

“ Mr L ”

By

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NARRATOR [MR L] (O.S)

I see Death...

(Long pause)

I see death, and carnage. The beauty that once held sway over this world is gone, leaving behind nothing but a broken empty husk...

FADE IN:

LEGEND READS:

BOOK OF REVELATIONS: 12:7-8

"And there was war in heaven:
Michael and his angels fought
Against the dragon;
And the dragon fought and his angels,"

"And prevailed not; neither was
Their place found any more in heaven."

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHURCH BUILDING - NEAR FUTURE

A large statue of an angel with the tip of its outstretched right wing reaches out to the side. Incredible detail has gone into the carving, the face, the clothing right down to the individual feathers of its wing.

NARRATOR [MR L] (O.S, cont'd)

Blood now runs where once rivers flowed,
breaking up the landscape like burst veins
and arteries of a dying man.

(Pauses)

Ash falls from the heavens, where rain
once fell.

(Pauses)

Eons I have lived. Watching and waiting as
the world of man past me by. From the
first man to step forth from their dark
safe caves, to the towering monstrosities
that make up their suffocating cities of
steel and concrete that they were so proud
of. All of it, to reach this point.

Blinding red lightning flashes in the background and is instantly followed by rolling thunder. Where the right half of the statue is picture-perfect, the left is anything but. The left wing has been torn off together with the angel's arm - severed at the shoulder - and the surface is blackened and damaged.

CLOSE ON: the right side of the angel's face. The perfection is beautiful. BUT the change is instant from beauty of the angel's right side to the scorched, broken and melted left.

Red lightning flashes once more, the crackle of thunder roars all around.

The base of its legs cracks crumbling apart under the statue's own weight. The angel begins to topple forward.

The angel falls. The drop seems endlessly long, yet ultimately comes to its inevitable end with the statue smashing into the ground below.

The large church is barely recognisable in complete ruins. The main roof has caved in, its walls gone having been pulled down long ago. The church tower, which had once stood tall and proud with its huge bells having sounded during countless weddings and celebrations - are now silent.

The tower's remains are lost amongst a pile of rubble having fallen and smashed through a neighbouring building.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NEAR FUTURE - CONTINUOUS

Stretching out a living HELL has engulfed the city. What at first glance seemed to be clouds in the sky above is in fact thick black smoke.

With breaks in the thick black smoke/cloud layer there are brief glimpses of a raging inferno above.

In the background distant cries of tortured soul can be heard.

A woman runs out into the street trying to escape the inevitable.

The woman trips hitting the ground hard and slides along its gravelled ruined surface. The woman slowly lifts her head to look ahead.

Her POV: the face of the angel statue, the right side of which surprisingly is still perfect - is staring at her. There's a moment of peaceful silence, which is SUDDENLY broken by a huge clawed foot slamming down smashing the face of the angel. Looking up a DEMON stands over her.

A horrifying twisted form of flesh and bone the demon's head has two faces partially merged at the middle. The singular mouth SCREAMS in a hungered rage.

CLOSE ON: a section of the ruined stature. An eye. In the background the woman screams. The scream drops away and is replaced with soft bells ringing. The noise grows.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHURCH BUILDING - PRESENT - DAY

The angel stands tall and proud with its wings spread out to the side. The church tower bells are ringing loudly, and below a wedding is taking place.

NARRATOR [MR L] (O.S)
The future is not set! It can be
changed... I pray... it can be...

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - 6 MONTHS OLD

A bright white light consumes everything. There's a noise in the background, which starts low partially muffled before it becomes detailed enough to be recognisable - OCEAN WAVES. The bright light fades revealing a brilliant perfect white beach.

The beach extends out towards the horizon. A paradise. The bright white light takes up the entire sky above.

There's a soft noise in the background that rises above the ocean waves - a baby crying.

The baby is on the shoreline, naked as God intended, positioned less than a foot from where the water pauses before receding back to the lake.

MR L (O.S)
Who would have thought, something so tiny
would become something so large and
important. Are you ready? Am I ready?
(Pauses)
To change the future of a planet... Of a
people... A world, no a Universe is
holding her breath.

The baby hears the voice and his crying subsides almost immediately, as if knowing the voice and is comforted by it.

CLOSE ON: the baby's eyes opening wide. They blink as they look up to the sky. The baby smiles and laughs.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - 6 YEARS LATER

The kitchen has a large American sized fridge freezer. A large calendar is attached to the front by magnets. In the background kids are shouting and screaming.

MOTHER (O.S)
The cake... The cake... give it to me! I
swear you're gonna get it--

FATHER (O.S, interrupting)
Promises, promises

MOTHER (O.S, laughing)
Why I married you I'll never know

FATHER (O.S)
My boyish good looks?

MOTHER (O.S)

Nah, definitely not that. I'm sure it will come to me eventually.

The fridge freezer is pulled open. A birthday cake in the form of Spiderman is quickly taken out. The father, ALEX (30s) carries the cake placing it on the side.

MOTHER (O.S, cont'd)

You know I love you

ALEX

I know, and I love you too

MOTHER (O.S)

I just want to kill you on the odd occasion

In the background draws are opened. The mother KAYTE (30s), attractive, light brown highlighted hair held up in a pony. She has a box of matches.

ALEX (O.S)

Should I be concerned with the amount of "Snapped" you watch?

She strikes a match but it doesn't light. It takes several attempts before one is finally lit.

KAYTE (laughs)

It's only a show! Not like I'm taking notes or anything

ALEX

Funny... But strangely turned on right now...

Pausing at the last candle Kayte glances over her shoulder at her husband. Alex just shrugs.

KAYTE (rolls her eyes)

You are disturbed...

(Pauses with a smirk)

But we'll continue this discussion later...

ALEX

With a bottle of wine?

KAYTE (sighs)

After today, I'll need something a lot stronger!

Picking up the cake Alex follows in tow behind his wife, as they both leave the kitchen. The calendar on the fridge has one day circled. JUNE 6th.

CHILDREN'S VOICES (O.S, together)
Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to
you! Happy birthday to Markus...
(Voices fade)
Happy birthday to you

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - 6 YEARS OLD

The same bright white light consumes everything, just like before. There's a noise in the background, which again starts low partially muffled before a wave crashes against a beach. The bright light fades revealing the brilliant perfect white beach.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S)
Mommy...? Daddy...?!
(Pauses)
Mommy... Where are you? A beach? We're at
the beach!!

A young boy, MARKUS (6yrs) with short dark hair stares out at the waves in wonder. He has to shield his eyes from the bright light, trying to see out further than the shoreline, but the light is too bright.

MR L (O.S)
Hello Markus

At hearing the voice Markus drops his hand in shock and spins around. An act he instantly regrets, wincing at the bright light, before shielding his eyes once.

MR L (O.S)
Don't be afraid

MARKUS
I'm not afraid

MR L (O.S)
Is it too bright?
(Off Markus' nod)
Forgive me... Is this better?

Markus lowers his hand.

His POV: the hand in front of his eyes drops away as the light steadily fades. The ocean spreads towards a bright white horizon. The sky isn't blue, but a pale white almost matching the white sand beneath Markus' feet.

MARKUS (rubs his eyes)
I can't find my mommy, or daddy

MR L (O.S)

They're not here Markus. It is just you and me.

MARKUS

Who are you?

MR L (O.S)

A friend. You can call me... Mr L

MARKUS (frowns)

Mr L?

MR L (O.S)

Yes... I want to be your friend Markus.

(Pauses)

You can tell me anything. Even things you don't necessarily want to tell your parents.

Markus' eyes light up with excitement.

MARKUS

Like a secret friend?

MR L (O.S)

Yes! Exactly, a secret friend.

(Pauses)

Tell me everything you've done today, I know it's a special day. Someone's sixth birthday I believe.

MARKUS (shouts jumping)

Yes! It was mine! I'm six! I had a birthday party! With my friends! Oly gave me a board game!

MR L (O.S)

Oly?

MARKUS (nods)

He's my friend. He's bald because he's sick, and can't come out to play anymore. But I like it when he visits.

MR L (O.S)

You miss playing with him?

Markus sits on the sand. Picking up a handful he then throws it towards the water.

MARKUS

I have other friends, but Oly is the best at hide and seek. One time, Oly hid and I couldn't find him for like... ten WHOLE years!

MR L (O.S, laughs)
Wow! Ten whole years?

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - 6 YEARS OLD - SOME TIME LATER

Markus is now stood ankle deep in the water. He's still talking to MR L, whose voice still reverberates around him.

MR L (O.S)
I'm afraid you must go Markus

MARKUS
Go? Why?! It's not late! The sun's still up!

MR L (O.S)
The sun?
(Chuckles)
The mind of a child is a wondrous thing.
We will meet again, it is written in the stars of heaven itself.

MARKUS (confused)
Stars? Heaven? I don't get it.

MR (O.S)
You will, when the time is right. I have enjoyed our time together Markus.
(Pauses)
I hope you won't forget me. And remember, our little secret.

Markus brings his right hand up to his mouth. Smiling he moving his hand across his mouth, as if zipping it up.

MR L (O.S)
Until next time Markus. I count the seconds.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR LANDING - 6 YEARS LATER

At the top of the stairs paintings of lighthouses hang on the wall. A large group photo is on the side wall over the stairs. It shows the entire graduating year taken at a school playground.

CLOSE ON: the children in the photo. One girl smiling with a missing tooth has two fingers sticking up behind her head, curtesy of the grinning boy beside her. Two rows up is a boy making a goofy face. Beside him is MARKUS.

Someone runs down the stairs loud and fast.

The front doorbell rings followed instantly by the door being pushed open from the outside, a young boy BEN (11), thin with long unkempt dark brown hair, enters - think a young SHAGGY from Scooby-Doo.

BEN

Markus!?

MARKUS (O.S)

Front room!

Following the directions Ben pushes through into the front room and instantly pauses at the sight.

BEN

Oh my god! Look at all that!?

A mountain of presents is stacked in a pile on a coffee table at the centre of the room. The coffee table, in front of an open wood fireplace, is at the centre of three large sofas positioned to make a square. Across the walls are various paintings, most are of lighthouses.

From the side door ALEX enters, holding a glass of orange juice.

ALEX

Didn't think I'd forget, did you?

MARKUS (eyes wide with shock)

Never!

(Smile fading slightly)

I only wish...

Alex nods hiding obvious pain behind a smile. He reaches for his son giving him a hug.

ALEX

She's with us Markus, always... and forever, ok?

MARKUS (nods)

Ok...

Pulling apart Alex glances at Ben, who is grinning like a fool.

ALEX

Not counting Ben here, your more normal friends will be here soon, you want to wait for them? Or you going to open them now?

BEN

I'm normal!

ALEX (to Ben)

It's seven o'clock in the morning Ben!

BEN (nodding)

I know...

ALEX (to Ben)
What the hell are you doing at my house at seven in the morning?

Looking from Markus' father to his friend Ben rolls his eyes, sighing heavily.

BEN
What every boy wants at seven...
(Pausing)
Breakfast!

Markus bursts into laughter elbowing his friend in the ribs. Markus' father just rolls his eyes, looking towards the heavens.

ALEX
Why me...
(To Markus)
You opening them now? Or after breakfast?

MARKUS (grinning)
Now!

BEN (in hope)
Breakfast!

ALEX (grinning)
Birthday boy wins Ben

BEN (grumbling)
Typical

INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Markus is playing with his new toys and games with his friends. There are balloons everywhere. A boy pops a balloon behind a girl scaring her, she - along with several other girls - start chasing the boy across the room.

CLOSE ON: family photos. The first show Markus as a young baby, in his mother's arms, his father smiling at her side. The next Markus is several years old, alone with his mother. The second and third are of him at 6 years old.

The last few photos are more recent, and it's easily noticeable the absence of Markus mother.

From the kitchen looking into the front room Alex is watching his son playing with his friends, a bottle of beer in hand. He glances to his left, towards a photo of his wife.

ALEX

I wish you were here... I wish you could see him.

(Pausing)

I miss you.

BEN (O.S, shouting)

File on!!!

Markus' father turns sharply at the noise, laughing through tears that he quickly wipes away, Ben wraps his arms around Markus' legs toppling him over. Three other boys suddenly jump onto Markus piling on top of him followed swiftly by Ben himself.

SUDDENLY the boy who had burst the balloon earlier runs out from the left shouting and screaming, followed swiftly by the girls still determined to catch him.

Alex watches the boy vanish around the corner, girls hot on his heels.

ALEX

Poor guy, someone should help him.

(Sighs, glances at his now empty bottle)

Fates have decided. You're on your own, kid.

Dropping the empty bottle in the trash bin Alex opens the fridge grabbing another beer.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - 12 YEARS OLD

A bright white light hides everything. The sound of ocean waves crashing effortlessly up against a beach echoes in the background. The bright light fades.

The scene hasn't changed. The brilliant perfect white sand stretches seemingly forever.

Markus steps out from the fading light. The young boy is looking out across the water, which seems as still as a lake. Looking down Markus finds a smooth flat pebble.

With the pebble in hand Markus steps up to the shoreline and throws it out skimming across the water. 1 bounce... 2 bounces... 3 bounces... The pebble skims off the surface until vanishing from sight.

Markus lifts his hand to shield his eyes from the light trying desperately to see the pebble.

MR L (O.S)

Impressive

Markus isn't shocked by the voice, despite its sudden appearance.

MARKUS

I practised last summer at the lake. Could only manage four. Did you see how many I got?

MR L (O.S, chuckles)

I would say it's a universal certainty you've beaten your previous best.

MARKUS (smiles)

I've missed you

MR L (O.S)

And I you Markus.

Markus takes a seat in the sand, his mood suddenly shifting. He looks out to the water, his smile fading.

MR L (O.S)

Is something troubling you?

MARKUS (nods slowly)

My mother died... two months ago.

There's a long drawn out moment of silence before Mr L replies.

MR L (O.S)

I'm sorry Markus, truly I am. I know the pain of losing someone close.

MARKUS (wiping a tear away)

Does it get easier?

MR L (O.S)

The pain?

(Off Markus' nod)

There is a human phrase, "Time heals all wounds." I've never been fond of it, nor much of a believer in it. The pain never lessons, but I suppose in a way you become used to it. The love you have for your mother doesn't diminish. The memories you have of her will never die. Therefore in a way she will never die.

Bringing his knees up Markus hugs them close to his chest and buries his face in the gap.

MARKUS

I miss her...

MR L (O.S)

I know.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - SOME TIME LATER

Markus lies back on the sand staring up towards the sky. He's speaking, waving a hand in the air, gesturing as he speaks with Mr L.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - SOME TIME LATER

Time has shifted and Markus has moved position, from lying down to now walking along the shoreline kicking at the water, with his jeans rolled up.

Always talking with MR L.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - SOME TIME LATER

Markus face stares up at to the sky once again. He's lying on his back with his hands behind his head.

MARKUS

Is it almost time?

MR L (O.S)

Almost... how did you know?

MARKUS (shifts his position)

You grew quiet last time, towards the end and your tone changed.

MR L (O.S, shock etched in his words)

You remember that?

MARKUS (smiles)

I remember everything. If I think hard enough, I can almost remember when we first met.

(Frowns in thought)

The bright light... the warmth...

MR L (O.S)

You are remarkable, though I suppose I shouldn't be surprised.

MARKUS (sits up)

You're not telling me something, aren't you?

MR L (O.S, chuckles)

Markus, if I attempted to tell you everything, you would end up old and grey with a beard a mile long.

Markus laugh as he tries to look down at his chin, feeling for any hair growth with a hand.

MARKUS (looking down, cross-eyed)
A mile long?

MR L (O.S)
A whole mile! Give or take.

MARKUS (lies back on the sand)
When can I see you?

MR L (O.S, pauses before answering)
When the time is right.

MARKUS
Will I ever get to see you?

MR L (O.S)
When the pattern is next complete, at the
appointed time.

MARKUS (frowns in annoyance)
I hate it when you get all cryptic!

Markus hears the low rumbling noise of laughter from all around him. The white light from the sky grows steadily brighter. Markus shields his eyes wincing against the light. It continues to brighten until it's engulfed everything.

EXT. SHIPYARD - LATE EVENING - 11 YEARS LATER - DAY

Welding torch sends out a bright blinding light as the hot tip melts and merges the metal together. **LEGEND: "11 YEARS LATER"**. The welder is wearing dirty overalls, safety boots and a pair of thick leather gloves. A welder's face-guard, with a small rectangular window of tinted glass to look through, hides his face.

Pausing for a moment the welder lifts the face-guard. It's MARKUS (23). Wiping his forehead he takes a deep breath before he lowers the face guard and returns to welding the large section of frame.

The shipyard is huge. A new ship is being built, but is only at the early stages of construction. A large network of support beams/scaffolding surrounds the ship with hundreds of workers.

INT. SHIPYARD ADMIN BUILDING - CORRIDOR - LATE EVENING

A clock-out machine is built into the wall. A paper log card is fed into the machine and the loud noise of the machine stamping the card fills the corridor. The log card is ejected and a hand picks it up.

A canteen is off to the right through a double door. Along the corridor the workforce is lined up, one by one clocking out. Amongst them is MARKUS.

Markus leans against the wall shuffling forward every few seconds as he waits for his turn to clock out. His face is dirty, as are his clothing despite wearing the heavy overalls.

FRIEND#1 (looks at Markus)
You alright man? Don't take this the wrong way, but you look like shit

MARKUS (half laughs)
Thanks...

FRIEND#1 (shrugs)
What are friends for? If not to give out the truth, in all its painful glory

MARKUS
You're an ass

FRIEND#1 (grins)
I rest my case

Finally Markus steps up to the clocking machine. He slips his log card into the machine.

EXT. SHIPYARD - WORKER'S ENTRANCE - LATE EVENING

Markus is leaning against a wire fence outside the front entrance with a cigarette in his mouth. The end glows as he breathes in. The evening is fast growing dark.

FRIEND#1
You sure you're ok?

Markus nods breathing out smoke which wafts in the air around him.

MARKUS
Just not sleeping well.

FRIEND#1
Insomnia? I know a cure for that.

MARKUS (shakes his head)
Nightmares
(Sucks in another lung full)
Fucking nightmares...

[DREAM SEQUENCE] EXT. NEW YORK - CITY STREET - LATE EVENING

A street light flickers.

Markus walks beneath and continues along the street. His hands are pushed deep into his coat pockets. The front of his coat is zipped all the way up to his chin. The night is growing cold. His breath fogs in the frigid air.

The end of a dark alley, which leads onto the main street, Markus passes giving the alley a passing glance.

Markus approaches an apartment building. At reaching the entrance door a sense of unease grips him, as if he's being watched. Turning he glances across the street.

His POV: he looks slowly left, down the street. There's no sign of anyone. The street seems deserted. From the right a car drives towards him, with a young couple are in the middle of a heated argument inside.

His POV: he watches the car pass. When the car finally vanishes Markus looks back along the street, only to find the street directly across him is shrouded in darkness. The street light isn't working.

A DARK figure is stood beneath the light.

Swallowing hard Markus takes a step back.

Wrapped in a shroud of darkness any details of the figure's face remains hidden, though he does appear to be wearing a large patched coat. His hands are inside the side pockets.

Markus pauses in indecision.

The street light flickers on. After several flickers the street light asserts itself and pushes the darkness away. The figure is GONE.

Heart racing Markus is breathing hard and fast as panic begins to rise. He reaches behind fumbling for the handle. Finally grabbing it he pulls it down and wasting no time enters the building.

[DREAM SEQUENCE] INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The door slams shut with Markus pressing up against it, as if not trusting it to lock by itself. Relieved Markus takes a long deep breath.

[DREAM SEQUENCE] INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LIFT - CONTINUOUS

A lift door opens revealing an empty interior. Markus enters the lift and presses his floor number. The door closes and the lift begins his ascent rattling through the building.

The lift comes with a shuddering stop with a chime, which is swiftly followed by the lift door opening. Markus steps out into a long corridor. Bright recessed square lights sit within the ceiling.

Markus steps out into the corridor. The lights above begin to flicker. Markus STOPS.

Pausing he looks up at the flickering light. Markus fails to notice the light above him isn't the only one flickering. They all are. At the far end of the corridor the light flickers, and with each spell of darkness a DARK FIGURE is revealed - standing in the corner.

Markus watches the flickering light. The light SUDDENLY blows, as does the rest of the lighting along the corridor, bathing it in darkness. There's movement in the darkness as Markus struggles to find the door. Finally the door opens flooding the corridor in light as Markus rushes through slamming the door behind him.

[DREAM SEQUENCE] INT. APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Markus takes long deep breaths while resting his forehead against the door. Slowly Markus turns to find the rest of his apartment in total DARKNESS. The DARK FIGURE suddenly JUMPS out attacking with a deafening shrieking roar.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Markus wakes violently on the sofa in his front room. He's alone in the apartment and the lights are all on. Shakily Markus climbs to his feet, looking around, struggling to catch his breath. Finally after running a hand through his hair he begins to calm down and sets about turning all the lights off before into the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - SAME NIGHT

The corridor is dark. The various square recessed lighting are all currently dormant waiting for the sensors to activate. The lift indicator light glows white, together with an audible chime. A second later the lift door hisses open. Inside is a young man CALUM (20s), wearing a t-shirt, running shorts and trainers. Stepping out into the corridor he also has earphones linked to the iPod strapped to his left arm.

One of the ceiling lights in the corridor flickers. Calum steps up to the door of his apartment. A tension seeps into the air, causing Calum to pause. Turning he looks back along the corridor and even pulls the earphone from his left ear.

Other than Calum the corridor is empty. The lift is still open at the far end of the corridor. The light above the door goes out and the door hisses closed. The lift travels down through the building, rattling the walls and ceiling.

Returning to his door Calum inserts the key. Quickly turning it he pushes through into his apartment and slams the door behind him.

His POV: Calum peers through the peephole. The corridor is still empty. Without warning the lights switch themselves off, shocking Calum, bathing the corridor in darkness.

After sliding a thick deadbolt into its housing Calum steps back away from the door laughing half-heartedly at the absurdity of it all.

CALUM

Get a grip man...

Calum finds his phone has a red light flashing. He has messages waiting. Pressing the flashing red button he continues into the kitchen.

FEMALE PHONE VOICE (O.S)
You have 2 new messages. First new message. Received today at 2.42pm.

CALUM'S MOTHER (O.S - phone speakers)
Hello birthday boy!

CALUM (grins)
A little early Mom

CALUM'S MOTHER (O.S - phone speakers)
Yes, I know I'm early! But I wanted to be the first.

(Background noise)
Just wanted to let you know we're both thinking of you, and we'll see you in two months! Don't forget! Love you son!!

CALUM'S FATHER (O.S - phone speakers)
Love you son! Take care, and will see you soon!

(Background noise)
Yes I know its two months...
(More background noise)
He's a grown--

Calum smiles at the sound of his parents arguing on the answer phone and shakes his head as his father is cut off in mid-sentence.

CALUM (smiling)
Love you too

Grabbing ingredients Calum pours them into a smoothie maker.

FEMALE PHONE VOICE (O.S - phone speakers)
Next new message. Received today at 4.08pm

Heavy hear traffic noise explodes from the speakers filling the apartment.

MALE VOICE#1 (O.S - phone speakers)
Hey bro! Hope you're ready! A night of heavy drinking!

MALE VOICE#2 (O.S - phone speakers)
Followed by heavy vomiting!

MALE VOICE#1 (O.S - phone speakers)
Wouldn't be a birthday without it!

There's laughter but it's suddenly drowned out by the sound of a car horn beeping wildly.

MALE VOICE#1 (cont'd)

Hey! Fuck you, we're walking here! Fucking taxi drivers. We'll pick you up at 10, be fucking ready for Christ sake! Just because it's your birthday isn't an excuse!

MALE VOICE#2 (O.S - phone speakers)
Man needs to put on his makeup, look his best

MALE VOICE#1 (O.S - phone speakers)
Well his best needs to get better! Last week you looked like a baboon's ass!
(Shouts over background noises)
Be ready!!

Calum laughs as he flicks the smoothie maker on. The noise is loud. Once satisfied he stops the smoothie maker and unhooks the jar before stepping over to his large fridge. Pulling it open he grabs an apple. He turns allowing the fridge to shut itself behind him.

Calum only manages two steps, head rising to look ahead and INSTANTLY comes to a stop frozen in bone shivering terror.

The reason why? A huge DEMON is directly in front of him. Its head inches from Calum's. The demon's head is upside down due to its multi limbed body hanging from the ceiling.

The demon's head sickeningly begins to rotate until its right-way up, its eyes FIXED on Calum.

The demon effortlessly climbs down from the ceiling, yet keeping its head perfectly still until its standing upright. Dark menacing distortions like heatwaves radiate from its body, corrupting the very air around it. The distorted waves taint the air creating a wafting oily smoke that when the demon remains still for long periods thickens.

The demon opens its FIRST mouth, which is stained with blood. Three spiked tongues taste the air. Saliva drips from its mouth and sharp needle like teeth.

Calum can do nothing but shake with fear. Blood seeps from his nose. It runs down over his lips and down his chin. Soon blood is running from the corners of his eyes like tears. A WETNESS spreads across his shorts a split second before bloody urine runs down his legs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The corridor outside of apartment door is shrouded in darkness. Muffled noises from the apartment fill the corridor. Calum suddenly SCREAMS. More noises follow with more screams. SUDDENLY something slams into the door. Calum screams again and continues for several long moments until eventually and suddenly he's silenced.

The apartment door slowly swings open creaking the last few inches before it hits up against the door stop. Inside the apartment is dark and a mess. Furniture is overturned and smashed. There's no sign of Calum. A calendar is nailed on the wall beside the phone with a date circled, 6th June - the same birthday as Markus.

In the kitchen Calum's HAND is still holding the glass jar, its contents spilled out across the kitchen floor. Calum's hand has been severed just passed the wrist.

In the background strange noise can be heard. The noise grows steadily from a light background annoyance until nothing else matters.

The sickening sound of bones being gnawed on.

EXT. NEW YORK RESIDENTIAL PARK - SAME NIGHT

The rectangular park is in the middle of a suburb. The dark silhouettes of houses and buildings surround the park. There are two main paths that cut through the park. At the far side of the park the trees of a small forest begins. At the centre of the park, where the two paths merge, is a play area with swings, roundabouts, climbing frames and slides.

A baby swing sways lazily in the breeze. The play area is otherwise silent.

A pair of black boots crushes dead leaves on a path. They belong to a young girl ELIZABETH (16). She's wearing black military style combat boots, her loose fitting cargo trousers which have a dark grey and white camouflage pattern are partially stuffed inside her boots. The green combat fatigue jacket she's wearing is British military issue, with a Union Jack flag stitched onto the top of its right sleeve.

Lifting her hands up to her mouth she cups them together, breathing warm air over her fingers.

ELIZABETH

Damn it's cold...

As she speaks her breath fogs. She breathes out watching her fogged breath.

ELIZABETH

Its summer for Christ sake...

(Mutters, looking up to the night sky)

Be snowing next...

The branches of the trees beside the path rustle in the wind, which hits Elizabeth. Pulling her jacket closer, she tries to fight against the cold.

Elizabeth turns at a noise in the trees. She leans forward trying to look into the trees.

ELIZABETH

H-hello?!

Elizabeth licks her lips nervously. SUDDENLY she jumps at feeling her mobile vibrating with the noise of her ringtone adding to the shock. Catching her breath, heartbeat racing, she fumbles with her pocket taking her phone out.

The ringtone echoes across the park. From across the park Elizabeth is lit up by the glow of her mobile, in stark contrast with the rest of park which is dark and silent.

Elizabeth looking down at her mobile.

Her POV: she looks down at her mobile. “DAD” is written across the screen. Biting her lip she doesn’t answer it allowing it to ring out. The screen goes dark when the call ends.

Once more Elizabeth hears movement within the treeline, something hitting the branches and rustling the leaves.

Unlocking the phone Elizabeth quickly brings up the home screen.

Her POV: she swipes to the right page and selects the APP for a torch light. Once loaded she presses the centre icon turning her phone light on. The light is surprisingly bright.

With her new source of light she aims it into the trees.

ELIZABETH (whispering)

Hello... is-is anyone there...?

(Pausing, looking into the trees)

Hello...?

Despite the brightness of her mobile there are still dark shadows deep inside the trees. Elizabeth edges closer. SUDDENLY out of the darkness a crow bursts into view, flapping its wings the bird shrieks as it flies off into the night sky.

Elizabeth cries out waving her hands in the air.

Across from the opposite side of the dark silent park Elizabeth’s cries echo in the cold night, with the glow of her mobile cutting through the dark.

Elizabeth clutches her mobile aiming the light at the path. A single black feather is on the path in front of her.

Elizabeth looks up from the feather across the park to the play area at the centre of the park.

A black crow is perched on one of the climbing frames. The bird is looking directly at Elizabeth, its black eyes fixed on her.