

CONTRITION

Written by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

ALEX WALKER (late 30s) walks out of a police station. Wearing jogging trousers and a hoody, he puts his headphones on, pulls his hood up and jogs off down the street.

He reaches a pub - THE SILENT CHILD. He stops, looks around, takes in the whole area. His eyes fall on the pub again. He quickly looks away. Jogs on.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Alex stands beside the lake. He pulls down his hood. Runs his fingers through the reeds. He looks out across the dark water in front of him.

He walks along a jetty, out in to the middle of the lake, sits down on the edge.

The sun dips behind a cloud. Everything falls silent.

Alex pulls his hood back up, tucks his hands in his pockets.

He looks down at the water in front of him. Watches it intently.

JOEL (4) stands a few feet away from him, desperately trying to fling a child's fishing rod as far out in to the lake as he can, grinning all the while.

JOEL (O.C.)
Watch me, Daddy.

Alex turns his head.

ALEX
You're doing great, mate.

Alex looks back out across the lake. A shadow of a FIGURE appears behind Joel, blurred, out of focus, as if seen with bad eyesight. Unseen by Alex.

As Alex watches the water, Joel and the Figure slowly disappear from sight.

When Alex looks back towards him again, he's completely gone.

EXT. 3RD FLOOR, BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING

BRIAN PHELPS (early 40s) steps out of his flat, closes the door behind him. He leans against the railings and lights a cigarette.

The door next to his opens.

Alex walks out, closes the door. He's dressed in dark shirt and trousers now - most noticeably a clerical collar too.

Brian looks him over.

BRIAN
Dying or dead?

ALEX
I'm sorry?

Brian indicates the dog collar.

BRIAN
Usually one or the other, isn't it?

ALEX
Just moved in, actually.

BRIAN
Wondered who'd got the place. Only been here a couple of weeks myself. This one was empty before we moved in.

Brian wipes his palms on his t-shirt, extends a hand to Alex.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Brian. What do we call you? Father?

ALEX
Alex. And I'm Anglican, not Catholic.

BRIAN
All the same, isn't it? Same God you pray to?

ALEX
You'd think.
(glances at watch)
Sorry, I've got to get going. Good to meet you, Brian.

BRIAN
You too, Father.

Alex opens his mouth to contradict him, but Brian grins and winks.

ALEX
See you around.

He heads away.

BRIAN
(calling after him)
You know where you're going?

ALEX
All too well.

EXT. THE SILENT CHILD PUB - EVENING

Alex stands outside the pub, looking up at the sign, clerical collar in hand.

He places a hand on the door, closes his eyes. The door opens. A YOUNG COUPLE come through, leaving the pub. Alex holds the door for them. The Couple smile their gratitude at Alex, he returns the smile.

After a moment's hesitation, he allows the door to close, walks away from the pub, re-attaches his clerical collar.

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex asleep in bed. His wife - LISA - lays asleep beside him.

BANG-BANG-BANG.

His eyes open, go straight to the clock: 3:13AM.

He climbs out of bed, treads quietly out of the bedroom, down the hallway, and in to --

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Joel sitting up in bed, huddled against the wall.

JOEL
There was a monster, Daddy.

ALEX
Is that right.

Alex manoeuvres Joel back in to bed.

JOEL
I saw it.

ALEX
What did it look like?

JOEL
You.

BANG-BANG-BANG.

Alex and Joel both turn in the direction of the sound when --

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex sits bolt upright. Switches on the bedside lamp. He's entirely alone. A photo of Lisa and Joel beside the bed.

He listens for a moment. Nothing. Switches the lamp back off. Lays down again.

BANG-BANG-BANG.

Alex switches the lamp back on, jumps out of bed, quickly pulls on t-shirt, jogging trousers and shoes.

He stands by the front door. Waits.

Nothing.

He cautiously opens the door, steps outside.

No one there.

He takes a last look around, steps back inside, closes the door behind him.

EXT. 3RD FLOOR, BLOCK OF FLATS - MORNING

Brian drags some bin bags out of his flat door, dumps them by the railings. As he pulls another out, it rips open, some rubbish falls out.

Alex opens his door, sees the mess.

He bends down to help as Brian comes back out of his flat carrying a cardboard box that contained a cot for a new-born baby.

ALEX
When's it due?

BRIAN
Another three months yet.
(fishes out and lights a
cigarette)
Make the most of these while I'm
still allowed.

ALEX
Your first?

BRIAN
Nah, I've had about a dozen this
morning already.

ALEX
Child, I mean.

BRIAN
There was one before, but...

ALEX
Did you hear any noises last night?

BRIAN
What kind of noises?

ALEX
A banging. On the walls or something.

BRIAN
Can't say I did.
(flicks his cigarette away)
Probably kids messing about.

Brian heads back in to his flat.

Alex looks over the balcony, out across at the other blocks of flats across the way.

He locks his front door, walks off.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Alex sits at a computer, typing. He pulls out a bible, flicks through the pages to look up a passage. As he reads, he tugs at his clerical collar, loosens it with a grimace.

There's a knock at the door.

ALEX
Come in.

The door opens, and JIM STOKES (late 50s) pokes his head around the doorway.

JIM
Not disturbing you, am I?

ALEX
Not at all. Come on in.

JIM
Thought we might pop out for a coffee. If you're not too busy.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Alex and Jim sit on opposite sides of a table, half empty coffee cups in front of them.

A long moment of silence. Weighing each other up.

JIM
I thought it was too soon.

ALEX
Jim -

JIM
I'm just saying. Six months is nothing. No time at all.

ALEX
I needed to get back to normality.

JIM
Normality? You've moved back in to the exact same house. As your Archdeacon -

ALEX
As my Archdeacon you're supposed to have my back.

JIM
I'm supposed to look out for your well-being.

ALEX
My being is well enough.

JIM
Fine. But you should know I strongly and officially opposed your return to this position quite so soon.

ALEX
Noted. Thanks for your concern.

Alex tugs at his collar, like it's too tight.

JIM
I'm just looking out for you.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - DAY

Alex gets in the car, closes the door. He sighs. Tugs at his collar.

He turns the rear-view mirror so he can see himself. Pulls the collar away from his neck.

The skin underneath the collar is red. Sore.

INT. CHURCH HALL - EVENING

A youth group in progress. A number of TEENS around the room, some playing sports, others huddled in groups talking, others listening to music.

Alex scans the room. He rubs his neck. Frowns.

He exits through a fire door.

EXT. CHURCH HALL - CONTINUOUS

Alex strides down the side of the hall, towards the back. It's dark there, but just enough light to see.

Three teenagers sit together on the ground. They see Alex heading towards them, quickly hide items behind their backs.

TAYLOR
You're back, then?

ALEX
Hand it over.

TAYLOR
Don't know what you're talking
about, mate.

ALEX
We've known each other long enough.
Do we always have to do this?

They share a prolonged stare.

Taylor sighs. Pulls a bottle of vodka from behind his back, holds it out. Alex takes it from him.

TAYLOR
They ever find out what happened?

ALEX
Get back inside or go home.

He turns and walks away.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - EVENING

Alex climbs in, slumps down in the seat. He flings the bottle of vodka on to the passenger seat.

Gives it a long look.

Starts the engine.

He takes another look around, then pulls himself back to the surface --

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Alex emerges from the water, gasps for breath. He pushes his head under the water, takes another look.

He pulls himself out of the lake on to the jetty, collapses beside his coat.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Red and blue lights illuminate the lakeside. Alex sits in the back of an ambulance, blanket around his shoulders, clutching it tightly against himself.

He watches from a distance as two DIVERS pull themselves up from the water back on to the jetty. A POLICE CONSTABLE stands waiting for them. The Divers shake their heads at him - nothing.

The Police Constable turns and looks in Alex's direction.

Alex looks away.

EXT. 3RD FLOOR, BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Brian leaning against the railings, smoking a cigarette.

Alex walks towards him, heading towards his own flat. He looks dishevelled, exhausted. He's removed his clerical collar, and his shirt is open a couple of buttons. He's carrying the bottle of vodka he confiscated.

His neck looks very sore - like it's been burnt.

BRIAN
Rough night?

ALEX
Something like that.

BRIAN
(indicating towards the
vodka)
Looks like it should get better.

Alex looks at the bottle in his hand.

ALEX
Thought I'd left it in the car...

BRIAN

Not much use to anyone there, is it? You allowed to drink it, anyway, as a "man of God"?

ALEX

As a vicar: yes. As me personally: no.

BRIAN

You mind if I...?

Alex tosses the bottle to Brian, who catches it.

ALEX

Knock yourself out.

BRIAN

That's the general idea.

Alex unlocks his flat.

ALEX

Have a good night.

BRIAN

Night, vicar.

He waits for Alex's door to close, unscrews the bottle cap, chugs back a large mouthful.

INT. BATHROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex stands in front of the sink, looking in the mirror. He splashes water on to his face.

He pulls his shirt collar away from his neck -- it pulls away with some hesitation -- he winces as the shirt seems to be stuck to his neck.

He winces again when he sees how bad it looks in the mirror.

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex asleep in bed.

Joel stands beside the bed, watching him.

He picks up the photo of himself and Lisa, looks at it. He places it back down on the bedside table.

The picture topples, falls over. The glass in the picture frame SMASHES.

Alex's eyes open, still sleepy. He looks at Joel.

JOEL
Sorry, Daddy. It was an accident.

ALEX
Don't worry about it.

JOEL
Watch me, Daddy!

The Figure appears behind Joel --

It moves Joel's arm so that he grabs a large piece of broken glass, puts it to Joel's throat, cuts his neck wide open --

Alex leaps out of bed --

Rushes to his son --

Pulls the sharp glass from his hand --

Holds the boy against him -- hand over the deep wound in Joel's neck -- blood spills between his fingers --

Joel turns his head, looks at Alex --

The boy laughs.

Then he's gone.

Alex sits there, alone, on the bedroom floor.

He looks at his hand. He's holding a bloody shard of glass. From a broken bottle.

He looks at the beside table. The picture is still upright and perfectly intact.

But the bottle of Vodka is there -- virtually destroyed -- the clear liquid dripping down the sides of the table.

A long, shallow gash runs across part of his neck.

EXT. BRIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex hammers on his neighbour's door -- BANG-BANG-BANG -- BANG-BANG-BANG.

Sound of a KEY BEING TURNED on the other side of the door. The door opens a fraction. A sleepy Brian peers through the crack, frowns.

BRIAN
Everything alright, vicar?

Alex waits for him to open the door completely, thrusts the broken vodka bottle towards his face. Brian jerks away reflexively.

ALEX
This some kind of joke?

BRIAN
What do you mean?

ALEX
How did you do it?

BRIAN
Do what?

ALEX
This is the bottle I gave you
earlier, right?

BRIAN
No, that's in the kitchen.

ALEX
Show me.

BRIAN
What?

ALEX
The bottle. Show me the bottle.

Brian looks at him for a long moment, moves back inside his house. Alex follows him in --

INT. BRIAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Brian leads Alex towards the kitchen.

BRIAN
What's this all about?

Brian looks around the kitchen - on the worktops, in the cupboards, in the drawers, in the fridge.

Can't find it.

ALEX
So where is it?

BRIAN
Dunno, mate. It was here before. Do
you want it back or something?

Alex aims the broken bottle at Brian's face again.

ALEX
Just -- watch it, right?

BRIAN
Whatever you say, vicar.

ALEX

I'm not going back to that. It's not who I am any more.

BRIAN

What happened to your neck?

Alex turns, walks away.

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - MORNING

Alex sits on the edge of his bed. He has the photo of Lisa and Joel in his hands. He looks at them both, smiling up at him from the photograph.

A tear falls from his eye on to the glass of the frame. Alex rubs it to try to remove it. It just smudges, distorting the two faces so they're barely recognisable anymore.

INT. CANTEEN, POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE EVE AMBROSE (late 30s) sits across from Alex at a table in the canteen. Both have plastic cups containing grey coffee in front of them.

AMBROSE

I've told you we'll be in touch if anything comes up.

ALEX

I just want to know what's being done.

AMBROSE

Whatever we can.

ALEX

Which is?

Ambrose sighs, sits back in her chair.

AMBROSE

Look, you want me to be completely honest?

ALEX

Of course.

AMBROSE

To be blunt, there's bugger all we can do - pardon my language. There was no physical evidence. No sign of assault. No sign of a break in. No sign of them on CCTV.

ALEX

How can two people just disappear
into thin air?

AMBROSE

You tell me. You said you woke up
that morning and they were gone.
Like they'd never even been there.
You tell me how that happens?

ALEX

I said there was someone there.

AMBROSE

But you can't give a description,
and there's not a shred of evidence
of anyone else in the flat.

ALEX

She never would have left me.

AMBROSE

I never said she did.

Alex gets out of his chair, walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Ambrose watches as Alex walks quickly away from the
police station.

She turns, goes back to the front desk, where a POLICE
SERGEANT sits, tapping at a computer.

AMBROSE

Where's he living now?

POLICE SERGEANT

Who? The vicar? Same place as
before.

AMBROSE

He chose to live back there?

POLICE SERGEANT

Apparently so.

The Police Sergeant turns back to his computer.

[[NEED SOME FILLER HERE]]

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - EVENING

Archdeacon Jim in a chair. He calls out to Alex, who is in
the kitchen. A KETTLE BOILS, O.S.

JIM

He was concerned about you. That's all.

ALEX (O.S.)

He needs to mind his own business.

JIM

From the sound of things, you very much made it his business last night.

ALEX (O.S.)

He broke in to my flat.

JIM

Where's your proof?

Alex enters the room, two mugs of tea in hand. He has a large gauze taped to his neck.

ALEX

I don't need proof.

Alex passes Jim a mug of tea.

JIM

Generally, when someone breaks in to a property, it's to take something. Not to give something back.

Alex sits across from Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

You never did tell me what happened to your neck.

ALEX

I don't know.

JIM

Looks pretty serious for something you can't remember.

ALEX

It's fine.

Jim takes a gulp of tea, watches Alex carefully all the while.

JIM

I hear you've been around the police station.

ALEX

They asked me to attend.

JIM
About the incident at the lake?

ALEX
What else would it be?

Jim gives him another look. He half stands.

JIM
Do you mind if I, er...?

ALEX
You know where it is.

INT. BATHROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - EVENING

Jim flushes the toilet, then washes his hands at the sink.

As he dries his hands, his eyes wander down towards the bathroom bin.

The smashed vodka bottle is in there. Blood stains and all.

Jim pulls out a piece of the bottle, sniffs it. Winces.

He sighs, places the piece back in to the bin.

He opens the bathroom door -- Alex stands right outside.

ALEX
Everything okay?

JIM
You tell me.

EXT. 3RD FLOOR, BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING

Alex and Jim step out of Alex's front door.

JIM
I'm sorry it came to this. I hope you appreciate I've no other choice.

ALEX
You have the choice of believing me when I say I didn't drink anything.

JIM
I'm sorry. I really am. But another few months off will do you the world of good. I'm sure of it.

ALEX
I'll walk you back to your car.

JIM

No need.

Alex looks over the balcony to the street below. TEENAGERS loiter, hoods pulled up, drinking, smoking, breaking glass bottles on the ground.

ALEX

I'd better.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING

Alex and Jim walk past the teenagers, towards the entrance to the underground parking. Jim is noticeably uncomfortable whilst Alex strides confidently forward.

A bottle is thrown in their direction.

ALEX

Pack it in.

TEENAGER

Or what?

Alex enters the code for the parking, opens the door, ushers Jim inside. Closes the door behind them.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK, BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING

Alex and Jim head towards Jim's car. The car park is silent other than the buzz of the fluorescent lights.

The lights go out -- DARKNESS.

ALEX

Oi!

JIM

What's going on?

ALEX

Kids.

Silence.

Then -- BANG - BANG - BANG.

Then -- silence again.

Alex pulls out a small torch from his pocket, shines it towards the car.

He peers forward in to the darkness. Can't see anything other than the edges of his car illuminated by the torch.

BANG - BANG - BANG.

He drops the torch. It falls apart on the ground, leaving everything in complete darkness again.

Alex fumbles for the pieces. Puts the torch back together.

BANG - BANG - BANG.

Sounds to be coming from the car.

He moves closer - peers in to the window. Can't see anything except black.

Joel's face appears -- contorted in a scream -- fists pound against the door -- BANG - BANG - BANG.

Alex stumbles backwards. The torchlight scatters around the garage until he gets a grip on himself and shines it back towards the car.

There's no one there.

Condensation forms inside the car window. Slowly, letters appear in the condensation, along with a squeak like a finger being drawn along the glass --

"WATCH ME, DADDY"

A SCREAM causes Alex to turn around -- his torch beam lands on --

Jim hovering 3 feet above the ground -- his back bent impossibly, so his feet and hands practically touch the ground --

The Figure is there, holding him up, high above the ground --

Jim jerks forward -- so fast -- flung by the Figure -- hits a pillar -- flung again, hits another -- and again -- and again -- his body constantly contorting into a more and more compressed form.

He is flung once more -- goes straight through his car windscreen, his feet sticking out on the bonnet.

The lights in the car park stutter back to life. Alex looks around. He's alone. Looks back at the car.

The writing fades from the window.

Movement behind him --

Alex turns --

The Figure is RIGHT THERE.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING

The door to the underground car park slowly opens.

It's now raining. The group of teenagers stand just outside the door, looking in.

Their expressions of aggression soon turn to fear as --

Alex stumbles towards the doorway --

Covered in blood --

Thick red dripping from his hands, his face --

The teenagers turn, run.

Alex exits the car park, into the rain. He falls to his knees. The rain gradually removes the blood from his skin and clothes, red puddles surrounding him.

He puts his hands to the ground, lowers his head.

Lets out a cry.

He pulls the bandage off of his neck --

Tugs at his shirt -- rips it straight off.

Bare from the waist up, the rain pouring down his torso, more wounds are visible on his body --

Dozens of different sized, crisscrossing, inflamed scratches.

Alex lifts his head and lets out a great cry.

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex walks in to the bedroom.

On the bedside table, beside the picture of his wife and son, is a full bottle of vodka. There's also a bible.

He sits on the edge of the bed, lifts up his hands. They're shaking.

He looks across at the bible. It seems to look straight back at him.

He picks it up, throws it across the room.

He picks up the vodka bottle, unscrews the cap, takes a long drink from it.

The photograph catches his eye.

ALEX

Don't look at me like that.

He lifts the bottle to his lips again, but the photograph has worked its power on him.

He FLINGS the bottle across the room, smashes it against the wall.

BANG-BANG-BANG.

Alex looks around wide-eyed, fearful.

BANG-BANG-BANG.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

A moment's silence.

AMBROSE (O.S.)

Just to talk, if that's alright
with you.

Alex jumps off of his bed, pulls off his bloody clothes, shoves them in the back of the wardrobe. He puts on a dressing gown, heads out of the bedroom.

He opens the front door.

Ambrose glances him over.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Sorry to disturb you.

ALEX

What can I do for you, detective?

AMBROSE

Just thought we could have a little
chat.

ALEX

Now's not really a good time.

AMBROSE

It will only take a minute.

A large, thick drop of blood falls from Alex's fingertips on to the floor.

Ambrose sees it happen.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

I think perhaps you'd better get
dressed.

EXT. 3RD FLOOR, BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

It's stopped raining.

Alex exits his flat with Ambrose. Alex is now dressed, wearing a long coat.

They walk past Brian's door and along the balcony.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alex sits on the edge of a bed, stripped to the waist. A NURSE checks over his multiple wounds, bathing them as required.

Detective Ambrose watches at the side of the room.

INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Detective Ambrose leads Alex across the waiting room. As they walk, Alex notices Brian sitting on a chair at the side of the room, head in his hands.

ALEX
(to Ambrose)
Can I have a minute?

He heads towards Brian without waiting for an official response, sits down next to him.

Brian doesn't even notice he's there to begin with. They sit beside each other in silence for a moment.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What's going on?

Brian looks up at Alex with tear-reddened eyes.

BRIAN
There was only a few weeks left. We thought this time everything was going to be fine.

ALEX
I'm so sorry.

BRIAN
There say I can't see her.

ALEX
I'm sure they're doing all they can.

BRIAN
I screwed up again. It's my fault we've lost another.

ALEX
It's no one's fault.

BRIAN
I was going to have a son. We'd
chosen a name and everything.

ALEX
That's hard.

BRIAN
Joel.

ALEX
What?

BRIAN
That was going to be his name.
Joel.

The lights in the waiting area flicker. Alex glances at them,
back at Brian.

ALEX
Any reason why?

Brian smiles sadly, shakes his head.

BRIAN
I had this dream. A boy calling out
to me. Asking for help. His name
was Joel.

ALEX
What did he look like?

BRIAN
What?

ALEX
The boy - what did he look like?

Ambrose walks over.

AMBROSE
We need to get going.

Alex ignores her.

ALEX
(ignoring Ambrose)
Please. I need to know.

The lights in the waiting area go out completely. Alex
doesn't seem to notice.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What did he look like?

Brian stares over Alex's shoulder, towards the entrance to the waiting area. His eyes wide, scared.

He points a shaking finger.

BRIAN

That.

Alex turns.

Joel stands in the entrance to the waiting room.

JOEL

Watch me, Daddy.

Joel grins, turns, runs down the corridor away from the waiting room.

Alex runs after him.

AMBROSE

Wait!

Alex pays her no attention, launches in to --

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The whole corridor is in darkness, other than dim emergency lighting.

Alex runs down the corridor, heading towards Joel --

The boy moves, fast, getting away from him quickly. Alex doesn't seem to be able to catch up --

Joel goes around a corner --

Alex turns the corner --

The Figure appears in front of him --

Alex doubles over in pain --

His wounds start bleeding more --

He rubs his neck, his bandage soaking in red blood --

The Figure looks at him for a long moment, turns, walks down the corridor, heads towards Joel --

Alex lifts himself up, stumbles after the Figure --

He trips over his own feet, falls down, hard.

CLOSE IN on Alex's closed eyes.

His eyes slowly open again as we PULL BACK to reveal we are --

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex laying on the sofa. One arm hanging off the side, a half empty bottle in his hand.

He groggily lifts his head.

A sound of movement, somewhere O/S.

He lifts the bottle to his lips, looks around, blurry eyes adjusting to the darkness of the flat.

The Figure tip-toes through the flat, heads towards a bedroom.

Alex tries to pull himself off of the sofa, stumbles, lands on the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alex lurches along the corridor, towards the Figure, who in turn follows Joel.

The door to an Operating Room swings open on its own.

Joel turns to look at Alex, smiles, runs inside.

Alex follows him --

INT. OPERATING ROOM, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Inside the dimly lit operating room, Lisa is on the operating table. She is wired up to various machines which, despite the lack of power, still are able to monitor her well-being.

She is quite heavily pregnant. A device strapped to her stomach, wired up to a monitor beside the bed. The monitor shows no indications of any sort of life inside her, despite the outline of a baby being visible.

Joel stands on the other side of the bed.

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lisa asleep in bed. Joel stands at her side. He's shaking her, trying to wake her up.

The Figure stands in the doorway, knife in hand, watching.

Lisa slowly rouses. She sees Joel beside her and is instantly fully awake.

LISA
What's wrong, baby?

JOEL
The monster.

LISA
Monster?

Joel points a finger in the Figure's direction.

Lisa SCREAMS.

INT. HALLWAY, ALEX'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Alex pulls himself along more quickly, having heard the scream. He gets to the open door of the bedroom.

The Figure sees him --

Grins --

SLAMS the door in his face.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alex slowly walks over to where Lisa lays.

ALEX
Lisa?

LISA
You didn't help us.

ALEX
I know.

LISA
Why didn't you help us?

ALEX
I tried.

LISA
Don't let me die again.

ALEX
I won't.

LISA
Don't let me die again.

Lisa's eyes focus on something behind Alex.

Alex turns.

The Figure stands behind him --

It grabs him --

Lifts him over his head --

FLINGS him across the room --

Alex crumples in a heap at the other side of the room --

The Figure walks around the bed towards Joel --

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM, ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Joel crouches by his bed, fearfully looking out over the top as his bedroom door creaks open.

The Figure steps inside the room --

A knife in his hand, he steps towards Joel --

INT. OPERATING ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alex struggles to pull himself from the ground as the Figure approaches Joel.

The boy cowers in the corner of the room --

The Figure heads towards him --

Alex staggers to his feet, lunges towards the Figure --

The Figure doesn't even turn, just swipes out a large arm, knocks Alex straight back on his feet again --

The Figure lurches over Joel, reaches out its hands towards him, knife raised high --

The knife plunges downwards --

Joel SCREAMS --

Alex topples in front of his son --

Just as the knife stabs viciously in to him.

The operating room door opens. Detective Ambrose and Brian appear in the doorway.

They take in Alex's crumpled body on the floor, blood pouring out of a chest wound.

He's alive. Just. Barely breathing.

The Figure is nowhere to be seen.

JOEL (O.S.)
Watch me, Daddy.

Alex's eyes open heavily.

He looks across the room.

Joel stands on the other side of the bed. He smiles at his Dad.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Watch me.

He places his hands on top of Lisa's pregnant stomach. A soft, white glow emanates from her skin.

A faint BUM-BUM, BUM-BUM, BUM-BUM heartbeat --

Gradually becomes stronger --

The outline of the baby on the monitor springs to life, the baby kicking and moving around.

Joel smiles at his Dad once again.

ALEX

I'm watching.

Alex closes his eyes.

Detective Ambrose hurries over to him, checks vital signs.

Brian goes over to the bed, kisses Lisa's forehead --

Except we see that it's not Lisa after all --

It's Brian's wife, DONNA.

She opens her eyes and looks at him.

DONNA

The baby?

Brian holds her hand, looks over towards the monitor, showing a very active baby.

Donna follows his gaze, sees their child very much alive.

She laughs and cries and pulls Brian to her.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

A removals truck is parked close to the block of flats.

Brian places a final box in the back of the truck, closes it up just as a car pulls in.

He watches as Detective Ambrose gets out.

AMBROSE

You're off, then?

BRIAN
Couldn't stay around here much
longer.

They both look up towards the 3rd floor of the building.
Brian and Alex's individual front doors just about visible
from where they stand.

AMBROSE
Just thought I'd pop over while you
were still here to see how you're
getting along.

BRIAN
Tired, but otherwise fine.

AMBROSE
And the baby?

BRIAN
Perfect. Apart from the crying and
not sleeping and it feels like
there's poo everywhere.

AMBROSE
Good to see you've got some help,
anyway.

BRIAN
Help?

Detective Ambrose nods her head in the direction of Brian's
flat.

The outline of a person can be seen through the window.
Vague. Shadowy.

The front door yanks open.

Donna appears for the briefest moment in the doorway.

DONNA
(screaming)
Help me!

She's pulled back inside.

The door SLAMS shut.