

Shadow Men

by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BLACK.

A gentle hum cries out in all directions; a calm, steady, but unsettling sound.

It carries the ambience of the scene.

Two other sounds are breaking through the cracks.

And if the ambience were a concrete wall, this next sound would be like a hammer to a chisel, and the next would be like a chisel to the concrete...

BREATHING. A man breathes in. A man breathes out - Loudly, unnervingly.

RUBBING. Flesh rubs against fabric - a sticky, sweaty sound, like a man were tossing and turning on his death bed.

FADE IN

Indeed, a MAN is lying in his own sweat, in bed, in a state of shock!

Whether he's just had a nightmare or whether he's been disturbed by the waking world is unclear.

What is clear is that he's now stopped moving. He's now just staring, breathing as he did, sweating as he did. And he's now staring across to the wall on the other side of his bedroom.

At first, it appears nothing's there.

Of course, under the circumstances, the poor man would surely beg to differ...

His face reveals nothing other than pure fear. Every inch of his face is relishing in it. And he can't take his eyes off whatever has disturbed him.

Then, as if one were to squint and press for a figure to emerge, one may in fact be able to make out the brief outline of what appears to be a SHADOWY FIGURE resembling a humanoid standing in the corner of the room.

The only exception is its pitch black demeanour - A pure silhouette with the personality of the devil.

The man lets out a tear in his fright. And although the silhouette doesn't have eyes, the illusion that this demonic thing does possess the ability to stare is sheerly palpable.

Oh, and that humming sound you heard... It's growing louder!

As the figure continues to stare into the man's soul, so too does the man refuse to look away -
A paralysis has plagued him.

CLOSE ON THE MAN. CLOSE ON THE SILHOUETTE.

CLOSER ON THE MAN. CLOSER ON THE SILHOUETTE.

It's a stare-down from hell!

...

SHIT! ANOTHER FIGURE walks towards the man from behind the pillows... STEP. STEP. STEP, heard but not seen.

The man can't move but, even so, that doesn't stop his breathing from intensifying.

Finally, the figure appears by the bed.

It stops a foot away from the pillow...

What possible fate could befall the poor man now?...

CUT TO BLACK

AN ELECTRONIC, SYNTH STYLE SCORE SPARKS INTO LIFE.
POUNDING. THUMPING. EERIE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Swooping in from overhead, a vast highway appears before us.

The sky is lit and the claustrophobic imagery of the bedroom has been wiped away.

TITLES

Speeding down the road, a car zips into frame from the third and fastest lane on the highway.

- A wise move on the part of driver's from lanes one and two. They've all given way.

END TITLES

A radio is on, broadcasting an interview with a DISTRAUGHT WOMAN from within the car.

We fall towards the windscreen.

This woman, it sounds, isn't only distraught but also fuming!

Pissed even!!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

FOUR PASSENGERS are on board.

The driver - a 28 year old lad/player is helming the ship - narrow eyed & round pupiled, with a baggage of loose clothing draping over his body.

The front seat passenger - 25, slouched with eyes piercing the car radio to the left.
He sure doesn't look happy about this woman's demeanour.

Left back seat - This guy isn't even listening to the radio. He's instead caught up in his own entertainment...

... Bending back the fingers of a severed hand.

Right seat - You know this guy already. He's the one from the bedroom.

Now he's a funny one, he is... You see, he's doing absolutely fuck all!

His eyes are closed, his head is centered & his hands are right by his sides.

Paralysed again, it seems.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

(fuming, pissed even!)

...It was as if my heart had been ripped from my fucking chest!...

It was as if my tits was being burned and my fucking head was being ripped off!

HOST

(unsettled)

Alex? Listen to me...

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

No, you listen to me. How about you listen to me?!

HOST

Okay Alex, I'm listening to you.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

One minute he was here, at home, resting, next thing he was out there on his back, lying in his own fucking blood... How the fuck do you think I felt!

HOST

Okay, Alex, Alex... I know you're upset but could we please not curse now on...

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

Oh fuck you! I just lost my son, do you not understand that?! I'VE JUST LOST MY S-O-N! MY S-O-N!!

The driver raises his eyes and smirks. He reaches down to the draw compartment in front of him and sees a can of strongbow waiting for him.

The front seat passenger sighs heavily and shakes his head.

HOST

Alex, I'm sorry but we're going to have to stop you there.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

Oh go on then, cut me off, cut me off if you don't want to hear how some cunt out there murdered my son!

HOST

Alex...

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

No, you know what, I've got a message for the man who did this, okay.

Pause.

HOST

Okay Alex, what is your message?

The driver opens the can of strongbow.

DRIVER

Oh, I can't wait to hear this.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

You might think you're funny, murdering, pillaging, and doing whatever the fuck else you do, but hear me now...

DRIVER

(sarcastic)

I hear ya.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

Don't think for one second that you can get away with this!

DRIVER

I already have love.

HOST

(sighs)

Alright, well that there was Alex Spencer, a widow, er and now not even a mother it seems, so how about that.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

Fuck you!

HOST

Coming up next we have...

The passenger in the front seat switches off the radio and slouches back into his seat. He turns to the driver and the driver takes a deep breath.

DRIVER

Thank god for that.

LEFT BACK SEAT

I gotta tell you David, I was getting mighty depressed listening to that.

The man in the back, leftmost seat is still fiddling/twiddling with his severed hand.

DAVID

I think we all were Harry.

David pulls out a CD from the draw compartment.

DAVID

But don't worry lads, I've got something to take the edge off.

Despite the front seat passenger still glued to the radio, he nonetheless proposes the following...

FRONT SEAT

Homicide?

The driver inserts the disk in full view.

DRIVER

Behemoth.

And cue music!

The loud, overly eccentric tunes of hard-core rock and heavy metal ring out.

FRONT SEAT

Yeah Boiiii.

He perks up, sitting up, straight-backed.

HARRY

Bangin' tune David, I gotta say.

DAVID

You don't have to say anything
Harry. You don't have to say
anything.

In the back of the chair, our sleeping friend remains undisturbed. Not even the sounds of Behemoth can wake him it seems.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the car speeds along, the bangin' tunes of the rock band slowly drown out...

... And that electro-synth style score supercedes it.

From a vast distance, storm clouds seem to rage from above. Hills range towards the horizon.

There's something lurking in the air.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Harry pulls back the ring finger on his severed hand.

Looking at it, there does seem to be marks from a wedding ring. Harry looks as if he's contemplating its significance - and its implications.

He looks ahead to Harry. Harry looks back to him in the rear view mirror. They lock eyes for a good moment or so.

TO BE CONTINUED...