

# Interloper

by

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EXT. ENCLOSED ALLEYWAYS - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

TWO MEN can be heard walking across solid concrete. The air is quiet and restful yet the atmosphere is eerie. Nothing else can be heard - not a bird chirping nor the sounds of nearby traffic.

The eeriness I describe is due to the CREEPY AMBIENCE of the score... And yet, the conversation that comes next is a complete juxtaposition...

DAVID

Hey buddy! Long time no see.

This is the voice of DAVID - a mature voice with no face.

GEORGE

Yep, well, sometimes I've got better things to be doing mate. Come here.

This other voice is GEORGE - his tone is sarcastic. We hear the clasp of arms and the patting of backs as the two embrace in a hug.

DAVID

Better things like what? Wanking?

GEORGE

Well you know me.

DAVID

So how the hell have you been anyway?

GEORGE

Pretty fucking miserable to be honest mate.

DAVID

Yeah?

GEORGE

Yeah. My dog died last week.

DAVID

Oh no. That's a shame isn't it.

GEORGE

Yeah.

DAVID

Aw.

Oddly enough, these sarcastic tones are continuing well into the conversation.

There's a brief moment of awkward silence.

DAVID

So err, I was gonna say...

GEORGE

Yeah?

DAVID

Well first I need to ask, and I don't mean to be crass George but...

GEORGE

Go on.

DAVID

Well... Is there any chance you'd let me see the dog's grave?

GEORGE

You what mate?

DAVID

Well, you know I'd really like to see the dog's grave... if that's okay with you.

Another awkward silence works its way in here. Then comes the response!

BANG!!!

An abrupt gunshot knocks one of the men to the floor!

There's another form of silence that follows the sound of his body crashing down to the ground - a silence not born of shock nor unwelcome surprise, but rather a silence that's unusually prolonged and brings death on its heels.

CUT IN FROM BLACK

We cut in to witness the scene of a murder!

The body of George lies cold and lifeless on the concrete.

David stands above him - traumatised from the gunshot. He's breathing heavily and looks shell-shocked.

And in his hands, there's no weapon. No gun. Someone nearby must have pulled the trigger.

David - in his thirties, with matted hair and scruffy casual clothes - stares at the gunshot wound.

George appeared to be a man who dressed much more presentably. He too was roughly the same age.

David briskly turns away, trying to process what just happened.

As he looks down at the body of George, he utters...

DAVID

Fuck sake.

He then looks around and tries to pinpoint the killer.

Alas, nothing.

He appears to be standing at the crossroads of two alleys that intersect.

Then he looks up. There's one building nearby that may have served as an ideal vantage point -  
A building with a handrail on the rooftop.

Behind him, from the far side of the alley, an illusive figure - THE INTERLOPER - appears to be standing in the background about thirty metres away. He looks blurred at first glance. Upon sharper focus, David observes the appearance of what looks to be a HOBO.

David stands there horrified!

The strange man looks well into his sixties. His face appears dirty, his beard is unshaven and his gaze looks like the gaze of the devil himself!

He grins, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a mobile.

David's heart begins to race even more.

Before the man can call anyone, David makes a run for it!

He runs down the alley in the opposite direction, leaving George's bloody remains on the concrete.

By now the puddle of blood is pretty well-spread.

EXT. RUN-DOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

David looks like an Ant as he runs along the broken pavements of an abandoned street.  
The buildings tower above him. They look almost abstract even, with their elongated walls and narrow windows.

The skies above him are grey and the atmosphere is continually eerie.

As he runs from street to street, we get the sense that he's being watched...

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Up ahead, David emerges from a nearby street at a turning and appears to slow down after crossing the road.

Now he's only walking briskly. He got his hood up and looks a little like the spitting image of the illusive man.

He hastily turns his head and checks behind to make sure he's not being followed.

A little further down the street and David takes a sharp turn towards the porch of number '66'.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David enters through the door of a dingy household. He locks the door briskly. He turns and observes his home, panicked.

The first we see of its design is an image of peeled and tobacco-struck walls, faded with a murky yellow hue. Disgusting!

A voice calls out to him.

BEATRICE

David?

David jolts as the woman speaks. He still looks rather shell-shocked.

BEATRICE

What's going on?

This woman, BEATRICE, walks from the kitchen towards the hallway. She appears to be a little older - forty most likely - and wears an apron. Preparing dinner perhaps?

David looks lost. He hasn't budged at all since he came in. Beatrice stops at his side.

BEATRICE

David!

Beatrice clicks her fingers in David's face. He doesn't respond.

BEATRICE

David!!

He still doesn't respond. He just looks as though he's running through the murder again in his head.

Beatrice has had enough now! She slaps him on the cheek. David jolts back to reality.

BEATRICE

Fucking get a grip will you!

David doesn't scream or shriek. He just presses his hand against his cheek as though he hardly felt a thing.

BEATRICE

What the hell is wrong with you.

And with that, Beatrice begins walking back to the kitchen.

David stands there like a vegetable, holding his hand on his cheek.

Beatrice stops as she passes the living room door, which is located half way down the hall.

BEATRICE

Oh, and err... Some absolute twat came by earlier. Said he had a TV to deliver. I assume it's for you... I couldn't be sure, but he seemed like someone you'd know.

Beatrice smirks like she's laughing inside.

She turns away and continues walking.  
The door to the kitchen closes shut.

David then begins walking at a slow pace from his hallway and through to the living room.

This houses' layout is made for this couple - the kitchen is out the way down the hall and the hallway leads right into the living room.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David crashes down onto the sofa in front of the NEW CRT TV. It appears like one you'd find in a 90's household.

He can hear the sounds of Beatrice preparing dinner in the kitchen.

Although the TV isn't on, David continues to stare at it - as if there was something profoundly fascinating about seeing his own dark reflection in the black mirror.

In the reflection, we can also see the serving hatch to the kitchen about ten feet behind David.

BEATRICE

Absolutely hopeless you are David,  
do you know that... I'm the one who  
has to cook for you, wash your  
bloody clothes, stare at your

(MORE)

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
 boring, uninterested,  
 unenthusiastic, useless excuse for  
 a face every day and night... I  
 honestly do feel like putting a gun  
 to your head sometimes David, I  
 really do.

As Beatrice continues to ramble on, David gets up off the sofa and slowly begins walking towards the kitchen.

The TV lingers in frame a little longer.

We follow him from behind as he walks down the remainder of the hallway.

BEATRICE  
 U-S-E-L-E-S-S, you know what that  
 spells David... Useless... That's  
 you.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David enters through the kitchen door, noticing Beatrice chopping up some onions with sharp precision.

He stands there watching her for a few moments as she chops away, specifically noticing the knife cutting through the onions like butter.

Beatrice then turns away to face him, still with the knife in hand.

BEATRICE  
 What?!

David looks choked up.  
 Since we were following him from behind, this is the first time we've seen his face since he got up off the sofa.

BEATRICE  
 David, will you please, for once,  
 just do me the courtesy of talking  
 to me!

David swallows hard. Will he tell her?

BEATRICE  
 What happened?!

David nervously fiddles with the objects within his grasp.

DAVID  
 I err...

BEATRICE  
 Speak up.

DAVID

(pause)

I think the police are coming for me.

BEATRICE

You what?

DAVID

I said I think the police are coming for me.

Beatrice looks immediately taken aback.

BEATRICE

Seriously?

David nods.

Beatrice, in a surprise U-turn, begins to smile.

She puts down the knife on the counter and begins walking towards him.

BEATRICE

So what then... You just went out to see a friend, you come back thirty minutes later and now, what... The police are coming after you?

DAVID

(nods, nervous)

Exactly.

Beatrice is now standing pretty close to him.

BEATRICE

Doesn't that seem a bit... Well... I don't know, a bit like you're confessing to murdering your friend?

DAVID

You can't be serious.

BEATRICE

No?

DAVID

Of course I didn't!

BEATRICE

There's no shame in it David... I mean I've thought about killing you many many times. Just think of it like that.

Beatrice smiles at David. David looks utterly stunned at this point - in spite of Beatrice's horrid demeanour, these words are profound, even for her.

DAVID  
(mumbles)

But...

BEATRICE  
Come here.

Beatrice comforts David with a loving hug. She smiles behind his back as though he's just survived a potentially life-threatening operation. For her, this is a moment of joy!

And on the other side, David's face tells a very different story - A story of betrayal!

David's face suddenly turns to anger! He rips Beatrice's arms away.

DAVID  
You know what, I'm starting to wish  
it was you I went to meet.

David turns away.

BEATRICE  
Yes and there's no shame in that  
David.

David's now at the door.

BEATRICE  
You know you should really learn to  
smile more. You might not get many  
more chances.

Beatrice shakes her head as David leaves.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David slams his door shut in frustration.

For a few moments, he begins pacing around the room, struggling to notice anything that will catch his eye.

He then walks by the window. He freezes. Something's caught his eye.

He steps forward a tad further and pays sharper focus towards whatever awaits him outside.

Outside the window, standing on the street below, is the same shady figure that was present at the scene of the murder. The INTERLOPER.

David stands towering above him and yet, the old man looks like the greatest threat at the current moment. There's something off about his eyes - They appear GREY with HEAVILY DILATED PUPILS. Almost demonic-like.

The Interloper then gestures to making a phone call. Just like he did before, he pulls out his phone and places it beside his ear.

David, creeped out, pulls the curtains shut. He puts his hand up to his eye lids and presses on them like he's having a migraine - As though it even hurt to look at the old man.

He turns away and, once again, begins pacing around the room. He's starting to bite his nails due to all this stress and anxiety.

Then, he stops and pulls out his phone. He dials a number and looks ready to start opening up to whichever poor bugger answers the call.

OPERATOR

Hello, what's your emergency?

DAVID

I need the police please.

OPERATOR

(unengaged)

You need the police... Alright, and can you tell me what's happened?

David pauses for a moment. He walks by the window and pulls the curtain back slightly. The Interloper is still staring at him.

OPERATOR

Are you still there?

The Interloper turns his head slightly towards the opening in the curtains. Rather like an owl.

DAVID

(awkwardly scratching head)

Yes I... I just wanted to confess.

OPERATOR

Confess what?

DAVID

Well... let's just say I went to meet a friend...

David can hear the operator typing over the phone.

DAVID

We spoke for about a minute, and then suddenly... A gun went off and now he's dead.

David cringes as he says the words, afraid of how the operator might respond. The operator stops typing. There's a brief pause.

OPERATOR

Are you telling me you've killed your friend?

David pauses again. The man outside the window is smirking in an unsavoury manner. You might not notice it much, but as David stares, it looks like something unnatural is happening to his eyes. His pupils are starting to dilate!

OPERATOR

Hello? Are you telling me you've killed your friend?

DAVID

Yes.

David's tone soon begins to change. The anxiety and awkwardness starts to fade. A hint of a smirk appears in its place and he starts to stand taller.

OPERATOR

Right. And where are you now?

DAVID

(mildly sarcastic)

66 Riger street... You know where that is?... Off the College road?

OPERATOR

Yes I know where that is... Okay, I'm going to have to ask you to stay where you alright. Police are on their way.

DAVID

(more sarcastic)

Thank you... Oh, and by the way... The body's in the kitchen.

And with that, David hangs up, looking straight at The Interloper as he does. He smirks. It appears David now has the high ground in more ways than one.

Then, he closes the curtains shut and sharply begins walking away, leaving the Interloper standing alone.

Outside the window, the Interloper can be seen clicking his neck and then cracking his knuckles.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

David comes running down the stairs.  
He makes a sharp turn towards the kitchen and peers through the door. He only pushes it open a fraction but that's enough...

... Because Beatrice turns her head like an owl the moment he does.

She is sitting at the kitchen table with a cigarette in her hand.

BEATRICE  
Guess what David?

DAVID  
I'm going out alright.

BEATRICE  
Oh no you're not. I've invited folks for dinner.

David pushes the door open all the way. He looks pissed!

DAVID  
Are you barking mad?!

BEATRICE  
Oh no David, don't be questioning my sanity now. You're the one who's come in here saying you killed a man.

DAVID  
I said no such thing.

BEATRICE  
Like I said, there's no shame in it... And just to prove it to you, I've only just gone and asked Jack to come for dinner, haven't I.

David looks utterly bewildered at this point.

DAVID  
What the hell is wrong with you?

BEATRICE  
We got Jack. Susan. Michael. Chris. They're all coming you know.

DAVID  
I hope they kill ya.

BEATRICE

No David, they're coming for you...  
I told them about the murder and  
they could hardly believe it...  
Told them we should celebrate and  
so I throw another turkey in the  
oven... Why not I said. Now we've  
finally got something to celebrate.

Beatrice smirks, taking a big puff on her cigarette.  
David walks further into the kitchen and stands right above  
her like a predator.  
Then like a creep, he leans down and gets right up in her  
face.

DAVID

You make me sick, do you know that.

That was intended to be a mild threat to say the very least.

David then raises his head and stares at her for a few  
moments before he turns away.

DAVID

The police are coming by the way.  
If I were you, I'd run.

Beatrice shakes her head, unconvinced.  
She takes another big puff on her cigarette as if to say,  
"Come on then. Threaten me if you want. It makes no  
difference."

EXT. RUN-DOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

David enters the street wearing a long coat and scarf.  
He notices immediately that the Interloper is gone!

He looks up and down the street. In actual fact, it appears  
the Interloper is walking away.

David begins following him.  
He puts his hands in his pockets and keeps his head down in  
the collar of his coat, treading softly on his tail.

As the Interloper reaches a turning at the bottom of the  
street, he turns back to face David - Shit, he's known he  
was being followed all along.

As he makes the turning and vanishes around the corner,  
David begins to pick up the pace. After a few moments, he  
then starts running after him!

He soon reaches the turning and sees the Interloper quite  
some distance away - Strange considering he's still only  
walking. He turns back to face David once more.

David begins running before the Interloper has a chance to turn away. The old man merely continues walking.

As David reaches the next turning, he once again sees the Interloper just as far away as he was before.

When David begins running this time, the Interloper stays put.

DAVID

Hey!

As David nears his target, the Interloper decides to veer off into the porch of a nearby house.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

David arrives moments later outside the door, appearing frantically out of breath.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

DAVID

Open the door!

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

DAVID

Open the door now please!

David waits for a few moments but no one answers.

He walks to the window just off to the right and peers into a room. It looks incredibly familiar. It looks like...

No it is ... It's David's house!

He must have somehow gone round in a circle.

There's STATIC blaring out of the new TV. Beatrice is nowhere to be seen.

David walks back to the door. Yep, it's number 66 alright.

Perplexed, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his key. He hesitates for a moment, then sticks the key in.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David slowly enters his home like it's some unfamiliar, derelict, cabin in the woods.  
How the hell did the man get in here?

The static from the TV rings out loudly as David creeps closer and closer to the living room.

DAVID

Beatrice?

... .. There's no reply.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David approaches his new TV set. The static continues to ring out.

On the floor, a couple of feet away, is a TV REMOTE. It's not the remote that came with the TV because that remote is sitting just next to the TV itself.

David leans down and picks up the unwelcome remote, cautiously.

He points and shoots at the screen.

Suddenly the static disappears and a new image takes its place.

David watches in horror as he gazes upon a familiar sight...

What appears on screen is the same alleyway where the murder took place earlier that day!

It appears in black and white and both he and George are absent from the scene.

David begins to approach the screen, looking terrified. He leans down so that his face is level with the footage. It's unclear whether what he's seeing is CCTV footage or just a snapshot.

He puts his hand on the screen and takes a closer look.

There's something haunting about the image ... In the distance, at the far side of the alleyway, is what looks like the INTERLOPER!

David looks like he's about to have a panic attack when... He vanishes!

David vanishes into thin air!  
All it took was one touch. And now he's gone. He's vanished into the netherworld of the Television...

EXT. ENCLOSED ALLEYWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

As quickly as David vanished, he re-emerges in a familiar setting - The alleys where the murder took place.

In a sudden, frantic reaction, David turns to examine his new (yet familiar) environment.

He looks down to the far side of the alley.  
The utter shock on his face soon starts to morph into something else - Laughter.  
He starts grinning like a child.  
Well why not? The impossible just happened.  
But then maybe it's all just nervous energy.

DAVID

As if.

David then turns the other way to face the intersection.

David then looks down at the pavement just before him.  
The body of George is still absent.

Is this before the murder took place or after?  
And will the fucker who killed George reveal himself?

David starts walking down the alley but before he reaches the intersection...

... the sounds of footsteps can be heard approaching.

David stands there in anticipation. It's bound to be George right?

David's face fills with terror as the sounds of the footsteps grow louder and louder.  
David's heart nearly bursts out of his chest!  
DAVID appears before him!

That's right, David!

It's David from earlier that day. And now there's two of them standing there!

Other David stands, absolutely stunned.  
There's a faint breeze that enters the scene, thickening the atmosphere.

Then, from the other intersecting alleyway, more footsteps then begin to approach.

Both David's turn their heads in unison towards the sounds...

TRANSITION TO

GEORGE'S POV

George approaches the intersection, carrying a large cargo bag.  
He begins to whistle, looking pretty chilled and even excited for his meeting with David.

The cargo bag in his hand looks incredibly heavy and the straps look well supportive.

George turns the corner at the intersection and enters the alley where both David's await...

... Only it seems both David's are surely absent. George turns the corner only to see no one in sight.

This doesn't phase George in the slightest. He stops at the place where original David stood. He places the cargo bag down on the concrete and kneels down.

He then unzips the bag halfway and peers inside... No wonder it was heavy - The contents of the bag appear to be parts for a RIFLE.

George looks around to make sure no one is in sight, then places his hand inside the bag, checking the contents more thoroughly.

FROM A DISTANCE, the figure of a grey-haired appears. He watches George. It appears to be The Interloper!

After a moment or so, George turns his head again to check his surroundings... And that's when he sees him.

George zips the bag shut and stands.

Just as he did before, the Interloper first gazes at George with those demonic eyes.

Then, he reaches for his mobile and places it to his ear.

A few seconds later and George's phone rings!

By the confusion on George's face, it seems this man is a complete stranger to him.

George intercepts the call anyway...

GEORGE

Do I know you?

INTERLOPER

Not yet you don't.

The Interloper speaks with a deep, sophisticated and intelligent voice.

GEORGE

Do you want to explain how you got my number?

INTERLOPER

Not really. I think we've got more important things to discuss, haven't we?

GEORGE

You tell me.

It's hard to tell from this distance but it looks like the Interloper is smirking.

INTERLOPER

There was a man you were meant to meet today. Do you remember?

George looks lost. He looks down at the cargo bag in confusion.  
He then turns to examine his environment. Something's off.

GEORGE

I don't remember coming to meet anyone... Tell you the truth, I don't even know why I came here.

INTERLOPER

I do... Though what just happened from where I'm standing was a little unexpected I have to admit.

George looks at the old man. He steps forwards slightly, trying to get a better look.

GEORGE

Tell me what's going on.

It was sudden, but now George genuinely seems like he's lost his memory.  
The smirk the old man makes looks slightly clearer this time.

INTERLOPER

What do you want to know?

George shakes his hand. He looks around again, trying to maybe even piece together all the big 'Why' questions for himself.

GEORGE

Why don't I remember why I came here? Answer me that.

INTERLOPER

Well I didn't drug you if that's what you're worried about.

GEORGE

No? Because this just doesn't make sense to me... I mean, I wouldn't just show up here for no reason, would I?

Pause.

INTERLOPER

Have you checked what's in the bag?

George looks down at the cargo bag.

INTERLOPER

Go on, take a look.

George lowers the phone and motions towards the bag.

With high anticipations, he leans down and reaches out towards the zip. He slowly begins to open it.

He looks immediately taken aback - Well it seems he truly has lost his memory!

George raises the phone.

GEORGE

What the hell is this?!

INTERLOPER

Why that's a gun George... Surely you've seen one before.

GEORGE

And why do 'I' have a gun?!

INTERLOPER

Well let's see now... Most people that carry guns around do so only with the intent to kill someone else...

George looks to be in complete disarray.

INTERLOPER

Unless of course you plan to kill yourself with it... I'd vote for the former on this occasion.

GEORGE

Right. Well firstly, you're wrong. Most people carry guns for self-defence. Secondly, you can drop the sarcasm. Clearly you know why I'm here.

The Interloper pauses again.

INTERLOPER

7pm tonight. Channel 5. Does that sound acceptable to you?

GEORGE

What?

INTERLOPER

Tune in to channel 5 tonight at 7pm. Can you do that?

GEORGE

I could. Or you could just drop the act and tell me what you want.

INTERLOPER

I want you to tune in tonight. 7pm.  
Channel 5.

George sighs. He doesn't know what to say or do.

INTERLOPER

Don't be late George. Time doesn't  
stop for any man. Certainly not  
you.

The Interloper hangs up. George continues to stare at him for a few moments more, then gives up - He hasn't won this battle. He turns away and picks up the cargo bag.

He Interloper continues standing there. George gives him one last look before he begins walking back down the alley at a pace - the confusion and frustration still oozing from the pores on his skin.

This is going to be a long night!

EXT. DERELICT STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The streets are quiet yet familiar. A few moments of prolonged silence occupy the streets.  
Then George appears.

Similar to how David once walked the streets under the watchful gaze of these abstract and derelict houses, George now wades his way down the street also.

He too looks like he's being watched.  
He has his hood up and walks at a brisk pace.

As he continues walking though, turning the corner from one street to the next, it appears he's going the exact same way as David did.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Up ahead, George emerges from a nearby street at a turning and appears to slow down after crossing the road.

And just like David, he walks towards the front porch of number '66'.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

George enters into a fairly pleasant home.  
The walls are clean. The carpets are well-groomed. But the layout and overall design... It's the same as David's house!

A familiar woman then emerges from the kitchen wearing an apron.

BEATRICE

George?

Indeed, Beatrice enters from the kitchen down the hall.

GEORGE

Hey.

George places the cargo bag down on the floor. He looks incredibly nervous.

BEATRICE

What you got in there?

Beatrice's voice and entire demeanour is much more pleasant than the Beatrice we knew from before.

GEORGE

Oh nothing really. Just err...

In a sudden change of heart, George picks the bag back up.

GEORGE

Actually, I tell you what... I'll just pop this upstairs alright. Be back in a sec.

George makes his way up the stairs without any further comment.

Beatrice watches him with genuine concern.

BEATRICE

You alright?

GEORGE

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

Beatrice doesn't look convinced.

BEATRICE

Thought you'd be back hours ago.

GEORGE

Same here.

BEATRICE

Well I'll put you something in the oven if you like.

Beatrice hears the sound of George closing the bedroom door upstairs. She sighs and looks sympathetic, then turns back to the kitchen.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

George drops the cargo bag down on the floor with a thud.

He pulls back the curtain and stares out the window, scanning up and down the street to see if anyone followed him home.

He turns away.

He then stands in the middle of the room, nervously, with his arms crossed. He looks to his bedside table - There's a PHOTO of GEORGE STANDING NEXT TO A BLACK DOG.

BEATRICE

George?

George's head turns.  
He begins walking away.

The cargo bag lingers in frame just by his feet.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

George's hand runs down the railing to the stairway. His footsteps thud their way from step to step. His head then passes by the frame as he walks in the other direction towards the kitchen.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen door opens from above. It creaks like it were whining.

George crashes down onto the chair by the kitchen table. He watches as Beatrice comes walking towards him.

He then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He lights one up.

GEORGE

(cigarette in mouth)

You alright?

BEATRICE

Don't worry about me George.  
Question is are you alright?

Beatrice takes a seat opposite him. George doesn't answer the question but instead takes another puff.

BEATRICE

I never saw you leave with a bag...  
You've been gone for hours.

George scratches his head, looking dazed.

GEORGE

I can't put my finger on it.

They both stare at each other for a moment.  
Beatrice then grabs the cigarette pack and lights one up for herself.

BEATRICE

You think you can pick Archie up  
from the vets tomorrow?

George shakes his head.

GEORGE

He'll be in there for another week  
at least.

BEATRICE

Says who?

GEORGE

Says me.

George smiles at her. Beatrice smiles back.  
George relaxes in his chair a bit more.  
Maybe it's the tobacco. Maybe it's their chemistry.

GEORGE

He's certainly a most faithful  
companion, isn't he? ... Always  
watching... Always no more than ten  
feet away.

At this point George seems to be staring into space.

And as it so happens, to the left of George is the same  
serving hatch that was in David's house.  
And it so happens that roughly ten feet away from that is  
the same old 90's CRT TV.

Beatrice looks worried for George.  
She gets up and walks towards the oven.

George looks up at the clock on the wall. The time is  
'6:30'.

As he stares at the clock, the ticking starts to become  
louder and louder.  
George looks restless.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NOT LONG AFTER

Beatrice places a plate full of food down on the table.  
Mmm Turkey roast!

BEATRICE

About time isn't it?

GEORGE

Sorry?

Beatrice smiles lovingly.

BEATRICE

To eat. You must be starving by now.

GEORGE

Well I did lose my appetite a few times I have to admit.

The two of them are now eating together. Beatrice smirks while chewing. But is George going to spit it out?

BEATRICE

So what's in the bag?

GEORGE

(pause)  
Precious cargo.

BEATRICE

You what?

GEORGE

(pausing to swallow his food)  
It's a cargo bag.

BEATRICE

Oh, very funny George.

The clock continues counting down the minutes from above - George and Beatrice can be seen in its reflection. The time is now '6:50'.

BEATRICE

Something wrong?

George is starting to look like he's being drawn to the clock... Or to the time perhaps. There's a look of sadness in his eyes.

GEORGE

This might be a strange question but do you ever think that time stops for anyone?

Beatrice freezes.

GEORGE

Not literally of course... Well, maybe literally... I don't know what I'm asking.

For a moment the sounds of the clock are all that can be heard. Beatrice clears her throat, before answering...

BEATRICE

Well it's never stopped for me.

GEORGE

(playful)

Bet you I can make time stop right here and now.

Beatrice looks confused by George's strange behaviour.

BEATRICE

What is this George?... Can we not just enjoy a meal together for once?... I mean you're always running around. You never tell me anything... I mean come on. This isn't the time.

George stands up and walks over to the clock. He takes it off the hook, then throws it against the floor in a fit of rage. It smashes right away!

GEORGE

There you go.

Despite the power and rage in the throw, George's reaction suggests he's shrugged it off.

It seems time truly has stopped - Beatrice is frozen solid from the shock!  
And now the ticking is no more.

Beatrice holds every muscle in her face as still as she can for a good several moments.

GEORGE

You see, point proven... Bloody thing was driving me up the wall anyway.

George sits back down and immediately resumes eating. He's smiling somewhat but still looks concerned - as though all of this was just nervous energy.  
He looks up to see if Beatrice has unfrozen...

She has but she doesn't look happy.  
She puts down the knife and fork and stands up.

BEATRICE

Why don't you go and have a lie down George.

She walks away with the plate.

BEATRICE

I've lost my appetite anyway.

George watches as Beatrice stops and stands by the counter. He waits to see what she does next. She's stopped whatever she was going to do anyway.

Instead, she turns her head slightly as if to gesture for George to hurry up and leave the room. She won't continue until he has...

George begins to look angry as he watches her obvious pleas. He gets up and leaves the kitchen, watches her as he goes.

After he's gone, Beatrice finally turns around looking fairly distressed. It seems they don't have the best relationship after all.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

George walks down the hallway towards the door. He turns towards the stairs and then takes a seat on the bottom step.

That sadness that was in his eyes from before still remains. And in fact now it's even more prevalent. George just sits there, loathing in it all.

Then, he pulls back his sleeve. The time on his WATCH is now '6:59.' The large dial is also only ten seconds away from striking the big '12'!

...

...

The time is now '7pm'.

Suddenly, George feels a sharp burst of pain in his eyes. He presses his fingers over his eye lids as though he were having a migraine - just as David did before.

He holds them there for a few moments, then rests his fingers. He opens his eyes... Holy shit!

His eyes have also started to look like David's did right before he called the police. They're heavily dilated!

George then stands and slowly begins walking towards the living room.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

George walks towards the TV and approaches the remote left on the sofa.

He reaches down to pick it up and then stares at himself in the black mirror.

After a few moments, he aims and shoots and the TV comes on...

The first thing he sees and hears on the screen is static.

BEATRICE

George, go and leave me in peace.

GEORGE

Later!

Beatrice moves from the kitchen and immediately heads up the stairs in a huff.

He shakes his head at her as she goes.

After she's gone, George turns to 'Channel 5'.

To George's horror, what's being broadcast on screen isn't your regular TV show or film.

On the screen, a familiar set up is being played out before his eyes...

IT'S THE MEETING BETWEEN GEORGE AND DAVID.

They're both standing opposite each other in that alleyway, conversing just like they did in the beginning.

(Not like they were upon the second meeting - or lack there of - since George has no cargo bag with him.)

George steps forwards a tad and plays close attention to the meeting. It's hard to do given that there's video footage playing but no sound.

The angle is also high, like it were CCTV.

He stares at what's happening in utter horror and confusion.

He looks like he's become so engrossed in what's happening he's frozen.

Then, with those heavily dilated pupils of his, he starts to frown.

Over the course of the next ten seconds, his expression gradually morphs into utter rage!

...

He suddenly turns his gaze away from the TV and begins walking out of the living room towards the stairway. The door is already open and the stairs are in full view.

NOW WE REMAIN FROZEN as we watch George walk up the stairs and disappear into what is presumably his room.

Twenty seconds go by ... ..

... ..

George then walks back down the stairs carrying the RIFLE!

His stance suggests he means business - He knows how to hold it properly.

After reaching the bottom of the steps and disappearing for a moment, he comes walking back into the living room. He turns to face the TV. He looks like he's fucking fuming!

After a couple more moments, George raises the gun and points it at the TV screen...

George and David stand talking in the footage. Rather suddenly, David then looks up directly at the camera. It looks like he's raised his head to view something that's maybe the height of a rooftop.

George lowers the gun very slightly in response to that. But no matter, the interruption is short lived. George brings the gun back up again.

BANG!

CUT TO BLACK

CUT IN FROM BLACK

EXT. ENCLOSED ALLEYWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

We cut in to witness the scene of a murder!

The body of David lies cold and lifeless on the concrete.

George stands above him - traumatised from the gunshot. He's breathing heavily and looks shell-shocked.

And in his hands, there's no weapon. No gun. Someone nearby must have pulled the trigger.

George looks around to pinpoint the killer, then turns his head to the far side of the alley. He freezes like he's just spotting someone watching. Footsteps then begin to approach him...

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

George lowers his rifle. He smiles in a smug fashion, then cocks the gun.

BEATRICE

What the fuck was that?!

Beatrice comes rushing down the stairs.  
She freezes stone solid half way down the stairs as she sees  
George with the gun.

George then swirls around and points it at her!

BANG!

Beatrice falls the rest of the way down the stairs and hits  
the floor with a thud.

George cocks the gun again and smiles menacingly.

GEORGE

Well I did say it was you I wish  
I'd met, didn't I.

After a few moments...

THUD. THUD. THUD.

POLICE

Police! Open up!

THUD. THUD. THUD.

George doesn't look shocked by the interruption at all. He  
smirks rather smugly.

POLICE

Police! Open the door!

GEORGE

I'm coming!!

George begins walking away slowly.  
WE STAY FIXED IN THIS POSITION.

Once he reaches the hallway, he stops and turns to face  
Beatrice.

He drops the rifle next to the living room doorway and  
proceeds to walk towards the door.

The sounds of traffic can be heard outside as the door  
opens. We then hear an arrest being carried out.

POLICE

George Spencer?

GEORGE

(sarcastic)  
That's me.

POLICE

I'm arresting you for multiple  
accounts of murder. You do not have  
to say anything, but it may harm  
(MORE)

POLICE (cont'd)  
your defence if you do not mention  
when questioned something you later  
rely on in court... Oh, and err...  
Someone will be coming to collect  
the body.

GEORGE  
Fantastic. I wouldn't want to leave  
her here all by herself now would  
I?

POLICE  
No sir. Let's go shall we?

The front door closes with a bang.

Twenty seconds of silence pass by ... ..

The front door then opens again.  
Who could this be?

Footsteps approach. They stop, presumably to notice the  
corpse of Beatrice.  
The entity starts walking again. He then appears before us.

It's the Interloper!

He comes walking into the living room towards us, noticing  
the Rifle on the floor and then the TV.

He stops for a second, then sits down on the sofa.

His appearance is just as shameful as before - filthy face,  
dirty beard, greasy hair. Oh, and those demonic eyes of  
course.

The interloper then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls  
out his very own TV remote!  
It looks the same as the one David found on the living room  
floor earlier.

He points and shoots at the TV.

Suddenly, all the silence in the room is broken.  
STATIC rings out in all directions.

The interloper then gets up and begins walking over to the  
TV.  
The static is starting to get uncomfortably loud - or at  
least, static certainly gives you that illusion. It's a  
horrible sound.

The Interloper then reaches out his hand and places it on  
the TV screen.

And then in three, two, one... And PUFF!  
He disappears!  
Just like that. Just as a spectre would, and just like David

did before.

From right up close, we then see the TV screen and those horrible static sounds getting louder and louder...

Then, we abruptly ...

CUT TO BLACK.