

Devil's Wings Extract

Written By

Lee Thorneycroft

INT. GRISLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan steps into a darkly lit room, stepping onto a rather blood-soaked floor. Green light rays pierce through the windows to his right. The only thing visible to the naked eye is what looks like an operating table, gleaming bright within the lime light in the centre of the room. And on the table is the body of a man.

Nathan approaches the light, cautiously, trying to picture the man from afar. This could either be a trap or pure coincidence. Evidence would appear to point to the latter it seems - though the former is also likely... The body on the operating table belongs to the very man from Nathan's photo!

Nathan starts to panic. He runs over to him.

NATHAN
(under breath)
No...
(louder)
Victor!

Nathan shakes VICTOR'S corpse, viciously.

NATHAN
Victor!! Victor!!

He places his hands on Victor's neck, checking for a pulse. He doesn't have one.

NATHAN
(under breath)
Shit.

Nathan's eyes start to well up. It's now pointless to check for further signs of life. The man is definitely dead.

He bites his cheek hard and lays his palms flat against the table. There's something building up inside him - something malevolent.

Nathan walks towards the window into the lime light. Tears are visible in his eyes. His breathing is much much heavier than before.

Taking a moment to process the situation, he stares outwards through the glass and gazes at the distant ocean. He bites his lip and fidgets on the spot, unsure of how to react.

Then, he notices a hammer on the ground. He reaches down, picks it up and stares viciously at it... He loses his composure.

Enraged, he lashes out at the window.

NATHAN

ARGH!!!!

Nathan throws the hammer at the glass. It smashes into a million pieces, managing even to smash its way through every layer.

He turns around and walks back over to Victor's corpse.

Underneath the body is dried blood and, even more bizarrely, feathers!

Nathan freezes and looks at it curiously for a moment. He pushes Victor's corpse over onto his side.

He gasps!

He lets go and takes a few steps back.

Victor's back has been brutally cut open.

Sickened by the cruelty of the murderers, Nathan observes the brutal experiment that befell Victor. Not only has his back been cut open, bird feathers have also been stitched underneath his skin onto the red tissues beneath.

Bird feathers have then been stitched together, creating what look like giant wings extending outward from his spine.

Nathan walks further into the room away from Victor's table, noticing some faint outlines not too far away. He freezes at the sight of even more horror, lingering in the deep dark corner of the room. There's even more operating tables, occupied by even more unfortunate victims.

All of them have been subject to these same experiments. Blood is everywhere. All the subjects are long dead. Their bodies look pale and as cold as ice.

BANG. Nathan jolts right. BANG. He jolts left. Now he looks both terrified and yet anxious to stand his ground. From beyond the walls of both sides of the room, doors open and footsteps begin to approach. The masked men are coming...

Nathan pulls out his knife, turning from left to right as the footsteps get louder and louder on all sides. He stays put for a moment, readying his knife. Another BANG and he steps backwards into the shadows, away from Victor's table and towards another corpse.

The door on the opposite side of the room to the staircase bursts open. FOUR MEN wearing beak masks and brimmed black

hats walk into the room. Another group of FOUR walk in from the other side.

They appear to walk in unison: one group on one side, one group on the other; both groups walking towards each other toward the centre of the room. Once they reach the window, they stop.

Nathan just stands there, shaking. The knife is quivering in his hand. He's lost the will to fight; he's outnumbered. There is now a line of masked men, all staring at each other. Nathan tries his hardest not to breath a sound.

Within the light, their masks look like those of seventeenth century plague doctors. Each of them wear similar variations of the same attire; the most stand out feature of which is the length of their ominous beak masks. The two men in the middle have the longest beaks. And in their hands, they both hold long canes, sharpened to a point.

One of the beak men turns his head directly towards Nathan.

Nathan's eyes shine with a green hue. Tears are forming.

Another man turns his head towards him. And then another. And then another. And then another... Until all eight of them are facing him.

Nathan has no means of escape now. He's a dead man! He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath... Then runs as fast as he can towards the stairway.

The masked men charge at him. A man with a cane smacks Nathan across the leg just before he reaches the door. He falls and crashes to the ground.

The masked men don't beat him any further. Instead, they begin to form a circle around him, slowly and calmly.

Nathan looks up, breathing heavily. The beak men tower above him; their cloaks look far more intimidating from this position of vulnerability.

In his hand, Nathan clenches his knife. He lashes out, trying to slice one of the men's legs. He misses.

The man retaliates and kicks Nathan in the face, knocking the knife away from his reach.

Blood pours from his nose. Two of the men grab him by the arms and start to drag him across the floor to an operating table. Nathan tries to fight back but the men are too strong. The other six circle around a table, dragging an old

corpse away and dumping it on the floor.

The other two pull Nathan to his feet while the rest grab him by the legs and lift him onto the operating table. Nathan struggles, trying desperately to free one of his limbs and regain control of his body. But alas, it's impossible.

Nathan notices one of the men raise his cane high into the air. He knows what's about to happen. And it may well be the last thing that ever happens to him...

SMACK! The man knocks him unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. GRISLY ROOM - SOMETIME NOT LONG AFTER

Nathan opens his eyes. Blood is pouring down his temple. He's now lying on his side.

From behind he can hear footsteps. The masked men are standing right behind him. Several pairs of hands are holding him steady and it feels as if his blazer has been ripped open at the back.

It has. And one of the masked men is also holding a rusty knife towards his spine.

On the ground, Nathan notices his own knife no more than ten feet away. He keeps his head still and avoids making any sudden movements - he doesn't want that knife in his back.

From behind, one of the masked men runs a gloved finger down his spine along his vertebra. He stops about a third of the way down. It looks like Nathan woke up at just the right time; the surgeon has found his first incision point.

Nathan closes his eyes for a moment. His next decision could very well end his life in one fell swoop... But if he doesn't move a muscle, he's a dead man all the same... If he's going to make a move, he needs to do it now!

With every muscle in his face and neck strained, Nathan rolls off the table at speed. He rolls across the ground in the direction of the knife, grabbing it just in time.

One of the men tries to jab his cane into him. He misses. Nathan slices at the man's ankle, cutting through his artery. Blood spurts out onto Nathan's face and the man falls to the ground. Nathan jams the knife into another man's crotch. He screams at the top of his lungs.

As Nathan pulls the knife out, blood sprays onto his arm.

Another man grabs him from behind while another tries to stab him with his cane. Nathan head-butts the man behind and throws him into the path of the attacker's cane, impaling him like a stuck pig.

The man lets go of the cane but before he can put up a fight, Nathan slices his throat. Blood sprays everywhere, covering his face completely.

The four remaining men have now armed themselves with knives. Nathan doesn't even think about it. He just charges at them with rage.

NATHAN

Arrrrrgggghhhh!!!!

Nathan slices at the men. He catches one in the chest, then stabs him again, and again, and again, and again and again. He then swings his blade aimlessly, cutting at another's neck, nearly slicing his head off. The man crashes to the ground as limp as a glove.

The other two men lunge at Nathan, knocking both Nathan and themselves to the ground. Nathan immediately gets back on his feet, narrowly avoiding a cutting blow to his leg.

As the men get back up, Nathan runs towards the stairway...

EXT. SPIRE - CONTINUOUS

The harsh winds rage on outside the tower. The skies are still dark and the grasslands are just as murky as before. From a distance, Nathan exits the spire, running as fast as he can despite the limp in his right leg.

He runs away from the direction of the houses towards the endless grass fields opposite. The two remaining masked men emerge from the tower. Nathan runs for his life, panting like a dog as he tries to carry the weight of his injury. It looks like he's exerting himself so much he may even have a heart attack. He quickly turns his head back to the spire. To his surprise and immediate relief, the two men have stopped.

Nathan slows down and comes to a halt. He turns back to the spire. The two men are just standing there, staring at him ominously with their hollow glass eyes.

He calms his breathing, waiting for them to make a move. Then, like an owl, the two men turn their heads in unison towards the grasslands to Nathan's left.

Nathan turns as well, curious and fearful. They're all looking at what look like DOZENS and DOZENS of even more masked beak men approaching from the horizon. Each of them appear spread out, wading through the grasslands at a walking pace.

Nathan doesn't panic, nor does he run. He accepts his fate for what it is surely destined to be. He turns around on the spot, slowly, observing the grasslands all around him. DOZENS more masked men are walking towards the spire from all directions.

A calmness falls on Nathan. His expression is now completely vacant. From overhead, he hears the sound of wings in the air. The shadow of a large bird-like creature passes over him.

He looks up. What he sees causes him to gaze in horror. In the sky, no more than fifty feet up, is a humanoid figure with wings like a bird. The creature gleams bright within the sun's rays; its size and shape made clear for all to see. The creature is a hybrid of both man and bird; A brand new form of life.

The devil's creation.

FADE OUT