

Black Goat

written by

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CUT IN:

EXT. STORM-STRUCK COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

As the curtain rises and the soundscape rivets into life, we sharp cut to a vast open plain -
A rural countryside with a long, winding gravel track that reaches from the horizon and curves its way down the middle of our field of view.

The track is situated just beside what appears to be an empty farm with a wooden fence to the left, and even more green field lying further afield, just adjacent to that.

The gravel road lies beneath a storm-struck sky - A murky cloud layer, coloured with a dark green filter.
Combine that with the rural landscape and it would be as if someone put coloured contacts in our eyes.

There's also something else to add to the atmosphere of this place - A persistent, howling, eerie sound. It's like a hybrid of howling winds and horror movie ambience.
Simple but effective.

We hold on this picture for a good while - Long enough to entice a sense of beauty amidst the horror.

Then, from the far end of the gravel road, a MAN appears. No footsteps can be heard, however.

And as he walks closer, still no footsteps are to be heard.

From this distance, he doesn't appear like a man from the twenty-first century. More like a Victorian, with his tweed blazer, corduroy trousers and hair of the ages.

Then something else appears...

A GOAT.

On his tail, a small black goat appears to be trotting along the track, treading softly.

From up close, the man walks forward like nothing is behind him. The goat follows on his tail.

Then he comes to a halt. Now he realises, now he knows... A goat is on his tail.

He turns his head slightly in acknowledgement. He smirks, then turns around to face his stalker.

The goat stops too.

Up close, this creature isn't so different from the creature that lingered on the horizon; It's simply a black goat with eyes as black as night.

There's also something off about the man's eyes, it seems, as he stands glaring at the creature. His aren't human. They instead appear like shiny gems - like polished stones or pearls, all black with no humanity.

He smirks at the goat. That smirk, along with the demonic black stars in his eyes, add a certain layer of menace to his overall stature.

It's now become a stare-down from Hell.

We glide down the man's side from behind, moving down towards a clenched fist; He's got something in his hand.

After a moment, his fist starts to open up.

Small pieces of animal food start to drop out, piece by piece, landing at regular intervals on the ground.

The goat stares intently at the man.

The man stares intently at the goat. And that smirk of his starts to grow wider -

He's baiting the creature!

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT/EXT. BLACK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Sweeping across a polished marble floor, within some foreign, otherworldly place, we glide towards a MAN who appears to be sitting with his head in his arms, beneath a bright spotlight, wearing a jet black suit.

The floor, it appears, stretches on forever as the spotlight only lights up a small fraction of the environment, which appears as nothing other than a dark void.

As we reach the man, all we can hear is the sound of heavy breathing. Breathing that echoes longly and loudly outwards in all directions - Proof that this place truly does go on forever.

The man sure sounds as if he's been upset by something, but then nothing's here.

Then, the sound of footsteps begin to approach.

He raises his head.

In front of him stands a DEMONIC CREATURE - A cross between a man and a goat. A Faun if ever there was one.

He stands wearing a red suit and, just like the man in the countryside, also stands with those same black stars in his eyes.

He smiles menacingly at the man. The man's breathing increases.

And what's worse, so does the Faun's. Whereas the man is breathing in fear, the Faun is breathing in anger.

Then, the Faun raises its right arm into the air and clasps it with his left hand.

He then begins to twist his right hand around!

The man watches in horror.

The sound that follows is of what sounds like the key to a wind up doll being twisted around.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK!

The Faun is twisting his own hand round and round, again and again. And just like a nut on a screw, it's gradually starting to come off.

And sure enough, after a few more seconds, his hand is off!

The man looks in shock. The Faun smirks, then throws his hand over by the man's side. It lands with an echoing CRASH.

The man stares at this new gift, exhausting his lungs, beholden to his fright.

He slowly picks the hand up - A furry, rough and ragged looking thing.

The man contemplates what to do with it.

He puts it back down and then reaches for his own right hand...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK... The man is twisting his own hand.

The Faun smirks, like he does. The man's hand comes off.

Staring at it, he slowly puts it back down like it's a precious thing.

Maybe he'll need it again later. Maybe not.

He then reaches for the Faun's hand and starts twisting it into his own arm, replacing what was with what now is.

Once attached, the man raises his new hand up to his eye line. Quite suddenly it seems, the fear and fright that once plagued him has now gone away.

Maybe the hand has possessed him. Maybe not.

PUFF! The Faun then disappears into literal nothingness. Puff, just like that. His red suits falls to the floor into a pile; That's all that remains of him.

The man doesn't react in a way that says he's shocked, nor surprised. He smirks rather knowingly.

The man finally gets up off the floor and begins walking over to the leftovers of the creature.

As he approaches the pile of clothes, he spots something else lying therein...

Upon arriving at the site of the Faun's sudden death, the man spots one of its black eyes still intact on the ground.

He reaches down and picks it up.

It sparkles brightly upon careful examination... And it appears there's something else inside it.

As he pulls it closer to his eye, it appears that a rural countryside lies within... It appears that a storm-struck sky, an empty farm and a gravel track reside within it...

... And two small entities are standing on the gravel road - A man and a goat. They're staring at each other.

We go in close to the pearl, merging into it...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. STORM-STRUCK COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

From above, the man and the goat stare each other down like two cowboys readying for a face-off.

Then, the goat begins walking towards the man. He smirks - He's achieved success in baiting the creature, apparently.

From the perspective of the food that lays waiting to be eaten, we bear witness to the sounds of howling winds blowing their way across the countryside. The goat is coming towards us, slowly but surely.

The man begins to look down at the creature as it arrives in front of him. It begins eating the food.

While it's distracted, the man begins to execute his plan...

From behind, we see the man reach with his left hand, down into his left blazer pocket. He holds it in there for a few moments, before pulling out what appears to be a rope...

... But no, he doesn't pull it out completely. He instead puts it back into his pocket and instead reaches down with his right hand; That's obviously going into his right pocket.

Again, he holds it in there for a few moments before pulling out what looks like a knife... A knife he suddenly flips open like the pocket knife that it surely is!

The goat is unbeknownst to his sudden gesture.

The man grips the knife tightly in his hand.
It enters the eye line of the goat - If it wasn't distracted by its meal, it would clearly be able to see the knife in front of it.

Then, from high above, we hear the sharp, rapid and five motion blows of a stabbing being inflicted.

Above, storm clouds rage within the skies. A thunder storm is on its way.

The man, holding a bloody knife in his hand, then raises his head and looks to the skies.
He smirks in satisfaction as the sound of thunder can be heard.

HARD CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BLACK VOID - CONTINUOUS

As the sound of thunder rages on, it appears as though the man who was looking into the pearl has suddenly been transformed...

The man holding the pearl now looks exactly like the Faun. The only difference is the appearance of his suit - It's black, not red.

And as we pull further away from the man, travelling away from the spotlight and further into the dark void, it appears the red suit is still on the ground nearby.

The man continues staring into the pearl, unaware it seems that he's been transformed.

Thunder rumbles on within the darkness - The void being so quiet that any sound at all is more than welcome.
This thunder has given it a certain character.
It now not only looks like Hell, it sounds like Hell.

The man now looks like an ant at this distance as we continue to pull away -

One light, drowning in the dark.

BLACKNESS

We then hear a familiar sound...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK...

Is someone else here?

Do they too have a hand that needs replacing?

FADE TO BLACK