

ANKOU

written by
Anica Moore

Scripted

scripped.com

July 18, 2011
Copyright (c) 2010-2011

All Rights Reserved

FADE IN:

EXT. THE YEAR IS 1874 AT AN OLD ENGLISH TAVERN IN ESSEX,
LONDON ENGLAND - NIGHT

The candles flickering light glow from the old tavern windows is seen from the dark Essex London streets. The Taverns last patrons are finishing up their drinks before heading home long after closing.

While wiping down the worn out counters, the Barman stops abruptly and stares out the window. Before displaying he fears, the windows or the tavern began to frost. Trembling, and sweating with fear, the Barman immediately goes to all the lit candles to blow them out.

THOMAS

(Drunken stupor) Hey---hey! Were not quite finished our---drinks! Hey!

HARRY

Whaddya going off for? What's the hurry---uh---hurry?

Thomas and Fenley, totally drunk, have a laugh while the Barman closes shop.

FENLEY

He said Harry! Hey---(snapping his fingers) were not due home yet! It's only-uh---what is the time?

The Barman rushes around the tavern making sure every window is locked and secure.

BARMAN

You have to get out of here! You have to go straight home! He's coming!

THOMAS

Why? My wife and kids are in Liverpool visiting her ailing Mother.

BARMAN

No! You don't understand! He's coming and he will stop at nothing!

The drunken trio laugh. The Barman tugs at their shirts and coats for them to leave.

FENLEY

Hey---I say! Whaddya doing?

BARMAN

You three better run for the hills. He *will* collect souls tonight!

HARRY

Who is this---so called souls collector?

THOMAS

Yea! Give us a name!

Just then, the sound of creaky wooden wheels grows louder. The Barman grabs his mouth, scared and trembling.

BARMAN

(Just above a whisper)
He's fast approaching! You better run and hide!

FENLEY

Why---is that? Humm? (Burps) Him?

As the Barman helps them to the front door, he explains to them, growing increasingly frightened.

BARMAN

Legend has it, the soul collector, the King of death, will stop at nothing to collect souls for his ever growing army recruit of the dead! Ankou is it's name---I fear the name as I speak it! He's the border between life and death and force souls onto his land of the dead! It was once said the he only collected the souls of the recently dead, but that wasn't enough for him. Anyone who hears the silence that follows the sound of his creaky---black death cart, is a doomed soul. Women and children alike, it will not matter to him. When the Ankou comes, he will not go away empty handed. He'll always find you. To hear his knock upon your flats' door, is certain death. He will come in at the second knock. Some say that his shrills are that of a wounded banshee and are so deafening, that it can be heard miles away. His

(MORE)

BARMAN (CONT'D)
 eyes are of fearsome flames of
 fire, and his hands made from
 different parts of his victims
 bodies.

The trio look at each other as they step onto the street and laugh. The Barman gives them a lasting sorrowful, faint of a smile and slams the door, locking it before he's to witness the sounds of the cold gusty, eerie wind and the squeaking wheels of a cart.

THOMAS
 You believe that guy! Ankou!
 Ankou! What a bloody tale! (Mimics
 the barman) Ankou's coming to
 collect souls---and he's gonna get
 yours! Better run for the hills
 mate! (Laughing)

Just then, the trio hears the last sound of the creaky cart very near. They stop in their tracks with their backs to the strange noises, only to see their breath in the cold air. Without turning around, Harry blurts out...

HARRY
 Who goes there?

Nothing is heard against the sounds of stillness. As they turn around, they see a tall, dark figure holding a long black scythe, four bony, old, and clearly dead looking horses, pulling a big, black old cart.

THOMAS
 Looking for something mate?

Silence grows eerily silent.

HARRY
 Ok! I think he's looking for
 trouble! I'll show you trouble!

Harry picks up a large stone and throws it at the tall dark figure. Ankou stands there with his rickety cart, in silence. Thomas and Harry began to throw stone after stone. Fenley just looks on as Thomas and Harry continue to throw stones, breaking an axle on the dark figure's cart, with his soul spared from what's about to take place.

In an instant, Thomas and Harry began to tremble in fear as the dark figure comes closer.

Feeling sorry for the broken axle, Fenley breaks a limb from a fallen tree branch and begins to repair the cart.

THOMAS

Better run Harry! It's the Ankou!
It's the Ankou!

As they start to run, the dark figure, arm wielding scythe pointing straight out, an unseen force shocks the two runners. They stop in pain before regaining their straight and run out of sight, screaming in agony.

Ankou, with his scythe, turns and walks back to his cart as Fenley finishes his repairs.

FENLEY

I---I---I repaired the axle,
please, please spare me my life,
please don't hurt me!

Ankou brushes his cloak against Fenley, turning Fenley's hair bleach white. Fenley passes out.

EXT. THE TAVERN BAR FRONT - LATER

The Barman, looking out the window, notices Fenley, aged with the look of death, lying on the street in front of his Tavern. He slowly opens the door and peers out carefully, before he rushes to Fenley's aid.

BARMAN

Fenley! Fenley! Snap out if it!

The Barman reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a small tablet and snaps it under his nose.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

Fenley! Are you alright? Where is
Harry and Thomas? Fenley! Fenley!
Can you hear me?

The Barman looks around as he helps Fenley to his feet, guiding him to the tavern, shuts the doors, locking them. Fenley Harbors life was spared but the undead soul is left with every single strand of hair on his entire head, white as a ghost and forever mute.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FRONT DOOR OF THOMAS'S FLAT - NIGHT

Panic and fear races across Thomas's face as he hears the sound of the creaky cart approaching. Leaning with his back against his front door, he hears a faint knock and begins to cry.

Seconds or two go by, then silence. He stops crying and listens. All is silent. Then, a louder knock startles Thomas so much that he jumps away from the door crying loudly.

THOMAS

Please! Please! Leave me be! Leave
me alone---please let me be!

Ankou let's out this loud, eeire, teeth grinding, banshee like scream. Thomas, clutching his wooden cross, drops dead from the sounds of death. Ankou places his soul in his cart.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR OF HARRY'S FLAT - LATER

Harry sits on the bare floor of his family room, rocking back and forth, praying as he clutches a cross.

HARRY

Please! Don't let him find me!
Please protect me! My family! I
ask of your pro-tection...

Before Harry could pray any further, he hears the creek sound of the death cart growing louder and louder. Silence and all is still, then he hears a faint knock at his door.

HARRY (CONT'D)

NO, NO, NO PLEASE! NO PLEASE!
NO---NO!

Crying hysterically and rocking back and forth, Harry slowly stands up and puts his ear to the door. Silence. Harry let's out a sigh of relief, whispering to himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thank you! Oh thank you! Thank
you!

Kissing the cross and smiling revealing his rotting yellow teeth. Seconds later, he hears a second loud echoing knock (in slow-mo). His fears return as he slowly back away from the door, shaking his sweating head. He sees the door handle slowly go up, panting heavily as the King of death is near.

HARRY (CONT'D)

NO PLEASE! I WANT TO LIVE! PLEASE,
I'M SORRY, FORGIVE ME! FOR-GIVE-
ME!

As Ankou enters the flat, we see the Ankou eyes light up with dark blueish-purple flame growing brighter, lighting up the flat. Ankou slowly glides toward the cowering Harry. We hear Harry screaming "NO" as Ankou's deep and dark mouth opens wide for the death scream.

Ankou then turns toward the camera, eyes lit up and his mouth wide open, letting out his banshee-like scream of death. Fading to black with a loud "**BOOM**".

6.

FADE OUT: