

DIE SCREAMING

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

A dark, narrow road winds through a densely wooded area. HEADLIGHTS cut through the night's blackness as a RANGE ROVER careers along road at speed.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Inside the vehicle are four men, all intimidating and hard-looking. The kind of men you wouldn't want to meet on a dark night like this.

In the passenger seat, TONY, 30s, lights a cigarette with a match. He watches the flame burn all the way to his fingertips before shaking it out. He reaches across and taps the driver, CARLTON, 20s.

TONY
Cut the full beam and slow down. We're almost there.

In the back seat are CASS and MARCUS, both 20s, both loading shotguns.

MARCUS
If the place is gonna be empty, why do we need shooters, Tone?

TONY
Well Marcus, if someone comes back early and we're not finished, I don't know about you, but I'd rather have a gun in my hand than have to bare-knuckle fight my way out with a gang of pikeys.

Cass glances disdainfully over to Marcus.

CASS
You muppet.

MARCUS
Piss off, Cass.

TONY
What time you got, Carl?

Carlton checks the dashboard clock.

CARLTON

Almost nine thirty.

TONY

We've got plenty of time before anyone will be back.

CASS

What about the kiddies? Ain't they gonna be all tucked up in bed?

TONY

Nah. It's the clan leader's only daughter's wedding. It'll be the biggest piss-up this country's seen since sixty-six. Anyone who isn't there will be outcasts in this community. Family included.

MARCUS

I don't see why the boss couldn't have bunged them a couple of grand. Surely they'd have moved on then.

TONY

You don't think he already tried that?

Cass gives Marcus another disdainful look and shakes his head.

CASS

Muppet.

Tony points to an area up ahead.

TONY

Pull over just here.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The Range Rover comes to a halt at the side of the road.

TONY (O.S)

They had a chance to leave peacefully and they turned it down. Every day they're here is costing money, and now they're gonna pay for it.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The four men creep through the trees, all carrying petrol cans.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP SITE - NIGHT.

The camp appears empty. The only sign of life coming from the four men darting from caravan to caravan, dousing each one with petrol.

Marcus stops mid-sprint, unfit and exhausted. He sets down his petrol can and gulps in some air. He glances around the site and sees A CURTAIN MOVE in one of the caravan windows.

INT. CARAVAN - NIGHT

The door flies open and Tony bursts in, Beretta pistol aimed squarely at an ELDERLY GYPSY MAN, 70s, who immediately raises his hands in surrender.

ELDERLY GYPSY MAN
Please don't shoot. Take what you want,
just don't hurt us.

TONY
Who's us?

The man steps aside, revealing an ELDERLY GYPSY WOMAN, 70s, laying in bed.

TONY
What the hell are you doing here anyway?
Why aren't you at the wedding?

ELDERLY GYPSY MAN
My wife, she's too ill to leave her bed
and I won't leave her here on her own.

TONY
Well she's gonna be leaving it tonight.
Get her up.

ELDERLY GYPSY MAN
She can't move. She's too ill.

TONY
You either get her out of this bed or
she'll be dead by dawn. This whole place
is going up in flames tonight.

ELDERLY GYPSY MAN
You can't do that.

TONY

I can, and I am. You people had the chance to leave this place of your own accord two weeks ago, and make a nice bit of money to boot. But you chose to stay.

ELDERLY GYPSY MAN

This is our home!

TONY

Yeah, well come the end of the week it's gonna be a building site and you parasites will be dirtying up someone else's doorstep.

Carlton enters the caravan.

CARLTON

What's going on, Tone?

TONY

Just a couple of old crusties. Nothing I can't--

With Tony's back turned momentarily, the man dives on him, grappling for the gun.

Forty years his junior, Tony easily gains the upper hand, but the gypsy isn't giving up without a fight. He reaches up and sticks a thumb in Tony's eye.

Tony YELPS in pain, knocks the man's arm away and fires off a round from his Beretta, putting a bullet in the gypsy's stomach.

The gypsy woman sits up in bed, SHOUTING, as her husband collapses to the floor dying.

ELDERLY GYPSY WOMAN

No! Murderer! Murderer!

TONY

Shut the fuck up.

He hits her with the back of his hand, knocking her down onto the bed.

Cass and Marcus rush through the caravan door, shotguns raised.

CASS

Everything alright?

CARLTON

Yeah, this crazy old pikey just had a pop at Tony.

Cass regards the dying gypsy.

CASS

Looks like he's regretting it now.

The gypsy woman begins CHANTING in Romani. She reaches out an arm in Tony's direction, makes a fist with her hand, then dramatically flicks her fingers out at him. She repeats this action over and over.

MARCUS

What the fuck is she doing?

Tony LAUGHS.

TONY

What's this? Are you supposed to be some kind of witch or something? Are you trying to put a curse on me?

They all join in with the LAUGHTER. The gypsy woman spits at Tony.

TONY

You dirty old bitch!

He grabs a cloth from a nearby counter and wipes the gob of saliva from his jacket.

ELDERLY GYPSY WOMAN

Before the moon sets on this night, you will die screaming, you bastard!

TONY

Trust me, love. You're the one that's gonna die screaming.

He hits her with his gun, knocking her out.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP SITE - NIGHT

The four men stand outside the caravan. Tony removes a box of matches from his jacket and strikes a match.

MARCUS

Shouldn't we at least finish her off first?

TONY

No. The bitch can burn.

He tosses the match and the caravan erupts in flames.

TONY

Right, let's get the rest of these shit
heaps going and get out of here.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Carrying their empty petrol cans, the four men move quickly, fleeing the scene of their heinous crime.

A gust of wind blows through the trees, whipping up leaves and shaking branches.

The breeze carries a bizarre WHISPERED CHATTERING sound. Like a hundred secret conversations taking place at the same time.

The men all stop and raise their guns. Eyes dart everywhere, searching for the source of the eerie sound that surrounds them.

MARCUS

What the hell's that?

TONY

Keep moving.

The men move on. Their fast walk has given way to a panicked jog.

UNKNOWN POV

Moving fast at ground level. Along the forest floor. Over broken branches and tree roots. Heading towards --

MARCUS

Who senses something behind him and turns. In an instant he disappears into the undergrowth, letting out a horrified SCREAM.

Tony, Carlton and Cass all turn to see no sign of Marcus.

CASS

MARCUS! MARCUS!

No response from their friend. Just more strange CHATTER.

TONY
Get to the car!

Tony and Carlton take off running, but Cass stands his ground. He sees movement in the trees - was it human or just shadows? He raises his shotgun.

CASS
Marcus?

UNKNOWN POV

Again moving fast along the forest floor. Weaving between the trees. Heading side-on towards Cass. He doesn't see it coming.

TONY AND CARLTON

Are almost at the edge of the woods when they are stopped by the sound of a shotgun BLAST, quickly followed by Cass SCREAMING.

Both men turn, and again see nothing.

CARLTON
What's happening?

TONY
I don't know, but I ain't sticking around to find out. Come on.

They take off again, headed for the car, when -- CLUNK! Carlton SCREAMS in pain.

Tony spins to see Carlton stood with his leg caught in a bear trap, WAILING in agony.

CARLTON
Oh, God! Tony! Help me!

The eerie CHATTERING rises again. All around them. Tony rushes over to Carlton.

TONY
Give me the keys to the Range.

CARLTON
Get me out of this!

TONY
I will do. Just give me the keys first.

CARLTON

No, get this off me! It fucking kills!

Tony smashes him across the nose with his Beretta.
Carlton drops to the floor, CRYING OUT in pain.

Tony quickly tosses Carlton's revolver, fishes the keys
out of his pocket and heads for the car.

CARLTON

Please! You can't leave me like this!

UNKNOWN POV

Quickly moving through the undergrowth. Heading straight
for the stricken Carlton.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

A panicked Tony rushes towards the Range Rover. The
sound of Carlton SCREAMING echoes from the woods. Not a
cry of pain. One of extreme fear. Tony jumps into the
car.

UNKNOWN POV

Emerging from the woods and gliding across the grass,
heading for the Range Rover.

IN THE RANGE ROVER

Tony turns the key, starting the engine.

UNKNOWN POV

Moving fast towards the back of the Range Rover. About
to collide with the rear window when the car suddenly
jolts forward, onto the road and races away down the
lane.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Range Rover speeds towards the building, skidding to
a halt outside.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

A fluorescent strip light blinks into life, illuminating
the room. Tony staggers through the doorway, shaken up.
A bag of nerves.

He collapses into a desk-side chair, takes a mobile phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

TONY
(into phone)
Boss, we've got a problem... No, we torched the place, but something happened.. Everything went weird... Everyone's dead... No, the lads... It's hard to explain. I'm not even sure I know... Okay, I'll wait here.

He tosses the phone onto the desk. He removes a bottle of whisky and glass tumbler for a desk drawer, shakily pours a large measure and downs it in one.

A gust of wind blows the office door open and brings with it the strange CHATTERING SOUND again.

Tony leaps from the chair and pulls out his Beretta.

The cieling strip light begins flickering rapidly, creating an almost strobe-like effect.

Unnatural jagged looking shadows creep into the room through the doorway and begin growing across the floor and walls.

Tony backs himself towards a wall and FIRES into the doorway, emptying his gun. His eyes widen in disbelief at what he sees before him.

TONY
No! It can't... You can't... You're...

Entering the room from the shadows is the horrifically burned ELDERLY GYPSY WOMAN. Her skin black and red. Cracked and sore.

Smoke drifts from her body as she moves towards him. Not walking, but gliding across the room.

Tony presses his back against the wall, as if trying to squeeze through the brickwork and escape this nightmare.

The Gypsy Woman closes in, until her gruesomely charred face is almost pressed against his.

His eyes bulge. Mouth hangs agape. He trembles in fear.

ELDERLY GYPSY WOMAN
(Whispering)
Scream for me.

A twisted smile grows on her scorched lips as Tony lets
out an anguished SCREAM of pure terror.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END