

The Arcane woods

written by

Pavan kumar

Address
Phone
E-mail

NARRATOR (O.S)

Hundred miles away from the bustling city of Birmingham, there is a hidden path- Lane 7. A narrow strip that leads into the depths of unknown.

NARRATOR(O.S)

Six miles in, environed by towering tress lies a godforsaken castle. A serene river fronts it and in its vicinity is a lush green vegetation. The towering hill situated three miles southward of the castle parades church and cottage on its other side.

NARRATOR(O.S)

Gothic castle looms, its crimson walls adorned with eerie blackthorn pattern juxtaposed against the dark sky. The rusted iron doors, and the vacant eye like windows, glimpse with a glaze the runs one blood cold.

NARRATOR(O.S)

A broken gramophone...a tattered furniture... and an iron knife, deserted abd forgotten. These remnants of the past whisper tales of time lapsed. Dumped into the clearing decay beside the castle adds thorn in its side.

NARRATOR(O.S)

On the left side of the Lane 7 beyond the line of vision lies a huge billboard with a warning notice in a big letters:

"ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK BEYOND THIS REGION."

The warning looms like a ghost overshadowing the silence that fills the air.

NARRATOR(O.S)

Two miles northwest of the castle, a graveyard shrouded in darkness, massive iron doors stand barred, a skull symbol looming ominously with notice below it;

"DANGER."

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16 1910

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.00PM

The headlights of a white saloon pierce through the thick veil of fog. The woods seem to swallow the light, leaving only pockets of darkness.

Johnson(late 60s, grizzled, and determined) grips the steering wheel tightly. His eyes flick nervously between the warning sign and the trees looming ahead.

JOHNSON
 (muttering to himself)
 "Enter at your own risk."
 (scoffs)
 I've faced worse.

The wind HOWLS, causing the trees to sway violently. Leaves scatter across the road, and the shadows of branches stretch like claws. The forest feels alive, watching him.

He hesitates for a moment, his foot hovering over the brake. A crackling noise comes from the woods—like dry bones snapping underfoot. He leans forward, narrowing his eyes.

A sudden THUD on the window! Johnson jumps.

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.05PM

A local man, Martin(50s, disheveled, eyes wide with terror) slams his hand against the window, his face pale and desperate. His breath fogs up the glass.

Johnson yelps in his seat and rolls down the window, just enough to hear.

MARTIN:
 Go back before its too late

JOHNSON:
 What's the matter with you?

MARTIN:
 You don't know what you're doing!
 No one comes back from beyond this
 lane! Turn around.

A gust of wind shakes the car, causing the headlights to flicker. The darkness ahead deepens, as though the woods themselves are closing in. Johnson looks ahead, feeling the tension rise in his chest.

JOHNSON:

I've heard enough ghost stories,
old man. I didn't come here to turn
back now.

Martin's face darkens. His eyes flick to the trees, as if something is watching them. His voice lowers, filled with dread.

MARTIN:

It's not just stories. There's...
something... in the woods. You don't
understand.

A wind blows over the lane, the leaves rustle, the trees move from side to side heavily, and a huge tree falls on the ground with a thunderclap behind the car.

JOHNSON:

Martin, even the nature wants me to
stay back and explore the god's
paradise. See how the tree has
hemmed in my way back.

MARTIN:

Johnson, it's a trap!

JOHNSON:

Nothing Will happen to me, Martin,
you go back to your cottage and let
me go now.

Johnson streaks his car along the lane into the woods.

On the rear end of the windscreen of his car, the words inscribed are:

'Plumb the unexplored with Johnson'

Martin stands there looking after the vehicle as it moves swiftly away.

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.20PM

The wind picks up its speed and blows strong. Martin covers his eyes with his hands to protect them from dust and soot. A succession of terrific shrieks issue forth from the woods and reach his ears.

He stops, and turns back to look at the woods. His limbs shiver and the urine slides down his feet. He runs to the woods and stands under a tree to take a look around.

A branch creaks. Martin looks up, quickens his pace.

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.23PM

Martin glimpses at the river and walks closer to it. He splashes a few drops of water on his face and quenches his thirst. He then shifts his attention to the castle and stares at it with curious blue eyes. He pulls out the belt from his waist and starts hitting himself. He cries, pulls his ears downward, rotates his head three sixty degrees, and mutters to himself furiously. His body catches fires and burns. He races to the riverbank, laughs, severs his head from his body and jumps into the river.

EXT/INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.35PM.

The car engine grunts amidst the woods and halts by the river. Johnson reaches for a torch out of his car dashboard, and walks down to the castle. He glances down at the carcass of old furniture, broken gramophone, and other rubbish hurled into the clearing decay and turns away. He pushes the entrance door inward and put his foot in with a coy. The creaking sound of the door reverberates off the hall and then a huge bat with red eyes hovers in front of him, stares at him, and flies over his head quickly. He lumbers across the drawing hall to the dining hall, takes a look at the refrigerator,

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.40PM.

Johnson moves out of the castle, and poodles along the river humming himself. He takes out a cigar from his pocket, lights it, and puffs a smoke in the air. He then sits on the riverbank and takes a breath of fresh air.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-RIVER-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.10PM

Johnson throws his cigar into the river and stands up to his feet. The fog swirls over the river, the water gurgles, and then the severed head of Martin appears and floats on its surface. The head cries, giggles, and smiles at him.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 16.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.20PM

Johnson rubs his eyes, glances, yells, and races to the castle. He bolts the door from inside and goes to the washbasin.

He turns the tap on, the water gushes furiously and turns into dark red color bespattering the basin with the thick blood. He screeches with fright and rushes toward the refrigerator to wash his face and wet his tongue.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "DATE: JANUARY 16.

SUPERIMPOSE: "TIME: 11.22PM.

Two hollow shaped glass bottles of a volume 1.5 litres brimmed up to the top with a dazzling red liquid catches Johnson's glance. His eyes sparkle with shine and he jubilantly picks up the one, and gulps it down ravenously.

Twenty seconds later, he laughs and weeps simultaneously and blinks his eyes involuntarily, his bones crack, his mouth folds inward, his cheeks develop blisters, and his limbs turn left and his breath becomes laboured. His head shifts to right side, his face paralyses to left side and burns, his eyes unalign and tear out, his teeth transform into protruding canines, his palms take the form of a sharp claws, and his body burns and boils with blisters in entirety. He shouts, jumps, and falls into the river. His body crumbles into pieces, liquefy into red color, and sinks.

Two Days Later.

NARRATOR(O.S)

Two miles to the right side of G22 mansion street lies a resplendent house. Three brothers, Brian(33),Shaun(36),and Paul(37),reside here. Brian is Botany professor at a University, Shaun is an Archeologist, and works at a museum and Paul is a Psychologist who runs his own clinic. The parents of the three, Jacob and Maria, died 18 years back in a car mishap. Jacob was a druggist at a Chemist store while Maria was a homemaker. Paul, during his leisure, pours over the Chemistry books of his father's in an attempt to study and understand the nature of acidic drugs and alkaline drugs and their uses in day to day life.

NARRATOR(O.S)

Paul carries his father's black bag comprising of different chemical powders along with him on a trip to any place. Brian's room is replete with different varieties of plants and he visits Botanical parks to study about the plants and the shrubs during his leisure. Being admirably informed in the sphere of Botany, Brian also prepares medicinal drugs with the herbs and shrubs stores them in containers for the subsequent use. Shaun spends most of his time in the museum pursuing research on antique items like skulls, watches, swords, and others. He is a connoisseur of tea and is the one among the three with an expertise in cooking.

EXT.G22MANSIONSTREET-HOUSE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.00AM.

Tuesday morning, the three brothers gather and sit across the table for a breakfast.

PAUL:

No whereabouts of our uncle Johnson till date! Where do you think he might have gone without coming over to our house till now?

SHAUN:

I have apprised the Scotland Yard of his missing case yesterday.

BRIAN:

After our parents death, he only brought us by his hands and afforded us an education of a fine order.

PAUL:

I think we should commence our hunt for him at the earliest. Let's not wait for the police.

BRIAN:

Paul, you are right! Last week we received a letter from him in which he wrote clearly that on 16th of January, he will come over to our place and spend some time with us.

SHAUN:

Yes, we read the letter. He also wrote that at 9PM, he will start from Birmingham, and reach here by 1.30AM.

BRIAN:

Fine, brothers, now what is the solution to our problem?

PAUL:

Let's get back to our work now and be back at home by sharp 5.30PM. At 6.30PM, we will leave with our belongings to locate him.

SHAUN:

The very idea of locating his exact presence is vague and futile that too without the assistance of the police. Even if we travel via motorway to Birmingham, it's not easy for us to trace him.

PAUL:

He is an ecologist by profession and also a lover of adventure. So, I am sure he might have taken a bypass route that passes through the dangerous woods instead of bustling motorway.

BRIAN:

Man, travelling by bypass route especially at night time is not safe!

SHAUN:

Do we have any other option, Brian?. Our only target is to search for him.

PAUL:
Shaun and Brian, let's get back to
our work and be here by 5.30PM

The three disperse from the table, get into the car, and
Shaun barrels along the street with the tyres squeaking to
their work place.

EXT/INT.G22MANSIONSTREET.DRIVEWAY. HOUSE-EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:05.35PM

The car pulls up the driveway in front of the house and
stops. The three enter the house and dash into their
respective rooms for the ablutions.

INT/EXT.G22MANSIONSTREET-HOUSE-EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:06.25PM

Shaun, Paul, and Brian with their belongings step into the
car.

Paul speeds up and turns his eye down for a second to adjust
his shirt. The car veers out of a control along the street
and he swerves to eschew hitting the tree.

Paul rolls down the glass window and peers out.

The black cat cries loud and bleeds heavily.

PAUL:
Brothers,the black cat is wounded!
I think I ran over it.

BRIAN:
Go ahead, this kind of accidents
are quite common in this street.

SHAUN:
For a few minutes it will cry and
then move on.

PAUL:
But the cry of the black cat is
not a good omen. I will get down
and check once.

BRIAN:

Don't be stupid! We are already getting late.

PAUL:

Atleast let us take it to a veterinary hospital and afford it some treatment.

SHAUN:

Paul, start the car and make a move from here!

Paul with a countenance of a guilt drives away.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:08.00PM

Paul drives along the woods with his eyes awake while Shaun and Brian fall into a deep sleep.

The thunder rolls across the sky accompanied by lightning and heavy downpour breaks through the clouds. The rain drums hard on the roof of the car and the splash of rain drops as large as nickels dwindle the visibility ahead.

Paul pulls halts the car under the Oak tree. Brian and Shaun stir up from the sleep and look around.

BRIAN:

What happened, Paul?

PAUL:

I think we have to wait here till the rain recedes.

SHAUN:

Oh, the rain had begun. I am still feeling drowsy.

PAUL:

Yes, but from now onwards be awake for sometime so that we three together can cast our eyes in different directions in search of our uncle.

BRIAN:

Sure, we will be awake from now onwards.

SHAUN:

Noted. The back seat is endowed with a very soft cushions, so we fell asleep.

PAUL:

If we keep ourselves alert, we can locate his presence.

SHAUN:

Paul, you come back and take rest for sometime, I will take the charge of driving.

BRIAN:

Yes Paul. Have a nap at the backseat, I will drive the car.

PAUL:

Brothers, don't bother! I am comfortable with driving. I will step out of the car and try to locate our bearings in the midst of this remote tract.

Paul, drenched in rain, paces up a few yards, and then sights at a yellow board with capital letters engraved in black color. He turns back, gets into his car, and purrs with restraint to the board.

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:08.30PM

The car inches closer to the yellow board and stops. The headlights tilted in and the words on it read;

'LANE7'

BRIAN:

Why did you stop here?

PAUL:

There are no other lanes in this bypass route except this Lane 7! What could its importance?

SHAUN:

Who knows? Let's venture into the lane and check once.

BRIAN:

This seems to be a desolate lane
with no life around except the
dense woodlands on both the sides.

PAUL:

Yes, but I hope we might be
attended with some clue.

SHAUN:

If that is the case then what are
We waiting for? Go a head!

Paul drives at a rapid pace without taking a spectacle at a
warning notice on the billboard.

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:08.40PM

An owl perches on the top of tree and hoots. It stares at the
car with anger in its eyes. Algae, reeds, and water lillies
turn blood red.

EXT.LANE7-WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:08.43PM

Paul catches the the sight of the white saloon parked in
front of the river.

PAUL:

Uncle Johnson is here only. Where
else could a lover of an adventure
be?

BRIAN:

Yes, also see the comical letters
etched on the rear wind screen.

SHAUN:

What is he doing here? Can we ever
locate him in the labyrinth of such
woods?

PAUL:

But somehow we have to stay here
and search for him. None of us will
move from here till we locate him.

BRIAN:

That's fine. But where shall we
have our midnight sojourn?

SHAUN:

I have seen an antique building
fronting this river on the right of
our position. Let us get in there
and use our rest for tonight.

PAUL:

A good idea! We will stay there.

EXT.WOODS-GRAVEYARD-RIVERBANK-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:08.50PM

Paul takes a closer look at the river and the castle. Shaun
walks down to the castle and shudders at the sight of
redwashed walls with floral paintings of Blackthorn. Brian
turns his attention to the graveyard and the green plants
around it and then returns to the riverbank. A few minutes
later, Shaun also arrives at the riverbank hissing under his
breath.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.00PM

PAUL:

My Psychic mind says this woods is
dodgy by its very nature. Why is
this river so silent like Lake?

BRIAN:

How can you say that this river is
still?

SHAUN:

Yes, how can the water bodies be
cruel? Absolutely rubbish!

Paul takes out an empty water bottle from his bag and throws it into river.

The bottle floats without any motion .

PAUL:

This water body has no current otherwise the bottle would have flowed downhill and wouldn't remain static. Scientifically, impossible!

BRIAN:

Interesting but still incredible.

SHAUN:

Paul, you may be right! But I think the main problem lies with the building.

BRIAN:

How can you proclaim that?

SHAUN:

The architecture of the castle is Gothic with red wall paintings. Gothic and red are both monster's favorites.

PAUL:

I strongly feel that one of the places in this woods is notorious and sinister harbinger of events which may soon travel upon us.

BRIAN:

The notion that the woods is haunted is a load of codswallop. The green vegetation around armed with the red algae and red water lillies on the riverbank is a feast for the eyes.

SHAUN:

That is your opinion, Brian. If you look at the castle, your perception will change.

PAUL:

Cool down, brothers! Let's get into the castle first and then continue our discussion.

SHAUN:

Into that castle, no.

PAUL:
That's the only place where we can
relax for tonight and begin our
hunt for uncle tomorrow.

SHAUN:
Okay Paul. We don't have any other
option also.

Paul and Shaun walk down to the castle but Brian stands on
the riverbank and takes his clothes off.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.10PM

Paul and Shaun turn back in the midway and return to the
riverbank.

PAUL:
What are you upto?

BRIAN:
I will have my bath in this river
and freshen myself. Don't you see I
am sweating profusely?

Paul stands in front of Brian and warns the latter.

PAUL:
Brian, not now. You have a
Sinusitis problem for the reason of
which you prepare drugs with the
herbs and consume them during
winter season.

BRIAN:
Don't worry, I have seen some
medicinal plants behind the
graveyard.

PAUL:
Once said no means no.

Brian holds Paul's collar, and punches the latter on his
face.

BRIAN:
Get out of here and let me have my
bath, Paul!

PAUL:
 Brian, enough is enough. Mind your words and have some respect for your eldest brother.

Shaun meddles between his brothers, separates them, and mollifies the situation.

SHAUN:
 Paul and Brian, you people are fighting like kids, stop, I say.

BRIAN:
 Shaun, don't teach me what is right or wrong, I am not a small kid!

PAUL:
 Okay, Brian, do whatever you want. But don't touch anything in this woods.

SHAUN:
 Enough for the day, let's move from here.

They head toward the castle with the aid of their torch.

EXT/INT.WOODS-CLEARING DEACAY-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.20PM

Shaun jumps into the clearing decay and picks up the twisted gramophone, and a rusted iron dagger from there and stuffs them into his bag.

BRIAN:
 Shaun, Why are you bringing these junk into the house?

SHAUN:
 These antique items may be of no use to a modern man but to an Archeologist like me, these items are no less than a treasure.

PAUL:
 I am knackered and would retire for the day.

SHAUN:
 Me too, Paul.

BRIAN:
I am seized with cold and flu, and
would like to stay awake for
sometime, you people carry on.

Paul opens the door and enters the castle while Shaun and Brian follow him.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.30PM

Dim lamps set in sconces in the wall burst and blow out and the darkness soaks up the house. Paul flashes his eye, Shaun jerks, and Brian screams.

PAUL:
Why sudden burst out of lamps?
Eerie!

BRIAN:
Might be a short circuit. Nothing
to worry.

SHAUN:
The castle itself is ghastly in its
appearance and ambience.

PAUL:
Don't get your knickers in a twist,
Shaun.

Paul and Shaun move to the bedroom while Brian takes a stroll around the dining hall. He sneezes, hawks, spits, and clears his throat.

EXT.WOODS-VEGETATION-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.45PM.

Brian walks out of the castle and takes a look at the medicinal plants, the Elder flowers and the Primula Vulgaris plants behind the graveyard. He plucks their flowers, brings them close to his nostrils, relishes its aroma and consumes them.

EXT.WOODS-VEGETATION-GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME: 09.50PM

Standing amongst the trees, Brian looks up into the sky and smiles at the glittering stars and the gleaming moon.

Five seconds later, the clouds move speedily veiling the stars and the moon, the mist swirls between the trees and the shrubs, and blurs the vision ahead. The doors of the graveyard rattle and open. Brian cries with fright and runs to the castle.

EXT.WOODS-GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.55PM

Brian slows down and stops in the midpoint. A heavenly fragrance of Vibernum and Jasmine waft from the graveyard and reaches his nostrils. He spins round and paces down to that place.

EXT.WOODS-GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.05PM

Brian enters the graveyard and smiles from ear to ear. Tenuous gleams of encrimsoned lamps flash across the floor strewn with the herbs, the shrubs, and the ornamental plants. He gobbles the herbs, the shrubs, and the other plants, belches, and walks back to the exit door.

He freezes, shouts, and chucks out the consumed stuff. The graveyard plunges into darkness. He turns back, throws light of his torch on the floor, and stands gaping.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Have I eaten the skeletal parts
 pressuming these to be the herbs?
 What happened to me? Why did I come
 here? Did someone mesmerize me or
 am I losing my marbles?

He shackles the door in chains and moves away from there.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-RIVER-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 18.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.15PM

Brian cries, pulls out the hair strands from his head, and tumbles down on the ground. He shrieks with laughter, and bangs his head against the ground. His face paralyzes to right side, his head twists to a left side, his teeth crack, and liquefy into red colour. His ears fold inward and take the form of tiger's. His body and face burn in entirety with the blood dripping from it. He crawls along the path to the river bank and falls into the river. He sinks and dies.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:05.40AM

Shaun goes to the drawing hall and takes a shufti around but finds Brian nowhere. He peers at the refrigerator and turns a blind eye to it. He goes back to the bedroom and wakes up Paul with an overtone of fear.

SHAUN:

Paul, now Brian is missing!

PAUL:

What happened Shaun? Any problem?

SHAUN:

Brian is missing, man!

PAUL:

Where did he go at such early hours?

SHAUN:

I don't know. He is not insight anywhere!

PAUL:

I presume he might have gone for a morning walk. But at home, he never got up before 6 AM.

SHAUN:

You are right, Paul. Even I am not able to understand, where did he disappear suddenly?

PAUL:

Did he come back for sleep
yesterday night?

SHAUN:

We were in such a deep sleep that
we don't know whether he came or
not? Let's go out and check once.
Now we have to search two people.

Paul and Shaun step out the house and scatter in different
directions in search of Brian and Johnson.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-HILLSIDE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:06.10AM

Paul walk down to the riverbank and casts a look at the
river.

Shaun pays a visit to the garden of the castle and stands
transfixed with a startle at the sight of the towering hill.
He turns away and retreats to the riverbank.

SHAUN:

Any whereabouts of Brian and uncle?

PAUL:

No, but I strongly suspect this
river behind all evil happenings in
this woods. How can a river be so
silent and standstill without
bubbling and flowing?

SHAUN:

Everyone of us is suspecting one or
other place in this woods. Shall we
get into the graveyard and check
once? Because Brian was casting his
doubt on the graveyard.

PAUL:

Yes, but the Graveyard is fettered
with the sturdy chains and is not
easy to unfetter.

SHAUN:

Then where did these two vanish?
Has the gravity pulled them
underground or the sky dragged them
towards it?

PAUL:

Who knows, man? Any developments
from your side?

SHAUN:

I have come across the towering
hill to the south of the castle. I
think we will be visited with some
allusion if we perch on the top of
it.

PAUL:

I will ascend the hill and see
what's there on the other side.

SHAUN:

Shall I accompany you?

PAUL:

No need, you take rest for
sometime.

SHAUN:

I hope you will come back with some
good news!

PAUL:

Let me give a try and see what best
I could do from my side. You be
careful!

SHAUN:

Sure, Paul. Don't worry about me.

Paul dashes to the hillside while Shaun goes back to the
castle.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:06.30AM

Shaun crosses the drawing hall to the dining hall and
retraces his steps back to the former place. He turns his
head sideways to the red painted walls on the left side,
paces closer to it, sneaks a peek at the faded writing on it.

He turns on the taps of all the bathrooms, the banging sound echoes round the house with no drop of water out of their nozzle. He recedes from there to the dining hall.

INT/EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-CLEARING DECAY.-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:07.00AM

Shaun opens the fridge and picks up the another red liquid bottle and walks back to the drawing hall. He opens the cap and spills the drink partially onto the wall.

Ten seconds later, a few sentences in red ink appear in a blurry manner on the wall which read:

'Don't ever dare to enter the woods situated in the interior of the lane number 7. Even if you barge into woods, do not will.....
.....into
the.....
.....
.....'

Shaun looks earnestly at the wall, and on a sudden a burnt hand protrudes from the wall and clasps his throat. He strangulates, hits the bottle on the hand, and moves back with ease as the hand retreats.

SHAUN
(Sotto)

Yes, the castle is haunted. I am sure that atleast one antique item smeared with the blood will be found either in the clearing decay or in the places around it.

He leaps into the clearing decay and meticulously looks around in search of some clue. A long steel object shining faintly under the long beams of the sun in the corner arrests his sight. He inches closer, stoops low, and pulls it out from beneath the sand grains.

EXT.WOODS-CLEARING DECAY-RIVERBANK-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:07.25AM

Shaun pulls out a pair of MAGNIFYING GLASSES. His eyes narrow as he observes a long thin layer of congealed blood on its surface. The sight arrests his attention.

He raises the magnifying glasses to his nose, sniffs the blood, and then, out of curiosity LICKS it. He slowly rises to his feet in a state of confusion.

Ten seconds later, the sky begins to darken. Thick CLOUDS gather swirling menacingly. A DAMP fog creeps over the ground setting on everything.

Suddenly A GUST OF WIND rushes through the woods swirling the TREES and SHRUBS violently. with thick clouds, and a damp fog settles on everything. A gust of wind blows into the woods, and swirls the trees and shrubs around. The LEAVES rattle and slap against Shaun's face.

The WIND intensifies dragging Shaun BACKWARD. He stumbles, his body pulled unwillingly toward the riverbank.

He stands at the edge of the river unsteady. His ARMS begin to fold inward, his body against his will. The BLADE in his hand now point toward him. His fingers LOCK tight around the hilt.

Shaun struggles, SCREAMING in desperation as he tries to free his grip. His muscles BULGE, veins throb in the wrists, forearms, forehead, and neck visibly straining.

SHAUN:
(Crying, Screaming)
No!Stop!

His hand moves involuntarily, bringing the sword overhead.

With a sudden SLASH in the air, Shaun loses control, tumbling headfirst into the river.

His body hits the water immediately turning red as it melts away, disappearing beneath the surface.

EXT.HILLSIDE-COTTAGE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:07.30AM

Paul plods up the hill and descends. He glances church ahead but turns to his left towards the cottage.

He knocks the door and glances through the glass window.

A man seeming of late 50s wearing spectacles opens the door and peers through his lenses at Paul.

PAUL:
Good morning.

MAN:
Good morning! Whom do you want to see?

PAUL:
I am Paul from Scotland.

A theatrical smile curves the man's lips and he addresses himself as Ian.

PAUL: (CONT'D)
Nice To meet you sir.

IAN:
Here also the same.

PAUL:
I want to meet father at church but the door is locked from outside.

IAN:
Father Raymond is my older cousin and he is out of station now. Any problem?

PAUL:
Yes, I have a multitude of problems to discuss with father.

IAN:
Father will return only after a week. You can discuss your issues with me if you want.

PAUL:
I am a Psychologist by profession and run my own clinic in my native place. I have two younger brothers, Brian and Shaun. Brian is Botany lecturer at a University while Shaun works as an Archeologist at a museum.

IAN:
Fine. Where are you stationed at present and what is the purpose of your visit?

PAUL:

Actually, our paternal uncle Johnson was supposed to be at our place, Glasgow, from Buckingham two days back but till now he hasn't turned up. In a letter which we received from him last week, he stated that he will start from his place at 9pm and reach over to our place by 1.30am.

IAN:

Bizarre! Have you intimated the police?

PAUL:

Yes, they told they will look into the matter and get back to us in case of any development.

IAN:

What about his family members?

PAUL:

After the death of our parents in a car mishap during our adulthood, it was he who took care of us and brought us up by his hands. An ecologist by profession and a lover of adventure and nature, he remained as a bachelor only for the sake of us.

IAN:

A great and a noble man is your uncle Johnson! What help do you expect from me and also what is your plan now?

PAUL:

We began our journey from Glasgow in search of him and travelled via bypass route that connects woods instead of motorway route. Since our uncle loves nature very much, so we thought we can track him in that route by a chance. But after a brief spell of heavy downpour yesterday night, we stepped into the lane number 7 and made our way to the woods situated to the interior of it.

(MORE)

PAUL: (CONT'D)

We are staying in a castle amidst
the nature.

IAN:

I don't venture into the places
which I have not heard of or seen
in my life, you can leave now.

PAUL:

But Sir.....?

Ian in a fit of rage holds Paul's collar and pushes him
backward. He turns away and walks back to cottage.

PAUL: (CONT'D)

I found my uncle's car in the woods
and now my brother Brian is
missing.

Ian freezes, turns back ,and stares at Paul.

IAN:

I have never been to that place so
far but today I will accompany you.

PAUL:

Thank you very much, Ian! We have
to climb that hill and reach other
side.

IAN:

Lane number 7 and woods is on other
side of that hill? I am shocked to
hear this! Where is Shaun? Is he
fine?

PAUL:

I told him to stay back in the
castle. He is fine.

IAN:

You should have brought him along
with you instead of leaving him
there.

PAUL:

This very idea didn't strike my
mind.

IAN:

Don't worry, I am a necromancer and
a mentalist by profession. I will
help you as much as I can. Let' go
now

Ian and Paul clamber up the hill and descend to the woods.

EXT/INT.WOODS-CASTLE-GRAVEYARD-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.30AM

Paul and Ian walk side by side through the woods, and exchange tense glances with each other.

Ian and Paul arrive at the graveyard. Ian tries to unshackle the chains but fails.

IAN:

The graveyard is one of the prime suspects of the evil happenings in this woods.

PAUL:

Is it? Why it is fettered in chains?

IAN:

I don't know. If we open the door, we will be finished. Let's check into the castle now?

PAUL:

Sure, Ian.

Ian and Paul step into the castle and search for Shaun in all rooms but find him out of sight.

EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.00AM

PAUL:

Hope Shaun is fine whatever he is! Have you ever been to this woods?

IAN:

Yes,let's hope for his best. No, I have never been to this place in my life despite my staying on the other side of that hill for last 20 years.

(MORE)

IAN: (CONT'D)

Moreover, the route from my cottage and church connects to motorway 09 not the lane number 7 and ghastly woods.

PAUL:

Good heavens! How can we get to know about the actual cause of their missing?

IAN:

I will begin my prayer standing on the threshold, till that you go to the bedroom and relax for sometime.

PAUL:

Okay Ian.

Ian closes his eyes, crosses himself, and murmurs a prayer. Paul goes to the bedroom and takes a nap.

Five minutes drag by, a cold breeze blows whistling down the woods, trees swing to and fro, Ian sways back and forth, his head pounds, his heart races, and his mouth and nose bleed heavily.

He opens his eyes, yells, and falls down.

Paul twitches and runs speedily to drawing hall. He sprinkles water drops on Ian.

Ian cries his eyes out, and grips Paul's hand.

PAUL: (CONT'D)

Ian are you alright?

IAN:

Am I entranced by some evil force? The monster is very formiddable, Paul!

PAUL:

Necromancers like you can't be easily hypnotized by a monster. I confide my trust on you.

IAN:

I won't become beast and kill myself even Iam hypnotized. I know how to control my senses and trick the others.

PAUL:
That's great, Ian. What about my
brothers and my uncle?

IAN:
I am sorry Paul, they are no more!

PAUL:
What? Come again!

IAN:
They are dead and that's the truth!

Paul breaks down emotionally and leans back against the wall.

PAUL:
Ian, acquaint me with the history
as well as mystery hiding beneath
this woods.

IAN:
Sure, I will reveal you everything
about this place. Spare me 10
minutes.

Ian turns eastward, looks upward, and chants Psalms.

The images and the figures of the lane number 7, the billboard, a brown sedan, a driver, the two people, the woods, the river, the castle, and its owner, the severed head, the graveyard, head severed from the body, the bloodshed, the blood smeared sword, chunks of meat, fridge, red drink, writings on the wall in red ink, a ghastly figure, Johnson, Brian, and Shaun revolve around Ian's mind and fire his imagination.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19.

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.30AM

Ian opens his eyes and exhales.

IAN
The beast residing with in the
woods is none other than the person
named, Stevenson, who was a
scientist by profession once. But
from which place in this woods is
he exercising his powers is
difficult to predict!

PAUL:

A Human beast! One after the other jolt I am being visited with.

IAN:

Every object and every place in this woods is cursed, be it leaves, flowers, red drink, or antique items.

PAUL:

Could you please elaborate me in detail?

IAN:

Yes, I will tell you all the horrific incidents that took place two years ago in this woods and paved the way for catastrophe today. Your uncle Johnson consumed the cursed red drink kept inside the fridge, became monster, and died instantaneously.

PAUL:

Oh my god! What about my brothers?

IAN:

Brian consumed medicinal herbs, got mesmerized, then ate skeletal parts pressuming those to be edible plants, and later died in the same way as Johnson.

PAUL:

I warned him to stay away from them but he didn't listen to me. I lost my brother, man! What about Shaun?

IAN:

Shaun killed himself with a sword.

PAUL:

Why couldn't I save them from the jaws of death?

IAN:

Don't blame yourself, Paul, some things are beyond our control.

PAUL:

Stevenson seems to be mentally disturbed. Why is he behaving in a wicked way?

IAN:

Steven was a brilliant scientist with an extraordinary intelligence but a love for his father and a madness for the power swallowed his goodness.

PAUL:

Is this lane number 7 connected to him in any way? Why is this lane dissociated from the motorways?

IAN:

The lane number 7 was named after a person named, Laurie Nelson, who was a timber merchant by a profession. His lucky number was 7. He was a rich and an influential person in London, UK.

PAUL:

Does he hold any affinity toward nature?

IAN:

Yes, like your uncle, he used to perambulate round the woods in the city outskirts. His desire was to own a castle in the midst of woods and accordingly in a span of three months, with a man power and a money power, a small narrow clearing was made in his name, Laurie Nelson (Lane) so called Lane number 7 to ease access to the impenetrable stretches of the woods and plan for the construction of the castle amidst there.

PAUL:

Is he still alive?

IAN:

No he is no more!

PAUL:

How did he die?

IAN:
You will get to know about his
death shortly.

PAUL:
Lucky person to have a castle
amidst the nature.

IAN:
Yes, finally, a castle with sturdy
iron door was constructed in the
midst of woods as per his taste and
wish. He slowly moved to the castle
from the mansion for a peaceful
stay.

'Begin Flashback.'

INT.CITY-LAB-NOON

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 10

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.00AM

Stevenson(49) stands round the long wooden table with a
cadaver on it and dissects it with his scalpel.

His is equipped with different chemical solutions.

The door creaks and opens.

Robert(50) and James(49) enter the laboratory and greet
Stevenson with a warmth smile.

STEVENSON:
Tell me Robert, what's the latest
tidings?

ROBERT:
He is James, my client, and also a
liquor baron.

JAMES:
Hello, Stevenson.

STEVENSON:
Hello, James.

ROBERT:

Stevenson, he wants to own your laboratory and build a liquor shop here.

STEVENSON:

I am sorry! I can't sell this lab to anyone.

JAMES:

Your laboratory is commodious and will be conducive for customers. I will pay
You whatever amount you demand!

STEVENSON:

Robert, tell him to get out of my laboratory immediately.

ROBERT:

Steven, you don't know about him, he is very powerful and also a close associate of Laurie Nelson. If you don't sell him, he will own It by hook or crook.

JAMES:

Laurie and myself killed Mr.Peter who owned this lab once. Like you he was not willing to sell this lab and so we shot him to death. But later we parted and busied ourselves with other tasks.

STEVENSON:

So, now you and Mr.Laurie are back to possess this place.

ROBERT:

Steven, just obey to his command and sell this place otherwise....

STEVENSON:

Otherwise what?

James pulls out his automatic and aims it at Steven's point blank.

STEVENSON: (CONT'D)

Please don't kill me!

ROBERT:

Steven is my boss, don't shoot him, James.

JAMES:

Do you think I will pay money and acquire this lab? No, not at all. I will kill you and snatch this place.

Robert turns his head sideways and covers his eyes with his hand.

Stevenson staggers under, picks up the scalpel from the cadaver, and gouges James eye. He throws the formaldehyde solution on his face and kicks him out of the lab.

James shouts and cries loud. His skin burns with blisters and blood oozes out of his eyes, nose, and mouth sumptuously. He gasps for breath and dies.

INT.CITY-LAB-NOON

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 10

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:12.00PM

Robert becomes standstill and stares at Stevenson with a rude shock.

STEVENSON:

I thought my dad, the great Peterson committed suicide out of depression, no, these two capitalist pigs, Laurie and James, killed him for their selfish means.

ROBERT:

Was Peterson your dad?

STEVENSON:

Not Peterson, the great Peterson, was my dad. He was a good scientist and a good human being. He wanted to discover a powerful drug for the cancer disease and save the afflicted people, but....

ROBERT:

I am sorry Steven but you never told me about your dad.

PAUL:

Robert with your expertise in Sorcery, you have helped me a lot till now. It's only because of you I came to know that these two bastards killed my father. Can you tell me the address of that bloody Laurie?

ROBERT:

I don't know Steven.

STEVENSON:

Robert, you know I have become a cannibal after my dad's death, if you don't help me, you will land in a quandary. Pray, intone, and find out?

ROBERT:

Steven, I didn't bring voodoo with me, but I will do my best and tell you his address in just 30 seconds.

STEVENSON:

I will grab his place and utilize it for my experiments. There are no good people in this materialistic world. Only evil people with money and power dictate the society and succeed in life.

ROBERT:

But he is a bigshot and highly influential, if you mess up with him, you will land in jail.

STEVENSON:

The same higher authorities of UK declared my dad's death as suicide and brushed the matter aside with the help of Laurie. Who cares? Tomorrow is his last day on this earth.

ROBERT:

Steven, you are becoming mad! Control yourself!

STEVENSON:

Every son loves his father to death, so as me. You don't know the pain which I encountered after losing him.

(MORE)

STEVENSON: (CONT'D)

Such a great benefactor and scientist was he! My dad received comeuppance for being too good on this earth. Begin your prayer, Robert.

ROBERT:

Yes, Stevenson. I have Laurie's photo and bracelet which James gave me couple of days back to kill Laurie but later told me to drop the idea.

STEVENSON:

That's great! Go ahead.

Robert intones, and casts a charm on Laurie's bracelet and photo for a minute.

He opens his eyes, and smiles at Stevenson.

ROBERT:

By pass route, woods Lane number 7, castle, in the city outskirts.

STEVENSON:

Thank you!

ROBERT:

He has a son named Michael, who is likely to take over his possession after his death. Presently, he stays in this City of Birmingham.

STEVENSON:

Fine! After seeing Laurie's death, I will stay away from the lane number 7 for some weeks. Otherwise, the police might get a doubt.

ROBERT:

What about Michael?

STEVENSON:

Let him acquire his dad's castle. My enmity is only with Laurie, not with his son. I will pay him the whole amount and acquire that castle when he advertises of its disposal in the newspaper.

ROBERT:

Sure, Steven.

Robert walks out of the lab while Stevenson gets back to his work.

EXT/INT-LANE7-WOODS-CASTLE-GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 11

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:08.00PM

Stevenson enters the lane 7 and barges into the woods.

He parks his vehicle by the river and walks down to the castle. He rings the bell imperiously and stands erect.

Laurie (68) answers the door.

LAURIE:

Who are you and how did you step into the woods?

STEVENSON:

I am Stevenson. You have posted an advertisement in one of the leading chronicles mentioning the disposal of this castle.

LAURIE:

You have mistaken. I have not posted any bill in the print media regarding the disposal of this castle. Who gave you my address?

STEVENSON:

Mr. Laurie, I am a scientist by profession. I want to perform my scientific experiments in this polite place and discover drugs that will be useful to the mankind. So, kindly cooperate and tell me the pounds you require?

LAURIE:

I dont care who so ever you are! How dare you enter my place without permission. This is a restricted area, don't you know that?

STEVENSON:

My dad was a good scientist but nobody recognized his talents and gave him the appreciation which he desired for in his life.

(MORE)

STEVENSON: (CONT'D)

Government always supported and had been supporting the businessmen and the merchants like you. My poor dad suffered from depression and committed suicide. I want to fulfil his desires. I will execute some of his experiments here and discover potent medicines.

LAURIE:

My son, Michael will own this house and carry my legacy forward after my death. Now get out of my place or else will summon the police.

STEVENSON:

I beg of you to sell this castle to me. I will pay you double the market rate. This will be the perfect place for a scientist like me.

LAURIE:

Get out from here, you insane bastard!

Stevenson falls straight on Laurie's feet.

STEVENSON:

Okay, Laurie, don't sell me your castle, bring back my dad, the great Mr. Peterson onto this earth.

LAURIE:

Was Peterson your dad?

STEVENSON:

Not Peterson, the great Peterson. Yes, I am his son Stevenson.

LAURIE:

Oh my god! I never knew that he had a son also.

STEVENSON:

I want to talk to my dad once, go and get him.

LAURIE:

How can a dead person come back to earth?

STEVENSON:

But a live person can die here and
meet the dead person in the heaven.

LAURIE:

What non-sense are you talking?

Stevenson jumps to his feet, shouts in agony, heaves Laurie over his shoulders, breaks the latter's spinal cord, and throws him into the open graveyard.

He goes to the graveyard, chops his body into small pieces, gulps down a few chunks, packs the remaining pieces into small polythene bags and moves out from there.

EXT/INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE: MARCH 24

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:07.00PM

A brown saloon enters the Lane 7 and stops by the river.

Stevenson with a big leather bag arrives at the castle with his assistant Robert.

Robert carries a small leather pouch with him.

Stevenson knocks the door.

Michael(58), a timber merchant, and owner of the castle opens the door.

STEVENSON:

Hello Michael!

MICHAEL:

who are you?

STEVENSON:

I am Stevenson, a Scientist by profession. Could I get in and take a look at your castle once?

MICHAEL:

But what is the purpose of your visit here?

ROBERT:

I am Robert, his close friend and his personal assistant.

(MORE)

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)

You have advertised in the newspaper mentioning the disposal of this castle. We are interested to purchase your property(castle) and have brought liquid cash along with us.

MICHAEL :

Oh, that's the reason of your arrival here. Yes, I want to dispose this castle and move to Ireland forever so that my dad's memories won't haunt me and sink me into depression later.

STEVENSON:

I am sorry for your loss! How did he die?

MICHAEL :

His body parts were retrieved in the graveyard into small packets. Only some parts of his were recovered in the polythene bags and the rest god only knows. I don't know which beast attacked him and killed him so brutally.

STEVENSON:

It's hard to credit that cannibals still exist on our earth.

ROBERT:

Cannibals! Oh my god!

MICHAEL :

Okay, let his soul rest in peace! It will take 15 days for me to complete all the formalities and write this asset in your name.

STEVENSON:

Take your own time, Michael, I will wait. I will pay the token advance now and the remaining amount would be paid after 15 days.

MICHAEL :

Steven, you will thoroughly enjoy performing experiments here amongst these woods.

STEVENSON:

Yes, you are right! That's why I am anxious to own your castle.

MICHAEL:

Could I count the pounds?

ROBERT:

Sure, please hand over the bag to Michael!

STEVENSON:

Do you want to know who killed your dad?

MICHAEL:

Yes, if I get him, I will tear him into pieces.

STEVENSON:

I have his photo inside my bag, wait a minute.

Stevenson unzips his bag, puts his hand inside, and smites Michael with his sword. The head falls down on the ground with a thud. The walls and the floor bespatter with the blood like a slaughterhouse.

The blood bathed steel sword glitters in dark red color!

ROBERT:

Wonderful Stevenson! Both father and son are dead now.

STEVENSON:

They killed my father, so I killed them. Now this asset is mine.

ROBERT:

Hello! What about my share in this house?

STEVENSON:

Be my servant and clean the castle daily. Black magicians are deemed fit for that role only. Go and chop his body into pieces, and serve me his meat as a feast.

ROBERT:

Can't you afford me a small room in your castle?

STEVENSON:

I will think of your situation later. Take this iron knife and cut it into a small pieces.

ROBERT:

You have used me like a tissue paper and now showing me your back. I will not let this happen, Steven!

STEVENSON:

Robert, I want to see my dad once, please go to heaven and bring him back onto this earth.

Stevenson presses the tip of the sword against Robert's throat.

ROBERT:

Down the sword, Steven. Just relax, I will come back in ten minutes.

STEVENSON:

I have not killed you only for the reason that you have been assisting me in my scientific experiments for many years. So don't dare to show your over-smartness in front of me!

ROBERT:

I am sorry Steven!

Robert drags the body of Michael into the kitchen while Stevenson moves out of the house, and waves his hand to the driver sitting inside the car.

INT/EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 14

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.00PM

A man seeming of early 50s dodges out of the car and runs towards the Stevenson.

STEVENSON:

Tony, get inside, pick up the severed head from the floor and throw it somewhere into the bushes.

TONY:

Sir..... what is this?

STEVENSON:

Nothing Tony, this man tried to kill me for the cause of which I sprang into action and showed him the hell.

TONY:

I will inform the police, this is unfair, sir!

Stevenson arches backward and bursts into laughter.

STEVENSON

After all, a third class driver like you is threatening me of the police!

Stevenson places the sword over Tony's head.

STEVENSON: (CONT'D)

I will slice you into two halves if you don't do what I say!

TONY:

No Stevenson, give me a second.

STEVENSON:

That's like a good boy!

Tony picks up the severed head from the floor and dumps it into the bushes.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

Mind our own business only!

TONY:

Sure Steven! I will mind my own work.

Tony walks back to his car and a sword whistling through the air severs his head. He dies on spot.

Stevenson kicks Tony's head into the river, takes the sword, and throws it into the clearing decay.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 14

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.30PM

Robert with a square plate full of a raw chunks, takes a step to his left, walks down to the refrigerator, opens the door and keeps the plate inside with a reverential care.

ROBERT:

I have kept the pieces of raw meat inside the refrigerator.

STEVENSON:

Okay, I will come over there and fill my belly.

Stevenson paces across the hall to the refrigerator, opens the door, picks up two pieces of chunks and places them into his mouth.

ROBERT:

I wish you a long good bye, my dear friend!

Stevenson cries, and outstretches his arms for the help. His face paralyses to right side, his eyes brim with blood veiling the pupils, his teeth transform into fangs, his palms form into claws, and his whole skin burns with blisters.

STEVENSON:

Bollocks! What have you done to me?

ROBERT:

I have cast a spell on this meat. Whosoever ever will consume it will transform into a hideous monster and die.

Robert shows a worn voodoo doll from his black pouch, the tiny figure crudely sewn but pulsing with sinister energy.

Stevenson takes out a glass bottle containing a blue color liquid with a label 'X' on it ,opens the knob, and swallows it down hurriedly.

STEVENSON:

Don't worry Robert, I will not die. I drank a chemical solution which will transgress your curse and my death.

ROBERT:

But you will retain the physical aspects of the monster.

STEVENSON:

So, be it. My Science has the power to supercede your powers if enacted with the brains.

Stevenson picks up the plate from the fridge, puts ten pieces of raw chunks into one bottle and other ten pieces into another bottle, takes out a small glass jar containing a brick red solution with a label 'Z' on it, unsrews the cap, and pours the liquid partially into one bottle and the remaining liquid into another bottle. The liquid fizzes and turns into a sizzling red color with a tantalizing fragrance. The raw chunks melt and merge with the solution.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 14

Stevenson thrusts Robert against the wall his foot.

ROBERT:

Steven, calm down! Tell me what to do now?

STEVENSON:

You are a powerful Sorcerer, who can mesmerize and make others to do whatever you want with your spells, and prayers. But your powers will not work on me.

ROBERT:

Steven, you already became monster and my spell worked on you effectively. The only difference is you drank something and escaped yourself from the death.

STEVENSON:

If that is the situation, then do one thing.

ROBERT:

What?

STEVENSON:

Take out your voodoo and pins and come forward.

ROBERT:

Sure, Stevenson.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:DECEMBER 14

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.00PM

Stevenson stands by, watching Robert with a sharp, calculated expression.

STEVENSON:

Give me the power to rule this
wretched land. Make me more
powerful, physically and mentally.

Robert places the doll on the cold stone table in front of him. His hands move with eerie precision as he positions several sharp pins beside the doll.

ROBERT:

This is no ordinary spell,
Stevenson. What I give, no man will
possess. You will be powerful
beyond imagination... but remember,
such power always demands a price.

Stevenson scoffs at his warning.

STEVENSON:

The price is of no concern to me.

Robert picks up the first pin, murmuring ancient incantations under his breath. The language is throaty, ethereal. As he speaks, a gust of cold wind sweeps through the window into the room.

He drives the first pin into the doll's head, and Stevenson's body twitches violently as his mind begins to hum with newfound knowledge—secrets of alchemy, science, and dark arts flood his brain.

ROBERT:

This pin grants you power beyond
your wildest dreams. Every
scientific discovery, every ancient
spell—yours to command.

Stevenson's eyes glow, his pupils dilating as he absorbs the arcane knowledge.

Next, Robert takes another pin, chanting louder. He plunges it into the doll's chest. Stevenson groans as his chest expands with supernatural strength, his heart pounding with raw power.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)
 Strength to crush those who stand
 in your way. No mortal shall match
 you.

A crack of thunder reverberates outside the castle as Robert picks up the final pin, his voice growing more intense, filled with dark ambition.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)
 "And now, the final gift."
 (he holds the pin above
 the doll's limbs)
 "Power to manipulate all who enter
 this land. No one will escape your
 grasp."

The pin pierces the doll's limbs, and Stevenson's entire body surges with energy. His muscles tense, his veins bulge, and his fingers take the form of claws.

STEVENSON:
 (grinning wickedly)
 Yes... I can feel it! The woods,
 the castle, the graveyard, all of
 it bends to my will!

The ground beneath Stevenson trembles and cracks as the power takes hold. The walls of the castle seem to pulse with life, responding to his newfound mastery over the dark forces.

But Robert, standing there with his sinister smile, knows the truth. The power he has granted is a double-edged sword. As Stevenson revels in his new abilities, he has no idea that Robert's spell is also a curse—a ticking time bomb that will eventually turn against him.

ROBERT:
 (whispering to himself)
 You may be powerful now,
 Stevenson... but even power like
 this cannot escape its cost.

From this moment on, Stevenson becomes a force to be reckoned with—unstoppable, ruthless, and bound to the cursed woods.

INT. WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "DATE: DECEMBER 14

SUPERIMPOSE: "TIME: 10.30PM

STEVENSON:

Robert, one more thing you have to do!

ROBERT:

Tell Me Stevenson.

STEVENSON:

Turn to the wall and cast your charms in accordance with the intentions in my mind. The visual sight will be the testimony of your true knowledge and my trust in you.

ROBERT:

Sure, the readings will be in red ink.

Robert turns to the wall, takes out four more pins from his pouch, pierces them into the doll, and intones.

The words in dark red ink appear on the wall and camouflage with it at a steady rate:

'Don't ever dare to enter the woods situated in the interior of the lane number 7. Even if you barge into the woods, do not dare to consume, touch, and experiment with any item present here, be it a bottle of red drink in the castle, leaves and flowers around the woods, or antique items specially blood stained knives and swords either inside the castle or into the clearing decay. Any human ignoring the curse or turning blind eye to it will metamorphose into a hideous monster, and die instantly.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)

Stevenson, I have cast a spell as per your wish.

STEVENSON:

Thank you Robert! One more request.

ROBERT:

Now what?

STEVENSON:

This curse should validate only for four years from now. So that by that time no body will dare to trespass this area out of fear and superstition and I can hegemonize it for my experiments.

ROBERT:

Stevenson, I am doing everything as per your request, hope you let me free from the clutches of your torture!

STEVENSON:

Don't worry, Robert, I will not harm you.

Robert takes out two more pins from his pouch, pierces into the doll, and chants for a minute.

ROBERT:

Steven, from January 1912 onwards, you will retransform into a human and bestir yourself to work.

STEVENSON:

Now I will become the most powerful Scientist and bring a good name to my father, the great Peterson.

ROBERT:

Yes, Steven, every feature of this woods is the servant of yours from now onwards.

STEVENSON:

What about those people, who enter this woods and don't touch, consume or experiment with any item.

Robert takes out one more pin, pokes it into his forehead, shouts, bleeds, and looks up into the sky. His face distorts with rage and eyes blade red with fury.

The severed head of Laurie cackling with a red tears hovers in front of Stevenson and gazes at the latter.

Stevenson squeals with scare, freezes, picks up the sword, and cuts his left palm.

Robert pulls out the pin from his head and pierces it into the doll's forehead.

The sliced skull of Laurie disappears, Stevenson regains consciousness, and cries out in agony.

STEVENSON: (CONT'D)

What did you do to me and why did I cut my palm?

ROBERT:

Steven, you only told me cast a spell on those who touch don't any item here out of prudence to eschew danger.

STEVENSON:

So, you mean to say that those who don't touch any item in this woods will encounter the severed head of the passed one, get enchanted by it, become monster, and die?

ROBERT:

Yes, you got the point! Sorcery is nothing but deviating the human brain from its normal functioning by mesmerization and charms. The person loses his consciousness, becomes mad, and harms himself.

STEVENSON:

Great! What a secret knowledge you possess, man!

ROBERT:

Thank you Steven! Time for me to leave now.

STEVENSON:

Take your present before leaving from here.

ROBERT:

My pleasure, Steven!

Robert stares at Stevenson with a surprise and pins himself to the wall.

Stevenson hold's Robert's head and tears it apart. He laughs, flexes his muscles, and screams with joy. The doors of the castle close and the woods tremble.

STEVENSON:

(Murmurs to himself)

Dad, be proud of me! Your son has killed those people who have send you to the heaven much before your age. Bless me from heaven!

Stevenson breaks down and sobs like a child.

'End Flashback'

Present Day

EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:09.30PM

Ian takes a glance at his round dial black watch on which the hour"s hand points at number 9 and and minutes hand at number 6 with seconds revolving rapidly.

Paul stands to his feet with an expression of concern on his face.

IAN:

I don't know how come you people fail to take a glance of notice on the billboard.

PAUL:

I agree, its my sheer negligence, but because of this characteristic only, we could come to know about the dsudden disappearance of our uncle and the mystery lurking behind this woods.

IAN:

Steven loved his dad to death so much that he couldn't tolerate the injustice meted out to him by crony capitalists like Laurie and James. And this is the reason he channelized his energies in a wrong direction and became a monster.

PAUL:

He seems to be a nice person by heart but such behaviour of his is not tolerable to any sound human. He has killed my uncle and brothers for no fault of theirs, I will wipe him out.

IAN

Though you are physically fit and possess great guns but gaining an edge over the Stevenson is not a facile task. Think once again!

PAUL:

No, Ian, I have already taken a decision.

IAN:

Okay, Paul. Do whatever you feel is right.

PAUL:

I lost my parents during my adulthood. And now my father like uncle, Johnson, and my my brothers, Shaun and Brian at the hands of this beast, Stevenson. Tell me where is he hiding?

IAN:

You have to devise your own strategy to find him in this woods. Even I don't know where exactly he is hiding in this woods.

PAUL:

But finding him in this maze is like searching for a needle in the sea.

IAN:

You are right. My powers are limited. But you have one option in your hands i.e. to walk out of this woods.

PAUL:

No, Ian, the question doesn't arise. I will stay back and see his end.

IAN:

Either the castle or the graveyard might be Steven's den, I suspect.

PAUL:

May be! You go back to your cottage, it's already late.

IAN:

Okay , but remember; first you have to locate his dwelling in this woods, and pull him out from there, then only you can kill him.

PAUL:
Well, not an endeavour but will do
my best

Ian gives a hug to Paul and turns away to the hill side.

PAUL(V.O.)
Ian, with my Psychic abilities and
my scientific temper, I will try to
locate Stevenson and finish him.

Paul perambulates up and down the woods and goes to the
castle.

EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.25PM

Paul rummages for something inside his bag, jerks, and turns
his head back slowly.

PAUL:
You frighten me! Any problem?

IAN:
Yes, one more thing I want to tell
you one secret before leaving from
here.

PAUL:
Yes, tell me.

IAN:
Open the doors of the graveyard,
Stevenson is hiding inside.

PAUL:
But a few minutes back you told
that you don't know where exactly
is lurking in this woods.

IAN:
Man, I have seen the rattling of
the doors while passing by, that's
why I am telling you to unfetter
the chains and open the door.

PAUL:
I mislaid my car keys somewhere,
so let us go to the riverbank and
search for it.

(MORE)

PAUL: (CONT'D)
Then we will head graveyard.

Paul and Ian step out of the castle and walk down to the riverbank

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:10.45PM

Paul stands a foot behind the edge of the riverbank and glances downward in search of his keys while Ian stands exactly behind the former and stares around.

Ian opens his fangs, and with a growl of anger, pushes Paul on the edge, but the latter turns round just a second before his fall, stabs the former into his spine, and kicks him into the river.

PAUL:
(Sotto)
I am sorry, Ian. I brought you to the riverbank only to witness your reflection in the river. It's inverted and clearly evinces that you have become a beast. You have been entranced by Stevenson during your prayer for the cause of which blood oozed out of your nose and mouth. Moreover, you yourself told me that even if you transform into a monster, you will not kill yourself and on contrary use your loafs to trick others. You are a guide but in a wicked form.

Ian sinks into the river and dies.

Paul with fury in his eyes paces down to the castle.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.00PM

The bat with giant red eyes swoops down on Paul with its fluttering wings. Paul bends sideways, and takes a butcher's hook at the receding bird with anxious eyes.

The owl cries loud, the lush green vegetation, the graveyard, the castle, and the river souse with blood and turn red in color.

EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.05PM

An old man, Raymond(60s, wrinkled skin, slicked back hair) sporting the french beard and the spectacles in a long white robe stands on the threshold of the castle.

Paul blinks his eyes and sprints to the castle.

PAUL:

Father! You at this place and at this time? May I know your name?

RAYMOND:

Yes, you came to inquire about me in the dawn.

PAUL:

Are you father Raymond, the priest of the Catholic church which is situated on the other side of the hill.

RAYMOND:

Yes, I am the priest of that church.

PAUL:

But Ian told me that you are out of station and will be back only after a week.

RAYMOND:

Ian! Who is he? I went to my relatives home in the morning, that's the reason, I bolted the church.

Paul scratches his head and gives a puzzled look at Raymond.

PAUL:

What? Ian was a necromancer who resided in the cottage beside your church. You know him, right?

RAYMOND:

There is no cottage beside my church. Come along with me, I will show you.

PAUL:

Does your statement imply that Steven mesmerized me and Ian disguised me only to acknowledge me of former's past and his powers operating in this woods at present.

RAYMOND:

Yes, you have been fooled.

Paul leans back against the wall with watered spirits.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.15PM

PAUL:

I have failed in my responsibility as an eldest brother as well as a Psychologist.

RAYMOND:

Sometimes brain and eyes fog our consciousness and make our lives hell.

PAUL:

But how did you come to know about this woods and who told you about my presence here?

RAYMOND:

I have been to this place a year back after which I never stepped here again. A local man named Wilson saw you stepping over to my church in the morning and told me that you were talking loud to yourself like a mad fellow and retreated to woods later. So, I came here to witness the situation.

PAUL

But father.....

RAYMOND:

Don't rack your brain. I will explain you everything clearly once we get hold of Steven in the castle.

PAUL:

Sure father.

RAYMOND:

Let's step into the castle and have a look in all rooms once.

Paul and Raymond enter the castle and the woods jutter teetering the former.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.15PM

Paul shops short of the dining hall and turns right toward the washbasin.

RAYMOND:

Any problem?

PAUL:

Yes, father. There are traces of blood on the basin. Can you come here and have a look once.

RAYMOND:

Sure, Paul.

Paul glaces at the mirror while Raymond glimpses at the basin and moves back.

The mirror flecks with the droplets of blood, and cracks.

PAUL:

Yes, caught the imposter.

Raymond stands utterly dumbfounded.

RAYMOND:

Steven recognized me for the cause of which he expressed his rage on the mirror.

PAUL:

I understood the situation.

RAYMOND:

Paul, you have only one option,
follow my instructions, locate that
Stevenson, and end the distressing
pandemonium forever.

PAUL:

Yes, father.

RAYMOND:

Paul, stand here and close your
eyes.

Paul closes his eyes and stands in the middle of the drawing
room. Father places his hand on Paul's head and chants hymns.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.25PM

RAYMOND:

Open your eyes slowly, and go to
the bedroom. You will find the
monster there. Look at his eyes and
kill him.

Paul opens his eyes, turns right, and paces slowly through
the hallway to the bedroom beyond the sight of Raymond.

Raymond removes his spectacles and peers in distance for
Paul.

Sixty seconds pass by, and then a series of horrific cries
reverbrate round the house.

Raymond grins and moves quietly catlike in grace through the
hallway.

The door of the bathroom swings wide open, Raymond turns
sideways, Paul springs forward, and stabs the latter.

Raymond turns into black smoke and disappears.

PAUL:

(Sotto)

Stevenson, you created one more
illusory, Raymond, with the help of
Ian to hypnotize me and railroad me
into committing suicide.

(MORE)

PAUL: (CONT'D)

Indubitably, Ian was a real person but after mesmerization, he paraded his nefarious nature.

I stood in front of the mirror deliberately to see that Phantasm so called Raymond's image. The moment he appeared behind me, the reflecting surface not only reflected his wispy translucent image but also exhibited its aspect of cruelty.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.35PM

The sounds of laughter in a high pitch echoe round the house. Paul shudders, and glancing sideways advances to the bedroom.

Robert's severed head chortles with blood tears at Paul. Paul screams with his mouth wide open and wobbles. His face develops blisters and paralyzes to left side, his head twists to the right side, his ears fold inward, blood and mucous run from his mouth and legs fold inward tumbling him on the floor.

He tightens his fist with veins pulsating in his wrist, neck and arms, closes his eyes, and meditates.

His face and body redden and develop burns. He twitches and breathes out excessively. He gasps for breath and falls down on the ground with his eyes shut.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.40PM

A few seconds later, the neurons in his brain rewire, connect to the universe, mimic the constellation of stars, harness the cosmic energy with an enhanced blood flow and activate his senses. He opens his eyes, and jerks forward with saliva oozing out of his mouth. He regains his breathing, curves his lips with a huge smile, gets to his feet, and stands straight. He finds himself in an upright condition with no deformities. He touches his face and with a ray of sunshine goes to the bedroom. No severed head arrests his vision.

He glances through the window and elates to see the graveyard, the green plants, and the river in their true colors.

PAUL

(Sotto)

You and Robert mesmerize people, throw them into hallucination, make them insane, and then kill them with your tricks and curse. With my psychological therapy, I suppressed the illusion, and rescued myself from the death.

EXT.WOODS-GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.45PM

A wind sighs through the trees howling amongst the trunks and rustling the branches. The doors of the graveyard open and the long beams of the red light flare from there.

Paul with mouth wide open runs over there and stands google-eyed.

An engraving in the red ink on the tombstone read:

1. NAME: PAUL ANDERSON
2. DATE OF BIRTH: FEBRUARY 05 1870
3. DATE OF DEATH: JANUARY 20 1910
4. TIME OF DEATH: 01.05.30AM

"CALLED TO GOD BEFORE HIS AGE."

The doors of the graveyard shut in with a bang and shackle with chains.

Paul takes a look at his watch which register 11.48.25 and and blows out the breath. He walks down to the castle, puts his foot on the threshold, and screams in panic.

The severed head of Ian smiling with black tears levitates in front of him with with writings in red color on his forehead:

"You can't locate me in this woods and your date of expiry is already set, so get ready for a very painful death at my hands."

The head flies over Paul and disappears among the trees.

Paul clutches his hands on his head, bangs it against the iron door unwillingly, bleeds heavily, clasps the wall, and goes to the bedroom steadily.

INT/EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-GRAVEYARD-VEGETATION-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.52PM

Paul takes out the steel bob and the string from his bag, attaches the bob to the string, and then suspends it over the threshold of the castle.

The weight shifts slightly four inches to the left of centre for five seconds, turns black and then swings back. His limbs shiver, a drop of sweat slides down his nose and fall on the ground, his heart beats faster, his head throbs, and the blood oozes out of his nose in a thin layer. He cries out in fear and goes to the graveyard.

He stares at the doors and suspends the bob in front of it. The bob shifts five inches to the left of centre for three seconds, turns grey, and then swings back. His eyes redden, jaws vibrate, teeth clatter, and sweat suffuses his face. He yells, and recedes from there.

Next, he arrives and stands amongst the trees and bushes and performs the experiment. The bob swings three inches to left for four seconds, turns yellow, and rests at the equilibrium. He tears the leaves and the flowers of the plants with a violent temper and moves to the riverbank.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 19

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:11.55PM

Paul stands on the riverbank and suspends the bob over the river. The bob swings four inches to the right, turns blue, and rests at the centre.

PAUL:

(Sotto)

Atleast this river in this woods
is happiest and safest among all.

Paul paces his steps toward the graveyard.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:12.00AM

Paul turns back half way and retraces his steps back to the riverbank. He peers at the river, and stoops low. He places bob four inches over the river and gazes at its movement.

The bob now slowly swings two inches to the left of the centre and then swings seven inches to the same side, becomes dark red, and shifts back to the centre. His eyes redden and tears well up in them. His limbs quiver.

He throws away the bob, stands to his feet and races to the castle.

EXT.WOODS-TREE-RIVERBANK-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE: JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME: 12.25AM

He fumbles a big packet out of his dad's black bag with a label on the front 'Sodium Hydroxide(NAOH)' second packet, 'Rubidium powder', and third,'Cesium powder,'and races to the riverside.

Paul walks to and fro on the riverbank ,and stops dead in his tracks. A delicate long hand surfaces out of the river and shrieks with pain in a tone of Shaun the following:

'Save me, Paul, I am dying here. 'Please jump into the river and bring me out of this hell, my dear brother.'

"SLOW MOTION:"

Paul takes a jump, his legs high up in air, a clean hand transforms into a burnt hand instantly with a horrific scream, and misses the clasp of Paul's feet just by an inch as he executes a powerful backward somersault with his lightning reflexes and lands on the riverbank succesfully.

"END SLOW MOTION:"

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:12.35AM

Paul opens the packet of the powders, Sodium,hydroxide, Rubidium, and Cesium, and dumps them into the river wholly. He runs away from there to the palm tree at a distance of 100 feet.

The river water burbles, boils with the vapours moving upward thickly and enormously, and in a span of 10 seconds the water evaporates completely.

Stevenson with a wide shoulders, a huge arms, a broad chest, a toad like eyes, protruding canines, and pointed claws, lay in a flat posture opens his eyes, roars, and rises to his feet. His face and body catch fire and burn with the blisters.

The sky thunders along with the lightning in several directions. The ominous fast moving clouds in the heaven veil the gleaming moon, the fettered chains of the graveyard unfetter and the doors open wide, the iron door of the castle breaks open along its hinges, flies in the air, and falls on the riverbank to the left side of Paul.

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:12.45AM

Paul turns diagonally to his left, picks up the broken piece of a long iron rod pointed at one end from there, rushes to the castle, and places it inside the refrigerator.

PAUL:

I am not only a Psychologist but also have a sound knowledge of drugs which only a few acquaintances of mine are aware of. You have added a mix of Sodium nitrate, Sulfuric acid, and other secretive chemicals to melt the meat and make the drink look alike red wine with a scintillating aroma. Sometimes Science dares to defy paranormal/evil forces and this is what happened now. I just experimented and it worked well.

STEVENSON:

Yes. I am utterly gobsmacked to see you live without getting affected by the charm and the curse.

PAUL:

You play with the psychic abilities of the men and kill them later. But your cheap tricks will never work on me, mind it!

STEVENSON:

The moment you saw Robert's severed head, you should have become monster and died. But unfortunately you escaped death with your psychic power and posed a threat to my powers. Still I am not able to believe!

PAUL:

Mentally and physically weak are the ones who become afflicted by the spells and the curse and let down their lives like fools.

STEVENSON:

Yes, all your people are born idiots, so they died. But you... Anyway, your knowledge in Psychology and Chemistry is truly amazing!

PAUL:

My purpose was to mark you and bring you out of the river, which I accomplished successfully.

STEVENSON:

You couldn't save your loved ones despite possessing a solid virtues of a Psychologist.

PAUL:

It was my bad luck that I couldn't save them from you. But it is your bad luck that you can't save yourself from me today. The chemical powders, NaOH, Rubidium, and Cesium set off seismic waves in your life!

STEVENSON:

Yes, but they didn't end my life. You have brought me out of my place only to see your death.

PAUL:

Your dwelling has evaporated and I
am chuffed to see you homeless.

STEVENSON:

What are you waiting for? I am
right in front of you!

EXT.WOODS-RIVERBANK-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:12.55AM

Paul leaps over Stevenson but the latter holds the former's
neck, presses it, and throws him amidst the bushes.

Paul rises to his feet, pushes the shrubs aside, gives a
flying kick to Stevenson and knocks him down. Paul turns round
and swiftly grips Stevenson's foot and twists it to left side
flaunting his bulging biceps. Stevenson shouts in anger.

Stevenson inclines, stretches his arms , holds Paul's face
and squeezes it hard between his arms. Paul trembles, holds
Stevenson's hands, and attempts to pull them outwards.
Stevenson kicks Paul on his chest and gets to his feet.

Stevenson approaches closer to Paul and treads the later
under his foot. With blood oozing out of the nose and the
mouth, Paul makes an awful cry that tears the air and echoes
round the woods.

Paul heaves Stevenson's foot using his hands with a full
strength, pushes the latter back, and rolls sideways.

Paul and Stevenson, duke it out on the bank for a minute and
then the former with a loud cry bangs his head against the
latter's and hurls him into the deep clearing from where the
water had dissipated.

INT.WOODS-CASTLE-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:01.05AM

Paul runs back to the castle. Stevenson follows Paul from
behind and gets into the castle. He stands there motionless
and moves his pupils upward, downward and sideways in search
of Paul.

Paul springs forward to poke the rod into Stevenson's eyes but the later holds the rod with one hand and former's neck with other hand and throws him out of castle.

Paul falls into the clearing with a thud and the iron rod rolls on with a rattling sound beside him.

Paul in a half bent posture picks up the rod and runs to the shaded region punctuated by a cluster of tall trees beside the castle.

INT/EXT.WOODS-CASTLE-TREE-MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:"DATE:JANUARY 20

SUPERIMPOSE:"TIME:01.15AM

Stevenson gazes at the movement of Paul through a vacant eye like window and moves out of the castle to the shaded region. He stands under the shade of the trees turning his head sideways in search of Paul.

A second later, two drops of red blood cell fall on the Stevenson's visage, he shows his fangs like a thundering snarl and gapes upward.

Paul drops down from the branches above and stands face to face with Stevenson. He pummels the monster several times across his face, bends his left arm, and rips it apart.

Stevenson with a violent outburst crushes Paul's right foot underground, and wounds the latter terribly. Paul yells, bends, and clutches his right foot.

Paul takes the iron rod from the ground and plunges the pointed end of it into Stevenson's mouth which pierces the latter's neck and protrudes from the back.

Stevenson's head seperates from his body, falls down, turns into a red color and seeps into the ground.

The sky becomes free of clouds with a moon shining like a lustre of pearl. The graveyard becomes spick and span with the disappearance of the dust, the soot,and the skeletons. The tombstones become clean and white. The castle remains the same with an insipid outlook. A deep clearing appears in place of the river with a grace.

Paul breathes out, sheds tears, looks around the woods, and cries loud. He walks back to the castle, picks up his brother's bags, swings at his side, and weaving along the path walks down to his car. He gets into his car, and leaves to his native.

