

THEY NEVER LISTEN.

Written by

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INT. OLD SHED - NIGHT.

Lightning fragments across a darkened sky, wind whistles through an opening in a small window, the sound of thunder vibrates loose tools on an old work bench.

Oscar, dripping wet, runs into the shed. Two sets of eyes follow him across the room.

OSCAR.

Felix, you're here, what's wrong?

FELIX.

Um, we've got a visitor.

Felix nods towards an old couch where a figure moves slightly. They can tell he's in pain. Blood forms a pool next to the couch.

OSCAR.

Shit, who are you?

STRANGER.

Names aren't important, I just gotta rest for a while, sit down.

Oscar and Felix are petrified, even though the stranger is injured they both fear for their lives. Lightening lights up the room showing a heavily scared face, blood running down an old and very deep scar crossing down his face over one eye.

OSCAR.

Shit, you need help.

STRANGER.

I've never needed help my whole life, I'm not gonna start now.

FELIX.

What happened?

STRANGER.

Ever looked the devil in the eye.

OSCAR.

No.

FELIX.

Yeah, once or twice.

STRANGER.

No, I mean really looked him in the eye?

FELIX.

It must have been your left one cos your right ones fucked.

Oscar nudges Felix not wanting to upset the stranger.

OSCAR.
What do you mean?

STRANGER.
I've played with the devil seven
or eight times, and I've won, no
help, no consequences.

Lightening lights up the room again and they see his
orange coat is smeared with blood. He starts to breath
heavy.

STRANGER.(CONT'D)
No one owes me, and I don't owe
anyone.

Lightening strikes again.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Mary, 30's attractive, crying hysterically in her
husbands arms. Brian, 33, thin, holds Mary trying to
comfort her.

BRIAN.
It's OK, it's OK.

MARY.
No it's not, I've killed
someone.

BRIEN.
Did you look around?

MARY.
Of course I did.

BRIAN.
Are you sure it wasn't a
rubbish bin?

MARY.
Brian, I know what I hit.

Lightening strikes and the power goes out.

BRIAN.
OK, I'll call the police,
Where are the boys?

MARY.
In the living room.

BRIAN.
Go get them, it'll take your
mind off this.

Mary leaves the room while Brian taps the phone,
looking for a line. She comes running back screaming.

MARY.
They're gone, Brian they're gone.

Brian slams the phone down.

BRIAN.
You look around here, I'll
check the shed.

INT. OLD SHED - NIGHT.

OSCAR and Felix still sitting there petrified watching
the stranger struggling to breath.

OSCAR.
What should we do?

FELIX.
Nothing, they never listen.

Another lightening strike lights up the room and Oscar
and Felix watch as the stranger takes his last breath.

FELIX.
Is he?

OSCAR.
Yeah, I think so.

Felix gets up to check the stranger.
Suddenly the door of the shed flies open and a
lightening strike illuminates the outline of a man
standing in the doorway. He enters the shed.

BRIAN.
Oscar, Felix, puss puss puss.

The End.