

VECTOR

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - LONDON, UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

In front of one of the heath's ponds MULTIPLE MALE AND FEMALE POLICE OFFICERS stand and several emergency vehicles flash blues.

An unmarked van pulls up -- FOUR AUTHORISED FIREARMS OFFICERS (AFOs) spring out of the vehicle with automatic rifles, and handguns, raised -- all sport full tactical gear.

The AFO OPERATIONAL COMMANDER, male 30s, briskly walks over to the SENIOR INVESTIGATING OFFICER (SIO), female early 40s -- the three other AFOs fan out around the scene.

AFO COMMANDER

Mum. What have we got? Details over comms were scarce. Imminent threat to life or no?

The SIO appears frightened and her hands shake.

SIO

W-w-we don't actually know ourselves...

The AFO Commander looks puzzled.

The SIO moves her gaze to the pond.

SIO (CONT'D)

L-look...it should surface again soon...

AFO COMMANDER

"It"?

A loud splashing sound emanates from the pond.

The AFO Commander squints at the pond, his eyes go wide.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)

What the bloody...

In the pond a black humanoid shape, THE VECTOR, stands waist deep -- it's "skin" as smooth as a polished Onyx stone.

The Vector turns towards the police.

AFO #2 raises his rifle towards the being.

AFO #2
 Armed police, armed police! Stay
 where you are!

The AFO Commander opens his mouth as if to say something, but before he can form words The Vector springs towards AFO #2 with lightning speed.

The Vector knocks AFO #2's rifle out of his hands and hefts him up into the air like a ragdoll.

AFO #3, male late 20s, and AFO #4, female, mid-20s, train their weapons on the creature, but both look aghast at what they see.

AFO #2 shakes violently as The Vector examines him, curiously.

AFO #2 (CONT'D)
 A-a-anytime you lot want to take
 this thing out!

The AFO Commander waves the uniformed officers, the AFO van driver, and the SIO back away from the current cordon around the pond.

AFO COMMANDER
 Mum, move your people back...now.

The SIO nods and motions for her officers to retreat to a safer distance from The Vector.

The Vector pays no attention to the absconding officers.

The AFO Commander taps a comms device on his vest.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)
 Base, OP-1. Send back-up now.

The AFO Commander moves closer to where AFO #3 and #4 are positioned, gun raised.

The Vector's smooth skin ripples -- black globules rise to its surface and move towards AFO #2's body.

AFO #2 sees the black masses approach his form, fear etches his face into a snarling rictus.

AFO #2
 Shite, shite, shite!

The black globules travel up his arms and enter his mouth, nose and ears -- his screams stop as they do.

AFO #3's mouth hangs agape at what he witnesses -- he backs up away from the pond slowly, lowering his rifle as he does.

AFO #2's body convulses, his veins turn black along with his eyes.

AFO COMMANDER
Right, if you have a clear shot
take this bloody thing out!

AFO #3 and #4 seem to be oblivious to his verbal command.

The AFO Commander drops to one knee, trains his rifle on The Vector and opens fire.

The Vector spins towards the sound of gunfire. As the rounds travel toward its body they disintegrate -- flecks of matter float up in the sky.

The AFO Commander looks gobsmacked.

AFO #2's body falls from The Vector's grasp onto the ground, seemingly lifeless.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Alright, bollocks this. Fall back.
Slowly.

AFO #3
You ain't got to tell me twice
Guv...

AFO #2's body reanimates. It convulses and the torso goes upright -- it turns its head towards the other AFOs.

AFO #2
Fuck, I'm feeling a bit
peckish...could go for some chips
and a proper curry about now!

He stands his body up, awkwardly -- it now begins to resemble The Vector's somewhat. He turns and runs full-speed at AFO #4.

AFO #4
N-n-n-o!

She sprints away from him, drops her weapon as she does.

AFO #3 panics and unloads his weapon on AFO #2 almost hitting AFO #4 in the process -- rounds from his gun impact AFO #2 with no effect.

AFO #2's new form catches up with AFO #4 and slams her to the ground -- she wails from the impact.

The Vector moves to their position, stands over her.

AFO #2 looks up at him briefly, nods, returns his attention to AFO #4.

The black globules emerge from his body and travel towards AFO #4.

She screams, but the viscous liquid matter drowns them out -- they envelop her completely and she rises.

AFO #3 runs, quickly, away from the scene.

AFO #3

S-s-sorry Guv, cannae do it!

The AFO Commander watches him flee and grits his teeth. He pulls a canister off of his tactical vest.

AFO COMMANDER

Let's see how you like flashbangs mate!

The AFO Commander pulls the pin on the grenade and lobes it towards The Vector and the other AFOs.

The flashbang detonates, The Vector reels from the explosion and AFO #2 and AFO #4 drop to the ground.

The AFO Commander sees The Vector's response to the grenade and pulls another from his vest while he fires off another burst of rounds from his rifle.

The Vector's skin absorbs the bullets and they spin its form around as another flashbang goes off in front of it.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Get in!

The Vector lies motionless on the ground next to the bodies of AFO #2 and AFO #4, the officers' bodies start to break down into black particulate masses.

The AFO Commander approaches The Vector, cautiously.

The Vector's form crackles with a vibrant energy.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Please be fucking dead...

The Vector's body erupts a gaseous cloud -- the AFO Commander jumps back.

The gas from its body floats towards the pond, it hovers over an area of the water and a whirlpool forms.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)
I need a pint, or ten...

The gas cloud enters the whirlpool -- the water turns back to normal.

The AFO Commander breathes a sigh of relief, slowly retreats.

He turns and looks at the new cordon off in the distance -- another armed response vehicle drives towards him and flashes emergency lights.

He moves to use his communication device, but pauses when loud splashing noises come from behind him.

He spins with his rifle raised.

From the pond emerge SIX VECTORS who appear exactly like the original -- the forms make for the shore.

The AFO Commander lowers his rifle barrel.

AFO COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Well...fuck...

FADE OUT.