

What Dwells In The Dark We Put There.

1 EXT. OLD CROFT - NIGHT 1

An old white stone croft clings to the side of a Scottish glen. There is a light on inside.

Something moves in the darkness.

2 INT. CROFT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

As we enter the cosy sitting room of this rustic holiday home the LIGHTS FLICKER.

The fire in the woodburner is close to dying. Generic art and plates adorn the walls and mantle.

We push in slowly on a YOUNG WOMAN sitting on the sofa with her back to us.

She turns to camera JUMPING at shadows. Her face is blotchy, her eyes misty with tears.

We cut to a wider angle of BONNIE, early thirties, wearing skinny blue jeans and a thick grey jumper.

She wipes tears from her eyes.

There is a rucksack beside her. She reaches in and pulls out a bottle of Vodka.

She unscrews the cap and takes one last look at a photograph of herself with a MAN on her phone.

BONNIE

Cheers.

She takes a swig. It's disgusting but she swallows.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Gross.

The LAMP on the table to the side of Bonnie FLICKERS.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Don't you...

The POWER CUTS OUT plunging Bonnie into darkness.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

She gets up and heads to the light switch.

The house GROANS stopping Bonnie for a moment. Her eyes dart around the room.

She flicks the switch a couple of times. It does nothing.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Using her PHONE as a torch she heads through to the kitchen.

As Bonnie moves out of frame we see that a CLOAKED FIGURE is standing outside.

3 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

3

Bonnie stumbles through the gloom. She sees the CELLAR DOOR on the far side of the kitchen.

She catches a corner unit with her knee. It smarts.

BONNIE

Damn it.

The cellar door is locked with a RUSTY OLD BOLT. Bonnie attempts to pull it but its stuck.

She forces the lock but only succeeds ripping her fingernail in two.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Agghrrr!

She bites her lip with the pain. Blood is running all down her hand. Her nail is hanging off.

There is a splinter of metal impaled in her finger.

Bonnie moves to the sink and runs the hot water tap. She holds her hand up to the moonlight and pulls out the shard.

She winces in pain.

Taking a deep breath Bonnie rips the remaining nail off.

Blood pours from her finger.

In a cupboard above she finds a first aid box. It contains some saline wipes, latex gloves and a guidance leaflet. Nothing she needs.

She takes a wipe and cleans the wound. She scrambles through the drawers holding her Phone in her teeth.

Bonnie finds some gift wrap tape. It will have to do. She holds the wipe down and tapes it tightly around her finger.

THUD!

A violent bang like a BODY being hurled at the front door scares Bonnie out of her wits.

A moment passes without breath.

She exhales.

THUD!

Bonnie picks up a KITCHEN KNIFE and creeps to the front door.

4

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

4

Bonnie waits by the heavy wooden door. Her throat is dry, she can hardly get the words out.

BONNIE

Hello?

(clearing her throat)

Is someone there?

There is no response.

Before she can stop herself she grabs the handle and pulls the door OPEN. She charges knife in hand.

There is nothing but darkness.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Think this is funny? Scaring a girl all on her own... Well fuck you.

She stares for a moment. Being a city girl Bonnie is not used to the blackness of the country. There is nothing there yet something deep within her tells her otherwise. She tries to ignore it.

She slams the door shut and locks it.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Kids.

Bonnie turns and walks back into the living room.

Behind her we see the CLOAKED ENTITY is now in the house.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

Bonnie curls up on the sofa. She wraps the blanket around her and takes a swig of Vodka.

BONNIE  
I'll find them tomorrow and...

Bonnie reaches for the lamp forgetting the fuses have gone.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Damn it. Fuses.

She gets up and moves to the kitchen door. She stops and considers the bleeding lump that used to be the end of her finger.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Maybe in the morning. Yeah...clear  
head, good light...Will be a cinch.

She bends down and stokes the embers in the wood burner.

Behind her the cloaked entity stands in the doorway out to the hall watching her.

Bonnie spins round but there's nothing there.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

Freaked out, she grabs the Vodka bottle and heads to bed.

6 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT LATER

6

Bonnie is passed out on the bed, still fully clothed and with a near empty bottle by her side.

There is a creek at the doorway.

Even with the fuse box off, the LAMP beside the bed suddenly swells with LIGHT before BLOWING OUT.

Bonnie moans but does not wake.

The door opens and the Cloaked Entity enters the room.

It looms over Bonny in the moonlight watching her sleep.

It slides into the empty side of the bed.

Bonnie doesn't react.

It spoons Bonnie in its gnarled, decaying arms.

She places her hand on it.

BONNIE  
I knew you'd find me.  
(beat)  
You always do.

The creature's rotting rasp blows through her hair.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DREAM - NIGHT

7

Bonnie in the throws of the most horrific violent dream.

A KNIFE rips through flesh and bone.

Blood explodes all over her.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

Bonnie wakes screaming.

She is alone, dazed. She sits up confused, the duvet on the other side has been disturbed by something.

A drunken woozy feeling hits her. She throws up.

BONNIE  
Shit.

Bonnie gets up and grabs a TOWEL that's on a chair at the end of the bed.

She cleans herself off, then, as she mops up the sick the floorboards outside her room CREEK.

Bonnie Freezes, she still feels sick.

They creek again. There is no doubt in Bonnies mind now someone or something is in the house.

She begins to retch.

Something moves on the stairs outside her room.

She can't make a sound and tries to hold back the vodka and bile tidal wave in her mouth as quietly as possible.

Whatever it is moves down stairs.

She spits out the contents of her mouth. Wipes it off and looks around for a weapon.

She grabs the vodka bottle and edges out of her room.

9 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 9

Her feet move forward despite her every instinct. Bottle raised, her phone in her other hand lighting the way.

Her head throbs, her stomach sways and her heart races.

She reaches the top of the stairs and creeps down.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 10

Bonnie looks around the dim room.

She flicks the light switch but nothing happens.

BONNIE  
That's right they just fixed  
themselves. Idiot.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie enters the kitchen.

She CRACKS her KNEE against the corner of the cupboard again. She shrieks in agony and drops the PHONE under a dresser.

BONNIE  
Shit.

With her knee still aching she bends down to retrieve the phone but she can't reach it.

She can feel something move behind her. We See the black cloak glide across the floor.

It stands over her. A boney finger reaches down to her

Bonnie grabs her phone and spins round.

She shines the light into the room but its empty.

Then she notices the CELLAR DOOR. Its UNLOCKED.

Bonnie gets up and moves toward it.

She reaches for the handle and pulls...

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie enters the cellar, the FUSE BOX is on the wall but the CLOAKED ENTITY stands in the centre of the room.

She drops her phone.

A sudden close up of the decomposing face of man, the MAN from the PHOTO. Nothing but black where his eyes should be. Black ooze pours from his mouth.

Bonnie is shocked - she recognises the face.

The Creature snarls at her.

Bonnie's eyes well up, her whole body shakes but not with fear. With ANGER.

BONNIE

Fuck you...

The Entity SCREECHES.

Bonnie ROARS back.

The Creature LUNGES at Bonnie.

We dolly out of the cellar.

The cellar door SLAMS shut.

FADE OUT.