

INSOMNIA

Written by

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INT. JOHN & KITTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN on JOHN, late 30's sitting awake in a armchair, dressed only in his underwear. He's good looking but his face is covered in signs of pure exhaustion, thick black rings around his eyes.

He looks desperately in need of a good nights sleep. He has a tray on his lap, a jug of water and several empty packets of sleeping pills. All the packets have been emptied and John now has a small pile of sleeping tablets which he is now diligently swallowing down one after another. Each with a small sip of water.

KITTY, early 30's, beautiful rolls over in bed. She sees John sitting in the armchair and taking the sleeping tablets.

KITTY

John?

No response.

She sits up.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Hey. Are you okay?

John suddenly stands up, the tray falling from his lap. The jug of water and the remaining sleeping pills spilling out across the floor.

He breaks down sobbing, defeated.

JOHN

I can't do this anymore.

KITTY

John come here to me.

JOHN

I just want to sleep.

KITTY

John? We need to get you help.

He shakes his head. Moves over to the other side of the room.

JOHN

There is no helping me.

He pauses at the wall. Turns his head to look back at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just need to sleep.

John then headbutts the wall with all of his might, over and over again. Splitting his head wide open, blood spraying out against it.

Kitty throws the covers off of her and lets out a scream, horrified at what she's seeing.

KITTY

John! Stop!

CRUNCH! One last slam of his head and John collapses to the floor, his body crumpled up, lifeless.

Kitty leaps out of bed and rushes over to him, cradling his blood soaked head in her arms.

INT. CITY STREET - DAY

A busy London street, ABBY, late 20's, effortlessly beautiful, sits on a bench playing on her phone.

WILLIAM, early 30's, her boyfriend approaches her. He speaks with a thick American accent.

WILLIAM

I was at least expecting to see you waiting with flowers.

She looks up, seeing him she bursts out laughing, excited. Leaping up she wraps her arms around him and kisses him on the lips.

ABBY

How was your flight?

WILLIAM

Long.

ABBY

I'm so happy you're here. I just know you're going to love it.

WILLIAM

Promise?

She nods.

ABBY

I absolutely promise.

WILLIAM

Well, it's a twelve month position so I better.

ABBY

So, what do you want to do now?

WILLIAM

I'm so jet lagged all I want to do
is lay down and go to sleep.

Abby pouts, crossing her arms in front of her chest.

ABBY

You're no fun.

WILLIAM

What?

ABBY

You can't just go to sleep, I won't
let you.

WILLIAM

I'm awful when I'm tired, trust me,
you don't want to be around me when
I haven't had enough sleep. I'm
like a screaming toddler.

ABBY

I've been around screaming toddlers
before.

He shakes his head.

WILLIAM

Not like me you haven't.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Abby leads William down into a quieter street, far less
people. She brings him over towards a fast food truck. Spray
painted on the side of the truck are the words 'taste of
America.'

William puts his hands on his hips, he looks disgusted.

WILLIAM

What the hell is this?

Abby can't help but burst out laughing.

ABBY

I thought you'd be hungry.

WILLIAM

You're serious.

ABBY

Oh come on.

He gives her a sideways look.

WILLIAM

Abby, I'm too tired for this.

ABBY

Try something. My treat. It's got all the foods you know and love. It'll be just like eating at home.

WILLIAM

I doubt that.

ABBY

Try.

WILLIAM

If it'll shut you up, which I doubt it will, just get me a burger.

Abby happily skips up to order. An overweight middle eastern man works inside.

William looks up towards the heavens. "Lord give me strength."

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

William and Abby now each hold onto a drink and a burger. William pulls open his burger and shows Abby the depressed looking meat inside.

It wouldn't surprise anyone if the meat had simply been defrosted in the microwave.

WILLIAM

Look at this.

She nods.

ABBY

I'm looking.

WILLIAM

Grilled? Does that look grilled to you.

She's already laughing.

ABBY

The food truck says tastes like America, it says nothing about looking like America. Give it a try.

William takes a big bite out of his burger, though he doesn't keep it in his mouth for more than a few seconds before he's compelled to spit it out onto the ground.

WILLIAM

Taste of America my ass. He should rename that truck of his to tastes of a greasy microwave.

ABBY

Not hungry?

William joins in laughing with her.

WILLIAM

I was. How about we get some real food?

They're both laughing, looking lovingly into each others eyes.

ABBY

I've got a lovely home cooked meal waiting for you tonight. I brought candles for it and everything.

WILLIAM

Well doesn't that sound fancy. But forget tonight, how about we move it up to right now?

Abby checks her watch, then shows it to William.

ABBY

No time. You still need to check in with the hospital Doctor. They'll be expecting you.

William takes hold of Abby, bringing them both to a stop.

WILLIAM

They can wait.

ABBY

Are you sure?

WILLIAM

Positive.

They kiss. Abby pushes herself free.

ABBY

If you miss the sign in you'll have to find your own accommodation.

WILLIAM

I'll live with you.

She rolls her eyes.

ABBY

My student halls forbid it I'm afraid, plus there's not even enough room to swing a cat where I'm sleeping. A single bed that I barely fit on. I couldn't even offer you the floor.

WILLIAM

Then I'll find my own. I just need to sleep for a few hours. Just find me a bed, it could be under a bridge for all I care.

She laughs.

ABBY

You're going to find your own place, in central London for the next 12 months and pay for it? Good luck. If you miss your sign in you'll be on your own and you'll be screwed.

William comes to his senses.

WILLIAM

I guess you're right.

He takes Abby by her hand.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Lets go.

Abby leads the way, taking a bite out of her own burger, happily chewing it up and swallowing. William watches her do this with a frown.

ABBY

What?

WILLIAM

I think I'm going to be sick.

ABBY

I need my energy. And it's not that bad.

WILLIAM

You brits will really eat anything. No wonder you're all so pale. I used to think it was because of the weather, but now I think it's because you're all suffering with acute food poisoning.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A huge city Hospital, massive in its size. A multi story car park opposite it.

William and Abby, holding hands enter the Hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

William and Abby pass by an empty patients room, Abby points through the window at the two empty beds.

ABBY

Found you a bed, just like you asked.

WILLIAM

And not just one, two.

ABBY

One for me and one for you.

He reaches down and gives a playful tap on her bum.

WILLIAM

I'd prefer to share the one.

He goes in for a kiss. She dodges out of the way.

ABBY

You haven't even started and you're already trying to get yourself fired.

WILLIAM

I've travelled over 15 hours to see you. Isn't that worth a couple of minutes of fooling around?

ABBY
Fooling around?

He shrugs.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Fifteen minutes?

WILLIAM
A kiss and a hand job.

She hits her hands into his chest.

ABBY
Get your head out of the gutter.

WILLIAM
Will I see you tonight?

ABBY
Sure.

They share another quick kiss then go their separate ways.

INT. HOSPITAL - OFFICE - DAY

William enters a small office space. A large desk that takes up almost the entire width of the room is littered with stacks and stacks of paperwork.

Behind the desk is PAUL, late 50's, William's boss.

William enters and gives a tired smile and wave. Paul stands up but remains behind his desk.

PAUL
Ah, our American genius is here.

WILLIAM
How are you Paul?

PAUL
Much better for seeing you. How was your flight?

WILLIAM
Long.

PAUL
I bet.

WILLIAM
And boring.

PAUL
You must be exhausted?

WILLIAM
It's like you read my mind.

PAUL
Well, have no fear this is just a quick hello and goodbye. The real work starts tomorrow. But don't worry we'll ease you in gently.

WILLIAM
Awesome.

PAUL
Oh how I love that American accent of yours.

WILLIAM
I don't really consider it much of an accent, yours is better.

PAUL
Well, now that you'll be living over here I'm sure you'll get tired of it.

Paul opens a drawer on his desk and removes a large envelope. Inside this envelope he takes out a work I.D Badge. Handing it over to William.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Your work I.D. High security clearance. Should get you into all the places you need to be around the Hospital without much trouble. But remember I used the word 'should.'

WILLIAM
Cool.

Paul then removes a set of keys.

PAUL
And the keys to the house you'll be calling home for the next twelve months.

WILLIAM
Awesome.

William takes the keys.

PAUL

It really is a lovely home.

WILLIAM

Thanks. Is it far?

PAUL

Five minutes walking distance. Only just come onto the market a couple of days ago. So you're very lucky. Takes me forty minutes by bus to get back to my place. After work you'll already be in the bath whilst I'm still fighting for a seat on a dirty loud bus.

WILLIAM

So what now?

PAUL

Now you go and see your new home. I've not been in but I've been told it's got everything you'll need. A bed, clean sheets. Working electrics. It's been given a clean bill of health. But of course if you wish to decorate you'll have to speak to the landlord first and see what you can get away with.

WILLIAM

You had me at bed. As long as it has heating and a cold fridge I'm sure I'll survive.

PAUL

Excellent, well, I'll see you back here bright and early tomorrow.

The two men share a smile, reaching out to each other they shake hands.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

William has the work I.D around his neck and the set of keys in his left hand. In his other, he has hold of his phone, following directions to the house.

William looks around for street signs, it's obvious he doesn't have a clue where he is. But he persists. Marching forwards, praying that he stumbles upon it sooner or later.

EXT. LONDON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

It's the house. Cosy looking, but the front garden is wild and massively overgrown, an unfortunate blight on the rest of the property.

William's found it, with a satisfied smile he puts his phone away and readies himself to open the front door with the given set of keys.

A group of kids are playing football on the street close by. One of the kids miss kicks the ball and it bounces over towards William.

KID
(shouting)
Hey, kick it back.

William picks the football up and throws it like an American football player. He gets the ball all the way back to them, bouncing to a stop in front of the kid who called out for it.

WILLIAM
There you go.

KID
It's a football, you're supposed to kick it.

WILLIAM
Oh, I'm new here.

The kids continue with their game of football. William turns to the house and lets himself in.

INT. THE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

A tiled hallway, coat rack on the wall. A neat little space for shoes and even a stand to place your wet umbrella, in case you have one.

William sticks his head in. He smiles, likes what he sees, so far so good.

WILLIAM
Alright, home sweet home.

INT. THE HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY

William is already stripping off his clothes as he enters the main bedroom, quickly getting down to just his t-shirt and underpants.

A large fourposter bed waits for him, but as he's right in the middle of getting changed he sees ALEX. Late TEENS, a fresh faced boy who probably still gets asked for I.D when trying to buy alcohol.

What's Alex doing in here, well, he's putting fresh sheets on the bed.

William comes to a hard stop.

WILLIAM

Oh my god.

Alex spins around to face him, looks terrified.

ALEX

I'm sorry sir. I was supposed to have this done already.

WILLIAM

Who are you?

ALEX

I'm Alex. I work at the university.

WILLIAM

The university?

ALEX

Yeah. The tech university. They're working in partnership with the Hospital. Your Hospital.

William still doesn't follow.

WILLIAM

Ok.

ALEX

The university hired me to help with your work. But first they wanted me to make sure this place was all clean and tidy for you.

William leans against the wall, arms crossed. He lets out a long deep breath. He's just about had enough.

WILLIAM

And you're here to make sure my bed was made?

Alex can feel the tension building.

ALEX

Yeah.

WILLIAM

But it isn't.

ALEX

Sorry sir.

William shakes his head, annoyed.

WILLIAM

Don't call me sir. Just make the god damn bed and let me sleep.

ALEX

Ok, sorry. Not long now.

Alex rushes to put fresh sheets, pillow cases and a duvet cover on. But under William's intense, irritated gaze he's not finding it easy.

WILLIAM

First time making a bed.

Alex nervously laughs.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's pretty easy to do. You're just making it look hard.

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Alex in rubber gloves gets to work cleaning out the bathroom, starting with the tub. He has a bucket filled with cleaning equipment on the floor beside him.

Already building up a bit of a sweat, he's clearly not afraid of a little hard work.

INT. THE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

William stirs, slowly waking up. He does a big stretch and gets out of bed.

WILLIAM

Oh god did I need that.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William staggers inside the kitchen. Alex is already at the counter buttering some toast and pouring out two cups of tea.

William sees Alex, giving him a wave.

WILLIAM
You're still here.

ALEX
Think of me as basically your
assistant.

WILLIAM
And what if I don't need an
assistant?

ALEX
Then I'll get paid for simply
hanging around you. Which isn't too
bad if you ask me.

WILLIAM
And what if I'm a real asshole?

ALEX
Are you?

William shrugs.

WILLIAM
Depends who you ask.

ALEX
Day in and day out I work with
university professors. They're all
arseholes.

William laughs. He sits at the table. He nods at the two drinks.

WILLIAM
Two drinks? Are you joining me?

Alex's face lights up.

ALEX
May I?

WILLIAM
Sure.

Alex comes on over. Places the toast in front of William then quickly fetches and returns with the two cups of tea. Joining William at the table.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

And I just want to say sorry for snapping at you earlier. You were simply making me a fresh bed and I was a jerk.

ALEX

It's fine.

William chops down onto the toast. He's hungry.

WILLIAM

Well good, but I still want you to know that I'm sorry.

William takes a moment to look around the kitchen. He sees a photograph of a happy couple hung up on the wall by the back door that leads into the garden.

It's John and Kitty. The old owners of the house.

William sips at his tea, relaxing back into the chair he gestures to the photograph.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

And who are they?

ALEX

The old owners. He worked at the university, she worked at the Hospital. I can't remember their names.

WILLIAM

They left a picture of themselves hanging in their old home?

Alex shrugs.

ALEX

I guess when the movers came they missed it. If the back door is open all the way, you can't see it.

William contemplates on this.

WILLIAM

Weird.

ALEX

Do you want me to take it down?

WILLIAM

No. Leave it. I won't be here for long.

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

William's dressed up smart for a night out. He lifts up the toilet seat and urinates. Long and satisfying. William just for a moment closes his eyes and relaxes.

SLAP, with his eyes closed the sound of a hand slapping across his face echoes around the bathroom.

William's eyes snap open. He looks all around him, he's the only one in here.

He needs a moment to collect his thoughts. Finished, he zips himself back up and closes the toilet lid down.

WILLIAM

(calling out)

Alex?

No reply.

INT. THE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Coat and shoes on, William stands at the bottom of the staircase with the keys to the house held onto tightly.

He looks up to the top of the staircase, at first mumbling incoherently to himself. He clears his throat.

WILLIAM

(shouting)

Is there someone else in here?

No answer. The house is silent. You could hear a pin drop.

William shakes his head, muttering to himself some more.

A beat.

He once again looks up towards the top of the staircase.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(shouting)

If someone is here, let me know. I won't get anyone else involved.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Just, let me know. Maybe I can help you?

William pauses, waiting for a response.

Ring, Ring - his mobile phone lets out a shrill ringing tone. William jumps, startled by it. He takes his phone out, it's Abby.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A candle lit table, a view out of the window of the river Thames. A beautiful romantic setting.

Abby is in an elegant dress and she looks amazing. William however is on edge, fidgeting. Biting at his nails.

A WAITER comes over and pours them both out a glass of red wine before silently moving about to his other tables.

Abby reaches over the top of their table and takes a gentle hold of both of William's hands.

ABBY

Are you OK?

William tries to force a smile, trying to show that he's alright, but it's obvious to anyone looking at him that he's not.

WILLIAM

You're going to think I'm crazy.

ABBY

Jez Will what is it, you looked spooked.

WILLIAM

I was in the house...

ABBY

How is it?

He holds up a single finger to her, he needs to finish his thought.

WILLIAM

I was in the house. In the bathroom. Taking a whizz and someone slapped me across the face.

Upon hearing this Abby smiles then lets out a rather uncomfortable sounding laugh.

ABBY

Come again?

WILLIAM

I closed my eyes and someone slapped me.

ABBY

Do you always close your eyes when you're using the bathroom?

WILLIAM

That's the part of that story you're going to focus on? My eyes been closed, not the person slapping me?

ABBY

Why's there someone in the bathroom with you?

He throws his hands up in the air, exasperated. Almost knocking over his glass of wine.

WILLIAM

That's the thing. There wasn't.

Abby takes hold of her own drink, she nods, now feeling like she understands.

ABBY

Oh I see. Hell why am I going to think you're crazy?

He claps his hands together.

WILLIAM

Right.

ABBY

You're tired. Still jet lagged.

WILLIAM

All true. But this slap was real.

ABBY

But...

WILLIAM

(interrupting)

It was real.

ABBY

Is this some kind of put on to get me to come back to yours with you?

WILLIAM

I'd prefer if I could sleep yours tonight.

ABBY

Impossible. I've only got a single bed and too many roommates. Plus it's against the rules.

WILLIAM

It's a nice house, but there's something not right.

ABBY

You're just tired.

WILLIAM

Oh I hope so. It just felt so real. The sound, the pain. Everything about it. It felt like a real slap.

ABBY

Have you been slapped a lot?

WILLIAM

Enough.

She smirks.

ABBY

I can see that.

WILLIAM

You want to come see the house?

She gives him a sideways look.

ABBY

You don't want to sleep alone tonight?

WILLIAM

No.

She smiles coquettishly.

ABBY

Well then, you better hope this date goes well.

They clink their wine glass together. Abby takes a sip of hers whilst William chugs his down in only a couple of big gulping mouthfuls.

INT. THE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

William and Abby lay in bed together, wrapped up in each other arms. A loving embrace. But whilst Abby sleeps soundly William is wide awake.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

It sounds like someone is on the other side of the bedroom door.

WILLIAM
(muttering)
Motherfucker.

He gets out of bed, gently moving Abby off of him. She stays asleep.

William sneaks over to the bedroom door and rips it open, fully expecting someone to be on the other side of it, but there's nobody.

INT. THE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

William sneaks down the staircase, slowly taking one step at a time.

WILLIAM
(whispering)
Someone is here I just fucking know
it.

As he makes his way down the staircase he listens out for any more noises, but the house is silent.

INT. THE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abby stirs in bed, she can hear William talking downstairs. He's not shouting but his tone is forceful.

She groggily sits up. More than a little annoyed at being woken up like this and at this hour.

ABBY
(hissing)
Who the hell is he talking to?

She continues to listen. She can hear his voice, it definitely sounds like he's talking to someone but she can't clearly make out exactly what he's saying.

Abby attempts to roll over and go back to sleep. Closing her eyes she tries to relax but the second her eyes are closed it almost feels like William's voice is getting louder.

She sits up, punching her pillow she then gets out of bed.

ABBY (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous.

She storms out of the bedroom, furious.

INT. THE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

William is all the way up a set of ladders. He has his head poking up through a hatch and into the attic. With his phone in hand he's shining its torch so he can get a better look. But the attic is empty.

Abby stands at the base of the ladders, grabbing a hold of them she shakes them angrily to get his attention.

ABBY
What the hell are you doing? Who
are you talking to?

William comes down a couple of steps on the ladders, pulling his head back out from the attic.

He's wide awake, Abby looks fed up and ready to drop.

WILLIAM
There's someone in here.

ABBY
Still this?

WILLIAM
I told you before and I'm serious.

ABBY
I need to sleep.

WILLIAM
Abby...

ABBY
I'm going home.

WILLIAM

Abby...

ABBY

No Will, this is crazy. And I'm going back to my place.

WILLIAM

There's someone in here.

ABBY

You're worn out, mentally exhausted. There's no one hiding in the fucking attic.

WILLIAM

Just listen.

He holds a hand out to her, pleading. She gestures back to him, showing that she's willing to play along.

William and Abby both fall silent. Both listening. But neither of them is hearing anything.

ABBY

Will...

WILLIAM

Just listen.

ABBY

I don't hear anything.

WILLIAM

Just wait and you will.

She lets out a long deep breath, reaches out and pats a hand against his chest, sarcastic.

ABBY

I'm going home.

INT. THE HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abby is dressed to leave, zipping her coat closed. William, still in nothing but his underpants stands blocking the doorway.

WILLIAM

Abby...

ABBY

What?

WILLIAM
You're really leaving?

She goes to leave, tries to ease William out of the way.

ABBY
I'm not staying here, not with you
acting like this.

He stands his ground, not moving and she's not strong enough
for force him out of the way.

WILLIAM
I'm not crazy.

ABBY
Then quit acting like it. Now move.

Reluctantly William steps to the side, Abby walks out.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(muttering)
I liked you better when this
relationship was long distance.

That comment hurt. Stinging, William wishes he could pretend
he didn't hear her say that, but he did.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Early morning, William sits up at the table, two hands cupped
around a large mug of coffee. He looks terrible.

Alex walks over to the counter with a bag of shopping.
Unloading it then starts to put it away.

ALEX
Nice to see you up and about so
early.

William chuckles to himself.

WILLIAM
I haven't slept. Not at all I don't
think.

ALEX
Are you hungry?

WILLIAM
You're my assistant right?

ALEX

Right.

WILLIAM

How do I go about finding someplace else to live?

Alex puffs out his cheeks.

ALEX

Shit, I don't think you can. The hospital has signed the lease for this place for you. Twelve months.

WILLIAM

So if I want to live someplace else.

ALEX

I mean there's nothing stopping you. But you'll have to pay for it yourself. And you're going to piss off a lot of people.

William shakes his head, defeated.

WILLIAM

I can't stay here.

ALEX

What's wrong?

WILLIAM

I don't know. I think someone's being coming in at night.

ALEX

I could have the locks changed? Take a look around for you if you like?

WILLIAM

I guess it's worth a try.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

Don't worry.

WILLIAM

No?

Alex gives William a thumbs up.

ALEX

Today is going to be a good day.

William smiles back at him.

WILLIAM

Promise?

ALEX

Hundred percent guaranteed.

William finishes off his drink, his mood slightly lifted.

WILLIAM

You know what, I think I am a little hungry.

Alex claps his hands loudly together, excited.

ALEX

Great, how's a full English breakfast sound?

WILLIAM

Greasy.

ALEX

Good, because that's the way I make them.

WILLIAM

Well, aren't I a lucky boy?

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

William sits with several others, most doctors in uniform. They look towards a large television screen where an ELDERLY MAN in thick glasses is giving a talk all about a cancer research project.

William is completely zoned out, barely hearing anything of what the elderly man is saying. Resting his face in his hands he's fighting hard to keep himself awake.

INT. THE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Alex watches over a HANDYMAN using a drill to remove the old locks on the front door and replace them with a brand new one.

INT. THE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Alex lays out across the sofa, making himself at home. A half empty bowl of popcorn resting on his stomach, he scrolls through the different television channels.

It's not long before the comfort he finds himself in, fed, warm and relaxed that Alex begins to drift off asleep.

As his eyes slowly shut for a 'power nap' something or someone reaches out, grabbing a hold of both of Alex's ankles and with impressive strength simply rips him off the sofa, sending him crashing down to the floor with a hard bang.

Alex's eyes snap open.

ALEX

What, who's there?

Nothing. Alex gets up. Sees the remaining popcorn scattered out across the floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

Alex tries to calm himself, concentrates on his breathing. Slow and steady.

ALEX (CONT'D)

My hearts racing.

He continues to take down long, deep and slow breaths. Almost like he's getting ready to meditate.

Alex closes his eyes, standing up trying to get his heart rate down.

As soon as his eyes close, a hand, dark, almost like a shadow reaches out and grabs Alex by the throat choking him.

Alex gasps out unable to breathe, his eyes snap back open and the hand is gone.

INT. THE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Alex runs for the front door, desperately trying to escape. He pulls out keys from his pocket, keys for the old lock and keys for the new.

He fumbles between them, hurrying to get the lock open.

Alex glances behind him, a large figure of a 'MAN' stands in the doorway to the front room behind him. Completely black, no face or features.

Alex is in total shock and horror at what he's seeing. He opens his mouth to shout or to scream but nothing comes out.

The black figure runs towards him, it's footsteps completely silent, in fact it doesn't make any noise at all.

The black figure grabs a hold of Alex by his shoulders, lifts him up and repeatedly slamming him against the still locked front door.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Like a rag doll Alex is powerless to stop that assault. The back of his head getting cut open, blood staining the front door behind him.

All Alex can do is wait for this awful attack to stop.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The video call lecture is over, William still looking the worst for wear is now greeting the other doctors and executives here with him.

Handing shaking and business card exchanging. William makes sure to hand his information over to everybody in the room.

And everyone else in here is making a visible effort to come over and introduce themselves to him. William is some kind of minor celebrity.

--- William chats with one of the Doctors.

WILLIAM

I'm excited to be here and to work on this project with you guys. It's so important to be able to learn from each other.

--- And another.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm loving the UK, it's great. I have an English girlfriend so I have to be nice about the place.

--- and another.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Can't wait to get started. Nothing
is more important to me than my
work and getting us over the
finishing line.

INT. THE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

William enters, the front door unlocked. William pushes the door open, inspecting the new lock and handle. He's impressed.

WILLIAM
(calling out)
Alex, are you here? The door looks
good.

No reply. But William spots Alex's coat hanging up and his shoes on the floor, so he must still be here.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Alex?

He waits. Nothing.

INT. THE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

William cautiously makes his way up the staircase, holding onto the banister. Something doesn't feel right, it's not adding up in his head but there's a creeping sense of dread taking over him.

His face is twisting up, the growing fear is making him feel like he's going to be sick.

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

William opens the door to the bathroom, sees Alex on the floor, hugging his legs to his chest. His face stiff and frozen. Pure terror.

William is shocked at seeing Alex like this.

WILLIAM
Alex?

Alex snaps his eyes up to William, he sees him but isn't able to speak.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What happened?

Alex wants to tell him but he's not able to get the words out.

William kneels down beside him, places a gentle hand onto him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You're going to be OK.

William gives Alex a quick once over, checking his pulse.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Jesus, your hearts racing.

He checks his eyes, holding onto the back of Alex's head he feels the blood.

William pulls his hand away, gazes down at his now blood stained fingers.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William sits down at the table, he has his phone on loud speaker. He dials 999. His call is answered almost instantly but he's met with an automated voice message.

999
(voice recording)
Due to unprecedented calls were
unable to take your call right now.
But please rest assured we will get
to your call as soon as possible.

On hold music now plays.

WILLIAM
You've got to be fucking shitting
me.

He's on hold, he places the phone down on the table in front of him. Sitting, exhausted he can't help but slouch into the chair.

The on hold music is almost like a lullaby.

His eyes begin to get heavy and it's not long before the inevitable happens. He drifts off to sleep, powerless to stop it.

Not even a single second goes by before the dark faceless figure descends onto William, grabbing two fistfuls of his hair and ripping him out of the chair.

Much more forceful with him now, and much more powerful.

William is sent skidding across the kitchen floor, slamming into the cupboards with a hard thud.

His eyes snap back open. It certainly did the trick in waking him up.

William looks up and sees the dark figure standing beside the tale. William is awestruck.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on?

The dark figure charges at William. Marching over to him. William quickly gets up onto his feet and flees. Running out of the kitchen before it can get its hands on him.

INT. THE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

William runs as though his life depends on it. Sprinting as fast as he can up the staircase.

There's nothing or no one following him, but he doesn't look back to check.

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

William, out of breath, sweating and his heart racing. Alex is still on the floor. They share a look.

WILLIAM
What the fuck?

Alex replies with a shrug. The right words still impossible to find.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You're going to have to find me
someplace else to live. I'm not
being roommates with whatever that
thing was.

Alex lets out a tired chuckle.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
This is crazy right?

William is thinking. He then searches his pockets, after a few seconds the truth dawns on him, crushed.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Fuck. I left my phone down there.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The call is finally connected. The operator voice seems to echo out around the once again empty kitchen.

999 OPERATOR
Hello? What's your emergency?
Hello? Is anyone there?

INT. ABBY'S DORM - ABBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A student flat, Abby's room is tight for space. A single bed pushes up against the wall. Barely enough room to stretch out in.

She's sat at her desk, she's studying, lots of school books open in front of her.

She's reading and making hurried scribbled notes into an oversized notepad.

Abby rocks about her in chair, trying and failing to get comfortable. She picks up one of the bigger looking books, her eyes heavy, she shakes her head.

ABBY
I've got to read this.

Abby gets up from her desk and gets herself into bed. Still trying to read the book.

On her back she holds the book up in the air in front of her. But the weight of it is too much and after only a few seconds her arms are already beginning to shake.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Well this isn't going to work.

Abby now lays on her side, propping the book up against the wall. She reads, slowly turning the pages. Puffing out her cheeks.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(groaning)
This is so boring.

She begins to drift off to sleep. As her heavy eyes close the black figure appears in her room. At first only watching her, waiting.

Once Abby succumbs to sleep the figure approaches. It climbs into bed with her. Positioning itself so that it's lingering right on top of her.

The black figure then places its two hands down on the pillow on either side of Abby's head. Taking in a deep breath it then lets out a terrible blood curdling scream, it's own mouth a mere inch away from Abby's.

Abby's eyes snap open, seeing the figure on top of her she screams and crawls out from under it.

She falls to the floor with a heavy thump, crawling terrified towards her bedroom door.

The black figure remains in her bed, still on all fours. Watching her as she rushes to get out.

INT. ABBY'S DORM - SHARED LIVING ROOM - DAY

A couple of second-hand looking sofa's are positioned around a large television. A communal living space, three students sit around together watching a wildlife documentary. Two GUYS and a GIRL. All young university students.

The boys are drinking beer. The girl is smoking a big fat joint.

Abby, terrified and out of breath bursts inside.

They all turn to face her.

ABBY
There's someone in my room.

This news doesn't seem to register with any of them. Or they're not that interested.

Abby waits for a response, but doesn't get one.

She steps closer to them, frustrated.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 Help me, please! There's someone in
 my fucking room! HELP ME!

No all three react. Standing up they gather around her.

MALE FLATMATE
 Who?

ABBY
 A man. I didn't see his face. He
 was laying on top of me.

FEMALE FALTMATE
 Are you sure it wasn't just a bad
 dream?

Abby's face crunches up, furious.

ABBY
 Yes I'm fucking sure.

The two male flatmates share a look then a nod. They both
 exit. Time to investigate.

INT. ABBY'S DORM - ABBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The black figure is gone, the bedroom empty and silent.

The three housemates gather at Abby's bedroom door, it's
 slowly pushed open.

They're expecting to see something, the two male flatmates
 with their fist clenched and ready to fight. The female
 flatmate hiding behind them.

They're all disappointed when they see that the room is
 empty. They enter, relaxing.

FEMALE FALTMATE
 There's no one in here.

MALE FLATMATE
 Lets just check anyway.

The three of them split up, and between them they check the
 window, it's locked.

They check under the bed, nothing. Behind the door and inside
 the wardrobe. No one's in here. And if there ever was,
 they're long gone.

FEMALE FLATMATE
I'm saying it was a bad dream.

INT. ABBY'S DORM - SHARED LIVING ROOM - DAY

Abby's sat on the edge of one of the sofa's. Biting at her nails. On edge. Badly shaken up.

Her flatmates all return.

MALE FLATMATE
No one there.

This revelation shocks her. Shaking her head, not understanding.

ABBY
There was to be.

The female flatmate sits down beside her, putting an arm around Abby.

FEMALE FLATMATE
It's OK.

ABBY
There was something on top of me.

MALE FLATMATE
Something?

ABBY
Yes.

MALE FLATMATE
Not someone but something...

Abby is exacerbated, doesn't know what to do with herself.

ABBY
You're going to be thinking I'm crazy. But I'm not crazy. It was real.

As soon as these words leave her mouth a cold realization dawns on her...

ABBY (CONT'D)
(muttering)
...Crazy.

She stands up. She rushes to leave the room.

FEMALE FLATMATE

Where are going?

ABBY

I need to make a call.

The three flatmates all look amongst each other, they don't know what the hell is going on.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William's phone rings over and over on the table. Eventually the call ends. It was from Abby. 12 missed calls.

A beat. His phone starts ringing again. The kitchen empty, dark and quiet.

The ringing and vibrating phone echoes loudly, bouncing off the kitchen walls.

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A fed up and tired looking William and Alex are still in the bathroom.

William opens the bathroom door, peering out. He can hear his phone ringing. Alex reaches over and tries to force the bathroom door closed again.

William looks back at him.

WILLIAM

I need it.

Alex looks at him with pleading eyes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to go and get it.

Alex shakes his head. Still can't find the ability to speak.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William enters, grabbing his phone he answers.

WILLIAM

(INTO PHONE)

Abby?

She's out of breath, walking.

ABBY
(PHONE)
You're not crazy. I'm coming over.

Before he gets a chance to say anything back she hangs up the call. The line goes dead.

William lowers his phone, still keeping a tight hold of it as he looks around the kitchen. Chuckling to himself.

WILLIAM
I'm not crazy huh? So what the fuck
is going on then?

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alex sits on the closed lid of the toilet. He can hear William and Abby talking downstairs. He tries to listen in but it's impossible to make out what they're saying. But he seems intent in staying right where he is.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Abby makes two large cups of coffee and brings them both over to the table. William sits, watching her.

WILLIAM
So you're seeing the same shit as
me?

She nods.

ABBY
Believe me I wish I wasn't.

WILLIAM
So what is it?

ABBY
I don't know.

WILLIAM
It can't be real.

ABBY
It fucking feels real.

He shakes his head.

WILLIAM

Does this house have a gas leak?

She shrugs.

ABBY

Maybe, but when it happened to me,
it happened at my place not here.

WILLIAM

Jesus. We need to leave. Get far
away from here.

She shakes her head.

ABBY

I don't think it's as simple as
that.

WILLIAM

I'll end my deal with the Hospital
and go back to the states. Come
with me?

ABBY

And if we keep seeing this thing?

WILLIAM

I think it's this house.

ABBY

Then the answer is here too.

He sits back, yawning. Picking up his coffee and having a
taste. He pulls a face, smirking.

WILLIAM

You make better tea than coffee.

She smiles back at him.

ABBY

I hate coffee.

WILLIAM

Maybe add a few spoonful's of sugar
next time. Like ten or twelve.

ABBY

How American.

He smiles.

A beat. She studies his face.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(frowning)

You look like shit Will. When was the last time you had a good nights sleep?

He thinks about it and shrugs.

WILLIAM

Not since I got here. I napped for a couple of hours. But that's it. I drift off and that thing wakes me up. Whatever it is.

ABBY

I was studying at my place. I fell asleep reading and that's when it got me. Right on top of me, screaming in my face.

WILLIAM

We need a name for this thing.

ABBY

I've never named a demon before.

He goes cold.

WILLIAM

Jesus Abby, don't say that. I'm a doctor. Hell I'm a scientist. This isn't supernatural, it can't be. The supernatural isn't real. It can't be.

She gives him a sideways look.

ABBY

Then what is it? And why won't it let us sleep?

He holds out a hand to her, pleading.

WILLIAM

Lets just not jump to any conclusions. We don't know shit yet.

A loud crash that seems to shake the very house comes from above. Both William and Abby crouch low, fearing that the very ceiling above their heads might actually come tumbling down around them.

ABBY
What the fuck was that?

William jumps up out of his chair.

WILLIAM
Alex!

ABBY
There's somebody up there?

William runs out of the kitchen. Abby is quick to follow.

INT. THE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alex is on his knees in front of the sink. His forehead has been busted wide open, a huge gash where blood now oozes out from. He's sobbing.

William rips open the bathroom door, horrified at seeing Alex like this.

Abby is right behind him.

WILLIAM
Alex, are you OK?

Alex sobs, the blood still coming out from his head.

Abby can't help but let out a scream at seeing Alex busted up.

ABBY
Fuck!

William grabs a hold of a hand towel and presses it to Alex's forehead. Trying to stop the bleeding.

ALEX
I just want to sleep.

WILLIAM
What happened?

ALEX
I was sitting on the toilet. I must have drifted off. The next thing I knew I was being picked up and dropped on the fucking sink. My fucking head. It hurts so bad.

ABBY
(to Alex)
You've got to try and stay awake.

Alex snaps.

ALEX
I'm so fucking tired. It's going to
kill me.

William shares a look with Abby, the fear in both their eyes
is unmissable.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

An ambulance is parked outside. Paul, the one who chose this
house slowly enters.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex sits at the table, his head leaned back. Two Female
paramedics work on the cut on his forehead.

Alex is still pretty shaken up, doesn't want to cry in front
of them but can't help it.

Paul is in the corner with William and Abby, the three of
them having a rapid, hushed conversation.

WILLIAM
(to Paul)
What can you tell me about the
previous owners of this house?

Paul's face is filled with dread.

PAUL
I knew them well.

William shakes his head, disgusted.

WILLIAM
Then why the fuck did you lie to
me?

PAUL
I didn't.

WILLIAM

Like hell you didn't. You acted like this was just some random house that you just happened to find for me. That just happened to pop up. Lucky you, lucky me. Why fucking lie?

Paul falls silent, doesn't know how to answer that, or won't.

ABBY

(to Paul)

Go on. Who were they?

Paul steadies himself.

PAUL

John and Kitty Davis. Married. Friends of mine. John worked at the Hospital and Kitty worked at the university. Both researchers. Both brilliant. I used to have a lot to do with them. We used to have dinner together. We were good friends for a long time. They lived here for many years.

WILLIAM

Jesus Christ.

Abby picks up on something.

ABBY

Used to? Were? Why do you talk about them like that?

Paul swallows hard, getting emotional. It's a subject that's difficult for him to talk about.

PAUL

John took his own life. I don't know what happened to Kitty. I saw her at the funeral but she never spoke. And I haven't seen her since then.

WILLIAM

Where did he kill himself? Here?

Paul nods.

PAUL

Yes.

WILLIAM
How did he kill himself?

PAUL
Why do you need to know that?

William grabs a hold of Paul, much bigger and stronger than him. William isn't messing around.

WILLIAM
(angry)
How did he take his own life? How did he do it?

PAUL
Sleeping pills.

WILLIAM
(to Abby)
For fucks sake.
(back to Paul)
Why sleeping pills? Did he leave a note? Did he say anything to anyone before he did it?

PAUL
You didn't know him, why the hell do you need to know any of this?

William shakes Paul violently, then slams him hard against the wall.

The two paramedics hear it and glance over. Abby walks over to them, trying to block their view of Paul and William.

ABBY
(points to Alex)
How's the patient coming along?

PARAMEDIC
He'll heal. He should come to the Hospital with us but he won't. He just needs rest, food, water and a good nights sleep.

As she says this Alex sobs some more.

ABBY
I'll look after him.

One of the paramedics gestures over to Paul and William.

PARAMEDIC

We're not going to get anymore head injuries are we? I'd rather not come back to this house tonight.

Abby gives the two female paramedics the 'A-OK' hand sign.

ABBY

No, we're fine. No problem.

The two paramedic's share a look then head for the door and leave.

William waits for them to be out of sight. He slams Paul up against the wall a second time.

WILLIAM

You're going to tell me everything you know, I haven't got time to be fucking around. I haven't slept for the last two days. I'm irritable and it's only getting worse.

Paul's eyes flutter, looking at William with a fresh curiosity.

PAUL

Well, isn't that something.

WILLIAM

What?

PAUL

John was a chronic insomniac. I always thought he simply took one too many sleeping pills in a desperate attempt to finally get a good nights sleep. An accident. But you can't sleep either?

ALEX

(calling out)

None of us can.

William lets go of Paul, staggers a couple of steps backwards away from him.

WILLIAM

(to Abby)

I'm so sorry.

ABBY

(to Paul)

I think you should leave.

Paul looks between all three of them. And all three are staring right back at him.

PAUL
What the hell is going on here?

A beat. William comes over and puts an arm around him, guiding Paul over towards the door.

WILLIAM
That's the just the thing, we wish we knew.

INT. THE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Abby sits crossed legged in the middle of the sofa. She's playing on a laptop, typing furiously away.

William watches her from the open door, leaning sleepily against the doorframe.

WILLIAM
How's it going?

Abby doesn't look away from the screen, locked in and focused.

ABBY
If I can find the wife, this Kitty Davis. Maybe we can talk to her and get a picture of what is happening to us. What happened to her husband.

WILLIAM
You think?

ABBY
If you've got a better idea I'd love to hear it.

He think for a moment then shakes his head, he doesn't.

WILLIAM
I'll make us some coffee.

ABBY
Alright, but you judged my coffee making skills pretty harshly. So I'm going to be expecting something pretty amazing from you.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's pitch black outside. Alex still remains in the same chair, in the same sitting position at the table as when the paramedic's were here.

With a bandage wrapped around his stitched up head, Alex stares out into space. His eyes bloodshot red, he's exhausted and doesn't seem to be handling it at all well.

William brings him over a coffee and lots of sugary sweets.

WILLIAM
Are you alright?

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX
I'll be OK.

WILLIAM
I don't know what this is but it sucks.

ALEX
Yeah.

WILLIAM
We're going to work it out together.

Alex looks across at William, wide eyed and hopeful.

ALEX
You're supposed to be a genius aren't you? Like the real deal?

William smiles back at him, amused.

WILLIAM
That's just a lot of hype and shouldn't be believed. I made some progress on a cancer treatment drug. The hope is I could develop it more over here. I just wanted to help people. I lost both of my parents to cancer. My sister got a breast cancer scare a couple of years ago. And I'm sure it's going to creep up on me sooner or later.

ALEX
I'm sorry.

WILLIAM

It's OK. But I'm a genius? No. I just work hard.

ALEX

I don't know what I am. I'm so tired I can't even think straight.

WILLIAM

Never pulled an all-nighter before?

Alex shakes his head, his eyes welling up again.

ALEX

No. Is it hard.

WILLIAM

Yeah.

ALEX

I don't think I can do this.

WILLIAM

Why don't you come into the front room with me and Abby. We're on a mission. I'm sure you can help.

ALEX

No. It's OK. I want to stay here. I don't want to get out of this chair.

WILLIAM

Try not to fall asleep.

Alex scoffs, laughing to himself.

ALEX

No shit. I don't think my head could take it. I'm not sleeping. I'm too scared.

Alex picks up his coffee. William has a deep look of concern. Watching Alex closely.

WILLIAM

Are you sure you're going to be OK?

(Alex nods)

I'll be right in the next room if you need me.

ALEX

I know.

WILLIAM
Just shout.

Alex nods.

ALEX
I just want to be on my own.

William laughs.

WILLIAM
This really does fucking suck
doesn't it?

Alex laughs along with him.

ALEX
Yeah it does. It sucks hard.

WILLIAM
Wild isn't it?

ALEX
Of all the things I thought I'd
lose this summer, the ability to
sleep wasn't one of them.

WILLIAM
We'll get through this.

Alex falls silent, nodding whilst staring down into his coffee.

INT. THE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Abby is still totally focused on the laptop. William enters, two cups of fresh coffee on a tray that's also littered with junk food.

He joins her, placing the tray down on the sofa in between them.

Abby gives a quick side eye glance at what he's placed down.

ABBY
Are you trying to make me fat or
keep me awake?

WILLIAM
Trying to look after you.

ABBY
Nothing healthy?

WILLIAM

We need sugar so that's what I got.

ABBY

Great.

She grabs a handful of sweets and shovels them into her mouth.

WILLIAM

So how's it going?

ABBY

(mouthful)

I think I've found her.

Abby spins the laptop around to show William. She's found one of Kitty Davis's social media pages. Lots of pictures. Smiling and having fun.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Scroll through her pictures.

William scrolls. There's hundreds. They now start seeing pictures of Kitty and John together. A happily married couple.

On holiday. Celebrating Christmas together. Anniversary's and birthdays.

WILLIAM

Cute couple.

ABBY

Right.

WILLIAM

He doesn't look like a chronic insomniac in any of those pictures.

Abby frowns, curious. Shoving more junk food into her mouth.

ABBY

And what does a chronic insomniac look like?

He laughs, with a pointed finger he waves it back and forth between himself and Abby.

WILLIAM

Hello, we're sitting right here.
Look at my face.

She smiles.

ABBY
You look like shit.

He smirks back at her.

WILLIAM
And have a wild guess what you look like.

She picks up more junk.

ABBY
Like a fat pig I imagine.

He thinks about this and shrugs. Now it's his turn to stuff a fistful of junk food into his own mouth.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(mouthful)
You're gross.

They both burst out laughing, that sleep deprived giddiness.

WILLIAM
Where is she living?

ABBY
You want to go see her?

He shrugs.

WILLIAM
We've got to.

ABBY
Not far. I found her house.

WILLIAM
(impressed)
Really?

ABBY
Lets see.

Abby types Kitty's address into google maps, drive time is only 40 minutes.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Not far at all.

WILLIAM
Then lets go.

ABBY

No.

WILLIAM

What do you mean no?

ABBY

We wait.

WILLIAM

Why?

ABBY

If three strangers turned up at your house in the middle of the night shouting about ghosts and demons would you talk to them?

He considers this, shakes his head.

WILLIAM

I guess not.

ABBY

Wait till morning.

William looks up to the ceiling, offering up a silent prayer. Taking in, holding then letting out a big deep breath.

WILLIAM

Fuck.

ABBY

We can do it. We've just got to keep an eye on each other and keep each other awake.

WILLIAM

Oh yeah, you think you can do that? I once slept through a rock concert. It's not as easy keeping somebody awake as you might think.

ABBY

Try me.

WILLIAM

Alright, I start doing this, what you going to do?

William play acts like he's actually falling asleep. Fluttering his eyes, he's starting to close them.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Oh no, I'm falling asleep. I hope there's someone around who can wake me up.

Abby closes the laptop's lid, reaches across and delivers a hard slap across William's face.

His eyes snap back open, it certainly worked.

ABBY

(smiling)

Hey, look at that, you're awake.

He's stunned.

WILLIAM

(angry)

What the hell was that?

ABBY

You said to wake you up. And look, you're awake.

WILLIAM

I thought you were going to shout, or scream. Or maybe even say something crazy. Or maybe, God forbid, kiss me. You know, something nice?

ABBY

Look, do you want waking up fast or not.

WILLIAM

Fast.

ABBY

Then you should be thanking me.

WILLIAM

That slap had some real feeling in it.

ABBY

I was only doing my job.

He playfully reaches out and attempts to gently 'slap' Abby across her forehead.

WILLIAM

Alright, let me try.

Laughing, Abby 'fights' to keep his hands away from her.

ABBY
No, don't touch me.

WILLIAM
(grinning)
That's not what you were saying the other night.

ABBY
You are gross.

Both of them now play fighting with each other, laughing as they wrestle. Both glad to know, that despite all that's happened to them they're still able to have some fun.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex's eyes are glazed over. He looks half dead. His breathing quickens, almost to the point where it appears he might in actual fact be hyperventilating, but no, he's simply psyching himself up.

After a moment of this, he stands. Blinking hard, his dark, bloodshot eyes are now blurry with tears.

He runs out of the kitchen, slamming the door against the wall.

INT. THE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Abby and William still play fighting hear the bang of the kitchen door. They stop. Both looking over to where the sound came from.

WILLIAM
(shouting)
Alex!

A second bang echoes out around them, the sound of another door being slammed against another wall.

William stands.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(to Abby)
That was the front door.

Abby stands with him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Alex?

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex runs out of the house and stands on the side of the road. Looking into the darkness he sees a car in the near distance. He waits.

The car isn't speeding, but for Alex, it's traveling fast enough for what he needs.

As the car comes almost level with the house, Alex steps out in front of it.

No way the driver has enough time to react in time.

INT. THE HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

William and Abby exit the house. The car with its hazard lights flashing is stopped in the very middle of the road.

Tyre skid marks in the road behind it, where the driver tried to perform an emergency stop.

Behind the car they see Alex, dead on the ground. Lifeless, his body broken and twisted after been hit and run over by the car he purposefully stepped out in front of.

WILLIAM

(stunned)

Alex!

Abby buries her face into William's chest. The sight just too grim for her to look at any longer.

ABBY

Oh my god, no.

William comforts her, holding her head to his chest.

WILLIAM

Jesus.

The driver of the car gets out, in a terrible state of shock. He looks across at William and Abby, pleading.

DRIVER

He just stepped out in front of me.
There was nothing that I could do.
He just stepped out. Why would he
do that?

WILLIAM
(to Abby)
We need to go. We can't stay here.

Abby pulls herself back from William, looking up at him in disbelief, not sure if he's being serious or not.

ABBY
We can't just leave him out here.

WILLIAM
(scared)
I don't know how much longer I can keep myself awake. I don't know how much longer I can go without sleep. Do you?

She turns back to him, once again burying her face into his chest, sobbing.

ABBY
I don't want to take my own life.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Early morning, the sun is only just rising. Abby and William sit together in the back. Exhausted and looking desperate for sleep.

The elderly DRIVER stays focused on the road, never once looking back at them, no interest in chit-chat, at least not this early in the morning.

Abby leans over and rests her head onto William's shoulder. She can't help herself. She's beginning to drift off.

William notices, he nudges her hard, shrugging her head off of him.

WILLIAM
Hey, wake up.

She regains her senses. A few big gulping deep breathes and she's awake again.

ABBY
Sorry.

He gives her a tired smile.

WILLIAM
It's OK.

ABBY

I won't let it happen again.

WILLIAM

It's my fault for looking so comfy.

She shakes her head.

ABBY

Right now I could just about sleep on anything. I'd take a bag of cement and curl up on it.

WILLIAM

Full of complements this morning aren't you?

She looks across at him, frowning.

ABBY

(jealous)

How are you still wide awake?

WILLIAM

Trust me, I'm dying inside. But back in college I used to game all night. Twenty six, twenty seven hours straight. So I think I'm more conditioned to this than you.

ABBY

Jesus, what a waste.

WILLIAM

Not really, not when you're playing a kick ass cowboy hunting down and shooting up bad guys.

ABBY

Wow. A cowboy?

WILLIAM

An awesome cowboy.

She laughs.

ABBY

Did you have a horse?

WILLIAM

Yeah. Named it trigger. When it died I was genuinely upset. I'm not even joking.

She blinks at him, surprised.

ABBY
Upset that your computer horse
died?

WILLIAM
You never met him, so you wouldn't
know.

ABBY
I hope it's because I'm so tired
that I'm actually hallucinating
this conversation.

He smiles.

WILLIAM
Don't knock it until you've tried
it.

ABBY
I'll pass thanks very much.

The taxi stops. Abby looks out of her window, checks with the pictures of Kitty's house that she's got saved on her phone.

ABBY (CONT'D)
We're here.

WILLIAM
You sure?

She nods, confident.

ABBY
This is it.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning, not the kind of time you want anyone knocking on your front door.

Kitty opens hers, in her dressing gown, her hair a mess, obviously she's been woken up.

William and Abby stand in front of her. Both looking exhausted, Abby's now struggling to stay standing up.

KITTY
Yes?

William looks across at Abby, clearly expecting her to say something first.

WILLIAM
(to Kitty)
Kitty Davis?

Kitty looks at him confusedly.

KITTY
Yeah, I'm sorry but who are you?

WILLIAM
I recently moved into your old home. The one you shared with your husband.

Kitty puts a hand to her mouth as she gasps. She leans forwards, getting a better look at both William and Abby's faces.

KITTY
Oh my god, look at you both.

ABBY
Let me guess, we look like shit?

KITTY
Can't sleep?

They both shake their heads.

Kitty steps to one side, gestures for them to enter.

KITTY (CONT'D)
You better come in.

INT. KITTY'S NEW HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

An open space, a clean and tidy modern kitchen. Has a just moved in feel. Kitty hasn't had the time to personalize it yet.

Kitty lays down a tray of food and a large pot of coffee in the middle of the table.

William sits down, pours himself a cup. Abby stays standing. Pacing around the kitchen.

Kitty joins William, sitting opposite him. She looks across at Abby and smiles nervously.

KITTY
Please, sit.

Abby shakes her head.

ABBY
I'd rather stand.

An awkward pause.

KITTY
How long have you both been awake
for?

WILLIAM
I'm coming up to three days, she's
coming up to two. I think. My brain
and ability to think isn't what it
used to be.

ABBY
We're really sorry to do this to
you. But we need to know everything
about your husbands death.

WILLIAM
I'm sorry we can't put it in a
nicer way, but we're kind of up
against it.

Kitty nods, understanding.

KITTY
Well, to put it simply. He took his
own life. He couldn't sleep.

ABBY
Let me take a guess. A shadowy man
kept waking him up?

This sends a cold shiver down Kitty's spine.

KITTY
Yes. He thought he was losing his
mind. So did I. He just worked, and
worked and worked. He was doing
things to his body. Pushing it to
limits that shouldn't be possible.
I thought it was some kind of
manifestation of a total burn out.

ABBY
It's real.

WILLIAM

Whatever this thing is, it attacks when we fall asleep. We can't sleep because it wont let us. It's picked me up. Thrown me across the room.

ABBY

It climbed into my bed, screaming at me.

WILLIAM

It drove a friend of mine to step out in front of a car. It's killed. A young man is dead because of this.

KITTY

I'm so sorry.

WILLIAM

And we think it's got something to do with that house. The house you used to live in.

Kitty shakes her head.

KITTY

But I've never had anything happen to me. And I've lived there.

WILLIAM

So you've had no experience of this thing?

KITTY

I wouldn't say that. I've seen it.

ABBY

You have?

Kitty nods.

KITTY

A couple of days before John took his own life, he passed out. Just dropped. I ran to him, to help him. And that's when I saw this thing on top of him. Pulling on his hair. Pulled clumps out with its bare hands. I didn't want to believe it. Then I wanted to get a priest in. But John wouldn't let me. Said he could work it out. Just needed time. He blamed himself for it.

WILLIAM
Blamed himself?

KITTY
But he was a good man.

WILLIAM
Did he work it out?

KITTY
John was a neurosurgeon at the hospital. You're going to laugh at this...

WILLIAM
I doubt it.

ABBY
Try us.

KITTY
He was studying sleeping behaviour on the brain. The power of sleep. How much and how little the brain really needs. And then he lost the ability to sleep. But it was because this thing started attacking him. But it never attacked me. Anyway, after John died, I just couldn't live there anymore.

ABBY
And you didn't think to warn anybody?

Kitty throws up her hands, defeated.

KITTY
(hurt)
And who would believe me? It would get blamed on grief. A monster that wont let you sleep. Would you have believed me? If I came up and told you, what would you have said to me?

Abby turns away.

William reaches across the table and takes a gentle hold of Kitty's arm.

WILLIAM

Your husband was researching a way
to get out of this?

She nods.

KITTY

Yes.

WILLIAM

Do you have access to any of his
work?

KITTY

I've got everything.

WILLIAM

Everything?

KITTY

It's all in boxes. In the spare
room. I haven't looked through
them. But I've kept everything. I
don't know how to throw anything of
his away.

WILLIAM

Can I see it?

Kitty pours herself a coffee, grabbing hold of the mug with both hands she falls silent. The memory of her late husband suddenly coming too much. She nods in the direction of where the spare room is.

William takes his cue, standing up from the table he grabs a hold of Abby and brings her along with him.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A modest kitchen, old fashioned and well lived in. Paul grabs a heavy looking whiskey glass from his dishwasher. Then from a cupboard he pulls out an expensive looking bottle of scotch.

He pours himself out a generous portion.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A narrow bathroom, most of the space is taken up by a large shower/bath.

Paul watches as the tub fills up with hot soapy water. He downs his drink. He's carried the bottle of scotch in here with him.

Pouring himself out another 'healthy' portion. Watching the water he lets out a long yawn, now feeling tired.

Unseen by him, in the mirror behind his head the black figure makes a fleeting appearance.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paul's under the water, enjoying a good soak. With the whiskey glass held in his hand, dangling down beside the tub.

Paul relaxes into the steaming hot water, only his head remaining above the water line. He lifts the whiskey up to his lips and drinks it all down in one, emptying the glass.

He then drops the empty glass down on the floor beside him, closing his eyes, his plan is to get in a quick nap right here.

The black figure now appears beside the bathtub. Moving silently around it.

Paul for now remains undisturbed.

The figure reaches down, grabbing a hold of the whiskey glass. It then lets out a scream as it smashes the whisky glass down on top of Paul's head with such extreme, almost unreal force that it shatters into a million tiny pieces.

Paul's head is busted wide open, knocking him out cold, his entire head now slips beneath the water, his oozing blood rising up, turning the water red.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A classic English pub, dimly lit and filled with regulars.

William and Abby are tucked away in a quiet corner, hidden away and sitting together at a circular table.

William opens up and goes through a large cardboard box that's filled with pages and pages of scientific data, studies and research all centred around the field of neuroscience.

He digs through it, not sure what he's looking for. He grabs randomly at some of the pages, reading them quickly he shakes his head, not understanding what he's seeing.

After a while Abby stands up.

WILLIAM
(still looking through the
pages)
And where do you think you're
going?

She shrugs.

ABBY
I don't know.

Abby looks around at the other mostly older men inside the pub with them.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Do you think there's any drug
dealers in here?

WILLIAM
What do you want drugs for?

ABBY
(irritated)
Take a guess. I'm too terrified to
sleep, so I need to stay awake.

WILLIAM
Don't have a go at me.

She claps her hands in front of his face, she's getting ratty.

ABBY
You get to be irritable with me all
the time, so why do I have to be
the nice one always?

WILLIAM
Look, I'm trying to get us out of
this mess.

ABBY
(snapping)
You're the one who got me into this
fucking mess in the first place.

He stops, turning away from the box he locks his eyes onto her.

WILLIAM

You think I fucking wanted this?
You think I fucking knew? The
fucking hospital gave me that
house. They picked it out for me. I
came over here to be with you.

ABBY

Bullshit. You came over here to
make a name for yourself.

WILLIAM

And now look at me. You're not the
only one who's been fucked over
here. At least your still alive.

ABBY

So I should be grateful?

WILLIAM

I'm going to fight this. I've made
my mind up. I'm not going down
without a fight. Now, you can
either sit down and help me work
through all this fucking paperwork
for clues, or you can go off and
look to buy some drugs like a
fucking idiot.

She considers. Doesn't need long. Turning on her heels she
walks away. 'Searching for someone to buy drugs from.'

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

At the back of the pub, a narrow dirty graffiti covered
alleyway. Abby stands with a DRUG DEALER, long hair and face
tattoos.

She exchanges cash for a small bag of white powder. A quick
exchange, easy business.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

William still at the table is on his phone, standing up, with
his free hand he packs the paperwork away as fast as he can,
stuffing it all back inside the box.

MAN'S VOICE

(PHONE)

Where the hell are you?

WILLIAM
(INTO PHONE)
It doesn't matter.

MAN'S VOICE
Paul's dead.

William takes a pause, steadying himself. This news is hard to digest.

WILLIAM
Suicide?

MAN'S VOICE
No Jesus. Why the hell would you think that. At his home. Taking a fucking bath. They think someone broke into his house.

WILLIAM
Why?

MAN'S VOICE
Found dead in his bathtub. Fucking hell Will. It's Murder. The police want to talk to you. They want to talk to everybody. What the hell is going on?

WILLIAM
I didn't kill him.

MAN'S VOICE
Just tell me where you are.

WILLIAM
I didn't hurt anybody.

MAN'S VOICE
And Alex?

WILLIAM
Go on.

MAN'S VOICE
When did you last see him?

WILLIAM
Just get to your point.

MAN'S VOICE
A hit and run. Alex is dead and Paul is dead. There's a manhunt out for you.

WILLIAM
I didn't hurt anyone.

MAN'S VOICE
Alex died right outside the house
you're renting. There's
eyewitnesses saying you were there.
And right before Paul was murdered
he was there to. With you. So what
the fuck is going on?

Abby comes back over to him.

ABBY
Who's on the phone?

William holds out a hand to her, asking for a moment.

WILLIAM
Don't call me again.

William hangs up. He then drops the phone into a pint glass
of water.

ABBY
OK, that's weird. You've ruined
your phone. You know that right?

William puts the lid on the cardboard box, picking it up.

WILLIAM
Paul's dead. And we need to leave.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A low rent hotel room. Bare and basic. William has tipped out
all of the paperwork across the bed and the floor. He shifts
through it. The more important looking pages he sticks up
onto the walls.

He's beginning to build a picture of what John was up to.
John was trying to develop a drug that could be made into a
pill that could allow a person to go without sleep. He was
trying to discover a way to cheat the need to sleep.

He ran trials. Experiments. But all of them were failures.
The pages that William picks out and sticks onto the walls of
the room show John's journey.

The sound of running water can be heard coming from the next
room. The hotel room's bathroom. The shower running on full.

William glances across at the closed door to the bathroom.

WILLIAM

Abby, hurry up in there. You need to see this.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

As basic as you like, a cheap shower and cheap toilet. The sink looks broken. The whole bathroom needs a deep clean.

Abby is under the shower, steaming hot water pouring down onto her face. Trying to wake herself up. But it isn't working, despite standing up, naked under the hot water her eyes begin to go. Rolling around, they're closing.

The black figure appears in the shower behind her. It grabs a hold of the back of her hair, slams her face into the showers controls. Bashes her into it with all of its might. The water is turned off.

Her eyes snap open but the black figure still has a hold of her.

ABBY

(pleading)

No! I'm awake. I'm awake.

The figure throws Abby out of the shower cubical and onto the floor of the bathroom. Naked, her nose cut and bleeding, Abby scrambles over to where her clothes are piled up in a small bundle.

She reaches into the pockets of her jeans, pulls out that small plastic bag of white powder, opens it up and frantic stuffs some up her nose.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I'm awake. I'm awake.

The black figure is gone.

William rips open the bathroom door, breaking the lock. He sees Abby curled up in a ball on the floor.

WILLIAM

Jesus Abby. What happened?

He enters, grabbing hold of a large towel he drapes it over her, covering her up.

She's still snorting the 'drugs.'

ABBY

I fell asleep. I couldn't help it.
I couldn't stop it.

He grabs a hold of her hands, stopping her.

WILLIAM

Enough. You'd had enough.

ABBY

I can't take this anymore. I want
to sleep. But he'll come for me
again.

William cradles her in his arms.

WILLIAM

I'm not going to let this thing
win.

She buries her face into him and weeps.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

William and Abby, who's now in a dressing gown and a towel wrapped around her wet hair are sitting on the floor of the bedroom. They look up at the collage on the wall that William has created.

Abby stares, the effects of the 'drugs' now taking affect.

ABBY

What the hell am I looking at?

William puts an arm around her, holding her close to him, trying to be comforting.

WILLIAM

He was trying to invent a drug, a
pill that would make it so the
person taking it wouldn't have to
sleep.

She bursts out laughing.

ABBY

I've got something that does that.
Lovely cocaine. Keep you awake and
keep you sharp. Why the fuck
haven't I just been shoving cocaine
up my nose this whole time? I'm an
idiot.

William rolls his eyes.

WILLIAM
(unimpressed)
Are you ready for the come down?

ABBY
There won't be a come down if I
just keep taking it. I'll sell my
parents house if I have to.

William tires to get her to refocus on the papers on the wall.

WILLIAM
I think he's created something evil
by accident.

ABBY
Then why the fuck are we seeing it?

WILLIAM
I don't know. But I'm going to find
out.

ABBY
So what's next? What's the plan?

WILLIAM
I need more. I want all of his
research. And these pills. I want
them too. If he actually made any,
I want to get my hands on them. I
need to see them.

ABBY
Fuck, I don't mind sharing my coke
with you.

William pulls his arm away from her, standing up.

WILLIAM
(to Abby)
Get yourself ready. I want to leave
now.

She laughs at him.

ABBY
Will, I'm not leaving this fucking
room. I'm not walking anymore. I
don't think I can. I'm done. My
legs are fucked. It's over for me.

WILLIAM

I can't leave you here. And if we both stay here this thing is going to kill us.

She shrugs.

ABBY

I don't know what to tell you. If you can go then go. But I'm staying here.

WILLIAM

I can't protect if you I'm not with you.

ABBY

I've got coke to keep me awake. What are you going to do?

WILLIAM

And how long is that going to keep you awake for?

She shrugs.

ABBY

Don't know. You want to save us both?

He nods.

WILLIAM

Yes. And I will.

ABBY

Then what are you still doing here? You're a doctor. You want to save lives? Then go and save ours.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Kitty sits on the floor, legs crossed, looking through old pictures of herself and John. Happy times in their marriage.

A glass of red wine in hand she pours what's left of a large bottle of red into it. She then rolls the empty bottle across the floor and it hits into two other identical empty bottles of red.

She smirks to herself.

KITTY
Bullseye.

She returns to the photographs, smiling as she remembers.

KITTY (CONT'D)
We were so happy.

The room suddenly gets a whole lot darker. Kitty instantly notices. She carefully places her glass of wine down beside her.

Looking around the front room she spots the black figure standing by the only door in and out. She's gripped with fear. The terror is so great it's almost like she's forgotten how to breathe properly.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(to the monster)
Did I fall asleep?

It nods.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Is this a dream?

To this question the figure has no response.

KITTY (CONT'D)
What are you?

The figure now marches over towards her, fast paced.

KITTY (CONT'D)
(screaming at it)
You killed my husband!

The figure reaches down with both hands. Grabbing a hold of her throat, breaking her neck with ease.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

William's at the front door. Ringing the doorbell. No response.

WILLIAM
(muttering to himself)
I'm sorry, but I don't have time to waste.

William does a quick look around, hoping and praying that he's not being watched.

He picks his moment, grabbing a hold of the door handle he rams the front door with his shoulder as hard as he can. Over and over. First hearing a few cracks, as he continues to repeatedly ram it, it eventually bursts open. Forcing his way inside.

A security alarm screams out.

He wastes no time, sprinting inside the house.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A long hallway, William is faced with options. The staircase and three doors. He runs deeper inside. He's out of breath, on the edge.

The home alarm continues to scream.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

William enters the front room and is met by the grizzly sight of Kitty dead body, lying on the floor. Her neck has clearly been broken. Bone sticking out of skin.

He comes to an abrupt stop. Looking down at her lifeless body he needs a moment to process what he's seeing.

WILLIAM
(screaming)
Fuck!

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Ransacked, the desk broken, its chair thrown across the other side of the room. Moving boxes that must have been stacked high are now ripped apart, their contents destroyed.

William, lost to a powerful rage is now attacking a bookshelf, pulling all the books out and throwing them around. Damaging the walls and ceiling.

After a while, he begins to calm back down. Leaning against the desk, sweating and out of breath. It takes a lot of energy to cause this much chaos.

He looks down on the floor. Something catches his eye. He reaches for it, picking up an I.D badge with a picture of John, smiling.

William studies it. He stands up, pocketing the I.D badge then hurrying out of the spare room.

EXT. UNIVESRITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

It's late but there's still plenty of lights on in the buildings that make up the campus.

A taxi pulls up to a stop and William gets out. He enters the campus. Reaching into his pocket and removing John's I.D badge.

INT. UNIVESRITY CAMPUS - RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

White walls, floor and ceiling. Lots of test tubs and high tech looking equipment.

William lets himself in using the badge to gain access.

BECKY, in her late 20's and dressed in a white lab coat had been looking through a microscope, but now her attentions are on William.

She gives him a quick once over, frowning, she doesn't recognise him.

BECKY

And who are you?

WILLIAM

My name is Doctor William Lanny.
John Davis used to work here didn't he?

She stays in her chair, but with wheels on the bottom she is able to bring it on right over to him.

BECKY

How do you know John Davis?

WILLIAM

I'm living in his house. Did he work here or not?

BECKY

He did.

WILLIAM

Then I need to see his work. What he was working on. I need to see everything.

She shakes her head.

BECKY

That's not happening.

WILLIAM

I know he killed himself. I know he was working on a pill to cheat sleep. I haven't slept for four, maybe five days now. I don't even know. Several people are dead. And it's because of John and what he was working on. If you don't help me, myself and the woman I love will be dead soon too. Now, are you just going to sit there or are you going to do something?

All of this information hits Becky hard. Needing a moment to collect her thoughts.

She stands up.

BECKY

I'll help.

WILLIAM

Thank you.

BECKY

Well, when you give a speech like that, what else can I say?

INT. UNIVESRITY CAMPUS - JOHN'S OLD OFFICE - DAY

A light flickers on, revealing another smaller laboratory. More of John's writings and paperwork are scattered throughout. A real mess.

Becky shows William inside.

BECKY

John worked in here day and night. It's been sealed shut since his death.

William enters.

WILLIAM

Then I hope I can find something to help me in here.

BECKY

I warned him over and over. I told John not to go ahead. The warning signs were there, I just pointed them out.

William searches the lab, going through the piles of paperwork.

WILLIAM

(to Becky)

And let me guess, he didn't listen?

She shakes her head.

BECKY

He was a very intelligent man, but he was the most stubborn human being I've ever come across in my life.

WILLIAM

What was the point of all this? I mean, was it that he hated the idea of sleep? I mean, what was his deal?

Becky relaxes back into her chair.

BECKY

He saw needing to sleep as a waste of time. Time he could spend working. Whilst everyone else slept he wanted to be awake, working. Learning. Bettering himself.

WILLIAM

How far did he get?

BECKY

Some say he managed to keep himself awake for six months straight. He didn't sleep a wink in all that time. Do you know how long six months is?

WILLIAM

A long time.

BECKY

4380 hours. Without sleep. The human brain isn't evolved to handle that.

William puts a pause on his search, turning to look at Becky.

WILLIAM

(stunned)

Wow.

BECKY
You know how he did it?

WILLIAM
Some kind of pill?

She nods.

BECKY
He took it everyday. And everyday
he was alert and fresh. And then he
stopped. Something changed. He
wanted to sleep. But he couldn't.
He tried everything.

WILLIAM
Why do you know so much?

BECKY
I helped him develop and create the
pill. It's as much mine as it is
his.

(a tired laugh)
We didn't even get around to giving
it a name. I knew it was a mistake.
But I worked for him. I had to do
what he wanted.

WILLIAM
Did you ever take it?

BECKY
No. Did you?

WILLIAM
No. That's what I don't understand.

All the colour leaves Becky's face. A sense of dread washes
over her.

BECKY
Are you seeing it too?

He nods.

WILLIAM
Yes.

BECKY
He told me about it. This black,
faceless figure. It wouldn't let
him sleep. It would do terrible
things to him if he tried.

WILLIAM
It won't let me sleep either.

BECKY
And others?

William nods.

WILLIAM
Lots of others.

BECKY
It's spreading?

WILLIAM
Sure feels like it.

BECKY
Spreading how?

William shrugs.

WILLIAM
Just don't go inside that house.

BECKY
All suicides?

WILLIAM
Some, not all.

BECKY
Then how are the other dying?

WILLIAM
It's killing them.

Becky holds her hands in front of her mouth, gasping.

BECKY
Oh my god.

WILLIAM
Do you have any more of those
pills?

She nods.

BECKY
Look in the cabinet to your left,
behind you. The very bottom drawer
there's a metal box. The
combination is zero, zero, zero.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)
What we had left, what he hadn't
taken are all in there.

William follows her instructions. Opens the bottom cabinet,
finds the metal box and using the combination it opens. Lots
of small yellow pills inside it.

WILLIAM
Top level security here.

BECKY
Are you surprised? You gained
access to this lab using a dead
mans I.D. And you don't even look a
little bit like him.

William closes the box and tucks it under his arm.

WILLIAM
Can I ask you something?

BECKY
Sure.

WILLIAM
Burn this work. Don't let this ever
see the light of day.

BECKY
I will.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Abby sits up at the writing desk. She does a long line of
coke. Snapping her head back she pinches at the bridge of her
nose.

ABBY
Oh fuck. I think I'm going to be
sick.

She stands, pacing up and down the small hotel room. She
stops. Shaking her head, her nose starts bleeding.

Abby touching the blood that's oozing down her face, holding
her nose with both hands. She tries to stop the blood from
dripping out, but it's a losing battle.

ABBY (CONT'D)
This isn't fair.

Her eyes start to roll sleepily in her head.

ABBY (CONT'D)

That bastard dealer burned me. This isn't coke. The fucking bastard. What the fuck is this shit. I can't stay awake like this. Oh god no. Why. This isn't fair.

Her eyes are just becoming too heavy to keep open. She's falling asleep and she knows it.

Abby pulls out the plastic bag, snorting every last speck of the white powder that she foolishly believed was cocaine.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this shit?

It's not having any effect on her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I swore it was real. This isn't fair. What the fuck. Why?

She drops to her knees then collapse to the floor. Giving up. Her eyes closing, powerless to stop it.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(giving up)
Fuck it.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A large outdated building. Hundreds of room. Open 24 hours.

William approaches the entrance, still with the box containing the pills tucked under his arm.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Abby, collapsed on the floor is now sound asleep, out cold. The package of fake cocaine spilled out across the floor beside her.

The black figure approaches her. It grabs her by the hair and lifts her up from the floor. Holding her in place.

Her eyes flutter open, groaning in agony from the pain.

ABBY

I can't stay awake.

The figure throws her back down to the floor with a bang.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Just kill me.

Abby rolls over onto her stomach, planting her face into the carpet. Her eyes close and instantly she's back asleep.

The black figure marches over, delivering a hard kick to her stomach, sending Abby skidding across the floor.

She slams up against the wall. Again her eyes flutter open. She looks across at the figure, not scared anymore, just simply resigned to her fate.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(emotional)
Just kill me. Aren't you listening.
I can't stay awake. Kill me!

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

William walks briskly through the corridor, the box tucked under his arm, with his other free hand he searches for the room key.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Abby's on her back, her eyes closed. The black figure is sitting on top of her, it's hands around her throat and is literally choking the life out of her.

The hotel room door opens. William sees the monster killing her.

WILLIAM
Abby!

William drops the metal box, running over to the figure, without a clear plan or properly thinking he simply runs at it, charging his shoulder into it, trying to knock it off of Abby.

CRASH! William hits it, full force. But it has no effect at all.

The black figure stays on top of Abby, William hits the floor, landing on his back. The air knocked out of him.

The black figure releases its hands from Abby, and she's able to breathe again. It turns its focus onto William.

William gets up, it's a struggle. On his knees he faces the figure down.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Get the fuck away from her.

The monster stays as it is, still on top of Abby.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Get off of her!.

William throws a punch at the figures head, connecting. And for the briefest of moments its pitch black face is transformed into a very real human one.

It's John. And with his very human eyes he looks back at William.

William is stunned, not understanding what's just happened.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What are you?

The figure reaches out with one hand, taking a hold of William, first pulling him down to his knees then dragging him up close.

As it's face changes back from John, to pitch black and faceless, it grabs a hold of the top of William's head.

William's eyes turn black, he opens his mouth to scream but nothing comes out.

HARD CUT

INT. THE HOUSE - JOHN'S STUDY - FLASHBACK

John sits at his cluttered home office. Reading through paperwork and making hurried notes.

He yawns. Looking tired and worn out. But he has an answer to this. John reaches into his jacket and removes one of those pills. Swallowing it down without any water his face instantly looks refreshed.

He gets up, looking like he's just had a full nights sleep. He heads for the door.

Unseen to John, a black figure of a child was sitting underneath his desk this whole time.

It's the monster, looking no bigger than a two year old toddler. But it's still the same monster, pitch black from head to toe. Only an outline of a human.

INT. THE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - FLASHBACK

John sits on the sofa with Kitty, watching a movie together. Kitty looks exhausted. Done for the night.

John on the other hand is wired and wide awake, reading his way quickly thorough a medical textbook.

KITTY
(to John)
I'm going to bed.

He kisses the top of her head.

JOHN
I'll see you in the morning.

She looks at him for a moment. Wants to say something to him, uncomfortable. But then thinking better of it she leaves.

As she closes the door that black figure, once the size of a toddler has grown into the size of a teenager. Standing in the corner of the room, it's just watching John.

John glances across at it, he knows it's there. He knows it's watching him but he does his best to ignore it. Simply pretends it's not there.

INT. UNIVESRITY CAMPUS - JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John's typing on his computer, dressed in his white lab coat he's working through the night.

He looks up at a clock on the wall, its 3:37am. He yawns. Opening the box he takes out a pill and swallows it down.

As soon as the pill is gone. The black figure, now a fully grown man stands in front of him.

John's unnerved. Scared even. He tries to ignore it, but size of it, and the closeness makes that an almost impossible task.

JOHN
(whispering)
What are you?

The black figure has no answer.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John leans against the counter and watches as Kitty goes about preparing dinner.

JOHN
I've got an announcement.

Kitty continues prepping the food. But she looks across at him and smiles.

KITTY
Oh?

JOHN
I'm going to sleep tonight.
Properly sleep.

She stops, stunned.

KITTY
Well it's about fucking time.

He smiles back at her.

JOHN
You think?

KITTY
Jesus John, I've missed having you next to me. But it's more than that. It's about time. You've surely pushed this thing as far as it can go?

He nods.

JOHN
And you know...

KITTY
You don't have to say it.

JOHN
I've been seeing things.

KITTY
You're tired.

JOHN
I think a good nights sleep and it'll go away.

She nods.

KITTY

Thank God.

She comes over to him, wrapping her arms around him they kiss.

INT. THE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kitty's already fast asleep under the covers in the bed beside him. John is tossing and turning but eventually he finds some comfort.

Closing his eyes John begins to drift off to sleep.

But now the black figure appears over the top of him. Grabbing a hold of John it rips him from the bed and drags him across the floor until he wakes up.

John's eyes snap open, out of breath and terrified. The black figure is gone.

John looks around, takes a moment before he understands that he's now on the floor.

JOHN

What the fuck?

HARD CUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

William smacks the black figures hands off from him. Breaking free from the flashbacks.

WILLIAM

You were born in that house? He created you.

The black figure returns its attentions back onto Abby, grabbing hold of her neck and breaking it. Fast, no hesitation.

William watches this happen in pure shock and horror.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

No!

William goes to attack the black figure but as soon as Abby neck is cracked it disappears into thin air. William throws himself at nothing, slamming himself against the wall.

Hurt, William's down on the floor. Looking across at Abby, her now lifeless eyes staring back at him.

He breaks down sobbing, heartbroken.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The sun is beginning to rise. The start of a new day.

William returns to the front of the house, now carrying two filled up and heavy looking petrol cans. He eyes the house up. A look of determination. He's focused and ready.

WILLIAM
(to himself)
If it was born here. It's needs to die here. It's not going to infect anybody else. I won't allow it.

He enters the house, carrying the two heavy petrol cans in with him.

INT. THE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

William splashes the first can around the front room, soaking every piece of furniture in petrol.

The black figure appears in the corner of the room, simply keeping a close eye on him. Only watching.

INT. THE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

William splashes the second petrol can across the stairs, making his way up to the top.

INT. THE HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY

William empties what's left from the second can onto the bed.

Suddenly the flashing lights of several police cars fills the main bedroom. William looks out towards the window, he smiles.

WILLIAM
(exhausted)
You can't stop me now.

William drops the empty can onto the floor and opens up a Zippo lighter from his pocket.

He flicks it. Nothing.

The sound of the police kicking the front door open and forcing their way inside echo's out all around the house.

William tries the lighter again. And again. Nothing.

The sound of heavy boots running up the staircase gets louder and louder.

POLICE OFFICER
(outside the bedroom)
William! Give yourself up! It's
over William!

The lighter CATCHES.

Several uniformed police officers burst inside the bedroom.

WILLIAM
(defiant)
I'm a doctor. This house is a
tumour. It has to die.

William slowly lowers the flame to the petrol soaked bedsheets all around his feet.

The police officers make an attempt to rush him, to grab a hold of William before he's able to set himself and the whole house up in flames.

But they're not quick enough. William ignites the petrol!
There's a sudden BRIGHT FLASH that fills the whole room.

CUT TO WHITE:

INT. AMBULNACE - DAY

William's eyes flutter open. His face and hands have been badly burned, third degree.

The ambulance is driving at speed, it's lights flashing and it's siren screaming.

In handcuffs he's chained to the gurney. Two large male police officers ride in the back with him, standing guard.

William looks around and sees a Paramedic beside him. She's holding onto a syringe, ready to plunge it into his arm.

WILLIAM
What are you doing? Don't stick
anything in me. Do you hear me?

PARAMEDIC

It's to calm you down. You've been badly burnt. You're in shock.

WILLIAM

The house?

The bigger of the two police officers leans over, getting right into William's face.

POLICE OFFICER

You mean the house you tried to burn down with police officer inside it? It's still standing. Three fire fighting crews are battling the mess you started. You could have gotten people killed.

WILLIAM

You don't understand.

POLICE OFFICER

You're going to rot.

WILLIAM

You don't understand. You've got to let me go.

POLICE OFFICER

You're not going anywhere. Arson. Attempted murder of police officers. Actual murders of your colleagues. Do you have any idea how many dead bodies connected to you have turned up in the last few days? You're international news buddy.

William shakes his head, becoming frantic.

WILLIAM

The house. The house needs to be burned to the ground. Nothing can be left. Only ash.

POLICE OFFICER

Did you not hear anything I just said?

WILLIAM

The house must be destroyed. You don't understand.

The big police officer stands back up.

POLICE OFFICER
We're done.

WILLIAM
You've got to let me go.

William starts pulling at his handcuffs, trying to rip them free from the metal bar they're attached to.

POLICE OFFICER
You're just going to hurt yourself.

WILLIAM
Let me go.

PARAMEDIC
Alright, I'm going to give you something for the pain.

The paramedic again attempts to stick the syringe into William's arm, but William throws his arm around so much it proves to be impossible.

The paramedic looks to the two police officers.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
You're going to have to help me.
Hold him down. Keep him still.

WILLIAM
No, the house. You don't understand. It'll come for you. It'll never let you sleep ever again. You've got to let me destroy the house. It needs to be burned to the ground. Please.

The two police officers stand on either side of William, grabbing a hold of both of his arms, attempting to pin him down. Using all of their weight and strength, pushing down as hard as they can.

William, despite all this still manages to wriggle under them, trashing himself violently around, shaking the gurney.

The paramedic tries again to find a vein suitable enough in his arm, but he's still moving around too much for her to be able to get the needle in.

The two police officers are trying their best but failing to get him under control.

POLICE OFFICER
 (to William)
 Stay still!

WILLIAM
 Let me go! I have to get back to
 the house! The house!

William is like a wild animal. Screaming, almost foaming at the mouth.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 (in a loop)
 The house! The house! The house!

William continues to throw himself up and down, the police officers are losing control.

POLICE OFFICER
 (to the paramedic)
 Stick it in his fucking neck!

WILLIAM
 The house...

PARAMEDIC
 (panicked)
 Where did you find this guy!

POLICE OFFICER
 (pleading)
 Just stick it in his fucking neck.

The paramedic plunges the needle into William's neck and injects every last drop of the liquid inside the syringe. A full dose.

William knows it's gone in, he lets out a pain filled scream.

WILLIAM
 (defeated)
 No!

The paramedic pulls the needle back out, staggers away from in fear.

William stops his fight, laying flat on the gurney. He gives up, sliding into a medicated sleep.

The two police officers share a look, letting go of William's arms they share a smile between each other and a sigh of relief.

The black figure now appears in the back of the ambulance with them. Neither the paramedic nor the two police officers can see it, invisible to them.

The black figure steps towards William, who's now sleeping soundly.

It reaches down, taking a hold of his neck and snaps in two, killing him instantly. Once the deed is done, the black figure disappears, like it was never even there.

The sound of William's neck snapping revibrates around the ambulance.

The paramedic and the two police officers all share a worried look. Pretty much instantly they can all guess what that sound was, but none of them is ready to admit it.

POLICE OFFICER
(to the paramedic)
What was that?

She looks horrified.

PARAMEDIC
The ambulance? Maybe we drove over something.

The police officer points down at a now dead William.

POLICE OFFICER
That was him.

PARAMEDIC
(shouting back)
I don't know what it was.

POLICE OFFICER
What the hell did you inject him with?

PARAMEDIC
Pain relief, something that would make him sleep.

The second police officer, who has been silent up until now reaches down and presses a couple of fingers to William's neck. Checking for a pulse.

SECOND POLICE OFFICER
(announcing)
He's dead.

They're all stunned into silence. They know it's true.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END