

THE DEAD GUY

(how crazy it might sound, actually based on true events)

EXT. COTTAGE/SURROUNDINGS - DAY

Fog thick as smoke. Minimum visibility. Sometime late autumn to early winter.

Flora fallen into dense sleep. Could be anywhere - middle of Wyoming to parallel dimension.

Glimpse over the side road, good shaped but empty as demon's soul. Looks like last car passed around mid '86.

Cottage roof peaking just an inch above the fog. Moving closer a neat compound is revealed. Maintained lawn, some garden accessories scattered around, but place is in a good shape. Someone must be using it on regular basis.

Moving closer on the cottage itself, some NOISE comes from inside. Someone's there right now.

INT. COTTAGE/MAIN ROOM - CONT'D

Cozy place. Outta vintage postcard. Some modest furniture, a table, sofa, 20 century TV set.

Movie's on - Dustin Hoffman gets worst time of his life tied to a dentist chair. Yup - it's the "Marathon Man"

Watching it - under the warm blanket - A YOUNG COUPLE.

BOYFRIEND in his early 30's, and a GIRLFRIEND couple of years younger. Sweethearts.

They're into the movie. Girlfriend cringes not comfortable with the scene.

Boyfriend's more engaged. Looks like he recommended the title.

As the scene ends, they both get a second of relief only to get shattered by a--

LOUDEST BANG/CRASH/BOOM EVER HEARD, COMING FROM OUTSIDE!!!

Power's immediately off, setting the TV into black screen.

The girlfriend jumps her socks off.

The boyfriend's taken aback.

GIRLFRIEND
Jesus Christ! What was that?!

BOYFRIEND

I dunno.

(beat)

Stay calm. I think it was an earthquake.

GIRLFRIEND

No way...nothing's shaking...some kind of an explosion...It came from outside.

BOYFRIEND

Yea I know...I...dunno.

(coming to senses)

Power's off. I'll go and take a look.

GIRLFRIEND

NO!

BOYFRIEND

I have to take a look.

GIRLFRIEND

I'm not stayin' here alone.

BOYFRIEND

Be my guest outside.

The girlfriend shakes her head. No way.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

Okay...but I must go outside take a look.

GIRLFRIEND

Okay...be careful please...

The Boyfriend takes a peak outta window. Nothing to see. He looks around.

BOYFRIEND

There are some tools outside...just in case...don't worry. Just stay put, okay?

The girlfriend nods. The boyfriend exits the entrance door. She's all alone. Numb. Awaits.

It gets uncomfortably quiet. The girlfriend nears the window to take a look. Nothing but a whiteness from outside.

She walks around the place getting nervous.

Tempted to go outside, but no...can't do.

She clicks the lamb nearby. It's dead. Think she hears something. Slowly gets to the entrance door.

BAM!

Door swings open and the boyfriend's in. Pale as robe. The girlfriend gets even more anxious watching his expression.

GIRLFRIEND

What is it?

BOYFRIEND

(eyes rolling around)

It's a car crash...some 300 feet back the road...I think they've smashed into the power pole...

GIRLFRIEND

Oh, my God...Are they...

BOYFRIEND

(directly at her)

I think yea...

The girlfriend covers her mouth in horror.

GIRLFRIEND

How many? Any kids?

BOYFRIEND

No...no, no...two adults. Guys...

GIRLFRIEND

We gotta call the police!

BOYFRIEND

On it!

The boyfriend rushes to the table, picks up his cell phone and dials.

Awaits response. The girlfriend stands near by. Nervous.

Call's in.

BOYFRIEND

(over phone)

Hello? Yea...I'm calling from the Lakeside resort. Yes, cottage 237.

(beat)

There's been a car accident near by. Yes...two...males...I dunno, young...I...I believe they're dead, both...I came nearby but they weren't responding...can you please send someone and an ambulance like now?

(beat)

Wha...WHAT?!...Why?...But...

(listens staring at the girlfriend)

She just swings nervously.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

(over phone)

But I don't
understand...okay...okay...No,
we'll be here. All right...bye...

He puts the cell aside. The girlfriend awaits.

GIRLFRIEND

Well??

BOYFRIEND

They can't be here today...

GIRLFRIEND

WHAT?! Why?

BOYFRIEND

I dunno...they need a insurance
investigator, some judge to be
present and it's like long ride
from the town...so they're coming
first thing tomorrow morning.

GIRLFRIEND

Are you joking me? Can't they send
ambulance at least?

BOYFRIEND

Well...that's the thing...insurance
must evaluate at spot, and the guys
being dead...don't really make any
change...

GIRLFRIEND

DEAD?! Are you even sure they're
dead? Jesus...we're talking humans
here!

The Boyfriend closes up to her. Trying to hug her, calm her
down. Not gonna do.

BOYFRIEND

I know babe...but they looked
pretty wasted to me...I've seen a
dead guy before, trust me...

She goes into his hug. A peace and relief overwhelms them
both.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

We did all we could...now we just
have to hang in till the morning...

GIRLFRIEND

Ain't closing my eyes tonight...

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

The girlfriend's sound asleep. Even faintly snoring. The boyfriend turns out in the bed. No ZZ's for him. He checks the window.

Foggy whiteness outside even florescent this time of night. Inside is pitch black.

The boyfriend stands up slowly trying not to stir his girl.

INT. COTTAGE MAIN ROOM - CONT'D

The boyfriend wanders in the dark looking for something. A flashlight booms a beam into the dark.

As the boyfriend tosses some light on himself, it can be noticed he is fully dressed.

He looks for something else now. Found it. A large baseball bat.

He slowly approaches the entrance door. Takes a moment as making a final decision.

He goes out.

EXT. COMPOUND/SURROUNDINGS - CONT'D

Outside is dead of night. No sounds whatever. The boyfriend passes the yard slowly sweeping the road ahead with the flashlight.

Bat's in his other hand, gripped tight, ready to use.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONT'D

The boyfriend's on the road now. Fog's not so dense here, he can see at least couple of yards ahead.

He walks on, occasionally looking back for a passing vehicle. But there's no activity at all.

Ahead - a wrecked car glimpses over the fog.

The boyfriend comes nearer. Steady...carefully approaches on.

He can now see the two bodies appearing lifeless. One is the driver, head-down, covered with dried blood coming from the

hair and ears.

The other one is next to the driver. His head is jerked back, face can be seen, dried blood spilled from the nose, eyes and mouth.

Both young, maybe early 30's, once blossomy, now- stiff meat.

The boyfriend flashes the light at both of them. No reaction.

He takes a look at the rear seat. Some gym bags, appearing to be stuffed with something and a large, medieval looking crossbow, arrow tightly cocked on it.

The boyfriend jerks back. He surely wasn't expecting to see that.

He goes back passing the face up guy--

--when suddenly he BOOMS INTO LIFE!

THE GUY IN THE CAR

Argg! Help...

The boyfriend YELLS his pants off. Almost dropping the flashlight and hitting the guy in the car with his bat.

Instead he fleas a couple of steps away, just numbly observing the "resurrection".

THE GUY IN THE CAR (CONT'D)

(gasping)

Please...help...help me...

BOYFRIEND

Oh, my God...

THE GUY IN THE CAR

Don't let me...die..

(coughs blood)

Don't let me die...I can't die...

BOYFRIEND

Who are you?

THE GUY IN THE CAR

Please...don't let me...die...

BOYFRIEND

What did you do? What's that crossbow in the back?...What's in them bags?...What did you do?

(beat)

What DID YOU DO!?

THE GUY IN THE CAR

No...please...don't

BOYFRIEND

I can't...I'm sorry, I can't...I
don't know what...no..no! I
can't...they'll be here
tomorrow...police...I can't...

The Guy in the car fades out, his head down over the side door.

The boyfriend runs away never looking back.

INT. COTTAGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The boyfriend rushes in, locking the door. He goes by the window. Looks around.

He calms down.

BOYFRIEND

(to himself)

I did everything I could...I did
everything I could...

He goes by the bedroom door, opens it a bit. Flashes the light inside.

It's all right. He goes back, sits on a chair with the bat firmly in his hands and the flashlight on.

He stares at the window forcing himself outta sleep.

He stares...and stares...and stares...

INT. COTTAGE MAIN ROOM - MORNING

Boyfriend's cell phone comes alive BUZZING.

He jumps outta the chair. Outta deep sleep. Grabs the phone.

BOYFRIEND

Hello? Yes...this is him...I
reported it yesterday...mhm...

(beat)

Come again? What...Wha...no...NO!
There were two bodies...dead
yea...I'm sure, I'm pretty goddam
SURE!...How...no, listen to me, two
guys were dead, like DEAD!

(beat)

I'm sorry...I'm just...I haven't
slept much...

(beat)

So you are sure...only the driver?
Oh my God...yes, we'll be
here...bye...

He leaves the cell phone startled. Some NOISE coming from the bedroom.

The boyfriend slowly goes to the door, bat ready to swing.

He raises his hand to open. Slowly.

Bedroom door is with open. Boyfriend's face crumples in horror.

INT. BEDROOM-CONT'D

The girlfriend - slain on the blood covered bed, her eyes opened- numb capturing the final moment of her horrifying death.

Her body - savaged with dozens of bites and scars.

Above her - on the wall. Smearred handwriting in blood.

Note

"I TOLD YOU DON'T LET ME DIE"

The boyfriend slowly enters crushed by the tragic scenery.

A male voice hisses out:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, psst...

The boyfriend looks aside, not prepared.

FADE TO BLACK