

THE LAMB

THE LAMB

FADE IN:

INT. THE LAIR - NIGHT

C/U of human flesh. Slowly the camera moves upwards and backs out, revealing this to be a young woman's shapely leg. Moving up, the camera passes over the back of her knee and along her thigh until it comes to the hem of her short skirt.

The camera continues upwards, over her shirted back and then follows her arm to the shoulder.

It continues upwards. Her neck is torn open and the camera rests on her staring, lifeless eyes.

Panning back, the woman's body lies amongst eight other bodies piled along a wall; all are 20-30 years of age and all bearing some signs of jagged violence.

In the corner, near the pile of bodies, is a pile of TOOLS and WEAPONS: hammers, shears, an axe, sharp metal SPIKES, (etc).

The walls are concrete and the various blood stains upon it seem quite old. A large analog CLOCK sits high on the wall over the pile of corpses showing 11:48.

Suddenly, the woman's body jerks upwards. It jerks again and something underneath it pushes it aside... a man struggles out from the press of bodies and holds his head as he stands and steps clear.

This is DAVE (28). His clothes have some minor tears and some blood here and there...none of it appears to be his.

Dave, his head still lowered, looks around for the first time, and sees the pile of bodies. He jumps back.

DAVE

Jesus!

OLD MAN (O.S.)

I don't think he can hear you.

Dave whirls around again, looking up for the first time.

The OLD MAN (65) is unkempt, very much in need of a change of clothes, a shower and a shave - his hair and beard are both unfashionably long and his hair is loosely tied behind him.

He has a noticeable Welsh accent and sits inside a barred CAGE, which takes up the other side of the room. He's smoking a lit pipe, inhaling and exhaling slowly.

DAVE

Who are you? Where am I?

OLD MAN

You're in the lair of Angou my friend.

DAVE

Who?

OLD MAN

Angou. The Spirit of Death. The Grim Reaper.

Dave looks unconvinced.

DAVE

How did I get here?

OLD MAN

Your friend brought you in as a sacrifice to Angou.

DAVE

My friend?

The old man exhales slowly, blowing smoke.

OLD MAN

I think his name is Jeff.

(beat)

What's the last thing you remember?

Dave holds his head, massaging his temple.

DAVE

Having coffee at a Jeff's place.

(beat, looking up)

He drugged me?

OLD MAN

You should choose your friends more carefully. They'll be the death of you.

Dave looks shocked.

DAVE

Why?

OLD MAN
You are the lamb my friend,
sacrifice for the lion.

Dave snaps.

DAVE
What are you talking about?

OLD MAN
Your friend believes he can avoid
death by offering up a sacrifice in
his place.

The old man points to the clock on the wall and Dave turns to look. It shows 11:50.

OLD MAN
At midnight, Angou will claim those
whose time has come.

Dave turns back to the old man.

DAVE
How do I get out of here?

OLD MAN
There's a door there, I doubt its
locked.

Dave looks around. There's a wooden door along one of the long walls. He steps towards it and turns the handle...it's not locked and he pulls the door open. He goes to leave, then turns back.

DAVE
But what about you?

OLD MAN
Don't worry about me.

DAVE
I can't leave you here.

Dave moves back quickly to the cage door. It's chained and padlocked shut. He tugs at the chain and heavy padlock, to no avail.

DAVE
How do I get you out?

OLD MAN
You can't. If you're going to go,
best you go now.

He points again to the clock. Dave looks, then looks back.

The old man reaches behind him and pulls out a torch, which he tests on and off. He slides it towards Dave and it rolls under the bars.

OLD MAN
You'll need this.

Dave grabs the torch.

DAVE
Thanks.

The Old Man points to the pile of weapons and tools.

OLD MAN
You're not taking anything?

DAVE
Do I need them?

OLD MAN
To get out, no. But your friend
will try to stop you.

Dave moves to the pile, reluctantly, and takes a large hammer. He hefts it and seems to draw some confidence from it.

OLD MAN
No-one ever escapes Angou. Maybe
you can be the first.

Dave turns the torch on, nods then turns and leaves, pulling the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The corridor is concrete, looking very much like a sewer or tunnel system. There is no light but that coming from the torch. Pipes jut from the concrete walls every so often, often jagged edged as if broken or twisted with great force.

Dave moves warily down the corridor, trying to be quiet and quick at the same time.

Ahead, leaning against the wall, is a young WOMAN in a long dress. Dave approaches carefully.

The woman has been impaled against a pipe, the blood-stained metal edge jutting from her abdomen and slowly dripping blood onto the floor. Her head hangs down and her face is obscured by her long blonde hair.

Dave stares for a moment and then lifts her head to see her face.

Suddenly, the woman comes to life and grabs his arm with both hands.

IMPALED WOMAN

Help me...

Dave struggles to pull back. The woman has a firm grip and Dave seems reluctant to use too much force under the circumstances.

IMPALED WOMAN

Help me!

Dave breaks free, falling against the wall behind him. The woman's blood stained hands reach out for him, pleadingly.

IMPALED WOMAN

Oh god! Help me! Please!

DAVE

What happened?

The woman drops her arms and starts to sob.

IMPALED WOMAN

Jeff. He left me here for Angou...

Dave gingerly reaches out to the pipe and grabs a hold. His hands slip off in the blood. He looks around and then grabs some of her dress, wrapping it around the pipe and gently pulling. The woman grabs his shoulders and moans in pain, getting louder the harder he pulls. The pipe doesn't budge an inch. He lets it go.

DAVE

It won't move.

He gently pulls her hands from his shoulders and steps back, examining the situation.

The woman looks down the corridor and shrieks. Dave looks up.

Down the corridor, a shadowy figure approaches - ANGOU. He is hooded and dark, with faintly glowing eyes.

As Dave and the woman watch Angou flickers in and out of sight, getting closer to them each time he re-materialises.

The impaled woman grabs Dave.

IMPALED WOMAN
Don't let him take me!

Dave looks nervously at Angou approaching, then down the other corridor, his only source of escape.

Angou is getting closer. The woman bursts into tears.

IMPALED WOMAN
I killed my friend. He was
supposed to leave me alone.

She looks up at Angou, screaming.

IMPALED WOMAN
I sacrificed to you! Leave me be!

Dave is backing away. He sees Angou's eyes focused clearly on him.

He raises his hammer to defend himself. The woman shakes her head sadly as she sobs and gives up.

IMPALED WOMAN
You can't defeat Death, no-one can.
That's why we sacrifice to him.

Dave looks at Angou, then at the woman, and then, panicked to the point of hysteria, he brings the hammer down on the woman's head, again and again. She screams as he hits her, then goes quiet as she dies.

DAVE
Take her!

Angou fades away as she dies.

Dave runs down the corridor.

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dave leans back against the wall, panting heavily from his flight and fear. He sucks in his breath, trying to regain control. With a sudden convulsion, he doubles over, gagging.

Another convulsion and he drops to one knee, dropping the torch, and vomits on the corridor floor.

He looks down on his shaking hands and the hammer, covered in blood. He drops the hammer and wipes his hands on his shirt, picks up the torch and stands up.

He looks around. The corridor is much the same as the other one. He continues walking and comes to

A STAIRCASE

which he climbs slowly.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

At the top of the stairs the corridor turns and continues. Opposite the corridor is a closed two-part stable door, bolted from this side.

Dave stops at the door and licks his lips nervously. He fumbles for the bolt on the upper door and pushes it open.

Soft moonlight streams in. Outside, it's night, lit only by moonlight and stars. All that can be seen are a few trees.

Dave sighs with relief and grins. He's free! He bends low to draw back the bolt on the lower door, his head close to the opening.

There's a gust of wind, blowing leaves in through the opening. He looks up - outside, in the open yard, stands Angou.

Suddenly, the top part of the stable door slams shut.

Dave jumps back, dropping the torch in fear as he skids backwards along the floor. The torch rolls into a corner, illuminating very little, and seems quite faint.

He crawls forward, keeping low, and reaches out to drag the torch back to him, then backs away. His hands shake as he taps the torch to make it work. After a few hard taps, the torch comes back on, very faintly. He stands and makes his way carefully down the corridor away from the doorway.

INT. THIRD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dave is making his way slowly down the corridor.

There's another gust of wind through the corridor, a soft yet ominous whistling that chills him. He shivers and his breath becomes visible as the temperature drops sharply.

He looks around and sees Angou standing behind him. They look at each other a moment, then Angou moves slowly towards him. Dave starts running.

He continues running, stumbling in panic as he tries to watch where he's going and looks over his shoulder. He bounces off a wall as the corridor turns, cutting his forehead.

Still looking over his shoulder he slams into something and falls backwards to the ground. He looks up at an ornate door. A large and unusual design is etched onto the doorway - a stylised skull with sharp and jagged teeth.

He looks behind him and sees Angou getting closer. He jumps to his feet and wrenches the door open. Bright light pours into the corridor...he leaps inside and pulls the door closed behind him.

INT. THE LAIR - NIGHT

Dave is leaning heavily against a plain wooden door as he gasps for breath. He drops the torch and it rolls over near the pile of corpses, stopping at a pair of shoes, standing.

JEFF (O.S.)

Oh my god...

Dave looks up suddenly. He's back in the Lair, leaning against the door he went out previously. His once-friend, JEFF is standing by the pile of bodies, confused and concerned. Jeff is about Dave's age though much better dressed and is panting like he's been running.

The old man is still sitting in the cage, smoking and watching.

Dave glares at Jeff, who glances down at the weapons and tools in the corner, halfway between he and Dave. There's a drawn out silence.

JEFF

Dave...I can explain.

Suddenly, there's a CRASH against the door. The door holds, but Dave is thrown forward into Jeff and they both fall to the ground.

The spring apart, wary of each other. There's another crash against the door, and Jeff races to the door, throwing his weight against it.

JEFF

Help me! We can hold him out.

Jeff nods to the clock. It shows 11.58.

JEFF

We only have to hold him out for a few minutes!

Dave looks around - at Jeff, at the pile of bodies, the tools/weapons and then at the Old Man.

OLD MAN

(barely audible)

You can never hold out Death...

There's another crash against the door, and it buckles...another jolt like that will burst it open.

Dave lunges forward, picks up a long, sharp metal spike and drives through Jeff's back.

DAVE

Take him, not me!

Jeff screams and drops to the ground. He moans, still alive.

Dave picks up a hammer and begins to smash him with it. Blood flows freely over the stone floor, as he smashes well after the point Jeff is dead...he's lost control.

There's silence, other than Dave's panting, which slowly drifts into sobbing.

Dave slowly regains control, as the old man watches him calmly.

DAVE

(softly)

How do I get out of here?

OLD MAN

Your friend has keys.

Dave slowly moves to Jeff and rolls him over - Jeff's lifeless eyes stare upwards, and the blood-covered spike juts through his chest.

He rummages through Jeff's pockets and pulls out a ring of keys.

He stands and looks around at the clock - it shows 11:59.

DAVE

Looks like I made it.

He starts to sort through the keys.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Funny thing life...

Dave seems to find a key that looks like it might open the Cage lock and walks towards the cage. He looks up, half-smiling and opens his mouth to speak...

The old man has gone, and has been replaced by Angou, his true form.

Dave stops in his tracks.

Angou stands and moves towards him.

Dave backs away, terrified.

His foot slips on the pool of Jeff's blood, and he falls backwards, impaling himself on the spike jutting from Jeff's chest.

OLD MAN / ANGOU

...no-one ever makes it out alive.

He gurgles and looks up at Angou as he dies.

The clock ticks over to midnight.

Angou fades away.

FADE OUT.

THE END