

NEW ORDER

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAFE - DAY

A greasy spoon type place in a street of bookmakers, phone and charity shops. Rain drizzles.

INT. CAFE

IAN sits supping tea from a mug. He's 30, tall with longish dark hair. His coat is long too - reaches the floor. His t-shirt declares *New Order*.

Other people around him use phones and I-pads. But he reads a paperback book.

A matronly WAITRESS plonks a large plate of full English breakfast in front of him. He smiles at her.

Her scowl reduces momentarily. She turns to traipse back into the kitchen.

Ian digs in. Looks up to gaze out of the front window. People wander past both ways.

He cuts off a lump of sausage. On its way to his mouth he spots a tall thin MAN outside - seemingly staring straight at him. He too has a long coat, but this Man's long hair is blond.

Condensation on the window and the drizzle obscure the man. Ian's fork with the sausage hovers in front of his mouth.

WAITRESS

You alright there, New Order?

Ian turns his head to her. His fork still hovers.

IAN

Eh? Oh right. Erm yeah, thanks. I think. Hey, you see that...

Ian turns back to the street outside. The Man is gone.

WAITRESS

See what?

IAN

Oh. Doesn't matter.

Ian puzzles for a moment then eats the lump of sausage.

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Ian exits with his book to wander along the -

STREET

He passes run down and boarded up shops. Behind him the Man appears from a doorway. Keeps pace with Ian.

Ian turns a corner into -

AVENUE

More houses than shops, although they're just as rough.

Ian glances over his shoulder as he meanders along. There's no one else around. He stops dead when the Man appears about fifty feet in front of him. For a few moments neither moves.

Ian darts into -

NARROW ALLEY

Ian pelts along. Glances back - no-one there. He reaches the end. Turns right into -

STREET

Terraced houses with tiny gardens. Deserted.

Ian breathes heavily as he hurries along.

He slows his pace as he passes a garden.

A black mongrel DOG jumps up behind a hedge - barks like crazy. Ian flinches and jumps back with panic. Puts his hand on his heart. He double takes when he notices the dog has blond hair on its head.

Shakes his head as he wanders on. The dog keeps barking.

Up ahead the Man appears.

IAN

(under his breath)

The fuck is with this guy? Fuck it.

Ian paces on with determination towards the Man - who stands stock still. Once he's a few feet away the Man lifts a hand. Ian stops, wobbles, falls to his knees.

He puts a hand on the ground, tries to get to his feet. He fails. Falls face down. The Man hauls him up, slings him over his shoulder.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A scruffy carpet barely covers the floor.

Most of the 70s style wallpaper is missing. What's left is peeling and faded. Damp drips from the ceiling.

Ian lies on his side near the centre of the room. He wakes slowly. Grimaces as he scans around. His eyes settle on a heap of coats in a corner.

He flinches when he sees the heap move.

IAN

Scared me. Who's there?

A blonde head appears from under the coats.

Ian draws back with fear, but realises this blonde head has a different face - GEMMA - 20s, skinny and scared. She yawns.

GEMMA

I was having a nice dream. Then I wake up still in this shithole.

IAN

Sorry about that. What's your name?
I'm Ian, by the way.

GEMMA

You didn't put me in here. I'm Gemma. He got you on your own?

Ian nods. He's about to speak when a scream fills the air.

IAN

The fuck is that?

GEMMA

I don't know what they're doing to them. But I don't want them doing it to me. You got any tools? Knife, screwdriver, anything like that?

Ian shakes his head but pats his pockets anyway. He feels something in his coat pocket. Pulls out a pen.

Gemma laughs with despair.

GEMMA

That it? Great. Better than nothing though. Can I have it?

Ian shrugs. Hands it over. Gemma pulls the top off to discard it. She swings her arm to make stabbing movements with it. Ian steps back when she gets a bit too close.

IAN

He catch you on your own?

GEMMA

No. I was with a guy. It's probably him screaming. Poor fella. I barely knew him. The fucking crazy bastard.

IAN

The tall guy with blond hair.

Gemma nods.

IAN

Any idea where we are?

He scans round after Gemma shakes her head. Ian goes to the window - it's high up with vertical steel bars. He yanks at them - to no avail.

IAN

You tried the door?

He moves to it. She guffaws.

GEMMA

Duh. What do you think?

He tries it anyway. Sparks appear on the handle as soon as he touches it. He's thrown back with shock. Lands on his back several feet away. He gets up slow with a pained expression.

IAN

You coulda told me!

GEMMA

I was hoping maybe it was off. Only one way to find out. Sorry.

Ian rubs his hand and arm, flexes his fingers.

IAN

Is it just the handle?

Gemma shrugs. Ian takes a few steps back. Takes a run at the door. His shoulder THUMPS against it. The door barely moves.

He holds his shoulder as he grimaces with pain.

IAN

Son of a bitch...

GEMMA

I'd offer to help, but I'm only a slip of a girl.

IAN

Yeah right.

He steps further back than the first time. Puts his other shoulder forward. Runs hard at the door. THUMP. Same routine with the sore shoulder after.

GEMMA

I think I heard something crack,
like splintering.

IAN

Did you really, or are you just
trying to encourage me?

GEMMA

If you don't get us out of here
that weirdo is gonna kill us. That
enough encouragement for you?

Ian steps back from the door. Kicks repeatedly near the lock. This time there really is a splintering noise.

GEMMA

Yeah. You're doing it. Go on.

CRACK. The lock finally gives in. The door flies open.

Gemma takes him by the hand, drags him out.

LONG CORRIDOR

Wooden panels, terrible carpet. They pass doors either side as they rush along. Ian stops.

IAN

(whispers)

How we gonna know where to go?

A blood curdling SCREAM from within the room beside them.

Gemma drags him further along.

GEMMA

Not that way, that's for sure.

STAIRS

They arrive at the top with looks of glee on their faces. They head down, fast at first, slower as they get closer to the bottom.

LIVING ROOM

Gemma and Ian enter with trepidation. This room is quite clean and nicely furnished compared to the rest. They rush to the front door - locked. They try the windows - the same.

KITCHEN

A mess of plates and rubbish and dirt.

They rush in towards the back door - locked.

IAN

Fuck this. Turn away.

GEMMA

What?

She puzzles until she sees him pick up a chair, swing it then launch it at the window. It flies through with a massive CRASH. Ian jumps up on the sink's draining board. Kicks at shards left sticking out. Knocks the rest out with a cup.

He winces as he catches his hand on a shard - cuts the side of his hand. Blood drips.

He jumps through. Gemma is quick to follow.

BACKYARD

A tall brick wall, overflowing bins and prosperous weeds.

There's a padlock on the gate. Ian rattles it.

IAN

Bloody goth Colditz. Come on.

He locks his fingers together. Gives Gemma a foothold to lift her up. She grabs on to the top of the wall. She pauses.

GEMMA

Wait. How you gonna get up?

IAN

It's alright. I'll be alright. Go.

She pauses with worry. He waves her away. She gives a rueful look then climbs over. Once she's out of sight Ian winces and grips his bleeding hand.

He drags a bin with more wincing next to the wall. Climbs up on it. Wobbles but balances. Reaches up. He's an inch short of the top. He hears a bang in the kitchen. Turns.

See the blonde Man sniffing then licking up the blood he left on the sink. Their eyes meet.

IAN
Shit. Come on.

He jumps, but it's still that bit too far. He keeps trying. Glances to see the Man climbing up on the sink.

IAN
Oh fuck.

Jumps up again. Looks with amazement as a rope with a knot on the end appears right where he needs it.

IAN
Behold a miracle.

He yanks himself up. Hears groaning and moaning on the other side of the wall.

ALLEYWAY

Cobbles, brick walls, more overflowing bins and prosperous weeds. Ian looks down at the drop and Gemma below.

GEMMA
Don't think about it. Jump.

He flinches. Shakes his head. Jumps. Lands badly. Squeals and grips his ankle.

Rattling on the other side of the gate alarms both of them.

Nevertheless, Ian can't help but stay in a ball with hands gripping his throbbing ankle.

Gemma grips him by his coat. Drags him up. He hobbles alongside her.

Ian glances back - sees the Man come through the gate. He follows. As he turns back he sees the Man step into view fifty feet ahead.

IAN
Not again. How the fuck does he do it? And where'd you get the rope?

GEMMA
Eh? Oh, it was there, sticking out of a bin.

Ian glances around, sees a broken broomstick. He breaks it over his knee, cries out with pain as he does so.

IAN
There's only a few bits of me left that don't throb with pain.

GEMMA

Yeah. Let's hope you don't get kicked in the balls.

He passes her half of the broken broomstick.

GEMMA

What is this? And what do you expect me to do with it?

IAN

It's a stake. I'm sick of running. I'm gonna stick it right in this fucking weirdo thing over there.

She ponders for a moment.

IAN

I'm hoping you'll do the same.

Nods. They pace towards him. He matches theirs. All of them speed up as they get closer.

Once they are within feet of each other the Man seems to fly through the air towards Gemma. He lands on top of her. Opens his mouth wide to clamp it around her neck.

IAN

No!

He kicks the Man hard in the ribs - no response. Kicks him again - nothing. With determination he holds the spiky end of the stake above the Man's chest. He hesitates.

IAN

Christ. God forgive me.

A WOMAN in the distance wanders along with a dog. She stops when she sees Ian. She takes out her phone. Dials.

Ian lifts his hands gripping the stake high. He brings it down with force. It hits with a sickening thud. Blood pumps out from the wound.

Ian stumbles back. The Man struggles to stand as he reaches in vain for the stake in his back.

Ian sees the end of the stake sticking out through the front of the man's white shirt. Slowly it turns a shade of crimson.

The Man flails about and wails.

Ian rushes to Gemma. Blood pumps from the wound in her neck. He puts his hand over it to stem the flow. The blood squirts through his fingers.

IAN

No.

Finally it slows. But Gemma is still. Ian lowers his head.

Turns to see the Man make a swing at him. Ian almost deftly steps out of his way.

The Man falls. Ian goes back to Gemma. She's pale. He touches her face.

IAN

Cold now.

There's a hissing sound from the Man lying face down nearby.

He disappears in a cloud of smoke.

Sirens BLARE. Ian looks up. Two cop cars squeal to a halt in front of him. Four COPS get out with guns aimed at him.

He raises his hands.

COP

Keep them up. You wanna tell me
what happened here?

Ian glances around. Sees the dead Gemma. Looks to where the Man was. There's a pool of blood and a stake lying in the middle of it. And there's him, with his New Order t-shirt covered in blood.

IAN

It's gonna be a little difficult to
explain.

Rain pours down. The blood washes away.

FADE OUT.