

## A DARKER BEING

Written by

Nathan Hill  
(Forum name)

Using the Wolf Man, a classic for OWC for october 2015 :)

nathanhill1999@yahoo.co.uk

BLACK SCREEN.

The sounds of a phone bleeping. Panicked, quick breathes. Suddenly a loud muffle is heard.

PARKER

(O.S)

Help! Christ! I can't find Casey, I can't find her. Please, Farrah, please. God, she's gone, she's gone out and I can't.... Chr... Please.

BANG! The phone slams down.

INT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- NIGHT

PARKER ROGERS, 36 YEARS OLD, LONG ALMOND BEARD, BALD HEAD, BIG STOCKY AND MUSCULAR, WEARING A THICK WINTER JACKET WITH EQUALLY THICK CARGO PANTS AND SHOES.

Parker frantically shakes his head, sighing loudly, trying to not cry as he sits on the sofa.

PARKER

Fuck. Casey...

Parker runs his hands across his head, in a complete breakdown. He picks up the phone, ringing again.

Bleep Bleep.

Bleep Bleep.

ANSWER MACHINE

(O.S)

The person you are trying to call cannot be reached right now. Please leave a message after the beep.

BEEP.

PARKER

Listen, Farrah. I need you right now. This is OUR daughter and she has gone, you know how she's been lately, and.. And. I can't be doing this shit, Farrah, I can't lose her or anything. Farrah, please. Pick up, try and contact me. I'm going to go look for her. Okay?

Parker slams the phone down.

BLACK SCREEN.

Intro credits.

The intro goes along, all with a black screen, only the sounds of birds cawing and the wind blowing heard.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- DAY

Parker stands outside on his porch, looking out at the long, desolate woods. He stares for a while, only the sound of the wind blowing keeps his ears active. He turns behind him, looking inside at CASEY ROGERS, 9 YEARS OLD, BRIGHT BLONDE AND CURLY PONYTAIL, WEARING A BLACK BUBBLE COAT, SLIGHTLY CHUBBY, WEARING GIRLS PINK CARGO PANTS.

Casey sits and watches the fire place burn, she scribbles in a small book, drawing which are rugid and rough.

Parker rubs his beard, sighing. He walks inside the cabin.

INT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- DAY

Parker shuts the door lightly behind him. Casey doesn't flinch, still sketching next to the fireplace.

PARKER

Casey.

Casey continues to scribble. Parker gulps then rubs his hands together.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Casey.

Parker shakes his head, he makes his way over to the fridge.

Parker looks at the packs of budweiser, he stares for a while. His hand nudges closer to the pack. He grips the top of the pack.

CASEY

Daddy?

Parker snaps back to Casey, she stares at him.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Daddy.

PARKER

Whats's up, sweetie?

CASEY

Daddy.

Parker becomes confused and puzzled at Casey's repetition.

PARKER

Honey, I'm speaking to you...?

Casey seems to look away, like she is thinking of something to say.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Casey?

CASEY

I forgot what I wanted to say. I totally forgot.

Parker stands there, confused. He turns back to the fridge.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh. Yes. Don't drink the beers.  
Please.

Parker turns back to Casey, he arches his brow, totally bewildered by Casey's strange behavior.

PARKER

I won't...

Parker snatches a bottled water from the fridge. He keeps his gaze on Casey.

INT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- NIGHT

Parker and Casey, the dysfunctional relationship. It's all on display as the two sit at the dinner table, not speaking, not looking at each other. Just eating. Parker digs into his soup whereas Casey nibbles on the bread only, not touching the soup.

PARKER

Eat your soup, sweetheart.

CASEY

Okay...

Casey grabs the bowl and begins to tip it, soup going into her mouth.

PARKER

Careful! You-- Honey, you'll burn your tongue like that.

Casey wipes her mouth after placing the bowl back down.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I tell ya. Why'dya think they made spoons, huh? To stick to your nose?

Parker giggles but Casey shrugs, she takes it all too serious.

Parker stops laughing, he sits awkwardly for a second. He then grunts, continuing to eat.

INT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- NIGHT

Casey sits by the fireplace. Parker sits behind her, not cuddling her, just sat there observing her.

PARKER

What are you drawing?

CASEY

Let me finish...

PARKER

You're just scribbling there...

The paper she is using is a big black scribble in the middle, the pencil led engraved into the thin paper.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're drawing?

CASEY

I said let me finish, Dad...

Parker sighs.

PARKER

Don't talk to me like that.

CASEY

Sorry, Dad.

Casey continues to scribble, monotonously.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Daddy. Pass me the eraser from the pencil case.

PARKER

Something go wrong?

CASEY

Pass me it, please. I'm finishing...

PARKER

Alright...

Parker grabs the eraser and hands it to Casey. She begins to furiously hammer the scribble with the eraser.

She eventually forms the shape of a round face which seems to have a spiky mane around it's black circular shape.

Casey then pokes two thick holes into the shape with her pencil and then scrapes through a thick line. A mouth and nose literally scraped into the paper.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
What is that, sweetie?

CASEY  
The lion.

PARKER  
The lion? What lion? The drawing is very rough, you know? You should just draw a lion on the paper normally next time.

CASEY  
It's the lion that bit me...

PARKER  
What? Shi... What?

CASEY  
It came into my room and bit me. It looked like that, so dark and with black eyes and black everything. I was scared but then I just let it bite me... Now I feel sick.

PARKER  
Casey, where did it bite you? Huh?

CASEY  
I got bit.. The lion did it.

PARKER  
Where? Give me your arm...

Parker scrambles to grab Casey's arm, rolling up her sleeves and twisting her arm around to spot a bite mark.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Where did it bite you?

CASEY  
It bit me on my leg, Daddy.

PARKER  
Why didn't you just tell me that then!? Huh!? Stupid!

CASEY  
Daddy don't be like you used to be... When you shouted at mommy. Don't do that.

Parker grimaces, it's clear in his face and his approach goes more gentle, he calmly rolls her PJ pants up, he scrambles at her legs.

He can't find anything.

PARKER

Casey. There are no goddamn bites here.. You must have dreamed it...

CASEY

I might have done, I don't know.

PARKER

Casey, you're freaking me out, alright? You can't say some lion bit you, alright? There are no lions, wolves, nothing out here...

CASEY

I'm sorry, Dad.

Casey leans into Parker for an embrace. The two have an uneasy hug, Parker still very concerned.

The two embrace by the fire until the camera zooms into the fire.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- NIGHT

Parker sits on a seat with his head in his hands. He now wears a wool cap. All is heard is his muffled unsettled breathes. He is in complete panic.

Parker sighs once more, he pulls himself up from his seat.

Parker grabs a large axe which was beside him on the seat.

He bursts out of the door.

EXT. PARKER'S BACKWOODS CABIN- NIGHT

The night is dead, no noises but an ominous fog is about. Parker shuffles up to his car, throwing the axe to the opposite side of the car.

Parker then sits himself inside of the car.

INT. PARKER'S PICKUP TRUCK-NIGHT

Parker looks up at the sky. Full moon. No clouds.

EXT. DARK BACKWOODS-NIGHT

Parker's pickup drives solemnly across the dark, forever going forest. Forever going forward. His radio is static, his view is minimal. His breathing is still staggered.

The trees carry on for a while as he drives by.

PARKER  
C'mon, Casey, c'mon..

Parker pops his head out of the window.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
CASEY!!! Casey, where are you!!

Parker slams his hand against the wheel, honking his horn twice.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
Casey! CASEY!

Parker shakes his head. He grimaces at the thought of her lost in the woods.

Then he truly cringes.

A bellowing 'HO-WWWWLLLL' echoes through the forest. Parker stops suddenly in the road.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
No.. Fuck..

Parker looks around the area, he grabs his torch and begins to shine it across the trees.

He scans the area thoroughly.

No sign of anything.

CASEY  
(O.S)  
DADDY!!!

PARKER  
Casey!!

Parker instantly jumps out of his car, holding his flashlight and axe. He frantically looks around for her.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Casey!!!

Parker stumbles around, looking for signs of her.

CASEY

Daddy! Daddy! The lion!!

PARKER

(Shouting)

WHERE ARE YOU!?

Parker catches a glimpse of sudden movement.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Ca-!!

Parker sprints towards the movement, he flashes his light around. Parker sprints towards the trees.

He sees some movements.

PARKER (CONT'D)

CASEY! STOP RUNNING!

Parker is now sure it's Casey, he sees a small figure trip over.

Parker runs over, grabbing Casey, she breathes heavily, her eyes wide open as Parker wraps her up.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Case- Casey, it's me, baby, it's  
me...

Casey sobs loudly as Parker rests on the floor with her, wrapping his arms around her.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Baby. It's okay. Casey, Casey,  
Casey...

Parker sighs with relief. He hugs Casey tightly.

CASEY

Daddy. The lion!

PARKER

What?

'HOWWW-LLL!'

Casey screams.

Parker turns his head.

THE WOLFMAN, A BIG FURRY BEING, A CROSS BETWEEN A WOLF AND A MAN, IT HAS A LARGE MUSCULAR BODY, BIG GNASHERS KNAWING, THICK PALMS WITH RAZOR NAILS.

The Wolfman begins to edge towards the two, growling violently.

Parker begins to run, fleeing in terror at the beast. He carries Casey in his arms, leaving his axe behind.

Parker sprints away, the wolfman hunts them both down, being seen across Parker's shoulder.

Casey screams still, completely petrified.

Parker slips over, dropping Casey.

Parker quickly gathers himself as he tries to catch up to the fleeing Casey.

'HOWWWWW---LLL'

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Casey! RUN!

Parker looks behind him, he sees The Wolfman closing. He slips behind a tree.

The Wolfman begins to follow Parker. Parker jumps down into a shallow river. Getting full of mud and damp water.

Parker burrows behind a rock.

The Wolfman jumps down into the river, he looks around, not able to spot the hiding Parker.

The Wolfman sniffs up and then lets out an aggravated growl.

The Wolfman scrapes it's nails across the sides of the muddy river as he looks around.

Parker shudders, petrified by the beast.

The Wolfman twitches and lets out a demonic moan, speaking english in a deep, evil tone.

WOLFMAN  
COME OUT!

Wolfman groans loudly, twitching it's neck.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)  
I WANT YOU! EAT! EAT!

Parker burrows down, keeping his eyes mostly shut, completely terrified.

Wolfman sniffs up.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)  
I SMELL FEAR!

Luckily, the wolfman begins to climb out of the river, going after Casey most likely.

Parker sprints after the beast. Determined to save his daughter.

PARKER  
C'mon. C'mon...

EXT. DARK BACKWOODS-NIGHT

Parker ends up at his car door, he can hear Casey screaming so he hops into the car.

Parker presses down onto the pedal, flying up the woods.

He keeps his eyes twitching around, trying to find Casey and the beast. He drives further along the woods.

Parker fiddles with the drawers in his car, trying to find some sort of weapon. He finds a swiss knife.

PARKER  
Fuck, fuck...

Parker grabs the knife and places it into his jacket pocket.

'AAAH!'

Casey flies across the road, sprinting. She is followed by the beast.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
AAAAAH!

Parker violently shouts as he picks up the speed.

He catches the end of the beast's back and sends it flying across the road.

The Wolfman crawls away, scrambling from where he was hit.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
CASEY! COME ON! COME ON!

CASEY  
DADDY!

Casey, covered in mud and blood runs and jumps into the car.

'HOWWWW-LLLL!'

Parker checks his wing mirror, the beast frolics on the floor.

PARKER  
God. Oh christ...

Parker speeds away. Into the night.