

SOMETHING F#@KING STRANGE

Written by

The Guide

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The beach is mostly empty, the sun high, as the water rolls gently against the shore.

QUINCY BARNS (30) Aviators, sunhat, Hawaiian shirt and a shit eating grin, holds a metal detector along with a small bag and a shovel.

He sweeps the Detector back and forth, where the water meets the sand.

His flipflops squish against the wet sand before his detector lets out a high-pitched squeal.

Stopping, he gives the spot a few more sweeps before setting his detector down and taking out his trusty shovel.

Digging, he soon unearths something small, picking it up, he sweeps off the wet sand to reveal a small diecast vehicle, it's red and the front end of the car is smashed in.

QUINCY

Garbage.

He examines the car closer, there seems to be a figure behind the wheel, he wears a sunhat, aviators and a Hawaiian shirt.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. BEACH - DAY - LATER

Quincy, facedown in the sand, his sunhat gone, exposing his bald head, a red lump protruding from the back of his head.

The water rolls in and splashes him, causing him to stir.

He groans, rolling on his side before sitting up. He grabs at his head, feeling a lump, a smooth stone laying beside him.

VOICE

You alright?

The VOICE is deep. Professional, yet soothing, like you'd here on a movie trailer or commercial.

QUINCY

Yeah, I think so...

He looks to meet the gaze of the person who spoke, but finds no one.

Puzzled, he shoots to his feet and looks around, the closest person he can see is a FAMILY playing in the distance.

He scratches his head before gathering his things. He grabs the toy car and looks for the figure inside, but it's gone.

INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

The trailer is small and cramped, shelves are screwed into the walls that house various knickknacks of rusted ornaments and small pieces of metal.

Quincy hides his detector in a closet before emptying the contents of his bag onto a table.

A few rusted scraps, some worn coins and the red diecast car.

He takes the car, examining it one more time before placing it on one of his many shelves.

Opening his fridge, he grabs a beer and sits at his table.

Cracking it open he takes a long swig, letting out a relaxing sigh.

VOICE

Quincy!

The jarring voice causes Quincy to stand abruptly, scanning his surroundings.

QUINCY

Hello?

He waits for the voice to respond before sitting back down.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

I must be going crazy.

VOICE

You're not going crazy, Quincy.

QUINCY

Who said that?

He scans the room once more.

VOICE

I'm in you're head. You're  
searching for a specter.

QUINCY

What the fuck?

Quincy gets up and rushes into his bathroom, slamming his door shut and locking it.

INT. TRAILER HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Quincy presses his foot against the door, barricading himself.

QUINCY

Whoever you are, you need to leave  
or I'm calling the cops. I don't  
have any money, I live in a trailer  
if you haven't noticed.

VOICE

Do I sound like I'm outside the  
door?

Quincy sits on his toilet and begins to rub his temples.

QUINCY

C'mon Quincy, get it together,  
you're just hallucinating.

VOICE

I assure you, you're not  
hallucinating.

QUINCY

Oh my god, please shut up.

VOICE

I wouldn't be here if it wasn't  
life or death.

QUINCY

Do I have schizophrenia? I spent  
too much time in the sun and now I  
have Schizophrenia.

VOICE

That's not how schizophrenia works.

QUINCY

What do you want than?

VOICE  
I want to help you.

QUINCY  
Are you god?

VOICE  
No...

QUINCY  
Than what are you?

VOICE  
I'm a guide, an internal guide here  
to help you.

QUINCY  
Help me with what?

VOICE  
I can't tell you, but you need to  
trust me.

QUINCY  
Trust you? You're a voice inside my  
head.

VOICE  
Than let me prove to you I'm here  
to help. Get some rest and head  
back to the area you found the toy  
car, don't forget your detector.

QUINCY  
If I do this, will you leave me  
alone?

Quincy waits for a response, but none comes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Quincy sits by the waters edge, detector in hand, staring out  
over the horizon.

VOICE  
It can be quite beautiful can't it.

Quincy sighs.

QUINCY  
I'd notice if my anxiety wasn't  
through the roof.

VOICE

Well let's get started.

QUINCY

Started with what?

VOICE

The shoals, by the rocks on the far end. Be warned, they'll try and stop you.

QUINCY

Who?

No response comes, Quincy hangs his head in frustration before marching away.

EXT. BEACH - ROCKY SHOAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Quincy navigates the rocks, detector in hand, he comes to a narrow path that is blocked by a BOY (10), in a pair of swim trunks, building a giant sandcastle.

BOY

Hiya mister.

Quincy waves at the little boy.

QUINCY

Nice castle you're building there.

BOY

Thanks! You think you could help me build it?

VOICE

Don't listen to him, smash his castle!

QUINCY

I'm not going to smash it.

VOICE

If you don't, You'll never find out the truth.

BOY

Please don't smash it Quincy, I've worked so hard.

QUINCY

How do you know my name? Have we met before?

The boy smiles a toothy grin.

BOY

Oops.

VOICE

SMASH IT!

Quincy grits his teeth and kicks the castle over, opening the path forward.

The boy lets out an anguished cry and runs off before stopping and turning to him.

BOY

You're a mean old man.

QUINCY

I'm only 30 kid.

The kids face turns sour, he gives Quincy the middle finger and runs off.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

Little shit.

VOICE

Keep going Quincy, your trials are just beginning.

Walking beyond the smashed castle he chances upon a beautiful WOMAN (29) sunbathing.

She wears a thong bikini, her top undone exposing her bare back to the sun.

WOMAN

Oh hello.

Quincy stops in his tracks, mesmerized by the beauty in front of him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You think you could help me out? I can't seem to reach my back.

She holds out a bottle of suntan lotion, goading Quincy to take it.

VOICE

You must ignore this temptress.

QUINCY

A little oil won't harm anybody.

Quincy gets on his knees and takes the bottle, he squirts a generous amount into his hands and begin to rub the oil into her back.

WOMAN

Wow, you have such strong hands, it feels so nice.

QUINCY

Yes it does.

VOICE

Stop thinking with your dick, time is running out.

Quincy covers her back in oil, making sure not to miss a single spot.

QUINCY

All done.

The woman rolls over exposing her breasts.

WOMAN

You think you could do my front too?

Quincy clears his throat.

QUINCY

I would be happy too.

Quincy squirts more oil into his hands.

VOICE

If you touch those titties you're going to die.

QUINCY

But they're so nice.

VOICE

They're meant to be nice, they're trying to stop you.

QUINCY

Stop me from what?

VOICE

The truth Quincy, the truth.

Quincy stands up, his hands dripping with oil.



WOMAN  
What's wrong?

QUINCY  
Sorry, I have to go.

The woman's face turns sour.

WOMAN  
You gay or something?

Quincy wipes his hands on his shirt before adjusting his shorts.

QUINCY  
Not gay, just preoccupied.

Quincy grabs his detector and hurries further down the beach.

WOMAN  
I spent a lot on money on these you know, you're supposed to appreciate them!

VOICE  
Don't you dare look back.

QUINCY  
Why? Is she shaking them?

VOICE  
Vigorously.

Quincy picks up the pace.

Arriving to the end of the sandbar, he looks out across the sea.

QUINCY  
What now.

VOICE  
Start waving your noisy stick around.

Quincy takes his detector and begins to sweep the area.

QUINCY  
I'm not getting anything.

VOICE  
Keep going.

In the distance the boy and woman are seen talking to a uniformed POLICE OFFICER (40).

They both point in the direction of Quincy, the officer begins to walk towards them.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
You need to hurry Quincy, you're running out of time!

QUINCY  
You stuck on repeat? I get it.

He waves the detector a bit more and gets a buzz.

VOICE  
There, start digging.

Quincy takes out his shovel and begins to dig.

The officer, followed by the boy and woman get closer with every passing moment.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Faster Quincy!

Before long his shovel connects with something solid.

The officer, now within earshot calls out to Quincy.

OFFICER  
You there, you need to stop!

Quincy, now shoveling like a mad man, finally clears enough sand to see what he's found.

A wooden hatch with an old iron handle. He pulls at the hatch, but it won't budge.

VOICE  
Clear more sand.

Getting on all fours Quincy races to clear enough sand, finally getting most of it out of the way, he grabs the handle and yanks it open.

A whoosh of air escapes the hatch, pure darkness lies within.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Now jump in!

QUINCY  
What?

VOICE

JUMP!

QUINCY

I can't, I'll die.

VOICE

On the contrary, this is your  
escape to life!

QUINCY

Fuck.

Quincy musters all his courage, but just before he jumps the officer tackles him to the ground.

WOMAN

That's him officer, that's the  
creep who touched me.

BOY

And he smashed my castle, I don't  
know if that's a crime but he's an  
asshole.

The officer brings Quincy to his feet by the scruff.

OFFICER

Disturbing the peace is definitely  
a crime, don't worry son, I'll make  
sure he get's his.

VOICE

Now, Quincy!

Quincy tears away from the officers grip and jumps into the hole.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Quincy lies in a hospital bed, a heart monitor beeps beside him, his head covered in gauze.

His eyes stir before slowly opening.

The boy, along with the woman stand beside him.

BOY

Dad, you're awake!

FADE OUT: