

SOULMATE

Written by

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EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Japan the year is 1697. Otherwise known as the glory years of a great Japanese warrior "Ikari Hiro".

As rain falls down across the open battlefield a hulking beast of a man clad head to shin in leather plated armour stomps his bare feet through the loose slops of earth.

He unsheathes his gigantic sword with great ease. Which any normal man would struggle to carry. His blade cutting through the limbs of the opposing faction like a knife through butter.

This wasn't any normal man though, he was a hero to his people and a great leader on the battlefield, he was confident, strong and fast with his sword, his fluid movements through the flashes of lightening showed no sign of fatigue.

Suddenly the wet soil beneath him became solid.

His fast feet grind to a halt and with his next step his skin rips from the soles of his feet. He screams out in pain.

Dark wisps of smoke begin to form around him until he is totally isolated. Pools of blood spread around the soles of his feet. The blood freezes as we slowly follow his body from the ground up. You can see the ice begin to form on his armour. His eyes glare down through the slats in his black horned helmet. His famous sword slowly begins to crack, his eyes follow the crack forming in the blade. It shatters into shards, leaving the sword as nothing but a hilt and a sharp stub.

IKARI HIRO (IN JAPANESE)

It's...its not possible?

The dark smoke gathers from around Ikari, revealing the entire battlefield, which is now covered in corpses. Not one person is left alive.

Ikari thrusts his shattered blade outward from his body preparing to plunge it into his stomach.

A dark whisp wraps around his arm, forming a dark, smoking linked chain. Another one forms around his left leg, then the right. They grip him tight. Pulling at his limbs. He screams out in pain.

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IKARI HIRO (IN JAPANESE)
I...thought he was insane...

Talking in the past tense about his brother.

DEF
You should have listened to your
brother. You now know what I am.
The shepherd of souls. The vial of
life's sand. You are merely another
grain to me.

Fear is painted across Ikari's bloodied face.

A shadow slowly rises from his mouth, creeping up his face.

He releases the blade from his hand and catches it with his
other. As he attempts to plunge it into his stomach the
chains draw back quickly forming a smokey tall figure.

The figure engulfs Ikari into total darkness, his bloodied
broken blade drops to the ground with nothing left but a
field of corpses and a now defrosted blood-soaked patch of
earth.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Present day.

The sun is beaming through the windows of a very busy
factory in Japan.

The logo Chip - O - Dial is written on boxes stacked high.
Multiple vans come and go from the rear of the building and
collect boxes full to the brim of small plastic discs using
a forklift truck.

A conveyor system is moving pots of molten plastic across
the factory ceiling. Below, factory workers are stamping the
freshly poured plastic with a press. Everything is moving in
a uniform manner, working as clockwork.

A giant vat of plastic is bubbling above the workers on the
ground. A man in a shirt and tie wearing a safety hat walks
along the platform above. He checks and writes on his
clipboard as he looks over the workers below.

He puts his hand on the handrail and gives it a firm shake,
ticks a box on his clip board and moves along the platform.
As he is walking along the platform, his vision becomes

(CONTINUED)

blurred, he stops and removes his glasses. As he looks over his glasses, he notices frost forming around the glass. He slowly turns his head towards the scorching sunlight piercing through the windows. He looks down at the workers who have sweat dripping down their brows. He shakes his head and grips the next handrail. His hand is locked onto the rail. He tries to remove his hand but it simply wont budge.

A slow squeaking noise is heard. To his disbelief, the bolts of the platform he is on are slowly turning on their own.

He tries to shout out, but no sound leaves his mouth. Below, you can see the workers busy working away and the man on the platform above attempting to shout out with one arm waving frantically.

The molten plastic bubbling below him looks all the more scary as the fourth bolt hits the floor. The final bolt is slowly turning, his eyes wide with fear. He rips his hand with the most almighty pull, tearing all the skin from his palm. He grips his throat as he tries to scream in pain but again, as if the air is removed from his lungs, nothing happens.

Blood trickles down his arm as he grips it with his other hand.

The blood *tsssts* as it hits the molten plastic below.

Faint laughter can be heard as the man attempts to contain the pain.

He turns his head as the final bolt hits the ground.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

A lady with her two children held close place flowers outside the closed factory gates. Candles are lit and other people are stood outside with their heads down.

On the chained up gates reads a big red sign.

Closed until further notice.

Written in Japanese (English Subtitles)

INT. BUILDING - DAY

James - Mid 20's, The recent loss of his mother has created an anger inside him, that he struggles to keep under control. He is unable to see any positivity in the world or in people's actions. He is always looking for ulterior motives behind their kindness. He trusts no one.

James is sat opposite his therapist in a small, minimalistic room. The only thing separating them is a large oak desk.

The elderly, smart-dressed therapist looks down at James with a very 'sure of herself' smile.

She flicks through her notebook and reads out loud.

THERAPIST

This is your eighth session with me James.

JAMES

What's your point?

THERAPIST

Your Dad felt this would be beneficial for you...To help you make sense of your emotions, following your mothers unfortunate passing.

A frustrated James leans forward with an animated response.

JAMES

I don't care. Genuinely, I really don't. How many more of these do I need to attend?

The therapist rubs her temples in frustration.

THERAPIST

We cant address your emotions, unless you're willing to open up. Therefore, I don't feel these one to one sessions have been beneficial for your well being. You may benefit more from group therapy.

James glares at the thought of group therapy.

The therapist glances at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST

There is however, ten minutes left of this session. I have four pictures to show you. Please tell me the first word that enters your head. There are no wrong answers.

James leans back in his chair and puts his hands on the back of his head with a smug smile on his face.

JAMES

Go ahead.

The therapist reaches back and picks up a folder of unique ink blot tests.

THERAPIST

Tell me what you see.

She turns the page to face James.

JAMES

A really shit drawing of a fire truck?

The therapist looks confused and whilst still holding the page turns it to her own eyes.

THERAPIST

Ah...That was the wrong folder how unprofessional of me.

JAMES

It looks like the fireman had a stroke.. why is his face all lopsided?

THERAPIST

My grandson drew this for me...

She smiles to herself.

(TO HERSELF)

He's adorable. Bless him.

JAMES

Ah. Well I still stand by my statement. How old is he?

The Therapist shakes her head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST

It doesn't matter. Just look and tell me what you see.

Sighing

Remember there is no wrong answer...It's all just interpretation.

The Therapist flicks through different ink blot pages one by one, James answers.

JAMES

Fire

(cont'd)

Smoke

JAMES

Lumberjack? To be honest, I think the melting fireman's face was a better way to tap into my emotions.

He says whilst humoring the Therapist.

The Therapist pulls one final page out.

James grips his chair and clenches his teeth.

The therapist looking down her glasses.

THERAPIST

Is everything OK James?

She says whilst still holding the picture of a young James holding his mother's hand.

JAMES

Fuck you!

Under gritted teeth.

He looks down at the desk and slaps away a pot of pens.

James composes himself.

Sighing

JAMES

Did my Dad really do that? Give you a fucking picture of her? What a joke...

The therapist smiles.

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST

Now. If you do not complete your group therapy session i cant sign you off and you get the pleasure of seeing me every week.

Each word towards the end of her sentence said with more and more punch.

Looking down her glasses, she grins at him with a face of victory.

JAMES

That's hardly a professional approach...

THERAPIST

- Be there at four James.

James stands up and walks towards the door with a dejected look on his face.

The therapist picks up her newspaper and opens it up...The front page is of a suicide at a Japanese plastic factory.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

James is in his first and most likely last group therapy meeting.

A small circle of eight people is in a large assembly hall, with your typical group meet up snacks and drinks provided on a table at the back of the room.

They're all muttering amongst themselves and James is stood isolating himself from the rest.

He looks up at the big clock on the wall. **16:03** it reads.

Tim walks in, an older man who's very chipper. He smiles at James as he walks past him.

TIM

Hey guys.. it's cats and dogs out there isn't it.

They all greet Tim as he enters.

James mutters under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

So much for four o' clock.

Jayde - Late 20's, a fun full of life character, a self-proclaimed nerd and has the large collection of comics to prove it. Her style is quirky...girl next door vibes.

She leaves the conversation she was having after overhearing the reluctant James, who clearly doesn't want to be there judging by his body language.

Jayde walks over to James.

JAYDE

Hey, nice to meet you I'm Jayde.

James looks up at her.

He sighs.

JAMES

Look, whatever weird stuff is going on in your head, I don't want to be a part of it.

The others overhear James talking to Jayde in quite a rude manner.

JAMES

I get you're all here because you feel broken or damaged or whatever it is you feel. I am **not** like any of you, -

Jayde is clearly taken aback by James' unmindful words.

She looks back at the others and sighs.

JAYDE

Hey... It's OK, we are all in this together you know.

James can see that the small group of people are all looking at him for an answer.

JAMES

I don't want to share my fucking feelings.

JAYDE

Don't assume everybody is here because they have a sob story. Some people just like the company...Hey Tim.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at Tim winking she smiles a sweet smile.

Tim chuckles they all clearly know each other.

JAYDE (TO JAMES)
Let's start with your name?

JAMES
James.

JAYDE
Better.

James is getting annoyed at Jaydes positive energy.

Clair walks in.

CLAIR
Good afternoon everybody. I see
you've all met James.

They all shake their heads as they look at James.
Very good.

She says whilst licking her finger and turning a page in her notepad.

CLAIR
I am going to put you all into
pairs and you will discuss things
you've done over the past week or
so and tell that person what you
have been doing. It's really quite
a simple task.

Clair points at people as she signals them to be in pairs.
She points at James and Jayde, signaling them to be a pair.

Jayde smiles a beaming smile. James lets out a long drawn
out sigh.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

In the group therapy meeting James and Jayde are stood
facing each other in their own small floor space with other
pairs loosely scattered around the large room.

JAYDE
Sooo... J and J teaming up. I have
been reading a lot, and I mean a
lot of books lately.

She says smiling.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Books?

He says with not much interest.

JAYDE

Yeah, you know books silly, usually made of paper.

She says teasing him.

JAMES

I know what a book is. I meant can you, you know, add to that?

JAYDE

Of course I can, look at you showing an interest in little old me... I like to read a lot of Japanese art books.

JAMES

Ah OK. You're one of those. Anime shit?

JAYDE

It's manga actually... And it's very intense. The stories are very compelling, and the artwork is insanely detailed.

JAMES

So geeky Japanese schoolgirls. Really cool.

Jayde is clearly vexed at James insulting her passion.

JAYDE

Try samurai warriors, warlords, gods. Sweeping through an entire nation, batheing them in blood. Does that sound like geeky school girls?

So much excitement in her voice now.

JAMES

You sound like every virgin's wet dream.

JAYDE

That's pretty rude J.

JAMES

Like I said before. All I am here for is ticky tick of boxy box. Do you understand?

He gestures the boxes being ticked whilst smiling.

JAMES

Don't call me 'J' it isn't a thing.

JAYDE

Let's hear what you do then? If you're so interesting.

James looks down.

JAYDE

Hello?

James still silent.

James now glazing over hasn't answered in a good thirty seconds.

JAMES

Are you okay? Do you want me to call your **Mum** or something?

James clenches his fist.

He composes himself.

JAMES

It was good to get to know you Japanese wet dream. Or whatever the fuck you're called.

JAMES

Claude! Can you tick my box now? I think I'm done here?

James shouts over to Clair.

Clair stares at James.

JAMES

You know what. Fuck it. Don't bother I'm all good. I'll stay depressed or whatever the fuck this box you've put me in is called..

TIM

Hey buddy just relax. We are all in this together.

JAMES

Oh fuck off Tim, nobody cares.

JAYDE

Wow.

She says under her breath.

James leaves the room.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

James leaves a post office with a small parcel in his hand.

His phone rings, he takes it out and answers.

EXT. STREET - DAY

James is walking down the street with a parcel in one hand and his phone in the other, whilst talking to his best friend Kal.

Kal - James' best friend from school. In recent years they have grown apart with Kal's love of travel and being such an outgoing happy-go-lucky guy. James being the polar opposite, withdrawn, socially awkward and just a miserable outlook in general.

KAL

James?! How are you doing bro bean!?

JAMES

I'm good all things considered.
How's Africa?

KAL

Africa is pretty gnarly not gonna lie. I've been eating chicken bones and after finding out I'm a sixteenth Afrikaans from my Mum I might even emigrate to be with my people.

JAMES

How did Jane find that out?

(CONTINUED)

KAL

Oh no no my friend. Sorry not my birth Mum. My Shaman Mama. Tookoo Awigwa. She gave birth to me last week.

JAMES

That sounds fucking stupid. A sixteenth?

KAL

Yes Brudda. A quarter of a quarter. All me baby.

In a very poorly done African accent.

JAMES

OK, first off don't do that ridiculous accent. You can't pull that off, you're not in "Captain Phillips." I am not your Tom Hanks. Secondly, a quarter of a quarter is not all you that's not even close to all you. Did you have to pay any money to these people?

KAL

These people? I think you'll find you mean "familia yangu" That's Afrikaans for My family. No money.. I just had to buy them all a phone each and supplies for my vision potion but thats a different story.

JAMES

I... Don't even know where to begin with that statement.

KAL

Hakuna matata.

JAMES

And now you're quoting lion king.

KAL

Am I?

JAMES

Yes.

KAL

Well my Fada told me it means no worries.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

For the rest of your days?

KAL

Yes! Shit! I had no idea you knew some of my peoples' phrases! You're not as closed-minded as I thought. Nice man! I'd love you to come and meet my family out here sometime!

JAMES

I'm gonna go now mate.

KAL

Before you do. I've left you a birthday present in the phone box just up on your left.

James looks suspicious.

JAMES

No. This isn't -

KAL

No, don't you worry your secluded little face. It's nothing like last time. We all know how upset you got that day.

The phone goes dead. James slowly walks up to the phone box. As he gets closer, he realizes it's covered in wrapping paper.

James opens the door to the phone box, tearing the wrapping paper as it opens. Revealing Kal stood in full African regalia. A very colourful, vibrant suit with African symbols and markings sewn into the blazer.

KAL

Surprise! I'm your present brethren!

A sighing James

JAMES

Don't call me brethren...Wait how did you wrap the outside of the box?

KAL

Oh, I paid that tramp over there.

Kal points at a homeless man on the floor clutching some wrapping paper.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

You really are a fucking idiot you know that? How long were you out there for?

KAL

Who knows man, who knows. Time is like an enigma sometimes when you're globe trotting.

JAMES

Ten days?

KAL

Eleven including transfers.

Kal shimmies his hip and a drum appears from behind his back. He beats it a few times whilst singing happy birthday in an African accent.

JAMES

OK. That's enough.

More annoyed as Kal doesn't stop singing.

Kal with his eyes closed really getting into it.

KAL

Happy Birthday myyy Brudda! Happy birthday to youuuuuuuuuuuuu.....

JAMES

Kal I said that's a-fucking-nough mate!

James slaps the drum back round to Kal's back.

Kal steps out from the phone box covered in loose torn wrapping paper. His head down.

He takes out some scraps of chicken, mostly bones. He gnaws on the bone as they both start to walk away from the mess they've left.

JAMES

I thought you were a vegan?

KAL

I already told you, I was reborn.

JAMES

Two weeks ago you told me people who eat animals are modern day Hitlers. Your words mate.

(CONTINUED)

KAL
Many many moons ago my feathered
friend.

Kal puts his arm around James.

A man in the background attempts to get in the phone box and yells to the pair of them.

MAN
Is one of you gonna clean this mess
up?!

Kal turns back.

KAL
Namaste brother. Namaste.

The man looks confused. The homeless man is gathering the paper up as Kal and James walk away.

KAL
You see that Jimjam? That my friend
is the circle of life.

JAMES
That's a fucking tramp picking up
litter.

KAL
Circle of life.

Kal signs a circle in his hands.

JAMES
You paid him, didn't you?

KAL
Everyone has a price brudda.

JAMES
Please stop.

Fade to black.

EXT. STREET - DAY

James and Kal are walking down a much more rural street with families out and about washing their cars and kids playing football on the grass verges.

(CONTINUED)

KAL

Sooo, what's in the box?

In an excited tone.

James lifts up the small box and looks at it.

It has a label stuck to the front indicating it came from Japan.

JAMES

No idea. All I know is it's a present from Zara.

KAL

Cool. You should open it man.

JAMES

Nah I'll wait till we get back.

KAL

Your Dad gonna be there?

JAMES

Yeah, he's been there a while. No doubt he will want to hear all about my private therapy shit he's been paying for.

Kal finishes gnawing on a bone and tosses it over his shoulder.

JAMES

He comes every week and asks how I'm doing. It's all just bullshit anyhow... any excuse to help ease his guilt.

KAL

The silver fox does pay your rent though.

JAMES

Yes, sadly. I mean Zara likes having him round, he goes over a lot of her work and helps with her studies so that's cool I guess.

Kal shimmies the drum round to his front. James instantly glares at it and slaps it back round to the back.

(CONTINUED)

KAL

To soon?

JAMES

Yes. I think you're the one who needs fucking therapy. How many fucking phases are you going to go through? It's like you're having a permanent midlife crisis.

They both stop, Kal looks down at himself.

KAL

They said if I send them £290 a month it covers the cost of our ritual potions.

JAMES

For fuck sake mate! I knew it!

Kal takes out another chicken bone.

JAMES

Please stop eating bones. It's not normal.

KAL

They don't taste great either. Apparently eating the bone helps you become one with the spirits.

JAMES

You really are a fucking moron.

Kal shrugs and gnaws on the bone.

EXT. JAMES' HOME - DAY

Kal and James arrive at James' house.

The neighbour and his daughter are stood outside washing their car.

Gaz Winchester/Gemma Winchester - Changed his second name to sound more manly. Has a gun on his mantle piece and a skinhead. Loves his daughter more than anything in the world, she will never be wrong in his eyes. She's a horrible teenager only because of her overly spoiled upbringing.

Gaz stares at Kal.

(CONTINUED)

GAZ (TO KAL)
What the fuck have you come as?

Kal walks in the house with his head down.

GEMMA (TO JAMES)
Can you stop staring at my tits?
fucking pervert.

(TO GAZ)
Dad tell him.

James stood still rolls his eyes and shakes his head in disbelief.

GAZ
Oi dickhead! Do you wanna to go
fucking prison?

JAMES
I wasn't looking at your daughter
Gary.

GAZ
Apologize to my baby girl.

JAMES
For what?!

Gaz sighs and rubs his head.

GAZ
Look dickhead. I'll let you off the
hook I know your Mum's in a hole
now. But you can't go round noncing
kids. It isn't right.

GEMMA
He just looked at them again!

JAMES
Oh fucking grow up Gemma.

GAZ (TO JAMES)
You little shit.

As Gaz gets angry Gemma is stood behind him taunting James.

His eyes avert to her.

GAZ
Right. I saw your fucking eyes
wander then.

GEMMA

I told you Daddy!

Gaz puts down his hose pipe and rolls his sleeves up.

Gaz's front door swings open and out steps Maria.

Maria Winchester - Early 40s Flirty personality
Mediterranean look, olive skinned and attractive to most men.

MARIA

What's going on out here?

JAMES

Apparently I'm a pedophile.

GAZ

He's been staring at Gemma's chest!

MARIA

Oh, don't be daft Gary. She's trying to rile you up. Look at you you're all hot and bothered. Come inside you're making a fool of yourself.

MARIA (TO GAZ)

Why would James be looking at our Gemma when he's got a stunner at home like Zara?

(TO JAMES)

Sorry about all this James

GEMMA

What's that meant to mean Mum?!

Maria gives James a flirty smile as she holds her husband's arm walking him into their home.

MARIA

Let's just say you've got your Dads looks. Now get inside.

Gemma follows them inside sulking and shuts the door.

JAMES

Fucked up fucking family.

James mutters to himself and sighs.

He walks into his own home.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

James enters his front door. Kal is stood still in almost awe at the situation. He's looking up at the ceiling.

James stops, his world is crumbling around him, all he can hear are the faint sounds of his Dad and girlfriend having a very good time.

He looks at the box in his hand.

He slams the door shut loud enough for them to hear.

Kal looks back at James who has had the colour drained from him.

The moaning from above stops.

KAL

Maybe they're doing scream therapy?
I did it once for a few weeks. My
mum got pretty pissed off-

JAMES

Shut the fuck up Kal for once.
They're not even screaming...

He says whilst rubbing his head stressfully.

Zara and Troy come down the stairs, half-dressed and with a look of shame painted on their faces.

Troy - Mid 50's, James' Dad. A silver fox of a man with not only a wealth of knowledge. Well traveled and extremely successful. The word smarmy doesn't quite cover his entire persona.

Zara - Early 20's, she is beautiful but only on the outside. The poison chalice of humans. Her personality is someone you think wants to be your friend but all of her motives are for her own benefit.

TROY

Hi Son.

JAMES

What the fuck Dad?

Troy looking as honourable as he can whilst wearing his Son's robe which is a little too small for his surprisingly chiseled body.

(CONTINUED)

TROY

It just happened you know? She's quite the firecracker Zara. With your mother being gone. Well...I hope you see where your old man is coming from.

Hand now on his chest.

It was a one time moment of madness, I can promise you that much my word is my -

James' eyes flick between Troy and Zara as he takes in the conversation.

Zara interrupts.

ZARA

- Four years. Your Dad and I have been each others' rock for the last four years.

TROY

OK, so it was more than a onetime thing. I'm still your Dad though champ.

JAMES

Four fucking years? Fucking hell Zara we've only been together five.

(TO TROY)

Did Mum know?

TROY

Of course she didn't, this would've crushed her. I couldn't do that to her with everything going on. It's been really hard you know that?

JAMES

Yeah it fucking looks like it.

TROY (TO KAL)

What are you wearing? It looks very traditional?

JAMES

Never mind what he's wearing! You're the one wearing my fucking bathrobe.

James is struggling to get the words out with the information he's just taken in.

(CONTINUED)

He clutches his heart.

The world around him starts to spin. The following voices are just echoes as he goes in and out of consciousness.

TROY

James?! are you OK Son?

James' eyes are wide as he struggles to focus.

KAL

This is pretty dark Juju for anyone to be taking in guys.

JAMES

Shut...ugh...Ka..

James can barely get his words out.

ZARA

Should we call somebody? James? Can you hear me?!

Zara catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. James in and out of focus can barely keep his eyes on anything at this moment.

ZARA

Oh god my make-up, it looks a mess. Troy! He looks like he's passing out...Careful James that present wasn't cheap.

JAMES

Fuck...you...

James' eyes finally fully close as he drops to the floor clutching his heart and the small box.

Fade to black

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James is slumped on what appears to be his living room floor.

Kal is wrapped up in blankets on the sofa.

James slowly comes round and in a weak groggy voice tries talking.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

What happened? My head hurts...

KAL

Oh, hey bro-bean, how you feeling?

JAMES

Numb I guess.

KAL

May as well open that box you've been gripping onto.

James looks down at the small box which is firmly gripped in his hand.

JAMES

Where's Zara?

KAL

They're upstairs in bed mate.

JAMES

Fucking hell. Seriously?

James looks at the box with anger.

He rips it open frantically.

JAMES

What even is this shit?

He reveals a small plastic chip. Reading the front of it.

JAMES

Chip - o - Dial

KAL

Oh damn dude nice. I've seen those before...All the rage in Japan. It's for finding lost keys you put it on like a keyring or something. I'm pretty sure the company has gone bust now man. Might be worth some moneys...Hook it up to your phone.

James shakes his head as he holds the small chip.

Awkward silence.

KAL

Soo... I guess she knows you pretty well, you do always lose your keys mate.

James glares at Kal.

He clenches his fist with the chip in the palm.

KAL

Sorry... mon.

Kal smiles.

JAMES

Why am I on the floor and you're up there?

Kal gets up and the blankets drop off him.

James squirms at the sight of his best friend in only a loincloth.

KAL

I know what you're thinking -

James shakes his head with his mouth wide open in disbelief.
the necklace is a bit much?
Right?... Right?

KAL

Come on brudda. Let's go make you some herbal tea. How's that sound?
Can see what tune is on that chip of yours.

Kal tries to lift James. Who is still sat still in disbelief.

JAMES

Can you not?

James pushes Kal away and lifts himself up.

They both walk into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

James and Kal enter the kitchen.

Above them they can hear Troy and Zara giggling.

They both look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

James shakes his head and looks down at the chip in his hand.

KAL
You haven't let go of that thing
since you picked it up.

James shrugs at his comment.

KAL
Pass it to me so we can hear the
cool jingle.

Kal reach's his hand out towards James

James snatches his hand back.

JAMES
It's mine! Back off.

Kal looks confused.

KAL
OK. Chill man. Just double tap the
middle button.

James, now sweating, presses in the button.

Loud moaning sounds come from the chip. He can hear his Dad and Zara giggling above.

Getting louder and louder.

KAL
Are you OK mate?

JAMES
Of course I'm not OK, can you not
hear this shit?!

KAL
Hear what?

James holds the Chip-O-Dial to Kal.

No sound is coming from the chip from Kal's point of view.

JAMES
Oh my fucking God! Make it stop!

James slams the chip on the kitchen top and covers his ears. The laughing becomes more of a cackle over the sound of the loud sexual moans.

(CONTINUED)

Kal looks even more confused. He can hear nothing.

James getting more and more distraught.

JAMES

Can you seriously not hear this
shit?!

Kal shakes his head as he can see the anger in James' eyes.

James frantically grabs a large sharp knife from the kitchen draw.

KAL

You're scaring me bro-bean.

From James' manic point of view. He can hear none stop laughing now, as if he's being mocked. The sound of his heart beating hard is muffled by the constant laughter.

Now twitching and sweating.

He looks down at the chip, the noise is unbearably loud now.

He can hear voices from today but more corrupt and sinister.

"It's well.. it's weak James...You're weak." - Therapist

He can see a faint image the picture of himself and his Mum being held by the therapist.

In the picture his Mum begins to move. The cackling coming from her now. Then his Mum crumbles and turns to ash right before his eyes.

"Or do you just sit at home crying to Mummy?" - Jayde

Kals point of view. Sees James stood swaying with the large knife in his hand, drool dripping from his open mouth.

Tears form in James' eyes.

"Do you want to go to prison? You creepy cunt!" - Gaz

A faint but deep voice can be heard from the Chip.

DEF

Release me...

James raises the hand clutching the knife high as if he has lost full control.

He plunges it through the chip.

(CONTINUED)

The knife is now stuck inside the chip.

James' eyes fixate as frost creeps up the blade and onto the hilt.

Slowly, the frost moves up James' still hand. A dark shadow looms over his entire body.

Kal's point of view. James is stood still with the blade stuck in the chip.

Kal still only in his loin cloth in complete shock.

KAL

Probably not worth much now
mate...hey.

He tries to make small talk nervously.

Back to James' point of view.

The blade is released from his hand.

James throws himself to the ground face down. A large cut appears on his forehead. Blood now trickling down his face.

He lets out a loud scream.

The windows are completely frosted over now.

Back to Kal's point of view.

James is writhing around on the floor screaming in agony.

JAMES

ARRRGGGHHHHH!!!!

Kal runs out of the room.

He comes back in with his drum.

KAL

Usually you go to a forrest for the
scream therapy, but I'm totally up
for an in-the-moment session! The
throw down was a tad dramatic but
I'm feeling this!

He beats his drum.

JAMES

Help me!

James struggling to get the words out.

(CONTINUED)

KAL
Let it out man!

James screams out.

KAL
That's it! Tell the world how
you're feeling!

JAMES
You're a fucking moron Kal! I
really fucking hate you!

KAL
Ooo throwing some of the anger at
me! I don't mind I'll be your
shield of hatred! Let it all out!

Back to James' point of view.

The dark spirit is on top of him and penetrating his skin.
The pain is unbearable. Thousands of black shadowy needles
are slowly being inserted into his back.

JAMES
I'M BEING RAPED BY A FUCKING DEMON!

Kal beating his drum faster and faster and now dancing.

KAL
A metaphor? Man, this is poetic!
Keep this flow and rhythm going! So
much energy! Do you feel alive?!

JAMES
BARELY! PLEASE FUCKING SAVE ME!

The deep dark voice can be heard again.

DEF
Nobody will save you from this
fate.

James' body is now still.

His eyes squeeze shut. Close up of his blood-covered head.

His eyes open, now completely black.

All the lights in the kitchen shatter.

PITCH BLACK.

The only sounds to be heard are of Kal stumbling and his drum smashing on the floor.

His footsteps getting more and more distant.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

We only see the back of the warrior who is stood still surrounded by hundreds of Dead bodies.

We slowly move round to his front, his eyes are glowing bright white. The glow dulls down to reveal it's James' head on this warriors body in full armour. Crows are pecking at the corpses around him.

The crows caw loudly.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Early morning the birds are chirping James is slowly coming round from the kitchen floor.

The blood now dry around his head.

He looks up at the clock on the oven.

07:13

He stumbles into the living room.

No sign of Kal just his ridiculous African outfit laid on the sofa.

James stretches his back and shoulders and squirms with the sharp pains running through his body.

He walks through to the hallway near his front door. Catching a glance at his blood covered face.

JAMES

Shit.

James hears a voice in his head.

DEF

Shit indeed.

JAMES

No..nope. This can't be happening.

(CONTINUED)

DEF

**This is happening. You struggled.
Humans always do.**

James turns around to look in the kitchen. The dried pool of blood and shattered light bulbs are bringing back the horrific moments from last night.

DEF

**Do I need to refresh that memory of
yours?**

James' head turns quickly and sharply to the mirror, his eyes held open without a blink.

He can't move, you can see the struggle in his face.

DEF

**Take a look into the mirror, reveal
the truth of your pathetic
existence mortal.**

The loud cackling from last night starts to happen.

A blurred reflection in James' tear filled eyes show his Dad and Zara last night.

James fights his way free from the hold and falls to the floor.

JAMES

Stay the fuck away from me!

James is now panicking on the floor looking around.

The voice clear in his head.

DEF

Oh but James. We are you.

The laugh more deep now.

James gets up and runs outside the front door.

EXT. JAMES' HOME - DAY

James stumbles out onto his driveway.

JAMES

**This isn't real. You are just in my
head!**

The neighbours door swings open.

(CONTINUED)

Gaz steps out.

GAZ

Can you shut the fuck up for once James! What the fuck were you and your weird mate doing last night!?

JAMES

Fuck off Gary! I don't need this right now!

GAZ

You don't need it? Fucking hell. We don't need to hear your fucking gay orgy's either! You woke the whole fucking street up!

JAMES

Shut the fuck up Gary I'm having some difficulties here!

DEF

We can help you James all you need to do is ask.

Laughter surrounding James.

James spins around a few times.

JAMES

I don't need your help! Show yourself!

GAZ

I don't know who the fuck you're looking for but your gay little racist friend ran down the street in some kind of paper thong. Have you been taking drugs?

JAMES

Fuck off Gaz you bald prick.

James looking around in panic.

His eyes wide open.

GAZ

Oi.. Nob head.

Gaz rolls up his sleeves and walks towards James.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

OK... If you're real now is the time to help me.

James is stood still. Hearing nothing for a good moment.

GAZ

You're clearly on something you fucking nonce.

JAMES

He's getting pretty close? I am asking for your help?

Gaz punches him in the face.

James drops to the ground.

James is now spitting blood out as he speaks.

JAMES

So you were just in my head...

James laughing in relief to himself.

Blood dripping from his mouth.

Gaz lifts James up by the neck of his shirt.

GAZ

You got something to say to me?

JAMES

Yeah...I'm Sorr -

DEF

Say what you've always wanted to say to him.

Gaz is clung hard to James' collar, their faces almost touching.

James' eyes turn completely black.

The tone of his voice goes deep.

JAMES

I'm gonna fuck your wife and make you watch.

GAZ

OK.

Gaz walks into his own house carrying James by the collar.

(CONTINUED)

We slowly move around the outside of the house seeing Gaz stop at a large mirror. He puts James down and stands in front of the mirror his eyes fixated on the mirror. From the same angle you see James walking up the stairs.

The light turns on in the master bedroom.

The silhouette of James and Maria having sex can be seen from the outside of the house. Loud pleasurable moans can be heard from inside.

Close up of Gaz's tear filled eyes as he can't move from where he is standing no matter how hard he tries.

Slowly moving back until we are fully outside the house against the silhouette of James and Maria.

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Close up of Maria's face who is laying back enjoying James. Her eyes rolled back as she moans.

MARIA

Oh, James I -

She lets out a loud scream.

MARIA

What happened wheres James?! Who are you!

The camera pans to a small old Japanese man on top of Maria. She throws him off the bed.

JAMES

Its me...its James! What the fuck are you talking about?!

James catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

JAMES

What.. the... fuck.

James is now a small old Japanese man.

DEF

My gift comes with a price young James.

James runs down the stairs Gaz snaps out of his trance.

GAZ

Who the fuck are you?

JAMES

I am... the gardener. Konichiwa. Mr Gary.

James in a poorly done accent bows at Gaz.

GAZ

I don't have a gardener why are you fucking naked as well?! Where's that little cunt James?

DEF

Do you accept the price...James?

JAMES

Just make him shut up for one second!

James' eyes go black.

Gaz's mouth becomes sealed skin.

James' hair is falling out now. He is still in the form of an old Japanese man.

Gaz walks towards him. His eyes angry.

JAMES

Stop moving!

James' eyes go black.

James' teeth start to drop out.

His legs give way and he begins to crawl out of the house.

Gemma comes down the stairs and lets out a blood curdling scream at the sight of her Dad who is now mouth less and his legs sealed to the ground like skin coloured tree roots.

James crawling away.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

James is now crawling down Maria's driveway.

Now toothless and hairless, almost corpse like.

(CONTINUED)

DEF

**Do you require our service James?
You don't look too well my-not-so
young host.**

James still surrounded by laughter.

JAMES

Make them both forget...

He struggles to say the words in this skeleton of a body.

His eyes flicker black again.

Gemma comes running out of the front door.

GEMMA

Oi fix my Dad now! You creepy
little chink!

James struggling to mutter any words as he's laying on the floor.

Mumbling.

Gemma walks up closer to the old Japanese man.

GEMMA

Oi ching chong, do you hear me?

DEF

**James there must always be a price
for our gift. Do you accept?**

James slowly turns round looking up at Gemma.

His bones cracking and his finger nails carelessly dropping off as he tries to reach up.

JAMES

Yes...

His eyes turn to black.

Gemma looks at the strange body.

You can see her breath now as if the temperature has suddenly dropped.

The body quickly jumps up, its arm turns into a huge dark samurai sword. Effortlessly it swings up, decapitating her with one foul swoop of the sword. A shower of blood sprays into the air.

(CONTINUED)

Dark wisps come from James' now back to normal body, engulfing Gemma's entire being.

Catching every last drop of blood.

She completely vanishes.

James is now stood completely alone.

His eyes flick from black back to his normal colour. The dark wisps slowly fade away from his body.

He looks around in total disbelief.

DEF

My power...always...comes with a price.

JAMES

I don't want your fucking power!

DEF

Then pay my debt.

James runs down the street.

DEF

You cannot out run the sands of time James. You are just a grain to me. YOU... ALL... ARE.

James now struggling to breathe, clutching at his own neck.

JAMES (CHOKING)

OK... What do you want from me?

DEF

One thousand souls.

JAMES (CHOKING)

I... can't kill people for you!

He grips his own neck tighter.

JAMES (NEARLY CHOKED)

Fine... fine.

He releases himself and coughs and splutters as he struggles to get his breath back.

A postman walks past James.

POSTMAN

Morning James. Bit early for a jog
isn't it? Ooo quite the nasty cut
you've got there.

He whistles as he walks past James.

James shakes his head in disbelief his eyes flicker black
once. He fights it off.

JAMES

NO!

POSTMAN

OK.. easy tiger..

The post man keeps walking.

POSTMAN (TO HIMSELF)

Jeez some people really are into
fitness.

JAMES

I will get your souls...on my
terms.

James starts to walk, still cut up and bloodied, down the
street.

JAMES (TO HIMSELF)

I know where to start.

James grins as he walks his eyes flickering black.

FADE TO BLACK.