

The Figure  
by  
Matthew J Sawyer

[matthewsawyerfilms@gmail.com](mailto:matthewsawyerfilms@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

**EXT. LONG STRAIGHT ROAD. DUSK**

CHRIS (a tall, young, plain looking man, 22) walks down a long road with his earphone's in.

The sun slowly setting, its the middle of winter and CHRIS is well wrapped up. He reaches his destination...

**INT. PUB. DUSK**

CHRIS greets his friend LUKE (Tall, chubby, 22.) We can tell they've been friends for a long time.

CHRIS  
Alright LUKE.

LUKE  
(nodding)  
CHRIS.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Right!, Lets get swigging...

CHRIS makes eye contact with a barmaid to get her attention.

CHRIS  
(To the barmaid)  
Two pints of lager please.

We cut to glasses filling with lager...

**MONTAGE:**

CHRIS and LUKE drink one after another, they laugh and roughhouse...., LUKE tries to talk to various females and gets knocked back, they laugh a bit more.

A good amount of time has now passed and the pub has got a lot quieter. A lot of alcohol has now taken its toll on them and they are both rather drunk...

LUKE  
That's it. I'm going over.

He gestures towards a young girl sat at a table not too far from them.

CHRIS

Come on mate, lets be real. You've been getting shot down all night. You're drunk, you haven't got a chance.

LUKE

Oh yeah?, we'll see about that shall we.

LUKE stumbles his way over to the attractive girl. CHRIS retrieves his phone from his pocket. We see he only has 30% charge.

Sometime passes and LUKE is still chatting to his new lady friend. CHRIS now drinks alone at the bar and plays a game on his phone. LUKE seems to getting on alright.

CHRIS looks frustratingly at his watch. He walks over to LUKE and the girl...

CHRIS

LUKE its getting late mate, I'm going to call us a taxi.

LUKE

Come on pal, the nights just getting started. We're taking JESS here clubbing.

JESS (short and sweet) quickly interrupts...

JESS

No your bloody not!

Seemingly exhausted of LUKE'S bullshit.

JESS (CONT'D)

(TO Chris)

Please take him home.

CHRIS gives a slight smile to JESS. He grabs LUKE by his arm and pulls him away from the table.

CHRIS

I'm calling us a taxi.

LUKE who has had way too much leans on the bar with his eyes closed. CHRIS dials for a taxi, we can now see he only has 8% charge left on his phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (On the phone)  
 Hey, can I have a taxi from the  
 pub on Johnson lane please....  
 (beat)  
 Forty minutes?!, we'll leave it  
 then thanks.

CHRIS hangs the phone up and puts it back in his pocket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Forty minutes!, fuck that we can  
 walk it in twenty. Come on I'll  
 walk you home.

**EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING**

CHRIS walks LUKE home with LUKE'S arm around him. They both  
 stagger about. They approach LUKE'S house...

LUKE  
 (Loudly and slurring his  
 words)  
 I was well in there with that  
 bird, you shouldn't have dragged  
 me away.

CHRIS  
 KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!, people are  
 sleeping and trust me pal, you  
 wasn't in with that bird.

They reach LUKE'S front door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Get in safe mate, goodnight.

**EXT. LONG STRAIGHT ROAD. EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING**

CHRIS now walks alone.... Freezing, every breathe he takes  
 causing condensation in the air. He once again has his  
 earphones in.

CHRIS nears his housing estate. He comes towards the top of  
 some steps he must go down to reach his house.

As CHRIS gets to the top of the steps he stops dead in his  
 tracks... He looks down towards to bottom of the steps. He  
 sees a creepy motionless FIGURE dressed in all black from  
 top to bottom. It looks like death only without the Scythe.  
 The light from the streetlight only intensifies the  
 creepiness. THE FIGURE lifts its head seemingly looking at  
 CHRIS.....

CHRIS has a look of sheer fear on his face. His body is frozen with indecision...

He decides to run...

THE FIGURE gives chase...

CHRIS runs and runs as fast as he can. He doesn't look back. Eventually he has to stop. His legs won't take him any further. He reaches into his pocket to retrieve his phone. His battery now at 1%. Just as he unlocks it, the battery dies...

CHRIS decides to make his way back home again. He's not walking too long before he sees THE FIGURE again. Stood at the bottom a street it gives chase once more. CHRIS panics...

He once again legs it..., he runs into the nearest housing estate. He collapses in the middle of the street. As he looks back he sees THE FIGURE walking towards him...

CHRIS in sheer fear lets out the loudest cry for help you'll ever hear...

CHRIS  
HELP!!!

**INT. POLICE STATION. EARLY HOURS**

CHRIS sits in an interrogation room alone, he's in shock. He's quiet and stiff. CHRIS'S mum SHARON arrives (short and very mum looking, 50's.)

SHARON  
Oh my god, CHRIS are you alright?

She hugs him.

CHRIS  
(showing no emotion)  
I honestly don't know mum.

A police officer enters the room (big, strong bloke, 40's.)

POLICE OFFICER  
Hey CHRIS, so we've had a good look around the surrounding areas and we haven't been able to find anyone matching your description.

CHRIS  
It was there!, I saw it.

POLICE OFFICER

We're not saying you didn't,  
there's just no sign of anyone and  
we've spoke to some of the  
neighbours who came to your aid  
and they are also claiming there  
wasn't anybody about. To be honest  
this sounds like a kid or an idiot  
messing with people. I'm not sure  
there's much more we can do.

SHARON

What do you suggest we do officer?

POLICE OFFICER

Take CHRIS home he's clearly had a  
long and hard night. We'll give  
you a number to call if you see  
this person again. I've got some  
work to be getting on with.

(looking at CHRIS)

I hope you feel better in the  
morning.

The officer leaves the room.

CHRIS

Mum... that wasn't just some  
random kid...

SHARON hugs CHRIS again.

**INT. CHRIS HOME. EVENING**

A title card reads 4 months later...

CHRIS and SHARON sit on the sofa. SHARON has her coat on  
and looks ready to go out.

SHARON

Are you sure you'll be alright  
CHRIS?

CHRIS

Yes, Ill be fine MUM.

SHARON

Its just this is the first time  
you'll be sleeping in the house  
alone since..

(beat)

that night...

CHRIS

MUM I'll be fine. I haven't seen any creepy FIGURES since.... Like the doctors been saying, There's a good chance I was spiked and hallucinating... I cant even remember what happened.

SHARON

OK CHRIS. Well I'll have my phone on all night and I can be back asap if you need me.

CHRIS

Just go MUM. I will be fine.

SHARON kisses CHRIS on forehead and leaves the room.

**INT. CHRIS BEDROOM. NIGHT**

CHRIS closes his curtains, he leaves a little gap just to let a tiny bit of light through. He folds the duvet back and gets in bed. CHRIS closes his eyes...

**INT. CHRIS BEDROOM. LATER THE SAME NIGHT**

CHRIS seems fast asleep... He lays on his side.. His eyes open quick and wide.. He stares straight ahead seemingly petrified and frozen... His eyes move to look at something in the room... THE FIGURE!

THE FIGURE stands over the top of CHRIS'S bed, seemingly looking at him. It's face still not visible. Tears begin to roll down CHRIS'S face silently... THE FIGURE lunges at CHRIS violently...

FADE OUT: