



TREPIDATION

(Description: A state of Apprehension, or great anxiety caused by the realisation of danger.)

By

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SYNOPSIS

While three boys drink beer on a shale beach - next to a boat slip - the leader of the trio, Tom, spots a woman limping along the shore picking up discarded objects to recycle. Tom leads a verbal assault upon the woman, only to be flabbergasted by the promise of a curse - to live their worst fears. The boys treat this threat as fiction. But could it be true?

FADE IN.

PICK UP SHALE BEACH THROUGH A BOAT PROPELLER ENCASEMENT. CAMERA FOCUSES ON THREE FIGURES ON A SEWAGE PIPE, NEAR AN OLD RUSTED BOAT.

1. EXT. NEAR THE SEA, ON THE SHALE BEACH, CONCRETE BLOCKS - DAY.

PICK UP SHALE – CLOSE UP – A CAN OF BEER SITS CENTRAL ON THE SCREEN. SOMEONE KICKS IT OUT OF THE WAY TO REVEAL TWO MALES.

Two young men sit upon concrete blocks, on the shale beach. They all hold a bottle of beer. The leader of the trio – Tom – moves in between the two, standing. All three are between 14 – 16 years of age.

TOM: (Laughs) you know you would. I've seen the way you look at her!

Tom downs the last drops from his bottle, and then flings it into the long grass.

JACK: What? I wouldn't touch her with yours. She's a pig!

Carl bursts out laughing at this statement. Tom looks towards Carl smiling.

TOM: You can't laugh. Remember Gemma?

Jack's face turns from disgust to jubilation. He laughs and points at Carl.

JACK: Oh Yea.

CARL: Come on!

TOM: Beautiful.

CARL: I was wasted.

JACK: You still went there.

Carl drinks from his bottle. He shakes his head at the memory, and the bullying.

CARL: Shit!

He drinks more, as the other two laugh.

The laughter is dying down. Tom begins to scan the area around them. His eyes land upon a woman walking in a strange way, towards their location. The person is using a

walking stick for support, but she is not old. The Gypsy is dressed in normal clothing, but something about her seems odd.

The Gypsy bends down to pick up an object from the shale. She inspect it, cleans it, and then pockets the object.

JACK: Gemma Anderson? Wow.

CARL: Shut It!

Carl's face is emotional with rage. Jack stares at him. The tension is building towards a fight. Suddenly Tom interrupts.

TOM: Oi!

Jack and Carl tentatively remove their eyes from each other's. They look at Tom. Tom is pointing between the two.

TOM: Look at this!

Jack and Carl both turn from each other. They spin around on their concrete seats to see what he is pointing at. Their eyes land upon a woman scanning the ground that she is walking on. The Gypsy bends over and picks up a piece of debris, then either pockets it, or discards it.

JACK: Loony. Must've escaped from the hospital.

All three laugh. The Gypsy is now about four meters away. But still, they have not noticed the three boys, or she just doesn't want to. Tom looks at Carl and Jack, and raises his eyebrows. He wears a sly smile.

TOM: Let's find out.

Jack and Carl smile at Tom's suggestion.

TOM: Oi Gimp Limp! Where'd you escape?

The woman stops walking. She looks up at the boys.

TOM: The people in the white jackets are on their way.

The gypsy limps with speed towards the boys. Jack turns from the gypsy.

JACK: She's coming (whispers).

Carl joins Jack, turned away from the Gypsy. Both drink from their bottles. Tom stands motionless, staring at the oncoming woman. Carl notices a stone that stands out from the rest of the shale. He picks it up, playing with it between his fingers.

The Gypsy stops about a meter away from Tom, staring down at the seated boys. Jack and Carl still look away, whilst Tom stares into her eyes.

GYPSY: You shouldn't make fun of a person with a problem! I can't help the way I walk.

TOM: Whatever! What you picking off the beach?

The Gypsy turns her attention onto Tom, only.

GYPSY: Anything I find useful.

TOM: Are you poor or something?

Jack and Carl smile.

GYPSY: I like to recycle.

Tom points, informing the Gypsy of his conclusion.

TOM: No! You're poor? You recycle cause you can't afford to buy.

The Gypsy remains quiet. Tom looks towards his companions. This lack of response makes the boys laugh.

The Gypsy's face shows annoyance. She leans forward, in between the three boys.

GYPSY: I'm going to help you.

The boys look on, bemused.

TOM: You! How?

The Gypsy closes her eyes for a moment. Then suddenly opens them. She speaks in a normal tone.

GYPSY: By cursing you!

The boys look on, amused, and slightly shocked at the Gypsy's behaviour. Tom looks towards Jack, then turns back to the Gypsy. She is now face to face with him, breaching his personal space.

GYPSY: Expect your worse fears to come true.

The Gypsy moves on, between the boys, walking away at a steady pace. All three boys look to one another. They burst out laughing.

JACK: Whatever wierdo!

The Gypsy is walking along the shale beach to the slip. Jack stands from the block. Tom walks forward, arms open, shouting after the Gypsy.

TOM: Where're you going?

CARL: Come back crazy woman!

Jack moves to Tom. The two ignore Carl's shout. Carl is away from the two closer friends. He drops his head in disgrace.

JACK: Definitely from the hospital.

TOM: I know.

The Gypsy is moving along the shale at a steady rate. Carl weighs the stone in his palm. Tom turns round to look at Carl and notices the Stone.

TOM: Go on Carl.

Jack turns to Carl as well to see what is happening. Carl's head looks up at Tom, then down at the stone, and then back up to Tom. He drops his head again.

CARL: I... I can't.

JACK: You're soft!

Tom moves towards Carl, annoyed.

TOM: Give it here!

He snatches the stone from Carl, and throws it in one fluid motion. The stone strikes the Gypsy on her back.

TOM: Yes.

JACK: Oh, Nice shot.

The Gypsy turns suddenly to face the boys. Shock is on her face, but is soon replaced by a sly smile. She turns and moves on, limping faster than before. Tom and Jack laugh in victory. Carl joins in anxiously.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

THE SOUND OF A FILM PLAYS OVER THE BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

2. INT. CARL'S HOME – EVENING.

The Room is empty of human life, as the television plays un-watched. The double bed, which faces the television, is also empty. Upon the television 'Blade Runner' plays.

A person quickly enters through the open door.

The person is Carl. He climbs back onto the ruffled bed. He gets comfortable after his quick toilet break. He is exhausted, but is trying his best to watch the film.

Carl's eyes slowly flicker shut, then suddenly open again.

CARL: Come on Carl. Stay awake.

Upon the television screen, a woman dressed in plastic runs through the streets. She is shot a number of times by the hero of the film – Deckard. She falls through numerous panes of glass to the floor, and dies. Carl chuckles to himself.

There is a space in the film where the action slows. Once again Carl's eyes begin to close. His eyes suddenly flicker open again. He is so tired, but notices that the movie is at the end. Roy Batty is dying, and is talking about what he has seen to Deckard. Once again Carl's eyes begin to shut. This time he is deep asleep.

Suddenly, a strange wind blows across the room. There is no window or doors open. It blows across a magazine, and some documentation, flapping the pages. It then blows across Carl's ear.

WIND: Deep Water.

The cold across his skin, and the whispered, heartless voice causes Carl's eyes to move under the lids. Suddenly, he opens his eyes.

Instead of the light of the room, his eyes land upon the orange light of a setting sun. He is not lain down anymore, but is upright and bobbing. There is a blue horizon ahead. His

eyes begin to focus on things nearer and he suddenly notices that there are waves, and sloshing sounds around him. His body, like his eyes, suddenly realises where he is, and an icy cold ache runs through his flesh and bone. He is floating, fully clothed, in the sea. At this realisation he goes under the water. He quickly recovers, and begins to tread water.

He scans the horizon with fully awake eyes.

CARL: Oh Shit. Oh Shit.

He is slowly panicking. His breath is quickening. He spins around and around. There is only horizon around and no land. Tears fill his eyes.

CARL: Where am I?... Where am I?

He is panicking now. His breathing is dangerously fast. His teeth are chattering.

CARL: W h e r e... a m

He begins to fit. The sudden cold, and the pressure on his lungs, sends him into hyperventilation. He splashes at the water, and begins to go under.

Suddenly, he is back in the Bedroom. He lies on the bed, still, scanning the familiar room. He is still breathing fast, and coughing. His clothes are soaking wet.

His breathing begins to slow.

CARL: M u m m y?

CUT TO:

3. INT. JACK'S HOME – NIGHT.

On the television a computer sprite fights another one. There is a sound of buttons being pressed in the background. Suddenly, one of the sprites falls to the ground and the words YOU LOSE flash up on the screen.

Jack yields back in disappointment.

JACK: Cheating bastard!

He looks at his watch and blows out his cheeks. He stands up, moves over to the television, crouches down and puts the control with the console. He turns the console and the television off and then stands up again.

He moves out to the hallway. After putting on the hall light, he turns around, and presses the Living room's light off. He moves along the hall to his bedroom. Once he has turned the bedroom light on, he does the same as before – enters the bedroom, turns around and switches the hall light off. He pushes the door, but does not close it.

In the bedroom he begins to get ready for bed. When he is down to his boxer shorts, he moves to the lamp and switches it on. He then moves to the main light and switches it off.

A wind enters the house without the use of an open window or door. It moves across a box of tissues, flicking the top one. It does the same to a paperback book. The wind enters the hall, and then into the bedroom, via the slightly opened bedroom door, pushing it further open. Ice cold air hits the back of his head, and blows across his ear.

WIND: Darkness.

He turns around quickly. There is no movement by anyone else in the house, nor any other sign of the voice.

JACK: Hello?

He moves to the door and opens it fully.

JACK: Hello?

There is nothing but silence. He moves his hand along the wall to turn the hall light on. He finds it and presses the switch.

Instead of light filling the Hall, blackness envelops the whole house. He frantically reaches for the switch, but finds nothing but air. A cold wind blows across his almost naked body. He places both of his arms around himself.

JACK: Mum? Dad?

He hears a scuttling near him, and a rustling of grass. He looks about him, frantic, but can see nothing. He moves his head to look upwards. There is just enough light up there to see the outline of clouds.

JACK: Where am I?

Once again the winds blows through the grass. He clasps himself harder, as the cold bites into his flesh. Just then an owl flies by.

JACK: WHERE AM I?

He moves to his left. But stops at the sound of scurrying. He moves right and trips over long strands of grass. On his knees he looks about him. Slowly, he moves down onto the ground into a ball. The owl flies by again. He places his hands over his head.

JACK: Help me! (Whispers)

He rocks himself on the floor, holding his arms around his body, tight. Just then, an explosion of light. Jack is lay on the hall floor, under the light switch.

He whimpers, but does not move. His skin is pale with cold and fear, and his teeth are chattering. His arms clasp tighter around his body, and he curls tighter into a ball.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

FADE IN

4. EXT. NEAR THE SEA, ON THE SEWAGE PIPE'S CONCRETE BLOCKS - DAY.

PICK UP THE CONCRETE BLOCKS, ON THE SHALE BEACH. JACK AND CARL SIT ON THEM, NOT LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER. JACK IS STARING OUT AT THE SEA, WHILE CARL IS STARING AT THE SHALE.

The silence is disturbed by Tom sitting down. He smiles at them both, who look up slowly. Both of their faces do not change from blank.

TOM: Morning Boys... Good to see you two are in a good mood... What's wrong with you both?

Jack shakes his head in disbelief, whilst Carl attempts to speak.

CARL: I... I... Curse.

TOM: What? You're making no sense. What curse?

Jack quickly steals in at this point. Tom turns to face him, while Carl drops his head.

JACK: It... Happened.

TOM: What?

Jack struggles to continue. But, before he can force the words out another voice steps in.

GYPSY: You two look, frightened.

All three turn to look at the Gypsy. Tom spins around, surprised. She has managed to walk up the beach with no one hearing her approach. She is now stood behind the boys, about 2 - 3 meters away. She stares at Jack and Carl.

TOM: What do you want retard?

The Gypsy ignores Tom.

GYPHY: Worst fears?

Carl and Jack both nod gently, eyes down. They are feared of the woman stood before them.

GYPHY: Not the nicest way to be taught a lesson?

The two shake their heads, agreeing and disagreeing with whatever the Gypsy has to say.

TOM: What the hell are you talking about? Go away you weirdo!

The Gypsy turns to face Tom. Tom looks from him to Carl and Jack.

TOM: What is wrong with you both? This freak has no powers!

Carl and Jack look at him, then look down again, as if at the Gypsy's commands. Tom's face shows annoyance. The gypsy is staring right into Tom's eyes, slightly smiling. Tom has one foot upon the sewage pipe.

TOM: You two are pathetic! I'm going to show you how...

Suddenly, the Gypsy holds her hand(s) out. Her fist is clenched. She interrupts Tom in mid-sentence.

GYPHY: I have something for you Tom.

Shocked, Tom stops speaking, interested in what is in the Gypsy's palm.

TOM: What freak?

The Gypsy opens her palm(s), showing the stone that Tom had thrown the previous day.

GYPHY: This is yours, YES?

The Gypsy clenches her teeth, and squeezes her hand(s) shut on the stone, drawing it towards her. In one movement, she thrusts her hand forward, opening the palm(s) to reveal an empty hand.

Tom stares at the empty palm, then suddenly begins to gag. He looks down at his stomach. There is a large area of red on his clothes. The pain becomes too much, and Tom falls onto his knees, then keels over onto his side. Both Jack and Carl move away from the Gypsy, eyes firmly fixed on her. They back around the pipe to where their friend lies. The Gypsy is stood still, watching the area where Tom had stood. Her arm slowly drops to her side. At the same moment, the two remove their eyes from the Gypsy, and move to Tom's aid.

TOM: Arrhhhh.

Blood is flowing freely from Tom's wound. He has tears in his eyes. Carl grabs Tom's hand, and Jack rummages in his pocket for his mobile phone. Just then, Carl and Jack look at one another. They suddenly turn and stand, looking for the Gypsy. The Gypsy has gone. They both look around but find no one.

TOM: Carl?

Carl crouches down.

CARL: It's Ok Tom. She's gone.

TOM: It's not that. I...

Jack removes his phone and begins to ring for an ambulance.

JACK: Hello. Yes. We need an ambulance... Ok...

Carl's voice trails off.

TOM: I...

CARL: Save your energy Tom. The ambulance is on its way.

TOM: No... You don't understand. I...

CARL: What?

Tears flow from Tom's eyes. Carl grips his hand tighter.

TOM: I don't want to die... I'm afraid.

Carl looks into Tom's eyes understandingly. He then looks out at the horizon, not sure what to say.

CUT

THE END

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