

MARDEN HILL

Story
by
Lee Richards

Screenplay
by
Neil Pymer

Copyright Control
Neil Pymer
www.neilpymer.com
nrp@neilpymer.com

FADE IN

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Headlights carve through thick night.
Paint-lines snake over dull road.

We catch a glimpse of DAVID WARNER in the rear-view mirror.
Sips coffee from a cardboard cup.
Rubs eyes.

Looks down at a worn leather bag on the passenger seat.
Seeing it wakes him.
He drives his foot hard on the pedal.
The car lurches off into the night.

We dissolve out to black.
Left with the rhythmical sound of tyres against tarmac.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Smaller, twisting, country roads.
Trees tunnel over.

WARNER yawns a big yawn.
Shakes his head to try and keep concentration.
Turns on the radio.
Nothing on any channel.
Just dust.

Something stands out in the distance.
Ominous red eyes piercing through the fog.

WARNER slowly tracks towards them.
They form tail lights of a hulking American classic car.
We're almost in a dream as we pass by.
So slow we're able to catch minute detail.
Chrome, curves, waxed panels, black windows.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

From the hulk's POV we see WARNER.
Looking it over as he drives by.
In the same dreamy slow motion.

INT. WARNER'S CAR

He looks back at the hulk in the rear view mirror.
Getting smaller.
Stops his car.
Takes another look at the bag.
Looks at the hulk again.
Breathes a heavy sigh.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The high pitched whirr of a car reversing.
WARNER turns his car round.
Pulls up in front of the hulk.
Illuminating the scene with his headlights.
Leaves the safety of his car.
Locks the doors with his fob.

He sniffs around.
Gravel crunches under-foot.
Peers in, but the car is empty with no sign of life.

The hulk appears to watch WARNER.
It breathes as he moves around it.
Waiting for the right moment.

WARNER tries the driver's door handle.
Gentle first, then gives it a big tug.
Locked.

About to give up.
The boot pops open.
On its own.
Cautiously makes his way to the back of the car.

An absolute void.
A black mass of nothingness.
Oblivion.

His mind requires proof of what his eyes are seeing.
He cautiously feeds his hand into the blackness.
It begins to pull him in like quicksand.
Scared, WARNER wrenches his arm out with a struggle.

WARNER stares into the portal.
His face drops, devoid of expression.
He offers his hand more willingly this time.

INT. VOID

Submarine-like sounds off in the distance.
We are below WARNER, looking up as he begins to interact.
His hand enters the void bringing with it a shaft of light.

Quick, fragmented cuts as he laps up the darkness, washing
himself in it, becoming one with it.
His mind regressing, losing all inhibitions.

Drawn in like the sailor to the siren.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

From complete darkness, we pull out of the boot.
Moving slowly backwards, revealing WARNER is nowhere to be
seen - he's lost to this world.
The boot shuts, cutting off the doorway.
We fade to darkness.

INT. SOFT TOP CAR - EARLY MORNING

MARCUS drives along a country road happily in the morning
sunlight, RnB music blaring.

Peering ahead he sees a car parked at a strange angle.

He approaches slowly, looking at the car inquisitively as
he passes.

It's Warner's.

As Warner disappeared so has the American hulk.

Marcus stops his car, thinks for a moment, then against his
better judgement goes to check out the abandoned car.

JOHN looks inside, no sign of anyone around.

Shrugs to himself.

About to give up.

The boot pops.

FADE OUT