

"STUFF HAPPENS"

A short screenplay

by

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FIRST DRAFT
15th AUGUST, 2012

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

We hear TAPPING and SCRAPING, but the screen is BLACK.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Bloody lens cap!

The lens cap is removed and we see a normal living room. There is a leather suite and a high-seat chair in the corner. The VIDEOGRAPHER points the camera to the ceiling as the NOISES continue.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Can you hear that? I hope the mic is picking it up.

A particularly loud THUMP causes the camera to shake briefly.

VIDEOGRAPHER

I can assure you that there is nobody else in the house. I am completely alone. Er, it's not the neighbours, either, because they're away.

We hear a CRACK from the kitchen and the camera heads to the open door.

VIDEOGRAPHER

I'm crappin' myself. (laughs nervously)

We enter the kitchen. It is brightly lit and we see a kitchen table with four chairs neatly parked. There is a LOUD BANG behind and the camera whirls to look into the living room again. Nothing.

We turn back to the kitchen and one of the chairs is in the middle of the room.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Er, was that there before? Must have been. (pause) I'm not sure, to be honest.

A hand appears in frame and the camera shakes as the chair is put into its proper place at the table. We hear a faint chuckle, but the videographer does not respond to it.

VIDEOGRAPHER

I think I'll have to set up the camera tonight and see what happens. Yeah. Yeah. Don't think I'll sleep much, though.

CUT TO
BLACK.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

The camera clicks on and adjusts automatically. The scene is lit by natural sunlight. A middle-aged face comes into focus. It is the videographer.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Well, sit rep, as they say. (laughs) I set the camera up last night and recorded for about seven or eight hours. I just finished looking through the recording and, yeah, sod all happened. Nothing. Nothing moved. No sounds, bangs, scratches. Zip.

He sighs and rubs his chin for a moment.

VIDEOGRAPHER

I was thinking of checking out the local library and seeing what I can find out about the history of this area. You know, what was here before they built the houses and stuff.

He reaches forward and the camera SHUTS DOWN.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

We are in the kitchen, the light coming from the bulb overhead. On the table are several sheets of A4 paper.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Okay, so this is what I found out about the local area. I ended up going online, as the library was a waste of time. 'Fifty Shades of Grey' or some shit by Katie Price. Sod all in the reference section and the staff... Whatever...

(CONT'D)

VIDEOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Anyway, I found out that this area was once all fields. (laughs) As they say. But before that there was a Viking settlement and some sort of pagan temple nearby. (pause) There's a small wood across the street and I think that might be where the temple was. I'll check it out tomorrow.

A DEAFENING HUM is suddenly heard and the videographer becomes frightened. The camera whirls around and for an instant, we see a dark shape in the living room. Then it is gone.

The HUMMING stops as suddenly as it began and the camera falls upon the papers on the table. They have been arranged into a neat pattern, like a cross and red text has appeared on each sheet.

VIDEOGRAPHER

Shit shit shit shit...

We ZOOM on the text. The lettering are runic symbols and say:

TRMMH BRIX MYB YF TMMKIM

VIDEOGRAPHER

(scared)

How did that happen?

Again the CHUCKLE is heard, but the videographer is oblivious. The camera shuts down.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

The papers are arranged once more on the kitchen table, but in a straight line this time. One of the papers has a red fingerprint in the corner. The camera zooms on it for a moment.

VIDEOGRAPHER

That is a paper cut. Stings like bloody hell, too. I hope it doesn't mean I just sold my soul or something.
(laughs)

(CONT'D)

VIDEOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Okay, I went online. To a Lord of the Rings website, believe it or not.
(laughs) And I got a translation of this stuff. There's five words and I think they're in the right order: TREES BRING DEATH NO TEMPLE. Spooky, eh?
(pause) No, really. I'm shittin' myself. 'Trees bring death'? I'm going to go to the woods across the street anyway. Not going at night, though. I'm not stupid.

The camera turns and we see the face of the videographer. Behind him is the shadowy figure, closer than before, which vanishes as the camera shakes about.

VIDEOGRAPHER

So, who wants to take a walk with me?
No? Tough, you're coming. (laughs)

EXT. WOODS - DAY

WE are trudging through a small wood. Trees surround us and each FOOTSTEP can be heard. In the distance a bird trills.

VIDEOGRAPHER

(breathing quite heavily)
Well, here we are in the woods. Quite nice, actually.

The camera pans and all we see are trees and then the shadowy figure very close. This time, the videographer sees it and he cries out, backing away, the camera shaking and the figure vanishing.

VIDEOGRAPHER

What? Where did it go? Did I imagine that?

The camera whips around as the videographer's breathe comes in fearful gasps. Nothing. Just trees.

VIDEOGRAPHER

I... Maybe it wasn't there. (long pause)
So, where's this temple?

The camera pans again and suddenly the black shape rises from below.

VIDEOGRAPHER
(whispering - barely audible)
No... It's you...

We hear a GURGLE and a CRUNCH. The camera falls to the ground and we hear the videographer's body being DRAGGED AWAY. There is an echoing CHUCKLE and we

CUT TO
BLACK.

THE END

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