

RUINED

Two boys are terrorized by a
mysterious entity, who speaks of
apocalypse and an army that will consume
the souls of all mankind.

EXT. VICTORIAN STYLE HOME - NIGHT

The house was a beauty in its prime. Tall, ornate windows and gothic arches. Those days are long past.

A sign out front reads "Transitions. Foster Care for Boys"

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes are scattered everywhere. The den of a teenager.

PAUL, 17, lies in bed. Stares up at the ceiling. His head cocked, listening for something in the dark.

Then a SOUND on the wall behind the headboard.

Tap-tap-tap. Scratch-scratch-scratch. Tap-tap-tap.

Paul understands the code. He climbs out of bed.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Superhero posters on the wall. Model airplanes and action figures. A nightlight bathes the room in an amber glow.

JAKE, 8, lies in bed. The covers pulled tight to his chin.

On the nightstand is a plastic model of Dracula from the old Universal horror film. Bela Lugosi's flowing cape and outstretched arms cast a grotesque shadow on the ceiling.

Paul slips quietly into the room. Jake slides over, pats the vacated space on the bed next to him.

Paul crosses to the bed and lies down next to Jake.

JAKE

(whispers)

He's here. Isn't he?

PAUL

Yes.

Jake sighs a frightened little groan. Grips Paul's arm.

On the ceiling, plastic Dracula's shadow seems to heave and throb. As if it breathes. The boys don't notice.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Maybe tonight he's come for someone else.

The shadow on the ceiling grows. Like a thick layer of oil. It clings to the ceiling. Roils like the ocean at night.

The nightlight flickers and fades. As the shadow on the ceiling grows it sucks the energy from the little bulb.

Paul and Jake see it now.

The shadow slithers across the ceiling. Hits the crown moulding, changes direction. Drips down the wall.

The boys peer through the gloom. Not sure exactly what they're looking at. It's just a black stain on the wall.

Then it's still. Silence. Several seconds pass.

Maybe there's nothing there at all?

Two hands emerge from the inky shadow. Bony fingers grasp the wall and pull it wide. Like pulling back drapes.

Two eyes appear. Bright, burning orange. And teeth.

Jakes tries to scream but no sound comes out.

A creature steps through the hole in the wall. For a brief instant they see it's face. Snake. Man. Demon. It morphs, mutates. Constantly moving, constantly changing.

It spits. Something flies from it's mouth. A black membrane covers the bed. It wraps the boys, their arms and legs. Their faces. They struggle and gasp for air.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF A SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Paul still struggles and kicks against the membrane, until he realizes it's no longer there.

He looks around. He's alone. No sign of Jake.

The lights of a massive city spread out below. He's high up on a building that's under construction. The wind howls.

A giant construction tower is perched on the rooftop. The boom arm of the crane is a hundred feet up, and extends out beyond the edge of the building.

A SCREAM.

Paul sees something dangling from the end of the crane.

A couch? Yes. Tied to the crane with ropes. It dangles over the street seventy floors below. It rocks back and forth, spins as it's blasted by the the wind.

That's not all. A person is on the couch. Jake. His frantic hands grip at the cushions as he tries to hang on.

PAUL

Jake!

Paul runs to the base of the crane. Looks up at the control booth. The only access is a ladder built into the tower frame. The climb is at least a hundred feet.

Paul grips the ladder. Braces himself for the climb. He takes the first tentative steps...

Something grabs his foot. Black oily fingers curl around his ankle like a snake. The tendrils yank him to the ground.

The creature slithers out of the darkness. It envelops Paul. Surrounds him. Smothers him. Pins him to the ground.

Hot breath in his ear. A voice like the crackle of fire.

SHADOW

Your soul. Black. Afflicted.

Paul struggles to get away. The creature holds him tight.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Defiled. Yet... strong.

PAUL

What are you? What do you want?

SHADOW

Want is meaningless. Need. Survival.
 (the voice changes.
 clearer, more human.)
 You must kill the child.

The creature releases him. Paul scrambles to his feet.

From above, Jake SCREAMS. The wind has picked up. The couch spins faster now. Tips back and forth.

The creature moves behind the equipment and building material piled on the roof. Circling Paul. Taunting him.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

We end his pain. We release him.

PAUL

Why are you doing this to us?

SHADOW

Feel it? Yes. You sense them.

The creature continues to circle. Just out of sight.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 They grow. They consume. The souls
 of your people. Of your friend. He
 is beyond hope. He is ruined.

Paul turns. The creature is behind him. Hands outstretched.
 The fingers grow, squirm. Reach toward Paul like tentacles.

The tendrils wrap around Paul's face. Sinewy fingers grasping
 for each hole. They enter his nose, his mouth, his ears.

Paul struggles to breath. He sees a bright flash, then...

SERIES OF SHOTS - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

- A) A violent clash in the mideast
- B) A hate group marching through the streets
- C) A politician at a rally. His followers roar with approval
- D) A group of police in body armor surrounding a school

EXT. ROOF OF A SKYSCRAPER - ON TOP OF THE CRANE

Another flash, and Paul finds himself on the boom arm of the
 crane. The wind blasts his face. He drops to his hands and
 knees. Grips the metal truss to steady himself.

He sees Jake and the couch. Right beneath him.

A dark shape coils and twists through the metal frame of the
 crane. The creature's voice rings in Paul's ear.

SHADOW (O.S.)
 We are brethren. Corrupted like the
 others. Infected, but not defiled.

Paul sees where the rope is tied to the crane. The knot is
 loose, beginning to slip.

Paul lowers himself into the center of the crane arm. He
 climbs down the metal truss toward the rope.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We alone are strong. We alone can
 see. We alone can fight.

Paul's foot slips. He just barely catches his fall. He's
 almost to the rope. Just a few more feet.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Very well. If you will not hear...

Paul reaches the rope. It begins to uncoil from the metal beam. Paul grabs it, holds it tight.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Then you must see.

Paul recoils, like he's hit with a punch in the gut.

He looks down at Jake. Jake smiles back. Paul sees the face of an innocent child. The face of his friend.

And something else...

Something dark. Sickening. Behind the child's eyes are a pair of beady, black pupils that stare back at Paul.

Beneath the child's skin is something vile. A twisted figure, wrapped in flame. It spits venomous hate and spite.

Paul can see them both. Inhabiting the same body.

Sweet little Jake. And something dark and cruel.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It grows stronger. It will consume
him. Your friend is ruined. You
must release him. Release them all.

Paul goes numb. The rope slide from his hands, and the couch plummets to the street below. Jake SCREAMS.

Paul grabs for the rope. Loses his balance. He falls too.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul slams into the bed. He's back in Jake's room. The boy is next to him. Panting. His face white.

JAKE
I'm scared.

Paul turns to Jake.

He sees the sweet face of a child. The face of his friend.

And the other thing. The one wrapped in flame. The demon that snickers and taunts Paul with it's twisted grin.

PAUL
Me too, buddy. Me too.

FADE OUT.