

SHADOWS

Written by

Danny Lacey

Short film

Draft 4

dannylacey@stadagroup.co.uk
0113 403 2037

INT. BEDROOM - SUNRISE

NORMAN, 50's, lay staring up at the ceiling, shafts of golden sun light break through the blinds and across his face.

He peels back the neatly folded bed covers and positions his vest clad body at the edge of the bed -- slowly.

NORMAN (V.O.)
We all have moments in life that
shape our destiny.

One item at a time, he gets dressed -- slowly.

NORMAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Moments that often creep up on our
blind spot.

He navigates his way through the gap between the bed and wardrobe -- grabbing a large SCRAPBOOK from the bedside on his way.

NORMAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
My moment, ended up catching the
whole world off guard.

INT. LOUNGE - SAME

The rising sun leaks through the dirty windows, casting a golden light over what can only be described as an old armchair graveyard.

Arms fully stretched and knees bent -- slightly, Norman puts his body through its paces with some light exercise.

NORMAN (V.O.)
I was christened Norman Bobby
Carling. But, the world named me
the space man.

Stood at the window, he raises his finger and writes in the condensation -- "SPACE MAN".

NORMAN (V.O.)
I like it.

A subtle smile.

NORMAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
One minute you're delivering
newspapers door to door and then...

Norman takes his seat in one of many armchairs. A fresh cup of tea placed on the table beside him. He looks around for a moment -- nobody there.

Another look around, he spots his scrapbook.

NORMAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 ...and then, you're in another
 World.

With the scrapbook now on his lap, he begins to peel back the pages to reveal sketches, newspaper clippings and headlines -- SPACE BOY'S STORY IS OUT OF THIS WORLD, ONE SMALL STEP FOR BOY - ONE GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND, THE WORLD IS WATCHING...

NORMAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 And some moments are beyond
 explanation.

Norman turns another few pages of the scrapbook and the headlines read -- SPACE BOY'S REVELATION, TO INSANITY AND BEYOND, CONCERN OVER SPACE BOY'S STATE OF MIND.

The next page brings Norman to a temporary halt -- one paper clipping sits in the middle of the page with the headline -- I'VE BEEN ADOPTED BY A FAMILY FROM OUTER SPACE, CLAIMS BOY.

A quick sip from his cup of tea. All he can do is sit and stare at this one paper clipping.

NORMAN (V.O.)
 They weren't keen on all the
 attention. What could I do?"

There's more headlines as he fans his way through the scrapbook -- ALL EYES ON SPACE BOY, HAS SPACE BOY GONE TOO FAR?, SPACE BOY LOSES THE PLOT, ONE STORY TOO MANY FOR SPACE BOY FANS.

Then the headline -- SPACE BOY SECTIONED.

Norman sits and stares in to space. Lonely.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Norman, in his PJ's, folds his clothes up in to a neat pile and places them in his bedside cabinet. Propping himself up on the edge of the bed for a moment.

NORMAN (V.O.)
 I just sit and wait.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Norman's sleep comes to an abrupt end as his body jolts upright, disturbing his nicely folded bed sheets. Eyes wide open and now in a panic, fighting to catch his breath.

He stops to clutch his chest for a moment. Trying hard to control his breathing.

His one available hand reaches over to search amongst the many bottles of pills in the bedside drawer. A short effort as he removes an old and badly worn photograph of an attractive WOMAN in her 30s.

His breathing now more relaxed, his head hits the pillow as he holds the photograph close to his chest.

INT. LOUNGE - MORNING SUNRISE

Tired and lethargic, Norman attempts to exercise, struggling with his stretches he wonders over to the window. His finger poised in the condensation -- he writes, "SPACE MAN" followed by a love heart.

NORMAN (V.O.)

I wasn't planning on loving another person.

Falling back in to his old armchair he spots a fresh cup of tea on the table -- looking around but nobody there.

He starts to turn a few pages in his scrapbook. More headlines -- LOCAL REPORTER MISSING, REPORTER'S STALKER ARRESTED, SPACE MAN PRIME SUSPECT, SPACE MAN ARRESTED.

Norman turns the page to reveal another photograph of the attractive Woman in her 30s, with the headline -- SHE WAS TAKEN BY MY ALIEN FAMILY, CRAZY CLAIMS BY SPACE MAN.

NORMAN (V.O.)

Not one day goes by I don't think about her.

His finger runs along the page, underlining another headline -- SPACE MAN WALKS FREE, SPACE MAN'S SAFETY QUESTIONED AFTER VERDICT, NO EVIDENCE OF WRONG DOING, WAS REPORTER ABDUCTED BY ALIENS?, WHERE IS MY REBECCA?

His eyes are glazed over as he looks ahead and through the walls.

INT. LOUNGE - EVENING

Norman jolts upright after dozing off in his armchair, his scrapbook falls to the floor, scattering some of its contents -- panic sets in. Frantically looking around him, checking every corner of the room -- nothing but a tea mug stain on the table next to him.

He gathers the paper clippings and places them back in the scrapbook.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Panic sets in as Norman gets undressed. He takes his neatly folded clothes and places them in the bedside cabinet and gets under the covers.

Staring up at the ceiling, both hands holding the photo of the attractive woman, his breathing returning to normal.

NORMAN (V.O.)

All I ever wanted were answers.

His eyes heavy, his breathing slow and rested, Norman fights to stay awake. A fight he loses quickly as his eyelids give in.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

A huge intake of air brings Norman to life, sweaty and in a panic. He makes every effort to sit upright to catch his breath.

A hot cup of tea on the bedside grabs his attention and immediately intensifies the panic.

Throwing open his bedside cabinet he grabs a dusty old pile of, incredibly well folded, clothes. Despite the items being too small he continues to get dressed.

It takes all of his effort to lift a trunk from under the bed, heavy and full of junk and with a few clicks, now shut tight.

Norman sits on the edge of the bed and stares out of the window. His breathing now calm. Just sat -- staring.

A LOW FREQUENCY HUM interrupts the calm. Followed by a physical rumble. Anything not screwed down begins to rattle.

The hum now much louder and the rooms' contents providing an orchestra of noises and activity -- every object has come to life.

Norman's smile grows wider.

A BLINDING BRIGHT LIGHT blasts through the window and fills the room with a sheet of white. It isn't long before the bright light fades, leaving a now quiet room.

The remnants of the low frequency hum begin to fade out. The sensation takes us to the lowest part of the room, sinking with the dust as it begins to settle on the floor and through this and under the bed we see a pair of trousers, half mast and showing the ankles of a motionless body.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

NORMAN (V.O.)

I'm sure they'll have answers for
me.

THE END.

ROLL END CREDITS