

Lights on the Moor

Written by

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INT. NELLIE'S CAR - DUSK

Close on NELLIE's eyes - staring straight ahead, unblinking. Signs of a fading black eye.

Her fingers are frozen on the wheel. She sits up straight. Bruises on her neck and wrists - also faded.

EXT. MOOR ROAD - DUSK

Her silver '96 Civic bends around the many twists and curves of an endless dirt road. Both sides are flanked by marked trenches. Beyond, the vast, wild expanse of the North York Moors spread as far as the eye can see. There are no signs of civilization.

INT. NELLIE'S CAR - DUSK

*RI-I-I-I-ING!! RI-I-I-I-ING!!* Nellie finds and pulls out her yellow Nokia 3310. "INCOMING CALL: MUM."

She puts it aside. Lets it ring.

The ringing stops. The car is silent. Then - another quick ring.

The phone screen flashes with a text: "Nellie...are you safe? Where are you? Call when you can! Dad and I are worried sick."

Nellie doesn't look at the message. Her mind centralizes on the road. We feel an almost hypnotizing isolation...as she drives towards the fiery sunset.

INT./EXT. NELLIE'S CAR/MOOR ROAD - NIGHT

The sun has fallen. Nellie remains silent, focused on her drive. Suddenly, out of the quiet...the sounds of a DISTANT VEHICLE.

Nellie checks her rear view. Far behind, a black BMW rounds a bend. It first seems to match her pace...but quickly starts to make up distance.

Nellie slows. The car continues to approach. As it does, she's blinded by the vehicle's SHOCKINGLY YELLOW HEADLIGHTS. Two, piercing lights, assaulting her vision. She tries to shield her eyes.

Nellie rolls down the window and shoves her arm out. She beckons for the car to pass.

It doesn't. In fact, it closes the gap even further...about five feet, bumper-to-bumper.

Nellie waves her arm frantically. The car remains behind her.

She shuts the window. Begins to accelerate. The BMW follows suit. Nellie takes a deep breath. Watches it condensate in the chilly night air.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! Nellie flinches. The other driver is holding the horn. She speeds up more. So do they. There's only a foot left between the cars.

*RI-I-I-I-ING!!* The phone buzzes on the passenger seat. Another call from Mum. Nellie ignores it.

Nellie swerves across the road into the right lane. The other car follows, staying close behind.

100 km/h...110 km/h...

She pulls back onto the left side. The car does the same...

*RI-I-I-I-ING!!*

135 km/h...140 km/h...

The BMW VEERS BACK to the right lane. It continues to accelerate...pulling right into the Civic's blind spot. Nellie tries and fails to get a look at the driver, who's shrouded in darkness.

BANG! The BMW RAMS INTO the side of the Civic. Bewildered, Nellie grips the wheel, barely keeping the car on the road.

BANG! ... BANG!

The BMW continues to veer into Nellie's car, which fails to continue accelerating. BANG!

Nellie makes a decision. She slams on the brakes.

The other driver anticipated this. They do the same.

BANGGG! Distracted by her maneuver, Nellie can't counter the last hit. The Civic VEERS INTO THE LEFT DITCH.

INT. NELLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

The car has LANDED ON ITS SIDE. Nellie seems to have hit her face on the dashboard. Her forehead has a gash. Hyperventilating, she spits out a mix of blood and saliva.

She feels around and touches the tip of her phone on the ground in front of the passenger seat. The glass looks cracked. She grabs it. "MISSED CALL: MUM."

She manages to open the window. Undoes her seat belt. Climbs out.

EXT. MOOR ROAD - NIGHT

She stumbles into a mud puddle at the base of the ditch. She pulls herself up onto the far side. Shivers with a gust of cool wind. She turns to to the road.

About 50 feet back, the other car has parked. Frozen, she watches as the driver door opens. IN SILHOUETTE, a MAN steps out - his shadow reveals the outline of a dark robe, the base of it billowing in the wind.

Turning to Nellie - we reveal his menacing, FLICKERING YELLOW EYES. They pierce into our souls.

Nellie gasps. She turns and lunges away from the road.

EXT. MOOR - ROCKY AREA - NIGHT

Nellie unexpectedly stumbles down a small decline. Reaching the bottom, she quickly takes in the landscape. It's covered in a thick layer of fog, but dimly lit by the light of the moon.

She scrambles over a series of SHARP ROCKS, desperately attempting to put distance between her and her attacker. The rocks are WET, and leaping across them her foot SLIPS causing her to FALL to the ground. She releases an agonizing CRY.

She forces herself to stand, quickly shakes off the pain, and continues without delay.

EXT. MOOR - HEATHER GRASSLAND - NIGHT

Nellie emerges into a grassy clearing. She's surrounded on all sides by purple and pink heather, with its tall, bell-shaped flowers. In a completely different situation, it might be beautiful.

She turns. Standing at the edge of the road is The Man - staring right *into* Nellie, with his scintillating, blazing eyes.

THE MAN  
(chilly, whispered with  
the sounds of the  
whipping wind)  
Nellie...

She shudders. Nellie dives into the pink shrubs. Forcing her way through, Nellie grimaces as she is scratched by the many branches. Her feet are soaked by the mud and wet grass.

After nearly 30 feet, the thickness of the brush becomes overwhelming. Nellie veers to the right.

After a few moments, she materializes from the thick heather.

EXT. MOOR - PEAT BOG - NIGHT

Ahead, the ground seems to level out into a bog. Nellie dashes across the flat landscape.

Limp-running through the bog, she immediately feels lighter, the ground bouncier. Suddenly, without a second to think, she FALLS THROUGH THE GROUND. She had been running on a floating PEAT BOG, and had stepped on the deceiving moss and fallen waist-deep into the pit of THICK MUD.

She cries. Begins to pull herself out, slowly. Manages to get her waist out...then her right leg...but HER LEFT LEG IS CAUGHT. She dares to look behind her.

The Man is nonchalantly strolling through the thick heather. He emerges, and strolls towards her. 30 feet...25...

With one last pull, Nellie YANKS her foot from the mud and TAKES OFF.

Ahead...largely obscured by the fog...she spots an ENORMOUS HILL, topped by a large pile of rocks (called a "tor"). She makes for it, careful to avoid the soft stretches of land.

Nellie barrels across the terrain, not hazarding to turn back or even to catch her breath. In the same vicinity as the large hill, she now saw several smaller, surrounding mounds, each mounted with their own tors.

She continues to approach. Exhausted, bleeding, traumatized...she finds it in her to continue. And then - SHE STOPS.

EXT. MOOR - RIVER - NIGHT

The sound of rapid, rushing water. A RIVER, at least fifteen feet across, separates her and the hill. All signs of its existence had been completely hidden by the hazy sky and vicious wind.

She doesn't hesitate. She PLUNGES into the icy water. It's only a few feet deep. She wades across the stream, avoiding rocks and trying to maintain balance in the whirlwind current.

She reaches the other side. Lugs herself onto the far bank, and stands up. She finally ventures to take a breath.

The Man is gone. There is no sign of him anywhere. She thoroughly searches her surroundings, and finds nothing...

The heather brush, far in the distance, begins to VIOLENTLY SHAKE. It looks as if some wild animal is sprinting underneath the bushes, making its way...towards Nellie.

Instantly, the creature SHOTS OUT from the edge of the heather. It's a - human BOY, about 12 years old, wearing tattered clothes. The Boy crawls rapidly on all fours across the bog, very much like a wild animal. His eyes, like the Man's, are a FLICKERING, GLOWING YELLOW, standing out sharply against the dark moor.

Nellie can't breath. She turns and flees in the opposite direction.

EXT. MOOR - HILLY AREA - NIGHT

Narrowly maneuvering through the smaller mounds, she reaches her destination, and scales it, on hands and knees. Finally reaching the top, she turns to look.

No sign of The Man or The Boy. Hyperventilating, Nellie pulls out the cell phone.

She starts to desperately call the police. The buttons do not press. The phone was damaged in the river. SHE CRIES IN FRUSTRATION. She dares to peek once more.

Now, on one of the lower peaks not too far from where Nellie stands, the Boy is PERCHED on the top rock in one of the rock stacks. He stands at the end of the rock, looking directly up at Nellie with those disturbing yellow eyes, eerily cutting through the mist.

SUDDENLY, THE BOY LEAPS OFF THE EDGE OF THE ROCK and lands on the ground. Immediately, he begins hurdling towards Nellie.

Terrified, she turns back around. She sees that about 100 feet from her current lookout, the ground evens out into a flat, grassy expanse. Way off in the distance, Nellie spies a small FARMHOUSE. Two lanterns emit a bright, yellow-ish light from a room on the upper floor.

Seeing her only chance at survival, Nellie gathers up her remaining stamina and TAKES OFF.

She narrowly CATCHES HERSELF as she trips on the descent. Nellie's arms and legs WHIP through the wind.

EXT. MOOR - FLATLAND - NIGHT

She reaches the base of the hill and lets gravity carry her across the field.

Then - we get a glimpse of SOMETHING MOVING in her peripheral.

It's THE BOY, DASHING ACROSS THE GROUND like a rabid wolf. He's going twice or three times as fast as Nellie.

Nellie CLOSES THE GAP between her and the side of the farmhouse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE DOOR - NIGHT

She FRANTICALLY KNOCKS.

NELLIE  
(crying)  
HELP! HELP ME! PLEASE!

There's no answer. She forces herself to turn her head. The Boy is gaining...50 feet away...35...

Nellie turns the handle. It's unlocked. She opens the door and hurls herself inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

She SLAMS the door shut behind her. She feels for a deadbolt and finds one. LOCKS IT.

She takes several steps into the house. Braces for The Boy's impact.

It doesn't come. She releases her breath - didn't realize she had been holding it.

She catches her breath. Allows herself to look around. She spots a backdoor on the far side. Moves across the room and locks it.

The home is INCREDIBLY DARK. Her eyes struggle to make out the outlines of objects and rooms. She fumbles her hand across the back wall - and makes contact with a LIGHT SWITCH. Flicks it. Nothing happens. No electricity.

She takes a few steps from the wall. She can barely make out a kitchen directly to her left, and some more entries to other rooms on both sides.

She unconsciously checks her pockets for anything helpful. She finds something. Completely EMOTIONLESS, she pulls out a MATCHBOX from her back pocket. Removes a match, ignites it.

Using the wavering light from the lit match, she begins to look around.

Then - THE FAINT SOUND of SOMEONE STRUGGLING. Unnerved, she moves toward the sound of the voice.

INT. FARMHOUSE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Turning around a somewhat hidden corner in the front of the house, she finds a STAIRCASE. Small beams of light shine down from above.

NELLIE

Hello? Who's here?

(a beat)

Do you need help?

She begins to climb the RICKETY WOODEN STEPS. As she does, she notices a thin layer of a dark substance covering the stairs. She reaches the top. The dark spill continues down the hallway. She looks utterly confused.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door on her immediate right is cracked open. Light peeks through the opening.

Slowly, she moves her head to peer through...

On a BED on the right wall, THE MAN IS RESTRAINED - GAGGED, his wrists tied to the headboard and his feet to the bedposts. He sees her and releases a muffled cry.

SHE JUMPS BACK. Hyperventilates. The stifled screaming continues. She helplessly tries to calm herself, to no avail.



After a long beat, she's somehow able to steady herself. Forces herself to enter the room.

On the far wall, two lanterns sit on the windowsills, bathing the room in their warm glow.

On the bed, THE MAN - but it's not The Man. This person is wearing the same black robe - a black Protestant cassock with a white collar. A clergyman. But instead of those cold, demonic eyes, his face looks distressed. Scorned. Angry.

NELLIE  
(mystified, weak)  
Edward?

EDWARD violently nods. She breathes...faster and faster. She can no longer control it. She's in a full on panic.

She turns to flee - A MASSIVE, WHITE HAND GRASPS HER THROAT. SHE GASPS, as his GRIP TIGHTENS.

Her EYES BULGE. THE MAN bends down, lurking right behind her shoulder. He's a near doppelgänger of the person on the bed - if not for his penetrating yellow eyes and disturbingly pale skin.

The Man talks slowly. His voice is deep and unnatural, sounding like it 's coming from everywhere at once. It's terrifying, but somehow not in a supernatural way. In a deeply, uniquely human way.

THE MAN  
Welcome home, Nellie.

She struggles to breath. Begins to squirm about violently, flailing her arms and legs. She PLUNGES HER KNEE into The Man's groin. He releases his grip, and SLAPS HER TO THE FLOOR.

She hits the ground hard. The match falls out of her hand, and inexplicably stays lit while sitting on the floorboards.

Nellie is on the floor against the wall. She's DISTRAUGHT, a massive red mark on her cheek, tears running down her face. Too confused and overwhelmed to weep.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Did you think...that you'd get away  
with this?

Nellie sits up, covers her face in her hands.

NELLIE  
 (broken, small)  
 How?

Silence. Then like a strike of lightning -

THE MAN  
 BITCH!

Nellie JUMPS. The Man is standing right above her.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
 You thought you could KILL ME?  
 Without CONSEQUENCES?

Nellie shakes uncontrollably.

Edward, still restrained on the bed, now quiet. Staring at Nellie. He looks smug, satisfied with her terror.

Then - the sound of the door downstairs OPENING and CLOSING. Someone's footsteps entering...making their way towards the stairwell...

Nellie looks confused, then horrified...which eventually morphs into a look of realization, and shock.

Creeeeeeek. The person is at the top of the stairs...walks past the open door frame...

IT'S THE BOY. But NOT - he is now walking upright, like a real, human child. His clothes are no longer tattered. And he has small, brown, innocent eyes.

He slows when passing the door, looking slightly confused, but not peering in (as if, to him, it appeared closed).

Nellie stands, LUNGES FOR THE DOOR, starts to YELL - but The Man THROWS HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH, SHOVES HER BACK INTO THE WALL.

He moves his mouth directly next to her ear.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
 But that's not what you did. You didn't hear him come back in the house. Did you?

She's full-on crying now. Petrified.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
 DID YOU?

The Man's hand still covering her mouth, she nods.

He kicks the still-lit match into the center of the room, where the black substance (gasoline!) instantly ignites.

THE ROOM GOES UP IN FLAMES. The gasoline trail leads directly to the bed, where Edward (who had been doused in gas) instantly lights up. His screams are blood-curdling.

Nellie wails. She flies past The Man, leaping over the flames which have already spread out the open doorway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

She sees that the flames have already followed the gasoline trail to the other bedroom, at the far left of the house. She's able to jump over the flames, which are still relatively small.

She reaches the far bedroom. The door is open.

INT. HALLWAY/CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Unlike the rest of the house, this feels like a fully furnished young boy's bedroom - scattered toys, posters on the walls. The room is largely engulfed in flames.

NELLIE  
(voice cracking)  
JACOB!!!

JACOB, the young boy, is standing, panic-stricken, at the far end of the room. HE'S TRAPPED by the heat of MASSIVE FLAMES. He shows no sign of having heard his mother.

Close on JACOB'S EYES. His brown irises are now FLICKERING YELLOW - reflecting the bright flames he's staring directly into.

THE MAN appears behind her shoulder.

THE MAN  
You did this.

NELLIE  
Please...no.  
(defiant through her  
tears)  
I tried to kill YOU, you abusive  
FUCKING PSYCHO. I had no choice.  
Nobody believed me. But I didn't  
realize...

## THE MAN

You didn't realize...until you saw his schoolbag at the bottom of the stairs. But by then it was too late.

Nellie is destroyed. Feels frozen in place.

The flames approach her son. She attempts to enter the room despite the engulfing fire, but the heat is simply too much. She stares into Jacob's eyes, as the flames reach him.

She can't watch. Tries to flee back down the hallway -

THE MAN HAS GRABBED HER WRIST, SQUEEZING IT TIGHTLY. SHE CAN'T ESCAPE.

Nellie SCREAMS. She PULLS AND PULLS.

Close on Nellie's devastated face as we start to hear the flames reach her son.

Now, THE MAN'S AWFUL, COLORLESS HAND IS ON HER SHOULDER. Inexplicably, she begins to feel a cool, thick liquid seep out from The Man's hand. IT BURNS HER SKIN. Before she can process it, she realizes she is COVERED IN GASOLINE.

The Man's hand loosens. Seeing no other options, she flees down the hallway, away from Jacob's tortured screams.

## THE MAN (CONT'D)

(voice decrescendos as she leaves)

Go ahead and run, Nellie. That's what you do. See if it works this time.

As she sprints through the strip of flames, she feels her pants CATCH FIRE.

## INT. FARMHOUSE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

She continues down the STAIRS, SCREAMING. As she descends she IGNITES the gas on the stairs as well.

## INT. FARMHOUSE LANDING/KITCHEN - NIGHT

She emerges onto the bottom floor, her clothes doused in flames. She SPRINTS to the SINK and tries the faucet. No water.

She drops to the floor and rolls around in the center of the room - to no avail.

The flames from the stairs have quickly ignited the wooden floor around her. Almost impossibly fast, the walls have also caught fire.

As the flames relentlessly approach...the screaming STOPS. Nellie's body lays still.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Nellie's body. No burn marks anywhere. She remains, unmoving, at the center of the floor.

The dim farmhouse around her looks ANCIENT and ABANDONED, covered in cobwebs.

A stream of pale moonlight illuminates her blank, dead face from a hole in the roof.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house has NO DOORS OR WINDOWS, and LARGE SECTIONS of the ROOF ARE MISSING. It's a dead, husk of a home. A haunted carcass, abandoned on the moor for hundreds of years.

The full moon casts an eerie light over the scene.

EXT. MOOR - NIGHT

Quick shots: the tors on the hills, the rushing river, the bog, and heather brush. It now feels slightly less ominous - maybe even peaceful.

The flowers sway in the calm wind.

EXT. MOOR ROAD - NIGHT

Nellie's car is still sideways in the roadside trench, with bits of glass and blood mixed in with the mud.

50 feet behind...the road stretches into the distance, until it is engulfed by fog. There is no other vehicle.

**THE END**