

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward sits at a dining table laid with plates and cutlery, candles light the dim surroundings. Edward forms a sinister grin as the camera closes in on him.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Edward travels in public, out of place amongst others in the scene. Each shot change is synced to an ominous drum thump.

QUICK CUTS:

- In a mid-close-up shot (match-cut composition from the previous shot), Edward is sitting in a bus looking at the camera*
- In a half-body shot, Edward is sitting on a bus with his head in his hands*
- mid shot, Edward rubs his eyes frantically*

END MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Edward stands over a corpse in the forest holding a blood-soaked knife, face and clothing covered in blood, panting.

Edward assesses the knife and stands in place, regaining composure, he drops the knife on the ground.

Edward walks behind the head of the corpse and grasps under their armpits, dragging them into nearby foliage whilst looking around anxiously.

Edward returns to the previous area to open the deceased's rucksack and retrieve their hoodie, putting it on and walking off-screen.

BEGIN CREDITS SEQUENCE

Eerie music plays

SHOTS:

Ground level shot - Edward walking past.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. EDWARD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Edward is jolted awake by the ringing of his phone, he turns on his side and declines the call from Mikey.

Calling again, Edward Answers.

MIKEY: 'Yo Eddie, you not picking up the phone? Where you at?'

EDWARD: 'I'm sorry man, I can't come in today... I'm sick still'

MIKEY: 'Nah come on Bruv, you're taking the piss. I've been working mine and your job for the last four days, I'm sick of this shit man... Give me a break and get your ass here-'

Edward hangs up and throws the phone.

He sits up on his bed, puts on a shirt and picks up a frame of his mother.

Knocking at the front door. He gets up and answers the door hesitantly.

MIKEY: 'Fuckin hell, look at the state of you'

EDWARD: 'Mikey...-' *Relieved*

MIKEY: 'Yeah me, Mikey... now just what is it you have anyway? Cholera?... I mean, you've been off work the whole bloody week'

Mikey invites himself in, barging past Edward

EDWARD: 'I don't know man, I've just been feeling awful. B-but what are you doing here?'

MIKEY: 'I'm off work, can't be bothered to work another bloody day doing two people's shifts' *Looking up at Edward*

EDWARD: 'S-sorry... but I really can't come in'

MIKEY: *Deep breath, Looks Disappointed, then distracted* 'What's that?'

Edward looks down at his arm, where a spot of dried blood remains

EDWARD: *Slightly panicked* 'Oh... this? It's just Ketchup'

MIKE: 'Right. Well anyway, Sammy will be here in a minute. I invited him over, considering we're both off work and all.'

EDWARD: 'Well cheers for letting me know mate' *Sarcastically*

Mike walks further into the house, to the living room. Ignoring Edwards expression of annoyance

EDWARD: 'Ay, you know I didn't say you could just walk into my house'

Edward follows him into the living room, where clothes and empty plastic containers litter the floor. Dust lathers the shelves and desk while spoiled food remains on plates.

Mike: 'Fucking hell Eddie, what on earth happened in here... you didn't tell me you renovated the place'

EDWARD: 'Sorry I.. haven't had time to clean'

MIKE: 'That's alright mate, it doesn't bother me. **Sits down and Pulls out his phone** 'Now, where's Sammy?'

Edward takes the opportunity to wash his arm off in the kitchen, Sammy Knocks at the door

MIKE: 'Ah there he is'

Edward walks to the hall and opens the door

SAMMY: 'Hey Eddie! How are you holding up man' **Sammy shakes Edward's hand and steps in**

EDWARD: 'I'm you know, getting by yeah'

SAMMY: 'Good, good you need to get back to work man it's been bloody torture without you'

EDWARD: 'I know, I know. Do you want anything to drink or anything?'

SAMMY: 'Yeah, maybe some tea, it's freezing outside'

Cut to boiling kettle, consecutive fast cuts between pouring, and serving. Eddie brings over the tea to Sammy and Mikey.

SAMMY: 'Thanks man'

Edward Sits down beside Mikey. Mikey looks at his tea, takes a sip and spits it back into the cup

MIKE: 'Tastes like dog piss, Jesus'

SAMMY: 'Oh come on now, it's not bad Mikey you're being a bloody drama queen'

MIKE: 'Mate are you joking? You must have a neurological condition or summin if you think this tastes alright-'

EDWARD: 'Alright alright calm down it's just tea ladies'

EDWARD: **Overcasting the mumbling** 'So anyway, what are you two doing here? I get Sammy but I know it's not like you to come over just for hugs and kisses ay Mikey'

MIKE: 'Aw come on you don't think I've gotten bored of your hugs and kisses now do you baby?'

Edward and Sammy laugh

MIKE: **Laughter dying down** 'Your right Eddie, We wanted to talk about work'

EDWARD: 'Yeah, well what about it?'

The Friends sit in silence for a moment

SAMMY: 'The boss replaced you'

EDWARD: 'What?! What do you mean replaced me? As in I've been fired?'

Sammy and Mike speak at the same time

SAMMY: 'No'

MIKE: 'Yes. Look mate, what did you expect? You've been slacking off for the last month'

SAMMY: 'Ay now Mikey shut up. You're not necessarily fired, but the boss has put someone in place of you for a bit...'

Sammy and Mike's voices trail out into the background, blurred by Edward's anger. Voices begin to invade the audience's ears.

MIKE: 'That's the sack, Sammy. Now come on Edward, I'm not blaming you for all this but I'm just being honest.'

Edward places his head in his hands as the blur becomes louder, and the voices intensify

SAMMY: 'Look, we needed to come and tell you in person. I can still try to help you get work somewhere else...'

The voices become overwhelming

EDWARD: 'GET OUT OF MY HEAD!'

Both Sammy and Mike turn their attention to Edward, shocked by his tone before the TV across from them turns on unexpectedly. The News of last night's murder blasts the friends' attention away from Eddies outburst

SAMMY: 'That's just down the road isn't it?'

Mike: "Basterds..." (referring to killer(s))

Sammy and Mike are both immersed in the broadcast, before Edward shuts the TV off from the remote. Both turn their attention back to Edward, who is now dripping with sweat and appears unsettled by the News.

EDWARD: 'Both of you need to leave... Now.'

Cut to the front door slamming, then Mike and Sammy walking in public

EXT. PUBLIC STREET - DAY

SAMMY: 'Did you see that? Jesus Mikey, Eddies a lot worse off than I thought. I mean did you see how crazy he just acted'

MIKE: 'Ah come on now, give all your controversies a break would you? Yeah, he reacted a bit dramatic, but give the man a break he's just got the sack'.

Sammy comes to a stop, facing Mike

SAMMY: 'No you idiot, it's not just that. You saw his house, all the crap everywhere. You saw him! He looks awful, something else is going on with him man.'

MIKE: 'Yeah, he's bloody ill. He's said it enough times already I'm surprised you haven't got a headache from it. Now would you get a move on.'

Mike renews walking, Sammy following behind

SAMMY: 'But what does that mean? 'He's ill'? Yeah, mentally ill is what he is, and I'm worried about him. He hasn't been the same since his mum died last year, I can't of been the only one to notice'

MIKE: 'Course I noticed, but he's getting past it. He may be sick right now, but he's been getting better at the moment, trust me.'

INT. EDWARDS HOUSE - DAY

Cut back to Edward, now frantically washing his hands. He begins to hyperventilate and freak out with overwhelming guilt over the murder he committed.

EDWARD: 'What have I done? What have I done?'

Edward washes his hands over and over

EDWARD: 'Fuck! What have I done? WHY? It wasn't me! I wasn't in control!'

Edward falls to the floor, his tone quieting

EDWARD: 'It... wasn't... me. I didn't... do... this'

As he sits in despair and denial, Edward hears a low ethereal humming. Edward looks up from his palms, and recognition flushes his face

EDWARD: **Whispering** 'Mother?'

He gets up from the floor, aching his way up the stairs. The singing becomes louder.

EDWARD: Hopeful 'Mother?'

He opens the door slowly, revealing his mother in a pool of crimson blood, her wrists cut and oozing into the bath. Pleasantly singing to herself.

Edward closes the door, his face plain with shock and fear. He screams to himself and drops to the floor.

INT. SHOP, PUBLIC - NIGHT

Sammy and Mikey stand, ordering food.

MIKE: 'So, what are you getting then?'

SAMMY: 'Probably just the classic meal, not bothered for experimenting today'

MIKE: To cashier 'Yeah I'll get the Zinger meal please, thanks... Nah, no lettuce or tomatoes'

CASHIER: 'I'll be with you in a second my friend.'

Sammy looks out to the street when he sees Edward walk past shadily, his hood up, looking behind him.

Sammy walks out of the shop to get his attention, but Edward is nowhere in sight. Sammy walks back into the store

SAMMY: 'That was Eddie just then, I just saw him walking past all shady and hooded'

MIKE: 'Eddie? No, can't be. You saw him earlier. He's more like to see his mum back from the dead than be outside with how sick he is.'

SAMMY: 'I'm telling you mate, that was him. I'm not crazy.'

Shot creeps up on Sammy, as he mutters under his breath, looking out to the street:

SAMMY: 'He's the one who's crazy...'

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Music plays, 'A week later' shows across the screen and the camera slowly zooms out from the TV broadcasting of the News of yet another murder.

Sammy walks back and forth past the camera, out of focus as he gets ready for work

SAMMY: 'Ah not more of this sh*t again'

He switches off the TV with the remote, then dials up Mike. He answers.

MIKE: 'Yeah mate, what's up?'

SAMMY: 'Hey. Look mate, I'm gonna be late for work today. I wanna go check up on Eddie. It's been a week since we saw him have that little outburst'

MIKE: 'Ah Sammy, give him a break will you? He doesn't need to be treated like a pretty princess. And he sure as hell doesn't want visitors. We both heard him last.'

SAMMY: **Cutting him off** 'Yeah, yeah. Just tell the boss I'll be running a little late.'

Sammy hangs up and grabs jacket.

EXT. PUBLIC STREET - DAY

Sammy walks up Edwards Street, He sees Eddie leaving hooded again. Sammy follows him to find out where he's going.

Sammy tails him to a forested area and then loses him.

Sammy searches the forested area, and comes across fresh blood

SAMMY: Inspecting the blood 'Oh my god...'

SAMMY: Looking around, more panicked 'Eddie!'

UNKNOWN: 'Aughhhhhh!'

Sammy follows the scream, finding Edward standing over a mutilated corpse.

Sammy comes rushing out to confront Eddie.

SAMMY: 'EDDIE!... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?'

Edward snaps out of his episode, panicked.

SAMMY: 'PUT THE KNIFE DOWN!... EDDIE, LISTEN TO ME!'

Edward drops the knife

EDWARD: 'This... it wasn't me. No. Sammy... I swear I didn't...'

Edward steps back in horror at what he's done, Sammy runs to the body and crouches down over them—checking for a pulse.

SAMMY: 'Jesus Eddie! She's not breathing! What the hell have you done?'

EDWARD: 'I... don't know. I don't remember'

SAMMY: 'What do you goddamn mean you don't remember? Who is she? Why did you do this?'

EDWARD: 'I don't know...'

SAMMY: 'YOU DON'T KNOW?'

EDWARD: 'I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS! I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING! OKAY?'

SAMMY: 'No... no this isn't okay... What do you mean you don't remember? What are you saying?'

EDWARD: 'I've been having these episodes. I... keep losing control... and now this... again'

SAMMY: 'Again? Eddie, how many people have you killed?'

Edward gives Sammy a guilty look

SAMMY: 'For Christ's sake Eddie... oh my god...'

Sammy pulls out his phone and begins dialling

EDWARD: 'What are you doing?'

SAMMY: 'Calling the police'

EDWARD: 'No don't! Stop Sammy, come on! It wasn't me Sammy!'

Phone rings

SAMMY: **Muttering under his breath** 'Why won't this thing get any signal'

Edward looks down at the knife on the floor while the phone rings.

EXT. PUBLIC STREET - NIGHT

A few days later

MIKE (ON THE PHONE): 'Yeah, yeah I know. I'll get back to you later, I'm just going to check on a friend.'

Mike walks up to Edward's door and knocks. Edward opens the door, hollow-faced and pale.

MIKE: 'Eddie...'

EDWARD: 'Hey Mike, come in'

Edward walks into the living room

MIKE: 'Hey, look mate I just wanted to-' **Cut off**

EDWARD: 'It's been a bit hasn't it? Would you like a drink?'

MIKE: 'Er... yeah, sure.'

Mike follows him into the kitchen, and Eddie begins pouring two drinks

MIKE: 'Look Eddie, I just wanted to-'

EDWARD: 'Whiskey?'

MIKE: 'Yeah sure. Look I wanted to ask about Sammy.'

EDWARD: 'Sammy?... Yeah? What about him'

MIKE: 'Well you see I haven't seen him in a few days, coming up on a week now... he's not answering my calls... he hasn't been at work. No one seems to have a clue where he is.'

EDWARD: 'Oh... that's... awful. So-'

MIKE: 'I came to you because the last place Sammy told me he was going, was to check on you. He was worried about you...'

EDWARD: **Guilty, forcefully hiding it** 'Me?' **light chuckle** 'I mean... I'm fine'

MIKE: 'So you're saying you haven't seen him? At all?'

EDWARD: 'No, not at all'

MIKE: 'Really?' In disbelief 'that's'

Mike spots an item belonging to Sammy behind Edward, he processes it and squints his eyes. Beginning to become more suspicious

MIKE (Continuing from the last line): 'Hard to believe... Uh I mean not to say that your lying. But he was quite intent on seeing you.'

Edward's pace quickens as if he wants to escape the conversation

EDWARD: **Passing Mike his drink** 'Well I really haven't seen him, sorry. Now... I think it's best you go, Mikey'

MIKE: 'You're not gonna let a man finish his drink?'

EDWARD: 'Ah... yes, uh yeah finish it. Of course haha'

Mike sips his drink slowly, staring down at Edward. Edward looks up at the ceiling as if he has heard something.

EDWARD: 'Oh, I've just remembered something... I have to go upstairs for a minute'

Edward walks back towards the hall, facing Mike

EDWARD: 'Just... A second please'

We hear Edward run upstairs, Mike scrambles to grab Sammy's item, checking it

MIKE: **Under his breath** 'Sammy's'

Mike becomes more vigilant, walking back to the hall to ensure the coast is clear. He looks around for clues frantically.

EDWARD (from upstairs): 'Just a second!'

Mike moves books and throws coats up that lie down on the floor. He glimpses patches of blood, remembering back to the 'ketchup' on Eddie's arm.

He picks up a worn black hoodie with mud and stains on it, remembering how Sammy described what he thought was Eddie.

He gages his eyes on a chest of draws. Opening it, he finds hundreds of slips of paper reading strange vague writings.

Mike throws them around, to find a handful of polaroid pictures underneath. He picks them up and looks at them in disgust - Images of corpses, he flicks through them. Lastly, he finds a picture of Sammy's mutilated body. He drops the pictures in horror.

The camera slides to the side, revealing eddie standing behind him, grinning, bearing a knife.

EPILOGUE

Mike lies in a pool of blood on the floor. Silence contrasts the tension a moment ago. Edward sits at the dinner table, grinning.

EDWARDS MOTHER: 'Edward! Are you ready for dinner? It's almost ready now.'

She hums ethereally, Edward's mother, A corpse. A Hallucination has now consumed him.

The Camera zooms slowly into Edwards grinning face, the same shot as the beginning.

THE END