



Inferno

By: Jude Nelland
Jaxon Loesser

FADE IN:

EXT. MALIBU PARK- DAY

We open to a desolate parking lot with little to no cars.

A car is running down the road, where the owner (John) makes his way out, he is a skinny, young, and average man, dressed in dress pants, and a white button down, with a black tie. He grabs his equipment, and leaves for the trailhead, passing numerous missing posters along the way. (He brushes them off)

EXT. MALIBU PARK TRAIL- DAY

John is hiking down the trail, clutching his hands to an urn, with a family photo taped to it. Everything appears normal in John's senses as he traverses the trail. The forest is extremely dense and diverse, distracting John.

After some time, the figure appears just outside of John's view, almost watching him. A whistling is then heard, he inspects the sounds and whips around, but as he scouts the area for the origin of the noise, the figure disappears. We then see the figure standing around 45 meters behind him. As John walks, the figure goes from slowly walking to charging his way towards John. Its arms and head remain still, as its legs propel it forward at an unhuman pace. John hears the incoming footsteps, whips around, and braces himself, but nothing is there.

He resumes walking forward.

EXT. REST SPOT- DAY

John is now resting at a rock, as he takes a sip of water, he gazes down at his family photos. He then depressingly grabs the urn and begins spreading the ashes of his family. Tears begin to roll down his eyes.

John

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

John is now sitting down, drinking his water, looking into the distance. He is not crying anymore, but the audience can tell that he is somber.

A rustling sound is heard off his right, prompting John to look over. He notices a man, limp, laying face down on the floor, with tattered clothing. He stares at the man for a bit and notices blood. Springing to his feet.

John

Hey! You good?

The man gives no response, and John begins heading closer to him.

John

Are you hurt? Do you need help?

Still, no response. John then puts his hand on the man's shoulder.

John

Do you need help?

John is now standing over this seemingly lifeless body and gets on his knees to check the man's pulse. There is no heartbeat.

John
Shit. (under his breath)

He reaches to check the man's pulse again. After holding for a few seconds, the corpse's hand flings to John's arm, holding him down. He is silent in fear, the corpse then contorts its head around, facing John. Revealing a bloodied up portrait of his father's face. (revealed in the photograph)

John's Dad
Why did you do this to me John!
Why!Why!Why!Why!Why!

As he yells at John, spots of blood are launched at him. Tears now rolling down his face, John screams in fear. He rips the man's arm off of him, and runs away, dropping numerous belongings, namely a bottle of pills, labeled, *Haloperidol*. He continues screaming at him.

EXT. TRAIL MARK- DAY

John is now sprinting back to the trailhead. After several minutes of running, he stops to catch his breath and hears a quiet singing of *Tonight You Belong To Me- Patience and Prudence*. As he looks towards the tree line, he sees a woman in a tattered dress, with branches blocking her face out.

As John inspects her face more, we zoom in, now comparing a photo of his mom, to the woman standing there. A brush of wind then disturbs the beach, revealing a brutalized version of her face.

The singing then stops.

John's Mom
You've always loved that song.

John
No... No.

Filled completely with fear, John screams, and continues to run.

John's Mom
(singing) Just a-little old me.

EXT. LANDMARK- DAY

John, still running, begins to slow down, he takes a look around his surroundings and notices a tree (or rock) which indicates that he has been going in circles the entire time.

John
Wh-wha, what's this? Fuck no.

He resumes running down the trail, only to find himself back where he initially was.

John
What? This can't be.

He runs again, but to his horror, he is right back where he started.

John
What? N-n-no. God, God, God. I'm sorry. I'm
sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

He begins breaking down.

After a while, he collects himself, and he goes silent.

John

Your ok, your ok, your ok. This is ok,
you just need your medicine.

He reaches for his pocket, only to find out that nothing is there.

John

Shit, shit, oh God.

He begins frantically searching.

John

No-no no no no no.

He then stops dead, as a whistling is now present. As John looks around further and further, the whistling begins buzzing louder and louder, almost deafening. This prompts John to cup his hand over his ears, and he falls to the ground, completely in pain.

Soon, a set of feet plant next to his head. John then looks up at the figure, wearing old 1920's *BootLegger Attire* with an old *devils mask*. It is seemingly looming over him, staring.

After a few seconds, it moves its hand down onto John's head. His eyes then turn a shade of red, and begin bleeding out of the tear ducts.

There is then silence, and as we pan out, only John is revealed, staring into absolute emptiness. It is just John, it always has been.

FADE OUT:
TO BLACK.