

## **Production working title “black”.**

Initial concept and premise.

Man\* wakes up on beach with the tide swelling around him. - Dishevelled, wearing tattered clothing and cold they stand up confused about where they are. – extreme long shot high angle making them seem vulnerable alone/lost.

Looking for any answers they search their pockets, only to find an old zippo lighter that does not work and an old barely legible photograph of a person. - Macro lens, extreme close ups.

All alone and cold in the black of night they look around but cannot see anyone on the beach, just the lonely sound of the sea washing in the background. They look up at the cliff above them to the old church ruins (eyeline match). They then proceed to walk along the waterline towards the nearby town.(far out wide shot to show isolation.) Finding the old streets of the fishing village to be empty they walk along, getting more cold and scared. As they get further into the town they start to be followed (barely in shot) by black figures\*\* as to barely be noticeable.

In his desperation the man starts trying the doors of houses, eventually finding one open. Shouting hello (silent) he enters and finds the place to be seemingly abandoned. Finding scraps of food in the kitchen he eats with desperation.

He then finds a blanket and wraps himself up in it, laying down on the sofa as he slowly starts to warm, before drifting to sleep.

The shot quickly cuts back to the beach and he finds himself back where he started. Visually confused as if waking from a dream (close up) he holds his head as he squats on his haunches in the sand. Visually distressed he picks himself up, glancing momentarily at the old church ruins (eyeline match) he walks along the beach, (long wide shot showing isolation) back into the fishing village.

Similar events to the last night occur and he finds himself at a different house after breaking the door. Finds no food but finds a duvet and maybe a fire to warm himself by. Drifts off to sleep as he warms.

Fast cut back to the beach, he is back where he started. More distressed this time he clenches his fists, his fingers digging big gouges in the sand then squeezing it in his fists.

He gathers himself and glances up to the church ruins as before, and sets off back into town.

Cuts become faster as they become a montage of him finding shelter, food, warmth, and ending back on the beach, cold alone, wet, hungry and scared.

As the cuts get faster, the black figures become more and more noticeable in the shots, moving inhumanly, constantly dogging his steps, sometimes simply stood in the background always watching. He starts to notice, only making his fear and desperation more and more intense.

The process repeating itself over and over, the futility of his situation sinking deeper and deeper as he screams alone on the beach (silent, white noise tone) as it becomes quick cuts of his inevitable awakening back on the beach over and over, he slams his hands on the ground, grinds his teeth, shouts

NO NO NO, screams, rends his hair.

The cuts stop, he calms. Eyeline match as he looks up at the church on the cliff. He becomes resolved to see why he always feels drawn to the church ruins.

As he trudges up the steep hill he slightly glances behind him out of the corner of his eye, the black figures are following and closer than ever before.

He finds his way into the church grave yard and walks through glancing at the headstones. Finding his way into the church he finds an old ragged blanket blowing in the wind on a wall/headstone/something. And wraps himself in it and slumps down into a corner, having resolved himself to whatever fate he finds for himself. He realises morning is breaking to his surprise as the

warm lights of dawn crest the horizon and light starts to come in through the windows of the church ruins.

Ending 1.)

the black figures enter the church all around him, come close as he huddles back in his corner, one extends a hand to him, black and veiled in shadow, he looks at the red glowing eyes in the shadowy figure and takes the hand, showing no more signs of fear or discomfort he is lead away into the darkness by the black figure with the others all around them following them into the black. Credits.

Ending 2.) - josh

day breaks in the same way, as the light coming into the church gets brighter and brighter the light bleaches out the shot as the man closes his eyes in acceptance and is also bleached out of shot by the light, the black figures dissipate as the light gets brighter and brighter eventually leading the screen to be fully white. Credits.

\*can be either a woman or man but for the sake of an initial draft the main character will just be referred to as man.

\*\*black figures refer to the darkly veiled red glowing eyed

beings. Concept art to follow.