

Off The Scent

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Based on 'The Three Little Pigs'

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EXT. IVES'S WOODS -MIDDAY

**SIMON** a young man is distraught, flowers in hand, the individual lays them down on a makeshift grave he has put together, marked with a cross made of sticks.

As **SIMON** paces back and forth, **SIMON** religiously checks his environment. The smallest of noises from the ambience of the woods sets **SIMON** off.

Unsuspecting **SIMON** is mourning. From the distance, a person wearing a hoodie is wandering, larking in the background.

**SIMON**

(Murmurs)

This is all my fault

**SIMON** gradually becomes more tearful. As **SIMON** goes to wipe his face a ringtone is sounding off, **SIMON**'s phone rings the calling ID shows '**BAILEY**', No answer. The phone begins to ring again. **SIMON**, now a bit more fed up, holds the phone to his ear as he answers the call

**SIMON**

(Disinterested)

Hey

**BAILEY**

(O.C calmly)

Hey buddy! It's so good to hear your voice. Your mum called, said you haven't been to hers for a while.

**SIMON**

I'm fine, truly just been busy.  
Currently at work.

Quiet on both sides of the phone line, **SIMON** looks vacantly into the distance.

**BAILEY**

Come on **SIMON** you can't lie to me,  
you're not good at it.

There is a slight pause.

**BAILEY (CONT)**

This is about Sammy, right?

**SIMON**

Today marks ten days. I think Sam's

dead. I honestly can't think. He wouldn't just disappear.

**BAILEY**

I wouldn't jump to conclusions just yet. How about we link up, it's been a while.

**SIMON**

(Murmurs)

You mean watch over me.

**BAILEY**

Listen, given the circumstances, can you blame me?

**SIMON** starts, too hesitant to speak.

**SIMON**

I wish you wouldn't treat me like I'm mad. I have been seeing weird things.

**BAILEY**

(Jovial)

And I do not deny that, but you are ignoring your family. That I can understand, but me?

**SIMON**

(Sarcastically)

I'm fine, I am not going to wander off the face of the earth.

**BAILEY** laughs on the other end of the phone.

**BAILEY**

I miss this.

At this point **SIMON** puts the phone on speaker while he sits back next to the grave, holding the flowers.

**SIMON**(CONT'D)

I've been thinking...

After another pause, **SIMON** continues to caress the flowers.

**BAILEY**

Yeah?

**SIMON**

I've seen Phelan, I know what you are

going to say

**BAILEY**

SIMON, you know that's not possible.

**SIMON**

I know, but I know what I saw, he is here. His black hoodie...I've seen it! I am being watched.

**BAILEY**

SIMON I'm trying here, really, I am, but ghosts?

**SIMON**

It's obviously his revenge

Please tell me you're not serious.

**SIMON**

(Eager)

Have you noticed anything strange, seen anything that could be linked to him?

**BAILEY**

Simon are you hearing yourself?

**SIMON**

(Bitterly)

It is our fault! He would still be alive, if...

**BAILEY** abruptly cuts SIMON off

**BAILEY**

You know that's not true; nobody ever means for those stuff to happen. A tragic accident, that's all.

**SIMON**

(Overwhelmed)

Fine, don't believe me.

**SIMON** ends the call and is sat mourning again.

CUT TO

INT - OFFICE - BREAK ROOM AFTERNOON

**SIMON** is drinking a hot drink from a coffee machine.

CUT TO

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

**SIMON** puts hot drink down. He is in a meeting. There is a knock on the door. **SIMON** shouts for the person to come in. Boss enters.

**BOSS**

(Voice)

SIMON I'm surprised, you are normally very productive. I understand you've had a hard time recently, but that is no excuse for... You've been letting yourself go, not turning in your work on time, you're jumpy...

(Voice drowns out)

**BOSS (CONT)**

You know, just take a break, clear your mind. I expect you back to your usual self when you get back.

(CUT TO

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

**SIMON**, sitting on a bench outside, still holding hot drink in hand. Let's out a scream.

**SIMON** is overwhelmed.

**SIMON**

I know you're out there; You Don't fool me! Show yourself you freak; YOU may have fooled Sammy and Bailey, but you won't have me!

**SIMON** looks in the distance. It's quiet.

(angish)

Leave me alone, please! it's not my fault! Do you hear-

**SIMON's** phone timer goes off, looks around quietly. Brings shaky hand to face and exhales hardly.

**SIMON**

(murmur,)

You won't have me you won't have me.

**SIMON** makes their way back to the office.

, CUT TO

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

**SIMON** is working away in the office. As **SIMON** is sitting at an untidied desk, piles of paper are stacked. On a clear side of the table sits a picture frame which shows Sammy, **SIMON**, **BAILEY**, and Phelan (In that order) posing for the photo, sitting on their desk.

**SIMON** in the corner of his eye notices a silhouette.

**SIMON** jumps to his feet and runs out to see who it is.

**SIMON**, in the hallway of his office sees paper on the floor, marked over and over with the phrase 'IT IS YOUR FAULT!'

**SIMON** is baffled, something rushes behind him, unbeknownst to **SIMON**

When **SIMON** runs back into the office,

The office is ransacked, papers scattered. The framed photograph is smashed on the floor with marked red crosses on the eyes of Sammy, Phelan and **BAILEY**

**SIMON** runs out of the office.

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

**SIMON** breathlessly sits on a bench where they text **BAILEY**

**SIMON** (TEXT)

Come meet me outside my office!  
Something I want you to see.

**SIMON** is woken up by **BAILEY**

**BAILEY**

(Jovial)  
Rise and shine ghostbuster!

**SIMON** is not amused and barges through **BAILEY**

**BAILEY** sits on the bench, while Simon is already walking too

the office.

**SIMON** stops and stares at **BAILEY** while gesturing for her to follow.

**BAILEY** smiles, ignoring the gesture while patting the bench.

**BAILEY (CONT)**

Before we go solve these mysteries,  
you mind if we grab a bite to eat?

**BAILEY** smiles whilst **SIMON** looks disappointed.

**BAILEY** takes out two sandwiches and hands one to **SIMON** who is walking back to the bench

**BAILEY** is eating a ham sandwich whereas **SIMON** is holding a cheese sandwich. They are both sitting on a bench.

**BAILEY**

Saw a study online, that meat cures  
anxiety. You could have a bite of  
mine. Might help you?

**BAILEY** gestures the ham sandwich to **SIMON**'s face. **SIMON** resists.

**BAILEY (CONT)**

I saw a Chinese restaurant. A buffet!  
Up the road, thinking we could pass  
by.

**SIMON**

You and food man, it's not every day  
eat, eat, eat. I'll think about it  
though.

There is a quiet moment between the two, **THEY ARE WALKING AT THIS POINT.**

**SIMON** and **BAILEY** are at the door to the office building as they walk in - and cut out to the office lift. They leave the lift.

**INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

**BAILEY**

You know I miss him too, and for what  
it's worth. I don't think Sammy is  
dead.

**SIMON**

I wish I felt the same way.

**BAILEY**

I understand that (pause) Phelan's death still feels unreal and with Sammy missing, it's bound to affect us somehow. One thing I know for sure, neither of them would want you like this.

They carry on eating.

**SIMON** instantly grows impatient with the conversation.

**SIMON**

I like to see how you can prove this wrong then.

**SIMON** stands and walks to the door to their office and walks in **BAILEY** follows behind.

The office is clean and intact, the picture frame in mint condition sits on the desk.

**BAILEY** walks to **SIMON**'s desk holding the frame.

**BAILEY**

Wow, the memories this gives, eh? This was taken in the woods-

**SIMON**

That's not possible? it was a wreck, Phelan did it. I'm sure it's him. it has to be.

**BAILEY** goes to hug **SIMON**.

**BAILEY**

I believe, that. These feelings that you feel are true to you. As I said before I'm here for you. How do I help you, anything at all don't hesitate to ask.

**SIMON**

All I ask is that you believe me.

**BAILEY**

I'm trying but I can't. I think you need to see someone. (Pause) A psychologist perhaps?



**SIMON**

You know what, just leave me alone.

**BAILEY** tries to hug Simon, but he rejects her and shoves Bailey away.

**SIMON** (CONT'D)

Leave!

**BAILEY** looks reflective as they walk.

**BAILEY**

(Calmly)

I'll give you some time. Sorry, but please consider seeking help, there is no shame in it. I don't want to lose my friend. I'll be at the restaurant down the road. I've got your order. My treat if you show.

**BAILEY** sighs and leaves the room.

**SIMON** still baffled, watches their surroundings, he sits back on his chair and looks up at the '**Sammy** \_\_\_ **missing**' webpage,

**SIMON** becomes bored and starts to question his sanity.

Maybe **BAILEY** was right? Is this all in **SIMON**'s imagination?

**SIMON** stands from his seat and closes off his laptop, as he goes towards the lift.

**SIMON** on his way to the lift. Pulls out his phone just before entering the lift.

**SIMON**

(Muttering)

What's wrong with me?

**SIMON** considers the possibility that **BAILEY** could be right, **SIMON** is now in the lift still distracted by his phone. **SIMON** presses the wrong floor.

INT CITY HALL BASEMENT FLOOR -EVENING

**SIMON** walks out without thinking, still on his phone. **SIMON** looks up and realises his mistake.

He texts **BAILEY**.

**SIMON** (TEXT)

Hey man, I'm sorry for earlier I'm on  
my way now.

**SIMON** is about to head back in the lift when he hears a vibration from the floor. **SIMON** eyes locks on a mobile phone on the floor.

**SIMON** slowly walks towards the phone and picks it up.

**SIMON** sees his message '**Hey man, I'm sorry for earlier I'm on my way now**'. Show up as a notification.

This is BAILEY's phone.

**SIMON** looks around at their surroundings.

**SIMON**

Bailey...Bailey

The phone in Simon's hand buzzes, directing his eyes downwards - an image of a dead body in a field (Sammy)

**SIMON**

(whispers)

Sam... Sammy

A sound is heard behind Simon, he looks over his shoulder to see a masked figure in black staring at him. Slowly, Simon turns his full body around, clenching the phone in hand.

**SIMON** freezes. The figure stands in front of the lift, blocking Simon's escape.

**SIMON**

(Close to tears)

Phelan...please

The mask figures reveals a bloody axe from behind the figure's thigh.

The hooded figure slowly took a step towards **SIMON**, this snaps Simon out of it. Phone drops to the floor while Simon takes off running.

He runs down a dark hallway, lights flickering, no figure in sight. Close towards the end of the hallway, Simon skids to a stop as the masked figure appears in front of him.

**SIMON** is bewildered.

**SIMON**

(In disbelief)

This can't be happening, this is not  
real.

**SIMON** and the figure scuffle and the masked figure stabs  
SIMON's arm. Pushing away, SIMON turns and runs.

The hooded figure is nowhere to be seen when Simon looks  
back.

Runs down another hallway, only to skid to a stop and lurch  
in a dark room, closing the door behind him.

The figure taps their weapon on each door as Simon holds  
their mouth to hold back a scream. A text comes through  
SIMON's phone from an unknown number.

(Text: Come out, come out little Simon)

Simon breath heavy while noticing the tapping has stopped.  
SIMON is yanked from the darkness.

**SIMON** musters the strength to push the masked figure away,  
not before another strike from the masked figure's weapon  
clashes against SIMON's heel.

**SIMON** runs out of the room grimacing and limping more  
prominently.

**SIMON** finds an opening! An exit - he runs through it, without  
looking back.

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

**SIMON** looks around to see if they have been followed. No one  
is around. **SIMON** starts to mutter to themselves while looking  
increasingly more drained.

**SIMON** looks at his clothes soaked in blood.

**SIMON**

(Muttering)

I need to go back, I need to go back,  
I need to go back.

**SIMON** starts to run with purpose, although still heavily  
limping.

CUT TO:

EXT. Ives's Woods -evening

Flowers that were on the grave have been torn and shredded.  
The cross has been broken apart.

**SIMON** walks in and sits by the grave looking earnestly  
around.

**SIMON** begins to cry; the cry becomes a quiet blubbering  
sight.

**SIMON** tries to turn his phone on, but it does not work. It's  
broken.

**SIMON**  
(Stressed)  
Please, please, please!

Rustling as well as sticks breaking is heard in the distance,  
and **SIMON** looks in different directions in the woods. They  
can't see anyone.

**SIMON** eyes focus in one direction. The hooded figure is at  
his side, axe in hand up high. A pause in time happens where  
both just stare at each other.

The hooded figure pounces on **SIMON**. Striking **SIMON** again in  
the back. before stopping and watching **SIMON**.

**SIMON** crawls on the ground weeping bitterly

**SIMON**  
I'm sorry Phelan! Please let me go. I  
don't want to...

Still crawling as the hooded figure watches. The figure walks  
towards **SIMON** and strokes his hair.

**SIMON** tilts their head up to face the hooded figure.

**SIMON**  
(confidently)  
I guess I'm the last one right Phelan!  
you got Sammy and **BAILEY**, let's see  
how you do with me!

A struggle ensues. **BAILEY** is primarily winning the exchange

**SIMON** gets lucky while on the floor looking up at **BAILEY**

**SIMON** suddenly (Unmasks)/unhoods the hooded figure with a

struggle.

**BAILEY** jerks back, enraged.

**BAILEY**

(Disgusted)

You fool! you weren't supposed to do that! arghhhhh!

You want to unmask me?

**SIMON**'s face is confused and trembles (Holding the mask in hand)

**BAILEY**

(Jovial)

Surprise! It sure took you long enough! Bet you wish you called your mum now!

**SIMON** in anguish screams whilst attempting to crawl faster.

**SIMON**

HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

**BAILEY**

Got to tell you man, you put up more of a fight than Fin or Sammy.

As they lick the blood-stained axe and looks hungrily at **SIMON**.

**SIMON** looks up at **BAILEY** in disgust.

**SIMON**

Why me? Why Sammy...why do this?

**BAILEY**

(Jovial)

Because it's fun! The chase is as fulfilling as the kill and the taste is too good. Your face, your face, crack a smile! Don't be sad.

**SIMON**

But you were my...

**BAILEY**

You've taken this far too personally.

**SIMON**  
HELP ME! HELP ME!

**BAILEY**  
(Mimicry)  
Help me Help me! stop your whinges  
ghostbuster, No one is coming to your  
aid, you are basically dead already.  
(Chuckles)  
I could ease the suffering.

**SIMON** staggers to their feet but falls back to the ground  
whimpering.

**SIMON**  
(tearful)  
I don't want to die.

Bailey just smiles.

A moment as **SIMON** turns to **BAILEY** they both look into each  
other eyes. As **BAILEY** gestures for **SIMON** go.

As **SIMON**'s back is turned **BAILEY** strikes **SIMON** violently and  
repetitively with the axe. As **BAILEY** starts to eat and  
consume **SIMON**, **SIMON**, eyes wide open, looks to the distance  
lifelessly.

THE END