

WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME

Written by

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EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

A farmhouse stands alone amongst an endless, the only hint of any nearby civilisation being the echoes of a distant motorway. Smoke bellows from the chimney and carries off into the overcast grey sky.

In the back-garden, James, a young boy, no older than 10, rolls about on the grass. He waves a small wooden pistol in the air warding off the bandits terrorising his imagination. James sits down on the grass, when out of nowhere a border collie springs out of the undergrowth and onto the boy, James squirms as the dog aggressively licks his face.

JAMES
(laughing)
Ollie stop!

James tries to push him off. Ollie continues.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Get off!

All of a sudden, a strange crackling thunder echoes over the trees. The ground shakes

The dog instantly flees to the safety off the house and James jumps up to his feet frozen in shock.

INT. KITCHEN

Alison, 33, sits at the table typing away on a tablet, when the mugs sitting on the kitchen counter rattle gently. Alison gazes up from the tablet confused. A few seconds later the dog sprints past Alison and up the stairs.

ALISON
(whistles)
Ollie.

A gust of winds blows through the back door. Alison shivers.

ALISON (CONT'D)
James.

Alison hurries to the back door.

ALISON (CONT'D)
James. What's going on?

James stands in the middle of the garden staring off into the forest.

ALISON (CONT'D)
James, come inside. Now.

James still stares off into the distance. Alison kicks on her flip-flops and heads outside.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

ALISON
James. I'm talking to you.

Alison grabs James's arm.

JAMES
Mum, I heard someone screaming in
the woods.

ALISON
What?

JAMES
I heard something over there,
Mummy.

James points into the forest. Alison pauses for a moment.

ALISON
It's probably just a fox, now
inside, go, quickly.

Alison pushes James back inside the house.

ALISON (CONT'D)
James, go and grab your dad.

James disappears round a corner and Alison turns her attention back to the forest. Alison makes her way to the edge of the woods and stands in silence. The trees rustle, A bird chirps in the distance, but no screaming.

Alison takes a deep breath and heads back to the house, then a faint scream cuts through the rustling leaves. Alison stops in her tracks.

From the house, James emerges.

JAMES
I couldn't find Dad.

ALISON
What, did you check his office?

Alison meets James at the back door.

JAMES

Yes.

ALISON

Are you sure?

JAMES

Yes.

ALISON

Well okay, just go back inside
okay.

James heads inside.

ALISON (CONT'D)

...And shut the door.

The back door slams shut.

Alison takes her phone from her back pocket. She sends a
string of texts to JACK.

"HEY."

"Were r you. I heard a noise in the woods."

"R u ok?"

Alison waits for a reply. Nothing.

"Im gonna go check it out in case someone is actually hurt.
im taking the rifle. Just incase."

Text me when u get this?"

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Alison opens a locked cabinet in the corner of the room and
grabs a single-shot hunting rifle.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST EDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Alison now wears a thick coat with the rifle slung over her
shoulder. She steps quietly through the woods listening to
every creak and crack. Alison recoils as a smell so foul hits
her nose. After composing herself, Alison follows the smell
further into the forest.

Then once again the distant screaming, only this time louder and from the exact same direction as the putrid smell.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING

Through the labyrinth of trees, Alison spots wisps of black smokes rising above the undergrowth. Now the sound of screams has been replaced by groans of agony. Alison takes the rifle from her back and clutches it close to her chest.

As Alison takes a step, the ground beneath her feet squelches. Alison takes a look at the bottom of her boots, specks of blood stain the soles. The blood soaking the forest floor trails round a corner leading to a small, charred clearing. Alison gasps and collapses backwards at what she sees in the clearing.

A riving mound of flesh and limbs, dozens of aimless hands grasp into the air, pairs legs kick fruitlessly, faces scream in agony, flesh split open at the seams. A singular blob of congealed meat that was once several individuals. Not dead, not living.

Alison drops the rifle to the floor.

ALISON
(Shock)
My. God.

The three faces with some life left turn to Alison.

They all scream in agony.

PILOT 1
HELP ME.

PILOT 2
KILL US.

PILOT 3
HELP.

PILOT 2
PLEASE.

Alison freaks and ducks behind a nearby tree.

PILOT 1
PLEASE.

PILOT 3
IT HURTS, PLEASE.

Alison's eyes lock into the distance, her breathing stops. She is completely paralysed. The screaming continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - LATER

The screaming has subdued to moans of agony. Alison's phone buzzes. Alison snaps out of her trance and checks her phone. Several missed texts.

"I just got home. Where r u?"

"Hello? Noise in the woods?"

"Is everything good."

"Honey."

"Please text me. I'm going to call the police."

"If you read this. I've gone into the woods to look for you"

Alison replies.

"South of the bluebell meadows. Come now."

The phone buzzes back immediately. Alison is too distracted to notice. Alison pokes her head around the tree. The mass of flesh has mostly calmed down. Alison steps out from behind the tree and approaches the pulsating mound. Her shoes coat in a thick layer of blood with every step.

Two of the pilots turn towards Alison, the third is lifeless. Their faces gaunt and empty. They do not plead for anything this time. Alison picks up the rifle now soaked in blood and aims it at the two faces.

ALISON

What are you?

Alison steps forward.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What ARE you?

PILOT 1

Kill me, please.

PILOT 2

Please.

ALISON
 (assertive)
 What are you?

PILOT 1
 What year?

ALISON
 What?

PILOT 1
 What year?

ALISON
 Who are you?

PILOT 1
 What year?

ALISON
 (confused)
 2022. What year do you think it is?

Alison lowers the gun. No answer from the pilot.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 What is happening right now.

PILOT 2
 It did work. It did.

Pilot 2 hits pilot 1 with his limp working arm.

PILOT 2 (CONT'D)
 What year are you?

PILOT 1
 2089.

PILOT 2
 2048.

Alison eyes dart back and forth between the two talking heads.

PILOT 1
 You made it back. We never heard from you.

Pilot 2's blinks out of consciousness for a moment.

PILOT 1 (CONT'D)
 Or 49 or 56 or 63 or...

PILOT 2
What a stupid oversight. Should
have changed the jump point.

PILOT 1
How would they know.

PILOT 2
They should have.

Pilot 1 turns their attention to Alison, still frozen in
silence.

PILOT 1
Kill us, please. Just kill us.

JACK
(distant shouting)
ALISON.

Alison scans the treeline.

ALISON
(shouting)
JACK.

Jack emerges from the wood and sprints towards Alison.

JACK
(panicked)
Alison. My god. I was so worrie-
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT.

Jack stops in his tracks upon spotting the mass of flesh.
Alison grabs Jacks arm.

ALISON
They're people jack. It's people.

PILOT 2
Help us, please.

JACK
What the fuck. I...

ALISON
Here, do it.

Alison pushes the gun into Jacks chest.

JACK
What is this...thing. What happened
here.

ALISON
 I don't know but just end it.
 (whispers)
 I can't listen to them any longer.
 Please.

PILOT 1
 Please, kill us.

JACK
 I...

ALISON
 Please. I don't know what's going
 on. But just do it.

Jack checks the rifle chamber.

JACK
 Bullets.

Jack holds out his hand. Alison digs deep into her pocket and places several three bullets onto Jacks palm. The air stills and the wind stop. Pilot 1 clenches his face, Pilot 2 rests his eye.

Jack steps right up to the mass. He turns back to Alison, but he has nothing to say. Jack turns back and cocks the rifle. He covers his nose and takes a deep breath before aiming the gun at Pilot 1s head.

PILOT 1
 (mumbles)
 Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.
 Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Pilot 1 repeats endlessly.

Alison turns her back. Jack pulls the trigger blowing a hole clean through pilot 1s head. Alison jumps. The fresh blood pools at Jacks feet.

Jack loads the rifle once more, then looks back to Alison. Her back is turned, Jack still says nothing. He turns his attention to pilot 2. Jack once more aims the rifle.

The sound of rustling footsteps cut through the trees. James emerges from the woods, tears streaming down his face.

Alison's eyes light up.

JAMES
 Mummy.

James turns towards his dad brandishing the weapon.

ALISON
(Distressed shout)
JAMES!

Pilot 2 whips his head to Alison in response.

PILOT 2
(Distress)
MUM?

Jack pulls the trigger. The blood pools at Jacks feet. He stumbles backward onto the dry grass.

James wraps his arm around Alison. Alison locks eyes with Jack. Neither can process what just occurred. James weeps into Alison's coat. Jack drops the gun to the floor.

The couple stare at each other for what feels an eternity.

Alison runs her hand through James's hair and pulls him in tighter.

FADE TO BLACK.