

RED SPECTRE

FADE IN:

INT. PRISTINE KITCHEN - GLASGOW - NIGHT

A pristine kitchen. The centre point of a home. It's almost tranquil but for the harsh breathing echoing through the room.

A spotless work surface blocks the source from sight. The breathing turns to sobs.

A man is on all fours beyond the work surface. He stares down at something with wide eyes. He's stunned.

LEON is a seemingly harmless thirty something with an inferiority complex severe enough to render the confident speechless. He's been married for...a while. He thought it was going well.

LEON (V.O.)

I didn't mean to do it. (beat)
It just sort of...happened...in
a blur. Have you ever
experienced that?

DETECTIVE DARVAS (V.O.)

(dryly)
No. I can't say that I have.

LEON (V.O.)

But you understand?

DETECTIVE DARVAS (V.O.)

What should I understand, Leon?

LEON raises his hands. They are covered in blood. He stares at them intently, willing the blood to disappear.

LEON (V.O.)

That it was an accident? (beat)
My body took over. My emotions
got the better of me.

LEON looks down at the man beneath him. He's stares back at LEON with a frozen look of surprise.

This was CHARLIE, a thirty something broker who worked in LEON's building.

LEON (V.O.)

We'd never spoken before that
day.

DETECTIVE DARVAS (V.O.)
Who had never spoken?

LEON (V.O.)
Me and Charlie.

LEON looks up. His glaring reflection in the glass patio doors catches his eye. He stares at it, confused and unmoving.

DETECTIVE DARVAS (V.O.)
If you had never spoken, why did
you do it?

Movement to the right of LEON's reflection distracts him. His focus shifts to a very convincing CHARLIE stood outside the doors.

LEON glances down to make sure CHARLIE's body is still there. It is. His eyes dart back to the figure. They stare at each other. LEON with fear and shock. CHARLIE with a twist of hatred and amusement.

LEON (V.O.)
He taunts me even after death.
How is that possible?

DETECTIVE DARVAS (V.O.)
Who taunts you, Leon?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

LEON and DETECTIVE DARVAS sit in a bright room. There is a table between them. DETECTIVE DARVAS scribbles in a notebook as LEON speaks.

LEON
(frustrated)
Charlie.

LEON stares at DETECTIVE DARVAS as if the answer should have been obvious. He drags his hands down his face, shaking his head from side to side. He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

LEON
He won't leave me be! He's
everywhere.

DETECTIVE DARVAS shifts slightly in his uncomfortable chair. While LEON rubs his eyes, DARVAS glances to the glass panelling that hides his partner from view. He wants to swap places with him.

DETECTIVE DARVAS
How is he everywhere, Leon? He's
dead.

LEON
I don't know, do I? (beat)
(petulant)
He just is.

DETECTIVE DARVAS raises an eyebrow at that. He makes a note in his notebook.

LEON (CONT'D)
He was everywhere before too. I just hadn't admitted it. Or maybe I hadn't noticed. I'm not really sure. (beat) All I know is one day things were fine and the next my life was collapsing and it was all his doing.

INT. BUS - EARLY EVENING

LEON is sat in silence by the window. People surround him. He struggles to avoid physical contact. He resolutely stares straight ahead.

LEON (V.O.)
He had invaded my space for god knows how long...
(with a hitch)
And I really don't like people in my space. Yet it seems he was welcomed in with open arms.

A bell rings. The bus slows. LEON stands. He shuffles awkwardly into the aisle.

DETECTIVE DARVAS (V.O.)
When did you first notice?

The bus stops. LEON jolts forward.