

IMMORTAL COIL

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EXT. SEATTLE, WA - SUNSET

Winter scenes of a city transitioning into night intercut with THE SUN setting behind the Olympic Mountains.

Businesses in Pike Place Market being shuttered for the day.

The slog of rush hour traffic.

College students building snowmen in the U District.

As the sun dips out of sight, igniting the sky with a BLAZING RED LIGHT, the muffled chimes of a CELL PHONE ALARM can be heard as the last sliver of light moves off the face of the skyscrapers.

jingle jangle jingle (O.S.)

From the waters of Puget Sound, we see lights across the city flicker to life. The sound of the alarm INCREASES as we travel east toward its source, past downtown, across to:

EXT. CENTRAL DISTRICT - DUSK

A pockmarked street lined with shabby apartment buildings and decrepit houses inhabited by students, bohemians, working poor, and a host of undesirables.

Jingle Jangle Jingle (O.S.)

The alarm grows LOUDER as we approach the second story window of a rundown tenement.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

The phone sits on a nightstand next to the bed, its pulsing light hinting at a room filled with stacks of boxes.

JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

A FORM shifts under heavy covers. The only other light in the room is a temperature controller for an electric blanket, dangling off the side the bed. A hand emerges from between the layers of bedding, grabs the phone, and silences the alarm. Days of unread alerts can be seen on the phone screen.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From behind, we see the occupant of the bed throw open a set of black-out drapes revealing make out a man's silhouette against the battered blinds that cover the windows.

He parts the flaps of the blinds. Close on his eye, as he peers out at the last embers of daylight in the west.

From behind, we see him lingers a moment before pulling the drapes closed and leaving us in total darkness until...

INT. BATHROOM - ANGLE BEHIND MIRROR

A light turns on, BLINDING us, before fading to reveal KALEB walking toward us. He looks to be in his early twenties with pale skin, a slender build, and long jet-black hair.

He is half undressed, his crumpled clothes twisted at awkward angles around his frame from having been slept in. He is covered from head to toe in SPLATTERS OF BLOOD, but no wounds are apparent.

He squints at the light. As his eyes adjust, the mirror in front of him comes into focus. He stands in silence, staring straight ahead, shattered by the sight of his own reflection.

There are channels cut into the crusted mask of blood that covers part of his face, carved by tears when the blood was fresh. New tears now trace those same paths.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of the shower is DEAFENING.

Angle on Kaleb's upturned face as blood washes away.

Angle on Kaleb turning the hot water on full blast.

Steam envelopes Kaleb's naked body as the SCORCHING JETS of water BLAST the blood away.

Angle on the blood-soaked water spiraling down the drain.

INT. BATHROOM - ANGLE BEHIND MIRROR - LATER

Kaleb wipes condensation away from the mirror revealing himself to be naked, clean, and most definitely injury free.

THE BLOOD WAS NOT HIS.

He stands there, studying himself, his gaze eventually moving to his own piercing eyes as if searching for something. A faint glimmer of reflectivity can be seen in his pupils.

INT. KALEB'S APARTMENT - LATER

The now visible studio apartment is illuminated by three table lamps precariously positioned atop the sealed cardboard boxes that fill most of the room.

Faded lime-green wallpaper barely clings to the mildew-lined walls. The orange shag carpet has all the appeal of roadkill trampled by decades of foot traffic and smells about as good.

Kaleb grabs clean clothes from a hamper next to the bed and begins to dress. He starts with a layer of thermal underwear followed by slacks, a button-up shirt, and a hoodie.

He pulls on a black blazer, completing a stylish but casual outfit that suits him well.

On his way out the door, he stops in front of a full length mirror. He runs a hand through his hair and glares at his own reflection.

KALEB
(to himself)
You forgot something.

Kaleb puts on his final accessory, an IRRESISTIBLE SMILE.

KALEB (CONT'D)
(dropping the smile)
Fuck you.

He walks out, pulling the door closed behind him with a...

EXT. BELLTOWN - STREET - NIGHT

SLAM!!!

Kaleb closes his car door and moves into a throng of people on their way to or from one of many nightlife destinations. Rock salt CRUNCHES underfoot. The sidewalk is lined with patches of snow.

Angle on Kaleb, his head slightly downturned. His eyes, peaking out from beneath his hoodie, dart back and forth, stalking the crowd.

Close-ups on EXPOSED SKIN peeking out from under layers of winter clothing intercut with a close-up on Kaleb's eyes - reflecting the light from a passing car with an INHUMAN GLOW.

Kaleb INHALES, taking in deep the SCENT OF FLESH around him. His eyes roll back in DRUNKEN ECSTASY.