

MONSTER

Episode One: 'Crazy'

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INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - 1995 - NIGHT

1

1995. Northumberland. A little boy's bedroom, all toy robots, dinosaurs, *Power Rangers* bedsheets.

WILL DAVIES - 8 years old, adorable - sits up in bed in his pyjamas.

Beside him, DAVE DAVIES - 30s, a gruff, Northern bloke, not cut out for this being-a-Dad thing - finishes off a bedtime story, making it up as he goes along.

DAVE

And then Don Corleone made spaghetti for all the wise guys and Rocky and Adrian helped do the dishes. Right. That's all for tonight.

ANNA DAVIES - 4 years old, Will's little sister - is slumped on Dave's lap, a thousand yard stare.

WILL

(Yawning) One more bit?

DAVE

Not a chance, shitey pants. Time for bed.

Dave gets up to tuck Will into bed, Anna still in his arms.

He fumbles, not used to juggling this much responsibility, dumps Anna on the bed unceremoniously.

He tucks Will in.

WILL

Can I have a kiss?

Dave picks Anna up again.

DAVE

(Hesitating) Don't be soft.

ANNA

(Muttering) Don't be gay.

Awkwardly, Dave pats Will on the head instead.

DAVE

Night, son.

WILL

Night, Dad.

Will turns over in bed. A picture on his bedside table: a young woman, 30s, pretty, smiling.

WILL

Night, Mam.

Will snuggles down underneath the covers.

Dave stands in the doorway for a moment - Anna slumped over his shoulder - gives Will a how-are-we-going-to-get-through-this kind of look before he leaves.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - 1995 - NIGHT

2

Later that night, Will wakes up, alone in the dark.

Scuttering noises, like something running around the room. Something heavy, something with claws.

Every time Will turns to see what's there, it's as if he's just missed it. He's frightened.

The wind whips at his window, curtains billowing. Pure *Poltergeist*.

A creaky voice follows the scattering noise, indistinguishable, mad muttering, laughing.

Will's wardrobe - at the foot of his bed - rumbles.

Smoke billows out from under his bed.

Then, his bed begins to shake, *Exorcist*-style.

WILL

Dad!

The wardrobe door creaks open. Smoke billows out.

Through the smoke: a figure, partially seen, stands in the wardrobe. Like a man - a slender man - but too tall, limbs too long, spikey in places that it shouldn't be spikey.

At the figure's temples, two round, curled horns.

From nowhere, a creepy hand - long, spiderly fingers - scuttles up Will's bed, runs a long fingernail up Will's leg.

WILL

Dad!!

Another hand curls around Will's other leg, pulls him down the bed as if it's trying to pull him into the wardrobe, into the darkness.

WILL

Dad!!!

Scared, Will pulls the covers over his head.

A moment, then: Dave pulls the covers back.

The light's on, the smoke's cleared, everything's as it was.

DAVE

(Weary, sharp) What's going on?

WILL

Something pulled my leg.

DAVE

(Sighing) You're pulling my leg.

WILL

(Terrified) I think it was a monster.

DAVE

Don't be soft. Go back to bed, son. No more funny business.

As Dave leaves, Will's cowering in bed, terrified.

As Dave snaps the light off, Will pulls the covers over his head again.

INT. WILL'S FLAT - BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

3

20 years later. London.

Will pulls his covers back. He's now in a trendy, upmarket flat. He's 28, a young professional.

And today is going to be a good day.

EXT. OFFICE - MAIN ENTRANCE - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

4

A trendy marketing office in a swanky part of town, all found art and big, trendy plant pots.

Will pulls up in a brand new sports car.

He gets out of the car, fixes his ID card and lanyard round his neck, walks into work, smiling, chipper.

He salutes a grumpy JANITOR, using a Floor Buffer to steam clean the pavement.

WILL
Morning!

The Janitor grunts, scowls at him. Will doesn't notice.

INT. REECE'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

5

Reece - Will's boss, 30s, a weaselly CEO, trying too hard - sits in a big chair in front of a huge desk, a total wanker, puffing on a vaporiser.

Will's in front of him on a small, rickety stool.

REECE
The thing is, Will, we're in a recession.

WILL
(Chipper) Didn't we come out of the recession?

REECE
I think we're back in it now, don't interrupt. You're a talented lad. And you've been great for the company. But things being as they are, cut backs and all. Going forward (Reece cringes) I'm sure you understand?

WILL
You haven't really said anything.

REECE
You know (he cringes again).

Will shakes his head.

REECE

Well. Will. (Enjoying the rhyme)
Well, Will. I'm sorry, man.
(Reece takes a deep breath,
points at Will, a snivelling Alan
Sugar) You're fired.

Reece cringes, one last time.

EXT. OFFICE ROOF - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

6

37 seconds later. Pandemonium.

Will's on the roof of the office.

He's wearing his tie around his head, Rambo-style. His hair's all over the place, shirt's unbuttoned. There's ink all over his face. Utterly unhinged.

His colleagues are behind him, wary, closing in.

JANET FROM ACCOUNTS

Come back from the edge, love.

As Will takes a step towards the edge of the roof, a collective gasp.

Reece is in the middle of the small crowd, still puffing on his vaporiser.

REECE

Come on Will. Don't be soft, man.

Will takes another step towards the edge, another collective gasp.

Janet from Accounts covers her eyes, clutches her pearls.

JANET FROM ACCOUNTS

Oh god.

REECE

Will!

Will turns back to Reece, panting.

REECE

We're going to need your ID card back, man.

Will shakes his head, can't believe Reece.

He takes the ID card and lanyard from around his neck, throws them over his shoulder, off the edge of the roof.

Another collective gasp.

He turns again.

He walks right over the edge.

EXT. OFFICE - MAIN ENTRANCE - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

7

Will's ID card and lanyard hit the concrete.

A moment later: the sound of bones cracking as Will's body hits the ground.

The Janitor passes over the lanyard with his Floor Buffer, as if nothing has happened.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - EVENING

8

3 months later. Northumberland.

Will's in his Dad's car - a vintage Jag - in jogging bottoms, slip-ons, a fancy coat. He's a changed man.

Dave - now is in his 50s - is driving.

Neither of them knows what to say.

Dave tries to break the silence.

DAVE

Your step mam's pleased you're coming home for a bit.

Will's staring out of the window, like a kid pretending to be in a music video, a far away look. He doesn't register his Dad is speaking.

DAVE

Shall I put the radio on?

Dave doesn't wait for an answer, snaps on the radio.

'Crazy', by Patsy Cline.

Will and Dave stare ahead, awkward.

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INT. DAVE'S CAR - EVENING

10

'Crazy' plays as Dave drives Will through the suburbs, towards his house.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - EVENING

11

Will's family are crowded round the doorway of a well-kept suburban home, waiting for him:

his step mum, LINDA - 40s, a fussy, kind-hearted Geordie woman;

his sister, ANNA - 20s, a salty, stubborn woman in a tabard;

and his nephew, JERMAINE - 12, mixed race, a frosty, pre-pubescent psychopath.

There's a banner above the door: WILL-COME HOME!!

Next door, Dave's neighbour, GUDRUN - 70s, shrewd, snooty, suspicious - peeps around her net curtain, spots Dave's car pulling up outside the house.

Gudrun's out of the door, carrying a couple of bin bags down the path, as if she's been saving them for the occasion.

GUDRUN

That Dave's boy back?

Linda and Anna share a look: here she goes.

LINDA

Yes. He's been abroad.

GUDRUN

(Suspicious) Looks like he's been through the wars.

LINDA

(Pointed) He's been abroad.

Gudrun shrugs, puts the bags in the bin, stares at Will as he gets out of his Dad's car.

Dave gets out behind him, lingers, awkward. He rubs an imaginary speck off the bonnet with his sleeve. His car's his pride and joy.

Will makes his way up the path, can't look up, doesn't know what to do with his face.

Anna's wary, Jermaine can't stop staring at his uncle, curious awe.

Linda's the only one who's happy to see him.

LINDA

(Too chipper) Welcome home, love!

She sets off a lone, miserable party popper.

Will's startled.

Anna and Jermaine stare at Will as he enters the house.

As everyone makes their way inside, Jermaine shoots Gudrun a look: she's still at the bins.

Gudrun lifts the lid up and down, as if testing it, obviously trying to look busy.

Jermaine hisses at her.

She huffs, scuttles back into her house.

INT. DAVE'S HALL - EVENING

12

Linda, Anna and Jermaine follow Will through the hall, one step behind him, too close for comfort.

Dave hangs his coat up at the door, lingers.

As Will shrugs off his bag, Linda's first to help him.

LINDA

Eeh, we're pleased your home. Let me get that for you, love.

She hands the bag to Jermaine.

LINDA

Jermaine.

Jermaine looks at the bag, shrugs, dumps it on the floor.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

13

They shuffle through into the living room, everyone still one step behind Will.

No one knows what to do, where to sit.

Anna and Jermaine are still glaring at Will, like he's landed from another planet; Dave lingers in the doorway.

Everyone's awkward except Linda, who's filling all the space up with noise and chatter.

She runs a hand over Will's fancy coat.

LINDA

Oh, this is nice. Lovely, lovely.
Someone must be doing alright for
himself.

She laughs, a little bit hysterically.

Will just looks at her, not sure what to say.

On the coffee table there's a small mountain of homemade cakes and treats. Linda offers Will a plate of novelty cupcakes, iced with dogs' faces.

LINDA

Have a cupcake, love.

WILL

I'm alright.

JERMAINE

They're meant to be dogs.

LINDA

Your Dad said you liked dogs. Do
you not like dogs?

WILL

I think they're alright?

LINDA

See, I'm more of a cat person
myself, but I do like those
little Scotty dogs. I said to
your Dad, I wish you'd get me one
of those little Scotty dogs. Do
you know what he said? Will, do
you know what he said?

WILL

What did he say?

LINDA

He said I've got my hands full
walking you!

Linda laughs hysterically again. No one joins in.

LINDA

Eeh, listen to me, gabbing away.
Cup of tea?

Without waiting for an answer, Linda shuffles through to
the kitchen to make the tea.

Left alone for the first time without Linda to fill up
the space, there's an awkward silence between Will and
his family.

DAVE

(Reaching) Have you been watching
Game of Thrones?

WILL

I threw myself off a roof.

Anna breathes a huge sigh of relief.

ANNA

Oh, thank fuck for that, I
thought we weren't going to talk
about it.

JERMAINE

You threw yourself off a roof?

WILL

Well, jumped.

JERMAINE

Man. Why? What did it feel like?

ANNA

Jermaine! You can't ask him that!
(To Will) What *did* it feel like?

DAVE

(Warning) Anna.

WILL

I don't know. Sore.