

THE OLD ONES

Episode One: Guests

Written by

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That Old Black Magic performed by Glenn Miller begins.

GLENN MILLER

That old black magic has me in its
spell, that old black magic that
you weave so well. Icy fingers up
and down my spine that same old
witchcraft when your eyes meet
mine.

ANCHOR

(1940's Re-verb)

Sorry to interrupt Mr. Miller's new
song, but we have breaking news
from the heart of Strideford City.
Reporting on the scene is Perry
James.

Room Tone: Ambient sounds of a city with old car engines
running and old car horns fill out the background. Clamoring
of reporters and flashbulb cameras going out.

PERRY

(1940's Re-verb)

Thank you, were here outside the
first bank of Strideford witnessing
the arrest of the 15 time offender
Captain Cult. His arrest comes
thanks to-

CAPTAIN CULT

(1940's Re-verb)

-And I Would Have Gotten Away With
It To!

PERRY

(1940's Re-verb)

Oh great. Here he goes again. He is
being escorted down the steps of
the bank.

CAPTAIN CULT

(1940's Re-verb)

Say, I would have brought this city
to it's knees! If it wasn't for
that blundering boy scout the-

CROWD

(1940's Re-verb)

The Anomaly!

PERRY

(1940's Re-verb)

And he's here, the greatest
champion of the city, The Anomaly.
He is floating above us towards
Captain Cult.

ANOMALY

(1940's Re-verb)

Captain, how many times are we
going to do this?

CAPTAIN CULT

(1940's Re-verb)

Until The Whole World Knows To
Love And Fear-

MORRIGAN

(1940's Re-verb)

The name- CAPTAIN CULT!?

The crowd goes wild.

PERRY

(1940's Re-verb)

I can't believe it, it's two more
of our champions. The lady
liberator, Morrigan and the hero of
the dark, Cave Crawler.

CAVE CRAWLER

(1940's Re-verb)

Sorry, we were late, Anomaly.

ANOMALY

(1940's Re-verb)

No problem, Cave Crawler.

MORRIGAN

(1940's Re-verb)

Dr. Zelbot unleashed more of his
Brainwash-bots downtown. We heard
That you were in battle with the
Captain here. We assumed you'd be
finished by the time we got here.

CAVE CRAWLER

(1940's Re-verb)

Feel like grabbing a soda pop and a
burger? My treat.

ANOMALY

(1940's Re-verb)

Only if I get to see you without
the miner mask, Cave Crawler.

CAVE CRAWLER

(1940's Re-verb)

Some of us have an identity to
protect, old friend.

MORRIGAN

(1940's Re-verb)

Not all of us can fly in only
glorified pajamas and a cape.

ANOMALY

(1940's Re-verb)

Hey, My mother made these.

CAPTAIN CULT

(1940's Re-verb)

Good gods! Would you please lead me
to the cop car, this naivety is
mind numbing.

PERRY

(1940's Re-verb)

Well, I think we were able to hear
a job well done. I guess all there
is left to say is this is Perry
James reporting...

COP

(1940's Re-verb)

A! Mr. A!?

ANOMALY

(1940's Re-verb)

What is it officer?

COP

(1940's Re-verb)

We got one of the Captain's books
here. One of the boys are wondering
if you knew what to do with it?

ANOMALY

(1940's Re-verb)

Oh, that books a new one, but it
looks familiar somehow?

A haunted hum starts to ring out.

COP
(1940's Re-verb)
Whoa! It's glowing.

ANOMALY
(1940's Re-verb)
That's definitely new.

CAPTAIN CULT
(1940's Re-verb)
Don't Open That Book!

PERRY
(1940's Re-verb)
Oh dear. Officers are trying to
calm Captain Cult down. He's
becoming erratic.

CAPTAIN CULT
(1940's Re-verb)
Whatever You Do, For The Love Of
The Gods, Don't Open That Fucking
Book!

The crowd gasps.

MORRIGAN
(1940's Re-verb)
Captain!

CAVE CRAWLER
(1940's Re-verb)
There are children here!

ANOMALY
(1940's Re-verb)
Just relax, old friend.

COP
(1940's Re-verb)
Come on Cap, it's just a book
what's the-

Crashing flood of water. Demonic howls. Crowd erupts into
screams and panic from young and old.

PERRY
(1940's Reverb)
Oh god in heaven. It's a black
mass! It's burst out of the book
like a flood!

Dress shoes running. Perry huffs as he runs.

PERRY
 (1940's Reverb)
 It's pouring out across the city,
 like tendrils of ink! God in heaven-

Wave crashes. Broadcast cuts out.

ANCHOR
 (1940's Reverb)
 His equipment cut out. Remain calm
 citizens. We should not pan-

Doors break. Screams. Wave of water crashes. The recording
 cuts out.

NPR HOST
 And that was the last recording
 broadcast of Strideford City.
 Sorry, again, for that of the faint
 of heart, but it is important to
 remember what happened on this day
 all those years ago.

Room tone: Car acceleration. AC blowing.

NPR HOST
 Not to long after this recording,
 the bridges were blown out of
 panic. Turned out to stop the Wave
 from spreading. Didn't go into the
 waters, thank god. I believe they
 have teams watching the island from
 the mainland make sure nobody tries
 entering, but the question I raise
 is-

The radio clicks off.

(TARA CATES is in her late twenties with bit of angst always
 in her demeanor.)

TARA
 Why do they keep talking about this
 stuff.

Car pulls into a parking spot. Car door opens.

Room tone: Beach with no people. Footsteps transitioning from
 pavement to the sand. Foot steps transition from the sand to
 a board walk.

SARAH
 Hey Tara. It's 9:00. What's got you
 late?

TARA
Was trying to convince myself to
get on the treadmill today.

SARAH
Been there. Just write 8:00.

TARA
Your the best, Sarah.

The sound of pen on paper.

TARA
See you later.

Footsteps on the boardwalk. Seagulls squawk. Waves crash.

BENNY
You know, Cates, if I didn't know
better, I'd say your not invested
with this job.

TARA
Is that coffee for me?

BENNY
Felt generous, that and it was a
two for one thing at the shop.

TARA
Ah, so heroic.

A faint sip of the coffee.

BILL
You got coffee for Late Cates and
nothing for the people on time?

Footsteps in the sand.

BENNY
I'd rather late and productive then
an on-time lounge, Bill.

BILL
How do you be productive watching a
condemned city?

TARA
Generally, someone who watches the
city instead of last night's soap
opera on their phone.

BILL

The old lady hogged the T.V last night. Gotta avoid the forums ruining it.

BENNY

Then watch it at home and be late like the rest of us.

BILL

I swear, you guys are against me. Sarah never gets flack like this.

Footsteps in sand.

TARA

Hey! Don't bring Sarah into this! She's a fucking angel!

Footsteps in the sand fade off. Tara laughs to herself.

BENNY

You see the guys in the black vans drive by when you came in today?

TARA

Yep, they actually explain what they are doing out here?

BENNY

No, just came by to "see our status" and drove off.

TARA

Would you say that's professional or pretentious?

BENNY

Pretentious. One hundred percent.

Tara laughs dryly. Waves crash in the distance.

BENNY

I was serious before, you know? We're given a pretty good gig here.

TARA

Watching a graveyard?

BENNY

Protecting history, honoring heroes-

TARA
By making sure idiots don't draw
dicks on the basins?

Beat.

BENNY
You've been here, what, three
years?

TARA
Yeah?

BENNY
And you haven't once shown any love
for this. I mean was it something
that happened to you in the coast
guard or are you just a contrarian?

TARA
What do I have to show love for?
Strideford was a city no one would
want to live in. Crime rates have
gone down since the super-types are
gone.

BENNY
So what? They didn't do anything
for you so what's the point in
thanking them?

TARA
My question is why do we hold them
on the pedestal and forget the
human-beings that work, die, and
are forgotten.

NICK
(Radio Static)
Hey guys.

Benny sighs. He grabs his radio.

BENNY
Yeah Nick, what's up?

NICK
(Radio Static)
Something... uh... something washed
ashore. I want to say it's a rotten
whale, but I haven't-

Pause.

BENNY
Nick, You still there?

Pause.

BENNY
Nick?

TARA
What part of the beach was he
stationed at?

BENNY
West-end.

TARA
I'll go check on him.

BENNY
I'll come with you. I want to hear
more of the counter culture thesis
you got going on Strideford.

TARA
Asshole.

Boots walk away on the boardwalk and dissolves.

Dune-buggy acceleration fades in. Dune-buggy comes to a stop.
Buggy doors open. Boots hit the sand. Buggy doors close.

BENNY
There he is... just... standing
there.

TARA
What is that in front of him?

BENNY
Gotta get closer, looks like a big,
pale, blob.

Sand crunches under footsteps.

BENNY
Hey! Nick! Get a good guess at what
that thing...

TARA
Oh, fuck.

(TARA AS NARRATOR is a more fragile sounding Tara. When she
speaks sounds of a tape recording and a room tone of crime
scene.)

TARA AS NARRATOR
That was when I saw it.

BENNY
Is he...

TARA AS NARRATOR
It looked like the corpse of a
giant puffer fish and Nick... he,
he was impaled by it.

BENNY
What the hell is that?

TARA
(Panicked)
Nick! Oh fuck. Nick!

BENNY
Tara, call base.

TARA AS NARRATOR
And so I did. I turned away, why
the fuck did I turn away. I called
it in and when I turned back...

TARA
(Panicked)
There coming, back up's

TARA AS NARRATOR
I saw it behind Benny. I don't no
how it moved that fast. It was
towering over him.

TARA
(Panicked)
Benny!

TARA AS NARRATOR
I screamed, but he was dead before
the words came out of mouth.

The sound of skin being pierced. Benny choking, gurgling.

TARA AS NARRATOR
It wasn't a pufferfish, something
more like a giant maggot with it's
needles. It slid toward me with
Benny pinned to it.

TARA
(Panicked)
Fuck!

Monstrous guttural roar.

TARA AS NARRATOR
My instincts took over. I got in
the buggy and floored it.

Dune buggy engine accelerates. Kicks up sand.

TARA AS NARRATOR
I made it back to base, but so did
it.

SARAH
Tara? What happened, what is that
thing out there.

TARA
(Panicked)
You have to run, Sarah, run!

TARA AS NARRATOR
We were all soldiers, my friends
proved it that day. Sarah didn't
run. She pulled out her pistol.

SARAH
Tara, get inside the post. Call for
back up.

TARA
(Panicked)
Sarah!

SARAH
Go!

TARA AS NARRATOR
So... I ran.

Tara breaths heavy and fast. Footsteps move fast, crushing
sand and moving to pounding on the boardwalk. Sounds of the
team in a commotion and loading rifles. A door kicked open.

Room tone: Interior of a shack filled with laptops and fans.

BILL
Tara? Tara, what the hell is that
thing out there?

Exterior gun shots fire. Exterior guttural roar.

BILL
Fuck!

TARA
Bill, I need you here. Get a gun.

BILL
Uh. Okay. Okay.

Clicks of computer keys. Microphone click.

TARA
Hello! This is Strideford Post.
Please send-

Violently sharp radio distortion.

TARA
Fuck! What the hell's happened to
the equipment.

Exterior wood shatters. Sand flies against glass. Exterior screams.

BILL
Shit! It's tearing through them.

TARA
No one's coming, no one's coming!

Guttural monstrous roar.

BILL
That thing is coming towards us.

We have to get downstairs. Footsteps down stairs. Metal door swings shut.

Room Tone: Echo chamber with the hum of air vents.

TARA AS NARRATOR
We went into the storm bunker. We
waited. Prayed to god the maggot
wasn't stronger then a storm.

Slimy, slug like movement across metal. Heavy pounds against metal.

TARA AS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But I don't think God had sway over
this thing.

Muffled sickly guttural breathes. Heavy pounds continues.

BILL
Tara, get behind me.

TARA
No, we're in this together. Tell me
there is another rifle down here?

BILL
Back there. There is a seam in the
floor.

Pound! Metal collides on to metal. Sickly guttural roar.

BILL
It's in! Tara! Follow the seam it
leads out of here, Ru-

Bone and muscle stabbed through.

TARA
No!

BILL
(Dying)
Tara... please get...

TARA AS NARRATOR
He died there... pinned to the
thing. I saw it had collected the
corpses of all my friends. It was
like a wrinkled tower of death.

Slow slimly slide. Thud.

TARA AS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Bill's rifle fell out of his hands
and landed in front of me. I don't
remember grabbing it, just
unloading it.

AK-47 rabidly fires. Bullets pierce flesh. Sickly monstrous
groans.

TARA AS NARRATOR
I didn't care if I died. I didn't
care if I could kill it. I wanted
to see it bleed.

Rifle continues firing. Tara furiously screams. The sickly
groan stops. Thud! The bullets continue.

Click. Click. Click.

TARA AS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 I don't know if it finally took
 enough hits or if I found a sweet
 spot, but it fell dead and I fell
 to my knees.

Beat.

TARA AS NARRATOR
 I had to shoot through them. My
 friend's bodies. Couldn't tell it's
 blood from theirs.

Tara sobs.

TARA AS NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 I sat there, half of me in mourning
 with the other half too scared to
 move. Eventually I took that escape
 route.

Footsteps on sand. Police sirens in the distance.

TARA AS NARRATOR
 I climbed out. Collapsed on the
 sand. That's when you dipshits came
 in.

Recorder clicks.