

Fiends - Sample

By

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A female DJ goes to her first underground rave, where a tainted batch of pills turns the ravers into cannibals, and she must fight to escape.

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**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

A RAGGED WOMAN, 19, slumps against a graffitied wall, sparking a lighter underneath a crack pipe.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - the lighter won't stay lit.

SMASH - shattered glass from down the alley. She flinches. Behind her, a FIGURE darts from one side of the alley to the other. She clicks the lighter, faster and faster.

A hand from the shadows grabs her leg, she leaps up and sprints down the alley.

**INT. OLD WAREHOUSE, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

She crashes through a door and slumps down on the other side, holding it closed.

CLICK CLICK - finally the lighter stays lit, she holds it up to the pipe and sucks. The lighter slowly illuminates the CROOKED, HARROWING FACE of a JUNKIE behind her. She screams and runs.

She scrambles behind a large container, as the Junkie stalks through the room.

HEADLIGHTS - shining through the window, the BASS of loud HOUSE MUSIC. The Junkie stares at the lights, almost in a trance.

The Woman slowly creeps towards a different window, She waves at the CAR - no response. She stretches her hand higher:

BANG, TINK, TINK, TINK - she knocks over a METAL PIPE. The Junkie's head jerks round and he rushes for her, she runs.

**EXT. ALLEY 2 - MOMENTS LATER**

She flings opens a fire-exit and tries to run outside, but is yanked back. She falls to the floor, the pipe skittering out of her reach.

The Junkie pulls her into the darkness as she tries to crawl towards the pipe, blood on her face, tears in her eyes, reaching out a hand as the music swells to a climax.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SUPER:

**DON'T DO DRUGS**

GRATUITOUS VOICEOVER (V.O.)

Don't do drugs!

The sound of TEENAGE LAUGHTER.

**INT. RED'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY**

A still frame of the Woman's face and grasping hand is paused on a TV in a large, messy living room.

On the cluttered sofa, ironically watching the anti-drugs infomercial, sits ZOE BARLOW, 19, anxious, naive, but with an untapped reservoir of potential.

Beside her sits a girl with the nickname '18', though she is really 20, an Ibiza warrior who clearly loves attention.

18  
(mockingly)  
Don't do drugs!

18 giggles as she smokes a JOINT, Zoe looks nervous.

RED  
Zoe! My narcotic ingénue, you  
wanna know the dosage or what?

In the kitchen area, behind a counter full of DRUGS and paraphernalia, stands RED: 21, a devil-may-care joker, a walking ball of chemicals, a mad rave scientist.

RED  
We do bombs of point 1-2-5, 3  
total, 2 redoses, a baggie with  
scraps for dabbing and keys,  
you've got doobs for the smoking  
area, ket for the afters, and  
when it all gets a bit too much,  
you've got the xannies as a  
beautiful killswitch. Understand?

Zoe looks confused at the overwhelming amount of drugs.

ZOE  
Sounds lovely.

RED  
A walk in the park is lovely,  
this is pure chemical bliss.

18 takes a drag on the joint and holds it up for Zoe, who waves it away.

ZOE  
I'm fine, thanks.

18  
You really wanna be just *fine*?

RED

She wants a nice clean virgin  
roll, don't twat it up Teen.

18 holds up her hands in mock apology and puts her arms out wide for a HUG with Red; but he simply takes the joint from her hand, then sifts through the baggies in front of him.

RED

Fuck me with a crucifix, big  
boy's been at these like a fat  
kid with cake.

18

Maybe he's going for the Vance  
challenge?

ZOE

What's the Vance challenge?

18

A couple of raves back, Vance  
Waters took a whole gram of MD,  
then washed it down with a  
thousand mics of acid.

RED

A-fucking-leggedly. Even Sham'  
barely scrapes a thousand and  
he's been fixing to transcend  
since his first hard-on.

18

Seems someone's a bit jealous of  
his old friend.

(imitating Red)

"ooo, I'm Red, I'm gonna go where  
no ravehead has gone before - one  
small dose for man, one giant  
comedown for mankind."

Red doesn't let it phase him.

RED

Vancey-boy can do whatever he  
likes, if he wants to deal  
oregano in a tailored tracksuit,  
he's welcome.

18 laughs as Zoe slowly walks through the living room and looks out the back window into the garden.

In the garden stands a hulking figure, facing away into nothingness: SHAMAN, 23, long-hair, transcendent, psychedelic and wise - like a yeti on acid.

ZOE

What... err, what's Shaman doing?

RED

Transcending, reaching nirvana,  
masturbating, take your pick.

**EXT. RED'S GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Zoe paces out into the garden, behind Shaman.

SHAMAN

It's time.

Shaman slowly turns around, he has half-cut ping pong balls over his eyes.

SHAMAN

It's the end.

Zoe looks nervous as Shaman removes the balls to reveal kind, dilated eyes.

SHAMAN

It's the end of the school-week  
yes? So the real education  
begins.

**INT. RED'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY**

Red flicks through channels on the couch as 18 sits on his lap, he playfully blocks her view. Zoe looks at family pictures on the wall of a young Shaman, Red and their MUM - they are BROTHERS.

Shaman makes bombs of MDMA (putting the powder in a Rizla and wrapping it up into a little pouch that looks like a Bang Snap firework).

ZOE

Where's your scale then? You said  
0.125 grams?

RED

(pointing to Shaman's hands)  
Those babies are accurate to ten  
decimal places.

Zoe looks nervous, as Shaman smiles, comforting.

SHAMAN

It's normal, the anxiety.

ZOE

I know, I trust you guys, it's just... I've had opportunities to do this before but, you know... I just wanted to be ready. I've loved this music so long and I just want the first time hearing it how it's meant to be heard to be like perfect, ethereal, a-thousand-and-one orgasms kind of thing, you know?

SHAMAN

It'll be what it is.

ZOE

How was your first time?

SHAMAN

Unforgettable... but I don't really remember it.

ZOE

Do you think I'll be okay?

Red checks on Zoe like he's checking on a prize horse.

RED

You're what? 8 stone? 5'3"?  
You've lost your baby teeth -  
it's time to face oblivion.

18

(reassuring)

You'll be fine sweetie.

Zoe nods, shifting awkwardly on the couch, she knocks a pizza box aside, uncovering a set of old DJ DECKS.

18

Oh, looks like she found your shameful little secret.

RED

She's already seen you Teen.

Zoe runs her hands along the DECKS, almost sensually.

SHAMAN

Release the music Zoe.

18

Sham told us you mix a bit.

ZOE

No, it's okay... I mean, I know how to, but, in front of other people, I've never--

RED  
 -- Bloody hell girl, it's not  
 foreplay, get stuck in.

Zoe turns the decks on, and connects her phone to an AUX, but the track playing is GLITCHY. Zoe looks at a frayed wire connection, she bends it around her finger until the track plays clearly.

RED  
 Well look who's got the magic  
 hands.

Zoe changes some of the qualities of the track as 18 starts dancing as the music builds to a DROP:

**PAGE 24: LATER IN THE FILM, THE FIENDS ATTACK:**

**INT. WAREHOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Zoe rushes back into the rave: the crowd is as happy as ever. Zoe pushes through, constantly looking over her shoulder, until she runs into Shaman.

ZOE  
 Sham! There's something really  
 wrong, not just drugs,  
 something's actually wrong.

SHAMAN  
 Just breathe, understand that the  
 feeling will pass, all chemistry  
 is balances--

ZOE  
 -- It's not the fucking drugs! A  
 guy, he attacked me!

SHAMAN  
 Metaphorically?

ZOE  
 He tried to bite me, his eyes  
 were black!

SHAMAN  
 Pupils dilate--

ZOE  
 -- Not his pupils, his fucking  
 eyes!

Zoe looks around, terrified, the other ravers dance, but there are hints of TROUBLE on the FRINGES, flashes of running, screams lost beneath the music. Shaman takes Zoe's hand and shows her the writing on it - "it's just the drugs".

SHAMAN

Let the movement wash away the  
fear.

Shaman starts swaying as he steps back, trance-like, when suddenly a MAN JUMPS on Shaman's back, BITING at his face. Shaman spins with the man, stumbling away.

ZOE

Sham!

Shaman and Zoe are pulled apart by the crowd as it descends into CHAOS. Zoe dodges a falling body as she looks left and right, seeing clearly now:

A FEMALE PUNK bites the neck of a BODY on the floor.

A GIANT RAVER falls to the floor spasming.

A hand slowly reaches out, holding a pill towards a REDHEAD GIRL's tongue. The pill is placed on the tongue, then the teeth bite down on the hand, severing the fingers in a bloody mess.

A HAND grabs Zoe's shoulder, she spins round to see Shaman, looking worried but inquisitive.

SHAMAN

It appears we are on a rather  
violent escapade.

Zoe looks past Shaman to see a Fiend tackle a Raver and bite his neck.

SHAMAN

What transcendent road do we  
walk?

A Fiend tackles Shaman to the floor and tries to bite him, he easily holds it back, inches from his face.

SHAMAN

I may have to reconsider my  
dosage.

THWACK! - Zoe BOOTS the Fiend in the face and drags Shaman up.

ZOE

It's not the drugs!

SHAMAN

Then this is most troubling.

Zoe looks around desperately, then spots Red, he writhes amongst the FIENDS, moving just like them.



ZOE  
Red! They got Red!

Zoe pushes through the crowd and spins him around.

ZOE  
Red!

RED  
Good evening.

Red is fine, just very high.

ZOE  
You're okay?

RED  
Na... I'm absolutely fucked.

A Fiend leaps on Red's back, he deftly rolls it over his shoulder in time with the music, the Fiend stumbles into the crowd.

RED  
Tad rowdy in here tonight?

Shaman grabs a passing Fiend and shows Red the Fiend's bloody face.

RED  
Na, yeah, let's bounce. This room's shite.

**INT. WAREHOUSE, HALLWAY 1 - MOMENTS LATER**

Shaman SHOVES a Fiend against the wall as he, Red and Zoe turn a corner into a thin hallway with offices on either side. At an intersection in the hall is a SKINNY RAVER smoking. The trio run down the hall.

RED  
Find Teen, find the fire exits,  
run for the hills!

A Fiend runs round the approaching corner, Red shoulder charges him into the wall, Zoe and Shaman run through.

SKINNY RAVER  
Man! That ain't PLUR.

RED  
Fuck PLUR!

A Fiend smashes into the Skinny Raver, sending him flying as Red runs on down the hall.

**INT. WAREHOUSE, SMALL ROOM 1 - MOMENTS LATER**

Zoe, Shaman and Red push through into a darker, smaller room. The music still POUNDS as a horde of ravers and Fiends battle in a lowered dancefloor area.

ZOE

Teen!

Zoe points into the crowd: 18 and Vance are trapped beside the INDUSTRIAL DRINKS COOLERS, fighting off the EDM GUYS, who are now FIENDS. Red touches heads with Shaman.

RED

Big boy, you and Goldi find the exit.

Shaman nods as Red leaps over a railing into the HORDE, fighting his way through.

ZOE

Red!

Shaman pulls Zoe up some stairs.

Down by the coolers, Vance SMASHES EDM Guy 1's head into the wall, he bounces off and rebounds into other EDM Guy Fiends, but they just keep coming.

VANCE

Allow that man!

18 screams as a REDHEAD FEMALE FIEND presses her against the wall, her LED eyelashes come on just as the Redhead Female Fiend opens her mouth to bite, but then just stares at the lashes, entranced.

SMASH - Red CRACKS a PLANK of WOOD across the her head, sending the FIEND flying.

RED

Teen, we might have to skip the afters.

Red spins and SMASHES another Fiend in the face, but then gets TACKLED, by another. Vance BOOTS the FIEND and pulls Red up as the song changes into a record scratching, squelchy remix.

The EDM Guys all writhe in time with the song, locked in place.

RED

Least they have a sense of timing.

The beat drops and the EDM Guys explode towards them.

RED  
The cooler!

Red and VANCE tip over the HUGE COOLER, sending ICE, WATER and BOTTLES skittering towards the FIENDS.

The FIENDS slip and crash to the floor amongst the ICE.

VANCE  
Allow that.

The FIENDS feel the liquid on their skin and start rolling in it, like pigs in shit.

VANCE  
That's some page 17 Pornhub shit  
right there.

18  
Red!

18 points towards some more Fiends RUSHING towards them. Red, 18 and Vance sprint for a door on the other side of the writhing horde.

**INT. WAREHOUSE, HALLWAY 2 - MOMENTS LATER**

Red, 18 and Vance sprint through the corridors as the Fiends chase behind them. The trio round a corner and Vance smashes a can in the face of Blonde Dealer.

BLONDE DEALER  
Ah! You prick!

Blonde Dealer is still human.

VANCE  
Shit! my bad boss man!

Vance grabs Blonde Dealer off the floor and they go to run down the hall.

BLONDE DEALER  
Na! They're all that way. Come  
on!

Blonde Dealer leads them round a corner as the Fiends chase.

**INT. WAREHOUSE, CONTAINER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A door slams open as the quartet rush out, the Fiends see the light and rush for the door, Red goes to shut it, but TRACKSUIT RAVER FIEND gets his torso through.

Blonde Dealer and 18 grab a large RACK OF SHELVES and push it to the door, Vance stares in horror, frozen in place.

RED

Vance!

Vance snaps to attention and tries to push the Tracksuit Raver back through the door, but he can't do it.

Red KICKS Tracksuit Raver in the face and they fall backwards.

Red SLAMS the door shut as 18 and Blonde Dealer HEAVE the rack of shelves in front, wedging it closed.

BANG BANG BANG - the Fiends POUND on the door, but the shelves hold.