

UNTITLED RAVENSHILL PROJECT NOIR

"Fitting In"

by
Matthew John Latham
And
Marc Gibson

Based on the Story by:
Marc Gibson

Created by:
Marc Gibson

Adapted for Script Format By:
Matthew John Latham

TEASER

OPEN ON:

EXT. EASTHAM CITY - NIGHT

It's dark. It's dirty. It smells. It looks rough. Street lights badly illuminate the streets where rough and run down shops and buildings are closed for their 'business' - and the only activity appears to be down an:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The camera moves around through alleyway, following two low and gruff voices.

VOICE (O.S.)

- and that is why there is no such thing as Light and Bad magic.

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

(disbelieving)

Christ! There is!

VOICE (O.S.)

No. There isn't. You've got the bureaucrats in higher offices who do the spells they want. If there are any spells they do not understand, can't understand or can't be bothered to do - that's what they class as Dark Magic.

The camera reaches the voices. It's TWO DEMONS. Seven feet tall - skin consisting of several colours and wearing odd tribal clothes.

DEMON #2

That's child propaganda if you as-

The first demon STOPS, raising a hand and looking forward. He's heard something.

The second demon nods and follows the first down the alleyway - around a corner:

And find around five young teenagers, moping around. Their faces light up with glee.

DEMON #1

(smiling)

Food.

One of the teenagers turns around, eyes narrowing at the two demons - not looking the least bit surprised.

TEEN #1

You want somefin', ay?

The demons stare at him, then at each other.

Then they BURST OUT LAUGHING.

DEMON #1

I love it when we can play with our-

The teen LEAPS forward, MORPHING INTO A WEREWOLF mid-flight, POUNCING on the De-

-but gets struck with a swift backhanded fist from an unphased Demon #2. The other teenage werewolves look worried.

DEMON #2

Ain't had wolves for ages.

DEMON #1

Remind me to get some barbeq-

A GROWL interrupts them as a shadow drops behind them and SLAMS them into a wall!

The youngsters look up -

- it's a HUGE werewolf, snarling at the demons.

Demon #1 gets to his feet, screaming an inhumane squeal and LEAPING towards the wolf. It ducks and STRIKES a paw through it's stomach - sending upwards and impaling it on an overhead railing!

Demon #2 looks at it's fallen brethren and screams in grief, LEAPING towards the Werewolf.

Quickly the beast SWOOPS down and GRABS the demon - SNAPPING it's neck and dropping the body instantly.

There's a moment of silence, the werewolf looking down at it's enemy.

The four standing teenagers look at each other, one of them helping the one that was knocked down. Another walks towards the wolf.

It begins to change. Shrinking down, losing weight. Fur retreating back into dark brown skin. Hair turning back into a messy ebony. A human face becoming ever more visible.

Dark eyes illuminate a dark face, half Gypsy, half Middle-Eastern. Loose clothes around his body, ripped where his wolvern form used to be. Here stands MALIK, looking around his mid-twenties.

And he's looking at the young teenagers with a strange look.

And one of them bravely steps forward.

TEEN #3
T-thank you, sir.

Malik says nothing, but surveys the rest of them.

TEEN #1
Can you help us find a place to
rest?

He looks at the speaking teenager.

MALIK
(weird accent)
No.

His voice has no trace of recognisable accent - suggesting
he's been travelling a lot.

TEEN #3
But you're one of us!

Malik's EYES narrow, and he begins to turn around - WALKING
away.

MALIK
No. I'm not.

He leaves the teenagers as he ventures further down an
alleyway, finally getting to a door. He SNIFFS the air,
glancing around and smirking.

He KICKS the door in! Striding through into:

INT. DARK DINGY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the center of the room is a huge round poker table.
Players of different races suddenly turn to see their
'guest'.

Malik just glances at the table - at a very expensive looking
necklace that laces a pile of golden jewellery and money.

PLAYER #1
(shocked)
Who the hell are you?

MALIK
Getting something that was stolen.

Before the players can even react - Malik JUMPS down on
table! KICKING a green horned demon and ELBOWING a human
behind him.

He grabs the necklace, and LEAPS in the air, landing on the
stairway, a werewolf growl muttering through his vocal cords.

One of the other players LEAPS at him - he TACKLES his stomach, sending him to the ground, and begins a barrage of punches.

Malik looks up, UPPERCUTTING another player running towards him. He glances at his arm - it's a werewolf's PAW. It begins to shift back into a human form as he looks up to see another attack at him.

He looks around again and JUMPS backwards, running out of the doorway into the:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

- and out comes the WEREWOLF again.

Running off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MALIK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front doors open, and Malik walks into his apartment. A spacious place with a high ceiling. Bookcases and old furniture litter the place, and high windows are a bit dirty.

He walks through and sits on a settee, pulling out the necklace and looking at it. He leans back as the scene decides to:

FADE TO:

INT. MALIK'S APARTMENT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

It's the same place, only a bit dirtier.

WOMAN (O.S.)

It certainly isn't luxury.

The sounds of the front door being unlocked fill the room with an undesirable echo.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But it is good value. Much lower rent than any other part of the city. You can be sure of that!

The door OPENS, and in walks a woman in her mid-twenties, VANNA. She's petite with lovely wavy brown hair - but with a lot of make-up on that seems to destroy a natural innocent-like beauty. Plus the clothes she's wearing leave nothing to the imagination around the busom area.

MALIK (O.S.)

(distant)

Oh, of course.

Malik enters the apartment, looking around. Vanna, looks around, her expression of hope on her face hidden well. Her face obviously straining with tact.

VANNA

And really, the bar below isn't very noisy.

(beat)

But the train line next door is. Although it is the quietest route in the Eastham Metro, I assure you.

Malik steps forward, looking around, seeing that the window's are dirty enough to block most of the sunlight.

VANNA (CONT'D)

And I also think you find that the reports of crime levels in Cradleforth are slightly over exaggerated.

Malik walks over to a kitchen area, opening the unit doors and peeking in them.

VANNA (CONT'D)

It's been several weeks since there was a robbery on our street. Old Mr. Horace keeps a record. We are almost probably the safest street in the area.

MALIK

(still distant)
Fascinating.

VANNA

The rooms -
(eyes him curiously)
- should provide ample living and working space for an independent man like yourself. That I am confident about. It's comfortable, homely, convenient...

Malik walks over to see the bedroom area, walking past the 'office' area.

MALIK

(still distant)
I'm sure of it.

VANNA

There are so many original features-

She hears a door fall off in the kitchen area, she closes her eyes and grits her teeth, muttering obscenities under her breath.

VANNA (CONT'D)

(breathes)
As I was saying, there are many original features in which I think you'll be hugely impressed, Mr. Malik.

MALIK (O.S.)

Actually - it's just Malik. No Mister.

VANNA

(dismissively)
Whatever you say sir.

She checks her watch impatiently, and turns around to see Malik walk back out to the main area. She gives him a smile that begins sweet but starts to morph into a 'disapproving elderly aunt' smile.

Malik just manages to avert his eyes from her provocative top to look at the obstructed view from the windows.

MALIK

And what was your name again?

VANNA

Vanna Amoré.

MALIK

Sweet name.

VANNA

You're not the first. Nor will you be the last. Sadly.

She walks down the room to a part just past where Malik was before.

VANNA (CONT'D)

This here can make suitable office space - and as you can see, there's already furniture provided.

She glances to her left at a doorway.

VANNA (CONT'D)

That leads to the bathroom. I suggest you don't look in-

Just because of that, Malik opens the door. The bathroom isn't seen but he just sighs - then closes the door again.

VANNA (CONT'D)

I will give the place a good clean before you move in. Mr. Malik.

The use of the title is obviously deliberate.

MALIK

Of course.

He looks around.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I'll take it.

Vanna does that fake sweet smile again.

VANNA

It's a-
 (beat)
 -doing business with you.

She walks off away from him, rolling her eyes and heading out of the room.

Malik just looks around, his expression unchanging.

CUT TO:

INT. MALIK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back to the present, and Malik leans forward. A BEEPING NOISE suddenly is heard. He gets up and walks to a small table near the doorway - his answering machine is beeping.

He pushes the button, it beeps again.

VOICE
 (on answering machine)
 Mr. Malik -

He CRINGES at the title.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 - I'm calling you on behalf of the assignment we hired you for to regain my daughter's sacred necklace.
 (coughs)
 Well we've already found it. It was down the side of the television. We no longer require your services and no payment is needed. Bye.

The tape cuts off, leaving Malik shaking his head, laughing at himself.

He then THROWS the necklace he has against the room - LODGING it into a small wooden beam. He looks at it, frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POWDERED HORN - NIGHT

It's a typical Pub/Bar. Except that the patrons of this place are not all human. Demons of different races, creeds, colours and shoe sizes all sit on their own or in groups. Smoking and drinking.

MALE (O.S.)
 (mournful)
 It is always ze same. I meet zem,
 and I talk to zem.
 (MORE)

MALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

After 'alf an 'our zey are all
like, "I love you Claude!"

The camera pans to the bar, where patrons are sat listening to Claude. At the end is a huge bald scaly demon with a brown moustache; this is EDWORG.

CLAUDE (O.S.)

To which I reply, "you cannot love
me!" Zey do not understand my
needs.

(sighs)

I curse my abilities. I curse 'ow
women lose their 'eart when zey see
me.

Camera pans again to see that Vanna is behind the bar, cleaning a glass and chewing on something, looking bored of this speech.

CLAUDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It is a curse

(drinks a shot)

Today, at ze office, I 'ad to speak
to fourteen women about firing zem.

The Camera pans again, showing a humanoid figure drinking a pint of larger. Only he's completely bald, white and has completely black eyes. He doesn't look friendly. This is BIAS.

CLAUDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And I 'ad sex with zose fourteen
women. Only zey 'ad to say zat!

The camera FINALLY comes to Claude, and on first impressions it's not hard to see why many women are attracted to him. He's got short, spiky blonde hair with an innocent and perfect face. Crispy blues eyes...staring at around four vodka shots.

He downs them all.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

And I wish zat I could take less
alcohol.

Vanna just rolls her eyes again.

VANNA

Hey, bro. As long as you keep
paying for them. I'm glad!

Claude just sighs.

EDWORG

You know I, uh, think I know what
your problem is, Claudey?

Claude looks up to the huge fat demon with the moustache with intrigue.

CLAUDE

Hmm?

EDWORG

You are too smooth.

BIAS

Claude. Smooth. If I could laugh I wouldn't find it amusing.

It must be noted that Bias' voice is extremely low and completely inhumane.

EDWORG

True - but you are too smooth. I mean, you could try not having sex with the girls.

Claude's eyes light up as if this was an insult.

CLAUDE

But-but what is ze point of females if you cannot sleep with zem?

Edworg takes a sip of his drink.

EDWORG

Well you can always get married. Worked for me.

He laughs, but no-one gets the joke. He continues to laugh anyway.

BIAS

I can't remember the first time I had sex.

VANNA

Because you anthropomorphic types don't need too.

Bias tilts his head, and blinks.

BIAS

Shame.

He drinks, and there's a few moments of silence as Vanna sits on a seat behind the bar.

EDWORG

So, Vanna - when are we going to meet this new tenant of yours?

She SHRUGS.

VANNA

I dunno. Been three days and he hasn't said a peep.

EDWORG

Maybe he's evil?

Vanna just shakes her head.

EDWORG (CONT'D)

Maybe he's a serial killer.

Claude laughs, then stops.

CLAUDE

Maybe 'e's standing right behind you!

Edworg TURNS around, and sees Malik standing there. He takes a seat in between Bias and Edworg and puts a fiver on the bar.

MALIK

Whatever's cheap. But the strongest sort of cheap.

VANNA

Coming right up.

She ventures and finds something.

EDWORG

So. You're living above us, eh?

Malik just nods.

EDWORG (CONT'D)

You're not a serial killer. Right?

The werewolf just gives him a look.

BIAS

No. He wants to be a sort of help-for-hire. A bounty hunter.

Malik shifts his glaring to Bias.

CLAUDE

You scare me with zat power of yours.

Bias glances over to Claude.

BIAS

I read the Newspaper and saw an advert for it with the address upstairs.

VANNA

Since when did you read?

BIAS

I do not. I like to pretend I do.

Vanna gives Malik his drink - and he DOWNS it in one.

EDWORG

Ouch. Someone's got troubles.

Malik cringes as the alcohol has the desired effect.

MALIK

My story's boring.

Edworg laughs.

EDWORG

I like this guy. Name's Edworg.
Black-Eyes over there is a sort of
semi-demi-quasi God like creature
named Bias and the depressed
Casanova is named Claude.

Malik puts on a smile.

MALIK

(sarcastically)
Nice to meet you.

He downs another drink.

EDWORG

And I suppose you've already met
the landlady.

Malik just SHRUGS, doesn't seem to be in the mood to talk.

MALIK

Hi.

EDWORG

It's a...uh...
(looks at him)
-quiet night on the regular front.
There's usually more in...are You
listening to me?

MALIK

Nope.

Vanna suddenly CHUCKLES.

VANNA

I suddenly dislike this guy less
than I-

(MORE)

VANNA (CONT'D)
 (spies some people)
 HEY!

She suddenly walks around the bar too two rowdy demons.

VANNA (CONT'D)
 You two have been acting shifty all night, now I see you're smoking illegal stuff in my bar!

FIRST DEMON
 Hey! He brought-

She suddenly GRABS THEM BY THE EARS, LIFTING THEM IN THE AIR.

VANNA
 (stern)
 Now - this is my licensed establishment. There are certain rules to be followed, and I expect you to follow those rules. But obviously you can't so -
 (to patron)
 - be a dear and open the door for me -
 (to demons)
 - GET THE HELL OUT OF MY BAR!

She suddenly THROWS BOTH OF THEM OUT WITH EASE!

There's a silence, and she looks around as she dusts her hands.

VANNA (CONT'D)
 What the hell you looking at?

Everyone begins talking again as she heads back behind the bar. Malik looks sort of impressed.

MALIK
 Well that was...

VANNA
 Impressive?

MALIK
 Interesting.

EDWORG
 Vanna and her brother Claude's mother was a Love Demigoddess. They've inherited certain aspects of her mother.

Malik looks at Vanna's choice of clothes.

MALIK
I can tell.

CUT TO:

INT. MALIK'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Malik walks out of the bathroom, rubbing his tired eyes. He heads over to the answering machine, getting nothing. There's suddenly a knock on the door. Immediately Malik's eyes light up in hope as he gets to the front door to reveal:

A man and a woman, looking very uneasy.

MAN
Hello, are we at the right place?
We're looking for Silver-

MALIK
Silver-Tracking? Yes you're at the
right place.

The man has a quick glance at the poor quality of Malik's apartment.

MAN
Oh.

Malik puts on his best smile.

MALIK
Come in, come in. I'll guide you to
my office.

The man and woman follow him into:

INT. MALIK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is full of old furniture - it appears that Malik hasn't got around to actually cleaning everything just yet. Malik sits down, smiling.

MALIK
So what can I do for Mr...

MAN
Wilson.

MALIK
Mr. Wilson.

MRS. WILSON
It's our son. He's missing.

MALIK
Really. When's the last time you
saw him?

MR. WILSON

This time yesterday. I have a recent picture of him...

He goes into his pocket and withdraws a PHOTOGRAPH. Taking one last mournful look at it, he then hands it to Malik.

The boy is around seventeen in the picture. Good looking with brown scruffy hair.

Malik then nods.

MALIK

I will find your son for you.

The Wilson's SMILE and look at each other in relief.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I'll get on it straight away, and I won't give up. Now - do you have any idea where he socialises?

CUT TO:

EXT. CRADLEFORTH YOUTH CLUB - DAY

A CAR pulls up outside, and the driver door opens to reveal Malik, looking at the building. He SLAMS the door and:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) INSIDE THE YOUTH CLUB, numerous people shake their heads.
- B) Malik's car pulls up outside somewhere else.
- C) More shaking heads.
- D) Malik SLAMMING HIS FISTS against the wheel of the car in frustration.
- E) Yet MORE shaking of heads.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POWDERED HORN - NIGHT

Vanna SLAMS a glass on the bar, and Malik stares at it.

MALIK

I gave up.

He takes the glass and DOWNS it in one.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE POWDERED HORN - LATER

Malik DOWNS another drink, and looks to Vanna.

MALIK

Do you water down these drinks or something?

VANNA

Nope. Just that demons can take the alcohol more.

(smiles)

Pays for the fancy holidays.

Malik SHRUGS.

Edworg looks at him.

EDWORG

So you just gave up? Without trying?

MALIK

(blankly)

I tried.

The empty chair next to Malik suddenly becomes SWARMED by a strange black mist - and Bias appears in the seat; ready to drink.

BIAS

I saw you gave up.

MALIK

(lowly)

News always travels fast around here doesn't it.

(drinks another shot)

Silver-Tracking is going out of business before it even begins.

Vanna raises an eyebrow.

VANNA

That's a business head for you. Give up and spend your decreasing amounts of money on booze.

MALIK

Alcohol poisoning feels right.

(beat)

Well it shouldn't - but in this case it's an exception.

Edworg glances over to Vanna.

EDWORG
 (off Malik)
 Well we can point you to a 'really
 good' Warlock that we know.

Vanna catches Edworg's gaze, not getting it immediately.

VANNA
 We do?
 (catches on)
 We can.
 (beat)
 A really good Warlock.
 (to Edworg)
 Are you sure?

Edworg tries to communicate (badly) with his eyebrows.

EDWORG
 He's a regular here. Named Henry.
 He'll help -

Bias BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER. Everyone looks at him.

BIAS
 (confused)
That's humour?
 (drinks)
 Underrated.

Malik eyes him suspiciously.

MALIK
 (off Bias)
 Right.
 (to others)
 Where can I find this 'Henry'
 person?

Edworg and Vanna look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. CRADLEFORTH UPPER DISTRICT - LATER

Malik walks up some steps, seeing some kids playing football.
 He stares at them for a moment; and a small warm smile
 crosses his face -

- but he suddenly just shakes it off and heads towards a
 doorway.