

EXT. FOREST - EARLY MORNING

The leaves rustle and birds chirp their morning song in a forest of vibrant emerald color.

Two people walk along a forest path: a young boy and his grandmother. The boy's name is ALEX, 10, a typical cute looking kid. Yet there is something peculiar about him. His face paints an image of age beyond his years, an old soul perhaps, or just wise beyond his years. His GRANDMOTHER, in her late sixties, is a short woman of Italian decent; she wears a blue summer dress. The two hold hands as they walk along the path.

GRANDMOTHER

Well love, what do you think?

Alex looks up to his grandmother then back to the ground. He shrugs his shoulders. She maneuvers in front of her grandson and places both of her hands on his shoulders. Bringing her face down to his she kisses him on the forehead and meets him eye to eye.

GRANDMOTHER

I know its hard Alex. But you  
must remember that you're safe now.  
No one can hurt you.

She hugs him, bringing him close to her. Alex stares on blankly. Only after a moment does he return the embrace.

GRANDMOTHER

C'mon.

As they walk Alex stares up at the canopy of the forest roof that overhangs their walk. He takes notice of the sunlight that flickers through the spaces between the leaves. It's calming to him.

He stops and looks around. There is no one around him. His grandmother is nowhere to be seen. He looks all directions and calls out.

ALEX

Grandma?

There comes no response. A deadening silence envelops his surroundings. The birds hold their breath and the wind dies.

ALEX

Grandma?

He hears something, but it is ever so faint. The MURMUR of voices comes to his auditory senses. He calls out again to his grandmother and follows the voices. Leaving the path behind him he ventures into the thicket.

EXT. THE THICKET - SAME

Running through branches Alex comes upon a small clearing, where standing in front of him sits a small tent. It looks to have been there for quite some time, its once white skin tainted dirty brown. From within, voices are heard, but their speech is not discernable. Over the flap entrance a sign is perched made from a rotten piece of wood.

INSERT - SIGN

"The Oiad Show."

Alex stares at the sign examining it and then looks towards the entrance.

INT. TENT - SAME

Moving through the two open flaps Alex enters a dark space. The interior is surprisingly spacious, impossible considering the size as seen from its exterior. Poorly strung colored Christmas lights hang from the ceiling. Against the back stands a booth where a puppet show is being performed. There are two puppets performing. THOMAS is a male puppet. Its face is disfigured, scratched and one eye is missing and wears a black top hat. The other puppet is female. Her name is MAGDALENA and she resembles an old lady, white hair tied in a bun. Her nose is curved like a caricature of a witch.

MAGDA

Thomas have you seen Oiad?

THOMAS

No Magda, he hasn't arrived yet.

MAGDA

Is he coming?

THOMAS

He should be.

MAGDA

Good.

Thomas slowly looks over to where Alex stands. Magda does so as well, both of them twisting their distorted wooden heads to look at Alex. Alex stares quizzically and the puppets snap their heads back to face each other.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Our audience has finally arrived!

THOMAS

I guess he's the only one.

MAGDA

Yes, and it's a good thing he came.

THOMAS

Well we needn't wait anymore.  
Let's start the show shall we?

MAGDA

Yes, let's.

The lights go down.

EXT. SUBURB STREET - NIGHT

ALEX (V.O)

A house, not too large and not too  
Small; a house like all the others,  
A house nestled tightly between its  
neighbours.

We focus to one of the upper windows.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - SAME

Toys crowd the shelves and posters hand on the wall. The pale moonlight that floods through the window create twisted shadows that display themselves on the walls.

Leaning over him is Alex's father EDWARD. 35, tall, and by no means muscular, he wears a white short-sleeved shirt and track pants, these being his pajamas. He gently kisses Alex on the forehead and hums a tune that one would assume to be a lullaby.

EDWARD

I hope you said your prayers  
my boy.

He lightly pets Alex's head.

EDWARD

Oiad is coming out tonight.

MONTAGE -

A drawer opens to reveal a small gun. Though you cannot see a hand grasp it, the gun moves out of frame lifted from its resting place.

- A gunshot
- A woman screams, though it is out of sync with the mouth.
- The body of a woman falls to the ground.
- The body of a man falls next to her.

Two bodies lie lifeless on the checkered kitchen tile, a pool of crimson blood paints the floor around him. Alex stands close by, standing, staring; his eyes painting a picture of utter shock. The lifeless figure that was once his parents lie motionless in front of him. He does not blink, but breathes deeply.

A voice speaks: the voice of an older Alex.

ALEX (V.O)

On a cool October night.  
Death took my parent's life.  
On that cool October Eve,

Darkness took over mine.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Alex is running along the wet pavement through a subdivision. The tune the father was humming can be heard.

He runs by a park, where a small tent similar to the one on the beach stands. Alex does not notice it.

INT. PUPPET TENT - NIGHT

The puppet stage is bathed in a heavy blue light. Magda and Thomas are on the stage.

The two puppets turn their bodies looking back and forth.

MAGDA

How long has it been?

THOMAS

I can't say.

MAGDA

Should we still wait?

THOMAS

No.

(He pauses)

I'll go look for him.

MAGDA

Shall I come with you?

THOMAS

No, you wait here in case he arrives.

The puppet Thomas bobs as it moves off stage.

MAGDA

Do you know what he looks like?

Turning to face Magda.

THOMAS

Of course not. I've never met him.

MAGDA

Neither have I. He must be  
Important though.

THOMAS

Why do you say that?

MAGDA

Well, why else would we be  
waiting for him?

Thomas nods its head and bobs off stage.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - DAY

Darkness to light and Alex opens his eyes. He sits beneath a large oak tree, comfortably tucked between its roots. The afternoon sun shines and the sound of children LAUGHING and PLAYING in a near by park can be heard. Something is wrong though, there are no children; there is no one. The park is empty, except the light the breeze that blows. The sound of non-existent children fades with the wind.

ALEX (V.O)

I wake up six years later.  
And I wake up six years older.  
I cannot remember how I came here  
And I cannot recall my length here.

Alex brings his knees to his chest as a paper blows to the grass in front of him. He picks it up realizing there is something written on it.

INSERT - THE PAPER

"The Oiad Show"

ALEX (V.O)

It was whom I was searching for.  
All these days and all these years,  
Oiad had returned.

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