

CaCO<sub>3</sub>

Revision 1

By

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1 EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

1

We watch as an inquisitor places a transparent and complicated device on the ground where he kneels.

He unscrews the top of the device and slowly a sound scape miasma of voices... millions of voices can be heard.

We watch as he pours luminescent liquid into a tube within the device. As it does so the voices decrease in mass and volume until it is filled with static. With the glow we see the inquisitor's face for the first time.

He had big eyes as black as frying pans. His appearance derives from a human face, but with alien qualities. There is no doubt that he is not human.

With a pin prick, the alien bleeds his finger, just enough so that he can allow a drop to fall into the tube and into the luminescent liquid and suddenly the alien is fused with the sound of a voice... two voices...

RADIO HOST 1

You stand close to a mirror: so close your face is almost touching the surface.

RADIO HOST 1 (cont'd)

Right. I'm getting into this one. I'll let you ride this one out...

as the audio continues... we overlay video of mirrors, cats... other relative interesting shots that we haven't yet thought of.

RADIO HOST 1 (cont'd)

Oh this one is profound: Okay, so your face is almost touching the surface of the mirror. You peer downwards into the mirror, and you see your body-possibly even your feet but your body and feet are not in front of the mirror?

RADIO HOST 2

Okay... I'm with you.

RADIO HOST 1

Okay now, how can the mirror reflect back what is not directly in front of it.

RADIO HOST 2

Okay, so because you're faced right up to the mirror you're seeing a lot more than you would if you were looking at it, at a distance.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO HOST 1

At a distance, directly facing the mirror... you see what the mirror allows you to see. The mirror seems more than you are able to see.

RADIO HOST 2

Is this like: If a tree falls and no human is around to hear it, does it make a sound kind of...

RADIO HOST 1

No. Well, yeah visually... at a distance we can't trust the mirror anymore than we can trust our own eyes or our senses when they constantly lie to us? Is it real? Did matter arrive before thought or thought before matter? Will the horse descend from the heavens and, like Enoch, carry us to paradise.

RADIO HOST 2

Okay, wait a second... Enoch? biblical Enoch?

RADIO HOST 1

I was going for Egyptian mythology...

RADIO HOST 2

Alright. Okay, so go back a bit, why are we unable to see everything in the mirror, at a distance.

RADIO HOST 1

Okay, just one more time: Directly we see only what is in front of us, but we're often too afraid get so close to ourselves that we don't realize what we're missing. The mirror gives us the ability to not only see ourselves, but also to see what surrounds us as well as what's behind us. Perception of reality is everything. What if we could apply the same theory to life. Get up close, see what surrounds us. See what we're unable to see when we're standing so far away that we assume taking the direct approach is all we need. What if we allow ourselves to get up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO HOST 1 (cont'd)  
close, let the mirror show you  
things in a different way: What  
if...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. POST OFFICE DEPOT - AFTERNOON 2

ANDY walks into shot from the left. He has a package under his arm. We follow on behind keeping a close distance as we head up the road, around the corner and towards the zebra crossing.

NARRATION

Is it heavy? The parcel I mean...  
it looks heavy to me. It **is** from  
your mother isn't it? Oh I know  
I'm certain of it, but it  
wouldn't kill to hear it from  
your mouth. I can't believe she  
still remembers you exist; but  
then we all know how that feels,  
right? "Mother sent you a parcel"  
Well I say sent, but luck had it  
that she didn't pay the right  
postage. Funny how you end up  
paying the difference for a  
second class thought.

We walks across the road, up the steps.

CUT TO:

2A EXT. ARRIVING AT THE CAR 2A

We arrive at a car, opens the door carefully places the package on the car seat.

NARRATION

Perhaps you'll be more talkative  
once we get home.

As we stay over the bonnet of the car, ANDY gets into the driving seat. He sits there, lost... vague.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. CAR - SIDE ANGLE 3

We hold on ANDY as we begin to hear...

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

Why are we still sitting here?  
This is where we make our way  
home, open that package, fulfill  
our curiosity and then put it  
aside to the humbled tune of  
"Let's move on!".

CUT TO:

4 INT. CAR - SIDE VIEW 4

ANDY starts the engine. Pulls away from the curbside.

## NARRATION

There we go. See, it's not  
difficult. Not like it was  
before...

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET 5

We blur out, showing the haze of street lights as a  
mesmerizing interchanging montage of blurred, changing  
from rural to highway, as the opening credits roll.

The lights become a frenzy of colors as we realize we're  
heading through the city... We throw focus on the side  
street and we see...

CUT TO:

6 EXT/INT. MONTAGE - STREET VIEW/CAR 6

We see all the people going about their way in a busy city  
street in elegant slow motion. We do this without permit.  
the montage of different moments flows through, cross  
cutting with ANDY's mirror, rear view from the back seat  
and various other in car shots.

## NARRATION

Is it really the time for people  
watching. Maybe it's not the best  
night for you to be out here.  
There's nothing to gain from  
looking at end to end, shameless,  
walking cliches... Don't you  
agree? Words can't even describe  
how it must feel to be among all  
the bottom feeders, the gamers,  
the all out takers, the passive  
hoarders and emotionally stunted  
conformists... now these words

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATION (cont'd)  
that never came from you, but  
sucked in from the air like  
second hand smoke.

CUT TO:

7 EXT/INT. MONTAGE - STREET VIEW/CAR 7

More views of pub corners, theatre entrances, supermarket entrances. Guzzlers and feeders, losers pretending they're winners.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CAR - SUBURB 8

ANDY pulls into a suburban street.

NARRATION  
Why are we stopping? It's really  
not a good idea to loiter.  
Especially around here.  
Something will see you...

He reaches into his pocket, grabs some pills, knocks it back with whatever drink he has lying around the car.

NARRATION (cont'd)  
All the drinking, the smoking,  
the painkillers in the world  
weren't going to help you avoid  
facing real life. Void of  
substance yet riddled with abuse.  
Again, you've been doing it all  
wrong...

ANDY takes a deep breath...

NARRATION (cont'd)  
Breathe in, breathe out.  
Everybody's doing it. They hardly  
know it's happening, but you've  
been doing it since you were  
created. But it takes just one  
yoga instructor to tell you that  
"all these years, you've been  
doing it wrong."

ANDY suddenly exhales...

ANDY reaches into the glove compartment, pulling out a tarot box, where one of the cards spill out. He picks it up, looks at it: Innocence -

The card shows a wise man who holds a cricket in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

After staring at it for a few beats...

NARRATION (cont'd)

Is this really time for an affirmation? Wouldn't it be easier to just, get it over with? Okay, I know, that's another damn cliché, but you're making me nervous enough as it is... Forget this ride, forget this street, that house and that girl.

This prompts him to put the card back in the box and reach into the glove compartment. He reaches in...

NARRATION (cont'd)

(Muffled, fading out...)

Okay are you breathing? You need to breathe now, I don't think you realise what you're doing to yourself. If you could only hear my voice you will know how messed up you are...

CUT TO:

9 GLOVE COMPARTMENT

9

Darkness

Andy emerges hands forward reaching into the void. He turns looks about himself before spinning back to the light where he sees something.

He starts to reach. Chalkface appears behind him.

He starts to reach... As Chalkface pulls back.

Andy is snatched back... FAST

CUT TO:

10 INT. CAR - SIDE VIEW

10

Andy snatches his hands back from the glove compartment. He has in his hands a flask which he hastily opens and knocks back whatever resides inside the container. Something to take the edge off...

NARRATION

I had a feeling you're not going to listen. You're in one of those moods again.

After finishing the entire tonic, he opens another bottle of pills and crunches on them until he is able to swallow.

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

Imagine how this will all look in the morning. I mean, you do see where this is going, don't you? Fixations are your biggest failure. Start the engine, turn around. There might still be time before that insane cocktail begins to kick in.

ANDY gets out of the car heads around the corner and grabs the package from the rear passenger seat.

We follow behind as before.

## NARRATION

What are you going to do? What's the big idea? I mean do you have a plan? I mean: Come on, answer me... I know you're in that state again, and the last time you hit all the signs, it was too late: don't add to an already humiliating list of things... I don't want to see this again.

He closes the door and begins to walk back around the corner to the house.

CUT TO:

10A EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

10A

Andy walks up to a house. He stands for a moment as he stares up to the light that comes from the upper bedroom window.

POV: We see the silhouette of a woman brushing her long hair.

## NARRATION

Okay, good. I get it. It's tough sometimes, but it's always better to leave things well alone. She's moved on and you're... well. Best keep on breathing...

Andy starts for the house...

## NARRATION (cont'd)

Okay, this isn't good. This is bad! Breathe... please... breathe...

CUT TO:

11 EXT. GARDEN

11

ANDY reaches over the gate and manages to unlatch the lock. The gate opens and ANDY makes his way into the garden.

## NARRATION

Okay, think about it, you're now trespassing on her land. If she catches you...

ANDY staggers dreamily past the kitchen door... he has a firm grip of the parcel under his arm. He takes a lean-ed moment against the house wall, reeling a little, but then looking down at the ground beside the kitchen door.

## NARRATION

Key under the pot. Is that what you're looking for, under the stone pot? she's probably removed it by now so you might as well just forget it...

ANDY doesn't stop. He walks right past the stone pot, past the kitchen door.

## NARRATION

...what, you're not even going to check? Where are you going?

ANDY heads up the garden, knocking over a plant-pot, weaving irregularly towards the cabin at the very top. The light on the cabin suddenly illuminates.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ANGLE FROM CABIN VIEW

12

We see the house illuminated, even though all the lights in the house are off. ANDY is lit up like a Christmas tree in no mans land.

## NARRATION

Oh oh... that's new. You're not going to last if the neighbors see you. What, are you just going to stand there like a Christmas tree in no-mans-land? I get it, you're beyond listening... I mean look at you, you can't even walk!

ANDY doesn't care. He wanders past the Chimanea and right up to the cabin, reaching into the gap at the base of the door where he pulls a key from the dark recesses of the foundations.

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

Okay, fair enough you didn't decide to go waltzing into the house but what do you have to gain from coming all the way up here? You have a bed, you have a philosophy: a perception, a reality system that leans far enough away from this kind of destructive behavior...

Andy reaches for the handle on the door.

## NARRATION

Now wait, there could be an alarm...

CUT TO:

13 INT. THE CABIN

13

He quickly, carefully opens the door, heads inside and shuts off the security light. Closing the door, he tosses the parcel onto the table. He pulls towards the window and sees the kitchen light go on.

CUT TO:

13A EXT. KITCHEN - HOUSE

13A

A woman is looking out, cupping her hands to see if she can see something.

## NARRATION

See? She probably saw you. She probably noticed that was your car that you reversed around the corner. Her ears most likely heard you rattle the side gate or drop that flask on her flagstones.

We see her reach up to the wall...

CUT TO:

13B EXT/INT. CABIN WINDOW

13B

THE GARDEN LIGHTS GO ON -

ANDY watches her for a few moments... until the light in the kitchen goes out.

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

She has to be moments away from calling the police. No good will come from this.

The coast appears to be clear, and so he reaches into his coat pocket he pulls out more narcs. He's about to pop a pill but he realizes he hasn't got the mind to crush it.

CUT TO:

13C INT. CABIN - CONTINUED

13C

He keeps the pill between his teeth as he starts to look for something about the cabin. He finds a bottle of whiskey placed inside a poof stool. Once again he chugs, glugs and baulks.

## NARRATION

Serves you right. Serves you bloody right.

Finally he settles down on the sofa-bed and looks at the parcel on the table. he sees the chimnea out of the front cabin room door.

## NARRATION (cont'd)

You've gone backwards my friend. It wouldn't surprise me if you went all the way back to blaming paranormal possession, metaphysical psychosis, demonic provocation, divine intervention, or even the perpetual pubescent underpinnings of melancholy.

The idea stirs. He reaches over and starts to open the package.

## NARRATION (cont'd)

So here we are. A parcel. You want to open it here, that's fine! Let's get it over with...

The narration drowns out in the stream of background noise. Inside he finds a shoe box.

## NARRATION (cont'd)

(fading away)

Mother still likes that printing stamp set. Space stickers everywhere... she thinks you're still twelve. What a mess...

(CONTINUED)

ANDY finally opens the lid is lifted we see piles of kids drawings - all of them looking like close interpretations of the imaginary friend who is staying by ANDY to this day.

CUT TO:

13D INT. CABIN WINDOW

13D

Suddenly, there is the suggested vision of a blurred presence floating across the window. ANDY expects the form to pass the last window on the left at the same rate but it suddenly stops dead centre...

CUT TO:

13E INT. CABIN - CONTINUED

13E

Freak out. He holds his head down, tries to shake off what he thinks is a side effect of popping the pills. With assurance that he was seeing things... he looks up and DOCTOR CHALKFACE IN RIGHT THERE IN THE ROOM.

The cabin door suddenly swings open. The cabin is empty once more, and the chimnea is in view.

NARRATION

I don't like the way you're staring at the chimnea. Don't forget, I've been with you long enough to know that you're close to doing something crazy. Oh why must you take it so far?

ANDY breathes in... slowly and then out. A look of mesianic deternimation fills his eyes...

NARRATION (cont'd)

Don't even think about it...

ANDY reaches underneath the sofa-bed, pulling out a bag that still has firelighters and matches... He empties the shoe box, placing every single image of DOCTOR CHALKFACE in a pile - which turns out to be the entire contents of the box.

NARRATION (cont'd)

Don't even think about it! YOU HEAR ME? LISTEN TO ME!

Determination takes over, and he takes the pile, with matches and firelighters in hand he walks out of the cabin...

CUT TO:

14 EXT. THE CHIMNEA - CU

14

ANDY starts to throw in the stash of drawings into the chimnea break pieces of lighter block and tosses them in. He goes through the entire box of lighter blocks before stopping... every so often looking across to the house which lays silent...

NARRATION

(Stifled desperation)

You have no idea what this will do. There's no reason, no reason at all to carry on this way. Even if I can't stop you, you know that they will. They will...

He finally lights a match and tosses it into the chimnea. The firelighters blister into flames and all the drawings become engulfed.

ANDY looks around, all seems quiet. There is a sudden vision of DOCTOR CHALKFACE pushing his fear, as if straight through ANDY'S body.

SLAM!

CUT TO:

14A CLOSE UP - ANDY

14A

Suddenly Andy can't breathe. With the chimnea flaming heavily before him Andy hits the deck.

CUT TO:

14B AERIAL ANGLE ON ANDY

14B

ANDY is still.

ANDY remains still.

ANDY suddenly gasps... a primal breath.

He sits up, sees that the fire is still burning. He looks over at the house. it is still quiet... dead to the world.

He turns, cannot stand up and so starts to crawl towards the cabin.

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE CABIN

15

ANDY struggles into the cabin, and onto his knees, he holds himself over the table. There's a moment where he feels as though he is alone for the first time, but when he thinks about it further, his face drops. he looks behind him at the fire as the wave of heat rises.

He looks back and holds his head in his hands... closing his eyes.

ANDY  
It's gone. It's over.

There is something still there though. He opens sees in the reflection of the table, a looming figure. The full form of DOCTOR CHALKFACE.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Wait... I don't understand...

NARRATION  
As long as you believe in me, I  
will still be right here.

ANDY moves his hand on the table as if reaching out for DOCTOR CHALKFACE'S reflection.

LONG PAUSE

SIDE ANGLE: The face of DOCTOR CHALKFACE is right there.  
UP CLOSE...

OFF THE BEAT

NARRATION (cont'd)  
(shouting)  
RIGHT HERE!

CUT TO BLACK:

16 EPILOGUE - THE GARDEN

16

The garden as seen the morning after. The chimnea is still smoking...

Ash surrounds the ground...

A drink flask is sniffed at by a cat.

Another cat walks up to the cabin sniffing at the door.

Andy is not there.

The cabin is quiet.

Blowing in the grass is a picture... a photograph.

(CONTINUED)

A cat trots over to the image, sniffs it out. We close in and it's the picture of Chalkface, Andy and the teddy bear.

We...

FADE TO WHITE:

17 EPILOGUE - THE WOODLAND - DAY

17

Close up of the alien radio device. We will cut to the image of the alien once again as we listen to the broadcast.

RADIO HOST 1

We're at the cornerstone of shining new light onto this and other psychic phenomenon...

RADIO HOST 2

Can I just stop you there, we're limited on time and that's a radio show in itself. What I really want you talk about is your theories on imaginary friends, we only had time to allude to it last week.

RADIO HOST 1

Did you have an imaginary friend?

RADIO HOST 2

When I was younger I did, I'm assuming you did?

RADIO HOST 1

I still do. They are a companion of sorts. Watching your every move, for reasons that are far beyond human comprehension.

RADIO HOST 2

So, my childhood imaginary friend is still with me now? Like some kind of guardian angel?

RADIO HOST 1

That's doubtful: from what I've researched they are supposed to see you into adolescence and move on as you mature and enter puberty, one of the reasons the ancients were so interested in sexual worship is that they knew when these entities left the consciousness letting the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO HOST 1 (cont'd)  
individual enter a new stage of enlightenment but, some stay. I've learned to live with it. Mine's benign, but for some it's probably a different story. The reasons why this happens, we don't know. Whether its pity, anger, shame, or just plain and simple co-dependence. We just don't know. All we know is that they're real; you have to choose to see.

RADIO HOST 2  
Like what you said yesterday about mirrors? It's not what you see but rather what you choose to see.

RADIO HOST 1  
Exactly right, these "imaginary friend" entities can become so angered by the humans they are connected too they can become malevolent. Demonic possession, schizotypal personality disorder, to name just two, can all be attributed the influence of these entities upon the individual. Mine has never done anything to harm me.

RADIO HOST 2  
So if this is true, what do they want? Where did they come from?

RADIO HOST 1  
I believe we are being monitored for something, some huge planetary experiment. Our ancients warned us but thanks to modern theism we have chosen to ignore the allegorical past history. Too our peril.

FADE TO BLACK: