

THE PROFESSOR

Honey Clark

INT. A DARKENED ROOM - LATE EVENING

The scene begins, we notice it is all in black and white film, as if it's an old abandoned film found in someones basement. It is unclear of when the film has been shot, all the papers are very old and the wooden desk looking old and used, however the tape recorder and fountain pen juxtapose that very much. We instantly understand that the atmosphere is eerie and something isn't right. In the opening shot we see an old black tape recorder placed on a wooden desk, equipped with pens, pencils and visibly aged papers. The only lighting being a candle. The desk seems tidy yet also unkempt in a very unorthodox manner. The camera begins to zoom in very slowly, the focus remaining on the tape recorder as the voice over begins. We hear the voice of a man, probably in his late 40's, sounding mature and knowledgeable yet shaken and tired.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER (V/O)

I-I don't know who will hear this, but
I do know that this means you must
have found the tape recorder.

The man sighs shakily and coughs a little bit, clearly traumatised and fearful of past events and future ones. The camera suddenly focuses on the lit candle on the desk as the flame begins to flicker wildly, as if some sort of unearthly forces are acting upon it.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER (V/O)

I beg you, please, do not press record
on that thing. If you do...

His voice begins to trail off as he sighs again, clearly struggling to relive certain events from his past regarding the tape recorder. He sounds as though all the life in him is being drawn out. The camera shows the candle being blown out, but with no human being present in the room. The room is suddenly considerably darker, but the tape recorder can still be seen. The camera suddenly sees the tape recorder fly off of the desk and the old papers begin to move around, as if there is an extreme wind that is coming from nowhere in particular, just the general presence of something unsettling.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER(V/O)

Just.. please, don't press record, do
not record yourself, do not record
anyone else, do not press record. No
matter how tempting that red button
may be, do not press it.

INT. TEEN BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

The audio begins to crackle as the camera cuts to a hand finding the tape recorder in a box and fiddling with it. The voice over the continues.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER (V/O)

I am Howard Fletcher and I am a professor in Parapsychology, which is the study of mental phenomena which are inexplicable by science. I have dedicated the last 25 years of my life analysing the paranormal and supernatural occurrences. I had never seen anything until... that night. I had always been a sceptic, I had never believed in ghosts, gods, or aliens. I suppose curiosity is what lead me to study parapsychology more than anything. I just can't stand not having answers. Now more than ever, the phrase 'curiosity killed the cat' is more relatable and sinister than it ever should have been. But it wasn't just a cat that my curiosity has caused to be killed.

As he said this, he began to chuckle, a sort of laugh that had undertones of mania and fear. The camera sees a teenage girl come into the room and open the box with the tape recorder in. She presses the red record button. We then see her get into bed and fall asleep. The camera then moves, obscuring our vision of her face. We hear a blood-curdling scream. The screen goes black and when the film reappears we see a close-up of a pile of blood spreading all over the bedroom floor before hearing the professors voice again. The voice we hear now is not coming from the tape recorder but is still the professor.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER (V/O)

Since the night that started everything, I have seen things that your brain could not even begin to comprehend. They keep calling me crazy. "Clinically insane" they said. I know that I'm not. They don't believe me. They wont let me leave.

We hear his manic laugh again and in the background we can

hear people talking. We cannot really decipher exactly what they are saying but some words are more prominent than others: "dangerous", "murder" and "insane". The two men speaking sound rather professional.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

It still looks grainy and shot on film but it is in colour now. The camera then shows a parallel scene of the girl finding the recorder but this time it is a man in his mid 20's who finds the tape recorder and clicks record before getting into bed. The same thing happens to him, the camera moves away and we hear a scream before seeing a pool of fresh blood swarming around the bed, we do not see the body. The professor begins to speak again as all this goes on.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER (V/O)

They made me do it. I am a professor for God's sake! I am not insane, I am not stupid! I know what I saw and I know what they made me do!

He goes quiet for a second before laughing again, sounding innocent like a child yet sinister,

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER (V/O)

I didn't kill them! Of course not! They won't die, trust me, no one really dies. While they slept, I just... set them free. They aren't dead. I don't understand why everyone is throwing the term 'murder' around. Murder implies they are dead. I keep telling them they aren't dead! I've seen them, the spirits. They told me to do it.

INT. ASYLUM CELL - DAY TIME

The camera slowly zooms in on the professor. He is sat on a steel chair, wearing a white t-shirt tucked into grey trousers, his eyes red from the lack of sleep yet they are wide open and seem lively. He sits there, arms folded as he is chained to the chair, chains round his wrists and his ankles. The cell has no windows and is an odd colour, a mix between grey and turquoise, looking rather medical. A fly lands on his face and crawls across his cheeks, up to his eye. He doesn't flinch, only smirks. This should be shot just like the final scene in Psycho. Two men in uniform walk in and unchain him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DIMLY LIT

The two men drag him into what looks like an interrogation room. They re-chain him to the chair before sitting in front of him and shining a bright lamp in his eyes, to which is does not flinch.

GUARD 1

Right then, Mr Fletch-

He gets cut off by the professor who is smirking.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER

Professor, actually. Professor Fletcher.

GUARD 1

Yes, well, Professor Fletcher, we need to ask you some very important questions, regarding the murder of Reece Clarke and Emilia Jenkins.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER

Murder?! You keep saying murder! They are not dead! People never die! They told me to!

GUARD 2

Who told you, Professor? And what did they tell you to do?

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER

The tape recorder! It told me to set them free! I had to put a tracker on the recorder so i could find them! They shouldn't have pressed record! I warned them!

GUARD 1

Ok,ok so where did you find this tape recorder?

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER

It has been in my family for generations... It has taken all my family. The spirits, i see them! They are everywhere.

GUARD 2

So you admit to killing Reece and Emilia?

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER
THEY AREN'T DEAD! I just set them
free.

The guards began to take notes and looked at each other with concern.

GUARD 1
When was this tape recorder given to
you?

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER
Just after I started studying at
university. That's when I started
seeing the spirits. Things move... I
see them.

One of the guards pulled out the tape recorder which was in a sealed bag, that had been retrieved from the crime scene. As Fletcher saw it, he seemed to go into some sort of frenzy, shouting some indecipherable things and mumbling others as he tried to get out of the chains. A look of insanity filled his eyes as he froze, his gaze set on the two guards before pulling out of the chains and cornering the guards to the wall, his size making it easy for him compared to the two guards, who called for backup and yelled, trying to restrain the professor. He hit one of the guards on the head with the steel chair, wielding it like a weapon and knocking out one of the guards who fell to the floor, either dead or concussed. The other guard tried as hard as he could to get away but the professor wrapped his chains around the guard's throat, strangling him to death as he fell to the ground. The screen goes black for a few seconds. When it returns, the Professor is sat in the centre of the room, cross-legged in a puddle of blood. Eyes closed and a sinister smile on his face.

PROF HOWARD FLETCHER
Don't you worry, they aren't dead, I
set them free.

He sounded quite childlike as he spoke. Just before the camera cuts, we see the tape recorder fly into his hand and two dark smoke-like figures rise from the two dead guard's bodies, a grin still on the professor's face.

END