

ST. ALDEN'S

Written by

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EST. EXT. - PAVED COUNTRY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

A stunning GIRL (23), athletic with exotic dark features speeds along a desolate road on a high tech racing bicycle. Her streamline helmet and sunglasses cut through the air.

The practice time races on her watch.

She pants, but stands on the pedals. She speeds up and her ponytail takes on the frenetic swinging pace.

Shifting gears. The road is a blur beneath her tech heavy neon yellow racing shoes.

The bicycle sizzles. She drops into a tight crouch and punishes the pedals.

The chain SNAPS.

The pedals spin out of control. She brakes hard, kicks out of the locks on her shoes as she looks down and back at the gearing.

The chain drags on the ground.

The Girl examines the bike. She brings the ends together, gives up and wraps the chain around the handlebars.

She pushes the bike to the top of a small hill, jumps on and coasts down.

She steps off the bike as it slows at the base of the hill. Her feet skid when she hits the pavement. She hurries.

She looks around as she moves. The sun nears the horizon.

She looks at her watch and clicks it off her racing stopwatch to the time. She jogs with the bicycle.

Far ahead is a side road. Shadows are longer.

The Girl takes the chain from the handlebars and ditches the bike. She tries to run as she wraps the chain around her hand.

She drops to the ground, tears at her cumbersome shoes and flings them away. She jumps to her bare feet and runs up the center of the road.

She's worried and looks around as she runs. She comes to the side road. There is a simple black sign with silver letters that reads, ST. ALDEN'S UNIVERSITY.

She sprints through the shadow cast by the sign. It is nearly across the road. The trees around her are dark.

She crests a hill and St. Alden's University comes into view below. It is a sprawling campus with a large grassy common area. In the center is a mammoth white gazebo.

The sunset turns the green grass gray.

The Girl keeps running. She sweats heavy, gasps for breath, and her eyes widen.

The shadow of a distant cathedral's spire creeps rapidly up the roof of the gazebo. The Girl is in a reckless sprint and begins to cry.

The shadow of the spire touches the cupola of the gazebo.

The campus becomes a labyrinth of shadows. A fog rapidly rolls down from the hills.

There are distant GLOWS of soft light from the thresholds and mantles of the doors and windows of the buildings.

She's frantic, but bolts from the road to a maintenance building. The fog catches her.

A mass of gray hits her and she goes down at the door to the shed. A wolf GROWLS. She scrambles in the door-

INT. SHED

-shoves it closed and braces it with anything she can grab.

She rushes to a far corner and hides beneath leaning stacks of lumber. Shaking. Waiting.

She hears the door CRASH open. The lumber is knocked away and she swings her bicycle chain. A rush of darkness explodes over her.

EXT. SHED

She SCREAMS. The fog swirls around the shed. Her screams die away beneath the SNARLING of wolves and TEARING flesh.

The killing ends and the shed is quiet.

A KNIGHT (35), dressed in black leather carrying a heavy black sword, walks to the door. He eases it open with the tip of his blade. The wolves GROWL.

The Knight drags the tip of the blade across the threshold at his feet. The tip drops in a one inch groove that runs the length of the threshold.

The knight steps over the empty groove-

INT. SHED

-and into the dark shed. He looks around - amazed - and touches the walls.

The wolves approach. The Knight lowers himself to one knee and leans on his sword as he reaches for the wolves. He pets them absently and looks up and around the inside of the shed.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO ST. ALDEN'S UNIVERSITY - NEXT DAY

A black car turns in the entrance way of St. Alden's, passes the maintenance building and weaves through the campus to a large stone house.

An image of the house glistens in a large shallow reflecting pool nearby.

The DRIVER (55), wearing a crisp blood red blazer, exits the car and hustles in the door of the house. Carved in stone above the door reads, ST. ALDEN HOUSE.

INT. BANQUET HALL OF ST. ALDEN HOUSE

The Driver sits in a high backed chair at a long, elegant, carved table with a dozen BOARD MBRS, also wearing red blazers.

One wall of the banquet hall is floor to ceiling windows twelve feet tall which provide a panoramic view St. Alden's University.

The CHANCELLOR (57) sits at the head of the table. To her right is CHRISTIAN (76). Christian has shoulder length gray hair and sits with his head down.

CHANCELLOR

I will not hear that this incident was the young lady's fault.

BOARD MBR 1

The curfew is quite clear, Madame Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR
And well I know it.

She leafs through documents on the table.

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)
Still, the frequency has increased
dramatically.

BOARD MBR 2
They have become bold.

BOARD MBR 3
While our resources dwindle.

CHANCELLOR
Do we not have reserves?

BOARD MBR 3
We have already removed silver from
many unoccupied buildings.

The conversation stops. Christian raises his head. He looks
old and tired. All eyes are on him.

CHANCELLOR
Christian. We must maintain our
resources. Perhaps it is time for-

CHRISTIAN
Yes.
(beat)
He is on his way.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATE EVENING

CREALAND (18), pleasantly handsome, walks toward security
with his FATHER (42) who carries his son's bag.

FATHER
Boarding pass?

CREALAND
Check.

FATHER
ID?

CREALAND
Check.

FATHER

Do you have all your liquids in one of those damn bags?

CREALAND

I don't have any.

Crealand's father reaches for his wallet.

FATHER

You'll need some.

CREALAND

No, Dad. St. Alden's supplies everything. I just have to show up.

FATHER

That's amazing. And no tuition. Helluva opportunity, Crealand. I wasn't cut out for college - too many rules - but you deserve this.

CREALAND

Thanks, Dad.

FATHER

A sheepskin from St. Alden's will open a lot of doors for you. It just wasn't for me.

CREALAND

I wonder who'll be in my class? Future heads of state probably. Captains of industry.

FATHER

Captains, not a private like your old man.

Crealand playfully pushes his father's shoulder.

CREALAND

Get out. You're the best electrician in a hundred miles - a thousand.

FATHER

Well, if I'd gone to St. Alden's I'd own the plant instead of just work there.

Crealand throws his arm around his father.

CREALAND

So I go for both of us. I'll organize a hostile takeover and give you the corner office when I get back.

FATHER

You do that.

Crealand's father stops walking ahead, takes Crealand's arm and ushers him to the wall - the playfulness replaced by concern.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Listen a second. You know a lot about St. Alden's-

CREALAND

Everything! I've been reading about it since I was-

FATHER

You don't know shit about that place! Nothing!

CREALAND

What?

FATHER

Crealand. That place... There's other things there besides school.

CREALAND

What do you mean?

FATHER

I wish I could tell you, son, but I don't know it all.

CREALAND

I don't-

FATHER

You hear things over the years. People that come out of there have done so much good stuff.

CREALAND

That'll be us, Dad. I'm going for both of us.

FATHER

There's usually a down side to something that special - a damn tough one.

CREALAND

I'll be OK.

Crealand's father pats Crealand's face with resigned reassurance.

FATHER

You're right. They don't take people who can't make it. If you couldn't cut it, they'd leave you home.

Crealand's father lowers his head and leads the way to security.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Just jealous you're getting out of this old town and not me.

They are at the security rope line.

CREALAND

Are you going to be alright?

FATHER

I'll manage just fine. I'm glad to be shed of you.

They force smiles.

CREALAND

Right. How are you going to get along without me?

Crealand's father puts his arm around him roughly and acts like he is going to wrestle.

FATHER

I'll get a cute cleaning lady now that you're out from under foot. Maybe I can have a life.

CREALAND

She won't be as good a cook as me.

The rough hug relaxes.

FATHER
Probably so.

Crealand's father is tearing up, but wipes his eyes, clears his throat and recovers.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Well, that's behind you. You're off to the big-time. Damn, I'm proud of you.

CREALAND
Thanks, Dad.

FATHER
Yep. Yep. You better get going.

Crealand inches away.

CREALAND
I'll tell Grandpa, you said hello.

Crealand's father walks along the outside of the rope barrier.

FATHER
Sure. You do that. And uh... Do what he tells you.

CREALAND
I'm kind of old for that.

FATHER
I mean it. Saddle up to the old man. He'll look out for you.

Crealand is an aisle away.

CREALAND
I will.

FATHER
You just be careful. Be careful.

Crealand smiles through the intervening people in line.

FATHER (CONT'D)
And make sure you don't have anything in your pockets if they send you through the scanner gizmo.

Crealand pats his pockets and flashes his father a thumbs up as he rushes into security.

Crealand throws his father a kiss. His father waves it off and looks to see if anyone has noticed. Crealand's father throws a small kiss back. He has fresh tears in his eyes as he turns and goes.

INT. AIRPLANE

Crealand stores his carry-on and settles in his seat.

The plane lifts off.

Crealand tries to get comfortable and looks out at the vanishing lights of his city. He closes his eyes and leans against the dark window.

EXT. ST. ALDEN'S UNIVERSITY - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Fog rolls down the mountains over the campus.

ST. ALDEN PROMENADE

Irregular faint sounds of CLICK CLICK TAP. CLICK TAP CLICK echo from the mist across the stone promenade in front of St. Alden House.

A simple pipe fountainhead sprays water into the reflection pool. The reflection of St. Alden house is dark.

PORTICO - FRONT OF ST. ALDEN HOUSE

A thin silver bar GLOWS in the threshold of the front door of the house.

The door OPENS and black leather boots cross the threshold. The tip of a gleaming silver broadsword follows alongside the boots across the glowing silver bar.

The sword is being held by Christian. He holds the sword out in front of him. It's heavy in his hands and he is unsteady.

CHRISTIAN

Come.

The mist swirls. The low GROWL of a wolf. The rapping CLICK of wolves' nails TAP and SCRAPE, hidden by the mist.

Christian steps from the portico and brings the sword up, buttressing all sides. The wolves HOWL and jaws SNAP. Christian braces.

Instant silence. The swirling mist slows and settles.

The sound of a HORSE'S HOOVES.

Christian moves the sword back and forth. The sound of the horse stops. The sound of a wolf's low GROWL.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Come! Take me like you took the
child!

Masses of gray and black dart from the mist across his path. He swings the sword.

Wolves growl and come close, but are wary of the broadsword. Christian is sweating and working hard, but his movements are poorly timed and slow.

The wolves are untouched and grow bolder. Christian retreats to St. Alden House, exhausted.