

Sand Man

By

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EXT. BEACH - DAY

It's the day of a sand sculpting competition and people of all ages are mingling at the beach. Some families are playing in the water, but most of the people are hanging around the different sand sculptures being created at different areas down the beach.

A YOUNG MAN in his early 20's walks through the crowd, stopping to admire each different sculpture as he walks by. At the end of the row of official sculpting areas, there is an open space where no one is standing. In this spot is a small and simple sand castle, something made from a single childrens bucket. The Young Man sees that no one is around, scoffs at the small castle, and steps on it, grinning to himself.

As the Young Man stares at the spot where the small castle was, the sand begins to slowly shift and swirl. The Young Man is transfixed on the spot, unable to look away. Gradually, the sand starts to rise, bit by bit, until it becomes a small mound, as if something is rising out of the ground under the sand.

At this point, a few small children start to notice that the sand in front of the Young Man is moving on its own and start to point and stare. More people eventually catch on too and one by one they leave whatever sculpture they were looking at to see what's going on. Even the other sand artists are starting to stand and look over.

The small mound of sand has become nearly as tall and as narrow as the Young Man. People are murmuring and pointing and asking the Young Man how he's doing what he's doing, but he can't seem to speak and is starting to sweat and breath heavily, his eyes still fixed on the sand in front of him. He seems almost paralyzed to his spot.

Suddenly, the mound stops growing and people start to quiet down in anticipation. The sand that has been naturally falling down sides of the mound as it rose is now speeding up. More and more sand is falling away, creating curves and smooth edges.

The sand mound begins to take the shape of a person, shoulders and arms rounding off and the details of a face begin to appear.

The spectators start riling up again.

The Young Man continues to stare ahead while the sand in front of him begins to carve itself into an exact replica of him. Every detail is a perfect match, from his hair to his toenails.

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Eventually, the last grain of sand falls away from the replica, leaving a model of the Young Man with the exact same expression and stance, like he's looking into a sand mirror.

The surrounding people are getting anxious, some are backing away. The face of the Young Man is unmoving.

The face of the Sand Man is like a statue, until the eyes of it suddenly blink and open, revealing real, human eyes.

As if coming out of a trance, the Young Man gasps for air and tries to take a step back. As he does his leg breaks apart into sand. He reaches out while his eyes turn the color of the beach and his arm breaks away, as does the rest of his body. Nothing is left of him but one bit remaining that looks like his foot that is being blown away by the wind.

The people are screaming, some running away, others backing far away, but still watching wide-eyed.

The Sand Man turns to look at the people as sand falls away from a body underneath. It's the exact same body, clothing, and features of the Young Man. He starts to shake his head of brush the sand off of himself.

The Sand Man/ Young Man holds his hands up and stretches his fingers and making fists. He raises and stretches his legs before starting to walk towards the spectators, who are now much farther away but still watching.

The Sand Man/ Young Man is walking as if it's his first time, half stumbling. As he starts to make his way down the beach towards the people, a wave rolls in and catches his feet. His legs break off at the shins and he falls to his knees, catching himself with his hands in the water. He lets out a grinding dry scream.

He looks up to the people watching, raising his arm to them which is now dripping wet sand over a nub where his hand used to be.

He looks at another wave rolling in, then looks to the people and lets out another horrifying dry howl. The wave hits him and knocks him down into the water. His body slumps over into a big wet mound.

After another wave hits him, he is nothing more than a small bump of sand on the beach.

The people watching slowly start to move closer to look at the spot where he was.

A detailed sand castle bakes in the sun, a piece of sand falls off.