

Cereal Killer

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WELSH COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

A bitter frost covers the rolling hills of the Welsh countryside. The frost glistens as the sun makes first contact with the ground.

A solitary SHEEP wanders along the vast hills. No signs of civilization.

We pan across the landscape. Move in on a small two story HOUSE tucked neatly into a valley, high in the hills. Traditional, charming, isolated.

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE IN THE VALLEY - DAY

The place is practically a time capsule to the 1970's.

DYLAN, 60's, dressing gown and slippers, walks towards the front door, a CIGAR hangs from his mouth.

GWEN

(O.C)

Make sure you blow that filthy stuff outside!

Dylan sighs.

DYLAN

Yes dear.

Dylan opens the front door, goes to step outside but.... something's wrong. Dylan pauses, looks to the ground in front of him in confusion. We don't see what he sees.

DYLAN

(Shouting)

Oh HA-HA, very funny. Is this your little tactic to get me to stop smoking?

GWEN

(O.C)

What?

Gwen, 50's, small round glasses, like butter wouldn't melt, pokes her head around the door.

A blue and white BOWL OF CEREAL filled to the brim with CHEERIO'S. No milk, no spoon. It sits just outside the front door.

Dylan picks up the bowl and hands it to Gwen.

DYLAN
Now if you wouldn't mind I'd like to
enjoy my smoke in peace.

Dylan steps outside, goes to light his cigar.

GWEN
I didn't put it there.

DYLAN
Of course not.

GWEN
I'm serious. I don't like Cheerio's.
Plus our bowls are a different
colour.

Dylan goes to light his cigar again but stops in
contemplation.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The mysterious cereal bowl sits on the kitchen counter.
Beside it sits a stack of 12 bowls, all white and green with
a striped pattern. Completely different pattern to the
mysterious bowl.

Dylan, now fully dressed, scruffy shit, high waisted jeans,
studies the bowls. He opens a CUPBOARD, just a single box of
Weetabix. Dylan scratches his head. Gwen enters, turns the
kettle on.

GWEN
See, told you. Hey, I've almost
finished my new jumper. Are you
excited?

Gwen hugs his arm.

DYLAN
(Unenthusiastically)
So much.

Gwen tuts and scowls, turns to face the kettle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwen sits on one end of the sofa, Dylan on the other. It's a familiar silence, as if it's been this way every night for twenty years.

Gwen's knits a JUMPER, Dylan reads a BOOK. It's one of those really old books with no distinguishable front cover.

Dylan pulls the book away from his face and stares at the wall in deep thought.

DYLAN

It was probably a hiker. We do get the odd one from time to time.

GWEN

Foreigners do have some strange customs.

Dylan goes back to his book but he can't let it go.

DYLAN

Who keeps a bowl on them though?

GWEN

How'd you mean?

DYLAN

Well, when you go hiking you might take a camping bowl but not an actual big ceramic bowl like that. Not to mention they'd have had to walk all the way up here specifically just to drop it off. I mean, why go to all the effort?

GWEN

Just one of those things I suppose.

Gwen casually resumes her knitting.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

All is dark. We move in on the four poster bed. Gwen is asleep on her back. Night dress, eye mask over her eyes and SNORING like a trooper.

Dylan lies next to her, wide awake, stares at the ceiling.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - MORNING

A cold and misty morning. Dylan casually paces back and fourth in his dressing gown, inspects the ground. We see his own FOOTPRINTS in the mud, but no sign of any others. Strange.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sat in the exact same position every night. Gwen knits, Dylan reads a book. Gwen puts her knitting needles down and stands up.

GWEN

I think I'll head to bed.

DYLAN

I won't be too long. Just going to finish this chapter.

Gwen smiles, grabs a glass of water from the table and walks upstairs. Dylan puts his book down, stands. He walks over to the curtains to shut them but pauses. He looks outside, scans the area with his eyes suspiciously. Nothing, total darkness. He closes the curtains.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Dylan opens the front door, looks at the ground, nothing. He sticks his head outside, looks left and right. Nothing but vast countryside. He steps outside.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

It's cold, so cold we can see Dylan's breath. He casually lights his cigar, what a view.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Gwen casually knits away. Almost an entire jumper now. The fireplace burns bright. Dylan reads the newspaper with a pen in hand.

ON THE NEWSPAPER: A CROSSWORD PUZZLE -- All of the answers are filled in, all except for one. We follow Dylan's pen over to 3 down. The clue reads -- "In regular succession".

Dylan thinks hard. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Gwen opens the door, OWEN, 30's, the MILKMAN, stands with a crate of milk bottles filled with milk. His small milk float sits parked precariously on the hill behind him.

OWEN

Hello Mrs Morgan, how are we today?

GWEN

Oh I'm doing just fine and you?

Gwen takes the crate of milk, places it just inside the door.

OWEN

Not too shabby. Bitterly cold though.

GWEN

Oh I know it's bloody freezing. We've been gathering around the fire all morning.

OWEN

Snow tonight they reckon.

Dylan enters, pokes his head around the door.

DYLAN

Hi Owen.

OWEN

Oh, hi Mr Morgan, how are you today?

DYLAN

Not too bad, keeping yourself busy?

OWEN

Getting by. Business has slowed though. You know, ever since news of that new supermarket opening up.

GWEN

I don't understand it. We always prefer the fresh stuff, don't we Dylan?

DYLAN

Fresh is best. New supermarket you say?

OWEN

Yeah, they're opening up one of those Fresh-marts. Although they use the term "fresh" very loosely in my opinion.

GWEN

Your milk is always very tasty.

OWEN

I should hope so, from farm to customer, the way it should be. Thanks for the tip.

GWEN

You're welcome love.

Owen smiles, goes to leave.

DYLAN

Owen..

OWEN

Yeah?

DYLAN

Just before you go, I don't suppose you've heard or seen anything... out of the ordinary around here lately have you?

Owen scoffs, Gwen shakes her head.

OWEN

Out of the ordinary? How so?

GWEN

Ignore him. He's obsessed.

DYLAN

No it's just.... have you seen anything, you know, out of the ordinary, in general?

OWEN

Not really. Couple of sheep ran into the road a few weeks back but I suppose that's not too unusual is it. Why'd you ask?

GWEN

It's nothing.

OWEN

Not any trouble I hope?

GWEN

No it's..

DYLAN

A bowl of cereal.

OWEN

Eh?

DYLAN

The other day I came out here for a smoke, and someone had left a bowl of cereal on the doorstep.

OWEN

Cereal? You mean like... coco pops?

DYLAN

Cheerios to be exact but that's not the point, the point is it had no note, no letter, nothing. Who would do that, and more importantly, why? It takes ages to get up here without a car and there were no tire tracks, no footprints, nothing. It was a full bowl too.

GWEN

I think it was just some passer by trying to wind us up. A prankster.

OWEN

(To Gwen)

Yeah but who does that Gwen? Who honestly goes out of their way just to do that?

DYLAN

Thank you Owen, at least someone gets it. She keeps telling me to stop dwelling on it, but I think there's something seriously going on and I'm sure as hell going to find out what it is.

BEAT. Awkward silence.

OWEN

Certainly is a bit weird. Anyway, I best be off.

Gwen and Owen chuckle.

GWEN
Take care pet.

OWEN
Bye now.

Owen smiles, walks towards his milk float.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gwen lies in bed. It's dark in here except for the bedside lamp. Dylan sits at the curtains, looks out the window, snow begins to fall. He sips on a small glass of WHISKEY, staring outside. Gwen rolls over.

GWEN
Come to bed. This is getting
ridiculous.

Dylan shots the whiskey, lets go of the curtains.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Gwen sits knitting the last of the jumper. Dylan reads the newspaper, peers over the top, looks at Gwen. He puts the newspaper down, takes a CIGAR out of the wooden box on the table, hoping she doesn't notice.

He stands up as Gwen finishes the jumper. She throws down her knitting needles on the floor a little too aggressively, jumps to her feet in excitement.

GWEN
Another one down. Isn't it beautiful?

DYLAN
Lovely. I'll try it on later.

GWEN
Don't be silly, try it on now.

DYLAN
Later.

GWEN
No, you have to try it on now. You've
got nothing better to do.

Dylan reluctantly puts it on over his Pajamas. It's a little too tight.

GWEN

Well?

DYLAN

Wonderful. Snug as a...

GWEN

Bug in a rug!

Gwen laughs with glee, kisses him on the cheek. Dylan begins to walk towards the front door.

GWEN

Where are you going?

Dylan stops, knowing she won't like the answer.

DYLAN

For a smoke.

GWEN

In your fresh new jumper. You'll stink!

Dylan takes off the jumper, places it onto the edge of the chair.

DYLAN

I won't smoke in the jumper. Happy?

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Dylan leans against the wall, smokes his cigar, it's snowed heavily overnight, a bitter frost. Suddenly his eyes narrow, curious about something in the distance. He walks away from the house.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - MORNING

Dylan walks through the snow, concerned about something in the distance. Dylan's ankle deep in the snow with only his slippers and Pajamas on. A cold chill shocks his body but he powers forward.

Then we see it -- A BOWL OF CEREAL, chocolate based. It sits at the edge of Dylan's property. FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW lead away. Dylan rushes over.

EXT. SNOW COVERED FIELD - MORNING

Dylan has the bowl in his hand. He follows the footprints, shivering but determined. Dylan pauses, the footprints lead up to a large HILL.

EXT. HILL - MORNING

Dylan emerges over the crest of the hill. It's snowing now, considerably colder.

Dylan shivers uncontrollably, sees that the footprints lead all the way down the hill on the other side.

He sees something in the distance...

A SILHOUETTE, someone walking, wearing a thick jacket with the hood up.

DYLAN
(Shouting)
Hey! Hey you!

The mysterious figure keeps walking.

DYLAN
Who are you?! Who are you?!

Dylan begins to feel weak, the cold pierces his ability to think. He begins to walk back the way he came but he's done. He staggers, twists his KNEE and falls to his hands and knees.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dylan is lying on the SOFA, several blankets over him.

The wood fire rages in the corner. Gwen sits next to him, kisses his forehead.

GWEN
That's it, it's OK, you're safe now
dear.

Owen enters in his uniform, places a cup of tea down for Gwen and Dylan on the table.

END OF EXTRACT