

THE ONLY
LOVE, OBSESSION, POSSESSION



EVEN THE DEAD NEED SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR



NIGHT BUS TO MORNING LANE

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE BRITISH FILMMAKERS ALLIANCE

FROM
WILD PRODUCTIONS

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A man and boy played a game one day
A game without any rules
But the fun and games stopped when the man found out
The boy had nothing to lose

THE BRITISH FILMMAKERS ALLIANCE



THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO DOMINIC AND JONAH'S
FOR AN EVENING OF FUN AND GAMES

About the Joining Forces Campaign

Filmmaker and writer Katharine Collins, teamed up with veteran Matthew Weston to create The Joining Forces Campaign after realising the benefit the art of filmmaking could bring to our former servicemen and women and filmmakers alike.

Matt's life was forever changed when, aged just twenty, he lost both legs and his arm below the elbow while serving in Afghanistan. Many former soldiers, like Matt, still suffer both the physical and psychological catastrophic injuries of war.

Our work so far at The Joining Forces Campaign has proved particularly cathartic for our veterans, especially those suffering PTSD, by allowing them a return to the camaraderie, solidarity and teamwork so missed from life in service.

And for filmmakers, nothing is more humbling, motivating, and inspiring than working beside a group for whom no problem is insurmountable, and nothing matters more than the person to your left and the person to your right.

The Joining Forces Campaign's films have been supported by many filmmaking greats; Chips Hardy, Charles Dance, Simon Callow and our shorts and AudioMovies have met with a deeply emotional response from the audiences they were intended for, with our first film 'Love of Words' becoming part of the Invictus Games.

Our work at Glass Darkly Films in the lucrative horror bracket aims to bring The Joining Forces Campaign to the greater attention of the Film Industry and encourage our peers to think what involving a veteran could do for, not only the good of that veteran, but also the experience for all making the film.



Katharine Collins and Matthew Weston, founders of The Joining Forces Campaign.

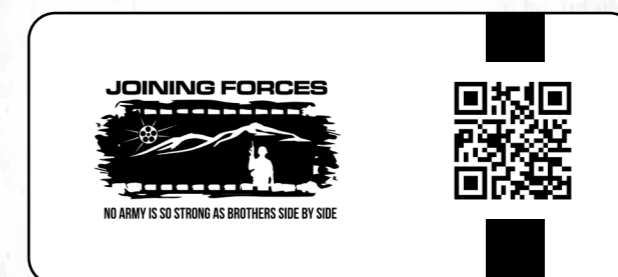


Glass Darkly Films is a production company specialising in the horror genre.

From the writing of Wild Frontier Productions, the passion of the British Filmmakers Alliance and the warriors of The Joining Forces Campaign come a new slate of horror films.

Now backed by the Head of Film Finance at a major financial blue-chip UK organisation, Glass Darkly's films are laden with thrills, twists and suspense, as well as being immersed in meaning, poignancy and a return to the character driven, emotive storytelling which can take the horror film to new levels.

The slate of five films donated by Wild Frontier Productions from their diverse range, sit in the lucrative horror bracket, but carry an added layer of daring, uncompromising originality and audacious storytelling, making them unlike any other horror film of their kind.



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The Only

Love, Obsession, Possession

The screams of a mother, murdered in front of her daughter, pierce through the night.

They, in turn, pierce through the life of affluent architect Oliver Carsten. For it transpires that the all but orphaned eleven-year-old girl, Avery, is also his own daughter, a love-child from a clandestine near forgotten one night stand years earlier.

Already distraught by his infidelity and betrayal, Oliver's wife Vivien and their nine teen-year-old son Gabriel, are driven to an even deeper level of hurt and resentment when they realise the otherwise orphaned Avery has no other place to go or relative to turn to and so must move in with them.

Life for the newly formed family of four is claustrophobic as a coffin within the Carsten's pristine opulent home – Avery's presence kicking off and exacerbating a series of deep routed jealousies and emotional wounds that run deeper than death between husband and wife and father and son.

It is only when Gabriel, more forgiving and understanding, than his wronged mother, begins taking a genuinely compassionate interest in his fragile emotionally besieged half-sister that things begin to settle and calm.

However, the new bonds and comfort don't last long. For on a black and stormy night while the Carstens are away working on repairing their marriage, and Gabriel is alone with Avery entrusted to his care, they are convinced by a visiting friend to play with an old Ouija board.

Their adolescent game gives way to a moment of terror when it seems their meddling in the occult has brought a presence very dark and very uninvited into their home.

It isn't long before the Carstens begin to suspect that something very unsettling and very strange is going on in their house. For the already emotionally brutalised Avery begins exhibiting some deeply worrying signs and developing extremely disturbing behaviour. Along with night terrors, fits, acts of violence and screaming episodes, she begins regaling her new family with tales of a dark stranger watching her, hiding in her bedroom closet, coming out to breathe over her as she sleeps at night.

The analysis of Avery's episodes is different for all the members of the Carsten family and their associates. Oliver holding the steadfast opinion that the little girl has been through so much her wild moods and hallucinogenic delusions are perfectly understandable. Her case worker and doctors speculating the development of a dissociative personality disorder or schizophrenia.

Vivien daring to suggest the innocent girl is not quite as troubled as she seems and capable of extreme manipulation and playing them all like puppets. Gabriel, guilt ridden by their interference with the Ouija board, wondering if he's plunged his family into a nightmarish experience of and 'older' kind.

But things take a progressively downwards turn and the lines between love and jealousy and the various other savageries of the human heart become increasingly blurred and finally the Carsten marriage breaks.

Whether it is her doctors and medication, the ending of the tension from the strained marriage, or just her father's protective love, something does seem to save Avery and her mind, body and dreams settle back to being those of a normal eleven-year-old girl.

However, it is on another evening, when Gabriel and Avery are again alone at home that the embodiment of sin once more is made manifest in their lives. Stairs creak, strange noises are heard, something is rustling in the attic, the whole house throbs with a pulse of mesmerizing evil, and the now calm and measured Avery sees the same shape of a man watching her from her bedroom closet – only this time Gabriel is there to see it too.

With a few insidious hairpin turns the entire Carsten family discover that the evil that exists in hell is nothing matched to the evil one human being can bring down on another. But that evil is something none of the Carsten family were able to see coming until, for them, it is far too late.



Mine

**Every retiring policeman is haunted by the crimes he's seen.
Especially his own.**

In a lonely hotel room, within the eerie calm of a decaying city, an incomprehensibly violent execution style hit is carried out against members of an international crime cartel.

First on the scene to investigate, on what should be the last day of his police career, is Chief Inspector Jacob Tierney, a man so immersed in the world of crime and the causes of crime that it remains ingrained in his skin at the end of each day like grime in a plumber's fingers.

Despite the promises made to his aching lonely wife to give up his career and focus exclusively on the search for their troubled, teenage runaway son, lost somewhere among the city's other broken inhabitants, Jacob finds himself drawn back to the world he knows best when the ramifications of the sudden killing at the hotel begin digging into his soul. For an unseen killer, hell bent on achieving an insidious objective begins a murderous campaign against the worst of the city's criminals, beginning with Jacob's prime suspect in the hotel massacre.

Even with the frustrated pleas from his forlorn stepson Robert, still grieving the unknown fate of his half-brother, Jacob reneges on promises made and immerses himself in the case. And so Robert, facing the fact that, despite living with and providing for his family, his stepfather has also turned his back on them, realizes he is his missing brother's only hope.

Amidst a fear that hangs in the air like mustard gas, Robert, acutely vulnerable, out-of-depth and dangerously alone, enters the darker corners of the city's midnight underworld and begins his search among the demimonde of strippers, gamblers, prostitutes, panderers and stone-cold killers whose only currency seems to be drugs, lies, depravity and violence.

With the killer still on his scalp prickling reign of terror and the whole city steeped in a mood of clammy dread, Jacob and his colleagues are no closer to finding, catching or understanding the perpetrator. The gratuity of his crimes suggests a dangerously disturbed individual and yet there is also something cold blooded and controlled about his calculated, methodical intent. As his every abhorrent crime outdoes the last, moral panic breeds among the most immoral of the criminal underworld, all wondering what ghastly evils could be headed their way.

Finally, a pattern emerges and it transpires that the killer's main objective is to keep Jacob attached to a world of crime, or a world of crime attached to him, for each carefully constructed murder is a carbon copy of the six notorious murders which remain unsolved from Jacob's twenty year career and the murderer is revealed to be far more a cunningly intelligent manipulator than a blood lusting sociopath.

As Jacob's obsession with the case intensifies so does the strain on his already fractured and dysfunctional relationship with his stepson Robert and the two seem to be in danger of crossing a line with each other from which there would be no way back.

The manhunt widens, the killer evading detection and capture and remaining one step ahead of the police. Piece by piece, his murderous odyssey is revealed to be born of a need for extreme vengeance known only to himself.

Rob, decent, driven and despairing, battles on despite his fear for the sake of his missing sibling. His journey into the city's unforgiving midnight underworld not only risking swallowing him up as it did his younger brother, but also unwittingly putting him on a collision course with the killer. The unravelling threads of Jacob's life tangle into a state as messy as murder itself until events finally culminate in an explosion of hidden secrets, murderous vendettas, and ruthless crime, forcing the detective to make the ultimate choice between his many obsessions and family love.

NOT CROSS CRIME SCENE

Justin

Sanity is very rare. Every man almost, and every woman, has within them a dash of madness.

An aura of mesmerizing evil hangs over mid-winter central London in the guise of “the Twilight Strangler” a particularly insidious serial killer who’s busy strangling professional women on their way home from work during the city’s fading light hours.

One woman seemingly unconcerned by any danger is vivacious and effervescent office worker Callan O’Dowd. In a desperate attempt to provoke a reaction from her much coveted erstwhile beau she hones her attentions in on, and begins to aggressively pursue, her desperately shy and disturbingly aloof office colleague Justin.

Unfortunately for Callan, she is not privy to the thoughts inside Justin’s mind and as we bear witness to him fantasizing about murderous attacks on the same young women slain by the Twilight Strangler, we’re never actually certain if we’re watching the morbid daydreams of a bored young office worker or witnessing the inner world of the real compulsive killer reliving his crimes over again in his mind.

Unaware of what’s lurking in the deeper recesses of Justin’s head, whether they be the truth, a lie or a dream, Callan begins what at first is a thoughtless game but soon becomes a dark fascination and gradually a creepy symbiosis ensues. She finds herself increasingly intrigued by the introverted near-silent boyish man – drawn in by his “wild thing of the night” mystique and the sullen mesmerising presence at his dark heart. As they close in on each other Justin proves an addictive alternative to the lacklustre men Callan is used to, especially when he begins taking her on tours of the stalking grounds of killers and regaling his grisly knowledge of local murders in encyclopaedic detail.

This new macabre hobby fills Callan’s voided social life and begins to overtake the other half of her life as well, Justin having ignited an unsettling dark flame in her that had obviously been burning slowly and quietly until he came along, and as the lustful pair embark on a wild ride of dark passions, they progressively begin to merge personalities.

The deeper the couple descend into debauchery the more Callan’s psyche begins to crack and her grip on reality slips further out of reach. From there on in her world only gets both odder and more schizophrenic as career and once solid friendships hang in the balance. With Justin completely under her spell she comes dangerously close to finding out how easily the two of them could turn their dark fantasies into a cold-blooded reality.

However, one ominous hour of dark reckoning jolts Callan back to her senses and she realises she must try to salvage what’s left of her life if she still can.

Unfortunately for Justin, he is by now utterly in love with Callan and, having allowed himself to feel the warmth of a woman’s desire and the taste of physical love, considers himself a complete human being for the first time. And so Callan’s sudden rejection, combined with the mentality of his newfound friends, as quick to unilaterally condemn him as they were to adore him, is more than his soul can bear and he spills out into the city streets, his loneliness and longing erupting into irrational rage and what culminates is one very dark night of the soul where Callan sees no danger until it’s too late and the realities of Justin’s mind are finally revealed.



Misadventure

**A man and a boy played a game one day.
A game without any rules.
But the fun and games stopped when the man found out
The boy had nothing to lose.**

In the cool breezes of a late summer afternoon, with the first touches of autumn hanging her chill promises in the air, two men meet . . .

The older man is elegant, carrying with him an air of muted creepiness and arrogant superiority, the boyish younger man inarticulate and insecure.

Life, it seems, has left her marks upon each of them; the man misanthropic, the boy broken and bruised.

Their encounter has all the stilted awkwardness and discomfiture present whenever strangers come together for the first time, but for these two individuals, politeness, disappointment, and banal chitchat is a mild distraction to the deeper and more sinister layers of their agenda.

For, unlike the countless victims of the murderous, the perverted and the insane, rotting in their secret graves, excused from their fate by youth or naivety, the younger of the two men has come to meet his killer, not by chance, but by desire, not by misfortune but by design. Fully complicit in his own impending murder, the boy is due to become the latest in the long list of the man's willing conquests, and readily enters his suburban lair, the seduction of death and dismemberment something he covets as thirstily as wine. As lasciviously as sex.

But the night drags on . . .

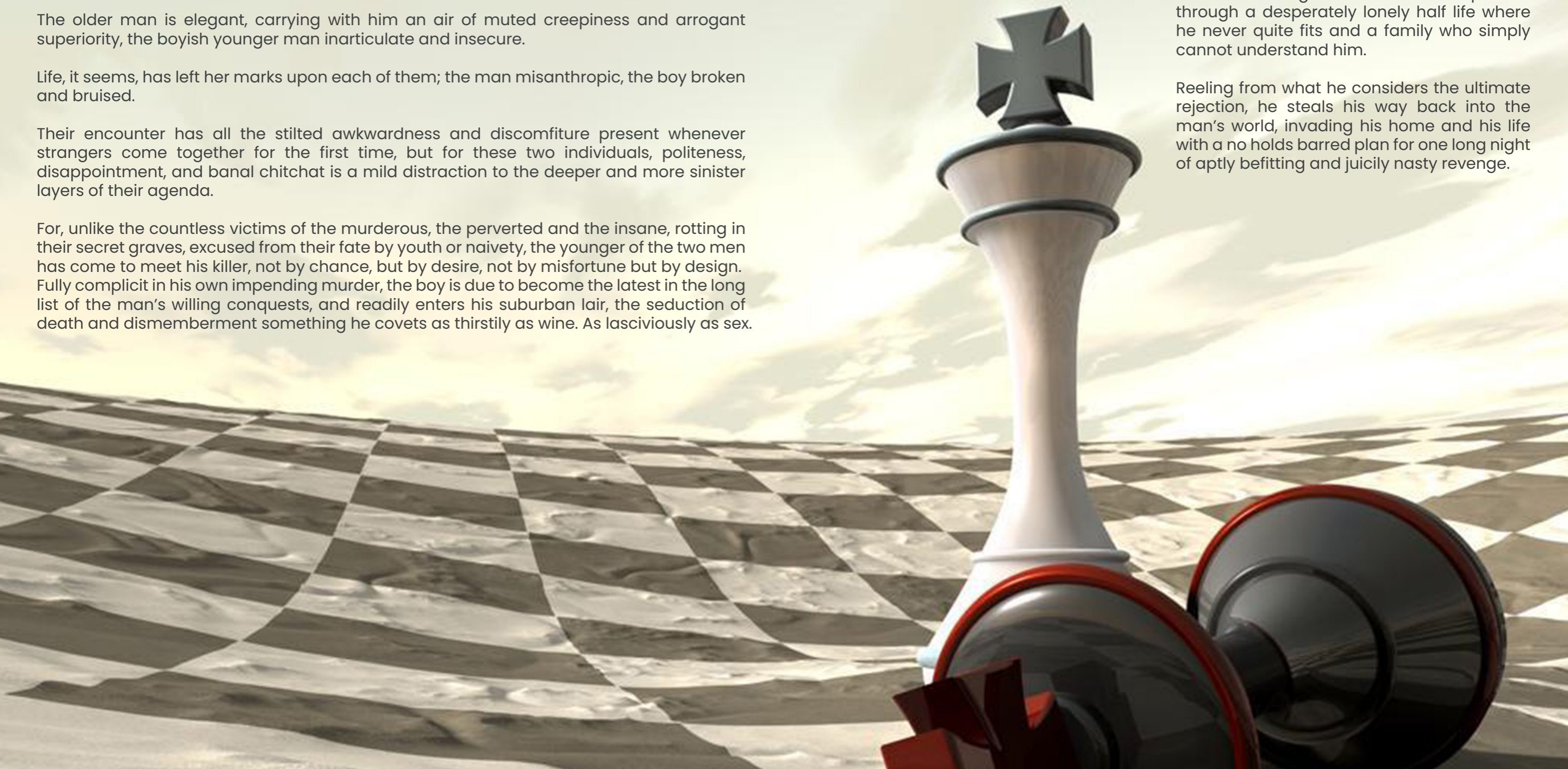
Finally the man, bored and unimpressed by the boy's stupefying mix of eagerness and ignorance, withdraws his part in the bargain and cruelly rejects him, unwilling to allow him to become a part of his rotting flock.

Life goes on for the man, who moves, in blissful ignorance, on to the next candidate, lusting for the piercing touch of his knife.

However, what he has unfortunately chosen to overlook is the fact that contenders for the kind of macabre games he likes to play are generally not the possessors of healthily adapted minds.

A consideration particularly pertinent to the boy; one of the world's pitifully misplaced loners. Walking wounded and puzzled through a desperately lonely half life where he never quite fits and a family who simply cannot understand him.

Reeling from what he considers the ultimate rejection, he steals his way back into the man's world, invading his home and his life with a no holds barred plan for one long night of aptly befitting and juicily nasty revenge.



Night Bus to Morning Lane

Even the dead need something to live for.

Twenty one year old Tristan Muldoon, survives a brutal, near fatal attack by a group of disturbed underground enthusiasts – part of a subculture believing themselves to be sanguinarian vampires with an all-consuming need for human blood. After laying in a coma for nearly a year Tristan becomes a victim for the second time in his life – on this occasion to the parasites of ‘ordinary society’. Video footage of his attempted murder has found its way onto the internet and the horrifying images of his sad fate are exploited mercilessly. The footage ‘One Guy Five Vampires’ goes viral and gains national infamy. Its notoriety compounded by the deluge of reaction videos ‘normal’ people record of themselves watching Tristan’s anguish and assault for the first time then promptly posting their self taped clips of shocked revulsion on to the net to sit alongside it. Despite the video evidence, no culprit in the crime is ever apprehended and Tristan remains lost in his own dark silent world. His assault soon comes to mean less and less to the police who have a more pressing need to catch an unseen killer on the rampage, holding the city in a death grip of fear as he carries out a stream of heinous murders each one more brutal, bloody and perverse than the last.

It is only when Tristan does emerge from his catatonic state that the police, initially unconcerned about the unfortunate boy, now realise he holds the key to the twisted mind of the depraved killer. For the faces of the killer’s tally of past victims are soon recognised by Tristan as the blood lusting deviants who had attacked him one year previous. The killer remains a controlled menace, a skulking animal that clings to the shadows and coils to strike when least expected and the whole city crackles with impending death and the poetry of fear. As Tristan, suddenly thrust into a life he no longer recognises, grapples with his own identity and the trauma of all his has suffered, he again becomes a lamb to the slaughter, this time for the police who know the killer will seek him out.

However Tristan’s own world and inner mind soon become odder and more schizophrenic and his soul aches with a pain that can only come from having seen and felt far too much. Teetering on the brink of madness, Tristan’s fragile state is ripped to further shreds by the various potential suspects that linger around him like wolves, picking their way through the bleeding human wreckage of their own soul-sick lives.

Tristan, now bait for a killer who must be caught, is left vulnerable and alone as he desperately tries to put back together the shattered puzzle of his own fractured life. And yet fate has one last surprise in store for him, sending him on a dark path to meet the murderous stranger who will be the only person able to give him the final missing piece.



Glass Darkly Films, a major part of the World Film Movement.

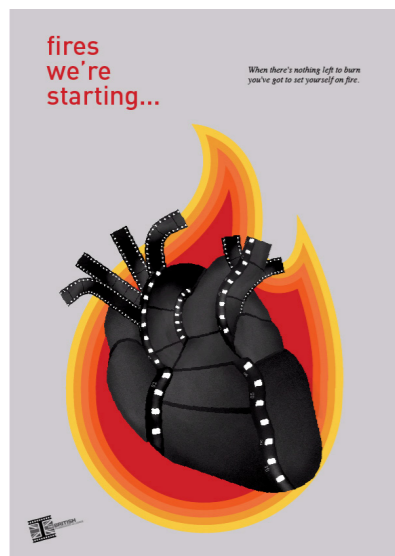
The British Filmmakers Alliance have long campaigned for opportunities and support for our most promising and talented artists from the realms of writing, filmmaking and acting. In the documentary *Fires we're Starting . . .* we are charting our progress to initiate a World Film Movement, meaning anyone with an ability which should not go ignored, will stand a chance to see their artistic worth come to light.

Horror is long recognised as the one genre which can be greenlit with undiscovered talent at the helm.

It is through the realm of horror that such filmmakers as George A Romero, Kathryn Bigelow, Ben Wheatley, Sam Raimi, Guillermo Del Toro, Peter Jackson first launched their careers and brought their talent to the world.

Despite the worth and integrity of several of Wild Frontier's Projects developed in conjunction with The Joining Forces Campaign, including *Age of Descent*, a poignant and harrowing look at the knife crime epidemic through the eyes of five teenagers. And *Thin, Brittle, Mile* a story compiled from the experiences of Matt and other veterans about a soldier going through his greatest battles on his return home, our industry is still often reluctant to stand behind undiscovered talent and original ideas.

The horror genre's unique ability to allow filmmakers their chance is the perfect solution for us to show the world what we can do, champion and further progress The Joining Forces Campaign, thank those who come to stand in solidarity beside us, and set a precedent for future generations of filmmakers, writers and actors looking for their chance.



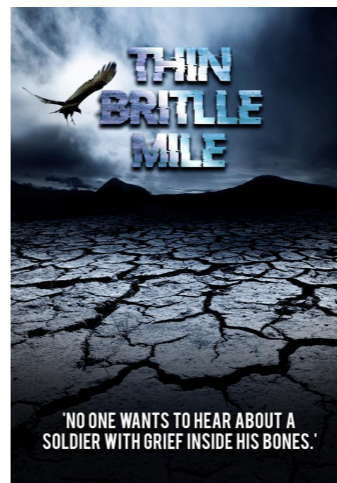
Fires we're Starting . . .

Our work at Glass Darkly Films will be covered in the documentary *Fires we're Starting . . .* as we aim to find solutions for every obstacle the average filmmaker faces and ignite a World Film Movement.



Age of Descent

Age of Descent is a harrowing look at the knife crime epidemic. Now in development as the Joining Forces Campaign's next AudioMovie.



Thin, Brittle, Mile

Thin, Brittle, Mile. A poignant and powerful thriller about a soldier going through his greatest battles on his return home. Now an AudioMovie narrated by Simon Callow et al.



Love of Words

Love of Words, the first short film from The Joining Forces Campaign.



Drowning Room Only and The Great British Challenge

Drowning Room Only is the first film being exclusively funded by the Great British Challenge.



The World Film Movement

The World Film Showcase and World Writers Showcase and other endeavours aim to further open opportunities for the talented as part of The World Film Movement.



Trailers, company reel, short films, and information on other projects at:
wildfrontierproductions.com

GLASS



DARKLY FILMS

