

Immortal Enmity

By

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Full-length screenplay "Our City in Fear" by Dan Campisi

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FADE IN:

EXT. DILAPIDATED CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

IN FRONT OF MAUSOLEUM

SIX preteen BOYS huddle around an old mausoleum. They are dressed as medieval knights and sorcerers. Their leader, CARL, holds a newspaper.

INSERT: Panic sets in as body count mutilations are up to twelve. Martial law declared. No one out past sundown.

CARL
(to the group)
I bet the monster's inside. Fred,
go scout it.

CARL looks at YOUNG FREDDIE, who gulps.

YOUNG FREDDIE
Guys, it's getting late.

CARL slams the paper in Freddie's face.

CARL
It's our duty to be heroes.

YOUNG BILLY
Guys, not cool.
(to Fred)
I'll go in with you.

The boys pull the old door open, it creaks. Bob and Freddie step to the threshold.

YOUNG BILLY
Don't you dare close this or I will
fuck up each of you. Got it.

Freddie looks at Billy, sighs, then grasps his HOLY NECKLACE, brings the crucifix up to his lips, kisses it.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

Young Billy and Freddie enter the large dead depository. Caskets lie everywhere. They glance around.

YOUNG FREDDIE
I-I don't see anything, Billy. We
should go back, now.

YOUNG BILLY
Not yet. Search for monsters.

YOUNG FREDDIE
No splitting up. You know what
happens in all those movies.

Quietly, they walk to the left. In the shadows, something
stirs. It rises. The boys can only see TWO-PIERCING EVIL,
UNHUMAN RED EYES. It studies the boys.

CREATURE
(to the boys)
How nice. Dinner, and a snack.

The boys scream, turn around, and head for the door.

The creature moves at lightning speed, grabs Freddie's
necklace. The boy screams as the creature yanks him
backward. Billy grabs his friend's arm, pulls as hard as he
can, the necklace breaks, the boys run out.

OUTSIDE OF MAUSOLEUM

The other boys hear the screams, so, they start screaming.
They all help close the door, then speed away.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

The cross lands at the door's entrance. The creature stops
dead. It stares at the crucifix blocking the exit.

It reaches carefully over the cross, making sure not to
actually be "in-line" with the cross at any time. The door
slides over the cross, blocking the exit.

It angrily screams.

EXT. DILAPIDATED CEMETERY - NIGHT

INSERT: TWENTY YEARS LATER.

The Cemetery looks much worse from neglect and wear. At the
gated entrance rests a sign.

INSERT: PROPERTY OF ROCKLAND DEVELOPMENT

Dozens of random TRUCKS and MACHINES needed to dig up the
cemetery rest parked at the entrance.

TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS stand at the entrance to the
mausoleum.

WORKER 1
I hate doing this shit.

He walks up to the door. Bangs on it.

Worker 2 grabs the handle, tries to open it. No luck.

WORKER 1
Fucking condos. I mean, who wants
to live where a cemetery once
stood? Asking for possessions.

Worker one grabs a crowbar, slides it into the handle.
Together they force the crypt open.

WORKER 2
Didn't any of them see Poltergeist?
I'll get them ready. You get the
machines set up to drag 'em out.

INT. DILAPIDATED CEMETERY - MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

Worker 2 steps in, kicks the cross that has collected
several inches of dust. It makes a clanging sound.

He glances down, curious, bends down, picks it up, studies
it, slides it in his pocket.

WORKER 2
Perks of the job.

Those evil red eyes glance his way.

OUTSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM

Worker 2 screams. Worker 1 turns around.

WORKER 1
You okay?

Worker 2 walks out, stares at his buddy.

WORKER 2
Actually, I'm famished.

Worker 2 opens his mouth, reveals rows of pointed teeth.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVES' SECTION

Bill, late 30s, athletic, caring, sits next to his fellow detective, Fred, late 30s, tall and built.

BILL
I can't believe it.

Fred glances at the front page story about two bodies found in the cemetery.

INSERT: Two bodies found in local cemetery.

BILL
Word is the body had bite marks, by
some creature, just like before.

CHIEF ARIANNE HERNANDEZ, Latino, dark-skinned, (early 30s), professional, walks in, carries a paper.

Bill and Fred rise to intercept her. She stops, hesitates, motions for them to join her in an office.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She stands at the desk, puts the paper down as they walk in, Bill closes the door.

FRED
We gotta have this case.

Bill looks around.

BILL
Why are we in here? This isn't
your office anymore.

ARIANNE
I wanted to meet you before you
followed me around like puppy dogs.

Fred scoffs.

BILL
You know why we need this.

ARIANNE
Bill, can you give us some privacy?

Bill leaves the room, closes the door.

Arianne dissects Fred with her eyes. Aggressively, she stalks Fred, forcing him to take a step back for each step she talks. Until there's no more wall. She puts her arms on each side of the wall, locking him in.

ARIANNE

Isn't time we end this game?

She tries to kiss him. He ducks away. She corners him again, like a cat playing with its food. She touches her blouse, starts to unbutton it, slowly, seductively.

ARIANNE

I know you've fantasized about it.
Why not turn it into reality.

FRED

I-I-I can't do this.

He ducks under her.

ARIANNE

Afraid to have dinner and a snack,
like that day in the mausoleum?

Fred backs away. He tries to process this information.

FRED

I'm gonna get everyone.

He walks to the door.

Arianne morphs into the construction worker he killed.

CREATURE

Oh, I wouldn't do that.

Fred stops. Turns back to see the dead worker.

CREATURE

Unless you want them all dead.
Over in a heartbeat. Like this.

He snaps his fingers.

FRED

What do you want?

CREATURE

Do you know what enmity is?

Fred blankly looks at him.

CREATURE
It's a sort of hatred that
immortals incur towards each other.
It's that level of hatred I feel
towards you.

FRED
What did-

CREATURE
You stole decades of my life. I
had to waste away there and starve.

The creature recomposes itself.

CREATURE
You have a choice. Confess to
every crime that you can think of,
suffer total isolation in prison.

Fred considers the request.

CREATURE
I was gonna just kill you, but, you
are admired by so many. That ends.

FRED
Burn in Hell. No fucking way.
I'll kill you this time.

The creature laughs.

CREATURE
You don't even know what you did.
I'm not a vampire.

He morphs into Nosferatu.

CREATURE
Or werewolf.

He changes into a werewolf.

CREATURE
Hell, they even know about zombies,
devils, and wicked angels.

He changes into a "classic devil" image with the horned tail
and horns.

CREATURE

But, you know NOTHING of me.

It morphs back into his boss, leans into him.

CREATURE

How is it that you plan to stop me,
much less kill me?

She straightens up, Rips her blouse, exposes herself.

CREATURE

(loudly, so everyone can hear)
Fred, stop. This is wrong.

She slaps him, hard, sending him towards the desk. She runs out of the office, feigning the sexual assault.

DETECTIVES' SECTION

CREATURE

I said no. Look what he did to me.

She shows everyone the torn blouse.

She runs out of the office, down the hall.

Fred runs out. The men stare at him.

FRED

This isn't what it looked like.
That wasn't the boss.

The cops look uneasy. Fred runs out of the office.

From the other side of the office, the REAL BOSS walks in.
No one notices her.

ARIANNE

Hey, hello. Get to work.

They turn and focus on her untorn blouse.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - LATER

Fred's wife HEATHER (late 20s), fit, waters the front lawn of their HOUSE.

The neighbors on both sides tend to their lawn as well.

Fred races down the street in his police-issued car, slams on the breaks, jolts out of the car, runs to his wife, grabs her and kisses her passionately.

HEATHER

Honey? Why are you home?

FRED

It's been a bad day, Heather.
Really bad.

They kiss again. He opens his eyes, studies her eyes. Her eyes have slight differences in them. He backs away.

She looks at him, concerned.

He turns around, studies all the people outside.

HEATHER

Fred, what's going on?

FRED

You're eyes. They're different.

HEATHER

What? Fred, you're scaring me.

FRED

I gotta find some way to stop it
before it's too late.

He runs to the car. She tries to head him off. No luck.

He gets in the car. She bangs on the side door window.

HEATHER

Get out of the car.

FRED

We are all in grave danger.

He starts the car, drives off. The next door neighbor smiles as he drives away. POINTED TEETH.

INT. LIBRARY MAIN HALL - DAY

Fred enters the library, immediately heads towards the nearest library staff station.

Two LIBRARIANS occupy the space. They smile, greet him.

FRED

L-L-Look, let's pretend, yeah,
let's pretend that I have to guess
what a supernatural being is. Can
you help me?

They stare at him like he's crazy. Fred continues.

FRED

It's old. It can change shapes.
Read mines, I think.

LIBRARIAN 1

Aren't you a bit old to play
Dungeons and Dragons?

LIBRARIAN 2

Hey, don't knock D&D. It got me to
where I am today.

LIBRARIAN 1

You're a librarian. Wow, it sure
did wonders for you.

LIBRARIAN 2

It helped me through a hard time
and I made great friends, jerk.

Fred slams his fist on the table.

FRED

Okay, focus. What is it?

LIBRARIAN 2

No clue man. Been years.

FRED

Please, pretend it's life and
death. Please, please.

A CHILD (barely a preteen) casually walks into the same area
Fred is in.

LIBRARIAN 2

If I had to guess, an illusionist.

The child sees Fred, screams.

CHILD

It's him. That man touched me.
Someone get him. He's gotta pay.

Fred turns around to see the child pointing at him.

Everyone in the area focuses on Fred.

BYSTANDER 1

Someone grab him.

BYSTANDER 2
Call the cops.

Several bystanders go after Fred, who pulls out his badge.

FRED
I'm a cop. Back off.

CHILD
That's how he got me in the car.

LIBRARIAN 2
Or a Rakshasa.

The child steps towards the librarians.

CHILD
(to the librarian)
What did you say?

LIBRARIAN 2
What, the rakshasa?

The child growls at the librarian, jumps on the table, swats him in the neck, blood spurts from the wound.

People freak out, mayhem everywhere.

CHILD
It won't save you, Fred.

Fred runs away, fast as he can.

The child takes off after Fred, until a NUN (60's), cuts him off, causing him to recoil at her sight.

NUN
Come here you little satanic shit.

She reaches for him. The creature morphs into an old man. Her eyes widen. She looks confused.

NUN
Papa? But, you're gone.

She grabs her rosary from around her neck, removes it, extends her arm. It jumps back a few feet.

NUN
Get back, beast from Hell.

CREATURE
Wrong Pantheon, bitch.

It looks around, grabs a book from the return stack, hurls it towards the nun, hits her square in the hand, shattering it. She drops the rosary.

CREATURE
Say your prayers because you're
meetin' your maker.

The creature rushes her, she screams.

INT. PARKING GARAGE- CONTINUOUS

FRED'S CAR

Fred sits in his car, working on his cell, searching for Rakshasa. His internet seems like it's taking forever.

FRED
Come on, come on. Damn it.

Fred starts his car, tosses his phone down on the other seat, takes off. He hears the screams from the bloodbath inside. Tears fall as he rounds the turn in the garage.

Fred sees his wife in his rearview window. She's screaming something.

FRED
(to himself)
Can't be her, right?

He barrels through the pay gate, shattering it as he drives away. People capture him on their phones.

His phone buzzes. The search is over. But, Fred ignores the phone, gets on the thruway instead.

FRED
(sotto)
Gotta get far away from it. Oh,
God, what if it can fly?

He speeds down the thruway, glances at his mirrors.

He gets off at the first exit he sees, drives for a few blocks, turns down the first random street he sees, all while constantly studying his rearview mirrors for any sign of the rakshasa.

He stops the car, but, keeps the engine running. He sighs. Phone's ringing again. He glances down. Work.

He ignores the call, but, looks at the search listings for the monster. He pulls up page after page about the creatures from the HINDU religion.

The phone rings again. Wife. He ignores it.

As he stares at his wife's picture on the phone, a few tears fall, then more, then full-on sobbing.

He recomposes himself, reads the information.

FRED

The only way to kill a rakshasa is
to stab it with a brass dagger
blessed by Hindu priest.

BAM! BAM! A STRANGER bangs his fists on top of the car.

STRANGER

What the fuck man? Why you
watching my house?

Fred waves "sorry", then takes off.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Fred and Bill hide next to one of the coffins.

FRED

You don't know what this means.

BILL

We've been friends for ages, but,
man, this story, it's crazy.

Fred shows him the search results.

BILL

I know what you showed me. And I
know what the Hindu priest said.

FRED

You saw two bosses today, right?

Bill nods, shrugs. Fred pulls out the dagger, motions for Bill to take his out.

FRED

That'll show you.

BILL

Why are we here, where it started?

FRED
It's the lair. It'll show.

FOOTSTEPS. Gravel beneath shoes signals something's coming.
Fred was right.

A figure enters, a WOMAN. His wife. She looks around.
They give their hiding spot up.

HEATHER
There you are. Fred, what's going
on? You're scaring me.

Fred starts to approach her, stops.

HEATHER
Seriously, what the fuck, Fred.

He threatens her with the blade.

BILL
Whoa, Fred, that's Heather.

FRED
No, it isn't. It's the creature.

Heather looks at him, puzzled.

HEATHER
Creature? Fred, seriously.

BILL
Fred, that's your wife.

Fred hesitates, lowers the blade a bit, changes his mind.

FRED
No, it isn't. How could she be
here, Bill?

Bill looks at Fred, then Heather.

FRED
How could she know to come here?
She wasn't part of this.

Bill studies her.

HEATHER
Or someone could have shown me the
way, idiot.

FRED
Bill, did you hear any other
footsteps? Any?

Bill thinks for a second.

BILL
No, I didn't.

HEATHER
Seriously, you sound paranoid, both
of you do.

Fred viciously stabs her in the throat. Blood everywhere.
She gurgles, drops to down to one knee, coughs up blood.

Both men watch intensely. She reaches for help.

BILL
She isn't changing.

FRED
She will. They return to their
true form when dead.

She collapses to the ground. Dead. No change.

FRED
Why aren't you changing?

BILL
Oh, God, what did we do?

Fred rushes to her side, feels her pulse.

FRED
Oh, God. Oh, my, God.

Fred cradles her head in his arms.

Bill sobs.

CLAPPING. FOOTSTEPS. Heather walks in.

HEATHER
Nicely done. Killed your wife.

The men stare at her.

BILL
It's true. God, it's true.

HEATHER
Oh, it's true.

Bill staggers backward. Fred grabs the dagger sticking out of the real Heather and plunges it deep into the creature's chest.

The creature falls backward, then laughs.

HEATHER
You fool. You desecrated the dagger by killing your wife. It's useless now.

Fred scoffs, can't believe it.

HEATHER
Why do you think I sent in poor stupid Heather in?

Bill looks at Fred, who looks defeated.

HEATHER
Oh, Freddie, she really loved you.

BILL
Stop it! This wasn't his fault.

Heather turns into a bipedal tiger-like creature. It's huge claws and fangs drip with toxic poison.

It slashes Bill, who collapses to the floor. The poison burns him as if someone through Sulfuric Acid on him. Billy screams and rolls around in agony.

FRED
Stop, please. I'll confess to all-

The creature laughs, then approaches Heather's body to consume it. It picks up Heather's arm, bites into it.

The flesh melts away from her body, like soda being sucked thru a straw.

Bill dies, releasing his blade. Fred grabs his blade, rushes the creature, stabs it in the head.

The creature flings Fred shoulder-first into the wall.

It wails, rolls on its back, melts away leaving behind a non-human skeleton.

THE END?