

Bus of Light

by

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FADE IN:

WHITE TEXT ON A BLACK BACKGROUND:

'And when evening was come, they brought to him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word...' Matthew 8:16

EXT. A SINGLE LANE DIRT ROAD - SUNSET

The last rays of the sun extend into a darkening blue sky. The setting sun hidden behind a small hill. A skinny dirt road, headlights approach at speed. A white bus ROARS down the road, dust billows, suspends, falls.

INT. THE BUS - SUNSET

Curtains shield the outside world, a sun-bleached faded floral pattern. A yellow dim glow from a solitary interior light illuminates THE CEREMONY.

Frail, close to retirement and adorned in black Cossack, BISHOP LUCAS decrees the last of the SANCTIMONIOUS RITE:

BISHOP LUCAS
I decree on thee Brother Mitchell,
the third order, Exorcism!

BROTHER MITCHELL's black Cossack hides his thin frame, the black contrasts heavily with the stark white Collarino. He kneels, eyes sparkling with youthful enthusiasm stare up at the Bishop. His face portrays how long he has yearned for this HONOUR.

BISHOP LUCAS (CONT'D)
This blessed Tome of Exorcism, take
it. Commit it to memory. Impose
hands over the possessed, whether
baptised or unfaithful...

The Bishop's thumb traces a Holy Water cross on Brother Mitchell's forehead:

BISHOP LUCAS (CONT'D)
Arise ye Brother Mitchell of the
Third Order, Exorcist.

Several yells of 'Brother!' (O.S.)

DRIVER
Father, almost there.

BISHOP LUCAS
Final preparations!

PRIEST JONAS rocks a lumberjack-worthy beard, making up for his receding hairline. His thick arms pull at Brother Mitchell's Cossack POWERFULLY, bringing his ear close.

PRIEST JONAS

Stay close Brother. listen
intently, obey instinctively
without question, and never drop
your sacred items, never!

Nervously Brother Mitchell locks gaze with Priest Jonas, his hands white-knuckle grip his new tome. He nods in silent reply, subconsciously he reaches for his Collarino, checking it's still there, a safety blanket.

EXT. A SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Reaching the outskirts of a small town, the Bus slows, then creeps forward, engine a soft PURR. The town is dark, eerily quiet.

INT. THE BUS - NIGHT

DRIVER

Fath--

BISHOP LUCAS

--The Church. The most powerful
blemished mock us by inhabiting a
Church. Start the tape.

EXT. THE BUS - NIGHT

Speakers from the Bus' roof broadcast LOUDLY, a passionate recital of THE EXORCISM.

SPEAKERS

'Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus
spiritus...' (continues)

BISHOP LUCAS (O.S.)

Put on your armour of God.

INT. THE BUS - NIGHT

Brothers place on Cinctures of plain rope, stark compared to the intertwined green and gold of the Bishop's. Stoles of white are draped, most covered in BLOOD STAINS, showing hand-sewn repairs. The Bishop's in purple, designating status.

Silently Brothers kiss golden embroidered crosses at the end of each Stole. Quiet prayers commence throughout the bus, we hear whispered prayers:

PRIEST (O.S)

'Even though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death...'

The dim interior light flickers softly over the men of the cloth kneeling, only Bishop Lucas stands, watching headlights slowly etch the figures of dark buildings from the gloom.

PRIEST (O.S)
 ...I shall fear no evil...

EXT. THE BUS/CHURCH - A SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Aside from the van's headlights, the town is bathed in DARKNESS, the Bus stops, speakers cease.

Eight Brothers step into the chilly night, we see their light clouds of breath. They look on-task, ready. Church bells chime, Brother Mitchell looks apprehensive as a REASSURING HAND presses his shoulder, Priest Jonas, resolute, jaw clenched, GAME FACE.

A wooden Crucifix LANDS at their feet, THROWN from the Church. Jesus' face heavily SCRATCHED. A nearby streetlight commences flickering, startling several brothers. The light softly bathes a HUMAN OUTLINE near the Church doors.

BISHOP LUCAS
 We are servants of almighty God,
 show yourself most foul, most
 unholy!

The Brothers slowly advance, wielding crucifixes and tomes. A deep GUTTURAL LAUGH erupts as a young boy hovers from the Church, arms outstretched, CHRIST POSE.

The young body is covered in bloody scratches and welts. Toes slide across bare earth as EVIL FORCES, unseen power propels his body forward. Gravity be damned.

An unknown language emanates from his mouth, a DEMONIC CURSE conjoined with spit. His head uncontrollable, vicious half-rolls side to side.

BISHOP LUCAS
 Oh dear Jesus...heavenly father!

Several Brothers' mouths fall open, Crucifixes slowly lower to their sides. From the frail small body a guttural voice fills the air:

BARABEEZEL
 I am Barabeezel!

BARABEEZEL pauses for effect, letting his name register to all before continuing...

BARABEEZEL (CONT'D)
 Lucifer is all powerful, your God
 is weak, abandons you.

BISHOP LUCAS
 In all my years...it can't be...
 son of Lucifer himself.

The Host-body FLEXES and SHAKES, fighting possession. Eyes of upturned white scan the Brothers before resting on the

Bishop, a demonic smile forms, Barabeezel stops forward momentum close to the extended line of Brothers.

Brother Mitchell takes a full step BACKWARDS as tears stream his cheeks. Lip QUIVERING, mouth open. Barabeezel sees the weakness. A demonic laugh echoes off nearby buildings.

Priest Jonas stoically commences an EXORCISM prayer. The Brothers rally, Crucifixes held towards Barabeezel, Bishop Lucas recovers, joining the rite with vigour.

Only Brother Mitchell stays silent, gripped by fear, his left leg SHAKES UNCONTROLLABLY as his crucifix and tome fall to the ground, into a growing puddle of urine.

Bishop Lucas retrieves a vial of HOLY WATER from his Cossack, popping the top with a thumb in a practiced movement, he FLICKS Holy Water onto Barabeezel, small EXPLOSIONS of steam rise into the night sky.

The Demon reels momentarily then steadies. With inhuman strength he draws fingernails down each forearm in turn, BLOOD flows freely. Swiping bleeding arms wildly, droplets fill the air, striking several Brothers. A few specks land on Brother Mitchell's face, it is too much...he runs, SCREAMING into the night.

PRIEST JONAS

No! Stand fast.

Barabeezel flies backwards into the Church, gone in an instant. Evil forces SLAM the doors closed with inhuman force.

BISHOP LUCAS

The child is beyond hope, we must
kill the host. To arms!

Bishop Lucas replaces a crucifix with an ORNATE DAGGER, flicking the scabbard to the ground, the razor-sharp blade glints in the flickering streetlight.

The Brothers draw their daggers, advancing to the Church doors. Priest Jonas on one door, another Brother on the other, pushing HARD, faces STRAINING... The doors hold fast.

PRIEST JONAS

Bible...

A small Bible is pressed onto the doors, the evil power succumbs, doors fly open, SMASHING into interior walls with a loud THUD, one door partially falls from its hinges.

Cautiously the brothers advance.

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Candles on a single candelabra self-ignite, flames lick unnaturally high into the air illuminating stained glass

windows behind the Altar.

In the center of the room Barabeezel floats. The Host-body fighting back, SPASMING, VIOLENT head rolls, Barabeezel wins the short tussle, a tongue licks at blood-covered lips, smiles at the Clergy-men with bloodied teeth.

The Brothers encircle Barabeezel, Demonic laughter answers as Barabeezel motions with a hand, two Daggers fly into a wall with a THUD. The Brothers fill their empty hands with Crucifixes, unperturbed.

A further gesture and one brothers' stole starts to choke him like a python, another Brother quickly comes to his aid, touching the stole with a crucifix it uncurls and flies off into the darkness, still possessed, like a cut snake.

BARABEEZEL

You won't survive, useless meat!

Barabeezel points a bloody index finger at the Bishop.

BARABEEZEL (CONT'D)

Tonight I feast on your lungs.

Bishop Lucas stabs his Dagger into a Pew, freeing one hand, he removes the vial of Holy Water once more. Barabeezel chuckles in response...

BARABEEZEL (CONT'D)

(spitting at the BISHOP)

A toy. Stupid meat. I am
Barabeezal, son of Lucifer!

From behind, Priest Jonas approaches Barabeezel, another Brother beside him, both stepping lightly. Barabeezel preoccupied, laughing at Bishop Lucas, unaware of the approaching threat.

Removing a WATER BALLOON from his Cossack, Priest Jonas throws it HARD onto Barabeezel's back. Steam rises as bulk Holy Water soaks Barabeezel, his screams fill the Church, his guard down, the other Brothers join in, balloon after balloon hits their mark.

The room fills with steam rising to old wooden rafters above. Barabeezel's eyes open wide, unanticipated terror.

BISHOP LUCAS

Now!

Priest Jonas PLUNGES his Dagger into Barabeezel's back, BLOOD SPRAY is illuminated by candlelight as the blade is retracted then STABS again.

BARABEEZEL

Noooooo!

A stream of BLOOD flows from Barabeezel's mouth, other Brothers join in the stab-fest. Blood spray fills the air, painting Brother's faces, pews and floor until the Host-body falls limply.

Two FRENZIED Brothers kneel, ENRAGED they thrust additional, unneeded STABS into the lifeless body.

The Church windows shatter as Barabeezel's spirit FLEES. An unholy wind whips Cossacks for a brief moment, the Candelabra extinguished, then calm.

Somewhere in the distance an Owl hoots, for a moment no-one speaks, the Church is peaceful. The formerly-possessed stole gently falls from the ceiling, fluttering to the ground.

BISHOP LUCAS

Praise be to God! Well done
Brothers. Well done.

A SOUND from the doorway as the Candelabra ignites once again, the Brothers turn as one. The point of an ORNATE DAGGER slowly scrapes down one door.

Brother Mitchell's body levitates beside a SMALL BOY, hand in hand, all eyes upturned, white, EVIL.

The Brother's faces fade from EUPHORIA to TERROR, only Priest Jonas stands resolute, however his face rapidly changes as unexpected evil resonates from Brother Mitchell...

LUCIFER

My Son. My Son.

FADE TO BLACK

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Breaking news as nine are feared dead after a small Church burned to the ground overnight in country Victoria. A group of travelling clergymen and two local boys are missing, presumed dead.

THE END