

CURSE OF OSIRIS

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

A modest two story traditional house shines through the cloudy, moonlit evening.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN

Open off the living room, granite counters and stainless steel appliances accent.

BRENDA, 30s, curvaceous brunette, spunky good looks, still wears her zombie costume and facial makeup. She mops up a countertop with a sponge.

CARL, 30s, hirsute and close bearded, rugged features, tattoos on forearms, dumps a plastic bag in a trash compactor. He wears the remains of his werewolf costume without the claws and teeth.

BRENDA

Did you enjoy yourself?

CARL

It was great, Brenda. You really outdid last year.

BRENDA

(sighs)

Well, that's a relief, Carl. I was so worried when Marty Berensen went on and on about karma, sloth, and self-fulfillment. That's it can be evil to stay home and watch TV. Jeez!

He turns on the compactor. It CRUSHES the contents.

CARL

He's a holdover from the sixties. And after all that fuckup had to drink and smoke, talk about what goes around comes around. He'll get his. Right in the old bunghole. (beat) Come on. Let's go upstairs. You need a rest. It's almost midnight. You've been at this for eight hours straight.

He wraps a gentle arm around her shoulders and herds her toward the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Brenda walks into the bedroom and goes to her vanity and mirror. She opens a small box of incense.

Carl follows behind her and goes to his armoire. He opens the door to reveal a mirror on the door.

Brenda lights a match and ignites the incense. A large curl of smoke arises from the incense holder. She caps it with the lid. She inhales deeply at the aroma that wafts around her nose.

BRENDA

(sighs)

Ah! You don't know how I've been
looking forward to this moment.
What a heavenly smell. So relaxing.

Carl admires his werewolf makeup in his mirror. He grabs a tissue from Brenda's vanity and rubs off some of the dark lines.

CARL

Hey. That's pretty heavy shit. What
is it?

Brenda takes a tissue to remove some of her facial makeup.

BRENDA

It's an exotic Egyptian scent.
Sands of Osiris. I got it from the
shop the other day. Ah.

She puts her arms by her side and closes her eyes.

Carl comes over to her and hugs her from behind. He kisses her neck. She caves.

CARL

You know. Even as a zombie, when
you go into action, you make me
feel like making love to you every
minute.

BRENDA

(pants)

Don't say something you don't mean.

CARL

What do you say I wear the French
tickler tonight? Huh?

An AGONIZING SCREAM O.S.

Brenda flinches in his arms and lets out a gasping moan.

CARL
Hey. I take that as a yes.

She turns around to look at him.

BRENDA
Didn't you hear that?

CARL
Hear what?

BRENDA
That horrible scream.

CARL
Oh come on. If you can't say no to me, don't make up stupid stuff.

She shivers in his arms.

CARL
Jesus Christ. This isn't you. Are you coming down with something?

She leaves his arms and goes to the bed. She sits and rubs her upper arms with either hand.

BRENDA
Carl, I'm not making anything up. I heard a scream. A blood curdling scream like the man in the Pit and the Pendulum.

He hesitates to take in her coolness.

BRENDA
I want to know, Carl. Didn't you hear it?

CARL
Sorry, babe. All I heard was you.

She wraps a blanket around her.

BRENDA
It came from inside the house. I want you to go downstairs to the basement and look around. Maybe one of our guests fell down the stairs accidentally and they're injured.

Carl shrugs.

CARL
Well. If it'll make you feel
better.

He takes a step away.

CARL
Are you sure you didn't have too
many Singapore slings?

She frowns.

BRENDA
Carl.

CARL
Alright, alright. I'll check it
out.

He leaves the bedroom.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Carl walks downstairs to the first floor.

He goes to the basement door and opens it.

In the basement, he turns on the overhead light.

END OF SERIES

INT. BASEMENT

He peeks around the clutter.

CARL
Not a fucking soul down here. She's
either hearing things or it's a
frosty put off.

He turns to leave.

INT. BEDROOM

Brenda goes to the vanity mirror to remove her makeup.

AGONIZING SCREAM O.S.

She jumps.

BRENDA

Oh my god! Not again. That sounded like it came from the hall.

She goes to the bedroom door and peeks through the door jam.

BRENDA POV

The hallway is clear.

BACK TO SCENE

She tenses. A slight GUST of wind brushes against her. Her eyes widen in fear. She looks around the room, going from corner to corner.

BRENDA

Is there somebody else in here?

She rushes to the bed. Her arms stiffen. She looks down at them. She cannot move them.

BRENDA

What the hell?

The skin of her arms begins to discolor to match her zombie makeup.

BRENDA

What is happening to me? Am I having an onset of some disease? Some allergy to makeup? God help me!

Her breathing is shallower and faster.

INT. KITCHEN

Carl trudges back up the steps from the basement. As he shuts off the basement overhead, he turns to find the stairs nearby. He notices his hands resemble the claws he had removed earlier.

CARL

Well, fuck. No wonder she didn't get off to me. I'm still wearing these goddam claw mitts. That would make any babe clammy.

He goes to the downstairs bathroom.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

He flips the light switch. It illuminates the entire room.

On the sink counter rests his costume claws and teeth.

CARL
Holy shit! I've already taken them
off!

He looks at his claw-like hands. His reflection in the mirror catches his eyes.

Staring at himself in the mirror, he sees more facial hair begin to cover his forehead. When he opens his mouth, his fangs appear.

CARL
What the fuck is going on here?

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brenda writhes on the bed with her arms stiff against her sides.

AGONIZING SCREAM O.S.

BRENDA
You're here! Whoever the hell you
are! Who are you?

She stands in an awkward position, half stiff at the waist. She walks with stiff, unbendable knees.

BRENDA
Show yourself!

Her figure reflects in the mirror. She hobbles closer to it.

BRENDA
Carl! Help! Help me!

While she looks at herself in the mirror, her lips begin to draw back from her teeth. Her face discolours to match the other discoloration.

BRENDA
Carl! Carl!

INT. NEAR DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Carl comes out of the bathroom. He walks hunched over and swings his arms in front of him.

CARL

Now I can't even walk standing up!
This shit has got to stop!

He GROWL ROARS. He waddles over to the stairs. He looks up and down the stairs with quick glances.

INT. BEDROOM

Brenda appears completely transformed into a zombie.

She looks at herself in the mirror: hollow eyes, discolored skin, lips drawn back from her teeth in a grisly skeletal grin. Her limbs are stiff and equally paper thin and discolored. She growls and purrs at herself.

Carl enters. His eyes are wolf-like and his teeth are fangs. He swaggers and his arms swing in front of him. He opens his mouth to speak to Brenda, but only GROWLS and GRUNTS come from him.

Brenda PURRS and GROWLS at him. She manages to reach her stiff arms out to him. She pats his werewolf head and shoulders.

Carl GRUNTS in return. He reaches his paws out to pat her shoulders. He turns to view himself in the mirror. He GROWLS and jumps at his image in a feint attack.

As the two of them GROWL and PURR at each other, a PURPLE GLOW EMERGES near the bed.

A ghoul-like wispy figure forms like a hologram. It has no face. Only a black, empty space. It's a robed and hooded form.

GHOST OF OSIRIS

(screams)

YEOOWWEE!

Brenda and Carl cower in front of the ghoul. More PURRS and GRUNTS.

It floats over to them.

Carl reaches out to touch it. His paw is scorched with an electric blast. ZAP!

He retracts his paw with a GROWL.

GHOST OF OSIRIS
I am the spirit of Osiris! The
Judge of the Dead. Your inward
desires have now been repaid.

Brenda protests with GROWLS and shakes her head. Carl also
shakes his head and swaggers in protest. He GROWLS.

GHOST OF OSIRIS
You cannot spend a life in idle
pleasure - lust, gluttony, greed,
profanity - without paying with
your souls!

Brenda and Carl become agitated. They GROWL. Both of them
leap at the purple figure. Their assault fails with another
ZAP ZAP!

Brenda falls to the floor dead. Carl collapses also dead.

GHOST OF OSIRIS
Thus is the fulfillment of the
Curse of Osiris!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAWN

Yellow and pink rays christen the home through the cloudy
skies.

INT. BEDROOM

Brenda remains on the floor.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Her eyes and lips grow back to normal shape.

Her skin regains its color.

Her arms and legs become less stiff and thin.

She MORPHS into her former self with her zombie makeup.

BACK TO SCENE

She gasps for air.

Carl lies motionless.

SERIES OF SHOTS

His facial hair returns to his former self.

His teeth grow shorter to a normal set of teeth.

His hands reform to normal hands.

He stirs and MORPHS into his true self with werewolf makeup.

BACK TO SCENE

Brenda sits up. She appears surprised and relieved. She reaches out to Carl to touch him.

BRENDA

Carl! Carl! Are you okay?

Carl blinks several times and takes some deep breaths. He rolls over on his side to face her.

CARL

Brenda. Is that you?

BRENDA

It's me! It's me, sweetheart! We didn't die! It must have been that incense!

CARL

Whew! I'd better stop doing those buds with sour mash! What a trip! For both of us!

BRENDA

I'm for getting right with the Lord! Pronto! (beat) At least for a while.

They laugh.

FADE OUT.

THE END