

Dolorem Ipsum

Written by

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EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the the rural road and adjoining path that two figures walk along. The air condenses in front of their faces in the cold night.

LEWIS, 20s, woolen cap pulled down tight, teeth chattering and hands jammed into his pocket.

LEWIS

Bullshit!

AMANDA, 20s, mob of unruly dark hair, nose red and dripping, she swipes her sleeve under it before answering.

AMANDA

Fine, don't believe me.

LEWIS

No. I believe you believe it, but c'mon, you read the book in front of a church and make wish?

Amanda quickens her pace and strides ahead.

AMANDA

(over her shoulder)

You never listen.

He hurries to catch up.

LEWIS

What did I do this time?

She stops as he almost collides with her.

AMANDA

One, the church is first. Two, we recite the ritual. Three, we go to the gallows field. Four, we recite the other bit - at midnight.

LEWIS

Oh, yeah, there's the other bits.

She stalks off again, glancing at her phone screen.

AMANDA

C'mon, it's half eleven.

Again, Lewis speeds up to match her pace.

LEWIS
I have some other bits you are
welcome to play with.

She ignores his innuendo.

Ahead a small medieval church looms into view.

LEWIS (cont'd)
We could be at Richie's Halloween
party in half an hour if we --

She skips through the gate and into the...

EXT. CHURCHYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lewis follows her down the path towards the church door.

LEWIS
What if we get caught?

AMANDA
What, reading outside a church is a
crime now?

LEWIS
Trespassing?

AMANDA
Enough of the whining, man up or I
will re-consider our dating status.

Lewis falls silent as she pulls a small tome from her coat.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Right, lets do this.

She flips to a bookmarked page and clears her throat.

Starts to whisper.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Invoco Sheela na Gig ut exsurgat et
exue compedes ejus, utere me in
vasculo suo, et in maledictione media
noctis imple.

She pauses.

LEWIS
Was that Latin?

She nods.

AMANDA
Yeah, think so.

On the church roof, a small area of carving starts to glow.

LEWIS
Think so? You don't know?

She shakes her head.

LEWIS (cont'd)
So what did it mean?

AMANDA
Er, well I think it appeals to the
old gods to fulfill our wish.

LEWIS
Which old gods?

She looks confused.

Above her head the glow concentrates on the small crude
carving of a naked woman. Neither of them notice.

AMANDA
Well, I'm not sure which ones
exactly.

Lewis laughs.

LEWIS
And where did you find this, erm,
invocation?

She blushes and holds out the book.

LEWIS (cont'd)
'Medieval Incantations for Idiots'.
Fuck, I've heard it all now.

Above them the glow on the carving pulses, the Sheela Na Gig
carving is a traditional old hag pulling her vulva open. She
shifts slightly pulling her legs even wider apart and with a
POP the light disappears into her loins.

Lewis glances up.

LEWIS (cont'd)
Did you see something?

Amanda checks her phone.

AMANDA
No, and we gotta get moving.

She sets off at a trot.

LEWIS
Fuck sake.

But he follows.

EXT. GALLOWS FIELD - NIGHT

Amanda shakes the gate again.

LEWIS
It's got a padlock on it.

AMANDA
I can see that.

She still shakes it again.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Give me a leg up.

Lewis obliges as she clambers over and then follows her into the field.

LEWIS
Now what?

AMANDA
Next bit of the spell.

LEWIS
The one you aren't sure you know what it is actually doing?

She ignores him.

AMANDA
Sume vas tuum et eam geminae spiris
Sheelae na cisio imbue et ultimum
interfectorem ut laquei amplexus
sentias.

Lewis laughs.

LEWIS
Jesus, this is such bullshit.

AMANDA
Cynic!

The glow appears again, this time from the corner of the field.

LEWIS
(pointing)
You can see that?

AMANDA
See, it's happening!

LEWIS
What is?

AMANDA
Well, something is.

The glow pulses into the air and limns the shape of a gallows.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Looks it is working.

LEWIS
That's the shape of a gallows, that
doesn't feel very positive!

AMANDA
Well, maybe --

LEWIS
Let me see that book.

She fishes it back out and hands it to Lewis.

He looks at the front, then turns to the back.

LEWIS (cont'd)
Fuck.

AMANDA
What.

He Turns the book upside down and shows her the back.

The book is one of those that has the content split into two, half in the front and half in the back once you've turned the book around.

Amanda reads the title on the back.

AMANDA (cont'd)
'Medieval Curses for Idiots'. Shit.

LEWIS
So you read a curse?

AMANDA
No, no, I'm sure I was reading it the
top way round... I think.

The glow around the invisible gallows continues to pulse,
now illuminating the shape of a swinging corpse.

LEWIS
(pointing)
That would seem to indicate
otherwise.

AMANDA
Fuck, maybe we should...

She falls silent.

LEWIS
What, leave?

Amanda doesn't answer.

Lewis heads for the gate.

The gallows continue to glow, the hanged figure now much
clearer, a man probably in his forties, a deep scar on his
left cheek.

Lewis pointedly doesn't look at the apparition.

AMANDA
Leaving already?

Lewis turns to see Amanda with her back to him.

LEWIS
Yeah, this is batshit.

AMANDA
Maybe I can persuade you to stay?

She seductively slips her jacket off, followed quickly by
the rest of her upper garments.

LEWIS
Really, it's fucking freezing!

AMANDA
We can share our body heat.

Lewis is caught between his unease and his libido.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Midnight on All Hallows Eve is nearly
upon us.

Amanda's voice has taken on a deeper tone.

LEWIS
So?

AMANDA
Come and put the devil into hell.

LEWIS
Sorry, what did you just say?

Amanda slips her jeans off.

AMANDA
Take my womanhood.

LEWIS
Are you okay?

He walks back towards her, concerned rather than horny.

LEWIS (cont'd)
It's late, why don't you get your
clothes on and we can go back.

AMANDA
No, I must consummate the pledge or
the curse will fail.

Amanda turns to face him.

Amanda has gone, in her place is an old hag, the Sheela Na
Gig, her naked skin wrinkled and saggy.

LEWIS
Oh, fuck this.

He backs up a few steps.

AMANDA
Am I not pleasing to the eye sire?

She drops to all fours, shuffles forward, surprisingly fast.

Lewis stumbles back, trips and lands on his arse.

LEWIS
Fuck.

Amanda is on him in the blink of an eye.

LEWIS (cont'd)
Get off me.

AMANDA
I need your seed.

With that she grabs at his crotch, long sharp nails tearing through his trousers and yanking hard.

Lewis SCREAMS in agony as she rips his testicles clean off.
She grins maniacally.

AMANDA (cont'd)
I have you now.

With that she holds up her prize and swallows, blood oozing down her chin.

Lewis passes out.

Amanda shouts a victory whoop into the night sky.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Now, my lovely, come forth.

She rolls onto her back, naked body silhouetted.

Her stomach shifts.

Swells.

She begins to pant.

AMANDA (cont'd)
In nocte saliant spiritus, ego semen
damnatorum accipio et mortuis vivo.

Her stomach continues to swell, panting takes on a rhythmic pattern.

Her stomach glistens, round and full of life.

With a guttural YELL she expels the curse.

A child spills out onto the grass, umbilical cord wrapped round its neck, face bulging and struggling for breath.

She moves to unwrap the cord, cleaning blood and mucus from the babies face as she does so, revealing a deep scar on one cheek.

AMANDA (cont'd)
There, there, we are fulfilled.

Amanda leans in and bites through the umbilical cord.
When she pulls her head back it is Amanda again.

AMANDA (cont'd)
Lets get you swaddled and home.

The baby gurgles.

AMANDA (cont'd)
There is much to behold.

FADE OUT

THE END