

Immortal Enmity - Prologue

By

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Our City in Fear by Dan Campisi

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people. Don't incur its wrath  
by doing something illegal. If  
you want this piece, contact  
me.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL RASKIN - DUSK

THIRD FLOOR

Cops NICK O'LEARY (29) and BRIAN GRANT (30), guns drawn, stare down their suspect, DYLAN DAVIS, black, 19, drug-addictively thin.

SUPER: MARCH 13TH, 1988

NICK  
Don't do anything stupid.

REVEAL- Dylan holds a 6-months-old screaming BABY over the railing in one hand, gun in the other.

DYLAN  
You're not giving me a choice.

NICK  
Give up. That's your only choice.

Dylan looks down at the POOL three stories below him.

DYLAN  
Not my "only" choice.

NICK  
If it drowns, you'll get murder.

As Dylan fidgets, Nick motions for Brian to flank him.

Dylan sees this, points the gun at Nick.

DYLAN  
Back the fuck off.

Brian backs up. Nick glances about.

BYSTANDERS from each floor intensely watch this unfold.

NICK  
I get it. You came here to score some COKE and walked into a mess. Don't compound it.

DYLAN  
You're right. It isn't that hard.

Dylan SHOOTS Brian, hits him in the shoulder.

Brian falls backward, hits his head on the concrete, hard.

Nick, caught off guard, rushes to his side.

DYLAN

Yo, Officer?

Nick glances up. Dylan DROPS the baby towards the pool. The bystanders scream as Dylan takes off.

Nick pops into action, stands up on the guard rail, dives three stories into the pool below.

Bystanders rush the pool, eager to help.

They watch with fevered anxiety waiting for Nick to resurface, hopefully, with the baby.

After what feels like an eternity, Nick resurfaces with the choking child.

Nick turns on his back, attempts to hold the baby with one arm while using his other arm and feet to get to the side of the pool.

He does a half-back-float paddle to the edge.

He hands the baby to one of the many bystanders.

Exhausted, Nick goes under water.

The bystanders reach in, grab him, pull him to safety.

Some give him a standing ovation while others record it.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick and his son, EARL, 12, watch local news.

Earl focuses more on his D&D campaign until his dad's image comes up. Cell phone video of his dad saving the baby appear on the screen.

EARL

Dad, you're a hero, again.

NICK

Just doing my job.

EARL

You make the world a better place.

Nick smiles at his son.

EXT. DILAPIDATED CEMETERY - NIGHT

Fog rises and falls across old broken grave markers.  
Overgrown flora dominates the vulnerable burial place.

Dylan rushes through the cemetery, tripping over the broken grave markers. He rests at an OLD MAUSOLEUM, bent over, breath clearly visible.

DYLAN

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. What have  
I done? I'm dead, so fucking dead.

A twig snaps near the entrance to the mausoleum.

Dylan's focus turns towards the noise.

DYLAN

Yo, who's ever there, move along.

He sees a FEMININE shape stir.

DYLAN

I'm not telling you twice.

An OLD LADY, 75, black, white hair, hunched over, with a cane, comes into view.

OLD LADY

Relax Dylan, it's only me.

Dylan stares at the old woman. BLINKS. Blinks again.

DYLAN

Gramma?

OLD LADY

You remember.

DYLAN

But, I, you left, died...

OLD LADY

No honey, that's a lie they told  
you in rehab.

She walks up to him. He stares at her, lowers the gun.

DYLAN

But, how did you find me?

OLD LADY

Dyl, I've cared for you like a  
mother and a mother always knows.

She touches the nozzle of the gun, tilts it away.

OLD LADY

I have a place for you to hide.

DYLAN

You do?

She holds her hand out hoping that he'll take it, motions to  
go inside the shelter.

DYLAN

Mom, I fucked up, bad. I need to  
lay low, real low.

They head towards the mausoleum's door.

OLD LADY

You'll be okay.

She glances around. Not any other soul around.

They enter the crypt together.

He SCREAMS.

EXT. BRAD'S FINE DINING - NIGHT

PHIL DEGRASSE, 40, physically fit, good-looking, dressed  
very stylishly, strolls through the doors.

On his arm lies MARIN, 20, grinning ear to ear.

She leans into him, they kiss. They stumble up to VALET  
PARKING, glance around.

Suddenly, his car comes into view, driven responsibly by the  
VALET, who exists Phil's brand-new MERCEDES BENZ.

Phil and Marin walk to the car. The VALET, just a college  
kid really, holds the door open for her. Phil helps his  
date get in the car, looks at the valet.

The valet hands Phil his keys, while Phil hands the valet a  
hundred dollar bill, causing the kids' eyes to explode.

VALET

Wow, thanks, Mr. Degrasse.

PHIL  
No problem, thanks for taking great  
care of the car.

Phil passes the valet, makes eye contact with him, glances at the back of Marin's head, smiles at the valet with that "oh yeah, I'm getting it from a chick your age," look.

Phil gets in the car, speeds away.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - NIGHT

Phil races down the street. Parked cars, empty streets, lights in synch make way for his car.

Suddenly, his car hits something dark on the road, followed by a THUMP, THUMP, THUMP sound. Something's wrong. He pulls over to the side of the road.

PHIL  
Sorry, hun. I'll fix this, fast.

EXT. PHIL'S CAR

The downtrodden area showcases closed shops, empty houses, burnt-out buildings, graffiti, cemetery. Abandoned.

He stops the car, gets out. Sees a black fluid accumulate next to the sidewalk curb. He groans.

PHIL  
I think that's oil.

He pulls out his cell to make a call. Out of the darkness comes a man's voice.

RAGMAN  
Hey, hey, Phil, that you?

Phil spins around, startled, accidentally presses the "record" option on his phone.

CLOSE-UP on his phone recording everything.

Phil sees Ragman, squints in the dark.

PHIL  
Rags, is that you?

RAGMAN  
Hell yeah, it's me.

They warmly embrace.

PHIL  
I haven't seen you in twenty years.

RAGMAN  
Yeah, just got back. Spent the  
past year building schools in  
third-world countries.

PHIL  
Yeah, but-

RAGMAN  
I know, what am I doing here?

Marin looks bored.

RAGMAN  
There's an old church nearby that  
I'm thinking of converting.

PHIL  
No fucking way. Let me know, I can  
help finance it.

RAGMAN  
Awesome.  
(referring to the car)  
I heard whatever you did, came to  
see if I could lend a hand.

Looks at Marin, shakes his head, smiles at her.

RAGMAN  
Same ol' Phil. Pop the trunk.

Phil does. Ragman walks to the trunk, looks inside, pulls  
out a CREEPER, rests it on the ground.

RAGMAN  
You still remember all I taught you  
about cars?

PHIL  
For the most part.

RAGMAN  
You get on it, slide under, see if  
you can spot what that liquid is.

PHIL  
Do I look dressed for this?

He shows Ragman his designer clothes.

RAGMAN

Depends on how quickly you want to  
get home?

Ragman stares at Phil's date. Clothes vs sex? Sex wins.

PHIL

On the creeper, I go.

Phil gets on the creeper, slides under the car. Ragman  
pulls out a portable flashlight, shines it near Phil.

PHIL

I can't see, gimme the light.

Ragman tosses the flashlight. Phil picks it up, looks  
around to see what's going on.

PHIL

Rags, I'm coming out because I  
don't see anything.

Silence.

PHIL

Rags?

Ragman picks up Phil's leg so aggressively that the leg  
breaks from the impact. Phil screams.

Marin snaps awake, looks around.

Phil tries to slide out, but, Ragman stops him.

PHIL

Rags, what the hell.

Ragman twists Phil's leg upwards. Phil contorts his body,  
sees Ragman's deep-red penetrating eyes.

Phil screams, watches as Ragman opens his mouth- RAZOR-SHARP  
pointed teeth- bites deeply on Phil's leg.

Marin sees this, opens the door, runs.

Phil's painful screams echo throughout the street. He slams  
his fist on the car, kicks Ragman's face.

Ragman releases Phil's leg, now just a skeleton-like husk.

Ragman grabs Phil's right leg, chomps down. Phil's right  
hand dissolves away, almost instantly.

Marin runs as fast as she can. Phil's screams die out.



She turns a corner, heads down an alley, comes to rest by an old dumpster. She looks around, nothing.

It's all quiet.

She puts one hand on the dumpster, breathes heavily. She does her best to catch her breath.

FOOTSTEPS down the street.

She panics, tosses off her shoes, then climbs up in the dumpster, hides in the trash.

Quietly, she crawls under the trash, over to one side. She does her best to control her breathing.

Silence again.

She relaxes. Takes a deep breath.

A crystalline arm, reaches in, grabs her by the hair, yanks her out of the dumpster.

She's suspended in the air by the translucent monster. She tries to kick where she thinks it is, but, has no luck.

It tosses her to the side of the dumpster. She scampers next to it for comfort like a baby looks for a blanket.

It morphs itself from a nearly invisible "gel" into Phil.

She stares up.

PHIL

I know what you were gonna do for  
him, I'm just taking a bit more.

He grabs her by her head, tilts it to the left, then tears into her exposed flesh as she screams and tries valiantly fighting it off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ROOM HALL A

The huge room is filled with cops, detectives, even several lawyers, all preparing for this meeting.

Nick sits with his buddies. Brian seems to not be there.

The CAPTAIN walks in. Everyone quiets down.

CAPTAIN

What I'm about to show you stays here. IF this gets out, especially to the media, you'll start a panic. There's no sick time, vacations are canceled until further notice.

He pulls a projection screen down, flips on the first image, the skeletal remains of Dylan's body found at a local food store, in the produce section.

INSERT: Corresponding image of Dylan's body.

CAPTAIN

Two days ago, we found this skeleton with the clothes worn by Dylan the day he shot Brian. DNA confirmed this was Dylan Davis.

NICK

How's that possible?

CAPTAIN

Nick, we have no clue. We've called in the CDC for help, but, honestly, I think we need a priest more, especially after last night.

A few of the cops look around.

The captain goes to the next two slides: those of Phil found under the car and Marin found next to the dumpster. Both bodies reduced to skeletal remains only.

INSERT: Corresponding remains for Phil, then Marin.

CAPTAIN

This was last night. Our coroner can't do a proper autopsy because there's no flesh left, anywhere on the body.

The captain goes to the next slide, a close up of Dylan's arm with pointed bite marks as if a shark bit him.

INSERT: Dylan's left femur with rows of teeth marks in it.

CAPTAIN

Our coroner noticed that all these remains have these odd marks on them as if a shark bit them.

NICK  
Clearly, we have a serial killer.

CAPTAIN  
Much worse. Last night, either on purpose or by accident, victim two got the perp's voice on his cell.

The captain turns on part of the recording from cell phone recording from last night.

PHIL  
Rags, is that you?

The captain turns it off.

CAPTAIN  
He's referring to Victor Ragman.

NICK  
It seems pretty clear to me.

CAPTAIN  
It would, except for the fact that he's working for the UN, in TURKEY. So, not him.

The cops chatter amongst themselves.

CAPTAIN  
He submitted to a voice match and they are identical.

NICK  
So, couldn't he have-

CAPTAIN  
No. The phone is time-stamped last night when the recording started. We found the phone six hours later.

NICK  
Lemme guess, it takes longer than six hours to get to Turkey.

The captain sighs.

CAPTAIN  
Correct. So, he isn't our guy.

NICK  
So, what are we looking at?

The captain clears his throat.

CAPTAIN  
We are looking for someone, or  
something that can look, sound, and  
act like a trusted friend.

Chatter amongst the cops rises to deafening levels. The  
captain bangs on a desk, they quiet down.

NICK  
Hell, if my kid was here, he'd tell  
us some supernatural creature with  
the ability to read minds and  
shapeshift was here.

The captain looks at him, puzzled.

NICK  
He plays a game called D&D. He's  
into all this medieval crap.

CAPTAIN  
Nick, this is real life. There's  
no such thing as a shapeshifter.

Nick laughs.

CAPTAIN  
I'm declaring martial law at sunset  
and asking for the national guard  
to help with patrols.

NICK  
Yeah, and if you see an old friend  
from out of nowhere, beware.

Everyone laughs.

EXT. PHIL'S CAR'S ACCIDENT SITE - NIGHT

Nick investigates the site, hoping to catch anything that  
was missed. He looks at the oil spill. It has an opaque  
look to it.

NICK  
That isn't oil.

He puts on a glove, sticks the fingers in the oil substance,  
then puts the glove in a CSI collection bag.

Footsteps in the back. Nick spins around, gun drawn.

EARL, 12, puts his hands up in front of his face.

EARL  
Whoa, dad.

NICK  
What the fuck, Earl. You're  
supposed to be home.

EARL  
Dad, we were just trying to help.

Nick rolls his eyes.

NICK  
We? You mean your-

EARL  
Yeah, our group. You know we are  
experts at this stuff.

NICK  
Earl, it isn't real. This man died  
a horrible death.

EARL  
Isn't all death horrible, dad?

Nick studies his son.

NICK  
Where's the rest of the group?

EARL  
Over by the old cemetery.

NICK  
Show me.

Earl turns around, Nick raises his gun. Earl turns around,  
stunned.

EARL  
Dad, what's going on?

NICK  
You're not Earl. He isn't dumb  
enough to be out here, alone.

EARL  
I'm not alone.

NICK  
Your friends aren't that dumb  
either. There's no connection to  
you. You might do this in the day-

EARL  
But, not at night. You got me.

Earl shapeshifts into a huge bipedal tiger.

NICK  
Jesus Christ. What are you?

RAKSHASA  
I was old when your kind crawled  
from the oceans. We were Gods.

NICK  
Were?

The rakshasa hatefully stares at Nick.

RAKSHASA  
We couldn't set aside personal  
differences, we all but annihilated  
ourselves into oblivion.

NICK  
Sounds like our story.

RAKSHASA  
Bah, we are beyond you pathetic  
creatures. You're nothing more  
than food for us.

I think I've heard enough. Nick unloads his gun into the  
rakshasa's face.

It grabs its face and drops to the ground. It moans in  
agony as it writhes about.

Nick reloads his gun. He aims the gun at it.

The creature waves his hand as Nick pulls the trigger.

BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK. Nothing.

Nick furrows his brow, looks at his gun. Where'd the  
bullets go? He opens the gun, empty.

The creature rises. Nick tries to reload again until it grabs the gun and destroys it with its bare "hands." It tosses the destroyed gun to the side.

RAKSHASA

That really hurt. Good thing those bullets weren't blessed. You might have killed me. Damned brass.

Nick picks up the damaged gun and hits the rakshasa in the mouth with it. No effect.

RAKSHASA

I don't understand your technology, but, you humans have evolved too far for my liking.

Nick pulls out his billy club. He tries to subdue the much larger monster.

It grabs Nick's arm, breaks it, Nick screams. It pulls Nick close to its mouth.

RAKSHASA

Aren't you gonna beg?

NICK

No.

RAKSHASA

Then, I'll slay your entire family.

NICK

You might get me to beg-

RAKSHASA

Yes, but, in your heart, it won't be for your life. Pity.

It bites into Nick's arm. Nick's flesh melts away, as do his screams.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - EARL'S BEDROOM - DAY

MEDIEVAL paraphernalia litters EARL'S bedroom.

A group of FIVE KIDS (ages 11 to 13) surrounds a distraught EARL, as they try to console him.

The leader, CARL, 13, tall and lanky, rallies his "troops."

CARL

Earl, I swear to you on my life  
that we will get this monster.

Another kid, FREDDIE, 11, shy, meekly speaks.

FREDDIE

We won't let you down.

BILLY, 12, stocky but not fat, confidently adds.

BILLY

We won't leave any stone unturned.

Carl motions for the boys to form a circle.

CARL

For Earl and his dad.

BILLY

Yes, the oath.

ALL

We swear to leave the world a  
better place when we leave it to go  
to a better place.

CARL

Hit the books, get everything and  
anything we might need. We have no  
clue what this monster is.

BILLY

That's right. It could be a  
regular monster, alien, or  
supernatural.

CARL

He's right. Be prepared.

Carl and the others look to Earl.

CARL

It fucked with the wrong family and  
the wrong group of friends!

They have a group hug and cry for Earl and his dad.

THE END?