

SPIRAL
by
~~Anonymous~~
Hieronymush Bosch

FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR STRONGROOM - ROYAL PALACE - CAIRO - EGYPT - DAY

A skinny TEENAGER, naked apart from a loincloth, steps past large chests full to the brim with treasures.

He grips a large sword. Blood drips from his hands and face.

Three dead soldiers lie nearby. One of them is headless.

The Teenager drops the sword. It clatters on the stone floor.

He wipes blood from his eyes. Steps to the far end of the room. Stares up at a shelf - on it are several metal boxes.

He stares at each in turn. Stops on one. His eyes light up. Reaches to pull it down - the smallest and plainest.

Places it on the floor. Tries to open it - locked.

He disappears from view. Returns with his sword. Holds it high above his head.

Brings it down onto the box with force. THWACK.

The box remains intact - without even a scratch.

With annoyance he places the box on its side. Lifts the sword high again. Lines it up with the lock.

Swings it. Nothing - except the noise echoing around the room. And beyond.

Down and down again he swings it. Sweat drips from his brow. His breathing grows heavy, his arms limp.

With a sneer he does so once more - the box springs open - to reveal an old leatherbound book.

He holds his breath as he picks it up. Clutches it tight to his chest.

He turns to leave - freezes.

A large man fills the doorway - JESSOP, 40s, moustached and dressed in a safari suit. A burn scar mars his neck.

He smiles as he points a shotgun at the Teenager's face. Neither moves for a few moments.

Jessop gestures for the Teenager to hand over the book.

The Teenager shakes his head. Jessop shrugs. Pulls both triggers. BANG. The Teenager flies back six feet.

Jessop shakes his head as he wrenches the book from the Teenager's hands.

He frowns when he sees the Teenager's leg spasm.

Hurriedly he reloads the shotgun, fumbles as he does do.

Jessop whimpers as the mess that is the Teenager manages to struggle to his feet.

Jessop backs up, takes careful aim. Blows the Teenager's head clean off.

EXT. THE MARY FRANKLIN - MAIN DECK - DAY

A grand wooden ship sailing across a calm sea towards the white cliffs of Dover.

Jessop sits alone on a wooden crate at the rear.

He studies the contents of the leatherbound book. Furtive glances around to ensure he does so alone.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A horse pulls a carriage at speed along a rough road.

INT. CARRIAGE

Jessop holds the book close to his chest as he bounces on his seat. His eyes widen as the carriage draws to a halt.

He sticks his head out of the window. Sees the driver lying face down on the ground.

A whistling noise a few feet away makes Jessop look up.

An arrow hits him square between the eyes. The book falls from his hand to land beside the dead driver.

A young slender hand missing two fingers picks it up.

INT. DELOISE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grand and plush.

The same hand, now marked with liver spots and wrinkled skin grips the book. It belongs to CARSWELL, a very old man in a nightgown in a four poster bed.

His breaths are shallow, his face pale.

JENNA watches him from near the door. She's almost 5, freckled and wears a pretty blue dress. Her hair is tied in pigtails.

Carswell opens his mouth to speak... But just a moan escapes him. With a pained expression he offers Jenna the book.

She moves toward him. As she takes the book from his grasp he breathes his last.

EXT. PRIVATE PLANE - FLYING OVER BUENOS AIRES - DAY

Swimming pools and mansions dot the grassy hills below.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - LATER

The plane's engines wind down. Four people emerge.

EXT. DENSE RAINFOREST - DAY

JUAN leads along an overgrown track, close behind is MARCUS. Both are mid 20s, big and in army fatigues. They hack away with machetes to clear a path.

FRANCIS follows them. He's in his 50s, hiking boots and civilian clothes. His face is old before its time.

Jenna is dressed like him. The pigtails are gone, but the freckles are still there, even though she's now 40.

All four wear bulging backpacks and have rifles slung over their shoulders.

Jenna studies a compass. It spins wildly. Francis sees this. His eyes widen.

JENNA

We're getting close.

Francis nods. They push on through the thick forest.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - LATER

Below a huge waterfall. Lush forest surround it and them.

Juan and Marcus move towards the cave. Night has almost fell.

JENNA

Stop. Get down.

They turn to her and see she and Marcus are crouching low. Then they look back to the cave.

Thousands of bats fly out straight towards them.

They pour out into the night sky. One hits Juan straight in the eye. Blood leaks like tears from it.

The bat lies dazed on the floor near Juan's feet. He picks it up with fury.

As his hands tighten around it he hears a click. Looks up to see Jenna pointing her rifle at his good eye.

JENNA

Don't. Let it go. Now.

He does so, with some reluctance.

JENNA

Wait. And watch.

She crouches down behind some bushes. They do the same. Thousands more bats pour out.

LATER

As the sun falls from view darkness prevails.

Marcus watches Jenna pull the book from her backpack. She flicks through the pages then spots him watching her.

She turns so he can't see the book.

Three tall thin FIGURES appear at the cave entrance from within. They're too far away to be clearly made out. But their hisses and panther like movements scare all four of them. They disappear out in different directions.

JENNA

Make sure you don't run into one of them. Come on.

She leads them into -

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

All four step carefully along a narrow passage. Each has a small but powerful torch.

JENNA

Be careful. Stay on the main path.

Jenna leads, followed by Marcus and Francis. Juan trails behind them. Blood still drips from his eye.

As they turn a corner something high above Juan reaches down fast.

All Juan sees are the shapes of its arms in the shadows. Its teeth glint for a split second.

The other three only get to hear his scream as it drags him up with astonishing speed.

They flash their torches back to where he stood. Both men grip their rifles. It's gone. So has Juan.

All three jump when Juan's rifle lands on the floor. They look up to see a dark hole in the ceiling of the passage.

Another scream. But this one is high above - and far away.

JENNA

Nothing we can do for him now.

She carries on down the passage.

Marcus shines his torchlight up into the hole.

He glances at Francis. Both men try to hide their fear. They don't succeed. They follow Jenna, with slow careful steps.

INT. WHIRLPOOL CAVERN - LATER

The rush of water is deafening. Jenna enters alone.

The cavern is almost spherical. Water jets in through dozens of openings high above. Light shines in from straight above.

The bottom of the cavern swirls round, forcing the water into a fast moving vortex. Jenna peers down into it as Francis and Marcus enter. They watch her with disbelief as she moves to the edge. She glances back.

JENNA

We go down there. You coming?

Marcus looks down then back to her.

His head shakes slowly. Francis does the same.

JENNA

Shame. You came all this way and you'll never get to know.

She breathes in - prepares herself. She jumps.

Both men gasp as they watch her hit the water then disappear.

Francis looks up, blesses himself then dives in after her.

Marcus is left alone. He glances round.

A hissing behind him makes him turn. Before he too can jump he's yanked into the shadows. He screams.

INT. CAVE - UNDERWATER - MINUTES LATER

Jenna is thrust down by the current.

Her head bangs onto rocks. Blood drifts away from a deep cut. Her eyes close, body becomes limp.

Many seconds pass as the current drags her along. Her wound keeps bleeding. Her eyes stay shut.

Marcus grabs her. Pulls her upward.

INT. SMALL CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Jenna lies unconscious on the rock beside the water - flowing calmly both in and out.

Thin shafts of light pour in from above.

Marcus thumps on her chest then blows into her mouth. He repeats it. Thumps harder. Tries again. Nothing. She's gone.

He puts her on her side. Reaches into her backpack. Finds the book sealed in a plastic case.

He pulls it out. Uses his torch to scan the pages then the walls. He spots a passageway at the far end of the cave.

Puts the book in his backpack then heads for the exit.

Just as he reaches it a bullet slams into the wall right beside his head.

He freezes. Puts his hands up.

JENNA

Bring it back.

He takes off his backpack. Reaches into it. Pulls out the book. He holds up for her to see. She lowers her gun.

Marcus takes a chance. He's about to drop the book.

Instead he turns and dashes into the dark passageway.

JENNA

No!

She fires several times into the passageway. Chases in after him.

DARK PASSAGEWAY

Jenna enters - flashes the torch around the narrow walls.

No sign of Marcus. She hurries on.

ROPE BRIDGE

Marcus dashes at speed from the passageway onto it.

Gasps as he looks down. Bubbling lava flows hundreds of feet below him. He shields his face as he hurries across to the other side.

THE DOORWAY

Marcus steps off the bridge to see something he did not expect.

A huge pair of metal doors in front of him. To the left of them are three ornate wooden levers.

He flicks through the book with speed.

Finds a drawing of the levers.

His lips move as he tries to memorise the sequence.

He closes his eyes as he goes through it again.

Turns back to hear footsteps getting louder.

He pulls the middle lever. Then the left.

His hand is on the right when -

JENNA

Stop!

She's halfway across the rope bridge.

JENNA

The book lies. You have to know how to read it.

Marcus sneers as he pulls down on the lever. He grins as the sound of heavy cogs turning and metal cables stretching fills the air.

His grin disappears as the floor beneath him disappears.

He drops. Straight down into the molten lava.

A brief scream and a puff of smoke.

The floor rises back up and the levers reset.

The book lies on the floor just millimetres from where the trapdoor gave way.

Jenna picks it up. She clutches it to her chest.

JENNA

I told him.

She pulls the levers in reverse order.

The huge doors grind as they open.

THE RED ROOM

A vast cavern full of obscene and cruel HiBosch like paintings cover the walls and ceiling.

In the centre is a simple wooden chair. A big one.

The BEAST sits on it.

It has the legs of a goat, the upper body of a man - and the face of a horned devil. Its eyes are closed. It lies slumped to one side.

Jenna glances around as she enters. Under her breath -

JENNA

This wasn't in the book. I don't know what to do next.

A strange look crosses her face. It turns mischievous.

She steps with trepidation towards the Beast.

Once she reaches its cloven hooves it thrusts a hand forward - two of its fingers are missing.

She places the book in its hairy hand.

The Beast hisses. Breathes fire onto Jenna. She screams as it burns her to a crisp. She collapses onto the floor. A plume of smoke rises from her blackened corpse.

The Beast clutches the book to its chest. Looks up as quiet footsteps get closer.

A skinny TEENAGER, naked apart from a loincloth, steps confidently into the room toward the Beast.

In one hand he grips a large sword. In the other a plain small metal box.

The Beast places the book in the box with care. The Teenager closes it. With Jenna's voice the Beast mouths 'Bring it back'.

FADE OUT.

