BLACKWOOD

Written by

Edhughes60

(c) Copyright 2013

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNNY HILLS SANATORIUM. NIGHT

A long abandoned medical facility looming tall against the blackness of night. Fenced in, neglected and forgotten. Its foundation CREAKS and shattered windows SLAM open and shut, carried upon a heavy Autumn breeze, like an ominous melody.

Just beyond the fence, a HOODED FIGURE looks on, studying the structure with a somewhat detached interest.

HOODED FIGURE So this is the place huh? (sarcasm) Awesome. Just. Awesome.

He lowers his hood revealing a shock of shaggy brown hair and tired eyes.

He is NATHANIEL BLACKWOOD, early 20s, a jaded and long-winded young man who in his short years has seen his fair share of battle, whether he wanted it or not.

NATHANIEL (HOODED FIGURE) You know the last place was a strip club.

Seated at Nathaniel's feet and the recipient of his unneccesary chatter: LUNA, a black Bombay shorthaired cat.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) I would enjoy this so much more if they suddenly decided to try and enter our world through strip clubs. You would think it would be easier for them with the amount of debauchery that goes on in those places.

Nathaniel approaches the fence. Attached to it a sign, "SUNNY HILLS SANATORIUM" with the words "STAY AWAY" written over it with graffiti.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) Than again for many it's Heaven on Earth, so...

Nathaniel peers back at Luna, her big yellows eyes stare back.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) Alright, alright I'm going. You coming this time?

Luna licks her paws, content with remaining where she is.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) God your such a pussy.

Nathaniel grins, pleased with himself. Luna doesn't acknowledge him.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) Most Familiars would have enjoyed that clever little quip.

Nathaniel moves the gate and crosses the property.

ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Thunder CRACKS and echoes as Lightning cuts a swathe across the sky. Nathaniel looks up.

NATHANIEL Yep. Just what this night was missing.

Nathaniel passes through a marble archway which leads him to a pair of large wooden doors. He places a hand upon it.

QUICK FLASH:

A ghastly face enveloped in shadow. yellow eyes, piercing and demonic.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (hissing) Blackwood.

BACK TO NATHANIEL:

Nathaniel pulls away and steps back abruptly, as though he were pushed. He peers back at Luna, brow furrowed. She stares back, at attention. She felt it too.

Nathaniel places both hands on the double doors, one on each. Nothing this time. He takes a deep breath for his nerves.

NATHANIEL

Here goes nothing.

He pushes them open. They GROAN as they reveal...

INT. SUNNY HILLS SANATORIUM - ATRIUM. NIGHT

A vast open space left in disarray, ravaged by the hands of time. Chairs and desks rot and decay. The moonlight shines through what remains of a large shattered skylight, glass still scattered across the floor. A ghostly image of what it once was.

Nathaniel steps inside, glass CRUNCHES beneath every step. He stops in the center of the room. Peers up through the skylight. Then down at the floor.

NATHANIEL

A good a spot as any.

Nathaniel uses his foot to clear an area of the floor, beneath the moon's light, of glass and debris.

SLAM! The double doors swing closed with force...

...CLICK! The audible sound of a lock follows...

... Child's LAUGHTER comes and goes from every direction. Nathaniel grins knowingly.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) Nice of you to join me.

In the cleared area, Nathaniel draws a large and intricate pentagram on the floor. Finishes it with a lone straight line in the center and stands on it.

Nathaniel presses his palms together in prayer, inhales deep and exhales slow, and starts chanting beneath his breath...

... The line comes to life as it opens to take the shape of an eye. It begins to glow in a bright searing light...

... The light surges outward, through the drawn lines until it fills the pentagram entirely. There is more to Nathaniel than meets the eye.

A WOMAN'S ghostly SCREAM erupts in the air ...

... Child's LAUGHTER echoes...

... WHISPERS climb to a crescendo...

... SHADOWED FIGURES scurry along the outskirts of the room ...

... The WHISPERS now SCREAMS...

... Nathaniel continues, undeterred. His eyes flick open.

The light of the pentagram lows to a dim pulse. The room goes silent.

Nathaniel scans his surroundings.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) Where are you?

A low RUMBLE, then the ground starts to TREMBLE. Everything shakes, the building GROANS and CRACKS. But this isn't an earthquake. This is something else.

A deep, unnatural GROWL fills the room.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D) REVEAL THYSELF!

It passes. More silence.

DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE (O.S.) As you wish.

Nathaniel turns to the voice behind him: A MALE FIGURE, hidden within the shadow, its crimson eyes piercing into the night and locked on him.

The Male Figure begins to circle the room. Nathaniel turns to follow.

MALE FIGURE (DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE) You are brave human.

NATHANIEL Well my furry little friend tends to call it something else.

The Male Figure stares at the pentagram.

MALE FIGURE That's quite the little magic trick you possess Warlock. You are...capable. But your magic will fail you here today.

Nathaniel looks down at the pentagram.

NATHANIEL

What? This lil' ole thang. I just pulled this *little trick* out of my ass to help keep a much needed distance between you and I. Think supernatural restraining order.

The disembodied Male Voice chuckles.

MALE FIGURE You are smart to do so.

NATHANIEL

I certainly hope you weren't basing your assessment on what I'm *capable* of off this thing. Cause if you were, then what I'm about to do to you next is gonna blow your mind.

The Male Figure stops at his words. Sniffs the air deep - all its scents - then continues walking.

MALE FIGURE Your scent is...familiar.

He disappears behind a pillar.

NATHANIEL Okay well that's creepy.

DISEMBODIED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) Yes, this is not the first time I have come across one of your bloodline.

Nathaniel turns to the voice behind him: A FEMALE FIGURE within the shadow, those familiar crimson eyes gazing upon him.

FEMALE FIGURE (DISEMBODIED FEMALE VOICE) You are Lineage. You are a Blackwood.

NATHANIEL

In the flesh.

The Female Figures moans in delight.

FEMALE VOICE I love Blackwoods. So succulent, so juicy. (MORE) FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D) Your Great Grandfather was particularly pleasing to the tongue. I would very much like to play with you.

NATHANIEL Well I aim to please.

DISEMBODIED VOICES (0.S.) (*in unison*) Yes let us play.

TO Nathaniel's left: TWO SMALL FIGURES, holding hands in shadow, with the same Crimson eyes.

NATHANIEL Even creepier.

DISEMBODIED VOICE Yes let us play.

Another FIGURE with crimson eyes to his right ...

... Another behind him ...

... two more near the double doors...

...more and more till only crimson eyes fill the shadows...

... their unified voices now a ROAR:

COLLECTIVE DISEMBODIED VOICES Yes let us play!

Their bodies shatter into sentient columns of ash. They circle the room, clashing with each other, weaving into one giant vortex.

It swirls around the pentagram, Nathaniel caught in its immense power. He drops to a knee but holds his ground.

The vortex disperses, back into single columns of ash. They continue to encircle the pentagram before slamming together upon the floor into a single, formless shape. Then a SMALL FIGURE emerges, crimson eyed, its voice a collection of many:

SMALL FIGURE Yes. Let us play.

NATHANIEL Who are you? You aren't the one I saw at the door.

SMALL FIGURE

You. I. Me. Such words do not apply. No, you inquire incorrectly. We. Who we are.

The Small figure steps into the light: a HANDSOME YOUNG BOY, dressed in his Sunday best.

LEGION

We are Legion. For we are many.

The hair on Nathaniel's neck stands on end at the name. He knows it well.

LEGION (CONT'D) What? Nothing clever to say now little human.

Legion reaches towards the pentagram. Smoke rises from his finger, seared by the light. He smiles.

LEGION (CONT'D) Your barrier won't hold for long.

NATHANIEL

It isn't meant to.

Nathaniel removes his jacket revealing his arms covered in sigils, symbols, and magic tatoos of every denomination. He is a walking Grimoire.

Nathaniel crosses his open hands, thumb over thumb. On his palms, the pentagram he drew on the floor - half upon each hand, now whole.

Nathaniel slams his hands into the ground. The Pentagram lights up once more, pulsing in waves towards him.

From Nathaniel's hand, black veins make their crawl up his arm. He grits his teeth. Its painful. Intense.

They reach the base of his neck and course there way to his eyes. He closes them. Legion observes.

Nathaniel pulls his hands away violently, releasing a burst of energy in all directions. He rises.

Nathaniel's breath shudders as he regains control, fists clenched tight. Supernatural adrenaline courses through his body.

Nathaniel's eyes flick open: black and dilated. Legion grins, impressed.

LEGION Impressive Warlock. It seems I may have misjudged you after all.

Legion bares his claws. Nathaniel steels himself.

LEGION (CONT'D) Now let us begin...

Legion smiles terrifyingly wide, his teeth jagged and razor sharp. The stuff of nightmares.

LEGION (CONT'D) ...Shall we?

CUT TO BLACK.