

Evocation

By

Ben Mears

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[purplehaze.hale01@gmail.com](mailto:purplehaze.hale01@gmail.com)

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Various RITUALISTIC items (chalices, robes, athames etc.) occupy the shelves of this DARK and dinghy basement.

A drawn PENTAGRAM surrounded by candles is situated on the floor; a CLOAKED figure kneels down beside it. Using the athame, he SLICES one of his fingers and squeezes a few droplets of blood into a chalice.

He places the CHALICE in the middle of the pentagram and removes his hood to reveal the feature of a very old, and FRAIL looking MAN.

Rising to his feet, he takes a BOOK from one of the shelves, opens it and places his palm just above it. The pages are worn and BLOODY. We see a picture of a DEMON encased in flames; various inscriptions surround the image.

Eyes closed, he begins to recite a passage.

MAN

'Demones inferni...

The FLAMES from the candles begin to flutter.

MAN (CONT'D)

...voco...

Shelves begin to shake.

MAN (CONT'D)

...istud vas!

The book SLAMS shut and falls to the floor. Some of the candles blow out, leaving part of the basement in pure DARKNESS. Shelves rattle; items fall to the floor. Then, as if hit by some invisible force, the man is sent REELING to the ground, body convulsing and contorting in horrible ways.

After a few seconds this convulsing stops and the man's body becomes rigid. He sits up, slowly. Then, as if being snapped awake, his eyes shoot open, revealing two molten orbs BURNING fiercely.

CUT TO:

EXT.CLUB-NIGHT.

THUMPING techno music blasts from inside the club. A QUEUE of people lines the street. Bouncers stand unperturbed by the begging and pleading from revellers waiting to get in the club.

One of the side doors bursts open and out STUMBLES a guy. JAY, mid-twenties, tall and of an athletic build. ERIC and DAVID, both mid-twenties, follow him closely.

They LAUGH and joke with each other as they walk up the road. Clearly enjoying the after effects of a hard nights partying.

JAY

You guy's go ahead, i gotta' take a piss.

They both MUMBLE something unintelligible as Jay rounds the corner, unzips his pants and takes a piss.

As he finishes up, a HAND falls on his shoulder.

JAY

I said I'd catch you up.

The hand grips down.

JAY (CONT'D)

Dude, I'm trying-

Jay spins around and comes face to face with a cloaked figure. Those two molten orbs still burn fiercely under that hood.

CUT TO:

EXT.STREET-MOMENTS LATER

Both David and Eric sit on a wall under a streetlight. Eric takes a drag of his cigarette.

They both notice Jay walking towards them.

DAVID

Well, look who's decided to join us.

ERIC

What the fuck were you doing down there? You decide to jack off at the same time?

(CONTINUED)

Jay STARES at the both of them, stupefied.

DAVID  
Dude, are you ok?

Jay mumbles something in response.

Eric jumps off the wall and tosses his cigarette.

ERIC  
Come on; let's get you home.

CUT TO:

EXT.HOUSE-NIGHT.

Jay and David walk up the garden path. When they get to the door, Jay FUMBLES in his pocket for a second before fishing out a key.

He opens the door into-

INT.HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The house is pitch black. Eric flicks on a switch and the light illuminates the spacious living area.

ERIC  
You sure you don't want me to stay over tonight? You kinda freaked me out back there.

JAY  
Yeah, honestly, I'm good. Just too much to drink i guess.

ERIC  
OK. I'll see you in the morning?

JAY  
Yeah, see you in the morning.  
Thanks

Eric nods his head then leaves.

Jay moves over to the couch and collapses. He closes his eyes; silence descends upon the house.

But then, a NOISE. Quiet at first, but slowly, steadily building. A THUMPING, rhythmic pounding; almost like a heartbeat.

(CONTINUED)

Jay's eyes flutter open. The noise becomes more PROMINENT, building and building. Jay covers his ears with both hands, trying to block out the noise. The thumping reaches it's crescendo then, as quickly as it began, it STOPS.

Silence.

He stands, his BREATHING becoming more pronounced. He begins to COUGH and splutter, covering his mouth with his hand he notices the blood splattered over his palm. Before he can even react to this, he grips his stomach, his face contorting into pure agony.

He RUNS up the stairs, across the hallway, and into-

INT. BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

He FUMBLES for the light switch; just before reaching the toilet, he VOMITS. A mixture of BLOOD and bile projects from his mouth as he falls to his knees.

When it finally stops he climbs to his feet. He stands precariously, SWAYING back and forth, shaking uncontrollably. He walks over to the mirror. A pallid skinned, sunken-eyed face stares back at him. He looks like death warmed up.

JAY  
(to himself)  
Shit.

He scoops up a few handfuls of cold water and splashes his face. He turns off the tap. As he adjusts the mirror there, for the briefest of moments standing behind him, is:

A FACE. Clawed apart. Two RED eyes burn fiercely in their sockets; rotten skin hangs limply. Evil personified.

Jay LEAPS back. There's nothing there. His breathing becomes uncontrollable as he starts to hyperventilate. He leans against the bathtub, composes himself, slowly bringing his breathing back to normal. Then:

THUD! THUD! THUD!

FOOTSTEPS ascend the stairs. Each step slow and deliberate. Jay stands and backs away from the bathroom door. The footsteps stop, floorboards CREAK, a shadow flickers under the door.

Fingernails begin to SCRATCH at the door, deep and cutting. A rasping, guttural laugh echoes out.

(CONTINUED)

Jay grabs his arm, slides up his sleeve to see three deep GOUGES appearing down his forearm. He screams in agony. He spins around, looks in the mirror as cuts start appearing down his face and neck.

For a second his eyes burn a dark crimson. That guttural, DEMONIC sound again, only this time it's coming from jay. He laughs maniacally.

JAY/DEMON  
YOU BELONG TO ME NOW!

Jay looks down at both his arms, SCRATCHES spider web their way up his forearm, over his neck and up to his temple, BURNING through his skin.

He STUMBLES, regains balance then LUNGES for the door handle, crashing into it and falling thorough into the hallway.

JAY/DEMON  
Where you going, Jay!

Jay crawls across the floor, into-

INT.BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Most of the room is bathed in darkness. One corner is illuminated slightly by the MOONLIGHT. Just above the bed, nailed to the wall, we see a CRUCIFIX.

As if reacting to this, Jay's body begins to break down. He falls to his knees, wails in agony. BLOOD slowly trickles from his eyes.

Despite this he powers on, DRAGGING his body over the floor and up onto his bed. He stands, waivers slightly then lunges for the crucifix. His hand STOPS dead, as if hitting an invisible force field.

JAY/DEMON  
He's not going to help you, jay!

He tries to PUSH through, but it's no use. His arm is rigid, unmoving. Jay drops to his knees, sobbing, defeated.

That laugh. Evil, taunting.

JAY/DEMON  
You're quite the fighter, Jay.  
Don't worry; it will all be over soon.

(CONTINUED)

Jay bows his head; he looks defeated. Then:

JAY  
(breathless)  
Fuck you.

As if a BOLT of electricity just coursed through his body, jay LAUNCHES to his feet and in one-swoop rips the crucifix off the wall. Immediately his palm begins to BURN.

He manages to keep hold of it despite this, pressing it against his chest, charring his skin; blisters begin to form. He writhes around in agony, horrible sounds escaping him.

His body RISES off the bed and CRASHES down, again and again. And then, as if frozen in time, his whole body becomes RIGID in mid air. One last guttural sound escapes him and he comes crashing down on the bed.

He breathes deeply, exhausted . He shakily climbs to his feet, takes a few UNSURE steps then steadies himself against the wall.

Slowly he makes his way to the bathroom. He takes off his top and inspects his body. All the scratches and cuts have disappeared. The CHARRED skin from the crucifix is the only scar that remains.

He runs his hand under the cold water, recoiling from the PAIN. His once pallid complexion now makes way for a more healthy looking hue. He DABS his hand gently with a towel, then DRAGS his feet across the hallway and back into his room.

He stands, staring out of his window, his body SILHOUETTED by the moonlight. The house is eerily quiet. Until:

THUMP!

This time even more pronounced.

FADE TO BLACK: