

The Great Spirit

By

Matías Caruso

matiascaruso32@gmail.com

SHEILA

See?

MEG

I don't like green.

DAN

I'll have that in mind next time
you ask for money.

MEG

Wow. That would have totally shut
me up if you actually had a job.

DAN

Who says I don't?

Sudden silence. Meg and Sheila turn to Dan, who stares back
with an ace-up-the-sleeve smile.

SHEILA

You got the Prism Capital job?

He slides a business card along the table.

Sheila and Meg study it in awe.

It reads: "Dan Hassle - Investment Advisor".

SHEILA

How...?

DAN

I impressed them with a couple of
good calls. They call me "The
Oracle".

Meg and Sheila spring up from their seats and hurry to hug
Dan in celebration.

MEG

Screw the salad, mom. Bring the
champagne.

Sheila goes to get it.

SHEILA

Damn right we'll have some cha --

She's cut short by a SUDDEN PAIN in her throat. She falls to
her knees, red faced, eyes bulging, choking as if an
invisible force was strangling her.

DAN

Sheila?!

Whatever it is, Meg gets it too.

MEG
(choking)
Dad...

Dan whirls around, addressing a presence nowhere to be seen.

DAN
Release them, Zarek!

Meg and Sheila writhe on the floor, GASPING for air.

DAN
Leave them alone! I'll do whatever
you want!

Zarek releases its grip on the women. They cough and gasp, finally able to suck in some air.

LATER

The food on the table is gone. An Ouija-like board takes its place.

Dan, Sheila, and Meg place one finger on the planchette.

Dan, pissed, looks around as he addresses the presence.

DAN
You wanted an altar, we built you
an altar. You wanted prayers, we
gave you prayers. What the hell do
you want now?

The planchette jerks around the board. Moves at lightning speed as it indicates a sequence of letters.

It starts with "H", then "U" --

The pace accelerates. Their eyes try to follow. It's too fast.

With his free hand, Dan grabs a notepad and hurries to write down Zarek's message.

The planchette finally stops moving.

Grim faces turn to the notepad, studying Zarek's demand:

"HUMAN SACRIFICE".

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An alarm clock reads "4:00 AM".

Dan and Sheila lie in bed, eyes open like saucers.

SHEILA
Remember that demonologist we
mailed last month? He mailed back.
Said he might be able to help. He's
not cheap, though.

DAN
On a scale from one to ten, one
being that guy who charged fifty
bucks to bring burning incense, and
ten being that other guy who
charged two grand for exorcising
the house... How expensive is he?

SHEILA
Eleven.

DAN
Sonofabitch.

SHEILA
We have the money.

DAN
And we have a mortgage to pay.

SHEILA
Do you see another option?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Dan and Sheila share the table with MR.SEDWICK (60's), a
scrawny man with a perpetually tired look.

The couple watches as he finishes his glass of juice.

SEDWICK
I assume you already tried moving.

DAN
Three times. But he always follows.
Bastard's got a crush on us.

SEDWICK
A mover, huh? That narrows down the
suspect list. I can help you.

DAN
(ice cold)
We're sure you will.

That's when Sedwick starts feeling dizzy. Very dizzy. He
stares at his empty glass.

SEDWICK
What...?

Dan and Sheila watch, unfazed.

Sedwick hits the floor, the sedative forcing his eyes closed.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sedwick's eyes flutter open. Finds himself in front of the altar, tied to a chair.

Nobody in here but him and Dan... holding a nasty BUTCHER KNIFE.

DAN

I wanted to do this while you were out, but he said I couldn't. Sorry.

He forces himself to raise the knife, ready for the kill.

SEDWICK

(completely calm)

Human sacrifice, huh? That narrows it down even more. Let me guess. Zarek?

Dan freezes, surprised.

SEDWICK

That bastard and me... we go a long way back. I've beat him before. Many times. Bet it all started with strange noises during the night. That's all he could do at first. Bang a few doors, scratch a few windows. But then he started to get stronger, didn't he?

Dan lowers the knife, enthralled.

SEDWICK

You know what makes him stronger? You. He feeds off your servitude. Destroy the altar. Stop the prayers. And he'll move on.

DAN

And we'll never hear from him again?

SEDWICK

Never again.

Dan takes this in, then:

DAN

I believe you.

SWASH! - he STABS Sedwick anyways.

Sacrifice blood trickles down onto the floor, quickly forming a puddle.

Dan yanks the knife out, speaks to Zarek.

DAN

Your turn.

Driven by an invisible force, the blood puddle splits into smaller puddles which then shape into letters and up and down arrows. These are Stock Exchange symbols.

Eyes beaming like he just found gold, Dan takes out his notepad and hurries to write them down. His handwriting morphs into...

INT. DAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

...the exact same symbols flashing across a computer monitor which displays a news trading site.

Dan's greedy eyes savor the Stock Exchange movement.

DAN

Thank you, Zarek, Great Spirit.

FADE OUT.