

Trespass

By

Katherine Parker

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Hushed laughter interrupts the night as airy clouds move across the a three-quarter moon. ANISE, 21, JACK, 23, MARTIN, 19, and ELSA, 20, walk down an unpaved road in pairs.

Jack puts an athletic arm around Anise's slender shoulders and squeezes, a thumb through the strap of the backpack slung over the opposite shoulder. Elsa giggles behind them, holding Martin's hand.

JACK

So this Hyper-gay-um-

Jack pauses and smirks as Elisa snickers against Martin's sleeve.

ANISE

Hypogeum.

JACK

Right, like I said, hypergayum, it's some kind of, like, city of the dead or something? A huge cemetery.

Anise shrugs out of her boyfriend's embrace and checks her flashlight. She secures a filter over the lens, softening the light when she flicks it on.

ANISE

It is a burial place, but not like a cemetery. The burial plots are holes in the walls, and there are rooms that were used for holy rites and stuff.

MARTIN

Like sacrifices?

Elsa gasps and clings to Martin's bicep. Anise hesitates a moment before she answers.

ANISE

No. Well... maybe. I mean, there's no concrete evidence either way, just speculation.

JACK

And your dad has been digging around in there for how long?

(CONTINUED)

ANISE
A couple of years.

ELSA
Creepy.

MARTIN
Is it true what the locals say?
Has your dad ever seen any
suspicious shadows?

Anise checks her flashlight again, fidgeting.

ANISE
No.

The road comes to an end at the top of steps dug from the earth. At the bottom of the steps the darkness grows thicker, only the black cutout of an unprotected door visible.

Anise leads the group down the stairs as Jack falls back. He leans in and whispers something to Martin and Elsa. Elsa giggles and Martin nods.

2 INT. HYPOGEUM ENTRANCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Anise looks around vast entrance chamber filled with doors. She admires the tall, domed ceiling. Detailed scenes struggle not to be worn away by thousands of years of erosion.

Jack and the others slide past her as they feign interest in something near the doorway to the right.

Anise looks after them for an instant, the moonlight from the doorway paints her SHADOW on the wall.

ANISE
Don't touch anything. If my dad
finds out we came down here without
him, we're as good as dead.

Jack's voice filters back to her, his words unintelligible but his tone irreverent.

Anise 's attention is caught by by a painting on the wall ahead of her. She approaches it, immediately drawn in.

As she follows the painting's journey across the wall, her shadow splits and two forms dart away from her. One exits through the door to the left, one to the right.

3 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 1 - NIGHT

Jack drops his backpack and crouches as Elsa and Martin, wielding their own flashlight, walk the length of the swiss cheese walls. Jack unzips the backpack.

MARTIN

Man, this place is fucking creepy.

Elsa breaks away from Martin to peek into a hole. She squeals as her flashlight illuminates a mummified head.

ELSA

Gross!

Jack stands. He is shaking two cans of vivid red spray paint.

JACK

Then let's make it less creepy.

Martin and Elsa each take cans. Jack retrieves another, then turns and scrawls an obscenity over one of the many graves.

A shadow travels quickly across the ceiling.

4 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 2 - NIGHT

Anise trails her fingers over a dusty section of wall before breaking away. In the wake of her touch, sections of drawings are revealed, detailed in scarlet.

She is silent, her attention jumps from the walls to the deceased in their cut-out graves, to a pit in the center of the room .

She steps into the pit.

A slides slowly against one wall.

5 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 1 - NIGHT

Elsa giggles as Martin finishes a crude rendition of male genitalia on a door frame.

ELSA

You're so wrong.

Jack turns to look.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Well, we know he won't be an art major.

Martin pulls a face, then disappears, literally, into the next room. Jack shrugs at Elsa who smirks and follows.

A shadow on the ceiling expands, contracts, and darts into the next room in quick succession.

6 INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Anise runs her hand over the surface of an altar, then shines her flashlight at it. The light reveals carved runes.

A shadow slides from the wall to the floor, then beneath the altar where it can no longer be seen.

7 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

The flashlight illuminates one opening after another. The graves are smaller in this chamber. Each is accompanied by a small ledge.

They hold the degrading remains of dolls and miniature weaponry.

ELSA

Weird. It's a whole room of little kids.

Martin leans in and eyes a small knife. The wooden handle is mostly gone.

Jack plucks a doll from a shelf, dangling by its arms.

JACK

Ohhhh... I bet they were all sacrifices. The more innocent the blood, the stronger the demon.

He tosses the doll in the air by a leg, and catches it by an arm. He lifts the skirt of the tattered dress.

JACK (CONT'D)

Man, these things are crap. I wonder if there's some kid's soul trapped in here. Dance little dead girl, dance.

(CONTINUED)

He laughs as he jerks the doll around. Elsa, disturbed by the show, tries to take the doll from him, but he lifts it out of reach.

Above, the shadow pulses and expands.

ELSA
C'mon, stop that.

She snatches at the doll, again. She manages to grasp its legs. Jack tries to jerk it away and it rips in two.

JACK
Now look what you did.

MARTIN
That's not cool, man.

Elsa stares at the disembodied legs. A spider crawls across her knuckles. She yelps and drops the the doll remains, then stomps on them.

The shadow leaps from the wall and passes through her body, then disappears into the next room.

8 INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Anise looks up from the altar. She turns her head, looking around as though she hears something.

After a moment of visible dis-ease, she turns to leave the way she came.

A shadow slinks from beneath the altar, stalking her feet.

9 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

Elsa shivers as Jack throws his half of the doll onto the floor. She looks around, her brow furrowed.

ELSA
Do you hear that?

Martin is trying to see into a grave.

MARTIN
Hear what?

JACK
Your girlfriend crying like a baby.

ELSA
No. That humming.

She wraps her arms around herself, her eyes moving around the room.

JACK
I don't hear anything.

Martin turns to his girlfriend. She is pale and her teeth chatter.

MARTIN
Are you okay?

Elsa starts to shake her head, but her legs go out from under her. She faints.

Martin rushes forward.

MARTIN (CONT.)
Elsa!

Jack turns to see the commotion. A shadow moves quickly across the wall behind him. He pulls another can of spray paint from his bag.

JACK
Stop being melodramatic.

The shadow leaps, unnoticed, through Martin. His spine goes rigid as it paints itself against the opposite wall, expanding.

10 INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER - NIGHT

Anise passes from one room into another. Her eyes dart from shadow to shadow. They cling to the corners of the rooms and depths of of the graves.

None of them move, but she clutches her flashlight more tightly.

ANISE
Jack? Martin?

She moves through another door.

A shadow slinks closer.

The humming from earlier grows subtly louder.

11 INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER 2 - NIGHT

Anise's flashlight illuminates the floor, then the walls. Buried beneath layers of dust are paintings. The reds and blacks are particularly vivid.

ANISE

Elsa? Guys?

The shadow reaches toward her heels, just inches away.

12 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

Jack is scrawling obscenities over a grave. A shadow leaps across the wall. He jumps back.

JACK

What the hell? Stop playing with the flashlights.

He returns to his vandalism. Another shadow darts across the wall.

JACK (CONT'D)

I said cut it the fuck out.

He turns. Martin is slumped over Elsa. Both are motionless.

A shadow suddenly moves over them. When it moves away, they disappear.

13 INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

Anise enters another room. Her flashlight passes over a STATUE, throwing a shadow against the far wall. She screams, startled.

The shadow behind her disappears.

The humming continues to increase in volume.

14 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

Jack drops the aerosol can and bolts for the door.

Many shadows appear along the wall. They give chase.

15 INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

Anise shines her light at the base of the statue, moving it upwards. The light reveals cloven feet, the edges sharply down-turned over the edge of the statue's base.

Above them are bull-like legs and a broad, heavily-furred human torso. Vast wings stand in place of arms, the tips adorned with vicious claws.

Finally, the light reveals a lion's head, complete with a massive mane.

The statue fills the chamber.

The humming is almost deafening.

16 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

Jack races through the burial chamber. The shadows appear to be closing in on him, until-

Jack reaches the doorway into the next chamber. The shadows disappear.

17 INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

The humming grows still louder. Anise drops her flashlight to cover her ears.

On impact with the ground, the flashlight flares. Dozens of Shadows converge at once on the statue, then-

Darkness, and-

Silence.

18 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 1 - NIGHT

Jack slows. He stops, crouches and braces his hands on his knees, and pants.

He starts to laugh hysterically, then straitens, striding through the darkness with an unsteady swagger.

19 INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

The flashlight flares back on, blinding light filling the room. It begins to flicker, making the shadow of the statue dance against the wall behind it.

Anise stares wide-eyed and frozen for an instant, then turns and runs.

ANISE

Jack!

20 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 1 - NIGHT

Jack passes an obscene word painted in red spray paint. It drips down the wall. He does not notice.

21 INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Anise runs around the altar.

ANISE

Jack!

22 INT. HYPOGEUM ENTRANCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Jack strides into the room and turns toward the entrance. Moonlight washes over his face.

ANISE (O.S.)

Jack!

Jack is walking toward the entrance. He turns to see Anise barrel into the room. A strange smirk contorts his features.

JACK

(Devoid of emotion) I was going to leave you.

Anise falters and stops. Jack's eyes are empty.

ANISE

What?

JACK

I was going to leave you, when we got back to the states. You're such a fucking snob.

(CONTINUED)

Anise stares, aghast. Jack turns back to the entrance. He takes a single step forward.

A shadow appears, filling the door. For a moment it shudders, then lunges. It surrounds Jack, constricting as he screams.

ANISE

Jack!

Anise rushes forward, then stops. She watches the shadow tighten its grip. The sounds of bone cracking fill the chamber. Jack writhes in agony.

The shadow enlarges, stretching toward the ceiling, then lunges forward with a sound that resembles a roar. It encompasses Jack's head, then disappears.

Jack's body, his head unaccounted for, sinks to the floor. His blood spreads toward Anise's feet, black.

She looks up as the moonlight is blocked, again. In the doorway stands a BEAST, the living form of the statue below.

BEAST

Only the pure may trespass. Only
the passed may linger.

The beast disappears. A cloud passes over the moon, then lights Anise's face.

23 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

An abandoned flashlight flickers, illuminating graffiti and the discarded remains of a doll.

24 EXT. HYPOGEUM STEPS - NIGHT

Anise is halfway up the steps, bathed in moonlight. She stops, turns partially, and looks over her shoulder. Her shadow stretches down the steps and reaches out to the doorway.

25 INT. BURIAL CHAMBER 3 - NIGHT

The flashlight continues to flicker. The graffiti is gone. The doll, whole again, sits on its shelf.

Shadows dance against the walls.