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This is an excerpt from a dark fantasy/horror story I wrote about an Old Testament god, Kemosh, being freed from his prison by modern day followers. At its core, it is a what if story. What if the gods referenced in the Old Testament were real? What if they were imprisoned? What if their cults survived and are waiting for the chance to free them?

Nathan Front is a Philadelphia police detective. What follows is our introduction to his character and the crisis he faces.

NIGHTMARE -

FLOATING OVER A ANCIENT CITY-SCAPE -

Fires in the night. Hundreds of fires illuminate the landscape.

The sun begins to rise over the charred remains of a stone city.

KEMOSH (V.O.)

I come from a world which no longer exists. Your world is much more inviting. I will make it mine.

The stone city morphs into modern Philadelphia.

EXT. - SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA - SUNSET

A gaggle of children run from house to house playing tag and kickball.

JAKE

Hey - let's see if Michael's home.

Jake rushes up the front walk and rings the doorbell.

No answer.

A man - NATHAN FRONT - stands watching the children as they peer in the windows. The house is dark.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Maybe he's at soccer.

LISA

Maybe they're in back.

The gang runs up the driveway to the backyard.

VARIOUS KIDS

Hey - Mike! Michael - you home?

Rushing alongside the fence - a strobing view of the backyard takes shape.

LISA

What's that?

Something is piled on a trampoline. There is smoke.

They peer through the fence.

Nathan is behind them - watching.

INSERT -

A CHILD'S HAND - all that is left of Michael - dangles over the side of the trampoline.

Lisa SCREAMS.

Crane up and dive into the ground.

Through the dirt.

Past sewage lines.

Into and out of the bedrock - landing in a large underground network of tunnels.

Nathan Front stands alone in the dark.

A Caligari nightmare world of silhouettes - shadows flowing within shadows.

KEMOSH (O.S.)

My children make themselves
beautiful for me.

The tunnels are filled with crazed individuals, cutting themselves and others, writing on the walls with blood.

Extreme bodymodification. Painful, perverse, disturbing.

We float through the tunnels watched by all until we see a giant stone dwelling carved from the wall of a cavern.

It is no human dwelling and is made for inhabitants of a different kind all together.

Alone in front of this monstrosity is Nathan Front.

He looks around confused.

FRONT

What are you showing me?

KEMOSH (O.S.)

Enter my house, Captain.

INT. - UNDERGROUND - MARQUAND PALACE -

Nathan Front walks alone through the stone fortress wondering at its dark vastness.

Slaves toil in the darkness. All shadows. All lost.

The house is alive.

Designed to feed a great beast.

In the shadows - on a great throne the beast waits for him.

We cannot see its massive form - but it ripples in the shadows - KEMOSH.

The throne is reminiscent of The Marquand Hotel exterior.

KEMOSH

Nathaniel -

Front takes a few steps back.

FRONT

What are you?

A SOUND intrudes and grows steadily LOUDER.

KEMOSH

I am what I was.

RINGING.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

Hello

FRONT

What does that mean?

KEMOSH

Idee Fix.

(rising)

Answer the telephone, Nathaniel.

Front stares up into the vast darkness, trying to see it's face.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

Nathan -

KEMOSH

We will talk later - you and I.

NATHAN

Who are you?

KEMOSH

I will not give you that power.

INT. - NATHAN FRONT'S HOUSE - NIGHT -

Front sits up in bed and takes the phone from his wife.

FRONT (O.S.)

Front. Wha - Right - on my way.
Give me 15-20 minutes.

SOUND of phone hanging up.

DOROTHY FRONT

Don't tell me.

Nathan rolls over and kisses her on the cheek.

FRONT

Multiple homicide.

DOROTHY FRONT

Didn't need to know that. I'll
make you some coffee.

FRONT

Thanks.

INT. - HALLWAY - FRONT'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT -

Dressed - Captain Nathan Front groggily makes his way through his house, pausing to look in on his three sleeping children.

Dorothy brings him his coffee.

He kisses her and leaves.

EXT. - FRONT'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT -

Front pulls out of the driveway.

We see that his house is MICHAEL'S HOUSE.

EXT. - STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA - SAME NIGHT -

Front drives.

The streets are deserted.

The glows of numerous fires dot the horizon.

FRONT

What the hell?

EXT. - SUBURBAN BACKYARD - NIGHT -

Captain Nathan Front enters the crime scene.

A uniformed police officer greets him.

FRONT

What do we got?

OFFICER

They're everywhere - all over the city.

FRONT

What are?

OFFICER

Kids - burnt alive.

FRONT

Sweet Jesus. How many?

OFFICER

Nearly 30, but reports keep coming in.

EXT. - VICTIM'S BACKYARD -

Front supervises a FORENSICS TEAM as they pick through the remains of what looks like a SACRIFICIAL ALTAR on which the charred remains of a child rest.

All work stolidly at their grim chore.

DETECTIVE STEVE BURLESON walks to Front.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

What do you make of it?

Front shakes his head and looks back at the boy.

FRONT

What the hell do you think I make of it?

DETECTIVE BURLESON

How many does this make?

FRONT

Central says 34 - so far.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

Well right here, we've got no signs of forced entry; no trace of a struggle of any kind, and nothing is missing.

Front says nothing.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

I think the parents did it.

FRONT

Bully for you.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

Hey, if you don't want my input

-

FRONT

(an old joke between
friends)

I never want your input.

Front pats him on the back and the two laugh.

FROM BEHIND -

A FORENSIC TECH interrupts.

FORENSIC TECH

Captain - take a look at this.

Front and Burleson walk to the altar.

The tech points to a CLAY TABLET in the ashes.

FORENSIC TECH

We've got reports of similar
tablets at the other sites.

Front peers in at the tablet.

FRONT

There's some writing or something
on it.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

What is it?

TECH

I don't know. It looks like some kind of code.

FRONT

Yeah, it's writing of some kind. Old - I'm betting. Run copies of it past the universities and the museum. Looks like we got ourselves a cult.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

(looking at the house)

Yeah, a yuppie one.

FRONT

Could you be more unfunny?

A UNIFORMED OFFICER walks up.

DETECTIVE BURLESON

Oh yeah - a lot more.

COP

Press is here.

FRONT

Christ on a stick.

End excerpt