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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?

Rebecca and Joshua are members of group that call themselves The Moorlocks. They are urban explorers, spelunkers in the forgotten and abandoned places of modern society. They have been sent ahead to scout the safest paths for their group.

BENEATH

Suddenly silence.

Joshua and Rebecca turn along a hallway.

The hallway dead ends - a black hole.

Moles (people who live underground) appear behind them. They are twisted men who have deformed themselves via ritual scarification in service of their god.

REBECCA

Where'd they come from?

Forward is the only option.

They hesitate then move forward into the black and emerge into a vast cavern.

The cavern is impossible. The walls go up for thousands and thousands of feet.

Mist hangs in the air.

A path leads from the Marquand house to the floor of the cavern running circular around the walls.

The place feels older than time.

It is deathly quiet in the hallway.

JOSHUA

I don't think this is the service tunnel.

REBECCA

No.

JOSHUA

I mean - this can't be here.

REBECCA

How far you think it goes up?

JOSHUA

A few thousand feet - at least.

REBECCA

Right. How far down are we?

JOSHUA

Three maybe four hundred feet - at most.

The moles are in the doorway.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Down it is.

On the stairs there is a wind - yet the mist floats undisturbed in the air.

The wind roars. And, within the sound of the wind are voices. Primordial voices chanting. We can make out only one word of their forgotten tongue - Kemosh.

The wind dies as they descend.

Dimly - through the mist they can see light.

The light takes shape and form - the outline of an ancient house grow more and more clear the further down they go.

The only light in the cavern comes from cracks in the house and from the mist itself.

The Moles move onto the staircase.

As they near the bottom - a house is completely visible. And, behind the house a black pool. It is an all encompassing black - smooth as glass but not reflective.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

It's a fucking house. What is a house doing down here.

Joshua takes pictures with a digital camera.

Something stirs just beneath the surface of the black pool.

It just breaks the surface without causing ripples. It seems a formless malevolence.

The guardian's house sits - light peering from crevices in the walls of the ancient structure.

Fearing the wind-voices they rush to the house. The door is unlocked.

INT. - GUARDIAN'S HOUSE -

Just inside the door - waiting for them - is a young man whose eyes bore at them from a shock of hair - Robert Marquand.

He sighs, relieved and looks up.

MARQUAND

God be praised.

Suddenly, Marquand's hand shoots out, and he grabs Rebecca.

MARQUAND (CONT'D)

Inside, now!

Tentacles explode from the black pool and seize five moles who had appeared in the darkness.

Joshua stands slack jawed as the rest of what he knows as reality disappears.

Moles rush from the darkness with torches.

A mass of tentacles explodes from the pool, devouring the moles - who can be seen dying with in the mass as cilia rip them to pieces.

Ameboid like - it moves through the moles.

The mass makes it way to the terrified Joshua and "looks" him over.

A mole tries to run - the mass grabs it, "forgetting" about Joshua.

Using the last bit of energy he has, Joshua races for the house.

INSIDE

Joshua careens into the far wall as Marquand slams the door shut.

MARQUAND

Are you injured?

JOSHUA

(in shock)

Huh?

MARQUAND

Are you hurt in anyway? They will want your blood for the demon.

JOSHUA

(shaking his head)
Demon? And, the monster - out there
- what was it?

MARQUAND

Mesha, son of Kemoshmelek, the king of
Moab, the Dibonite and high priest of
the subduer.

JOSHUA

Yeah - and now?

MARQUAND

An abomination twisted by the demon to
serve him.

JOSHUA

Oh boy.

REBECCA

You don't believe that do you?

JOSHUA

Did you *not* see the big tentacle
monster?

MARQUAND

The creature serves me now as it will
serve you.

REBECCA

Come on - we have to get out of here.

JOSHUA

I'm not going anywhere for a minute.
(to Marquand)
Serve me?

REBECCA

Come on, we have to get out of here.

MARQUAND

You'll be dead before you take your
first step out that door.

Rebecca just looks at him.

MARQUAND (CONT'D)

They - those people out there - they
want your blood.
(to Rebecca)
And, you - you're just in the way.

JOSHUA

For the demon.

MARQUAND

Demon god. They need your blood to free him.

REBECCA

This is -

MARQUAND

The truth. Now, sit down - both of you.

AN EXTENDED BATTLE IS FOUGHT AROUND THE BLACK POOL AND ON THE SURFACE. DURING THE BATTLE MARQUAND IS GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED. THE CHARACTER OF BARKER IS A PROFESSOR WHO HAS RECOGNIZED THE TRAITS OF THE KEMOSH CULT IN THE KILLINGS FROM SAMPLE 1.

WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE AFTERMATH OF THE BATTLE -

IN THE CAVERN -

Nathan Front and Barker leading the SWAT Team and the Moorlocks burst in and dispense with the Moles.

The cavalry to the rescue, dispersing the savages.

Rebecca is grateful.

Joshua is ecstatic.

Marquand is fading fast.

The creature is nowhere to be seen. This terrifies Marquand. He is not afraid for himself. He is afraid from the world.

MARQUAND

Something is wrong. This should not be.

Barker speaks with Marquand.

Front and the SWAT Team fan out. The moles are gone.

The Moorlocks walk around with the Team - amazed at the size of this impossible cavern.

Joshua and Rebecca stand looking at the black pool.

JOSHUA

What do you think?

REBECCA

It's too much.

JOSHUA

Do you think there's really a god down there?

She moves closer to him.

Behind the Moorlocks and Swat team more Moles appear - savage looking men who have altered themselves via ritual scarification.

The Moorlocks draw long knives.

Rebecca leans into Josh.

REBECCA

I love you.

She is holding a knife like the Moorlocks.

The Moorlocks stab the Swat Team in the back and allow the moles to descend on them.

Front and Barker run around the house to the pool.

Rebecca kisses Joshua on the cheek from behind and then slits his throat with the knife.

FRONT

No!!!!

Barker collapses.

Candle takes a huge spear and shoves it in Marquand's chest.

Joshua turns - unbelieving - to Rebecca. Blood pours down his chest.

He mouths the word, "Why?"

REBECCA

He needs you.

Joshua's eyes go wide.

He looks to the pool.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You are blessed.

She shoves him into the pool.

Front rushes to the two but is too late.

Rebecca collapses - shattered.

Front falls to his knees not believing what he has seen.

The Moorlocks and moles surround them.

BELOW -

Joshua slithers out of a glistening black wall and slides to the floor.

He is bleeding out rapidly.

The ceiling is dominated by a giant black pool - the black pool.

The walls are covered in Kabbalistic symbols.

In the center - on a throne sits a shriveled cadaver - Kemosh

Alone, terrified and dying - Joshua is unable to speak. He tries to call of help but rasps. Blood froths from his mouth.

KEMOSH

She severed your vocal cords - no matter.

A shadow moves over him.

KEMOSH (CONT'D)

I will repair them when I wear you.

Joshua pathetically tries to escape, scurrying backwards.

The shadow falls on him and we hear the ripping of flesh and Joshua's gurgled screams.

IN THE CAVERN -

NATHAN

I don't understand.

CANDLE

So?

NATHAN

(to Rebecca)

How could you do that?

Rebecca is no longer there mentally. She is shattered.

BARKER

She has freed him.

NATHAN

Who?

BARKER

Kemosh. She has made the final sacrifice necessary to free him.

NATHAN

Joshua

BARKER

In part.
(to Candle)
But the pain - after - is the true
sacrifice, right?

CANDLE

Murder is not sacrifice.

NATHAN

Why aren't we dead?

BARKER

We're here to bear witness.

NATHAN

To -

KEMOSH

Me.

The Moorlocks prostrate themselves.

Barker staggers.

NATHAN

Joshua?

Kemosh stands, wearing Joshua's skin. It rides uneasily on
whatever is beneath.

BARKER

No - not Joshua.

Kemosh walks to Rebecca and kneels in front of her.

He kisses her forehead leaving a bloody mess.

She watches like a wounded animal.

KEMOSH

Hers was a true sacrifice.

He faces the Moorlocks.

KEMOSH (CONT'D)

Who else among you will give yourselves
to me?

They look at him and crawl forward.

KEMOSH (CONT'D)

Good.

They begin to change - becoming wrong things.

Agony - blood - black ooze - roots erupt from their mouths and eyes.

Several fall onto each other and merge.

Kemosh turns to Barker.

KEMOSH (CONT'D)

You.

Barker stumbles backwards wildly. Terrified. On the verge of insanity.

He falls over a Moorlock, jerking away with a yelp.

KEMOSH (CONT'D)

You wanted knowledge.

Barker sighs - relieved. Then -

BARKER

No -

His skin ripples.

BARKER (CONT'D)

No!
(to Nathan)
Shoot me.

Front is paralyzed with fear.

Barker changes - grows mouths and tentacles as he begins to devour himself. Awake and alert the entire time.

He screams in pain then sobs.

Kemosh turns from him and walks away.

He leaves and the moles and what the Moorlocks have become follow.

Barker flops on the ground trying to scurry away from them as they kick at him when they walk by.

BARKER (CONT'D)

Nathan -

When they are gone, Nathan kneels by Rebecca.

NATHAN

Let's go.

He picks her up.

Barker slithers towards him, an unclean thing.

BARKER

Help me. Please.

Something eats his eye.

Front shoots him in what is left of his head.

Barker doesn't die.

BARKER (CONT'D)

Oh, God - No! Please.

Front leads Rebecca away.

BARKER (CONT'D)

Don't leave me!

FRONT

I'm sorry.

BARKER

Please. No!!!!

IN THE PENTHOUSE

A battered and filthy Nathan climbs out of the elevator shaft. He is a tattered broken version of his old self. He helps Rebecca to her feet.

Two monks sit vigil.

The penthouse has been cleaned, cleansed. It has an almost zen quality - a blank expanse marred only by the two monks and the altars in the background.

FRONT

What the -

Instinctively, Front reaches for his gun, but it is not there.

Slowly, he emerges from the shaft - never taking his eyes from the motionless figures.

Then - he sees the window -

A great plane of glass has replaced an entire wall.

Front sees Philadelphia. It has been transformed. Inter-mingled with the familiar is the bizare. Bablyonia and Moabite inspired structures rise and dominate the sky-line.

Giant statues of Kemosh loom over the city.

Front's knees give out.

MONK/BURLESON

You.

The monk looks up - it is Detective Burleson. He has been transformed - tatoos, body modification, etc.

He stands.

MONK/BURLESON (CONT'D)

He rose - while you rotted in that hole
- he rose and revealed himself.

It is too much for Nathan to take in at once. He stares dumbfounded.

MONK/BURLESON (CONT'D)

You could not see him. He sings to me
still in my dreams.

FRONT

How? How long?

MONK/BURLESON

Since you burrowed underground? 7
years.

END EXCERPT