

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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2 INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY - DAY - TITLES OVER

MONTAGE SEQUENCE of many antiquated papers littering a large, wooden desktop. We see overlapping images fading in and out of University degrees in Education, Archeology and Cryptotheology, departmental awards, notes, sketches of odd glyphs, an itinerary, newspaper clippings exalting a group of pioneers, plane and train tickets spanning the hemisphere, photographs of frozen landscapes and strange ruins, more clippings, this time questioning a madman, court transcripts, admittance papers to an asylum and several obituaries. Throughout, we catch glimpses of a circular scroll whose ink refracts light into rainbows.

JUMP CUT TO:

E. C. U. of a staring eyeball as it's startled away. JOSH, a tall, skinny young man wearing a slightly moth-eaten sweater and small, rectangular glasses, jumps at an unexpected hand on HIS shoulder and SHOUT into HIS ear.

ERIC

JESUS, are you fucking catatonic?!

JOSH jumps away from ERIC with a violent start. Free from the pinning of JOSH's hands, the scroll rolls shut into a thick paper cone.

JOSH

(almost only a gasp)

Get outta me!

Steadying HIMSELF on the desktop, JOSH sees a JOVIAL LAD of twenty five; wearing a fanny pack to hide a slight pudge on HIS otherwise well-built torso, clothed in loose fitting cotton sweats, the inside-out top of which bleeds through with the reversed logo for Skookum Community College.

LUCAS, a slightly younger, lanky fellow with a shaved head, wearing a pair of jack boots, a Utilikilt, and a CRAMPS wife beater style T, donned with a backpack, pops out from behind ERIC. THEY stand in a large, private library, next to the desk near an opened wall safe.

LUCAS

(to JOSH)

What did you just say?

ERIC

We've been shouting your name constantly since we left the aviary. Are you deaf?

JOSH

(gathering his focus)
The aviary?

LUCAS

You're dad pointed us this way.
(noticing the room)
It sucks your family has to lose
this place.

ERIC clears HIS throat loudly and gives LUCAS a mean stare.

JOSH

(matter-of-factly)
You rape the land, you rape
yourself. It's our comeuppance.

BEAT.

LUCAS

(noticing the filled
shelves)
Shouldn't this be packed already?

JOSH

(collecting the papers
into a pile)
Just these... heirlooms. And Gram's
personal belongings. The rest goes
with the estate.

LUCAS notices the contents of the desktop, scattered between an antique, custom-made leather case, a wooden box with an unfinished surface and a stack of several old books. LUCAS pokes at a yellowed front page from The Arkham Advisor. It's headline reads, "17 leave, 1 returns". Josh grabs it and begins collecting the others. ERIC picks up a book.

ERIC

Can I look a minute? You know I
love this... yellowed smell.

JOSH

(reluctantly, pointing at
the leather case)
If you do so while it lays on here.
It's 150 years old.

JOSH puts the sheets HE'S collected into the wooden box.

LUCAS

This is soapstone, isn't it?

JOSH turns to see LUCAS picking through a small box of green pebbles. JOSH takes it from LUCAS.

JOSH

Sorry, these are irreplaceable.
A relative found them in the
Antarctic.

ERIC

(still looking at book)
An explorer?

JOSH

Professor.

LUCAS

Are they rare?

JOSH

Precambrian.

JOSH puts the small box into the larger one.

LUCAS

Cause, I know this rock guy...

JOSH

(interrupting)
We can't sell any of this.

LUCAS

How come?

JOSH

It's part of a legacy will. In
fact, this is the first time in
over a century any of this has been
out of the safe.

LUCAS

Why all the secrecy?

JOSH

(beat)
These belonged to a relative who
lost it. It was a big scandal.

LUCAS

So why can't you sell any of it?

ERIC

(interrupting)

You said that's soapstone?

JOSH

(to ERIC)

What?

ERIC

This journal's talking about these things carved from it.

JOSH

(intrigued)

That's a journal?

ERIC

Yeah. They're for this "Locus Membrana Foro" ritual.

LUCAS

Was this guy a Satanist or something?

JOSH

(looking at the page)

He was crazy.

ERIC

May be, but this is amazing. The prose is beautiful.

JOSH sees six drawn illustrations of the heads of fantastic beasts. There is a cone with tubes protruding from it, a star with eyes on each tip, a circle of tentacles, an amalgam of fish and lizard, a tentacled eyeball with wings, and a ropy knot covered with feelers.

ERIC looks at the page as well. LUCAS, seeing no one watching at HIM, takes a cigarette pack from HIS sock and slips a fragment of the soapstone HE palmed, into the wrapper.

ERIC

(pointing at page)

Listen...

(MORE)

ERIC(cont'd)

He's talking about a scroll here...

(in Shakespearean voice)

"Precise be said glyphs,
circumscribed thrice with light,
spaketh in manner so travellers
might be able to cognate the image
therein and thus be bourne passage
whilst kindling said sin".

LUCAS

(to JOSH/motioning to
rolled cone)

Is that the scroll you were just
looking at?

JOSH

(reaching for it, curious)

I don't know.

JOSH unrolls the scroll and looks at it. BEAT.

ERIC

Is it?

JOSH

(staring, trying to mask
HIS wonder)

I think so.

ERIC

(to LUCAS)

Hey, let's perform the ritual as
part of the prank.

LUCAS

Yeah, we can say we're summoning
him with it.

*LUCAS pops the cigarette into HIS mouth, smiling widely. ERIC
grabs it from LUCAS' lips.*

ERIC

(sternly)

You quit.

LUCAS grabs the cigarette and pops it back in.

LUCAS

(sucking on the unlit fag)

I'm not lighting it...

ERIC rolls HIS eyes and takes HIS digital camera from HIS fanny pack.

ERIC

Anyway, ritual... I think it'd make a decent opening for the fall review.

LUCAS

We're a cabaret, not a cult.

ERIC snaps a few pictures of the scroll.

ERIC

Our audience is mature enough.

JOSH

(surprised)

What are you doing?

JOSH rolls the scroll back into a cone. ERIC takes the book from the box.

ERIC

I need a copy for the prop.

JOSH

What prop?

ERIC opens the book on the desktop and starts imaging pages.

ERIC

The prop for the performance.

JOSH

What performance?

LUCAS

The performance we're gonna do with the joke.

JOSH

(growing more confused)

What joke?

ERIC

The Bigfoot joke he and I've been planning for the camp-out. Remember? You don't listen.

(MORE)

ERIC(cont'd)

I wanna do this ritual with Osculum
Infame' and...

(channeling the bard)

..pierce the membrane twixt worlds.

(back to normal voice)

We can practice it this weekend in
the woods. Dillon and Tanya will
love it.

ERIC images another page and closes the book.

JOSH

I'm not even supposed to be looking
at this stuff.

ERIC

Who'll know? We'll say I wrote it.

*ERIC returns the book to the box. JOSH's FATHER, a greying
man in HIS late fifty's, powerful and stern, dressed in a
business shirt and jeans, steps into the doorway.*

FATHER

(to JOSH)

All packed up?

JOSH

(startled)

Yes, sir.

FATHER

Let's start with the mattresses.

(nods to boxes on desk)

You can take that to the bank if
you want. I'll call ahead.

*JOSH's FATHER disappears down the hall. LUKE and ERIC walk to
the door.*

ERIC

(to JOSH)

Anyway, just picture me chanting
like a Gothic lunatic, with Luke
hopping around in a stinky old
coat. It'll be good times.

LUKE and ERIC stop at the door. JOSH is still at the desk.

JOSH

I forgot to do something. I'll be
right there.

ERIC and LUKE leave. JOSH opens the leather case. The inside is sculpted purple velvet with six indentations. Four are empty. Two house statuettes carved from Precambrian soapstone. One, a circle of knots with protruding antennae and the other a star, with an eyeball on each point. HE pauses and carefully lifts the velvet tray revealing another beneath. Each of these indentations are identical. Two of them contain soapstone statuettes, both shaped like human heads.