

NEFARIOUS CATACOMBS

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Revised Draft
November 26, 2018

FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. Muffled angry voices - impossible to make out. A vehicle turns into the driveway, its headlights raking the walls.

LISA, 30, a hot MILF - Mom I'd Like to Fuck, who exudes a manipulative edge, stalks in. Shells and scarfs peanuts.

SEBASTIAN, 21, an ass-faced rat bastard, the epitome of socially awkward, goofily stumbles in after her.

LISA

You should leave - now.

Both jerk at an almost imperceptible noise from the hall.

Lisa and Sebastian exchange a glance. *Uh oh.*

TED, 30s, a bit of the cubby side, but by no means soft. For a moment, Ted's face shows a belligerent, ugly calm.

Ted whacks Sebastian in the jaw, blood trickles from his lips. Sebastian lunges, throwing wild kicks and punches.

Sebastian looks to Lisa for assurance, she isn't so sure. He pummels Ted. Panicked, Lisa desperately looks around.

In the next instant there's a 9MM Glock in her hand. She tosses it to Ted, who squeezes his eyes shut; *fuuuuuuuck* - then the trigger.

Blood spurts from Sebastian's chest. He collapses, DEAD.

Lisa, immediately thinking damage control, turns to --

Ted's out of it -- trouble finding words, not making much sense. Lisa eases the gun from his hand.

LISA

Gimme that before you hurt yourself.

(ushers him out)

Your nitrates, take them. Go.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ted is on his hands and knees vomiting. Done.

He dithers a moment. Shakes his head, *'What a mess'*.

LISA (O.S.)

Come 'ere!

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mid-convo, Lisa and Ted - who pauses to catch his breath, chest heaving. Clearly he got here as fast as he could.

TED

Is he dead?

LISA

You tell me, you're the doctor.

He checks for a pulse - none. Lisa shoots him an *'I told you so' look*. She wraps Sebastian in a blanket.

TED

What're doing?

LISA

What does it look like?!

TED

We've got to call the police.

LISA

And tell them what?

TED

It was self-defense.

LISA

Wanna bet? I'm a lawyer, remember?

Her expression turns homicidal.

LISA

What, you gettin' smart?! You got an attitude?!

TED

No, I -

He drops back into a chair - a slumped posture of defeat.

Lisa clicks on a flashlight. It fizzles on and off. She shakes it. It goes out. *Sonuvabitch*.

LISA

What are you waitin' for? Let's go.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

Blackness. Lisa carries shovels. Only the minimal light from her cellphone guides them. Lisa taps the flashlight against a wall. It relights.

Ted hauls Sebastian towards the car. The trunk's open, shoves him into it. Slams it shut.

EXT. NEFARIOUS CATACOMBS - NIGHT

The whispering wind, a blizzard of dead leaves whirls through the air... *FWIFT... FWIFT... FWIFT...*

A small, neglected GRAVEYARD, overgrown with moss and weeds. Dilapidated wooden tombstones dot the landscape.

They finish shoveling dirt over a freshly-dug grave.

TED

How long?

For a split second, Lisa stonewalls, keeps shoveling:

To Ted's sudden horror, shrill screams fill the air. Ted's EYES, consumed in a growing fear...

TED

What's this place... anyway?

LISA

Uhhh, Nefarious Catacombs. An ancient pauper's field for the indigent, and unknown.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ted scrubs his dirty hands. Guilt weighs on his face.

BIG SHADOW looming. A hand clutches his shoulder -

Ted YELPS, pivots, embarrassed, now pissed. It's Lisa.

An almost imperceptible smile on her face. Almost.

LISA

Ted. My God, you're pale as a ghost. You okay?

He nods, but the look on his face says otherwise.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nightmarish noise stirs Ted awake. Lisa asleep.

TED

What was that? Lisa?

Lisa jerks awake, rubbing her eyes, sighs. Eyeballs Ted who's a nervous wreck. He flicks on a lamp, a creak, as the closet door swings ajar.

He meets her gaze, spooked. A long, haunted silence.

LISA

Go 'head. I'll be right behind you.

Ted takes cautious steps forward - yanks open the closet door. He back peddles, *this can't fucking be happening.*

LISA

Who the fuck are you?

A BLOODY CORPSE walks. Its face bloated and discolored, renders it nearly unrecognizable. Presumably Sebastian.

Behind them, Lisa falls against the doorframe, screams.

Ted hyperventilates - closes his eyes. Opens them.

A DIM flash in the darkness... Sebastian's still there, crazily waving a knife. He lunges at Ted, who clutches his chest and collapses.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Shadowy. Sebastian takes a bite from a partially unwrapped McDonald's cheeseburger.

Lisa undoes his shirt to reveal a discharged blood squid.

LISA

It's nice to have you back amongst the living. You were great. Oscar worthy, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I don't feel great, those blanks hurt. Outside the obvious, give me one good reason why I should go along with this?

LISA

I've got five million. The payout
from his life insurance.

He breaks into a huge puppy dog grin.

An awful smell permeates the air. Lisa sniffs at it.
Her face contorts: "Ewww!" Embarrassed, he sorta laughs.

LISA

Now listen. Once he calms down
he'll want to go back. To make
sure you're dead. The rest of it.
Take it.

He sticks out his tongue - nauseated.

Lisa heaves a belabored sigh.

SEBASTIAN

That stuff's potent. What was it?

LISA

A Haitian "zombie" drug. A
mixture of poison from a puffer
fish and a tree frog. It's been
used by voodoo shamans to "induce"
zombification for hundreds of
years. Uh huh, lowers the pulse
and body temp. Basically, it's a
coma inducing, ticking time bomb.
You fall in, mistaken for dead.
Only later to awaken! But if...

They're interrupted by Ted's sickening guttural sounds.

LISA

Have at, luv. See you later.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

There, on the floor, Ted - his breath coming in short,
tragic gasps. Lisa bends down close to Ted's face and
silently mouths "good-bye."

Palms her cellphone - dials 911, then musters up a
professional actresses' level of hysteria.

LISA

Yes. I need an ambulance. My
husband's having a heart attack.

EXT. NEFARIOUS CATACOMBS - NIGHT

A flashlight erupts in Sebastian's hands, crazily lighting a shallow grave.

The wind howls. He breathes deep, mustering courage.

Sebastian crouches down, grabs a breathing tube. With a snort of contempt, holds his nose, guzzles the potion.

Sebastian settles back into it, throwing shovelfuls of dirt on top of him. Now he feels his cellphone BUZZ.

Reaches into his pocket without checking it and answers.

LISA (V.O.)

Oh, I forgot to tell you before we were so rudely interrupted. Taken in larger doses it causes paralysis of the diaphragm, which, in turn, causes...

His cellphone falls. Sebastian's face turns blue, he's CHOKING. His body spasms, an elliptic seizure of sorts.

Lisa's macabre laughter ECHOES inside his phone.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Lisa - in sexy black mourning, raises an urn to her lips, kisses it. Dumps ashes into the toilet and blows a final kiss. Flushes.

A low growl. She spins, the *proverbial deer look*.

Lisa staggers backwards, frozen against a wall, screams.

Sebastian makes a slow approach. Gray skin, veiny, signs of decay, eyes dead. Clamps his hands around her neck -

SICKENING CRUNCH. Silence.

FADE OUT: