

LOST APOCRYPHA

by

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FADE IN

EXT. ROANOKE COLONY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Super: Roanoke 1589

Nestled in an old growth forest of the New World is a small British colony surrounded by a twenty-foot tall timber wall.

High along the inside perimeter of the wall, six sentries keep watch in the light of the full moon.

The colony is dark except for one building. Light escapes through gaps in the walls of a small church located in the center of the community.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Forty very somber men, women and children sit on pews in front of a vacant pulpit. The children cry and clutch their mothers. Their clothing is in tatters.

A GUARD tends the double-door entry. He keeps close watch by viewing out a narrow slot in the door.

A door behind the pulpit creaks open and FATHER STRYKER (50) enters. In contrast to the congregation, his black suit is impeccable.

When he steps up to the pulpit, his tall and lanky stature towers over the congregation.

STRYKER

Brothers and sisters, let us pray.

(beat)

Hear us, oh Lord, as we ask for
your salvation. For this humble
clan of followers is, once again,
being persecuted for our faith...

Affirming 'Amen's' are murmured in the congregation.

STRYKER

...We travelled to this New World
to freely praise and practice your
forgotten scriptures.

Stryker raises an ancient book of leather bound parchment.

STRYKER

Considered apocrypha by both
Catholics and Protestants, we know
this to be the true doctrine. Jesus
told his disciples to eat of his
flesh and drink his blood; for
which we are eternally devoted.

(MORE)

STRYKER (cont'd)
But, alas, the heathens threaten
our existence once more.

Louder and more enthusiastic 'Amens'.

STRYKER
We ask that you watch over your
faithful and protect them from the
savages at the gate. In your name,
Amen.

CONGREGATION
Amen!

The congregation sits patient, yet pensive, longing for the
much needed words of confidence and encouragement from their
chosen leader.

STRYKER
Brothers and sisters, we carved out
this nest in the wilderness, braved
the harsh winters and blistering
summers, and befriended the
natives, yet, I fear that we near
our end of days.

A collective gasp emanates from the pews. The women and
children whimper once again.

Near the back of the church, BROTHER DIMETRIUS (30), gaunt
and filthy, stands and beckons.

DIMETRIUS
Father, why hath he forsaken us?
What brought this evil to our
humble nest?

Stryker leans over the pulpit and points an overly long bony
finger straight at Dimetrius. The Father's eyes pierce into
his soul.

STRYKER
You, Brother Dimetrius, could not
control your yearnings!

The admonished Dimetrius cowers and sits back down. The
congregation turns and stare in silence.

STRYKER
We have only ourselves to blame. We
agreed to be self-sufficient with
our harvest and that we would not
burden the natives with any of our
(MORE)

STRYKER (cont'd)
short-comings.
(beat)
But some of you had to visit the
Croatoans. You took advantage of
the friendship we worked so hard to
build and took what was not
necessary.

ELDER WIECLAW (40) stands and points at Dimetrius.

WIECLAW
It was he that angered the savages.
We should give them Brother
Dimetrius!

CONGREGATION
Aye! Give them Brother Dimetrius!
Tis all his fault!

STRYKER
No! We are so few these days and I
will not use one of our own as a
bartering chip.

WIECLAW
What of a sacrifice?

The congregation perks up. SISTER LILLITH (20) stands. Even
in her conservative colonial clothing, she is vivacious.

LILLITH
Pick me, Father! Let me partake in
the sacrifice!

STRYKER
Sister Lillith, please---

Wieclaw stands again and holds up the hand of his daughter
REBECCA (12).

WIECLAW
No, take my daughter, Rebecca. Our
participant must be pure!

Lillith glares with beady eyes at Wieclaw yet sits down
speechless while Rebecca stands excitedly.

Stryker holds up both hands to settle down his enthusiastic
followers.

STRYKER
Silence! Silence! Please sit down.
(MORE)

STRYKER (cont'd)

(beat)

Elder Wieclaw, I fear it may be too late for a sacrifice.

WIECLAW

Please, Father, it's worth a try.

LILLITH

If not a sacrifice, what if we try to convert them? I'm sure I could convince a brave or two to convert.

STRYKER

We are not here as missionaries. BROTHER TYNDALE converted one of the Croatoans with disastrous results. They would not accept him and they burned him at the stake.

BROTHER TYNDALE (30) raises his hand to the pulpit and lowers his head.

TYNDALE

I am truly sorry, Father. I thought they would be open to our doctrine.

A commotion and screams are heard from outside the church. The Guard looks through the view port and jumps back.

GUARD

Quickly! Someone help me with the door!

Wieclaw runs to help the Guard lift the bar from the door. The door opens just enough to allow a COLONIST into the church. He's exhausted and out of breath.

COLONIST

The Croatoans have breached the gate! They're inside the compound!

The women scream and the children cry. The men stand but know not what to do.

STRYKER

It appears we have no choice. Rebecca...please come forth.

Wieclaw brings Rebecca to Stryker. She kneels before him and he places his hand on her head.

STRYKER

Rebecca, do you understand what we are asking you to do?

REBECCA
I do, Father.

STRYKER
And you accept this with open
heart?

REBECCA
Oh, YES, Father!

STRYKER
Very well. Guard? Prepare to open
the doors.

Stryker leads Rebecca to the front doors as the rest of the congregation follows close behind.

STRYKER
It is time, Rebecca. Bring forth
the beast.

Rebecca kneels once again and bows her head. Stryker takes a step backwards.

STRYKER
Everyone, bow your heads and begin.

The congregation follows suit and hold hands. They begin to chant a prayer in an ancient dialect

Rebecca begins to contort and metamorphose. Her skin darkens to a leathery hide. Talons emerge from her finger tips and her feet burst from her shoes as cloven hooves.

In howling pain, her jaw extends and her canine teeth grow four times in length. Horns begin to protrude from her head.

STRYKER
(stroking her head)
Go my child, and bring back a
sacrifice.
(to the guard)
Open the door.

Wieclaw and the Guard lift the bar. As the doors begin to open, a flaming arrow zings through the narrow gap. The wooden shaft buries deep into Rebecca's chest.

Before her body hits the floor, she bursts into flames and is quickly reduced to a pile of smoldering yellow brimstone.

Crouched just outside with bow in hand is the Croatoan CHIEF POWHATAN (45). Behind Powhatan are dozens of braves in red war paint adorned for battle.

WIECLAW

Rebecca!

Wieclaw attempts to run for the door. Stryker grabs and restrains him while the Guard closes the doors.

STRYKER

All is lost, my brethren. Follow my lead and we shall sit at the Lord's side.

He begins the transformation into the beast. He now speaks in a guttural ancient dialect.

STRYKER

(subtitled dialect)

We will either spread the word of our apocrypha across the New World and bring on the Apocalypse, or be damned trying!

All about the room, the congregation eagerly abides. Howls of pain are intermixed with shrieks of long-awaited elation.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Deafening howls come from inside the church.

Powhatan paces back and forth before his braves to rally and stoke their aggression. He speaks in Algonquin.

POWHATAN

(subtitled)

The white man has brought what the Great Spirit calls the end time.

(beat)

We know that it's own true enemy is fire and wood to the heart. Aim true and drive your arrows deep.

(beat)

Break the stone from your spears and thrust with all your might.

(beat)

If we fail now, our people will suffer for eternity.

As the warriors hoot and holler with war cries, the doors of the church fly open. A horde of beasts stampede into the courtyard with bared teeth and talons drawn.

A volley of arrows find their mark and the resulting incendiary lights up the night.

Through the smoke and embers comes the second wave of beasts. They charge headlong into the braves. Talons

decapitate heads and bodies are torn in two.

The rear archers fling arrows while the frontal assault resort to their wooden spears and war clubs.

In the middle of the horde stands Stryker. He is the tallest and most formidable of the nest. He scans the yard, finds Powhatan and directs the assault.

STRYKER
(subtitled dialect)
Powhatan! Get the Chief!

Adjacent beasts lunge forward and target Powhatan.

He raises a spear into the chest of one of the charging beasts while his warriors pounce on the other.

Stryker swats away bodies as he struts calmly towards Powhatan. He is within striking distance of his talons.

Suddenly, the ground begins to tremble and shake. All the combatants stop and struggle to stay upright.

The earth begins to crack and a crevice forms between Stryker and Powhatan. They all shade their eyes as a blinding light flares from within.

From deep inside the earth, a massive horned beast slowly crawls to the surface. The DARK LORD emerges to dwarf all.

The Dark Lord's speech is deafening.

DARK LORD
(subtitled dialect)
ENOUGH! Stryker! Kneel before me!

Stryker cowers and crawls towards the Dark Lord. All the beasts bow in his presence while the Croatoans back away.

STRYKER
Dark Lord...Master.

DARK LORD
What makes you think that you, a mere conversion, could bring on the Apocalypse?

STRYKER
We...I....

DARK LORD
The Apocalypse is MINE! And I will bring on the end of days on MY terms!

STRYKER

But, Master---

DARK LORD

SILENCE! You of little faith. I
watch and tend my flock as I see
fit. You crave to be with me yet
fear death? You've nothing to fear
but ME!

The Dark Lord grabs Stryker by the head, lifts him off the ground and squeezes until his skull begins to crack and pop.

Stryker screams in agony until he finally crumbles into a sulphurous heap. From the yellow dust, his soul rises, only to be sucked into the cracked earth.

The Dark Lord raises his hands and all the remaining beasts levitate. One by one they painfully revert back to their human form and cascade into the blinding crevice.

Now alone amongst the Croatoans, he turns to Powhatan and speaks in perfect Algonquin.

DARK LORD

(pointing at the Chief)

It will come.

The Dark Lord descends and disappears into the burning depths of Hell. The earth heals as if nothing ever happened.

Powhatan and his remaining warriors cautiously gather where the earth has closed and kick at the ground.

POWHATAN

We shall not speak of this. The
white men will return to find a
deserted settlement and we will
tell them nothing.

FADE TO BLACK