

THE EVIL ONE

Written by

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Inspired by "The Captain's Log" from the novel *Dracula* (1897) by
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ON BLACK:

ARGUING and SCREAMS of a WOMAN can be heard. The SEARING of flames and CRYING of a MAN can be heard-

EXTREME CLOSE UP of an eyeball staring into a raging flame-

INT. DR. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

DR. KESSLER (O.S.)
Dr. Marlowe! I know you're in
there!

DR. ADRIAN MARLOWE (40's), a tall and lanky man with long legs and narrow shoulders, lays slumped over at his desk. He wears a brown vest over a white rolled-sleeve shirt, a slim tie and dark trousers. Wire-frame glasses sit low on his nose. His hair is messy.

He wakes COUGHING at his desk. He shoves a half-empty bottle of whiskey laying beside his head down the table.

His office is cluttered: Ancient pottery fragments, replicas of known artifacts, maps of archaeological sites, a bulletin board full of pinned myths and legends.

A FRAMED PHOTO of a woman and a little girl sits beside a ROTARY PHONE. Beside the picture a newspaper clipping: "ASTONISHING DISCOVERY IN MESOPOTAMIA - DECEMBER 12TH, 1948".

A CLOSE-UP of his bloodshot, sleepless eyes worn with chronic tiredness, stress, and insomnia.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

DR. KESSLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the door this instant!

INT. RESEARCH OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Adrian's office door sits within a hallway of similar looking doors. The hallways are barren, the other office doors having no lights turned on. In the hallway stands-

DR. RYAN KESSLER (60's) is banging on Adrian's door. He wears a badge with the Western Collective of Archeology Society (WCAS) labeled on it. He wears a tight blue suit with thinly framed silver glasses. His facial hair is white, yet pristinely maintained.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 Alright coming! Coming!

Adrian swings open the door, looking up with dreary eyes.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
 Ugh... What?

DR. KESSLER
 Dr. Marlowe. You look...

Dr. Kessler eyes Adrian up and down.

DR. KESSLER (CONT'D)
 Pleasant as usual. We have a **very**
 urgent delivery-

TWO LARGE MEN struggle to shift a RECTANGULAR WOODEN CRATE towards the door on a dolly. They slam it on the ground next to Adrian's office door.

Slapped across the crate hastily is a label: "URGENT DELIVERY, LOT 666: DR. ADRIAN MARLOWE - HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE"

Adrian carefully walks out the front door, intensely scanning the crate, mystified by its allure.

ADRIAN
 What... is it?

DR. KESSLER
 Possibly the greatest historical discovery of the past **century...** which is to be evaluated... by **you**.

Dr. Kessler waves his hand up, pointing at Dr. Marlowe's office door. The two large men shift the box up, nearly clipping Adrian's face and narrowly avoiding the door.

INT. DR. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY

SLAM! The crate hits the floor as the two men start pulling the dolly from underneath. Both Adrian and Dr. Kessler stare at the crate.

DR. KESSLER
 We believe the piece to be over five thousand years old.

(MORE)

DR. KESSLER (CONT'D)
 We didn't want to have to deliver
 this overseas, but you're the only
 one who has the...

Dr. Kessler looks around the room: vast numbers of sprawled
 historical texts are littered across the walls. A large stack
 of textbooks sits on Adrian's desk.

ADRIAN
 (sarcastically)
 Obsession?

DR. KESSLER
 "fascination" with relics of this
 era and geography. We had no choice
 but to bring it to you.

CRACK! The two men pull at the crate with a crowbar, cracking
 the top open.

The two men start pulling away at the wood, as Adrian leaps
 in and yanks at the wood and pries it away himself. He stares
 in disbelief:

Inside lies a pristine OBSIDIAN STONE COFFIN, veined with
 curling lines of faint gold. Ancient carvings are inscribed
 across the seemingly indestructible black surface.

Adrian traces his hands across the coffin. His eyes glued to
 its surface.

ADRIAN
 My god... this can't be real...

CLOSE-UP of Adrian's finger as it traces the gold veins. The
 veins glows subtly under his touch-

DR. KESSLER
 Do you understand how crucially
 important this is?! This could be
 the discovery that places us in
 history books for generations! My
 career is on the line for this!

Dr. Kessler grabs Adrian by the shoulders, staring into him.

DR. KESSLER (CONT'D)
 This is your top priority now Dr.
 Marlowe. This is to be done
 immediately, understand?!

ADRIAN
 Yeah, of course.

DR. KESSLER

Good.

Dr. Kessler points his finger to the sky and waves it in a circle. The two large men, on cue, begin wrapping their moving supplies and heading out the door.

Dr. Kessler begins walking towards the door before pausing-

DR. KESSLER (CONT'D)

Oh, and Dr. Marlowe? Take a shower
once in awhile, won't you?

Dr. Kessler makes a disgusted face as he walks out the door.

INT.- MARLOWE HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A modest, cluttered home. Papers, books, artifacts everywhere. Adrian (40's) sits at the kitchen table, scribbling notes, surrounded by ancient texts.

MARTHA (30's), Adrian's wife, is wearing a yellow Sunday dress. She is young and beautiful like a model, with long silky hair and a thick layer of makeup.

She avoids looking at Adrian while she's getting ready.

MARTHA

I'm taking the family car, we're
going to visit Anna's friends.

No response. Adrian keeps writing.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(sigh)

We'll be back later tonight. Dinner
is in the fridge.

Martha reaches for the door, pausing for a moment. She looks at Adrian hopefully, then looks away.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Don't stay up too late, okay?

ADRIAN

Okay.

Adrian's eyes never leave his desk. Martha closes the door behind her with a sad expression.

INT. DR. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The lights in the office are dimly lit as THUNDER bellows through the building. RAIN pours outside the rear window of the office.

Adrian kneels on the floor beside the coffin, examining it thoroughly. He SHIVERS from the cold weather.

He jots down notes in his JOURNAL, then steps back up to his desk.

He aggressively swigs a drink from the whiskey bottle on his desk, grabbing an OLD RECORDER MIC. He turns it on, and as the tapes begin to WHIR, he speaks into it:

ADRIAN

"Coffin appears unopenable by conventional means..."

MONTAGE START:

ADRIAN (V.O.)

"The surface is encased in obsidian finely carved like a diamond. Durability tests show the gold tracings with similar hardness as the obsidian. Bizarrely, not even a spec of dust rests on the case after its long travel..."

- Adrian knocks on the side of the coffin, listening inside.
- Adrian tries to lift the lid, but fails.
- Adrian uses a hardness test kit, scratching the gold.
- Adrian sits on top of the coffin, chucking a book in his hand into a pile on the floor.

MONTAGE END:

ADRIAN

"The coffin-shaped artifact doesn't resemble anything of this world-"

Adrian's eyes widen and he pauses speaking.

He turns off the recorder, scouring the piles of books on his desk and tossing them aside belligerently.

He sees the a RED BOOK with the title "LEGENDS OF THE OCCULT - WESTERN EUROPE." Excitedly, he YANKS the book from the table-

CRASH! Adrian looks down: The photograph of a woman and a young girl lay on the floor. The frame is shattered.

Adrian pauses before walking back towards the coffin, his head buried into the book.

Adrian flips to a page labeled: "The Myths of Mesopotamia"

He peeks around the coffin, noting inscriptions and carvings. As he peeks into the book:

A LARGE DRAWING of a CREATURE, half-wolf, half-human, sits center-place in the book. Its fangs curling inwards, with a snake-like tongue and sharp bat-like ears. Its eyes piercing through the pages, staring straight forward.

Adrian lowers the book, closely inspecting the inscribed images on the side of the coffin: they match the drawing in an archaic, mosaic style.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

No... It can't be-

As Adrian reaches to inspect the inscriptions, they faintly glow red, growing more intense as Adrian's hand gets closer-

RING! RING! RING!

Adrian stiffens, hearing his office phone ring.

Adrian walks to the phone and picks it up.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Adrian Marlowe.

OPERATOR

Hello Dr. Marlowe, I have Dr. Kessler on the line.

ADRIAN

Connect us, thank you.

Adrian waits for the call to patch through.

DR. KESSLER

Dr. Marlowe, how goes progress on the relic?

ADRIAN

Fine, but... Sir, the carvings, the inscriptions of this I've only ever seen in tales and folklore. I don't have a good feeling about this-

DR. KESSLER
So you know what it is?

ADRIAN
I do sir... but-

DR. KESSLER
Then you know how to open it?

ADRIAN
Sir... I don't believe we should.

DR. KESSLER
Open it Dr. Marlowe...

Dr. Kessler's voice over the phone blends with an unfamiliar one:

DR. KESSLER (CONT'D)	CREATURE
Open It!	Open It!

The phone cuts to a dial tone.

WHISPERS can be heard. The lights flicker in the room.

Adrian stares frozen in fear. An eerie silence rolls in.

Adrian redials the phone hastily.

OPERATOR
Hello Dr. Marlowe.

ADRIAN
I need you to connect me back with
Dr. Kessler right now! Tell him he
can take his fucking coffin! I'm
done!

Beat.

OPERATOR
Dr. Kessler? His line has been
inactive for weeks. We haven't been
able to get a hold of him.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Do you know where her is?! Hello?
Dr. Marlow-

The phone cuts out.

KNOCK. KNOCK. POWERFUL KNOCKS emit from inside the coffin.

Adrian falls back onto the desk in shock. CRUNCHING of glass as his heel smashes the photograph on the floor.

He reaches down to the photograph, picking it up from the ground. Both of the faces on the photograph shredded by the glass shards.

ADRIAN
I'm not doing this.

Adrian picks up the whisky bottle, staring at it for a brief moment. He sets it back on the desk.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Fuck this! They can get someone else to do it! I don't fucking care!

Adrian hastily stashes the photograph into his pocket. He bolts out the office door.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adrian SLAMS the office door behind himself, the exit to his right. His BREATH is visible from the cold.

To his left, a silhouette of a LITTLE GIRL stands at the end of the hallway-

LITTLE GIRL
Daddy?

Adrian slowly looks over to his left, shocked.

ANNA (7 Y/O), Adrian's daughter, holds a piercing, cold gaze. She has a pristine short pink dress and long brown hair. She's holding a STUFFED DOG with a BOW.

ADRIAN
You're not real...

Anna begins to shiver, gripping her stuffed dog harder.

ANNA
It's so cold in here daddy...

Adrian begins to tense up. He stares at her with scolding eyes.

ADRIAN
You're not my daughter! You're not my **fucking** daughter!

Anna begins to cry. Adrian's scolding eyes soften as he loosens his guard. He begins to walk over.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Wait... Wait, H- Honey...

Adrian runs over to Anna, embracing her in a hug.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to say that! I- it was just an accident-

ANNA
That's what you always say.

Adrian freezes, slowly letting Anna go.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Why did you do it Daddy?

Adrian Pulls himself back to see Anna's face is now covered with glass shards. Her dress is singed, burn marks spread across her body. Her body riddled with bullet holes and dried blood.

	ANNA (CONT'D)		CREATURE
Why?		Why?	

Soft moonlight beams into the hallways, as a SHADOW stretches from beneath Anna...

The shadow is a tall, gaunt, elongated silhouette with a bat's skull. LONG, SPIDERY FINGERS—far too many—crawl across the wall's surface.

Adrian freezes. The shadow's hand reaches toward Adrian-

INT. MARLOWE HOUSE - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Adrian (30's) looks more worn than before: his eyes tired, his facial hair unkept, his clothes wrinkled. A half-empty glass of whisky sits at his desk.

Martha is standing in a worn fall dress. Her hair is slightly less neat, with hastily applied makeup.

ADRIAN
The Association needs this completed by **tomorrow!** You know that!

MARTHA
It's **your** daughter's birthday!

Adrian squints angrily as he grabs the bridge of his nose.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It's **always** your work first! When
was the last time you put your
family's needs **first**?!

Anna tugs on Adrian's pants, watching with hopeful eyes.

ANNA

Daddy...?

He smiles, looking down at Anna and picking her up.

ADRIAN

Hey Pumpkin! Who's my favorite
birthday girl?!

Adrian holds Anna on his lap and kisses her on the cheek.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Now Daddy's very busy today, so you
go have fun with Mommy, okay?

Anna shakes her head giddily. She jumps off Adrian's lap.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'll be there later tonight.

Silence fills the air. The wife's disappointment hardens into quiet resentment.

MARTHA

You always say that.

She turns and leaves with the child. The front door CLOSES.
Adrian SIGHS. He takes a drink and keeps working.

INSERT SHOTS:

- Anna's Stuffed Dog is laying on the pavement in plain view.
- A BURNING PILE is seen off in the distance. The silhouette of a man highlighted by the flames, staring as it burns.

INT. DR. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CREATURE (O.S.)

Adrian...

Adrian WINCES as he awakes from the floor. The room only illuminated by the moon pushing through the windows and a single lantern on Adrian's desk.

He GASPS, looking at a figure sitting on the coffin:

MARTHA (30's), pristine and beautiful, sits daintily on the coffin as it glows a harsh red and gold. Her clothing and hair radiant under the supernatural glow.

The creature speaks through Martha's lips:

MARTHA (CREATURE)
What you wouldn't give to hold them
one last time.

Martha slowly steps off the coffin, walking towards Adrian.

MARTHA (CREATURE) (CONT'D)
Still clinging onto that bottle...
Both to remember and to forget.

Adrian backs towards his desk, his eyes glued to Martha.

MARTHA (CREATURE) (CONT'D)
Your wife... your child... they call to
you now...

LAUGHTER echoes through the room.

ADRIAN
I know what you're doing to me.

MARTHA (CREATURE)
Don't you want to see them again?
To be with them once more?

As Martha approaches Adrian, burn scars become clearly visible on her face in the dim lantern light.

MARTHA (CREATURE) (CONT'D)
Then all you have to do is open it.

Martha's hand tenderly wraps around Adrian's face. Adrian avoids looking at Martha.

CREATURE (MARTHA)
I can right your wrong Adrian. I
can bring them back...

ADRIAN
Quit fucking with me!

Shadows of hands wrap around Adrian's throat, choking him.

Adrian gasps, clawing at his neck.

CREATURE (MARTHA)
Or I can let you **join** them!

Adrian reaches behind himself, grabbing the lantern sitting on his desk. He SWINGS!

Martha lets go of Adrian as he falls to the ground. She HISSES, sulking back into the darkness.

Slowly, Adrian stands and fumbles toward the wall.

A WHISPER slither, cold and close; directly in Adrian's ear:

CREATURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(whispering)
The choice is yours.

Adrian turns around, as a deafening silence fills the air.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Slow heavy knocks from the inside the coffin echoes the room.

As the last knock fades, the office door opens by itself.

Adrian walks with the lantern in hand, holding it firmly.

He stares down at the coffin, a blank expression passing by.

As Adrian approaches the door, he stops-

An ANNOUNCER with a subtle Southern accent monologues:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Long before, there were stories
whispered around dying fires.

Adrian reaches into his pocket, pulling out the photograph.

EXT. ANNA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Adrian steps out of his truck, approaching the party. He's holding a STUFFED DOG with a BOW on it.

He freezes. In the distance, Martha is holding ANOTHER MAN. Martha, Anna, and The Man all enter into his vehicle.

They close the doors to the car. The Man and Martha kiss.

As The Man starts his car, Adrian drops the Stuffed Dog on the ground and runs back to his car.

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Stories of a creature that did not
 belong to life or death.

Adrian takes a breath, placing the photograph in his pocket.

He approaches the coffin, kneeling before it.

He places his hand near the inscriptions on the coffin. They glow brighter as he approaches-

EXT. STRANGER'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Five thousand years ago, whispers
 began in Mesopotamia of a creature
 that drained the life from the
 living.

Adrian drives into the stranger's lawn with his headlights turned off. He sees Anna, Martha and The Man step out of the vehicle.

They walk towards the mysterious man's home, The Man hugs Anna and plays with her before they walk into the home.

Adrian grips the steering wheel tightly.

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 In Ancient Greece, it was a
 creature that devoured children in
 the night.

Upon touching the inscriptions- CLINK! The coffin emits a sound as the lights dim.

Mix of fear and hope fills Adrian's face, as he struggles to open the coffin.

He slides the lid off from the coffin. Pushing away the lid, a BURST of dust bellows out-

EXT. STRANGER'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

INSERT SHOTS:

- Adrian opens the trunk of his vehicle.

- Adrian opens a lock box on the back of the truck containing a DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN.
- Adrian loads a shell into the barrel.
- Adrian walks towards the home holding the shotgun.

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And in Eastern Europe, it was a
half-man, half-beast that drank the
blood of its victims.

Inside lies: A shrouded humanoid shape under an weathered cloth.

Adrian stares, breath shaking. He reaches out with trembling fingers.

CLOSE-UP of Adrian's hand, as he pulls the sheet back slowly-

INT. STRANGER'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SMASH! Adrian kicks in the door, holding his shotgun. His shouts inaudible as he swings the gun hap-hazardously.

Martha holds Anna in fear. Adrian points the gun at The Man.

The Man jumps in, wrestling Adrian with the gun.

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This creature - known throughout
continents and centuries - has had
many names.

Inside the coffin lies a VAMPIRE: It's body shriveled, its skin petrified. Part man, part beast, its leathery wings tucked against its ribs.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the Vampire's eye, as it opens wide. A SHOTGUN blast is heard as the demon opens his eye-

INT. STRANGER'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Adrian and The Man stare in disbelief. The floor is splattered with blood, the room is deathly silent.

Adrian drops the shotgun, slowly stepping towards his wife and child. Only the wife's wrist is seen as Adrian checks her pulse.

Adrian stands up, grabbing A LAMP sitting by the table.

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Upir. Strigoi. Demon...

Adrian slowly steps back, staring at the creature, a mixture of terror and fascination.

The Vampire crawls halfway out of the coffin, HISSING.

Its eyes burning an ember-red, its claws scraping stone.

EXT. STRANGER'S HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE UP of Adrian's bloody hand and a smashed lamp.

Adrian drops the lamp, The Man is beneath him, his face pulverized with shards of broken ceramic glass.

CLOSE UP of Adrian as he sits on the floor, frozen.

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The creature inhales deeply - the sound of something waking after centuries.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

INSERT SHOTS:

- Adrian picks up a canister of fuel in his truck
- He pours the fuel over the fields. Only a wrist is visible.
- Adrian flicks a lighter, tossing it forward.
- Adrian stares into the flames reflecting from his eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP of Adrian's eyes with the vampire's reflection.

The Creature slowly turn to Adrian, staring directly into him. It stands tall atop the coffin, reaching its claws high.

The creature's wings open. It SCREECHES-

ON BLACK:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Vampire.

THE END.