

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A phone alarm screams heavy metal. The MAN laying in the bed rolls over and picks up the phone, disabling the alarm and reading the time. Suddenly he bolts up, shocked at the time.

MAN

Shit!

He tosses the covers off his bed and rushes out. As he dashes towards his wardrobe we see he is in a black tee-shirt and black pajama pants with red pentagrams patterned about. He opens the wardrobe to reveal a medium size pedestal with a black grimoire surrounded by black cultist robes.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The MAN, now fully robed. Bursts out of his apartment, door slamming shut behind him. At the same time the GIRL in the apartment across from him is doing the same thing, however she is in white robes and holding a white book that shares a striking resemblance towards the mans book. Separating the two is a chasm lined with railings. They share a smile before a chime resounds through the apartment building. They both look up quickly and rush towards the stairs to their left.

Both run down the mirrored open stairwell, they could look over and see the other were they not in a hurry.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Both the MAN and the GIRL burst out of the apartment building and stop to catch their breath. He turns his head subtly to look at her. She does the same. She smiles at him.

GIRL

The summoning?

The MAN nods nervously.

MAN

Transcendence?

The GIRL gives a shy smile and nods back. The MAN waves goodbye and turns to jog over to the black corporate looking skyscraper. The GIRL walks briskly to the right towards a white corporate skyscraper. Both skyscrapers sandwich the apartment complex which is half-black and half-white.



INT. BLACK LOBBY - DAY

The MAN walks towards the elevator and nods at the receptionist

The receptionists gaze behind stitched eyelids follow him. The sound a cracking a popping can be heard from the head movements.

Walking into the elevator, the MAN turns on his heel inside and punches in the code - B - F - 6 - 6 - 6 with a robotic voice dictating the code. The elevator lurches into motion.

He waits...

And waits...

Checks his watch...

Paces around...

Bangs his head on the obsidian walls...

Checks his watch again...

Checks the floor counter...

BF-60

He stares at the number slowly increasing and groans.

The elevator dings and opens up to reveal more black robed cultists. The MAN gives them a look of "Are you kidding me?"

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR 666 - DAY

Elevator dings

A massive amount of cultist pours out, seemingly impossibly so.

The MAN stumbles and falls out the elevator, grimoire hitting the floor with a thud. He snatches it up and makes his way through the large chamber filled with kneeling cultists.

He looks to his left, endless cultists.

He looks to his right, endless cultists.

He looks to the massive stone stage he is heading towards and gulps.



He walks up the steps and to the stone podium.

He places the grimoire on the podium and opens to a page with a summoning pentagram on it.

He raises his hands and starts to make weird hand movements and gestures. Then he looks up triumphantly and snaps his fingers.

Nothing happens

Snaps again...

Nothing happens...

He turns towards the obsidian wall behind him and snaps one more time.

This time a banner with the words "THE SUMMONING" unfurls from the darkness.

The crowd of cultists cheer.

The MAN snaps his fingers again and another tapestry of a complex pentagram summoning circle unfurls from the same darkness.

The crowd of cultists cheer louder.

The MAN theatrically pulls a knife out of his robe before dragging it across his hand.

The MAN whips his hand and splatters part of it with blood and holds his arms out expectantly.

Nothing happens...

His eyes dart from side to side and splatters more of his blood on it.

Nothing happens...

The crowd of cultists boo him.

Some throw their robes,

Some throw crumpled up papers,

Some throw their daggers

The MAN stands on the lonely stone stage



A look of devastation comes over him.

Every single cultist leave the room, leaving the MAN on the stage with nothing but his grimoire and an injured hand.

Once every cultist is gone, the MAN bends down and picks up a paper that was thrown.

On it says the words: LIAR

Another: FAKE CULT

Another: DECEIVER

And yet another: BETRAYER

While reading these the MAN's face flashes his emotions

Outrage,

Anger,

Hurt,

Pain,

Sadness,

And finally, Devastation

Slowly, ever so slowly

He starts to walk to the elevator

INT. BLACK LOBBY - DAY

The elevator arrives at ground floor with a groan.

The doors open up to reveal a trashed lobby.

Robes are burning in a corner and bloody graffiti cover the walls.

The receptionist is nowhere to be found, but her creaking and popping noises of her movement can still be heard.

The MAN walks silently through the lobby and out the door.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

The MAN walks with his head held low.



The soft rustling of papers rouse him to look up.

Crumpled up paper is lying on the floor, with new ones falling down in fixed increments.

The MAN bends over and picks one up. Un-crumpling and smoothing the paper out. What he sees shocks him and a burst of excitement spreads on his face. He looks to the black and white stairwell and rushes up the white stairwell.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The MAN finds the GIRL sitting against her door, tearing paper from her white book and tossing it down the abyss.

He walks up to her and slams his book down on the ground and rapidly flipping through the pages. The GIRL is taken aback by the sudden appearance of the MAN. He finds the page he's looking for and rips it out of his own book. The GIRL wipes her tears from her face leans in, interested in what the MAN is doing. He shows her the page she threw away and the page he just ripped out. The pentagram circles are similar. Understanding spreads across her face in a smile.

The MAN holds his bandaged hand out to her. She grabs it and he pulls her up.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

The two stand side by side with chalk in hand, one white, one red.

They set to work combining the two summoning circles.

They work feverishly,

Circle after circle...

Line after line...

Their movements are hypnotic,

Like a dance,

Symbol after symbol, until it is finished.

The MAN and GIRL stand together, shaking in excitement, wild grins plastered on their faces. The MAN removes the bandages from his hand and digs his thumb into the prior wound. The GIRL places her index finger horizontally between her teeth and bites down. Fresh blood drips down and the MAN and the



GIRL hold their wounds over the circle.

The blood drips down and seeps into the markings of the circle. The blood spreads throughout the whole drawing as the MAN and the GIRL wait with baited breath.

The blood starts to glow, pale and ethereal.

The ground quakes, the glow strengthens.

A flash of light prompts the two to cover their eyes with their arms.

A soon as it started, it stopped.

The two lower their arms and look to the center of the circle.

There rests a small grey blob. The MAN looks to the GIRL and shrugs. He walks over to the blob and reaches his hands towards it.

Suddenly a howling screech emanates from the blob as it expands and stretches upwards. The screaming faces of the damned lay under the surface of the blob as it stretches up and up wiggling and jerking as if something is trying to break free. The MAN turns to face the GIRL. Blood is dripping down from his ears, eyes, and mouth. His smile is bloody. The GIRL returns the same blood filled smile as the thing breaking free from the blob starts to rip it open.

The summoning was a success.

THE END

