

Ritual Film Script

Written By

Edward Bugler

Edward S T Bugler

07772936969
eddie.bugler@yahoo.co.uk

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

In a dark empty garage, LEWIS is sat lighting CANDLES around a PENTAGRAM with the intent to perform a ritual that his friend BEN is making him do.

LEWIS

Can't fucking believe I lost Ben's stupid bet. Shit's ridiculous.

(lighting candles)

Bet you can't get this in the window in just one go. Dick.

(sighs)

Lets get this shit over with.

(pulls NOTE out of pocket)

Repeat three times, take a picture each time.

Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, hear my plea. When the witching hour rings true, bring yourself to me. Other souls who hear my call mustn't leave the sacred place. Only the one known as The Devil may enter this space.

Lewis takes the POLAROID CAMERA, lines his eye up with the viewfinder and takes a photo. He removes the PHOTO from the camera and shakes and blows on it. The photo finally develops and shows nothing paranormal. He stuffs the photo in his JACKET pocket.

LEWIS

(disappointingly)

Nothing, alright.

Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, hear my plea. When the witching hour rings true, bring yourself to me. Other souls who hear my call mustn't leave the sacred place. Only the one known as The Devil may enter this space.

Lewis takes the polaroid camera again and takes another photo. He shakes and blows on the film and the photo shows nothing, yet again. He puts the second photo in his pocket with the first photo.

LEWIS

Come on man... Am I doing this right?
Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, duh duh duh
duh. Yeah that's right what the fuck?

Lewis looks at the note and sees that there is one part that hasn't been unfolded. He unfolds the note and sees an extra message written by Ben. The note reads "Don't forget the blood, don't be a pussy" with a smiley face drawn at the end of the message. Lewis takes a PEN KNIFE from his pocket, places the blade in his opposite hand and begins to cut.

LEWIS
(winching)
Agh! Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Lewis lifts his hand in front of him and allows his blood to drip onto the middle of the pentagram. The blood begins to form a small puddle. He picks up the note, holding it tightly while he cradles his bleeding left hand.

LEWIS
(gulps)
Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, hear my
plea. When the witching hour rings
true, bring yourself to me. Other
souls who hear my call mustn't leave
the sacred place. Only the one known
as The Devil may enter this space.
(in pain)
Come on, one last picture.

Lewis takes one last photo of the ritual space while keeping his hand clenched by his stomach. He places the camera on the floor and hurriedly fans the polaroid so it develops.

LEWIS
(with suppressed infuriation)
Nothing... Fuck this, I'm outta' here.

Lewis gets up and briskly makes his way to turn the lights on. The lights come on and he heads towards the garage door with intent to leave.

LEWIS
(angrily)
Making me do this ritual for a
bullshit bet... You can come get your
camera yourself.

Lewis leaves the garage with a bloodied hand. He leaves the camera, candles and pentagram behind with the light still on. After a few moments, the polaroid camera flashes and takes a photo on its own without anyone having pressed the button. The photograph comes out the top of the camera and it slowly develops to show a hand reaching from the side of the frame

with the forefinger and thumb connecting.

THE END.