

TWO TWISTED #1: THE DARK AGES

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. OUTBACK -- DAY

A police van drives along a dusty road.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- DAY

The van pulls into a dilapidated homestead. It's a large, many-roomed, wood and nails building in the process of being reclaimed by nature.

The driver, OFFICER MORECROFT (22, flighty) and her passenger, crime scene investigator GREENE (40, precise), get out of the van.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Just wait here.

Morecroft rips the police tape that is across the door and enters the house. Greene just stands there holding his bag, trying to look indignant but there's no one to see it.

Morecroft returns from around the side of the building.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Looks good.

GREENE

No one hiding in wait, Officer?

OFFICER MORECROFT

No sir. You want a look?

GREENE

We came all this way. It'd seem silly to leave without at least taking a peek.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Hey, how long you reckon this'll take?

GREENE

That depends on what I find in there.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Sure.

GREENE

In a hurry are we?

OFFICER MORECROFT

Idol's on at 6pm tonight, so I just wondered...

GREENE

We'd better get on with it then.

They approach the building.

GREENE

You can wait outside if you prefer.

OFFICER MORECROFT

No, I'm okay with it. Nothing I haven't seen before.

INT. HOMESTEAD -- CONTINUOUS

What would once have been an extravagant 19th century home is now a crusty shell of faded colours and flaking wallpaper. The floorboards creak as they look around.

OFFICER MORECROFT

The guy who did it -- I mean, *allegedly* did it, the suspect -- isn't saying anything. He's practically comatose. He didn't look like he was hearing nothin' we were saying.

GREENE

So he was hearing?

OFFICER MORECROFT

What?

GREENE

It's easier for his mind to shut down than find rationality in his actions.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Yeah, I s'pose. The only words he's said are "I think I killed my friend" when he rang triple-zip. We've got it on tape if you want to hear it.

(beat)

It's in there--

INT. MURDER SCENE -- CONTINUOUS

Morecroft flicks the light switch as they enter.

GREENE

Please don't touch anything.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Oh, sorry.

Morecroft turns the light off, touching the light switch *again* to Greene's chagrin. Greene carefully turns the light back on using a rubber glove he's holding.

Morecroft wrinkles her nose at a STRONG SMELL IN THE ROOM.

The murder scene is fairly tame -- there are some BLOOD SPLATTERS on a wall and a POOL OF BLOOD.

There is a SCREWDRIVER on the floor that has the end filed down to a very sharp point.

OFFICER MORECROFT

There's the thing he stabbed him with. It looks like a screwdriver with the end sharpened.

(beat)

We tried not to touch anything.

GREENE

You removed the body.

OFFICER MORECROFT

We didn't know there'd be anyone wanting a look.

(pause)

So you think you can work out why he did it from this?

GREENE

Officer, I knew why he did it the moment I received the call.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(pause)

So why'd he do it?

GREENE

A cocktail of human flaws. And a need to believe in the unbelievable, like star-signs, old wive's tales, and ghosts.

Greene wanders into the adjoining rooms for a look around. Morecroft stays a distance behind. On returning to the murder room:

GREENE

Oh, dammit! I told you to wait outside!

OFFICER MORECROFT

What?

GREENE

You stepped in the blood, girl. Clumsy, just clumsy.

OFFICER MORECROFT

No I didn't.

GREENE

That foot print wasn't there not one minute ago.

There's a clear HEEL PRINT in the blood. Morecroft checks her heels, but they're clean.

OFFICER MORECROFT

You. You stepped in it.

Sure enough: Greene's heel is caked in blood.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- DAY

Greene places his shoes on a plastic sheet near the police van and returns to the building wearing only his socks. Morecroft follows Greene outside and then back inside without a word.

INT. HOMESTEAD -- DAY

OFFICER MORECROFT

I saw a ghost once.

GREENE

Of course you did.

OFFICER MORECROFT

I thought it was Easter bunny. I was young. But thinking about it later, I mean, it would have been white if it was Easter bunny, not multi-coloured blue and green and--

GREENE

I'm going to start work now, officer. If you could keep an eye that no one steals my equipment from the van I'd much appreciate it.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Oh-kay.

(to herself)

I'll just wait outside then.

Morecroft leaves.

Greene begins unpacking his C.S.I. equipment. He grabs some plastic markers (numbers, with a centimeter scale for reference) from his bag and begins identifying evidence at the scene.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- LATER

Morecroft is in the police van, doors open, listening to loud music on the radio. She makes a call on her phone but no one answers.

Morecroft turns the volume down when she sees Greene exit the house.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Hey, all done?

GREENE

Just getting started.

OFFICER MORECROFT

I cleaned your shoe.

GREENE

How?

OFFICER MORECROFT

Under the tap over there.

GREENE

And what did I say about not touching anything? Was I not clear? Unbelievable.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(pause)

Sorry.

GREENE

Where are those sandwiches you mentioned?

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- LATER

Morecroft and Greene quietly eat their afternoon tea.

GREENE

Would you like to know why people think they see ghosts? Don't answer yes if you'd prefer not to know.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(beat)

Yes.

GREENE

You're sure?

Morecroft nods.

GREENE

What you see is not *real*. What we see is a virtual construction created by our own mind. For example, our mind adds colour. Reality knows nothing of colour. Transparency, solidity, distance, contrast, light and dark are all approximations. As are the devices that identify and give meaning to shapes in our visual field. The results are experienced as the virtual sense we call sight. The entire system is easily fooled.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(wryly)

Well I knew all that.

GREENE

Now this virtual television screen we see in our mind can take imagery from other sources -- not just our eyes.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Dreams.

GREENE

That's right. What else?

Morecroft shakes her head.

GREENE

What happens when you move a speaker too close to a television?

OFFICER MORECROFT

The picture goes all bleeeuh?

GREENE

And your brain is an electrical machine too. If you put just a little pressure on the side of your eye, for example--

(Greene demonstrates)

--you'll see a shape appear on the opposing side.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(trying it)

I see it.

GREENE

There are an infinite number of ways the mind can be fooled into seeing things that are not there. And they feel real because our brain breaks the shapes down into context and meaning just like any other image it receives. And once your brain gives meaning to something, you'll find it very difficult to let go.

OFFICER MORECROFT

And these are the *human flaws* you said?

GREENE

Insecurity, gullibility, loss, misinterpretation, pain, *need*. It takes a little bit of everything to believe something like what happened in there is worth a shot.

OFFICER MORECROFT

You're not married, are you.

GREENE

You can see I'm not wearing a band.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Don't need to see.

Greene almost smiles. With the sandwiches finished, Green begins to return to work.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
If you already know why he did it,  
why even bother with all that in  
there?

GREENE  
Officer Morecroft, you should have  
set your video recorder if you're  
that keen to see Idol tonight.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Yeah...

GREENE  
Personally, I don't know why you  
waste your time with the show.

Green leaves, but then calls back:

GREENE  
Because it's quite obvious that  
Travis is going to win.

Officer Morecroft smiles.

INT. MURDER SCENE -- LATER

The scene is filled with plastic markers. Green is taking  
photographs of each one in turn. He's about done.

Morecroft slinks into the room.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
I'm sorry...

GREENE  
Hmm?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
I was supposed to tell you about  
the victim.

GREENE  
No matter. I know exactly what  
the body looked like and where it  
was. And where both players were  
standing when the screwdriver was  
thrust into the victim's body.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
You can tell just from this?

GREENE  
Yes.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
How can you tell?  
(MORE)



OFFICER MORECROFT (CONT'D)

What are the clues? So I can do  
it better next time.

GREENE

And increase your chances for  
promotion?

OFFICER MORECROFT

Why not, hey?

Greene indicates the blood on the wall:

GREENE

Did you see this as a single line  
of blood, or multiple lines?

(beat)

One amaranthine ejection of blood.  
See how it travels across here,  
then back across and down to here.  
But this middle area is missing --  
your suspect was standing here,  
between the victim and the wall.  
You'll find two lines of blood  
across the suspect's shirt.

Green demonstrates the direction of the blood splatters  
using his own body for reference.

GREENE

The victim had a single stab wound  
straight into the heart - likely  
the left atrium given how much  
blood we see here.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Cool. That's pretty good.

Greene has finished with his photographic work. He puts  
the camera away and turns his attention to the screwdriver.

OFFICER MORECROFT

That thing's sharp-as. Can't think  
what it would be used for except  
to stab someone, which makes me  
think pre-meditated.

GREENE

Oh, it was definitely pre-meditated.

Greene decides to leave the screwdriver for now.

GREENE

Make yourself useful and collect  
these markers. Keep them in order.

Greene begins to leave with what he has collected so far.

GREENE

And mind where you step.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- DAY

Greene sets his gear down and removes another bag of equipment from the back of the van. Morecroft comes outside with the markers.

GREENE

Just put them down there.

Greene can see that Morecroft wants to say something, but she's keeping quiet. Morecroft tries her phone again -- still no answer. Finally:

OFFICER MORECROFT

Look--

GREENE

Just say it.

OFFICER MORECROFT

What?

GREENE

You want to say that I missed the cut on the suspect's forefinger?

OFFICER MORECROFT

*How did you know that?*

GREENE

Think about where we are, officer Morecroft. The weapon establishes pre-meditation, and yet the suspect and victim camped here together for at least a week. This was not murder in anger or revenge.

OFFICER MORECROFT

I'm not.. seeing...

GREENE

This was *ritual*. The cut on the suspect's finger was there because that's what the ritual required of him. He then painted a circled-pentagram on the floor in his own blood.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Oh wow...

GREENE

Bring that.

Greene walks back to the building, leaving Morecroft to carry the heavy bag of equipment.

INT. MURDER SCENE

Greene carefully slides the screwdriver into a PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG. Morecroft looks around the floor--

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Where's the pentagram?

GREENE  
Part of it is likely under the blood, and the rest has been trampled around the room by you and your people.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
What's it do?

GREENE  
The pentagram?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Yeah.

GREENE  
Well, nothing of course.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
So why'd he draw it?

GREENE  
He *believed* it would do something.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
What did he *believe* it would do?

GREENE  
Summon the spirit of an ancestor.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Yeah? Why did he think it would do that?

GREENE  
Now there's the question.

Greene takes a PIECE OF PAPER -- a computer print-out -- from his pocket and passes it to Morecroft.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
This is a website?

GREENE  
Yes.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
He thought if he followed these instructions he'd bring back an ancestor?

GREENE  
*Loss* is one of the strongest of emotions.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Step two is lemongrass? Is that why it smells in here?

GREENE

Cymbopogon. Yes. It smells like they incensed a whole bloomin' plant.

Morecroft finishes reading, then LOOKS AT THE SCREWDRIVER that Greene is holding in the evidence bag. Greene just nods.

GREENE

Do you want to learn how to take fingerprints?

OFFICER MORECROFT

Okay.

GREENE

(with a sly grin)

Let's start with the light switch.

Greene picks up the fingerprinting gear.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(referring to the website page)

What if this works?

GREENE

It doesn't.

OFFICER MORECROFT

But you can't *know*. You know?

GREENE

Chinese whispers. The story evolves with each retelling until it has little or no resemblance to the original.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Ahh.

GREENE

And this one goes back a way. The original is from a late 15th century book by Spanish writer, Araceli Nazario.

(beat)

I'll send you a copy of the book if you'd like.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Okay, cool.

GREENE

It was a *fictional* story about the death of an Inquisitor, of the Spanish Inquisition, involving drugs and torture and symbology and pentagrams. All the fun stuff.

OFFICER MORECROFT

It's in Spanish?

GREENE

So there were, of course, no *aboriginal ancestors* in the original. Araceli's story summons an *elemental demon*, who would share with you the meaning of life. Or some such nonsense. Even Araceli would have trouble seeing his story in what happened *here*.

OFFICER MORECROFT

But how fussy is a demon gonna be on details? I mean, if he sees someone making an effort, that's gotta be good enough for a demon.

GREENE

Now that's a fair argument.

They both share a laugh. There's an odd friendship developing between these two very different people.

GREENE

But there's no real effort here. Lemongrass? I don't know where that came from. And the original had a symbol you had to evoke... like the McDonalds' logo.

Trying to remember how what the symbol looked like, GREENE  
DRAWS A SHAPE ON HIS FOREHEAD USING HIS FOREFINGER--

And suddenly the ROOM'S LIGHT GOES OUT, and then COME BACK ON but at a reduced brightness and with a troubling HIGH FREQUENCY STROBE.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Whoa! What was that?

Greene turns the room light off at the switch, then after a moment turns it back on. The light level comes back to a higher level, but it continues to strobe.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Oh shit! Oh shit!

GREENE

What?

OFFICER MORECROFT

You did it! You did the thing!  
There--

Greene approaches a MIRROR in the next room, and sees that he has drawn a SYMBOL IN BLOOD on his forehead. Confused, Greene notices that his finger is also covered in blood.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- DAY

Greene washes his forehead using the outside tap.

GREENE

Is it gone?

OFFICER MORECROFT

It'll always be there.

Greene examines his finger, searching for a cut that isn't there. He starts to return to the room.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Stay out here and talk to me.  
Don't you want to talk about this?

GREENE

Remind me to explain coincidence  
and probability some time.

Greene continues inside.

INT. MURDER SCENE -- MOMENTS LATER

Greene is crouched over the pool of blood -- he can clearly see a FINGER PRINT in the blood that wasn't there before. He compares it to his own finger.

Out the corner of his eye, Greene sees a DARK SHADOW move quickly out of view in the next room.

GREENE

Officer?

Greene follows.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

GREENE

Hello?

And then he sees another MOVING SHADOW. He chases after it, and sees ANOTHER ONE. He moves from room to room.

GREENE

HEY! HEEEEEEEEEEEEYY!

INT. MURDER SCENE -- CONTINUOUS

Greene arrives back at the murder scene. Morecroft meets him.

OFFICER MORECROFT

What?

GREENE

There's someone in here. Someone  
was watching me.

Morecroft takes her gun from its holster.

OFFICER MORECROFT

What did he look like?

(beat)

*What did he look like?*

Greene thinks a moment and then laughs nervously.

GREENE

I think-- I can't believe I did that.

OFFICER MORECROFT

What?

GREENE

That was an interesting experience, actually. I must say.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Mr. Greene...

GREENE

We were talking about ghosts. And the strobe of this light must be creating odd patterns on my retina.

OFFICER MORECROFT

You saw a ghost??

GREENE

Yes. Well no. This light...

He turns the light off and then on again but there's no change.

GREENE

It's okay.

OFFICER MORECROFT

You said someone was watching you?

Looking around, Greene sees himself reflected in the mirror in the next room.

GREENE

I saw myself in the mirror. That's all.

OFFICER MORECROFT

And you don't just *think* it was the mirror because that's the best explanation your brain could come up with?

Greene turns the light off again.

INT. MURDER SCENE -- LATER

Greene has set up his own lighting in the room.

Morecroft collects fingerprints while Greene works elsewhere, but Greene keeps an eye on how she's doing.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
You were interested in the meaning  
of life earlier.

GREENE  
And you know what it is, I suppose?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
I think I do now.

GREENE  
Let me guess. Get married and  
have lots of little devil-babies.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
That's not how I was going to say  
it.

GREENE  
I tell you what. If you promise  
not to imbue me with your country  
philosophies, I'll send you a copy  
of tonight's Idol too.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Deal.  
(beat)  
Your loss.

GREENE  
Absolutely.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
So maybe we can find this pentagram  
and get the hell out of here.

Greene stands, surveys the area around the blood. He turns one of his lights off and moves the other closer, then slides a BLACK LIGHT FILTER into the light fitting (a filter that makes blood visible).

As he slides the filter into the light, the ROOM FILLS WITH FLUORESCENT DEVIL BABIES. They all turn to look at Greene in unison.

Greene falls over himself running from the room.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Greene runs outside, his heart pumping yet his face drained of colour.

GREENE  
Fuck! Fuck! Oh, fuck!

Morecroft follows Greene outside.



OFFICER MORECROFT  
What happened?

GREENE  
Did you see that?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
What?

GREENE  
I saw the little devil-babies...

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Really?

GREENE  
You didn't see them?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
I saw animals.

GREENE  
You saw animals?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
I think they were animals.

GREENE  
(pause)  
I did it again! Wow.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Mr. Greene, you're kinda scaring  
me a bit?

GREENE  
You know what it is? It's not the  
light. I thought it was the light,  
but it's the lemongrass. The smell  
in the room. It must be an  
hallucinogenic. Or perhaps they  
were using drugs.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Yeah?

GREENE  
Of course. I should have realized  
it.  
(beat)  
Wow. That was just so real.

Greene makes his way tentatively back towards the open door, but he sees the little devil-babies looking out at him.

Greene laughs, almost hysterically.

GREENE  
I can still see them.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
You can still see them?

GREENE  
Where's our water? I need some  
water.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- LATER

Green and Morecroft walk around the outside of the building,  
opening the doors and windows to let more air in.

Greene rips nailed boards off a couple of broken windows.

INT. MURDER SCENE -- LATER

Greene tentatively edges his way into the room to find  
that the black-light has revealed that ALMOST THE ENTIRE  
FLOOR IS COVERED BY A LARGE PENTAGRAM, DETAILED BY  
ABORIGINAL-STYLE NATIVE AUSTRALIAN ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Talkin' about making an effort...

Greene notices some DOTTED-LINES intersecting the imagery  
that lead out one of the doors.

GREENE  
What... what are these?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
You made those. The blood on your  
shoe, remember?

GREENE  
Excuse me? Do you want to try  
that again, officer?

OFFICER MORECROFT  
What?

GREENE  
You stepped in the evidence, don't  
you try to blame it on me!

OFFICER MORECROFT  
I didn't...

GREENE  
(losing patience)  
You did! It was only two hours  
ago, you can't tell me you don't  
recall taking off your shoes because  
you walked through the blood?

Greene is standing there in his socks.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
But that was you...

GREENE

Oh. Oooh. I understand. I see what you're doing. You're not going to get away with that, girl. Because I'm a hell of a lot smarter than you. A hell of a lot smarter.

OFFICER MORECROFT

Mr. Greene. Please...

As Officer Morecroft passes in front of the black light, TWO SPLATTERS OF BLOOD are highlighted across her uniform -- in the same pattern that Greene said would be on the murderer.

Greene stares at them, which prompts Morecroft look down at her uniform and see them herself.

Greene lunges for the screwdriver. Still in the plastic evidence bag, he holds it up threateningly at Morecroft.

Morecroft takes her pistol from its holster.

OFFICER MORECROFT

It's from when I helped take the body back to town.

Greene SPRINTS OUT OF THE ROOM.

OFFICER MORECROFT

(frightened)

GREENE! MR. GREENE!

INT. HOMESTEAD -- SAME TIME

Greene plows through the rooms.

EXT. BACK OF HOMESTEAD -- CONTINUOUS

He runs outside, finds the fuse box and rips the fuses out.

Next, he runs all the way around to the front of the house

INT. HOMESTEAD -- SAME TIME

Morecroft sees Greene run past a window.

EXT. HOMESTEAD -- SAME TIME

Greene reaches the front door and runs straight inside--

INT. HOMESTEAD -- CONTINUOUS

Still moving quickly, but now with stealth in mind, he makes his way towards the pentagram room.

INT. MURDER SCENE -- CONTINUOUS

The lights are off, light spills from other rooms which allows some visibility.

Greene enters, but Morecroft is not there. Greene stands motionless a moment, listening. Suddenly--

VOICE (O.S.)  
SCREEEAM...

BLACK

There is NO LIGHT AT ALL.

VOICE (O.S.)  
SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEAM...

Greene whimpers.

GREENE  
(broken)  
Officer Morecroft?  
(beat)  
Officer?

Greene hears a SCRAPING NOISE. His breathing becomes irregular and shallow.

OFFICER MORECROFT (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

GREENE (O.S.)  
I can't find the light switch.

OFFICER MORECROFT (O.S.)  
Open your eyes. Your eyes are closed.

Greene opens his eyes -- the room is as it was before the "blackout".

OFFICER MORECROFT  
What are you doing?

Greene is kneeling, PAINTING IN BLOOD ON THE WALL.

GREENE  
It's a goanna. I'm really sorry.

Greene dips his finger into the pool of blood for more paint.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
Don't be sorry.

GREENE  
I've seen them painted a lot better than this. I'm not doing it very well.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
No, it's beautiful.  
(beat)  
Stand up, Mr. Greene.

Greene stands up--

And finds himself looking into the chest of a LARGE FIGURE. He glances up into its eyes.

LARGE FIGURE  
(in Spanish, a voice  
as deep as the  
ocean)  
Usted sabe donde usted está?  
*[Do you know where you are?]*

GREENE  
Yes.

LARGE FIGURE  
Usted sabe porqué usted está aquí?  
*[Do you know why you are here?]*

GREENE  
You're going to tell me the meaning  
of life?

LARGE FIGURE  
Ese momento ha pasado.  
*[That moment has passed.]*

GREENE  
Is there a next time?

LARGE FIGURE  
No.

The large figure fires a bullet into Greene's heart. A single purge of blood squirts over the large figure before Greene falls to the floor.

Officer Morecroft, holding the pistol, stumbles backwards against a wall and slumps to the floor. Crying, frightened, horrified.

There is a line of blood across her face.

She drops the guns and goes into a huddle.

After a long moment she takes a phone from her pocket and enters a number.

OFFICER MORECROFT  
(to phone)  
I think I killed my friend.

FADE OUT: