

Barnabas: An Innsmouth Story

by

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Based on the characters from H.P. Lovecraft's 'The
Shadow Over Innsmouth'

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INT. THE COLUMBIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

SUPER: Insmouth Harbor, 1846

BARNABAS MARSH, 16, a disheveled and sweaty mess, bursts into the cabin of The Columbia as the door violently swings open. He stumbles onto a bench as FISHING EQUIPMENT crashes onto the floor of the cabin.

His breathing is heavy and laborious.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Oh hell!

He rips the BEANIE off of his head. His hair stands every which way.

BARNABAS
Grand Dad?
(a beat)
Damn.

Barnabas' legs wobble, Jello-like.

BARNABAS
Grand Dad? Are you here?

A loud thump comes from the deck.

Barnabas creeps toward the door.

BARNABAS
Grand Da--

CAPTAIN OBED MARSH, a large burley man with a large beard, early 50's, explodes through the doorway. He grabs Barnabas by the collar of his coat and shoves him into the wall of the cabin.

Obed snarls in Barnabas' face.

CAPTAIN MARSH
It was you wasn't it?! It was you on
the rocks. You and that Zadok boy!

BARNABAS
Grand Dad!

CAPTAIN MARSH
It was you and that boy wasn't it?!

Captain Marsh repeatedly shoves Barnabas into the wall.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

BARNABAS

Grand Dad! Stop! Stop it!

CAPTAIN MARSH

The Old Ones are not pleased with what
you boys did!

The attack on Barnabas continues.

Barnabas begins to thrash and yell.

BARNABAS

Get. Off. Of. ME!

A thunderous stampede approaches the boat.

The chatter of men's voices can be heard under the stampede.

SELECTMAN MOWRY (O.S)

(over a small mega-phone)

This is Selectman Mowry and I have the
police with me. Captain Obed Marsh,
you are under arrest. Come out
peacefully or prepare to be fired
upon.

Captain Marsh's bloodshot eyes bulge out of his head. Spit
lingers on his lips.

He releases Barnabas from his clutches. Barnabas drops like a
sack of bricks onto the bench below him. He struggles,
gasping for air.

EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Captain Marsh stomps out onto the deck of the boat. The
wooden deck creaks with every step of Obed's hefty boots as
he makes his way toward Selectman Mowry and the other
Officers.

He stands there with feet planted.

SELECTMAN MOWRY, maybe mid-50's, towers over the Officers
around him. A long coat drapes over his slim stature and a
tall TOP HAT. A large CURLED MUSTACHE sits boldly on his face
hiding his lips.

SELECTMAN MOWRY
You're under arrest, Obed.

OFFICER HOWARD
Hands up, Marsh.

EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCKS - NIGHT

OFFICER HOWARD, a shorter man, maybe early 40's, with a pot belly that stretches his belt to limit, a small mustache and a monocle, points and aims his REVOLVER PISTOL at Captain Marsh.

Captain Marsh raises his hands.

The look on Captain Marsh's face is mean. A red faced, furrowed brow, and a drooling snarl stare back at the Selectman.

CAPTAIN MARSH
What's the meanin' of this, Selectman?

SELECTMAN MOWRY
Suspicion of foul play.

Officer Howard removes the pair of HANDCUFFS from his belt.

He walks up the ramp to cuff Captain Marsh.

CAPTAIN MARSH
This is absurd! Bloody mad.

A blood curdling scream is heard.

All of the men quickly shift their attention in the direction of the screech.

Selectman Mowry violently spins around.

His eyes are wide.

SELECTMAN MOWRY
Oh my--
(a beat)
Lord!

Selectman Mowry Yells at the top of his lungs.

A Dagon creature approaches.

A beat.

It lunges at Selectman Mowry with arms outstretched and its mouth gaping wide with jagged, spiny teeth.

SELECTMAN MOWRY

Aahhhh!

The Dagon tackles Selectman Mowry.

Screaming. Yelling. Growling.

Selectman Mowry's screams turn into a gargle. The Dagon creature rips his throat.

EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Officer Howard is in a panic, he drops his gun.

OFFICER HOWARD

Ah, Hell!

Captain Marsh rushes into the cabin and kicks the door shut.

Officer Howard retrieves his firearm.

He looks up to see two more Dagon creatures climbing over the railing of the boat.

OFFICER HOWARD

Oh. M-- My. Aahh!

Beads of sweat trickle down his face, tears well up in his wide eyes.

The Dagon creatures leap at Officer Howard, knocking him down. They begin to chomp on his head and body.

His screams turn to groans, then to silence.

INT. THE COLUMBIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Obed rummages through his belongings; throwing clothes, log books and papers all over the inside of the cabin.

He kicks the wooden chair next to his bed.

A beat.

BARNABAS

You best be explaining this madness,
Grand Dad...

Barnabas stands in the shadows with a revolver pistol raised and pointed at Obed's back.

Obed slowly turns to face Barnabas.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye, Barn...

BARNABAS

Start talkin'... Now.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye...

BARNABAS

What was that madness out there?

CAPTAIN MARSH

Those-- Those are the beasts. The beasts of Dagon.

Barnabas pulls the hammer back on the pistol.

Obed slowly brings his hands up, trying to place Barnabas at ease.

BARNABAS

What were you doin' on Devil's Reef? We saw you out there...

CAPTAIN MARSH

You wouldn't understa--

BARNABAS

Tell me, now, Grand Dad! What were you doin' out there?!

Obed snarls at Barnabas.

A beat.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye, boy. The stories are true. There be devils on that reef and I am the one who brought them here to Innsmouth.

Barnabas stands frozen as he grips the pistol.

CAPTAIN MARSH

I am the one who called them here.

BARNABAS

Wh-- Why? Why would you call devils
here to Innsmouth?

CAPTAIN MARSH

It had to be done, boy. The devils are
here to help us.

A look of anger washes over Barnabas' face.

BARNABAS

Those devils just murdered those
Officers and you call that help?
You've gone fuckin' mad.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Don't you dare speak to me that way,
boy!

Obed takes a step toward Barnabas.

Barnabas raises the pistol and points it at Obed's face.

BARNABAS

Stop! Don't move... I will shoot you.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye... Do it, then. Shoot me fuckin'
head off and you will never know what
happened to your little pal, Zadok.

Barnabas grips the pistol.

He glares at Obed.

BARNABAS

Where-- Where is Zadok? Where did he
go?

CAPTAIN MARSH

Put the bloody gun down and I'll tell
you.

BARNABAS

Where is he?! Spit it out, now!

Barnabas stands his ground against Obed.

CAPTAIN MARSH

They took 'em. They took 'em, he's
goin' to meet the almighty Leviathan

and he will be set free, Barn. Zadok
will be set free!

With bloodshot eyes bulging from his head, Obed begins to
chuckle.

CAPTAIN MARSH
You will never find him, boy. He
belongs to the Order, now.

BARNABAS
You're not my Grand Dad, no more. You
are a fuckin' monster...

Barnabas resets the hammer of the pistol and shoves it in his
coat pocket.

He turns and grabs a wooden club on the bench next to him and
swiftly swings it at Obed, hitting him in the ribs.

Obed crumbles in agony.

CAPTAIN MARSH
Ah, fuck! You bloody bastard! Ahh!

Barnabas tosses the club out onto the deck of the boat as he
makes his way out of the cabin of the boat.

EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Obed can be heard groaning in pain.

Barnabas looks around, making sure that none of the creatures
are still around.

A beat.

An eerie silence hangs in the air.

EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCKS - NIGHT

He cautiously hurries off of the boat, making his way down
the wooden ramp. The dead bodies of the Officers are sprawled
all over the docks, blood and body parts everywhere.

Barnabas gazes at the carnage left by the creatures.

BARNABAS
Fuck-- This is just madness...

He starts to walk faster down the docks.

EXT. WATER STREET & DOCK STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Barnabas stumbles as he approaches the intersection of Water and Dock Streets. Gasping, he looks around as he tries to catch his breath. Not another person in sight.

The roaring of the ocean can be heard in the distance.

No seabirds.

Barnabas jogs down Dock Street. The last place he saw Zadok.

BARNABAS
 (to himself)
 I'm comin' Zadok...

The sound of crashing waves.

EXT. DOCK STREET - NIGHT

Barnabas walks down the street. The sidewalks are littered with stacks of WOODEN FISHING CRATES; some broken and some not, and several old, broken paddle boats.

He gazes at the numerous dilapidated warehouses that line the street.

The majority of the buildings are barely standing; roofs collapsed, the steel bones of the structures are exposed leaving them rusted, water gutters dangle over the sidewalk.

BARNABAS
 (to himself)
 These buildings are fucked...

He catches his breath.

A beat.

He looks around.

BARNABAS
 (to himself)
 Where the hell did Zadok go?

Taking a few steps down the street, Barnabas freezes.

The mumbled voices of men can be heard coming from on other decrepit buildings.

An orange glow seeps out of a doorway.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Oh, hell!

Barnabas dives behind a stack of fishing crates.

Two figures step out of the ruins. The Cultists. Both are dressed in burgundy colored hooded robes. One of them holds an oil lantern in front of themselves.

Barnabas barely peeks out from behind the pile of fishing crates as he watches the Cultists seemingly glide down the street.

As he begins to emerge from behind the crates, a third Cultist emerges from the darkened ruins.

Barnabas shoots back down behind the cover.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Shit!

A noise.

The Cultist whips his head in the direction of the noise.

P.O.V

Barnabas stares at the Cultist through the planks of the crates.

The Cultist stares.

BARNABAS
(whispering to himself)
Don't come over here...

A beat.

The Cultist takes a few steps toward the crates.

BARNABAS
(whispering to himself)
Oh shit... I'm not here. I'm not here.
I'm. Not. Here.

P.O.V END

Barnabas shuts his eyes as he sinks into himself.

Complete quiet.

Barnabas opens his eyes. As he slowly rises from behind the crates, he begins to look around.

He catches a glimpse of the Cultist turning the corner at the end of the street.

BARNABAS
 (to himself)
 Oh shit. They know you're following
 them, Barn... Shit!

Reluctantly, Barnabas begins to jog down the street

EXT. ALLEY WAY/CULTIST COMPOUND EXTERIOR - NIGHT

As Barnabas is about to turn into the alley, three Cultists stand outside of a tall, dark colored, colonial style brick compound. All of the windows are covered by boards.

P.O.V

A Cultist holding an oil lamp stands at the top of the steps next to the front door of the compound.

One of the Cultists makes his way up the steps and enters the doorway. The Cultist holding the oil lamp follows behind.

The third and final Cultist marches up the steps. He stops abruptly and slowly scans his surroundings.

Barnabas peeks from behind the corner of the warehouse.

BARNABAS
 (to himself)
 This bastard knows I'm here...

The Cultist enters the building and shuts the front door.

P.O.V END

Barnabas emerges from behind the corner of the warehouse.

Staying in the shadows of the dimly lit alley way, he creeps up to the building the Cultists entered.

He crouches next to a trash can as he inspects the exterior of the building.

BARNABAS

(to himself)

All of the windows are boarded... No door handles? What the hell goes on in there?

He begins to crawl, following the side of the building.

Barnabas comes to a walkway on the side of the building that stretches the entire length of the compound. He hurries into the walkway.

EXT. SIDE WALKWAY CULTIST COMPOUND - NIGHT

Barnabas makes his way down the cramped walkway; damp and dirty, littered with trash cans, black bags bulging with trash, and water dripping from the gutters.

Suddenly, hellish growls can be heard coming from the rear of the building.

A gang of cats emerge from the shadows.

Barnabas stops.

BARNABAS

(to himself)

That's a lot of fuckin' cats, man...
Holy hell.

The cats creep closer. Some of the cats sit and glare at Barnabas.

He continues down the walkway.

Soon, he notices a small staircase leading to a wooden hatch that is chained shut.

BARNABAS

(to himself)

Oh shit! A basement!

He makes his way down the staircase.

Barnabas reaches for the rusted chains and yanks on them.

The chains come loose.

BARNABAS

(to himself)

Yes! By the graces of Poseidon!

Barnabas yanks on the chain, again. This time, harder. The chain starts to unravel from the door handles.

He reaches for the handles.

A beat.

He tugs on the door. It isn't budging. Again, he tugs at the door.

The door won't budge.

BARNABAS
(frustrated)
C'mon! Fuckin' open!

With a couple more hard tugs on the door, it budges loose.

Barnabas stumbles backward onto the steps.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Bloody, hell! Yes!

He picks himself up from the steps and makes his way into the doorway.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Barnabas steps into the dark corridor as he swipes at the copious amount of spiderwebs that drape the entrance. A solitary light burns hauntingly dim over a red door at the opposite end of the corridor.

It catches Barnabas' attention. He stares at the red door intently.

A hard swallow.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Um... Well, shit...

He starts to slowly make his way into the corridor.

Only a few steps in he stops and begins to pat his coat.

Barnabas rummages in his pockets.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Wait. I know I have that--

A beat.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Got it!

Barnabas removes a ZIPPO LIGHTER from his pants pocket.

He opens the lighter and flicks the wheel several times. It sparks.

The orange glow of the flame seeps onto the dark colored stone walls of the corridor; moss and vines are strewn all over the walls. A pair of rats scurry by Barnabas' feet.

He skips over the rodents.

BARNABAS
Aye! Damn, Rats.

They disappear into the darkness.

Barnabas turns and continues onward as he holds the lighter in front of him as he swipes at the spiderwebs.

A whisper.

Startled, Barnabas whips around quickly.

BARNABAS
Aye! Who's there?

Wide eyed, he stares down the abysmal corridor behind him.

The walls begin to ooze. A thick and tacky substance drips from the ceiling of the corridor.

A beat.

BARNABAS
Wh-- Who's dow--

A deep, guttural voice.

LEVIATHAN (O.S)
I see you...

Without hesitation, Barnabas rockets toward the red door.

The black ooze continues to slosh and glop out of every crevasse; from the walls and ceiling. It begins to cover the pavement below.

Barnabas loses his footing in the sludgy mess.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Fuck!

He slips and slams onto the floor.

Grabbing his side, Barnabas rolls around on the floor as he holds his side in pain.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Ah! Oh my hell! That hurt...

He is covered in the black ooze.

Barnabas slowly staggers to his knees, holding his side.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
What in the bloody hell is this?

He wipes the ooze from his face. The black ooze blankets his hands and face.

Panic set in. He struggles.

BARNABAS
C'mon! The hell--

LEVIATHAN (O.S)
Barnabas!

With arms flailing, Barnabas slips and slides in the ooze as he struggles to get to his feet.

The red door is only feet away.

Gaining some stability, he is able to make his way to the door.

He stumbles into the red door.

INT. LIBRARY/STUDY - NIGHT

The door explodes open, the door knob collides with the adjacent wall leaving a socketed indent.

Barnabas tumbles onto the carpeted floor. He gets to his feet anxiously.

The door is wide open.

LEVIATHAN (O.S)
You are mine, Marsh!

He races for the door and slams it shut.

Breathing heavily, Barnabas glances at his hands. The black ooze is gone. He frantically looks over his entire person as he realizes there is no black ooze.

A beat.

He steps toward the door, he grabs the door handle and swings the door open.

The corridor is flawless, not a single spiderweb, rats, moss, vines or the black ooze. Nothing.

Barnabas stares into the corridor with widened tear filled eyes.

INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A large stone slabs sits in the center of a cavern. Enormous rocky spikes reach down from the ceiling. The walls of the cavern are littered with candles, melted wax sticks caked to the rocky terrain.

Zadok lays passed out on a large stone slab.

The sound of dripping water echoes through the cavern.

Several robed Cultists, with candles in theirs hands, emerge from the various tunnels that lead to the ritual chamber and proceed to encircle Zadok.

The Cultists chant.

CULTISTS
Ph'nglui Mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
Wgah'nagl Fhtagn...

INT. LIBRARY/STUDY - NIGHT

Still stunned from his experience in the corridor, Barnabas smacks himself and furiously rubs his face with his hands. An attempt to shake off his nerves.

Barnabas looks around the library.

BARNABAS
(to himself - confused)
A room full of books... What the hell?

The library is dark.

He begins to shuffle around, slowly.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Aye, it's fuckin' dark in here. Where
my light?

Barnabas turns back to the way he came in. his lighter in on the floor. He hurries over to snatch it off the ground.

BARNABAS
Yes! Got it.

He flicks the wheel of the lighter a couple times before the flame sparks.

With the lighter outstretched in front of him, Barnabas begins to explore the old and dusty library.

INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The Cultists chant in unison, a droning and haunting choir.

CULTISTS
Ph'nglui Mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
Wgah'nagl Fhtagn...

Zadok groans as he begins to wake up. He winces as he slowly lifts himself.

P.O.V

The orange glow of the candles muddies Zadok's already blurry vision.

Zadok freaks out as the Cultist's black and shapeless forms emerge from the foggy orange glow.

ZADOK

Wait-- Who-- Who the hell are you?!

He swings his arms at the shapeless forms as they attempt to get closer to him.

P.O.V END

With shaky legs, he tumbles off of the slab and crashes onto the dirt floor.

The Cultist's close in on Zadok.

As the they get closer to him, Zadok swings at one of the Cultist's and lands a swift left hook.

The Cultist drops hard.

ZADOK

Move back! Don't-- Don't come closer.

As Zadok brings his fists up, he staggers around like a drunkard. He isn't strong enough for further confrontation.

CULTIST LEADER (O.S)

You will not assault my people without repercussions, boy.

Zadok whips around quickly to face the voice. He stumbles.

ZADOK

Aye-- Back up! Back up from me...

The Cultist leader stands before Zadok. He wears a green robe that bears a GOLDEN SIGNET on the chest and he holds a large DAGGER in his left hand.

CULTIST LEADER

You will obey, the great Lord Dagon!

Zadok rubs the fogginess from his eyes.

ZADOK

Hey! Get back, I said!

(a beat)

Help! Hey, Help! Help!

The Cultist leader beings to laugh maniacally. He grabs Zadok by his shirt.

CULTIST LEADER
You are a fool, boy!

INT. LIBRARY/STUDY - NIGHT

Barnabas holds his lighter up to a bookshelf and begins to read the titles of the books.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
...The Esoteric Order of Dagon? What
in the bloody hell is that?

The faint sound of someone yelling can be heard.

Barnabas begins to look around the library.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
Aye, where's that comin' from? It's a
radio or somethin'?

He looks around the library, making sure there isn't a radio somewhere.

Not a radio in sight.

He can hear the faint muffled voice again.

ZADOK (O.S)
Aye! Help me! Help!

Barnabas listens for a beat.

BARNABAS
Someone's yellin' for-- Hey! I can
hear you!

Barnabas snaps his lighter shut and begins to frantically search for a door or an opening of sorts.

BARNABAS
Hey! If you can hear me keep shoutin'!

He rips books off of the shelves, throwing them onto the floor.

BARNABAS
(to himself)
C'mon, fuckin' find somethin', Barn!

INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Zadok stumbles backward as he moves away from the the Cultist leader and his followers.

He gets back on his feet.

ZADOK

Get the hell away from me! Help!

Frantically looking for something to use, Zadok finds a sharp and jagged rock.

He thrusts the rock outward at the Cultists.

ZADOK

I'll fuck you up with this, asshole!
Don't come any closer.

Zadok stands staring at the Cultists.

A beat.

INT. LIBRARY/STUDY - NIGHT

Barnabas anxiously pulls every book off of the the shelves, leaving mountainous piles of books on the floor of the library.

He starts to push the large bookshelf from the side. It budes loses.

BARNABAS

Oh shit... It worked!
(a beat)
Hey, I'm comin'!

Barnabas continues to push against the heavy shelves. He shoves his body weight into the shelving with all of his might; heaving and mashing his teeth.

The heavy bookshelf begins to tip to the side.

Barnabas takes a step back as he looks up at the bookshelf toppling over.

BARNABAS

(to himself)
Holy hell... there it goes!

As the bookshelf topples over, it leans in a crooked angle an

begins to crack and shatter into pieces.

Barnabas notices a doorway that was hidden behind the bookshelf.

BARNABAS

Oh shit... Another corridor. I really hate corridors.

A beat.

Barnabas creeps into the doorway.

INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

With the jagged rock still pointed at the cultists, Zadok is startled by the commotion that is coming from upstairs.

The cultists react to the crashing noise.

A beat.

Zadok takes advantage of the cultists being distracted. He drives the jagged rock into the throat of the cultist leader.

The cultist leader clenches his throat as he drops to his knees.

ZADOK

Asshole!

Zadok punches one of the cultists in the head. He then shoves another cultist into the rest of the group. The cultists crash onto the floor.

BARNABAS (O.S)

Aye! Zadok!

Confused, Zadok looks around the chamber.

BARNABAS (O.S)

Over here! Look up, Mate.

Zadok looks up to see Barnabas standing on a catwalk.

ZADOK

Aye! What in the bloody hell are you doing here?

BARNABAS

Hurry up, mate! Let's go! There's a

ladder over here.

Zadok hurries to the ladder and begins to climb up to the catwalk.

INT. LIBRARY/STUDY - NIGHT

As the boys emerge from the hidden doorway, Zadok stumbles to his knees, gasping. Barnabas kneels next to Zadok.

BARNABAS

Are you alright, mate?

ZADOK

Aye. I'm just exhausted. So much shit happened.

BARNABAS

Well, we can rest later when we get you somewhere safe. Those bastards are gonna be comin' for us soon.

ZADOK

Aye, I know, mate.

Zadok winces in pain as he gets up off of the floor. Barnabas helps him up to his feet.

ZADOK

Let's go, Barn.

BARNABAS

You're gonna be good, mate. Let's go.

ZADOK

Aye.

The boys step over the piles of books and broken bookshelves as they make their way to the red door.

Barnabas walks over to the door with Zadok slung over his shoulder and pulls the door open.

They hurry down the corridor.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The boys are coming to the end of the dark corridor, the moonlight drenches the small staircase leading out. Spider webs drape down from the door frame like a ghostly veil.

Zadok stumbles, he leans against the stone walls of the corridors.

Barnabas grabs onto his friend.

BARNABAS

C'mon, mate. We're almost out of here.
Let's go.

ZADOK

Aye, I'm tryin'...

They begin to climb up the steps. Barnabas holds Zadok up.

EXT. SIDE WALKWAY CULTIST COMPOUND - NIGHT

The boys emerge from the corridor, both of them a disheveled mess; dusty clothes, thrashed hair sticking out every which way. Barnabas glances to the right and then to the left. Zadok nudges to the left. Barnabas stops him from walking off.

BARNABAS

Hold on, Zadok... That's where I came
from. They might be out that way
lookin' for us.

ZADOK

The other way, then?

BARNABAS

Aye, this way.

They begin to make their way down the side of the building, seeking an escape.

A beat.

CAPTAIN MARSH (O.S)

Aye! You boys seem lost...

The boys freeze in their tracks, their eyes wide with fear. Trembling, they turn around slowly.

BLACK OUT