

THE OGALAUATSI

written by

Lucas Hardwick

Copyright 2021

907 Crown Point Ct.
Evansville, IN 47710
(270) 836-6073

lucashardwick@gmail.com

Registered with the Writer's Guild of America

August 8, 2021

Final Draft

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Full Moon shining in a midnight blue sky. It is the spring of 1892 in the U.S. Pacific Northwest. Silhouettes of trees cast long, veiny shadows across the moonlit forest floor as AUGUSTUS CRIPPLE, riding on horseback uses a rope to lead a captive NATIVE AMERICAN MAN whose hands are bound.

The NATIVE AMERICAN MAN is THE SORCERER (late 50s, dressed in rag-like "found" clothing, necklaces made of human and animal teeth, painted face, piercings, and a stovepipe hat adorned with feathers). He is a sorcerer of ancient, dark arts who belongs to no tribe.

AUGUSTUS CRIPPLE (early 40s, WHITE, unshaven, dressed in buckskins, boots, and slouch hat) is the local sheriff, and from his looks and demeanor, has a shady past. An 1873 lever-action .38 caliber Winchester rifle is holstered to his saddle.

A NAKED DEAD WHITE MAN (MOSES T. JAVERNICK) is draped across the back of the horse behind Augustus. He is a few days decomposed and is partially covered in canvas, but a few telling parts of his body remain exposed where the canvas has come undone.

Moses' body has a large, bloody hole running the length of his abdomen. The hole appears to be pried open and is adorned with various ritualistic ephemera like animal skins wrapped around bones and large tree branches--like a human n'ganga.

AUGUSTUS
Quit draggin' your feet!

A few BEATS as Augustus and The Sorcerer continue along the dark, narrow forest trail.

Augustus stops his horse to look around at his surroundings. He appears to be confused.

AUGUSTUS
We passed this bluff an hour ago.

Augustus removes his hat and scratches his head, then turns to The Sorcerer.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
Hey, Stovepipe! Where the hell
are we?

BEAT. The Sorcerer doesn't speak.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
Hey Stovepipe! Can't you say
nothin'?

The Sorcerer remains silent.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Eh.

Augustus puts his hat back on and removes a pocket watch from his pants pocket.

The pocket watch shows the time being 1:17.

Augustus closes the pocket watch and shoves it back into his pants pocket. He looks around at his surroundings again.

AUGUSTUS

I was hoping to reach town before
sunup. Get you strung up before
noon.

Augustus turns to The Sorcerer again.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

But between these damn woods and
your shufflin', looks like we
ain't got much choice but to wait
'til mornin'.

Augustus observes the bluff and the small clearing below it, creating an overhang that's suitable for a campsite.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Guess this is good a place as any.

Augustus dismounts his horse and grabs his rifle from its holster while managing to keep one hand holding the rope that's tied to The Sorcerer.

AUGUSTUS

Think you can stay put while I get
us a fire going?

The Sorcerer doesn't speak.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

That's what I thought you'd say.

Augustus points to a place on the ground.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Here! Sit down.

No response.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Sit! Down!

Augustus kicks The Sorcerer behind his knees, forcing him to the ground. He slings the rifle over his shoulder then begins to tie The Sorcerer's feet together.

AUGUSTUS

Now, I'm goin' to look for some firewood, but I'm a-keepin' one eye on you. So don't do nothin' stupid.

Augustus finishes tying up The Sorcerer and walks off into the woods to look for firewood.

The Sorcerer is completely bound and lying on his side.

SHUFFLE, SHUFFLE, SHUFFLE. Augustus' footsteps as he wanders off into the woods.

The Sorcerer closes his eyes and begins to whisper a chant.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - LATER

A Half-Moon now appears in the night sky.

The remains of a cooked SALMON sizzle in a frying pan over a campfire. The salmon's lifeless eye glares up at Augustus.

The Sorcerer sits upright against the rock facing of the bluff they are camped under, hands and feet still bound. Augustus sits across from him with a flask of whiskey in his hand, drinking as he speaks. His rifle is propped up on the side of the bluff near his bedding. The horse is tied to a tree nearby.

AUGUSTUS

What's the matter with you? Cat got your tongue? Don't you want to defend yourself? Beg for mercy and all that shit?

BEAT.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

What was that voodoo stuff you were doin'? Some kind of ritual? Devil worship?

BEAT.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Hell, you people don't believe in no devil.

Augustus takes a swig of whiskey then points to the body strapped to his horse.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
That feller over there that you
jammed a bunch of animal carcass
into? That's the town preacher.
Not that you give a damn, though.

Augustus pauses to take another snort of whiskey.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
Been missing for days.

Augustus points to the badge on his chest.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
See this? It's the only thing
between you and a bullet in the
brain.

A few BEATS pass as the two sit in silence, and then something strange comes over Augustus.

AUGUSTUS
Quit draggin' your feet!

Augustus pauses and shudders briefly after saying this. He appears confused and slightly embarrassed as if being caught off guard.

The Sorcerer continues to stare at Augustus.

AUGUSTUS
(CLEARING HIS THROAT)
Well... I guess you ain't
talkin'.

BEAT.

Augustus removes his pocket watch from his pants pocket.

The pocket watch which now reads 11:42.

Augustus now appears clean-shaven and 10 years younger. He does not notice this change. His hair is shorter and his complexion is much less grizzled and craggy. His appearance is slightly more agreeable.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
Best be getting some shut-eye if'n
you're gonna hang before noon.

Augustus prepares his bedding and lies down to sleep.

Several BEATS pass in silence between the two. The only sounds are crickets and the crackle of campfire.

THE SORCERER
Augustus Cripple.

Augustus' eyes pop open to surprise at hearing The Sorcerer speak.

BEAT.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)
I am returning my spirit where it belongs.

Augustus turns over and raises up to face The Sorcerer.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
(SHAKEN)
What did you say? How the hell do you know my name?

The Sorcerer briefly looks toward Augustus' horse still carrying the body of Moses T. Javernick.

THE SORCERER
I spoke with Moses.

Augustus remains wide-eyed with confusion and fear.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)
His spirit will return mine.

BEAT.

Augustus begins to laugh.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
(LAUGHING)
You son of bitch! Whatever you say, Stovepipe, but you're the murderer of an innocent man.

Augustus laughs again.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
(LAUGHING CONT'D)
Okay, you got me. Go ahead. Tell me how you know my name.

The Sorcerer sits in silence.

BEAT.

Augustus' laughter dies out,

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
(SARCASTICALLY)
Well, what else did Moses tell
you?

THE SORCERER
He spoke of a woman in winter.

BEAT.

Augustus becomes angry.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
You're not very damn funny.

BEAT.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
I ought to kill you where you sit.

BEAT.

Silence.

Augustus' expression changes again.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS
Quit draggin' your feet!

Augustus shudders again as he returns to his previous manner.
He looks around confused at what just occurred.

The Sorcerer sits in silence.

Augustus now appears much older--around the age of 70. His
hair is long and white, and he now has a long white beard.
Again, he does not notice this change.

OLD AUGUSTUS
Anyway... How 'bout we smokum
peace pipe.

Augustus rifles through his haversack lying nearby and procures
a pipe, matches, and a small bag of smoking tobacco. He speaks
as he prepares the pipe for smoking.

OLD AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
Well, Stovepipe, let's hear it!
You were yammerin' like a Kentucky
preacher and now you've gone and
clammed up again.

The Sorcerer remains silent for a BEAT.

THE SORCERER

Like the rot that infests the dead
buffalo and bear, the white man
spirit poisons this land.

The Sorcerer pauses briefly.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)

A white man's spirit must cleanse
it.

BEAT.

Augustus laughs again.

OLD AUGUSTUS

And how does shoving a bunch of
dead animal parts into poor
Brother Moses over there supposed
to cleanse the land?

THE SORCERER

He is a sacrifice to the
Ogalaquatsi.

BEAT.

OLD AUGUSTUS

(LAUGHING)

This just keeps gettin' better.
An Ogala-- what?

THE SORCERER

The Ogalaquatsi knows the lives
our hearts have lived. He will
return and free my spirit from
this body and give it back to the
brown bear.

BEAT.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)

He will free you too.

BEAT.

OLD AUGUSTUS

Who said my spirit needed any
freein'?

Augustus picks up a stick and stokes the fire.

OLD AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
You oughta mind your own damn
business.

A BEAT passes, Augustus stops stoking the fire. He picks up his flask and raises it in a mocking toast.

OLD AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)
(SARCASTICALLY)
Well ... here's to Moses and brown
bears, I guess.

Augustus takes a snort from his flask and goes back to stoking the fire.

There is a long pause in their conversation as they sit in silence.

Another strange spell comes over Augustus.

OLD AUGUSTUS
Quit draggin' your feet!

This time he's more aware that something weird is happening to him.

THE SORCERER
The Ogalaquatsi is near.

Extended BEAT of silence.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)
If you were born but today and
your memories were given to you,
would you know that you were born
today?

Augustus now looks completely different. His spirit and personality now exist in a different body. Augustus appears as a middle-aged man, but his hair is a different color, he is more gaunt and thin, with a hateful brow-line, and a mean look in his eyes. He knows something is different, but he is unaware that he looks different.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)
You remember the winter woman.

AUGUSTUS #2
(FRUSTRATED)
Alright, Stovepipe, I told you to
mind your own damn business!
Besides, you're givin' me the
creeps.

Augustus begins putting away his pipe and flask.

AUGUSTUS #2 (CONT'D)
That's enough Sunday school for
tonight. Time for some shut-eye.
Then tomorrow afternoon you'll be
dancin' at the end of a rope.

Augustus prepares his bedding and lies down to sleep.

The sounds of campfire and crickets fill the silence between
the two men.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - LATER

Augustus lies sleeping, covered in a blanket. The warm glow of
the campfire embers casts a dim, orange light on the scene, and
a thin dusting of snow covers the campsite beneath the bluff.

Beyond the camp into the woods, several inches of snow blankets
the ground. The snow continues to fall. The trees have no
leaves and it appears to be full blown winter.

The Sorcerer still sits bound and awake against the bluff's
rock facing.

Augustus wrestles with his blanket in attempt to warm himself.

AUGUSTUS #2
Cold as a well-digger's ass!

After a few beats of trying to get warm and comfortable again,
Augustus finally becomes frustrated and sits upright, shocked
and haunted by the winter scene before him.

AUGUSTUS #2
What in the hell?

Still shocked, Augustus looks over at The Sorcerer and then
marvels at the winter scene beyond the campsite.

AUGUSTUS #2
(SHOCKED)
You slipped something into my
peace pipe, didn't you, you son of
a bitch.

BEAT.

Augustus can hardly believe what he's seeing. He stands up,
wrapped in his blanket and pauses at the edge of the campsite,
looking up at the snow fall.

AUGUSTUS #2 (CONT'D)
It's like I remember it being
winter, but I know it wasn't.

BEAT.

THE SORCERER
The Ogalaquatsi is near.

Augustus turns back to The Sorcerer.

AUGUSTUS #2
Just what is an Ogalaquatsi?

THE SORCERER
You have already begun to sense
its coming.

Augustus faces forward again in reflection realizing that his
strange spells may have something to do with the OGALAUQUATSI.

AAHH! Augustus hears the distant screams of a woman.

Wrapped in his blanket, Augustus takes a few steps further from
the campsite, scanning the area for the screams.

AUGUSTUS #2
You hear that?

Augustus turns to The Sorcerer who merely looks at him and
remains silent.

EXTENDED BEAT.

Augustus turns back toward the snow-covered forest.

AAHH! The female screams continue.

AUGUSTUS #2
(WHISPERS)
You bastard.

Walking further into the forest, Augustus moves toward the
screams which become louder. The snowfall becomes heavier.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Augustus begins trudging and shuffling through the snow toward
the sounds of the screams he thinks he's hearing.

As he moves further and further into the forest, fear begins to
take hold of him. He knows what is going to happen.

Augustus now carries a rifle in his hands and his demeanor has turned to a mix of fear and determination as he trudges on toward the screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Augustus arrives at a large tent shelter erected in the forest. The embers of a campfire smolder just outside.

A few BEATS pass, then A NATIVE AMERICAN MAN dressed in winter furs steps outside the shelter to see Augustus approaching.

AUGUSTUS #2
Well, what do we have here?

BEAT.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN
We have nothing to offer you.

Augustus stops his approach.

AUGUSTUS #2
You talk mighty good.

BEAT.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN
We have no food or money to give you.

AUGUSTUS #2
Them furs look plenty warm on you.

A BEAT, then a FEMALE NATIVE AMERICAN slowly emerges from the shelter.

AUGUSTUS #2
(SMILING)
Well, if it ain't a pretty little squaw!

BEAT.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN
Take our furs.

BEAT.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)
Then leave us.

BEAT.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)
Please.

AUGUSTUS #2
Oh, I'm takin' yer furs.

Augustus raises his rifle and aims to fire.

He pauses to look at the female Native American.

AUGUSTUS #2 (CONT'D)
Ain't that right, missy.

As Augustus pulls the trigger on his rifle...

AUGUSTUS #2
(SCREAMS)
Quit draggin' yer feet!

AHHH Female screams.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Augustus stands at the edge of the campsite as if he'd never left. His appearance has returned to normal. The snow is gone, The Sorcerer remains bound sitting against the bluff.

Augustus appears more shaken than before.

He looks down to see that he is now wearing the furs that belonged to the Native American Man from the shelter in the snow-covered forest.

Frightened, Augustus tosses the furs to the ground.

THE SORCERER
The Ogalaquatsi searches your
haunted heart, Augustus Cripple.

BEAT.

THE SORCERER (CONT'D)
A memory or a thought? Perhaps
yours. But perhaps another's.

Augustus turns to glare at The Sorcerer, then walks over to the rifle leaning against the side of the bluff.

Augustus grabs the rifle, aims, and fires a round point blank at The Sorcerer.

The Sorcerer is uninjured and shows no sign of being shot.

AUGUSTUS
What unearthly damnation are you?

EXTENDED BEAT.

Augustus turns and squints to look closer at something in the distant sky.

WHIP WHIP WHIP. Something is approaching in the distance.

Faint lights approaching in the distant night sky

Augustus who appears more and more confused by what he's seeing and hearing.

WHIP WHIP WHIP. The sound, becoming clearer, is the sound of an approaching helicopter

The sound is getting closer by the second.

AUGUSTUS
(BAFFLED)
What in the hell...?

In the night sky where what was once only lights approaching is revealed as a helicopter on course to crash into the bluff.

The helicopter pitches to and fro overhead and explodes into a ball of fire as it crashes on top the bluff.

BOOM!

The flames light up the night sky giving the entire scene an orange glow.

Augustus becomes actively frightened and runs back to farthest point of the campsite beneath the bluff.

AUGUSTUS
What ungodly thing was that?!

THE SORCERER
The Ogalaquatsi is summoned from another time. He brings a piece of that time with him.

Augustus creeps out of the corner he was hiding in, looking up toward the top of the bluff where the helicopter is burning.

AAAHHHHHHHH! The helicopter passengers are screaming in fear and agony.

Augustus hurriedly begins packing up things from the campsite.

AUGUSTUS
To hell with this! You're free to
go, Stovepipe.

With an armful of items from the camp, Augustus hurries over to the horse and starts loading his things onto the saddle. As he's doing this, he begins to realize that Moses' body is missing from the back of the horse.

Augustus begins to back away from the horse.

AUGUSTUS
Hey, Stovepipe... Where's Moses?

CLOMP ... CLOMP ... CLOMP-CLOMP.

BEAT.

Augustus realizes he's hearing something and as he turns to face where the footsteps are coming from...

HHHOOOWWLLL.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The scene has returned to full-blown winter as snow covers the forest. The lurching undead body of Moses is revealed.

Moses, still naked with the ritualistically adorned hole in his torso and look of terror still frozen on his face approaches Augustus and The Sorcerer.

Augustus is terrified by the sight of Moses. He trembles and loses his balance as he stumbles to move away.

Moses continues toward him and Augustus clamors for his rifle then seeks refuge behind his horse.

Augustus' mind starts to lose control of time again, and as he attempts to say anything else, all he can get out is a frustrated:

AUGUSTUS
Quit draggin' your feet!

Augustus fires a round at Moses and sinks back behind the horse to reload the rifle. He becomes more frantic and begins to weep in fear.

AUGUSTUS
Quit draggin' your feet!

He fires another round into Moses' lurching body causing it to stand still.

HHHOOOWWLLLL.

The night sky remains lit up with the orange glow of the helicopter fire. The heavy snow has become a near blizzard.

Moses continues his advance, a screaming, fiery helicopter passenger plummets in a blaze from the top of the bluff into the snow between Augustus and Moses.

THE FLAMING HELICOPTER PASSENGER attempts to stand up, stumbling and crawling a few paces until falling face first into the snow. The body remains in a blaze as Moses continues toward Augustus.

Moses wobbles clumsily where he stands for a couple of BEATS, and slowly something begin to emerge from the hole in Moses' torso.

At first only a few, then hundreds of salmon emerge from the gaping hole in Moses. They fall to the ground, flapping in the snow.

Moses continues to move forward through the flapping salmon, then pauses his advance again.

Moses weaves and sways as something else works its way through his body.

A set of BLACK SIX-FINGERED HANDS, one at a time, finally burst through the hole in Moses in a gory, bloody sight.

The Ogalaquatsi peels back the shell of Moses and emerges fully formed. The sight is slimy, grisly, and painful to witness. The beast gorily pulls itself into this timeline.

Once fully emerged, The Ogalaquatsi stands eight feet tall. It is humanoid and is covered in long, stringy black hair. Its face is slimy and bat-like, with glowing red eyes and large lower canine teeth.

Augustus truly cannot believe what he is seeing. He is so overcome with fear, he falls backwards and drops his rifle in the snow.

The Ogalaquatsi looks around at its surroundings in attempt to get his bearings. It stumbles forward a few steps toward Augustus.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Sorcerer, hands and feet still bound, witnesses the entire event, but from his perspective, The Ogalaquatsi begins to approach him. Two realities are occurring at the same time. And as The Ogalaquatsi makes eye contact with both Augustus and The Sorcerer, he ASTRALLY PROJECTS himself before each of them.

The Sorcerer remains calm and allows The Ogalaquatsi to approach and envelop him.

BACK TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Augustus attempts to fight, but quickly discovers he cannot move.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Ogalaquatsi stands tall above The Sorcerer maintaining eye contact. The Sorcerer closes his eyes and allows The Ogalaquatsi to take him.

BACK TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Ogalaquatsi also now stands before Augustus. Eight long tentacles--slimy flesh on the bottom and covered with the beast's black stringy hair on top--emerge from The Ogalaquatsi's back and wrap themselves around Augustus' arms, neck, and head.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Sorcerer is having the same experience, though he is not attempting to fight what is happening.

BACK TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Augustus weeps in fear as The Ogalaquatsi's tentacles continue to tighten around him.

17.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Sorcerer closes his eyes as The Ogalaquatsi's tentacles wrap around him.

BACK TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FOREST - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Ogalaquatsi opens its mouth, maintaining a paralyzing gaze with each man. A powerful white light emerges from its mouth that slowly envelopes each man individually.

HHHOOOWWLLL. A chilling howl emerges from The Ogalaquatsi.

Augustus' head wrapped in tentacles save for his eye that wells with tears as The Ogalaquatsi's white light slowly fills the scene

FADE TO WHITE.

BEAT.

FADE TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The eye of a salmon. The salmon wiggles and swims around and begins to swim away.

The claw of a brown bear violently breaks the surface of the water, grabbing up the fish.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The lake rests in a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains and trees. Nature is all around.

The bear walks out of the lake with the salmon in its mouth. It drops the fish to the ground and begins to eat it.

Several BEATS taking in the peaceful nature setting.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

