

In the Flesh

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Near closing. A few folks with nowhere better to be.

A neon BAR sign casts a red glow onto a WOMAN. She sits alone. Sips something on the rocks. A full glass of the same, ice nearly melted, sits in front of the empty chair across from her.

She peers through a nearby window. Searching.

This is ALISON (22). Lean, athletic, a body earned through hard training, maybe at an MMA gym. Dangerous edge.

A black SPORTS CAR grumbles into a parking spot. Headlights blast Alison with light. She shields her eyes. Irritated.

The headlights dim. The car sits motionless. It seems focused on Alison. Can't be sure. Tinted windows hide the driver. The driver-side door opens.

An exhausted WAITRESS walks by the table.

WAITRESS
Doin' alright, Hon?

Alison waves her off. The waitress trudges away and Alison glances back to the car. The driver is already gone.

The BAR door swings open. Alison catches a glimpse of a WELL DRESSED MAN entering.

BUZZ. BUZZ. She pulls her vibrating cellphone from her pocket. A text onscreen:

I'm sorry.

BUZZ. BUZZ. A second text:

Some other time?

She turns the phone off without a second thought. Grabs the full drink sitting across the table. Downs it like liquid courage. She searches the bar...

Sees the Well Dressed Man stalking through shadows. He too is searching for something. Moving like a predator.

Can't get a good view of him but his presence is unmistakable. Other patrons, men and women alike, sneak glances and follow his path as he passes.

He turns toward her. Alison gulps, as his heavy FOOTFALLS approach her table--

He walks past without a glance. Alison deflates.

But then he slows. Stops.

His name is COLE (30), but that's not important right now. Neither is his face. Which is turned away from Alison. What is important is that even looking at his back, Alison is captivated.

Her eyes are glued. Cole sniffs the air curiously.

COLE

What are you wearing, darling? It smells delicious.

A strange accent that Alison can't pinpoint. Alison offers a WTF glance to the back of Cole's head.

ALISON

Who, me?

Cole turns. Waits patiently. Handsome without question. Piercing eyes unashamedly rove over Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Nothing...

COLE

My favorite.

ALISON

Oh, wow. That was unexpectedly corny.

COLE

An honest girl -- so does that mean we can skip to the chase?

ALISON

What? No drinks first?

COLE

I don't drink.

ALISON

You're in a bar.

COLE

I like being ironic.

ALISON
That's not ironic. That's
pointless.

COLE
You're here aren't you? Maybe
that's the point.

Alison smiles despite herself. Kicks out a chair for Cole.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Intertwined passionately are the silhouettes of a MAN and WOMAN. Alison and Cole? It's too dark to be sure.

Hungry, aggressive, the WOMAN swings herself atop her lover.

The MAN rolls back on top just as forcefully. His shadow expands appearing almost animalistic.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

A gorgeous home... and isolated.

The Woman's muffled screams of passion are barely audible from within. The screams crescendo into either the explosive start of orgasm, or the violent end of life.

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - DAY

Morning light reveals bland furnishing. A giant bed is the only item fitting to the decadent exterior.

Curled under silky soft sheets lies ALISON in bra and panties. Very much alive.

Any doubt about how much she enjoyed last night is erased by the huge smile that dances across her face as she wakes. She stretches, practically purring. A feline after a canary dinner.

She rolls over, finds herself alone in unfamiliar surroundings. She sits up, her smile fades a bit.

She trudges toward an open bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once again, the room contains none of the comforts one would expect from a home in this income bracket.

On the vanity mirror, a note written in lipstick: Get comfy, see you soon!

Below the note, towels, toothbrush, and new underwear. Alison's smile is completely gone now.

ALISON

Not our first time at the rodeo I see.

She shrugs it off and cranks on the shower's hot water. Instant steam-room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Alison steps out of the bathroom in her new undies. She turns to the bedroom, it is solid with a sturdy dead-bolt. Looks more fitting a panic room than a master bedroom.

She snaps from her gaze a bit unsettled. Scans the room for something. Looks under the bed, doesn't find it. Moves to a nearby closet. Empty.

ALISON

Where the hell are my pants?

She moves back to the door...

Hesitantly, she pulls the door, as if expecting it to be locked. She is relieved when it clanks opens.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Alison peers out at FIVE IDENTICAL DOORS that line the hallway.

Wrapped in a towel, she cautiously steps out. CREEEEK. She spins as the bedroom door slowly closes behind her.

She turns back to the hallway-- a FRAIL GIRL (21), stands in the now open nearest doorway. She's wild eyed, hair disheveled with a striking highlight of grey, rumped clothing. Looks like she just walked in from either ultra intense partying or a Mad Max movie. Alison stumbles back.

ALISON

God, you scared the crap out of me!

The Girl stares at her blankly. Alison gathers herself. She walks toward the Frail Girl.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Okay, now this is awkward but I
 came here last night with...

She embarrassedly searches her mind for a name.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 A guy who lives here, I guess.

The Frail Girl keeps staring. Alison's embarrassment grows.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Aww damn, he's not your husband or
 some shit is he?

SLAM.

The Frail Girl's door almost smashes Alison's nose. In an
 instant Alison's shock turns into anger.

She POUNDS the door.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Bitch, are you crazy! You almost
 smashed my face!

FRAIL GIRL (O.S.)
 Quiet! No fighting. You won't get
 to stay if you fight.

ALISON
 What?

Beat.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Look, I just want my clothes so I
 can leave... Can you help me?

Still no response.

Alison notices movement. A SHADOW shifts under the gap
 between the floor and a closed door down the hall. Someone
 listening on the other side?

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Hello?

The shadow skitters away from the closed door. Things have
 officially shifted from awkward to creepy.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Okay, screw it. Keep the jeans.

She rushes toward the stairs warily.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Alison enters, spots her goal, the front door. She makes a beeline for it.

She stops in her tracks when she notices the door has no internal handle or latches.

Behind her BREEZE (19) appears. Pretty, with effortless coolness and a relaxed demeanor that requires pills for most people to acquire.

BREEZE

Hey man, you should consider dropping the caffeine from your morning routine. You're all amped.

Alison spins and eyes Breeze cautiously.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

Name's SummerBreeze. But people just call me Breeze. And you are?

ALISON

Looking for an exit. So if you could let me out, maybe give back my pants, that would be super neat.

BREEZE

Let you out? Don't you live here?

ALISON

Would I be running around half naked trying to get out if I did?

Breeze is genuinely confused.

BREEZE

Is that a no?

ALISON

Look, I don't want any trouble. I just want to go home, okay.

Alison turns back to the handleless door irritated. She runs her fingers along the jamb, looking for a way to pry it open.

Breeze admires Alison's athletic body.

BREEZE

Dude, you're ripped.

ALISON
Are you high?

Breeze thinks about it.

BREEZE
Not anymore... I don't think so.

ALISON
Listen to me carefully. Open this damn door or else.

BREEZE
You're barking at the wrong cat.
I'm a guest.

Alison's body coils, a snake ready to strike. She studies Breeze, who is oblivious to her present danger. She softens.

ALISON
Okay, where's our host, Moonbeam.

BREEZE
SummerBreeze. And I don't know. I met this awesome girl last night. She was in the audience at one of my gigs. Instant love, but she like bailed on me this morning.

ALISON
She was gone?

BREEZE
Took my clothes too, which was strange because I tend to scavenge for second hand. But that's fine, turnabout is fair play. I pilfered this from her closet.

Breeze admires her new sundress which still has a price tag attached. She smiles back at semi-nude Alison.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
Not that I mind the freshly showered look, but maybe you should put on some clothes.

INT. BREEZE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alison rummages through a closet of frilly sunshiny dresses, price tags still attached.

BREEZE

So your guy ditched you just like
my girl. Absconded with your rags
no less-- truly odd.

Breeze watches as Alison uncomfortably squeezes into a
colorful dress.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

That's cute.

Alison frowns. It fits her like sheep's clothing on a wolf.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

Come. Have a look.

Breeze opens the bathroom door and waves Alison over.

Breeze primps, losing interest in Alison and enjoying her own
reflection.

ALISON

I don't give a shit if I'm not
ready for fashion week...

Alison fixates on something in the bathroom.

BREEZE

What's wrong?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison rushes inside. On the mirror is a smeared note, can't
make out the words but it is written in lipstick.

Alison removes a smudge of lipstick with a finger.

ALISON

I had a note too.

Alison's eyes lock onto Breeze's ruby red lips. Breeze
smiles, the blood red lipstick is on her teeth too.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alison enters followed by Breeze.

ALISON

I don't wear lipstick.

Breeze watches Alison march into the bathroom and smear the lipstick from her finger next to the note on the vanity mirror. A perfect match.

ALISON (CONT'D)

But you do.

Breeze has been distracted by something in Alison's closet. She darts into the closet.

BREEZE (O.S.)

Why didn't you just wear one of these outfits?

Breeze comes out holding a pair of new jeans.

Alison moves past her to the closet. It's now full of new clothes, urban chic jeans and tops more fitting Alison's tough girl style.

ALISON

Are you playing a game?

BREEZE

What are you talking about?

ALISON

That's your lipstick on the mirror!

Breeze touches her lip guiltily. Then gets defensive.

BREEZE

It is not my lipstick. I found it this morning. I only put it on cause I got bored.

Alison snatches the jeans.

ALISON

Get the hell away from me!

BREEZE

I didn't write it. I swear.

Alison leaps toward Breeze ready to strike. Breeze flees the room. Alison practically rips off the dress and throws it after Breeze.

ALISON

Take this Sesame Street shit with you too!

Her eyes are on fire, contemplating chasing down Breeze.

DEEP BREATH.

She redirects her anger. Attacks the closet instead. While she makes a mess she manages to slam on jeans, shirt, belt and boots. All a perfect fit.

Back in the room she searches wild eyed. Notices a heavy lamp. Perfect for a club.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You wanna play games!

She strains to pick it up. It's attached to the nightstand. She struggles with the nightstand. It's bolted to the floor.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Damn it!

She storms out of the room.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Alison storms inside. She SHOUTS at the entire house.

ALISON
Listen up! Somebody better unlock
this door or shit is gonna get
real!

The house answers with silence. Alison screams with the desperation of a trapped woman.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Somebody let me out!

EXT. THE MANSION - DAY

Alison's screams are barely audible. A small blip on what from the outside looks like a serene day.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Breeze is snuggled up on a sofa watching cartoons.

Alison zombie walks in, unsure of her next move.

Breeze giggles as an anvil lands on a cartoon cat on TV.

BREEZE
(to herself)
Classic.

ALISON
You have got to be kidding?

BREEZE
What?

ALISON
You're watching cartoons.

BREEZE
I like cartoons.

ALISON
Do you like being gutted and left
for dead in a shallow grave-- cause
that's what's scheduled after loony
toons.

BREEZE
What can I do? I tried to get out,
but all the doors are locked.

ALISON
You *tried*? Silly me. No wonder
you're sitting on your ass. You're
all tuckered out from trying.

Alison's SCOFFS. She searches the room. Spies a coffee
table. It's bolted to the floor. She moves to the
television, yanks. It's bolted to the wall.

Any furniture that isn't plush is bolted down.

BREEZE
Hey, I don't think she'd like you
messing with her stuff.

ALISON
Really? The woman holding you
hostage might be upset?

BREEZE
Come on dude. This is just a
misunderstanding. What's with all
this hostage talk? That's just
stinkin' thinkin'.

ALISON
Are you mental? Am I trapped with
a retard?

Alison pulls back the curtain of a tinted window lined with
security bars outside.

The sun sets on a driveway leading away from the home into the treeline. In the driveway sits the black sports car from the bar.

Breeze is defiant.

BREEZE

She said she'd be back.

ALISON

Was your mom tripping on acid while she was pregnant, Starchild?

BREEZE

My name is Breeze!

ALISON

Whatever -- Move your ass.

Breeze barely is out of the way before Alison yanks up the cozy quilt Breeze has been sitting on.

BREEZE

What are you doing?

ALISON

What's it look like? Busting out.

BREEZE

With a blanket?

ALISON

Feel free to stay. Tell the Manson Family I said hello.

Alison holds up the quilt as a shield. She savagely kicks the window. Again and again.

Breeze holds her breath as finally, the safety glass spider web cracks... then SHATTERS into a million pieces!

Alison wastes no time. She grabs the security bars, pulls to test their strength-- BZZZT! A jolt of electricity from the bars launches Alison off her feet!

THUNK, her head makes an awful sound as she hits the floor.

The world spins.

Ears RING.

Breeze rushes to Alison's aid, saying something Alison can't hear over the ringing in her ear.

Breeze turns in panic, as a SHADOW rushes toward them.

Alison's world goes black.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the sofa Breeze cradles Alison's head, stroking gently. Alison groans herself awake.

ALISON
How long was I out?

BREEZE
Long time, sun's down. You okay?

ALISON
Am I still a hostage?

BREEZE
Yes.

ALISON
Then no.

Alison struggles up. Notices Breeze's deflated demeanor.

ALISON (CONT'D)
What? No new wave stay positive
mumbo jumbo comeback?

BREEZE
I think things might be more
serious than I thought.

Breeze's hand trembles. She reaches for Alison's hand for comfort. Alison pulls back.

ALISON
What tipped you off, Sherlock?

BREEZE
For one, a good host rarely
electrocutes a guest. Plus while
you were out I heard weird noises.

ALISON
Like what?

BREEZE
I think some kind of animal is
locked in the basement.

ALISON
Probably just a dog.

BREEZE
No, not a dog. I know what a dog
sounds like. This sounded like
something that would eat a dog.

Breeze is on edge, agitated and nervous.

ALISON
What else aren't you telling me?

BREEZE
There is a man in the kitchen. He
yelled at us for trying to leave.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alison marches in followed by Breeze.

Sitting at the kitchen island is Doyal (27). Kind eyes. A good looking guy. But it's hard to see that under his scruffy and unkempt hair and beard. To heighten the walking contradiction, he wears an expensive suit.

He looks up at Breeze.

DOYAL
Please accept my sincere apologies
for earlier. It was not my
intention to frighten you.

Breeze smiles, near blushing. Even in this strange environment, his over polite demeanor is charming.

DOYAL (CONT'D)
I woke up here in your very same
predicament not too long ago. I
know it can be unsettling.

ALISON
Who are you?

Doyal ignores Alison.

DOYAL
It is paramount that you follow
rules. Don't rock the boat. It
makes things bad for us all.

Alison moves in aggressively.

ALISON

Maybe you didn't hear me. Who the hell are you?

Doyal backs away revealing an open pantry stuffed with non-perishables and canned goods.

DOYAL

Doyal Jones. But that's hardly relevant. What matters is that we stick together through this.

Alison crosses to the pantry.

ALISON

Relevant or not, you better answer my next question straight away or we're gonna have a problem.

DOYAL

Darling, we already have problems.

ALISON

How do I get out of here?

DOYAL

I wish I knew.

ALISON

Unacceptable.

Alison steps into the pantry, next to the canned vegetables.

DOYAL

It's getting late. Get to your rooms. Lock your doors. Don't open them until dawn. We'll continue this in the morning.

ALISON

I'm tired of playing games! I don't want to have to get police involved but--

DOYAL

Please trust me. It isn't safe to be out of your room after dark.

ALISON

My room-- What the fuck?! I swear to god if you don't let me out!

DOYAL

Good night.

Doyal walks toward the exit. Alison is dumbfounded. Unable to understand his casual demeanor. Her confusion shifts to anger on a dime. She grabs Doyal.

DOYAL (CONT'D)
Hey, this wont help our--

BAM-- Alison cracks Doyal's head with a can of vegetables.

He isn't sure what just happened. He touches his forehead. Blood trickles from a gash.

DOYAL (CONT'D)
What did you do?

CRACK! Another smack drops Doyal to his knees.

BREEZE
Stop it!

ALISON
I warned you! Now let!

CRACK! Blood spurts from another blow.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Me!

CRACK! Doyal collapses to the floor.

ALISON (CONT'D)
THE FUCK OUT!

Breeze holds Alison. Alison flings her off. Breeze slams against the island hard.

BREEZE
He doesn't know anything!

Alison turns on her wild eyed.

ALISON
Hell yeah he does! And if he doesn't, you're next Earthchild! I will demolish everyone between me and the exit.

DOYAL
P-- please. I'm trapped too.
Please don't hurt me anymore.

She looks down at defenseless Doyal. She hesitates, realizing the gravity of what she has done.

ALISON
I-- I'm sorr--

SCCRREEEEE-- An unnatural animalistic shriek echoes through the house. Most certainly not from a dog. Alison and Breeze exchange unsettled glances.

Doyal spits blood on the floor.

DOYAL
You've made her angry! Get to your room! Lock your door!

Doyal struggles to his feet. Breeze helps him up and toward the exit. Breeze turns back to Alison, who stands defiant.

BREEZE
I think we should listen to him.

CLANK! The sound of a huge rusted door bursting open from somewhere. The lights go black. Breeze lets out a worried whimper. A second later, red tint backup lights flick on.

DOYAL
Hurry!

Breeze's eyes plead for Alison to flee. Alison holds fast. Breeze hustles Doyal out of the kitchen.

Moments of silence until, A GROWL from outside the kitchen.

Alison raises her canned-good weapon.

ALISON
Bring it. I got something for you.
You messed with the wrong bitch.

Another GROWL, much closer and followed by heavy FOOTSTEPS. A shadow reaches the threshold. A big shadow.

Into the kitchen walks... Cole, fashionable clothes hang on him like a model.

COLE
You interrupted my rest.

Alison's relieved face relaxes with recognition.

ALISON
What the hell is going on in this nut house? Why would you leave me here all day?

Cole moves closer. Oozing sexy coolness.

COLE
Where else do you have to be?

ALISON
Bite me! I want out right now!

COLE
Did you not enjoy our night
together?

He moves closer. And the second he does Alison calms almost instantly as if hypnotized.

COLE (CONT'D)
Last night was only the beginning
of what I will make you feel.

Cole's eyes glint RED, perhaps the reflection of the emergency lights. It jolts Alison back to the now.

ALISON
Back up off of me.

COLE
Is that what you want?

ALISON
I-- I just want to leave.

He glides closer still. He leans in and Alison's nostrils flare as if inhaling a delightful scent.

COLE
Just one kiss. Then you are free.

Alison's protest fades. Breathing heavy absorbing his essence. Slowly overwhelmed by lust, she leans closer.

From behind Cole, Breeze appears.

BREEZE
No!

Alison snaps out of her trance and sees.

TEETH.

Where once there was the face of a model, a gaping mouth of piranha fangs lunges for her throat!

Alison smacks Cole with another can dazing him. She scrambles out of the kitchen with Breeze.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Screaming Breeze and Alison burst to the top of the stairs.

SCCRREEEEE-- a SHADOW, cast by something big and humanoid, races up the stairs after them.

Alison and Breeze dive for the open door of the room ALISON woke up in earlier.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Breeze and Alison slam the door and fumble with the lock.

BANG-- whatever cast that shadow slams the door from the other side. The girls struggle with door. They slam it and engage the lock.

They back away terrified.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

SCCRREEEEE-- The mansion is rocked by the sound of something very hungry, crying out for a missed meal.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are still out. The house has the eerie silence of early morn. Breeze and Alison sit at the foot of the bed. Both look dazed and exhausted, they've sat here for hours.

BREEZE

Is this a hidden camera show? If it is I'm filing a lawsuit.

ALISON

It's not a show.

BREEZE

But that was make up... wasn't it? They're just trying to scare us.

Alison has no answer.

Breeze leans up making Alison uneasy.

ALISON

What is it?

Breeze raises a hushing finger to her lips and moves to the door, listening.

From the other side, a fragile WHISPER.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Breeze. Is that you?

Breeze spins to Alison amazed.

BREEZE
It's her!

Barely containing excitement, she rushes to the door. Alison stops her cold.

ALISON
You can't open that.

BREEZE
Are you crazy?

Alison moves between Breeze and the door.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Breeze, please... I'm scared.

ALISON
(to Woman)
Whoever you are, find another room.

WOMAN (O.S.)
But they're all locked.

BREEZE
We can't just leave her out there
with your psycho boyfriend.

ALISON
I don't know her.

BREEZE
You don't know me either!

ALISON
I am not opening this door. Not
after what I saw.

Breeze doesn't like it but she knows she won't win over Alison. Breeze caresses the door.

BREEZE
Please, go find somewhere to hide.

WOMAN (O.S.)
It's me, Breeze. Don't abandon me.

Breeze turns to Alison, eyes begging. A cold stare in return, Alison shakes her head NO.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Who is that in there with you?

Alison notes the Woman's abrupt tone. No longer pleading, angry now. Alison leans toward the door.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is she touching you?

The Woman's voice drips so much venom that both girls flinch.

ALISON
Just leave us alone!

The Woman SCREAMS. BANGS against the door! Both girls back away. BANG-BANG! She is unnaturally strong. The door rattles on its hinges. Breeze buries her head in Alison's arms for protection. She can take no more...

BREEZE
Go away! Go away!

The banging stops immediately.

Beat.

The Voice returns, chillingly sweet.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Sooner or later pretty, Breeze, you will let me in.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

An exhausted Alison stares blankly out of a barred window. She turns toward Breeze curled up in a corner.

ALISON
We can't stay here.

BREEZE
We left her alone.

ALISON
What?

BREEZE
With that thing out there.

ALISON

She seemed to be doing pretty okay
on her own.

BREEZE

She was terrified!

ALISON

I don't know what she was.

BREEZE

You don't know or is it that you
don't care?

ALISON

I know, that I don't care.

Breeze turns away, actually hurt.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Don't make me the bad guy because I
prefer not to get murdered.

BREEZE

You didn't help her because you
were afraid.

ALISON

I didn't help her because fuck her
and not me.

Alison moves to the door. Sighs. Turns back to Breeze.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Look. I don't know what's going on
here but if you want to get through
it get your priorities in order.
Priority one: Save my own ass.
Priority two through infinity:
Save my own ass.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Alison's bedroom door slowly cracks open.

Alison peers out with tired, cautious eyes. Everything is
silent. Nothing stirs.

She takes a moment to will herself forward. She steps into
the hallway. Each cautious step betrayed by the CREAKING
floor.

Breeze is a nervous wreck as she follows Alison's lead.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alison and Breeze creep inside. They stop cold when they see, Doyal having coffee and donuts at the table. His bruised face is bandaged.

DOYAL

Good thing for you I'm not the type
to say I told you so.

He slides the box of donuts across the table. Just another day at the office for him.

Breeze looks to Alison. Alison nods the okay. Breeze attacks the box ravenously.

DOYAL (CONT'D)

Funny, we're all trapped. Yet you
two have a slumber party and I get
beaten senseless. Sexist much?

Doyal pours coffee into a styrofoam cup and slides it to Alison. Alison takes it, never removing a suspicious eye from Doyal. She slurps, GAGS.

ALISON

That's awful.

She chugs the rest.

DOYAL

Just about everything in here is
but you'll get used to it.

ALISON

Actually I won't.

Alison eyes the pantry. There is a big empty section where the can goods were.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Been moving around supplies I see.

DOYAL

Not I. Never thought of using
string beans as a weapon. But that
means no more canned corn for us.

Alison eyes the pantry again. This time hungrily.

DOYAL (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, eat something
woman. You'll need strength to
keep raging about like a lunatic.

She moves into the pantry. Tears open fruit cups. Gulps them down.

DOYAL (CONT'D)

We do have utensils. Plastic but utensils none the less.

Alison notes there are indeed boxes of plastic plates, bowls and eating utensils nearby. She finishes her fruit cup. Drops it on the floor defiantly.

She grabs a box of cereal and chows down by the handful.

ALISON

My aren't we pleasantly mannered for an alleged hostage.

DOYAL

Dire circumstance does not excuse us properness.

ALISON

I've been kidnapped and you're salty cause I don't want to use a god damn spork?

DOYAL

I'm not the enemy. I'm in the same boat you are.

ALISON

I'm on the Titanic but you're acting like you're on the Love Boat. Now why would that be?

DOYAL

You saw *it* and you still don't trust me?

Doyal scoffs and walks out.

BREEZE

What are you doing? He could have helped us.

ALISON

Yeah, he's putting everything he's got into getting us out of here.

BREEZE

What's the correct behavior in this situation? Beating people with vegetables? Chowin' down on cereal and fruit cups?

Alison doesn't have an answer.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
As I recall, you were running
scarred just like everyone else
last night.

ALISON
Is that right?

She walks out of the kitchen into...

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Breeze follows Alison.

BREEZE
Where are you going?

ALISON
Time to blow this popsicle stand.

BREEZE
Has something changed from
yesterday.

ALISON
Yup, yesterday I didn't want to be
a hostage, today I don't want to be
a dead hostage.

BREEZE
I meant like, you found a key or
perhaps you've become immune to
electricity.

Alison searches along the sides of the hallway until she sees
what she is looking for, a basement door.

ALISON
You like going down, don't you?

BREEZE
You're offensive and also you don't
listen. I told you that's where
the noises came from.

ALISON
Egg-fucking-zactly. Sometimes you
gotta go straight into the teeth.

She cautiously opens the door. The girls stare down a
cramped stairway leading into forboding darkness.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Light from the top of the stairs is the only illumination.

This basement is no dungeon. A new addition. Finished and well maintained but it lacks furnishing.

Alison strides down. Breeze follows timidly.

Alison spies an out of place vault like door on the far side of the basement. Cautiously they move to it.

There is no handle on their side of the door. But the gap between the door and the floor is large enough for Alison to slip her fingers under. She pulls. It won't budge. She gets down on all fours to peep under.

ALISON

Look.

Alison pulls Breeze down. They peer under the door and into a tiny crypt of a room. At its center, a SARCOPHAGUS.

Breeze GASPS and pulls back from the door.

Alison keeps looking, and notices that there is a second door inside. A door with an internal handle and lock, an exit.

She turns to Breeze beaming.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I think this is our ticket out.

Breeze returns to the floor excited and nervous. They peer under again wide eyed-- A BLOODSHOT EYE stares right back.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sweet, Breeze?

They both spring back from the door unnerved.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I will taste you tonight.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alison and Breeze sit on the bed in a daze. Both trying to grasp the situation. Breeze mumbles to herself.

BREEZE

Vam-- Vamp-- It's a vampire.

ALISON
What? It's not a damn vampire.

BREEZE
You saw it! A coffin! It waits
till night! Then it comes for us!
That's why it didn't chase us now!

ALISON
All I saw was an eye. Big and
disgusting, but just an eye.

BREEZE
You're in denial. When it bites
your ass I bet you'll still want to
debate what to call it!

Breeze's panic attack takes full hold.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
We are going to die here!

Alison grabs Breeze, pulls her to a window.

ALISON
Look out there.

Breeze reluctantly looks out into the yard. Tranquil, well
manicured, a great place for a picnic.

ALISON (CONT'D)
All you need to think about is
getting your ass on that lawn.

Breeze nods, leaching from Alison's strength. Alison goes to
the door.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Let's make that happen before
nightfall. Just in case I'm wrong.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Breeze moves to a door.

BREEZE
He's in this one.

Alison knocks.

DOYAL (O.S.)
It's open.

They push into the room.

INT. DOYAL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doyal, in comfy robe, sits in a recliner near his big bed. He stares at them with a satisfied grin.

DOYAL
Finally inviting me to the slumber party?

ALISON
What are we dealing with?

Doyal pats the bed invitingly. Breeze moves to the bed and makes herself comfortable. Alison stays by the door uneasy.

DOYAL
All I know is we are trapped here with a creature of some sort. There is no escape. It does not matter how impossible you may think the circumstance. It is a fact, period. The sooner you embrace it, the better for us all. You do not want to make it angry. You do not want to waste time trying to make sense of things. Both lead to death or madness.

ALISON
So, I'm supposed to just accept this circumstance.

DOYAL
Do what you will. But I assure you, escape attempts lead to bad things. For those of us that have accepted our role, believe it or not, it's a rather comfortable existence after a time.

ALISON
Like the crazy Bitch with bad hair? She looks real comfy.

DOYAL
We each have our own way of dealing with stepping through the looking glass.

ALISON

Who else is in the house besides
you two?

DOYAL

The girl, myself, and Lady
Davenport across the hall. That's
it. The whole family.

ALISON

Think I'll have a word with the
lady of the house.

DOYAL

Not a good idea.

ALISON

Neither is putting me in a cage.

DOYAL

Well, do be polite, she won't
tolerate shenanigans.

Alison turns to exit, waves for Breeze.

BREEZE

I think I will sit here for a bit.

Doyal smiles ear to ear.

ALISON

Let's go, rainbow.

Breeze's trance breaks, embarrassed she scoots from the room.
Alison stares back at Doyal with concern.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What happened to them? The ones
that didn't accept their
circumstance.

DOYAL

New guests either become part of
the family or... *vanish*.

Doyal's smirk makes it clear that vanish is a euphemism.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Breeze follows Alison to Davenport's door. This is the same
door where Alison saw the SHADOW spying on her the first
morning in the house.

ALISON
So you're a switch-hitter.

BREEZE
He's nice, that's all.

ALISON
Uh-huh.

BREEZE
It's not like that. My boyfriend
doesn't mind a girl here and there
but guys are off limits.

ALISON
That's sweet. Try not to hump this
lady's leg before I find out
anything okay.

Alison knocks. The door immediately cracks and MARTHA
DAVENPORT, a distinguished old woman peers down her nose
through the crack.

DAVENPORT
Yes?

ALISON
Miss Davenport, this is Breeze and
I am...

DAVENPORT
I most certainly do not care what
your names are. In fact, I shall
call you Porkchop and your
acquaintance shall be Cornmuffin.
Do not knock again, understood?

The girls are stunned silent.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
And please stop making messes,
there are no maids here. Good day.

She gently closes the door.

Alison flushes with rage. Just before she pounds the door,
Breeze stops her with a calming hand on her shoulder.

BREEZE
(to door)
Miss Davenport, we just wanted to
stop by to apologize for the mess
we've made. You have such a lovely
home and we should know better.
(MORE)

BREEZE (CONT'D)
Thank you so much for your
hospitality.

Alison glares. Breeze returns a just play along glance.

The door cracks open. Davenport eyes Alison suspiciously.
Then smiles a big smile for Breeze.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - DAY

Davenport pours tea for everyone.

DAVENPORT
Sorry I was so abrasive earlier.
You never know what kind of
riffraff Mister Davenport will
bring home.

She eyes Alison as she serves the tea.

ALISON
Where is Mister Davenport?

DAVENPORT
That is none of your concern.

Her eyes are cold, somehow this old woman seems dangerous.

BREEZE
We just want to thank him for his
hospitality.

Davenport instantly softens.

DAVENPORT
He knows how to make folks at home.

BREEZE
Doesn't he, I would wager he picked
out the clothes for us. The right
style and perfect fit.

DAVENPORT
He always seems to know just what
women want.

ALISON
Well then, he must know that I want
out of this looney bin.

Davenport nearly drops her cup.

BREEZE

Come on, don't be rude we were having a nice chat.

ALISON

No. We're playing damn games.

DAVENPORT

Is such language necessary?

ALISON

Open the god damn front door and you'll never hear a naughty word from me again.

DAVENPORT

Mister Davenport decides who stays and who goes.

ALISON

I don't think you understand me. I'm getting out of here even if it's over your dead body.

Davenport, all smiles, puts her tea cup down gently.

DAVENPORT

Oh dear, I just knew you would be trouble. I fear I may have to gut you myself soon, little fishy.

ALISON

I'm not going to fuc--

SLAP! A vicious smack from Davenport shocks Alison silent.

DAVENPORT

I said watch your language.

Alison lunges. Davenport kicks over a chair tripping Alison up. All the action is accompanied by Breeze's frantic plea for Alison to STOP.

Alison is surprised by the old hags quickness. She barely recovers before the old lady grabs a handful of her hair.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

You disrespectful slut!

But Alison does recover and lands a vicious hook into the old lady's gut. UMPH! Davenport doubles over.

ALISON

I don't want to have to beat your old ass. We can do this the easy way if you just let me out.

DAVENPORT

I'll take you out myself, piece by piece! Stuffed in garbage bags!

Alison smirks. It's gonna be the hard way. She grabs Davenport's hair-- Whoops, her wig. It comes off in Alison's hand. Alison bursts into laughter and holds up her prize for Breeze to see.

BREEZE

LOOK OUT!

Alison turns. Too late. Davenport swings the teapot. BAM-- right in the face. Alison lands flat on her back. Davenport leers over her, a wild eyed, freakish and bald lunatic.

DAVENPORT

I heard you screwing my husband.

BAM! Another blow to the side of Alison's head draws blood.

Breeze rushes over. Davenport pushes her out of the way with unnatural strength. Davenport tosses the teapot away.

Davenport straddles Alison.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

What a pretty, ugly thing you are.

Davenport reaches under her skirt, her hand working away. A wave of pleasure washes over her face as she rips Alison's shirt open with her other hand.

Davenport grabs Alison's hair yanking her head back.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

I can still smell him on you.

Davenport licks Alison's exposed neck hungrily. She SLURPS blood from Alison's head. Her hand slips from under her dress holding a... *straight razor*.

BREEZE

Oh god please don't!

Davenport teases the razor blade across Alison's chest.

DAVENPORT

She wants out. This is the only way! Piece by piece.

She jams the blade against Alison's neck with purpose.

BREEZE

What would Mister Davenport say!?

Davenport turns to Breeze with a look of embarrassed surprise. Davenport stands. Looks at Alison with pure disgust. Turns to Breeze.

DAVENPORT

Get this filth out of my room.

Breeze helps Alison up. Defeated, bloodied, and holding her tattered shirt closed, Alison leans on Breeze to the door.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Mister Davenport will be very upset when he wakes tonight. Very upset.

INT. ALISON'S BATHROOM - DAY

Alison sits on the bath. She reaches for the faucet and winces in pain.

Breeze enters. She kneels beside the bath and turns on hot water. She wets a sponge and wipes blood from Alison.

Alison slaps her hand away.

ALISON

What are you doing?

BREEZE

Trying to help you.

ALISON

I don't need any damn help.

BREEZE

I know that but I'm going to help anyway. You can punch me if you want.

Breeze cleans Alison's face... Alison doesn't punch her.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alison lies in bed awake. Breeze reclines in a near by chair. If one were to walk in it would look like two vacationing women settled in for the evening.

Alison notices Breeze staring at her.

ALISON

What?

BREEZE

So how long were you inside?

ALISON

Who said I ever was?

BREEZE

You remind me of my Daddy. He got put away for pot. He was growing it for himself but back then they didn't care who it was for.

ALISON

Nobody calls it pot anymore.

BREEZE

Guess that's how long ago it was then.

ALISON

More than enough time for you to find a therapist and get over your daddy issues.

BREEZE

Hey, I didn't mean anything. I was just trying to pass the time.

ALISON

By calling me a criminal?

BREEZE

Everybody that goes to prison isn't a criminal.

ALISON

Yes, they are. By definition.

BREEZE

My daddy was a good man.

Breeze shakes her head, giving up on polite conversation. She awkwardly curls up in the uncomfortable chair.

Alison rolls her eyes as Breeze continues her childlike fidgeting.

ALISON

We can share the bed if you want.

Breeze grudgingly moves to the bed.

ALISON (CONT'D)

That wasn't a proposition by the way.

Breeze scoffs. Climbs in next to Alison. Turns her back still pouting. Alison softens despite herself.

ALISON (CONT'D)

So... how do I remind you of him?

BREEZE

My daddy was like you when he came out, always angry, always looking over his shoulder as if the walls were closing and somebody was going to lock him in-- but he never would have hurt anyone, not on purpose anyway. So he wasn't really exactly like you I guess.

ALISON

I never hurt nobody that wasn't asking for it.

BREEZE

Doyal? He didn't ask for anything.

ALISON

I'm locked in here ain't I?

BREEZE

So is he. I think we can trust him.

ALISON

Last person I trusted was the reason I spent two years in jail. Neglected to tell the state that he was the proud owner of the contraband he hid in my car. All trust got me was an extreme distaste for small rooms and the color orange.

BREEZE

He didn't tell them it was his? Did he even try to get you out?

Alison laughs.

ALISON

Probably slipped his mind while he was busy finding a new girlfriend.

BREEZE

Wow. Some people. That's just... no wonder you're so...

Breeze considers her next words carefully.

ALISON

Na, I was a bitch before I met him. I just got better at it.

BREEZE

Well, I hope you gave him an earful when you got out.

ALISON

Never had the chance. We were supposed to meet the night I got here. He stood me up. I spent two years in a cage for him. He didn't even show to buy me a beer.

A quiet moment passes. Breeze doesn't know how to respond to the cracks in Alison's armor.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Am I the crazy one? Everyone else is acting like this is normal. Like it'd just be easier to open the door when it comes.

They both turn to the door. Their eyes ask the same question. How angry will Mister Davenport be tonight?

LATER

The room is bathed in gentle moonlight.

Breeze writhes slowly on her side. The sheets are off, instead a sheen of sweat covers her. Her lips whisper something unintelligible but sweet and soft, meant for a dream lover's ear.

A deep MOAN. Except it wasn't Breeze. Breeze's eyes flutter open. Beside her, Alison is also in the midst of a passionate dream. On her back, Alison's breast heave against the sheets.

Alison mumbles, turning her head sideways, nose to nose with Breeze.

Breeze can not help herself, her hand gently glides across Alison's body. Barely a touch, afraid she will wake her.

She softly slides the sheets off Alison exposing her.

Alison's jeans and shirt are tangled and half-off, as if she tried to undress herself in her sleep. Breeze enjoys the view of Alison's athletic body in bra and panties.

Alison's thighs rub together in passionate anticipation.

Breeze looks at Alison, she is still asleep, but her lips quiver begging for a kiss.

Breeze slides a hand over Alison's thighs. Alison shivers with delight that could be from the dream or Breeze's touch.

Alison moans and begins to slowly gyrate her pelvis up, as if trying to meet Breeze's hand, begging for more.

Breeze hooks a finger into Alison's panties. She leans over her and slowly slides the cute panties down Alison's thighs.

Whispery MOANS of *yes, and do it.*

Breeze slides a hand down her own panties barely able to contain excitement. She leans over Alison's sleeping sensual body, her hair gently touches Alison's breast. Breeze's hair slides slowly downward toward Alison's belly. Then toward her waist.

Breeze licks her lips hungrily.

She looks up at sleeping Alison. Alison is biting her lips, approaching a nocturnal orgasm. But she is clearly asleep.

Breeze pauses. She snaps from her trance as if realizing the gravity of what she is doing.

The whispers return... *do it, just one taste.*

But it isn't coming from Alison, it never was. The whispers are coming from the...

THE DOOR.

Breeze turns to the door frozen.

Now the whispers multiply into dozens of voices, all aroused sensual, MOANING, GRUNTING urging, begging her to continue with mumbled dirty talk. One whisper is clear among them all. The Woman.

WOMAN

*Open the door. We three can have
so much fun. It is what you want.
Let me in.*

Breeze steps cautiously toward the door. The voices become more aggressive as she approaches.

VARIOUS VOICES

*Do it... taste it... she wants
you... eat her... make her scream.*

WOMAN

*Don't you want me one more time?
Let me touch that beautiful skin.*

Breeze reaches for the dead-bolt.

BREEZE

I want you...

All her strength fighting against the urge to open the door.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

...to leave.

All the whispers from the door stop.

One returns positively demonic.

WOMAN

*So pretty. I will strip the flesh
from your bones.*

Breeze shakes like a leaf.

ALISON (O.C.)

What did you say?

Breeze spins to see Alison awake. Alison adjust her rumped clothes... and realizes her panties are around her knees.

Breeze is mortified. Her attempt to explain is trapped in her throat by the look of hurt and betrayal from Alison.

INT. ALISON'S BATHROOM - DAY

Alison steps out of a hot shower. She wipes the steam from the mirror smearing the lipstick message. She looks even more exhausted and defeated than the night before.

She changes focus to the now smeared message. It now just reads: Get you soon

Alison looks at the smeared lipstick, blood like on her hands. Her eyes harden, fire returning.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alison moves into the closet and grabs some clothes. Breeze watches her sheepishly.

ALISON (O.C.)

We're getting nowhere together.
Maybe we should divide and conquer
today.

BREEZE

Is this about last night?

ALISON

Which part? Nearly raping me or
nearly opening the door?

Breeze's eyes well up with tears.

BREEZE

I am so sorry. I don't know what
came over me. It's this house...

Alison walks to the door.

ALISON

No worries, you're not the first
person I trusted that tried to fuck
me.

And she is out.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Alison moves to a door ready to knock.

Doyal sneaks out of Davenport's room, surprised to see Alison.

ALISON
Top of the mornin' to ya Govna'.
Fancy a shag with the hag before
your morning spot of tea I see.

Doyal flushes embarrassed and rushes into his own room.
Alison refocuses and knocks on the door in front of her.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you.

No response.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I get it now. I know what you
want. I know what everyone in this
house wants.

No response.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I can help you.

The door cracks. The Frail Girl peers out with dangerous
bloodshot eyes.

INT. FRAIL GIRL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is a mess. Painted canvases everywhere. The Frail
Girl backs away timidly allowing Alison to enter.

Alison takes a good look at her. She stands in a frumpy
artist smock, looking very much in need of a shower. Covered
in dried paint and fresh scratches that look most likely self-
inflicted.

But along with the scratches are scars from several bite
marks, big circular, bite marks. All of them old and healed.

ALISON
How long have you been here?

The Frail Girl shrugs childishly.

ALISON (CONT'D)
All right then.

Alison moves to one of the canvases. It is an absolutely
terrible portrait of a woman.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You should pick a new hobby.

The Frail Girl HISSES.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Maybe chasing balls of yarn.

The Frail Girl rushes to her walk in closet, flings the door open. It's full of beautiful paintings. The Frail Girl rummages until she finds her target.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Relax, I'm just screwin' with ya.
 I know what's driving you bat shit
 and I want to help.

The Girl rushes back to Alison holding up a macabre painting triumphantly. The portrait is of a woman in the woods, in the throes of passion. Over her, leers a Satanic creature.

FRAIL GIRL
 You see.

Alison looks impressed, moved by the talent of the artist.

Alison moves around the room, taking in the art on display. Happy portraits of WOMEN and CHILDREN at play.

As Alison circles the room, the paintings begin to feature a handsome MAN very similar to Cole. At first he is a spectator, hovering ominously in the background...

Gradually he becomes the focus, standing near doorways, waiting. The paintings get darker, more sinister. Cole's handsome face now marred by a toothy grin.

FERAL GIRL
 You see...

A history on canvas of the Frail Girl's descent into madness, each image more erratic and amateurish than the one before. Alison turns away from the bizarre gallery, unnerved.

The Frail Girl holds up her macabre painting once again, less than triumphant now.

FRAIL GIRL
 I was an artist... *before*.

The Girl's voice cracks with the sound of loss. It draws Alison back to the present. Alison turns to the painting, more disturbed by it now.

ALISON
 What do you call this?

The Frail Girl looks around suspicious of witnesses.

FRAIL GIRL

Incubus.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Alison sits in front of the vault door.

ALISON

I know what you are.

She holds for a response that does not come.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I know what you want.

Still nothing.

ALISON (CONT'D)

But the past few nights should show
you that you ain't getting back in
her room... not without my say so.

From the other side of the vault a nearly imperceptible
grumble. Alison smiles.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I'm in control. Breeze does what I
want, when I want. She's my bitch.

THE WOMAN (O.S.)

You will never leave here.

ALISON

And you will never get to Breeze.

Alison is trying to be cool but the voice is downright scary.
Horrible wailing begins on the other side of the vault making
Alison physically shake. She takes a breath and shouts over
the racket.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Save the Amityville act for the
clowns upstairs Mister Davenport or
Cole... whatever you call yourself.

THE WOMAN (O.S.)

I am many things to many people.

ALISON

Bullshit. You are one thing to everybody and I can make sure Breeze is ready for that one thing.

Silence from the other room. The wailing stops.

ALISON (CONT'D)

But I want something in return.

THE WOMAN

NO ONE LEAVES!

ALISON

Can't exactly have someone leading cops back to this freak-show and mess up your good time. I get it. I just want my cage to be a little more comfortable is all.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - DAY

Davenport sits at the patched up table about to dig into a slice of cherry pie.

ALISON (O.S.)

Knock, knock, knockety, knock.

Davenport looks up unhappily as her door creeps open. Smirking Alison leans against the door jamb.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Before you get all Freddy Krueger on me, I just came to apologize.

DAVENPORT

I trust you have learned your lesson regarding your atrocious behavior yesterday.

ALISON

Trust what you want, Ant Bee, but I was apologizing in advance for what I'm about to do next.

DAVENPORT

Don't toy with me, I may forget my place next time and finish what I start.

ALISON

I underestimated you. That won't happen again.

(MORE)

ALISON (CONT'D)
But I'm just here to bring you some
bad news. I spoke with Mister D
and he wants us to swap rooms.

Davenport flushes red.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Yeah I know strange huh-- but what
can you do?

She shrugs innocently.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Don't take my word for it. By all
means, go ask'em.

Alison leans into the bedroom.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Is that pie?

Davenport pushes past her into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Alison, holding a dish of pie, stands outside the basement door listening. MURMURS from inside. The murmurs become agitated.

The door flings open. Davenport glares at Alison. Alison smiles back.

DAVENPORT
Tread carefully.

Alison shovels a handful of Davenport's pie into her big smiling face.

INT. BREEZE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Breeze has changed into a new dress. She stares at the pretty FLOWER prints covering the dress. She is lost in them, clearly unsure of herself and what to do next without Alison.

Caught up in her thoughts until she gradually notices a new sound in the house...

MUSIC.

She steps into the hallway...

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where a classic ROCK tune blares from Davenport's room. She peers through the open door.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison sits at Davenport's table enjoying a steak dinner with a glass of red wine. She nonchalantly waves Breeze inside. Breeze steps in, unsure of what to make of any of this.

BREEZE

Davenport's going to cut you.

ALISON

Number one, it'll be a fair fight with that freak next time.

Alison, flashes her eating utensil's, real honest to god silverware, including an old fashioned serrated steak knife.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Number two, I made Mister Davenport an offer he couldn't refuse.

Breeze doesn't acknowledge the answer. She is too busy salivating over food. Alison notices.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Hungry, Dogstar?

Alison cuts a big slice of steak. Chomps it slow. The most delicious thing ever. She slurps down a half glass of wine to chase it. The whole time staring directly into Breeze's covetous eyes.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Funny what one will do when they are truly hungry.

Alison pushes the plate across the table toward Breeze. Breeze attacks it ravenously. Jamming food into her mouth by the handful.

Alison walks over to Davenport's open closet.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Bitch had us eating fruit cups while she's reheating gourmet carry out.

The closet is filled with comforts, a fridge, microwave and the speakers that blare music.

Alison moves to the prize catch. She opens a duffel bag, stuffed full of cash. Breeze regains focus and stares up at the collection in amazement.

BREEZE

I don't get it. Why would she give all this up?

Alison moves back to the table. Pours Breeze a glass of wine. Drinks the rest straight from the bottle.

ALISON

You look like one of those cosplay, Lord of the Harry Potter bitches... Ever heard of an *Incubus*?

BREEZE

It's the same as a Succubus.

ALISON

How so?

BREEZE

I say they are the same. Others say an Incubus preys on women and a Succubus targets men but I think--

ALISON

Wait you mean like, it fucks guys in the ass?

BREEZE

What the... How is that important? Point is, some folks are so homophobic that a demon, well they can imagine that, but a bisexual demon, that's just too much, so they separate the two--

ALISON

Focus for a sec. I'm asking what you know about 'em?

Breeze thinks between eating and drinking.

BREEZE

In medieval legends, when some farmer's daughter got knocked up by an uncle, they would go-- 'Aye it was an Incubus that crept in her room and lay upon her sleeping, disguised as Uncle Leopold'.

ALISON

So when some fair gentlemen got caught with the family jewels in the wrong maiden's jewel box, he would scream that he was tricked by a Succubus.

BREEZE

Yup. The distant sex freak cousin of the vampire. Except instead of blood it sucks your--

ALISON

Easy, Earthchild.

BREEZE

--soul.

ALISON

People do seem to enjoy the bite.

BREEZE

Until they go insane or become so weak that they die.

ALISON

Well, that takes some of the fun out of it...

Breeze finishes her meal, licking her fingers clean with a satisfied smile.

A new song starts, some old school funk, full of hip grinding base. Breeze gets to her feet, absorbed by the beat.

Alison watches Breeze's body move seductively to the tune. Breeze sings along, eyes closed. The wine, food, and music has let her mind transport her someplace else.

Breeze opens her eyes and realizes she hasn't gone anywhere.

Alison watches her like a curiosity.

Breeze's dance comes to a self-conscious stop. She looks away embarrassed.

The song goes on but the room is somehow awkwardly silent...

But then, Alison slowly sways to the beat. She exchanges a look with Breeze.

And just like that, they are both dancing like no one is watching. Singing along to the tune.

Both great dancers, ridiculously sexy in their own way.
Having fun like best friends at a hip bar.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Did any of the legends you heard
say how to kill one?

BREEZE

Why would they kill it? It was a
fantasy concocted by sexually
repressed people to excuse diddling
themselves or one another. They
wanted it.

They keep dancing as they talk. Alison leans in closer.

ALISON

No, I mean if it was really a
monster, nobody would choose that.

BREEZE

It wouldn't show up bearing fangs.
It was a trickster, prayed on your
weakness to seduce you. Maybe it
would secrete pheromones or shape
shift to your desires. Who knows?
I've heard stories where it
murdered someone you cared for and
ate the skin so it could come to
you disguised as them...

Breeze's heart sinks. She stops dancing.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

Why are we talking about this?

She already knows, based on her horrified look.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

So, *IT* really is supernatural.

Alison nods. The music ends as if to signal the party is
over.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

And you made a deal with it.

ALISON

Like you said, its got some things
in common with the vampire legends.
It only comes out at night.

BREEZE

The coffin.

ALISON

But I think some of that is part of the illusion. It's putting on a show to stay in control. Anyway, the main thing is, you have to let it in. You have to *choose to be with it*. Every time. That's the one rule that seems for sure.

Breeze pushes away from the table in disgust.

BREEZE

Is that how you got all this? You let that thing--

ALISON

It doesn't want *me*, Breeze.

Alison is as apologetic as she can be.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Every time it came to the door... it's was looking for you.

Breeze can't believe her ears. Her eyes widen in terror. She runs out of the room.

Alison grabs the steak knife and follows.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the hallway, Doyal, now clean shaven and dapper watches Breeze flee into her room. She slams the door before Alison can get to her.

DOYAL

So it's true. You've made a deal with the devil.

ALISON

Haven't we all.

DOYAL

This is different. You don't understand what you're dealing with.

ALISON

No you don't understand. Nothing will stand in my way out of here.

DOYAL

Fighting makes things harder for us all. It's not so bad here. It really isn't.

ALISON

I just have to let it in, right?

Doyal returns a blank stare.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What will it take when I do? Davenport was wealthy, respected I bet. Now she's a reclusive nut with her money stuffed in a bag to finance a house of horrors.

Alison points to the Frail Girl's room.

ALISON (CONT'D)

With her it's art. That thing drains it from her bit by bit. Driving her insane in the process. It takes away what defines us.

DOYAL

It will do far worse if you upset it. It's all so much easier if you just let go.

ALISON

What about you? Are you so gone, that you can't remember what it took from you?

DOYAL

If I could forget, I wouldn't be here... My wife. She was here with me. It seduced us together.

The pain of memory drags him down. Tears flow.

DOYAL (CONT'D)

She fought. For me. For us. Tooth and nail... She lost.

Doyal wipes away tears.

ALISON

And you repay her by giving up?

DOYAL

There are worse things.

ALISON
Than being its slave?

DOYAL
After its had its fill. After its
taken all you care for and left you
hollow. What else matters?

Alison steps past the pathetic crying man.

ALISON
Well, no worries. Ain't nothing
left that I care about.

She stops at Breeze's door. She tries to open it. Locked.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Open the door, Breeze.

BREEZE (O.S.)
No.

ALISON
You've been wanting to let her
inside for two days now. How long
do you think you can hold out?

BREEZE (O.S.)
I will not let that thing in.

ALISON
We both know that's not true. Do
you really want to face this alone?

BREEZE (O.S.)
Please, just leave.

ALISON
I can protect you.

Beat.

The dead-bolt CLICK CLACKS and the door opens.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's very late. Alison sits at the table, clutching the
steak knife. The bag of money at her side. She waits.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sparsely lit. Dead silent.

Then gradually... the CREAK of footsteps. Something is coming up the steps. CREAK, CREAK, CREAK an eerily slow pace echoes in the dark house.

In shadows at the top of the stairs, The WOMAN crests the stairs. In shadows but nude, voluptuous, sensual. She moves gracefully, practically floating, down the hallway.

She stops in front of Davenport's door.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CREAK from outside the door.

Alison tenses. Covers her mouth realizing, that *It* is standing right outside the door.

At the door. CREAK, CREAK, CREAK. *It* steps closer.

It SNIFFS at the door loudly.

THE WOMAN (O.S.)
The sweet smell of nothing.

CREAK, CREAK, CREAK. *It* walks away.

Alison exhales a sigh of relief. Grabs her bag and moves to the door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Woman moves to Breeze's door.

THE WOMAN
I am here pretty, pretty, Breeze...

No response.

The Woman's face sags into an unnaturally long frown.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alison, as quiet as possible, cracks the door.

She sees the Woman waiting in darkness outside Breeze's door. The Woman pushes the door. *It* slides open.

Alison sighs relief as the Woman steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BREEZE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Woman glides in with a devilish smile. The silhouette of a female body writhes under the sheets in the darkened room.

THE WOMAN
My sweet, Breeze.

MOANING from the bed. The Woman pulls the sheets away.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alison watches the closed door. She spins and whispers.

ALISON
Let's go!

Breeze, bursts out of the closet and follows Alison out.

CUT TO:

INT. BREEZE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Woman stares confused. She has just pulled the sheets off of the Frail Girl.

The Frail Girl smiles through tears of joy.

FRAIL GIRL
I missed you so. I missed you so.
I missed you so. I missed you...

The Woman's face shifts from confusion to rage. She SHRIEKS a horrible scream through jagged TEETH.

The Frail Girl panics, scrambles off the bed and into a corner. The Woman lurches toward her, all grace gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Breeze and Alison make it to the stairs just as the door to Breeze's room BURSTS open!

Alison, clutching the money bag, hops down stairs.

Breeze looks back. The Woman appears, hoisting the Frail Girl by the neck, choking the life from her.

Breeze SCREAMS-- The Woman HURLS The Frail Girl at her.

Breeze ducks and the Frail Girl slams against a wall with a sick CRUNCH. She rolls to a stop halfway down the stairs.

ALISON (O.S.)
Keep moving!

Breeze flies downstairs, jumping over the half conscious and bloodied Frail Girl.

THE WOMAN

--Or something shaped like her lurches to the top of the stairs. *Its* features vibrate in metamorphosis.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alison races toward the basement door followed by Breeze.

ALISON
COME ON!

Breeze runs flat out toward her.

Behind Breeze-- *It*, faceless and androgenous now, pounces to the bottom of the stairs. *It* tears down the hallway after them both.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Alison and Breeze cross the basement toward the vault door.

ALISON
Please God, let it be open!

She grabs the door and pulls. It SQUEAKS open slowly. Alison puts her back into it.

Breeze has a worried eye on the upper door.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Help me!

Breeze claws at the door with Alison desperately.

At the top of the stairs *It* kicks the basement door nearly off its hinges. Breeze SCREAMS as she sees the androgenous thing scurry lightning fast downstairs on all fours.

With the vault door partially open, Alison squeezes her way inside leaving Breeze behind.

Breeze is frozen in terror as the creature closes in on her. Alison's hand thrusts out and grabs Breeze.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Alison roughly pulls Breeze inside.

Breeze has no time to complain. Through the cracked door. She sees the creature--

Humanoid, pale, and goo covered. Gnarled talon fingers reach for her. A face with features unformed; nose, eyes and ears only a suggestion, like a fetus of humanoid size. Except the SHRIEKING, GAPING MOUTH filled with chomping teeth.

The INCUBUS.

In its true form.

This image will haunt Breeze for the rest of her life, however short that may be.

Breeze and Alison scramble to their feet. Desperately they pull the vault door closed.

The Incubus leaps!

The door SLAMS just in time.

Alison bangs the dead-bolt home.

The Incubus goes ballistic on the other side of the door.

Alison wastes no time. She moves past the now open sarcophagus to the door on the opposite side of the room. She disengages the lock.

ALISON

This is it! We're out!

Breeze moves toward her glancing into the sarcophagus. Nothing but cold stone and dirt.

The Incubus BANGS against the Vault door.

BREEZE

Hurry.

Alison swings the door open. Freedom on the other side!

Not Freedom--

SCREAMING DAVENPORT bursts through the open door! Straight Razor swinging wildly. She forces the girls back.

Alison barely dodges a razor swipe. She blocks another with the money bag. Loses her footing.

DAVENPORT

He will kill you both!

Another swipe opens a vein in Breeze's arm. A blood geyser sprays Davenport. Breeze screams in pain.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

You ungrateful whores!

Blood drenched Davenport lunges at Breeze. Breeze cringes helpless-- THUNK! Davenport stops cold. She turns. A steak knife is lodged in her back.

ALISON

I warned your old ass!

Davenport reaches in vain for the knife. Swings her straight razor toward Alison but the wound in her back has slowed her. She drops to a knee overwhelmed at possible defeat. Desperate and pleading now.

DAVENPORT

You can't leave. He'll kill the rest of us if anyone leaves... Please... this is all I have left.

Alison, no sympathy, pulls Breeze to her feet.

Breeze can't take her eyes off the pathetic old lady as Alison pulls her out of the door and into the dark night.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

Breeze and Alison round the corner. Breeze nurses her bleeding arm.

BREEZE

It's so fast. We can't outrun it.

Alison turns smiling.

ALISON
We don't have to.

She clicks something in her hand-- TWERP TWERP, the alarm disengages and doors unlock on the sport car in the driveway.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Davenport had the keys to the kingdom in her room.

They run to the car.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The vault door rattles violently as the Incubus BANGS against from outside.

Davenport stretches desperately, grasps the knife in her back, yanks it free with a painful HOWL.

She gathers herself and limps to the door.

DAVENPORT
They're outside! They've both made it outside!

The banging stops replaced by a new voice. This is the voice of an older, distinguished man, MISTER DAVENPORT.

MISTER DAVENPORT (O.S.)
You've made a mess of things this time. Haven't you, Martha?

DAVENPORT
It wasn't my fault.

MISTER DAVENPORT (O.S.)
(Demonic)
Martha!

Davenport quivers.

DAVENPORT
Please, don't be mad at me.

MISTER DAVENPORT (O.S.)
Our guests are unhappy. Open the door, NOW.

Davenport moves to the door submissively.

DAVENPORT
Promise you won't hurt me.

MISTER DAVENPORT (O.S.)
 Why would I ever hurt you, Martha?

Mister Davenport's sarcasm is lost on Martha. She unlocks the door eagerly.

The Incubus BURSTS inside accompanied by Martha's SCREAMS.

INT/EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alison in the driver's seat. Breeze in the passenger seat, starring back at the house conflicted.

BREEZE
 Do you think it will really hurt them?

ALISON
 Worry about your own ass!

She sees Breeze's flowing wound. Hands her a steak knife.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Cut a tourniquet.

Dazed Breeze follows directions.

SCREEE! From somewhere behind them the Incubus wails.

Keys jam into the ignition. The engine rumbles to life. Alison gives Breeze a reassuring smile.

Gravel flies as they peel out of the driveway.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Fuck you and good-night!

PUTTER-PUTTER-PUTTER.

The high performance car dies. Slowly rolling to a stop.

Alison and Breeze are dumbfounded. Alison turns the ignition, the car makes a pitiful wail of protest. They simultaneously realize-- the fuel gauge is on empty.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 FUCK, ME!

SCREEE! The Incubus is closer. Breeze hangs her head defeated. Alison bangs the gas gauge in frustration.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 We have to run for it!

BANG-- The back window implodes! The Incubus dives into the backseat of the car. It rips the back seat to shreds as it thrashes wildly.

From the piranha mouth a serpent tongue lashes out! The girls are splashed with sticky mucus as the tongue searches for them. It wraps around Breeze's neck, instantly choking her screams. The force bulges her eyes.

Alison snatches the steak knife from Breeze's lap. THUNK-- She impales the tongue against the headrest.

Thick goo spews all over Breeze. Who is too busy sucking for air to mind. Alison pulls Breeze from the car and into the driveway.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

Trapped in the car, the Incubus thrashes wildly!

Breeze and Alison run as hard as they can down the driveway. But it isn't anywhere near hard enough.

The Incubus bursts from the car. It takes a moment to SCREAM at the moon, piranha teeth bared and mucus flying, before it rockets toward them like some wild beast.

They won't even make it to the end of the driveway before it overtakes them. Alison is wild eyed and desperate. She GROANS at her choice. She grabs Breeze and pulls her--

Back toward THE HOUSE.

BREEZE

What are you doing!? No! NO!

ALISON

We have to get into a room!

They rush up the mansion stairs. Alison isn't surprised that the door opens easily from the outside.

The Incubus is right behind them...

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They scamper inside and slam the door. CLICK CLACK as door lock engages. Alison stops.

BREEZE

What are you doing!?

Alison realizes the Incubus isn't after them any more. But they are once again prisoners.

Bloody Davenport limps into the foyer with her razor.

DAVENPORT

All this, and you're right back where you started.

ALISON

Let's go, Breeze.

DAVENPORT

Where? There is only one way out, and Mister Davenport will be coming through it any minute to bite your pretty little heads off.

She flashes her razor high.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

But I'm going to carve a piece first.

Alison and Breeze back away toward the stairs as Davenport trudges after them.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alison and Breeze top the stairs.

The Frail Girl blocks the path between them and Davenport's open door. If any sanity was left in her, it's long gone now. Davenports maniacal taunts aren't too far away.

FRAIL GIRL

You promised he would touch me.

ALISON

Well, he did... in a way.

The Frail Girl looks down at her bloodied body, evidence that he did indeed touch her. She screams and launches herself at Alison.

Alison judo flips her away like a martial arts black belt.

But the Frail Girl has a black belt in crazy. She bounces off the ground and launches right back at Alison.

She catches Alison in a bearhug and sinks her teeth into her shoulder. Breeze grabs the Frail Girl's hair and yanks, but her teeth are locked on like a pitbull.

As Alison finally pushes the crazy bitch off.

The Frail Girl licks her lips with a satisfied bloody grin. She opens her mouth wide to show 'all gone' and laughs hysterically, like the fucking nut job she is.

Suddenly the Frail Girl stops laughing. She bolts into her room slamming the door.

Alison swings around and is face to gaping horror of monster face with the Incubus.

It grabs her by the throat and lifts her into the air. It smiles at her with a toothy grin.

Alison can not scream but her eyes do it for her.

The Incubus opens its grin wide. The slimy mouth expands like a python. The Incubus slowly moves those teeth closer to Alison's face.

BREEZE (O.S.)

Wait!

The teeth retract. The Incubus still holding Alison turns its head to face Breeze. Except now it's back in the form of The Woman and minus the creepy near 180 degree turn of the head, as beautiful as ever.

Breeze stands at the doorway to her bedroom.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

Don't hurt her. Don't hurt anybody else.

Alison struggles pointlessly against the Woman's grip.

THE WOMAN

Pretty, Breeze.

It smiles a smile that seems too big for the petite face.

BREEZE

You can do what you want with me but don't hurt her.

Alison thrashes even harder.

ALISON

Breeze, no!

The Woman hurls Alison against a wall. Alison desperately tries to regain her breath.

The Woman's spine CRACKS as she swivels her body to match the direction of her head. She walks toward Breeze.

Alison tries to get to her feet.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Breeze, don't do this. Not for me.

The Woman walks past Breeze and opens the bedroom door. It runs a hand across her shoulders erotically. It steps inside the room, disappearing into darkness.

BREEZE
It's going to be okay. I need you.
I can't make it out of here without
you...

Breeze begins to sob.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
Promise to get me out.

Alison is trying to hold back her own sobs.

ALISON
I prom--

Breeze is snatched into the dark room!

The door SLAMS closed. Alison trembles with emotion. She CRIES out like a wounded animal.

Davenport limps upstairs toward Alison.

DAVENPORT
It has lived for centuries. You
think a harlot like you could
escape it.

The Frail Girl opens her door. She moves toward Davenport's side. They approach Alison with menace.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
What a silly, prideful fool.

Alison, defeated and cornered, backs into Davenports room and shuts the door.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alison sits on the bed. Her head buried in her hands.

From somewhere in the house Breeze MOANS. The sound of pure ecstasy. Alison looks up unsure of what she just heard.

Another MOAN from Breeze. No doubt this time. Breeze is having an orgasm.

Alison moves to the door listening. But the house is silent again. Alison frowns puzzled. Unable to comprehend the sounds of pleasure.

Alison reaches for the doorknob. Suddenly, Breeze SCREAMS in agony. Alison jolts back from the door. Shaking with shock and fear.

More SCREAMS from the other room. Again and Again.

Each of Breeze's screams more desperate and heartbreaking than the last. Whatever is happening to her is unimaginably excruciating.

ALISON

STOP! You're killing her!

Alison BANGS on the wall desperately begging for Breeze's torture to end.

It doesn't.

It gets worse. Breeze's screams are only interrupted by her desperate gags.

Alison can't take anymore she backs away. Covers her ears. Trying to block the sounds of death. She collapses near the bed. Covers her head. Curls into a fetal position.

LATER

Alison sits on the floor, a shell of herself. Mercifully, the screams have stopped.

She stares blankly. Exhausted but sleep will evade her for a long time. She rubs puffy red eyes.

CREEEEEEEK-- the bedroom door slowly opens. Alison bolts to her feet! She looks out of the wide open bedroom door. She can see nothing but blackness in the hallway. The Incubus could be standing right at the door and she would never know.

Shaking like a leaf, she takes a step toward the door. Step by painful step she gets closer to the forboding darkness.

Those last few steps, excruciating. She wills herself closer to the door. Fearing what may be waiting for her in the darkness.

She reaches the door. Finally. Swings it closed--

Nope, a hand stops the door cold. Alison freezes with fear as Cole nonchalantly enters.

COLE

Bit late for that. Don't you think?

Alison trembles.

ALISON

But I-- I didn't let you in. You need permission.

Cole lights a cigarette. He is well dressed as usual. He looks ready for the cover of a magazine.

COLE

This isn't your room.

He takes a step toward Alison. She shrinks against a wall in terror.

COLE (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm not mad anymore. Tonight was wonderful.

He takes a long drag.

COLE (CONT'D)

I haven't had an angry lay like that in ages. Just came to thank you for keeping up your end of the bargain.

ALISON

I didn't...

COLE

Lady Davenport's accommodations in exchange for Breeze, remember?

ALISON

It wasn't supposed to go like this.

COLE

HOW WAS IT SUPPOSED TO GO!?

Alison shrinks away from Cole's anger. But Cole instantly softens. Clearly, this is all a game for him.

COLE (CONT'D)

All this time I thought you were an honest girl. When in reality, you're just such a good liar you don't even realize when you're lying to yourself.

ALISON

You didn't have to hurt her.

COLE

Neither did you... but we are what we are.

ALISON

I tried to help her.

Alison fights back guilty tears.

COLE

You used her, just like I did. We have a lot in common, you and I. We know there are only two kinds of beings in the universe, those that eat and those that get eaten.

Cole heads for the door with a satisfied smirk. Alison scowls at him in return.

ALISON

You are something from a fairy tale... Living proof of magic... All that power, and you hide in shadows. Play petty games to get into panties. That's just... sad. What a pathetic, miserable thing you must be, whatever you are. You could have been a god, or the devil himself, but instead you're just a supernatural dick.

COLE

Silly girl, full of bluster and false bravado. You can't hide behind a good left hook forever. It won't stop that empty ache of wanting to belong somewhere, or to someone... Where would you even be if not here? Will anyone even notice you're missing after I burry you in the back yard?

He SNIFFS her. She recoils.

COLE (CONT'D)

I can smell it on you, the sweet
stench of nothing. You are a waste
of skin. Junk food. *Empty*
calories.

He waits for her reply, she has none. He scoffs,
disappointed she has no more fight left.

COLE (CONT'D)

You've got nothing left to bargain
with... but you tickle me. Might
just keep you around a bit before I
put you out of your misery.

He disappears into the hallway.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Davenport's door creeps open. Alison's weary eyes peer out.
The hallway is empty. She tiptoes toward Breeze's door.

Before she makes it, Doyal's door opens. Alison swings
around ready for a fight.

DOYAL

Easy... I just want a word.

Alison glares at him.

ALISON

You can have two. Fuck. Off.

DOYAL

I'm trying to help you.

ALISON

Now you want to help? We were
almost out last night and you
didn't lift a god damn finger.

DOYAL

Get it through your head. There is
no out for us!

ALISON

Do you even want to leave? Is
Demonic twat really that good?

DOYAL

What would you have me do? Stroll down to the local library to peruse the demon slaying section. This thing, is beyond our comprehension.

ALISON

It has a weakness. Why else all the locks? It bolts itself in a basement for Christ's sake.

DOYAL

The locks aren't to protect it from us. They're to protect us from each other. Were just lobsters with those little straps on our pinchers so we don't hurt one another before the pot.

ALISON

Watch your back cause I'm about to take my straps off. Pinch, pinch bitches. Pinch, pinch.

She makes a pinching motion toward Doyal's head before turning back to Breeze's door.

DOYAL

You are not ready for what you're going to find.

Alison pushes open the door.

INT. BREEZE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Alison pauses at the entrance.

Doyal was right. Alison's knees buckle. The room is a mess. The centerpiece is the bloody bed. It looks like an altar after an animal sacrifice.

On the floor near the foot of the bed, a delicate female foot sticks out from under a bedsheet.

Alison takes a step inside.

The Frail Girl joins Doyal in the hallway. They stare at Alison with morbid curiosity. The Frail Girl smiles deliriously, enjoying the show.

Alison regains her strength, slams the door on them both. She moves to the motionless foot, the rest of the body covered by the sheet.

Alison GROANS. She sinks to the floor next to the foot. She gently places a hand on the exposed foot... and the foot yanks away under the sheet!

Alison jolts back. Her heart beats out of her chest.

ALISON

Breeze?

The sheet writhes. Hope glints in Alison's eyes. She yanks back the sheet! A BLUR of motion as Breeze SCREAMS and scampers under the bed.

Alison recoils in terror. She takes a moment to regain her composure. She looks under the bed.

Breeze is curled in a fetal position. Bloodied. Naked. Lacerated. Bruised. But most importantly... alive.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Breeze!

Alison weeps with joy. She reaches for Breeze. Breeze retreats further into the dark under the bed.

Alison crawls under. She covers Breeze with the sheet. Pulls her close like a mother finding a lost child.

Gradually she notices Breeze's blank stare.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Breeze, please say something.

Breeze looks back with hollow, catatonic eyes, not unlike the Frail Girl. Alison wraps her arms around Breeze and holds her tight.

LATER

The sun has begun its late evening descent.

Alison watches Breeze sleep. She taps her gently awake.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Breeze, we have to go.

BREEZE

It's too bright.

Alison crawls out from under the bed and moves to the window. She looks out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Down on the driveway, Davenport pours gas into the sports car from a portable tank. She tosses the tank aside and hops into the car. She pulls off smiling as if she is headed off to bible study.

INT. BREEZE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALISON
(worried)
What's that crackpot up to?

She closes the blinds and dims the lights. Looks under the bed at Breeze.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Better?

Breeze nods.

INT. BREEZE'S BATHROOM

Alison washes Breeze's bruised skin gently.

Breeze stares at nothing, a ghost of herself.

ALISON
Let's get you cleaned up and raid
Davenport's. No reason to stop
sticking it to the old lady. Even
if we are here for the long haul.

Alison grabs a towel and Breeze stands without being asked. Alison winces at the numerous cuts and scratches all over Breeze. She got fucked by the devil last night after all.

Alison dries Breeze and tosses the towel aside.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - DAY

Breeze now clothed in a dress watches blankly as Alison applies the last bandages to her arms.

ALISON
There you go.

She tosses a first aid kit into the closet.

ALISON (CONT'D)
This bitch has everything in here.

Alison's eyes get weary.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Everything except a copy of *Killing
an Incubus for Idiots*.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alison with considerable effort drags a sheet filled with items into the room. She tosses it unceremoniously into the center. Food and supplies from Davenport's room spill onto the floor.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - DAY

Alison crosses to Breeze, who sits in a chair. She has cocooned herself in a thick blanket.

ALISON
We'll figure out a plan later. For
now let's get some rest.

She fishes under the blanket. Grabs Breeze's hand. Pulls her up and towards the door.

ALISON (CONT'D)
We should be safer in my room... I
think.

Breeze snatches her hand away and hunches back in her chair.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Breeze, we can't stay here. It can
come in anytime it wants.

Breeze shakes her head, 'No' and curls up in Davenport's chair. She eyes the window nervously.

Alison follows her gaze to the window. She hears Davenport's car RUMBLE up the driveway. Alison presses her nose against the thick glass.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Davenport pulls up. She scurries excitedly to the trunk. Davenport struggles with something inside. She gets it out. Two monster fucking AXES and an even nastier looking SLEDGEHAMMER.

Davenport holds up one of the axes and smiles with delight.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison's eye's go wide.

ALISON

Shit.

She checks the lock on Davenport's door.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Breeze, we are in trouble. If you're in there I could seriously use some help.

Breeze keeps her eyes, the only part of her not covered by the blanket, on the window.

Alison's mind races.

INT. FOYER - DUSK

CLICK CLACK. The external bolt to the front door disengages. The foyer floods with late evening sunshine.

Davenport's washed out silhouette appears in the doorway. She tosses an axe and the sledgehammer into the center of the Foyer. They SCREECH across the linoleum and land at the feet of Doyal, dressed in his best suit and The Frail Girl, dressed in days of filth.

DAVENPORT

Time to serve an eviction.

The Frail girl squeals in delight. She snatches up an axe. Doyal looks nauseous. Davenport locks eyes with him.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

It's time to clean house. You need to decide which end of the broom you want to be on.

The Frail Girl and Davenport await his decision. Axes at the ready if he makes the wrong choice.

Doyal reluctantly picks up the sledgehammer.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM CLOSET - DUSK

Alison tears through the closet searching for a weapon. She spots the microwave.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Davenport leads the armed housemates toward the stairs.

Davenport calm, sublime.

Doyal nervous, morose.

The Frail Girl twitchy, psychotic.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison rips the power cord from one of the bolted down lamps.

The closet door is open. She turns to the microwave, where a pitcher of water is boiling over inside.

She GRUNTS as she strips insulation from the end of the cord with her teeth.

Breeze peeks out of her cocoon, giving Alison a curious sideways look.

Alison furiously winds the exposed wire from another cord together.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DUSK

The murderous trio arrives at Davenport's closed door. Davenport enjoys a moment of anticipation.

INT. DAVENPORT'S ROOM - DUSK

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Alison moves to the door fearful. Breeze stays in her chair.

DAVENPORT (O.S.)

We would like a word with you.

Outside the door the Frail Girl giggles at the understatement.

ALISON

Listen, I'm sorry. About everything. I was wrong. I want to stay now. I won't be any more trouble.

DAVENPORT (O.S.)
 No, dear. You won't be any more
 trouble. Not at all.

ALISON
 Please, just give me another
 chance.

DAVENPORT (O.S.)
 Open the god damn door!

Beat.

Alison backs away. THUNK! An axe tip penetrates the door.
 THUNK WHACK THUNK BANG as the trio beat the door to hell.

Alison can only watch as it's pulverized. She cries.

BANG BANG! The door is rocked again and again. A section
 falls free. BANG, the lock shatters! All is quiet for a
 moment. Doyal slowly swings the door open. He steps in
 holding his sledgehammer.

There is genuine remorse on his face.

DOYAL
 I tried to warn you.

ALISON
 Thought you were going to say
 'Here's Johnny' for a second.

They chuckle as Alison wipes away tears.

DOYAL
 They've agreed to let me do it.

ALISON
 Always the gentlemen.

DOYAL
 Close your eyes. It will be easier
 for us both.

He steps into the room. Water SQUISHES under his feet. He
 looks down curiously at the puddle underfoot.

ALISON
 You should know by now, I never
 take the easy way.

Alison grabs the pitcher of boiling water from a nearby
 table. She launches it in Doyal's face.

He screams bloody murder. Alison rushes him. Using a towel, as insulation, she JAMS the exposed end of her cord from earlier into Doyal's chest!

His whole body seizes as electricity jolts through him via the cord from a wall outlet!

BUZZ! POP! Doyal manages a scream as sparks fly around him. He collapses to the floor. Alison loses contact.

He has a moment to recover. Grabs his chest in pain. Smoke and raw electrical burns on his chest. Red faced from the boiling water. He grabs his hammer angrily.

His eyes fill with panic as Alison jams the cord into his chest again.

Nothing happens this time. Alison glances back at her cord. In her haste she has inadvertently yanked it from the wall.

Alison lunges for the sledgehammer. Gets a grip. But Doyal is too strong. He yanks the hilt into Alison's gut.

Umph! Half the fight is knocked out of her. She turns to Breeze as she loses her grip.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Breeze, please help me!

But Breeze hasn't moved from her chair. She just stares transfixed at the doorway. Alison follows her gaze... where the Frail Girl SHRIEKS toward them. Axe high.

Alison rolls off Doyal. The Frail Girl's axe misses her by a hair. But it finds Doyal. THUNK, right in his gut! He coughs blood dumbfounded. The Frail Girl fights back a chuckle.

FRAIL GIRL
Woopsie.

She turns to Alison with evil intent. Yanks on the axe. Doyal grabs hold! Not letting her pull it from his gut!

Alison snatches up the sledgehammer.

The Frail Girl HISSES!

Alison swings!

The Frail Girl dodges... too slow. CRACK! The hammer smacks her head. She lands in a crumpled heap in the hallway.

Doyal gurgles pathetically, desperate to say something. Alison kneels beside him, gratitude in her eyes for his last gentlemanly act.

DOYAL

It came to me with her face... it
took her face... it was all I had
left of her... how could I leave...
how could I not let it in?

Alison offers a near imperceptible nod of understanding. Doyal accepts it as absolution and closes his eyes for the last time.

Alison turns back to business in the hallway... Empty now except for a blood pool and a few teeth. Davenport and the Frail Girl are nowhere to be seen.

Alison goes to Breeze who seems oblivious to everything.

ALISON

Come on. I'm getting us out.

Alison extends a hand to Breeze.

Beat.

Breeze takes it.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DUSK

Alison leads Breeze down the hallway, painstakingly slow. She holds the axe at the ready.

Breeze, bundled in her blanket, drags the sledge hammer. It SCRAPES the floor behind her.

ALISON

Be ready. That crazy Bitch is
going to leap out sooner or later.

Alison peeks into bedroom doors before crossing the threshold. She moves forward.

As they pass, Breeze turns peeks inside, where a closet door opens silently. Out steps the Frail Girl. Cheekbone demolished. Jaw dislocated. Blood and spit pour freely from the Frail Girl's open mouth.

Breeze stops. Smiles.

Alison stops at the top of the stairs. She peers down.

Nothing.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Come on.

She turns to Breeze--

Except it ain't Breeze.

The Frail Girl's crooked mouth lunges for Alison. She falls backwards and they both tumble down the steps.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the stairs, The Frail Girl lands atop Alison. SCREAMING... well trying to scream. Her ruined face can only produce horrifying GURGLES.

She scratches at Alison's face as she struggles to pull away the axe. Blood drips into Alison's face from the Frail Girl's mouth. Alison grabs hold of the ruined jaw bone.

The Frail Girl tries to bite but her mouth is out of commission. Her useless tongue dangles on Alison hand.

SNAP. CRUNCH. Alison squeezes the Frail Girl's lower jaw.

The Frail Girl gurgle howls! She rolls off in excruciating pain. A whirling dervish as she flees.

Alison uses the axe to struggle up. The fall downstairs was a bad one. Breeze walks to her side and Alison gives her a sarcastic look.

ALISON

Thanks for the heads up.

Breeze stares blankly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Alison limps in clutching her axe.

Davenport stands at the broken window, watching the sun go down.

DAVENPORT

I should have known it would come to this.

ALISON

You all shoulda just let me be.
Then I wouldn't have had to tear
this place down.

Davenport turns. She's got her axe too.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You gotta be shitting me. You want
to have an axe fight?

She holds up her own axe as if Davenport somehow missed it.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What are you like ninety-seven? I
know crazy magnifies strength but
come on!

DAVENPORT

You can barely walk.

Alison can't hide the fact she is in pain. She is in no
condition for an axe fight, not even with an old lady.

ALISON

I just want to get out. That's
all!

DAVENPORT

Nobody gets out. Ever! If you
would have listened from the
beginning you could've spared us
all unnecessary pain!

Breeze enters curled in her blanket. She walks toward
Davenport. Alison stops her.

Breeze looks at her, for the first time since the night with
the Incubus, there is clarity in her eyes.

BREEZE

(To Alison)

Let me. I've always had a way with
her.

She walks over to Davenport.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

It's over. You lost.

DAVENPORT

You? You pick her?

BREEZE
We are leaving.

Davenport is heartbroken.

DAVENPORT
After all I've done for you... for
this house.

Her heartbreak shifts on a dime into rage. She lunges at Breeze! Heaves the axe high!

Alison moves to intervene... but it is so slow. They are too far away. She SCREAMS because she knows Breeze is dead. No way to dodge Davenport's axe.

Lightning fast, from under her blanket-- Breeze swings up the sledge hammer.

CRACK! Connects with Davenport's face knocking her off her feet.

Davenport tries to recover on the floor.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
Please... you need me.

Breeze raises the sledge hammer high.

BREEZE
Thank you for your hospitality,
Martha.

She SWINGS the hammer down.

CRUNCH!

Breeze turns to Alison and smiles.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
It's just us now.

Alison doesn't smile back.

ALISON
It's not over yet.

She exits with a cold all business look about her.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alison walks toward the basement. Breeze follows.

BREEZE
What are you doing?

ALISON
I'm gonna kill it.

She opens the door. Inside, complete blackness.

BREEZE
You don't even know if it can die.

ALISON
I have to try. While it's day. I
think it's weak during the day.

Breeze stops Alison with a comforting hand.

BREEZE
What if you're wrong?

Alison is unsure. Alison nods and closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Alison stands in front of the broken window. She swings the hammer hard into the security bars. Again and again. Sparks fly. Finally the bars fall free from the window.

EXT. THE MANSION - DUSK

The sun dips just below the tree line.

Alison shields her eyes as she climbs from the window. This is the first time she's stood in sunlight for days.

Breeze follows Alison out. She is worse off. She has not yet surrendered her security blanket. She squints and covers herself against the unfamiliar sun.

Alison opens the door to the sports car. She smiles when she hears the familiar, 'keys in ignition' chime from the car.

ALISON
Let's go.

She climbs in the driver's seat. Bundled Breeze gets into the passenger seat. They peel out of the driveway. Leaving behind the Mansion.

Quiet.

Dead.

The sun goes down.

INT/EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Alison drives down a deserted road.

Nervous glances in her review.

Breeze glances back from the passenger seat. Crawls out of her protective blanket.

BREEZE
Do you really think it's over?

ALISON
Unless it can fly.

Breeze smiles. Alison glances in the rearview again, *can it fly?*

ALISON (CONT'D)
God, where is a cop when you need one?

Breeze gives her a sideways look.

BREEZE
Are you kidding?

ALISON
What?

BREEZE
We're going to drive up to a cop to tell them about the three dead bodies we left in the mansion we stole this car from.

ALISON
It was self defense.

BREEZE
I hit somebody's granny with a hammer.

Alison shakes her head emphatically.

ALISON
We'll tell them everything. They'll understand.

BREEZE
Will they? Do you understand?

Alison gives in.

ALISON
What else can we do?

BREEZE
We can start fresh.

Breeze gives a sly look to the backseat. Alison nervously turns to look. The bag of money is still in the car.

The girls grin at one another.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
We can start all over.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

The sports car pulls into the near empty parking lot. The Bed and Breakfast is off the main road and isolated.

INT./EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A lone junker of a car heads down the same road Alison just drove down. The DRIVER, a freckly faced teen, tries to fondle his nerdy GIRLFRIEND.

GIRLFRIEND
Both hands on the wheel buster.

DRIVER
Come on. Just one squeeze.

GIRLFRIEND
Watch out!

Tires SCREECH as the driver slams on brakes, SWERVES onto the shoulder.

Everything goes still. You can almost hear the teen's racing hearts over the idling engine.

DRIVER
What the hell did you do that for?
There's nothing out there!

The Nerdy Girl points a nervous finger straight ahead where...

Headlights illuminate the nearby woods and road. The Frail Girl lurches into view. Mouth permanently gapping. Covered in blood. She walks in dazed circles between road and trees.

She stops and slowly looks up at the teens. She gurgles a scream and lumbers toward them.

The Nerdy Girl screams! The Driver peels out and around the Frail Girl!

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Dial nine-one-one! Dial nine-one-one!

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Alison and Breeze wait at the counter looking like they've been through a war.

The OWNER, a sweet looking OLD LADY, eyes them suspiciously.

Alison clutches the duffle bag tight.

OWNER
Sorry. No vacancies.

ALISON
The parking lot is practically empty.

The Owner eyeballs the blood and dirt that cover them.

OWNER
Go about thirty miles east, you'll hit route forty and a dozen motels.

BREEZE
But this place is perfect. I want to stay here.

OWNER
We're booked. You ladies look like you need a place with less class and fewer questions.

Alison slaps a stack of dollar bills onto the counter.

ALISON
Remember your old pal Benjamin from grade school? He was hoping to stay too and he invited a gang of dead presidents along.

The Owner salivates over her old pal.

OWNER

Well, Ben and I do have so much to catch up on.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

The girls relax in soft robes next to a warm fire place. Alison is stretched across a comfortable sofa and Breeze sits on the carpet at her feet.

They toast one another and sip wine. Alison looks into Breeze's eyes forlorn.

ALISON

Everyone in that house was fucked up.

Breeze finishes her drink and kneels in front of Alison.

BREEZE

You can't expect people to be normal after something like that.

ALISON

No. Even before they got there.

BREEZE

What do you mean?

ALISON

It picked us cause we were weak.

Breeze shakes no.

BREEZE

Look at what you did. You survived. I can't remember meeting anyone as strong as you. Except maybe Davenport.

ALISON

Strong? I could barely resist it, Breeze.

BREEZE

But you did.

ALISON

It only wanted you. He never once came for me... No one ever has.

Alison holds her head in shame.

ALISON (CONT'D)
It's crazy, part of me was jealous.
Until I heard you scream.

BREEZE
I'm here with you now, that's what
matters.

ALISON
Even after I knew what it was, I
still wanted it. To feel it again.
What does that say about me?

Breeze leans up and kisses Alison's cheek sweetly.

BREEZE
You're human. The flesh is weak.

Breeze rubs Alison shoulder tenderly. Alison relaxes. The touch is comforting.

Gently, Breeze's hand slips under Alison's robe. Tentative and exploring. Things are instantly more intimate.

Breeze leans forward, her robe coming undone. Exposing beautiful soft skin. Incredibly her scars don't detract from her sensuality. They are almost healed, appearing like exotic tatoos.

Breeze leans in and kisses the edge of Alison's cheek tenderly. Alison doesn't return the kiss... nor does she turn away.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
After all this, we could both use
some comfort. I need you.

Alison moves her lips toward Breeze slightly, an offering. Breeze kisses her deeply.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

Police lights flash as emergency vehicles converge on the isolated Mansion.

Search lights cut through nearby woods as a helicopter THUNDERS over head.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

Breeze kneels in front of Alison. She pulls open Alison's robe and buries her face passionately into Alison's chest.

Alison's eyes roll back in pleasure.

ALISON
God, you smell so good.

BREEZE
Amazing what a shower and quick
change will do.

Alison fights to regain control.

ALISON
Wait. This isn't right. I don't
even like girls.

Breeze, practically glowing and more beautiful than ever,
looks up into Alison's eyes.

BREEZE
I've never needed anyone as much as
I need you right now. You got me
out of that house. I can't make it
without you. Forget all the others
that abandoned you. I never will.

She lets her robe fall off onto the floor.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
I can make you feel as good as you
did that first night at the house.
I will be there for you as long as
you let me. But only if you tell me
you want me too.

Breeze softly kisses Alison's exposed belly. She raises her
eyes again. The question hangs in the air.

ALISON
(weakly)
Okay.

Breeze slides the robe off of Alison.

EXT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Well armed policemen walk through the darkened hallway
carrying various equipment and evidence bags. An older
DETECTIVE type barks orders.

He spots the basement door.

DETECTIVE
We got another level!

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Breeze is no liar. She works magic as Alison convulses in ripples of pleasure accompanied by GRUNTS of passion equaling her first night in the mansion.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The Detective follow's two heavily armed TACTICAL OFFICERS into the Basement Vault. They move toward the sarcophagus at the center.

Flashlights illuminate the lid, now securely locked in place.

The Detective steps closer, flashes his light on an inscription carved into the sarcophagus' lid.

DETECTIVE

(reading)

'I will eat flesh, because thy soul
longeth to eat flesh; thou mayest
eat flesh, whatsoever thy soul
lusteth after - Deuteronomy.'

The Detective is unnerved by a bible verse amidst the carnage.

One of the Officer's trains his weapon on the crypt. The other braces against the lid. They both look to the Dick, who finally gathers himself.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Hit it.

The Officers push and the lid slides off, SMASHES on the ground. The three policemen look inside.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

My god...

One of the Officers vomits on the crime scene.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison collapses back on the bed. A thoroughly satisfied smile plastered on her face.

Breeze rises and kisses her passionately, to rekindle her passion.

ALISON

Please. I can't take anymore.

She tries to push Breeze away but she is too weak.

Breeze pins Alison's arms to her side as she continues licking circles around her belly button.

BREEZE
Sweet, sweet, Alison.

Alison MOANS, somewhere in the middle of pleasure and pain. Her face wrinkles with concern.

BREEZE (CONT'D)
You were the one I needed to start again.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The distraught Detective grabs a walkie-talkie.

DETECTIVE
We have a fourth victim.

CB COP (FILTERED)
Copy that. Description?

The detective leans into the vault fighting back revulsion.

DETECTIVE
(voice shaky)
Can't be sure. I'm guessin'.
Female. Late teens, early t--
twenties.

CB COP
(concerned)
What's wrong, Bill?

Beat.

The detective leans away overcome.

DETECTIVE
They skinned her.

Inside the sarcophagus, a petite and freshly skinned body. It wears the little pretty FLOWER dress.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another MOAN, this one more on the pain side of the moan meter.

Tight on Alison's face as it wrinkles with fear.

ALISON

Wait -- I want you to stop.

BREEZE

Stop?

Breeze leans up. Her beautiful skin droops unnaturally for a second, a skin mask. Her skin vibrates -- MORPHS -- for a split second, she is COLE, THE WOMAN, THE INCUBUS.

Back to sweet Breeze. She smiles... with a mouth full of Piranha teeth...

BREEZE (CONT'D)

We are just getting started.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

Alison is behind the desk perusing a magazine. Time has passed as indicated by the streak of grey that highlights her longer hair.

Headlights shine in from outside. A car pulls into the parking lot.

The door swings open. An attractive MAN and WOMAN, dressed in business attire, are both led in by Breeze. Breeze aggressively guides them to the desk. Neither protests her enthusiasm, they are too busy making out with one another.

BREEZE

This is the lady of the house.

Alison nods greeting. The couple waves hello between lustful kisses, nearly oblivious to the world around them.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

We need a room... with a big bed.

Alison drops a key, she already had in her hand, onto the counter. Breeze snatches the key. She happily leads the couple toward the stairs.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Wait...

The Woman suddenly stops and disengages from the group. She turns back to Alison, clear headed.

BUSINESS WOMAN (CONT'D)

How much will this cost us?

ALISON

Everything.

The Woman does not like that answer or the hard, honest stare Alison is giving her.

Breeze steps between Alison and the Woman. She glides seductively closer.

BREEZE

You are my guest... for as long as
you want.

The Woman is unsure, until the Man embraces her from behind, kissing her neck. All the Woman's anxiety melts away as passion overwhelms her. Breeze takes them both by the hand and leads them up stairs.

Alison watches them go... and then... Alison smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.