

We Summon the Darkness

by

Alan Trezza

WHITE TEXT OVER BLACK

At the peak of the 1980s, religious fundamentalists and political organizations spearheaded a battle against what they believed to be a rapid emergence of Satanic cults throughout the United States.

INTERCUT

Grainy VHS footage of the 1988 Geraldo Rivera news special "Devil Worship: Exposing Satan's Underground".

GERALDO RIVERA (O.S.)
Satanism is more than a hodgepodge
of mysticism and fantasy. More than
a Halloween motif...

UPSIDEDOWN PENTAGRAMS and 666s are splattered across the cracked walls of a decrepit cellar.

GERALDO RIVERA (O.S.)
It's a violent impulse that preys
upon the emotionally vulnerable.
Especially teenagers. Often lonely
and lost...

MOTLEY CRUE rock out to their 80s hit "Looks that Kill". Surrounded by skulls and scantily-clad bimbos. All encircled within a fiery upsidetdown pentagram.

GERALDO RIVERA and his awesome moustache stare into camera --

GERALDO RIVERA
Possessed by an obsessive
fascination with sex and drugs and,
yes, heavy metal rock and roll...

BACK TO TEXT

Convinced these cults were communicating with children through subversive messages, concerned parents called for a ban on rock music, Saturday morning cartoons and role playing board games.

The clips come faster now.

PROBATION OFFICER DARLYNE PETTINICCHIO makes the "DEVIL HORNS" gesture with her fingers.

DARLYNE PETTINICCHIO
Many kids if you ask them they'll
say, "It means heavy metal." Two
fingers up represents the authority
of the Devil.

(MORE)

DARLYNE PETTINICCHIO (CONT'D)
 Three fingers down represents the
 denial of the Trinity.

PASTOR JOE SCHIMMEL plays "Stairway to Heaven" for an
 audience of followers.

JOE SCHIMMEL
 Forwards it says, "Your stairway
 lies on the whispering wind."
 Backwards it says, "Because I live
 with Satan."

He reverses the record with his hand. Gibberish.

JOE SCHIMMEL
 Raise your hands if you heard that.

EVERYONE'S HAND SHOOTS UP.

Footage from "The Truth About Rock Seminar" by Christian Anti-
 Rock Crusaders THE PETERS BROTHERS.

NARRATOR
 Watch as the Peters Brothers expose
 the flip side of the rock industry.
 Backwards masking and backwards
 morals. Over 5 million dollars of
 rock and roll music have been
 burned after these seminars.

Hundreds of adults and children hurl heavy metal albums into
 a raging barn fire.

BACK TO TEXT

This widespread hysteria would later become known as The
Satanic Panic.

The text slowly fades away.

Then --

The following is based on actual events.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

A glorious two-story structure of wood and glass built on 200
 acres of lush emerald forest.

A portrait of bucolic paradise except for the...

POLICE CARS, AMBULANCES and NEWS VANS swarming the house.

PARAMEDICS wheel sheeted bodies underneath yellow POLICE TAPE. DETECTIVES and FORENSICS TECHS search for clues.

A FEMALE REPORTER with pink eyeshadow and Farrah Fawcett hair addresses the camera --

FEMALE REPORTER

Another bizarre, ritualistic murder claimed the lives of seven people including a county sheriff following a heavy metal concert last night. Police were responding to a 911 call of a possible home invasion, but what they found was something out of a nightmare. Seven dead bodies. Demonic imagery scrawled across the walls. All part of a Satanic murder spree that has so far claimed the lives of some twenty people.

Female Reporter walks around the grounds, passing cop cars, ambulances and a CHEVY HATCHBACK covered in BLACK SABBATH, JUDAS PRIEST and METALLICA stickers...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Harsh sun blazes down on the SAME CHEVY HATCHBACK cruising along a lonely stretch of road.

HEAVY METAL blares through the windows.

TITLE: *One Day Earlier - July 24, 1988 - 10:27am*

INT. CHEVY HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Three twenty-something GIRLS occupy the car along with fast food wrappers and empty Big Gulps.

ALEXIS BUTLER, bleached blonde hair, aerobicized body, drives while sucking on a Ring Pop.

VAL VALENS, big hair, trashy tattoos, sweatshirt cut Flashdance-style, rides shotgun while applying copious amounts of makeup in the vanity mirror.

BEVERLY MANNING, doe-eyed and somber, sits in the back pulling at the sleeves of a worn jean jacket. Uncomfortable in her own skin.

VAL

You're so lying.

ALEXIS

I'm so not.

VAL

I don't believe you.

ALEXIS

I'm totally serious. I just read an article on this.

VAL

Where?

ALEXIS

"Bop". Obviously.

VAL

Enlighten.

ALEXIS

Okay. What does mascara do? It makes your eyes look bigger, right? Well, it's been scientifically proven that our pupils dilate when we're attracted to someone.

VAL

Interesting. Continue.

ALEXIS

Blush. When we're turned on, our heart rate goes up which sends blood throughout our bodies and makes our cheeks red.

VAL

No shit.

ALEXIS

Lipstick. When we get --

Beverly's had enough.

BEVERLY

All right. We get it.

VAL

Jeez, Beverly. Prudish much?

BEVERLY

You're equating cosmetics to female sexual arousal. Barf me out.

ALEXIS

I'm starting to think we should've left you back home.

BEVERLY

I'm fine.

ALEXIS

Back me up, Val.

VAL

Alexis is right. The concert's in three hours. If you don't get your act together you're staying at the house all by yourself.

Val packs her makeup away and Aqua Nets her hair. Beverly chokes on the fumes.

BEVERLY

Where is this house anyway? I swear, if this turns out to be one of those creepy cabins from a spooky movie --

ALEXIS

Relax. It's just off this highway and it's fab.

VAL

I've seen Polaroids. It's awesome.

A DJ comes on the radio --

DJ (ON RADIO)

Police came across another grisly murder scene last night. Three youths found stabbed to death in a suburban home, the walls covered in Satanic symbols. This is the third murder in what authorities are calling the workings of a Satanic cult burning their way through America's Heartland --

Alexis kills the radio. Feigns confidence.

ALEXIS

It'll be rad. Trust me.

INT. SAM'S CLUB - LATER

Like Costco only worse.

Alexis and Beverly stock up on beer and alcohol. Val's in the next aisle scanning the soda.

BEVERLY

I'm not sure I'm feeling up to this anymore, Alexis.

ALEXIS

We've been planning this for like months now, Bev.

BEVERLY

I know.

ALEXIS

So, what's your ish?

BEVERLY

It's just that --

ALEXIS

Was it that news broadcast?

BEVERLY

Maybe.

ALEXIS

Don't you see? That's why tonight is so important. We have to stand up to that sort of thing, you know? Send a message that we're not afraid of them.

BEVERLY

I guess.

ALEXIS

Well, I know. Now, stop being such a dweebazoid and pass me that case of Natty Light. Stat!

Beverly does as she's told.

Val runs up and dumps two armfuls of New Coke into the cart.

VAL

That should be everything.

ALEXIS

New Coke?

VAL

It tastes better than Classic.

ALEXIS
Cherry.

VAL
Fine.

Val grabs the New Coke and leaves in a huff. Alexis and Beverly proceed to the check out.

ALEXIS
Like I was saying, tonight will go
a whole lot better if you stop
overthinking everything.

The magazine racks are filled with blaring headlines.
"DEVIL CULT STRIKES AGAIN!" "IS YOUR CHILD A SATANIST?"
Beverly looks at the magazines, then turns to Alexis.
Alexis shrugs.

INT. CHEVY HATCHBACK - LATER

Alexis, Val and Beverly are back on the road.

Beverly is sandwiched between a barrage of shopping bags.
Val re-Aqua Nets her hair. Beverly gags some more.

BEVERLY
A little much, Val?

VAL
Too much is never enough --

TIRES SCREECH!

Alexis wrestles with the wheel as she's cut off by...

A 1974 DODGE RAM VAN.

Black and silver. Tinted windows. Out of state plates.

ALEXIS
Motherfucker!

ALEXIS STOMPS ON THE GAS AND VEERS INTO THE ONCOMING LANE!

BEVERLY
What the Hell are you doing?

ALEXIS
I'm gonna cut this asshole off.

BEVERLY
Please don't.

Alexis passes the van, flashing her middle finger at the unseen driver.

ALEXIS
Fuck you, asswipe!

Alexis cuts off the van just as a Mack truck swooshes down the oncoming lane, missing them by inches.

Val gives Alexis a high five.

VAL
Woohoo! That was so awesome!

ALEXIS
Showed him. Bastard.

Beverly uncovers her eyes. Not amused.

Suddenly --

THE VAN JETS FORWARD AND ALMOST REAR ENDS THEM!

BEVERLY
Alexis, get out of the way.

THE VAN PLOWS FORWARD AGAIN!

BEVERLY
Get out of the way! Now!

Alexis wrenches the wheel with both hands. The girls scream as the car careens to the side of the road, kicking up dirt and gravel.

ALEXIS
You guys okay?

VAL
Yeah.

BEVERLY
Fer sure.

THE VAN STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY!

Engine gurgling. Exhaust belching black smoke.

BEVERLY
What's he doing?

The van's engine revs. Gears grind. It speeds off over the horizon, leaving a trail of blackness in its wake.

ALEXIS
Fucking psycho.

Beverly's heart beats out of her chest. Terrified.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alexis parks by a decrepit wooden gate. A rusted padlock hangs from a thick iron chain.

ALEXIS
We're here!

Beverly eyes the gate with trepidation.

BEVERLY
What did I say about creepy cabins?

ALEXIS
Beverly?

BEVERLY
Yeah?

ALEXIS
Take a chill pill.

Alexis exits the car and unlocks the gate. She swings it open and hops back in the car.

ALEXIS
Wait 'till you see it. You're so gonna freak.

BEVERLY
I don't doubt it.

EXT. PATH - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight streams through a canopy of trees and dances across the foliage.

The car follows the path, ducking in and out of shadows.

The trees part and reveal...

THE HOUSE.

Minus the cop cars, news teams and dead bodies.

Woodpeckers peck, birds serenade. Nothing creepy about it.
The girls spill out of the car and gaze in wonder.

VAL
Wicked!

BEVERLY
It's not a creepy cabin from a
spooky movie.

ALEXIS
Told you. Come on. I'll give you
the grand tour.

INT. FOYER - LATER

Wood beam ceilings, spiral staircase, open floor plan.

Alexis, Val and Beverly admire the beauty.

VAL
I can't believe your dad actually
owns this place.

ALEXIS
It's a miracle my mom didn't get it
in the divorce. Gold digging bitch.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Formica and laminate with KitchenAid appliances. Stainless
steel pots and pans descend from the ceiling.

A rotary phone hangs on the wall.

ALEXIS
Kitchen. Totally off limits by the
way unless you're mixing drinks.

VAL
Oh my God. You have a microwave.

ALEXIS
Duh.

Beverly holds the phone to her ear.

BEVERLY
Phone's not working.

ALEXIS

Oh. We won't be needing that.

Alexis walks away.

VAL

You gonna order Domino's or something?

BEVERLY

So funny I forgot to laugh.

VAL

Next time remember.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous space larger than most bachelor pads. Canned goods, cleaning supplies and paper products line the walls.

ALEXIS

Walk-in pantry. My dad always keeps it stocked. You know, in case the Russians decide to nuke us.

BEVERLY

Neat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hardwood floors and leather couches. Rear projection TV, Betamax, CD player, and Nintendo.

Floor-to-ceiling windows showcase the sprawling property.

ALEXIS

Living room.

VAL

Nintendo? This place is so boss!

Beverly stares out the windows at an endless sea of green.

ALEXIS

Hey, Bev.

She's lost in the view.

ALEXIS

Hello? Earth to Beverly?

Beverly snaps out of it.

BEVERLY

What?

ALEXIS

Let's check out your room.

INT. BEVERLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ground floor. Shag rug. No windows.

ALEXIS

Voila. Val and I will take the upstairs rooms.

BEVERLY

Why do I get the downstairs?

VAL

Cuz you're a lame-o.

ALEXIS

You'll get upstairs next tour.
Cross my heart.

VAL

If you survive this one.

BEVERLY

You're not funny.

ALEXIS

Besides, it's not like we'll be
doing any sleeping, right?

Beverly shrugs.

ALEXIS

Make yourself comfortable. We leave
in an hour.

Alexis and Val leave.

Beverly drops her duffel bag on the floor, plops on the saggy
bed and stares into the dresser mirror.

Her troubled reflection stares back.

BEVERLY

What the Hell are you doing,
Beverly?

That's when Beverly hears something.

SCRATCHING NOISES COMING FROM THE CLOSET.

Beverly calls out to Alexis and Val --

BEVERLY
Guys, there's something --

WHAM!

Something slams against the closet door. Beverly jumps back.

High-pitched wheezing emanates from the closet.

Beverly gathers her nerve and approaches the closet.

The scratching quickens. The wheezing becomes more erratic.

Beverly grasps the knob and throws open the door.

INT. ALEXIS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alexis unpacks her undergarments and stuffs them in a dresser.

BEVERLY'S BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE!

ALEXIS
Beverly!

Alexis rushes downstairs.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Val's on the toilet Aqua Netting her hair.

BEVERLY SCREAMS LOUDER!

VAL
What the fuck?

Val wipes and bolts.

INT. BEVERLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beverly cowers in the corner, facing off against...

A RACCOON.

It quakes in the opposite corner. Just as terrified as she.

Alexis and Val burst in --

ALEXIS
Jesus Christ, Beverly. You scared
the shit out of me.

BEVERLY
I did? What about that?

ALEXIS
It's just a raccoon.

VAL
Aw. He's cute.

BEVERLY
Seriously?

ALEXIS
Someone must've left a window open.
No biggie.

VAL
I'll take him outside. Come on
little guy.

BEVERLY
Be my guest. I'm gonna sit down and
have a coronary.

Val ushers the raccoon out of the room.

Alexis sits next to Beverly.

ALEXIS
If you're gonna hang with us
tonight, you gotta learn to relax.

BEVERLY
Did you see the size of that thing?
It was bigger than me.

ALEXIS
I'm serious. I can't spend the
entire night worrying about you.

BEVERLY
I'll be fine.

ALEXIS
Honest?

BEVERLY
Fer sure.

Alexis doesn't believe her for a second.

ALEXIS
Come on. I got just the trick.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jäger splashes into three shot glasses.

Alexis hands everyone a shot. Beverly declines.

ALEXIS
Take the shot.

BEVERLY
I don't drink anymore.

ALEXIS
One shot, Bev. It'll help you
loosen up.

VAL
Trust me. You need it.

Beverly wavers.

ALEXIS
It's not gonna kill you.

Beverly gives in. Takes the shot.

VAL
Atta girl.

Alexis raises her shot glass.

ALEXIS
To a night that will go down not in
history, but in *herstory*.

VAL
Here! Here!

BEVERLY
...cheers...

They down their shots and choke on the aftertaste. Amateurs.

Val snatches the bottle and pours another round.

VAL
One more.

BEVERLY
I'm done.

VAL
No, you're not. Round two.

Beverly looks to Alexis for backup.

ALEXIS
Bottom's up.

They throw it back. Dry heave. Recover.

ALEXIS
Showtime!

EXT. THE HIPPODROME - DAY

Magic hour casts its glow on the monolithic concert hall. A giant billboard reads:

**SOLDIERS OF SATAN TOUR '88
DEVIL HEAD/HELLMUD/BLOOD RACK/LORD LUCIFER
SPECIAL GUESTS FLOATING WITCH**

INT. CHEVY HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Alexis steers into a massive parking lot flooded with cars and people.

ALEXIS
This is it. Belly of the Beast.

Beverly gazes out the window. Eyes like saucers.

BEVERLY
Holy shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A heavy metal parking lot to be exact.

METAL HEADS drink beer, smoke reefer and blast music in the 110 degree heat.

The Chevy Hatchback passes row after row of used and beat-up cars. VW buses, wood-paneled station wagons and Firebirds.

One vehicle sticks out among the rest...

THE DODGE RAM VAN.

The same one that cut Alexis off earlier.

Alexis passes it. Her attention elsewhere.

EXT. LOT A - CONTINUOUS

Alexis, Val and Beverly stroll along a section filled with drinking and debauchery.

ALEXIS
See anything you like?

VAL
There's too much to choose from.

Something catches Alexis' eye.

ALEXIS
Oh God.

IVAN
What?

ALEXIS
Look at these posers.

Alexis points to --

TWO RELIGIOUS FREAKS CARRYING "JESUS SAVES" PICKET SIGNS.

RELIGIOUS FREAK #1
Don't sell your souls to Satan's
rock and roll!

RELIGIOUS FREAK #2
And don't mettle with the Devil's
heavy metal!

Alexis and Val eye them with disgust.

VAL
Do they actually think that's gonna
make any difference?

ALEXIS
Like I said, posers.

A mob of METALHEADS swarms around them. Yelling taunts.
Screaming threats.

RELIGIOUS FREAK #1
The path to salvation lies in
Jesus' resurrection!

THE MOB BOOS!

RELIGIOUS FREAK #2
Hell awaits those who fornicate!

THE MOB CHEERS!

Beverly's sights are set on something else...

A MOUSTACHED DOUCHEBAG arguing with his underage GIRLFRIEND.

MOUSTACHED DOUCHEBAG
You were looking at that dude!

GIRLFRIEND
No, I wasn't.

MOUSTACHED DOUCHEBAG
Yes, you were! I saw you!

GIRLFRIEND
You're drunk.

MOUSTACHED DOUCHEBAG
Don't lie to me!

Moustached Douchebag grabs Girlfriend's wrist and twists. She throws her head back and shrieks.

Beverly clenches her fist. Pain fills her eyes. Wants so badly to do something.

Alexis puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

ALEXIS
She'll find her own way.

BEVERLY
Asshole.

VAL
Speaking from experience?

ALEXIS
Stop it, Val.

Alexis looks deep in Beverly's eyes.

ALEXIS
That's not you anymore.

BEVERLY
Yeah. I know.

ALEXIS
Come on. Let's find some bad boys.

VAL
I think I just did. Look.

Val points to the van. Idling in the lot. A fog of grey pot smoke wafts from the windows.

BEVERLY
Isn't that the same van --

ALEXIS
Yeah.

VAL
Let's teach them some manners.

ALEXIS
Oh yeah.

Beverly's not so sure.

BEVERLY
I don't think that's a good idea.

Too late. Alexis and Val run to the van. Beverly chases after them.

Alexis yanks open the rear doors revealing...

ALEXIS
Hey fuckheads!

THREE TWENTY-SOMETHING DUDES HUNCHED OVER A GAME OF DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS.

They are...

MARK ANDERSON, pensive with long hair and ripped jeans. A PENTAGRAM NECKLACE hangs from his neck.

KYLE KOVACS, short and puffy with bad skin. He plays with a RAM'S HEAD ZIPPO. Clicking it open and shut with a snap of his fingers.

IVAN HOROWITZ, Dungeon Master with a mullet. He squints at the sunlight and coughs up a cloud of smoke.

IVAN
What the fuck, man?

ALEXIS
You guys weren't driving on the interstate earlier today, were you?

IVAN

As a matter of fact, we were.

ALEXIS

I thought that was you.

KOVACS

Why are you asking?

ALEXIS

Cuz you're all a bunch of dickless
assholes, that's why.

IVAN

Sorry?

ALEXIS

That's a start.

IVAN

What are you talking about?

ALEXIS

You cut us off, then ran us off the
road. We could've died.

IVAN

No way. That was you?

VAL

No, numb nuts. It was your mother.

IVAN

Okay. Everybody chill.

ALEXIS

Fuck that. Learn to drive.

IVAN

I'm sorry. I was cranking the new
Motorhead, smoking a doob, and I
must've lost focus. I apologize.

ALEXIS

That wasn't cool.

MARK

Like my friend said, we're really
sorry. Totally our fault.

IVAN

Maybe we can make it up to you.

ALEXIS
Maybe.

IVAN
Name it.

ALEXIS
Got any more Silver Bullets?

IVAN
Whole case.

ALEXIS
Fire away.

IVAN
Incoming.

Ivan lobs three cans their way. They start guzzling.

ALEXIS
Thanks --

IVAN
Ivan.

MARK
Mark.

KOVACS
Kovacs. 'Sup?

He wipes his sweaty palm on his jeans and extends it. The girls avoid it like the plague.

ALEXIS
I'm Alexis. That's Val and Beverly.

They exchange pleasantries.

ALEXIS
So, you guys psyched for the
Soldiers of Satan?

IVAN
Fuck yeah. This is our third time.

MARK
We just came from the Cleveland
show. It was killer.

ALEXIS
You guys are caravanning?

The boys nod.

VAL

I thought only Deadheads did that.

KOVACS

Fuck those granolas. Hippie fucks.

MARK

This is kinda like our last hurrah
before we all go our separate ways.

IVAN

Mark over here is moving out to
Hollywood to become a rock star.

ALEXIS

Rad. You in a band?

MARK

I was with these guys.

KOVACS

(resentful)

Then he got too big for us.

IVAN

Shut up, Kovacs.

KOVACS

Just saying.

IVAN

Stop it.

ALEXIS

Well, good luck.

MARK

Thanks.

IVAN

(re: Beverly)

Does your friend talk?

BEVERLY

Only when there's conversation
worth having.

KOVACS

Dis!

Alexis elbows her.

BEVERLY

Ow!

ALEXIS

Sorry about that. It's these murders that have been happening. She's totally bugging out.

The boys share a look. Hard to read.

IVAN

I heard about that. That Satanic shit, right?

ALEXIS

Yeah.

KOVACS

Shit's fucked up, man.

VAL

Totally.

IVAN

Don't worry. You won't find any of those demonic psychos here.

KOVACS

Just cool guys like us.

ALEXIS

Where are you guys sitting anyway?

IVAN

Where else? The pit. You?

Alexis flashes her ticket. The pit.

IVAN

We have to watch the show together.

ALEXIS

I'm not so sure. You could be demonic psychos.

IVAN

Will a refill change your mind?

ALEXIS

It'll help.

Ivan tosses her another can.

Mark saddles up to Beverly.

MARK

Hey.

BEVERLY

Hey.

MARK

Listen. About those murders --

BEVERLY

It's fine.

MARK

That's not what I was going to say.
What I was going to say was,
something tells me it's all b.s.

BEVERLY

Yeah. Right.

MARK

I'm serious. It's a ploy to whip
the public up into a frenzy.

BEVERLY

I'm so sure.

MARK

People fear what they don't
understand, right? Well, parents
don't get the music their kids are
listening to, so they villainize
it. Try to get it to go away.

BEVERLY

Cynical much?

MARK

The world's a shady place. Not
everything's what it seems.

BEVERLY

You have a point.

MARK

You know what the best thing about
the Soldiers of Satan is?

BEVERLY

What?

MARK

It's that for eight headbanging hours you get to forget about all the fucked up shit that's going on in the world and bask in the wondrous glory that is heavy metal.

Beverly chuckles. He's got charisma.

BEVERLY

You're pretty passionate about this stuff, aren't you?

MARK

What do you mean?

BEVERLY

Moving away. Devoting your whole life to it.

MARK

Well, metal *is* my life. I live for it. I'd die for it. I'd even kill for it.

(pause)

That last part was a joke.

Beverly shoots him a dirty look.

MARK

Lame. Sorry.

(changes the subject)

What about you? Do you have anything you're passionate about?

BEVERLY

I used to, but now I'm not so sure.

A DRUNK METALHEAD runs up to them. Beverly nearly jumps out of her skin.

DRUNK METALHEAD

Woo! Metal!

MARK

Rock on, brother!

Mark high fives him and sends him on his way.

MARK

You're really tense, aren't you?

BEVERLY

I'm fine.

MARK

You must be burning up in that jacket. It's like a thousand degrees out here. I can hold it for you if you want.

BEVERLY

No, thanks.

MARK

Hey. Whatever you say.

A swarm of concert-goers migrate towards the venue. Their raucous screams fill the air.

IVAN

Doors are opening!

KOVACS

Let's fucking rock!

Mark turns to Beverly --

MARK

Shall we?

Beverly and Mark walk to the entrance as the show begins.

HEAVY METAL MONTAGE

Screeching guitars...Pounding drums...Seizure-inducing strobe lights...A sea of banging heads...Devil horns pumping...

Mark urges Beverly to relax...Beverly slowly starts banging her head...Losing herself in the mayhem...

Kovacs projectile vomits onto a Headbanger...Headbanger shoves Kovacs...Kovacs headbutts Headbanger and knocks him out...Kovacs resumes headbanging as if nothing happened...

Time of their lives.

EXT. THE HIPPODROME - NIGHT

The mob spills out into the hot summer air. Asses rocked.

Alexis, Val and Beverly walk alongside Mark, Kovacs and Ivan. Smiles from ear-to-ear. Throats raw from screaming.

Kovacs has bloody tissues crammed up his nostrils.

ALEXIS

That was so bitchin'!

IVAN
Best show of the tour yet!

MARK
Hands down!

VAL
You gonna be okay, Kovacs?

ALEXIS
You slammed that guy hardcore.

Kovacs responds in a nasally voice --

KOVACS
I think I broke it.

THEY HIGH FIVE EACH OTHER!

Alexis stops by the Chevy Hatchback.

ALEXIS
Well, this is us.

Awkward silence.

IVAN
You girls are pretty rad. What do you say we keep the party going?

ALEXIS
Depends on what you have in mind?

IVAN
I'm sure we can find a cool bar around here. Or we could just hang in our van.

KOVACS
"The Sin Bin".

Crickets.

ALEXIS
Give me a second to converse with my lady friends.

IVAN
Do what you gotta do.

Alexis, Val and Beverly turn their backs to the boys and huddle up --

ALEXIS
What do you think?

VAL
Now or never. Let's do it.

ALEXIS
Bev?

BEVERLY
I don't know.

VAL
There's three of them and three of us. It's perfect.

ALEXIS
And Drummerboy totally has the hots for you.

VAL
Totally.

BEVERLY
Don't you think there's something a little off about them?

ALEXIS
Now you're just making excuses.

BEVERLY
I just don't think they're --

ALEXIS
Convo over.

Alexis spins back around --

ALEXIS
Tell you what. We got a house about thirty minutes from here. We got booze, a killer sound system --

VAL
Nintendo.

IVAN
Even better. We'll hang there.

ALEXIS
Rad. We'll meet you at the exit.

IVAN
Cool beans.

Alexis, Val and Beverly hop in their car and speed off.
The boys watch them go. Determination in their eyes.

IVAN
You boys ready for this?

MARK
Yeah.

Kovacs pulls the tissues out of his nose.

KOVACS
Fuck yeah.

IVAN
Let's raise Hell.

Mark, Ivan and Kovacs head to the van.

INT. CHEVY HATCHBACK - LATER

Alexis drums on the steering wheel and smacks her bubblegum.
Val douses her hair in Aqua Net. Beverly bites her nails.

The Dodge Ram Van roars up to them, motor running. Ivan rolls down the window and shouts over blaring heavy metal --

IVAN
Lead the way!

ALEXIS
Only if you can keep up!

Alexis peels out of the parking lot. Burning rubber.

Ivan stomps on the gas and follows close behind.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The cars tear down the road. Side-by-side. Windows down.
Breeze whipping through hair.

Heavy metal and rowdy screams fill the night.

EXT. PATH - LATER

The cars snake around the sinuous curves.

Music fades. Screams grow faint. Headlights vanish into darkness.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glowing like a beacon in the night.

The cars grind to a halt.

INT. DODGE RAM VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mark, Kovacs and Ivan stare at the stunning compound.

KOVACS
Holy Mother of Pearl.

MARK
You gotta be shitting me.

IVAN
This is gonna be one Hell of a
night, boys.

The girls beckon them --

ALEXIS
Come on, slow pokes!

VAL
Time's a wasting!

The boys shuffle out and follow them inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Val inserts a CD into the player. Heavy metals pounds from speakers and shakes the walls.

She moves to the music. Banging her head, gyrating her hips and whipping her hair in wild abandon. Oozing sensuality.

Ivan and Kovacs gawk from the couch. Drooling.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis mixes a potent cocktail of various liquors and pours into a line of Dixie Cups.

She passes one to Beverly, gives her a wink and carries the rest to the living room.

Beverly brings the cup to her nose, sniffs and recoils.

Mark quietly tiptoes behind her and...

MARK

Boo!

Beverly jumps and splashes the drink all over herself.

MARK

Shit. I'm so sorry.

Beverly surveys the damage. Her jean jacket is soaked.

MARK

Do you have anything you can change into?

BEVERLY

No.

MARK

Here. Wear this.

Mark removes his leather jacket and hands it to her.

BEVERLY

Thanks.

She waits for him to turn around.

MARK

Oh. Sorry.

Mark turns around. Beverly strips down to a tank top.

Mark sneaks a peak and notices...

BEVERLY'S WRISTS ARE COVERED IN JAGGED, PUFFY SCARS.

He quickly looks away.

Beverly throws on Mark's jacket.

BEVERLY

Okay.

Mark spins around and checks her out.

MARK

Looks good on you.

Beverly feels something in the jacket pocket. She reaches in and pulls out...

A PENTAGRAM SWITCHBLADE!

Beverly's brow furrows.

MARK

Shit. Forgot I had that on me.

Mark snatches it from her and tucks it in his back pocket.

MARK

It was my brother's. He died last
Winter. Overdose.

Beverly speedwalks past Mark, blowing his hair back.

MARK

Hey!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Val ends her sultry dance by performing a flawless split.
Ivan and Kovacs erupt in rapturous applause.

Beverly goes to Alexis and whispers in her ear --

BEVERLY

I need to speak with you.

ALEXIS

Not now.

BEVERLY

It's important.

Alexis cuts her off by raising her cup --

ALEXIS

A toast.

Everyone raises their cups.

ALEXIS

Let the madness begin!

They clink cups and chug.

Beverly whispers in Alexis' ear again --

BEVERLY

One of them has a knife.

ALEXIS

Would you stop already?

Alexis curls up on the couch. Beverly sits and nervously taps
her feet.

Beverly spies Kovacs reaching into his jacket pocket. She holds her breath. Sweat beads form on her brow. He pulls out his Zippo and fiddles with it. Beverly exhales.

ALEXIS

You guys wanna play a game?

IVAN

Yeah. Which one?

ALEXIS

Ever play the Confession Game?

KOVACS

You mean, "Bless me Father for I have sinned"?

He laughs a little too hard at his bad joke.

ALEXIS

Not exactly. We go around the room and everyone has to reveal something about themselves they've never told anyone ever. Whoever doesn't fess up, drinks up.

MARK

Sounds fun.

KOVACS

Yeah, man. Fuck it.

IVAN

Let's do it.

Beverly rises from her seat and sneaks out of the room.

ALEXIS

Where are you going?

BEVERLY

I'm not feeling well. I think I'm gonna lie down.

ALEXIS

Bullshit. Everyone's gotta play.

BEVERLY

I don't want to, Alexis.

ALEXIS

Sit. Down.

All eyes on Beverly. She complies.

ALEXIS
We'll go clockwise. Val goes first.

VAL
Oh man.

Kovacs makes a screeching buzzer noise.

KOVACS
Drink!

VAL
This is harder than I thought.

Ivan joins in --

KOVACS/IVAN
Drink! Drink! Drink!

Val blurts out --

VAL
I wet the bed until I was fifteen.

She covers her face in embarrassment.

ALEXIS
Gnarly!

KOVACS
That's bogus.

VAL
It's true. I never went to one
slumber party. Totally sucked.

ALEXIS
Kovacs?

KOVACS
I'm a virgin.

Ivan performs a perfect spit take.

IVAN
What the fuck?!

KOVACS
Did I stutter, motherfucker? I said
I'm a virgin.

IVAN
What about what's-her-tits?

MARK
Monica Scotto.

IVAN
Yeah. What about Monica Scotto?

KOVACS
I only got to sloppy thirds.

IVAN
You lying sack of shit. You said
you banged her.

KOVACS
Only cuz you guys wouldn't stop
pressuring me. Every fucking day.
"You bang her yet? You bang her
yet?" It was very taxing.

MARK
I'm sorry, man.

IVAN
Yeah, man. I didn't realize.

KOVACS
It's all right. I'm a virgin and
damn proud of it.

Val whispers in his ear --

VAL
Maybe not for much longer.

Kovacs' eyebrows rise to his hairline.

ALEXIS
You're up, Mark.

MARK
Something I never told anyone?

ALEXIS
Make it good.

MARK
Okay. I'm scared shitless about
going to Hollywood. I'm scared I'm
not gonna make it. I'm scared of
coming back home a failure.

KOVACS
Then don't go.

IVAN
Don't start this again.

KOVACS
Seriously, Mark. Don't go.

MARK
I have to.

IVAN
Give it a rest.

KOVACS
No, you don't.

IVAN
Stop it! Both of you!

They do. Ivan raises his cup.

IVAN
To Mark. The best metal drummer
I've ever played with. May your
heavy metal fantasy become your
heavy metal reality.

Everyone toasts. Except for Kovacs.

MARK
Thanks, guys.

VAL
Think you can top that one, Alexis?

ALEXIS
Actually, I think I can.

IVAN
Spill it.

ALEXIS
I spiked your drinks.

IVAN
No shit. I'm so faced right now.

The boys explode into laughter. High fives all around.

ALEXIS
I'm serious. In a minute or two,
you'll all be passed out.

IVAN
I'll drink to that.

More laughter. More high fives.

ALEXIS

Laugh if you want, but I'm serious.

Uncomfortable chuckles.

IVAN

You're fucking with us, right?

ALEXIS

I'm not fucking with you.

KOVACS

This is a game, right?

ALEXIS

No more games.

MARK

What is this?

ALEXIS

I think you know.

Ivan jumps to his feet.

IVAN

Right. Shit just got super fucking weird so I will bid you all adieu. Boys, Audi 5000.

Ivan takes a few steps and...

FACE PLANTS!

Kovacs runs to Ivan's side and shakes him.

KOVACS

Ivan?! Ivan?!

No response.

Kovacs lashes out at Alexis --

KOVACS

What the fuck did you do?!

Alexis flashes him a mischievous grin.

Kovacs turns to Mark. Full-on panic attack.

KOVACS

Help me get him out of here!

Mark and Kovacs grab Ivan's arms and pull him to the door.
Kovacs stumbles. His knees buckle. His eyes roll back.

KOVACS
...fuck...

He hits the floor and blacks out.

VAL
Whoops!

Alexis and Val burst into hysterics.

Mark struggles to keep moving. He falls against the wall.
The room spins. His legs turn to spaghetti. He collapses.
Mark reaches out to Beverly. She almost reaches back. Almost.

MARK
Please...help...me.

Beverly's face stretches and blurs.
The world falls away to darkness...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

THUNDER CRACKS!

Mark, Kovacs and Ivan are in their boxers. Duct taped to
chairs. Backs to one another. Encircled in red candles.
Passed out.

UPSIDEDOWN PENTAGRAMS and 666s are splashed across the walls.

THE ROOM HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A SATANIC SEANCE!

Alexis, Val and Beverly stand in front of the boys.

Alexis holds a big ass butcher's knife in her hand. Val plays
with Mark's switchblade.

Beverly's heart races. Flopsweat rolls down her face. She
wants out of this now.

ALEXIS
Bev?

BEVERLY

Yeah.

ALEXIS

The bucket?

BEVERLY

Right.

Beverly hurries to the kitchen.

VAL

Is she gonna be able to do this?

ALEXIS

She fucking better be.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beverly dumps a bucket in the sink and turns on the faucet.

She drops her head in her hands. Tears spill down her cheeks.

BEVERLY

Please God. Help me.

Beverly pulls herself together. She dries her eyes, throws open the drawers and searches for a weapon.

First drawer. Forks, spoons, butter knives.

Water fills the bucket.

Beverly opens the second drawer. Whisks, spatulas, ladles.

The bucket overflows. Water splashes over the sides.

Beverly tries the third drawer. Knives. Lots of knives.

She reaches for the sharpest one and...

VAL (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Beverly looks up and sees Val staring daggers at her.

BEVERLY

Filling the bucket.

VAL

Are you crying?

BEVERLY

What? No.

Val kills the faucet.

VAL

It's full. Let's go.

Beverly doesn't move.

VAL

Now, Beverly!

No choice.

Beverly shuts the drawer, grabs the bucket and follows Val back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beverly hands the bucket to Alexis.

ALEXIS

You okay?

BEVERLY

Fer sure.

VAL

Come on. We're wasting time.

Alexis circles the boys and splashes them with water.

They wake up instantly. Shivering from the frigid water.

Alexis drops the bucket and waves.

ALEXIS

Hello.

The boys yank at their bindings.

IVAN

Let us go. Now.

ALEXIS

I can't do that.

MARK

I don't know what game you're playing, but it's gotta stop.

ALEXIS

I told you. It's not a game.

Ivan takes in their surroundings. The graffiti on the walls. The candles on the floor. The deranged look on Alexis' face.

IVAN

You're the fucking cult.

Alexis smiles. Guilty as charged.

MARK

Listen to me. If you let us go I swear we'll drive away and you'll never see us again.

VAL

Your car's fucked. I slashed your tires while you were out.

KOVACS

HELP US! PLEASE! SOMEBODY HELP US!

ALEXIS GETS IN HIS FACE AND SCREAMS EVEN LOUDER!

Kovacs shuts up. His body quivers with fear.

Alexis pulls up a chair. Calm as can be.

ALEXIS

Now, we haven't been one hundred percent honest with you.

ALEXIS TEARS OFF HER BLEACHED BLONDE WIG REVEALING HER NATURAL BROWN HAIR.

VAL RIPS OFF HER FALSE EYELASHES AND SCRUBS OFF HER FAKE TATTOOS.

BEVERLY WIPES OFF HER LIPSTICK AND REMOVES HER JEWELRY.

ALEXIS

The truth is, we hate this shit. In fact, we fucking despise it and everything it stands for. Deviance. Depravity. Devil-worship.

IVAN

This whole thing was an act?

VAL

Not bad, huh?

KOVACS

You're not a Satanic cult?

MARK

No, Kovacs. They're killing people and making it look like it was a Satanic cult.

ALEXIS

Not as stupid as you look. Color me impressed.

KOVACS

Those murders. That was you?

ALEXIS

Actually, that was our other members. Gotta give credit where credit's due.

VAL

But tonight is our turn.

ALEXIS

And tomorrow will be another group's turn. We're everywhere.

MARK

You're spreading lies. What you're doing is wrong.

ALEXIS

Is it? Ridding the world of Devil-worshipping assholes while striking the fear of God into a thousand others. Sounds pretty good to me.

VAL

Two birds with one stone when you really break it down.

ALEXIS

Amen.

MARK

But we're not Devil-worshippers.

Alexis slips the knife under Mark's pentagram necklace.

ALEXIS

So, what's all this? Huh? Playing dress up?

Val holds up his pentagram switchblade.

VAL
Or this?

MARK
It's a means of expression.

ALEXIS
Expression of what?

MARK
Defiance.

ALEXIS
Against what?

Mark doesn't answer.

ALEXIS
Against what?!

MARK
People like you.

A look of pure rage overcomes Alexis.

SHE DRIVES THE KNIFE INTO IVAN'S THROAT!

Beverly gasps and hides her face.

Ivan's eyes bulge as he chokes on his own blood. He slumps down in his chair and dies.

Mark and Kovacs crane their necks and stare at Ivan's lifeless body in horror.

MARK
Oh my God!

KOVACS
You motherfucker!

Alexis grabs a fistful of Mark's hair and presses the knife to his throat.

ALEXIS
Not so defiant now, are you?

Mark squirms in his seat.

ALEXIS
Beg for forgiveness.

Alexis adds pressure to the blade, drawing blood.

ALEXIS
Beg for Christ's forgiveness before
I kill you.

A tear springs from Mark's eye. Knows the end has come.

ALEXIS
So be it.

Alexis tightens her grip around the handle and prepares to thrust the blade into Mark's neck.

BEVERLY
WAIT!

ALEXIS
Jesus Christ, Beverly!

BEVERLY
I have to speak to you. Both of
you. It's important.

VAL
You can't be serious.
(to Alexis)
Just kill him already.

BEVERLY
Two seconds. I promise.

ALEXIS
Fine. What?

BEVERLY
In the bathroom. They're not going
anywhere. You said so yourself.

ALEXIS
Whatever.

Beverly leads Alexis and Val to the bathroom.

She gives Mark a slight nod on the way out. He has no idea what to make of it.

Kovacs breaks down. Blubbering.

KOVACS
They killed him. They fucking
killed him.

MARK
You gotta keep it together, man.

KOVACS
I don't wanna die.

MARK
You're not. We're gonna make it out
of this.

KOVACS
How?

MARK
I don't know. Let's try breaking
through this tape.

Mark and Kovacs try with all their might to break free of
their binds.

Muscles straining. Veins popping. Sweat pouring.

Nothing.

MARK
Again.

They try harder. Giving it all they've got.

The tape is too strong.

MARK
Fuck!

They drop their heads in defeat. Hope dies.

Mark spots their clothes on the couch.

MARK
I have an idea.

KOVACS
What?

MARK
See my belt over there?

KOVACS
Where?

MARK
Around my jeans. On the couch.

Kovacs spots Mark's SPIKED BELT draped over the couch.

KOVACS
Yeah?

MARK

We can use the spikes to cut through this.

KOVACS

Good idea.

MARK

Think you can you reach it?

KOVACS

I'll try.

Kovacs hops his chair over to the couch. The chair slams against the hardwood floor with every hop.

MARK

Shhh. They'll hear you.

Kovacs digs his heels into the floor and scrapes the chair over to the couch.

He grabs the belt and rubs it against the tape.

A TINY HOLE FORMS.

KOVACS

Holy shit. It's working.

MARK

Just hurry.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alexis, Val and Beverly converse by the sink.

ALEXIS

What's your ish?

VAL

This better be fucking good.

BEVERLY

I wanna do it.

ALEXIS

What?

BEVERLY

Let me kill them.

VAL

Get the fuck out.

BEVERLY

Hearing them talk like that just confirmed everything you ever told me. We can't have them spreading Satan's message any longer. Like you said, desperate times, desperate measures, right?

Alexis mulls it over. She comes to a conclusion.

ALEXIS

You know, for a second there I thought you were getting cold feet.

BEVERLY

All part of the act.

Val remains skeptical.

ALEXIS

Okay. Here's how it's gonna go down. The Virgin gets it in the throat just like The Dungeon Master. As for Drummerboy, you're gonna go from behind and stab him in the heart. That way it'll look like he killed his friends first, then offed himself. Classic murder-suicide. Got it?

BEVERLY

Got it.

ALEXIS

Good.

Alexis hands Beverly the knife.

ALEXIS

Let's finish this.

They exit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs is a free man.

He hacks away at Mark's binds with the spiked belt.

MARK

Hurry, man.

KOVACS
Almost there.

Mark hears the bathroom door close. Heels click on the hardwood floor.

The girls are near.

MARK
Hurry!

KOVACS
I'm going as fast as I can.

Mark can hear the girls' voices.

MARK
Now, Kovacs!

Kovacs double times it.

KOVACS
Got it!

The tape tears away. Mark breaks free and jumps to his feet.

MARK
Let's jam.

They grab their clothes and haul ass.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Kovacs sprint to the door. Freedom just a few feet away.

Suddenly --

ALEXIS (O.S.)
Motherfucker!

Alexis, Val and Beverly stare at them from down the hall.

Mark and Kovacs freeze. Deers in headlights.

Val releases a horrifying battle cry and runs at them at full speed. Switchblade held high.

Alexis reaches for Beverly's knife. Beverly backs away.

BEVERLY
Wait a sec --

ALEXIS
Gimme the knife.

BEVERLY
Alexis --

ALEXIS
Now!

Alexis wrestles the knife from Beverly and charges. Beverly's left empty-handed.

Val swings the switchblade at Mark. He dives out of the way and the switchblade imbeds in the wall.

Kovacs bounds to the door. Alexis blocks his way and digs the knife into his shoulder.

THE BLADE TEARS DOWN KOVACS' ARM AND SPLITS HIS BICEP IN TWO!

Kovacs screams in agony.

Val yanks the switchblade out of the wall and lunges at Mark, slicing his brow. Blood trickles into his eye.

Mark and Kovacs retreat to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Kovacs backpedal as Alexis and Val descend upon them. Stabbing the air. Screaming like maniacs.

Mark hurls pots and pans. Alexis and Val power through.

Mark and Kovacs hit the wall. Nowhere left to run.

Alexis and Val move in for the kill. Blades poised.

At the last possible second --

MARK AND KOVACS DIVE INSIDE THE PANTRY AND LOCK THE DOOR.

Alexis and Val jam the knives into the door in a fit of rage.

They kick the door with everything they've got.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Kovacs throw their weight against the door. Their bodies shake with every kick.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis and Val kick harder.

VAL

Move.

Alexis steps aside.

VAL RUNS AND SLAMS HER BODY AGAINST THE DOOR.

It doesn't budge.

VAL

Open this fucking door!

KOVACS (O.S.)

Fuck you!

Val wails on the door with her fists. Alexis pulls her back.

ALEXIS

Stop it.

VAL

This wasn't the plan, Alexis!

ALEXIS

I know. I'm gonna figure this out.

Alexis goes to the door and speaks calmly --

ALEXIS

Let me break this down for you.
Either we kill you quickly out here
or you bleed to death slowly in
there. Either way you're fucked.
So save yourselves the pain and
suffering and open the door.

KOVACS (O.S.)

Eat me, bitch!

ALEXIS GOES BERSERK!

ALEXIS

You fucking motherfucker!

Alexis and Val pound on the door with renewed fury.

Alexis spins around and looks at Beverly. She's paralyzed with fear.

ALEXIS
Don't just stand there! Find
something to knock this down with!

BEVERLY
Where?

ALEXIS
I don't know! The garage! Go!

Beverly dashes out of there.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs' sliced arm gushes blood all over the floor. A puddle
forms around him.

KOVACS
She fucked me up, man. I'm gonna
bleed out in here.

MARK
Let me see.

Mark surveys the damage.

It's bad. Really bad. The muscle's exposed and everything.

Mark lies his ass off --

MARK
You're gonna be all right. Just
hang in there.

Mark scans the shelves for something to stop the bleeding.

Paper towels, canned goods, dry foods, condiments.

His eyes land on a blender.

He rips out the electrical cord, wraps it around Kovacs' arm
and tightens.

A tourniquet.

It stops the bleeding. A little.

KOVACS
You learn that in Boy Scouts?

MARK
As a matter of fact, I did.

KOVACS

I never made it past Tenderfoot.
That's me, huh? Always quitting.

MARK

Cut that out. If it weren't for
you, we'd still be tied up. We'd
probably dead.

Mark rummages the shelves for something to arm himself with.
Nothing of substance.

MARK

At least we won't run out of food,
right?

Kovacs laughs. It hurts to laugh.

KOVACS

Can you believe this shit? Of all
the fucking broads.

MARK

Tell me about it.

KOVACS

We said it would be one Hell of
night, right?

MARK

Damn right we did.

Kovacs holds back tears.

KOVACS

What are we gonna do, Mark?

MARK

I'm working on it.

Mark looks at Kovacs' slashed arm. Blood continues oozing.
Time's running out.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Torrential rain pounds the earth.

Beverly explodes out of the house. Distraught. Bawling.

She looks around.

On her left, a detached garage. A chance to save the boys.

On her right, Alexis' car. An escape from all this madness.
She wrestles with her conscience.

BEVERLY
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Beverly calms herself down.
Her mind's made up.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Beverly throws open the door and frantically searches through the bric-a-brac.

She picks up a tennis racket, takes a swing and puts it down.

A field hockey stick, same thing.

Beverly finds a set of golf clubs.

She grabs a nine iron and slams it against the wall. It bends at a ninety degree angle.

Beverly's eyes finally land on...

A SPEEDBOAT.

Small. Two person max.

The gears in her head start turning.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis and Val continue driving their heels into the door.

No effect.

VAL
Fucking motherfucker cock-sucking
son of a bitch!

Alexis gets an idea.

ALEXIS
Chill for a sec.

She rummages through the cabinets, throwing aside bottles of Windex, Pledge and Pinesol.

VAL
What are you doing?

Alexis comes up with...

TWO BOTTLES OF RAID.

Kills bugs dead.

She tosses one to Val.

VAL
That's what I'm talking about.

Alexis and Val drop to the floor and take aim.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs continues losing blood at a rapid rate.

Mark tightens the tourniquet. Kovacs winces.

MARK
How are you holding up?

KOVACS
Barely.

MARK
Just hang on a little longer.
We're gonna get out of --

RAID BILLOWS IN FROM UNDER THE DOOR!

The pantry fills with a thick, gray mist.

KOVACS
What the fuck is that?

MARK
Cover your mouth.

Raid seeps into their mouths and invades their nostrils.
Their lungs burn. Tears sting their eyes.

Mark and Kovacs start violently gagging.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis and Val share a devilish smile.

VAL
You like that, don't you?

Val shakes the can and sprays more.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs crawls to the corner and stands. Trying to avoid the mist. He coughs harder.

Mark grabs Kovacs' and yanks him to the floor. He falls hard.

KOVACS
What the fuck, man?

MARK
The smoke's thicker up there. Stay
close to the ground.

The pantry's completely covered in fog. Zero visibility.

Kovacs throws up. On the verge of passing out.

Mark spots a package of paper towels through the haze.

He snatches four rolls and presses them under the door. The paper towels absorb the Raid.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis sees that the Raid is no longer entering the pantry.

ALEXIS
They're blocking it.

Val throws her bottle against the door in frustration.

VAL
Where the fuck is Beverly?

ALEXIS
Fuck if I know.

VAL
I'm gonna find her. I told you she
couldn't be trusted.

Alexis hears something. Her body goes rigid.

ALEXIS
Wait.

VAL
What?

ALEXIS
Shhh.

VAL
(whisper)
What?

ALEXIS
Someone's in the house.

A WOMAN'S VOICE CALLS OUT --

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello?

VAL
Who the fuck is that?

ALEXIS
Shut up.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Alexis?

ALEXIS
Follow me. Don't say a word.

Alexis tucks the knife into her belt and covers it with her shirt. Val follows suit.

They exit.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Kovacs notice that the Raid has ceased.

KOVACS
They stopped.

MARK
We gotta air out this room or it's gonna be bad.

Mark grabs two dish towels and a bottle of water. He douses the dish towels in water and hands one to Kovacs.

MARK
Put this over your mouth. It will help you breathe.

Kovacs does. He breathes semi-normally.

Mark climbs up to the top shelf, pushes aside a mess of canned goods and finds...

A SMALL VENT.

He grabs a soup can and smashes the vent until it caves in. Mark rips the vent off the wall and wafts the Raid into it.

The fog slowly dissipates.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alexis and Val enter and see BARBARA, middle aged and elegantly dressed in 80s haute couture.

ALEXIS

Mom?

BARBARA

Alexis. What are you doing here?

ALEXIS

Aren't you supposed to be in Turks and Caicos?

BARBARA

I leave in the morning. I think I left my passport here. Could you believe it?

Barbara eyes Alexis.

BARBARA

Why are you dressed like that?

ALEXIS

What? Oh. My friend and I just came from a costume party.

Val waves innocently.

VAL

Hi, Mrs. Butler.

BARBARA

I'm back to Miss Stone now.

VAL

Right. The divorce. Sorry.

BARBARA
I'm not. Did you have a nice time?

ALEXIS
What?

BARBARA
At the party.

ALEXIS
Oh yeah. Super fun.

VAL
Loads.

BARBARA
Terrific. I'll just get my passport
and let you two get back to
whatever you were doing.

Barbara heads to the stairs. Alexis and Val block her way.

ALEXIS
Tell me where it is and I'll get it
for you.

BARBARA
It's in the safe. You don't know
the combination.

ALEXIS
Tell me it.

BARBARA
No, Alexis.

ALEXIS
Why? Don't you trust me?

BARBARA
Don't start, Alexis. Please.

ALEXIS
Just tell me the combo.

BARBARA
I said stop.

End of discussion. Barbara pushes past and climbs the stairs.

Alexis and Val speak in hushed tones.

VAL
What the fuck, Alexis?

ALEXIS

It's fine.

VAL

You have to get her out of here.

ALEXIS

Don't tell me what to do.

VAL

I'm serious.

ALEXIS

You heard her. She's getting her passport and leaving. Just chill.

Alexis and Val anxiously wait for Barbara to leave.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Beverly drags the speedboat onto the floor and flips it over.

She eyes the motor. Same size and shape as a weed wacker except with wide rusted blades.

She strains to pry the motor from the speedboat.

Beverly gives it all she's got. The motor splinters away.

Beverly hoists it up and holds it in her arms.

She yanks the cord. The blades spin to life.

And promptly die.

BEVERLY

Shit.

Beverly looks around for gasoline.

She finds a container, inserts it into the tank and pours.

Five drops come out.

BEVERLY

Damn it!

She flings the container against the wall and cries.

Beverly picks her head up, dries her eyes and sees hope in the form of...

A GARDEN HOSE.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark wafts the last of the Raid into the vent.

He looks around the pantry. The air is clear again.

He smiles. Satisfied.

KOVACS

Mark?

MARK

Yeah?

KOVACS

Is it cold in here?

MARK

What do you mean?

Mark looks at Kovacs.

His lips are blue and he's shaking. Violently.

Mark puts his hand to Kovacs' forehead. Ice cold.

MARK

Your blood pressure's too low.
You're going into shock.

KOVACS

Fuck me.

MARK

It's gonna be okay. We just gotta
warm you up. Lie down and relax.

Mark helps Kovacs onto his back and props his feet up on a bag of rice.

Mark looks for anything that will provide heat.

Dish towels are too small. Paper towels are too thin.

Mark comes across a roll of aluminum foil. He grabs it and wraps it around Kovacs.

A makeshift thermal blanket.

MARK

How's that feel?

KOVACS

Little better. Thanks, man.

MARK
Not a problem.

Mark focuses on an assortment of bottles on the shelf. He grabs the largest ones and empties them out in the corner.

KOVACS
What are you doing?

MARK
The only way we're gonna get out of here is if we fight our way out. And that's what we're gonna do. We're gonna fight our way out.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Barbara shuffles downstairs. Passport in hand.

BARBARA
All right, darling. I'll see you next month.

ALEXIS
Sounds good.

VAL
Have a safe trip.

Alexis and Val follow Barbara as she strides to the door.

Barbara stops and puts her hand on Alexis' cheek. Tender.

BARBARA
I love you, Alexis. Remember that.

ALEXIS
Yeah. I know.

Barbara walks out the door. Alexis and Val are home free.

Until --

BARBARA
Oh. I almost forgot. If the police show up just tell them it was a false alarm.

Alexis and Val go pale.

ALEXIS
What?

BARBARA

The lights were on when I drove up.
I thought someone was robbing the
place. Who's car is that anyway?

ALEXIS

A friend's. You called the police?

BARBARA

From my car phone. I called your
father first to make sure he wasn't
holding his Bible study group here.
He was clueless as per usual.

ALEXIS

(defensive)

It's not a Bible study group.

BARBARA

Sure. Like I said, just tell them
it was a false alarm.

Alexis and Val are shell-shocked.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs watches as Mark empties out the last bottle and sets
it on the floor.

MARK

Stay back.

Mark stomps on the first bottle.

IT BURSTS INTO LONG, SHARP SHARDS.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Barbara hears the glass breaking.

BARBARA

What was that?

ALEXIS

What was what?

VAL

I didn't hear anything.

Another bottle shatters.

BARBARA
Who else is here?

ALEXIS
You should go now, mom.

BARBARA
What the hell is going on, Alexis?

ALEXIS
I really think you should go.

BARBARA
Is your father up to something?
Bible-thumping loon.

Barbara barrels past them and heads to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Barbara barges in and stares at the ungodly scene.

Crimson red candles on the floor. Satanic scribbling on the walls. Ivan's blood-soaked corpse in the center of it all.

Barbara's jaw hits the floor. Gobsnacked.

BARBARA
Oh my God.

She turns around and faces Alexis.

ALEXIS
You should've never come here.

ALEXIS SLASHES BARBARA'S THROAT!

Barbara sinks to her knees and topples to the floor. Dead.

VAL
Ho. Lee. Shit.

Alexis stares at Barbara's corpse.

VAL
You just killed your mom.

ALEXIS
I didn't have a choice now did I?

VAL
What are you gonna do?

ALEXIS

We are going to stick to the plan.

VAL

There is no plan, Alexis! She called the cops!

BEVERLY

She also called my dad. So, we better finish this before they both show up. Are you with me?

Val's so freaked out she's trembling.

ALEXIS

I said, are you with me?

VAL

I'm with you.

Another bottle breaks.

ALEXIS

You got any Aqua Net left?

VAL

I think so.

ALEXIS

Go get it.

Val runs off.

ALEXIS

(to herself)

Where the fuck are you, Beverly?

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beverly lugs the speedboat motor and garden hose through the pouring rain.

She inserts the garden hose into the van's tank and blows into it. Gasoline rushes into her mouth. She spits it out and inserts the other end into the speedboat motor's tank.

It slowly fills.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark wraps gaffer tape around the glass shards creating a safe, secure grip.

KOVACS
You're a genius, man. I'm serious.
You're fucking MacGyver.

MARK
Thanks, man.

KOVACS
Hey, Mark?

MARK
Yeah?

KOVACS
I'm sorry I was such a flake about
the band.

MARK
You weren't a flake.

KOVACS
I never took it seriously like you
or Ivan did. The truth is, I only
did it to get laid. I wasn't even
successful at that.

MARK
Stop, Kovacs.

Kovacs' voice cracks. His eyes well with tears.

KOVACS
Don't leave, Mark.

MARK
I'm not. I'm right here.

KOVACS
I mean, don't go to Hollywood.

Mark stops what he's doing.

KOVACS
Please stay.

It pains Mark to say it. He does anyway.

MARK
I can't, man. I gotta move on.
Maybe one day you'll understand.

Mark continues wrapping the shards with gaffer tape.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis paces around like a caged animal.

Val returns and hands Alexis the Aqua Net.

VAL
Didn't we try this already?

ALEXIS
Not like this.

VAL
What are you gonna do?

Alexis opens a drawer and grabs a lighter.

ALEXIS
I'm gonna smoke them out.

Alexis drops to her knees and aims the Aqua Net and lighter under the door.

ALEXIS
Burn, baby, burn!

Alexis sparks the lighter and sprays the Aqua Net.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

FLAMES SPIT OUT FROM UNDER THE DOOR!

KOVACS
Holy shit!

Mark and Kovacs scatter away and stomp out the flames.

Alexis shoots another stream of fire. Flames roll across the floor and lick the walls.

Kovacs strips off his jacket and jumps on the fire, smothering the flames.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis and Val are enjoying this.

VAL
Do it again!

Alexis releases another gust of fire.

Val sees something through the rain-slicked window.

VAL
They're here, Alexis.

ALEXIS
Who?

VAL
The police.

Alexis stands and looks out the window.

A cruiser speeds up the driveway. Red and blue lights flashing in the darkness.

ALEXIS
Wait here. I'll handle this.

VAL
What about them?

ALEXIS
Don't do anything until I get back.
I'm serious, Val.

Alexis leaves the kitchen.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Alexis approaches the cruiser. Her tiny frame silhouetted by blaring high beams and strobing emergency lights.

The cruiser parks and out steps SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI, 40s, moustache, tough-as-nails. Rain patters off his wide-brimmed hat. His boots squish across the mud.

ALEXIS
Good evening, officer.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Someone call 911?

ALEXIS
Yes. My mother. Actually, this is all like one big misunderstanding. I'm so totally embarrassed right now. See, my mom didn't know my friend and I were staying here this weekend even though I told her like a gazillion times. She's such a space cadet sometimes.

(MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, she just dropped by to get her passport, saw that someone was inside, freaked out and called you. Like I said, one big misunderstanding. Really sorry for the inconvenience. Especially on a night like this.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

She around?

ALEXIS

Sorry?

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

Is your mother around?

ALEXIS

Oh. She actually just fell asleep. I'd hate to wake her up.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

I thought she just dropped by to get her passport.

ALEXIS

Right. She did. But then it started raining really hard and stuff and we all thought it'd be best if she just stayed the night and left in the morning. You know, to be safe and all.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

I'd like to speak with your mother now please.

ALEXIS

Is that like totally necessary, officer? Like I said, this is all just one big misunderstanding.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

You have any ID proves this is your house, ma'am?

ALEXIS

Fer sure.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

Can you show it to me please?

ALEXIS

Well, I don't have it like *on me* on me. It's in the house.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

Then you better go get it and while you're at it tell your mother I'd like to have a word with her.

Stalemate.

ALEXIS

No.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

What now?

ALEXIS

I don't have to show you my ID if I don't want to and I sure as Hell don't have to get my mother for you either. I know my rights.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

Ma'am --

ALEXIS

I told you this was a misunderstanding. That should be enough for you.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

Ma'am, at this time I'm gonna need you to get up against the car.

ALEXIS

What?!

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

I'm placing you under arrest for failure to comply with a law enforcement official's commands.

Alexis doesn't move. Rain streams off her face.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

I'm not gonna ask again, ma'am.

ALEXIS RUNS FOR IT!

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI

Ma'am!

Sheriff Dembrowski races after her.

Alexis sprints to the house. Arms and legs pumping.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alexis dives inside and locks the door behind her. Val runs to her side.

VAL
What's going --

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI DRIVES HIS BOOT HEEL INTO THE DOOR! THE WHOLE HOUSE SHAKES!

ALEXIS
Hide.

Alexis and Val disappear around the corner.

Sheriff Dembrowski kicks the door again. It swings open in an explosion of splinters.

Sheriff Dembrowski unholsters his .45 and steps inside.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
This is the sheriff. I want any and all occupants of this house to come out with their hands up. I am armed. I will shoot.

Sheriff Dembrowski advances.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Dembrowski enters and sees the Satanic imagery sprawled across the walls. The dead bodies on the floor.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Jesus, Mary and Saint Joseph.

He calls out again --

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
I repeat. This is the sheriff. I want everyone to come out with their hands up. Now.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Kovacs hear Sheriff Dembrowski's words. Kovacs' eyes fill with tears of joy.

KOVACS
It's the cops. We're saved.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Dembrowski walks in.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
This is your final warning.

Suddenly --

The pantry door opens. Mark and Kovacs raise their hands.

MARK
Don't shoot!

Sheriff Dembrowski takes aim.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Don't move.

MARK
Please. My friend needs help.

Sheriff Dembrowski looks them up and down. Long hair. Black clothes. Pentagrams.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
On your feet. Now. Hands where I
can see them.

MARK
We're innocent, sir. I swear.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
I said on your feet.

Mark and Kovacs slowly rise.

MARK
Three girls are trying to kill us
and make it look like --

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Quiet. Keep your hands up.

MARK
My friend's bleeding to death! He
needs a doctor!

Sheriff Dembrowski surveys Kovacs' wound.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Three girls did this to you?

MARK
Yes. And they killed my other
friend in the living room.

KOVACS
They're fucking psycho.
(pause)
Officer, sir.

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Turn around and face the wall.

MARK
What?!

KOVACS
You can't do this to us!

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Face the wall before I shoot you
both in the face!

Mark and Kovacs do what their told.

MARK
You're making a mistake!

KOVACS
We didn't do anything!

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
Shut up!

Sheriff Dembrowski holsters his .45 and grabs his handcuffs.
He snaps one cuff on Mark's wrist and wrenches his arm behind
his back.

MARK
Please!

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI
I said shut --

A MANICURED HAND SNATCHES THE .45 FROM HIS HOLSTER AND FIRES!

SHERIFF DEMBROWSKI'S HEAD EXPLODES!

Brain splatters across Mark and Kovacs' backs.

Sheriff Dembrowski drops revealing...

VAL HOLDING HIS SMOKING .45!

MARK

Fuck!

Mark spins around, slams the pantry door and locks it.

Alexis looks at Sheriff Dembrowski's corpse, then at Val.

ALEXIS

What the fuck did you do?

VAL

Stick to the plan, right?

ALEXIS

You killed a cop.

VAL

And now I have his gun.

Val aims the .45 at the pantry door.

VAL

Hear me?! I have a gun, bitches!

VAL UNLOADS A HAIL OF BULLETS INTO THE DOOR!

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Kovacs hit the deck as bullets puncture the door and whiz past their heads. Wood chips fill the air. Beams of light stream through the bullet holes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis seizes Val's wrist and stops her from firing.

VAL

What are you doing?!

ALEXIS

At the doorknob, moron!

Val aims. Ready, set --

MARK SCREAMS OUT!

MARK

Okay! We're gonna come out!

VAL
Open the door then.

MARK
I wanna make a deal first.

Val looks at Alexis. Alexis nods.

VAL
What kind of deal?

MARK
Come to the door.

Val nears the door, gun raised.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark lays his palms on the door and peers through a bullet hole. The empty handcuff rattles against his wrist.

Mark sees Val approaching.

MARK
Closer.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Val presses the .45 against the door and peers through the bullet hole. Ready to shoot at the first thing that moves.

VAL
Talk.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

MARK COCKS THE SHARD BACK AND SLAMS IT STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

THE SHARD SHOOTS OUT OF THE BULLET HOLE AND STABS VAL'S EYE!

Val lets out a long, horrible scream. She drops the .45 and slaps her palms over her bleeding eye. The .45 rattles across the floor.

MARK (O.S.)
Let us go!

Alexis drops to the floor and scrambles for the .45.

ALEXIS
I'm gonna kill you! I swear to God
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

BEVERLY (O.S.)
No, you're not.

Alexis looks up and sees...

BEVERLY HOLDING THE SPEEDBOAT MOTOR IN HER FACE!

Badass.

BEVERLY
No one's killing anyone else
tonight.

Alexis rises to her feet, hands raised. Beverly grabs the .45
and shoves it in her jeans.

ALEXIS
Just hold on a second, Beverly.

VAL
I knew it! I fucking knew it!

BEVERLY
Both of you get away from the door.

ALEXIS
What's gotten into you?

BEVERLY
I said get away from the door.

VAL
You fucking traitor!

ALEXIS
Stop, Val!
(to Beverly)
Tell me what's wrong, Beverly?

BEVERLY
What's wrong? This whole fucking
thing is what's wrong.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark hands Kovacs a shard.

MARK

Take this. We're getting out of here now.

Kovacs shakes his head.

MARK

Come on, Kovacs. It's time to go.

KOVACS

It's okay, man. You go.

MARK

Stop fucking around.

KOVACS

Look at me. I can barely stand.

MARK

Don't do this, Kovacs.

KOVACS

You're gonna make it, Mark. You're gonna be fucking rock star.

Mark gets in his face.

MARK

You wanna know why I'm leaving? Because you are a fucking quitter. Every time shit got rough, you fucking bailed. Just like you're doing now. Well, fuck you. You're not slowing me down anymore.

Kovacs comes to his senses.

KOVACS

All right. I'll go. Jesus.

Kovacs grabs the shard from Mark.

MARK

On three.

Mark holds up one finger.

MARK

One...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexis struggles to reason with Beverly.

ALEXIS

You came to us, remember? You had nothing. No home. No family. We took you in.

BEVERLY

I was lost. I didn't know what I was doing.

ALEXIS

And look how far you've come.

BEVERLY

You took advantage of me.

ALEXIS

We saved you. We gave you purpose.

Beverly breaks eye contact. Her face filled with pain, guilt and remorse.

ALEXIS

Think about what you're doing and think about what we're trying to achieve here.

BEVERLY

I have. It's got to stop.

ALEXIS

It's the only way to make people understand what's really happening.

BEVERLY

Not like this.

ALEXIS

"Behold I have given you authority to tread on serpents and scorpions. Evil shall slay the wicked." They're a plague, Beverly. They're recruiting children for Christ's sakes.

BEVERLY

Stop talking.

ALEXIS

"Though they plot evil and devise wicked schemes, they cannot succeed." This is how we make sure they don't. Now, put that down and let's talk.

BEVERLY

Shut up!

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark holds up two fingers.

MARK

Two...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beverly aims the blades at Alexis. Alexis doesn't budge.

ALEXIS

Put it down, Beverly.

BEVERLY

Get away from the door!

ALEXIS

Put it down.

BEVERLY

Get away from the fucking door!

ALEXIS

NOW, VAL!

VAL JUMPS ON BEVERLY AND GETS HER IN A FULL NELSON!

Beverly backpedals and slams Val hard into the wall. Val gets the wind knocked out of her and releases Beverly.

Beverly let's the speedboat motor rip.

THE BLADES ROAR TO LIFE.

Beverly jams the speedboat motor into Alexis' thigh. The rusty blades tear through her flesh.

Alexis crumples to the ground, howling in pain.

Val whips out the switchblade and storms Beverly. Beverly spins around and slices Val's hand.

Val drops to her knees, clutching her wound.

Beverly stands over Alexis and Val. Victorious.

BEVERLY
It's over. I'm turning you over to
the police. Every one of you.

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Mark holds up three fingers.

MARK
Three!

Mark unlocks the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beverly continues her victory speech --

BEVERLY
This ends tonight --

MARK AND KOVACS EXPLODE OUT OF THE PANTRY!

KOVACS SLAMS THE SHARD INTO BEVERLY'S BACK AND THEY CRASH TO
THE FLOOR!

The speedboat motor skitters across the kitchen and dies.

Alexis and Val seize the opportunity and crawl on hands and
knees out of the kitchen.

Mark sees them retreating. Witnesses their bruised and
bloodied bodies. Realizes Beverly's on their side.

Kovacs raises the shard and prepares to stab Beverly again.

MARK
No!

Kovacs halts his swing in mid-air.

MARK
She's on our side.

KOVACS
What?

Beverly groans through the pain.

BEVERLY
...I'm on your side...

KOVACS
You were trying to kill us.

BEVERLY
I was trying to save you.

Kovacs looks in her eyes. She's telling the truth.

KOVACS
Fuck this. I'm calling the cops.

Kovacs grabs the handset. Tries to get a dial tone.

BEVERLY
I already tried. It's disconnected.

KOVACS
Son of a bitch!

Kovacs throws the handset against the wall. It shatters.

Mark runs to Beverly's side and inspects her wound.

MARK
You're okay. It's not that deep.

He helps Beverly to her feet.

MARK
What the fuck were you doing with those two?

BEVERLY
They said they'd help me.

MARK
They did a bang up job.

KOVACS
...guys...

BEVERLY
I'm trying to fix it, aren't I?

MARK
My friend's dead. My other friend --

KOVACS
Guys!

Mark and Beverly spin around.

KOVACS
I don't feel so --

KOVACS COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR.

Mark runs to him. Kovacs is on his last legs.

MARK

Come on, man. Don't die on me now.

Mark slaps his face. Kovacs' eyes are tiny slits.

MARK

(to Beverly)

Get him some juice.

Beverly opens the fridge, grabs a container of Five Alive and throws it to Mark. Mark brings it to Kovacs' lips.

MARK

Drink.

Kovacs takes small sips. Color slowly returns to his cheeks.

MARK

Good. Lie back and keep drinking.

Kovacs nods and starts chugging.

Mark looks out the window and sees Alexis' car in the rain.

MARK

Where are the car keys?

BEVERLY

I don't know. Alexis had them.

MARK

Think.

BEVERLY

Maybe in her room. Upstairs.

MARK

Upstairs where?!

BEVERLY

I don't know!

MARK

Stay here. I'm gonna go find them.

BEVERLY

No. We need to stay together.

MARK

He's bleeding to death, Beverly.
The only way we're gonna get him to
a doctor in time is in that car. I
need you to stay with him and make
sure he's safe while I try to find
the keys. Okay?

BEVERLY

Okay.

Beverly grips the .45 in her right hand, the speedboat motor
in her left.

Mark exits the kitchen.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Mark cautiously climbs the stairs. Glass shard at the ready.

The empty handcuff dangles by his side. The stairs squeak
with every step.

Thunder strikes and shakes the walls.

Mark steels his resolve and advances.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beverly sits by Kovacs. Gun and speedboat motor at the ready.

BEVERLY

How are you feeling?

KOVACS

(sarcastic)

Me? I feel great.

BEVERLY

We're gonna get you out of here
soon. Drink some more.

Kovacs downs the rest of the Five Alive.

Thunder cracks. Lightning tears across the sky.

The house lights flicker and...

BLACKOUT!

The entire house is blanketed in darkness.

BEVERLY/KOVACS

Fu--

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Mark stands in the blackness.

MARK

--ck.

He tries to see through the darkness. Impossible.

He has no choice but to keep going.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beverly and Kovacs sit in dark.

KOVACS

Shit just went from bad to worse,
didn't it?

BEVERLY

I grew up with five older brothers.
I can fix this.

Beverly sees that the house's wiring leads to the basement.

BEVERLY

I'm gonna go find the fuse box.

KOVACS

You're just gonna leave me here?

BEVERLY

He's not gonna find the keys in the
dark. I won't be long.

Beverly hands Kovacs the .45.

BEVERLY

If they show, kill them.

Beverly grabs the speedboat motor and heads off.

KOVACS

Wait.

Beverly spins around.

KOVACS

Use this.

Kovacs takes out his Zippo and tosses it to Beverly.
She sparks it. A burst of blue fire dances in the darkness.

BEVERLY

Thanks.

KOVACS

I'm here to help.

Beverly exits the kitchen. The Zippo lighting her way.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mark advances down a long, dark corridor.

Lightning crashes.

The hallway illuminates for a split second, then returns to complete darkness.

Over Mark's shoulder --

SOMETHING SKITTERS ACROSS THE HALLWAY.

Mark turns around.

Could've been a shadow. Or something more.

He forges on.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Beverly walks down the steps into a cold, dank cement box.

The Zippo's flame barely cuts through the darkness.

Beverly looks around, straining her eyes.

Washer/dryer in one corner. Foosball table in another.

Beverly finds the nearest wall and follows it down to the fuse box.

She leans the speedboat motor against the wall and wrenches the fuse box open. An array of switches greet her.

She flips them one by one.

Nothing works.

BEVERLY

Come on.

SOMETHING SLAMS AGAINST THE FOOSBALL TABLE!

Beverly whirls around, waving the Zippo. A foosball rolls across the floor and stops at her feet.

Beverly returns to the fuse box.

INT. ALEXIS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark pushes open the door and enters the darkened space.

A thick, unsettling silence hangs in the air.

Lightning flashes showcasing a dresser.

Mark runs to it and searches every drawer. He tosses aside undergarments, makeup and hair products.

No keys.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs sits with his back against the wall and the .45 aimed at the door.

A wall clock ticks the seconds away. Seconds seem like years.

HEADLIGHTS STREAM THROUGH WINDOWS AND GLIDE DOWN THE WALLS.

Kovacs pushes himself up and peers outside. His eyes fill with hope.

KOVACS

Oh my God.

A 1988 PORSCHE CARRERA SPEEDS TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

KOVACS

Oh my God!

Kovacs hobbles out of the kitchen.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kovacs stumbles out the door and trudges to the car, waving his hands wildly.

KOVACS

Help!

The car parks and the driver's side door swings open.

JOHN-HENRY BUTLER, 40s, neon windbreaker, pleated khakis, steps out.

JOHN-HENRY

What in the Hell's going on here?

KOVACS

Please, sir. You gotta help us.

JOHN-HENRY

Just slow down and tell me what's going on.

KOVACS

They're trying to kill us.

JOHN-HENRY

Who's trying to kill who?

KOVACS

The girls in there. They killed my friend. And they tried to kill me. My friend's in there right now. You have to help us.

JOHN-HENRY

I understand. God sent me here to help you and that's exactly what I'm gonna do. Now, just calm down and give me the gun.

KOVACS

What?

JOHN-HENRY

Give me the gun.

Kovacs holds the .45 out. John-Henry snatches it.

JOHN-HENRY

Now, what did you say was going on?

KOVACS

Three girls killed my --

JOHN-HENRY SHOOTS KOVACS IN THE HEART!

Kovacs looks at the hole in his chest. He collapses and grabs onto John-Henry's leg.

JOHN-HENRY
Get your hands off me.

John-Henry kicks Kovacs away and shoots him in the back.

Kovacs sprawls in the mud and dies.

John-Henry checks the chamber and proceeds to the house.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Beverly pinpoints the burned out fuse and removes it.

She searches a nearby shelf, finds a replacement fuse, inserts it, and hits the switch.

HARSH FLUORESCENT LIGHT DOUSES THE BASEMENT.

BEVERLY
Awesome.

Beverly extinguishes the Zippo and shoves it in her pocket.

She spins around and comes face-to-face with...

VAL!

VAL
Hi, doll face.

Val thrusts the switchblade at Beverly's face. Beverly sidesteps and the switchblade lodges into the fuse box. A jolt of electricity travels up Val's arm. Val shrieks in pain and drops the switchblade.

Beverly makes a desperate grab for the speedboat motor.

VAL
No, you don't.

Val knees Beverly in the stomach and nails her with an uppercut, sending Beverly crashing to the floor.

Val grabs the speedboat motor, straddles Beverly and presses it across her throat.

Beverly flails as Val chokes the life out of her.

INT. ALEXIS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The once darkened room is now flooded with light.

Mark squints as his eyes adjust to the brightness.

He yanks open the last drawer and rummages through a mountain of dayglo leggings.

He doesn't notice...

ALEXIS STANDING BEHIND HIM HOLDING THE KNIFE!

Mark pulls out the drawer, shakes its contents out. The keys tumble out and land at his feet.

Alexis steps forward. Slowly raising the knife.

Mark grabs the keys and shoves them in his pocket.

Alexis takes another step. The floor creaks.

Mark turns around as...

ALEXIS SWINGS THE BLADE!

Mark catches her wrist, stopping the blade in mid-air.

They spin around the room. Crashing into walls. Wrestling for control of the blade.

Alexis grabs a fistful of Mark's hair and slams his face into the mirror. Bits of broken mirror stab his forehead and cheeks.

Alexis swings the blade at his body. Mark shields himself with his hands.

THE BLADE STRIKES THE HANDCUFF ON MARK'S WRIST! MARK USES THE SAME HANDCUFF TO SMACK ALEXIS ACROSS THE FACE!

Mark jumps over the bed, trying to gain distance from Alexis.

Alexis stays on him. Slashing through pillows. Tearing into the mattress. Foam and feathers fill the air.

Alexis leaps from the bed and lands on Mark's back. They tumble to the floor.

Alexis gets on top of Mark and pins him. She raises the knife over her head and brings it down on his chest.

Mark grasps the handle, stopping the blade an inch from his heart.

Alexis puts all of her weight on the knife. It creeps closer to Mark's chest.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Val mashes the speedboat motor deeper into Beverly's throat. Crushing her larynx.

Beverly struggles to fend her off. Futile.

VAL

You know, I never liked you. You were always so fucking weak.

(mocking)

"My parents kicked me out. My boyfriend hit me. Help me."

(serious)

Trying getting gang-fucked just to score smack. That's real pain.

Val presses down harder on Beverly's throat.

At the last possible moment --

Beverly grabs the Zippo from her pocket, strikes the wheel.

IT DOESN'T LIGHT!

VAL

Nice try, bitch.

Beverly tries again and...

THE ZIPPO IGNITES!

BEVERLY

Burn in Hell.

Beverly shoves the flame into Val's hair.

VAL'S HEAD EXPLODES INTO A GIANT FIREBALL!

Val cries out and circles the room. Her head a raging ball of fire.

She collapses to the floor, screaming bloody murder as the flames consume her body.

Beverly springs to her feet and gets out of there.

INT. ALEXIS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Alexis fight to the death.

Alexis pushes the knife closer to Mark's chest.

THE TIP OF THE BLADE PIERCES HIS FLESH!

Mark tightens his grip. Veins bulging from his hand.
Knuckles turning white.

Alexis pushes the blade further. Blood pools around the
blade's tip.

MARK USES EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH LEFT IN HIS BODY TO SLAM
THE KNIFE'S HANDLE INTO ALEXIS' FACE!

Alexis' nose shatters in an explosion of blood and cartilage.
She tumbles off Mark. Nostrils shooting blood. Seeing stars.

Mark mounts Alexis, grasps her throat and squeezes.

Alexis tries prying his fingers from her throat and
scratching his face, but Mark persists.

Alexis runs out of air. Her eyes begin to close. Darkness
sets in.

Suddenly --

A BULLET TEARS INTO MARK'S CHEST AND SENDS HIM SOARING INTO
THE WALL!

Mark hits the floor with a thud.

Alexis lifts her head and sees John-Henry standing in the
doorway. Smoking gun in hand.

ALEXIS

Dad.

JOHN-HENRY

You really fucked this up, Alexis.

ALEXIS

I'm sorry --

JOHN-HENRY

Shut up. Okay? Do you know I had to
shoot one of them as he was running
out of the house? I have his blood
on my pant leg. And why is there a
dead sheriff in my kitchen? Jesus
H., Alexis. How in the Sam Hell am
I'm gonna explain all this?

ALEXIS

It was Beverly. She turned on us.

JOHN-HENRY

Beverly? You mean, the runaway? You told me she could do this, Alexis. You told me she was ready.

ALEXIS

I thought she was.

JOHN-HENRY

Shows how much you know. You gotta do something right, you do it your damn self.

ALEXIS

Dad?

JOHN-HENRY

What now?

ALEXIS

I killed mom.

JOHN-HENRY

You what?

ALEXIS

She saw what we were doing so I killed her.

JOHN-HENRY

Really? Well, good riddance of bad rubbish. So, is that all of them?

ALEXIS

Yeah. Three guys. Like we planned.

JOHN-HENRY

No, Alexis! What we planned is that you'd make it look like three Devil-worshipping sons of bitches broke into my summer home and performed a ritualistic sacrifice so we could get some support! Not turn this place into the Wild-fucking-West!

ALEXIS

I said I was sorry. What more do you want from me?

JOHN-HENRY

You can start by cleaning this mess up. And where the Hell's Val anyway? If I catch her shooting up again, I swear --

BEVERLY (O.S.)
Val's dead.

John-Henry spins around and sees Beverly holding the speedboat motor.

JOHN-HENRY
Holy Jesus.

BEVERLY
No. Just me.

Beverly yanks the cord and digs the rotating blades into John-Henry's gut. Blood pours down his belly.

ALEXIS
Daddy!

John-Henry drops to his knees and fires the last bullet. It grazes Beverly's shoulder. She reels backwards and drops the speedboat motor.

JOHN-HENRY
...no good succubus...

John-Henry falls over and bleeds out.

Alexis and Beverly charge each other like two raging bulls. Eyes wild with hate. Teeth bared.

They lock arms and careen across the room. Beverly releases her grip and...

ALEXIS SOARS THROUGH THE AIR AND CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW!

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alexis plummets two stories and crash lands on top of the van. The windows burst in a spray of glass.

Her head lolls to the side.

INT. ALEXIS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beverly stares out the shattered window at Alexis' body. She wipes the sweat and blood off her face, turns around and...

SOMEONE CRASHES INTO HER!

It's Mark.

BEVERLY
Mark, you're alive.

MARK
I don't know for how much longer.
Where's Kovacs?

BEVERLY
They killed him. I'm so sorry.

Mark chokes back the tears and hands Beverly the keys.

MARK
We gotta go. You drive.

Beverly throws Mark's arm around her shoulder and helps him limp out of the room.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Beverly and Mark descend the stairs. He winces with each and every step.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Beverly and Mark step over the bodies.

BEVERLY
We made it, Mark. We made it.

MARK
Just get me to the hospital.

Beverly opens the front door and finds...

ALEXIS!

Soaking wet. Hair plastered across her pale face. Ghastly.

ALEXIS PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO MARK'S COLLARBONE!

Mark reels backwards and crashes to the floor.

Beverly barrels into Alexis and they tumble outside.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beverly and Alexis slide across the mud and hit the ground. Exchanging fierce, bone-crushing blows.

Alexis swings the blade at Beverly's face. Beverly grasps Alexis' wrist and pounds it against the wet earth until she releases the knife. It lands beneath the Chevy Hatchback.

Beverly drops to her stomach and reaches under the car for the knife. Her fingertips touch the handle.

Suddenly --

Alexis grabs Beverly's ankles and drags her away. She flips Beverly over and straddles her.

Alexis picks up a jagged rock and slams it across Beverly's face. One, two, three times.

Beverly clings to consciousness.

Alexis prepares for the death blow. She raises the rock high over head, aims it at Beverly's face and...

BEVERLY JAMS THE KNIFE INTO ALEXIS' JUGULAR!

Alexis stares at Beverly in disbelief as blood spurts from her neck.

ALEXIS

...you cunt...

Alexis drops the rock and rises to her feet. She slaps a hand over her neck to stop the bleeding. The blood keeps coming.

Alexis exhales her final breath and crumples to the ground.

Beverly stands, sucks in the cool air and completely breaks down.

She drops her head in her hands and sobs. Long, painful, gut-wrenching sobs.

A SHAPE LUMBERS TOWARDS HER!

She spins around.

BEVERLY

Mark.

He takes a few more steps and collapses. Beverly rushes to his side.

MARK

You have to get away from here.

BEVERLY

What are you talking about? We have to get you to a hospital.

MARK

I've lost too much blood. I won't make it.

BEVERLY

Yes, you will.

MARK

Leave me here. It's better that way.

BEVERLY

No. I'm gonna get you to a hospital and then I'm gonna tell the police everything that happened.

MARK

They'll hold you responsible. You'll go to jail for the rest of your life.

He's right.

MARK

There's only one way you can get out of this.

(pause)

Tell them I did it.

BEVERLY

No. I won't do that.

MARK

I'm gonna die anyway. Just have them blame me.

BEVERLY

I said no. I'm done spreading lies.

MARK

They'll believe every word.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL IN THE DISTANCE.

MARK

They're coming. You have to go.

Beverly's mind races.

MARK

Go!

She comes to a decision --

BEVERLY

Not without you.

Beverly heaves Mark up to his feet.

MARK

Stop, Beverly.

BEVERLY

Not a chance.

She drags him to the car. Mark's too weak to resist.

Beverly dumps Mark in the passenger seat and slides behind the wheel.

MARK

You don't know what you're doing.

BEVERLY

For the first time in my life, I know exactly what I'm doing.

Beverly slams it into drive and peels out of there.

The car speeds through the forest and sails into the dawn as the sirens grow nearer.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Back to the beginning of this whole gory story.

Female Reporter concludes her report --

FEMALE REPORTER

Perhaps most disturbing is that the massacre took place at the vacation home of Pastor John-Henry Butler, founder of "The Daughters of the Dawn", a nationwide shelter for troubled girls. Both he and his daughter, Alexis, were among the deceased found this morning.

(MORE)

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)
Authorities are still searching for
the culprits believed to be a
Satanic cult who call themselves
"We Summon the Darkness"...

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT GLOWS AGAINST THE BLACKNESS

In the early 1990s, the University of California at Davis in conjunction with the University of Illinois at Chicago conducted a four year study into allegations of Satanic Ritual Abuse in North America.

Researchers investigated more than 12,000 accusations and surveyed more than 11,000 psychiatric, social service and law enforcement personnel.

The study found no evidence for a single case of Satanic Ritual Abuse.

THE END