

I ASKED SATAN TO PROM

Written By

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1

EXT. GRAVEYARD-DAY

A dilapidated graveyard rests at the center of our view. Smoke rises from a burnt out fire made of logs and leaves. Graves that previously had names engraved on them are in single, lonely rows.

Empty liquor bottles. Half smoked cigarettes. Condom wrappers. Remnants of a high school party gone weird.

At the largest gravestone lays the body of OLIVER- a serious and reserved looking blond kid, his lips chapped, peckish, his hair tangled and greasy.

Makeshift stick figures are strewn around the site, blood on the green grass right along with the morning dew and a haphazard circle of salt surrounds Oliver. Strange symbols drawn in blood litter gravestones.

He stirs from his sleep, blinks warily. Without moving, his tired eyes absorb the graveyard. He's completely alone aside from all the ritualistic remains.

Slowly he gets up on all fours. He picks up the salt in his hands, observes it and lets it sift between his fingers. He sees the blood all over his shirt and tries to rub it off.

That may be a WHIMPER coming from him. He holds his stomach and winces. He HURLS and vomits mainly green and yellow and orange chunks of God knows what.

Oliver's body contorts violently as he pukes onto the graveyard floor.

SUPERIMPOSE: "I ASKED SATAN TO PROM"

Oliver spits up whatever is in his mouth and wipes his face clean with the back of his hand.

2

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD-DAY

A back road located somewhere we would never find travels beyond the horizon. It stretches between clusters of trees that stretch and trees that have fallen.

No one coming down the road or up it.

Just then, Oliver emerges from the brush at the side of the road. He shakes leaves out of his hair. He observes the uninhabited stretch of road.

He fidgets in his pockets and finally pulls out a phone.

(CONTINUED)

He searches through his contact list and finds MATHIAS. He CALLS the number. He puts it to his ear and listens on the other end of the line. A fat BEAT.

OLIVER
(into phone)
Call me back motherfucker.

Oliver hangs up. He looks through the contact list again and finds PHIL. He CALLS the number. It BEEPS loudly from the other end of the line.

OLIVER
(into the phone)
Call me back asshole.

He hangs up the phone in a final defeat and shoves it back into his pocket that is torn and dirty.

He looks around the stretch of road, shading his eyes from the sun. CRICKETS chirp feverishly. Oliver holds his head as if it were pounding with a great force.

He hurls over and vomits violently. Even more violent and louder than before. He gets it all out this time with bloodshot eyes and foam at the mouth.

Not a single car has driven past this pale teenage boy.

He continues his trek down the road.

3 EXT. HOUSE-DAY

A rickety house, an older rental that needs a paint job, new fence, stairs that don't cave in and proper locks on the door. It rests on a residential street.

REBBECA stands at the screen door with a steaming cup of coffee in hand and sports an open robe with over sized mismatched pajamas. Her coffee is black. She looks outside the window with a thoughtful frown, her age is in her eyes.

Oliver walks up to the house.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

TELEVISION MURMURS O.S.

Oliver strolls into the front door. He forces a smug smirk at his mother as he tries to stroll past her unnoticed.

(CONTINUED)

She blows on her coffee. A crucifix hangs above the couch as if overlooking the room.

INSERT PHOTO ON TELEVISION

Photo of missing girl: probably her best high school photo, her smile radiant, her posture perfect.

RETURN TO REBECCA

TELEVISION V.O

If you have any information please
call the-

Rebecca turns off the television with a remote on the coffee table as...

REBBECCA

Where were you? Is that blood all
over you?

Oliver stops in place. Caught. He shakes his mothers accusations off. Rebecca places her coffee down.

A crucifix hangs on the wall behind Oliver.

OLIVER

I was out.

REBBECCA

I don't set my coffee down unless-

OLIVER

You're serious...I know.

With her hands on her hips and an attitude reflective of a teenage girl trying to be taken seriously.

REBBECCA

Where were you? Tell me now.

OLIVER

I was out with Mathias and Phil.

Rebecca looks Oliver up and down. She takes in Oliver's dirty appearance.

REBBECCA

And I bet they checked in with
their mothers last night.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

No they-

Rebecca raises her finger to keep Oliver from continuing. He's quickly deflated.

REBBECA

I don't care what they did or didn't do. You're living in my house and you will tell me where you are. Do you understand me?

Oliver deflates quickly. Rebecca picks her coffee back up and takes a sip. Winces.

REBBECA

(to self)

It's cold, damn it.

(to Oliver)

You're lucky you walked through that door this morning.

Oliver's face turns up. He scratches his head nervously.

REBBECA

If anything happens to you...I...I

Rebecca studies her son again. The red stuff, the dirt, his greasy hair. Rebecca softens.

REBBECA

Your generation gets into the strangest things, don't they?

Oliver SHRUGS.

REBBECA

Get cleaned up for school. I'll make you your favorite for breakfast.

Rebecca quickly approaches Oliver and goes in to kiss him on the forehead. Her nose curls up.

REBBECA

You smell like really cheap beer...

Oliver's tense. And just like that Rebecca disappears from the living room content with her son's safe return home.

5 INT. SCHOOL HALL- DAY

Lockers line a fluorescent lit hall whose walls are adorned with paper cut outs of red demons with horns.

A banner reads "THE END OF THE WORLD IS NEAR".

School BELL erupts.

Teachers SHUT their doors. It is a ghost town.

A sign hangs from a red clothed table that reads "GET YOUR PROM TICKETS HERE" in permanent marker. There are seats for three people. No one is there. Just a deserted table with black helium balloons on both ends.

A SIGN on the school wall reads PROM SATURDAY NIGHT. BRING A DATE FOR THE END OF THE WORLD. GET YOUR TICKETS. There are cartoonish figures, one male, one female. They have horns and fire borders the poster.

Oliver glides his hand along the wall as he walks. He's clean although pale with sunken eyes and wrinkled clothes. He scoots to his locker without care for the decorations around him.

He SCOFFS at the empty prom ticket table.

At his locker.

Oliver lays his head on his locker for a BEAT. He HUFFS while he enters the combo for his lock. He opens it. Pictures, ticket stubs and a band poster canvases his wall

INSERT PICTURE

OLIVER, MATHIAS AND PHIL in a photograph together, they smile and smoke cigarettes. A perfectly captured photo from a disposable camera roll of best friends in their youth.

RETURN TO OLIVER

Oliver picks up a notebook from his locker. The locker door skews his vision from the other side.

He SLAMS it.

We suddenly meet VERONICA- a teen who wears her sunglasses indoors, she sports her sundress and pink lips. She hugs old books with titles like The Occult and Sadism and the Devil. She leans on a locker beside Oliver coolly.

Oliver is taken back by the intrusion.

(CONTINUED)

VERONICA
You aren't going to find your
friends here.

OLIVER
Huh?

VERONICA
Your friends. You aren't going to
find them here.

Oliver not sure what to say.

VERONICA
(she points to the walls)
Prom is such a dead idea.
(beat)
What do you remember from last
night?

Oliver tenses up.

Veronica looks around, you can not tell what she is looking
at because her eyes are shaded by sunglasses.

VERONICA
Nothing? As I thought...

OLIVER
Who are you?

VERONICA
At birth, I was given the name
Veronica but I can be whoever you
want me to be.

Veronica smug as can be.

Oliver locks his combination lock.

OLIVER
I'm not sure I know what you're
talking about.

Oliver stares at Veronica. He really sees how odd she looks
for the first time, especially in those sunglasses. Who
wears sunglasses indoors?

VERONICA
Not yet you don't. Things haven't
really started. Have they?

OLIVER
What things?

Veronica scans the halls again.

VERONICA
You'll know when they start.

Oliver's mood lightens at a quick thought.

OLIVER
Oh, oh, I see what's going on
Mathias and Phil put you up to
this. Where are they? The assholes.

Oliver looks over his shoulders sheepishly; he expects to find his friends. Veronica's seriousness does not falter.

VERONICA
They have your friends, Oliver.
They'll do anything to harm you.
That's how these people work.

OLIVER
What? Who? Who's they?

VERONICA
I know where you woke up.

Oliver's expression hardens.
Oliver is taken back by Veronica's certainty.

Silence from Oliver. Veronica leans into Oliver and WHISPERS something into his ear. She slowly pulls back, unaffected yet Oliver's face is twisted in an uneasy grin as if he thought that Veronica was full of shit.

He forces a LAUGH.

OLIVER
'the fuck is wrong with you?

Veronica brushes Oliver's remarks off. Intent on her cause.

VERONICA
And they had you at your most
vulnerable state so it was a piece
of cake to get what they wanted.
You made the deal of all deals.
(beat)
Partying kills, Oliver.

Oliver studies Veronica carefully and SCOFFS.

OLIVER
You're crazy.

VERONICA
Some would agree with that.

Oliver shakes his head as he walks away. He leaves Veronica who leans on the locker cooly; she watches him trail away.

6 INT. HALLWAY-DAY.

Oliver scoots down the hall with notebook at side. He stops at a classroom, peers inside and opens the door.

He scratches his head, not really sure if he should go in since he sees that class is in session. He does anyways.

7 INT. CLASSROOM-DAY

A CLASS OF STUDENTS sit silently as they write down notes as a TEACHER chalks on a board.

Oliver tip toes in. Oliver raises his hand in apology towards the teacher who looks his way. The teacher nods towards him with a genuine smile. Other students look up at him and roll their eyes.

Someone throws a crumbled up piece of notebook paper at Oliver. It hits him in the head.

There is a communal GIGGLE from the class. The teacher peers over his shoulder but quickly returns to writing.

Oliver takes an empty seat near the back of the class. He settles in and opens his notebook to a blank page.

He looks up at the teacher who scrawls quickly with the chalk. He looks back down at the notebook.
He jots down notes.

He blinks warily.

A drop of blood falls from his nose onto his paper.

He wipes blood away, tries to hide it.

He looks back up at the teacher, the notes have disappeared and have been replaced with other suggestive words and blood symbols.

INSERT

CHALKED WORDS. 666. He's coming. John 8:44.

BLOOD. Inverted crosses and satanic scribbles are on the board in what appears to be blood.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO OLIVER

Oliver's nose bleeds profusely. His eyes roll into the back of his head, he convulses violently and he drops out of his seat straight onto the floor. Class completely stops to look at Oliver who is on the floor. The teacher is the first one at his side.

TEACHER

Oliver? Oliver?

The teacher pats Oliver's damp face.

Oliver unresponsive.

8

INT. HELL'S WAITING ROOM

A glowing orange light flickers throughout an indistinct room that's filled with blackness.

Oliver comes out of the dark and is the center of the flickering orange. Every inch of his body is dosed in blood; some dry, some wet. He has been here awhile. Something unearthly SCREECHES from the corner of this bottomless blackness and stops. He searches with panic and urgency. The sound comes again from the opposite side.

The orange light dims.

SCRATCH. Beat. SCRATCH SCRATCH. Beat.

He's terrified and inches to the ground. The orange light dances on his face. He muffles the sound of this dark world by covering his ears with his blood encrusted hands. He squeezes his eyes shut. He HUMS "You are my sunshine" frantically.

He's on the ground, huddled, tucked away into himself. He tries to get away, mentally.

We see someone drag a bloody body bag across the floor. Oliver's eyes remain shut. He doesn't remove his hands from his ears.

CHOP.

The orange light fades to black. We hear Oliver HUM an INDISTINCT TUNE this time.

He stops. We fondle the darkness for a little with our eyes.

Oliver SCREAMS in the dark.

SMASH CUT

9 INT. NURSE'S OFFICE-DAY

Discolored walls covered with anatomic posters surround a cushioned medical bed that Oliver rests on. Blood crusts on his nostrils. Blood on the collar of his shirt.

An older NURSE with a bohemian air and scrubs comes in. She walks over to Oliver's bedside and stares down at him with concern.

Oliver shoots up and SCREAMS.
The nurse jumps back.
She's illuminated by the fluorescent light above.
She feels his forehead sympathetically. BEAT.

NURSE
Welcome to earth, Oliver.

Her voice is sooth.

He's frantic and wide eyed.

OLIVER
What the fuck happened?

NURSE
Dehydration, Oliver...I think our safest bet is to send you home so that you can get adequate rest, alright? You need some healthy foods, H2O and good ol' zzzzs.

Oliver NODS. He accepts what the Nurse says as true but something in his eyes reveals that he is full of worry.

A great foreboding fills up the atmosphere and it is only felt by Oliver.

10 INT. NURSE'S FRONT DESK- DAY

The nurse walks Oliver into the front room of the office.

Veronica attentively reads a book. She wears her stupid sunglasses, maybe she isn't reading at all.

JACOB HAMILTON- a brooding quarterback with a letter jacket and dark features, sits next to her.

NURSE
Keep an eye on your temperature
Oliver. Go get some rest.

The nurse smiles wholesomely and shrinks behind her door.

(CONTINUED)

Veronica SHUTS her book. Oliver rolls his eyes at the sight of her. She jumps up, Jacob watches them interact.

VERONICA
Heard what happened.

Oliver stares at her half expecting her to say something else uninteresting and trivial.

OLIVER
Yeah, fainted.

Veronica rolls her eyes.

VERONICA
Did you see anything before you fainted?

Oliver just stands there, in his own disbelief.

VERONICA
Let me help you, Oliver.

Jacob stands up from his seat and stands next to Veronica.

JACOB
You should listen to her Oliver.

OLIVER
Really? You? My mortal fucking enemy giving me advice on some voodoo bullshit?
(to self)
This is a joke.

JACOB
It's darker than voodoo.

Oliver dumb struck. He can't believe these two.

JACOB
I saw what happened last night.

Veronica eyes Jacob suspiciously. Veronica pulls a piece of paper out of her pocket and jots something down.

JACOB
I think you're in over your head.

Veronica shoves the piece of paper into Oliver's hand.

VERONICA

In case you need to call on me.

Jacob and Veronica appear troubled with their wide eyes. Oliver raises accusatory fingers towards Jacob and Veronica

OLIVER

Both of you, stay away from me.

Oliver storms out of the office. Jacob and Veronica watch him leave.

Veronica with her arms folded.

VERONICA

He'll call.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

Rebecca sits on the couch watching tv. Oliver walks into the living room. Rebecca turns the news report on mute.

INSERT

NEWS BANNER reads Is a Cult Responsible?

BACK TO REBECCA

Her attention on Oliver. Without a word you can tell her stare is full of motherly concern with the way her eyes well at his discomfort and her lips part at this silence.

She watches him trail up the stairs.

12 INT. BEDROOM-DAY

A boys messy room with clothes that fall from the hamper and posters that curl at the edges. Oliver is sprawled out on the bed, his naked torso is covered by a thick goose down blanket. He stares at the ceiling with his hands behind his head.

He looks over to the nightstand where his phone rests. His alarm says 10:01 PM. His clothes from the day are in a heap near his bed.

He picks up his phone.

Sifts through the contacts and finds MATHIAS. His fingers travel along the keypad.

INSERT

Text message: Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO OLIVER

He sets his phone back down on his nightstand. His attention back to the ceiling. He drifts off.

A black screen.

CUT TO

The clock on Oliver's nightstand reads 2:57. Oliver is face down on his bed, tangled in his blanket. There are long SCRATCHES down his back, deep enough to draw blood but not deep enough to cause harm. The satanic cross carved in the middle of his back.

Oliver turns back over to his back. He settles.

The clock reads 3:00. A BEAT.
Oliver's eyes shoot open in the dark room.

His eyes dart from dark corner to dark corner in his room. We stare into the darkness like he does.

Oliver's mouth opens in terror. He hears an orchestra of muddled SCREAMS. His mouth doesn't move, his hands and feet still. His face is the only thing that distorts into discomfoting horror.

It looks like something unworldly moves slowly in the dark corners. With great big arms and a monstrous head, completely black, it travels around the walls. Is that trickery or is it really there?

Oliver breaks out in a cold sweat, his eyes well in tears.

The clock reads 3:01 and he shoots up from his paralysis. He curls up to the head of his bed.

His forehead damp.
His breath rapid.
He calms down.

He leans over the side of his bed, fumbles in his pants pocket and pulls out the piece of paper Veronica gave to him. He dials the number from the piece of paper.

Veronica picks up on the first ring, before she can get a HELLO in.

OLIVER
I need to see you now.

13

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

The night is uncomfortably dark. Tension travels on wind.

Oliver, in a pullover, sits on a bench lit by the moon. You'd think he was an addict looking for junk if you passed him by right now.

LEAVES CRUNCH O.S. FOOTSTEPS approach. Oliver looks up to see Veronica. Her sunglasses hold back her hair. The moon reveals her yellow snug sundress beneath her leather jacket. She looks cool.

Veronica joins Oliver on the bench. They soak up the cool air together.

OLIVER

I heard the world screaming tonight
and I couldn't move to do anything
about it.

Veronica crosses her legs and holds her jacket close; she has never been more careful in choosing her words.

VERONICA

(careful)

It's called sleep paralysis. Where
you can't move when you wake up?
Science has yet to come up with an
explanation for it.

Oliver looks up at the moon, EXHALES.

OLIVER

...has this ever been stopped?

VERONICA

In stories, yeah.

Veronica breaths steadily, she gives Oliver a look of sympathy. Oliver shifts, his hands deep in his pockets.

OLIVER

I'd rather drink the kool-aid than
have my soul borrowed by Lucifer.

Oliver forces a CHUCKLE; for the first time he tries to find the light in the situation. Veronica unsupportive. A BEAT of tension.

OLIVER

You're not supposed to get your
soul taken by anyone, ya know?

(CONTINUED)

Oliver stands up and paces in front of Veronica; her information bounces around in his head.

VERONICA
You're right, Oliver, you aren't...

Veronica scratches her head, searches for words.

VERONICA
I think the cult behind this-

Oliver stricken by the use of cult.

OLIVER
You sure it's a cult?

VERONICA
Can't be much else- ...but I think our cult is involved with the school to some degree.

Veronica continues to dance around the subject.

OLIVER
Oh yeah?

VERONICA
Can be anyone in those halls. Follow strong influences and you'll get to the bottom of it.

OLIVER
A teacher? Principle?

Veronica shrugs.

OLIVER
You think it's bigger than high school?

VERONICA
Oh, I know it's bigger than that... it becomes so big that common people don't see how evil it all is...

OLIVER
Like pop stars.

VERONICA
You can say that...Have you noticed the theme of prom this year?

Oliver stops in place.

OLIVER

Kind of hard to miss with this Satan thing looming over my head.

VERONICA

Those involved might not be as calculating as you may think... could be a youthful, naive cult-

OLIVER

What? Like students? You think the students have something to do with this?

Veronica lets Oliver mull over the idea of students involvement with the cult.

VERONICA

Satanists are no joke, Oliver.

(beat)

Prom night is the final night of you, well, having your soul.

OLIVER

How do you know it's the final night?

Veronica, sure of herself.

VERONICA

According to legend-

OLIVER

Again, this legend thing.

Veronica gives Oliver a look of displeasure.

VERONICA

Yes, legend, theory and so on. It hasn't been disproved. Alright?

Oliver defeated. He looks around, bushes are covered by darkness. The streets are empty.

VERONICA

As I was saying, Oliver, according to legend the deal ends after three nights. Prom night is night three. They, whoever is the they we are speaking of, will claim your soul at midnight...and well...your physical body is no more. Catch what I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

Veronica averts eye contact tactfully while in thought. She busies herself by staring into the distance.

OLIVER

Yeah. I caught on to the me dying thing pretty early on.

VERONICA

It's imperative that you come to prom. If you're with me...I can protect you and end this.

Veronica focuses on Oliver. If it were someone else the intense stare would make someone uncomfortable.

OLIVER

Why prom?

VERONICA

It's a big event. A lot of souls can be taken.

OLIVER

More people are accidentally getting their souls taken and sold to Lucifer for world fortunes?

Veronica looks at Oliver as if he were stupid.

VERONICA

This happens daily, Oliver. We have to stop it. It's not going to be pretty.

OLIVER

One would assume this would be anything but pretty.

VERONICA

If it isn't stopped they get what they want. And you die.

Oliver shoves his hands in his pockets and rejoins Veronica on the park bench.

VERONICA

Deal is a deal, no matter which way you look at it... you can't trust anyone.

OLIVER

I don't trust many to begin with.

Oliver and Veronica locks eyes. A smile grows upon her moonlit face.

VERONICA

Good...

Oliver catches Veronica's eye; he shakes away the light in her eyes that makes it look like she is enjoying this mess.

She stands from the bench.

VERONICA

You should probably go home and get some rest.

Oliver agrees physically with a prudent nod. He breaths out his uncertainty. Veronica leaves him behind as she strolls onward, away from their meeting spot.

14 INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT/DAY

Oliver lays awake as it turns from night to dawn. The alarm goes off, his eyes already open.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Rebecca sips her coffee on the couch. Oliver stampedes down the stairs. He nods to his mom. His hair disheveled.

REBBECA

You get any sleep Oliver?

Oliver SHRUGS. Rebecca rises from the couch and reach out to Oliver.

REBBECA

You would tell me if someone were hurting you, right?

An unnerving BEAT of uncertainty for Oliver. He nods. Rebecca holds her son by both arms and kisses him on the forehead.

And out the door he goes.

16 INT. HALLWAY-DAY.

The decorations on the walls feel more sinister than before. Oliver squirms through the sea of teenage bodies uneasily.

A teen girl-LILLIAN with platinum blond hair, red lipstick and an unnecessary attitude sits at the center of the prom table as students shuffle past.

Oliver rushes to the table. Lilian looks up at him as if he were something off the street; she's seductive and knows it.

LILLIAN
You want a ticket to the end of the world?

Oliver freezes.
Lillian rolls her eyes.

LILLIAN
Relax.
(points to decorations)
It's part of the great, big show.

Oliver forces a CHUCKLE.

Oliver forks over money. Lilian slides him a ticket.

LILIAN
(wink)
See you there, Oliver.

Lilian looks him up and down.

Oliver spins around as Veronica grabs him and drags him through the hallway.

VERONICA
(whispers)
Don't talk to anyone.

Oliver and Veronica both look over their shoulders. Lilian waves her hand at someone O.S; she motions for this person to come over. Jacob approaches the ticket table and bends to Lilian's level. Their conversation goes unheard.

Students stare or students seem to stare at Oliver. Oliver shakes Veronica off.

OLIVER
How do I know that I can really trust you, huh?

(CONTINUED)

Veronica's mouth twitches, she grabs Oliver by the chin and breaths into his face. She is close enough to kiss him, passionately.

VERONICA

(seethes)

I don't want Lucifer to rise. Do you understand that, Oliver?

Oliver NODS gently. The murmurs in the hallway grow.

Students shuffle past and watch the odd couple interact.

Oliver studies the people around him carefully.

VERONICA

I'll pick you up around seven.

And just like that Veronica skips away and leaves Oliver at the lockers. Oliver scopes the area and notices that some stare at him yet quickly go about their way. Unlike Lilian who locks eyes with Oliver and does not falter.

The world appears to slow down as Lilian's eyes pierce through the sea of people and straight into his eyes.

Oliver slowly walks away and out of Lilian's view. He sets for the exit signs and leaves high school behind.

The last thing we see is the banner that reads The End of the World is Tonight.

17

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Oliver DESCENDS downstairs into the living room, fancy in his suit and tie. He scoots to the screen door as his mother watches his every move silently, from the couch. Her eyes glow blue as the idiot box plays SOFTLY.

They both miss the picture and headline on-screen of the missing high school girl that was shown days before. The headline is in bold white font FOUND BRUTALLY SLAIN. The picture of the girl is a lot more tragic now.

Oliver's gaze endlessly searches outside as Rebecca slowly makes her way to Oliver.

REBBECA

Live this night up while you can.
Prom only comes once in your life.
I never went to mine. I was seven months pregnant with you.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca's SMILE is filled with love and heart as Oliver solemnly detaches himself.

OLIVER

I know, I ruined a lot of things
for you.

Rebecca clearly hurt by this. Her body completely shifts as her smile disappears.

REBBECA

You didn't ruin a second of my
life, Oliver. Do you understand
that? You are the reason I live my
life. I hope you remember that for
as long as you live.

The word live seems suspended on dead air.

Oliver turns to his mother; she absolutely loves him. You can tell by how she stands towards him, completely open. A smile twists on the corner of Oliver's mouth as it does Rebecca's. They don't have to say "I love you."

REBBECA

Who's the lucky date you're waiting
at the door for?

OLIVER

A girl

REBBECA

(laughs)

Well I would hope. Who's the girl?

OLIVER

Just a friend.

REBBECA

(exhales)

Quiet, brooding, troubled Oliver.
Always keeping things from me.

Rebecca runs her hand through Oliver's tussled hair and kisses the back of his head. Oliver, nonreactive.

REBBECA

You're growing up so fast.

Seen through the screen door, a car PULLS UP in front of Oliver's house. Veronica steps out; she wears a red dress and a white cardigan, her hair in an up do, it's all set off with her combat boots and shades that hang on her dress.

Oliver and Rebbecca peer out at Veronica as she glides to the screen door with a smile. Rebbecca watches as Oliver and Veronica stare at each other. Rebbecca opens the door for Veronica since Oliver is clearly too enamored.

Veronica comes in.

VERONICA

Don't worry, I wasn't expecting a corsage.

Veronica sees Rebbecca and gives her a toothy smile. Rebbecca nods.

OLIVER

Mom this is Veronica. Veronica this is my mom, Rebbecca.

Veronica and Rebbecca stand before each other awkwardly.

VERONICA

I've heard a lot about you, mom.

Oliver throws Veronica a look of confusion, mulling over if he has ever mentioned his mother before. Rebbecca is flattered by Veronica's friendliness and openness.

OLIVER

Uh, can we go now?

REBBECCA

Hold on!

Rebbecca quickly disappears from the room.

Veronica softly caresses Oliver's cheek with a single finger.

VERONICA

It'll be over soon.

Oliver's face softens. Rebbecca quickly returns to the living room with a disposable camera. With a big smile she motions for the teens to stand together.

They oblige, slowly. Oliver forces a smirk while Veronica gives her usual big grin. The flash HUMS on the camera. Rebbecca pulls the camera to her face and...

REBECCA

Say cheese.

OLIVER
Cheese...

VERONICA
Cheese!

Veronica CACKLES. Oliver and Veronica start for the door, then Rebecca quickly puts her finger up.

REBBECA
One more, one more!

Rebecca motions for the pair to move closer together

Veronica puts her arm around Oliver's shoulder and pulls him in for a kiss on the cheek as Rebecca quickly SNAPS a photo. Veronica GIGGLES wildly, Rebecca's smile beams.

REBBECA
Okay kids, go, go.

Oliver is the first out the door. Veronica turns towards Rebecca as her hand is on the door knob.

VERONICA
I'll take care of him.

Veronica WINKS. Rebecca is hit a little oddly by this, a girl she has never heard about before is taking her outcast son to the prom. Veronica quickly follows after Oliver, the door SLAMS as she leaves.

Rebecca is left alone with her disposable camera and winds it solemnly. She stares at the shut door.

18 INT. CAR-NIGHT

The car IDLES. Jacob sits in the front seat.

Veronica gets in, followed by Oliver. The sight of Jacob makes his eyebrows furrow.

JACOB
Hi, Oliver.

Veronica STARTS the car.

VERONICA
He's here to help.

OLIVER
Help?

Jacob SHAKES his head in dispute.

(CONTINUED)

VERONICA

The impending doom... he was there that night. I thought it'd be best if you heard from him, maybe something will come back to you Oliver, that we can use...

JACOB

I saw...some things...

Jacob and Veronica exchange uneasy looks. Veronica re-grips the steering wheel. Why the hell is she so tense?

JACOB

I was pretty drunk, not as drunk as you though, some pieces of the puzzle, you know...are missing. You ever have nights like that?

(beat)

but I remember someone at the graveyard.

OLIVER

Yeah? Who?

JACOB

I'm not sure what she had to do with it, like I said, I was really drunk.

Oliver beside himself with curiosity.

OLIVER

That doesn't answer my question.

OLIVER

And? What happened? I saw you and Lillian talking earlier, you're totally in on this. Veronica, why do you trust him?

Oliver is clearly in disbelief and aggravated by the situation. You can tell by how he throws his hands everywhere. Jacob shakes the accusation away.

JACOB

I followed you guys from the party.

OLIVER

Why?

(CONTINUED)

VERONICA

Lillian's head of the prom
committee. Didn't I tell you we'd
find the leader at prom, Oliver?

Jacob watches Veronica carefully.

OLIVER

Who else was there, Jacob?

JACOB

I...I can't remember.

Oliver cups his face in disbelief.
Oliver stares Jacob down.
Jacob returns a stoic expression.
Oliver softens and relaxes.
Jacob returns his attention to the front.

OLIVER

Why did you follow us to the
graveyard?

JACOB

...didn't wanna miss anything fun.

They drive in silence.

Oliver's attention veers out the window. He holds his head,
he drops his head between his legs, pounds his head.

Oliver GROANS.

VERONICA

What's going on back there?

OLIVER

The world is on fire...

Jacob and Veronica look out their windows half expecting to
see it.

VERONICA

Don't you worry. It's almost over.

Veronica STEPS ON IT.

Suddenly Veronica swerves around two seemingly naked bodies
that shoot out in front of her car.

Jacob, Veronica and Oliver all wear the "oh shit" look.
Veronica comes to a complete stop.

(CONTINUED)

Those in the car peer out there windows. Fog dances in the headlights. Veronica locks the car doors as silence grows. The only thing you can hear is the engine of the car and Oliver's breath.

Their tense observance reveals no one outside.

Suddenly, two boys who are stripped down to their boxer briefs barrel towards the window and bang on it. The threesome inside the car shrink back in horror.

MATHIAS- his long dark hair, tangled, frames his dirt face. He hasn't washed in days. He waves at Oliver with eagerness.

PHIL- besides his dirty briefs he sports a hemp necklace with a shark tooth on it. He BANGS on the window.

MATHIAS

Let us in! Let us in!

Oliver full of shock as he watches his friends outside.

Veronica UNLOCKS the car door and Phil and Mathias shuffle into the back. Phil on Oliver's left, Mathias on his right. They embrace in a hug filled with longing and laughter.

Oliver overwhelmed with questions.

OLIVER

Where were you guys?

MATHIAS

Some really crazy shit is about to go down in this town.

OLIVER

Where were you? Where were you?

PHIL

Why is Jacob here?

Mathias leans towards the front seat.

MATHIAS

Hey Veronica. Miss me?

Veronica rolls her eyes.

OLIVER

How do you guys know eachother?

MATHIAS

From the-

Veronica cuts Mathias off completely.

VERONICA

Party. You already knew I was there.

OLIVER

No I didn't.

VERONICA

It could have been assumed...since I'm helping you out. Didn't know I made that big of an impression on your friend.

Drive in silence. Oliver digests the new air of the car.

OLIVER

What do you guys remember?

PHIL

Not a lot.

MATHIAS

Uhhhhhh.

Veronica looks in her rearview at Mathias; she reprimands him with her eyes. She re grips the steering wheel.

OLIVER

I called and called and called.

MATHIAS

They had our phones. Our clothes. Everything man.

OLIVER

Who is they?

JACOB

What did they do to you guys?

PHIL

They didn't feed us.

OLIVER

Where were you guys? Who the fuck held you guys prisoners for three days? You still haven't answered.

(CONTINUED)

MATHIAS
(chuckles)
We already told you buddy.

Deafening silence.

PHIL
With the, the cult.

Mathias's eyes are little glass marbles in his head.

MATHIAS
We were being held in a basement,
we escaped, we're back. Aren't you
happy to see us?

Jacob peers into the back seat.

Jacob intrusively CLEARS his throat and eyes Mathias.

JACOB
Once we get out to our destination
you guys can explain yourselves.
Oliver has a lot going on in his
head and I think you guys are
making it worse. He deserves a
clear headed explanation, okay? I
think you guys are a little rowled
up too and excited from seeing
eachother. Okay? Calm down.

Mathias and Phil understand. Jacob returns his attention to
the front once more.

A BEAT full of questions, silence and the roar of the car's
engine

MATHIAS
Did they ever find that girl's
body?

A fat BEAT.

OLIVER
what...girl's...body?

Phil hits Mathias upside the back of his head.

Veronica and Jacob look back at Mathias, dumb struck Oliver
is beyond confused. Phil GRUNTS. Oliver looks into the face
of everyone in the car. Mathias bites his tongue.

VERONICA

He doesn't know what he's talking
about, Oliver.

OLIVER

No, what girl?

VERONICA

Shut the fuck up, Mathias.

There is an air of unease.

And just then, Oliver fades.
His eyes roll back into his head.
He slumps over onto Mathias's shoulder.
His mouth drops open.

No one notices.

MATHIAS

He doesn't know about the girl at
the graveyard?

Jacob catches Oliver's inactivity first.

JACOB

What's going on back there?

Mathias pats Oliver's head.
Veronica checks the mirror again.
Her eyes widen.

She turns to Oliver. Does double take.

A strange, peculiar vibe fills the car.

Veronica pounds the steering wheel.
Mathias shoves his fingers under Oliver's nostrils. BEAT.

MATHIAS

I don't feel his breath.

PHIL

What the fuck man?

Phil clings to the door with a GRUNT.
Jacob turns to the back and lightly slaps Oliver's cheek.

JACOB

Oliver? Oliver? Hey buddy, wake up?

19 EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE CAR-NIGHT

Veronica, Jacob, Phil and Mathias stand over Oliver's lifeless body on the side of the road. They stand in the moonlight.

JACOB
What happened?

Veronica pulls out her cell and dials. It doesn't take long for someone on the other end to pick up.

VERONICA
(into the phone)
Yeah, Lilian? It's Veronica...yeah,
something's wrong...

Veronica walks away, you can hear her looking for something in the car as she drones on.

MATHIAS
How was our timing?

JACOB
It was fine, it was fine guys. But
we have a bigger problem right now.

Jacob bends down to check Oliver's pulse.

PHIL
Is he dead?

Jacob scratches his head. He gestures towards Oliver.

JACOB
What do you think?

PHIL
Well, I think he might be.

MATHIAS
Eh... that's not good. How are we
going to find someone by the end of
the night to open this big bad
devil gate?

PHIL
Who knows man.

JACOB
By the way, you guys are some
shitty friends for throwing Oliver
under the bus.

(CONTINUED)

Mathias and Phil LAUGH it off.

MATHIAS

Weighing the outcomes? Raising
Lucifer is a lot cooler than having
a friend.

Phil agrees. Veronica comes back into the picture with a large book. She leafs through the pages.

VERONICA

(into the phone)

Yeah, I have it...yeah, I'll talk
to you later, Lillian. Yup, bye.

Veronica closes her phone and studies the book. Her eyes travel across whatever she reads quickly. The boys watch her as Oliver's body lays silently. She slams the book shut.

VERONICA

We did the ritual the wrong fucking
way guys.

The gang stands over Oliver. They look down at him solemnly. They wasted their time. Oliver's is dead. They aren't raising the devil anymore, none of their wishes are going to be granted.

MATHIAS

What are we going to do with the
body?

OVER BLACK: "I ASKED SATAN TO PROM"

20

EXT. ENDING MONTAGE- NIGHT

THE WIND by CAT STEVENS plays.

CEMETERY

These are the ending credits. Found film footage of the graveyard scene can be viewed by the audience. A quick retrospect.

Oliver, Veronica, Mathias, Phil, Jacob and Lillian are gallivanting around a cemetery. Oliver chugs a beer, crumbles it in his hand and tosses it somewhere that we can't see. He laughs directly into the camera and is hugged by Jacob.

Veronica and Mathias fall on top of each other near a gravestone. Veronica pecks his lips quickly; they giggle.

(CONTINUED)

Lillian points and laughs. Phil stands near the fire, smokes a cigarette and dances smoothly to his own rhythm.

Things change. More sporadic

Oliver is on his knees as he laughs hysterically. Veronica and Lillian stand over him. They kiss, in a best friend way. Jacob stands back and watches, more of a spectator. Phil and Mathias hold Oliver down by the shoulders. They pull his shirt over his head.

Veronica reads from a big book. She chants. Lillian brings the knife down to Oliver's back.

Things change. Time was lost. Another fragment.

Oliver stands over a body that lays face down on the earth. Clearly a girl but not recognizable. Oliver is covered in blood as is the girl.

Lost frame.

The last thing we see is the group in laughter.