

AN AMERICAN DEMON

Written by

Travis Calvert & Jack Grisham

Based on, An American Demon by Jack Grisham

travis@itscoldoutsidefilms.com
775-742-9488

jackloydjones@gmail.com
714-756-0767

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

Steam wafts through a dark tunnel. A circle of white hot daylight pierces the end of the tunnel. Footsteps approach.

A shadowy figure with wild blond hair and a black fur coat, THE DEMON(28), steps into view.

He strikes a match and lights a cigar.

THE DEMON

There's nothing for a demon when we die. You humans go on and on about your afterlife, your white light experience, but for us, there is no light. No Peace.

He pauses to take a hit from his smoke.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

When we pass from one life to the next, the consciousness of our existence escapes like air, slowly released from our lungs, from death to youth, in a long dark exhale....

He reaches his hand towards the wall, a hidden passage appears. Sunlight escapes from within.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

We close our eyes...

(beat)

...and become someone else.

EXT. LONG BEACH SUBURBS - DAY - 1967

Manicured shrubs, immaculate lawns and a station wagon loaded with surfboards. Children jump through sprinklers.

The Demon walks across the lawn and through the youngsters, completely unnoticed.

THE DEMON

When people refer to demons, they invariably claim we come from the underworld. I hate that cliché. It sounds as if we're all sporting leather and whacking fannies in a West Hollywood dungeon. Ridiculous. If you truly want to know where demons come from, I'll tell you; we are the playthings of your God, the avatars of a deity gone mad.

Kids in torn jeans ride skateboards down the sidewalk.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

The most successful serial killers
are always the boys next door.
Gentle children of summer, flashing
smiles like switchblade breezes
through a park. I was akin to these
monsters, camouflaged and deadly, a
viper smiling in the dark.

Clouds ominously gather, blotting out the sun.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A modest, comfortable, mid-century home.

MRS. GRISHAM (39), attractive, wearing a pink robe and flimsy
nightgown, steps over a mess of toys. She snaps off the
television set.

The Demon, going unnoticed stands against the wall toying
with a ceramic nick-knack.

THE DEMON

You humans are so easy to
manipulate. A slight taste of
another's will and you fall apart.

Sitting splayed legged amidst a pile of miniature army men,
JACK(6), band-aid on his forehead, adorable in childish bliss
and Snoopy pajamas, ignores her.

MRS. GRISHAM

Jack, you need to clean this up.

The child says nothing, merely stares at her.

MRS. GRISHAM (CONT'D)

I said clean it up!

She throws the laundry basket to the floor. The child remains
speechless. She grabs him by the hair and yanks him up.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She drags him down the hallway and violently shoves him into
a bedroom. As the boy falls, she lords over him. Jack looks
up to his mother.

MRS. GRISHAM
I should have killed you when I had
the chance.

Mrs. Grisham turns and violently pulls the door closed.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Broken toys pepper a bare wood floors. Dark, evil scenes hand drawn in crayon hang taped above the bed.

Jack stands, dusts himself off, and straightens his pj's.

The Demon steps into frame and touches the boys head. Jack, on contact closes his eyes and slowly summons a smile. The Demon, caresses the boys head.

THE DEMON
If you're going to deliver
lines like that, mom... you
have to mean it.

JACK
If you're going to deliver
lines like that, mom... you
have to mean it.

Jack, unaware of the Demon, musses his hair.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SUNDOWN

Daylight fades. Propped against the sofa, Jack watches bloody Vietnam images on the TV set.

A screen door opens and closes.

MR. GRISHAM (41), handsome, hard, military crew cut, khaki slacks and matching work shirt ; walks heavily into the room.

He steps over a toy car racetrack--the pieces scattered.

MR. GRISHAM
Where's your mother?

JACK
I don't know.

He pulls a cigarette from a pack of Kools. Lights it with a tarnished flip-top lighter, tosses the pack and his keys on the table.

He exits the room. A refrigerator opens and closes. A can is cracked open.

Mr Grisham returns seconds later, beer in one hand and a pink slip of paper in the other. He waves the pink slip.

MR. GRISHAM
What's this?

The boy continues to stare at the television.

MR. GRISHAM (CONT'D)
You're suspended, AGAIN?

Mr. Grisham snatches up a three-foot length of orange plastic racecar track and begins wailing away on the boy. Jack rolls on the ground covering his backside, doing his best to block the blows.

CRACK!

CRACK!

The image of a plastic track freezes mid-air.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
I loved the way that hard plastic track left bloody red welts running down my legs. Those stripes were a badge of honor.

The image unfreezes and the beating resumes.

The child begins wailing in tormented anguish.

CRACK! CRACK!

The sound fades out.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
One thing my handlers never understood was that they were beating a mannequin. Pulled deep inside, disconnected from the pain, I was a visitor in the body they thought was me. Physical pain is a joke compared to the damage that you can do to a heart. I cried for their benefit, but they could never lay a hand on who I really was.

The track continues to swing, slowing with each blow.

AMERICAN DEMON

MAIN TITLE:

DISSOLVE TO.

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY 1971

Sullen and withdrawn, JACK (10), sits overlooking a checker board in a small room.

A concerned school COUNSELOR (40), pries at the lad.

COUNSELOR

Your mother tells me you're having trouble making it to the toilet on time.

FLASHBACK

INT. GRISHAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack wanders through a crowded house party, drunken threatening adults tower over the boy. He pulls on a locked bathroom door.

A man with dark hair and craggy face grabs Jack by the arm. He squats down and pulls the boy close. Jack cringes at the smell of alcohol on his breath.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I didn't struggle with hitting the toilet on time. I enjoyed fouling myself. It was a defense mechanism... a broken animal's way of saying, "leave me alone".

The man leans forward, leering and pawing at the boy, but inhaling the stench he man recoils.

DRUNK

Jesus kid, did you shit yourself?

The drunk drops his grip on the boy and staggers off.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

JACK

Oh. Did she also tell you that she's having an affair?

The counselor pauses awkwardly.

COUNSELOR

What makes you say that?

JACK

I saw it on TV.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

"Seeing things on TV" usually worked for this crowd. Adults take comfort in believing that children can't see the truth. Oh, If they only knew how their dirty little nasties influence the youth.

The counselor pauses in a moment of disbelief before she accepts the boy's reply. She fumbles for a pamphlet, stands and smooths her skirt.

COUNSELOR

Could you give me a moment, please?

The counselor exits the room. Jack's gaze drifts from the unfinished game board out to the sunny courtyard where a gardener is trimming the trees.

INT. OUTER OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY

The counselor closes the door and sits across from an unfazed Mrs. Grisham.

COUNSELOR

Mrs. Grisham, we're concerned...

She pauses. Shifts in her seat. Uncomfortable.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Have there been "problems" at home?

MRS. GRISHAM

(clueless)

Problems?

COUNSELOR

Jack is showing signs that we think could indicate either physical or sexual abuse.

The Demon unseen moves around the room, intent on her reply.

MRS GRISHAM

I'm not aware of any.

THE DEMON

Oh man, if I could've raped my own
 ass and blamed it on her, I would
 have just to watch her squirm.

(beat)

Seriously though, this abuse thing
 was an issue I had to be very
 careful with. I'd spent years
 breaking these parents in, and I'll
 be damned if some fucking social
 worker was going to pull me away
 and force me to start over.

The Demon grabs the pamphlet from the table. He gives it a
 quick glance.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

It's unfortunate that a young
 demon's unstable developmental
 issues mimic those of a child who'd
 been abused.

He tosses the pamphlet and walks into the her office.

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT - COUNSELORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack wears the counselor's hat and scarf.

COUNSELOR (V.O.)

Have there been changes in Jack's
 sleeping patterns? Has he had
 nightmares, or bad dreams?

THE DEMON

It was my nature to be tortured. My
 upbringing was irrelevant.

Jack picks up a desktop photo of the counselor and her
 husband. He runs his fingers across the counselor's image.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

Not to mention, as a spiritual
 being I had the ability to see the
 hour and the manner of your death.

INSERT: counselor's photo.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An aged version of the school counselor behind the wheel. A
 tire explodes. The car spins out of control, rolling wildly.

She flies from the vehicle. She lays in a ditch, a bloody mess, gasping for breath.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
I watched as the bodies before me
disintegrated in car wrecks...

INSERT: counselor's photo. Jack's finger hovers over the husband.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

A pair of masculine bare feet teeter on the edge of a wooden chair. The chair tips. The feet twitch and swing. The husband of the counselor hangs there turning blue.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
... suicides ...

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT - COUNSELORS OFFICE - DAY

Jack tosses the photo aside and wanders to the window.

EXT. SUBURBAN LAWN - DAY

The gardener from the courtyard pushes a lawn mower. He stops, clutches his chest and falls to the ground.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
... heart attacks...

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT - COUNSELORS OFFICE - DAY

The sound of Jack's mother's voice, just outside the office pulls him momentarily out of his reverie.

MRS GRISHAM (O.S.)

Jack's always been a restless
sleeper, ever since we brought him
home from the hospital

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Jack's mother in a rocking chair. Accelerating time lapse. Her skin shrinks and shrivels. Her hair grows white. An oxygen tube appears and her breathing ceases.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
 ...And sometimes, if they were
 lucky, a long, slow, walk to the
 abattoir of death.

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack plays with a pair of scissors.

COUNSELOR (V.O.)
 "Suicidal gestures, death
 obsession, self-destructive
 behavior, self-mutilation?"

Jack runs the scissors across his wrist and then gently,
 playfully, to his throat.

THE DEMON
 Okay, so I liked playing dead. Who
 didn't?
 (beat)
 And self-mutilation? Come on. I had
 to adjust the suit. When a demon
 steps into a man, or a boy, it's
 like trying on a new dress... or a
 pair of pants. Sometimes you've
 got to pull parts in, or snip parts
 off before you get comfortable. You
 can always spot a demon by the way
 they treat their bodies. I ran mine
 into the ground every chance I got.
 (beat)
 Sure, that bitch out there could
 throw in depression, anger, low
 self-esteem, guilt and withdrawal,
 but it wasn't abuse. If anything,
 it was frustration that my small
 stature didn't yet allow me the
 ability to stomp the living fuck
 out of some of these overbearing
 cunts.

INT. OUTER OFFICE WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The school counselor hands Mrs. Grisham a card with a phone
 number on it. She searches for the pamphlet before picking it
 up from the floor.

COUNSELOR
 Jack is an extremely bright boy,
 with tons of potential and natural
 charisma.
 (MORE)

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

We think he could have a great future. Which is why we want to make sure, that we are doing our best to ensure his health and wellbeing.

Jack opens the door of the counselor's office and looks out.

JACK

Can we go?

The school counselor offers her hand. Mrs. Grisham rising, reluctantly shakes it.

Feigning love and concern, Mrs. Grisham takes Jack's hand and leads him out.

EXT. SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the counselor's office closes.

Mrs. Grisham lets go of the boy's hand. She walks away, dropping the pamphlet.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Grisham trudges down the hallway with heavy footsteps.

His walk is longer than one might imagine—as if time had somehow stretched the home to postpone the inevitable.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

I was struggling. Does that sound funny? Almost redundant after what I've just told you. It was no struggle getting beaten on, lied to, and dare I say... sodomized. I was struggling with what outfit to wear while they were doing it.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Jack sits cross-legged in the bottom of a bedroom closet.

White squares of skin pop out from the fish net stockings on his legs. A black mini-skirt covers his bony hips. He peers into a hand held vanity mirror, applying vigorous coats of blood red lipstick and blue eye shadow.

The closet opens. Jack looks up and smiles. A horrified Mr. Grisham reaches violently toward the boy.

EXT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY

Jack sits on the porch playing with a wristrocket slingshot.

JIM(9), naively cruises up the sidewalk on his bicycle. He coasts to a stop when he sees Jack.

JIM
What'cha got there?

He sets the bike on its kickstand and minces over to Jack who offers the slingshot for inspection.

JACK
I shot a rat with it.

JIM
It's pretty cool.

JACK
Hey, I stole a playboy from my
brother's room. You ever see tits
Jim?

The boy blushes and shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, man, you gotta see this chick.
Come on. I built a bunker in the
back. No one will see us.

Jim follows Jack to a freshly dug mound of dirt. A shovel leans against the fence.

JIM
Wow, that's cool.

Jack squats down, points to a hole at one end.

JACK
Check it out.

Jim squats beside him, peering into the darkness. His eyes adjust. He makes out a carpet-lined refuge complete with candles and the promised magazine.

JIM
Whoa.

JACK
Yeah, right? Go ahead. Crawl in.

The young boy slithers into the hole.

As soon as Jim's completely under, Jack jumps up and slams his feet down onto the thin plywood covering the bunker.

Screams of terror. Jim desperately tries to claw out.

Jack jumps furiously up and down. The wood collapses, pinning the boy beneath a pile of dirt and splinters.

Jim gasps for breath, his tears washing a clear trail across a filthy, dirt encrusted face.

JIM

Get my mom. Please, get my mom!

Jack stands there, watching, saying and doing nothing—an emotionless observer to the boy's distress.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

A line of middle-school students shuffles in single file. Their crisp sweaters, new jeans and fresh dresses, contrast against Jack's worn hand me downs.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

I'd fucked up. No, this wasn't about young Jim. That blew over.

(beat)

I got noticed for my intelligence. The school board decided I belonged in an academy that could better cater to my educational needs.

Jack scans the room, taking notice of all the happy children.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

I wondered how they'd stand up to a good thrashing, if they knew what it felt like to be hurt. They were weak, untested and inferior. They needed a leader.

The line inches forward. Jack grabs a plastic tray, lays it on the stainless railing.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

Up to this point you've not heard me use the word "leader", but I was beginning to realize who I was...

INT. CHURCH NAVE - DAY

An empty chapel. The Demon gazes up at the stained-glass windows.

THE DEMON

After creating heaven and earth,
God, got bored, and one day in his
infinite boredom he reached down
into the mud and formed an
adversary; a creature one inch
shorter, a pound heavier, two
degrees less intelligent, and
nowhere near as loving or as kind
as your Great Creator. In other
words... God fashioned a loser. He
made an adversary with which he
could do battle, but in the end, an
opponent that had no hope of
victory.

(beat)

And that's where I come in, I'm an
agent of the losing team, a high-
powered servant of the "Not-Quite"
God. I step into humans and I
destroy their lives - and, if I do
my job well, the lives of all those
around them. My goal is to get you,
the children of God, to curse He
who created you.

(beat)

Fucking deities, you'd think they'd
have something better to do with
their time but, oh well.

The Demon turns and sees BILLY(10), a school bully, unaware of his surroundings, standing in the church aisle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - CONTINUOUS

BILLY pokes a finger into another, much smaller boy.

BILLY

Hey faggot.

JACK

(Casual and friendly)

Hey Billy.

Billy turns toward Jack. Jack grabs the lunch tray with both hands and smashes it across the bridge of Billy's nose.

Blood flows as the boy drops to his knees, a pool of urine staining his jeans.

Jack smiles at "the faggot" and turns back to the lunch line. A lunch-aide snatches Jack by the arm and drags him off; his forced march being met with smiles and nods of approval, the saved young boy appearing most pleased of all.

INT. CONFERENCE SCHOOL ROOM - DAY

A semi-circle of folding chairs surrounds Jack.

With a mix of concern and bravado, the PRINCIPAL (40), an overweight COP (55), a SCHOOL CROSSING GUARD (60), a TEACHER (30), and Mrs. Grisham, all confront Jack.

COP

You hurt that boy. Why'd you do it?
Do you want to go to jail son?

JACK

I don't know... maybe.

The cop leans in, opening his jacket and flashing his piece.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you going to do, shoot me?

The principal raises an upturned palm.

PRINCIPAL

Nobody is shooting anybody. We just need to figure out what's happening here.

TEACHER

He won't listen. His placement in this academy was a mistake.

COP

Hard to listen when you're in the ditch smoking.

TEACHER

Just the other day, I stepped out for a moment and he'd locked a blind child in a closet.

Boredom oozes from Mrs. Grisham.

CROSSING GUARD

He was on my corner, disturbing the other children and when I asked him to leave he leaned in real close to me and said "No problem, Grandma, I gotta go take a piss anyway."

Mrs. Grisham walks across the circle. She cocks her arm and delivers a fierce blow that sends Jack sprawling.

The room erupts—the cop pleased, the teachers shocked, Mrs. Grisham not understanding what the problem is.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY 1974

A pile of bicycles litter the driveway. The demon in fur watches as JACK(13), inches taller, walks up and goes in. He follows Jack into the house as he speaks.

THE DEMON

Parties like this were called "nooners" and usually consisted of whatever booze could be stolen from your parent's liquor cabinet and any drugs that could be found. The invitees were incorrigible little fucks that didn't mind walking off school grounds at lunch and surely didn't worry about what time they should return.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of pre-teens smoke cigarettes and drink beer. The Demon unnoticed walks through them.

THE DEMON

For a young demon that fought to feign normalcy, wandering into a clan of make believe adults was painful.

INT. TEEN GIRL BEDROOM - DAY

A scrawny GIRL (13), in filthy pajamas reclines on an unmade bed, piled with dirty clothes.

GIRL

Pull down your pants and get on top.

Jack sits on the edge of the bed. She reaches up and pulls him down. He recoils at the sight of dirt beneath her fingernails. She begins undressing, revealing a bruised body.

The Demon, unseen, flips through a pile of vinyl records.

THE DEMON

And for your information this, uh, "mating" didn't go down. I couldn't figure out the mechanics of it. She would later mock me for my ineptitude, but I knew where she was coming from. She'd been practicing... getting raped by her mother's boyfriend. I should thank him. Sometimes you humans make a demon's job so much easier.

The Demon, unheard, touches her lightly on the head.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Blame God, little sister.

She pushes the young boy back on the bed.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Jack crawls out of a window, his pockets full of jewelry.

Marching to the front of the house, he encounters a very dazed and confused, MARK (15), smiling as his eyes roll around in his head.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

Ah, the sharp, chemical smell of P.C.P. My friend, Mark, loved getting "dusted".

A bottle of Strawberry Boone's Farm hangs from Mark's hand.

JACK

Hey, let me get a pull off that.

Jack grabs the bottle and chugs it like a soft drink. He hands the nearly empty bottle back.

A police cruiser blasts around the corner and stops in front of the house. Two officers quickly jump out.

OFFICER

What are you boys doing out of class?

Jack fails to squelch a small chuckle.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
You think this is funny youngster?

JACK
Not at all officer. I was just
telling my friend that we shouldn't
be here, and right after I said
that, you guys rolled up and proved
my point.

OFFICER
Good thinking, young man. Why don't
you two beat it?

JACK
Yes, sir.

THE DEMON(V.O.)
How could they ride around all day
dealing with criminals and not spot
the line of shit that I just gave
them. If I was in blue, I would've
popped my nightstick out and beat
the living fuck out of those boys.

The officers head for the house.

JACK
Thank you, officers!

The officers enter.

Jack strides to their cruiser, picks up a nearby ornamental
lawn boulder, raises it above his head and smashes it through
the front window before taking off on a dead sprint.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lays silent in his bed, eyes closed, doing his best
coffin pose.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
I was in trouble... again. Not
with the police, but believe it or
not, my young friend Jim had
returned.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack and Jim wrestle on the living room floor. The television broadcasts a show about magicians, a coil of rope nearby.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

A cookie and Houdini on the TV, was all it took to regain his trust.

Jack begins tying up the boy.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Sadly, Jim had neither a magician's cool, or his expertise.

EXT. BACKYARD SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Jim's pleas for help go unheard as Jack drags the hog-tied boy outside and tosses him into the swimming pool.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

My mother wasn't too pleased, her Valium and Chablis routine so rudely interrupted... having to save a drowning boy, and all.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack's eyes pop open. A small blue, toad-like, IMP (ageless), sits upon Jack's chest.

Jack is frozen.

IMP

(low and raspy)
Knock the shit off, boy. You get yourself locked up and my plans are fucked.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

It was the Not-Quite speaking through this beast.

IMP

LISTEN TO ME! You could have drowned that little piece of shit and then what? There are things I can get you out of and there are things I can't. Killing as an accident can be dealt with. Killing for fun, just because you were bored, renders you useless.

(MORE)

IMP (CONT'D)

(beat)

And, Boy, the booze and the drugs,
I need you to go easy on that shit.
You think I don't watch you? A
little sip here, a sip there, a
bottle of your daddy's whiskey
hidden in the garage. Fuck you!
I'm not telling you to be a square,
because square gets noticed, but
you better watch your ass. I don't
want you going sick on me.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

I knew what he was talking about.
The sickness for a demon is when we
begin to feel. I was without
emotion, and that sentimental void
was where I belonged.

(beat)

But alcohol... oh, alcohol, when
first ingested, it can add emotion
to the emotionless and soul to the
soulless.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A random crowd scene. People hugging and laughing, making
merry with drink.

THE DEMON(V.O.)

Booze, or spirits if you will, are
a synthetic taste of God. Booze
brings down the walls, washes over
you with a feeling of brotherhood
and connection. Alcohol imitates
the love of the Creator and forbid
I ever develop a taste, or a need,
for that.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Imp stomps down on Jack's chest.

IMP

(in Mrs. Grisham's voice)

You be a good boy Jackie. Stay out
of trouble for mama, okay?

The Imp vanishes. Jack sits up drenched in sweat.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jack clamps a garden hose into a vice. He saws off a foot-long chunk, shoves a rock into one end, and wraps it candy cane style with electrical tape.

He shoves it up his sleeve. Before walking out, he takes a pull off a bottle of Cutty Sark.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

A short, stocky boy, TROY(14) stands alone.

Jack rides up on a cheap bicycle, jumping off and letting it coast into a line of metal garbage cans. The two boys give each other a quick head nod.

JACK

I heard you were looking for me.

TROY

Tracy said you were talking shit.

Jack squares up in front of the other bigger boy.

TROY (CONT'D)

Come on fucker. Let's do this.
What are you waiting for?

The weapon inside Jack's sleeve drops into his hand.

TROY (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Is that a fucking
club?

Jack winds to strike the boy... but stops and lowers the weapon. Troy snatches the club, pushes Jack to the ground, and saunters off with the weapon.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Jack trudges home, pushing his bike. Teardrops falling. He sits down in the grass, hiding his shame. A CROW lands on the handlebars. Jack stares through puffy eyes, realizing this is more than just an ordinary bird.

JACK

I don't know what the fuck
happened. I wanted to bash his head
in, and then I went blank.

CROW

(soft and fatherly)

You didn't want to hurt him. He's a boy coming from a home much like yours. He has feelings. He cares for others... just like you.

DEMON (V.O.)

I knew instantly it was... The Man.

CROW

You can go back, offer that boy a hand of friendship. You don't have to continue down this path. You can walk away. Come with me now. I'll take you.

JACK

You come to me as some piece of shit bird and you think I'm buying? I should have bashed his fucking head in.

Jack picks up a rock. The Crow takes flight. Jack hurls the rock, knocking the bird to the ground.

He walks over to the dead animal, removes a shoelace from his shoe and ties it around the bird's neck. He ties the other end to the frame of his bicycle and rides off, the carcass bouncing behind.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY

Jack steps inside where his mother awaits him, furious.

MRS. GRISHAM

The vice principal called... says that you have three reports that are overdue. Have you even been doing your homework?

JACK

He's full of shit.

MRS. GRISHAM

He said if you don't turn them in tomorrow, they're kicking you out.

She grabs his arm and drags him to his room, leaving red half-moons dug into his arm. She shoves him into a chair.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

This would probably be a good time
to explain a new game I'd invented.
It was called "the blind boy" and
the object was to stare blankly
into space no matter what happens
to you.

She slams his head on the desk; jams a pen into his fist.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Ten points, no flinch

MRS. GRISHAM

Write!

She slaps him on the back of the head. He doesn't move.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Another Ten! Yeah, baby, go!

MRS. GRISHAM

WRITE!

She slaps him harder.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Fuck. Flinched. Minus ten.

She storms out, returning seconds later yanking him up with
handful of his hair in her fist. She slashes away with a pair
of scissors.

MRS. GRISHAM

Can you see now? Can you see it
now?

His head drops limply back down to the desk.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

We have a winner!

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Missing bangs, Jack stops to greet another KID.

KID

What happened to you?

Jack pushes back hair that is no longer there.

JACK

My fucking mom lit my hair up for
not doing homework.

He lights up a smoke.

JACK (CONT'D)

Looks all right, huh? Let's get out
of here.

The boys walk off toward school

KID

Is Sarah having a party tonight?

JACK

I haven't talked to her, but if she
is, that's gonna be one fucked up
house.

The boys laughing, continue on.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jack and a few boys mingle, trying to be cool. An older boy
with long surfer hair commands the crowd.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

It was at that party that I first
met another demon—an older boy from
out of town. He turned me on to
something almost as persuasive as
the booze, and although he too
warned me of its... dangerous
properties... I figured, what's one
hit going to do.

The teen demon hands Jack a greasy brown paper bag and a can
of cooking spray.

Jack sprays the contents into the bag, puts it to his face
and begins a quick succession of deep breaths.

He closes his eyes and slumps against the refrigerator.

The teens laugh.

Jack in succession does another, and then another, and then
another. He begins shaking as if possessed.

He pulls a couple of counter appliances and a knife rack with
him, crashing onto the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack lays on the bed fully dressed, splayed out.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Two weeks.. I was huffing that shit
round the clock, until one morning
I had a feeling. Fuck, it was fear
and remorse, knocking against the
blackened windows of my soul.

Jack calls out to no one.

JACK

Help me. I'll stop. I swear I'll
stop.

He opens his eyes, as the room becomes darker.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

It was frightening how quick it
took me. It was like a switch had
been slammed on and melted into the
wall. There was nothing I could
do-until the power was cut. This
was something I was really going to
have to keep an eye on, but you
know... I kinda missed the feeling
of that bag against my lips.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY 1975

JACK(14), now with flowing golden shoulder length hair, leans
against the building harrasing the store's patrons.

JACK

Hey man, got any spare change?
(beat)
Or a smoke, you got a smoke?

An overweight, middle-aged man, TONY exits a huge Cadillac.
As he enters the store he gives Jack a creepy up and down.
Jack notices an older blond woman, CINDY, in the car staring
at him and licking her lips seductively. Tony returns,
extending a hand with a \$20 bill in it.

TONY

You look like you could use some
money kid. You ever do any yard
work?

JACK

I mow the lawn at home, sir.

TONY

Cindy's got some bushes that need trimming. You're looking at an hour or two of work, and two more twenties.

Jack scoops up his skateboard and follows Tony.

Cindy tips the seat forward. Jack hesitates momentarily when he notices her acne scarred skin, dark circles under her eyes, and cigarette stench.

CINDY

What's your name, baby?

EXT. TRACT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The Cadillac pulls up to a worn grey stucco home. Lawn sprinklers spray a rainbow mist.

CINDY

You left the sprinklers on, Tony. Great job.

TONY

It'll dry. I'm giving the little fucker sixty bucks... he can wait.

The three of them enter the house.

INT. TRACT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Neon beer signs, wood panelling, a TV on a large wooden spool, a beat up old recliner, leather sofa, and green shag carpet complete the drunk-chic decor.

TONY

Grab a seat kid.

Jack quickly claims the recliner. Cindy flops down on the sofa, flipping off her sandals.

TONY (CONT'D)

You want something kid? We got soda or something else if you want it.

JACK

Soda please. In the can if you have it.

Tony tosses a Shasta into Jack's lap and hands a drink to Cindy. He turns on a portable radio and sits beside her.

She runs her foot up his leg, leans in and kisses him. He runs his hand up under her terry cloth halter top.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

They wanted to put on a show for a young boy, and I'd already been given the money for admission.

Things progress. Jack sits motionless; watching.

Cindy crawls over to Jack and kisses him. She climbs onto his lap as Tony moves in behind her.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I let them take what they wanted. I closed my eyes, went dark, my body unattached. It was a trick I knew well. And, as an unaffected observer their lecherous groping bothered me not.

EXT. TRACT HOME - LATER

Jack exits, pulling the door shut behind him. He adjusts his pants and tucks several bills into his jeans.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

These creeps taught me about lust and how to use someone to feel good.

He snatches his skateboard from the car, wiping lipstick from his face.

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER - LATER

Jack scrubs furiously.

THE DEMON (V.O.CONT'D)

They taught me about the give and take of abuse. You give some, you take more -let your target feel as if you care, toy with them, create dependency, and then, when you have them dotting on your every move -devour them and pull away that which they crave.

EXT. SUBURBAN TRACT HOME - MORNING 1976

Jack walks down the sidewalk as a car pulls out of the driveway. Its occupant, a middle aged woman dressed for work, drives away. Jack pauses for a moment, before diverting into the backyard.

INT. SUBURBAN TRACT HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack slides through an open window. He snags a pillow off the bed and peels off the case.

He heads for the dresser and begins tossing random bits into the pillowcase. As he ravages, the Demon, wearing muddy cowboy boots lies face-up on the bed.

THE DEMON

It wasn't value I was after so much
as it was the fear. I wanted this
woman to come home and never feel
safe again.

A pair of woman's panties land on the demon.

Jack tears through a drawer full of underwear, the contents flying about the room. Jack grabs a pair of panties and pulls them over his head. He waves a large dildo in the air, holds it at his crotch. He dances seductively and comically.

JACK

Suck this, Tony.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack marches into the kitchen. He rifles through the pantry, grabbing several knives and a bottle of Scotch.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack creeps back toward the bedroom. He stops dead in his tracks.

A blond haired, green eyed GIRL(5), sits on the bed staring through him.

He drops everything, except the booze. His knuckles go white. He backs away. The girl stands and walks toward him. He turns and runs.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs block after block until winded. He peels off his sweatshirt and uses it to wrap the bottle of booze.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Jack sits on a driftwood log, pulling the now open bottle of scotch to his lips.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I hitched a ride to the beach. I was spooked. There are no such things as ghosts, but this young girl was something beyond time.

Jack closes his eyes and drinks again. Upon opening his eyes, he sees the little girl sitting beside him with her hand on his thigh.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I knew this vision couldn't hurt me. I was untouchable, but when I looked at her, I saw pain and hurt and believe it or not... shame.

He drinks again. She squeezes his thigh. His keeps his eyes shut while continuing to drink, feeling her grip lessen.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I could feel it cascading inside - a butcher's knife of warmth cutting a line past my heart -- separating me from the vision of her.

He gulps and opens his eyes to see that she has faded into a soft, semi-translucent watercolor. He stands drunkenly; places his thumb over the opening, splashing the remaining booze on her. As if pigment being washed from a canvas, she fades.

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Striping naked he walks into the shore-break.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Jack's robin-egg blue limbs roll and tumble in the waves. He coughs, spitting a out a mouthful of sea-water, sand and blond hair. He tries to stand. His legs crumble. He tries once more, but resorts to crawling onto dry land.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Jack slowly gathers his clothing. He re-dresses himself.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Wet-suits and surfboards on the porch. Jack knocks on the door, pale and shivering. A pimply faced boy, DAVE (15), with a mop of circus clown hair opens the door.

DAVE

Shit, Grisham, what the fuck happened to you? You look like death.

JACK

I tried. It didn't take.

DAVE

Huh?

JACK

Let me in. I'm freezing.

Dave opens the screen door.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wisps of steam float upward. Jack rests his head against the white porcelain tub.

BANG, BANG, BANG! Dave knocks and pokes his head in.

DAVE

Two fucking hours. Get out.

Jack splashes a handful of water on his face.

JACK

Your fucking water heater is a piece of shit. Next time your dad robs a bank why don't you tell him to get a new one.

DAVE

Get the fuck out. And for your information my dad said he'd get us a keg.

Dave shuts the door. Jack slides down beneath the water.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A crowd of spectators gathers on the berm.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

A good party and a lusty beach
bunny or two was all I needed. I
was back at it the very next day. I
mean, what kind of surfer can
resist waves like these?

Large powerful waves explode along the shore.

Dressed in nothing but a black Speedo and carrying a large
green surfboard with the numbers 666 spray-painted beneath,
Jack walks into the crowd. The kids delight in Jack's brazen
"courage."

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Quiet meditation is a tool of my
adversary. Some say you can hear
his voice in those moments. Well,
fuck his voice. Give me excitement.
More thrills, more noise, more
pleasure, more pain. When I surfed,
the cheers from the beach slammed
the door on the whispers of the
Man, your almighty, God.

Jack grabs his board and runs into the surf.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

The other surfers that were afraid
to enter thought me courageous, but
it wasn't courage that made me
enter - as you know it was my
willingness to be drowned.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - EVENING - 1978

A lemon yellow station wagon sits parked in an otherwise
empty parking lot. A middle finger and "fuck you sky pig"
spray painted on the roof.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

A brief affair with Christianity
and one of it's lamb of god types
in the form of a curvy young lady
brought me here.

(beat)

(MORE)

THE DEMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was a short lived affair that wouldn't stand the test of time or even a simple vandalism charge. When I get out of jail, she confessed to cheating on me. And the sick part was, she felt she deserved to be beaten for cheating on me. It was then I was convinced to rev up my game against the Man.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack slouches down behind the wheel. A pile of spray cans litter the passenger seat.

He twists at the radio dial, scrolling through AM noise. Something catches his ear. A mean guitar chord, angry and biting slices, while the vocals howl.

RADIO

"How many ways to get what you want
I use the best. I use the rest.
I use the enemy. I use anarchy
Cause I... Wanna be... Anarchy"

Jack stops. His jaw drops open. He grins wildly. The radio signal crackles and fades.

NOT-QUITE

(speaking through the
radio)

Is that the Krylon flat black, or
are you going with something
glossier tonight?

JACK

(laughing)

Neither. I thought the priest might
like a cherry red dick and a canary
yellow "cum worship" on his car
door.

The voice cackles with laughter.

NOT-QUITE

Do you like it Jack?

JACK

Do I like what?

NOT-QUITE

The music. It's for you. I want you
to come out.

JACK

You want me to cop to being a demon?

NOT-QUITE

No... I want you to get involved. You're perfect. You want an army? This is where you'll find 'em.

Jack stares at the radio, clueless.

JACK

Huh?

NOT-QUITE

Join a band, you fucking idiot!

The music abruptly returns. Jack looks around the empty car and the empty parking lot. The voice returns.

NOT-QUITE (CONT'D)

By the way, there's an unlocked door on the back of this church. They just got a new PA. It's a little heavy. You might want someone to help you lift it.

Jack exits the car, shaking a rattle can furiously.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COMMONS - DAY

Jack sits atop a picnic table; a close-cropped haircut replacing his blond surfer locks. A tomboyish girl, DANNI(15), hangs on his every word.

JACK

It was fucking glorious. You should've seen it, we emptied that place out.

DANNI

I bet.... Hey Jack, I've got someone you should meet.

Jack spins his head, showing off a new dangler earring and a black eye. Trying to look tough, TODD(16) approaches.

TODD

Hey man, what's up?

JACK

Don't you just love it?

Todd looks at him and over to Danni quizzically.

JACK (CONT'D)
 ...late at night, you're inside a
 home and the owner wakes up and
 hears you.

Todd expression changes to one of demented joy.

TODD
 Yeah.

JACK
 You're running down the street,
 your heart trying to beat its way
 out of your chest—you hear the roar
 of the police cruiser coming hard.

TODD
 Oh, fuck yeah.

JACK
 The cops shouting to their
 partners, the fucking good
 Samaritans getting involved, "he's
 in there, he's in there."

TODD
 I fucking love that shit.

The excitement hangs for a moment and then...

JACK
 Me too.

DANNI
 My mom gave me a guitar for my
 birthday.

Jack jumps down off the picnic table.

JACK
 Perfect. Let's go.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

A dirty teenage hangout, covered in graffiti.

Jack, Danni and Todd march across a skateboard ramp. Danni carries a cheap guitar while Todd carries a portable combo-amp. Todd wipes an area clean, kicking debris off the orange shag carpet.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Todd lived with his grandparents.
They gave us free reign... and, on
the rare occasion that they
questioned our behavior, Todd would
throw a tantrum and tell them to
get back in the house.

Jack sets the amplifier down and plugs it in. Todd snatches
the guitar from Danni's hands.

TODD

You forgot the cord.

DANNI

It's in the back of the amp, Todd.

Jack digs around until he finds it and tosses it at Todd.
Todd plugs the instrument in and whacks at the strings. It
makes a horrendous discordant noise.

DANNI (CONT'D)

You have to tune it.

TODD

Nah...

He pries off the bottom four strings with a switchblade.

TODD (CONT'D)

Too many strings.

Todd wails away, sliding one finger up and down the neck.
Jack howls and screeches random words about ..fuck the
neighbors, murder, death and destruction. Todd eventually
tires. He hangs on to the guitar as it trails off into a
cacophony of feedback.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Jack and Todd recline amongst old bicycles and tombstones.

JACK

We need more stuff.

TODD

Yeah, and a couple more guys.

JACK

Do you know anybody?

TODD
Yeah, Tom and Pat. Do you know
where we can get stuff?

JACK
Yeah, Yeah I do.

EXT. STORE FRONT - NIGHT

Jack takes a shovel to a music store window. The boys with
Christmas smiles jump in.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY

Jack, Todd, PAT, and TOM stand atop the roof looking down on
a bevy of guitars, surfboards, leather pants, sex toys, and
liquor bottles laid out on the driveway.

Todd snaps a photo with an instant camera and hands the photo
paper to Jack.

TODD
I gotta go to school today.

JACK
Yeah, and I gotta find a job... my
dad has been riding my ass.

They jump down and set about stashing away the stolen loot.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack's drives down the PCH. Pat sits shotgun, with two
younger boys in the back seat. They're all dressed in black.

Jack sings along to the sounds from the cassette deck.

RADIO
"Just for you. Here's a love song..
And it makes me glad to say, it's
been a lovely day."

They all join in on the refrain

ALL
... And It's Okay!

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Yeah, the job thing didn't work out so well, but as long as I maintained a proper gone-from-the-house-when-I-should-be-working schedule, and I wasn't asking for money, I'd be all right.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack and crew exit the car. They slink down the sidewalk, their tones hushed. Half a block later they come to a large "Surf & Sport" store with giant plate glass windows.

JACK

Here's how this is gonna work. I'm going in through the roof vent with young blood here. We'll pitch the goods up to you while you wait on the roof. If the cops come, run like hell. If you get caught, keep your fucking mouth shut. Got it?

ALL

Yup!

JACK

Alright. Let's go shopping, boys.

EXT. STORE ROOF TOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jack kicks at a roof vent. It snaps off. He hurls it to the side and drops into the gaping hole. He lowers himself onto a 2-inch sprinkler pipe, and jumps the remaining distance. The youngest burglar in the pack follows right behind him.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS

With assembly-line precision, Jack and the young burglar excise the merchant of an amazing amount of goods in short order. Surfboards, wet-suits, watches, guns, all go flying up and out the hole in the roof.

Loud footsteps race and thud across the rooftop.

JACK

(quiet)

What the fuck are you doing up there?

Silence.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (slightly louder)
 Hey, what the fuck are you doing?

More silence.

Jack, hunched over, slinks to the front window carrying a shotgun.

An armed security guard pops out in front of him. Shaking furiously, he reaches for his pistol. He fumbles it and it falls to the ground. The security guard takes off running.

Jack does the same, heading for the escape hatch.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (yelling at the kid)
 Come on, grab those racks.

They pile store racks beneath the opening. Jack crawls to the top of the pile and jumps the remaining 3 feet to grab the sprinkler pipe. He hoists himself up.

KID
 (crying)
 Don't leave me.

JACK
 Grab my fucking legs. Come on, grab 'em.

Jack hoists the kid and himself up.

EXT. STORE ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

The kid runs away, jumping from the roof. Jack jogs to the back, down a ladder and off into the bushes.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs wildly, dodging sweeping spotlights.

He finds a dark mobile home. He lifts up the skirting around the bottom edge, lays down flat, sucks his belly in and slides beneath the eight-inch gap.

Once underneath he pulls the skirting shut.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 I waited until mid-morning and then
 I casually walked away.
 (MORE)

THE DEMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's amazing I never did any real
 jail time.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - 1979

The grinning face of Todd shines behind the drums.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 Vicious Circle started in 1979. It
 was my first REAL band and our
 first show was at the Fleetwood in
 Redondo Beach.

JACK(18), strolls on stage wearing a straight jacket. He is
 flanked by two new faces. They play a raw version of the
 James Bond theme.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 Steve and Laddie, were now filling
 out guitar and bass. It was a good
 tight unit. Four out of control
 idiots, and our fans were just as
 fucked up as we were. Vicious
 Circle was a maniac attractor.

A crowd of deranged kids swirls in front of the stage.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 The shows were crazy. It was junior
 gladiator school for demons.

A couple of tough, blue collar guys push their way through
 the crowd, eyeballing the goofy looking kids. The band holds
 the "A" resounding note. Tension builds.

Jack hunches down and begins uttering a guttural scream.

JACK
 Go!

They tear into the next song and the punk kids tear into the
 now victims. Vicious chain-saw guitars accompany flailing
 arms and box cutter stabs. Teeth are knocked loose with
 pounding drums and boot stomps.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 The first punks in LA were
 inventive, wild and reckless; but
 they weren't really equipped to go
 toe to toe with the average
 drunken, fag bashing construction
 worker. We were large strapping
 beach kids;
 (MORE)

THE DEMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

our tan bodies built from years of surfing, swimming and skating. Basically, we were the field hands in this evolutionary rock cycle.

INT. RED MUSTANG - NIGHT

Four jocks crammed into the classic muscle car, wearing letterman's jackets and polo shirts cruise down the Pacific Coast Highway.

The car slows. Three young, Mohican sporting punk kids cross the road in front of them. The jock in the passenger's seat swivels his head and sneers at the punks as they pass. He hangs out the window.

JOCK 2

Hey you faggots know where there's a party around here?

The punks ignore the taunts and jog off onto the sand.

The driver stops the car. In the glow of the car's pale yellow headlights sits Jack's now flat-black spray painted station wagon.

JOCK 1

What do you fellas say we park it and go bust some homo noggins?

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The four jocks march across the sand toward an abandoned life guard shack, a bonfire and a swarm of partiers.

EXT. BEACH PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Several dozen punk kids mill about.

A boy, JESS (13) leans with his back up against the wall wearing a silky, navy blue dress. The jocks spot their prey and make their way toward the young boy.

JOCK 1

Look at this little queer.

JOCK 2

Hey baby, you wanna fuck?

They laugh and surround the boy. The leader pushes the boy up against the wall.

From around the corner of the building Jack appears in leather pants, polka dot scarf and spurs; flanked by a dozen punk kids.

The jocks are so enraptured with their prey they hardly notice they've become the prey.

JACK
What's up Jess?

The lead jock turns to Jack.

JOCK 1
Hey, we were just fucking with him.

Jack ignores them and continues speaking to the boy.

JACK
Your sister still working at the
Tastee Freeze?

THE DEMON (V.O.)
I knew she was. We'd driven over
and gotten ice cream before coming
here.

JESS
Yeah.

JACK
So what's up, Jess?

JESS
These assholes are fucking with me.

Jack eyeballs the driver.

JACK
(to Jess)
Do you think we should fuck'em up?
Or do you want to do it?

JESS
What do you mean?

JACK
You can kick his fucking ass, and
if he lays a hand on you, I'll
stomp his fucking throat out.

The kid cocks back, nearly standing on his toes and delivers the first punch. He smiles madly, wailing away.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Years of being picked on were trickling out of this kid's memory, crawling out of his knuckles and expressing themselves with unbridled fury on the driver's head.

The crowd laughs and cheers. The driver covers his face.

JACK

Get your fucking hands down.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Can you imagine? I was gaining a reputation as a local hero. When younger kids started to get into punk they had a "protector" of sorts.

The driver takes two more blows to the face and then turns and runs. Jack and a horde of kids pursue, running in slow motion with looks of crazed glee on their faces.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Some of these young kids walked the border between in and out. The invisible line between jumping in a fight and running. Under the right circumstances, these polo shirted fucks could've terrorized the whole party— maybe a hundred kids, but under the wrong circumstances, and good positive leadership, these wanna be tough guys were vastly outnumbered. Now they find themselves looking down the barrel of a fifty-punk gun.

The jocks reach a bridge, before being overtaken.

Jack grabs the driver by his shirt and pops him in the mouth several times, before backing him against the railing.

The polo-shirted jock looks over his back to the river and the large sharp rocks twenty feet below.

JOCK

Don't...

With a devilish grin, Jack goes for the double leg sweep, but the jock is struggling too much for him to get a good hold.

JACK
 (to the punk kids)
 Come on you little fucks help me
 throw this bitch over.

They're all frozen in terror.

Jack's bandmates appear. Without a word they infer his intention, scooping up the jock and tossing him over.

CRUNCH! Silence.

Jack bursts into uproarious laughter. Jess stands awestruck in the crowd. Jack quickly snatches a beer from another onlooker and hands it to the kid.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Go ahead buddy.

The kid chugs the beer, cocks his arm and takes aim. The bottle flies through the air, landing on the jock's head.

DONK!

Cheers and laughter. Jack puts his arm around the kid as they walk back to the party.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Jack lifts the garage door, squinting at the sun.

A gloss black 1969 Datsun roadster awaits, complete with an airbrushed picture of death on the hood

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 Your world was like a candy
 store—the owner hogtied in the back
 with a dirty sock in his mouth. I
 took whatever I wanted. I gorged
 myself on violence, sex, and every
 pleasure of the flesh you could
 imagine. I became drunk with
 satisfaction.

He jumps in and blasts down the driveway.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 I was also developing a zeal for
 selfish infliction of pain on
 others and some of my victims
 weren't pleased.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack races down the street, and peels around the corner.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
Leaving the house could be
dangerous. There was a long line of
pissed off humans dangling behind
me who would like nothing more than
to see me put to rest.

He stomps on it, the tires squealing mercilessly.

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack downshifts and lets off the gas, swinging on to a
freeway on-ramp. As the tachometer drops he prepares to floor
it when he notices the gas gauge dropping fast.

JACK
What the fuck?

A spray of liquid hits the windshield.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the...?

EXT. FREEWAY ONRAMP - CONTINUOUS

A giant fireball erupts from beneath the hood of Jack's car.
He pulls over and jumps out, rolling on the ground.

EXT. FREEWAY ONRAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Jack seethes, watching the fire trucks dousing his car.

INT. MECHANICS SHOP - DAY

A greasy MECHANIC(37) probes underneath the hood of the
burned roadster.

MECHANIC
Is there any reason to think your
car might have been tampered with?
It looks like your gas lines were
cut.

JACK
Just fix my shit and get me back on
the road.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jack and his Vicious Circle crew wail about the stage.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 Vicious Circle ended where it
 started... at the Fleetwood.
 (beat)
 It was a show like any other...
 scattered fights and blood in the
 parking lot, but so what?

A greasy long-haired biker wrestles a punk into a choke hold.

Jack drops the microphone, takes two quick steps and launches off the stage with a flying sidekick to the bikers head. His spurs slice the biker's face. Blood gushes. He's out cold.

Jack jumps back on the stage, swooping up the microphone, and jumping right back into the song.

DEMON (V.O.)
 I was pretty sure he'd be getting a
 new nickname... "One-Eye"

The crowd cheers with a bloodthirsty growl. The injured biker stumbles to his feet and pushes his way outside.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Bleeding profusely, One-Eye opens a motorcycle saddle bag. He pulls out a shiny revolver and jams it in his waist band.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

One Eye pushes his way in. He holds the gun by his side.

One of the punk kids notices this and runs for the stage, attempting to tackle Jack.

KID
 You've got to go.

JACK
 (off mic)
 What?

KID
 You're done man. You've got to go.

The kid continues to pull Jack off stage.

POLICE
Drop your weapon!

Half-dozen uniformed officers surround the biker. Jack bolts off stage and out the back door.

INT. GRISHAM HOME - BATHROOM - LATER

Sweat-soaked and crazy Jack stares in the mirror.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
It was time to move on. I'd let my parents, family, and friends clean up the mess. I decided to take a long holiday trip to Alaska. Vicious Circle was through.

INT. JET AIRLINER - NIGHT

Lightning flashes outside the windows. A cabin of seasick travelers are tossed about. Jack walks to the back of the plane, reveling in their fear.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
Alaska was a drag. It might have been beautiful, but twenty fucking hours of daylight. A log cabin with no running water. Fucking bugs everywhere. Two weeks and I'd had enough.

He finds an empty row of seats and stretches out. He's nearly asleep, when an attractive stewardess sits beside him.

STEWARDESS
(Not-Quite's voice)
Do you think that's funny, kicking his eye out?

JACK
Hey, what the fuck?

STEWARDESS
I think it's fucking hilarious, almost as funny as you running away like a little bitch. You have a nice rest, baby? Two weeks enough? Is my little Jackie all refreshed and ready to go?

JACK

Come-on, man. I didn't know what the fuck to do. You didn't tell me. Get involved. That's it; that's all you said. So I got involved, but I couldn't keep it up could I? That fucking biker was going kill me. What the fuck good am I dead?

STEWARDESS

Oh, you're a willful one, aren't you big boy?

She puts her hand on his arm.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

You want a hand job?

JACK

Come on, man....

STEWARDESS

Look, Baby, when you're fucking up I'll tell you. Don't trip. Just keep going.

(beat)

Now, here's what's going to happen. You're going to go home and lay low. Get yourself a job—a shit job that you can just blow off when I tell ya. We're gonna let things cool off a bit and then, I'll let you know when I'm ready for you.

She reaches over and grabs his crotch.

JACK

Ow fuck. Come on, man, let go.

He attempts to pry her hand off.

STEWARDESS

(Her own voice)

You'll be a new man soon.

(beat)

By the way, I think you just lost the engine on that wing.

She releases her grip, stands and straightens herself.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY - 1980

The shiny, repainted roadster (sans death mural) creeps out of the garage, Jack behind the wheel wearing a dark blue pantsuit, pink scarf, and gold hoop earrings.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I went straight for a while but all it took was one phone call from an old friend and it was on.

Jack accelerates out of the driveway.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack bursts through the front door of a party in full swing, his scarf and hair now mussed. Punks of all ages, double take at his new uniform and freshly bloodied knuckles.

PUNK 1

Do you know who that is?

PUNK 2

It's Jack from VC

Jack stalks through the party to whispers, greetings and salutations.

JACK (V.O.)

I suddenly realized what the Not-Quite had wanted. I was to establish a reputation that could never come into question- one that would grow even without any other action on my part, one that fed on itself. You don't need to keep sticking your hand into a lion's mouth to know it has teeth. People knew I bit and that was enough.

EXT. GRISHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Wearing ratty clothing held together with safety pins, Todd rings the doorbell.

Mrs. Grisham opens the door. She is crestfallen at the site, but resigns herself to his presence.

TODD

Hey Mrs. Grisham, is Jack home?

MRS. GRISHAM

Come on in.

She opens the door.

INT. TODD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Parked in front of the Grisham house, Jack sits in the passenger seat of a light green 70's Cadillac. Todd beams eagerly from the behind the wheel, with two new faces in the backseat, MIKE (18) and RON (18).

JACK

What's up man? You wanna lighten a music store?

TODD

Nah, Big Man. We got a band and we want you to sing for us.

Jack spins his head.

TODD (CONT'D)

You know Ron and Mike?

MIKE

It'd be great, man. With you and Todd, we'll fucking kill it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S CAR - NIGHT - 1981

The four, now wear stage clothes, Jack in a pirate shirt and dyed black hair. The radio crackles with snarling guitars.

RON

Hey... that's us. Turn it up.

Todd reaches over and cranks the dial on the car stereo, blasting the sound of "Abolish Government".

Hundreds of punk kids mingle outside the car, parked beneath a "Cuckoo's Nest" sign. The song ends and the DJ resounds.

RODNEY

Okay then, that was the True Sounds of Liberty; with Abolish Government slash Silent Majority.

Jack exits the car to a wave of adoring fans.

EXT. CUCKOO'S NEST PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The four filter their way through the crowd.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The band pushes through the door and past the bouncers.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

TSOL had an instant following. Todd and I attracted all the Vicious Circle crazies and Mike and Ron brought the kids from beach. It didn't hurt that we were all over 6 foot. A fucked-up beach boys thug kinda vibe, but our harmonies were aggression and larceny.

An opening band pumps out a sea of visceral noise.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Funny as it may seem, we actually caught a little behind the back heat for being too good looking. I remember one of these bitches saying that we were "so good looking that what could we possibly have to complain about?" Personally, I had nothing to complain about; I was having a fucking blast.

They push through throbbing crowd into a back room full of amplifiers and guitar cases.

INT. NIGHT CLUB DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack premps before a mirror.

The grind of electric music goes quiet, replaced by a howling roar. A group of sweaty young men come bouncing in.

SWEATY YOUNG MAN

You're up. Try not to kill anyone.

Jack winks and blows him a kiss.

INT. NIGHT CLUB STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The boys crowd on to a small clamshell stage in the corner.

They begin with a throbbing tribal beat. A heavy bass riff and loud distorted guitar follow.

Jack swan dives into the pit. He's carried by the crowd.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

A cardboard box marked "Dance With Me LPs" floats through the air. Jack carries the box to a small RV. The band carries drums, amps and guitars in a processional line.

INT. CAMPER VAN - DAY

MIKE(29), the manager, pilots the box van down the highway with a vacant stare. His wife CINDY(27), sits in the passenger seat.

The boys fuck off and drink amidst fast-food wrappers, dirty socks, and empty beer cans. Jack stares out the window.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Our manager thought it was time to
take our act on the road—give
America a little taste of what TSOL
was serving up.

(beat)

I thought it was a mistake.

INT. SMALL INDEPENDENT RECORD COMPANY - MID-DAY

A few punk kids busy at work. One of them sits at a desk working on an anti-TSOL poster. The Demon walks among them.

THE DEMON

We weren't necessarily liked away
from home. Our long hair and
drunken pirate demeanor didn't sit
well with the "we don't do drugs or
accept blow-jobs" crowd. These kids
thought "real punk" was principled.

The Demon grabs a poster and opens a door...

INT. OLD APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The Demon saunters down a shitty apartment building hallway. He enters a door covered with graffiti.

INT. SQUALID APARTMENT - CON

A fucked up punk sits on a ratty couch amidst empty beer cans, bottles, and drug paraphernalia.

DEMON

Real punk isn't fun or glamorous,
and it sure as fuck ain't
principled. Real punk means that
against your best intentions,
you're sitting in a lonely
apartment with your head in your
hands wondering how the fuck you
ruined your life. Real punk is ugly
and dangerous and heartbreaking to
those that love you. Real punk
means that you can't show up or
wont show up, no matter how much
you wanna show up. Real punk is
letting people down and knowing
that whatever you love is gonna be
gone... unless you get a touch of
divine intervention--and guess what?
The Man is too busy to pay a real
punk any mind.

INT. CAMPER VAN - DAY

Jack gazes out the window. The sky has turned an ominous green. Rain spits.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

That tour was a trip back to the
Dark Ages--you gotta remember, it
was only a decade or so away from
the old Jim Crow laws and although
we weren't black, they didn't want
any dirty L.A. punks drinking out
of their faucets or sitting in
their clean little diners either.

The camper pulls to a stop. Red and blue lights flash. Two officers approach with weapons drawn.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

They searched everyone.

(beat)

Thankfully we'd just mailed home a
box of stolen guns. I came up
clean... as did everyone else.

(MORE)

THE DEMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They should have taken a knife and opened a few stomachs—I could have told them who was holding the Valium.

Jack closes his eyes.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I couldn't wait to go home.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING - 1982

Jack rides his long ago outgrown bicycle. Stops. Parks it and enters. He returns carrying a 5th of Jack Daniels.

JACK

(to camera)

Six A.M., July twenty second. I bought my first legal drink. The clerk at the local liquor store was a bit confused—especially when I actually flashed him my I.D. I'd been buying here for years.

He opens the bottle and takes a large pull on the sidewalk. He throws the cap and mounts the bicycle.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks through the front door. Mrs. Grisham looks up, spotting the bottle in his hand.

MRS. GRISHAM

Please don't.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - LATER

Jack sits at the kitchen table, the open bottle before him and the phone receiver cradled against his ear.

JACK

Yeah... man, it's on. They're totally cool with it.

Mr. And Mrs. Grisham scoot past, toting their travel bags.

MR. GRISHAM

Try not to burn the house down, huh? And keep that white trash outside—tell Todd not to piss in the pool.

Jack acknowledges them with a quick nod and a smile.

EXT. GRISHAM BACKYARD - LATER

The backyard and pool swarm with hundreds of partygoers.

A teenager jumps off the roof. He misjudges the distance, his head smacking the edge of the pool, blood spilling.

Jack walks through the horde, pulling off the bottle like it was lemonade. The demon follows with a replica bottle.

THE DEMON

If you showed up you were swimming.
Leather jacket, spiked hair, or an
eight-ball of cocaine in your
pocket. Everybody got wet.

Jack and the demon wanders over to the hot tub.

JACK

Hey, how many of you do you think
we could fit in this jacuzzi?

A handful of half-dressed kids jump into the steaming pool.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on. We can do better than
that.

One by one, boys and girls pile into the hot tub.

JACK (CONT'D)

The record is 14. We can beat it.

Three more unlucky souls squeeze in. Most loving the exhilaration of pressed flesh. Jack sets the bottle down, pulls down his trunks and begins pissing.

THE DEMON

Most people will never know what
it's like to do whatever you
want—short of intentional murder,
and not worry about the outcome. I
just urinated all over fifteen kids
and nobody did a thing about it. I
was at a point in my life where
anything I did was cool to
somebody. Maybe not the person I
was doing it to - but somebody else
always thought it was funny.

EXT. GRISHAM BACKYARD - EVENING

Only the remnants of chaos remain. Hamburger patties and kegs float in the pool. Kids passed out on the lawn amidst puke.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jack leans on his car parked just outside open bay doors. Grips carry racks of lighting and camera gear past.

Someone tosses a leather jacket with a TSOL logo to Jack. He inspects it and smiles.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

TSOL was to appear in a movie--an underground punk rock exploitation flick--hopefully, one with teenage sex and gratuitous violence. It was exactly what I needed. The perfect vehicle to reach a larger audience.

With jacket slung over his shoulder he glides into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kids, cameras and punkettes fawn over Jack. TSOL takes the stage. Cameras roll. The kids slam ferociously.

DIRECTOR

Cut!

The action stops immediately. The dancers revert back to safe well-behaved extras.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Action!

The extras put on their war faces and let it rip.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Jack in ruffled tuxedo shirt, "Indian" braided hair, sits in the passenger seat of a 30 foot motor home. He stares out the window at the scrolling scenery. Todd hands him a bottle.

The motorhome passes a movie theatre. Jack's glances up at the marquee of the movie house. In large black letters it reads "Suburbia."

EXT. TEXAS DESOLATION HIGHWAY 10 - DAY

The barren wastelands of Texas roll by.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

The standard procedure for any working band was: make a record and go on tour. It was BULLSHIT. Now that we were about to get national attention with a movie, why the fuck would we want to leave home? I'd seen the U.S. and as far as I knew, it wasn't any different from the last time.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

The RV covered in dirt parks in front of a building with a canvas awning that reads: "CBGB OMFUG." The band spills out. Street bums scoot beneath the RV for warmth.

INT. MOTOR HOME - LATER

Jack thumbs through a girlie mag while a decrepit bum slumps up against the building. The bum places a paper bag between his knees and uses his mouth to tip it back.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Shit, he was a demon alright, but in all my lives I had never seen one like this.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack exits the vehicle and sits down next to the bum.

BUM

Motherfucker won't let me die.

JACK

Who won't, pops?

BUM

Him... the man you work for.

The bum holds up his wrists. They are crisscrossed with scars as if he tried to cut 'em off with a chainsaw.

BUM (CONT'D)

You think I don't want it?

(beat)

(MORE)

BUM (CONT'D)

I used to be like you, doing what you do, getting what you got, but I picked this up and it turned on me.

The old man holds up a bottle of MD 20/20

BUM (CONT'D)

I tried to make it better when I first started to hurt. I drank all I could, and it worked, but then it stopped working. I couldn't get comfort no more. And the days without it... fuck, those days are even worse.

He downs the last gulp, and then holds it up to his eye.

BUM (CONT'D)

There's always a spider in there.

He catches the last drop with his tongue; begins sobbing.

Jack walks away, returning seconds later carrying a full case of whisky and a stack of red Dixie cups. He opens a bottle, takes a long pull.

JACK

Hey, Ron. Give me a hand here.

The boys organize a whiskey soup line. Within moments the sidewalk is buzzing with every wino, junkie, and hobo in the Bowery. Police cars swarm. The boys walk away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks for blocks, stopping when he encounters a prostitute in a red plastic skirt and torn stockings.

PROSTITUTE

You dating, baby?

JACK

Where you wanna go?

She leads him down an alley, leans up against the wall and spreads her legs. Jack goes in for a kiss.

PROSTITUTE

(Not-Quite's voice)

I don't like the company you keep.

JACK

Motherfuck!

PROSTITUTE

Do you want to end up like that sack of shit back there? Maybe I could get him to make space in his box for you. Is that what you're looking for?

JACK

No. I was just wonder... I've never

PROSTITUTE

You never what? You never want to go back to California?

JACK

No. I just -

PROSTITUTE

You just continue driving the way I steer, and stay away from the booze. I can smell your breath and you fucking stink.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

(her voice returns)

That'll be twenty bucks baby.

Jack recoils in horror and walks away.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

Hey you owe me twenty.

(screaming)

Roger! This motherfucker just walked after I loved him. ROGER!

Jack keeps walking. The New York high-rises and busy streets dissolve into a California beach town...

EXT. BEACH MAIN STREET - DAY

Jack walks down a surf-town street. He's met by a bevy of catcalls and whistles.

He stops and talks to a young pretty blonde, VICKIE(16). He plays with her hair and touches her hand. She smiles and giggles. A few passers-by cast him dirty looks.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Ahh, my Vickie. She was so sweet and so innocent that when my father first saw her, he begged me to let her go. I think he was jealous.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT - 1983

A line of punks stretches around the block.

INT. S.I.R. STUDIOS - NIGHT

A large cavernous room full of overhead lighting trusses and a makeshift stage teems full of kids.

The demon stands on a catwalk peering down at the crowd.

THE DEMON

I had everything a demon could
want...money, a car, a large room,
no bills, ...and yet, I was bored.

The air is filled with an ominous keyboard chord.

INT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and band, lead the crowd through a raging number. Kids jump on stage, slamming into the band and Jack before diving back into the audience.

The song ends. A Security guard grabs a microphone.

SECURITY GUARD

(Heavy French accent)

Zee police. Zhey are gathering
outside. Zhey vish us to leave.

JACK

He said there's a busload of raging
homosexuals outside and they want
our asses.

The crowd goes wild.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm not fucking around. They mean
business.

JACK

(imitating the accent)

I'm not fucking around.

The crowd howls. Jack spots a handful of police officers.

JACK (CONT'D)

If we all sit on the floor they'd
have to pull us out one by one.

In unison the entire audience hits the floor. The police look on in bewilderment. The band after a moment of silence plays a spotty rendition of, "Give Peace a Chance."

Jack watches as the police begin to drag kids out.

JACK (CONT'D)

There are more of us than there are of them. Let's get 'em!

The audience jump to their feet and charge the doors.

EXT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thousands of punks spill out onto the street, launching at the police with abandon. A full on riot explodes. Bottles smash. Heads are busted open.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Sometimes your world can be overflowing with... well, lets say blessings. Your wildest dreams can be splashed across your life. And then one day you realize, it's not enough. Your banquet tastes like sand.

(beat)

The next day I called the boys and quit the band.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jack walks in carrying a shotgun.

He walks to the bench and opens the jaws of the vice.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

It was all I knew—let people build their dreams around me and when they had hope, when they thought everything was going to be OK, I smashed their hope and their dreams into the ground and I stomped on the broken pieces.

Jack clamps the shotgun in place and grabs a hacksaw.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Besides, I was tired of having a front row of pimply-faced boys at my shows. I preferred skirts, perfume, soft skin, and lipstick...

He builds up a sweat as he lays into the hardened steel. He pushes through the metal until the barrel detaches and falls to the ground with a clunk.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I wanted to do something that would appeal to the ladies. Something sensitive and wistful. A band for lovers. A Cathedral of Tears.

Jack walks out holding the shotgun.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

An R&B record spins on the turntable. Jack vamps androgynous in front of the mirror.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I was expanding my musical horizons—walking away from the punk world and becoming inflamed with soul. For my birthday a friend's girlfriend got me tickets to Luther Vandross at the Universal. "Sure" she said, "Bring your friends."

EXT. UNIVERSAL AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Three men and a girl exit backstage. She's laughs and romantically grabs first one then the others.

THE DEMON

...Her boyfriend was excluded.
(beat)
Afterward, we took an unauthorized tour of the studio lot... and an authorized tour of my friend's girl.

INT. STUDIO FAB HOUSE - NIGHT

Bare plywood, stairways, bare bulbs. Three men and a woman "going at it" she's calling the shots.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

...And again in the car on the way home.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack's car blast down the freeway. The same group of nudes in the car--the passenger seat pushed back.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

You've got to love a woman that knows what she wants. She exercised both her sexuality and vindictiveness. Her boyfriend, who last week had been caught cheating, exercised his right to cry like a bitch.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vickie sulks, dressed in a sexy nightshirt. Jack walks through the door.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

When I got home, Vickie was waiting. She could smell the sex on me--saw the lipstick smeared across my face.

He picks up on her disapproving look.

JACK

They made me do it. You know how they are. Making fun of me, teasing me about loving Luther and all--they told me to prove I wasn't gay by doing it--I had to.

He grabs Vickie and holds her as she tries to pull away.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on baby, I love you.

She reluctantly gives in. They fall on the bed and make-out.

The demon picks up Vickie's cast off panties and he holds them to his nose. He inhales.

THE DEMON

I'm pretty sure she would have preferred a monogamous, loving relationship and I might have told her that that was what we had, but she knew better, and took what she could.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks down the driveway to his awaiting roadster. He tosses the shotgun in the car and drives off.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Jack drives down the street, looking side to side.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

There was a time that nobody would think about fucking with what was mine. Certainly not stealing a surfboard from the side of my house.

Jack skids the car into a driveway and jumps out. A STONER, on the sidewalk gives Jack the head nod.

STONER

Hey Grisham, What's up bro?

JACK

Did you steal my board?

STONER

Fuck you, man. I didn't steal anything.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Do you see? Do you see what I'm talking about? He's "fuck you-ing" me in broad daylight.

Jack whips the shotgun out and jams it in the stoner's face.

JACK

Get in the car... bro.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack backs his car up to the open garage. He opens the trunk. The stoner, bleeding from the mouth, crawls out. Jack jabs the shotgun in his ribs, shoving him into the garage and pulling the door shut

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A surfboard bag hangs from the rafters. Jack swings at it with a 2x4. It lands with a dull thud. Muffled screams.

JACK
 You like taking what doesn't belong
 to you?

Jack swings again. Screams from the bag. The sound of
 children playing outside.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Shit.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 I forgot my Aunt was coming over.
 It was Easter. I should probably go
 in and give her a kiss on the
 cheek, maybe grab a deviled egg,
 and pick this up later.

Jack drops the 2x4 on the ground.

JACK
 Don't go anywhere. Be right back.

Muffled objections from the hanging bag.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Jack shivers, huddled on a rock.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 I was getting concerned about some
 of my skills slipping. People
 didn't fear and respect me like
 they used to. I wished the Not-
 Quite would show and get me
 straightened out.

Jack spots a blurry human-like figure walking toward him.

THE MAN
 Is it OK if I could sit by you?

JACK
 Am I in any position to deny you?

The hazy figure sits down on the rock next to Jack.

THE MAN
 Do you know you're sick, Jack?

JACK
 The fuck are you talking about?

THE MAN

Why do you think he's staying away?
You ever wonder what it's like to
hurt?

JACK

I've been hurt. I like it.

THE MAN

I'm not talking about physical
pain—although when a human is
suffering emotional pain it affects
each body differently.

JACK

Well that's good for them, huh?

THE MAN

Did you think lonely was going to
feel like this?

JACK

I don't feel anything.

DEMON (V.O.)

I knew I was lying the moment I
said it.

THE MAN

Do you remember Raziel?

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Raziel was a demon and he got the
sickness. When a demon gets the
sickness, he becomes human; he
crosses over.

Jack quints through the haze, trying to get a glimpse of the
Man.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Now you might be thinking.. What's
so bad about that? Well, when God
created humans he created them with
the need to seek connection...
ultimately, to seek him, and I'll
be fucked if I was ever going that
route.

JACK

Yeah, he was a bitch. I'll take
myself out before I come crawling
to you.

THE MAN
He's not going to let you die.

JACK
What do you mean?

THE MAN
He doesn't care about you and he's going to enjoy watching you suffer. I can help you, but I can't do a thing until you ask me.

JACK
Don't wait up, huh?

Jack starts laughing.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm not sick. I'm never turning to you.

The Man walks away and utters almost inaudibly...

THE MAN
I'm sorry for your loss.

Jack jumps off the rock and follows after him.

JACK
What did you say?

THE MAN
I said, I'm sorry for your loss. He was a good man.

JACK
Hey!

Jack calls out, but the figure disappears.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Jack reclines on the sofa. The phone rings and rings. It stops ringing and within seconds starts ringing again. Jack angrily stomps over to the phone.

JACK
Yeah?

MRS. GRISHAM (O.C.)
(frantic)
Your father's had a heart attack.

JACK

Hmmmm.

MRS. GRISHAM (O.C.)

He's at the Navy hospital in San Diego. It doesn't look good. He's resting now, but the doctor is concerned.

JACK

Are you coming home?

MRS. GRISHAM (O.C.)

No, I'm going to stay here with your father and when -

Jack hangs up the phone.

INT. NAVY HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack walks a hallway full of med carts and empty trays. The Demon walks behind him. Jack hesitates at the door. The demon strolls in. Jack, after a deep breath, enters.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack's father lays before him, oxygen tubes run to his nose. A heart monitor beats steady and slow. Jack clears his throat. Mr. Grisham slowly opens his eyes.

JACK

Hey Dad.

Mr. Grisham attempts to smile.

THE DEMON

I'd never wanted to see my father's death before, but I saw it now. He was going to die.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEAR FUTURE

The doctor pounding on Jack's father's chest before giving up and calling the time of death. The body lays silent.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. GRISHAM

(muttering)

I... I love you.

Jack stands silent and speechless, his hands clasped in front of him. The demon stands nearby, mimicking Jack's pose.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

My father had only said those words once before. He was trying to hug me which was strange, being as he never touched me... at least not bare handed.

FLASHBACK

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY 1969

Mr. Grisham paces back and forth. Young Jack scowls.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I'd gotten into a real fucked mix-up. I'd been beating on a kid no one should be beating on—a special kid. I didn't hurt him much, just slapped him around and took some of his stuff. My poor father had no idea what to do with me.

Mr. Grisham gets down on one knee and throws his arms around the boy.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I thought he was going to try and bear hug me unconscious.

A tear falls from the father on to his son's head.

MR. GRISHAM

I love you son.

YOUNG JACK

I hate you.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack stares at his father. The Demon moves around them.

THE DEMON

What the fuck did he think I was going to say? The only time I used the word love was when I needed something. What exactly did he love about me? I was a fuck;

(MORE)

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

a vicious, self-seeking fuck, who had done nothing to earn his respect, or his love.

(beat)

Love is weak. It's a setup to get hurt. It's vulnerability and I didn't want it.

Mr. Grisham reaches out a hand toward his son.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

I could feel a small touch of that sickness creeping inside—the sadness, wanting to rush in, wanting me to break. Hold, please hold.

JACK

I'll mow the lawn when I get home.

Jack walks out, leaving Mr. Grisham, lying in his bed. The Demon stays beside him.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY

Jack rips his father's clothes out of the closet and jams them in a trash bag.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

After calling all our relatives and letting them know my dad had died, I put his clothes in garbage bags and dumped them outside. It was the least I could do; after all, I'd never mowed the lawn.

EXT. MILITARY CEMETERY - DAY

A handful of mourners gather before a flag draped casket, Jack is conspicuously absent.

EXT. BEACH CLIFF - NIGHT

The demon walks along a deserted cliff, bottle in hand. He takes deep drinks as he walks. Jack walks silently behind.

THE DEMON

I didn't bother going to his funeral. There was a court case over his death.

(MORE)

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

He'd had the heart attack at work,
so it was possibly a job related
fatality. My mother claimed,
"stress."

(beat)

Yeah, the lawyers said, "It was
stress alright." They said that he
was stressed from the strain that I
put him through; he was stressed
from the jailing and the
drunkenness and the insanity...
They said the stress of fathering
me killed him.

The demon tosses the empty bottle onto the beach parking lot.
It just bounces across the asphalt.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

My mom settled out of court.

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - NIGHT

A trashed room. Broken gear and show posters litter the
floor. Jack sits alone in an old, cast-off chair. The demon
lounges on the arm of the chair.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

Becoming sick ruined everything. My
band members jumped ship. They said
I was violent and unstable.

The demon picks up the shotgun from Jack's lap and waves it
as he speaks.

THE DEMON (CONT'D)

Fuck them. You're a pain in my ass
if you don't go along with the
program, and if you think I'm going
to listen to you, when it's my life
we're talking about, well, then
you're a fucking idiot.

(beat)

But, there was no doubt I was
slipping, what with these bullshit
cowards ripping me off and crybaby
band guys not wanting to play with
me and people not believing my
"stories" anymore. I decided I'd
try going straight. I'd give up
music and get a job.

INT. MR. GRISHAM'S CAR - DAY

With slicked back hair, sweater vest, collared shirt and skinny tie, Jack cruises down a busy freeway in his father's beige four door Honda sedan.

INT. SMALL RETAIL STORE OFFICE - DAY

A STORE MANAGER(26) with a light pink Miami-vice suit sits behind a cheap desk, a meek looking Jack across from him.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Look at this pathetic fuck. It's not even his office. Fuck his power trip.

The manager leans back and puts a pair of shiny night clubbing shoes on the desk.

INSERT: Quick flashes of Jack launching over the desk, beating the manager senseless and sitting on his chest.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I thought about beating his fucking ass and sitting on his chest as he sobbed—unzipping my pants, pulling my cock out, and then making him kiss the tip of it before he apologized for being such a cunt. Instead...

Jack feigns a pleasant smile.

STORE MANAGER

I'm prepared to offer you five-dollars an hour... plus commission.

JACK

Thank you. I can start tomorrow.

INT. MR. GRISHAM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Congested traffic. Jack cuts off the car behind him. Repeated honking. Jack gives a wave.

A car with three angry young males pulls up beside. They gesture for Jack to pull over. He whips to the right and pulls onto an off ramp.

EXT. FREEWAY OFFRAMP - CONTINUOUS

Jack jumps out of the car, shotgun in hand. The other car slams to a stop, quickly reverses back up the ramp. Jack levels the sawed off shotgun at the retreating car and fires.

BLAM!

Horns honk and cars slide to a panicked stop on the freeway. Jack casually walks back to his father's car, tosses the shotgun in and drives off.

INT. MR. GRISHAM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack zigzags through a residential neighborhood. He stashes the weapon.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
Guess I'm calling in sick.

He pulls away from a stop sign. Red lights appear in his rearview mirror. A short siren blast. BWEEP BWEEP.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
Fuck. There goes my day job. A sawed off shotgun is a federal crime--a supposed five year minimum, and, I'd just unloaded it on a carload of citizens.
(beat)
Worst of all, I was wearing stripes with plaid.

Jack pulls over and rolls down the window. The OFFICER(42) approaches with his hand resting on his service revolver.

OFFICER
(Not Quite's Voice)
How does it feel to be such a fucking maggot?

JACK
Oh, shit, man, am I glad to see you. Something's wrong. I'm getting sick. Everything is falling to shit. Nobody listens anymore.

OFFICER
You done?

JACK
Can you make it stop?

OFFICER

I wish.

(beat)

It's real complicated shit. I tried to get an answer out of the Man one time, but He gave me nothing.

JACK

What's going to happen to me?

OFFICER

I know you're going to hurt real bad, and no matter what that motherfucker tells you, I ain't keeping you around to see you suffer. Whether you live or die is out of my hands. I'm not sure exactly what you go through, but, if you get like them-

The officer points to the drivers in the passing cars.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

-Its either suffer or submit.

JACK

Why don't you just take me out? Fucking shoot me, take me back.

OFFICER

You ain't listening. I can't. There are no more round trips for you.

(beat)

Look, I like you. You've put more thorns in that motherfucker's side than any of my other men, but there ain't a fucking thing I can do.

JACK

So I'm just gonna go human? And then what? What happens when I die?

OFFICER

Just like these other fucking animals, you go back into Him.

JACK

Not gonna do it. I ain't dying, and I ain't submitting.

OFFICER

I'd love to see it, but... you know we can't win.

Jack stares forward.

JACK

Isn't there anything I can do?

OFFICER

If I was you, I'd get fucked up and I'd stay fucked up.

JACK

What?

OFFICER

I'm gonna tell you something that I've only ever told one other, and then I'm gonna split, because frankly you're starting to stink. When Raziel crossed-over, it was quick - it wasn't all dragged out like you got going, and he didn't have your taste for the booze.

(beat)

You think I ain't been watching you stick that shit down your throat? You might be fooling your mother about those pills, but you don't fool me--anyway, that's how you can hold him back.

JACK

What? With what?

OFFICER

LISTEN TO ME! The alcohol, the weed, the pills - anything you can stick in that fucking brain of yours. When you start hurting or feeling sorry for yourself or feeling disconnected. Basically feeling like a fucking human... drink up, smother yourself... you remember, like your buddy on the street.

JACK

He was miserable.

OFFICER

Ha. I didn't say you were going to be happy.

JACK

How long do you think I got?

OFFICER

I don't know, for some reason I
can't see your end.

A car flies past.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I gotta go. You hold out, huh?

The officer walks back to his squad car. Jack sits pondering.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY

Jack cradles the phone receiver against his ear, wearing a
pair of short shorts and a ripped up tank top.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Vickie had decided it was time to
take our relationship to the next
level and move into my mom's with
me. This was going to be a first.
I'd never had a twenty-four-hour-a
day girlfriend.

JACK

Yep... I won't... I know. I can't
wait.

A squeak of boards. Jack peers through the blinds at a couple
of police officers approaching the house.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm sorry Vick, somebody's at
the door. I'll call you back.

He lays the receiver down and opens the door, speaking to the
officers through a locked screen door.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's up?

COP1

Are you Jack?

JACK

Yeah. Why?

COP1

We wanna ask you a couple
questions. Will you come outside?

JACK

No.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

These two seemed to appreciate the flow of Dragnet style dialogue. You don't wanna go getting them all riled with a whole string of confusing verbiage—and, in case it ever happens to you, you never go outside if you're asked. If you're in the house, the only way they can arrest you is with a warrant.

COP2

Okay. Do you know Greg Talbot?

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Fuck, is that what this is about? Greg was the brother of a girl I slept with. He came into the store the other day and used a stolen credit card—at least I figured it was. No reason to lie about this deal. I was innocent.

JACK

I saw him in the store last week. Why?

COP1

That's it?

JACK

Yeah. I didn't even ring him up.

COP2

So you knew he was buying something?

JACK

I knew he was standing at the register.

COP1

And that's it, you just saw him?

JACK

Yeah.

COP1

Okay, hey, we're sorry, Jack You know how these things get. Somebody sees somebody and it all gets blown out of whack. I hope we didn't disturb you on your day off.

(MORE)

COP1 (CONT'D)

They told us you were doing really good over there—big difference from the punk thing, yeah?

JACK

Yeah, big difference.

COP2

Hey, I hate to ask, but could you sign a record for my kid?

JACK

Yeah sure.

Jack unlatches the door. He steps outside.

EXT. GRISHAM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Barefoot, Jack follows the officers to their cruiser.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

You got to love this, fucking hard-on cop with a punk rock kid.

The first officer rummages through the trunk.

COP1

Shit, I thought I had it in here.

COP2

I guess we're just going to have to arrest you for armed robbery then.

JACK

What?

In a flash, Jack is slammed up against the car and handcuffs are slapped on his wrists. He is promptly stuffed in cruiser.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I spent the night in jail, before being bailed out by my mom's attorney.

(beat)

No one believed that I was innocent. I wasn't even in the area when it went down, but due to my stellar reputation as a liar, cheat and a vicious fuck-up, even my mother thought I did it.

EXT. JAIL HOUSE - MORNING

Jack walks the lonely sidewalk by himself. He reaches into his pocket and pops several Valium.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

The lawyer wanted me to get some reference letters— something to show the judge that I was a good boy, but there wasn't one person I knew who would stand up and vouch for me—especially not in print. I was fucked.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - LATER

Jack walks through the front door looking defeated. Vickie awaits him on the sofa.

VICKIE

Hey baby, can we talk?

Jack sits down on the sofa beside her.

JACK

Yeah, what's up?

VICKIE

I'm pregnant.

JACK

Great.

Jack swallows hard.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

There I was, twenty-five years old, living at my mother's, out on bail for an armed robbery charge, no job, no money, a string of enemies twenty miles long, and I'm going to be a dad. Solid.

She smiles and slides next to him.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - MORNING

The phone rings and a groggy Jack picks it up.

JACK

Yeah... mmm hmmm.... What?

He rubs his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Really?... No way. That is good news. Well, thanks for calling and you have a super day too.

He hangs up the phone.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

The charges had been dropped.

He pulls a bottle of Vodka out of the freezer, spins the cap off and takes a long pull.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - EVENING

Punks pour in and out of another loud party house. Jack stumbles out bouncing down the stairs and bumping into a tall, attractive but very young blond, with green eyes, CASEY (15). She grabs him by the arm.

JACK

Sorry, didn't mean to... you know what, fuck that. I'm glad I bumped into you.

CASEY

Me too.

She smiles at him and enters the party. Jack wanders to his car, leans back against the hood, lights up a cigarette and stares back at the house.

The front door of the house pops open. Casey exits looking all around.

JACK

Hey. Over here.

She bounds over to him.

CASEY

Can I bum a cigarette?

JACK

Sure.

He slides one out of the pack and hands it to her. He lights it for her as her hands tremble. She inhales and leans back against the front of the car, next to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
What's your name?

CASEY
Casey.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
She was just shy of sixteen. Now I know what you're thinking, but for all my behavior I wasn't one who preyed on children. No demon ever sets out to hurt a child. We leave that to you.

(beat)
Besides, her eyes were much older, and we could just be friends... I'd never had one of those.

Jack and Casey finish their cigarettes and snub them out on the ground. He opens the passenger door for her.

He starts the car and drives off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Casey and Jack make out in the front seat of his car.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
Of course the friend thing didn't last. But man, when she kissed me it was... well... I've heard you humans describe kisses as electric flashes of intense lustful light spreading through the body. This wasn't like that. It was the complete opposite, it was like a plug had been pulled and all the power turned off. The only thing shocking about it was its ability to take away the thought of being human. When she kissed me I felt oblivion-again.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - LATER

Jack walks through the front door sweating. Vickie lovingly walks up to greet him. She reaches out to hug him, but he pushes her away

VICKIE
What's the matter?

JACK

I think I'm gonna be sick.

He rushes off down the hallway toward the bathroom

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack stands over the toilet mimicking being sick. He flushes the toilet. He tosses his clothes into the hamper.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I was horrible. On the nights I
wasn't drunk with lust, I was just
drunk.

INSERT: Vickie and Jack shouting and fighting. Vickie noticeably pregnant screaming and pulling her own hair.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Vickie lie in bed with a movie on the TV set.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Kids had thought me a hero; raised
me above my fellows, but now my
image was tarnishing fast.

(beat)

When you get the sad awakening that
your heroes are just men--no longer
gods, but, weak drunken men, then
sometimes you want your heroes
beaten for what they did to your
dreams.

Glass explodes as a rock crashes through the window. Tires SQUEAL. Jack jumps to his feet and rushes to the window. All he sees is a cloud of dust. He reaches underneath the bed and grabs the gun.

VICKIE

Where are you going?

Jack marches out, slamming the door behind him.

INT. GRISHAM LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dressed in pajamas and sitting in a recliner, Jack holds the shot-gun in his lap. Cartoons on the TV. Two punk surfer boys sit in near-by chairs, visibly stressed.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I caught the rock throwers and brought them over for cartoons. Vickie said it was kidnapping, and I was out of my fucking mind, but I wanted to know why they did it. Why didn't they like me?

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY

A sleep deprived Jack, in a dirty bathrobe, dials the telephone. An answering machine picks up. "Love Child" plays.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

Casey was becoming jealous of the time I was spending with Vickie. I tried to reason with her when she demanded I leave, but she didn't listen.

The front door opens. Casey enters without knocking, looking attractive, but slightly tawdry.

JACK

What the fuck are you doing? How'd you know Vickie wasn't home?

CASEY

Her car was gone and... fuck her. Is that how you greet me?

JACK

No, baby I just... you look great. What are you doing?

CASEY

I'm going shopping with John.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

She had begun seeing a sugar daddy. A real creep.

Jack looks out the window. A 70's Corvette idles at the curb, a middle aged man behind the wheel.

JACK

Are you fucking that clown? Is he giving you money to fuck him?

CASEY

You're gross... and a loser, and you hate my friends. He buys me things... you don't.

JACK

Fuck him.

CASEY

Okay.

She laughs and heads for the door. Jack reaches for her arm but he stumbles and goes down as Casey scoots out the door. Jack scrambles to his feet but she's gone. The corvette zooming off.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Jack's torn and bloody knuckles shakily grip the wheel of a parked car. Police cars swarm a nearby gas station.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I caught up with Casey and her
"boyfriend" at the gas station.

(beat)

You know, at one point she yelled
out that I was hurting him. Hurting
him? What about me? I'm hurting and
its her fault.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Jack braces himself against the wall and pisses. He washes the blood off his hands and splashes water on his face. From the mirror a ghoul with a bloody, torn cheek appears.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

It was at this time they showed up.

The ghoul places a hands on Jack's shoulder. Jack turns.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

He was a shadow. A reflection of an
old victim.

Slowly Jack faces the mirror again. One by one, horror show faces line up and fill in, crowding the mirror.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

They were all waiting their turn.
One by one, a parade of victims
lining up to pose with a monster.

A phone rings off camera.

GHOUL
 Hey, Daddy. Did you forget you were
 having a baby?

Jack dashes out the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack grabs the handset of an avocado green wall phone.

VICKIE (O.C.)
 (screaming)
 Where the fuck are you?

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Nurses wheel in a gurney, with Vickie atop it. She screams in pain. A DOCTOR rushes in. They place her feet in stirrups.

VICKIE
 What are you fuckers doing?

DOCTOR
 We're here to deliver your baby,
 ma'am.

VICKIE
 Where is that fucking asshole?

Jack plods into the room.

JACK
 Hey babe.

VICKIE
 Shut up. You fucking did this.

Jack looks like he is going to pass out or puke.

DOCTOR
 OK. The baby's almost here.

Vickie screams and clenches down. The doctor reaches in with gloved hands. Jack stands watching unable to move.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
 I thought The Man was going to
 punish me by letting my daughter
 come into this world without life.

The baby pops out and instantly begins crying. Jack breaks. Tears stream from his face.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

In that moment I was struck human.
The sickness swallowed me whole and
I was suddenly overwhelmed with
pain.

(beat)

I had never truly tasted regret,
felt sadness, loss, or remorse, and
now, these feelings washed through
me and over me. The weight of the
past bore down upon me like the
ocean.

The doctor holds the baby while the nurses wipe it clean.
They hand her to Jack. The baby opens it's eyelids to reveal
deep green eyes.

JACK

Oh, God

The tears still streaming Jack, returns the baby and leaves
the room.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hyperventilating, Jack rushes to the sink. He splashes water
on his face. He looks in the mirror to see dozens of ghoulish
faces staring back at him.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

They'd all gathered to laugh at the
once proud dark prince who was now
nothing but weak human scum.

A voice booms from the stall behind him.

HOSPITAL ORDERLY(O.C.)

(Not Quite's voice)

Some fucking delivery, huh?

Jack spins to see a broken stall door and a HOSPITAL ORDERLY
(32) in mint green scrubs, with his pants around his ankles
standing up.

HOSPITAL ORDERLY (CONT'D)

You fucking pussy.

A voice from the adjacent stall answers.

CROSS DRESSER

(The Man's voice)

What do you expect?

(MORE)

CROSS DRESSER (CONT'D)

He wakes up to a life spent serving himself and it hurts.

Out steps a man dressed as a woman.

CROSS DRESSER (CONT'D)

You heard him call my name, right?
Right after he saw her?

HOSPITAL ORDERLY

I heard him squeal like a little bitch, but I sure as fuck didn't see any genuflecting.

CROSS DRESSER

Ask him? He'll tell you.

They both look at Jack, who is too stunned to speak.

HOSPITAL ORDERLY

Look at him; he doesn't know what's going on. He may be human, but I don't see him kneeling. How can you say he broke? He didn't break - that's my man, my fucking man, through and through.

The cross-dresser walks to the sink and washes his hands, taking time to wash thoroughly. As he puts on his lipstick, he looks up into the mirror catching sight of the hospital orderly.

CROSS DRESSER

I've got all the time in the world.

The cross-dresser grabs a few towels, dries his hands and places a fatherly hand on Jack's shoulder.

CROSS DRESSER (CONT'D)

Drink up, Daddy.

He casually walks out. Jack spins back to where the Not-Quite was standing. He's gone without a trace.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY - A FEW MONTHS LATER

Jack walks in. Vickie, hair cut to a shorter bob, casts a suspicious look at him.

JACK

What? I didn't do anything.

The phone rings. Vickie picks it up, cocks her head with a smart ass smirk and extends the phone to Jack.

VICKIE
You want to fucking handle this?

Sheepishly Jack grabs the receiver from Vickie.

JACK
Hello?

CASEY (O.C.)
Guess where I just got back from?
My mom and I filed a restraining
order against you.

Vickie watching the phone call. Jack playing it as cool as possible.

JACK
Uh-huh

CASEY (O.C.)
Oh, and for your information... my
dad is going to kill you. Why don't
you come see us?

Click. The phone goes dead.

JACK
She's fucking crazy.

Jack rips the phone off the wall and tosses it.

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A tan and white Ford truck, with a distinctive engine tick, cruises by slowly with its lights off.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
Casey's dad wanted me dead. He'd
been cruising my house. The sound
of his vehicle had become so
familiar - a low rumbling tucked
underneath the repetitive ping of
bad gasoline.

EXT. FRONT YARD- MOMENTS LATER

A man, DEXTER(49), with a pistol in hand stalks up the walkway, his face, hard and craggy. A veteran intent to kill.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dexter creeps into the room where Jack and the baby sleep. The baby sits up and looks into his eyes. He raises the gun to his waist and then starts to cry. He backs out of the room

THE DEMON (V.O.)
I never did a fucking thing for her
and she saved my life.

EXT. GRISHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Jack loads a baby seat into a cheap four door sedan.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
After only a few short months,
Vickie split with our daughter.

Wrapped in a blanket, Vickie carries the young infant to the car and lovingly places it in the car seat. She drives off. Jack pulls a joint from behind his ear.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
..and I was oblivious.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER

Jack strolls across the parking lot.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
You already know my emotion removal
choices. Get with Casey or get
fucked up. Casey had made herself
temporarily unavailable so...

Jack pushes through the doors into the store.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
A little cocaine and a whole lot of
booze.

INSERT: Quick flashes of Jack drinking, doing blow, pulling his pants down, scuffling with bouncers and more cocaine.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jack walks up the stairs of a dilapidated apartment complex. He comes to a random door. Jack pounds on the door.

JACK
Vickie, let me in!

The door opens to a very displeased Vickie.

VICKIE

What the fuck are you doing here?
It's 3 AM, you asshole.

Jack does his best to put on a sad face.

JACK

I want to see the baby.

VICKIE

She's sleeping. Go away.

JACK

I can't. I need to see her. She's
mine.

Jack pushes past Vickie into the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack heads past the high-chair, crib and baby bottles.

JACK

I gotta take a shower first, okay?

Vickie shakes her head in disgust.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges only wearing pants. He steps into the baby's room, reaches into the crib to grab the baby.

VICKIE

What the fuck are you doing?

Jack pulls the crying baby in tight to his chest. Vickie attempts to pull her away but Jack refuses to let go.

Jack bursts into tears. Vickie tries to take the baby, but Jack refuses. He's nearly reached the front door when he puts his back against the wall and slides down.

He passes out, the baby still crying in his arms. He starts to bleed from both nostrils.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack awakens to the sounds of sobbing. Vickie stands over him, with the baby in her arms. Coagulated blood on his face.

He comes to. Reaches for a nearby baby rag to wipe his face.

VICKIE
You need help

JACK
You need to mind your own fucking
business. This place is a shithole.

He staggers out the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn tight. Jack shuffles across the room. A towel hangs over an antique mirror.

He yanks the towel off and stares at himself. His skin is pale and his eyes are swollen with dark circles. The ghouls appear. He wraps his arms around himself.

GHOUL1
He's here. Come on. Quick.

GHOUL2
How's it feel scumbag? You like
fucking that little girl?

GHOUL1
Pissed his pants. You need a diaper
little boy? You need a mommy?

GHOUL3
Just end it, you piece of shit.

GHOUL1
You know your father wanted you
dead, don't you?

Jack grabs the towel, ready to cover the mirror, when he stops and tosses the towel in the corner. He stomps out.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
They were right. I was shit. I was
a coward who'd rather black out
than live. I failed as a demon and
I couldn't make it as a human.

He returns seconds later with a coil of rope. He ties one end into a noose while staring into the mirror.

GHOUL2
Do it! Do it!

He drops the noose on the ground and walks away.

GHOUL1
Fucking pussy.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Partygoers do their best to avoid Jack. He staggers, drunk and dangerous, into the kitchen. He finds a bottle of whiskey. Chugs it. He grabs a nearby butcher knife. He swings the knife wildly at partygoers

CHUCK(25), pushes his way through.

CHUCK
Come on Big Man. Give me the knife.

JACK
You want it? You want the knife.

Jack lunges forward thrusting the knife at him.

CHUCK
Come on, Jack. Put it down.

Jack grins, slashing and cutting through the air. Chuck attempts to take the knife.

Jack swings wildly. The knife lodges in Chuck's forearm.

CROWD
He stabbed him. He stabbed him!

The crowd tackles Jack. Fists and boots reign down. Jack covers himself, but still takes a beating.

He punches a groin and scrambles away from the mad hoard.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Jack sits in a recliner, bruised and battered, swigging vodka.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
I didn't give a fuck that I cut
him. He asked for it.
(beat)
It was getting pummeled by the
crowd that really bothered me. I
was a hero. Kicking my ass was like
beating up a veteran for fuck's
sake.

Casey lets herself in wearing a tight, strapless dress.

JACK
Hey, baby.

As she sits, Jack notices she's not wearing any panties.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm glad you came over. I feel bad
about, you know...everything.

CASEY
It's okay. I wanted to see you.

JACK
You're beautiful.

CASEY
Yes, but I also wanted you to see
what my date was gonna be fucking.

JACK
What?

CASEY
Yeah, my date. I'm going out to get
fucked. I just wanted you to see
what he's gonna be pounding on.

Jack launches into a tirade flipping furniture over.

JACK
(screaming))
No, Casey! Come on, don't do this.
Don't fucking do this!

He punches out the glass in the front door, slicing his arms
to ribbons. Blood flies everywhere.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Jack reclines on a gurney, holding a blood soaked towel and
smiling unconvincingly at every staff member that passes.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
My family was suggesting, firmly,
that I needed a vacation—by way of
the county mental hospital, I was
to be committed to the state ward.
I went along with it, so that
they'd relax, but I was thinking...

A nurse pushes Jack into an operating room.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A couple of nurses prepare surgical instruments. Jack, still defiant, refuses to lay flat. He props him self up.

NURSE

Your brother is here.

Through the operating room windows Jack spots DON(28), a tall, heavy set, curly long haired, hippie type.

JACK

That's not my brother.

NURSE

What?

JACK

I want help and I need my brother, but that's not him. Look at him. People are trying to kill me. I'm not kidding. Look at my arms.

The nurse buys it. She walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The nurse emerges from the operating room and confronts Don.

NURSE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, but he says you're not his brother. You don't exactly look like him. Do you have ID?

DON

What? You gotta be kidding be me. Of course he's my brother. Who the fuck else would claim that lunatic?

The nurse shrugs.

DON (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll be right back.

Don spins and huffs off.

Seconds later the operating room doors burst open and Jack runs out, shagging ass.

NURSE

Hey... wait...

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack lays unconscious in the backseat. Cocaine is pushed up his nose, a hand covers Jack's mouth. He jerks awake.

JACK
What the fuck?

Jack's crew is standing outside the car laughing. Jack angrily climbs out of the backseat.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Looking like a mangy dog, Jack staggers across the half empty parking lot, following his rag tag crew inside.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
In between all the crying and
feeling and fucking up, I put
together a rock outfit. I thought
another trip to the stage would
help... it didn't.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - STAGE - LATER

Jack attempts to take his clothes off on stage, but forgets to remove his shoes. He hops about on one foot, pulling at his pants, oblivious to the beer bottles being thrown at him. He is boed and pulled off stage.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
It was, at best, unsuccessful.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB PARKING LOT - LATER

Jack weaves to his car. He drops his keys, but finally manages to get them in the lock and drives off.

THE DEMON (V.O.)
I ran out of gas and slept in the
car. When I woke, I found I had
pissed myself. I had no gas, no
money, and no one to call.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Looking deranged, Jack walks down the sidewalk with matted hair and smeared mascara, his hands stitched. He catches sight of himself in a restaurant window.

A young couple exits the restaurant and spots him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh my God. Ha! That's Jack Grisham.

The young man laughs.

YOUNG MAN

Fuck him. Let's go.

INT. GRISHAM HOUSE - DAY

Completely defeated, Jack stares at the television.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I'd reached the point where I struggled to leave the house. I got some sort of pneumonia and my body began to shut down. I'd get up in the morning, walk into the living room and sit in my father's old recliner... and stare at cartoons all day. At night my mom would tell me to go to bed and I'd shuffle back to my room.

(beat)

Day after day, I'd repeat this. I tried to figure out where it went so wrong, how I got the sickness, and how I could have failed so miserably on the road to greatness. Sometimes it was impossible to even remember what I'd been—the demon I was, now buried under a suffocating blanket of disgrace.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack pilots the car down a busy freeway. Casey sits in the passenger seat, smiling madly and pulling items from a shopping bag. She lifts up a pair of sheer panties.

CASEY

I bet you'd love lifting up my skirt and seeing these. Isn't that what you'd like?

JACK

Mmm hmmm.

Jack nods, stares straight ahead.

CASEY

These are gonna look great on. He's gonna love them.

JACK

Who's gonna love them?

CASEY

The man I'm fucking. You didn't think these panties were for you, did you? Ha! You're a fucking joke

JACK

Please, baby I can't take anymore. You're fucking killing me.

She turns the radio up and starts singing. He produces a razor blade. She smiles. He holds the blade against his arm.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is this what you want, my fucking blood?

She sings louder. He cuts his arm and dramatically flings blood all over her and the windshield.

CASEY

Fucking asshole!

The car skids to a stop. She jumps out and runs.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Demon exits the car from the backseat, while Jacks stunned sits behind the wheel.

THE DEMON

People have asked me what it's like to be admired, to be feared, to have anything you want—and I tell them it's wonderful, satisfying, and everything they could ever imagine. Until you no longer have it, and you know, that no matter what you do, it isn't ever coming back. And then, that's when you'll know what its like to lose.

Bleeding and defeated, Jack abandons the car. He wanders off, walking aimlessly. He climbs down a concrete ditch and crawls into a sewer pipe.

INT. SEWER PIPE - CONTINUOUS

THE DEMON (V.O.)

I used to come into these pipes to explore and now I was back to stay.

(beat)

I was finally going to get what I deserved; a burial in the tomb of my kind—the sewer.

Jack lays back and closes his eye.

INT. SEWER PIPE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack opens his eyes and brandishes the razor blade tightly between his thumb and forefinger. He brings the razor to his wrist. Presses.

THE DEMON (V.O.)

But I couldn't.

JACK

(yelling out defiantly))

Fuck you!

He drops the razor. It flashes and floats away.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck you for sticking me here in all this pain and not giving me the balls to take myself out. FUCK YOU!

(beat)

Why won't you help me? God, why won't you fucking help me? Please help me!

He blinks.

INT. BLINDING WHITE NOTHINGNESS - CONTINUOUS

He opens his eyes to find himself standing in a room with no walls, no floor and no ceiling; only white light.

He's clean and bathed; free of bruises, cuts, and stitches. He looks about in awe. Two identical versions of himself.

NOT-QUITE

The daughter thing... totally unfair. A fucking cheater, that's what you are.

THE MAN

Yeah, well I make the rules—at least in this world.

NOT-QUITE

And you decide what's right and what's wrong at your whim? You know these bitches down here have a word for that? They call it "situational ethics." I should be God.

THE MAN

Yeah, you'd be a great God—just like he was.

JACK

I was nothing. You broke me.

THE MAN

You broke yourself. I could never break you. There was no one in the world that could defeat you, except you. And now, you've come to me.

JACK

But I didn't. I just yelled out. It was an accident I called your name.

THE MAN

Was it Jack? Was it an accident? Was anything working for you here? There are no accidents; you can either choose to learn or walk away. The mere fact that you refused to end your existence shows that you choose to learn.

JACK

I tried to end it. He stopped me.

THE MAN

No, you stopped you. Do you really want to leave— never see your child again? She's beautiful by the way.

JACK

I don't know.
(pause)
It hurts to be near her.

THE MAN

It hurts because you love her-- because you care.

JACK
I don't want to hurt.

THE MAN
Abandon self, Jack.

JACK
I tried to kill myself.

THE MAN
You tried to remove your physical
existence; you never really
surrendered to what you really are.
These feelings won't kill you--
after time, and some repair, you'll
find them pleasurable.

JACK
But, you're a cheat and a liar and
he's trash. You've rigged the game.
We're nothing but marks taken in by
your tricks. I won't bow to you.

THE MAN
You already have.

INT. SEWER PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Jack opens his eyes and slowly crawls out.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks slowly and deliberately in the bright sunshine.

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack drives silently in quiet reflection. He spots a car
pulled to the side of the road with a flat tire. He slows and
parks in front of the disabled vehicle.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jack approaches a businessman inspecting the flat.

JACK
Do you want some help?

Jack notices a vacancy on the man's left ring finger where a
wedding ring used to be.

BUSINESS MAN

Yeah. It's a rental.

JACK

Don't worry. I'll get it.

Jack retrieves the equipment from his own car and returns moments later. He sets about changing the tire.

BUSINESS MAN

I just wanted to make it to an exit. I just wanted to get off and lay down.

JACK

I know what that feels like. It's been hard, huh?

The businessman does his best to hold back the emotion.

BUSINESS MAN

I just didn't know what to do. I lost my wife last weekend. I left everything. I just wanted to be someone different, to have never been married, to have never known her at all; I just wanted it to stop. I didn't want to hurt anymore....

Jack finishes changing the tire and put the tools back in his trunk. He returns moments later with a piece of paper in his hand. He passes it to the businessman.

JACK

If you need anything or just want to talk, call me.

BUSINESS MAN

Before my wife died she handed me an envelope. It was sealed. I've never opened it. She told me it belonged to a man on the road and that I was to keep it with me always. It's here in my pocket.

He pulls out a crumpled envelope. He hands the envelope to Jack.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

It's yours; I know it. Thank you.

The businessman starts his car and drives off. Jack looks down at the unmarked envelope. He carefully opens it and pulls out a sheet of paper.

JACK (V.O.)
I knew in an instant it was from
him... The Man.

Written in small, tight, neat script there is only one sentence. It reads: "Seek Me."

JACK (V.O.)
That was it. No map, no fucking
directions. No help of any kind. It
was just like him.

Jack crumples the paper into a ball and tosses it. He walks to his car and drives off. The demon stays behind.

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack pulls off onto a freeway exit ramp and into the nearest parking lot. He parks and sits contemplatively.

JACK
I don't know about finding God, and
living the life of a holy roller,
but I do know that serving myself
wasn't the answer. And yeah, it
hurts to love but...

Jack starts the car and drives out of the parking lot. He crosses the intersection and gets on the freeway going north.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm going home to see my daughter.

FADE OUT.