

"THE CAMBION"

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING DRONE SHOT

Flying rapidly over dark, placid water. Frank Sinatra begins to SING "How Little We Know" (o.s.).

The glittering skyline of downtown Chicago arrives.

Sailing over and among the forest of skyscrapers gracefully and eventually settling on the balcony of a beautiful apartment high above the street.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT/BALCONY - NIGHT - DRONE SHOT

The guardrail of its balcony slides underneath, and a large glass door approaches. Through it, the living room of a stylishly decorated, moonlit apartment beckons.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING

Through the glass door. A workout bag overflowing with activewear lies under a narrow glass console table near the front door.

A 16" black-wrapped Bowie knife in a black scabbard and a hot pink UDAP Magnum stun gun lie on top of the clothing.

From inside the apartment, numerous framed photographs sit on the console table.

At one end: a snapshot of a teenaged man wearing a white tuxedo standing beside a young woman in a strapless white prom dress in front of a black 2002 Camaro SS parked on a suburban driveway. They're smiling diffidently.

Next to it: a photo of a ten-year-old girl wearing a frilly bathing suit and sitting on the shoulders of a middle-aged man wearing swimming trunks. He's standing in knee-deep water, squinting into the sun, and appears to be speaking. The girl has a catatonic expression on her face, and she is staring directly into the lens with empty, reptilian eyes.

MUSIC ends. The front door opens; a fashionably-dressed couple enter.

She is SARAH LILITH, a beautiful thirty year old woman with an athletic figure and long blonde hair.

Her BOYFRIEND is roughly the same age, tall, muscular, and very handsome, perhaps even pretty.

They kiss in the entryway, break, and smile at one another as he closes the door.

BOYFRIEND

How about some music?

SARAH

Don't we already have some on?

BOYFRIEND

Cute. Very Cute

He crosses to an entertainment center and picks up a remote control as Sarah turns on a lamp, crosses to the picture window, and looks down onto the city.

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" by Barbra Streisand begins to PLAY. The Boyfriend turns to her and smiles.

BOYFRIEND

Not by the hair of my chinny chin.

SARAH

Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in.

He replaces the song with "The Way We Were" by Barbra Streisand and lowers the volume so that it begins to PLAY softly.

He crosses to her, and they are framed by the cityscape visible through the window. They embrace warmly.

BOYFRIEND

I had a wonderful time.

SARAH

So did I. Happy birthday again.

He kisses her neck, reaches behind her, and unzips her dress. She shrugs it off, and it drops to the floor.

She steps out of it clad in 1950's style lingerie: a sturdy bra, panties, garter belt, nylon stockings, and high heels, all of which are white.

She rips open his shirt, which sends the buttons flying across the room.

She quickly opens his belt, unzips his fly, and his trousers fall to the floor. She then places her hands on his hips and guides him to a nearby ottoman.

EXT. APARTMENT/BALCONY - NIGHT

From the balcony they are visible from behind. She pushes him onto the ottoman. pulls down his boxers and kneels in front of him. He leans back onto the chair behind him and closes his eyes as she bends over his groin.

A closet door is directly behind them and slightly ajar. Through the door a man's disembodied and immobile face is visible in the dark closet. He has a goatee and his eyes are masked by a pair of mirrored aviator sunglasses.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Boyfriend's head is tilted back, eyes closed, and his mouth is agape as he GROANS softly in pleasure. He puts his right hand on the back of her bobbing head softly.

EXT. BALCONY

The closet door has vanished.

Standing in the doorframe is a handsome, tall, powerfully built, male intruder. He is ASMODEUS, a man in his thirties and dressed completely in black: hoodie, sweatpants, and sneakers. The hoodie has an image of the face of Michelangelo's sculpture of David on its chest.

He's also wearing a Camaro SS Ghost baseball cap and PIG tactical gloves. A 460XVR™ 3.5" revolver gleams from his right hand. He watches them peacefully and begins to smile.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

INT. LIVING ROOM- SUPERSATURATED COLOR

Instantly, Asmodeus is standing beside the Boyfriend and scowling. The Boyfriend's eyes are shut tightly in pleasure.

BOYFRIEND

Oh God. I'm coming.

SARAH'S P.O.V.

Sarah sees Asmodeus' shoes, then his pants, and finally the huge stainless steel handgun looming over her.

BACK TO SCENE

She tries to rise, but the Boyfriend grabs her hair and holds her head down forcibly. She begins to GAG.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- A) The Boyfriend's toes curl in his stocking feet.
- B) The Boyfriend tilts his head back and GROANS loudly.
- C) Asmodeus calmly raises the revolver and shoves the barrel of the gun into his open mouth.
- D) The Boyfriend opens his eyes in confusion, which quickly changes to terror.
- E) The gun's hammer strikes the primer of a bullet inside the revolver.
- F) The back of the Boyfriend's head explodes onto the chair behind the ottoman.
- G) The Boyfriend's hand falls away from Sarah's head and it's immediately replaced by a hand wearing a black tactical glove, which grabs her hair roughly.

END MONTAGE

Asmodeus pulls her to her feet effortlessly. She grimaces in pain through her wet lips. She gasps for breath and covers her ears with her trembling hands.

ASMODEUS

You cheap whore.

On the last word he pistol-whips her in the face and throws her to the floor. She falls heavily and GRUNTS.

She looks back to him fearfully and is shocked to see that the Boyfriend's corpse and all traces of his murder have disappeared.

Asmodeus bends down, grabs her by the hair again with his free hand.

SARAH

What is --? Ow!

He pulls her back to her feet and turns her so that she is facing away from him. Blood begins to trickle down her chin from a cut inside her mouth.

While holding the smoking gun in his right hand, he wraps his right arm around her throat. With his left hand, he grabs her wrist and twists her arm behind her back.

Limping heavily, he pushes her forward into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

He throws her onto the tile floor. She GRUNTS again and rises to her hands and knees as he flips on a wall switch that illuminates the room with harsh fluorescent lighting.

He turns on an electric range, and as he does so, they are both startled by loud KNOCKING (o.s.) on the front door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! What's going on in there? Do you need help?

SARAH

Yes! Help me! Help --

Asmodeus reaches down, grabs her by the hair, and pulls her to her feet again. She SCREAMS loudly and struggles frenetically as the POUNDING (o.s.) on the front door grows in volume and urgency.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Betty, call Security. Hey, you in there, open up!

Asmodeus pistol-whips her again, and she falls to the floor. She gets back up to her hands and knees, and she begins to crawl away from him quickly.

She stops when she sees the flash of the silhouette of a woman's body hanging from a noose on the wall of a hallway directly in front of her. She blinks, and it disappears.

Asmodeus reaches down and grabs her ankle, pulling her back to him calmly and easily. She is WHIMPERING and covering her bleeding mouth with the back of her hand as she slides on her stomach across the floor.

As he bends down and reaches for her hair again, she rolls over and punches him in the nose as hard as she can. His nose begins bleeding profusely, but he continues to smile as the blood runs out of his nostrils.

He grabs her by the hair with his left hand and lifts her back to her feet quickly.

SARAH

Ow! What did I do?

On the last word, she slaps at his face, knocking his sunglasses to the floor. She SCREAMS in horror when she sees that he has no eyes, simply two empty sockets.

His bloody smile widens at her terrified reaction.

Without releasing her, he sticks the revolver beneath his belt, extends his right arm parallel to the floor with his palm down so that his hand is directly over the sunglasses.

They leap off the floor and up into his hand. He puts them on his face, removes the gun from his pants, and holds it beside her face.

ASMODEUS
(cloyingly)
Open your mouth.

Sarah's heels rise from the floor. They are quickly followed by her toes as her feet dangle in the air.

SARAH
Ow! Please. Not again.

ASMODEUS
Whenever I want. Now, open it!

Sarah clenches her teeth resolutely. Asmodeus puts the gun's barrel against her lips and wiggles it against them.

ASMODEUS (cont'd)
Patakh ett pikhe! Patakh oto!
[Open your mouth! Open it!]

[NOTE: The English text of all instances of Hebrew transliterations shall be italicized, enclosed in brackets, and appear as subtitles on the screen.]

Sarah she closes her eyes and opens her mouth begrudgingly. Asmodeus slides the barrel of the gun into her mouth, and she grimaces.

Asmodeus pulls her close to him and puts his mouth next to her ear.

ASMODEUS (cont'd)
(whispers)
Zikh'ri oti.
[Remember me.]

He pulls the gun out of her mouth and pushes the left side of her face down onto the electric range forcefully.

She SCREAMS in agony and tries to push away from the range frantically as the side of her face begins to sizzle.

The KNOCKING (o.s.) on the door resumes loudly as Asmodeus pulls her head off the range. She's SHRIEKING as she splays her trembling fingers above her scorched face.

Asmodeus begins to push her head back down onto the range when a heavier HAMMERING (o.s.) at the front door and the deep male voice of a SECURITY GUARD startles him.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
This is Security! Open up right
now or I'm coming in!

Asmodeus tosses her casually into a corner of the kitchen where she lands with a THUD. She SOBS heavily.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

The front doorknob turns, and the door begins to open.

INT. KITCHEN - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

She's sitting on the kitchen floor, holding her charred face in her hand, but her lingerie has been replaced by Rosie the Riveter pajamas.

She stops weeping, looks at the pajama top in consternation, and begins to rub the fabric between her thumb and fingers.

ASMODEUS
Hey, Sweet Pea!

As she looks up at Asmodeus, her face droops, and her eyes become glassy.

INT. PARENTS HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY (DAWN) - (16MM FLASHBACK)

She's in a shadowy attic still wearing the same pajamas. Her face is wet from her tears, but it's no longer burnt.

She looks catatonically at the back of a corpse that's hanging from a noose, its silhouette barely visible in the soft light of dawn.

The body is facing away from her and clad only in the same white 1950s lingerie that Sarah had been wearing. A white high heel shoe dangles from one foot.

INT. APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

Asmodeus is in the corner of the kitchen towering over her. He bends down, grabs a handful of her hair again, and begins to lift her up from the floor.

She snaps out of her reverie instantly, looks at his face in terror and pain, and SHRIEKS when she sees her own broiled and swollen face reflected in his sunglasses.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

The front door swings open suddenly, and Sarah, who's now dressed in a Security Guard's uniform, charges into the room.

Her face is undamaged, and she's holding the black-wrapped Bowie knife in a hammer grip in one hand and the hot pink UDAP stun gun in the other. She's rescuing herself.

INT. KITCHEN - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

Asmodeus and Sarah, who's still wearing the Rosie the Riveter pajamas and whose severe facial burns have returned, both look toward the living room.

ASMODEUS
(pleasantly)
Catch ya on the flipside.

Asmodeus' hand has now become the revolver. He puts the barrel of the gun/hand into his own smiling mouth and the trigger pulls itself. The top of his head explodes, spraying the room with a fine red mist.

Asmodeus pitches forward as his large corpse falls to the floor on top of Sarah. She SHRIEKS, squirms out from underneath it, and crab crawls away from him frantically.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is lying in bed, wearing the Rosie the Riveter pajamas in a dark bedroom. She's SHRIEKING in terror and pushes away the covers as if they were Asmodeus' body. She crab crawls frantically toward the headboard.

She hits her head against the headboard, stops screaming, and looks around her darkened bedroom frantically.

She's confused and frightened. Slowly she begins to relax as she caresses an old scar on the side of her face gingerly.

Breathing heavily, she wipes the sweat out of her eyes, places her hands on her sternum, and attempts to breathe more slowly as she curls into a fetal position.

INT. HEALTH CLUB/ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah enters a small office. She's wearing a red T-shirt with a black health club logo and black tights.

ALAN is wearing the same T-shirt and black sweatpants. He also has a nameplate that says "Manager" on his shirt, and he's sitting behind a desk. He gestures toward a chair.

ALAN

Please sit down, Sarah.

SARAH

Alan, I'm really very, very sorry. I promise --

ALAN

Sarah, please. No more promises. What was it this time?

SARAH

(sits in the chair)

I overslept.

ALAN

Again?

SARAH

I know, I know. I'm sorry, Alan. Really I am. It's just that I haven't been sleeping very well lately.

ALAN

Something bothering you?

SARAH

No, Alan, I'm fine, I'm fine. Just a little jumpy maybe.

ALAN

Maybe your thyroid's messed up and you should see somebody.

SARAH

Somebody?

ALAN

I don't know. An insomnia doctor or a psychologist or something.

SARAH

I'm not going to waste my time talking to some stupid shrink.

ALAN

OK. Fine. Anyway, I've talked to Karen about this, and I'm afraid we've run out of options.

SARAH

But Alan, you can't.

ALAN

I have to! This is the third time this month! We told you: three strikes and you're out. I'm sorry, but our decision is final. We're out of options. I'll need your ID, please.

Sarah takes an ID card out of her gym bag and tosses it onto his desk contemptuously.

Alan is distracted momentarily as he picks it up, opens a desk drawer, and puts the ID card in it.

SARAH

(whispers softly)

Fuck you.

ALAN

I beg your pardon?

SARAH

(smiles ruefully)

Nothing.

ALAN

Listen Sarah, I'm sorry. Really.

SARAH

Sure. Sure.

ALAN

Goodbye Sarah.

They both stand, and Alan extends his hand toward her in order to shake her hand.

Sarah looks at his hand, picks up her bag, turns sharply, and leaves his office, slamming the door behind her.

INT. HEALTH CLUB/LOBBY

Sarah is overwrought and looks down at the floor as she walks quickly past SUE at the reception desk on her way to the front door.

SUE

Oh Sarah. Damn. Sarah, wait up!

Sarah SIGHS, stops, and returns to the desk.

SUE (cont'd)

I just heard what happened from Karen. I'm really sorry.

SARAH

That's OK. It's not your fault.

SUE

Listen. I called Beth. She wants to meet up for lunch. Can I call her and tell her that you'll meet her? How does twelve o'clock work for you?

Alan steps out of his office and stops short when he sees Sue talking to Sarah.

SARAH

Yeah. Sure. I guess so.

SUE

Tell you what. I'll join you. I get off at twelve thirty. I'll call Beth. We'll figure out a place, and then call you. It'll be just the three of us, OK?

SARAH

(looks at Alan)

Sure. Fine. Whatever.

Alan begins to approach them. Sarah turns her back on Sue and walks toward the door quickly.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CASUAL RESTAURANT/DINING ROOM - DAY

Sarah walks in the front door of a casual restaurant still wearing her health club outfit.

She immediately sees BETH who's sitting in a booth near the door wearing a pink T-shirt inscribed "Unless you Puke, Faint, or Die, Keep Going" and blue jeans.

Sarah approaches the booth and sees that Beth is reading "Shape" magazine and has a coffee cup in front of her. Beth stands and gives her a hug before they both sit down.

BETH

Hi, Sarah. Are you OK?

SARAH

Yes Beth, I'm fine.

The WAITRESS arrives at the table and hands Sarah a menu.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything to start?

SARAH

Do you have any liquid Prozac?

WAITRESS

I beg your pardon?

SARAH

(returns the menu)

Never mind. Just an iced tea,
please.

WAITRESS

(departs)

On the way.

BETH

So, what did you tell your mom?

SARAH

Oh. Not a big deal. She never
liked the job in the first place.
For that matter, neither did I.
All those greasy yuppies leering
at you all the time. But still,
she's becoming the queen of 'I
told you so'.

BETH

Yeah, I know the feeling. Hey,
how about coming over for dinner
tomorrow night?

SARAH

Just you and John, or are you
planning on dragging another
sacrificial lamb to the altar?

BETH

Well, John did mention there's a
new guy at his office who just
transferred up from Atlanta.
Tobey. Cute name, huh? I could
ask John to invite him over.

SARAH

Maybe next week. I don't think that I could handle two rejections in a row.

BETH

C'mon Sarah. Just me and John then. It'll do you good to get out of the house.

SARAH

Thanks a lot, but I really just want to be alone for a little while. Next week. I promise.

WAITRESS

(returns with tea)

Anything else?

BETH

No, thanks. I think we're good.
(Waitress leaves)
So que pasó? Spill, baby, spill.

SARAH

Nothing much. I was up most of the night so I guess I slept through my alarm clock. Missed my Triple Threat.

BETH

What did Alan say?

SARAH

The usual bullshit.

BETH

What do you mean?

SARAH

He told me I was irresponsible, he was disappointed; you know the drill. But that wasn't all.

BETH

(leans forward)

No?

SARAH

(leans forward)

No. After he's done yelling at me, he told me he'd make an exception for me if I would, you know, make an exception for him.

BETH

No!

SARAH

Yes! Can you believe it?

They lean back, and Sarah picks a crayon out of a small glass and begins doodling casually on the paper tablecloth.

SARAH (cont'd)

Remember, I told you he's been bugging me to go out with him, but I've always turned him down.

BETH

Yeah?

SARAH

Well this time he says he might be able to talk Karen out of firing me if I made it "worth his while".

BETH

That bastard! What did you say?

SARAH

I told him that he could take his job and shove it.

BETH

Good for you.
(sips coffee)
What about Sue?

SARAH

(stops doodling)
We can't tell her. You know how she feels about him. Maybe he just has a thing for me. Now that I'm gone, and he knows that that's not gonna happen...

BETH

But she should know.

SARAH

No, she shouldn't. He hasn't hit on anybody else but me, has he?

BETH

No, I don't think so, but that doesn't matter. We still have to tell her.

SARAH

OK. So let's say we tell Sue.
What do we say? Nothing's
actually happened.

(resumes doodling)

Besides, if this has been going
on for a while, she's gonna
wonder why didn't we tell her
sooner. Blah, blah, blah. Maybe
she'll think I'm just making it
all up. You know, sour grapes.

BETH

We should still tell Sue.

SARAH

Beth, please. For my sake, let's
just drop it.

BETH

Well, if you're sure. How are you
set for money?

SARAH

I'm fine. I've still got a lot
left over from the settlement.

BETH

Enough to live on?

SARAH

More than enough. The only reason
I took the stupid job in the
first place is because I was
there every day anyway.

BETH

Remind me to get into a car
accident someday, will you?

SARAH

(stops doodling)

It's not worth it, Beth. Really.
Not by a long shot.

BETH

Oh God, Sarah. I'm so sorry. Good
Lord, I just say the dumbest
things sometimes.

SARAH

(resumes doodling)

Yeah. I know the feeling.

BETH

So what are you going to do for a living anyway?

SARAH

I don't know. Figure things out.
(smiles ruefully)
Maybe I'll just walk the earth like that guy in Pulp Fiction.

BETH

Well, we're gonna miss you.
(waves)
Look. There's Sue.

Over Sarah's shoulder the paper table cloth is adorned with small stick men, all of whom have tiny penises between their legs.

She tears off the portion of the paper tablecloth on which she's been doodling. As Sue approaches the table, she crumples the paper with one hand slowly as she picks up her iced tea with the other.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah puts a glass of iced tea down on a tablecloth.

She is at a dining room table in a modest suburban house and wearing a Pogo the Clown T-shirt and black distressed skinny jeans.

Beth is also at the table, along with JOHN, her husband, and TOBEY, one of John's co-workers. They are all dressed casually but stylishly.

They have all recently finished dinner.

TOBEY

Thanks, Beth. That was great.
Even for a ham hocks and chitlins
kinda guy like me.

BETH

You're very welcome Tobey, but John did most of the cooking.

JOHN

Ham hocks? I thought you were from Philly.

TOBEY

Well, we only had them when we
ran outta cheese steaks.

BETH

Sounds yummy.

JOHN

In fact, you
went to 'nova,
didn't you?

TOBEY

Yep. Legacy on both sides.

JOHN

Wow. Stereo legacies.

TOBEY

And how about this: I was born on
March 31, 1985. Know why that
date is important?

JOHN

April Fools Eve?

TOBEY

Close. Lemme give you a hint:
When did Villanova beat
Georgetown for the NCAA title?

JOHN

OMG! April Fools Day. 1985.

TOBEY

Yep. The day after I was born.
And I take all of the credit, of
course. But check this out: they
tell me that that's how I got my
name: Tobias. Means "God is
good". My folks say that my
arrival the day before the upset
was an act of divine
intervention, and who am I to
argue, right?

JOHN

Hey, at least they didn't name
you Rollie.

BETH

What would they've named you if
they'd lost?

TOBEY

Dad says Adlai, but mom refuses
to confirm.

JOHN

So you're the one responsible for David beating Goliath. Impressive credentials. Did you even have to go through admissions to get in?

Beth rises, picks up her own plate, and reaches for Sarah's.

BETH

Here, let me get that for you.

Beth takes Sarah's plate and enters the kitchen. John rises from the table taking Tobey's plate and his own with him.

TOBEY

Thanks, John.

John nods at Tobey and departs. Tobey and Sarah remain at the table, and a brief but uncomfortable silence ensues.

SARAH

David? As in King David?

TOBEY

Yep. The David of Goliath fame.

SARAH

I love him. He's the star of my favorite Bible story.

TOBEY

You have a favorite Bible story?

SARAH

You betcha. Goes like this: David kills Goliath, so King Saul gets jealous cuz it makes him look like a wimp.

John returns from the kitchen and returns to his seat.

SARAH (cont'd)

But his daughter falls hard for David. Chicks dig beheadings, I guess. So Saul asks David if he's interested, but David's like, "Yeah, I'm down with that, but I'm just a poor shepherd, and I don't have the dowry." So Saul thinks on it and makes David an offer. Instead of sheep or goats or whatever, he says that his daughter's dowry is one hundred Philistine penises.

JOHN

Wait a minute. He says what?

SARAH

Well, the Bible uses the word "foreskins", but since it's kinda hard to imagine a whole lot of Philistines lining up for voluntary circumcisions, gotta figure that, like that old song about love and marriage, you can't have one without the other.

TOBEY

This is your favorite Bible story? Was your Sunday school teacher a mohel?

SARAH

It gets better. Saul figures that he wins either way. Either David takes the offer and gets killed in battle, or he chickens out and looks like a pussy.

JOHN

This is in the Bible?

SARAH

Yep. One of the Samuels, I think. But we're not done yet. So David the badass goes off with his homies and, guess what? Not only does he come home with the dowry in a bag, but he doubles it! Yep. Saul's now the proud owner of two hundred Philistine foreskins, suitable for framing, of course.

JOHN

Well, that's some pretty impressive initiative.

Beth returns and sets a tray of coffee cups, saucers, cream, and sugar on the table.

BETH

Sounds like I'm missing a fascinating conversation. So who wants coffee?

TOBEY

Yes, please.

JOHN

Thanks hon.

SARAH

Yeah, Dynamic David, when he wasn't writing his Psalms, of course. Had like ten wives and a couple dozen kids. But my favorite David story didn't even make the Bible. It's in the Kabbalah instead. Do you guys know what a succubus is?

BETH

Isn't that a devil who seduces women?

SARAH

Close. That's an incubus. A succubus is the female version. She visits men in their sleep and seduces them. So, as the story goes, our hero, King David, is lying in a tent in the desert one night, all tuckered out from a long day of castrating Philistines I guess, when this succubus shows up. A vixen by the name of Agrat. Well, one thing leads to another and, viola', David's becomes proud papa of a cambion named Asmodeus.

TOBEY

Wait a minute. Are you saying that King David is the father of both King Solomon AND a demon?

SARAH

So says the Kabbalah. But not really a full-blown demon. A cambion. Half demon and half human. Kinda like the flip side of a demigod. You know. Like Hercules. Or Jesus Christ for that matter.

TOBEY

I beg your pardon?

SARAH

And get this, Asmodeus isn't just any run-of-the-mill devil. He's the demon of lust. Specializes in killing husbands on their wedding nights, before they can deflower their virginal wives.

BETH

Charming story.

SARAH

Yeah. Fascinating character.

(beat)

But he wasn't all bad. He helped his half-brother, King Solomon, build the First Temple. I mean Solomon tricked him into doing it, but without Asmodeus, no temple.

JOHN

Ark of the Covenant, right.

SARAH

Apologies to Indiana Jones, but ya gotta love the irony: the cambion of lust helps Solomon build the place that the Hebrews use to stash the original Ten Commandments: Thou Shalt Nots like adultery and coveting thy neighbor's wife?

JOHN

Not to mention his house, his donkey, and his Rolex, right?

SARAH

On the other hand, I don't see how Solomon could have, what, seven hundred wives, not to mention his concubines, and not be committing adultery. Wonder where the "marriage is between one man and one woman" crowd comes down on that little tidbit.

TOBEY

Well, back then adultery referred to relations between a man and a woman who was married to somebody else.

BETH

Wait a minute. So the adultery commandment prohibits women from sleeping with men they aren't married to, but not men from sleeping with women they aren't married to? How is that fair?

TOBEY

Can't say that it was, at least by today's standards. Back then there wasn't a lot of difference between a slave, a concubine, and a wife, except when it came to the legitimacy of the kids, of course.

SARAH

Figures. It always seems to come down to paternity, doesn't it? Women are there to make babies for men. And not his baby, or his baby, but my baby. So no adultery or birth control or abortions.

TOBEY

Abortion? That's not some kind of birth control.

SARAH

What do you mean? Of course it is.

TOBEY

But what about the unborn baby?

SARAH

Fetus. Not baby. There's no such thing as an "unborn baby". That's like calling you an "undead corpse". Babies have to be born and corpses have to die.

TOBEY

You can call it whatever you want, but that still doesn't make the unborn baby any less human.

SARAH

It's not a human. Pre-human, maybe, but not an actual person until it's born. Until then, it's a part of my body, and why should some man, or the government, be able to tell me what I can and can't do with my body?

TOBEY

That's my point. It's your body up until you get pregnant. Then it's not just yours anymore. It's yours and the baby's. Both.

SARAH

So the second I conceive, I'm become some man's baby factory, and I lose control over my own body to people like you?

TOBEY

No, not to me. But you have to share your body with the baby.

SARAH

It's a fetus, not a baby. If it's a baby, why don't we celebrate our conception days?

JOHN

Come again?

SARAH

If life begins at conception, why don't we celebrate our conception days instead of our birthdays?

JOHN

Geez, you mean I'm really nine months older than I thought I was? That's depressing.

TOBEY

That's what you pro-abortion people just don't get. A fetus may not be a person yet, but it is human life, and that should be respected and protected.

SARAH

Life? Yes. But human life? No. Human beings breathe air; fish and fetuses don't. Ever been to a funeral for a miscarriage?

TOBEY

Excuse me?

SARAH

If a fetus is a person, why don't we have funerals for miscarriages? Not even the Catholics do that.

TOBEY

Well, we may not have funerals, but we certainly don't throw parties, either.

SARAH

That's because a miscarriage is accidental, not deliberate. That's what an abortion is: an intentional miscarriage. Keep it or terminate it. It's my choice.

TOBEY

There isn't any choice if you think that human life is sacred.

SARAH

Is what?! Are you kidding me?

TOBEY

I couldn't be more serious.

BETH

So if a fetus is a human being, then abortion is murder, right? And that means that the mother should be executed, or at least get a life sentence. I mean if she kills her baby after it's born, she's goes to jail for murder, doesn't she? Just like that woman in South Carolina back in the nineties. The one who drove her car into a lake and drowned her babies. If a fetus is a baby, what's the difference if she kills it before it's born or after? Murder either way, right?

TOBEY

In my book it is. I don't know about up here, but Georgia has a feticide law. You get life in prison for killing a fetus, but it doesn't apply to abortions.

JOHN

We've got the same thing here: if you kill your own fetus, it's legal; but if you kill someone else's, you go to jail for life. I wonder if the morons who write the laws ever actually read them.

TOBEY

It's ridiculous. Like a stupid answer to a bad riddle: when is an unborn child not an unborn child? Answer: when it's yours.

SARAH

You're right. The whole idea of feticide is a joke. If you shoot me and that kills or injures my fetus, then it's an assault against me, not some embryo gestating inside me.

TOBEY

But you're missing the point. They should outlaw killing fetuses, period. No matter whose baby it is. Killing an unborn baby, no matter whose body it's in, is wrong! It's immoral. No matter what.

SARAH

What a load of crap! How can it be killed when it's never even been alive? Until it's born it's part of my body, and I decide what to do with my body. Not you or any of your sanctimonious asshole buddies.

BETH

Sarah! Tobey's entitled to his opinion, just like anybody else.

SARAH

(ignores Beth)

How dare you tell me what I can or can't do with my own body? Who do you think you are? God?

TOBEY

No, I simply believe in him, that's all. And in the sanctity of human life - born and unborn.

SARAH

Oh yeah? Well, fuck you and your God! It's my body, not yours, or anybody else's, even God's.

BETH

Sarah, please!

SARAH

(points her finger)

You men just don't fuckin' get it, do you?

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)

You don't understand what being a woman is like. We go from being some man's idea of a sex object to a baby oven to a kid's milk dispenser without ever having control over ourselves. Men and children make us jump through hoops our entire fucking lives! And that sucks!

JOHN
C'mon Sarah,
take it --

BETH
Sarah, calm
down, it's --

TOBEY
I'm sorry if I
was -

SARAH

Fuck all you all. Go ahead and live your stupid little lives. I don't need your fucking permission to do whatever I want to do with my own fucking body!

Sarah stands up abruptly, knocking her chair over. She picks up her purse and begins to storm out angrily.

She stops, turns back to the table, and points at Tobey.

SARAH

You're the one who's not human.

Sarah exits and silence descends on the table. After a moment the front door SLAMS (o.s.).

The three of them look at one another without speaking.

JOHN

(to Tobey)

So, do you want her number?

Beth throws her napkin at him.

TOBEY

Milk dispenser? That's a first.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is wearing a large, frayed, white t-shirt inscribed with the phrase "Out, damned spot! Out!" and Power Printed black running capris as she exercises energetically on an inexpensive elliptical machine in a small, windowless room.

There is a workout bench next to the machine. Free weights and fitness balls of various sizes are scattered about, and the room is lit brightly by fluorescent lights from above.

The wall opposite to the door is completely mirrored from floor to ceiling and there's a small TV monitor directly in front of the elliptical machine.

She's watching the final few seconds of the video "Happy" by Pharrell Williams. The song ends and the room is quiet. Sarah climbs off the machine and sits on the bench.

She is sweating freely and PANTING as she drinks deeply from a water bottle.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror, and as she takes another swallow from the bottle, she notices a gigantic bronze water bug, four feet long and two feet tall, in the murky hallway behind her through the open door.

The huge bug is stationary, and it stares at her briefly before it turns its head and scampers out of view quickly. She GAGS on the water, jumps off the bench, drops the bottle, and spins to face a dark and empty doorway. She quickly collects herself and puts a hand on her mouth.

SARAH

Oh... my... God. What was that?

She crosses to the door, cautiously sticks her head out of the exercise room, and looks down the hallway in the direction that the huge bug was going.

INT. HALLWAY

The hallway is gloomy, silent, and empty. She darts across it and into the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

She enters a cluttered bedroom. She closes the door behind her quietly, crosses to a walk-in closet, and opens it.

She reaches up to a crowded shelf, takes down a large black-wrapped Bowie knife in a black scabbard, and removes the scabbard, which she tosses on the bed.

Suddenly, the cordless telephone on the bed's nightstand RINGS loudly. She literally jumps in the air and drops the knife. It lands point-first on the floor next to her foot.

She bends down, picks up the knife with her right hand, crosses to the phone, and answers it trepidatiously.

SARAH (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Hello?

ASMODEUS (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Ani hanegamah.
 [*I am vengeance.*]

Sarah YELPS and drops the headset onto the floor.

She kicks it under the bed angrily, turns to face the door, and begins to approach it resolutely.

As she does so, she flips the knife into a reverse grip and lifts it to her shoulder cautiously.

She opens the door cautiously. The dark doorway is empty, so she slowly sticks her head into the hall and peers around the corner down the empty hallway.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

INT. HALLWAY

Still holding the knife at her shoulder, she steps into the empty hallway and pauses. Generic pop MUSIC continues to play softly from the exercise room.

She lowers the knife to her side, and with her back to the wall, she slowly and silently walks down the hallway toward the back of the house.

She has only advanced a few steps when the two doors at the far end of the hallway open simultaneously.

The gigantic water bug scuttles into the hall, pauses, looks at Sarah, and then scampers into the room across the hall. Both doors close simultaneously with soft CLICKS.

Her eyes widen in terror and her breath catches. She cautiously approaches the door that the huge bug has entered and sees a faint light shining beneath the door.

Bringing the knife back up to her shoulder, she opens the door slowly. She sees a sink and vanity, then a toilet, and then a bathtub enclosed by a shower curtain. She opens the door completely and sees an empty, brightly lit bathroom.

Her face droops, and her eyes glaze over.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT (16MM FLASHBACK)

YOUNG SARAH, wearing jeans and a "Hello Kitty" T-shirt, sees DADDY, a middle-aged man who's sitting on a bathroom toilet. His shirt's open, and his pants are around his ankles.

He's looking at "Playgirl" magazine with one hand between his legs. He looks up at her, shocked and panic-stricken.

YOUNG SARAH

Daddy?

DADDY

(covering his groin)

Goddamn it, Sarah! Knock for Christ's sake!

YOUNG SARAH

I'm sorry, Daddy. I --

DADDY

Get out of here, now!

YOUNG SARAH

But, Mommy said I--

He holds the magazine over his groin in his left hand and raises his right hand as he begins to rise.

DADDY

I said get out, now!

YOUNG SARAH grimaces, turns her head to the right, and closes her eyes.

BLACK SCREEN

A loud SLAP (o.s.)

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Sarah's eyes are closed. She is grimacing and has turned her head to the right.

She rubs the scar on the left side of her face, opens her eyes, and blinks them rapidly. She looks at the knife in her right hand quizzically and then with recollection.

She instantly remembers why she's standing in her hallway and enters the bathroom warily.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM

She scans the empty room and quickly focuses on the closed shower curtain.

She closes the door behind her firmly, silently crosses to the bathtub, lifts the knife above her head, and reaches toward the shower curtain with her left hand tentatively.

She jerks the curtain open, sees her father standing in the tub with his back to a corner, wearing white lingerie and heavy make-up. He's cowering in fear and holding out his hands defensively.

DADDY

Sarah! Wait. No, please!

She GRUNTS savagely, and begins to slash the knife down toward him fiercely.

She completes the slash and loses her balance because Daddy has vanished and the tub is now completely empty.

She regains her balance quickly and looks around the bathroom frantically. She is alone.

Her breathing slows as she relaxes and crosses to the sink. She turns on the water, grabs a washcloth with her left hand, wets it, exhales deeply, and wipes her face.

She hears a loud BLOW to the bathroom door. She SCREAMS and jumps. As she does so, she drops the knife and washcloth, and they fall to the floor.

The POUNDING continues, increasing in volume and tempo, as she backpedals into the wall near the tub. She slides down the wall until she is in a sitting position, drawing her knees up to her chest.

She shudders every time a blow strikes the door and makes it quiver.

The POUNDING stops, and the doorknob begins to turn slowly.

WHIMPERING, she sees the knife lying on the tile floor next to the sink. She scrambles over to it on her hands and knees, grabs it, and crawls back to the wall quickly.

She turns her back to the wall and faces the door holding the knife in front of her defensively.

The door opens slowly, but stops after only a few inches, and the barrel of a 460XVR 3.5" revolver slowly emerges through the narrow opening.

As it reaches 45 degrees, a single drop of a viscous white liquid rolls out of the barrel and drips onto the floor. Then the revolver withdraws, and the door closes softly.

She jumps up and leaps to the door, holding the knife above her head in a reverse grip. She flings open the bathroom door, GRUNTS, and stabs downward viciously and blindly.

The hallway is dark and empty. "Maniac" by Michael Sembello PLAYS softly from down the hall and can be heard faintly over Sarah's heavy PANTING.

Sarah's ferocious expression quickly changes to confusion. Then her face sags, and her shoulders slump. She drops the knife, which CLATTERS to the floor nosily.

She stares into the empty hallway for a moment and then turns back to the bathroom. As she does, she sees a single drop of a milky white fluid on the dark tile floor.

Her stomach heaves. She gags, rushes to the toilet, drops to her knees, and vomits.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

A BARTENDER pours a pink liquid into a champagne flute through a strainer. He picks up the glass and another cocktail from the bar and carries them to Sarah and SCOTT.

BARTENDER

I found some rosemary, so it's a
Lagavulin with a splash of soda
for Scottie, and a Vodka Blush
for the lady.

They are sitting next to one another in the bar area of a chic restaurant. Scott hands the Bartender a credit card, and he departs.

Sarah is wearing a very revealing dress, and Scott is a handsome man in his thirties and dressed expensively.

He looks at her admiringly in the mirror behind the bar, takes a sip of his new drink, and turns back to her.

SCOTT

So, I'm in this like stupid pick-
up game the summer before my
junior year, and like an idiot, I
didn't stretch.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)

So I like drive the lane, and I musta come down on some other guy's foot because I heard this like weird popping sound. Bang! Adios Achilles.

SARAH

That's terrible. Was it painful?

SCOTT

Yeah, like I was stabbed in the ankle, but the down time was worse. I like lived basketball ever since the sixth grade, and my game was never the same. I'm not that tall, but I had a good shot and a decent crossover.

SARAH

Crossover?

SCOTT

It's a special kind of dribble.

SARAH

Oh, I see.

SCOTT

So for like the first time ever, I started to really study. Then shocked everybody, including me, and actually got a degree. Then I found a business school with low standards that would take my parents money, and voila, here I am. Whoda thunk it?

(takes a sip)

Say, how would you like to have dinner with me, Sarah? I come here a lot, and the food's really pretty good.

SARAH

Well, I'm supposed to be meeting a girlfriend here you know.

SCOTT

Oh, yeah. Right. But didn't you say that that was a maybe?

SARAH

I said probably.

SCOTT

(signs receipt)

Well she's late now, and if she does show up, we'll just like invite her to join us.

(beat)

C'mon. I've talked about myself enough. I want to like find out what makes you tick.

SARAH

I'm really not very interesting.

SCOTT

I'll be the judge of that. Besides if the conversation lags, we can always talk about something really fascinating...

(smiles)

Like mergers and acquisitions.

SARAH

(returns his smile)

Sounds stimulating.

He places his right hand on his heart as he crooks his left pinky and extends that hand toward Sarah.

SCOTT

Alright. Fine. I promise: no M and A strategies. Pinky swear?

SARAH

Well...

SCOTT

And no college basketball.

(begins to smile)

And no pro basketball.

(smiles widely)

In fact, no sports of any kind!

SARAH

(smiles)

Well, OK, sure. I guess so.

She extends her left pinky and entwines his. They shake.

SCOTT

Excellent. Boy, you sure drive a hard bargain there, Donald Trump, but we've got a deal. I'll go get us a table.

SARAH

OK. I'll be right back.

Scott scans the bar and sees a small group of people standing at the other end of it talking casually. His smile fades quickly, but Sarah doesn't notice.

SCOTT

Fine. See you in a minute.

Sarah exits to the bathroom and Scott crosses to the people he's just noticed. Two are women, JUDY and LYNN, who see him approaching.

As he approaches, Judy whispers in the ear of a third woman, MARCIA, who's facing away from him. She ignores his approach and continues to focus on EDDIE, who's talking to her.

As Scott joins the group, he nods curtly to the two women.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Hi, Judy. Lynn.

JUDY

Hi, Scott. Good
to see you.

LYNN

Hi, Scott, How
are you?

Eddie stops talking and looks up at Scott.

SCOTT

Hey, Marcia. I've been trying to
like reach you all week. Why
haven't you returned my calls or
texts?

MARCIA

I've been busy. Just like you
were busy last Saturday night.
(turns to face him)
So who's the bimbo?

SCOTT

Nobody. I just met her.

MARCIA

So up to your old tricks I see.
(to her friends)
Would you guys mind if I went
home? It's been a long day, and
I'm really very tired.

LYNN

Do you need a ride?

MARCIA

No thanks. I'll get a cab.

SCOTT

C'mon Marcia.

MARCIA

Have a wonderful time with your new girlfriend. I'm sure that the two of you will be very happy together.

(turns to Eddie)

Good night, Ernie.

Sarah returns from the bathroom and sits back down next to Scott's empty chair at the bar.

EDDIE

It's Eddie.

MARCIA

Oh, I'm sorry. Nice meet you.

SCOTT

C'mon Marcia.

MARCIA

I'm going home. Stay here if you want to. Suit yourself.

She turns and begins to walk out toward the lobby as Sarah scans the bar for Scott.

Scott begins to follow Marcia, pauses for a moment, glances over his shoulder, and sees Sarah. Their eyes meet, and he opens his mouth as if to speak, but closes it instead.

Chagrined, he turns away from Sarah quickly and follows Marcia out of the bar.

SCOTT

Marcia, for God's sake...

Lynn, Judy, and Eddie watch in silence as Scott hustles after Marcia. Lynn turns back to Judy and Eddie.

LYNN

True love strikes again.

EDDIE

Do we ever leave high school?

As they snicker, Sarah's curious expression quickly turns to one of incredulity, then pain, and then anger.

Slowly she turns away and sees her reflection in mirror behind the bar. Her face droops, and her eyes glaze over.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. LAKESIDE/SECLUDED BEACH - DAY (DUSK)

An unscarred TEENAGED SARAH is lying on a beach blanket wearing a white bikini and kissing JASON, a teenager who's wearing swimming trunks and an old Jesus Lizard T-shirt.

The sun is setting at the end of a beautiful late summer afternoon, and the remains of a picnic lie next to them. "Highway to Hell" by AC/DC PLAYS softly from a large boombox next to them.

Jason's right hand is massaging her breast. He removes his hand, puts it between her legs, and begins sliding it up her thighs. Her eyes widen, and she pushes his hand away.

TEENAGED SARAH

Jason, no!

She squirms away from him, and sits up.

A look of frustration flashes across Jason's face, but it fades quickly as he looks longingly at Teenaged Sarah's breasts.

TEENAGED SARAH (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Jason, but I'm just not ready.

JASON

I'm sorry, too. It's just that I want you so bad.

TEENAGED SARAH

That's OK. I just I want it to be special. That's all.

JASON

Sarah, you are special. Haven't we had a great summer together?

TEENAGED SARAH

(lies back down)

Yes, Jason, it's been great.

JASON

Hey, remember our double date with Alex and Carol?

TEENAGED SARAH

Hard to forget.

JASON

There was more action in the back of the theater than there was up on the screen.

TEENAGED SARAH

Well, they've been going out for a lot longer than we have.

JASON

Only by a month. I can't believe that I've gotta go back already.

TEENAGED SARAH

I'm going to miss you, too. It seems like we just got to know each other.

JASON

It feels to me like I've known you my whole life.

He rolls on top of her and kisses her behind the ear.

TEENAGED SARAH

Oh, Jason, that feels so good.

They begin kissing passionately again. He gently pushes his knee between her legs so that his thigh rests against her pubic bone. He begins rocking her slowly against his leg.

She hugs and kisses him fiercely. He rolls on top of her, putting his other leg between hers, and begins rubbing his pelvis against hers.

TEENAGED SARAH

Oh my God, Jason.

JASON

Sarah. I want you - need you - to be inside you.

Teenaged Sarah takes his head in her hands and begins kissing him passionately. After a moment, he lifts up from her slightly, and looks at her sincerely.

JASON (cont'd)

Sarah, I love you.

TEENAGED SARAH

Oh Jason, I love you too.

She begins to speak, but Jason puts his finger on her lips.

He begins kissing her again and rises to his hands and knees. He then slides his right hand down between her legs and begins to massage her groin through her bathing suit.

She closes her eyes and GROANS softly.

EXT. NEARBY BUSHES - STEADICAM

Teenaged Sarah and Jason are visible from behind, but they're partially obscured by leaves and branches.

Jason sits back on his heels, and removes Teenaged Sarah's bikini bottom. He then rises off his heels into a kneeling position. He pulls his trunks down to his knees, and lowers himself on top of her.

TEENAGED SARAH

Jason, please don't come inside me. I'm not using anything.

JASON

Don't worry. I won't. I promise.

Supporting his weight on his elbow, he shifts slightly to one side. He puts his free hand between his legs, positions himself, and thrusts into her deeply.

As he does so, the STEADICAM begins to rise.

TEENAGED SARAH

Ow!

The STEADICAM continues to rise until it's six feet off the ground. Jason is lying on top of Teenaged Sarah. He lifts his pelvis and is about to thrust again when he pauses.

JASON

Oh my God! Is this your first time? Ever?!

ANDY (O.S.)

Goddamn it!

DON (O.S.)

Get down, Andy!

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH

Teenaged Sarah and Jason are startled, and both look in the direction of the male voices.

ANDY is standing behind some bushes twenty or thirty feet away. DON is kneeling on Andy's left, tugging on his arm, and trying to pull him back down.

A third young man is kneeling on Don's left, smiling lasciviously, and watching them through binoculars.

ANDY

Fuck you, Don. I just lost fifty bucks.

Jason quickly jumps off her and pulls up his trunks as Teenaged Sarah rolls away from him and onto her stomach.

JASON

Andy, you stupid motherfucker.
I'm gonna kill you, you asshole.

ANDY

(laughs derisively)
Jason, you are one lucky son of a bitch! Damn. I really didn't think you'd get her to go all the way. What a little slut!

JASON

Goddamn you, Andy. You're a fucking dead man.

ANDY

Oh yeah? Well fuck you, Jason.
The bet was your idea, not mine.
You invited us.

Clad only in her bikini top, Teenaged Sarah gets to her hands and knees, crawls rapidly to the lake, and throws herself into it.

Teenaged Sarah begins swimming away from the shore frantically. She is CRYING, gulping in air, and spitting out water as she splashes into the brightly setting sun.

END FLASHBACK.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY (DAWN) - PRESENT DAY

A sunburst clock in Sarah's austere and disheveled kitchen indicates that it is 6:30. Overripe bananas sit in a bowl on the countertop, and dirty dishes are stacked next to the sink. There's frost on the windows.

Sarah enters from the living room wearing a white Caravaggio David and Goliath T-shirt with black and white checked pajama bottoms and slippers.

She's carrying a small wire cage with a male tabby inside. She puts the cage on the counter and removes a quart of milk from the refrigerator. She takes a bowl out of a cabinet, pours milk into it, and places it in the sink.

She opens the front of the cage, and reaches inside. The cat begins HISSING, and she jerks her hand back.

SARAH

So, after a big night of looking for girl cats, you're afraid of me? Or are you just mean? I know that you're hungry. You ate all of the tuna fish I left in the cellar. Fancy albacore tuna, but there wasn't very much, so let's try this again.

She takes the bowl of milk out of the sink and tips the front of the cage into it. She replaces the bowl of milk in the sink, slowly lifts the back of the cage out of it.

Doing so forces the cat out of the cage and into the sink. She slides the milk under its nose. The cat sniffs it and begins to lap it up as she scratches it behind the ears.

SARAH (cont'd)

There you go. That's better. What am I going to call you?

As she speaks, the cat stops drinking the milk, looks up at her, and begins to speak.

ASMODEUS (V.O.)

Takhemod taharog.
[*Thou shalt kill.*]

Sarah SHRIEKS, jumps back, and the cat turns away from her and resumes lapping up the milk.

She returns to the cat trepidatiously and reaches over to a butcher-block knife stand next to the sink. Watching the cat closely, she removes a paring knife from the stand slowly.

She pounces, grabbing the cat's head firmly in her left hand and sliding the knife under its neck. She cuts its throat and the cat SHRIEKS.

She drops the knife and uses both of her hands to hold the cat firmly.

It struggles to escape, and SCREECHES in agony as its blood spurts into the sink rhythmically.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL/TABLE - NIGHT - ON VIDEO MONITORS

The feline screeches metamorphose into the CHEERS of patrons in a sports bar as a baseball player begins a homerun trot around the bases on a large flat-screen TV.

BACK TO SCENE

CHARLIE, FRANK, MICHAEL, and TIM are four men in their thirties sitting at a table in the bar congratulating one another. They're all dressed casually, except for Michael who's wearing an expensive denim shirt and designer jeans.

CHARLIE

Damn. That makes him three for three tonight, doesn't it?

FRANK

Hey, guys. Check that out. Down there. At the end of the bar.

They turn in the direction Frank's indicated and see an attractive woman sitting next to an obviously INTOXICATED MAN who is in his thirties and wearing a business suit.

The woman is Sarah, who's wearing a short skirt, a sheer low-cut blouse, an auburn wig, brown contacts, and gold eye makeup, along with a black paracord bracelet.

Her facial scar is faintly visible under her makeup.

The man gulps down his drink and turns to order another. While his back is turned, she stifles a yawn.

FRANK

Looks like he's striking out.

TIM

Putz. Somebody oughta go over there and defend our gender.

MICHAEL

"Defend our gender"?

CHARLIE

She's gorgeous.

FRANK

Too much makeup for me.

TIM

So wash her before you fuck her.

CHARLIE

Prince Charming lives.

MICHAEL

I'll bet she cleans up well. But what's that on her face?

TIM

Who's looking at her face?

CHARLIE

So who's gonna go over there?

FRANK

I'll go.

TIM

Fuck you. You're married.

FRANK

Yeah, but I'm not dead.

CHARLIE

I vote for Michael.

MICHAEL

Why me?

CHARLIE

Frank's married, Tim's stupid,
and I'm fat.

TIM

Fuck you, fatty.

MICHAEL

All good reasons.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

But what about Angela?

CHARLIE

I wouldn't invite her. At least
not on your first date.

MICHAEL

Asshole.

FRANK

Hey man, she's your fiancée, not
your wife, and take it from me:
there's a difference. Married is
married, and single is single.

TIM

Deep. Very deep. Where's that one from? The Penthouse Forum?

CHARLIE

Oh, shit. Look.

They turn to see the Intoxicated Man grabbing napkins off the bar and trying to blot Sarah's skirt dry after having spilled some of his cocktail on her. She is not amused.

FRANK

This guy is king of the dicks.
Total washout.

CHARLIE

Alright. Listen Michael, if you won't make a move, I will.

MICHAEL

OK. Fine, but I'll probably be right back.

FRANK

Just remember my advice.

MICHAEL

Which is?

FRANK

If you can listen to whatever insipid drivel comes out of her stupid mouth until two A-M, you're spending the night.

MICHAEL

(as he rises)

How did you ever get married?

FRANK

What's not to love?

TIM

We'll keep your seat warm.

CHARLIE

Let me know if you want to borrow my condom.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL/BAR - NIGHT

Sarah and the Intoxicated Man are attempting to dry her off. Michael approaches them and grabs some bar napkins.

MICHAEL

Can I help?

INTOXICATED MAN

Yeah. You can help (hic). Get lost. That'd be a big help.

MICHAEL

Sally? Is that you?

They both look at Michael simultaneously. The Intoxicated Man's still irked, but she's perplexed and a bit dubious.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

It is you! Remember me? Michael from English Lit. Remember?

SARAH

English Lit?

INTOXICATED MAN

Hey buddy. Do me a favor (hic) and go fuck off.

MICHAEL

Yes. From English Lit. Michael from Mister Sanderson's class?

SARAH

Michael? Oh, Michael! From Mister... No, not Sanderson... Samuelson. Mister Samuelson's class! Wow, small world. It's great to see you again.

MICHAEL

You too.

INTOXICATED MAN

You know this guy?

SARAH

It's been ages. How are you?

MICHAEL

Just fine, Sally. How about you?

SARAH

Me too, but a little damp.

INTOXICATED MAN

I thought (hic) you said that your name was... is Donna. Short for Ma-donna, right?

Michael begins patting the damp spots with the napkins. Sarah is appraising him frankly and addresses the Intoxicated Man without looking at him.

SARAH

Donna's my middle name. I stopped using Sally when I got out of school. It sounded too... too... I don't know. Girlish?

MICHAEL

Hey Sally, I'd really like to catch up on old times, but it's pretty noisy in here. Can we go someplace a little quieter?

SARAH

Well, I was supposed to meet one of my girlfriends here, but it looks like I've been stood up.

MICHAEL

Why don't you try her cell and leave a voicemail if she doesn't answer? Maybe we can hook up with her later.

INTOXICATED MAN

Listen buddy, --

SARAH

Sure. Why not.

INTOXICATED MAN

Hey, don't you wanna finish (hic) your drink?

SARAH

Why don't you finish it for me?

Sarah catches the bartender's eye and gestures to him as the Intoxicated Man departs huffily.

Michael turns to his friends at the table and discretely licks the tip of his index finger and makes a downward stroke in the air with it.

They respond by congratulating him with thumbs up and OK gestures, etc.

Sarah sees these gestures in the mirror behind the bar and smiles into it coquettishly.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sarah is smiling coquettishly at Michael as they walk down a city sidewalk on a warm summer evening.

MICHAEL

It's Donna, right? As in Madonna?

SARAH

Sally? Where'd that come from? Do I look like a Sally to you?

MICHAEL

No, it was just the first name that popped into my head. But I figured that, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Sarah stops, and stares at Michael. After a step, he stops as well, and turns back to her.

SARAH

(smiles coyly)

Shakespeare? Five minutes in, and I'm already getting lines from Romeo and Juliet? What's next? Yonder window?

MICHAEL

How about "parting is such sweet sorrow?"

SARAH

Well, then I guess we're stuck with each other. Which is fine by me, if we can lose "Sally".

They resume walking.

MICHAEL

OK. Fine by me, Donna.

(beat)

But you should know that Sally was my mom's name.

(beat)

And my big sister's.

(grins)

May they rest in peace.

SARAH

(sees his grin)

Sure they were. I may have been born at night, but it wasn't last night.

MICHAEL

(smile grows)

OK. Well then, how about Grandma Sally? Or Aunt Sally?

(smiles widely)

Actually, when I was a kid we had this pet beagle...

SARAH

OK. OK. I'm not offended. It might not be my favorite name, but I've been called worse.

MICHAEL

Well, that's a relief. Where would you like to go?

SARAH

(cloyingly)

Hoffman Heights?

MICHAEL

Hoffman Heights?!? Did I say something to make you mad?

SARAH

Oh no. I really was supposed to meet my girlfriend in there. I just moved to Chicago from Dallas. I decided come into the Loop to do a little sightseeing, so I took the train in. Then, my girlfriend called and said that she'd try to hook up with me here later. But something must've come up, so she couldn't make it. No big deal.

Michael stops walking beside a late model car and reaches into his pocket for his key ring.

MICHAEL

OK. Well, here's my car. Hoffman Heights, huh?

SARAH

Hey, if it's too far out of the way, how about just downtown to the train station? I can take it home and catch a cab.

MICHAEL

No. No. That's OK. It's not that far. You know the way, right?

He unlocks and opens the passenger's door. Sarah approaches it, and she brushes against him.

SARAH
We should be just fine unless my
Alzheimer's kicks in.

MICHAEL
OK, next stop Hoffman Heights.

Sarah reaches out and puts her hand behind his neck. She gently pulls his face toward hers. He's nonplussed, but before their lips touch, she kisses him on the cheek.

SARAH
You're sweet.

MICHAEL
Hey, no problem. My pleasure.

SARAH
I certainly hope so.

She enters the car, and he closes the door behind her.

He trots around the car to the driver's side door, and as does so, he looks and points skyward as he mouths the words "Thanks, Big Guy."

Michael's hand grabs the handle of the car door.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Sarah's hand inserts a key into a door lock. There is a black paracord bracelet on her wrist, and the key is on a large ring with other keys and a stuffed catspaw.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What's that thing on your keys?

SARAH (O.S.)
A memento from my Dad.

Sarah's unlocks the door and pushes it open.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Sarah enters the house, and turns on the lights.

Michael follows her inside. She reaches over to a security keypad near the door and pushes some buttons as she closes the front door and hangs her keys on a hook next to it.

Michael walks past her toward the living room.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah turns on ceiling track lights above a large wall-mounted OLED flat screen TV. Other than the TV, the room contains a coffee table, a sofa in the middle of the room, an easy chair, and an end table.

The floor is covered with slightly worn carpeting.

SARAH

I know that it's not exactly luxurious, but that's the trouble with living with roommates: no need to buy your own furniture.

(beat)

Well, thanks again for rescuing me from that drunk.

MICHAEL

Damsels in distress are my "speciality".

(bows slightly)

The name's Michael, but my friends call me Lancelot.

SARAH

OK, Lancelot. I guess that makes me Guinevere, which is better than Sally at least. Please sit down. You want something to eat?

Michael crosses to the sofa and sees a collection of stuffed dolls from the movie "Turbo". He moves a couple of them out of the way and sits down.

MICHAEL

Excuse me, guys.

(to Sarah)

You don't have to bother with a snack. Just a beer would be great, if you have one.

SARAH

It's no bother. Actually I made something earlier tonight, and I'd like your opinion of it.

MICHAEL

If you're sure it's no trouble.

SARAH

None at all. Gimme two minutes.

INT. KITCHEN

Sarah starts the microwave and takes two beer mugs out of the freezer, one of which is covered by a plastic wrap.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

So how do you like the LBO?

SARAH

The LBO?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

The Land Beyond O'Hare.

SARAH

Oh. The LBO. Well, it's OK I guess, but I only just moved in.

She removes the plastic wrap from the mugs, opens the refrigerator, and takes out two bottles of beer.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

So why the burbs? Family nearby?

SARAH

Oh no. It's just close to work.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

So have you been flying long?

SARAH

Seven years.

She opens the beers, pours them into the mugs, and puts them on a tray that contains cutlery and a napkin.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I didn't know that the airlines hired fifteen-year-old flight attendants.

SARAH

Keep it up, Lancelot. You're scoring points.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

So, do you enjoy it?

SARAH

Who wouldn't? "May I please take your garbage? Oh thank you so much for your garbage. If you have any more garbage, please let me know". Yep. Nothin' but glamour, twenty-four seven.

The microwave DINGS, and she takes the plate out of it. She it on the tray. She then picks up the tray and carries it into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah puts the tray down on the coffee table, picks up the beer mugs, and hands one to Michael.

MICHAEL

Thanks. L'chaim.

She arches an eyebrow quizzically and tips her mug to him in a salute before they both take a sip of the beer.

She then sits on the sofa and crosses her right leg under her left knee, pointing it at Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey, that pizza smells great. What kind is it?

SARAH

The secret ingredient homemade kind. C'mon, try it. I'd really like to know what you think.

Sarah puts it in his lap. He picks up the cutlery and cuts a piece from the slice.

MICHAEL

OK. I'm game. Once a philosopher, right?

(begins chewing)

Wow, this is great. Really. And different. You made it?

SARAH

Neither delivery nor DiGiorno.

MICHAEL

Very impressive. So seriously, what's in it?

SARAH

Oh, this and that. Snips and snails and puppy dog tails. Or what is it? Eye of newt, and tongue of dog?

He cuts off another piece, and begins chewing it happily.

MICHAEL

Well "Double, double toil and trouble" to you too, you witch. It's "eye of newt, and toe of frog/wool of bat, and tongue of dog." I forget the rest.

(another bite)

Very good. I shoulda called you Celeste instead of Sally. So what are the secret ingredients?

SARAH

I call it my French pizza. It's baguette dough, chanterelle mushrooms, and Gruyere cheese. And no snips or puppy dog tails.

(beat)

But it does have the snails.

MICHAEL

Snails?!?! Really?

SARAH

Well, escargot, if you prefer.

He swallows the bite of pizza reluctantly, picks up his mug, and takes a large swallow of beer.

MICHAEL

Snail pizza, huh? Well, that's a first. Who da thunk it?

SARAH

That's why I wanted you to try it before I told you what was in it. Don't you like it?

MICHAEL

Well, honestly, it really is very good. I guess that it's just the idea of snail pizza.

SARAH

Have you ever had escargot?

MICHAEL

I think so. I mean I'm sure I've had them; I just don't remember liking them very much. Aren't they hermaphrodites?

SARAH

Yes they are. Plus they stab each other with love darts before they mate. Love hurts, right? Some people think that that's where the Romans got the idea for Cupid's arrows from.

MICHAEL

Cupid's arrows come from mating snails? Who knew? Not exactly romantic, is it? Or appetizing.

SARAH

Hey, we eat shellfish whole, don't we? Oysters and mussels and clams.

MICHEAL

Not if you're kosher, but you gotta point. Didn't Oscar Wilde say that the bravest man who ever lived was the first one to eat a raw oyster?

SARAH

Or the hungriest. Looks like somebody sneezed in a shell if you ask me. At least my snails are cooked.

MICHAEL

(picks up a doll)

Which explains these guys, I presume? Since they're both boys and girls, who's your favorite?

SARAH

My little buddies. Well, I guess that Skidmark's my favorite, but don't tell the others.

MICHAEL

Don't worry. All of your secrets will be safe with me.

SARAH

That's good to know.

There is a lull in the conversation as Sarah arches an eyebrow again and looks at him expectantly.

Michael places the mug back on the tray and takes another polite bite.

He smiles doubtfully, begins chewing, shrugs, swallows the pizza, reaches for his mug, and takes a sip of beer.

MICHAEL

Wow, beautiful and a great cook.
I'd better watch out or I could
get into some trouble here.

Sarah slides toward him, reaches out, and begins stroking the back of his neck.

SARAH

You're sweet.

Michael puts the mug on the tray and the tray on the table. He turns to her and kisses her passionately. She pulls away after a moment.

SARAH (cont'd)

(as she rises)

Whoa. Slow down there, Lancelot.
How about a guided tour of the
palace? Show you the throne.

MICHAEL

Sure. Sure, that'd be great.
Right behind you.

Sarah begins walking toward the hall. Michael picks up his mug and takes a large swallow as he follows her into the hallway with his eyes focused firmly on her derriere.

INT. HALLWAY

As they walk down the hall, they approach the door to the master bedroom, which is closed.

MICHAEL

What's in here?

SARAH

My bedroom, but that's strictly
off limits.

Sarah opens the door directly across the hall from it.

SARAH (cont'd)

This is what I want to show you.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

They enter the exercise room, and Sarah turns on a dimmer switch that illuminates it softly.

It is immaculate, almost erotic in appearance, and filled with the latest, state-of-the-art equipment.

Three of the walls and the ceiling are covered with thick foam tiles. The mirrored fourth wall has two ballet bars mounted on it.

There are two trapdoors in the floor: a small one near the weight machine and a larger one next to one of the walls.

MICHAEL

(wolf whistles)

Wow. You could start your own health club with all this stuff.

Sarah picks up a remote and "Midnight Rambler" by The Rolling Stones begins PLAYING softly from hidden speakers.

SARAH

So do you like to work out?

MICHAEL

As much as the next guy, I suppose, but I never seem to find the time.

SARAH

Me neither. That's why I bought this stuff.

Michael approaches a ceiling-mounted HD dome camera in a corner of the room. There are similar cameras in the other three corners of the ceiling.

MICHAEL

Wow. This looks like the ones they have at the casinos in Vegas. Does it work?

SARAH

Sure does. It all works. I live alone, so I figured that an ounce of prevention made sense.

Michael approaches a wall and runs his hand over the foam.

MICHAEL

Works for me. What's this stuff? Soundproofing?

SARAH

Yep. I like to blast the tunes when I'm working out and I don't wanna nettle the neighbors.

She cranks the MUSIC up to an earsplitting level. She quickly turns it back down, and as she does so, Michael sees a small strobe light and keypad on the wall.

MICHAEL

Nettle the neighbors. Very considerate. And this?

SARAH

My burglar alarm. "Frailty, thy name is woman."

MICHAEL

Yeah. Sure it is. So what's next? "Get thee to a nunnery?"

SARAH

What? And miss out on all the men? Thanks, but no thanks.

MICHAEL

All the men? Exactly how many men are we talking about here?
(to the trapdoor)
And is this the secret man-stash?

SARAH

(smiles coyly)
Now why didn't I think of that? So, what's your favorite?

MICHAEL

Exercise? Oh, I don't know. The treadmill, I guess.

SARAH

Mine's the bench press. I like working on my upper body. You know: pecs, lats, shoulders.

MICHAEL

It shows.

SARAH

(modestly)
Thanks, but I think I'm becoming an endorphin junkie. I'm lifting three or four times a day now.

Sarah puts her arm around the weight machine affectionately.

SARAH (cont'd)
 Say hi to my friend, "Ah-grat".
 (off Michael's
 puzzled reaction)
 A-G-R-A-T. Named her after my
 trust fund. Wanna see how she
 earns her keep?

MICHAEL
 Trust fund? This just keeps on
 getting better. Absolutely.

SARAH
 (sits on the bench)
 I shouldn't get my new blouse all
 sweaty.

Sarah lowers her eyes demurely and unbuttons her blouse.

She then removes it and holds it out to Michael who's trying hard not to gawk at her brassiere.

SARAH (cont'd)
 (smiles shyly)
 Would you mind holding this?

MICHAEL
 (clears his throat)
 Ahem. No. Not a problem. Got it.

In a familiar motion, she sits down at the machine and shifts her hips forward to get into position.

As she does, she inadvertently hikes up her skirt. She spreads her legs apart for balance and begins to lift.

Michael glances at the mirrored wall and realizes he can see her panties up her skirt. He drinks again, mesmerized by the view reflected in the mirror.

As she continues to lift, he begins to perspire, wipes his brow, takes another sip of beer, and turns back to Sarah.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 Wow, I think this is harder on me
 than it is on you.

Michael wobbles to a stool and bends down to put his beer mug on the floor.

There is a soft THUD (o.s.) as he falls to the floor.

Sarah ignores it, and stares up at the ceiling.

She blinks her eyes, clenches her teeth, and resumes lifting strenuously as she looks up at the ceiling.

FADE TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

The ceiling of the exercise room comes into focus slowly. "Rape Me" by Nirvana is playing from the speakers loudly.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

(groggily)

Oh man.

Michael turns his head and sees his reflection in the mirrored wall.

BACK TO SCENE

He's lying on the floor of the softly lit exercise room, and naked except for a black leather hood, G-string, and a studded black leather collar.

The eye and mouth openings of the hood are unzipped, and his hands are cuffed behind him.

The collar has a ring on it, which is attached to a four-foot-long stainless steel chain that is padlocked onto a recessed floor ring.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What... the... fuck kinda kinky
shit is this?

He begins GRUNTING and pulling at the chains and cuffs as he attempts to rise.

As he gets to his knees, he realizes that the chain is preventing him from standing upright.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(struggling)

Damnit! Donna, where are you?

The MUSIC stops abruptly. Michael hears a plaintive CRY from the video monitor and quickly turns toward the sound.

VICTIM (O.S.)

Allison! Allison, where are you?

SPLIT SCREEN HD VIDEO

The screen splits into four simultaneous color HD surveillance video recordings, one from each corner of the brightly lit exercise room.

The VICTIM is a man in his early thirties and he is in the center of each of the four videos.

He is also handcuffed, chained to the recessed floor ring, and naked, except for a black leather hood and G-string.

His skin is bruised and cut in places, and he is kneeling with his head bowed.

VICTIM (cont'd)

Allison, please. I'm thirsty.

The door to the exercise room opens. VIDEO SARAH walks into the room briskly and closes the door behind her.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Oh my God.

She's wearing 1950's lingerie: white bra, garter belt, nylons, white cotton panties, and high heels, which are sprinkled with drops and small smears of dried blood. She's also wearing a black paracord bracelet on her right wrist, and her irises appear to be tinged in red.

She's carrying a piece of black cloth and a large black-wrapped Bowie knife in her right hand.

In her left hand she holds a clear plastic bowl of water that is covered with plastic wrap and contains a mouthpiece of large pointed dental veneers and a dark brown object.

The Victim raises his head. The eye openings for the leather hood have been zipped shut, and they've been painted over with crude human eye caricatures.

VICTIM

Allison? Is that you?

Silently, Sarah crosses to the Victim, puts the bowl of water on the floor in front of him, peels off the plastic wrap, and removes the mouthpiece from the bowl.

She scoops a small amount of water into her hand and splashes it into the Victim's hooded face and mouth.

VICTIM (cont'd)

Oh thank you, Allison. Thank you.
Is there any more?

VIDEO SARAH

I don't know if you deserve any more. You'll just make a mess.

VICTIM

I won't make a mess, I promise. Just a little bit more. Please?

VIDEO SARAH

Alright. There's more in a bowl on the floor. What do you say?

VICTIM

Thank you. Oh, thank you very much for the water, Allison.

VIDEO SARAH

If you spill it, you won't get any more for a very long time.

VICTIM

I know. I won't. I promise.

Sarah guides his head to the bowl. He spreads his knees for better balance and begins to lap up the water carefully.

VIDEO SARAH

Slowly. Don't make a mess. You I hate when you do that.

With a look of disapproval, Sarah stands over him, and shakes her head sadly in contemptuous disgust.

She inserts the dental veneers in her mouth and smiles malevolently.

The cloth she's been holding is a black executioner's hood. She puts it over her head.

As she does so, the Victim suddenly raises his head from the bowl and begins to SCREAM in pain.

A four-inch long giant water bug has attached itself to his tongue by its pincers.

The Victim begins to shake his head and thrash about violently as he tries to dislodge it.

VIDEO SARAH (cont'd)

Ani menivah. Hu diber.

[I understand. He has spoken.]

The Victim bites down on the bronze bug, and a gooey yellow slime fills his mouth and runs down the chin of the mask.

He begins SPITTING out the remains of the bug as Sarah drops down to a knee beside him.

She grabs the chain attached his collar in her free hand, and pulls it taut as she draws the knife behind her.

The Victim GAGS as she GRUNTS and swings the knife forward toward his anus. Split screen ends.

BACK TO SCENE

The Victim's SCREAMS (o.s.) become even louder as Michael watches the monitor, transfixed, his eyes wide with horror.

MICHAEL

Oh... my... God.

Michael suddenly sees Sarah's reflection in the mirrored wall, and he spins toward her awkwardly.

She has entered the room silently and is standing in front of the closed door. She's wearing her blood-splattered 1950's lingerie, black paracord bracelet, and a belt with a sheathed black-wrapped Bowie knife attached to it.

Michael's eyes widen further, and he GASPS audibly when he sees that she is wearing red pentagram contact lenses in her eyes. A stream of urine begins to run down his leg.

Sarah is holding a glass of water in one hand. In the other, she's holding a small white and blue box labeled "Viagra". Sarah raises the box, smiles, and shakes it.

SARAH

Time to take your medicine.

Sarah's smile widens revealing large pointed dental veneers.

When she sees the urine running down his leg and onto the floor, she frowns and shakes her head ominously.

Her eyes become dull and reptilian. She stares at him ruthlessly while the Victim's SCREAMS continue (o.s.).

SARAH (cont'd)

Now look at the mess you made.

FADE TO:

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL/BOOTH - DAY

RAY, ANGELA, and DAVE are seated at a booth in a sports bar. The monitors are showing a daytime baseball game.

Ray is in his mid-fifties and wearing a nondescript polo shirt, sports coat, and khakis.

Angela is in her late twenties and wearing a white linen blouse and white linen shorts.

Dave is in his mid-thirties and wearing a flannel shirt and cotton slacks.

They've just been served soft drinks, and some of the beverage has spilled out of Ray's glass onto the table.

He frowns as he mops it up with a cocktail napkin.

DAVE

I thought you detectives had a reputation for hard drinking.

RAY

Well, I guess that we can't all be Philip Marlowe now, can we? Wanna get any more clichés out of your system before we start?

DAVE

So which do you prefer? Gumshoe or private dick?

The conversation pauses briefly as Ray and Dave stare at one another stone-faced.

ANGELA

Dave, please? So what's next, Mr. Tobin?

RAY

Please. It's Ray.

(sips drink)

Mom wanted Raphael; Dad was a Ray Charles fan. So I'm a compromise: Raphael Charles, but everybody calls me Ray anyway.

(beat)

OK. Well first, still nothing from the police or the N-C-I-C database, and he's not in any hospital or morgue in the county on a John Doe.

Ray notices Angela grimace slightly as he flips open his black leather notebook.

DAVE

You don't use a tablet?

RAY

Tablets are for headaches. So nobody's seen Michael at his job or apartment; he hasn't used his credit cards or cell phone; he hasn't touched his bank account; and he's not in any trouble with the law or anyone else. Finally he doesn't owe anybody money either. So, so far, the typical reasons are dead ends.

DAVE

Great. So now we know where he isn't. Any idea where he is?

RAY

(glowers at Dave)

Has he ever done anything like this before, Angela?

ANGELA

No. Never.

RAY

What about that time in college?

ANGELA

I'm sorry. What time in college?

RAY

Well, Frank says he disappeared for three days right before his final exams at the end of his junior year. Apparently, he got a motel room so he could study.

DAVE

So are you telling us to drive around the Midwest and scour motels looking for a thirty-three-year-old man cramming for an English Lit final?

RAY

Listen son, I don't care enough about your mother's money to take this kinda shit from you. I was a cop for twenty years, and I've been a private investigator for seven. Keep it up, and I'll walk right out that door, and you can find him yourself, OK?

ANGELA

Dave, please? This isn't helping us find Michael. So what can you tell us, Ray? Why are we here?

RAY

Well, he's not exactly high-risk, and it's not a crime for a grown man to disappear, so the C-P-D's not gonna be doing much more than putting his picture on the A-P-B net site. But I talked to a guy at O-E-M-C, and he was able to identify Michael's car at Halstead and Division last Tuesday night with a P-O-D.

DAVE

Impressive abbreviations, but a P-O-D? That's a surveillance camera, right?

RAY

Police Observation Device. It picked up his plate heading west toward the Kennedy, which adds up because they caught it exiting at Roselle Road about an hour later.

ANGELA

Surveillance cameras! That's great. Did they get any pictures of Michael?

RAY

Not that I could find so far. Just his car. But that's why I'm here. I wanted see if this place had surveillance cams, too. They do, but they delete their data automatically after three days.

DAVE

Damn.

RAY

Not the end of the world. I'll show his picture around and see if anybody recognizes him.

ANGELA

Roselle Road? Isn't that out past the Woodfield Mall? I don't think Michael knows anybody out there.

RAY

That's why I wanted to meet with you two. Do you know why he might have gone all the way out to the northwest suburbs on a Tuesday night?

Angela shakes her head.

DAVE

Got me. We're from Orland Park.

RAY

The reason I ask is that the tollway doesn't have his plates coming back into the city that night. Or the next day. Not that he couldn't have taken another road back, of course, but why would he do that if he doesn't know the area?

ANGELA

So it was a one way trip?

RAY

As far as I can tell, but I'm still digging, so we'll see.

(beat)

Angela I know that this isn't easy, but I need to know. How have the two of you been getting along lately?

ANGELA

We were getting along fine. He seemed to be really excited about the wedding, not reluctant at all. We were supposed to be auditioning bands this weekend.

Dave hands her his cocktail napkin. She dabs her eyes with it, and then begins tearing it into small pieces.

RAY

Did he stay in touch with any of his former girlfriends?

ANGELA

I don't think so. He had a girlfriend when we met, Sally something, but it wasn't working out. I heard she got married and moved out west.

RAY

Sally Blackstone, née Cole.
Married in March and moved to San
Jose. Another dead end.

ANGELA

Then why do you ask?

RAY

Well, we may have a lead.

(beat)

Michael was here with his friends
last week, and while they were
here it looks like he talked to
some woman at the bar. They left
together, so Tim thought that he
might have been, well, successful
was the word he used.

ANGELA

Successful?

RAY

Uh, yeah. Tim said that they
goaded him into approaching her,
and after a few minutes, they
apparently left here together.

ANGELA

Successful.

DAVE

Those assholes. Listen Angela, we
don't know if anything happened
between them. Maybe he just gave
her a lift home and came back
another way. Got lost or
something.

(turns to Ray)

Goddamn it. I can't believe that
he would just pick some broad up
in a bar and disappear with her.

ANGELA

Broad?

RAY

I agree. There should have been
some sign from him. Credit card,
text, phone call. Something.

ANGELA

Maybe she hurt him or is holding
him hostage or something.

RAY

Well, it's possible, I suppose,
but it's very, very unlikely.

ANGELA

Why?

RAY

Because according to Tim none of
them recognized her. Including
Michael. So he and this woman
were probably complete strangers.
If so, there's no motive for her
to harm him, and without a demand
for money kidnapping doesn't make
much sense, either.

DAVE

Maybe he hurt her.

Angela looks at Dave sharply.

RAY

I doubt it. If so, he would've
been in touch with somebody
before going on the run.

ANGELA

Well, then what can we do besides
putting him up on NamUs and his
picture on streetlights?

RAY

I'll talk to everyone here and
see if we can find any more
surveillance video of him. But if
you want to pitch in, we can
start working the long shot.

ANGELA

The long shot?

DAVE

Find the woman.

RAY

That's right. We might not have a
picture, but Tim gave me a good
description: height, weight, age,
hair color, eye color, the usual.
But what might really help is
that he thought that she might
have a faint scar or blemish on
her face. So maybe we can fan out
around here and look for a woman
that meets his description and
see if she recognizes Michael.

ANGELA
It's not much to
go on, is it?

DAVE
At least it's
something

RAY
(to Angela)
I know, but if you want to do
something, this is it. And who
knows? We might get lucky.

DAVE
Bad choice of words.

ANGELA
Not funny, Dave. Do you practice
saying dumb shit, or does it just
come to you naturally?
(Ray smirks)
Thanks for everything, Mr. Tobin.
We appreciate it.

DAVE
Yeah, thanks. And sorry about
earlier. I guess I needed to let
off some steam.

RAY
Forget about it.

INT. DAVE'S JEEP WRANGLER - DAY

Dave and Angela are sitting in a Jeep. They are parked on a residential city street, and Dave turns off the engine.

ANGELA
I think I'm having a nervous
breakdown. I haven't had a decent
night's sleep all week, and I've
lost six pounds.

DAVE
Just think how you great you'll
look in your wedding dress.

ANGELA
(opens the car door)
I'll see you later, Dave.

DAVE
Hey Angela, wait a second. I'm
sorry, but you've got to try to
relax. You're too wired.

Angela closes the door and SIGHS,

ANGELA

I'm trying to, Dave, but I just...I don't know. Sometimes I actually hope he's been hurt, lying in a hospital someplace, instead off with some bimbo. I just get so angry... C'mon Dave, let's face it. He's probably hiding out somewhere because he met someone else and he's afraid to make a commitment to us - that I pushed him into this wedding.

DAVE

That doesn't make sense, Angela. We both know him. He loves you, and even if he did get cold feet, he didn't just pick up some tramp in a bar one night and disappear. What about me and Mom? And his friends? And his job? Nope. I don't buy it. Not him. Maybe he's being held hostage or something.

ANGELA

That's what I said, Dave, but didn't you hear what Ray said?

DAVE

Yeah, I heard him, but maybe they're waiting for the heat to die down or something. Shit.

He picks up his key and puts it in the ignition.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S JEEP - NIGHT

Dave takes his key out of the ignition. He's wearing white cargo shorts and a plaid oxford shirt. He opens the car door and mutters to himself as he exits.

DAVE (cont'd)

... sick of this boring shit.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A few yards from the entrance of a sports bar, a couple emerges and begins walking toward him.

The woman is Sarah wearing a short skirt, sheer blouse, black wig, and heavy red lipstick.

The man is a PICKUP in his early thirties who's wearing a sports coat, jeans, and a Kenny Wayne Sheppard T-shirt.

As they approach, Dave does a subtle double take on her faint facial scar. He stops and begins to pat his pockets.

DAVE

Damn. Where are they? Oh great.

As they pass him, he turns around and begins trailing them. They're a few paces ahead of him, but still within earshot.

PICKUP

Sorry about your girlfriend.

SARAH

Well, like I said, she wasn't sure if she could make it. So...

PICKUP

Well, here we are.

They stop in front of a red Camry, and the Pickup removes his car key from his pocket.

As he does so, Sarah puts her hand on the back of his neck.

SARAH

I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. A lift home is really a special treat for me.

PICKUP

Hey, it's my pleasure.

SARAH

I certainly hope so.

Dave walks past them, and the Pickup glances at him, spoiling the moment.

Sarah follows the Pickup's eyes and looks at Dave quizzically.

Dave takes out his car keys conspicuously and continues walking toward his Jeep.

The Pickup ignores him and opens the passenger's door, but Sarah glares at him in annoyance.

She enters the car, and the Pickup closes it behind her.

INT. DAVE'S JEEP - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Dave quickly turns a corner in a suburban sub-division.

The street is quiet and deserted, and he immediately sees a red Camry parked in a driveway in the middle of the block.

He passes it slowly and sees silhouettes of a man and a woman entering the front door.

DAVE

Bingo.

He makes a U-turn, drives up to Sarah's house, and parks in front of it. He checks his phone and sees that it's nearly midnight. He SIGHS, leans back, and opens a stick of gum.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S JEEP/SARAH'S CURB - NIGHT

Dave opens another stick of gum, looks at his watch again, and sees that it is now nearly 1:30 AM.

He's still parked outside Sarah's house. Three gum wrappers litter the passenger seat next to him. His phone rings.

DAVE

(into phone)

Hey Angela. Where are you now?

EXT./INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - TRACKING

across the front lawn toward Sarah's dark and foreboding house, and then through the living room window.

Sarah's living room is dark and still, but the silhouette of the back of a man's head and shoulders are visible from behind the sofa.

The figure is completely stationary, and his stillness makes him appear to be transfixed by the TV, despite the fact that the screen is black.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)

(into phone)

That's only twenty minutes away.

(beat)

I'm still in Hoffman Heights watching the house of that couple, but if I sit here much longer I'm gonna, go nuts.

In the hallway, the doors to the exercise room and master bedroom are closed. The only light is a soft glow coming from an open door at the end of the hall.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - TRACKING

into the back bedroom, which is unoccupied. An unmade bed, piled with soiled clothes and linens, is against one wall.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)

(into phone)

Nothing. There was a light on in the living room when I got here, but it went off like half an hour later. The damn place looks deserted now. I'm gonna go take a look. See if can see anything.

Directly opposite the bed is a wall-mounted 38" curved LED monitor that is split into 16 HD video images and provides the room with its only light.

It's above a desk that contains a profusion of high-tech electronic equipment. An ergonomic black desk chair sits beneath the monitor.

All of the 16 images on the monitor show locations around the house, but there is movement in only the four images in the monitor's upper left corner.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)

(into phone)

I know, I know. But if I talk to Ray, he'll just tell me to stay put, and I may be onto something here. I'm not gonna let it just slip through my fingers.

SPLIT SCREEN HD VIDEO

The screen splits into four simultaneous color HD surveillance videos, one from each corner of the brightly lit exercise room.

They show Sarah kneeling next to the groin of the unconscious Pickup from four different angles.

He's wearing a G-string, a studded leather collar, and a Kenny Wayne Shepherd T-shirt. He's in a supine position next to a pile of sliced clothing.

A leather hood, handcuffs, and a steel chain are on the floor next to him.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)

(into phone)

I understand that, but he's my kid brother, damn it. If they see me, they see me. I'll just make up some bullshit and get the hell out of here. Sure, call him if you want to. I'm still gonna go take a look around. I'm at...

Sarah's wearing white blood-splattered lingerie and holding her Bowie knife in a forward grip edge up. She begins to slide it under his T-shirt slowly until the tip protrudes from the crew neck. Split screen ends.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

Sarah's holding her knife under the Pickup's T-shirt, and the tip the blade protrudes from the shirt's crew neck.

As "If It Makes You Happy" by Sheryl Crow BLARES from the speakers, Sarah slides the knife towards her, slicing it open. When it's cut in half, she hones the blade on his bare chest and then begins to slice open one of the sleeves.

EXT. SARAH'S CURB

Dave gets out of his car and starts toward Sarah's house. He stops, returns to his car, and opens the cargo hatch. He digs out a crowbar, closes the hatch, and locks the car.

He then takes his cell phone out of his pocket, turns on the flashlight function, bends at the waist, and trots across the lawn.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/NURSERY - NIGHT

SHEILA is a thirty-year-old woman in a bathrobe. She's burping a baby in a nursery that's in a house directly across the street from Sarah's.

She hears a car's cargo hatch CLOSE, looks up, and crosses to an open window above a crib.

She looks out and sees a Jeep parked under a streetlight in front of Sarah's house.

Then she sees Dave on Sarah's lawn bent at the waist, holding an illuminated phone, and trotting up to her house.

SHEILA

Brad?

Sheila watches Dave glance around furtively as he approaches the living room window. She watches him cover the light and peer in the window for a moment.

BRAD (O.S.)

What?

SHEILA

Come here in for a sec, will ya?

Sheila sees Dave turn away from the window, and look up and down the street again. She then watches him uncover the light, bend from the waist, trot to the side of the house, go around the corner, and disappear from view.

BRAD (O.S.)

Can't it wait for a commercial?

Sheila leaves the window and crosses to the Nursery door.

SHEILA

No, it can't.

BRAD (O.S.)

Alright. Alright. Jesus Christ.
Can't I just get a half an hour
to myself?

She returns to the window, putting her infant in its crib as she does so. Simultaneously, BRAD enters the room wearing a white T-shirt and jeans. He is carrying a bottle of beer.

He sees his wife staring out of the window intently. He approaches her silently until he's directly behind her, and follows her gaze out the window.

SHEILA

Brad!

BRAD

Jesus Christ, Sheila! I'm right
here. What is it?

SHEILA

I just saw somebody peeping into
what's-her-name's window.

Brad glances out the window again and sees an empty street.

BRAD

I'll alert Channel Two.

SHEILA

What's your problem?

BRAD

I was watching Sports Center.

SHEILA

Well, goodie for you. Why don't you just listen to me for once? I saw guy peeping into a window across the street. Then he snuck around behind the house.

BRAD

Which house?

SHEILA

That one. Right over there.

BRAD

Oh. You mean what's her name.

SHEILA

Yes. That's what I just said. Aren't you listening?

BRAD

Well, there's nobody there now.

SHEILA

Yeah, I noticed. Like I said, he snuck around back.

BRAD

How do you know it wasn't just some guy coming to visit her? I mean it could be a friend of hers or something, right?

SHEILA

Maybe because it's nearly two o'clock in the morning, and maybe because he peeped into her window, and maybe because he snuck around behind her house.

BRAD

And maybe he just wants to surprise her.

SHEILA

Yeah. I'll bet he does.

BRAD

Hey, whose Jeep is that in front
of her house?

SHEILA

I think it's his. The guy who
snuck behind her house. Do you
think he might be dangerous?
Should we call the police?

Brad removes his cell from his pocket and begins to dial.

BRAD

You know what? You just might...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/BACK BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Dave's holding his cell phone so that its light is shining
in front of him when it begins to RING loudly.

DAVE

(whispers)

Shit!

Dave drops the crowbar onto the grass, flips the phone to
vibrate, turns off the light, and puts it in his pocket.

He's standing outside a window behind Sarah's house. He
bends from the waist, cups his hands beside his eyes to
block out the ambient light, and peers inside.

He sees an unmade bed covered with piles of ruffled sheets
and clothing. He also sees the side of a 38" curved LED
Monitor, which is lighting the room softly, but he can't see
the images themselves.

He bends down to pick up his crowbar, crinkles his nose,
grimaces, and SNORTS.

He looks down and notices that he's standing in front of a
ground level basement window.

He takes his cell phone out of his pocket, squats down,
turns on the flashlight, and shines it on the window. Thick
curtains, which are sewn together and stapled to the sill,
are behind the glass.

He turns the cell phone light off, puts it in his pocket,
looks around furtively, and then kneels to examine the
window more closely.

He picks up the crowbar, inserts the narrow portion of it into the bottom of the window frame, and as quietly as he can, he begins to pry up the window.

He scowls and winces at a pungent aroma as he turns his head to the side.

DAVE

Whew!

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

"Sexy" by Devil Doll is BLARING: "I thought you were the one / The one to make me cum / You only drove me nuts / I hate your fucking guts."

Sarah is wearing her blood-splattered lingerie, bracelet, dental veneers, and pentagram contact lens as she straddles the Pickup and grinds her pelvis on his groin.

He's unconscious and lying in a supine position near the weight machine.

His T-shirt lies in pieces around him. He's wearing only a leather hood, G-string, and studded collar.

She slides down and begins to nibble on the G-string when loud siren begins to WAIL in the soundproofed room, and a bright strobe light near the door begins flashing.

Startled, she jumps off him, drops the knife, YELPS, and crab crawls quickly to the nearest corner. She begins to hyperventilate as she draws her knees up to her chest.

INT. PARENTS HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY (DAWN) - (16MM FLASHBACK)

Sarah is now wearing Rosie the Riveter pajamas and sees a corpse hanging from the rafters of a softly lit attic.

The body has long brown hair, most of which is inside the noose. It's swaying above an overturned chair and wearing clean white 1950's-style lingerie. A white high heel shoe dangles from one foot.

Sarah approaches the corpse from behind slowly. As she does so, she sees broad shoulders and narrow hips, as well as a black paracord bracelet on its right wrist.

Sarah extends her hands and clasps an ankle.

She slowly turns the hanging corpse to reveal Daddy, wearing a wig, bright red lipstick, and mascara.

The wig is slightly askew, and his face is a death mask of dark purple, a protruding tongue, and bulging, lifeless eyes. His neck is bent at an unnatural angle.

Sarah jumps back quickly, her eyes widen in horror, and she inhales sharply as she prepares to scream.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

Sarah exhales deeply and regains her composure. She rises, crosses to the alarm, and turns it off.

She then walks to the stereo and turns off the MUSIC immediately after the line "You're not my fuckin' dad".

She walks back across the silent room to the Pickup quickly, kneels, and rolls him over into a prone position.

She bends over him and chains him to the recessed floor ring.

As she does so, a giant bronze water bug falls onto his back and bites him with its pincers. He doesn't react.

She then cuffs his hands behind his back, retrieves her knife, crosses to the door, opens it, and enters the darkened hallway, closing the door behind her firmly.

As she leaves, half a dozen giant bronze water bugs are clinging to her nearly naked back.

INT. BACK BEDROOM

She quickly steps into the back bedroom, sits down on the bed, and places the knife next to her.

Dozens of water bugs are now crawling all over her body.

She grabs a pair of black sweat pants off the floor and puts them on, knocking a handful of water bugs to the floor.

She picks up a pair of black athletic socks off the floor and hears a soft RIPPING sound from beneath the window.

She is now completely covered by hundreds of bronze giant water bugs as she picks up a remote from the bed and presses a button.

The 16 small videos are replaced by one large image from outside of her back bedroom.

This image is thermal and shows the bottom half of a man's legs in short pants lying in a prone position on the grass.

SARAH

Who the fuck are you?

She stands and picks the knife up from the bed. She's now covered completely by water bugs from head to toe.

Holding the knife in one hand and the socks in the other, she crosses to the window leaving a trail of crushed water bugs in her wake.

SARAH'S P.O.V. - OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE BACK BEDROOM

The sheathed blade lifts one of the slats of the wooden blinds revealing the legs of a prone man wearing white cargo shorts lying next to her house outside the basement window.

BACK TO SCENE

The water bugs have disappeared.

She is furious as she drops the slat and crosses back to the head of the bed. As she approaches it, she takes the scabbard off and tosses it onto the bed.

Holding the knife in a reverse grip, she stabs a pillow ferociously, GRUNTING as she does so.

She leaves the knife embedded in the pillow, sits down on the bed, and begins to put on the sock with a determined look on her face.

EXT. BACK BASEMENT WINDOW

Dave is kneeling next to the basement window that he has pried open. He rips open a curtain that has been stapled to the sill and crinkles his nose as it comes undone.

Peering in, he sees that the dingy basement is silent and lit by a bare 40 watt light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

In the gloom of the bare bulb, he sees an old-fashioned steel child's playground slide in the center of the room.

The top of the slide reaches the basement's ceiling and the bottom is inside a claw-footed bathtub. There's metal bucket full of rags and plastic bottles at the tub's foot.

Puzzled, he lies down into a prone position and slides forward so that his head and one arm are inside the window.

As he does so, he puts the crowbar on the ground, takes his cell phone out of his pocket, turns on the flashlight function, and shines it into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT

In the gloom immediately beneath him, he sees a large oval Stock Tank (approximately 3' x 6' x 2') that is filled with dirt and seems to be covered with brownish lumps.

Looking closer he sees that the stock tank contains dozens of three-inch long Burgundy snails slithering among leaves, vegetables, and small white blocks of tofu.

A three-inch wide copper band has been attached around the top of the stock tank. Dave grimaces and shines his light next to it.

He sees a humidifier and an open cardboard box with the words "LIVE REDWORMS OPEN IMMEDIATELY" stamped on the side.

He shines the light throughout the basement floor and sees four more livestock watering tanks.

Three of them are filled with dirt, vegetables, and snails; and the fourth is empty. The empty tank contains numerous bags of topsoil, mulch, calcium nitrate fertilizer, ammonia, and quicklime.

He glimpses a pile of sawdust, a two-gallon plastic gasoline can, and a space heater in one of corners.

Shining the light across the room, he sees a staircase leading to the ceiling and a washing machine and clothes drier immediately beneath it.

Above the appliances he sees five black leather hoods that have been nailed into the wall, each of which has crude caricatures of human eyes painted on them.

The hoods are under two lines of glyphs that have been written on the wall in a thick black marker:

זֶה הַבַּיִת שֶׁל אֲשֵׁמְדַאי / בְּנוֹ הַבְּכוֹר שֶׁל דָּוִד
 [*This is the house of Asmodeus / The eldest son of David*].

DAVE (O.S.)
 (whispers)
 What the fuck?

He sees a twenty gallon aquarium sitting on a stand next to the washer and dryer. A bag of peat moss and a jar of dried bloodworms sit underneath it.

One half of the aquarium contains dirt and vegetation, including a dozen or more Venus flytraps with their dark red lobes and long green cilia gaping open.

The other half is a swampy mixture of water, rock, twigs, and aquatic plants. He sees numerous small fish swimming in the artificial pond and several large submerged water bugs.

He hears a soft creaking SOUND from the ceiling above him, and he quickly shines the light up to it, but he sees only a faint trickle of dust.

He turns off the light and pauses for a moment, but he hears nothing further.

In the gloom of the bare light bulb, he sees four cases of Santeen S-T Drain Opener and three large bottles Zero Odor next to the tub.

Next to them are a small wine press, a car battery, and an old-fashioned, twin bell alarm clock.

Near the head of the bathtub, he sees a coiled garden hose and a dirty plastic tarp that has been folded hastily and is lying next to a pile of sliced clothing.

He turns the cell phone light back on and shines it on the pile of rags.

Two objects sit on top of the rags: a pair of black butyl gloves and full-face respirator that glints back at him.

Suddenly, Dave is illuminated by a harsh bright light.

AL (O.S.)
Freeze! Police!

Dave drops his phone into the basement, hits his head on the top of the window frame, and swallows his gum.

The phone lands face down so that the light is shining up.

DAVE
Ouch! Goddamn it!

AL (O.S.)
Make one move, and you're dead.

JACK (O.S.)
Now show us your hands. Slowly.

DAVE
OK. OK. Calm down. I'm coming out. Hold on.

EXT. BACK BASEMENT WINDOW

Dave extricates himself from the window carefully, keeping his hands in view conspicuously.

He sees two uniformed policemen, AL and JACK, standing above him with their guns drawn and, shining their flashlights down on him.

He's blinking and rubbing the back of his head. As he begins to stand up slowly, one of the blind slats in the window above him falls back into place.

JACK

Back down. On your stomach,
asshole. Now!

DAVE

Listen, officer --

AL

He said now!

A light comes on in the house next to Sarah's, and Dave, squinting into the cops' flashlights, slowly lies back down on the ground.

DAVE

Listen, I can explain. No,
really, I can. I'm looking for my
brother, and I think that --

Jack stands with his gun pointed at Dave as Al frisks and cuffs him. He removes Dave's wallet from his pants and tosses it to Jack.

AL

He's clean.

JACK

(from his license)
David Jesse. Chicago.

Al grabs him, pulls him to his feet roughly, and cuffs his hands behind his back. He then shoves him forward toward the front of the house.

DAVE

Listen. Really. I
saw this weird
writing on a
wall, and big
tubs filled with
dirt...

AL

Sure. Sure. You
have the right to
remain silent.
Anything you say
can and will be
used against...

Jack bends down and picks up the crowbar. He sees the bent window frame.

JACK
What a fuckin' amateur.

He grimaces and crinkles his nose.

JACK (cont'd)
Oh, man. Did he shit himself?

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Dave's handcuffed and sitting in the back of a squad car, which is parked across the street from Sarah's house.

Jack's sitting in the front seat, typing on a laptop, and ignoring Dave who appears to be talking to him earnestly. The windows of the squad are closed so Dave's voice is audible but MUFFLED.

Angela's car pulls up behind the squad car and parks.

She exits the car wearing a linen guayabera dress and sandals and approaches the squad car. As she does so, she sees that Dave is handcuffed and in the back seat.

Over her shoulder, she sees Sarah's front door close as Al leaves the porch, closes a note pad, and walks back toward the squad car. Dave sees Angela, stops speaking, and scowls.

ANGELA
Dave, what happened?!

DAVE
(muffled shout)
I think she's the one!

JACK
(muffled shout)
Will you shut the fuck up?!

ANGELA
Did you see Michael?

Jack sees Angela and exits the car, leaving the door open.

DAVE
No, but I've been trying to tell
Crockett and Tubbs here that--

JACK
Excuse me. Do you know this guy?

ANGELA

Yes, he's my brother's fiancée,
and... I mean he's my fiancée's
brother, and we're looking--

JACK

Well, which is it?

ANGELA

My fiancée's brother.

JACK

What are you doing here?

ANGELA

We're looking for my fiancée.

AL

And you think he's in there?

DAVE

Yes, for Christ's sake!

JACK

Please tell him to pipe down.

ANGELA

Dave, please!

AL

Did you report your boyfriend as
a missing person?

ANGELA

Fiancée. Yes. In Chicago. About
two weeks ago. They put out an A-
P-B, and we entered his name in
the NamUs database.

AL

And what makes you think that
he's in there?

ANGELA

Well, Dave called me, and--

DAVE

Her basement's full of snails --

AL

Listen, buddy, I don't care if
you saw Elvis in the friggin'
basement! Shut the hell up or
we're taking you in right now!

ANGELA

He was last seen with a woman who resembles her description.

JACK

So let me get this straight. The missing guy's your fiancée?

ANGELA

Yes.

JACK

And he might have been last seen with the woman who lives here? And this guy here's his brother?

ANGELA

Yes!

AL

Then why didn't he just ring the doorbell and ask her?

ANGELA

Well, I--

DAVE

Because she kidnapped him!

Jack turns to Dave and is about to speak, but Al holds up his hand to Jack and addresses Angela.

AL

Kidnapped? Okay. Have there been any ransom demands?

ANGELA

No. Not yet, anyway.

AL

How old is your fiancée?

ANGELA

Thirty-one.

AL

Height and weight?

ANGELA

Six feet and about one eighty.

AL

Any physical disabilities?

ANGELA

Look, officers --

AL

No, ma'am, you look. You think that the woman who lives here kidnapped your young, healthy fiancée, but then forgot make any ransom demands. So your brother-in-law-to-be here decides he should rescue him by busting in her basement window in the middle of night.

ANGELA

I know it sounds kinda funny, ...

JACK

Yeah. It's hilarious. How do we know this isn't just some kind of jealousy thing between you and this woman? And even if this guy is your brother, how do we know that you two aren't up to something, and that this isn't really some kinda home invasion?

ANGELA

His brother. Not my brother.

JACK

Whatever.

AL

And how do we know that your whole story's not just a total crock and that you're not just a couple of thieves working the neighborhood?

ANGELA

But I'm telling you the truth.

AL

Look, even if you are telling us the truth, we can't go onto her property without a legal search warrant, unless we have probable cause or her permission. If we did that, she could sue the department and the village. And win. Besides, if the search isn't legit, anything we found would be inadmissible.

ANGELA

But Dave said he saw--

JACK

I know. He told us. Loudly and repeatedly. But we caught him breaking into her house red handed. He's gotta say something to us, and it probably ain't gonna be "Ya got me coppers!"

AL

If we don't know or at least suspect that someone might be in some kind of danger or distress, then there isn't any probable cause, and our hands are tied. Look, maybe he is in there, but maybe it's because he wants to be, and he doesn't want to be bothered by you. Or his brother. We're not going to get involved in whatever's going on between you and this woman without a warrant. Don't blame me, blame the Fourth Amendment.

JACK

Having a bathtub full of snails or whatever in your basement might seem to be a little weird and all, but we've seen weirder.

(smiles at Al)

Remember the guy with the dog in the sink and the peanut butter?

ANGELA

Well then, can't you ask her for her permission?

AL

Yes we can, but I've already bothered her once tonight and I'm not gonna to do it again just because we caught this guy trying to break into her house.

(beat)

Listen, I've had about enough of this. We're taking Mr. Jesse here to the station and booking him on a B and E. He's spending the night in jail, and if he was my friend, I'd get him a lawyer. C'mon, Jack, let's go.

As Angela begins walking back to her car and MUTTERING to herself, one of the wooden slats on the blinds covering the living room window is lifted slightly.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah enters the living room, which is lit softly by the track lighting over the TV monitor.

Her hair is loose at her shoulders. She's wearing her 1950s blood-splattered lingerie, her red pentagram contact lenses, and carrying the knife, which is in its scabbard.

As she crosses to the window, the stationary silhouette of the back of a man's head and his bare shoulders as he sits on the sofa and faces the dark TV become visible.

The wooden blinds have been drawn. She raises one of the slats with the sheathed knife and peers out the window. She sees the cops and Angela walking to their respective cars.

The cops turn off the flashing lights on their squad car as both vehicles begin to drive away.

Sarah drops the slat, crosses to the sofa, and picks up a remote control. She sits down next to the man, presses a button on the remote, and the TV comes on.

She puts her arm around the man and her head on his shoulder. He remains quiet and immobile as the video begins.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - VIDEO INSERT

From a surveillance camera, the image of a man kneeling next to a weight machine becomes visible in the monitor.

His head is bowed, and his hands are cuffed behind him.

He's naked except for a black leather hood, a black G-string, and a studded collar. The hood's eyes are zipped shut and painted with crude caricatures of human eyes.

Video Sarah comes into the TV frame, dressed in her bloody lingerie, pentagram contact lenses, and pointed dental veneers. She's carrying the Bowie knife and a ball gag.

VIDEO SARAH

Hi Mikey. Well, back again, as
promised. So,

(sings)

who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Virginia Woolf. Virginia Woolf.

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/RAY'S CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

A car pulls up and parks behind Dave's Jeep.

Ray, wearing khakis and an inexpensive sports coat, exits the car and walks up to the Jeep as he scans the street.

He removes a multi-color LED flashlight from a pocket of his coat, turns it on, and shines the light through the driver's side window and onto the empty seat.

RAY

Where in the hell is everybody?

He reaches into another pocket, pulls out a piece of paper, and uses the flashlight to read it.

He then checks it against the number on the house, turns off the flashlight, and begins to walk toward the front door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Ray is on the front porch and his hand is poised to ring the doorbell when he hears a muffled GROAN (o.s.).

He stops and turns in the direction of the sound. He sees the living room window.

The blinds are drawn, but the room behind them appears to be dimly lit.

He steps off the porch, crosses to the window quietly, bends down, and peers into the house through the gap between the bottom of the blinds and the sill.

Ray cups his hands and places them on the window next to his eyes to block out the ambient light from the street.

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

Ray sees the bare back of a man sitting on a sofa facing a large TV monitor in a room lit softly by track lighting.

In front of the man facing the same direction, is the back of a woman, wearing only a brassiere, bouncing up and down on his lap rhythmically.

The man remains rigidly immobile as they watch a video.

Ray can see the video over their shoulders through the window, and he begins to watch it with them.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - VIDEO INSERT

A woman in blood-splattered white lingerie stands next to a hooded man who's kneeling near a weight machine with his hands cuffed behind him. Her irises are tinted in red and she has abnormally large and pointed teeth

He's naked except for a black leather hood, a G-string, and a studded collar, which is connected to a ring in the floor by a steel chain.

The hood's eye openings are zipped shut and painted with crude caricatures of human eyes.

The woman scowls, shakes her head in disapproval, and looks down on him. She appears to be speaking, but the audio is MUFFLED and unintelligible.

She's holding a ball gag, which she puts into his mouth and fastens behind his head.

The man on the monitor begins to struggle against his gag and restraints as she bends over and picks up a black cloth hood and a black-wrapped Bowie knife from the floor.

She places the hood on her head and drops to one knee.

Holding the knife in a hammer grip with one hand and grabbing the chain with the other, she stabs him in his kidney viciously.

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW

Ray reacts to the video in shock and horror, and he quickly drops his head.

He EXHALES sharply, lifts his head back up above the sill, and looks into the window again.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

The image from the television frames their silhouettes.

The woman bobs up and down on the man rapidly. Her GROANS become softly audible as they watch the video.

On the TV monitor in front of them he sees that the chained man has collapsed onto the floor, bleeding from numerous deep stab wounds in his back.

The woman on the video is standing over his inert body. She removes her hood and appears to be panting as she wipes the knife on her bare thigh leaving behind bloody smears.

As she wipes the knife, the woman on the sofa stops bouncing and shudders.

She then climbs off the man, leans back to put on her panties, and rises, partially blocking the video monitor.

She's is wearing same lingerie as the woman in the video, and she's holding a large Bowie knife that glints briefly.

She picks up a remote control from the sofa, turns off the monitor, and tosses it back onto the sofa.

As she turns and walks toward the light switch across the room, he recognizes her from the video and sees her facial scar clearly.

BACK TO SCENE

He quickly ducks beneath the window sill and squats down below the window.

He's repulsed and shakes his head in disbelief.

RAY (cont'd)
Son of a bitch.

Making sure that he can't be seen, he rises into a crouch, and runs back to his car.

RAY (cont'd)
... too old for this shit.

EXT. RAY'S CAR

Ray approaches his car, rises, and takes his cell phone out of his pocket. He arrives at the car, and he's about to begin dialing when he stops.

His finger is poised over the phone. He pauses for a moment, then clenches the phone tightly and shakes it vigorously.

RAY (cont'd)
(sotto voce)
Goddamn it! "Yes, officer, I was peeping in her window when..."
Shit! Un-fucking-believable.

INT. RAY'S CAR

Ray opens his car door silently, slides into the driver's seat, and closes it softly. He tosses his cell phone onto the seat next to him and opens the glove compartment.

He removes an M&P® 340 revolver, opens it, checks the ammunition, closes it, and puts it in his coat pocket.

RAY (cont'd)

Dave, you fucking cowboy.

He then reaches back into the glove compartment and removes a black leather pouch that he puts into his other pocket.

EXT. RAY'S CAR

He exits the car, closes the door quietly, turns toward the house, and begins to return to it.

As he leaves the car and crosses the street stealthily, his cell phone starts VIBRATING from the passenger's seat.

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW

Ray glances in the living room window. The room is now completely dark and appears to be deserted.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

He opens the screen door, puts his ear to the front door, and listens. Hearing nothing, he takes out his flashlight and turns on the green beam.

He shines it on the front door lock, puts it in his mouth, takes the leather pouch out of his pocket, and opens it.

He removes two thin metal rods, inserts them into the door's lock, jiggles them for a moment, and hears a soft CLICK.

He opens the door a few inches, returns the metal rods to the pouch, and puts it back in his pocket.

He then removes the flashlight from his mouth, turns it off, and puts it in his breast pocket as he takes his gun out of his other pocket.

As he begins to open the front door silently, he looks in the crack between the door and the jamb to make sure no one is behind it. Seeing nothing, he continues to open the door until he can slide into the entryway surreptitiously.

INT. ENTRYWAY

He closes the front door behind him silently. The entryway and the living room beyond it are dark and still.

He takes out the flashlight, turns on his green beam, and sees Sarah's house keys hanging on a hook. Briefly, he slides his hand under the catspaw.

He sees the security keypad next to the hook and notices that the alarm system is not active.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He turns off his flashlight, and creeps into the gloomy living room.

He immediately sees the silhouette of the motionless man who's still sitting on the sofa and facing the dark TV.

Ray freezes, trains the revolver on the man's head, and then advances toward him slowly from behind.

He steps cautiously to the side of the sofa and sees that the man is actually a life-sized male sex doll with a huge erect phallus that glistens softly in the ambient light.

He circles around it, turns on the flashlight's green beam, and sees that the word "Cesare" has been written on its forehead in lipstick.

Suddenly, the doll turns its head and its eyes animate.

ASMODEUS (V.O.)

Hikonn lamutt!
[Prepare to die!]

Ray jumps back as if he's received an electric shock, but regains his composure and sees that the doll's head is facing forward again and has become inanimate.

RAY

(whispers)
Holy shit.

He cautiously advances toward the sofa and sees a menagerie of stuffed cartoon snail dolls sitting near the sex doll.

A tray that contains two beer mugs and a plate of partially eaten food sits on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

He turns off the flashlight and crosses quietly to the kitchen holding the gun in front of him.

He slowly pokes his head around the corner and sees that it's empty.

INT. HALLWAY

In the dark hallway, he notices that the door on his right is closed but that the door on his left is slightly ajar.

He peers through the opening but sees and hears nothing.

He opens the door slowly, checking between it and the jamb again. The room appears to be empty, and he slips inside.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

He closes the door behind him silently and turns on the green beam of his flashlight.

An empty suitcase is open on the bed and a UDAP stun gun is lying next to it.

He goes to the foot of the bed, and checks underneath it. He sees nothing but a cordless telephone handset and dust.

He stands back up and notices two framed photographs on her bureau. He shines the flashlight on one of the photographs.

It shows a young man in a white tuxedo and a young woman in a white prom dress standing in front of a 2002 Camaro SS in a suburban setting.

He picks it up the photo, examines it closely, and notices that the pupils of the man in the photo have been poked out.

He replaces it and shines his light on the other photo.

It shows a ten-year-old girl wearing a frilly bathing suit and sitting on the shoulders of a middle-aged man who's standing in a lake. The girl has a catatonic expression on her face, and she is staring directly into the lens with empty, reptilian eyes.

He shudders, replaces it, and shines the green beam on a door on the other side of the room.

He crosses to it, slowly turns the knob, pauses, and then swings it open quickly.

It's a walk-in closet. He sweeps it with the flashlight from the doorway, but sees and hears no one. It's jammed full of clothing, shoes, wigs, make-up, etc., all of which are in chaotic disarray.

He is about to close the door when he notices that numerous selfies of Sarah in her various disguises and outfits have been stapled to the inside of the door.

He reacts with consternation, removes one of them, and puts it in his pocket, leaving the door slightly ajar.

He then crosses to the open door of the master bathroom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

He takes a step into the bathroom and he sweeps it with his green beam flashlight and revolver, as well. Soiled clothing and wet towels are scattered on the floor.

When he's satisfied he's alone, he turns back to the door.

As he does so, he briefly shines the green light onto the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet.

As the green light passes over the mirror, the disembodied face of Asmodeus wearing the black baseball cap and mirrored aviator sunglasses is in the reflection snarling ferociously through large pointed teeth.

Although Ray is looking directly at the mirror, he doesn't react to this fleeting image, and he re-enters the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Ray turns off his flashlight, opens the bedroom door slightly, and peers into the dark hallway. As he does so, the closet door behind him swings open silently.

Asmodeus appears in the door frame dressed completely in black: a Camaro SS baseball cap, a hoodie, sweatpants, sneakers, mirrored sunglasses, and PIG tactical gloves.

The only things clearly visible are his face and a fractured image of Michelangelo's statute of David on his chest.

Ray can see that the door to the room across from the bedroom is actually very slightly ajar. A dim sliver of amber light is visible behind it.

Instantaneously, Asmodeus is standing a few feet behind Ray and grinning widely.

His arm is fully extended, and he's pointing his revolver at the back of Ray's head. The gun a few inches away from the back of his neck and approaches it slowly.

Fine hairs on the back of Ray's neck become erect.

His breath catches, his eyes widen, and without moving his head, he tries to look over his shoulder.

He suddenly spins around, crouches down, and raises his gun with both hands.

Nothing. He is alone. He exhales silently and slowly.

RAY

... the fuck?

He turns back to the bedroom door and sticks his head into the hallway tentatively. He looks up and down the hall and sees that it's still dark and empty.

INT. HALLWAY

He slips out of the bedroom and notices two doors at the end of the hall that appear to be closed.

He points the revolver in their direction and watches them carefully as he crosses the hall.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

He opens the door of the room across the hall slowly, again checking the crack between it and the jamb. He sees nothing behind the door, he enters the exercise room.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

The room is lit softly by the gray light of a TV monitor that's playing the haircutting scene from Dreyer's "The passion of Joan of Arc". Einhorn's score is faintly AUDIBLE.

In the gloom, he sees the faint shadow of an exercise machine and an amorphous mound on the floor next to it.

BACK TO SCENE

He closes the door behind him, and holding the flashlight in his left hand, he turns on its bright white beam.

He sees that the form on the floor is a man lying on his side in a fetal position next to a weight machine.

Just like the man he saw in the video earlier, his hands are cuffed behind him, and he's naked except for a black leather collar, G-string, and hood.

He's unwounded, and Ray approaches him quickly.

RAY

(whispers softly)

Dave? Are you OK?

Ray extends his left hand toward the unconscious man and bends down toward him. As he does so, he shines the flashlight into the mirrored wall inadvertently.

The reflection of someone standing in the reopened doorway behind him flashes briefly.

He freezes and raises the flashlight's beam back toward the mirror quickly and sees Sarah's stationary reflection.

She is dressed completely in black: a Camaro SS Ghost cap, a hoodie with a fractured image of Michelangelo's David on its chest, sweatpants, sneakers, and PIG tactical gloves.

She has thick black makeup smeared on her face and is wearing the red pentagram contact lens. Her lips are pulled back from large pointed dental veneers in a silent snarl.

She's holding the large Bowie knife in her right hand in a reverse grip and raising that hand over her head quickly.

She charges toward him.

Their eyes lock for a split second in the mirror, and the knife glints.

He's frozen in shock for an instant, and then begins to turn and rise quickly.

He starts to swing the gun and flashlight toward her, but he's too late.

Before he can turn more than halfway around, Sarah SHOUTS savagely and drives the knife deeply into his left temple with her right hand.

He GRUNTS softly and crumples quickly.

His gun and flashlight drop to the floor, and the light's beam reflects on her from the mirrored wall.

Her knife protrudes from the side of Ray's head as Sarah looms over him.

She steps on Ray's face, bends down, pulls out the knife out of his head, and slices off an ear.

She rises, glances at the ear briefly, and then looks at Ray's inert body.

SARAH (cont'd)

Who the fuck --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

An obviously animated police OFFICER is sitting behind a reception desk and talking to a dejected Angela.

OFFICER

-- do you think you are? The guy was caught red-handed breaking into somebody's house. I don't care if it was Jack the Ripper's house; it's still illegal.

ANGELA

But he wasn't--

OFFICER

But nothing. Your boyfriend is spending the night here. He'll be arraigned tomorrow morning on a B and E. It doesn't matter if your brother is missing or not.

ANGELA

His brother. My fiancée.

OFFICER

Whatever. Why don't you just go home and get some sleep?

ANGELA

Thanks, Officer Browning. You've been very helpful.

OFFICER

Hey I'm sorry, but you can't just break into people's houses.

(writes on a pad)

Look, here's the number for the front desk, just in case, but if you want my advice, go home and call somebody in the morning.

Angela takes the note and turns toward the front door when a startled expression crosses her face.

She opens her purse, grabs her phone, and begins dialing.

ANGELA

Call somebody. Duh.

(puts the phone to her ear)

C'mon, Ray, pick up.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/ANGELA'S CAR - NIGHT

With her phone to her ear, Angela parks her car behind Dave's Jeep and Ray's car in front of Sarah's house.

She disconnects the phone and puts it in a pocket, leaving her purse on the passenger's front seat as she exits.

She walks up to the driver's side window of Ray's car, sees a parking ticket under his wiper blade, and shakes her head. She then sees a cell phone sitting on the front seat.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Shit.

She looks up and down the street, but it's dark and still. She takes a small piece of paper out of one pocket and her cell phone out of the other. She dials quickly.

ANGELA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello, Officer Browning? This is Angela. I'm the woman who was-

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/ANGELA'S CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Angela is leaning against her car's fender. Her arms are folded across her chest, her brow is knit, and she's staring at Sarah's dark house.

ANGELA

This is stupid.

She starts striding up the driveway toward the house resolutely.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

She takes a deep breath, bites her lip trepidatiously, exhales, and RINGS the doorbell. The sound echoes through the house. She waits a moment and knocks on the door.

She waits another moment and goes to the living room window. Peering in, she sees a quiet and empty room except for the vague silhouette of the back of a man's head on the sofa.

She returns to the front door and bangs on it loudly.

ANGELA (cont'd)

I can see you in there, mister.

There is still no response from inside the house.

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/SQUAD CAR

Angel's walking back from Sarah's porch toward her car as a squad car pulls up and parks behind it.

The familiar policemen exit their car, and she walks toward them quickly as a green light flashes briefly from between the horizontal blind slats behind the bedroom window.

ANGELA

Thank God you're back. I just rang the doorbell, and saw somebody sitting on the sofa.

AL

Ma'am, the desk officer said that you might be back here. I'm afraid that we're going to have to ask you to leave.

ANGELA

But, you don't understand --

JACK

We understand just fine.

AL

Ma'am, it's nearly three o'clock in the morning. We can't allow you to disturb anyone at this location any further.

ANGELA

But something may be wrong.

JACK

Yep, there's something wrong here alright.

AL

Ma'am, we have an ordinance against parking on the street between two and six A-M.

(gestures)

Do you know whose car this is?

ANGELA

Yes, it's Ray's. He's the private detective we hired to help us find my fiancée.

Al rolls his eyes skyward as Jack shakes his head ruefully.

AL

Ray. Your private detective.
Perfect. This just keeps on
getting better and better. OK
Jack, write her up.

JACK

You got it, Al.

Jack takes out his ticket writer, approaches Angela's car,
removes the stylus, and starts pressing it on the screen.

ANGELA

He asked us to call him if we
found anything... A ticket?!
You're giving me a fuckin'
parking ticket?!?

JACK

(sotto voce)

Pipe down, lady. We told you that
it's against the law to park on
the street overnight.

AL

Listen, young lady. If you don't
get your ass in your car and get
the hell out of here in the next
two seconds, I'm gonna cite you
for disorderly conduct. And if
you give me a hard time, I'll
throw in resisting arrest, and
then you can spend the rest of
the night in jail with your
boyfriend.

ANGELA

He's not my boyfriend.

AL

Leave. Now.

ANGELA

OK. Fine, but if something
happens, it'll be on your head.

AL

I guess that I'll just have to
live with that now, won't I?

Angela walks to her car, gets in, and slams the door. Her
car's tires SQUEAL as she drives away angrily.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S CURB/ANGELA'S CAR - NIGHT - (LATER)

Angela's car SCREECHES to an abrupt halt behind Ray's car across the street from Sarah's house. She finishes an energy drink and tosses the empty can into the back seat.

ANGELA

So arrest me, assholes.

She yawns and glances at her watch. It is after 330AM. She puts her elbows on the steering wheel, leans forward, and runs her fingers through her hair. She yawns, leans back, and folds her arms as her eyelids begin to droop.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY (DAWN)

Angela opens her eyes. She rubs them, yawns, and stretches. The sky is lightening as dawn begins to break.

Still half asleep, she glances over her shoulder peacefully at Sarah's dark house and then sits up with a start.

The street is still empty and quiet.

She takes a couple of deep breaths, rubs her eyes again, opens the glove compartment, and removes a small flashlight.

She looks at her watch and sees that it's 530AM. As she opens the car door, she notices that the red Camry is no longer parked on the driveway.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY (DAWN)

Angela is standing outside Sarah's front door, and she rings the doorbell.

ANGELA

Hello?

The only response is the bell's echo. She knocks on the door heavily and then tries the handle. She's surprised when it turns, and she pushes the door open slowly.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Hello! Anybody home?

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY (DAWN)

She enters the gloomy house warily.

She turns on her flashlight and sees a key ring without a catspaw hanging from a wall hook and a home alarm system that hasn't been activated.

INT. LIVING ROOM

She enters the empty living room cautiously and sees a serving tray with beer mugs and a plate with a partially eaten slice of cold pizza on it.

She looks down onto the sofa. The stationary man is no longer there, but she sees five stuffed dolls of characters from the animated film, "Turbo" ("Skidmark" is absent).

She hears a faint DINGING alarm coming from the kitchen, and she crosses toward it.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is empty, but the refrigerator door is wide open. She goes to it and sees that it contains only a few groceries and a glass jar with a locking lid.

She picks up the jar and sees snails and their shells floating in a pale yellow liquid. She grimaces, closes the refrigerator door, and leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

She's standing in the hallway in front of a closed door. She shines her flashlight on the door, knocks on it softly, licks her lips, turns the knob, and pushes it open.

ANGELA

Hello? Ray?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Her flashlight reveals that shoes, clothing, and linens are strewn about the disheveled room. An ergonomic desk chair lies on its side next to the bed.

She shines the flashlight on the bed and sees a small pile of bloody white lingerie lying next to the face of a male mannequin lying supine under a sheet with the word "Cesare" written on its forehead in bright red lipstick.

She GASPS audibly, but its inanimate eyes are fixed on the ceiling.

She approaches it cautiously and lifts the sheet revealing a naked life-size male sex doll with its genitalia removed.

Suddenly its eyes animate, it turns its head toward her, and it speaks softly but distinctly.

ASMODEUS (V.O.)

Shamir hayah sheli.

[The shamir was mine.]

She SQUEAKS as her breath catches, and the flashlight's beam flashes on the wall behind the bed as she throws the sheet back onto the doll and jumps backward.

Quickly she shines the flashlight back at the covered doll, but it has become inert again and has resumed the same position that it was in when she first saw it.

She exhales and notices a small object lying on a pillow next to the mannequin.

She picks it up and sees that it is a hot pink UDAP stun gun. She presses a button on it, and an electric arc jumps between the poles.

ANGELA

Good Lord.

She crosses to the walk-in closet holding the flashlight and stun gun in front of her defensively.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET

She opens the closet door and sees its chaotic interior. She shines her flashlight into the back of the closet and sees something glitter from an open shoebox on the floor.

She steps over to it. She puts the stun gun in her pocket and the flashlight in her mouth. She bends down and picks up the shoebox. It contains an assortment of men's jewelry.

As she searches through the box, a pair of mirrored aviator sunglasses clatters onto the floor. Suddenly she freezes.

ANGELA

(garbled)

Oh my God.

Angela's hand picks up an expensive man's wristwatch and turns it over. She sees an inscription on the case back: "Merry Christmas, Michael/Love, Angela".

She chokes back a SOB and drops the shoebox onto the floor.

She takes the flashlight out of her mouth, puts the watch in her pocket, and removes the stun gun.

ANGELA

You cunt.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

She crosses to the bathroom door, which is slightly ajar, and opens it fully.

From the doorway she sees a slovenly room with toiletries, clothes, towels, and garbage scattered about. An auburn wig lies on the floor.

Satisfied that no one is in the bathroom, she turns abruptly and crosses to Sarah's bureau.

The drawers are open, and garments are scattered about. On the top of the bureau she sees two empty picture frames.

She sees a wallet near them, puts down the flashlight and the stun gun, searches it, and finds a driver's license.

She picks up her flashlight and shines it on the license.

ANGELA

Sarah Lilith.

She returns the license to the wallet, puts it back on the bureau, picks up the stun gun, and leaves the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY

She takes a step down the hall and crinkles her nose. She sniffs the air, wrinkles her nose, and GAGS audibly.

Turning around and, breathing through her mouth, she walks back to the door directly across from Sarah's bedroom. She knocks on it softly with the stun gun.

ANGELA

Hello? Michael? Ray?

She opens the door and puts her fist to her mouth as her stomach heaves.

The room is pitch black and silent. She shines the light into it with one hand while holding her nose with the other.

From the doorway, it illuminates the exercise equipment and flickers back at her from the mirrored wall.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

Angela enters the exercise room, closes the door behind her, sees a toggle light switch on the wall, and flips it up.

Harsh fluorescent lights blink on.

She sees two trapdoors, both of which are open in the floor.

The smaller opening is next to the weight machine and the larger is against the wall.

They're pitch black, but the first few steps of a descending staircase are visible in the larger.

She looks up and sees a video monitor on a wall and ceiling-mounted HD dome cameras in each corner of the room.

She then notices a large colorful beach towel that's balled up and lying on the floor next to the open trap door near the weight machine.

She begins to cross to the weight machine cautiously, extending her hands in front of her defensively and shining the flashlight into the trapdoor's dark opening.

As she approaches it, she sees an M&P 340 revolver nestled in the towel, which is wet and darkly stained. She also sees dark red smears on the floor near the trapdoor.

Her eyes begin to water, and she heaves again.

She puts the stun gun down and picks up the revolver and the towel, which she holds out in front of her.

She sees that it's a Turbo Speed Snail Beach Towel, which contains images of the movie's characters. As the towel unfurls, a water bug falls to the floor.

As it tries to scamper away, she drops the bloody towel onto it, stomps on it forcefully, and hears a soft CRUNCH.

She then points the gun and flashlight at the trapdoor opening, and steps toward it.

The flashlight reveals the top of a stainless steel child's playground slide that's smeared with drying blood.

The beam moves down the slide, and as it descends, the bloody smears are visible all the way to the bottom.

At the bottom of the slide, the light reveals four human feet: two bare feet that are pointing down, and two wearing men's shoes that are pointing up.

The light pans up from the feet to the heads of the bodies. It reveals two male corpses in a bathtub.

One body is stacked upon the other, and they are both submerged in a thin amber-tinted liquid that has begun to dissolve them.

The body on top is lying prone and virtually naked except for a leather G-string and hood. There are numerous fresh, deep stab wounds in its back.

The supine lower corpse is Ray's. There's a stab wound in the side of its head, and one of his ears is missing.

Ray's eyes and mouth are open, and the Bowie knife has been thrust into the mouth deeply. Only the knife's leather-wrapped handle is visible.

Angela SCREAMS and covers her face, dropping the flashlight and the revolver down the slide in the process. They clatter nosily and fall into the bathtub with a soft splash.

The flashlight illuminates the bodies eerily through the soft tint of the liquid.

She takes another second breath and tries to scream again, but the stench is overpowering. She gags, falls to her knees, and begins to vomit down the slide.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT/TICKET COUNTER - DAY (MORNING)

Sarah is wearing a black T-shirt of a cloud barfing a rainbow as she stands in front of an airline ticket counter at O'Hare Airport.

She's also wearing black distressed skinny jeans, mirrored aviator sunglasses, a Camaro SS Ghost baseball cap, and a wedding ring.

A uniformed ticket AGENT is behind the counter typing.

As she types, Sarah puts a pair of black tactical gloves in the back pocket of her jeans, removes the sunglasses, and hangs them from the crew neck of her shirt.

AGENT

OK, Ms. "Toy-fell", here we go.

SARAH

It's pronounced "Tuff-ull" in English. Rhymes with shuffle.

AGENT

Sorry about that.

SARAH

"Toy-fell" is the German pronunciation. At least that's what my husband says, and it is his name after all.

AGENT

OK, Ms. Teufel, you're confirmed on flight six ninety eight to Dallas. It departs from Gate H ten and arrives at nine forty one. Then you'll connect with flight twenty four fifty one to Belize City. Are your inoculations current?

SARAH

(aghast)

It that necessary?

AGENT

No, but that is recommended if you leave the resorts or cities.

SARAH

(relieved)

I'm sure I'll be fine.

AGENT

OK. Just the one bag today?

SARAH

Yep. I'll carry this one on.

AGENT

Are you sure that I can't book the return flight for you now?

SARAH

No, thanks. I got that flexible fare thing cuz I'm looking for a vacation home there, and I'm not sure when I'll be coming back.

AGENT

OK. Well, here's your passport, boarding pass, and baggage claim. Anything else we can do for you?

SARAH

No, thanks. I think I'm good.

AGENT

Well, thanks for flying American
and hope you have a nice trip.

SARAH

I intend to. Mucho gracias.

Sarah leaves the Agent and begins walking toward the gate smiling broadly.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/FRONT LAWN - DAY (MORNING)

Angela bursts out of the front door of Sarah's house and stumbles clumsily onto the lawn.

After a few steps, she drops to her hands and knees and begins to dry heave.

She rises unsteadily, bends from the waist, puts her hands on her knees, bows her head, and puffs out her cheeks as she EXHALES loudly.

Simultaneously, a squad car SCREECHES to a stop across the street, its rooftop lights flashing colorfully.

Al jumps out of the driver's side door, and Jack jumps out of the passenger's door. They both run across the street toward Angela. Al reaches her first.

AL

Did you call nine-one-one? You
saw dead bodies?

ANGELA

Yes. Inside. They're -

AL

(to Jack)

Get her outta here!

Al sprints into the house as he draws his gun. Jack puts his arm around Angela's shoulder and leads her away from the house quickly.

As they approach the curb, another squad car turns the corner onto Sarah's street with its lights flashing and its tires SQUEALING.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

Al is holding his gun in front of him as he enters the exercise room and sweeps it with his flashlight.

He sees a bloody towel and smears that lead to small trapdoor. He then sees a larger trapdoor across the room that's also open and has stairs leading into a basement.

Pointing his gun at the larger trapdoor, he crosses to it and begins to descend quickly and carefully.

On the third step, his foot depresses a thin thread of fishing line stretched across it tautly.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

The second squad car with flashing lights skids to a stop in the middle of the street in front of Sarah's house, as well.

Angela drops back down to her hands and knees on the grass near the curb next to Jack as her stomach heaves again.

The other officers leap out of their car, and Jack points to Sarah's house.

JACK

He's in ...

A massive EXPLOSION obliterates the house, sending debris flying and a huge fireball into the sky.

The concussion flips Angela over onto her back and sends Jack flying headfirst into the street.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE/COACH SECTION - DAY - TRAVELING

A runway is rushing underneath an airplane window, and it begins to recede as the airplane lifts off.

INT. AIRPLANE COACH SECTION

Sarah is sitting in a window seat in the coach section of a commercial airplane. She's looking out of the window.

SARAH

Oops.

She turns away from the window, bends down, retrieves her purse from under the seat in front of her, and opens it.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

Her hands begin searching through the purse. They push aside a catspaw, a large silicone phallus, and Dave's cell phone.

Her hands finally grasp a plastic baggie that contains a human ear.

They massage it briefly, unzip a side pocket of the purse, put the ear in the pocket, and zip it closed.

BACK TO SCENE

As she closes her purse, she looks up and sees a casually dressed, handsome male PASSENGER sitting in the aisle seat of the same row. The middle seat is vacant.

Sarah smiles at him as she bends forward and puts the purse back under the seat in front of her.

She sits back up and looks out of the window intently.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

As the plane banks, a large cloud of gray smoke wafts upwards into the sky from a nearby suburb.

The plane continues to bank, and the smoke disappears from view quickly.

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah sits back in her seat and smiles smugly. She yawns widely, stretches, and reclines her seat.

She closes her eyes, but sits back up with a start when a hand taps on her shoulder from behind.

She looks over her shoulder and sees a WOMAN sitting behind her with an annoyed expression on her face.

WOMAN

Excuse me, miss, but would you mind straightening your seat?

SARAH

Oh, sorry about that. I forgot.

She raises her seat and glances at the passenger sitting in the aisle seat. He is watching her and smiling pleasantly.

PASSENGER

Don't worry. They'll turn the seat belt sign off in a minute. Nice shirt. Hungover cloud?

SARAH

It's how God delivers on the promise he made to Noah.

PASSENGER

Ah, I see. One of his mysterious ways. So are you travelling on business, pleasure, or homeward bound?

SARAH

None of the above actually. I've got an appointment for a little cosmetic surgery.

PASSENGER

Nothing serious, I hope.

SARAH

Oh no. Not at all. Just another example of "Vanity thy name is woman" I suppose.

PASSENGER

Frailty. Not vanity. Everyone thinks Shakespeare wrote "vanity, thy name is woman", but it's really "frailty". Hamlet.

(beat)

You know: something rotten in Denmark; to be or not to be; to sleep, perchance to dream... And my personal favorite: conscience makes cowards of us all.

(beat)

I've always wondered if Shakespeare meant that the opposite was true, too. That bravery requires amorality; that heroes can't have a conscience.

There is a longer pause as Sarah stares at him stonily.

PASSENGER (cont'd)

Well, so much for my lecture on Elizabethan existentialism.

(smiles warmly)

Anyway, I don't think that you need any cosmetic surgery, if you don't mind my saying so.

SARAH

Why thank you. That's very nice of you to say.

PASSENGER

Hey, it's my pleasure.

SARAH
(a Mona Lisa smile)
I certainly hope so.

PASSENGER
(beat)
Nothing a little Cle de Peau
wouldn't fix.

SARAH
(innocently)
Clay Depot? Who's that?

INT. COACH SECTION - TRACKING

down the center aisle toward the rear of the plane.

A person is sitting in an aisle seat in the last row of seats reading the "Life" section of USA Today.

The row is otherwise unoccupied, and only the person's hands, which are holding the newspaper and wearing black tactical gloves, are visible.

The person closes the paper in order to turn the page and pauses.

We see that he is Asmodeus wearing mirrored aviator sunglasses, a black hoodie with fractured image of Michelangelo's David on its chest, and a Camaro SS Ghost baseball cap. The sweatshirt's hood is on his shoulders.

He leans over and looks up the aisle toward Sarah, who's talking with her seatmate.

He sits back in his seat, smiles, and shakes his head bemusedly.

He turns the page of the paper, reopens it, and lifts it back in front of his face.

EXT. AIRPLANE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

The airplane flies off into the distance. Frank Sinatra begins to SING "Come Fly With Me" (o.s.).

FADE OUT.

THE END