

DEMON IN THE SACK

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

A frazzled man, BRAD, 28, pale, dark eye bags, bruised cheek, and bed head, sits hunched at a table breathing heavily.

STEAM rises from a mug of tea bathing his beaten face. Traumatized, he inhales the vapors, brings the mug to his fat lip for a pained gulp. Eyes the vacant room around him.

From off screen, a HAND reaches out and slaps Brad's back.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Speaking of the Devil!

BRAD  
Where?!

Brad panics, spills his tea all over the table, stares up at FREDDY, 31, bulky and dark-skinned.

Brad's eyes dart the room. No sign of Satan, just Freddy, and JUSTIN, 26, rail thin, sloppy. He grins, nudges Freddy.

JUSTIN  
Jeez. You weren't kidding. Musta  
been some night.

Freddy and Justin sit. Brad grabs some paper towels and tends to the spill. His hands shake as he sops it up.

JUSTIN  
Freddy told me about the redhead  
you bagged at the bar, lady killer.  
Ima need some war stories.

BRAD  
Huh? What? Nah, come on guys.  
Not now. I'm on no sleep.

He gets up. Freddy forces him to sit back down.

FREDDY  
You didn't sleep?! Now we gotta  
hear this! Don't pull any punches.

Brad tries to leave, but Freddy and Justin form a wall and block him in. They move as he moves.

BRAD  
Come on... just... let me... Fuck!  
Fine! Assholes.

Brad HUFFS, sits back down. Throws the paper towel clump.

BRAD

You're not gonna believe me though.

JUSTIN

We've seen you hunt chicks. You're probably right. Come on!

Freddy and Justin flip their chairs around and lean in to listen, shit-eating grins lining their faces.

Brad fingers his empty mug, sighs hard. Reflects.

BRAD

This might actually be therapeutic.  
Here goes... So the redhead, Dani,  
and I leave the bar...

DANI (PRE-LAP)

Don't worry, I won't bite.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A ginger haired beauty, DANI, slams Brad into the wall. He cringes. She mashes her lips into his. No grace.

Brad drunkenly gropes at her, drops a set of keys. He kneels down in front of APARTMENT 6B's door to pick them up when--

THUMP! Something slams against the door from inside, causing Brad to topple over. He stares at the door in confusion.

Dani tries to help him, but falls in the process, laughing hysterically. They roll around and kiss some more until--

The THUMPING noise picks up in rapid progression and A BRIGHT LIGHT blasts on, illuminating the entire door frame.

Haunting SCREAMS fill the apartment. Brad and Dani sit on the floor in shock, eyes transfixed on the door.

A faint "NOOOOO" can be heard. The door FLIES open, releasing a BLACK CLOUD of smoke, which engulfs Dani and forcefully smacks her clean against the opposing wall.

The door slams shut. All is calm.

Dani stands, brushes off, seemingly no worse for wear.

Brad and Dani look at each other, confused. What the hell was that? Then, Brad cracks up. Dani snort laughs. They're wasted.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Freddy and Justin already show signs of boredom.

BRAD

... those tenants are fuckin  
weirdos, man. They do witch  
seances and squeegee board parties--

FREDDY

Uh-huh great, so you banged her  
against the wall. Then what?

BRAD

That's not even what I sai--  
anyway, we get to my apartment.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad flicks the light on in APARTMENT 6F. His tiny studio is  
a wreck -- clothes on the floor, food left out, bed not made.

DANI

D'you get robbed?

Brad's eyes dart back and forth, searching for a reply.

BRAD

*Lotta* evil people out there...

Dani isn't even listening. She's more distant than before,  
disheveled, blinking rapidly. She points to a bathroom.

DANI

I'm gonna go start the engine.  
Make shure there are no monsters  
und... underthebed... oh and...  
you're probly gonna need  
protecshin. Why lie?

Beggars can't be choosers - Brad TEARS open a bedside drawer  
and rips an unopened box of CONDOMS in half.

She tries to wink, enters the BATHROOM and closes the door.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Freddy and Justin look at a CLOCK on the wall.

FREDDY

Get to the action already. Break's  
almost over!

BRAD  
I am! So Dani's in the bathroom,  
and all of a sudden I hear her  
moaning and groaning.

JUSTIN  
Here we go!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad smells his sheets, shrugs, haphazardly throws them back on his bed, then freezes at the sound of a bellowing GROAN.

BRAD  
Dani? ... Did I forget to flush?

THUMP. MOAN. A SLOSHY WET SOUND. SCREAM. "UHhhHHHhhh."

Brad beams, rips off his shirt, and jumps on his bed.

BRAD (V.O.)  
That's when the night went to hell.

Dani exits the bathroom and SHE LOOKS TERRIFYING.

Her hair is a fiery orange mess, and there's a yellowish sickly tint to her skin. Her clothes are ripped to shreds conveniently covering all the good bits.

Before he can even process her, Dani jumps on top of Brad, and sticks her tongue down his throat. He doesn't know whether to be aroused or freaked out, but rolls with it.

BRAD (V.O.)  
Shit really started to heat up.

He caresses her back, and retracts his hand to the sound of a SIZZLE. Just to be sure, he tries again. SIZZLE. One more time can't hurt. SIZZLE. Check that, yes it can.

Dani's eyes begin to glow blood RED. She stares at Brad with a possessed gaze, smiles demonically.

BRAD  
Maybe I should be on topOWW--

Brad YELPS as Dani grabs his wrists and keeps him down with ease. She shakes him and laughs psychotically.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

They hang on Brad's every word as he pours a new mug of tea.

BRAD  
She's so hot, she's literally  
scolding my flesh.

FREDDY  
Gonorrhoea, for sure.

JUSTIN  
There he goes, using the word  
'literally' wrong again.

Brad rolls up his sleeve, shows his chapped red wrists.

FREDDY  
Goddamn, that's kinky.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani rakes her fingernails across Brad's chest. She chomps  
down on Brad's nipple, leaving deep TEETH MARKS on his skin.

BRAD  
Oww! You said you wouldn't bite!

Dani flips around, her ass now right in his face.

Confused, Brad smiles. Wishful thinking, because--

Dani's head SPINS 180 DEGREES and stares at him.

Brad freaks out and instinctively punches Dani in her spun  
face. She licks blood from her lip, and laughs.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad throws a shadow punch to their delight.

BRAD  
This chick's head is twisted!  
She's just manhandling me.

Brad reveals a bloody carved PENTAGRAM on his back.

JUSTIN  
The star of David? I knew Jewish  
chicks were freaks in bed.

FREDDY  
I can vouch.

BRAD  
Believe me, you can't.

FREDDY  
You callin me a homo?

BRAD  
Shut up and listen! I don't know  
what to do, so I pull out my wood.

JUSTIN  
Yes!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani punches Brad in the face repeatedly, until he rolls off  
the bed and over towards a GOLF BAG. He yanks out a 5 WOOD.

He clubs Dani across the face. She cocks her head, smiles.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

He steeps a teabag in his mug. Drops it up and down.  
Freddy's head follows the motion up and down, up and down.

BRAD  
She took it to the face like a  
champ, barely flinched. So I--

FREDDY  
--teabagged her?!

BRAD  
What? No!  
(tosses the teabag)  
But at this point I'm pounding her  
so much she starts speaking in  
tongues!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad connects again and the club snaps in two. He looks at  
her apologetically.

Dani opens her mouth, her voice now DEEPER than his, she  
blurts out rapid ANCIENT LATIN SATANIC GIBBERISH.

BRAD  
(whimpering)  
Fuuuu-uck.

She picks him up by his throat and slams him into the wall.

Brad chokes. His eyes rolls back into his head.





INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani jumps off Brad, narrowly escapes the bullet. Tress tosses a gnarly dagger that gets lodged in the wall.

TRESS  
(to Brad)  
You! Get outta here!

Tress fires off another bullet, clipping Dani in the leg. Black blood leaks out. Dani SHRIEKS.

Brad throws open his window, puts one foot on the fire escape, looks back to see--

Dani and Tress grapple by the door. Dani tries to bite Tress's neck, but Tress fights back. It looks as if Dani is passionately kissing Tress's neck while dry humping her.

Brad knows he should leave, but instead pulls out his phone.

Tress splashes water in Dani's face. Dani lets out a blood curdling SCREAM and tosses Tress aside.

TRESS  
You have to leave! Now!

Brad drops his phone, tries to jump out the window, but Dani pulls him back in, and tosses him like a ragdoll.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad points to the bruise on his cheek.

JUSTIN  
You didn't get a pic? Fuck.

BRAD  
They're really going at it.

FREDDY  
Then what?

BRAD  
Dani starts eating the other chick.

Justin falls out of his chair.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani sinks her teeth into Tress's thigh.

Tress screams, grows weak from the bite. Her head falls to the side, nearly paralyzed. She tries to fight it, flops.

Brad scuttles around the bed and back towards the window, but Dani jumps in front of it. She rips the dagger from the wall and wields it above her head at ready.

BRAD

I just wanted to get laid.

DANI

(deep, Satanic)

Oh, you'll get laid. Laid to rest!

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad's on his knees, squeezing his eyes shut, bracing.

FREDDY

She said that?! Talk about a boner killer.

BRAD

She was gonna kill me! All of me!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad puts his hands together in prayer, and rapidly repents.

BRAD

Our father who art in heaven, Al  
will be your name, blessed is the  
fruits... uh... *Our God is an  
awesome God, he reigns from--*

Brad opens one eye, notices Tress's cross and grabs it just as Dani is about impale him. She HISSES and falls back.

Tress slowly manages to grab a syringe from her belt, and jabs it into her bloody thigh with a wince. Instant rush.

She stumbles to her feet and slams Dani on the bed.

Tress turns the dagger and jams it right into Dani's heart.

A BRIGHT LIGHT emanates from Dani.

BRAD (V.O.)

Dani's shaking uncontrollably  
because the other chick finished  
her off.

Dani's body shakes, her limbs crack and bend unnaturally, and her MOUTH SHOOTS OPEN venting a violent burst of BLACK SMOKE.

Brad is blown back as the smoke escapes out the window.

TRESS

Close the--No! Goddammit! Do you know what you've done?!

Tress grabs Brad's throat and clenches. He chokes for air, but doesn't struggle. Defeated, he stares at her cleavage.

Tress catches his glance, stares back disgusted. He's pathetic. She sighs, and releases her grip.

Tress gathers her coat and gun, effortlessly slings Dani's lifeless body over her shoulder and heads for the door.

BRAD

Wait! I didn't do anything! What the fuck was that?!

TRESS

(been there, done that)  
Your girlfriend was possessed by an evil enchantress, probably succubi.

BRAD

We... weren't actually dating, I'm single and--SucuWhat?!

TRESS

Ancient demons who move from woman to woman feasting on the souls of sexually inept losers.

BRAD

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Loser?

TRESS

Sexually-inept-loser, yes. A loser like yourself, who just let a killer demon out on the streets.

Tress flicks Brad a CARD. It falls by his feet.

TRESS

You're marked. It'll be back. Don't call me otherwise.

She leaves Brad in his destroyed apartment, which doesn't look all that much worse than where it started.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

He holds up the card to show Freddy and Justin.

FREDDY  
(reading card)  
Tress Wilkes, Demon Hunter and  
Protector of the Night.

JUSTIN  
Back up, where did she suck you by?

BRAD  
I said succubus.

FREDDY  
She sucked your butt?!

BRAD  
Jesus fuckin Christ. That's it.  
That's the end. Story's over.

Justin nudges Freddy. They stand up and clap.

JUSTIN  
You're my hero, bro. Two chicks!

BRAD  
Were you even listening?! Dani  
died! I almost died!

FREDDY  
Yeah-yeah-yeah, that sucks about  
Dani--You should call the biker.

BRAD  
She gave me pretty strict orders  
not to unless...

FREDDY  
Standard booty call rules don't  
apply to ladies of the night.

Justin looks up at the clock. Scoffs.

JUSTIN  
Break's over. You better call her!

Freddy and Justin walk off. Freddy whispers to Justin.

FREDDY  
Drunken babbling. I don't believe  
a word of it.

INT. BRAD'S CUBICLE - LATER

Brad sits at his desk, phone to his ear. He stares at Tress' card now pinned to a cork board in front of him.

BRAD  
 (over ringing)  
 Hey, it's Brad, the loser? I know  
 you said not to call but I imagine  
 you don't get out much--no, stupid!

There's a loud commotion outside of Brad's cubicle.

MALE VOICE(O.S.)  
 Miss! Can I--You can't go in there!

Brad peeks over his wall and sees Tress stomping towards him. He looks at the phone in his hand in confusion, smiles.

TRESS  
 I tracked it! Come on, I need you  
 for bait.

BRAD  
 You need me? ... How did you  
 know... I can't just leave work.

Brad's nerdy BOSS chases down Tress, taps her shoulder.

She spins and chops his neck, knocking him unconscious.

TRESS  
 I don't think your boss will mind.

Tress grabs Brad's collar and drags him out of his cubicle.

She drags him past Freddy and Justin, who enthusiastically give him thumbs up, egg him on.

BRAD  
 Shit! Ow, ok! ... So listen, I  
 don't know your situation, but can  
 we maybe grab a drink afterwards?

TRESS  
 In the off chance you survive?  
 (she sighs)  
 Sure, yea, whatever.

BRAD  
 I know this great bar...

FADE OUT.