

# FEAROTICA

by  
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# FEAROTICA:

FADE IN:

AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

The CAMERA SOARS above the lustrous shoreline of Laguna Beach . . .

We SWAY inland . . .

DESCENDS upon an affluent residential street . . .

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

We SWIFTLY GRAVITATE towards a particular home . . .

Arrive at a Cali-style mini-mansion.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MINI-MANSION - NIGHT

A PLASMA T.V. - ONSCREEN

Channels FLIP before our eyes:

An infomercial on self-piercing kits . . .

Old-skool Goth cartoon show "Groovy Ghoulies" . . .

BABY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(like a giddy child)  
Cartoons!

PRIS' VOICE (O.S.)  
No, Baby.

We practically hear Baby pout in response.

The T.V. momentarily settles on the show "Laguna Beach".

PRIS' VOICE (O.S.)  
Ecchh , these bitches are so like  
annoying.

BABY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Yeah they are.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals **PRIS** and **BABY**, early 20s, to be identical to their T.V. counterparts -- Blonde-hair, blue-eyed with tanned skin . . . A little too tanned.

INT. KITCHEN, MINI-MANSION - SAME

A third blonde, **MEGHAN**, absently flips through the Yellow Pages, of which several of its restaurant ads are crossed out in red marker.

She angrily barks into the phone:

MEGHAN

Look, "Juan", he was suppose to be here an hour ago . . . I couldn't give two shits if he's in the area . . . He should be at my front door . . . What-ev-er!

She slams the phone down.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MINI-MANSION - SAME

ONSCREEN

A local newscaster is in mid-story. The upper inset box displays an image of the Grim Reaper.

NEWSCASTER

(appropriately morose)  
 . . . Serial killer known as "The Grim Reaper" continues to terrorize the Orange County area. Residents are strongly advised to keep their doors and windows locked . . .  
 (abruptly chipper)  
 . . . But even that won't keep out the sunny Orange County days we'll be having for the next several days. Lets go to Alicia with all the details . . .

BACK TO SCENE

The child-like Baby cast her eyes onto Priss, overtly widened with genuine fear.

BABY

I'm scared, Priss.

Priss rests Baby's head on her shoulder. Soothingly strokes her sunkissed hair.

PRIS  
Relax, Baby. It happens all the  
time here.

Meghan enters the room. Shoots them a snarky look.

MEGHAN  
Didn't realize you're *sooo* starved,  
Pris, you'd be willing to gnosh on  
Baby's 'sushi'.

PRIS  
(re: Baby and herself)  
Funny, Meghan, I do recall you  
partaking of these 'California  
rolls' on more than one occasion.

BABY  
(chimes in)  
Yeah.

Meghan provocatively splays herself across a chair, legs  
parted precariously.

MEGHAN  
I've also gotten off with a  
cucumber. Doesn't mean I wanna  
eat a salad.

Pris winces slightly. Touches her stomach.

BABY  
So is "Pizza Guy" on the way,  
Meghan?

MEGHAN  
I don't even know if that  
leafblower on the phone spoke  
the same language.

PRIS  
God, I am starved. Ethiopian  
starved.

BABY  
Girl, I can beat that! I'm like  
Africa starved.

PRIS  
Ethiopia is in Africa, Baby.

BABY  
Really? Oh well. I was never  
like good at Geometry anyway.

MEGHAN

Baby, have you had your head banged  
against too many steering wheels?

Baby offers back a blank stare.

PRIS

(wincing)

I need something to distract me  
from these hunger pains.

Baby excitedly bounces on the couch.

BABY

"Hello Kitty Board Game!"  
"Hello Kitty Board Game!"

MEGHAN

I'm so not playing that stupid  
game again. As a matter of fact,  
I find it and that shit is ashes.

BABY

You're just mad 'cause I always  
win.

MEGHAN

(flatly)

No, I'm just mad having to be  
around your retarded ass all of  
the time.

BABY

Don't like it, you can always go  
kick it with another co--

MEGHAN

(cuts her off)

How about instead I beat your ass,  
you godda--

She *CRIES OUT*. Touches her mouth, wincing in pain.

Baby giggles.

BABY

That's what you get, Meghan.

Meghan scowls at her.

PRIS

(exasperated)

Are we done here? Because I so  
feel a yawn coming on.

Baby brightens up.

BABY  
I know what else we can do!

PRIS  
(warily)  
What, Baby?

BABY  
Lets tell scary stories!

Meghan groans disapprovingly . . . All she is capable of doing.

PRIS  
I don't know. It seems kind of silly for us to be doing this.

BABY  
No! That's what makes it so cool!  
Pretty please!

Pris sighs resignedly.

PRIS  
Alright. Just until the pizza gets here.

BABY  
Yaaayyyy!  
(jumps up)  
Be right back!

She scurries from the room.

Pris sees Meghan throwing her an accusatory look.

PRIS  
Cat got your tongue, Meghan?

Meghan flips her off.

The lights suddenly go out.

MEGHAN  
(muffled)  
Oh, whaf de futh?!

*STRANGE MOANING* fills the room.

PRIS  
Baby?

Beat.

A giggling Baby enters. Illuminated by the lit candles of a Gothic-style candelabra.

BABY  
Did I scare you guys?

Meghan speaks, tongue seemingly recovered.

MEGHAN  
Only with the way your implants  
turned out.

BABY  
(hurt)  
You suck, Meghan.

Meghan winks at her.

MEGHAN  
And then some.

PRIS  
(changing the subject)  
Where'd you get the candelabra ,  
Baby?

BABY  
This? Oh I've had it forever.

She sets the candelabra on the coffee table. Sits on the floor.

BABY  
Who wants to start?

Pris, Meghan say nothing. Stare at her.

BABY  
Okay! I will! I've got the  
perfect story too. And its hella  
story . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

**STORY ONE: "HELL HATH HO FURY ..."**

INT. NIGHTCLUB - VARIOUS LIGHTING

TECHNO MUSIC reverberates throughout the cavernous club. Sweaty bodies clutter the dance floor, illuminated by the various lighting -- strobe, colored spotlights, etc.

AT THE BAR - **BRAD**, 28, an overaged frat boy, checks out a variety of women ordering drinks.

THROUGH HIS POV - He locks onto an attractive redhead standing at the opposite end of the bar.

BACK TO SCENE - Brad walks up behind the girl. Reaches out to tap her on the shoulder. Abruptly backs off as . . .

Another woman joins the redhead. They greet each other and begin chatting.

Brad retreats back to his previous position.

TIME LAPSE: AN HOUR LATER

Brad is growing bored. He finishes his drink. Checks his watch. He is about to leave when . . .

A beautiful Latina appears next to him. Orders a drink. She is **ANITA**, 25.

ANITA  
(to bartender)  
Rum and Coke, please.

The BARTENDER walks off.

Brad gives himself a predatory smile. Loses it as he addresses Anita.

BRAD  
Hi.

She looks to him. Smiles, cordially.

ANITA  
Hello.

He offers his hand.

BRAD  
I'm Nick.

She shakes it.

ANITA  
Annette.

The bartender sets down her drink.

BARTENDER  
That's six dollars.

She reaches for her purse.

Brad sets down a ten dollar bill.

BRAD  
Keep the change.

BARTENDER  
(scoops up the bill)  
Thanks.

He walks off, again.

ANITA  
Thanks for the drink, Nick.

BRAD  
Not a problem.  
(beat)  
So, tell me, did it hurt?

ANITA  
Did what hurt?

BRAD  
The fall from Heaven, because you  
must be an angel.

She giggles, mischievously.

ANITA  
Hardly.

He gives her a salacious once-over.

BRAD  
Really?

ANITA  
Who's completely innocent, right?

BRAD  
I couldn't agree with you more.  
So, what do you do that's naughty?

She takes a sip of her drink. Appraises him.

ANITA  
(coquettishly)  
I'm a bit of a flirt.

BRAD  
Are you now?

ANITA  
Yeah, but that's it. Its not like  
I'm a slut or anything. I'm  
already promised to someone.

BRAD  
Then what are you doing here?

ANITA  
He's not very possessive.

She inexplicably giggles. Sips more of her drink.

BRAD  
Do you two live together?

ANITA  
Its sort of a long distance  
relationship. But I'll be with him  
when the time comes.

BRAD  
Oh.  
(beat)  
You're almost done with your drink.  
I'll get you another one.

ANITA  
(apprehensively)  
I really shouldn't.

BRAD  
Oh, come on. Its still early.  
(checks her watch)  
Its barely past midnight.

ANITA  
Maybe one more. I'll be right  
back. I have to use the restroom.

BRAD  
I'm not going anywhere.

She walks off.

Brad catches the passing Bartender.

BRAD  
Another Rum and Coke.

The bartender serves up the drink before him.

Brad pays with another ten dollar bill.

BRAD  
I want the change this time, bud.

The bartender rolls his eyes. Walks off with the money.

Brad waits a beat. Looks in both directions -- No one is looking at him. Serendipitously drops a tablet into the drink.

INSERT - THE DRINK - The pill rapidly dissolves, leaving no trace behind.

BACK TO SCENE - Anita returns. Smiles at Brad.

ANITA  
Thanks again.

BRAD  
You're welcome, Anita.  
(beat)  
To spending time with a beautiful woman.

They CLINK their glasses together.

BRAD  
Do you live around here?

ANITA  
Not far. Why?

BRAD  
I think I should take you home.

ANITA  
(coyly)  
Really. And why would you wanna do that?

BRAD  
Just to make sure you get home safe.

ANITA  
Nice try. But like I said, I'm invol--

She suddenly becomes disoriented. Braces herself against the bar.

BRAD  
See what I mean.

ANITA  
I feel dizzy.

A couple of people look over at them.

BRAD  
She's had too much to drink.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brad guides the dazed Anita through the parking lot.

ANITA  
(yawning)  
I'm so sleepy.

BRAD  
Which car is yours?

ANITA  
(slurred)  
The red Honda Accord.

BRAD  
(pointing)  
That one?

Anita nods her head.

Brad fumbles through her purse. Takes out her keys.

INT. ANITA'S ACCORD - MINUTES LATER

Brad gets behind the wheel. Anita is already dozing in the passenger's seat.

He removes her wallet from her purse. Takes out her driver's license.

BRAD  
(reading it)  
Four-three-one Van Black Avenue.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MINUTES LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the apartment complex. The Accord pulls into the driveway, leading to the rear parking lot.

INT. ANITA'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brad leads in a lethargic Anita.

ANITA  
(slurred)  
You have to leave.

BRAD  
Where's the bedroom?

ANITA  
(slurred)  
Why?

BRAD  
(matter-of-factly)  
Because that's where I'm going to  
fuck you. Unless you wanna do it  
right here. Its all good.

She uses her waning strength to pull free of him. Collapses to the floor.

Brad laughs.

BRAD  
(sing-song)  
Ashes, ashes, all fall down.

He picks her up in his arms. Carries her down the hallway.

INT. ANITA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bedroom door opens.

Brad drops an unconscious Anita onto the bed. Looks around. Reacts.

BRAD  
What the fuck?!

ANOTHER ANGLE - reveals the room to be decorated with black magic paraphernalia -- lit black candles, shelves of magic potions, wax figures, etc.

Hanging on the walls are the horrific, hellish paintings of Hieronymous Bosch.

BACK ON BRAD - He chuckles, nervously. Shifts his attention back to Anita. Begins to unbutton her dress.

BRAD  
 Wanna be one of my sleeping  
 beauties? I know you do.

He reaches into his pocket. Takes out a digital camera.  
 Leans over Anita. Forms her mouth into a smile.

BRAD  
 Smile pretty.

FLASH!

EXT. ANITA'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Brad steps out. Shuts the door behind him. Leaves.

INT. ANITA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - SAME TIME

ANGLED FROM OVERHEAD - The CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY on a naked  
 Anita, strewn on an unmade bed . . .

Her body suddenly begins to spasms violently. Her mouth  
 froths with white foam. She GASPS desperately for air . . .

And then she dies. Her lifeless body rolls onto the floor.

A pentagram illuminates through the carpet with Anita strewn  
 atop it.

She suddenly bolts upright by an unseen force. A RASPY,  
 DEMONIC VOICE speaks through her:

DEMONIC VOICE  
 You must avenge yourself, Bride of  
 Mine. I cannot accept your soul  
 until retribution is served.

EXT. ANITA'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The front door opens.

Anita, still nude, steps out. Walks off, entranced.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, REAR PARKING LOT - SAME

A PAIR OF CHOLOS loiter in the shadows, smoking a joint.

CHOLO #1  
 . . . That slut fucked my whole  
 crew, man! Now she wants to take  
 me on some talk show to prove I'm  
 the baby's daddy.



She reaches over to a metal sign -- reading: TENANT PARKING ONLY -- attached to the wall. Rips it free. Breaks and bloodies her fingernails in the process.

The cholos exchange incredulous looks.

Anita forcefully swings forth the sign . . .

. . . And decapitates Cholo #2's head, which goes flying through the air.

ANITA

What's your sign?

She laughs, maniacally.

CHOLO #1

What the fuck are you, man?!

Anita lunges forth. Grabs him in an embrace. Uses her supernatural forces to begin squeezing the life out of Cholo #1.

ANITA

If I told you had a great body,  
would you hold it against me?

Cholo #1's body folds into himself until . . .

CRACK! -- He snaps in half like a twig!

Anita discards his body. Casually strolls over to her car.

The driver's door opens for her.

Anita climbs inside.

The Accord pulls from its parking space. Drives off.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Brad enters.

Seated on the couch is his housemate, JOSH. Dressed in surgical scrubs. He is reading through a pile of medical books scattered around him.

BRAD

Another victim has been Braded!

Josh looks to him.

JOSH  
Yeah, but did you accomplish it  
without chemical assistance?

Brad says nothing.

JOSH  
Then its only worth half a point.

BRAD  
I'm gonna need another batch. I'm  
almost out.

JOSH  
I don't know, Brad.

BRAD  
(scoffing)  
Don't tell me you're suddenly  
growing a conscience.

JOSH  
If I get caught, I could lose my  
residency. Even worse, I could go  
to jail.

BRAD  
Are we negotiating here?

JOSH  
Didn't you hear what I just said?!  
I'm putting my life on the line  
just so you could get laid!

BRAD  
How much, Josh? Name your price,  
dude.

JOSH  
Okay.  
(throwing out a number)  
A thousand dollars.

BRAD  
You got it.

Josh is incredulous.

JOSH  
Really?!

BRAD  
A thousand bucks could put a slight  
dent in your student loans.

Josh sighs, resignedly.

JOSH  
Alright. But this is the last  
time.

BRAD  
(knowing better)  
Right.

He starts to head upstairs.

JOSH  
Hey.

BRAD  
Yeah?

JOSH  
There's something I don't  
understand.

BRAD  
Morals?

Josh glares at him.

JOSH  
Why not just put in the effort?  
You'd have no problem getting  
girls. Its not like you're some  
sort of hideous freak.

BRAD  
(proudly)  
Oh, I'm a freak alright!

JOSH  
That's not what I meant.

BRAD  
Its hard to explain if you haven't  
done it.

JOSH  
Isn't it just like fucking a  
corpse?

BRAD  
Now *that* I'm sure you've done.

JOSH  
(annoyed)  
Anyway . . .

BRAD

(aroused)

There's nothing like it, Josh.  
Having any bitch you want -- no  
matter how hot she is -- just  
laying there like a little fuck  
doll, ready to be violated in every  
possible way. I've done some shit--

JOSH

T.M.I., Brad.

BRAD

You're pretty queasy for being a  
doctor, dude.

JOSH

I like you, Brad. And I want to  
keep on liking you; so do us both a  
favor and spare me the graphic  
details.

BRAD

Pussy!

JOSH

If you say so.

Brad reaches the top of the stairs. Stops.

BRAD

Hey, I've been meaning to ask you:  
When's the next time your  
girlfriend is coming over?

Josh looks up at Brad, vehemently.

JOSH

Don't even joke about that.

Brad shrugs, innocently.

BRAD

I just think she's kind of cute.  
That's all I'm saying.

JOSH

(pissed)

Fuck you.

BRAD

You'd have to give me a dose of my  
own medicine in order to do that.

Brad disappears down the upstairs hallway.

Josh glower after him.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, BRAD'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Seated at his desk, Brad works his computer.

ON MONITOR - A website comes up -- "Sleeping Beauties". On display is an unconscious blonde discarded onto a mattress. The only thing she wears is a tiara.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)  
Welcome to your website.

BACK ON BRAD - He taps in a few keys.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)  
New entry.

He connects the digital camera to the computer. Downloads.

ON MONITOR - The first photo appears -- Brad undressing Anita. His face suddenly becomes scrambled.

BACK TO SCENE - Brad smiles at his handiwork.

BRAD  
Ah, another Kodak moment.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Accord pulls up to the curb. Parks.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, BRAD'S ROOM - SAME

Brad swiftly taps away at the keys, while speaking aloud his words:

BRAD  
. . . If she only knew about the things I did to her, Anita Madre would take refuge at the nearest convent!

INT. TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

There is a KNOCK at the front door.

Josh sets down his book. Crosses the room. Arrives at the door. Reaches for the knob . . .

BRAD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 As far as I'm concerned, she got  
 everything she deserved.

. . . and opens the door. Reacts, startled.

A nude Anita stands before him, posing seductively in the doorway.

JOSH  
 (taken aback)  
 Ummm . . . Hello?

She doesn't respond.

JOSH  
 Is this a joke? Did the guys at  
 St. Mercy's put you up to this?  
 (no answer)  
 Are you some sort of dyslexic  
 stripper?

Anita giggles, demented.

JOSH  
 Oh, you must be here to see Brad.

She pushes Josh aside. Enters the townhouse.

He shuts the door after her. Turns around.

JOSH  
 He's in his room upstairs. Should  
 I go get him? Or do you it to be a  
 surprise?

Anita rubs herself up against him. Looks deeply into his eyes.

ANITA  
 Do you know you have beautiful  
 eyes? They look directly into  
 your soul.

JOSH  
 (shyly)  
 Really?

She suddenly lashes out her right hand.

SQUISH! -- Plunges her fingers into his eyeballs!

INT. TOWNHOUSE, BRAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Brad thinks he heard the scream. Calls out:

BRAD

Josh?

Obviously there is no reply.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Brad leans out the door.

BRAD

Josh? You alright?

He tentatively proceeds down the darkened hallway. Comes to the staircase, overlooking the darkened living room.

BRAD

Dude?

Brad starts down the steps. Stops. Listens.

Dead silence.

BRAD

(to himself)

Are you still pissed about what I said about Mandy?

He continues down the steps.

BRAD

(under his breath)

That skank.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad walks up to the light switch. Turns it back on . . . empty.

BRAD

You better not be screwing with me.

He steps forward. Slips. Lands flat on his back.

BRAD

(grunts)

Shit!

Brad sits up. Removes something from under his foot. Looks at it . . .

INSERT - Its a SQUISHED eyeball!

BACK TO SCENE - He flings it away, disgusted.

BRAD  
(calls out)  
You're sick, Josh! Leaving body  
parts around the house!

He starts to straighten up.

Anita suddenly pops up from behind the couch. Lunges at him.  
Knocks his back to the floor.

Brad stares at her, shocked.

BRAD  
YOU!

THROUGH HIS POV - Anita SLAMS her fist into his/our face.

COMPLETE BLACKNESS.

Beat.

INT. ACCORD - LATER THAT NIGHT - (MOVING)

TIGHT SHOT - BRAD'S FACE - He snaps awake, startled. Sweat  
trickles down his panicked-stricken face.

FRAME WIDENS to REVEAL him squeezed into the cramped confines  
of the Accord's backseat floor. His hands and legs are bound  
together by jumper cables.

BRAD  
What the fuck is this?!

No answer. Except for the occasional TIRES SCREECHING and  
BRAKES GRINDING.

Brad angles himself to look over the front seat.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A sleeping Anita is slumped in the driver's  
seat. The wheel is steering itself.

ON BRAD - reacts, horrified.

BRAD  
(yelling)  
Help! Help me! Help!

He throws himself against the side window. His screams turn  
into an audible GASP.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ROAD - NIGHT - (MOVING)

We FOLLOW the Accord as it RACES along a winding road, hugging the side of a mountain.

INT. ACCORD - NIGHT - (MOVING)

Brad futilely attempts to free himself. Barks out at Anita:

BRAD  
Wake up, you crazy bitch! Wake up!

Anita remains lifeless.

He bangs his head against the back of the driver's seat.

Anita becomes reanimated. Glances back at Brad.

BRAD  
What do you want from me?! An  
apology?! Alright!  
(pleading)  
I'm sorry, okay?! I shouldn't have  
fu-- Done what I did! Please  
forgive me! I won't ever do it  
again! I swear to God!

She throws him a blank look.

BRAD  
Don't you have anything to say?!

ANITA  
All those curves and me without any  
brakes.

BRAD  
What?!

Anita grabs the steering wheel.

BRAD  
(realizes)  
NO! NO! NO!

She spins the wheel, sharply to the left . . .

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SPARKS EXPLODE as the Accord CRASHES through the guard railing . . .

THE ACCORD - AIRBORNE - CONTINUOUS

. . . and flies through the air before suddenly plummeting into the darkness below . . .

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - CONTINUOUS

. . . COLLIDING into a jagged cliff jutting out from the mountainside. The IMPACT causes a FIREBALL to fill the SCREEN!

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal . . .

. . . A wall of flames lashing downwards from a rust-yellowish, cavernous ceiling!

HELL - SMOKEY, YELLOW TINT

The CAMERA PANS DOWN from the flames to reveal . . .

An EPIC SHOT of Hell, which makes those Hieronymous Bosch paintings look like rural landscapes!

The SOUNDTRACK is drowned in the GUT-WRENCHING MOANS and WAILS of the eternally damned.

A sulfur cave that runs on for eternity! Mile high stalagmites and stalactites jut out of the ground and ceiling, resembling crooked, rotting fangs! Thousands of bodies are chained to them, writhing in anguish.

Many others burn in lakes of smoldering lava! Demons -- living shadows -- lash out their forked tails to keep them from crawling out.

HELL, MOUNTAINTOP - SAME

Overseeing this from the highest mountain is SATAN, ageless. His massive figure (about eight feet tall) consists of a muscular, human body and the head of a pissed-off goat.

He turns his throne -- made of living, human body parts -- around to find Anita before him.

SATAN

What bring you me, Bride?

She steps aside to reveal a disoriented, naked Brad lying on the ground. TWO DEMONS stand on either side of him.

Satan stares into Brad's eyes, momentarily. Breaks into a demonic grin.

SATAN

A rapist of over thirty. And now a murderer, too.

BRAD  
I didn't kill anyone.

SATAN  
(to Demons)  
Welcome him to his new residence  
. . . in New Sodom.

The Demons CROAK a response. IMPALE their tails into Brad's chest. Slither off with a SCREAMING Brad in tow.

Satan extends his own tail. Wraps it around Anita. Lifts her into his lap.

SATAN  
So, tell me, is it hot down here?  
Or is it just you?

She giggles.

He pulls her close. Inserts his large, snake-like tongue into her soft mouth. Kisses her.

**END OF STORY**

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. MINI-MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Baby happily applauds her own story.

BABY  
So, what'd you guys think?

PRIS  
Cool, Baby. Very cool.

MEGHAN  
(flatly)  
I laughed. I cried. I shat myself.

BABY  
What, you're saying that wasn't scary?

MEGHAN  
Ummmmm, yeah.

BABY  
And you can like do better?

MEGHAN  
Once again . . . Ummmmm, yeah.

BABY  
Then go ahead. Go next.

MEGHAN  
No its so gonna damn horrific  
that it'd be anti-climactic.

Baby stares at her, bemused.

BABY  
Your story is so scary its gonna  
orgasm me?

Even Pris rolls her eyes at this one.

PRIS  
(interjects)  
I'm just gonna go ahead and go  
next, guys.

MEGHAN & BABY  
(in unison)  
Fine.

PRIS  
Now my story has a very special  
twist to it.

She reaches out. Playfully twists Baby's nipple.

Baby yelp/giggles in response.

PRIS  
Its about this chick who had some  
real kink to her . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

**STORY TWO: A WORLD OF HURT**

CLOSE-UP - **BETH** - A no-frills pretty blonde in her early  
30s. She speaks directly into the CAMERA.

BETH  
Its a whole, wide world of hurt.  
(beat)  
I wouldn't have it any other way.

FRAME WIDENS to reveal her stripped down to her panties,  
leaning up against a pillar.

INT. EMPTY BUILDING - SAME TIME

(NOTE: We continuously HEAR the heavy sounds of CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT and WORKMEN SHOUTING orders coming from outside.)

Beth is inside an abandoned building. We can tell by the graffitied walls, falling plaster and discarded office furniture.

A fully-dressed, giddy man tightens the bungee cord that binds Beth's hands behind her back. He is **JERRY**, mid-30s.

Tears well up in Beth's eyes. It contrasts her aroused facial expression. She YELPS.

JERRY

(turned on)

God, I love it when you make that sound!

BETH

(muttering)

Enjoy it while you can.

He doesn't hear her. Reaches into his backpack, on the floor. Pulls out a police blackjack.

JERRY

You have the right to remain screaming.

Despite herself, Beth is intrigued.

BETH

What are you gonna do with that?

JERRY

You should be asking what *aren't* I gonna do with it.

Jerry runs it down her petite body. Comes to a rusty shackle attached to Beth's right leg.

JERRY

You've been a pretty bad girl to be chained up like this.

He taps the connecting chain with the blackjack, ensuring its fastened to the pillar. Stands. Tosses the blackjack aside. Rips open his shirt to reveal him wearing nipple clamps.

JERRY

Ah hah!

Beth stifles a laugh.

Jerry catches it. Gets in her face.

JERRY  
You laughing at me?! Don't ever  
laugh at me!

He SLAPS her across the face.

Beth falls to the floor. THUMP.

CLOSE UP - BETH - Her left cheek is already bruising. Her nostrils are bleeding. Her expressions is utter indifference. She stares off into space, remembering . . .

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCES . . .

INT. BETH'S OFFICE - DAY

The posh office of a high-ranking executive. Floor-to-ceiling windows give a panoramic view of downtown L.A.

Beth -- almost unrecognizable in glasses and a power suit -- sits behind a sprawling desk.

She is in the middle of chewing out a couple of lower-ranking executives. Holds up a report.

BETH  
This report is shit! There is no  
way I'm risking my position as  
C.O.O. by giving this to Lasky!

She throws the report at them. Pages flutter everywhere.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Get your people to rework the  
statistics and get them back to  
me first thing in the A.M.!

The executives quickly gather the papers. Leave the room, wordless. Shut the door behind them.

The intercom BUZZES.

BETH  
(into intercom; irritated)  
What is it, Stephanie?

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
 (over intercom; FILTERED)  
 I have Adrian on line three.

Beth's heart skips a beat. Her face becomes flushed.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 (adoringly)  
 Adrian -- The only man who could  
 bring me to orgasm without ever  
 having to be inside me.

BETH  
 (into intercom)  
 Put him through.

Her body language immediately turns submissive.

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (over intercom; FILTERED)  
 Beth?

BETH  
 Yes, my sweet punisher.

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 I want you to do something for me.

BETH  
 Anything, baby. *Anything.*

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Do you have a letter opener?

She pulls one out of her desk.

BETH  
 (breathless)  
 What do you want me to do with it?

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 I want you to insert it under the  
 nail of your middle finger.

Beth complies.

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 And push it as far as you can.

She does so.

INSERT - HER MIDDLE FINGER - as the letter opener pushes in  
 deep. Blood colors the fingernail crimson.

ON BETH - pants, heavily.

BETH  
(breathless)  
Oh, yes, Adrian! I feel the pain!  
Oh God!

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Now stop.

Beth is pulled from near-orgasm. Reacts.

BETH  
Huh?

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(sharply)  
You heard what I said.

She halts.

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't want you coming until later  
tonight.

BETH  
(giddy)  
And what exactly will we be doing?

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'll put it this way: Are you  
working tomorrow?

BETH  
No.

ADRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Good. Because then you'll have the  
weekend to heal. Until then, my  
precious bitch.

He DISCONNECTS.

Beth literally swoons.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
And then one night it all changed.

EXT. PINS & NEEDLES - NIGHT

A private nightclub with a black granite facade. Carved into  
it are the words: PINS & NEEDLES.

Standing at the door is the DOORGUARD, with Maori facial tattoos and multiple piercings. Clashing with his image is the tailored suit he is wearing.

Beth approaches. Dressed in a latex dress. Curly, blonde hair pulled into a ponytail.

DOORGUARD  
Good evening, Ms. Beth.

BETH  
Hey, Tam. Is Adrian here?

DOORGUARD  
Yes, ma'am. He's taking his break in the private booth.

BETH  
Thanks.

He opens the door.

THROBBING INDUSTRIAL MUSIC escapes from within.

Beth enters.

INT. PINS & NEEDLES - CONTINUOUS - DIMLY LIT

TRACK Beth walking beside several booths, occupied by well-dressed couples. Some appear to be playfully struggling with each other.

ANOTHER ANGLE - At the center of the club is a giant cage decorated in barbed wire. Inside, the clientele receive body piercings from the oh-so-hip employees

TRACKING BETH - She walks up to a private booth, which overviews the caged area.

Behind her, we see an illuminated sign reading: FIRST AID.

Beth casually pulls back the black-velvet curtain. Reacts in surprise.

INSIDE THE BOOTH - A man -- his back to us -- is passionately kissing a pretty, young woman.

BETH  
(shocked)  
Adrian!

**ADRIAN** turns around. He looks nothing like we expected -- Not Eurotrash, one of "America's Most Wanted" or even a Satan worshipper. In fact, he has the angelic face of an altar boy.

ADRIAN  
(flatly)  
Beth.

BETH  
What is this?!

The young woman removes a razor blade from her mouth. She flashes Beth a bloody smile.

ADRIAN  
I'd introduce you but we're in the middle of something here.

Beth doesn't know how to react.

BETH  
What happened to us?

Adrian sighs, heavily.

ADRIAN  
Your screams have become whiny.  
Your bloodletting is like watching paint dry. And your pain has become unbearable . . . for me to watch.

Beth's mouth hangs open, flabbergasted.

BETH  
But Adrian . . . I love you!

He shrugs his indifference.

ADRIAN  
That's your problem.

The CLUB MANAGER comes up beside Beth.

MANAGER  
Adrian, your break is over.

Adrian stands up. It reveals him to be wearing a black apron. The guy is a waiter!

MANAGER  
Table eleven wants to place an order.

Adrian kisses the young woman softly on the cheek.

ADRIAN  
I'll see you in a little while, my  
precious bitch.

Beth walks away, clearly upset.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

IN THE MIRROR - Beth stares at her reflection. Rips her earrings off. Blood to trickle down her lobes. She has no reaction.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beth, in her undies, WHIPS herself with a cat-o-nine-tails. She GRUNTS, softly.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I was so furious with Adrian . . .

The CAMERA PANS AROUND to reveal her back covered in angry, overlapping welts.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
. . . that I took it out on myself.  
(beat)  
I wanted to inflict some serious  
pain on him . . . but not in a good  
way.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Beth sits alone at the bar. Drinking a martini.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
By the time my wounds healed, I was  
right back out there.

Jerry joins her. Slides onto the stool next to her.

JERRY  
I'm Jerry.

BETH  
Beth.

JERRY  
So, what do you wanna do on our  
first date?

BETH  
Pretty confident, aren't you?

JERRY

I know a fellow "dare-do-it" when I see one.

BETH

What's a "dare-do-it"?

JERRY

Its like a "dare-doer". Except you do *it*.

BETH

(dismissively)

What, like getting a blow job while you're riding a rollercoaster?

JERRY

(amused)

You're cute.

(beat)

You know what I think we should do on our first date? Go on a picnic.

Beth eyes him, uncertainly. Finishes her drink.

EXT. FOREST HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Jerry's truck coasts down a road paved through the national forest.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - SAME TIME - (MOVING)

Jerry is behind the wheel. A bored Beth rides passenger.

BETH

You know, when you said we were going on a picnic, I thought you were joking.

JERRY

Then why'd you come?

Beth shrugs.

JERRY

Because you're looking for a little excitement in your life. Right?

BETH

Sorry but I don't consider keeping ants away from the food as a walk on the wild side.

JERRY  
Yeah but what if we were the bugs?

BETH  
Huh?

He makes a sharp, right turn. Gestures out the windshield.

EXT. FOREST OFFROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck veers onto a dirt road off the highway road. It races past a bright, orange sign reading: WARNING! POISONOUS PESTICIDE SPRAYING! DO NOT ENTER!

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

JERRY  
What do you think?

Beth remains unimpressed.

BETH  
What's to worry about? These huge trees will shelter us from any kind of spray.

JERRY  
Not with the spot I have picked out.

BETH  
So you've done this before.

JERRY  
Once or twice.

BETH  
And lived to tell the tale.

JERRY  
And to think, it might die with us.

Beth suddenly appears intrigued.

Jerry suddenly speeds up.

JERRY  
Hold on!

Beth looks out the window. Reacts.

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD - We COLLIDE with a road block. SMASH right through it. Continue racing along.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARED AREA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The truck parks in an open section of the woods.

INT./EXT. JERRY'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Jerry checks his watch. Begins to unbutton his shirt.

BETH

Not the master of seduction, are you?

JERRY

We've got haven't got long. So, unless you want some sweet nothings as your epitaph, I suggest we get started.

He climbs out of the truck. Begins removing his pants.

Beth also undresses.

They climb into the truck bed, naked.

BETH

I wanna be on top. In case we don't make it, I wanna feel the spray wash down my body.

JERRY

A girl after my own heart.

He sprawls out on the truck bed.

Beth mounts Jerry.

Off in the distance, we hear a LOW HUMMING.

Jerry grunts his approval as Beth intensely rides him.

BETH

Hit me.

He is too distracted to respond.

JERRY

(absently)  
Maybe later.

Beth comes to an abrupt halt.

Jerry appears startled.

JERRY  
What are you doing?!

BETH  
I want you to hit me.

JERRY  
Sorry but I'm not that kind of guy.

BETH  
You're a guy, period.

JERRY  
Look, can we just go back to what  
we were doing? We haven't got much  
time!

The HUMMING grows LOUDER.

BETH  
(sternly)  
Then do it.

JERRY  
(annoyed)  
I'm not gonna fucking hit you,  
alright?!

BETH  
(increasingly aroused)  
Remember me? I'm the girl you  
liked in the third grade who tore  
up the valentine you gave me.  
(beat)  
I'm the college sweetheart you  
caught in bed with your best  
friend.  
(beat)  
I'm the beautiful woman who laughs  
in your face when you try to talk  
to me.  
(beat)  
I'm your mom--

JERRY  
You're crazy!

BETH  
Certifiably. Now, hit me.

The WHINE of a bi-plane engine grows increasingly  
distinctive.

JERRY  
This shit isn't getting any  
funnier, SO GET OFF ME!

Beth doesn't budge.

JERRY  
Did you hear me?!

BETH  
Hit me, Jerry.

Jerry attempts to shove Beth off of him. She, however, has her legs clenched around his hips.

JERRY  
Get the hell off me!

He struggles to squirm free but Beth's leverage keeps him locked in place.

JERRY  
(frustrated)  
Sonofabitch!

The bi-plane's DRONE fills the air.

BETH  
Hit me!

He SLAPS her across the face.

JERRY  
Now get off me, you psycho slut!

Beth looks at him, unfazed.

BETH  
That was nothing more than a bitch  
slap . . . bitch!

Jerry PUNCHES her in the jaw. Shoves her off. Quickly climbs into the cab. Slams the door shut.

A dazed Beth sits up.

The shadow of the bi-plane is cast upon her! Its ROAR overwhelms the SOUNDTRACK!

Beth flings herself off the side of the cab! Opens the passenger door. Looks back . . .

THROUGH HER POV - A torrential downpour of amber liquid is coming directly at her!

BACK TO SCENE - She climbs into the trucks. SLAMS the door.

SPLASH!

BI-PLANE - AIRBORNE - CONTINUOUS

It SOARS past the truck, raining pesticide.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Beth rubs her bruised jaw. Looks to a pissed Jerry.

BETH

A guy after my own heart.

EXT. BETH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Jerry's truck pulls up,

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)

Jerry was so upset he didn't say a  
word to me all the way home . . .

Beth climbs out.

The truck SPEEDS OFF before she can shut the door.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)

But I knew I'd hear from him again  
. . . which was about two weeks  
later.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON T.V. SCREEN - "Jackass-The Movie" plays.

Beth watches it. Fondles her breasts, aroused.

The phone RINGS.

She answers it.

BETH

Hello.

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from phone; FILTERED)  
Beth, its Jerry.

BETH

Yes?

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't think I can handle a girl  
like you.

BETH  
Then why are you calling?

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Because I'd like to try.

BETH  
You *try* sushi, Jerry.

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
I have it in me, Beth. You helped  
me to find it that day.

BETH  
And how did you come to this  
realization?

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Because I enjoyed punching you in  
the face. I had such a hard-on on  
the way back.

BETH  
Really? And why didn't you tell me  
this when it happened?

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
The truth? I was sort of ashamed.

BETH  
Like everything else, it fades.

JERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Does that mean we can get together  
again? I have something special in  
mind for us.

BETH  
(coyly)  
We'll see.

She hangs up. Begins to contemplate.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I was curious enough to see him  
again . . . and he didn't  
disappoint

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

Beth is pressed up against a filthy wall. Her expression is one of ecstasy fused with pain.

FRAME WIDENS to reveal her bent over with Jerry thrusting from behind. He has one of her arms twisted behind her back.

Around them, the undisclosed room violently QUAKES. Broken furniture rolls across the dirt floor. Dust clouds are illuminated by daylight peeking through the small, high windows.

LOUD, CONTINUOUS ROARING drowns out all other sounds.

Beth and Jerry both climax. Gather their clothes. Race out a pair of storm doors . . .

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE/DECONSTRUCTION SITE (#1) - CONTINUOUS

. . .out the basement of a house in the process of being demolished by a pair of bulldozers!

They disappear into a nearby copse of trees.

AMONGST THE TREES - Beth and Jerry get dressed. Share a joint.

Beth's attention is diverted back to the remains of the house. Becomes mesmerized as the bulldozers expose the basement cavity.

Jerry comes up behind her. Spins her around. Presses her up against a tree.

JERRY

I knew you would like this.

BETH

(kidding)

Its alright.

He leans in to kiss her.

JERRY

Then we'll have to figure something out to make this experience more memorable for you.

They are just about to kiss . . .

. . . when Jerry unleashes a brutal punch to Beth's stomach.

She CRIES OUT. Drops.

He stares down at her, slightly crazed.

JERRY  
That's what you like, right?!

Jerry kicks her.

Beth curls into a fetal position, WHIMPERING.

Concern spreads across Jerry's face.

JERRY  
Beth, are you alright? Beth?

He kneels down beside her.

JERRY  
Did I go too far? I'm sorry. I  
thought this was what you wanted.

Jerry delicately strokes her hair.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Jerry spent the next couple of days  
apologizing. I accepted his  
apology but knew that he would  
never learn the fine art of pain  
distribution.  
(beat)  
He'd never be anything more than a  
bully.  
(yearning)  
And he would never be Adrian.  
(beat)  
I decided to see Jerry once more.  
For the last time . . .

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCES

INT. EMPTY BUILDING, 3RD FLOOR -DAY - (PRESENT)

Beth stares into the CAMERA.

BETH  
. . . and that's where I'm at.

Jerry strips off his clothes. Crouches next to her.

JERRY  
Soon. Real soon.

He runs his sweaty hands along her body, grinning. Snaps his fingers, remembering something.

JERRY  
I almost forgot.

Jerry crosses the room to his pants. Removes an item from the pocket. Returns to Beth. Holds up it for display -- a vial of cocaine.

JERRY  
This will take us over the top.

He pours out a line across his palm. Offers it to her.

JERRY  
Take the first line.

BETH  
Its better afterwards. As dessert.

JERRY  
But we might not make it through dinner.

BETH  
I'll wait.

Jerry shrugs. Gets an idea. Wipes blood from one of her nostrils. Drips it onto the cocaine, which turns pink.

He gazes adoringly at Beth.

JERRY  
I think I love you, Beth.

Beth rolls her eyes, aside.

Jerry SNORTS the line.

JERRY  
Oh, yeah!

He prances around Beth, fueled by an energy that is unnatural.

JERRY  
Fuckin' yeah! Fuckin' yeah!

Jerry suddenly hits the floor, face first.

BETH  
Jerry? Jerry?! Quit acting stupid and get up.

No reaction.

BETH  
This isn't funny.

A WAILING SIGNAL screeches through the building.

BETH  
Is that the five minute signal?!  
Jerry?! JERRY!

Panic captures Beth. She tugs frantically at the shackle.  
It holds fast.

BETH  
Oh my God! I'm gonna die here!

She takes a few deep breaths. Calms down.

BETH  
Just get the key from his pants,  
Beth. That's all you have to do.

Beth clumsily gets to her feet. Moves past Jerry's body.  
Advances towards the pile of clothes.

The chain stops her with a violent tug . . . only a few feet  
short.

She makes a desperate effort and dives for the pants . . .  
CRASHES to the ground, still missing it. Her jaw bounces  
off the dusty floor.

From outside, a SUPERVISOR'S VOICE is heard through a  
BULLHORN:

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Alright, guys, lets move it out!

Wrenched with pain, Beth forces herself to come around.  
Spits out blood . . . and a tooth! Futilely screams out:

BETH  
HELP ME! HELP, I'M IN HERE!

Beth looks to her right. Finds herself face to face with  
Jerry's corpse. Scowls at him.

BETH  
Are you dead?! Can you hear me,  
you stupid shit?!

INSERT - JERRY'S FACE - His face is turning purple. Eyes  
bulged from their sockets. Mouth frozen in a demented grin.  
His expression seems to be taunting Beth.

BACK TO SCENE

She sits up. Kicks at the body.

BETH  
"Fuckin' yeah'"ed yourself right  
into Hell, didn't you, asshole?!

A CONTINUOUS BEEPING begins to sound -- Like a time bomb counting backwards towards annihilation.

Beth gets an idea. Stands up. Use her free foot to kick the body towards the discarded clothing.

Jerry's face flops onto the pile.

Beth smiles, broadly. Grapples Jerry's leg. Tugs it back but loses hold.

BETH  
Oh, come on!

She clenches her toes, again. Heaves and pulls harshly . . .

Amazingly, his body is coming towards her . . . and then Beth falls back!

THUMP! -- She lands flat on her back, jarred by the her full body weight hitting the cement floor. However, she is too charged with adrenaline to feel any pain.

She anxiously leans forward towards Jerry's face . . . and lets out a disappointed WAIL.

BETH  
No! No! No!

No pants!

ANOTHER ANGLE - The pile of clothing have been slightly altered. At the top are the pants -- the literal key to Beth's salvation.

BACK TO SCENE - A defeated Beth wipes some sweat from her brow . . . and suddenly realizes her hands are free! She looks behind her.

INSERT - THE BUNGEE CORDS - have been discarded after coming free from the impact of the fall.

BACK TO SCENE - Beth reaches of the pants . . . but still can't reach them.

From outside, the SUPERVISOR'S VOICE comes on the BULLHORN again:

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
All clear! We're down to two-and-a-half minutes and counting!

Beth fights back a scream. Tugs frantically at the chain and pillar -- Nothing gives.

BETH  
Goddamnit!

THROUGH HER POV - She looks around desperately for any solution . . . Anything! . . . Anything! . . . And then she sees the blackjack!

BACK TO SCENE - Beth picks up the blackjack . . .

POUNDS it at the pillar . . . nothing!

WHACKS on the chain . . . nothing!

STRIKES the rusted shackle . . . nothing!

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Ninety seconds!

Beth comes to a grim realization.

BETH  
There's only one thing that'll give.

She gnashes her teeth. SLAMS the nightstick into her ankle. Winces from the blow. A sickening SLAPPING SOUND fills the room as she does it again . . . and again . . . and again!

Beth, frothing at the mouth, finally relents. Looks at her inflamed leg and foot, now colored a sickening purplish-pink.

The pulpy flesh oozes and warbles as she pulls it through the shackle hole. The SHIFTING OF BROKEN BONES can be heard in the process.

Beth looks on, deranged.

BETH  
(to herself)  
No more Salsa lessons for you.

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Sixty seconds.

She quickly hobbles over to the nearby stairs . . .

INT. PINS & NEEDLES - NIGHT - DIMLY LIT

LOW ANGLE - We FOLLOW a mangled foot, in a brace, that limps along. Comes to a halt before a familiar black curtain.

INSIDE THE BOOTH - Adrian sits with the Young Woman from before. She, however, now looks worse for the wear.

The curtain is suddenly pulled open to reveal Beth. She holds a cane designed to resemble a blackjack.

Adrian is surprised to see her.

The Young Woman pouts.

ADRIAN  
 Beth! Its good to see you!

BETH  
 Hello, Adrian.

ADRIAN  
 How long has it been?

BETH  
 Months.

ADRIAN  
 Seems longer. How are you?

BETH  
 Good as can be.

Adrian is intrigued by the cane.

ADRIAN  
 What's with the cane, Beth?

She flashes him a seductive smile.

INT. EMPTY BUILDING (#2) - DAY

Adrian is shackled to a pillar, just like Beth.

She stands before him.

BETH

I'm so glad you decided to do this with me, Adrian.

ADRIAN

Why not? It sounds like fun.

BETH

Oh, its so much more than that! My last experience "transformed" me in ways you couldn't imagine.

(beat)

I'm sure it'll do the same for you.

(beat)

We should get started. We don't have much time.

ADRIAN

Okay. What do we do first?

BETH

This.

She RAPS him across the face with her blackjack cane. Checks hold of the shackle. Walks away, laughing hysterically.

A dazed Adrian comes around. Calls after her.

ADRIAN

Beth! Beth! Where are you going?! Is this part of the game?!

BETH

Goodbye, Adrian.

ADRIAN

Goodbye, Adrian?! Come back here! What are you doing?! I order you to come back!

She stops. Turns around. Flips him off.

BETH

Order this.

She turns back around. Walks off, ignoring him.

ADRIAN

No, fuck you, you stupid bitch! I'm not afraid of you! You're nothing! Nothing but a human pincushion!

He begins to laugh, hysterically.

A wrecking ball suddenly **IMPLodes** the outside wall! It swings forth mightily and **CRASHES** through the pillar . . .

Adrian is decimated to a bloody **SPLAT** on the remaining walls!

EXT. DECONSTRUCTION SITE (#2) - MINUTES LATER

As the wrecking ball lays waste to the empty building, Beth approaches the **CAMERA**. She speaks directly into it:

BETH

It was painful to lose Adrian for  
the second time.

She smiles, wickedly.

BETH

But then you know how I feel about  
pain . . .

**END OF STORY**

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. MINI-MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Baby claps again.

BABY

I really liked your story too,  
Pris.

PRIS

Thanks, Baby.

They consume in a passionate kiss.

Meghan pulls a disgusted face.

MEGHAN

And they lived happily ever after.  
(feigns wiping a tear from  
her eye)  
No one wonder you bitches are  
coming up with sappy love  
stories instead of scary ones.

Pris looks to her, genuinely annoyed.

PRIS

Alright, Meghan. Even I'm sick of  
your shit by now. If you have such  
a terrifying tale . . . Tell it.

Meghan sits forward, brimming with anticipation.

MEGHAN

This is the story of an ex-nun.  
But not just any ex-nun . . .  
(dramatic pause)  
An ex-nun named Magdalena.

Pris, Baby exchange uneasy glances.

Meghan grins, appreciatively.

MEGHAN

And now that I have your like  
complete attention . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

**STORY THREE: BAD HAPPENINGS AT THE BAD KITTEN**

SUBLIMINAL, GRAPHIC IMAGES of a scalpel slicing into flesh  
. . . A plastic surgery procedure . . . A woman's face  
horribly disfigured . . . A pair of crazed, icy-blue eyes  
over a surgical mask . . .

INT. MAGDALENA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

**MAGDALENA**, late 20s, an Italian beauty snaps awakens. Mouth  
frozen in a silent scream. Face drenched in perspiration.

ANOTHER ANGLE - She sits up. Grabs hold of a rosary hanging  
around her neck. Begins muttering a prayer until inner calm  
settles upon her.

Removing her hand from the rosary, Magdalena notices her  
right-hand fingers are bleeding.

THROUGH HER POV - She follows trickles of blood off the bed  
. . . onto the floor . . . where a copy of the "L.A. Weekly"  
lays open to the strip club advertisements.

BACK TO SCENE - Magdalena picks up the newspaper. Studies  
the ad circled in her blood.

INSERT - THE AD - is for The Bad Kitten gentlemen's club. On  
display is a striking redhead -- ROSIEBUD -- appearing on the  
club's opening night: MAY 12th.

BACK TO SCENE

MAGDALENA

Tonight.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN - DAY

A post-modern, duo-floored office converted into a prominent gentlemen's club.

Atop the roof, a large neon sign reading: WELCOME TO THE BAD KITTEN. Beside it, a screen displays an animatronic kitten playing in a pile of lingerie.

A VW Beetle parks in the adjacent parking lot.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Head of security, **DEAN**, stands outside smoking a cigarette.

Magdalena comes up to him. Frowns.

MAGDALENA

Those are bad for you. Not just physically but mentally and spiritually, too.

DEAN

So's my ex-wife. But I've still gotta deal with her.

Dean takes a final puff. Tosses his cigarette. Crushes it under his boot.

Magdalena retrieves it. Places it into his palm.

DEAN

Let me guess -- you're here to protest. Sorry but you're a little early for the party. We don't open until seven.

MAGDALENA

Actually, I'm here to--

DEAN

You know, you're a little too cute to be a protester.

MAGDALENA

Thank you . . . I think. What are protesters usually like?

DEAN  
Fat, hairy and ugly.  
(beat)  
And you should see the men.

He laughs at his own joke. It dies down when he sees Magdalena straight faced.

DEAN  
Hey, what do you want from me? The girls are the entertainment here.

MAGDALENA  
So, what does that make you? A bartender, maybe?

DEAN  
I'm security.

He scrutinizes her. Narrows his eyes.

DEAN  
You're not a protester, are you? What are you, some reporter?

MAGDALENA  
Actually, I'm here to--

DEAN  
No comment.

MAGDALENA  
Look, I just wanna--

DEAN  
No comment.

MAGDALENA  
Are you some sort of ass?

DEAN  
No com--Hey!

She giggles.

Despite himself, he joins her.

MAGDALENA  
I just wanna apply for a job. Could you introduce me to the manager?

DEAN  
Come with me.

They enter the club.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, AUDITORIUM - VARIOUS LIGHTING

ONSTAGE - A scrawny brunette strips by rote to DANCE MUSIC on the platformed main stage.

A THROATY FEMALE VOICE calls out from OFFSCREEN:

GRETA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (over the music)  
 What are you doing, undressing for  
 bed?! Somebody get her a Red Bull!

REVERSE ANGLE - The voice belongs to club owner, **GRETA**, mid-50s. She is a handsome woman with an exotic blend of both masculine and feminine features.

She criticizes from a front table, which is cluttered with resumes and headshots.

Seated at surrounding tables are a handful of other dancers awaiting their turn to audition.

Greta gestures for the music to stop. It does.

GRETA  
 (to dancer)  
 Thank you and goodbye.

The scrawny brunette walks off stage.

In the b.g., janitor LOU, late-60s, sets up tables.

Magdalena and Dean come up to the table.

DEAN  
 Greta, you got a minute?

She turns to them. Gives Magdalena a once-over.

GRETA  
 What's your name?

MAGDELANA  
 Magdalena.

GRETA  
 Nah. Too Catholic. How about  
 . . . Magenta?

MAGDELANA  
 Sorry. I'm not here to be a  
 dancer. I wanna be a waitress.

GRETA  
Nobody wants to be a waitress.

MAGDELANA  
Well, I do.

GRETA  
You sure? I could make some good  
money off you . . .  
(smiles, sweetly)  
. . . I mean, FOR you.

MAGDELANA  
Thanks, anyway.

GRETA  
(resignedly)  
Alright. Go upstairs, fill out the  
paperwork and get yourself a  
uniform.

MAGDELANA  
Thanks. Can I start tonight?

GRETA  
Be here at six. Use the back  
entrance.

MAGDELANA  
(to Greta & Dean)  
Nice meeting you both.

Dean watches her walk off.

DEAN  
Nice girl.

GRETA  
Yeah. What a fucking shame with a  
body like that.

She shifts her attention back to the stage.

GRETA  
Next!

ONSTAGE - A California blonde, dressed like a gangsta girl,  
steps out. Carrying a boom box. She is MARY, 22.

GRETA  
What's your name?

MARY  
My bitches call me Mary-Go-Round.

GRETA  
Mary-Go-Round?

MARY  
As in Mary-Go-Round-gettin'-all-the-  
dick-she-need.

She laughs at her own joke.

ON GRETA

GRETA  
Charming. Why don't we just call  
you Mary for short?

ON MARY -

MARY  
Whateva'.

Mary turns on the boom box. HIP-HOP MUSIC begins to play.

MARY  
Watch my shit explode!

She begins to expertly breakdance/strip across the stage.

ON Lou - who shakes his head, dismayed.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, MAIN ENTRANCE - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Magdalena walks out of the club. She carries her uniform.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN CLUB, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

ONSTAGE - A wholesome YOUNG GIRL, in a black leotard,  
"dances" clumsily around the stage. Her attempts at  
sexuality are downright embarrassing.

ON GRETA - Her head in her hands, exasperated.

GRETA  
(calls out)  
Enough!

ONSTAGE - The girl stops. Looks on the verge of tears.

GRETA  
How old are you?

GIRL  
Eighteen.

GRETA  
And a day?

GIRL  
A month and a half.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena crosses the parking lot.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

We INTERCUT as necessary:

GRETA  
Are you a virgin?

The girl is stunned.

GIRL  
Excuse me?

GRETA  
Are. You. A. Virgin?

GIRL  
(demurely)  
Yes. Why?

GRETA  
Because I think you just busted  
your cherry performing your "act".

The girl looks down . . .

Blood is running down her thigh.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena arrives at her car. Unlocks the door.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

THE YOUNG GIRL'S LEG - We FOLLOW the streak of blood running  
down her leg . . .

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(babbling)  
I'm so sorry! I know its stupid to  
audition when I'm on my period but  
I need the work!

. . . her calf . . .

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I've only been here a month and I'm  
already out of money! I just--

. . . her ankle . . .

GRETA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(interjecting)  
Spare me the soliloquy and get off  
my stage. *You're bleeding all over  
it!*

. . . onto the polished hardwood floor . . .

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena places the uniform in the back seat.

CUT TO:

THROUGH THE FLOOR PANELING

. . . the blood passes through the layers of wooden paneling  
that makes up the floor . . .

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena drops her keys on the floor. Retrieves them.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, BABY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A basement storage room.

ON THE CEILING - The blood has now passed through a crack in  
the basement ceiling . . .

TIGHT SHOT - A SINGLE TRICKLE OF BLOOD - We TRACK its quick  
descent . . .

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena puts the key into the ignition.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, BABY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT SHOT - THE TRICKLE OF BLOOD - impacts onto the cement  
floor, which is painted a deep blue. And into a crack in the  
foundation . . .

Beat.

WIDE SHOT - The room suddenly begins to SHUDDER violently.  
The entire floor turns a deep-blood red and FRAGMENTS!

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena has a violent seizure.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, AUDITORIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Greta turns to Lou.

GRETA

Lou, go get a mop and wipe the stage down.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, BASEMENT CORRIDOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lou walks the cavernous corridor. Past closed doors on either side.

LOU

(muttering)

They call that a striptease?!  
Where's the tease part?! Nowadays  
there's all this nakedness -- all  
bouncing titties and wiggling  
asses!

He arrives at a door marked: MAINTENANCE. Opens it up.

A SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE ECHOES through the corridor:

SEDUCTIVE VOICE (O.S.)

Yoohoo, Louie!

Lou looks around, startled.

LOU

(startled)

Who's there?!

No response.

LOU

Hey!

Still no reply.

A broom suddenly falls out, scaring the living shit out of Lou!

He curses to himself. Puts it away. Takes out the mop.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE (O.S.)

Come check out my bit, Cat.

Lou cautiously proceeds down the corridor. Wielding the mop like a baseball bat.

LOU  
You're in alot of trouble, girlie!  
No one is suppose to down here!

SEDUCTIVE VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't be a square, Louie.

LOU  
Who are you?! How do you know my  
name?!

He begins checking various doors . . . until he arrives at one painted deep-blue. Opens it. Reacts, flabbergasted.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, BABY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The floor is back to normal.

At the opposite end of the room is the FAN DANCER. She is concealed behind her large, feather fan . . . except for her pretty face (her hair and makeup done up 50s-style).

LOU  
Oh my goodness!

FAN DANCER  
Goodness has nothing to do with my  
classy chassis.

She pulls back the fans to reveal her voluptuous figure in a burlesque (circa 1950s) outfit. Bounces her hip a couple of times.

FAN DANCER  
Pull up a chair and enjoy the show.

A chair upends off a pile. Slides behind Lou, dropping him into it. He continues to gaze at the Fan Dancer.

She disappears behind the fan, again.

FAN DANCER  
Hit it, fellas.

JAZZ MUSIC begins to play out of thin air.

Lou looks around, bemused.

FAN DANCER  
Relax, Louie. Its your fantasy --  
just like it use to be. Right?

She gives a masterful performance of vamping poses, fan movements and removing her clothes.

LOU  
(taken)  
Razz my berries!

Lou takes out a flask. Pulls a hard swig off of it. Enjoys the show.

The Fan Dancer advances on him.

She sways her fan around, giving us glimpses of her nude body, now covered with open slash wounds . . . or is it?! As the fan passes over again, they magically disappear!

Lou sees the same thing. Dismisses it to the booze.

The Fan Dancer stops before him. The fan conceals everything except her legs.

FAN DANCER  
There's one thing you should know  
about me, Louie.

Lou gazes up at her, intoxicated (in both senses of the word).

LOU  
What's that?

She pulls back the fan to again reveal her deformed body. Her face -- though still striking -- is now also covered with open gashes.

FAN DANCER  
I'm bad news, Big Daddy.

The Fan Dancer leans in to Lou. Pulls the fan around him like a predator capturing its prey.

Lou emits a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

EXT./INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Dean gently nudges Magdalena awake. She looks around, startled.

MAGDALENA  
We have to get inside right now!  
Something terrible has happened!

DEAN  
What?!

MAGDALENA  
I don't know exactly. But its bad  
. . . so bad.

DEAN  
Relax, Magdalena. I just came from  
inside and everything is fine.

She looks to him, hopefully.

MAGDALENA  
Really?!

DEAN  
(reassuringly)  
Really.  
(concerned)  
How are you? I came out and found  
you passed out behind the wheel.

She strains a sheepish smile.

MAGDALENA  
I'm cool. It happens every once  
and awhile.

DEAN  
What are you, narcoleptic?

MAGDALENA  
Sort of. My body shuts down on me  
when I get too stressed. It  
doesn't happen very often.

Dean is reluctant to let her go.

DEAN  
You sure you're alright to drive?

MAGDALENA  
Positive. Thanks.

He sighs, resignedly.

DEAN  
Then I guess I'll see you later  
tonight.

MAGDALENA  
Okay. Bye.

He starts to walk away.

MAGDALENA

Hey.

Dean reapproaches.

MAGDALENA

Do me a favor?

DEAN

Sure. What is it?

She removes a rosary from around her neck. Hands it to him.

MAGDALENA

Wear this.

DEAN

But I'm not Catholic.

MAGDALENA

Do you believe in God?

DEAN

Kind of.

MAGDALENA

Close enough.

He tries to hand it back to her.

DEAN

I can't take this. Its obviously very special to you.

MAGDALENA

Its not a gift. Its a loaner.

DEAN

(confused)

Uh . . . okay. Thanks.

He slips it around his neck.

DEAN

One size fits all, huh?

She smiles.

MAGDALENA

See you tonight.

She starts up the Beetle. Drives off.

INT. CHURCH, VESTIBULE - AFTERNOON

Magdalena bottles some holy water from the basin.

A MALE FIGURE appears from the shadows.

MALE FIGURE  
Hello, Magdalena.

She looks up, startled.

MAGDALENA  
(relieved)  
You scared me.

The figure steps into daylight, illuminating through a stain glass window. Its a kindly-faced priest named FATHER BELLA.

FATHER BELLA  
Are your confessions that bad?

MAGDALENA  
I'm not here to confess anything,  
Father Bella.

FATHER BELLA  
But you are here to talk with me.

MAGDALENA  
What makes you say that?

He gestures towards the basin.

FATHER BELLA  
You can get holy water at any  
church.

MAGDALENA  
I had visions again.

FATHER BELLA  
Lets go for a walk, Magdalena.

INT. CHURCH GARDEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They stroll through a plush, colorful garden adjacent to the church.

FATHER BELLA  
What did you see this time?

MAGDALENA

They're worse than anything I've seen before. Images of women being disfigured by some sort of surgeon.

Father Bella shudders.

FATHER BELLA

Do you have any idea what they mean?

MAGDALENA

Not yet.  
(determined)  
But I will soon.

He looks at her, troubled.

FATHER BELLA

I worry about you.

Magdalena knows what's coming.

MAGDALENA

Please don't.

FATHER BELLA

(ignoring her)  
I wonder if you're not getting in over your head with your new . . . "mission" in life.

MAGDALENA

I've done this once before.

FATHER BELLA

But you never know what you're getting yourself into. You are dealing with the supernatural, here.

MAGDALENA

And what do you call religion, if not supernatural, Father? We believe in miracles, resurrection and an all-powerful, otherworldly being.

FATHER BELLA

If they are the same, then why did you leave the Church?

MAGDALENA

Because the Church is not as open minded about these things as you. There is no room for a psychic in their modern sensibilities.

FATHER BELLA

So you've decided to become some sort of paranormal vigilante?

MAGDALENA

We're in the same game -- trying to banish evil from this world.

FATHER BELLA

But what if this turns out to be a real life threat?

MAGDALENA

Then I turn it over to the police.

FATHER BELLA

And if its too late?

MAGDALENA

Then I think we both know what happens.

Father Bella nods his head, saddened.

MAGDALENA

I have to go, Father.

FATHER BELLA

Be careful, Magdalena. That's all I ask.

MAGDALENA

I will. I promise.

They hug.

INT. MAGDALENA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

She is knelt on the side of her bed, praying in Latin . . .

INTERCUT with her packing a Prada backpack with items that include a crucifix, the holy water and the Book of Exorcism.

END INTERCUTTING as Magdalena completes both her packing and prayer.

She stands up to reveal herself dressed in skin-tight cat suit. Places a pair of cat ears on her head to complete the image.

MAGDALENA  
(sighs, heavily)  
The things I do to battle evil.

Magdalena goes to the closet. Takes out a coat. Slips into it. Walks out of FRAME.

The closet door remains open. The most prominent outfit amongst her clothes is a nun's habit.

INT. LIMO, BACK SEAT AREA - EVENING - (MOVING)

A plain, no-frills redheaded woman relaxes in back. Her is face is familiar to us.

She wears an outfit displaying her surgically embellished body. Tattooed on her right shoulder is a bright-red rose. She is porn superstar ROSIEBUD, mid-20s.

ROSIEBUD  
(to the driver)  
Are we almost there, Steven?

DRIVER  
We're just arriving, Rosiebud.

Rosiebud looks out her window.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, PARKING LOT - EVENING

As it pulls into the driveway, the limo is mobbed by a DOZEN-OR-SO PROTESTERS.

INT. LIMO, BACK SEAT AREA - CONTINUOUS - (MOVING)

Even though no one can see through the tinted windows, Rosiebud conceals her unmade face.

ROSIEBUD  
Hurry up, Steven. I don't want my fans to see me unglamorized.

DRIVER  
Uh, those aren't fans exactly. I'm pretty sure they're protesters.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Driver is correct since the small crowd being CHANTING "Heck No, Porn Must Go!".

INT. LIMO, BACK SEAT AREA - CONTINUOUS

A fanatical woman rants into the window.

Rosiebud sticks her tongue out at her.

ROSIEBUD  
Somebody needs to get laid.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The limo pulls up to the rear entrance, stalked by the protesters.

Dean, positioned at the door, comes up to the protesters.

DEAN  
(calls out)  
You are on private property.  
Anyone who doesn't return to the  
sidewalk will be arrested for  
trespassing.

The protesters JEER at him. Someone yells out:

PROTESTER  
May your mother become the Devil's  
concubine, you sinner fuck!

DEAN  
You learn that in Sunday School?

He takes out a pair of handcuffs.

DEAN  
Who wants to be first?

This gives pause to the protesters. They begrudgingly walk away.

Dean walks over to the limo. Opens the rear passenger door.

Rosiebud climbs out. Yelling into her cell phone:

ROSIEBUD  
I want you to re-do my blow-up  
doll! . . . I don't care how much  
it costs! . . . Ever heard of  
something called A LAWSUIT?! . . .  
That's better! . . . Yes, there is  
something else! Get my fucking  
tatt right this time!

She hangs up. Arrives at the door. Waits.

The Driver, pulling a pair of wheeled suitcases, hurries to the door. Opens it.

Rosiebud enters without so much as a "thank you".

Dean has observed this. Mutters to himself.

DEAN

Maybe she should sue the charm  
school she was sent to, too.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, DRESSING AREA (2ND FLOOR) - MINUTES  
LATER

A large room with an elongated vanity table (and mirror) running along the right side of the room. The left side is cluttered with racks of clothing and a wall of lockers.

There are several dancers, waitresses in various states of undress. Others sits at the table making themselves up.

Magdalena is one of the latter.

Greta enters. Accompanied by Rosiebud. The Driver trails behind.

GRETA

Ladies! Ladies!

Everyone shifts their attention to them.

GRETA

I'd like to introduce you all to  
adult superstar, Rosiebud. She'll  
be performing here all week.

MILD APPLAUSE.

Rosiebud raises her hands, quieting them down as if they were in some sort of uproar.

ROSIEBUD

(painfully humble)

I'd just like you to know that I  
started out in places like this.  
So just treat me like I'm one of  
the girls.

(to Greta)

Is my private dressing room ready?

GRETA

Its down the hall and to the right.

ROSIEBUD  
(to Driver)  
Come on, Steven.

They walk off.

Dean comes up to Greta.

GRETA  
We getting a crowd?

DEAN  
Yeah. They don't seem to be too  
deterred by the non-humpers and  
Bible-thumpers.

GRETA  
Non-humpers?

DEAN  
Feminists.

GRETA  
Sounds like a real sideshow.

DEAN  
I got my boys holding the line.

GRETA  
(checks her watch)  
We'll let them in about another  
half-hour.

DEAN  
Okay.  
(beat)  
Have you seen Lou around?

GRETA  
Try the basement. He's probably  
down there tying one on.

DEAN  
I'll find out.

They walk off in opposite directions.

The CAMERA, however, FOLLOWS on an entering Mary, who sits  
down at the vanity table. Sets her purse on the empty chair  
next to her.

She begins applying dark, heavy makeup to her face.

Another DANCER comes over. Moves Mary's purse. Takes the empty seat.

Mary jumps up.

MARY  
What the fuck you think you're  
doing, bitch?!

The Dancer reacts, startled.

DANCER  
What's your problem?!

An enraged Mary gets in her face. Her expression is one of sheer malevolence.

MARY  
I'll tell you what the fuck my  
problem is! Don't be touching my  
shit, that's what!

The Dancer back off.

DANCER  
Okay. Okay. Sorry.

She gets up. Moves further down the table.

MARY  
(calls after her)  
Run, 'ho, run! Don't wanna be  
getting mixed up in this!

Mary grabs her purse. Places it back on the chair.

MARY  
Stupid bitch. Wind up getting her  
flat ass filled with holes.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Dean walks along.

DEAN  
Lou, you down here?

No reply.

He look into passing doors.

DEAN  
Lou?

Dean comes to the blue door. Turns the knob. Swings it wide open . . .

INT. THE BABY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

. . . and discovers the dead Lou slumped in the chair.

Dean lifts his Lou's head to reveals his face to be a mask of sheer horror!

DEAN  
(into his walkie-talkie)  
Greta, you need to get down here.

TIME LAPSE: A FEW MINUTES LATER

THE ENTITY'S POV - Hidden amongst the overhead pipe work, it watches as Greta enters.

GRETA  
What is it?

She notices Lou's body. Appears unfazed by it.

GRETA  
How'd he die?

DEAN  
I'm guessing a heart attack.

POV - It slithers through the pipework. Hurls towards Greta . . .

DEAN  
I better call an ambulance.

POV - Its upon Greta . . .

GRETA  
Why the rush? He's obviously not going anywhere.

POV - Dean steps forward, blocking the entity from Greta. It sees rosary around his neck, flees back into a ceiling corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DEAN  
You wanna leave him here?

GRETA

This is not the kind of publicity  
we need on opening night. We'll  
wait until we close to call it in.

DEAN

That's pretty morbid.

GRETA

I've dealt with worse.

They start to exit.

THE ENTITY'S POV - It hurls towards the open door.

Dean shuts it just in time.

EXT. THE BAD KITTEN, MAIN ENTRANCE - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

A line of patrons (both male and female) await the opening of  
the club. Protesters -- now doubled -- condemn them.

A handful of large, intimidating men work at keeping them  
separated. They wear SECURITY jackets.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a MALE REPORTER -- tanned to  
a brownish-orange -- does a stand-up report.

REPORTER

As you can see, the opening of The  
Bad Kitten gentlemen's club has  
raised both tempers and curiosity.

(beat)

If this establishment looks  
familiar, then you probably  
remember it as the site of the  
"Makeover Massacre" eleven years  
ago.

(beat)

For those of you unfamiliar with  
the case, this was a facility owned  
and run by world reknown plastic  
surgeon Doctor Henry Sully.

FILE PHOTO of DR. HENRY SULLY, mid-40s, this beauty maker is  
ironically unremarkable in appearance . . . except for his  
icy-blue eyes.

BACK TO THE REPORTER

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Back in Ninety-One, a client  
accidentally wandered into the  
basement.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

It was there that she made a terrible discovery -- the body of a disfigured young woman. She called the police. But by the time they arrived, Sully was long gone. He was never apprehended.

POLICE FOOTAGE of a group of detectives, uniforms crossing the vacated waiting room to an ajar door.

They hurry down a set of stairs and arrive at basement level.

The FOOTAGE then abruptly CUTS OFF.

REPORTER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(over footage)

Further investigation led to the discovery of four more bodies in various rooms of the basement . . .

MATCH CUT TO:

ON T.V. - CUT BACK TO the reporter. In the lower left corner it reads: LIVE.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Sully's probable first victim was a twenty-three-year-old JEN EVANS . .

FRAME WIDENS to REVEAL:

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, GRETA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A troubled Greta watches the news report.

ON T.V. -

FILE PHOTO - of an attractive young woman. We immediately recognize her as the Fan Dancer.

BACK TO REPORTER

REPORTER (CONT'D)

. . . who went missing in October of Nineteen-Ninety on the day she was scheduled for breast augmentation surgery by Sully.

(beat)

During the preliminary investigation of her disappearance Sully claimed that she never arrived for her appointment.

(beat)

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 Evans' body has never been  
 recovered.

ON GRETA - who flips off the T.V., exasperated.

GRETA  
 I don't need this.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DIMLY LIT/VARIOUS DANCE LIGHTS

Patrons takes seats around one of the three elevated, stage  
 platforms, which are cast in darkness.

Waitresses -- Magdalena among them -- begin taking drink  
 orders.

D.J. BOOTH -

A FEMALE D.J. gets on the microphone.

D.J.  
 (on the sound system)  
 Hey guys and gals, this is D.J.  
 Cyn. I'd like to welcome you all  
 to The Bad Kitten -- Where you  
 don't pet the pussy but if you're  
 lucky the pussy pets you.

She hits a button the console.

A Britney Spears ballad plays over the sound system.

STAGE #2 - suddenly comes alive with dance lights. This  
 reveals a blonde Asian dancer, dressed as a ballerina.

D.J. (O.S.)  
 (over the music)  
 On stage two, your very own  
 ballerina girl . . . Kiki!

She begins to dance.

STAGE #3 - also comes alive with dance lights. This reveals  
 Meghan as a Catholic schoolgirl.

D.J. (O.S.)  
 (over the music)  
 On stage three, say your prayers  
 for . . . Meghan!

She too begins to dance.

CENTER STAGE - Complete darkness.

D.J. (O.S.)  
 And on the main stage, "America's  
 Porn Sweetheart" . . . Rosiebud!

A spotlight illuminates Rosiebud, all glammed up and wearing a scarlet evening gown that highlights her tattoo and hair.

APPLAUSE.

VARIOUS ANGLES - We gaze lovingly on her voluptuous body as she gives a provocative performance that strips her down to a pair of red thong panties.

MORE APPLAUSE.

Rosiebud takes a bow like she's just received a standing ovation at Carnegie Hall. Gathers the multitude of cash bills scattered around the platform. Struts offstage.

INT. THE BABY ROOM - SAME TIME

THE ENTITY (JEN) POV - We SOAR frantically around the room, searching for an escape route . . . Notices an air vent behind a stack of boxes.

INSIDE THE AIR VENT

Jen SURGES forward . . .

Ascends up a vertical shaft. Hits a dead end . . .

Continues down a connecting passageway. And through the first air vent it comes across . . .

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

A robed Rosiebud enters. Counting her tips. Crumples up a bill. Tosses it away.

ROSIEBUD  
 (offended)  
 A single.

She fails to notice wisps of pink vapors -- Jen -- seeping through the overhead vent.

Rosiebud locks the door. Pops a tab of Ecstasy. Washes it down with bottled water.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MEANWHILE

Magdalena walks past the onstage Meghan. Disapprovingly frowns at her sacrilegious ensemble.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - MEANWHILE

A high Rosiebud sits at a personal vanity table. Admires herself in the mirror.

ROSIEBUD  
You are so yummy that you should  
have calories.

JEN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Rosiebud.

A startled Rosiebud looks in the mirror. Reacts.

ROSIEBUD  
What is this?

She spins around . . .

Against the wall is a blow-up doll that looks identical to Rosiebud . . . right down to the rose tattoo. It could almost be mistaken as being human.

Rosiebud tentatively approaches the doll.

ROSIEBUD  
How did this get in here?  
(thinks)  
Steven must have brought it in.

She touches its smooth face.

ROSIEBUD  
(impressed)  
Feel almost lifelike.

The doll suddenly opens its eyes.

A surprised Rosiebud jumps back.

The doll speaks in her voice:

DOLL  
Hi. I'm Rosiebud. Fuck me dirty.

A pleased Rosiebud laughs. Begins dancing around the room.

ROSIEBUD  
It talks, too?! This doll is gonna  
make me a fortune!

DOLL  
Can I play with your tulip,  
Rosiebud?

Rosiebud stops in her tracks. Looks to the doll.

ROSIEBUD  
Are you talking to me?

The doll walks up to a stunned Rosiebud.

ROSIEBUD  
I am soooo high!

DOLL  
I can offer you sex with the person  
you want the most . . . yourself.

It leans into Rosiebud. Plants soft kisses along her ears and throat.

Rosiebud, having no idea how to react, allows it to happen. It doesn't take long for her to succumb to the pleasure. Throws back her head. MOANS, softly.

The doll removes Rosiebud's robe. Peppers her large breast with butterfly kisses. Grabs hold of her ass. SMACKS it.

Rosiebud SQUEALS with delight.

The doll licks Rosiebud's smooth, flat belly.

Rosiebud grabs the doll's head. Pulls it upright.

They gaze into each other's eyes, lovingly.

ROSIEBUD & DOLL  
(in unison)  
I love you.

The doll kisses Rosiebud, passionately.

After a moment, Rosiebud attempts to pull back.

The doll wraps its arms around Rosiebud, pulling her into a tight embrace.

Rosiebud begins to struggle, losing her breath.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MEANWHILE

AT THE BAR - Magdalena awaits an order. Suddenly struggles to catch her breath.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Rosiebud weakly struggles to pry the doll off of her. She grows frighteningly thinner as the doll swells up.

It suddenly slams Rosiebud up against the wall, dazing her.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MEANWHILE

A hyperventilating Magdalena clings to the bar.

An approaching Dean sees this. Rushes over.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - MEANWHILE

The bloated doll releases its hold on Rosiebud.

She collapses to the floor, dead. Revealed to be literally skin and bones.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MEANWHILE

Dean catches Magdalena as she faints. Carries her off.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - MEANWHILE

The doll floats in the air. EXPLODES into the pink mist. Escapes back through the air vent.

INT. FIRST AID - MINUTES LATER

Magdalena awakens to find herself lying in a cot.

Dean stands over her, concerned.

MAGDALENA

Where am I?

DEAN

First aid. Now, you wanna tell me what's going on with you?

MAGDALENA

You wouldn't believe me.

DEAN

Try me, Magdalena.

MAGDALENA

All I can say is that terrible things are going on here.

DEAN

You said that before. What things?

MAGDALENA

Like people dying.

Dean comes to a grim realization.

DEAN

Lou.

MAGDALENA

(knowingly)

Somebody's already died.

DEAN

That's it. I'm calling the cops.

MAGDALENA

Won't do any good.

DEAN

Why not?

MAGDALENA

Because you can't handcuff evil and read it its rights. I'm the only one who can put a stop to this.

DEAN

And what are you? Some sort of Ghostbuster?

MAGDALENA

Something like that.

She climbs off the cot.

DEAN

Where are you going?

Too late -- Magdalena is out the door.

He scurries after her.

INT. DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena opens a locker. Removes her backpack. Slips it over her shoulders.

Dean comes up to her.

DEAN

What's in the backpack?

MAGDALENA

(matter-of-factly)

The necessities -- holy water, crucifix, Book of Exorcism.

DEAN  
 (incredulous)  
 Are you saying we're dealing with  
 some sort of demon here?!

MAGDALENA  
 That would be my guess.

DEAN  
 And how do you plan on finding it?

MAGDALENA  
 The Lord will guide me.

As if on cue, they hear POUNDING from the upcoming corridor.  
 They hurry around the corner.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Driver stands outside Rosiebud's dressing room. Knocking  
 hard on the door, calling out:

DRIVER  
 Open the damn door, Rosiebud! This  
 isn't funny!

Magdalena and Dean come up to him.

MAGDALENA  
 What's going on?

DRIVER  
 I think she might have O.D.ed  
 again.

MAGDALENA  
 Dean?

DEAN  
 Lou is the only one with the keys.

MAGDALENA  
 Then kick it open.

DEAN  
 Alright. Step back.

The Driver and Magdalena stand aside.

Dean positions himself before the door. Repeatedly KICKS  
 until the frame splinters and CRACKS.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They discover Rosiebud's shriveled body.

DRIVER

Jesus! What happened to her?!

DEAN

I'm guessing she didn't O.D.

Magdalena kneels down beside the body. Takes out the crucifix and holy water.

MAGDALENA

You are at peace now, child. Go to the Lord. He welcomes you in His arms.

JEN'S POV - It retreats back up towards the ceiling.

BACK TO SCENE - Magdalena closes Rosiebud's eyes. Sprinkles holy water on her.

JEN'S POV - It jettisons into the air vent.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - MINUTES LATER

Mary stands before the mirror, practicing her bad attitude.

MARY

What's up, nigga! You looking for trouble, punk?!

She reaches into her purse. Pulls out a gun. Holds it sideways. Aims at her reflection.

MARY

You want this! I'm fucking hardcore trouble!

High on the wall, the pink mist passes through the air vent.

JEN'S POV - It SWIRLS directly into Mary's mouth!

BACK TO SCENE - Mary gags, violently. Recovers. Stares at her reflection.

Her eyes are now a pink gel.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - MEANWHILE

The Driver moves to the door.

DRIVER

I don't know what the Hell is going  
on here but I'm calling the cops!

He exits. Shuts the door behind him.

INT. CORRIDOR/DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Driver walks down the corridor.

Someone is coming up behind him.

The Driver comes to the dressing room doorway. Addresses the  
handful of dancers.

DRIVER

Where's the phone?

BLAM! -- A gaping hole blooms in his forehead. He drops out  
of FRAME . . .

REVEAL the Jen/Mary behind him. Smoking gun clutches in her  
hands.

INT. ROSIEBUD'S DRESSING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Magdalena and Dean react to the gunshot.

DEAN

Gun!

FEMALE SCREAMS. Abruptly halted by FIVE MORE GUNSHOTS.

Magdalena rushes for the door, crucifix leading.

DEAN

(loud whisper)

Magdalena, what the Hell are you  
doing?!

INT. DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena reacts in horror.

MAGDALENA

Oh my God!

REVERSE ANGLE - displays the bloodbath before her. Blood  
soaked dancers are splattered around the room.

BACK ON MAGDALENA - Dean appears beside her.

She starts to continue along. He grabs hold of her arm,  
pulls her back.

MAGDALENA  
What are you doing?!

DEAN  
(gestures to bodies)  
I'm not letting you become one of  
them.

MAGDELANA  
(calmed)  
I'm not afraid to die, Dean. I've  
been preparing for it all my life.

She breaks free of his grip. Notices a open door leading  
downstairs to the auditorium. Hurries towards it.

INT. GRETA'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Greta stands before a large window that overlooks the  
auditorium. She is pleased by the capacity crowd.

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Jen/Mary reaches the bottom of the stairs. OPENS FIRE,  
wildly.

Chaos ensues! Patrons and dancers dive for shelter. Others  
race for the exit . . . shot in the back while doing so.

Two bouncers charge at Jen/Mary from opposite ends.

She casually FIRES in one direction. Then the other.

Both bouncers are critically struck. Collapse.

INT. GRETA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Greta unlocks her wall safe.

INSIDE THE SAFE - We see important papers, packets of money,  
a gun. And something only the keen viewer will notice -- a  
surgical case.

Greta removes the gun.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, MAIN ENTRANCE - MEANWHILE

The protesters CHEER as frantic patrons and half-naked  
dancers bolt out of the club. Scatter into the streets.

THE ROOFTOP SIGN short circuits! It EXPLODES. Glass shards  
and broken neon tubes rain down upon the protesters . . .

. . . some of who are severed or impaled by the fragments!

The few survivors run for their lives!

PAN UP to the remain sign, which now reads:

**WELCOM TO lHE A K IIE .**

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Jen/Mary advances toward the stage area, looking for more victims.

MAGDALENA

Its over!

Jen/Mary spins around to find Magdalena a few feet away, crucifix held up before her.

Magdalena sprinkles Holy Water at her.

Jen/Mary vaults backwards onto the main stage.

Magdalena pulls out the Book of Exorcism. Knowingly opens to a particular page. Begins loudly reciting passages in Latin.

Jen/Mary chortles. Raises the gun.

Magdalena steels herself.

Jen/Mary squeezes the trigger . . . BLAM!

DEAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

NNNOOO!!!

Dean flies into FRAME. Shoves Magdalena out of the bullet's path. He is struck in the stomach. Collides into a table.

Jen/Mary locates Magdalena on the floor. Fires again . . .

CLICK! -- The gun is dry.

Magdalena quickly picks up the Book of Exorcism. Resumes reading her passage. Confidently advances on Jen/Mary.

Jen/Mary WAILS in agony. Steps backwards as Magdalena reaches the steps of the platform.

Greta suddenly appears at Magdalena's side.

GRETA

Spare me the Godspcak. I'll handle  
this the old fashion way.

She aims the gun at Jen/Mary.

Magdalena throws down the Book of Exorcism. Grabs for the gun.

MAGDALENA

Don't! She's still alive inside!

Greta struggles with her. Shoves Magdalena aside. FIRES OFF at Jen/Mary.

Mary/Jen is BLASTED in the chest. Falls to the floor.

GRETA

And that is that.

Magdalena slaps the gun from Greta's hand. It flies across the room.

Greta looks to Magdalena. This reveals her left eye to now be icy-blue.

Magdalena reacts.

MAGDALENA

You're . . . You're . . . the surgeon!

Greta realizes her colored contact lens is missing. Removes the right one. This eye too is icy-blue.

SULLY/GRETA

I guess my identity wouldn't be a secret forever. Even I had my appearance altered the best plastic surgeons in the world -- me.

In the b.g., the pink mist rise from Mary's body. Neither Magdalena nor Sully/Greta take notice of this.

MAGDALENA

But . . . why?

SULLY/GRETA

Why did I come back? That's easy. I need to continue my advancements in surgically creating the perfect woman.

(beat)

But this time I wouldn't make the mistake of using subjects that had ties. Instead I will now use strippers -- whores with rhythm -- who will not be so easily missed.

MAGDALENA

Why are you telling me all this?

SULLY/GRETA

Just so you know you were lucky enough to have died at the hands of genius Dr. Henry Sully.

He/She pulls out a scalpel. SLICES it through the air . . .

Magdalena pulls back.

The surgical instrument misses her face. However, its blade cuts her in the shoulder.

She CRIES out.

Sully/Greta is pleased. Stands over her.

SULLY/GRETA

When I get through with you, you'll be the prettiest girl in Purgatory.

He/She SLASHES at her face.

Magdalena grabs his/her arm in mid-swipe. Bends it inward. Thrusts it forward.

Sully/Greta GASPS. Looks, downward. Has a stunned reaction to the scalpel sticking out of his/her stomach.

SULLY/GRETA

(incredulous)

How . . . unappreciative . . . can you be?!

He/She painfully removes the scalpel. Drops to his/her knees. Stares wide-eyed at Magdalena.

Magdalena begins to pray for his/her soul.

Sully/Greta bursts out laughing. Blood sputters from his/her mouth. Begins to fall to the floor . . .

. . . in mid-air suddenly straightens up as the pink mist suddenly inhabits the body!

Magdalena looks up, startled.

Sully/Greta has transformed into Jen!

MAGDALENA

Who are you?!

Magdalena is momentarily dazed as a vision comes to her. She looks back at Jen, knowingly.

MAGDALENA

You were his first victim. He buried you in the basement.

JEN

Who is really the evil one, Magdalena? Sully or the monster he turned me into?

MAGDALENA

Alot of innocent people have died from your vengeance to kill him.

JEN

A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.

MAGDALENA

You can still save yourself if you ask the Lord for forgiveness. If you are truly sorry--

JEN

He wasn't there for me when Sully was carving me up! I begged and pleaded for Death but He ignored me! So now I denounce Him!

MAGDALENA

Then take your place in the Hell where you belong!

JEN

Better make that a plus one.

MAGDALENA

What are you talking about?!

JEN

Just imagine the Brownie points I'll score if I bring a nun with me to Inferno.

MAGDALENA

I'm not a nun anymore.

JEN

But you've still got that holier-than-thou attitude, don't you?

Magdalena reaches down for the crucifix.

Jen brutally BACKHANDS her.

Magdalena flies backwards. COLLAPSES atop a table.

Jen advances on her. Grabs her by the shirt front. Flings her against the main stage . . .

SLAM! -- Magdalena slumps against the platform.

Jen comes up to her. Picks her up. Hurls her onto the main stage.

CLANG! -- Magdalena bangs her head against the pole. Fades towards unconsciousness.

Jen steps onto the stage. Steps up to the pole.

JEN

You love your precious Jesus so much? Good. Because you're gonna pay tribute to Him.

She uses her otherworldly powers to pry off some off the brass guard railing.

A disoriented Magdalena drags herself towards the edge of the stage.

Jen is preoccupied with attaching the piece of railing to the pole, turning it into a makeshift crucifix.

Magdalena slides off the stage -- THUMP!

Jen turns to her. Laughs, amused.

JEN

Not your day, is it?

Magdalena drags herself a few more feet. Slumps down.

Jen walks off the main stage. Comes up to her.

JEN

Hell awaits you, Magdalena. Don't keep your new lord waiting.

She leans over to grab her.

Magdalena suddenly spins around. Holds up the discarded bottle of Holy Water. Throws it into Jen's face.

Jen SHRIEKS as it burns her face like acid! Her wounds reappear. Open up, smoldering.

Magdalena gathers her waning strength. Quickly crawls across the room.

An infuriated Jen comes after her. Lunges.

Magdalena retrieves the Book of Exorcism. SLAMS Jen across the face with it!

Jen is hurled backwards . . . onto the main stage . . . and finds herself impaled on the extended part of the brass pole!

She emits a SUPERNATURAL WAILING as she bursts into greyish-black flames! The face repeatedly MORPHS into Jen, Greta and Sully!

Magdalena hurries over to the wounded Dean. Helps him up. Guides him towards the exit.

(Normal) Flames begin to spread hungrily across the club!

The body finally slumps, dead of all inhabiting souls.

INT. THE BAD KITTEN, MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Magdalena exits. Collapses under Dean's weight. Lays him out on the ground.

Dean's shirt is drenched in blood. Face ashen. Near death.

SIRENS can be heard in the near distance.

Magdalena hold back tears.

MAGDALENA

Thank you for saving my life.

DEAN

You're . . . welcome.

He takes hold of the bloody rosary around his neck.

DEAN

I bloodied your rosary . . . I'll clean it before . . . I . . . return it.

MAGDALENA

I want you to keep it.

DEAN

Take it . . . *after*. Okay?

MAGDALENA  
 (changing the subject)  
 I'm going pray for you now, okay?

Dean looks at his splattered stomach.

DEAN  
 Looks to me like . . . I haven't  
 got . . . a prayer.

His laugh turns it a harsh COUGH. Blood spills out his mouth.

Magdalena wraps her hand around his hand -- The one clutching the rosary. Begins to pray over him.

SCREAMING SIRENS fill the air . . . Police units and paramedics urgently pull up before the club.

Police officers climb out of their vehicles, guns drawn. Cautiously approach the entrance.

The paramedics begin checking the down protesters for vital signs.

The lead UNIFORM comes up to Magdalena and Dean.

UNIFORM  
 What's going on in there?

She looks down at Dean. He is dead.

MAGDALENA  
 (spent)  
 Its over.

She gently opens Dean's hand. Places the rosary back inside his shirt.

ANOTHER UNIFORM (#2) rushes up to the main entrance. Pulls the door open. Jumps back.

UNIFORM #2  
 (calls out)  
 Get a fire crew down here! This  
 place is blazing!

MAGDALENA - straightens up.

She maneuvers through all the frantic activity. Quickly walks away from the scene.

CRANE BACK until the shrinking Magdalena is a mere after-thought in our vision.

We HOVER above The Bad Kitten whose rooftop collapses from the ravenous, angry flames eating away at it.

SMASH CUT TO:

SURREALISTIC IMAGES as we FOLLOW a sickly-green entity races through the circuitry of a computer terminal . . . A man SCREAMS out when the screen goes blinding white . . . The monitor reads: I AM GOD . . .

INT. MAGDALENA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Magdalena snaps awake. Climbs out of bed. Finds herself drawn to her own computer . . .

Even though its shut off, the screen reads: CARLYLE HIGH SCHOOL CURRENTLY SEEKING GUIDANCE COUNSELOR. APPLY IN PERSON.

TIME LAPSE: SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

A dressed Magdalena packs a new backpack with the tools of her trade -- A crucifix, Holy water, a Book of Exorcism . . . and a gun.

She slips the backpack over her shoulder. Walks over to the door. Reacts.

THE DOORKNOB - Hanging off of it is the rosary. Its been polished clean of blood. Gleams with purity.

BACK TO SCENE - Magdalena smiles. Slips it around her neck.

She exits, determinedly . . . onto her next mission.

**END OF STORY**

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. MINI-MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Baby is stunned.

Pris is downright livid.

PRIS

I don't like fucking believe you, Meghan!

MEGHAN

Oh its a true story, Pris.

PRIS  
That's not what I mean and you  
know it!

BABY  
You really met her? The Magdalena?  
"The Darkness Huntress"?!

The *DOORBELL CHIMES*.

MEGHAN  
Finally.

She gets up. Heads out of the room.

PRIS  
We're not finished here.

MEGHAN  
Untangle your g-string. I'll be  
right back.

INT. FOYER, MINI-MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens to . . .

A tall, imposing man filling the doorway. Dressed in a  
hooded sweatshirt. Carrying a pizza box.

Anyone familiar with horror movies has already I.D.ed him as  
serial killer extraordinaire -- "THE GRIM REAPER".

GRIM REAPER  
Pizza Guy. You order a . . .  
(reads off receipt on box)  
Pizza with everything?

MEGHAN  
What-ev-er.

She steps aside. Allows him inside.

MEGHAN  
So what the hell took so long?

GRIM REAPER  
(soft, demented chuckle)  
Brutal night.

An oblivious Meghan shuts the door.

MEGHAN  
Come into the kitchen. My purse  
is there.



PRIS' VOICE (O.S.)  
 (annoyed)  
 Excuse me, you can't kill her. I  
 still haven't kicked her ass yet.

The Grim Reaper spins around --

Pris, Baby simultaneously charge at him --

He swiftly *SLASHES* each of them across the throat --

Both stagger back, clutching their open wounds. Blood spills  
 between their fingers. They falter to the floor.

An adrenalized Grim Reaper chortles maniacally.

Suddenly --

Meghan appears up behind him, completely healed. Joins in  
 on the laughter.

The Grim Reaper reacts. But before he can fully turn  
 around --

Meghan bares elongated vampire fangs. Buries them in nape.

He *YOWLS* in anguish.

GRIM REAPER  
 Hell fuck!

He hurls himself against the walls -- Spins in wild, frantic  
 circles --

Meghan, however, remains latched on like a steel trap.

The Grim Reaper charges into next room --

INT. LIVING ROOM, MINI-MANSION - CONTINUOUS

He reaches back. Grabs ahold of Meghan's head. Hurls her  
 over his shoulder --

*WHAM!* -- She is forcefully slammed atop the coffee table. We  
 literally hear her spinal cord *SHATTER*.

The Grim Reaper's nape gushes a spray of blood. He covers  
 the wound with his hand, ceasing the flow.

GRIM REAPER  
 Nothing but a flesh wound, you  
 unholy bitch!

He staggers back, woozily.

Baby, fully healed, appears between his legs.

BABY

You shouldn't cuss. Its not nice.

She buries his fangs in his crotch.

The Grim Reaper *SHRIEKS* bloody murder. Wraps his giant hands around her swan-like neck -- *SNAPS* it like a twig.

Baby seizes on the floor, arms and legs flailing.

He frantically scans the room. All the while, his nape wound spraying a scarlet fountain.

GRIM REAPER

The third one?! Where the fuck is the third one?!

As if on cue --

Pris, crawling insect-like, appears directly above him on the ceiling.

PRIS

What's up?

He looks up, startled.

Meghan upsprings before him.

MEGHAN

Ever had a "vampire's kiss"?

She seizes his tongue -- Produces the straight-edge razor --

*THWAP!* -- A large chunk is cleanly sliced off --

Meghan pulls his mouth to her own -- *LOUDLY DRINKS* down the gushing wave of plasma --

Pris lands on the ground with exact precision --

Baby stands up. *SNAPS* her neck back into place --

Both take positions behind him -- Sink their fangs into his thick shoulders --

A near-dead Grim Reaper collapses beneath the bloodthirsty trio.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

IN SLOW-MOTION:

The girls enjoy bloodplay amidst literal geysers of jugular blood flow . . . Their nighties are rendered transparent, putting their luscious bodies on naked display . . .

Which is also happens of their "tans" (Actually tanning lotion) . . . Washed away to expose their real, inhumanly porcelain skin.

Giggling like evil schoolgirls, they fondle each other . . . Erotically lick the gore off one another . . .

END MONTAGE

The girls are slumped on the couch, filled off their liquid feast.

PRIS

I'm still pissed at you, you know, Meghan.

MEGHAN

'Cause I took the jugular? You can have it from the next delivery boy.

PRIS

I'm so talking about Magdalena here. You had a chance to kill that bitch and you didn't!

Meghan rolls her eyes.

PRIS

Don't you realize how many fellow "dark souls" you could've saved? And not just vamps! But Shapies . . . Succubi . . . Hellions . . .

MEGHAN

If you'd use your ears for any thing else than wearing crappy two-for-one "Claire's" earrings, you'd have heard in my story that she was barely at her origin.

PRIS

Don't tell me you couldn't have scented such strong white light in her.

Baby is growing upset.

BABY  
Guys, please don't fight.

MEGHAN  
No. I also didn't sense all the bitchiness in you or I wouldn't have become stuck in this coven a hundred fucking years ago!

BABY  
Know what, guys? We should totally try the pizza! Just for like fun!

MEGHAN  
Baby, that is the dumbest godda--

She cries out. Grabs her mouth again.

Pris snickers.

PRIS  
Talk about dumb. All these decades and you still can't figure out not to blaspheme?

Meghan snarls at her. Opens her mouth . . .

Reveals one of her fangs impaled in her tongue.

Pris, Baby are sickened at the very sight of it.

Meghan painfully pries it free, causing a *MOIST SMACK*.

Baby instantly chippers right up.

BABY  
So we gonna try that pizza or what?

INT. KITCHEN, MINI-MANSION - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The girls stare at the pizza box, still atop the table.

MEGHAN  
This is just so stupid.

BABY  
Haven't you guys ever wondered about pizza before?

Pris steps forward. Opens up the lid . . .

A beatific creation with every delectable topping under the sun.

She studies it, head cocked.

PRIS

Even I have admit I'm curious about  
what the big deal is.

MEGHAN

This is just so pointless. Even  
if we eat it, we'll throw it right  
back up.

BABY

(elated)

Then we'll really be O.C. girls!

She excitedly grabs herself a slice. Looks for the others to  
do the same.

Pris follows.

Beat.

Meghan begrudgingly does the same.

BABY

Okay! On three! One . . . Two  
. . . Three!

The girls take a tentative bite. Exchanged looks for  
reactions . . .

All are surprisingly pleased with the taste.

MEGHAN

This isn't bad.

BABY

See! I like told y--

Pris begins gagging violently -- Her eyes widen in terror --  
She desperately claws at her throat --

An infuriated Meghan turns on Baby.

MEGHAN

*WHAT THE FUCK HAVE TO DONE!*

She lunges at Baby --

*PLOOM!* -- Her head suddenly explodes in a burst of angry,  
black flames!

A horrified Baby stares down at her pizza slice as --

*PLOOM!* -- Pris' head explodes as well.

A choking Baby makes a horrific realization:

BABY  
Like . . . garlic!

And then --

*PLOOM!*

**THE END**

BABY  
One . . . Two . . . Three!

They take a bite. Appear pleasantly surprised by its taste.  
Take a second bite.

Pris suddenly starts to GAG. She tries to cough up the food  
. . . instead black smoke discharges. She crawls around  
before collapsing, dead.

Meghan clutches onto her inflamed throat. Also, dies.

Baby GASPS one last word before her demise:

BABY  
Garlic!

**THE END**