

THE LAST DAYS OF DEMONS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Sunlight knifes through the clouds -- a blue lake and green hills below. Sparse treeline around the lake gives way to thick forest beyond. A certain kind of paradise.

TCHAK! The sound of an axe on wood reveals just how quiet everything is. A log round splits into two bulky halves that THUD on the dirt.

MISTER (44), a young face but already greying up top, wipes sweat. Breathing hard. Throws another round on the block.

Strange -- he's in DRESS PANTS, an expensive belt, and a COLLARED SHIRT that's starting to show sweat.

He SWINGS the axe down. It buries into the wood. He tugs. It sticks. He tugs again. Really in there.

LILAH (O.S.)
Hey Mister?

Mister turns. A tomboy-ish 14-year old in front of the RUSTIC OLD CABIN. She's the height of style for two years ago -- a rural girl with dreams of the city. This is LILAH.

Mister tugs on the axe again. Not budging.

MISTER
There are cans. Check the dates.

Lilah rolls her eyes.

LILAH
I'm not a *little kid*, dipshit.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin is the real deal. One room, one cot, no comforts.

Lilah sits cross-legged on the cot, eating beans from a wooden bowl.

LILAH
Shit, we shoulda prayed before eating. Right?

Mister's across the room, back against the wall, inexpertly scraping a knife on a piece of wood.

LILAH
Dude you need different wood for
that.

Mister ignores her. Carves away.

LILAH
Small grain. And softer wood.

Lilah smirks.

LILAH
Small and soft.

The knife slips along the wood, catches, chips it.

LILAH
My uncle's a carpenter, he's gone
now. But he said small grain and --

MISTER
-- have to work with what you've
got.

LILAH
You're bleeding.

Mister looks. Blood on his hand, the knife, the wood.

He stands, stalks over to the cot. Lilah watches, complacent.

He hefts the knife and cuts a strip off the sheet. Wraps it
around his bleeding palm.

LILAH
Everyone else is dead and gone.
Weird time to try to kill yourself.

Mister pulls the sheet tight.

MISTER
I'm trying to learn to carve.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A picture-perfect night.

Mister slips out the front door, closes it quietly.

EXT. CABIN - BACK WALL - NIGHT

TWO CORPSES, covered in blood, lie against the back wall. One broken arm, twisted unnaturally.

Mister rounds the corner, plastic bags wrapped around his hands, grabs a corpse by the ankles, and drags.

EXT. CABIN - NEAR THE TREES - NIGHT

WHUMP!

Two bodies land in a shallow grave.

Mister shovels dirt, covering the faces first.

EXT. CABIN - NEAR THE TREES - NIGHT - LATER

Mister kneels over filled-in graves. Clasps his hands. Whispers under his breath.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Mister sits on the chopping block. The axe, still stuck in the log round, is on the ground next to him.

Mister looks up, and the stars look back.

MISTER

I don't know what I'm supposed to do.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lilah is huddled on the cot, arms clutching the pillow, head flat on the mattress. She doesn't stir as Mister enters.

Mister watches her breathe.

After a long moment, he kneels with a grimace. Not comfortable. He clasps his hands together and speaks in a hushed whisper.

MISTER

You've given us time, and I don't know why. I don't ask anything for myself, but if -- I don't know the words. If she should die before she wake, I pray...that you will take her soul up.

Lilah shifts. Mister freezes.

Suddenly, she SCREAMS.

Mister REELS backwards.

Lilah SCREAMS again. Sits straight up in bed, eyes open but unseeing. SCREAMING. She won't stop.

MISTER

Hey! HEY!

He lunges towards the girl and SLAPS her across the face.

She drops back on the bed. Her hand goes to her face.

LILAH

Where am I?

Mister's silent, breathing fast. Lilah gets her bearings.

LILAH

It's night terrors. You can just shake me awake.

Mister gets his breathing under control.

MISTER

What's your name?

LILAH

Lilah.

MISTER

Go back to sleep, Lilah.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT - LATER

The faintest MUSIC. Otherwise, a silent night.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Here's the source of the music -- Mister's MOBILE DEVICE, playing the music of his childhood at the lowest possible volume. No connectivity.

Lilah slumbers along to the melody.

Mister, back against the wall, watches the door. A .22 RIFLE clutched in his hands. It looks older than him.

He stares at the door, hands clutched tight.

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

A blood-red sunrise.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mister's head lolls against the wall. He's right out.

Lilah's feet move back and forth on the cabin floor. Then she walks over and kicks Mister in the shin.

His grabs at the rifle as he starts awake.

LILAH

Breakfast.

Mister struggles to his feet. Cans on the counter. Bowls on the table. Cans of soda next to them.

LILAH

Canned tomato soup with canned beets and canned ravioli.

MISTER

That's disgusting.

LILAH

Don't knock it 'til you try it.

Mister digs a spoon through the soup. It comes up with chunks of beet and ravioli.

He tries it.

MISTER

It's disgusting.

When he looks at Lilah his smile slips out. She laughs. He does too.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Mister sits on the chopping block, knife out, whittling. The wood has some semblance of form -- long, thin, rounded edges.

Lilah wanders partway down the hill, pausing every now and then to pick something up.

MISTER

If there's something I can do, I'll do it.

The knife slides along the wood.

MISTER

If there's something I can do, I'll
do it.

A DEEPER SILENCE, for a moment, or SOMETHING ON THE WIND.
Something makes Mister stop, look up, find Lilah.

Past her, down the hill, an INJURED MAN LIMPS FAST towards
her. This is WALKER (44).

Lilah's oblivious.

Mister leaps into a FLAT-OUT SPRINT.

MISTER

LILAH!!

EXT. CABIN - DOWN THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

Lilah has MISTER'S DEVICE in her back pocket.

The SONG FROM LAST NIGHT echoes tinnily from the EARBUDS in
her ears.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mister sprints, red-faced with yelling the girl's name.

EXT. CABIN - DOWN THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

Lilah softly SINGS ALONG with the music.

Walker draws near...

Mister reaches her at FULL SPEED, GRABS HER around the
middle, and hoists her into the air.

Lilah SCREAMS, starts to fight...

...until Walker, YELLING now, comes into her vision.

She clutches at Mister, who staggers under her weight...

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mister SHOULDERS the door open, kicks it shut behind him, and
throws Lilah on the cot.

He BREATHES RAGGED as he stumbles across the cabin and grabs the .22 RIFLE.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Mister kicks the door open again.

MISTER
Get away! Get the fuck away!

Walker LIMPS towards the cabin...

Mister trains the rifle on the man.

MISTER
Get away!

Walker is close. Mister raises the rifle, squeezes one eye shut...

...stops.

MISTER
Fuck!

Mister slams the door closed.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mister spins, kicks the table over, and shoves it against the door. Drops and throws the weight of his back against it.

SLAM! The FULL WEIGHT of a body slams against the door.

Mister GRUNTS IN PAIN.

Lilah SCREAMS.

MISTER
There's a knife in the --

SLAM! Mister presses his feet against the floor, fighting for purchase.

Lilah follows Mister's eyes. His SACHEL. She throws it open.

SLAM! The last hit knocks Mister sideways...

Lilah pulls the WHITTILING KNIFE from Mister's satchel, spins, holding it two-handed in front of her...

Then, SILENCE.

Mister and Lilah lock eyes. Her hands tremble on the hilt of the knife.

Mister stands to face the door. They wait.

So quiet, the song on MISTER'S EARBUDS is faintly audible.

Mister raises the rifle...

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

...and eases out the door.

Walker stands in full view, several feet back, calmly studying Mister's rifle.

They lock eyes.

WALKER

You're not a killer.

MISTER

What the hell do you want?

WALKER

I want you to let me inside. Only us sinners left. Here. In Hell.

MISTER

You want to hurt us.

WALKER

Yeah, I want to hurt you. I've been hurting and killing since we were left here.

MISTER

What do you want?!

WALKER

I want you to let me inside. That's my place. That's my home.

Mister tenses on the rifle. His trigger hand is going white.

MISTER

Leave us the fuck alone.

Walker arches an eyebrow.

WALKER

What'd you do with the bodies out back?

Mister stares him down. Walker smiles, easy.

WALKER

Shit, maybe you are a killer. Just know...when the times comes, I'm comin' home.

Then, suddenly, he turns and limps down the hill.

Mister keeps the rifle up until Walker disappears, then yells towards the cabin, over his shoulder.

MISTER

You stay inside.

Lilah runs out the front door and grabs him around the side in a hug. He grunts.

Lilah speaks through tears.

LILAH

Come inside, I don't want to go outside again.

Mister looks down, his face twisting.

Blood on his side, blood on Lilah's knife.

He puts a hand on hers and slowly moves it away. She looks at his side, then the knife -- registers SHOCK through her fear.

She's cut him.

LILAH

Oh my god, I'm sorry!

MISTER

It's not deep. Let's go inside.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

Mister lies on the cot, shirt lifted up to treat the shallow knife wound along his ribs. Rifle at his side.

Lilah watches him clean the wound with a spit-soaked piece of sheet torn from the bed. Behind him, through the wooden window, the sun sets.

LILAH

I'm sorry.

He looks up at Lilah, locks eyes.

MISTER
Needed a hug anyway.

Lilah laughs, then sobers.

Mister stands, moves the table away from the door, checks outside, replaces the table, and sits, his back against it.

LILAH
Is he gone?

MISTER
He'll come again.

His mobile device is on the floor. He picks it up. Three percent battery.

Lilah sits down on the cot.

MISTER
Watch out for blood.

She sticks her tongue out at him.

He searches for a second, and music plays. AN OLD RELIGIOUS HYMN.

Mister leans his head back. They both listen. A moment of comfortable silence.

LILAH
What's happening?

It's a question he's been expecting.

MISTER
What do you think?

LILAH
I think God is done with the earth.

Mister stares at her for a long time.

MISTER
Me too.

LILAH
So what about us?

Mister pulls out his knife and starts to whittle.

LILAH
My uncle said Jesus comes to cast
the sinners into Hell.
(MORE)

LILAH (CONT'D)

And he disappeared. He was one of the ones that disappeared.

MISTER

Crazy talk, right?

LILAH

Until things get crazy.

Some feature are starting to appear in the wood. A human figure, maybe?

LILAH

Are you a sinner, Mister?

MISTER

Yes.

The mobile dies. The music stops.

LILAH

Is there anything we can do?

MISTER

I thought, maybe...he gave us time. We've had time to live, here. If you have time it means there's something you can do. Right?

FOOTSTEPS outside. Mister and Lilah freeze.

LILAH

(whispering)

But what did I do wrong?

MISTER

I don't know.

The footsteps approach...

Then A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

WALKER (O.S.)

I'm home. It's time.

LILAH

Leave us alone!

Mister hefts the rifle.

THE AXE slams the door. Mister rolls away from the table, bringing the rifle up.

ANOTHER HIT SMASHES the top half of the door open.

Outside, Walker stops.

He and Mister stare at each other through the broken door.

WALKER

I killed two more. Then the sky
started getting bright. He's coming
for us.

FAR OFF, there is a BRIGHT LIGHT in the night sky.

And maybe, the FAINT SOUND OF MUSIC.

MISTER

Then we're just going to wait.

WALKER

Let me in.

It is music. Not so different from that religious hymn. Faint
still, but LOUDER.

Through the window, MORE LIGHT. It's brightening everywhere.

Walker throws the axe down and grabs the splintered sides of
the broken door.

WALKER

LET ME INTO MY FUCKING HOME!!

LIGHT everywhere, now.

LILAH

You let me in, Mister.

Mister looks down at her as the MUSIC RISES.

Then he crosses to the door.

He and Walker stare each other down, faces almost the same.

Mister pulls the door open.

LIGHT AND SOUND EXPLODE around Walker, rush into the room.

FIRE SPREADS across the sky, RED AND ORANGE mixing with the
BRIGHT WHITE.

Lilah clutches the half-whittled piece of wood, brown with
dried blood. The shape of a man, definitely. A start, anyway.

FADE TO WHITE.