Samhain, Romanian Style

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.
FADE IN:

EXT. CLUB CHERVENOTO - EVENING

SUPER: Sofia, Bulgaria - October 30

JAMES, 23, built like a linebacker, stands outside the entrance, cell phone to his ear.

JAMES
Dad, I've only known her a few months.
(beat)
The right girl? We'll see soon.
(beat)
I love you too. Talk soon.

He closes his phone and walks into...

INT. CLUB CHERVENOTO - CONTINUOUS

The place is dark, but classy. Loud metal music blares.

Three separate stages are each adorned by a beautiful seminude DANCER. Other GIRLS, in various shades of undress, make their way around a maze of tables, filled with MEN.

James walks over to the...

BAR

...where GRIGOR, 45, imposing, smiles and extends a hand.

NOTE - All foreign characters speak with a heavy accent.

GRIGOR
James, my favorite American exchange student. You and Rayna well, yes?

They shake hands. James takes a seat.

JAMES
We're great. Stolichno, please.

James turns toward the stage, as the song ends.

The dancers leave their stages, to applause and screams.

The cacophony dies as Type O Negative's "Black No. 1" begins.
CENTER STAGE

Fog emanates from behind a black curtain.

ANASTASIYA, 21, sexy as all Hell, jet black hair, Gothed out to the max, appears from the fog.

She slowly grinds to the eerie music, a devilish smile on her black lips. Her eyes beckon, as she sexually removes her long black robe, revealing a perfectly toned and proportioned alabaster body.

As the music kicks in, her movements mimic the raucous beat. She throws her head around wildly, tracing circles over her milk white breasts.

The crowd reacts jubilantly - fists pump in the air, Euros rain down on the stage.

BAR

Grigor returns with a dark, frothy pint.

GRIGOR

Behold, our newest Romanian import.

James turns back to Grigor, eyes wide.

JAMES

Damn, she's so hot, it's almost scary.

RAYNA, 23, blonde Bulgarian bombshell, playfully grabs James' shoulders from behind.

RAYNA

You better be scared. You get me?

James turns, surprised. Grigor watches with a smile.

JAMES

Hey! There you are.

RAYNA

She so hot, eh? How 'bout I show you so cold? Yes?

James stands, reaches out for her hands. She accepts.

JAMES

Oops...hi Babe.

They kiss passionately.
GRIGOR
I leave you lovebirds alone.

Rayna watches as Grigor walks away. She makes a fist and playfully punches James in the cheek.

James laughs, kisses her long and wet.

JAMES
I'm sorry. You know you're my girl.

RAYNA
Eh, I your girl now...we see later, yes? You get me?

The music stops and the crowd goes wild.

CENTER STAGE
Anastasiya eyes her onlookers with a seductive smile, bows, curtsies, and disappears back into the fog.

INT. CLUB CHERVENOTO - BAR - MOMENTS LATER
James and Rayna sit together, a fresh brew in front of each.
Anastasiya approaches from behind, her long robe concealing her feet, making it appear as if she's floating along.
Ashen arms wrap around James from behind. Anastasiya's black lips kiss his ear seductively.
He recoils, quickly stands. Rayna stands as well.

JAMES
What the fuck?

ANASTASIYA
Handsome American man, you are.

RAYNA
Hey! He my handsome American man.

Anastasiya reaches over, caresses Rayna's shoulder, pulls her close and whispers in her ear. As she pulls away, her tongue lingers inside her ear.
Rayna's eyes glaze over, blink several times.
James watches with a confused look on his face.
Anastasiya steps back, gives them some space, smiling.
ANASTASIYA
It is Romanian custom when first meeting such beauty. I mean no harm.
(beat)
You forgive?

Rayna reaches over, gives Anastasiya a warm hug.

RAYNA
No harm. I understand.

Anastasiya turns to James, moves close, whispers in his ear.
James's eyes glaze over, blink several times.
Anastasiya looks to Rayna, with an intoxicating grin.

LATER
All three sit together, empty shot glasses in front of each.

JAMES
So...you're seriously a witch? You got your broomstick out back?

They all laugh.

ANASTASIYA
Real witches don't ride broomsticks, my sweet. I come from long line of witches. Not what most think.

Grigor leans in from behind the bar.

GRIGOR
Damn sexiest witch I ever seen.

RAYNA
Witchcraft not like you Americans think it is.

Rayna looks to Anastasiya, grins.

RAYNA (CONT'D)
Grigor right...damn sexiest witch I ever seen, too.

James shakes his head, slams down more beer.

ANASTASIYA
So you come join me tomorrow night at Samhain Festival? Not far from here...maybe...uh...fifty minute drive? Just outside Pernik.
JAMES
Really?

ANASTASIYA
Really. I show you Samhain, Romanian style. You come?

Rayna nods to James, with a "why not" look.

RAYNA
We will come. I know Pernik.

James nods as well.

JAMES
We're in, damnit!

Anastasiya pulls out a small piece of paper, hands it to Rayna. As Rayna pulls her hand back, Anastasiya takes hold of it, licks her black lips with her bright red tongue.

INT. RAYNA'S CAR - EVENING

SUPER - October 31 - Samhain

Rayna, in the sexiest red devil costume imaginable, drives. James rides shotgun, beer in hand, dressed as Jason Voorhees, hockey mask on top of his head.

JAMES
We're not gonna do anything neither one of us wants to, right?

Rayna furrows her brow.

RAYNA
(giggling)
Like what, Baby? You don't want too share me with Ana? You scared?

JAMES
You know damn well I'm holding out for the right one.

RAYNA
And I am as well. You get me?

EXT. ROUTE 18 - JUST OUTSIDE PERNIK - NIGHT

The car speeds along a deserted, fog covered road. Thick forest stands on either side.
Two MEN emerge from the fog, both wearing black robes, holding torches in front of them. They motion for the car to stop.

The car stops alongside them. Rayna rolls down her window.

MAN
Invitation.

Rayna hands the piece of paper to him. He motions forward.

MAN (CONT'D)
Follow torches. Blessed Samhain.

INT. RAYNA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER
James cracks open another beer, takes a huge guzzle.

JAMES
This is kinda creepy, don't you think?
Blessed Samhain? Really?

RAYNA
Isn't that what Halloween all about?
Getting good scare?

JAMES
Yeah, sure it is, but this is
different...I mean Samhain? Real
witches? Kinda freaky.

Rayna winks, rubs his cheek.

RAYNA
Don't worry, Baby, I protect you.

James lifts up his machete, pings his finger against the solid metal blade.

JAMES
I got us covered.

EXT. WOODED PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER
Some seventy-five cars are parked in the lot. In the distance, ahead, a huge bonfire blazes. Loud, live music wafts throughout the dark, foggy night.

James and Rayna walk hand in hand toward the party.

Behind them, the cars in the lot vanish one by one, leaving only a few left.
EXT. CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

A multitude of costumed PEOPLE party around the fire. Flames shoot up twenty feet into the air.

A live BAND, all in costumes, jams out heavy metal on a makeshift stage, some two hundred feet from the fire.

Rayna looks on in awe. James' hockey mask conceals his thoughts.

JAMES
Damn...seriously? Pretty cool.

Rayna starts to dance to the throbbing sounds.

RAYNA
Looks like we made right choice, yes? You like?

James lifts his hockey mask, pounds down the remainder of his beer.

JAMES
I like...I definitely like!

They make their way to the bar, which is really just several tables topped with all the alcohol anyone would ever want.

A somber looking MAN in a black robe presides over the bar. As they approach, Anastasiya appears, as if from nowhere.

ANASTASIYA
Welcome, my new friends.

She hugs and kisses them both passionately.

Anastasiya motions to the "bartender", who pours two drinks from a silver decanter. He hands them to James and Rayna.

James sniffs the drink, unsure, looks to Anastasiya.

ANASTASIYA (CONT'D)
Ancient Romanian herbal liquor.

James and Rayna both take a sip at the same time, smile.

JAMES
Wow, potent...and tasty.

RAYNA
I like...very much, yes?
ANASTASIYA
Blessed Samhain!

The music stops, as if the electricity was cut. The throng of people are silent...and all eyes fall to James and Rayna.

CROWD
Blessed Samhain!

The music starts back up...right where it stopped and everyone returns to their partying ways.

James shares a nervous look with Rayna.

JAMES
What the fuck? Uhhh...how'd you do that?

Anastasiya takes James' hands, moves close, licks his lips.

ANASTASIYA
Tonight you see what Samhain really means. Tonight, we dance and we make love, and tonight The Old One comes to bless this sacred Sabbat.

James pulls back, blinks several times. His hand goes to his head and he teeters.

JAMES
I don't feel right. What was in that drink?

Rayna also wobbles about, her hand on her forehead.

RAYNA
Something not right...

Rayna keels over, out cold.

James unsheathes his machete, holds it out in front of him. He spins around slowly, blinking frequently.

JAMES' P.O.V.
Blurry, undulating. The party goers watch closely...and move forward as one. Their faces and bodies shift and change...distort into hideous demon-like creatures.

BACK TO SCENE.

James swings out with his machete, making contact with the first creature to reach him, directly in the throat.
Blood flies, and the creature is beheaded.

The Bartender leaps over the tables, grabs James from behind.

James spins, slices his belly open in a torrent of blood.

The throng of heinous creations encircle James, slowly close the distance.

James swings the machete madly, slicing off an arm of one creature and the leg of another, keeping the masses at bay.

He blinks several times, falls over face first, out cold.

INT. PAGAN CHURCH - LATER

James awakes alone, on a filthy mattress. The room is small, all stone. Candles glow from window alcoves. A wooden altar stands in front of a tapestry with a bloody pentagram.

A heavy wooden door creaks open behind him.

He jumps up to his feet, reaches down, and to his surprise, his bloody machete is in its sheath. He pulls it out and assumes a defensive position.

Grigor and Anastasiya enter. Anastasiya now wears Rayna's red devil outfit. Grigor holds a video camera, which is on.

JAMES
Stay the fuck back! Grigor...you're one of them? Where's Rayna?

The door slams shut with a solid thud behind Anastasiya.

GRIGOR
Sometimes eyes don't really see, yes? You never know who people are.

Anastasiya's eyes are glassy. Her movements slow and awkward.

JAMES
What do you want? Where's Rayna?

Grigor walks behind the altar, still filming.

GRIGOR
Your seed, James...we want your seed. You virgin, yes? You kill your love, Rayna, and then plant your seed in Anastasiya. Simple, yes?

Anastasiya wobbles in front of James, reaches out to him.
JAMES
Fuck you, Witch!

James swings the machete with all he's got. The blade buries itself deep between her neck and shoulder.

She falls to her knees...and transforms into Rayna.

Grigor laughs heartily, while still filming.

James drops to his knees, releases the machete.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Nooo! Rayna! God, no...no...

The door bursts open, Anastasiya, totally nude now, enters, followed by several MEN all in black robes.

ANASTASIYA
Take him down.

They grab James, strip him, and shackle him on the mattress.

GRIGOR
Now we have pure virgin who kill his love. My daughter take your seed and Horned One will be born again unto this world.

James continues to sob, shackled tight.

GRIGOR (CONT'D)
We have film you killing Rayna. You go to police, you put away as murderer. Understand?

JAMES
God, help me. Please help me!

Grigor hands Anastasiya a jar of a gelatinous substance.

She dips her fingers in and rubs her hands together. She approaches James, a wicked, sexual smile on her black lips.

ANASTASIYA
I get you hard now, yes? We make love all night in the Old One's name.

James screams!

FADE OUT: