

The Daughter of Gore

By

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Characters from the Wizard of Gore

@2017 After you read this, ask
yourself, do you really wanna
steal from me, punk, well, do
ya?

FADE IN:

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

BECCA GORE (30), cute, drawn face, sits on a tattered couch that matches the small, tattered house.

The furnishings seem to be sparse, but, no expense was spared when it came to Wiccan and Native American mystical items such as dream catchers.

She rocks back and forth as she talks on the phone. Only Becca's side of the conversation gets heard.

BECCA
Mom, I'm fine.

She slowly runs her hand through her hair.

BECCA
No mom, I don't need money.

She sits back, rolls her eyes.

BECCA
Mom, please, stop. I gotta do this myself. You know why.

Aggressively, she leans forward.

BECCA
Sure, it's hard. But, no one knows me, and I'm fitting in with-

CRASH! Broken glass.

Becca jumps up, glances around.

BECCA
No mom, that wasn't glass breaking.

She discovers the source- a broken window due to a rock with a message on it.

She picks up the rock, studies the message.

INSERT: GO HOME SATAN-LOVER!

BECCA

Mom, I checked. A bird flew into the window, bounced off and flew away. It's gone.

She drops the rock.

BECCA

Mom, I got a home security system being put in tomorrow. I'm fine.

Becca hangs up, stares down at the rock, sighs.

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Becca, shorts and a low-cut T-shirt, sits on the couch, texting away like a fiend, while ONE installation worker, CARL, (21), lanky and thin, wearing a shirt and ID that says "AAA Security Systems" finishes putting in her security system.

Carl sneaks a peek down her shirt when he walks up to her.

CARL

We're just about done, Miss Gore.

BECCA

Please, just Becca.

Becca adjusts her shirt, covering herself.

CARL

Sure, Becca. You'll love this system. You can sync it up with your phone.

BECCA

Awesome. I'll feel much safer now.

CARL

You have our Twenty-Four coverage.

Carl looks at her impressive collection of Wicca and Native American artifacts neatly placed.

CARL

You aren't a Satan worshipper, this stuff is more, um-

BECCA
Wicca and Native American. They
are mostly for meditation,
calmness, and nope, no Satan
allowed here, at all.

CARL
The Christians aren't givin' you
too much grief, right?

BECCA
I am installing a security system.

CARL
True, that.

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Becca comfortably sleeps in her queen-sized bed, dressed in
a comfortable nightgown.

CRASH... The sound of shattered glass fills the house.

Becca sits up in bed.

BOOM... Sounds of glass breaking followed by loud bangs of
stomping sounds.

Becca sits motionless, trying to take it all in.

She quickly looks around the darkened room.

CRACK... The sound of a counter being smashed.

She locates her cell by her bed, on her dresser.

It rings.

BECCA
Hello, I need help.

MAN TWO
Becca Gore?

BECCA
Yes, it's Becca Gore.

MAN TWO
There's no help for Satan-loving
bitches like you.

BECCA
WHAT? How?

Becca hangs up, stares at the phone.

It rings again.

BECCA
Hello, I need-

MAN TWO
A good Fuck. I'm coming -

Becca disconnects the call, jumps out of bed.

She tries to use her phone to call.

MAN TWO
You're only getting me tonight.
Here I come for you.

Becca throws her phone down.

DEMONIC FEMALE VOICE
Is it playtime yet?

The voice sounds as if Becca's voice was altered by some demonic force or synth, however, Becca's lips don't move.

Becca runs to the door, cracks it open, it creaks, she glances out, empty, so she steps to the:

STAIRCASE

CRASH... More breaking stuff noise from downstairs, but, she can't see anything.

MAN TWO
(loudly)
We're working our way up, hon.

He laughs.

BECCA
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

She runs into her-

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

She turns on the lights, but they don't work. She quickly fiddles with it for a second. Nothing.

Her kitchen sounds like it's being demolished.

She rushes to the sink, opens the drawers, doesn't find anything of use.

DEMONIC FEMALE VOICE

Is it time yet?

She looks at her shower curtain that's closed all the way.

BECCA

Shit.

She backs away.

The shower curtain snaps open as MASKED MAN ONE, (16), husky, all in black, lunges for her. Becca screams.

MAN ONE

I wanted you to open it so I could shove this between your eyes.

He stands up straight, shows her his butcher knife.

Becca runs from the bathroom to the-

STAIRCASE

She runs past her bedroom, choosing to race downstairs.

He gives chase.

Scampering down the stairs causes her to skip a step, and fall the rest of the way.

Quickly she regains her balance, stands up.

SLASH- The butcher knife narrowly misses her face.

DEMONIC FEMALE VOICE

Please?

She heads past her-

LIVING ROOM

glances at her TORN-UP couch as she runs past it. She sees the word "SATANIST" written on the wall behind the couch.

She comes to a dead stop when she sees standing in the doorway of her-

KITCHEN

TWO more men, both dressed in the same black attire as the first intruder, block her from the kitchen.

Man TWO (21), lanky and thin, holds a steak knife, ready to strike.

Man THREE (18), built like a rock, holds a sledgehammer in one hand while gently patting his other hand with it.

MAN TWO

You have two choices. Fun for all of us, or just us.

Man One stands behind her.

MAN ONE

Dude, is she the only one here?

Becca looks behind her.

MAN TWO

Yeah, I checked earlier.

She looks for something that can help, anything.

MAN ONE

I don't know man, I heard something freaky sounding.

MAN TWO

Shut up, idiot.

Becca moves closer to Man Three.

BECCA

Guys, please don't do this. I'm begging you.

MAN TWO

Look, we're gonna strip you, fuck you, then kill you. Just say it's for your Satan-loving ass.

BECCA
 (angrily)
 I'm not a Satan worshipper you
 fucking idiot.

The men laugh.

BECCA
 (to Man Three)
 Besides, 'roided up freak like you
 probably has no penis.

Man Three raises the sledgehammer, but, Becca kicks him in the balls. He collapses to the floor, screaming in agony.

Becca runs past him, narrowly avoids Man Two, and races into her:

KITCHEN

She steps on broken glass and howls. Blood oozes from her feet. But, she's high on adrenaline and ignores the pain.

She opens a drawer in the kitchen, empty.

MAN TWO
 Looking for your knives, took 'em
 already. We aren't dumb.

The men corner her in the kitchen. She looks around for something, anything. There's gotta be something.

She eyes the door to her pantry.

From inside the pantry, the demonic voice speaks.

DEMONIC FEMALE VOICE
 Let me out so I can save us.

The men back away, startled.

MAN ONE
 See, I told you someone else was
 here. I heard that.

MAN TWO
 True that. Guess we're gonna kill
 her too.

BECCA
 It's you, from the security-

MAN TWO

It's so much fun when the person
you stalk calls the company you
work for to put in the system
that's supposed to keep them safe.

Carl takes off his mask, tosses it aside.

CARL

Who else is here? Find out.

A recovered Man Three walks to the pantry door, opens it
fast, lunges in with the sledgehammer, but, it's empty.

He swings the hammer in all directions making sure that it
truly has no one else hiding in it.

CARL

Oh, I get it, you're a magician,
like your old man!

BECCA

WHAT! How-

CARL

Facial recognition bitch.

MAN ONE

Cat's out of the bag now.

The men laugh, Becca breathes heavily.

CARL

Rebecca Montag. Daughter of the
infamous Montag the Magnificent
A.K.A. the Wizard of Gore.

MAN ONE

Your dad murdered my mom.

Man one removes his mask to reveal his young age (16).

MAN ONE

And you're gonna pay.

Becca studies him.

BECCA

What are you, Seventeen?

MAN ONE

Sixteen! Why?

BECCA

My father killed himself Twenty years ago, four years before you were born.

Man one screams in rage.

CARL

You don't get it. We don't care whether or not you are really a Satan worshipper, or if your dad directly killed someone. We just wanna hurt you.

MAN ONE

Can't believe this bitch is so much smarter than the rest.

Becca makes her last stand.

BECCA

Please, I'm begging you, don't do this. Find your humanity.

They laugh at her request.

DEMONIC FEMALE VOICE

Now?

CARL

More ventriloquism? Really?

Becca drops her head, sniffles.

BECCA

(defeatedly)

Nah, no more tricks. All I wanted was a chance to have a normal life. But, really, you've left me no real choice here. I accept.

CARL

What the fuck you talking about?

She looks up, different, no kindness in her eyes, her regular voice gone, only the demonic voice remains.

BECCA

You know what my father's biggest mistake was? He thought a true book on sorcery was the same as the magic that people pay money to see.

CARL

Don't care.

Becca takes a step towards him.

BECCA

He found a spell. One that gives you real power to create illusions of nearly infinite power, if blood gets drawn.

The guys look down at the bloodied footprints she made.

BECCA

But, the poor man didn't realize that it creates a force that wants more blood, more heinous acts. A force that wants out and wants to have fun.

The guys look at each other, unsure what to think.

BECCA

My mom was pregnant with me at the time, and the offer was for everyone in his family.

She takes another step closer to Carl.

BECCA

For years, I was offered anything to give into it. But, I don't want to hurt others. I just wanted a chance to live my life.

(beat)

I wasn't afraid to die. I wasn't afraid to be in here with you. I was afraid of what it would do to you because you're locked in here with it.

She spreads her hands and loud banging noises fill the house as she laughs crazily.

Man Three runs for the door, tries to turn the knob. Nothing, it's locked.

He takes his sledgehammer, bangs the nearby window, nothing, it bounces off it.

He runs back towards Becca, swings the sledgehammer at full force, connects. He swings over and over.

Then, he stops and glances down, the shape changes from her to... Man One. It's him, dead on the floor.

Carl screams as Man Three stares in disbelief.

CARL

Why did you kill him?

Becca appears behind Man Three.

BECCA

Because he thought he was me.

Man Three turns around, swinging the sledgehammer, but, it goes through her as if she was a ghost.

She appears behind him again, this time with chainsaw.

BRRRWWWWWWWWW

She saws his legs. He drops the sledgehammer, falls to the floor screaming.

BECCA

Looks like we got a screamer.

She laughs as she continues carving him up like a turkey.

Carl stands shocked, pulls out his cell phone, tries to call for help. Nothing, not even a dial tone.

BECCA

You're phone won't work now.
Nothing gets in or out of this
house without my consent.

She walks towards him. He steps backwards.

He glances down, spots her bloodied feet BEHIND him.

He tries to spin around, too slow, she takes out his knee with the sledgehammer.

She grabs him by the hair.

BECCA

Oh, we are gonna have such fun
tonight, Carl, well, I am...

CARL

Please, please, don't hurt me.

BECCA
I'm gonna test out my new powers on
you, my dear.

She drags him towards the stairs going up, to her bedroom.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

BEDROOM

Blood and destruction are everywhere.

Becca, dressed in the same nightgown, rocks back and forth on her bed. She glances down, spots her cell, reaches down, grabs it, dials. Someone answers.

BECCA
Mom?

Becca bursts out in tears.

BECCA
Something really bad happened. I-I
need you. Please.

She breaks into a heavy sob.

BECCA
Please come soon. Yeah, see you
tonight. Luv you, bye.

Becca hangs up. Heads to her-

LIVING ROOM

She surveys the destruction as she kneels in front of the door, holding Man Two's butcher knife in her hands.

She uses the knife to cut herself deeply on her arm. Red blood spurts out.

She cuts herself on the other arm.

She looks at the door, laughs.

REVEAL she has piercing red demonic eyes, sharp pointed teeth, and a forked tongue. She stabs the floor over and over with the knife.

THE END.