

"THE CAMBION"

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING DRONE SHOT

Flying rapidly over dark, placid water. A Big Band song about how little we know about each other begins to PLAY.

The glittering skyline of downtown Chicago arrives.

Sailing over and among the forest of skyscrapers gracefully and eventually settling on the balcony of a beautiful apartment high above the street.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT/BALCONY - NIGHT - DRONE SHOT

The guardrail of its balcony slides underneath, and a large glass door approaches.

Through it, the living room of a stylishly decorated, moonlit apartment beckons.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING

Through the glass door.

A workout bag overflowing with activewear lies under a narrow glass console table near the front door.

A Bowie knife with a leather-wrapped handle in a black scabbard and a hot pink stun gun lie on top of the clothing.

From inside the apartment, numerous framed photographs sit on the console table.

At one end: a snapshot of a teenaged man wearing a white tuxedo standing beside a young woman in a strapless white prom dress in front of a black 2002 Camaro SS parked on a suburban driveway. They're smiling diffidently.

Next to it: a photo of a ten-year-old girl wearing a frilly bathing suit and sitting on the shoulders of a middle-aged man wearing swimming trunks. He's standing in knee-deep water, squinting into the sun, and appears to be speaking. The girl has a catatonic expression on her face, and she is staring directly into the lens with empty, reptilian eyes.

MUSIC ends.

The front door opens; a fashionably-dressed couple enter.

She is SARAH LILITH, a beautiful thirty year old woman with an athletic figure, blue eyes, and long black hair.

Her BOYFRIEND is roughly the same age, tall, muscular, and very handsome, perhaps even pretty. In short, he's a hunk.

They kiss in the entryway, break, and smile at one another as he closes the door.

BOYFRIEND

How about some music?

SARAH

Don't we already have some on?

BOYFRIEND

Cute. Very Cute

He crosses to an entertainment center and picks up a remote control as Sarah turns on a lamp, crosses to the picture window, and looks down onto the city.

A children's song about the Big Bad Wolf by a female pop singer from the early 1960's begins to PLAY.

Sarah turns toward her smiling boyfriend.

BOYFRIEND

Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

SARAH

Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in.

The boyfriend replaces the children's song with a love song about memoirs from the mid-1970's by the same singer and lowers the VOLUME.

He crosses to her, and they are framed by the cityscape visible through the window. They embrace warmly.

BOYFRIEND

I had a wonderful time.

SARAH

So did I. Happy birthday again.

He kisses her neck, reaches behind her, and unzips her dress. She shrugs it off, and it drops to the floor.

She steps out of it clad in 1950's style lingerie: a sturdy bra, panties, garter belt, nylon stockings, and high heels, all of which are white.

She rips open his shirt violently, which sends its buttons flying across the room.

She quickly opens his belt, unzips his fly, and his trousers fall to the floor.

She then places her hands on his hips and guides him to a nearby ottoman.

EXT. APARTMENT/BALCONY - NIGHT

From the balcony they are visible from behind.

She pushes him onto the ottoman. pulls down his boxers and kneels in front of him.

He leans back onto the chair behind him and closes his eyes as she bends over his groin.

A closet door is directly behind them and slightly ajar.

Through the door a man's disembodied and immobile face floats in the darkness of the closet.

The face is wearing a black Camaro SS Ghost Baseball Cap pulled down low over a pair of mirrored aviator sunglasses.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Boyfriend's head is tilted back, his eyes are closed, and his mouth is agape as he GROANS softly in pleasure.

He places his right hand on the back of her bobbing head gently.

EXT. BALCONY

The closet door has vanished and standing in the doorway is a handsome, tall, powerfully built, male intruder.

He is ASMODEUS, a man in his thirties and dressed completely in black: hoodie, sweatpants, and sneakers.

The hoodie has an image of Michelangelo's statue of David on its chest.

He's also wearing black FDT Alpha Gloves, and a short barrel .460 caliber stainless steel revolver gleams from his right hand.

He watches them peacefully and begins to smile.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

INT. LIVING ROOM- SUPERSATURATED COLOR

In a blurred instant, Asmodeus is suddenly standing beside the Boyfriend and scowling.

The Boyfriend's eyes are shut tightly in pleasure.

BOYFRIEND

Oh God. I'm coming.

SARAH'S P.O.V.

Sarah sees Asmodeus' shoes, then his pants, and finally the huge stainless steel handgun looming over her.

BACK TO SCENE

She tries to rise instantly, but the Boyfriend grabs her hair and holds her head down forcibly.

She begins to GAG.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- A) The Boyfriend's toes curl in his stocking feet.
- B) The Boyfriend tilts his head back and GROANS loudly.
- C) Asmodeus calmly raises the revolver and shoves the barrel of the gun into his open mouth.
- D) The Boyfriend opens his eyes in confusion, which quickly changes to terror.
- E) The gun's hammer strikes the primer of a bullet inside the revolver.
- F) The back of the Boyfriend's head explodes onto the chair behind the ottoman.
- G) The Boyfriend's hand falls away from Sarah's hair and it's immediately replaced by a left hand wearing a black tactical glove, which grabs the hair tightly.

END MONTAGE

Asmodeus pulls her up to her feet easily.

She grimaces in pain through her glistening lips, gasps for breath, and covers her ears with her trembling hands.

ASMODEUS

You cheap whore.

On the last word he pistol-whips her in the face with his right hand, releases her, and she falls to the floor.

She looks back up at him fearfully and is shocked to see that all traces of the Boyfriend's murder have disappeared.

Asmodeus bends down, grabs her by the hair again with his free hand.

SARAH

What is --? Ow!

He pulls her back to her feet effortlessly and turns her so that she is facing away from him.

Blood begins to trickle down her chin from a cut inside her mouth.

While holding the smoking gun in his right hand, he wraps his right arm around her throat.

With his left hand, he grabs her wrist and twists her arm behind her back.

Limping heavily, he pushes her forward into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

He throws her onto the tile floor.

She GRUNTS again and rises to her hands and knees as he flips on a wall switch that illuminates the room with harsh fluorescent lighting.

He turns on an electric range, and as he does so, they are both startled by loud KNOCKING (o.s.) on the front door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! What's going on in there? Do you need help?

SARAH

Yes! Help me! Help --

Asmodeus reaches down, grabs her by the hair, and pulls her to her feet again.

She SCREAMS in pain and struggles against him as the POUNDING (o.s.) on the front door grows louder.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Betty, call Security. Hey, you in there, open up!

Asmodeus pistol-whips and releases her again. She falls to the floor, rises to her hands and knees, and begins to crawl away from him frantically.

She stops when she sees the flash of the slender silhouette of a woman's body hanging from a noose on the wall of a hallway in front of her. She blinks, and it disappears.

Asmodeus reaches down and grabs her ankle calmly. He easily pulls her back to him across the tile floor.

As he bends down and reaches for her hair again, she nimbly rolls over and punches him in the nose as hard as she can.

His nose begins bleeding profusely, but he smiles broadly as the blood runs out of his nostrils.

He grabs her by the hair with his left hand and lifts her back to her feet quickly.

SARAH

Ow! What did I do?

On the last word, she slaps at his face, knocking his sunglasses to the floor. She SCREAMS in horror when she sees that he has no eyes, simply two empty sockets.

His bloody smile widens at her terrified reaction.

Without releasing her, he sticks the revolver beneath his belt, extends his right arm parallel to the floor with his palm down so that his hand is directly over the sunglasses.

They leap off the floor and up into his hand.

He puts them on his face, removes the gun from his pants, and holds it beside her face.

ASMODEUS

(cloyingly)

Open your mouth.

Sarah's heels rise from the floor. They are quickly followed by her toes as her feet dangle in the air.

SARAH

Ow! Please. Not again.

ASMODEUS

Whenever I want. Now, open it!

Sarah clenches her teeth resolutely. Asmodeus puts the gun's barrel against her lips and wiggles it against them.

ASMODEUS (cont'd)
 Patakh ett pikhe! Patakh oto!
[Open your mouth! Open it!]

[NOTE: The English text of all instances of Paleo-Hebrew transliterations shall be italicized, enclosed in brackets, and appear as subtitles on the screen.]

Sarah she closes her eyes and opens her mouth begrudgingly.

Asmodeus slides the barrel of the gun into her mouth, and she grimaces.

He pulls her close and puts his mouth next to her ear.

ASMODEUS (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 Zikh'ri oti.
[Remember me.]

He pulls the gun out of her mouth and pushes the left side of her face down onto the electric range forcefully.

She SCREAMS in agony and tries to push away from the range frantically as the side of her face begins to sizzle.

The KNOCKING (o.s.) on the door resumes loudly as Asmodeus pulls her off the range.

She's SHRIEKING as she splays her trembling fingers above her scorched and smoldering face.

Asmodeus begins to push her head back down onto the range when a heavier HAMMERING (o.s.) at the front door and the deep male voice of a SECURITY GUARD startles him.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
 This is Security! Open up right
 now or I'm coming in!

Asmodeus tosses her casually into a corner of the kitchen where she lands with a THUD and SOBS heavily.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

The front doorknob turns, and the door begins to open.

INT. KITCHEN - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

Sarah's lying on the kitchen floor, holding her charred face in her hand, but her lingerie has been replaced by Rosie the Riveter pajamas.

She stops weeping and looks at the pajama top in confusion.
She begins to rub the fabric between her thumb and fingers.

ASMODEUS (O.S.)
Hey, Sweet Pea!

INT. PARENTS HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY (DAWN) - (16MM FLASHBACK)

She looks up from her pajamas, and she's now standing in a silent and murky attic.

Her face is wet from her tears, but it's no longer burnt.

She looks up catatonically at the back of the silhouette of a corpse that's hanging from a noose above an overturned chair in the middle of the room.

The body is clad only in 1950s lingerie that is barely visible in the soft light of dawn.

A white high heel shoe dangles from one foot.

INT. APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

Asmodeus is in the corner of the kitchen towering over her. He bends down, grabs a handful of her hair again.

She snaps out of her reverie, looks at his face in terror and pain, and SHRIEKS when she sees her own broiled and swollen face reflected in his sunglasses.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

The front door flies open and BANGS against the wall.

Sarah, who's now dressed in a Security Guard's uniform, charges into the room valiantly.

Her face is undamaged, and she's holding the leather-wrapped Bowie knife in a hammer grip in one hand and the hot pink UDAP stun gun in the other.

She's rescuing herself.

INT. KITCHEN - SUPERSATURATED COLOR

Asmodeus is bent over Sarah, who's still wearing the Rosie the Riveter pajamas, as they both look toward the SOUND from living room.

Asmodeus turns and looks down on her.

ASMODEUS
(pleasantly)
Catch ya on the flipside.

He winks at her, releases her hair, and rises. As he does so, his hand becomes the revolver.

He puts the barrel of the gun/hand into his own smiling mouth and the trigger pulls itself.

The top of his head explodes, spraying the room with a fine red mist.

Asmodeus pitches forward and his large corpse falls on top of Sarah heavily.

She SHRIEKS, squirms out from underneath it, and crab crawls away from him frantically.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is lying in bed, wearing Rosie the Riveter pajamas in a dark bedroom.

She's SHRIEKING and pushing away her bedding as if it was Asmodeus' body.

She crab crawls frantically toward the headboard, hits her head against it, stops screaming, and looks around her darkened bedroom panic-stricken and panting heavily.

Slowly she relaxes as she caresses an old scar on the side of her face gingerly.

She places her hands on her sternum and curls into a fetal position as her breathing slows.

INT. HEALTH CLUB/ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah enters a small office dejectedly. She's wearing a red T-shirt with a black health club logo and black tights.

ALAN is wearing the same T-shirt and black sweatpants. He also has a nameplate that says "Manager" on his shirt. He's sitting behind a desk, and a woman with a nameplate entitled "ASSISTANT MANAGER" is seated next to him.

He gestures toward a chair.

SARAH

Alan, I'm really very, very
sorry. I promise that --

ALAN

Sarah, please. No more promises.
What was it this time?

SARAH

(sits in the chair)
I overslept.

ALAN

Again?

SARAH

I know, and I'm really, really
sorry. It's just that I haven't
been sleeping very well lately.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Something bothering you?

SARAH

No. No, I'm fine, I'm fine. Just
a little jumpy maybe.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Maybe you have a thyroid problem
or something. Have you seen
anybody about it?

SARAH

Anybody?

ALAN

Yeah, like an insomnia doctor or
a psychologist or something.

SARAH

I'm not going to waste my time
talking to some stupid shrink.

ALAN

OK. Fine. Anyway, I've talked to
Karen about this, and I'm afraid
we've run out of options.

SARAH

But Alan, you can't.

ALAN

It's the third time this month!
(MORE)

ALAN (cont'd)
We told you: three strikes and
you're out. I'm sorry, but our
decision is final. I'll need your
ID, please.

Sarah takes an ID card out of her gym bag and tosses it onto
his desk contemptuously.

Alan is distracted momentarily as he picks it up, opens a
desk drawer, and puts the ID card in it.

SARAH
(whispers softly)
Fuck you.

ASSISTANT MANGER
I beg your pardon?

SARAH
Nothing.

ALAN
OK. Well, I'm sorry that it
didn't work out. Goodbye.

They all rise and Alan extends his hand toward her.

Sarah looks at it, picks up her bag, rises, turns her back
on him, and storms out of the office.

INT. HEALTH CLUB/LOBBY

Sarah is overwrought and looking down at the floor as she
walks quickly past SUE at the reception desk on her way to
the front door.

SUE
Oh Sarah. Damn. Sarah, wait up!

Sarah SIGHS, stops, and returns to the desk.

SUE (cont'd)
I just heard what happened from
Karen. I'm really sorry.

SARAH
That's OK. It's not your fault.

SUE
Listen. I called Beth. She wants
to meet up for lunch. How does
twelve o'clock work for you?

Alan steps out of his office and stops short when he sees Sue talking to Sarah.

SARAH

Yeah. Sure. I guess so.

SUE

Tell you what. I'll join you. I get off at twelve thirty. I'll call Beth. We'll figure out a place, and then call you. It'll be just the three of us, OK?

SARAH

(looks at Alan)

Sure. Fine. Whatever.

Sarah turns her back on Sue as Alan begins to approach them, and she walks toward the door quickly.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CASUAL RESTAURANT/DINING ROOM - DAY

Still in her health club outfit, Sarah walks in the front door of a casual restaurant and sees BETH, who's sitting in a booth near the door wearing a pink T-shirt inscribed "Unless you Puke, Faint, or Die, Keep Going" and blue jeans.

Sarah approaches the booth and sees Beth reading women's fitness magazine with an empty coffee cup in front of her.

Beth stands and gives her a hug before they both sit down.

BETH

Hi, Sarah. Are you OK?

SARAH

Yes Beth, I'm fine.

The WAITRESS arrives at the table, refills Beth's cup with coffee, and hands Sarah a menu.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything to start?

SARAH

Do you have any liquid Prozac?

WAITRESS

I beg your pardon?

Sarah hands the menu back to the waitress.

SARAH
Just an iced tea for now.

WAITRESS
(departs)
On the way.

BETH
So, what did you tell your mom?

SARAH
Oh. Not a big deal. She never liked the job in the first place. For that matter, neither did I. All those greasy yuppies leering at you all the time. But still, she's becoming the queen of 'I told you so'.

BETH
Yeah, I know the feeling. Hey, how about coming over for dinner tomorrow night?

SARAH
Just you and John, or are you planning on dragging another sacrificial lamb to the altar?

BETH
Well, John did mention there's a new guy at his office who just transferred up here from Atlanta. Tobey. Cute name, huh? I could ask John to invite him over.

SARAH
Maybe next week. I don't think that I could handle two rejections in a row.

BETH
C'mon Sarah. Just me and John then. It'll do you good to get out of the house.

SARAH
Thanks a lot, but I really just want to be alone for a little while. Next week. I promise.

WAITRESS
(returns with tea)
Anything else?

BETH

No, thanks. I think we're good.

The Waitress departs.

BETH (cont'd)

So que pasó? Spill, baby, spill.

SARAH

I was up most of the night so I guess I slept through my alarm clock. Missed my Triple Threat.

BETH

What did Alan say?

SARAH

The usual bullshit.

BETH

What do you mean?

SARAH

He told me I was irresponsible, he was disappointed; you know the drill. But that wasn't all.

BETH

(leans forward)

No?

SARAH

(leans forward)

No. After he's done yelling at me, he told me he'd make an exception for me if I would, you know, make an exception for him.

BETH

No!

SARAH

Yes! Can you believe it?

They lean back, and Sarah picks a crayon out of a small glass on the table.

With it, she begins doodling on the paper tablecloth.

SARAH (cont'd)

Remember, I told you he's been bugging me to go out with him for forever, but that I've always turned him down.

BETH

Yeah?

SARAH

So now he says that he thinks that he could fix things for me if I made it "worth his while".

BETH

That bastard! What did you say?

SARAH

I told him that he could take his job and shove it.

BETH

Good for you.

(beat)

Sarah, this is bullshit. You should report him to HR.

SARAH

(stops doodling)

Sure, and then what? He'd just deny it and I'll bet that Karen would back him up, too. You know how they stick together. They'd just probably make up some bullshit about her being there when he fired me or something.

BETH

But HR should know. He could do this to somebody else.

SARAH

Yeah, but he hasn't, has he? Remember, we checked around. I'm the lucky one. Maybe he's just gotta thing for me.

(resumes doodling)

And let's say I do tell HR. What exactly do I say? It'd be my word against his. And even if they did believe me, what would I get out of it? Peanuts, if I'm lucky. It's not like we're raking in the dough over there, right? Besides, I was late a couple of times, so he can use that to cover his ass.

BETH

I still think it stinks. Are you sure? I'll back you up.

SARAH

Yes, Beth, I'm sure. You gotta work there, and you don't want to get involved in this bullshit. Trust me. So I appreciate it, but let's just drop it, OK?

BETH

OK, OK. How're you set for money?

SARAH

I'm fine. I've still got a lot left over from the settlement.

BETH

Enough to live on?

SARAH

More than enough. The only reason I took the stupid job in the first place is because I was there every day anyway.

BETH

Remind me to get into a car accident someday, will you?

SARAH

(stops doodling)

It's not worth it, Beth. Really. Not by a long shot.

BETH

Oh God, Sarah. I'm so sorry. Good Lord, I just say the dumbest things sometimes.

The conversation pauses, and Sarah resumes her doodling.

BETH (cont'd)

So what are you going to do for a living anyway?

SARAH

I don't know. Figure things out. Maybe I'll just walk the earth like that guy in Pulp Fiction.

We see that Sarah is doodling small, anatomically correct stick men on the paper table cloth.

BETH

Well, ain't gonna be the same without ya.

Sarah puts down the crayon and tears off the portion of the paper tablecloth on which she's been doodling.

BETH(cont'd)
Look! There's Sue.

As Sue approaches the table, Sarah slowly crumples the doodles with one hand and picks up her glass of iced tea with the other.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is sitting at a dining table in a modest suburban home as she puts a glass of iced tea down on the tablecloth.

She's wearing a Pogo the Clown T-shirt and black distressed skinny jeans.

Beth is also at the table, along with JOHN, her husband, and TOBEY, one of John's co-workers.

They are all dressed casually but stylishly and have just finished dinner.

TOBEY
Thanks, Beth. That was great.
Even for a ham hocks and
chittlins kinda guy like me.

BETH
You're very welcome Tobey, but
John did most of the cooking.

JOHN
Chittlins? I thought you were
from Philly.

TOBEY
Well, we only had rhw chittlins
when we ran outta cheese steaks.

BETH
Sounds yummy.

JOHN
In fact, you
went to 'nova,
didn't you?

TOBEY
Yep. Legacy on both sides.

JOHN
Wow. Stereo legacies. Impressive.

TOBEY

And how about this: I was born on March 31, 1985. Know why that date is important?

JOHN

April Fools Eve?

TOBEY

Close. Lemme give you a little hint: When did Villanova beat Georgetown for the NCAA title?

JOHN

Oh my God! April Fools' Day 1985!

TOBEY

Yep. Day after I was born. And I take all the credit, of course. But check this out: they tell me that that's how I got my name: Tobias. Means "God is good". My folks say that my arrival the day before the upset was an act of divine intervention, and I say who am I to argue, right?

JOHN

Hey, at least they didn't name you Rollie.

BETH

What would they've named you if they'd lost?

TOBEY

Dad says Adlai, but mom refuses to confirm.

JOHN

So you're the one responsible for David beating Goliath. Impressive credentials. Did you even have to go through admissions to get in?

Beth rises, picks up her own plate, and reaches for Sarah's.

BETH

Here, let me get that for you.

Beth enters the kitchen as John takes Tobey's plate and his own and follows her.

SARAH
David? As in King David?

TOBEY
Yep. Of David and Goliath fame.

SARAH
I love King David. He's the star
of my favorite Bible story.

TOBEY
You have a favorite Bible story?

SARAH
You betcha. Goes like this: David
kills Goliath, so King Saul gets
jealous cuz this makes him look
like a wimp.

John returns from the kitchen and sits back down at the
table.

SARAH (cont'd)
But his daughter falls hard for
David. I guess that Israelite
chicks dig beheadings. So Saul
asks David if he wants to marry
her, and David's like, "Yeah, I'm
down with that. But I'm just a
poor shepherd, and I afford your
daughter." So Saul thinks on it
and makes David an offer. Instead
of sheep or goats or whatever, he
says that his daughter's price is
a hundred Philistine penises.

JOHN
Wait a minute. He says what?

SARAH
Well, the Bible translates it to
"foreskins", but since it's kinda
hard to imagine a whole lot of
Philistines lining up for free
battlefield circumcisions, ya
gotta figure that, like that old
song about love and marriage, you
can't have one without the other.

TOBEY
This is your favorite Bible
story? Was your Sunday school
teacher a mohel?

SARAH

Wait. It gets better. Saul figures that he wins either way. Either David takes the offer and gets killed in battle, or he chickens out and he looks like the wimp instead of Saul.

JOHN

This is in the Bible?

SARAH

Yep. One of the Samuel books, I think. But we're not done yet. So David goes off with his badass homies and, guess what? Not only does he come home with the dowry in a bag, but he doubles it! Yep. Saul's now the proud owner of two hundred Philistine foreskins, suitable for framing, I presume.

JOHN

Well, that's some pretty impressive initiative.

Beth returns and sets a tray of coffee cups, saucers, cream, and sugar on the table.

BETH

Sounds like I'm missing a fascinating conversation. So who wants coffee?

TOBEY

Yes, please.

JOHN

Thanks hon.

SARAH

Yeah, Dynamic Dave all right. When he wasn't playing his lyre, and writing psalms, of course. But my favorite King David story didn't even make the Bible. It's in the Kabbalah instead. Do you guys know what a succubus is?

BETH

Isn't that a devil who seduces women?

SARAH

Close. That's an incubus. A succubus is the female version.

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)

She visits men in their sleep and seduces them. So, as the story goes, our hero, King David, is lying in his tent in the desert one night, all tuckered out from a long day of castrating Philistines I guess, when this succubus shows up. A vixen by the name of Agrat. Well, one thing leads to another and, viola', David's becomes the proud papa of a cambion named Asmodeus.

TOBEY

Wait a minute. Are you saying that King David is the father of both King Solomon and a demon?

SARAH

So says the Kabbalah. But not really a full-blown demon. A cambion. Half and half. Kinda like the flipside of a demigod. You know: a divine parent and a human one. Like Achilles, and Hercules. Or Jesus Christ for that matter.

TOBEY

I beg your pardon?

SARAH

And get this, Asmodeus isn't just any run-of-the-mill cambion. He's the demon of lust. He specializes in killing husbands on their wedding nights, before they can deflower their virginal wives.

BETH

Charming story.

SARAH

Yeah. Fascinating character.

(beat)

But he wasn't all bad. He helped his half-brother, King Solomon, build the First Temple. I mean Solomon tricked him into helping, but without Asmodeus, no temple.

JOHN

Ark of the Covenant, right.

SARAH

The one and only. And ya gotta love the irony: the cambion of lust helps Solomon build the place that the Israelites use to stash their original Ten Commandments. The Thou Shalt Nots like adultery.

JOHN

Not to mention coveting your neighbor's wife, his house, his donkey, and his Rolex, right?

SARAH

On the other hand, I don't see how Solomon could have, what, seven hundred wives, not to mention the concubines, and not be committing adultery. Wonder where the "marriage is between one man and one woman" crowd comes down on that little tidbit.

TOBEY

Well, back then adultery could be committed only by a married woman and a man who wasn't her husband.

BETH

Wait a minute. So adultery only applied to married women, not married men? How is that fair?

TOBEY

Can't say that it was. Back then wives were property, and slaves, concubines, and wives were all pretty much the same, except when it came to the legitimacy of the kids, of course.

SARAH

Figures. It always seems to come down to paternity, doesn't it?

JOHN

"Bennie's from Heaven cuz he damned sure ain't from me."

SARAH

Just another example of men controlling women's bodies
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
Just like birth control and
abortions.

TOBEY
Wait a minute. You can't equate
birth control with abortion.

SARAH
Of course you can.

TOBEY
But what about the unborn baby?

SARAH
Fetus. Not baby. Ain't no such
thing as an "unborn baby". That's
like calling a person an "undead
corpse". Babies have to be born;
corpses have to be dead. Period.

TOBEY
You can call it whatever you
want, but that still doesn't make
the unborn baby any less human.

SARAH
It's not a human. It's a part of
my body until it's born, and I'm
in charge of my body.

TOBEY
No, it's not just your body when
you get pregnant. Then it's yours
and the baby's. You share it.

SARAH
So the second I conceive, I've
become some man's baby factory,
and I lose control over my own
body to people like you?

TOBEY
No, not to me. To your baby.

SARAH
It's a fetus, not a baby. If it's
a baby, why don't you celebrate
your conception day instead of
your birthdays

JOHN
Damn. I'm really nine months
older than I thought I was?

TOBEY

That's what you pro-abortion people just don't get. A fetus may not be a person yet, but it is human life, and that should be respected and protected.

SARAH

Life? Yes. But human life? No. Human beings breathe air; fish and fetuses don't. Ever been to a funeral for a miscarriage?

TOBEY

Excuse me?

SARAH

If a fetus is a person, why aren't there funerals for miscarriages? Not a single religion on Earth has a funeral rite for a miscarriage. Not even the Catholics.

TOBEY

Well, they may not have funeral masses, but the Catholics do have a blessing for miscarriages.

SARAH

The blessing's for the parents, not the fetuses. And that's all an abortion is: an intentional miscarriage. It's my choice.

TOBEY

There isn't any choice if you think that human life is sacred.

SARAH

Is what?! Are you kidding me?

TOBEY

I couldn't be more serious.

BETH

So if a fetus is a human being, then isn't abortion murder? And shouldn't the mother should go to prison for life? I mean if she kills her baby after it's born, it's murder, right? Like that woman in South Carolina?

(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)

The one who drove her car into a lake and drowned her babies? I mean if a fetus is a baby, what's the difference if she kills it before it's born or after? It's murder either way, right?

TOBEY

In my book it is. I don't know about up here, but Georgia has a feticide law. You get life in prison for killing a fetus, but it doesn't apply to abortions.

JOHN

We've got the same thing here: if you kill your own fetus, it's legal; but if you kill someone else's, you go to jail for life. I wonder if the morons who write the laws ever actually read them.

TOBEY

It's ridiculous. Like a stupid answer to a bad riddle: when is an unborn child not an unborn child? Answer: when it's yours.

SARAH

You're right. The whole idea of feticide is a joke. If you shoot me and that kills or injures my fetus, then it's an assault against me, not some embryo gestating inside me.

TOBEY

But you're missing the point. They should outlaw killing fetuses, period. Killing an unborn baby, no matter whose body it's in, is wrong! It's immoral. No matter what.

SARAH

What a load of crap! How can it be killed when it's never even been alive? Until it's born it's part of my body, and I decide what to do with my body. Not you or any of your sanctimonious asshole buddies.

BETH

Sarah! Tobey's entitled to his opinion, just like anybody else.

SARAH

How dare you tell me what I can or can't do with my own body? Who do you think you are? God?

TOBEY

No, I simply believe in him, that's all. And in the sanctity of human life - born and unborn.

SARAH

Oh yeah? Well, fuck you and your God! It's my body, not yours, or anybody else's, not even God's.

BETH

Sarah, please!

SARAH

(points her finger)

You men just don't fuckin' get it, do you? You don't understand what being a woman is like. We go from being some man's idea of a sex object to a baby oven to a kid's milk dispenser without ever having control over ourselves. Men and children make us jump through hoops our entire fucking lives! And that sucks!

JOHN

C'mon Sarah,
take it --

BETH

Sarah, calm
down, it's --

TOBEY

I'm sorry if I
was --

SARAH

Fuck all you all. Go ahead and live your stupid little lives. I don't need your fucking permission to do whatever I want to do with my own fucking body!

Sarah stands up abruptly, knocking her chair over, picks up her purse, and begins to storm out when she stops short, turns back to the table, and points at Tobey.

SARAH

You're the one who's not human.

Sarah exits the dining room angrily, and it becomes silent.

The front door SLAMS (o.s.), and that's followed by a short pregnant pause.

JOHN
(to Tobey)
So, do you want her number?

Beth throws her napkin at him.

TOBEY
Milk dispenser? That's a first.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is wearing a large, frayed, white t-shirt inscribed with the phrase "Out, damned spot! Out!" and black running capris as she exercises energetically on an inexpensive elliptical machine in a small, windowless room.

There is a workout bench next to the machine, free weights and fitness balls of various sizes are scattered about the room, and fluorescent lights in the ceiling light it brightly, and perhaps a bit harshly.

The wall opposite to the door is completely mirrored from floor to ceiling and there's a small TV monitor directly in front of the elliptical machine.

She's watching the final few seconds of a pop music video.

When the video ends, Sarah climbs off the machine and sits on the bench.

She's sweating freely and PANTING, and she drinks deeply from a bottle of water.

As she looks at her reflection in the mirror, she notices through the open door that a gigantic bronze water bug, four feet long and two feet tall, is standing in the murky hallway behind her.

The huge insect stares at her briefly before it turns its head and scampers quickly out of view.

She GAGS on the water, jumps off the bench, drops the bottle, and spins to face the dark and empty doorway.

She raises her hand to her mouth.

SARAH
Oh ... my ... God. What was that?

She crosses to the door, sticks her head out of the exercise room trepidatiously, and looks down the hallway in the direction that the huge bug was going.

INT. HALLWAY

The hallway is gloomy, empty, and quiet. She darts across it and into the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

She enters a cluttered bedroom. She closes the door behind her quietly, crosses to a walk-in closet, and opens it.

She reaches up to a crowded shelf, takes down a large Bowie knife with a leather-wrapped handle in a black scabbard, and removes the scabbard, which she tosses on the bed.

Suddenly, the cordless telephone on the bed's nightstand RINGS loudly.

She literally jumps in the air and drops the knife. It CLATTERS onto the floor next to her foot.

She bends down, picks up the knife with her right hand, crosses to the phone, and answers it timorously.

SARAH (cont'd)

Hello?

ASMODEUS (V.O.)

Ani hanegamah.

[I am vengeance.]

Sarah YELPS, drops the headset onto the floor, kicks it under the bed angrily, turns toward the door, and begins to approach it resolutely.

As she does so, she spins the knife into a reverse grip and lifts it to her shoulder.

She opens the door slowly and sees that the hallway is empty, so she leans forward through the doorway tentatively and peers down the murky and empty hall.

INT. HALLWAY

Still holding the knife at her shoulder, she steps into the hallway and pauses.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

She lowers the knife to her side, and with her back to the wall, she walks down the hallway toward the back of the house silently.

She has only advanced a few steps when the two doors at the far end of the hallway simultaneously swing open silently.

The gigantic water bug scuttles into the hall, pauses, and looks at Sarah briefly.

It then scampers across the hall and into the dark room on the opposite side.

Both doors close simultaneously with a muted CLICK.

Sarah's breath catches, but she quickly regains her composure and approaches the room that the huge bug entered.

She sees that a light is now shining from beneath its door.

Bringing the knife back up to her shoulder slowly, she opens the door cautiously.

She sees a sink and vanity, then a toilet, and then a bathtub enclosed by a shower curtain.

She opens the door completely and sees an empty, brightly lit bathroom.

Her face droops, and her eyes glaze over.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT (16MM FLASHBACK)

PRETEEN SARAH, wearing jeans and a colorful T-shirt, sees DADDY, a middle-aged man who's sitting on a bathroom toilet.

His shirt's open, and his pants are around his ankles.

A softcore women's magazine is open on his lap and one hand is between his legs as he looks up at her in horror.

PRETEEN SARAH

Daddy?

DADDY

(covering his groin)

Goddamn it, Sarah! Knock for Christ's sake!

PRETEEN SARAH

I'm sorry, Daddy. I --

DADDY
Get out of here, now!

He holds the magazine over his groin in his left hand and raises his right hand as he begins to rise.

PRETTEN SARAH
But, Mommy said I should -

DADDY
I said now!

PRETEEN SARAH grimaces, turns her head to the right, and closes her eyes.

BLACK SCREEN

A loud SLAP (o.s.)

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Sarah is an adult again and her eyes are closed.

She's turned her head to the right and is grimacing as she rubs the scar on the left side of her face.

She opens her eyes and looks at the knife in her right hand quizzically.

She instantly remembers why she's standing in the hallway, resumes a defensive posture, and enters the bathroom warily.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM

She scans the empty room and quickly focuses on the closed shower curtain.

She closes the door behind her firmly, silently crosses to the bathtub, lifts the knife above her head, and reaches toward the shower curtain with her left hand tentatively.

She jerks the curtain open, sees her father standing in the tub with his back to a corner, wearing white lingerie and heavy make-up.

He's cowering in fear and holding out his hands in front of him defensively.

DADDY
Sarah! Wait. No, please!

GRUNTING savagely, she slashes the knife down toward him.

She completes the slash, but she loses her balance slightly as she does so because Daddy has vanished and the tub is now completely empty.

She looks around the bathroom frantically, but she's alone.

Her breathing slows as she relaxes and crosses to the sink. She turns on the water, grabs a washcloth, wets it, and begins wiping her face when she hears a loud BLOW strike the bathroom door.

She SCREAMS and jumps away from the sound, dropping the knife and washcloth onto the floor.

The POUNDING continues and the door shudders with each blow.

She backpedals into the wall near the tub, slides down it until she is in a sitting position and draws her knees up to her chest.

Suddenly the pounding stops, and as the doorknob begins to turn slowly she sees the knife lying on the tile floor next to the sink.

She scrambles over to it on her hands and knees, grabs it, and crawls back to the wall quickly.

She turns her back to the wall and faces the door holding the knife in front of her defensively.

The door opens slowly, but stops after only a few inches, and the 3.5" barrel of a stainless steel revolver slowly emerges through the narrow opening.

As it reaches 45 degrees, a single drop of a viscous white liquid rolls out of the barrel and drips onto the floor.

Then the revolver withdraws, and the door closes softly.

She jumps up and leaps to the door, holding the knife above her head in a reverse grip.

She flings open the bathroom door, GRUNTS, and stabs downward viciously and blindly.

The hallway is dark and empty.

Sarah's panting, and her ferocious expression quickly changes to confusion.

Then her face sags, and her shoulders slump. She drops the knife, which CLATTERS to the floor nosily.

She stares into the empty hallway for a moment and then turns back to the bathroom.

As she does so, she sees a single drop of a milky white fluid on the dark tile floor.

Her stomach heaves, and she gags, as she rushes to the toilet, drops to her knees, and begins to vomit.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

A pink liquid pours into a champagne flute through a strainer.

When it's full, TONY, the bartender, picks up the flute and another cocktail glass with amber liquid in it from the bar and carries them to Sarah and SCOTTIE.

TONY

I found the grenadine, so it's a
Lagavulin with a splash for
Scottie, and a Vodka Blush for
the lady. Feel free to spill some
on the floor.

Scottie knits his brow, but Sarah smiles mischievously at his comment and pours a few drops onto the floor.

Sarah is wearing a very revealing dress, and Scottie is a handsome man in his thirties and dressed expensively.

They are sitting next to one another in the bar area of a chic and trendy restaurant.

SCOTTIE

Mille grazie, mi amico.

Scottie hands a credit card to Tony who then departs.

He looks at her admiringly in the mirror behind the bar as he takes a sip of his drink, and turns back to her.

SCOTTIE

So, I'm in this like stupid pick-up game the summer before my junior year, and like an idiot, I didn't stretch. So I like drive the lane, and I musta come down on some other guy's foot because I heard this like weird popping sound. Bango! Adios Achilles.

SARAH

That's terrible. Was it painful?

SCOTTIE

Yeah, like I was stabbed in the ankle, but the down time was worse. I like lived basketball ever since the sixth grade, and my game was never the same. I'm not that tall, but I had a good shot and like a decent crossover.

SARAH

Crossover?

SCOTTIE

It's a special kind of dribble.

SARAH

Oh, I see.

SCOTTIE

So for like the first time in like ever, I started to really study. Then I shocked everybody, including me, and actually got like a degree. Then I found a business school that had low standards and would take my parents money, and like they say, the rest is history.

(takes a sip)

Say, how would you like to have dinner with me, Sarah? I come here a lot, and the food's really pretty good.

SARAH

Well, I'm supposed to be meeting a girlfriend here you know.

SCOTTIE

Oh, yeah. Right. But didn't you say that that was a maybe?

SARAH

I said probably.

SCOTTIE

(signs receipt)

Well she's late now, and if she does show up, we'll just like invite her to join us.

SARAH

Well...

SCOTTIE

C'mon. I've talked about myself enough. I want to like find out what makes you tick.

SARAH

I'm really not very interesting.

SCOTTIE

I'll be the judge of that. Besides if the conversation lags, we can always talk about something really fascinating. Like mergers and acquisitions.

SARAH

(smiles)

Sounds stimulating.

He returns her smile, places his right hand on his heart, crooks his left pinky, and extends it toward Sarah.

SCOTTIE

Alright. Fine. I promise: no M and A strategies. Pinky swear?

SARAH

Well ...

SCOTTIE

And no college basketball.

(beat)

And no pro basketball.

(beat)

In fact, no sports of any kind!

SARAH

Well, OK, sure. I guess so.

She extends her left pinky and entwines his. They shake.

SCOTTIE

Excellent. You could teach Donald Trump how to make a deal. Sit tight, and I'll go get a table.

SARAH

OK. I'll be right back.

Scottie scans the bar and sees a small group of people standing at the other end of it talking casually.

His smile fades quickly, but Sarah doesn't notice.

SCOTTIE
Fine. See you in a minute.

Sarah exits to the bathroom and Scottie crosses to the people he's just noticed.

Two are women, JUDY and LYNN, who see him approaching.

As he approaches, Judy whispers in the ear of a third woman, MARCIA, who's facing away from him.

She ignores his approach and continues to focus on EDDIE, who's talking to her.

As Scottie joins the group, he nods curtly to the two women.

SCOTTIE (cont'd)
Hi, Judy. Lynn.

JUDY
Hi, Scottie.

LYNN
Hey, Scottie,
How are you?

Eddie stops talking and looks at Scottie.

SCOTTIE
Hey, Marcia. I've been trying to
like reach you all week. Why
haven't you returned my calls or
texts?

MARCIA
I've been busy. Just like you
were busy last Saturday night.
(turns to face him)
So who's the bimbo?

SCOTTIE
Nobody. I just met her.

MARCIA
So up to your old tricks I see.
(to her friends)
Would you guys mind if I went
home? It's been a long day, and
I'm really very tired.

LYNN
Do you need a ride?

MARCIA
No thanks. I'll get a cab.

SCOTTIE

C'mon Marcia.

MARCIA

Have a wonderful time with your new girlfriend. I'm sure that the two of you will be very happy together.

(turns to Eddie)

Good night, Ernie.

Sarah returns from the bathroom and returns to her seat next to Scottie's empty chair at the bar.

EDDIE

It's Eddie.

MARCIA

Oh, I'm sorry. Nice meet you.

SCOTTIE

C'mon Marcia.

MARCIA

I'm going home. Stay here if you want to. Suit yourself.

She turns and begins to walk out toward the lobby as Sarah scans the bar for Scottie.

Scottie begins to follow Marcia, pauses for a moment, looks over his shoulder, and sees Sarah. Their eyes meet, and he opens his mouth as if to speak, but closes it instead.

Chagrined, he turns away from Sarah quickly and follows Marcia out of the bar.

SCOTTIE

Marcia, for God's sake, let's ...

Lynn, Judy, and Eddie watch in silence as Scottie hustles after Marcia. Lynn turns back to Judy and Eddie.

LYNN

True love strikes again.

EDDIE

Do we ever leave high school?

As they snicker, Sarah's curious expression quickly turns to one of incredulity, then pain, and then anger.

Slowly she turns away and sees her reflection in mirror behind the bar. Her face droops, and her eyes glaze over.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. LAKESIDE/SECLUDED BEACH - DAY (DUSK)

An unscarred TEENAGED SARAH is lying on a beach blanket wearing a white bikini and kissing JASON, a teenager who's wearing swimming trunks and an old Jesus Lizard T-shirt.

The sun is setting at the end of a beautiful late summer afternoon, and the remains of a picnic lie next to them.

A 1970's song from an Australian rock band about the road to Hades PLAYS softly from a large boombox next to them.

Jason's right hand is massaging her left breast. He removes it, puts it between her legs, and begins sliding it up between her thighs.

Her eyes widen, and she pushes his hand away.

TEENAGED SARAH

Jason, no!

She squirms away from him, and sits up.

A look of frustration flashes across his face, but it fades quickly as he looks longingly at Teenaged Sarah's breasts.

TEENAGED SARAH (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Jason, but I'm just not ready.

JASON

I'm sorry, too, Sarah. It's just that I want you so bad.

TEENAGED SARAH

That's OK. I just I want it to be special. That's all.

JASON

Sarah, you are special. Haven't we had a great summer together?

TEENAGED SARAH

(lies back down)

Yes, Jason, it's been great.

JASON

Hey, remember our double date with Alex and Carol?

TEENAGED SARAH

Hard to forget.

JASON

There was more action in the back of the theater than there was up on the screen.

TEENAGED SARAH

Well, they've been going out for a lot longer than we have.

JASON

Only by a month. I can't believe that I've gotta go back already.

TEENAGED SARAH

I'm going to miss you, too. It seems like we just got to know each other.

JASON

It feels to me like I've known you my whole life.

He rolls on top of her and kisses her behind the ear.

TEENAGED SARAH

Oh, Jason, that feels so good.

They begin kissing passionately again.

He gently pushes his knee between her legs so that his thigh rests against her pubic bone, and he begins rocking her slowly against his leg.

She kisses him fiercely, and he rolls on top of her and begins grinding his pelvis against hers.

TEENAGED SARAH

Oh my God, Jason.

JASON

Sarah. I want you ... need you ... to be inside you.

Teenaged Sarah takes his head in her hands and begins kissing him passionately.

After a moment, he lifts up from her slightly, and looks at her sincerely.

JASON (cont'd)

Sarah, I love you.

TEENAGED SARAH

Oh Jason, I love you too.

She begins to speak, but Jason puts his finger on her lips.

He begins kissing her again, rises to his hands and knees, slides his hand down between her legs, and begins to massage her groin through her bathing suit.

She closes her eyes and GROANS softly.

EXT. NEARBY BUSHES - STEADICAM

Teenaged Sarah and Jason are visible from behind, but they're partially obscured by leaves and branches.

Jason sits back on his heels, removes Teenaged Sarah's bikini bottom, and tosses it aside.

He then rises off his heels into a kneeling position, pulls his trunks down to his knees, and lowers himself onto her.

TEENAGED SARAH

Jason, please don't come inside me. I'm not using anything.

JASON

Don't worry. I won't. I promise.

Supporting his weight on his elbow, he shifts slightly to one side, puts his free hand between his legs, positions himself, and thrusts into her deeply.

As he does so, the STEADICAM begins to rise.

TEENAGED SARAH

Ow!

The STEADICAM continues to rise as Jason lifts his pelvis to thrust again, but he pauses.

JASON

Oh my God! Is this like your first time? Your first time ever?

ANDY (O.S.)

Goddamn it!

DON (O.S.)

Get down, Andy!

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH

Teenaged Sarah and Jason are startled, and both look in the direction of the male voices.

ANDY is standing behind some bushes ten yards away.

DON is kneeling on Andy's left, tugging on his arm, and trying to pull him back down.

A third young man is kneeling on Don's left, smiling lasciviously, and watching them through binoculars.

ANDY

Fuck you, Don. I just lost fifty bucks.

Jason quickly jumps off her and pulls up his trunks as Teenaged Sarah rolls away from him and onto her stomach.

JASON

Andy, you stupid motherfucker.
I'm gonna kill you, you asshole.

ANDY

(laughs derisively)
Jason, you are one lucky son of a bitch! Damn. I really didn't think you'd get her to go all the way. What a little slut!

JASON

Goddamn you, Andy. You're a fucking dead man.

ANDY

Oh yeah? Well fuck you, Jason.
The bet was your idea, not mine.
You invited us.

Clad only in her bikini top, Teenaged Sarah gets to her hands and knees, crawls rapidly to the lake, and throws herself into it.

Teenaged Sarah begins swimming away from the shore frantically.

She is CRYING, gulping in air, and spitting out water as she splashes into the brightly setting sun.

END FLASHBACK.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY (DAWN) - PRESENT DAY

A sunburst clock in Sarah's austere and disheveled kitchen indicates that it is 6:30.

Overripe bananas sit in a bowl on the countertop, and dirty dishes are stacked next to the sink.

There's frost on the windows.

Sarah enters from the living room wearing a white Caravaggio David and Goliath T-shirt with black and white checked pajama bottoms and slippers.

She's carrying a small wire cage with a male tabby inside.

She puts the cage on the counter and removes a quart of milk from the refrigerator. She takes a bowl out of a cabinet, pours milk into it, and places it in the sink.

She opens the front of the cage, and reaches inside.

The cat begins HISSING, and she jerks her hand back.

SARAH

Are you afraid of me, or are you just mean? I do know that you're hungry. You ate all of the tuna fish I left in the cellar. Fancy albacore tuna, too, but not very much of it, so let's try again.

She takes the bowl of milk out of the sink and tips the front of the cage into it.

She replaces the bowl of milk in the sink, slowly lifts the back of the cage out of it, which forces the cat out of the cage and into the sink.

She slides the milk under the cat's nose who sniffs it and begins to lap it up as she scratches it behind the ears.

SARAH (cont'd)

There you go. That's better. What am I going to call you?

The cat stops drinking the milk, looks up at her, and begins to speak.

ASMODEUS (V.O.)

Takhemod taharog.
[*Thou shalt kill.*]

Sarah SHRIEKS and jumps back as the cat turns away from her and resumes lapping up the milk.

Without taking her eyes off the cat, she reaches over to a butcher-block knife stand next to the sink and carefully removes a paring knife from it.

Quickly she pounces on it, grabbing its head firmly in her hand, and she begins stabbing the cat viscously and repeatedly in the back.

The cat SCREAMS in agony and tries to escape by twisting and turning frantically.

She finishes stabbing the cat, drops the knife into the sink, and uses both of her hands to hold it firmly as it continues to SCREECH while its blood oozes down the drain.

EXT. BASEBALL GAME - NIGHT - ON VIDEO MONITOR

The feline screeches metamorphose into the CHEERS (o.s.) of patrons in a sports bar as a baseball player begins a homerun trot around the bases on a large flat-screen TV.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL/TABLE - NIGHT

CHARLIE, FRANK, MICHAEL, and TIM are four men in their thirties sitting at a table in a casual sports bar congratulating one another.

They're all dressed unremarkably, except for Michael who's wearing an expensive denim shirt and designer jeans.

CHARLIE

Damn. That makes him three for three tonight, doesn't it?

FRANK

Hey, guys. Check that out. Down there. At the end of the bar.

They turn in the direction Frank's indicated and see an attractive woman sitting next to an obviously INTOXICATED MAN who's in his thirties and wearing a business suit.

The woman is Sarah, who's wearing a short skirt, a sheer low-cut blouse, a short blonde wig, brown contacts, gold eye makeup, and a black paracord bracelet on her right wrist. Her facial scar is faintly visible under her makeup.

The man gulps down his drink and turns to order another. While his back is turned, she stifles a yawn.

FRANK

Looks like he's striking out.

TIM

Putz. Somebody oughta go over there and defend our gender.

MICHAEL
"Defend our gender"?

CHARLIE
She's gorgeous.

FRANK
Too much makeup for me.

TIM
So wash her before you fuck her.

CHARLIE
Prince Charming lives.

MICHAEL
I'll bet she cleans up well. But
what's that on her face?

TIM
Who's looking at her face?

CHARLIE
So who's gonna go over there?

FRANK
I'll go.

TIM
Fuck you. You're married.

FRANK
Yeah, but I'm not dead.

CHARLIE
I vote for Michael.

MICHAEL
Why me?

CHARLIE
Frank's married, Tim's stupid,
and I'm fat.

TIM
Fuck you, fatty.

MICHAEL
All good reasons, but what about
Angela?

CHARLIE
I wouldn't invite her. At least
not on your first date.

MICHAEL

Asshole.

FRANK

Hey man, she's your fiancée, not your wife, and take it from me: there's a difference. A big difference. Married is married, and single is single.

TIM

Deep. Very deep.

CHARLIE

Oh, shit. Look.

They turn to see the Intoxicated Man grabbing napkins off the bar and trying to blot Sarah's skirt dry after having spilled some of his cocktail on her. She is not amused.

FRANK

This guy is king of the dicks. A total washout.

CHARLIE

Alright. Listen Michael, if you won't make a move, I will.

MICHAEL

OK. Fine, but I'll probably be right back.

FRANK

Just remember my advice.

MICHAEL

Which is?

FRANK

If you can listen to whatever stupid shit comes out of her mouth until at least two A-M, you're spending the night.

MICHAEL

(as he rises)

How did you ever get married?

FRANK

What's not to love?

TIM

We'll keep your seat warm.

CHARLIE

Let me know if you want to borrow
my condom.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL/BAR - NIGHT

Sarah and the Intoxicated Man are attempting to dry her off.

Michael approaches them and grabs some bar napkins.

MICHAEL

Can I help?

INTOXICATED MAN

Yeah. You can help (hic). Get
lost. That'd be a big help.

MICHAEL

Sally? Is that you?

They both look at Michael simultaneously; the Intoxicated
Man's still irked, but she's perplexed and a bit dubious.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

It is you! Remember me? Michael
from English Lit. Remember?

SARAH

English Lit?

INTOXICATED MAN

Hey buddy. Do me a favor (hic)
and go fuck off.

MICHAEL

Yes. From English Lit. Michael
from Mister Sanderson's class?

SARAH

Michael? Oh, Michael! From
English Lit! Mister Sanderson's
class. Of course. Small world.
It's great to see you again.

MICHAEL

You too.

INTOXICATED MAN

You know this guy?

SARAH

It's been ages. How are you?

MICHAEL

Just fine, Sally. How about you?

SARAH

Me too, but a little damp.

INTOXICATED MAN

I thought (hic) you said that
your name was -- is Donna. Short
for Ma-donna, right?

Michael begins patting the damp spots with the napkins.

Sarah appraises him frankly and boldly as she replies to the
Intoxicated Man without looking at him.

SARAH

Donna's my middle name. I stopped
using Sally when I, uh, got out
of school. It sounded too ... too
... I don't know. Girlish?

MICHAEL

Hey Sally, I'd really like to
catch up on old times, but it's
pretty noisy in here. Can we go
someplace a little quieter?

SARAH

Well, I was supposed to meet one
of my girlfriends here, but it
looks like I've been stood up.

MICHAEL

Why don't you try her cell and
leave a voicemail if she doesn't
answer? Maybe we can hook up with
her later.

INTOXICATED MAN

Listen buddy, --

SARAH

Sure. Why not.

INTOXICATED MAN

Hey, don't you wanna finish (hic)
your drink?

SARAH

Why don't you finish it for me?

Sarah catches the bartender's eye and gestures to him as the
Intoxicated Man departs huffily.

Michael turns to his friends at the table, discretely licks the tip of his index finger, and makes a downward stroke in the air with it.

They respond by congratulating him with thumbs up and OK gestures, etc.

Sarah sees these gestures in the mirror behind the bar and smiles into it coquettishly.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sarah is smiling coquettishly at Michael as they walk down a city sidewalk on a warm summer evening.

MICHAEL

So it's Donna, right? As in
Madonna?

SARAH

Sally? Where'd that come from? Do
I look like a Sally to you?

MICHAEL

No, it was just the first name
that popped into my head. But I
figured that, "A rose by any
other name would smell as sweet."

Sarah stops walking, and looks at him silently.

After a step, he notices that she's stopped walking, and he does so, as well.

SARAH

(archly)
Shakespeare? Five minutes in, and
I'm already getting lines from
Romeo and Juliet? What's next?
Yonder window?

MICHAEL

How about "parting is such sweet
sorrow?"

SARAH

Well, then I guess we're stuck
with each other. Which is fine by
me, if we can lose "Sally".

They resume walking.

MICHAEL

OK. Fine by me, Donna.
(beat)
But you should know that Sally
was my mom's name.
(beat)
And my little sister's.
(grins)
May they rest in peace.

SARAH

(returns his grin)
Sure they were. I may have been
born at night, but it wasn't last
night.

MICHAEL

OK. Well then, how about Grandma
Sally? Or Aunt Sally?
(smiles widely)
Actually, when I was a kid we had
this pet beagle ...

SARAH

OK. OK. I'm not offended. It
might not be my favorite name,
but I've been called worse.

MICHAEL

Well, that's a relief. Where
would you like to go?

SARAH

Hoffman Heights?

MICHAEL

Hoffman Heights?!? Did I say
something to make you mad?

SARAH

Oh no. I really was supposed to
meet my girlfriend there. I just
moved here from Dallas, and I
decided to go to the Loop for a
little sightseeing, so I took the
train in. Then, my girlfriend
called and said that she'd try to
hook up with me here later, I
guess that she couldn't make it.

MICHAEL

Reminds me of one of the few
clean jokes I know.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Ahem. Guy gets on a bus and says,
"Hey driver, does dis bus go to
da Loop?", and the bus driver
says, "No, it goes beep, beep."

SARAH
Well, my first real Chicago joke.
Do you know any funny ones?

Michael stops walking beside a late model car and reaches
into his pocket for his key.

MICHAEL
Don't worry. It was a one-off.
OK. Well, here's my car. Hoffman
Heights, right?

SARAH
Hey, if it's too far out of the
way, how about just downtown to
the train station? I can take it
home and catch a cab.

MICHAEL
No. No. That's OK. It's not that
far. You know the way, right?

He unlocks the car and opens the passenger's door.

SARAH
We should be just fine.

MICHAEL
OK, next stop Hoffman Heights.

Sarah approaches the door, reaches out, puts her hand behind
his neck, and gently pulls his face toward hers.

He's nonplussed, but quickly closes his eyes, leans forward,
and tilts his head.

Just before their lips touch, however, she moves laterally
and kisses him on the cheek instead.

SARAH
You're sweet.

MICHAEL
Hey, no problem. My pleasure.

SARAH
Well, I certainly hope so.

She enters the car, and he closes the door behind her.

He trots around the car to the driver's side door, and as does so, he looks and points skyward as he mouths the words "Thanks, Big Guy."

Michael's hand grabs the handle of the car door.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Sarah's hand inserts a key into a lock. The key's on a ring that also contains a stuffed catspaw.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What's that thing on your keys?

SARAH (O.S.)
A memento from my Dad.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Sarah enters the house, and turns on the lights.

She reaches over to a security keypad near the door and pushes some buttons as she closes the front door and hangs her keys on a hook next to it.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

Michael follows her inside and walks past her toward the living room.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah turns on ceiling-mounted track lights that spotlight a large OLED flat screen TV that sits upon a credenza.

The living room is also furnished with a coffee table, a sofa in the middle of the room, an easy chair, an end table, and slightly worn wall-to-wall carpeting.

SARAH
I know that it's not exactly
luxurious, but that's the trouble
with living with roommates: no
need to buy your own furniture.
(beat)
Well, thanks again for rescuing
me from that drunken asshole.

MICHAEL

Damsels in distress are my
"speciality".

(bows slightly)

The name's Michael, but you can
call me Lancelot.

SARAH

OK, Lancelot. I guess that makes
me Guinevere, which is better
than Sally at least. Please sit
down. You want something to eat?

Michael crosses to the sofa and sees that a plush snail hand
puppet is lying on a cushion.

He moves it aside and sits down.

MICHAEL

You don't have to bother with a
snack. Just a beer would be
great, if you have one.

SARAH

It's no bother. Actually I made
something earlier tonight, and
I'd like your opinion of it.

MICHAEL

If you're sure it's no trouble.

SARAH

None at all. Gimme two minutes.

INT. KITCHEN

Sarah starts the microwave and takes two beer mugs out of
the freezer, one of which is covered by a plastic wrap.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

So how do you like the LBO?

SARAH

The LBO?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

The Land Beyond O'Hare.

SARAH

Oh. The LBO. Well, it's OK I
guess, but I only just moved in.

She removes the plastic wrap from the mugs, opens the refrigerator, and takes out two bottles of beer.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
So why the burbs? Is your family
nearby?

SARAH
Oh no. It's just close to work.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
So have you been flying long?

SARAH
Seven years.

She opens the beers, pours them into the mugs, and puts them on a tray that contains cutlery and a napkin.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I didn't know that the airlines
hired fifteen-year-old flight
attendants.

SARAH
Keep it up, Lancelot. You're
scoring points.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
So, do you enjoy it?

SARAH
Who wouldn't? "May I please take
your garbage? Oh thank you so
much for your garbage."

The microwave DINGS, and she takes the plate out of it.

She puts it on the tray, which she then picks and carries it into the living room.

SARAH (cont'd)
"If you have any more garbage,
please let me know". Yep. Nothin'
but glamour, twenty-four seven.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah puts the tray down on the coffee table, picks up the beer mugs, and hands one to Michael.

MICHAEL
Thanks. L'chaim.

She arches an eyebrow quizzically and tips her mug to him in a salute before they both take a sip of the beer.

She then sits on the sofa and crosses her right leg under her left knee, pointing it at Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey, that pizza smells great.
What kind is it?

SARAH

The secret ingredient homemade
kind. C'mon, try it. I'd really
like to know what you think.

Sarah puts it in his lap. He picks up the cutlery and cuts a piece off from the slice.

MICHAEL

OK. I'm game. Once a philosopher,
right?

(begins chewing)

Wow, this is great. Really. And
different. You made it?

SARAH

Yes sir. Neither delivery nor
DiGiorno.

MICHAEL

Very impressive. So seriously,
what's in it?

SARAH

Oh, this and that. Snips and
snails and puppy dog tails. Or
what is it? Eye of newt, and
tongue of dog?

He cuts off another piece, and begins chewing it happily.

MICHAEL

Well "Double, double, toil and
trouble" to you, you witch. I
think it's - ummmm - "eye of
newt, and toe of frog/wool of
bat, and tongue of dog." Or maybe
it's toe of dog and tongue of
frog. Whatever.

(another bite)

Hey , this really is very good. I
shoul~~da~~ called you Celeste
instead of Sally. So what are the
secret ingredients? Really.

SARAH

It's my French pizza. It has
baguette dough, chanterelle
mushrooms, and Gruyere cheese,
but no bat eyes, or dog tongues,
or snips, or puppy dog tails.

(beat)

But it does have the snails.

MICHAEL

Snails?!?! Really?

SARAH

Well, escargot, if you prefer.

He swallows the bite of pizza reluctantly, picks up his mug,
and takes a large swallow of beer.

MICHAEL

Snail pizza, huh? Well, that's a
first. Who da thunk it?

SARAH

That's why I wanted you to try it
before I told you what was in it.
Don't you like it?

MICHAEL

On no, it's really very good. I
guess that it's just the idea of
snail pizza.

SARAH

Have you ever had escargot?

MICHAEL

I think so. I mean I'm sure I've
had them; I just don't remember
liking them very much. Aren't
they hermaphrodites?

SARAH

Yes they are. Plus they stab each
other with love darts before they
mate. Love hurts, right? Some
people think that that's where
the Romans got the idea for
Cupid's arrows from.

MICHAEL

Cupid's arrows come from mating
snails? Who knew? Not exactly
romantic, is it? Or appetizing
for that matter.

SARAH

Hey, we eat shellfish whole,
don't we? Oysters and mussels and
clams. And you should see how
bivalves mate.

MICHEAL

No thanks. I'll let my
imagination do the work on that
little tidbit.

SARAH

They look like somebody sneezed
in a shell if you ask me. At
least my snails are cooked.

MICHAEL

(picks up puppet)

Well, I guess that explains this
guy, then. Does he have name?

SARAH

Hermaphroditus.

MICHEAL

Excuse me?

SARAH

But his friends just call him
Hermie.

MICHAEL

Well then Hermie it is then.

(to the puppet)

I hope we'll become B-F-Fs, Herm.

SARAH

I'm sure you will ... if you play
your cards right.

There is a pregnant pause in the conversation as Sarah
arches an eyebrow again and looks at him expectantly.

Michael places the puppet back on the sofa and takes another
polite bite of the pizza.

He smiles doubtfully, begins chewing, shrugs, swallows the
pizza, reaches for his mug, and takes a sip of beer.

MICHAEL

Wow, beautiful and a great cook.
I'd better watch out or I could
get into some trouble here.

Sarah slides toward him, reaches out, and begins stroking the back of his neck.

SARAH
You're sweet.

Michael puts the mug on the tray, the tray on the table, turns to her, and kisses her passionately.

She pulls away after a moment and rises from the sofa.

SARAH (cont'd)
Whoa. Slow down there, Lancelot.
How about a guided tour of the
palace? Show you the throne.

MICHAEL
Sure. Sure, that'd be great.
Right behind you.

Sarah begins walking toward the hall as Michael picks up his mug, takes a swallow of beer, and follows her into the hallway with his eyes focused firmly on her derriere.

INT. HALLWAY

As they walk down the hall, they approach the door to the master bedroom, which is closed.

MICHAEL
What's in here?

SARAH
My bedroom. Strictly off limits.

Sarah opens the door directly across the hall from it.

SARAH (cont'd)
This is what I want to show you.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

They enter the exercise room, and Sarah turns on a dimmer switch that illuminates it softly.

It is immaculate, almost erotic in appearance, and contains a Total Body Gym, an expensive treadmill, a set of free weights, and a balance trainer.

There are two trapdoors in a black rubberized floor, a small one near the weight machine and a larger one on the far side of the room next to one of the walls.

Three of the walls and the ceiling are covered with three-inch thick black foam tiles.

The mirrored fourth wall has two ballet bars mounted on it.

A spectral image of the snarling face of Asmodeus wearing a cap and mirrored sunglasses flashes in the mirror briefly, but neither Michael nor Sarah react to it.

MICHAEL

(wolf whistles)

Wow. You could start your own health club with all this stuff.

Sarah picks up a remote and exercise music begins PLAYING softly from hidden speakers.

SARAH

So do you like to work out?

MICHAEL

As much as the next guy, I suppose, but I never seem to find the time.

SARAH

Me neither. That's why I bought all this stuff.

Michael approaches a ceiling-mounted HD dome camera in a corner of the room.

There are similar cameras in the other three corners of the ceiling.

MICHAEL

Wow. This looks like the ones they have at the casinos in Vegas. Does it work?

SARAH

Sure does. It all works. I live alone, so I figured that an ounce of prevention made sense.

Michael approaches a wall and runs his hand over the foam.

MICHAEL

Is this stuff soundproofing?

SARAH

Yep. I like to blast the tunes when I'm working out and I don't wanna nettle the neighbors.

She cranks the MUSIC up to an earsplitting level.

She quickly turns it back down, and as she does so, Michael sees a small strobe light and keypad on the wall.

MICHAEL

Nettle the neighbors. Very considerate. And this?

SARAH

My burglar alarm. "Frailty, thy name is woman."

MICHAEL

Yeah. Sure it is. So what's next? "Get thee to a nunnery?"

SARAH

What? And miss out on all the men? Thanks, but no thanks.

MICHAEL

All the men? Exactly how many men are we talking about here?
(to the trapdoor)
And is this the secret man-stash?

SARAH

Now why didn't I think of that? So, what's your favorite?

MICHAEL

Exercise? Oh, I don't know. The treadmill, I guess.

SARAH

Mine's the chest press. I like working on my upper body. You know: pecs, lats, shoulders. I think I'm becoming some sort of an endorphin junkie.

Sarah puts her arm around the weight machine affectionately.

SARAH (cont'd)

Say hi to my friend, "Ah-grat".

MICHAEL

Who? Any relation to Herm?

SARAH (cont'd)

A-G-R-A-T. She's named her after my trust fund. Wanna see how she earns her keep?

MICHAEL

Trust fund? As in trust fund?
This just keeps on getting better
and better.

Sarah sits down at the pec deck.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Absolutely. Let 'er rip. Want me
to spot you?

SARAH

I shouldn't get my new blouse all
sweaty.

Sarah lowers her eyes demurely and unbuttons her blouse.

She then removes it and holds it out to Michael who's trying
hard not to gawk at her brassiere.

SARAH (cont'd)

Could you hold this for me?

MICHAEL

(clears his throat)
Ahem. Done. No problem. Got it.

In a familiar motion, she shifts her hips forward to get
into position, inadvertently hiking up her skirt.

She spreads her legs apart for balance, and begins to lift.

Michael glances at the mirrored wall and realizes he can see
her panties up her skirt.

He drinks again, mesmerized by the reflected view.

As she continues to lift, he begins to perspire, wipes his
brow, takes another sip of beer, and turns back to Sarah.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Wow, I think this is harder on me
than it is on you.

Michael wobbles to a stool and bends down to put his beer
mug on the floor.

There is a soft THUD (o.s.) as he falls to the floor.

Sarah ignores Michael's fall, but she pauses for a moment,
blinks her eyes, clenches her teeth, and then resumes
lifting strenuously as she looks up at the ceiling.

FADE TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

The ceiling of the exercise room comes into focus slowly. A grunge rock song about being raped is PLAYING loudly.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

(groggily)

Oh man.

Michael turns his head and sees his reflection in the mirrored wall.

BACK TO SCENE

He's lying on the floor of the softly lit exercise room, and naked except for a black leather hood, G-string, and spiked collar.

The eye and mouth openings of the hood are unzipped, and his hands are cuffed behind him in black steel handcuffs.

The collar has a ring on it, which is attached to a four-foot-long black steel chain that is padlocked onto a recessed floor ring next to the Total Body Gym.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What ... the ... fuck kinda kinky
shit is this?

He begins GRUNTING and pulling at the chains and cuffs as he attempts to rise, struggling against the collar and chain that are preventing him from standing upright.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Ugh, shit! Donna, where are you?

The MUSIC stops abruptly.

Michael hears a plaintive CRY from the video monitor and quickly turns toward the sound.

VICTIM (O.S.)

Allison! Allison, where are you?

SPLIT SCREEN HD VIDEO

The screen splits into four simultaneous color HD surveillance video recordings, one from each corner of the brightly lit exercise room.

The VICTIM is a man in his early thirties and he is in the center of each of the four videos.

He's naked, except for a black leather hood, G-string, and spiked collar, which is chained to a recessed floor ring.

He has numerous small cuts and bruises on his skin, and he's kneeling next to a Total Body Gym with his head bowed.

VICTIM (cont'd)

Allison, please. I'm thirsty.

The door opens, and Sarah enters briskly glowering at the Victim as she closes the door behind her.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Oh my God.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's wearing 1950's lingerie: white bra, garter belt, nylons, white cotton panties, and high heels, which are all sprinkled with droplets and small smears of dried blood.

Her jet black hair is done in a tight ponytail, and she has a black paracord bracelet on her right wrist.

She's carrying a folded piece of black cloth and the leather-wrapped Bowie knife in her right hand.

In her left hand she holds a clear plastic bowl of water that is covered with plastic wrap and contains a mouthpiece of large pointed dental veneers and a dark brown object.

The Victim raises his head.

The eye openings for the leather hood have been zipped shut, and they've been painted over with crude eye caricatures.

VICTIM

Allison? Is that you?

Sarah frowns at him disdainfully and shakes her head softly from side to side as she stares at the Victim through red pentagram contact lenses.

Silently, she crosses to the Victim, puts the bowl of water on the floor in front of him, peels off the plastic wrap, and removes the mouthpiece from the bowl.

She scoops a small amount of water into her hand and splashes it into the Victim's hooded face and mouth.

VICTIM (cont'd)

Oh thank you, Allison. Thank you.
Is there any more?

SARAH

I don't know if you deserve any
more. You'll just make a mess.

VICTIM

I won't make a mess, I promise.
Just a little bit more. Please?

SARAH

Alright. There's more in a bowl
on the floor. What do you say?

VICTIM

Thank you. Oh, thank you very
much for the water, Allison.

SARAH

If you spill it, you won't get
any more for a very long time.

VICTIM

I know. I won't. I promise.

Sarah guides his head to the bowl. He spreads his knees for
better balance and begins to lap up the water carefully.

SARAH

Don't make a mess. You know how I
hate it when you do that.

With a look of disapproval, Sarah stands over him, and
shakes her head sadly in contemptuous disgust.

She inserts the dental veneers with her left hand and smiles
malevolently.

As she does so, she unfolds the black cloth revealing a
crudely made executioner's hood.

Still holding the knife in her right hand, she pulls the
hood over her head.

As she does so, the Victim suddenly raises his head from the
bowl and begins to SCREAM in pain.

A four-inch long giant water bug has attached itself to his
tongue by its pinchers.

As he SCREAMS shrilly, he begins to shake his head and
thrash about violently as he tries to dislodge it.

SARAH (cont'd)
Ani menikah. Hu diber.
[I understand. He has spoken.]

The Victim bites down on the bronze bug, and a gooey yellow slime fills his mouth and runs down the chin of the mask.

He lowers his head and begins SPITTING out the remains of the bug as Sarah drops down onto one knee behind him.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

She grabs the chain with her left hand and pulls the collar taut. Holding the knife in her right hand in a hammer grip, she draws it behind her

The Victim GAGS and lifts his head as she GRUNTS and swings the knife forward towards his anus forcefully.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

The Victim's SCREAMS (o.s.) become even louder and Michael's eyes widen in horror as he watches the monitor, transfixed.

MICHAEL
Oh ... my ... God.

Michael suddenly sees Sarah's reflection in the mirrored wall, and he spins toward her awkwardly.

She has entered the room silently and is standing in front of the closed door.

She's wearing the same ponytail, blood-splattered 1950's lingerie, a black paracord bracelet, and a belt with a sheathed leather-wrapped Bowie knife attached to it.

Michael's eyes widen further.

He GASPS audibly when he sees that she is wearing red pentagram contact lenses, and a stream of urine begins to run down his leg.

Sarah is holding a glass of water in one hand, and in the other, she's holding a small white and blue box labeled "Viagra".

Sarah raises the box, smiles, and shakes it.

SARAH
Time to take your medicine.

Sarah's smile widens revealing large pointed dental veneers.

When she sees the urine running down his leg and onto the floor, she frowns and shakes her head ominously while the Victim's SCREAMS continue (o.s.).

SARAH (cont'd)

Now look at the mess you've made.

FADE TO:

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL/BOOTH - DAY

RAY, ANGELA, and DAVE are seated at a booth in a sports bar.

The monitors are showing a daytime baseball game.

Ray is in his mid-fifties and wearing a nondescript polo shirt, sports coat, and khakis.

Angela is a lithe woman in her late twenties wearing a white linen blouse and white linen shorts.

Dave is stocky and in his mid-thirties. He's wearing a nondescript flannel shirt and khaki cargo pants.

They've just been served soft drinks, and some of the beverage has spilled out of Ray's glass onto the table.

He frowns as he mops it up with a cocktail napkin as he takes a sip.

DAVE

I thought you detectives had a reputation for hard drinking.

RAY

Well, I guess that we can't all be Philip Marlowe now, can we? Wanna get any more clichés out of your system before we start?

DAVE

So which do you prefer? Gumshoe or private dick?

The conversation pauses briefly as Ray and Dave stare at one another impassively.

ANGELA

Dave, please? So what's next, Mr. Tobin?

RAY

Please. It's Ray.

(another sip)

Mom wanted Raphael; Dad was a Ray Charles fan. So I'm a compromise: Raphael Charles, but everybody calls me Ray anyway.

(beat)

OK. Well first, still nothing from the police or the N-C-I-C database, and he's not in any hospital or morgue on a John Doe.

Ray notices Angela grimace slightly as he flips open his black leather notebook.

DAVE

You don't use a tablet?

RAY

Tablets are for headaches. So none of his friends, co-workers, or neighbors have seen Michael in over a week. He hasn't used his credit cards or cell phone; he hasn't touched his bank account; and he's not in any trouble with the law or anyone else as far as I can tell. His credit rating is fine, he doesn't have a ton of debt, and he doesn't owe money to anybody either. So, so far, the typical reasons are dead ends.

DAVE

Great. So there's no reason for him to disappear. Any clue as to why he did, or are you clueless?

RAY

(glowering at Dave)

Has he ever done anything like this before, Angela?

ANGELA

No. Never.

RAY

What about that time in college?

ANGELA

I'm sorry. What time in college?

RAY

Well, Frank says he disappeared for three days right before his final exams at the end of his junior year. Apparently, he got a motel room so he could study.

DAVE

So are you telling us to drive around the Midwest and scour motels looking for a thirty-three-year-old man cramming for an English Lit final?

RAY

Listen son, I don't care about your mother's money enough to take this kinda shit from you. I was a cop for twenty years, and I've been a private investigator for seven. Keep it up, and I'll walk right out that door, and you can find him yourself, OK?

ANGELA

Dave, please? This isn't helping us find Michael. So what can you tell us, Ray? Why are we here?

RAY

Well, he's not exactly a high-risk M-P, and his disappearance isn't a crime, so the cops aren't gonna be doing much more than putting his picture on the A-P-B site. But I talked to a guy at O-E-M-C, and he was able to I-D Michael's plate at Halsted and Division from a P-O-D recording.

DAVE

Impressive initials. A P-O-D is a surveillance camera, right?

RAY

Yeah. It picked up the plate heading toward the Kennedy and then exiting the Northwest Tollway about an hour later.

ANGELA

Surveillance camera! That's great. Did they get any pictures of Michael?

RAY

Nope. Just his car, so we don't know if he was in it. Or if someone was with him. That's why we're here. I wanted see if this place had surveillance cams, too, and they do, but they delete their data after three days.

DAVE

Damn.

RAY

Not the end of the world. I'll show his picture around and see if anybody recognizes him.

ANGELA

Where did you say he exited the tollway again?

RAY

Northwest 'burbs, past Woodfield.

ANGELA

What was he doing out there?

RAY

That's why I wanted to meet with you two. Do you know why he might have gone all the way out there on a Tuesday night?

Angela shakes her head.

DAVE

Got me. We're from Orland Park.

RAY

The reason I ask is that there's no record of his plates on the tollway cam returning to the city, either that night or the next day. Not that he couldn't have taken another way back, of course, but why would he do that?

ANGELA

So it was a one way trip?

RAY

Well, looks that way, but I'm still digging.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

Let's see if his plate turns up
somewhere else.

(beat)

Angela, I know that this isn't
easy, but I need to know. How
have the two of you been getting
along lately?

ANGELA

Just fine. He seemed to be really
excited about the wedding, not
reluctant at all. We were
supposed to be auditioning bands
this weekend.

Dave hands her his cocktail napkin. She dabs her eyes with
it, and then begins tearing it into small pieces.

RAY

Did he stay in touch with any of
his former girlfriends?

ANGELA

I don't think so. He had a
girlfriend when we met, Sally
something, but it wasn't working
out. I heard she got married and
moved out west.

RAY

Sally Blackstone, née Cole.
Married in March and moved to San
Jose. Another dead end.

ANGELA

Then why do you ask?

RAY

Well, we may have a lead.

DAVE

A lead?!

RAY

Yeah. He was last seen here at
this pub with his friends as far
as I can tell, and it looks like
he talked to some woman at the
bar. He left here with her, so
Tim thought that he might have
been, well, "successful" was the
word he used.

ANGELA

Successful?

RAY

Uh, yeah. Tim said that they goaded him into approaching her, and after a few minutes, they apparently left here together.

ANGELA

Successful.

DAVE

Those assholes. Listen Angela, we don't know if anything happened between them. Maybe he just gave her a lift home and came back another way. Got lost or something.

(turns to Ray)

Goddamn it. I can't believe that he would pick up some broad in a bar and just disappear with her.

ANGELA

Broad?

RAY

I agree. There should have been some sign from him. Credit card, text, phone call. Something.

ANGELA

Maybe she hurt him or is holding him hostage or something.

RAY

Well, it's possible, I suppose, but it's very, very unlikely.

ANGELA

Why?

RAY

Because none of them recognized her, so it looks like he hooked up with a complete stranger. If so, there's no motive for her to harm him, and without a demand for money, kidnapping doesn't make much sense, either.

DAVE

Maybe he hurt her.

Angela looks at Dave sharply.

RAY

I doubt it. If so, he would've been in touch with somebody before going on the run.

ANGELA

Well, then what can we do besides putting him up on NamUs and his picture on streetlights?

RAY

I'll talk to everyone here and see if we can find any more surveillance video of him. But if you want to pitch in, we can start working the long shot.

ANGELA

The long shot?

DAVE

Find the woman.

RAY

That's right. We might not have a picture, but Tim gave me a good description: height, weight, age, hair and eye color, the usual. But what might really help is that he thought that she might have had a faint scar on the left side of her face. So maybe we can fan out around here and look for a woman that fits his description and see if she remembers Michael.

ANGELA

It's not much to go on, is it?

DAVE

At least it's something.

RAY

(to Angela)

I know, but if you want to do something, this is it. And who knows? We might get lucky.

DAVE

Bad choice of words.

ANGELA

Not funny, Dave. Do you practice saying dumb shit, or does it just come to you naturally?

Ray smiles ruefully and finishes his soft drink.

ANGELA

Thanks for everything, Mr. Tobin.
We appreciate it.

DAVE

Yeah, thanks. And sorry about
earlier. I guess I needed to let
off some steam.

RAY

Forget about it.

INT. DAVE'S OFF-ROAD SUV - DAY

Dave and Angela are sitting in an off-road Sports Utility
Vehicle that's parked at the curb of a residential city
street.

ANGELA

I think I'm having a nervous
breakdown. I can't sleep, and
I've lost nearly six pounds.

DAVE

Just think how you great you'll
look in your wedding dress.

ANGELA

(opens the car door)
I'll see you later, Dave.

DAVE

Hey Angela, wait a second. I'm
sorry, but you've got to try to
relax. You're too wired.

Angela closes the door and SIGHS.

ANGELA

C'mon Dave, let's face it. He's
probably hiding out somewhere
because he met someone else and
he's afraid committing to the
relationship -- that I pushed him
into this wedding or something.

DAVE

That doesn't make sense, Angela.
You know him. He loves you, and
even if he did get cold feet, he
didn't just pick up some tramp in
a bar one night and disappear.

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)
What about me and Mom and his
friends? Not to mention his job?
Sorry, but I don't buy it. This
isn't like him. At all.

(beat)
Maybe he's being held hostage or
something.

ANGELA
That's what I said, Dave, but
didn't you hear what Ray said?

DAVE
Yeah, I heard him, but maybe
they're waiting for the heat to
die down or something. Shit.

He picks up his key and puts it in the ignition.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S OFF-ROAD SUV - NIGHT

Dave turns off his car and removes his the key from the
ignition.

He's wearing white cargo shorts and a plaid oxford shirt.

He exits, locks it remotely, and starts walking down the
sidewalk as he mutters to himself.

DAVE (cont'd)
Sick of this boring shit.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A few yards from the entrance of a sports bar, a couple
emerges and begins walking toward him.

The woman is Sarah wearing a short skirt, black lace
camisole, a spiky black wig, and heavy red lipstick.

The man is a PICKUP in his early thirties who's wearing a
sports coat, jeans, and a black T-shirt with a Chess Records
logo on it.

As they approach, Dave does a subtle double take at her
faint facial scar. He stops and begins to pat his pockets.

DAVE
Damn. Where are they? Oh great.

As they pass him, he turns around and begins trailing them. They're a few paces ahead of him, but still within earshot.

PICKUP

Sorry about your girlfriend.

SARAH

Well, like I said, she wasn't sure if she could make it. So ...

PICKUP

Well, here we are.

They stop in front of a red sports car, and the Pickup removes his car key from his pocket.

As he does so, Sarah puts her hand on the back of his neck.

SARAH

I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. A lift home is really a special treat for me.

PICKUP

Hey, it's my pleasure.

SARAH

Well, I certainly hope so.

Dave walks past them, and the Pickup glances over at him, spoiling the moment.

Sarah follows the Pickup's gaze and looks at Dave quizzically.

Dave sees them looking at him and takes out his car keys conspicuously as he walks past them toward his off-road SUV.

The Pickup ignores Dave and opens the passenger's door, but Sarah glares at him in annoyance.

She enters the car, and the Pickup closes the passenger's door behind her as she watches Dave walk down the sidewalk.

INT. DAVE'S OFF-ROAD SUV - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Dave quickly turns a corner in a suburban sub-division.

The street is quiet and deserted, and he immediately sees a red sports on a driveway in the middle of the block.

DAVE

Thar she blows.

He passes it slowly and sees silhouettes of a man and a woman entering the front door.

He makes a U-turn, drives up to Sarah's house, and parks under a streetlight in front of it.

He checks his watch and sees that it's after 11:30 PM.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S OFF-ROAD SUV AT SARAH'S CURB - NIGHT

Dave's watch now reads approximately 1:30 AM.

He opens a stick of gum, pops it in his mouth, and tosses the wrapper next to two others on the passenger's seat when his cell phone RINGS.

DAVE
(into phone)
Hey Angela. Where are you now?

EXT./INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - TRACKING

out of Dave's SUV and across the front lawn toward the living room window of Sarah's dark and foreboding house.

Through the window and into a dark and silent living room.

The stationary silhouette of the back of a man's head and bare shoulders sitting on the sofa are faintly visible in the ambient light from the street. He's rigid posture makes him appear to be transfixed by the deactivated television.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
That's only twenty minutes away.
(beat)
I'm still in Hoffman Heights
watching the house of that
couple, but if I sit here much
longer, I'm gonna go nuts.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - TRACKING

down a dark hallway quickly and into an unoccupied back bedroom, which contains an unmade bed and soiled clothing that's strewn across the floor.

Directly opposite the foot of the bed is a wall-mounted 38" curved LED monitor that is split into 16 HD video images and provides the room with its only light.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Nothing. There was a light on in the living room, but the damn place looks deserted now. I'm gonna go take a look. See if I can see anything.

The monitor is above a desk that contains a profusion of high-tech electronic equipment. An empty ergonomic black desk chair sits beneath the desk.

All of the 16 images on the monitor show locations around the house, but there is movement in only the four images in the monitor's upper left corner.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I know, I know. But if I talk to Ray, he'll just tell me to stay put, and I may be onto something here. I'm not gonna let it just slip through my fingers.

SPLIT SCREEN HD VIDEO

The screen splits into four simultaneous color HD surveillance videos, one from each corner of the brightly lit exercise room.

They each show Sarah with jet black hair tied into a tight ponytail wearing her 1950's blood-splattered white lingerie, stockings, and high heels kneeling next to the groin of the unconscious Pickup from a different angle.

The Pickup is lying supine next to a pile of sliced clothes.

He's now wearing a black leather G-string, spiked collar, and the Chess Records T-shirt. A black leather hood and black steel handcuffs and chain lie next to him.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I understand that, but he's my kid brother, damn it. If they see me, they see me. I'll just make up some bullshit excuse and get the hell out of here. Sure, call him if you want to. I'm still gonna go take a look around; see if I can see anything. I'm at -

Sarah's holding her Bowie knife in a forward grip edge up, and she begins to slide it under his T-shirt slowly until the tip protrudes from the crew neck. Split screen ends.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's holding her knife under the Pickup's T-shirt, and the tip the blade protrudes from the shirt's crew neck.

A woman is SINGING loudly about pitching a wang dang doodle.

Sarah slides the knife towards her, slicing the T-shirt open. When she's done, she hones the blade on his chest and then inserts the tip of the knife into one of the sleeves.

EXT. SARAH'S CURB

Dave gets out of his SUV and goes to its rear, opens the cargo hatch, digs out a crowbar, and closes the hatch. The car BEEPS twice as he locks it with his keyless remote.

He then takes his cell phone out of his pocket, turns on the flashlight function, bends at the waist, and trots across the lawn.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/NURSERY - NIGHT

SHEILA is a thirty-year-old woman wearing a bathrobe and burping a baby in a nursery that's in a house directly across the street from Sarah's.

She hears a car's cargo hatch CLOSE followed closely by two muffled BEEPS, looks up quizzically, and casually crosses to an open window above a crib.

She looks out and sees an off-road SUV parked under a streetlight in front of Sarah's house. Then she sees Dave, who's bending from the waist and holding an illuminated phone, trotting across Sarah's front lawn toward her house.

SHEILA

Brad?

Sheila watches Dave glance around furtively as he approaches the living room window. He covers the light with one hand, cups the side of his face with the other hand, and peers through the window for a moment.

BRAD (O.S.)

What?

Sheila sees Dave turn away from the window and she turns toward the nursery door.

SHEILA

Come here in for a sec, will ya?

She turn back to the window and sees Dave uncover his light, point it to the ground, bend from the waist, trot to the side of the house, go around the corner, and disappear.

BRAD (O.S.)

Can't it wait for a commercial?

Sheila leaves the window and crosses to the nursery door.

SHEILA

No, it can't.

BRAD (O.S.)

Alright. Alright. Jesus Christ.

Can't I just get a half an hour?

She returns to the window, putting her infant in its crib as she does so.

Simultaneously, BRAD enters the room wearing a white T-shirt and jeans. He is carrying a bottle of beer.

He sees his wife staring out of the window intently. He approaches her silently until he's directly behind her, and follows her gaze out the window.

SHEILA

Brad!

BRAD

Jesus Christ, Sheila! I'm right here. What is it?

SHEILA

I just saw somebody peeping into what's-her-name's window.

Brad glances out the window again and sees an empty street.

BRAD

I'll alert Channel Two.

SHEILA

What's your problem?

BRAD

I was watching SportsCenter.

SHEILA

Well, goodie for you. Why don't you just listen to me for once? I saw guy peeping into a window across the street. Then he snuck around behind the house.

BRAD

Which house?

SHEILA

That one. Right over there.

BRAD

Oh. You mean what's her name.

SHEILA

Yes. Aren't you listening?

BRAD

Well, there's nobody there now.

SHEILA

Yeah. Because he snuck behind it.

BRAD

How do you know it wasn't just
some guy coming to visit? I mean
it could be a friend of hers or
something, right?

SHEILA

Maybe because it's nearly two
o'clock in the morning, and maybe
because he peeped into her
window, and maybe because he
snuck around behind her house.

BRAD

And maybe he just wants to
surprise her.

SHEILA

Yeah, I'll bet he does.

BRAD

Hey, whose SUV is that in front
of her house?

SHEILA

I think it's his. The guy. Should
we call the police?

Brad crosses to a bureau, picks up a cordless phone, and
begins dialing.

BRAD

You know what? You just might --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/BACK BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Dave's holding his cell phone so that its light is shining in front of him when it begins to RING.

DAVE
(whispers)

Shit!

Dave drops the crowbar onto the grass, turns off the ringer and the light, and slips it into his pocket.

He's standing outside a window behind Sarah's house.

He bends from the waist, cups his hands beside his eyes, presses his nose against the glass, and peers through a narrow gap in the curtains.

He sees an unmade bed and, across from it, the side of a 38" curved LED Monitor, which is lighting the room softly.

The images on the monitor are not visible, however.

He bends down to pick up his crowbar, crinkles his nose, grimaces, and SNORTS.

He looks down and notices that he's standing in front of a ground level basement window.

He takes his cell phone out of his pocket, squats down, turns on the flashlight, and shines it on the window.

Thick curtains, which are sewn together and stapled to the sill, are behind the glass.

He turns the cell phone light off, puts it in his pocket, looks around furtively, and then kneels to examine the window more closely.

He picks up the crowbar, inserts the narrow portion of it into the bottom of the window frame, and as gently as he can, he begins to pry up the window.

He winces at a pungent aroma and turns his head to the side.

DAVE
Whew!

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

A woman continues to SING loudly about pitching a wang dang doodle while the unconscious Pickup is lying in a supine position near the weight machine.

His T-shirt now lies in pieces around him. He's wearing only the black leather hood, G-string, and spiked collar. The black steel handcuffs and chain lie next to him.

Sarah's is straddling him and grinding her pelvis on his groin when a siren begins to SHRIEK, drowning out the music, and a bright strobe light near the door begins to flash.

Startled, she jumps off him, drops the knife, YELPS, crab crawls quickly to the nearest corner, and begins to hyperventilate as she draws her knees up to her chest.

INT. PARENTS HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY (DAWN) - (16MM FLASHBACK)

Sarah is now wearing Rosie the Riveter pajamas and sees a corpse hanging from the rafters of a silent and murky attic.

The body has long black hair, most of which is inside the noose.

It's swaying above an overturned chair and wearing clean white 1950's style lingerie. A white high heel shoe dangles from one foot.

Sarah approaches the corpse from behind slowly and sees that it is a man's body dressed in lingerie and wearing a black paracord bracelet on its right wrist.

Sarah extends her hands, clasps an ankle, and slowly turns the corpse to reveal Daddy, who's wearing a jet black wig in a long ponytail, ruby lipstick, and mascara.

The wig is slightly askew, and his face is a death mask of dark purple, a protruding tongue, and bulging, lifeless eyes. His neck is bent at an unnatural angle.

Sarah jumps back quickly, her eyes widen in horror, and she inhales sharply as she prepares to scream.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

Sarah exhales deeply and regains her composure.

She rises, crosses to the alarm resolutely, turns it off, picks up a remote, and shuts off the MUSIC.

She walks back across the silent room to the Pickup quickly, kneels, licks his lips lasciviously, rolls him over into a prone position, and chains his collar to the floor ring.

As she does so, a giant bronze water bug falls onto his back and bites him with its pincers, but both Sarah and the Pickup ignore it.

She then cuffs his hands behind his back, retrieves her knife, crosses to the door, opens it, and enters the darkened hallway, closing the door behind her firmly.

As she leaves, half a dozen giant bronze water bugs are clinging onto the skin of her back.

INT. BACK BEDROOM

She's sitting on the bed and a dozen of water bugs are now crawling all over her head and back.

She bends down and picks a pair black athletic socks up from the floor.

As she sits back up, some of the giant water bugs fall off her and onto the bed.

She kicks off a shoe, and as it flies across the room, she hears a soft RIPPING sound from beneath her window.

She reacts to the sound quizzically, picks up a remote from the nightstand next to the bed, and presses a button.

The 16 small videos on the monitor are replaced by one large thermal image from outside of her back bedroom that shows the bottom half of a man's legs in cargo shorts lying in a prone position on the grass.

SARAH

Who the fuck are you?

She's now completely covered by water bugs as she stands and picks the sheathed knife up from the bed.

She kicks off the other shoe and crosses to the window as some of the water bugs fall off her and onto the floor.

SARAH'S P.O.V. - OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE BACK BEDROOM

The sheathed blade lifts one of the slats of the wooden blinds revealing the feet and legs of a prone man facing the basement window. The top half of his body is blocked from view because he's partially inside the window.

BACK TO SCENE

The water bugs have disappeared, but she's furious as she drops the slat and crosses back to the bed.

As she approaches it, she takes the scabbard off the knife, spins it into a reverse grip, and stabs a pillow ferociously, GRUNTING as she does so.

She leaves the knife embedded in the pillow, sits down on the bed, and begins to put on one of the socks with a determined look on her face.

EXT. BACK BASEMENT WINDOW

Dave is kneeling next to the open basement window.

He rips open a curtain that has been stapled to the sill and crinkles his nose as it comes undone.

Peering in, he sees that the dingy basement is silent and lit solely by a dusty forty watt light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

In the gloom of the bare bulb, he sees an old-fashioned steel child's playground slide in the center of the room.

The top of the slide reaches the basement's ceiling and the bottom is inside a claw-footed bathtub.

A steel bucket full plastic bottles of cleanser sit at the foot of the tub.

Puzzled, he puts the crowbar on the ground, takes his cell phone out of his pocket, turns on the flashlight function, lies down, and slides forward so that his head and one arm are inside the window.

INT. BASEMENT

Immediately beneath him he shines his light on a large oval stock tank (approximately 3' x 6' x 2') that is filled with dirt and seems to be covered with brownish lumps.

Looking closer he sees that the stock tank contains dozens of three-inch long Burgundy snails slithering among leaves, vegetables, and small white blocks of tofu.

A three-inch wide copper band has been attached around the top of the stock tank. Dave grimaces and shines his light next to it.

He sees a humidifier and an open cardboard box with the words "LIVE REDWORMS OPEN IMMEDIATELY" stamped on the side.

He shines the light throughout the basement floor and sees four more livestock watering tanks.

Three of them are filled with dirt, vegetables, and snails. The fourth is empty and contains unopened bags of topsoil, mulch, calcium nitrate fertilizer, ammonia, and quicklime.

He glimpses a pile of sawdust, a five-gallon metal gasoline can, and a space heater in one of corners.

Shining the light across the room, he sees a staircase leading to the ceiling. A washing machine and clothes drier are sitting immediately beneath it.

Above the appliances he sees five black leather hoods that have been nailed into the staircase, each of which has crude caricatures of human eyes painted on them.

The hoods are over two lines of glyphs that have been written on the white wall above the washer and drier finger-painted in thick carmine letters:

𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅 𐄆 𐄇 𐄈 𐄉𐄊 𐄋 𐄌𐄍
𐄎𐄏𐄐 𐄑 𐄒𐄓 𐄔𐄕𐄖 𐄗𐄘

[This is the house of Asmodeus / The eldest son of David]

Perplexed by the glyphs, he pauses momentarily.

He then shifts the light down to a twenty gallon aquarium sitting on a stand next to the washer and dryer.

A bag of peat moss and a jar of dried bloodworms are beneath the aquarium.

One half of the aquarium contains dirt and vegetation, including a dozen or more Venus flytraps with their dark red lobes and long green cilia gaping open.

The other half is a swampy mixture of water, rock, twigs, and aquatic plants. He sees numerous small fish swimming in the artificial pond and several large submerged insects.

A soft creaking SOUND from the ceiling above him breaks the silence, and he quickly shines the light up to it, but he sees only a faint trickle of dust falling to the floor.

He turns off the phone light and pauses for a moment, but he hears nothing further.

In the gloom of the bare light bulb, he sees four cases of Santeen S-T Drain Opener and three large bottles Zero Odor next to the tub.

Next to them a small wine press, a car battery, and a large spool of fishing line are visible in the dim light.

Near the head of the bathtub, he sees a coiled garden hose and a clear but dirty plastic tarp that's been folded carelessly lying next to an amorphous mound.

He turns the phone light back on and shines it on the mound to reveal a pile of sliced and torn men's clothing.

Two objects sit on top of the rags: a pair of black butyl gloves and full-face respirator that glints back at him.

Suddenly, Dave is illuminated by a harsh bright light.

AL (O.S.)
Freeze! Police!

Dave hits his head on the top of the window frame and drops his phone into the basement, which lands face down so that the light is shining up at the ceiling.

DAVE
Ouch! Goddamn it!

AL (O.S.)
Make one move, and you're dead.

JACK (O.S.)
Now show us your hands. Slowly.

DAVE
OK. OK. Calm down. I'm coming out. Hold on.

EXT. BACK BASEMENT WINDOW

As Dave extricates himself from the window, keeping his hands in plain view conspicuously, he looks up and sees two uniformed policemen, AL and JACK, standing above him with their guns drawn and shining their flashlights down on him.

He starts blinking in the harsh light, rubbing the back of his head, and rising slowly.

JACK
Back down. On your stomach, asshole. Now!

DAVE
Listen, officer --

AL
He said now!

Dave lies back down on the ground.

Holding his gun in both hands, Jack continues to point it at Dave as Al holsters his.

Al frisks Dave, removes his wallet from his pants, tosses it to Jack, cuffs Dave's hands behind his back, and pulls him to his feet roughly.

AL

He's clean.

DAVE

Listen, I can explain. No, really, I can. I'm looking for my brother, and I think that --

JACK

(from his license)

David Jesse. Chicago.

Al pulls Dave to his feet forcefully by an arm and leads him away from the basement window toward the front of the house.

DAVE

Listen. Really. I saw this weird writing on a wall. Written in blood! And tubs filled with --

AL

Sure. Sure. Tubs full of blood. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can ...

As they depart, Jack holsters his gun, bends down, picks up the crowbar, and sees the bent window frame.

JACK

What a fuckin' amateur.

He grimaces and crinkles his nose.

JACK (cont'd)

Oh, man. Did he shit himself?

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Dave's handcuffed and sitting in the back of a squad car, which is parked across the street from Sarah's house.

Jack's sitting in the front seat, typing on a laptop, and ignoring Dave who appears to be talking to him earnestly.

The windows of the squad are closed so Dave's voice is audible but MUFFLED.

Angela's car pulls up behind the squad car and parks.

As she exits the car wearing a linen guayabera dress and sandals, she approaches the squad car and sees that Dave is sitting in the back seat with his hands behind his back.

Over her shoulder, she sees Sarah's front door close as Al leaves the porch and walks back toward the squad car.

Dave sees Angela, stops speaking, and scowls at her.

ANGELA

Dave, what happened?!

DAVE

(muffled shout)

I think she's the one!

JACK

(muffled shout)

Will you shut the fuck up?!

ANGELA

Did you see Michael?

Jack sees Angela and exits the car, leaving the door open.

DAVE

No, but I've been trying to tell
Crockett and Tubbs here that --

JACK

Excuse me. Do you know this guy?

ANGELA

Yes, he's my brother's fiancée,
and -- I mean he's my fiancée's
brother, and we're looking -

JACK

Well, which is it?

ANGELA

We're looking for my fiancée.
That's his brother

AL

And you think he's in there?

DAVE

Yes, for Christ's sake!

AL

Will you be quiet?

JACK
(ignoring Dave)
Did you report your boyfriend as
missing?

ANGELA
Fiancée. Yes. In Chicago. About
two weeks ago. They put out an A-
P-B, and we entered his name in
the NamUs database.

AL
And what makes you think that
he's in there?

ANGELA
Well, Dave called me, and--

DAVE
Her basement's full of --

AL
Listen, buddy, I don't care if
you saw Elvis in the friggin'
basement! Shut up or we're taking
you in right now!

ANGELA
He was last seen with a woman who
resembles her description.

JACK
So let me get this straight. The
missing guy's your fiancée, and
he might have been last seen with
the woman who lives here, and
that this guy here's his brother?

ANGELA
Yes! Yes, that's right! Thank
God. Can you help us?

AL
Why didn't he just ring the
doorbell and ask her?

ANGELA
Well, I --

DAVE
Because she kidnapped him!

Jack turns to Dave and is about to speak, but Al holds up
his hand to Jack and addresses Angela.

AL

Kidnapped? Okay. Have there been any ransom demands?

ANGELA

No. Not yet, anyway.

AL

How old is your fiancée?

ANGELA

Thirty-one.

AL

Height and weight?

ANGELA

Six feet and about one eighty.

AL

Does he have any physical disabilities?

ANGELA

Look, officers --

AL

No, ma'am, you look. You think that the woman who lives here kidnapped your young, healthy fiancée, but then forgot make any ransom demands. So your brother-in-law-to-be here decides he should rescue him by busting in her basement window in the middle of night.

ANGELA

I know. I know it sounds kinda funny, but -

JACK

Yeah. It's friggin' hilarious. How do we know this isn't just some kind of jealousy thing between you and this woman? And even if this guy is your brother, how do we know that you two aren't up to something, and that this isn't really some kinda home invasion?

ANGELA

He's his brother, not my brother.

JACK

Whatever.

AL

And how do we know that your whole story's not just a total crock and that you're not just a couple of thieves working the neighborhood?

ANGELA

But I'm telling you the truth.

AL

Look, even if you are telling us the truth, we can't go onto her property without a legal search warrant, unless we have probable cause or her permission. If we did that, she could sue the department and the village. And win. Besides, if the search isn't legit, anything we found would be inadmissible.

ANGELA

But Dave said he saw--

JACK

I know. He told us. Loudly and repeatedly. But we caught him breaking into her house red handed. He's gotta say something to us, and it probably ain't gonna be "Ya got me coppers!"

AL

I'm sorry, miss, but our hands are tied without probable cause. If we don't know, or at least suspect, that someone might be in some kind of danger or distress, then we can't do anything.

ANGLELA

Nothing?

AL

Afraid not. Look, maybe he is in there, but maybe it's because he wants to be, and he doesn't want to be bothered by you. Or his by brother. We can force our way in there without a judicial warrant.

JACK

Having a bathtub full of snails
or whatever in your basement
might seem to be a little weird
and all, but we've seen weirder.

(smiles at Al)

Remember the guy with the dog in
the sink and the peanut butter?

ANGELA

Well then, can't you ask her for
her permission?

AL

Yes we can, but I've already
bothered her once tonight and I'm
not gonna to do it again just
because we caught this guy trying
to break into her house.

(beat)

Listen, I've had about enough of
this. We're taking Mr. Jesse here
to the station and booking him on
a B and E. He's spending the
night in jail, and if he was my
friend, I'd get him a lawyer.
C'mon, Jack, let's go.

As Angela begins walking back to her car and MUTTERING to herself, one of the wooden slats on the blinds covering the living room window is lifted slightly.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah enters the living room, which is lit dimly by the track lighting over the TV monitor.

Her hair is loose at her shoulders, and she's wearing her 1950s blood-splattered lingerie, her red pentagram contact lenses, and carrying the knife, which is in its scabbard.

As she crosses to the window, the stationary silhouette of the back of a man's head and shoulders as he sits on the sofa facing the dark TV monitor become visible.

The wooden blinds have been drawn, which shades the room with horizontal strips of light and dark.

She raises one of the slats with the sheathed knife, peers out the window, and sees the squad car turn off its flashing lights as it and Angela's car depart from the curb in front of her house.

Sarah drops the slat, crosses to the sofa, picks up a remote control, and sits down next to the man. She puts her arm around him her head on his shoulder, presses a button on the remote, and the TV comes to life.

He remains silent and immobile.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - VIDEO INSERT

From a surveillance camera, the image of a man becomes visible in the monitor.

He's kneeling next to a Total Body Gym. His head is bowed, and his hands are cuffed behind him with black steel handcuffs.

He's naked except for a black leather hood, G-string, and spiked collar that's attached to the floor with a black steel chain. The hood's eyes are zipped shut and painted with crude caricatures of human eyes.

Sarah comes into the TV frame, dressed in her bloody lingerie, pentagram contact lenses, and pointed dental veneers. She's carrying the Bowie knife and a ball gag.

SARAH

Hi Mikey. Well, back again, as
promised. So,

(sings)

*who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? /
Virginia Woolf / Virginia Woolf.*

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/RAY'S CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

A nondescript car parks behind Dave's off-road SUV, and Ray, wearing khaki pants and an inexpensive sports coat, exits the car.

He walks up to the SUV as he scans the empty street.

He removes a multi-color LED flashlight from a pocket of his coat, turns it on, and shines a green light through the driver's side window and onto the empty seat.

He reaches into another pocket, pulls out a piece of paper, and uses the flashlight to read it.

He then checks it against the number on the house, turns off the flashlight, and begins to walk toward the front door.

RAY

So where the hell is everybody?

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Ray is on the front porch and his hand is poised to ring the doorbell when he hears a muffled GROAN (o.s.).

He stops and turns in the direction of the sound.

He looks at the living room window and sees that the blinds are drawn, but a soft light flickers from between the slats.

He steps off the porch, crosses to the window quietly, bends down, and peers into the house through the gap between the bottom of the blinds and the sill.

Ray cups his hands and places them on the window next to his eyes to block out the ambient light from the street.

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

Ray sees the bare back of a man sitting on a sofa facing a large TV monitor in a room lit softly by track lighting.

In front of the man facing the same direction, is the back of a woman, wearing only a brassiere, bouncing up and down on his lap rhythmically.

Except for swaying slightly as she bounced on him, the man remains motionless as they watch a video.

Ray can see the video over their shoulders through the window, and he begins to watch it with them.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - VIDEO INSERT

A woman in blood-splatted white lingerie stands next to a hooded man who's kneeling near a weight machine with his hands cuffed behind him.

Her irises are tinted in red and she has abnormally large and pointed teeth.

He's naked except for a black leather hood, G-string, and studded collar, which is connected to a recessed floor by a black steel chain.

The hood's eye openings are zipped shut and painted with crude caricatures of human eyes.

The woman scowls, shakes her head in disapproval, and looks down on him. She appears to be speaking, but the audio is MUFFLED and unintelligible.

She's holding a ball gag, which she puts into his mouth and fastens behind his head.

The man on the monitor begins to struggle against his gag and restraints as she bends over and picks up a black cloth hood and a leather-wrapped Bowie knife from the floor.

She places the hood on her head and drops to one knee.

Holding the knife in a hammer grip with one hand and grabbing the chain with the other, she stabs him in his kidney viciously.

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW

Ray reacts to the video in shock and horror, and he quickly drops his head.

He EXHALES sharply, lifts his head back up above the sill, and looks into the window again.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

The image from the television frames their silhouettes.

The woman bobs up and down on the man rapidly. Her GROANS become softly audible as they watch the video.

On the TV monitor in front of them he sees that the chained man has collapsed onto the floor, bleeding from numerous deep stab wounds in his back.

The woman in the video is kneeling on him, and she pulls the knife out of his back. She rises to her feet, removes her hood, stands over his inert body panting, and wipes the knife on her bare thigh leaving behind a bloody smear.

As the woman in the video wipes the knife, the woman on the sofa stops bouncing and shudders.

She then climbs off the man, leans back to put on her panties, and rises, partially blocking the video monitor.

She's is wearing same lingerie as the woman in the video, and she's holding a large Bowie knife that glints briefly.

She picks up a remote control from the sofa, turns off the monitor, and tosses it back onto the sofa.

As she turns and walks toward the light switch across the room, he recognizes her from the video and sees her facial scar clearly.

BACK TO SCENE

He quickly ducks beneath the window sill and squats down below the window.

He's repulsed, shakes his head in disbelief, and whispers to himself.

RAY (cont'd)
Son of a bitch.

Making sure that he can't be seen, he rises into a crouch, and crouch runs back to his car.

RAY (cont'd)
Too old for this shit.

EXT. RAY'S CAR

Ray approaches his car, rises from the crouch, and takes his cell phone out of his pocket. He arrives at the car, and he's about to begin dialing when he stops.

His finger is poised over the phone. He pauses for a moment, then clenches the phone tightly and shakes it vigorously.

RAY (cont'd)
Goddamn it! "Yes, officer, I was
peeping in her window when ..."
Shit! Un-fucking-believable.

INT. RAY'S CAR

Ray opens his car door silently, slides into the driver's seat, turns off the dome light, tosses his cell phone onto the seat next to him and opens the glove compartment.

He removes a .38 caliber revolver, opens it, checks the ammunition, closes it, and puts it in his coat pocket.

RAY (cont'd)
Dave, you fucking cowboy.

He then reaches back into the glove compartment and removes a black leather pouch that he puts into his other pocket.

EXT. RAY'S CAR

He exits the car, closes the door, turns toward the house, and begins to walk toward it quickly, so he doesn't hear his phone start RINGING softly from the passenger's seat.

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW

Ray glances in the living room window. The room is dark and appears to be deserted.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

He opens the screen door, puts his ear to the front door, and listens.

Hearing nothing, he takes out his flashlight and turns on a red beam.

He shines it on the front door lock, puts it in his mouth, takes the leather pouch out of his pocket, and opens it.

He removes two thin metal rods, inserts them into the door's lock, jiggles them for a moment, and hears a soft CLICK.

He opens the door a few inches, returns the metal rods to the pouch, and puts it back in his pocket.

He then removes the flashlight from his mouth, turns it off, and puts it in his breast pocket as he takes his gun out of his other pocket.

As he opens the front door slowly, he checks between the door and the jamb to make sure no one is behind it.

Seeing nothing, he continues to open the door until he can slide into the entryway surreptitiously.

INT. ENTRYWAY

He closes the front door behind him silently. The entryway and the living room beyond it are dark and still.

He takes out the flashlight, turns on his red beam, and sees Sarah's house keys hanging on a hook. Briefly, he slides his hand under the catspaw.

He sees the security keypad next to the hook and notices that the alarm system is not active.

INT. LIVING ROOM

SUBLIMINAL FLASH INSERT: ENCIRCLED INVERTED RED PENTAGRAM.

He turns off his flashlight and creeps into the living room where he sees a pair of bare feet in the air and parallel to the floor protruding from behind the sofa's armrest.

Ray freezes, trains the revolver on the sofa, and then advances toward it slowly from behind.

After a few steps, he can see that the feet belong to a life-sized naked male sex doll that's in a seated position but lying on its side.

He circles around in front of it, turns on the flashlight's red beam, and sees that the word "CESARE" has been written on its forehead in glitter lip polish.

Its huge erect phallus glistens softly in the crimson light.

Suddenly, the doll's face animates. Its eyes blink, and it looks at Ray.

ASMODEUS (V.O.)
(sotto voce)
Hikonn lamutt!
[Prepare to die!]

Ray is shocked and jumps back instantly. He regains his composure, quickly shines the red beam back onto the doll, and sees that it's become inanimate again and that its head has reassumed its original position.

RAY
(whispers)
Holy shit. I'm losin' it.

He cautiously advances toward the sofa and sees a menagerie of stuffed cartoon snail dolls sitting near the sex doll.

A tray containing two beer mugs and a plate with a partially eaten slice of pizza sits on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

He turns off the flashlight and crosses quietly to the kitchen holding the gun in front of him. He slowly peers around the corner and sees that the kitchen's empty.

INT. HALLWAY

Ray is standing in the dark hallway and notices two doors that are across the hall from one another. The door on his right is completely closed, but the door on his left is slightly ajar.

He checks the gap between the door on his left and the wall. Seeing nothing, he pushes it open slowly and silently.

It's a bedroom, and from the soft light of the streetlight outside the house, he sees that he's alone.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

He closes the door behind him silently and turns on the red beam of his flashlight.

An empty suitcase is open on the bed and a stun gun is lying next to it.

He goes to the foot of the bed, and checks underneath it. He sees nothing but a cordless telephone handset and dust.

He stands back up and notices two framed photographs on a bureau.

He shines the flashlight on one of the photographs and it shows a young man in a white tuxedo and a young woman in a white prom dress standing in front of a 2002 Camaro SS in a suburban setting.

He picks it up the photo, examines it closely, and notices that the pupils of the man in the photo have been poked out.

He replaces it and shines his light on the other photo.

It shows a ten-year-old girl wearing a frilly bathing suit and sitting on the shoulders of a middle-aged man who's standing in a lake. The girl has a catatonic expression on her face, and she is staring directly into the lens with empty, reptilian eyes.

He turns and shines the flashlight's red beam on a closed door across the room.

He approaches it carefully, slowly turns the knob, pauses, crouches, and then swings it open quickly and silently.

It's an unoccupied walk-in closet.

He rises and sweeps it with the flashlight, revealing chaotic piles of clothing, shoes, wigs, make-up, etc.

He is about to close the door when he notices numerous selfies of Sarah in her various disguises and outfits stapled to the inside of the door.

He examines one of them closely, removes it, puts it in his pocket, and turns away from the closet.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

He crosses the bedroom and enters the master bathroom. He sweeps it with his flashlight and sees that soiled clothing and wet towels are strewn across on the floor.

When he's satisfied he's alone, he turns back to the bathroom door and the red light of his flashlight crosses the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet quickly.

As it does so, the disembodied face of Asmodeus, snarling viciously and wearing a black baseball cap and mirrored aviator sunglasses, flashes in the mirror's reflection.

Although Ray's looking at the mirror directly, he doesn't react to this fleeting image and re-enters the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Ray turns off his flashlight, opens the bedroom door slightly, and peers into the dark hallway.

As he does so, the murky light reveals Asmodeus standing impassively and silently in the closet doorway behind him.

Asmodeus is wearing mirrored sunglasses and the Camaro SS Ghost Cap. He's dressed completely in black - a hoodie, sweatpants, sneakers, and gloves - so that the only things clearly visible are his face, a stainless steel revolver that he's holding by his side, and the image of Michelangelo's statue of David that's on the hoodie's chest.

Ray can see that the door to the room across from the bedroom is now very slightly ajar and that a dim sliver of grayish light flickers behind it.

Instantly, Asmodeus is standing a few feet behind Ray.

He's no longer wearing the sunglasses and cap. Instead, a bald burgundy head protrudes from the hoodie, and his face has become a snarling mask of loathing with two sets of bright yellow cats' eyes in his forehead that glitter malevolently.

His arm is fully extended, and he's pointing his revolver at the back of Ray's head.

The gun's barrel is a few inches away from the back of Ray's neck, and as it approaches slowly, the fine hairs on the back of Ray's neck become erect.

Ray's breath catches, his eyes widen, and without moving his head, he tries to look over his shoulder.

He suddenly spins around, crouches down, and raises his gun with both hands.

Nothing. He is alone. He exhales silently and slowly, but his eyes survey the room warily.

He quickly turns back to the bedroom door and sticks his head into the hallway tentatively. He looks up and down the hall and sees that it's still dark and empty.

INT. HALLWAY

He slips out of the bedroom and notices two closed doors at the end of the hall.

He points the revolver in their direction and watches them carefully as he crosses the hall.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

He opens the door of the room across the hall slowly, again checking the crack between it and the jamb. He sees nothing behind the door, however, and he enters the room.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

The room is lit softly a TV monitor that's playing the haircutting scene from a silent French movie about Joan of Arc, and its musical soundtrack is PLAYING faintly.

In the gloom, he sees the dim silhouettes of a Total Body Gym and treadmill.

A large amorphous mound lies next to the gym.

BACK TO SCENE

He closes the door behind him, takes out his flashlight, turns it on, points the red beam at the mound on the floor, and sees that it's a stationary man who's virtually naked and lying on his side in a fetal position with his hands cuffed behind him.

He quickly turns to the wall, sees a dimmer switch, and turns on the ceiling lights, which illuminate the room softly.

Ray turns back to the prostrate man and sees that he's clad only in a black leather hood with its eyes zipped shut, a G-string, and a spiked collar that's connected to a recessed floor ring by a black steel chain.

He turns off his flashlight, puts it in his pocket, and steps toward the man as he bends down and extends his hand.

RAY

(whispering)

Dave? Dave, are you OK?

As he bends down, he glances into the mirrored wall and glimpses a reflection of Sarah standing in the reopened doorway directly behind him in front of the dark hallway.

She's dressed completely in black. Her hair is under a Camaro SS Ghost Cap, and she's wearing a hoodie with an image of Michelangelo's statue of David on its chest, sweatpants, sneakers, and FDT Alpha Gloves, as well as mirrored sunglasses.

She's also holding a huge Bowie knife in a reverse grip high above her head with both hands.

Shocked by the image, he freezes momentarily as Sarah GROWLS loudly and leaps into the room.

The knife glints in the mirror, and he begins to spin around quickly and lift his gun, but he's too late.

Before he can turn around completely, Sarah SCREAMS savagely as she pounces on him and plunges the knife into his temple, killing him instantly.

With the knife embedded in his head, he GRUNTS softly, drops his gun, and pitches forward onto the floor sideward.

A panting Sarah looms over him with her knife's handle protruding straight up from the side of his head.

After a moment, she places her left foot on his head next to the knife.

She bends down, grimaces, pulls out the knife out of his head, puts her foot back on the floor, grabs his left ear, and uses the knife to slice it off.

She rises, wipes the bloody blade on her thigh, glances at the ear briefly, and then looks down at Ray's corpse.

SARAH

Who the fuck --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

An obviously animated police OFFICER is sitting behind a reception desk and talking to a dejected Angela.

OFFICER

-- do you think you are? The guy
was caught red-handed.

(MORE)

OFFICER (cont'd)
I don't care if he was breaking
into Jack the Ripper's house;
it's still illegal.

ANGELA
But he wasn't--

OFFICER
But nothing. Your boyfriend is
spending the night here. He'll be
arraigned tomorrow morning on a B
and E. It doesn't matter if your
brother is missing or not.

ANGELA
His brother. My fiancée.

OFFICER
Whatever. Why don't you go home
and call a lawyer in the morning?

ANGELA
Thanks, Officer Browning. You've
been very helpful.

OFFICER
Hey, I'm sorry, but you just
can't go busting into a people's
houses because you feel like it.
(writes on a pad)
Look, here's the number for the
front desk. Ask your lawyer to
call here in the morning.

Angela takes the note glumly and turns toward the front door
when a startled expression crosses her face. She opens her
purse, takes out her phone, and begins dialing.

ANGELA
Call somebody. Duh. C'mon, Ray.

She puts the phone to her ear as she exits the station.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/ANGELA'S CAR - NIGHT

Holding her phone against her ear, Angela parks her car
behind Dave's SUV and Ray's car in front of Sarah's house.

She disconnects the phone, puts it in a pocket, and leaves
her purse on the passenger's front seat as she exits.

She walks up to the driver's side window of Ray's car, sees a parking ticket under his wiper blade, and shakes her head.

She then sees a cell phone sitting on the front seat.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Shit.

She looks up and down the street, but it's dark and still.

She takes the officer's note out of one pocket and her cell phone out of the other. She looks at the note and dials.

ANGELA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello, Officer Browning? This is Angela. I'm the woman who was-

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/ANGELA'S CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Angela is leaning against her car's fender.

Her arms are folded across her chest, her brow is knit, and she's staring quietly at Sarah's dark house.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Shit. This is stupid.

She stands up and starts walking up the driveway resolutely.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

She takes a deep breath, bites her lip, exhales, and RINGS the doorbell. The sound echoes through the house, but there is no response. She knocks on the door, but to no avail.

She waits a moment and goes to the living room window.

Peering in, she sees a dark and empty room except for the vague silhouette of the back of a stationary man sitting in an ergonomic desk chair facing the dark TV.

She returns to the front door and bangs on it loudly.

ANGELA (cont'd)

I can see you in there, asshole.

EXT. SARAH'S CURB/SQUAD CAR

Angela's walking back from Sarah's house toward her car as a squad car pulls up and parks behind it.

The familiar policemen exit their car, and she walks toward them quickly as a red dot of light flashes from between the slats of the master bedroom's horizontal blinds.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Thank God you're back. I just rang the doorbell, and there's --

AL

Ma'am, the desk officer said you might be back here. We're going to have to ask you to leave.

ANGELA

But, you don't understand --

AL

Ma'am, it's nearly three o'clock in the morning. We can't allow you to disturb anyone at this location any further.

ANGELA

But something may be wrong.

JACK

Yep, there's something wrong here alright.

AL

Ma'am, we have an ordinance against parking on the street between two and six A-M.

(gestures)

Do you know whose car this is?

ANGELA

Yes, it's Ray's. He's the private detective we hired to help us find my fiancée.

Al rolls his eyes skyward as Jack shakes his head ruefully.

AL

Ray. Your private detective. Great. This just keeps on getting better and better. OK Jack, write her up.

JACK

You got it, Al.

Jack takes out his ticket writer, approaches Angela's car, removes the stylus, and starts pressing it on the screen.

ANGELA

He asked us to call him if we found anything ... A ticket?! You're giving me a fuckin' parking ticket?!?

JACK

(sotto voce)

Pipe down, lady. We told you that it's against the law to park on the street overnight.

AL

Listen, miss. If you don't get your ass in your car and get the hell out of here in the next two seconds, I'm gonna cite you for disorderly conduct. And if you give me a hard time, I'll throw in resisting arrest, and then you can spend the rest of the night in jail with your boyfriend.

ANGELA

He's not my boyfriend.

AL

Leave. Now.

ANGELA

OK. Fine, but if something happens, it'll be on your head.

AL

Then I guess that I'll just have to live with that, won't I?

Angela walks to her car, gets in, slams the door, starts it, and her tires SQUEAL as she drives away angrily.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S CURB/ANGELA'S CAR - NIGHT - (LATER)

Angela's car SCREECHES to an abrupt halt behind Ray's car across the street from Sarah's house.

She finishes an energy drink and tosses the empty can into the back seat.

ANGELA

So arrest me, assholes.

She yawns, glances at her watch, and sees that it's 330AM.

She puts her elbows on the steering wheel, leans forward, and runs her fingers through her hair. She yawns, leans back, and folds her arms as her eyelids begin to droop.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY (DAWN)

Angela opens her eyes. She rubs them, yawns, and stretches. The sky is lightening as dawn begins to break.

Still half asleep, she glances over her shoulder peacefully at Sarah's dark house and then sits up with a start.

The street is still empty and quiet.

She takes a couple of deep breaths, rubs her eyes again, opens the glove compartment, and removes a penlight.

She looks at her watch and sees that it's 530AM.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY (DAWN)

Angela is standing outside Sarah's front door, and she rings the doorbell. The empty driveway is visible behind her.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Hello?

The only response from within is the echo of the bell, so she knocks on the door heavily and then tries the handle.

She's surprised when the handle turns, and she pushes the door open slowly.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Hello! Anybody home?

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY (DAWN)

She enters the gloomy house warily, turns on her flashlight, and sees an inactive home alarm keypad next to the door.

A key ring hangs from a wall hook above it, but the catspaw is no longer attached to it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

She enters the empty living room cautiously, but she sees that the man and the desk chair are no longer there.

Instead, she sees a serving tray with beer mugs and a plate of partially eaten pizza on it sitting on a coffee table.

The plush snail hand puppet is no longer on the sofa, but she toward a faint DINGING that's coming from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is empty, but the refrigerator door is open.

She goes to it and sees that it contains only a few groceries and a glass jar with a locking lid.

She picks up the jar and sees snails and their shells floating in a pale yellow liquid.

She grimaces, closes the refrigerator door, and leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

She's standing in the hallway in front of a closed door.

She shines her flashlight on the door, knocks on it softly, licks her lips, turns the knob, and pushes it open.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Hello? Ray?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Her flashlight reveals that shoes, clothing, and towels are strewn about the disheveled room.

An ergonomic desk chair lies on its side next to the bed.

She shines the flashlight on the bed and sees a small pile of blood-stained white lingerie lying on the bedspread next to the head and shoulders of a life-sized male mannequin.

The mannequin's lying supine under the bedspread and the word "CESARE" has been written in glitter lip polish on its forehead.

She GASPS, but its inanimate eyes are fixed on the ceiling.

She approaches it cautiously and lifts the bedspread and sheet, revealing a naked male sex doll without genitalia.

Suddenly the mannequin's eyes animate and blink as it turns its head toward her.

ASMODEUS (V.O.)
 Eyeydes hayiti ani.
[AIDS was me.]

Her breath catches and she SQUEAKS.

She drops the bedding back down onto the mannequin and jumps backward, which causes the flashlight's beam to flutter onto on the wall behind the bed briefly.

She quickly shines it back at the mannequin, but it has resumed its original position, so she exhales deeply in relief and shakes he head briefly.

Lying on a pillow next to the mannequin she sees a hot pink stun gun, picks it up, presses a button on it, and watches as an electric arc jumps between the two poles.

ANGELA
 Good Lord.

She crosses to the walk-in closet holding the flashlight and stun gun in front of her defensively.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET

She opens the closet door and sees its chaotic interior.

She shines her flashlight into the back of the closet and sees something glitter from an open shoebox on the floor.

She steps over to it as she puts the stun gun in her pocket and the flashlight in her mouth. She bends down and picks up the shoebox. It contains an assortment of men's jewelry.

As she searches through the box, a pair of mirrored aviator sunglasses clatters onto the floor. Suddenly she freezes.

ANGELA (cont'd)
 (garbled)
 Oh my God.

Angela's hand picks up an expensive man's wristwatch, turns it over, and sees an inscription on the case back: "Merry Christmas, Michael/Love, Angela".

She chokes back a SOB and drops the shoebox onto the floor.

She takes the flashlight out of her mouth, puts the watch in her pocket, and removes the stun gun.

ANGELA (cont'd)
 You fucking cunt.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

She crosses to the bathroom door, which is slightly ajar, and she opens it fully.

From the doorway she sees a slovenly room with toiletries, clothes, towels, wigs, and garbage scattered on the floor.

Satisfied that no one is in the bathroom, she turns abruptly and crosses to Sarah's bureau.

The drawers are open, and garments are scattered about. On the top of the bureau she sees two empty picture frames.

She sees a wallet near them, puts down the flashlight and the stun gun, searches it, and finds a driver's license.

She picks up her flashlight and shines it on the license.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Sarah Lilith.

She returns the license to the wallet, puts it back on the bureau, picks up the stun gun, and leaves the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY

She takes a step down the hall and crinkles her nose. She sniffs the air, wrinkles her nose, and GAGS.

Turning around and, breathing through her mouth, she walks back to the door directly across from Sarah's bedroom.

She knocks on it softly with the stun gun.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Hello? Michael? Ray?

She opens the door and puts her fist to her mouth as her stomach heaves.

The room is pitch black and silent, and she shines the light into it with one hand while holding her nose with the other.

From the doorway, the beam illuminates a Total Body Gym and flickers back at her from the mirrored wall.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM

Angela enters the room warily, closes the door behind her, sees a dimmer light switch on the wall, and turns it on, which lights the room brightly.

She turns off the flashlight, turns away from the light switch, and sees two open trapdoors in the floor.

The smaller opening is next to the weight machine and the larger is against the wall.

The openings are pitch black, but the first few steps of a descending staircase are visible in the larger opening.

She looks up and sees a video monitor on a wall and a ceiling-mounted HD dome cameras in each corner of the room.

She notices a pile of ripped clothing lying on the floor next to carmine smears that lead to the smaller opening.

She begins to approach it cautiously, extending the stun gun in front of her defensively.

As she nears it, she sees a .38 caliber revolver nestled in the blood-stained beach towel.

Her eyes begin to water, and her stomach heaves again.

She bends over, puts the stun gun on the floor, and picks up the revolver and the towel.

With the revolver in one hand the flashlight in the other, she unfurls the towel, which contains a large psychedelic drawing of a Burgundy snail.

Suddenly, a water bug falls from the towel and onto the floor, which startles Angela her and elicits a soft YELP.

It tries to scamper away, but she drops the towel onto the bug, stomps on it forcefully, and hears a soft CRUNCH.

She turns to the black opening of the trapdoor next to her.

She turns her flashlight back on. Holding it and the revolver in front of her, she steps toward the opening.

The flashlight illuminates the top of a stainless steel child's playground slide that's smeared with drying blood.

She moves the beam down the slide, and as it descends, bloody smears become visible all the way to the bottom.

The foot of the slide sits in a bathtub containing an amber liquid and four human feet: two bare feet that are pointing down, and two wearing men's shoes that are pointing up.

The beam of light pans up from the feet to the heads of the bodies revealing two submerged male corpses, one stacked upon the other.

The body on top is lying prone and naked except for a black leather hood, G-string, and spiked collar.

There are numerous fresh, deep stab wounds in its back.

The supine lower corpse is Ray's. There's a stab wound in the side of its head, and one of his ears is missing.

Ray's eyes and mouth are open, and a Bowie knife has been thrust deeply into his mouth so that only the knife's leather-wrapped handle is above the surface of the liquid.

Angela SCREAMS and covers her face, dropping the flashlight and the revolver in the process.

They CLATTER nosily down the slide and into the tub, where the flashlight begins to illuminate the corpses eerily through the soft golden tint of the liquid.

She takes another second breath and tries to scream again, but the stench is overpowering so she gags, falls to her knees, and begins to vomit down the slide.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT/TICKET COUNTER - DAY (MORNING)

Sarah is wearing a black T-shirt that has a cloud barfing a rainbow on its chest as she stands in front of an airline ticket counter at O'Hare Airport.

She's also wearing black distressed skinny jeans, mirrored aviator sunglasses, a Camaro SS Ghost Cap over a long auburn wig, and a wedding ring.

Her facial scar is barely visible, and a pair of black tactical gloves protrude from the back pocket of her jeans.

A uniformed ticket AGENT is behind the counter typing.

As she types, Sarah removes her sunglasses revealing bright green contact lens in her eyes.

AGENT

OK, Ms. "Toy-fell", here we go.

SARAH

It's pronounced "Tuff-ull" in English. Rhymes with shuffle. Toy-fell" is the German pronunciation. At least that's what my husband says, and it is his name after all.

AGENT

OK, Ms. Teufel, sorry about that. Well, you're confirmed on flight six ninety eight to Dallas. It departs from Gate H ten and arrives at nine forty one. Then you'll connect with flight twenty four fifty one to Belize City.

(beat)

Are your inoculations current?

SARAH

(startled)

It that necessary?

AGENT

No, but that is recommended if you leave the resorts or cities.

SARAH

(relieved)

I'm sure I'll be fine.

AGENT

OK. Just the one bag today?

SARAH

Yep. I'll carry this one on.

AGENT

Are you sure that I can't book the return flight for you now?

SARAH

No, thanks. I got that flexible fare thing cuz I'm looking for a vacation home there, and I'm not sure when I'll be coming back.

AGENT

OK. Well, here's your passport, boarding pass, and baggage claim. Anything else we can do for you?

SARAH

No, thank you. You've been very helpful.

AGENT

Well, thanks for flying U-S Airlines and have a nice trip.

SARAH

I intend to. Mucho gracias.

Sarah leaves the Agent and begins walking through the sunny terminal toward the gate smiling broadly.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE/FRONT LAWN - DAY (MORNING)

Angela bursts out of the front door of Sarah's house and lurches clumsily onto the lawn.

After a few steps, she drops to her hands and knees and begins to dry heave.

She rises unsteadily, bends from the waist, puts her hands on her knees, and puffs her cheeks as she EXHALES loudly.

Simultaneously, a squad car SCREECHES to a stop across the street, its rooftop lights flashing colorfully.

Al and Jack jump out of the car and run across the street toward Angela. Al reaches her first.

AL
Did you call nine-one-one? You
saw dead bodies?

ANGELA
Yes. Inside. They're --

AL
(to Jack)
Get her outta here!

Al draws his gun and sprints into the house.

Jack puts his arm around Angela's shoulder tenderly and leads her slowly but firmly toward the squad car.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE/EXERCISE ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

Al is holding his gun in front of him as he enters the brightly lit exercise room.

He sees a bloody towel, smears that lead to small open trapdoor, and a larger trapdoor across the room.

He approaches the smaller trapdoor, looks down the slide, and sees the bodies in the bathtub.

He quickly turns to the larger trapdoor, sees the descending stairs, crosses to them, and begins to climb down warily.

On the third step, his foot depresses a thin thread of transparent fishing line this is stretched across it tautly.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

A second squad car with flashing lights skids to a stop in the middle of the street in front of Sarah's house.

Angela drops back down to her hands and knees on the grass near the curb next to Jack as her stomach heaves again.

The other officers leap out of their car as Jack turns and points to Sarah's house.

JACK

He's in --

A massive EXPLOSION obliterates the house, sending debris flying and a huge fireball into the sky.

The concussion flips Angela onto her back and sends Jack soaring headfirst into the street.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE/COACH SECTION - DAY - TRAVELING

A runway is rushing underneath an airplane window, and it begins to recede as the airplane lifts off.

INT. AIRPLANE COACH SECTION

Sarah is sitting in a window seat in the coach section of a commercial airplane and looking out of the window when a look of recollection flashes across her face.

She turns away from the window, bends down, retrieves her purse from under the seat in front of her, and opens it.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

Her hands begin searching through the purse.

They push aside a catspaw, a large silicone phallus, and Dave's cell phone, finally selecting a small plastic bag that contains a human ear.

One hand unzips a side pocket in the purse while the other massages the ear briefly and puts the bag in the pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

She zips the pocket, closes her purse and puts it back under the seat in front of her.

She sits back up and smiles at a casually dressed, handsome male PASSENGER sitting in the aisle seat of the same row who's looking at her. The middle seat is vacant, and he returns her smile..

She turns away and resumes looking out of the window.

As the plane banks, a large cloud of gray smoke from a nearby suburb is visible through the window as it wafts upwards into the sky.

The plane continues to bank, and the smoke disappears from view quickly.

Sarah sits back in her seat and smiles to herself smugly. She yawns widely, stretches, and reclines her seat.

She closes her eyes, but sits back up with a start when a hand taps her shoulder from behind.

Startled, she looks over her shoulder and sees a WOMAN sitting behind her with an annoyed expression on her face.

WOMAN

Excuse me, miss, but would you mind straightening your seat?

SARAH

Oh, sorry about that. I forgot.

She raises her seat and glances at the passenger sitting in the aisle seat.

He's watching her and smiling broadly.

PASSENGER

Don't worry. They'll turn the seat belt sign off in a minute.

(beat)

Nice shirt.

SARAH

Thanks. It's my lucky flying T-shirt. Haven't crashed yet.

PASSENGER

Is the cloud hungover?

Sarah smiles mischievously as she looks down at the image on her T-shirt.

SARAH

No, I think it's how God delivers on his promise to Noah.

PASSENGER

Ah, I see. One of his mysterious ways, huh?

Sarah continues to smile but doesn't reply.

PASSENGER (cont'd)

So is it business, pleasure, or homeward bound?

SARAH

None of the above actually.

(strokes her scar
absentmindedly)

I've got an appointment for a little cosmetic surgery.

PASSENGER

Nothing serious, I hope.

SARAH

Oh no. Not at all. Just another example of "Vanity thy name is woman" I suppose.

PASSENGER

Frailty. Not vanity. Everyone thinks Shakespeare wrote "vanity, thy name is woman", but it's really "frailty". Hamlet.

Sarah's smile dims.

PASSENGER (cont'd)

You know it. Something is rotten in Denmark; to be or not to be; to sleep, perchance to dream. And my personal favorite: conscience makes cowards of us all.

Her smile continues to fade.

PASSENGER (cont'd)

I've always wondered if Shakespeare meant that the opposite was true, too. That heroes don't have a conscience. That they're amoral.

(beat)

Today we'd call that sociopathy. A person who lacks a conscience. Someone who doesn't need any moloko plus to enjoy a bit of the old ultraviolence.

There is a pregnant pause as she stares at him stonily.

PASSENGER (cont'd)
 Ooooookay. Well, so much for
 today's lecture on Elizabethan
 existentialism.
 (smiling warmly)
 Anyway, I don't think that you
 need any cosmetic surgery, if you
 don't mind my saying so.

Sarah's warm smile returns instantly.

SARAH
 Why thank you. That's very nice
 of you to say.
 (MORE)

PASSENGER
 Hey, it's my pleasure.

Her smile becomes enigmatic.

SARAH
 Well, I certainly hope so.

The Passenger scrutinizes the side of her face closely.

PASSENGER
 That's nothing a little Cle de
 Peau couldn't fix.

SARAH
 Clay Who?

INT. COACH SECTION - TRACKING

down the center aisle toward the rear of the plane.

A person is sitting in the aisle seat of the last row of
 seats reading the "Life" section of USA Today.

The row is otherwise unoccupied, and only the person's
 hands, which are clad in black FDT Alpha Gloves and holding
 the newspaper, are visible.

The person closes the paper in order to turn the page and
 pauses to lean into the aisle and look toward Sarah who's
 conversing with her seatmate.

We see that he is Asmodeus wearing mirrored sunglasses, a
 black hoodie with an image of Michelangelo's statue of David
 on its chest, and a Camaro SS Ghost Cap.

The sweatshirt's hood is on his shoulders.

He reclines his seat, sits back, smiles, and shakes his head bemusedly.

He turns the page of the paper, reopens it, and lifts it back in front of his face.

EXT. AIRPLANE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

The airplane flies off into the distance, and a Big Band song about flying away with the singer begins to PLAY.

FADE OUT.

THE END