

BE DEVIL

By

Lord Byron

FADE IN:

INT. OLD CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Sunlight fades through stained windows.

SENTA, 13, sits in an empty church. Her pretty face smudged with dirt, her hair a mess, wearing a blouse and blue jeans.

She bows in prayer. A man's HAND rests on her head.

REV. LOCKE, 50s, tall, gangly, slick hair, dressed in dark clothing. He towers over Senta like a vulture.

REV. LOCKE

Lord, I take this child under
our protection. To keep her
safe in this hour of darkness.

Locke lifts her chin. She opens her eyes, as he smiles down.

REV. LOCKE

There is a safe haven for us
high in the church rafters.
Where we can wait.

SENTA

Wait...for what?

REV. LOCKE

To be accepted into the Lord's
kingdom.

INT. CHURCH SECOND STORY, SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

A candle in the corner. Spareness all around: a desk, a chair, a bed - against one wall, Senta's flickering SHADOW.

Locke's shadow looms next to her. His upper body naked. He peels off Senta's blouse. Then her pants.

MONTAGE (in shadow):

- Rev. Locke places a gown over Senta - brushes Senta's hair -
paints her face - attaches jewelry.

His long limbs work meticulously like the arms of a Mantis.

END of montage.

A DOG BARKS from outside. Locke freezes. Senta springs from the bed and dashes to the window. Throws back thin curtains.

SENTA
It's Jess.

REV. LOCKE
No. It's the Devil.

Senta looks up at Locke. Her mascara-lined eyes wide in defiance. A pair of diced earrings shiver from her ears.

Locke is revealed now. His naked upper body bathed in sweat.

REV. LOCKE
Satan comes in disguise.

SENTA
You're crazy.

Locke grabs Senta. He shakes her. His eyes on fire.

REV. LOCKE
Don't you question my
authority. I'm your protector.

Releases her. Locke goes to a closet. Returns with a rifle.

A tear rolls down Senta's cheek. Locke steps to the window. He focuses in the rifle scope. Takes aim.

REV. LOCKE
Give this weapon life.

SENTA
NO --

BAM – the dog outside howls. Senta screams. She pushes Locke, knocks the rifle from his hands. She sprints out the room.

REV. LOCKE
Don't go out there, foolish
child. The evil is not dead.

Locke turns back to the window. Lifts his rifle again.

Senta's CRIES echo from outside. Mingles with the barks.

Rifle aims. BAM. Locke sucks in a breath. BAM, fires again.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Locke carries the frail body of Senta. Places her on the bed. Lights a new candle. Warm light fall on the bloody child.

The reverend wipes her wounds. Reveals two bullet holes in her neck.

REV. LOCKE
The devil has marked you,
Senta. But despair not.

He brushes back Senta's hair. Bows his head in prayer.

REV. LOCKE
Dear Lord, help me purge her
soul of impurities. Guide me
with your wisdom. And bless
this union, so we may be one.

He kisses Senta's cheek. Moves to her mouth and kisses her lips with passion. Whispers something in her ear.

Then he crawls on the bed beside her. On top of her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Locke lies asleep next to Senta. Candle glow fills the room. Window curtains flutter - a dog BARKS. The reverend sits up.

REV. LOCKE
What the --? I killed you.

He trudges to the window. Pulls back the curtain. Stares out.

REV. LOCKE
With the hand of God.

Locke squints his eyes. Turns back for his rifle.

REV. LOCKE
Where is my...?

He stares out the window. A realization that his rifle is outside. The barks give way to LAUGHTER.

BAM. A rifle fires from outside. And a single bullet zips through Locke's throat.

The reverend clutches his neck. Gurgles blood. He drops to his knees. With the last of his strength, he crawls toward the bed.

Reaches up to Senta. The room goes dark.

Then...a WICKED LAUGH from the dead girl.

FADE OUT.