

EVIL NEVER DIES

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

A blurred image of a man getting closer.

Focus in, a sweaty over-weight balding man wears an evil drooling grin his eyes crazed.

Meet CHESTER TROY FLOOD (61) AKA The Aquarius Killer.

His creepy effeminate stare is unsettling; his dirty hands lunge at us!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - END OF DREAM

Bolting out of bed, hyperventilating is JACK BOWLER (42). His muscular body highlighted by his skimpy tank-top.

Looking at the alarm clock: 1:49AM. Next to it lays a FBI badge and cell phone.

The cell phone RINGS annoyingly loud. He turns on the bed side table lamp - Lights On.

CALLER ID: *D.A. DIANE SHAFFER*

Answering.

JACK

Hey.

DIANE (O.S.)

I'm sorry for calling you so late.
Flood just killed himself in his
holding cell.

Jack perks up.

DIANE (O.S.)

They found crazy writings on the
wall in blood...TAKE ME NOW
MASTER...I AM BEAUTIFUL...REVENGE
and some crazy symbol.

A text picture of the symbol POPS on the cellphone screen;



JACK

The sign of Aquarius.

Yesterday's newspaper is on the bedroom floor. The front page: "Flood will be sentenced tomorrow. His four surviving victims will be present".

Top picture is of Flood being ushered into court by Jack. Images of four young ladies below.

JACK

How?

DIANE (O.S.)

He hung himself... the sicko is dead, Jack. We won.

Back to the bed.

JACK

No...I'd call it a tie.

Hanging up he turns off the light.

INT. BEDROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

SAME DREAM...it's Flood standing at the foot of Jack's bed.

FLOOD

I'm back Agent Bowler.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - END OF DREAM

Jack awakens, sweaty, panicked.

JACK

This is bullshit.

Making his way to the bathroom, flips on the light. The toilet FLUSHES, exits - lights off.

In the darkness a DARK SILHOUETTE stands alone in the bathroom - unseen

CREAK! Jack's foot steps on a weak spot on the floor. He repeats his actions again, watching his foot...CREEEEAK!

ANGLE FROM INSIDE BATHROOM; We watch Jack get back into bed.

LATER: The alarm clock reads 2:20AM...2:21AM.

Loud SNORING echoes off the bedroom walls, then a second of silence.

CREEEEAK...

Jack's LEFT eye lazily opens, his head on the pillow.
Slowly the bed-sheets peel off him, and onto the floor.
Jake's RIGHT eye opens. His eyes adjust, making out a...
DARK SILHOUETTE standing at the foot of his bed.
Suddenly Jack starts to choke! Someone is choking him. Jack struggles and escapes.
Scrambling he turns on the bedroom LIGHT - the room is empty.
Jake examines himself, his neck is badly bruised.
An invisible force picks Jack off the floor and throws him on top of the bedside table smashing the lamp - LIGHTS OFF.
Rising, Jack is PUNCHED in the face by an unseen fist.
Blood drips out of his broken nose trickling onto the newspaper over the pictures of the four girls.
Bolting to the bedroom door to escape - the door SLAMS SHUT before he reaches it!
Trapped.
He turns and can see the DARK SILHOUETTE again!

JACK
WHAT... THE... FUCK?

INT. BEDROOM FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sounds of a STRUGGLE, Jack's feet LIFT inches off the floor.
They kick and flail as his body LEVITATES into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

The bathtub knob turns by itself - water GUSHES OUT.
Jack is thrown into the tub - his head forced underwater.
Air bubbles raise to the top...then stop. Bent over in the tub, Jack's body goes limp.
FOCUS ON: The bloody splattered newspaper and the first girl pictured.

CUT TO:

INT - CAR - NIGHT

An intoxicated beauty enters inside the car: CANDY (28), she's the first girl pictured in the paper.

The cigarettes orange glow doesn't give her enough light to find the ignition, she fumbles... dropping the keys, when she leans over to pick them up we see the DARK SILHOUETTE in the backseat.

Her cell phone rings. Candy POPS back up. She looks at the caller ID: D.A. DIANE SHAFFER...answering.

CANDY

Hello...

DIANE (O.S.)

Hi Candy? I know it's late...but.

The car-radio clock flashes 2:26AM.

DIANE (O.S.)

...it's about Chester Troy Flood.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A single dim light-bulb sways from the comb-webbed covered ceiling.

Candy is naked and tied up to a wooden chair. Her mouth stuffed with a soiled rag. A dead naked male is tied up in a chair next to her.

Decades worth of calendar pages of January/February are on the walls with dozens of polaroids taped to each one.

A work-bench has a pile of porn mags and a polaroid of the dead male.

A DARK FIGURE slowly lumbers down the wobbly stressed basement stairs... it's Flood.

Flood is only wearing tighty-whities. His belly flopped over.

A worn eight-track is put into a classic RCA stereo - The Fifth Dimension; Aquarius.

The music starts. Flood starts doing a crazy erotic dance in slow motion.

FLOOD

Do you think I'm beautiful?

Swaggering over to the dead male, Flood plants a kiss on his blue lips.

FLOOD

He... told me no! Bad... bad boy.

Floods underwear drops to the floor, his dimpled ass in full view.

FLOOD

Do...you...think...I'm...beautiful?

Sauntering closer, he stalks Candy like a horny apex predator.

FLOOD

Well do you?

Her eyes are overflowing with fear.

Getting down to his knees, Flood starts licking the beads of sweat off of Candy's leg.

Struggling, the ropes are too tight.

INT - CAR - NIGHT - END OF FLASHBACK

Candy snaps back to reality.

DIANE

Candy...you there?

CANDY

Yeah... That's all good. I'm just heading home.

DIANE (O.S.)

I'm calling to let you know Chester Flood committed suicide. It's over Candy... you're safe now.

The call ends - Candy smiles.

She turns the keys and starts the car. She puts the car in reserve and turns her head around to LOOK BACK...

DARK SILHOUETTE

Do you think I'm beautiful?

HARD SLAM TO BLACK - THE END