

Evil E.

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A mound of curbside junk awaits the garbage men: A frayed love seat. A lopsided table. Dozens of torn or balled up horror movie posters. All purged from an apartment.

A long, unnatural shadow spans this load of crud--

It's cast by EVIL E, a homemade, life-sized ghoulish statue made of mannequin parts, old pillows, wire, and scrap wood. He stands on metal rollers.

A monster mask--the color of rotten peas--serves as Evil E's face. He's crammed into a cheap black suit. A sticker on the breast pocket says "Hello My Name is Evil E."

Evil E stands majestically by a blue trash bin--the king of curbside refuse and soon to be the overlord of the junkyard.

Tufts of his scuzzy hair sway. A car speeds by. It almost reaches the end of the street before its brake lights flash.

The car--a junker--reverses all the way back to Evil E.

Out jumps the driver, LYNN LUCEY, 20s. Dark-haired. Athletic. Semi-goth. Half-amused by the sight of Evil E.

With hands on her hips, she approaches the ghoulish statue.

LYNN

Well, who left you out here?

Evil E's face is stuck in a permanent sneer.

LYNN

Looks like you're up for grabs.

Lynn hastily rolls Evil E to her car and tries to bend/cram him into the front seat. He's basically inflexible.

She shoves, tugs, grunts, and forces Evil E into the car. She pulls the seat belt over him for safety.

Grinning at her initiative, Lynn speeds off in her car, kicking up a small gust over the remaining trash.

In Lynn's wake, one of the movie posters flops over. It's stained with dried blood--an ugly, dark, murderous gob.

Lynn's car reaches the end of the block and veers down a different street.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Books. Papers. Folders. A desk consumed by academia/grad school.

Lynn types on a laptop. Evil E looms in a corner.

Behind him hangs a trove of horror artwork: sketches of Dia de los Muertos skulls and the grim reaper--and a few Halloween decorations and a couple grim-looking pinatas.

An old, lonely soccer ball rests in the corner of her sofa. The ball has signatures from several players and says "Conference Champs."

LYNN

(as she types)

What's the word I'm looking for?
Insignificant? Inconsequential?

(frowns)

How about meager?

With a groan, she sets her computer aside and faces Evil E.

LYNN

I skipped out on an intro, didn't I? Well, I'm Lynn Lucey from Round Rock, Texas.

She brushes off Evil E's jacket.

LYNN

I'm a grad student in the composition studies program, and I'm writing my thesis on chaos theory and its application to the writing process. I'm almost done with this sucker, but I've gotta punch it up and expand my ideas. Got a hundred an' eighteen pages.

She pokes his name tag.

LYNN

What's the E stand for? Eddie?
Something like that? Edgar?

(thinks)

Your name's not Evil Elvis, is it?
That would kick ass. Is that it?

She smiles.

LYNN

Well, you'll fit in just fine here.
I got a weird streak a mile long. I
swore off black lipstick, though.
Used to have a dozen tubes of it.

Lynn runs her finger along Evil E's jacket. She opens it--

Near Evil E's chest is a pull string, the kind found on
talking dolls. Lynn's eyes widen. She pulls, and Evil E's
crackly voice fills the room.

EVIL E

I'll eat your guts.

Lynn's mouth drops in delight.

LYNN

Holy crap. You can talk.

She pulls the string again. The ghoulish statue spurts--

EVIL E

Beware. Beware. Beware.

Flabbergasted Lynn grabs her phone. Her fingers twitch with
excitement.

LYNN

Oh, this's too good. This is
better...I gotta...holy crap...I
gotta tell somebody 'bout you.

LATER

Lynn is joined by KIMBERLY, 20s, long-haired, buxom, wild.

Kimberly snaps a selfie with Evil E.

LYNN

Pull his string. Go on.

Kimberly does.

EVIL E

Die. Die. Die.

Kimberly steps back.

KIMBERLY

Ah, mother fuck. You can't have
this in your apartment.

LYNN

Why not?

KIMBERLY

Ain't natural, Linny.

LYNN

I like him.

KIMBERLY

Thought you were giving up all your goth junk.

LYNN

I am, but not cold turkey. And I couldn't just let something this good go to the junkyard.

KIMBERLY

Have you looked this thing up on the internet?

LYNN

I'm not going to sell him on eBay, Kimberly.

Kimberly leaps into research mode on her phone.

KIMBERLY

I'm looking up Evil E.

LYNN

Why?

Kimberly scrolls.

KIMBERLY

Yep. Right here. Found him.

LYNN

Really?

Kimberly reads.

KIMBERLY

Twenty-two videos.

LYNN

Show me.

Kimberly pulls up a video on her phone.

INT. DENNIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (VIDEO)

A recording made by a horror enthusiast plays.

Evil E stands next to nerdy, pudgy DENNIS, 30s, in a room full of horror movie posters and memorabilia.

DENNIS

Welcome back, everyone to another episode of Horror Gems where we explore the latest short films in the genre. I'm Dennis Dubicki, as you know, and with me as always is my deadly and disturbing partner Evil E.

Dennis pulls Evil E's string, and he cackles menacingly.

DENNIS

Today, we've got two great short films for you to consider--Creak and Shriek and Haircut Beware-Cut.

Kimberly shuts off the video.

KIMBERLY

Your creepy doll is fucking famous.

Lynn cocks her head.

KIMBERLY

Did ya steal Evil E from this Dennis guy?

LYNN

Hell no. He was garbage.

KIMBERLY

Let me search this Dennis dude. Let's see. Dennis Dubicki...

Lynn rubs her head and explores Evil E carefully. Moments pass as Kimberly reads.

KIMBERLY

Whoa.

LYNN

What?

KIMBERLY

Well, it seems like this guy Dennis got killed.

LYNN

Killed?

KIMBERLY

Stabbed to death. Like three or four weeks ago. A bloodbath.

LYNN

No way. Are you sure it's the guy from the video?

KIMBERLY

Positive.

A long, uncomfortable moment passes...

Out of the blue, Evil E speaks on his own, without a pull of the string.

EVIL E

Beware. Beware. Beware.

Both women step back, startled.

LYNN

Did you do that?

KIMBERLY

That definitely ain't natural.

Lynn tentatively approaches Evil E and searches around the pull string.

LYNN

His batteries are probably dyin'.

KIMBERLY

Or he's comin' to life.

They stare.

KIMBERLY

I need a drink.

LYNN

Me, too. I'll buy.

They gather their things and leave the apartment. Evil E stands in the shaded corner and speaks independently again.

EVIL E

You won't survive.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lynn and Kimberly sway into the apartment, drunk, reckless.

Kimberly plants a kiss on Evil E's pea-green face and tumbles to the floor.

LATER

Kimberly raps with Evil E. Her phone plays a generic beat as she spits out a rhyme. Lynn films on her phone.

KIMBERLY
(rapping badly, pulling
words from ass)
Life in the streets. Tryin' ta run.
Bullets in guns. Wheel's been spun.
Gonna get it done. My man's the
one. Evil E ain't outdone. Got the
message for you...

She pulls Evil E's string.

EVIL E
You'll rot in hell.

KIMBERLY
(continues rapping)
Rot in hell. Live in a cell.
Survive a bombshell...

LATER

Lynn and Kimberly kick the autographed soccer ball in a haphazard scrimmage.

The ball bounces and knocks over Lynn's stack of books.

LYNN
Aw, crud.

LATER

Lynn stands at the far end of the apartment and kicks the soccer ball hard directly into Evil E's nuts. He doesn't have any, of course, but the ball lands where they would be.

The two women jump around like they won the World Cup.

KIMBERLY
Bet ya can't do that again.

LYNN
I sure can.

She sets the ball in the same place and kicks again--

The ball sizzles through the air--and hits Evil E squarely again in his phantom privates.

The two women erupt in cheers.

Lynn approaches Evil E.

LYNN
Sorry 'bout that, dude. Been kinda
a rowdy night.

LATER

Kimberly tries to put a dress on Evil E, but it's not fitting.

KIMBERLY
Cross dressing zombie. Should be a
movie 'bout that.

LYNN
Don't rip it.

KIMBERLY
Damn, it's not gonna work.

LYNN
Stop. This was a bad idea.

LATER

Kimberly posts several videos from the night onto the internet.

KIMBERLY
Your creepy doll's gonna be even
more famous now.

LATER

Kimberly sleeps on the couch. Lynn sits on a chair overlooking her apartment.

From a nearby desk drawer, Lynn removes a dog-eared picture. It shows Lynn--a different hairstyle--next to a handsome young dude.

They both beam with joy.

Lynn stares at the picture quietly before slipping it back in the drawer.

Slowly she walks to Evil E and whispers.

LYNN

I'm so sorry, Evil E, 'bout our rowdiness tonight. Blowin' off steam I guess. It wasn't right to kick ya with a damn ball or cross dress ya.

Evil E's face is dark with shadow.

LYNN

Kimberly's cool, but she brings out the worst in me sometimes.

She looks back at sleeping Kimberly.

LYNN

I went through a rough stretch a few years back, and she helped me through.

Evil E stares.

LYNN

But here's the bottom line--maybe I'm not such a good person.

Lynn opens her mouth to say more, but stops. Conversation over.

She walks to her bed, tumbles in, and falls asleep.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (DREAM)

Lynn sleeps.

Floorboards creak. A shadow spreads over Lynn.

The figure slides into bed alongside Lynn. The mattress sags.

A pea-green hand reaches out toward Lynn's shoulder. Evil E's hand--

It clutches her skin.

Lynn's eyes open.

A voice blurts out. It comes from alongside Lynn in the bed--

EVIL E

Beware, beware, beware.

Lynn screams and screams and screams.

The dream ends--

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

She sits up. Nobody in her bed but her.

Lynn whirls. Evil E stands in the corner, exactly where he was the night before.

She whirls again. Kimberly's gone. A note lays on the couch where she slept. Lynn retrieves it/reads aloud.

LYNN

I let myself out. Thanks for a cool night. A hundred kisses to Evil E.

Lynn approaches Evil E and pokes him in the ribs.

LYNN

Let's get something straight here, Evil. You stay outta my dreams and I'll stay outta yours.

Evil E stares.

LYNN

So I'm gonna shower and clean up a little, and then I'm gonna kick more butt on my paper. Sound okay with you?

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lynn's desk flows with even more documents and books.

She furiously takes notes from a text--completely lost in the moment. A scholar at work.

She underlines a passage multiple times. A sly grin stretches across her lips. She calls out to Evil E:

LYNN

Listen to what I found: Chaos is not necessarily evil or malevolent, but necessary for the creation of order.

She looks at the mannequin.

LYNN

God-damn that's good. Gimme my
master's degree right now. It's all
falling into place.

Lynn gets up and places a hand on Evil E's chest.

LYNN

Maybe you're my muse. You're going
to help me finally get this paper
done.

Her doorbell rings. She frowns. Graduation plans interrupted.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT FRONT DOORWAY - DAY

Lynn's front door leads directly outside. It has a small
glass pane that allows her a small--but not overly clear--
view of visitors.

Whoever stands at her door is mostly distorted in the tiny
window.

Hesitantly Lynn opens up.

Standing there is BROTHER JERICHO, 40s, bony, pale, jug-
eared, serious, haphazardly shaved. His front teeth are too
big for his face. His collar is starched and oversized,
dwarfing his neck. The guy has serious problems with
proportion.

Brother Jericho weakly raises his hand in greeting--hand bent
like a dead fish.

BROTHER JERICHO

Good morning.

Lynn nods cautiously.

BROTHER JERICHO

Hope you can help me.

LYNN

I'll try.

BROTHER JERICHO

I heard that you might have a
large-scale horror item in your
home--a statue of sorts. It has a
name tag that says Evil.

Lynn frowns.

BROTHER JERICHO

Do you have something here like that inside?

LYNN

Sorry.

BROTHER JERICHO

See, this statue was featured on a video show that I very much enjoyed. I have heard that you have come into possession of this item.

LYNN

How'd you hear that?

BROTHER JERICHO

Some videos were posted.
(his big teeth flash)
Forgive me. This must seem very odd. I'm just a fan of that show. It means so much.

LYNN

Well, there's nothing here like that.

BROTHER JERICHO

It would mean so much to me, if I could just get a look at what you found. Just for one moment. One tiny nano-second of your time.

LYNN

I'm sorry. I don't let people into my apartment.

Brother Jericho falls silent. He stares. A moment churns.

A small vibration emits from his throat--like a dog about to growl.

LYNN

I'm sorry.

She swings the door closed and locks it. Steps back.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Even though the door has been closed on him, Brother Jericho still stands where Lynn left him. Doesn't budge an inch. His face is visible in the glass pane, but it's distorted/weird.

Lynn grits her teeth.

LYNN
 (whispers to herself)
 Ah, shit.

She paces. Several seconds slog by...

A deep breath. She calls out loudly to Brother Jericho--

LYNN
 Listen, sir, I can still see you
 out there...so...

She reaches for her phone on an end table. Fumbles with it.

LYNN
 You're still behind the door...I'm
 gonna ask you nicely to leave my
 property...

Brother Jericho still looms. Lynn punches a couple digits on her phone.

LYNN
 Don't make me call somebody...

She hits another digit. Brother Jericho scurries off.

Whew. Lynn finds another window--

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She peeks out. No Brother Jericho. She powers down her phone. A sigh of relief. Another check of the window.

From the other side of the apartment, Evil E blurts out on his own--

EVIL E (O.S.)
 Beware. Beware. Beware.

A thud from the far end of her apartment. Silence. Another thud. Someone's trying to get in.

Lynn's jaw clenches. She steps forward, moves back, hesitates, proceeds. She takes her phone.

INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lynn slowly swings open the door and gasps.

Brother Jericho slides through the open window. One leg already inside.

Lynn shouts.

Brother Jericho catches sight of Evil E in the corner and reaches out.

BROTHER JERICHO
(to Evil E)
Megiddo. Megiddo.

Lynn tosses one of her grad school books at Brother Jericho. He swings a second leg through the window--almost all the way in.

She rushes--and kicks Brother Jericho--hard kicks--hard as hell--powerstriker soccer kicks.

Crack. A headshot. Brother Jericho slumps. Grunts. Retreats. He's gone.

Lynn slams the window. Locks it. Falls to her knees, breathing heavily.

Hands shaking, she makes a cell phone call.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lynn huddles with Kimberly on the couch.

KIMBERLY
I can't believe you're not going to report this to the police. It was a straight-up home invasion.

LYNN
It only escalates things.

Kimberly looks warily out the window.

KIMBERLY
What if he comes back?

LYNN
I'll kick his god-damned head off his neck if he does.

KIMBERLY
Listen, you've got to report this. What if the guy at your window is somehow involved with that guy Dennis's killing?

LYNN

I had a bad experience with police with Josh, and I don't want to go down that road again. I'll handle this one myself.

KIMBERLY

You think that creep came for Evil E?

LYNN

For sure. A deranged fan.

KIMBERLY

You need to get rid of it--of him--Evil E.

Lynn is quiet.

LYNN

Should I just dump him in the trash?

Kimberly nods.

LYNN

I can't.

KIMBERLY

You don't want to be in the middle of something.

LYNN

Middle of what? This is my apartment and my property.

KIMBERLY

You want that man to break in here again?

LYNN

Evil E belongs to me. Period.

Lynn looks hard at Evil E.

LYNN

But we need to find out more about him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynn and Kimberly conduct a thorough inspection of Evil E. They go through his pockets and search inside his stuffing.

Lynn reaches deep and pulls out a few tufts.

LYNN
(to Evil E)
Sorry, pal.

Suddenly her eyes widen.

LYNN
Hold on. I feel something.

She tugs and dislodges a large cloth that conceals something weighty.

KIMBERLY
Whoa. What's that?

Lynn unrolls the cloth...

She and Kimberly discover seven ancient knives. They have gnarly, old world designs.

LYNN
Crap.

KIMBERLY
The weapons used to murder Dennis?

Lynn counts.

LYNN
There's seven of them.

KIMBERLY
They look old. They're probably worth something.

LYNN
Maybe this's what the creep was looking for.

KIMBERLY
I think you're right.

LYNN
I've seen them before.

KIMBERLY
What do you mean?

LYNN
I've seen something like these knives before. I can't tell you where, but I have.

KIMBERLY

You've gotta call the police about this. You've got no choice any more.

Something else falls out of Evil E--a scrap of wood with several nails sticking out of it.

Kimberly sets it aside. Frowns at the sharp nails.

KIMBERLY

Hate to get stuck with one of those.

Lynn scrolls furiously through her phone.

LYNN

This is driving me crazy. The daggers are so familiar.

KIMBERLY

Don't touch them.

LYNN

The Omen.

KIMBERLY

The what?

LYNN

The Omen. You ever see the movie The Omen? The one with--what's his name--Gregory Peck.

KIMBERLY

Yeah. Maybe. Not really.

LYNN

There were seven daggers to kill Satan's son in that movie. When I used to binge-watch horror films, one of them was The Omen.

Lynn searches through movie databases on her cell phone.

LYNN

I got it. The Daggers of Megiddo. They were designed to kill the antichrist--Satan's progeny.

She stops.

LYNN

Wait. That's the word he used.

KIMBERLY

What?

LYNN

Megiddo. That asshole who broke in said something like that--Megiddo.

KIMBERLY

Bet he wanted the daggers.

LYNN

But that's from a movie. They aren't real, are they?

KIMBERLY

Well, maybe they're based on something real.

LYNN

Crap.

She inspects Evil E.

LYNN

How did they get inside of Evil E?

KIMBERLY

Maybe this Dennis guy was trying to hide them.

LYNN

That's why someone killed him. They wanted his daggers, but couldn't find them.

KIMBERLY

Yep. So what do we do?

LYNN

Call somebody.

KIMBERLY

Yeah. The police. Like right now.

LYNN

No, I mean we should call some sort of expert. I want to research this a little more. I don't want to go to the police and look like a fool.

KIMBERLY

And what if someone tries to get into your apartment again?

LYNN

Well, We've got seven knives. We'll stab the fuck out of him.

She starts looking up more information on her phone.

LYNN

Can you stick around here for a little bit and help me out?

LATER

The digital clock registers the time at 3 a.m.

Kimberly sleeps on sofa. Lynn researches at her computer, but nods her head with fatigue.

She shuffles to her bed and lies down.

LYNN

Just a five minute nap.

Then she's out cold.

A moment passes.

INT. APARTMENT (DREAM)

Wheels squeak across the floor--Evil E's wheels.

Then someone gets into bed with her. Just like before.

A hand reaches out to her.

Lynn screams and sits up.

She is face to face with MOBILE EVIL E. This version is an in-the-flesh incarnation of the ghoulish statue.

He wears the same clothes as the statue, and the rotten pea-colored makeup on his face is the same, too.

Mobile Evil E resembles the host of a cheesy, goofy Saturday night horror show.

MOBILE EVIL E

Sorry to bother...

Lynn wakes up and reaches to her nightstand and finds the first available "weapon," which happens to be a pen.

She jams it into Mobile Evil E's forehead. The jutting pen makes him resemble a demented unicorn.

Mobile Evil E pulls the pen from his forehead--a small piece of brain is attached. A river of fake blood dribbles down his forehead.

MOBILE EVIL E.
Damn you, lassie, that hurts.

He speaks with a slight brogue--a little like an Irish street cop from the old days. There's also a bit of an indulgent thespian in his speech and mannerisms.

Lynn smashes her fist into Mobile Evil E's face and leaps from the bed.

LYNN
Get the fuck out.

MOBILE EVIL E.
Christ almighty, lass, stop assaultin'. You're dreaming.

LYNN
I'm callin' the cops.

MOBILE EVIL E
Ain't no coppers in your dreams, woman. They got no jurisdiction here.
(with great bombast)
To sleep perchance to dream. Ain't that what Shakespeare says?

She screams.

MOBILE EVIL E
Ah, for cryin' out loud. Save your damn breath. Hear me out.

Lynn stares.

MOBILE EVIL E
I come to warn ye.

A deep breath.

MOBILE EVIL E
Been tryin' to alert you over and over, but all I got is stock phrases in my accursed voice box.

His voice switches back to the tinny voice box form.

MOBILE EVIL E
Beware. Beware.

Back to regular voice

MOBILE EVIL E
My apologies for my limited
vocabulary. It's on account of my
existence as a sideshow mannequin.
Fortunately, I can speak more
fluently in the twilight of your
dreams.

He hangs his head.

MOBILE EVIL E
Dennis--the man who built me--my
only friend in this hollow,
sadistic world--was sliced open by
a crew of cultist rogues--cold-
blooded murders and agents of
Satan. And they're coming for you,
lass.

Mobile Evil E stands, stretches his legs, and jogs in place.

MOBILE EVIL E
Feels wonderful to have a full
range of motion. I been trapped in
the same position for twenty-some
years now.

He does a jig. Does jumping jacks. He moves awkwardly, like
someone unsure of his body.

LYNN
What should I do?

Mobile Evil E continues his awkward exercises--squat thrusts.

MOBILE EVIL E
What should you do? You should run.
You should take them daggers an'
sharp things and run to the nearest
man o' God.

LYNN
I'm going crazy.

Mobile Evil E gasps for breath--quits his workout.

MOBILE EVIL E
Ain't in shape. Feelin' woozy. Got
a body like a leftover sausage.

He goes quiet. Listens. Something's not right.

MOBILE EVIL E
By God. They're coming now, my
love. You need to awaken...quickly.

LYNN
Who's coming.

Mobile Evil E's arms and legs become more rigid. His voice
alters back to the voice box form.

MOBILE EVIL E
(voice box)
They're coming. They're coming.

And then incredibly loud--full volume--dialed up to 11:

MOBILE EVIL E
They're coming!

The dream ends. Back to present.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynn shoots up from her dream. She looks quickly at the
mannequin version of Evil E., tucked in the corner.

His voice box blares, just like in the dream:

EVIL E
They're coming. They're coming.

Lynn whirls and spots Kimberly--asleep on the couch.

Lynn jumps out of bed and rousts Kimberly awake.

LYNN
Kimberly, wake up. Something's
wrong.

Evil E's voice box continues to blare.

EVIL E
Beware. Beware. Beware.

LYNN
I think someone's trying to get in.

Kimberly awakens quickly.

EVIL E
Die. Die. Die.

KIMBERLY
Shut that thing up.

Smash. The front door. Kicked in.

Lynn and Kimberly both jump. Instant panic.

LYNN
That asshole has come back.

KIMBERLY
The knives.

Lynn rushes over/snatches a dagger. Hands a second one to Kimberly.

Footsteps from elsewhere in the apartment. Not just one person. Several.

Lynn and Kimberly point their daggers out. Trembling hands.

Boom! Through the doorway burst a trio of Satanists, one of them Brother Jericho from before. Joining him are GROSS and KILGORE.

All of the invaders have black robes with strange red scrawling along the front.

The trio carries machetes.

Whoosh. The sharp blades slice through the air.

BROTHER JERICHO
(to other Satanists)
Check the dummy. Tear it up. Find
the daggers.

The two Satanists rush to Evil E and tear him apart, hacking away at him with the machetes.

EVIL E
Beware. Beware...Be...

They cut Evil E down. They slice his torso.

He sags sadly to the ground. Stuffing from his body flies everywhere. Tufts float and fall to the ground.

The Satanists rip and tear, desperately trying to find the daggers.

LYNN

Stop!

She rushes at them, dagger pointed forward. She slashes at Kilgore, tearing his robe.

Kilgore grabs her wrist and whips her by the arm into the wall. Lynn's dagger drops and skitters the floor.

Mr. Jericho's eyes widen at the sight of the dagger.

BROTHER JERICHO

She has one--a dagger of Megiddo.

Mr. Jericho reaches for it...

Kimberly roars into action. She jumps onto Brother Jericho, stabbing with her dagger, but not hitting the mark or penetrating deeply.

Brother Jericho flips her over. Kimberly hits the floor hard.

Evil E's damaged voice box sputters nonsense...

EVIL E

Be...ump...a...zzzz

Mr. Jericho snatches Kimberly's dagger and holds it in the air. The ultimate prize.

BROTHER JERICHO

Here. Yes. Find the others.

Boom--Lynn kicks him hard in the ribs--a soccer blast.

Brother Jericho doubles over. Lynn snatches the dagger.

Whoosh. Kilgore's machete nearly removes Lynn's head.

Lynn crouches.

Whoosh. Another close one. An inch away.

LYNN

Get out.

Crack. One of the Satanists knocks her from behind with the butt of his machete.

Lights out for Lynn. She drops, unconscious.

LATER

Lynn awakens--tied to a chair. Kimberly alongside her, semi-conscious and tied as well.

Several candles burn and the Satanists are in mid-ritual, chanting strangely.

LYNN

Take the knives. Just leave us alone.

Brother Jericho grins with his wide, over-sized teeth.

BROTHER JERICHO

Yes. We have all seven. Now comes the sacrifice.

Lynn's eyes widen.

BROTHER JERICHO

We offer you in the name of our dark lord. We hope that he will accept your souls into hell.

LYNN

No. Wait. I didn't see...I can't identify...please.

The trio of Satanists begin to chant. They raise their hands over the two women.

The candles cast grotesque shadows on the wall. Inhuman shapes.

Gross points his machete at Kimberly and raises it to strike her.

Whoosh. It swings...

But it doesn't strike Kimberly--it lands squarely on Kilgore's head, cleaving it. Blood splatters across Lynn's face.

Gross whirls at Brother Jericho and hacks his arm. Blood gushes. Brother Jericho screams.

More hacks into his chest and neck. It's a massacre.

Gross stands over Brother Jericho's fallen body and spits on it.

Gross rushes over to Lynn and cuts her bindings.

GROSS

Sorry 'bout this, but I had to play along with these hot shots until I could verify the daggers were the real deal.

He puts his arm on her shoulder.

GROSS

Fuck these guys, yeah?

Lynn nods. Confused. Scared. Dazed. Gross turns to Kimberly and works to release her, too.

GROSS

These washouts are just the JV, so we've gotta get out of here fast. The real sons of Satan will be here before long, and they won't be such pushovers.

He struggles to cut through Kimberly's knots.

GROSS

Let me make this clear: No cops. They'll just try to confiscate the daggers and we can't have that.

He looks at Lynn.

GROSS

Number two: To keep you safe, you're gonna come with me to South Bend, Indiana. Professor Scanlon will be waiting for us. He's the brains of this operation...

Whoosh. Slice. Thud. No more words from Gross. No more head on his shoulders, either--It rolls on the floor.

Gross's decapitated body collapses hard to the ground.

Gross's killer?--Brother Jericho, who stands and bleeds from his neck and chest. He holds the bloody machete used to decapitate Gross.

His big teeth flash, smothered in blood. A rabid rat.

Lynn stares. Frozen from shock.

Brother Jericho is at death's door, but he's mustered enough strength to cut down Gross for good.

Now he staggers toward Kimberly.

He growls like an animal.

Blood gurgles from his throat as he chants and blurts out--

BROTHER JERICHO
Accept this sacrifice, my lord.

He plunges his blade into Kimberly's heart. She gasps--and sags--and dies in her chair.

Lynn breaks out of her shock and rushes at Brother Jericho, but she doesn't even get the chance to knock him down. He collapses on his own.

He is virtually dead by the time Lynn smashes in his face with a kick.

Blood from Brother Jericho--from Kimberly--from Gross--from Kilgore. All of them dead, except for Lynn.

Lynn falls over Kimberly and wails.

LATER

Lynn sits amid the carnage. Her face smeared with blood.

The candles in the room still flicker ominously.

Lynn stands, wipes a tear, and places a hand on Kimberly.

She gathers up the daggers.

When all seven are together, she wraps them up in a cloth. She grabs a few more items: keys, phone.

She finds a blanket and throws it over Kimberly.

LYNN
I'm so sorry about this, Kimberly.
I'm gettin' the hell outta here
'cause more are coming. But I'll be
there for you and get this cleaned
up properly.

Lynn blows out the candles. She leaves.

A few moments pass, and then Lynn rushes back inside.

She rummages through a drawer and finds an oversized duffel bag.

She grabs the remains of Evil E and stuffs them inside the bag.

Evil E's head and shoulders stick out.

LYNN
(to Evil E)
You're coming with me.

Lynn spots one more piece of scrap from Evil E--the piece of wood with several nails sticking out of it.

After a bit of thought, Lynn tosses the scrap in with the rest.

She slings the Evil E bag over her shoulder and exits.

With her over-sized bag, she resembles a demented version of a first grader--one with a ghoul hanging out her backpack.

INT. LYNN'S CAR - NIGHT

Lynn drives. The light from the dashboard illuminates her tears.

The duffel bag with Evil E's remains rests in the passenger's seat.

The dark, country highway stretches out before Lynn. Hardly a car in sight at this time of night.

No radio. Just the engine and the whistling wind.

The landscape--trees, fields, and endless darkness.

One of the tears rolls down Lynn's cheek, mixes with the semi-dried blood, and drops off her cheek.

Motion in the passenger seat. Something materializes: It's Mobile Evil E.

Like the battered statue version, Mobile Evil E has been roughed up. His clothes are torn. Lots of cuts and scuffs.

He sits alongside the bag with his battered remains. Mobile Evil E looks mournfully over what's left of his former self.

Lynn's eyes widen at the sight of the mobile ghoul, but she turns back to the road and drives silently.

No energy left to scream.

Mobile Evil E breaks the silence.

MOBILE EVIL E
I'm sorry, me love.

Lynn nods. Her eyes glisten.

MOBILE EVIL E
(mournfully)
Look at me. I'm in shambles.

LYNN
I don't know what to do.

MOBILE EVIL E
You're doing just as you should.
You're escapin'.

LYNN
I've just been driving.

MOBILE EVIL E
Best to get as far as you can,
lassie, from them soulless
monsters. No need for stoppin'.

Lynn goes silent for several moments. She wipes her face.

LYNN
Am I asleep?

MOBILE EVIL E
Asleep? By Christ, let's hope not.
Can't drive with shut eyes. You'll
kill us both. I'm already bust into
a thousand bits.

LYNN
Then how am I seeing you? I thought
I only see you like this in dreams.

He considers.

MOBILE EVIL E
I think there's a lot a strange
magic goin' round with them
daggers. They been inside me so
long that they's rubbin' off. They
allow me to be here with you now.
To talk. That's my assumption, at
least.

LYNN
I wish I never claimed you from the
garbage pile.

MOBILE EVIL E
I was a goner for sure, if not for
you.

Mobile Evil E clutches his gut. Burps softly.

LYNN

Kimberly would be alive right now.

MOBILE EVIL E

I'd trade me life for hers if I could. The sweet girl had her whole life ahead of her.

LYNN

Are you one of them? Are you with the devil?

MOBILE EVIL E

Just 'cause I resemble a ghoul don't mean that I be one, lass. I'm on your side.

LYNN

I should throw you out the car right now. I'll toss those damn daggers out, too.

MOBILE EVIL E

Unwise. Unwise.

LYNN

So am I driving to South Bend, Indiana? Is that the plan?

MOBILE EVIL E

Sounds fair to me. Get them daggers 'n sharp objects to someone who can keep them outta harm's way. Fellow's name was Scanlon.

LYNN

I don't think I can do this.

Mobile Evil E grimaces. Puts his hand over his mouth.

MOBILE EVIL E

Sorry, love. Somethin's wrong.

He clutches his gut.

Urp. Splat. Mobile Evil E vomits all over Lynn's lap. His upchuck--black as tar--a wretched, acidic brew.

Lynn shouts--cries--hits the brakes--fishtails the car to the side of the road. She sloshes the vomit off her lap with disgust. It squishes underneath her fingers.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Sorry, dear. I ain't never been in
 no car so long. I can't--

Lynn shudders.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Got motion sickness--I guess--Is
 that what they call it?

Lynn grabs her head in shock and frustration. She unleashes--

LYNN
 Motion sickness?

She punches the steering wheel.

Motion sickness?--My friend is
 dead...

Mobile Evil E reaches out.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Let me clean ya up a little.

Lynn pushes him away and blurts--

LYNN
 Can't clean me up 'cause people
 that come near me end up dead. Like
 my boyfriend...

The words rush out.

LYNN
 I killed my boyfriend.

Mobile Evil E looks on in confusion.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Just now?

LYNN
 No, God dammit. About six years
 ago. Seven maybe. I told you that
 I'm not a good person.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Ya kilt 'im?

She sighs. Slows down her speech.

LYNN

I got him hooked on pain killers.
Opioids. And he overdosed.

MOBILE EVIL E

Aye. You're the peddler of opium.

LYNN

Not like that. I played on the
college soccer team. Got a
scholarship. I was good. Fast on my
feet. Had a damn hard kick.

MOBILE EVIL E

Aye. Ya sent the ball right in my
jewels. I still be throbbin' down
there, thanks to you.

LYNN

But I tore my ACL. Bad. Painful.
Whole season down the tubes.
Possible career-ender. Coulda been
a top twenty player in the nation.
Had surgery. Got a pain
prescription.

Clenches jaw.

LYNN

Well, Josh, my boyfriend, started
to bum a few pills, just for
laughs. And they gave me so many. I
let him have what he wanted. I even
refilled for him. Then he wanted
more. When the pills were done, he
started on heroin.

She wipes her eyes.

LYNN

And then he was dead.

Mobile Evil E clutches his gut again.

MOBILE EVIL E

Mmmm.

LYNN

You're not going to barf again, are
you?

He shakes his head.

LYNN

Josh's parents blamed me. Told me
to my face that I killed him. I
could feel their disgust.

Mobil Evil E nods.

LYNN

I was just a kid. I didn't know
that Josh might take it that far.

MOBILE EVIL E

'Course not.

LYNN

So that's when I dropped out of
school. Became a different person.
Watched horror movies all day. Wore
black. Total reversal. Kinda suited
me, actually.

She sniffs.

LYNN

But then I came around. Found some
balance. Finished my undergrad,
then enrolled in the grad program.
Finally starting to feel
comfortable again, and then I
grabbed you out of the garbage pile
and all hell broke loose.

Lynn whisks the black vomit off her pants.

LYNN

Jesus Christ.

Mobile Evil E places a tentative hand on her shoulder.

Lynn jolts, pushes the hand away.

Slowly, Mobile Evil E puts his hand back on her shoulder. A
comforting gesture. Lynn accepts.

MOBILE EVIL E

Believe it or not, lass, I
understand yer grief. My maker and
best friend Dennis was slaughtered
by them same devils that took dear
Kimberly's life.

Lynn shifts in her seat.

MOBILE EVIL E

Dennis made me outta scraps when he was but fifteen years old. He gave me my voice box. We'd been through thick and thin together. Best friends 'n companions. Terrible loss. And I watched it happen. There was nothin' I could do.

Lynn stares at him.

MOBILE EVIL E

Nothin' I could do to help that good man.

Mobile Evil E frowns.

MOBILE EVIL E

So I know what it's like to feel helpless and alone.

Lynn suddenly reaches out, hugs Evil E, and sobs into his shoulder.

He doesn't know how to take this affection, but gradually comes to embrace her.

A tear even falls down his cheek. An inky tear that makes a black streak down his face.

MOBILE EVIL E

You're breakin' my black heart,
love.

He sniffs.

MOBILE EVIL E

And ya smell like the rot of hell.
Good lord, how'd that slop come
outta my poor guts?

As they hug, something stirs outside the car--the motion visible through the passenger's side window...

From the woods emerges a DEMONOID. Its face looks like melted wax.

The demonoid lurches and sways toward the car, but neither Lynn nor Mobile Evil E sees.

Closer...Closer...Just inches away...

Mobile Evil E shifts.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Something's wrong, lass...I can...

Both Lynn and Evil E peer out the passenger's side window--
 nothing's there--

--because it's on the other side--

A hard, sickening splat on the driver's side window. The
 demonoid shoves its face--waxy, inhuman, awful--against the
 car's window.

It tries to bite his way into the car. His rotten, hellish
 teeth scrape against the glass. Tick-tick. A sickening sound.

Lynn screams. She pounds her foot on the gas pedal and peels
 out, leaving the demonoid behind.

Her speedometer surges: 60, 70, 80, 90...The car shakes. It
 can hardly handle this speed.

Lynn looks in the rearview mirror.

LYNN
 That wasn't human...

MOBILE EVIL E
 They're onto us, lass. Followin'
 close behind. Sendin' the dregs o'
 hell to get us.

She looks out the window again.

LYNN
 We need help.

MOBILE EVIL E
 A man o' God.

LYNN
 Okay. A minister. Why not? I'm
 taking the next exit...

An exit ramp is ahead. Lynn takes it, swoops the car off the
 highway.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A visitor in polished dark cowboy boots steps past the dead
 bodies and pools of blood in Lynn's apartment.

This is BROTHER ENOCH, 40s, clad in an exquisitely-tailored
 black suit. He's careful not to mar his boots in blood.

Brother Enoch's face is hidden by half a monster mask. The top part shows a hideous ghoul, but the lower half has been cut crudely away to show Brother Enoch's lips and strong jaw.

He has a black leather satchel slung over his shoulder.

Without a word, Brother Enoch assesses the dead.

He observes Gross's severed head. Checks out Mr. Jericho's fatal gashes. Peers at dead Kilgore.

He utters only one sound--a disapproving grunt.

Finally, he gets to Kimberly's body. He pulls back the blanket.

With a finger, Brother Jericho lifts Kimberly's head by the chin, then lets it fall back.

BROTHER ENOCH
Your sacrifice is accepted. Now
onward you go.

Brother Enoch moves to Lynn's desk and peers through her grad school work. He takes a single page and reads, uttering another disapproving grunt.

Opening the drawer, he removes the picture of Lynn and Josh.

He taps his finger lightly on it a few times then puts it back.

He pulls up a chair from Lynn's desk and wordlessly observes the room.

He eventually speaks aloud to nobody in particular.

BROTHER ENOCH
I know where that woman is headed.

He adjusts his half mask.

BROTHER ENOCH
And I know where she'll end up.

In the ensuing quiet, he reaches into his satchel, takes out a plain white plate, and sets it on the desk.

He opens a container, removes a single slice of home-baked bread, and sets it on the plate.

Another container. Out come three sardines. Brother Enoch places them carefully atop the bread. Finicky.

Last comes a single red beet--a garnish for the plate.

All of these items sit neatly. It could be a photograph in a food magazine.

The sardines still have their heads. Their tiny, dumb eyes fix upon nothing. Their mouths gape.

Brother Enoch lifts one sardine off the bread and chews deliberately.

Nobody has ever killed more time eating one sardine. This is done quietly, except for a single wet tongue-smack.

He crudely scoops up the rest--bread, two sardines, and the beet--in his fist and furiously squeezes it.

Everything gets mashed into an angry ball--an intense, angry compression.

Through his knuckles squeeze slimy sardine flesh and soggy, reddish dough.

Brother Enoch shovels that mash into his mouth and chews. His purple half-mask shifts off kilter.

His teeth are now fangs--sharp, deadly. His mouth is full, an angry slobber. This is the mouth of a demon from hell.

When he finishes chewing. He wipes his lips carefully with a napkin from the satchel and falls silent. His appearance returns to complete fastidiousness.

He sits in the room and waits.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Lynn's car moves through a desolate and dark downtown.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

As Lynn searches for a church, Mobile Evil E hums nervously.

The tune he hums sounds like the odd, lilting score from some old Saturday night horror flick--a 1960s vampire film, perhaps.

Lynn shoots a look at Mobile Evil E.

LYNN

Are you seriously gonna do that
right now?

He stops.

MOBILE EVIL E

Guess I hum when the nerves get the best o' me.

LYNN

You're humming horror soundtrack music.

MOBILE EVIL E

Sorry, my love. It's the only music I know. It's all my poor boy Dennis listened to.

LYNN

Keep your eyes out for a church. We won't be fussy about the denomination.

MOBILE EVIL E

Ain't never been to no church before.

LYNN

We'll find a minister and see what he says about these daggers. Maybe we don't need to go to South Bend after all.

She searches.

LYNN

I've got a question for you.

He nods.

LYNN

Where did Dennis get these daggers?

MOBILE EVIL E

Bought 'em online. Thought they was just movie props. Then strange folks started showing up at our door. Had to stash the daggers and other sharp things inside me for safe keeping.

LYNN

Other sharp things? What are you talking about?

She rounds a corner and spots a church.

LYNN

There.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Lynn and Mobile Evil E stand before the church doors. She knocks.

Nothing. Completely dark and quiet.

LYNN

Nobody's gonna be here. It's not like the minister spends the night in the church, right?

She points to a nearby house.

LYNN

But he might live nearby. A residence. Someplace like that.

She walks toward the house.

LYNN

(to Mobile Evil E)

I need you to hang back here.

MOBILE EVIL E

Don't leave me, lass.

LYNN

I have a question: Am I the only one who can see you?

He frowns.

MOBILE EVIL E

Not sure about that one.

LYNN

Well, if the minister can see you...I'm not sure that you're gonna make the best impression. Do you know what I mean?

MOBILE EVIL E

My appearance ain't appealin'.

LYNN

Just stay here for a minute.

MOBILE EVIL E

A hideous wretch is what I is. Ugly
and grotesque to the core.

LYNN

We don't have time for this.

MOBILE EVIL E

Well, you stink to high hell, so
ain't no minister gonna take a
shine to you, neither.

She holds up her hand for him to stop.

As she walks toward the house, Evil E hums a few nervous bars
of horror soundtrack music. He can't help himself.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Lynn rings the doorbell and eventually someone comes.

REV. SHERMAN, 60s, a minister with a kind face, comes to the
door in a bath robe.

LYNN

Sorry to bother you at this hour,
but I could really use some help.

INT. REV. SHERMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lynn unrolls the daggers for Rev. Sherman to inspect.

LYNN

Do you recognize these?

Rev. Sherman peers closely.

REV. SHERMAN

No. No, I don't.

He looks a little closer at the daggers.

REV. SHERMAN

(points)
Is that blood?

LYNN

These are the Daggers of Megiddo.

That doesn't seem to register with the reverend.

REV. SHERMAN
 (confused)
 I'm sorry. What?

Disappointment crosses Lynn's face. How could he not know?

LYNN
 The daggers of Megiddo. They can be
 used to kill the anti-Christ.

REV. SHERMAN
 (frowns)
 Did someone get hurt? If somebody
 has been hurt, I'll be glad to
 help.

Lynn frantically spits out the situation in bits and pieces:

LYNN
 See, I found these daggers...inside
 Evil E...a ghoulish statue...might
 kill the devil...Probably want to
 melt the daggers down. A professor.
 South Bend, Indiana...We thought a
 man of God could help.

Rev. Sherman looks overwhelmed/tries to slow it down.

REV. SHERMAN
 Let's back up for a second. If
 someone is hurt, you should call
 the police.

LYNN
 I was told not to. Do you know the
 guy in South Bend who can help us?
 His name is professor Scanlon.

He stands patiently and studies the knives again.

REV. SHERMAN
 There are relics and antiquities,
 but I've never heard of daggers
 like this. Been nearly forty years
 since divinity school, so I'm not
 up-to-date. I just never heard
 about anything like this.

Lynn's frustration shows.

LYNN
 Is there some...like...network
 of...I don't know...devil killers
 that we could tap into?

Rev. Sherman's face is kindly, but filled with concern.

REV. SHERMAN

Movies are always taking liberties with faith. I think that's what's happening here.

LYNN

Can you at least take them off my hands. I'm sure there's some sort of religious order that will deliver these to the right place.

REV. SHERMAN

You said your name is Lynn, right?

Lynn nods.

REV. SHERMAN

Lynn, let me repeat my name again to you in case you didn't get it. I'm Reverend Sherman of the Maybrook Church of God and it seems to me like you've had a very difficult and possibly traumatic experience this evening. And I'm going to offer you a place to stay for the night, and maybe we can figure all this out in the morning.

He takes her hand.

REV. SHERMAN

Something went wrong tonight, didn't it?

Lynn nods. Tries to stay strong.

LYNN

Yes. Everything.

Rev. Sherman stands, pours a glass of water for her.

REV. SHERMAN

Well, don't you worry. You've come to the right place. You're welcome in my house and in God's house. There's no judgment here.

LYNN

I'm not the right person to have these daggers, Reverend. I'm not very religious and I'm definitely no saint.

REV. SHERMAN

None of us are, Lynn.

LYNN

I stopped going to church after my boyfriend died. It seemed like a lonely place to go.

REV. SHERMAN

Don't let that weigh on you. We can talk more about that tomorrow.

(nods)

Drink up your water. I'll find you some fresh clothes. What you've got on, I'm sad to say, have seen their last days. Frankly, they stink worse than anything on earth.

LYNN

Reverend, can you please look out the window for me?

He looks at her with concern.

LYNN

I've been traveling with a man, but I'm not sure that he's really there.

Rev. Sherman goes to the window and peers out.

REV. SHERMAN

Who am I looking for?

LYNN

A man--sort of. His name's Evil E. He should be standing by the church. If you can see him, it means I'm not completely crazy.

REV. SHERMAN

Well, I see...

A piercing noise--Lynn grabs her head like she's suffering a migraine.

Reverend Sherman doesn't hear it. He answer's Lynn's question, but his voice is overwhelmed by the sound Lynn hears. His voice is drown out--background noise.

The noise subsides. It's followed by a soft knock--it comes from a closed door in the kitchen. Rev. Sherman doesn't hear it, but Lynn does.

A voice sounds from behind that door. It belongs to Lynn's dead boyfriend JOSH.

JOSH (O.S.)
I'm here Lynn. By the door.

She stares.

JOSH (O.S.)
I'm in the basement. Come see.

She shakes her head. Rev. Sherman still speaks, but he's far, far away--a mere echo.

JOSH (O.S.)
It's JOSH...

He knocks softly.

JOSH (O.S.)
Your dead boyfriend.

Something shifts behind the door.

JOSH (O.S.)
But not dead anymore.

Lynn shakes her head.

JOSH (O.S.)
I'm here to help. Open up the door,
Lynn.

LYNN
(a whisper)
Josh.

JOSH (O.S.)
These people are trying to trick
you, Lynn. This man your speaking
to isn't your friend. The dummy in
the car is out to get you, too.

Lynn rubs her forehead.

JOSH (O.S.)
Just open the door and take a look.

Lynn stands. She steps toward the door. She reaches out...

She's just inches away from turning the knob.

Rev. Sherman intervenes/shakes her.

REV. SHERMAN

Lynn? Are you okay. You don't look so hot. Where are you going?

JOSH (O.S.)

I'm here, Lynn. Just a little closer.

Lynn shakes her head.

LYNN

No. No, JOSH.

REV. SHERMAN

(confused)

Are you hearing me, Lynn?

An image pops into Lynn's vision--Brother Jericho. He's not in the room with Lynn, but is a vision in her mind.

Brother Jericho smiles at her, his mouth full of blood. A few sardines writhe through the openings in his teeth.

Blood leaks from Brother Jericho's eyes and ears.

He snarls. Blood sloshes on his face.

Reverend Sherman shakes Lynn, snapping out of her hallucination.

Lynn looks to the door. No sound comes from it anymore because the threat has moved...

Crash. Something heavy thuds on the floor above them.

The kitchen lights flicker.

Rev. Sherman's eyes widen.

Thud. Thud. Thud. From above.

LYNN

He's upstairs.

Rev. Sherman takes a long time to answer.

REV. SHERMAN

Nobody lives here but me.

LYNN

He sounds like Josh, but he's not.

Confusion spreads over the reverend's face.

REV. SHERMAN

Josh?

The power dies. No lights. Slow footsteps from above. An intruder walks across the room upstairs.

REV. SHERMAN

Did you bring somebody with you?

Then the footsteps reach the landing that meets the stairwell.

The intruder--dead Josh or someone else--takes a couple of steps downward. Ready or not, he's coming down.

LYNN

Reverend, maybe we better get out of here.

Rev. Sherman doesn't listen. He steps toward the stairwell. He looks up.

REV. SHERMAN

Hello? Somebody up there?

His mouth drops when he sees what's coming.

Lynn takes out a dagger, ready to help the reverend.

She catches a glimpse of what is coming down the stairs. Her mouth drops.

REV. SHERMAN

(to Lynn)

Run, Lynn.

(louder)

Run now.

Lynn snatches the knives. She dashes out the door.

As she rushes out there is a crash and a cry in the dark.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lynn rushes to the car. Calls out to Evil E.

LYNN

We've gotta go. Now.

They jump into the car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lynn fumbles with the ignition keys.

LYNN

Bad news.

Splat. Something hits the windshield--fresh red guts.

They slide slowly down the glass, leaving a pinkish streak.

Something shadowy rushes at them in the dark, but Lynn peels out before it's fully revealed.

They zoom off, blood and guts flying every which way.

LATER

Back on the road. The windshield wipers whip back and forth.

MOBILE EVIL E

Maybe that weren't the minister on the glass.

LYNN

I can't even...I just can't.

MOBILE EVIL E

A man o' God has nothin' to fear from death.

LYNN

Josh. I heard...I saw.

MOBILE EVIL E

Josh?

LYNN

He said I couldn't trust you.

MOBILE EVIL E.

You can trust me, lass. You can trust everything about me 'cept my weak, accursed stomach and car sickness.

LYNN

No. It's just...never mind.

(thinks)

So maybe we don't stop again. We just go straight through to South Bend. Let me think about this.

EVIL E

I hope the professor in South Bend
can help us get revenge on them
killers.

Lynn turns on the radio, listens, and shuts it off.

She surveys Evil E.

LYNN

Did you ever speak with Dennis like
you're speaking to me right now?

MOBILE EVIL E

No, but I sure wish I could have.

LYNN

What would you say to him right now
if he came back?

MOBILE EVIL E

From the dead? I don't know. You
hearin' voices?

She nods. Shifts.

MOBILE EVIL E

I'd share my grief and then tell
'im I'm doin' my best to move on.

LYNN

Can you sense when something
otherworldly is near us? You've
been warning me when that happens.

MOBILE EVIL E

Yes. Beware. Beware. Beware.

LYNN

Will you let me know if we're
getting close to trouble?

MOBILE EVIL E

For sure. Beware, beware, beware.

LYNN

Yeah. Just like that.

MOBILE EVIL E

Beware. Yes. Beware.

LATER

The headlights on Lynn's car catch a figure on the side of the road.

The speed makes it hard to distinguish this person, but there's something familiar--

Lynn's mouth drops.

LYNN

Oh, crap.

She looks in the rear view mirror.

LYNN

Was that?

She checks the mirror again.

LYNN

Can't be.

EVIL E

Be wary, lass.

A half mile later, the headlights again catch someone on the side of the road. This time, Lynn slows to get a better look.

The headlights indeed shine upon someone familiar on the roadside--Kimberly. But she doesn't look exactly like she did before.

This is a goth version of Kimberly: A black dress, black lipstick, long black nail-claws, dark hair strewn around her shoulders.

Lynn slows and nearly stops.

EVIL E

Not wise to stop.

LYNN

But it's...her.

Paying no heed to Evil E, Lynn backs up the car toward Kimberly.

Evil E shouts.

EVIL E

That ain't yer friend. Drive on.

The silhouette of Kimberly reaches out, but Lynn loses her nerve. She hits the accelerator and zooms down the highway, leaving poor Kimberly in the dust.

LYNN

That's Kimberly. How?...

EVIL E

That ain't no Kimberly.

Lynn searches her mirrors for another glimpse, but Kimberly isn't behind her anymore...

...She's now standing in the middle of the road.

Lynn almost runs her down and has to swerve at the last minute to avoid contact.

The car fishtails and comes to a stop on the side of the road. Lynn and Evil E get whip-lashed in the sudden stop.

The car comes to a stop. Lynn looks to the road. Kimberly isn't there...

...Because she's now in Lynn's backseat.

In a dark voice she says...

KIMBERLY

Hello, Linny.

Lynn doesn't stick around for a conversation. She opens the door and dashes off into the woods.

Mobile Evil E shouts after her...

MOBILE EVIL E

Don't leave me...

Lynn does.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

She rushes through the woods, through branches and piles of leaves. She does not look back, just runs and runs and runs.

A full moon beams overhead.

Lynn falls into some muck, but springs back up. She's fast--her years of soccer show up, despite her old knee injury.

After several moments of running, Lynn stops, gulps in air.

The wind whistles. The branches scrape against each other in the breeze.

Lynn crouches low, wary. Something rustles...

Kimberly's hand--sharply clawed--snatches Lynn's shoulder.

KIMBERLY
Talk to me, Linny.

No way. Lynn dashes off the way she came--through branches and mud--back to the car.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Lynn gets back to her car, and Kimberly is waiting.

Lynn drops to her knees in exhaustion. There's no escape. Kimberly materializes every time Lynn stops.

Click, click, click. Kimberly approaches her, high heels tapping seductively onto the roadway.

KIMBERLY
You smell like shit, Linny. Like you've been rolling around in barf. Did you puke yourself or is that from someone else?

LYNN
(gasping for breath)
You're dead, Kimberly. I saw.

KIMBERLY
I was sacrificed. Yes.

Lynn finally looks at Kimberly. Her voice cracks.

LYNN
You're not human anymore, are you?

KIMBERLY
(soft, vulnerable, human)
I guess not. I'm still trying to figure it out.

LYNN
I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY
I wasn't sent here to harm you, baby. Just give me the daggers and you're clear.

LYNN

What are you?

Kimberly puts her hands on her hips. Her dark dress and her long hair sway in the breeze. The darkness returns to her voice.

KIMBERLY

It's not so bad, Linny. You could join me. We could be together again.

LYNN

Wouldn't be right. I can't give you what you want.

KIMBERLY

Why not?

LYNN

Those daggers are special. They can't fall into the wrong hands.

KIMBERLY

We know where you're taking them. You're going to South Bend. It's suicide. You'll never make it there.

Lynn takes a long moment to think.

LYNN

You're right, I won't.

She looks closely at Kimberly.

LYNN

I won't make it to Indiana 'cause I'm not goin' to Indiana. I just decided.

Kimberly steps forward.

LYNN

You know what I wanna do most right now? You're gonna laugh.

(she shifts)

I wanna finish my crappy thesis. I wanna go home and write the end of my stupid-ass paper. Because that's what matters most in my life right now.

The wind blows.

LYNN

And that's what I'm going to do.

She sets her jaw.

LYNN

I'm driving back home and I'm finishing my motherfucking grad school thesis. South Bend, Indiana can fuck itself.

Kimberly snorts.

KIMBERLY

Go wherever you want. As long as you have those daggers, you'll be torn limb-from-limb.

LYNN

You can't have the daggers because they're mine. I'm not giving them to anybody in Indiana. Anybody who want them is going to have to go through me.

KIMBERLY

I could tear your head off right now.

LYNN

Not if I kick yours off first, you bitch.

Kimberly squats down and gets face to face with Lynn. A showdown.

Then Kimberly kisses Lynn on the forehead. Sweet. Gentle. A goodbye.

Kimberly smiles at Lynn, revealing rows of sharp teeth. A long, serpentine tongue falls out of her mouth and a long line of drool extends from her bottom lip.

Then Kimberly stands, sways off into the darkness, and dissolves into the night.

It's a long time before Lynn draws up the strength to return to the car.

Mobile Evil E sits in the front seat.

MOBILE EVIL E

I warned you.

Lynn slams the door.

LYNN
Yes, you did.

She starts up the car, guides it across the roadway, and u-
turns it to the roadway leading back home.

LYNN
Change of plans, Evil E. South Bend
is fucked. We're going back home.

She guns the engine. The car reaches 80, 90. Lynn turns on
the radio and blasts hard, fast rock.

LYNN
I'm going to finish my research,
and then I'm probably going to die.

MOBILE EVIL E
Aye.

LYNN
If we're lucky, we'll take out a
few Satanists along the way.

MOBILE EVIL E
Aye, sweet revenge.

Lynn laughs--loopy--maybe going a little crazy.

LYNN
I have to say this, Kimberly looked
good didn't she? Except for the
teeth. She was rocking those heels.

Evil E covers his mouth.

LYNN
You're not going to get car sick
again, are you.

MOBILE EVIL E
Course not. I be the master of me
guts. But slow down a little maybe.

LYNN
Here's a weird question for you: Do
you eat?

MOBILE EVIL E
I don't know.

LYNN

We know that you throw up.

He shakes his head.

LYNN

Do you have relatives? Can you get married?

She looks at him closely.

MOBILE EVIL E

Got no companions but you, sadly.

LYNN

And what are you? Are you a spirit?
Are you a man? Are you a part of my
imagination?

MOBILE EVIL E

I might be none of them things. I
fear I might be nothin' at all.

LYNN

Oh. Well, that's--something.

She drives.

LYNN

I can relate to that, believe it or
not--feeling like nothing at all.

The highway rushes by.

LYNN

I'm sorry I left you back there. I
was just scared.

She shifts.

LYNN

I won't leave you again.

Evil E nods.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lynn pulls up to her apartment. Looks warily. She doesn't get out of the car.

LYNN

Let's wait here a second and see
who's coming in or out.

Mobile Evil E glances around nervously. They're like cops on a stakeout. Moments pass. Lynn tries to fill the air...

LYNN

What does the E stand for in your name? What's the E in Evil E?

MOBILE EVIL E

Well...

LYNN

It's not Evil Evel, is it? Like Evel Knievel, the motorcycle guy.

MOBILE EVIL E

Don't know him.

LYNN

Maybe one day I'll tell you.

MOBILE EVIL E

And maybe one day I'll share my full name.

More time passes.

LYNN

So, you wanna know what my paper is about?

MOBILE EVIL E.

Ya told me but it's slipped me mind.

LYNN

It's about chaos--chaos as it relates to writing.

Mobile Evil E stares.

LYNN

I know it's crazy to be talking to you about this right now, but hear me out: A lot of instructors teach writing as a linear process. First comes pre-writing--brainstorming--followed by writing, revision, and so on. It's a series of steps.

MOBILE EVIL E

Ain't no writin' for me. I'm but a stuffed ghoul.

LYNN

Well, the step-by-step process really is just a lot of bullshit. Instead, it's more like chaos. We pull out ideas out of a giant chaotic swirl. There's research to support this.

Mobile Evil E looks thoroughly confused.

LYNN

Writing is about embracing the chaotic and the ambiguous. And it's about seeing ways out of chaos. Is this making sense?

MOBILE EVIL E

I think we together is masters of chaos, my sweet girl.

LYNN

I think we should go inside.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lynn enters. She carries the duffel bag with Evil E's remains.

Mobile Evil E limps beside her, still battered like his mannequin version.

Lynn scans the apartment. No blood. No bodies. It's like nothing ever happened.

MOBILE EVIL E

Someone's been here, lassie.

Lynn nods. She scans the apartment--seems nobody is around.

LYNN

And it won't be long before they're back.

She sets the cloth with daggers on her desk and unrolls it.

LYNN

I won't be thanking the ones who cleaned this up.

She weighs a dagger in her hand.

LYNN

To be honest, I plan on being a
rude motherfucking host when they
come back.

MOBILE EVIL E

Will you be writing your paper?

Lynn looks down at the duffel bag with Evil E's mannequin
remains.

LYNN

Aw hell, first we've got to fix you
up. It's only right.

MOBILE EVIL E

Would like that.

She pulls the pieces of Evil E out and starts statue
reconstruction.

She snatches some duct tape from a drawer and wire hangers
from a closet.

Lynn finds the board with several nails sticking out of it.

LYNN

Where does this go?

MOBILE EVIL E

Them's the other sharp things I
been tellin' ya about. The nails.

LYNN

Where do they go?

MOBILE EVIL E

I'll leave that to you, my love.
Just don't lose 'em.

LATER

Lynn and Mobile Evil E stand over the rebuilt mannequin
version.

It's a little ugly. Things hang loosely. It's a little like a
makeshift scarecrow, but better than nothing.

Mobile Evil E beams proudly.

MOBILE EVIL E
Ya did it, Lynn. You made me whole
again.

LYNN
Sort of.

MOBILE EVIL E
I thank you.

Lynn grabs the roll of duct tape sits in her desk chair.

She places a dagger atop her shoe with the blade facing
forward.

She vigorously loops the tape around and around her shoe.

When she's finished, the dagger is affixed soundly to her
shoe-top. The blade sticks out several inches. Anything she
kicks will get punctured with the dagger point.

LYNN
How's that look?

MOBILE EVIL E
Hostile, my love.

LYNN
That's what I thought.

She thinks.

LYNN
Quick question: Can you stab
someone?

MOBILE EVIL E
Stab someone?

LYNN
Answer quickly: Are you physically
capable of stabbing someone with a
dagger? Can you fight back if
someone attacks--like a Satanist?

MOBILE EVIL E
Ain't never tried.

LYNN
Grab a dagger and pretend you're
stabbing the son of Satan.

Mobile Evil E takes a dagger and thrusts it meekly.

LYNN

Harder.

Mobile Evil E grunts, drops the dagger, and vomits.

LYNN

Oh, boy.

MOBILE EVIL E

Sorry, love. Guess fightin' ain't in me nature. My maker, Dennis, was a sweet and gentle soul, who wouldn't do harm to nobody. I guess I'm inclined to follow his nature.

LYNN

Let's try Plan B. Stay right where you're at.

Lynn takes a pen from her desk and stabs Mobile Evil E in the head with it.

MOBILE EVIL E

For fuck's sake, lass.

Although he's been stabbed, mobile Evil E still functions normally. He does not die or keel over.

Lynn's eyes widen with revelation.

LYNN

You're a pincushion.

She pulls out the pen.

LYNN

Yep. Not a stabber. A pincushion.

LYNN

So if someone takes a swing at me, try an' get in the way.

MOBILE EVIL E

Like a shield?

LYNN

Yes. If I get stabbed, I die. If you get stabbed, it just sticks outta you...

MOBILE EVIL E

Like a pincushion.

LYNN

Besides being stabbed, what else can you do? Is there anything that you're not telling me? Any special abilities?

Mobile Evil E frowns.

LYNN

Do you have any powers? Can you do supernatural things?

MOBILE EVIL E

I don't follow.

LYNN

Can you transform into some kind of bad-ass fighter? Because that would really help out about now?

MOBILE EVIL E

(shrugs)

I can try.

He clenches his fists, jaw, and butt cheeks. He vibrates in the attempt to transform into a powerful fighter.

LYNN

Anything?

Mobile Evil E stops straining.

MOBILE EVIL E

Nope. Nothin'.

LYNN

Yeah, that's what I thought.

MOBILE EVIL E

I got some nails in my broken down self. I suppose you could poke someone with 'em.

Lynn turns on her computer. She stares. Contemplates.

LYNN

Okay.

She pulls up her big grad school paper. Scrolls through it.

She types a word or two. Pulls open a desk drawer. Rummages around.

She finds what she's looking for: a tube of lipstick.

LYNN

I stashed one away. Just in case.

Using the computer monitor as a makeshift mirror, she spreads black lipstick across her puckered lips.

She's gothic through and through.

LYNN

(softly to herself)

Chaos is not necessarily evil or malevolent, but it's necessary for the creation of order.

She types a few more words, gaining momentum. The ideas start to come more rapidly.

Her paper gets closer to completion.

LATER

She still types. The screen blurs in her vision but she keeps going.

And then...

Zap. Her writing is gone. The screen goes blank.

Lynn wails in pain. She shakes the screen.

LYNN

No God dammit. I'm so close.

Lynn turns to Mobile Evil E.

LYNN

Let me guess--they're coming.

MOBILE EVIL E

(softly)

Yes. They're comin'.

LYNN

All hell's gonna break loose isn't it?

MOBILE EVIL E

Aye.

LYNN

Okay, I'm gonna stash a few of these daggers. Might come in handy. Might cause a little chaos.

She rushes off with a few daggers.

BATHROOM

Lynn pulls the top off of the toilet tank and lets a dagger drop into the tank-water. She replaces the top.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lynn takes one of the daggers and hides it in her freezer behind a pizza.

She opens the refrigerator door to hide another...

...and spots the human head inside it.

Lynn's mouth drops.

The head belongs to Gross.

His dead skin shines blue and waxy. A mouth like a dead fish. The eyes stare vacantly at nothing.

Lynn grits her teeth.

Gross's severed head twitches. The mouth opens and closes.

Alive. Moving.

Lynn jumps back.

A gurgling sound. Wriggling lips. A sneer.

The severed head speaks--the voice wheezy and otherworldly.

GROSS HEAD

We--have--failed.

Lynn stares. Astonished. Weirder-out.

GROSS HEAD

The daggers--were supposed--to go--to Indiana.

Gross's tongue slithers across his dead lips.

GROSS HEAD

Professor Scanlon--forged them--two months ago--to kill the progeny of Satan.

Gross's eyes whirl around crazily.

GROSS HEAD

The Satanists found out, so he
tried to hide them in plain sight.

He coughs.

GROSS HEAD

Sold them online to a horror
collector named Dennis. Thought it
would throw them off track...

Lynn steps forward.

GROSS HEAD

It didn't.

Lynn watches.

GROSS'S HEAD

In six months, the son of the devil
will be born. And we will have no
daggers to kill it.

He moans.

GROSS HEAD

We have failed...

His teeth chatter.

GROSS HEAD

Onto the nails.

Mobile Evil E arrives in the kitchen. His eyes widen at the
sight of Gross's head.

GROSS'S HEAD

Say a prayer to God. All we can do.

A stunned moment passes.

And then Evil E obliges.

MOBILE EVIL E

I will pray for you, brother.

He looks closely at Lynn.

MOBILE EVIL E

Lord, I'm just a soulless wretch--
not a man and not much of anything.
But bless this poor soul who has
given his life. And protect us in
our hour of need.

(MORE)

MOBILE EVIL E (CONT'D)

You have blessed my friend Lynn here with a hard kick and an appreciation of the world's chaotic nature. Most of all, ya gave her a good heart. She took me in when nobody else would, so guide us in this...

He stops.

LYNN

Why'd you stop.

Mobile Evil E's eyes widen.

MOBILE EVIL E

Because someone's behind ya, lass.

Lynn turns--and comes face to face with her dead boyfriend JOSH. He looks fully alive and healthy, as if he walked out of the photo that Lynn viewed earlier.

LYNN

Oh, God.

She shuts the refrigerator door. Gross's ugly head is out of the picture.

JOSH

It's me, Lynn. Back for you.

LYNN

Josh.

She reaches out him. She can't help herself.

JOSH

They've offered us a second chance, Lynn. That's why I'm here.

LYNN

I don't know about that, baby.

JOSH

They told me that if you hand over the daggers, we can be together again. I get to come back. And this time it can end up differently.

Lynn's eyes tear up.

LYNN

Josh, I'm so sorry.

JOSH

No. I'm so sorry, Lynn. I'm the one who left you.

Slowly, very slowly, Lynn reaches out and touches his face.

LYNN

Josh, I need to say something to you.

She takes a deep breath.

LYNN

I love you. Plain and simple.

Josh blinks. Lynn takes another deep breath.

LYNN

The pain I've felt since you went away has been crushing. Day in and day out. Loss is the hardest thing to face.

Slowly.

LYNN

I want you to know that I'm always thinking about you. Always know that. It's genuine, and that feeling will live on for all of my days.

Josh looks on.

LYNN

I'm so thankful that I got to say this directly to you.

One more breath.

LYNN

And what I have to say next is not easy for me: I will not turn over those daggers, Josh, because they are mine.

JOSH

Lynn. No. Lynn.

He's crestfallen. A tear forms in his eye.

Lynn reaches out and caresses his cheek and his ear.

And then his ear sags...

And falls completely off his head.

His other ear does the same.

JOSH

Lynn, please. Please don't send me back.

She shakes her head.

JOSH

Lynn, please don't kill me twice.

Lynn shakes with emotion.

JOSH

Don't send me back there...

And then he melts away with a hiss.

Lynn howls with agony. She closes her eyes to avoid the gruesome sight.

LYNN

(a whisper)

I love you, Josh.

She has lost him a second time. Pure agony.

A crash from the hallway, no time to mourn.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

SIX SATANISTS burst into the hallway.

They all have sharp knives and have half-masks that cover the top of their face and leave the bottom exposed.

Mobile Evil E gets to them first.

Hack. Slice. The intruders converge upon him and shower him with stabs and slices from their knives.

Fake dark blood gushes from Mobile Evil E, but he does not fall.

The Satanists are so focused on killing Mobile Evil E, that they never see Lynn sneak up behind them.

She takes out two Satanists with a dagger before anyone notices. Right in the neck.

A third Satanist turns, and Lynn kicks him with her dagger-shoe. Instant death.

When the fourth Satanist tries to hack at Lynn, Mobile Evil E steps into the path of the blade and shields Lynn from harm.

Her arm swings from behind Mobile Evil E--her dagger blade lands in the Satanist's heart.

Lynn rushes at the next intruder and takes him out too.

There's only one guy left.

But he doesn't stay and fight.

He runs out the door from where he came.

Five dead men lay on the ground, blood everywhere.

Their red blood intermingles with Mobile Evil E's fake black blood.

Mobile Evil E is full of holes, slashes and gore--a true pincushion--but he smiles through it. He is unharmed.

MOBILE EVIL E

We did it, lass. Easy as pie.

Thick heels sound against the floor--cowboy boots.

Brother Enoch sweeps into the room--almost as if he has materialized from the air--and steps next to Evil E.

Brother Enoch assesses the carnage.

BROTHER ENOCH

You've made a mess.

Lynn points her dagger--ready to plunge it into Brother Enoch.

He grabs her first and sends her to the floor in terrible paralysis.

The dagger in her hand clangs on the floor.

BROTHER ENOCH

I loathe muck and mess.

He picks up Lynn's dropped dagger with his fingertips, careful not to touch the dirt on the floor.

BROTHER ENOCH
 This floor was scrubbed when I
 left, but now...

He sighs. Lynn grits her teeth in pain.

BROTHER ENOCH
 (to Lynn)
 There you are. The cutie. With lips
 of black.

Brother Enoch picks lint from Evil E's suit.

BROTHER ENOCH
 I am Brother Enoch and I bring
 washed floors and annihilation.

He takes the dagger and drops it into his satchel. There's a
 small hiss from inside it as if the dagger has turned to
 steam.

BROTHER ENOCH
 That's one.

Lynn tries to stand.

BROTHER ENOCH
 Six more to go.
 (to Lynn)
 Did you hide one in the kitchen
 cabinet? That's the most common
 place.

He grins--pure fangs.

BROTHER ENOCH
 No. That's not what a woman in
 black lipstick would do. You went
 straight to the toilet and then to
 the freezer.

Lynn is powerless.

BROTHER ENOCH
 Did you see what I left for you in
 the refrigerator? Afraid I left
 some grime behind.

Mobile Evil E takes a halfhearted swing at Brother Enoch, but
 the impact is less than zero.

MOBILE EVIL E
 Begone, demon before we kill ye.

Brother Enoch turns to him.

BROTHER ENOCH

I am a demon, make no mistake, and
I will pave the way for hell on
earth. Very soon the anti-Christ
will be born, and no dagger will
pierce his skin.

MOBILE EVIL E

But we shall stop your kind...

BROTHER ENOCH

Time for you to shut up.

Mobile Evil E falls silent. He opens his mouth and nothing comes out.

BROTHER ENOCH

Evil E--so cleverly named you are.
Put yourself to good use and
retrieve those two daggers for me.

Mobile Evil E shakes his head, but Brother Enoch whispers in his ear.

No more protest from Mobile Evil E. He's off to retrieve the daggers.

From the bathroom comes the sound of the toilet's tank being removed.

Brother Enoch nods.

BROTHER ENOCH

Hiding it in toilet water. Just
like a human.

Moments later the sound of the freezer swinging open...

BROTHER ENOCH

Right next to the pizza.

Mobile Evil E returns with both daggers--and Gross's severed head.

Lynn reaches out for the daggers, but Brother Enoch drops both into his satchel creating a sinister hiss.

He wipes his hand on Mobile Evil E's coat--the toilet water a source of pure disgust.

BROTHER ENOCH

That's number two and three.

Mobile Evil E places Gross's head right next to Lynn. Gross's head comes alive, wiggling its purple tongue in her direction.

Brother Enoch smiles.

BROTHER ENOCH

Now why don't you bring me the whole cloth full of daggers in the other room. Bring me the whole batch of them.

Mobile Evil E complies.

Brother Enoch turns to Lynn

BROTHER ENOCH

You had a chance to turn over the daggers peacefully--and you refused--more than once. That was very, very unwise.

He stares deeply into her eyes.

BROTHER ENOCH

You thought the Daggers of Megiddo were ancient, but they were forged just two months ago. An idea Professor Scanlon stole from a movie. A desperate act. A failure.

Lynn growls with anger, but Brother Enoch's spell over her movement remains unbroken.

BROTHER ENOCH

Professor Scanlon is dead. He won't be forging any more daggers.

Evil E returns with a whole slew of daggers.

Into the satchel go daggers four, five, and six.

BROTHER ENOCH

Thank you Evil E, your services won't be needed anymore.

Brother Enoch's fangs flash. He reaches to Mobile Evil E and rips into his chest with his clawed hand.

Mobile Evil E's eyes widen. ...

Lynn is helpless.

Next to her snaps Gross's ghoulish head. His dead teeth inch closer to her face.

Spittle flies from Brother Enoch. His claw drives deeper and deeper into Mobile Evil E.

BROTHER ENOCH

You can die, just like anyone else.

Mobile Evil E turns his head toward Lynn.

He gurgles out a word:

MOBILE EVIL E

Lass...

Lynn reaches out...

MOBILE EVIL E

Sweet girl...

Mobile Evil E spurts some dark vomit out of his mouth. Brother Enoch recoils, but doesn't let up his grip.

LYNN

(to Brother Enoch)

Let him go.

MOBILE EVIL E

(to Lynn)

Listen...lass...

(struggles)

Listen to me...

Brother Enoch tears out his innards. Mobile Evil E collapses to the ground and dies.

Brother Enoch shakes his hand in disgust at the vomit on him.

Lynn screams.

Gross's head spits out laughter at her loss.

Brother Enoch waves Lynn on. Come and get me.

Lynn's paralysis ends.

With utter fury, Lynn rushes forward and kicks high and hard at Brother Enoch.

The dagger attached to her shoe comes agonizingly close to finding its way into Brother Enoch's ribs...

...but it misses by a fraction of an inch--as close as can be.

Brother Enoch rushes Lynn and knocks her over. He rips the dagger off of her shoe.

Lynn springs to her feet and attacks.

Brother Enoch sidesteps. Lynn falls.

The dagger...Brother Enoch has it...He opens the satchel...

He drops the dagger inside--

Hiss--and it is gone forever.

Brother Enoch bellows.

Lynn collapses in defeat.

All is lost.

Lynn finds her way to Mobile Evil E and sobs over his body.

Brother Enoch sneers and claps his hands. Mobile Evil E stirs...opens his eyes. Not dead after all?

LYNN

You're still here.

Mobile Evil E's eyes aren't right--glazed over--soulless.

A long stream of saliva falls from his lips.

His teeth are long and sharp.

This is not the Mobile Evil E from before.

Brother Enoch has replaced him with PREDATOR EVIL E, hungry for flesh.

BROTHER ENOCH

(to predator Evil E)

Eat her alive.

Predator Evil E rises/rushes forward.

Lynn backs away. Her eyes widen with realization.

She runs. It's all she can do.

She stumbles over Gross's head, sending it skittering across the floor.

Predator Evil E catches Lynn and bites a chunk of her shoulder.

She shouts in pain and kicks him.

LYNN

It's me, Evil E. It's Lynn.

He gives no indication that he remembers her. He's just a raving fiend.

Lynn grabs a chair and uses it to fend off Predator Evil E, but it's futile.

The statue version of Evil E spurts. The voice box is broken but still sputters a little.

EVIL E

(in statue form)

Na...El...Na

Brother Enoch claps his hands.

Materializing now are two more ravenous monsters--one resembling Kimberly and the other Josh.

The snarl and drool and click their sharp teeth.

Lynn now is pursued by hungry versions of her former friends and lovers--Evil E, Kimberly, and Josh.

BROTHER ENOCH

I'm going to leave you in your own personal hell.

Lynn's former friends bear down on her.

LYNN

Stop. Please.

BROTHER ENOCH

After they chew you apart, you'll awaken and be chewed up all over again.

He sneers.

BROTHER ENOCH

This will happen for all eternity. You'll be devoured by those you let down. Again and again and again.

LYNN

No. No.

She dodges an attack.

BROTHER ENOCH
I bid you farewell.

The Evil E statue cackles with its broken voice box.

EVIL E.
Na...Nails...
(Louder)
Nails.

Lynn rushes to the statue. The trio of predators follows.

They crash into the statue, destroying it. Wire, tape, and wood scraps scatter everywhere.

Predator Josh nearly bites Lynn's face, but she shoves a scrap of Evil E's statue into his mouth.

Lynn scrambles through the remains until she finds the board with seven protruding nails.

Predator Josh rushes at her--and she clubs him over the head with the nail board.

Crack. Down goes predator Josh. He hisses and melts...

Lynn looks at the nail board--astonished. What just happened?

She swings it again, connecting with predator Kimberly. She dissolves.

One more swing: Predator Evil E withers away.

LYNN
Oh, my gosh.

Brother Enoch's mouth drops open.

Lynn shakes the board at him, flinging blood, mucous, and innards onto his finely tailored suit.

Splat. The pristine material drips with gore.

Repulsed, Brother Enoch tries to whisk it all away.

He is outraged at the mess. His eyes flare.

BROTHER ENOCH
Filth...Filth...Filth.

His disgust and fury at being sullied blinds him to the fact that Lynn rushes him with the board of nails.

She connects squarely into his chest, driving the nails deep into his heart.

It has no impact. Brother Enoch sneers at Lynn--the nails in his chest are a mere annoyance.

But he sizzles and slumps. His eyes widen with the realization of imminent death.

He lets out a roar--the roar of a dying demon. The evil of the ages is let loose in that cry.

And then he falls apart right in front of Lynn.

Down to his knees...and then to his side.

Lynn kicks Brother Enoch's lowered head with a crushing soccer strike--and it bursts into a million gory pieces.

He sizzles away to nothing.

The demon is no more.

Lynn holds up her club of nails.

Her eyes widen with realization.

LYNN

Seven nails.

A gasp.

LYNN

They forged seven daggers...but they also made seven nails. And I put 'em right in your heart, you motherfucker.

She looks at it.

LYNN

They were inside Evil E all along. The seven Daggers of Megiddo and the seven nails of Megiddo.

And then she collapses from exhaustion.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lynn awakens. The sun beams through the window.

The furniture is overturned and broken, but there are no bodies anywhere. No blood. Everything has sizzled away.

She limps over to Evil E's statue remains.

She keels.

LYNN

Your souls be at rest now--
Kimberly, Josh, and Evil E. I can
feel it.

A deep sigh.

A reflective moment passes. Triumph intertwined with sorrow
and loss.

She finds the board of sacred nails and grasps it in her
hand. The vanquisher and her weapon.

But she sets it down and limps to her computer.

Lynn turns it on, finds her thesis, and types.

LYNN

(speaking as she types)
Writing is about embracing the
chaotic and the ambiguous.

She nods.

LYNN

We pull our ideas out of a gigantic
chaotic swirl and find meaning.

The work transfixes her, even though she's a bloody mess.

LYNN

We find comfort and closure.

She looks over her apartment--full of radiant sun.

LYNN

Thank God it's over.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Lynn shouts instructions to nine-year-old GIRLS at soccer
practice.

Super: "One Year Later."

LYNN

Go wide, Erica.

ERICA listens, gets a pass, and blasts it into the net.

LYNN
Nice job. Nice kick.

The girls jump for joy.

ERICA
Thanks, coach.

LYNN
C'mon in, everyone. Group hug.

The team converges around Lynn--one massive hugging group.

LYNN
Okay. Next practice tomorrow at
six- thirty. Don't be late. Let's
get a cheer.

All the girls place their hands in a circle and chant
together.

WHOLE TEAM
(group chant)
Two, four, six, eight Raptor Soccer
dominates. Go Raptors!

LYNN
Okay. Great. Keep kicking. See you
tomorrow.

ERICA
Keep kicking, Coach Lynn.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Lynn stands before Kimberly's grave.

LYNN
A got word that more daggers have
been forged. There's now an arsenal
of daggers and nails. Enough to put
down any demon or any sons of
Satan.

She smiles at the headstone.

LYNN
So we've done some good.

A deep breath.

LYNN

Things are better for me. I'm more at peace. I no longer feel haunted by the past. But I'll never forget you.

She places a hand upon the headstone.

LYNN

We had some wild times, didn't we?

INT. LYNN'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Nicer than the old one.

On the wall hangs her master's degree.

A certificate next to it says: Watson Medalist - Top Thesis Composition Program.

There's something else in the corner: A fully restored statue of Evil E.

This one is way more professional--evenly distributed stuffing and a nice suit.

His face is still the same. The same mask as before.

Lynn walks over to him and brushes him off.

LYNN

You're looking handsome today. How are things going?

Evil E's face is pure menace.

LYNN

Team is looking good. We've got some hard-kicking girls. I'm sure you'd appreciate that tonight.

Lynn smiles.

LYNN

I'm teaching a comp class tonight, so I'm going to be out. You okay with that?

Evil E looks on.

LYNN

But it's going to be okay because I've got a surprise for you.

She leaves the room momentarily.

She calls out from elsewhere in the apartment.

LYNN (O.S.)

You once told me that you had no
other companions beside Dennis and
me.

From the distance--the sound of rolling wheels on the wood
floor.

LYNN (O.S.)

Well, that's about to change.

Into the room Lynn pushes a companion for Evil E.

It's a female ghoulish statue in a flowery dress.

Her face is a monster mask that resembles the one worn by
Evil E.

A name tag on her dress says "Killer K."

LYNN

I built you a friend.

She reaches and pulls a string on Killer K.

KILLER K

Prepare to die.

Lynn smiles.

She takes Evil E's plastic hand and joins it with the hand of
Killer K.

They're a happy and murderous-looking couple.

Lynn jogs to her desk and removes the board of nails from
beneath it.

She sets it next to the two ghoulish statues.

LYNN

I need you guys to watch over this
while I'm at class tonight, okay?
This board is super important. I
don't have to explain it, do I?

She takes a step back to size up the couple.

LYNN
You guys will let me know if
anything's coming, right?

She pulls the string on Evil E's voice box.

EVIL E
This is the end.

Lynn smiles at them.

LYNN
Okay, then.

She grabs her bag, slings it over her shoulder.

LYNN
Love you both.

She's out the door.

Evil E and Killer K clutch hands in the sunlight of the
pleasant apartment.

They couldn't be happier.

Evil E cackles one parting thought on his own:

EVIL E
I'll eat your guts.

FADE OUT:

THE END