

FOR SATAN

by

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OVER BLACK

In bold orange text, SUPER: "Hell is empty and all the devils are here." - William Shakespeare

Familiar music FADES IN. It's "Thriller" by Michael Jackson. The song nears its end, continues over--

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The massive building is in a state of complete disrepair; roof partially caved-in, gutters hanging loose, shutters broken, windows busted.

No one's lived here in a very long time.

Pale moonlight bathes the entire area in an eerie glow.

The secluded property is surrounded by thick, dark woods. Wind WHIPS through the trees. Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS.

SUPER: Halloween, 1982

SLOW ZOOM across the overgrown lawn, toward the house.

VINCENT PRICE (V.O.)

Darkness falls across the land, The
midnight hour is close at hand,
Creatures crawl in search of blood, To
terrorize y'awl's neighborhood, And
whosoever shall be found, Without the
soul for getting down, Must stand and
face the hounds of hell, And rot
inside a corpse's shell.

As we continue to SLOWLY PUSH TOWARD the house, a thick fog rolls out of the woods, creeps along the ground. Ominous.

VINCENT PRICE (V.O.)

The foulest stench is in the air, The
funk of forty thousand years, And
grizzly ghouls from every tomb, Are
closing in to seal your doom, And
though you fight to stay alive, Your
body starts to shiver, For no mere
mortal can resist, The evil of the
thriller.

Light floods the property as a red pickup truck drives along the long dirt driveway, pulls up to the house.

Sitting in the truck bed are three YOUNG ADULTS, each dressed up in different Halloween costumes.

From the truck's stereo speakers, Vincent Price lets out an EVIL LAUGHTER. His LAUGHTER is suddenly cut short as the truck's engine shuts off.

In the truck bed, MARTY, 19, a chunky dude dressed in drag, stands up. He chugs the rest of a can of beer, then crushes it against the side of his head.

MARTY

(re: the house)

We left the party for this!? Fuck.
I've taken scarier dumps on my
neighbor's lawn.

Sitting with his back against the truck cabin, PAUL, 19, an athletic and average looking guy dressed up as Frankenstein's Monster, takes a drink from his own beer.

Beside him sits LINNEA, 19, a slender blond dressed as a sexy witch. She shoots Marty a look of disgust, then turns to get a good look at the house. Her face falls.

LINNEA

Well that's pretty much the scariest
house I've ever seen.

Paul finishes off his beer, wraps his arm around Linnea's shoulder and pulls her in close.

PAUL

Relax, Babe. I'll protect ya.

MARTY

(under his breath)

Heh. More like he'll *infect* ya.

Marty attempts to jump out of the truck bed, but his clumsy ass trips over the edge and falls face first to the ground below. He groans in pain.

PAUL

You fat fucker! That was awesome!

Paul and Linnea both burst into laughter.

The driver's door pops open and JACK, 19, a handsome young man with piercing blue eyes, dressed as a skeleton, rushes over to the back of the truck, where--

Marty rolls over and grunts. He sucks air, struggles to catch his breath.

JACK
Damn. You okay, Dude?

MARTY
(all in one short breath)
I can't feel my dick.

Jack shakes his head, laughs.

The passenger door opens up and SAM, 18, a stunning brunette dressed as a creepy scarecrow, steps out.

She walks toward the house. Her face lights up at the sight of the menacing ruins.

Paul and Linnea climb out of the truck bed as Jack approaches Sam from behind. He watches her, curious.

JACK
So? What do you think?

Sam faces Jack, doesn't say a word. Just smiles.

Jack can't help but crack a smile as well.

JACK
Spooky as you were expecting it to be?

Sam leans forward, plants a quick kiss on Jack's lips, then turns and hurries over to the front door. She pushes the heavy door open, quickly slips inside.

Jack scoffs as Paul and Linnea step up beside him.

LINNEA
She just ran right in like it was a funhouse or something. Where'd you find this girl, Jack?

JACK
Drive in theater. We both snuck into the same showing of Friday the 13th Part 3. She's awesome, huh?

PAUL
Yeah, *totally awesome*. Listen, are you sure we're allowed to be out here? My old man will have my skin if--

JACK

Paul, Dude. Relax. I grew up out here.
Trust me. We're good.

From inside the house, Sam SCREAMS.

Jack, Paul, and Linnea all look toward the house, concern stretched across all their faces.

Then, Sam pops her head out of the open front door, grinning from ear to ear. It was a scream of excitement.

SAM

Oh. My. God! You guys have got to see
this place! It is fucking insane!

She giggles with glee as she pulls her head back into the darkness of the house.

Paul and Linnea both let out sighs of relief.

Jack just smirks.

Over by the truck, Marty finally gets to his feet. He looks to the others, motions for them to go on without him.

MARTY

You guys go on, I'll catch up.

PAUL

Your tampon get stuck?

Marty limps toward the dark woods nearby.

MARTY

(under his breath)

Fuck you.

Paul laughs at his stupid joke as he and Linnea follow Jack toward the front door.

LINNEA

(to Paul)

You're so dumb.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Dried leaves crunch under Marty's shoes as he shuffles through the shadows.

Without warning, he doubles over and vomits everywhere. Juicy orange chunks explode out of his mouth. Fuckin' gross.

He finishes up, spits out the excess and wipes the bile from his chin.

MARTY

Fuckin' A. I don't remember eating any of that...

FOOTSTEPS O.S. grab Marty's attention. They grow LOUDER.

Marty squints his eyes, struggles to see. Nothing but trees and shadows.

Then, the FOOTSTEPS stop. Dead silence.

Marty straightens up, grows more nervous with every passing moment. He takes a cautious step backwards.

MARTY

Paul? That you?

No response. Just more silence.

Marty takes another step back, but keeps his eyes on the direction the footsteps came from.

MARTY

This isn't funny, Man... Paul?

A branch SNAPS O.S., just behind Marty. The blood drains from his face, his eyes moving to look even before his head does. As he turns around--

A machete slams into the upper part of his face, across both of his eyes. Blood gushes out of the wound as he spasms.

In absolute agony, Marty clenches his jaw shut so hard that his teeth crack and pop out.

CUT TO:

The full moon in the cloudless night sky.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY

Harsh moonlight stabs down through what's left of the ceiling, illuminates torn and long-faded wallpaper covering the walls of the narrow corridor.

Floorboards CREAK as Sam and Jack step into view. They move towards the open master bedroom door at the end of the hall.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - MASTER BEDROOM

The roof has completely caved in on the room, filling most of the space with debris.

Sam enters, with Jack close behind.

SAM

This is where they died.

Jack discreetly checks out her ass. He likes what he sees.

JACK

You sure know your stuff.

Sam turns to Jack, a look of genuine excitement on her face.

SAM

I know that the family that died here in '52 weren't the last victims. There have been more...

Jack scoffs.

JACK

And how do you know that?

SAM

My uncle. Has some friends who know some things... Things kept from the public...

She steps past Jack, exits the room.

Jack just stands there. He tilts his head, curious.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - KITCHEN

It's in just as bad of shape as the rest of the house. Dirty and broken down.

Linnea and Paul enter the kitchen.

LINNEA

I can't believe you talked me into coming out here. I could be doing a keg stand right now.

She uses her hand to wipe years worth of dust off an old counter. The dust cloud sends her into a coughing fit. She waves her arms in an attempt to fan the dust away.

LINNEA

Ugh. Dammit.

Paul chuckles at Linnea as he walks over to the other side the kitchen, stands before the open basement door.

He peers down into the darkness, shrugs.

PAUL

Fuck it. It's Halloween.

He starts down the steps, moves out of view.

Having finally caught her breath, Linnea turns and sees that Paul is gone.

PAUL (O.S.)

Down here, Babe.

Linnea looks to the open basement door.

Just then, a shadow moves in the darkened kitchen entrance way, draws Linnea's attention.

LINNEA

Marty?

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - BASEMENT

It's nearly pitch black. Just shapes and shadows.

Paul's silhouette moves into view. CLANK! He bangs his foot against something in the dark.

PAUL

(under his breath)

Fuck.

The floorboards above him CREAK as someone moves around.

PAUL

(calls upstairs)

Never mind, Linnea. It's too dark.
Can't see shit down here.

Paul moves back to the staircase, starts up it. Just as he reaches the top--

Linnea's bloodied, decapitated head hits him square in the chest. The head drops and rolls down the staircase with sickening WET THUDS.

Before Paul can process what just happened, a massive figure steps into the open basement doorframe.

This is the KILLER, dressed in jeans, a red flannel jacket, and wearing a rubber devil mask.

The Killer raises his machete high, slams it down hard, splitting Paul's head down the middle. His eyes cross hard, as if they seek the blade lodged in-between them.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - FOYER

Sam stands near the staircase. Jack is close behind her. She turns to him, a look of concern on her face.

SAM

Did you hear that?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

Hear what?

Sam steps closer to the railing, glances down into the narrow space below.

SAM

Linnea? Paul? What are you guys doing?

No response.

Behind Sam, Jack looks nervous.

Paul's corpse is suddenly thrown out of a darkened archway just beside the base of the staircase. His body crumples in a heap onto the floor.

CLOSE ON Sam's wide eyes.

Then, the Killer steps out. He stands motionless at the bottom of the staircase, glares up at the stunned Sam. The machete at his side drips fresh blood onto Paul's corpse.

Sam spins around and runs straight into Jack, who grabs her and wraps his arms around her.

Jack's face twists with rage as he lets out an insane cackle.

The Killer remains motionless at the bottom of the steps. He just stands and watches as Jack easily overpowers Sam.

JACK

You know what I don't understand? If you knew so much about this place and everything that's happened... Why the fuck would you come here!? Are you crazy? Or just really fuckin' stupid!?

Sam grunts as she continues to struggle in Jack's grip.

It's no use. He's too strong.

Jack glances down the staircase, at the Killer. He cracks a crazed grin.

JACK

I can't believe this is finally happening. It's so... Surreal...
(takes a deep breath)
C'mon, Dad. Let's open this bitch up!

The Killer removes his rubber devil mask, reveals ERIC, 46, a handsome man with the same piercing eyes that his son has.

Eric smiles, starts up the stairs.

SAM

Jack!? What the Hell!?

Still restraining Sam, Jack smirks.

JACK

Hey, I get it. This must be very confusing for you... You wanna know why this is happening to you, right?

Eric reaches the top of the steps.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'd tell you it was just family tradition, but the truth is... It's a bit more complicated than that...
(looks to Eric)
You wanna explain it, Dad?

Eric stands before Sam, holds the machete out only a few inches away from her face.

ERIC

For Satan.

He winds the machete back, ready to strike, when--

Sam laughs.

This throws Eric off. He lowers his machete.

With his arms still wrapped around the creepy laughing scarecrow, Jack shoots his father a look of bewilderment.

JACK

What the fuck are you laughing about?

SAM

You say this is for Satan. That's really funny...

In a flash, Sam breaks out of Jack's grip, lunges forward and thrusts her hand deep into Eric's chest. She rips his heart out, holds it up to her face, gazes at it.

SAM (CONT'D)

He's never mentioned either of you.

Wide-eyed and pale white, Eric stumbles backwards and drops to the floor. His eyes glaze over.

Terror-stricken, Jack can only stand and watch as Sam opens her mouth and reveals rows of razor sharp teeth.

Sam's eyes turn to a sick yellow as she sinks her teeth into Eric's juicy heart. She chews up the bite, swallows, then drops what's left of the organ to the floor.

With blood dripping down her chin, Sam turns and stares daggers at Jack.

SAM

You should be running now.

Without hesitation, Jack sprints past Sam, practically leaps down the stairs, jumps over Paul's corpse, and runs straight out the front door.

CLOSE ON Sam's face. Her lips curl into an unnaturally large smile. Literally from ear to ear. What. The. Fuck.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE

Jack rushes out of the dark house, moves straight for his truck. He trips over his own feet, stumbles forward, but regains his balance and pushes forward. Almost there when--

Sam BURSTS out of an upstairs bedroom window. Broken glass falls all around her as she lands in a crouched position on top of the truck.

Jack stops dead in his tracks, eyes wide with disbelief.

JACK
What the fuck!?

Sam stands up straight, shakes her head.

SAM
Nice try. But I prefer the final chase
to be on foot. Call me old fashioned.

As Sam giggles to herself, Jack turns and dashes toward the woods as fast as he can.

EXT. WOODS - THICK BRUSH - MOMENTS LATER

Scared out of his mind, Jack sprints through the darkness as fast as his legs will carry him.

Sweat beads up on his horrified face.

Low hanging branches claw and scrape at Jack as he blindly runs farther into the woods.

Behind him, a shadow darts behind a large tree.

Jack takes a sharp turn, runs straight into a thorn bush. He cries out as the thorns scratch and tear at his clothes and skin.

With a head full of steam, he barrels through the bush and suddenly drops down a steep--

HILLSIDE

Jack careens down the incline, smashes his shoulder into a tree stump.

He bounces off the stump, spins awkwardly, then falls backwards down the rest of the hill.

EXT. WOODS

Jack finally rolls to a stop on his stomach. He grits his teeth, grimaces in pain.

Sam GIGGLES O.S.

Terrified, Jack forces himself to his feet. He limps forward into the darkness.

A twig SNAPS nearby.

Jack spins around, throws his arms up to defend himself.

Nothing's there.

JACK

Bitch! Where are you!?

Another GIGGLE O.S. It's different this time. Demonic.

Jack trembles with fear. Pure terror builds up behind his wide eyes.

JACK

W-what the Hell do you want!?

SAM (O.S.)

The same thing you do...

Just then, Sam swiftly emerges from the shadows behind Jack.

SAM (CONT'D)

(demonic)

Victims.

Sam lunges on his back, knocks him onto his stomach. She crawls on top of him, pins him down.

Jack cries out in horror.

SAM

(demonic)

Difference is... *I* enjoy a challenge.

Sam's lower jaw unhinges as it opens up unnaturally wide, once more revealing rows of razor sharp teeth.

Jack screams as Sam clamps her wicked jaws down on the back of his head. CRUNCH.

She bites down with so much force that the pressure causes Jack's brains to shit out of his ears.

HOLD ON Sam as she devours his entire head in just a few quick bites.

After a few moments, she stands up and looks up past the tree canopies, at the full moon in the sky above.

As blood pours out of Jack's neck stump beneath her, Sam grins from ear to ear.

SAM

For Satan. Heh. Fucking posers.

A gross burp escapes her bloody lips. She can't help but snort a quick laugh, followed by an embarrassed giggle.

FADE OUT.