

FOR THE LOVE OF SATAN

Written by

Al Gore

Address: Hell
Phone Number: 666

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A jack-o'-lantern grimaces on a kitchen windowsill. Its mood is mirrored by a PSYCHOTIC NURSE, (40). Back-combed hair and a belt of archaic surgical implements.

Next to the sink there's enough dirty Champagne glasses for a party at P.Diddy's.

DOC, (35), approaches from behind in blood splattered surgical scrubs.

Nurse washes a BUTCHER'S KNIFE - razor sharp - in the sink.

Doc stands shoulder-to-shoulder and watches her dry the blade. Her hands move up and down the metal. It isn't sensual but Doc's eyebrows say otherwise.

She gives him a "you weirdo" look. Grips the blade by the handle and places it on the side.

Doc grabs her waist and holds her face-to-face.

DOC
I need tunes.

NURSE
It's late.

DOC
I know. But I don't want the
neighbors to hear all the nasty
shit I'm gonna do to you.

Nurse gives him a withering look and turns back to the sink.

Doc taps his phone. HEAVY METAL pumps out of unseen speakers in a modern living space. Everything is minimalist. Except the interior designer's fee.

Doc grabs a dishcloth. Picks the knife up with it. Walks to a kitchen-island with a granite surface and pots hung above.

Nurse puts the first clean Champagne glass down.

Close up it VIBRATES in time with the thrumming base.

She shakes her head disapprovingly but doesn't say anything.

Behind her, Doc grooves around the kitchen-island. Stops and opens a drawer.

INSIDE: the place old keys and bits of wire go to die.

Doc puts the dishcloth-wrapped knife down.

Nurse takes another dirty glass from the masses.

Doc moves his hips to the music but his face is fixed with dark intent.

He speaks in a quiet, menacing tone that doesn't rise above the music.

DOC

So I've been fucking someone from work. She's a dream in the nightmare I suffer while you count your Daddy's money.

He bends down to inspect the knife.

DOC

Not just fucking, actually. We make love. Sounds *icky* to say it but for once in my life it's true.

UP CLOSE: there's fresh fingerprints on the metal handle.

DOC

She was here tonight. The sexy-satan. And God-damned she's hot enough to pull it off. So hot I couldn't resist her. Even with you in the house. We screwed so hard and fast in the garage I ripped her panties to pieces and you know what?

Nurse carries on without glancing behind her.

DOC

She *likes* it rough. And she's smart, too! Did you know cops can identify a pair of *glove prints* now?

Doc pulls a pair of PLIERS from the drawer. Carefully folds the dishcloth around the blade's handle.

DOC

So that's it. I'm in love. And now I've told you, you'll fly into a jealous rage.

Doc grips the base of the blade with the pliers. The dishcloth prevents metal-on-metal abrasions.

DOC

And I tried to calm you down. But
you were like a wild animal ...

Doc grips the pliers with one hand. Psyches himself up. PULLS
the blade towards him a BLOCKS IT with the other hand.

The blade STABS his palm.

Nurse takes another glass. Continues obliviously.

Doc pulls the blade back out. Looks at the wound. Hurts like
hell but it ain't much. Just a little defensive wound.

He RAMS the blade into his left-shoulder. Pulls it out and
blood mixes naturally with his costume.

He grimaces with pain and determination. Looks at the back of
Nurse's head hatefully.

DOC

You *bitch!*

Doc opens the pliers. Removes the dishcloth and lets the
bloody blade fall to the floor.

Nurse takes another dirty glass.

Doc puts the pliers back in the drawer. Takes a small HANDGUN
from his pocket. Walks back around towards Nurse but FREEZES.

A NOISE behind him makes him WHIP ROUND with the gun to see -

PUMPKIN (20). The bright-orange woman is five steps inside
the front door.

Pumpkin looks down to the knife on the floor. Back up to the
gun and SCREAMS so loud it pierces through the music and
echoes around the room.

Doc automatically raises the gun and BLAM!

One in Pumpkin's chest sends her REELING backwards. She hits
an armchair - flips over it - out of sight.

Doc turns back to Nurse.

She stops washing a glass. Looks back.

Doc keeps the gun under the counter and smiles.

Nurse speaks and augments her words with SIGN LANGUAGE.

NURSE
Everything okay?

PUMPKIN (O.C.)
Fuck, fuck, Jesus fucking *fuck!*
Help! HEEEEEEEEELP!

DOC ignores the commotion behind him. Replies to Nurse with the accentuated lip movements and a thumbs-up.

DOC
Sure, honey. Just checking for more empties.

Pumpkin SCREAMS and PLEADS with incoherent pain and terror.

Nurse watches Doc a while longer. Like she's trying to figure him out until ...

She turns back and takes another glass.

Doc leaps over the armchair.

Lands astride Pumpkin.

DOC
What the fuck are you doing here?

Pumpkin's eyes shoot sideways.

To a handbag across the floor.

PUMPKIN
My date's -

He thrusts the gun in her mouth. Looks to the front door.

It's slightly ajar.

Doc tosses the gun just out of her reach and STRANGLES with all his weight. Pumpkin turns purple.

CRASH - the front door bursts open revealing SKELETON, (30). A buff-body in a costume tighter than a hipster's jeans.

The macabre makeup can't hold a candle to the horror on his real face. He RUNS towards Doc.

Nurse washes another glass. Holds it up to her eye and inspects the crystal.

Skeleton DIVES.

Doc reaches for the gun but gets KNOCKED across the stone-floor empty handed.

INT. SKELETON'S CAR - NIGHT

A PHONE on the passenger seat is lit by a live call to 911.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Skeleton and Doc trade desperate close-quarter blows. Then Skeleton notices ...

Pumpkin kneeling up, gun in hand. Blood gushes from her chest and splutters from her mouth. She's not long for this world. Might have enough time to take someone with her.

Skeleton ROLLS away towards the kitchen island.

Nurse places another clean glass in a neat sparkling line.

Pumpkin can hardly lift the gun as she FIRES a string of shots that -

Miss Doc but decimate a VASE, PICTURE FRAME and hit the bottom of a ceiling-high marble SCULPTURE. The base CRACKS under immense weight.

Skeleton dives for the BLOODY KNIFE.

Doc runs towards Skeleton.

Before collapsing Pumpkin gets off a last round.

PING - it hits one of a line of SAUCE PANS hanging over the kitchen island. The pan SPINS and CLANGS onto the island's granite surface.

Skeleton rises with knife in hand.

Doc grabs the cast-iron pan on the bounce.

Skeleton thrusts but Doc parries with the pan. Knocks the knife from his hand.

Skeleton puts his hands up to block an almighty SWING but the pan SNAPS his fingers and SMASHES his jaw.

Skeleton hits the floor beneath the kitchen island.

Nurse looks back.

Doc stands with pan in hand looking half-crazed. Then he takes another pan down and hangs them both back up on the opposite hooks. Now they're all hung in exact size-order.

Doc points at them like it's a thing between them.

Nurse gives him a "whatever" look and goes back to work.

SKELETON (O.C.)
Dude ... we're *friends*.

Doc takes the BIGGEST PAN.

SKELETON
You can't do this, man.

Blood bubbles through Skeleton's splintered teeth.

DOC
I'm not doing it. My *wife* is. I'm not sure how exactly yet. But she is one crazy bitch.

WHAM - a skull cruncher. But Skeleton still moves and moans.

Nurse washes methodically as the pan goes up and down like a piston behind her.

She has ten dirty glasses to go.

Doc wipes the pan on what is now a Skeleton sans-skull. He hangs it back up. Needs a second to think.

OLD LADY VOICE (O.C.)
Hello!?

The voice tries to shout over the music as Doc sags.

DOC
Oh please no.

OLD LADY VOICE (O.C.)
Is anyone there?

DOC
Please God no ... Not Mrs. Cromblehome.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME (90) shuffles through the front-door in fluffy pink pyjamas and a puffy-overcoat. Led by a GUIDE DOG.

Doc runs to meet her. Jumps over the dead Pumpkin.

DOC
I'm right here, Mrs. Cromblehome.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
What's all the hullabaloo?

DOC
Just a party. We'll quieten down
real soon. But you know how it is.

He glances at the dead bodies.

DOC
Some people are real hard to get
rid of.

The DOG starts BARKING at Pumpkin's body.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
I heard gunshots.

DOC
Firecrackers.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
And what's Barky upset about?

DOC
Just a jack-o'-lantern.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
Hmmm. Well he's a smart dog.
Trained to warn me about any naked
flames. Just keep it down, son.

DOC
Absolutely, ma'am.

She shuffles away. But stops when there's a loud CRACK.

Doc sees its source. Runs towards the marble modern-art. But
just as he reaches it all he can do is watch it topple and
EXPLODE across the stone floor.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
Jesus butt-fucking Christ, boy!

Mrs. Cromblehome shuffles back, dog BARKING like crazy, until
her foot hits Pumpkin. She kneels down. Fondles the bloody
corpse. Reaches inside her coat frantically and lets go of
Barky who BOUNDS towards Doc.

Nurse has five glasses left to clean.

Doc catches the dog in midair. It's snarling jaws tear at his costume as he staggers forward.

DOC
Call your dog off or I'll snap it's
neck!

Mrs. Cromblehome finds what she's looking for. A GLOCK 41.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
Just keep talking you son-of-a-
bitch.

Doc hits the deck, dog and all, as the BOOM BOOM BOOM of a hand-cannon puts holes in the wall opposite.

Mrs. Cromblehome staggers back from the recoil.

Barky sinks his teeth into an arm and SNARLS but Doc swallows the pain and clamps his lips tight shut.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
Did I get him, boy?

Doc crawls towards Mrs. Cromblehome, as stealthily as he can with an angry labrador attached to his arm.

She raises the shaking gun ready to fire. She can hear Barky but a loud DRUM SOLO blinds the one sense she can rely on.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
Just tell me where that asshole is,
boy!

Doc kneels in front of Mrs. Cromblehome and raises Barky into her line of fire.

DOC
Right here!

BOOM - Barky's snarls are cut short as liquidized organs leave a melon-sized exit wound.

The room is sprayed with blood, bone and Barky's last supper.

Nurse has three dirty glasses left.

Mrs. Cromblehome lowers her trembling gun.

MRS. CROMBLEHOME
Barky? ... *Barky!*

Doc stands and grabs the only weapon he has - by the tail - and swings Barky over his head like an axe.

SPLAT! Barky's chest-cavity envelops Mrs. Cromblehome's head like a dead-dog lollipop. She drops the Glock but her scrawny arms can't push the passed pooch off. She staggers back and forth, gargling on Barky's guts.

Doc watches with morbid fascination as Mrs. Cromblehome keels over, clutches her heart and slurps her last breath.

He picks the Glock up.

A pale-faced COP (25) stands in the doorway and FIRES!

Four bullets PUMP into Doc's gut and chest before he goes down. The Glock clatters away.

Nurse takes the last dirty glass. Washes it studiously.

The Cop runs in, stands behind her in a firing stance.

COP

Turn around with your hands in the air!

Nurse rinses the soap off.

COP

You have three seconds before I unload, ma'am!

She inspects the pure sparking crystal.

COP

TWO!

She places it neatly with the rest.

COP

ONE!!

And she turns around.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Nurse sits in the backseat and shivers in a winter coat. Her white makeup streaked with tears.

Outside the window, two PARAMEDICS wheel her husband out. They both jump in the ambulance and prep equipment, leaving Doc on the lawn next to the Cop and a DETECTIVE.

The Cop looks at Doc. PUKES on the lawn. The Detective consoles his colleague. When he talks, Nurse concentrates ...

ON HIS LIPS.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

DETECTIVE

First time you've used your gun?

COP

Fuck no. It's not this piece of
shit I feel sick over.

DETECTIVE

Yeh ... It's a mess in there.

COP

You think that's a mess? Just take
a deep breath before you go in the
garage.

Doc is near death but the Cop's words grab his attention. He
looks up at the Cop, puzzled.

DETECTIVE

There's more?

COP

Some poor girl. Dressed like the
Devil and she's sure as shit been
through hell. Sexually assaulted
for sure but my God ... what the
twisted fuck did to her after ...
no one should die like that.

The Cop loses some more Halloween candy on the lawn.

Doc whips his head back to Nurse.

She drops her eyes to him and smiles faintly. Holds her hands
up to the glass.

NURSE

(Sign Subtitles)

I'm deaf ... Not blind.

Nurse calmly watches her husband have a seizure.

His face fixed in horror for the rest of his life.

THE END