

KILL YOUR  
DEMON

FADE IN:

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

On a kitchen table: Hoppes No. 9 solvent, gun oil, a soiled rag, a spring, a barrel and clip of a nine millimeter GLOCK.

JON (V.O.)  
Might as well be written in holy  
scripture, that free men have the  
right to bear arms.

HANDS put the Glock back together like second nature.

JON (V.O.)  
Never was one to much argue  
Scripture, but neither did I ever  
have much use for a weapon.

Hands feed bullets into the clip one at a time.

JON (V.O.)  
Until the demons came.

The clip is shoved in with a CLICK. Slide rails yanked back, locked and loaded.

We pull back to see a normal looking guy, 30's, neatly combed but thinning hair, heavy around the waist. This is JON.

He buries the Glock in a body holster then puts on a blazer jacket to conceal the piece.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jon stands in front of a bathroom mirror. He opens the medicine cabinet over the sink. It's full of prescriptions.

He delves three different prescriptions out in his palm. Fills an old script bottle(he uses as a cup) with water from the tap and washes the lot down.

He closes the medicine cabinet.

JON (V.O.)  
Don't get the idea I think I'm some  
kinda hero. Never did have much use  
for heroes neither. Nor do I much  
look the part. Sometimes your  
number just comes up.

He stares at himself for seconds.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Jon walks out of a normal house in a normal neighborhood, locks his door and walks towards a SEDAN in the driveway.

He stops and stares at his neighbor, MAXINE, 50, watering roses the next yard over.

JON

That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Mister William Shakespeare.

MAXINE

Well, isn't that lovely. Where are you off to all duded up like that?

JON

It's game day.

MAXINE

Oh yes, well, you enjoy your scrabble. I'll enjoy my roses.

She winks. He gets in his car and backs out of the drive.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Jon puts the car in park and reaches to the passenger seat for the Holy Bible laying there.

He pockets his keys, steps out of the car and stares up...

**EXT. HOLY REDEEMER - CONTINUOUS**

...at a cross stretching into blue sky above a small church. The marquee on the front lawn reads: COMMUNITY GAME DAY.

He walks towards the church, stops to open the door for an elderly COUPLE, then enters right behind them into...

**INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

...an empty sanctuary. Pews, a podium, red velvet, a giant crucified Jesus at the alter, the works. He stops to admire our Savior's majesty then walks to a door and enters...

**COMMUNITY ROOM**

A room full of PEOPLE and tables and chairs. Foosball. Ping Pong. A chess board. Checkers set up on an adjacent table.

BISHOP TOM(O.S.)  
I hope you've come with your  
thinking cap, Little Johnny.

Jon stops at a table by which a tall man, dark eyes, dressed in black, stands. This is BISHOP TOM.

JON (V.O.)  
They called him *The Bishop*. How he  
earned that particular title no one  
ever did say.

Bishop Tom smiles at Jon then reaches to shake his hand.

JON (V.O.)  
His perfect-toothed smile was as  
phony as one of them television  
preachers. And those perfect teeth  
was false, I seen them come loose  
once when he was in the heat of  
sermon, exhorting us to be true to  
our own nature the way God  
intended.

BISHOP TOM  
Ready to give me what I got coming  
tonight, Little Johnny?

Jon nods faintly, takes a seat across from Bishop Tom.

JON (V.O.)  
And why he called me little Johnny  
made no sense at all. I wasn't  
little and hadn't been called  
Johnny since the first grade. I  
think it was his way of keeping me  
at his feet. Like the rest of them.  
But tonight was going to be the  
last time he'd call me that.

AGATHA, your generic blue haired Bible thumper, walks up with a motherly smile and sits in the third seat at the table.

Bishop Tom rattles the bag containing the letter tiles. Each player passes the bag and pulls out their letters.

JON (V.O.)

I swear it was a Crown Royal bag.  
Probably cut the embroidery off  
after he slugged it down.

BISHOP TOM

Lady's first.

JON (V.O.)

He was probably boning her. He was  
boning half the congregation. I  
could smell the stench of holy  
roller love right on him.

Agatha puts her tiles on her letter tray. Giggles excitedly.

JON (V.O.)

Those teeth weren't the only thing  
that was false about him. In just  
the right light, to one who has the  
sense, it's the eyes that give em  
away. Shadows within that boil like  
storm clouds. Eyes that ain't  
human. Eyes of a demon.

Jon arranges his letters on his tray. The game starts.

Agatha builds the world lion. She giggles.

Jon's attention is on Bishop Tom who makes the next word and  
from lion down using the 'o' spells roar.

Agatha keeps score on a note pad. Jon spells the word: sober  
from the 'r' in roar. Bishop Tom laughs out loud. Jon's POV  
he's cackling like a hyena.

BISHOP TOM

Look at that! Almost scripture.

AGATHA

First Peter, 5:8.

BISHOP TOM

Good girl, Agatha.

Jon cringes. Watches the Bishop carefully trying to build the  
next word, then cases the room of Christian gamers.

Jon slips the **nine mil** out of his jacket.

Under the table, the Glock is aimed dead at the preacher.

Jon's index finger crawls around the trigger.

BISHOP TOM

Your turn. Little Johnny? You ok?  
Seem a bit on edge today.

Bishop Tom reaches across the table, puts a hand on Jon's  
sweaty forehead.

JON (V.O.)

I held steady good as I could, but  
it felt like I was being branded.  
All I had to do was pull the God-  
damned trigger. Blast that demon  
straight to hell.

BISHOP TOM

No fever. Agatha, you hot?

She shakes her head.

AGATHA

Might be the two points you got on  
him, Bishop.

JON (V.O.)

He was the one mad cause I was  
smarter. I always won the game.  
Thought about letting him win once,  
but not after his tongue shot out  
like a lizard catching a fly. He  
licked my chin from across the  
table. Another one of his demon  
powers I guessed. And I was stuck  
there like a horse in stocks. That  
devil tongue of his must'a  
delivered some kind of poison I  
figured. Yeah, like a poisonous  
frog or one of them striped skinks.

BISHOP TOM

He's not going to let me win this  
one, Agatha. Not today, are you,  
Little Johnny? I can see into that  
soul of yours, you know?

JON (V.O.)

And I could see into his. Only he  
didn't know. But he was about to  
find out.

Jon's turn. He forms the word 'kill'. His face flinches.

Under the table, the hand holding the gun trembles.

JON (V.O.)

It was time. That word was a sure  
sign from God. Divine power even.

Bishop Tom concentrates on his letter tiles in deep thought. He stares at the game board, then his lips curl into a smile as he carefully places the letters on the board that spell 'demon' right over the word 'your'.

JON (V.O.)

There it was, that creepy smile. I  
had to do something. Fast. He knew  
I was closin in. I could sense it.  
The board said it, KILL YOUR DEMON.

They both raise their head from the board, lock eyes.

JON

I know what you are, Bishop.

BISHOP TOM

Agatha, why don't you be a dear and  
go get me some coffee.

AGATHA

Could use a cuppa joe myself.

Agatha obediently waddles away from the table.

Under the table, Jon's finger squeezes the trigger.

BISHOP TOM

Uh, uh, Little Johnny. Do you  
really think I'm goin to sit here  
and let you pull that trigger?

Jon's frozen in his seat. He opens his lips but nothing comes out. His face twitches. He bites his bottom lip.

He notices that the others in the room are dead still; time frozen in place. And so silent, you could hear a pin drop.

Jon is wide-eyed. That vein across his forehead engorged with blood, can almost see his heart beat in it.

And then, the unbelievable...that reptilian tongue rolls out of Bishop Tom's mouth, zips up under the table. Retreats with a **SNAP** like that of a retractable ruler.

Bishop Tom watches emotionless as Jon falls over, lands on the floor like a statue, his last visual: the gun lying on the linoleum floor a foot away from his face.

FADE TO BLACK.