“Painted Black”

Written

By

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EXT. HOUSE – DUSK

A large house sits amidst the backdrop of a tall trees and dense north-eastern vegetation.

Industrial heavy-metal music thunders from the upstairs bedroom of the house.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

The music comes from a boom box in this room.

The walls and ceiling are painted black.

The walls are decorated in various hand-drawn gothic art pictures, gruesome crime scene photos, and posters of Death Metal bands.

Bolted to the ceiling are various strobe lights and disco balls. They are lit and flashing in this dark room to the full effect of the music – chaotic and disorienting.

The dresser is painted blood red. On top of it are 3 different colored lava lamps... and a shoe box full of marijuana paraphernalia.

The night stand clock reads – 7:04PM

The bed sheets are red satin.

Sitting on the bed is CORDELIA, 16, taking a massive it on a king-sized bong.

Cordelia wears a torn black gown, tattered fish-net stalkings, and knee-high leather boots.

She has long black hair with dyed red streaks, various facial piercings, blood-red lip stick, and dark-black eye shadow. Her face is painted porcelain white.

A bastard child of Marilyn Manson.

Cordelia’s door suddenly swings open – revealing JEANNE (40’S) formally dressed with done-up hair.

Cordelia sits up in her bed shocked – a deer in headlights.
CORDELIA
Mom!

INT. LIVING ROOM – DOWNSTAIRS – LATER

Jeanne charges down the stairs, with the shoe box and bong in her hands.

Cordelia is right behind her.

CORDELIA
Mom wait!

JEANNE
I don’t want to hear it missy! No phone, no TV, no going out with your friends, NOTHING!

CORDELIA
You can’t do this! Cole is taking me to the dance this Friday.

JEANNE
You should have thought about that before you brought drugs into my house!

CORDELIA
Drugs? Mom it’s just a little bit of pot!

JEANNE
I don’t care how much it is, you know better Cordelia-Sue.

CORDELIA
I don’t believe this.

JEANNE
You better believe it, hon. Go back up to your room. We’ll discuss it when your father gets home.

CORDELIA
You’re telling dad?
JEANNE
You bet’cha baby!

CORDELIA:
Mom, please, I’m begging you, don’t tell dad. If you do, you know he’ll freak. He’ll take all my CD’s away and I’ll have to totally change my room.

JEANNE
Maybe you need a change Cordelia.

CORDELIA
You can’t do this!

JEANNE
I’m your mother and I can do anything I want, and you, young lady, will listen.

CORDELIA
You’re such a hypocrite.

JEANNE
Excuse me?

CORDELIA
Oh come on mom, I know what you and dad did in the seventies, don’t try to play this holier-than-thou crap with me.

JEANNE
Watch your mouth.

CORDELIA:
What have I got to lose? I’m already going to be grounded for life when dad gets home. You’re raping me of my identity for something you used to do and now I’m getting in trouble for it?

(Beat)
I’m going to that dance!
JEANNE
Oh, no you’re not. You’re grounded for a month. In fact, make it three months now.

Cordelia’s pale face is now beat-red. She stomps her foot in frustrations.

CORDELIA
You’re such a bitch!

Jeanne slaps Cordelia across the face.

She grabs Cordelia by the hair and drags her to the front door.

JEANNE
You’re OUT OF HERE!

Jeanne opens the front door and throws Cordelia out the house. She slams the door shut behind her and locks it.

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT

Cordelia is on her knees, lying against the door, tears streaming down her face, annihilating her mascara.

CORDELIA:
(Crying)
Mom, I’m sorry! Mom let me in!
I’m so sorry. Mom please... mom...

EXT. HOUSE – LATER

Cordelia is still sitting against the door. She has stopped crying, but her make-up is a mess, and her eyes are red and puffy from crying. She checks her watch 8:03pm.

CORDELIA:
Shit.

The faint sound of an approaching car.

Cordelia gets to her feet and she looks about in different directions.
Decided, Cordelia crosses the street and ducks into the dense trees-line and vegetation.

EXT. FORREST – NIGHT – MOVING

Cordelia is fast hiking through the woods. Getting tired, she stops, takes a seat on a log, catching her breath.

Her head snaps to one direction. *Was that a noise?*

She stands up. She hears something in the distance. A faint voice... a child’s voice. Cordelia walks towards it.

Finally she comes up behind a little boy, JAKE (5) standing over something, hacking and swinging his harm down upon it in a chopping motion.

    CORDELIA:
    Hello?

The little boy whips around. He’s dressed in a black hooded robe. His eyes vacant and distant. He’s holding a machete, stained and dripping with blood.

Cordelia steps back, covering her mouth with her hands.

    CORDELIA:
    Oh my God...

    JAKE:
    (Chanting)
    Mommy’s evil! Mommy’s bad!
    Mommy’s dead and now I’m glad!

Cordelia sees the mutilated body of a naked woman on the ground. The boy turns his attention back to the body, hacking it to bits. Blood sprays everything.

Cordelia SCREAMS. She takes off running through the woods.

The voice of the child echoes through the woods.

    JAKE (O.S.)
    Mommy’s evil! Mommy’s bad!
    Mommy’s dead and now I’m glad!
Cordelia trips over a log and falls head over heals, tumbling down a small hill. She hits the bottom hard, knocking herself unconscious.

The shadow silhouette of a figure stands over her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Cordelia awakes, seated alone at a conference table of an office building. Her hands and feet are bound to the office chair.

She notices that she is dressed in pink, with high heals, her hair is blonde, and she is done up properly.

CORDELIA
Help me! Somebody, help me!

MAC, 40’S, a military man, with sharp, grizzled features, and a decorated uniform enters the office.

He speaks, shouting, angry. His voice deep and intimidating. A drill sergeant’s voice.

MAC
Cordelia!

CORDELIA
Daddy?

MAC
Cordelia what have you done?

CORDELIA
Daddy, I’m sorry. Please...

Cordelia starts to cry.

CORDELIA
I’m so sorry daddy, I’ll never do it again.

MAC
You bet your ass it won’t happen again! It’s all your fault! Look what you’ve done.
Suddenly Jeanne walks through the door, her body is cut up and mutilated – by a machete perhaps?

Her left hand and right arm completely chopped off. There’s a large gaping cut across her belly where her intestines are hanging out.

Her head is nearly chopped off too... hanging awkwardly off her shoulders by a piece of flesh and muscle. Blood is squirting out of her neck.

**JEANNE**

Look what they did! Look what they did to me because of you!

**CORDELIA:**

Mom I’m sorry!

Jake, that black robed kid in the words, enters the room with his machete.

He walks over to Cordelia, raising the machete in the air.

**JEANNE**

Mommy’s evil! Mommy’s bad! Mommy’s dead, and now I’m mad!

**CORDELIA:**

NOOOOO!

Jake brings the machete down in a chopping motion upon Cordelia’s head –

She SCREAMS!

**EXT. FORREST – NIGHT – LATER**

Cordelia wakes up, screaming. She’s covered in sweat, and is hysterical.

It takes her a moment to look around and realize where she is... still out in the forest - right where she fell.

It was just a nightmare.

Cordelia composes herself, gets to her feet and heads back the way she came.
EXT. FOREST – NIGHT – LATER

Cordelia is still walking, she stops. Scans her surroundings.

She hears a faint sound, like footfalls behind her. Cordelia turns to look behind her.

Sees nothing.

A shadowy figure appears behind her. She feels the presence. Turns around quickly.

    JAVIER
    Hello, Cordelia.

JAVIER (20’S) is a beautiful man, and he’s only wearing an ADAM & EVE leaf to cover his genitals.

Javier is Hispanic, with long wavy hair, perfectly toned body, tanned, with aqua blue eyes.

Cordelia is taken at first site. She’s putty in his hands.

    CORDELIA
    Oh my God... you scared me.

    JAVIER
    I’ve been waiting for you, Cordelia.

    CORDELIA
    Who are you?

    JAVIER
    I’m Javier. Please, come this way.

Javier puts out his hand. Cordelia takes it. He leads her into the wilderness.

    CORDELIA
    What are you doing out here?

    JAVIER
    It’s not far now.
They exit the woods and come to a large cave, a fire light burning inside.

INT. CAVE

Javier leads her into the cave. There’s a camp fire burning and a make-shift bed.

CORDELIA
Where are we?

JAVIER
My home.

CORDELIA
You live in a cave?

JAVIER
For now.

Javier’s eyes gaze locks onto hers. His hand comes to her face, wipes away the mascara that has stained her cheek.

JAVIER
You’ve been crying.

CORDELIA
Yes.

JAVIER
Why?

CORDELIA
I had a fight with my mom.

JAVIER
Why did you fight?

CORDELIA
I said some things I shouldn’t have...

Javier’s head tilts to one side, a dreamy look to his face.

JAVIER
You are so beautiful.
CORDELIA
(Embarrassed)
No I’m not.

JAVIER
Yes, you are.

Javier leans in and kisses Cordelia on the lips. She stands in stunned motionless.

CORDELIA
You kissed me.

JAVIER
Yes I did.

CORDELIA
That was inappropriate.

JAVIER
My apologies… I won’t…

CORDELIA
…Do it again.

Javier kisses her, this time she wraps her arms around his neck.

His arms wrap around her torso as he picks her up. Cordelia wraps her legs around him. Javier carries her over to the bed, lies her down.

CORDELIA
My God, who are you?

JAVIER
I’m your temptation.

Cordelia grabs Javier by the back of the neck and pulls his face down into her, kisses him. They roll over, kissing and feeling each other.

She wraps her legs around him, kisses him, and hungrily goes for it.

Are those bells ringing? Birds chirping? Angels dancing?
Her legs tremble and her eyes roll into the back of her head.

A moan seeps from Cordelia’s gaping mouth.

Cordelia opens her eyes and looks up at Javier, who’s eyes flash red.

CORDELIA
What the... ?

Suddenly Javier transforms... his skin turns red, two large horns sprout from his head, and his face mutates into a nightmare.

Javier has become the DEVIL!

CORDELIA
Get off me!

THE DEVIL
Virgin slave, bear my child!

CORDELIA
Noooooo!

INT. CAVE – LATER

Cordelia suddenly wakes up in the cave. It’s completely empty. No bed, no evidence of the burning fire or anyone who has lived there.

And no Javier.

CORDELIA
I must be going crazy.

Cordelia lifts herself to her feet.

EXT. CAVE / FORREST

Cordelia exits the cave, scanning her surroundings.

CORDELIA
Where the hell am I?
Cordelia begins to make her way through the forest. Is this the way she came?

She spots a small clearing in the forest ahead.

EXT. CEMETERY – NIGHT

Cordelia appears out of the forest and finds herself in a large graveyard.

GRAVEDIGGER (60) is halfway down into a hole, digging another grave with a shovel. He wears a long gray beard, overalls, and thick rimmed glasses.

CORDELIA
   Excuse me… sir?

The old man corks his head in her direction. His voice is deep and raspy.

GRAVEDIGGER
   The hell you want? You duh one diggin’ up my graves?

CORDELIA
   What? No sir.

GRAVEDIGGER
   I catch the some-bitch digging up my girls, he’ll be diggin’ out of his own grave - after I’ve buried him in it!

The Gravedigger cackles a strained laugh, almost coughing. He drops his shovel to the ground and pulls a flask from his pocket. He takes a swing. He offers to Cordelia.

GRAVEDIGGER
   Moonshine? My own.

CORDELIA
   No, thank you.

The Gravedigger pulls himself out of the hole and dusts himself off.

He walks towards the mortuary. Cordelia follows him.
Cordelia
Sir, do you know how to get back to 6th street? See, I sort of… ran away from home tonight and got lost in these stupid woods and now I can’t find my way back.

Gravedigger
The ladies…

They have arrived at the doorstep of the mortuary.

The Gravedigger opens the door and walks in. Cordelia follows him inside.

INT. MORTUARY

Cordelia follows him as he makes his way to the back.

Cordelia
What?

Gravedigger
He only digs up the ladies. Fresh ones too. Before they stink.

Cordelia
Sir I really need to get home…

Gravedigger
Come here, I wanna show you something...

Cordelia
I don’t think I should –

The Gravedigger BARKS at Cordelia… startling her.

Gravedigger
DON’T BE A PUSSY!

He stares at her with cold eyes.

Suddenly he starts laughing that cackle of his again. Cordelia nervously smiles.
GRAVEDIGGER
Just kidding.

The Gravedigger opens the door.

GRAVEDIGGER
Ladies first.

INT. THE MORGUE

The Gravedigger heads past Cordelia and walks over between one of two tables with a sheet over it.

The Gravedigger rips the sheet away from one of the tables... revealing a dead naked woman, probably in her 30’s.

GRAVEDIGGER
Just got this one in the other day. Suicide I hear. She’s a lovely ain’t she? You wanna touch her?

CORDELIA
What? No.

GRAVEDIGGER
She doesn’t bite. See.

The Gravedigger puts his hand on her breast, jiggles it.

CORDELIA
You’re sick.

He laughs about it.

GRAVEDIGGER
This is what he likes. The pretty ones. Always the pretty ones. I buried a fat chick about a month ago. He ain’t touched her yet... can’t say that I blame him. Heh.

CORDELIA
Sir, I really need to be getting back home now.

GRAVEDIGGER
He digs up the graves, steals the
bodies… then brings’em back looking like this…

The Gravedigger rips away the sheet from the second table, revealing the mutilated body of a woman, also in her 30’s. Dismembered.

Cordelia jumps back, turns to the corner and pukes.

**GRAVEDIGGER**
Sick some-bitch. You think digging graves is tough? Try putting them back together again!

Cordelia turns and heads for the door.

**GRAVEDIGGER**
Word of advice.

Cordelia turns to the Gravedigger.

**GRAVEDIGGER**
Cremation… save me the trouble.

The Gravedigger cackles. Cordelia hurries for the exit.

**EXT. CEMETERY – NIGHT**

Cordelia in FULL SPRINT heading back into the forest.

**EXT. FORREST – DUSK**

Cordelia, exhausted… still trudging her way through the woods.

**EXT. 6TH STREET – DUSK**

Cordelia emerges from the woods… there’s a road before her… and a sign near by…

6th street. Her cabin is just up the way.

**CORDELIA**
I made it… oh my God… I made it.

**EXT. CABIN – DUSK**
Cordelia is at her doorstep.

CORDELIA
Here we go...

Cordelia turns the door knob and enters her house.

SUPER: Six weeks later....

INT. CORDELIA’S HOUSE – DINING ROOM

Cordelia’s mom, Jeanne, is in the kitchen, serving up pancakes.

Cordelia’s dad, Mac, sits at the dining table reading the morning News Paper.

There’s picture in the News Paper of Jake, the young boy in the woods. Mac reads the corresponding story.

MAC
They finally found the body of that missing kid in the woods back here.

JEANNE
Oh, that’s horrible.

MAC
They’ve got a suspect in custody. Apparently it was old Mort Blackstone over at the cemetery.

JEANNE
OH MY GOD! Now way! Mort was such a nice man. I used to run into him all the time over at the Super Market.

MAC
Apparently Mort believes the kid was the one breaking into the cemetery and stealing the bodies of those women...

JEANNE
Now that’s ridiculous. A child wouldn’t do that.
MAC
Well, you never know with these kids today.

JEANNE
(Calling out)
Cordelia, your breakfast is ready!
Come and eat!

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Just a second!

MAC
What is she doing up there?

JEANNE
Who knows I tell ya she’s –

Suddenly there’s a loud horrific scream from upstairs.

Jeanne and Mac look at each other and both make a dash for the staircase.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Cordelia is lying on the bathroom floor, leaning against the tub. She is holding a white plastic stick. Her face is pale.

MAC
Cordelia, what is it?

JEANNE
Honey, what’s going on?

Cordelia hands her mom the white stick.

CORDELIA
I’m pregnant...

THE END.