

# DANCING WITH THE DAMNED

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*EXOTIC DANCER. ICE TRAY. NITECLUB. HORROR.*



FADE IN:

INT. THE INITIATE - OFFICE- DAY

A dash of neon and blacklight can't hide the drabness. No pictures and only one small geometric piece of art on the wall. A half full cooler. It could use clean water. Looks like tea.

The only cup sits on a desk that has seen better days. Behind that desk is CAMBION (40S) a fella who could use a bar of soap right about now. And a cleaner shave too. His suit is a size too big, his tie loose. The cleanest thing he has is the fat joint in his mouth.

LISA (30s) storms in. Swats the cup of water off Cambion's desk.

LISA  
Fuck you, Cambion! Fuck you!

CAMBION  
(casual)  
Come on in Lisa, have a seat.  
Something on your mind?

LISA  
Damn right I do. I heard you want  
me to do the icebreaker tonight.

Cambion locks eyes with her. He tips his ash, adds to the sprinkles on the floor.

CAMBION  
Got a new wild bunch coming in.

LISA  
Send them somewhere else.

CAMBION  
No can do. Got a problem, take it  
up with Lucy, don't bitch to me.

LISA  
I'm not doing it.

INT. THE INITIATE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Two women, JEZEBEL and pale white LAMIA (both 30S) do each other's makeup. Jezebel has a three piece bustier and Lamia a animal print mini-dress. They give LISA an occasional dirty look. Lisa stares back at herself in a mirror.

LAMIA

I heard she wants to quit. How  
'bout it crone, you leaving?

Lisa touches the mirror, outlining her form, as if she missed  
a long lost friend.

JEZEBEL

She should. Least we have to be  
reminded of how we got into this  
dump.

LISA

Like you would do the icebreaker.

JEZEBEL

What in the fuck you complaining  
about? You got the easy shit.

She stands up.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

What makes you so special? You're  
just a backstabbing skank who lost  
her soul.

LAMIA

Bitch sold it.

JEZEBEL

Like I give a fuck.

Jezebel is about to snsp off another insult, but holds back  
as another woman, fire red haired LUCY (50s) struts in. She's  
in black leather and studded rubies neck to toe.

LUCY

Need a minute with Lisa.

Jezebel and Lamia, rattled, pack up some things -

LUCY (CONT'D)

Leave it.

JEZEBEL

I need my shadow.

LUCY

You still here?

Both Jezebel and Lamia bolt. Lucy walks up behind Lisa, puts  
a reassuring hand on Lisa's left shoulder. The reflection of  
Lucy's hand reveals it to be long spider-like fingers and  
painted, pointed tipped nails.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Jealous, those two.

Taps her fingers. It makes Lisa nervous.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Think you can alter your  
circumstance? If so, where will you  
go?

LISA  
I don't want to quit. I want a  
different routine.

LUCY  
You want? Now I understand. It  
happens now and then, after awhile.  
One forgets where they are. Forget  
their place.

Leans in, close Lisa's right ear. Whispers:

LUCY (CONT'D)  
They want flesh. We give them  
flesh.

Lisa reluctantly nods.

INT. THE INITIATE - STAGE - NIGHT

TWO 6'4 tall beefcake bare chested BOUNCERS wear GOAT HEAD  
SKULL MASKS. They watch the rowdy crowd.

LOUD MOUTH  
I'm in Heaven!

This fool is in his early 20s. He does a LOT of whistling and  
cat calls. His buddies do not have the same enthusiasm.

BOOTH

Cambion, failing at looking hip, leans in to the microphone.  
He is deadpan, monotone and deep.

CAMBION  
Welcome to The Initiate Club. For  
those new here, you will not enjoy  
our pleasures.  
(beat)  
First up, sweet Jezebel.

Dance music, middle eastern mixed with warped Gregorian  
chants, plays.

## STAGE

Jezebel appears on a balcony, sultry. Egyptian face paint. She does a few twerks. Only the Loud Mouth approves.

Two more GOAT HEAD SKULL BOUNCERS appear on both sides of the stage with TWO BIG HUNGRY WOLVES. The wolves are eager to be freed. Drool flies everywhere.

Jezebel drops her robes, shows off her bustier.

An androgynous woman (20s) in a toga dances behind Jezebel, joins her, leads her. SHOVES HER OFF THE BALCONY!

The wolf handlers unleash the beasts! Both monsters rush the stage and each take an arm. Carnage EVERYWHERE. Both wolves drag her across the stage and then behind the curtain.

LOUD MOUTH

What the hell was that?

He's nudged by one of the PATRONS, a PALE FACED 60 year old man.

PALE FACE

Keep it down, cherry. Last asshole  
cam in here caused shit got me  
picked for ice show and nobody  
likes the fucking ice show so shut  
your cakehole.

Pale Face glances around the club. Spots Lucy. His tone becomes more hushed.

PALE FACE (CONT'D)

Don't go asking for trouble.  
Everyone knows that.

CAMBION

And now ladies and gentlemen, the  
exquisite Lamia!

A different music number. Lamia, in a magician top hat and cape over her mini-dress struts on the bloody stage. She tosses off her hat. Loud Mouth catches it when no one else will. Pale Face moves a seat down.

LOUD MOUTH

Don't know what all of your deal  
is! It's all an act!

Lamia tosses a pellet on the floor. A PUFF OF SMOKE. Under her cape she magically shows off a green snake. She gyrates, lays the snake on one of the tables.

It slithers off, people get out of the way. One soul is unlucky - the snake springs, bites down on his nose! He screams in agony as blood streaks down his face.

Lamia proceeds to strip off the cape, then her dress, lace and stocking underneath. Lamia ROLLS ON THE BLOOD SOAKED FLOOR and, looking directly at Loud Mouth, licks up some of it with a forked tongue.

LOUD MOUTH (CONT'D)

Awesome! But where's the skin? I want to see some skin!

His request stuns those around him. They get nervous, back a few inches away from him. Lamia points at Loud Mouth, and hisses.

CAMBION

You want FLESH? We're going to give you FLESH! As Lovely LISA gives this fool THE ICEBREAKER!

Lamia exits the stage. Two of the four MASKED BOUNCERS grab Loud Mouth, and force him to the stage. The other two install a MEDIEVAL TORTURE CHAIR on the stage. Loud Mouth spits in protest as they chain him up, cuff him to the chair.

A new tune.

Lisa swaggers out, a full ice tray in her hand. The crowd claps her on, in step with the music. She sets the tray in Loud Mouth's lap. She strips off layers, until she reaches her lingerie. Still dancing, she takes the ice tray and twists. Cubes pop out randomly.

Of the cubes that remain, she shoves them, one at a time, down the Loud Mouth's throat. Seals the last one with a kiss.

Loud Mouth chokes. He spits out blood. More blood. Teeth fall out. His tongue, ripped, dangles. His breath exhales frost. Lisa presses her high heel into Loud Mouth's crotch. It bleeds.

CAMBION (CONT'D)

NEW FLESH!

Half the crowd charges the stage, revealing themselves to be DEMONS, horns, claws and fangs. Even the Pale Faced old man gets a taste. Those who not partake of the feast shiver.

Lisa looks around the room, sees Lucy, who approves. Lisa reluctantly snatches up Loud Mouth's left hand, bites down on the middle finger.