

Satan's Mantle
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INT. BACHELOR PAD. NIGHT

We see an immaculate bathroom, with a plethora of styling products lining the counter. A man, mid 20's sits in front of the mirror styling his hair and making poses in the mirror. This is GUY, the young playboy. He plays with his hair almost obsessively until he looks pleased, throws on a nice sweater and walks out of the bathroom as we cut to...

EXT. DANCE CLUB. NIGHT

GUY waits in line at a packed bar with several buddies, it's obviously ladies night with a large number of beautiful women cutting to the front of the line. As the women walk by he jokes with his friends and stares at the girls asses.

INT. DANCE CLUB. NIGHT

We see GUY approach one of the attractive girls from across the bar and start flirting with her. He orders her a ridiculous drink, neon in color. The girl looks impressed as the camera checks out his attire as she does.

We see them dancing together surrounded by people, and eventually the girl grabs GUY and pulls him towards the back of the bar. They begin to make out against the wall, slightly hidden in the darkness of the bar. They stop for a moment and look into each others eyes, both drunk and glazed over, and faces slightly wet from messy kissing.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT

The girl is straddling GUY on his leather couch in his living room. She is playing with his hair as they both sit, drunk and happy. The girl gets a mischievous look on her face and starts to run her hand sensually down his chest until she reaches his pants button. She begins to unbutton it and stops. GUY makes a disgruntled noise and looks annoyed, but she presses her finger to his mouth and dismounts him to go get a condom.

The camera follows her as she walks to the front door where she left her purse. She slowly tears off a condom and we see her slight hesitation. She is excited for this moment, but doesn't want it to be another one night stand. As she turns back around and enters the living room, GUY is gone and the curtains flutter in the night breeze.

We see her condom drop to the carpet as a trumpet bursts in to reveal the title sequence.

INT. DESK

We see folders with various pictures of beautiful women glued to the front thrown on the table to a quirky trumpet solo. All the women have an unreadable piece of text next to their pictures. As they are thrown down we see the opening credits of the film, and finally the title with a picture of the girl from the opening being glued onto the front of a new, empty folder.

As our main character wakes up we see his POV and everything is blurry. As he blinks multiple times we are able to see more of the area and finally realize he is upside down. Our hero is in a well lit concrete room, extremely clean and devoid of any decoration. There are no windows whatsoever and the only thing holding him up is a single hook in the ceiling. There is also tape over his mouth and hands. He has been stripped down to his boxers. Out of his peripheral he catches sight of some movement.

In a small dark room we see a man dressed entirely in white, white suit jacket or blazer, clean pressed slacks, and immaculate shoes, loading metal objects onto a tray just out of frame. He fumbles with one object a bit and drops it and it is revealed to be a scalpel. As he picks this up he comes to the eye level of GUY and notices his eyes are open. GUY quickly closes his eyes to attempt to avoid his gaze but it is too late. The man in white closes a curtain to the room and quickly begins to walk over to GUY with a look of determination in his eye.

MAN IN WHITE

You're awake, how delightful, I was beginning to think I'd caused some brain damage. I always end up doing that.

The Man in White is an extremely effeminate man, flamboyant, but very intelligent. He is in his mid 40's and has an impish charm to him. He has placed himself uncomfortably close to Guy's face as he kneels down.

MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

It's so nice having company in the house again, you have no idea how lonely it can get.

We see the fear in Guy's eyes as he swings back and forth slightly.

MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

I suppose you're wondering why you're here. It's not that hard to figure out but I can never tell how smart you people are with the tape on. You really have to let people speak to prove to you what you're doing is right. We'll save that for later but as to your current location, it's a quaint little place I like to call the Extrication chamber. Here, you and I together will find your salvation.

As he says this last line he stands and gazes at his blade with a hint of nostalgia. It is obvious Guy is a little scared. He takes a moment to properly survey his surroundings. Pallets litter the floor, and eerie shapes covered with dirt and blood soaked sheets dot the industrial cement floor.

MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

No need to be frightened... you're going to part of something, let's call it a project for a higher power. Together you and I are going to make this world a better place.

The man crouches near Guy's face and gives his a slight push so that his head swings out of frame and comes uncomfortably close to his own as it swings back in.

MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

You're really a handsome fellow you know. I can see why they fall for you and your rogue charm. Almost Clarke Gable meets Cary Grant... but of course that's much before your time. Do you get out much, watch the classics? Culture, hmm? Do you know what that is? Of course you don't or you wouldn't be off gallivanting, attempting to impregnate half of our species.

(MORE)

MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

No, I know your type, smart enough to get what they want, but not enough to give back. But we'll change that, oh yes we will. You and me, we're going to have some fun tonight.

As the man says this he presses his blade to Guy's cheek. Guy winces and a single tear rolls down his cheek. As the tear rolls down his face and hits the floor the man in white laughs and cuts the rope holding Guy to the ceiling. As he hits the ground we...

SLAM CUT

INT. COFFEE SHOP

We see SARAH, the girl from the opening sequence, talking with her mid-20's friend Carol in a bright coffee shop. Sarah looks slightly disheveled, as she is having a bad week. Carol is a slightly overweight red headed girl with a loud voice and an opinion on everything. They are both drinking expensive lattes and complaining about life.

SARAH

I just really thought this guy was different Carol, I mean it doesn't make any sense. If he really didn't like me wouldn't he have left *after* he got laid?

CAROL

Hun, sometimes you have to realize when a guy just isn't into you, and this is one of those times. He probably just sobered up and realized his girlfriend was going to be pissed.

SARAH

I guess, but ugh! It just sucks I never meet anyone good, why are they all such douchebags.

CAROL

I told you start coming to Pilates with me, it'll get your mind off things and when a good guy comes a knockin' you'll be able to keep him around longer than one night.

Sarah takes a moment to reflect on how large Carol is but decides against saying anything. She checks her watch and feigns an appointment.

SARAH

Ok well Care I have to go, before the pharmacy closes.

CAROL

But it's Sunday, the pharmacy isn't open hun. You ok?

SARAH

Oh ya, you're right, just some cold-allergy thing, anyways it's been great. Later, we'll have to get together again soon mmmkay?

CAROL

Ok, ok but remember what I said, no man is worth the headache.

As Carol says this Sarah steps out of the Cafe and starts walking down the street. As she walks she gets a message on her cell phone. She opens the phone to see a garbled text message from Guy.

INT. BASEMENT

Guy is randomly pushing buttons on his cell phone behind his back, because of his taped hands. As he rolls over the man in white is right in his face. Guy scuttles over against the wall scared of the proximity of the man.

THE MAN IN WHITE

There's no reason to be scared. I just wanted to talk to you.

Guy looks even more scared at this comment that was supposedly going to calm him. The man in white stands from his position.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Oh sometimes I wonder why I try with you people. Is it too much to ask for a little compassion and a good listener?

The man in white ponders to himself quietly for a moment, as he decides how much he wants to share with Guy. He goes and sits next to him on the wall.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

It's not that I don't like you, really it's not. It's more a problem of ethics, see if I were to just let the situation slide, where would that leave the world? I'm just skimming the gene pool so to speak, eliminating this abhorrent behavior.

The man in white leans his head on Guy's shoulder.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

It would be so much easier if you would just learn to control yourself Guy. I wouldn't have to work so hard all the time. Oh you smell good, what is that? Lucky?

The man in white smells Guy's shirt and Guy just sits there awkwardly as he can't say anything due to the tape on his mouth.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Oh ok I guess we'll just get right down to business. This is just one of those little formalities, but I'm going to run a couple ideas past you and you're going to tell me what you think. Ok? OK! Well first I was thinking we could start with this little guy.

The man in white grabs for his scalpel.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

A few hundred cuts with this should do the trick.

He looks at his watch.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Alright and that will take us to about one, at which point I'll start preparing the iodine bath. Heated to approximately 100 degrees Fahrenheit, that will be just about the end of the night... Have you ever thought of the pain iodine can cause in a wound, especially when administered by a trained professional? Of course I could tell you the rest but it's more of the nitty gritty. You wouldn't care I'm guessing, it just gets down to the actual 'work'.

The man in white pauses and looks at Guy, he is saying something. He moves his head closer to the tape and presses his ear right up against it. We can tell he is not pleased by what he thinks he is saying and he quickly leans back and rips off the tape.

GUY

I'm pretty sure that's in a movie man.

THE MAN IN WHITE

Excuse me?

GUY

Ya man Satan's Mantle.

THE MAN IN WHITE

It most certainly is not.

The man in white is obviously taken aback.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

An artist of my caliber does not succumb to petty thievery for ideas.

GUY

It's that old Roman Faustino movie from like the 70's. You have to have seen it.

THE MAN IN WHITE

What vile form of trickery is this?

GUY

Nothing man, I just figured it was worth mentioning, sorry I'll just keep my mouth shut next time.

As he says this he attempts to put the tape back over his mouth without the use of his hands. His attempt is pitiful.

THE MAN IN WHITE

But...

GUY

Do you think you could help me with this if you're not going to listen to me.

Guy continues to look down at the tape on his mouth and takes a moment before attempting to reattach it. The man in white has never seen this kind of behavior from one of his victims before and has no response other than curiosity.

THE MAN IN WHITE

Show me.

EXT. NIGHT

Sarah is sitting at her window in her apartment looking down at the street below. As she sighs she looks over at the phone which shows no sign of ringing. As she looks back out we see a random homeless person digging through the trash near her alley. A light comes on lower in the apartment complex and the homeless person is frightened as another unseen tenant yells at him.

Sarah catches a glimpse of the homeless man's cart now that it is illuminated, which has a familiar piece of clothing on it, and as she squints her eyes she is able to make out Guy's sweater.

She quickly heads for the door to attempt and ask the bum about his interesting garbage find.

As she comes to the alley the bum has shaken the other tenant away and has continued to dig through the garbage. As he notices Sarah he suddenly get's very protective of his cart, and not noticeably gets a broken bottle from the bottom of the carts treasures.

SARAH

Hey you...uh homeless man. I'm
really sorry but...

As Sarah is cut off the homeless man turns around and begins waving a broken bottle in the air screaming and muttering.

BUM

Oh yes mustard! That'll do...
Mustard? Don't let's be silly. Now
lemon, that's different...

Sarah backs away slowly as the obviously intoxicated bum goes back to his cart and bottle picking. Sarah, now scared of him spies around the corner.

Eventually he shambles off and Sarah decides to follow him. We see his shadow illuminated on the brick apartment wall as he walks off into the night muttering to himself.

INT. BASEMENT

The man in white has wheeled in an older CRT television and a VCR. It looks out of place in the concrete basement. We reveal Guy, still tied up sitting on an old brown couch, and as the man in white blows the dust off his VCR and pops in a VHS tape he sits uncomfortably close to Guy. The lights dim and the glow from the television is all we can see on their faces.

On the television an old slasher flick is playing, the killer a knife wielding horrifically disfigured maniac. We see the man in white put a hand to his face as if to compare his appearance. As the slasher flick plays we see a woman being chased into a room where her boyfriend has been tied to a chair, covered in cuts. The killer walks past a vat labelled 'Iodine mixture, 100%' on one tank, and '100*F' on another. The killer is seen, frothing at the mouth spraying the man in the chair.

Suddenly the tape is interrupted as the man in white pulls it out of the player and throws it against the wall. He takes a second to regain his composure.

THE MAN IN WHITE

No matter, I'll move on to plan B.

GUY

Alright throw it at me buddy.

THE MAN IN WHITE

I'm not your buddy I am your captor
and you will respect that. Alright
this will be simple, I'll just
quarter you, slowly. No, no too
medieval. What about drowning?

As he says this he begins to pace back and forth.

THE MAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

I need something especially hideous
for you. It's not often I get a
chance to teach a schooled
individual in my art. What to do
what to do... What about a mirror
finish. Your final moments will be
of your shattered reflection and
the shards of glass will teach you
your lesson.

Guy looks at The Man in White with a judging stare. He
obviously thinks this idea is trite.

GUY

Are you seriously even trying now?

THE MAN IN WHITE

What? You can't tell me someone's
done that before.

GUY

No but that's the most retarded
thing I've ever heard.

Both look at each other as if a real fight is about to
happen.

A single tear rolls down the man in Whites face. He bursts
into a sob and covers his face. Guy looks shocked at this
turn of events.

Barely audible through his hands and sobs the man in white
begins to speak.

THE MAN IN WHITE

Why does it always have to turn out
so bad, can't I have one easy job?

GUY

There, there man, it's ok. I'm sure it's not that bad. You've probably had a lot of really neat... umm jobs.

THE MAN IN WHITE

No, they were all terrible.

As the man says this he turns away from Guy.

GUY

Don't be like that come on, I'm just trying to help.

THE MAN IN WHITE

You'd help if you kept your mouth shut, I had it all figured out. You planted the seed of doubt.

GUY

But I didn't do anything... You can't seriously blame my knowledge of 70's slasher flicks for your inability to be original.

This comment offends the man.

THE MAN IN WHITE

No one's ever going to know who I am.

GUY

Is that what it's all about?

THE MAN IN WHITE

Is what 'what it's all about'?

GUY

Are you just doing this so people will remember you?

THE MAN IN WHITE

Well no, I mean that's part of it but no.

GUY

Maybe that's your problem, maybe you need to do it for the love of it... think of it like...

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

baseball, ya baseball. No one takes it too seriously or they don't have fun with it anymore.

THE MAN IN WHITE

You know what you're right.

GUY

I usually am.

THE MAN IN WHITE

I've been getting so...funny about it. My heads all muddled. I need to get back to what it's all about. Come over here I have an idea.

The man in white gets up and heads to another part of the basement.

GUY

Is it gonna hurt.

THE MAN IN WHITE

Don't be silly, I want to show you my scrapbooks.

Cut to:

EXT. RUN DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT.

Sarah is still following the bum to see where he got the sweater from. She has entered an area of town that looks almost abandoned with rundown houses and boarded up windows. The only tenants of these houses are crackheads, crack dealers, and the homeless person who is crazy enough to be left alone.

Sarah leans back against the building she was peering out from behind and lets out a sigh and shivers. She lights up a cigarette and peers back around the corner. The homeless man has made his way to his home in which is just a doorway that is relatively shielded from the wind, and a large pile of disgusting blankets, almost like a oil soaked nest. He slips on the sweater and dives into his humble abode.

Sarah leans back again and takes another drag from her cigarette.

As she stares off into space, not really looking at anything she sees across the alley a small hint of light emanating from some of the boarded up windows. Upon closer inspection, she can see through them.

Inside the boarded up windows, the man in white is pacing back and forth in front of a tied up Guy who is seated at a table. The man in white is obviously upset and raving about something, waving a knife in the air. He suddenly get's serious and slams both hands on the table, as Guy winces and retorts something. Suddenly a voice is heard from behind Sarah.

BUM

Why do I always have to be the Mad
Hatter? Why can't you be the Mad
Hatter for once? Oh, alright, I'll
be the Mad Hatter again! You like
hats? I'm mad about hats!

The homeless man is holding a gun and is delusional, barely standing. Sarah drops her cigarette in a puddle as the the moon reflects off of it.

INT. BASEMENT DAY.

Guy and TMIW are sitting at a table going through pictures. They each have a drink at the table and an ashtray is on the table with a cigarette smoldering inside. Upon closer inspection we see that the pictures are of old kills, and the girls the man in white has been protecting. Both look relaxed as if they are old friends going over family photos. Guy is comforting TMIW.

TMIW

...see this guy, he was a real
piece of work. Three girls in one
night, never even showered in
between. The audacity of some of
these people is just unreal. No
respect, no respect.

TMIW looks past the picture with a fit of nostalgia. As we look at the picture we see a room covered with blood, no trace of a person other than the lumps in the middle of the room we are currently in.

GUY

Was, was it hard?

TMIW

What, you mean the first time?

GUY

Ya

TMIW

No, not really. I mean yes I was nervous and that whole bit, but it's just like anything else you know, I just told myself I was going to finish what I started, put my game face on and go with it.

GUY

Was it worth it though?

TMIW

Oh, the high! It's amazing, but it's like any other addiction. You have to keep building it up or else you just get bored. It's good because it keeps me on my toes. At a certain point though it started to mean something and that's the situation we're in now.

GUY

What do you mean?

TMIW

Well, I can't very well be just 'pretty good' at my job now can I? You may not realize it but this is a very competitive industry. You've got to work hard to stay ahead of your competition.

GUY

But you're pretty good right? I mean it's not like one little slip up is going to affect your career.

TMIW

At this point it's just the principle of the thing.

Suddenly we hear a thump on the door. TMIW and Guy both look at each other, not sure of what they heard. Another thump and the door flies open.

It's Sarah, and she has a gun held unprofessionally in her arms. She looks disheveled as though she has gone through an ordeal getting to this point.

SARAH

Get the fuck away from him you
psycho bastard.

Both Guy and TMIW step away from the table as if she could have been talking to either of them. TMIW slips a knife down his sleeve into his hand secretly.

TMIW

Now Sarah I want you to calm down here. Nothing bad is going to happen here unless you let it, and you're only going to let that happen by being rash.

SARAH

Rash? You're a serial killer. I'm here to rescue him.

Guy looks surprised. He had lost the feeling of fear that had taken him over before he got to know TMIW.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to ask you real nice and then I'm going to get angry.

Sarah reaches her free hand out and motions for Guy to come with her. After a slight hesitation Guy steps forward and grabs her hand. At the sight of their hand holding TMIW throws his knife at Sarah instantly sticking in her neck. She falls to the ground and Guy falls to his knees beside her. A ridiculous amount of blood is coming out of her neck, and she looks lovingly at Guy.

GUY

I can't believe you came to save
me.

Sarah tries to speak but can't manage a word.

GUY (CONT'D)

Don't speak, save your energy. I'm going to get you out of here. I'm so sorry... I... I love you Cindy.

Sarah and TMIW both look at Guy. He continues to look lovingly at Sarah.

TMIW

You didn't even know her name?

GUY

Wait, shit sorry Sarah, Sarah... I love you Sarah. I'm an idiot I'm sorry.

TMIW

I can't believe I shared my work with you! I was right about you from the beginning. Just like all the ones before you. Just chasing meat and wasting air. I'm finished with this.

TMIW kicks Guy over and grabs his knife from Sarah's neck. Sarah's eyes flutter closed as Guy struggles for the door. Realizing he can't open it he stands up to put his weight into the pull. As he does this TMIW shoves a knife subtly into his side and embraces him as he kills him. As Guy dies TMIW whispers into his ear.

TMIW (CONT'D)

For he that soweth to his flesh
shall of the flesh reap corruption;
but he that soweth to the Spirit
shall of the Spirit reap life
everlasting.

With his last word Guy falls to his death on the floor. TMIW steps away and examines his knife.

TMIW (CONT'D)

The blade, the most ancient and simple weapon, how did I not see it before? So beautiful, perfect, visceral. It's the feeling I've been looking for all along and I'm finally free to concentrate on my work. Thank you, thank you.

A tear forms in TMIW's eye as he continues to stare at the blade. His eyes peer toward Sarah and the blood that has sprayed from her neck all over the wall.

TMIW (CONT'D)

Oh that'll be fun to clean up.
Why'd I have to go for the neck?

A single gunshot rings through the basement and the man in white falls on the ground beside Guy. Guy is lying on the ground barely breathing but holding Sarah's pistol. As TMIW and Guy lay looking into each others eyes, dying, they almost form the symbol for Ying and Yang if it weren't for the blood filling the floor. The camera floats to a birds eye view and spins out as they both stop breathing.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

Fat Carol is sitting at a table talking on her cell phone. She is talking exuberantly and has a latte in her free hand.

CAROL

She was such a nice girl it's just too bad. Just stopped showing up to work it doesn't make any sense.
(beat) No, no that's the weird thing, she's never even called in a sick day. I think it was some man she'd been talking to... If you ask me he was probably just from the wrong side of the tracks, you know the bad news bear type. (beat)

Carol notices something out of the corner of her eye and attempts to end the conversation.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Ok Betty I gotta go, my date's here. Ya of course we'll catch up later. Say hi to David for me.

Carol hangs up her phone as someone in a white suit sits down at her table.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Why hello stranger, I'm so glad you could make it.

We see the person on the other side of the table and it's Guy in a white suit similar to that of his counterparts.

GUY
Oh, it's my pleasure!

SLAM CUT TO
BLACK