

Sentenced

Written by

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Final Draft

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INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

A beautiful naked Indian teenage girl treads fluids. Objects sink and rise in the boiling crater. She vomits. Agonizing wails resonate throughout the chamber.

MEERA PATEL
What is this hole I am in?

Depressed people weep in nearby smoldering craters.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Help me, please? What is this place?

Heavy footsteps rattle the surroundings. All but Meera sink beneath the ghoulish bog. She watches a massive shadow enter the gloomy compartment.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Hello, hello! I'm over here. Help!

A hideous creature enters her sight. She vomits again. The beast approaches the pit she is in.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
What are you? Where am I? This place smells like feces.

The monster is covered in slime and insects. Blood drips from its fangs.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Someone must have slipped me a drug.
I am tripping.

An extremely thin, scarred, well dressed man enters the compartment. The beast backs off and kneels. The middle-aged man humorously peers down into the bog at Meera.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You are not tripping. Nor are you high, or hallucinating. You have died, and left your physical body.

Meera pushes away steamy floating lumps.

MEERA PATEL
I want my mother, now! This is a bad joke. Where is my cell phone?

The well dressed man kneels. His hands turn to long fingers and wrap around her head, lifting her to his fiery eyes.

Cont'd

WELL DRESSED MAN
Welcome to Hell!

Meera's eyes reveal her fear.

MEERA PATEL
Who are you?

The man drops her and looks over to the beast.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Have your thrills with her.
Afterward, let her watch her family
mourn over her death. Then throw her
into the stinging pit.

The man vanishes. The beast rises.

MEERA PATEL
No, no, no!

The beast pulls her up by her hair and slams Meera to the
ground and penetrates her viciously.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
No, stop, please...your fluids are
burning me inside. Help!

Meera receives no mercy.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
No, stop...too big...it hurts!

Meera's body turns blue, then back to flesh color. The
monster gets off Meera and throws her into a pit.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
What are these?! Help! They sting!

She struggles to brush off small creatures. The beast peers
down on her. Smoldering heads peek out of the bog.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Tell me where I am?

WOMAN IN STEAMY BOG
You are doomed. This is...Hell!

Meera faints, and the creatures sting her repeatedly.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - AFTERNOON - PATEL HOME/INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

A group of people gather at the Patel home/Meera kneels covered in slime as the beast stands next to her.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Meera was so young, so beautiful, how
could this have happened?

Intercut:

MEERA PATEL
Mom, I'm right here, help me!

Mr. Patel hugs his wife as he breaks down.

FRIEND
How did Meera die?

MEERA PATEL
I'm not dead! I'm here. Can't you see
and hear me? Look...I'm here!

MRS PRITI PATEL
She left the movie theater and was
standing outside with her friends.

Mrs. Patel struggles to explain.

MEERA PATEL
Mom...stop crying, I'm not dead!

MRS PRITI PATEL
Two groups of boys raced by the
girls. Gunshots were heard. Meera
dropped to the ground...and she was
dead. She is dead!

MEERA PATEL
No, mom...it's a lie! I love you,
Mom. Please help me!

The beast grabs her wavy hair and elevates her grungy body.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Stop!

MR. PATEL
She will be cremated today. We will
miss you, sweetheart.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL - CORRIDORS

The beast is carrying a long wooden pole, and Meera is strapped to it. They enter many rooms off the corridors and Meera witnesses the sufferings of the physical souls.

MEERA PATEL

Why are you showing me this?

All souls in the pits are extremely weak. The bog boils as they tread the steaming liquids. Screams fill the corridors. Meera wiggles on the pole.

MAN IN PIT

I've been here 200 years. There is no escape from this torture.

The beast rests the pole and walks next to the pit the man is stewing in.

MAN IN PIT (cont'd)

No please, no, no...I have been beaten enough for an entire nation!

The creature lifts him out of the bog and throws him against a jagged wall where objects protrude him.

MAN IN PIT (cont'd)

Please, the pain is unbearable.

The man frowns at Meera. The creature beats the man with different weapons, making him bleed. Meera squeezes her eyes shut. The beast claws the man's chest and legs.

MAN IN PIT (cont'd)

You hellish troll! Just kill me, just kill me...now!

The well dressed man enters the room wearing a tee shirt.

WELL DRESSED MAN

My friend, you are already physically dead. You can be killed...no more! These are your eternal physical soul punishments. I delight in them.

Meera stares at his muscularity and short hair.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Place them both on the sheet. Let them fry for a few years.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - PATEL'S HOUSE.

A large gathering of people fill the home. People are eating and drinking. Mr. and Mrs. Patel sink within the arms of consoling mourners. The doorbell rings.

MRS. BETH VELLA
I'll get it.

Beth is a senior in her late sixties.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
Hello, may I please help you?

A gentle hand extends to her.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Good day, madam. I have sadly heard of the tragedy to young Meera, and I wanted to extend my deepest sympathies to the bereaved.

Beth looks into the house, then back at the man.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Of course, I'm sorry, won't you please come in, sir?

The well dressed man nods and enters.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
Excuse me, Mr., aah...I'm afraid I did not get your name, sir.

The man smiles.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Forgive me, dear lady, my apologies. My name is...Louis. Mr. Louis.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Please, help yourself to food and beverage, Mr. Louis.

His gleaming smile fills the room.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You are most kind. I haven't felt the urge to eat or drink for millennia.

Beth walks Mr. Louis to the table. She provides a plate and utensils for him, as well as a cup.

Cont'd

MRS. BETH VELLA
Now Mr. Louis, we all are bearing the same grievance here...but starving ourselves will not change the matter.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Quite right, my dear lady.

Beth returns to the sofa. Mr. Louis studies the people while loading various foods onto his plate.

NIKITA RAPARTHI
Sir, please sit and relax.

The twenty-five-year-old beauty escorts Mr. Louis to a seat near the grieving Patels.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Thank you, young lady. You have splendid manners.

Nikita kneels slightly.

MR. RAJ PATEL
Tell me, Mr. Louis, how did you know our daughter, Meera?

Intercut:

MEERA PATEL
Mom, Dad...he's not a man! Mom, Dad, watch out! Run for your lives!

WELL DRESSED MAN
Well, shall we say we became recently acquainted. Though I have known of her for many years.

Everyone stares at Mr. Louis.

MRS PRITI PATEL
I'm sorry Mr. Louis...

Priti wipes away tears.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
Would you please be more descriptive of your relationship with our deceased daughter?

Mr. Louis smirks.

Cont'd

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
Were you a teacher of hers?

Mr. Louis quickly raises an index finger.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes, of course...certainly. And may I
say she is...I, mean, was...sorry...
a very attentive student.

The Patels gaze at one another.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Thank you!

Mr. Louis nods again with a smile.

MEERA PATEL
Mom, Dad, everyone. He's not a man!

MRS. BETH VELLA
Mr. Louis, you haven't touched your
food or drink. You must eat.

Everyone looks at his plate and drink.

JIM COOK
Well, some folks kinda lose their
appetite at these gatherings. I'm
sure Mr. Louis will be just fine.

Mr. Louis nods to the forty-something gentleman.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Thank you, kind sir.

JIM COOK
You have a wonderful Southern charm
about you, Mr. Louis. What state are
you from, sir?

Silence.

JIM COOK (cont'd)
It's okay, we all love our country.

WELL DRESSED MAN
In my state, everybody burns with a
tan. No one ever sleeps. I know
every soul, excuse me, person there.

Cont'd

Mr. Louis stands and pats Mrs. Patel on the head and looks around at everyone.

MEERA PATEL
Mom, he is not a man!

Mr. Louis walks over to a figure. He then turns to the Patels and holds his chin.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You believe in a higher power?

MEERA PATEL
Mom, Dad, don't answer him.

MRS PATEL
Yes, we do.

JIM COOK
Yes, Mr. Louis, we all have a right to our own beliefs, correct?

Mr. Louis walks over and offers a hand to Jim.

JIM COOK (cont'd)
You have very warm hands, sir.

MEERA PATEL
Jim, run, now!

Mr. Louis walks towards the door.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Your daughter had a good life here I see. She was very well loved.

MR. PRITI PATEL
Certainly.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Meera's body is in the next room, Mr. Louis. Would you like to see her, and say any last words?

Mr. Louis slowly shakes his head.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Her body is of no use to me. And as far as last words...I will be hearing her voice for centuries to come.

Cont'd

MR. RAJ PATEL
It's wonderful you hold her spirit
dear to your heart.

Mr. Louis points to Mr. Patel.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Spirit? Yes, excellent choice of
words. She and I will be seeing a lot
of one another. In spirit of course.

Others stare awkwardly at one another.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
As Jim stated, we all have our rights
to beliefs. Please keep believing the
way you do.

Priti Patel, turns to face Mr. Louis directly.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Why?

WELL DRESSED MAN
So we can be friends for all
eternity. It's a long-lasting
friendship together.

Mr. Louis turns to the crowd.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Good day, everyone.

He opens the door and leaves.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Very polite man, though somewhat odd.

Priti runs a hand through her hair. She stops. She pulls her
hair around to the front.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Why is my hair seared and frazzled?

People lean to view her hair.

JIM COOK
Look! Mr. Louis' plate and cup are
the same as your hair.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Five women are hung to a fiery wall by long tongues, and are being whipped with spiked rattlesnake tails.

WOMAN ONE

The pain is awful! Why don't you just kill me, please?!

The beast continues to whip them.

WOMAN TWO

My organs are hanging from my body and yet I cannot die. Please, someone kill me, now!

The beast shows no sympathy.

WOMAN THREE

You have raped me for years and my vagina spews out fleas and gnats that sting my crotch.

The beast sets fire to the first three women. They wiggle about while being consumed as they burn to skeleton and return to body, burn to skeleton, and return many times.

WOMAN FOUR

Don't hurt me any longer. I will be your sex slave. Just please, I beg of you...no more torture...please?!

The beast sets the woman into a tube where a bloody grinding drill spins rapidly. She shrieks loudly as her flesh tears and blades chip at her marrow.

WOMAN FIVE

I will torture the others if you only free me from this punishment. Allow me to relish in pleasing you.

The beast places the woman on a large wooden base and secures her as she pleads for mercy. Her body is slowly stretched and ripped apart. Salt is poured into her.

WELL DRESSED MAN

I want all other chambers to be punished these ways. I want these halls to be saturated with blood and the cries for help and mercy.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - AFTERNOON - CREMATORIUM

Meera's body slides into the fire. Mr. Patel struggles to hold up his wife.

MRS PRITI PATEL
At least we are here for her.

MR. RAJ PATEL
Of course, my love.

Priti gazes into the fire, and screams.

MR. RAJ PATEL (cont'd)
I know it's difficult.

MRS PRITI PATEL
The man who was at our house. He is
in the fire, with Meera!

Raj holds her up firmly.

MR. RAJ PATEL
Which man? Who do you mean?

Her shaking hand points to the fire.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Mr. Louis. The man named Mr. Louis!
He was choking Meera.

Raj stares into the fire.

MR. RAJ PATEL
I see nothing.

She shakes her hand violently towards the fire.

MRS PRITI PATEL
No, I saw him!

Raj comforts Priti as they walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - SAME DAY - CREMATORIUM - LATER

Meera's ashes are brought to her parents. They are settled in a colorful urn. Mrs. Patel opens the lid and looks in.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Aah! Stop hurting my daughter.

Cont'd

Raj opens the urn and looks in.

MR. RAJ PATEL
Who is in here?

Priti backs away from the urn.

MRS PRITI PATEL
The man, Mr. Louis! He was stabbing
Meera in her chest.

Raj looks again, then closes the lid.

MRS PRITI PATEL
I swear to you. He was there!

He pulls her head close to himself and they walk on.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - MRS VELLA'S HOUSE

The phone is ringing. Beth drops a ladle.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Hello.

She looks up as she dries her hands.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
Sure, honey. Come on over.

Beth puts the phone down.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
Poor thing.

MR. JOE VELLA
Who?

Beth rubs her husbands shoulders.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Priti.

Joe reaches for Beth's hand.

MR. JOE VELLA
We can never imagine their sorrow. I
hope we can help comfort them.

Cont'd

Beth kisses Joe's cheek.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Dinner will be ready in a few
minutes. Priti and I will go out for
a ride.

Joe finishes setting the table.

MR. JOE VELLA
Wonderful idea.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - PRITI'S CAR.

Priti has both hands gripping the wheel. She stops a few
times to blow her nose.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Oh baby, I miss you so much! Why did
you have to die?!

She drives over a pothole.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
Pay attention, Priti!

She looks at the dashboard.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
Great, no lights are on.

She continues driving.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - BETH'S DOORSTEP

Priti rings the doorbell. She looks inside. She knocks on
the window. Then the door opens.

MRS. BETH VELLA
It's okay, honey, I'm here.

The ladies embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - VELLA'S HOUSE

The ladies walk into the living room. Joe waves to Priti. She waves back. The ladies sit in the kitchen.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Thanks so much for having me over.

Beth rubs a hand on Priti's arm.

MRS. PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
I'm messed up.

Beth reaches for her car keys.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Let's go for a ride and get a relaxing tea.

Priti stands and smiles.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
Joe, we will be back later. Dinner is all set.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Oh, I feel badly now. I don't want to ruin your dinner together.

Joe rises from his chair. He walks the ladies over to the door, and opens it.

MR. JOE VELLA
Have a nice time, girls.

Beth kisses her husband on the cheek.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Thank you!

The ladies leave.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
I can't wait to ride in your new SUV. How do you like it so far?

Beth rushes to hug her car.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Hop in!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - CAFE

The cafe is dimly lit. Mellow music is slightly heard. A glow from a fireplace invites them in.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Have you ever been here before?

Priti looks around.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
No. But it is soothing.

A waitress stops by and takes their orders.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Oh, yes. Hubby and I make it a point to stop by a few times per month. The atmosphere is tranquil.

They enjoy each others company.

MRS PRITI PATEL
The placement of the fireplace adds such depth to the comfort here.

Beth examines the laid back crowd.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
I could almost fall asleep.

Patrons stare at the hypnotic fireplace.

MEERA PATEL
Mommy! Help me out of here!

Priti rushes over to the fireplace and begins smashing the glass with a chair.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Stop! What's wrong, honey?

Priti collapses to the fireplace base.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
What happened?

The entire cafe stares at them.

MRS PRITI PATEL
I saw Meera, in the flames.

Beth holds her Priti's sweaty head.

Cont'd

The police arrive. The manager explains all is well, and they depart.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
I'm losing my mind!

MANAGER OF CAFE
Excuse me, do you need a ride to the hospital or someplace? I would be happy to oblige you.

MRS. BETH VELLA
No, thank you. I am her ride. She lost her daughter recently. It's an extremely difficult time now.

The manager removes the check.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
Oh wait. I'm not expecting...

Other staff walk over.

MANAGER OF CAFE
I want to. Let us know if we can help in some way.

Priti peers up with a disoriented gaze.

MRS PRITI PATEL
You are very kind.

The manager smiles. The staff returns to work. Beth sits next to Priti.

MRS. BETH VELLA
Have you spoken with your doctor?

Priti shakes her head.

MRS. BETH VELLA (cont'd)
We can sit here for a few, and go back home. If you like, you may spend the night with Joe and I.

Priti leans her head on her friend.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Thanks. I will go home to my husband.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Some souls from within the bog craters are fighting off creatures crawling over them.

WEeping MALE TEEN

Help! Stop biting me! How long will you harass me? You chew my flesh until I am only bone. Then you gnaw away at my marrow. Centuries have passed and I continue to suffer!

The hideous bugs enter his mouth causing him to gag and sink beneath the ghastly surface.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Get away from me!

She wiggles about the crater.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (cont'd)

I hate you! Stay out of me!

She places her arms beneath the fluid and is yanking on something below.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (cont'd)

No, don't enter me!

Three serpent heads appear on the surface. They have the faces of humans.

SERPENT BEAST

You brought yourself here. Don't blame us for your torture.

She splashes fluid on them. Blood begins dripping from her mouth and nose. The eyes of the serpent beast enlarge.

SERPENT BEAST (cont'd)

Feasting on you is not our pleasure.

The slivering beast wraps around her in the pit. Others frantically wade away from her. One head begins chewing on her eye, another her lips, another an arm.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

You devilish beasts! I wish you to die as I have died, suffer as I suffer...forever!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - NEXT DAY - PATEL HOME

The Patels are sitting in their living room. Raj is watching Priti as she swirls a spoon in her coffee.

MR. RAJ PATEL
You okay, honey?

No answer.

MR. RAJ PATEL (cont'd)
The cookies you baked are delicious.

Silence. Raj continues eating.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Ah!

She drops her coffee on the floor.

MR. RAJ PATEL
What is it, dear?

Her hands are over her face.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
I saw him in my coffee.

Raj leans over to look in her eyes.

MR. RAJ PATEL
Who, who did you see?

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Mr. Louis.

He comforts Priti.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - PATEL HOME

The Patels are in their bedroom. Priti is awake.

VOICE IN HALLWAY
Mommy. Mommy. Mommy, don't you want
to come to hell and be with me?

MRS PRITI PATEL
Who's there? Who's there?

The floor creaks.

(Cont'd)

VOICE IN HALLWAY
 Mommy. Mommy, I'm dead now. Come into
 my bedroom and see me. I want to kiss
 you all over your body...mmm!

She starts walking to Meera's bedroom.

VOICE IN HALLWAY (cont'd)
 That's right, Mommy. Come in, and see
 your daughter.

She stands in the middle of the room, searching.

MRS PRITI PATEL
 Where are you, honey? Mommy is here
 for you now.

Priti sits on the bed.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
 Come and see me. I am here.

A portal opens in the room and a large crater swirls around
 with Meera and others in the bog. They are screaming and
 reaching for Priti.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
 I cannot reach you. Where are you?
 Why are you in that hole?

The bedroom door squeaks.

MRS PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
 Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN
 Yes. You can see your daughter.

Priti quickly undresses.

MRS PRITI PATEL
 You can have me. I have money too. I
 will cheat on my husband, I will kill
 my husband. Just free my daughter.

Mr. Louis chuckles.

WELL DRESSED MAN
 Money and sex are of no use to me.

Priti tries to jump into the bog.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
You cannot enter that realm yet.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Why?

WELL DRESSED MAN
You are still a mortal.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Then kill me now. I want to be with
my daughter.

Mr. Louis acts as if he is crying.

VOICE IN HALLWAY
Mommy...Mommy...

MRS PRITI PATEL
I hear you, baby.

VOICE IN HALLWAY
Mommy, I'm always bleeding down here.
It's so very hot!

Mr. Louis waves his hands and the portal vanishes.

MRS PRITI PATEL
Where did my daughter go?

WELL DRESSED MAN
She will be very busy for all
eternity with her punishments.

MRS PRITI PATEL
No! What do you want? I will give it
to you, now. Take my body.

Mr. Louis disappears. She falls to the floor. Then she
returns to bed and covers up. She is facing Raj's face. Mr.
Louis' face appears over her husband's.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I got your daughter, forever!

Priti leaves the room and returns with a large knife. Mr.
Louis is laughing. Raj is sleeping.

Priti raises the knife and violently stabs Mr. Louis' face.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - THAT MORNING - VELLA HOUSE.

Beth is weeping uncontrollably.

MRS BETH VELLA
Are you sure, are you sure?

MR. JOE VELLA
Yes, yes, I'm sure. Raj didn't report to work. And his boss wanted to check if all was well. They went to the house and no answer. They called the police and had to break-in. Raj had been stabbed in the face more than fifty times.

Joe's hand shakes as he pours coffee.

MRS BETH VELLA
Where is Priti?

Joe shrugs.

MR. JOE VELLA
We don't know.

MRS BETH VELLA
Don't drink so much coffee.

Joe adds milk.

MRS BETH VELLA (cont'd)
It'll make you nervous.

Joe kisses Beth.

MR. JOE VELLA
Too late, sweetie.

Beth sits silently.

MRS BETH VELLA
My God, could Priti have killed Raj?

Joe reaches for Beth's hand.

MR. JOE VELLA
I don't know.

The doorbell rings. Joe peeks through the hole. He runs to the kitchen table. He starts drinking his coffee. The bell rings again.

(Cont'd)

MRS BETH VELLA
Joe! Didn't you answer the door?

Beth gets up.

MR. JOE VELLA
No, no...be quiet. Sit down.

Beth tries to get up.

MRS BETH VELLA
Who is at the door?

He leans next to her ear.

MR. JOE VELLA
(Whisper)
Priti.

Beth peers at the door. It rings again.

MRS BETH VELLA
(Whisper)
What do we do?

MR. JOE VELLA
She may be a murderer, Beth...and
want to murder us too.

Beth secures Joe's hand. The kitchen doorbell rings.

MR. JOE VELLA (cont'd)
(Whisper)
Let's call the police.

The door crashes open. Beth and Joe run into another room.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Why are you running from me?!

Beth and Joe are locked in the bathroom. Priti pounds on the door. She kicks it a few times. Sirens cause Priti to run into the living room and gaze out the window.

MRS. PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
You called the fucking cops?!

Priti turns and rushes for the bathroom. She shoots the knob a few times. She kicks the door open. Beth and Joe are huddled closely with each holding out a hand to her.

(Cont'd)

MRS BETH VELLA
Priti, honey...what is wrong?

MR. JOE VELLA
Priti, we are your friends, for many years now. Why would you want to hurt us? Please, please...Priti.

Priti raises the gun at Beth.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Fuck friendship...I need to do all I can to go to hell and be with my daughter, Meera.

The front door breaks open and voices are heard.

POLICE
Hello, hello! This is the police.

Two gunshots are fired. The police sink and aim their weapons at the doorway leading to the bathroom.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Hello, police?

POLICE
Come out with your hands in the air.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
My friends are dead. I killed them. Do I qualify for the death penalty?

The police remain mobilized.

MRS. PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
I killed my husband too. Will I get the death penalty?

POLICE
Come out with...

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Just fucking answer me!

POLICE
We are the police, not a judge and jury. There is no death penalty in this state. Come out now, with your hands raised and no weapons.

(Cont'd)

MRS. PRITI PATEL
No death penalty?

POLICE
Please, come out now. We will have to use force.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Okay...so be it.

Silence.

POLICE
Ma'am, did you kill your friends?

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Yes, they are bleeding all over the bathroom. I shot them in the face.

POLICE
If you surrender, Ma'am...you will get life in prison. You can live out your life...get the help you need...make your peace with, God.

Priti undresses.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
If I make my peace with God, I will not see my daughter.

POLICE
Where is your daughter?

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Hell!

Priti walks into the opening and begins shooting at the police. They open fire and kill her. She wounds two officers badly. A female officer covers up Priti.

POLICE
What a mess. She shot them between the eyes.

The front door opens. The police turn.

POLICE (cont'd)
Who are you, sir?

The man smiles.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
A friend of the family. I've come by
due to all the noise.

POLICE
This is a police crime scene, sir...
please vacate the area.

Mr. Louis steps out of the house. He waves his hand and a
dark cloud floods the house. He walks back in.

WELL DRESSED MAN
So, Priti...you wanted to see your
daughter. You are truly a fool.

Mr. Louis reaches into her midsection and pulls out a
bellowing silhouette. The naked ghostly figure scratches and
kicks at Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Come with me, my slave.

They vanish, and the police return to consciousness.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - REDONDO BEACH, CA - PIG ROAST

A fire pit blazes as dinner rotates before a crowd standing
in line with plates and beverages.

SUSIE
It smells like, mad good.

More young athletic people enter the line.

MARK
I know. I've been dying to dig in.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Dying, you say? Nice selection of
words, young man.

The couple stare and laugh at Mr. Louis.

SUSIE
Sir, it's a pig roast. You didn't
need to dress in a suit...relax.

Mr. Louis moves along with the line.

(Cont'd)

A drunk girl stumbles into Mr. Louis. She spills her drink on him. He begins to steam. Everyone stares at him.

MARK

Dude, you're weird...ha-ha.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Dude, you're dead! Ha-ha-ha.

Some others step between Mark and Mr. Louis.

JAMES

Hey, brah...like, you don't have to threaten my friend.

SPIKE

Yeah man. Unless you want us to kick your ass...huh, you want that?

Mr. Louis smiles.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Please excuse me.

SUSIE

Leave him alone. He's just an old dude. We'll never see him again.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Yes. I'm quite old. Oh, and maybe you will see me again...one never knows.

The line progresses and the young group move to another part of the beach. The guys flip the bird to Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Poor, ridiculous souls.

A waitress approaches Mr. Louis.

DENISE

I'm sorry sir. These people are just young punks. May I get you a towel for your suit?

WELL DRESSED MAN

No thank you, my dear.

Denise walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - SAME NIGHT - SAME BEACH

The two young muscular men are preparing for surfing.

JAMES
Can you believe that dude back there?
I was ready to beat him down.

MARK
I'd do the same for you, bro.

They light a small fire and head out into the water.

MARK (cont'd)
Bro, I love surfing at night!

JAMES
Me too...better than getting laid!
Yeah, we own the ocean.

The young men ride in a few waves.

JAMES (cont'd)
Let's get a bigger one.

A crowd on the beach cheers them on.

MARK
Alright, man...we are invincible!

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - SAME NIGHT - OCEAN - BUOY

They paddle out to a buoy and sit on their boards.

JAMES
Some bigger waves are coming.

They catch their breath.

MARK
Can't wait.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You'll never make it in alive.

The young men frightfully turn.

MARK
Dude, how'd you get out here?

Cont'd)

JAMES
That's it, buddy. I'm beating you
down when we get in. Riding our
waves...without consent...your ass is
mine, bitch!

A large wave is moving in.

MARK
Bro, how'd he get here? He's in his
suit. And hasn't got a board.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Don't say your prayers, now.

The two men paddle. The waves meets them and they rise.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
See ya, soon...boys.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Screams and hollers are heard in the chambers.

MARK
What the fuck is going on?!

JAMES
Where are we man?!

The large beast drags the two boys into a room and throws
then down on jagged glass and rocks. Bloody fish skulls bite
them repeatedly.

JAMES (cont'd)
Dude, help me, please!

MARK
I can't! They're attacking me too!

In walks Mr. Louis with two long whips. The beast steps
aside. The whips are laced with split shark teeth and
fractured star fish.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Whip them for some time. Rest,
yourself. Then whip them again. Then
bring them to the spiders web.

(Cont'd)

MARK

Dude, what are you doing to us? My dad is a lawyer. He's gonna sue your ass, badly. Let us go now...and all is forgotten.

JAMES

Yeah man. Let us go, now!

Intercut:

Mr. Louis points to the screen above.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Watch this, my little captives.

The parents of both boys have arrived at the morgue. They stand over their son's dead bodies.

POLICE SGT

I'm sorry, folks. Your sons drowned tonight. We tried to revive them. They were dead for half hour or so before we got to them. The crews worked diligently to save them. Please make final arrangements. We will be ready to release the bodies to your funeral services.

The parents are escorted out of the room.

JAMES

Mom, Dad...I'm here. This crazy dude has kidnapped us.

MARK

Mom, Dad...we are being help captive my some weirdo guy.

Mr. Louis laughs repeatedly. He kneels to face the boys.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Well, tough guys, there you have it. You have died from your physical bodies. Now your spiritual bodies are here with me...forever!

MARK

Where is here?

The boys fight against the fish skulls.

(Cont'd)

JAMES
Where is here?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Welcome...to Hell!

The two boys begin sobbing. Mr. Louis leaves the room. The beast begins whipping them.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - NEXT DAY - WOODS

A group of boys and girls are smoking weed. They giggle after each one takes a hit.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Take a long drag, girl. Breathe it in, hold it as long as you can.

They all watch.

KIMBERLY DUNN
She knows how. She's gotten high a few times with me.

RICK LEANS
Let's see.

A huge exhale extends out from the girl.

DENISE THOMPSON
See, I did it, no problem.

They all laugh again. The joint gets passed around.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Anyone got any booze?

RICK LEANS
I do. Half pint of rum.

Maurice smiles.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Good job, man.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Denise, chug down some rum.

(Cont'd)

The bottle is finished quickly. The teenagers are wavering. Rick places the bottle on the ground.

RICK LEANS
Everyone sit down.

They sit one boy, one girl.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
Let's play spin the bottle.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Sure.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Cool.

Denise is silent.

RICK LEANS
What, you don't like us, Denise?

She is taken aback.

DENISE THOMPSON
Who said that?

RICK LEANS
Then spin the bottle.

Everyone stares at her. She spins. It stops at Kimberly. The other three cheer. Denise is confused.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Get over here and kiss me, bitch.

Kimberley leans over and kisses Denise.

RICK LEANS
My turn.

The bottle stops at Denise. Rick leans over and kisses her.

KIMBERLY DUNN
My turn.

The bottle stops at Denise. The girls kiss again.

MAURICE HAMILTON
My turn.

(Cont'd)

The bottle stops at Rick.

KIMBERLY DUNN

Yuk!

Maurice gives Rick a fist pump.

DENISE THOMPSON

How come you guys don't have to kiss?

KIMBERLY DUNN

It's gross.

They continue playing for some time. They split into two groups. Maurice and Kimberly and Rick and Denise.

RICK LEANS

Lay down.

DENISE THOMPSON

Why?

RICK LEANS

Why do you think?

DENISE THOMPSON

I don't want to do that.

Rick turns his head.

RICK LEANS

Look over there, Denise. They are having fun. We are partying. You won't get pregnant. I got condoms.

Denise begins to walk away. Rick grabs her arm.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)

Take this...it will relax you.

DENISE THOMPSON

What is it?

RICK LEANS

It's a party drug. It makes you happy and want to have fun.

DENISE THOMPSON

Really?

Denise takes the pill. She washes it down with rum.

(Cont'd)

Soon Denise is barely able to speak. Rick lays her back and undresses her...and himself.

RICK LEANS
Are you okay?

Denise stares into the vast sky.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
You are so warm.

Denise doesn't move.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
Ah, ah, ah!

Rick kisses her a few times. She doesn't move. He turns to see the others standing behind him.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Cool, dude. You got some.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Did she blow you? Ha-ha.

Rick gets off Denise. He gets dressed.

RICK LEANS
She's not moving.

They walk in closer.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Oh my, god!

Denise is quivering and foaming at the mouth.

KIMBERLY DUNN (cont'd)
Call for help!

RICK LEANS
Why?

KIMBERLY DUNN
She's fucked up. Call for help!

The boys run away. Kimberly calls for help.

KIMBERLY DUNN (cont'd)
Denise, help is coming.

(Cont'd)

The boys pass a man on the trail.

WELL DRESSED MAN
What's the hurry, boys?

RICK LEANS
Some chick back there overdosed.
She's like acting weird.

The boys run off. Mr. Louis walks towards Kimberly.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Help, help!

Mr. Louis approaches the girls. He looks down at Denise.

WELL DRESSED MAN
To much alcohol and drugs.

KIMBERLY DUNN
What do you mean?

WELL DRESSED MAN
She's nearly dead.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Help me, please.

Mr. Louis kneels next to Denise.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Tell me...was she a church-going
girl? A believer in God?

KIMBERLY DUNN
Yes.

Mr. Louis shakes his head.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Well...that's it then.

KIMBERLY DUNN
What's it?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I won't be getting this one.

KIMBERLY DUNN
I don't understand.

(Cont'd)

Mr. Louis turns to Kimberly.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Do you believe in God?

KIMBERLY DUNN
I'm an atheist.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Too bad you're not dying.

KIMBERLY DUNN
What!

Mr. Louis vanishes before Kimberly.

KIMBERLY DUNN (cont'd)
Ah, what, ah? Where are you? Help!

The police arrive. Denise is dead. They remove her body and take Kimberly home.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - RICKS YARD.

The police are leaving Rick's house.

RICK LEANS
That's how it happened. She was partying like an animal, and I tried to stop her. She was out of control.

OFFICER MILTON
Okay, kid. We'll be in touch.

The police leave. Rick and Maurice get high.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Dude, what happened? Denise was a babe. She was like, mad hot.

RICK LEANS
I gave her some LSD and she just laid back. So I fucked her.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Did you cum inside her?

Rick tokes on the joint.

(Cont'd)

RICK LEANS

Yup. It was awesome.

MAURICE HAMILTON

Awesome? She's dead.

RICK LEANS

Hey, Maurice...you'll be dead too if you don't stick to the story I told the cops. You hear me?

Maurice puts up his hands.

MAURICE HAMILTON

Chill dude...I'm no rat.

Mr. Louis appears in the yard.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Hello, boys.

The boys are startled at first.

RICK LEANS

Hey man...if you're a cop and looking for info on what happened to Denise Thompson...I already told the other cops the whole story.

Mr. Louis walks right up to them.

WELL DRESSED MAN

And that story was...?

Maurice looks closely at Mr. Louis.

MAURICE HAMILTON

Hey, man, you're the dude who we saw on the trail today.

Ricks now recognizes Mr. Louis.

RICK LEANS

Who are you? Get off my property. You want your ass beaten? It's two against one here.

Mr. Louis laughs.

WELL DRESSED MAN

See you soon, boys.

(Cont'd)

He vanishes right before their eyes. They run inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - NEXT DAY - MORNING - COFFEE SHOP

Rick, Maurice and Kimberly are sitting in a booth. The waitress drops off the coffee and leaves. Rick is tapping his cup and Kimberly is looking around the cafe.

RICK LEANS

I can't believe she's fucking dead.

MAURICE HAMILTON

You must have really been banging that pussy hard. Ha-ha-ha.

Rick reaches across the table and grabs Maurice.

RICK LEANS

Another word like that, and you will be joining that bitch...do you fucking hear me, Maury?

Maurice yanks his arm away.

KIMBERLY DUNN

She wasn't a bitch. She was my friend. Why did she die?

Rick grabs the back of Kimberly's neck and squeezes.

KIMBERLY DUNN (cont'd)

Ouch! That hurts.

RICK LEANS

I will strangle you, bitch. Don't ask questions that don't concern you.

He roughly lets go of her.

MAURICE HAMILTON

Calm down, Rick.

RICK LEANS

I don't want to hear that shit.

Kimberly stands and checks her purse. She then taps Maurice on his shoulder.

(Cont'd)

KIMBERLY DUNN
I need to use the ladies room.

RICK LEANS
Bullshit!

She ignores Rick.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
You gotta piss...make it fast. And
don't call anyone. Leave your cell.

KIMBERLY DUNN
It's that time of the month and I
need to change my pad.

RICK LEANS
Fuck you! You just got boned by
Maurice here, last night. You ain't
bleeding bitch...but you will be if
you fuck with me.

Maurice raises a finger.

MAURICE HAMILTON
We all need to chill out.

RICK LEANS
We are all in this together. If I am
ratted out by you guys...I fucking
promise you...you guys will go down
with me!

KIMBERLY DUNN
May I please be excused?

RICK LEANS
Go change your dirty rag.

Kimberly slowly makes her way to the restroom.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Dude. We are not going to rat you
out. So fucking relax.

RICK LEANS
Maurice, my life hangs in the
balance. You fucking relax. 5-0 will
want answers to why she has drugs in
her...also my load. That fucking cunt
had to do this to me?

(Cont'd)

Maurice stirs his coffee.

MAURICE HAMILTON
How many pills you give her?

RICK LEANS
Just fucking one. I should have
fucked her ass...seeing she is
fucking mine, now.

Maurice massages his cup.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
You fucking nervous, Maury?

Maurice remains still.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Not me, man.

RICK LEANS
Then why you keep jerking off your
coffee cup? And where the fuck is
Kimberly.

Maurice and Rick look over to the restroom doors.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
She doesn't come out in a minute...
I'm going in there.

Maurice spits out some of his coffee.

RICK LEANS (cont'd)
You think this shit is a joke?

MAURICE HAMILTON
Dude, relax...relax...you're good.

Kimberly exits the ladies room. Rick watches her walk back
to the table.

RICK LEANS
Tonight. We meet in the woods. A
different place.

Kimberly looks up.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Why?

(Cont'd)

Rick crushes his coffee cup.

RICK LEANS
We have to plan our defense.

KIMBERLY DUNN
I'm busy.

Rick grabs her hand.

RICK LEANS
Busy being...dead?

She wipes her face.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Alright! We will be there.

Kimberly stares at Maurice.

RICK LEANS
Make sure you walk there. Bring some
booze, and whatever you got.

MAURICE HAMILTON
I go more weed.

RICK LEANS
Great!

They look at Kimberly.

KIMBERLY DUNN
What?

RICK LEANS
What you bringing.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Me, I guess.

Rick smirks.

RICK LEANS
Perfect. See you at 8 p.m. I'll be at
the two big rocks.

MAURICE HAMILTON
Okay, dude.

They all rise.

(Cont'd)

Walking out of the cafe they pass a man sitting alone.
Kimberly stops and stares at him.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Good day, young lady.

The others recognize the man.

RICK LEANS
Hey man...I told you to back the fuck
off, already.

Mr. Louis points to Kimberly.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I'll let you in on a little secret.

They all pay attention.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
These boys don't love you. And you
two fools will be begging me for
mercy one day.

KIMBERLY DUNN
Who are you?

RICK LEANS
He's an old dude with no fucking
friends who just wants to mess with
us. See ya, loser!

They all leave Mr. Louis sitting alone.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Everyone wants to be a tough guy.

WAITRESS ANNE
Excuse me sir, may I get something
for you?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Coffee would be nice.

WAITRESS ANNE
Sure! This pot is fresh, but ice
coffee. I'll get you a hot cup.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Not at all a problem. Place the pot
down here.

(Cont'd)

Mr. Louis wraps his hands around the pot. Within seconds it's boiling. He pours himself a fresh cup.

WAITRESS ANNE
How did you do that?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I've been doing this since dinosaurs
roamed the earth.

WAITRESS ANNE
Ha-ha-ha! I get it. You're a comedic
magician. That's cool.

She touches the pot.

WAITRESS ANNE (cont'd)
Wait...it's really hot now.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Tricks of the trade I cannot reveal.

WAITRESS ANNE
I'm okay with it.

She begins to leave.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Tell me...do you believe in God?

Anne stares at Mr. Louis.

WAITRESS ANNE
Why, of course! Do you?

A pause.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Naturally.

WAITRESS ANNE
Be well!

Mr. Louis drinks his coffee. When he rests the cup on the table, flames arise from it. People look over at him.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I learned that in the old country.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Mike and James are having their skin peeled off by little lizard monsters. Priti is in the same pit as Meera.

MEERA PATEL
Mom, how did you die so young?

Priti's clammy hands hold Meera's smoldering face.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
I murdered your father and the
Vella's. I had to be with you.

Meera splashes her mom with liquid.

MEERA PATEL
You fucking murdered my father?! How
could you? And the Vella's?

MRS. PRITI PATEL
I saw you suffering here and I needed
to be with you.

MEERA PATEL
Where is Dad?

Footsteps rumble the surroundings.

WELL DRESSED MAN
It appears your dad had made his
peace with God. He won't be joining
our little party.

The girls wail.

MEERA PATEL
Mom, this is...Hell! We will never
die here. There is all kinds of
tortures here for us.

Mr. Louis peers down at Priti.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Meera is a quick learner.

He vanishes. Four long centipede like creatures enter the chamber and circle the pit Priti is in.

MEERA PATEL
Splash this gunk on them.

The boggy substance has no effect on the creatures.

(Cont'd)

The creatures enter the bog and the girls freak out.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Help, help! They are biting me.

They all sliver into Priti's mouth and come back up through the bog, agonizing her every time.

MRS. PRITI PATEL (cont'd)
Run, Meera...run!

MEERA PATEL
There is no way out!

MRS. PRITI PATEL
Then plead for death.

MEERA PATEL
There is no death here, mom...only eternal punishments.

The beast walks over with a spear and throws it into Priti.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Mom! Mom!

Priti sinks into the bog.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Leave my mom alone!

The beast reaches for Meera but she moves away. It leaves the room and returns with Mike and James.

JAMES
What the hell are you doing?

MARK
Stop, that fucking hurts, dude!

The beast ties them to a rack and cuts them slowly. Afterwards he pours the bog fluid inside their wounds. Their skin boils and bubbles.

MARK (cont'd)
Help, this is burning me.

JAMES
Help us, please.

The beast lifts Meera out of the bog.

(Cont'd)

It places a four-pronged object in her hands. The device opens and closes at the tips.

BEAST
Puncture them!

MEERA PATEL
No!

BEAST
Puncture them, now!

MEERA PATEL
Fuck...you!

A strong back hand knocks Meera down. The beast sticks her with the four-pronged device.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
No, no, no...stop...please, help
me...ah, ah, help..it hurts badly.

The beast stops. It lifts up Meera.

BEAST
Now...stick them!

Hesitation. Meera stares at the weapon. The boys gaze over at her. They are wiggling frantically.

MEERA PATEL
What if I stick you with this?

The beast steps closer to Meera.

BEAST
You foolish soul.

Hesitation.

MEERA PATEL
I jab you, freak!

Meera ends up on the ground again. The beast sticks here with the weapon.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
Help, me...please...it hurts me so
badly...take them out!

The boys turn away and close their eyes.

(Cont'd)

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
I'll do it, just take it out.

The beast removes the object.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
It's either you or me. I'm sorry.

She walks over to the naked boys strapped to the wall.

JAMES
No, you bitch! Don't hurt us!

MARK
You fucking slut...stay away from us!

Meera stands before them covered in boggy residue.

MEERA PATEL
I'm not a slut.

Meera jabs Mark and keeps it in him. James watches in horror. He tries to pull himself up and escape.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
How does it feel, wise ass?

She walks around in front of him and jabs his privates.

MARK
Ah, help me! Stop!

His veins bulge and his teeth explode out of his mouth and shoot into James' body.

JAMES
Ah, help, us!

She does the same to James. The creatures toss Priti out of the bog and onto the hot rocky ground. The large beast ties Priti to the rack, next to the boys.

The beast whispers in Meera's ear. She walks over to her mom hanging next to the boys.

MEERA PATEL
You killed my father!

She violently sticks her mom multiple times with the weapon and her mother suffers greatly.

(Cont'd)

MRS. PRITI PATEL

Meera, how can you do to this me? I
suffered for you. I came her for you.

Meera's sinister gaze solidifies her betrayal. Meera brings
the centipedes out of the bog, and places them on her mother
and watches her be devoured.

JAMES

You evil bitch...how could you do
this to your own mom?

Meera takes the whip out of the beast's hand. She beats
James repeatedly. She jabs her mom a few more times. She
walks over to Mark.

MEERA PATEL

Let me see you bleed.

Meera carves a deep slice into Mark and his internal organs
empty onto the ground. The centipedes quickly jump off Priti
and chew up the organs.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)

Lets see if these creatues like...
balls.

MARK

No, please, I've had enough. How come
I don't die? The pain is so bad!

Meera slices off his privates.

MARK (cont'd)

Ah! Help!

His head falls. The centipedes eat it all. Meera walks to
her mom and winds up and thrusts the dagger into her chest.
Priti sorrowful eyes close.

MEERA PATEL

You killed my father!

She walks back to Mark and he is together again.

MARK

How am I healed? The pain is gone.

MEERA PATEL

That's okay, I'll give you more! You
live and never die a thousand times.

(Cont'd)

The beast puts Meera down and sets her up on the wall.

MEERA PATEL (cont'd)
No...wait...I am your helper!

MARK
Beat her, as you beat us!

The beast removes Priti from the wall. Her body restores.

BEAST
Torture your daughter...or I torture
you far greater than you can think.

Priti whips, stabs, beats, Meera. She also tortures the
boys. Mark spits on her.

MARK
I'll have my day with you, whore!

Priti looks at the beast. He points to the fryer.

MRS. PRITI PATEL
How do I get him on that?

MARK
No! No! NO!

The beast removes Mark and places him in the fryer. Priti
jumps on the lid over and over. His body sizzles.

Mr. Louis appears.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Take them all to the viper den. Then
feed their quivering souls to the
worms and maggots.

The tortured souls are dragged across the sharp and course
surface of the rocks.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Have fun, everyone!

The beast stops every few feet to whip them.

BEAST
You deserve this!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - AFTERNOON - HIGHWAY - RAINY

A four car pile-up has emergency vehicles present. Police are directing traffic and EMT and fire personnel help the badly injured drivers.

EMT TRACY

She's hemorrhaging. She's not going to make it. Someone help me keep her body still.

The crews work diligently to save the woman.

OFFICER CARLTON

Hey buddy, this is an accident scene.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Not to worry officer...what I need won't disrupt your physical work.

The officer chases after Mr. Louis. The officer reaches out to grab him, but he cannot make contact.

OFFICER CARLTON

Stop, now!

Mr. Louis vanishes.

EMT TRACY

Her breathing is labored. She's just about gone.

FIREMAN RICHARDS.

We did all we could do.

WOMAN DYING IN CAR

Jesus, please forgive me of my sins? Have mercy on my soul, please?

A loud and painful yell surrounds the car.

FIREMAN RICHARDS.

What the hell was that?

EMT TRACY

I nearly wet myself. That was frigging scary.

The woman passes.

EMT TRACY (cont'd)

She's gone.

(Cont'd)

EMT TRACY (cont'd)
Do you think it was her?

FIREMAN RICHARDS.
No! That sounded like a man and a
lion together.

Tracy closes her eyes.

FIREMAN RICHARDS. (cont'd)
I'll get a body bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - SAME DAY - AUTO REPAIR DEALERSHIP

A lift has come down on a man and it is crushing him.

MECHANIC SCOTT
Hit the bypass...the bypass.

Another mechanic tries the switch and it lifts the car up
slightly above the wounded man.

MECHANIC SCOTT (cont'd)
Help me pull him out.

Three men drag him out.

MECHANIC SCOTT (cont'd)
Anyone know CPR?

CASHIER LINDA
I know CPR.

She kneels down and tries to revive the man. His head moves
over and he stares at the ceiling.

MECHANIC SCOTT
Keep trying, keep trying.

Her hands are covered with blood.

MECHANIC SCOTT (cont'd)
Excuse me, sir. We are closed. We had
an accident. Please come back later.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I don't need an automobile. I just
came by for...

(Cont'd)

Mr. Louis reaches into the dead man's body.

MECHANIC SCOTT
Get off him!

Scott pushes him away.

MECHANIC SCOTT (cont'd)
What the fuck! My hands are burnt.

Mr. Louis stands up.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Well, looks like they got this one
too. Pity. I lost another soul.

CASHIER LINDA
Excuse me?

Mr. Louis walks away.

MECHANIC SCOTT
Who was that dude?

The emergency crews arrive.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - AFTERNOON - ROOMING HOUSE

A man is hanging from a pole in the house.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Well, well, well. Look at you. You're
a lovely shade of pale. Almost dead
now. Come on, hurry up.

The door breaks down and men burst in and lift the man up.

NEIGHBOR GREG
Hey buddy, why didn't you try and
lift him up?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I bring them down...not up.

The men rest the injured man on a sofa as medics arrive. He survives. Mr. Louis walks out to the ambulance with them. They place oxygen on the man and he breathes.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Kind of like the market. Some days
are good...some are bad.

Mr. Louis vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - BROTHEL

Women are leading men into different rooms.

LADY DIDI
I'm yours tonight. Anything you want,
any way you want it...it's done!

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Anything at all?

LADY DIDI
You paid \$500 for me.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Okay.

LADY DIDI
Do you hike much?

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Excuse me.

LADY DIDI
Your backpack and tools.

John looks over at the chair.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Oh yeah, yeah...hiking. It's good for
the body and soul.

Mr. Louis walks into the room but they cannot see him.

LADY DIDI
Feels kinds strange in here now.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
You want me to remove the backpack?

She shakes her head.

(Cont'd)

LADY DIDI
Now. I meant like...atmosphere.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Maybe the air conditioning is high.

LADY DIDI
I just have a bad feeling. Anyway,
let's get it over with, honey.

John remains still.

LADY DIDI (cont'd)
Honey?

John doesn't reply.

LADY DIDI (cont'd)
Sweetie. You have a change of heart?
You married?

John is transfixed on the wall.

LADY DIDI (cont'd)
You don't have to be nervous. I won't
tell anyone.

John clears his head.

LADY DIDI (cont'd)
I have to charge you ten percent if
you want to quit now.

John turns to her.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
No. That won't be the case here.

He walks over to the prostitute and leans into her. She
rises up to give a kiss. He punches her a few times. She is
dazed and he walks to his backpack.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN (cont'd)
Swallow this, bitch.

John winds up a swing with enormous force, and hits the
woman in the mouth with his ax. Her face shatters.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN (cont'd)
Gimme my money back. I'm not
satisfied with your services.

(Cont'd)

John leaves the room and finds a new woman in the hallway.

LADY OWL
Hi doll face, what's your name?

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
John. Are you free?

LADY OWL
Well...free in the sense of not busy
right now.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Sure, sure...that's what I mean.

She leads him into another room.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Lady DiDi is in a pit with spiders all over her.

LADY DIDI
Help...They are biting me.

Her face is swollen.

LADY DIDI (cont'd)
Get me out of this shit hole.

Mr. Louis kneels next to her.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Shit hole? Now, is that any way to
describe someone's home?

She is bleeding from the eyes.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
How did that ax feel when it hit that
big dirty mouth of yours?

She wades back from him.

LADY DIDI
Who are you?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Let's play a game.

(Cont'd)

LADY DIDI
What is this place?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Do you wanna play or not?

LADY DIDI
Fuck you!

WELL DRESSED MAN
Okay. Do it your way. I've been
playing games for thousands of years.

She is pulling the spiders out of her ears.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
The little pests....they do hurt ya,
huh? Pity.

LADY DIDI
Bring me back to my work.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You mean the whorehouse?

No answer.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Ya, I think you won't be going back
there for...well, forever!

Others come up from the bog and stare at her. Once they see
Mr. Louis... they sink again beneath the stench.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Here's the game. You died. You didn't
confess your sins, and now you're
here. So...fuck you!

Mr. Louis disappears.

CUT TO:

NIGHT - SAME NIGHT - BROTHEL

John is enjoying his female company.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Turn over. Just relax. Give me that
bottle of lubricant.

(Cont'd)

LADY OWL
Don't cum inside my bum. I'll have
the poops for three days. Wear a
condom, please.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
You sluts steal our money, and then
you want to put restrictions on how
we finish the game.

She struggles to get up.

LADY OWL
Get off of me now! I'll scream for
help. It's your last chance.

She turns her head to scream.

LADY OWL (cont'd)
Who the fuck are you?

John turns his head too.

MALE CUSTOMER JOHN
Hey buddy...get your own pussy.

Mr. Louis walks up to them both.

WELL DRESSED MAN
John, remember what you did to the
other woman?

John punches Lady Owl a few times. He grabs a knife and
stabs her several times in the throat. He then decapitates
her and places her head between her legs.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
John...you're a very bad boy. That's
two women you murdered tonight.

John falls to the ground. The police arrive and find John in
the room with Lady Owl. They also locate his bag and
bloodied ax in the other room.

POLICE LT
This guy really flipped out! Take him
to the hospital. Place guards on him.
When he wakes...read him his rights.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - AFTERNOON - TWO DAYS LATER - SCHOOL

A few classes of fourth grade children are out at recess.

TEACHER MS. WILKSON
Now children, play nice together.

The children run and push one another.

TEACHER MS. WILKSON (cont'd)
Children. I'll tell your parents and
they will beat the devil out of you.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Ouch!

She turns to one side.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Those are harsh words, madam.

TEACHER MS. WILKSON
Do I know you?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Possibly.

She seems intimidated by Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Kids are the same the world over.
They are practicing to be violent
when they mature.

She steps away from him.

TEACHER MS. WILKSON
Now head towards the door, children.
Recess is over.

The children ignore her commands.

TEACHER MS. WILKSON (cont'd)
Children, now...I mean it!

No response from the children.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Excuse me, madam. What you need here
is a little help from nature.

The Teacher appears confused. She motions to the children as
they continue playing.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
You need to give them some incentive.

TEACHER MS. WILKSON
Sir, who are you? Are you a teacher?

WELL DRESSED MAN
You might say that. Here, let me help
you gather up these little misfits.

Mr. Louis makes some sounds and a swarm of wasps come in and
attack the children. Ms. Wilkson attempts to help the kids.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
My little warriors. Sting them badly
and without mercy. Let your venom
fill their young veins with painful
memories of sufferings.

Ms. Wilkson looks over to Mr. Louis. She helps a child and
looks back to him, and he is gone. The wasps fly away
leaving a number of children on the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - SAME DAY - GOLF COURSE

Men and women are enjoying their games.

JUDGE YORK
I've been a member of this club for
fifty years. Always loved it here.
Many cases were settled out here on
this course.

ATTORNEY WELL
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE YORK
You'll do good by your career if you
make friends here. Makes the legal
process far easier. Anyway, we make
the rules and laws...why can't we
bend them a little?

ATTORNEY WELL
I will remember that, Judge.

The men move on to the next hole.

(Cont'd)

JUDGE YORK
Any plans on getting married, son?

ATTORNEY WELL
I'm searching around, Judge.

JUDGE YORK
Good! Play the field. Bang all the
beaver you can until you get married.

The young lawyer chuckles.

ATTORNEY WELL
Yes, sir.

The judge stops for a moment to focus on a man in his path.

JUDGE YORK
Why is that man standing there? I
have to take my shot and I may hit
him. Why doesn't he move?

ATTORNEY WELL
Shall I speak to him, sir?

The judge waves his hands in the air. The man ignore him.

JUDGE YORK
That son of a bitch is deliberately
ignoring me. So be it!

The judge takes his swing. The ball soars directly towards
the man's face. The man catches the ball.

JUDGE YORK (cont'd)
Did you see that?

ATTORNEY WELL
Yes, sir.

JUDGE YORK
He caught the ball.

The man winds up and throws the ball back. A bright flame
ignites the air and the ball lands in the Judge's head.

ATTORNEY WELL
Sir...Your Honor...Help!

The man continues walking towards the lawyers.

(Cont'd)

The man reaches the two men and stands over the fallen judge. He shakes his head.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Try to hurt me, huh? You fool.

ATTORNEY WELL
Who are you? I've called the police.
Stay here. You committed a crime. Do
you know who you killed?

Mr. Louis slightly turns to face the young lawyer.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I've been committing crimes longer
than your silly laws were written.

Mr. Louis reaches inside the judge and pulls out his screaming and fighting soul. The young lawyer steps back.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Bet law school never taught you how
to do this, huh, kid?

Mr. Louis and the Judge's soul vanish.

ATTORNEY WELL
There is no way anyone is going to
believe this story. They will think I
killed this piece of shit. I will
tell the police some bandits attacked
the Judge and he died. I have my
whole life and career. I'm not
wasting it because this pig is dead.

The police arrive on the course.

OFFICER DENNIS
What the hell happened here?

ATTORNEY WELL
Some kids had a rifle-like weapon and
fired it at the judge.

OFFICER DENNIS
Anyone else see it?

ATTORNEY WELL
No. Everyone else was on the other
side of the mounds.

(Cont'd)

OFFICER DENNIS
Must be some weapon to get a golf
ball into his skull. They only fired
it once?

ATTORNEY WELL
Yes.

The officer looks around as a crowd gathers.

OFFICER DENNIS
Folks, keep back. This is a crime
scene. Please stay back.

The other officers keep the people back.

OFFICER DENNIS (cont'd)
Thanks for your help, counselor.

ATTORNEY WELL
He was a good man.

OFFICER DENNIS
Take him away.

The crews carry off the dead judge.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Mr. Louis is beating the judge viciously with stones.

JUDGE YORK
What the fuck is this? Who are you?
The pain, the pain. Stop now!

Horned creatures attack the judge.

JUDGE YORK (cont'd)
Stop. Get me help.

The beast enters the scene and throws the judge into the bog
of a pit. The pit is charged with electricity and tortures
the judge. The horned creatures stab the judge.

JUDGE YORK (cont'd)
Stop! Where am I?

Mr. Louis walks over to the judge.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
You died out of your physical body.

JUDGE YORK
I'm not dead...I can feel the pain.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes, yes you can...and you shall...
for all eternity...without rest.

The judge is pulling off ferocious leaches from his skin.

JUDGE YORK
I was a good person. I was a judge.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You're breaking my heart.

JUDGE YORK
I really died. I cannot feel my
physical body. Someone threw a ball
at me and I remember it hitting my
head. Now I'm here.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Precisely!

Mr. Louis stands up. He turns to the beast.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Make him suffer badly.

JUDGE YORK
Wait...wait. I have money, power, and
I have connections to the finest
women you could desire.

Mr. Louis laughs.

WELL DRESSED MAN
None of which...have any benefit to
me. If you have so much power...why
are you here?

The judge weeps.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
You denied God, and were corrupt.
Those were your powers.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - AFTERNOON - PARK

Mr. Louis is sitting on an iron bench.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Look at all these foolish humans.
They marvel at their achievements,
yet give no heed to their own pending
eternal demise.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
They relish in temporal sexual
pleasures, and pursue money as a
means of immortality. They are
captivated by their reflections and
superimpose egos over any rational
methods of thinking.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
They follow the stars and evolution
as to justify their conscience with
the evil they commit upon one
another. There is no end to the
avenues they will pursue to glorify
themselves in their pathetic lives.

A beautiful woman sits on the bench.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Hello, sir.

Mr. Louis nods.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
I just love the park. So full of life
and fun. Makes me feel I will live
forever in paradise.

Mr. Louis listens.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
Do you have children here?

WELL DRESSED MAN
No.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Such a shame I guess, not to have
children. They are a treasure I am
told. A price too dear to pay.

Mr. Louis turns closer to her.

(Cont'd

WELL DRESSED MAN
Please continue.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I'm studying to be an actress. Most
of the roles I get...I need to be a
slim woman. I cannot afford kids now.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Afford?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Yes...Children would ruin my figure
and thus my earning capacity.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I see. Best to be single then.

She chuckles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
It's a challenge, you know.

WELL DRESSED MAN
How so?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I have relationships. I am just not
married.

WELL DRESSED MAN
What are you hoping to accomplish
with all your fame and fortune?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
A very long life. I hear science is
making strides in prolonging those
who are wealthy. Who knows...maybe I
am in the era of living to 150 years
of age, or more.

He chuckles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
Why are you cynical?

WELL DRESSED MAN
You will never outrun your date with
destiny. You will die right on time.

(Cont'd)

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Is someone keeping time for me?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes. You are in love with yourself
and pride yourself as being too good
to bare children. Greed and lust for
money is good for you.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Really?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Sure.

She laughs.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
My religious friends say I may go to
hell if I don't change my ways.

He touches her shoulder.

WELL DRESSED MAN
My dear...do you really think there
is such an awful place?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
No.

WELL DRESSED MAN
So live your life and take in all the
pleasures and delight in your
yourself. In the end, you will be as
all others...dead.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Yeah. But I will have lived a great
and fabulous lifestyle.

WELL DRESSED MAN
What would you say if I told you
there indeed is a real place, called
hell...where souls suffer as the
physical body does?

She ponders.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I'd ask...Who are you...the Devil?

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
Would you believe me if I answered...
yes...I am?

She bursts into laughter.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Of course not.

He smiles.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Good.

She turns for a moment to watch children.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Well you...Hello?

He is gone.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
Where is he?

She notices the fabric on her shoulder is seared.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
I wonder how that happened?

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - SAME DAY - LAKE

Men are fishing on the beach.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Hello, boys. Catch, anything?

The frustrated men reel in their lines.

FISHERMAN JOE
Nope. Bad day I guess. We may have to
find another spot to fish.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Some kind of contest going on?

FISHERMAN JOE
Yup. And I would bet my soul for a
grand fish, to be victorious.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
Fish over there.

FISHERMAN JOE
We did that earlier. No luck.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You don't need luck...I'm here.

The men look around.

FISHERMAN JOE
Are you with the gaming dept?

WELL DRESSED MAN
No, not at all. I just have a hunch.

FISHERMAN STEVE
Can't hurt to try again.

Mr. Louis raises his hand.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Now, fellows, just a minute. Do you
both desperately want to win?

FISHERMAN STEVE
Yeah.

FISHERMAN JOE
Certainly.

Mr. Louis extends a hand.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I'll bet you your souls...you catch
the biggest fish by far...and you win
the contest.

The men find his proposition to be odd.

FISHERMAN JOE
Who are you, exactly?

WELL DRESSED MAN
The Devil.

The men burst into laughter. Mr. Louis also laughs very hard, patting them on the shoulders. Mr. Louis picks out a few fat worms and hands them to the men.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Bait them up, guys. Oh, and I'm gonna
need that handshake.

They all shake hands.

FISHERMAN JOE
Friend, you sure have a great sense
of humor about you.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I hope you think that about me,
later...in my neck of the woods.

FISHERMAN STEVE
Oh, I get it. You're gonna buy us a
few rounds...sure, okay.

Mr. Louis grins.

FISHERMAN JOE
Here goes. Come to us, \$100.

WELL DRESSED MAN
\$100?

Mr. Louis shrugs.

FISHERMAN STEVE
I felt some nibbles.

FISHERMAN JOE
Me too.

Huge bubbles come up to the service. The two men's poles
bend quickly. They struggle.

FISHERMAN STEVE
I can't believe it!

FISHERMAN JOE
Me either...it's taking all my
strength to bring him in.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Don't lose 'em boys.

The men battle and bring in enormous fish. They win the
contest and collect their money. They look around for Mr.
Louis. They display their fish to all.

(Cont'd)

FISHERMAN JOE
Where is that guy who helped us?

FISHERMAN STEVE
I don't know. But I would bet these
are the largest fish ever caught out
of these waters.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - A FEW DAY LATER - PARK

Mr. Louis is sitting on the bench again.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Hey, how are you? I missed you the
other day.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You did? How sweet.

She reaches in her pocket book.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Guess what?

Mr. Louis awaits her next words.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
I got hired to do a part in a new
movie. There are going to be three
parts to the movie...so I need to
stay attractive for three years.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Good for you.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
It has sex scenes in it. I guess it's
part of life. I also have to play a
drug addict.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Interesting.

They turn their heads to see police and fire vehicles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Something is going down for sure. I
wonder what happened?

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
Most are going down.

She stares oddly at him. Gunshots ring out. A few bullets hit the beautiful woman. She falls over and bleeds on Mr. Louis. He looks into her eyes.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Come now, sweetie. You can do it. Die for me, please.

Police run across the park. They are yelling at Mr. Louis.

OFFICER JONES
Stay still, sir!

Mr. Louis gets up and reaches into the woman's body.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I'm yanking out her naked soul! You may as well stop trying to interfere.

OFFICER JONES
Freeze!

Mr. Louis disappears with her.

OFFICER JONES (cont'd)
Where are you?

He searches and finds nothing. The woman's face is forged with a horrific expression.

OFFICER PAUL
What happened to the guy here?

OFFICER JONES
I don't know. I was running at him, and watching him. Then he was gone.

They stare at the woman.

OFFICER PAUL
I never seen a face of death like that...you?

OFFICER JONES
Hell, no.

Her mouth gushes out blood all over them.

(Cont'd)

OFFICER PAUL
What the fuck! I thought she was
dead. Step away now!

OFFICER JONES
Good idea.

The firemen arrive.

FIREMAN FITZGERALD
You guys had to kill her?

OFFICER JONES
She was in the line of fire.

FIREMAN FITZGERALD
Okay. Bag her up, men.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Mr. Louis is dragging the woman down a dark hall. Worms are jumping from the ceiling and burrowing into her body.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Where am I? Let me go, you freak!
Help, police!

WELL DRESSED MAN
Police? My dear...they are the ones
who killed you. Ha-ha-ha.

Mr. Louis throws her soul onto a large blood soaked bed of thorns and split pine cones. The bed closes around her. The thorns and cones dig into her and then open violently.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Ah, help, please, ah, it hurts.

The thorns and cones tear flesh from her each time they open. They dig deeper inside and open with greater force.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Welcome to your new movie career!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Who are you? Why am I here? This is a
mistake. I am a good person.

(Cont'd)

Venomous ants eat their way into her organs as she begs for mercy on the bed of spike and thorns.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (cont'd)
Please...please, stop hurting me!

Her wounds emit clouds of ash as the insects dine.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Welcome home...Movie star.

Scorpions climb on her feet and chews off her toes. They sting the inside of the wounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - THAT NIGHT - LAKE

Fisherman Steve and Joe are on the shore drinking beer and opening a bottle of pills.

FISHERMAN STEVE
The dude said we would get so wasted from these we will laugh into the morning hours, regardless of whether we catch fish or not.

FISHERMAN JOE
I heard these send you for an incredible high. Let's just party all night here. Maybe in the morning we will have enough strength to bang our wives before we crash.

Footsteps are heard in the grass.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Hello, again!

FISHERMAN JOE
Where the hell did you come from?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Absolutely, correct!

The men sit slowly and hide the pills.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Oh don't be bashful on my account.
I'm hoping you crash tonight.

(Cont'd)

FISHERMAN JOE
Friend, what is your name?

Mr. Louis sits on a bucket.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes...it's been some time since I
have been called...friend.

Silence.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Mr. Louis.

FISHERMAN STEVE
Well, Mr. Louis. We are just
celebrating our victory.

FISHERMAN JOE
Yeah, you know. From the fishing
contest we won.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Party till you die!

They all laugh.

FISHERMAN STEVE
We are too young to die.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You wouldn't believe the staggering
numbers of those who have said that
to me, over the centuries.

FISHERMAN JOE
Centuries?

FISHERMAN STEVE
He means a lifetime, Joe.

Mr. Louis smiles.

FISHERMAN STEVE (cont'd)
Bottoms up.

Steve takes three pills. Joe follows with three. They offer
some to Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN
No thank you. I'm transporting.

(Cont'd)

Later the men wobble as they gaze out over the water.

FISHERMAN STEVE
Hey, man...how did they get there?

FISHERMAN JOE
Wha-what, you talking bout?

Steve points out into the lake.

FISHERMAN STEVE
Can't ya see them?

Joe focuses.

FISHERMAN JOE
Are they women?

FISHERMAN STEVE
Yeah...I think so.

Both men stand.

FISHERMAN JOE
Hey, ladies. Come onto the beach.

VOICES IN THE WATER
You come here to us.

FISHERMAN JOE
We, can't...ha-ha-ha.

VOICES IN THE WATER
Why not? We are naked.

The men stare at each other.

FISHERMAN STEVE
We are so wasted.

VOICES IN THE WATER
We will help you stay afloat.

The men strip down naked and enter the water.

VOICES IN THE WATER (cont'd)
Keep swimming. Don't stop.

The men struggle and look back at the beach. The voices are encouraging them to continue. The lights on the beach become much more dim.

(Cont'd)

FISHERMAN STEVE

Wait up!

FISHERMAN JOE

Hey man, I'm so weak and tired.

The men begin back to the beach.

VOICES IN THE WATER

We want to make love to you here on
our boat. Just a little further.

The men turn and exert all their energies.

VOICES IN THE WATER (cont'd)

You almost have us.

FISHERMAN JOE

Throw a lifesaver...we are tired.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Hi boys.

The men tread water.

FISHERMAN JOE

Dude, where are the ladies?

FISHERMAN STEVE

Yeah man...they are ours. Go find
your own bitches.

WELL DRESSED MAN

They are my bitches.

Two hideous female like creatures surface. The men try
swimming back but grow weary.

VOICES IN THE WATER

You can't out swim us.

The men sink a few times but fight to stay above. The female
monsters are close behind them.

FISHERMAN STEVE

I can't make it, man. No more breath.

FISHERMAN JOE

Help!

Joe and Steve sink, and the beasts follow them.

(Cont'd)

VOICES IN THE WATER
You should have stayed on the beach,
foolish men.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

The fishermen are on a fiery floor. Many octopus like arms hold the men down. Their heads are held still by alligator jaws, that clamp so hard their skulls bleed.

FISHERMAN JOE
What the hell is this place?

FISHERMAN STEVE
Help! The floor is hurting me.

Two trolls enter the area the begin pulling the men's teeth out with their fingers.

TROLL ONE
Don't worry...they will grow back, in
order for me to pull them out again
and again, with stinging pain.

The first troll feeds the teeth to the second troll. The men are coughing up blood.

TROLL TWO
More crunchy teeth.

The first troll places his hand above the men and a glowing orb appears. The troll places a glass over Joe's eye. A stream of light from the glowing orb sears Joe's eye.

FISHERMAN JOE
Ah, ah, ah, help me!

The magnifier drills through Joe's eye and it explodes into pieces. The troll moves to the other eye.

FISHERMAN STEVE
Leave him alone, you asshole!

Joe's eye socket boils and his second eye splatters. The troll reaches for a bucket of salt and slowly pours it into Joe's empty eye sockets.

Brains begin to spew out and splash on Steve.

(Cont'd)

FISHERMAN STEVE (cont'd)
He's dead...you fucking jerks...he's
dead! Why did you kill my friend?

TROLL ONE
He's not dead. He will be made whole
again, as I told you.

TROLL TWO
You have all eternity to suffer. You
will die a trillion deaths here.

Mr. Louis walks into the area.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Give me the grinders.

Two drills are set up next to Steve's ears. They are set and
slowly dig into his head.

TROLL TWO
I love to eat human brains.

Steve cannot escape.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Pick up this one and whip him for
hours on end and then pour chili
pepper into his wounds.

Joe is carried off.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Keep drilling this one.

The large beast begins to chew on Steve's stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - AFTERNOON - WOODS

A boy and girl after high school are kissing in an
untraveled woods. He pushes her to her knees. She unzips his
pants. Then she looks up at him.

STEPHANIE NEEDHAM
I will be your slave.

She begins.

(Cont'd)

The boy enjoys.

RICHARD TROWER
Faster. Don't stop.

She obeys.

RICHARD TROWER (cont'd)
Do you have your period?

She shakes her head.

RICHARD TROWER (cont'd)
Afterwards...pull down your pants and
bend over. Hold on to this tree.

She nods.

RICHARD TROWER (cont'd)
Ah, ah, so good!

Richard guides her head a few more times.

RICHARD TROWER (cont'd)
Stand up.

He undresses her quickly. She bends over.

STEPHANIE NEEDHAM
Oh, oh, ah, yum. Harder!

Richard finishes. She lays down in the leaves.

STEPHANIE NEEDHAM (cont'd)
You can dine on me now.

Richard stands still.

STEPHANIE NEEDHAM (cont'd)
Do you want to do me?

Silence.

STEPHANIE NEEDHAM (cont'd)
What the fuck! You got what you
wanted...fucking jerk!

Richard takes a cord out of his pocket and strangles
Stephanie. He then beats her body with rocks. He covers her
with leaves and then turns to run.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
Police will find the body.

Richard brandishes a gun.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Son, son, son...that thing won't hurt
me. Now you're going to have to
dispose of her body better than that.

Richard shoots Mr. Louis a few times.

RICHARD TROWER
Who the fuck are you?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I've never done this...seems so
ridiculous to me. But...

Mr. Louis takes the gun from Richard.

RICHARD TROWER
My dad is a congressman. I can do
anything I want. No one can touch or
hurt me. I'm protected.

Mr. Louis stares into the chamber of the gun then looks up
at Richard again.

WELL DRESSED MAN
You have thirteen bullets left. Shoot
her ten times in the face. Then bring
the gun and the three remaining
bullets back to me.

RICHARD TROWER
Wh, who are you?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I'm trying to help you. Now go.

Richard shoots Stephanie ten times in the face.

RICHARD TROWER
Here.

Mr. Louis shoots Richard three times in the head.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I don't know what the big deal is
about killing with this weapon.

(Cont'd)

Mr. Louis reaches into both dead bodies and submerges.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Stephanie is dragged into a chamber and beaten and raped by fierce and ugly creatures. Richard is placed in a canister where she is boiled and speared.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Kids...they think they are going to
live forever!

The beast kneels.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Torture them all!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - NEXT DAY - HOME

Melissa is cooking dinner for her family. The kitchen is littered with ingredients. Music is playing.

MELISSA EVERETTE
This will be a wonderful surprise for
my husband. He will be very proud of
me and want to reward me.

She is startled.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes...he will be most surprised.

MELISSA EVERETTE
Who are you? Get out of my house.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Now, now...Melissa.

MELISSA EVERETTE
How do you know my name?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I know a lot of things. The question
is...do you know me?

(Cont'd)

MELISSA EVERETTE
No! I'm going to scream.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes, yes you are...for a very long
time. I'm going to enjoy it.

Mr. Louis quickly picks up Melissa and tips her upside down,
head first, into the boiling pot of water. He turns up the
heat as she squirms.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Die like an adult, would you please.

She stops struggling. A car pulls up. The front door opens
and Melissa's husband walks in.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
Honey, I'm home.

He walks into the kitchen.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
Oh my god!

He finds Melissa propped up on the stove with her head
boiling in the pot. He turns off the pot and takes her down,
spilling the water.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
Oh, baby...what the hell happened?

Her entire face is distorted.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
What happened to my baby?

One of her eyes rolls out of her head. He picks up his cell
phone, staring at her loose eye.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
Hello, something happened to my wife.
Please come soon. Forty-one Pelican
Drive. Please hurry.

Her mouth opens and water leaks out.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
I'm gonna kill the bastard who did
this to my bride. He's fucking dead!

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN

No...

Mark turns suddenly and stands.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

You're dead.

Mark takes a swing at Mr. Louis and his hand passes through Mr. Louis. He tries to hit Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Give up, old man...this is boring.

Mark grabs a large knife.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Okay, go ahead...try to kill me.

Mark attacks but nothing happens.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK

Who the fuck are you?

Mr. Louis reaches into Melissa and yanks out her naked soul. Mark stands back against the cabinets.

MELISSA'S SOUL

Help, Mark! Run for your life. He is not a human being...run!

Mr. Louis approaches Mark.

WELL DRESSED MAN

You've been a very bad boy, Mark.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK

What are you?

Mr. Louis bites Melissa's neck, she falls limp in his arms. Blood drips from her soul. She awakes and stares at Mark with an evil grin.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Kill him!

Melissa attacks Mark and brutally slays him. Police arrive. Mr. Louis removes Mark's naked soul. The police break in. They search the house and then secure the crime scene.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Melissa and Mark lay on a lawn of black grass. They struggle to free themselves from the teeth of the lawn.

MELISSA EVERETTE
Where are we? Mark, do something.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
I'm trying...

MELISSA EVERETTE
This place stinks.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
Why did you kill me?

MELISSA EVERETTE
What are you talking about? We are not dead. Can't you see me?

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
Yes, but the man brought us here.

MELISSA EVERETTE
What man Mark? Just help us.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
I can't break free! I am bleeding from the bites.

The large beast enters the room. He is pushing a wide machine resembling a lawnmower.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
What the hell is that thing?

The many rows of pikes and claws spin rapidly.

MELISSA EVERETTE
No, no...It's coming for us!

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
You bitch, this is your fault. I should have killed you myself.

Just then, Mark vanishes from the dark lawn and is now pushing the machine. The beast is off to one side.

BEAST
Plow over your wife...Or I will chop over you both.
(MORE)

BEAST (cont'd)
I will spare you this punishment, if
you delight me in the torture of your
loving bride.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
But she was my wife.

MELISSA EVERETTE
Don't do it, Mark.

Mark begins to be stung by many bees.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
Get them off me!

BEAST
Plow over your wife and the insects
will turn from you.

Mark begins heading for his wife and the bees disappear.

MELISSA EVERETTE
Mark, no! Stop this madness!

Mark is weeping badly, though he advances. The sharp tools
spin quickly and chew up the lawn.

MELISSA EVERETTE (cont'd)
Help, me! What is going on?

Mr. Louis walks in.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Stop!

The machine stops.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
You both have died and this is Hell!

Mr. Louis stares at Mark.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Proceed...or face this, and even far
worse tortures.

The machine turns on and Mark advances on Melissa as she
screams and fights. Her soul body is strewn about. He backs
up, turns, cutting and slicing her again.

MELISSA EVERETTE
I'll get even with you, Mark!

(Cont'd)

Mark stops and grabs a multi-pronged pole and jabs it into his wife repeatedly.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
Because of you...I am here.

Her soul body returns to normal and Mark begins the torture over again. This time he does not weep.

MELISSA EVERETTE
I was pregnant you fucking asshole! I was going to surprise you.

Mark kicks her head and keeps mowing her flesh and bone.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
You're not my wife now. You were too bitchy. If I have to spend eternity here with you...then I will be only too happy to punish you.

Mr. Louis and the beast laugh.

BABY IN HER WOMB
Mommy...what is daddy doing to us?

An ugly, bloody baby with fangs and claws, and two heads, bursts out of her stomach and attacks Mark.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK
Help! Get this thing off me.

The baby eats at Mark's soul body.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
Get it off me, now!

Melissa's soul body returns and she gets up from the dark lawn and takes a long cord of barbed wire and wraps it around Mark's face.

MELISSA'S HUSBAND MARK (cont'd)
Help me, help me, please!

His face and neck tear and rip as she and the baby shred the flesh from his skull.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Let them continue.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - HOSPITAL - NURSERY

All the babies are sleeping.

DOCTOR JOHN
Very quiet tonight.

NURSE BERRY
Yes, doctor. I love it when they are
fast asleep, dreaming.

DOCTOR JOHN
Yes, indeed.

Mr. Louis walks into the office.

DOCTOR JOHN (cont'd)
Excuse me, sir. Visiting hours are
over for today, unless you are the
father to one of the children.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Father?

DOCTOR JOHN
Yes.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Well, now, I cannot lay claim to
anything such as that...but I thought
I would just stop in and see who was
entering the world today.

DOCTOR JOHN
Are you a doctor?

WELL DRESSED MAN
No.

NURSE BERRY
How can we help you? Are you here
with regards to the babies?

Mr. Louis examines the nursery.

WELL DRESSED MAN
No...sigh, I'm afraid they are all
beyond my reach. So very well
protected from me.

NURSE BERRY
I-I, don't understand.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN
Understand?

NURSE BERRY
Yes.

DOCTOR JOHN
Can we help you, sir?

WELL DRESSED MAN
Help...I'm afraid, not.

The doctor reaches for the phone, he presses a button, then hangs up, and looks back at Mr. Louis.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
I guess if you had a few thousand years I could explain some things to you, but...would you believe?

DOCTOR JOHN
Believe what, sir?

Mr. Louis places his hands on the nursery glass.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Oh, the folly of man.

Mr. Louis walks away as security officers approach from another hallway.

SECURITY BILL
Yes, doctor?

The doctor and nurse peer down the hall.

DOCTOR JOHN
Nothing, Bill...thank you!

The two officers depart.

NURSE BERRY
That was very eerie, Doctor.

DOCTOR JOHN
Yes, I must admit I was concerned.

NURSE BERRY
Maybe we should ask security to patrol a few more times tonight? It can't hurt any.

(Cont'd)

DOCTOR JOHN

I agree!

They begin to walk back to the station.

NURSE BERRY

Doctor! Come, look at the glass.

The doctor slowly approaches the glass.

DOCTOR JOHN

How the hell...?

NURSE BERRY

He left his hand prints in the glass?

The doctor and nurse study the prints.

DOCTOR JOHN

Many things are beyond science.

They turn and walk towards the station.

NURSE PAMELA

We were like freaking out here.

NURSES AID DONNA

Our fingers were on the alarm.

The doctor gestures a thank you.

DOCTOR JOHN

Maybe he was some poor soul who recently lost a child and is in deep mourning.

They all nod.

NURSE BERRY

Very true doctor.

DOCTOR JOHN

Well, let's get back to work.

The doctor leaves all the nurses.

NURSE BERRY

That man, he left his handprints scorched into the glass.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - HELL

Mr. Louis is levitating above all the pits of bog. The suffering of echoing souls, lingers.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Well, you all thought much of your lives and gave little care to your eternal souls. You made fun of the warnings others offered you. Good!

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

I will place before you all calendars and clocks so you shall always be aware of time. You will be able to view earthly lives going about and being changed to good.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

The life which was offered to you, you failed miserably to grasp. It never again will be yours for the taking. Blame only yourselves.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Mercy, you will find none here. You, chose this road, not I. You pursued earthly thrills and pleasures of the flesh. You killed and raped one another for gain or jealousy. I won't weep for you.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Sunshine retreats from here. The creatures you see around you will live forever. They never need rest, nor do they hunger due to appetite... but simply to punish you.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

More will come, every day. I don't have to work at bringing human souls here. They will choose this place out of sin and rebellion.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Yes, I, and all of you...will one day enter into a final judgment. A judgment I am powerless to overthrow. But until that day...I will tear at your souls and stifle your spirits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - MOUNTAIN TOP

Mr. Louis sits upon a mountain top.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Foolish humans. How you praise yourselves above all else and mock the things you cannot see, which are right in front of you.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

The day appears and it fades into night and yet I am still here. Your bodies fade and weaken...and I am still here. You race in your automobiles and fly the world over to capture success and pleasures of your withering flesh.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Utter fools you are! Sweet words at a funeral won't give you peace...won't keep you from me. Helping an old woman across the street...won't keep you, from me. Foolish, foolish, men.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Where are you going today, tonight, tomorrow? Do you think your good works on earth will count for anything? No, they won't! You hear the message daily...why do you evade it and live like, animals?

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Because you are trained to think like animals. Instructed you are an, animal. You feel, and do little thinking. Your feelings tell you, you are a god. Ha-ha-ha! You, are, not!

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

Your turn to die will come. And I will be awaiting you. No pain on earth will compare to the sufferings of an eternal hell! I am real! I won't go away. All the education, sex, money, travel, earthly power, weapons, fun, play...won't, and cannot save your soul from me. I'm waiting, lurking in every corner of life, waiting for your body to drop. I will be there to capture you.

(Cont'd)

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Ignoring me doesn't make me go away.
Man worships so many idols...but
there is one, hell...I assure you.
You cannot pull yourselves away from
your cell phone, friends, sex, good
times, drinking and drugs.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
I will rip your soul from your body
and brutally punish it, over and
over. I am not sentimental. People
die every day...will you be next?
You're never too young for death.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Science and equations will never
outwit me. You cannot carry your evil
deeds into the light...so I await
you, in darkness.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Man, chooses who comes to me. Will
you, come to me? Something to think
about. I'm infinitely more older and
wiser than all humanity.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Your schools, prisons, governments,
playgrounds, neighborhoods, malls,
airports, ships, even churches...are
filled with me, today.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
You can't elude me. You won't escape
me! You can't bargain with me. There
is no way for you to triumph over me.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Unless...

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Lying, cheating, stealing, sexual
immorality, disobedience to parents,
worshiping idols, hatred, love for
money, love for power, all sorts of
greed and lust, manipulation, gossip,
hatred towards God, mocking the
spiritual beings among you, deceit,
abuse, forgiveness...are just a few
of the sure fire way to meet me.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Admiration of yourself will lead you
right to my door. And I am only to
happy to open it for you.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Is there a way to escape meeting me?
Sure there is. But you are deeply
engrossed in your pleasures of the
flesh...which are crimes upon you.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
You bathe your body...but not your
soul. You take care to groom
yourselves beautifully...in the blind
eyes of society.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
No, no, no! I am coming for you! I
simply need to wait for you. Your
corrupt heart will deliver you to me.

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Can I help you?

WELL DRESSED MAN (cont'd)
Nah, why give you another
opportunity, you will only feel you
are entitled to your earthly bliss.
You're guilty, and you know it!

- The End

(MORE)