

BLIND FAITH

by

???

FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOWBROOK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

A small, isolated structure of thin rotted wood and faded paint. A small parking lot, empty. Around the church, dense woodland parted by a paved but poorly-maintained road. A sign proclaims --

MEADOWBROOK BAPTIST CHURCH
GOD LOVES, GOD SAVES

Something rattles off in the woods, a rustle of bushes, leaves, and twigs.

JIM (O.S.)
Come on, Ricky boy.

Out of the woods pops JIM SIMONSON (15), a bullish, smirking youth with one hand clamped tightly behind the neck of RICKY MCKINLEY (11).

Ricky's face is red from crying. Tears flow behind the pair of shades he's wearing. He holds a walking stick tight to his chest with both arms, defenseless and scared as Jim leads him.

RICKY
C'mon, Jim, stop...

JIM
No, no. Keep walking, kid.

TREVOR ROCKHOLT (14) and BO DANIELSON (16) follow behind them. Trevor has a slight build and an acne-scarred face with a permanent, shit-eating grin plastered on it. Bo is large, almost overgrown, but has a clueless childlike face.

The three older kids lead Ricky towards the empty church.

RICKY
Where are we?

JIM
Just church, bitch kid, that's all... just church...

TREVOR
We want you to meet God, Ricky.
You need Jesus in your heart,
ain't that what your mamma says?

Jim holds on to Ricky as the latter squirms. Trevor and Bo walk past them and try the church door. It rattles, but doesn't open.

BO
It's closed.

JIM
So put more strength behind it,
bozo.

Trevor peeks into one of the windows. Bo kicks at the door, then shoulder-tackles it. Once, twice, thrice...

TREVOR
Someone blocked it from the
inside.

RICKY
You're gonna get in trouble if you
break something in there.

JIM
Ain't no one gonna care, kid.
Ain't nobody come around *this*
place anymore.

Ricky pauses, thinks a moment. Then terror fills him.

RICKY
NO!! No!

JIM
So he already knows the place. By
reputation, probably. Nice.

Ricky struggles in Jim's grasp as Bo finally breaks the block on the door. The door creaks open, revealing a dark, disused interior. Jim shoves Ricky in and closes the door.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Ricky falls in and flat on his face. His shades crack, revealing one of his glassy, cloudy blue eyes.

He rises, struggles against the door -- they've blocked it. The boys laugh off-screen. Ricky's walking stick rolls off into a dark corner.

RICKY
Let me out! JIM, *PLEASE!*

Finally Ricky surrenders. He turns and feels around the place with his hands: dust, darkness, critters, *emptiness*.

JIM (O.S.)
 You know the story, Ricky-boy,
 right? 'Bout what happened here?

Ricky starts to cry again, growing terror on his face. He puts his hands over his ears.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You see, back in the 60s, there was very pretty lady, little bit like your cunt mom, y'know, the Jesus Freak type?

RICKY
 Stop it, Jim...

JIM (O.S.)
 She kissed a guy, this lady did. Her daddy didn't like it, so he threw a nice bucketful of acid on her face, melted the skin right off her bones, blinded her in both eyes like your sorry ass. People said he dragged her ass here, to this very church you're in right now, and forced this chick to pray until she repented. Didn't take her to no hospital.

TREVOR (O.S.)
 She died here instead! Haunts the place...

RICKY
 Shut up!

Ricky panics and walks forward, deeper into the dark, aimless, lost, alone. There's an open trap door and a staircase leading down -- he can't see it, couldn't.

Ricky's feet creak over the old wood until he steps right into the open trapdoor and tumbles, screaming all the way down.

EXT. MEADOWBROOK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

The kids hear the ruckus of Ricky's fall. Jim and Trevor snicker like idiots. Only Bo looks a bit worried.

BO
 Maybe we should pull him out.

TREVOR
 Shut the fuck up, fatso...

Bo glares at Trevor. Trevor's grin fades. When Bo's mad, he's mad. Jim leans his head against the church door.

JIM

What's the matter, Ricky? Had enough?

Nothing. Jim ponders, rolls his eyes, and finally gestures towards the door. He walks into the church. Trevor follows. Bo doesn't.

TREVOR

You comin'?

BO

No, I'm staying here, man.

TREVOR

Chicken-shit.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Ricky rolls over on his back, groaning in pain. He swipes his broken shades away from his face and feels the floor for his stick. It's not there. Then, an approaching sound...

RICKY'S STICK rolls towards him from the dark. It bumps against Ricky's knuckles.

RICKY

Hello...?

A SCARRED SHAPE emerges from the shadows. Slender. Female. Twisted. Sub-human. Whatever it is, it doesn't look alive. The Shape's face is contorted into an immovable snarl, gums exposed and almost lip-less, both eyes melted shut.

The Shape moves towards Ricky. It makes small moans as it approaches. Ricky wets his pants, blind eyes wide open in fear as the Shape raises a hand with claw-sharp fingernails. It's about to strike!

Then it doesn't. Ricky's hyperventilating, looking dead ahead at nothing. The Shape waves its hand in front of Ricky's face -- a deliberate, perhaps considerate motion.

A noise from upstairs distracts the Shape. It gazes at the basement ceiling. Dust falls on the Shape's face.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Jesus protects me. You hear me?
Jesus protects me... Jesus
protects me... Jesus protects...

The Shape looks at Ricky, then again at the ceiling. The kids laugh and yell upstairs. Glass is heard shattering.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Jesus protects me... Jesus
protects me...

The Shape slithers away from Ricky, disappearing into the shadows.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jim and Trevor break shit. Bo stands awkwardly at the entrance. They don't see the floorboards moving, or the Shape emerging...

TREVOR
Yo, Jim, check this out.

Trevor's eyes go wide as he sees the creature behind Jim. At the entrance, Bo sees it too. He freezes. They all freeze.

BLACKNESS. Then, a flash of gore. And --

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jim walks with his stick, stepping over blood and gore. He reaches the entrance, walks out and --

EXT. MEADOWBROOK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Jim's stick pokes at Bo's severed head. He gulps -- doesn't know what it is, doesn't want to -- and walks his way towards the road, his walking stick tapping the ground.

FADE OUT.

THE END