

D E M O N . S T A R . 3 1

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TITLECARD:

"O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself
King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."
- HAMLET

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The brilliant light of dying stars casts into the bleak void
of outer space.

A long moment... Then the stars ripple.

The vast blanket of liquid crimson reflects celestial
patterns. It shimmers, disturbed.

Slowly, a human form emerges - a nude woman, thickly coated
with dripping blood.

Twinkling stars reflect against the sheen of death.

The woman slowly smiles an ominous grin.

INT. SHUTTLE - BEDROOM

SOJOURNER (30s, Black, long hair, athletic) snaps awake,
exiting this portal to another world.

Her bedroom looks like it belongs in a submersible. Tight,
cramped, and cold - littered with mechanical equipment.

She wipes sweat from her forehead, and gathers her breath.

EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE

Sojourner's egg-brown shuttle drifts through the stars.

INT. SHUTTLE - BATHROOM

Delicate fingers trace along cracks in a mirror.

Sojourner's sad reflection stares back, fragmented across
the shining surface.

She slides her hand across a panel below the mirror.

The panel opens and she retrieves a straw-like tube. It
extends as she pulls it to her lips for a drink.

Sojourner stands there in her underwear. Deep in thought.

INT. SHUTTLE - DARK CHAMBER

A slashed wrist drains of life.

A feminine hand slices another wrist with a sleek blade.

Blood spills from the open wound.

The blade is passed to another hand.

Another wrist - slashed.

Candle flames dance across this strange blood ritual.

The process continues, as a circle of women methodically kill themselves.

INT. SHUTTLE - CENTRAL COMMAND COCKPIT

A monitor displays streams of text. Amongst the code is today's date: NOVEMBER 1.

A graphic displays DELAY TIME for their communication.

Sojourner stares into another monitor. Her wife, SCARLET, and small daughter stare back.

SOJOURNER

I love your costume. Can you try it on for me? That was my favourite movie growing up. You look beautiful, baby. It's already been Halloween up here. I was thinking of you two all day. Mommy had a bad dream. Seeing your faces always makes it better.

Scarlet fusses with their impatient daughter as they wait through the communication process.

SOJOURNER

My crew has been really festive. Dressing up. Trying to scare each other. The Neo Alchemists were talking about some strange ritual. I can't be bothered. They know I can't stand the sight of blood. I guess it's the one day of the year they can get away with tormenting their Captain. That said, don't you get any ideas, little one.

She stares fondly at Scarlet. A smile grows.

A flashing icon gets her attention.

SOJOURNER

My time is almost up. I know you guys hate the delay, but just be patient, baby.

Sojourner smiles again, then touches her lips for a kiss. She touches the comm-camera lens.

SOJOURNER

I'll try my best and call tomorrow.
I love you two so much. Have fun
tonight.
(smiles)
Happy Halloween.

Sojourner ends the message by kissing her wedding ring.

A graphic appears on the monitor: INCOMING RESPONSE.

A small bar slowly fills with a percentage readout.

Sojourner rises out of her seat. Her forced smile fades.

She approaches a large viewport of the stars.

She stares out. Melancholic. Her reflection looks back, the stars sparkle across her sadness.

Her calm hand reaches out and touches the surface.

She looks back to the monitor.

Her daughter skips away to retrieve her costume, finally hearing her mother's message.

Scarlet kisses her wedding ring. Sojourner kisses her's.

Her wife leans into the speakers on her end, to hear better.

Sojourner watches Scarlet with fond eyes. A smile grows.

Her daughter returns, smiling in a pale corn blue dress, and holding shining ruby slippers in her hands.

SOJOURNER

(softly to herself)
There's no place like home.

Suddenly, an alarm blares.

The computer window of their chat closes automatically.

The window is replaced by a bold graphic of the shuttle with a highlighted and flashing HULL BREACH.

EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE

A large open wound in the vessel's hull bleeds mechanical equipment and scatters debris into zero gravity.

The vacuum of space sucks out the ship's innards.

An escape pod launches. Then another. And another.

INT. SHUTTLE - CORRIDOR

Alarms blare. Warning lights swirl.

Sojourner bolts down a long hallway.

INT. SHUTTLE - CHAMBER

The circle of suicides. A ring of emptied bodies.

Blood collected in the circle, drips from the floor to the ceiling, forming a strange Occult symbol.

An articulated spiny claw teases its way into our world, as this demonic creature births itself from the symbol.

The ritual has opened a dimensional bridge to Hell.

Another crustaceous claw grips the ceiling.

Tendrils thrash from the portal - long and slippery. They whip about, reaching for a hold.

The demon slowly descends into the chamber room and drops to the floor. The glistening exo-skeleton steams.

It cranks its neck, sniffing sharply. It notices the fresh corpses, and shrieks in excitement.

INT. SHUTTLE - CORRIDOR

Sojourner rushes towards the ritual chamber.

She speaks into a metallic bracelet as she runs.

SOJOURNER

What do you mean negative life
signs? Computer, run program again.
Repeat: task crew to seal the hull.

A small green light flashes on the communicator.

INT. SHUTTLE - HULL BREACH

Equipment sucks out into the void of space.

A humanoid stares into the vast blanket of stars.

It's a bloody flayed woman. Twisted muscles glisten with gore. She stares into the abyss.

The extreme vacuous forces have no effect on this strange being. She stands firm. Planted.

EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE

The sun silhouettes the blue marble of Earth as the shuttle rotates in orbit.

INT. SHUTTLE - CORRIDOR

Sojourner arrives at the chamber entrance. She plugs her nose from a strong stench.

Blood leaks out into the hallway, forming a puddle, under the door, and reaching for her boots.

INT. SHUTTLE - CHAMBER

The chamber door hisses open.

Sojourner's boots enter.

She gasps. Horrified. Paralyzed by fear.

The ghastly horror stares back at her.

Her crew. Slaughtered in a circle.

Ripped bodyparts are scattered across the room.

A hulking shape of confusing angles, rises from the crimson pulp. It's hellish frame turns to the Captain.

A hundred beaded black eyes - sunk deep within a cephalopodan skull - blink out of unison.

This tendriled demon with crustaceous joints leers at Sojourner, fully extending its 7 foot frame.

She snaps to action and turns to run.

Her path is blocked by another demon. This horrid creature clutches something in its grasp.

A large blanket or sheet?

In actuality, this flayed fabric is human skin. A long sheet of stretchy gore.

The creature's jaws open and a piercing piping shrill exits.

Sojourner screams.

The demon reaches for her.

She ducks under the clawed reach. And bolts into the hall.

INT. SHUTTLE - CORRIDOR

Sojourner runs down the long hall. Sirens. Blaring lights.
She swipes her bracelet as she goes. It activates.

SOJOURNER
Computer. Scan for life.

The bracelet blinks a red light.

SOJOURNER
Fuck. The Alchemists. That ritual.
I told them not-- Computer. Am I
the only living crew member?

The light blinks green.

Sojourner keeps running. And running.

Then she suddenly stops. She clutches her knees. Out of
breath and panicked.

Her eyes widen with absolute terror.

A horrific realization brews.

Sojourner closes her eyes and asks...

SOJOURNER
(lost)
Computer? Am I... alive?

A dreadful moment passes. Then, the bracelet flashes green.

She sighs in such relief. Tears build up. Before she
releases them she gathers herself.

SOJOURNER
Computer. Are there any escape
vessels left?

The bracelet flashes red.

SOJOURNER
Dammit. Computer. Prepare central
cockpit for my command. Flashburn
the rec. Confirmation code: Anubis.

The bracelet flashes green.

INT. SHUTTLE - CHAMBER

A demon stares at a human head, holding it in its strange
hands. Thinking. For a moment.

Another demon births from the ritualistic sigil. Then--

The room ignites with a green phosphorous fire. Flames bloom across every surface.

The demon crushes the skull, like a rotting pumpkin. It squeals, engulfed by the flames along with the other demon.

That strange Occult symbol on the ceiling remains undamaged.

The creature's otherworldly shriek pierces the ship.

INT. SHUTTLE - HULL BREACH

The flayed woman turns away from the ripped hull, towards that demonic scream.

She exits, casually swaying her flayed hips as debris throttles by her and rips into space.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT

Sojourner quickly slides into her Captain's chair.

She furiously swipes away at the front console.

Graphics display the chamber on fire, empty escape pod bays, and the gashed hull.

SOJOURNER

No. No. No. Computer. Run comms
through alternate channel.

Sojourner reads the monitor. No luck. She curses and smashes it with a fist. Frustrated.

She spins to a different monitor and scrolls text with her finger - searching for solutions.

Her attention is pierced by a demonic shrill.

A demonic creature stands at the entrance.

Sojourner's shoulders tremble as she vibrates with fear.

A deathly scream echoes from the corridor. A human scream.

The demon slowly turns around.

A nude woman, GRACE, clothed in blood, screams at the beast.

Grace aims her (horizontally) slashed wrist, out stretched, and accepting - slowly dripping blood.

The demon's many eyes swivel in their sockets, aiming its gaze right at Grace.

Sojourner squints. She can't believe it.

SOJOURNER

Grace? What the hell have--

Grace's sad eyes look to Sojourner. A moment. Her eyes plead with the captain.

Sojourner calms down. She gathers a breath. And slams a button on the console.

The cockpit door closes behind the demon.

Sounds of the sacrifice bleed into the room.

Sojourner shakes her head. She can't believe it.

She turns to a monitor. An image: SEVER UMBILICAL?

The Captain thinks a moment. Then taps the image.

EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE

The long body of the shuttle detaches.

Steam hisses out into zero gravity. Detached bolts float away from the vessel.

The front command station is now isolated.

INT. SHUTTLE - CORRIDOR

The corridor detaches.

A silhouette casts along the corridor - the obtuse angles of a demonic creature.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT

Sojourner fastens her seatbelt.

She stares out of the front viewport. The stars ahead. The void of space.

A childish laughter shivers through her spine.

A twisted reflection appears in the viewport glass. The flayed woman. Laughing.

Sojourner searches for answers - examining her surroundings.

The flayed woman saunters over. Casual, yet menacing.

Her deathly grin contrasts stark against her glistening muscles. She keeps coming. Closer. And closer.

Sojourner trembles. All is lost.

Until - she notices a razorblade resting on the front console. That same blade from the ritual circle.

She snatches it. A bloody outline is left behind on the console's dashboard.

The flayed demon keeps coming. Tendrils rip out from the demon's shoulders. Then crustaceous-like limbs.

The Hellish silhouette resembles an Angel with wings.

Sojourner aims her puny blade at the demon.

The demon laughs even louder. Maniacal.

EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE

The shuttle floats along the Earth's orbit as the sun rises over the blue planet.

Laughter echoes from the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT

The demon lowers its frame so that it comes face to face with the seated Captain.

Rays of sunlight shine behind Sojourner's chair - reaching for the demon's face - finally highlighting its features.

The creature implodes, like its insides are sucked into oblivion. Its body collapses, disappearing between space.

Nothing remains, but the trembling Captain, as the sun shines through the cabin.

Sojourner sighs. Her shoulders slack. Relaxed.

She notices small bloody footprints across the floor, leading to the console (the bloody razor imprint) and back to the exit.

SOJOURNER

(realizing)

Grace? Thank you.

She spins her chair to the shining viewport and closes her eyes, basking in the sunlight.

She presses a button on the console. A song begins:
"Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

Suddenly, an alarm blares.

Sojourner looks to the computer monitor.

A graphic stares at the Captain - COURSE ALTERED.

INTERCUT: EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE

The shuttle slowly turns.

And enters the dark side of the planet. Where it's still Halloween night.

Sojourner bashes at the computer. Cursing it.

Error messages scroll across the screen. Amongst them, ENTERING NEW TIME ZONE, and a graphic displaying the depletion of thrusters.

The ship reverses it's path as thrusters fire, propelling the vessel quickly away.

Sojourner continues to bang on the equipment.

Whirring sounds perforate the cabin, as the shuttle powers down. All the lights go out.

The viewport grows dark as the sun retreats behind Earth.

The bloody footprints drips to the ceiling - a new portal.

The flayed woman's laughter continues, as she appears upside down from the ceiling.

Sojourner clutches her razorblade. Tight.

The flayed demon lands on the ground. She smiles and sways towards the seated Captain.

Sojourner steels herself. She sets aside emotion.

And looks to the shining razor in her grasp.

The demon advances - such a strange horrifying silhouette.

Sojourner kisses her wedding ring.

SOJOURNER

(dreadful)

There's no place like home.

And closes her eyes.

FADE OUT: