Copyright (c) 2011 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author

DEVIL'S ERUDITION

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

GREENWOOD, 50s, average guy in his pajamas, is bound, gagged and tied to the front of an ATV going faster than it should down the forest trail.

He looks terrified.

OWEN, 17, slovenly meat head, doesn't seem to give a shit as his laughter roars with the engine.

Ahead of them SHADOW, 17, flaming pink-red ponytail and wire rimmed glasses, pilots her own ATV with Mark, 17, thin, bookish type, bounces beneath his backpack.

At a clearing Shadow double-donuts the ATV to a rock over stop, Mark nearly falls off.

Owen grinds his brakes to a ground ripping stop.

Greenwood's face stops inches from crushing into Shadow's big knobby tires.

All able, dismount.

OWEN Did he puke?! Did he puke?!

MARK Fucking idiots!

OWEN I'm rigging a video to the front next time!

MARK You nearly smashed his brains out!

OWEN I woulda liked to've seen that!

Owen obsesses over pointing out to Greenwood the mere inches that separate his face from the tire.

Shadow paces about the clearing, settles atop a great rock.

SHADOW Shall we get on with it? Haven't got all day.

Mark looks about to the brightest side of the sky.

MARK Actually, um... we've only have till sun up.

OWEN Hear that, Greenwood? That's your expiration date. Sun up. Ha ha ha!

Owen lights up, blows smoke in Greenwood's face.

SHADOW

Oi! Give us!

Mark drops his backpack, pulls a large envelope, opens it with a twenty inch fanciful dagger.

Owen pops another cigarette as he passes Mark who pours out three books to his hand which bounce off to the ground.

Owen laughs over his shoulder at him, as does Shadow.

OWEN A fine witch you make, Mark.

Mark pays no mind as he reaches into his backpack, pulls out a smaller bubble-pack envelope, knifes it open.

He turns about for the others to admire his silver ring.

MARK Behold the magic ring of Solomon.

They are underwhelmed.

SHADOW Something from your gran?

MARK

No. Ebay.

They remain underwhelmed.

MARK Thirty-nine pounds.

Owen and Shadow then "Ahh!" with impression.

Mark picks up the three books, tosses a tan covered book to Owen and a black one to Shadow.

> OWEN Hey! I wanted the black one.

SHADOW Piss off, mate.

He grabs at her book, she holds it out of reach, he snatches the cigarette from her lips, she shrieks, gives him the black book, he gives her the tan, pulls a drag, gives her back the cigarette with a wink.

MARK

Find the part for conjuring and sacrifices.

Mark flips through his book as he walks to the forest edge, looks about, pulls a staff-like stick.

OWEN Sure is a lot writing in these.

Shadow chews her black lips, nods agreement.

OWEN Not my strong suit, y'know. I like the pictures, though.

In the dirt Mark paces out three steps, marks with the stick, paces back again, marks, steps midway, pace and a half...

OWEN Making a pentagram?

SHADOW

Pentacle.

MARK No. Won't be needing one of those today. Just a simple magic circle.

Mark drags the stick to form a circle. Then he scratches out a triangle outside the circle.

MARK Owen, would you bring principal Greenwood over, please?

OWEN Aye aye, mon capitan.

He hands the book back to Shadow, shoves off the rock to Greenwood, out comes his jack knife.

OWEN

Showtime!

He savagely cuts the rope that binds Greenwood to the ATV. Greenwood drops to the ground like cord wood.

Owen grabs him up by the ankles, drags him to Mark.

OWEN Where to, hon?

Mark points off to the side of the circle he stands in.

Greenwood bites and gnaws at his gag, spits a spit soaked part to the side.

GREENWOOD STOP! STOP! STOP! Don't do this! Don't! Whatever it is--

BLAM! Owen kicks him in the jaw with a game winning shot.

OWEN

Shut the fuck up!

Mark and Shadow watch in casual fashion. Mark looks ever so slightly admonishing at Owen.

OWEN

What?

Mark steps over and squats down to Greenwood.

MARK

I asked for your help with the UCAS to get into Met. You refused.

GREENWOOD Miss Caprice refuses to write a letter of recommendation! I can't force her!

Owen puts his knife point to Greenwood's inner thigh.

OWEN What if I cut you good? Could you then?

MARK Just his fingers... Two.

Greenwood screams bloody murder, Owen models for Shadow his new dangly earrings. She's indifferent.

SHADOW Do you even have the A-levels to get into Met?

Mark and Greenwood share a long competitive stare.

MARK Maybe. Close enough. But I need that letter.

GREENWOOD

So, why are you little shits dragging me out to the bloody wood?!

MARK

Well, you see, I like Miss Caprice. I like her a lot. A lot more than the manky old git that put me detention more often than not over the last few years.

SHADOW

Found it! Found your bits about conjuring and sacrifices.

MARK And that's the part where you come in.

Greenwood receives a playful bop on the forehead with the tip of Mark's dagger whom turns to Shadow whom proffers the book. They exchange. Mark's attention delves in.

> SHADOW How do you know about all this voo-doo, black magic sh!t?

MARK Learned a bit here and there. Demon's Souls. Devil May Cry. World of Warcraft.

Owen bends down to Greenwood.

OWEN Make a peep and I'll cut your dick off, old man.

SHADOW Games? You learned witchcraft from games?! MARK

Some.

SHADOW So which of these little devils you conjuring up?

MARK Um... Nothing great. Just the Demon Knight Furcas. Teacher of Philosophy, Astronomy and some other stuff.

SHADOW Yeah. I hear Met has a pretty good astrology course.

Mark puts the book down for a meaningful exchange. Eye contact and everything. Flirting, really. She leans forward.

MARK I think I'm going with the philosophies route.

SHADOW Really? What kinda job do you get with a degree in that?

MARK

I don't know, really. I'm kinda hoping to just figure out what I'm going to do with my life while--

Behind him the pitter-patter of urine echoes in the quiet.

SHADOW Goddammit, Owen! That is so fucking disgusting!

Mark turns to see Owen pissing on Greenwood.

MARK

What the fuck! Stop that!

Owen's laughter turns into a heinous spasm of coughs.

OWEN He's going to hell. What'sit matter?

He spits an enormous ball of phlegm onto Greenwood.

MARK

Look. We have to make a burnt sacrifice for this demon to come. The better the sacrifice the better the--

OWEN

Coming?

Shadow laughs.

MARK

... demon serves me. So if you keep fucking with the sacrifice the demon will come fucking with you. Do you want the demon to come fuck with you, Owen?

SHADOW He might like that.

Owen gives her the finger.

OWEN

I'm getting hungry? Can we get on with this?

MARK I don't know. Can we?!

OWEN (mocks Mark) I don't know! Can we?!

MARK Do you want to burn him, or not?

GREENWOOD What?! No! Stop! This is...

Owen points at Greenwood and looks at Mark "See?!"

GREENWOOD ... insane! You stupid kids don't know what the hell...

Mark considers, then nods.

GREENWOOD ... your doing! The devil--

BLAM! Owen kicks another goalie strike to Greenwood's head. The man lays there motionless. The teens stare.

Nothing.

SHADOW Way to go, varsity.

Owen gives her the finger.

Greenwood still lays there.

Still.

GASP! Greenwood catches a deep breath in.

The teens all exhale.

MARK Go get some firewood.

OWEN

Aye aye, mon capitan.

While Owen piles sticks and branches on Greenwood, Mark reads semi aloud from the book.

MARK

Magic circle. Did it already. Magic triangle. Did it. Hexagram of Solomon. Don't need it. Pentagram of Solomon. Don't need that, either. Magic ring. Got magic ring.

OWEN

Is this enough?

Mark distractedly looks over at the small pile of sticks atop Greenwood.

MARK We're burning him to ashes, Owen. not warming up wieners and marshmallows.

OWEN

Fine.

Mark goes back to his book as Owen trudges off.

MARK

Don't need a vessel of brass. Just need a goddamn education. Don't need secret seal because I'm not keeping anyone. Mark wanders to his backpack, bends down.

SHADOW

You know. These demons don't sound all that bad. This one reconciles controversies between friends. That one teaches philosophy, both moral and natural, and the logic art, and also the virtues of all herbs and plants.

Mark stands up with a can of lighter fluid.

MARK

Yeah. No. They weren't all that bad. They just didn't cow-tow God's way so he banished them all to hell.

SHADOW

Well, I can certainly see why the Christians and the scientists don't get along.

OWEN

That enough?

Mark wheels about. There's maybe half again as many sticks on Greenwood as before.

Mark snaps the book shut, hands Owen the can of lighter fluid.

MARK You do the honors?

OWEN Aye aye, mon capitan.

SHADOW That sounds so faggy.

OWEN You would know.

SHADOW

Piss off.

Dissatisfied with the pouring stream, Owen squeezes the can till a straight stream of fluid jets up and down the length of Greenwood.

When empty he throws the can, bounces it off Greenwood's head. Greenwood moans and writhes.

MARK Well, let's see how well green wood burns.

He lights a single paper match to set the entire book on fire, tosses it onto Greenwood.

The orange fireball lights up the forest for a moment.

The three guard behind forearms.

Owen and Shadow begin chuckling. A moment later Mark cracks open the book and searches with the dagger point.

He looks disconcerted, then at his watch.

MARK Fuck! We're running outta time. I do invocate and conjure thee, O Spirit, Furcas, Knight of Hell, and being with power--

Greenwood begins to roll out from under the pile of sticks.

MARK Whoa! Stop! Don't... shit... !

OWEN What do you-- !

MARK

Fuck! I don't know?! Why do you always ask me what to fucking do?!

OWEN Because you like to be the boss of every fucking thing!

Greenwood has flipped over to elbow crawl out from under the lame stick fire. He makes a blind dash.

MARK

What?! I do not!

OWEN

Who caught Greenwood? Who tied him up? Who cut him down and drug him over here? Who got the firewood?

MARK You did! You did it all! I don't--! OWEN

Yes! I did it, alright! I did it all for YOU! Because you asked me to!

Flames slowly burning out on the back of his pajamas, Greenwood continues with the ten meter elbow dash.

MARK

What are you... saying?!

OWEN I did it all for you because I love you! YOU! I love you, Mark! Alright!

SHADOW

Whoa.

The rising sun cracks the horizon as Owen pulls in near.

MARK What?! What the hell are fucking talking about? When.. ?! Where.. !? I... ?! I just want to go to the Met and get my head straight.

OWEN Yeah. And I would have killed anyone who got in your way.

Greenwood's going for the gold at twenty meters.

MARK I'm... I'm sorry. I just don't--

GAK !

OWEN

Shh... Shh.

Shadow shrieks as four inches of Mark's dagger point juts out the center of his back, blood bleeds out into his shirt, and he slumps into Owen's arms.

OWEN

I know. I know. I'm okay, now.

Owen drops him to the ground, Mark gasps for air, Shadow shrieks anew.

Owen throws the dagger, pins her skull to the tree behind her.

He turns. Out comes the jack knife. Greenwood isn't going to go home with the gold after all. FADE OUT: