

DEMON IN THE SACK

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

A shivering MAN sits at a table, back so hunched, his spine appears ready to buzzsaw through his tan dress shirt.

He half-cocks his head to peek behind him. This is BRAD, 28, pale, dark bags under his eyes, bruised cheek, a fat lip, and hair mashed like it was previously buried in a hat.

The coast seems clear until an unseen force approaches. Closer. Closer. Right on top of Brad. A HAND forcefully reaches out and grabs at Brad's shoulder.

Brad panics, nearly spills a steaming mug of tea in front of him, stares up at FREDDY, 31, bulky and dark-skinned.

FREDDY
Speaking of the Devil!

BRAD
Where?!

Brad's eyes dart the room. No sign of Satan, just Freddy, and JUSTIN, 26, rail thin and sloppy. Justin grins, nods.

Brad jumps up, looks beyond them, genuine fear on his face.

JUSTIN
Dude, Brad... the fuck?

Freddy and Justin push Brad down. Sit. Brad nurses his tea.

BRAD
... I ... had the craziest night.

FREDDY
YEAH ya did! We saw you leavin the bar with that redhead. Nice score.

JUSTIN
We want war stories, lady killer. Don't pull any punches.

BRAD
Nah, please. I'm on no sleep here.

He gets up. Freddy forces him to sit back down.

FREDDY
Whoa-oa, you didn't sleep?! Now we gotta hear this story!

Brad tries to leave, but Freddy and Justin form a wall and block him in. They move as he moves.

BRAD

Come on... let me... assholes...
Fuck! Fine. You're not gonna
believe me though.

JUSTIN

We've seen you hunt chicks. You're
probably right.

Brad sits. Freddy and Justin flip their chairs around and lean in to listen, shit-eating grins lining their faces.

Brad takes a swig of tea, sighs hard. Reflects.

BRAD

So the redhead, Dani, and I leave
the bar...

DANI (PRE-LAP)

Don't worry, I won't bite.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A ginger haired beauty, DANI, slams Brad into the wall. He cringes. She mashes her lips into his. No grace.

Brad drunkenly fumbles in his pockets, drops a set of keys in front of APARTMENT 6B's door. He kneels down when--

THUMP! Something slams against the door from inside, causing Brad to topple over.

Dani tries to help him, but falls in the process, laughing.

A BRIGHT LIGHT blasts on, illuminating the entire door frame. The THUMPING noise picks up in rapid progression.

Haunting SCREAMS fill the apartment. Brad and Dani sit on the floor in shock, eyes transfixed on the door.

A faint "NOOOOO" can be heard. The door FLIES open, releasing a BLACK CLOUD of smoke, which engulfs Dani and smacks her clean against the opposing wall with force.

A final SCREAM, and the door slams shut. All is calm.

Dani stands, brushes off, seemingly no worse for wear.

Brad and Dani look at each other, confused. Then, Brad cracks up. Dani snort laughs. They're wasted.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Freddy's already showing signs of boredom. Justin leans in.

BRAD

... those tenants are fuckin weirdos, man. They have seances and squeegee board parties--

JUSTIN

Yeah great, keep talking about how you banged her against the wall.

BRAD

That's not even what I-- anyway, we get to my apartment.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad flicks the light on in APARTMENT 6F. His tiny place is a wreck -- clothes on the floor, food left out, bed not made.

DANI

D'you get robbed?

Brad's eyes dart back and forth, searching for a reply.

BRAD

Lotta evil people out there...

Dani isn't even listening. She's more distant than before, disheveled, blinking rapidly.

DANI

I'm gonna go start the engine. Make sure there are no monsters und... under the bed... oh and... Ted... you're probably gonna need protection. Why lie?

Beggars can't be choosers - Brad TEARS open a bedside drawer and rips an unopened box of CONDOMS in half.

She winks, enters the BATHROOM and closes the door.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Freddy and Justin look at a CLOCK on the wall.

FREDDY

Get to the action already. Break's almost over!

BRAD

I am! So Dani's in the bathroom,
and all of a sudden I hear her
moaning and groaning.

JUSTIN

Here we go!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad smells his sheets, shrugs, haphazardly throws them back
on his bed, then freezes at the sound of a bellowing GROAN.

BRAD

Dani? ... Did I forget to flush?

THUMP. MOAN. A SLOSHY WET SOUND. SCREAM. "UHhHHHHhh."

Brad gleefully smiles, rips off his shirt, tries a few
positions on the bed, before settling on his back.

BRAD (V.O.)

That's when the night went to hell.

Dani exits the bathroom and SHE LOOKS TERRIFYING.

Her hair is a fiery orange mess, and there's a yellowish
sickly tint to her skin. Her clothes are ripped to shreds
conveniently covering all the good bits.

Her eyes begin to glow blood RED. She stares at Brad with a
possessed look in her eye, smiles demonically.

BRAD

Ummm... you good?

Dani jumps on top of Brad, slithers her tongue. He doesn't
know whether to be aroused or freaked out, but rolls with it.

Dani stares deep into Brad's soul. He caresses her back, and
retracts his hand from her body to the sound of a SIZZLE.

BRAD (V.O.)

Shit really started to heat up.

Brad YELPS as Dani grabs his wrists and keeps him down with
ease. She shakes him and laughs psychotically.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Justin and Freddy hang on Brad's every word.

Sweat drips off Brad's brow as he stirs his tea in a daze.

BRAD

She's so hot, she's literally scolding my flesh.

FREDDY

Come on, she wasn't *that* hot.

JUSTIN

There he goes, using the word 'literally' wrong again.

Brad rolls up his sleeve, shows his chapped red wrists.

FREDDY

Goddamn, that's kinky.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani rakes her fingernails across Brad's chest. She chomps down on Brad's nipple, leaving deep TEETH MARKS on his skin.

BRAD

Oww! You said you wouldn't bite!

Dani flips around, her ass now right in his face.

Confused, Brad smiles as he runs his hands down her back.

Dani's head SPINS 180 DEGREES and stares at him.

Brad freaks out and instinctively punches Dani in her spun face. She licks blood from her lip, and laughs.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad, now standing, acts out the punch.

BRAD

This girl is twisted! She's just manhandling me. Look at this!

Brad lifts his shirt and reveals a bloody carved PENTAGRAM on his back.

FREDDY

The star of David? I knew Jewish chicks were freaks in bed.

JUSTIN

I can vouch for that.

BRAD
Believe me, you can't.

JUSTIN
You callin me a homo?

BRAD
Shut up and listen! I don't know
what to do, so I pull out my wood.

FREDDY
Yes!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani punches Brad in the face repeatedly, until he rolls off the bed and over towards a GOLF BAG. He yanks out a CLUB.

He smacks Dani across the face with it to no avail. She cocks her head back, and smiles.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad acts out his every word, adrenaline flowing.

BRAD
She took it to the face like a
champ, barely flinched.

He lunges like Zorro. Justin and Freddy enjoy the theatrics.

BRAD
I'm pounding her to the point she
starts speaking in tongues!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad connects again and the club snaps in two.

Dani opens her mouth, her voice now DEEPER than his, she blurts out rapid ANCIENT LATIN SATANIC GIBBERISH, and creeps slowly towards him.

BRAD
(whimpering)
Fuuuu-uck.

She picks him up by his throat and slams him into the wall.

Brad chokes. His eyes rolls back into his head.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Autoerotic asphyxiation, nice!

The lights are about to go out, but Dani smacks Brad in the face and brings him back. She drops him in a heap and jumps on top of him.

BRAD (V.O.)
She's straddling me on the floor,
and I can't take it anymore.

Dani teases him with serpent like tongue motions. She unhinges her jaw and moves in towards Brad's head.

He closes his eyes, accepting his fate.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad lays on the floor, fighting his invisible foe.

BRAD
I'm just about finished.

JUSTIN
That's longer than I probably would
have lasted.

BRAD
But then, out of nowhere, like a
gift from God himself, this smokin
hot biker chick kicks down the door
and bursts into my apartment!

JUSTIN
No fuckin way!

FREDDY
Whaaaaaaat?!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SLAM! A sexy, leather clad female Van Helsing, TRESS, bursts in with a WOODEN CROSS and sawed off SHOTGUN in hand.

TRESS
We meet again, demon.

She pumps her gun and fires off a shot.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad mimics Tress pumping the gun.

JUSTIN
I hear that!

Justin mimics pumping himself in masturbation.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani jumps off Brad, narrowly escaping the bullet that instead explodes Brad's desktop computer.

BRAD
Who are you?!

TRESS
Nevermind that! Get out of here!

Tress fires off another bullet, clipping Dani in the leg. Black blood leaks out. Dani SHRIEKS.

Dani and Tress grapple by the door. Dani tries to bite Tress's neck, but Tress fights back.

She throws water in Dani's face, which sizzles and causes her to let out a blood curdling SCREAM. Dani tosses Tress aside.

TRESS
(to Brad)
You have to leave! Now!

Brad puts one foot out of the window onto a fire escape, but Dani pulls him back in, and tosses him like a ragdoll.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad mimics flight. Flops to the ground.

BRAD
I'm laying there frozen, just
watching these two chicks go at it.

FREDDY
Then what?

BRAD
Dani starts eating the other chick.

Justin falls out of his chair.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani pins Tress against to the floor and sinks her teeth into Tress's shoulder.

Tress screams, grows weak from the bite. Her head falls to the side, temporarily paralyzed.

Brad scuttles around the bed and back towards the window, but Dani jumps in front of it. She picks up a jagged piece of broken computer and holds it above her head at ready.

BRAD

I just wanted to get laid.

DANI

(deep, Satanic)

Oh, you'll get laid. Laid to rest!

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brad's on his knees, squeezing his eyes shut, bracing.

JUSTIN

Ah man, she said that? That had to kill your boner.

BRAD

She was gonna kill me! Listen dipshit!

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad puts his hands together in prayer, and rapidly repents.

BRAD

Our father who art in heaven, Al will be your name, blessed is the fruits... uh... *Our God is an awesome God, he reigns from--*

Brad opens one eye, notices Tress's cross and grabs it just as Dani is about impale him. She HISSES and falls back.

Tress slowly comes to. She grabs a syringe from her belt, and jabs it into her bloody shoulder with a wince.

She stumbles to her feet and dives towards Dani, slamming and pinning her on the bed.

Tress pulls out a DAGGER and stabs Dani right in the heart.

BRAD (V.O.)
Just when I think I'm done...
The other chick finished her off.

Dani's body shakes violently, her joints CRACK, her limbs bend unnaturally, and her MOUTH SHOOTS OPEN releasing a violent ROAR and a stream of BLACK SMOKE.

TRESS
Close the window!

Brad is blown back down by the smoke as it escapes outside.

TRESS
No! Do you know how long I've been
hunting this one?! Do you know
what it's capable of?!

Tress jumps on top of Brad grabs his throat and clenches. He chokes for air, but doesn't struggle. Defeated, he can't seem to take his eyes off Tress.

Tress catches his glance, stares back. For a split second, they almost share a nice moment.

Tress sighs, and releases her grip. She helps Brad up, gathers her coat and gun, effortlessly slings Dani's lifeless body over her shoulder and heads for the door.

BRAD
Wait! What the hell just
happened?!

TRESS
Your girlfriend was possessed by an
evil succubus demon!

BRAD
We... weren't actually dating, I...
succubus? What?!

TRESS
Ancient demons who feast on the
souls of sexually inept losers like
yourself.

BRAD
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Loser?

TRESS
Sexually-inept-loser, yes. A loser
who just let a killer demon out on
the streets.

Tress flicks Brad a CARD.

TRESS
You're marked. It'll be back for
you. Don't call me otherwise.

He looks down at the card. He looks back up and she's gone.
He takes in his destroyed apartment, which doesn't look all
that much worse than where it started.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

He holds up the card to show Freddy and Justin.

BRAD
(reading card)
Tress Wilkes, Demon Hunter and
Protector of the Night.

Justin nudges Freddy. They stand up and clap.

JUSTIN
You're my hero. Two chicks! The
best fuckin night ever.

BRAD
Dude, were you even listening?!
Dani is fuckin dead!

FREDDY
Yeah-yeah-yeah, that sucks... You
gotta call the biker!

BRAD
She gave me pretty strict orders
not to unless...

FREDDY
I don't think standard booty call
rules apply to ladies of the night.

Jason looks up at the clock. Scoffs.

FREDDY
Fuck. Break time's over. You
gonna call her or what?

BRAD
I hope not.

JUSTIN
Can I?

BRAD
(exhausted)
Fuck off, Justin.

Freddy and Justin walk off. Justin whispers to Freddy.

JUSTIN
I don't believe a word of it.

INT. BRAD'S CUBICLE - LATER

Brad sits at his desk. He stares at Tress' card, pinned to a cork board in front of him.

BRAD
(to himself)
Hey, it's Brad, the loser? I know
you said not to call unless I saw
the demon but... I was wondering if
maybe you'd wanna protect me
tomorrow at... no!

He picks up his phone. Practices.

BRAD
Tress, loser Brad. Look, I think
we got off on the wrong foot, and--

He slams the phone down and puts his head on his desk.

There's a commotion outside of Brad's cubicle.

MALE VOICE(O.S.)
Miss! Can I--You can't go in there!

Brad peeks over his wall and sees Tress stomping towards him. He can't hide his smile as Tress appears at the opening.

TRESS
I tracked it! Need you for bait.

BRAD
How did you know I was... I can't
just leave work--

Brad's nerdy BOSS chases down Tress, and taps her on her tender shoulder.

BOSS
Miss! I'm gonna have to ask you--

She spins and chops his neck, knocking him unconscious.

TRESS

There, your boss won't mind.

Tress grabs Brad's collar and drags him out of his cubicle.

BRAD

Ok, alright. Holy shit. ... So
listen, I don't know your
situation, but can we maybe grab a
drink afterwards?

TRESS

In the off chance you survive?
(she sighs)
Sure, yea, whatever.

She drags him past Freddy and Justin, who enthusiastically
give him thumbs up.

TRESS

I know this great bar...

FADE OUT.