

I, DEMON

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

A bullet lies in an open palm.

It is then placed into the cylinder of a six-shooter pistol, locked in place, and the weapon is returned to a holster.

A man in his early forties, CALLAN, muscular, uncombed, unshaven, grim, and solemn-looking, is standing on the roof of an engine-less truck which he has made his temporary home, inside the compounds of a junkyard full of rusty old vehicles and burning coal. He is looking towards a scorched sky.

CALLAN

Vicky - I'm coming home.

Callan's dressed in black leather and spots a katana sword which is wrapped around his back.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Callan is walking down a road. He is alone, there are abandoned, damaged cars around and some rotted away dead people resting on spikes on the edges of the road.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Callan reaches a wire fence that houses an old abandoned warehouse. The fence door has been kicked open.

Callan takes out a cigarette, puts it on his lips, and lights it with a *Zippo*.

He looks to the sky and the figure of a woman, VICKY, appears.

CALLAN (V.O.)

Won't be long now.

Callan keeps looking at the ghostly figure in the sky.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A cabin is situated in a clearing in the middle of a thick forest.

SUPER: FOUR YEARS AGO.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Callan and Vicky are lying on a rug on the floor in front of the fireplace and are making love.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Callan is using an ax and cutting through an old tree.

EXT. CABIN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Reptilian anthropomorphic creatures appear surrounding the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - DAY (LATER)

Callan walks towards the cabin holding on to a shack with pieces of wood.

He notices that the front door is broken into, drops the shack, and runs to the door.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Callan rushes into the cabin and finds it to be in a state of mess. Clearly, a struggle has taken place: furniture is knocked about and broken, shards of glass decorate the ground and two reptilian bodies are lying dead from slash wounds.

Callan notices red on the floor, he bends down and swipes through drops of blood with his finger.

His body starts to shake as rage envelopes his being.

He lets out a long agonizing CRY.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Callan exits the cabin with a shotgun in his hands.

He mounts his cross motorcycle and takes off.

EXT. FOREST/MOTORCYCLE - DAY

MOVING

Callan drives through the forest, determination, and fear evident on his face.

EXT. FOREST - LATE EVENING

Callan is looking through bushes and trees.

He suddenly sees it: Her dress, on the ground. He rushes to it and picks it up. It is in tatters and there is blood all over it.

Callan lets it fall through his hands and follows it to the ground like a defeated man.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Callan is now in front of a big rusty sliding gate.

CALLAN  
Won't be long now, love.

Callan slides the gate open and it grinds and moans at the intrusion. Light enters a large space and he follows it in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Callan gags at the foul smell inside the warehouse.

All around him are scattered glass and old machinery, excrement and grime, and human corpses dangling on meat hooks.

Suddenly they start to emerge, from all shadows and corners of the space a whole army of the reptile-looking demons. More and more they gather. Their skin is pale yellow and decorated with what seems like occultist tattoos. They also have razor-sharp claws, curved fangs, and crimsoned eyes.

Callan grabs the handle of his katana, releases the blade from its sheath, and the reptilian creatures HISS in unison.

Callan goes on the attack hacking and slicing and stabbing any creature that comes within his reach. Large amounts of black blood decorate the floor as well as his clothes and face.

A reptilian creature slices across his right leg and another manages to bite him on his shoulder blade area, making him CRY out in pain. He pushes the creature away and swings his sword decapitating it.

The pain reenergizes Callan but also brings out his full rage, and he enters into a berserk state and goes back on the attack, fighting with all he has. He finds success in his attack but he also suffers blows, as during the scramble he suffers a broken nose, a cut on his cheekbone, and three fingers on his left hand get bitten off.

Callan reaches the end of his furor as exhaustion overwhelms him and his knees buckle. He is now in a corner and the battle seems to have reached the final stages.

He takes out his revolver and points it to his head, his finger on the trigger.

He hesitates though and one of the creatures knocks the weapon out of his hand and it falls down a staircase to a basement below, swallowed up in darkness.

As the creatures go on the attack, he picks up his sword and swings away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Callan is still swinging away when he realizes that there's no one in front of him and that he's killed all the reptile creatures.

He collapses to the ground with a desperate need of rest and goes into a long LAUGHING fit which, in turn, slowly morphs into a full-on SOB.

Callan collects himself and slowly gets to his feet. He lights his *Zippo* and makes it to the staircase that leads downstairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Callan walks down the staircase in search of his six-shooter but freezes to the spot with what he sees:

A terrified girl, SUSIE, no more than eight years old, is standing there held prisoner, her legs tied by a chain to a spike on the ground.

CALLAN  
It's - it's OK.

He notices that she is holding on to his weapon.

She raises it and points it at him.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
No, careful with -

The muzzle flashes and the BANG is deafening.

Callan falls to the floor, a bullet wound in his chest.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
W- why?

He crawls on the floor until he catches his reflection on some broken glass leaning on the far wall, and realization dawns on him: Covered head to toe in blood - red and black - full of cuts, bruises, and swelling, clothes in tatters, and with a deranged look in his eyes, he resembles a demon even worse looking than the ones that had her captured.

Susie drops the gun and begins to CRY.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
It's OK, little girl, you're safe  
now.

Callan turns around and closes his eyes and a smile appears on his lips:

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Vicky.

FADE TO BLACK.

CALLAN (V.O.)  
The darkness is thick and heavy - a  
hallowed pit of never-ending  
nothingness.

THE END