

In God you trust

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

EXT. SLAVE QUARTERS (1874) - SOUTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

Old paint falls from the rundown shack, with a roof that looks seconds from caving in due to the hard rain pouring down.

SLAVE #1 wearing tattered clothes comes running up making his way to the door opening it making haste inside closing the door.

EXT. /INT - INSIDE THE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Inside the shack, rain drips from the ceiling to the filthy floor.

A calm fire is burning in the fireplace.

Bloodstained rags for clothes are hanging on the walls.

A pile of hay with a blanket on top of it is in the corner someone uses for a bed.

This is definitely not a place civilized people would call home.

The slaves eating at the wooden handmade table appreciative for the meal are a mixture of males and females humming an old spiritual hymn.

In the corner towards the back sitting in a rocking chair is an appealing SLAVE WOMAN wearing a "Hand Me Down" dress rocking a baby.

SLAVE #1 face has welt marks starting to heal, almost grotesque how the scarred tissue meshes with his dark skin.

He moves toward the fireplace with no words for anyone.

Looking back over his right shoulder in the corner by the door, he sucks his teeth, spitting on the floor, bothered by the presence of DOUGLASS.

The handsome man sitting in the corner wearing all-white with his right leg crossed over the left, and hands locked together.

Slave #1 takes a seat in front of the fireplace taking his shirt off.

DOUGLASS
 (To Slave #1)
 You're not eating?

Placing his hands to the fire for warmth, Slave #1 shakes his head no.

SLAVE #2 is a muscular man covered with old welt marks.

He gets up from the table making his way over towards Douglass taking a seat on the floor beside him.

Douglass looks down at him with his crystal blue eyes, and a smile residing on his face.

SLAVE #2
 (Southern accent)
 Thanks for the food, master.

DOUGLASS
 I told you, don't call me that. Call me Douglass.

Slave #2 is bewildered, staring at Douglass smiling at him.

SLAVE #2
 Why are you so nice to us mas--I mean Douglass?

Douglass uncrosses his legs sitting back in the chair.

DOUGLASS
 I'll tell you.

Slave #2 is amazed he's actually about to explain the reason why he's nice to the slaves.

SLAVE #2
 Listen up. Mas--I mean, Douglass is about to tell a story.

The woman with the baby rolls her eyes, uninterested in the story.

Slave #1 glances back with an expression saying he could care less, but he'll listen.

The only sounds heard are the rain, and crackling of wood in the fire as everyone gives Douglass their full attention.

Douglass holds out his right hand so they can get a good look

at the ring on his pinky finger.

CLOSE UP - THE RING

It's a blue sapphire on a gold band that belonged to his deceased grand-mother.

DOUGLASS

My great-grandmother gave me this ring before she died. Yes sir, sweet as pumpkin pie my great-grandmother. She believed you should treat people no differently from the next.

SLAVE #2

Even us coloreds?

DOUGLASS

Yes.

SLAVE #2

You're a good man, Douglass.

DOUGLASS

The Lord bestows his love in all of us. When you bless others you receive your blessings.

SLAVE #2

I wish all white folk were like you. There's no reason to hate us colored folks.

DOUGLASS

I believe since "God" is seen as a white man, and in the beginning there was Adam and Eve, who are also white, white people believe there should only be white people in the world.

Slave #2 scratches his head pondering on what Douglass said, but can't find it in his heart to believe that's the true reason why.

SLAVE #2

If everyone before us was white, where did colored folk come from?

DOUGLASS

That's a question I can't answer.

SLAVE #2

People shouldn't have hate in their heart. There's no difference between us and white folk.

DOUGLASS

That's why I treat everyone the same.

SLAVE #2

Why does your father hate us?

Ashamed he's the son of a man filled with so much hate, Douglass sighs deep lowering his head.

DOUGLASS

I don't know what turned him into a monster.

(Sighs)

Maybe one day---

The sound of the door being kicked in crashing on the floor is heard.

In walks twelve dripping wet white men holding machete's and nooses, with hate spilling from their eyes.

SEBASTIAN is last to walk in standing by the door, nauseated by the slaves breathing the same air as him.

His scruffy beard could use a good trim, and his confederate clothing needs to be washed.

He adjusts the revolver in the holster on his hip looking over at Slave #1.

Slave #1 smiles standing up walking towards him.

Sebastian cracks a slight smile with his yellow stained teeth exposed, nodding his head for Slave #1 to leave.

Now Douglass understands he was betrayed by Slave #1, and that's the reason why his father and his henchmen are there.

All of the slaves cower towards the back.

The baby begins crying.

One of the men prepares to snatch the baby, and Sebastian shakes his head no.

The man backs off.

Slave Woman clinches the baby tighter, sobbing low.

Staring at his father knowing it's about to be a confrontation, Douglass stands to his feet.

Slave #2 stands cracking his massive knuckles ready to throw down taking a step towards Sebastian, and one of the men steps behind him placing a machete to his throat.

Slave #2 is frozen with annoyance pulsating through his veins because he can't get his hands on Sebastian.

Sebastian spits on the floor.

SEBASTIAN

That boy was telling the truth. You've been feeding these niggers my food.

DOUGLASS

They're people with names just like us.

SEBASTIAN

They're niggers! Niggers are nowhere near anything like us! Their only purpose is to serve us!

The men laugh.

Slave #2 tries moving, and the man presses the blade hard against his throat, drawing a little blood.

Douglass shakes his head disappointed hearing the ignorance that came from his father's mouth.

DOUGLASS

Grandma is rolling over in her grave.

Sebastian pulls his revolver, grinding his teeth as he walks towards Douglass.

SEBASTIAN

What did you say?

DOUGLASS

Your cold eyes don't scare me. I only fear "God".

Looking at his own flesh and blood as an enemy, he cocks the hammer.

Blank stares are on the faces of the men, waiting on Sebastian's response.

Douglass is proud he stood against his father's racist ways, and then...WHACK!!!

Sebastian pistol-whips him, knocking him to the floor, looking down regretting he calls him his son.

The slaves know their lives are near the end, looking at the men ready for the slaughter.

Slave Woman clenches her baby tighter, rocking frightened mumbling a prayer.

Douglass is on his knees spitting out blood.

Sebastian takes a few steps away, turning around aiming at his head.

SEBASTIAN

I don't mix with niggers, and I didn't create a nigger lover! Now if you believe in "God", you better pray he gives you some sense right now, and remember you're a white man who doesn't mix with niggers.

Licking the blood from his lip, the same smile he had before his father intruded reappears on his face.

DOUGLASS

"God" will protect me.

Breathing heavily, shaking his head placing the revolver back in the holster, Sebastian signals one of the men with a noose.

The man with the noose and three other men walk over to Douglass.

SEBASTIAN

Place a noose on the nigger lover's neck.

Douglass tries getting up, and one of the men kicks him hard in the face, knocking him on his back.

Fed up with the way Douglass is being treated, no longer caring about life or death, Slave #2 elbows the man holding the machete to his throat hard in the stomach.

The man drops the machete, folding over coughing, holding back from hurling his meal.

Sebastian quickly draws his gun turning his aim on Slave #2 pulling the trigger.

BLOOD, BRAINS AND THE BULLET EXITING HIS HEAD FLY AT US.

The slaves scream.

Slave #2 hits the floor, dead.

Douglass screams in horror while being held down by two men, while another one places a noose around his neck. Douglass gasps for air grabbing at the rope getting tighter around his neck.

His skin is turning red as the men drag him across the floor, propping him up against the wooden table.

Sebastian walks over, kneeling down, placing the gun to his head.

Despite he's red as an apple with veins bulging in his forehead...no sign of fear is seen in his eyes.

SEBASTIAN

Since you wanna be with these niggers,
and back talk not only a white man but
your father. You'll die here with your
nigger friends.

We can hear Douglass circulation being cut off.

Sebastian looks over at the Slave woman, and then Douglass with a sadistic smile.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

This is on your head why the little
nigger baby won't live.

Sebastian puts the gun away taking Douglass right hand placing it on the table picking up a fork slamming it down hard into Douglass hand, doing his left hand the same before pulling the gun out again pistol-whipping him.

Blood and teeth fly from his mouth.

Barely conscious with blood dripping from his mouth and a bloody face, Douglass holds a smile.

Done with beating him, he spits on his son before taking the machete from the man who had it held up against Slave #2 throat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Burn in hell.

DOUGLASS

"God" will---

Sebastian swings with all his might, and **THE BLADE COMES AT US, DECAPITATING DOUGLASS.**

Blood sprays from the stomp.

The men with Sebastian are silent, as the slaves scream.

THE HEAD rolls over by the fire, and one of the men picks it up, throwing it in.

With a low chuckle and a smirk, Sebastian unzips his pants pissing on the dead body.

SEBASTIAN

Slaughter these niggers, so they can burn with their friend.

The men begin slaughtering the slaves, and their screams echo through the night.

DOUGLASS SPIRIT stands watching the onslaught with tears moistening his face.

A light comes from the sapphire absorbing him in.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE

Standing in front of the golden sparkling gates is DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER, early-seventies wearing an angel robe with a glowing aura around her.

The sky is clear blue, and fluffy clouds are the ground. We can see other angels behind the gate at peace.

Douglass appears looking around confused, until he sees his grandmother.

Not sure if this is a dream or he's actually reuniting with his grandmother, he waits a minute before smiling, slowly

approaching her.

DOUGLASS

Grandma?

DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER

Come home, dear. Come where you belong.

Pausing, he takes a step back looking at her confused.

DOUGLASS

Why now? You told me if I do good deeds, God will bless me. I've done nothing but good, and I'm here at a young age.

DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER

It was your time, dear. This is your reward.

DOUGLASS

What about the other innocent people killed?! I thought you said God protects people?! There's no "God"! Fuck "God"!

The sky turns black, and the rumble of thunder is heard.

The angels who were at peace slowly vanish as the rain comes down.

The glowing aura around her is fading away.

She becomes worried, knowing if she can't reach her grandson he'll be banished to hell.

DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER

Dear, listen to---

DOUGLASS

Fuck you too, grandma!

His face frowns up pointing at the gate.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

You mark my words, "God"! When a woman with a pure soul wears the ring on my dead body, I'll merge my soul with hers, corrupting it, so I can kill you! Reverse Adam and Eve because man

is "God"!

He gives the gate the finger.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Fuck you, "God"!

The golden gates turn into maggots, and now the rain is pouring down hard from the pitch black sky.

His grandmother fades away.

The clouds open, and his spirit falls in.

FOLLOWING HIM DOWN THE HOLE MADE OF ROTTED FLESH, his skin gets peeled by rusty razors, while parasites eat his flesh, as Douglass laughs in triumph.

FADE OUT:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sebastian is sleeping on his bed with his revolver on the pillow.

CLOSE UP - DOUGLASS RING

On Sebastian's right hand slowly fading to black.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DEPTHS OF HELL (1980)

The screams of tormented souls echo throughout the eerie dim room with a light mist.

Down on her knees on the floor covered with gravel, broken bones and skulls breathing heavily covered in dirt and sweat wearing a torn nightgown is **CHRISSEY**.

Fear is in her green eyes scanning the room.

CHRISSEY'S POV

She sees hundreds of mildew green slimy beasts dripping clear ooze from their body, yellow eyes, long claws and a mouth full of razor sharp teeth snarling at her, clinging to the ceiling.

CLOSE UP - THE BLACK LIQUID

The black liquid moving up her arm resembling black pulsating veins is coming from Douglass ring on her right index finger.

Embracing her fear, making her stronger, ignoring the pain from the black liquid squeezing her arm, she stands to her feet smiling.

CHRISSY

I beat you!

A demonic laugh cuts through the room.

The voice of the "Beast" is Demonic and eerie.

BEAST (O.S.)

Do you really think you can defeat me?

CHRISSY

Then finish it! Finish it, and make us one!

The screams desist, and the creatures fade back into the darkness.

CLOSE UP - THE BLACK LIQUID

The liquid squeezes her arm tighter causing blood to squirt out.

She moans in pain grabbing her arm.

Blood is dripping from her arm, but she's no longer afraid looking around the dark room, searching for the creature the voice came from.

CHRISSY

Just as I thought! You're no "God"!
You're nothing more than---

AN ARM MADE OF BLACK LIQUID lunges straight towards us grabbing her by the throat, lifting her up in the air.

She gasps for air, struggling to get free as her hands slide through the liquid.

Her face is turning red, and the veins are bulging in her forehead.

CHRISSY'S POV

She's staring into the solid white eyes with blue tormented

souls circulating through them.

BEAST (O.S.)
I am your God!

Her eyes roll in the back of her head, seconds away from death.

The Beast slams her to the floor releasing a loud growl.

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. THE WHITE ROOM

Silence occupies the white room.

Chrissy is on her knees hacking, grabbing at her throat trying to breathe.

The liquid that was squeezing her arm is gone.

CHRISSY'S POV

Her vision is blurry, but we can see a stretched out body not far from where she is.

She inches towards it, gradually regaining a steady pace of breathing.

The closer she gets, her vision clears seeing the body of her husband, LARRY.

He has no shirt on with claw marks on his back.

She sobs, flipping him over holding his head rocking back and forth.

Her tears fall onto his face causing him to cough up blood, slowly opening his green eyes.

She smiles looking at him.

CHRISSY
Larry?

Larry looks at her with confusion written on his face.

LARRY
What--what's going on? Where are we?

CHRISSEY
It doesn't matter.

LARRY
I remember we were at home. And then---

She leans down, giving him a passionate kiss, pulling back smiling.

CHRISSEY
Let's go home.

She stands to her feet extending her hand helping him to his feet.

He slowly stands with blood dripping from the claw marks, as they hold hands walking off.

LARRY
Chrissy?

CHRISSEY
Yes?

LARRY
When we get home, and of course when I get better. Can we have that threesome?

CHRISSEY
(Scoffs)
Just because we survived this, it doesn't change how I feel. The answer is still no.

He stops walking, causing her to stop looking at him.

LARRY
(Persuasive)
You said you'll do anything to keep me happy.

Her look should let him know no matter how persuasive he's trying to be, it won't change her mind.

CHRISSEY
How can I be more than enough woman if you're trying to involve another one? And besides, my religion doesn't condone sins condemning your soul.

He pulls her in a hug, holding her tight.

CLOSE UP - THE RING

It starts turning black.

LARRY

You're enough. This is about---

CHRISSEY

Then there's nothing more to discuss.

The walls begin cracking trickling blood.

LARRY

We have to keep each other happy. This is what will make me happy.

She begins struggling to get free.

CHRISSEY

You're hurting me.

CLOSE UP - HIS BACK

The claw marks grow wider, fully tearing his back open, and instead of blood, black liquid starts spilling out.

LARRY

(Voice of the Beast)

If you love me bitch, you'll do it!

CHRISSEY

Larry, let me---

She gasps when she sees she's being held by two liquid arms coming from the body of the Beast.

The Beast looks like the other creatures we saw, but instead of dripping clear liquid its blood.

The head is half demon, half human, with decomposing flesh, and a mouth full of razor sharp teeth dripping blood and drool.

She screams trying to break free.

CLOSE UP - THE FLOOR

The once white solid floor is now covered in blood and disemboweled bodies grabbing at her legs.

The Beast grabs her by the throat, lifting her in the air.

BEAST
Surrender or spend eternity in hell.

The liquid has formed back on her arm.

The pressure from the Beast squeezing her throat causes her to spit up blood.

CHRISSY
...Never.

A loud bell goes off.

The bodies rise from the floor spilling their insides.

Some rotted arms lunge from the Beast going through her chest, **BURSTING OUT HER BACK COVERED WITH BLOOD, HOLDING HER LUNGS.**

The hands drop the lungs, and then latch hold to each side of her body, ripping her in half.

The walls crack open, and blood begins filling the room.

CLOSE UP - THE BEAST EYES

The glowing eyes die out.

FADE TO RED:

INT. SAMANTHA'S ART ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: DETROIT, MICHIGAN MARCH 7, 2017

SAMANTHA, wearing a T-shirt, jogging pants and an apron covered with dried up paint is standing in the middle of the room in front of an easel with frustration etching her brown face tapping a paintbrush in her palm.

On the surrounding walls are various paintings she created ranging from elegant, all the way down to the bizarre and macabre.

Dipping the brush into the black paint, she slowly moves it towards the canvas.

The bristles are almost touching the bare surface as she motions her hand to paint, and then...she pulls away, placing it down inside the paint.

Placing her hands over her face, she sighs deeply from lack of inspiration, knowing creating art is a second nature, but for some reason she can't perform at what she's good at.

The door is heard opening and closed. Now we see her handsome husband, CASSIDY.

Despite having a nice expensive suit on, you can tell from his build he has a solid physique underneath that goes great with his pearly whites he's showing, radiating happiness on his light brown face making his way towards his wife.

Coming up behind her wrapping his arms around her waist, he plants a soft kiss on her cheek.

CASSIDY

I love you.

Releasing a sigh, the irritation of not coming up with an idea drowns out his words.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

SAMANTHA

I need something new to paint.

CASSIDY

Paint a picture of us?

She closes her eyes, shaking her head in anguish, saddened by the fact she can't paint the picture he suggested.

SAMANTHA

...You know I can't do that.

With his arms still wrapped around her, he nestles his face against hers.

CASSIDY

Baby...don't you think it's time you let that go?

Shoving his arms down, she turns staring dead in his eyes disgusted he would say such a thing.

SAMANTHA

Really? I should let it go like it never happened?

He knows he's in the doghouse.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry. I was just trying---

SAMANTHA

Trying to do what? Aggravate me more than what I am?

CASSIDY

I wasn't trying to aggravate you. I was only---

She turns her back to him.

SAMANTHA

Well, you did. Just leave.

He goes to reach for her waist, and then he stops, lowering his head, turning walking away.

Getting closer to the door he pauses, and then turns back around.

CASSIDY

Sam.

Releasing a sharp deep sigh of anger, she keeps her back turned to him.

SAMANTHA

What?

Walking back towards her, he goes in his pants pocket retrieving a ring box coming to a stop behind her.

CASSIDY

You know I didn't mean it that way.

SAMANTHA

Why are you still here?

He opens the box.

CASSIDY

Can you look at me, please?

She turns around with an attitude until she looks down and Sees...

SAMANTHA'S POV

Inside the ring box is the ring.

Covering her mouth from staring at the beauty of the ring, she's lost for words.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
I knew you'd like it.

SAMANTHA
Where did you get it?

CASSIDY
I stopped at this antique shop to get something for the house. When I went in, something was drawing me to this ring.

SAMANTHA
It's beautiful.

CASSIDY
And it deserves to be worn by a beautiful woman.

She blushes, giving him a kiss.

SAMANTHA
How much did it cost?

CASSIDY
I actually got it for cheap. The guy was talking about some type of legend behind it, and blah, blah, blah.

She becomes interested in the legend.

SAMANTHA
What legend?

CASSIDY
He said it belonged to some guy back in the 1800's who was good to the slaves. I really wasn't paying attention. Try it on.

She takes the ring out, placing it on her right index finger, and it's a perfect fit.

SAMANTHA
We're golden.

He gives her a kiss.

CASSIDY

Sorry about what I said.

SAMANTHA

Don't ruin the mood. Just don't bring it up again, please.

CASSIDY

I won't. Do you still wanna have the party tonight or are you over it?

SAMANTHA

My success is my friend's success. I'll never forget where I came from. The party is on.

CASSIDY

You know if everybody else comes, Tiff---

She holds her hand up, halting his words.

SAMANTHA

No matter if the bitch comes or not, she's not ruining it for everybody else. She needs to understand she's an Ex for a reason, and what she wants, she can never have.

CASSIDY

You're right. I'll go setup.

SAMANTHA

Okay.

They lean into each other kissing.

CASSIDY

I love you.

SAMANTHA

I love you, too.

He walks out the room.

She stares down at the ring, almost as if she's in a trance.

Snapping out of it, she turns looking at the canvas picking up the paintbrush filled with inspiration beginning to paint.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Various paintings Samantha created hang on the cream walls.

The long table with chairs around it is covered with different foods, bottles of wine and snack trays.

BILL, EDDIE, BRENDA, TRACY, BRAD and TIFFANY are occupying the room.

Brad, a burned-out cop turned alcoholic is staring at one of the paintings taking a sip from his flask.

The traces of Grey in his hair, and troubles in his blue eyes let you know something traumatic turned him into what he is.

The beautiful Puerto Rican model sitting at the table looking in her pocket mirror making sure her makeup, eyelashes and eyebrows are on point is Brenda.

Bill and Eddie Samantha's childhood friends are standing off in the corner smoking cigarettes having a conversation, turning red from laughter.

The laid back pretty boy, bright yellow with curly hair pacing back and forth on the phone is Ted.

He's a motivational speaker for raped women.

Sitting to the side talking on the phone with ice in her blue eyes is Tracy.

She's a dedicated volunteer who helps the homeless.

Standing by the door placing lip-gloss on thinking she's the shit because she's mixed with African-American and Caucasian is Tiffany.

She has her eyes locked on the door waiting for Cassidy to come in.

Cassidy comes into the room drinking Champagne from the bottle looking snazzy.

As he makes his way to the front of the table, Tiffany quickly runs up behind him grabbing his arm.

TIFFANY

Can I talk to you real quick?

He turns around taking a sip staring at her confused.

CASSIDY

About what?

Adding some seduction behind her words, she winks, nodding her head towards the door.

TIFFANY

Step out in the hall with me.

She grabs his hand and they walk towards the door.

As soon as Tiffany opens the door, there stands Samantha wearing something elegant looking at the two smiling, politely parting their hands.

Tiffany steps to the side sucking her teeth, watching as Samantha grabs Cassidy by the back of the head giving him a kiss.

Making a statement with her passionate kiss, Samantha turns looking at Tiffany with a bright smile.

SAMANTHA

Still trying to take something that's not yours?

TIFFANY

You got some nerve.

The two stare each other down.

Cassidy sees the tension, taking Samantha by the hand.

CASSIDY

This ain't the time.

TIFFANY

(To Samantha)

I'll take this up with you later.

SAMANTHA

I can't wait.

Eying her up and down one last time, Samantha smirks before making her way to the head of the table.

Cassidy takes a sip from the bottle looking at Tiffany shaking his head before following behind Samantha.

Tiffany rolls her eyes, breathing heavy, walking down towards the end of the table taking a seat next to Brenda.

Ted ends his phone call taking a seat.

Samantha looks over the room smiling, happy her friends attended her gathering.

Cassidy is standing beside her proud that his wife sold another painting.

SAMANTHA

Good evening everybody. As you know, I called you over to celebrate another painting I sold.

Tiffany scoffs, cleaning the dirt from under her nails.

TIFFANY

I'm surprised people buy this shit.

Samantha looks at Tiffany disgusted, not just because of her smart remark, but because she's in her house.

SAMANTHA

Says the woman who gives her pussy away for free?

Tiffany makes her way to Samantha, and Cassidy quickly stands between them.

CASSIDY

You two cut the shit! Tiffany, sit that ass down. Sam, please continue.

Tiffany rolls her eyes, going back to her seat.

Samantha clears her throat.

SAMANTHA

Thank you all for coming over because you know my success is yours as well. Let's eat and have a good time.

TIFFANY

How can anybody have a good time with you?

Samantha cuts her eyes at Tiffany pointing her finger, and the ring catches Tracy's eye.

SAMANTHA

You won't be happy until I slap the shit outta you.

Cassidy facepalms himself, annoyed Samantha and Tiffany are behaving like they're back in high school.

CASSIDY

Oh my fucking, God! Are we back in high school?

SAMANTHA

That's yo bitch. You need---

TRACY

Sam, where did you get the ring?

Samantha flips her hand looking at the ring.

SAMANTHA

Cass got it for me. I forgot I had it on.

TRACY

It's beautiful.

Tiffany stands up placing her hands on her hips, rolling her eyes.

TIFFANY

You can't say the same for the owner.

Samantha calmly walks over to Tiffany grabbing her tight around the throat with one hand.

Everybody looks shocked, as Cassidy tries breaking her grip.

CASSIDY

Sam, let her go.

SAMANTHA

This bitch needs to get her shit together before I do it for her!

She lets her go.

The lights begin flickering on and off causing everyone to pay attention.

CASSIDY

What the fuck?

Even after being choked, Tiffany rubs her throat, smacking her lips, giving Samantha a look as if she's beneath her.

TIFFANY

Somebody didn't pay the light bill.

Samantha looks at her with a sly grin before slapping her with her right hand.

As soon as her palm touches her face, black smoke rushes out the ring filling the room.

Everyone gasps, grabbing at their throats trying to breathe, falling to the floor unconscious.

INTERCUT WITH:

INSIDE THE HUMAN BODY

The smoke circulates through the human body turning the organs black.

FADE OUT:

INT. DINING ROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The smoke has cleared out.

Everyone slowly stands to their feet feeling light headed, and sick to the stomach.

BRAD

Oh, man. What happened?

Tracy is looking around the room confused.

TRACY

That's a good question.

Brenda lets off a blood curdling scream causing everyone to focus their attention on her.

TRACY

What's wrong?

Brenda is looking at herself in her pocket mirror.

BRENDA

(Whinny)

There's a cut under my eye.

Everyone scoffs, brushing her off.

BILL

Whatever happened, I gotta make a move.

EDDIE

I'm with you. It was fun Sam, but we're out.

Bill and Eddie walk out the room.

Brad picks up his flask shaking his head disappointed because it's empty.

BRAD

I need a drink.

Brad walks out the room.

TRACY

I guess we better leave. I have an interview in the morning.

(To Brenda)

Come on girl, let me get you home.

Tracy and Brenda walk out the room.

Ted finishes sending his text, placing his phone back in his pocket.

TED

I'm outta here, Sam.

Ted walks out the room.

Samantha is silent, staring at the ring.

Cassidy walks up behind Samantha wrapping his arm around her waist.

Tiffany walks over to the door placing lip gloss on.

CASSIDY

You okay?

SAMANTHA

I'm fine.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Cass, can you let me out?

He turns his head looking at her.

CASSIDY
Let yourself out.

SAMANTHA
Nah, go let the dumb bitch out.

CASSIDY
Are you sure?

SAMANTHA
Yeah. Just hurry up.

He walks over to her, and the two walk out the room.

The hallway is all-white with black marble floors, and in wall aquariums.

A crystal chandelier hangs above lighting the room.

As they walk to the front door, she grabs him by the shoulders pressing him against the wall.

He's stunned by her actions pushing her back.

CASSIDY
What the fuck is wrong with you?

She steps back in his face.

TIFFANY
Stop playing with me.

CASSIDY
Playing? What the fuck are you talking about?

She points her finger in his face.

TIFFANY
You know goddamn well what I'm talking about. What are you doing with her?

CASSIDY
What am I doing with her? She's my wife.

TIFFANY
You know damn well it should be us together.

CASSIDY

Does it?

TIFFANY

(Seductive)

Did you forget what happened the night your wife was in the hospital? Do you remember she can never give you what you really want?

He stands silent.

She wraps her arms around his neck leaning in.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Does she fuck you like me?

He starts breathing heavy thinking back on the sexual encounters they had.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

And I already know.

She drops down to her knees, and you can hear his pants unzip.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

She doesn't suck you like me.

He closes his eyes leaning back biting his bottom lip, as the lights flicker on and off.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(Troubled)

Cass, come quick!

He quickly straightens up getting his pants together.

CASSIDY

Here I come!

Tiffany stands up licking her lips.

TIFFANY

Not really. Give me a few more seconds.

CASSIDY

Look, you gotta go.

TIFFANY

You gotta be shitting me?

CASSIDY

You gotta go, my wife needs me.

TIFFANY

You weren't thinking about her ass a few seconds ago.

He grabs her by the arm trying to force her towards the door, and she snatches away.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Get your fucking hands off me. I'll tell you this. Either you give me what I want or I'll make sure she'll be your Ex wife.

He balls his fist, and she stands with her hands on her hips.

CASSIDY

Bitch, if you even think about---

TIFFANY

You better calm that shit down. I don't think you wanna explain the reason why you hit me is because you feel guilty about letting me give you some head.

He drops his head in shame.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Give me what I want. I'll give you time to think about it.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I'll talk to you later, boo. Oh yeah, one more thing.

She licks her lips seductively.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You still taste sweet.

She winks at him before walking out the house.

He stands shaking his head before going back into the dining

room.

Samantha has her back turned to the door.

SAMANTHA
What took you so long?

CASSIDY
I was locking up the house.

SAMANTHA
Come over here and look at this.

He walks over to her, and when he looks at her extended right hand he becomes etched with confusion.

CASSIDY
What the hell is that?

CLOSE UP - THE RING

The ring has black lines going through it appearing cracked.

SAMANTHA
I thought it was cracked. I rubbed my finger across it, and it's still smooth.

He rubs his thumb across the ring.

CASSIDY
...That's weird.

She tries taking it off.

SAMANTHA
It feels like it's attached to my finger.

CASSIDY
Did it feel that way earlier?

SAMANTHA
No.

CASSIDY
We'll try getting it off in the morning. I'll see you upstairs.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek, and then walks out the room.

She continues trying to take the ring off and the beast's eyes quickly flashes.

She shakes her head confused.

SAMANTHA

Maybe I should go lay down.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room looks like a light version of a hoarder's place.

Empty beer cans and liquor bottles are on the floor, along with old pizza boxes.

Bill and Eddie are sitting at the table drinking beer.

On the table is a six pack of beer, an ashtray filled with cigarette butts and blunt tails, a cocaine grinder, weed pipes, lighters and a small pile of coke.

EDDIE

(Anxious)

Where the trees, fam?

BILL

Look on the bookshelf. Grab the book, too.

EDDIE

Is it the same weed from last time?

Bill takes a sip from his beer.

BILL

I got some new shit.

Eddie gets up walking to the cluttered bookshelf moving a few books, grabbing the can and a photo album.

He sits back down at the table smiling, placing the book down, sliding the can over to Bill.

Bill takes the lid off the can, dumping the lime green weed onto the table.

A smile of satisfaction comes across Bill's face sticking his nose in the weed inhaling deep.

Eddie opens the photo album flipping the pages.

It appears he's reminiscing on something that made him happy.

Bill breaks some of the weed down, placing it in his pipe, adding some of the coke on top, stuffing it all the way down.

Taking a break from whatever he's looking at in the album, Eddie picks up his pipe repeating the same process Bill did.

They look at each other smiling, placing the pipes in their mouth's picking up lighters bringing the flame forth.

With a nod of the head, they place the flame to the mixture taking a hard hit, instantly pulling the pipes away coughing up a lung.

EDDIE
(Coughing)
Goddamn, this shit strong as hell.

BILL
(Coughing)
Hell yeah.

Eddie wipes the sweat from his face.

EDDIE
Keep getting this shit.

BILL
You know I am.

Red faced and sweating, they place the pipes down.

BILL (CONT'D)
You remember that one girl at the gym
I was trying to talk to?

EDDIE
Are you talking about the redhead with
the nice ass?

BILL
That's the bitch.

EDDIE
What about her?

BILL
I'm still bothered by the fact she
turned me down. I mean, look at me.
What the fuck is wrong with her?

EDDIE
You can't win `em all, Bro.

BILL
That's bullshit, and you know it.

EDDIE
Why are you acting like that's the
best bitch you've ever seen?

BILL
Granted, she is ugly, but still. I did
wanna see what her mouth was about.

Eddie laughs, picking up his beer, taking a sip.

BILL (CONT'D)
Laugh it up.

EDDIE
I'm not laughing about that.

BILL
What are you laughing about?

EDDIE
She turned me down, too.

Bill breaks out laughing.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Some women just feel they're the shit.

BILL
Knowing they're whores, but wanna try
and play innocent. So, let me ask you
something.

EDDIE
What?

BILL
What would you rate her on the list?

Eddie takes another sip, nods his head side to side, and then
sucks his teeth.

EDDIE
One. Nothing worth really talking
about after the job was done.

BILL
I thought the same thing. Ah, well.
Come help me with something.

EDDIE
What?

BILL
I got this new treadmill, and I need
some help putting it together.

EDDIE
Okay.

They both grab their can of beer getting up from the table
making their way out the room.

INSERT THE PHOTO ALBUM

There are pictures of abused dead naked women with their
names and hair next to their pictures.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The room is just as cluttered as the living room. Boxes are
stacked against the wall.

Weights and barbells are scattered on the floor, along with
dirty clothes.

The two are making their way down the stairs laughing.

Reaching the bottom they move across the clutter on the floor
making their way over to the corner stopping.

Eddie takes a sip from his beer.

EDDIE
This is a nice one.

BILL
I figured you'd like it. How long do
you think it'll take putting it
together?

EDDIE
Not long at all.

In the corner on the floor handcuffed to a pipe on her

stomach, gagged, bruised and bloody is the woman they were talking about, wearing her bra and panties, looking up at the two terrified.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

When did you get her?

BILL

Last night, right after she finished her workout. I caught her in the parking lot alone, hit her one good time over the head. The rest is what you see.

EDDIE

Did you have a go at her yet?

Bill takes a sip from his beer.

BILL

Nah. You know we do this together. And now that you told me she turned you down too, that makes it even better.

EDDIE

Yes, it does.

Eddie kneels down playing in her hair, getting aroused by her muffled screams.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Like I said, she's nothing worth keeping in the collection, but it'll be fun for the night.

As he stands to his feet, the lights flicker on and off, but they're too focused on raping the woman to notice.

BILL

You wanna go first?

EDDIE

You go. I'll watch since you caught her.

The two start laughing, and then...Bill starts coughing, grabbing at his chest.

Eddie continues laughing thinking it's the fifty-one they smoked, until the coughing grows louder, and Bill drops to the floor.

While he's on the ground coughing with sweat beads covering his face, the veins in his neck turn black beginning to bulge.

Eddie looks on in horror as the coughing turns into him spitting up blood, and the veins in his neck burst leaking black liquid.

With Bill's last few gasps, **HIS CHEST BURSTS OPEN, SPILLING HIS INSIDES ON THE FLOOR.**

Eddie turns to the side vomiting, terrified seeing his friend die in such a gruesome manner in front of him.

Dropping to his knees panicking, he goes in his pocket pulling his phone out dialing 911.

The woman's muffled loud screams can be heard in the background.

EDDIE

(Into the phone)

I need help! My friend--my friend just---

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Calm down, sir. What---

EDDIE

(Into the phone)

Send help! I'm at 12111 Thatcher!

Please send...

He drops the phone grabbing at his throat, coughing up black liquid.

The veins in his head begin bulging as his head swells, and Blood mixed with black liquid starts leaking from his eyes.

HIS EYES BURSTS FROM HIS HEAD FLYING STRAIGHT AT US.

Blood and bits of meat spill from his mouth, right before his head explodes.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMANTHA'S ART ROOM - {SAMANTHA'S DREAM}

Samantha is sitting at her easel adding touch ups to her painting of skulls with snakes coming out of the eye sockets, dripping blood from their fangs.

Dipping the paintbrush into the red paint, she brings it up to the picture, and then...

BILL (O.S.)
He's coming for you, Sam.

She looks around the room confused, shaking her head assuming she's hearing things.

BILL (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Sam, he's coming.

Hearing the voice again makes her put the paintbrush down, standing up, turning around, making her way to the door.

SAMANTHA
Bill? Where are you?

EDDIE (O.S.)
Don't let him get you, Sam.

The closer she gets to the door, the room grows dimmer.

From confused hearing voices, to trembling with fear, she pauses, turning back around, and all of her paintings are gone.

The room is now empty and dim.

SAMANTHA
Where are you guys? What are you talking about?

BILL (O.S.)
It's so cold, Sam. Please...help us.

SAMANTHA
Where are you guys?!

There's silence, as she looks around the room confused.

SAMANTHA
Bill? Eddie? Speak to me!

Uncertain what's about to happen with fear surging through her body, she turns around and...

BILL AND EDDIE ROTTED FACES COVERED WITH MAGGOTS LUNGE AT US.

She screams falling to the floor.

BILL
(Creepy voice)
He wants you, Sam. There's nothing
that can stop him.

EDDIE
(Creepy voice)
Join us helping him.

She screams getting up running away, and then she comes face to face with the mouth of the Beast.

She falls to the ground screaming.

The mouth leans in closer, dripping drool and blood onto her face, as the tongue moves across her skin.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Samantha wakes up screaming in fear with sweat beads covering her face dripping on her black nightgown.

WIDER ANGLE--

She's sitting up on their king size bed with flower pattern sheets.

The bedroom window is open allowing the crisp spring breeze to come in, blowing the white drapes.

Various artistic paintings are on the walls.

On the oak nightstand beside the bed rests an alarm clock and a picture of them on their wedding day.

Cassidy comes rushing in the room wearing a nice suit making haste towards her taking a seat on the bed.

He holds her trying to calm her down.

CASSIDY
Baby, it's a dream. It's a dream baby,
calm down.

Realizing she's being held by her husband, she calms her breathing, but you can look in her eyes and tell the dream still has her shook.

SAMANTHA
(Terrified)
It seemed so real.

CASSIDY
What were you dreaming about?

Taking a deep breath, she turns her legs to get out the bed.

He slides to the side allowing her to place her feet on the floor getting comfortable.

SAMANTHA
It was Bill and Eddie.

As if he experienced the dream himself, he lowers his head sighing.

CASSIDY
...There's something I have to tell
you.

The treble in his voice, and the way he responded makes her turn looking at him worried.

SAMANTHA
What?

He looks at her wrapping an arm around her for comfort.

She stares into his eyes waiting to hear what he has to say.

CASSIDY
(Sorrow)
Bill and Eddie were murdered last
night.

She can't believe the words that came from his mouth, slowly sliding back keeping her eyes on him.

SAMANTHA
What?

CASSIDY
They were found dead in Bill's
basement. The police arrived and found
their bodies, along with---

SAMANTHA
No! No, it was just a dream! It was a
dream!

CASSIDY

Baby---

SAMANTHA

No!

She gets out the bed running out the room.

He sits on the bed sighing, as his phone rings.

Letting the phone ring a few more times, he pulls the phone out his pocket looking at the screen seeing Tiffany's name.

Taking a deep breath, he answers.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

You heard about Bill and Eddie?

CASSIDY

I just told Sam. She's not taking it well.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

It is horrible. So, did you figure out when you'll give me what I want?

CASSIDY

What the fuck?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

I truthfully don't give a fuck about the situation or her. You have three days to figure it out.

CASSIDY

You---

She hangs up on her end.

You can see the frustration on his face, placing the phone back in his pocket.

Blocking out what Tiffany just said, he gets up from the bed leaving the room, knowing at this moment he needs to be by his wife's side.

He comes down the stairs into the hallway making his way to the art room door grabbing the knob opening the door.

CASSIDY'S POV

Samantha is standing in front of her easel with her back turned to the door.

You can hear her mumbling some words under her sobs.

He makes his way into the room slowly approaching her.

CASSIDY

Baby, I'm here for you.

SAMANTHA

How could this happen?

CASSIDY

I know you're in pain right now. I just want you to know, I'm here for you.

SAMANTHA

You're not here for me. You only care about yourself.

Cassidy doesn't know how to respond, wondering why his wife would say something like that.

CASSIDY

Huh? Baby, what are you talking about?

He makes his way towards her, and when he gets to her he stops reaching his hand out for her waist.

Soon as his fingers touch her body, she turns around releasing a Demonic yell.

HER FACE RESEMBLES A DEMON WITH SOLID WHITE EYES AND A MOUTH FULL OF RAZOR TEETH.

A strong wind elevates her pushing him back, knocking the paintings down from the walls, blowing the easel over spilling the paints.

Fear is surging through every inch of his body, and his screams verify the terror as he looks on.

SAMANTHA

(Beast voice)

You don't deserve her! Her soul shall be mine, and yours shall rot in hell!

He remains frozen on the floor not knowing what to expect.

She yells again, and then her body falls to the floor hard, not moving.

Hesitant to move, you can see the puddle of piss forming under him.

Seeing she's not moving, he decides to cautiously inch his way towards her.

Now that he's close enough, he reaches his shaky hand out to touch her shoulder, and she quickly sits up, coughing up blood.

Without thinking twice, he moves back petrified, not only from the fear of what just happened, but because he has no idea what's wrong with his wife.

SAMANTHA
(Breathing heavy)
Help...help me.

She coughs up some more blood, and then passes out.

CASSIDY
Shit.

Quicker than he can think about taking his next breath, Cassidy dashes out the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Cassidy and the DOCTOR are standing outside of Samantha's room looking in on her.

She's asleep on the bed hooked up to machines.

Cassidy looks at the Doctor concerned for his wife's health, hoping the Doctor can tell him something to calm the edge.

CASSIDY
What's wrong with her, doc?

DOCTOR
From examining her, she's perfectly fine.

Cassidy shakes his head in disbelief.

CASSIDY

That can't be. She was coughing up
blood, and...

The Doctor looks on waiting to hear what else Cassidy has to
say.

Cassidy's heart starts racing thinking about the scene in the
art room, covering his mouth holding back from speaking on
what he saw, knowing the Doctor wouldn't believe him.

DOCTOR

What?

Getting a hold of himself he looks in the room at her, and
then the Doctor as he clears his throat.

CASSIDY

She wasn't herself.

DOCTOR

When did she start throwing up the
blood?

CASSIDY

Right before we came here.

DOCTOR

Do you know if she ingested anything
harmful or if she's suffering from
stress?

CASSIDY

Not to my knowledge. Last night we had
a small gathering with friends, and
this morning she was throwing up
blood.

DOCTOR

Well, we'll keep her overnight and run
some more tests. As far as we know
right now, your wife is fine.

Cassidy knows his wife is far from fine, taking one more
glance at her as if he'll never see her again.

CASSIDY

She's far from fine.

He walks off.

The Doctor watches Cassidy walk off, waiting a few seconds before going back in the room with Samantha.

EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tiffany has a two level brick house with flowers resting in pots on the banister of the porch in your typical quiet suburban neighborhood.

Cassidy is standing on the porch ringing the doorbell repeatedly filled with anger, getting madder by the second the longer it takes for her to answer.

She finally comes to the door opening it with a smile wearing some sexy lingerie, putting her hands on her hips.

Before she can fix her mouth to speak, he slaps her hard across the face, shoving her in the house following behind her closing the door.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Provocative paintings are on the walls, and hand knitted quilts rest on the sofa and loveseat.

She holds her face laughing, leaning up against the wall, as he steps over to her with his fist balled.

TIFFANY

You still like it rough I see.

You can tell he's holding back from beating her ass by the way he's breathing, and the authority behind the way he points his finger in her face.

CASSIDY

I don't know what you did or said, but if you come near me or my wife again, I'll kill you.

She gathers herself looking at him smiling.

TIFFANY

Maybe you exposed yourself.

He grabs her by the shoulders pressing her up against the wall hard.

CASSIDY

You think this is a game?!

She looks at him smiling.

TIFFANY

Of course it's, baby. So far, it looks like I'm winning.

He gets ready to slap her again, and she grabs his wrist pulling his hand closer to her mouth, slowly sucking on his finger.

While doing this, she moans getting turned on.

Confused by her actions, he stares wondering what's really wrong with her.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(Seductive)

You need to put this hand where it belongs.

She places his hand on her ass.

He becomes disgusted, snatching his hand away.

CASSIDY

You sick bitch. Stay away from me and my family.

He turns his back walking away.

TIFFANY

Are you serious?

(Laughs)

She can't produce the new members to give you a family, boo.

He turns around.

CASSIDY

Fuck you.

TIFFANY

You'll be fucking me.

No longer wanting to entertain her foolishness, he turns back around walking out the door, slamming it behind him.

She stares at the door with a sly smile.

INT. MODELING STUDIO - THE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Models of all kinds are in the back waiting their turn to come out.

Random gossip and laughter is heard, while the ladies sit at their mirrors applying makeup.

Brenda is sitting in front of her mirror crying, smearing her makeup.

MODEL comes up behind her placing a hand on her shoulder causing her to turn looking at her.

MODEL

Are you okay?

Brenda snuffles, trying to hold back the pain from hearing about Bill and Eddie being murdered.

BRENDA

I'll be fine.

MODEL

I had to check on you since no one else would.

BRENDA

Thank you.

MODEL

No problem. You better hurry up and get ready. You know how he can be.

BRENDA

(Dry laugh)

I know. I'll be ready.

Model walks off.

Brenda turns looking in the mirror.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. MODELING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

The PHOTOGRAPHER is finishing up taking pictures.

A sexy voluptuous woman is laid across the bed with black satin sheets, wearing soft pink lingerie.

She gets up from the bed walking away.

Just by the way he loads his camera, this let's you know he's arrogant and has no time for flaws or his time being wasted.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Bring out the next beautiful lady.

Brenda comes out wearing a lace navy blue teddy.

The photographer finishes loading his camera, and then he looks at Brenda preparing to pose on the bed, and his face frowns up.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait. Who are you?

Brenda looks at him confused.

BRENDA

Brenda---

PHOTOGRAPHER

No. Who are you? I'm supposed to do a shoot with this beautiful woman here.

He picks up one of Brenda's old modeling pictures.

She points at the picture staring at him confused because he doesn't recognize her.

BRENDA

That's me.

He looks at the picture, and then looks at her and breaks out laughing.

PHOTOGRAPHER

This isn't you. The woman in this picture is a sight of beauty.

Doing a quick glance at the picture and then her, he chuckles.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

You look like you haven't slept in days. Your makeup is terrible. And...is that a scratch under your eye?

Brenda looks as if she's ready to cry.

The Photographer walks over to her tossing the picture on the bed.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

I advise you to have someone do your makeup because your age is outshining the beauty.

He turns his back walking away.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Bring on the next model, please.

Brenda rushes off stage crying, making her way to the bathroom.

She locks the door behind her, before walking over to the sink turning the water on letting it run.

Lowering her head over the sink, she splashes some water on her face.

She reaches over grabbing some paper towels.

When she's done wiping her face, she places the used paper towel on the sink, and then turns the water off.

Looking into the mirror, she sees what the photographer was talking about.

She begins sobbing, shaking her head, realizing old age is setting in, and makeup is barely able to disguise it or the cut she sustained from the party.

BRENDA

(Sobbing)

Asshole. No one can have flawless beauty forever. If I could, I would.

The lights in the room begin flickering.

She looks around confused.

When she looks back at the mirror, it's all-black.

She shakes her head convinced she's seeing things placing her hands over her face.

When she removes her hands, she sees herself ten years younger staring at her smiling.

She jumps back.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on?

BRENDA'S REFLECTION
I'm you.

BRENDA
How is that?

BRENDA'S REFLECTION
You said if you could be beautiful again, you would. Don't you remember when we were beautiful? No blemishes or signs of old age?

Not sure if she's hallucinating, Brenda slowly moves back to the mirror sticking her hand out.

When she touches it, she feels the smooth skin of her reflection.

Caressing her reflection in awe, she remembers when her skin was smooth as the reflection texture.

BRENDA
Oh my God.

The reflection gently grabs Brenda's hand, moving it up and down her face with passion, luring her more into a trance.

BRENDA'S REFLECTION
Don't you wanna go back to this point in our life?

A tear rolls down Brenda's face.

BRENDA
It can't be done.

The reflection reaches out caressing Brenda's face with the same passion.

BRENDA'S REFLECTION
Yes you can. Just say this is what you want. Say it for us. We can be beautiful forever.

She takes a deep breath, swallowing her pride, succumbing to the reflection feeling alive knowing she'll be beautiful

forever.

BRENDA

Yes. ...I want to be beautiful again.

BRENDA'S REFLECTION

And we will.

Brenda's reflection continues caressing her face with a smile.

Brenda gets ready to smile, and then...

THE NAILS ON THE REFLECTION HAND GO THROUGH THE BACK OF HER HEAD, EJECTING OUT THE FRONT, AND THEN THE MOUTH OF THE BEAST LUNGES AT US BITING HER FACE OFF.

INT. DIM ROOM - {SAMANTHA'S DREAM}

Samantha stands in the dim room with cobwebs covering the walls wearing her hospital robe.

She looks around the room unnerved, but she can feel the evil presence surrounding her.

BEAST (O.S.)

I can give you what your God took from you.

SAMANTHA

What do you want from me?!

BEAST (O.S.)

For you to understand your God is nothing. What kind of God would take a child from a mother?

She grabs at her head screaming in frustration, hoping this will cause the voice to leave her alone.

SAMANTHA

Leave me the fuck alone!

BEAST (O.S.)

(Demonic laugh)

You enjoy the pain your God bestowed on you? Allow me to give you more.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Samantha is asleep on the bed as the Doctor stands over her watching.

CLOSE UP - THE RING

The ring turns black.

Her body shakes, and the heart-rate monitor begins beeping faster.

As the doctor checks her vitals, she starts spitting up blood, and her shaking becomes more frantic.

The Doctor instantly becomes nervous, turning to look at the door.

DOCTOR

Code blue!

Other doctors rush in trying to sedate her as she continues shaking and spitting up blood.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassidy is sitting on the bed holding a glass of cognac looking at pictures of him and Samantha.

His phone rings.

He takes a sip and then places the glass on the nightstand, reaching in his pocket pulling the phone out answering.

CASSIDY

Hello?

(Listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up making his way out the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cassidy comes rushing down the hallway to Samantha's room, and The doctor is standing by the door baffled.

Cassidy reaches the Doctor needing answers for the phone call

concerning his wife and her condition.

CASSIDY
What's going on?

DOCTOR
(Flabbergasted)
I don't know if there's a rational
explanation.

CASSIDY
What?

DOCTOR
I was examining her, and everything
was fine. Out of nowhere, she started
convulsing. There was blood
everywhere.

He lowers his head.

Cassidy's eyes are locked on the Doctor needing more than the
brief information he gave him.

CASSIDY
Is she okay? Tell me something.

DOCTOR
After we sedated her...I checked her
again.

CASSIDY
And?

DOCTOR
There was nothing wrong with her.

Cassidy's look of concern turns fearful looking in on his
wife, seeing she's peacefully sleeping.

CASSIDY
How's she doing now?

DOCTOR
She's fine.

CASSIDY
Can I go in?

DOCTOR
She's asleep, but I don't see why not.

I need to go look at her tests.
Hopefully, I'll find out what's going
on.

CASSIDY

Thanks doc. Just keep trying.

Cassidy walks into the room walking over to her bed.

The sound of the machines doesn't make the situation any
better.

You can tell his heart dropped to his feet, sadden he can't
help his wife.

He leans down, giving her a kiss on the forehead, and then
caresses her face.

CASSIDY

I love you.

Walking over to a chair by the window, he takes a seat
staring at her until he dozes off.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Samantha is sitting up watching the T.V. on low drinking
juice.

Cassidy is waking up.

She looks over at him smiling.

SAMANTHA

Good morning, sleepy head.

A smile comes across his face.

CASSIDY

Thank God you're you again.

She looks at him odd, taking a sip from her juice.

SAMANTHA

Why are you acting strange?

He gets up walking towards the bed.

CASSIDY

How are you feeling?

SAMANTHA

I feel fine. I do wanna know why I'm
in the hospital?

CASSIDY

You don't remember what happened?

SAMANTHA

The last thing I remember is you
telling me about Bill and Eddie.
Everything else is a blur.

Samantha sees the modeling studio on the television, placing
her juice down, picking up the remote.

CASSIDY

You don't---

SAMANTHA

Wait a minute. That's the studio
Brenda models at.

She turns the volume up.

Cassidy turns his attention to the television.

A REPORTER is standing in front of the building yellow taped
off.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

Last night in this building behind me,
a tragic murder took place. Thirty-
five-year-old Brenda Smith was found---

She turns the television off, placing her hands over her
face, sighing.

Cassidy notices the ring getting darker.

CASSIDY

Oh my God.

She pulls her hands down looking at him.

SAMANTHA

What?

CASSIDY

Look at the ring.

She turns her hand around looking at the ring, and to her...it still appears blue.

SAMANTHA
What's wrong with it?

CASSIDY
It's getting darker.

SAMANTHA
It looks the same to me.

Cassidy becomes scared, thinking back on the incident when they were in her art room.

CASSIDY
You don't see it?

SAMANTHA
Maybe you should be the one in here.

He grabs her hand, and he has a vision.

FLASH CUT:

TWO SHOT - SAMANTHA AND DOUGLASS

Samantha has black eyes prepared to kiss Douglass in his human form.

He releases her hand, stepping back in fear, and she stares at him confused by his actions.

SAMANTHA
What's wrong with you?

CASSIDY
Nothing's wrong. I'll come back later.

SAMANTHA
You're acting really strange.

CASSIDY
I just...I need to check on something.

SAMANTHA
I love you.

CASSIDY
I love you, too. I'll be back.

He walks out the room.

Picking up her juice taking a sip, she sits up against her pillow trying to figure out what's wrong with her husband.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Various old items are on display in cases, hanging on the walls and propped up in corners.

From looking at how old some of the items are, you know you'll spend some money obtaining them.

The SHOP OWNER, a fairly handsome brown skin man in his mid-fifties is sweeping up the floor humming the blues.

Cassidy walks in.

The Shop owner stops sweeping looking at Cassidy smiling.

SHOP OWNER
(Southern accent)
Did your wife like the ring?

CASSIDY
She loves it. I have to ask you something.

Cassidy has a serious look in his eyes staring at the Shop Owner.

SHOP OWNER
What would that be?

CASSIDY
The story you were trying to tell me.

SHOP OWNER
(Laughs)
I thought you didn't wanna hear the campfire nonsense?

CASSIDY
I'm having second thoughts. Can you tell me, please?

The Shop owner places the broom to the side walking over to an African statue.

SHOP OWNER
The owner of the ring was a man named

Douglass. He was a kind man who believed all people should be treated fairly. Unfortunately, his father thought otherwise. He slaughtered his own son, and the slaves he was feeding. They say the next day while his father was wearing his ring...the death he experienced made what he did to his son and the slaves seem featherweight.

CASSIDY

What happened?

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTON FIELD - (1874) - AFTERNOON {FLASHBACK}

Four Caucasian men are surrounding Slave #1 on the ground, as he breathes heavily staring at them.

Fresh bleeding welt marks are covering his body.

Sebastian walks up smiling with a whip in his hand.

CLOSE UP - THE RING

The ring is on Sebastian's right finger pitch black.

SEBASTIAN

You thought you could get away, boy?
I'll make sure you never think about running again.

He prepares to whip Slave #1, cocking his arm back, and just as he gets ready to bring the whip forth, the bone in his forearm bursts out the skin.

He drops the whip screaming in pain, staring at the bone sticking out.

The four guys back away in fear.

The rest of his bones, minus the skull start bursting out his skin.

Collapsing to the ground, his screams of pain ring out as his body implodes spitting up blood and meat.

The four guys take off running, but Slave #1 continues watching smiling.

Blood and intestines are coming from his mouth and body as spontaneous combustion takes care of the rest, leaving the ring behind.

Slave #1 slowly inches toward the ring picking it up.

Looking at the burning body with a delightful smile, Slave #1 takes off with the ring.

COME BACK TO:

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - AFTERNOON

CASSIDY

Jesus Christ.

SHOP OWNER

Jesus had nothing to do with it.

CASSIDY

No shit.

SHOP OWNER

Now, the story that's been passed along through time started with the slave who picked up the ring.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAVEYARD - (1874) NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

It's a wide dried up land filled with homemade tombstone markers.

This is a distasteful place where a slew of slaves are buried.

ANGLE ON--

Slave #1 is sitting behind a headstone staring at the ring with the same smile of delight on his face placing the ring on.

When he looks at the sapphire, a bright light comes out, and the expression on his face shows pure terror before The light goes away.

Slave #1 quickly snatches the ring off, tossing it to the side before running away.

COME BACK TO:

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - MORNING

SHOP OWNER

Pure damnation is what the slave said
Douglass's intentions are.

CASSIDY

...What are his intentions?

SHOP OWNER

Douglass felt since God didn't bless
him the way he thought he would, he'll
overthrow God and take over heaven.
The only way he can achieve his goal
is for him to break down a woman who
has a pure soul.

CASSIDY

...And if they become one?

SHOP OWNER

I'm guessing the wrath of Douglass
will come down as well as God.

(Laughs)

But that's just good ole campfire
talk.

CASSIDY

Some campfire talk is true.

SHOP OWNER

What makes you say that?

CASSIDY

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.
Thanks for your help.

Cassidy makes his way out of the shop.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT**TRACY'S POV**

The room is filled with homeless people of all ages and
races.

Workers are helping some of the homeless people get
comfortable.

Further towards the back of the room is where homeless people
in bad condition are getting treated.

Tracy is standing outside the door looking in wearing her Grey pea coat.

She shakes her head disgusted before making her way to the front desk.

The FRONT DESK WORKER is playing a game on his phone.

He screams in triumph, apparently completing the level he was on.

Tracy comes to the desk clearing her throat.

He quickly places the phone down focusing on her.

FRONT DESK WORKER
Is everything satisfactory?

She gets ready to speak, when a FEMALE WORKER comes up.

Tracy stares at her with a fake smile, but the worker is so naive she doesn't catch it.

FEMALE WORKER
How are you this evening, Ms. Walker?

TRACY
I'm great. You guys are doing a wonderful job. There's no doubt in my mind we can help the homeless get back on track.

She takes her words as a true compliment, smiling from ear to ear.

FEMALE WORKER
We do the best we can.

TRACY
That's all any of us can do. Effort goes a long way.

FEMALE WORKER
Yes it does. Well, have a good evening.

TRACY
You have a good evening as well.

The Female worker walks off.

Tracy rolls her eyes sucking her teeth, focusing back on the Front desk worker.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I'll call you when I leave the building. We need to get rid of some of those dirty bastards.

FRONT DESK WORKER
How can we---

TRACY
The same way we got rid of the other ones.

She leans over the desk with a serious look, causing the Front desk worker to lean closer to her.

TRACY
You like the extra money you get, right?

FRONT DESK WORKER
Yes.

TRACY
I thought so. Just get rid of the ones who look like they're dying. I'm sure they won't be missed like the others. We'll continue this conversation when I get away from the building.

She walks away.

The front desk worker looks on shaking his head.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The streetlights brighten the surprisingly quiet urban area.

Tracy walks down the empty street making her way to the parking garage.

She gets far enough away from the shelter pulling her phone out, calling the front desk worker.

TRACY
I don't care how they feel. I need them gone.

(Listens)
What do you mean, they're people?!
They're fucking bums! If they were
people, they wouldn't be on the
streets!

As she continues walking getting close to her destination,
she comes up to an alley where we can hear people talking.

She looks down the alley seeing HOMELESS PERSON #1, HOMELESS
PERSON #2 and HOMELESS PERSON #3 all wearing filthy dumpster
clothes standing around a burning fire inside an oil drum
warming their hands.

Pausing, staring at them, a smile of greed comes on her face.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I think I found their replacements.
Just make sure you get the other ones
out.

She hangs up.

The greed for more acknowledgment is on her mind, but she's
far from stupid pulling her mace out before walking down the
alley.

The closer she gets, the homeless people look up at her
nervously.

HOMELESS PERSON #1 puts his hands up.

HOMELESS PERSON #1
(Nervous)
We're not doing anything wrong. We're
just trying to stay warm.

TRACY
I'm not the police. I'm here to help.

HOMELESS PERSON #2 looks at her with a wide smile revealing
the two rotted teeth he has left.

HOMELESS PERSON #2
You're going to help us?

Tracy looks at them smiling.

TRACY
That's my plan.

HOMELESS PERSON #3 makes a move towards Tracy, and Tracy quickly pulls the mace up in her face.

TRACY
What the fuck are you doing?

She holds her hands up.

Homeless person #1 and Homeless person #2 become worried.

HOMELESS PERSON #3
I wasn't about to hurt you. I wanted to shake your hand, and say thank you.

TRACY
Keep your nasty ass hands to yourself, thank you.

The coughing sound of a very ill person is heard.

Tracy looks around the area with her eyes, keeping the mace facing the Homeless people in case they try anything.

TRACY
Who is that?

HOMELESS PERSON #1
That's our friend, Jo. We haven't been able to find him food in five days.

TRACY
Everybody step the fuck back. I'll take a look at him.

The homeless people hold their hands up stepping to the side, but she keeps the can aimed at them.

Making her way further down the alley, she sees Jo.

He's on a filthy mattress wearing an old torn up jacket, with a wool skull cap on his head.

Bleeding bed sores cover his face and neck looking like he's on his last breath ready to die.

Tracy keeps her eyes on the other homeless people, reaching down picking up a pole to poke Jo.

TRACY
You okay over here?

Jo Coughs up some thick mucus.

JO
(Gravely ill)
Food. I...I need food.

TRACY
I'll get you some food.

HOMELESS PERSON #3
We're saved. She's going to help us.

TRACY
I'll help you.
(Talks low)
Help you, help me to get more
recognition.

She puts the pole down, going in her pocket for her phone, and a slight rumble of thunder is heard.

Jo coughs up some more mucus.

The homeless people stand around the fire smiling.

She turns her back walking a little ways away from them.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(Into the phone)
Don't worry about that right now.
Listen. I found some new ones, and---

Jo is now in demon form with glowing white eyes, and a mouth full of razor teeth.

His bed sores are leaking heavy blood and puss.

Demon Jo grabs Tracy by the shoulders taking a deep bite into her neck.

She screams, dropping her phone.

The other homeless people who are now demons come over to her.

Demon Jo pulls a chunk of flesh from her neck, turning her screams into the gurgling of blood.

Demon Jo pushes her to the other homeless people.

They grab her by the arms and legs, lifting her up prepared

to place her into the oil drum.

HER FACE COMES AT US ON FIRE AS THE FLESH BURNS OFF, AND HER EYEBALLS EXPLODE.

Demon Jo comes over plunging his hand into her back, pulling out a piece of her spine.

He sucks on the veins, before breaking it open, sucking the spinal fluid out.

They pull her body from the drum, dropping it on the ground, and then they rip her arms and legs off before bashing her skull and beginning to feast.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassidy lies on the bed staring at the ceiling as his phone rings.

He looks over at it with his eyes letting it ring a few more times before finally answering.

CASSIDY

Hello?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Is she still in the hospital?

CASSIDY

You could care less.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

(Laughs)

You're right about that. I was calling because I know you're all alone, and I'm sure you wish you were laid up next to something soft---

He hangs up.

Turning over on his side, he stares at their wedding picture.

He smiles, closing his eyes.

INT. SLAVE QUARTERS - (DREAM) (1874) NIGHT

Samantha is standing in the room watching Sebastian and the other men slaughtering the slaves.

The brutality has tears falling from her eyes, shaking her

head.

BEAST (O.S)
As tragic as it looks, I still had
faith in God.

SAMANTHA
(Sympathetic)
This explains why you're this way.

BEAST (O.S.)
No. I was in the wrong for doing
right. That's why I'm this way.

SAMANTHA'S POV

We follow Douglass down the hole, continuing watching his
body being skinned.

BEAST (O.S.)
The razors peeling my flesh are meant
to remove the skin God blessed me
with.

He reaches the lake of fire, landing face first.

He stands laughing as the rest of his skin melts off.

Tubes come from the ground inserting inside his body, filling
him with the black liquid.

His head slowly morphs into what we saw in the beginning of
the movie.

BEAST (CONT'D) (O.S.)
The black liquid is the hate I have
towards your God.

Lost tormented souls merge with his body.

The souls begin circulating through his eyes as they turn
solid white, glowing bright.

The room slowly turns dark, placing Samantha back in a dim
room alone.

SAMANTHA
If you feel doing the right thing is
wrong, why are you trying to give me
happiness?

Screams of people in pain can be heard.

BEAST (O.S.)

I'm trying to make you understand your God is full of lies. Nothing good comes from praising him. I can give you true happiness if you let me.

SAMANTHA

How?

BEAST (O.S.)

If you join me, we'll have the power to overthrow this false God and rule as the only true God.

SAMANTHA

That sounds like bullshit.

The beast releases a loud growl, and Samantha grabs her head in pain.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Doctor is standing over Samantha watching her.

Her heart rate monitor starts going frantic as her body shakes.

The Doctor checks her vitals.

DOCTOR

Code blue!

Other doctors rush in for assistance and when they see her shaking, they all take a step back.

CLOSE UP - HER ARM

Bulging black veins push the needle out of her arm.

DOCTOR

Oh my God.

Her body stops shaking.

They all stand in silence staring at her.

She opens her eyes looking around the room.

Everyone is still frozen watching her calmly get up from the bed.

SAMANTHA

I think I'll be leaving now.

DOCTOR

Ma'am. I don't--I don't think---

She looks at him, and her eyes flash white.

He steps back keeping his mouth shut.

SAMANTHA

(Authority)

I said I'll be leaving.

She makes her way towards the door eyeing them all up and down.

They watch her leave the room in silence.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Cassidy awakes, bumping his chest on the tray of food in front of him.

He looks confused before seeing Samantha sitting to the side of him smiling.

SAMANTHA

Good morning.

CASSIDY

Sam? When did they release you, and how did you get home?

SAMANTHA

Thanks for the warm welcome home.

CASSIDY

I didn't mean it like that. I mean...why did they release you?

SAMANTHA

Apparently, I'm perfectly fine.

He moves the tray, sitting up giving her a kiss.

SAMANTHA

Eat your food. I'm about to go work on

a painting I was thinking about.

She gets up walking out the room.

Cassidy sits pondering why his wife is home and he wasn't informed she was released.

But he's more so thinking about her behavior.

He reaches over on the nightstand grabbing his phone calling Brad.

BRAD (V.O.)

Hello?

CASSIDY

What are you doing?

BRAD (V.O.)

(Sickened)

Can you believe it?

CASSIDY

Believe what?

BRAD (V.O.)

Tracy was murdered last night.

CASSIDY

Are you serious?

BRAD (V.O.)

If your stomach can handle it, you can read about it.

Cassidy places his hand over his face, sighing, shaking his head, knowing the reason why all of their friends are turning up dead.

CASSIDY

This has to stop.

BRAD (V.O.)

What are you talking about?

CASSIDY

I'll tell you about it when I get there.

He hangs up getting out of the bed.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. SAMANTHA'S ART ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Samantha is sitting at her easel working on a painting showing the exact way Tracy was murdered, but her face is different.

Resting against the wall are other paintings of Bill, Eddie and Brenda the way they died, but Bill and Eddie faces are different.

Cassidy comes into the room.

CASSIDY

I'm about to...

He looks at the paintings disturbed.

She looks over at him with a big grin.

SAMANTHA

Aren't they great? I was working on them last night.

He walks over to her, and she looks at him confused standing beside her.

CASSIDY

Remember when I told you the guy who sold me the ring was trying to tell me a story?

SAMANTHA

The story you didn't wanna hear?

CASSIDY

Well, I went back to hear the story.

SAMANTHA

And?

CASSIDY

Sam, you have to take the ring off.

SAMANTHA

Why would I do that?

CASSIDY

Because if you don't, the evil inside will consume your soul.

SAMANTHA
 (Laughs)
 Are you serious?

CASSIDY
 Does it sound like I'm playing?

SAMANTHA
 (Sarcastic)
 Excuse me, Mr. Serious.

CASSIDY
 This isn't funny. Take the goddamn
 ring off.

No longer finding humor in his conversation, she stares at him silently.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
 Take it off!

He goes to reach for her hand, and she grabs his hand looking into his eyes.

SAMANTHA
 Keep your hands to yourself or you
 won't have any.

She lets his hand go, and he steps back rubbing his wrist.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 I think you should leave. Something
 bad might happen if you stay.

She goes back to painting.

He slowly walks backwards making his way out the room holding his wrist.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is like a bar. There's a pool table, a dart board on the wall, and the bar has a variety of drinks behind the counter.

Cassidy and Brad are sitting at the bar having drinks.

BRAD
 (Sickened)
 That's horrible what happened to
 Tracy.

CASSIDY

I read it before I came.

BRAD

I'm sure all she was trying to do was help. Fucking ungrateful bastards.

CASSIDY

It has nothing to do with people being ungrateful. It's much deeper than that.

BRAD

What do you mean?

CASSIDY

Do you remember anything from the party?

BRAD

I remember leaving. Everything else is blank.

CASSIDY

My point. All of this revolves around that goddamn ring.

BRAD

What ring?

CASSIDY

The one Sam is wearing. Since she put that ring on, all this crazy shit started.

Brad takes a sip looking at him holding back from laughing.

BRAD

The ring is why Tracy was murdered by crazy homeless people?

CASSIDY

And why Bill, Eddie and Brenda turned up dead. If I would've listened to the story, this shit wouldn't be happening.

Brad looks at him oddly, taking a sip from his cup.

BRAD

So, what's this story?

CASSIDY

The ring belonged to a man who was nice to the slaves. To make a long story short, his father murdered him and the slaves. When his father wore the ring, he died from spontaneous combustion, leaving the ring behind.

Brad gives him a blank stare, taking a sip.

BRAD

...Go on.

CASSIDY

A slave placed the ring on, and he saw the intentions of the man who was murdered. If he breaks down a woman with a pure soul and merges his soul with hers, it'll be the end of the world.

Brad downs his glass looking at Cassidy disappointed.

BRAD

And because of this story, you believe that's why everyone is dying?

CASSIDY

What other logical reason could there be?

Brad takes a cigarette from his pack of Kool's resting on the counter, tapping the filter in his palm laughing.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

I don't see what's so funny.

BRAD

There's no possible way that bullshit story can be true. I can't believe you let him blow that much smoke up your ass.

CASSIDY

Are you really laughing at a serious issue?

BRAD

Let's say the story is true. I'm assuming by killing all of Sam's friends it'll help aid in breaking her

down?

CASSIDY

I guess so. All I know is I need that ring off her finger.

BRAD

Why don't you just tell her to take it off?

Cassidy takes a sip shaking his head.

CASSIDY

...That didn't work.

BRAD

Do you love your wife?

CASSIDY

Of course I love my wife.

BRAD

Then I advise you to find a way to get the ring before it's too late.

CASSIDY

Can I ask you something?

BRAD

Shoot.

CASSIDY

Do you miss Lisa?

The words touch Brad deep, placing the cigarette in his mouth lighting it, taking a pull exhaling with sorrow.

BRAD

I wish I loved her as much as I do now when she was alive.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry.

BRAD

Don't worry about it. If what you believe is true...go save Sam's soul.

Cassidy finishes his drink, and then stands up.

Brad holds the cigarette in his mouth standing up, and the

two shake hands.

CASSIDY
Are you gonna be okay?

BRAD
(Dry laugh)
Yeah. I'll have a few more rounds
before I finish the table Lisa wanted
me to make.

CASSIDY
Okay. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Cassidy makes his way out the basement.

Brad takes his seat laughing, pouring another round.

BRAD
Rings and evil spirits.
(Laughs)
And I thought I was crazy.

He downs his glass, shaking his head.

Thinking about his deceased wife, Brad grabs the bottle,
necking it, wishing he finished the table before she passed.

Taking the bottle with him, Brad makes his way upstairs
walking out the side door.

INT. / EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Continuing drinking, Brad staggers from his ranch style house
towards the garage opening the door walking in.

EXT. / INT. INSIDE THE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He turns the light on, and before him sits an elegantly
designed wooden table needing paint.

To the side is a saw table with sawdust on it.

He takes a sip from the bottle sighing.

Moving over towards his work bench, he reaches for the black
toolbox opening it, reaching inside grabbing his .357 magnum.

Staring at the gun glazed eyed, he takes another sip placing
the barrel to his head.

BRAD

I was wrong for what I did. I can't keep living with the guilt of killing my unborn child, and the love of my life.

He cocks the hammer back.

BRAD (CONT'D)

...I'd give my soul if I could have you two back.

He takes a sip as the lights flicker on and off. He's prepared to squeeze the trigger, but he pauses when he hears...

LISA (O.S.)

Brad.

A voice he knows he shouldn't be hearing disturbs his suicidal thoughts pulling the gun down.

BRAD

Lisa?

LISA (O.S.)

Come here, baby.

He turns around and there stands LISA.

She's a beautiful Caucasian woman with long brown hair wearing a nightgown.

He's staring in awe incapable of grasping what he sees.

BRAD

But...you're dead.

LISA

God heard you. He's granting your wish.

Shaking his head thinking this is a dream, but for some reason the woman he sees before him as his wife is still standing in front of him.

BRAD

I'm drunk. You can't be real.

LISA

Come see for yourself.

He takes another sip before placing the bottle and gun down, walking over towards her.

Hesitant finding out the truth or if it's just his mind playing tricks on him, he slowly reaches out grabbing her waist.

LISA

You see? I've come back to you so we can have our family.

Pulling her closer, they embrace in a hug.

Overwhelmed by the reunion with his wife, he continues holding her tight, letting the tears from his eyes fall on her shoulders.

BRAD

I miss you so much.

LISA

I know you do. Show me how much you miss me.

They let each other go.

She drops her nightgown revealing her perfectly shaped bare body he begins kissing on.

In reality, he's kissing and caressing the saw table, flipping the switch turning it on.

LISA (CONT'D)

(Moaning)

I miss you so much, baby. Kiss on my special spot.

He moves down between her thighs licking.

In reality, he's licking the saw cutting his tongue, but he doesn't feel it.

Her moans grow louder.

LISA (CONT'D)

Get deeper into it, baby. Let me help you.

She grips his head forcing it between her thighs. A quick scream of pain is heard from him.

HIS HEAD IS GETTING SAWED IN HALF STRAIGHT ACROSS THE MOUTH AS THE BLADE COMES CLOSER TO OUR EYES.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Police cars and the coroner van are posted outside of Brad's house, along with fellow neighbors of the suburban area looking on shocked, watching the officers yellow tape the scene.

Cassidy pulls up across the street in his black Mercedes getting out looking at the scene worried about the well-being of his friend.

Making his way over to the house, he sees Brad's brother HENRY standing off to the side speaking with an officer.

Getting ready to go under the tape, an OFFICER comes over stopping him.

OFFICER

Excuse me, sir, this is a crime scene.
I need you to step back, please.

CASSIDY

What happened here? He's a good friend
of mine.

OFFICER

It appears it was a suicide.

CASSIDY

Suicide? That can't be right. He
wouldn't kill himself.

OFFICER

That's all I can tell you.

The officer walks off.

Cassidy stands confused before turning to look at Henry.

Henry is tapping the filter end of a cigarette in his palm as Cassidy approaches him.

HENRY

Long time no see.

CASSIDY

Likewise. What happened here? They say
it was a suicide.

Henry places the cigarette in his mouth, lighting it.

HENRY

Let's go over to your car.

The two walk towards Cassidy's car.

HENRY

From what I saw, I can believe it was a suicide.

CASSIDY

Why?

They get to the car and stop.

Henry takes a calm pull from his cigarette.

HENRY

The guilt of Lisa was killing him.

CASSIDY

From the vibe last night, it wasn't indicating he'll kill himself.

HENRY

You know how she died, right?

CASSIDY

Yeah, she was killed by a burglar.

HENRY

Creative story, wouldn't you say?

CASSIDY

What do you mean?

Henry takes a pull from his cigarette looking back at the house shaking his head, and then back at Cassidy.

HENRY

Brad was the biggest whore walking this earth. Yeah, he loved Lisa, but he couldn't stop what he was doing.

CASSIDY

You're telling me he killed her because he was cheating, and he knew she was pregnant?

HENRY

The guilt of knowing he was cheating,
and he knew she wouldn't leave because
she loved him so much. Day after day,
he would make her feel like shit,
driving her to the point of suicide.
Instead of him having to explain a
suicide, he came up with the burglary
plan.

CASSIDY

That makes no sense. Why kill the
woman you love and your child?

HENRY

Could you tell the woman who loves
your undying soul you're a cheater,
and you really don't want children
with her?

Cassidy stands silent for a second before opening the car
door.

CASSIDY

If you knew...why didn't you tell the
true story? Why didn't you warn her?

HENRY

Brother's always stand beside each
other. And brothers of the badge never
rat out a fellow officer.

Cassidy gets in the car starting it, closing the door.

Henry knocks on the window, and Cassidy rolls it down.

HENRY

Wait a second, before you leave. Why
did you come over?

CASSIDY

You wouldn't understand.

HENRY

Try me.

CASSIDY

No thanks. You already have enough
Guilt on your plate.

Cassidy pulls off.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Cassidy is making his way to the art room, and he pauses when he hears Samantha talking.

Slowly, he makes his way to the door pressing his ear against it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

My husband loves me. I know he hasn't done what you're accusing him of.

Cassidy bursts into the room.

Samantha turns around looking confused.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong with you?

CASSIDY

Who is he?

SAMANTHA

Huh?

He walks over grabbing her.

CASSIDY

Do you think I'm fucking stupid?!
Where's your phone?!

SAMANTHA

If you don't---

CASSIDY

You're fucking cheating on me?!

SAMANTHA

You better let me go!

He laughs, letting her go.

She gets ready to speak, and he backhands her.

CASSIDY

You better watch your fucking mouth!

She has her hand on her face with her head turned, laughing.

He gets ready to grab her again, and she quickly turns facing him with glowing white eyes.

She grabs him by the throat, lifting him in the air.

SAMANTHA

(Beast voice)

The adulterer is accusing the innocent of cheating? Don't worry. You'll join the others, and your wife's soul will be mine.

Cassidy is gasping for air.

CASSIDY

Sam...Sam. I love you, Sam.

Her eyes switch between white and normal, slinging him to the side.

SAMANTHA

(Beast voice)

You don't deserve her love.

Samantha walks out the room.

Cassidy stays on the floor holding his throat, trying to catch his breath.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Their mini mansion sits off alone by the water surrounded by trees.

Samantha runs over to her matching Mercedes parked next to Cassidy's in the driveway getting in, starting it up, pulling off.

She's crying as she drives, shaking her head.

Coming to a stop not far from the house, she gets out making her way to the pier.

Saddened that her husband thinks she's cheating, she lowers her head looking down into the water.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL 2001 - NIGHT {SAMANTHA'S FLASHBACK}

Samantha lies on the bed exhausted, crying.

Cassidy is sitting beside her bed holding her hand.

CASSIDY

It'll be okay.

SAMANTHA

(Crying)

No it won't. That was our first child.
How will things be okay?

CASSIDY

It's not your fault. Things happen---

SAMANTHA

It's my fault this happened. I
should've just let you do it. But
because of my pride, we'll never have
a family.

His face drops.

CASSIDY

What do you mean?

SAMANTHA

They told me because of the way I
fell, and the surgery...I'll never be
able to have children.

He releases her hand, standing up walking over towards the window.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What?

CASSIDY

Nothing.

SAMANTHA

Do you still love me?

He turns to look at her.

CASSIDY

I'll always love you. This is
just...it's deep.

COME BACK TO:

EXT. PIER - AFTERNOON

Samantha is crying looking at the water.

She slowly climbs on the rail taking a seat, lowering her head, trembling holding the rail.

BEAST (V.O.)

What are you doing?

SAMANTHA

There's no point in living. He thinks I'm cheating, and all I do is devote myself to him.

BEAST (V.O.)

Ending your life will prove what?

SAMANTHA

It'll give us happiness.

BEAST (V.O.)

It'll give him happiness. Why would you let him win by letting him know he has control over you?

SAMANTHA

Why do you care? Why are you in my life?

BEAST (V.O.)

To give you the happiness your God or husband could never give you.

She slowly moves forward.

BEAST (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Just give me time to show you.

She's ready to let go, but then she pauses thinking about it, climbing back over.

SAMANTHA

How can I trust you?

BEAST (V.O.)

What harm can come from giving it a try?

She's silent making her way back to her car.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cassidy is sitting on the bed holding a scrapbook looking at the ultrasound pictures of their son.

He sighs, shaking his head.

CUT TO:**INT. HOSPITAL 2001 - {FLASHBACK}**

Cassidy is standing outside the room pacing back and forth sucking his teeth as his phone rings.

Looking in the room wrapping his mind around the fact his wife can't have children, he lets the phone ring a few more times before answering.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

What's the verdict?

CASSIDY

(Sighs deep)

We lost our child. She'll never be able to have children.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

I'm sorry. You wanna come over and talk about it?

CASSIDY

I don't know what I wanna do.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Just come over. You can tell me how you feel, and I'll make us something to eat.

CASSIDY

Why would I wanna eat?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

We don't have to eat. I just want you to be comfortable because I know you're in pain.

CASSIDY

I think I'll just go home and sleep. At this point...I don't want anything

to do with her.

TIFFANY (V.O.)
That's why I said you should come over. It's nothing wrong with exes being there for each other.

CASSIDY
...Maybe.

TIFFANY (V.O.)
Just come over, Cass. I do look at you as a good friend.

He rubs his chin debating.

CASSIDY
...I'll be there in a few.

He hangs up, placing the phone back in his pocket.

Looking in the room at Samantha, he shakes his head walking off.

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - {FLASHBACK}

Cassidy and Tiffany are making love in her bed.

TIFFANY
Don't you wish you would've stayed with me?

COME BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Cassidy closes the book, placing it to the side.

He looks at his wedding ring, and a tear falls on it.

CASSIDY
I don't deserve her love.

He gets up making his way out the room.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The hole in the wall bar is fairly packed.

People are moving around socializing and drinking as some music plays.

ANGLE ON--

Ted is sitting at the bar taking shots with his eyes locked towards the end of the bar staring at TANEISHA.

She's a seductive dark skin woman wearing something fitted sucking on a cherry staring at him.

From the way she's sitting with her legs open, you can tell she's a whore.

He takes another shot before turning to the side going in his pocket pulling out a bottle of NRTI'S.

TED

She has no idea.

He smiles, placing the bottle back in his pocket, grabbing another shot downing it before making his way towards Taneisha.

Placing the cherry down, she looks at him smiling.

TED

What's your name?

TANEISHA

Taneisha.

TED

I'm Ted.

TANEISHA

Nice meeting you.

TED

Look. I saw you eye fucking me, so what's going down?

TANEISHA

Excuse me?

TED

I know what you do. Maybe I came across harshly, but I'm just getting to the point.

She smiles, licking her lips.

TANEISHA
How much are we talking?

He goes in his pocket pulling out a wad of money.

TED
When are we leaving?

She downs her drink.

TANEISHA
Now.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The walls and sheets need to be cleaned looking at the various stains.

You can tell the room is rented by the hour.

Ted and Taneisha come into the room kissing aggressively, making their way towards the bed.

She pushes him down on the bed, and he kicks his shoes off starting to get undressed.

She removes her skirt revealing her black satin panties.

TED
I hope you're ready for this ten inch.

TANEISHA
I'm ready for whatever you put in front of me. Can you handle the three-piece special?

TED
For what I'm paying, I better get the three-piece and some.

TANEISHA
Do you have a condom?

TED
For what?

TANEISHA
Protection.

He sits back in his boxers annoyed they haven't got on with the show.

TED

I'm not getting you pregnant. When that time comes, be like the bird and swallow.

TANEISHA

You're not worried about a disease? I mean I'm clean, but I'm just saying.

TED

Are we fucking or what? Pussy made me. When I die, I'm making sure it'll be inside or coming out of some pussy.

She winks, pulling her panties off.

TANEISHA

Get comfortable.

TED

(Talking low)

I'm dying anyway. I might as well take some whores with me.

She steps back looking at him oddly hearing him mumble, but she couldn't catch what he said.

TANEISHA

What did you say?

With a straight face, he quickly tells her something completely different.

TED

I can't wait for the special.

The lights flicker on and off.

She climbs on him kissing on his neck, working her way down between his legs.

His facial expression shows he's enjoying the feeling.

He tries grabbing her head, but she grabs his wrist holding his arms down.

TED

(Moaning)

That's right. Get it deeper. Go...your grip is getting a little...ouch, bitch!

He tries sitting up, but her grip on his wrist gets tighter holding him down.

Black liquid comes from her thighs, attaching on his legs holding him down.

Claws come from her hands going into the bed as he screams in pain.

CLOSE UP - HIS BODY

A large imprint of what looks like a worm is moving through his stomach, up to his chest.

His screams turn into a choking sound as the worm imprint moves up through his throat.

BLOOD SPILLS FROM HIS MOUTH, AS THE TONGUE SHOOTS OUT RIGHT AT US, AND THEN WRAPS AROUND HIS HEAD SQUEEZING.

The tongue crushes his head turning it into mush, snatching it down through the shoulders, causing blood to spill out onto the bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha is asleep on bed on her side, while Cassidy stands over her, looking down at her.

When he touches her hand trying to get the ring, a strong surge runs through his body.

FLASH CUT:

He has an image of him and Tiffany having aggressive sex in their bed.

He releases her hand falling on the floor, causing Samantha to wake up and look down at him.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong?

CASSIDY

Give me the ring.

SAMANTHA

(Scoffs)

Here you go with this shit. You woke me up outta my sleep for this?

CASSIDY

Sam, the ring is evil. Can't you see it's taking over your life?

SAMANTHA

Do you know how stupid you sound right now?

CASSIDY

Sam---

She gets out the bed looking down at him with her hands on her hips.

SAMANTHA

Sam, what?

He stands up.

CASSIDY

Don't you find it odd everybody you know is turning up dead?

She folds her arms across her chest annoyed hearing his bullshit.

SAMANTHA

Bill and Eddie deserved what they got. Tracy and Brenda were murdered. What the fuck do you find odd about that?

CASSIDY

Brad is dead, too. They say it was a suicide, but we know goddamn well he wouldn't kill himself.

SAMANTHA

Something's wrong with you.

CASSIDY

Sam, you---

SAMANTHA

You're sleeping by yourself tonight.

She heads toward the door, flipping him off, walking out the

room.

He stands shaking his head as his phone rings, quickly pulling it out answering.

CASSIDY

Hello?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

What are you doing?

CASSIDY

(Aggravated)

What the fuck do you want?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

(Attitude)

Excuse me!

CASSIDY

Bitch, what do---

TIFFANY (V.O.)

I'll see you tomorrow!

She hangs up.

He stands shaking his head breathing heavily.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SAMANTHA'S ART ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Samantha is hard at work creating the scene of how Brad was killed.

FADE OUT:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The room is all-white with marble floors and black marble tops, decorated very nicely.

Samantha is sitting at the table watching the news on the flat screen mounted on the wall.

On the screen, the motel where Ted died is seen.

Samantha sits shaking her head.

Cassidy comes into the room.

CASSIDY
How are you feeling?

Samantha sucks her teeth disgusted.

SAMANTHA
Ted was murdered last night.

CASSIDY
What?

She turns the television off.

SAMANTHA
Apparently a prostitute murdered him,
and took his money. Is that the ring
fault, too?

He lowers his head sighing deep, and then looks up at her.

CASSIDY
I'm done trying to convince you. I
just know I won't let anything happen
to you.

SAMANTHA
Don't hurt yourself.

She gets up ready to walk out the room, and Cassidy grabs her
arm.

CASSIDY
Where are you going?

She jerks away, turning around looking at him.

SAMANTHA
I ran out of supplies.

She walks out the kitchen heading towards the front door
opening it, and there stands Tiffany surprised seeing
Samantha opened the door.

SAMANTHA
What the fuck are you doing at my
house?

TIFFANY
I'm actually glad you're here. We all
need to talk.

SAMANTHA

We? What the fuck are you talking about?

Tiffany makes her way into the house, and Samantha turns looking at her confused.

SAMANTHA

Bitch, have you lost yo fucking mind?!

Tiffany continues walking.

TIFFANY

Nope.

Samantha runs over grabbing her shoulder, turning her around seconds from slapping her, when Cassidy runs from the kitchen standing between them.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong with yo bitch? She walked up in my fucking house like she's welcomed.

TIFFANY

Cass, you wanna tell her or should I?

SAMANTHA

Tell me what?

Cassidy lowers his head ashamed.

CASSIDY

I---

TIFFANY

You were getting your dick sucked the night of her party.

Samantha turns looking at him with wide eyes.

SAMANTHA

Well?

CASSIDY

...I---

She slaps him across the face.

SAMANTHA

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

We're fucking married, and you getting your dick sucked by this bitch in my house?!

CASSIDY

Baby---

TIFFANY

Tell her the rest. Tell her how you wish she could have your baby. Tell her how we fucked the night she lost the baby.

Samantha is lost for words staring at Cassidy.

You can see the anger in Cassidy's eyes turning to look at Tiffany.

CASSIDY

Shut the fuck up! I'm having a discussion with my wife, and you're---

SAMANTHA

You don't have a fucking wife!

She takes her wedding ring off.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Stay with this bitch! I thought our love was better than this.

She throws the ring in his face, turning her back and walking away.

Tiffany walks off making her way upstairs.

CASSIDY

Baby, wait.

She walks out the house, and he's right behind her.

INT. / EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She makes her way to her Mercedes getting in, locking the doors as he runs to the car knocking on the window.

CASSIDY

Sam, get out of the car, please.
Sam...

She looks at him, and her eyes are glowing white causing him

to step back.

She stares at him for a few more seconds, before starting the car pulling off.

He stands sighing, shaking his head before making his way back into the house.

INT. INSIDE SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He comes in filled with rage with his fist balled up.

CASSIDY
Where are you, you bitch?!

TIFFANY (O.S.)
In the place I should've been!

He runs towards the stairs heading to the bedroom.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Samantha is parked at the end of the street with her head on the steering wheel crying.

The ring begins glowing.

BEAST (V.O.)
I told you.

She looks down at the ring.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany is laid across the bed in her bra and panties smiling.

Cassidy walks over to her.

She sits up, and he smacks her back down on the bed.

CASSIDY
You bitch! You ruined my fucking life!

She looks at him smiling.

TIFFANY
No, baby. I made your life better.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

She stares at the ring as it glows.

BEAST (V.O.)
I told you, I'm the only one who can
give you happiness.

SAMANTHA
That's all I ever wanted.

BEAST (V.O.)
Then say it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy prepares to choke her, and she flips him down on the bed sitting on his lap ripping his shirt open.

TIFFANY
You know you want this.

They begin tussling, which turns into aggressive grabbing and kissing.

He snatches her bra off.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The sky turns black, and hard rain pours down.

Samantha stares at the ring smiling.

SAMANTHA
Can you guarantee me happiness?

BEAST (V.O.)
Go home and see for yourself.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The vision Cassidy had of him and Tiffany having aggressive sex is happening.

He's on top of her, and she's digging her nails in his back.

TIFFANY
We belong together.

He wraps his hand around her throat, and she digs deeper into his back.

CASSIDY
I know.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The house is shaking as the lights flicker on and off.

Samantha comes in, immediately making her way towards the bedroom.

She enters the room stepping back covering her mouth.

CASSIDY AND TIFFANY ARE HAVING SEX PEELING EACH OTHERS SKIN OFF, PULLING ORGANS OUT TOSSING THEM AT THE SCREEN.

BEAST (V.O.)
There's your happiness as promised.

Samantha screams.

The ring releases a black liquid coating her arm.

Cassidy and Tiffany's bodies are only muscles.

Black smoke fills the room.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE WHITE ROOM

Samantha stands in the all-white room with the disemboweled bodies grabbing at her legs, staring face to face with the Beast.

BEAST
There's no longer a reason to resist me. Join me now, and we shall rule as God.

SAMANTHA
...And if I don't?

BEAST

Then you shall die!

Holding back her fear, Samantha looks at the bodies grabbing at her legs kicking the hands down.

She knows at this moment her life is in her hands, so she locks eyes with the Beast.

SAMANTHA

How do I know when I join you, you won't kill me? Give me a sample of the power I'll have.

The beast's eyes glow.

Samantha feels a surge of pain rushing through her body.

Her right hand begins growing long black liquid nails as her veins bulge, and blood leaks from them.

Her eyes turn black.

She looks at her arm smiling before looking at the Beast.

SAMANTHA

Kiss me in your human form...and I'll join you.

The Beast growls, and there's a bright flash.

When it clears, the bodies are gone, but Samantha still looks the same.

Douglass is in his human form making his way towards her.

She grabs him by the head with her left hand staring into his eyes.

DOUGLASS

There's no turning back from this. This moment shall complete us both.

SAMANTHA

The love you had for the slaves caused your death. Your death made you hate God.

(Smiles)

Let's make it right.

They move in for a kiss.

Just as their lips get ready to touch...

SHE LUNGES HER RIGHT HAND THROUGH HIS CHEST, COMING OUT HIS BACK HOLDING HIS BLACK HEART THAT'S DRIPPING MAGGOTS, HOLDING IT IN OUR FACE.

His eyes glow as he screams, and black liquid starts spilling from his body.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
No matter if we think God's plan is wrong, it can't be judged.

She squeezes his heart.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Rest in hell.

The walls crack open, and blood rushes in.

Douglass continues screaming until his head bursts, filling the room with black liquid.

FADE OUT:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Samantha is on her knees covered in sweat, breathing heavy.

Looking around the room, she sees the bodies on the bed are gone, and her arm is back to normal.

She stands to her feet sighing, walking over to the mirror.

Placing her hands down on the dresser shaking her head, the ring begins glowing.

She slowly lifts her head with her eyes closed, and black liquid drips from the corner of her right eye.

She smiles, opening her eyes, and they're all black.

FADE OUT:

In loving memory of MAURICE Leroy HESTER

END CREDITS