One Evil Man

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A sprawling medical facility. The parking lot half full. Trees sway violently in the gusting wind.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT

A lone NURSE sits at a dimly lit desk. A fierce THUNDER clap sounds. She picks her head up. Looks out through thick black glasses. Returns to her work.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

RONALD (57), pale blue eyes and a thin comb over. Looks much older than his years. A hospital gown draped over his body. He sits upright in a chair, listening.

> CAROL (O.S.) That's really just a myth, Mr. Lemmings. We don't deal in curses and spells. At least, I don't.

CAROL (29), blue nurse's scrubs. Her red hair neat and straight. Curvy body. Her face free of any blemish.

RONALD When I was a younger man I dabbled in those --(clears his throat) -- arts. Got pretty good at it, too.

Ronald coughs and holds his head. He begins to slump over.

Carol springs up to help him.

CAROL Mr. Lemmings!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

PREACHER (46), walks the corridor like a man half his age in a biker jacket and jeans. His face chiseled like an emotionless stone carving.

He turns left. His dark eyes do not blink.

A door looms ahead. Above it, a sign.

INSERT SIGN:

"New Beginnings"

BACK TO SCENE

The door lock pops. A buzzer sounds.

A SECURITY GUARD snaps to attention.

SECURITY GUARD Hey, what the --

Preacher waves his hand and shush's him.

The guard falls back in his chair. Out cold.

Preacher strides in. He looks through a glass partition into the --

BABY ROOM

A dozen or so sleeping infants in bassinets. A lone NURSE with a clipboard walks the floor.

Preacher smiles. Another door lock pops. He walks in.

NURSE (startled) Hey, you can't be --

Her eyes freeze. Her jaw drops.

Preacher stares at her and tilts his head like a puppy. He sharply bends his fists as if breaking an imaginary stick.

The nurse's torso twists almost completely around. Muscle and skin begin to tear. SNAP! Her back breaks. She collapses.

Preacher turns and spies the infants.

Ronald wheezes as Carol helps him up.

CAROL

You should really be in bed.

He composes himself. Out of breath.

RONALD

I don't have much time left, Carol. I can feel it inside me as we speak.

CAROL

You shouldn't talk like that. The doctors are doing everything they can.

RONALD

Shh...Wait.

He holds a beat, then points to the door.

DOORWAY

Preacher walks in. He carries a black garbage bag. Something squirms inside.

RONALD (CONT'D) Tell me we're a go.

Preacher grins wickedly. He dumps the contents of the bag onto the bed. An infant -- a boy -- rolls out. It cries.

Carol puts a hand to her mouth.

CAROL Oh, my God. Who's child is that?

RONALD

Mine.

Preacher reaches under the mattress and produces a white cloth. He unfolds it to reveal a curved dagger.

Carol makes a dash for the infant, but an unseen force sharply pins her against the wall. A picture falls. Glass shatters. The door slams shut.

Preacher holds the dagger to her throat.

PREACHER

You will watch.

Ronald shuffles to the baby. It's cries grow louder. He strokes its head, then turns to Carol.

RONALD Thirty-seven paths have ended at my doorstep. I'm just warming up,

sister.

Preacher takes his arm from Carol's neck, but she is still pinned. Her half moon eyes go wide.

CAROL Y-you're the Reaper?

PREACHER Give the girl a prize.

RONALD Oh, that's Preacher, by the way. Preacher, Carol. Carol, Preacher.

CAROL Nice to meet you.

Preacher sneers.

Ronald leaves the child. He gets in Carol's face.

RONALD You're familiar with my work.

CAROL Yeah. You're a killer.

RONALD

Oh, I'm much more than that. You see, I need to continue my work. (turns to the baby) I need wouth

I need youth.

CAROL

Black witchcraft. The Hand of Lucifer.

RONALD

I need a soul that's unspoiled.

Preacher gives over the dagger. Ronald slices his hand. He inches to the bed and puts a bloody palm print on the child's forehead, then traces an upside down cross.

CAROL You can't do this!

Preacher turns.

PREACHER

It's a steak.

CAROL

What?

PREACHER It's a steak. With arms and legs. Nothing more.

RONALD

He's got a way with words, does he not?

Preacher holds the wiggling infant's head still. Ronald eyes the dagger.

Carol closes her eyes. A slight gust of wind whips past her red hair.

CAROL Take me instead. Shut up, bitch!

Ronald raises the dagger over his head.

CAROL

I'm a virgin!

Ronald stops in his tracks. Preacher looks up.

RONALD

You're lying.

She shakes her head.

Ronald nods to Preacher. He jumps off the bed.

Carol can suddenly move. Preacher whips his arm violently through the air. She's pinned again.

Preacher bares his rotted teeth, then reaches into the front of her pants. He takes his time. Feels around. Then a quick jerk forward as he penetrates her.

Carol shuts her eyes tight.

PREACHER

(whispers) You like that?

RONALD

Preacher!

Preacher turns. He smells his finger, puts it in his mouth and slowly pulls it out. Savors it.

PREACHER

Unspoiled.

Ronald looks at the crying infant, then to Carol.

RONALD Change of plans. Ronald steps away from the bed. His lips curl into a mischievous grin.

He comes at her with the blade, but is knocked back by a sudden BLAST of wind.

Preacher flies back against the wall.

Carol breaks free of her invisible chains. She holds her arms out. Her face contorts in pain. It takes everything she's got.

RONALD

(to Preacher) Goddamn tricks! Break her!

Preacher struggles against the wind. He manages to throw his arms forward.

A chair whooshes across the room. It strikes Carol on her side. She grimaces.

The wind gets stronger. Webs of ELECTRICITY crackle on the ceiling. The lights go out.

Preacher rushes forward. He grabs her by the throat. Carol head-butts him. He falls to the floor.

She kicks him in the temple. He screams out in agony. She grabs the metal stand that holds Ronald's I.V. bag and brings it down on his face. Again and again.

Ronald tries to stand.

RONALD

Is that all you've got?

Carol jerks her head. She points. Ronald is thrown against the radiator.

Preacher flails wildly on the floor. His face is split open and bloodied, yet he finds his feet and breaks for Carol.

She quickly opens the door.

Preacher runs through the doorway into the --

HALL

He tries to stop himself, but he can't. He CRASHES through a window. Glass SHATTERS everywhere. A scream as he falls, then a dull thud.

ROOM

All's quiet and still. The lights flicker back on.

Carol's drained. Her breaths are heavy. She cautiously walks to the bed. A blanket covers the baby. It does not cry. It does not move.

She removes the blanket. The infant looks up at her with big blue eyes. A smile appears on its cherubic face. He gurgles.

Carol cries. She picks him up and holds him in her arms.

CAROL

Shh. It's all right, baby.

She heads for the door, but turns for one last look.

An abrupt jolt of pain in her gut. She let's out a whimper as her eyes bug out.

RONALD

Don't struggle.

Ronald stands in front of her. His hand grips the handle of the dagger. It's deep in her stomach. He jerks the blade upward, then lets go.

He takes the baby from her and places it back on the bed.

Carol's slumps over. Her fingers wrap around the handle of the blade. She tumbles to the floor.

Ronald casually opens a suitcase. Inside are clothes. He pulls something out from underneath.

A bronze goblet. Cryptic markings scrawled on its side.

Voices are heard from Ronald's room.

RONALD (O.S.) You take care, sweetheart.

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CAROL (O.S.)
(gravelly)
Yes.
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ROOM

Carol sits in a chair holding the baby. Her grotesque face is burnt, black and peeling. Her red hair wild. She opens her eyes. Two glowing red cavities set back deep in her head.

The baby suckles on her breast. Black milk spills from its mouth.

RONALD (O.S.) And you take care of my boy, now.

Her lips are burned shut. They open with some effort.

CAROL

Yes.

HALLWAY

Ronald walks out the door. His steps are quick and light.

His eyes are clear. His thick black hair shines under the fluorescents. And there's not a wrinkle to be found upon his sheened, youthful face.

He wipes a drop of blood from the edge of his mouth. He turns a corner.

Then he's gone.

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