

PARTY OUT OF BOUNDS

by

Too Ashamed to Admit

FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A quaint ranch-style home surrounded by oak trees with red and yellow leaves.

The open front door silhouettes two people that wave goodbye to a person in a tall hat that walks toward the street.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A thirty-something couple stand in the open doorway and wave outside to an unseen person. The man, BRAD, is dressed as Satan and the woman, JANET, as a Witch.

BRAD

Thanks for dropping in!

JANET

We'll get that pan back to you soon! B'bye!

As Brad shuts the door, Janet turns and leans with her back against it. She exhales with relief.

BRAD

Janet? You okay, babe?

JANET

Yeah. I'm alright. You gotta admit, Brad, that was kinda weird.

BRAD

Just icing on the cake. What was that guy supposed to be?

JANET

A Puritan or Pilgrim, I think. Hell, I don't know.

BRAD

Did he whisper something when he put his hand atop your head?

JANET

I didn't catch it. Whatever it was, it didn't sound like english. What a creep. Smelled funny, too.

BRAD

Note to self: Next time we put out a flyer for an open-house, slash, Halloween party, let's not mention race, religion, or anything of that sort.

JANET

Being new and all, I just thought I'd let our neighbors know that everyone was welcome.

BRAD

I think people read it like it was supposed to be a religion-themed costume party.

Janet chuckles and lets out a cute snort.

JANET

That Buddha guy could really pack away the seven-layer dip.

BRAD

And that old priest? What a bizarro.

JANET

Yeah, no shit. Walking around with that old book and a cross clutched to his chest.

BRAD

So...who was your fave?

JANET

Easily the two missionary dudes. They even brought green Jell-O with grated carrot.

Brad crosses his arms and acts serious.

BRAD

Janet, I think they really were missionaries. Didn't you see them cornering people all night?

Janet embraces Brad.

JANET

I'm so glad THAT'S over.

BRAD

That wasn't so bad. I'd chalk that down as a big success in my book. Up top.

Brad raises an open palm and Janet reluctantly gives it a pat.

JANET

Yeah, I guess. Nothing broken, no one got hurt and the cops weren't called. Success.

The pair turn to reveal a Halloween themed living room littered with paper plates and red plastic Solo cups.

Janet sighs heavily.

BRAD

Aw, it's not too bad. Come on,
let's polish off that last bit of
Pinot and then we'll do a quick
clean up before bed.

JANET

If you insist.

Brad grabs her hand and they walk to the...

KITCHEN

The kitchen is a disaster. The table is covered with mostly
empty casserole dishes and plastic serving bowls.

Brad picks up and examines multiple empty wine bottles until
finding one half-full.

BRAD

Yes!

He pours the last of the wine into two red cups.

BRAD

Here's to a successful revival.

JANET

Here, here.

Brad and Janet slam back their wine, embrace and kiss.

JANET

Okay, you start in the living room
and I'll hit the kitchen.

BRAD

Deal.

Brad leaves the kitchen and Janet turns for the sink.

LIVING ROOM

Brad starts to stack cups and paper plates. He pauses and
picks up an old leather-bound book.

BRAD

What the hell?

He turns it over in his hands. Ancient runes are embossed on
the cover.

BRAD

Nice prop.

Brad nonchalantly tosses the book onto the couch.

JANET (O.S.)

What'd you say, Brad?

BRAD
What, nice prop?

JANET (O.S.)
No, never mind.

Moments later, Janet pops her head around the corner with a worried expression on her face.

JANET
Did you hear that?

Brad shrugs.

BRAD
Nope.

JANET
Seriously?

She goes back to the kitchen for a moment and returns.

JANET
There! It's louder!

BRAD
Sorry, babe. Still nothin'.

JANET
I'm telling you--

She suddenly doubles over and slams a fist to her temple. Brad comes to her side.

BRAD
Janet!

JANET
He's screaming! You can't hear him?

BRAD
What's he saying?

Janet is on her knees with her head down.

JANET
He says to let him out!

BRAD
Who?

She raises her face to Brad. She has a maniacal grin and bloody tears run down her cheeks.

JANET
Me!

Brad leans back terrified. Janet's voice has become very deep and guttural.

Janet is crouched on hands and feet, ready to pounce. Her eyes have turned a vivid yellow.

JANET

Where is it?

BRAD

Janet? What the fu---?

She leaps at Brad and pins him to the floor. Her face inches from his. Spittle flies as she yells.

JANET

Where's the damned book?!

Brad, in shock, points with a shaky hand to the couch. Janet's head turns to the direction of the couch and smiles.

JANET

Yes!

Janet picks him up by shirt, throws him into the fireplace and leaps to the couch.

She starts to rapidly thumb through the leather-bound book.

JANET

Where is it? Its got to be here!
Ah!

She stands on the couch with the open book in one outstretched hand and the other raised high. She begins the incantation in a long forgotten dialect.

As she chants, her body begins to contort and transform. She hunches over, talons grow from elongated fingers, and horns begin to grow from her head.

BRAD

Oh my God! Janet!

JANET

Silence, you pathetic mortal!

The front door is abruptly kicked in and splinters fly. In dashes the old PRIEST with the wooden cross held in an outstretched hand.

PRIEST

Out, damned beast! Go back to
whence you came!
(to Brad)
Quickly! Subdue her!

Brad gets to his feet, dives and tackles Janet.

PRIEST

He's most vulnerable during
transfiguration.

BRAD

He? Who's he?

PRIEST

Stryker. Damned to hell by the Dark Lord himself.

Janet is barely recognizable. Her jaw juts out and her body is covered in fur. Her feet are now cloven hooves.

JANET

Let me up or I'll eat your soul!

BRAD

What do I do?

PRIEST

He's not done yet. Press this to her chest. Don't let up no matter what she says.

He hands Brad the cross. It's not any ordinary cross. It's of knotty and gnurly wood with thorns.

He presses it to her chest.

She lets out a howl before laying in to Brad.

JANET

You dickless cocksucker! I'll shit down your throat and quarter you to the far ends of hell!

Brad looks to the Priest.

BRAD

Come on, man! What the fuck?!

The Priest is calmly rifling through his black trench coat.

PRIEST

Now, where did I put that...aha!

The Priest pulls out a ziploc sandwich bag of dirt and hands it to Brad.

BRAD

What the hell? It's not like I got a free hand. What am I supposed to do with that?

PRIEST

Shove it down her throat, of course.

Brad puts an elbow on the cross to hold it in place and grabs the bag of dirt. The extra weight on the cross really pisses her off.

JANET

You fucking Mamas-boy! You're weak and worthless! I should've run away with your cousin!

BRAD

Wait...what?

PRIEST

Don't listen to him. Just shove the dirt down her---

Janet gets an arm free and knocks the Priest against the wall.

Now Brad's really angry. He fumbles with the zip and tries to distract the demon.

BRAD

My cousin, eh? Which one? Ethan or Jacob?

JANET

I fucked em both!

BRAD

Oh, you fucker. Eat this!

He shoves the dirt into the beasts mouth. Janet gags and pushes Brad off.

She begins to arch and writhe as an ethereal image crawls from the confinement of her body.

The form takes shape and begins to turn into a being. The being is that of an old man with a gray beard. It's STRYKER.

The Priest is elated. He gets to his knees and bows to the old man.

PRIEST

Father Stryker! I am your humble servant.

BRAD

You're his what?!

Janet coughs up some dirt, rolls over into Brad's arms and passes out.

Stryker, naked, sits up and looks around.

STRYKER

I thought I would suffer for eternity. How long have I been gone?

PRIEST
Nigh, four hundred and thirty
years, sire.

Stryker is shocked. He grabs at the Priest's lapels.

STRYKER
Four hundred and---?

PRIEST
Aye, sire. We had to wait for just
the right time and conditions.

Brad looks past the Priest and Stryker to the front door
where the man dressed as the PURITAN now stands.

BRAD
Who the fuck are you?

The man takes off his hat to reveal a black mohawk and
Native American facial tattoos. It's CHIEF POWHATAN.

POWHATAN
Back to hell, you damned beast!

He sheds his long coat and grabs the handles of two short
wooden lances strapped to his back.

PRIEST
Powhatan?! You're dead!

The Priest turns and springs on Powhatan.

Powhatan arches down with both lances and stabs the Priest
through both shoulder blades. He withdraws the weapons as
the Priest falls to the floor dead.

STRYKER
I've learned a thing or two since
we last met.

Without having to chant the incantation, Stryker transform
into the beast at will.

He contorts and arches. Talons grow and cloven hooves
appear. His jaw elongates and fangs grow.

POWHATAN
You don't think I've just been
waiting around idle for your
return, do you?

Powhatan begins to grow and bulk out into an enormous
grizzly bear. His head now touches the nine foot ceiling in
the living room.

The two creatures charge and the battle rages. Beast talons
and bear claws shred into each others hides. Blood sprays
the walls of the suburban home.

Brad drags Janet into the kitchen and props her in a corner.

He returns to the living room wielding a meat cleaver in one hand, a stew pot lid as a shield in the other and a stainless steel colander on his head.

He looks like a total idiot as the fury continues. The living room is unrecognizable.

Powhatan has the two lances in his claws and Stryker cornered. He slowly approaches.

POWHATAN

This time you will incinerate like
your followers on the fateful day
in Roanoke. There's no Dark Lord to
save you this time.

Powhatan strikes with both lances. Stryker howls as they enter through both sides of his torso.

Stryker begins to smolder and flame. Knowing his fate, he quickly wraps his taloned arms around Powhatan.

The two creatures erupt into a ball of fire, creating a small maelstrom that sucks the Priest, leather bound book and cross into a void before disappearing completely.

Brad stands dumbfounded.

Janet staggers into the living room holding her head and spitting mud.

She glances around the room and turns to Brad.

JANET

What did you do?!

BRAD

Babe...you're not going to believe
this---

FADE OUT