Satanas

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FADE IN:

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

A heavy fog rolls through the woods and rises high above the trees. Owls HOOT as the moonlight makes the dense fog glow.

SUPER ON: MASSACHUSETTS, 1789

A large black horse TROLLOPS along a pathway through the woods. The horse pulls a small carriage. A tall FIGURE sits in front of the carriage.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The horse and carriage make their way towards a large black Victorian house. They reach a tall iron fence with tips like spearheads. The gate slowly CREAKS open. The figure flicks the straps and the horse moves through the gate.

There are two pillars on either side house with gargoyles perched on top.

The horse stops. The rolling fog reaches the house. The horse and carriage are barley visible.

The carriage door opens. A CLOAKED FIGURE steps out. There is a large black satchel in one hand.

The carriage door closes behind him. The cloaked figure reaches the front entrance. The door CREAKS open. He walks inside. The door CREAKS as it closes.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is large and open. Several pentagrams are painted in red all over the walls. There are four men in black robes standing in a circle. The men CHANT in unison.

The cloaked figure enters the basement. He walks towards the other men. He stands in front of them and removes his hood.

He wears the mask of a Ram. He puts down his satchel and. He raises his hands. The men become quiet.

The masked man looks down. At his feet is a young pregnant WOMAN, late teens, with golden hair, bound to the floor in the middle of a large pentagram surrounded by candles.

She is completely naked. Her arms and legs stretched out. Her hands and feet are nailed to the ground. She opens her mouth, it is filled with blood, her tongue has been cut out. She WAILS.

MASKED FIGURE In nomine de nostre Satanas: Lucifere excelsis! Introibo ad altare Satanas.

COVEN

Ad Satanas, qui laetificat gloria meam. Palas aron ozinomas Baske bano tudan donas Geheamel cla orlay Berec he pantaras tay.

The young woman WAILS again. The masked figure kicks her on the side of the head. Blood SPRAYS out of her mouth.

> MASKED FIGURE Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et simper, et in saecula saeculorum.

COVEN Satanas vobiscum. Et cum spiritu tuo.

The masked figure kneels down and opens his satchel. He takes out the skull of a Jackal.

He walks around the young woman to her feet. He holds the skull with both hands and raises it above his head. The coven fold their hands and bow their heads.

The masked figure tips the Jackal's head. Blood pours out of its mouth. It SPLASHES down on the woman's feet.

MASKED FIGURE Eva, Ave Satanas! Vade Lilith, vade retro Pan! Deus maledictus est!! Gloria tibi! Domine Lucifere, per omnia saecula saeculorum.

COVEN

Rege Satanas!

The masked figure moves the Skull over the woman's body, blood TRICKLES down her pregnant belly.

COVEN

Ave Satanas!

The fountain of blood SPLASHES onto her face and flows into her mouth. She GURGLES on the sticky red liquid.

COVEN Hail Satan!!

The masked figure sets the skull down. He reaches into his satchel and takes out a large knife.

He kneels down next to the young woman and slices her stomach open. Blood oozes out. The woman MOANS in pain. He RIPS open her belly with his hands then digs in.

He pulls out the baby which is covered with blood and afterbirth. He takes the knife and cuts the umbilical cord.

He gets to his feet and raises the baby above his head. The candles that surround the pentagram flare up.

He sets the infant down on the ground, then picks up the Jackal's skull and pours blood all over the child. He raises the knife.

MASKED FIGURE In nomine de nostre Satanas!

He brings the knife down quickly.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

SUPER ON: 1965

The large Victorian home looks the same as the day it was built, except black has been changed to gray. The large iron gate remains intact with the addition of vines that have curled around the railings.

The two tall pillars with gargoyles perched on top are still there, but worn down.

REALTOR(0.S) As you can see the house has been rebuilt from top to bottom, but still within the original design to keep that historic look. INT. KITCHEN

HANK, late twenties, stands next to his pregnant wife BARBARA, early twenties. His hand clutched to hers.

In front of them is a REALTOR, a balding man in his fifties, and greased back black hair.

REALTOR Now that you've seen the whole house, what do you think?

BARBARA Well it's beautiful.

HANK Very beautiful.

REALTOR

But?

HANK It's a bit out of our price range, and when I say a bit I mean a lot.

The Realtor grins.

REALTOR

What if I told you I could knock off ten thousand dollars, would that be closer to your price range?

HANK It would be much closer.

REALTOR So what do you say?

HANK May I have a moment with my wife Mr. Richards?

REALTOR Please, take as much time as you need.

The Realtor walks out of the kitchen.

HANK Do you like it?

BARBARA

I love it, well except for those creepy things outside. But even minus the ten thousand, do you think we can really afford it?

HANK It'll be tight, but I think we can do it.

BARBARA Do you want it?

He nods.

HANK I think it'll be a great place to raise a family.

BARBARA Then lets do it.

Hank wraps his arms around his wife and plants a big kiss on her lips.

REALTOR(O.S) I guess that's a yes.

The Realtor walks back into the kitchen.

HANK

It is.

REALTOR Wonderful.

HANK What about the owners?

REALTOR

This house is owned by the state, hasn't been lived in for almost two hundred years.

HANK

Why is that?

REALTOR

This house has only been owned by one family, but they lived out in California. The last surviving family member died last year, so the state took it. HANK

I see.

REALTOR Well, it looks like we got some paperwork to do. Follow me.

The three of them walk out of the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank lies awake in bed. Barbara is fast asleep next to him. The moonlight shines through the window. There is a CREAK from outside the bedroom. Hank sits up and gets out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY.

Hank exits the bedroom and enters the hallway. There is another CREAK. Hank quickly looks to his right and left. He makes his way down the hallway.

There is a SWOOSH from behind. Hank spins around. The curtains sway back and forth.

He walks down the hallway towards the curtains. A shadowy FIGURE slowly moves closer from behind. There's quiet GASP.

Hank turns around. There is nothing there.

HANK (under his breath) What is wrong with you?

A thin pale hand reaches for Hank's shoulder as he gazes behind him.

The bony fingers are just inches away. Hank quickly walks down the hallway. The hand pulls back.

INT. KITCHEN

Hank enters the kitchen. He FLICKS the light switch. The bulb above his head explodes. The split second of light shows a figure behind Hank.

HANK

Jesus!

He walks to the pantry closet and grabs a broom and dust pan. He sweeps the pieces of broken bulb into a pile. He kneels down and sweeps the bulb into the dust pan. Above him is a young naked woman with golden hair. He gets to his feet. The naked woman moves back and disappears into the shadows.

INT. BEDROOM

Barbara lies asleep in bed. The door slowly opens. There is a loud GASP. Barbara opens her eyes. She pushes herself up and looks to her side.

BARBARA

Hank?

There is a sound of a quiet baby's CRY. Barbara looks around the room.

BARBARA Hank? Where are you?

On the dresser a pen RATTLES. It rolls off and lands on the floor.

Barbara leans back and pushes herself up against the wall. She closes her eyes.

BARBARA You're just seeing things Barbara. You're brain's outta whack.

She opens her eyes. The pen is on the dresser. Barbara gives a SIGH of relief. She lies back down and turns to her side.

She is face to face with the young naked woman. The woman opens her mouth. Blood SPILLS out. Barbara SCREAMS.

INT. BEDROOM

Barbara jolts up and SCREAMS. Tears flow from her eyes. Hank dashes into the room.

HANK Barbara! Are you okay? What happened?

BARBARA I had the most horrible dream. There was a young woman and there was blood.

Hank wraps his arms around her.

HANK It's okay sweetheart, it was just a dream.

Barbara buries her head into Hank's chest. Behind him stands the young naked woman.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Hank sits behind the wheel of a 1957 Ford Victoria. Heavy rainfall pours outside and BANGS down on the roof of the car.

The windshield wipers move back and forth as the heavy rain SPLASHES down.

Hank squints his eyes behind his thick rimmed glasses. There's a THUD. The car swerves.

HANK

What the...

He hits the breaks. The car slows down. He pulls over to the side of the road.

EXT. ROAD

Thunder ROARS from the dark sky. Hank gets out of the car with a flashlight in his hands. He covers his head with his jacket and makes his way to the back of the car.

He shines the flashlight on the back tire. It's flat.

HANK

Dammit!

He opens the trunk and pulls out the spare.

HANK

Now where's the jack.

He shuffles through the back seat.

HANK

You gotta be kidding me.

He puts the spare back into the trunk then runs to the drivers side door. He turns the car off.

The thunder ROARS again. Hank jets it down the road.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank runs up to the front of the house. Lightning lights up the two gargoyles. Their eyes shift down towards Hank as he dashes by.

INT. FOYER

Hank enters the house and SLAMS the door shut behind him. He is drenched from head to toe. There is a small puddle around his feet.

He takes off his jacket and hangs it on the coat rack. Barbara enters the foyer.

BARBARA What in heavens name happened to you? I was worried sick.

She walks towards her husband.

HANK The car broke down about a mile from here.

Barbara wraps her arms around Hank.

BARBARA You're soaking wet. You should get out of these clothes.

A smirk comes over Hank's face.

HANK You should get out of yours.

BARBARA Oh my goodness you're terrible.

HANK

No, just horny.

BARBARA Well you're going to have to wait till after the baby.

HANK I'm dying here Barb.

She runs her hands down his thighs.

BARBARA Well maybe if you're a good boy I can do something to hold you off for a while.

Hank PANTS like a thirsty dog.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank lies naked on the bed with his eyes shut. Babara's head is between his legs. Her head moves up and down with the occasional SLURP.

She runs her hands over his stomach. Hank MOANS. Barbara moves her head faster and faster.

Thunder ROARS from outside.

Hank opens his eyes. He sees the young naked woman, she stares down at him. He SCREAMS and gets up off the bed.

BARBARA

What's wrong?

HANK Did you see her?

BARBARA

See who?

Suddenly there is a BANG on the front door. Both Hank and Barbara jump.

BARBARA What was that?

HANK Someone's at the front door.

INT. FOYER

Hank makes his way to the front door.

HANK

Who is it?

REALTOR (0.S) Hank, It's Mr. Richards, I'm the man who sold you the house. I have some very urgent information that you need to know about the house. Hank opens the door. A club swings down and BASHES him on the head. He falls to the ground.

INT. BASEMENT

Hank hangs from the basement ceiling by his wrists. The rope tares into hos flesh. In front of him are five men in robes, one of them is the Realtor.

On the ground is Barbara, naked, nailed to the floor at her hands and feet. She SCREAMS. One of the men shoves a cloth in her mouth.

Hank opens his eyes. Blood from his wound has spilled all over his face.

HANK What the hell is going on here?

REALTOR Oh you've woken up just in time.

Hank sees his wife.

HANK

You bastards! If you hurt her I swear to God I will kill each and every one of you!

REALTOR

Hurt her, we've already hurt her. We plan on killing her. This house, this land, has been blessed by our savior Lucifer. It is a beacon for his evil.

HANK You son of a bitch!

Hank tries to worm his way lose.

REALTOR

We will kill your wife and sacrifice your child to the dark Prince. Oh what a glorious sight that will be. I have waited so long for the perfect couple. Beelzebub will surely reward me.

The Realtor picks up a ram mask and puts it on.

The other four men begin to CHANT as they circle around Barbara.

COVEN Ad Satanas, qui laetificat gloria meam.

HANK Please! Let us go!

REALTOR You will go, with him, and burn eternal.

Suddenly there is a bright FLASH. Hovering over Barbara is the young naked woman. The Realtor and four other men look up.

REALTOR

What....

The woman turns towards the robed men. She opens her mouth. Blood GUSHES out and covers four of the men.

Their bodies contort and shake. In unison all their heads IMPLODE, their brains and skull PLOP to the ground.

The Realtor backs up and takes his mask off. A loud WAIL comes out of the woman's mouth. The Realtor covers his ears.

His skin starts to peel off. His veins start to POP. He SCREAMS. Then his insides SPRAYS out of his mouth, heart, lung, intestines, everything. His body withers away into a puddle of goo.

The young woman floats up to Hank and unties him. He drops to the ground. He runs to Barbara and pulls the nails out of her hands and feet. He takes the cloth out of her mouth. She cries out. Hank holds tightly onto Barbara.

He looks up at the young woman.

HANK

Thank you.

She smiles, then disappears. Hank rocks back and forth with Barbara in his arms.

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