# Satan's Secret Surprise

by Greg Baldwin

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EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

A bleak, two-story early 20th century colonial-style home rested atop a lonely hillside.

The house is dark, silent, and shows years of decay and neglect.

A storm rages with thick clouds covering an already dark sky. Rain pours with a zap of lightning every few seconds.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A corridor connecting the front door to an array of bedrooms, a living room, and a staircase.

Broken floorboards litter the ground while wallpaper deteriorates from the walls.

Numerous downward-pointing pentagrams are crudely drawn on the walls and floor. They look relatively recent.

A shadowy FIGURE enters from the front door and limps down the hallway.

It stops before a pentagram and runs its warty-finger to each of the five points.

The figure comes into a gleam of moonlight revealing GRAHAM(20s), a brutally disfigured guy with deep scars all over his face and burned skin covering his body.

With every breath he takes he emits a gag. He peeks up the staircase and then turns back to the doorway.

#### GRAHAM

It's upstairs!

MARA(20s), also horribly disfigured with thin long hair and a backpack over her shoulder, limps over to Graham.

She pulls with her an OLD MAN(80), a prune-skinned vegetable in a wheelchair.

MARA Gimme a hand.

Graham heaves the old man out of his chair and carries him up the stairs. Mara follows with the wheelchair.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

WHAM! The old man is thrown to the hard floor at the top of the stairs. He groans.

## OLD MAN

# You...fucking...fucks...

Mara places the wheelchair on the top step and returns the old man in it.

GRAHAM Maybe we shoulda just takin' a chance and killed 'im.

MARA It won't work if he's dead. He's gotta be alive.

Mara gets a nauseous look on her face and proceeds to throw up a river of green phlegm and mucus.

Graham crawls over and puts his arm around her.

GRAHAM They'll be gone soon. It's almost over.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open and in slouches Mara with Graham wheeling the old man.

A pentagram is drawn in chalk across the entire length of the room with the top point situated before a fireplace. Besides that, the room is empty.

Graham wheels the old man to the center of the pentagram while Mara digs through her bag.

She pulls out an old, several-hundred page book which features the Sigil of Lucifer on its cover.

The old man continues to grunt.

OLD MAN Fucking slice your necks and...feed 'em...to yea...

Mara comes to a book-marked page.

# MARA

Time?

GRAHAM

11:56.

MARA Okay...okay. Set the candles at each point.

Graham sets up a candle at each point of the pentagram and lights it.

CRACK! Lightning strikes outside followed by a thunderous rumble.

Mara kneels beside the fireplace and slides in some broken floorboard. Graham comes over and lights it up.

GRAHAM Let there be fire.

Graham hacks a few times and then throws up a slime ball of green goo.

GRAHAM Please work. Please...

# MARA

It'll work.

Mara pulls an altar bell out of her bag and rings it.

Graham heaves the old man out of his chair and slams him to the ground where he proceeds to strip the guy's clothes off.

When he's naked, Graham extends the old man's arms completely out as if he were being crucified.

Next, Graham pulls a hammer and two stakes out of the backpack.

He places one stake above the man's left hand and then nails it HARD into the guy's flesh.

# OLD MAN

Ahhhhhhh!

Graham goes to the old man's other hand and nails that stake in as well. Blood oozes out of the fresh wounds.

The old man is in traumatic pain.

OLD MAN You fucking...cunts! While the old man curses to himself, Graham places a candle on the guy's chest and lights it.

> OLD MAN You'll both...go to Hell. I fucking...swear.

#### GRAHAM

Hell?

Graham gets into a pushup position as his disfigured face meets the old man's.

GRAHAM Look at me. I <u>am</u> in fuckin' Hell. We went to church, we read the Bible, and we prayed every night to God but nothing fuckin' helped us...but you will. We're takin' our lives back.

Graham hacks up another green gooball and it splats on the old man's face.

OLD MAN You fucking...scumbags. Fuck you.

Graham rejoins Mara by the fire and pulls a dagger, complete with a skull-design handle, out of the backpack. She chants from the book.

MARA Bagabi laca bachabe. Lamac cahi achababe. In nominee de nostre Satanas: Lucifere Excelsis. In the name of our Satan; the glorious Lucifer. I will go up to the Alter to Satan, the giver of youth and glory.

Graham trades Mara the dagger for the book. She kneels beside the barely alive man while Graham continues to read.

## GRAHAM

In the name of Satan, ruler of Earth, the King of the world, I command the forces of darkness to bestow their infernal power upon us. Save us, Satan, from the curse placed upon us and open wide the Gates of Hell and come forth from the abyss to witness our offering. Mara slices the blade into the old man's fleshy chest and chops away at his loose skin.

OLD MAN

Ahhhhhh!

A bolt of lightning strikes followed by thunder.

## GRAHAM

O Satan, from the terminus fires of the damned, we plea an offer of a sacrificial third life for a return of youth and glory. O sweet Satan, I cry to thee, from the depths of Hell I beg of you to exorcise our demons and return them to the fires from whence they came.

Mara flicks some skin away with the blade and finishes up her work; an upsidedown pentagram is now etched into the man's chest.

Blood drips down his body and forms a pool on the floor.

Graham lowers the book and observes Mara's work.

OLD MAN

I...I...

Mara puts her hand on the old man's mouth.

## MARA

Save it. No one's gonna miss you. That's the reason we picked you; you have no family, you have no friends. The only person you got is me when I change your fucking diapers everyday.

#### OLD MAN

You deserve...everything...you've got...coming.

## GRAHAM

You're damn right, old timer. We got our lives to live. We're gettin' married. You've already lived yours. If gettin' our lives back at the expense of yours is the deal, then we'll take it. Consider it a fair trade.

Mara rejoins him by the fireplace.

Time?

GRAHAM A minute til midnight.

Mara takes the book and reads one final chant.

MARA

For the 304th day of the year of our Lord, our sweet Satan, on the midnight hour we offer you a sacrificial third life to return to the darkness with our plea of the release of our Holy spirits, dear Lucifer.

OLD MAN You fucking...

GRAHAM Shut the fuck up!

MARA

Time?

GRAHAM Forty-eight, forty-nine...

Mara and Graham kneel on either side of the old man and both hold the dagger over the guy's chest.

Graham peeks at his watch.

GRAHAM Fifty-five, fifty-six...

MARA Dearest Satan, we bestow you!

Graham's watch hits midnight.

GRAHAM

NOW!

They jettison the knife into the old man's chest and grind it deep into his organs.

A flash of lightning followed by thunder and another WHITE FLASH.

When the flash clears, all is silent. The candles around the pentagram are out but the fire burns on.

SCREAMS of agony and torture echo off the walls.

A dark shadow steps over to the fire and puts its hands before the flames.

Screams emit with each crackle of the fire.

The shadow comes into focus; it's the old man, naked, cleanshaven, and 55 years YOUNGER.

He calmly caresses the flames with his fingers as the screams continue.

OLD MAN

Mmmmm .

The man slides the book over and runs his finger along the title of the verse: Duis semper Pegasus ferit.

# OLD MAN

I love that verse.

He smiles, then chuckles, then laughs, then laughs hysterically.

OLD MAN Works every time.

He shuts the book and peers into the fire. The tortured screams of Mara and Graham emit from the flames.

MARA (V.O.) No! No!

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Ahhh!

OLD MAN ...every time.

The old man rises to his feet and waves his hand in front of the fire; it dies instantly.

Lightning strikes outside as a devilish look comes to his face.

OLD MAN I've got a little hellraising to do.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END