

SATAN'S SLAVE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A wind-blown *datura-stramonium* leaf lands outside a suburban residential house. Warm light glows from curtained windows.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Authorities released a statement today regarding Satan's Slave, a video game available on the dark web...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A middle-aged FATHER and MOTHER watch news on TV.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
...that has been linked to a recent spate of grisly murders.

MOTHER
What's the world coming to?

A text RING TONE. Father picks up his phone, frowns at a sports report on the screen.

FATHER
The end. Mourinho's been sacked.

Mother looks at Father, raises her eyebrow.

FATHER
Parents don't talk to their kids these days, there's no discipline. They all wanna be famous, but don't wanna work for it, so they pick up a gun or a knife.

MOTHER
Did you talk to Jeremy about his chores?

FATHER
I'll text him, the football's about to start.

INT. JEREMY'S ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Posters of naked female models. Scattered wires from computer consoles. Marijuana paraphernalia.

A legal high wrapper, ripped open and half empty, lay on the floor next to a recently used smouldering bong.

JEREMY, 15, stoned, relaxes on his bed using his laptop.

LAPTOP SCREEN

A Reddit-style website displays many topic threads, the main one being SATAN'S SLAVE.

Jeremy directs the cursor over the topic and clicks. A subthread appears with user replies.

Comments such as "Awesome news, more dead!", "How can I get it?", "Can anyone send me the file?" etc.

A text message RING TONE.

JEREMY'S ROOM

Jeremy picks up his phone from his bedside cabinet. He reads a text message.

TEXT MESSAGE

FATHER: *Don't forget to clean that rat's nest you call a room.*

JEREMY: *Yeah tomorrow.*

JEREMY'S ROOM

Jeremy tuts, places his phone back on the bedside cabinet.

He picks up his laptop, looks at the screen. His heavy, intoxicated eyes widen, gleaming with excitement.

LAPTOP SCREEN

UNDER SATAN'S SLAVE SUBTHREAD: A poster named *Anonymous* has supplied a glowing HTML link to the game.

Jeremy clicks on the link.

The link opens in a new window. The screen turns black. Dripping blood letters appear: SATAN'S SLAVE.

JEREMY'S ROOM

Jeremy sits up, excited.

His eyes glow as he stares at the screen.

LAPTOP SCREEN

A shining "PREPARE TO PLAY FOR YOUR SOUL" link emerges.
Jeremy's cursor clicks on the entrance link.

JEREMY'S ROOM

Jeremy's eyes open wide....

LAPTOP SCREEN

A First Person Perspective game. A dark train tunnel, created from basic graphics, looms in the distance.

JEREMY'S ROOM

Jeremy uses his laptop cursor keys and mouse to direct his character on the screen.

LAPTOP SCREEN

We move towards the dark train tunnel...

JEREMY'S ROOM

The laptop's screen reflects in Jeremy's mesmerized eyes.

Eerie, haunting atmospheric music. Screams of pain... unlike game effects, they sound like real-life recorded audio.

Jeremy's face portrays mixed emotions as he plays the game. Determined. Anxious. Disgusted. Amused. Angry.

CUT TO BLACK.

JEREMY (V.O.)
That's it? Are you kidding me?

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeremy's eyes snap open. His smug smile fades.
He's distraught.

JEREMY
No... noooo!

Jeremy stands, covered in blood, knife in his hand.

Father lay dead on the floor, cut to shreds.

Mother's head sits on the fireplace mantle, her body parts scattered around the blood-soaked room.

Jeremy sinks to his knees. SIRENS wail in the distance.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Another murder tonight, again
linked with the game "Satan's
Slave"...

FADE TO BLACK.