

SILHOUETTE

By

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INT. THE SLAVE QUARTERS 1650 - NIGHT

A calm fire burns in the fireplace of the filthy slave quarters.

A dirty sheet rests on top of some hay in the corner.

Bloodstained raggedy clothes are hanging on the walls, and scattered on the floor.

The crackling of the wood is heard, along with the delightful humming of the slaves enjoying the food they're eating.

The slaves are a mixture of males and females dressed in tattered rags, either sitting on the floor or at the wooden table.

A WOMAN with what appears to be a torn sheet with holes in it wrapped around her head, dressed in a "hand-me-down" old dress, sits in the corner in a rocking chair holding a sleeping baby.

You can tell by the expression on her face looking at the other slaves, she's too proud to eat the meal they're eating.

DOUGLASS, (25) sits to the side in a chair smiling, watching the slaves eat the food he provided.

His baby blue eyes bring out the sapphire ring on his right hand.

You can tell from his aura he's at peace, knowing the slaves are able to eat good.

SLAVE ONE, (25) a muscular man with no shirt on, with a ton of whelp marks on his back takes a seat on the floor beside Douglass chair, taking a bite from a turkey leg.

SLAVE ONE

(Chewing)

Thank you for the food master. We appreciate it.

DOUGLASS

I told you, don't call me that.  
Call me Douglass.

SLAVE ONE

Why are you so nice to us, mas...I mean, Douglass?

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLASS

I'll tell you.

Slave one eyes widen, amazed Douglass is about to share his story.

He stands up looking at the slaves, clearing his throat to get their attention.

SLAVE ONE

Mas...I mean, Douglass is about to tell us a story.

(To Douglass)

Sorry. I have to get use to calling you Douglass.

DOUGLASS

It's okay.

The woman with the baby rolls her eyes, uninterested in what Douglass has to say.

The other slaves focus their attention on Douglass.

DOUGLASS CONT'D

I'm nice because of my great-grandmother, and this ring.

(He extends his right hand)

Yes sir. Sweet as pumpkin pie, and pure as "God" himself, my great-grandmother. She believed you should treat people no different from the next.

SLAVE ONE

(Amazed)

Even us colored folk?

DOUGLASS

Yes. This ring was passed down from all the people in my family with good souls.

SLAVE ONE

You're a good man, Douglass.

DOUGLASS

The Lord bestows his love in all of us. When you bless others, your blessings come to you.

(CONTINUED)

SLAVE ONE

Other white people should be like you.

DOUGLASS

I believe they have a deep hate, because the image of "God" is seen as a white man. Adam and Eve are white. I'm guessing, they feel it should only be white people in the world.

SLAVE ONE

(Confused)

If everyone before us was white. Where did us colored folks come from, if there were no colored folks to begin with?

DOUGLASS

That's a question I can't answer.

Slave one takes a bite from the turkey leg, shaking his head.

SLAVE ONE

(Chewing)

...People who hate people are dumb. We're all the same. We're just colored different.

DOUGLASS

That's why I treat everyone the same.

SLAVE ONE

What's wrong your father.

Douglass lowers his head ashamed, sighing.

DOUGLASS

(Sadden)

Somewhere along the line, he lost his righteousness. I love my father.

(Sighs)

...I don't agree with his actions. Maybe one day---

The door flies off the hinges.

In walks twelve white males holding machete's and nooses, with hate spilling from their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

SEBASTIAN, (40) Douglass father. He looks rough. His beard is uneven and dirty, dressed in some confederate style clothing. A revolver rests on his right hip in a holster.

He comes in behind the other men.

All of the slaves except for Slave one cower in the corner.

The baby the woman is holding begins crying.

One of the men walks over to her ready to snatch the baby, and Sebastian shakes his head no.

The man backs off, and the woman clinches the baby tighter, sobbing low, trying to get the baby to be silent.

Douglass stands up.

Slave one stands up prepared to step towards Sebastian, and one of the men walks over to him, placing the blade of the machete on his throat.

Slave one tenses up, placing his hands in the air. The man keeps the blade on his throat, making him step back.

Sebastian spits on the floor.

SEBASTIAN

You giving the white man's food to these niggers?

DOUGLASS

(disgusted)

They're people with names. Just like us.

SEBASTIAN

(upset)

If they were like us, they would live in the house like civilized people, and not like the dogs they're!

DOUGLASS

Grandmother is rolling over in her grave.

Sebastian pulls his revolver, walking over to Douglass.

SEBASTIAN

What did you say?

Sebastian stops in front of Douglass, and you can see Douglass has no fear of the outcome.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLASS

You heard me. Your cold eyes don't scare me. I only fear "God".

Sebastian pistol-whips Douglass, knocking him to the floor.

Douglass is on his knees spitting out blood, while Sebastian looks down at him.

SEBASTIAN

(Outraged)

I don't mix with niggers! And I didn't create a nigger lover! Now, if you believe in "God". You better pray he gives you sense, so you can remember the white man you're, and stop dealing with these niggers.

As the blood slowly drips from Douglass mouth, he turns his head to look at Sebastian, and a smile comes to his face.

DOUGLASS

"God" will protect me.

Sebastian looks at him disgusted, before spitting on him.

Sebastian looks over at one of the men with a noose, signaling for him to come here.

SEBASTIAN

Come place a noose on this niggers neck.

Douglass tries getting up, and Sebastian kicks him in the head, knocking him to the floor.

Slave one elbows the man with blade to his throat hard in the stomach, causing him to release a deep moan, dropping the blade, stepping back.

"3D optional". Slave one rushes at Sebastian prepared to swing, and Sebastian aims the gun at his head pulling the trigger, blowing his brains out.

The slaves scream, as Slave one body hits the floor, dead.

Two of the men hold Douglass down, while another places the noose around his neck.

Douglass gasps for air, from the rope getting tighter around his neck.

Douglass is flat on his ass, as the men drag him up against the table, propping him up.

(CONTINUED)

Sebastian kneels down looking Douglass in the eyes, and he still shows no fear.

Sebastian places the barrel of the gun to Douglass head, slowly trailing it down to his mouth.

SEBASTIAN

The Lord is white as our pure skin.  
So, since you wanna be with these  
niggers, and back talk not only a  
white man, but your father. I'll  
see to it you'll become the same  
color as them.

Douglass tries breaking free, but doesn't prevail.

Sebastian looks over at the woman with the baby, and then looks at Douglass with a sadistic smile.

SEBASTIAN CONT'D

The little nigger baby over there.  
He won't live to be a full grown  
nigger, taking up the white man's  
air.

Sebastian takes Douglass right hand placing it on the table.

He picks up a fork slamming it into his hand.

Douglass screams, as his left hand is done the same.

Sebastian starts pistol-whipping Douglass.

Blood and teeth fly from his mouth.

Sebastian stops, signaling for the guy holding the noose to let go.

Douglass is barely conscious with his head low, and blood coming from his mouth.

Sebastian walks over to one of the men taking the machete, walking back over to Douglass.

SEBASTIAN

Burn in hell, nigger lover.

Douglass lifts his head, looking at him smiling.

DOUGLASS

"God" will---

"3D optional" Sebastian swings with all his might, decapitating Douglass.

(CONTINUED)

The slaves scream, as blood sprays from the stomp.

Douglass head rolls by the fire, and one of the men picks it up, throwing it in the fire.

Sebastian takes the forks from his hands, so his body can fall.

Sebastian spits on him, before unzipping his pants pissing on him.

SEBASTIAN

(zipping his pants)

Slaughter these niggers, so they  
can burn with their so-called  
friend. When the ashes cool, they  
can all mix together, blowing away.

The men begin slaughtering the slaves.

Their screams echo through the night.

Douglass stands in spirit watching the onslaught.

A light omits from the ring, absorbing him in.

EXT. THE GATES OF HEAVEN

The golden gates shine bright, as the sun beams down in the clear blue sky.

DOUGLASS GREAT GRANDMOTHER, a fairly looking elderly lady stands at the gate with a glowing aura around her.

Douglass body appears.

He stares at his grandmother uncertain if he's happy to see her, or confused why he's in heaven.

DOUGLASS

Grandma?

DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER

Come home dear. Come where you  
belong.

DOUGLASS

Why do I belong here now? I thought  
if you do good deeds, the Lord  
blesses you? I've done nothing but  
good, and I'm here at a young age.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER

It was your time dear. This is your reward.

DOUGLASS

(Outraged)

It was my time to die at the hands of an ignorant fool?! What about the other innocent people who were killed?! I thought you said God protects people?! There's no "God"! Fuck "God"!

The sky turns black, and the rumble of thunder is heard.

DOUGLASS GRANDMOTHER

Dear---

DOUGLASS

Fuck you too, grandma!

(Points at the gate)

You mark my words, "God"! When the soul of a pure woman wears the ring on my dead body! I'll corrupt hers, so I can kill you! Reverse Adam and Eve, since man is "God"!

(Gives the finger)

Fuck you, "God"!

The ground cracks open, and Douglass spirit falls in.

He laughs, while his body gets skinned by rusty razors.

FADE OUT:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sebastian is sleep in his bed, with his revolver resting by his pillow.

Douglass ring is on the nightstand throbbing, before the sapphire turns black.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE DEPTHS OF HELL 1980

The screams of people in torment echo throughout the eerie room with a light mist.

Broken bones, skulls and gravel cover the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Demonic ghoulish creatures with glowing green eyes scale the walls, snarling.

Down on one knee, covered with dirt and sweat, dressed in a torn nightgown, is Chrissy (34).

She's breathing heavy scanning the room with her blue eyes, looking at the ghouls staring at her, ready to feast on her flesh.

There's black liquid consuming her right arm resembling pulsating veins, coming from Douglass ring.

She slowly stands to her feet with a look of confidence, watching the ghouls move in.

CHRISSY

I beat you!

A demonic laugh cuts through the room.

BEAST (O.S.)

(Demonic scary tone)

Do you really think you can defeat me?

CHRISSY

Then finish it! Finish it, and make us one!

The screams desist, and the ghouls fade back into the darkness.

The liquid on her arm squeezes tighter, causing blood to squirt out.

She moans in pain.

CHRISSY

Just as I thought! You're no "God"!  
Your nothing more than---

"3D optional" Lunging from the darkness is a arm made of black liquid, grabbing her by the throat, lifting her in the air.

She gasps for air, struggling to get free.

Her hands slide through the liquid, while getting pulled into the darkness.

Her face is turning red, and the veins are bulging in her forehead.

BEAST (O.S.)  
The only God, is me!

Her eyes roll in the back of her head.

The Beast slams her to the floor, releasing a loud growl.

The room turns white.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM

She's on the ground hacking, grabbing at her throat.

The black liquid is gone.

Her vision is blurry.

There appears to be a stretched out body, not far from where she is.

She inches her way towards it.

The closer she gets, her vision clears seeing the body of her husband, LARRY (34).

He has no shirt on, with claw marks in his back.

She sobs flipping him over holding his head, rocking back and forth.

Her tears fall onto his face, causing him to cough up blood, slowly opening his green eyes.

She looks down at him smiling.

CHRISSEY  
Larry?

LARRY  
(confused)  
What...what's going on? Where are we?

CHRISSEY  
It doesn't matter.

LARRY  
I remember---

She leans down giving him a passionate kiss, pulling back smiling, caressing his face.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISSEY

It doesn't matter. Let's go home.

She stands to her feet, extending her hand, helping him to his feet.

He slowly stands, blood leaking from his wounds.

They hold hands walking off.

LARRY

Can I ask you something?

CHRISSEY

What is it?

LARRY

When we get home, and of course, when I get better. Can we have that threesome?

CHRISSEY

(scoffs)

Just because we survived this, it doesn't change how I feel. The answer is still no.

He stops walking, causing her to stop, turning to look at him.

He stares at her with a baby face smile, hoping it will convince her to give in.

LARRY

(Buttering her up)

You said you'll do anything to keep me happy.

CHRISSEY

I also said, if it has to involve another woman. How am I more than enough woman for you? And you know my beliefs don't condone that.

He pulls her in a hug, holding her tight.

The ring fades to black.

LARRY

You're enough. This is about---

CHRISSY

Then there's nothing more to discuss.

The walls crack, and blood trickles through.

LARRY

We have to keep each other happy.  
This is what will make me happy.

She's struggling, trying to get free.

CHRISSY

(In pain)  
You're hurting me.

His back opens, and black liquid spills out.

LARRY (VOICE OF THE BEAST)

If you love me bitch, you'll do it!

CHRISSY

Larry, let me---

She gasps when she sees she's being held by two liquid arms coming from the body of the Beast.

The Beast is a tall mass of black liquid with human remains scattered throughout it.

The head is half demon, half human, with decomposing flesh, and a mouth full of long razor sharp teeth dripping blood and drool.

She screams trying to break free.

The floor turns into disemboweled bodies, grabbing at her legs.

The arms lift her up, so she can stare into the white eyes with lost souls circulating through them.

BEAST

Surrender or spend an eternity in hell.

The liquid has formed back on her arm, and the pressure from getting squeezed by the arms makes her spit up blood.

CHRISSY

(In agony)  
...Never.

A loud bell goes off, and the walls crack open.

(CONTINUED)

Blood begins flowing from the walls.

The bodies rise from the floor, spilling their insides.

"3D optional" A pair of rotted human arms lunge from the Beast going through her chest, bursting out her back, spilling her organs.

The hands latch hold to each side of her body, ripping her in half.

The glowing eyes of the Beast begin to die out, as the room fills with blood and organs.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SAMANTHA'S COLLECTION ROOM - 2016 - AFTERNOON

The room is all-white with marble floors.

On the walls are various paintings Samantha created, ranging from elegant, all the way down to bizarre and macabre.

Samantha, (35) with smooth brown skin, long flowing black hair, and a lovely body, is dressed in something casual.

She's standing in front of a blank canvas hanging over the fireplace, tapping a paint brush in her hand.

Cassidy, (35) very handsome with a low fade, dressed in a suit.

He comes in making his way over to her, wrapping his arms around her waist.

CASSIDY

What are you doing?

SAMANTHA

Trying to decide what to paint.

CASSIDY

How about you paint a picture of us?

SAMANTHA

How will that profit?

He gives her a kiss on the neck.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY

It wouldn't be for sale. It'll be something to hang over our bed.

SAMANTHA

You know I paint to make a profit?

CASSIDY

We don't have to worry about money.

SAMANTHA

Thinking like that will have you right back where you started.

CASSIDY

You're right.

She turns around giving him a kiss.

SAMANTHA

I know I'm right. Why do you think we still have money?

CASSIDY

(Smiles)

Are we having the party tonight?

SAMANTHA

I don't see why not.

CASSIDY

I'll go get the food and drinks.

SAMANTHA

Okay.

He gives her a kiss, caressing her face softly.

He turns to walk away, and then stops, turning back around smiling, walking towards her.

CASSIDY

I got you something on the way home.

SAMANTHA

What?

CASSIDY

Close your eyes.

She closes her eyes.

He goes in his pocket pulling out a ring box.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY

Open your eyes.

She opens her eyes, and her facial expression shows she's really not interested.

SAMANTHA

Okay?

CASSIDY

(Laughs)

Open it.

She takes the box opening it, and her mouth drops open staring at Douglass ring.

SAMANTHA

(Flattered)

Oh my God.

CASSIDY

(Smiles)

I knew you'd like it.

SAMANTHA

Where did you get it?

CASSIDY

I stopped at this antique shop to get something for the house. When I went in, I don't know what it was. Something was drawing me to this ring.

SAMANTHA

It's beautiful.

CASSIDY

And it deserves to be on the hand of a beautiful woman.

She blushes, giving him a kiss.

SAMANTHA

How much did it cost?

CASSIDY

I actually got it for cheap. The guy was talking about some type of legend behind it, and blah, blah, blah.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What legend?

CASSIDY

He said it belonged to some guy  
back in the 1600's, who was good to  
the slaves. I really wasn't paying  
attention. Try it on.

She takes the ring out placing it on her right index finger,  
and it's a perfect fit.

SAMANTHA

We're golden.

He gives her a kiss.

CASSIDY

Good. I'm about to go get the  
stuff. When I come back, I'll get  
ready.

SAMANTHA

Okay. I love you.

CASSIDY

I love you, too.

He walks out the room.

She continues staring at the ring smiling, before turning  
back around looking at the canvas.

SAMANTHA

What will I create with you?

INT. THE DINNING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME DAY

The room is decorated with elegance, from different oil  
paintings and exotic vases with flowers in them.

A fire burns calm in the fireplace.

The long table holds different foods and drinks, with chairs  
surrounding it.

BILL, EDDIE, TRACY, BRENDA, BRAD, TED and TIFFANY (35)  
occupy the room.

Bill and Eddie, Samantha's childhood friends are your  
typical pretty boys, with the laid back hair and athletic  
builds. They're dressed in something casual.

(CONTINUED)

Brenda's seductive Puerto Rican skin brings out her long curly black hair, and flawless body. She's dressed in something casual.

You can look into Tracy's ice blue eyes and tell she's all about her self, dressed in a two-piece business suit.

Brad's outfit expresses exactly who he is. A man that's had a hard life, with traces of Grey hair mixing with the brown to prove it.

Ted believes in his mind, he's still a playboy, with the long wavy ponytail resting on his shoulders, dressed in an expensive suit, making his light skin tone stand out.

Tiffany makes the fitted leather skirt and halter top she's wearing look marvelous. Her long curly hair compliments her full lips and seductive hazel eyes.

Bill and Eddie are off in the corner, laughing and talking.

Brenda is sitting in a chair, staring in her pocket mirror.

Tracy is pacing back and forth, arguing with someone on her cellphone.

Brad is staring at a family portrait, taking sips from his flask.

Ted is leaning up against the fireplace talking on his cellphone, grabbing his crotch.

Tiffany is standing by the door, sucking on a lollipop seductively.

Cassidy comes staggering into the room, drinking champagne from the bottle.

Tiffany walks up behind him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

TIFFANY

Can I talk to you real quick?

He turns around taking a sip, looking at her confused.

CASSIDY

About what?

TIFFANY

Step out in the hall with me.

She grabs his hand guiding him to the door.

Samantha walks in parting their hands.

Tiffany looks at her sucking her teeth.

Samantha grabs Cassidy by the head, giving him a kiss.

Tiffany rolls her eyes.

She lets him go, turning to look at Tiffany.

SAMANTHA

You're still trying to take  
something that's not yours?

TIFFANY

You got some nerve.

The two stare each other down, and Cassidy sees the tension.

CASSIDY

This ain't the time.

TIFFANY

(To Samantha)

I'll take this up with you later.

SAMANTHA

I can't wait.

Samantha walks off towards the fireplace.

Cassidy looks at Tiffany shaking his head, before taking a sip from the bottle, following behind Samantha.

Tiffany sighs deep rolling her eyes, following behind Cassidy.

Ted moves out the way, continuing to talk on his phone.

Cassidy stands beside Samantha, while Tiffany takes a seat in one of the chairs, looking at Samantha with hate in her eyes.

SAMANTHA

Good evening everybody. As you  
know, I called you over to  
celebrate another painting I sold.

Everyone stops what they're doing, paying Samantha attention.

Tiffany scoffs, cleaning the dirt from under her nails.

TIFFANY  
(Disrespectful)  
I'm surprised people buy this shit.

Samantha looks at Tiffany disgusted.

SAMANTHA  
(Serious)  
Says the woman who gives her pussy  
away for free?

Tiffany makes her way to Samantha, and Cassidy stands  
between them.

CASSIDY  
(Annoyed)  
You two, cut the shit! Tiffany, sit  
that ass down. Sam, please  
continue.

Tiffany rolls her eyes taking a seat.

Samantha clears her throat.

SAMANTHA  
Thank you all for coming over,  
because you know my success is  
yours. Let's eat and have a good  
time.

TIFFANY  
(Smacks her lips)  
How can anybody have a good time  
with you?

Samantha cuts her eyes at Tiffany, pointing her finger.

The ring catches Tracy eye.

SAMANTHA  
You won't be happy, until I slap  
the shit outta you.

CASSIDY  
(Face palm, annoyed)  
Oh my fucking God! Are we back in  
high school?

SAMANTHA  
(Upset)  
That's yo bitch. You need---

TRACY  
(interested)  
Sam, where did you get the ring?

Samantha flips her hand looking at the ring.

SAMANTHA  
Cass got it for me. I forgot I had  
it on.

TRACY  
It's beautiful.

Tiffany stands up placing her hands on her hips, rolling her  
eyes.

TIFFANY  
You can't say the same for the  
owner.

The ring begins throbbing.

Samantha grabs Tiffany by the throat, ready to slap her.

Cassidy tries breaking her grip.

CASSIDY  
Sam, let her go.

SAMANTHA  
This bitch needs to get her shit  
together, before I do it for her!

She lets her go.

The ring throbs harder, as the lights flicker on and off.

Everyone pays attention to the lights.

CASSIDY  
(Confused)  
What the fuck?

TIFFANY  
(Sassy)  
Somebody didn't pay the light bill.

Samantha looks at her with a sly grin, before slapping the  
shit outta of her with her right hand.

As soon as her palm touches her face, black smoke rushes out  
the ring filling the room.

Everyone gasps grabbing at their throats trying to breathe, falling to the floor unconscious.

INSIDE THE HUMAN BODY

The smoke is circulating through the body, turning the organs black.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE DINNING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The smoke has cleared out.

Everyone slowly stands to their feet feeling light headed, and sick to their stomach.

BRAD  
(Holding his head)  
Oh man. What happened?

TRACY  
(Looking around confused)  
That's a good question.

Brenda lets off a blood curdling scream.

Everyone focuses their attention on her.

TRACY  
(Concerned)  
What's wrong?

Brenda is looking at herself in her pocket mirror.

BRENDA  
(Whinny)  
I have a cut under my eye.

Everyone scoffs, brushing her off.

BILL  
Whatever happened, I need to make a move. It's a blunt at the crib with my name on it.

EDDIE  
I'm with you. It was fun, but we're about to make that move.

Bill and Eddie walk out the room.

(CONTINUED)

Brad picks up his flask, shaking his head disappointed.

BRAD  
I need a drink.

Brad walks out the room.

TRACY  
I guess we better leave. I have  
that interview in the morning for  
helping the homeless.  
(To Brenda)  
Come on girl, let's go, so I can  
take you home.

Tracy and Brenda walk out the room.

Ted finishes sending his text, placing his phone back in his pocket.

TED  
I'm outta here, Sam. Gotta make  
this booty call happen.

Ted walks out the room.

Samantha is silent, staring at the ring.

Cassidy walks over to Samantha, wrapping his arm around her waist.

Tiffany stands by the door, placing on lip gloss.

CASSIDY  
You okay?

SAMANTHA  
I'm fine.

TIFFANY  
Cass, can you let me out?

He turns his head looking at her.

CASSIDY  
Let yourself out.

SAMANTHA  
Nah. Go let the dumb bitch out.

CASSIDY  
Are you sure?

SAMANTHA

Yeah. Just hurry up back.

He walks over to her, and the two walk out the room.

The main hallway is all-white with black marble floors, and in wall aquariums.

A crystal chandler hangs above lighting the room.

The two get to the front door, and she grabs him by the shoulders, pressing him against the wall.

He's stunned by her actions.

CASSIDY

(Pushes her back)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

TIFFANY

(Steps back in his face)

Stop playing with me.

CASSIDY

Playing? What the hell are you talking about?

TIFFANY

(Points her finger at his nose)

You know goddamn well what I'm talking about. What are you doing with her?

CASSIDY

(Confused)

She's my wife.

TIFFANY

You know damn well, it should be us.

CASSIDY

Does it?

TIFFANY

(Seductive)

Have we forgot what happened the night your wife was in the hospital? Have you forgot she can never give you what you really want?

He stands silent.

(CONTINUED)

She wraps her arms around his neck, leaning in kissing his neck.

TIFFANY CONT'D  
(Seductive)  
Does she fuck you like me?

He starts breathing heavy.

TIFFANY CONT'D  
And I already know.

She drops down to her knees, and you can hear his pants unzip.

TIFFANY CONT'D  
(Seductive)  
She doesn't suck you like me.

He closes his eyes, leaning back biting his bottom lip.

You can see his shadow slowly fading away.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
(Troubled)  
Cass, come quick!

He stands straight, fixing his pants.

CASSIDY  
Here I come!

Tiffany stands up licking her lips.

TIFFANY  
Not really. Give me a few more seconds.

CASSIDY  
Look, you gotta go.

TIFFANY  
You gotta be shitting me?

CASSIDY  
You gotta go. My wife needs me.

TIFFANY  
(Attitude)  
You wasn't thinking about her ass a few seconds ago.

He grabs her by the arm trying to force her out the door, and she snatches away.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Get your fucking hands off me. I'll tell you like this. Either you give me what I want. Or I'll make sure she'll be your Ex wife.

He balls his fist, and she stands with her hands on her hips.

CASSIDY

Bitch, if you even think about---

TIFFANY

You better calm that shit down. I don't think you wanna explain the reason why you hit me, is because you feel guilty about letting me give you some head.

He drops his head in shame.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Give me what I want. I'll give you time to think about it.

(Gives him a kiss on the cheek)

I'll talk to you later, boo. Oh yeah, one more thing.

(Licks her lips)

You still taste sweet.

She winks at him, before walking out the house.

He stands shaking his head, before going back into the dinning room.

Samantha has her back turned to the door.

SAMANTHA

(Staring at the ring)

What took you so long?

CASSIDY

I was locking up the house.

SAMANTHA

Come look at this.

He walks over to her.

He looks at the ring, and his face becomes etched with confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY  
What the hell is that?

The ring has black lines going through it, appearing cracked.

SAMANTHA  
I thought it was cracked. I rubbed my finger across it, and it's still smooth.

He rubs his thumb across the ring.

CASSIDY  
...That's weird.

SAMANTHA  
(Tries taking it off)  
It feels like it's attached to my finger.

CASSIDY  
Did it feel that way earlier?

SAMANTHA  
No.

CASSIDY  
We'll try getting it off in the morning. I'll see you upstairs.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek, and then walks out the room.

She continues trying to take the ring off, and the beast eyes quickly flashes.

She shakes her head confused.

SAMANTHA  
Maybe I should lay down.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room looks like a light version of a hoarders place.

Empty beer cans and liquor bottles are on the floor, along with old pizza boxes.

Bill and Eddie are sitting at the table drinking beer.

On the table is a six pack of beer, and a ashtray filled with cigarette butts and blunt tails.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE  
(Anxious)  
Where's the blunt?

BILL  
Grab the gold can and Backwoods.

EDDIE  
You still got some weed from last  
time?

BILL  
(Proud)  
I got some new Shit.

Eddie gets up walking to the bookshelf, grabbing the can and pack of Backwoods.

He sits back down at the table smiling, handing Bill the Backwoods to break down.

Eddie opens the can, and looks at the weed oddly.

EDDIE  
What the fuck is this?

Bill is breaking down a Backwood.

BILL  
What?

EDDIE  
This black shit on the weed.

BILL  
What black shit?

Eddie pours the weed on the table, and there's black liquid on the buds.

Bill picks up a bud looking at it.

BILL  
I guess it's opium. I didn't check  
it when I bought it. I'm still  
smoking.

EDDIE  
Shit, you know I am. I just wanted  
to know if you knew what it was.

They roll their own separate blunts.

When they finish, they both have big grins lighting up.

(CONTINUED)

They both take a hard pull, and immediately start coughing up a lung.

EDDIE  
(Coughing)  
Goddamn. This shit strong as hell.

BILL  
(Coughing)  
I told you. This that new shit.

Eddie wipes the sweat from his face.

EDDIE  
Keep getting this shit.

BILL  
This is what life is about.

For each pull they take, their shadow fades away.

The lights flicker for a second.

They're covered in sweat, putting the Backwoods out.

BILL  
(Wheezing)  
I'm about to go on the porch. My chest feels like it's on fire.

EDDIE  
(Smacking his lips for taste)  
I'm about to make something to eat. You got something in there, right?

BILL  
Right now dude, I don't know. Go in there and look.

Bill stands up holding his chest, wiping the sweat from his face, making his way to the radio turning it on, and some loud music plays.

Bill makes his way outside to the front porch.

The inside porch is fairly furnished.

He takes a seat on the couch wheezing, reaching in his pocket pulling out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

He takes a cigarette from the pack, placing it in his mouth lighting it.

For the moment, he's relaxed.

(CONTINUED)

He gets ready to take another pull, and he starts having problems breathing, grabbing at his chest.

The veins in his arms start bulging, and black liquid mixed with blood squirts out.

He tries calling out for help, but due to the complications breathing, it prevents him.

He unbuttons his shirt, and the veins pulsating through his chest are doing the same.

Blood and black liquid covers his body, as he tries standing up.

"3D optional" His lungs burst out his chest.

Eddie is sweating, having a hard time making his sandwich.

When he's finished, he takes a bite having a hard time swallowing.

He makes his way out the kitchen through the living room, taking a bite from his sandwich.

With each bite, it gets harder to swallow, heading to the front porch.

When he see's Bill's dead body, he throws up.

Wiping his mouth, he runs back in the house over to the radio turning it down, before pulling his phone out dialing 911.

As he places the phone to his ear, his throat swells with black bulging veins.

He drops the phone, grabbing at his throat, dropping down to his knees.

The veins move upward towards his brain, causing his head to swell.

Blood mixed with black liquid leaks from his eyes.

"3D optional" His eyes burst from his head, and blood sprays out.

Blood and bits of meat spill from his mouth, before his head explodes.

## SAMANTHA'S DREAM

Samantha is standing in a dimly lit room in her nightgown.

BILL (O.S.)  
He's coming for you, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
Bill? Where are you?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
Don't let him get you, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
Where are you guys? What are you  
talking about?

BILL (O.S.)  
It's so cold, Sam. Please...help  
us.

SAMANTHA  
Where are you guys?!

There's silence.

She looks around the room confused.

SAMANTHA CONT'D  
Bill? Eddie? Speak to---

"3D optional" Bill and Eddie rotted faces covered with  
maggots lunge at her.

She screams falling to the floor.

BILL  
(Creepy voice)  
He wants you, Sam. There's nothing  
that can stop him.

EDDIE  
(Creepy voice)  
You're going to die, Sam. Join us  
in helping him.

She screams getting up running away, and comes in contact  
with the mouth of the Beast.

She falls to the ground screaming.

The mouth leans in closer dripping Blood and drool onto her  
face, as the tongue moves across her skin.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is decorated fairly nice, with their king size bed.

The wind gently blows the drapes, as the sun shines through the window.

She wakes up in bed screaming in her nightgown, with sweat on her face.

Cassidy comes rushing over to the bed dressed in his suit.

He grabs her, trying to calm her down.

CASSIDY

Baby, it's a dream. It's a dream  
baby, calm down.

She calms down, staring at him with a look of fear.

SAMANTHA

(Terrified)

It seemed so real.

CASSIDY

What were you dreaming about?

SAMANTHA

It was Bill and Eddie.

CASSIDY

(Sighs)

...There's something I have to tell  
you.

SAMANTHA

What?

He holds her shoulders trying to add comfort for what he's about to say.

She stares at him waiting.

CASSIDY

(Sorrow)

Bill and Eddie. ...They were  
murdered last night.

SAMANTHA

(Stun)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY  
They were found---

SAMANTHA  
No! No, it was just a dream! It was  
Dream!

CASSIDY  
Baby---

SAMANTHA  
No!

She gets out the bed, running out the room.

He sits on the bed sighing.

His phone rings.

He pulls it out answering, placing it to his ear.

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
You heard about Bill and Eddie?

CASSIDY  
(Sadden)  
I just told Sam. She's not taking  
it well.

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
It's horrible. Did you figure out  
when you'll give me what I want?

CASSIDY  
(Stun)  
What the fuck?

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
I truthfully don't give a fuck  
about the situation, or her. You  
got three days to figure it out.

CASSIDY  
You---

She hangs up on her end.

You can see the frustration on his face.

INT. THE COLLECTION ROOM - MORNING - SAME DAY

Samantha is standing in front of the canvas with a blank stare.

Cassidy comes into the room.

CASSIDY  
Baby, do you wanna talk?

She doesn't respond or move.

He slowly makes his way towards her.

CASSIDY CONT'D  
I want you to know, I'm here for  
you.

She still doesn't respond.

He gets to her and stops.

CASSIDY CONT'D  
(Concerned)  
Baby?

He gets ready to grab her by the waist.

"3D optional" She turns around releasing an eerie demonic yell.

Her face looks like a demon, with a mouth full of razor sharp teeth and solid white eyes.

A strong wind elevates her, pushing him back.

He screams looking on in fear.

SAMANTHA (THE BEAST VOICE)  
You don't deserve her! Her soul  
shall be mines, and yours shall rot  
in hell! How could you do what you  
did?!

He looks on in fear.

She yells, before falling to the floor.

Hesitant to move, you can see the puddle of piss forming under him.

He slowly inches towards her.

(CONTINUED)

He gets close enough to touch her, and she sits up, coughing up blood.

He scoots back.

SAMANTHA  
Help...help me.

She coughs up some more blood, before passing out.

He gets up running out the room.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

Samantha lies asleep on the bed hooked to machines.

Cassidy and the DOCTOR stand outside the room looking in.

Cassidy turns looking at the Doctor with concern, hoping he has something good to tell him.

CASSIDY  
What's wrong with her?

DOCTOR  
From examining her, she seems perfectly fine.

Cassidy shakes his head in disbelief.

CASSIDY  
That can't be. She was coughing up blood. And---

He covers his mouth.

DOCTOR  
What?

CASSIDY  
She wasn't herself.

DOCTOR  
(Concerned)  
What do you think caused her to throw up blood?

CASSIDY  
I have no idea. She started before we came here.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

Did she ingest anything you know  
of?

CASSIDY

Not to my knowledge. Last night we  
had a party. This morning, she  
started spitting up blood.

DOCTOR

We'll keep her overnight, and run  
some more test. Far as we know,  
your wife is fine.

CASSIDY

She's far from fine.

He walks off.

The doctor goes back into the room with Samantha.

EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The neighborhood is a silent urban area.

She has a normal size house, with flowers resting on the  
porch.

Cassidy stands waiting for her to answer the door.

She opens the door dressed in some sexy lingerie.

TIFFANY

You're ready---

He slaps her across the face, shoving her in the house,  
walking in closing the door.

The room is fairly nice.

Provocative paintings are on the walls, and hand knitted  
quilts rest on the sofa and love chair.

She holds her face laughing, leaning up against the wall.

He steps over to her.

TIFFANY

You still like it rough, I see.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY  
(Pointing his finger)  
I don't know what you did or said.  
But If you come near me or my wife  
again, I'll kill you.

She gathers herself together, looking at him smiling.

TIFFANY  
Maybe you told on yourself.

CASSIDY  
You think this is a game?

TIFFANY  
(Smiling)  
Of course it's, baby. So far, it  
looks like I'm winning.

He gets ready to slap her again, and she grabs his wrist.

She pulls his hand closer to her mouth, slowly sucking on  
his finger.

TIFFANY CONT'D  
(Seductive)  
You need to put this hand where it  
belongs.

She places his hand on her ass.

He looks at her disgusted, snatching his hand away.

CASSIDY  
You sick bitch. Stay away from me  
and my family.

He turns his back walking away.

TIFFANY  
Are you serious?  
(Laughs)  
She can't produce the new members  
to give you a family, boo.

He turns around.

CASSIDY  
Fuck you.

TIFFANY  
You'll be fucking me.

He walks out slamming the door behind him.

She continues staring at the door with a sly smile.

INT. THE MODELING STUDIO - THE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Models of all kinds dressed in provocative outfits are in the back waiting their turn to come out on the runway.

Random gossip and laughter is heard, while the ladies sit at their mirrors applying their makeup.

Brenda sits crying, smearing her makeup.

MODEL ONE, (24) slim seductive Caucasian comes up behind her, placing a hand on her shoulder.

She turns looking at her.

MODEL ONE

Are you okay?

Brenda sniffles, trying to hold back the pain from hearing about Bill and Eddie being murdered.

BRENDA

I'll be fine.

MODEL ONE

I had to check on you, since no one else would.

BRENDA

Thank you.

MODEL ONE

No problem. You better hurry up and get ready. You know how he can be.

BRENDA

(Dry laugh)

I know. I'll be out there.

Model one walks off.

Brenda turns looking in the mirror, preparing to do her makeup.

INT. THE MODELING STUDIO - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The PHOTOGRAPHER is finishing up taking pictures.

Just by the way he loads his camera, this let's you know he's arrogant, and has no time for flaws or his time being wasted.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Bring out the next beautiful lady.

Brenda comes out.

The photographer finishes loading his camera, and he looks at her frowning.

PHOTOGRAPHER CONT'D  
(Confused)  
Who are you?

BRENDA  
Brenda---

PHOTOGRAPHER  
No. Who are you? I'm supposed to be doing a shoot with this beautiful woman here.

He holds up a picture of her.

BRENDA  
(Confused)  
That's me.

He looks at the picture, and then looks at her, and breaks out laughing.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(Looks at the picture)  
This isn't you. The woman in this picture is a sight of beauty.  
(Looks at her disgusted)  
You look like you haven't slept in days. Your makeup is terrible. And is that a scratch under your eye?

Brenda looks as if she's ready to cry.

The Photographer walks over to her.

PHOTOGRAPHER CONT'D  
If you're in this session. I advise you to have someone do your makeup,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOTOGRAPHER CONT'D (cont'd)  
because the old age is outshining  
the beauty.

He walks away.

PHOTOGRAPH CONT'D  
Bring on the next model, please.

Brenda rushes off stage crying, making her way to the  
bathroom.

She locks the door behind her, before walking over to the  
sink turning the water on, letting it run.

She lowers her head splashing water on her face.

When she looks at herself in the mirror, she sees what the  
Photographer was talking about.

She wipes her face.

BRENDA  
(Sobbing)  
Asshole. No one can be beautiful  
forever. If I could, I would.

The lights flicker.

She looks around confused.

She looks back at the mirror, and it's all-black.

Shaking her head convinced she's seeing things, she places  
her hands over her face.

When she removes her hands, she sees herself ten years  
younger, staring at her smiling.

She jumps back.

BRENDA  
(Confused)  
What the fuck is going on?

BRENDA'S REFLECTION  
I'm you.

BRENDA  
How is that?

## BRENDA'S REFLECTION

You said if you could be beautiful again, you would. Don't you remember when we were beautiful, without a blemish or sign of old age?

Brenda slowly reaches her hand out to touch the mirror.

When she touches it, she feels the smooth skin of her reflection, caressing it.

BRENDA

(Amazed)

Oh my God.

BRENDA'S REFLECTION

Don't you wanna go back to this point in our life?

A tear rolls down Brenda's face.

BRENDA

It can't be done.

Brenda's reflection reaches out, caressing Brenda's face.

BRENDA'S REFLECTION

All you have to do, is say this is what you want.

BRENDA

(Hesitant)

Yes. ...I want to be beautiful again.

BRENDA'S REFLECTION

I'm glad to hear it.

Brenda gets ready to smile, and the nails on the hand of the reflection go through the back of her head.

"3D optional" The Beast burst through the mirror biting her face off, and the room goes dark.

## SAMANTHA'S DREAM

Samantha stands in the dim room.

BEAST (O.S.)

I can remove the pain of losing your child.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What do you want from me?!

BEAST (O.S.)

I want you to be happy.

SAMANTHA

I am happy! Leave me the fuck  
alone!

BEAST (O.S.)

(Demonic laugh)

You don't know what happiness is.  
If you won't allow me to show you.  
I'll show you pain.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Samantha is asleep.

The doctor stands over her watching.

The ring starts throbbing, and her body shakes, as her  
heart-rate monitor begins beeping faster.

The doctor checks her vitals, and her shaking becomes more  
frantic, spitting up blood and foaming at the mouth.

DOCTOR

Code blue!

Other doctors rush in trying to sedate her.

She continues shaking and spitting up blood.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassidy sits on the bed holding a glass of cognac, looking  
at a picture of him and Samantha.

His phone rings.

He places the glass down answering.

CASSIDY

Hello?

(Listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up, making his way out the room.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cassidy comes walking down the hallway to Samantha's room.

The doctor stands by the door baffled.

CASSIDY  
What's going on?

DOCTOR  
(Lost for words)  
I don't know if there's a rational  
explanation.

CASSIDY  
What happened?

DOCTOR  
I was examining her, and everything  
was fine. Out of nowhere, she  
started convulsing. There was blood  
everywhere.  
(Takes a deep breath, shaking  
his head)  
After we sedated her, I checked her  
again.

CASSIDY  
And?

DOCTOR  
...There was nothing wrong with  
her.

Cassidy has a look of concern on his face.

CASSIDY  
How's she doing now?

DOCTOR  
She's fine.

CASSIDY  
Can I see her?

DOCTOR  
She's asleep, but I don't see why  
not. I'm trying to find a reason  
why she's going through this, and  
she's perfectly fine.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY

Just keep trying to find something.

Cassidy walks into the room.

He walks over to her and stops.

You can tell his heart dropped to his feet, sadden, he can't help his wife.

He leans down giving her a kiss on the forehead, and then caresses her face.

CASSIDY

I love you.

He takes a seat in a chair by the window staring at her, until he dozes off.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

Samantha is sitting up watching television on mute, drinking some juice.

Cassidy wakes up.

SAMANTHA

(Looks at him)

Good morning, sleepy head.

A smile comes to his face.

CASSIDY

Thank God you're back to normal.

She looks at him odd, taking a sip from her juice.

SAMANTHA

Why are you acting strange?

He gets up walking over to the bed.

CASSIDY

How are you feeling?

SAMANTHA

Why am I in the hospital?

CASSIDY

You don't remember what happened?

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

The last thing I remember, is you  
telling me about Bill and Eddie.  
Everything else is a blur.

Samantha sees the modeling studio on the television.

CASSIDY

You don't---

SAMANTHA

Wait a minute. That's the studio  
Brenda models at.

She grabs the remote taking it off mute.

A REPORTER is standing in front of the building yellow taped  
off, ready to speak.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

Last night in this building behind  
me, a tragic murder took place.  
Thirty-five-year-old Brenda Smith  
was found---

She turns the television off, placing her hands over her  
face sighing.

Cassidy notices the ring getting darker.

CASSIDY

Oh my God.

She pulls her hands down looking at him.

SAMANTHA

What?

CASSIDY

Look at the ring.

She turns her hand around looking at the ring, and to her,  
it still appears blue.

SAMANTHA

(Confused)

What's wrong with it?

CASSIDY

It's getting darker.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

It looks the same to me.

CASSIDY

(Confused)

You don't see it?

SAMANTHA

Maybe you should be the one in here.

He grabs her hand, and he has a vision.

CASSIDY'S VISION

Samantha has black eyes, prepared to kiss Douglass in his human form.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

He releases her hand, stepping back in fear.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong with you?

CASSIDY

(Scared)

Nothing's wrong. I'll come back later.

SAMANTHA

You're acting really strange.

CASSIDY

(Scared)

I just...I need to go check on something.

SAMANTHA

I love you.

CASSIDY

I love you, too. I'll be back.

He walks out the room.

She's confused by his actions, taking another sip of her juice.

INT. THE ANTIQUE SHOP - AFTERNOON

The store has various old items in cases, hanging on the walls and propped up in corners.

From looking at how old some of the items are, you know you'll spend some money to obtain them.

The SHOP OWNER, (51) African-American is cleaning the store, humming a Blues song.

Cassidy walks in.

The Shop owner stops sweeping, looking at Cassidy smiling.

SHOP OWNER  
(Southern accent)  
Did your wife like the ring?

CASSIDY  
She loves it. I have to ask you something.

Cassidy has a serious look in his eyes, staring at the Shop Owner.

SHOP OWNER  
What would that be?

CASSIDY  
The story you were trying to tell me.

The Shop owner laughs, and Cassidy becomes irritated.

SHOP OWNER  
I thought you didn't believe?

CASSIDY  
I'm starting to have second thoughts. Can you tell me, please?

SHOP OWNER  
From what I was told. The man Douglass, who was the owner of the ring. He was a kind man, and believed all people should be treated fair. Unfortunately, his father thought otherwise, slaughtering him and the slaves he was feeding. They say the next day, when his father wore his ring...the death he experienced, made what he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHOP OWNER (cont'd)  
did to his son and the slaves seem  
featherweight.

CASSIDY  
What happened?

EXT. THE COTTON FIELD - MORNING

Four Caucasian men surround a slave on the ground.

He's breathing heavy looking at them, with bleeding whelp  
marks covering his body.

Sebastian walks up smiling, with a whip in his hand.

Douglass ring is on his right hand throbbing.

SEBASTIAN  
You thought you could get away,  
boy? I'll make sure you never think  
about running again.

He prepares to the whip the slave, when the bone in his  
forearm bursts through the skin.

He drops the whip screaming in pain, staring at the bone  
sticking out.

The four guys back away, looking on in fear.

The rest of his bones, minus his skull start busting out the  
skin.

Collapsing to the ground, his screams of pain ring out.

His body starts to implode, as he spits up blood and meat.

The four guys take off running.

The slave continues watching, smiling.

Blood and intestines are coming from his mouth, as  
spontaneous combustion takes care of the rest, leaving the  
ring behind.

The slave slowly inches toward the ring picking it up.

The slave takes off running.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE ANTIQUE SHOP - MORNING

CASSIDY  
Jesus Christ.

SHOP OWNER  
Jesus had nothing to do with it.

CASSIDY  
No shit.

SHOP OWNER  
Now, the myth came from the slave  
who picked up the ring.

INT. THE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The slave is sitting behind a headstone staring at the ring.

A smile of delight is on his face, placing the ring on.

When the slave looks at the sapphire, a bright light omits.

The expression on his face shows pure terror.

The light goes away, and the slave quickly snatches the ring  
off running away.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE ANTIQUE SHOP - MORNING

SHOP OWNER  
The slave swore he saw Douglass,  
and his intentions for the woman  
who places the ring on.

CASSIDY  
(Interested)  
...What are his intentions?

SHOP OWNER  
Douglass felt, since God didn't  
bless him the way he thought he  
would. He'll overthrow God, and  
take over heaven. The only way he  
can achieve his goal, is for his  
soul to merge with a woman who has  
a pure soul.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY

And if they become one?

SHOP OWNER

I'm guessing the wrath of Douglass  
will come down, as well as God.  
It's a good campfire myth.

CASSIDY

Some myth's are true.

SHOP OWNER

What makes you say that?

CASSIDY

You wouldn't believe me if I told  
you.

Cassidy makes his way out the shop.

INT. THE HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

The room is filled with homeless people of all ages and  
races.

Workers are helping some of the homeless people get  
comfortable.

Further towards the back of the room is where homeless  
people in bad condition are getting treated.

Tracy stands outside the door looking in.

She shakes her head disgusted, before making her way to the  
front desk.

The FRONT DESK WORKER, (26) Caucasian is playing a game on  
his phone.

He screams in triumph, apparently completing the level he  
was on.

Tracy comes to the desk clearing her throat, and he quickly  
places the phone down, focusing on her.

FRONT DESK WORKER

Is everything to your satisfactory?

She gets ready to speak, when a FEMALE WORKER (26) Caucasian  
comes up to the desk.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE WORKER

How are you this evening, Ms. Walker?

Tracy turns looking at her with a fake smile.

TRACY

I'm great. You guys are doing a wonderful job. There's no doubt in my mind, we can help the homeless get back on track.

The Female Worker smiles, taking her words as a true compliment.

FEMALE WORKER

We do the best we can.

TRACY

That's all any of us can do. Effort goes a long way.

FEMALE WORKER

Yes it does. Well, you have a good evening.

TRACY

You have a good evening as well.

The Female worker walks off.

Tracy rolls her eyes sucking her teeth, focusing back on the front desk worker.

TRACY

I'll call you when I leave the building. We need to get rid of some of those dirty bastards.

FRONT DESK WORKER

How can we---

TRACY

The same way we got rid of the other ones.

(Leans in with a serious look)

You like the extra money you get, right?

FRONT DESK WORKER

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

I thought so. Just get rid of the ones who look like they're dying. I'm sure they won't be missed, like the others ones. We'll continue this conversation when I get away from the building.

She walks away.

The front desk worker looks on shaking his head.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

The streetlights brighten the peaceful urban area.

Tracy walks down the empty street, making her way to the parking garage.

She gets far enough away from the shelter, pulling her phone out, calling the front desk worker.

TRACY

Hello?

(Listens)

I don't care how they feel. I need them gone.

(Listens)

What do you mean, they're people?! They're fucking bums! If they were people, they wouldn't be on the street!

She hears people talking.

She looks down the alley seeing three homeless people standing around an oil drum, warming their hands over the fire.

TRACY CONT'D

I think I found their replacements. Just make sure you get the other ones out.

She hangs up.

She pulls her mace out, before making her way down the alley.

The closer she gets, the homeless people look up at her nervous.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS PERSON 1 (30) African-American, dressed in tattered garbage dumpster clothes puts his hands up.

HOMELESS PERSON 1

(Nervous)

We're not doing anything wrong.

We're just trying to stay warm.

TRACY

I'm not the police. I'm here to help.

HOMELESS PERSON 2 (30) African-American, looks at her with a wide smile, revealing the two rotted teeth he has left, dressed in tattered clothes.

HOMELESS PERSON 2

You're going to help us?

TRACY

(Smiles)

That's my plan.

HOMELESS PERSON 3, Caucasian dressed in tattered men clothing, makes a move towards Tracy.

Tracy quickly pulls the mace up in her face.

TRACY CONT'D

What the fuck are you doing?

She holds her hands up.

HOMELESS PERSON 3

I wasn't about to hurt you. I wanted to shake your hand, and say thank you.

TRACY

Keep your nasty ass hands to yourself. Thank me by doing that.

The coughing sound of a very ill person is heard.

TRACY CONT'D

Who is that?

HOMELESS PERSON 1

That's our friend, Jo. We haven't been able to find him food in five days.

TRACY

Everybody step the fuck back. I'll  
take a look at him.

The homeless people hold their hands up, stepping to the  
side.

She aims the can at each of them, while making her way over  
to Jo.

JO, (30) African-American has bleeding bed sores on his  
face, and cut marks on his neck.

He's on a filthy mattress, dressed in a old tore up jacket,  
with a wool skull cap on his head.

Still keeping her eye on the other homeless people, she  
reaches down picking up a pole to poke Jo.

TRACY CONT'D

You okay over here?

Jo Coughs up mucus.

JO

(Gravely ill)

Food. I...I need food.

TRACY

I'll get you some food.

HOMELESS PERSON 3

(Excited)

We're saved. She's going to help  
us.

TRACY

I'll help you.

(Talks low)

Help you, help me to more  
recognition.

She puts the pole down, going in her pocket for her phone.

A slight rumble of thunder is heard.

Jo coughs up some more mucus.

The homeless people stand around the fire smiling.

TRACY CONT'D

(In the phone)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRACY CONT'D (cont'd)  
Don't worry about that right now.  
Listen. I found some new ones,  
and---

Jo is now in demon form, with glowing white eyes, and a mouth full of razor teeth.

His bed sores are leaking heavy blood and puss.

Jo grabs Tracy by the shoulders, taking a deep bite into her neck.

She screams dropping her phone.

The other homeless people who are now demons, come over to her.

Demon Jo pulls a chunk of flesh from her neck, turning her screams into the gurgling of blood.

Demon Jo pushes her to the other homeless people.

They grab her by the arms and legs, lifting her up prepared to place her into the oil drum.

"3D optional" Her face catches fire, as her eyeballs explode.

Demon Jo comes over plunging his hand into her back, pulling out a piece of her spine.

He sucks on the veins, before breaking it open, sucking the spinal fluid out.

They pull her body from the drum, dropping it on the ground.

They rip her arms and legs off, before bashing her skull in, beginning to feast.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassidy lies on the bed staring at the ceiling.

His phone rings.

He looks over at it with his eyes, letting it ring a few more times, before finally answering.

CASSIDY  
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
Is she still in the hospital?

CASSIDY  
You could careless.

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
(Laughs)  
You're right about that. I was  
calling, because I know you're all  
alone. And I'm sure you wish you  
were laid up next to something  
soft---

He hangs up.

Turning over on his side, he stares at their wedding  
picture.

He smiles closing his eyes.

#### SAMANTHA'S DREAM

She's sees Sebastian and the other men slaughtering the  
slaves.

BEAST (O.S.)  
As tragic as it looks. I still had  
faith in God.

SAMANTHA  
(Sympathetic)  
This explains why you're this way.

BEAST (O.S.)  
No. I was in the wrong for doing  
right. That's why I'm this way.

Douglass shows her what happened when he arrived at Heaven's  
gate.

She watches his soul fall into the pits of hell.

BEAST (O.S.)  
The razors peeling my flesh were  
meant to expose my true feelings  
about God. The black liquid is the  
hate I have.

He reaches the lake of fire, and he stands laughing, as the  
rest of his skin melts off.

(CONTINUED)

Tubes come from the ground inserting inside his body, filling him with the black liquid.

His head slowly morphs into what we seen in the beginning of the movie.

Lost tormented souls merge with his body, and his eyes begin glowing white, while the souls circulate through them.

SAMANTHA

(Confused)

If you feel doing the right thing is wrong. Why are you trying to give me happiness?

BEAST (O.S.)

Because you still have your faith in God. I want you to continue the faith.

SAMANTHA

(Confused)

That makes no sense. Why would evil want good to continue?

BEAST (O.S.)

Because if you still have faith. There might be hope for me, if you allow me to give you happiness.

SAMANTHA

That sounds like bullshit.

The beast growls.

Samantha grabs her head in pain.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The doctor stands over Samantha watching her.

Her heart-rate monitor starts beeping frantic, as her body shakes.

The Doctor checks her vitals.

DOCTOR

Code blue!

Other doctors rush in.

When they look at her, they step back, noticing her veins bulging black, forcing the needles out.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR  
(In fear)  
Oh my God.

Her body stops shaking, and she lies motionless.  
She opens her eyes getting out the bed.

SAMANTHA  
(Calm)  
I think I'll be leaving.

DOCTOR  
(In fear)  
Ma'am. I don't...I don't think---

She looks at him, and her eyes flash white.

SAMANTHA  
(Authority)  
I said, I'll be leaving.

The Doctor steps back.

They all watch her leave the room.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

Cassidy awakes bumping his chest on the tray of food in front of him.

He looks confused, before seeing Samantha sitting to the side of him smiling.

SAMANTHA  
Good morning.

CASSIDY  
(confused)  
Sam? What are you doing home?

SAMANTHA  
Thanks for the warm welcome.

CASSIDY  
I didn't mean it like that. I mean...why did they release you?

SAMANTHA  
Apparently, I'm perfectly fine.

He moves the tray, sitting up giving her a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Eat your food. I have to go work on  
a painting I was thinking about.

She gets up walking out the room.

He continues looking confused, before grabbing his phone  
calling Brad.

CASSIDY

What are you doing?

BRAD (O.S.)

(Sickened)

Can you believe it?

CASSIDY

(Confused)

Believe what?

BRAD (O.S.)

Tracy was murdered last night.

CASSIDY

(Stun)

Are you serious?

BRAD (O.S.)

(Sickened)

If your stomach can handle it, you  
can read about.

CASSIDY

This has to stop.

BRAD (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

CASSIDY

I'll tell you about it when I get  
there.

He hangs up getting out the bed, making his way out the  
room.

INT. THE COLLECTION ROOM - MORNING - SAME DAY

Samantha is sitting at her easel working on a painting,  
showing the exact way Tracy was killed.

Resting against the wall are other paintings of Bill, Eddie  
and Brenda the way they died.

(CONTINUED)

The only difference is the faces.

Cassidy comes into the room.

CASSIDY  
I'm about to---

He looks at the paintings disturbed.

She looks over at him.

SAMANTHA  
(Proud)  
Aren't they great? I was working on  
them last night.

He walks over to her, and she looks at him confused standing  
beside her.

CASSIDY  
Remember when I told you, the guy  
who sold me the ring was trying to  
tell me a story?

SAMANTHA  
The story you wasn't trying to  
hear?

CASSIDY  
Well, I went back to hear the  
story.

SAMANTHA  
And?

CASSIDY  
...Sam, take the ring off.

SAMANTHA  
(Confused)  
Why would I do that?

CASSIDY  
Because if you don't. The evil  
inside will consume your soul.

SAMANTHA  
(Laughs)  
Are you serious?

CASSIDY  
(Serious tone)  
Does it sound like I'm playing?

SAMANTHA  
(Sarcastic)  
Excuse me, Mr. Serious.

CASSIDY  
This isn't funny. Take the goddamn  
ring off.

She stops laughing, staring at him.

CASSIDY CONT'D  
(Serious)  
Take it off!

He goes to reach for her hand, and she grabs his hand  
looking into his eyes.

SAMANTHA  
(Serious)  
Keep your hands to yourself, or you  
won't have any.

She lets his hand go, and he steps back rubbing his wrist.

SAMANTHA CONT'D  
(Serious)  
I think you should leave. Something  
bad might happen if you stay.

She goes back to painting.

He slowly walks backwards, making his way out the room,  
holding his wrist.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is setup like a bar.

There's a pool table, a dart board on the wall, and behind  
the bar is a variety of drinks.

Cassidy and Brad are sitting at the bar having drinks.

BRAD  
(Sickened)  
That's horrible what happened to  
Tracy.

CASSIDY  
I read it before I came.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

(Upset)

I'm sure all she was trying to do was help. Ungrateful bastards.

CASSIDY

It has nothing to do with people being ungrateful. It's much deeper than that.

BRAD

What do you mean?

CASSIDY

Do you remember anything from the party?

BRAD

I remember leaving. Everything else is blank.

CASSIDY

My point. All of this revolves around that damn ring.

BRAD

(Confused)

What ring?

CASSIDY

The one Sam is wearing. Since she put that ring on, all this crazy shit started.

BRAD

(Takes a sip)

The ring is why Tracy was murdered by crazy homeless people?

CASSIDY

And why Bill, Eddie and Brenda turned up dead. If I would've listened to the story, this shit wouldn't be happening.

Brad looks at him oddly, taking a sip from his cup.

BRAD

(Curious)

And what's this story?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY

The ring belonged to a man who was nice to the slaves. To make a long story short. His father murdered him and the slaves. When his father wore the ring, he died from spontaneous combustion, leaving the ring behind.

Brad gives him a blank stare, taking a sip.

BRAD

...Go on.

CASSIDY

A slave placed the ring on, and saw the intents of the man who was murdered.

BRAD

(Disappointed)

And because of that story. You believe that's why everyone is dying?

CASSIDY

What other logical reason could it be?

Brad takes a sip from his drink and laughs.

CASSIDY CONT'D

I don't see what you find funny.

BRAD

(Laughs)

There's no possible way that bullshit story can be true. I can't believe you let him blow that much smoke up your ass.

CASSIDY

You laughing, and this is serious.

BRAD

Let's say the story is true. Why not just kill Sam, and get it out the way?

CASSIDY

I don't know the exact specifics on how it works. All I know, is I need to get it off her finger.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Why don't you just tell her to take  
it off?

Cassidy takes a sip, shaking his head.

CASSIDY

(Scared)

...That didn't work.

BRAD

Do you love your wife?

CASSIDY

Of course I love my wife.

BRAD

Then I advise you to find a way to  
get the ring.

CASSIDY

Can I ask you something?

BRAD

Shoot.

CASSIDY

Do you miss Lisa?

Brad swallows what's left in his glass, exhaling sharply.

BRAD

I wish I loved her as much as do  
now, when she was alive.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to  
offend.

BRAD

Don't worry about it. If what you  
believe is true...go save Sam's  
soul.

Cassidy finishes his drink, and then stands up.

The two shake hands.

CASSIDY

Are you going to be okay?

BRAD

(Dry laugh)

Yeah. I'll have a few more rounds,  
before I finish the table Lisa  
wanted me to make.

CASSIDY

Okay. I'll see you in the morning.

Cassidy makes his way out the basement.

Brad takes a seat at the bar laughing, pouring another  
round.

BRAD

Rings and evil spirits.

(Laughs)

And I thought I was crazy.

He downs his glass, shaking his head standing up, grabbing  
the bottle, making his way out the room.

He comes up the stairs opening the side door, heading  
outside, walking over to the garage, walking in.

He turns the light on, and before him is a elegantly  
designed wooden table that needs paint.

To the side is a saw table with sawdust on it.

He takes a sip from the bottle, sighing.

He reaches behind his back grabbing his Desert Eagle,  
pulling it out.

BRAD

I was wrong for what I did.

(Places the gun to his head)

...This will be for the best. I  
won't have to live with the guilt  
of killing my unborn child, and the  
love of my life.

(Slowly cocks the hammer )

...I'd give my soul to have you two  
back.

He takes a sip, as the lights flicker on and off.

He looks around confused.

LISA

Brad.

He pulls the gun down.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD  
Lisa?

LISA  
Come here baby.

He turns around and there stands LISA. A beautiful Caucasian woman with long brown hair, dressed in a nightgown.

He's staring in awe, unable to grasp what he's seeing.

BRAD  
(In doubt)  
But...you're dead.

LISA  
God heard you. He's granting your wish.

BRAD  
(Disbelief)  
I'm drunk. You can't be real.

LISA  
Come see for yourself.

He takes another sip, before placing the bottle and gun down, walking over to her, wrapping his arms around her.

LISA CONT'D  
I've come back to you, baby. We can start our family.

BRAD  
(Crying)  
I miss you so much.

LISA  
I know you do. Show me how much you miss me.

He lifts her gown kissing on her stomach.

In reality, he's kissing on the saw table, while turning it on.

LISA  
(Moaning)  
I miss you so much, baby. Kiss on my special spot.

He moves down between her thighs, beginning to lick.

(CONTINUED)

In reality, he's licking the saw cutting his tongue, but he doesn't feel it.

Her moans grow louder.

LISA

Get deeper into it, baby. Let me help you.

She grips his head, forcing it between her thighs.

"3D optional" His head is getting split in half, as blood sprays the room.

INT. CASSIDY'S TRUCK - MOVING - MORNING

Cassidy is making his way to Brad's house.

He's trying to call, getting sent to voicemail.

People in the suburban area are either standing on their porches or in the street, looking on shocked.

He pulls up parking across the street seeing his house yellow taped off, with police cars and the coroner van resting in front of it.

He gets out making his way to the house, and he see's Brad's brother HENRY, (44) standing off to the side talking to a officer.

Getting ready to go under the tape, an OFFICER comes over stopping him.

OFFICER

Excuse me, sir. This is a crime scene. I need you to step back, please.

CASSIDY

(Concerned)

What happened here? He's a good friend of mine.

OFFICER

It appears it was a suicide.

CASSIDY

(Confused)

Suicide? That can't be right. He wouldn't kill his self.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

That's all I can tell you.

The officer walks off.

Cassidy stands confused, before turning to look at Henry.

Henry is tapping the filter end of a cigarette in his palm, as Cassidy walks up to him.

HENRY

Long time no see.

CASSIDY

Like wise. What happened here? They say it was a suicide.

Henry places the cigarette in his mouth lighting it.

HENRY

Let's go over by your truck.

The two start walking towards Cassidy's truck.

HENRY CONT'D

From what I saw when they were bringing him out. I can believe it was a suicide.

CASSIDY

Why?

They get to the truck and stop.

Henry takes a calm pull from his cigarette.

HENRY

Because of Lisa.

CASSIDY

From the vibe last night. It wasn't indicating he was about to kill his self.

HENRY

You know how she died, right?

CASSIDY

Yeah. A burglar was trying to break in, and in the cross-fire between Brad and the Burglar, she was shot.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

A very creative story.

CASSIDY

What do you mean?

HENRY

(Takes a pull)

Brad was the biggest whore walking this earth. Yeah, he loved Lisa, but he couldn't stop what he was doing.

CASSIDY

You're telling me, he killed her because he was cheating, and he knew she was pregnant?

HENRY

The guilt of knowing he was cheating, and he knew she wouldn't leave, because she loved him. He decided to accuse her of cheating. Day after day, he would make her feel like shit, driving her to the point of suicide. Instead of having to explain a suicide. He came up with the burglary plan.

CASSIDY

(Confused)

That makes no sense. Why kill the woman you love, and your child?

HENRY

Could you tell the woman who does nothing but love you, you're a cheater, and you really don't want children with her?

Cassidy stands silent for a second, before opening the truck door.

CASSIDY

(Confused)

If you knew...why didn't you tell the true story? Why didn't you warn her?

HENRY

Brother's always stand beside each other. And brother's of the law never rat out a fellow officer.

(CONTINUED)

Cassidy gets in the truck, starting it.

HENRY CONT'D

Wait a second, before you leave.  
Why did you come over?

CASSIDY

You wouldn't understand.

HENRY

Try me.

CASSIDY

No thanks. You already have enough  
guilt to deal with.

Cassidy pulls off.

INT. THE MAIN HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Cassidy is making his way to the collection room.

He pauses when he hears Samantha talking.

Slowly, he makes his way to the door pressing his ear  
against it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

My husband loves me. I know he  
hasn't done what you're accusing  
him of.

Cassidy bursts into the room.

Samantha turns around, looking confused.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong with you?

CASSIDY

(Serious)  
Who is he?

SAMANTHA

(Confused)  
He, who?

He walks over to her, grabbing her by the shoulders.

CASSIDY

Do you think I'm fucking stupid?!  
Where's your phone?!

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

If you don't---

CASSIDY

Who the fuck are you cheating on me with?!

SAMANTHA

(Serious)

If you don't let me go! Who knows what I might do!

CASSIDY

(Laughs)

Is that right?

He lets her go.

She gets ready to speak, and he backhands her.

CASSIDY CONT'D

Don't you ever fucking threaten me!

She has her hand on her face with her head turned, laughing.

He gets ready to grab her again, and she quickly turns facing him with glowing white eyes.

She grabs him by the throat, lifting him in the air.

SAMANTHA (BEAST VOICE)

The adulterer accusing the innocent of cheating. Don't worry. You'll join the others, and your wife's soul will be mine.

Cassidy is gasping for air.

CASSIDY

(Sincere)

Sam...Sam. I love you, Sam.

Her eyes switch between white and normal, slinging him to the side.

SAMANTHA (BEAST VOICE)

You don't deserve her love.

Samantha walks out the room.

Cassidy stays on the floor holding his throat, trying to catch his breath.

EXT. SAMANTHA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Their mini mansion sits off alone.

Samantha runs over to her Mercedes getting in, starting the car up driving off.

She's crying as she drives shaking her head, coming to a stop by the pier.

She gets out walking over to the rail, looking down at the water.

INT. THE HOSPITAL 2001 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Samantha lies on the bed exhausted, crying.

Cassidy is sitting beside her bed holding her hand.

CASSIDY

It'll be okay.

SAMANTHA

(Crying)

No it won't. That was supposed to be our first child. How will things be okay?

CASSIDY

It's not your fault. Things---

SAMANTHA

It is my fault. I should've let you do it, instead of trying to do it myself. We'll never be able to have a family.

His face drops.

CASSIDY

(Confused)

What do you mean?

SAMANTHA

(Crying)

The miscarriage, and how I fell from the ladder. I won't be able to have children.

He releases her hand, standing up walking over to the window.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA CONT'D

What?

CASSIDY

Nothing.

SAMANTHA

Do you still love me?

He turns looking at her.

CASSIDY

I'll always love you. This is just...my brain has to digest this.

COME BACK TO:

EXT. THE PIER - AFTERNOON

Samantha cries looking at the water.

She slowly climbs on the rail taking a seat.

She sighs low prepared to fall into the water, and the ring starts throbbing.

BEAST (O.S.)

What are you doing?

SAMANTHA

(Crying)

There's no point in living. He thinks I'm cheating, and all I do is devote myself to him.

BEAST (O.S.)

Ending your life will prove what?

SAMANTHA

(Sobbing)

It'll give us both happiness.

BEAST (O.S.)

It'll give him happiness. Why would you let him win, by letting him know he has control over you?

SAMANTHA

Why do you care? Why are you in my life?

(CONTINUED)

BEAST (O.S.)  
I'm a blessing from God, showing  
you there's still a chance for  
happiness.

She slowly moves forward, about to fall in.

BEAST CONT'D (O.S.)  
Just give me time to show you.

She's ready to let go of the rail, but then she pauses,  
thinking about it.

She climbs back over the rail.

SAMANTHA  
How can I trust you?

BEAST (O.S.)  
What harm can come from giving it a  
try?

She's silent making her way back to her car.

INT. THE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Cassidy sits on the bed holding a scrapbook, looking at the  
ultrasound pictures of their son.

He sighs shaking his head.

INT. THE HOSPITAL 2001 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cassidy stands outside the room pacing back and forth,  
sucking his teeth.

His phone rings.

He pulls it out answering.

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
What's the verdict?

CASSIDY  
(Sighs deep)  
We lost our child.  
(Hurt)  
She won't be able to have children.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

I'm sorry to hear that. You wanna come over and talk about it?

CASSIDY

I don't know what I wanna do.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Just come over. You can tell me how you feel, and I'll make us something to eat.

CASSIDY

Why would I wanna eat?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

We don't have to eat. I'm just trying to make you comfortable, because I know you're in pain.

CASSIDY

I think I'll just go home and sleep. At this point...I don't want anything to do with her.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

That's why I said you should come over here. It's nothing wrong with exes being there for the other.

CASSIDY

(Contemplating)

...Maybe you're right.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

I know I'm right. You'll see when you get here. I do look at you as a good friend still.

CASSIDY

(Rubs his chin)

...I'll be there in a few.

He hangs up placing the phone back in his pocket.

He looks in the room at Samantha shaking his head, before walking off.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cassidy and Tiffany are making love in her bed.

TIFFANY

Don't you wish you would've stayed  
with me now?

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Cassidy closes the book, placing it to the side.

He looks at his wedding ring, and a tear falls on it.

CASSIDY

I don't deserve her love.

He gets up making his way out the room.

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

The hole in the wall bar is fairly packed, with some music playing.

Ted sits at the bar taking shots, staring at TANEISHA, (33) African-American sitting at the end of the bar.

She's staring at him licking her lips.

From the way she's sitting with her legs open, you can tell she's a whore.

He takes another shot, before turning to the side.

He goes in his pocket pulling out a bottle of NRTI'S.

TED

(Laughs)

She has no idea.

He smiles placing the bottle back in his pocket.

He grabs another shot downing it, before making his way down to her.

TED

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

TANEISHA

Taneisha.

TED

I'm Ted.

TANEISHA

Nice to meet you.

TED

(Confident)

Look. I'm not about to beat around the bush. I saw you eye fucking me, so what's going down?

TANEISHA

(Offended)

Excuse me?

TED

(Smooth talk)

I know what you do. Maybe I came across harsh, but I know you're trying to give up that ass.

She smiles, licking her lips.

TANEISHA

How much we talking?

He goes in his pocket pulling out a wad of money.

TED

When are we leaving?

She smiles downing her drink.

TANEISHA

Now.

INT. THE MOTEL - NIGHT

The walls look like they could use a good wash down.

The bed seems like the sheets haven't been washed in a long time.

You can tell the room is rented by the hour.

Ted and Taneisha come into the room kissing aggressively, making their way to the bed.

(CONTINUED)

She pushes him down on the bed, and he kicks his shoes off, starting to get undress.

She takes her skirt off, revealing her black satin panties.

TED  
(Confident)  
I hope you ready for this ten inch.

TANEISHA  
(Seductive)  
I'm ready for whatever you put in front of me. Can you handle the three piece special?

TED  
For what I'm paying, I better get the three piece and some.

She goes to take her panties off, and she pauses.

TANEISHA  
Do you have a condom?

TED  
(Confused)  
A condom? For what?

TANEISHA  
Protection.

TED  
I'm not about to get you pregnant. When that times comes, I want you to be like the bird and swallow.

TANEISHA  
(Concerned)  
You're not worried about a disease?

TED  
Are we fucking or what? Pussy made me. When I die, I'm making sure it'll be inside or coming out some pussy.

She winks at him pulling her panties off.

TANEISHA  
Get comfortable.

TED  
(Talking low)  
I'm dying anyway. I might as well  
take some whores with me.

TANEISHA  
What did you say?

TED  
I can't wait to be in you.

The lights flicker on and off.

She climbs on top of him kissing on his neck, working her  
way down between his legs.

His facial expression shows he's enjoying the feeling.

He goes to grab her head, but she grabs his wrist holding  
his arms down.

TED  
(Moans in pleasure)  
That's right. Get it deeper.  
Go...your grip is getting a  
little...ouch, bitch!

He tries to sit up, but the grip on her hands get tighter.

Black liquid comes from her thighs, attaching to his legs  
holding him down.

Claws come from her hands going into the bed, as he screams  
in pain.

A large imprint of what looks like a worm is moving through  
his stomach, up to his chest.

His screams turn into a choking sound, as the worm imprint  
moves up through his throat.

"3D optional" Blood starts coming from his mouth, as the  
tongue shoots out, and then wraps around his head beginning  
to squeeze.

The tongue crushes his head turning it into mush, allowing  
the tongue to snatch it down through the shoulders.

Blood spills out onto the bed.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha lies asleep on the bed, on her side.

Cassidy stands over her, preparing to take the ring.

When he touche her hand, he gets a strong surge running through his body.

He has a image of him and Tiffany having aggressive sex in their bed.

He releases her hand, falling to the floor in pain.

Samantha wakes up looking down at him.

SAMANTHA

(Worried)

What's wrong?

CASSIDY

You have to take the ring off, Sam.

SAMANTHA

(Scoffs)

Here you go with this shit. You woke me up outta my sleep for this?

CASSIDY

Sam, the ring is evil.  
Please...take it off.

SAMANTHA

Do you know how stupid you sound right now?

CASSIDY

Sam---

SAMANTHA

(Upset)

Sam, what?

CASSIDY

Don't you find it odd, everybody you know is turning up dead?

SAMANTHA

Bill, Eddie, Tracy and Brenda were murdered. What the fuck do you find odd about that?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY  
I didn't get to tell you earlier.  
Brad is dead. That ring is  
possessing you, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
Something's wrong with you.

CASSIDY  
Just listen to me. You---

SAMANTHA  
You need to sleep by yourself  
tonight.

She gets out the bed, making her way to the door.

CASSIDY  
Sam, will you listen?

She flips him off, walking out the room.

He sits shaking his head.

His phone rings.

He pulls it out answering.

CASSIDY  
Hello?

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

CASSIDY  
(Aggravated)  
What the fuck do you want?

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
(Attitude)  
I know you not talking to me?

CASSIDY  
(Upset)  
I am, bitch. What do---

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
I'll see you tomorrow!

She hangs up.

He sits shaking his head breathing heavy.

INT. THE COLLECTION ROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Samantha is hard at work on a painting.

She's creating the scene of how Brad was killed.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

The room is all-white with marble floors and black marble tops, decorated very nice.

Samantha is sitting at the table watching the news on the flat screen television mounted on the wall.

On the screen, the motel where Ted died is showing.

Samantha sits shaking her head.

Cassidy comes in the room.

CASSIDY

How are you feeling?

Samantha sucks her teeth disgusted.

SAMANTHA

Ted was murdered last night.

CASSIDY

What?

She turns the television off, turning to look at him.

SAMANTHA

Apparently, a prostitute murdered him, and took his money. Did the ring have something to do with that?

He lowers his head sighing deep, and then looks up at her.

CASSIDY

I'm done trying to convince you. I just know, I won't let anything happen to you.

SAMANTHA

(Laughs)

Don't hurt yourself.

She gets up ready to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

Cassidy grabs her arm.

CASSIDY  
Where are you going?

She jerks away, turning around looking at him.

SAMANTHA  
I ran out of supplies. I need to go  
get some more.

She walks out the kitchen.

Cassidy stands shaking his head.

She gets to the front door opening it.

Tiffany looks up surprised, not expecting Samantha to open  
the door.

SAMANTHA  
(Confused)  
What the fuck are you doing at my  
house?

TIFFANY  
I'm actually glad you're here. We  
all need to talk.

SAMANTHA  
We? We don't need to talk to you  
about shit.

Tiffany makes her way into the house.

Samantha turns looking at her confused.

SAMANTHA CONT'D  
(Attitude)  
Bitch, have you lost your mind?!

Tiffany continues walking.

TIFFANY  
Nope.

Samantha runs over to her grabbing her shoulder, turning her  
around, ready to slap her.

Cassidy runs out the kitchen over to the two standing  
between them.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What's wrong with yo bitch? The bitch just walked in my house like she's welcomed.

TIFFANY

That's because I am. Cass, you wanna tell her or should I?

SAMANTHA

Tell me what?

Cassidy lowers his head ashamed.

CASSIDY

I---

TIFFANY

You were getting your dick sucked the night of her party.

Samantha eyes widen, turning to look at him.

SAMANTHA

Well?

CASSIDY

I---

She slaps him across the face.

SAMANTHA

(Attitude)

What the fuck is wrong with you?! We're fucking married, and you're getting your dick sucked by this bitch, in my house?!

CASSIDY

Baby---

TIFFANY

(Sassy)

Tell her the rest. Tell her how you wish she could have your baby, but you know she can't. Tell her about how we fucked the night she lost the baby.

CASSIDY

(Angry)

Shut the fuck up! I'm having a discussion with my wife, and you're---

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

You don't have a fucking wife!

She takes her wedding ring off.

SAMANTHA CONT'D

Stay with this bitch! I thought our  
love was better than this.

She throws the ring in his face, turning her back walking  
away.

Tiffany walks off, making her way upstairs.

CASSIDY

Baby, wait.

She walks out the house.

He's right behind her.

She makes her way to her Mercedes getting in, locking the  
door.

He walks up to the car, knocking on the window.

CASSIDY

Sam, get out the car and listen to  
me. Sam---

She looks at him, and her eyes are glowing white.

He steps back.

She stares at him for a few more seconds, before starting  
the car pulling off.

He stands sighing shaking his head, before making his way  
back into the house.

He comes in the house filled with rage, with his fist balled  
up.

CASSIDY

(Angry)

Where are you, you bitch?!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

In the place I should've been!

He runs towards the stairs, heading to the bedroom.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - MORNING

Samantha is parked at the end of the street with her head on the steering wheel, crying.

The ring begins throbbing.

BEAST (O.S.)  
I told you.

She looks down at the ring.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING - SAME DAY

Tiffany is laid across the bed in her bra and panties smiling.

Cassidy walks over to her.

She sits up, and he smacks her back down on the bed.

CASSIDY  
(Angry)  
You bitch! You ruined my fucking  
life!

She looks at him smiling.

TIFFANY  
(Seductive)  
No baby. I made your life better.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - MORNING - SAME DAY

She stares at the ring as it throbs.

BEAST (O.S.)  
Will you allow me to give you  
happiness, now?

SAMANTHA  
(Sobbing)  
That's all I ever wanted.

BEAST (O.S.)  
Then say it.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING - SAME DAY

Cassidy prepares to choke her, and she grabs him flipping him down on the bed, sitting on his lap, ripping his shirt open.

TIFFANY  
(Seductive)  
You know you want this.

They begin tussling on the bed, which turns into aggressive grabbing and kissing.

She's taking his pants off, while he snatches her bra off.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - MORNING - SAME DAY

The sky turns black, and hard rain comes down.

Samantha stares at the ring smiling.

SAMANTHA  
You can guarantee me happiness?

BEAST (O.S.)  
Go home and see for yourself.

She smiles starting the car, turning around.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING - SAME DAY

The vision Cassidy had of him and Tiffany having aggressive sex is happening.

He's on top of her, and she's digging her nails in his back.

TIFFANY  
(Seductive)  
We belong together.

He wraps his hand around her throat, and she digs deeper into his back.

CASSIDY  
I know.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - MORNING

The house is shaking, as the lights flicker on and off.

Samantha comes in, immediately making her way to the bedroom.

She enters the room, stepping back covering her mouth.

"3D optional" Cassidy and Tiffany are still having sex, peeling each others skin off, before pulling organs out, tossing them around the room.

BEAST (O.S.)

There's your happiness, as promised.

Samantha screams.

The ring releases a black liquid coating her arm.

Cassidy and Tiffany bodies are only muscles.

A black liquid fills the room.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE WHITE ROOM

Samantha stands in the all-white room with the disemboweled bodies grabbing at her legs, staring face to face with the Beast.

BEAST

There's no longer a reason to resist me. Join me now, and we shall rule as God's.

SAMANTHA

And if I don't?

BEAST

Then you shall die!

SAMANTHA

How do I know when I join you, you won't kill me? Give me a sample of the power I'll have.

The beast eyes glow.

Samantha feels a surge of pain rushing through her body.

(CONTINUED)

Her right arm is growing long black liquid nails, as her veins bulge, and blood leaks from them.

Her eyes turn black.

She looks at her arm smiling, and then looks at the Beast.

SAMANTHA CONT'D

Kiss me in your human form...and  
I'll join you.

The Beast growls, and there's a bright flash.

When it clears, the bodies are gone.

Samantha still looks the same.

Douglass is in his human form, making his way towards her.

She grabs him by the head with her left hand, staring into his eyes.

DOUGLASS

There's no turning back from this.  
This moment shall complete us both,  
giving us happiness.

SAMANTHA

The love you had for the slaves,  
lead to your death. Your death made  
you hate God, because you felt it  
wasn't right.

(Smiles)

Let's make it right.

They move in for a kiss.

Just as their lips get ready to touch, "3D optional" she lunges her right hand through his chest, coming out his back, holding his black heart, dipping worms and maggots.

His eyes glow as he screams, with black liquid spilling from his body.

SAMANTHA CONT'D

God's plan, no matter if we think  
it's wrong, can never be judged.

She squeezes his heart.

SAMANTHA CONT'D

Rest in hell.

The walls crack open, and blood rushes in.

(CONTINUED)

Douglass continues screaming, until his head burst, filling the room with black liquid.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

Samantha is on her knees covered in sweat, breathing heavy.

The bodies on the bed are gone, and her arm has returned to normal.

She stands to her feet sighing, walking over to the mirror.

She places her hands down on the dresser shaking her head.

The ring begins glowing.

She slowly lifts her head with her eyes closed.

Black liquid drips from the corner of her right eye.

She smiles opening her eyes, and they're all black.

FADE OUT:

In loving memory of Maurice Hester