

THE SERVANT

Written by Darren J Seeley

DARREN J SEELEY
2207 HILLWOOD
DAVISON, MI, 48423
(810)874-8629

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET. - NIGHT

The night life is abuzz with activity, as main intersections are closed off so PEOPLE go in and out of strip bars, clubs and all night convenience stores.

Raven haired, leather clad CASSANDRA (mid 20s) walks alone down a busy street in downtown Detroit.

Her striking beauty warrants attention from every man that crosses her path.

She avoids THE KREMLIN, an industrial rock Goth night club where the music pumps out into the street. GOTHS of all ages loiter in, out and around.

She goes to the establishment next door: SPIDER'S BILLIARDS.

She glances up, past the sign, to the roof. A vulture watches over the street.

INT. SPIDER'S BILLIARDS - NIGHT

Music from next door spills out in the hall, interrupted only by the breaks of balls.

PAUL SHAWSANE (30's) plays a game of pool alone, with his own personal pool cue. Average build,

Cassandra steps up.

CASSANDRA
Mind I join in?

SHAWSHANE
Be my guest.

MINUTES LATER

Cassandra hits a solid in the lower right corner and it goes in.

All that is left is the eight ball.

CASSANDRA
In the right corner.

She makes the shot. Shawshane watches the eight ball go in where it was called.

SHAWSHANE
Good game.

CASSANDRA
Unless you lose.

SHAWSHANE
Something tells me you were getting warmed up.

CASSANDRA
One more?

SHAWSHANE
I win, you tell me your name.

CASSANDRA
It's Cassandra.

SHAWSHANE
Paul Shawshane.

CASSANDRA
Looks like I found the right guy.

SHAWSHANE
This isn't the way things are done.

CASSANDRA
It's the way I do them. Rack them up.

MINUTES LATER

Shawsane breaks the setup with his cue. A solid goes in one of the pockets.

He calls his shots with a point of his cue. He makes every shot.

CASSANDRA

What kind of work do you do?

SHAWSANE

Private security business. One man operation. Some nights, mostly days. Done it just about all my life. I don't do that kind of work. Not anymore.

CASSANDRA

You don't even want to hear what I have to say? What I offer-

SHAWSANE

Not interested.

CASSANDRA

Would you be interested in something else? Anything else?

She leans forward, shows off her plunging neckline.

SHAWSHANE

Not interested.

Cassandra smiles.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Cassandra overpowers Goth kid JEREMY (20s) sexually.

Her face buried in his right shoulder.

Watching from a distance, Shawsane. The look on his face is one of contempt.

Streams of blood down Jeremy's neck and chest.

Two deep puncture wounds trail over his right cheek as Cassandra's open mouthed kiss tears into his flesh.

Cassandra looks off into Shawshane's direction.

She pulls away from Jeremy.

Jeremy slumps down, caked in his own blood.

Shawsane steps out from the pools of amber light.

SHAWSANE

You don't bring marks around
me. Not around here.

CASSANDRA

Sensitive guy.

Shawshane reaches out to her face, wipes the excess
blood off her lips.

She licks the blood off his finger.

CASSANDRA

I have friends.

SHAWSANE

You had them. You get kicked
out of the coven?

CASSANDRA

You want the job or not?

ROOFTOP. OVERLOOKING ALLEY.

A vulture leans over as if eavesdropping.

SHAWSANE

Ten up front, fifteen later.

CASSANDRA

Seven.

SHAWSANE

Nine. No lower.

CASSANDRA

Done.

SHAWSANE

Clean. No blood, nothing
stolen.

CASSANDRA

Anything else?

Without looking, Shawsane points up to the bird.
Cassandra looks up.

SHAWSANE

Two things: My pets are my
business. You have to get used
to them.

CASSANDRA

We have a deal.

SHAWSANE

No. We have a contract.

CASSANDRA

What's two?

SHAWSHANE

Bring him over here.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shades are drawn.

No mirrors in the entire house.

Furniture that could have been appraised on the Antiques
Road Show add to the decor, despite the dark carpeting.

Fake plants add what lacks in life and color.

With a box cutter, Shawsane opens one of several boxes.

GUEST ROOM

Shawsane places mementos on a small table.

His boxes are near empty.

EXT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. OUTDOOR BALCONY - DAY

Shawsane watches his pet vulture tear apart a dead dove.

A Venus Flytrap closes in on a hapless fly.

INT. CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM -EVENING

A lace lingerie Cassandra sits up in her bed and stretches.

DINING ROOM

Candle lights and wine on a dinner table.

Cassandra enters, sees Shawsane waiting.

SHAWSANE

It's a good idea for you to
tell your friends of our
arrangement.

CASSANDRA

They'll try to talk me out of
it.

SHAWSANE

Just don't want them to come in
your place, have a
misunderstanding. Things could
get messy.

He gets up out of his chair, and opens up her seat for her. She sits in the chair.

She nods, then raises a curious eyebrow.

CASSANDRA

Thought you were just a
servant.

SHAWSANE

You thought wrong.

She gives him a smile as he sits back in his chair.

CASSANDRA

Why did you agree to this,
then? You aren't hard up for
cash.

He pours wine in her glass.

SHAWSANE

Oscar okayed you. The old man gives his word, it's good. Must be something about you he likes.

CASSANDRA

He made me. Tell you that?

SHAWSANE

Told me everything I needed to know.

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With all of the interior lights on, Shawsane pushes the vacuum cleaner to and fro as the local news plays out on the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR

- murders that have gripped the city of Detroit in the last week, all the victims mutilated, drained of blood-

LATER

Shawsane turns off a few lights.

He sits on the couch and with the remote, zaps by a series of channels.

LATER

An audience to a test pattern on the TV screen, Shawsane rests on the couch, eyes open.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cassandra brings LARRY (40's) inside the house with her. Shawshane waits in the couch, in front of the TV.

LARRY

Who's that?

CASSANDRA

That's Paul. Paul, Larry.

LARRY

What's his problem?

CASSANDRA

Never mind him. He's the help.
Cleans up my big messes.

LARRY

A servant?

CASSANDRA

A professional. And gay.

Larry laughs as she leads him to her bedroom.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Shawsane dusts and cleans. Runs the vacuum.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

I'm trying to get some sleep,
you dumb bastard!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Shawshane opens the trunk to his car. Takes out the
heavy object in the trash bag,

Dumps the bag in a small ditch.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cassandra escorts DARLA (20's) to her room. Shawshane
comes in. The sight of him excites Darla.

DARLA

You didn't tell me you had a
friend.

CASSANDRA

Sorry, Darla. I should have
told...that's my servant, Paul,

Darla reaches into her handbag. Takes out a small whip.
Holds two ends together. Snaps it.

DARLA

What kind of a servant are you?

EXT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. OUTDOOR BALCONY - DAY

Shawsane sits alone in a chair, outside of Cassandra's
room. The sun shimmers down on him. In a nearby cage,
his pet vulture locks eyes with him.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

Darla's body. Loosely covered in brush.

Dressed in a red lace bra, black stockings. Blood smears
around two holes in her neck.

Her right arm ripped to the bone. Small whip beside her.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra's mouth tear into WRIST. The young teen opens
his mouth in horror.

LIVING ROOM.

TV dinners on the tray beside him, Shawshane enjoys the
late night infomercial.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER THAT EVENING

Another infomercial.

Cassandra drops a severed finger into the refried beans of the TV dinner.

Cassandra's hands caress Shawsane's bare chest.

She mounts him playfully. He lightly pushes her off.

She laughs.

He eyeballs her.

CASSANDRA
Lighten up shy boy.

SHAWSHANE
I'm a professional.

CASSANDRA
Not about the other night, is
it? I have to tell them
something, you know.

Shawshane remains silent.

CASSANDRA
I just need you during the day,
early evenings. You can go out
at night, you know. I'm not
holding you prisoner or
anything.

SHAWSHANE
It's the job.

She pats him playfully on the knee.

CASSANDRA
"It's the job".Stick To the
rules kind of guy, that it? Or
are we really sexually
challenged?

SHAWSHANE
You can tell anyone you bring
here whatever you want.

CASSANDRA
But it bothers you.

SHAWSHANE
I don't mess around with the
client.

CASSANDRA
Okay. We won't mess around. No
problem. But you still need to
live a little. Tomorrow night.
You, me, nobody else.

SHAWSHANE
I can't. I won't.

CASSANDRA
You can and you will. Think of
it as being my bodyguard.

EXT. AMITYVILLE. NEON SIGN-EVENING

The vulture perches next to the red neon AMITYVILLE
sign,.

INT. AMITYVILLE. DANCE FLOOR- EVENING

Cassandra and Shawsane slow dance along with a few other
couples on the dance floor.

ALAN (20's) watches them from the club balcony.

BOOTH - SHORT TIME LATER

Cassandra and Shawsane engages in conversation and
drinks.

Alan, a few tables away, keeps an eye on the couple.

SHAWSANE
Been awhile since I did
something like this.

CASSANDRA

How long?

SHAWSANE

Ages.

CASSANDRA

You are the first person I
could speak to without raising
my voice in a place like this.

SHAWSANE

Is that a good or bad thing?

CASSANDRA

Still finding out.

She lights up a cigarette.

SHAWSANE

There were no rules. Just
preference. Like you.

CASSANDRA

What about me?

SHAWSANE

Some hate crosses, some don't.
A few have a bad habit of
counting peanuts-

CASSANDRA

Oh, the 'me' me. All along I
thought it was this personal
thing.

SHAWSANE

I don't follow.

CASSANDRA

You seemed to come across as a
bit squeamish at first, but
then I figured you. You have a
problem with me bringing take
out.

SHAWSANE

I'm not squeamish.

CASSANDRA

But you are jealous. When was the last time you been with a woman?

SHAWSANE

Thirty five years.

CASSANDRA

Now we are getting somewhere. Was she special?

SHAWSANE

In her own way.

CASSANDRA

Why did you leave her?

SHAWSANE

She died.

CASSANDRA

Sorry.

BOOTH #2

BROOKE, ROLAND and AMY (all 20's) join Alan at his table.

AMY

This better be good.

ALAN

It is.

AMY

Where are they?

Alan nods to Shawsane and Cassandra some distance away.

AMY

Sure about this?

ALAN

Very.

ROLAND

Which one?

ALAN

Her.

AMY

The guy?

ALAN

Never seen him before.

ROLAND

A mark?

ALAN

Might be.

EXT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls up in the driveway.

Lights and engine turn off.

Shawsane gets out, goes around and opens the door for Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

See? Was that so bad, getting to know the client a little bit more?

SHAWSHANE

I suppose not.

A dark van rolls up alongside the street.

I/E. VAN.

Alan and Roland watch from the front seat as Amy shaves off the edge of a broken off broomstick with a Bowie knife.

Brooke is fast asleep.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cassandra kisses Shawsane.

Shawsane reaches in his pocket and takes out a razor blade.

She pulls away, and with deep interest witnesses as he cuts into his right hand.

He offers it to her.

She accepts, playfully licks the blood off around his self inflicted wound.

She takes the bleeding hand and rests it on her left breast. The blood soaks into her shirt, and the wet cotton hugs her breasts.

I/E. VAN. - MINUTES LATER

Alan sees the low lighting in the house.

ALAN

Bet she's sucking him up right now.

ROLAND

Better to wait for daybreak.

ALAN

What if she's doing her mark? We just sat out here doing nothing.

AMY

Alan's right.

ROLAND

Bullshit. We never do this at night.

AMY

Things change.

ROLAND

Still bullshit.

Distracted, Roland sees something outside high above. He blinks and looks about, not sure if he saw anything at all.

ROLAND
What the hell was that? You see that?

ALAN
What did you see?

ROLAND
Saw something. Some bird.

ALAN
Bird?

Alan gets out a pair of binoculars to look not at any bird but the events in Cassandra's house.

ROLAND
Big bird. How could you not see that thing? Was huge.

AMY
Knock it off. We're going in.

She looks to Brooke, nudges her. A confused Brooke comes to.

AMY
You smell like a wine press.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Shawsane cuts the palm of his left hand with the razor blade.

On her bed, a negligee clad Cassandra rolls in Shawsane's blood which is all over her white satin sheets.

Shawsane turns to her. They embrace.

His blood smears over her face.

She smacks her lips.

She rolls off him, lies down on her back.

She frantically makes a blood angel as one would make an angel in the snow.

Her laughter echoes wall to wall in her room.

SHAWSANE

This was a mistake.

CASSANDRA

Mistake nothing. It was bound to happen.

SHAWSANE

Doesn't mean it had to.

Cassandra sits up. She reaches out in the sheet of red fluid around her, and brings the crimson honey to her lips.

CASSANDRA

Like wine.

SHAWSANE

No.

CASSANDRA

Like a drug.

Shawsane gets up. Cassandra stops him, grabs his arm lightly. Pulls him back to her.

CASSANDRA

Should have done this sooner. Why didn't you tell me?

SHAWSANE

You would have figured it.

CASSANDRA

How can you be so passive and write this off? If I drink from you, I don't need to kill every night. It can stop. I can be happy.

SHAWSANE

What is happiness? A delusion of self.

CASSANDRA

Now I know why Oscar okayed me with you. He always looked out for me.

SHAWSANE

He's the one that turned you.

CASSANDRA

He's the one that saved me. But look, Paul. You could be happy again too.

SHAWSANE

Sun's up soon. Need to keep watch.

CASSANDRA

And if you were here-

She taps the blood soaked bed.

CASSANDRA

You could do the same.

She leans in close.

CASSANDRA

There's always forever.

LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Armed to the teeth with stakes, knives and machetes, Roland, Alan and Amy burst in, spread out into the room.

Alan kicks open the bathroom door. Look in, moves on.

Amy and Roland go to Cassandra's room. They break the door open, and see no one.

CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM

Amy and Roland go into the dark room. They see the bed of blood.

They both, however, give each other the same dumbfounded look and slow burn behind them to see

A HOLE IN THE WALL which leads to Shawsane's room.

GUEST ROOM

Both caked in blood, Shawsane and Cassandra stand outside of the gaping hole. From the other room, Roland and Amy peer in from the other side.

Shawsane's bedroom door breaks open as Alan jolts in, knife in hand.

He charges in, and Shawsane grabs him, tackles him to the floor.

Cassandra runs out of the room.

Alan brings the knife down several times into Shawsane's back.

Blood splatters on Alan's face and neck.

Shawsane's bones pop as a unreal twisted arm backhand knocks Alan off him. A moment later, Shawsane's arm snaps back into place.

LIVING ROOM.

Roland and Amy rush out of Cassandra's room.

Cassandra jumps over the head of Amy and the couch.

Lands on her feet.

Looks up.

A SMALL CROSSBOW's point blank aims down in front of her.

An arrow pierces Cassandra's right shoulder.

With a sheathed sword slug over her shoulder, Brooke quickly reloads the small crossbow.

Cassandra bares her claws.

Her fangs.

GUEST ROOM

Shawsane grabs Alan and throws him through the hole into the next room.

Alan's body bumps into unseen things.

Shawsane takes Alan's knife out of him, and throws it towards the open door.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Paul, save me!

The knife spins in the air and hits the intended target outside the room-

The back of Roland's right hand.

Roland screams in pain.

Shawsane storms fast out into the

LIVING ROOM.

Kicks Roland down to the floor.

Amy's machete swings across and plants into Shawsane's neck.

Blood sprays out as Amy takes out the blade.

Shawsane does not go down.

He turns his neck towards Amy, his blood cakes her pretty face.

The blood gets in her eyes.

Comes toward her and pushes her hard.

She loses her balance and falls to the floor.

Roland takes out the knife in his bloody hand.

An arrow whistles into Shawsane's cheek.

Roland slams the knife into Shawsane's back.

Like a fire hose going full blast, the knife pops out as a geyser of blood ejects from Shawsane's back.

The impact causes Roland to slam sideways right into a back wall.

Alan runs out from Cassandra's room. He tackles Shawsane like an NFL linebacker.

Alan hits Shawsane in the face.

Brooke reloads her crossbow.

Amy gets up, wipes the blood away from her eyes.

AMY

Can't see!

Alan brings down his fist again to Shawsane's mouth.

Alan screams.

As Alan pulls up his fist, Shawsane's SEVERED JAW hangs from it. The jaw CHEWS on Alan's knuckles.

Shawsane grabs Amy's forgotten machete and chops off his left hand. Aims his wrist stump at Alan.

Roland jams the wooden stake into Shawsane's chest. Shawsane's bloody stump aims wildly and BONE shoots out like a lit rocket.

Impales Roland, lifts him up.

Pins him to the ceiling.

Shawsane stops moving.

Roland slides off the bone and falls dead to the carpet of blood.

The bone remains in the ceiling like a pencil in soft tile.

Alan shakes off the ghoulish jaw.

Cassandra slowly decomposes as she crawls on the floor towards Shawsane.

Alan nods to Brooke, who throws him a sword. Alan catches it with one hand, unsheathes it.

Shawsane's bloody form whisks out and offers his own head as the blade comes down.

Shawsane loses his head, a small string of vertebrae sticks out.

His right hand catches the tail end of the bone, and swats Alan in the face with the severed head like a ball and chain.

Alan's nose breaks on impact.

Another swing puts him down.

Brooke grabs Amy and leads her out to the front door.

Shawsane throws his head and it hits Amy in the back of hers. She falls. Brooke dashes out of the door.

Shawshane steps up, impales one of his arm bones into Amy's back. Her lifeless body plucks upward as he retracts his wrist bone.

Takes his head back, Puts his jaw back in.

I/E. VAN. - CONTINUOUS

Brooke runs up to the van, gets in.

Locks The doors.

Starts up the van,

Shawshane steps in front of the van, blood pumps from every wound and cut.

Brooke runs him over.

She glances in the rear view mirror, The van slows down as both rear tires go flat.

BROOKE

No...

Shawshane rumbles to his feet, gives her a look from his death's head, now back on his shoulders. Stares at the van.

Brooke hits the gas. The van comes to a crawl.

Shawshane calmly over to his car. Gets in.

Shawshane peels out, darts his car forward.

The car quickly smashes into the van, turning both vehicles into a mangled mess.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Brooke opens her eyes. The Van : on the side.
Windshield: shattered mess.

A blood soaked hand grabs her leg. She fights to stay in the van.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Shawshane, a twisted up living corpse, pulls Brooke out into the glass filled street.

The vulture stands over Brooke's face.

Pecks her in the ear.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra licks up the blood off Amy's back. Cassandra's vigorous youthful appearance returns to her in moments.

Shawshane stands over her. She looks up at him. He reaches down, pulls the arrow out of her. The silver tip sparkles in the light.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

The street littered with glass, car metal. Bodies of the kids. Police all around, ambulance etc.

Among the bodies: Shawshane.

An Onlooker (20s) stares at the carnage. Cassandra, in tears, steps up beside her and the rest of the crowd:

CASSANDRA

Hope they're all happy, they're
all dead, dumb kids, drunk
driving. Did they have to take
him, too?

ONLOOKER

Who was he?

CASSANDRA

A professional.

FADE OUT.