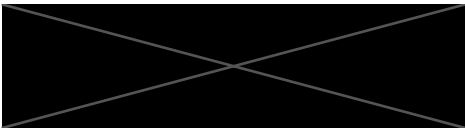


SUBURBAKNIGHT

Written by

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EXT. WALTER'S ANTIQUES AND CURIO - DAY

A modest old antique store. Signs in the window display
"SALE - 40% OFF - EVERYTHING MUST GO!!!"

INT. WALTER'S ANTIQUES AND CURIO - DAY

Walter, (40's) wrinkled clothes, tired eyes, 3-day stubble, stands amidst a sea of junk. Dated furniture, bookcases; cabinets full of cameras, rotary phones and old radios; stacks of dusty books; cases of worn vinyl; racks of old clothes; and, strangely, an occasional broadsword or two.

It's where forgotten things go to die.

Walter walks around the shop with a price gun, mindlessly stamps SALE!! stickers on every item in the place.

Propped in the corner is a complete suit of armor, with an exaggerated codpiece covered in spikes. Walter swipes a SALE!! sticker right on the tip.

The bell dings and the door swings open. A CUSTOMER enters.

WALTER

Hiya! Welcome to Walt's Antiques!
If we don't have it, it didn't
exist!

The man ignores the cheerful greeting.

CUSTOMER

You got phone chargers?

Walter smiles insincerely.

INT. WALTER'S ANTIQUES AND CURIO - DAY

At the big, old cash register, Walter rings up the man's meager purchase.

WALTER

That'll be twenty-seven-fifty.

CUSTOMER

Christ. For that?

WALTER

It's an antique. It has history.

CUSTOMER

Is that why it costs so much?

WALTER

That's why it's worth so much.

CUSTOMER

It's junk! I'll give ya five bucks.

Walter forces a resigned smile service workers know well.

WALTER

Sure.

Walter takes the man's money and he exits.

The bell dings.

Walter opens the cash drawer and puts in the five. Taped to the cash register is a photo of Walter and his DAD in front of the store. Behind them, a banner reads "WALT AND SON'S ANTIQUES - GRAND OPENING!!"

Walter slams the cash register shut.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A so-bad-it's-good horror film from the 1980's plays on an old TV propped on the dresser. The title card: "SUCCUBUS SUMMER 3!: THE BEGINNING"

ON THE TV: A SUCCUBUS in a flowy white nightgown undresses in a front of another MAN. He resists her, until we see her eyes glow and shimmer. Then, all free will fades away and he is pulled to her, uncontrollably.

Walter lies on top of the covers in his pajamas, covered in a stack of papers and bills.

Walter's wife, SAMANTHA (40's), kind, forgiving, patient, reads a romance novel with a steamy image of a shirtless, muscular long-haired man who rescues a busty female pirate on a sail boat on the cover.

She stops reading and looks at Walter but he doesn't even feel her gaze. She sighs and slams her book closed.

On the TV, the trashy movie has faded, replaced by the interior of a local TV studio, a tacky trailer park set is the centerpiece, where a middle-aged redneck in a cowboy shirt and a bolo tie sits in a cheap lawn chair in front of a small portable TV.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS (50's) cracks open a cold one and takes a long drink.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

(on TV)

Welcome back to "Terror Vision,"
I'm still your host, Bobby Joe
Williams. My rating for tonight's
viewing of "Succubus Summer Three:
The Beginning" - Eleven dead
bodies, Seven gallons of blood,
with spatter, One axe to the head,
one dead cat, two nekkid titties.
I give it a four out of a possible
five buckets of blood. An instant
American classic.

Walter looks up from a handful of bills.

WALTER

Look at this guy. He knows exactly
who he is. I bet he's not buried
up to his eyeballs in debt, anxious
for the sweet relief of death.

Samantha sighs loudly again.

SAM

So it went well today?

WALTER

Get out while you still can, Sam.
I'm serious. Take Mia too. Go
somewhere nice. Start a new life
without this.

He points to himself.

SAM

I can't. I love Walter. I refuse
to abandon him.

She nuzzles his shoulder tenderly. Walter wraps his arm
around her.

SAM

How can I help?

WALTER

Do you have a gun?

Samantha laughs.

SAM

Walter... I don't wanna talk about
money or the store anymore tonight.

She grabs the remote and turns off the TV. Bobby Joe's smirking face vanishes with a BLIP.

She leans over and kisses his neck.

WALTER
(idea)
Maybe a fire...

She turns his face towards hers. Kisses him.

Walter goes back to the documents.

SAM
What's wrong?

WALTER
I'm sorry, I want to, I just...
have so much on my mind.

SAM
Well, let me take your mind off of
it.

She kisses him again, deeper. This time, he kisses her back. She touches his chest. But he stops, sighs.

WALTER
Sam...

She sighs, resigns herself.

SAM
It's fine. It happens to guys your
age.

Walter, gobsmacked.

SAM
I still love you though.

WALTER
"Though?" What do you mean,
"though?"

The phone rings.

WALTER
Hold on.

He answers it.

WALTER

Yeah?

(to Sam)

I'm barely older than you, you know.

(to phone)

What?! Shit, I'll be right there.

Sam looks up from the bed, worried.

SAM

What is it?

WALTER

Something's wrong at the store. I gotta go.

SAM

Now?

WALTER

I'm sorry.

He kisses her on the cheek.

Walter throws on pants and a shirt. He heads out the door.

WALTER

"My age." Hmp.

EXT. WALTER'S ANTIQUES AND CURIO - NIGHT

Walter pulls up to the storefront and gets out of his car.

Walter sees a LOCKSMITH and a BANKER wrapping a thick chain around the store's front door handles.

The locksmith closes a comically-large lock in the chain.

WALTER

Hey! What are you doing?

BANKER

Taking possession of our property, Mr. Knope.

Walter glares at him.

WALTER

So, I'm a little behind.
Everyone's a little behind. It's a recession.

BANKER
Your rent is four months late.

WALTER
Yeah, that's pretty behind.

The banker and locksmith walk away.

WALTER
Wait, wait, wait. Wait!

Walter yanks out his checkbook, faded, old and hardly used.

WALTER
How much do I owe you?

BANKER
After fees, penalties, and
surcharges?

The banker shows Walter the number. We only see Walter's reaction.

WALTER
Fu-huck you! Very sorry for saying
that.

BANKER
As I said, we'll be taking what's
ours.

They walk away again.

WALTER
How much to leave it unlocked 'til
morning?

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha's car pulls into the driveway.

She sees a moving van parked along the sidewalk. MOVING MEN are unloading boxes - lots of boxes - and bring them inside.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha enters.

SAM
Walter?

She gets her first look at the inside and drops her keys.

SAM

WALTER!

The house is a fucking disaster.

The entire contents of the shop are now inside the Knope family home. Stacks of junk, rows of shit, piles of-

SAM

What the fu--?

Walter peeks his head around the corner in the kitchen. He struggles to hold the landline receiver to his ear as the cable is stretched to its limit.

WALTER

Hiiiiiii. You're home early.

SAM

Walter--!

WALTER

(mouthing silently)

One second.

(into phone)

Yes, Mrs. Brewster I'd be happy to ship it to you. "Free shipping?"
No, absolutely not, it's--

Walter retreats further into the kitchen.

Sam hangs back and inspects what used to be her house.

She absentmindedly looks through some junk, in disbelief.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is in much the same condition as the rest of the downstairs - overrun with all manner of junk.

MIA (18) a goth-rebel type, dark-haired and dressed head-to-toe in shades of black and gray, pulls the phone cord like a rope towards her, while her father struggles to talk into it as it runs away from his face.

MIA

Dad! I need the phone!

He covers the receiver.

WALTER

I need to make this sale, Mia.

He goes back to the phone.

WALTER
Sorry, Mrs. Brewster, I--
(into phone)
Mrs. Brewster, could you hold one
second?

Sam follows Walter into the kitchen. She finds a MEDIEVAL
MACE on her kitchen counter and holds it up quizzically.

WALTER
How did that get there? That
should be in "ancient curio" not
"mid-century kitchen appliances."

He laughs to himself; no one else is amused.

Mia tugs on the phone cord. Walter tugs back.

MIA
Dad!

WALTER
(into landline)
Mrs. Brewster, can I-- Can I call
you back, in just one-- Hello?
It's dead.

Mia tugs the phone free of his grasp. She holds it to her
ear as she leaves.

WALTER
Two hours I was on the phone with
her, for a fifty dollar sale!

SAM
Walter, what happened to our house?

Walter sighs.

WALTER
Oh, you noticed, huh?

SAM
Noticed? Walter!

WALTER
The bank foreclosed on the shop.
If I didn't take on some of the
inventory, they'd...

Sam gets it.

SAM
Your dad's shop.

Walter struggles for words.

WALTER
I couldn't just let 'em board it up
like some common thrift store.

SAM
Walter...

Sam moves closer to Walter.

SAM
It's just a bunch of junk, babe.
Your dad wouldn't want you to be
burdened with this. You don't have
to carry it for him.

WALTER
It's not-- I'm not carrying it for
him. This was him. I can't...

She sighs.

SAM
Alright. Until you can get the
shop open again. Until then just
make me a promise.

WALTER
Anything.

SAM
Promise me you'll keep this fuckin'
thing outta my kitchen.

Sam thrusts the mace in Walter's arms. He doesn't expect the weight and it drops to the floor, him along with it.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter sits upright, awake, beside a sleeping Sam. He looks up from his stack of invoices and checks the clock on the bedside table: 2:30. He sighs. He looks over at Sam.

He brushes a strand of hair off her sleeping face and notices the romance novel, the one with the hunky sailor.

Walter picks it up and examines it.

WALTER
Hmp.

He moves to get out of bed.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Walter flips the light on.

He leans into the mirror and takes a hard look at the person looking back at him. He runs his hands over his face, stretches the skin, looks at the bags under his eyes, his receding hairline. Damage control.

He takes his shirt off. He looks at his chest, sucks in his gut, tries to show off his dad bod, but it ain't what it used to be. He pulls his pants open and looks down at his dick.

WALTER

Eh.

He lets his gut loose and shakes his head in disgust.

Walter sighs and flips the light off.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter navigates all the junk and finds a cardboard box labeled: "LETS GET MEDIEVAL ON THEIR ASSES." He rolls his eyes.

WALTER

Mia.

He drops the heavy mace into the cardboard box.

He turns and takes it all in. He takes a deep breath, exhales...

WALTER

Fuck.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter collapses into his desk chair. He taps on the desk for a second before he grabs the TV remote and flips on an even older model TV than the one upstairs.

COMMERCIAL ACTOR

(on tv)

Do you suffer from erectile
dysfunction? Decreased libido?
Sudden mood swings? Try Vi--

Walter shuts off the TV.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter is asleep at his desk, drooling on a stack of bills.

Lightning flashes outside the window, then thunder.

A woman screams.

Walter wakes with a start.

He gets his bearings, confused. He goes to the window and looks out, searching for the scream.

It rains hard. The rest of the neighborhood is quiet except for the house across the street.

TWO WOMEN IN RAINCOATS load furniture from inside the house into an unmarked truck.

Walter leans forward, gets a closer look.

WALTER

What the...

After the furniture is loaded, the figures carry out what look like two bodybags.

Lightning strikes again, reveals a THIRD FIGURE, who wears a dark coat and sticks to the shadows.

The figure yanks out the FOR SALE sign in the yard and tosses it into the back of the truck.

The figure senses he's being watched and looks right at Walter.

WALTER

Shit.

Walter quickly shuts the curtains. He chuckles to himself at how silly he's being. He steals one last glance back at the dark house, still unsure of what he saw.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Walter exits the house carrying a handmade yard sign. It reads "WALTER'S ANTIQUES & CURIO. OPEN!"

The paperboy rides by and knocks over the sign with a well-thrown newspaper.

WALTER

Hey!

Walter looks over and sees his neighbor, ANDY (early 30's), a large man-child that wears an old band shirt stretched over his beer belly, waves and walks over.

ANDY
Mornin', Walt.

WALTER
(distracted)
Morning, Andy.

Walter watches as a CONSTRUCTION CREW works on the stripped-down house across the street.

ANDY
New neighbors?

WALTER
I guess the Maitlands finally
caved.

Walter thinks.

WALTER
You know what's weird though? They
moved out in a big hurry last
night. In the rain. I never even
saw the Maitlands leave.

ANDY
You know what else is weird? I've
been burpin' up what tastes like
spinach all day long and I don't
think I've had spinach in, like, a
month.

Just then, a trio of pastel-colored joggers, NANCY (40's),
DIANE (40's), and KAREN (30's) jog by the men. They are all
very attractive, clad head to toe in activewear, looking to
get noticed.

ANDY
Hi, Diane.

DIANE
Creep.

They jog on.

ANDY
Wha--?

An expensive car roars down the street, pulls into the
driveway of the stripped-down house across the way. Everyone
turns to the expensive-sounding engine.

Time slows down. The car door opens and out steps--

RICHARD SARANDON (40's), very handsome, in dress pants and a white dress shirt with several top-buttons undone to reveal his chiseled chest, all very fashionable and expensive.

He throws on his blazer like a runway model, still in slow-motion.

Andy and Walter's mouths hang open. The joggers all slow and turn, jogging backwards to get a better view. Diane trips and hits the ground, bolts back up awkwardly.

DIANE

Who is that?

ANDY

That is... a man.

Richard sees the group watching him and waves. He excuses himself and crosses the street.

WALTER

Oh, God, he's coming over. Just keep smiling.

RICHARD

I thought I'd introduce myself.
Richard. Richard Sarandon.

WALTER

Walter. This one's Andy.

Richard extends his hand for a handshake but before Walter can shake it, Diane intervenes and puts her fingertips in Richard's hand.

DIANE

Enchante.

RICHARD

Est-ce que ton père a été un voleur? Parce qu'il a volé les étoiles du ciel pour les mettre dans tes yeux.

DIANE

Oh, my.

Richard kisses her hand. Diane giggles.

ANDY

Whoa. That was awesome.
(to Diane)
What'd he say?

DIANE
I have no idea.

Walter clears his throat.

WALTER
So, I guess we have you to thank
for getting rid of that old
eyesore. How'd you manage to get
the Maitlands to sell?

RICHARD
I wanted it, so I bought it.

Richard glares at Diane.

RICHARD
And I always get what I want.

Diane smirks. The other women fan themselves.

RICHARD
Which reminds me - next weekend,
everyone in the neighborhood is
invited for a little get together
at the house. Food, drinks...
Entertainment.

WALTER
Next weekend? But the house--

DIANE
Oh, I'll be there.

RICHARD
Delightful.

One of the CONSTRUCTION WORKERS yells over to Richard. He
turns and shouts back.

RICHARD
Must be off. Wonderful meeting you
all.

Richard heads back across the street.

DIANE
Yummy.

Diane's fitbit beeps and she heads back off.

WALTER
I mean, he was alright, I guess.

Walter watches Richard as he slings his coat over shoulder and heads inside the house.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Walter organizes some items in the store.

The doorbell rings. Mia bounds down the stairs.

MIA
I got it!

She opens the door. Her friend KAI (18), non-binary, is on the other side.

MIA
Bye!

Mia tries to quickly slip out but Walter stops her.

WALTER
Hey! Where are you off to in such a hurry?

MIA
(groans)
Just goin' to hang at Kai's.

WALTER
Well, aren't you gonna introduce us all to Kai?

MIA
No.

She tries again to leave but, again, Walter stops her.

WALTER
Mia. Stop. Turn. Explain!

MIA
What?

KAI
Hi, Mr. K.

WALTER
You must be Kai. I've heard so much about you.

MIA
Happy? Alright. Let's go.

Mia pushes Kai out the door in a hurry.

KAI
What's all that stuff in there?

MIA
Just a bunch o' junk my dad's
collecting.

Mia slams the door behind her.

Sam comes down the stairs.

SAM
Who was that?

WALTER
Our daughter. I'm pretty sure
she's embarrassed of me.

SAM
(sarcastic)
Embarrassed? Of all this?

Sam moves closer to him, embraces Walter.

SAM
She's a teenager. She'll get over
it.

WALTER
I just don't get it. I used to be
cool. I was in a freakin' band,
remember?

SAM
You were in a Kid Rock cover band.

WALTER
He was cool! For a while. I mean,
what happened?

SAM
You grew up.

WALTER
Well, I hate it. At least my taste
got better.

SAM
Well...

Sam kisses him.

SAM
How's business?

Walter gestures broadly at the empty store.

SAM
Wanna... close up early?

WALTER
Does this mean you're not mad at me anymore?

SAM
Oh, I wouldn't go that far. But if I'm gonna be the sugar momma in this relationship, you gotta start puttin' out.

WALTER
Fair.

Walter nods as he kisses her passionately. She undoes his pants and reaches inside.

They kiss. Sam's hand feels around in search of something that isn't quite there.

SAM
What's wrong?

Walter sighs.

WALTER
Nothing, I just-- Maybe I'm just tired. I haven't been sleeping-- I guess I have a lot on my mind.

Sam steps back.

SAM
Is it me, Walter? Is everything alright here?

She points to her body.

WALTER
Yes. God yes. I just--

SAM
Then what, Walter? Ever since you took over the store, it's-- I mean, we haven't... you know.

WALTER
I just don't wanna let you down.
This whole thing--
(gestures to the store)
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm just scared I'm not the man you
thought you married.

SAM
Well, you're a bigger idiot than I
thought, but--

He laughs. She kisses him.

SAM
I love you, okay?

WALTER
I know.

SAM
Now sell some of this junk so I can
have my house back, please!

She heads upstairs.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter sits on the couch, bleary-eyed. He hasn't slept.

He flips through yet another stack of bills while he talks on
the phone.

WALTER
(into phone)
Okay, just let that one bounce and
I'll see if I can sell my car or my
kidney or something. Thanks.

He hangs up and we see the FORECLOSURE bill he looks over.

He sighs and rubs his eyes, looks up at the TV.

"Terror Vision" with Bobby Joe Williams is on again. He's
propped up in his favorite lawn chair, a case of cheap beer
almost empty beside him.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
(on TV)
I'm Bobby Joe Williams, reminding
you that there are twenty-four
hours in a day, and twenty-four
beers in a case. Coincidence? I
think not.

The final segment of the film starts to play. Lightning
strikes over an old mansion surrounded in fog. Wolves howl.

A scream. Outside.

Walter listens, jarred.

Walter grabs an antique spyglass, like a pirate.

WALTER'S POV THRU SPYGLASS - A light pops on upstairs in Richard's house. The new windows are large and modern. The house glows from within, red.

Another scream. The screams of terror become screams of pleasure. Voracious, loud, raw, sex.

WALTER
Geez, buddy, get a room.

Walter mutters.

WALTER
Well, anoth- another room.

More screams.

Walter looks through the spyglass again.

The red glow inside distorts things. Walter watches as a large figure - too large to be a man - with horns - and--

WALTER
What the fuck?!

METAL MUSIC BLARES. CRASH-ZOOMS ON THE ACTION: The figure rips off her head. The woman's body slumps to the floor. Blood sprays the windows as the figure devours/kisses the severed head before casually tossing it over its shoulder. It laps up the spraying blood.

WALTER
Jesus fuck!

He looks again. The figure in the window looks right back at Walter. It's eyes glow fiercely red, illuminating more of its demonic face and torso.

It smirks.

The room goes dark. The phone rings.

Walter hesitates, but finally answers it.

WALTER
(into phone)
Hello?

Silence for several moments.

WALTER
(into phone)
Who's there?

RICHARD
(thru phone)
It isn't nice to spy, Walter.

Click. The line goes dead. Walter hangs up.

He looks back towards Richard's house and sees the front door swings open. Closer, branches sway as if disturbed. The wind chime at the front porch clings and clangs.

Walter looks petrified. He turns--

The DEMON IS INSIDE HIS HOUSE. Walter screams.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter screams as he wakes up on the couch.

He looks around quickly, confused.

WALTER
Fuck.

Walter collapses back on the couch. Something jabs him in the back.

He reaches back and yanks it out.

It's the spyglass.

Walter can't believe it.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter bursts in the door and heads for Sam, asleep in bed.

WALTER
Sam! Sam, wake up!

SAM
Walter? What is it? Is Mia okay?

Sam jumps out of bed, her eyes still closed, in mom mode.

WALTER
She's fine! It's Richard!

SAM
Who?!

WALTER
The new neighbor! He's a monster
or something!

SAM
What?! Walter!

WALTER
I saw him kill someone! Look!

Walter drags Sam over to the window. He throws open the
blinds to see Richard's house. But the house is quiet, dark.

SAM
What am I looking at?

Walter searches. The window to Richard's room is dark.

WALTER
It was right there! There was
blood everywhere!

SAM
Oh, God, Walter, you were asleep!
It was just a dream.

WALTER
It wasn't a dream, Sam!

Sam laughs, holds her chest.

SAM
Jesus, you got me good. Hoo. I
think I might've had a heart
attack.

WALTER
I'm calling the police.

Walter heads for the landline on the dresser.

SAM
The what? Walter, you can't!

Walter picks up the phone and dials.

Mia stumbles to the doorway, rubs her eyes.

MIA
Are you guys fighting again?

WALTER
No!

SAM
No!

SAM
Walter, stop.

WALTER
I know what I saw.

The other end of the line picks up.

WALTER
Yeah, I'd like to report a, uh,
decapitation?

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Walter, in a bathrobe holding a cup of coffee, waits by the front door as a police cruiser rounds the corner and stops in front of his house.

Two POLICE OFFICERS step out, one male, one female. Both mid-20's.

Walter takes a big gulp from his coffee, burns his mouth, and sets it on the porch railing as he approaches the officers.

MALE OFFICER
Were you the one that made the
call?

WALTER
Yeah, it's this way.

Sam watches from the doorway.

FEMALE OFFICER
You said you found a head?

WALTER
Well, er, no, I didn't find a head.

Walter looks back at Sam. She rolls her eyes and heads inside.

Walter leads the cops to Richard's door. He rings the doorbell.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Richard opens the front door to see Walter and the two cops.

RICHARD
Oh. Hello, officers. Walter.

WALTER
That's him.

Walter slinks behind the two officers.

FEMALE OFFICER
We have a report of a homicide
occurring inside. Mind if we look
around?

Richard tongues his cheek.

RICHARD
Of course. I have nothing to hide.
Come in.

Richard lets the officers pass him by. As Walter walks past--

RICHARD
Nice to see you again, Walter.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

The officers fan out, look around. The house is finished
being remodeled. Now it is the epitome of modern luxury.

FEMALE OFFICER
Nice place.

RICHARD
Thank you. I feel the beauty of a
soul is a hidden gem.

Richard gazes deep into the officer's eyes. For a moment,
she can't look away.

She pulls herself away, clears her throat.

FEMALE OFFICER
Sure.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The officers look around casually.

MALE OFFICER
This all looks pretty normal.

WALTER
What?! You haven't even looked!
What about upstairs?

MALE OFFICER
What about it?

WALTER
That's where it happened!

FEMALE OFFICER
Where what happened?

WALTER
The murder! Haven't you been
listening to me?! He-- He had
horns and glowing eyes--

FEMALE OFFICER
And we're done here!

WALTER
He killed someone! I saw him!

RICHARD
Unfortunately, Walter suffers from
night terrors and seems to have
suffered another one last night.
I'm so sorry, Walter, I hear
they're quite terrible.

WALTER
You son of a bi--

MALE OFFICER
Let's go! That's enough!

The officers head for the door.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

The officers head for their patrol car.

WALTER
Please! You have to believe me!

FEMALE OFFICER
Call us again and we'll bust you
for filing a false report!

WALTER
You don't understand!

The officers climb into their patrol car and speed away,
leaving Walter, literally, in their dust.

Walter looks back up at Richard, leaning against his door
frame, eating a peach.

RICHARD
Oh, by the way, Samantha RSVP'ed
for tomorrow. Feel free to stay
home if you wish, I can always keep
her company.

Richard smirks and tosses the peach, which rolls into Walter's foot, dripping its juices onto the ground.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Walter and Sam stand awkwardly on the porch of the now fully-renovated modern mansion. Walter wears a casual suit and Sam wears a dress with a dress-wrap over her bare shoulders.

WALTER

I can't believe you won't listen to me.

SAM

I can't believe you called the cops over some ridiculous nightmare. Horns, really?

WALTER

It wasn't a nightmare, Sam. I saw him murder someone. He was some kind of... thing!

SAM

Oh, Walter.

Sam presses the doorbell. Walter sighs.

WALTER

I'm not crazy, okay? I know what I saw.

SAM

I never said you were crazy. You said that, I never said that.

WALTER

Well, you were thinking it.

SAM

So, what, Walter, he crawled out of hell just so he could lure a few suburbanites over to his house and eat them for dinner, is that what you're saying?

The door opens. Richard greets them with a warm smile and open arms. In his hands, a bloody knife and an overly large Williams Sonoma two-pronged grill fork.

RICHARD

Howdy, neighbors!

Walter and Sam's smiles drop.

RICHARD

I was just working the grill. Come on, the party is just getting started.

Richard leads them inside. Walter holds Sam back a moment.

WALTER

Sam, please... maybe it was a dream and maybe I am a huge embarrassment to you but... just stay close to me, okay?

Sam loops her arm through his.

SAM

Always.

They head inside, arm in arm.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

The interior of the house is updated and modern. Very bright and inviting. Expensive. A metal "LIVE, LAUGH, LOVE" sign in script hangs on the wall.

SAM

Holy shit.

She looks around the newly-renovated home. Walter scopes out the place.

SAM

Remind me to get the name of your interior decorator before we leave.

RICHARD

Of course. May I take your coats?

SAM

Oh, fancy.

RICHARD

I enjoy being a polite host. Please.

Sam turns, Richard takes her purse and shoulder-wrap.

Walter is distracted as he looks around the house. When he looks back, he sees Richard's hand get a little too touchy with his wife's shoulder.

WALTER

Oh, honey, let me!

Walter rushes to her side and tries to grab the wrap, but Richard's got it already. Walter awkwardly plays it off.

RICHARD
Great bones.

Walter turns sharply.

WALTER
What?!

RICHARD
I said the house has great bones.
When a house has that, it's very
easy to design something beautiful
around them.

Walter takes a breath.

SAM
Well, it shows.

Richard leads them through the house and into--

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD/POOL - DAY

The backyard is where the party is. Guests from all over the neighborhood gather around Richard's extravagant pool, mostly adults but a few of their kids swim in the pool.

Andy plays in the pool with a neighborhood KID. He splashes Andy.

ANDY
No fair! I said splashing's
illegal!

Richard leads Walter and Sam to the grill area. Walter looks around, as he searches for clues.

RICHARD
I can't tell you how wonderful it
is to finally have you all to
myself, Samantha.

SAM
Thank you for having us. The house
looks wonderful.

Richard prepares a plate of food and hands it to Sam, then one to Walter.

RICHARD
And your daughter, Mia, will she be
joining us?

SAM
She has band practice.

RICHARD
Shame. I was hoping to get a taste
of everyone this evening.

Richard sucks the juice off his finger. Pop.

NANCY (O.S.)
Sam!

Sam turns, sees a group of women huddled together.

SAM
Oh, there's Nancy. I'll be right
back.

WALTER
Sam...

SAM
It's just Nancy. I'll be fine,
Walter.

Sam heads over to them. Walter watches her closely.

RICHARD
You a breast man, Walter?

Walter turns sharply.

Richard opens the grill. Several large chicken breasts cook.

RICHARD
Or are you a leg man?

WALTER
Cute.

RICHARD
Loosen up, Walter. It's a party.

ANDY (O.S.)
Walter! Hey, Walter!

Across the yard from the women, a group of men, all the
husbands, huddled around an outdoor TV. Walter approaches.

Richard watches intently as he leaves.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FOOD TABLE - DAY

A group of women have gathered near the snack table, away from the main party.

In addition to Sam, there's Diane, Nancy and Karen, all in their pastel active-wear, and also ALLI (30's), Andy's wife, in comfy, but unfashionable attire.

DIANE

God, isn't he just scrumptious?

Diane watches Richard as he laughs loudly with a group of party-goers.

DIANE

Don't you just want to eat him up?

SAM

So, how's Steve?

DIANE

Steve hasn't made me cum in years.

Sam chokes. The other women laugh.

Alli scarfs down her entire plate of food. Sam looks at her, curious.

ALLI

Andy spent all our money on video games. I haven't eaten anything but noodles and potatoes for three days.

She dumps a plate of hors d'oeuvres into her purse. She notices Sam staring at her, shrugs.

Diane ogles the bulge in Richard's trousers.

DIANE

I bet it's huge.

SAM

God, Diane. Get a vibrator.

DIANE

(proud)

I've gone through three this year. They just can't keep up. I need to feel something warm inside me, throbbing, you know?

KAREN

Mm-hmm.

The other women know. They fan themselves. Sam is uncomfortable.

DIANE

What about Walter? Is his soldier still not saluting?

SAM

...That's not fair. Walter works hard. He's stressed.

DIANE

Well, you'd never have to be stressed again with a man like that.

They watch in awe as Richard takes off his shirt and pants, only in a speedo now, and performs a perfect dive off the diving board into the pool.

SLOW-MOTION: Richard climbs the ladder out of the pool. Water drips off of his perfect body. He slicks back his hair. The bulge in his pants seems to grow twice its size.

The women intently watch every harrowing second, jaws open.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Walter chats with the group of men. Andy uses a damp towel around his shoulders to dry his hair. They're joined by STEVE (40's), Diane's husband, and two other men, BILL (40's) and ALAN (40's).

Walter watches as the women ogle Richard. But the other husbands remain oblivious - all are focused on the college football game on the outdoor TV, except for Andy, who's only focused on cleaning the water out of his ears.

WALTER

Hey, Steve, Al, you guys seein' this?

Steve barely responds, still locked onto the TV.

STEVE

Huh? Yeah, sure, knock yourself out.

WALTER

Who does this guy think he is?

ANDY

I think Richard's awesome. Have you guys been in the bounce house yet?

Andy eats a cheeseburger with one hand. The other men have beer for lunch.

WALTER

How can we compete with that? He's handsome and successful and... confident.

ANDY

Don't forget rich.

WALTER

Thanks, Andy. What does he even do anyway? Like what is his job?

ANDY

He told me he designs playgrounds for underprivileged kids with disabilities.

WALTER

Like, what is that? What does that even mean? He's just like this perfect human who makes every woman who lays eyes on him go weak in the knees. Like they can't help themselves...

FLASH: The red-faced demon from last night's "Terror-Vision" with the glowing eyes, hypnotizes that woman.

Walter looks again at the women fawning over Richard.

WALTER

They can't help themselves.

Walter pulls Andy aside.

WALTER

Andy, you watch Bobby Joe?

ANDY

Oh, yeah. Me and a bunch o' guys live-tweet it every week.

WALTER

You know that one from last night?

ANDY

Which one? "Incubus of Death" or
"Cannibal Apocalypse?"

WALTER

I don't know, the demon one.

ANDY

Incubus, Walter, not a demon. Any
idiot knows that.

WALTER

Fine. An Incubus. What does it
do?

He takes a pompous bite out of the oozing burger. His mouth
full of burger, he tries to sound snooty and smart.

ANDY

An Incubus is a type of male demon
that seduces women and steals their
energy, their life force, if you
will.

WALTER

Andy... this may sound crazy but...
I think Richard's one.

Andy almost chokes on his burger.

ANDY

That-- Wait, really?

WALTER

After he bought the house, I saw
him take out two body bags - no
one's seen or heard from the
Maitlands since. And last night...
I think I saw him kill someone
upstairs. And now this!

Walter looks over at the women.

ANDY

But, Walt, I mean Richard is great!
You know he builds hospitals in
third world countries and just
donates 'em? For free.

WALTER

It's an act. He'll do or say
anything to make himself more
desirable. All so he can-

ANDY
So he can build more hospitals.
Diabolical.

WALTER
No. Andy...

Walter looks around.

WALTER
I need you to create a distraction
so I can head inside and look ar--

But Andy is already off.

He kicks over the grill and cannon balls into the pool.

ANDY
Distraction!

Everyone screams at Andy. Richard looks at Andy, angry.

Walter sneaks inside Richard's home.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter sneak-walks inside the house and carefully closes the patio door behind him.

He heads up the stairs as quietly as he can.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

He turns and sees the bedroom, just as modern and perfect as everything else in the house.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter looks out the window - sees his own bedroom window. He wipes a finger along the glass - spotless. He looks at the floor - again, clean.

Walter rummages through the bedside table, then the dresser, then even under the mattress. His exasperated sigh tells exactly how much he found.

He throws open the closet door, hoping to catch something red-handed.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Find any skeletons in the closet,
Walter?

Walter turns. Richard leans against the open doorframe.

WALTER

Oh, I just, uh -- you know, I got all turned around in this place. It's so big. And empty.

Richard laughs under his breath.

RICHARD

Walter, there's no need to lie. Satisfy your curiosity. It'll do you good.

He does. Richard sits on the edge of the bed, crosses his legs, while Walter looks around.

WALTER

You know, my wife really loves what you've done with this house. Personally, I think it's a little cold. Like a tomb.

Walter continues to look around the bedroom. Richard smirks.

WALTER

Sam... she thinks I'm going crazy, you know?

RICHARD

More bad dreams, Walter? Too much television before bed?

Walter sighs.

WALTER

Maybe I am losin' it. Cracking under the pressure, I guess? Or maybe you were really were in my room last night. Who knows?

Richard watches Walter intently.

WALTER

But, Sam, she doesn't see what I see. She sees all the money and the house and good looks - we both know it's all bullshit. If you're trying to impress someone, you're aiming way too high. I mean, Diane'll fuck anything with a pulse, so why go to all the effort? What are you after, really?

Richard stays silent, smirks.

WALTER
What did you do to the Maitlands?

RICHARD
You saw what I did with them.

FLASH: The body bags being carried out to the moving truck in the dead of night.

Walter gulps down air.

WALTER
You...

RICHARD
They outlived their usefulness.

Walter's scared now. His eyes dart to the door.

WALTER
I'll tell the police.

RICHARD
Again, Walter? Well, if you think
it will go better than last time,
then, by all means.

Richard grabs the phone and dials 911. The other end picks up and Richard holds the phone out for Walter. The OPERATOR can be heard on the other end.

RICHARD
They're waiting, Walter.

Walter is speechless.

RICHARD
(into phone)
Sorry, wrong number.

Richard hangs it up.

RICHARD
We both know they wouldn't believe
you anyway, Walter.

Richard stands and approaches Walter.

WALTER
Why are you telling me all this?

RICHARD
Why does any animal play with its
food?

Richard caresses Walter's face.

RICHARD

Well, I'm sure Sam is wondering why you've left her alone again. But, then again, she's used to the disappointment.

Richard smiles.

Walter punches him across the face.

WALTER

Stay away from her.

Richard explodes with anger. The room shifts - darker, neon colors. Richard's face, now looks wrong, demonic and horned. His eyes glow a fierce red in the dark.

He grabs Walter by the throat and hurls him up against the wall. Walter struggles to breathe as he notices Richard's hand is scaly and rough, his nails sharp and pointed.

Walter can't move, can't breathe. He struggles but it's useless.

RICHARD

(demonic voice)

I told you before, Walter, that I take what I want. And I want everything that's yours.

WALTER

Why don't you just kill me then?

RICHARD

(demonic)

After I'm done devouring your wife's soul, I won't have to - I'll make her do it and the last thing you will see is the woman you love eating your face.

Richard drops Walter. Walter coughs and gasps for breath.

RICHARD

(normal)

Party's this way, Walter. Dessert's next. Chocolate cake, my own recipe. You know they say it's an aphrodisiac, but... I guess we'll just have to judge for ourselves.

Richard adjusts his hair so it's perfect once again.

Richard leaves, closes the door behind him.

Walter stays behind, finally breathes, terrified.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD/POOL - NIGHT

The party has moved to a massive outdoor table, covered in a massive feast.

Walter hurries out of the house, finds Sam, and heads for her.

SAM
Are you alright? You were gone a while.

WALTER
We're leaving.

Walter grabs Sam by the arm.

SAM
Walter!

He hurries them both away.

Richard clanks a spoon on his wine glass. The noise stops Sam and Walter in their tracks.

Richard raises the glass for a toast.

RICHARD
To new friends.

All the women raise their glasses.

EVERYONE BUT WALTER
To new friends!

Richard looks over pointedly to Sam and Walter.

Every woman's eyes at the table are locked on Richard.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The evening has come to an end. Everyone politely filters out. A group of women have encircled Richard.

Walter drags Sam away without stopping.

SAM
Walter!

He doesn't stop. Sam attempts to wave goodbye.

Richard waves back.

When she's gone, his smile drops like a stone.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The fight spills into their house.

WALTER

Sam, listen to me!

SAM

What is it about him, Walter, that makes you so insecure?!

WALTER

I am not insecure. There's-- I don't know how to explain what just happened!

SAM

Well, you better learn.

WALTER

He's a demon, Sam! Some kind of monster or someth--

SAM

Oh, my, God, Walter! Have you lost your mind?

WALTER

Don't you think it's weird how charming he is? That every woman at the party was drooling over him?

SAM

He is rich and interesting and well-traveled, how could they not?!

WALTER

So, you admit it!

SAM

Walter. I know that this has been hard for you but you are projecting everything you hate about yourself onto him! You're broke, he's rich, you hate the way you look, he's gorgeous, he's successful and you're a...

WALTER

Go on. Go on, say it. Tell me that I'm a failure! That the shop was pointless to keep open. I know you've thought it.

SAM

Walter.... Why are you so jealous of him?

WALTER

Shouldn't I be? I saw how you were looking at him!

SAM

Oh, you think I want to sleep with him?

WALTER

Well I sure as hell know we're not sleeping together!

She doesn't speak but her eyes say everything.

WALTER

Sam...

She turns and heads upstairs.

WALTER

Sam, wait!

Walter follows her upstairs.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter enters and sees Sam packing a suitcase.

WALTER

What are you doing?

SAM

What does it look like, Walter?

WALTER

Samantha...

SAM

Just for a couple days. I just need to get away for a minute.

Walter gets an idea, becomes very enthusiastic.

WALTER
I think that's a great idea!

Sam stops.

SAM
You do?!

WALTER
Yeah! Somewhere far away. I don't
even wanna know where. Just clear
your head, you know? Here.

Walter "helps" her pack, just throws whatever clothes he can
into the suitcase and forces it closed.

He hands it to her.

SAM
Ugh!

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam stomps down the stairs in her dress, with her overflowing
suitcase, for the front door.

WALTER
It'll be good for us, ya know?

SAM
Walter...

WALTER
Call me when you get there.

Walter smiles.

Sam, fuming, exits.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter watches as she gets in the car and drives off. She's
pissed.

When she's gone, Walter's smile drops.

WALTER
She'll understand... Eventually.
I hope.

Walter turns to head back inside but sees something out of
the corner of his eye.

Richard, on his porch, watching.

Walter heads inside.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter trips over the mace in the hallway.

WALTER

What?

He sighs and puts it back on the shelf where it belongs.

There, he notices a few more items. A medieval sword and shield. A spear. A few blades. A crossbow.

Walter picks up the crossbow and starts fucking around with it, holds it like he's in battle.

WALTER

"Hi, I'm Richard, I'm so rich and handsome, everyone wants to fuck me."

The crossbow accidentally fires. The bolt flies across the room into a framed wedding photo of Sam and Walter, right through Walter's head.

Walter puts the crossbow down and picks up the photo. He yanks out the bolt and looks at the hole where his head used to be.

Walter sighs.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD/POOL - NIGHT

Richard, shirtless, stands in front of the barbecue, works the expensive grill while he pops his pec muscles.

Walter wanders in, confused, he looks around.

RICHARD

Howdy, neighbor.

WALTER

What are you-- What is this? Why are you grilling in the nude?

RICHARD

Wasn't my idea.

Richard points with the grill fork towards the house.

The french doors blow open and long curtains billow out. Samantha steps out, wearing the sea-maiden outfit from her book.

WALTER

Sam?

She walks towards Richard, who now looks like the seaman from the book, long hair and puffy pirate shirt.

Sam embraces Richard, they kiss passionately.

RICHARD

You're too late, Walter.

Richard prepares plates of hot dogs from the grill.

RICHARD

It's foolish to fight me. I can
give Samantha more than you ever
could. Wealth. Happiness.
Passion.

WALTER

But, Sam... what about Mia? What
about us? I love you.

She stares into Walter's soul as the sky grows dark. The world becomes the hellscape Walter caught a glimpse of in the bedroom.

SAM

I never loved you, Walter.

He's devastated.

RICHARD

Oops. Looks like we're all outta
wieners.

Richard raises a huge knife. He stabs Walter below the belt and we can hear the sound of him cutting... something.

Richard yanks the dangling piece of flesh off. Walter bleeds from his crotch, shocked but not in pain.

CU: Richard tosses Walter's penis on the grill. It sizzles. He flips it over. Sizzles some more.

Richard puts the charred cock in a hot dog bun and takes a big bite. Red goo squirts out the peehole. Richard smiles as he chews.

He hands it off to Samantha and she takes a bite as well.

SAM

Delicious.

Blood pools at Walter's feet. Richard has taken more of his demon form again, huge ram-like horns protrude and spiral down to his shoulders, his demon eyes glow red, a forked tongue snakes through his long, sharp teeth.

Richard and Sam, both covered in blood, laugh maniacally.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter wakes with a fright, remembers he's on the couch.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Howdy, neighbor.

Walter looks behind him. Richard stands, with sharp teeth and glowing eyes. He slashes Walter across the face. Huge wounds open as blood spurts over the house. Walter screams.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter wakes again in fright, sees he's on the couch.

WALTER
Jesus fuck.

He touches his face. Normal. He reaches for his crotch. Still attached. He sighs in relief and collapses back on the pillow.

Walter sees the TV. Bobby Joe is on.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Well, that'll do it for me tonight.
But before I go, I'm reminded of a
quote by a great man: "A shotgun
blast to the face should solve any
problem." It was me. I'm the
great man, Bobby Joe Williams and
you've been watching "Terror
Vision."

Walter gets an idea.

EXT. PRODUCTION STUDIO - DAY

Walter waits by his car outside a chain link fence. Beyond it, a plain building with the letters "KXTV." A public broadcasting station.

A familiar man exits among a group of people, Bobby Joe Williams, who wears a cheap jacket and cowboy hat. He smokes a cigarette as he hurries towards his shitty white panel van.

Walter sees him and approaches.

WALTER
Mr. Williams! Bobby Joe Williams!

Without stopping or turning back--

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
It's twenty bucks for an autograph.
Fifty for a picture.

Walter gets in front of him, walks backwards.

WALTER
Mr. Williams. I don't want your
autograph.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Get the hell outta my way then.

WALTER
No, no, I need your help.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
My help? With what? You know
what, doesn't matter. Buy me a
drink and I'm yours.

WALTER
It's ten o' clock in the morning...

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You want my help or not, kid?

INT. BAR - DAY

A dimly lit dive bar. Only a few customers inside. Bobby Joe walks behind the bar and pours two drinks.

WALTER
Oh, no thanks. It's a bit early
for me.

Bobby Joe snorts, then chugs both drinks in succession, belches. Walter is mortified.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Alright, kid. You got--
(checks his watch)
Seven minutes until my next gig.
Better make 'em count.

WALTER
Oh, you're a bartender.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Not a bartender, kid. Too much
temptation.

He pours himself another drink and downs it without breaking
eye contact.

WALTER
What do you mean?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
My drinking problem. Can't be
around alcohol like that.

Walter is speechless.

WALTER
So, you're--

The BARTENDER enters and hands Bobby Joe a pair of rubber
gloves.

BARTENDER
Somebody puked in the bathroom.

Bobby Joe checks his watch.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I still got four minutes!

The Bartender walks off. Bobby Joe glares at Walter.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Time's tickin'.

WALTER
Right, I... Ok. On your show, you
watch a lot of horror films.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You can't afford me.

WALTER
What?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You want me in your movie. If
we're doin' a nude scene, you're
gonna need a long lens.

WALTER
No. What--I mean, I'm not making a
movie.
(serious)
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

I think I have a demon or something living next door to me. I don't really know all the rules. But I think, with your... expertise, you might.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Alright, that's a new one. Go on.

WALTER

I think he's killed at least one person, maybe my neighbors too. And the women, they just fall over themselves to get so much as a look at the guy. The woman he killed offered her head to him. Willingly.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

(scoffs)

She gave him head, you mean?

WALTER

I'm serious.

Bobby Joe takes another drink.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Okay, first off, let's pretend like I believe you. Which I definitely do not.

WALTER

Of course, why would you?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

So I believe you and I know exactly how to help you. What's in it for me?

Walter thinks, but can't find the answer.

Bobby Joe sighs, looks at his watch.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Sorry, kid. Time's up. Gotta punch the clock.

Bobby Joe stands. He smacks Walter on the shoulder.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

I hope you don't die.

He walks off.

WALTER
I'll pay you!

Bobby Joe turns on his heels, grabs Walter by the collar and leads him out the door.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Thought you'd never ask.
(to Bartender)
Lou, I'm callin' in sick.

Bobby Joe pretends (poorly) to cough.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Yeah, real sick.
(quietly)
Sick o' your shit.

WALTER
Where are you taking me?

INT. BOBBY JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens. Bobby Joe kicks an empty beer can as he enters his shitty apartment. Original posters featuring blown-up images of himself cover the walls. Various movie memorabilia litters the space.

WALTER
Nice place.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Cleanin' lady's coming by later.

Bobby Joe goes to his bookcase and removes a book titled: "MOVIE MONSTERS A-Z" He rips off the book jacket and replaces it with a prop version, made to look like some ancient tome of forgotten knowledge.

He opens it to the letter "I" and slams it on the table in front of Walter.

Walter picks it up. The image is an old-timey oil painting of a winged demon sitting on a maiden's chest as she sleeps. It reads: "INCUBUS".

WALTER
What is that, a vampire?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
No, vampires aren't real, moron.

Walter seems confused.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
What you have is an incubus.

WALTER
Hey, I saw them live in ninety-four. Pretty good.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Funny. You want my help or not?

WALTER
Sorry.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
It's a sex demon. It feeds off souls. Steals its victims' life force through, well... his frank and beans.

WALTER
There's a visual.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
It's like hypnosis, get me? Pheromones or some shit. He's like one o' them stinky flowers.

Walter blinks, wonders if he heard him right.

WALTER
I'm sorry, I thought I heard you say he was a stinky flower?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Like one of those stinky flowers that lures insects into it so it can eat 'em 'cause they think it's, like, a dead animal. I forget what they're called.

WALTER
Corpse flowers.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Yeah, that's what I said, stinky flowers! He's a walking one of those. Except instead of insects, it's bored suburban housewives. And instead of eating 'em, he fucks away their life force. Or whatever.

Walter shakes his head.

WALTER
I don't think I like this analogy.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You don't have to like it, kid.
You're livin' it.

Walter thinks.

WALTER
How do you kill one?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You can't. They're immortal, see?

Bobby Joe turns the page. A woman looks into a mirror. A demon is her reflection.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Sometimes you can trap one in its own vanity, but it's not easy to do. There are priests that tried exorcisms but it's not the usual thing - they're not possessing someone, they're flesh and blood, sex demons from hell.

WALTER
What about the women? What happens to them?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Once they're under his spell, they'll give him anything. Even their souls.

WALTER (V.O.)
And the men, the husbands, what happens to them?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Too many cocks in the roosterhouse, get me?

WALTER
So, what do I do? How do I stop him, I mean, he's setting up shop in my neighborhood!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Not my problem.

WALTER
What? You said you'd help me!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
And I have. Now, um, if you don't
mind... my fee?

Walter looks at the man in the barcalounger surrounded by
half-empty cases of beer.

WALTER
You don't believe a word I've
said...

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hey, don't take it personal. I
don't believe in much.

Bobby Joe sits down and puts his feet up.

WALTER
...Fuck you.

Walter heads for the door, throws it open.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Wait, what about my money!

Walter slams the door behind him. Bobby Joe sighs. Cracks
open a cold one.

INT. STEVE AND DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diane sits at her vanity, earrings in hand, mascara streaking
as she wipes her makeup away. She stares at her reflection -
tired, disappointed.

She sighs, pulls at the skin under her eyes. Angry now, she
furiously wipes off her makeup, smearing it all over her
face.

A SHADOW flickers across the glass. She looks up.

Richard stands behind her in the reflection, immaculate,
radiant. The kind of man she wishes still looked at her that
way.

Diane startles, turns - the room is empty. She looks back
into the mirror.

Richard is still there. Smiling.

RICHARD
(soft, intimate)
You don't need all that.

His hand brushes her cheek through the reflection. Diane freezes, trembling.

RICHARD

They don't see you anymore, do they?

(beat)

He looks right through you. You're a ghost in your own home.

Diane's lips part, breath shaking. The words cut too close.

RICHARD

But I see you. Every line, every scar, every wrinkle he resents.

Tears roll down her cheek. She leans into his hand touching her face only in the mirror.

RICHARD

I see the woman who used to dance in the rain. I see the woman who just wants to be wanted. The one who aches to be touched. To be held.

(beat, softer)

I want all of you.

Diane's sob turns into a gasp. His face draws closer, lips touching hers, but only in the reflection.

RICHARD

All you have to do is come to me.

Her breath hitches. She rises, dazed, like sleepwalking. Earrings drop to the carpet. Diane heads for the back door.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Diane slips out into the cool night, her nightgown fluttering. She crosses the yard, gaze fixed on Richard's house - its upstairs window glowing warm, inviting.

As she moves, the CAMERA PULLS BACK. We see TWO MORE WOMEN emerging from neighboring houses: Nancy in yoga gear, Karen in a cocktail dress, and more we don't recognize: a MOM in slippers, an ELDERLY WOMAN in curlers, among others.

One by one, doors creak open up and down the cul-de-sac. The women converge in the shadows, faces slack with lust, pupils glowing faintly green.

In Richard's upstairs window, his silhouette waits. He raises a hand in greeting, beckoning them closer.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Walter drags the trash cans to the curb along, head buzzing from Bobby Joe's wild "sex demon" lecture.

WALTER
(quiet)
Incubus... sex demon... stinky
flower... pfft

He's muttering to himself when he hears LAUGHTER up ahead.

Nancy, Diane, and Karen jog toward him in their pastel athleisure. Only now, something's off. They look flushed, glowing, like they've been fucked stupid all night. Happier, looser, dripping satisfaction.

WALTER
Hey, ladies.

They slow to a stop around him, circling like a pack. Their pupils glow faintly GREEN in the sunlight.

NANCY
Morning, Walter.

DIANE
You're looking... strong today.

KAREN
(leaning in close)
Nice calves.

DIANE
Have you been working out?

Walter forces a laugh, uncomfortable.

WALTER
(can't think straight)
How's, uh, uh... I know this.
What's his name? Your husband.

DIANE
Steve.

WALTER
Right! Steve, totally knew that,
how is he? Thought maybe we'd watch
the game later.

They exchange a look.

DIANE
He's... out of town.

FLASH CUT - STEVE'S FACE SCREAMING as Diane smashes his head through the big screen TV during a touchdown replay.

BACK TO SCENE - Diane smiles, a little too wide.

Walter blinks. That seems unlikely.

WALTER
Well, darn. Maybe Bill could--

NANCY
Golf trip.

FLASH CUT - BILL getting brained by his own golf clubs over and over and over and over and--

BACK TO SCENE - Nancy licks drool off her upper lip, eyes glowing.

Walter swallows, turns to Karen and gestures towards their overgrown yard.

WALTER
And Alan? Never knew that guy to let his yard go like that.

FLASH CUT - ALAN'S FACE SCREAMING as Karen drives over it with a lawnmower. Blood sprays and sprays and sprays and--

BACK TO SCENE - Karen strokes Walter's chest with her finger.

KAREN
Business trip.

DIANE
Maybe you should come... jogging with us sometime.

The women giggle, closing in. Walter backs away, heart racing.

WALTER
Uh, thanks, maybe sex tim-- NEXT time.

He forces a wave, turns and hurries off down the block. The women watch him go, laughing, their smiles stretching unnaturally as their eyes BURN GREEN.

EXT. ANDY AND ALLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter pounds on the door, panicked.

WALTER
(calling out)
Andy, are you home? I need your
help!

Alli opens the door.

Walter looks shocked. The Alli that stands before him is changed. She wears a silky red evening gown and teased hair.

WALTER
...Alli?

ALLI
(sultry)
Hello, Walter.

Walter pauses, confused, remembers why he's here.

WALTER
I need to talk to Andy. Is he
here?

Alli leans against the doorframe, her hand pushes upward against the jam.

ALLI
Andy... left me.

WALTER
He what?!

ALLI
He said he wasn't man enough for me
anymore.

WALTER
That doesn't make sense. Andy
loved--

Walter pauses, senses something is wrong.

WALTER
Are you alright?

ALLI
I've never felt better, Walty.
Would you care to join me for a
drink?

WALTER

...Sure?

He enters.

Alli closes the door with a smirk on her mouth.

INT. ANDY AND ALLI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter keeps his guard up, tries to inconspicuously look around.

Alli runs a finger along Walter's arm as she passes him.

Walter clears his throat.

WALTER

Say, how about that drink?

Alli smirks.

ALLI

Coming right up.

Alli goes into the kitchen. Walter, on his tip-toes, quickly opens the closet door, peeks inside. He closes it. Alli stands behind the door, startles him, with two glasses of red wine in hand.

WALTER

I was looking for the bathroom.

ALLI

Well, it's not in the closet,
Walter.

Alli hands him the glass of wine and takes a sip. Alli oozes seduction. Walter pretends to drink but never does.

WALTER

Oo, wine went right through me. Be
right back.

Walter walks to the end of the hall, into the bathroom.

INT. ANDY AND ALLI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Walter closes and locks the door behind him.

He dumps the wine down the sink.

WALTER

Okay, okay, just think.

Clink. Clink.

A noise beside Walter, from the bathtub.

Walter looks over, sees a shadow in the bathtub behind the closed shower curtain.

Walter approaches carefully, throws the curtain open.

Andy lies in the bathtub, covered in blood, his video game controller shoved down his throat.

Walter screams but covers his mouth. He trips and falls backward against the bathroom door.

He tries to catch his breath. A soft knock on the door.

ALLI

You okay in there, Walter?

Walter tries to gather himself.

WALTER

Just... just a minute.

Walter closes the bathroom curtain back how it was, holds back tears for his friend, afraid to look too closely.

Walter takes a deep breath and heads back into the--

INT. ANDY AND ALLI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

But the mood has changed. The lights are low. Erotic synth music plays from a vintage stereo nearby. Candles are lit.

And Alli is nowhere to be seen.

WALTER

A-- Alli?

Walter doesn't wait, he heads straight for the fucking exit.

Somehow, Alli appears in his path. He tries to be cool, but he sweats, stammers.

WALTER

(stammers)

Oh, there you are, Alli. I gotta go, Sam needs me for... man stuff. Not sex, just fixing the whiz-palace, I mean, that's what we call the bathroom, it--

ALLI
Samantha's gone, Walter.

WALTER
What-- what are you talking about?

ALLI
She's on her way back right now,
Walter. But Richard will be with
her soon enough.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard, naked, stands at the window looking out.

He watches as Samantha's car pulls back into the driveway.

Richard smiles. Hands caress his chest from behind - Diane and Karen, among others.

INT. ANDY AND ALLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WALTER
How do you know that?

ALLI
I told you... he's shown me so...
so very many things. Things I
didn't even know about myself.
Things I didn't even know I was
deprived of.

Alli rubs her hips, up and down, caressing her figure.

WALTER
I should really get back to her
then.

ALLI
Stay with me.

Alli ramps up the seduction. Her hands move from her thighs,
up her hips, and around her breasts.

ALLI
Come on, Walter. Don't you want
me?

Walter trips, falls over his own feet as he stumbles
backwards.

He watches as Alli lifts the red dress over her head, reveals
her naked figure.

Walter shields his eyes.

WALTER

Not okay!

She sits on top of him.

ALLI

Don't you wanna fuck me, Walter?

Alli leans down to kiss Walter. Walter pushes her off, hard.

Walter stands up, back against the fireplace. He keeps one hand behind his back, inches closer to the firepoker stand.

Alli covers her face, still on the floor, "crying."

ALLI

How could you?

WALTER

I love Samantha, alright?

Her cries turn into maniacal laughter.

ALLI

Who said anything about love?

She stands.

ALLI

I just wanna fuck you, Walter.
Just fuck your brains right out.

WALTER

Stay back, okay?

ALLI

And when you can't take anymore,
Walter, when you beg me to stop,
I'll slit your little throat and
fuck your cock in a pool of your
own blood.

WALTER

That is so gross!

She advances anyway.

WALTER

Oh, fuck!

Walter grabs hold of the fire poker and swings it at Alli's head. It connects, hard. She stumbles but doesn't fall.

When Alli looks back at Walter - Her face is now demonic, her eyes glow green, her hair is stringy and matted, rows of razor-sharp teeth line her mouth. A huge gash across her cheek from the poker.

WALTER

Holy fuck...

Alli howls and leaps at Walter.

Walter flies back against the futon and wall, knocks over a cheaply-framed movie poster.

She bares her full mouth of fangs and leaps at him again.

Walter scrambles to grab the fire poker. He holds it up instinctively, closes his eyes. He only hears it enter her body.

When he opens his eyes again, Alli is impaled on the poker. He lets go and she stumbles backwards. She sees the poker in her chest, shocked.

She collapses, seemingly dead.

Walter catches his breath. Then remembers.

WALTER

Sam!

He races out of the house and back into his car.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Samantha pulls into the driveway. Her eyes tell the story of a tearful night.

She takes a deep breath and gets out.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam enters. She looks around.

SAM

Walter?

Nothing. Only silence.

SAM

Walter?!

She turns. Richard stands right behind her. She screams.

SAM
Oh! Uh, Richard. Hi.

Richard laughs warmly.

RICHARD
Oh, gosh, sorry to frighten you,
Samantha. The door was open. I
thought it would be fine if I let
myself in.

SAM
What, uh, can I do for you?

He holds up Sam's purse and her shoulder wrap.

RICHARD
Just thought I'd return your purse
and scarf. You left the party in
such a hurry, I'm afraid you had
forgotten it.

Sam exhales. She rubs her weary brow.

SAM
Right. I did. Thank you.

RICHARD
Is everything alright?

SAM
I'm fine.

RICHARD
You look like you could use a
drink.

Richard heads into the kitchen.

SAM
I said I'm fine, really. I don't--

Richard returns with two glasses of red wine. He takes a
sip.

SAM
I appreciate the sentiment,
Richard. But... you should go. I
need to think.

They lock eyes. Richard's eyes glow.

RICHARD
I think I should stay.

Samantha's muscles relax. Her resistance fades. She falls deeper into the trance like state. She nods.

SAM

I think you should stay.

Richard smiles.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Walter drives like a madman, weaving in and out of slow-moving traffic.

He calls Sam on his cell phone again. But there's no answer.

WALTER

Damn it!

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard touches Samantha's face. He leans in to kiss her.

SAM

Oh, Walter.

Richard stops.

Sam's eyes slam open. She takes a step back, out of the trance.

SAM

What's happening? What am I doing?! Walter would be furious.

RICHARD

Walter doesn't have to know.

Sam's mood shifts.

SAM

Yes, he does. Walter is my husband.

RICHARD

Walter could never be as attentive to you as I could, Samantha.

Richard holds Sam's waist and stares deep into her eyes. They glow with newfound intensity.

Sam looks deeply into Richard's eyes. His voice deepens. With each word, he moves closer towards kissing Sam.

RICHARD

I can love you more deeply than
Walter could ever understand. I
can give you everything your heart
desires and your flesh craves. I
can give you the passion you so
desperately seek, Samantha.

He leans in to kiss her--

The slap stops him cold. Richard blinks, shocked.

Sam is pissed. She points to the door.

SAM

Get out of my fucking house.

RICHARD

Samantha, I--

SAM

Who the fuck do you think you are?
Walter is my husband and I love
him.

Richard doesn't move.

SAM

I said get out.

Richard's posture straightens.

RICHARD

(firmly)

No.

SAM

Excuse me?!

Richard stomps closer to her. Sam backs up, frightened now.

Richard's eyes glow once more. But before he can look into
Sam's eyes--

Walter bursts in through the door. He sees Sam, terrified,
as Richard looms over her authoritatively.

SAM

(scared)

Walter...

WALTER

You son of a--

Walter charges Richard, throws another punch - but Richard catches it effortlessly.

RICHARD
No more games.

Richard squeezes Walter's hand, his face fills with anguish.
He grabs Walter by the throat and lifts him into the air.

WALTER
(choking)
Ah, crap...

RICHARD
(demonic)
Hiya, neighborino.

Walter sees Richard's eyes have turned red, his features have become more demonic, evil. The entire room shifts into something darker, more terrifying.

Sam watches in horror.

SAM
Walter!

Sam doesn't think, she gets up and runs to help Walter. Richard bats her away with a swipe of his hand, never taking his eyes off Walter.

Richard pivots and launches Walter over the couch. He crashes through the coffee table.

Walter struggles through the pain screaming all over his body as he gets to his feet.

He stands in front of Sam, shielding her.

Richard looks around the shop.

RICHARD
(demonic)
You know, I envy you, Walter. Your life is something mine was never given the chance to be - ordinary.

WALTER
Hey. I'm a small business owner.

RICHARD
(demonic)
You sell junk to bored housewives who watch too much HGTV.

Richard takes notice of the extravagant suit of armor with the large codpiece, propped up in the corner.

He approaches with an air of reverence, of memory.

RICHARD

(demonic)

When I was a young man, my father
sent me away, told me not to
return, lest I was a man. So I
became a soldier, a fierce warrior
known to many. Feared by more.
When I returned home, things had
changed, and the home I knew was
gone. I never saw my father again.
So I traveled. One town at first,
and then the next. Soon I was a
collector of cities, the world
over. Every night a different
woman to warm my bed. And, thus, I
also became a collector of flesh.
But never a place to call home,
never someone to call... family.
Just objects lost in history...

He touches the breastplate gently, caresses it as though a lover. Tears form in Richard's eyes.

RICHARD

(demonic)

We're both collectors in a way,
Walter. Of things lost to time.

WALTER

My father was the collector. I'm
just the caretaker.

Richard turns back to Walter and Sam.

RICHARD

(demonic)

Well, in that case, Walter, I'm
going to give you the choice I
never had. Think of it as a
business opportunity.

He stands in front of the couple.

RICHARD

(demonic)

I will buy everything in this
house, take your entire business
off your shoulders, and at a price
you won't be able to say no to.

WALTER
...For what?

RICHARD
(demonic)
Samantha.

WALTER
What?!

RICHARD
(demonic)
I could just take her now, of course. Or you could have everything you've ever wanted, Walter. You could live the life you've always dreamed of. And you could do it free of the burden of carrying on your father's misguided legacy. A fresh start.

Richard pauses, awaits an answer.

WALTER
Fuck you.

The answer stings like an insult.

WALTER
People aren't objects for you to add to your collection. They're people! And I didn't keep my dad's junk to carry his burden.

RICHARD
Then why did you?

WALTER
To honor it.

Richard sighs.

RICHARD
Fool.

WALTER
You know, I might be a really shitty salesman. And maybe I am a shitty father and an even shittier husband, but there is one thing I'm good at. Stalling.

MIA
 (from behind)
 Hey, fuckface!

Richard turns, just in time to receive the medieval mace Mia just hurled into the side of his fuckin' face.

He stumbles, blood and flesh fly off his face. Sam grabs Mia, shields her behind herself and Walter.

Richard turns to face them, reveals his fucked up face - obliterated, skin gone, scaly demon flesh underneath. One red eye glows in the darkness. Large fangs protrude over his lips.

Richard arches his back and howls at them. The force blows them backward.

He stops and locks eyes with Mia.

The wind continues to blow Sam and Walter backward. Walter struggles to hold onto the railings, the walls, anything, but it's like a hurricane.

The wind roars. All sounds dissipate into silence. Richard's voice seems to come from everywhere.

RICHARD
 (telepathically)
 Miaaa...

Mia's eyes turn glossy. She steps forward, as her parents fall further back. She drops the mace, no longer in control of herself.

Samantha reaches out to stop her, but she can't.

SAM
 Mia!

Richard grabs her and holds her close to him. She faints and Richard catches her in his arms. The wind stops.

RICHARD
 (demonic)
 If I can't have your wife, Walter,
 I'll just settle for your daughter.

Richard howls. Every lightbulb in the house explodes all at once. Walter and Sam shield their eyes.

When they open them again, Mia and Richard are gone.

SAM

MIA!

WALTER

Are you alright?!

SAM

Oh, my, God, you were right,
Walter! He's a-- He's a-- We have
to go to the police!

WALTER

I tried! They won't believe us.

SAM

(crying)

Walter, he has our baby!

She cries into his chest.

WALTER

Listen to me. I want you to stay
inside and lock all the doors.
Don't let anyone in, okay?

SAM

What are you gonna do?

WALTER

I'm gonna stop him.

SAM

Not without me, you're not!

WALTER

Sam--

SAM

Walter, if you think for one second
that I'm just gonna sit back and
wait to be rescued by some knight
in shining armor, then you're an
even bigger idiot than the one I
married.

Walter thinks.

WALTER

Fine. But we need help.

SAM

Who?

WALTER
A professional.

INT. BOBBY JOE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The door opens. Bobby Joe stands, in boxer shorts with his face on them and an old bath robe, holding a beer.

WALTER
Hey, Bobby Joe.

Bobby Joe belches.

Samantha glares at Walter. He feels her eyes bore into the side of his head but ignores it.

WALTER
We... need your help.

INT. BOBBY JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby Joe stomps to the kitchen, still in his bathrobe, and opens the fridge. He grabs a blender pitcher of margarita in the fridge and drinks straight from it.

WALTER
He has our daughter! You have to help us!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
(out of breath)
Help you do what, exactly? Get us all killed? I like being alive! I plan on doing it until I die of old age, sandwiched between two twenty-year old supermodels!

SAM
Who the fuck is this guy?

Sam approaches him with purpose.

SAM
Listen, you low-rent Bruce Campbell. That asshole has my daughter and if my husband thinks you can help, then you're going to help. Even if I have to drag you by the balls there myself.

Bobby Joe falls backward into his barcalounger.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
 Fiesty. I like it. Say, how
 stable is this relationship,
 Walter?

SAM
 We'll pay you.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
 Oh, no. I already went down that
 road with your husband, lady.
 Didn't turn out so well for Bobby
 Joe. So, my, uh, consulting fee?
 It just doubled.

Walter pulls Sam to the side.

WALTER
 Pay him? With what money?

SAM
 I have some set aside. For
 emergencies.

WALTER
 Since when?

SAM
 Since always. Just in case.

WALTER
 In case of what?

They both realize Bobby Joe is staring at them.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
 Trouble in paradise?

	WALTER		SAM
Shut up!		Shut up!	

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
 Right. Back to business. I like
 your style. So, how many zeroes we
 talkin' about here?

SAM
 I said shut up. And put some
 fucking pants on, would you?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
 Can we stop for a drink first?

NO! WALTER NO! SAM

Bobby Joe slinks back into his chair.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter, Sam, and Bobby Joe exit Bobby's beat-up old panel van and head inside. Bobby Joe is dressed like a character from his show, an aged leather jacket over his cowboy shirt and bolo tie.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter digs through boxes and piles of junk while Sam watches.

Bobby Joe raids the kitchen. He finds a bottle of whiskey and pours himself a stiff drink.

SAM
What are you looking for?

WALTER
A-ha!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
(in the kitchen)
Does he really say, "A-ha"?

Walter grabs a cardboard box and slams it on the table between them. On the side of the box, in Mia's handwriting, more poignant than she meant: LET'S GET MEDIEVAL ON THEIR ASSES!

The box contains a crossbow, a mace, a medieval axe, arrows, and a spear head.

WALTER
Everyone, Walt's Antiques is open
for business.

Samantha picks up the crossbow and looks it over.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
It suits you.

Walter hands the axe to Bobby Joe. He turns his nose at it.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I'm set, kid.

Bobby Joe lifts up his shirt. An enormous revolver is stuffed in his pants.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Little wrap-party gift from one of
my first features - "PSYCHO COP 2:
THE REVENGE!"

WALTER
Oh, I saw that one.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Oh, you liked it?

WALTER
Well...

Walter walks off.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
(muttering)
I'm the only one with taste in this
place, primitive rubes.

Bobby Joe picks up the mace and admires it. He whips it
around awkwardly.

SAM
What about you?

Walter stares off-frame.

QUICK CUTS: Piece by piece, Walter puts on the suit of armor,
but we don't see its complete form yet.

Walter, now in the full suit of armor, broadsword in hand,
awkwardly lifts up the faceplate to speak.

WALTER
How do I--

The faceplate falls back down. He lifts it up again.

WALTER
How do I look?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Ridiculous.

Sam looks at him warmly, a smile on her face.

SAM
I think he looks amazing.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter, Sam and Bobby Joe Williams approach Richard's front door. Bobby Joe reaches into his inside jacket pocket and removes a flask. He gulps down a mouthful.

He offers a sip to Walter and Sam. Walter struggles in the suit of armor but manages to take a sip and hands it back.

WALTER
(coughing)
Smooth.

Walter's suit creaks loudly with each step.

WALTER
(behind faceplate)
You think he knows we're coming?

Walter's every step creaks and grinds. Bobby Joe looks him up and down sideways.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Probably.

They approach Richard's front door.

Walter reaches out to ring the doorbell, but Bobby Joe grabs his arm.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
What the hell you think you're
doin'?

WALTER
(thru helmet)
Ringing the doorbell.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
We can't go in the front. That's
just what he'd expect!

WALTER
(thru helmet)
Well, what then?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
We go through the back door. He'd
never expect that.

WALTER
(thru helmet)
What if he knows we know not to go
in the front so he set us up to go
in the back?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You're right. We go through the
front. He'd never expect us to do
something so stupid.

Sam looks at Walter.

SAM
So he's an idiot.

Walter raises his hand to knock but the door creaks open on
its own.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You know, in my movies, that's
always a really bad sign.

They head inside.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter closes the door behind them.

There is the faint sound of music inside.

SAM
You hear that?

Walter's armor clangs loudly with every step.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Walk louder, I'm not sure he can
hear you all the noise you're
making.

They round the corner. In the main part of the house, they
find the source of the music and lights.

An orgy.

Like, a giant fucking orgy.

Bathed in music and neon, the whole neighborhood is here.
Diane, Nancy, and Karen, and their husbands, Andy, Steve,
Bill, and Alan, and more, more COUPLES we haven't met before.
Dozens of them.

WALTER

Fuuuuuck.

SAM

Holy shit.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Oh, man, this takes me back.

The trio walk through the sea of entangled bodies.

Richard sits in an ancient throne-like chair at the top of the stairs. His face remains hidden, only the hint of his more demonic features, but his eyes glow red in the darkness.

Smoke billows around him, bathed in red and pink light.

RICHARD

(demonic)

Walter. Samantha. See anything
you like?

Bobby Joe looks at the orgy surrounding him. Only now does he see everyone is covered in blood.

Walter and Sam follow his gaze.

CRASH-ZOOMS: Female sex-demons - SUCCUBI - feast on their male victims' corpses while others fuck the male... parts.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

What the fuck?! You people were
for real?! I just thought this was
some fantasy foreplay thing! Keep
yer fuckin' money!

Bobby Joe throws the mace to the floor and runs for the exit.

WALTER

What? Get back here you coward!

Bobby Joe slams the door behind him. Sam turns to Richard.

SAM

Where's my fucking daughter?!

Richard stomps down the stairs as he speaks.

CU: His CLOVEN HOOVES pound the wooden stairs.

RICHARD

Oh, she's here... somewhere. You know, I've been so busy with all of the unsatisfied housewives in this neighborhood, I had forgotten, oh, what's the word, the stamina of youth.

SAM

You piece of shit!

Richard stands before the three of them.

Samantha fires the crossbow at near-point blank range, right through Richard's eye.

He spins once, then collapses.

Walter blinks in surprise.

WALTER

Well, that was easy.

Richard stirs. He rises to his feet and yanks out the arrow from his eye.

Walter and Sam watch, horrified, at the grotesque hole where his eye used to be.

RICHARD

(demonic)

That wasn't very neighborly.

The house goes completely dark. Silent.

The smoke around Richard glows. His eyes pop open in the darkness, his red eyes glow. He growls.

SAM

Walter...

The lights come back up. Richard is gone, as are the many succubi surrounding them, and their male victims.

Music and neon lights blast through the house. They look around, disoriented.

Richard is behind them.

Sam fires the crossbow. The arrow hits Richard straight in the chest.

It doesn't faze him at all. He yanks the arrow out with a slurp.

RICHARD

Ouchie.

He smiles and pokes at it, sticks his finger in the hole seductively and wiggles it around.

Walter yells and charges at Richard with the sword. But he trips running up the stairs in the suit of armor.

Richard graciously helps Walter back to his feet.

RICHARD

There you go, buddy. Look at you,
you're doing so well.

Richard casually pushes Walter backwards with one finger.

RICHARD

Oopsie.

Walter tries to balance, waves his heavy metal arms, before he slowly tilts backwards, and tumbles down the long flight of stairs, losing several pieces of the armor on his way down.

SAM

Walter!

Richard stomps down the stairs towards Sam, his one demon eye glowing red. He smiles to reveal the row of pointed fangs.

Sam loads and quickly fires the crossbow again. Richard catches the arrow, indifferent. He breaks it with one hand.

RICHARD

Please, Samantha.

She backpedals. Richard stalks after her, as she loads another arrow.

He rushes at Sam, in the blink of an eye, both hands are on the crossbow.

RICHARD

I thought we really had something,
Samantha, a connection.

SAM

The only thing I'd like to connect
is my fist to your face.

Sam swings the crossbow and catches the butt of it on Richard's jaw. He rolls his eyes.

Richard grabs the crossbow and tosses it across the room. It slides under a chair in the living room.

Walter gets to his feet, charges with the sword raised high. Richard turns and faces Walter as he brings the sword down.

Richard dodges the slow swing easily.

Richard punches Walter in the chest. Walter flies down the entire flight of stairs, bits of his suit break off and scatter across the floor on impact. The chest piece has a huge dent in the center from the blow.

Walter lies there for a moment, motionless.

SAM

Walter!

Walter groans and tries to stand, can't.

RICHARD

That blow should've stopped your heart, Walter. Those medieval iron-workers, they really knew their shit.

Walter lies with a bloody nose, the helmet spins on the ground beside him. Concussed, the world goes fuzzy as time slows down.

SAM

(slowed down)

Walter!

Walter collapses, unconscious.

Sam rushes to his side.

SAM

Walter? Walter!

She shakes him, but he's out.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Samantha.

INT. 80'S DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Samantha looks up, and realizes Richard is gone. And that she's no longer in the house - instead, she's in the middle of a dance club, but it's a modern-day Elizabethan masquerade ball. Well-dressed aristocrats wear 80's workout gear and masks but dance like they're in a Jane Austen movie.

Sam looks down. Walter is gone.

Her clothes are also different. Nightclub attire.

Samantha looks around, confused. She's surrounded by dozens of dancing people. A dense crowd, difficult to get through. They're identities remain hidden.

SAM

Walter?

Richard moves through the crowd, wearing a mask of his own, watching her. He's normal again, human.

Finally, her eyes find Richard. He removes his mask so she can see him .

Their eyes lock for a long moment.

A DANCER moves in front of Richard and he vanishes.

Sam looks everywhere. She fights through moving bodies.

Richard circles her, hidden among the crowd.

The crowd parts like a wave. Richard is there. Their eyes meet again.

He approaches Sam and wraps his arm around her waist. Without words, they speak volumes with their eyes.

They dance to the song, never breaking eye contact. Their faces inch closer, nearly close enough to kiss...

Somewhere deep in the crowd, Sam sees Walter standing in the crowd. But in an instant, he's gone.

Sam looks around, as the undulating bodies that surround her begin to enclose tighter.

Samantha becomes more and more disoriented by the world she is in. All these people, and Richard front and center.

She breaks free. Swims through the sea of people. Richard is there again. She turns, runs now. Still, he is there.

In his human form, his eyes begin to glow that demonic red. But now, they pulse, growing brighter each time.

The dancers surrounding the pair stop and stare.

The club grows darker and darker. The music fades. Until only Richard and Samantha remain in silence.

Richard becomes a shadow before the intensity of his glowing eyes. Samantha's face is awash with the color red. Her eyes glaze over like milky cataracts. The glowing red embers get brighter and more intense until it is all that remains.

EXT. BOBBY JOE'S VAN - NIGHT

Bobby Joe scrambles to his van but stops when he sees the hood - the steel is mangled.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
What the shit?

He raises the hood - the starter cables have been ripped out.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Oh, that's just great!

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby Joe races through the front door in Walter's house and bolts it behind him.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Jesus tap-dancing fuck!

He panics.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Okay, okay, okay. Think, B.J..
You're Bobby Joe fucking Williams.
You beat herpes. Twice. How you
gonna get outta this one?

Bobby Joe looks up, sees something we don't.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
What the--

Inside Walter's living room, all the junk from the shop has been cleared away, and Bobby Joe's "Terror Vision" studio has taken its place.

INT. TERROR-VISION STUDIO

The busted old RV, the fake grass and television set, the case of beer, the torn-up old couch - it's all here.

The studio is alive with CREW. The normal hustle of a TV set, full of activity. A FEMALE P.A. grabs Bobby Joe by the elbow and leads him onto the set.

FEMALE P.A.
Mr. Williams, there you are!
You're due on set. We're rolling
in five, four, three--

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Wait, what? We're not shooting
today!

She plops him down in the lawn chair and backs away.

DIRECTOR
Action!

Bobby Joe states blankly at the camera.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Uhhh...

DIRECTOR
Cut! Perfect!

The Female P.A. returns as the Director ushers the rest of
the CREW off set. She leans in close to his ear.

FEMALE P.A.
(seductively)
That was the most amazing
performance I've ever seen.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I mean... it was nothin'.

She pushes him back and climbs on top of him.

FEMALE P.A.
I don't know why, but your acting,
it just... it just makes me so hot.

She kisses him passionately.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Well, I do have that effect on
people sometimes.

Still on top of him, the Director comes over and looks down
at Bobby Joe.

DIRECTOR
That was great! Your best work
yet!

A group of beautiful FEMALE FANS comes over and leans down to
talk to him.

FEMALE FAN 1
Oh, Bobby Joe. That was
incredible.

FEMALE FAN 2
I'm your biggest fan.

FEMALE FAN 3
I want you so bad.

Their faces fill his view.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Alright, alright, wait your turn,
ladies. There's plenty of B.J. to
go around.

The studio lights POP off, one at a time, as the rest of the
crew abandons the set.

The girls on top of him take off their shirts.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Well, h-hey now.

They kiss his neck and chest. Swarm him.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
H-hold on a sec. There was
something I was supposed to do--

FEMALE P.A.
Fuck me, Mr. Williams.

FEMALE FAN 1
Me first!

They continue to kiss him all over, their hands run all over
his face and through his hair. It's overwhelming.

FEMALE FAN 2
I want you.

FEMALE FAN 3
I want you more.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Ok now, just- come on.

FEMALE P.A.
Don't you want us?

FEMALE FAN 1
We want you so bad.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Ok, c-cut it out, girls.

FEMALE FAN 2
Please, Bobby.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I SAID STOP!

Bobby Joe pushes the girls off himself and leaps out of the chair.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bodies fly off of him and hit the floor, hard.

Three FEMALE SUCCUBI skitter backwards up the walls, into the shadows, until they've all vanished - save but one. A young woman in a silk dress curled up in pain on the floor.

It's only now Bobby Joe realizes he's back in Walter's living room.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
What the fuck was that?! And who
the fuck are you?!

Mia - she wears a new outfit, something silky that shows off her curves.

MIA
My name's Mia.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Mia? You-- you're the kid!

MIA
Where are my mommy and daddy?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Kid, I got bad news for ya.
They're over there with that...
thing.

MIA
You mean, you're... alone?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hey, what are you doin' here?
How'd you escape?

She climbs to her feet, still turned away from him. He can't see the calculating look in her eyes.

MIA

I ran.

She moves about the house, runs her fingers along the piles of junk.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Listen, we gotta get outta dodge!
Call in the boys in blue, the
national guard, marines, something!
Where's the phone?

She finds the landline and tips it over onto the floor.

MIA

Oops.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Hey, what are you doin'?

Mia finds an old record player. She sets the needle down on the spinning record.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Hey, kid, there's no time for a
dance party, we gotta--

Mia turns to him and dances seductively to the music. She runs her hands over her hips, along her breasts, and up her neck. She unties her dress and lets it fall to the floor, barely able to conceal her breasts with her arms.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Well, we might have a little time.

He tries to shake the cobwebs loose.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

No! We can't. I mean, I can. I
definitely can. Countless times.
But, no, you're just a--

She moves closer to him, wraps her arms around his neck, presses her breasts against him.

He turns his face away from her. She turns it back and kisses him passionately.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

(while kissing)

No-- We-- You--

Mia pushes him against the wall, wraps her bare leg around him. She kisses down his neck. He doesn't notice as she takes his gun and tosses it behind her.

Bobby Joe turns his head, deep in the throes of passion, and sees a large, ornate mirror propped up amidst a junk pile.

His eyes widen in shock as he sees the reflection in it.

Pressed against his body: a demon covered in black fur and pointed barbs, horns hidden amidst a head of matted hair.

Bobby Joe is horrified. He pushes her off him.

MIA

What's the matter? Don't you want me?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Like I want a papercut on my dick hole, lady.

He points to the mirror and the SUCCUBUS inhabiting Mia's body quickly becomes infatuated with its own reflection. It turns from side to side, checks out all its features. Runs its hands over every inch of its body.

Mia screams.

Bobby Joe looks from the demon's reflection in the mirror to the naked girl that stands in front of it.

The reflections don't sync.

MIA

Wha- what's happening?!

The demon realizes something. It bangs against the glass of the mirror, trapped. It screams and howls, eyes glow bright red. It claws at the glass.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Fuck this.

Bobby Joe grabs something off one of the shelves and throws it at the mirror.

The mirror shatters into a million pieces. The screams of the demon fly through the quiet house, before it dies off somewhere in the distance.

Bobby throws a blanket around Mia.

MIA
Who are you?

His big moment.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I'm Bobby Joe fuckin' Williams.
Demon Hunter.

MIA
Aren't you the guy on that shitty
TV show?

His bubble bursts.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Come on.

Bobby Joe grabs her by the arm.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby Joe leads Mia out of the house, now with clothes on.
He pulls her towards his shitty van parked at the curb.

MIA
What are you doing?!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Gettin' the hell outta here, what
do you think?!

MIA
You can't! My parents are still in
there!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hold on. Wait a minute. You wanna
go back in there!? You're looney
tunes, kid! He'll kill us both!

MIA
He'll kill my parents if we don't!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Kid, ain't enough money in the
world to get me to go back in
there!

She yanks her hand free.

MIA
Well, I'm going! Alone, if I have
to.

She marches towards Richard's house. She pauses, turns.

MIA

Loser.

Mia stomps off.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Wait!

She turns back to him.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

If we do this, we need to go in
prepared. I got some stuff in the
van.

He opens the van's rear doors. Mia walks back and checks it out.

She sees it's just a mattress, some empty red bull cans, and porno magazines.

MIA

There's nothing in h--

Bobby pushes her into the back of the van and closes the door. He shoves a tire iron into the handles, seals it shut.

MIA

(in van)

You fuckin' dickhole!

Mia bangs on the doors. Bobby Joe turns back to the house.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Don't worry, kid. B.J.'ll handle
this. And ignore those magazines,
they're, uh, research for a part.

Bobby Joe walks on, while Mia continues to slam her fists against the van doors.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby Joe stands in front of Richard's house. It's even creepier than before - fog rolls over every corner, a biting wind sways branches that scratch at the windows like claws.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

What the hell are you doin', Bobby?

He takes the flask out of his inside jacket pocket and takes a big drink.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Alright. Time to punch the clock.

Bobby Joe forges on, up the porch and inside Richard's house.
The door slams shut behind him. Seals him in.

FADE TO:

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter stirs at the foot of the stairs. He groans loudly,
holding the back of his head.

WALTER
Sam?!

Samantha glides to where he lies. She wears different
clothes now, a flowy black night gown.

SAM
Shh, Walter, it's alright.

She holds his head tenderly. Rests his head against the
floor again.

WALTER
Sam? You're alright! Richard! Is
he--

SAM
Shh, Walter. You don't need to
worry about him anymore.

WALTER
What do you--

SAM
I'm here, baby. You don't have to
worry about anything anymore.

She kisses him deeply.

WALTER
Sam?

ANOTHER SAM appears in Walter's view, as he lies on his back.

WALTER
What--?

The second Sam kisses him.

Then, a third. A fourth.

The four Sam's caress and fondle him. It's overwhelming, but Walter is confused. Lost in the embrace. His eyes start to go fuzzy, nearing unconsciousness again.

Suddenly, the front doors SLAM OPEN. A towering figure stands in the entryway.

The spell is interrupted. The FOUR DEMONS on top of Walter look up and screech at the man.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hey, she-bitches.

The four demons scurry away, crawling along the walls before they disappear into the dark corners of the house.

Bobby Joe runs to Walter's side.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hey, kid! Kid!

Bobby Joe smacks him once. Then very hard a second time.

WALTER
Ow.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Oh, good, you're not dead.

WALTER
Well, I wouldn't go that far.

Walter struggles to his feet with Bobby Joe's help. Walter grabs the sword off the floor.

WALTER
Where's Sam?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I thought you had her?

WALTER
I don't-- She was here.

Walter remembers what really happened.

WALTER
Wait. He took her. We have to find her.

Walter looks around while Bobby Joe helps him to his feet.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You good?

Walter's legs go wobbly, but he catches himself.

WALTER

I'm fine. You check upstairs, I'll check down.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Why do we have to split up?

WALTER

It's faster.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

It's a good way to get me killed!

WALTER

Fine. We'll stick together.
Downstairs work for you?

The two of them search carefully through the house, ready for something to jump out and kill them any moment.

WALTER

That book you showed me, it tell
you how to kill this thing?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Yeah, about that...

Walter stops.

WALTER

You don't know how to kill him?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

It was a book on movie monsters! I
just really, really needed the
money, alright?!

WALTER

...You washed-up hack!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Hey. You dragged me into this,
man. I never said I was some kinda
monster expert!

Walter blinks.

WALTER

Yes, that's exactly what you've
been saying this whole damn time!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
 I just say what they tell me to
 say! I don't even watch the
 movies!

They continue to argue.

CUTAWAY - A clawed finger flips a switch on an amplifier.

Disorienting synth music blares through the house. The lights shut off, replaced by pink and purple strobe lights.

WALTER
 What the hell?

Nancy, Diane, and Karen appear behind the duo. Demons in pastel activewear, shrouded in fog and gelled lighting.

Walter and Bobby Joe feel their presence. They glare at each other, then slowly turn around.

But they've vanished.

The jogger-demons appear behind the two men again. Their demon eyes glow red in the dark. Bobby Joe reaches in his pants for his gun. Walter clutches the large sword tighter.

Bobby Joe draws the gun, but Demon-Karen backhands him across the face before he can fire. He hurtles backwards. The gun sails across the room.

Bobby Joe groans and rolls over. He notices the crossbow that slid under there, grabs it.

Demon Nancy grabs Walter by the throat and lifts him in the air.

WALTER
 (choking)
 Where's Sam...?

Bobby Joe stands and fires the crossbow at Demon Nancy. It sails right through her throat. Blood gushes as she chokes.

She turns and looks at Bobby Joe, before she collapses to the floor, dead, back in her human form. Walter rushes to Bobby Joe's side.

Karen and Diane see Nancy's corpse. They hiss at Walter and Bobby Joe.

Bobby Joe chucks the crossbow and picks up the mace he dropped earlier.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Not my first four-way.

WALTER
Really? Now?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You take the ugly one.

Before the men get their bearings, the demons attack. Karen tosses Walter aside, then rushes at Bobby Joe.

He avoids a swipe of her claws and swings the mace. It annihilates Karen's face.

She collapses, back in her human form, her jaw ripped off.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Stunt training, from my film
"Redneck Zombies 3: The South's
Revenge!"

WALTER
Not the time!

Diane, alone now, screams.

She grabs Bobby Joe by the throat, wrenches his wrist until he drops the heavy mace.

Bobby Joe punches her in the face but she barely feels it. He smiles, apologetically.

She digs her sharp claws into Bobby Joe's shoulder.

The pain shocks him. He screams as blood flows down his shirt.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
(pained)
Son of a bitch... I liked that
shirt!

Walter charges, brings the heavy sword down. Her arm is severed, Bobby Joe falls to the floor, the hand still wrapped around his throat.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Ew! Ew!

He tosses it aside.

Diane looks at the bloody stump as it gushes black ooze. She looks at Walter and screeches. He winds up again and swings the heavy sword before she can attack - her head goes flying.

It hits the floor and rolls a few times, before it lands right-side up. It blinks a few times and looks at the duo - screeches again, spits up more black ooze.

Bobby Joe drops the mace and looks around for something. He finds it and picks up his gun.

Diane screeches again - Bobby Joe silences her, blowing a hole in her demonic head. Her skull explodes. Messy.

WALTER

Are you alright?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Fine, kid. Just a flesh wound.

Bobby Joe notices the bloody gash on his shoulder.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Oh! Okay, yeah, I need to go to the hospital.

WALTER

You don't have to stay. This is my fight.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Oh, shut up, kid. We're almost at the big climax.

Walter extends his hand. Bobby Joe takes it.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

And I know something about climaxes.

They look at their handiwork. See two corpses.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Hey, where's the ugly one?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Walter and Bobby Joe follow a trail of blood into the den.

They approach the door under the stairs.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Yahtzee.

Walter counts down quietly.

WALTER
Alright, three... Two...

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Wait. Are we doin' this on one, or
is it like three, two, one, go?

WALTER
On one.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Ok, so, just so I'm sure, it's
three, two, go.

WALTER
Oh, for fuck's sake-- ONE!

Walter throws open the door, expecting a fight. But the room
is empty.

WALTER
What?

Bobby Joe points at the floor - a trail of dark blood leads
into the closet and disappears under the back wall.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Look.

Walter and Bobby Joe bend down to get a closer look. From
this angle, they see a cloud of dust, illuminated by a faint
light that emanates from behind the wooden slats of a false
back.

Bobby Joe pokes at the DIY back. It gives a little.

Walter pushes it back further and slides it behind the false
backing, revealing an ancient stone-walled stairwell, lined
with lit torches.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Creepy basement? Check.

Walter and Bobby Joe head down the stone-walled stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL

At the bottom is an ancient wooden door. Beneath it, a new
doormat that reads "LIVE. LAUGH. LOVE."

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

The door opens to an underground chamber. Lit torches line the walls. Walter grabs one and carries it with him.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
This is new.

WALTER
No. This is old. Very old.

Bobby Joe runs a finger along the stone.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Old as balls.

WALTER
I'm definitely bringing this up at
the next HOA meeting.

Walter and Bobby Joe head slowly down the long chamber. Along the corridor, every few feet, hang various oil paintings - from centuries old up to more recent.

Walter approaches the first one.

The painting is of a well-dressed gentleman of European nobility in parade armor, cloaked in a green velvet cape, his arm resting on his gold and silver-adorned helmet that rests on a table covered in more velvet.

The man in the painting - it's Richard, looking as young as he does today.

Walter looks at the nameplate: "PORTRAIT OF RICHARD LANCASTER III, 1574"

WALTER
Jesus...

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hey! Beat your feet!

A light comes from the end of the chamber.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
I see something. Come on.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

Walter and Bobby Joe enter the underground church, in awe.

Walter sees Samantha on the altar.

WALTER

Sam!

Walter hands Bobby Joe the torch and runs to Samantha. He lifts her head up but she remains unconscious.

Bobby Joe searches the chamber.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Grab her and let's get her outta here.

WALTER

We can't. Look.

Bobby Joe takes stock of Samantha and Walter.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

She alright?

WALTER

I don't know.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Samantha...

Richard's voice seems to come from everywhere in the chamber.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Awake...

Bobby Joe and Walter stand ready.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Awake!

Samantha's eyes pop open. They glow red.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Where the hell is he?!

WALTER

I don't know!

While Richard and Bobby Joe search for Richard in the dark chamber, Samantha rises behind them. She stalks towards them. Her teeth grow into long fangs.

Bobby Joe and Walter feel something behind them. They turn. Samantha snarls at them. They both scream.

Samantha swipes her claws at Bobby Joe, tears into his chest. He falls backwards.

Walter stumbles backwards, bumps into the stone altar. Sam pushes him onto it, then jumps on top of him.

WALTER

Sam! You're alive!

SAM

More than I have been in a long time, Walter.

She leans back, still straddles him on top of the stone altar, runs her palms along her hips and breasts.

WALTER

What's he done to you?...

Sam leans in closer to Walter. He gets an up-close view at her demonic visage.

SAM

Opened my eyes.

She grabs Walter by the shirt. Sam lifts him up, his feet drag the floor between her legs, until they hang above the floor.

She walks Walter back and throttles him against the stone wall. The sword clangs to the floor.

Bobby Joe, still on the ground, clutches the wound in his chest. A shadow looms above, hooves stomp over to him, he looks up to see Richard standing over him.

RICHARD

(demonic)

Howdy.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Aw, shit.

Richard grabs him by the hair, yanks him to his feet and throws him across the chamber.

He stands and watches Sam and Walter.

RICHARD

You should be proud of yourself, Walter. Few can resist me as long as her. Her love for you is... stronger than I expected.

WALTER

Well, we go to therapy.

Samantha squeezes Walter's throat.

WALTER

(choking)

What have you done to her?!

RICHARD

I only gave her what she wanted,
Walter. These women, their
desires, they're so unfulfilled. I
merely filled them, if you know
what I mean.

WALTER

You asshole-- ack!

Sam squeezes his throat tighter.

RICHARD

If their husbands could attend to
them the way I do, their flesh
would never crave mine. Passion,
Walter, they yearn for it. I give
it to them.

WALTER

You want passion? I'll give you
passion.

Walter grabs Samantha by her demon-face and kisses her
deeply. She steps back, confused. Walter gasps for air.

WALTER

Remember, Sam, the night we met, at
that thing in college? You didn't
wanna go home so we just sat in the
car and talked until the sun came
up. And then my battery died and
we had to call a tow truck.

Walter walks towards her as she backpedals, afraid.

WALTER

Or when we took Mia home after she
was born and she didn't sleep for a
week, and we thought we were gonna
lose our minds. Until we put on
Pantera in her crib and she went
right to sleep. Really should've
taken that as more of a sign,
right?

Demon Sam's anger fades. Confusion and tears fill her eyes.

WALTER

Or when Dad died, and you, you were so amazing, you put everything else on hold so I could - I don't know! - honor his memory or whatever the hell I thought I was doing! You weren't even all that mad, I mean, you know, a justifiable amount of mad, when I filled our house with his junk and I know you knew it was because... because I didn't want to let him go yet.

Walter looks Sam deep in her eyes as it all spills out.

WALTER

I know it isn't always easy, being married to me, but no one has ever meant more to me, Sam, than you do. You are my best friend, you make me want to be a better man, a better father. That's not something he could ever be. I love you, Sam.

Sam looks away. When she looks up at him again, her face has returned to normal. She's back.

SAM

Oh, Walter. I love you!

She grabs him and makes out with him like a teenager.

RICHARD

Touching.

They make out some more.

Richard clears his throat.

RICHARD

I guess I'll just have to kill you both then.

WALTER

You know what? You're a dick, Dick.

From behind, Bobby Joe swings the mace again. This time, however, Richard catches it.

RICHARD

Too slow.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Gimme a break!

Walter rushes Richard but he brushes Walter aside like nothing. He crashes into Sam and they both fall.

Richard tosses the mace aside and grabs Bobby Joe by the throat.

RICHARD
Don't I know you from somewhere?
Oh! You're the guy on the shitty
TV show!

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
(chokes)
I'm Bobby Joe fucking Williams.
Demon hunter. Monster slayer. And
if you kill me, you'll have to
answer to my millions of devoted
fans and-- Hurry up, would ya, kid!

Richard turns. Walter runs the sword through Richard's chest. He drops Bobby Joe, who grabs at his bloody wounds.

Richard looks down at the sword in his chest, shocked.

His face fills with anger. He howls into Walter's face, blowing him back.

Walter yanks the sword out of Richard's chest and swings it again. This time, Richard catches it.

RICHARD
The sword's junk, by the way.

Richard breaks it in half with one hand. He grabs Walter by the throat and lifts him into the air.

WALTER
(choking)
It's not junk.

SAM
It's an antique!

Sam grabs the broken sword and slices off the hand holding Walter by his throat. The severed hand turns into a pile of snakes that slither away.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Hey, kid!

On the ground, Bobby Joe slides the revolver to Walter.

Walter grabs it and unloads several shots into Richard's chest.

RICHARD
(demonic)
Enough!

Richard projects his energy through the entire chamber. The three of them are blown backward and gape in awe as Richard screams in pain.

Two enormous wings grow out of his back. The horns on his head catch on fire and burn like a fiery crown. His hooves stomp closer to them. His two-foot demon dick dangles between his furry goat's legs.

RICHARD
(demonic)
Now, you die!

Sam grabs the gun from Walter and aims for Richard's head.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
The flower! The stinky flower!

SAM
The what?!

Walter gets it. He pushes Sam's hand south a bit. She aims for his dick and fires.

His giant demon dick fucking explodes.

It takes a moment for the pain to register but once it does, oh boy.

Richard collapses to his knees as blood squirts out onto the floor. He morphs back to his human form.

CLOSE-UP: Richard tries to put the mangled pieces of his blown-up dick back together.

RICHARD
Oh, God, what have you done? Oh,
no.

Bobby Joe takes out his flask and gulps down another sip. Walter notices and snatches it out of his hand, douses it all over Richard.

RICHARD
Please, Walter. I only wanted to
get laid, you know?

WALTER
Dick, get fucked.

Walter tosses the torch at his knees, engulfs Richard in flames.

Richard screams in agony. The walls of the chamber shake. One of the columns collapses.

Bobby Joe, Walter, and Samantha book it out of the underground chamber, into the hallway, and up the stairs into the main house.

Richard continues to scream in agony.

His screams echo as he transforms into his FULL DEMON SELF - black wings with an enormous wingspan, black horns that curl around his head, a mouthful of long fangs, black, spiky fur.

The chamber crumbles around him. Columns fall. Burying him.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Upstairs, the trio race out from the basement. The house falls apart around them.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter, Bobby Joe, and Samantha jump out of the front door just as it collapses. A cloud of dust envelopes them.

They cough and manage to stand.

WALTER
I guess that's how you kill one.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Guess he couldn't bare to go on living without his dick. Can't really blame him, I guess. I don't know what I'd do without little Bobby Joe.

They gape in awe at the wreckage of the house.

SAM
Damn. I never got to ask him the name of his interior decorator.

The three of them laugh.

It's cut short. There's an explosion beneath the rubble. A dark figure launches into the sky and lands in front of them.

Richard. His wings outstretched but charred and burnt; his skin the same; eyes glow with flame-red intensity. His full demonic visage. He stomps towards them.

RICHARD

(demonic)

You dare?! You are nothing to me,
Walter. You are but a blip on my
way to eternity. Once I'm--

Richard's demonic face fills with shock just before Bobby Joe's white panel van plows over him.

The van door pops open. Mia falls out. She gets her bearings, sees her parents.

MIA

Mom! Dad!

SAM

Mia!

Sam and Walter race over to her.

WALTER

What happened to you?!

MIA

I don't really remember much,
except, I woke up naked with this
guy--

Bobby Joe coughs.

MIA

--who saved me.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

That's right, I did. Possessed.
She was possessed and I saved her.

Sam walks over to him. He takes a step back, fearful of a punch to the face. Instead, she wraps her arms around him, hugs him tight.

SAM

(whisper)

Thank you.

Bobby Joe blushes.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

(earnest, for a change)

It was nothing.

WALTER
(grimacing)
Ow. Ow.

SAM
Okay, hospital.

Sam and Mia lead Walter back towards their house. Sam and Mia help Walter. They head towards home.

WALTER
Sam, wait.

SAM
What is it?

WALTER
I know how to save the store.

Bobby Joe hangs back a second, watches the last bit of Richard's house crumble.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Drive-In Totals: One dead
motherfucker.

INT. WALTER'S ANTIQUES AND CURIO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: WEEKS LATER

CLOSE-UP ON TV SCREEN: Bobby Joe, back in the studio in front of his trailer, sends off another schlocky horror film.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Those Drive-In Totals are six
titties, five dead bodies and one
exploded dick. Man, my sphincter's
tight just thinkin' about it. My
rating for tonight's film, "INCUBUS
OF DEATH III: THE RECKONING," is a
four out of a possible five cases
of beer.

Four little cases of beer appear on the screen.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Oh, and one last thing, you
might've heard my name in the news
recently for slayin' a real-life
monster. Well... I'd love to take
all the credit, but the real
monster slayer this time is Walter
Knope.

(MORE)

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

If you need anything, anything at all, to slay a monster or a demon or even an incubus in your town, just head on over to "Walt and Sam's Monster Hunting Supplies and Emporium." Use my name and I'm sure he'll slash his prices for you. And remember kids, the Drive-In will never die. And neither will I.

We pull out now to see Walter's store filled with CUSTOMERS. Samantha takes their orders, beams with happiness.

Walter leads Bobby Joe to the front door.

WALTER

You know, I really can't thank you enough for the ad. You saved the store.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Oh, I think you saved it first, kid. Plus, your little re-branding scheme didn't hurt either.

WALTER

Yeah, you know, I guess I never realized all the best sellers in dad's collection were weapons.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Maybe you come from a long line of monster hunters.

Walter digs in his pocket as Samantha approaches them.

He hands Bobby Joe a stack of cash.

WALTER

Here. It's everything I owe you. Plus the emergency fund. You earned it.

Bobby Joe looks at them both for a long beat.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS

Nah. Keep it. Go on a second honeymoon or something. You need it.

Walter and Sam smile at each other.

WALTER
Well, thank you, Bobby Joe.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
Leslie.

WALTER
What?

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS
You think my real name's Bobby Joe?

LESLIE heads for the door.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS / LESLIE
See you 'round, kid.

Leslie grabs the mace off a shelf.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS / LESLIE
I'm takin' this though. Kinda
liked it.

He sees the crossbow and grabs it as well.

BOBBY JOE WILLIAMS / LESLIE
This too.

He opens the door and leaves, closes it behind him.

WALTER
So, what do you wanna do now?

SAM
Hmm, I can think of a few things.

Walter looks at all the customers in the store.

WALTER
Mia! Watch the store!

Walter and Sam race to the back room. The door shuts. We
hear laughter and sounds of pleasure.

SAM (O.S.)
Oh, Walter.

THE END

AFTER CREDITS

INT. BOBBY JOE'S VAN - MOVING

Bobby Joe drives off in his shitty white panel van. He finds some Van Halen on the radio and cracks open a beer. He sings along. Life is pretty good.

We move to the back of the van slowly...

Under a pile of clothes and trash and porno mags, Diane opens her red eyes and snarls with her bared fangs.

THE END?