

Jeremy



Is THE DEVIL

written by

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OVER BLACK

FIRE CRACKLES... Brittle Text FADES IN line-by-line:

"The scariest monsters are the ones
that lurk within our souls..."

- Edgar Allan Poe

Dying GRUNTS... something heavy drags across dirt...

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

A raging campfire reveals the aftermath of a brutal murder. The littering of body parts surround a shredded camping tent.

A BLOODY MAN pulls his body into frame. Tormented. Exhausted.

His broken fingers reach for a blood-stained crowbar.

The fire casts a large shadow around him: THE KILLER'S SILHOUETTE...

BLOODY MAN
Wait!-Stop...

A PETITE WOMAN, 31, in bloody-splattered camping attire, approaches. She's a hungry beast looking down upon her prey.

BLOODY MAN
Please... Baby... D-d-don't...

She firmly grips the crowbar... Raises it over her head...

The man's eyes widen in terror. His hyper-active breathing--

BLOODY MAN
Stop! I forgive you! I-I love you!

SMASH! SMASH! SMUSH!

Swing after swing, grunt after grunt, the cold metal desecrates this man's brains into a pile of raw hamburger meat.

In a daze, she SPIKES the crowbar into her lover's chest... CRACKS it open... RIPS out his still-beating heart....

She kneels, BITES the heart, BLOOD showers her. It's orgasmic.

As she inhales the blood... FOOTSTEPS creak by the fire... pull her out of her daze.... With deep regret, she backs away from--

A DARK FIGURE with a CHARRED-GRAY BODY steps into frame...

PETITE WOMAN
(Heavy Peruvian accent)
No-no-no-no, wait! I take it back!

The woman screams for mercy as this figure closes in...

CAMERA TRUCKS across a large tree trunk to reveal...

The figure's legs morph into a WOMAN'S CLEAN AND NAKED FLESH.

PETITE WOMAN
¡Dios mío, fóllame, aléjate de mí!

The woman is horrified by the supernatural transformation.

The figure saunters backward, then, confidently exits frame.

A MAN in pleaded slacks steps out of the shadows. We don't see his face, but she does... and her cries expose her own guilt.

PETITE WOMAN
Please... I take it back. I don't
want it. PLEASE! I don't want it!

Her painful screams echo through the quiet woods as she fails to evade this well-dressed man's macabre laughter.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN as her screams are drowned out by FLIES BUZZING around one of the desecrated, bloody corpses--

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A SINGLE FLY buzzes over a stove covered in a thick layer of grease. It lands on one of the iron grates and eats the filth.

The RAT-A-TAT of tiny feet on a wooden floor creep up...

The fly takes off around a messy kitchen; sink full of dishes, empty food wrappers on the counter, an over-full trashcan...

CHOMP!

A SCRUFFY TERRIER jumps up, biting at the fly. His barks are playful and loud as he chases the fly around the kitchen.

BANG-BANG-BANG!

A broom handle violently raps against the floor; the downstairs neighbor's way of demanding peace and quiet...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Closed eyelids flinch with each loud BANG from the neighbor below. The reluctant eyes open, bloodshot and glazed.

This is DAVID THOMPSON, 35, well past hope of a bright future, now, just wishes life would throw him a bone.

With a grunt, he rolls over on his squeaky bed to tap the cell phone on his nightstand. It's 8:00AM... way too early...

Sits up, deep yawn, scratches fingers through his greasy hair.

Checks his phone: No texts, no emails, no new calls.

DAVID
Come on, Andy...
(Types out a text)
*Hey Andy, checking in. Is that
line cook job still available?*

David whips off the blanket and lumbers out of bed. He's groggy as that little dog barks in the hallway...

DAVID
Spencer...! Gimme a second...

David slogs around the room in a pair of ratty shorts.

Folded clean clothes wait on the run-down dresser. Dirty clothes spill out of a full laundry basket.

In the LARGE MIRROR CLOSET DOORS, David scowls at his reflection. He's thin, except for a noticeable-to-him gut.

He sucks it in and flexes his arms, flashing a that's-more-like-it grin. Exhaling, his joy collapses with his arms.

The little dog whines and scratches at the door...

DAVID
Alright, hang on, buddy...

David slips into a wrinkled t-shirt and shoves his unkept feet into a worn-out pair of sandals.

He opens the door to: SPENCER, the scruffy little dog, wagging his tail in the hallway. David pets his matted fur.

DAVID
Good morning, little guy. You
ready to face another day, huh?
Yeah, you're a good boy...

Spencer basks in the glory that is morning belly rubs.

EXT. KITCHEN DOOR - DAY

A metal gate opens and Spencer escapes on a leash, pulling a too-tired-to-care David down a rickety stair case.

A door CREEAAKS under the stairs and David is stopped by the voice of JULIE, 60s, the indignant, bottom-floor neighbor...

JULIE (O.S.)
David, the barking is too...
much... it has to stop...

DAVID
I know. He's just excited--

JULIE
I can't even enjoy my coffee-- I
can't hear the news on my radio--

DAVID
Yeah, I get it...

JULIE
You can't even have a dog if it's
going to disturb my peace--

DAVID
Jesus, I said I get, alright?
We're working on it... Fuck...

He turns away as Spencer happily trots them down the sidewalk.

With a HMPH, Julie makes sure we hear her close and lock door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

As Spencer pulls the leash down the suburban sidewalk, David's phone rings in his pocket. He scrambles to answer it.

DAVID
Hey, Andy! What's the word?

ANDY (O.S.)
David, sorry, the kitchen is full.
We can't bring you on after all.

DAVID
What? But you said it was a lock--

ANDY (O.S.)
Yeah, well, unfortunately it's
your attitude. You think you're
better than everyone else--

DAVID
I AM better than those yahoos!
(Catches his anger)
I need this, man. Come'on, there's
gotta be somethin' you can do--

ANDY (O.S.)
I don't know what to tell you. We
don't need another cook right now.
If you want to wash some dishes,
maybe we could talk, but--

DAVID
(Fuck that...)
No... it's cool... I need
something sustainable, so...
(Hangs up)
Fucking waste of time, man...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David searches through his fridge. It's depressingly bare, only cans of OFF-BRAND SPARKLING WATER and some breakfast food.

With a disappointed sigh, David grabs the carton of eggs...

TICK-TICK-TICK-- A flame sparks under the greasy stove's grate.

Like a master craftsman, David prepares a succulent breakfast. Even with very little, we get a sense of his art and passion.

Gliding across the floor, assembling his masterpiece, David slides fluffy eggs, bacon, and potatoes onto a plate.

Spencer sits, wagging his tail. David can't help but grin.

DAVID
Alright, let's go, little guy.

Spencer gallops down the hallway as David carries the plate, leaving the kitchen a mess, like a crime scene from Se7en.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David drops the plate of delicious food on the coffee table.

As he clicks through something like YouTube on his TV, Spencer quietly begs for food as if he's never had any food, ever...

DAVID
Uh-uh... no begging. Go lay down.

On the TV, some new action movie trailer plays. Lots of fighting, fast cars, explosions...

DAVID
What the fuck...?

The trailer stars an ass-kicking Latina, 32, with a thick Peruvian accent spouting one-liners as if she was The Rock in a pissing contest... David recognizes her...

DAVID
There's no way...

He walks to the TV as her name flashes across the screen...

TRAILER VOICE (V.O.)
This Summer, ANGELICA TORRES is...
OUT FOR BLOOD! Rated R...

Angelica... David's face softens. He grabs his cell phone.

Opening something like Facebook, he finds Angelica's profile; a radiant picture of her in a flowing dress on a red carpet.

The caption reads: *"I made it! My first Red Carpet premiere for MY new film! Thank you all for your support... XXOO!!!"*

DAVID
She did it...

David clicks through Angelica's page; her recent posts:

... Angelica smiles in a makeup chair.
... She toasts wine at a night club with celebrities.
... Angelica models athletic attire on a hiking trail.

He clicks the MESSAGES button. An empty thread pops up:

"All messages erased - 1 year ago."

David closes his eyes... He knows he fucked up...

DAVID (O.S) (PRE-LAP)
It's just not even possible!

EXT. BAR PATIO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A small table for two in an outdoor patio.

David slouches in a heavy jacket across from a tense, meek Angelica, 31, petite, thick Peruvian accent... wait...

She's the same PETITE WOMAN we saw in the opening scene!

DAVID

You're not even a good waitress,
and you think you're gonna be some
actress? Who's going to hire you?

ANGELICA

(reaches for his hand)
I don't know! Please calm down--

DAVID

(Snatches hand away)
Fuck'man--I can't afford our rent,
and you want to quit your job!

ANGELICA

David, I need to do something with
my life. I have to, or why even be
here? Why leave my family? Or my
home? If I don't try, then what's
the point of any of this?

DAVID

You want to throw everything away
so you can "TRY" something?! Oh,
well, fuck, please, we don't have
enough shitty actresses in this
city. Ha... Fuck... Did you even
stop for one second to think about
how this affects me? Huh?

Angelica collects her pride and dabs a tear escaping from her
eye. He won't get that satisfaction. She stands from her chair.

ANGELICA

No. It's not about you. It has
nothing to do with you.
(walks backward)
I want nothing to do with you.

She walks away. Leaves David alone to stew in his pride.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pacing in front of the TV, David opens his watery eyes.

He hesitates as his thumb hovers over the phone's keyboard...

DAVID

(Types a text to Angelica)
*Hey, I saw your movie trailer. Um,
holy shit! I'm proud of you.*

He cringes then deletes "I'm proud of you"...

DAVID
 (Still texting)
*How'd you do it so fast? Just,
 wow. I can't believe it.*
 (This is pointless)
*I don't expect a response. I'm
 just glad that you're doing great.*
 (Clicks send)

David's embarrassed. He's full of regret... and hunger. He turns around to find--

DAVID
 (GASP!)
 SPEN-CER!!!

Spencer ate that plate of food, yo... shit looked goooood.

DAVID
 Bad boy! Get-in-your-cage.

The little dog runs into his cage and lays down as David grabs the plate of, what used to be, delicious breakfast...

DAVID
 Ugh... FUCK!

Spencer's buried in his cage, guilty of just being a dog.

David glares... then exhales, calming his misdirected anger.

DAVID
 I'm sorry, buddy... Here, you can
 have the rest. It's ok...

He sets the plate in front of Spencer's cage. The little dog tiptoes out, then happily inhales the remaining food.

David collapses on the couch. He buries his face in a pillow.

DAVID
 I'm a dick...

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-- someone runs up his stair case outside.

Spencer BARKS at the front door.

David jumps off the couch and runs to the door.

DAVID
 Spencer, back up, come on, now.

He looks through the PEEPHOLE: it's blocked by a paper.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

David fights to keep Spencer from running out the door, as he finds an envelope taped over the peephole.

DAVID
(To Spencer)
Uh-uh, stay inside.

He closes the door as Spencer yelps in the hallway.

David pulls the envelope off the door. He sits on the steps and reads from the letter:

DAVID
"Dear Mr. Thompson, after much thought and deliberation, we at Toluca Management have decided to END OUR RENTAL AGREEMENT," what?! "...due to LACK OF PAYMENT?" Ah, fuck me... "Unless you are able to cover your back payments in full, you will have 30 days to vacate the premises--" Mother fucker!

He crumbles the letter in his fist and drops his head in his hands. Defeated. His breathing heightened. Heart pumping.

DAVID
Fuck!...

RIIIINGGG--

Lifting his heavy head, David expects even more bad news.

He digs his cell phone out of his shorts to find an old picture of Angelica on the screen. He wipes his eyes and answers.

DAVID
Um... hi...

Her monotone warmth permeates through her heavy accent.

ANGELICA (O.S.)
David...

DAVID
Yeah, long time.

ANGELICA (O.S.)
You sound depressed. Are you OK?

DAVID
Oh, no... yeah, I'm fine.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
Just, life... A'bit surprised that
you called, I guess...

ANGELICA (O.S.)
Hm. A lot has changed... Let's
meet for a drink. Are you free? I
have some time tonight, we can go
to our old place and catch up.

DAVID
Um... Yeah, sure, I can be free...

ANGELICA (O.S.)
Good. See you soon.

CLICK.

David sits and catches his breath.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAR PATIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

David sits huddled in a baggy hoodie. He's a fish out of water.
Uncomfortable. Unsure of what to expect. He looks around:

It's pretty empty. An older couple drinking wine. A tired,
used-car salesman slouched over the bar...

The bubbly, busy WAITRESS, 35, checks on him.

WAITRESS
Hi there! And, are we still
waiting for someone?

DAVID
(we?)
Um... I'm waiting for someone...

WAITRESS
Great! I'll check back in with'ya.

She smiles and walks away as David dives back into his phone.

Just out of view, a breeze blows as Angelica walks in. Not the
meek woman he once knew, a movie star. But, something's off...

Her smile is warm and welcoming as she approaches the table.

ANGELICA
David! How are you? Stand up,
venga aquí.

Caught off guard, David stands.

Angelica wraps her arms around him, greeting him with a kiss to the cheek.

ANGELICA
Mmm... so good to see you.

DAVID
Yeah... you, too...

She steps back and takes a good look at David, up and down.

ANGELICA
Look at you... haven't changed at all, have you? Hm...
(beat)
OK, let's get a drink. It's on me.

DAVID
Are you sure? We can split it or--

ANGELICA
No-no, I invited you, so I'm buying. That's the rule. Sit.

Angelica flags down the waitress, then sits at the table.

David sits across... stares at her... *who is this?*

ANGELICA
So. What's new with you?

DAVID
Oof... not a lot, I guess. Same old shit. I got a dog--

ANGELICA
(Over excited)
Oh, you got a puppy?! How cute!

DAVID
Yeah, sure... It just feels nice to take care of someone, y'know...

ANGELICA
That's so sweet. My manager got an adorable little dog the other day. I'm always trying to eat him up.

She laughs. David's still confused as the waitress arrives.

WAITRESS
And, do we know what we--
(notices Angelica)
Oh, hi!! Wow. Welcome! It's so nice to see you!

ANGELICA
Yes, hello. Nice seeing you, too.
And do you know David?

WAITRESS
(shit eating grin)
We met, yes!
(beat)
So, what can I get for you? Do we
need more time with the menu?

We?... ugh... David fidgets in his chair...

ANGELICA
(Warm smile)
I'll have a Cadillac margarita--
Oh, do you have a spicy margarita?

WAITRESS
We do! Ugh, it's de-li-cious...

ANGELICA
Good. I'll have that. But, as a
Cadillac margarita, please.

WAITRESS
Perfect. And, for you?

DAVID
I'll just have an Old Fashioned.

WAITRESS
(smiles)
MmmHm, OK, great! One *Spicy*
Cadillac Margarita and an Old
Fashioned. Be right back!

David sneers as the way-too-happy waitress rushes off.

ANGELICA
How's life? Have you been working?

DAVID
Meh, trying to... Nobody's hiring
anything but dishwashers...

ANGELICA
What's wrong with that? You have
to start somewhere, right?

DAVID
I didn't go to freakin culinary
school to be some dishwasher...

ANGELICA

But you didn't finish your cooking school... you dropped out.

DAVID

Yeah, so? I've been doing this for fifteen years, I deserve a better career. I mean, you've tasted my food. You would know.

ANGELICA

Hm. And, you cook for your current girlfriend?

DAVID

(No one wants me)
Dating's a waste of time...

David shifts around, noticing Angelica's calm, collected smile.

DAVID

What happened to you?--

WAITRESS

(Cuts him off)

Here we go, an Old-fashioned for you... and a Spicy Cadillac Margarita for Ms. Angelica Torres. I'm so excited for your movie! God, I would love to be up on that screen... traveling the world-- oh and the parties! I'm so jealous!

ANGELICA

Yes, thank you. Hard work pays off, right? Can't just walk around with your head on the moon...

WAITRESS

You mean, head in the clouds?

ANGELICA

Oh, yes... in Peru, we say "Cebeza en la luna." Head on the moon.

WAITRESS

Oh, how clever!
(Thinks about it)
That actually makes more sense!

As they share a smile, David shifts in his seat.

DAVID

(Under his breath...)
Jesus Christ...

WAITRESS
Will we be ordering any food?

DAVID
(cringes at "we")
Nope! No... no food. Thank you...

The waitress slowly cranes her head over to David, flashing him the biggest, friendliest "Fuck You" smile...

WAITRESS
Well, you just let me know if you need anything else, Ok?

She walks away to help another table.

DAVID
Jesus, read the room, lady...

He's stopped at the sight of Angelica's confident smile as she sips her classy drink. Her soft eyes study David.

DAVID
You seem different...

ANGELICA
I chased my dream.

DAVID
But, you went from not acting in anything to starring in a big movie in, like, a year?

ANGELICA
(Sly)
Less than...

DAVID
How?

Without an ounce of pretension, she looks him in the eyes.

ANGELICA
What do you want from me, David?

How can he ask her to give him any hope for his life?

DAVID
(Sigh...)
I... I don't know what I'm even doing here. I saw you on TV and-- I mean, of course good shit happened to you. People actually like you. You deserve it. But...
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know, I look at myself in that fucking mirror... every day... I haven't done anything with my life... Oh, and now I'm being evicted, ain't that some shit... But, I *know* I have something to offer! I just need a fuckin' chance... to be seen for, like, who I want to be...

(beat)

But, I dunno, I'll probably just fuck that up, too...

Angelica listens. She studies David. Leans back in her chair...

ANGELICA

You should meet Jeremy.

She digs through her purse...

DAVID

(Pft...)

Who's that, your career coach?

ANGELICA

Your problem isn't that you suck. It's that you have no confidence in who you are deep inside.

(Pulls out business card)

You need to see *that* person with your own eyes... You want to know how I turned my life around? Talk to Jeremy. Trust me, after that, nothing will be the same.

He looks at the card... then back at her.

DAVID

Ok... I'll talk to him...

She smiles, then hands him the card.

ANGELICA

Good -- Ooo--put it away, quick. She's coming back...

David stashes the card in his pocket as the waitress returns.

WAITRESS

And how was everything?

ANGELICA

So great. How much do we owe you?

WAITRESS
It's on me, don't you worry.
(to David)
But the Old Fashioned is \$20--

DAVID
Twenty dollars?!--

WAITRESS
MmHmm.

ANGELICA
It's ok. He could use the drink.

Angelica hands the waitress a \$100 bill.

ANGELICA
You can keep that. Gracias.

WAITRESS
Oh, wow! Thank you so much! You
two have a good night, now.

The waitress walks off to brag to the bartender.

DAVID
Thanks for the drink--

ANGELICA
Talk to Jeremy.

DAVID
I will.

Angelica gathers her things...

ANGELICA
OK, I gotta go.
(smiles)
So nice seeing you. Besos!

And, just as fast as she walked in, she stands and exits the bar, disappearing around the corner. David exhales...

He pulls out that business card... Looks at it...

DAVID
What-the-fuck?...

There's no contact info. No number. No email. Just one word in an overly-stylistic font: "Jeremy." A winking, cartoon man rests on the letters, the Y looks like devil's tail's point.

It looks like a used-car salesman's business card... a bad one.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

David slumps down the cold street, hands in his hoodie pockets.

He hits the cross walk button and examines that lame Business Card as he waits... Scoffs at his unexpected wasted time.

Behind him, a HOMELESS WOMAN steps out of the shadows, hunched over in a tattered dress, fingerless gloves, with a veil covering her face. She shudders with each slow step.

The light turns green. As David steps into the crosswalk, he notices this homeless woman behind him. He cringes.

She mutters something, possibly in a different language.

David picks up his pace and makes it across the street. Hands in his pockets, he trots away, uncomfortable and nervous.

The homeless woman tries to catch up, limping on one bad leg...

HOMELESS WOMAN
Espera... por favor, para...

David speed walks down the street, turns a corner--

CRASH!

David trips over a beat-up shopping cart full of trinkets, falling to the ground in front of a ranting SUNBURNED MAN.

SUNBURNED MAN
Hey! My stuff! That's my stuff!

David looks back as the homeless woman rounds the corner. His breathing heightened, he scrapes to his feet and takes off.

DAVID
Fuck... stay away from me, man!

The homeless woman stops her chase as David sprints away.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

David bursts in through the door, locks it, eyes piercing out the window. Turns off the porch light. Freaked out.

Spencer tickity-tacks down the hall, jumps up on David's leg.

DAVID
Hey-hey buddy. Get down...

He rushes into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David turns off the lights and jumps onto the couch, creeping a look out of the second-floor window.

There's just an empty bus stop across the street.

DAVID
Oh, man...

David chuckles off his nervous energy. He empties his pockets onto the coffee table: his phone, keys, that business card...

Huh... that card... He picks it up and studies it, mocks it...

DAVID
"You should talk to Jeremy..." Ha.
Yeah, I fuckin' deserved that...

He crumbles the card in his fist and tosses it back onto the table, then saunters off towards the bathroom.

ON COFFEE TABLE: The card slowly unravels on its own.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

The Homeless Woman arrives, pacing side-to-side...

HOMELESS WOMAN
(Nervous, mumuring)
Por favor... No lo hagas...

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David finishes brushing his teeth. He spits then catches his face in the mirror. A moment of shame as he averts his gaze.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer chews on a treat. His ears perk up. He growls...

DAVID
(Walking in)
What are you growlin' at, buddy?

Spencer now stands still... staring at the coffee table...

That business card slowly unravels and flattens itself out.

David shoos Spencer away, then picks up the card... He examines it... There's no crease whatsoever.

He slowly rubs his thumb across the raised print...

DAVID
Jer-e-my...

He PRICKS his thumb on the pointed tail--

DAVID
OW! Fuck!

Blood beads up on his skin. He tries sucking his thumb before noticing Spencer sitting in the hallway... growling...

DAVID
Hey, knock it off...

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the front door!

David flinches while Spencer barks, loud and protective.

DAVID
Jesus!
(rushes to the door)
Get in your cage, let's go.

He puts Spencer in the cage. The little dog whimpers and paces inside; something has him bothered.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Through the PEEP HOLE: It's a dark, empty stair case.

David opens the door and turns on the porch light.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Nobody's there... David steps outside... Stillness in the air.

DAVID
Hello? Someone there?

No answer... just a chill breeze.

Through the doorway, behind David, in the kitchen: the refrigerator door is wide open.

Someone rummages through it...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David locks the door. He doesn't notice the intruder until--

MALE VOICE
(From kitchen)
Ugh, sparkling water?

David jumps and yells. He turns around to see--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A MAN, 45, stands up from the opened fridge. He has a 5-o'clock shadow, blazer, nice shirt with the top button open and tie loosened. Spitting image of a used-car salesman... a bad one.

He pops open a can of sparkling water and cringes at the taste.

MAN
This is gross... you like these?

DAVID
Who the fuck are you?

After a big swig... He extends his hand to David.

MAN
Hi. I'm Jeremy.

David is too on edge to shake hands. Jeremy snaps and points.

JEREMY
And you're David, right? Angelica
was telling me about you...
(chuckles)
You made quite an impression on
her, let me tell ya...

David is stunned as Jeremy walks around the kitchen.

JEREMY
(disgusting...)
You cook in here?

He rubs his finger along the stove and pulls up a thick layer of grease. Eww... He motions for a paper towel.

David awkwardly grabs the paper towel roll.

JEREMY
(wipes finger)
Thanks...

DAVID
Why are you in my kitchen?

JEREMY
Ooo, what's down here?

DAVID
Hey, wait!

Jeremy wanders into the...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy takes a look around, hardcore judging David's pig sty.

David runs in and picks dirty laundry off the floor.

DAVID
I don't have a lot of guests...

Jeremy sees the large closet doors. He's enticed. Intrigued. He recites a passage from The Picture of Dorian Gray.

JEREMY
(lost in thought)
There's no such thing as a good
influence, Mr Gray. All influence
is immoral...

DAVID
Dude, why are you in my house? Uh-
uh, I don't like this, let's go, I
can't do this right now. Come'on.

Jeremy side-eyes David... scoffs his demands... He looks back to the mirror doors... nods and grins.

JEREMY
I can work with this...

Jeremy strolls out of the bedroom, whistling. David throws clothes back on the floor and chases behind, closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From inside Spencer's cage: Jeremy's feet arrive. Spencer growls as Jeremy crouches down in front of him.

JEREMY
Who's this little guy?

Spencer does not like Jeremy. Like, not at all...

David rushes in.

DAVID
Spencer, calm down!
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Yeah, he doesn't like strangers...
 go figure. Come on, man...

David grabs Jeremy's arm--

Jeremy WHIPS his head around, his eyes beam at David. The severe intensity makes David stumble back.

Are the growls are coming from Spencer... or Jeremy...?

Jeremy's face relaxes. He closes his eyes, fixes his composure, then opens them again with a friendly smile.

JEREMY
 Let's chat in your filthy kitchen.

Jeremy moseys past David, reeling from that sick burn.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy leans against the fridge, watches with delight as David squirms into his table chair, holding his intrigue.

Jeremy pulls out a small notepad and casually flips through a few pages, taking his time. Page... after... page...

JEREMY
 Ah, here we go. I always take
 notes. So many clients...
 (Sips the sparkling water)
 So, what do you want? Fame? Women?

DAVID
 What? No, I just gotta pay rent...

JEREMY
 (writing it down)
 Pay... rent-- No. That's it?

DAVID
 Yeah. What else can you give me?

JEREMY
 Pretty much anything.

DAVID
 I dunno, I just don't wanna be
 homeless... I need some income.

JEREMY
 (Chuckles, annoyed)
 Um, David... Let's, uh... Here...
 (MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

(walks around kitchen)

It seems to me you've fallen on a rough patch or two, amirite? So, you reach out to an old friend, who happens to be my number one client right now, might I add. And, as a favor, I go out of my way to visit you in your... uh...

(glances at the filth)

... home. See, here's the thing, I can give you whatever you want. But, you have to tell me what that is, capichè? You're lost, right? Nothing's going your way? Well, this is an opportunity--

DAVID

Like, to pay my rent, yeah?

JEREMY

No-- Let's think a little bigger. What do you want...

(pokes David's chest)

in here?

David thinks for a second.

Jeremy leans against a counter... then jumps up, because it's covered in grime and coffee stains. *Ewww...*

DAVID

I want... to be a better me.

Mid-writing that down, Jeremy stops and looks up from his notepad... His lips curl into a devious smile...

DAVID

What?

JEREMY

(back to writing)

Oh, nothing... that's noble.

DAVID

Can you do it?

JEREMY

It's my specialty...

(flips notepad closed)

It's a great want. To be a better David... You'll be... perfect. Well, not "you" you... not this you, at least.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

But, *that* you... the you that you
hide down inside.

DAVID

Um... yeah--

JEREMY

Close your eyes with me for a sec,
go ahead... Can you see it?

DAVID

(eyes closed)
I don't think so?

JEREMY

Bam!... The Perfect David.

David opens his eyes. He watches Jeremy, this enigmatic stranger in his kitchen grinning with his eyes closed.

Jeremy takes a deep breath, opens his eyes with a huge smile.

DAVID

How?

JEREMY

Meh, details... You don't strike me as the type of guy who spends a lot of time worrying about specifics and semantics. Trust me, it'll be the easiest thing you'll ever have to do. Well, mostly...

DAVID

Mostly?

JEREMY

Yeah, don't worry about it. For you, it'll be easy. Well, yeah...

DAVID

What do I have to do?

JEREMY

Oh, nothing, really. Dream about your perfect life. Carpe Diem and shit like that. Easy-peasy.

DAVID

I dunno. I'm really just worried about paying my rent before I get evicted... Shouldn't I get a job?

Jeremy looks bored by that response.

JEREMY

Uh... yeah, you want a job... I mean, if you wanna feel like you've earned something, then, sure, I'll make some calls. But, you won't need it. You're part of my crew, now. And, look at me... I take care of my own. All you need to do is shake my hand and smile.

Jeremy smiles and extends his hand to shake David's.

DAVID

(Nothing's that easy...)
What do you get out of it?

JEREMY

Oh, trust me, helping you helps me, in the long run.

David looks at Jeremy's hand.

DAVID

I dunno--

JEREMY

David, goddamnit... have you heard the phrase "Fortune favors the bold?" I can assure you it's not just bullshit. You've been sitting around beating a dead horse for years an' look where that's got ya. It's time to try something new. Let me mold this hunk of clay into the Adonis you should be.

David wavers... unsure... considers everything said...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer circles in his cage, trying to get out. His whines become loud barks echoing down the hall...

INT. KITCHEN DOOR - CONTINUOUS

David notices the loud barking. Then, just like clockwork--
BANG-BANG-BANG against his floorboards.

David scowls as his breath heightens. Fucking neighbor.

Jeremy takes notice of how much David's bothered by Julie.

JEREMY

You deserve better, kid. People like that, the one's who think they can step all over you, like you're garbage? They never stick around. Trust me. Once you take stock in yourself, the nay-sayers tend to just... disappear...

Jeremy opens his hand...

JEREMY

Just shake my damned hand and I promise you'll get your respect.

David's frustration builds as he turns back to Jeremy and...

Grabs Jeremy's hand.

JEREMY

Ha! Good call!

In mid-hearty shake, Jeremy tightens his grip and pulls David in close for emphasis on an important detail...

JEREMY

Just one more thing...

Holding an intense eye-contact, Jeremy's thin lips curl into an intimidating smile. He motions for David to also smile.

David shows his teeth, a forced smile.

Jeremy's face softens as his friendly demeanor reemerges.

JEREMY

Great!

Their hands release. David steps back, dazed, confused.

Jeremy dramatically wipes David's palm sweat off on his blazer.

JEREMY

Ugh... Look, I'm gonna get outta here. But, this is exciting, right? It's the end of this life as you know it, and the beginning of something... better!

He opens the door while chugging that can of sparkling water.

DAVID

Wait, what if I need to get a hold of you?

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
What if this isn't working? I
don't know, what if--

Jeremy does a "Stop" motion with his hand.

JEREMY
(Ugh... gross...)
Anybody ever tell ya you worry too
much? Well, stop. I always take
care of my clients, ya feel me...

As he steps out the kitchen door...

JEREMY
(points at greasy stove)
Oh, and that is a fire hazard, by
the way. We don't want you going
up in flames now, do we?

Jeremy chuckles as he heads down the staircase.

JEREMY
Alright! I gotta go. Get some
sleep, kid. We start building a
new David first thing tomorrow!

The gate SLAMS closed! David flinches. Jeremy whistles his way
down the staircase, disappearing into the night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David unlocks Spencer's cage.

DAVID
Come here, buddy...

The little dog sprints past David and down the hall to...

INT. KITCHEN DOOR - CONTINUOUS

... the white gate, jumps against it, barks into the night.

David steps into view. Peering out the gate, his stomach
rumbles... he never actually ate any food.

DAVID
(hunger pain)
Come on, let's get to bed...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (SLOW MOTION THROUGHOUT SCENE)

The top of a grill closes, revealing a picturesque BBQ with David at the helm, cooking amazing food.

But, he looks different. A perfect smile. Muscular. Confident. Definitely not the slouch we know and love.

Friends surround him, smiling men and women in bathing suits, children run from Spencer and jump into a pool.

A buzzing sound in the distance...

Angelica walks up carrying a pitcher of margarita mix. She kisses David on the cheek. They share a passionate smile.

The buzzing sound is closer... louder...

Everyone enjoys the savory chicken and ribs, toasts their drinks with each other, all celebrating David...

That incessant BUZZING --

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

David's eyes pop open as his cell phone BUZZES on his night stand. He grabs it off the charger-- It's Andy?!

DAVID
(Fumbles with phone)
Hello?

ANDY (O.S.)
David! Hey, you still available?
One of our cooks just got into an
accident, and we need someone to
help prep for dinner like ASAP.
Can you come down tonight?

DAVID
Um... yeah... Yeah, I'm free. I
can come down there, for sure!

ANDY (O.S.)
Dude, you're a life saver. Thanks,
David. We'll see you tonight.

CLICK!

David sits up in bed. He scratches his hand through his matted hair. Takes a look around. Takes a deep breath... Smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

ANDY, 50s, walks David through the kitchen.

ANDY
So, we mostly need help with prep
tonight. This'll be your station
back here.

David scopes the area, nods his head, as another prep cook
barges in with a tray of vegetables from the fridge.

ANDY
Brandon, hey, perfect timing. I
wanted you to meet David. Great
cook, highly recommend. He's gonna
help us out tonight.

Brandon glares at David, who reaches out to shake hands.

DAVID
Hey, what's up, man.

Brandon refuses to shake hands. He's too busy.

BRANDON
(To Andy)
The guy you told me about? The one
with the ego?

ANDY
Um...
(Leans in)
Chef made the call, man.

David hears all of this... like, what the fuck?

BRANDON
Alright... grab an apron and get
to work. There's a lot to do.

Brandon walks back to the fridge. Andy pats David on the back.

ANDY
Glad to have you on board.

Andy heads off, leaving David awkwardly standing in the way.

Brandon returns with his hands full.

BRANDON
Dude, get out of the way--

He pushes past David. Before David can apologize--

BRANDON

Look, you can't just stand around in the kitchen. You gotta find something to do. Like, this-- see those trash bags? They're in the way, kinda like you. Go and take'em out to the dumpster, k?

David nods then awkwardly heads over to the trash bags.

Brandon returns to fixing up his station.

EXT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

David drags the last trash bag out into the alley. He pushes open the dumpster and heaves the bag. His new apron is filthy.

DAVID

Man, fuck that guy.
(calms himself)
Alright, chill. You need this job.

He takes a breath, forces on a smile, and heads back inside.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's loud as the restaurant gets busier.

Brandon is focused on preparing his food.

David walks up, wiping his dirty hands on his apron.

DAVID

Hey, man, trash is all done. You need me to help with some of that?

Brandon looks over his shoulder and scoffs...

BRANDON

Nah...

David looks around for something to do.

BRANDON

Hey, you wanna be helpful? You see Chef up there? I need you to go ask him for a box of air, got it?

It's so loud in there, David clarifies...

DAVID

Huh? A box of *hair*?

BRANDON

Yeah, go ask for a box of air.

Gotta be short-hand for Angel Hair Pasta. David's got this!

DAVID

Yeah, sure. No prob!

David rushes off. Brandon watches with fiendish delight...

INT. CHEF'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

CHEF, 60's, is über focused on perfecting a dish when David scurries up to him, confident that he's right for the job.

DAVID

Hey, Chef, Brandon told me to come up and grab an extra box of hair.

CHEF

A box of... what?!

DAVID

Hair. Like Angel Hair Pasta?

David waits for a response, unwavering. Chef faces him.

CHEF

Air. He told you to grab a box of air, you moron. He's fucking with you. Get outta here! Don't bother me during kitchen service again, y'understand? Fuckin' box of air.

With egg on his face, David tip-toes out, embarrassed...

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David retreats back to the prep area to find Brandon snickering, trying to hold back his sick laughter.

DAVID

Hey! What the fuck was that?

BRANDON

What happened? Are we all out? There's some empty boxes in the back if you wanna fill some up.

Brandon snickers more. David backs away...

DAVID

Man, I don't need this shit...

David bumps into a confused Andy on his way out the kitchen.
Brandon turns beat red as Andy walks up.

ANDY
Box of air?

Brandon explodes with laughter, can't hold it in.

BRANDON
Where'd you find this guy?

Andy chuckles with the prank, then rushes out to catch David.

EXT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Andy finds Davids slamming his apron to the ground.

ANDY
Hey, David, man, I'm sorry. He's
just ribbn' the new guy, you know
how it is--

DAVID
Fuck that guy, Andy. I need a job,
I got nothin in the fridge, bills
are due, and this guy's bein an
asshole for no fuckin' reason...

ANDY
Yeah, I'll talk to him. Here, hang
on a sec...

Andy dips back into the kitchen. After a few moments, he pops
back out with a frozen steak in hand.

ANDY
Look, why don't you just head out
for the night. Take this, make
yourself some dinner, and, I'll
pay ya for the shift. Come in a
little earlier tomorrow. Fresh
start. Talk to Chef, you'll be
fine, I promise.

David rubs his face. He's so angry he could pop. But...

He takes the steak, nods, then walks away.

ANDY
(Sigh)
Ugh... box of air...

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - LATER THAT NIGHT

David pops out of the door with Spencer on a leash.

Like before, CRREEAKKK from Julie's door.

JULIE (O.S.)

David...

David stops, heightened and annoyed.

JULIE (O.S.)

That dog barked the whole time you were gone today. I didn't know if I should be worried or--or-- he just yelped and howled--

DAVID

Hey, Julie? Now's not the time, alright? I'm sorry, but, he's gotta learn to be alone, and that ain't gonna happen if I don't go into work. So, how 'bout you cut us both a little slack, ok?

JULIE (O.S.)

Excuse me?! How about you take your stupid little dog, there, and go jump off a cliff?! I have lived here for 20 years and you have been the WORST part of it--

DAVID

Fuuuck... I said I get it! Jesus, find something else to complain about, you salty old sea hag...

David pulls Spencer down the sidewalk.

She slams the door, hard, this time.

David just walks the happy, playful dog down the street.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Creeping in... slowly... as David sleeps in bed, dreaming.

They must be some terrifying dreams, because he is tossing and jolting. Breathing heavy. Almost crying.

After some time, David seems to calm down.

Then, out of no where...

A LOW, SINISTER BREATHING RUMBLES IN THE DARKNESS.

Something encroaches on David.

VOICE
MMMMMMMMMMMM...

BANG-BANG!--

WHIP PAN to the door. It shakes with Spencer's LOUD BARKS.

The dark voice HISSES, GROWLS, and SNARLS.

Glimpses of an inhuman shadow scurries across the wall...

David wakes up, sluggish, rubbing his face.

DAVID
Spencer!

He gets out of bed and drags his feet to the closed door.

Passing the mirrors, a SHADOWY FIGURE hides against a wall far in the corner deep within the reflection. Tough to make out.

David opens the door to find Spencer trying to get in.

DAVID
(yawns)
You wanna come sleep with me? Come on, buddy. Come lay down.

David sulks back to bed and nestles under the blankets.

Spencer looks around the room, then jumps up to the bed.

He lays down against David's legs, facing the mirrors.

Watching. Waiting. Protecting.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

David walks in through the back door. He does not want to run into Brandon. He puts on his apron and heads to the fridge.

From another area, Chef walks in.

CHEF
Brandon? We need to prep-- Oh, you're David, right?

David nods, on his toes around the Chef.

DAVID

Yes, Chef. Look, I'm sorry about all that yesterday--

CHEF

Eh, don't worry about it. First day jitters. Happened to all of us. Brandon didn't need to do that during dinner service, but, you pushed through it. I admire that you came back, tonight. Shows me you're serious to work.

DAVID

(I need this job)

I am. And, I'd be honored to learn from your expertise--

CHEF

(Flattered)

Oh, I'm nothing special... Here, why don't you come help out. I could use a second opinion...

Chef leads David into the...

INT. CHEF'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

There's a tray covered with a towel on the counter.

CHEF

You know, I wasn't planning to bring you on, but, I got a call from a mutual friend of ours...

DAVID

Jeremy?

Chef turns back and winks his eye.

CHEF

Oh, yes. Good friend for many, many years. Helped me get this kitchen. The old owner ran it to the ground, served spoiled meat...

DAVID

Jesus... How stupid can you be?

CHEF

I know... it was a mess. But, our good buddy put in a good word, if you know what I mean.

(MORE)

CHEF (CONT'D)

In fact, he told me you had the
finest pallet he's ever seen.
"Golden taste buds," he said.

DAVID

(Stunned)

Jeremy said that?

In the background, Brandon arrives for work. He eavesdrops on the pleasant chat between Chef and David.

CHEF

It's the only reason I changed my
mind. I told Andy to try you out.
We could use a talent like that if
we want to be the best. Here--

Chef whips off the towel to show a delectable plate of Pan-seared Salmon with Roasted Potatoes and Sautéed Asparagus.

CHEF

What do you think?

DAVID

Yeah, looks delicious.

CHEF

Well, nobody ever makes a dish
just to be looked at. Do me a
favor... have a taste.

Chef hands David a fork.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brandon looks on, surprised... confused... Why not him?

Andy walks in, removing his sunglasses.

ANDY

Hey, what's goin on?

BRANDON

Chef's asking the new guy for an
opinion...

ANDY

Like, on his food?!

BRANDON

Look...!

INT. CHEF'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

David smells the food. Something about it smells... odd...

DAVID

What did you add to it? I'm not
sure what I'm smelling...

CHEF

Normally we marinate our Salmon in
in a citrus reduction overnight.
But, this time, I wanted to add
something to charge the senses,
really make their mouths water
before taking that first bite. Go
ahead, tell me the ingredient.

David cuts into the fish. Perfect steam escapes from within.

David scoops a tantalizing bite... drops it in his mouth.

He closes his eyes and chews...

Chef smiles with pride.

Suddenly, David's eyes pop open. His face is mortified. He
scrunches, trying to force the food down, but--

SPLECK!!!

David spews the rancid fish from his mouth, overly spitting the
aftertaste all over the counter, utterly disgusted to the core!

Chef is in shock. Brandon and Andy can't believe their eyes.

DAVID

(catching his breath)

What the fuck was that? What are
you trying to do to me, huh?

Chef is speechless...

DAVID

(Chokes up)

That shit was rancid!

CHEF

You little shit, how dare you spit
my food out like it's trash!

DAVID

Are you fucking serious...

(beat)

You're fuckin' with me, aren't ya?

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
Just like that fucking asshole in
the back there, you're all just
messin' with me, huh?!

David downs a glass of water...

CHEF
You have the nerve to suggest that
I am serving rancid fish in my
kitchen?! You fff... get out!

David swishes the last bit of water, then, SPEWS it all over
Chef's jacket. He flips the plate of food onto the floor.

DAVID
Fuck you and your fucking kitchen!
(Notices the other two)
And fuck you two dickholes, too.
You bring me in here just to
fuckin' mess with me? Well, Fuck--

Chef punches David right in the face! David slams down to the
ground. Chef leans over him and rolls up his sleeves...

CHEF
You little prick.

He winds up and-- PUNCH!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David sits on his couch, holding that frozen steak to his
eye... He leans his head back and chuckles to himself...

DAVID
Unbelievable...

David closes his other eye and softly falls asleep...

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David's breathing continues OFF SCREEN...

We move around the empty, quiet room... Shafts of light cast
random shadows on the walls...

The breathing deepens in pitch...

We land at the mirrors: A DARK FIGURE within the reflection...

The breathing becomes far more sinister...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Spencer perks up.

He walks to the bedroom door and pushes with his paw. It won't open. He starts to scratch and whimper.

He buries his nose in the crack beneath the door, sniffing.

UNDER THE DOOR: the room is empty... then--

A TALONED-CLAW slams into view, followed by a DEMONIC GROWL!

Spencer jumps back, loudly barks!

The dark voice HISSES back at Spencer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David snores on the couch.

Spencer runs in and jumps onto David's chest.

DAVID
Spencer! What the fuck? Get down!

Spencer jumps to the ground and sits, still barking.

DAVID
No! We're not going outside! Go
lay down! Now!

David lays back down on the couch.

Spencer tries to pull David's arms with his paws.

DAVID
(Sigh...)
Why won't you let me sleep?! Huh?!

David stands up, groggy, dragging his feet.

Spencer runs past him and digs his nose under the bedroom door.

Confused, David turns the door handle--

Spencer pushes the door open and barges in...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer searches the room, sniffing at the mirror, sitting in front of it, barking at it. David just watches...

DAVID
(Sluggish yawn...)
You gotta stop waking me up,
buddy. This will not do...

Spencer lays down on the floor with a groan.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

A hot pan smokes on the stove. A seasoned steak is placed down. Smoke escapes into the air.

David reaches up and turns on the air vent above the stove.

He chops fresh vegetables and potatoes.

After searing both sides of the steak, he removes it and rests it on a cutting board, then finishes off the side dishes.

He perfectly arranges everything on a plate.

He pours a glass of whiskey with a sphere ice cube.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sits on the couch and places a steak dinner on the table.

Spencer sits like a good boy... he'd like a taste, please?

DAVID
Uh-uh, we're not doin this again.
Go lay down. Go.

Spencer heads off to his cage and plops down.

On the TV: David finds a video titled, "*Angelica Torres talks about her new life!*" He starts the video, cuts into the steak.

ON TV SCREEN: A female interviewer sits across from Angelica.

INTERVIEWER
Thank you so much for talking with
me. You look gorgeous, by the way.

ANGELICA
Oh, thank you. I'm just living my
best life. Can't complain.

INTERVIEWER
And it's clearly working for you.

They share in a laugh.

DAVID

Blow me...

He bites into the steak. After a couple chews, disgust paints his face, he spews the meat chunk out of his mouth.

DAVID

Blech!! What the fuck--

INTERVIEWER

Your story is so inspirational.
You left Peru to make a name for
yourself here in the States...

He cuts into another piece...

ANGELICA

Yes... yes... It wasn't easy to
leave family and my home.

The steak is perfectly red in the middle, juicy, really looks delicious, Gordon Ramsay would be proud.

INTERVIEWER

But, you did. You took a leap. And
here you are, living your dream.

He raises it to his nose and sniffs. Doesn't even smell good.

ANGELICA

Well, I couldn't do it alone...

She winks into the camera.

David takes a bite of the veggies and potatoes...

SPPPEWWW!!! Again, he spits it all out.

DAVID

What is going on????!!

He downs his glass of whiskey, which doesn't phase him.

DAVID

Spencer, come here...

He cuts a little piece of the steak and presents it to Spencer.
The dog sniffs the meat, licks it, then pulls it off the fork.

Spencer eats it in one bite and begs for more.

DAVID

You like that?

Spencer can't contain his excitement. He barks.

DAVID
Ok, ok... have another piece.

Spencer gnaws on it, enjoying it.

DAVID
I mean, it's clearly edible...

David turns off the tv and picks up the plate.

DAVID
What am I doing wrong?

Spencer jumps up on David's legs. His barks demand more.

DAVID
Hey, uh-uh. Get down.

Spencer ignores and keeps barking. He wants that steak, yo!

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Some soft music plays on a tiny radio.

Julie, 60s, slightly rotund older woman who looks as if life has left her behind with nothing but loneliness and a glass of wine, sits in a chair reading a paper-back romance novel.

She hears the barking and stomping above her.

Her face defaults to a grim scowl. She takes a sip of her wine.

It's a big sip...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David holds his plate in the air, away from a barking Spencer.

DAVID
Spencer, buddy, you gotta calm
down! Let me cut some up for you.

They both walk into the kitchen.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Julie looks up at her ceiling as David's loud footsteps echo through her hallway, shaking old pictures hanging on the wall.

JULIE
This is getting ridiculous...

She stands, grabs a broom and waddles into the hallway. She uses the broom handle to BANG on her ceiling.

JULIE
(with each bang)
Keep-It-Down!!!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David hears the banging.

DAVID
Ohmygod...

He quiets Spencer's barks just enough to hear Julie's scream muffled through the floor board.

JULIE (O.S.)
Take off your damn shoes!!

David can't help but chuckle out of frustration.

DAVID
(so she can hear)
Oh, get over it, Julie!

David slams his foot down on his floor.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The walls/pictures shake harder. Julie steps back and puts down the broom. She exhales and collects her pride.

JULIE
Fine...

She walks back to her chair, grabs her glass, and finishes the wine in several quick gulps. Then, she sighs.

She politely grabs her small novel from the arm of the chair and peacefully turns off the light.

She walks into her bedroom and softly closes the door behind her. We can hear the lock on her door engage.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

David tosses in his bed. He fights to stay asleep.

A shadow looms on the wall... increasing in size...

Deep, sinister breathing fills the air.

Then...

A BLACK CLAW with razor-sharp nails drops into view, a CREATURE leads us towards David's sleeping, dreaming face.

We don't see this creature, just the shadow of a large, oblong head hovering over David as he shifts on his pillow.

A long, drawn out INNNNHAAALE... followed by a joyous EXHALE, as if this creature smells the most delicious food ever--

Bedroom door flies open--

WHIP PAN over to see--

Spencer, the courageous little dog, jumps onto the bed and viciously barks the loudest his little body can bark.

The creature hisses and growls. Its claw swipes at Spencer, who jumps out of the way and barks. *Get away from him you bitch!*

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie startles awake in her bed. Spencer's barks ring through her quiet bedroom. She sits straight up and gets out of bed.

JULIE
You've gotta be kidding me!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keeping his eyes closed, David finally wakes up.

DAVID
SPENCER!!

The creature growls as its shadow descends back into the mirrors across the room.

Spencer chases after it, protecting David.

David reaches for his lamp, turns it on, knocking it off the table, sending it crashing loud onto the floor.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Julie slips into a robe-- JUMPS as the lamp crashes above her.

JULIE
I've had it!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sits up, seeing Spencer barking at the mirrors from the edge of his bed. He rubs his eyes.

DAVID
Hey! Stop it!!

The dog keeps barking.

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

Julie exits her apartment and stomps up the stairs, broom in hand, determined to stop the noise once and for all!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David nudges Spencer with his foot.

DAVID
SPENCER!! STOP, NOW!!

Spencer stops barking and sits, lowering his ears.

David rubs his eyes, still not totally awake. Then--

BANG-BANG-BANG from the front door in the hallway.

DAVID
Oh, come the fuck on, man...

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Julie BANGS on the front door.

JULIE
David!!! Shut that damn dog up!!!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David climbs out of bed and stomps into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David looks through the peep-hole: The wide lens accentuates Julie's old, haggard features as she bangs on David's door.

Between her banging, Spencer's barking, and his lack of sleep or food, David snaps, and in one motion SWINGS open the door!!

DAVID
WHAT THE FUCK IS--

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The door swings open. David screams at Julie--

DAVID (CONT'D)
--WRONG WITH YOU!!!

Julie's eyes widen -- she gasps --

JULIE'S POV: She sees the DEMONIC CREATURE'S glowing red eyes
ROAR its snarling, sharp, drooling teeth in her face!

Deathly frightened, Julie stumbles backward.

ON DAVID: He sees her foot cross over the top step.

DAVID
Hey, watch out!

David reaches out to grab Julie's arm-- It's too late--

Julie falls down the staircase--

End... Over... End--

CRACK!

She lands on her neck, killing her with shock on her face.

Floating back up the staircase, David's still reaching out...
What the fuck just happened?! David closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David hyperventilates... He rests against the door... He turns
over his shoulder and looks through the peep hole:

The light of passing cars flash on Julies dead body at the
bottom of the staircase.

DAVID
Oh, fuck me...

EXT. STAIR CASE - MOMENTS LATER

Julie's body budes... then, a little more...

David strains, trying to move her back up the stairs.

DAVID
Son of a bitch!

Car lights flash across his scared, sweaty, timid face.
He picks up Julie's head, supporting her arms within his.
Blood from her mouth spits all over his face.

DAVID
Ehhh... Gross....

He finally has the leverage to pull her upstairs. Slowly... Her dead feet smack hard against each step as David ascends.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David drops Julie's dead body into the bath tub.
He's covered in her blood. His face. His arms. It's everywhere.
David wipes the sweat from his face with his blood-covered forearm. Then, realizes he wiped her blood across his lips--

DAVID
(spits)
Ah, shit, man!!

He closes and locks the front door.... He pauses... smacks his lips... turns around... *Oh no...*

The blood tastes... good.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From within Spencer's cage, he perks up and starts barking.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David, as if an out-of-body experience, steps back into the bathroom, licking the blood from his fingers...

He stands over the tub...

The corpse of his elderly, rotund neighbor lies beneath him...

David slowly closes the door behind him...

He kneels down in front of the tub... So hungry...

He bites into the dead flesh. Munching on the corpse. Feeding his overdue appetite. And, it's surprisingly... satisfying.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Someone looks up at David's opened bathroom window, witnessing a barrage of messy shadows fling about in the room.

We hear a soft, raspy voice crying...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mouth stuffed, face covered in blood, David hears the crying.

He turns around to see the open window...

INTERCUT

David pokes his head out of the window and sees:

The Homeless Woman, tattered drape covering her face, crying in the dark, watching from the sidewalk.

Completely weirded out, David can't look away...

HOMELESS WOMAN
(loud, terrified scream)
Nooooooooooo!!!
(deep breath)
Nnnnnnoooooooooooo!!!

David's eyes widen...

He slowly closes the bathroom window and turns off the light...

The Homeless Woman's cries fade into the night...

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's a beautiful day. Birds chirp. People jog with their dogs. Children ride by on bikes. Not a care to the outside world.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Spencer runs back and forth, tossing a toy and chasing it.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

David sits on his bed, wide-staring, bloodshot eyes in a daze, blood-stained face, hugging his knees, rocking back and forth.

BUZZ-BUZZ-- His phone rings on his dresser.

An UNKNOWN NUMBER calling from Las Vegas, NV. He answers.

DAVID
Hello?...

The sound of large trucks wizzing by make it hard to hear the voice on the other end.

JEREMY (O.S.)
Hey-hey, buddy! Just wanted to
check in on your first week.

DAVID
Who is this? I can barely hear
you...

EXT. VEGAS TRUCK STOP - DAY

Jeremy leans into a rickety Public Pay Phone at a truck stop.

He has dark sunglasses, same loosened tie and shirt with rolled up sleeves, draping his blazer over his shoulder.

He swirls a can of sparkling water, cringing with each sip.

JEREMY
It's Jeremy!

Large trucks honk as they drive by.

INTERCUT

DAVID
Why's it so loud?

JEREMY
Oh, yeah, I'm at a pay phone...
hang on...

DAVID
(those still exist?)
Why?

Jeremy shifts onto his other foot, acting like he's trying to make it sound better, knowing it won't change anything.

JEREMY
That any better?

DAVID
No?

JEREMY

Eh, must be on your end. How's everything goin'?

DAVID

Um... I just spent the last 5 days eating my neighbor...

JEREMY

What? 'Barely hear you. You ate something? That's good! You *should* be hungry by now.

DAVID

So... things are getting pretty freaky. I haven't slept in days... I think someone's following me--

JEREMY

Nah, you're fine-- Hey, I'm gonna be at that little bar by your place for a party, tonight. I want you to come by. I have some people you should meet.

DAVID

I don't think I should be around people right now...

JEREMY

David, I'm not gonna ask you twice. In fact, I'm not even askin' once. Come down to the bar. It's later tonight at... uh...

Jeremy checks his wrist. There's no watch, but he acts like there is, shaking it to hear if it's ticking...

DAVID

What are you doing?

JEREMY

Eh, I'm trying to see what time it is, but, it appears I do not have a watch...

Jeremy chuckles at his own dumb joke... *What the fuck?*

JEREMY

Just, come down right after dark. It'll be good for ya!

DAVID

K...?

JEREMY
Oh, hey, what's this sound like?

He hangs up the phone, cackles like a "bro," then walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sees the call ended. He looks at his phone...

DAVID
What a dick...

EXT. DESSERT ROAD - DAY

Jeremy strolls down the dessert road, with Vegas deep in the distance. He whistles as cars pass at high speeds.

Up ahead, a Mustang Convertible is pulled to the side of the road. A man, DOUG, early 30s, fights to change a tire.

Just beyond him, TANYA, 29, annoyed, searches for cell signal.

Jeremy flashes his sly grin as he watches their interaction.

DOUG
Tanya, babe, there's no service
out here. Get back in the car,
come on, I'll put the top up and
you can crank the AC...

Tanya, clearly over the flat tire, and an obvious Vegas fight between lovers, ignores Doug as she paces in the dirt.

TAYNA
This is why we have Tripple-A.
This right here...
(To Doug)
Why don't you know how to change a
simple fucking tire, Doug? Huh?!

Doug has the tire jacked up while trying to loosen the lug nuts, but, the tire keeps spinning, he can't get a good grip.

DOUG
Come on, stupid fucker...
(Tire spins)
Fuck! I'll figure it out... I
always figure it out...

Tanya just ignores him. She's lost all respect. She's not getting back in that fucking car with that--

TANYA
 (Under her breath)
 Fucking loser...

Doug finally gets one lug nut loose, but can't even get the the next one to budge without spinning the tire...

DOUG
 Oh, come the fuck on...

A long shadow envelopes Doug. He's startled by...

JEREMY
 Hi'ya.

DOUG
 Jesus!... Fuckin' scared me, man.

JEREMY
 Meh, don't call me that... Flat tire should be pretty easy, yeah?

DOUG
 Should be... if I could get this fffffuckin'... tire off... the--

The crowbar snaps off the lug nut and slams to the ground.

DOUG
 God dammit!
 (Few breaths)
 Did you just walk from Vegas? In this heat?

Jeremy looks Doug up and down, and flashes a smirk that reads "You're not worth my time..."

JEREMY
 Sure...

He strolls past Doug, who goes back to the tire.

DOUG
 The damn tire just popped outta nowhere. If I could just get this lug... nut... off...
 (crowbar pops off again)
 Fuck!
 (Catches breath)
 If you wanna give me a hand, I don't mind giving you a ride...

Doug looks up and realizes Jeremy had walked past him, with his sights on Tanya, who's waving the phone around for a signal.

DOUG
(Projects)
Hey! Babe! We got company...

Tanya turns around to see Jeremy in his dark sunglasses, blazer over his shoulder, smarmy smile on his face.

TANYA
Oh... Hi, uh--

JEREMY
Jeremy. Looks like you could use
some help...

Tanya oddly softens her guard in front of Jeremy.

TANYA
Yeah... You got a ride? I'd do
anything to get away from here...

In the background, Doug keeps trying that tire...

JEREMY
(Lowers sunglasses)
Anything, huh? That just happens
to be my specialty...

Tanya smiles at this smooth stranger... Meanwhile...

DOUG
(background)
It's like I almost have it, then,
the fucking tire just spins. I
can't get a grip on this thing...

MOMENTS LATER

DOUG'S BLOODIED ARM falls into frame as the, now fixed,
Mustang's tires peel out, kicking up dirt down the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy drives the Mustang like a bat out of hell.

Tanya sits in the passenger seat, hair flowing in the wind.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - THAT NIGHT

David, in a large jacket, locks his front door, then runs down the stairs. He peers around corners, hoping nobody is watching.

He sees the coast is clear, then heads down the...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

David walks down the middle of the street. He avoids the shadows and side walk, glancing behind him, eyes peeled.

Out of the shadows... The Homeless Woman limps into view. Her raspy, tired, broken-accented voice pierces the silence...

HOMELESS WOMAN

Esperar... por favor, detente...

Shocked, David sidesteps the woman and runs as fast as he can.

DAVID

Stay away from me!!!

David keeps looking behind him as she fades into the distance.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

David runs up the sidewalk and stops at the bar. He bends over to catch his breath and checks that he wasn't followed.

David heads into the bar.

We can see that same Mustang Convertible parked on the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's a crowded party as David enters out of his element.

Across the bar, a large crowd of people cheer.

David squints, trying to see... Jeremy.

There he is, the center of everyone's attention, same used-car salesman attire. He's the guy everyone wants to laugh with.

David rushes through the crowd and grabs Jeremy's shoulder...

DAVID

Jeremy, hey, you gotta--

Jeremy TURNS AND GROWLS!

David steps back in terror as Jeremy stares him down...

After a moment, Jeremy snaps back into his smarmy smile, loosens his eyes, and wraps his arms around David.

JEREMY

Hey, look who made it!
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
Everyone, THIS is David!

Everyone celebrates and toasts a very nervous David.

JEREMY
Hey, Mitch, how about a round of
Dante's Specials, yeah?

MITCH, 50s, muscular bar owner, pushes through the crowd.

MITCH
Comin' right up!

JEREMY
Oh, and another one of those
drinks I like... You know...

Mitch gives a thumbs up as Jeremy pulls David under his arm.

JEREMY
How you doin, kid? I was getting
worried you wouldn't make it--

DAVID
What the hell did you do to me?

JEREMY
Uh, you wanna try that again?

DAVID
I'm freaking the fuck out. This is
not what I signed up for, man...

JEREMY
I'm pretty sure this is exactly
what you wanted... to be seen for
who you really are inside... Hell,
I even got you a job--

DAVID
I didn't ask to start...
(looks around, quiet)
... eating people...

Jeremy feigns bewilderment.

JEREMY
Huh? I dunno, David, It's
different for everyone. Why are
you so tense? Come here--
(Loosens David's shoulders)
Yeah, loosey-goosey.
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

That's more like it. Now, let me look at you.

(inspects David's face)

Ugh... you look rough. You gotta get some more sleep, what's wrong with you? You need your rest.

DAVID

I can't sleep. Like, at all. Someone's gonna come lookin for my neighbor, I-I-I know it. Plus, every time I close my eyes my dog just keeps barking and barking...

Jeremy studies David's shifting eyes...

JEREMY

Yeah, you might need to take care of that one on your own...

Just over Jeremy's shoulder, David sees the Homeless Woman pacing around the entrance, peeking her head in and out.

DAVID

Holy shit, that's her!!

David cowers behind Jeremy.

JEREMY

What the hell is wrong with you? Her, who? Stop pointing, what are you, twelve-years-old?

Jeremy looks through the crowd. He sees the Homeless Woman...

His cool demeanor goes stern and grim...

DAVID

You HAVE to help me, man. She's the one who's been following me. Fuck! Who is this weird lady?!

JEREMY

(She knows better...)
She's a witch...

DAVID

A what?! Like, a for real witch?

Jeremy switches back to joyful, puts his arm around David.

JEREMY

Hey, don't worry about it...
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Look, you gotta calm down. You're
at a party, David. Here, follow
me--

(Calls out)

Tanya! Come over here.

Tanya, same woman from earlier, now in a sparkling cocktail
dress, struts into view. She's *really* happy to be here.

TANYA

Hi!

JEREMY

This is David, the guy I was
telling ya about.

TANYA

(Flirty)

Oh, right, the guy with good
taste...

Jeremy keeps looking back at the entrance, watching the woman.

JEREMY

(distracted)

Yeah, sure--

(Spots Mitch)

Hey, Mitch, yeah...

Mitch carries a tray of RED SHOTS, and a can of cheap sparkling
water. Jeremy hands a shot to Tanya, then to David.

JEREMY

Here, you two have fun...

(to David)

Have a good time...

DAVID

Jeremy, wait, you gotta--

JEREMY

David, don't spill that... Relax.

Have a drink with Tanya... I gotta
take care of this thing real fast.

Jeremy slaps David's shoulder and walks away, leaving David
with Tanya, grabbing the can of sparkling water on his way.

The music gets louder in the bar, the crowd begins to dance.

TANYA

(getting his attention)

Hey, party's over here...

David watches Jeremy exit the bar, straightening his blazer, swirling his can like it's a classy cocktail.

He steps outside and snaps his fingers at the Homeless Woman.

JEREMY
(To Homeless Woman)
Hey-HEY! Come here, now!

Tanya softly redirects David's chin back to her...

TANYA
Take your shot, David...

She holds up her shot glass, waiting for David to do the same.

Looking in her eyes, he drinks the shot, squints, and coughs.

Tanya smiles and pulls him to dance with her.

David's handed another shot glass... he looks back to the door.

Jeremy scolds the Homeless Woman, throws down his empty can, grabs her arm and drags her down the sidewalk, out of sight.

Tanya nudges David's shot glass up to his mouth, gets him to make eye contact with her. She smiles.

TANYA
Loosen up. Come on, dance with me.

He drinks the shot as everything around him slows down...

Lights flash in a haze... The music swells...

David loosens up... He's super drunk...

From David's HAZY POV: Visuals fade in and out, mimicking his eyes opening and closing between each moment.

... Couples dance seductively around him.

... the Waitress, from earlier, hands him another shot, her face distorted by the wide-angle lens, smiles her red lips.

WAITRESS
Are WE having fun?

... Tanya takes David's hand.

... She leads him through the crowd.

... Out the back door.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (IN HAZY POV)

... Tanya leads David's hand up his stair case.

... He unlocks the door.

Spencer's barks are muffled, very distant, lost in the haze.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (IN HAZY POV)

... Tanya leans, kisses David.

... Holding eye contact, she steps backward.

... She pushes the bedroom door open, takes off her purse and jacket as she disappears into the darkness.

... David's hand pushes open the bathroom door.

... He staggers, flips up the light blinding switch--

FLASH TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (IN HAZY POV)

... Tanya passionately embraces the camera.

... Now, she's on top as MANLY HANDS cover her perfect breasts.

... On the wall: shadows of Tanya and a Muscular Man have sex.

... Tanya screams in euphoric passion.

The eyes of the POV close to a BLACK SCREEN.

INT. BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

Birds chirp outside of the opened bathroom window.

Lowering down into the grungy bathroom, David is passed out around the base of the toilet. After a beat, he jumps awake.

His blood-shot eyes race around the room as he breathes from his wet, runny nose. He's confused and lost...

He shuffles himself free and painfully stands up.

David checks the mirror. He splashes his face. Reels from a rumbling stomach ache. Then, turns and opens the door...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tanya, same dress, jacket over her arm, sneaks out of the bedroom door, being careful not to make any noise.

Her eyes meet David's in mid-step. She stops and smiles.

TANYA
Hey... you ok?

DAVID
What happened?

TANYA
(bashfull...)
Mmm... nothin' really... You never
came back to bed, so...

DAVID
Everything's a blur...

TANYA
(coy...)
Well, you missed out...

DAVID
Are you hungry? I can whip you up
an omelette or somethin'--

TANYA
(Winces)
I gotta go... yeah...

DAVID
Oh, ok...

He goes in for a hug, but, Tanya shifts her body out of the way, almost disgusted, and forces a cheesy grin...

TANYA
No thanks...

She opens the front door, but before she leaves...

DAVID
Can I call you?--

TANYA
You seem nice, but, You're not
what I'm looking for... really...

DAVID
What do you mean "really?"--

She touches the lack of muscles on David's arms, judging him.

TANYA

It's just... you're...

She looks back at the bedroom, longing for someone else.

TANYA

Not quite ready for me... yet.

DAVID

(WTF does that mean?)

Yet?

TANYA

Mmmm... I'll see ya again when
you're a bit more... complete...
(Bops his nose)
Toodiloo!

She closes the front door, leaving David self conscious about his schlubby body, and confused about last night's events...

He slowly pushes open the bedroom door, peering into the empty room... staring at the tussled bed... Sheets thrown about...

After a moment, Spencer's whimpers snap him out of his daze...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer sits in his cage, as if he's crying. David opens the cage and calmly scoops the dog out from within.

DAVID

Hey little guy... I don't remember
leaving you in here, it's ok, I
gotcha... Come'on, let's go...

David's stomach growls... It's painful...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Fridge swings open. Pale and frazzled David searches for food.

It's bare, except for those cans of sparkling water.

Oh! There's a ziplock bag!

David grabs it and digs out some bloody fingers remaining from his neighbor...

With a scowl, his stomach growls again... After a deep sigh...

The fingers sizzle in a frying pan on that greasy stove.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

David sits in bed. He munches on those finger like they were carrots. He just stares at... Those mirrors.

David licks his fingers clean of those... fingers...

INT. BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

David sleeps in his bed. He fidgets and tosses... dreaming...

Something else breathes darker... heavier... watches...

EXT. PARK - SUNNY DAY

David and Angelica happily sit on a picnic blanket and sip wine while watching the sun set over the mountains.

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA runs to David on the bed and looks straight down on him.

David, asleep, violently tosses back and forth, shaking his head side to side...

A low EXHALE rumbles... It blows through David's hair...

EXT. PARK - SUNNY DAY

David and Angelica embrace... they share a passionate kiss...

David kisses on her neck... Angelica moans in pleasure...

CRUNCH!

David BITES into Angelica's neck! She SCREAMS as blood sprays from her wound. David's red-soaked face smiles with his teeth.

Watching Angelica die in front him, David snaps out of his hunger. Remorse and guilt paints his face.

DAVID
(Shakes head)
No... no-no-no... NO!!!

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A DARK, CHARRED CREATURE pins David's shoulders to the bed, inhaling a GREEN SMOKE through David's pores.

David's eyes open... He SCREAMS IN TERROR!!!

He jumps out of bed, diving to the other side of the room.

The Creature stands, watching David.

David hugs against the wall, petrified at the sight of this demonic creature smacking his lips, watching David squirm.

DAVID

What do you want from me?!

The Creature seems to smile...

It uses its finger to say "Come on... Come back to bed..."

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

David JUMPS out of bed, covered in sweat, with tortured panting, swiping imagined bugs off his body.

After a moment, he realizes where he is, that he's awake.

Spencer lays at the foot of his bed... just watching...

DAVID

(Laughs off the dream)

Holy shit...

The mirrors catch his attention... he stumbles over and stares at his tired, pale, sweaty reflection...

He pushes against the solid glass of the mirrors...

DAVID

Am I going crazy?

He turns back to look at Spencer on the bed.

DAVID

I'm going crazy, right?

But, David's reflection doesn't turn with him... in fact, it also looks at Spencer, scowls, and growls at the little dog...

Spencer jumps up and BARKS!

David quickly looks back the mirror. The reflection snaps back in sync with David. He touches the glass again...

David is relieved.

DAVID
Holy fuck...

David almost collapses. He uses the mirror to brace him to a stand. His legs are wobbly and back is sore.

He looks down at Spencer.

DAVID
Let's get out of here, what do you say? We need some fresh air.

Spencer's tail wags.

EXT. PARK - DAY

David and Spencer run around in the grass. They play with a ball and chase each other around.

Sitting under a tree, David pours a water bottle for Spencer.

Spencer rolls in the grass as David rubs his belly.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

David lays on his back as Spencer chases some bugs.

In the distance, a man gets out of a car. He walks crossed the park towards David. A woman tries to hold him back; she can't.

MAN
(Calls out)
Hey, asshole!

David doesn't respond...

Without seeing his face, the man walks up to David, and grabs his shirt, pulling him up to his face: It's Brandon!

BRANDON
What the fuck is your problem,
huh?

David's so confused and stunned...

WOMAN
Brandon, stop! Stop this!

BRANDON

(To woman)

You shut up!

(To David)

That fucking trick you pulled got me fired, dickhead. Whole place got shut down. Chef went fucking crazy and killed himself!

David struggles to get out of Brandon's grip... He can't.

DAVID

(What the fuck?!)

How? What are you talking about--

David's stomach starts growling... hard... *Oh no...*

Spencer runs over and BARKS, trying to protect David.

The woman tries to intervene.

WOMAN

Let him go, Brandon!

David breathes heavier... sweat beads on his forehead...

Brandon shoves her out of the way.

BRANDON

Shut your fucking mouth!

As Brandon turns back to David--

CHOMP!

DAVID BITES INTO BRANDON'S FOREARM! A HUGE, BLOODY CHUNK!

BRANDON

Ow! Mother fucker!

Brandon throws David to the ground and grabs his bloody arm.

WOMAN

Oh-My-God, Baby!

David sits up in shock... woozy... confused...

Spencer stands between him and Brandon, barking.

The woman holds Brandon as he falls to the ground, shivering.

WOMAN

(To David)

What is wrong with you?!

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(Crying out)
Help us! Somebody! Please baby,
I'm here...

BRANDON
(Hyperventilating)
Fuck... bit me...

David staggers to his feet...

DAVID
I'm sorry... I didn't mean...

He gets up and runs away, with Spencer running behind.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

David runs with a limp, with Spencer on his leash.
They pass a bus stop... where the Homeless Woman sits...
David drops to one knee, heavily breathing...
The Homeless Woman catches up to him...
Spencer barks, pulling his leash for David to move.

HOMELESS WOMAN
(Heavy accent)
David...

David's face is pale, drenched in sweat, he closes his eyes...

DAVID
Stay away from me...!

HOMELESS WOMAN
¡Deja que te ayude!

David's stomach growls, it physically pains him...

DAVID
Don't touch me!!!

He gets up and runs, with Spencer in tow.
The Homeless Woman watches them run away. She whimpers...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Water runs from the sink faucet.

David soaks a kitchen towel and wrings it out.

Dark rings around his eyes are prominent. He's short of breath.

He shuts off the sink then staggers down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David dabs his head with the rag as his stomach continues to growl... he moans in pain...

DAVID

What is happening to me?

He takes in deep breaths... stumbles down to his knees...

DAVID

Fuck...

He looks up and sees Spencer lying in his cage, gate open.

David lumbers to the couch and collapses down on his back. The springs almost burst with the force of his body.

DAVID

I'm... so... hungry... But, I... I
can't... not people...

Spencer perks up and runs to the couch, jumps up on David's chest, to the top of the cushions, staring out the window.

He stares intently... his little tail wags vigorously...

DAVID

Hey, calm down. Not now, man...

David tries to close his eyes and sleep. He fades in and out...

Spencer scratches at the window, starts to bark...

DAVID

No! Stop it! Get down!

David pushes Spencer to the ground.

Spencer can't sit still, he keeps barking. Each bark is nails on a chalkboard for David's sensitive ears...

DAVID

SPENCER! I said STOP!--

Spencer lays down and whimpers...

David stands up and berates the little dog.

DAVID
I have to get some sleep! And your
constant barking is just... STOP!
please... just stop...

David puts the rag back on his head and turns back to the couch... when something catches his eye OUT THE WINDOW:

The bus stop across the street... Cars pass by, but his vision is so cloudy that everything stutters...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The bedroom door opens on its own... followed by the sound of a deep, sinister growl rumbling in the air...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer's ears perk up. He looks to the hallway and growls...

David tries to keep focused OUT THE WINDOW:

THE BUS STOP: The Homeless Woman paces back and forth...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

POV OF THE CREATURE as it takes tentative steps out of the bedroom and stands in the hallway... Spencer barks at it...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David still watches out the window.

DAVID
Spencer... quiet!

OUT THE WINDOW:

Still stuttery, the Homeless Woman walks to the middle of the street, stops, and looks up directly at David in the window.

David's heart beats faster... he gasps for air...

Spencer barks into the hallway...

David's eyes keep closing... he breathes heavier...

DAVID
Spen-c-cer!!

His breathing gets shorter and shorter...

Spencer keeps barking.

Behind David, the shadowy creature CRAWLS ON THE WALL and GROWLS -- HISSES AT SPENCER--

OUT THE WINDOW:

The Homeless Woman waves her arms... Pointing at David!

Scared, David jolts back and turns around to see--

Nothing... No creature... Just a wall...

But. Spencer. Just. Keeps. Barking!

David stumbles back, cups his ears... his frustration rises...

DAVID
(trying to breathe)
Spencer... please...

Spencer's aggressive barks are grating...

David just can't take it. He can barely stand. He's enraged!

DAVID
(top of his lungs)
STOP!!! STOP BARKING!!! STOP IT!!!

He dives at Spencer, trying to grab him.

Spencer drops his ears and dodges out of the way.

DAVID
GET OVER HERE!

He chases after Spencer.

The little dog runs away, yelping.

DAVID
I SAID COME HERE!

David dives at Spencer, just missing the nimble dog...

Spencer lunges off a side table-- Knocks over a lamp! It hits the floor-- SHINES A BLINDING BRIGHT LIGHT IN DAVID'S EYES.

David yells-- Eyes closed tight--

DAVID
COME HERE! DAMMIT!

David dives and -- Grabs Spencer!

DAVID
SHUT UP!!

Spencer bites David's hands.

DAVID
OW!

One of David's hands flails -- Blood flies in the air --
Splashes the fallen lamp -- The room turns RED!

Spencer tries to get away...

David's other hand has his little foot.

He pulls the frantic dog back into his arms...

David's hysterical breathing builds -- He's pale as a ghost --

His mouth salivates -- Spencer struggles --

In STRONG SILHOUETTE ON THE WALL: Spencer wiggles in David's
hands -- David pulls him closer -- opens his mouth, and --

CHOMP!!

Blood sprays out as David BITES INTO SPENCER'S BODY!

YELP!!! YELP!!! YELP!!!

DAVID
SHUT-UP!!!

CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Homeless Woman looks up at the window.

BLOOD SPRAYS THROUGHOUT in the lamp's sinister red glow!

HOMELESS WOMAN
Dios mío...

INT. - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Basked in the red light, David sits against the wall, covered
in blood, catching his breath.

He looks at his hands and realizes what just happen.

DAVID

No...

He starts to cry...

The bloodied little corpse lies in his arms...

DAVID

NOOOOOOO.....

He holds his dead best friend... sobs... heartbroken.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The fog hangs low against the grass.

We follow along the tree line to find David using a shovel to dig a hole next to a tree.

He kneels down at the hole and cradles a bag in his arms.

DAVID

(sobbing)

I'm so sorry, little... guy...

He drops the bag into the hole and fills it back with dirt.

David's eyes flood with tears... He can't hold it together.

He picks up a make-shift cross made out of two tree branches, and stabs it into the freshly patted dirt.

He drops Spencer's collar over the cross spike. He screams into the air, crying into the night...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

David enters, covered in dirt and grime. Catatonic, he takes off his shoes and washes his hands in the sink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David walks out of the hallway holding a bucket and trash bags.

He kneels at the wall, pulls out a large, wet sponge from the bucket, and proceeds to clean to blood off the walls.

EXT. STAIRCASE - NEXT MORNING

Still in the dirty clothes, David sits on the bottom step. He tosses Spencer's leash around his finger. Dead to the world.

He watches people walk by on the side walk... some with their dogs... playing... barking...

David's bloodshot eyes flow with tears.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cars pass by... It's eerily silent.

The Homeless Woman paces at the bus stop.

She watches David's apartment... She murmurs to herself...

Then, she walks across the street, towards David's apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David sits in silence on his couch, still catatonic.

He hears Spencer's barks in his head... it's driving him crazy.

DAVID
Please... please stop...

He can't take it! He stands and bolts into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David grabs the bottle of whiskey and a glass.

He drops in some ice cubes and fills up the glass with whiskey.

He sips the glass, hoping to calm down.

But, he can't stop shaking.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David plops down on the couch and turns on the TV.

He downs his whiskey as the TV loads.

He flicks through channels of live TV and comes across an awards show... something like the Oscars...

ON TV:

ANNOUNCER

... and, coming up, star of the
biggest movie of the summer,
Angelica Torres, will present for
Best Screenplay... Don't go
anywhere...

David pours more whiskey into his glass.

By instinct, he turns behind him to look out the window.

POV: Cars pass by. The bus stop bench is empty.

David closes the blinds and leans his head back on the couch.

His breathing softly becomes snoring... his head tilts to the
side as he falls asleep.

His breathing morphs into a deeper pitch... a more sinister
pitch... almost a growl...

David jumps himself awake.

DAVID

Ahh! Gahh!!!

He looks around the room, it's empty.

He sees Spencer's cage.

David forces down the glass of whiskey, then, exhales.

ON TV:

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen... Ms.
Angelica Torres!

The crowd claps as music brings Angelica, in a fancy evening
gown, to the stage, waving at her adoring fans.

DAVID

(mocking)

Yay... wooo...

ON TV:

ANGELICA

It was only a year ago that I was
sitting right there.

(MORE)

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Where you are, at home, with a dream to be on stage with these supremely talented people in this craft we call filmmaking. And, trust me, it took a lot of work to get me here.

The crowd applauds.

DAVID

Oh, fuck you...

ANGELICA

But, I am proof that you don't have to be alone. You don't have to sit by yourself and wonder what could be... I'm here because our next nominees decided to try something new... to write something new, which is way harder than just acting, let me tell you...

The crowd laughs.

David mockingly laughs.

ANGELICA

Here are this year's nominees for Best Original Screenplay...

The crowd applauds.

DAVID

Give me a fuckin' break...

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM -- someone runs up David's staircase.

David mutes the TV... the show plays in silence on screen.

David stands and listens for any more footsteps... None.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David puts his ear to the front door. He can hear someone softly breathing... maybe crying...

He looks through the peephole: Nobody is there.

David opens the door to find...

EXT. STAIR CASE - NIGHT

The Homeless Woman sits on the top stoop crying.

DAVID
What the hell are you doing here?

The Homeless Woman stands and turns to him.

She fights to speak through her heavy, raspy Latin accent.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Please... you... have to listen...

David's face starts to sweat... it turns pale...

DAVID
Why are you following me... huh?!

He looks around, hoping nobody sees them on the stairs.

HOMELESS WOMAN
I have to... talk to you... por
favor...

She pushes past David, entering his apartment.

DAVID
What the fuck?!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She looks around the living room... it's too quiet...

HOMELESS WOMAN
Dios mío... It's not too late...

She turns to see:

David closes and locks the door...

DAVID
You're a witch...

HOMELESS WOMAN
No... por favor...

He slowly steps towards her...

DAVID
You trying to mess with me, aren't
ya?! You're trying to drive me
crazy.

HOMELESS WOMAN
David... please... calm down--

David's eyes are enraged at the sound of his name.

DAVID
What did you see?! Huh?!

His steps are menacing...

HOMELESS WOMAN
Nothing... listen... please!!!

DAVID
No! No more! I'm done listening!
I'm done taking shit from you!
From ALL of you!

He grabs the Homeless Woman! She SCREAMS!

HOMELESS WOMAN
No!!! Stop!!!!

DAVID
(Flowing tears)
I fucking hate you!

David struggles her to the ground.

He forces his hands under her veil... around her neck.

The Homeless Woman fights to breathe.

DAVID
I'm tired of the paranoia! Of the
judging! Of everyone!

She spits and coughs... unable to breathe... She tries to push David off of her, but, he is too strong... too imposing...

DAVID
I'm... just... so... Hungry!!

The Homeless Woman flails about as David chokes her... David screams, applying all of his pressure...

After a few moments... she stops... her arms slowly go limp...

David keeps choking her.

DAVID
Just, leave me alone... all of
you... leave me alone...

He finally stops and stands up... catches his breath...

David wipes the sweat from his brow...

Then, he starts to laugh... delirium kicks in.

He pours whiskey into his glass and plops down on his couch.

He scratches his fingers through his hair.

DAVID
I'm sure you're delicious...

David awkwardly chuckles away his accepted insanity when --

ON THE TV: A commotion. Cameras shake... People rush the stage.

David unmutes the audio.

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
... We repeat, Angelica Torres has
collapsed on stage...

David leans in closer, worried about what's going on...

ON TV: They show play back of Angelica standing, all smiles,
giving the award to the winner, then out of no where...

She gasps for air-- Other people try to help her, but, she
collapses to the ground!

DAVID
Oh my God...

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
We can confirm that Ms. Angelica
Torres has died at the age of 32.

The camera catches a glimpse of her face, deformed, gray, wide
eyes, and immediately in rigor mortis... Gruesomely dead...

David looks over his coffee table at the Homeless Woman...

He bends down and removes the thick veil...

He sees her face...

It's Angelica! Sickly, wrinkled, but, it's her....

The Homeless Woman had been his Angelica this entire time.

DAVID
Oh, God!!!

David scoots back away from the corpse as the sounds of
audience members on screen scream with terror.

David tears up... He hyperventilates...

DAVID
Wha.... What... How??!!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

David carries Angelica's corpse in his arms... He drops her in the tub... He rubs his hand across her peaceful face...

DAVID
I'm so... sorry...

He slowly closes the shower curtain... He turns off the light... He closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a pale blue as the moonlight peaks through the window blinds. David enters, still shaken from the night's events...

He tries to shake off the pain... Instead...

DAVID
Alright... Fine...

David stomps to the two mirrored closet doors and stands, confronting his reflection.

DAVID
Where are you, huh?

He looks all around the mirror, just seeing the reflection of the room around him.

DAVID
I'm standing right here! Come on!

He shoves the mirror, like he's picking a fight.

DAVID
You want me, huh?! What are you waiting for?!

He shoves the mirror again.

DAVID
I'll break this fucking thing!

David kicks at the mirror... slams his fist against it... actively tries to break the damn thing.

DAVID

Let's go! Get it over with!

But, he can't... it won't break... the glass barely scuffs.

David drops to his knees, still banging with his fists.

He starts to cry...

DAVID

Just kill me... please...

He leans his head against the mirrors...

DAVID

I'm so... tired...

Deep in the reflection, a shadow moves across the wall... A dark figure emerges from that shadow and steps forward...

In the moonlight it's clear... it's the Creature.

It stands behind David's kneeling reflection... It reaches down and grabs the reflection's head...

David's reflection goes limp and rises to its feet...

David, however, still kneels with his head against the glass.

After hearing a low, dark growl, David lifts his head and watches the creature absorb David's reflection!

DAVID

Holy shit!

David scoots back away from the mirrors as the dark creature morphs into David's reflection within the mirror.

The reflection stands, basking in shadow.

It pulls its clothes off of his own body, and screams as it grows in size.

David cowers in the room, watching the monstrosity before him.

The new reflection, still hard to see in the shadows of the night, stands, breathing, eyes glowing red...

DAVID

I take it back! Stay away!

It presses its hands against the glass of the mirror... It strains as it pushes...

Suddenly, its foot phases through the mirror...

David dives over the bed and runs down out the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

David stumbles into the hallway.

He looks back into the bedroom:

A hand phases through the mirror...

DAVID
Shit! Shit! Shit!

David runs into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He falls to the ground... he looks around for a blunt object...

The whiskey bottle!

He grabs it and braces against the couch, watching the hallway.

A perfect, naked, adonis of a man calmly steps out of the bedroom door, into the hallway, covered by darkness...

David's breathing heightens.

The Creature cracks his neck from side to side... it inspects its hands... rotates its shoulders...

Then, it turns and sees David... It exhales with joy.

David can't back away any further.

The Creature's naked feet step towards David.

David swings the whiskey bottle like a weapon!

DAVID
Come on, fucker... Come on!

The Creature quickly runs up to David and grabs his arm, stopping the bottle from hitting him.

He squeezes David's arm.

David screams in pain, dropping the bottle from his grip.

He's at the mercy of the shadowy figure.

The Creature leans down into David's face... It's demonic features morph into the shape of a human head...

David whimpers in fear...

The Creature smells, no, inhales the fear!

DAVID
Please... stop...

The Creature's face shifts and violently contorts...

David, completely freaked out, screams at the sight.

The Creature steps backward, covering his face with his hands... He spins around, moaning in what seems like pain...

Then it stops... It stands up in silhouette, his muscles gleaming in the glow of moonlight...

It runs its fingers through his newly grown perfect hair.

The Creature turns and leans down into David's face.

David scoots backward, keeping his distance...

The Creature reveals its face to David is... David's face.

DAVID
What?

David and this man have the exact same face. Except, the naked, adonis, demonic version looks a lot more attractive...

The DEMON DAVID smirks... He reaches out his hand --

David flinches...

The hand pats David on the head... like a pet...

It reaches past David and grabs a jacket from a chair.

Demon David stands, empowered, jacket in hand.

He looks around the room then turns away.

DAVID
Wait!...

Demon David turns back and looks down at David... literally and figuratively...

He smirks, and, walks down the hallway, then exits the apartment out of the kitchen.

The SLAM of the gate makes David flinch. The heavy footsteps descend the wooden staircase outside.

David catches his breath and sits alone in the dark...

Moments later... down the hallway... the light from the opened refrigerator door illuminates the kitchen...

It sounds like someone is rummaging through the fridge...

David tries to see who it is, but, can't at his angle.

The fridge door loudly closes.

Silence... darkness...

PHITZ --

A carbonated can opening echoes down the hall.

The silhouette of Jeremy struts into view, drinking a can of sparkling water... He cringes at the taste...

David watches in awe as Jeremy pushes open the bathroom door...

JEREMY

Angelica... the "Ex," huh?

David just sits, depleted of any energy...

Jeremy sits down on the floor next to David...

They don't look at each other, just sit in silence.

Jeremy keeps glancing over, expecting David to say something...

JEREMY

You know, I did give you exactly
what you asked for.

David glares at Jeremy...

DAVID

Can I please just die, now?

JEREMY

Oh, yeah, sure... be my guest...

Jeremy snaps his fingers and a NOOSE falls from the ceiling...

JEREMY

I love watching you guys try
this... I could save you a little
time, though.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

That won't work... you won't be
able to die by your own hand...
not intentionally, at least...

He sips from the sparkling water... cringes at the taste...

DAVID

Who are you?...

JEREMY

(Dumbfounded)

Really? I... I just snapped my
fingers and a noose fell out of
nowhere... A demon who looks like
you, better than you, walked out
of your apartment... Who do you
think I am?

David just stares off into the the darkness...

DAVID

Huh... figures...

JEREMY

I should be thanking you, David.
You made a lot of this possible...

DAVID

What'd I do, now?

JEREMY

Well, I'll tell ya, in a way, you
brought a lot, and I mean a lot,
of souls my way, just think, if
you weren't SUUUCHHH an asshole to
Angelica, that sweet, sweet woman,
who would have bent over backwards
for you, by the way, she wouldn't
have looked for the easiest way to
find her... "dreams..."

David looks away, disgusted...

JEREMY

Granted, a lot of people want fame
without working for it... but, you
broke her spirit, wow, way better
than I ever could. She basically
threw herself at me. And, then,
her demon encouraged a whole
generation of young, desperate
souls to come play in my back
yard...

David drops his head in his arms...

JEREMY

Which, was good while it lasted...

Jeremy pats David on the back...

JEREMY

But, that's even better news for you! You know how you wanted a job? Well, now you can work for me! Why buy the milk bottle when you can own the cow, am-I-rite?

DAVID

I don't want to work for you...

JEREMY

Ah, that's the thing... you really don't have a choice... Look, I've seen a lot of great manipulators in my day, like, a lot over time, you'd be surprised by some of the names, But, the way that you are able to casually talk someone into seeing you as such a helpless, pathetic man, to convince someone to have pity on you and be compassionate because you've had it so hard...

DAVID

It is hard!

JEREMY

Aha! See? Right there! Oh-friggen-woe is me... You think you're the only one with mommy and daddy issues? Look who you're talkin to... I was kicked out because my dad didn't like being questioned... Talk about ego...

David looks at Jeremy as he takes a big swig of his gross sparkling water...

JEREMY

(Raises the can to the sky)

Screw you, Dad...

David's eyes try to cry, but he has nothing left...

DAVID

I didn't ask for this...

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was building a life... with my dog... it wasn't perfect, but, it was mine... it was, something...

Jeremy cranes his head over... he grins... he pulls David in for a side hug...

JEREMY

Me too, buddy... Just making the best out of the life we have... finding a new family, wherever we can get them... Come on, stand up.

He lifts David to his feet and knocks dust from David's shirt.

JEREMY

Now, since you impress me so much, I'm gonna treat you a little different. You already gave me so much to work with, why shouldn't I give back a little, right?

DAVID

I don't want--

JEREMY

Shut up. Normally, my, uh, "vessels" live on the street... homeless, or whatever. But, I'm gonna give you the one thing you actually wanted... I'm gonna let you keep this crummy little apartment. I'll take care of the rent, don't worry about it, no need for a thank you, and all I want in return is that you--
(Aggressively pokes David)
Stay-the-fuck-away-from-your-demon... You hear me?

David is too depleted to fight back...

DAVID

Yeah, I hear ya...

JEREMY

I mean it. And, hey, since you're a good sport, I'll even give you back your golden taste buds. No more eating dead bodies, how 'bout that? You can go still be that cook-thing like you went to school for... See? I'm not such a bad guy, am I?

David nods his head, then stumbles over to the couch...

Jeremy looks around...

JEREMY

Alright, well, I'm gonna get out
of your hair. Gotta meet some guy
in Texas about some political...
thing...

(raises can)

You mind if I grab another one of
these for the ride?

DAVID

Sure...

JEREMY

Thanks, buddy. I'll be seein' ya!

Jeremy whistles as he walks down the hallway. We hear him open
the fridge, rustle through its contents, then closes it.

David just lays on the couch, despondent, as the gate loudly
SLAMS... David doesn't flinch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

In the distance, a man walks down the sidewalk...

The man walks with heavy feet... a lot of weight on his
shoulders...

He has long, scraggly hair under a dirty baseball cap... He
carries a heavy, dusty backpack on his back...

Cars pass, some throw trash at him.

He isn't phased, he just walks.

He approaches a bus stop... a familiar bus stop...

He waits for the green light, then crosses the street to...

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The haggard man rounds the corner and trudges up the staircase.

He pulls out a set of keys.

This man is in fact David, entering his apartment.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Someone carries a plate of amazing assorted meats across a perfect, picturesque yard, then sets it down at a BBQ cooker.

The man turns around and we see: It's the perfect, adonis version of David; the DEMON DAVID.

A perfect smile under a pair of rad sunglasses. Muscles fill out a fun t-shirt. A confident stance.

He cups his hand over his mouth to project:

DEMON DAVID
Meat's goin on, now! Last chance
for the pool before dinner!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David, moving slow and deliberate, unpacks fresh fruit, vegetables, and meats from his dusty, old backpack.

He opens the fridge and loads it with amazing food.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A group of attractive friends exit a nice house... all in bathing suits... All excited for the BBQ cookout...

A couple "bros" carry a plastic tub full of beer and ice.

A group of bikini-clad women laugh and chat...

One of which breaks away from the group and walks over to Demon David. She kisses him on the cheek.

It's Tanya, we know her.

TANYA
Mmmm... smells amazing, babe...

DEMON DAVID
Just wait till you taste it...

She smiles and does a playful biting gesture back at him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David places a cutting board on the small table...

At the sink, he washes some carrots and onions in a bowl, then moves them over to the table...

He reaches for a knife block and pulls out his Chef's Knife...
The gleam of the blade cuts to...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Demon David pulls out a large knife and cuts into some chicken
as he seasons it with a home-made seasoning mix.

BRO FRIEND
Oh, come on, sell it like you do
on TV, man!

DEMON DAVID
Oh, you wanna see the Thompson
Flair in action?

The group of friends all scream "Yeah!!!"

Demon David does a fancy move while he seasons the chicken...

The friends all cheer. It's pretty cheesy but, they seem to
like it...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David, delicately slices into an onion...

It's perfect, textbook, passionate food preparation.

He then seasons a small steak.

David smells the seasoning over the steak...

DAVID
Mmmmmmm...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Tanya hands Demon David a beer.

She hovers around him as he cooks the meat...

TANYA
I've been thinking--

DEMON DAVID
Dangerous...

She playfully slaps his well-toned shoulder.

TANYA
Stop it...

They both laugh...

DEMON DAVID
OK, what is it?

TANYA
Is this house big enough for a
family?

Demon David puts down his tongs and looks at her...

DEMON DAVID
Are you serious?

She nods her head yes with a big smile...

DEMON DAVID
Do they know?

TANYA
Not yet...

DEMON DAVID
(yells)
I'm gonna be a dad!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David wipes a skillet dry with a kitchen rag and places it on the stove top. He turns one of the gas gages to "Ignite."

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK...

It doesn't ignite...

He bends down to see what's the problem... He watches for the fire to spark...

RACK FOCUS to the stove top... Covered in thick grease...

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK --

David smiles as the flame ignites --

WOOSH!!

The grease catches fire --

A HUGE FIREBALL blasts through the small kitchen, engulfing David completely in flames...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The group of friends toast their beer to Demon David and hug/kiss Tanya...

Tanya turns back to Demon David and smiles, the happiest of smiles...

He leans over and kisses her on the forehead...

She flinches...

TANYA
Are you OK?

DEMON DAVID
Perfect, why?

She feels his skin with her hand...

TANYA
David, you're burning up!

Demon David steps back and feels his skin --

It's hot -- It's turning red --

TANYA
What's happening to you?

DEMON DAVID
I don't know!

Demon David screams in pain...

Out of no where, he BURSTS in flames, spontaneously combusts in front of everyone...

Tanya screams at the top of her lungs!

Demon David howls in pain...

The "bros" fill the tub with pool water and dump it on Demon David... it has no effect...

He bursts into EVEN MORE FLAMES!

BRO FRIEND
Call 911, quick!

TANYA
Oh my God! Help him!

It's total anarchy as Demon David burns alive in front of all the guests... well, almost all the guests...

Off in the yard, alone on a lawn chair sits a man with a sunbathing reflection visor covering his face.

He wears a nice buttoned-up shirt with the top button and tie loosened under his worn-in blazer.

Spitting image of a used-car salesman... a bad one.

He lowers the visor to reveal Jeremy wearing sunglasses.

As he sits up, Demon David's body flailing around in flames reflect in the sunglass lenses.

With a scowl, Jeremy removes the sunglasses and pulls a sparkling water can into view.

He takes a big swig... Cringes...

JEREMY

Fuck....

CUT TO BLACK.