

The Ball  
by  
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Second Draft  
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Catallus 16

FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ALLEY STREET - NIGHT

Dilapidated and filthy. Low rent buildings holding together only by the colorful street tags.

Bus ROARS away (o.s.)

Alone on the corner is CEREZA VEAL, late 20s, immaculate, timid, it is clearly apparent she stands out among the local population of Streetwalkers and Boozers wearing her Christian school uniform and a nervous tick.

She doodles a note on her phone, then aggressively crosses it out. Puts it away.

With a nervous TAP, her e-cigarette slips from its package. She fondles it like a stress ball.

Car horn BELLOWS (o.s.)

CAT CALLER (O.S.)

Hey, Sugar baby. Wanna hit the Cloud  
Nine?

Cereza storms off, bumping and pushing her way through the crowd. Many glare or mutter obscenities at her, but she does not stop.

Out of breath, she pauses in front of an open, dark alley between two buildings. She nervously lights her e-cigarette. She takes a long, soothing huff. GIGGLES.

A fiery piece of ash floats past her gaze. She watches more float angelically around her. One lands on her right palm, burning it.

Her e-cigarette shatters on the asphalt. Flustered, she collects the broken remains. Holds them in her hand.

CEREZA VEAL

Damn it.

Suddenly, A pair of demonic hands snatch Cereza from behind. More and more soon appear, pulling her SCREAMING into the murky alley darkness.

Several Streetwalkers and Boozers, attracted by the noise, scramble to the scene. Many paw around for any trace of a body while others stand around and gawk. One reaches into the alley and pulls a handful of ash and a watch.

Demonic ROAR (o.s.)

A pair of fire breathing, metallic skeleton reindeer leap from the darkness pulling a spiked black and gold sleigh.

The terrified crowd scatter as...

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

We see the "Back Alley Street" is a large, renovated burlesque stage. A Saxophonist and Guitarist in Emo costumes belt out wild, pulse-pounding Techno-pop from a small alcove above. The "Streetwalkers" and "Boozers" are burlesque DANCERS.

Both the reindeer and sleigh SQUEAK and RATTLE across the stage as its "demon" driver, EVA POWERS, 30s, impulsive, theatrical, steers and cracks her serpentine whip. She ROARS with utter delight.

Her two "succubi servants" hold Cereza prisoner. The taller one, CHRISTINE LAVENDER, 30s, artistic, animated face, holds Cereza tight. The smaller one, JADE, 30s, egotistical, eye candy, slips and lands face down on the stage.

The sleigh halts briefly. Sparkling neon lights flash its moniker, "The Sleigh of Pain".

Cereza twists and turns freeing herself and escapes. She steps on Jade while running.

JADE

Hey.

CEREZA VEAL

(whispers)

Sorry.

Christine tugs Eva to turn the sleigh around. Eva tries but her horns slip off and jam the brake. Both jump off as the sleigh crashes into one of the buildings.

The Dancers split off. Some distract. Others push the sleigh off stage.

INT. PUBLIC AREA

Half moon tiered shaped, upholstered in red shag, littered with single leg table seating.

Watching the performance are MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK, 60s, arrogant, imposing, and BILLY HART, 50s, doting, frugal. Billy smirks and chuckles, rocking to the beat. Mitch is more deadpan, studying the performers like a hawk watching its prey.

## INT. DANCE FLOOR

With a loud CRACK of her whip, Eva snares Cereza by the waist pulling the hapless girl toward her. Cereza struggles until Eva passionately kisses her.

As if in a trance, Cereza stands motionless. Christine, Jade, among several Dancers rub their hands over Cereza's body. With a yank and a tear, the Christian uniform peels off into an erotic succubus outfit.

Christine unravels the whip off Cereza. She seductively caresses the Cereza's cheek with hers. Once. Twice. Her lips plant a long, loving kiss on Cereza.

A long, deep GASP, and Cereza awakens from her trance. She and Christine lock eyes and hold hands. Another loud CRACK from Eva's whip (o.s.), and the pair gyrate. Slow, sensuous, they move as one body in motion.

## INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dull painted with loose, ratty curtains and equipment.

A hairy sweaty hand slides up a gold stripper pole. It fondles a name etched on the top "Pamela".

MONKEY, 50s, towering man of muscle, moans while polishing the pole. He hugs the rod close to his chest. His body squirms.

## INT. DANCE FLOOR

Another CRACK (o.s.) Cereza and Jade face off. The pair gyrate until the spotlight hits Jade. Forceful. Direct. She bumps Cereza to the sidelines. She is a hard core sweaty sensation of pelvic thrusts, twirking, and undulation.

## INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Heavy on the neon lights and upholstered wood.

BUBBA TED, 40s, chiseled, narcissist, pelvic thrusts back and forth wiping down the wet bar counter. He tosses the wet rag across his shoulders.

He gives a quick butt squeeze and a YELP.

## INT. DANCE FLOOR

Christine and Eva pull Cereza back in the spotlight. Along with Jade, the trio dance as an orgy quartet. Cereza takes center stage. Each pairing a different dance of seduction.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cramped and dingy with one stall and sink.

SLICK, 60s, submissive, sleaze, blows a condom like a balloon in front of the mirror. POP. His glasses shake. A childlike smile creeps. He nods and CHUCKLES.

INT. PUBLIC AREA

Mitch bites his lip while tugging his jheri curl hair.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
(furious)  
Stop!

He pushes Billy aside. He marches toward...

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Mitch storms the stage. All performers freeze in their tracks except Jade, who starts smoking.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Bloody Twats, how many times do I  
have to say this: S-E-X. You're  
selling Sex, not Slapstick.

Billy walks on stage.

BILLY HART  
Give 'em some credit, Mitch. Frankly,  
our audience couldn't care less  
watching cheap swagger.

Mitch grunts at Billy.

Cereza collapses. Christine rushes to her aid. Mitch pushes her away.

CEREZA VEAL  
(mutters) Sorry, Mister Babcock.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Sorry.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Can't any of you grasp you are whores?  
Is that too much too ask!

JADE  
No problems there, Big C.

Mitch waves off Jade.

BILLY HART

We're pushing our luck as it is. We barely have results, and yelling at our dancers won't help.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Billy, Billy, Billy...

He grabs Billy's shoulders.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)

I know you've been out of the game for a while, but even you understand. Some dancers have certain "factors" that makes you want more, and most don't.

He eyeballs the performers.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)

And these girls practically reek bottom of the barrel.

Billy scoffs.

BILLY HART

Everybody, take five.

All performers head offstage. Christine sees Cereza limping and helps her walk.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Oh, Cereza.

Cereza faces Mitch.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)

Don't expect to be here much longer. You're an atrocious wreck.

Cereza sulks. Christine nudges her to walk away.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Eva stomps past curtains and wardrobe while picking flakes off her whip.

EVA POWERS

When I catch the son of a bitch that messed with my sleigh I'm gonna make his ass into my hood ornament.

CLICK (o.s.)

She passes by Slick hunched over a work table GROANING. Piles of multicolored condom wrappers lie strewn about.

SLICK

Relax, Eva the Conqueror. Princess of Pain. Don't want to make some losers' wet dream come true.

He whips out his trusty bone dragon shaped mini stapler and inserts an open condom package into its mouth. CLICK.

Eva wraps her arms around Slick. The pair tongue wrestle.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Mitch paces back and forth. Billy tries and fails to get her lighter to light her cigarette.

BILLY HART

I don't see how all this is helping matters.

She stuffs her lighter back in her jacket.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

All right.

He stops pacing.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)

See it like this: I'm a patron coming here for the first time, and I expect to leave with a wang chung boner the likes I've never felt. Ever.

He stretches his arms out to infinity and beyond.

Billy smirks. She tries, and fails, to hide it.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)

Now we open in a week. We want these girls to pack this house, not make the yokels diss us on Social Media.

BILLY HART

We're not going to get another Angelique.

Mitch pats Billy's shoulders.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Maybe. Now be a good assistant and get Monkey to fetch Jade for me. I need her onstage.

Billy jerks away from Mitch and storms away mumbling obscenities.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Cereza limps toward the dressing room with Christine's aid.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
How's your foot?

CEREZA VEAL  
Just need my ice pack Christine.

She helps Cereza down a short stairwell. Cereza WHIMPERS with each step, almost screaming at the last.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
You need more than an ice pack. You need a doctor.

She helps Cereza sit.

CEREZA VEAL  
I just need to take the weight off for a little bit.

Christine clutches Cereza's foot. Cereza winces, biting her lip to avoid screaming.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Honey, you can't push yourself like this.

CEREZA VEAL  
Like I have a choice.

Christine holds Cereza's hand. Cereza smiles.

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE

A time capsule of drugs and The Eighties memorabilia.

CLINK. A gold coin flips. A decrepit hand snatches it mid-air.

Billy storms inside.

BILLY HART  
Sanctimonious piece of shit!

She stops dead in her tracks.

ROB THE REP, 70s, stern, snarky, sits behind Mitch's desk. One hand caresses several erotica playing cards while the other strokes his long, black cane.

ROB THE REP  
Hello, Sweetheart. How's tricks?

BILLY HART  
Uh, pretty good, I guess.

Rob SLAMS his cane on the desk.

ROB THE REP  
It was a rhetorical question. I  
couldn't care less about you.

He stands.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)  
But I do care about the money I'm  
owed.

Billy tenses.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Christine searches maps on her phone. Cereza sits mesmerized.

Monkey runs by YELLING for Jade (o.s.)

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I found a place, and it's close.

CEREZA VEAL  
Mmm? What?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I found a place. We'll just need to  
borrow a ride.

CEREZA VEAL  
I don't know about this.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Cereza, you don't need to lose your  
foot over a job. Come on.

She helps Cereza stand.

INT. PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM

Lavishly decorated, yet all damaged or broken beyond repair.

Eighties Rock SCREECHES at high volume on the radio.

Sacatripe knife in hand, Jade cuts and sorts cocaine on a  
mirror.

One toot. Two toots. She licks the last line, then stretches out on the couch with her phone.

JADE

I want to speak to Kevin. Fuck you, you can't tell me "I can't". I've done more for him than your ass ever did.

She stabs sacatripe into the armrest.

JADE (CONT'D)

I promise you won't be the only one packing.

A timid KNOCK on the door.

MONKEY (O.S.)

You're needed on stage Jade.

JADE

Fuck off! Doesn't he know I'm busy?!

Jade grabs the radio and hurls it at the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Worn red carpeting and flickering lights.

CRASH. The door violently SHAKES.

Monkey jolts back.

Jade WHIMPERS and SOBS (o.s.)

MONKEY

Okay, I'll tell him you're busy.  
(mutters)  
Stuck up bitch.

Monkey storms off. Christine bumps into him.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Hey, Monkey. Can I borrow your jeep for a few minutes?

MONKEY

Don't you have a bike?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

My bike only fits one and I need to help Cereza. It's a personal matter.

MONKEY

I don't know.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I'll buy you that special polish  
Pamela loves.

A euphoric smile creeps across Monkey's face.

MONKEY  
Mmm. She's a stern mistress, Pamela.  
She loves to look her best.

He hands Christine his keys. She kisses his cheek.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Mitch choreographs a pair of Dancers on a swing.

Billy escorts Rob onstage.

BILLY HART  
You remember Rob, the Money Man?

Mitch grumbles. He shakes Rob's hand.

ROB THE REP  
With all your cash burning I'm sure  
we'll stay very close friends.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Yeah, about that...

Mitch waves the Dancers away.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
I'm sure a man of your wise esteem  
would be willing to let us have  
another week. Funds are a little  
dry.

ROB THE REP  
I could, but then if I were to let  
you off the "proverbial hook" as it  
were, then that would tell other  
deadbeats they can do the same.

His smile fades into a sinister sneer.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)  
And we can't have that now.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Of course not. I'm sure I can take  
up a collection from the crew. They  
won't mind.

Rob nods. His beady eyes catch a glimpse of Cereza limping toward the bar. A lecherous smile stretches across his face. He savors every line and curve.

ROB THE REP

I'm sure they won't mind at all.

He fluffs his handkerchief and wipes his lips.

INT. BAR

Bubba Ted samples the various beers on tap, marking on a list next to him which to water down.

At the far end of the bar counter sits a STRANGER IN CASSOCK hunched over with a tray of peanuts. His head barely visible despite his hat.

Cereza limps past Bubba Ted.

BUBBA TED

Sup, Angel. Want something cold and frothy to go with that limp?

CEREZA VEAL

(sits)

No, thank you.

BUBBA TED

Then how about a dude with the best jawline in the state?

CEREZA VEAL

(smirks)

Beer's fine, though I might take you up on that jawline later.

Bubba Ted WHISTLES. He slides her a frothy tall glass.

BUBBA TED

Go easy. This batch is a long, hard swallow, like Yours Truly.

Cereza LAUGHS. She takes a long gulp, COUGHS.

BUBBA TED (CONT'D)

Told ya.

Cereza sits back. While nursing her drink, she glances over at Stranger in Cassock cracking peanut shells. His face is well hidden except an outline of his mouth and chin when he munches on peanuts. It is not normal chewing. His tongue elongates and wraps around each nut before putting it into his mouth, like some perverted act of savoring the flavor.

But it is his MUMBLING of scripture that brings it to a new level of disturbing.

WHACK! A black cane slams the counter near Cereza, startling her.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 Monkey gave me his keys and this.  
 Ready?

Cereza nods. Christine helps her walk to the main door.

Bubba Ted stands mesmerized.

BUBBA TED  
 Mmmhmmm.

SMACK! A peanut shell hits his cheek. He glares at Stranger in Cassock, then goes back to work.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lone red Jeep barrels along the long stretch of road.

CEREZA VEAL (O.S.)  
 How far's the hospital?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (O.S.)  
 Not far.

INT. JEEP

A covered model, well worn with various monster figures glued to the dashboard.

Christine is at the wheel. Cereza stares out into space.

CEREZA VEAL  
 What's the deal with Mitch?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 Apart from advertising he's a "Big  
 C" when he's really a shriveled nut?

Cereza LAUGHS.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
 He's always like that. Thinks it'll  
 make us pine for him. Just let him  
 think it.

CEREZA VEAL  
 I get this feeling I'm gonna lose  
 this job. If my Mom ever found out  
 where I'm getting my money.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Don't think like that, Cereza.

She turns on some music.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
With Billy watching over us, we'll  
be fine. Besides, nothing to be  
ashamed with our jobs.

She smiles the most delicious smile at Cereza.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Mitch poses Jade for the next performance. She is more  
interested in fondling him, from his chest, to his manhood  
and ass.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
(whispers)  
Not here.

Mitch SMACKS her hand.

JADE  
But Kitty needs her booster. And  
you need your medicine.

Jade playfully and seductively dangles a small baggy of blue  
pills around her lips and tongue.

FOOTSTEPS (o.s.)

Mitch spots Billy approach. He snatches the baggy from Jade,  
stuffs it under his shirt.

BILLY HART  
Rob's been pacified but he still  
wants to talk with you.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Let him watch Monkey get jiggy with  
the stripper poles. Where's Eva?  
We need to run through the Orgy Scene.

Jade COUGHS and points over to the Sleigh of Pain.

Mitch and Billy head for the Sleigh finding Eva and Slick  
making out.

Mitch CLEARS his throat, startling the couple.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
I hope you're just testing your  
product Slick. Or do you need more  
time?

SLICK  
Uh, n-no, Sir. Yes, sir.

Slick skedaddles offstage.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
And get Cereza. I need her onstage.

SLICK (O.S.)  
Yes, sir!

Eva saunters past Mitch and Billy toward a smirking Jade.

EVA POWERS  
Fuck you, bitch.

JADE  
Takes one to know one.

Thunder BOOMS (o.s.)

INT. CHURCH HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Poorly lit and heavy on religious iconography.

Two Attendees wheel a strapped and gagged Patient down a  
shadowy, claustrophobic corridor toward...

INT. CHURCH HOSPITAL - RECEPTION

The Attendees pass a disturbed RECEPTIONIST standing next to  
a giant snake terrarium. She gleefully feeds mice to a large  
black snake inside. She stares intensely at its eats singing  
it hymns.

EXT. CHURCH HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Deserted with little light or life.

Lightning flash (o.s.)

Christine pulls the jeep up to the door.

CEREZA VEAL (O.S.)  
This is a hospital? I don't know.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (O.S.)  
It's this or drive twenty miles to  
the next. Come on.

Thunder BOOMS!

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE

Mitch paces with great vengeance and barely contained anger in front of Monkey and Bubba Ted.

Rob stretches his legs on Mitch's desk.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Explain to me why two of our dancers  
 are not here, and why you two let  
 them leave.

MONKEY  
 Christine said the  
 poor girl was injured.

BUBBA TED  
 I was working the bar like  
 you told me to.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Shut up. Worthless, both of you.

Rob smirks.

ROB THE REP  
 Problems, Big C?

Mitch grimaces.

INT. CHURCH HOSPITAL - RECEPTION

Cereza sits near the snake terrarium. Her eyes mesmerized watching the snake.

Christine shouts with the Receptionist.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 My friend needs help. She has an  
 injured foot.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Neither of you have insurance. No  
 insurance, no aid.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 This is a church hospital. Shouldn't  
 you be like charitable to the poor  
 and needy? "Love thy neighbor" and  
 shit.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Not to whores.

Cereza limps over to Christine.

CEREZA VEAL  
C'mon, Christine.

Christine flips off Receptionist. Cereza tugs at her arm.

CEREZA VEAL (CONT'D)  
Let's just go.

Door CREEKS (o.s.)

A DOCTOR passes between Receptionist and Christine.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Excuse me, Doctor. My friend needs help.

RECEPTIONIST  
Just ignore them.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Please. She's injured.

DOCTOR  
It's okay. Let's see what we can do.

Doctor motions Christine and Cereza to follow him.

Receptionist grumbles. She goes back to feeding the snake.

INT. EXAM ROOM

Doctor rubs a salve on Cereza's foot. Christine sits next to her on the exam table.

DOCTOR  
Looks to be a pulled tendon. Keep it wrapped and don't do anything too strenuous.

CEREZA VEAL  
Thank you.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Your Receptionist always a bitch?

DOCTOR  
She just started the Night Shift. Big fan as you saw.

He bandages Cereza's foot.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
So how did you hurt yourself?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Over at Catallus Sixteen. We're  
part of an "intellectual" show there.

CEREZA VEAL  
One Pirouette too many I guess.

DOCTOR  
Heard that place was opening up.  
You'd think they tear it down the  
way it gets demonized.

CEREZA VEAL  
What do you mean?

DOCTOR  
Suppposedly, one of our staff had a  
thing with one of the girls. Angel  
made flesh, he'd say. No man or  
woman could resist, supposedly.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Wouldn't be the first time.

DOCTOR  
How it goes another had eyes for  
her, and when she refused him, poor  
girl and her lover were found hacked  
to pieces in her dressing room.

CEREZA VEAL  
Oh, god.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Ugh.

DOCTOR  
Strangest thing, her face was peeled  
off with some mask glued in its place,  
supposedly.

CEREZA VEAL  
I'm going to be sick.

Cereza caresses her stomach. Doctor hands her a trash can.  
She waves it away.

DOCTOR  
Places like that have a rich tapestry  
about them. Best to know what you're  
getting into.

Doctor leaves.

Christine helps Cereza stand.

Cereza embraces Christine...kisses her. Surprised, Christine  
does not pull away. Both slip into each other's arms.

But it does not last as Christine suddenly pulls away.

CEREZA VEAL

I-I'm sorry. I just thought...

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

No, it's not that. Don't get me wrong. I don't mix business with pleasure. Always goes bad for me.

Cereza pouts. Christine tugs on her hand.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Doesn't mean we can't be friends. Watch each other's backs, and see how things go from there.

Cereza perks up.

CEREZA VEAL

I'd like that, Christine.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

It's Jennifer. Jen if you'd like.

Cereza smiles beautifully.

CEREZA VEAL

Marie.

INT. JEEP - LATER

Cereza stares at the Church Hospital until it is no longer in sight.

Christine fools with the radio. She notices Cereza rubbing her foot.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Still hurts?

CEREZA VEAL

Just glad to be out of there. Always feel off with doctors.

Christine nods.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

I feel you. Never liked going myself. Part of the reason I rebelled early. Were you the same?

No response.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Marie?

CEREZA VEAL

You think any what that Doctor said  
is true?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

I really don't want to think about  
it. Let's hope it's Jade's room.

Both LAUGH.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT

Christine pulls up at the rear entrance.

CEREZA VEAL

I need to get something from my  
locker.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Okay. I'll meet you onstage.

Christine hurries inside.

Cereza steps out.

TING! Her keys bounce off the asphalt. Her foot knocks them  
under the Jeep.

CEREZA VEAL

Damn it.

She crawls under the Jeep feeling around the ground muttering.  
Her hands touch and weave until finding her keys next to the  
rear tires.

FOOTSTEPS. Someone approaches Cereza, but she is unaware  
until she turns and faces the person.

CEREZA VEAL

Oh, it's you.

She smiles beautifully.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Christine's feet pound the concrete floor hard, stumbling  
once or twice. She spots Slick slacking off at the workbench  
with some reefer and a book.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Has he been looking for us?

SLICK  
He's been calling you and "Miss  
Virgin" every name in the book.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
(whispers)  
Shit.

She quickens her pace.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

The Dance Floor is set up to be a virtuous sorority sleepover.

Eva stands atop a pile of "corrupt" Dancers dressed in school uniforms performing various erotica on each other. Her whip twirls and slithers around her body. Her face beguiles her entranced to SCREAM and MOAN in ecstasy.

FWOOSH! Jade fire dances around the group, twirling a fiery baton across her sweat glistened body.

INT. PUBLIC AREA

Billy SNORES through the performance.

Christine rushes towards her.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Billy.

BILLY HART  
(jolts up)  
It's all good.  
(faces Christine)  
Where the hell have you been?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I'm sorry, I --

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (O.S.)  
Everybody stop!

A smirking Mitch emerges from behind the Dancers.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
We have a visitor.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I was helping Cereza. She's injured.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Ah, our Good Samaritan.

His smirk fades to brooding.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
I'm glad to know you believe you're  
above the rules.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I was helping my friend.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Well, then you should continue helping  
her until she gets better. And while  
you're at it, go ahead and clean out  
your dressing room.

He dismisses her.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
Jade will be taking over your role.

Jade blows a kiss to Christine.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
And tell Miss Limp to bring her ass  
here.  
(to Dancers)  
Back to work!

The Dancers reluctantly perform.

Christine glares at Mitch. Her fingernails dig into her palms.  
Billy consoles her.

BILLY HART  
I --

Christine stomps off.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - REAR PARKING LOT

Bubba Ted offloads several beer kegs next to his truck.

BUBBA TED  
God bless the absent minded Manager.

He glances back at the rear door where two more kegs lie  
waiting. He wheels the cart back to his prize and starts  
securing them for transport.

One after the other, he hefts the empty kegs onto the truck  
bed. The last one suddenly catches his attention as he hears  
something slosh inside.

BUBBA TED  
Today is a blessed day.

He opens the driver door and peers around the floor pads. A screwdriver lies waiting.

With a quick jab, Bubba Ted jams the screwdriver into the keg's pressure valve. Suddenly, its frothy contents spew over the bed cascading onto the parking lot.

BUBBA TED

Shit.

Bubba Ted runs back to the driver side. He grabs a plastic cup from the holder.

He rushes back to what remains of the beer waterfall.

BUBBA TED

C'mon baby. Don't run empty on me.

A STALKER in black darts alongside the truck. Bubba Ted does not notice, until...

Shrill SCREAM (o.s.)

Bubba Ted jolts up, dropping his cup. He grabs for the mahogany bat inside the truck bed.

He peeks inside the truck for anything off, then checks around his ride. Everything is good until he reaches the passenger door. Stops upon seeing a scratch on the passenger door.

INSERT - key scratched quote that says:

"Wang chung boner"

BACK TO BUBBA TED

Bubba Ted grinds his teeth. Both hands grip the bat.

BUBBA TED

Alright, come on out! I promise  
I'll only break a finger, or seven.

Something glimmers in the passenger mirror. As Bubba Ted turns...

A knife flashes over Bubba Ted's head in a blur. SHANK!

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - REAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Christine SLAMS the back door. What little possessions she has she throws on the ground.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Fucking asshole prick. Who does he  
think --

Low GROWN (o.s.)

Christine spots movement. She runs to...

EXT. BUBBA TED'S TRUCK

Christine sees someone unconscious. It is Bubba Ted. He has a black eye and a cut lip, but is otherwise fine.

Nearby lies his bat with a knife pierced through it.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Bubba? Who did this?

She pats Bubba Ted's face.

BUBBA TED

(groggy)

Watch the jawline.

Christine helps Bubba Ted stand. His breathing suddenly changes to deep, panic breaths. He goes limp. She tries to move him until she spots the source of Bubba's terror.

A female body lies upside down displayed over Monkey's jeep. Her face and hands are peeled almost to the bone. Blood trickles into a viscous puddle of meat and engine oil. Her throat slashed from ear to ear. The skin on her back is flayed and stretched to resemble angel wings.

From her clothes, Christine recognizes immediately it is Cereza.

She and Bubba Ted SCREAM.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Billy and Mitch scream at one another. Rob watches with utter delight.

The remaining Dancers either sit or lie passed out on stage except Jade who snorts cocaine next to one of the stripper poles.

BILLY HART

We don't have time to train someone new for Christine's role, and I don't trust "Snow Sucker" over there to keep up.

JADE (O.S.)

Hey.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 At least she's good at entertaining  
 the audience, which is more than I  
 can say about your picks.

Billy SUCKER PUNCHES Mitch across the face. He falls flat on  
 the ground.

Rob smirks. He wipes spittle off his lips.

Christine and Bubba Ted BURST onto the stage.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER	BUBBA TED
It's Cereza!	Call the police!

Everyone rushes off the stage.

INT. BAR - LATER

Police and Ambulance SIRENS (o.s.)

Two cops, DOUG and TODD, 60s, question everyone present.  
 TODD is the taller, more imposing of the pair and having a  
 hard time believing no one saw anything. DOUG is more the  
 likable friend one shares all their secrets.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK	MONKEY
No. The cameras aren't working yet. We've been having issues with the wi-fi.	As far as I know, she didn't have any enemies.

BILLY HART	EVA POWERS
Part of our list of "Things to do" at the moment.	I've just known her for a couple weeks. Mostly kept to herself.

TODD	DOUG
Hmm. A little convenient.	I see.

Mitch grabs Todd's shoulder.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 We have witnesses that'll vouch where  
 we've been.

TODD  
 Right now, you're not a suspect.

Christine sits huddled next to the jukebox rocking back and  
 forth. Jade sits next to her.

JADE

She didn't deserve that.

She hands Christine a small baggy of cocaine.

JADE (CONT'D)

It helps. Trust me.

Bubba Ted nurses some coffee by the bar counter. He does all he can to avoid looking at anyone except Christine.

DOUG (O.S.)

Mister, Ted, is it?

BUBBA TED

Bubba Ted. Bubba's fine.

DOUG

Were you able to get a good look at the perp?

BUBBA TED

Naw. But he knows he's been in a fight.

Doug eyeballs the counter. Some peanut shells clumped at the corner catch his eye.

DOUG

Your Boss said this place isn't open for business yet. Looks like you've been serving someone.

BUBBA TED

Just some preacher whose car broke down. Disappeared afterwards. Assumed he called for a ride.

Todd walks Mitch away from the others.

TODD

We'll keep a patrol car here, just in case. In the meantime, keep everything locked and have your people leave. No need to put more in jeopardy.

Mitch nods.

Doug walks over to Todd. The pair whisper as they leave.

Billy approaches Mitch.

BILLY HART

We should call it a night.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Yeah...Wait. Have Eva, Jade, Slick,  
 Monkey, Bubba Ted, and Christine  
 stay. I'll explain shortly.

He brushes Billy aside and rushes off.

Rob texts on his phone. Mitch approaches.

ROB THE REP  
 Damn shame. So much for opening in  
 a week.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Not necessarily.

He pushes Rob's phone aside.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
 People love the morbid, and what  
 better way to draw crowds than with  
 a real life murder.

Rob LAUGHS as he brushes Mitch away.

ROB THE REP  
 I knew the "Big C" stood for "Big  
 Con".

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Three days and a little more money,  
 and I guarantee you'll be seeing  
 triple in returns.

ROB THE REP  
 What's your game plan?

Mitch escorts Rob away.

INT. PUBLIC AREA

Confused and tense, Eva, Slick, Jade, Bubba Ted, Monkey, and  
 Christine banter with one another and Billy while the remaining  
 Dancers leave. Billy does her best to calm everyone, but  
 even she is anxious.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (O.S.)  
 Everyone.

Mitch takes center stage of the group.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
 I know with all that's happened,  
 most, if not all of you, are wanting  
 to leave.

EVA POWERS  
No shit.

SLICK  
What she said.

BILLY HART  
We should close shop for the night.  
Start fresh tomorrow.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
We could do that. Crawl into some  
dingy motel. Shack up and pretend  
things'll get better. Or we push on  
and get ourselves ready for our grand  
opening.

The group lights up with choice words at Mitch. No one  
approves.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
You've all come here for different  
reasons, but you all need the work  
as much as you need to eat. Together,  
we can do this.

He gazes at Christine.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
Christine, I need you to play the  
main lead.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I'm leaving.

Christine heads for the door. Everyone except Jade follows  
her.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
You're willing to forfeit double  
pay?

Everyone stops.

Jade coughs until gasping for air.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
Rob's agreed to generously donate  
more to our cause. Leave now, and  
good luck finding work.

The gang slowly return to their seats, except Billy.

BILLY HART  
Whose crazy enough to want to go  
where a murder took place?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 For the very same reason a murder  
 took place. Their curiosity will  
 demand it.

BILLY HART  
 You're crazy.

SLICK  
 What about protection?

Mitch points toward Monkey and Bubba.

MONKEY  
 Excuse me?

BUBBA TED  
 Hell, no.

JADE  
 Come on guys.

Jade SLAPS both Monkey and Bubba Ted's backs.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 You both reek of intimidation and  
 raw, manly power. Our killer would  
 be insane to pick a fight with either  
 of you.

Both men smile. Bubba Ted's pecs flex with wild undulation.  
 Monkey's big biceps bulge on queue.

Christine sulks in her chair staring into space.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 I must be crazy.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Ladies, Billy will instruct you on  
 the next scene. Monkey, go find Rob  
 and tell him we have a consensus.  
 I'll go see if we have what's needed  
 for the adjustments.

He walks offstage to his office.

Monkey half ass salutes Mitch. He sashays off.

Billy slowly walks toward the others. She is at her wits end  
 with no idea how to continue.

BILLY HART  
 Ladies, go grab a coffee, lock your  
 valuables, and change for the Ritual  
 Scene. We'll meet back in ten.

The ladies and Slick head offstage.

Billy collapses in a chair. Her hands tug at her hair nearly ripping it all out. She bellows an exhausting GROAN.

Bubba Ted watches scratching his forehead.

BILLY HART

What?

Bubba Ted walks away.

Billy sulks in her seat.

BILLY HART (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Jheri curled bastard.

INT. BATHROOM

A long, wheezing FART followed by SLOSHING. Rob sits on the porcelain throne. His left hand scratches himself while he is on his phone.

ROB THE REP

You'll never believe what that jheri curled bastard's up to? Oh, I got that, Carl. His dried up hooch payed me my "pittance".

He LAUGHS until COUGHING.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)

As far as I care, he brings the cash then it's all good. Because I got a feeling he's planning to run. How fast can you be here?

He checks his watch.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)

Fine. Just keep an eye out for the cops. Heh, Nothing you need to worry about, but bring the "collection plates".

Door CREAKS (o.s.)

Slow, stumbling Footsteps.

Rob hangs up.

A pair of boots stop at the stall door.

ROB THE REP

Occupado.

Stall door RATTLES and SHAKES.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)

I have a gun, and prison means nothing to me.

MONKEY (O.S.)

Chill. You done in there, cuz I need to go.

ROB THE REP

Isn't their a bucket in the broom closet?

WHAM! Stall door and walls violently rattle. Rob SQUEALS nearly jumping off the toilet. He checks his drawers. Definite cross contamination.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)

Asshole!

Monkey LAUGHS (o.s.)

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE

Door CREAKS.

Padded Footsteps.

Our Stalker from the parking lot peruses Mitch's display of various memorabilia. No markings or features are visible. Gloved hands brush and peruse through items.

Stalker stops in front of a shadowbox display showcasing pictures alongside a porcelain Victorian mask etched with sparkling black jewelry along with black trim and black pouty lips. The pictures showcase an exotic, beautiful Woman in her mid to late Twenties wearing the same mask along with a sensuous leather and lace bloofer.

Stalker's hands fondle and caress the glass display. WHIMPERS.

Stalker's fist SMASHES the glass.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

Colorful, but cramped with stored equipment, makeup, and outfits.

Christine sits at the dressing table staring at herself in the cracked mirror.

Eva changes clothes behind the dressing curtains.

EVA POWERS

I should've told him "No". Fuck,  
Slick felt off about this whole gig.  
Told me we should split, but no. I  
told him the money was too good to  
pass.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

I should've been there Marie. I  
could've saved you.

Eva peeks over the curtain.

EVA POWERS

What?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

We promised we'd watch each other's  
back.

Eva does not hear Christine. She continues changing.

Christine caresses her lips. A smile breaks.

Eva plops next to Christine. She now wears an almost exact  
duplicate of her previous costume except it is adorned with  
spikes and studs. She touches up her makeup, but finds herself  
staring at her reflection.

EVA POWERS

I'm fucking jinxed.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

What?

EVA POWERS

Few years back I was working my  
Princess act the other side of  
Paradise.

INT. SHIT HOLE BORDELLO - FLASHBACK - DUSK

Dark and disturbing, a place where the teeth are not swept  
and the cum, beer, and blood are holding the walls up.

In the back, TOPLESS DANCERS straddle poles to catcalling  
Drunks.

At the center stage, the sexy cowgirl in ammo belts is Eva,  
younger and more tan, riding a man in a horse mask with a  
saddle on his back. One hand pulls on the reins. The other  
swats his ass with a jockey whip. The crowd ROARS.

EVA POWERS (V.O.)

Calling it a shit hole was insulting  
all shit holes, but the pay was good.  
Even raised my kink bar a notch.

CRASH! Federales storm through the entrance. Patrons,  
Dancers, and Employees scatter.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D) (V.O.)

We'd get regular visits from the  
Federales. Mostly came for the show,  
then go their merry way.

Two Men are in a savage bareknuckle fight with one Federale.  
Four more jump the Men and beat them savagely with the butt  
of their shotguns.

Eva gets slammed to the ground alongside her "Horse". A pair  
of handcuffs are slapped on their wrists.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Didn't know until later the Staff  
conducted wet work in the back.

A giant sausage-fingered hand swings the Manager's door.  
This is PARKER, shaped like a bear on steroids, grabs a machete  
from behind the counter and starts hacking away the cops.  
Slice. Slash. One Federale transforms into bloody julienne  
fries. Another is impaled and beheaded.

One Federale, TREJO, blasts the machete out of Parker's hand  
with his Colt 45. He is far older and smaller than Parker,  
but his rough, scarred physique speaks he has seen and done  
more shit.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Or my ex, Parker, was the one doing  
the work.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (V.O.)

You didn't know?

Parker charges Trejo with a Federale's severed head. Flailing  
it like a morning star, Parker bashes Trejo over the head  
multiple times.

Trejo aims for Parker's head. WHACK! Parker knocks the Colt  
out of Trejo's hand, then kicks him to the ground, landing  
right next to the machete.

Parker BASHES Trejo with the severed head over and over and  
over again. Trejo grabs for the machete. Slash. Parker's  
hands fly away. Slice. His head splits open like a gooey  
melon.

Trejo limps to the bar. He eyeballs an immaculate burger amongst the refuse of blood and gore. He scoops it up and takes a large bite. Smiles.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

Eva puts on her lashes.

EVA POWERS

He was always a kind soul to me.  
Like Slick.

She stands up. Shakes the dirt off her outfit.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

You don't know how happy I was meeting  
someone like him this side of the  
world. Makes you feel normal.

Eva picks up her whip and rubs it across her cheek.

Christine's remains startled. What the hell?

INT. PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM

Skimpy clothing is thrown about like a dog digging through dirt.

Jade tears through piles of clothes with savage frenzy. Sweat profusely drops off her skin. Withdrawal is hitting hard.

JADE

Where the fuck is it? I know I put  
it here.

She reaches the bottom. Only shag remains.

JADE (CONT'D)

Shit.

CLANG! She aggressively searches a rack of clothes. Still nothing. She pulls on the rack wanting to rip it out. No success.

JADE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

THUD. A small baggy of blue pills drops out of a lavender and black costume. She scoops up the baggy and throws it across the room hitting a broken mirror.

Grinding her teeth, she plops down on the couch. She yanks the sacatripe out of the armrest. A glimmer of white powder still lines the blade.

Jade's eyes fixate. Her hands tremble.

Her breathing becomes hard and intense.

Her tongue greedily licks the blade like a popsicle.

Her foot CRUNCHES something (o.s.)

Jade looks around the floor. She peels off a small crumpled ball from her shoe and flattens it. It is a worn picture of Jade, much younger, probably 16, and more full of life, hugging a YOUNG BOY of 12 in a Baseball uniform.

INSERT - A scribbled note that reads:

"To Kevin, keep swinging for the stars Bro! Big Sis"

BACK TO JADE

A soft WHIMPER follows a bellow of SOBS. Jade holds the picture close to her chest as she curls into a ball and cries.

Then...BAM! The door SHAKES violently along with everything nearby.

Jade grabs the nearest item and hurls it at the door.

JADE

Go away.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door rattles and shakes worse.

JADE (CONT'D)

I swear to God, Monkey, I'm gonna  
shove your fuck doll pole up your  
ass!

BAM! BAM! BAM! A cracked mirror falls off the wall and breaks.

Sacatripe in hand, Jade approaches the door. With a solid pull, she opens into...

INT. HALLWAY

Jade peers out from the door and scans both ends. Nothing. Not even the flickering light is of notice.

INT. PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM

Jade SLAMS the door shut. She collapses to the ground. Her head constantly bangs against the door.

JADE

God, I need a fix.

Her eyes are suddenly transfixed with something sparkling under the couch.

She crawls toward the sparkling source. Her hands greedily tug and pull, revealing a silver tray with a coke baggie.

Smiling, she lunges for the bag and takes a long, loving sniff. She dips her fingers and takes a sniff. She smiles until she suddenly spots...

INSERT - Scratched message on tray that reads:

"If you will not obey my commands, you will be punished.  
Leviticus 14"

BACK TO JADE

Enraged, Jade throws the tray against the wall.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door rattles and shakes almost off the hinges.

JADE

Cock-fucking son-of-a-bitch!

Sacatripe in hand, she rushes toward the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Jade nearly rips the door off the hinges. She furiously beelines up and down the hall.

JADE

Come on out, fucker. I promise I'll  
just carve one flank outta you.

Door CREAKS. Eva and Christine step out.

EVA POWERS

The hell's wrong with you, Jade?

JADE

Where's Monkey?

Both Christine and Eva shrug.

Jade stabs the wall. The blade makes a long, curled gash.

Drip. Blood trickles from her nose and onto her shoes. Jade wipes it off but more trickles down.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Lets get you a chair and just relax.

SLICK (O.S.)

What for?

Slick barges in.

SLICK (CONT'D)

Only time that one sits is when she's  
"working the lever".

Jade glares at Slick. With a quick yank, the sacatripe comes out of the wall.

And then all hell breaks loose as Jade descends on Slick.

Jade bashes Slick across the forehead with her elbow. He collapses. Her blade goes straight for his dick.

Eva and Christine rush to intervene. Despite the ensuing shouts and chaos, the pair successfully pull Jade off Slick.

SLASH. Eva doubles back. Blood pours from her cheek. She trembles.

Jade dives on Christine as the pair fall back on the ground. Her blade a mere inches away from Christine's eye. Christine can barely hold off her attacker.

WHAM! Slick tackles Jade off Christine. Jade falls flat on her back breathless.

SLICK

You okay?

Both Christine and Eva nod.

SLICK (CONT'D)

Good.

He smiles, then COLD COCKS Jade across the face.

Mitch and Billy approach.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

What the hell's going on here?

SLICK

Your main bitch tried to circumcise me.

JADE

(groggy)

This asshole bitch boy thinks he's a goddamn comedian.

Eva PUNCHES Jade.

EVA POWERS  
You're fucking high!

Mitch rushes to Jade's aid. Billy helps Christine to her feet.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
You all right?

Jade nods. She leads Mitch into her dressing room.

Slick rushes over to Eva.

BILLY HART  
What happened?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Jade was agitated over something.  
We caught the tail end.

Mitch storms out of the dressing room with Jade.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Whatever happened, it ends now.

The group argues, but Mitch quiets everyone with a loud WHISTLE.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
It ends now!

He doubles down on Slick.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
Slick, you're playing the "Virgin  
Victim".

All the ladies LAUGH. Slick more so.

SLICK  
No offense Big C, but the last time  
I looked the part was back in the  
Drive-In days.

Mitch stares down Slick.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Get the spare costume Cereza wore.  
Now.

SLICK  
Y-Yes Sir.

Slick skedaddles away.

Mitch turns his focus back to the ladies.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
All right. Break's over. Back to  
work, everyone.

Billy begrudgingly escorts the ladies away.

INT. BATHROOM

The stall door SQUEAKS open as a gun barrel peeks out. Rob scans the perimeter. Satisfied, he snorts.

His hand goes for the door handle, but something's off. Instead of metal, it feels rubbery and squishy...

The handle is wrapped with soiled condoms.

Rob YELPS. He rushes to the sink, almost tripping himself.

He washes his hands vigorously despite very little water coming out from the faucet.

ROB THE REP  
Fucking animals.

Rob looks for something to dry his hands. All he finds is a broken air dryer.

ROB THE REP (CONT'D)  
(longwinded)  
Shit.

Rob rushes back to the stall. His hands greedily pull at the toilet paper, square by square.

Door CREAKS (o.s.)

Padded Footsteps. A gloved hand reaches for Rob.

A heavenly aroma catches Rob's attention. Sweet, but with a hint of spice. He smiles. As he turns...

WHACK! Rob falls flat on his face and chest. He tries to get up, but his attacker bludgeons him multiple times with his own cane.

Rob's STALKER snatches his handkerchief to wipe their gloves.

Barely conscious, Rob tugs and pulls at Stalker's clothing, which looks to be an old style black cassock. Stalker gives him a swift kick across the face.

A dirty caked funnel is shoved into Rob's mouth with a loud PLOP.

One by one, Stalker opens rolls of coin wrappers over the funnel.

Rob GAGS, GURGLES. Then silence.

EXT. WOODY LOT - NIGHT

A lone Patrol Car sits in the woods far enough from Catallus 16 for its occupants to watch but not be spotted.

INT. PATROL CAR

Todd, the driver, munches on spinach salad. He eyeballs Doug, the passenger, eating creme sponge cakes.

TODD

Trade you.

DOUG

Why? My wife doesn't have a Popeye fetish.

TODD

You have more of a Popeye face than me. The ladies say I'm a chiseled Dwayne Johnson.

Doug CHUCKLES.

DOUG

I'm more a twelve pack Ryan Gosling.

He stuffs a whole sponge cake into his mouth. Creme and saliva ooze over his lips.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You saw how those ladies want me.

Todd LAUGHS. He snatches one of Doug's sponge cakes.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

The Dance Floor is now set up to be a Black Mass site.

Christine and Jade stand on guard against the other while Mitch choreographs their dance.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

You two got it?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Yes.

JADE

(sarcastic)  
Yeah.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
So chipper and happy. Now, Billy'll  
run the music.

He looks around.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
Where's Slick? Call him onstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Slick, dressed in Cereza's Alley costume, pounds down candy while staring at his reflection. Eva walks over to him.

SLICK  
I look like a Heel.

EVA POWERS  
More like a sexy beast.

SLICK  
Bet you say that to all the flea  
market wrestlers.

EVA POWERS  
Nuh-uh.

She squeezes Slick to her chest.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)  
I'd fuck you till your knees buckled,  
your back spasms, and you're nothing  
but a shriveled husk begging me for  
more.

She grabs hold of Slick's head. The couple passionately kiss.

SLICK  
Sir, yessir.

Slick and Eva continue making out.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (O.S.)  
Where the hell's our new virgin?  
Monkey, get him out here!

Slick and Eva stop.

SLICK  
Duty calls.

EVA POWERS  
Knock 'em dead, Tiger.

Slick GROWLS. Eva SPANKS Slick as she pushes him onstage.

The curtains tremble.

Heavy BREATHING (o.s.)

Gloved hands poke through the curtain near the mirror.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Billy twiddles her thumbs in the alcove playing Death Metal and Latin chants off her phone and makeshift speakers.

Christine and Jade, dressed in Satanic robes, pole dance around a red lit pentagram and pyre. Slow, articulate. They tear away their robes revealing they are skimpy leather bound dark priestesses. As the music peaks, their dance becomes faster, more sensuous.

With a loud CRACK of her whip, Eva marches the anxious Slick toward the pyre.

Mitch stands at the edge of the stage. His hands are in motion to the performance.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Light her up, Bubba.

The stage goes dark. Suddenly, red neon flares from the pentagram. Christine and Jade's costumes radiate a fiery blue and orange glow.

Slick stumbles and trips.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (O.S.)  
Get "Virgin Boy" back on his feet.

Eva helps him up.

EVA POWERS  
(whispers)  
Ignore the prick. You're doing great.

She slaps Slick across the ass. He YELPS.

Eva and Slick stand before the pyre. With a loving embrace, the pair dance. Elaborate, erotic, and risqué. The light from the pentagram highlights their gestures and movement.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Heavy BREATHING (o.s.)

Gloved hands pull the stage curtain just enough to watch the performance.

With a HISS and an enraged GRUNT, Stalker storms away. Heads toward a series of ropes and pulleys.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Eva pulls Slick close with her whip. They embrace and kiss.

A MALE BODY falls directly toward Eva and Slick with a SWISH. It catches midway. The rope tied around his waist cuts him in half. Blood, innards, and coins rain down over Eva and Slick.

The lower half plops in front of Jade. Blood spews over her. She SCREAMS.

The upper half hits the pyre and tumbles close to Christine. The shredded face twists and turns until his one good eye stares directly at her. It is Rob.

Christine screams, but nothing escapes her lips.

Billy rushes over to the performers.

Mitch keels over and pukes.

Slick wipes blood off his glasses.

SLICK

Was that part of the show?

Eva trembles and shakes. Slick comforts her.

Billy dials 9-1-1. Her phone goes dead.

BILLY HART

Shit. Who's got a phone?

JADE

Fuck this!

Jade runs off.

Mitch staggers toward the group.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

There's a patrol car outside.

Everyone rushes offstage.

INT. BAR

Slick and Mitch rush to the door. Both push and ram it, but no success.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Open, damn you!

Slick grabs a nearby barstool and swings at the door.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
Wait.

The stool SHATTERS into pieces.

SLICK  
What the hell?

Billy, Christine, and Eva scramble toward Slick and Mitch.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Why can't you open the door?

Eva grabs a nearby chair. Slick and Mitch dive out of the way as she swings at the door. The chair SHATTERS just like the stool.

EVA POWERS  
Why is everything here built cheap?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
It was meant to keep the riffraff  
from messing up the place.

BILLY HART  
Don't you have the key?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
What the hell do you think I've been  
searching for, Billy?

The lights shut off.

Slick SQUEALS. Eva SLAPS him.

Glass SHATTERS (o.s.)

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
The back door. Hurry!

INT. BACKSTAGE

Perspiring and wielding an extinguisher, Jade bolts at top speed to the rear door. She tries the handle. Locked.

She hears the clamor of feet and voices as the others are closing in. She BASHES the door. Then the handle. Frantic, she runs.

INT. BATHROOM

Jade kicks the door open and rushes in. Spotting a window above the toilet, she climbs toward it. Locked.

The voices of the others are outside. She SMASHES the window. Peeks out.

THUNK. The fire axe's head lands inches away from Jade's eye.

She falls back SCREAMING, landing on Mitch.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
The hell were you do --

Jade embraces Mitch, holding him so tight he can barely breath.

JADE  
(terrified)  
Don't leave me. Don't leave me.

Billy and Christine pour in.

BILLY HART  
Back door's not budging.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Can't find Bubba or Monkey.

Bubba Ted stirs from behind both women followed by Slick.

BUBBA TED  
I'm right here.

SLICK  
Look who we found.  
(looks around)  
Anyone seen Monkey?

Roving eyes pass around the group. Nobody knows for sure.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET

Claustrophobically cramped.

Monkey examines the panel box with a flashlight. Something shiny catches his attention behind the circuit breakers.

MONKEY  
What the?

He shines more light at the object. A penny? As he pulls the breaker, more pennies shine behind others.

MONKEY (CONT'D)

Shit.

He searches his tool chest for spares. Nothing.

MONKEY (CONT'D)

(longwinded)

Shit.

Door CREAKS.

Monkey flashes the light at the door. No one is there. He grabs the pipe wrench.

INT. HALLWAY

Monkey pokes his head out from the door. Just shadows and dust.

He shines a light at one end of the hall, then the other.

One tense step at a time, he treads down the long, dark corridor toward the stage.

Something soft grazes his shoulder. A hand? He swings the pipe wrench.

MONKEY

Eat it, you bastard!

Eva ducks barely avoiding getting struck.

EVA POWERS

What the fuck?!

Monkey takes several steps away from Eva. Startled, the pipe wrench lands on his foot.

MONKEY

Shit, I'm sorry.

Eva loses it, punching his shoulder multiple times. Monkey cowers.

MONKEY (CONT'D)

I said I'm sorry.

EVA POWERS

Asshole.

Eva storms off.

Monkey timidly follows.

INT. REAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Christine stares at her smashed phone.

Billy tries and fails to get her lighter to work.

SLICK

May I?

He takes hold of the lighter. With a flick of the wrist, it works.

He hands it back to Billy. She stares awestruck.

SLICK (CONT'D)

All in the wrist.

Mitch pushes Slick aside. He passes out flashlights to the group.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Let's try the back door again. With all of us I'm sure we can open it.

BILLY HART

We did that.

EVA POWERS

What about the bathroom window? One of us can --

JADE

Fuck that! No way.

EVA POWERS

You got a better idea Jade, let's hear it.

JADE

I say we board ourselves up. Bunker in. Anyone not in this group gets a knife in the skull.

She flashes her sacatripe directly at Eva. Eva scoffs.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Quiet. We'll barricade one of the dressing rooms. One way in. As a group, we'll be perfectly safe.

MONKEY

Not worth jumping over shadows. I can restore the breakers, but I need to get the spares.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Fine. Take Bubba Ted with you.

Monkey and Bubba Ted share a smirk. The former escorts the latter away.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 What about the police? We can still try getting to them.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Alright. Billy will handle it.

BILLY HART  
 What? Why not you?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Look at me.  
 (points at window)  
 I can't fit through that.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
 I'll go.

BILLY HART  
 No.

Billy leans toward Christine.

BILLY HART (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Someone needs to keep watch on "Wang Chung Bonehead".

Christine SMIRKS.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Billy, legs first, squirms out from the bathroom window. One arm free. Then the next.

Her feet quickly HIT the pavement.

A WHISTLE (o.s.)

A bat gets tossed out the window. She grabs it.

Billy spots Monkey's jeep. The body is gone, but the blood stains remain. She grimaces.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - REAR ENTRANCE

Billy approaches the rear door. The handles have been heavy duty chained and padlocked.

BILLY HART

Shit.

She hears a muffled TAP against the door (o.s.)

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (O.S.)

Any chance we can break the door?

BILLY HART

Yeah, just need a cutting torch.

She eyeballs Bubba Ted's Truck.

BILLY HART (CONT'D)

Hold on.

She runs to...

INT. BUBBA TED'S TRUCK

Billy SLAMS the driver door. She scours for the hidden spare, taking note of the beer kegs in the flat bed and the pink shag lining the upholstery. She SCOFFS.

Her hand feels under the steering wheel. A small grooved piece of metal and tape? She yanks it off.

It is the spare key.

BILLY HART

Yes.

Billy IGNITES her. The engine PURRS to life as she shifts to Drive.

Her foot hits the gas.

A Loud BANG! The cabin shakes. Billy hits her head against the steering wheel, cutting her forehead.

EXT. BUBBA TED'S TRUCK

Billy staggers out in a daze. One hand covers her head wound. She takes a few steps toward the rear bed, then jumps with a YELP.

She holds her foot. A nail pierces through her shoe alongside two puncture holes.

She checks under the truck. Several nail lines stick into the rear tires. A trap?

Billy limps to the passenger side. She spots the same trap.

## BILLY HART

Shit.

A dark figure appears against the door panel. Billy sees it and turns.

Stalker swings a bloody axe for her head.

Billy dodges just barely, landing on her ass.

CLANG. The axe embeds into the door panel.

Billy limp runs away while Stalker pries the axe free. Giving up, Stalker grabs the bat left inside.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Stalker prowls the ground searching for Billy. Black gloves firmly tighten around the grip.

The bat TAPS against the ground like a cane.

Stalker spots a small blood trail and follows it to a parked electric car. No one is there and the car is locked. Stalker SMASHES the windows then SHATTERS and SPLINTERS the bat into a sharp tip.

Another blood trail. Stalker follows.

Suddenly, the headlights on Monkey's jeep flare up with a quick FWOOSH. Stalker sees Billy behind the wheel. The engine ROARS. The tires SCREECH.

The jeep barrels toward Stalker.

Stalker stands perfectly still. One hand grips the bat by the barrel.

And launches...

INT. JEEP

The bat CRASHES through the windshield slicing Billy's cheek. She swerves in panic.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Stalker stands still as the jeep misses by inches and CRASHES into the dumpster.

Billy topples out the window unconscious. Stalker yanks her out from the jeep and tosses her against the pavement.

Stalker takes a beer bottle from the dumpster. With a quick SMASH, the bottle becomes a face shredder.

Stalker leans over Billy. The jagged edge mere inches from her face.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Todd reads from his phone. A low GRUMBLE. Doug perks up from sleep.

DOUG  
You hear that?

TODD  
Only me sounding for a toilet.

DOUG  
I brought bottles.

TODD  
A proper toilet.

DOUG  
Could always hit the strip club?

Doug and Todd glare at one another, then LAUGH. Todd steps out.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

Eva and Slick barricade the door. Mitch leans against the dressing table smoking.

Jade paces between both groups. She is twitchy, sweating, and scratching her arms.

EVA POWERS  
We're just abandoning Christine?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
She made her choice. Like Monkey and Bubba. Like Billy.

SLICK  
You volunteered her.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
And I'll do the same to you if you can't contribute here.

SLICK  
(mutters)  
You're "doing" a helluva lot.

Mitch flings his cigarette at Slick. Hits him in the face.

Slick charges toward Mitch. Eva steps between them.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
The child's finally developed a dick.

SLICK  
If I'm dying here, I'm putting you  
down first.

EVA POWERS  
Enough!  
(to Slick)  
You, calm down.  
(to Mitch)  
And you. Touch him and I'll kill  
you.

Mitch scoffs.

Slick backs off. Eva escorts him away.

Jade BANGS her head against the wall.

JADE  
God, I need a fix.

She claws her arms.

INT. HALLWAY

Phone lights in hand, Monkey and Bubba Ted trek through the  
darkened hall.

BUBBA TED  
How long do you need for the lights?

MONKEY  
As long as the spare's where I left  
it, a few minutes.

BUBBA TED  
In that case, I'm heading to the bar  
to pick up something special.

Bubba Ted skedaddles.

Monkey grumbles.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Monkey scours the area. His light shines against a locked  
red toolbox next to the wall.

CRUNCH! His boot crushes something. Cockroach? He steps  
back and shines his phone light.

It is a circuit breaker.

Monkey soon spots something sparkle against Monkey's light. He aims to see more circuit breakers. All of them are damaged beyond repair.

MONKEY

Son of a bitch.

He walks over and opens the toolbox. Nothing but tools and condom wrappers.

MONKEY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Metal UNSHEATHES (o.s.)

Monkey perks up. He looks around.

There is a hole in the floor next to a pair of stripper poles. He brings his phone light closer. Something is scribbled nearby.

INSERT - Bloody message that reads:

"I will turn against you, so that you will be defeated.  
Leviticus 17"

BACK TO MONKEY

Monkey stares at the message.

MONKEY

What the hell?

Stalker appears behind Monkey. He is unaware.

SHANK! Stalker skewers Monkey through the rectum with a stripper pole. Back and forth. Until -

A geyser of blood and broken teeth spew from Monkey's mouth as the pole RIPS part of his upper jaw.

MONKEY

(gasps)  
Pam-el-a...

He collapses. Gurgles.

Stalker's mask sparkles by the phone light. A quick STOMP, and the phone cracks.

INT. REAR ENTRANCE

Christine TAPS against the door for what feels like eternity. Frustrated, she heads toward...

INT. BATHROOM

Christine peeks out from the window.

She spots Billy's lifeless body and the wrecked jeep.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Oh, God.

She flees.

INT. BAR

Bubba Ted scrounges under the counter. He tosses junk around like tumbleweeds.

BUBBA TED

Where the hell is it? I know I put  
it under here.

The lights FLICKER on.

Bubba Ted smiles.

BUBBA TED (CONT'D)

Thank you, Monkey.

He goes back to scrounging. He unearths an old school six shooter revolver behind a carton of beer.

THUD. Both the revolver and the carton hit the counter.

Bubba Ted cracks open a beer. Smiles.

Suddenly, the jukebox flickers on. Instead of music, incoherent, scratching NOISE plays.

He inspects the machine. He hits the side like Fonzie, which causes the front panel flips open. The vinyl player tumbles out with a THUD.

Bubba Ted stares at the bad wiring, smirks.

BUBBA TED

Get what you paid for "Big C".

He finishes his beer. As he turns...

A broken beer bottle SHATTERS across Bubba Ted's face.

Bubba Ted staggers back screaming. His hands cover his face. Blood trickles between his fingers.

Stalker leans against jukebox admiring the scene, then walks toward the counter.

Bubba Ted staggers toward the jukebox. He uncovers his face. Blood dribbles out from the glass shards in his eyes.

He wildly swings his bottle like a club. Furious, he blindly hurls it.

BUBBA TED

Come on. Come on! Fight me like a man.

Stalker slashes Bubba Ted's knees with another broken bottle. Bubba Ted SCREAMS.

He teeters back and collapses against the jukebox hitting his head. Several vinyl records splatter and break across the floor.

Stalker shanks and impales Bubba Ted's arms with broken vinyl shards.

BUBBA TED

(sputters)

Best you got...Bitch?

Stalker uses a large vinyl shard to carve Bubba Ted's mouth. Back and forth, the shard saws through his lower lip. Then into the lower jaw.

Blood drools out from his mouth. Then chunks of flesh.

Bubba Ted wiggles and squirms. Stalker pushes the shard further in.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Gurgled SCREAMS (o.s.)

Christine hugs the wall as she follows the noise.

Her foot suddenly loses traction and slips, but she quickly gains her balance. She looks down to see she is standing in blood.

She reels back quivering in fear. She covers her mouth to keep from screaming.

INT. BAR

Christine races from the Dance Floor to the counter.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

(whispers)

Bubba.

Christine spots the revolver amidst the broken bottles and pools of beer. She takes it.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Bubba?

An electric SURGE flickers the lights on and off. Then shut off completely.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Christine keeps her back to the counter. The revolver is kept trained at eye level.

She takes one cautious step. Then another.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Bubba?

Another electric SURGE flickers the lights on.

Something blocks Christine. She turns around...

It is Bubba Ted. He is tied to a dolly in a gruesome display of body disfigurement, impaled and shredded with vinyl shards. His lower jaw dangles by a piece of torn flesh, then peels off landing on Christine's foot.

Christine stumbles backwards and SCREAMS! She runs.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Christine races through the set. She loses traction and slips into a blood laden stripper pole.

Monkey slowly slides down into a bloody mass in front of Christine. His dead eyes stare directly at her. She SCREAMS and runs.

Stalker emerges from behind the pyre sweeping Christine's leg. She falls flat on her face.

She crawls forward, dazed and out of breath. Stalker looms over her, forcefully and savagely turns her on to her back.

Christine looks up to see Stalker, dressed in a dark cassock and a jeweled porcelain mask. The fire axe held firmly at her throat. A finger gently slithers across her lips, then does the same against the mask's lips.

The axe swings back.

Christine kicks Stalker's knee, toppling the killer. She pulls, jerks, twists. Finally she is on her feet and running.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Christine runs for the Dressing Rooms. She stumbles on Monkey's toolbox. The loose tools roll out. She grabs the hammer.

Stalker is right behind her, shortening the distance.

Christine hurls the hammer at Stalker's head, toppling her pursuer. She pulls out the revolver.

CLICK, CLICK. No bang, bang.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Shit.

She flees.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

The door SHAKES with several loud RATTLES!

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (O.S.)

Open up!

Everyone tenses. Eva and Slick rush over to the barricade. Mitch SWATS Slick away.

EVA POWERS

You son of a --

Jade springs up behind Eva. The sacatripe mere inches from her eye.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Don't even.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (O.S.)

Mitch. Eva. Open up!

EVA POWERS

Damn it. Help her.

JADE

She made her choice.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

We all agreed. No one gets --

Slick tackles Mitch. The two roll around trading blows.

JADE

Big C.

Jade drops her blade. Eva HEAD BUTTS her, then rushes to the barricade.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Christine POUNDS against the door.

Stalker emerges at the far end. The faint glimmer of steel catches Christine's eye.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

God, open the fucking door!

Her fist bangs harder.

Axe poised, Stalker rushes toward Christine.

The door swings open. Eva pulls Christine inside.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

Eva and Christine put their backs against the door.

The axe BREAKS through and pierces Christine's shoulder. Both SCREAM. Eva jumps away. The axe slowly slices into Christine's flesh as it disappears into the door. Christine SCREAMS, raspy, pained.

Eva pulls Mitch and Slick apart.

EVA POWERS

Help me!

The axe BREAKS through again piercing Christine's other shoulder. She SCREAMS while Dropping the revolver. The axe slowly slices into Christine like before as it disappears into the door.

Slick spots the revolver. He quickly snatches it.

SLICK

Move.

Eva pulls Christine away.

The axe immediately BREAKS through door where Christine's head was. Stalker's mask glimmers through the cracks.

Hands fumbling, Slick aims and...BANG, BANG, BANG.

THUD (o.s.)

Slick looks around at everyone. The only response from the group is rapid, terrified BREATHING.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Everyone alright?

Eva cold cocks Mitch. He collapses unconscious on a pile of clothes.

EVA POWERS  
I warned you.

Jade charges toward Eva with sacatripe. Eva scowls as both have a stare down.

CLICK. Slick trains revolver at Jade. Reluctant, she retracts the blade.

INT. HALLWAY

Eva peeks out scanning the area. A bloody axe lies on the ground and two bullet holes in the wall. But no body.

EXT. WOODY LOT - NIGHT

Doug looks under the hood of the patrol car with his flashlight. The engine seems all right. He SHUTS the hood and gets back in the car.

INT. PATROL CAR

Todd reads from his phone. Doug SNEEZES.

DOUG  
Everything looks tip top.

TODD  
Then why is the air conditioner blowing heat?

DOUG  
Because you probably got it set to Heat?

He switches the Air to Cool.

Todd evil eyes Doug.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'll look again.

Doug steps out.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

Slick sits near Christine. His right hand helps Christine lean forward. The left trains a gun on Jade as she ties up a groggy Mitch.

JADE  
You fucking pricks!

SLICK  
Now, now.  
(cocks revolver)  
Be nice.

Jade plops down next to Mitch. She stares daggers at Slick.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
How'd you get that to work?

SLICK  
All in the wrist.

Slick flips the revolver like a cool, bad ass only to hit himself in the head. Christine LAUGHS, then GROANS from the pain.

Eva hands Christine some bandages.

EVA POWERS  
All I could find next door.

Christine nods as Eva binds her wounds.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Thanks.

Slick hands Eva the revolver, then helps bandaging Christine.

SLICK  
Find any gauze?

He looks over at Eva. She stares at Christine's wounds. Her hands tremble.

Jade also eyes Eva's condition.

SLICK (CONT'D)  
Eva the Conqueror.

EVA POWERS  
Hmm? What?

SLICK  
You find any gauze?

EVA POWERS

No. Uh, just that. Sorry.

SLICK

No worries. We wait for Billy and the cavalry to show up. We just --

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

She's not coming. No cavalry. No Bubba. No Monkey.

Silence hits the room.

EVA POWERS

Can't stay here.

JADE

(mocking)

Whose fault's that?

Eva ROARS. She charges toward Jade, points the revolver at her head.

EVA POWERS

Fuck you, Jade! I should throw you out to slaughter.

JADE

Keep barking bitch. I bite.

Slick rushes between Eva and Jade.

SLICK

Cool it. This isn't helping. Look, we can't stay here, and we can't get the cops. But we have a gun, and our wits. We can take the son of a bitch down. I put three round into the bastard. One had to have hit him.

EVA POWERS

Can you make it Christine?

Christine nods.

Eva hands Slick back the revolver, then helps Christine stand.

SLICK

What about you, Jade? Can you play nice?

JADE

You know me. More the merrier.

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)  
(glances at Mitch)  
And Mitch?

The closet door CREAKS opens. Jade stuffs Mitch inside. While no one notices, she hands him her sacatripe.

MONTAGE

The gang pour through shelves, boxes, and costumes. Lots of what they find is useless. Pantyhose, stuffed bras, leather and lace, cosmetics, etc. Some of the searches yield results. A box of hammers and screwdrivers. A bondage costume equipped with two leather whips. A pair of gloves with sewn in brass knuckles.

Eva eyeballs the whips and wraps them around her outfit.

Jade pounces on the gloves, sliding them on.

Slick and Christine rummage through the tools. Christine grabs two hammers, winces. Slick uses condoms to tie a screwdriver to the revolver.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Wheezed BREATHING.

Billy slowly comes to. Bleeding and disheveled, she crawls on the pavement and broken glass until she is close to Monkey's jeep.

Standing up, she catches a glimpse of her face in the driver side mirror. She WAILS, then SCREAMS.

INT. PUBLIC AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The gang walk through the dining tables heading towards the dance floor. Slick trains the modified revolver at eye level. Eva helps a wincing Christine with one hand while holding her whip with the other. Jade takes the rear keeping some distance from the others.

Christine stops and peers over at the bar. A few blood spatters, but no body. Not even Bubba Ted's jaw.

Eva taps Christine, motions to follow the group.

JADE  
There!

Jade points over at the stage curtains.

Stalker's porcelain mask peeks out, then disappears in the sea of velvet.

SLICK

After him!

Slick leads the charge. The ladies follow close.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Slick TEARS through the stage curtains after Stalker. Eva and Jade are quick to follow with Christine now at the rear.

SLICK

Hey!

Slick trains the revolver at the limping Stalker. BANG!

Stalker collapses.

Slick cautiously steps toward Stalker. He pokes multiple times with the revolver. Kicks the body over.

Eva, Jade, and Christine catch up.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Is he dead?

SLICK

When I do a job, it gets done.

SHANK. Stalker stabs Slick's calf with a knife, giving it a good carve and twist.

Slick collapses SCREAMING.

Eva and Jade lunge at Stalker. With a full furry beatdown of fists and whip, Stalker falls to the floor unconscious.

Christine pulls Slick to safety.

EVA POWERS

Fucking asshole piece  
of shit.

JADE

Fuck you, cape wearing  
pecker wood. Not so easy,  
huh?

Jade spits on Stalker. Eva stomps Stalker's face, CRACKING the mask.

INT. PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM

Eva hogties Stalker on the couch with plastic ties and cords. Christine helps Slick sit down on the makeup table. Jade leans near the door enjoying a toot.

JADE

Let's just kill him and be done with it.

EVA POWERS

I agree. Bastard deserves it.

Eva kicks Stalker. A menacing SNARL is the only response.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

What about the cops? They could --

JADE

- They could what? For all we know, they're dead.

Christine walks over to Stalker. She stares at the mask and eyes.

She reaches for the mask. Stalker jerks away, but Christine pulls the mask off. STALKER is a middle-aged, fairly nice looking Southern good 'ole boy with a sneer.

Christine studies his face. Every line and curve. Her eyes widen.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BAR

Christine helps Cereza walk to the door. She glances over at Stranger in Cassock hunched over at the bar counter, mumbling something incoherent.

Cereza pushes the door open. Neon light reflects onto Stranger. Despite hiding himself, Christine gets a glimpse of his face.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM

Christine stumbles back hurting her shoulder. STALKER is STRANGER IN CASSOCK.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

You.

EVA POWERS

Well, look at this.

Eva punches his face.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

Not so macho from here.

Stranger spits in Eva's face. She punches him again.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)  
Give me the gun. We're ending this  
now.

STRANGER IN CASSOCK  
Think that'll save you, Little Missy?  
That little lead packer in your  
trousers going "Pop, pop".

A smile creeps across his face.

STRANGER IN CASSOCK (CONT'D)  
Y'all just foolin' yourselves. None  
of you ain't got what it takes.  
Only one of ya ever did. My  
Angelique. But I'll show ya. I  
promise to give ya the same tender  
lovin' I gave her.

Stranger LAUGHS.

Jade spots Stranger's wallet on the floor. She snatches it.  
Opens...

INSERT - A voided driver's license that reads:

"Reverend Estus Birkle"

BACK IN PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM

Jade drops the license card.

JADE  
Fuck me, he's one of those shits.

Eva storms over toward Slick. Frisks him.

EVA POWERS  
Where's the gun?

SLICK  
Here.

He hands Eva the revolver. She snatches it, aims right at  
Estus' head.

Estus eagerly smiles. He does not move or blink.

Eva's finger presses against the trigger. Her hand shakes.

Her other hand cups over the handle and trigger. Her thumb  
presses down on the hammer. Both hands shake.

She turns away. Lowers the revolver.

EVA POWERS

Shit.

Estus CACKLES.

BAM! Eva punches him unconscious.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here. We lock the sick fuck up. If there are cops outside, we let them deal with him.

JADE

How? The doors are still locked.

SLICK

And I doubt all of us can squeeze out of the bathroom.

Eva shows off revolver.

EVA POWERS

I doubt "Big C" bullet proofed the locks.

Eva and Christine help Slick to his feet. They hobble toward the door.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

C'mon. We're almost out of this.

Eva grabs the handle. Door SMACKS her in the face.

It is Mitch. He stares coldly at Slick and Christine.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

I see everyone's here.

EVA POWERS

You son of a --

Mitch BACKSLAPS Eva. She stumbles and falls, hits her head against the makeup table.

Slick and Christine rush to Eva's rescue. Mitch points sacatripe at them.

CLICK. Jade points revolver at the trio.

SLICK

Feels good "working the lever", huh?

Mitch SLUGS Slick across the face.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM - LATER

GRUNTS and GROANS (o.s.)

Garbled, disjointed VOICES argue (o.s.)

The door SLAMS shut.

Christine and Eva come to. Both are bound up and handcuffed.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Eva, you there?

EVA POWERS

Yeah. I'm here.

(looks around)

Slick? Baby?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

He's not here.

Eva searches around.

EVA POWERS

They wouldn't. They couldn't.

She STOMPS her foot.

Hinge CREAKS (o.s.) Neither hear it.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

Fucking Mitch. I'm gonna rip his balls off.

Christine chuckles until coughing.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Always so colorful?

EVA POWERS

I'm the Princess of Pain. I AM the show.

Eva and Christine LAUGH.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

Can you reach inside my glove?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Yeah, I think so. What am I getting?

EVA POWERS

A heartfelt token.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I don't think Slick would survive  
the heart attack.

Eva glances back with the stink eye.

EVA POWERS  
Give me your hand.

Christine wiggles her hand toward Eva. Two fingers slip inside her glove, pulls out something small, thin, and metal. A lock pick?

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)  
Now I need you to drop it in my hand.

Eva wiggles her other hand under Christine's. The lock pick drops on target.

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE

Mitch grabs and stuffs money, drugs, and valuables into a suitcase. Jade stands nearby enjoying some cocaine.

JADE  
C'mon. How long does it take to  
pack?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
We're not going to get far on our  
good looks.

Jade paces back and forth. She notices one of Mitch's shadowbox displays is broken. She takes a closer look.

It is the one that Stalker broke into. All the pictures are ripped out. Only a small black jewel remains. Jade pockets it.

JADE  
Hey, maybe we should call the cops?  
Christine and them could be right.  
We got the killer tied up and waiting.

Mitch glares up at Jade.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
That only solves one problem.

JADE  
One?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Think about it.

Mitch walks toward Jade.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
 With all that has happened, we  
 would've seen someone come to  
 investigate by now.

JADE  
 I guess so.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 And on the other end, we have Rob  
 whose people will respond harshly on  
 us when they discover he's dead.

Mitch caresses Jade's shoulder. She tenses.

JADE  
 I-I guess.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
 Now, come on. We're in this together.  
 Kitty's going to need her booster.

He reveals a small baggy of white powder.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
 And no better booster than a  
 spaceball.

Entranced, Jade stares hungrily at the baggy. A smile creeps.  
 She PURRS, reaching for the baggy. Mitch playfully pulls  
 away.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
 Don't I get my medicine?

Jade embraces Mitch, kissing him. One hand fondles him, the  
 other reaches for the baggy. Mitch acquiesces, handing her  
 the drug.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
 Now go tidy up. We'll be leaving  
 soon.

JADE  
 Mmmhmm. My delectable Big C.

Jade backs away smelling her new prize.

Mitch returns to his desk.

Door SQUEAKS (o.s.)

Mitch pulls out the revolver, caresses it. Smirks. He goes back to packing.

Door SQUEAKS and SLAMS shut. Mitch looks to see Billy glaring at him with her only good eye. Her face is a horrifically disfigured jigsaw puzzle of slashes, gouchings, and torn flesh. In one hand is the broken bat Stalker used on her.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Billy? I almost didn't recognize  
you.

BILLY HART  
You fucking wang chung prick.

She stammers toward Mitch.

Mitch glances over at the revolver.

BILLY HART (CONT'D)  
Uh-uh.

Billy aims the bat's sharp end at Mitch. He raises his arms in surrender.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Come on, now. I put you through the  
ropes a bit. But we're partners.

Billy STRIKES Mitch across the face. He collapses.

Mitch crawls backwards away from Billy. One hand covers the bleeding gash across his cheek.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
I found you. I made you a player.

Billy BASHES Mitch's knees with the bat, over and over. Mitch cowers.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
You owe me everything!

Billy STRIKES Mitch's body, over and over. He SCREAMS.

BILLY HART  
Fuck you! I should've sold you when  
I had the chance.

SWAT! Billy is struck from behind by a large purple dildo. She collapses.

Jade steps out of the shadows. Her hands tighten around the dildo.

Mitch smiles.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Jade, my sweet angel.

Jade helps Mitch stand.

JADE  
The hell was all that?

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Nothing. No need to worry that  
beautiful head of yours.

He strokes Jade's cheek. She smiles nervously.

JADE  
What do we do?

Mitch hobbles past Jade toward his desk. He pulls the revolver out from his suitcase, aims at Billy's head.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

Eva successfully picks her cuffs. Christine sits quietly.

BANG (o.s.)

Both ladies perk up.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Oh, god.

EVA POWERS  
Here. Follow me.

Both scoot and rock their chairs, one side to the other.  
Until...

Both ladies hit the ground. Their chairs BREAK into pieces.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
(winces in pain)  
Thank god...for a cheap bastard.

CLICK. Eva's cuffs fall off.

EVA POWERS  
Thank you, Parker.

Eva turns to free Christine. While picking the cuffs, blood oozes from Christine's shoulder onto her hands. She jerks back, tenses up.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Am I good, Eva?

Christine glances over as Eva trembles.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
You all right?

Eva continues to stare at the blood on her gloves. Her breathing tightens.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
Eva.

EVA POWERS  
Huh, yeah, yeah I-I got it.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
No, you don't. What is it?

EVA POWERS  
Look. We get out this, and I'll  
play twenty questions with you all  
day. Deal?

Eva gets back to work. CLICK. Christine's cuffs fall off.

Christine spots a slightly raised lid in the carpet where the stored equipment was. A trapdoor?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Over there.

Both ladies wander over to the lid. After a few tugs, they pry it open.

INT. CELLAR

The trapdoor shines a ray of light in the dust filled darkness. Eva and Christine stare down the red carpeted steps.

EVA POWERS  
The private lounge, maybe?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Maybe a way out.

They stare down into the darkness.

INT. CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Christine and Eva head down the stairwell. Both ladies use the wall to feel their way down.

EVA POWERS

You think Mitch or Billy knew about this?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

I doubt it.

Once at the base Christine feels around for a switch. The wall's texture soon changes from coarse and grainy to something thick and smooth. Her fingers press down on something cool to the touch.

The cellar poorly illuminates into a lavish sex shrine covered in pictures, pin ups, red shag carpet, and bondage toys.

EVA POWERS

Holy fuck puppet.

Both ladies explore.

Eva becomes mesmerized at a display of whips. Her fingers hungrily caress each and every one. She plucks the end one off its display. Smooth to the touch, but sturdy with a good balance. She WHISTLES.

Christine gazes at a wall of photos. They are all of a young Woman with long black hair in an extravagant leather and lace bloofer entertaining various clients. But it is her mask that draws Christine's attention. It is THE SAME ONE worn by Stalker.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

How it goes another had eyes for her, and when she refused him, poor girl and her lover were found hacked to pieces in her dressing room.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Oh my God.

Christine waves for Eva.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Look at this.

She points at the picture.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Look familiar?

Eva studies the photo. Then another and another, each one highlights a specific dance, act, or performance of the Woman alongside various Male and Female clients. She stops at one with the Woman sitting alongside Estus (in his 20s) and Mitch (in his 30s) being catered by Billy (in her 20s).

INSERT - cursive message that reads:

"Beloved Angelique, Always thinking of you."

BACK TO EVA

EVA POWERS

Topped you.

Eva points the photo to Christine.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Shit.

EVA POWERS

So much for not knowing.

Christine is mesmerized with the photo. Her fingers caress the image.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

She's very pretty. I wonder --

GUNSHOTS (o.s.)

INT. HALLWAY

CLICK. CLICK. Revolver is empty.

Stalker charges toward Mitch and Jade with an axe while the pair back away. Mitch throws the revolver at Stalker, which is easily deflected by the axe.

*(What is strange is Stalker's mask is undamaged.)*

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Keep away!

Mitch grabs Jade, uses her as a shield.

JADE

Let go of me.

Jade elbows Mitch. Mitch tosses her toward Stalker. Stalker SWATS her away with the axe, striking her cheek with the head. Jade HITS the wall and collapses.

Mitch runs. Stalker pursues.

Christine and Eva rush toward Jade. Eva bolts after Mitch. Christine stays with her.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Can't believe I'm saying this but hold on.

A gloved hand grabs Christine from behind. She fights back but all she can do is bellow out a MUFFLED SCREAM.

INT. PUBLIC AREA

Panting and almost out of breath, Mitch dashes past the Sleigh of Pain for the Bar.

THUMP. Mitch hits the ground hard. An axe juts out from his back.

Stalker emerges from the shadows, closes the gap on Mitch.

GRUNTING and GROANING, Mitch crawls one inch at a time. Until...

Stalker's boot presses down on Mitch's spine. Gloved hands wiggles and jerks the axe out of Mitch. He SCREAMS.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Stop! Please!!

The axe STRIKES Mitch in the lower back, right at the spine. He SHRIEKS.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)

I'll give you whatever you want,  
just leave me alone!

Stalker rolls Mitch on his back. The boot presses hard on his neck. Mitch resists but all he can do is spew out GAGGING nonsense for air.

Stalker stares at Mitch. The axe head gleams directly into Mitch's eyes down to his lips.

Stalker's gloved hand strokes Mitch's chest down to his stomach, and finally his manhood.

Mitch freaks out.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK

Please God, no. No!

Stalker presses down on Mitch's throat. He GAGS and GURGLES, then passes out.

Loud whip CRACK (o.s.)

Eva emerges from the stage walking toward Stalker. The whip flows and slides like an extension of her arm. Her free hand caresses the Sleigh of Pain.

EVA POWERS

You want the little prick, you can have him. But when you touched me and mine...

She fondles the whip. A playful smile creeps on her face.

EVA POWERS (CONT'D)

Well...

With a smooth and graceful gesture, the whip uncoils to its full twelve foot length and flashes at Stalker. The fall of the whip wraps around the axe handle. Eva gives a short pull and yanks the axe from Stalker's hands.

Eva CRACKS the whip again. This time Stalker grabs hold of the fall as it wraps around the right hand.

Eva gives a pull but Stalker refuses to let go or budge despite minor wincing.

Stalker's left hand slides inside the cassock and emerges with a long serrated knife. With a quick and graceful move, the blade slices through the whip. The fall goes limp in Stalker's hand.

Eva scowls.

EVA POWERS

That's how we're going to play, huh?

Stalker bolts toward Eva with the knife, catching Eva off guard as the two tumble to the ground. The two roll around as Stalker and Eva fight over the knife.

Eva uses the whip to BUTT Stalker in the face, knocking the mask to disorient. She kicks Stalker off.

As the two get up, Eva lunges toward Stalker and BASHES away the mask. Stalker cowers shielding the face. Eva grabs and pulls Stalker's hands away and goes for the kill.

She suddenly sees Stalker's face. She steps back almost tripping herself.

EVA POWERS

What the fuck?!

Stalker HEAD BUTTS Eva.

Eva staggers backwards dazed. Stalker wraps the fall around Eva's throat while the left hand plunges the knife into her stomach, partially gutting her.

Eva sucker punches Stalker. Once. Twice. Finally, Stalker lets her go. Blood pours from Eva's mouth as she pulls the knife out, dropping it while she stumbles toward the Sleigh of Pain.

EVA POWERS  
(coughs blood)  
I'm the Princess of Pain...I AM...

Stalker (with mask back on) strangles Eva with the fall again. The two struggle as Stalker drags Eva toward one of the reindeer. Then...

SQUISH. Eva's face is pushed into the antlers impaling her from behind. Parts of the antlers jut out from her throat, mouth, and left eye socket. Eva twitches.

Stalker walks away.

Eva collapses pulling the reindeer with her.

EXT. WOODY LOT - NIGHT

Out of breath, Doug runs toward the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR

Todd listens to a video on his phone. Doug plops next to him.

DOUG  
Ugh, Too cold for my taste. Anything exciting?

TODD  
Did you know they've discovered a correlation with an increase in violent behavior and climate change?

Doug stares at him cockeyed. He snatches Todd's phone.

DOUG  
Give me that.

Todd whips out his baton.

TODD  
Bitch, you want me to smack you?

Doug draws his baton.

DOUG  
You'll be limpin' back.

They fight, but it is not a real fight as the two break into jolly LAUGHTER.

DOUG  
Hey, roll the window down. It's  
getting muggy in here.

FOOTSTEPS (o.s.)

A Shadowy Figure appears on the passenger window. Neither Doug or Todd notice. A revolver appears in the Figure's hand.

Then, BANG!

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - LATER

Mitch wakes up SCREAMING. He finds himself lying on his desk. He struggles to move but his arms are twisted and pinned behind him. His legs are motionless.

He suddenly spots a baggy lying next to him with one blue pill inside. He glances between his legs.

Definitely having an erection.

Stalker walks toward Mitch holding an axe. The head glistens in the light.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Come on now. We can still make a  
deal here.

Stalker glances over at Billy's corpse, right at the bullet hole in her forehead, then back at Mitch.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK (CONT'D)  
We can both get what we want, and  
walk away.

Stalker leans the axe next to Billy, then jumps onto and straddles Mitch. Stalker presses down on Mitch and proceeds to dry hump him. Mitch wiggles and jerks but cannot break free.

Stalker's head tilts. One hand covers the mouth while pantomiming laughter.

Mitch spots the knife peeking through the Stalker's cassock.

MITCH "BIG C" BABCOCK  
Please, no. No!

Stalker pats Mitch, then jumps off.

Stalker picks up the axe, and with one fluid strike, CHOPS Mitch's manhood. Blood spews out profusely and pools on Mitch and the desk.

Mitch's head jerks up, coughing blood. He SCREAMS as Stalker continues hacking him into pieces.

INT. CELLAR

Christine stirs awake. Her arms and legs are bound against the shag carpet. Her back pinned to a broken bondage display.

Slick sits bound and gagged across from her. The dim light makes it hard for Christine to see him.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Slick. Slick?

Christine looks at the bondage display. She sees the RED AND GREEN HOOK among a rack of broken holiday themed "S and M gear".

The trapdoor SWINGS open (o.s.) as light bathes the stairwell. Estus gallups down HUMMING a tune. He hefts an unconscious Jade on his shoulder.

Estus walks by Christine and smiles.

ESTUS BIRKLE

Don't you worry, Missy. Your time's coming.

Estus takes Jade deeper into the room to a dimly lit, poorly built EFFIGY of a young Woman made from a mannequin and rotted clothes. He dumps Jade next to the effigy, then he reaches inside his cassock and takes out his broken mask. Like a ritual offering, he places the mask on the mannequin's face.

Christine brushes against the display. The hook wiggles back and forth, but does not budge.

Estus stares in awe at the Effigy. His fingers caress the mannequin and the mask. He embraces and kisses it.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Why are you doing this?

Estus steps back entranced, arms stretched. He smiles lovingly.

ESTUS BIRKLE

For her. My Goddess. My Angelique. You were always there for me. But he took you away. Never again.

Jade stirs up. Estus STRIKES her across the face, knocking her out.

ESTUS BIRKLE (CONT'D)

For he brought unto you misery and pain, but I shall cleanse your temple, and your soul. And we shall be reunited. As we were meant to be.

Christine pushes against the display. The hook jingles more until it falls behind her. Part of the peg display falls and rolls next to her feet.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

(whisper)

Slick.

She squirms her feet until she can reach the peg. A quick kick, and the peg soars over hitting Slick.

Slick's head falls off and rolls toward Christine. The light reveals his eyes have been gouged. His mouth stuffed with condoms.

Christine GAGS. She backs up against the display. She grabs the hook.

Estus walks over and hoists Christine.

The hook falls to the ground with a THUD.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Bastard!

ESTUS BIRKLE

Now, now.

Estus nestles Christine next to Jade. Jade stirs, then leans on Christine.

Christine tries to wriggle free. She spots several gasoline canisters nearby.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Oh, God. Jade. Jade!

JADE

Mmff. Wha?

Estus stands over both women.

ESTUS BIRKLE

And thus He spoketh...

He walks over to a gilded cage in the back corner. He charges up an old record player sitting inside.

Eighties Rock PLAYS at high volume on the rotted speaker.

NOTE: It is the same song played earlier by Jade in the Private Dressing Room.

Estus takes hold of one of the canisters and pours gasoline over the effigy, then Christine, and Jade. Christine SCREAMS. Jade stirs awake.

JADE

What the fuck?!

ESTUS BIRKLE

Glorious salvation, milady.  
Hallelujah!

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Bastard!

JADE

Fuck you!

Estus HOWLS while dousing himself with the remaining gasoline. He reaches into his cassock and pulls out a lighter.

Jade closes her eyes as she cowers next to Christine.

JADE

(sobs)

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Close your eyes. It'll be over.

Estus strikes his lighter. Nothing happens. He tries again with the same results.

THUMP. Pieces of Mitch tumble down the stairs, starting with the limbs, and ending with his split open head. Estus gazes in awe as STALKER saunters down from Heaven toward him.

Estus drops the lighter and walks toward Stalker.

ESTUS BIRKLE

Angelique.

He drops to his knees, arms spread out.

ESTUS BIRKLE (CONT'D)

May I?

Hands shaking, Estus anxiously unbuttons Stalker's cassock from top to bottom. The robe gently falls back to the shoulders revealing...

Stalker is a young WOMAN wearing the same bloofer as Angelique.

Estus PANTS. His tongue slithers from his mouth. His hands quiver and shake.

Stalker strokes Estus' lip, then caresses his cheek. Estus squirms with ecstasy.

ESTUS BIRKLE (CONT'D)

My Goddess.

Stalker wraps both hands around Estus' neck and strangles him. While shocked, Estus does not fight back.

Christine tries to wriggle free. She feels Jade's hands trying to undo her knots. Then, quite easily, her bindings slide off.

JADE

Hurry.

Christine works her hands toward Jade's bindings. Slowly, Jade gets free.

Both make a break for it. Jade heads for the stairs. Christine scoops up the lighter, then follows Jade.

CLICK, CLICK. The lighter does not work. A flick of her wrist, and a short burst of fire.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Heh, I'll be damned.

She throws lighter at Estus.

FWOOSH! Estus goes up in flames. Stalker pushes him SCREAMING in AGONY toward the Effigy. In seconds, the statue erupts in a mass fireball.

JADE

C'mon!

Christine rushes up the stairs.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM

The trapdoor SLAMS SHUT. Both Christine and Jade block it with heavy boxes. Smoke leaks through the cracks.

Christine winces in pain as blood leaks from her bandages. Jade panics as she watches the trapdoor RATTLE and SHAKE.

JADE

Oh God, we're gonna die.

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)  
We're gonna be front page posts on  
pervy News sites.

Christine grabs hold of Jade.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
We're getting out.

JADE  
How? The doors won't open. We can't --

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
The bathroom window. We can both  
fit through.

Jade jerks away.

JADE  
Uh-uh. No way.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
You wanna stay here and burn?

Jade shakes her head.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
Then trust me.

Jade nods.

Both rush out of the room.

The trapdoor ceases rattling. Fire erupts through the cracks  
igniting the carpet.

INT. HALLWAY

Christine and Jade bolt at high speed toward the rear doors.  
As Christine rounds the corner...

The axe's head misses Christine's eyes by mere inches and  
becomes LODGED into the wall. She staggers backwards and  
falls.

Stalker emerges from the shadows before Christine and Jade.  
The bloofer, cassock, and mask are charred and singed. A  
single flick of the wrist and the axe pulls free.

Both women SCREAM and flee as Stalker lunges forward, violently  
swinging the axe at Christine, each swing barely missing as  
she scoots away.

THUNK. The axe gets wedged into the floor. Christine kicks  
Stalker in the face, staggering her.

Christine makes a dash towards...

INT. PUBLIC AREA

Smoke starts pouring into the room.

Christine darts through the maze of tables as she makes a run for the Bar.

A hand grabs hold of Christine's leg and pulls her down. It is Jade.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

(whispers)

What the hell?

FOOTSTEPS, slowly getting LOUDER with each step. Stalker strides into the room. She playfully TAPS the axe head against the numerous table tops.

Terrified, Christine and Jade crawl from one table to the next until...

Jade BUMPS against one of the table legs. The table top wobbles above them. Christine tugs Jade to stop moving.

Stalker stops moving and scans methodically toward the noise. She walks.

As the FOOTSTEPS draw closer, Jade crawls from her hideaway. Christine reluctantly follows.

Reaching the barrier for the next level, both women crawl to the other side right as Stalker reaches them. The two stop moving and huddle, each holding their breath. The axe head TAPS against the table ONCE, TWICE.

Stalker looks underneath and around, then CHOPS the table leg in two. She moves on.

Christine and Jade double back toward the Hallway.

Stalker spots them, follows.

INT. HALLWAY

Christine and Jade run through the smoke. The fire is out of control, lighting everything in a flickering orange. While Christine can get through with minimal COUGHING, the smoke is too much for Jade, making her COUGH and WHEEZE.

JADE

Wait.

(coughs)

Christine.

She stammers through the smoke. Collapses.

Christine grabs hold of Jade's hand.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Come on.

She pulls Jade through the smoke.

Stalker strides out from the smoke and flames in pursuit.

INT. SHARED DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fire has engulfed the entire room. The heavy boxes now reduced to cinders.

The trapdoor RATTLES and SHAKES violently. A burnt and scarred hand BURSTS through.

INT. BATHROOM

Christine and Jade rush inside and SLAM the door SHUT. Smoke billows through the cracks

The door SHAKES with each loud BAM as Christine padlocks it.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Go. I'll hold him off.

Jade makes a dash for the window. She climbs toward the ledge.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jade, head first, squirms out from the bathroom window. One arm free. Then the next.

Her feet soon plop to the ground.

INT. BATHROOM

JADE (O.S.)

Hurry!

The door BREAKS, knocking Christine into the stall. Stalker's right hand pries through a crack grasping and unlocking the padlock.

Christine puts her back against the door again, but with no success. As the door opens, she spots a glimmering object on the floor. She bolts toward the object: a GLASS SHARD.

Christine rushes back to the door. She slashes and jabs Stalker's hand, but the door continues opening. She stabs and slices Stalker's hand, cutting off the pinky finger. A MUFFLED SCREAM echoes behind the crack as Stalker retreats.

The finger plummets alongside Christine's foot along with a squirt of blood. She kicks it away.

Christine darts for the window.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Fires ERUPT (o.s.)

Christine, head first, winces and squirms out from the bathroom window amidst thick smoke.

Her feet plop to the ground. Blood trickles down her legs. She collapses.

Jade helps Christine stand up. The pair stagger away from the building to the edge of the lot. Out of breath, the pair sit and watch the fire.

JADE

Shit, I guess we're out of a job.

Christine CHUCKLES.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Almost wish I kept your baggy.

JADE

Sorry, I'm all out.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Shame.

JADE

Been needing a reason to quit. A good a time as any.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Good for you.

Fireball BURSTS OUT. Both women watch as Catallus 16 goes up in flames.

JADE

Can you make it?

Christine studies her leg wound. The cut bleeds, but it is not deep.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Just need...a moment.

Jade removes one of her stockings, then helps Christine bind the wound.

JADE

Here's hoping the cops see this.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Maybe...

Jade glances over at Christine, who is unconscious. She helps Christine lie down. With a GRUNT and WHEEZE, Jade stumbles toward the highway.

EXT. WOODY LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Exhausted and sweating, Jade staggers through the woods. The brush becomes too much for her as she leans against a tree out of breath.

JADE

God, I need a fix.

She reaches into her pockets, pulls out a small baggy holding the remnants of her spaceball. Her fingers greedily lap up as much white powder as possible.

Each digit trembles as they near her nose and mouth. Her tongue wriggles with delight.

But she spots something underneath the baggy. It is the picture of her brother.

Teary-eyed, Jade throws away the baggy.

JADE (CONT'D)

(sulks)

Shit.

She hugs the picture close to her chest.

JADE (CONT'D)

I'll make you proud, Kevin. I promise.

Jade sees the patrol car behind the brush.

EXT. PATROL CAR

Jade runs as fast as she can to the passenger door. Despite the dark tint, she sees Doug and Todd inside.

JADE

Hey. Hey.

She BEATS against the door.

JADE (CONT'D)

Fuckers!

She KICKS the door.

Doug's lifeless body slides against the window. His face is a veritable pincushion of bullet holes.

Jade SCREAMS and runs backwards, right into Stalker. She turns around...

Before she realizes it, Jade is slashed across the face with her own sacatripe.

Jade falls backwards onto the ground. She kicks Stalker as she scoots away, but her attacker brushes off each strike, finally grabbing her by the hair.

Stalker SLAMS Jade against the car hood, knocking the breath out of her. Then with one hand, she BASHES Jade's head multiple times against the hood. She drags Jade toward the car antenna.

With a forceful RIP, Stalker tears off the antenna leaving a jagged spike. She WHIPS Jade with the other end.

Jade PUNCHES Stalker, cracking the mask's right cheek. Blood trickles. She lands another punch knocking her attacker away.

JADE

Fuck you.

EXT. WOODY LOT

Jade runs away from the cop car, eyeing the highway. Her eyes cover the sprawling road when suddenly...

HEADLIGHTS. A car appears in the distance beelining down the road.

Jade rushes out. Stalker moves on her from behind...a flash of steel...and stabs Jade in the neck. She stumbles wildly in a daze. She reaches for her neck. Blood seeps between her fingers. Stalker yanks Jade back with her.

EXT. PATROL CAR

Jade collapses to her knees, WHEEZING. Her hand slips away from her neck. The bloody sacatripe sticks out of her throat.

Stalker moves on her and pulls out the sacatripe. Blood sprays out like a fountain. Jade tries to scream but no sound comes out. Her eyes flitter as the life fades away.

Stalker drags Jade over to the car hood, and...SHANK! Jade is impaled through the eye with the broken antenna. Blood oozes and pools around. Her body twitches until finally going limp.

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - PARKING LOT - LATER

Christine GRIMACES and GROANS.

A heavenly, soft VOICE calls out to her.

FEMALE VOICE  
(garbled)  
Jen? Jen?

Disoriented, Christine sits up while wincing in pain. A pair of HANDS reach from behind, catching her off guard, and helps her sit up.

She turns to greet her savior. But who she sees standing before her smiling is impossible. It is CEREZA.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Cereza?

Cereza sits alongside Christine. She holds Christine's hand, caressing it gently.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
How? I saw you dead.

CEREZA VEAL  
I thought I was.

She helps Christine stand.

CEREZA VEAL (CONT'D)  
That psycho almost had me if one of the dancers hadn't saved me. I ran and hid while that poor girl...

Cereza tears up. Christine consoles her.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
It's not your fault.

Christine hugs Cereza. As they separate, she spots a cut on Cereza's right cheek. Cereza gently brushes Christine away.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)  
But we got that asshole.

Cereza looks on as Catallus 16 COLLAPSES. She smiles.

CEREZA VEAL  
Yeah, you did.

Cereza helps Christine walk.

A loud ROAR (o.s.)

Something moves inside the wreckage.

Rising out of the smoldering debris and ashes is a demented looking figure.

It is the charred and deranged Estus. Burning cinders fall around him as he staggers toward Cereza and Christine. The red and green hook shines in his hand.

Both Christine and Cereza scramble away.

Estus rushes and leaps onto Cereza. He SWATS Christine with the hook, striking her in the chest. She looks down as her outfit blossoms red. Bewildered, Christine stumbles backwards, then collapses.

Grabbing Cereza's head, Estus BASHES her against the pavement.

ESTUS BIRKLE

Defiler! Deceiver! Babylon whore!

He grabs Cereza's throat. She GASPS and GURGLES.

Christine grabs the hook and pulls. Despite the pain, she pulls it out. She struggles but succeeds to get back up and lunges toward Estus from behind. In one wild swing, Christine gouges Estus in the eye.

Estus jerks back and SCREAMS. Using the hook, Christine yanks Estus off Cereza.

Estus staggers in a daze, then collapses landing face first forcing the hook to pierce out the side of his head.

Christine heads toward Cereza, but her wound bleeds badly. Weak, she falls to her knees.

Cereza crawls toward Christine, holds her.

EMT SIRENS, faint but getting closer (o.s.)

CEREZA VEAL

Hold on, Jen.

Cereza helps Christine stand. Both hobble toward the highway until...

Estus charges at both women. Slashing, tearing, and clawing wildly. He screams with rage. His face a torrent of blood.

Cereza and Christine move as fast as possible, but Estus is quick to catch up to them.

EXT. HIGHWAY

EMT emerges at high speed with sirens SCREECHING.

Cereza and Christine limp across the street. Estus follows close...right into the EMT's path. The breaks lock and the wheels SCREECH.

The EMT SMASHES into Estus and flattens him into a bloody pancake as it SCREECHES to a halt.

Christine drops to the ground. Cereza holds her close.

CEREZA VEAL

Hold on.

Christine watches Cereza wave down the driver as her world slowly fades into darkness.

INT. HOSPITAL PATIENT ROOM 1313 - DAYS LATER

Christine, in a new change of clothes, rests in bed. Cereza, also in new clothes, walks in and sits next to her. Both smile.

CEREZA VEAL

Morning.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Doc says I can leave today. You're not getting that cut treated?

Cereza strokes her right cheek, then looks at her bandaged right hand.

CEREZA VEAL

I think it adds character. Help me stand out more.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

You might not get another job with it, Cereza.

CEREZA VEAL

It's Marie now. Feels like I should start using my name. Get out of another's shadow.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

You're a Romantic now?

A NOISE out in the hallway draws Cereza to the door frame. She looks outside.

CEREZA VEAL  
And maybe I should start looking for  
different work.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Really?

CEREZA VEAL  
Yeah.

She returns to Christine's side.

CEREZA VEAL (CONT'D)  
I saw how my Mom felt trapped in her  
job. And with all that's happened,  
maybe I want to be my own boss.  
Make my own rules.

She gazes toward Christine and smiles beautifully.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I see it now. You're an Adventurous  
Romantic.

Cereza CHUCKLES.

CEREZA VEAL  
I wouldn't mind company.

She snuggles next to Christine.

CEREZA VEAL (CONT'D)  
You. Me. And wherever the road  
leads?

Christine GIGGLES, then winces. She grasps her chest.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Where was this confidence before?

CEREZA VEAL  
You don't have to answer now. Just  
think it over --

Christine embraces Cereza...kisses her. Surprised, Cereza  
does not pull away. Both slip into each other's arms.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
Yes.

Cereza smiles deliciously.

CEREZA VEAL  
Mean it?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Yes, yes.  
 (ecstatic)  
 Yes.

Cereza embraces Christine.

CEREZA VEAL

I can't wait.

She heads for the door.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Don't leave me.

CEREZA VEAL

I gotta a burning engagement. Be  
 right back.

Cereza signs a heart over her chest to Christine, then leaves.

Christine smiles.

DOCTOR steps in.

DOCTOR

Morning Miss Lavender. Just needing  
 to do some last minute checks before  
 we release you.

Christine nods. Doctor examines her.

DOCTOR

You and your friend are lucky.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

I'm glad Marie got you guys when she  
 did.

DOCTOR

Considering they were going elsewhere,  
 you two are very lucky.

Christine's smile fades. Her eyes are a buzz.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everything's good. Looks like you're  
 free to go.

Christine nods as Doctor leaves.

CEREZA VEAL (O.S.)

What? That's great! Thank you.

Cereza enters with all smiles.

CEREZA VEAL (CONT'D)

Ready, Jen?

Christine jolts up.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Uh, yeah. Mind if we stop at work?

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - DAY

Christine and Cereza step out of a taxi toward the smoldering ruins.

CEREZA VEAL

What're we looking for?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

My bike. Don't want to hoof it.

CEREZA VEAL

I've never ridden a bike before.

Christine gently holds Cereza's hands.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

It's easy. Just hold on tight, and I won't let you go.

Cereza PURRS. The two kiss.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

Wait for me.

Cereza smiles, nods.

Christine walks toward...

EXT. CATALLUS 16 - REAR PARKING LOT

Christine's eyes cover the sprawling lot taking in much of the bloodbath and wreckage that remains. She spots her bike in the far corner.

But something else strikes her interest. Something sparkles near the dumpster by the jeep wreckage. Curious, she walks toward it.

The sunlight shines on what looks like a piece of charred tile poking near the rear tire.

Christine reaches for the tile, pulling it from under the wreck. It is porcelain, yet cracked and broken, with something else attached. A jewel? She wipes off the dirt and soot.

It is a broken piece of the Stalker's MASK: a partial lip, eye socket, and cracked right cheek.

Christine's hands tremble. The mask slips out of her hands and SHATTERS into pieces.

Christine suddenly spots a red piece of fabric peeking out from a tear in the dumpster. She tugs and pulls as part of an outfit lands at her feet. While torn and burned, it is the bloofer worn by "Angelique" Stalker.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Oh my god.

Shotgun COCKS (o.s.) Christine tenses. She slowly turns to see a mid-50s portly dude that should be playing guitar in a dive bar than pointing a shotgun at her. This is CARL.

CARL

I knew I'd find someone if I stayed long enough.

Carl motions Christine to stand. She reluctantly holds her hands up.

CARL (CONT'D)

Rob said ya'll were planning to run off. Didn't think you'd blow up your own business.

He aims directly at Christine's head.

CARL (CONT'D)

Where's Mitch?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

He's in there. Burnt to a crisp by now.

Christine points to the ruins. Carl smirks.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER (CONT'D)

It's the truth. I saw him burn.

CARL

Now why don't I believe you.

He eyeballs where Christine was poking around.

CARL (CONT'D)

What's over there?

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Trash and broken junk.

Carl lowers the shotgun away from Christine, then BUTTS her in the face with the stock.

FOOTSTEPS (o.s.) Someone's coming.

CEREZA VEAL (O.S.)

Jen?

Carl aims again at Christine's head.

CARL

Call her.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER

Over here.

Carl turns and aims the shotgun right as Cereza approaches. She stands still scared.

Christine lunges at Carl, but he holds steady. She grabs hold of the shotgun while Cereza jumps him from behind, wrapping her arm around his throat.

Carl HEAD BUTTS Cereza's face, right in the nose. Wasting no time, he flings her off and follows BUCKING Christine with the shotgun, knocking her down.

Cereza staggers back. Blood trickles down her nose and over her mouth. With her left hand, Cereza reaches behind her back and slowly pulls out a long hunting knife. A smile creeps across her lips, but her face is cold rage. She is now a predator.

Cereza leaps on Carl and plunges the knife deep into his arm. Carl SCREAMS as he drops the shotgun. She twists the blade further and further in.

Carl SWATS Cereza off. He grabs and hoists her off the ground by the throat. Cereza claws his arm, but his grip tightens.

CARL

Fucking bitch!

WHACK! Carl is struck from behind by the stock. He lets go of Cereza as he turns around...

Christine FIRES the shotgun point blank at Carl propelling him away from Cereza. Her face is frozen with fear.

Cereza wanders toward Christine. With a calm hand, she helps Christine lower the weapon.

CEREZA VEAL

It's okay. It's okay.

She kisses Christine. Christine smiles.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
He didn't hurt you?

Cereza shakes her head.

Both hold hands. Christine spots the bandages on Cereza's right hand are torn. She is missing her little finger!

Eerily, Christine caresses Cereza's hand, even rubs it across her cheek.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
I didn't hurt you too bad, did I?

CEREZA VEAL  
Nothing I didn't deserve.

They embrace.

CHRISTINE LAVENDER  
So what now?

CEREZA VEAL  
I'm thinking a vice, or two.

Both Christine and Cereza smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Christine and Cereza FLOOR it on her bike to parts unknown.

INT. CHURCH HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two Attendees wheel a body bag on a gurney toward -

INT. MORGUE

Small and cramped, made worse with the recent body bags.

CORONER chows down on a gooey sandwich while typing. He peeks up as the Attendees bring in the newest body.

CORONER  
Jesus, how many is that now?

ATTENDEE ONE  
I don't count 'em. I just bring 'em to you.

ATTENDEE TWO  
Good to see you, by the by.

CORONER  
What is all this?

ATTENDEE TWO  
Murder suicide from the News.

ATTENDEE ONE  
I hope you like 'em extra crispy?

CORONER  
As long as they don't smell like  
chicken.

Coroner eyeballs the new arrivals.

CORONER (CONT'D)  
What about these?

ATTENDEE ONE  
Found 'em in the woods. Two cops  
and a hooker.

ATTENDEE TWO  
You should pitch that to the Networks.

Coroner gobbles down the rest of his sandwich.

CORONER  
Cute. Since my night's shit, how  
about wrangling me a burrito. Messy  
with lots of bacon.

ATTENDEE ONE  
I can snag ya a danish upstairs?

CORONER  
Hey, I'm watching my girlish figure.

Both Attendees SNICKER while leaving.

Coroner walks over and UNZIPS the first body bag.

The face is horrifically disfigured by burns and slashes along  
with a bullet wound to the head. It is Billy.

CORONER  
Now I'm in the mood for chicken.

Coroner walks over and UNZIPS the next bag. He smiles.

It is Jade. Half of her face is smeared in blood from her  
gouged eye.

CORONER  
Hello, beautiful.

He leans closer. Using a wet wipe, he cleans up Jade.

CORONER (CONT'D)  
And, Disco.

He sniffs Jade.

CORONER (CONT'D)  
Better make this quick.

Coroner kisses Jade. He leans back to see...

Jade glaring at him.

CORONER (CONT'D)  
What the --

Jade gouges Coroner's eyes with her nails. He SCREAMS.

Coroner staggers backwards as blood pours out from his eye sockets. He BUMPS and KNOCKS OVER things and into the other body bags, then falls to his knees.

Jade TEARS herself free from the body bag. She is a ghoulish nightmare of torn clothing and dried blood. She walks toward the Coroner, grabbing a skull breaker off a nearby tray.

CORONER  
Help...Help...

Jade RAMS the skull breaker into Coroner's head.

JADE  
(raspy)  
Better make this quick.

She twists the skull breaker.

FADE OUT:

The End