

DEMONIC ADDICTION

Written by

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INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

HARRY, 45, messy hair, bloodshot eyes and unsaved face. Looks like he's no slept for 24 hours. The backseat of his car is littered with fast food wrappers.

He's cruising down a dark street, lots of homeless men and women walking around and looking miserable.

Harry stops beside BLUE, 19, tall and skinny. A drug addict, his face cut up and busied.

Harry winds down his drivers side window just enough so that the two of them can talk.

HARRY
Are you selling?

Blue looks around nervous. Tries to peer inside Harry's car.

BLUE
Maybe. Maybe not. What you after?

HARRY
Heroin.

BLUE
Show me something. Come on man.
Show me something. Don't waste my
time.

Harry pulls out his wallet, flashes his cash. Blue nods.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Alright. Yeah. I got enough brown
to last you until Christmas.

Harry opens up the front passenger door. Letting it swing open.

HARRY
Get in.

Blue laughs nervously. Backs away from Harry a little.

BLUE
No man, that's not how this works.
You give me the money and I give
you the junk. Simple.

Harry winds down his drivers side window all the way now. He throws all the cash at Blue.

HARRY

I said get in.

Blue scrambles down to pick the money up and hurriedly stuff it into his pockets. He returns to Harry, now letting out a full belly laugh at him.

BLUE

You stupid.

Harry pulls out a gun and aims it at Blue.

HARRY

Get in the car before I shoot you.

Blue is now terrified.

BLUE

You're going to shoot me out here?
Fucking hell. Do you know how many
people will see it. You're going to
kill me?

HARRY

I'm not going to kill you. I'm
going to shoot out your knee caps
then I'll put a third bullet into
the base of your spin.

Blue is now shaking he's that scared.

BLUE

And what do you think the fucking
cops will do to you once they catch
up to you?

Harry still holds onto his gun in one hand, and now flashes his police badge with his other.

HARRY

They won't do fucking anything to
me. Now get in the fucking car
before I make a cripple out of you.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Harry drives with a still terrified Blue in the front passenger seat beside him.

Blue looks behind at the backseats, they're covered in trash, he then looks down at the cans of beer down by his own feet.

BLUE
(to Harry)
Jesus, you live like a pig.

HARRY
And you? How would you describe how
you live?

BLUE
I'm just saying, this is the
dirtiest car I've ever been in.

HARRY
I've got more money for you as long
as you do exactly what I tell you.

Blue shivers, fearing the worst.

BLUE
And what's that?

HARRY
I want you to give my daughter a
dose of heroin.

Blue is stunned, and for a moment he's speechless.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Do you think you can do that?

BLUE
Shit. That's not what you thought
you were going to ask me?

HARRY
And what did you think I was going
to ask you?

BLUE
I thought you were going to ask me
to suck your dick or something.
But, your daughter. That's fucking
heavy.

HARRY
Do you think you can do it?

Blue shrugs.

BLUE
Fuck, yeah, of course. I've helped
plenty of people shoot up before.
I've just never had a cop ask me to
do it.

HARRY

Well then, we shouldn't have a
problem should we?

Blue falls silent. Slowly turns away and simply stares out of
his passenger side window.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry parks up outside he's lovely well kept suburban four
bedroom house located in a upper middle class part of town.

Harry and Blue both exit. Blue is confused, impressed with
the house, takes a moment to just look at it.

BLUE

Wow.

Harry walks around the front of his car, grabs a hold of Blue
and drags him up to the front door.

HARRY

In.

BLUE

I didn't think you'd live in such a
nice house man.

HARRY

What were you expecting?

BLUE

I don't know, just not this. You're
lucky.

HARRY

No more talking. You just do what I
tell you, understand?

Blue nods.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

A plush front room, large television on the wall. Leather
sofa and chairs. A log fire burning bright.

KAREN, 45, is down on her knees with FATHER WITMORE, 50, a
catholic priest, heavy, his stomach poking out a little
underneath his black shirt.

They're both praying, a bible lays open on top of the coffee
table in between them.

Harry enters, Blue keeping close behind him.

HARRY
(to Karen)
Give me the key.

The praying stops. Both Karen and Father Witmore turn to face him. Only Karen stands, the priest stays down on his knees.

KAREN
Where have you been? You should be
praying here with me. Like I asked.

She sees Blue.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Who's this?

HARRY
Never you mind.

KAREN
He looks like a beggar?

BLUE
I don't beg.

Harry reaches back and gives Blue a hard punch into the middle of his chest, knocking the air out of him.

HARRY
I warned you.

Blue cowers back, falling silent.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(to Karen)
Give me the key.

KAREN
What are you doing Harry? Why? Why
are you bringing homeless beggars
into our house?

HARRY
The same reason you brought a
fucking priest into it.

KAREN
What?

HARRY
I'm trying to help Samantha.
Actually help her.

KAREN

You don't know what you're talking about.

HARRY

A fucking priest isn't going to help her.

FATHER WITMORE

I'm afraid your daughter's only hope is with me.

KAREN

Harry, you need to accept what's happening to her.

HARRY

I have. She went away to college. Fucked around with drugs and got hooked. I've seen this all my life. She's a junky.

KAREN

No, she's not.

HARRY

I've seen the marks on her arms. On her veins. Needle marks. I know what I see.

KAREN

It's the work of the devil.

HARRY

Religion is a scam Karen, and you're a fool.

KAREN

Fuck you Harry.

HARRY

Give me the key to her room before I smash your fucking head open.

Now Father Witmore stands. He holds the open bible out for Harry.

FATHER WITMORE

Read this.

Father Witmore gets himself in between Harry and Karen. Harry slaps the bible out of Father Witmore's hand. He pushes him out of the way.

HARRY
(to Karen)
Give me the fucking key. Last time
I'm asking.

KAREN
You don't understand what's
happening to her. You turned your
back on God and now the devil has
our daughter. If you want the key
you're going to have to take it
from me. Go on, bash my fucking
head open.

Harry turns and leaves, pushing Blue out of the front room
with him.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Harry marches up the staircase, dragging Blue along with him.
As they head up the staircase they hear the pain filled
screams of a young woman.

BLUE
What is that?

HARRY
She's an addict. I just want her
pain to stop.

BLUE
Those screams?

HARRY
She's an addict.

BLUE
I've been around addicts most of my
life man, those screams aren't
anything I've heard before.

HARRY
I just need to give her what she
needs.

BLUE
And then what?

Harry reaches the top of the staircase. Outside Samantha's
bedroom door, there's a heavy lock keeping it closed. Harry
removes his gun and shoots the lock open.

The gunshot echoes out loudly around them.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha has her wrists and ankles tied to her bed with rope. Her windows are covered in black sheets and her room has been all but emptied.

Harry stands at the side of her bed with Blue.

Samantha's eyes are bright red. Her arms and legs are covered in cuts and scratches. She's possessed. Her body writhes in agony. Letting out terrible demonic screams.

Harry turns to Blue.

HARRY
Give her the shot.

BLUE
The shot?

HARRY
Give her the fucking heroin.

BLUE
What the fuck is this?

HARRY
Do it.

Blue takes out a little medical bag from his jacket. He gets a dose of heroin ready.

Karen and Father Witmore appears at the bedroom door, both out of breath.

KAREN
(shouting)
What the hell are you doing?

FATHER WITMORE
She's been possessed. What you're doing isn't going to help her.

Harry keeps both Karen and Father Witmore out of the bedroom.

Samantha still screaming.

Karen and Father Whitmore try to wrestle Harry out of the way, but he manages to keep them out.

HARRY
(to Blue)
Give it to her!

Blue, hands shaking manages to hold one of Samantha's arms still. Injects the needle into her and gives her a dose of heroin.

Karen yells out in pain as she watches it happen.

KAREN

No.

She turns her attentions onto Harry.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You bastard. You're insane!

She slaps him across the face, pulling on his hair.

HARRY

I couldn't watch it anymore. She's an addict, this is what addicts need.

Karen sticks her fingers into Harry's eyes. Forcing him to move out of the way.

She rushes over to the side of the bed. Slapping Blue across his face she pulls the needle out of Samantha's arm.

KAREN

What the fuck have you done?

Blue runs out of the bedroom, he looks like he's going to be sick.

The heroin starts to take effect. Samantha's demonic screaming stops as she falls into a deep sleep.

Harry falls to the floor, exhausted. Karen kisses Samantha on the head.

Tears streaming down her face, Karen comes over to stand over the top of Harry.

KAREN (CONT'D)

What the hell have you done to her?

HARRY

I've given her some peace.

Father Witmore looks in at Samantha.

FATHER WITMORE

We have much work to do.

Harry removes his gun. Aiming it at father Witmore.

HARRY

If you don't leave my house right now, I'm going to shoot you in the head.

Father Witmore and Karen share a concerned look. Karen nods.

KAREN

You should leave.

Father Witmore backs away. Karen then goes and exits the bedroom with him.

Harry lowers his gun, looks up at the bed and silently breaks down crying.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Outside samantha's bedroom, Karen closes the door. With a new lock in hand she's bolts it closed.

Father Witmore is beside her.

FATHER WITMORE

What is your plan?

KAREN

To leave him in there with her.

FATHER WITMORE

Is that wise? She'll be awake soon.

KAREN

He needs to see. He needs to understand.

FATHER WITMORE

May god have mercy on him.

KAREN

I need my daughter back. But first, I need my husband.

Father Witmore returns to his bible.

FATHER WITMORE

We must keep praying

FADE TO BLACK

THE END