

IS BORN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A cold winter day. Gray clouds glide above the trees. Snow blankets the ground.

GRANT (15), awkward, tall and slender, kneels in a spot within the trees.

He seems to work on something, his arms and hands moving in a meticulous manner.

He holds up a dead squirrel, wire tied around its neck.

He hangs it on the branch of a pine tree, steps back.

Before him, dozens of dead animals hang from the tree like Christmas ornaments.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning sunshine barrels through the windows.

A barely decorated Christmas tree shines dully in the corner.

ANNA (34), in a robe, bed head galore, sits on the sofa and smokes a cigarette.

In the kitchen, HENRY (40) pours himself a glass of whiskey, dressed in a tank top and pajama bottoms.

Grant sits in an armchair with a present in his lap.

Henry walks into the living room.

HENRY

Well, you gonna open it or what?

Grant looks from Henry, to the gift, and opens it.

He unwraps a plain trucker's hat, with some logo patch stitched to it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas, buddy.

He looks up at Anna and Henry.

GRANT
This is it?

They frown.

ANNA
Honey, we picked that out just for you.

GRANT
You got this from the 7-11 down the street.

Anna opens her mouth to speak, but stops herself.

GRANT (CONT'D)
And you got it, Mom. Henry didn't do anything.
(to Henry)
As usual.

Henry's face drops.

HENRY
The fuck you just say?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Grant stabs something unseen, in a fury, over and over.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through the windows of the dimly lit teenage boy's bedroom. Heavy metal band posters adorn the walls, clothes and clutter are strewn about.

From outside the room:

GRANT (O.S.)
Fuck off, Henry!

HENRY (O.S.)
I'll sock you straight in the goddam mouth!

GRANT (O.S.)
You couldn't aim right if you tried, ya fuckin' drunk!

HENRY (O.S.)
What did you say? Come back here and tell me what you just said!
(MORE)

HENRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get the fuck back here! I said get
back here, goddammit!

Grant enters the bedroom and slams the door shut.

He leans against the door, closes his eyes and inhales, holds
it in.

The lights dim until they go out.

A low DRONE settles into the space. Someone--or something has
just entered.

Grant opens his eyes.

VOICE (V.O.)
(low, dark)
Hello, Grant.

Grant gulps.

GRANT
Who's there?

VOICE (V.O.)
I am who you've summoned.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

FLASHBACK

Grant furiously stabs at the bloodied, shredded carcass of a
rabbit. Red stains spatter the snow around him.

He spreads the animal's body out upon a pentagram made of
tree branches.

GRANT
(quietly whispers)
...may The Dark Lord be with me...

He continues to whisper over the dead rabbit, kneeled before
the pine tree decorated in dead animals.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grant stands at his bedroom door.

VOICE (V.O.)
I. Am. Lucifer.

GRANT
Oh fuck.

LUCIFER (V.O.)
Look under the bed.

Grant looks at the bed.

Cautiously, he slowly inches toward it.

He reaches the bed, bends down to his hands and knees.

Darkness greets him from underneath.

He peers in deeper.

Moments drag by--

Grant sits up, stands.

In his hands, a brand new hatchet.

GRANT
Woah.

LUCIFER (V.O.)
It is yours, Grant. Thank you for bringing me into your world. Please accept this gift as a token of gratitude.

Grant feels along the hatchet blade.

LUCIFER (V.O.)
Obey my every command. With my guidance, you will receive the life you crave. And in turn, I have you.

He looks up.

LUCIFER (V.O.)
There are people who have stood in your way, Grant. Trust in me, and you will be protected by my power.
(beat)
You know what to do.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

There's a knock at the door, before it opens.

Anna steps inside the dark bedroom.

ANNA
Sweetie?

Nobody else is in the room. She walks further inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry lies on the sofa, passed out with a whiskey bottle next to him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna steps toward the bed.

ANNA
Honey, I'm sorry. About your gift.

Shattered on the floor is a broken photo of when Grant was a young kid.

She sighs, bends down to pick up the photo.

She stands, turns--

Swiftly, silently, Grant steps toward her, swings the hatchet at her face--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry snorts a snore.

"A Holly Jolly Christmas" plays from a speaker.

SONG
*Have a holly jolly Christmas
It's the best time of the year*

A shadow moves along the wall, across Henry's body--

--the swing of a hatchet--

THWUNK.

--blood spatters the wall--

SONG (CONT'D)
*I don't know if there'll be snow
But have a cup of cheer--*

The song becomes louder--

CUT TO BLACK.

"A Holly Jolly Christmas" continues to play overhead.