

The Demon Diaries

By

Charles Anthony Musgrove

Based on Tosca Lee's Best Selling Novel,  
Demon: A Memoir

Anthonymusgrove@aol.com  
949 306 8953

SUPERIMPOSE ON BLACK SCREEN:

And as the demons were coming out of many they were screaming, "You are the Christ, the Son of God."

Luke 4:41a

HIGH PITCH SCREAMING. This SOUND could easily be mistaken for demons...

FAINT THUDS against a STONE WALL and the CRACKLING of ALUMINUM CANS scooting across brick pavement.

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

1

A FLAMING TRASH CAN appears from blackness, illuminating the scene...

We are standing between two brick buildings. To the left is a ghetto apartment complex with rusted fire escapes and chained air conditioners and to the right is some forgotten bar used by the old timers.

The alley is dark and long and rain water has collected in tiny pools of broken asphalt producing little jagged mirrors of shimmering yellows, oranges and blues... smeared colors from the neon sign that precariously hangs over the bar's back door.

More HIGH PITCH SCREAMING...

From out of a SIDE SHADOW APPEARS TWO ALLEY CATS fighting to the death. One is black and other is white. One SCREAMS in pain. THEY'RE soaked in grimy rain water and blood.

WE PAN CLOSER to them, studying this animalistic form of evil as this dirty mass of black and white rage moves to an area of loose trash causing more CANS to CLINK and CRACKLE on the brick pavement, forgotten paper trash floats in the air.

A tornado of rage...

MORE SCREAMS from hell...

They disappear into the black depths of the alley...

ROLL PRE TITLE CREDITS:

The NEON SIGN begins to FLICKER. We PAN UP and spy at a lone

WINDOW to the apartment building.

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

A NERVOUS HAND quickly scribbles across a yellow note pad. A voice recorder, a professional type camera and an empty cup of tea lie nearby. The hand hesitates. Starts again. Then stops.

CLAY, our protagonist, looks up. He's thin. British type and intelligent. 30's. Lines of august scar his face. EYES trembling and wild like those spent fruitlessly searching for hope and rescue. A sailor lost at sea. (a Ben Whishaw type)

He senses a presence and SLOWLY looks over his shoulder...

NOTHING. Just a loyal WALL HEATER giving off its ROARING, HYPNOTIC BLUE FLAMES.

Clay's skeptical EYES dart around, still searching for something. Something unseen...

We PAN around the drab and musty apartment. It's barely lit like an old, forgotten basement. A yellowing bulb from a nearby lamp reveals the claustrophobic cage of an ill-kept place. Not from laziness but from preoccupation. It's a small two bedroom of peeling paint and cheap rent with a hall leading to a tiny bathroom. The adjacent, dusty kitchen is just four feet behind him where a small card table holding scattered papers, empty Chinese containers and junk mail stands in the center.

CLAY settles back into the worn out, yellow-brown chair and forces himself deep into the back. He lowers his head, tries to write but stalls...

We begin to hear the FAINT, RISING SOUND of a MILLION HUMMING INSECTS...

Clay looks back up revealing his WEARY EYES have watered over.

He STARES DEEP into us, through us, leaning forward, trying to make something out... Straight in front of him is one of the BEDROOMS.

It's in full view from the living room/kitchen and has its door completely open. BLACKNESS fills its space, drawing any weakened soul to its void.

WE GRADUALLY ZOOM CLOSER inside this BLACK VOID.

CLAY slowly reaches for the camera and stands up.

The HUMMING INSECT SOUND is now mixed with DEEP, VIBRATING CORDS from a CELLO and getting LOUDER.

CLAY slowly walks towards us as he turns the camera on to warm the flash making a LOW ZINGING NOISE then takes off the lens cover and slowly raises it up towards the OPEN BEDROOM DOOR and into the BLACKNESS.

WE ARE STANDING right at the openness as this BLACKNESS fully envelopes our view.

FLASH! The camera's bulb EXPLODES WHITE LIGHT into the black void filling the room with revelation allowing us to see what's inside--a TWIN BED neatly made over with an old quilt.

WE ZOOM IN on CLAY. WILD, HAZEL EYES on the edge of panic, refusing to blink. Another FLASH--echoing instant light on his manic face.

Then another FLASH into the BEDROOM--a NIGHT STAND and a LITTLE LAMP.

The ever INCREASING DEEP BASE HUMMING NOISE turns into GREAT OAK TWISTING and MOUNTAINS CRUSHING.

Another FLASH--an open CLOSET with hung shirts and pants, shoes below.

HOLDING on CLAY... Edge of a TEAR.

--SMASH SOUND CUT- SILENCE!

CLAY waits in eternity, CAMERA shaking...

Something RUSTLES the walls! Coming from the hallway, unseen from our view.

CLAY turns his head to the right towards the LITTLE BATHROOM DOOR at the end. It's almost hidden from our view as this thin hallway is barely visible in darkness.

CLAY! Melting heart of wax!

The unmistakable SOUND of a FAUCET, VERY SLOWLY, TURNING and then WATER FALLING and SLUSHING down a long copper pipe.

Then an inside LIGHT suddenly FLICKERS like the outside neon sign, giving the DOOR FRAME a standing rectangle shape in this DARKENED HALL.

CLAY'S shallow TEAR finally falls as he slowly turns his body towards the flashing door with melting courage, raises the camera up then quietly walks down the hallway like a hunter stalking an animal. A beast...

PICTURE FRAMES dangle crookedly on their nails. Clay ignores them without hesitation as though he's done this before.

From the ENTRANCE WAY we see the HALLWAY is very dark at the end and we almost lose Clay as he finally reaches the door and stops, surrounded in THICK PITCH.

The same NERVOUS HAND comes into frame as it reaches for the PAINTED KNOB and holds it, ready to turn.

His BREATHING has heavied and the RUNNING WATER SOUND is unmistakable.

Beneath the DOOR we see the FLICKERING LIGHT but FASTER now, more impulsive like a racing heartbeat.

The HAND turns the knob and the DOOR RELEASES some, outwardly, an inch... CREAKING OLD PIPE SOUNDS of DEEP RUMBLING! WATER RUSHING in our souls!

STEAM ESCAPES all around the frame. HOLD...

Clay SUDDENLY PULLS OPENED the DOOR with full defiance and strength--

--THICK FOG of STEAM rushes out and surrounds Clay as the STROBING FLICKERS of WHITE LIGHT exposes the space, lacing his frail outline with electricity.

As the FOG escapes we start to make out a CRACKED, SILVER MIRROR hanging gingerly over a stained, porcelain sink. It drips with MASSIVE CONDENSATION.

With every revelation given by the FLICKERING LIGHT we come in CLOSER to the SILVER MIRROR waiting for that beast to appear...

CLAY turns off the water and reacts quickly to the searing heat then looks back at the WATERY MIRROR with new courage and rage.

CLAY  
(whispers)  
What do you want?

Nothing.

CLAY'S anger flashes and SCREAMS with a WALL ECHOING-

CLAY

-What do you want! Tell me what-

-The FLICKERING LIGHT goes out! TOTAL BLACKNESS! We HEAR the DOOR SLAM SHUT!

CLAY

No! Wait! Wait. Oh God I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

THUMPING and CRASHING as though Clay wrestles a bear.

FLASHES from the CAMERA POP and CRACKLE UNDER the DOOR FRAME.

CLAY SCREAMS!

The DOOR FLIES OPEN and CLAY, dropping the camera, scrambles out, SHIRT TORN to ribbons and BLOODIED.

He flies out the front door...

All is QUIET again and all we can hear is the EVER GENTLE PELTING RAIN on the OUTSIDE WINDOW.

We STARE at the open DOOR of the bathroom and ZOOM closer to it through the DARK hallway.

The LIGHT FLICKERS again revealing the scene in chaos and destruction. But as we are about two feet from the door the DOOR SLAMS SHUT!

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE WEEKS EARLIER

FADE IN:

EXT. FERRY - DAY

3

CLAY is leaning over the side, neatly dressed in a light coat. A camera hangs around his neck.

He searches for something far into the distance with familiar loneliness and fear. Searching for something hopeful and calm.

The horizon is bleak and still and the day is brisk and cool as the rude autumn air harasses his white, pale face and messes his dark, wavy hair.

HE closes his eyes and welcomes this old friend deep into his lungs.

The white tipped waves are choppy and grey. And the sunshine has found its hiding place behind this sleepy season.

CLAY reopens his eyes with frigid determination and pulls the camera up and focuses for a shot.

THROUGH THE CAMERA'S POV: WHITE AND RED AND YELLOW SAIL BOATS clumsily toss near the harbor, foolishly fighting to save the last moments of summer against a STRONG WIND. SNAP goes the shutter. SUDDEN DISTRESS from a red boat.

CLAY looks around the camera and quickly back to focus not to miss this moment.

BACK THROUGH THE CAMERA'S POV: Two men frantically adjust ropes-SNAP-then the oar heaves over and breaks in two-SNAP.

EXT. FERRY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

4

The ferry lands on the harbor in front of the "WELCOME TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND" sign and the CAPTAINS voice is heard over the speaker giving instructions for safety and wishing a fun day.

The hurried and excited PEDESTRIANS scamper off with beach towels and basket, brisking past an alienated CLAY as exiting cars attempt to dodge them with a dotted quick honk of their horns.

IRRITATION finds CLAY.

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