

Dead End

a short horror-comedy screenplay

By Wytemi

LOGLINE:

When a bad Christian girl skips Sunday school to hook up in the local haunted house, she chooses the wrong one and must escape a demonic presence before it devours her.

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EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lonely highway stretches through a dense forest. A thick fog rolls in, reducing visibility. The wind howls as tree branches sway ominously. Car Headlights emerge.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

JANE(17), upkept hair, pristine Christian clothes, and cross neckless, talks in her phone while driving. Sex toys, trash, alcohol bottles, and adult magazines litter the vehicle.

JANE

I was sent to walk with the Pastor to his office from Sunday School and I gave 'em the slip and borrowed his car!. Do you think God will forgive me?

CHAD (O.S.)

(over phone)

For stealing his car? Maybe if you buy enough indulgences. How far till you get that virgin ass over here? I've found...

The phone disconnects. Her eyes dart between the road and a loading GPS system.

JANE

Oh my god...SHIT! I said the Lord's name in vain...

(gasps)

Shit! I also swore too! Please forgive me God! Chad?!

The GPS screen glitches, then continues loading. She glances at the fuel gauge—almost empty. A fork in the road.

JANE (CONT'D)

Which way do I go? Is this what he was talking about? Damn me!

She turns the wheel left.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - NIGHT

The car to the left fork.

Jane drives up to the dead end and stops. A tree falls on Jane's car and windows shatter. She screams. A dilapidated HOUSE looms ahead, barely visible.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

JANE
 This can't be right...Jesus,
 please...send me a priest! Or
 something!

She frantically tries to restart the car, but the engine
 whimpers.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Okay, think...I just crashed the
 Pastor's car...

She glances at her phone—it rings.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Chad?! Are you there?

CHAD (O.S.)
 (crackly)
 Yeah...Inside...wh...you at?

JANE
 Inside the ugly haunted house?!

Chad's phone connects briefly

CHAD
 Yeah! Now hurry up.

Then, something catches her eye in the rearview mirror—a
 FIGURE standing in the fog, barely visible.

JANE
 Chad! That better be you.

CHAD (O.S.)
 How? I'm inside the house sitting
 naked on the bed.

Jane goes red. She turns around, but the figure is gone. Her
 breath quickens, and she fumbles for the door handle.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - NIGHT

Jane steps out of the car, clutching her phone.

JANE
 Chad? Can you hear me?!

Silence. Her phone loses connection. She dumps the toys and magazines into a bag and closes the door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house looms above her, its windows dark and empty. The front door hangs slightly ajar, creaking in the wind. Jane hesitates, then approaches cautiously.

JANE

Chad...this is too far.

She reaches for the door, pushing it open with a loud CREAK.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The interior is dark and cold. Jane waddles into the house. Dust particles are illuminated by her phone's weak light.

A heavy silence hangs in the air.

JANE

Wow, He went all out.

Her voice echoes through the empty halls. She moves further in, her nerves on edge.

Suddenly, a LOUD THUD echoes from upstairs. Jane freezes, her heart pounding.

Jane reaches into her pocket and pulls out a sex toy. She turns it on and wields it, the toy vibrates.

JANE (CONT'D)

With the power of Jesus by my side...I'm armed!

Only the sounds of footsteps and the toy vibrations. She hears another THUD.

JANE (CONT'D)

Back away, Satan!

Jane backs away. She turns to leave but hears the door SLAM shut behind her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me I chose the wrong haunted house!

She pulls at the door, but it won't budge. She kneels for a half-assed prayer.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Oh lord thy, God, please save me
 from this wicked place, for I'm a
 good Christian girl...
 (really fast)
 In the name of Jesus, AMEN

The footsteps grow louder, and closer. Jane turns around, her back against the door, facing the dark hallway.

LEGION; a shadowy figure, stands at the end of the hall. Jane wields the vibrating sex toy at the figure.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Back off! I'll...I'll cut you!

The figure slowly advances. The flashlight flickers and dies. The footsteps stop. Silence. A cold hand GRABS her wrist.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (screams)
 Let go!

She yanks free and bolts down the hallway, stumbling into walls.

She bursts through a basement door and slams it.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jane stumbles down the stairs into a dimly lit basement. She looks around desperately.

JANE
 I just wanted to be a real Woman...
 God...please forgive me!

The basement is cluttered with old furniture and debris. At the far end, she spots a small window. She rushes for it.

Her phone rings.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (crying)
 CHAD! Where are you?!

CHAD (O.S.)
 Jane...this place isn't that scary.

JANE
 Go to hell! You led me into a dark,
 horrific place.

She scrambles toward it, but as she reaches it, the light suddenly flickers on, revealing the room in full.

CHAD (O.S.)
 Didn't think a few rickety floors
 and covered furniture were
 considered scary...

A series of mutilated corpses line the walls, their blank eyes staring at her. Jane screams.

JANE
 ...I made a wrong turn...

The door at the top of the stairs CREAKS open. Heavy footsteps descend.

She looks back at the tiny window. The footsteps stop at the bottom of the stairs. She turns her back against the wall.

CHAD (O.S.)
 Did you say you're at the wrong
 house?!

The shadowy figure steps into the light. Jane waves wildly the vibrating toy.

LEGION
 WE...ARE...LEGION.

She whimpers. Lights fall and she's heard screaming.

Her phone falls to the floor.

CHAD (O.S.)
 Jane...JANE?!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The damaged car sits still along the road. The driver's seat—empty. The headlights flicker, and then the car engine sputters to life on its own.

The car slowly drives down the ravine and crashes into a body of water. Fog fills the air fully.

THE END