

SOUTH CARTHAY

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A two-story house sits in the center of a barren desert landscape, dotted with patches of scrub brush. A solitary dirt road connects the house to a two-lane highway in the distance. Heat waves sizzle along the horizon. It. Is. **Hot.**

The scene is suddenly interrupted by a demonic voice.

HELLRAISER (PRE-LAP)

*You solved the puzzle box...you
summoned us...we came.*

(a man's voice screams in terror)

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN: Three intergalactic demons torture a terrified human victim in a scene from the 1988 horror feature, "Hellraiser 2".

HELLRAISER (CONT'D)

*No tears, please. It's such a waste
of good suffering.*

Offscreen, a young boy's voice breaks the tension.

PARKER (O.S.)

Wait, who's *this* guy?

We see that the voice belongs to PARKER MCCLANE (13, clean cut, athletic), sprawled out on the living room carpet watching the TV set. Next to him, his younger brother ANDY MCCLANE (11, skinned knees and wild hair) eats a massive fried egg sandwich.

Behind them, a snoring grey pitbull, JULES, takes up most of the couch.

ANDY

(unsure) He's the Hellraiser.

PARKER

Yeah, but which one?

ANDY

A new guy...I think. He has like...a saw coming out of his face. But he's one of the Hellraisers for sure.

We can now see by Parker's face and body language that he is **BLIND**, and relying on Andy to describe what's happening on the TV.

PARKER

Ok, so who has the puzzle box now?

Andy thinks, picking at a set of stitches above his right eye.

ANDY

Ummm...I think it might be in the other dimension?

Parker shakes his head, frustrated.

PARKER

That's impossible, the Hellraisers can't be summoned without it-

Andy's sandwich collapses as he struggles to keep it together.

ANDY

Maybe they're lying! I don't know!
They're freakin demons man!

He's drowned out by the TV as the Hellraisers continue their torture. Jules whines, put off by the yelling, and wanders off.

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INT. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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MAGGIE (35) sits in front of a desktop word processor, a house phone pressed to her ear. Her agent KAREN on the line.

The blinds are drawn and colorful plants fill the room - an obvious attempt to create a sanctuary from the desert outside. A tiny electric fountain peacefully bubbles away.

KAREN (V.O.)

Mags, I sent them your book yesterday, and they called me back this morning to set up a meeting. These guys love you.

Maggie does a little silent dance in her chair. She's excited.

MAGGIE

Oh god, that's great!

KAREN (V.O.)

Can you do tomorrow in Santa Monica
at noon?

Maggie's smile fades a bit. She flips open a detailed
notebook planner.

MAGGIE

That's tough, Andy has a doctors'
appointment at 10, and that takes
about an hour and a half, so....can
they do Sunday around 4 maybe?

Karen let's out a sigh.

KAREN (V.O.)

Look, Maggie, I love ya, and I love
your writing, but you gotta get to
LA for this whole thing to work.

MAGGIE

Well, technically I am in LA-

Behind Maggie, Jules noses the door open. We hear her whine
for attention.

KAREN (V.O.)

65999 County Road R isn't "LA".
It's the middle of the fucking
desert.

Maggie turns to shoosh Jules, just in time to see her drop a
filthy armadillo carcass at her feet. Maggie stifles a yelp,
covering the phone receiver as she whisper-yells at Jules.

MAGGIE

Jules! No!...No!

Jules ignores her and walks out of the room, leaving the
carcass behind.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It's actually "R Road", not "Road
R". That's where the airplane
graveyard is.

Maggie struggles to scoot the armadillo out the door with her
foot, grimacing.

KAREN (V.O.)

Whatever. Until you live down here
where the action is, I really can't
do much for you.