

AS EVIL DOES

Screenplay
by

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(If you are interested in reading this entire script,
please **CLICK THE CONTACT BUTTON** and leave your info. Thank you.)

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

FLASHES OF FRAGMENTED MOMENTS... A MAN, face unseen, climbs a ladder... HANDS grab a WOMAN'S THROAT, her face unseen... She fights back, claws his face, draws blood... BACK HAND across her face... SLO MO, head turns as BLOOD SPEWS from her mouth... He wrestles her down... His hand lifts her skirt... A LEG kicks over a BALLERINA MUSIC BOX from the night stand. SLO-MO, the music box hits the floor. The BALLERINA'S RIGHT LEG AT THE KNEE breaks off.

WHITE FLASH:

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Beautiful homes skirted by mountains. The American Dream.

Two cars and a work truck with a sign reading, "Christian Brothers Carpentry," pull up and park at the street curb.

A GROUP of door-to-door evangelists, in black suits and suit skirts, hop out of the cars. Religious pamphlets in hand.

DOMINIC, 28, African American evangelist, prom king handsome, hops out of the passenger seat, backpack over his shoulder, dressed in black pants, white shirt, white sneakers.

JESUS, 33, a dark skinned, Latino hippie evangelist, long, thick, curly hair, closely groomed beard, hops out from the driver's seat of the truck in a white and blue dashiki styled shirt, free flowing white linen pants and sandals.

The evangelists scatter about the neighborhood in teams. Their strides indicating a purpose.

Dominic and Jesus approach a luxurious corner home.

EXT. HOME - MORNING

Dominic and Jesus stroll up the driveway. Dominic whistles the children's nursery rhyme, "The Farmer and the Dell."

EXT. HOME - FRONT GATE - MORNING

Standing at the gate, we see their *Saints For Christ* name tags, "Dominic" and "Jesus," pinned to their shirts.

Dominic goes to ring the bell, stops himself, turns to Jesus.

DOMINIC

I'd like to go in. Do this one alone.

JESUS

Sure? We're better in teams.

DOMINIC

(smiles, pauses)

Sometimes we need to stand alone in order to know what we're made of.

JESUS

Okay, brother. But I'll be right here if you need me.

Dominic gives an appreciative smile. Rings the bell.

A FEMALE'S VOICE blares across the intercom.

GRACE (O.S.)

Yes, who is it?

Dominic speaks into the intercom.

DOMINIC

Dominic. With *Saints For Christ*. May I have just a few minutes of your time, ma'am?

INT. HOME - FOYER - MORNING

GRACE, 40, Caucasian, stout, her beauty hidden under years of overindulgence, pushes the INTERCOM BUTTON.

GRACE

(New Orleans accent)

We thank'ya for ya'time. But--

Jeremiah, 65, African American, wheel chair bound, distinguished confidence radiating, shoos Grace, his caregiver, away from the intercom. He presses the button.

JEREMIAH

Let me get this straight. You ring my doorbell at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning so that you can remind me or inform me about a book that begins with a talking snake. Please get your Harry Potter wannabe ass off my door step.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEREMIAH AND DOMINIC'S CONVERSATION:

DOMINIC

No problem, sir. I'll leave. Guess there's a first for everything.

JEREMIAH

Excuse me?

DOMINIC

A nonbeliever tapping out so fast. But you have a blessed day, sir.

Dominic and Jesus walk off, smirks on their faces.

Jeremiah pauses, a look of challenge in his eyes. He smiles.

JEREMIAH

Let him in.

GRACE

But you just said--

JEREMIAH

Forget what I said. I think I'm up for a lil' sparring with God today. Let the boy in.

A wicked smirk creeps across Jeremiah's face.

GRACE

Be careful what'cha ask for, Jeremiah. Where I'm from, God surely ain't no play thang.

Grace BUZZES the gate open.

Dominic and Jesus hear the gate unlatch and turn back. Triumphant grins as they enter the courtyard area.

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