

MAYHEM

A TREATMENT BY

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THE TALENT SHOW?...

That's right, live from the stage of the Calhoun High School Memorial Auditorium, it's the annual student talent show. As we begin our story, a dorky kid named Murray subjects the students, parents and teachers to a polka style accordion medley of Bruce Springsteen's greatest hits.

Watching from the wings in top-hat and tails, ADAM RICHARDS, bright, decent looking, likeable and terminally in love with the sexiest girl in school, waits for his moment in the spot-light.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE AMAZING ADAM!"

The "Amazing Adam" struts nervously to center stage and launches into a series of unamazing but skillfully executed magic tricks. We've seen it all before. "There's nothing up my sleeve." The wand turns into a bouquet of flowers, a rabbit is pulled from the top hat, and an egg appears from mid-air. YAWN... But then something strange happens. When Adam yanks ten feet of knotted silk handkerchiefs from his mouth, the audience goes crazy. We're talking whistles and cheers from the students and some genuine GASPS from the adults.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? Is Adam that good? Or is the audience that easy? Another angle tells it all. Unbeknownst to Adam, a beautiful, masked girl is strutting across the stage behind him, removing another article of clothing with each pass by. She's timing her appearances with Adam's tricks so naturally, the audience reaction gets louder and THE PRINCIPAL gets madder as the girl's outfit gets smaller. Adam thinking he's a hit, begins getting that cocky confidence which of course makes the whole thing even more pathetic. As the act concludes, the drop curtain falls revealing a masked, teenage boy clinging to it. He moons the audience, leaps to the ground and races into the wings with the stripper.

Adam turns in time to see he's been the victim of a cruel practical joke. He looks offstage. There, the stripper and stalker remove their masks and sarcastically blow him a kiss before racing out of sight. Adam clearly recognizes them both -- DEVON KIMBERLY and her obnoxious boyfriend BRAD DUGGAN. OUCH! This hurts doubly because Devon is the object of Adam's unrequited love. The girl of his dreams. Brad, her hunk of a boyfriend (all looks/no brains) knows this and takes every opportunity to make Adam's life miserable.

The principal, MR. WARREN, stalks the stage like an angry attack dog. "MY OFFICE TOMORROW, RICHARDS! YOU'RE A DISGRACE!"

STRIKE ONE!...

The next morning, in Warren's office, Adam refuses to divulge the identity of his masked accomplices. This earns him a stern, "I've got my eye on you, Mr. Richards" and the number one position on the principal's shit list.

In the hallway, Brad, Devon, and two of their IQ deficient friends, HAL and GUS, wait for Adam. The office door opens, Adam steps out, rounds the corner and SLAM... right into the locker. Hal and Gus pin him against the metal door while Brad conducts the interrogation.

"What did ya' tell Warren?"

"I didn't tell him nothin'," manages Adam.

So much for the interrogation. Now comes the torture. Devon smiles at Adam. He melts. Brad gets nasty. "I don't like the way you're always lookin' at my woman," says Brad. "And I don't ever want to catch you lookin' at these," he continues while gesturing at Devon's ample cleavage.

MORE TORTURE. Brad pushes Adam closer to Devon. Adam struggles not to look. Devon, unhappy with this degrading game, pleads with Brad to stop. Meanwhile, Adam tries to squirm free, but Gus and Hal tighten their grip when... Brad notices someone approaching in the hallway. Suddenly, he flies backwards as if he's been hit. But no one hit him! Sprawled across the floor rubbing his jaw, he looks up at Adam.

"What'd you do that for, Adam?" asks Brad innocently.

Adam is totally confused until...

"RICHARDS! "MY OFFICE, NOW!" booms the angry voice of Principal Warren.

"But... but..."

"NOW!"

STRIKE TWO! Adam follows Principal Warren down the hallway. Brad and his goons fight back their laughter. Devon, however, is furious. She shoves Brad away and storms off.

Later that day...

"MAGIC TRICKS -- ILLUSION -- THE CURIOUS -- THE OCCULT", reads the handlettered sign over the black, thickly curtained storefront window. Adam approaches the shop and enters.

Inside, the store is long and narrow. The owner, a macabre old man who looks like he could have been a personal friend of Dr. Frankenstein's, sits behind a counter cluttered with a variety of simple magic tricks and accessories (silk handkerchiefs, fake thumbs, magic rings, balls and cups etc.) Adam nods to the owner and quickly heads further into the shop. The lighting becomes subdued, the setting stark and serious. This is where they keep the sophisticated stuff -- the coffin used to saw a woman in half (complete with saw), the trick guillotine, the box that enables you to make your lovely assistant disappear (in this place, one wonders if she ever returns). Adam ogles the merchandise like a wide eyed kid checking out an expensive sports car, but as usual, everything's still out of his price range.

Then, he wanders back further into the shop, through a door and into a dingy, depressing little room. The atmosphere here is foreboding. No electric lights, only wall candles, flickering off stacks of books on the Black Arts, The Curious and The Occult. He stops in his tracks under the heading "Voodoo". A book has caught his eye. "LOVE SPELLS -- Any Girl Can Be Yours!" Under normal circumstances, he would certainly think twice about shelling out money for a longshot like this. But the kid's desperate -- not to mention horny and hopelessly infatuated. The book suggests a couple of accessories to go with the spell -- lust lotion (which smells like the Chicago Bears' locker room), and fur from a black cat in heat.

The next day in school, Adam looks like a kid in serious need of counselling. Smelling like the Chicago Bears' locker room and equipped with a small bag, he stalks Devon throughout the building waiting for the perfect moment. Finally, she's alone, heading toward the ladies room. He moves in -- alternately chanting Voodoo phrases and hissing like a cat in heat. He sprinkles her with the fur of a horny cat and then waits for something to happen. AND IT DOES! She slaps him in the face.

Adam returns to the magic shop and angrily dumps the book and his bag of cat fur onto the counter. The eccentric old man chuckles in amusement. "That book's always good for a few laughs."

Adam explains that he didn't purchase it for that reason. His intentions were serious. Without some kind of extra power, he'll never possess the girl of his dreams. "...I should've figured this mystical stuff was just a big joke."

The old man turns serious. He takes on that ominous, spine tingling tone of a guy whose lived through a lot of really frightening things (and probably caused more than a few). With the candles flickering in the shop owner's piercing eyes, Adam hears the chilling story of the MALLEUS MALEFICARUM -- the one and only book that holds the true key to power. Printed in 1496, most of the original 20 copies were tracked down and destroyed during the inquisitions and witch hunts throughout history. Now, there are

but three copies still thought to be in existence. Two are locked in the Vatican vault, repressed by the church for eternity, and the third, it's rumored, was entombed along with its owner, Nicholas Constantine, a notorious 19th century demonologist of great wealth.

Adam is mesmerized. He'd do anything to get his hands on that book. The old man slowly shakes his head. "The power of the Malleus Malificarum is better left untouched by mortals."

Of course, this only further arouses Adam's curiosity. After some painstaking research, he discovers that Nicholas Constantine died in 1890 under mysterious circumstances. He was only 24 years old. His body was laid to rest in unconsecrated ground at a secluded cemetery some 500 miles away. The family tree abruptly came to an end ten years later when his sister hung herself on the door of his crypt.

That weekend, Adam convinces Jeff and Lenny to join him on a search for the cemetery by promising to stop for female hitchhikers ("this road is famous for girls who put out") and offering to purchase an unlimited supply of beer. Of course there are no hitchhikers and the six pack runs out quickly. But eventually, they arrive at the dilapidated old gates of an abandoned cemetery. The rusty metal sign is still visible, PARADISE LAWN. Clearly, there hasn't been a vacancy here in years.

ANYBODY HOME?...

PARADISE LAWN CEMETERY... Overgrown, dark and depressing, the kind of place you describe over camp fires when you want to scare the shit out of the campers. The only difference is, Adam, Jeff and Lenny are here in person. Reluctantly their search begins. The eerie shadows cast by the boys' flashlights play tricks on their minds as they anxiously step through the rows of crumbling tombstones hauntingly decorated by years of spindly vines and neglected weeds. Finally, Adam locates the ornate metal door of the cement crypt. "CONSTANTINE." He pries open the door and down they go into the dank, rat infested tomb until they come face to face with the coffin of Nicholas Constantine.

Trembling and with great trepidation, they approach the pedestal holding the simple wooden casket. Lenny and Jeff are mesmerized by the sight of a string leading from a small hole in the coffin to a bell mounted on its base. Adam explains that in the old days people feared being buried alive. So they tied a string to their toe and if they suddenly came back to life, the bell would sound.

Now Lenny and Jeff have a real case of the creeps.

"Let's get this over with."

Adam starts to pry open the lid when... DING-A-LING-A-LING... It's not Avon calling. He drops the lid like a hot potato and steps back. The boys freeze, afraid to even breath. A couple of knee knocking beats later, Adam reaches for the coffin again, when... DING-A-LING-A-LING, again! Is it possible? Reluctantly, Adam slowly lifts the lid and...

YIPES! A mouse races out of the coffin. The boys sigh with relief and then gaze down at the corpse of young Nicholas Constantine.

YEECHHHH! The cadaver bears evidence of grievous wounds. Clad in the ragged remains of a fashionable Victorian suit, one can still detect traces of a youthful appearance. His mummified body is dry and parchmented -- except for the right hand! The flesh is still pink and if that's not enough to freak you out, it's clutching a thick, tattered old book to his chest. The flashlight beam illuminates the faded cover. M...A...L...L... The rest of the letters are covered by the hand, but there's no doubt what it spells. They've found it! Adam can't believe it. He pries the heavy book from the dead man's grasp and doesn't notice as the pink skin immediately ages, becoming like the rest of the corpse. Released by the weight of the publication, the corpses' upper torso rises as if he's sitting up! This time, the boys don't stick around to look for an explanation.

A short time later, they're back on the road again.

"No chicks and 500 miles just to pick up an old book of magic tricks. Next time try the library, Richards," taunts Lenny. Adam doesn't bother to explain the true significance of their discovery.

Adam arrives home and races up to his room. He closes the door, turns on the desk light and with heart pounding, excitedly opens to the first page of the book. His expression starts to change as his eyes dart across the page. He flips to another page, then another. Now he's concerned. He frantically leafs through page after page until he comes to the depressing realization... "Oh no." It seems the *Malleus Maleficarum*, this great treasure of Medieval literature, the only true source of mystical domination... is completely written in Latin!

The next day, Adam becomes a student. His parents are impressed, if not puzzled, when he trudges through the door loaded down with Latin Grammars.

"You know, they don't speak much Latin anymore," says Dad. "Unless you're planning a trip to the Vatican?"

Back in his room, Adam begins the painstakingly tedious task of deciphering the "Malleus".

It's late at night and Adam is still at work. He puts down his pencil, looks up and seems puzzled. "The head of a goat?"

In a short montage, Adam translates and accumulates all of the ceremonial items called for in the book -- black candles, bells, a gong, a reverse pentagram, a phallus, a black robe, and liquid incense. He even builds an alter in his bedroom.

He checks over the list. He's got everything he needs, well almost. Adam takes off in his car and stops at a farm right outside of town. Soon, he has a new passenger in the back seat-- a goat named Manny. Now, all he's got to do is slaughter it. Easier said than done. No matter how Adam tries, he can't get himself to execute the goat. Frustrated, he hides Manny in the garage until he can figure out what to do.

His parents, unaware of the goat, are understandably disturbed by the accumulation of unusual paraphernalia in Adam's bedroom. Aren't teenage boys suppose to have posters of rock stars and pin ups of nude girls on their walls? "I'm at the end of the line with this hocus pocus stuff," warns Dad. "It's been nothing but trouble. You're already on probation at school."

Adam assures his father that all the "stuff" is for a science project.

Dad is dubious to say the least. It seems he and mom are about to leave on a short vacation and naturally, he's concerned about the welfare of his home and family. This means no parties, no girls, no late nights... you name it and the answer is no... "And if we hear of anything unusual going on in this house, you'll be grounded for the remainder of your teenage life."

So with the threats out of the way, and his parents about to leave, all that's left is to kill the damn goat. But how? Manny is becoming a problem.

Adam kisses his parents goodbye and races to the phone.

"Hello, is this Herman's Butcher Shop?"

THUD! GRUNT! Adam's conversation is interrupted by a commotion from outside the house. He looks out the window and his jaw drops. It seems his father has just backed the car out over Manny.

"Never mind," he tells the butcher.

THE CEREMONY...

That night, clad in a foreboding black robe, Adam stands before scores of lit black candles. The room seems alive as the flickering lights cause images to dance macabrely across the walls. The bloody goat's head, a vial of goat blood, and the phallus are already set on the alter. It's time to begin. Adam

ceremoniously places the pentagram on the alter, and solemnly reads from the tattered pages of the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

In halting Latin, he proclaims, "Damonum ceremonias Lucifer horrendos Beelzebub etiam cum exactam Leviathan Asmodeus..." Lifting a mallet, he whispers the names of the three most powerful satonic spirits, striking the gong after each one.

Then, he pricks his finger, uses the blood to draw three symbols on a parchment and ignites it with a candle. As the parchment burns, Adam holds his nose and drinks from the vial of goat's blood. His head, lined up with the goat's horns, casts a shadow that makes Adam look like the Devil himself. Wide eyed with anticipation, he glances around the room expectantly, and waits... and waits, and... Absolutely nothing happens. He looks back over the pages of the *Malleus*, making sure that he completed all of the steps. Finally, he slams the book shut in disgust, apologizes to Manny and blows out the candles. "What a crock of shit."

Fatigued, he throws himself down on the bed, closes his eyes and dozes off, when... A DEAFENING CLAP OF THUNDER! A flash of lightning illuminates the room. A gust of wind blows open the curtains, swirls papers around the room and in rapid succession every wick of every candle mysteriously reignites. The phallus begins to glow, casting a dull red hue over the room. And then something really frightening happens. Adam's shadow rises from the bed, moves slowly along the wall, reaches out and ceremoniously strikes the gong. But Adam is still asleep on his bed! His shadow has a life of its own!

The gong sounds twice more and... A LIGHTNING BOLT explodes through the window. Adam is surrounded by a shimmering ring of light. His shadow slowly reclines, again becoming one with him.

Close on Adam's face. The aureole fades. His eyelids flicker. His mind's in some kind of unconscious, but extremely active state.

Meanwhile, several blocks away, Devon is sleeping peacefully in her moonlit bedroom. Suddenly we sense something. A slight ruffling of the curtains, a subtle change of mood. We can feel another presence in the room, silently, ever so slowly, moving toward the sleeping girl. Her blanket inexplicably folds away from her, gradually revealing her voluptuous figure beneath an airy nightgown. The shoulder straps fall away and the gown is eased down lower and lower, uncovering her silky skin and perfect breasts. A new sensation sweeps over her. She tingles and purrs as if someone is softly kissing her neck.

Eyes closed, Adam is still sprawled across his bed. Only now, his body is slowly becoming transparent. It appears that he's fading away.

Devon softly "ooohs" in her sleep. The camera slowly moves from her face down, following the sensual waves of excitement as she is gently kissed and caressed by the invisible lover. Her panties glide off. She throws back her head in ecstasy and moans softly. A transparent body begins to slowly materialize on top of her.

Adam has almost faded completely from his bed. We can see only the last traces of his outline.

In Devon's room, Adam's ghost-like image continues to materialize, but with her eyes closed, she is unaware of her lover's identity. In the final moment of passion, she reaches up and clutches his neck.

A PIERCING ELECTRONIC NOISE jars Adam back to reality. The candles have set off the smoke detector. He sits up in his bed.

Simultaneously, Devon's eyes pop open, but no one is there. She flicks on the light and discovers her hand clutching a gold chain.

Adam clears the cobwebs and rubs his neck. It's irritated where his chain was pulled off. "What a dream," he mutters.

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC...

School... the next day... Art class was never one of Adam's better subjects and today's lesson in charcoal techniques is no exception. Adam awkwardly draws what is suppose to be a bowl of fruit when his eyes drift across the room to where Devon is sketching at her easel. He gazes at her longingly. Suddenly, the charcoal streaks across his artboard. It seems Adam's hand is drawing on its own. He watches in amazement as he skillfully sketches a picture of Devon, totally nude, in an erotic pose. No matter how hard he tries, he can't stop himself from completing the picture. To complicate matters, the ultra prudish art teacher, MISS VAN BUREN is heading down the aisle to check on her students' progress.

Adam tries to hide his work. He steps in front of the easel, but his hand continues drawing behind his back. Now that's talent. Miss Van Buren is shocked! THE BELL RINGS ending the period. She grabs the sketch and in angry, disgusted tones, informs Adam that he has officially failed her course.

Brad, delighted with another's misfortune, taunts Adam on his way out of class.

"Get lost," snaps Adam as he rushes to intercept Miss Van Buren. The prudish art teacher coldly informs him that he'll have to make up the class in Summer School. Adam is furious. It's one thing to go to summer school if you're goofing off, or dumb, or failing a really tough course. But Art Class??? Miss Van Buren won't budge.

That night, a bewildered Brad wanders the neighborhood asking every passerby for directions to Calhoun High. It seems that when Adam told him to "get lost", he did!

Meanwhile, back in his room, Adam is still traumatized by the idea of going to summer school.

"Van Buren that slimy bitch," he mutters, lying back on his bed, closing his eyes. "She shouldn't be allowed to teach art."

Now we're in Miss Van Buren's bedroom. She's propped up in bed grading her students' drawings. When she gets to Adam's erotic sketch of Devon she shakes her head in disgust. Suddenly, a green slime begins oozing from Devon's eyes and mouth. Miss Van Buren releases the picture, but it's too late. Her bed tilts down and she looks in horror as her footboard submerges in a bubbling pit of slime. She reaches for the headboard, trying to stop herself from sliding into the pit. But her feet are already stuck.

The slime creeps up, devouring her legs, then her torso. Revolting reptile-like creatures peer out of the slime and jump across her body -- nibbling on her ears and licking her face. YEECH! Like quicksand, the more she struggles, the more she sinks hopelessly into the putrid gook. Her head submerges. She flails about and grabs onto the wall lamps, using every ounce of strength to lift herself out. Her mouth barely breaks through the sticky goo and she gasps for air. The lamp wires curl around her hands and between her fingers, binding her to the wall. The lightbulbs burn hotter and hotter until they turn a fiery red. The wires spark and smoke. The rubber coating melts away and the red-hot wires unmercifully sear the skin on her wrists and hands. Her futile scream turns into a muffled garble as two grotesque arms pull her face under the glutinous mass. The swirling movement of slime on the surface tells us she's fighting for her life below.

The vein in Adam's forehead throbs in fury. No doubt, Miss Van Buren is the target of his anger. RING! The phone pierces the silence. Adam stirs and...

SAVED BY THE BELL. Miss Van Buren manages to free her head above the muck. She gasps for air and the slime suddenly vanishes from the room. Could this have been a dream? She looks down and SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY. She's pulled both lamps off the wall. Her hands, still tangled in the melted wires, are now mutilated. It doesn't look like Miss Van Buren will be in any condition to teach summer school.

Adam answers the phone. It's his mother. "Are you being a good boy?"

FINALLY, THE WEEKEND...

The sun is shining, the temperature is rising and it's a perfect day for the beach.

In the parking lot, Devon is adjusting her bikini as she climbs out of Brad's van. She doesn't look happy. It seems Brad is the ultimate selfish lover. Devon sarcastically asks if there isn't suppose to be more to it than that.

Brad, Mr. ego himself, completely misunderstands. "Hey, Dev baby, don't worry about it. You're doin' fine." So much for romance and sensitivity. Brad heads off for the dock where Gus and Hal are preparing to waterski.

Exasperated, Devon joins a couple of girlfriends who are sunbathing on the beach. They watch Brad and the guys horsing around on the dock.

"Why do you go out with him," asks one of her friends.

Devon thinks a moment. "Because he asked me."

The girls look at her like she's crazy.

"Well, he's not always like that," Then, as an afterthought, "At least he wasn't like that when I first met him."

Adam and the guys arrive and check out the scene. There's plenty of scantily clad bikini action on the beach. Adam spots Devon sunbathing. He's mesmerized by her perfectly sculpted body. After a tremendous amount of prodding from his friends, Adam gets up the courage to approach her. Devon looks up when she senses that someone is blocking her sun. Adam struggles to clear his throat.

Meanwhile, Brad spots Adam standing over his girl. He signals to his friend Gus who nods back in understanding.

Just as Adam manages to squeak out a "hello", two hands reach up from behind and pull his bathing suit down around his knees. He is left standing bare assed (and front), looking like some kind of dork in front of the woman of his dreams. Adam quickly pulls up his bathing suit. Humiliation time. It's hard not to laugh, but Adam doesn't think it's quite as funny as the rest of the beach. He looks around and sees Gus, the culprit, standing behind him splitting a gut. Adam heads for a secluded section of the beach. Devon watches him go. We can see that she feels sorry for him.

Adam, his face red with rage, lies back and watches Gus, now waterskiing out on the lake. Then, he closes his eyes and...

Suddenly, the rubber harnesses on Gus' skis tighten around his ankles. He looks down in disbelief. The harness on each ski has turned into an ugly, bony jaw complete with a full set of teeth. The pain is agonizing. He tries to shake them off, but they won't budge. With each kick, they become tighter and tighter. Gus screams out to Hal, the driver of the boat, but he's busy alternately steering and making out with his girlfriend.

Gus tries to reach down and pull off his skis, but the tow rope wraps around both his wrists and forces him back up. Writhing in pain, he violently jerks, twists and contorts his body in every direction trying to free himself from his skis and the rope.

From the beach, it looks like Gus is putting on quite a show.

The pain has become unbearable. Gus, about to pass out, gives one last agonizing scream, when...

SPLASH! Jeff playfully dumps a pail of water over Adam who immediately opens his eyes.

Instantly, the rope unravels, the skis drop off and Gus falls harmlessly into the water. Floating on his back, he lifts his legs out of the water and sees the bloody lacerations on his ankles.

Adam sits up, unaware of the havoc he has caused. "You missed some pretty fancy skiing out there," says Jeff.

JUST A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME?

Monday... Gym class... Gus, with bandages on both his ankles, hobbles into the room on crutches. Outside, the girls are playing field hockey while the guys are shooting baskets in the gym. KENNY WHITE, the star of the basketball team, is a bright, sensitive kid whose goal in life is to go to Harvard. It's a tradition in his family and anything less is looked upon with disgrace. Today's Kenny's big day. The Harvard coach is coming down to watch him play in the game right after school. Kenny asks Adam to warm him up with a little one on one. "I'm not much at basketball, but sure," says Adam. Then, he adds as an afterthought. "I wish I could play like you. I have to study to get into college."

UH OH... Adam, still unaware of his powers, has just made a wish.

The game begins. Adam immediately steals the ball from Kenny and drives in for a layup. Kenny is amused, but shrugs it off and takes the ball in play again. He goes up to shoot and Adam, at least five inches shorter, blocks the shot, grabs the ball and twists through the air, sinking an acrobatic, double pump, layup. TWO to ZIP. The game continues in much the same fashion. Before long, all eyes are upon them. Kenny seems powerless, Adam, overwhelming.

In another part of the gym, a man wearing a suit enters and walks over to the gym teacher. "Is this where Calhoun plays this afternoon. I'm here to check out a kid, Kenny White."

Adam slam dunks the ball over Kenny White.

"That must be him," says the Harvard coach.

"No, that kid isn't even on the team," remarks the teacher.

So much for Kenny White's scholarship. Adam continues to make the boy look bad. The Harvard coach ignores Kenny, walks up to Adam and introduces himself. "Look me up if you decide to take up the game seriously."

Kenny is devastated. He follows the coach out of the gym and catches up with him in the hallway. "Sorry, son... I've got ballplayers to look at."

After gym, Adam slips a rope soap around his neck and closes his eyes under the hot jets of water.

In the girl's shower room, the thick steam builds under the steady streams of hot water. Unbeknownst to the girls, a misty vapor swirls about, concealing what appears to be a shadowy mass. From another angle, the dark mass begins to take shape as the water and wisps of steam, repelled by an impenetrable outer layer, form a human-like outline.

The shadowy figure flows through the heavy mist, past the bevy of unsuspecting girls, moving steadily toward Devon who's showering down at the last nozzle. She throws her head back and lets the hot water bounce soothingly against her back. The steamy cloud, whirling about the shadowy figure, descends on her, enveloping her body. The soap rises from her dish and begins to gently caress her, gliding across her back, waist, and chest, sliding downward until she gives in to the pleasurable sensations and moans softly.

Meanwhile, Adam's body is beginning to fade out of the men's shower room.

Devon squirms sensuously. Behind her, we can recognize Adam's image beginning to materialize within the cloud of steam. As he soaps Devon's body, the passion builds. Almost reflexively, she reaches back to caress his shoulders when...

"HEY, RICHARDS, LEND ME YOUR SOAP," calls out one of the tougher looking jocks at the next nozzle. Adam is jarred back to reality, his body completely rematerializes in the men's shower. "Yeah, sure..." He reaches out and hands over the soap.

"What the hell is this faggot shit?" barks the guy disgustedly. He tosses back the bar. Adam looks at it and his face registers confusion. It's a dainty bar of perfume soap.

Meanwhile, Devon, breathing heavily, looks down in her hand and realizes that she's holding a man's rope soap.

Adam heads out of the shower and past the equipment cage. CAMERA ZOOMS past him into the darkened cage. We see that Kenny White has hung himself from the storage hooks.

STRIKE THREE!...

The next day, in the cafeteria, Tina, a sweet, sensitive girl, sits alone at a table, writing in her diary. Adam watches as Brad sneaks up behind her, reaches in and snatches the diary away.

Tina is mortified. She desperately tries to retrieve the book, but Hal holds her back as Brad cruelly reads some of the juicier passages.

Adam can't stand it anymore. He moves over to a nearby table where BRONSKY, the largest and strongest jock in school is drinking his fourth carton of milk.

"Hey, Bronsky," Adam says putting his arm around the enormous but slow witted youth. "Look what they're doing to poor Tina." Adam skillfully pickpockets Bronsky's wallet.

"Ain't none of my business," mutters Bronsky, more interested in his lunch than saving a teenage girl in distress.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," says Adam as he heads over to Hal, "because this guy's got something of yours."

Using his best sleight of hand, Adam pulls Bronsky's wallet from Hal's pocket. Bronsky doesn't look happy. Hal and Brad decide not to stick around to find out what happens when Bronsky doesn't look happy.

Outside in the parking lot, it's time for revenge. Brad and Hal hot wire Adam's car and play a quick game of demolition derby. They step on the gas and back the car directly into the rear of a brand new Buick -- PRINCIPAL WARREN'S BRAND NEW BUICK! The damage done, they shut off the engine and leave the car.

Later, Adam stands over the dented fender which is still pressed into the smashed tail lights of the new Buick. He kicks the car in disgust. But before he can move it away, he hears the voice of the last person in the world he wants to see.

"MY CAR! MY NEW CAR!" screams Principal Warren, the veins in his neck ready to pop. He charges over and examines the damage. Adam proclaims his innocence, but Warren is too upset to be reasonable. He's had enough from this troublemaker. The punishment -- Adam is suspended for a week, must pay for the damage and will lose school parking privileges for the rest of the year.

Adam's anger builds. He pulls into his driveway, sits in his car and in a total rage, slams his fists down on the steering wheel, as...

Principal Warren drives his car into the garage of his modest suburban home. He reaches down to unbuckle his seat belt and... YIPES! His seat belt has turned into a deadly rattlesnake and if that's not enough, he's holding its head in his hand. He flings the snake away and dives out of the car. After closing the door, he looks back in through the car window. The snake is gone! Shaking his head in wonder, he heads out toward the driveway when...

SLAM! The huge garage door shuts in front of him. A WHOOSHING, SNIPPING NOISE COMES FROM BEHIND! Warren spins to see the long blades of the hedge clipper snapping open and close as it takes off into the air like an angry vulture. It flies toward him.

He can't believe his eyes. The WHOOSH of the blade turns into an angry SQUAWK! It seems the hedge clippers have changed into something even more frightening -- a demonic flying creature with a long, razor-sharp beak. And it doesn't look happy. The beast swoops at the petrified man and snips off a clump of his hair as he dives out of the way. It circles around, making ugly, high pitched noises. Then silence. It seems the revolting creature is toying with him.

Warren, stunned for a moment, regains some composure. He lifts his head slightly and looks around. Where is it? Behind a box? On a shelf? Near the car? He decides to make a run for it. He lurches toward his car and... "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" With an ear piercing screech, the ugly creature swoops down, slashes through his suit, pierces his shoulder and drives him to the ground. The beast lets out a blood curdling whoop of satisfaction. Its beak dripping with blood, the creature takes off, circling the garage, preparing for the final kill.

Warren tries to crawl away, but he can't. His foot is caught on something. He looks back and sees the garden hose curling around his leg. As it slithers up his body, winding itself around him, the hose sprouts an enormous, menacing head and a thick, scaly hide. FEAR! PANIC! ADRENALIN... All combine to give Warren the strength and determination to rip the slithering reptile from his body. He hurls it across the garage.

Bloody, cut and bruised, Warren struggles to his car and slams the door shut. He starts it with a roar, pushes the remote garage door opener and backs out. The door opens, and...

CRUNCH! He looks up in horror as he appears to be caught in the enormous mouth of a Tyranosaurus Rex. Principal Warren steps on the gas. The tires spin, but the car is wedged in the dinosaurs vice like jaws. We hear the sickening screech of tearing metal as

the teeth chomp down, crushing the roof. He tries to escape but he can't free his hands from the steering wheel. It's as if the wheel is gripping his hands! The dinosaur continues biting down on the roof, pinning the principal into his seat, finally crushing his lifeless face against the steering wheel, SOUNDING THE HORN.

His wife rushes out of the house. The monster is gone, but nonetheless, she gasps in horror. It appears that her husband and his car have somehow gotten crushed by the garage door.

HONK, HONK... Adam is jarred out of his trance by Jeff, who is beeping his horn out on the street. Together they take off for the local teenage hangout, a hamburger joint appropriately called, THE GREASY SPOON.

LOVE IS IN THE AIR...

When Adam walks into the Greasy Spoon he spots Devon sitting in a booth with Brad and a couple of friends. Their waitress, Mary, is a shy girl with a typical teenage problem -- acne. "Thanks, tractor face," says Brad in sotto voice as she walks away. His friends burst out laughing, but Mary overhears the remark and begins to cry.

"You stupid jerk-off!" says Adam in anger as he heads back to comfort Mary.

A strange expression comes over Brad's face and, you guessed it, he starts to look stupid. His eyes cross, he makes a dumb face and then, his hand begins moving wildly under the table. Although we can't see it, there's no mistaking that Brad is following Adam's command.

"You're disgusting," screams Devon indignantly. Hal and Gus each restrain one of Brad's pumping arms and drag him, twitching and humping out into the street.

Meanwhile, Adam is in the back with Mary. He assures her that she's really very attractive and her complexion will clear up before she knows it. Mary kisses his cheek and thanks him.

Devon overhears the entire exchange and is touched by Adam's sensitivity. He sits back down at his booth with Jeff and Lenny. A slow song comes over the juke box.

"How about a dance?" says a sexy female voice. Adam can't believe it. He looks up and there's Devon standing over him. "I think I owe you an apology," she continues. When Adam looks around to check if Devon's really talking to him, she takes his hand and leads him up to the dance floor. They seem to melt into each others arms. Adam kisses her neck softly. Suddenly, his eyes widen. He notices a gold chain around her neck.

"My chain, I've been looking all over for that," says a stunned Adam.

"Your chain?" says an equally stunned Devon. "But it can't be. I found it in my..."

"Bed?" Adam completes the thought, not sure if he believes it himself. He's almost afraid to ask the next question. "Did you happen to find a bar of rope soap in the girls' shower room?"

Devon's expression changes. Frightened, she turns and runs for the exit. Adam starts after her, but stops in his tracks. His eyes almost bug out of his head. Mary, the acne faced waitress heads past him. But the strange thing is, she no longer has acne! Her face has completely cleared up! "I don't believe it. The chain, the shower, Brad goin' crazy, and now curing Mary's acne. The book works!"

Adam races out the door. Mary catches a glimpse of her reflection in the chrome near the stove. She can't believe it. She touches her face. Tears of joy stream down her cheeks, but instead of paying attention to the job at hand, she continues admiring her reflection. A RUMBLING attracts her attention. By the time she looks down at the oil fryer, it's too late. THE OIL EXPLODES! It sprays up into her face and the sickening "HISSSSSS" of burning skin tells the whole story. Mary's face is destroyed for life. It seems that the Devil always gets his due, and so far, Adam is totally unaware of the negative repercussions. He's like a walking time bomb.

Adam sprints down the block and catches up with Devon.

"Adam, I don't understand what's going on here, but you're scary."

"It's not me, it's the book."

"What're you talking about."

"I'm not sure exactly. It seems that when I think of something... it happens!"

Devon is still very confused. "It's wrong, Adam."

"It's not wrong, it's right! Wasn't it great when we made love. Didn't it make you feel wonderful?"

"Well, yeah," says Devon.

"Me too. So what's wrong with that?"

Devon doesn't quite know what to think.

"Devon, please don't be afraid of me. I wish I had the words to describe how much I love you." And much to Adam's surprise, he begins to wax poetic. "My love's like a red, red rose that slowly blooms in spring."

With those words, a rose bud appears in his hand and instantly blooms. Adam looks more surprised than Devon. "See, it's the power!" he says.

"You're a magician. I've seen you do stuff like that before."

Frustrated, Adam tosses down the rose. As he and Devon head down the block, the rose turns into an ugly worm-like creature and starts burrowing into the soil. An adorable little dog, being walked by a kindly old man, scratches at the soil and tugs on the wormy creature with his mouth. Suddenly, the dog goes stiff, lets out a short yelp and collapses lifelessly to the ground.

Meanwhile, Adam, unaware of the scene behind him, continues to woo Devon. "If music be the food of love, play on..."

Music begins to play. The night sky sparkles with shooting stars and glimmering galaxies and majestic streaks of light. Devon and Adam look at each other in disbelief. They can actually hear the romantic music, emanating from the trees, the ground, the sky. It's absolutely fantastic.

"Believe me, this is no trick," says Adam in awe.

Devon is speechless. "It's... it's wonderful. It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen." She takes his hand and they head down the block. "Tell me some more about this book..." Her voice fades as they round the corner and move out of sight.

Once out of earshot, the sky clouds up and the violins begin playing a dissonant chord. The pitch rises higher and higher until it's almost unbearable to the ears. A car drives down the block. The harsh tones build, still higher in pitch, until... CRACK! The windshield of the car cracks and shatters. The violin's raise yet another octave. The driver can't take it anymore. He covers his ears with his hands. The car swerves out of control and slams into a parked car, where two young lovers are making out in the back. Both vehicles explode on impact.

In the park, Adam and Devon melt into each others arms and kiss passionately.

"You sure don't need any help in that department," smiles Devon.

"Hey, I've got an idea. Think of the most romantic place you'd like to be."

"Okay, now what?" says Devon.

"Concentrate... I'm gonna try something." Adam takes her hand, closes his eyes and tunes in to her wavelength. After a few seconds, their images begin to shimmer and they fade away.

Gradually, they rematerialize in the elegant honeymoon suite at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Devon is thrilled. There's a bucket of champagne next to the bed, a closet full of exquisite clothing, and a sliding door opening onto a balcony overlooking a spectacular view of Manhattan. An extremely sexy "Fredericks of Hollywood" nighty is draped across the bed. "You've thought of everything," swoons Devon.

The lovemaking is more passionate than ever. Afterwards, they lie in each others arms daydreaming. Adam wears a handsome robe while Devon is stunning in the expensive lingerie. Suddenly, there's the sound of a key in the door. Alarmed, Adam sits up. "C'mon, let's go."

"How?" asks Devon.

"I don't know. The same way we got here."

Adam concentrates and starts to fade away, but Devon doesn't budge.

Adam's image returns. "C'mon, you're resisting."

"I'm trying, I'm trying."

"Just think about the park."

"I can't, I'm too nervous." she panics. "What does it look like?"

"There's a statue of that guy on the horse, pigeons, bird shit..."

The door flies open and a man and woman enter. They stop in their tracks.

"Hey, what're you doing in my room?" asks the man.

"Harry, she's wearing my negligee!" gasps the woman.

"And that's my new robe!" says the man. He grabs a floor lamp and moves toward Adam.

"We're going, we're going... back off, just back off!" warns Adam.

Suddenly, the man begins stepping backwards towards the sliding doors leading to the balcony.

Finally, Devon gets it together. She closes her eyes and concentrates until she and Adam disappear from the room. The horrified woman doesn't even notice. She's busy screaming at her husband to stop backing up. Terror-stricken, he tries to stop

himself, grabbing onto furniture, knocking over tables, chairs, lamps. It's no use. An irresistible force keeps driving him back. He heads right out the balcony doors. His wife rushes over, grabs onto him, and digs her heels into the cement. But he continues backing up, dragging her across the balcony, right over the wall! YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!! They plunge 29 stories to their death.

Adam and Devon rematerialize in the park. They laugh at their close call, unaware of the catastrophe that followed their exit. When Adam arrives home, the phone is already ringing. He races to pick it up. It's his parents. They'll be flying home tomorrow night. "DAMN!" Just when Adam's beginning to have fun!

The next day, Devon has cut school to join Adam who is still under suspension. After spending an afternoon on the beach, they walk hand in hand across the parking lot, toss their gear into her car and turn to watch the sunset. Adam offers her the world. "Name it and it's yours."

Devon thinks a moment. "Well, I always wanted to be rich."

"How much would you like?"

"Oh... around a million bucks or so."

Be more specific," teases Adam.

"Okay, make it \$1,256,000."

"Your wish is my command," says Adam with a flourish. He closes his eyes and concentrates. But nothing happens. "I guess it doesn't work for material things. Sorry about that, Dev."

It's time for Devon to head home for dinner. She agrees to meet Adam later that night at the Greasy Spoon. As she drops him off... we hear a MUFFLED BOOM!

Devon returns to find her house devastated by an explosion. There were no survivors. A crowd of neighbors has already formed on the sidewalk. Among them is her father's insurance agent. He tries to console her.

"I know this isn't the time, but at least your father made sure you'd be provided for. He had a million dollars in life insurance." Devon is too stunned to care. But then the man remembers something else. "Oh, and by the way. The house was insured for \$256,000."

The number \$1,256,000 echoes in her mind. "Oh my God, NOOOOOOOOO!" Devon screams out in horror. She turns and races down the block.

A LIVING NIGHTMARE...

At the crowded Greasy Spoon, Adam avoids Brad and his friends at the counter and slides into a nearby booth. A new waitress takes his order. When he asks what happened to Mary, he's told of the tragic oil fryer accident.

"The Town's had it's fair share of tragedy in the last couple of days," adds the counterman. "The principal got crushed to death in his garage yesterday and I hear that the art teacher at your school lost the use of her hands."

"Yeah, and they found our basketball star hung himself in the equipment room," interjects a teenage boy.

Adam is clearly shaken by the news. Meanwhile, Brad waits for the counterman to place Adam's milkshake on the tray and nonchalantly empties a small vial of hallucinogenic liquid into the drink. He turns to his friends. "Keep an eye on, Richards. Wait till this shit kicks in."

Adam, stunned by the recent chain of events, takes a bite of his burger and a solid gulp of his shake. Soon, he has trouble focusing. He becomes glassy eyed and tries in vain to clear his head. His face registers panic, then suspicion. He thinks everyone is after him. PARANOIA!!!!

"Whatsa matter, asshole?" taunts Brad.

"GO TO HELL!" shouts Adam.

Suddenly, a slight rumbling. It begins to build. The foundation cracks, the tile splits and the floor opens up and actually swallows Brad! The rumbling subsides as quickly as it began and the floor returns to exactly the way it was. The only difference is that Brad is nowhere to be seen.

SILENCE. The customers look at each other in disbelief.

The hallucinogen has set in. Adam is now completely out of his mind. He starts breathing harder and harder, his mind a kaleidoscope of nightmarish visions.

A sweet looking girl calmly picks up her fork and violently stabs her boyfriend. He reaches for a ketchup bottle and smashes it across her face. The customers begin to get strange expressions... almost as if they're possessed with hatred. The violence escalates. Blenders, silverware, bottles, pots, pans, scalding soup and coffee all become weapons, as the crowded restaurant of teenagers viciously attack one other.

The waitress, sitting on Hal's chest, uses a spoon to pry his mouth open while another girl pours a jar of sugar down his throat, followed by a pot of coffee, an apple pie, and a hot dog.

Gus' girlfriend brandishes a milkshake blender and bores into him.

Jeff turns to Lenny, his eyes filled with hatred. Lenny sneers back, reaches for the counter, lifts a barbecue spit, complete with chickens, and rams it into his friend's chest till it comes out the other side. The chickens are mashed against Jeff's torso. He howls in pain, spins around and falls backwards onto Lenny. The spit penetrates Lenny's neck. Jeff and Lenny are now pinned together by the barbecue spit!

Surrounded by mayhem, Adam sits confused, unable to focus on what is real. Devon frantically races in, oblivious to the horror surrounding her. She screams at him. "YOUR POWER IS EVIL!" She pleads with him to bring her family back. She doesn't want the money. "Look at what you've done."

Adam is too far gone to understand what's going on. To him, Devon is just another threat.

"GO DROP DEAD!" says Adam.

Devon's eyes become horror stricken. She knows that coming from Adam's mouth, this is no mere figure of speech. "NO...!" she screams and desperately runs for the exit, when...

THE FOUNDATION RUMBLES AND CRACKS. The floor opens up! Brad's charred body is propelled upward on a gusher of bubbling lava. The lava continues to flow onto the floor, turning the Greasy Spoon into a raging inferno.

Adam, his eyes filled with the reflection of the flaming nightmare, tries to shake out the cobwebs. He lurches for the door as the fiery lava consumes the entire structure.

The night air jars his senses. The effect of the drug is wearing off. Adam staggers along, but after a few steps, he trips over something. Sprawled across the ground, he looks back and realizes that he's stumbled over a body. DEVON'S BODY! Reality comes crashing back. "NOOOOOOOO! WHAT HAVE I DONE!" he screams out in anguish.

Adam struggles to his feet, lifts Devon's lifeless body in his arms and with tears streaming down his face, carries her back home.

In his bedroom, he places her body on the alter he had constructed for the ritual. He hears the front door open and suddenly remembers, "Oh shit, my folks! They can't find out about this!"

He rushes to lock his door and frantically races through the tattered pages of the Malleus Maleficarum. This time he's got the

power to instantly translate the Latin. His eyes focus on a passage. The words echo in his mind. "... AND NO MORTAL SHALL HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE TO RESCIND THE POWERS BESTOWED UPON YOU BY SATAN." In other words, there's no way to reverse the power.

The phone rings. Adam is informed by the airline that his parents' plane crashed. There were no survivors. Adam got his wish, Mom and Dad will "never find out about this".

Adam's life is ruined and all his acquired powers can't help him now. He races for the door, opens it and...

GASP! He comes face to face with the mummified corpse of Nicholas Constantine! "THE BOOK... I'VE COME FOR THE BOOK."

This is too much for Adam to take. He brushes past the living cadaver and races out the door. Nicholas Constantine moves deliberately toward the Malleus Maleficarum which still lies open on Adam's desk. But suddenly, he stops. The youthful corpse stares down at Devon's body sprawled across the altar. She seems to have touched something within him. He slowly approaches her, reaches out and gently strokes her flowing hair. In a hushed, soleful tone, his mouth forms the word, "Rebecca."

Meanwhile Adam dashes to the den and removes his father's hunting rifle from the rack on the wall. He inserts a cartridge, shoves the barrel into his mouth and... BANG! Adam blows the back of his head off! But the incredible thing is, he's still alive.

Adam turns, and there, grasping the book, is Nicholas Constantine. "YOU FOOL! ONCE THE POWER IS WITHIN, YOU SHALL LIVE FOR ETERNITY."

Adam screams out in horror. He races out of the house. An enormous trailer truck is heading down the street. Adam runs directly into its path, and ... SCREECH! The truck can't stop. WHAM! It slams into Adam, lifts him into the air and sends him flying toward the neighbor's tree where he is impaled on a short stiff branch. CRACK... It gives way and Adam falls to the ground, the branch still protruding through his chest. His eye opens. He's still alive. He slowly gets to his knees.

Nicholas Constantine, still clutching the book, moves toward him. "IT'S NO USE. I TRIED MYSELF. THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO SPEND ETERNITY... THE GRAVE!"

Constantine reaches out his hand, and continues menacingly toward Adam. "COME WITH ME."

Devastated, Adam looks up into the sky and wails, "OH, GOD... I WISH THIS ALL HAD NEVER HAPPENED. I WISH I HAD NEVER DONE THAT DAMN RITUAL. OH GOD, PLEASE, HELP ME..."

A BURST OF THUNDER... A FLASH OF LIGHTNING strikes Nicholas Constantine and the book... It seems Adam has asked the right guy, and...

SHAZAM! He finds himself back on stage of the high school auditorium. It's the talent show, the same one that opened our film. Adam is frozen. Confused, he turns to see if Devon is stripping behind him. But she's not. She's sitting in the audience. They make eye contact and she smiles.

Adam concludes his act and just like in the opening, Brad, wearing a mask, clings to the drop curtain. As he moons the audience, Adam rushes off stage, grabs the curtain rope and ties it off, suspending Brad 25 feet above the ground.

With Brad screaming to be let down and the students cheering wildly, Adam jumps off the stage, heads into the audience and embraces Devon. Principal Warren storms the stage, but this time he explodes at Brad. "MY OFFICE, TOMORROW, DUGGAN! YOU'RE A DISGRACE!"

THE END

OR IS IT?

It's night. We're close on the crypt of Nicholas Constantine. The end credits roll. We hear the faint ringing of a bell...

...And that's where our next story begins.