

DELIVER US SOME EVIL

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. CARPENTER WAY - DAY**

Leaves blow past two suburban houses; the one on the left looks old and gloomy, while the one on the right is bright and modern. A tall wooden fence extends between them.

In the modern house, FLORA CAMP (17), a musically talented honor student, crosses the window on a cordless phone.

CARLY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Answer the question! Vodka or gin?

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - DAY**

Flora paces in the modern front room.

FLORA  
Neither! I told you already -- no party! My parents call to check on me every twenty minutes.

CARLY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
So, just me and A.J. then?

A pug, JOHANN, waddles up to Flora and barks. She pets him.

FLORA  
No! It's a miracle they left me alone in the first place!

CARLY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Okay. ... So, vodka then.

FLORA  
You're stupid.  
(cute, to Johann)  
What's the matter, boy? Gotta go?

CARLY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Come on! You may never get an opportunity like this again. Seize the day!

FLORA  
I can't. Even if I wanted to --

She leads Johann to a sliding glass door in:

**THE FAMILY ROOM**

FLORA  
 -- I have the semifinal band  
 competition tomorrow. I need to  
 practice my fingering.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Woah. Didn't know it was gonna be  
 that kind of party ...

FLORA  
 Carly!

Both girls laugh through the phone.

**EXT. CAMP RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS**

The glass door slides open; Johann tramps into the yard.

Flora notices MR. CROTZER (42) watching from his window in  
 the gloomy house next door. Her smile fades, concerned.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Just use those toys you mom keeps in  
 her nightstand. Or is it your dad's?

Flora locks eyes with the creepy neighbor.

The CORDLESS BEEPS. Flora eyes the phone's display.

FLORA  
 Ha. Ha. Speaking of, it's apparently  
 been twenty minutes. Call you back.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 See you tonight!

FLORA  
No.

Flora clicks over. She looks next door -- Crotzer's gone.

FLORA  
 (answering)  
 Hello?

DAD (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Hey, sweetie. Everything okay?

Flora hesitates as her eyes scan Crotzer's property.

DAD (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Flora?

FLORA  
 Yeah. Sorry. That annoying squirrel  
 was harassing Johann again.

Johann eyes her as if to say, "*there was no such incident.*"

Flora heads inside and locks up behind her.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - FAMILY ROOM MOMENTS LATER**

Flora sets her flute case on the coffee table, opens it.

DAD (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Everyone's asking for you.

FLORA  
 Awww. I'm sorry I couldn't be there.

She assembles her flute.

DAD (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 They understand. Hey, make sure you  
 get to bed early. There're a lot of  
 restless spirits on All Hallow's  
 Eve. Don't want them to get'cha.

Flora laughs and rolls her eyes.

FLORA  
 Then stop calling every ten minutes  
 so I can practice! Helicopter  
 parenting's dangerous, you know. It  
 could totally stunt my growth.

DAD (V.O.)  
 (filtered, laughing)  
*Totally.* Okay. Behave. Mom says  
*hi and bye.*

She grins.

FLORA  
 Hi and bye.

Flora hangs up and picks up her flute.

FLORA  
 (sigh)  
 I'm gonna be up till Christmas.

She plays a chromatic scale with a frown.

**EXT. CAMP RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

The moon peeks through the clouds above the houses on Carpenter Way. One light glows within the Camp house.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

ON THE TV

A scary movie plays.

ON THE COFFEE TABLE

The display on Flora's cell phone reads 7:38 PM.

Beside it, Flora sleeps, sprawled out on the couch, and drooling on the head joint of her flute.

A FIDGETING SOUND comes from the sliding glass door O.S.

JOHANN BARKS outside.

Flora jerks awake and wipes her drool. There's MORE BARKING.

FLORA  
Johann! Chill!

Johann YELPS.

Flora yawns and sits up, an eyebrow raised in confusion.

**AT THE SLIDING DOOR**

Flora peeks out through the vertical blinds. She listens -- it's silent. She reaches to unlock the glass door ...

A KNOCK comes from the front door.

Flora turns toward the entrance, concerned.

**AT THE FRONT DOOR**

Flora peeks out through the peep hole. She sighs, unlocks the door, and opens it.

CARLY (18), a spirited "bad girl" with a morbid sense of humor, stands in the doorway in a plastic *Rocky Horror Picture Show*-ish 'Magenta'-type mask.

A.J. (17), Carly's flamboyantly gay sidekick with a flair for the dramatic, stands beside her in a 'Frankenfurter'-type mask. They each tote backpacks and bottles of vodka.

Flora glares at them, arms crossed.

Carly and A.J. wait for a reaction. It doesn't come.

A.J.  
I see you shivering with *antici...*

FLORA  
I told you, no party.

A.J.  
*... Pation.*

The visitors lift their masks.

CARLY  
No party. Just us!

A.J.  
And we brought my mom's special  
reserve of *toleration juice*.

FLORA  
You scared the crap out of me. And,  
what the hell did you do to my dog?!

A.J.  
(Frankenfurter voice)  
Nothing. *Why, do you think we should?*

Carly lowers his mask, aggressively. He groans.

CARLY  
Translation, what's wrong with Johann?

**EXT. CAMP RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Flora and friends creep out from the sliding glass door.

FLORA  
(whispering)  
Johann! Hey, boy!

A.J. nods to Crotzer's house with a smirk.

A.J.  
What's up with *stranger danger*?

The girls follow his gaze.

Crotzer's silhouette watches from his window.

CARLY  
Is that the creepy neighbor you told  
me about? The forty-year-old virgin?

FLORA

Yes. I hate when he does that.  
It's like, every time I turn around,  
he's there. It got way worse after  
his mom died.

A.J.

... Did he kill her?

CARLY

Probably. Why don't you go say hi?

They look next door -- Crotzer's silhouette is gone.

Johann BARKS from Crotzer's yard.

FLORA

(whispering)

Johann! Where are you, boy?

A.J. finds two loose boards in the fence and slides them  
apart to reveal an opening to Crotzer's yard.

FLORA

This wasn't like this ... ?

Johann BARKS.

Flora's jaw tightens. She gets on the grass ...

A.J.

What are you doing?!

FLORA

I'm getting my dog!

A.J.

Are you crazy?! This is textbook  
serial killer! I see this shit on  
TV all the time!

CARLY

The Lifetime Channel?

A.J.

Lifetime Movie Network. Regardless,  
he may as well have left a trail of  
candy to a big, white cargo van!

FLORA

So, stand here and keep watch.

She crawls through the opening and pops her head back through.

FLORA  
 (to Carly)  
 Coming?

CARLY  
 Oh ... no. I'd never fit.

She makes gestures to imply she's obese ... she's not. She'd totally fit.

Flora shakes her head and disappears into the abyss.

A.J. nervously glances at Crotzer's house -- no sign of him.

**EXT. CROTZER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Several large trees. A tire swing squeaks in the breeze. Flora crouches and moves through the shadows.

FLORA  
 (whispering)  
 Johann!

Johann scurries to Flora. She hugs him, excitedly.

Crotzer admires her from the shadows. His breathing intensifies. He reaches out to grab her ...

Carly peeks out.

CARLY  
 (whispering)  
 Would you hurry?

Flora ushers Johann past Crotzer's hiding spot and through the hole in the fence. Crotzer clenches his fist -- so close.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Carly stares into the mirror magnet on the refrigerator.

CARLY  
 Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary, Bloody --

A.J.  
 -- It's comin', it's comin'.

A.J. runs the blender a moment and pours three Bloody Marys.

FLORA (O.S.)  
 Would you please keep it down? I really need to practice!

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

A.J. enters with a drink -- and Carly with two. They join her near the coffee table. Carly sets a drink by Flora.

CARLY  
 What's your deal? It's Halloween!  
 This is our holiday. We should be  
 having fun, not ...

She takes a drink and waves her finger at Flora and her flute.

FLORA  
 (glare)  
 ... *Fingering?*

Carly gestures as if to say, "yeah, that."

A.J.  
 Ewww. Nope. No more of that.

A.J. takes a large gulp.

CARLY  
 Come on! Let's do something fun!

FLORA  
 I can't!

CARLY  
 Whyyy?!

The CORDLESS RINGS.

FLORA  
That's why.

She reaches for the phone -- Carly snatches it first.

FLORA  
 Carly!

CARLY  
 Keep away!

Carly tosses it to A.J., who misses it. Carly scoffs.

A.J.  
 Oh, so just because I have great  
 taste in shoes, I'm a *catcher*.

Flora heads to the kitchen.

**IN THE KITCHEN**

Flora answers a land line and cleans up the blender mess.

FLORA

Hello?

MOM (V.O.)

(filtered)

Flora? Is everything okay?

FLORA

Everything's fine, mom.

Carly and A.J. wrestle around and laugh behind her.

MOM (V.O.)

(filtered)

What took you so long to answer?

Two more rings and I would have called  
the police!

FLORA

You're kidding, right?

(sulk)

You're totally not kidding.

MOM (V.O.)

(filtered)

We just worry. You'll understand  
when you have children of your own.

Carly and A.J. chug their Bloody Marys. A.J. coughs his up  
and spills it on the kitchen floor.

FLORA

(to herself)

I feel like I already do.

MOM (V.O.)

(filtered)

... Pardon?

FLORA

Nothing -- Johann needs to go out,  
so ... see you tomorrow?

MOM (V.O.)

(filtered)

See you tomorrow. Sweet dreams, and  
good luck tomorrow!

FLORA

Thanks. G'night.

Flora hangs up and rushes out of the kitchen.

FLORA  
You guys suck!

Carly sneaks up to the phone and takes it off the hook.  
A.J. gasps. She shushes him.

Flora returns with the mop and starts cleaning.

FLORA  
No more.

Carly opens the refrigerator and digs around.

CARLY  
Fine! What's there to eat.

FLORA  
Are you kidding me?

A.J.  
I could eat.

CARLY  
Well, unfortunately, Flora's parents  
are health nuts, so our choices are  
lettuce and cardboard.

A.J. pulls out his cell phone, brings up a GrubHub-like app.

A.J.  
Delivery it is.

FLORA  
Seriously?

A.J.  
Pizza?

FLORA  
(sigh)  
Chinese.

A.J.  
Ducky.  
(tapping buttons)  
Whadda'ya want?

**INT. CROTZER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

All of the lights are off. Through his window, Crotzer watches Flora and company from the shadows. He sees the teens laught and pass A.J.'s phone around.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

Flora falls onto the couch, looking exhausted. Carly and A.J. plop down beside her, drunk, but wide awake.

CARLY  
We should play a prank.

FLORA  
No thanks.

CARLY  
Come on. For old time's sake.

A.J.  
Like what?

CARLY  
Let's get the perv next door?

A.J.  
I'm with it. What're we talkin' --  
T-P his house? Ding-dong-ditch?  
Oooh! Flaming bag of poo!

CARLY  
(laughing)  
Yes!  
(to O.S.)  
Johann! Come here, we need you!

FLORA  
Yeah, that's what I need. More  
attention from *Norman Bates*.

A.J.  
How about the delivery guy?

CARLY  
Yasss!  
(to Flora)  
Oh! Remember that thing we did that  
one Halloween at Marcy's house?

FLORA  
You mean the reason we're not allowed  
at Marcy's house?

CARLY  
Who cares -- fuck Marcy, it was epic!

A.J.  
What'd you do?

CARLY

We made up her living room to look like we were being murdered -- there was blood everywhere --

FLORA

-- Which is why we're not gonna do it here --

CARLY

(ignoring her)

-- And left the door open, so the pizza guy walked into a crime scene!

A.J.

Hell yeah. Was he scared?

FLORA

No.

CARLY

But the look on his face was priceless, and her parents freaked!

A.J.

We're doing it.

FLORA

Not here, you're not!

CARLY

We'll clean it up. Does your dad still have that tarp in the garage?

FLORA

Yes, but --

Flora squeals, grabs A.J.'s hand, and drags him away.

FLORA

-- Carly?  
(sigh)  
You clean it up tonight! Bitches.

**MONTAGE -- PREPARING THE CRIME SCENE**

- Carly smiles and takes a container of Halloween blood/makeup out of the closet.
- Flora dunks hunks of ground beef in fake blood (brains).
- Johann scurries by in a doggy pirate costume.
- Carly and A.J. roll out a plastic tarp near the front door.

- A meat tenderizer mallet and power drill are bloodied.
- A.J. lays down -- the girls cover him in blood.

**END MONTAGE****INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - NEAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The girls put their finishing touches on A.J., who examines the bloody ground beef.

A.J.  
Is this ground beef? Why didn't we  
just make hamburgers?

CARLY  
No fries. Shut up, buzzkill.

She pulls her Magenta mask on. Flora caps a tube of runny fake blood and pockets it.

FLORA  
What's their E-T-A?

A.J.  
(checking his phone)  
Should've been here ten minutes ago.

Flora peeks out the window.

FLORA  
There's a car outside!

She opens the door a crack, hides in a nearby closet, and pulls up the video camera on her phone.

Carly straddles A.J. with the drill. She turns it on and laughs maniacally. A.J. screams for his life.

They continue the performance. They wait. And wait. Carly looks back at Flora -- she shrugs. A.J. sits up.

A.J.  
Double you-tee-eff?

CARLY  
You sure it's him?

Flora creeps out of the closet. She peeks out ...

She sees a cardboard box with paper bags of food at the end of the sidewalk. The car is off, but the fog lights are on.

FLORA  
The food's just ... sitting there.

A.J.  
Like ... just chillin'?

CARLY  
Shut the fuck up.

Carly hops up and drunkenly swings the door open.

CARLY  
(yelling outside)  
Hey! This took a lot of effort!

FLORA  
Maybe you scared him off already.

Flora slinks out.

**EXT. CAMP RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Flora sneaks to the box. She squints at the car.

The windows are tinted -- it's impossible to see inside.

THE DRILL is heard in the house, along with A.J.'s SCREAMS.

Flora jumps. She laughs, embarrassed.

FLORA  
Ass holes.

She bends down and examines the paper bags. She shrugs, satisfied, picks up the box, and turns to the car ...

FLORA  
People usually carry the food to the door! You know?

The car sits silently, no reaction from within.

FLORA  
Well, thanks anyway, I guess!  
(turning back)  
Happy Halloween! Keepin' the tip.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - NEAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Flora enters, food in tow.

FLORA  
No, don't worry about me. I got it.

She sets the food down and notices more blood all over the tarp, the floor, and everything in a five foot radius. Carly and A.J. are lifeless and covered in blood, as well.

FLORA  
 Are you kidding me right now? You  
 got blood all over the furniture!  
 My parents are gonna kill me!

Flora moves closer and notices the drill sticking out of  
 A.J.'s eye socket. Her face fills with dread.

Flora screams and backs into Crotzer, a large man wearing a  
 paper bag, with crudely-torn eye holes, over his head.

He restrains her and tries to cover her mouth with his hand.

CARLY  
 Let go of me! Help!

Carly, near death, grasps the meat tenderizer and pounds it  
 into Crotzer's boot. Crotzer grunts in pain.

CARLY  
 Fuck you, ass hole!

Flora frees herself and races down the hall.

Crotzer yanks the tenderizer away from Carly, wedges it into  
 her mouth, and curb-stomps her into the middle of next week.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - FLORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Band girl bedroom -- lots of photos of Flora and friends.

**IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET**

Flora watches through an open crack. She covers her mouth  
 to muffle her whimpers.

Crotzer glances into the dark room. He pauses at the doorway --  
 listens. He turns back and wanders into the hall.

Flora exhales and pulls out her cell phone. With a shaking  
 finger, she slowly dials "9" ... "1" ... "1" ...

Before Flora can hit "send," her PHONE RINGS -- the name  
 "Dad" appears on the display.

FLORA  
 (whispering)  
 No no no no no! Shh!

Flora frantically silences it, but it's too late.

Crotzer flings the closet door open and reaches in.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. CROTZER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Flora awakens. Her mouth is gagged by a bandanna and her hands and feet are bound to a chair. She scans the room.

Unfinished basement. A single light bulb dangles from the ceiling. Several pictures of Flora are glued to the walls. Disheveled children's toys litter the room. An occupied body bag lays in the corner. Flora screams into her gag.

CROTZER (O.S.)

Shhhh.

Crotzer pulls a chair around to face Flora and sits. He looks non-threatening -- that neighbor you'd never suspect.

CROTZER

Shhhh. It's okay. You're okay.  
I'm Erik, your next door neighbor.

He smiles, runs a hand down her cheek.

CROTZER

You probably don't remember me -- we met when you were really little. And I've known ever since that you'd need me to protect you from bad people. Like those kids next door.

A tear rolls down Flora's cheek.

CROTZER

I didn't like the way they treated you. They weren't going to let you prepare for your competition. See? I helped. You're welcome.

Flora sobs and tries to pull her hands free -- too tight.

CROTZER

But it's getting too hard to protect you from people like that -- those kids. That delivery driver. Your band teacher from junior high --

Flora's eyes bulge in confusion.

CROTZER

-- So, you're going to stay with me now, where I can protect you forever.

Flora's CELL PHONE RINGS.

Crotzer pulls it out of his pocket -- "DAD" is on the display.

Flora screams through her gag. Crotzer frowns.

CROTZER

It'll be hard for you at first. I know you love them.

(silencing phone)

But how much could they possibly love you if they were willing to leave you alone like that, where anyone could get to you.

Crotzer pockets the phone and wipes her tears.

CROTZER

But, I'll never do that. I'm your friend. Your best friend. Yeah?

Flora bows her head in defeat. She nods.

CROTZER

Where are my manners? You must be hungry. I brought your food.

He limps to the box of food by the door, drops a set of chopsticks in a carton of noodles, and brings them to her.

CROTZER

Noodles?

Flora nods. Crotzer frees her from the gag.

FLORA

I'd like to feed myself, please.

Crotzer raises a suspicious eyebrow.

FLORA

Friends trust each other.

Crotzer ponders. He nods, slowly puts the carton between her legs -- savors it -- and unties her hands. Flora eats.

FLORA

Mr. Crotzer?

CROTZER

Erik.

FLORA

Erik. I can't stay here. I have a major band competition tomorrow.

CROTZER

For the flute ... I know. I've heard you play. You're exquisite.

FLORA

Thank you. But I really need to be there tomorrow. My band needs me.

CROTZER

That won't be possible ... I'm sorry.

FLORA

Please? How about ... at least hear my contest piece before you decide.

CROTZER

I don't know ...

FLORA

My flute's on the coffee table at my house. It's right next door. If you get it, I'll play it for you.

Crotzer ponders. He walks behind her and puts his hands on her shoulders. He leans to whisper in her ear.

CROTZER

Don't think me a fool. Just because I protect you, doesn't mean I won't discipline you when you've been bad.

FLORA

(stuttering)

Yes, sir ... Erik.

Crotzer smiles. He ties Flora's hands together in front of her. He brushes her hair behind her ear, then leaves.

Flora pulls at her binding -- too tight. She throws her head back in frustration and clenches her eyes shut.

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN IN THE DISTANCE, THEN SHUTS.

Flora's eyes burst open. Her hands dig into her pocket and fish out the fake blood. She opens it and soaks her hands.

She eyes the door ...

Flora frees her hands and unties the rope around her feet.

THE FRONT DOOR CREEKS OPEN AND SHUTS.

FLORA

(to herself)

No!

She wraps the rope around her feet to appear tied.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS GROW CLOSER.

Flora squirts fake blood on her face, wraps her wrists with rope, and grabs a chopstick. She feigns unconsciousness.

Crotzer enters with the flute and its case.

CROTZER

I brought the case. Wasn't sure ...

His grin fades when he sees her.

CROTZER

... Flora?

Crotzer leans in and raises her head. Flora untangles her hand and jams the chopstick in his eye.

Crotzer screams and crumbles to his knees. Flora snatches the flute and strikes him over the head -- he lands with a thud. Flora looks at the flute -- it's bent.

FLORA

Damn it!

She drops the flute and races out of the basement.

**EXT. CROTZER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Flora hurries to the opening in the fence and climbs through.

**INT. CAMP RESIDENCE - NEAR ENTRANCE**

Flora bursts through the front door, sees her friends, and chokes back vomit. She stumbles to:

**THE LIVING ROOM**

Where she spots the cordless. She snatches it and dials 9-1-1, but it doesn't connect (the kitchen phone's off the hook).

Flora runs back to:

**THE ENTRANCE**

Where Crotzer flings the door open and blocks her escape. Flora trips over Carly and crashes among her bloody friends.

Crotzer, with the bandanna tied over his eye, picks up the meat tenderizer. He takes a practice swing.

CROTZER

You betrayed me, Flora. Just like my mom tried to do, when she found my tribute to you in the basement.

FLORA

Please ...

CROTZER

I can't have you runnin' off like that, Flora. I have to protect you. So, hold still.

Crotzer extends Flora's leg. He aims for her knee, sizes it up good, and swings the mallet back in preparation ...

TWO COPS burst through the front door and spot Crotzer.

COP #1

Police!

COP #2

Drop the weapon --

Crotzer swings down toward Flora -- The cops open fire.

Crotzer lands on his knees. He eyes the cops, then Flora.

CROTZER

... How?

FLORA'S PHONE RINGS in his pocket.

Flora breathes a sigh of relief.

FLORA

Helicopter parents.

She drops from exhaustion.

The cops look on, horrified. They see the two dead teens on the bloody tarp. Then Crotzer ...

Johann scampers in, wearing his pirate costume, and with "bloody" ground beef all over his mouth.

COP #1

What the fuck happened here?

FLORA'S CELL PHONE RINGS AND RINGS ...

**FADE TO BLACK.**