

# **There's a Hellmouth in my Basement**

by  
Bart Sumner & Steve Greenberg

EXT. PERCH HOUSE - MORNING

Bart's Large Family Van turns into the driveway.

Steve bursts from the front door, adrenaline pumping.

STEVE

It's locked in the bathroom in the office.

Bart climbs from the car, his ten year old daughter, AMANDA climbs from the back seat.

BART

What's locked in the office?

Steve pauses, chooses his words carefully.

STEVE

It's got to be a raccoon.

AMANDA

Cool.

She starts toward the house.

BART

Raccoon? In the middle of the morning? Rabies.

STEVE

I only saw it for a split second before I locked it in the bathroom.

Bart reaches out and stops Amanda's forward progress.

BART

You locked it *in the bathroom*?

STEVE

It was pissed. I thought it was gonna kill me.

BART

(mouths the word silently)  
Pussy.

STEVE

Come on tough guy, did you bring your tools?

Bart goes to the rear of the van and opens the trunk.

He pulls out a leather sack with a secure tie.

A pair of elbow length leather gloves, like bird handlers wear.

He pulls out an animal snare on the end of a five foot pole.

BART  
This is yours.

Steve takes the pole.

STEVE  
(Neanderthal like)  
Big sticks are good.

BART  
It's an animal snare genius.

Bart reaches into the trunk and produces a small aluminum T-Ball bat.

BART (CONT'D)  
And this is mine.

STEVE  
You got a tiny bat man. I've got a major leaguer under the bed.

Bart whips the bat around.

BART  
It's not the size that matters babe, it's how you use it in tight quarters.

Steve takes a prescription bottle out of his pocket.

The label reads "Oxycontin."

Steve opens it and pops a few pills.

BART (CONT'D)  
You okay?

STEVE  
My back's getting worse, these help. A lot.

The office window on the house rattles, and several loud thumps are heard against the wall from inside.

Bart slams the trunk and steps to Amanda.

He bends to her eye level.

BART

Take the keys, get in the car, watch your DVD, and lock the door.

He hands her the car keys.

BART (CONT'D)

If I'm not out in 10 minutes, use On-Star, tell them your daddy's being attacked by a rabid Raccoon.

AMANDA

Like that time at Yosemite?

BART

Yes, just like the buffalo.

AMANDA

Okay Daddy.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bart moves down the hallway, bat cocked for action.

Steve follows him up, with the pole at the ready.

STEVE

You sure you don't want to call animal control, man?

BART

It's just a Raccoon, right? We bag it, and drop it out in the woods, which is where it wants to be any way.

STEVE

I got it.

Bart glances at Steve derisively.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

A white door leads into the adjacent bathroom.

There are loud banging and digging sounds coming from behind the door

BART

Sure sounds like a pissed raccoon.

An unearthly wail rises from whatever is behind the bathroom door.

STEVE  
That sound like a raccoon too?

BART  
Sure. Why not?

Bart steps into the room surveying it for a vantage point, slipping on the long leather gloves.

Steve stays close behind, snare at the ready.

BART (CONT'D)  
I'll open the door, just a crack, and you slip in the pole and see if you can snare it.

STEVE  
Right.

Bart puts his hand on the door knob.

All sounds in the office suddenly stop.

Bart and Steve exchange an uneasy glance.

They hold the look and seem to draw strength from doing this side by side.

Bart mouths the words...One....Two...Three

He turns the knob.

WHAM! The door flies open and something, about the size of a raccoon, barrels out of the room, between their legs.

Bart and Steve spin around.

Steve runs to the office door and closes it.

BART  
What are you doing?

STEVE  
It's out there, right?

BART  
No. It's still in here.

STEVE

Then why did I close this door?

Steve tries to open the door, but the lock is jammed.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It won't open!

The bookcase by the window rattles and the garbage can scitters across the floor.

The smallish grey head of a little DEMON, sticks up from behind the filing cabinet.

BART

Steve is this what you saw?

STEVE

Yeah.

BART

That ain't no fucking raccoon pal.

STEVE

Ya' Think?

P.O.V. - DEMON

The Demon charges at Bart who wildly swings the bat and runs the other way, screaming like a bitch.

BART

AAHHHHH!!!!

The Demon charges Steve, who holds the pole out for a split second, and then drops and runs, trying to climb the bookcase to escape it.

The Demon runs at the door, and slams into it, unable to open it.

It turns back into the room.

Looks at Steve, teetering on the top of the bookcase.

Then Bart, having summoned some courage, holds the bat out in front of him.

BART (CONT'D)

Come on you little midget demon bastard.

Steve climbs down the bookcase and picks up the pole snare.

STEVE

Yeah, you tiny devilish prick!

They move a step closer.

The Demon looks past them to the open bathroom door.

He runs straight through their legs.

Bart and Steve grab for him, but they miss.

He speeds into the bathroom and shuts the door.

END P.O.V.

Bart and Steve stare at the door.

Sounds of digging increase in the bathroom.

One last loud bang, and the noises stop.

Bart looks at Steve.

BART

One more time?

Steve reaches in his pocket and quickly pops another Oxycontin, and then laughs.

STEVE

Let's roll.

Bart puts his hand on the door knob and waits.

Nothing.

He turns the knob.

Waits.

Nothing.

Opens door slowly.

Steve peers in, but can see nothing, except a fair amount of dust in the air, and a lot of dirt on the floor.

Steve shakes his head, "nothing," at Bart.

Bart pushes the door open completely.

Where there once was a floor and vanity, now there is just a gaping hole leading down into the ground below the house.

BART

It looks like it tunneled out. Right through the floor.

Bart and Steve look at each other.

STEVE

You think my home warranty covers this?

Bart gives Steve a doubtful look.

BART

Highly doubtful.