# Azazel's Wrath

Written by

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SUPERIMPOSE:

”Be sober minded and alert because your adversary the Devil prowls around as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.”

- 1 Peter 5:8

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A scene from Scarface plays on a flat screen television.

OFFICIAL
Marijuana?

TONY
Never, man.

OFFICIAL
Heroin? Cocaine?

TONY
No.

OFFICIAL
Where'd you get the beauty scar, tough guy? Eatin' pussy?

TONY
How am I gonna get a scar like that eating pussy?

A young man named CHAD (30) in blue jeans and a faded rock band shirt sits on a brown satin couch.

Next to him is his honey blonde girlfriend HARPER (28) who is wearing Hello Kitty pajamas and pink bunny slippers perched on the coffee table. A bowl of popcorn sits between them.

Chad sees an ad for food on his phone.

CHAD
(Dave Franco)
Damn.

HARPER
(Emma Roberts)
What is it, babe?

CHAD
Nothing, I forgot to pick up snacks. I was in such a rush to get home it skipped my mind completely.

HARPER
Get something at the Quick Stop then. I'll leave your precious movie on pause 'til you get back if you want.

CHAD
Scarface isn't precious, Harper. It's one of the greatest films ever made.

HARPER
And you would know that, wouldn't you, Mr. Movie Critic?

CHAD
Damn right, Mama. I can sit through The Devil Wears Prada, you can sit through one of Al Pacino’s finest films.

Chad puts his leather jacket on, grabs his keys and heads to the door.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Do you want something or are you filled up from that extra butter movie theater popcorn you begged me to buy?

Harper eats a handful of popcorn.

HARPER
Yeah, get me some Twizzlers.

CHAD
And?

HARPER
And you know those little chocolate covered pretzels? Get some if they have it. Mama needs something sweet and salty.

CHAD
I got something sweet and salty for you.

HARPER
Oh, grow up.

CHAD
Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Piglet from Winnie the Pooh if he shopped at J.C. Penney?

Harper throws a couch pillow at the door as Chad leaves the house.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HARPER (O.S.)
And a two liter of Sprite!

Chad walks to his black Dodge Challenger.

CHAD
Damn girl eats like she's pregnant or something.

He gets in the car and starts it.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICK STOP - NIGHT

Chad parks and walks through the front door of the Quick Stop convenience store.

INT. QUICK STOP - CONTINUOUS

The store is seemingly empty of both staff and customers.

CHAD
Anyone here?

A plastic bag loudly rustles.

Chad turns to his left to see a MAN (45) in khaki pants and a bloody green shirt eating chocolate covered pretzels.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, dude! You scared the piss out of me.

Little does Chad know the person he is speaking to isn’t a man at all but an ancient demon named AZAZEL inhabiting a man’s body through possession.

AZAZEL
(Michael C. Hall)
You know one of my favorite things about the cesspool that is modern civilization? Junk food and the infinitely delightful ways you apes manage to combine sugar, salt, fat and high fructose corn syrup.

CHAD
Yeah, right. Hey, have you seen a cashier or anything?

AZAZEL
Behind the counter.

Chad looks behind the counter. On the bloody floor are two EMPLOYEES.

One is dead from a bullet to the eye and the other is dying from a bullet to the chest.

Azazel pulls out a stainless steel .44 Magnum Smith & Wesson revolver tucked in the back of his pants.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
Don’t mind them. They’re on the graveyard shift permanently. Courtesy of this hand cannon here.

Chad turns to face Azazel and finds a gun pointed at him. He puts his hands out in defense.

CHAD
No, wait!

Azazel shoots himself in the side of the head. His corpse falls to the floor.

Chad stands frozen in shock.

Azazel’s invisible spirit travels over to Chad in a sickly orange tinted POV shot. It enters his body and takes control.

AZAZEL
What kind of an idiotic name is Chad?

Azazel in Chad’s body picks the revolver and chocolate covered pretzels off the store floor.

He puts the pretzels in a plastic bag filled with snacks on the counter.

A cell phone rings behind the counter. Azazel slides over and answers it.

The voice on the other end is unintelligible.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
You want to speak to Samantha? Here she is.

Blood drips out of SAMANTHA's mouth and she moans in pain. Azazel holds the phone out to her.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
It's for you.

Before Samantha can grab it Azazel shoots her in the head, sending it crashing into the floor. Blood pours out of her shattered forehead.

He puts the phone to his ear.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
Samantha can't talk to you at the moment. Or ever again for that matter. Unless you have a Ouija board close by.

Azazel hangs up and tosses the phone away. He grabs the bag of snacks and walks out of the store.

EXT. QUICK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Azazel opens the trunk of the white Cadillac Escalade belonging to his previous body.

Whistling all the while he empties the revolver's spent cartridges onto the ground and throws it in the trunk.

He rummages through the trunk's clutter and retrieves a Glock 19 pistol and a bright red can of gasoline.

Gasoline splashes all around the pumps. A car approaches the lot.

AZAZEL
How sweet. Fresh meat.

He fires several shots from the Glock at the approaching car. The windshield cracks in cobwebs.

The car veers wildly then stops.

Azazel opens the driver door and a YOUNG MAN (20) falls out clutching his bloody neck.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
Talk about the wrong place at the wrong time. I'm gonna make a human torch out of you now, boy!

Azazel kicks the young man and soaks him with the last of the gas can.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
How about a little fire, scarecrow?

The young man desperately tries to stand. Azazel tosses a lit match on him and he goes up in flames.

Azazel walks back to the Escalade. His latest victim screams in terror and the fire creeps towards the pumps.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Azazel drives on the empty rainy streets. "Bustin' Out" by Rick James plays on the radio.

He stops at a red light and taps his fingers to the beat alongside the car while lip synching.

An attractive blonde JOGGER (25) with a pony tail and a yellow reflective vest runs past the car on the sidewalk.

Azazel glares at her with dragon eyes and smiles a wicked tiger smile.

He grabs a black short barrel Mossberg 500 shotgun from the passenger seat covered in ammunition boxes, pistols and knives.

Resting the shotgun on the door pointing out the window, he closes one eye and tracks the oblivious jogger.

AZAZEL
Easy does it.

Azazel fires. A slug hits her in the back and she tumbles to the ground.

He laughs, turns the radio volume up and speeds off.

The jogger lays on her stomach struggling to breathe as blood pools from her wound.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Azazel parks the Escalade in front of Chad's suburban home. "Lucifer Rising" by Rob Zombie plays loudly on his AirPods.

He walks through the front door.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Azazel stands and looks at Harper curled up on the couch on her phone.

Harper looks up from the phone as he walks into the kitchen. She has no idea her boyfriend of two years has been replaced by an evil beyond her comprehension.

HARPER
Did they have the pretzels, Chad?

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rock music still playing Azazel puts everything he's carrying including the Glock on the kitchen island.

He walks over to the wooden knife block and pulls out a large kitchen knife. He fondly runs his finger along the edge before hiding it behind his back.

Harper stands at the kitchen doorway.

Azazel takes the AirPods out and pauses the music. He calmly ventures over to Harper.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Are those my pretzels you're hiding behind your ba-

Harper stops mid sentence and looks down.

Azazel's hand pushes the kitchen knife into her stomach.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Wha... Wha...

AZAZEL
Darling.

Azazel lets go of the knife and punches Harper to the wooden floor.

He straddles Harper and holds her down by the wrists. Her bunny slipper clad feet kick to no avail.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
You know how you've been telling me I need to communicate more? Well, here goes. Harper, you're a stupid, ugly bitch, a completely insufferable cunt and I have been fucking your friend Emily behind your back since we started dating. And let me tell you she is much better in the sack than you could ever dream of being, missy.

Azazel takes the knife out of Harper's stomach and stabs her in the chest repeatedly.

She coughs up blood in spurts.

He lays down next to Harper. Holding the knife in his left hand and Chad's phone in his right Azazel takes a selfie of them together.

He posts the photo on Snapchat with the caption "Horror movie night with Bae!" followed by heart and knife emojis.

Azazel straddles Harper again.

She coughs up more blood. The gray linoleum floor becomes soaked in it from her oozing wounds.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
You want to know one thing I learned in my time turning people like you into worm food, Blondie? Intestines are just like drunks with secrets. They always have a tendency to spill.

HARPER
St-Stop.

AZAZEL
Stop? And spoil the fun so soon? I don't think so.

Azazel cuts Harper's stomach open. Intestines spill out steaming with heat.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Now that’s what I like to see.

With both hands he drives the knife into Harper’s heart.

Azazel grabs the grocery bag off the table and heads back into the living room.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He sits down on the couch, puts his feet on the coffee table and plays Scarface.

Satisfied with the night’s carnage Azazel eats a bloody handful of chocolate covered pretzels.

FADE OUT.

THE END.