

INTERVIEW WITH A DEMON

Written by

Dennis Maulsby

2421 Westwind Drive, Ames, Iowa 50010  
515-233-5980

EXT: ESTABLISHING — NEW YORK CITY — MIDDAY

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FADE IN:

Voice over begins during city aerial panorama.

CASSY (V.O.)

I was in an abysmal situation.  
Months of looking for work —  
Midwest small town girl in the Big  
Apple — only produced an unpaid  
internship with a subpar daily, THE  
MANHATTAN WAVE.

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(Cassy sighs)

I really needed something big — a  
scoop with my byline to move me  
from poverty-stricken obituary  
writer to full-fledged reporter.

(beat)

My dream happened, but not the way  
I envisioned. It began with a lead  
from some Wiccans I had befriended.

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EXT. PARK BENCH — TWO DAYS EARLIER — NOON

Setting on the bench are Cassy and Wiccan coven leader  
GLENYS, a skinny woman, scraggly blonde hair, silver  
pentagram earrings, an army-style jacket, goat heads tattooed  
on the back of both hands. She hands Cassy a sandwich and a  
can of soda.

\*

GLENYS

\*

Cassy, I know you're short. This is  
a small thank you for the great job  
on my dad's obituary.

Cassy takes a large bite, filling her mouth.

CASSY

(words muffled with a full  
mouth)

Thanks, witch-girl. This is good  
magic. I'll pay you back if I ever  
get a decent job.

GLENYS

(whispering)

Yeah. About that. I think the coven  
can help. We have something really  
exciting. A story that will get you  
front page.

CASSY

What have I got to lose? What's the scoop?

GLENYS

You have got to see it to believe it! Bring your sandwich and soda. You can finish in the taxi.

EXT. A RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD — MID-AFTERNOON

Cassy and Glenys exit taxi and stand outside an abandoned building. Battered letters over the door say FIR ATIONAL BANK. Glenys unlocks the door exposing a dimly lit interior. They enter. \*

INT. DIMLY LIT BANK LOBBY \*

Cassy looks at the dirty, mildew-streaked walls and trash cluttered floor. She wrinkles her nose and sneezes.

CASSY

This is far enough. You need to tell me what's up before I go any further.

GLENYS

(titters) \*

Okay, I can hardly keep it in any way. Our coven captured a real-life DEMON!

Cassy starts to go back. Glenys grabs Cassy's arm and pulls her across the lobby.

INT. A SMALL ANTEROOM WITH AN OPEN BANK VAULT DOOR

The vault opening is secured by a second internal gate of welded steel bars. A MAN in monk's robes faces the opening. The two women approach. Glenys tightly holds Cassy's arm. \*

GLENYS

(giggling)

We keep him locked up good. The walls, ceiling, and floor are reinforced concrete two feet thick. \*

Cassy pulls arm away. \*

CASSY

(doubting)

Glenys, if you have a demon in there, why doesn't it use its powers to melt its way out or at least disappear.

GLENYS

We have taken precautions. The monster would have broken out by now if it could.

CASSY

(playing along)

Is it willing to talk? Is there danger?

GLENYS

He says he's ready to tell all. There won't be any trouble.

The monk chants Bible verses. He undoes the padlock securing the bars. Glenys and Cassy stop at the open vault. Glenys gives Cassy a straight arm to the back. She trips over the threshold and staggers into the chamber.

INT. AN OLD BANK VAULT — LATE AFTERNOON

The vault's interior is a cube 12 X 12 x 10. The floor is covered with cheap press-on carpet squares. The walls and ceiling are papered with pages from books. An old army cot with a pillow, a drab wool blanket, and a rickety card table with two grey metal folding chairs complete the set.

Cassy checks her stumble by grabbing the back of the closest chair. Standing on the other side of the table is a man of average height dressed in wrinkled but expensive clothes. KEEAN is thin and appears to weigh around one hundred sixty pounds. Black hair complements olive-toned skin and even white teeth. His blue eyes, change shade from time to time. He raises a hand and motions Cassy to sit.

Cassy drops into the chair and pulls a Sony microcassette recorder, a spiral-bound tablet, and a pencil stub out of her purse. She switches on the recorder. Kean sits.

CASSY

(with skepticism)

Are you really a demon? Nose, ears, everything appears to be in proper proportion, no warts, scales, horns, or other demonic bits and pieces.

KEEAN

My name is Kean, and yes, they got the demon part right.

Cassy's hand slaps the table

CASSY

I just can't buy this farce! You could be just another average human. No one would look at you twice if they passed you on the street. What kind of demon are you?

KEEAN

One that doesn't want to be burnt at the stake, dissected, or worse. Appearing normal is a kind of camouflage.

CASSY

Come now, you must have some demonic physical characteristics.

Kean points to his canines.

KEEAN

Yes, these usually are longer, full grown at about three inches. I file them down. My finger and toenails also form into six-inch talons.

Kean holds out his hands, palms down.

KEEAN (CONT'D)

They'll grow out in another two months. I'd be grateful if you could leave fingernail clippers and a file with me before you go.

CASSY

(dubious)

You have told me things I cannot verify. Don't you creatures have specialties — unique magical abilities?

KEEAN

Right. I am an incubus.

CASSY

(jaw drops)

You mean you seduce women against their will, cause them to cheat on their men, and abandon their families.

\*  
\*  
\*

KEEAN

(looking hurt)

I don't take them against their will! What kind of sin would that be?

CASSY

Come now. There's no Hollywood leading man look about you. You are not what anyone would call 'hot.' You must be the most unsuccessful demon in history.

\*

KEEAN

Successful human mating is nine-tenths chemical and one-tenth visual, which I believe you will come to accept.

CASSY

Well, we'll see about the chemistry thing. Now, tell me why you can't break out of here.

KEEAN

The walls, ceiling, and floor are covered in pages from Bibles, making it impossible for me to claw through. The barred cage protecting the opening is washed daily in Holy Water. When—

CASSY

(interrupting)

—the door is open; the monk's Biblical chant forms an invisible barrier. Okay, this is still not making any sense. So, Let's start at the beginning of your story — not too much detail.

KEEAN

(leans back and sighs)

I was born 350,000 years ago. My mother is Lilith, the first rebellious wife of Adam.

\*

(MORE)

KEEAN (CONT'D)

My older sister and I were kept with our father when our disobedient mom left him to reign as queen of the fallen. Our stepmother Eve, father's second wife, produced a half-brother Abel.

CASSY

This story sounds way too familiar.

KEEAN

Abel and I vied for the favor of our father and the Creator. We argued one day. I pushed him, he fell, hit his head, and died.

CASSY

Hold on! You are feeding me a fractured Bible tale. Cain killed Abel, and there was no sister. The Bible used by Jews and Christians does not mention Lilith.

KEEAN

They only got parts of the story right. Notice the similarity between Kean and Cain. At my trial, my sister Lili tried to defend me. We both were cursed and thrown out of The Garden. We found our mother and became demons.

CASSY

Speaking of whom, where is your sister?

Kean's eyebrows and shoulders twitch, and he appears to be listening to someone else – he changes the subject.

KEEAN

Now, I've told you my story. You tell me yours, beginning with a name.

CASSY

My name is Cassandra, and if you are really a demon, that is all I am willing to share.

Kean stares deep into Cassy's eyes.

KEEAN

I knew a Cassandra once. A princess of Troy.

(MORE)

KEEAN (CONT'D)

She agreed to have sex with the god Apollo in exchange for the talent of prophecy. After receiving his gift, she refused her part. Apollo cursed her to have none of her predictions believed.

Pointing at his eyes with his index fingers, he leans towards her. Cassy stares into them. Eyes close, her head falls forward. \*

KEEAN (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you doing?

CASSY

(dreamily)

I am Cassandra, priestess of Apollo. My father, the king of Troy, has had the city gates taken down to allow the entry of a giant wooden horse. The crowd is singing and throwing flowers in the behemoth's path. I scream, 'Stop! The horse's womb is full of warriors!' People smile - crazy  
Cassy spouting nonsense again. \*

(MORE) \*

Desperate and crying.

CASSY (CONT'D) \*

Fools! In a few hours will come looting, rape, and slavery. Troy will fall. \*

Cassy comes out of the forced dream, disoriented and shivering. \*

Keean rises and comes around the table to Cassy. \*

KEEAN

Come to me, my modern Cassandra,  
GOLDEN AS THE GODDESS APHRODITE.  
You who know my story, which no one will believe.

Keean enfolds a weak Cassy in his arms. He rubs her neck. Cassy attaches herself to Keean. Her hands slip under his jacket. A kiss behind her ear sets Cassy's body quivering.

CASSY

(sultry voiced)

Ooh. You smell so goood, like cinnamon and new-mown hay.

Keean lifts Cassy and carries her to the cot.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BANK VAULT AN HOUR LATER.

Cassy lies on the cot, alone under the blanket. Catching movement, she spots LILI, the sister of Keean, dressed in Cassy's clothes. Lili takes Cassy's chin in her hand. The succubus speaks in a husky combination of mother and BFF. \*

LILI

Not to worry, you will recover in a day or two. Humans are vulnerable to the seductive chemicals in our scent, saliva, and sweat. We've also fed on your life force at the height of intercourse. \*

(pause) \*

I'm Lili, Keean's succubus sister. The life energy of humans keeps us young, so we must take it. \*

CASSY

(very weak)

Ke..., Kee..., Keean?

LILI

Looking for Keean? Oh, that's right, he didn't tell you. For defending my brother at his trial, our bodies were merged together. Brother and I exist in a body twice as dense as an average person. We can morph from one persona to the other. I seduce the men, he the women.

Lili pauses, cocks her head, and listens.

LILI (CONT'D) \*

At the moment, Keean is spouting all kinds of idiot nonsense in our meshed brains. He is such a putz.

Lili pulls the wool blanket up to hide Cassy's face.

LILI (CONT'D) \*

We owe you a favor, Cassy. The wiccans don't know about our gender-changing ability. Impersonating you, they will let us out. \*

(MORE) \*

LILI (CONT'D)

We have waited and plotted to bring  
someone like you here while luring  
them into complacency.

Lili points towards the door.

LILI (CONT'D)

At the same time each day, Glenys  
goes to smoke, the guard is  
napping, and hasn't seen our  
identity change. He will think I am  
Cassy. Spotting you in bed, will  
think it is Kean and open the  
gate.

Lili's fingers close Cassy's eyelids. The demon waltzes to  
the door and, in Cassy's voice, asks to be let out. Startled  
from his nap, the sleepy monk nods and opens the gate. Lili  
steps over the threshold. There is a brief flurry of action,  
and the monk's body smacks against the concrete floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAULT, A DAY LATER. DIMLY LIT.

A still shaky Cassy dresses in Kean's cast-off clothing, her  
WALLET and CELLPHONE lay on the table. She checks her  
equipment to find the tape recorder cassette has been taken,  
and notes in the tablet torn out. Her cellphone buzzes. She  
reads a text aloud.

CASSY

'In light of your failure to show  
up for work we have no choice but  
to end your internship with us.  
William Smith, Editor, Manhattan  
Wave.'

Damn! Am I doomed to Iowa and my  
parents' basement, another failure  
to launch?

Tears trickle down. Cassy's cellphone chitters again. She  
starts to throw it against the vault wall and then  
reconsiders.

CASSY (CONT'D)

(in a testy voice)

Hello!

JACK (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Hello, is this Cassandra? This is  
Jack Miller at The Washington Post.

CASSY  
Washington Post? I don't need a  
subscription.

JACK (V.O.)  
Lady, Please. One of our major  
investors, Ms. Lili, has  
recommended you for an open  
position. You start Monday at our  
New York office.

CASSY  
(into phone weakly)  
A job? As a reporter?

JACK (V.O.)  
Yes. Eighty grand a year plus  
benefits.

Cassy becomes dizzy. She rubs her left temple.

CASSY  
I accept.

Cassy shuts off phone and inserts a new cassette into the  
micro-recorder, she dictates:

CASSY (CONT'D)  
This adventure does not compute.  
Usually, a hit-and-run with a demon  
ends in disaster. This is more like  
the genie of the lamp granting  
wishes.

Cassy paces several lengths of the vault, and suddenly  
understands the demons' end game.

CASSY (CONT'D)  
Damn them! Lili and Kean are evil  
and smart. First, I will never be  
able to publish the interview of  
the century.

Cassy runs fingers through her tangled hair.

CASSY (CONT'D)  
I have no record of the interview  
and no captive demon to show. It is  
my Cassandra's curse.

(MORE)

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CASSY (CONT'D)

I would immediately loose this new  
job if I suggested such a story to  
the editor. The story is toast.

(beat)

As they wish, the incubus/succubus  
will continue to prey on unwarned  
humanity.

Cassy whimpers and holds the recorder close to her mouth.

CASSY (CONT'D)

Secondly, and most diabolic, Keean  
has taken me sexually to the  
mountaintop — a perfect trip. It  
was narcotic.

(beat)

I guess after three-hundred-fifty-  
thousand years, one would master  
every nuance of love-making.

Cassy hesitates, closes her eyes, drops the recorder.

CASSY (CONT'D)

I've fallen for a bad boy. For the  
rest of my life, I will be seeking  
Keean with the craving of an opium  
addict and never any satisfaction.

FADE OUT: