

JUNIOR SATAN CLUB--1992

[We open in Hawthorne House—empty, abandoned. We have a few moments to establish ambience, and then we hear the door open, and five teens enter]

SANDY: Well, here we are!

DYLAN: Pretty cool, huh?

ABBY: Wow. It's so...dusty. You guys come here a lot?

ADAM: You don't like it? Nobody twisted your arm.

ABBY: I didn't say I didn't like it.

DYLAN: She didn't say she didn't like it. **[To Abby]** Don't listen to Adam. He likes to play big man in charge.

ADAM: Yeah, unlike Dylan, who likes to play with himself.

KAT: Real mature Adam.

ADAM: **[proud of himself]** Thanks, Kat.

ABBY: So, is it, like, safe?

DYLAN: Safer than that frat party you were going to.

ABBY: What does that mean?

DYLAN: Nothing. Just sayin'. Here, you can sit on my jacket.

ABBY: **[sits]** Thanks, Dylan. You're so sweet.

SANDY: It's safe, Abby. I know it's all boarded up or whatever, but it's not, like, falling down or anything. We're here most weekends

ABBY: You just...hang out?

SANDY: Beats the mall.

ADAM: If little baby wants to go trick or treating, the door ain't locked.

KAT: Leave her alone, Adam. Help me get this fire started. **[We hear the sounds of wood being piled, and eventually the sound of the fire]**

ABBY: Why don't you use the fireplace?

DYLAN: Oh, because of this. **[We hear him reach up into the fireplace, and then the clink of a bottle]** We hide the whiskey in the chimney! So we can't use the fireplace.

SANDY: And this is more, you know, like a campfire.

KAT: We're working on our scout badges.

ABBY: Is it just the five of us?

DYLAN: Yeah. Me, you, Sandy, Kat, and Adam.

ABBY: Where is...?

DYLAN: Who?

ABBY: In the car over, wasn't there...?

KAT: Try finishing a sentence, Abby. You can do it.

ABBY: It's nothing. I just miscounted, I guess.

DYLAN: Here, have a drink.

ABBY: There aren't any cups?

ADAM: What do you think this is, the Ritz?

KAT: We just pass the bottle. Nobody's got any diseases.

ADAM: Not on their mouth, anyway.

DYLAN: **[embarrassed]** Nice, Adam.

ABBY: Okay. **[taking a drink, which burns]** Wow. I appreciate you all letting me tag along.

ADAM: Nobody really asked us. Dylan just got horny.

DYLAN: Shut the fuck up, Adam!

SANDY: **[mollifying]** We're glad Dylan invited you, Abby. Feel free to ignore Adam like the rest of us do. Turn on some music, Dylan.

DYLAN: Oh, yeah! Where's that cassette?

ADAM: I got a Judas Priest tape in the car.

SANDY: Ugh. No heavy metal, please.

ADAM: **[sarcastic]** No, please, let's play mascara and suicide music.

DYLAN: Says the guy in the Alice Cooper shirt. **[Dylan has found the cassette, he slots it in and music begins underneath.]**

ADAM: I swear to god, you dweebs. What are we listening to?

DYLAN: **[embarrassed]:** It's...um...it's just a tape I made.

KAT: Aww, did you make a mix tape for Abby?

DYLAN: It's not *for* Abby, I just thought it would be...**[trails off]**

ABBY: I love it, Dylan. Thank you.

SANDY: I need another drink.

ABBY: **[a pause]** So, what is this place?

SANDY: What do you mean? It's the old Hawthorne House.

ADAM: Yeah, where have *you* been?

ABBY: I *know* it's the old Hawthorne place. Everybody knows about this place. But what *is* it? Besides, like, your clubhouse, or whatever.

DYLAN: I wouldn't say "clubhouse"...

ABBY: I didn't mean "clubhouse," I just meant--

ADAM: It's about to not be anything we can use at all. Did you see the sign out front?

SANDY: Yeah. Mobley Building and Renovation. They've got their work cut out for them.

ABBY: But what *was* it? Just a house? It's bigger than anything else in the neighborhood. Was it just--

KAT: **[interrupting]** It was a freak show.

ABBY: Excuse me?

DYLAN: Not that again. Come on Kat, that's not true.

KAT: One hundred percent true. Legend has it that--

SANDY: **[laughing]** "Legend has it?" What are you, Rod Serling?

KAT: I'm *trying* to establish atmosphere, Sandy. Jesus!

SANDY: You're cute when you're exasperated.

KAT: Do you want to hear this or not?

ABBY: What do you mean, a freak show?

ADAM: Freaks like Dylan?

DYLAN: Fuck off, Adam.

KAT: No, like, real freak show freaks. This was back in the 1890s. Each one of these rooms had a different freak in it. People would pay to walk through and see them. Real life monsters.

ABBY: Like, in cages, or what?

KAT: I don't know. But there's still these little brass plates by the doors upstairs, where they had the freaks' names written out. There's still a couple up there.

ABBY: With their names on it?

KAT: Well, you can't read them any more. They've rubbed away over time. But the

plaques are definitely there. I can show you.

DYLAN: This house isn't that old. Not 1800s old.

KAT: I'm just reporting, man. Fran said she read it in some history of the town or something.

DYLAN: I never heard that. I heard it was Satanic sacrifices.

ADAM: **[he likes this story better]** Satanic sacrifice is cool.

ABBY: No, it's not!

ADAM: **[singing]** 6! 6,6! The Number of the Beast!

SANDY: Adam, chill. I'm with Abby on that one. Nothing cool about, you know, being murdered.

DYLAN: I heard this from my uncle, who's lived here his whole life. Back in the 1970s. This cult would hold big parties, and lure high school kids in, and then when they got them drunk or high or whatever, they would tie them up and sacrifice them to Satan.

KAT: Wow. That's a hell of a party, man. Which reminds me--here. **[Sounds of rustling as Kat digs through her bag]**. Light up, my boys. **[She lights a joint and inhales]** Here ya go.

SANDY: **[taking the joint]** Oh, yeah! I was hoping you'd come through.

KAT: Have I ever let you down?

ABBY: Wait. So, people were...killed here?

KAT: Probably not in this actual room. I wouldn't worry. Here, take a hit of this.

ABBY: Thanks.

ADAM: **[from across the room]** This is a perfectly good room for killing people.

DYLAN: That's not creepy at all. What the hell are you doing over there? Are you

writing on the wall again?

ADAM: I am decorating the space, pencil-dick.

KAT: The red Sharpie is classy. **[reading]** “What is this that stands before me? Figure in black that points at me.” Very eloquent. Are you a poet now?

ADAM: Very funny. Ha ha. This, I’ll have you know, is--

ABBY: **[interrupting]** Black Sabbath.

ADAM: **[surprised]** Yeah. It’s Sabbath. She might not be so bad after all, Dylan.

ABBY: Gee, thanks.

SANDY: He just means because you’re a cheerleader and all.

ABBY: What does that have to do with anything?

DYLAN: Nothing. It doesn’t have to do with anything.

KAT: Adam, quit writing heavy metal lyrics on everything. People will actually think we’re a cult.

ADAM: **[scoffs; coming back over]** Pretty lame cult. Like a “Junior Satan Club.”

ABBY: **[laughs]** Like Brownie scouts but with little sacrificial knives.

KAT: Ooo! I want a little blood-soaked pinafore! **[general laughter]**

SANDY: **[into the hilarity]** You’re all wrong about this place, you know.

ADAM: **[taking a hit]** Oh, really? What’s the real story?

SANDY: Cannibal housewives. **[There is a general explosion of disbelieving laughter; underneath, the ticking of the clock begins]**

ABBY: What?!

SANDY: This one really is documented. Like police files and shit. In the 1950s, some woman lived here and she would kill people in the neighborhood and butcher them and serve

them up for dinner.

ABBY: That's...that's not true. That's like Hansel and Gretel or something. There aren't real cannibals.

SANDY: Hello? Jeffrey Dahmer much?

ABBY: You're being for real?

SANDY: Buried 'em in the back yard.

KAT: I call foul! If she ate them, how could they be buried in the back yard?

DYLAN: That's a good point.

SANDY: You can't eat everything. There's always scraps.

ABBY: Oh my god. That's so gross.

KAT: So she just dug a hole and tossed in a bunch of spines and skulls?

SANDY: Well, it sounds a lot more likely than a Victorian freak show, smart-ass! Give me the bottle.

ADAM: Yeah, that's what y'all need, more Jack Daniels.

KAT: Damn straight.

ABBY: Um, guys, what's that?

DYLAN: What?

ABBY: That noise. [**They listen.**] Stop the tape a minute.

DYLAN: Okay. [**He does so; the ticking of the clock is evident**]

ABBY: *That.*

SANDY: [**she's a little weirded out**] It's the grandfather clock in the foyer.

KAT: Was that running when we got here?

ADAM: Of course it was.

SANDY: Do you remember for sure?

ADAM: Well, we're all in here. And it's out there. None of us fucked with it. Do any of you even know how to start a grandfather clock?

ABBY: I remember it being really quiet when we got here.

ADAM: It's not like it's loud or anything. We just didn't notice it. Turn the music back on, Dylan.

DYLAN: Let's check it out.

ADAM: Um, let's fucking *not* check it out.

KAT: Ooo, are you scared, Adam?

ADAM: I'm not falling for that. I'm not scared, but I'm not going to "check it out." I'm gonna sit here and get drunk enough to listen to Dylan's seduction tape.

DYLAN: Hey, that's not what it is...

ABBY: I love the tape, Dylan. Put it back on. **[He does so]**

ADAM: Anyway, what I heard is that some lady went crazy and fed her kid to the family dog or something.

ABBY: Okay, Jesus. I'm sorry I asked about the house. Now you've all got me freaked out and I need to go pee.

KAT: We freaked you out so bad that you need to pee?

ABBY: No! I need to pee and I'm too freaked out to go...is there even a bathroom in this place?

SANDY: Yeah, there is. Upstairs, between the bedrooms. The plumbing doesn't exactly work, but there's a place you can...I mean technically the toilet *is* there...

KAT: We pee here all the time.

ABBY: **[not excited about this]** Okay...upstairs? That's through there?

DYLAN: Want me to come with you?

KAT: Oh my god, no she doesn't want to you to come with her while she pees.

DYLAN: I was just--

KAT: Come on, Abby, Sandy and I will go with you.

SANDY: We will?

KAT: We will.

ABBY: Thank you. **[We hear them leave the room]**

ADAM: **[he's been laughing at the above]** Dude, you've got to quit being so obvious!

Oh my god.

DYLAN: Why are you such a dick, Adam? You've been trying to embarrass me since Abby got in the car.

ADAM: What are you doing going for a cheerleader, dude?

DYLAN: I really like her. She's not--

ADAM: **[mocking]** "She's not like other girls!"

DYLAN: Which brings me back to "why are you such a dick, Adam?"

ADAM: **[aware he's pushed it a little far]** I'm sorry, man. You know I'm just kidding, right? You and Sandy and Kat, y'all are my people.

DYLAN: Yeah, but *she* doesn't know that! It doesn't matter if you think you're kidding, Adam. It's constant. It's irritating when it's just the four of us, but I put up with it. But I'm really trying to not look like an idiot in front of Abby. And you keep...keep...**[searches for a word]** keep fucking *undermining* me.

ADAM: I'm not trying to undermine you.

DYLAN: You didn't used to be like this.

ADAM: Yeah, well neither did you.

DYLAN: What does that mean?

ADAM: I mean your hair, man. And the make-up.

DYLAN: What's wrong with my make-up?

ADAM: Nothing's wrong with it. You look great.

DYLAN: Thank you.

ADAM: It's not the look. It's the never-ending fucking *angst*, man. You used to have fun. Remember when we went to the beach with your family?

DYLAN: That was in middle school.

ADAM: Yeah, that's how long it's been. I can deal with your Bauhaus t-shirts and your Robert Smith posters. I just want to be able to hang out again.

DYLAN: I'm literally right here. We hang out every weekend. Most weekdays, too.

ADAM: I know. I just...

DYLAN: Adam. What is going on?

ADAM: I fucking miss you man.

DYLAN: **[softening]** Adam. I-- What the hell is that?

ADAM: What?

DYLAN: **[whispering]** Hush, man. There. Through the other room, in that hall. See that?

ADAM: Where? In the...**[whispering as well]** holy hell. Who is that?

DYLAN: What do you mean who? It's not a who, it's a...I'm going to check it out.

ADAM: What is it with you and checking shit out? Stay here.

DYLAN: It's not moving. It's not a person. It can't be.

ADAM: It sure as shit *looks* like a person. A ridiculously tall person, in a long black coat.

DYLAN: It's too tall. Gotta be something else.

ADAM: Then why are you whispering?

DYLAN: **[a pause]** I'm going to see.

ADAM: Wait! Here, take my knife.

DYLAN: Why do you have a knife?

ADAM: Why do you have a silk choker? It's part of the uniform. Take it.

DYLAN: Okay. **[He gets up, starts to move toward the figure. There is an obvious shifting noise]**

ADAM: Shit! It moved. Dylan, it definitely moved.

DYLAN: **[stopped]** Yeah. Yeah I think you're right.

ADAM: Get back in here.

DYLAN: **[voice raised a little]** He-hello? Is anybody there? Hey! I can see you. **[A pause, then, lower to Adam]** I don't think it's--

ADAM: Dylan look out!

ELSEWHERE IN THE HOUSE

ABBY: So why do you guys come here, anyway? It's pretty busted up. And dark. And stuffy.

KAT: I don't know. It's just sort of our place, you know?

SANDY: Nobody fucks with us here.

ABBY: I get that. It is pretty cool to have a place to hang out that's not like, the mall.

Or the park.

SANDY: Too many pervs at the park.

KAT: Yeah, here it's just Adam.

ABBY: He's a piece of work, for sure. But that's not really who he is, right? It's like he tries too hard to seem like whatever he's trying too hard to seem like.

SANDY: That is truth.

KAT: Not like Dylan, huh?

ABBY: What do you mean?

KAT: I mean you don't mind Dylan.

ABBY: Of course I don't mind Dylan. I like Dylan.

SANDY: You like Dylan? Or you *like* Dylan?

ABBY: Oh my god, are we in middle school?

SANDY: No, we're in a haunted house on Halloween and you're making eyes at Dylan. Laughing at his jokes. Wearing his jacket. Did he make that friendship bracelet you're wearing? It looks like the ones he makes.

ABBY: Yeah, he made it. But it doesn't mean we're dating or whatever.

KAT: We're just making sure of your intentions.

ABBY: I don't have any "intentions." And the house isn't haunted.

KAT: Not haunted. Twisted freak show.

SANDY: Cannibal housewife.

KAT: Satanic sacrifice.

SANDY: Definitely not haunted though.

ABBY: Ha ha. You don't need to try and scare me. I'm not gonna take your clubhouse

buddy away from you.

KAT: Who's in middle school now?

ABBY: Look, I get all this. You guys have this club--

SANDY: For fuck's sake!

ABBY: Okay, not a club. A...what is it? A *friend group*. Whatever. You guys are close.

And me and Dylan are hanging out a lot, and you think I'm gonna Yoko Ono the whole thing.

SANDY: You're hanging out a lot?

ABBY: Well, yeah, I mean--we've only kissed like twice. But, I don't know. He's nice.

KAT: First off, Yoko Ono is unfairly demonized, aside from being an artist equal to any one of the Beatles. Secondly, we don't think--

SANDY: I don't know if she's the equal of *all* of them. Ringo definitely.

ABBY: Oh my god, don't get me started on Ringo.

SANDY: Right?

KAT: Jesus christ!

ABBY: Are you jealous? Is that what this is about? Because I thought you were...

SANDY: Thought we were what?

ABBY: It's just. Look, there are rumors at school that you're, you know. **[Waits a beat for them to rescue her. They don't]** People are saying that somebody walked in on you two making out in the second floor bathroom last semester.

KAT: "People" are saying that?

ABBY: Okay, Deborah Altman is saying she walked in on you making out in the second floor bathroom.

SANDY: Oh, is *that* what Deborah Altman's saying?

ABBY: It's just a stupid rumor.

KAT: Hmm. I wouldn't call it a rumor.

ABBY: What would you call it?

KAT: Typical third period?

ABBY: Oh.

SANDY: Deborah Altman's just jealous cause we were hot. But she's telling the whole cheerleading squad, huh?

ABBY: Not the whole squad, just...yeah. Yeah, that's what she's saying.

KAT: Nice "friend group" you've got there, Abby. But clearly neither one of us is jealous of Dylan. Not like that.

ABBY: Then why are you being so weird about this?

KAT: Look. We like Dylan. He's been our friend for a while, and his eyeliner is always on point.

SANDY: We know he's there for us if we need him.

KAT: He would never run tell a whole cheerleading squad if he saw me with my hand under Sandy's bra, for instance.

ABBY: I'm sorry. I promise I didn't spread that, I just heard her telling everybody.

SANDY: Whatever. The point is, Dylan's a little scary.

ABBY: What do you mean?

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

ADAM: Dylan? Dylan what are you doing?

DYLAN: It's fine, Adam, don't worry. He just wants to talk.

ADAM: What? Who? Dylan what's going on?

DYLAN: Chill. Just...just chill a minute. [**We hear static in short bursts**]

ADAM: Dylan get back over here. What the fuck is happening, man? [**A longer period of silence; more static**] Dylan?

DYLAN: [**eventually**] It's all cool, man. It makes a lot more sense now.

ADAM: What does that mean? Can you come back over here? I can't see what you're doing.

DYLAN: [**walking back**] I'm not doing anything, man. I was just making friends.

ADAM: What are you talking about? Was somebody really over there? What is it, some homeless dude?

DYLAN: No, this guy lives here.

ADAM: He lives...*here*?

DYLAN: Don't worry so much, Adam. It's all good. And I need to thank you.

ADAM: Thank me? Thank me for what?

DYLAN: For the knife. It's going to come in really handy. [**Fade out on Adam's cries**]

ELSEWHERE IN THE HOUSE

ABBY: What the hell are you talking about? Dylan's the least scary guy I've ever met. That's one of the reasons I like him.

KAT: She doesn't mean scary like he'd hurt anybody. But he's been acting squirrely.

SANDY: More than squirrely. He's been hanging out here alone.

ABBY: Just chilling here in the dark?

KAT: I don't know if I'd say "hanging out." But a lot of times when we get here, Dylan's already here. Sitting on the couch. Reading some of the old books from the back bedroom. And then Sandy thinks she heard him--

SANDY: There's no "thinks," I absolutely heard him talking to somebody. I came up on the porch ahead of everybody else and before I opened the door I heard him talking.

ABBY: Talking to who?

SANDY: Hell if I know. He was alone. As far as I could see, anyway.

ABBY: Did you ask him?

SANDY: He said he was singing along with a tape. But it wasn't singing. It was him talking, and then waiting, like for an answer. And then him talking again.

ABBY: What was he saying?

SANDY: I couldn't hear. But he wasn't singing anything.

KAT: This is the bathroom, by the way.

ABBY: Oh. Thanks. It's...gross.

KAT: It is.

ABBY: Thanks for telling me about Dylan. He sounds lonely. I'm glad we're hanging out.

SANDY: Yeah, that was the message. Romantic vibes is totally what I was going for.

ABBY: I'm going to pee.

KAT: Knock yourself out. **[We hear Abby close the bathroom door]**

SANDY: Are we gonna wait on her?

KAT: We can. Or we could...

SANDY: Could...?

KAT: That mattress is still in the back bedroom, isn't it?

SANDY: Last time I checked.

KAT: We should go make sure, before we head back downstairs.

SANDY: That could be fun. **[They kiss]** Will Abby be okay?

KAT: She knows how to go downstairs. We have discharged our duties admirably.

SANDY: Okay. Let's go! **[They go. There is a pause]**

ABBY: **[emerging from the bathroom]** Okay, that was disgusting. But I feel better.

Hey. Where did you go? Kat? Sandy? Guys? **[Quieter, to herself]** Goddamnit. Did they go back downstairs? **[Abby makes her way back down the stairs to the living room; we hear the grandfather clock]** Hello? Dylan? Adam? Where the hell has everybody gone? Jesus, this place is a disaster. The fire's going out. **[She stokes the fire as best she can]**. At least they left the Jack Daniels. Gross fucking place. I can't believe I thought we were gonna go all the way tonight. **[She sees someone emerge from the shadows of the hallway]** Oh, Dylan, there you are! Kat and Sandy ditched me. Where's Adam? **[There is no answer]** Wait. You're not Dylan. Who are you? **[Static]**

ELSEWHERE IN THE HOUSE

SANDY: Shouldn't we go back down?

KAT: What for? This is so much more fun.

SANDY: It's a little obvious isn't it? Us sneaking off on our own?

KAT: Who are you worried about? It's not like a secret, not a real secret. Dylan only cares about Abby, and Adam...sometimes I think Adam has a crush on Dylan.

SANDY: Oh definitely. I'm not "worried" about anybody. It just feels a little, I don't know. Advertising. It feels rude.

KAT: Oh, we're gonna be rude.

SANDY: Stop it. It just doesn't feel right.

KAT: Okay. I'm sorry. We just don't ever get the chance to be alone. Sometimes it feels like--[**there is a creaking sound**] What was that?

SANDY: I don't know. [**We hear the rustle of them gathering clothes, standing**] It sounded like came from the landing.

KAT: Hello? Which one of you dorks is trying to scare us? If you don't...oh. Dylan. It's you. What are you doing up here? Didn't Abby come back down?

DYLAN: I'll go see Abby in a little bit. He said I should see you first.

SANDY: Who? Adam? What does he care? Why are you looking at me like that?

KAT: What the hell's wrong with you, Dylan? [**She sees the knife**] What's the knife for?

DYLAN: It's for you.

LIVING ROOM

ABBY: Do the others know you're here? [**Static**] Because I thought they'd know. If you've been here this whole time. [**Static**] I still don't understand, though. Wouldn't they--[**she is interrupted by a scream from somewhere else in the house**] Is that Kat? [**Static**] You're lying! Why would Dylan do that? [**Static**] An axe? Do you really think I need that? [**Static**] I can't do that! Why would I do that? [**Static**] Behind the bookshelf? [**We hear her move, rummage. A second, smaller scream from upstairs**] Okay, here it is. Old and stained like everything else in this shitty house. Oh. Where did you go? [**The tape player starts up. There is a creaking on the stairs.**] Dylan?

DYLAN: Abby. You're playing our tape.

ABBY: I didn't turn it on. It's not "our" tape.

DYLAN: Of course it is. I made it for us.

ABBY: Why are you...oh my god, Dylan, you're covered in blood. I didn't believe him when he said you had...

DYLAN: You've met him too? The Man in the Black Suit?

ABBY: He was just here. I don't know where he went.

DYLAN: What did he tell you?

ABBY: He said you had killed everyone. That you were going to kill me.

DYLAN: But you didn't believe him?

ABBY: Why would you kill me? You like me. I *thought* you liked me. Jesus, why would you kill anybody?

DYLAN: Why are you holding that axe, then?

ABBY: Tell me where Adam is, and I'll put down the axe.

DYLAN: Adam? My best buddy, Adam? He's in the back bedroom. Just through there.

ABBY: Call him.

DYLAN: I mean, I can. It won't do any good. I cut his throat and stuffed him under the bed frame.

ABBY: Dylan, why? Why are you doing this?

DYLAN: You should trust the Man in the Black Suit. He never lies. **[He steps toward her, she retreats]**

ABBY: I do trust him. He warned me. He told me I had to--[**a movement**] stay away from me, Dylan.

DYLAN: This house, Abby. This house is so much more than it looks. So much bigger.

ABBY: What does that mean?

DYLAN: It's older than you know. And all the stories are true. Every one. There are layers on layers. Everything stays.

ABBY: Okay...Why don't you put the knife down and tell me about it?

DYLAN: But we need the knife, Abby.

ABBY: I'm feeling really strongly that we don't.

DYLAN: The knife is the only way to really see it. He told me. With the knife, you get to stay.

ABBY: He told me something completely different.

DYLAN: We all get to stay. You'll see. We can really be together, and then-- **[he is interrupted by Abby axing him in the chest. He makes dying-by-axe sounds]**

ABBY: He told me you'd say that. That's why he gave me the axe. **[She is breathing heavily. Six more axe blows.]** You're just like all the others, Dylan. Okay! Where are you? I did it! I did what you told me. He's dead. He's...dead. **[She comes back to herself somewhat. The axe clatters to the floor].** Dylan's dead. God, there's blood all over the floor. All over my shoes. What have I done?

[THEME MUSIC; CREDITS]