

INNER SANCTUM

By

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INT. STAGE HALL - NIGHT

Three of four members of the death metal band, INNER SANCTUM, kneel before a painted red pentagram. Their hooded ceremonial robes conceal their identities. SLASHER, the band's drummer, sits with his back to the hall. Sat on either side of him are the guitarists, MARTYR and BILLIE.

They engage in a solemn occult ritual, silently worshipping a crimson GUITAR placed in the heart of the pentagram.

Planted around the points of the pentagram are five miniature glass skulls. The small lit candles inserted into them provide a soft light that glistens off the guitar's glossy surface.

Except for those on stage, the large hall is empty and submerged in darkness. The deathly silence is broken as the front doors swing open. Flames from the candles momentarily flicker.

Heavy footsteps echo across the hall as someone approaches the stage. The knelt occultists turn their heads but all they see is black emptiness.

A figure emerges from the dark void. It is SOUL CRUSHER, the band's vocalist and front man.

Soul Crusher climbs the stage steps and stands over the knelt band members. He holds a portable amplifier in his hand.

SOUL CRUSHER
Is it ready?

Martyr peeks up from behind his hood.

MARTYR
You tell us.

Soul Crusher sets the amplifier down, picks up the wet guitar and plugs a cable into it.

He flips a switch and turns a dial. A menacing hum grows louder as the dial is turned to its maximum setting.

Soul Crusher proceeds to play a loud and impressive solo. He stops after a few seconds and looks down at the guitar. A thick red droplet falls on his boot.

He waits for the guitar echos to fade.

SOUL CRUSHER
It still isn't ready.

The members look at each other. Soul Crusher places the guitar back in the center of the pentagram. He removes a napkin from his back pocket and wipes his hands.

He throws the napkin away and walks off stage.

SOUL CRUSHER
More. It needs more.

SOUL CRUSHER disappears into the darkness.

INT. JACOB AND SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

JACOB(14), a skinny teenager lays on his top bunk bed listening to heavy metal music through over-sized headphones. The sound bleeds through just enough to annoy SAMUEL(16), who is trying to read a book beneath him.

Samuel POUNDS the bed frame above him several times.

SAMUEL
Turn that shit down, Jacob!

Jacob pulls the ear pieces apart.

JACOB
What?

SAMUEL
I said turn it down. Are you deaf?

Jacob ignores his brother and continues listening to his loud music.

Samuel sighs. Book in hand, he leaves the room and slams the door.