

IN HEAT: WON'T STOP BELIVIN'

Written by

Chris Rogers

INT. OMINOUS BLACK VOID

In a world of black, creeping and dissonant musical drones intensify, get louder then...

A GOLDEN GOBLET -- aged and ancient -- reflects splashes of light, which cut the surrounding blackness.

VOICE (O.S.)
A sacrificial lamb... A life to
ruin...

Further into the void... More GOLDEN OBJECTS: COINS,
PLATES, STATUES, etc.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Find your mark... Then Crush your
mark.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Blaring CAR HORNS. Standstill TRAFFIC. PEDESTRIANS dashing to and fro. Amid the hustle and bustle...

SAMANTHA (23) posted up on the sidewalk. She's dressed stylishly and wears sunglasses even though it's well past sundown.

She pulls out her phone, orders an Uber then scans the SCREEN:

JASPER, en route and two minutes away -- DRIVER RATING 4.92 STARS -- BLUE ASTRO VAN -- PLATE NUMBER 66F-32X3.

Samantha SCREEN SHOTS the info. A quick check of the CAMERA roll confirms she got the shot.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - TWO MINUTES LATER

Samantha slides open a BLUE ASTRO VAN'S rear door then climbs inside. She's greeted by...

INT. JASPER'S ASTRO VAN - CONTINUOUS

The sincere eyes and a warm smile of JASPER (late-40's). He sits behind the WHEEL and has thinning hair pulled in a tight PONY TAIL.

JASPER
All buckled up?

Samantha tugs her shoulder strap.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Ready to roll?

SAMANTHA
Yep. Sure am.

Jasper engages the BLINKER and pulls away from the curb.

JASPER
Just gonna put this out there right
out the gate... Don't want any
doubts lingering unspoken. Yes.
I'm a middle aged, balding man
behind the wheel of a busted up
mini-van. Not the best look. I
understand that...

Samantha chuckles.

JASPER (CONT'D)
But I have my reasons.

SAMANTHA
Oh yeah? Hauling around dead
bodies?

JASPER
Yes! Exactly!

SAMANTHA
(playing along)
Really?

JASPER
Hell yeah! Should be a couple
rolling 'round right behind you!

Samantha glances over her shoulder...

JASPER (CONT'D)
Ahhh! You know I'm just playin'.
This van's an officially certified
dead body free zone!

SAMANTHA
Good to know. And just so YOU
know. If there were any bodies up
in here -- BAM! One star! Unleash
that shit like they're payin' me.
So... What's that reason? For the
mini-van?

JASPER

Oh. I'm in a band. And well, there's no better gear-hauling vehicle than the Chevrolet Astro Van! The last true workhorse! The two-tone paint job sweetens the ride, but it's optional.

SAMANTHA

Come on now! All that "*just gonna address this right out the gate*" business just a big set up to talk about your band?

JASPER

It definitely wasn't! But... If, you know... You wanna hear it...

Jasper holds up a CD-R.

SAMANTHA

Sure... why not.

The van's after-market CD PLAYER lights up as Jasper slides in the CD-R -- A WHIRRING sound -- A bit of static. Then...

A cover version of Journey's *DON'T STOP BELIVIN'* blasts from the speakers.

JASPER

Who!

Jasper pumps his fist in the air.

JASPER (CONT'D)

The crisp, lossless, digital sound of pure bliss at five hundred rotations per minute! Try and top that with your Spoti-clouds and MP3s! I'll wait!

SAMANTHA

This you?

JASPER

Me an' my buddies... We got a Journey tribute band. "*Won't Stop Belivin'.*" That's what we're called. Recorded this bad boy at my homie's studio in Van Nuys.

SAMANTHA

Sounds pretty good...

Samantha's smile -- *sincere or condescending?* We just can't tell...

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Sounds professional...

Jasper skips to the next track.

JASPER
This one's pretty sweet. We got Fred Durst... You know Fred Durst?

SAMANTHA
I do. That nineties guy with the Yankees hat?

JASPER
Yeah! Fred Durst from Limp Bizkit! He laid down some guest vocals.

SAMANTHA
Cool...
(thinks about it)
I *guess*?

JASPER
Nah! It's OK. I see that eye roll and I hear what you're gettin' at. Not everyone's down with the 'Biz, but Fred's a buddy. Just asked and he was like, "fuck yeah I'll lay down some vox." Vox -- that's industry speak for vocals.

SAMANTHA
Wow!

JASPER
I mean, he made some money... Made some mistakes... Pissed off some hoity-toity-too-cool-for-school snobos, but Fred's the real deal. His underappreciated artistry is just...
(sighs)
Well...

SAMANTHA
Sounds like you're a big fan.

JASPER

Down since the start. Most people, especially people that've had success, they're just out for number one. Fred's not like that.

SAMANTHA

You're not one of those cuckoo fans? You don't have him, like, locked up in a cage in your apartment or anything?

JASPER

Hah! Good one!

Samantha looks out the window.

SAMANTHA

Right up here... At the light's fine...

JASPER

Cool. Cool.

He pulls the van to the curb.

SAMANTHA

Thanks for the ride.

JASPER

Don't thank me! I love driving... Spend my free time meetin' cool people... Sometimes get to meet a pretty girl! Ha! Ha!

SAMANTHA

(rolls her eyes)

Alright Jasper... Slow that roll.

Jasper calls out to Samantha as she exits the van.

JASPER

Check us out online --
WWW.WONTSTOPBELIVING.BIZ!

SAMANTHA

You got it! And Jasper...

JASPER

Yeah.

SAMANTHA

I'm sure we'll see each other soon.

INT. OMINOUS BLACK VOID

Same black space... Same dissonant music at an ear-piercing volume...

More RICHES on display under mysterious light.

VOICE (O.S.)
Blood of the weak... The blood of
the weak...

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A nearly empty grocery store.

DING! Automatic DOORS open and Jasper wanders in...

Soon after, he's cruising the AISLES with a few items in his basket: store brand cheese, chips, soda -- stuff like that.

He grabs a JAR OF MAYONNAISE from the shelf, notices a RECIPE for CHICKEN SALAD on the LABEL. He's intrigued. Calls out to a passing STOCK BOY...

JASPER
You ever try this?

STOCK BOY
Mayonnaise?

JASPER
Ha! No! The chicken salad recipe.
On the label.

STOCK BOY
I ain't fuck with mayonnaise.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha has WWW.WONTSTOPBELIVING.BIZ pulled up on a LAPTOP. She navigates to the BAND MEMBERS page and there it is, under a photo -- Jasper's full name: JASPER J. JEPSEN.

Samantha uses this info along with the License Plate Number Screen Shot she took earlier to do some internet sleuthing...

With some quick typing she's found his home address:

103 Long Street, Altadena, CA 91001

EXT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Astro Van pulls into the driveway and the REAR TIRE hops the curb, which has the number 103 painted on it.

INT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jasper walks through the front door with his SACK OF GROCERIES then...

WHACK!

One of those goofy looking STEINBERNER SPIRIT GUITARS slams down on his head -- HARD.

Jasper drops to the ground, unconscious.

The jar of mayonnaise rolls from the bag and across the floor.

INT. OMINOUS BLACK VOID

Riches strewn about as far as the eye can see.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Let me serve you...

And there she is. Samantha steps into frame.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So I can be remade...

A GURU stands in front of Samantha. He's flanked by several others. His voice is what we've been hearing all along.

GURU
Bring him to us.

INT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jasper's eyes blink rapidly -- scan left and right -- up and down -- as he jolts back to consciousness. The blurred room comes into focus. He sees...

Samantha standing above him, a roll of DUCT TAPE in her hand. She smiles wildly.

SAMANTHA
(with an exaggerated hand
wave)
Hiya, Jasper!

Jasper struggles, helpless on the floor -- hands and legs bound with tape.

JASPER
(confused)
Da fuck? Samantha?

SAMANTHA
Yep! It's me! Told ya we'd see
each other real soon!

JASPER
How? How do you know where I live?

SAMANTHA
License plate number supplied by
Uber, full name provided by Won't
Stop Believing Dot Biz... That and
a bit a internet sleuthing opens
all kinda doors! Including yours!

JASPER
You gonna kill me?

SAMANTHA
No. But I'm gonna have to hurt
ya... pretty bad.

Samantha raises the Steinberner guitar above her head.

JASPER
Why are you doing this?

SAMANTHA
Just looking out for number one...

She rears back to pummel Jasper when...

CRASH! SLAM! A wild ruckus behind Samantha. She spins
around and sees...

A METAL CAGE shaking wildly in the corner. From inside the
cage...

A guttural SUBHUMAN HOWL!

The cage lurches from side to side, slams into the wall.
There's a MAN inside the cage. ANGUISHED CRIES as he shakes
the cage with all his might.

Samantha stands in stunned silence. Is that...?

Memories click. She recognizes the man inside the cage.
It's...

FRED DURST from Limp Bizkit! RED YANKEES CAP and all! He rears back, puts everything he has into one final slam to the cage door.

Fred Durst busts through the door! He's free!

HEAVY BREATHES as Fred Durst locks eyes with Samantha. For a moment, they both stand motionless then...

A vengeful SHRIEK and Fred Durst charges Samantha -- tackles her -- slams her to the ground....

The SOUNDS of crunching, snapping bones, tearing flesh, etc.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Jasper sits beside the cage. Inside, Fred Durst eats a BOWL OF FOOD with his bare hands.

FRED DURST
(his voice has a damaged,
animalistic tone)
What's this?

JASPER
Chicken salad. New recipe. Do you
like it?

FRED DURST
I do. Tastes good.

JASPER
That's good. I'm glad you like it.
You're eating it up like a good
boy.

FRED DURST
Jasper?

JASPER
Yes?

FRED DURST
If I eat real good can I lay down
some guest vox? That'd be fun.

JASPER

We'll see. If you eat super, super
good and clean your whole plate...
Then maybe.

Jasper reaches into the cage, pats Fred Durst on the head.

Behind Jasper, across the room, there's a GARBAGE CAN.
Samantha's severed ARMS and LEGS are crammed in there. They
extend above the top.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.