

IN HEAT:
THE DOOM CLUB

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INT. MALIBU MANSION - DEN - NIGHT

WOOD paneled walls, oil paintings of hunting scenes, stuffed trophy animals. Among the regal hunting lodge trimmings...

KIM KARDASHIAN, ERIC TRUMP, DJ KHALED and DENNIS RODMAN slouch in leather chairs. They focus on the front of the room where...

EVAN SPIEGEL, cofounder and CEO of Snapchat, flashes a sly smile.

EVAN SPIEGEL

I've provided name tags so we can skip annoying introductions.

(puts on his name tag)

Please put them on now.

The group puts on their NAME TAGS.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

Friends, welcome to The Doom Club. You're all here tonight because the thrill of life is gone.

KIM KARDASHIAN

The last few years have just been, like, a buncha Yeezy, Yeezy, Yeezy mixed with a little bit a *whatever*.

EVAN SPIEGEL

Exactly. We've ascended and society's rules no longer apply. We can do whatever we want, and we've DONE whatever we want.

(to Eric)

We've poached exotic animals to extinction...

ERIC TRUMP

Busted a cap in the world's last wild rhino. Felt *nothing*.

EVAN SPIEGEL

Such a shame.

(to Dennis)

We've sewn our wild oats across the country -- across the GLOBE even. From Bora Bora to Rancho Cucamonga. And still, nothing...

DENNIS RODMAN

Fuck so hard fuckin' broke my rod, man! TWICE! Shit bust right open.

(MORE)

DENNIS RODMAN (CONT'D)
Like a goddamn murder scene. I
ain't want that!

EVAN SPIEGEL
What's our reward for this
ascension? Boredom. Plain and
simple.

DJ KHALED
Honest to God, I only find
contentment cruising on my jet ski.

EVAN SPIEGEL
We're victims of our own success.
But tonight, that changes. Tonight
we'll find a thrill once more.
However, there's a catch. For all
but one, tonight will be the *final*
thrilling night of your life.

DJ KHALED
The fuck you talkin' about?

EVAN SPIEGEL
A game of chance. A most spine-
tingling game. One night. Winner
take all! Losers? Well... Losers
are rewarded with death. But what
breath-taking deaths they will be!

Kim eagerly leans forward in her chair.

KIM KARDASHIAN
I'm listening. Spill those beans.

EVAN SPIEGEL
First, we sign all our assets,
liquid and otherwise, over to The
Doom Club, LLC. You'll find
contracts by your seats.

CONTRACTS on SIDE TABLES beside all chairs.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)
It's a simple game.

Evan holds up a DECK OF PLAYING CARDS.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)
A single deck of cards. The cards
are dealt one at a time. Whoever
gets the Ace Of Spades dies! Of
course there's a twist.

(MORE)

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

The recipient of the Ace Of Clubs must kill the death card's unfortunate owner. Then... The game repeats 'til only one remains. Like I said, winner take all -- property, wealth, *everything*. So simple. So pure. So stimulating!

DJ Khaled stands.

DJ KHALED

Crazy ass white boy. Khaled out!

EVAN SPIEGEL

As you wish. I've no desire to force hands. The Doom Club isn't for faint hearts...

DJ KHALED

(as he walks out the door)
Major Key alert! Fuck the ennui!
Life's always worth living!

EVAN SPIEGEL

Anyone else? Hmmm?
(smiles at the remaining three)
Remember, once we start there's no backing out.

A moment of contemplation. Kim, Dennis and Eric remain seated.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

Good. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the game begins!

INT. MALIBU MANSION - CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Evan, Kim, Dennis and Eric sit around a CARD TABLE.

EVAN SPIEGEL

Tonight, three of us die -- depending on how the cards fall! There is absolutely no turning back...

Evan eyes the table -- stone faces all around.

He deals everyone a card, face down.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

Our first moment of truth...

With hesitation, everyone turns over their cards...

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)
 No aces, but give it time.
 (giggles)
Hmmm. Mmmm.

Evan deals another hand. Again no aces.

DENNIS RODMAN
 We're all still in the game...

With each passing round, tension mounts and nerves sizzle.

Another hand and cards are revealed -- the DEATH CARD has fallen...

To Eric Trump!

DENNIS RODMAN (CONT'D)
 Booya! I ain't clockin' out just yet!
 (to Eric)
 Tough luck, playboy.

EVAN SPIEGEL
 It appears that you, Eric, are the first to lose.

ERIC TRUMP
 No... No! Please. I mean, it's only a game.

EVAN SPIEGEL
 It is a game, Eric Trump -- a game with consequences. I'm sorry for your misfortune, but the contest must go on...

Eric slumps in his chair, crestfallen.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)
 Only a few cards left! The Ace Of Clubs will fall soon. And whomever gets it...

ERIC TRUMP
 (sobbing)
 Must kill me!

Evan deals another hand.

KIM KARDASHIAN
 (holding up her card)
 Oh my gumdrops! I've got the Ace
 of Clubs!

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DEATH ROOM - NIGHT

Evan escorts Kim into the death room -- a dungeon-like
 concrete chamber.

EVAN SPIEGEL
 Sweet, sweet Kim, it's an honor
 welcoming you to the death room.
 There on the table...

In the center of the room, a TABLE piled with instruments of
 death -- GUNS, KNIVES, an AXE, a BASEBALL BAT, POISON, etc...

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)
 Well, you understand. The choice
 is yours.

Kim gleefully inspects the weapons.

KIM KARDASHIAN
 Everything a girl could want!

INT. MALIBU MANSION - CARD ROOM

Back at the card table Eric screams and wails madly. He
 grips his chair with all his might while Dennis and Evan pry
 him to his feet.

ERIC TRUMP
 NO! NO! Let me go! I didn't
 realize-

DENNIS RODMAN
 Dignity, dude! This how you wanna
 go out? Like a chicken shit
 coward?

Tears stream down Eric's face.

Dennis grips Eric in a bear hug while Evan ties Eric's hands
 behind his back.

EVAN SPIEGEL
 Unfortunately, The Doom Club's
 rules bend for no one!

Eric resists with all his might as Evan and Dennis drag him towards the Death Room.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DEATH ROOM - NIGHT

Eric is thrown through the door. It's slammed shut and locked from the outside.

ERIC TRUMP
 You wouldn't really do it, Kim?
 Please! This is just a joke,
 right?

Eric sinks to the floor, sobbing and blubbering.

KIM KARDASHIAN
 Of course it's a joke, sweetie...

A flash of hope on Eric's face...

ERIC TRUMP
 Really?

KIM KARDASHIAN
 A joke on you! Exquisitely
 choreographed by the hand of fate!

ERIC TRUMP
 No! No!

KIM KARDASHIAN
 Only one question remains...

Kim examines the weapons on the table.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
 Quick and easy?

Kim lifts a PISTOL from the table. Points it at Eric.

ERIC TRUMP
 Please, Kim...

She returns the pistol to the table.

KIM KARDASHIAN
 No. No. No. Where's the fun in
 that?

Kim runs her hand across the weapons, caressing each tool of death. Stops at the BASEBALL BAT.

With a mischievous gleam in her eyes...

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
Batter up!

Kim raises the bat over her head. Eric screams for his life.
As the bat comes down...

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU MANSION - CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Kim's back at the table with the others. She looks satisfied. Splatters of BLOOD dot her face and clothing.

EVAN SPIEGEL
No time to mourn our fallen
comrade. I pray he's in a better
place, but the game must go on...

Evan cuts the cards.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)
Time for round two-

DENNIS RODMAN
(interrupting)
Hold up. Why are you dealing
again? I'd say that raises some
serious questions about this
competition's legitimacy. This on
the up and up?

EVAN SPIEGEL
Ahhh, Good question, Dennis! And
to quell suspicions of deception,
why don't you deal this round?

Evan slides the cards across the table to Dennis.

DENNIS RODMAN
That's what I'm talking about!
Let's do this! Here they come...

Dennis deals three cards then turns his over. He's dealt himself...

The Ace of Spades!

DENNIS RODMAN (CONT'D)
Mother fucker!

With a sly smile, Evan reveals his card...

The Ace of Clubs!

EVAN SPIEGEL

Perhaps you should've let me deal
after all! Looks like you've given
me the honor of killing you!

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DEATH ROOM

Dennis and Evan stand face to face. Evan holds the pistol in
his hand.

EVAN SPIEGEL

I gotta say, Dennis, your courage
and nobility befits the champion
you are.

DENNIS RODMAN

Word is bond. Ain't going out like
that pussy ass Trump kid.

EVAN SPIEGEL

I like you Dennis. Because I like
you, there's something I'd like to
share...

DENNIS RODMAN

The fuck you talking about?

EVAN SPIEGEL

This may hurt, but I must be
honest...

Faster than the eye can follow, Evan produces the Ace of
Spades out of thin air. He holds it in his outstretched arm.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

The Death Card! Out of thin air!
You see, I can give it to anyone I
want. Or conceal it if I don't
want it. But, the thing is, as a
lifelong Lakers fan, I *wanted* to
kill you.

DENNIS RODMAN

You devilish mother fucker. You're
a goddamn wizard.

EVAN SPIEGEL

Not a wizard, Dennis, just a master
of the cards!

With that, a single shot rings out.

Dennis falls to the floor. Dead.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Only two remain.

Evan Spiegel and Kim Kardashian sit on opposite sides of the table. Sly smiles as they size each other up.

KIM KARDASHIAN

It's just me and you, Evan.

EVAN SPIEGEL

I couldn't have dreamed of a more formidable final opponent.

KIM KARDASHIAN

It is sad we're nearing the end. This truly has been the experience of a lifetime.

EVAN SPIEGEL

Ahhh, yes. In another world, perhaps this could last forever, but...

KIM KARDASHIAN

Our game must end -- tonight!

EVAN SPIEGEL

That is true...

Evan slides Kim the cards.

EVAN SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

What sort of gentleman would I be if I didn't let the lovely lady deal this final round?

KIM KARDASHIAN

Such a gentleman.

Kim deals a hand.

Evan turns his card and his eyes widen with shock...

He holds the Ace Of Spades!

EVAN SPIEGEL

The Ace Of Spades?!? But... This is impossible?

KIM KARDASHIAN

Why, because you fancy yourself
some sort of card shark?

EVAN SPIEGEL

How? You-

KIM KARDASHIAN

If you'd kept up with the
Kardashians, Evan, you'd know I
spent the bulk of season four
apprenticing with a master
magician. His speciality was
cards! Taught me everything he
knows!

Faster than the eye can follow, Kim produces the Ace of Clubs
out of thin air in her outstretched arm.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)

See! Out of thin air! Now...
Let's talk business. I think we'll
split the-

EVAN SPIEGEL

You dirty vixen! I hatched a
foolproof plan! I'm not sharing
this bounty with anyone!

KIM KARDASHIAN

You sure about that?

EVAN SPIEGEL

I'd rather die!

KIM KARDASHIAN

As you wish.

Kim pulls a SMALL PISTOL from a thigh holster concealed
beneath her skirt.

She takes aim and squeezes off a single shot...

BLAM! Right between the eyes.

Evan slumps in his chair. Dead. Blood streams from the
bullet hole in his forehead.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DEN - SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER

JUSTIN BIEBER, AZIZ ANSARI, MARTHA STEWART and JIMMY IOVINE
slouch in leather chairs, their focus on the front of the
room where...

Kim Kardashian stands, a sinister smile on her face...

KIM KARDASHIAN
Welcome to The Doom Club...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.