

**BLACK XMAS: BLOODLINES**

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FADE IN:

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A cheery room on Christmas morning. SNOW FALLING, stockings hung with care, a tree piled high with PRESENTS.

MEGAN (sweet sixteen, total hottie) wearing a Christmas sweater, lays out cookies.

BANG! Something hits the roof. Hard. From the outside.

Bang! Another blow. The door shakes. Boom! It's kicked open, revealing.

SANTA CLAUSE, red suite, white beard, a bag slung over his shoulders.

SANTA CLAUSE

Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas!

Her initial fear fades into recognition -- she knows this St. Nick

MEGAN

Oh, it's you! You scared the hell out of me.

(then)

What're you doing here?

St. Nick digs into his bag, a MACHETTE is raised in response. Megan's surprise turns to confusion.

Before she can respond, the machete plunges downwards... Her SCREAMS are drowned out by --

SYDNEY, standing in the doorway, wearing HOLIDAY PJs, acting and screaming all of SEVEN YEARS OLD

Santa turns -- a nearly comatose Sydney runs, screaming as she does...

There's a sudden SPLASH OF COLOR. Dark RED, dripping down the tiles, MORPHS into letters that spell out our title--

**BLACK XMAS... BLOODLINES**

**EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT**

A quaint, scaled-down version of "The Amityville Horror" home -- resplendent with Christmas decorations.

A blizzard of dead leaves whirlpool, as the title fades, a chyron appears: "**FOURTEEN YEARS LATER.**"

A trio of SORORITY SISTERS burst out the door, giggling as they pile into a beat-up SUV, as DORA, a big woman in her 50s, the house mother, fumbles with her keys.

Suddenly, the door swings open, SYDNEY, 21, stands there. Once the "it" girl in high school, now a nerdy chick with thick unstylish glasses.

DORA

Now you girls behave. If you need me for anything, I left the number on my desk. I've got to go. We'll see you Sunday.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Most of the mood lighting comes from a modest, Charlie Brown-lookin' Christmas tree to a TV playing "Die Hard", past a string of season's greeting cards hang over the mantelpiece with photos of SORORITY SISTERS.

It's homey, but cobbled together from garage-sale finds. The trashed remnants of a PARTY -- booze, party favors.

Sydney cleans up.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A huge stack of dishes overflowing the sink.

Sydney goes *eenie-meenie-miney-mo*, selects a bottle of pomegranate, shuts the fridge. The action reveals --

ALYSSA, 20, in a Santa hat, a former prom queen with a profound sense of superiority. Sydney stifles a YELP.

SYDNEY

I thought we weren't hanging out together anymore.

ALYSSA

We're not. I'm not even here.

SYDNEY  
And yet here you are.

ALYSSA  
Moth to a flame.

Alyssa's tone is condescending.

ALYSSA  
Ever read the poem Dante's  
Inferno?

Before Sydney can hazard a guess --

ALYSSA  
It's all about the different kinds  
of hell. And in the lower region  
the gentlemen who keeps the devil  
company, are traitors. Kind of  
worries you, huh? I think it's a  
swell bit of culture myself.  
(snide grin)  
Uh, don't forget the bathroom.

A prolonged silence. Sydney extends her fist.

SYDNEY  
Paper, rocks, scissors.

Alyssa gives an irritated sigh, puts her fist up to play.

SYDNEY  
One, two, three, shoot.

Sydney throws scissors. Alyssa throws rock. Off Sydney  
hanging her head in defeat.

ALYSSA  
Oh, there's a letter by the phone  
for you.

SYDNEY  
When did it come?

ALYSSA  
Monday or Tuesday. I took them in  
with mine. Sorry. I forgot.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sydney sits staring at a letter from the *Parole Board*.

Alyssa gauges her for a long beat --

ALYSSA

I think the idea is to open it.

Alyssa heads off down the hall. Sydney steels herself. Then, rips it open.

Sydney goes white... definitely not good news.

**MOMENTS LATER...**

Sydney -- on her cell phone, shakes her head with a frustrated smile.

SYDNEY

December 19th. I just now got the letter.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)

Yea, here we go. He walked three days ago.

SYDNEY

Walk where? Where did he walk?

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)

Ma'am, we can't get out that information. That'll be a violation of his rights.

SYDNEY

What about my rights?

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)

Well, you better watch out.

As Sydney's anxiety now takes a very big turn.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Alyssa hears something, faint but unmistakable: weeping. She pads around the room, trying to find its origin.

ALYSSA

Sydney?

A long pause. Alyssa yanks open the closet door. Sydney sits Indian-style. She's emotional, a mess.

ALYSSA

What the fuck you been doing in here? Why do you look like Freddy Krueger is coming for your ass?

SYDNEY

They let him out.

ALYSSA

Who?

Sydney pauses, the memory genuinely difficult to share.

Alyssa can't stand the suspense, grabs the letter and skims it over.

ALYSSA

Michael Ray--? Strange. He's the one who murdered your sister?

SYDNEY

I testified against him. As they walked him out, he whispered I'm coming for you.

A withering look of skepticism from Alyssa is holding Sydney tightly by the arms, attempting to calm her down as she sobs hysterically.

She is shaking, looking incoherently, choking on her words. The atmosphere is overwhelming:

SYDNEY

You don't know him like I do.

ALYSSA

He's on parole. He wouldn't dare show his face around here.

SYDNEY

Are you serious? That's supposed to make me feel BETTER?

Alyssa looks at her-- empathic.

**EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Rain, sleet, and snow -- the whole nine yards.

MICHAEL RAY, 20s, a filthy bruiser of a man in a hoodie, watches the house, JASON VOORHEES-like... inhuman evil embedded in his eyes.

At a utility box, Michael fights the blistering wind, flips switches, cutting power.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Suddenly, the POWER flickers... AND THEN GOES OUT. BLACK.

Except for the slice of moonlight through windows.

She gropes her way along the wall, flips a light switch. Nothing. Behind Sydney is a glass wall into the backyard.

*Just then... Michael appears like a GHOST at the window, his face twisted with rage. Gloved hands pressed against the glass, flex in anticipation.*

Sydney snaps her head around when she hears movement.

She sees him, stumbles back, a gut-wrenching scream.

He picks up a deck chair and hurls it through the glass, which shatters into a thousand shards. In that instant, he leaps through the gaping hole.

She's already on her feet, getting the hell outta there.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - FOYER & STAIRWAY - NIGHT**

Alyssa stands in the doorway, blocking her escape --

SYDNEY

What the hell...?

Michael hovers in the backdrop, framed by the moonlight, his machete glints.

Sydney backpedals. She has a look of puzzlement, then confusion -- and then realization.

A ghost of a smile purses Alyssa's lips.

ALYSSA

Buh-bye, Sidney

A terrified Sydney heads the only place she can: runs for the stairs. Michael and Alyssa give chase.

Sydney takes the stairs two at a time. Michael is fast, gaining. He DIVES, grabbing her ankle. She falls hard.

She crawls backward up the stairs, kicks, catches him in the face. A second is bought as she ascends the stairs.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sydney slams the door shut, locks it, pushes a chair in front of it. Screams as a slat in the door buckles!

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

He slams his shoulder against the door, over and over.

Alyssa paces in circles, cursing under her breath.

Wood splinters. The door gives.

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Michael barrels into the abandoned room, a man possessed. His breathing becomes more hollow and ragged.

A cold breeze, blowing through the open window.

Alyssa takes him aside. They have this whole conversation under their breath...

ALYSSA

Here's your chance, Big Brother.  
You owe mother, you owe me. That's  
right, this is how this bitch is  
going to repay her debt. The  
hangman only springs this trap  
once per customer, you know.

MICHAEL

I ain't scared-a her.

He ransacks the place, searching, under the bed --

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Fuck you! And the headless  
horseman you rode in on.

Michael spins - Sydney steps from the shadows - a shotgun in hand. She's shaking, intense, first time on a kill.

*Sh-SHOOOK!* A shell chambered.

Alyssa's VOICE calls from a distance, coming closer.

ALYSSA (O.S.)

*Michael!!!!*

The shotgun blast knocks Michael ass over teakettle. He dies in a sprawl. Thick dark blood ooze from his corpse.



Alyssa is in shock, disoriented. She kneels down by Michael's body. No pulse. He's gone. Chokes back sobs.

Then suddenly lets out an animal sound of rage and grief, scrambles for the machete.

Sydney stumbles backward, aiming the shotgun at Alyssa like somebody who still doesn't know what she's doing.

Pumps the shotgun, click. It jams. *Oh fuck.*

Alyssa charges. Sydney swings the weapon viciously into her hand, the machete frisbees across the room.

A follow-up swing catches Alyssa flush in the cheek.

She collapses. Sydney drops the shotgun, looks on in righteous indignation. Takes the machete, thrusts down.

**EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The first squawk of a police response.

A RECORD is carefully placed on a turntable.

The NEEDLE drops on "Burl Ives singing *"Holly Jolly Christmas."*

A blood-soaked Sydney settles into a chair. Smiles with a bemused detachment...

There is a sudden flash of silver at her neck.

A long asthmatic wheeze escapes from Sydney's throat, then a huge bloody knife wound becomes visible, stretching from ear to ear.

When Sydney falls to the floor, Dora is revealed standing behind her, butcher knife in hand.

In the distance we can SEE the KIDS.

The rush of the water as the shower is turned on. Steam billows out of the clear shower curtain.

She steps out and stands in front of the mirror, wipes it, but it doesn't stay that way long. Wipes it again...

the room to frame VIRGINIA, seated silently in an armchair, her legs drawn tightly under herself. Her face is red and swollen from crying, her eyes staring off lifelessly. In her hands is his

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A 7 YEAR OLD GIRL is running down the hall as she hears a scream. She charges towards a bedroom. Just as she is about to enter,

she crashes into a tall, dark figure. The DUDE's face is slashed and streaked with blood; the front of his clothing torn and shredded.

He pushes DUANE out of the way and runs out.

DUANE enters the Men's Room.

7 YEAR OLD GIRL runs into the bedroom SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS. She slams the door and frantically pulls a CHEST OF DRAWERS against it just as the first wave of boys arrives. Their initial charge is dulled by the unexpected weight of the furniture, but it is obvious they won't be stopped. Vicky, still screaming, pushes against the door with all her might. A HATCHET blasts through, cutting her arm and splintering the wood. Vicky screams again and clutches at her

The door gives way and the boys, like giant black rats, pour into the room. Vicky picks up a lamp and throws it at them. Sarah remains seated on the floor, frozen, staring fearfully at the proceedings

Vicky is dragged, literally, kicking and screaming from the room. Her clothes are torn, she's bleeding from the mouth and arm and her face is badly bruised. She has dropped the crumpled picture on the floor.

Sarah is left untouched and alone in the room. She hasn't moved through the whole thing. Her wide, terror-stricken eyes tell the whole story. Her lip trembles

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Frantic energy as-- a 7-YEAR-OLD girl whose face we don't see, bolting down the hallway, clutching a teddy bear.

SCREAMS can be heard in the b.g. Back to--

**INT. SORORITY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

MORE SCREAMS, this time MEGAN, sweet sixteen, as:

FADE OUT: