

# UP JUMPED THE DEVIL

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FADE IN:

**EXT. PRISON - NIGHT**

Thick walls, barbed wire, gun towers: escape seems impossible.

**INT. PRISON - CELLBLOCK - DUSK**

Lights eerily FLICKER OFF, then BACK ON.

Like the steady beat of a metronome, high heels echo through a deserted institutional corridor.

A woman's voice hums *"do-do, do-do,"* the rhythmic twilight zone theme...to REVEAL--

CLARICE, 40, "Dr. C, Demarest, "Center For Disease Control and Prevention" in script on her white coat. Her eyes betray nothing, but if you look long enough, you'll find something haunted about her.

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

The door is open and the cell's contents are spread across the floor. Even in disarray it's clear that this inmate has connections and taste.

Paintings on the wall - ones that's you'd see in a museum - slippers. A small library.

The overall feeling is that of a small bungalow.

JEB BURROUGHS, 40, prison jumpsuit, sociopathic eyes, face chiseled from granite, paces, mutes the TV.

He hears FOOTSTEPS, a GUARD is coming.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Rise and shine. You got a visitor.

Judith marches in, fixes her stare immediately on him.

JUDITH

Pardon my tardiness. That's unusual for me, but I had a restless night. I'm Doctor Judith Demarest.

JEB

I don't get many visitors.

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Jeb smiles lasciviously. A wave of emotion washes over her -- chief among them is hate.

Rolling her eyes, Judith turns her attention to his cell.

JEB

What do you think?

CLARICE

I think I didn't come here for the view.

A beat, as he eyes her with a slow, twisted smile.

JEB

Right. I forgot, you're not one for foreplay. Alright, then. Let's talk.

CLARICE

I'm a researcher for the National Center for Infectious Disease.

Jeb TENSES. His face re-hardens into granite.

CLARICE

I take it this is the first time you've volunteered for a medical experiment?

Jeb SHRUGS - *dunno*.

CLARICE

Like I explained to the other's -- we're trying to wipe out a new liver disease hepatitis Z. Hep Z is a runaway disease and it runs rough. There's no way to cure it. No way to control it. It's like polio, the flu -- we found a vaccine for those. Maybe we have a vaccine for hep Z. But we have to prove it. And that's the name of the game.

Jeb stares at Clarice. Eyes narrowing suspiciously. An uncomfortable BEAT. Jeb laughs. A crazy, nervous laugh.

JEB

We're finished here.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CLARICE

Alright. I understand you're doing  
life without the possibility of  
parole. Here's your chance.

Off Jeb. That got his attention.

CLARICE

(tight fury)

Which you don't deserve, but  
necessity being the mother of all  
evil --

Clarice tenses, feeling his eyes pierce right through  
her.

JEB

Every prisoner deserves  
rehabilitation.

CLARICE

Sociopaths are dogs. They only  
need better cages.

JEB

1 in 25 people is a sociopath. Few  
are criminals. Most are  
exceptional. Lawyers. Wardens.  
Doctors...

He looks at her, sort of SMIRKS. Sort of.

**INT. PRISON - LABS - NIGHT**

The LABORATORY is a cold, clean, sterile environment. One  
section contains research "Specimens" of god-knows-what.

Jeb. Flanked by an Armed GUARD.

Clarice dismisses the guards, then removes three VIALS  
from the refrigerator -

JEB

I thought they'd never leave. So,  
where were we? That's right! We  
were about to play doctor.

CLARICE

I'm going to have to ask you to  
refrain from that kind of  
innuendo. Get your hands off of  
me.

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CLARICE

Three types, three different strains, one each...if they all work then you'll be immune.

JEB

And what if it don't?

CLARICE

Maybe nothing. Maybe you get the disease. It depends if there's an active virus in the strain you happen to get. Understand this thing kills. The mortality rate under certain circumstances can run as high as twenty percent.

Clarice eyes him for a moment - a slightly quizzical look, hard for Jeb to read.

Suddenly, Jeb's hand LASHES OUT around her wrist.

CLARICE

Get your hands off of me.

JEB

This seems risky. Like, my-neck's on-the-line-type risky.

CLARICE

I assure you, I'm taking every available precaution.

JEB

Parole? I'm never getting out of here. You're going to have to do better than that.

As his eyes bore into her, she looks slightly horrified at the idea.

Clarice considers the con a 1/2 beat, then --

CLARICE

I want a steak dinner... doesn't mean I'm gonna get it.

JEB

Ciao, bitch.

He grabs his shirt to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARICE  
(whispers)  
You sonuvabitch.

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

A plate. STEAK. Potatoes. Peas. A glass of milk. A post-coital calm to Jeb who pigs out. Really pigging out.

Clarice, hair a little unkept, takes in Jeb's shit-eating grin as she wheels in a cart laden with tubes, needles.

CLARICE  
What's wrong with you?!

JEB  
Stress! I eat when I'm stressed.

CLARICE  
Sorry, we should get on with--

JEB  
Look. I've changed my mind, I really don't need hepatitis.

CLARICE  
It's too late for that.

JEB  
It's never too late. Nice whore house you run, but you can go squirt that virus in the other fuckin' guinea pigs.

CLARICE  
They already got their dose, and so did you.

Jeb says nothing, his anger giving way to confusion. He's been caught totally flat footed.

CLARICE  
Dinner! The glasses were coded three different types. Each picked your own poison.

She reaches for a band and air-tight vial. Ditching him cold, not bothering with much pretense about it.

Jeb advances on her. He looks like he's going to kill her. Veins are bulging in his neck.

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Clarice rears back in fear as Jeb raises his fist to strike her, but seems paralyzed. He drops to the floor.

**INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

The white room is Spartan, but clean. A harsh florescent light BUZZES in the ceiling. An old broken clock hangs on the wall. Its second hand quivers at 3:00.

A barely conscious Jeb looks horribly ill. Shaking with fear and panic.

The door swings open like the gates of hell. Clarice stalks in - eyes him sternly.

CLARICE

Are you okay?

(beat)

Sorry. Dumb question. Of course, you're not.

JEB

Wh-wh-wh-what's happening to me?

CLARICE

Did you ever hear up jumped the Devil?

JEB

Wh-wh-what the hell are you talking about?!

CLARICE

Up jumped the devil! It's an old gambling expression.

Jeb looks at her, and an uneasy feeling creeps over him.

CLARICE

It's used when everything is going well for someone. An then suddenly their luck runs out.

JEB

So wh-wh-what about it?

CLARICE

That's what happening to you, Jeb.

JEB

I don't follow.

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CLARICE

Emily Rose! Your last victim!

Jeb studies Clarice a moment, then it dawns on him.

JEB

-- you're the girlfriend --?!

Clarice fills a hypodermic needle.

CLARICE

At first I was upset when the Governor commuted your death sentence to life without parole. But then I realized it was a blessing in disguise.

Jeb struggles, too weak to put up much of a fight.

CLARICE

You're wasting your time. I planned this all too well.

JEB

What the hell do you think you're doing? NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Clarice smiles, placing a "shh" finger over her lips.

CLARICE

I'll forgo the sodium thiopental, skip straight to a paralytic. *UP JUMPS THE DEVIL!*

Clarice forces a doctor's calm and slides the needle into his skin.

Abruptly, his eyes GO WIDE and he fiercely grabs her arm, digging his fingers into her flesh.

She gasps, HITS THE PLUNGER. The drug takes quick effect. She lets out a scared breath. *Holy shit that was close.*

He CONVULSES. FROATHING at the mouth. His eyes rolled back. Limbs rigid. Every muscle constricting.

There's something inhumane and ghastly painful about it.

Jeb's heart monitor's going BATSHIT, a warning alarm sounds!

After a few horror-filled moments it's over. Ragged breathing the only sound left in the room. Clarice's.

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She turns and evaporates into the shadows... her voice trailing back from the darkness, humming *do-do, do-do...*

FADE OUT.

CLARICE, maybe 40, "Dr. C, Demarest, "Center For Disease Control and Prevention" in script on her white coat.  
*Well, part of her.*

*Throughout she'll remain in a kurtz-like shadow to accentuate her menace. Dark eyes betray nothing, but If you look long enough, you'll find something haunted about her.*

*And when she speaks, it's with a dispassionate calm; a sociopathic lilt that should make our skin crawl.*

"Dr. C, Demarest, "Center For Disease Control and Prevention" in script on her white coat. Dark eyes betray nothing, but If you look long enough, you'll find something haunted about her.

**INT. PRISON CLINIC - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Ill-equipped and out-dated. Seated shirtless on an exam table is Jeb. Flanked by an Armed GUARD.

Judith, now in a white lab coat labelled "Dr. J. Demarest, *Center For Disease Control and Prevention,*" exchanges nods and "*Happy Halloween*" with the guards.

Begins a cursory physical exam, feels his lymph nodes.

She dismisses the guards, shuts a curtained partition. Suddenly Jeb's hand LASHES OUT around her wrist.

CLARICE, mid-40s, white coat labelled "Dr. C. Demarest, *Center For Disease Control and Prevention.*" Dark eyes that betray nothing, but if you look long enough, you'll find something haunted about her.

CLARICE, Mid 40s, Dark eyes that betray nothing, but if you look long enough, you'll find something haunted about her. "Dr. C, Demarest, "Center For Disease Control and Prevention" in script on her white coat.

CLARICE, mid-40s, an air of seriousness that comes from authority; "Dr. C. Demarest, *Center For Disease Control and Prevention*" in script on her white coat.

A WOMAN in a white coat labelled "Dr. C, Demarest, Chief of Staff, *Center For Disease Control and Prevention*" Pinned beneath the devils' shadow

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There's a FIGURE standing FAR BEHIND. Big. Mostly in shadow. OMINOUS AS FUCK. Think JASON.

She senses something -- turns. But the figure is gone. She shakes it off -- weird -- keeps going when --

The FIGURE emerges from the shadows appearing behind her. Lunges, grabs her, spinning Clarice around.

She SHRIEKS madly, as a burly PRISON GUARD snickers.

PRISON GUARD

Gave you a scare, didn't I?

CLARICE

Try to contain your enthusiasm.

PRISON GUARD

You better listen to me an' listen good. Everyone here is consumed in fear by that psychopath -- a manipulative, scheming psychopath.

CLARICE

Burroughs deals in absolutes. Good or evil. Damnation or absolution. Life or death as it happen. I guess that's my hang up, too.

PRISON GUARD

When you make a pact with the devil -- he always comes back to get his due.

CLARICE

Guess we'll just have hell to pay.

**INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY**

*Jeb sits in an eerie inmates chair, fixed with SAFETY RESTRAINTS to BIND VIOLENT OFFENDERS.*

JUDITH

I see you escaped from prison twice. One a supermax joint. Killed another inmate with your bare hands over some bullshit beef in the exercise yard. Did solitary with a smile on your face.

Clarice, her tired, piercing gaze over bifocals and nameplate on piled desk, stares at Jeb.

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JEB

I'm going under the knife next week, Clarice. Doc Lewis is operating on me.

He laughs. Clarice relaxes, but it's short-lived.

CLARICE

You better hope you die on that operating table 'cause if you don't, I'll be your judge, but your jury, and executioner.

**RESUME SCENE**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

It's Halloween night. Across the neighborhood, TRICK-OR TREATERS bound joyfully from house to house, with their PARENTS in tow.

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Anne, now smartly dressed, exits her front door carrying a short jacket and pair of heels. Hustling into an immaculately clean Volvo, she REVS up the car and BLASTS it into the street.

**INT. CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Anne's glancing at the clock, nervously clenching and unclenching her hand on the steering wheel.

WOMAN

Come on, come on, come on...

**EXT. PRISON - DAY**

The sky is quite dark and the wind is on full howl.

BOOM! A lightning bolt EXPLODES inside thunder clouds.

A Maximum security facility isolated in a stretch of parched Kansas farmland. The kind of place you drive quickly past, if you're lucky.

Anne's car SCREECHES to a stop and she leaps from the vehicle. Off her expensive heels pounding the pavement-

**INT. CELLBLOCK - NIGHT**

Those heels hurriedly making their way down an empty, fluorescent-lit linoleum hall. Anne reaches a door.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

ARGHHH. Someone's VOMITING in this dirty commode. It's Judith -- rising from the toilet -- flushing it.

Judith moves to the basin, throwing water on her face. Then eyes herself in a mirror, staring at her reflection for a pensive beat...

She takes a breath and exits...

Barley any light. Judith moves straight to the basin.

Split-second FLASH; lighting the darkness - disorienting - Judith naked on top of a Jeb, her hair whipping his face as she comes!

... and Danny pulls her toward her. They kiss an inevitable, passionate kiss. Both consumed by it.

It becomes a fury of arousal on both sides. Her dress unzipped... blouse off. With huge effort, she pulls away. Her shirt is off, breasts exposed. Her neck is flushed.

The muted SOUND of rain pouring down on the roof breaks Judith's reverie.

Judith looks away, ashamed. She begins washing her hands until she discovers a steady flow of COCKROACHES COMING UP AND OUT OF THE SINK.

Judith reels back in utter disgust --

Snowman removes a TEST TUBE from the refrigerator - inserts a

needle into it, and fills a hypodermic syringe -

- a \*

brawny, good-natured, African-American Guard smiles at Doll

MAN

She ain't done no harm this trip.  
Not yet. Maybe she don't mean to.

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MAN

That's like giving the rattlesnake  
the first bite.

A SERIES OF QUICK STYLIZED CUTS WHIZ BY:

JC's legs wrapped around Hagen's waist. Her back pressed against the shower tile. Beads of water cascading over their entwined bodies. His hands firmly gripping her buttocks as he thrusts back and forth. Each are gasping and moaning, anticipating climax..

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - BASEMENT/PSYCH WARD - DAY

CLARICE, 40, "Dr. C, Demarest, "Center For Disease Control and Prevention" in script on her white coat, saunters past a graveyard of psychiatric equipment: Electroshock therapy. Lobotomy tools. Scary.

She's attractive, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

The fact she hums "do-do, do-do," *the rhythmic twilight zone theme...* makes her even more interesting--