

# UP JUMPED THE DEVIL

Written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. PRISON - DUSK**

Pouring rain -- thunder, lightning, the whole nine yards.

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

**INT. PRISON - CELLBLOCK - DUSK**

Lights eerily FLICKER OFF, then BACK ON. It's a deserted institutional cell-lined corridor.

A CHILLING SOUND begins to fill the oppressive silence. A voice hums *"do-do, do-do," the rhythmic twilight zone theme, which belongs to --*

DR. ROTHMAN, 30s, quickly put together in terms of hair, make-up, and clothes. More attractive than she presents herself.

She looks tired, like someone at the end of a long journey. But the dark circles around her eyes frame something else too. *"Vengeance?"*

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 Claire around.

She SHRIEKS madly, as a burly PRISON GUARD snickers.

PRISON GUARD

Gave you a scare, didn't I?

CLAIRE

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.

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CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

Guess we'll just have hell to pay.

**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.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Rise and shine. You got a visitor.

Claire appears. Their eyes meet for a moment... and they are joined by some unspeakable moment in their pasts.

JEB

Ah, Doc Claire Rothman.

CLAIRE

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

JEB

Surprised to see you.

CLAIRE

Thought I'd run?

JEB

Your kind usually does.

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

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JEB

What do you think?

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

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

Jeb TENSES. His face re-hardens into granite.

CLAIRE

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

Jeb SHRUGS - *dunno.*

CLAIRE

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 Claire. Eyes narrowing suspiciously. An uncomfortable BEAT. Jeb laughs. A crazy, nervous laugh.

JEB

We're finished here.

CLAIRE

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

Off Jeb. That got his attention.

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CLAIRE

(tight fury)

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

Claire tenses, feeling his eyes pierce right through her.

JEB

Every prisoner deserves  
rehabilitation.

CLAIRE

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**

A mad scientist lair. Test tubes; SHELVES with SPECIMEN  
JARS filled with fluids. Within the fluid: monstrosities.  
Strains of viruses. A pancreas.

Claire escorts Jeb towards a station - lifts three vials.

CLAIRE

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

JEB

And what if it don't?

CLAIRE

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.

JEB

Live in the now, I always say.

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CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

First, we'll do your physical.

Off the tense standoff between Jeb and Claire --

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

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

Claire, lab coat, ID tags, stethoscope, 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.

JEB

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

CLAIRE

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

JEB

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

CLAIRE

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.

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

CLAIRE

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

JEB

Ciao, bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs his shirt to go.

CLAIRE  
(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.

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

CLAIRE  
What's wrong with you?!

JEB  
Stress! I eat when I'm stressed.

CLAIRE  
Sorry, we should get on with--

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

CLAIRE  
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.

CLAIRE  
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.

CLAIRE  
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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Claire 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. Claire stalks in - eyes him sternly.

CLAIRE

Are you okay?

(beat)

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

JEB

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

CLAIRE

Did you ever hear up jumped the Devil?

JEB

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

CLAIRE

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

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

CLAIRE

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

JEB

So wh-wh-what about it?

CLAIRE

That's what happening to you, Jeb.

JEB

I don't follow.

(CONTINUED)

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CLAIRE

Emily Rose! Your last victim!

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

JEB

-- you're the girlfriend --?!

CLAIRE

How soon you forget.

Suddenly -- images flashes in his mind.

FLASHBACK TO:

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

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

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

JEB

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

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

CLAIRE

*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**

Claire fills a hypodermic needle.

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

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

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CONTINUED:

JEB

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

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

CLAIRE

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

Claire 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. Claire's.

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

FADE OUT.