

AMBER'S ALERT

Written by

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**AMBER'S ALERT MID-POINT BREAK (SAMPLE)**

CUT TO BLACK:

A tribal DRUMBEAT pulsates along with an eerie soulful HUM.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hands with gaudy, religious rings part to reveal the face of DJ. In restraints, he lies in the center of a circle of white candles. Macabre candlelight sets the room aglow.

Prophet Zamir kneels at the head and draws a cross on his forehead with blood. Amber kneels to the right of him with a blank gaze as blood drips from her forearm.

The Bible study group circles the perimeter of the candles. They hold each other hands and hums. The group sways to the beat as the MUSIC BUILDS. A chant joins the music.

GROUP  
(repetitive whispers)  
Come Lord, come, come...

Zamir raises his hands in the air and looks to the heavens.

PROPHET ZAMIR  
Lord, we call on you to free this  
child's soul. We rebuke you, devil,  
in the name of Jesus.

DJ grunts and writhes. Prophet Zamir slams his hands on DJ's chest. DJ groans.

AMBER  
Stop! You're hurting him.

PROPHET ZAMIR  
We can't stop now. We have to rid  
him of this demon.

The chant grows louder and faster as a woman shrieks, the pitch changes in a steady rhythm.

PROPHET ZAMIR (CONT'D)  
Lord, we ask of you to lift this  
child in your grace. We rebuke you,  
devil, in the name of Jesus.

Prophet Zamir slams his hands on DJ's chest. He yells out an indistinguishable sound and writhes. Amber cringes.

AMBER

I don't think this is working.

PROPHET ZAMIR

The demon is much stronger than we thought. We must sacrifice him in the name of Jesus.

AMBER

My child?

PROPHET ZAMIR

Your child is gone. Only a demon is left residing in this vessel.

Prophet Zamir pulls out a crucifix with a sharp blade on the end. Amber's eyes widen.

AMBER

Wait a minute. I didn't sign up for this. There has to be another way.

PROPHET ZAMIR

No one signs up for a demon taking over their soul.

AMBER

I can't hurt my baby.

DJ moans as he writhes around on the floor. Amber sees his face morph into an ox-like image with beaming red eyes as his body contorts.

PROPHET ZAMIR

You're only hurting him more by keeping him trapped in this vessel with that demon.

Amber nods with tears in her eyes. The chant resumes and many voices speak in tongues. Prophet Zamir grasps the crucifix with both hands and raises it high above DJ's chest.

DJ's eyes bulge as he squirms to wriggle free.

PROPHET ZAMIR (CONT'D)

Come Lord, come, come... We sacrifice this child in your name.

Don enters and his eyes bulge. He charges after Prophet Zamir and slams him to the floor. The crucifix flies out of his hands and skitters across the floor.

Angel runs in the room. Her mouth drops open. Amber jumps on Don's back and yanks him backward, but can't pull him off.

AMBER

No, Don! He has to save our son.

Prophet Zamir struggles to get out of Don's grasp.

DON

Amber, get off of me.

Don tosses Amber off of his back. Prophet Zamir breaks free and grabs the crucifix. He and Don circles DJ in a standoff.

PROPHET ZAMIR

You don't understand. You cannot keep this evil spirit in your home. You have to set him free.

DON

You are nuts, dude. You need to get the hell out of my house.

AMBER

Don, please. Our baby is hurting we need to give him back to God. It's the only way.

DON

You can't be serious.