

The Secret Bar

by

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OVER BLACK #1#

The sound of a car door screeching shut. Two footsteps crunch against gravel. One heavier than the other.

FEMALE VOICE

Ooh! Looking good! Haven't worn that jacket since what?

MALE VOICE

Probably college? Still fits after all this time.

FEMALE VOICE

(cooing)

I think it makes you look cute.

The unmistakable smack of a passionate kiss

Then

MALE VOICE

At least one of us does.

A laugh, everyone loves self-deprecation

FEMALE VOICE

Okay. Well it's right down the road. Ill be back in five. I love you!

MALE VOICE

I love you too sweetie

FEMALE VOICE

(coddling)

Love you too baby! 'MWAH MWAH'.

CHILDS VOICE

I love you mommy!

Fade in

EXT. PLAYGROUND FIELD - DAY #2#

Kids frolic like the good lord intended

KURT(30's) glasses and a dad bod, stands hand in hand with his daughter EVA(4) Strawberry shortcake, belongs on a wafer box.

They walk the outskirts of the playground.

EVA

Daddy! Daddy! Zoom!

She outstretches her arms towards her father.

Kurt smiles, warm and heartfelt.

KURT
Okay. Last time. Daddy can't keep
picking you up like this

EVA
Why?

KURT
Daddy's getting old.

EVA
How old

Kurt stoops down to his Eva's level.

KURT
(whispering)
It's a secret.

With exaggerated strain. Kurt lifts a giggling and
red-faced Eva into the air

When.

Something PLOPS on the ground. Loud, loud enough to grab
Kurts attention. He looks down to see.

A relic of a cellphone, a MOTOROLA RAZR staring up at him.

He puts his kid down and picks up the phone. Eva notices it
also.

EVA
Daddy what's that?

Kurt considers for a moment, a change in his demeanor.

Something dark in his eye. He takes a beat

KURT
Its..uh, It's daddy's old phone?

Eva looks up and sneers.

EVA
THATS a phone?

Kurt flips the phone open, looks the sleek display down.

Then, as if by compulsion, he holds the power button down.

INT. SHOEBOX ROOM - DAY - PAST #3#

The phone vibrates

SUPER: 9 years earlier

It clatters against a cheap Ikea desk. Each vibration inches
it closer and closer to falling off the desk when...

A hand comes into view and snatches it up.

The hand belongs to a younger Kurt, sitting at his computer.

He looks at the caller I.D.

'MOM'. He rolls his eye. Let's it ring out.

He flips open the display. Presses a button leading him to the voicemail.

Puts the receiver to his ear.

MOM

(a snuffle, she's been
crying)

Hey sweetie, it's mom. I'm sure you
heard the news. Your aunt told me
he got in an accident.

On his desk: a smaller more fashion consciouss pair of
glasses next framed photo of an older man.

The photo reads: In Loving Memory.

Around the room hang lewd sports illustrated posters. The
bed made once maybe a month ago. Empty alcohol bottles lined
up in various parts. Classic college student apartment.

MOM(CONT.)

I cant wait to see you. I hope your
doing good in school. Love you.

Beep. End of message.

Then.

Ringring. Ringing.

MALE VOICE(V.O.)(THROUGH PHONE)

Hello?

KURT

Mike. Baby.

Kurt swivels in his chair with a type of swagger. Phone
pressed to his ear.

MIKE(V.O)

(after a beat)

Hello?

KURT

Can you hear me?

MIKE(V.O)

Barely bro. You get your shitty
phone fixed yet?

KURT
 (Sarcastically)
 Oh you mean my shitty 200 dollar
 phone that you couldn't afford
 because you spent all your money on
 that girl you met online?

MIKE(V.O.)
 What?

KURT
 (irritated)
 Give me a sec.

Kurt hits the speaker button. Puts the phone back on his desk and searches the web.

The main tab open: Bars Near Me.

KURT
 Look. the place is called "Mythic"
 Its above this antique store. In a
 loft.

A couple of clicks and we're at his fb. More specifically his messages. One tab is already open labeled: Tamara

Another click

KURT (O.S)
 Only way to get in is to utter the
 phrase 'everything is jake, im just
 looking for some blotto and joe'

On screen:

Tamara: Omg! I work like a block away from there! Wait. How old are you again

Kurt: I told you at the bar lol! I'm 21.

Last seen 3 weeks ago.

MIKE(V.O)
 What the hell. 'Blotto' how'd you
 hear of this place?

The mouse cruises over and exits out leaving another tab open. This one identifiably reddit. Within the search bar: Secret Bar.

Kurt rolls away to his bed.

KURT
 I have my sources.

MIKE(V.O)
 That doesn't sound like a club.
 That sounds like the illuminate.

Kurt whirls on an imaginary Mike with a huge, devious smile.

KURT
(Exactly!)
And what if it was?

MIKE (O.S)
(a sigh)
Not tonight man, I got work
tomorrow plus Sydney

Kurt's smile melts off his face revealing a disappointed mask underneath. He recomposes himself.

KURT
Yeah, no problem, i get it. I'm
probably not 'gonna stay out too
late either.

He looks over to the obviously well-planned outfit laying on the bed. Pressed, no wrinkles clean as a wind free winters eve

MIKE(V.O.)
Be safe playa.

Kurt acknowledges, reaches over and hangs up. A quick breath. Then he grabs his clothes and heads off-screen. We hear the door close

A beat.

THUMP THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

Seemingly right behind the monitor we hear rhythmic thumping. The lights flicker and a barely audible yell surfaces. Like a tortured scream steadily contributing to the chaotic chorus.

We slowly pull in on the computer monitor till all we see are the words.

"Secret Bar"

Then it stops.

An email notification appears on the screen "You got mail"

MIKE(V.O)
It's a terrible idea..

EXT. RESTUARANT - DAY #4#

MIKE(24) tall, dark and handsome, a certain maturity in his eyes. Sits with Kurt enjoying a cup of coffee. Kurt is dressed very well as usual. Trademark glasses.

MIKE(CONT.)
Where did you say this place was?

KURT
 (visibly excited)
 That's it! It doesn't. Just says to
 meet at the town square. Wear all
 black, bring a coffee cup..

MIKE
 (unsure)
 Come alone..

Kurt snickers, shakes his head.

KURT
 Exactly; Exclusivity, imagine once
 I get you in..

This time Mike shakes his head.

MIKE
 Middle of the night. Your gonna get
 'SECRETLY MUGGED.

Kurt leans back in his chair and gazes at his friend
 longingly.

MIKE
 Don't look at me like that.

Exactly what Kurt continues to do.

KURT
 Your mom ever have a cookie jar and
 always she tells you "Don't you
 even think about sticking your hand
 in there."

Mike squints his eyes

KURT(CONT.)
 So every day and night you sit
 there staring at it wanting more
 and more until one day...

He's not buying it.

MIKE
 My parents were gluten free.

Kurt takes this in. Surprised.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT #5#

Kurt sits at a bench with the same cup of coffee? Waiting
 patiently, he looks around.

KURT (V.O.)
 Regardless.. I'm going but, just in
 case for some reason your right. I
 want you to call me around say 4.

A slight breeze chills Kurt as he checks his watch. 1:58.

KURT (V.O)

If I dont pick up I'm either A:
dead in a ditch or B: Having a
really REALLY good time.

FEMALE VOICE

Hey.

Startled, Kurt jumps an inch. Turns, right next to him as if out of thin air Jodie(25) Hot. To goth to touch, sits expectantly. As if she's been waiting for him

JODIE

I'm Jodie.

Kurt tries to turn on the charm with a smile

KURT

Well, at least your not Lilith, or death.

She returns the smile.

JODIE

Nope. Always been Jodie and you must be Kurt.

How did she? Kurt frowns skeptically.

Jodie glances at the coffee.

JODIE

So are you..

Slowly she reaches over to his crotch making full eye contact. Kurt, surprised, looks at her hand then at her until.

Is this happening right now

She snatches the coffee out of his hands.

JODIE(CONT.)

Ready to go?

Kurt is awestruck. He clears his throat.

KURT

Lead on miss Jodie

She takes a sip giving Kurt a look like a cat gives an unsuspecting mouse.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOHOOD - MOMENTS LATER #6#

Kurt and Jodie walk side by side through a quiet suburb. Kurt, hands in pocket, occassionally gazes at jodie through

the corner of his eye. She moves so calmly, still holding the coffee mug. Each step appears to be silent.

JODIE

So, This is considered the first back out point for new clients. We can turn back at any point. YOU can go home, or to some other bar. Only be warned, no other invitation will be extended to you. Ever.

KURT

Really?

They come to a normal looking house.

KURT

(are you kidding me?)

Really?

EXT. HOUSE OF DIN - CONT. #7#

Kurt frowns looking about.

KURT

Is this someones house?

Jodie takes out a pair of cryptic keys finds a specific one and holds it up to Kurt. She looks up also, almost in wonder.

JODIE

This is the house where the dead scream in silence. Where the walls rot. Where pain becomes pleasure. Where pleasure becomes pain.

Kurts eyes widen, impressed.

JODIE (CONT.)

This is the house of Din. He who dwells on the black star. Enter.

She unlocks the door knob, the the deadbolt and opens the door, gesturing for Kurt to enter.

We see Kurts mouth agap as he enters. The reflection from his glasses shows us this is no ordinary house.

Within there is only a small hallway leading to another doorway, gaurded by a large wooden door.

INT. HOUSE OF DIN - HALLWAY - CONT. #8#

As Kurt and Jodie walk through the lone hall beads of sweat and fog clous up his glasses. He takes them off and wips them with his shirt.

They come to wooden door.

JODIE

This is your final chance to back out chance. If you want, I can take you back now. However once i open these doors..

Jodie smirks.

JODIE(CONT.)

You may find your way back, but some find leaving impossible. Some stay forever. In the interest of free will and fair play, I am bound by the council of Nod to offer you this final chance to return to your life. Choose now."

Silence blankets the hall cept for Kurts places a hand on the door. Likes what he feels, he turns to Jodie.

He seems for a moment unsure.

Then

A laugh K.urt claps his hands

KURT

Awesome! Amazing! Great show Jodie. Clearly, you guys put some work into this. I mean, a regular house.

Kurt makes a big expressive motion. Mouths WOW.

Jodie watches this display undeterred. Her face the same look we've seen earlier. That of the cat and the mouse.

KURT(CONT.)

I cant bilieve it took me this long to find you guys!

(a breath)

Yes, Jodie. I do want to enter this bar.

Jodie nods. Then opens the door.

An expecting Kurt walks in and we follow him as he enters...

A regular old bar.

INT. SECRET BAR #9#

Very small. Almost the size of a bedroom.

To the right two tables with four people seated facing towards one another. A goth woman (20's) sitting across a plainly dressed man (30's) and a buissness man (40's) sitting across from a gentlemen with a cowboy hat (30's). They all drink and conversate.

On the left: a small bar with nothing on it save for a mirror on the backwall reflecting the dozen or so bottles lined up against it.

At the bar: a comically dressed bartender and a woman seated far right, smoking a cigarette.

The whole scene seems normal.

Much to Kurts dissapointment. He purses his lips and walks to the bar, grabbing a seat to the left of the woman.

Takes his glasses off and sets them on the bar counter.

Bartender(30's) average in everyway except for an almost exaggerated mustach, turns to greet Kurt.

BARTENDER

(smiling)
Welcome to hell!

KURT

Really? Thats the name were going with.

BARTENDER

Translates differently. What would you prefer we call it?

KURT

I'd actualy prefer a Jack and Coke?

BARTENDER

(immeditately)
No Jack here. No Coke either

KURT

Well whaddy got?

BARTENDER

Well..

Bartender turns and grabs an unlabeled bottle filled with brown fluid and places it in front of Kurt. He does this with two other glasses as he talks.

BARTENDER

Here we have a little drink called regret. I can also serve you loneliness, or if your feeling particularly bold our house special is damnation.

Kurt is visibly irritated now.

KURT

Wow, you guys are REALLY playing up the hell thing.

The bartender only smiles. He holds it for an uncomfortable beat.

KURT

Okay, um. Ill take some Regret please.

The bartender produces a rocks glass and pours the brownish liquid into it. Then sets it in front of kurt slowly. Smiling at him the entire time

Kurt shoots it.

KURT

(deilicious)

Oh my god!

He places the glass down

KURT

Another! Please. Hey, how much for the..

WOMANS VOICE

(Hoarse)

Please..

Kurt turns to the woman next to him. We can only see the back of her head. She has long black hair.

WOMAN

(pleading)

Im so thirsty..please, may i just have some water.

The bartender puts the other two glasses away. lifts up Kurts drink to place a coaster and turns to the woman at the bar.

BARTENDER

No ma'am, no water in hell! Have another ciggarette though, wash it down with some hard liquor.

Bartender outstretches his hand. Within it is a ciggarette.

The woman shudders.

We see only her lips move. There badly bistered.

WOMAN

No more smoking..my mouth is too dry..no more liquor..water, please.

She's pleading now but all the bartender does patiently wait with the ciggarette outstretched, smiling that smile.

Kurt looks past her and notices a punch bowl to the womans right filled to the brim with ciggarettes.

There's thousands.

His eyes widen.

As the woman sighs and takes the cigarette Kurt signals the bartender. He's there before Kurt knows it. Ear bent, smile on his face.

KURT
(whispering)
Hey man, she doesnt look so hot. I doubt she needs another smoke. I'll pay her bill. Walk her out of here.

The bartender laughs.

BARTENDER
Who? Ole' Nancy here? Nah, Nancy's a trooper - smokes a couple of packs a day.

Bartender places a hand on Nancy's shoulder. She doesnt look up.

BARTENDER
Besides, She knew this was a THIRSTY SORT OF DIVE before she walked through the door. She's getting EXACTLY what she wanted.

Without looking at him she utters.

NANCY
I'm fine..

Kurts not buying it. He angles to try and look her in the eye and whispers.

KURT
If you want me to walk you out of here..

NANCY
(insisting)
Im..fine..

BARTENDER
Everything okay?

Kurt looks up to see the Bartender standing over them. Beaming.

Kurt frowns.

NANCY
(shakily)
Oh yes. Everythings fine.

As the bartender turns back around she knocks Kurts glasses off the bar. They CLATTER against the floor.

As kurt goes down for them so does Nancy.

She GRABS Kurts shirt and pulls him close.

NANCY

(mos)

Leave while you can.

Kurt reels when he gets a glimpse of her face

Partially obscured by her hair she still looks HORRENDOUS. Lips chapped beyond repair, face wrinkled to the point of folding, eyes sunken.

This startles Kurt as he almost falls off his stool. Breathing heavily, he frantically scans the room to see..

The man in the buissness suit enjoying a beer.

Shakily, Kurt gets up and walks toward the suit.

KURT

Excuse me, sir?

He looks up expectingly

KURT

Can you help me out here? That lady looks like she needs help and the bartender..

SUIT

(giggling)

We all need help kid.

(MORE)

SUIT (CONT'D)

(yelling)

We're in hell after all!

It's creepy.

KURT

Wait. Wait. What?

Kurt shakes his head and backsteps, taking in what he just heard.

More giggling.

He looks to the next table to see the Goth girl cutting her wrists.

Deep.

Crimson blood drips to the floor.

She laughs as if being tickled. Big smile stapled to her face. Teardrops from her eyes.

The lights begin to flicker.

The man across from her tilts his head back panting like a dog. Pants down to his ankle's, one hand furiously going. Blood and bits of (flesh?) drop to the floor under him.

Only Kurt can see what this man does.

KURT

STOP IT! STOP!. Can't you see what
your doing to yourself?!

They both look up at Kurt.

Smiling with..

A tinge of resignation in their eyes.

Kurt reaches and attempts to GRAPPLE the knife out of the girls hand.

BARTENDER (O.S)

No. NO! Sir

He's behind Kurt so quick that he doesnt have time to react
as

The Bartender GRABS and SQUEEZES his shoulder

Kurt lets out a painful cry. Immediety rendered
defenseless.

He is dragged back to the bar.

The bartender is already behind it, smiling maliciously at
Kurt who is now sweating beads.

There begins that thumping.

THUMP THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

The light flickers almost in unison?

BARTENDER

Now, Kurt, you wanted secrets
right? You were BORED and wanted
MORE.

The thumping intensifies. Accompanied by the sounds of
tortured souls.

Kurt slowly looks up at the mirror reflecting the bar and is
VISIBLY SICKENED by what he sees. He turns away, unable to
look.

Bartender slams a glass in front of Kurt so hard, the contents spill.

BARTENDER

This is EXACTLY what you wanted.
(leaning in, not so
cheerful)

Now, drink your drink before I BEAT
YOUR FUCKIN FACE IN!

Throughout all this the bartender never loses his smile.

Kurt shakes his head.

KURT

NO, No. Im leaving. Fuck you! Fuck
this place I..

Kurt turns to get up

and the blood leaves his face.

The large wooden doors are gone. Replaced by a blank eggshell wall identical to the three others that now surround him.

The bartenders hand SQUEEZES Kurts shoulder.

BARTENDER

DRINK YOUR DRINK SIR!

The thumping is getting louder.

Kurts vision blurs, he turns to see Nancy coughing between drags.

But she keeps smoking.

Terrified. No choice. Kurt shoots the thick liquid gagging afterward.

He clutches his stomach and collapses on the floor writhing.

The room gets darker

Ahead of him Kurt see's his GLASSES cracked a bit. Just out of reach.

He reaches and a large black boot stomps them into shards.

KURT

(weakly)

No.

SECRET BAR/NEGLECTED LIVING ROOM - MONTAGE/FLASHBACK
SEQUENCE #10#

- We pull up from the boot to reveal a dark trenchcoat, although the figure is so dark it's difficult to tell where

the clothes end

Neglected Living Room - past

- Another pair of shoes hanging off the ground. We pull up from this to see a pair of jeans, a belt. Hands hanging limpy at the (man's) sides.

Secret Bar - now

-Further up the dark figure's torso all we see is black. A large chest heaves up and down taking large exaggerated breaths

Neglected Living Room - past

- Up from the torso of the actual human we pull past his shirt and finally to his eyes. The same eyes from the framed photo earlier. Kurts Uncle, hanging by his neck, his face bloated, eyes slightly bulged, foam at the corner of his purple lips: dead

Secret Bar - now

The realization. The memory hits Kurt as he realizes his uncle committed suicide.

Tears stream from his eyes, the full picture coming together.

This isn't a bar

- The figures lips are dark. Finally we see him in all his glory. Dark and menacing. Small horns protruding from his head and large, sharp teeth. The figure just stares. This is Din and Kurt is in his house

-We look into the figures cursed face and deep within the background hear the screaming.

END MONTAGE

As we see the life begin to leave Kurt's eyes.

His glasses crushed. The cup neglected on the floor. All around him stereo splitting screams accompanied with the pounding rythm.

The once calm bar erupting into a macabra of sin and self mutilation.

THUMP THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

Then

Vibrating.

From Kurts jacket pocket.

He looks up to see Din has disappeared, so has the thumping.

He backs into a corner, like a wounded dog. Frantically pulling out his phone, dropping it at first.

The battery shows to be at 2 percent

He mashes it against his ear.

INT. MIKES ROOM - CONT. #11#

Mike is sitting on his bed rubbing his eyes. He has on a tanktop and boxers.

MIKE

Hey loser. That bar kick you out yet or what?

INT. SECRET BAR #12#

KURT

Mike, You gotta help me!

The door appears in front of Kurt and he bolts through it.

INT. SMALL HALLWAY - CONT. #13#

Mike rushes to the second door.

KURT

Mike! Call the cops! I'm in real trouble here!

INT. MIKES ROOM #14#

Static and gurgled speech on his end. Mike strains to hear.

INT. SMALL HALLWAY #15#

Kurt slams against the last house door. Tries the knob, joggles the lock. Pounds the door.

MIKE(O.S)(THROUGH PHONE)

Oh my God. Get a new phone already, I can barely hear you.

A fearful scream gets caught in Kurt's throat. Petrified he looks toward the door to the secret bar. It cracks open.

The Bartender saunters through smiling at him. Staring at Kurt through his eyebrows.

BARTENDER

You had your chance to back out...

Less than a foot away now.

KURT

Fuck!

He fumbles to mash the speakerphone button, then holds it up like a cross trying to ward off the devil.

To no avail

The bartender is inches from Kurt now. His face covered in a shadow except for his piercing eyes and grinning teeth.

One hand outstretched into view.

BARTENDER

He is not allowed to know about
this place.

INT. MIKES ROOM #16#

Mike non-chalantly brushing his teeth. Frowns, still listening through the phone.

BARTENDER (O.S)(THROUGH PHONE)

No contact. Even voice contact. IT
violates the Council of Nod.

MIKE

(In the mirror)
Whats the council of Nod?

INT. SMALL HALLWAY #17#

The hand stops just inch

A beat and it yanks back

The Bartender's smile fades and we wish it was still there. The expression that replaces it is that of pure hatred

BARTENDER

I'm sorry sir, but you have
violated the rules. You are no
longer welcome to his bar.
(motioning)
Please leave.

A click and the door behind Kurt opens. Kurt dumbfounded, sweaty, and still panicked slips out never taking his eye's off the Bartender.

Until

EXT. HOUSE OF DIN - DAWN #18#

Mos. From afar we see Kurt burst into out of the house.

He collapses on his hands and knees, hyperventilating.

KURT

Help. Help! Somebody help!

No response.

He gets to his feet and pulls out his phone.

Dials 9 1 1

Then the phone dies.

He stares at the dead screen, exacerbated. Knowing he was inches from oblivion.

He is startled by a familiar voice at his back.

JODIE

You may think you won tonight.

Kurt whips around like a deranged animal. See's Jodie holding the same coffee cup, still pretty, still smirking. Calmly addressing him

JODIE(CONT.)

You could've gone to another place, just as you went to this one. A better place.

Kurt begins to compose himself. Minutely

JODIE(CONT.)

Your heart wanted secrets instead of happiness. So, you went to a bad place. You just as easily could've gone to a better one and had everything your heart could desire. So, go on. Feel proud. We like proud mortals, because the proud ones always find their way back.

KURT

(softly, still scared)
Fuck you jodie.

He pushes through her. Holding his arm, limping down the road, slowly becoming a distant object in the horizon as Jodie stands and watches. Amused.

EVA(O.S)

Daddy?

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NOW #19#

Kurt snaps out of his daydream and looks down at his daughter.

Her hands are outstretched again.

EVA
Daddy can I see the phone?

KURT
No Monkey.

EVA
But why? Daddy! I want to hold it.

KURT
It's not safe. Besides it's dead.

Kurt tosses the phone

Eva becomes cautious sensing a change in her fathers tone.

EVA
Why is it not safe?

Kurt takes a beat. Gets down to Eva's level.

KURT
(whispering)
It's a secret.

EVA
Tell me daddy. Tell me PLEASE.

KURT
I can't.

EVA
(annoyed)
Why?

He kisses her on the forehead.

'HONK HONK'

Kurt turns to see an old station wagon parked. Inside seems to be a woman, smiling. Waving at the both of them.

Kurt smiles then turns back to Eva.

KURT
Because some secrets are secrets
for a reason.

Eva sneers not buying it.

Kurt picks her up and she giggles, forgetting the conversatin entirely. Together they walk toward the car leaving the phone in the grass.

THUMP THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

We watch the phone turn on as the thumping begins silently then, on the screen.

"YOU'VE GOT MAIL"

Fade to black

Super: THE SECRET BAR