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# The Brotherhood of Satan

By L.Q. Jones

- What is that?  
- Get out.  
Get that back door open.  
- Get that back door open!  
- It's going to hit us!  
- It's going to hit us!  
- Get those kids out of here!  
Timmy, get down! Timmy!  
Hurry! Get out!  
- All set? Should I call 'em?  
- Yeah. Go ahead.  
Okay! Hey, gang!  
Come on! Hurry it up!  
Come on.  
Over there. Here.  
That's it. Come on in.  
- Blow out the candles!  
- Make a wish!  
Blow 'em out, K. T!  
Yea!  
Good, good. Sit down.  
Rain.  
We better get outta here.  
Okay, pick up everything.  
- Okay, grab that.  
- K.T., grab as much as you can.  
K.T., hurry up.  
I'm getting all wet!  
Hurry up!  
Hurry up!  
Grab it!  
I'm dropping everything!  
Oh, my hair!  
I'm getting all wet!  
We're wet enough now.  
Why don't we go swimming!  
Oh, my God!  
Sheriff? Hello!  
Anybody there?  
Sheriff, I've come to report  
an accident.  
It's about two miles south.  
You understand what I said?  
There's been an accident!

What's going on, Ben?

Here's the sheriff.

Sheriff, there's been  
a terrible accident. Wait!  
What are you doing?

What's the matter with you?

- Ma'am, get out of the way. Tobey!

- What are you doing?

- Get back!

- Get your hands off them!

- Get down!

- Get back!

- Get your hands off me!

- Cool it!

- Right.

- "Encino, California"?

- Westwood.

- You're in advertising, Mr. Holden?

No, I'm an engineer.

- Who do you work for?

- Torrance...

Garrett Corporation  
in Torrance, California.

All right,  
you can turn around now.  
I see you're not married,  
Mr. Holden.

Whose little girl is that?

Mine.

Her mother?

Her mother was killed  
six years ago.

You have any trouble  
getting in here, Mr. Holden?

Maybe they're help.

Help's come.

- It's over.

- Are you sure?

It's over.

Hold on a second.

Hold on there.

- Hold on!

- It's over!

You took her from me!

Nicky, get in the car! Hurry!  
My God. They're all mad.  
No one knows  
The price you paid  
Shut it off, Tobey.  
I thought a little music might...  
You can take one of these  
right now.  
- Go on. Take it.  
- Here.  
We understand  
you wanting to leave town, Mike...  
but you gotta think  
about Joey.  
He's right, Mike. These are  
gonna make you feel a lot better.  
Just get back to your house,  
take one of these every four hours...  
and get yourself some sleep.  
Joey, you'll get your daddy  
home all right, won't you?  
Yes, Dr. Duncan.  
Come on, Daddy.  
Thattaboy. Joey.  
Hillsboro.  
I can understand  
how he feels.  
First it was his sister  
and her family, and then...  
We all understand, Tobey.  
Just drop it.  
Dr. Duncan,  
you look like hell.  
Look, don't start on me!  
Six hours' sleep in three days.  
You don't look so hot yourself.  
Yeah.  
You heard?  
Yeah, I heard.  
Some people got in.  
And the car  
was completely crushed?  
Just like an eggshell.  
And, of course,

little Timmy's missing?

Probably.

What's the difference?

What the hell's the difference, Doc?

Simmer down.

Pete, what happened

to the people who got in?

I don't know!

I don't know anything anymore.

Well, I guess I'll have to

take the truck out.

Tobey?

Sheriff, it's about time

that we all...

Tobey, we've got to.

Why do I always

have to be the one to go out...

Isn't there anyone else

around here that can do...

For a man

with a heart condition...

you sure picked

one heck of a place to retire.

Yeah.

That town.

- Ben, do you think... Ben!

- Daddy!

- Oh, Daddy, we killed her!

- It's all right, K.T.

- I saw her.

- Of course. We all saw...

Daddy, what happened

to the little girl?

- Where is she?

- There's no little girl, sweetheart.

It's okay. Nicky?

- I'll go check the car.

- Okay. It's okay.

Can you drive it?

Will it get us out of here?

Eventually, but not right now.

We'll have to head back

toward town.

Oh, Ben, no.

Listen, Ben, there's something  
terribly sick about that town.

Those people, that crushed car.

- I don't wanna go back there.

- I know, but what do you suggest?

It's gonna be dark in an hour.

We don't know what's out this way.

Maybe we can catch a ride,

a car will come by.

How many cars

have you seen on this road?

Well, 1...

Sweetheart, there's a gas station  
on the outskirts of town.

We'll go there. We can call Jim.

He'll pick us up.

- I won't face that town again.

- All right!

It's not all right!

If you have something to say,

lower your voice and smile.

You've made all the decisions.

What's there to smile about?

- Damn it, make some sense!

- I'm making more sense than you are.

- Nicky, will you please...

- No!

Nicky?

Come on, K.T.

Nicky too?

Nicky too.

Do you have to

follow me everywhere?

I wanna play!

Why don't you go back

in the house where you belong.

- I don't have to.

- Do too.

- I'll scream.

- Don't you dare.

Well, I wanna play.

All right, then, but you

have to do what I tell ya.

- Do what?

- Fix dinner for Princess, stupid.  
Oh... all right.  
Well, do it.  
Don't cry, baby.  
Stuart's fixing you a nice dinner.  
- Stuart! Aren't you ready yet, Stuart?  
- Just a minute!  
Well, you can't expect her  
to wait forever.  
My goodness!  
Why do I have to cook  
for your dumb doll?  
Because I tell you to.  
You let the kids  
out of the house.  
Don't ever do that again,  
you hear?  
Don't any of you go outside.  
I don't know what I'd do  
if anything... -  
Oh, Ed, what is it?  
What's happening?  
Go on.  
Get washed up for supper now.  
- Daddy, I just washed this morning.  
- Come on, dummy.  
There was another accident  
this afternoon.  
Your sister, Edith...  
John...  
the kids.  
The car was...  
The car was...  
crushed.  
Oh, honey, I'm sorry.  
I'm gonna tell Daddy you didn't  
wash your face properly...  
and you didn't use soap!  
Oh, Stuart!  
You make such a mess!  
- Why did you do that, you stupid?  
- Hey.  
Children, please. Please.  
O Lord, we thank thee

for the...  
bounty we are about to receive.  
For the blessings  
of this day...  
and the blessings that will  
come our way in the future...  
O Lord, we thank thee...  
with a full and humble...  
heart.  
Amen.  
Amen.  
Come in, children.  
I have nothing  
which is not thine.  
Prudence! Henri!  
How lovely to see you!  
It's been ages and ages.  
- Oh, how are you?  
- How grand you look.  
I haven't seen you  
look this well in centuries.  
By golly, I've never seen you  
look better, Henri.  
Feeling like a kid, Gaufridi?  
You'll always be a kid.  
You were lucky the last time.  
Yes, I was.  
I hope I will be this time.  
When was the last time?  
France.  
Oh, the time that we had  
on the Riviera.  
- Will you join us?  
- Certainly.  
Thank you.  
To the future.  
Why did you wait till now?  
You're a naughty girl.  
All right, all right,  
I'll take you.  
"...yet all these shall leave...  
Their mirth and their employments,  
and shall come...  
And make their beds with thee.



As the long train  
Of ages glides away...  
the sons of men...  
The youth in life's green spring,  
and he who goes...  
In the full strength of years...  
matron and maid...  
The speechless babe  
and the gray-headed man...  
Shall one by one  
be gathered to thy side...  
By those, who in their turn,  
shall follow them.  
So live...  
that when thy summons  
comes to join...  
The innumerable caravan  
which moves...  
To that mysterious realm,  
where each shall take...  
His chamber  
in the silent halls of death...  
Thou go not,  
like the quarry slave at night...  
Scourged to his dungeon...  
but sustained and soothed...  
By an unfaltering trust...  
approach thy grave...  
Like one who wraps  
the drapery of his couch...  
About him...  
and lies down to pleasant dreams."  
Come in, children.  
Hello! Is anyone in there?  
Hello! Anybody home?  
May we come in, please?  
Right over here, Joe.  
All right, I got it.  
Come on out.  
"O God, who alone are ever merciful  
and sparing of punishment...  
humbly we pray you on behalf  
of the soul of your servants...  
Ed and Mildred Meadows...

whom you have commanded  
to go forth today from this world.  
Do not hand them over  
to the power of the enemy...  
and do not forget them forever,  
but command that these souls...  
be taken up by the holy angels  
and brought home to paradise...  
so that since they hoped  
and believed in you...  
they may not undergo  
the punishments of hell...  
but rather possess  
everlasting joys."  
In Christ our Lord. Amen.  
"May the angels take you into paradise  
where the martyrs welcome you...  
and lead you  
to the holy city, Jerusalem.  
May the choir of angels welcome you  
with Lazarus, who was poor...  
and may you have everlasting rest.  
I am the resurrection and the life.  
He who believes in me,  
if he die, shall live.  
Whoever lives and believes in me  
shall never die.  
Blessed be the God of Israel,  
because he has visited...  
and wrought up a horn of salvation for  
us in the house of David, his servant.  
O God, who alone are ever merciful  
and sparing of punishment...  
humbly we pray you Don Howard...  
whom you have commanded  
to go forth today from this world.  
Do not hand him over  
to the power of the enemy...  
and do not forget him forever,  
but command that his soul...  
be taken up by the holy angels  
and brought home to paradise...  
so that since he hoped  
and believed in you...

he may not undergo  
the punishments of hell...  
but rather possess  
everlasting joys."  
It's so nice  
to see everyone again.  
I have nothing  
which is not thine.  
He didn't meet me.  
Clothilde?  
He didn't meet me.  
I don't understand.  
What could have happened?  
What's wrong with everybody?  
How lovely to see you again, Alice.  
- Dame Alice.  
- Yes, isn't it?  
But I don't think  
you've met Phyllis.  
Hello.  
My dear Alice.  
It's been a very long time.  
Yes, Ann, it has.  
Am I the last to arrive?  
Almost.  
Have you seen them yet?  
Mine's lovely.  
You're number 11, next to mine.  
I wonder what he's got for you.  
Dame Alice?  
Dame Alice!  
You are come at last.  
Very unwilling you were to come.  
You must, proud lady,  
be whipped to the enterprise...  
and cry and moan for mercy.  
An outcast to your own blood.  
Not so. Oh, not so.  
Rather would I forget myself  
than forget thee.  
Degenerate creature.  
Weakling soul.  
Is this the result  
of our master's teaching?

What have you in your bowels?  
Love for thee.  
O Prince of Darkness...  
I gave.  
By all your holy laws did I live!  
I sacrificed.  
Not once on high holy days  
did I fail to give thee homage...  
or spread thy story  
among the uninitiated.  
Fool.  
Can you believe that he who has renewed  
the very blood in your veins...  
who was your lover...  
your husband,  
should fail to see...  
yet even through the screen of your  
miserable mouthings and gyrations...  
the one great blot  
that covers all else...  
as if it were nothing?  
I adore thee.  
Alice.  
My baby.  
Undone even before he was born,  
and desperately wicked.  
Dead to Satan  
from the beginning.  
At his mother's breast,  
he was a damned soul already.  
I adore thee.  
You foul-minded wretch.  
Think you that he  
who rules this earth...  
should fail to feel this blow?  
You were one  
of the chosen few, Alice...  
to taste the fruits  
of everlasting life...  
and you would permit our child...  
to be baptized and dedicated...  
to that belief  
that I despise so much.  
My baby!

Not your baby!  
Our baby!  
Satan's baby!  
Enough.  
You move my disgust  
too strongly.  
But it is not for us,  
servants and sinners all, to judge you.  
Let us enter the presence  
of greatness and power...  
and truth.  
There shall your deed  
be weighed and judged.  
Weighed and judged!  
Weighed and judged!  
Greeting, dear one.  
'Tis we.  
We would enter  
into your presence.  
We bow and yield  
to your greatness.  
O ye who penetrates the future...  
who calls up the past...  
who holds for us the days  
that fly so fast!  
Hear ye now...  
the lowly one...  
the child who has strayed.  
Hear and judge.  
Hear and judge!  
Hear and judge!  
I adore thee!  
I am yours!  
My master and my god.  
I want no other!  
Gracious is the light  
of your countenance...  
and your service  
a sweet service of delight!  
You feel better  
after that stew, K. T?  
- Yes. Thank you, Mr. Tobey.  
- Sure.  
...some farfetched,

wild-eyed theory!

- If you need more blankets, just call.

- Thanks.

It's gonna be all right, K.T.

Wanna read one of my books?

Blood I can see.

Bodies I can see.

I don't think so.

- How old are you, K. T?

- I'm eight.

Today.

Today? Well, then today's  
your birthday.

I bet you got

a lot of nice presents too, huh?

I haven't seen them yet.

We're supposed to open them

at Grandma's house tonight...

but we got lost and came here.

Tell you what.

You wait right here, huh?

A realistic solution.

You think I'm trying

not to be realistic?

- You think I'm avoiding the situation?

- Something we can do something about.

- We got no time left for this...

- That's my point.

Theoretical religious drivel.

Everything we've talked about

has been from one viewpoint.

Happy birthday, K.T.

- Thank you, Mr. Tobey.

- Aw, that's all right.

Well, good night, everybody.

Good night, K.T.

- Thanks, Tobey.

- Good night, Tobey.

Hey, pumpkin.

About time you got some sleep.

Come on.

Tomorrow night we'll be in that  
little room of yours, all right?

- Okay, Daddy.

- Give me your love.

Oh, boy.

Get some sleep.

Just admit you've tried everything  
you know and you're still in the dark.

You've tried to find the cause,  
and we're no farther along...

than you were

when this whole thing started.

You've tried to get out of town  
a dozen times to get help...

and you were

beaten back each time.

You've tried, man, but we're not  
gonna make any headway...

till we open our minds and senses and  
realize we're up against something...

that's way beyond anything

we now can comprehend.

Good night, tiger.

Pete, I understand your practical  
approach and your good logic...

but it isn't getting us anywhere.

- We've exhausted everything...

- All right!

Baby came on schedule

almost to the hour.

- What we've got to consider is...

- Normal birth.

- What we don't understand...

- Weighed nine pounds.

Or even believe.

Nice to have something normal  
in this town for a change.

- Doctor, talk to him.

- Ain't nothin' normal in this town.

The baby. Nine pounds.

Mother's doing fine.

Doc, will you shut up a second?

Yes, sir, Father.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry. It's just l...

I don't know.

Back in theology,

I took some courses in exorcism...

- and I've been rereading some...

- Father, I've been thinking about...

- I still don't get it.

- What?

No foodstuff gettin' in,  
no mail delivery, utilities, nothin'.

There's got to be a reason  
for you gettin' in here...

but I'll be durned

if I can figure out what it is.

I can tell you, it sure as hell  
wasn't intentional.

Yeah.

Father...

you've brought this up before  
a couple of times.

You know anything more  
about what you're talking about?

I'm not sure. I'm not sure,  
but except for you...

- some malevolent force...

- Huh?

Some power,  
something has prevented anybody...  
from getting in or out of Hillsboro  
for the last three days.

Now, I'm saying that we've tried all  
ordinary means to find a solution...  
and now we've got to go  
one step further.

We've got to consider the possible  
existence of something metaphysical...  
something supernatural.

Aw, come on, Jack.

26 people slaughtered  
in a little over 72 hours.

Six families wiped out.

All those kids missing!

Perkins family slashed up

like a threshing machine...

was run through the bedroom...

the Bermers pulverized.

- Don and Jeannie Howard.



- Yeah, they suffocated.  
And those families he found,  
suffocated and crushed.

- I know.

- Three more kids missing.

- What's supernatural about that?

- If you weren't so stubborn...  
you'd open your mind  
for a moment!

I know what you're talking about.  
I've been reading about  
flying saucers and little green men.

- Little green men?

- I'm not talking about green men.  
What in the heck  
are you talking about?  
If you'd give me the courtesy  
to listen for one minute, I'd explain.  
Okay, Jack.

Now, you tell me about  
those little green men...  
that aren't little green men.  
Tobey, you kill me!  
You and them stupid magazines.  
Little green men!  
Flyin' saucers!  
All right.  
Little green men!  
I know how it sounds,  
but if only...  
Consider the fact that some  
mystical force, for whatever reason...  
has thrown a cordon  
around this town.  
You know, you're all like me.  
You're too tired  
to figure out anything right now...  
and that is a...  
professional opinion.  
Yeah, you're right, Doc.  
Let's get a couple hours' sleep,  
and then we'll...  
try again tomorrow.

- Good night.

- Good night, Doc.

- Good night.

- Good night, Jack.

Little green men.

- Oh, Ben!

- It's all right.

It's okay.

She just had a bad dream,  
that's all.

Go wet a towel.

You know where they are.

- Yes, Daddy.

- Get us out of here.

- We're gonna get out.

- I mean now. Right now.

This place is evil.

We've got to get away  
before something happens.

- Nothing's gonna happen.

- Yes, it is. I know it is.

Oh, please, Ben.

Do you hear me? Promise.

- I promise.

- Here, Daddy.

- Come on.

- I mean it.

- I mean it.

- I promise.

Come on. Lay down.

- Please?

- All right.

Mornin'.

We're leaving.

Fresh coffee?

Do you know where

I can get my car fixed?

Normally I could tell you  
a couple of places, but...

things aren't exactly normal.

Normally I don't ask for help,  
but, mister...

this town's about ready to explode.

It's walking right on edge.

You saw 'em.

I got old Doc. I got the priest.  
You heard him last night, and...  
I'm asking you.  
I'll bring help.  
Yeah.  
Yesterday, a little girl  
with a music box.  
What's it gonna be today?  
Blue Merc outside.  
K. T!  
You forgot your...  
Good luck.  
- Are you hurt, either of you?  
- No, Daddy.  
You've got a right to cry.  
Here.  
Relax. I'll have the tire fixed  
in a couple of minutes.  
Where are you?  
Come here, baby!  
My little girl is missing.  
I've got a woman hysterical with Doc.  
- And you tell me you can't do anything?  
- We really changed since this morning.  
- Damn it, you can try!  
- Try?  
I've tried to find other people's kids,  
including my own niece.  
I've tried a dozen times  
to get out of this slaughterhouse!  
- I've tired!  
- They took your little girl.  
"They took"?  
They.  
Witches.  
Black artisans,  
celebrants of the Black Mass.  
- I'm talking about witchcraft.  
- You're always talking about witchcraft.  
Wait a minute! Hold it!  
Do you know something about K. T?  
Yes.  
Well, yes and no.  
What do you mean, "yes and no"?

Is that complete?  
Yeah.  
No, it isn't. Count them.  
A coven of witches  
consists of 13 people.  
Eleven.  
Yes, 11 missing children.  
Now, if we assume that the coven  
requires one child for each member...  
then they needed two more, right?  
The point we've been overlooking  
is that each child...  
each missing child, was in a specific  
age group... from six to nine.  
But our town was short  
one female child.  
And that's why you got in.  
They needed your daughter.  
Now, there are four more  
little boys in that age group.  
What do they want with these kids?  
I don't know.  
But if I'm right...  
they do need one more...  
and one of those boys  
will be next.  
Do you understand that, Pete?  
The next and the last.  
If we can believe  
that it's this thing...  
I don't know what good that gun'll  
do you, Jack, but good luck.  
Pete, you are the last person  
I ever thought would fall for...  
a cock-and-bull story like this.  
What other choice I got?  
The houses are close enough.  
So if you see anything unusual,  
give us one of these...  
and the rest of us  
will come running.  
I think it is absurd,  
but if this is the way you all feel...  
let's get this night hunt

on the road.  
Yeah, let's do that, Doc.  
Take this, will you?  
The Williams place.  
Jack, will you take care of the Nichols?  
Tobey, go over to Perkins.  
You come with me, and I'll show you  
where you can do the most good.  
- Miss, if you'll stay right here...  
- With me.  
That's your choice.  
All right, thanks.  
Good luck, Father.  
Joey?  
Joey!  
- Listen.  
- What?  
I thought I heard someone.  
Father?  
Greeting, dear one.  
'Tis we.  
Late in the day of life...  
we come.  
Power of all powers...  
with awe and supplication...  
we beg and plead the gift  
that has kept us with you...  
for lo these many centuries.  
Is it possible...  
yet again...  
to build that bridge  
that connects the two worlds of...  
life...  
and...  
death?  
I have nothing which is not thine.  
Prince of darkness...  
king of the dead...  
great shepherd of the shades...  
open to us, your loving children...  
your domain...  
your plains and spreading forest...  
your power...  
your lust.

Make us one...  
for all eternity.  
Dame Ann.  
Koran, the Elder.  
Elisabeth of Hoven.  
Doc?  
Sheriff, that could be  
Doc's blood on his pants.  
All right, Jack.  
Jack. Now, let's go over it  
one more time.  
We need your help, boy.  
Come on.  
Now try to think, okay?  
Have you seen Joey?  
How about Mike?  
Come on!  
Come on, now.  
It's me... Pete.  
Don't you worry, boy.  
We'll take care of you.  
Have you seen Doc?  
What made you this way, boy?  
Come on, now!  
Don't go to pieces!  
Come on. You can't just sit there.  
We need the help!  
Sheriff, it's no use.  
He can't help us.  
Yep.  
If you are found wanting,  
he shall judge ye to damnation!  
Arise and come in, child.  
Enter for yet another lifetime  
in the brotherhood of Satan.  
How say you...  
Phyllis?  
Satan...  
I have nothing which is not thine.  
In his presence, now kneel  
and make thy covenant.  
In this new life,  
nothing shall come between us.  
To thee will I cling, though all

the powers of Heaven shall rage.  
Thou art my god.  
Though false gods  
tempt and lure me.  
Thou art my god.  
Though lean times come  
and sorrow sits round about me.  
Thou art my god.  
Though worldly flesh waver  
and spirits weaken.  
Fool thou art and fool I call thee.  
If in the master's presence  
you should foul the air with lies...  
and words that come only  
from the mouth, know ye this...  
spawn of this earth, that he  
has heard and he shall judge.  
- Yes.  
- Tremble in his awesome presence...  
for even now he sees  
your innermost thoughts and...  
lays bare your very soul.  
If you are found wanting, Phyllis...  
he shall judge you to damnation.  
O, I adore thee.  
My master and my god, I'm yours.  
I want no other.  
Precious is the light  
of your countenance...  
and your service...  
a sweet service of delight.  
Arise and come in, child.  
Enter for yet another lifetime  
in the brotherhood of Satan.  
Know him?  
Yeah.  
Joey's father.  
And now, that most glorious hour  
is at hand.  
That moment when all time  
bends to thy sweet presence.  
We glorify thee.  
We glorify thee.  
We meet as in centuries past...

to glorify thee.  
Satan...  
behold thy supplicants!  
Thrice three, and three and one.  
And three and one!  
Thirteen souls who see  
with joy unspeakable...  
the golden bridge that connects  
the two worlds of death...  
Death.  
And...  
life.  
Sheriff, hold it.  
- What's up there?  
- The old Berry place. I checked.  
- There's nothing there.  
- Let's check it again.  
Let's make it fast.  
Stay with him, ma'am.  
- Well?  
- Nothin'.  
In this youth...  
may we, for yet another lifetime...  
serve and glorify thee.  
Possess these children...  
with the fire of thy holy way.  
Fill them with the blood  
of your passion...  
that will enable  
their weak spirits...  
to move in pursuit  
of your holy work.  
Now, we cower...  
before thy divine  
and awesome majesty.  
We plead...  
we beg for change.  
Change, we pray thee...  
these bodies...  
worn ancient in thy service...  
for this youth...  
which we have gathered  
on your promise...  
for sacrifice to your holy will.



Hear and be merciful.  
Satan...  
honor thy covenant!  
Stay close to me.  
I'm yours!  
I am thine!  
I have come to thee!  
Let me in.  
- Did you find anything?  
- Nothing.  
- Upstairs?  
- Right.  
Prince of darkness...  
thy servants await thy hand.  
Bright, shining youth stands ready.  
The old withers.  
Even now...  
the happiest gate...  
is...  
death.  
Strike!  
Please take me...  
I'm yours!  
Overwhelm us!  
Glorify us!  
Drown our useless age in blood!  
Blood! Blood!  
Strike!  
Strike!  
Strike while your power  
possesses all!  
Strike now!  
I am thine!  
Slay!  
Take us to thy bosom!  
All we want is thee!  
We know that in thy death is life!