

CATHOLIC
SCHOOLGIRLS
VS
INBREEDS

By
Todd Nunes



Catholic Schoolgirls VS Inbreeds

by Todd Nunes

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Dedicated to my father,

Who never censored me and let my imagination run wild.

PROLOGUE

GRAVEYARD OF THE UNBORN

An animalistic scream ripped through the stillness of the West Virginia forest, shattering the night's eerie calm.

High above, a full moon cast an ethereal glow on the landscape as a heavy silence reclaimed the woods, as if the very night was holding its breath in dread. Then, from the shadowed depths, the scream came again, cutting through the darkness—more chilling, more desperate, signaling the unspeakable horrors unfolding in this untamed wilderness.

In this secluded forest, far from the every-day world of roller-skates, bell-bottoms, and Richard Nixon, dark secrets lurked in every shadow, and any poor soul who had ever gone missing in the early 1970s all the way back to the Civil War, remained forever lost.

Here, amid the harsh glow of a lonely campfire, a disheveled woman was in dire distress. Her features were horrifying and marked by centuries of inbreeding. Black, sneering lips with a malformed, oversized ear protruding from the side of her

head like a giant, gruesome raisin. Her right eye, bloodshot and unsteady, dropped on her disfigured face, striking the most terror.

A massive chain around her neck anchored her to the ground with a rusty spike.

Worst of all, she was in the throes of labor.

Dark figures emerged from the shadows, silent and imposing. Their presence beyond the firelight added a chilling layer to her agony. Their eyes, devoid of warmth, mirrored the flames. They stood as observers to her misery, a heartless ritual of this apathetic tribe.

The deformed woman's shriek escalated into a horrendous howl of pain.

Then, a sound.

Sharp.

Sudden.

Water and blood rushed out, heralding the brutal reality of childbirth.

Her pain surged, overwhelming her. Collapsing, her breaths ragged and feeble, each one a struggle for life, teetering on the brink of consciousness.

From the shroud of darkness, a massive figure appeared—Molech.

He approached, silent and looming.

His face mocked humanity. Eyes misaligned. Teeth like decayed gravestones, protruded from diseased gums.

Yet, within those disturbing eyes, a faint shimmer flickered—a subtle hint of emotion nearly engulfed by the vast fright of his gaze. This fragile glint of intelligence set Molech apart from the others, whose soulless stares pierced the forest's shadows. His eyes, harbored a quiet whisper of hope, betraying a trace of unexpected softness, at odds with his nightmarish appearance. Cloaked in ragged overalls, his towering frame was crowned with a garland of animal bones and bleached bear teeth.

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Molech lifted the stillborn, its lifeless body twisted in his massive hands. He shook it violently, attempting to revive the deformed child in the only way he knew how.

Briefly, the glimmer of hope in his eyes intensified, an unspoken plea for a different outcome. But as the grim reality set in, that light dimmed. His shoulders dropped in weary resignation, a silent testament to countless moments of despair.

Overwhelmed by defeat, his profound sorrow morphed into a blind rage, a transformation as sudden as it was heart-breaking.

With a roar of anguish, Molech hurled the tiny body against a tree, the impact echoing with a sickening wet *splat*.

Later, burdened by his thoughts, Molech sat hunched on a moss-covered log. Nearby, a discarded rusted shovel lay near a makeshift graveyard. Each rough wooden marker nearby signified a life ended. The graves, a silent witness to the unborn, stood as somber symbols of a clan at the edge of extinction.

This Molech of Terror wrestled with an internal conflict, an alien feeling in his harsh reality. The survival of his kin, his unique family, weighed heavy on his shoulders. The grim truth gnawed at him, the realization that they might need to abandon the safety of their deep, uncharted woodland refuge. Venturing closer to the outside world was a perilous risk, yet it was a gamble he might have to take. A decision loomed, one that could seal the fate of his people and his own existence forever.

From out of the ivy-covered trees, a gangly teenage boy emerged, his appearance was grotesque and highlighted by a hideous heart-shaped skull and unnatural bulging eyes.

He wore a soiled flannel-checked shirt, one sleeve torn and dangling. The boy crept up to Molech, his approach tentative, almost fearful of the hulking figure before him. Molech's

gaze shifted to the inbred boy, the last of their kind, the final child born into their secluded world thirteen years ago.

Caught in the grip of these thoughts, Molech's brooding contemplation quickly gave way to a primal need to express his turmoil. With a roar that vibrated through the night, Molech unleashed his pent-up fury towards the uncaring heavens while the boy cowered beside him.

The frightful sound sent a swarm of bats into frenzied flight, their frantic wings casting erratic shadows as they crossed the moon's path. Molech's growl receded, leaving behind a haunting silence that enveloped the air, a prelude to the nightmares that were soon to unfold within the dense embrace of the West Virginia wilderness.

CHAPTER 1

WARNING BELLS

Golden sunlight bathed Saint Mary's Church and adjacent All Girls High School and convent. The pure, angelic voices of the choir traveled through the hallowed halls, singing the conclusion of "We Are One Body."

Inside the sanctuary, as the song faded, stillness settled in the air. The cathedral, old yet majestic, maintained its timeless beauty, standing strong despite the years.

A striking painting of the crucifixion dominated the scene, a vivid contrast to the church's peaceful atmosphere. Jesus, depicted with blood streaming from his pierced hands and feet, portrayed a face expressing deep pain. Beside him, a grief-stricken Mother Mary gazed upward, her face a reflection of maternal heartbreak. The portrait commanded attention, overseeing the rows of compliant Catholic schoolgirls.

At the church's heart, Father Curtis raised his arms, as if to embrace his congregation. "Our Heavenly Father values the sacred bond of family."

Father Curtis, an attractive and authoritative man in his forties, presided over two rows of teenage girls. They all wore identical uniforms of white button-down blouses, knee-high socks, plaid skirts, and tennis shoes.

Despite the tranquility of the scene, a shadowy figure lurked near the sanctuary's exit, observing. A blonde-haired woman stood with her eyes locked on the sermon, her presence shrouded in mystery. Concealed in shadows, she watched silently.

Father Curtis continued with conviction. “Our savior intends for us to nurture this bond, to strengthen it, and to lean on it during times of adversity. Indeed, our personal resilience may falter in the face of life’s many trials and tribulations.”

Positioned behind the girls, Sister Lucy, at 53 years of age, maintained her focus intently on every word spiraling from Father Curtis’s sermon. As the head teacher for the high school, her posture was as rigid as a granite statue, with hands knitted together on her lap, signifying a strength and comfortable confidence in her own skin. Swathed in her traditional black habit that covered her head and fell in drapes to her feet, Sister Lucy radiated dedication. Her vigilant hawk eyes never missed a detail.

“Yet, in His infinite wisdom, the Lord has graced us with a secondary family to support us in these times—this very congregation that stands shoulder to shoulder with us today,” Father Curtis said, scanning over the sea of young faces.

The girls were a medley of shapes and sizes, their uniforms representing their sisterhood.

Among the neat rows of teens, two students, nestled closer together, separate from the rest.

Eva, with her defiant spirit and jet-black hair, caught everyone’s gaze. Her appearance was a striking blend of Snow White’s fair and delicate features with Wednesday Addams’ dark, enigmatic allure. Her daring crimson lipstick highlighted her fierce determination.

Beside Eva, Dynah presented a striking contrast. Her long blonde hair, accentuated with an unusual streak of silver that became noticeable when caught in the light.

While Eva’s boldness demanded notice with its fiery assertiveness, Dynah’s subtle grace invited you near, offering a quiet but profound presence that spoke of a girl on the cusp of becoming a woman.

Their friendship, both recent and unlikely, faced disapproval from school authorities, especially Sister Lucy, whose silent judgment scrutinized their newfound companionship.

In a rebellious gesture, Eva passed a scrap of paper to Dynah, on which she had drawn a humorous caricature of a wide-eyed Dynah and Father Curtis sharing a comical kiss. Eva's talent for art was unmistakable, yet it went largely unrecognized by her birth father, Deacon Romero, who was known for his strict academic standards. Eva bore the burden of being the daughter of such a demanding figure, driving her to seek solace in mischief and red lipstick.

Dynah, captivated by Eva's shocking drawing, struggled to contain her pleasure and amusement. However, her muffled giggle was silenced by Sister Lucy's stern throat clearing.

"Let us pray for your safe return," Father Curtis said. "Oh Almighty and Merciful God, we beseech you to guide and safeguard our young junior missionaries as they embark on their spiritual journey, answering prayers and uplifting the lives of Your less-fortunate children. We pray for their safety and for the serenity of their souls. Keep them under Your protective wing, shielding them from harm and infusing their hearts with courage and fortitude. Amen."

As the echo of the prayer faded—

—the mysterious woman with the blonde hair by the entrance quietly slipped away, unnoticed.

Father Curtis gazed at the girls with pride. "Remember, my children, God is ever at your side. His divine love extends to all families, for families embody His grand design."

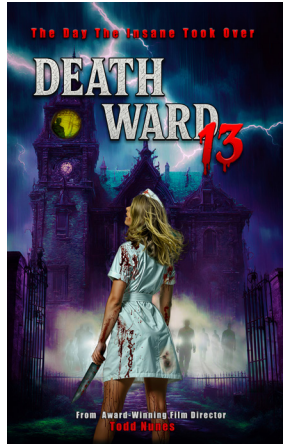
In the heart of the school courtyard, bathed in the gentle light of day, a well-tended garden held court to a swarm of butterflies. At its center, a statue of Mary presided over the peaceful scene.

From a distance, the soft peal of a handbell echoed.

KEEP READING

Check out the first book in the Slasher Universe series.

DEATH WARD 13



In 1973, amid a relentless storm in the treacherous mountains, the infamous Stephens Sanitarium for the Criminally Insane is about to be shuttered forever. Four rookie nursing students, lured into a night shift, must supervise the remaining inmates, deemed “harmless” by authorities. However, as night falls, they find themselves trapped with deranged psychopaths, notorious for failed lobotomies, serial killings, and unchecked madness.

In a desperate fight for survival, the nurses’ sanity teeters on the edge in a sinister game of cat and mouse. At the heart of the terror is Nurse Charlotte, tormented by her twin sister’s suicide in a similar institution. Driven by guilt and a sincere commitment to aiding the mentally disturbed, she faces a haunting question: did her parents commit the wrong daughter?

“Death Ward 13” combines the atmospheric mystery of “Shutter Island” with the engaging narrative of Edgar Allan Poe’s “The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether,” offering a contemporary twist and escalating suspense. Prepare for a harrowing journey through the darkest corridors of the human mind.

KEEP READING

Check out other books in the Slasher Universe series.

THE DUKE



They ran from one war... straight into a bloodbath.

With the draft closing in and secrets threatening to tear them apart, a group of rebellious teens load into a stolen RV and make a break for Canada in 1973. Peace, freedom, survival—that's the plan.

But in the rotting woods of Humboldt County, something else is waiting.

Something not quite human.

He was once a boy. Sold like garbage. Raised in isolation. Shaped by cruelty. Now, he wears a rusted mask of metal and hunts like an animal—fast, brutal, and silent. Locals whisper about The Duke. But no one survives to spread the truth.

As the bodies pile up and the group turns on itself, Elizabeth must confront the twisted origins of the killer—and the dark legacy that binds them both. Because this isn't just a fight for survival...

It's a showdown with a nightmare carved from cruelty, wired to kill, and too brutal to die.

A savage descent into carnage, cult horror, and iconic kills, The Duke delivers a blood-soaked throwback to the slashers of the '70s—gritty, relentless, and unforgettable.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Originally from the San Francisco Bay Area, Todd Nunes began writing and directing at an early age. While still in high school, he produced and directed his own horror-related stage and video productions, and immediately after graduating, founded the theatrical production company Benicia Stage Productions. In Los Angeles, Todd studied screenwriting at UCLA's Writers' Program and produced an original two-act play at UCLA's Theater Underground.

After graduating with honors from The Los Angeles Film School, his thesis film, *Two Brothers*, was accepted by The Short Film Festival of Los Angeles and chosen as the festival's Official Selection. An avid and lifelong fan of horror films, Todd's impressive collection and deep knowledge of the genre inspired him to write more than six feature-length horror screenplays.

For six years, Todd wrote a Halloween Haunted House attraction in the Los Angeles area, and in 2013, he completed his first horror feature, *Scary Larry*, as writer, director, and editor. In 2015, Todd wrote and directed the award-winning Santa slasher *All Through the House*. The film received 21 festival nominations and six awards, including Best Director (Hardcore Horror Fest, Chicago, IL); Audience Choice Award, Best Editing, and Best

Slasher (RIP Film Festival, Hollywood, CA); and Best Local Feature (Another Hole in the Head Film Festival, San Francisco, CA).

Todd is also the author of the Slasher Universe book series, including *Death Ward 13*, *Catholic Schoolgirls vs. Inbreeds*, and *The Duke*, which showcases his love for the horror genre. His commitment to horror storytelling continues to inspire fear and thrill in audiences around the world.

Todd has also been a featured guest at San Diego Comic-Con, where he showcased his Slasher Universe books, connected with fans, and celebrated independent horror alongside the genre's most passionate creators and readers.

Most recently, Todd's screenplay for *Catholic Schoolgirls vs. Inbreeds* has received widespread acclaim on the festival circuit, winning top honors at seven competitions: The Film Basement Horror Film Awards; Diabolical Horror Film Festival; Frights! Camera! Action! Horror Screenplay Contest; Hollywood Horrorfest; and the Hollywood Blood Horror Festival, where it also earned Best Action/Horror Screenplay. Additionally, his writing was awarded Best Unproduced Screenplay at the prestigious Crimson Screen Horror Film Fest.