

BLACKMOTH

BY

STEVE JANAS

FADE UP TO:

TEXT GRAPHIC:

*"O Lamb, assume the dark, satanic body in the virgin's womb..."*

- William Blake

FADE TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

JAMIE FITCH, 18, sits anxiously, looking straight into the camera.

JAMIE

When will I start becoming like my dad?

Across a battered desk sits a young, foreign INTERNIST. Overworked and underpaid, he looks mostly at Jamie's CHART.

INTERNIST

Well, it's a crap shoot, the same as with anything that's genetic in nature... And it might not be genetic at all. There certainly are other factors at play.

JAMIE

But if I'm going to get it, I'm probably going to get it soon. Right?

Skinny, with dark hair and eyes, Jamie likes to be as invisible as possible beneath his t-shirt, sweatshirt, hoodie and, often, a massive green ARMY JACKET he got from Goodwill. This is now lying around him in the chair. He also wears an imitation-gold PENDENT, now hidden except for the CHAIN around his neck.

INTERNIST

(choosing his words carefully)

The literature does tell us that typical onset of Paranoid Schizophrenia is in late adolescence to early adulthood, yes. But you shouldn't take that as some kind of death sentence, Jamie.

(MORE)

INTERNIST (CONT'D)

The obsessing itself could become a form of mental illness. Like I said, genetics is a completely random process not subject to anyone's control.

Behind the doctor's head, on the gray wall of the oppressive little office, there appears what seems to be a shadow cast through the window by an errant ray of sunshine. Some kind of insect, frozen in flight, large ragged wings outstretched menacingly. It strengthens as the doctor talks.

INTERNIST (CONT'D)

Do you believe you've been experiencing symptoms, Jamie?

JAMIE

Symptoms?

INTERNIST

Yes - voices or other sounds that no one else seems to be hearing. Seeing things that no one else seems to be seeing... Bizarre, disturbing ideas that just won't go away... That, maybe, you feel have begun to take hold of you somehow... Almost as if they're coming from somewhere else. Or someone else.

As the Doctor says this, the figure, BLACKMOTH, continues to grow stronger behind him, even though the ray of sunlight that created it has faded.

INTERNIST (CONT'D)

Does any of that sound familiar?

JAMIE

(completely straight)

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

Battleship-gray clouds hang low, like dense layers of wool. Directly overhead, leafless, winter-dead tree limbs drift by dream-like in SLOW MOTION. Music and titles begin.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jamie trudges toward us, hoodie up and that great big Army-jacket shell in place around him. He's on his way to work.

INT. BUS - DAY

Jamie sits in his usual seat, gazing vacantly out the window at the barren, wintry landscape rolling past. Outside, power lines run along the road, rising and falling the nearer and farther they get from utility poles. They sing to Jamie, in nonsense lyrics.

POWER LINES  
*Finicule, Finicula....*

He ignores them.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

JAMIE  
If symptoms did appear, what would you do? Change my meds?

INTERNIST  
Well, we'd have to do a complete blood work-up, of course, but there are any number of promising anti-psychotics out there, as well as more coming on-line soon. Plus, of course, the more traditional psychotherapeutic methods to work out unconscious conflicts.

Blackmoth continues to strengthen on the wall.

JAMIE  
And that would all cost money?

The doctor smiles ruefully.

INTERNIST  
Yes, Jamie, I'm afraid it would. Things do in the world we live in, unfortunately.

EXT. COUNTY COLLEGE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Suburban bland: a campus of functional buildings surrounded by broad swards of grass. A wintry forest of gnarled scrub-pine lies beyond.

YOUNG PEOPLE - students - are making their way to the main building, Jamie among them. At one point, he breaks off from the stream, a lone figure heading instead toward the back of the building.

MONTAGE: JAMIE AT WORK

Mopping floors. Spraying huge pots in an industrial-looking kitchen. Setting up garbage cans in the cafeteria.

For the most part, he's completely ignored by the middle-class kids around him, kids his own age or only a couple years older. His EARBUDS create a protective cocoon of sound around him.

INT. COLLEGE - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM

Jamie's on one of the benches, feet up and writing with complete absorption in a spiral notebook - his JOURNAL.

INT. COLLEGE - CAFETERIA

Jamie's taking out the garbage-can liners - now bulging with trash - that he put in earlier. He happens to look up.

There's a young woman alone halfway across the room. KORIN NICHOLS, 20. She's pretty, with a singular visual style that wouldn't work well for everyone. She's got her feet up and a SKETCH PAD resting on her knees. Several sheets of paper lie crumpled on the table next to her, and she is working intensely on a fresh one.

The moment is broken by a DITZY STUDENT who dumps her tray into an unlined can while checking her text messages. She notices what she's done, flashes Jamie an insincere little "my bad" look and walks away. Jamie starts fishing out her trash so he can put a fresh liner in.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

JAMIE

You know my whole situation, right?  
Aging out of the foster system and  
all?

INTERNIST

'Aging out?'

JAMIE

Yeah - the state's not paying for any more sessions. This is the last one - you didn't know that?

Dismayed, the Doctor flips through Jamie's charts.

INTERNIST

I did not.

JAMIE

Well, you've been my third doctor in, like, six months.

INTERNIST

So you don't have health insurance, then?

JAMIE

Not presently, no... I need another, like, eight hours a week to get it through work.

INTERNIST

Have you tried the online exchange?

JAMIE

They said up front they could set me up with an advocate, but that wouldn't do any good, because this place won't accept Obamacare patients.

The internist nods, shame-faced.

INTERNIST

What about living arrangements?

JAMIE

I got into this whole... Group-home deal. It's good, as long as I don't fuck it up.

The doctor regards Jamie compassionately, then pulls over a PRESCRIPTION PAD and begins writing on it. Meanwhile, Jamie pretends to look at a poster on the wall to avoid looking at Blackmoth, now so darkly vibrant it ripples. Finished, the doctor slides several prescriptions across the desk.

INTERNIST

Those are for your current meds. I maxed out the refills as much as I'm able to.

Next, he slides across a business card with some handwriting on the back.

INTERNIST (CONT'D)

That's the address to a clinic that provides mental health services on a sliding-scale fee. I volunteer there one night every week or two to write scripts. There's usually a bit of a wait, but you should be able to get your meds. Especially if you get there early.

Jamie picks up the card and looks at it.

INTERNIST (CONT'D)

And that's what I can do, Jamie...  
I'm sorry.

INT. COLLEGE - CAFETERIA

It's now mostly empty. Jamie spots a table with an abandoned TRAY on it. Several pieces of SKETCH PAPER lie crumpled on the tray.

Jamie grabs the tray, dumps and racks it. He glances into the garbage can, then does a sudden double-take. He pulls out a piece of sketch paper and looks at it. Then he pulls out another, and another. On each sheet of paper are several sketches of a young man: walking, lost in thought, mopping a floor. Every single one is without a doubt Jamie himself.

HOLD ON JAMIE as he tries to figure out what this could possibly mean. Open title-roll ends.

FADE TO:

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT

A downscale, one-room apartment above a garage. On one wall is stenciled, in large letters, ASTRAL CAVE. It's filled with occult-related artifacts, including an "ALTAR" - a coffee table - encrusted with crystals and candle wax. Jamie sits by it, picking out scraps of cannabis to stuff into an elaborate GLASS BONG.

There's WATER RUNNING O.S. Someone's taking a shower. This would be CABOT LEED, Jamie's best - only - friend. They're carrying on a running conversation between the rooms.

CABOT O.S.

(calling)

So, what - you think this means  
she's into you?

JAMIE

I don't know what... What could it  
mean?

The water in the bathroom stops and out steps Cabot holding a  
towel, buck naked.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(protesting)

Dude...!

Cabot makes no apologies and begins dressing. He's about ten  
years older than Jamie - pallid, wire-thin and jumpy, like a  
meth addict. His hair is short and spiky.

CABOT

It could mean she's into you. I  
mean, if she's drawing pictures and  
everything. A fairly logical  
conclusion to make, wouldn't you  
think? You know who she is?

JAMIE

I think her name is Corinne  
something. She draws. Like,  
cartoons for the school newspaper,  
or something.

CABOT

So what are you going to do?

JAMIE

(frustrated)

What the fuck could I do? I'm a  
high-school drop-out, for Christ's  
sake... I mop the floors.

CABOT

Yes - but then there's the little  
matter of the pictures. How many  
were there?

JAMIE

I don't know - like, maybe, ten,  
total.

Cabot lets the fact speak for itself and continues dressing.  
He's putting on several layers, as if preparing to go out.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 (after thinking about it)  
 Fuck it - I'm talking to her. I'm  
 gonna do it.

CABOT  
 (impressed)  
 Direct intent, directly expressed.  
 (then, warningly)  
 What about...?

He doesn't say the name. Neither he nor Jamie ever does, when  
 talking about Blackmoth.

JAMIE  
 (playing dumb)  
 What about what?

CABOT  
 He'll do something. He always does.  
 Something to pull the rug out from  
 under you. It's just a case of how  
 bad it'll be this time.

Jamie looks up at him.

JAMIE  
 "He?"

CABOT  
 "He." "It." Whatever. Gender is  
 meaningless here. But I will tell  
 you this - what's plaguing you  
 exists as sure as you or me. Exists  
 as a mind. A kind of mind. Intent.  
 Which is all anybody is, really.

JAMIE  
 Intent for what?

Cabot slips on a heavy LEATHER JACKET. He checks himself in  
 the mirror.

CABOT  
 Destruction. Same as any demon.  
 Your problem is keeping him away  
 from your new girlfriend.  
 (pulls a fat JOINT from  
 his pocket and holds it  
 up)  
 High-grade Chronic. But the only  
 way you're getting any is by coming  
 for a walk.

EXT. CABOT'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Cabot and Jamie spark up the joint on the edge of the property. Behind them, the garage is lit up and bustling.

JAMIE  
You guys are busy.

CABOT  
(lighting the joint)  
Yeah, things have been getting  
better for me, lately. Stronger.  
Much stronger.

They begin walking.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Dense forest presses right up to the edge of the road. Jamie and Cabot walk, passing the joint back and forth.

CABOT  
You do understand that you're under  
attack, right? What you need is a  
plan of defense.

JAMIE  
What am I under attack from?

CABOT  
Ever hear of the Double-Slit  
Experiment?

JAMIE  
Nope.

CABOT  
Very famous... Dates back to the  
beginning of Quantum Mechanics.  
They wanted to know what a photon  
of light was. A particle or a wave?

JAMIE  
Uh-huh.

CABOT  
So they set up this experiment. Cut  
one slit for the light to go  
through, and you get particles. Two  
slits, you get waves.

JAMIE  
Fascinating.

CABOT  
It's fucking mind-blowing. You know why? Because it's not the Laws of Physics deciding which it is. It's you. The guy setting up the experiment. One slit or two. You decide what you want, and that's what the Universe gives you. You *control the universe*. Subjective consciousness, creating reality at its most fundamental level. Without it, without that mind, all you have is a fuzzy haze of probabilities. Nothing more.

He takes another hit off the joint.

CABOT (CONT'D)  
The ancient Maji knew that... Even if they didn't know 'Quantum Mechanics' from a pile of camel shit in the desert. We're here.

They've arrived at a cemetery, overgrown and hard to see from the road.

JAMIE  
What are we doing here?

CABOT  
I wanted to make a point.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

It's gone to seed: headstones broken and moss-grown; a few weather-beaten crypts. Cabot strides right in, addressing the headstones like some kind of captive audience.

CABOT  
Picture a single, lighted plateau of consciousness, surrounded by infinite gulfs of darkness. Go beyond, and you're in a void plunging endlessly beneath all conscious and even subconscious thought... The Abyss. Look how close it is. Just a few feet away.

As Cabot speaks, Jamie pokes around the cemetery. He finds a CRYPT with a BROKEN LOCK. He removes the lock, tries the door and, sure enough, it opens.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Absolute darkness. Jamie wrestles the rusty door open wider, letting in what little outside light there is. Meanwhile, Cabot continues his speech off-screen.

CABOT O.S.

It's not empty. There are...  
Inhabitants. You can call them  
"demons" - I prefer the term  
"chthonics." More psychological.  
Because that's what they are. Pure  
will, but a mind nonetheless - able  
to influence what appears to us to  
be random chaos. Just like us.

Jamie enters the crypt. Using his PHONE as a flashlight, he finds moisture-stained stonework inside and little else. He leaves.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Approaching from the crypt, Jamie comes up to Cabot just as he's finishing his speech.

CABOT

Blind, groping things... Drawn  
upward by the light, which they can  
feel, even if they can't see.

JAMIE

What light?

CABOT

The light of the conscious world.  
Of form, time, structure. Our  
world.

JAMIE

And that's what you think my  
problem is? A "chthonic?"

CABOT

I do. They seek out minds they can  
use, already adapted to this world.  
Minds with ghosts in them, which  
they can move around like puppets.

Jamie gives him a look.

JAMIE

Ghosts?

CABOT

A whole, healthy mind is harder to control. But one that's frightened, confused... Damaged...

He lets the sentence trail off and Jamie doesn't pick it up.

JAMIE

(after a beat)

Why?

CABOT

I told you - destruction. It's their nature. You might as well ask a tornado why it stomps a trailer park flat.

JAMIE

And what would you do about it?

Cabot turns to him.

CABOT

Have you ever heard of *theurgy*?

JAMIE

No.

CABOT

The ancient art of demon invocation. The Gnostics were particularly adept at it.

JAMIE

(drily)

Were they?

CABOT

I think that's what we should try. An invocation ritual for this black-winged chthonic of yours. Raise it from the Abyss, into our world, where it becomes nothing more than a filmy mist you can just blow away.

He mimics the action, blowing a puff of air.

JAMIE

Yeah, I dunno. I don't think my doctor would want me to actually encourage a psychosis... I've been stable on my meds.

CABOT

They're for bipolar. And you haven't been stable. You know it... He's been getting bolder, hasn't he? Not just a shadow anymore, frozen in place. But moving. Behind your back. What's gonna happen when he decides he doesn't need to stay out of sight anymore?

JAMIE

I gotta go. I got work in the morning.

He begins to leave. Cabot remains behind.

CABOT

(calling after him)

This is something you're going to have to deal with, man. You know it.

JAMIE

(over his shoulder)

I am dealing with it. The way a sane person would. Thanks for the weed.

And he goes.

INT. GROUP HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

There are two beds, only one of which is made up. Jamie is sitting cross-legged on it, in the weak light of a DESK LAMP, writing in his journal.

LATER

Jamie lies in his bed, unable to sleep. SHADOWS loom on the ceiling. The overall form they take is of Blackmoth, perfect in every detail. Jamie reaches for the pendent around his neck, as if unconsciously seeking its protection.

INT. GROUP HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jamie returns from his shower, a towel wrapped around his waist. The first thing he does is open the BOX where he keeps his pendent. It's not there.

JAMIE  
(outraged)  
What the FUCK?

He begins stomping around the room in a blind rage.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Give it *back*, you motherfucker, or  
I swear to CHRIST I'll...

He cuts himself off as a thought occurs to him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Oh no...

He turns and quickly leaves the room.

INT. BATHROOM

It's still full of steam from the shower. Jamie enters, and heads straight for the toilet. He looks inside.

JAMIE  
(heartbroken)  
Oh... Oh....

Reaching into the bowl, Jamie pulls out the pendent, dripping wet. He opens it. There's a PHOTO inside of a smiling young woman with a distinct resemblance to Korin. Jamie's mother.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
How could you... You bastard... No  
respect. For nothing at all...

INT. COLLEGE - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Korin is sitting behind a LARGE DRAFTING TABLE, working, when a dark form looms over her. She looks up just as several sheets of now-uncrumpled sketch paper are laid before her.

JAMIE  
You left these... I thought I'd  
return them.

Korin's hand flies to her mouth. She begins laughing.

KORIN

Oh my God! Where did you get these?

JAMIE

Well, I mean - I do take out the trash. It's my job.

KORIN

I'm so embarrassed! I've never been caught before!

JAMIE

Caught?

Korin looks at him sheepishly.

KORIN

Drawing people. It's just something I do. For practice, character designs... Things like that. I'm sorry if it makes you think I'm stalking you or something. I know that's probably what it looks like.

JAMIE

No - I don't mind. Really... There are a lot of them, though.

KORIN

Yeah, it's for a portfolio project I'm doing. I'm trying to get into Parsons. It's a graphic novel. I need to find a character design for the hero.

JAMIE

(pleased)

And you're using me?

KORIN

Well - like I said, I do it a lot with different people. Just for ideas.

JAMIE

I don't mind. I actually like it. In fact, I'd like to help out, if I could.

KORIN

(puzzled)

Help out?

JAMIE

Yeah, you know - pose, or whatever.  
So you don't have to do it behind  
my back... I like being creative. I  
mean, I write.

Korin regards him quietly for a moment.

KORIN

I'm sorry - I don't even know your  
name.

JAMIE

Jamie Fitch.

KORIN

Oh - OK. Hi. I'm Korin. Korin  
Nichols.

JAMIE

I knew that, actually, from the  
newspaper... Not your last name,  
though.

KORIN

(nodding)

I see... So you want to actually  
what - Like, sit for me? To do  
character designs?

JAMIE

Yeah. It sounds like it would be  
fun.

KORIN

It's actually a lot of me yelling  
at you to keep still.

JAMIE

I think that sounds like fun.

KORIN

Is that right?

JAMIE

Sure.

KORIN

Well - okay. Great. Why not?  
Thanks.

Jamie can't help it. His face splits into a wide grin.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Jamie's on his way home. For once, there's an expression on his face: the lingering remnants of that grin.

INT. GROUP HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie enters to find the previously empty second bed now occupied by a LARGE BLACK KID fearsomely covered with TATTOOS. He's sitting on the edge, engrossed in his BOOK. He looks up as Jamie enters, then holds out his hand.

DARREL

Hey, man - what's up? I'm Darrel,  
your new roomie.

JAMIE

(shaking Darrel's hand)  
Oh, right, they said you were  
coming... Hey. I'm Jamie.

Jamie shrugs off his jacket and hangs it under the SHELF where he keeps his belongings.

DARREL

(indicating the items on  
the shelf)  
Yo, man - that stuff's all yours?

JAMIE

Yeah.

DARREL

What... You into Satanism and  
whatnot?

JAMIE

Not Satanism, no... Just, stuff.  
What are you reading?

Darrel holds up his book. The Bible.

DARREL

My grandma gave it to me before she  
passed. She said it was for when  
she couldn't be there any longer to  
guide me.

(reads a passage)

*"Your word is a lamp unto my feet  
and a light unto my path."*

JAMIE  
(sincerely)  
Amen.

Darrel flashes him an appreciative grin.

#### DREAM SEQUENCE

An open doorway - a hallway beyond (*actually the upstairs of the Fitch home, but the audience doesn't know this yet*). The room, the hall - everything - is lit with a brilliance so pure and white it sparkles.

In a POV shot, we drift through the open doorway and into the hall. At the far end is a doorway. We drift over the threshold, and find ourselves inside a bedroom. Sitting on the edge of the big double bed is a WOMAN. The same one from Jamie's pendent, his mother. Her face is turned away, toward a window filled with blinding white light.

We reach out to her: a CHILD'S HAND, yearning...

SMASH CUT TO:

#### INT. GROUP HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darrel is standing over Jamie - whom he has just dragged savagely out of bed - his face twisted in rage. In one hand is his grandmother's Bible, now dripping wet.

DARREL  
You Satan-worshipping, black-magic  
motherfucker - that was my  
grandma's BIBLE!

JAMIE  
(still half-asleep)  
What...?

DARREL  
I knew you sick motherfuckers did  
some twisted shit, but putting my  
grandma's Bible in the toilet!

JAMIE  
It was in the toilet?

Darrel hurls it at Jamie with all his considerable strength.

DARREL

You goddamn know it was in the  
toilet because you were the one  
that put it there!

He follows this up with a powerful kick to Jamie's  
midsection, then rains punches and kicks down on him.

At first Jamie simply endures it but then, with a roar, he  
lunges up, propelling Darrel backwards across the room. The  
two of them fall against a DESK, and Jamie grabs the LAMP to  
use as a weapon, pummeling Darrel mercilessly with it. This  
continues as the scene disappears behind a BLOOD-RED HAZE  
that "cools" to gray, then

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GROUP HOME - NIGHT

The strobing RED-AND-BLUE LIGHTS of emergency vehicles rake  
the surrounding houses. Jamie, in HANDCUFFS, is being put in  
the back of a POLICE CRUISER. An UNMARKED CAR pulls up, and  
out jumps a man, NICK DIPATRIO, 45. He's dressed for the  
cold, but his jacket leaves plenty of room for his HOLSTER,  
with a police-issue HANDGUN strapped into it. He strides up  
to Jamie.

DIPATRIO

Jamie - I heard the call go out.  
What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER

We're taking him in, detective.

DIPATRIO

(to officer)

Alright - just give me a second  
here. OK? Thanks.

The officer hesitates, then steps a few feet away. DiPatrio  
turns to Jamie.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

Okay. What happened?

JAMIE

I'm not sure.

DiPatrio frowns at the vagueness of the answer. He glances  
off, where TWO PARAMEDICS are bandaging Darrel's forehead.

DIPATRIO

Jesus Christ, Jamie. I thought the meds were supposed to stop this. Aren't they helping?

JAMIE

Most of the time.

DiPatrio looks at him with sincere dismay for a beat.

DIPATRIO

Alright, listen. I'm going to have a talk with the patrolmen, then I'm going to have a talk with this kid... What his name?

JAMIE

Darrel.

DIPATRIO

Darrel. I'll have a talk with him, maybe get him to understand the situation, understand your particular... History. Maybe get him not to press charges.

Jamie can't hide his hopefulness. But then:

JAMIE

They're going to kick me out of here, though.

DIPATRIO

Yeah, I know. I had to pull some strings to get you in, too.

JAMIE

Sorry.

DIPATRIO

(softening)

You got somewhere you can go?

JAMIE

(unconvincing)

Yeah...

DIPATRIO

I don't want to see you on the street, Jamie.

JAMIE

I got somewhere I can go.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jamie is walking through the small grouping of gas stations and convenience stores that passes for the center of town. He's on the PHONE.

JAMIE  
(into the phone)  
Dude - I'm gonna be on the street!

CABOT'S VOICE  
(through phone)  
Sorry, but there's a balance of energies here I've worked a long time to set up. A very delicate balance of energies...

JAMIE  
(interrupting)  
Dude!

There's an extended pause from Cabot on the other end of the line.

CABOT'S VOICE  
(through phone)  
You told me your dad got out, right? Living at your old house or something? He's gotta have plenty of room out there.

Jamie rolls his head back in disgust.

JAMIE  
Good-bye, dickhead!

He stabs the hang-up button savagely.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Jamie settles in for the night on the lone bench, the drawstring of his hoodie as tight as he can get it. It begins to RAIN. Jamie endures it a few moments longer, then gets up and begins walking away down the street.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

The one with the broken lock. The metal door SCREECHES open, and there stands Jamie with his cellphone-light, like some archeologist breaking into an ancient tomb.

LATER

Jamie is lying on the hard concrete floor, unable to sleep. RAIN DRUMS heavily on the roof. Gradually, the sound of the rain begins to change - it becomes more like VOICES. Whispering voices. It gets to the point where Jamie grabs his light to look for the source, but it reveals nothing but cold, silent stone.

Fearfully, Jamie puts his ear up to the sepulchre. More WHISPERS. His eyes grow wide, and he yanks his head away. Anxiety rising, he climbs to his feet. The whispers are getting louder, overwhelming. Jamie bolts from the crypt.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

It's worse out here. Jamie stumbles through the rain, down the row of rotting, broken headstones as they WAIL and CRY at him pitiably, like souls in Hell. Finally, he breaks into a run toward the road, away from the darkness and death.

FADE TO:

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Jamie stands at the front door, tired and wet.

The door opens, and beyond a filthy, tattered screen stands JIM FITCH, Jamie's father. He's in his forties; sickly, with a haunted, drugged look. At first, he doesn't recognize Jamie.

JAMIE

Hey, dad.

INT. FITCH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jamie and his dad sit at a wobbly BREAKFAST TABLE covered with EMPTY BEER BOTTLES and associated TRASH. The whole kitchen looks like this - overflowing garbage, dirty dishes in the sink, etc.

JIM

You think you can pitch in with the bills? I'm barely scraping by as it is.

He speaks with a bit of a slur - the result of his medications.

JAMIE  
I'm working. I can help out.

JIM  
(nodding)  
Alright, then... I guess you can  
have your old room back. If that's  
okay with you...

It's really not, but Jamie nods anyway. He gets up to go.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Just try not to let the lights  
bother you none...

JAMIE  
(pausing)  
Lights?

JIM  
(darkly)  
At night. For security. You'll see.

Still confused, Jamie leaves.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie lies in bed, trying to sleep. He sees what his father meant with the lights. Every few moments one - of several - pops on outside triggered, apparently, by motion sensors.

Every time this happens, the tangled shadows of bare tree limbs appear on Jamie's ceiling. Always in the perfect shape of Blackmoth. They remain, then fade away with the light. Eventually, it triggers a:

BLACKMOTH FLASHBACK

A field of snowy, dead-channel TV static, oddly distorted, as if reflected off some surface. Then, in the precise center, there is born a germinal seed of perfect darkness. It begins to grow...

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie comes awake with a start. He must have been dreaming.

What woke him was the sound of his father returning home, staggering drunk. He comes upstairs, shambles past Jamie's half-open door and into his own room.

A second later the hallway fills with the BLUISH-WHITE LIGHT of a TV, which gets cut off by Jim's own door slamming shut.

Alone again in the darkness - save for the Blackmoth shadows - Jamie feels it really hit home: he's landed in Hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - EVENING

Jamie sits on a stool while Korin, behind her drafting table, explains how this is going to work. They are alone in the office.

KORIN

To do a proper study for a character design, I'm going to have to do at least four angles, but more like six or seven. You down with that?

JAMIE

(fidgety)  
Sure.

KORIN

Alright, then.

She begins to draw. After sitting still for a few moments, Jamie looks away abruptly, distracted.

KORIN (CONT'D)

You need to sit still.

JAMIE

(facing forward again)  
Sorry.

He tries, but after a few moments looks suddenly away again.

KORIN

You know what I mean by sit still, right?

JAMIE

Yes... Yes. I will - sorry.

Summoning the will, Jamie manages to sit still as Korin resumes drawing. He notices her signature on one of the drawings behind her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Korin, with a 'K' - that's an interesting way to spell it.

KORIN

(as she draws)

My parents were both humanities majors. They named me after the Kore. It's Greek for 'maiden.' It's all about the whole Persephone myth. You know - she ate the six pomegranate seeds, so we have six months of winter.

JAMIE

Oh.

KORIN

How about you?

JAMIE

What about me?

KORIN

I told you about my name. Now it's your turn. Jamie. What's the story behind that?

JAMIE

My dad's name is Jim. I guess I'm named after him.

KORIN

The old patriarchal arrangement, huh? The son inherits the father's name... As if it were some kind of immortality, like just because you have somebody's name, you become that person.

JAMIE

Christ, I hope not.

Korin glances up at the edge in Jamie's voice.

KORIN

And your mom? What about her?

JAMIE

She took off.

KORIN

(frowning)

Just...

JAMIE

Yeah, just took off. One day.  
Without telling anyone. Without  
saying where she was going... I  
grew up in foster care.

KORIN

Sorry if I'm prying. I don't mean  
to be.

JAMIE

It's okay... I lived with maybe -  
(thinks about it)  
Six families, total.

KORIN

You didn't have any family of your  
own you could stay with? Aunts?  
Uncles? Grandparents?

JAMIE

(shaking his head)  
My dad grew up in an orphanage. My  
mom...

He shrugs.

KORIN

Is he dead? Your dad?

Jamie hesitates, unsure what to tell her.

JAMIE

Nah, he's not dead... He shot some  
guy, though. Shot dead, out in the  
woods behind our house. Just a  
neighbor, someone my dad didn't  
even know, really. He went to jail  
for it. For ten years.

Korin glances up at him to say something else but stops  
suddenly, startled. The Blackmoth shadow has appeared on the  
wall behind Jamie, perfectly lined up so that the wings  
appear to be sprouting from his back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What?

Korin blinks, shakes her head. Blackmoth is gone - it's just  
Jamie now.

KORIN

(bewildered)  
Nothing...

She goes back to drawing.

LATER

Jamie is standing behind Korin, looking over her shoulder at the PICTURE she drew: a pleasant-enough young man with dark, intense eyes.

JAMIE

It's weird looking at yourself like this, from the outside. As other people see you.

KORIN

Do you like it?

JAMIE

Yeah... I do. I really do.

She hands it to him.

KORIN

Then take it.

JAMIE

Don't you need it? For your study?

KORIN

We can draw another one. The more we do, the better for me. From a practice perspective. Let this be a souvenir.

Surprised and touched, Jamie takes the drawing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie's lying on his bed, earbuds in place, holding the picture of himself that Korin drew. He scrutinizes it, soaking it in. Putting the drawing aside, he disappears through the bedroom door. There's boisterous URINATION, followed by the FLUSH of a toilet.

A moment later, Jamie reappears and glances at the bed. He freezes in place. PAN TO THE DRAWING, lying as he left it. Except, somehow, the eyes have now been erased. Or, rather, only those dark, intense pupils, leaving just empty outlines behind.

Dread surging with in him, Jamie picks up the drawing for a closer look.

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jamie's in the flickering half-light of a candle. ASTRAL CAVE is stenciled over his shoulder.

JAMIE

Okay... I want to do it.

CABOT

(sitting opposite)

Do what?

JAMIE

You know. That thing you talked about - the demon ritual.

Cabot leans closer, into the light.

CABOT

Why the change of heart?

JAMIE

I can't go on like this. I'm hanging with Korin now, we're getting along great, and if I'm gonna get what I... I need, I have to have control.

CABOT

And this is how you'll get it?

JAMIE

(referring to Blackmoth)

I want to look that fucker in the eye... I'm tired of him hiding all the time. I wanna pull him up where I can see him, and I wanna rip his fucking head off... And then I'll have control. I'll have peace.

Cabot gives him a broad, encouraging smile.

CABOT

Well, you're starting with the right attitude, at least. But there are certain preparations that must be made first.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

CABOT V.O.

We have to wait for the New Moon,  
when the night is as dark as it  
possibly can get.

Bare TREE BRANCHES gradually resolve themselves into being  
against the blackness. They're MOVING in a blurry, dream-like  
way, an effect further enhanced by flickering, off-screen  
FIRELIGHT.

CABOT V.O. (CONT'D)

In the meantime, there are things  
you can do to prepare yourself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He's at the cheap little desk, in the pool of light cast by a  
desk lamp, drawing a PICTURE.

CABOT V.O.

They are primarily psychological -  
like drawing his picture.

DOLLY IN TO THE PICTURE

It's Blackmoth, drawn as a child would draw him, the ragged  
wings created through repeated, brutal strokes.

CABOT V.O. (CONT'D)

They say that to gain power over a  
demon, you have to learn its name.  
To summon one up from the Abyss,  
it's enough for you to know its  
form. You have to visualize. Like a  
camera lens - bring it into focus,  
and you make it real.

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A HOT PLATE has been added to the objects on the altar, and  
on it sits a POT in which a CLOUDY MIXTURE of ingredients  
simmers.

Jamie stares into it as Cabot stirs.

JAMIE

What is it?

CABOT

An extraction of alkaloids from  
mold that grows on barley - in the  
fibers and the stalks.

JAMIE

What's that do?

CABOT

It's a very, very powerful  
hallucinogen. They used it at the  
mystery rites of Eleusis for more  
than two thousand years... And some  
people say it's why medieval  
villagers saw werewolves out in the  
fields right around harvest time.  
It's a great way to tune your  
conscious perception to the  
right... Frequencies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ladling the brew they made into mismatched COFFEE MUGS, Jamie  
and Cabot both drink with great solemnity.

CABOT

(after drinking)

Let's go.

They both get up to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The same dream-like image as before: bare tree limbs against  
a pitch-black sky, lit from below by dancing firelight.  
TILTING DOWN, we see its source: a RAILROAD LANTERN held  
aloft by Cabot, dressed in a shrouded outfit that hides his  
face. He's walking along a rough forest path with Jamie right  
behind.

JAMIE

Wouldn't a flashlight be more  
practical?

CABOT

Performing a magical operation  
isn't about being practical.

(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)  
It's about setting the right mood  
as much as anything else. Remember -  
psychology. Thought is primary.

At some distance through the trees, Jamie can begin to make  
out MORE FLAMES - bigger, brighter ones.

JAMIE  
Where are we going?

CABOT  
The center of the Universe.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

An old stone building with dramatic Gothic features slowly  
being consumed by the forest. The light is coming from large  
BONFIRES set around the perimeter of the building.

JAMIE  
I never knew this was out here.

CABOT  
It's the perfect choice. It has a  
baptismal font large enough to  
submerge a grown man in.

Tripping hard now, Jamie allows himself to be led inside.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Cabot's apparently been very busy: LIGHTED CANDLES fill the  
old building, particularly near the front where, indeed,  
there sits a BAPTISMAL FONT large enough to submerge an adult  
in. It is FILLED WITH WATER.

Still shrouded, Cabot leads Jamie up to the water's edge.

CABOT  
We begin with a baptism.

JAMIE  
(starting to understand)  
What - for me? You want me to go in  
there?

CABOT  
It's a rebirth into a new life -  
and a way to cross barriers between  
worlds. Same thing, really.

JAMIE

You can't be serious! It's freezing!

CABOT

There's no other way... None.

Jamie balks a moment longer, then gives in. He starts to dip his foot in the water, but Cabot stops him.

CABOT (CONT'D)

There's one other thing first.

JAMIE

What?

CABOT

Take your shirt off.

Jamie looks like he's going to start protesting again, but then begins unzipping his jacket.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jamie stands shirtless before Cabot, who is still shrouded like some old Druid priest. From the folds of his garment, Cabot produces a SMALL BOTTLE. He uncorks it, pours some OIL into the palm of his hand, and begins rubbing it over Jamie's shoulders, back and chest.

Especially in the low, red light, the scene is frankly erotic, but Jamie makes no move to resist. Instead, he appears to have fallen into a kind of trance.

CABOT

(as he rubs)

Anointment has always been part of the baptism ritual. Early Christians would be anointed before a holy mission - it infuses the skin with the energy of God... The idea is to rub downward, pushing all the dark energies back into the Earth...

He pauses, and turns his shrouded face up to Jamie.

CABOT (CONT'D)

You'll notice we're rubbing up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

Cabot stands in the water, loudly intoning foreign passages from a GRIMOIRE he holds in one hand; while with the other, like some old-time riverside preacher, he leads Jamie - shirtless, glistening, and still apparently entranced - into the water.

Then - again like some old Baptist preacher - Cabot grabs Jamie by the shoulders and dramatically shoves his head beneath the surface.

BENEATH THE WATER,

Through the blearing lens of the surface, Cabot's hooded figure and the dancing flame-light mingle, a collage of motion and dark menace. Jamie looks down.

JAMIE'S POV

We're dropping with impossible speed through black water of seemingly infinite depth. Before darkness fills the screen entirely we get a glimpse of something - an almost REPTILIAN-LOOKING HIDE, the color of dead fish - that appears momentarily and dives again out of sight.

FADE TO:

INT. A LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Presumably part of the church - the spatial, temporal disconnect is all part of the effect. The hallway's old and, like the rest of the church, lit entirely by candles. A few feet ahead is the top of a FLIGHT OF STEPS leading down into even deeper darkness.

Jamie appears, dripping wet and still shirtless, and heads for the stairs. Cabot's instructions continue in VOICE OVER.

CABOT V.O.

You must follow the stations. They  
will lead you deeper inward, deeper  
down...

Jamie gets to the steps, begins descending.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the picture Jamie drew of Blackmoth, held in place by a CANDLE on one of the steps.

CABOT V.O.  
At each station, you will repeat  
the words I have taught you...

JAMIE  
(from memory)  
*"Denyen valocur avage secore  
Amducious."*

He moves on.

INT. DARK PLACE - NIGHT

Jamie comes down the steps into a space whose exact dimensions are impossible to determine. Widely-spaced candles stretch away in all directions before disappearing completely into darkness.

Feeling his way, Jamie begins heading away from the steps.

CABOT V.O.  
Follow the stations, and they'll  
lead you to the meeting with your  
chthonic...

Jamie stops, having discovered his next "station."

TIGHT ON STATION

Another lit candle. The object it's holding in place this time is Jamie's pendent.

Jamie feels at the base of his neck. Sure enough, the pendent's not there. He picks it up and refastens it as he repeats the phrase.

JAMIE  
*"Denyen valocur avage secore  
Amducious."*

He moves on. Cabot continues OVER.

CABOT V.O.  
He will be made present. In Time.  
In Space. In your world, your  
dominion... Where the advantage  
will be yours.

Jamie stops as an icy BLAST OF AIR rushes through him. A few of the nearer candles flicker in response. Before continuing, Jamie tries to find a source for what he just felt.

At first, nothing. But then, a short distance away, a candle blinks, as if something moved in front of it momentarily.

JAMIE

Cabot? Is that you?

No response. Another candle winks out and back, closer this time.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Cabot...? There's someone down here! Cabot?

Cabot doesn't respond. Jamie begins moving, not really sure in which direction, driven only by an urge to put distance between himself and whatever appears to be circling him in the dark.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(getting more panicky)

Cabot! I'm not alone down here, man! I think I might need help. Cabot?

Still nothing from Cabot. Another candle light blinks. Then another, closer. And another, much closer. Jamie begins to run.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(running)

Cabot! It's after me! It's fucking after me! What is it, dude? What is it?

Jamie runs blindly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(as he runs)

I can't find the stairs! Dude! You gotta help me out! Say something! Where are the stairs? CABOT! I CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE!

He dares a glance over his shoulder.

There it is: Blackmoth, supple and living. A deadly predator. It swoops in, and its UTTER BLACKNESS fills the screen.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

As before, bare TREE LIMBS gradually etch themselves into existence out of nothingness. This time, we're moving through them in a POV shot, with accompanying sounds of forest brush SCRAPING PAST. Whose POV this is, however, is unclear. We hear HEAVY BREATHING, from exertion.

Ahead, through the trees, are lights. A neighborhood of houses. We head for an outlier.

BY THE HOUSE

We come across a window. Inside stands a WOMAN at a sink, washing DISHES. She looks up, but we're already gone, moving deeper into the trees.

Then, in the distance, more lights. STREET LIGHTS this time, two of them, widely spaced along an otherwise empty street. There is a FIGURE WALKING, about to leave its protective cone of illumination.

We change course for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The same street we just saw in the POV shot. The figure walking is a YOUNG WOMAN in a heavy winter jacket over a polyester fast-food uniform. She pauses at the edge of the light.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Hello? Is anybody there?

Nothing. Probably just the wind, aided by her morbid imagination. She continues on her way, until she is completely lost in the darkness.

FADE TO:

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

Morning. Jamie slowly comes awake in his bed. He's filthy, and so is the bed: covered in muck and grime, and even a few dead leaves. He holds his hands up to look at them.

His eyes go wide. There's not just mud on his hands, but BLOOD as well. Lots of it. He looks down at his body. More blood there - almost as if he had been rolling in it.

## INT. BATHROOM

Jamie scrubs himself vigorously in the shower, examining himself for any wound that might account for all that blood.

## SHORTLY LATER

By the mirror, Jamie is still looking for a wound. Turning around, he notices something on his back: not a wound, but a LESION - almost like the beginnings of varicose veins.

Finding nothing else, Jamie slowly turns back. Dread begins to fill his eyes.

## EXT. WOODS - DAY

Bundled against the cold, Jamie tries to retrace his steps from last night. It all looks so different in the daytime. At one point, he's stopped by something that looks familiar. A particular grouping of trees.

## FLASHBACK

That same grouping of trees from last night. Only this time with flames between them.

## BACK IN THE PRESENT

Stirred by the image, Jamie goes for a closer look.

## EXT. WOODS - DIFFERENT LOCATION - DAY

Jamie stands bewildered. He's looking at an abandoned shack, sway-backed from the forest vegetation slowly dragging it into the Earth.

He tries to remember. Something happened here... But what?

## EXT. WOODS - DIFFERENT LOCATION - DAY

Jamie walks through the denuded trees, trying to remember what he can. Ahead, a neighborhood of grubby split-levels becomes visible. He turns in a different direction. In the distance is a lonely street with no houses, but a few widely-spaced streetlights.

## FLASHBACK

The street last night with the two widely-spaced streetlights. The figure walking between them.

## IN THE PRESENT

Jamie moves off toward the street.

## EXT. STREET - DAY

Jamie emerges from the trees and looks around. No memories jump out at him. He begins walking.

After getting a short distance, something in the woods grabs his attention. A color. Jamie goes closer to investigate.

## EXT. WOODS - DAY

A few dozen yards in, Jamie comes upon the swatch of polyester that caught his eye. It's part of a MANGLED, BLOODY CORPSE mostly hidden by forest brush and leaves. The young woman we saw last night, the one walking along the street.

Once he realizes what it is, Jamie springs back and begins vomiting uncontrollably. Finished, he stares at his discovery in a state of near catatonic shock.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jamie's walking fast along the shoulder - almost running - his face a mask of shock and disbelief.

## EXT. CABOT'S GARAGE - DAY

Jamie arrives. The place is oddly quiet. Eerily so, in fact.

JAMIE  
(calling)  
Hello? Anyone here?

When no one answers, Jamie heads for the stairs.

EXT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jamie charges up the steps and barely pauses to turn the knob on the door. It doesn't open. He slams into it with a force that almost knocks him back down the stairs.

Recovering, Jamie again tries the door and discovers that it's locked. He begins pounding on it with his fist.

JAMIE

Cabot! Yo, dude - it's me, Jamie...  
I know you're fucking in there,  
man! You better be! Cabot! You  
gotta let me in.

When there is still no answer, Jamie starts pounding harder.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

CABOT!! Don't fucking do this to  
me, man! You can't just leave me  
hanging. Not for this! Don't do  
this... Cabot!

Kicking and screaming, he approaches another red-out. Finally Jamie stops and runs back down the steps.

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A ROCK shatters a window pane next to the front door. A hand reaches through and unlocks the door. The door opens and there stands Jamie, framed by daylight.

Inside the apartment, in the shadows, Cabot sits by the altar in his recliner. He seems oddly passive.

CABOT

You're paying for that.

Jamie enters.

JAMIE

Dude! Why didn't you answer?

CABOT

I'm in a meditative state.

JAMIE

What? You can't be serious! Do you  
know what's fucking happened?

CABOT

What?

JAMIE  
A girl is dead, that's what!  
Killed...  
(the image of it returns  
to him)  
Jesus Christ...

CABOT  
You found her?

JAMIE  
Yes! Out in the woods!

CABOT  
Did you call the police?

Jamie looks at him in tortured silence.

CABOT (CONT'D)  
Why not?

JAMIE  
(almost whispering)  
Cabot... What did we do last night?

CABOT  
You don't remember?

JAMIE  
Only parts.

CABOT  
We summoned up your chthonic, just  
as planned.

Jamie stands wild-eyed, trying to pull memories together.

JAMIE  
No... It's not possible...

CABOT  
What's not possible?

JAMIE  
It was just supposed to be  
psychological...

CABOT  
You're right. And that's what it  
was.

JAMIE  
There's no way... He... Could do  
it...

CABOT  
Do what? Kill that girl?

Jamie looks at him in silent disbelief.

CABOT (CONT'D)  
Well, if it wasn't him, then it  
must have been you.

Jamie's close to hyperventilating.

JAMIE  
No... No...

CABOT  
What are your choices, dude?

JAMIE  
Her eyes - you should have seen her  
eyes...

CABOT  
There was no one else out there,  
was there?

JAMIE  
There must have been.

CABOT  
Who? I was in the church.

Jamie's violently shaking his head, as if that will somehow  
negate all this.

JAMIE  
No... No...

CABOT  
Okay, listen, listen - calm down.

Jamie tries, without much success.

JAMIE  
What... What should I do?

CABOT  
Just lay low. That's the best  
thing. Go on as normal, keep your  
head down, don't attract any  
attention. Maybe this'll all blow  
over.

(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)

If not, if someone does find the body - well, the first thing they'll look for is people who were acting weird around the time it happened. So don't act weird. Can you manage that?

Jamie nods uncertainly.

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - DAY

Jamie arrives to find DiPatrio's car. Scowling, he continues toward the house itself.

INT. FITCH HOUSE - DAY

Jamie enters. MEN'S VOICES come from the kitchen. Jamie follows them to his father and DiPatrio at the table. While not exactly friendly, the meeting seems casual enough.

DIPATRIO

Jamie! How are you?

JAMIE

What's going on?

JIM

He's pumping me for information. He thinks he's being slick about it, though.

Puzzled, Jamie looks at DiPatrio, who stands up.

DIPATRIO

Don't listen to him - we were just chatting. I wanted to stop by and check up on things, see how you were settling in. Completely informal.

He steps up to Jamie.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

I also figured I'd offer something you couldn't possibly refuse: a big, old breakfast. You hungry?

Jamie's stomach reminds him that, despite everything, he hasn't yet eaten today.

INT. DIPATRIO'S CAR - DAY

DiPatrio drives while Jamie sits in the passenger seat.

JAMIE

So, what - you checking up on me at my dad's now?

DIPATRIO

I've stopped by once or twice before, since he got out. Just to see for myself if I needed to worry about him. From a Law Enforcement perspective.

JAMIE

And do you?

DIPATRIO

Nah - I'd say he's pretty harmless.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jamie zestfully consumes a massive BREAKFAST while DiPatrio nurses a CUP OF COFFEE.

DIPATRIO

So - you look at any of the stuff I gave you? About the prep course for the GED exam?

JAMIE

(still eating)  
Not yet.

DIPATRIO

Do you still have it?

JAMIE

(a brief hesitation)  
I might need to get it again.

DiPatrio can't hide his frustration.

DIPATRIO

Alright, well I'll get it to you again. But hold on to it this time, Jamie. Fill it out. Send it in.

Jamie puts down his fork abruptly and looks directly at DiPatrio.

JAMIE

Why?

DIPATRIO

Because you were a good student,  
Jamie. All your teachers said that,  
until you dropped out.

JAMIE

(shaking his head)

No, I mean why do you even care?  
About me? About what happens to me  
and what I do? I mean - do you  
crawl into the lives of everyone  
you've ever busted? Or even just  
come across as a cop?

DiPatrio thinks about it for a moment.

DIPATRIO

No. I can't say I have. You and  
your dad, though... Especially you.

JAMIE

What about me?

DIPATRIO

I dunno. Thinking back to the night  
your dad was arrested, and I first  
saw you... He had been processed  
out by the time I got back to the  
station, but you were there.  
Waiting for the DYFS lady to get  
you... I remember I tried saying  
something - Christ, I dunno,  
something encouraging. But what  
could you say? You weren't crying.  
I remember that. Not a tear.  
Nothing.

Jamie, having resumed eating, gives a little shrug.

JAMIE

Well, my dad just got arrested. I  
was in shock.

DIPATRIO

Could be... Could have been more  
going on. Don't know - there was  
never any physical examination, as  
far as I know.

Jamie gives him a look.

JAMIE

My dad never beat me, if that's  
what you're talking about.

DIPATRIO

I've seen kids say the same thing  
on the witness stand. Even though  
they're all bruised, with broken  
bones... Runs through families like  
a disease, as if it were genetic.

Jamie looks him in the eye.

JAMIE

My dad never beat me.

Backing off, DiPatrio sips his coffee.

INT. COLLEGE - LIBRARY - DAY

Jamie's at one of the COMPUTERS. On the screen is the website  
of the local newspaper, the main headlines. No mention of a  
murdered corpse or any missing young women.

INT. COLLEGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie mops, his earbuds keeping the activity at bay.

INT. BUS - EARLY EVENING

Jamie sits as usual, watching the dreariness go by. The power  
lines are singing again, joined now by VOICES that comment on  
him in simple, declarative sentences.

VOICES

He's on a bus... He's going home...  
He's getting away with it...

INT. COLLEGE - LIBRARY - DAY

Another day. Jamie's at the computer, scanning the newspaper.  
No bodies, no missing girls. Nothing.

INT. COLLEGE - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamie enters to find Korin with a young HIPSTER DUDE around  
her own age. He's looking over her shoulder as she works on  
her COMPUTER. She notices Jamie a moment before he does.

KORIN

Oh, hey - what's up? Just put your things down. We're finishing up.

HIPSTER DUDE

Yeah - won't be a moment.

Jamie puts down his backpack and shrugs off his jacket. Korin begins closing down her computer as the student begins gathering his things.

HIPSTER DUDE (CONT'D)

Thanks, babe. You're a life-saver.

He leaves, but not before planting a little kiss on Korin's lips. Jamie looks away awkwardly as he passes by.

LATER

Jamie is back on the stool, in a new angle, as Korin draws him.

JAMIE

So what was that?

KORIN

What was what?

JAMIE

What you were working on, when I came in.

KORIN

Oh, that? Just this thing I'm doing, more or less as a favor. Designing the poster for this party coming up.

JAMIE

For that guy? The one who was here?

KORIN

Yup.

JAMIE

He's a student?

KORIN

Yes, he is.

JAMIE

What's his name?

KORIN  
Specter.

JAMIE  
(incredulous)  
Specter?

KORIN  
Yeah - DJ Specter. Well, that's  
just his stage name or whatever.

JAMIE  
What's his real name?

KORIN  
Cody.

Jamie can't help smirking.

JAMIE  
Then why not that? DJ Cody?

Korin shoots him a little smile.

KORIN  
Do I detect a trace of mockery over  
there?

She goes on drawing.

LATER

Several DRAWINGS OF JAMIE lie on Korin's drafting table. He's  
standing behind her, looking at them over her shoulder.  
They're drinking WINE from STYROFOAM CUPS.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
So - whaddya say - you got another  
one in you?

JAMIE  
Yeah, sure.  
(heads to the stool and  
sits)  
You got all four angles, though.  
What else is there?

KORIN  
Well, in body work, the model is  
usually undraped...

JAMIE  
What's that mean?

She grins slyly over her cup of wine.

KORIN

Nude.

Jamie's eyes widen in panic.

JAMIE

What?!

KORIN

Relax. I'm not asking you to get naked. Maybe just take your shirt off, so I could get a sense of your form and musculature.

Reluctantly, Jamie stands up and begins pulling off his sweatshirt and T-shirt.

JAMIE

Well, I can't guarantee you'll be seeing a lot of 'musculature...'

Bare-chested and self-conscious, Jamie returns to his perch on the stool.

KORIN

It's not a big deal... You just have to understand how the artistic process works.

JAMIE

(a bit defensive)

I understand it. I told you - I write.

KORIN

Yes... You did. What do you write?

JAMIE

I write in my journal. All the time. I have it with me in fact, in my bag.

KORIN

You do? I'd love to hear something you've written.

JAMIE

No, you wouldn't.

KORIN

I would! I'm not just saying that.  
I honestly would love to hear a  
piece of your writing.

JAMIE

Wouldn't it screw up your drawing?  
The angle of my head and all?

KORIN

We got all the basics covered. Now  
we can get a little more  
creative... Go grab your journal.

JAMIE

Alright.

Getting up, he rummages through his backpack and returns to  
the stool with his notebook. He begins paging through it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Like, what do you want to hear?

KORIN

I don't know what you have.

JAMIE

Stories, essays, little poems and  
stuff... Wait a minute, this is  
short. A little short story.

(begins reading)

"His name was Thomas. Not Tom. Not  
Tommy. Thomas. It made him sound  
better, he thought. More  
respectable."

As he reads, Korin continues drawing. KEEP CROSS-CUTTING  
between Jamie reading, Korin drawing, and the image of Jamie  
taking form on the paper.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"He grew up in an orphanage, along  
with his identical twin brother -  
who didn't have a name, because no  
one had ever seen him. He was an  
expert at staying just out of  
sight, pulling tricks that Thomas  
would get blamed for.

Finally, a family did adopt Thomas.  
At last it was his turn to say good-  
bye to the orphanage.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The problem was that his evil twin came along as well, and started causing trouble. Stealing things, first from Thomas' new brother, then his mother and finally his father. Thomas knew he had to do something.

As a dentist, his new dad kept sleeping gas in the house. One night, after everyone had gone to bed, Thomas opened up all the cannisters so that his evil twin would get knocked out, and Thomas could show everyone who the real troublemaker was.

However, his twin had secretly replaced the sleeping gas with poison gas, swapping the labels so that Thomas wouldn't know the difference.

He found the bodies just before dawn. They had all died horribly, with puffy, bloated faces, and blood trickling from their mouths.

When he got to the kitchen downstairs, his evil twin was waiting for him. "You're going to be the one who gets blamed for this," he said, and Thomas knew he was right.

The twin told him there was still time to get away before sunrise. He opened the back door and stepped out, then held it for Thomas, who hesitated just a moment before stepping out as well, into the darkness, where he secretly knew he always belonged."

Jamie looks up at Korin.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And that's it. The end.

Korin sits thoughtfully for a moment, then lays her pencil down on the table.

KORIN  
I think it's time for a break.  
Don't you?

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

A roadside bar semi-crowded with PATRONS. Jamie and Korin are playing pool. They each have BEERS; Jamie is handling his awkwardly.

KORIN  
(taking her shot)  
First time in a bar?

She sinks the ball.

JAMIE  
No... Well, yes - the first time I  
got served, anyway.

KORIN  
Yeah, the bartender's a sweetheart.  
Seven in the corner.

She takes the shot. Sinks it.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
I liked your story. Very...  
Economical. And layered. You know?  
How psychologically ambiguous it  
was. And the tragic irony at the  
end...

JAMIE  
Thanks.

KORIN  
I mean it. The point is, you're a  
good writer. Do you take any  
classes at the college?

JAMIE  
Not right now, no... But I'd like  
to.

KORIN  
You should. Eight ball in the  
corner...

She takes the shot and misses it - perhaps on purpose, to  
give Jamie a turn. She steps back as he approaches.

KORIN (CONT'D)

It might make sense for me to work with someone on the story end of the project. Just for perspective. It's something I've thought about before...

JAMIE

Four in the corner.

He takes the shot and misses.

KORIN

(taking her turn)

I think maybe I need to 'get to know' the character better, and working with another person might help. You think you might be interested in something like that?

JAMIE

What? Helping you write your novel?

KORIN

Graphic novel. And I mean maybe getting together to throw some story ideas around. Why not? I believe in collaboration... And right now, I have to confess to having a little writer's block. So whaddya think?

Nodding eagerly, Jamie takes a deep gulp from his beer.

JAMIE

Yeah, of course! That would be awesome.

KORIN

Cool - I was hoping you would say that.

EXT. TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Korin is stepping gingerly over the icy lot as Jamie follows.

JAMIE

You can just drop me back at the college, and I can catch the late bus home.

KORIN  
What's that run? Like, once an hour? Don't be ridiculous. I'll just take you home - it's no biggie.

Jamie, blanching, misses a step. Korin notices.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
Unless that's a problem...

JAMIE  
(recovering quickly)  
No... No problem. Thanks.

INT. KORIN'S CAR - NIGHT

She drives while Jamie sits in the passenger seat. He points through the windshield to an approaching intersection.

JAMIE  
You can just let me off here, on the corner.

KORIN  
What - here? It's the middle of nowhere.

JAMIE  
No it isn't - I can just walk the rest of the way.

KORIN  
It's dark, and cold! I can take you... I don't mind.

JAMIE  
It's okay. Really. I can walk. I like the fresh air. Really.

There's a certain firmness in Jamie's voice that keeps Korin from pressing the issue.

KORIN  
Well, if you insist... Alright.

She stops and watches as he gets out.

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jamie is wrestling a huge BAG full of garbage to the side of the road when DiPatrio pulls up and stops. He gets out and approaches Jamie.

DIPATRIO  
Your dad around?

JAMIE  
Not right now.

DiPatrio nods, frowning.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Were you supposed to meet him or something? Is he in trouble?

DIPATRIO  
No, nothing like that. I'm just following up a lead on something. Very routine.

JAMIE  
What?

DIPATRIO  
Missing-persons case. A young woman on her way home from work never got there and her family is worried.

Jamie tries very, very hard to control his reaction.

JAMIE  
And you think my dad has something to do with it?

DIPATRIO  
No, not really... But it's a lead, however weak, and I have to follow up on it. Do me a favor - tell your dad I was here and have him call me, alright?

DiPatrio drives away as Jamie tries the best he can to look normal.

EXT. CABOT'S GARAGE - DAY

There appears to be no activity at all, as if it were closed for the day.

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A SHADOW falls across the broken window next to the front door. A FIST POUNDS on the door outside.

JAMIE'S VOICE

(shouting)

Cabot! Let me in! We need to talk,  
man!

There's a second or two, then Jamie's hand again reaches through the broken window and unlocks the door. He steps inside.

There's no sign of Cabot. Everything else is here: altar, SOFA, "ASTRAL CAVE" - just no Cabot.

JAMIE

(calling)

Cabot! Dude! You hiding, or what?

Jamie disappears into the bathroom and returns after finding it empty. His bewilderment is beginning to take on an edge of panic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The street with the widely-spaced streetlights. Jamie is walking swiftly, anxiously, when suddenly he stops. Ahead is A MAN holding a DOG LEASH, ducking into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

PANTING and TRAMPLING PAWS approach the dead girl. A DOG appears and begins sniffing around, followed shortly after by a MAN'S VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Jimbo! Where are you, boy? C'mon -  
don't be running off!

WIDE

The man with the leash approaches from the road, then grimaces at the stench.

MAN

God! What did you get into now?

Suddenly Jamie appears, shooing the dog away.

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Jamie)  
 Oh, hey! Didn't see you there.  
 Everything okay?

JAMIE  
 Yeah... Lost your dog, huh? Well,  
 there he is.

Giving Jamie a somewhat suspicious look, the man fastens the leash onto the dog's collar and begins heading back to the street.

After he's gone, Jamie turns toward the corpse.

EXT. WOODS - DIFFERENT LOCATION - DAY

CLOSE ON JAMIE'S FACE, grim and stony, as he drags, with some difficulty, an object through the trees.

EXT. MARSH - DAY

In dreamy SOFT FOCUS, Jamie stands in water up to his waist, holding up some polyester-clad thing. Finished tying a CINDER BLOCK around it, he lets go and watches it sink into the murk.

The voice of a YOUNG MAN says OVER:

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)  
 She'll be back.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

The voice belongs to Specter, Korin's DJ-friend. He's sitting in the office, going through a MILK CRATE of VINYL RECORDS, as Jamie enters.

JAMIE  
 Thanks.

He begins putting his belongings down.

SPECTER  
 How's that project with her going?  
 That graphic novel?

JAMIE  
 Fine.

SPECTER

Cool. She says it's been rattling around in her head for years now. But she has time for other things, too. Like Saturnalia.

JAMIE

What's that?

SPECTER

Old-school warehouse party. The twist is that it's all the way out in the woods, in this crazy abandoned mill that's, like, 200 years old. There's some whacked shit out there, dude.

JAMIE

I know... And that's what you use? Those old records?

Specter pulls one of his 12-inches from the crate.

SPECTER

I get them from this place in the city, off South Street. Jungle, Drum-n-Bass, Dub-step, white labels...

JAMIE

(completely lost)  
White labels?

In explanation, Specter taps the blank-white label of the 12-inch he's holding.

SPECTER

Hot off the presses.

JAMIE

Well - I think my dad has boxes full of them in the basement, if you want. They might be a little warped.

SPECTER

(shaking his head)  
It's kind of a specialized market.

At that moment, Korin enters and notices Jamie.

KORIN

Oh, hey - I thought I'd be back before you got here. Sorry.

JAMIE  
No worries.

SPECTER  
I was just telling him about  
Saturnalia. The mythological winter  
jam.

JAMIE  
"Mythological?"

SPECTER  
In honor of Saturn, greatest of the  
gods of the underworld, whose time  
is the darkness of winter, when the  
sun is most distant... And pagans  
rule.

Jamie nods without replying. With a little grin, Specter  
grabs the milk crate.

SPECTER (CONT'D)  
(to Korin)  
Later, babe.

He leaves.

LATER

Korin is sitting behind her table while Jamie lounges at a  
desk nearby.

KORIN  
The main character's name is  
Brother Joseph.

JAMIE  
"Brother?" What - is he, like, your  
brother or something?

KORIN  
No. "Brother" as in, like a monk.  
Like the Knights Templar, or  
something like that.

JAMIE  
What's the Knights Templar?

KORIN  
Kind of these warrior monks. They  
defended the Holy Land during the  
Middle Ages.

The 'warrior monk' concept fires Jamie's imagination.

JAMIE

Wow - warrior monks! Fighters for a holy cause.

KORIN

You can say so, I guess.

JAMIE

So, what - there's like a whole Army of them? Fighting the Armies of Darkness? There could be a big battle.

KORIN

Like the Battle of Armageddon.

JAMIE

(standing up)

Exactly! A final battle between Good and Evil. The biggest showdown of all time. But guess what? This time, Good doesn't win.

KORIN

It doesn't?

JAMIE

No, it doesn't....

As Jamie speaks, propelled by his own enthusiasm, we

DISSOLVE TO:

*BROTHER JOSEPH PANEL*

Drawn in the style of a graphic novel. A blasted wasteland, with piles of rubble everywhere. Taking cover is BROTHER JOSEPH - a young warrior with Jamie's face, whose uniform bears something like the red cross of the Knights Templar.

MOTION ANIMATE the still image as Jamie describes OVER.

JAMIE (V.O.)

... What if the forces of Evil win, and the Army of Goodness is on the run? Hunted down, one by one...

IN NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Korin smiles.

KORIN

What, and Joseph is one of them? A man on the run?

JAMIE

That's right. He has to struggle to survive... In this whole Mad Max wasteland - only worse, because he's being hunted down by... What should we call him? The Devil?

KORIN

We could come up with a better name, but same concept, yeah... Sure.

JAMIE

Awesome! So you like it?

KORIN

I do, yes.

JAMIE

Excellent...

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. FITCH HOUSE - BATHROOM

Having just gotten out of the shower, Jamie is twisted around in front of the mirror, examining those lesions on his back. The first one appears to be spreading, while ANOTHER has begun forming on the other side.

INT. FITCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Holding his jacket, Jamie comes downstairs to find his dad, beer in hand, planted in front of a TELEVISION so old it still has RABBIT EARS. Jamie sits on the ratty COUCH next to it.

JAMIE

I wanted to ask you something.

JIM

Yeah? What?

JAMIE

What was it like? When you first started getting sick?

Jim looks at him, frowning.

JIM  
First started getting sick? You  
mean with all the schizo stuff?

JAMIE  
Yeah.

JIM  
Christ, Jamie - I don't know. I  
don't remember. My head was pretty  
screwed up at that point. They  
didn't even start me on the Haldol  
til I got to prishon...  
(slurs the word, dribbling  
saliva a bit)  
Prison... Why? Why are you asking  
now?

As Jamie gazes silently, Korin's says OVER:

KORIN (V.O.)  
He needs to go on a quest.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamie and Korin are hashing out the story. It's a different  
night.

JAMIE  
(responding to Korin's  
comment)  
What do you mean?

KORIN  
Right now, Joseph sounds too  
passive. Just trying to survive.  
He's got to go on a mission, I  
think. Some kind of quest.

JAMIE  
Like, for what? Gold?

KORIN  
No - something more meaningful.  
More primal. Like love. Like they  
did in the old Knight-Errant tales.  
The fairy tales.

JAMIE  
You mean, like, rescue a damsel in  
distress, or something?

KORIN

Well, that would be chivalrous, but monks don't exactly have girlfriends.

Jamie thinks about it for a moment, staring into space. A thought occurs to him.

JAMIE

'Real' girlfriends, no - but what about visionary ones?

KORIN

'Visionary?' Like a dream?

JAMIE

(thinking it through)  
Maybe something like that... But still a consciousness of some kind, from some alternate universe. A mind. Who needs a body? They meet in their dreams....

DISSOLVE TO:

*BROTHER JOSEPH PANEL 2*

Night. The horizon's lit by fires from a ruined world. Joseph snatches what little bit of sleep he can...

JAMIE (V.O.)

... Every night. The same dream - or the same place, anyway... With the same woman...

From Joseph sleeping, we PAN OVER to a thought bubble with a world in perfect contrast to this one: serene, lovely and - most important - populated by a WOMAN of ethereal beauty.

JAMIE (V.O.)

... These dreams - they seem more real to him than his real world. He lives for them, meeting her there... She's his reason for being - his whole world.

IN NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Korin gets a thought.

KORIN

Like Beatrice.

JAMIE

Who?

KORIN

From Dante's *Inferno*. I'll show  
you.

BY COMPUTER

Korin has a canto from the poem up on the screen, and is  
reading from it.

KORIN (CONT'D)

(reading)

*"There is a noble Lady who weeps in  
Heaven for this thwarted man..."*

Jamie, reading over her shoulder, reaches out to the screen,  
where there's a Renaissance PORTRAIT of the Lady in question.

KORIN (CONT'D)

(reading)

*"Beatrice, true credit to our God,  
will you not help the man who so  
loves you that for your sake he  
left the common crowd?"*

Jamie's fingers brush against the image.

DREAM SEQUENCE

It begins just like the earlier one: a floating POV shot  
through the upstairs of the Fitch house, bathed in Empyrean  
brilliance.

As before, we enter the bedroom at the end of the hall, but  
this time, Jamie's mother is not on the bed. PAN OVER to the  
far wall, which went unseen in the last dream. It's the  
CRUDELY FASHIONED WALL of a medieval-looking cottage. There's  
a stout DOOR in the middle, with a PEEPHOLE in the center. We  
float up to the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Is the blasted landscape of *Brother Joseph*. In the foreground  
is the ETHEREAL BEAUTY Jamie imagined for Joseph. Only this  
time, she has Korin's face. Suddenly, the air is torn by a  
SCREAM, and the scene darkens, as if from a shadow diving out  
of the sky.

INT. FITCH HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT on Jamie, as he comes awake from this nightmare. A floodlight outside is what woke him. The Blackmoth shadow looms on the ceiling over the bed.

JAMIE (V.O.)  
And mom...?

The LINE BRIDGES as we

CUT TO:

INT. FITCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The conversation between Jamie and his father continues.

JIM  
Your mom? What about her?

Jamie's eyes are starting to go red. When he speaks, there's a hitch to his voice.

JAMIE  
You tell me.

JIM  
What can I tell? She left. Just,  
one day... Never said where she was  
going or nothing...

JAMIE  
I know, I remember... I remember  
you telling me all that, after...  
But I also had time to wonder.  
Plenty of time to wonder...

JIM  
Wonder what?

JAMIE  
I dunno, like, maybe - you coulda  
killed her one night...

Jim waves his arms dismissively.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
(voice rising)  
...and buried her out in the woods  
somewhere. I mean, I dunno, you  
were so outta your head then, you  
probably wouldn't even remember,  
right?

JIM

I killed her? Christ, Jamie, is that what you think?

JAMIE

Well, there's gotta be a reason, right? Why she left, why she never... even tried... to contact me...

JIM

Listen, Jamie - your Ma was no saint, and you would have to be to put up with me then. She had plenty of reason to go, believe me.

He pauses, reminiscence filling his eyes for a moment.

JIM (CONT'D)

But kill her? No... Never. I'd kill myself first. Crazy or sane.

Jamie's only response is an angry glare. Finally he gets up and begins putting on his jacket.

JAMIE

(sullenly)

I gotta get to work.

He leaves.

INT. FITCH HOUSE - DAY

Jim is alone now in front of the old TV. He drains the last of his BEER, gets up to get another. FOLLOW JIM down the hallway to the

KITCHEN

Where he opens the fridge, grabs another can from a CASE inside, and returns to the

LIVING ROOM.

He plops back into the ratty chair, cracks open the beer and takes a pull. A VOICE suddenly speaks out of nowhere.

VOICE

Bug.

Jim leaps in response. Grabbing the remote, he mutes the TV. He's shaken, more badly than one might expect.

He gradually becomes aware of WHISPERS. The same ones Jamie has heard. Jim slowly stands up. They seem to be coming from behind him. Slowly, senses on high alert, Jim follows the whispering back into the hallway. He stops just outside the kitchen entrance.

They're louder here, except that they're not really whispers anymore. More of a RUSTLING, like the wings of insects.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Sick!

Jim once again jumps, spins around, but sees no one. A SHADOW falls across his face. He doesn't stick around to see more. With a shout, Jim turns and bolts through the living room and out the front door...

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Where he nearly runs into DiPatrio, trotting up the steps with a package of PRINTED MATERIAL bearing the letters G.E.D.

DIPATRIO

Jim! Jesus - what's going on?

Jim looks at him wild-eyed, literally speechless.

JIM

Inside...

DIPATRIO

What? There's someone inside?

Jim nods. Looking through the open front door, DiPatrio unstraps his weapon and enters.

INT. FITCH HOUSE - DAY

FOLLOW DIPATRIO as, having checked the living room, he proceeds down the hallway toward the kitchen. He pauses at the entrance. Uneasy, he pulls his gun from its holster.

He enters the kitchen. Nothing but the rickety table, the sink full of dirty dishes... The usual.

Holstering his weapon again, DiPatrio goes to the back door and looks through the window to the yard.

PAN QUICKLY across the yard: the collage of trees, shadows and dead-wood gray. Camouflaged in its midst is Blackmoth.

DiPatrio stops, looks again. It's the back yard, same as before. Minus Blackmoth. He blinks, not sure if his eyes are playing tricks on him.

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - DAY

DiPatrio comes down the steps from the porch, where Jim waits anxiously in the driveway.

JIM

Well?

Still puzzling, DiPatrio shakes his head: nothing.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Jamie sits at one of the desks, looking bored. Nearby, Korin and Specter huddle over the SATURNALIA POSTER on the screen of her computer.

JAMIE

I could come back another time, if you're busy.

SPECTER

Dude, I apologize - it's just that this shit is getting close, and there are a million details to stay on top of.

KORIN

We're almost done.

Jamie nods, and remains in place.

JAMIE

So you said this is mythological, this Saturnalia?

SPECTER

Yeah - social norms would be turned upside down, masters would wait on their slaves... And everyone partied. There was one guy called the *princeps*, who was everybody's master, and could tell them all to dance naked or jump in the water and they had to obey.

JAMIE

And you're going to have that at your party?

SPECTER

You betcha.

JAMIE

Who's it going to be? This *princeps*?

Specter gives him a self-consciously smug grin.

SPECTER

Who else but the almighty DJ?

INT. KORIN'S CAR - NIGHT

She's driving Jamie home, bubbling with excitement.

KORIN

This is really turning out great! I think we're on the way to nailing it.

JAMIE

*Brother Joseph?*

KORIN

Yeah.

JAMIE

Great... It'll be cool when you'll go back to having more time for it.

KORIN

What do you mean?

JAMIE

After this whole party thing. With the *princeps* almighty...

Korin shoots him a sidelong grin.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Korin has just let Jamie off. He's sticking his head through the window.

KORIN

So, I was thinking that next time we don't have to necessarily meet at the college.

JAMIE

We don't?

KORIN

Nah - I have my own place. I mean, my folks pay for it, but it's still *technically* mine.

JAMIE

That would be great.

KORIN

I'll even make dinner, to celebrate our progress. I'm a decent cook. I mean - they're not gonna put me on TV anytime soon, but I promise I won't poison you.

Jamie is a little stunned at the offer but trying not to show it.

JAMIE

Oh... Okay... Sure. That would be really great.

KORIN

Alright, it's a date. I'll see you then. Bye.

She pulls away.

FADE TO:

EXT. MARSH - DAY

At first, the water is inky-black and still, but then several small bubbles prick the surface, followed by a few larger ones. Then, like a repressed memory, up comes Jamie's dead girl, bloated and unrecognizable.

INT. COLLEGE - CAFETERIA - DAY

Jamie is wiping down tables when a SCREAM rips through the room. Like everyone else, he turns toward the source: a small group of YOUNG WOMEN holding each other and sobbing nearby.

Horror washes over Jamie. That was the exact same scream he heard in his dream the other night.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Jamie is walking home from work. Movement catches his eye and he looks up.

Deep in the woods is what appears to be intense POLICE ACTIVITY. Yellow CRIME SCENE TAPE is up, and beyond it PEOPLE in uniform and plain clothes are working.

Dread rising afresh, Jamie moves on.

EXT. OUTSIDE FITCH HOUSE - DAY

Jamie arrives to find his dad nailing a NEW FLOOD LIGHT to a tree. He seems manic.

JAMIE

What are you doing?

JIM

What's it look like I'm doing? I'm setting up a light. What - you suddenly gone simple or something?

JAMIE

Why?

JIM

Little girl got raped and murdered out in the woods. Happened some time back but they just found the body now.

JAMIE

How do you know?

JIM

Police told me when they came out here.

Jamie's veins turn to ice.

JAMIE

The police... They were here? Why?

JIM

What do you mean, why? They're canvassing the whole area.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

And where else would you start but  
the home of the nearest convicted  
killer?

Jamie looks at him with deadly seriousness.

JAMIE

It wasn't you, was it? Who killed  
that girl?

Jim waves the question away like an annoying fly.

JIM

Nah, and I have a whole bar-full of  
witnesses to back me up. Anyway,  
I'm not out here setting up this  
shit 'cause I'm afraid the cops  
might arrest me. And I'm keeping  
them on all night now - fuck the  
electric bill.

JAMIE

Why?

JIM

Because... Something's back.  
Something really bad. Something I  
thought I was done with a long time  
ago.

Jamie suddenly understands: his father is talking about a  
Blackmoth of his own. He finds the revelation stunning.

JAMIE

(almost hissing)

What is it?

Jim stops to look at him.

JIM

I don't know. Something dark.  
Deadly. Evil... It gets inside you,  
screws with your head so you can't  
think, don't know which thoughts  
are your own... Then you have to  
live with what happens.

JAMIE

What can you do?

JIM

What do you mean, 'What can you  
do'?

JAMIE

To fight it... What can you do?

For some reason, Jim finds the question funny.

JIM

Son, if I knew the answer to that,  
you think this would be my life?

He goes back to nailing his floodlight to the tree.

THROUGH A CAR WINDSHIELD - DAY

A figure in a huge Army jacket trudges along the road ahead.  
Driving the car, DiPatrio pulls up alongside.

DIPATRIO

(calling)

Jamie! Let me give you a ride.

Jamie keeps walking.

JAMIE

That's alright. The bus stop is  
right up here.

DiPatrio pulls over, blocking him, and opens the passenger  
door. The invitation wasn't exactly voluntary. Jamie gets in  
the car and they resume driving.

DIPATRIO

I guess you heard about what  
happened out in the woods near your  
house, huh?

JAMIE

My dad told me. Said you questioned  
him about it.

DIPATRIO

Well - 'questioned?' We asked him  
if he saw anything, heard anything -  
just like we would with anyone in  
the area at the time.

Jamie nods noncommittally.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

Her name was Stacy Carvaccio. The  
same girl I stopped by to talk to  
your dad about, I'm afraid. She's  
been missing since she left work  
back on the 6th.

JAMIE

The sixth?

DIPATRIO

Yep. Do you remember that night?  
Was your dad home?

JAMIE

Well - you asked him. What did he  
tell you?

DIPATRIO

I'm asking you, Jamie. Was he home?

Jamie hesitates briefly.

JAMIE

I don't know... I wasn't home  
myself. I was out with a friend.

DiPatrio nods.

DIPATRIO

Okay... You know, Stacy wasn't just  
killed, she was raped as well. In a  
brutal, animalistic way. The one  
plus is that we managed to pull a  
generous semen sample for DNA  
analysis.

JAMIE

Really?

DIPATRIO

Yep - it's up at the state lab  
being worked on even as we speak.

(pauses a beat)

The FBI has a whole genetic  
database. As a former convict, your  
dad'll be in it. If there's a  
match, we'll know soon.

JAMIE

No doubt.

DIPATRIO

There is no doubt. It's science.  
Hard physical evidence you can't  
argue with... So let me just ask  
you. Could there be a match?

JAMIE  
Anything's possible.  
(indicates out the window)  
You can let me out right here.

DiPatrio pulls over and stops. Just as Jamie is getting out, he asks another question.

DIPATRIO  
One last thing - this friend you  
were with. You got a name for him?

JAMIE  
Cabot Leed.

DiPatrio writes the name down in a little notebook.

DIPATRIO  
What about an address, some way I  
can contact him if I have to?

JAMIE  
Well, I don't know the address  
exactly... He lives over that  
garage out on Magnolia Road, near  
the Four-Mile Circle.

DiPatrio frowns, trying to place it.

DIPATRIO  
Okay...

JAMIE  
See ya.

He walks away.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A BUS stops and lets Jamie off among stately Victorian mansions and mature shade trees, now bare for the winter. He looks around, feeling out of place.

INT. KORIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jamie and Korin are eating the DINNER Korin cooked, amid an eclectic decor infused with mystical themes. Korin has lit several CANDLES, and there's an open BOTTLE OF WINE.

JAMIE  
This is a pretty amazing place.

KORIN

Thanks... A lot of the stuff actually comes from the old lady upstairs. She's a treasure-trove of kitsch. How's the stew?

JAMIE

Unbelievable... I never eat like this.

Korin smiles sympathetically.

INT. KORIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie and Korin enter from dinner, bringing the wine bottle. Jamie sits on the sofa, and tries to act cavalier when Korin plops down next to him, folding her legs beneath her.

KORIN

You know, speaking of alternate universes, like with *Brother Joseph*, I had a thought.

JAMIE

Yeah? What's that?

KORIN

Well, if there is an infinite number of alternate universes - which would be the case, I read - that means that every story you've ever seen, read or heard must be true in at least one of them. I mean, if they're infinite, and all. So every storyteller is an actual god - somewhere. Creator of everything.

She takes a sip of wine.

JAMIE

(droll)

That's deep. You're a very deep thinker.

KORIN

Thanks, I try... How about you? What do you think, in a 'big picture' kind of way?

JAMIE

Well, my friend Cabot has this whole theory of 'Quantum Magic...' Something about particles of camel shit in the desert... Or maybe it's waves, I can't remember.

KORIN

Sounds interesting... Is that what you believe as well?

Jamie tries to think of a serious answer.

JAMIE

(after a beat)

I think... There's a lot of darkness in the world. A lot of darkness inside people... Inside me... It can be a fight sometimes not to let it overwhelm you. Remember that there's Light as well.

Watching him speak, Korin impulsively reaches out and brushes Jamie's cheek. Jamie is startled at first, but then he grins, and does the same thing back to her: caresses her face, explores it...

KORIN

In case you haven't guessed by now, I may have had ulterior motives in bringing you over here.

JAMIE

Did you? Motives like what?

KORIN

I think you have guessed.

JAMIE

But what about...?

KORIN

What about what?

JAMIE

DJ what's-his-face. Cody. Isn't he, like, your boyfriend?

Korin rolls her eyes.

KORIN

No... I don't believe in boyfriends... Yet.

She looks at him tenderly for a moment, then leans in for a kiss, which Jamie self-consciously returns.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
Have you ever been with anyone  
before?

JAMIE  
(uncomfortable)  
You mean sexually?

KORIN  
Mm-hmm.

JAMIE  
(hesitant)  
No.

KORIN  
(lighting up)  
You mean I'll be your first?

JAMIE  
(blushing hard)  
I guess.

Korin looks amused at first, but then stands up. She offers her hand.

KORIN  
Well, let me be your guide into a  
wonderful new world, then.

Taking her hand, Jamie gets up and follows her from the room.

#### INT. KORIN'S BEDROOM

There's a big FOUR-POSTER BED in the middle and an antique BUREAU with a HUGE MIRROR mounted to it. Korin leads Jamie in by the hand, sits him down on the edge of the bed, and goes to the bureau, where she opens a BOX and takes out FOUR PINK CANDLES. She starts setting them up around the room, lighting each one.

JAMIE  
What are you doing?

KORIN  
Consecrating a circle by lighting  
candles at the four compass points.  
Pink ones, for Venus.

JAMIE  
Is that magic?

Korin shrugs.

KORIN  
You could say so, I guess.  
Communion with occult forces... I'm  
starting to get into it, more and  
more... No surprise, right?

JAMIE  
(impressed)  
No shit....

KORIN  
I'm looking to start exploring  
Tantric magic more.

JAMIE  
What's that?

KORIN  
(with particular relish)  
Sex magic.

Jamie's eyes widen.

JAMIE  
No way! You can do magic with sex?  
You're joking.

Korin sits on the bed next to him.

KORIN  
It's one of the most ancient ways  
there is. The energy created during  
the sex act - it's like a psychic  
thunderbolt. Like an H-bomb. A hell  
of a thing, if you could just  
control it.

JAMIE  
I've always kinda been into magic  
myself, a bit...

The line fades into an awkward beat of silence. Seeing he  
needs encouraging, Korin starts stroking Jamie's face.

KORIN  
I have a feeling the Cody's in my  
life are going to be a dime a  
dozen... But they'll be just one  
Jamie.

Jamie grins self-consciously.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
What is it that you're keeping  
inside, Jamie?

JAMIE  
What do you mean?

KORIN  
That dark, loathsome thing you keep  
hidden away inside, that you can't  
ever - ever - let the world see, or  
even know exists.

Jamie's eyes flicker - she's touched a nerve.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
So, it's there. I knew it. But you  
don't want to tell me what it is...  
Or maybe you don't know yourself.

JAMIE  
I know what it looks like.

KORIN  
(surprised)  
Really? You've seen it?

JAMIE  
Just its shadow.

KORIN  
And?

JAMIE  
It looks like an insect.

KORIN  
An insect? Like what - a spider? A  
fly?

JAMIE  
No. More like a moth - with big  
outstretched wings, all ragged at  
the edges, as if they were...  
Diseased. And black. Blacker than  
anything you've ever seen. Even  
nothing itself. It's blacker than  
that.

Korin tries to picture it. She turns to Jamie.

KORIN  
And you've never visualized it  
directly?

JAMIE  
Never.

KORIN  
Have you wanted to?

JAMIE  
How?

With a mischievous grin, Korin brushes his nose.

KORIN  
I have my ways.

LATER

Both naked, Korin straddles Jamie on the bed. In the huge mirror, Korin is a flame-lit creature of flesh-and-blood in the infinite darkness. They haven't begun yet.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
So this is what we're going to do.  
We're going to try to evoke an  
image of your black moth in the  
mirror, and we're going to use the  
sexual energy we generate to do  
that. It's called 'scrying.' The  
mirror part, anyway.

JAMIE  
And then what?

KORIN  
And then... We'll see. But at least  
it'll be out in the open.

JAMIE  
Is there anything I have to do?  
Anything special?

Smiling, she runs a finger down the center of his chest.

KORIN  
Just what comes naturally. I'll do  
the rest... Are you ready?

Jamie answers with a fluttering, spasmodic nod. Korin shifts, maneuvering him inside herself. She gasps and Jamie freezes in panic.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
Relax... You're not gonna hurt me.

They continue, finishing the penetration. Korin starts rocking her hips gently.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
Form a picture of it in your mind.  
This moth thing - just as you  
described it to me.

Jamie does as he's told, closing his eyes as the carnal energies build. Again, the WHISPERING comes first - indistinct, growing louder.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
When you have it, send it to me...  
Think it at me - project it...

She has her eyes trained on the mirror. Not on her reflection, but of a candle behind her.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Focus...

IN THE MIRROR the candle flame expands to fill her entire field of consciousness. Its sinuous dance becomes her whole universe.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
Focus...

Beneath her, Jamie begins moaning. The whispers "focus" into the sound of TV STATIC. This triggers a

BLACKMOTH FLASHBACK

The reflected field of TV snow. And there in the middle, the darkness is born.

IN THE BEDROOM

Korin's eyes, closed in ecstatic revelation, open and grow suddenly wide as saucers. There, in the mirror, along with the reflection of herself and Jamie, is Blackmoth, looming over them with wings spread in a blasphemous caricature of benediction.

Korin twists around, trying to look over her head. Blackmoth is there, just as in the mirror. Screaming, she leaps from the bed in terror.

Korin's scream pulls Jamie from his trance. Seeing Blackmoth, he flies from the bed as well, landing on the floor opposite Korin. They exchange terrified glances, then look back at the bed. Nothing. Blackmoth isn't there - in the room, in the mirror, anywhere.

While Korin remains in place, stunned, Jamie begins pulling his things together in a panicked rush, dressing on his way out the door. A moment later comes the SLAM of the front door.

FADE TO:

INT. FITCH HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jamie is hunched over the bathroom sink, splashing cold WATER onto his face. When he looks back up, he sees in the mirror that he has no eyes. Just black, gaping SOCKETS.

Shocked, Jamie reaches for the mirror. In it, the light in the room has turned a sickening bluish-white, the color of TV static. In the darkness behind the shower stall, something flutters like a huge trapped INSECT.

JAMIE

(to the reflection)

What do you want with me? Why can't you just leave me alone?

No answer from the shadows.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to the reflection)

I'm not like you. Hear me? I'm not you. So why don't you just go away?

There's movement on Jamie's other side. Turning, he finds Jim in the doorway, looking at him oddly. Jamie's eyes have returned to normal.

JIM

Who are you talking to?

JAMIE

No one. I wasn't talking to anyone.

Jim glares at him suspiciously for a beat.

JIM

You can't bullshit me, boy. Not about shit like this. What the fuck's going on?

Jamie pushes past him into the hallway.

JAMIE  
I gotta go to bed. I got work in  
the morning.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DiPatrio is sitting at his desk, going over some notes. His phone rings.

DIPATRIO  
(answering it)  
DiPatrio.  
(a beat)  
Yeah, I'm at my computer.

He swivels toward his DESKTOP COMPUTER and opens an email. His screen fills with what looks like an X-RAY of dense rows of little ovals. Some of them have brackets with numbers drawn next to them.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
So what the hell am I looking at?

INT. COLLEGE - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Jamie is at one of the benches, finishing his lunch, when a presence looms over him. Looking up, he's startled - and not particularly happy - to see DiPatrio standing there. He is holding a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE.

DIPATRIO  
Mind if I sit down?

JAMIE  
I have to get back to work.

DIPATRIO  
(sitting opposite)  
This'll only take a second.

Reaching into the envelope, he pulls out a SHEAF OF PAPERS bound by a paper clip.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
(holding up the papers)  
What I have here are the results of  
the DNA analysis of the perp in  
Stacy Carvaccio's murder. It was  
just emailed to me.

He pulls ANOTHER SHEAF OF PAPERS from the envelope, like the first covered with bracketed rows of ovals, and holds it up.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

And this is the analysis of your father's DNA that we got from the FBI.

He puts it on the table next to the first.

JAMIE

(anxiously)

Is there a match?

DIPATRIO

(shaking his head)

No... No match. Jim Fitch is cleared as a suspect - based on this evidence at least.

(pauses a beat)

However - it does reveal something very, very interesting.

JAMIE

What?

DiPatrio points to one of the bracketed sets of ovals on the document.

DIPATRIO

See these? They're called Single Tandem Repeats. What they are, are sequences of genetic code that get repeated throughout the sample.

He holds up the second sheaf of papers.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

Both samples.

JAMIE

What's that mean?

DiPatrio pauses a beat, putting the papers down.

DIPATRIO

It means... That while the perpetrator is not James Fitch Senior, he is a close relative - a father, a brother... Or a son.

He looks at Jamie, letting that last line sink in.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
As far as you know, does your dad  
have any relatives?

JAMIE  
(hollowly)  
Only me.

Nodding, DiPatricio pulls one final item from the manila envelope: a PLASTIC BAG containing what looks like an OVER-SIZED Q-TIP.

DIPATRIO  
Only you... So, what I'd like you  
to do, is take the buccal swab  
that's inside this bag, rub it up  
and down a couple times inside your  
cheek, and give it back to me. And  
that'll be that. We'll be able to  
cross your name off the list of  
possible suspects as well.

Jamie looks at the buccal swab for a long moment.

JAMIE  
(finally)  
Do I have to?

DIPATRIO  
What do you mean, 'Do I have to?'

JAMIE  
Am I legally required to do it?  
Give you that sample? Am I under  
arrest?

DIPATRIO  
(exasperated)  
No, you're not under arrest... Yet.  
What's going on, Jamie? Can't you  
just tell me? Sooner or later,  
they're going to make me get a  
court order forcing you to give a  
sample.

JAMIE  
I'm not a killer.

DIPATRIO  
(holding up the bag with  
the swab)  
Then prove it.

Jamie abruptly stands up.

JAMIE

I gotta go. I gotta get back to work.

He walks away, dumping his tray in the trash. DiPatrio sits a moment longer, then gets up and goes over to where Jamie dumped his tray. Conflicted, he pulls out the PLASTIC FORK Jamie was eating with. He puts it in the baggie next to the buccal swab and leaves as well.

INT. DIPATRIO'S CAR - DAY

Holding a COFFEE, DiPatrio looks over his NOTES. CABOT LEED is written there, along with GARAGE and MAGNOLIA ROAD.

Putting the car in gear, DiPatrio starts to drive.

LATER

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD is Cabot's garage as we pull into the lot. Except it's barely the same place we remember. Now it's a derelict wreck, obviously abandoned for decades.

Behind the wheel, DiPatrio looks deeply puzzled at what he's seeing.

EXT. CABOT'S GARAGE - DAY

More and more perplexed, DiPatrio wanders the deserted property. He finds the stairs to the second-floor apartment and starts to climb.

AT THE TOP LANDING

DiPatrio finds the front door ajar, one of the glass panes in the window broken. Cautiously, he pushes the door open and enters.

INT. CABOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

As with the rest of the place, it's obvious that no one's been here for years. With two exceptions: the ROCK Jamie hurled through the window, and the fact that every inch of wall space is covered with CRUDE DRAWINGS, both large and small. All are of Blackmoth.

EXT. FITCH HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

DiPatrio knocks and, after a few moments, Jim answers.

DIPATRIO  
Is Jamie here? I need to talk to him.

JIM  
He's at work, I think.

DiPatrio digests this.

DIPATRIO  
Well, you mind if I come in, take a quick look around his room?

JIM  
You got a warrant?

DiPatrio looks at him for a beat.

DIPATRIO  
Do I need one?

Jim doesn't answer. DiPatrio looks at him harder.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
Tell me what you know, Jim... I know it's Jamie, but as an officer of the Law, I'm obliged to find Stacy Carvaccio's killer and bring him to justice. And that is what I intend to do.

Jim starts to close the door. DiPatrio puts his hand up, stopping him.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
You're afraid of him, aren't you? Or you're starting to be. Because you've been there... Where he is now, you've been yourself.

Jim's fearful glance back is enough to confirm this.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
Do you want to help your son, Mr. Fitch? Because, whatever the truth about Jamie might wind up being, it's best for it to be out in the open where we can deal with it. I mean - nothing good lives in the dark, right?

Jim still hesitates.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
If you won't help him, at least let  
me try to.

After a final moment of indecision, Jim opens the door and steps aside, letting DiPatrio in.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

Jim remains in the doorway as DiPatrio comes inside. He glances around, and his eyes land on the items on Jamie's dresser.

DIPATRIO  
What - is he into the Occult or  
something?

JIM  
I guess.

DiPatrio finds the box where Jamie keeps his mom's pendent. He opens it, looks inside. Then his eyes shoot up to Jim, shocked.

JIM (CONT'D)  
What?

DiPatrio pulls an item out of the box. It's black and oblong - a NAME TAG. The name it bears, among some dark-red splotches, is STACY CARVACCIO.

EXT. BEHIND COUNTY COLLEGE - DAY

A paved area with a loading bay, dumpsters, and other things generally kept out of sight behind buildings. Hiding out here, Jamie takes a hit off a BOTTLE he snagged from his dad. He needs to calm his nerves. He has a mission to carry out.

INT. COLLEGE - OUTSIDE NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Jamie pauses as STUDENTS mill through the busy student center around him. Gathering his courage, he goes inside.

INT. COLLEGE - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

There are now MANY STUDENTS here, carrying out various journalistic tasks. Specter is one of them. Korin is drawing when Jamie enters and hesitantly makes his way over to her.

JAMIE  
Hey...

KORIN  
Hey.

JAMIE  
(gesturing at her drawing)  
Working on something for the paper?

KORIN  
(still virtually ignoring  
him)  
Uh-huh.

Jamie can see that he's being blown off. It breaks his heart.

JAMIE  
Please... Don't...

Korin looks up at him, then around the room. Specter is shooting glances their way.

KORIN  
(standing up)  
Come on.

She walks away, with Jamie following.

INT. COLLEGE - OUTSIDE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Jamie and Korin stand outside the entrance. Neither says anything at first.

JAMIE  
I... I really don't know where to start.

KORIN  
Well - how about apologizing for the shitty way you just walked out on me like that?

JAMIE  
(looks at her for a long beat)  
You saw it too, right?

Korin looks back for a long moment, then nods.

KORIN  
What is it? Why is it there, around you?

JAMIE  
I don't know how to put it...

KORIN  
Jamie....

JAMIE  
(after a beat)  
I think I'm a damned soul.

KORIN  
Why would you say that?

Jamie points to his head.

JAMIE  
Because of what goes on in here.  
There's no escaping that... No,  
sir.  
(thinks for a moment)  
It goes after the things that make  
you happy, the things you love.  
That's what it doesn't want you to  
have. So it sends you the... Worst  
thoughts. The darkest, most evil  
things... And you just kind of shut  
down, so you don't have to think  
them. Just the bare essentials -  
what you need to get by in life...  
This little black-and-white life...  
Until one day you find a picture  
someone drew. Of you. They actually  
took the time to draw a picture of  
you.  
(shakes his head)  
It's like seeing color the first  
time in your whole life.

He gives her a little self-conscious grin at the analogy.  
Korin finds herself grinning back sympathetically. Suddenly  
Specter appears, looking concerned.

SPECTER  
You okay, babe?

KORIN  
Yeah, we're okay.

SPECTER  
Alright, well - I was going to head  
over to the venue in a little bit  
to see how they're setting up...

Korin glances at Jamie.

KORIN  
Tonight's the night. The big party -  
Saturnalia.

Jamie nods, then notices movement behind her. His eyes go wide. He turns to go.

JAMIE  
I'll call you... Later.

KORIN  
What?

He leaves. Completely flummoxed, Korin looks around, then sees SEVERAL UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS who have appeared in the student center. One asks something of a nearby STUDENT, who points in the direction of the newspaper office.

ON KORIN, looking increasingly alarmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE - DAY

Jamie walks, hoodie up and head down, trying to blend in with the flow of STUDENTS outside the main building. SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS burst through the entrance.

OFFICER #1  
(calling)  
Jamie Fitch!

The other students stop, bewildered, but Jamie keeps on walking. That's how they spot him. The officers run after him while OTHER OFFICERS block him from the front.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Don't do anything stupid, son.  
There's nowhere you can go.

INT. POLICE STATION

Jamie goes through intake: first photographed, then fingerprinted.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Jamie is sitting on the little cot when the gate opens and a UNIFORMED OFFICER enters, followed by DiPatrio. The officer gestures for Jamie to stand. He does so, and lets himself be handcuffed.

DIPATRIO  
We're transferring you over to  
County.

INT. POLICE STATION

Handcuffed, Jamie is led by DiPatrio and the officer through the station and into a secure garage. There, the officer puts Jamie in the back not of a police car, but DiPatrio's own, unmarked car.

DIPATRIO  
(to Jamie)  
I see no reason to parade you  
around town in the back of a police  
cruiser.

He gets in the car.

INT. DIPATRIO'S CAR - DAY

Handcuffed, Jamie sits in the back while DiPatrio drives. He's gazing out the window at the utility lines overhead.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, the course they trace against the leaden sky is different from this angle. They seem more like sea monsters, weaving back and forth. They SCREECH as they go. DiPatrio, meanwhile, is carrying on a running monologue up front.

DIPATRIO  
(as he drives)  
I've been around for a while. Been  
in Law Enforcement for more than 20  
years. Done my share of studies. I  
may not be a lawyer, but I know how  
to lay the groundwork for an NGRI  
defense.  
(glances back at Jamie)  
We're going to get you into a  
hospital, Jamie, where you belong.  
Not a prison.

He turns forward again.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
It all comes down to judicial  
standards for diminished capacity,  
which I think are pretty liberal in  
this state...

He continues, but Jamie has stopped listening. The WHISPERS are back, but louder, more strident. A SINGLE VOICE bursts through, Tourette's-like.

VOICE  
(shouting)  
Pussy blood!

Jamie flinches hard, and DiPatrio notices.

DIPATRIO  
(into the rearview mirror)  
You okay?

JAMIE  
(trying to keep it  
together)  
Yeah... I'm fine.

After a brief hesitation, DiPatrio looks back at the road. He continues talking, but his words are completely drowned out by the whispers.

It doesn't matter anyway; Jamie is fixated on DiPatrio's seat belt, which has developed FANGS that are sinking slowly toward his neck.

VOICE  
(shouting)  
Suck monkey!

Jamie turns abruptly from the sight, toward the window.

OUTSIDE are the tortured scrub pines, stretching away til they disappear into a darkening ground mist. ONE TREE stands noticeably taller than the rest. Something is dangling from it, the air around filled with BLACK FLYING THINGS.

SMASH-CUT to a CLOSE UP: it's KORIN'S LIFELESS CORPSE. The flying things are RAVENS. One lands on her shoulder and plucks out an EYEBALL.

ON JAMIE

Looking with horror at this vision. He starts to lose it completely as BLACK-WINGED FIGURES push in from the edges of the screen until they fill it completely.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Jamie stands completely disoriented. Nearby, DiPatrio's car is nose-first in a ditch. DiPatrio himself, BLEEDING from his head, is a few feet away, hands in the air. The reason is the GUN Jamie now holds, aimed at DiPatrio's midsection. DiPatrio's own gun, no less.

DIPATRIO

This won't go down well, Jamie...  
This won't go down well at all.

Jamie backs away. He turns and tries to leap the ditch, but lands in it instead, causing the gun to DISCHARGE. He scrambles out of the muck and into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Jamie flees as skeletal tree limbs claw at him from all directions. The air is almost opaque from a dark mist. He stops to catch his breath when a sudden SCREAM pierces the air. Like from the cemetery: the cry of a lost, damned soul. Jamie resumes his flight.

ANOTHER LOCATION IN THE WOODS

Jamie hurries through the woods, eyes darting wildly. He looks up. OVERHEAD is the forest canopy - each tree is topped with a perfect replica of Blackmoth.

Jamie becomes aware of BEATING. A throbbing sound that runs through the woods. Jamie feels for his heartbeat, but then realizes it's coming from somewhere in the distance. Looking, he sees colorful LIGHTS stabbing through the mist of the forest.

JAMIE

Korin...

He runs in their direction.

EXT. OLD MILL - NIGHT

Jamie comes out of the woods by an old mill. It's been tricked out for a party with LIGHTS and DECORATIONS. This is where the beating, actually a BASS LINE, is coming from. Jamie enters.

INT. OLD MILL - NIGHT

Jamie walks through a cavernous space where YOUNG MEN are setting up LIGHTS and laying CABLES.

IN THE DJ BOOTH,

Specter is showing Korin something on his LAPTOP as Jamie approaches.

KORIN  
(surprised)  
Jamie...

JAMIE  
They said I could find you up here.

SPECTER  
Dude! Glad you could make it out.

JAMIE  
(insincere)  
Sure.

SPECTER  
I was just showing Korin some of  
what I've got loaded for the mix  
tonight. It'll be killer...

Korin notices Jamie's demeanor: inward, even shivering a bit.

KORIN  
You okay?

JAMIE  
Yeah... I'm just, you know...  
Anxious.

Specter produces a handful of PILLS, which he offers Jamie.

SPECTER  
Best medicine for that known to  
man. Want some?

Jamie holds his hand up and shakes his head.

SPECTER (CONT'D)  
(putting the pills away)  
C'mon - let me take you on a tour.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Specter, playing tour guide, leads Jamie and Korin.

SPECTER (CONT'D)

This place used to be an old steel mill.

JAMIE

Steel?

SPECTER

Yeah, there were once a ton of them out here, because of the iron in the streams. That's why the water's a tiny bit red. Cedar water, they call it. But it's not cedar - it's rust.

INT. OLD MILL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

It has a low ceiling of vaulted stone, like an old catacomb. CANDLES have been set up on virtually every surface. Specter leads Jamie and Korin down the steps. Jamie doesn't like it.

JAMIE

What is this?

SPECTER

It's where they used to keep the ore they scooped out of the river as sand. Looks cool, huh? Like a dungeon.

JAMIE

I guess...

SPECTER

And the candles are because it's the festival of lights. The tradition is to light candles everywhere.

JAMIE

It sure is creepy.

SPECTER

(shrugging)

"Mysterious" is the more the effect we were going for...

KORIN  
I think Jamie's not quite in the  
party spirit yet.

Specter produces a SMALL BOTTLE.

SPECTER  
Wanna catch up?

JAMIE  
What's that?

SPECTER  
Some designer thing my friend  
whipped up. A psychedelic, but from  
the MDMA family, so you'll be  
happy.

JAMIE  
He made it himself?

SPECTER  
He's an organic chem major. That's  
what they do.

Jamie looks at Korin.

KORIN  
I took some.

JAMIE  
And?

KORIN  
It's kicking in nicely now.

Jamie hesitates a moment longer, then nods. Specter squeezes  
a dose into the bottle's little EYEDROPPER-CAP.

SPECTER  
Put your head back... Open your  
mouth.

Jamie does, and Specter squeezes the liquid into his mouth.

FADE TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Dressed in a TOGA and three-corner JESTER'S HAT, Specter is  
in the DJ BOOTH sending out a propulsive HOUSE-TRANCE MIX to  
the CROWD of partiers.

## ON THE FLOOR

Jamie is tripping hard, and the visuals reflect it. He appears to be moving in his own little bubble, surrounded by chaotic motion and lights. He squints hard. A GIRL in BLINKING JEWELRY materializes for a moment, like a Quantum haze "collapsing" into a particle upon direct observation.

Jamie's eyes unfocus and the girl disappears, returning to the indistinct swirl she was before. He looks up. From here, only two corners of Specter's hat are visible, making them look like floppy devil horns.

SPECTER  
(into microphone)  
Hey! Hey! Hey!.... Get naked! It is  
my will! I command it!

A few of the guys on the floor oblige by pulling off their T-shirts. None of the girls do. Jamie can't help smirking.

Suddenly, one side of the old mill becomes bathed in an odd LIGHT, the exact color of dead-channel TV static. Filled with sudden anxiety, Jamie looks: people have gathered around its source, like rubber-neckers at an accident.

Then, from the edges of this light, Blackmoth dives at us like a bird of prey. Jamie flinches back in terror, loses his balance and falls.

## "NORMAL" DANCE FLOOR

Back in "normal" reality Jamie, badly shaken, climbs from the floor as partiers dance obliviously around him. Only Korin has come to his aide, despite being pretty fucked-up herself.

KORIN  
Jamie! What happened?

She puts her hand on his back and Jamie screams in pain.

KORIN (CONT'D)  
What? What did I do?

JAMIE  
(strangled)  
I'll be right back.

He hurries away.

INT. MILL - BASEMENT

Jamie rushes down the steps. It looks more than ever like that dark space from his ritual with Cabot. There's a ROW of PORT-A-POTTIES against one wall, and Jamie disappears into one.

INT. PORT-A-POTTIE

A fluorescent light comes on as Jamie strips off his T-shirt and twists his back toward the little mirror. He gasps. His back is now covered with those vein-like formations, dark blue and throbbing. They've developed to a point where an overall form has developed. Blackmoth.

There's a KNOCK at the door and he jumps.

KORIN'S (O.S.)

Jamie?

JAMIE

Just a second... I'll be right out.

The door opens, and Jamie spins around to see Korin's scowling face. He turned before she could see his back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I guess I forgot to lock it.

KORIN

I thought there was something wrong... The way you hit the floor like that...

She holds her hand out. Jamie takes it and steps out of the Port-a-Pottie.

INT. MILL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Holding Korin's hand, Jamie moves away from the Port-a-Potties. Down here, all that can be heard of the music is that driving BASS LINE.

JAMIE

I'm alright... I... I...

KORIN

(shaking her head)  
I really don't think you are. Not by a long shot...

(MORE)

KORIN (CONT'D)

But if you think that means I'm  
just going to walk away, as if you  
were damaged goods and nothing  
more...

JAMIE

Really?

KORIN

Yes, really. I care about you,  
Jamie. Very much.

She pulls his head to her shoulder and he keeps it there.

JAMIE

(almost a whisper)

Help me... Please - help me.

Korin maternally strokes the back of his neck.

KORIN

I won't abandon you, Jamie. I  
promise. If there's one thing I've  
found out about you, it's that you  
don't need any more of that...

JAMIE

But you saw it. You saw it, too.

KORIN

Yes... I saw it, too.

JAMIE

And?

KORIN

And... We'll figure it out.

They spend a moment in that position - Jamie with his head  
on her shoulder and Korin caressing the back of his neck.  
That BASS LINE drives relentlessly.

Korin pulls Jamie's face to hers and they begin kissing.  
Gently at first, then more passionately. After another  
moment, Jamie nudges her against the wall and their hands  
begin to explore each other's bodies.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

The *princeps* has got the spirit in the room on the rise.  
Specter's having a good time.

## INT. MILL BASEMENT

Jamie and Korin, consumed by an intense passion, begin tearing at each other's clothes. She fumbles at his zipper. He thrusts himself inside of her. They gasp simultaneously.

## INT. DANCE FLOOR

The third corner has disappeared entirely from Specter's cap, and he is now only a silhouette - thanks to a brilliant light, the color of TV static - that has come on behind him. The remaining corners of his hat have become elongated and stylized, like Baphomet's horns.

## INT. MILL BASEMENT

Jamie and Korin are lost in sex: Jamie pinning her to the wall, pumping hard, while Korin has her hand on his neck, pulling him in harder.

## BLACKMOTH FLASHBACK

The reflected field of TV snow. There in the middle, the darkness is born.

## IN THE BASEMENT

Korin whispers as Jamie thrusts.

KORIN

I think I'm starting to see something again.

## BLACKMOTH FLASHBACK

The whole sequence repeats itself in the field of TV static - the black "seed" forming, growing, sprouting wings - but much more quickly, and in a less stylized, more "realistic" manner.

## IN THE BASEMENT

KORIN (CONT'D)

It's coming... Focus... It's coming...

In the throes of passion, Korin rubs a hand across Jamie's bare back, across one of his lesions. She yanks her hand away reflexively at the feel, pushing him back at the same time.

Seeing his face, Korin gets a second shock. Jamie has no eyes - just gaping, empty sockets. She screams.

#### INT. DANCE FLOOR

The dancers themselves appear to have been transformed now into odd little HOMUNCULI, gyrating under the command of the horned demon behind the turntables.

#### BLACKMOTH FLASHBACK

The "complete" Blackmoth shadow has formed amid the static, but is blotted out a moment later by a huge, dark figure - the same one that cast it - moving in front.

#### INT. MILL BASEMENT

POV SHOT: warped and processed, as if from an insect's eye. Korin is scuttling away from us, mouth opened in sheer terror.

#### "REGULAR" SHOT

Korin is indeed backing away from Jamie, whose eyes are still gone and from whose back a full set of BLACKMOTH WINGS have sprouted. His skin is covered with those throbbing VEINS.

As soon as he realizes what he's doing, Jamie pulls back from Korin in horror. Then the darkness closes in again.

FADE TO:

#### MONTAGE

A quick succession of images that strobe at us in time to the driving beat of the music:

- That processed, insect-like POV shot of Korin fleeing in abject terror. It's discontinuous, broken up by momentary black-outs, after each Korin is in a different part of the room.

- The *princeps* behind the turntable, hands upraised imperiously, devil-horns crisp in the glare of the bluish-white light framing him.

- The homunculi in response begin rooting and tearing at the floor of the chamber. After a moment, LIQUID begins spouting into the air from several points. Blood.

- That half-Blackmoth/half-Jamie thing looms over Korin as she hysterically tries to claw away.
- The homunculi tear with claws and teeth. It's not clear whether there's some offal they're tearing into, or it's somehow the floor of the chamber itself, but it's producing a gory mess, with geysers of blood everywhere.
- A pushed-process, BLACK-AND-WHITE shot of Korin's house. Her car pulls into the driveway.
- Same B&W process: Jamie, waiting by her door, stands up as Korin comes from the car, surprised at seeing him here.
- Inside Korin's apartment. She and Jamie are sitting on the sofa, holding hands and having an intense discussion. There's the flare of a REEL END; when it clears, we're:
- In Korin's bedroom. Jamie is slipping Korin's top off, exposing her breasts. He reaches for one breathlessly, as if afraid he might break it.

#### BLACKMOTH FLASHBACK

The door open and the hallway full of TV static behind him, the figure we just saw enters the room and approaches.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal LITTLE JAMIE, about six or seven years old, in his bed, terrified yet grimly resigned. The massive figure SPEAKS, in Jim Fitch's voice.

JIM  
(drunkenly)  
Don't worry, son... It's only me...  
Jus' checkin' on ya. Relax...  
Nothing's gonna hurt you.

#### TIGHT ON GROWN-UP JAMIE'S EYE

At the brink of sexual climax, it flies open in sudden, devastating comprehension.

ON JIM, in seven year-old Jamie's bed, gazing downward as his hips rock back and forth.

JIM  
I'm not goin' nowhere, son... I'm  
staying right here with you...  
Always...

INT. DANCE FLOOR

TIGHT ON a homunculus, pulling what appears to be a severed vein from the floor with its teeth. BLOOD sprays in SLOW MOTION.

WIDE

Something like an ALTAR has appeared. On it, being showered by blood, is the Blackmoth-thing Jamie has transformed into, on top of the bloody mess that used to be Korin. By this point, he's not so much raping her as rolling in the gore. It's a shocking image we see for only a moment before we

FADE TO:

TIGHT ON DIGITAL CLOCK FACE

Lying sideways on the floor, it blinks 12:00 over and over. It is the room's only source of illumination.

DOLLY OUT TO A WIDE SHOT, revealing a tableaux of destruction: Korin's bedroom wrecked by what must have been horrific violence. Korin herself lies dead under her overturned mattress, her neck broken. The DOLLY ENDS on Jamie himself, sitting with his back propped against the far wall, gazing without emotion at Korin's body.

Finally, he starts to move, revealing an unblemished bare back.

EXT. KORIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jamie comes down the steps from the porch holding a LARGE BUNDLE OF BLANKETS. He maneuvers these into the back seat of Korin's car, then runs back to the steps. Squatting, he retrieves DiPatrio's gun from its hiding place beneath and returns to the car.

INT. KORIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie drives inexpressively. HEADLIGHTS from a passing car go by, and Jamie spares a glance in the back seat.

IN THE BACK SEAT, Korin's dead, battered face pokes out from the blankets.

With no visible change of expression, Jamie looks back at the road ahead.

## THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Is Cabot's garage as we pull into the lot. Once again, it's the functioning business we remember. More than just functioning, in fact - it's brightly lit and bustling.

## EXT. CABOT'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Jamie opens the back door of Korin's car to show Cabot what's inside. Cabot leans in.

## INSIDE THE CAR

Is Korin's battered corpse, still mostly shrouded in bedclothes.

Cabot pulls out and looks at Jamie.

CABOT  
You remember doing it?

JAMIE  
No - I blacked out.

CABOT  
But you still think it was you who did it?

JAMIE  
Who else could it have been?

Cabot shrugs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I need a place to get rid of her.

CABOT  
I know somewhere.

## INT. KORIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie is again driving, while Cabot sits in the passenger seat. DiPatrio's gun lies on the console between.

CABOT  
(looking around the car)  
Nice ride... Did it cost you much?

Jamie doesn't answer. A CAR passes in the other direction, momentarily filling the interior with light.

JAMIE

Where are we going?

CABOT

I think you'll recognize it once we get there.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

ANOTHER CAR appears, heading toward us. It has a headlight out, and as it gets closer, we can see some front-end damage as well. When it's about to pass by, we can make out who's driving: Nick DiPatrio.

In the split-second when the two cars pass, he happens to glance up, locking eyes - however briefly - with Jamie.

JAMIE

Oh, fuck...

His eyes fly to the rear-view mirror. Sure enough, behind them, DiPatrio's brake lights flash and he pulls a hasty U-turn. He closes the distance and by the time he's off their rear bumper, a rotating RED BUBBLE LIGHT has appeared on the dashboard.

CABOT

What are you going to do?

Jamie thinks about it.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Well?

Finally, Jamie signals and pulls over to the side of the road. Behind them, DiPatrio does the same. No sooner has he stopped than his door flies open and he leaps from the car, a NEW GUN in hand.

CABOT (CONT'D)

What are you going to do when he gets a look at what's in the back seat?

From the rear-view mirror, Jamie's eyes dart down to the gun lying between them. Cabot notices.

CABOT (CONT'D)

(grinning)  
Excellent plan.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

DiPatrio moves in a wide arc toward the front of Korin's car, keeping his gun on the driver's window the whole time.

DIPATRIO  
(calling as he moves)  
Jamie! I know it's you! I saw  
you... I know you saw me, too.

No response from the car.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
Listen, Jamie - I haven't called  
this in, yet. Okay? I don't want a  
whole goddamned army out here. I  
want to talk to you first... You're  
not going anywhere, right?

The car remains in place. DiPatrio tries to get a read on who's in the car. Is it one person... Or two?

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
Alright, OK - good! Look, what you  
did was stupid - running was  
stupid. But it doesn't have to  
change things. We can still try to  
get you into a hospital, but you  
have to let me help you. Okay? You  
have to let me help you.

He waits for something, some sign that Jamie heard him, but gets nothing.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
Alright, listen! You need to show  
me a sign. A sign of good faith.  
That you're willing to talk. Roll  
down your window. That'll be the  
sign. Roll down your window, and  
I'll show a sign myself.

For a long moment, there's no response; then the driver's-side window lowers. It's still too dark to see inside the car, however.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
Good! Alright, good. That's a good  
sign, and one good sign deserves  
another... I'm going to lower my  
weapon, OK? I'm going to lower it  
toward the ground.

Slowly, hesitantly, he does as he says. At the same time, he peers hard into the interior of the car. He's pretty sure there's a second person there, but the light from his one good headlight isn't enough to tell for sure.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

(calling)

We've gotten this far, and that's good. What I'm going to do next is come closer to the car, so we can talk. I can't keep shouting like this - I'm gonna get hoarse.

Hesitantly, DiPatrio begins inching closer. Suddenly, his PHONE STARTS TO RING in his pocket. He jumps, but doesn't answer it.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

(as he approaches)

Jamie, listen to me - you can't give up on yourself. You're not a monster. What you have is a disease. It isn't you, it's inside you. You hear me? It isn't you...

(pauses a beat)

I know you, Jamie. That's why I've watched out for you all these years. Any way I could... What I've seen is a bright kid who deserves a future. Who still - even now - can still have one. But only if you make the right choice right here, right now.

In his pocket, his PHONE STOPS RINGING.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

Jamie? Can you hear me?

He's now only a few feet from the car. The driver's side is still lost in shadow, as is most of the passenger seat. However, the light there is cutting a jagged silhouette of something. DiPatrio realizes that it's hair - spiky hair - a moment before he notices a dark, MASSIVE FORM looming off to his left. He looks.

WIDE

Floating directly in front of the car is Blackmoth: giant, with wings outspread like the angel of death.

There's no question that DiPatrio sees this, but his reaction is cut off by sudden movement from the driver's-side window of the car: the barrel of a GUN poking out from the shadows.

DIPATRIO (CONT'D)

Jamie, no -

The world suddenly fills with LIGHT.

FADE TO:

INT. KORIN'S CAR - NIGHT

The last echoes of the GUNSHOT fade away, allowing us to hear the strangled DYING GASPS of DiPatrio on the pavement outside.

Still holding the gun, Jamie looks forward, out front.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Far down the road, where the glare of Korin's headlights begins to give over to darkness, Blackmoth drifts among the wraiths of mist.

CABOT

Did you black out this time?

JAMIE

No. I remember it all. Everything.

Cabot seems pleased by this answer.

CABOT

Then you own it, dude.

Smiling, he sits back in his seat as Jamie puts the car in gear.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

DiPatrio's struggles grow weaker as the POOL OF HIS BLOOD spreads wider on the pavement. Nearby, where it landed after the gunshot, his phone CHIRPS brightly as it receives a text message.

TIGHT on the screen: "RESULTS OF JAMIE FITCH DNA ANALYSIS BACK FROM LAB. NEGATIVE MATCH."

HOLD ON the image as, in the background, Korin's car pulls away and begins accelerating down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Holding Korin's lifeless body, Jamie follows Cabot along the forest path. Ahead burn brightly the bonfires of the old, ruined church, the one with the stairway down to a world of never-ending darkness.

FADE TO BLACK