Daemonic Possession

Ву

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Based on: The Priestly Protectors by H.Elliston-Gray

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INT CASTLE TORTURE CHAMBER

TYPE OVER: 1439, FRANCE.

Lit by torches. We see children shackled to the walls. Cages containing children, and a pile of decapitated and mutilated child corpses. Nothing moves. No sound. Symbols adorn the floor in a circle, more adorn the walls.

The door crashes open. A frantic, dishevelled looking man enters (Gilles De Rais, 35yrs, his expensive clothes ripped and dirty). He slams and bars the door, runs to the centre of the circle, drops to his knees, muttering in French.

Banging on the door. It rattles. Wood splinters and snaps. The door bursts open and five priests pile in to the room holding crosses. Two of the five hold earthenware bowls. The leading priests enter the circle and grabs Gilles, dragging him back.

> GILLES DE RAIS (in French with subtitles) Why?...Why?...

The priests with the bowls step forward along with a priest with a cross.

PRIEST WITH CROSS Exororcizo te. Immundissime spiritus...

From behind the pile of child corpses, a child (six yrs)stands up. Blood stains his face, especially around the mouth. He grins, extended canine teeth, seem to shrink to normal size as he approaches from the shadows, his eyes glinting become child like. He wipes his mouth. Steps forward into the circle.

> PRIEST WITH CROSS (continuous) ...omnis incursio adversarii, omne phantasma...

The child holds his arms out, mimicking the crucifixion.

And screams...

FADE TO.

BLACK SCREEN: THE VATICAN

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

BROTHER MICHEL BUSSON. (Early 80's ,white haired, slightly stooped, looks like an old Franciscan monk with long brown robes, he's a cantankerous old man, we can see it in his face). He descends a spiral staircase carved from rock. One shaking hand holds a candle. Shadows jump. The other hands hold onto the wall. He descends carefully, each footfall deliberate. It feels like we are descending to the depths of the earth. Eventually the stairs open at one end of a huge cavern.

CONTINUOUS.

INT. CAVERNOUS LIBRARY

Suspended fluorescent lighting makes it feel like daylight. Walls,ceiling and floor are rough hewn rock. Looks like an underground reading library. Rows of bookcases continue into the distance. There are six reading desks at this end of the cavern set out in three rows. Each desk has identical laptops, telephone and a reading lamp on them. There's a coffee vending machine to the right of the staircase opening behind the first desk, it looks out of place. Next to that, an old wooden door, with cast iron door handle,a card board sign hangs from string "unoccupied". The desk nearest the vending machine has a pile of files, and ledgers of varying ages on it

MICHEL heads straight to the vending machine. FATHER PATRICK O'REILLY (Irish, late 50's,tall and thin, wears modern day clerical clothing) is waiting for him. He looks at his watch impatiently.

MICHEL (Northern English accent) I know...

MICHEL uses vending machine

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) ...what can I say, I'm late.

MICHEL takes a sip of coffee, winces

MICHEL I can't believe they took away a perfectly good kettle for this contraption.

MICHEL takes another sip, grimaces

MICHEL It tastes like cat p...urine.

PATRICK (disapproving, thick Irish accent) mm... Michel, you are NOT above reproach. Mind what it is comes out of your mouth

MICHEL (annoyed) Patrick, I've been down in this tomb for the last half century. I think, even by The Almighty's standards, I deserve a decent cup of coffee. And if yer want to go running upstairs to the powers that be and tell 'em that ol' Michel's

be and tell 'em that ol' Michel's been moaning again, well, yer just go right ahead... while yer there tell 'em the stair lights still need fixing... They can get a vending machine down here, but can't get the lighting sorted.

PATRICK glances at his watch again. The hint unnoticed, MICHEL continues

MICHEL

... It's outrageous. You'd have thought working in the Vatican, you'd get treated decently.

MICHEL realizes he's ranting..loses his confidence...

MICHEL

(mumbling) used to say it was the most important job in the world. humph!

PATRICK

Finished? ... Ok, you've the B's through F's today... oh, and we have a new boy comin' later to do the rounds wit' yer.

MICHEL

What new boy? I wasn't told about any new boy.

3.

PATRICK ah, well yer see, Brother Francis was taken ill last night and the lord saw fit to take him. So he did. Godresthissoul.

PATRICK crosses himself. Glares at MICHEL, who realizes himself, looks at the floor and crosses himself too.

MICHEL He was just a young lad, how'd he die?

PATRICK Michel, he was fifty six, and well we all know he had a weakness when it came to desert. We shall all remember him fondly for his third helpings.

MICHEL nods in agreement, remembering.

Beat.

MICHEL

So, I have yet another trainee. Thank you Francis! Like I haven't got enough to do....hang on, he's not...amiable...is he?

PATRICK

He's a very nice young lad...exceptional wit' the ancient languages, written and verbal. He'll be an asset to the team.

MICHEL

Humph!

EXIT PATRICK.

MICHEL goes to the desk that has the pile of files and paperwork on it. Sits down, pulls the first file down, opens a drawer in the desk and pulls out a pair of wire rimmed spectacles. He cleans them on his cassock, puts them on and starts to input data into the laptop.

A few minutes later...

A cat jumps onto the desk, upsetting the coffee.

MICHEL (under his breath) shit!

We see a puddle of coffee getting closer to the file. MICHEL jumps up throwing the file to the floor scattering its contents. He looks around for something to mop up the coffee,

> MICHEL (under his breath) er...er...Bugger!

gives up and uses his cassock. He steps back slips on the scattered sheets from the file <u>kicking a piece of old yellow</u> <u>parchment under the vending machine</u>, unnoticed. Sets out about picking up the remaining file contents.

MICHEL (under his breath) Bloody cats!

MICHEL reorganises his work area, sits down and goes back to his data entry.

INT. OFFICE. VATICAN. DAY

Typical office. It has two doors both shut, partially glazed, the entrance marked DISPATCHES (backward), and another marked PATRICK O'REILLY. The room contains 3 desks, all cluttered with paperwork, potted plants, and debris, each desk has a CLERIC occupying it. PATRICK is stood by one of the desks arguing with one of them.

> PATRICK I'm not going to discuss this wit' you. There's set protocols, you want to fill in a release application, that's up to you. But I will...

The door opens. The new boy FATHER STEPHEN LOMAS (English, late 20's, awkward and studious looking, wears modern cleric outfit.) Stands with his head around the door, unsure. He knocks.

PATRICK I will not endorse it.

PATRICK smiles and takes a step towards STEPHEN, shakes hands

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK Stephen, afternoon. Come in, come in.

PATRICK ushers him in to the room

PATRICK You've made good time. Flight ok?

STEPHEN Very straight forward, thank you. ...Ah, Father Dougherty sends his regards.

PATRICK Really, how is he, still in...Worcester?

STEPHEN London now, and he's well.

PATRICK

Good good. Ok, Brother Michel is waiting for us downstairs. He's going to be showing you around. So if your ready?

PATRICK holds out an arm towards the door

STEPHEN

I have to say I'm a great admirer of his work. His analysis of the relationship between some of the Aramaic and ancient Hebrew texts are...

PATRICK Yes, well, probably best not to mention his earlier work until you know him a bit better. Come, we've got a long walk.

CONTINUOUS.

INT OFFICE CORRIDOR

We follow the two of them walking through office looking corridors passed glazed doors. They reach a solid door with a magnetic swipe card reader. PATRICK reaches in his pocket and pulls out a card, swipes it and opens the door for STEPHEN to pass through, he follows.

CONTINUOUS.

INT. ELEVATOR.

A small room, one door in and the elevator door. There's a small desk in the corner that takes up most of the room. An armed GUARD is stood by it, there's no chair. Next to the elevator is a biometric reader. PATRICK places his hand in the reader. Completely ignoring the guard. STEPHEN looks in awe at the security, nods acknowledgement to the guard, but is meant with no response. They enter the elevator.

CONTINUOUS.

INT ELEVATOR

Looks like a service elevator and is not much smaller than the room they've just come from.

PATRICK

It's not that Brother Michel is unkind, I truly believe he has a heart of gold, I just thought I should prepare you... He's not what you'd think of as...conventional. But he knows his stuff, we would be lost without him...We've tried to train others to his standard, but he's...unique. The two of you have a very similar academic background, both Oxford graduates...so we're all hoping that you will be able to replace him... when the time comes, of course.

> STEPHEN I'm sure he's not as bad as all that, after all we're all men of God.

PATRICK gives him a long sideways look, unconvinced

PATRICK

Yeeesss.

STEPHEN smiles back unperturbed

CONTINUOUS.

PATRICK and STEPHEN exit the elevator into a cave entrance, A large box of candles is on the floor next to to the elevator door PATRICK bends down to pick one up, pulls a cheap plastic lighter from his pocket and lights it. STEPHEN bends down for a candle too, unsure. PATRICK has already started to walk into the the cave, STEPHEN drops the candle back in the box and scurries after him

> PATRICK We've been having problems with some of the lighting.

PATRICK and STEPHEN begin to descend the same staircase as Michel did earlier.

INT. CAVERNOUS LIBRARY. MINUTES LATER

They reach MICHEL's desk. The pile of files has decreased and there is now a pile of files on the floor. As the two men arrive he ignores them.

PATRICK coughs to announce their arrival

PATRICK Michel...this is Father Stephen, the new boy.

silence

PATRICK

Michel...

MICHEL raises his index finger towards them. He's engrossed and doesn't look at them. awkward silence. MICHEL finishes what he's doing, saves his work, and shuts his laptop.

> MICHEL (to Stephen) Well...don't just stand there lad, get the coffee's in.

STEPHEN Erm..coffee?

MICHEL yeah, white, three sugars.

MICHEL points to the machine behind him. STEPHEN fishes in his pocket for change, drops it with an echoey clang, embarrassed he retrieves the coins, more embarrassed he sees

(CONTINUED)

its free. MICHEL gives Patrick a disbelieving look. PATRICK returns it with an authoritative scowl. STEPHEN gives MICHEL the coffee.

MICHEL So Patrick, did you bother to brief this one on the specifics of our job in this, library?

STEPHEN

(amiably) I'm perfectly aware of what you do down here. You translate the forbidden texts, and from the looks of it put it onto the database. I've been checked with security and given the brief about confidentiality, and all the restrictions...I know I must come across as a bit... green, but I can assure you I'm perfectly capable of handling this kind of work.

MICHEL give Patrick another disbelieving look. PATRICK shrugs.

MICHEL

Right, so you haven't briefed him at all...again. Why is it that you lot always insist on this level of secrecy. The poor buggers don't know what they're letting themselves in for. Why do you think the last four...left?

PATRICK (to Stephen, desperate to get away) Well I'm going to leave you in Michel's capable hands.. Goodbye Michel.

MICHEL removes his reading glasses, placing them on top of the laptop

MICHEL Well lad, I need to stretch my legs anyway, so I'll show you round, and... (shouting to Patrick) EXPLAIN WHAT WE REALLY DO DOWN HERE. (to Stephen) (MORE) MICHEL (cont'd) Come on lad.

MICHEL gets up, leaves the undrunk coffee on the desk and leads the way.

We follow MICHEL and STEPHEN through the rows of bookcases. The bookcases are about 2 meters tall and don't just contain books but boxes, artefacts and all manner of junk. Each shelf is numbered and each item labelled. They talk while walking. A cat leisurely strolls across in front of them. MICHEL lifts his cassock and steps over it.

STEPHEN

I've got to ask, why are there cats down here?

MICHEL

Keeps the mice and rats away, of course. Not the place you want rodents, little bugger's chew through everything, including doors. Can't have them chewing through the doors. Anyway, your here for the tour. Not to ask bloody stupid questions, so shut up and listen.

MICHEL stops at a shelf, grabs a book of it, looks at the spine, turns and puts it in a slot on the opposite side of the aisle. Turns to Stephen for eye contact

MICHEL

You can forget what you think you know about down here, you know nothing. We don't translate anything down here, you want to translate you go upstairs

MICHEL points to the ceiling

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) to the other secret library, you know the one that everyone knows about. This Library here, well this one doesn't exist..not at all..they're very particular about that.

MICHEL starts to walk again

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) The Library upstairs holds all the controversial books, the ones that aren't supposed to exist. We have a few of those down here too, every so often we have to send some of them up there, but on the whole they stay well and truly down here. What we keep down here are the dangerous books.

MICHEL stops again, turns for eye contact, assessing

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) The occult books, the ones with real power. Rule one...

MICHEL holds up index finger

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) ...never read anything unless you know exactly what it is and what it does. Remember that, important that is. The other rule down here is never open any door. None of them. There aren't any broom cupboards, and the only toilet is the one by the vending machine, so no prying, curiosity doesn't just kill the cat down here.

MICHEL scrutinizes Stephen for a reaction.

Beat.

MICHEL Have I freaked you out yet son?

STEPHEN I think that you're trying to...So, what exactly do we do? Books you don't read and doors that don't go anywhere...I'm assuming that we have a function?

STEPHEN Laughs. He sounds nervous. MICHEL studies him for a minute, shrugs.

MICHEL We babysit the demons.

silence....

MICHEL and STEPHEN keep eye contact with each other....

more silence.

MICHEL

Well?

STEPHEN Sorry..I was waiting for the punchline.

MICHEL What punchline?... That's what we do down here, we babysit the demons, read them there bed time stories and make sure they don't leave.

STEPHEN looks around for anyone else. The place is eerily silent.

STEPHEN Are you feeling quite alright?

MICHEL Yes...why don't I look alright?

STEPHEN You look fine. It's just that I'm not quite sure if you realize what it is you actually said.

MICHEL Demons, babysitting, bedtime stories...yeah, that's right. The others laughed when I told them. You ain't laughing. I'm not sure if that's a good sign or not.

Thinks. Beat.

's probably ok, after all, the others, well...they didn't exactly stop laughing.

STEPHEN You are really difficult to follow. I don't mean to be rude, but...I don't understand what you're talking about?

MICHEL

Ok, look, the other's, your predecessors, well when I showed them what we do they, well, went mad, you know...gaga.

thinks. Beat. Ok, it's probably easier if I show you.

Abruptly MICHEL scurries off, STEPHEN runs to catch up. They turn right at the end of the section of bookcases and continued to a sturdy, old wooden door. MICHEL begins to open it.

STEPHEN what happened to never open a door.

MICHEL This one don't count, just make sure you always shut it straight away. But you're not to open any others... Unless I tell you to.

CONTINUOUS...

INT. VATICAN CELLS.

Doors down both sides of a rough hewn rock corridor, sandy floor. The doors are made of wood, they are bolted shut and have padlocks of varying ages on them. Inscribed in each door is the name of a demon in varying languages underneath which are various symbols. Outside each door on a hook is a clipboard.

MICHEL

Ok, here we have it. Each of these cells holds a different demon, we currently have one hundred and eighty two residents. Each door has the demons name on, the symbol underneath are binding spells. The clipboards have the times and dates of the last incantations cited.

MICHEL looks across at Stephen, looks concerned. still with me....?

STEPHEN (Nods slowly) uh uh...

Beat

STEPHEN (CONTINUOUS) did you say spells?

MICHEL

semantics...

MICHEL walks to the nearest clipboard and starts turning the pages. He keeps looking up, checking Stephen.

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) ...and don't say it's witchcraft, 'cause, well do I look like a witch to you? It works, that's as far as I go with the whole moral questioning bit.

STEPHEN

I thought the whole point was to exorcise these things, send them back to hell?

MICHEL

Well we used to, but then some bright spark in the middle ages realized that they just kept climbing right back out again. Probably got a fed up with running around exorcising the same damned demon over and over and figured "I know, I'll put them in a prison instead"... so that's pretty much what we do. We're prison guards.

STEPHEN looks pale, takes a couple of steps backwards to lean against a wall.

STEPHEN

But I witnessed an exorcism...there was definitely no mention of a prison... how do you get them here?

MICHEL

Well it depends on who you're dealing with as to what method you use to imprison them. Sometimes a Hazel twig, or a piece of iron, or a silver ring, whatever, that's what the books are about. If hit isn't in the books, or we don't know we just fall back on the old Babylonian demon bowls.

MICHEL puts down the clipboard and leans against the opposite wall to Stephen

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) The exorcism ritual's been altered to include a binding ritual, so the demon is exorcised out of the possessed and is bound to the object, we bring the object back here and put it in one of these cells.

MICHEL bangs on the door next to him with the palm of his hand. STEPHEN visibly jumps. MICHEL smirks.

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) Of course the binding only lasts a certain amount of time, so we have to recite the binding ritual every so often, and the protection stuff, and a few other particular odds and ends at the appropriate time. Then all we have to do is deal with new demons coming out to play. When you came I was transferring the schedule to computer. Each day whoever's on duty checks on the calendar to see who's due for a renewal on their spells.

MICHEL raises hand in supplication

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) I know you don't like the word, but...well, get over it. A spade is a spade, in my book. Don't hold with niceties and semantics.

MICHEL phases out. Eyes Glaze.

Beat.

MICHEL shakes his head.

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) Anyway were was I?...

STEPHEN

they check the calender for the ...rituals

MICHEL Calender checks, yeah... then they come down here, always in pairs mind, and do the do. World's safe for another day. MICHEL eyes Stephen up and down, assessing.

Beat.

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS)

So are you still ok? Or do I need to go ring upstairs to get you a straight jacket?

STEPHEN

I just can't believe that this exists. How many people know about it? What happens if they escape? What....

MICHEL stands bolt upright. shocked.

MICHEL

Escape. They don't escape. don't even think about that. Never happen, it's our job. Our responsibility... Escape! that's not funny, have you got any idea of who we have in here... no... just no!

STEPHEN

Sorry.

MICHEL (flustered) Time to go...come come.

MICHEL quickly turns and leaves.

BLACK SCREEN: ERATH COUNTY, TEXAS

EXT. STEPHENVILLE. DAY

Apartment blocks line the road. Its a poor neighbourhood. People are lounging about chatting. A black Pontiac pulls along side a building the occupant DREW (35, heavy set build, toned, unkempt dark hair, wearing gray overalls, his name is on a badge he's wearing) exits the vehicle. He leans in the passenger side and retrieves a shopping bag. Slams the door with his foot. Walks up the steps nodding to MR PARCYNSKA (elderly, Polish) sitting on the steps to the building.

DREW

Hi there Mr Parcynska, how's the foot doing?

MR PARCYNSKA

(thick Polish Accent) Oh mustn't complain. Got rid of the stick yesterday. So I'm thinking that it's on the mend. How's your mother keeping?

DREW

Good, popped in to see her Tuesday. She does like to keep me busy though. Last week she had me redecorating the lounge. I'm back on Friday to fix up her fence, kids have been at it again.

MR PARCYNSKA

You're a good boy Drew, you always were. You here to see Penny?

DREW

Just got her groceries for her. You don't need anything while I'm here do you?

MR PARCYNSKA

I'm good thanks. You give my regards to your mother. Tell her I'll be by when I get a bit more mobile.

DREW

Will do. You take care of yourself.

CONTINUOUS.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

DREW enters the building and runs up the two flights of stairs. He knocks on the door directly at the top of the stairs. The place is dismal and dusty.

DREW Penny. It's Drew, I've got your groceries.

DREW shifts the bag to the other arm and looks at his watch. Goes to knock again but the door opens. PENNY (old and short, back so hunched from osteoporosis she can't look up)

17.

PENNY Hello dear. Come on in.

DREW enters the apartment, it's surprisingly clean and light. He leads the way in to the kitchen and starts to unpack the bag on to the kitchen side, making neat stacks of the various canned goods

DREW (shouts) HOW YOU DOIN' TODAY?

PENNY Not too bad dear.

DREW They didn't have tomato so I got you chicken soup instead.

PENNY (cups ear) Sorry dear.

DREW (shouts) I SAID THEY DIDN'T HAVE TOMATO SOUP SO I GOT YOU SOME CHICKEN INSTEAD.

PENNY Thank you dear. I'll just put the kettle on for you dear.

DREW

(Shouts) I CAN'T STAY, I HAVE A MEETING TO GO TO IN AN HOUR. BUT I'LL BE BACK DAY AFTER TOMORROW WITH MUM FOR YOUR HOSPITAL APPOINTMENT.

PENNY

Alright dear.

PENNY picks up her purse from the side and starts fumbling in it.

PENNY How much do I owe you dear.

DREW nothing, you gave me the money before.

DREW finishes up, carefully folds the empty grocery bags leaving them on the kitchen side,

DREW (Shouts) NOTHING, YOU ALREADY GAVE ME THE MONEY...I'VE GOT TO GO. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

DREW places a caring hand on PENNY's shoulder and quickly exits.

INT. GOSPEL TENT. NIGHT.

The place is full of worshippers, standing room only. REV HANSON (mid 50's, overweight, wearing a poorly fitting, cheap suit, sweating) stands on a small stage at the front of the tent, microphone in hand, we hear feedback every so often. There's a banner over the stage "are you ready for the Rapture?". Plastic chairs are arranged in rows, all occupied. This is a small, but popular operation.

> REV HANSON Tell me children are you ready for the lord?

> > CONGREGATION (O.C)

Amen

REV HANSON Are you ready for the anti-Christ? And his minions of evil?

CONGREGATION (O.C) Oh yes, lord

REV HANSON

Well children, when the time comes for the Rapture, and the lord comes to take you to his mighty bosom, are you truly ready? Ready to leave friends and family behind to rot in the filth of what remains here?

(QUIET)

REV HANSON

I know, I know, some of you are worried, but the lord gave us a choice. It's down to each of us to take responsibility for those choices? Is it not the will of God? God gave us the signs to look for, and my children they are here, all around us. Everywhere, everyday! CAMERA PANS around the room settles on a DREW unnaturally wearing a suit but no tie, His hair is immaculately combed. He's entranced.

REV HANSON (V.O) Fornication, Greed, Idolizing false gods. The lord said that we would see them, the devils work, and look around, you see it in your work, you see it in your schools, you see it in your street. The Rapture is coming.

DREW flings himself to his feet, hands raised in the air, lost in the moment.

DREW AND CONGREGATION (V.O) Hallelujah!

REV HANSON (V.O)

It's coming soon. The Demon comes. He is the anti-Christ. Lord have mercy on our wickedness...Be strong for the second coming of our lord Jesus Christ is not far behind. And he will take his children away from the Evil one.

DREW AND CONGREGATION (O.C) Oh lord, mercy!

CAMERA PANS back around the tent, most of the CONGREGATION are standing now, in the same pose as Drew. We see REV HANSON nod to a man next to the stage, his aide. The AIDE picks up a pile of collection plates and starts to pass them out to the people on the front row. We see one of the plates being passed round, SOMEONE too engrossed in the sermon is nudged by their NEIGHBOUR.

> REV HANSON It is in times like these that we need to stand up and be counted. The coming of our Lord is near, we can only hope that the demon comes before too many more of Gods children fall by the wayside. Please be generous, and think of all those who are not yet saved. Think of your friends and families...

Fade out.

INT. INTERNET CAFÉ. NIGHT

We see DREW sitting at a computer, he's the only customer. In the background the owner is pottering around, clearing and cleaning the tables. We see DREW's face engrossed, moving between screen and fervently making notes in black notebook.

CAMERA PANS ROUND revealing the computer screen, "demons and the end of days". He is searching through various links Page upon page, opened, shut, minimised.

> OWNER (O.S) You nearly done sir, I need to lock up in five.

DREW Yeh, One minute and I'll be out of your hair.

OWNER

No rush.

The owner leans over into shot, and picks up Drew's empty coffee mug, he leans forward over Drew's shoulder. DREW realising he's been caught, tries to shut down the screen.

OWNER

My brother found a great site for this stuff.

OWNER pushes Drew over a bit and starts typing. A new page springs up "demons: worship and summoning"

OWNER See, every Demon and what they do. Great isn't it. Even says how to summon a couple of them.

DREW looks questioningly at the owner.

OWNER He writes the lyrics for his death metal band...

Uses a cloth to wipe clean the area around Drew.

OWNER (CONTINUOUS) I'll give you a couple of extra minutes to finish up. It's always (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OWNER (CONTINUOUS) (cont'd) the way, spend hours looking for something, then just when you have to go, bam, there it is!...Next time ask, save you loads a hassle.

DREW scribbles the site name down in his book, picks up his book and pen and hurriedly makes for the door keeping his head down.

INT. DREW'S ROOM. DAY

The room is immaculate, there's a photograph on the night stand an old family photo a boy 7 (Drew) grinning, holding the collar of a Labrador. The bed against one wall is neatly made, a suit hangs from the picture rail, a pair of shoes placed squarely to the wall beneath. We hear a dog barking outside.

DREW ENTERS home from work. He clutches a paper bag. Places the bag on the bed goes over to the glistening window and draws the curtains. He goes back to the bag, carefully opens it and pulls out a Meat cleaver, he carefully folds the bag and places it in his overalls pocket, he lifts his mattress and places the cleaver exactly parallel next to the black notebook we see there. Replaces the mattress and smooths the wrinkles from the bedspread. He takes off his work boots lining them up exactly with his other shoes, takes off overalls folds them, then t-shirt, folds and places the pile neatly next to his work boots. Satisfied he starts to do press ups in his boxer shorts.

INT DREW'S ROOM. LATER

DREW sitting on his bed, is now wearing jogging pants, bare chested. Reading through the black notebook, copying a passage out onto a fresh sheet of paper. The dog outside is still barking.

INT DREW'S ROOM. LATER

Its getting dark now, The dog's barking has not subsided. DREW's in front of the bed, we can't see what's on it, until he turns to put on a lamp. Then we see the cleaver, a roll of garbage bags, some rope, 2 bottles of water, a towel, a bar of soap and some clean clothes all neatly laid out on the bed. He pulls a duffel bag from under the bed and starts to methodically place each of the items slowly into the holdall. INT DREW'S ROOM. LATER. NIGHT.

It's dark in the room. The dog is still barking. The bed is unmade, and the duffel bag at the side of the bed is open. DREW is not in the room. The photograph by the side of the bed has been placed face down. There's a crack between the curtains, there's a bright moon,

We look through the crack in the curtains, glimpse DREW disappear round the corner of the neighbours house. The dog stops barking, no scream, just a lack of incessant barking. Quiet. We see DREW come back round the corner cradling a very full garbage bag.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL. SCHOOL'S OUT. DAY.

Four children, 8 years old, three of the four are significantly taller than the fourth. Bullies, the ring leader, JACK (obtuse, brown, haired and wearing the latest clothes, a rich kid). The other two bullies, smaller, stand behind Jack, uncomfortable lookouts. The victim CHARLIE (small, skinny, maybe 8yrs old but looks 6yr.) His blonde hair falls in his eyes at the front and his clothes are cheap and scruffy, his jeans are too short for him, and his baseball boots are slightly too big. Schools out and the last few groups of kids are leaving.

> JACK who said you could go? I'm not finished with you yet.

CHARLIE My mum said I've got to get home on time today. I've got a dentist appointment.

JACK And that's my problem 'cause?

sniggering from the other two

CHARLIE

Jack I can't...I can come round later after dinner

JACK If you don't get round to clean the dog crap before 6 tonight, I'm gonna make you eat it tomorrow, got it?

JACK pushes CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

I'll try.

JACK You best try real hard.

CHARLIE walks off, down the road. He keeps his head down. He passes DREW sat in his parked black Pontiac. He is staring straight at the three bullies. He has been watching the altercation. He continues to watch until we see the two followers say their byes and exit. DREW gets out of the car shuts the door but doesn't lock it, walks over to JACK stopping behind him. JACK has his back to DREW. There is no-one else around now. JACK has his back pack on the floor in front of him, he's crouched down fishing around inside it. Pulls out an ipod he turns and stands simultaneously to see DREW looming.

JACK

(shocked) Fuck! you scared the shit out of me.

DREW

Don't swear.

JACK (genuinely) Sorry... What you doing here, anyway?... Mum send you to check up on me or something?

DREW

Sure did, said you were supposed to come over my place for supper.

JACK

Why?

DREW

(shrugs) Something came up. Said she'd explain it when she picks you up later.

JACK

(unimpressed)
Great...aren't you supposed to be
at work?

DREW Afternoon off mate. They head back to the car DREW's arm draped over JACKS shoulders. They get in, we see the car head off and round a corner.

INT DREW'S CAR. LATER

The car is now in the country. There's grass land to either side of the road. They turn off onto a dirt road.

JACK Where we going?

DREW

We're going somewhere to fish. It's a secret place. Family tradition. Thought I'd show it you. After all your family and your Dad's not so I figure the only way your going to find out about it is if I tell you... You do want to go fishing, don't you?

JACK

Sure.

They continue down the dirt track.

EXT. SMALL POND - SAME DAY

The car comes into view from behind a tree, pulls over. There is no track or road. JACK and Drew exit the car. The pond is surrounded by trees on this side of the bank, on the opposite side the pond is full of reeds, the bank rises sharply giving the feeling of seclusion. Close to the water is a large tree, with a big flat rock underneath surrounded by a large concentration of dead leaves and twigs. DREW opens the back door and pulls his duffel bag off the back seat. He walks round to the trunk and pulls out two fishing rods. JACK looks distinctly unimpressed. He walks down to the ponds edge. The water is black and the surface glass, he peers back at his own reflection

> JACK Is this it?

DREW doesn't reply. He is rifling through the duffel bag. By the car. Behind Jack.

JACK Drew, is this the place?

Silence

JACK (louder)

Drew?

DREW Yeah, sorry, this is the place. Don't wander off, I'm gonna need your help in a minute.

JACK

No problemo!

JACK throws a stone in the water. Ripples. As the ripples subside we see reflected JACK with DREW stood behind.

DREW Come on then, haven't got all day you know.

DREW ruffles Jacks hair and starts back towards the car. JACK straightens his hair out and follows.

DREW Go sit on that rock by the tree over there, we'll bait up there.

JACK goes to sit on the rock, while DREW gathers the duffel bag and the fishing rods, he walks back over to Jack, carefully leans the fishing rods against the tree and places the duffel bag next to them. DREW positions himself behind Jack, placing a firm hand on the boy's shoulder.

> DREW You like it here?

JACK Yeah, it's cool.

DREW I'm glad. That means a lot to me, it really does.

With his spare hand DREW lifts the back of his t-shirt and pulls out the cleaver.

DREW You know, sometimes in life, you have to do things that you don't want to do...you know, so that the things you know have to happen, can happen.

The cleaver comes down, just once straight in the centre of the skull.

FADE TO BLACK.

SERIES OF SHOTS

DREW positioning Jacks, limp, twitching, body centrally on the rock. Cleaver embedded in his skull, a rivulets of blood running down his face. JACKS eye's wild and fearful, skitting left to right.

DREW sweeping the twigs and debris from around the rock to reveal stones surrounding it in a circle, each with occult symbols on (the same symbols as in the torture chamber in 1439).

DREW reading from the black notebook (silently)

DREW undoing his belt.

DREW's face, orgasm.

The cleaver repeatedly coming down on to the makeshift alter. Blood spraying from severed arteries. Blood pouring from the cleaver.

DREW placing the body and bits into a garbage bag, along with the stones

DREW pulling the garbage bag containing the neighbours dog out of the trunk. Drew mutilating the canine carcass on the spot of the murder.

DREW putting the garbage bag the dog was in, in the bag with Jacks corpse tying it. Lifts the bag and carries it into the lake.

DREW chest high in the lake pulls out the cleaver and makes a slit in the bag, ensuring that it will sink.

DREW in his boxer shorts waist high in the water washing his bloodied clothes with the soap.

DREW by the car getting dressed into his work overalls, his duffel bag and fishing rods next to him.

DREW driving back to town.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. LATER. DAY

ED (Mexican, 40's, same uniform as Drew) using a buffing machine on the floors. DREW walks out of a door behind him, walks up and taps him on the shoulder. Ed jumps and turns off the machine.

ΕD Jeez Drew, you could kill a man doing that. DREW Sorry Ed, just wanted to let you know I'm done for the day. See yer tomorrow. ED Done already? I thought you'd have been down there the rest of the night. DREW looks down at his hands, blood is caked around his fingernails. He starts to scrape it off with his other hand DREW The boiler's still broke, I'm just done trying to fix it today. ED (grinning) Bunking off...you can loose your job over that... DREW looks around conspiratorially DREW This looks pretty clean to me, why don't you come too, get a beer, have a game of pool? My shout. I can drop you off at home before I go see my mum. ED Give me a hand emptying the bins on this floor and you've got a deal. DREW

Great.

DREW turns, looks at his now clean nails.

BLACK SCREEN: THE VATICAN (2 MONTHS LATER)

INT. CAVERNOUS LIBRARY, MICHEL'S DESK

PATRICK sits on the corner of the desk. MICHEL sitting.

PATRICK Stephen's probationary up, I need a report. Is he everything we were hoping of him?

MICHEL He's a little young, thinks he can improve the place, knows better that the rest of us, you know, like we all did at this age, but he knows his stuff. Better still he knows when to shut up.

PATRICK

The fact that he brings you a flask of coffee in everyday has nothing to do with this glowing report then?

MICHEL Oh and he's a suck ass... Sorry Father.

PATRICK (sighs) So I can keep him assigned to you then? I'm not going to get it in the neck for the next however long?

MICHEL

We'll see.

MICHEL sees STEPHEN walking toward them, head in a book.

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) If you'll excuse us, we have rounds to do.

MICHEL stands up, grabs a clipboard from his desk and hobbles past PATRICK, he looks older now, slightly more withered. He keeps rubbing his arthritic knuckles. He meets STEPHEN, shoots him a look

MICHEL

Rounds.

Stephen follows obediently.

INT. CELLS

STEPHEN slowly walks next to hobbling MICHEL, down the tunnels. STEPHEN is holding the clipboard, MICHEL is struggling with an overly large ledger, balancing a bible and a drawstring bag on top

> MICHEL Ok, so who've we got today boy?

STEPHEN Only Surgat. Says here it needs a full renewal.

MICHEL And that means...?

STEPHEN

Opening the door, a binding ritual on the vessel, closing the door and rewriting the protection seal.

MICHEL

And...?

STEPHEN looks blank

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) What about us? You think it's wise

to go into a room, to put a binding spell on an item, that may or may not be still intact? eh?

STEPHEN

Ok, so we create a circle of protection then open the door, we check the item for deterioration, then do the binding spell.

MICHEL

Nice idea, but impractical. We use talismans of protection, enter the room, physically check the item, in this case a mirror, DON'T look into it! Then binding and protection.

MICHEL rearranges the pile he's carrying

STEPHEN

Here let me...

STEPHEN moves to take some of the load off Michel. MICHEL half turns to stop him.

MICHEL

I'm fine, you just concentrate...One of us must be outside the room at all times, if anything goes wrong, shut the door hang your talisman on it, and run.

STEPHEN

So who stays outside?

MICHEL

You of course! Them upstairs don't like unpredictable, and you boy are what is classified as an unknown element. I worked down here nearly ten years before I was allowed into the cells. Seen the procedure done over and over, in fact it was only 'cause Elijah had a heart attack while he was in the middle of incanting, that I got a go at all.

STEPHEN

(sulking)

Oh.

MICHEL Come on lad work to do. And don't sulk, I can't abide sulking, makes me get quite hostile.

They continue down the corridor in silence, the place is like a labyrinth.

MICHEL So I hear you like my early work?

STEPHEN

Patrick?..

MICHEL

Of course..

STEPHEN

Well, I thought it was...instructive, at the time...now of course it all seems rather a mute point. You know, I always thought you were French too.

MICHEL

I am French!

STEPHEN But...you speak like a...

MICHEL You best not finish that sentence boy!

MICHEL stops dead.

MICHEL You hear that?

we hear scraping sounds followed by a knocking. silence. Scraping again. A loud crash echoes. STEPHEN turns to look at Michel. MICHEL's face is white, a look of horror spreads across it.

STEPHEN

What?

MICHEL drops his cargo. Falls to his knees, grabs the drawstring bag and pours the contents on the floor. A small shaving mirror smashes and two necklaces (small leather pouches tied onto a piece of thin cord) fall to the ground.

STEPHEN

What?

He grabs the necklaces and passes one over to Stephen.

MICHEL Take this...RUN!

STEPHEN takes the necklace. MICHEL turns to run, his feet get tangled in his long cassock, he trips and falls flat on his face. STEPHEN, looking behind towards the origin of the noise trips over MICHEL.

> MICHEL Stop pissing about, get out, shut the main door.

STEPHEN gets up and tries to lift MICHEL, drops the necklace

MICHEL No...Just Go, Now!

CAMERA POV. we pass MICHEL lying on the floor clutching his talisman and mumbling to himself, praying. We follow STEPHEN as he runs through the labyrinth. Camera gaining.

INT. BASEMENT. ERATH COUNTY

The basement has a dirt floor, there's a wooden staircase in the corner, underneath is a pile of debris, a tricycle with two wheels, an ironing board without a cover, a chest of drawers without the drawers. The stones from the lake are now arranged in a circle on the floor of the cellar. In the centre of the circle, the floor has been dug out a foot deep by 3ft squared. The excess earth is piled behind.

DREW in underwear, wipes blood off the cleaver and his hands with a rag and throws the rag with rest of his bloodied discarded clothes. He goes over to a bucket of water, and uses a bar of soap to clean the rest of the blood of his body. A new mirror hangs on the wall, as he stands up we see the spots he missed in his reflection and get a better view of what is in the pit. A mass of red meat, is that a small hand, maybe some hair? He pulls clean clothes from the duffel bag by the bucket, and dresses in jeans and a t-shirt. He gathers the bloodied clothes together and stuffs them in a bin liner and squeezes it in the duffel bag, along with the cleaver. He picks up the bag and exits basement via the stairs into house.

CONTINUOUS.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

CAMERA follows through house. Dim light comes through the ill fitting curtains it's dingy and dusty. Furniture is scattered around covered with long neglected dust sheets. The floor is littered with leaves, this house is derelict, wallpaper is hanging off, some of the plaster has fallen off revealing the lathe beneath, some of the ceiling has fallen down, water still drips, we don't see were from. DREW weaves his way to the front door through the maze of furniture and debris. He opens the door, two planks of wood nailed to the frame top and bottom bar easy access, he pushes the holdall through the gap and climbs through one leg at a time.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - DAY

Surrounded by tall trees and an overgrown lawn, the house is obscured from view. From the outside we see that the windows are partially boarded up and the roof has a gaping hole in it. DREW goes round the back of the house to his car he throws the holdall in to the trunk, gets into the car, looks at his watch. Considers, then drives away. DREW in the car listens to a gospel radio station, he sings along, he has a good voice.

| | DREW AND RADIO | | DREW | AND | RADIO |
|--------------------|----------------|--------------------|------|-----|-------|
| (V.O) Oh, happy | day | (V.O) Oh, happy | day | | |
| | | | | | |

DREW AND RADIO (V.O) That Jesus took, DREW AND RADIO (V.O) That Jesus took,

DREW AND RADIO RADIO (V.O) (V.O) ...away My sins..

We follow the car as it enters a suburban area. DREW stops singing and turns off the radio. Children are playing in the street. The car slows, we watch the children as we go passed. We continue driving. We turn the corner, a teenager JENNA (female, 13, emo, headphones) is walking alone, we don't slow down, but we watch. The car continues down the street and pulls into an alley way.

CONT.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY

The alley is quiet, DREW parks the car about 50ft up the alley. There's piles of cardboard boxes against the walls of the alley, a dumped fridge and dumpsters littered around the place.

DREW exits the car, he has a monkey wrench in his hand , he jogs to the front of the car, lifts up the hood, reaches in and pulls. A few seconds later JENNA walks passed the alley entrance.

DREW Hey, excuse me...miss!

Runs up to her. Waving the wrench.

DREW Miss, er..could you give me a hand a minute. JENNA

Whut?

Removes headphones

JENNA

huh?

DREW I just need to someone to turn the ignition...My car.

Points.

DREW It'll only take a minute.

JENNA Don't you work at my school?

DREW

Oh yeah! I've seen you around. Hi, I'm Drew, I'm a janitor there.

JENNA

Right..

Obviously relaxes, smiles, flirting.

JENNA Sure, so wassup?

DREW

My car's playing up, I just need someone to turn it over while I check under the hood. You don't mind do you? It'll literally only take a minute.

JENNA Sure, No probs. I'm Jenna.

JENNA holds out her hand. They shake.

DREW Nice to meet you Jenna.

They walk to the Pontiac, DREW hands over the keys.

DREW If you can just get in and turn it over. DREW goes to the front of the car. JENNA gets in the driver's seat and turns the key. Nothing happens.

DREW And again... Yeh, I see it.

JENNA You want me to turn it again?

DREW

Cheers.

The car jumps to life, purring. DREW walks around the car looking around quickly. JENNA is exiting the vehicle, one foot still inside. DREW casually brings the wrench down on her head and she flops to the ground. He lifts the top half of her body and shoves it into the passenger side foot well, followed by her legs. He struggles to get her foot in the foot well, it won't fit, so he grabs it and twists, we hear it snap and he shoves into the available gap. He grabs his coat from the back-seat, and casually throws that on top. He gets into the driver seat and drives away.

INT. AIRPORT

Typical airport scene. people moving about, announcements over the tannoy. Amongst the crowds we glimpse STEPHEN, going into the mens toilets.

INT. ROME AIRPORT TOILETS

Typical public toilet, door leads into a corridor effect, stalls on the right, next to the urinals, opposite them are sinks mirrors above. LUCAS (American, early 30's, short light brown hair, sexy, wears jeans with a casual jacket) is using the urinal and has a knapsack by his foot. A BUSINESS MAN, much older is washing his hands. STEPHEN/BELIAL (in his priests clothes, looking more confident, has a cheeky smile) walks in, we see him scan the room. He walks to the sinks and starts washing his hands, looking in the mirrors he watches Lucas and turns to watch as the BUSINESS MAN leaves. LUCAS finishes at the urinals, slings the bag over his shoulder and comes over to the sink. STEPHEN/BELIAL looks to Lucas, nods and smiles, LUCAS returns the greeting.

STEPHEN/BELIAL

You have to love airport security. They're so anal, bet there asses are so tight... Makes you wanna fuck em, you know what I mean? LUCAS (surprised/confused) Er...Yes father.

STEPHEN/BELIAL looks down at his clothes. Finishing washing up, he wipes his hands on his trousers.

STEPHEN/BELIAL Oh, well that's the foreplay over then.

STEPHEN/BELIAL grabs LUCAS' face in both hands twists him round, his back now against the sink and passionately kisses him. STEPHEN drops to the floor unconscious. LUCAS/BELIAL wipes his lips. Turns off the tap and wipes his hands down his trousers.

LUCAS/BELIAL Mm...this fits better.

LUCAS/BELIAL Looks in the mirror, plays with his new cheeks, ruffles his new hair. Grins showing his teeth. adjusts his crotch.

LUCAS/BELIAL Yeh, I could get used to this one.

LUCAS/BELIAL removes the knapsack from his shoulder and checks the pockets, pulls out a passport with tickets hanging out. Looks closely at the tickets

LUCAS/BELIAL New York...close enough.

LUCAS/BELIAL Sticks the passport and tickets back in the bag and walks towards the door.

INT. LAVISHLY DECORATED ROOM. DAY

CARDINAL MARTESH (75, stern)sits at an ornate desk in the centre of the room, golden framed pictures on the walls and plush red velvet soft furnishings, there is a large window behind the desk, opposite the door. PATRICK and MICHEL are stood before him like naughty school children.

CARDINAL So who got out?

PATRICK

Belial.

CARDINAL (horrified) The Belial?

PATRICK (nervously) Yes your reverence.

CARDINAL Belial...The anti-Christ?

MICHEL (winces) That's the one.

CARDINAL

How?

MICHEL Sir, we don't know exactly...

PATRICK Sir when we did the switch to computerization it appears as

though we mislaid an additional locational binding incantation.

MICHEL (to both the CARDINAL and PATRICK) ...but that shouldn't have been enough to allow...this.

CARDINAL (ignoring Michel) Mislaid?

PATRICK We found it under the vending machine.

CARDINAL Actually, I don't care. It's not important...

CARDINAL leans on the desk and steeples his fingers.

CARDINAL You Michel are the expert on Belial I take it? You seem to be our foremost demonologist.

MICHEL nods

CARDINAL Then you are charged with getting him back...

MICHEL

(horrified)

But...

CARDINAL

You will be given all the help you require. Whatever, and I mean whatever the cost, you get it back here...quietly. If Father Stephen is indeed the host for this demon, it should be pretty straight forward in locating him and exorcising the demon. We have people looking for him now. How far could he get in an hour?

MICHEL opens his mouth to speak, shuts it thinking better of it

MICHEL

You don't think that maybe I'm a little old to be running around the place after a demon of Belial's... stature? ...I could advise from here. Maybe fill in a couple of the younger priests on his particular traits.

CARDINAL

I'm given to understand that there's no-one else who knows Belial like you do, you know the best ways of locating him, you also know how to exorcise him, what vessel to use... Or was I misinformed?

CARDINAL Looks to Patrick briefly.

Beat.

CARDINAL I've been assured that physical fitness is not a requirement for recapture.

MICHEL open and closes his mouth like a fish, dumbfounded

CARDINAL

So, it's you, and don't look at me like that, you're only a few years older than me... Your not implying that I'm too old are you?

Beat.

CARDINAL

I thought not...

CARDINAL starts rifling through file in front of him.

CARDINAL

I'm not senile, I'm not sending you alone. There is a particular lady we use for delicate matters such as these. She's not exactly Catholic, but we are willing to overlook that for the services she provides.

CARDINAL finds the paper he's looking for and hands it to PATRICK, he doesn't look at it but keeps hold of it. The CARDINAL looks directly at MICHEL, who's busy studying the carpet.

CARDINAL

MICHEL...

MICHEL snaps back to attention

CARDINAL

You will brief her and you will not under any circumstances tell her that he escaped. In fact as far as she's concerned he just.. popped up again, understand? Her Name is Rita Manning, she's good at locating things that have a...how should I put this...a demonic presence. She does however work for the highest bidder, which is usually us, however information also has a price and I don't want her coming back to me at a later date, with any kind of blackmail proposals. So Michel, Do NOT trust her... DO you understand?

MICHEL looks around the room, angry.

Beat.

MICHEL

(with obvious restraint) You want me to go outside for the first time in 30 years to find a demon that could end, well, everything, with a woman who can't be told why this demon might be a little pi...annoyed at us. Yes I understand...I'm not happy about it, but I don't suppose I have a choice.

MICHEL glares at Patrick. Returns attention back to the cardinal

CARDINAL

(incredulous)
Happy about it!, your not happy
about it! DO you have the slightest
idea of how "not happy about it"
his Reverence is? Do you? Do you
have any concept of the trouble
we're in about this, this
catastrophe? We spent a lot of time
and effort to make sure
no-one took Belial seriously. And
now you've let it out! Michel, get
out there and fix this...NOW

MICHEL

(subdued) Yes sir.

EXIT MICHEL staring at the floor

CARDINAL You know him Patrick, can he do this?

PATRICK

For all his faults Michel's good at what he does. I really do believe that he is the best person to get Belial back with the least amount of attention.

CARDINAL You don't think he's maybe a little too old?

PATRICK He likes to use his age as an excuse when it suits him. I've seen (MORE) PATRICK (cont'd) him jumping about the place when he thinks no-ones looking. I've never known a more active 80 year old. Trust me he'll be fine.

CARDINAL Well it's on your head.

INT. CAVERNOUS LIBRARY. LATER

MICHEL is sitting at his desk, he has a small suitcase by the side of him. He's frantically scanning the computer, and making notes on a notepad next to him. He's mumbling while he reads. PATRICK comes over and leans on the desk.

PATRICK

What are you doing?

MICHEL continues scouring the computer. He doesn't look up.

MICHEL (preoccupied) I'm trying to figure out where he might be headed.

PATRICK (patronizing) He's going to France. Your going to France... Your flight leaves in 30 minutes. I know you're scared, but you have to stop trying to delay the inevitable... You don't have time for this

MICHEL (preoccupied) He's not going to France.

PATRICK and you know this, how?

MICHEL (vehemently) Trust me...

MICHEL turns his head to Patrick

MICHEL (sarcastic) After all, I'm the demonologist aren't I. I'm the best person to (MORE) MICHEL (cont'd) get him back, isn't that so Patrick?

PATRICK Yes, you are. You may hate me for it, but you really are.

MICHEL nods, not completely convinced. He picks up his pen and goes back to working on his research.

PATRICK You know I have people working on this. You need to be on that flight.

MICHEL Just 'cause he was picked up from France...it means nothing.

MICHEL puts his pen down again with a sigh, he looks up straight into Patrick's eyes.

MICHEL I'm serious. There's no indication at all that he's gone there.

MICHEL turns his swivel chair to face Patrick.

MICHEL

I've been thinking. I know that the rituals hadn't been performed, but still... he really shouldn't have been strong enough to get passed the protection on the door and the cross that some thoughtful person had placed on it. The only way that the he could of got out is if he had help...

MICHEL leans forward, inches away from Patrick's face and whispers

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) I think someone summoned him.

PATRICK looks around to check no-one is close by and whispers back

PATRICK are you sure?... that's a huge assumption to make?

MICHEL

It's the only thing that makes sense. Oh, and I've been looking into high instances of child disappearances, and I've found a few areas that are abnormally high. Africa has a two, The US has one, Mongolia has one, and Lithuania has one.

PATRICK er...child disappearances?

MICHEL leans back in his chair. Exasperated

MICHEL

DO you actually know how Belial was caught last time? Or did someone tell you France, and you just went along with it?

PATRICK

I haven't exactly had time to study the whole story, so no, I don't know, that's why I have advisers on the matter.

MICHEL Gilles De Rais, 15th century, ring any bells?

PATRICK looks blankly at Michel.

MICHEL

In the 1400's, Gilles De Rais, fought along side Joan of Arc, he also had a side line in torturing, mutilating and raping children, anyway it turns out that he was trying to raise Belial. Managed it to. That's where we got him from. That's when the cover up began. they figured that if no-one knew Belial was the Anti-Christ, no-one would try to get hold of him. So now everyone thinks of the major Demons, you know Beelzebub, Lucifer, that lot. De Rais was executed of course, after admitting to murdering at least 140 children. But the man's infamous. I figure in this day and age if someone wanted to summon Belial they'd go on the (MORE)

MICHEL (cont'd) internet to find out how. The first thing they'd find is Gilles De Rais. So that's where I've been looking.

PATRICK stands up, clears his throat. He looks a little shaken. He rubs his hands together nervously.

PATRICK Well, you seem to know what your doing. So how are you going to narrow the search down?

MICHEL turns his chair back to the computer screen, picks up his pen and starts to fiddle with it.

MICHEL

Well being that the instances in Africa and Mongolia have been in the middle of nowhere, I'm counting on there being limited internet access. Which leaves me Lithuania and America. I'm leaning towards America... I'd rather go to Lithuania, but the US is just, well...more likely to have bred someone who thinks summoning a demon would be a good idea... So, seeing as it's my responsibility to get him back, get me on a flight to America, Texas.... Oh, and where is that woman, who's supposed to be helping me with this?

PATRICK

Well she was going to meet you at the airport, in France...I'll contact her and tell her to meet you in America.

PATRICK turns and walks away, his authority challenged he looks beaten and tired.

MICHEL Oh, and I want to take my computer.

PATRICK stops in his tracks, turns abruptly. Authority returns

PATRICK Not a chance. I'll supply you with a new one. Take any information you (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd) need of that one now, and make sure your notes are illegible to prying eyes. If you need any other information, you call me and I'll get it to you.

MICHEL Ok, your the boss. (grins to himself)

PATRICK turns to leave, then turns back, he's on a roll.

PATRICK My office in 10 minutes, Michel.

INT. OFFICE.

PATRICK sitting at his desk puts down the phone. He puts his head in his hands. We see a shadow behind the glass ENTER MICHEL without knocking.

MICHEL Got my flight details?

PATRICK You have to change in Paris, best we could do.

PATRICK picks up the print off. He looks upset.

MICHEL

What?

PATRICK We've just heard, they found Father Stephen at the airport about two hours ago.

MICHEL (concerned) He's ok?

PATRICK He's fine, he's also not possessed.

MICHEL (incredulously) You thought Belial was going to stay put? He's not an idiot. PATRICK He's insisting that he join you.

MICHEL Who? Stephen? I don't have a problem with that. Where is he?

PATRICK

He's on his way back here. You want me to get him to meet you at the airport?

MICHEL

Fine.

MICHEL turns to leave.

PATRICK There's something else...

MICHEL turns back to Patrick

PATRICK reports are just coming in so its all a bit hazy

MICHEL

spit it out

PATRICK India and Pakistan have just declared war on each other, there talking nuclear weapons... It's starting isn't it?

BLACK SCREEN: DALLAS, TEXAS

EXT. OUTSIDE AIRPORT. DAY

LUCAS/BELIAL with knapsack. Takes a deep breath. Sniffs and smiles to himself. There are people milling about waiting, queuing for taxis. He picks up his bags and walks to the front of the queue. A MAN, WIFE and 2 KIDS are at the front of the queue. The WIFE is holding the BABY, the MAN is holding the hand of a crying TODDLER. He's trying to manoeuvre the child in to the car while still holding on to the luggage. LUCAS/BELIAL leans onto the open car door. Smiles. The toddler stops crying, terrified. LUCAS/BELIAL You don't mind if I take this one do you?

LUCAS' smile turns to an evil grin, a flash of teeth, something in the eyes.

MAN (frightened) Er...no mate, you take it.

MAN pushing the TODDLER protectively behind him.

WIFE (annoyed) What, yes we mind!

LUCAS turns his head to face wife, evil grin, flash of teeth, glint in the eye.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Are you sure?

WIFE steps back behind her husband, hugging the baby closer. LUCAS smiles cheekily as if nothing had happened.

> LUCAS/BELIAL (jovially) Cheers, mate, I really appreciate it.

LUCAS/BELIAL throws his bags on the back-seat of the taxi and follows them in. We see the taxi speed off.

INT. PLANE

STEPHEN fast asleep in the chair next to MICHEL. MICHEL has his tray down, with various empty packets of nuts and sweets and empty plastic cups. He stops a STEWARDESS as she passes by.

STEWARDESS

Yes father?

MICHEL Can I get some more nuts? ooh and a pair of headphones?

STEWARDESS Of course Father. MICHEL looks around the interior of the plane, everyone else is asleep. STEWARDESS returns with three packets of nuts and the headphones.

STEWARDESS Here you go, father. I bought you a few to be getting on with.

STEWARDESS hands over the headphones, to MICHEL's outstretched shaking hand with excessively swollen knuckles. STEWARDESS carefully opens all three packets of nuts, placing them on the overly cluttered tray

> STEWARDESS Let me clear you some room on there shall I.

STEWARDESS leans over to clear his tray, cleavage in MICHEL's face. His eyes bulge, closes his eyes and mumbles.

STEWARDESS

Pardon?

MICHEL (coughs) Oh, nothing.

STEWARDESS Can I get you another drink?

MICHEL

mhm.

MICHEL watches her go. Puts on the headphones and we watch him watching "ICE AGE". BEAT. MICHEL laughing, loudly. STEWARDESS returns, puts down the drink, taps Michel on the shoulder and points to the drink, smiling. MICHEL nods

MICHEL (Shouts) THANK YOU.

STEPHEN stirs next to him, turns as much as the seat allows, and starts snoring quietly. MICHEL watches the STEWARDESS exit. MICHEL pulls out a medication bottle from under his cassock, he flicks two pills into his hand and takes them with the drink. He goes back to staring at the silent screen, and laughs. INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

The Taxi Pulls up on the side of the road. Trees line one side of the road, over grown. We can't see the house. The rear window is wound down, LUCAS/BELIAL has his head out, he sniffs the air not unlike a dog. Sticks his head back in the car and winds up the window.

LUCAS/BELIAL This is the place.

TAXI DRIVER

Where?

LUCAS/BELIAL It's just behind the trees. My friend'll pay you, he's inside...I'll go get him.

TAXI DRIVER (disbelieving) Right ... you don't mind if I come with, I wouldn't want you to get lost.

LUCAS/BELIAL Sure, whatever.

LUCAS/BELIAL grabs his knapsack and exits the vehicle.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT DERELICT HOUSE. NIGHT

TAXI DRIVER exits the vehicle and walks round to the waiting LUCAS/BELIAL. LUCAS/BELIAL leads the way through the trees and thick knee high bushes and grass, to reveal the derelict house lit by moonlight. Creepy.

TAXI DRIVER You're telling me your friend lives here.

LUCAS/BELIAL Yep, it's his little project... what can I say , it takes all sorts, right?

TAXI DRIVER (unconvinced) I guess so. LUCAS/BELIAL (laughing) Don't worry, I'm not a psycho or anything.

LUCAS/BELIAL and TAXI DRIVER continue to walk through the tangled frontage to reach the door.

LUCAS/BELIAL knocks

LUCAS/BELIAL (loudly) Drew, I'm here.

Silence. Dead silence.

Beat.

Knocks again, louder

LUCAS/BELIAL (shouts) DREW! I'M HERE!

LUCAS/BELIAL smiles nicely to the taxi driver. The TAXI DRIVER looks unnerved. He looks back towards his taxi, considering.

LUCAS/BELIAL We might as well go in. He's probably working in the basement.

LUCAS/BELIAL opens the door and straddles the lower of the two barring planks of wood, ready to duck under the top one.

TAXI DRIVER Look, why I don't wait here.

LUCAS/BELIAL looks back at the Taxi Driver

LUCAS/BELIAL (looks pleased at the idea) k.

Ok.

TAXI DRIVER (suspicious) On second thoughts...what the Hell.

The TAXI DRIVER follows DREW through the door and into...

CONTINUOUS.

...the house. It's black inside, only the moonlight coming through the door. We can make out the shapes of the furniture covered with dust sheets. The TAXI DRIVER stumbles around. We hear furniture being bumped into. And see the outline of the TAXI DRIVER against the door

> LUCAS/BELIAL Take my hand. The basement's over here.

TAXI DRIVER is led to the basement door. The door is opened and light spills. The TAXI DRIVER clasps a hand over his mouth and nose and looks across to Lucas' unflinching face.

> TAXI DRIVER Jeez, something died down there.

LUCAS/BELIAL Quite probably...I wouldn't think it's anything to worry about...

LUCAS/BELIAL starts to descend the stairs. He turns on the second step.

LUCAS/BELIAL Come down, and my friend can sort you out.

TAXI DRIVER You're fucking kidding, right?

LUCAS/BELIAL Well, No...Whatever it is, it's dead. It's not going to hurt you.

LUCAS/BELIAL turns and continues down the stairs. The TAXI DRIVER looks slightly embarrassed. And follows him down...

CONTINUOUS.

INT. BASEMENT.

LUCAS/BELIAL and TAXI DRIVER descend the wooden steps to the basement floor. The basement is lit with a solitary bulb. It has a reddish muddy floor. The bloodied carcass of something unrecognisable is in what used to be the pit, but is now filled with flesh, meat, entrails, maggots and dirt in varying stages of decomposition, steam still rises from the freshest kill. Flies are buzzing around the room. CAMERA FOCUS' on the TAXI DRIVER's face as the scene sinks in along with the stench. He turns to run back up the stairs. Comes face to face with DREW, the cleaver hits him between the eyes. He falls backwards, LUCAS/BELIAL calmly side steps out of the way and watches. DREW is naked, he is covered in blood, his short brown hair is slick with it. LUCAS/BELIAL squats down next to the TAXI DRIVERS body.

LUCAS/BELIAL Told you..it's the living you have to watch out for.

LUCAS/BELIAL stands up, and slowly walks around the basement, hand dragging across the walls. DREW makes his way down the remaining stairs, stepping over the body of the TAXI DRIVER.

DREW

It's you?

LUCAS/BELIAL

Yes.

DREW You came, you really came.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Yes.

LUCAS/BELIAL walks over to the pit and peers in, hands behind his back.

LUCAS/BELIAL (jovially) You've been busy.

DREW (nervously) I didn't know how many I needed to sacrifice.

LUCAS/BELIAL Sacrifice?

DREW Yeah, it didn't say how many.

LUCAS/BELIAL You didn't have to sacrifice anything, you just needed to read the catchy limerick...

LUCAS/BELIAL looks up to DREW.

Beat.

LUCAS/BELIAL But still, at least you've been having fun.

DREW looks at his blood soaked hands, he repeatedly turns them over, seeing them for the first time. He's horrified, his mouth falls open and he furiously tries to wipe the still wet blood from his hands, smearing it further. LUCAS/BELIAL looks on, intrigued.

> LUCAS/BELIAL It's not hand cream mate, it doesn't absorb into the skin.

> > DREW

What?

LUCAS/BELIAL smiles and walks around the pit to DREW, he pats DREW on the shoulder, he appears genuinely concerned

LUCAS/BELIAL Oh, oh dear, you didn't want to do...this.

LUCAS/BELIAL'S smile drops, he's harsh and abrupt and his hand drops away from Drew's shoulder.

LUCAS/BELIAL Well, what's done is done, get over it...anyway, enough of the niceties, lets get down to business...

DREW turns away from Lucas/Belial and stares at the bloody mess in the centre of the room. He moves slowly toward it. In shock.

LUCAS/BELIAL So, now you've got me here, what was it you wanted?

DREW

Wanted?

LUCAS/BELIAL Yes, wanted. On the whole you lot tend to summon Demons when you want something. Wholly unfair arrangement if you ask me. However. I'm here now, so what do you want?

DREW is still wandering toward the pit, dazed.

LUCAS/BELIAL (commanding voice) DREW, FOCUS.

DREW's head snaps round to look at Lucas/Belial, his features show nothing.

LUCAS/BELIAL Drew, why did you call me?

DREW I need the Anti-Christ.

LUCAS/BELIAL Ok, getting somewhere... What do you want me to do?

DREW The Rapture... The Second coming.

LUCAS/BELIAL Sorry, wrong side mate.

DREW

(confusion crosses his face) You're supposed to bring about Armageddon. Which means that the Rapture has to happen first. I want to go and join God, in the kingdom of heaven. To sit....

LUCAS/BELIAL

STOP.

DREW stops.

LUCAS/BELIAL

You summoned me, so that you could go to heaven?... Has something gone seriously awry since I was last out?... Dude, I hate to break it to you, but you're fucked...we're talking sore ass fucked.

DREW

(more confused) But, but...It says in the scriptures. The Anti-Christ will come, then Jesus will come again to take God's children off the earth to sit with him in heaven.

LUCAS/BELIAL takes a seat on the wooden steps.

LUCAS/BELIAL I have some bad news for you mate.

BLACK SCREEN: NEW YORK, JFK

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS.

The arrivals lounge is buzzing. Crowds of re-uniting families. A young woman TERESSA MANNING (18, Long Dark Brown hair, Beautiful, wearing low cut tank top, jeans, trainers and camouflage jacket, bubbly personality) holds a plaque high, on it is written "Michel Busson", she carries a green canvas holdall. We see the PASSENGERS coming through the doors into the lounge, MICHEL and STEPHEN are the last two passengers to arrive. MICHEL points at the board, as TERESSA starts towards them. MICHEL looks suspicious, he says something to STEPHEN, who looks at the approaching woman. MICHEL walks toward TERESSA, puts a hand out to stop STEPHEN from following. TERESSA and MICHEL meet. TERESSA swings her holdall onto the floor between her legs.

MICHEL

Rita Manning?

TERESSA That's my mum, I'm Teressa Manning. My mum couldn't make it, so I'm your replacement. (smiles brightly)

MICHEL I think in the circumstances, we...

MICHEL looks back at STEPHEN

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) ...would prefer to deal with your mother.

TERESSA (Angry, slightly raised voice) I couldn't care less what you'd "prefer". You want my help, you don't want my help.. your choice.

STEPHEN hears the raised voices and runs over.

MICHEL Well with an attitude like that... STEPHEN NO! No, I think what Father Michel meant was...

MICHEL What I meant was, you are a child, and the situation we are in requires experience and discretion. Qualities that you are blatantly lacking.

TERESSA

Whatever.

TERESSA grabs her holdall, turns around and storms off

STEPHEN

Tactful.

MICHEL What? She's obviously pubescent.

STEPHEN We need help, if her mother sent her, maybe, despite her pubescence, she might be of use.

MICHEL grunts an acknowledgement. STEPHEN runs after TERESSA weaving through the loitering groups. Catches her up, grabs her arm and talks to her. We see a series of nods from TERESSA and looking back at MICHEL, appeasement is taking place. STEPHEN picks up Teressa's holdall, TERESSA and STEPHEN walk back to MICHEL who hasn't moved, and has a look of belligerence about him.

> STEPHEN Teressa has agreed to help us, as long as you apologies.

TERESSA grins, behind her STEPHEN gesture's to MICHEL with his head to apologies

MICHEL (with deliberation) I apologies for offending you. It's been a long day.

TERESSA

Ok.

TERESSA offers a hand, they shake

TERESSA(CONTINUOUS) And just for the record I've been working with my mum since I was eight, soloing since I was fourteen. I really do know what I'm doing.

STEPHEN So why couldn't your mother make it? (hurriedly)

Just out of curiosity.

TERESSA She's dead, died four months ago.

MICHEL What! Why didn't we know this?

TERESSA

Because I've been doing all the assignments for the last two years. My clients don't ask questions and neither do I. It's a simple arrangement that works.

MICHEL (resigned) Alright, so do we head to Texas?

TERESSA

If you say so.

MICHEL

Wha.. Can you locate it, or not?

TERESSA

Relax... Yes I can find him, I just need to get his trail first. Once I know what I'm looking for it's easy.

STEPHEN We're looking for...

MICHEL Not here! (to TERESSA) We've got a flight to Dallas booked, yes?

TERESSA

Leaves in...

TERESSA looks at her watch

TERESSA(CONTINUOUS) just under an hour. I suggest we go and check in for that flight. Get to Dallas. Hire a car. Then you can fill me in.

TERESSA, STEPHEN and MICHEL walk off through the terminal, in silence. MICHEL stops at a suspended TV screen. A report is on "news flash update" scrolls across the bottom of the screen.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM. (ON TV SCREEN)

We see a female REPORTER, standing in front of a room full of people. All the seats are taken, some people are standing, others sat on the floor, several guerneys and make shift stretches are scattered about. Most people are coughing, some are coughing up thick black blood. She has her finger pressed against her ear, being fed information. Behind her hospital staff and paramedics run around wheeling guerneys and people through into the wards.

REPORTER

(Australian accent) We've just heard that three more people have died and forty six have been admitted here... I've just been informed that the situation is the same at all the hospitals in and around Sydney... The advice we've been told to give you is to stay indoors. Shut all your doors and windows, and don't under any circumstances leave your homes or place of work. Experts believe the smoke should clear in the next few hours...For those who have just tuned in, there have been a number of explosions at the chemical plant on the outskirts of Sydney. The smoke being pumped over the city is highly toxic. The smoke once inhaled, is lethal, there is no known cure. Please just stay indoors. So far the body count is up to one hundred and ninety-two in the last four hours.

INT. BASEMENT

DREW is crouched in the corner, hugging his legs and sobbing. He has clean track lines down his bloodied face. LUCAS/BELIAL is wandering around the room, bored

> LUCAS/BELIAL Ok, you're boring me now. Time to get on.

> > DREW

Get on?

LUCAS/BELIAL

Yes, get on. What did you think that was it? Summon me, waste my time and turn into a blubbering wreck? Reality check...I'm a Demon, I have responsibilities. You summoned me. I came. In my book that means you owe me.

DREW

(fearful) But I command you! I summoned you, I own you!

LUCAS/BELIAL calmly walks over to the crouching DREW. He crouches down to his eye level. Speaks slowly and quietly. We have no doubt that he's telling the truth.

LUCAS/BELIAL I like you Drew, I really do. But if you fuck me about in anyway, I will have to make you hurt. Do you understand?

DREW nods, he's petrified.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Good boy, now get cleaned up and get dressed, we've got places to go you and me. And I need to eat...

DREW starts to rise. LUCAS/BELIAL looks behind to the carcass in the middle of the room.

LUCAS/BELIAL (CONTINUOUS) that meat over there's making me hungry.

DREW throws up.

INT. HIRE CAR. DAY

TERESSA drives the Chevrolet trailblazer, with MICHEL in the passenger seat.

TERESSA Ok, so now we can't be over heard, what exactly are we chasing?

MICHEL

Belial.

TERESSA Ok, pretend for a moment that I'm not a nerd.

MICHEL I thought you knew what you were doing?

TERESSA

(smiling) Any time you want to part company, just say.

MICHEL

I'm merely saying that, in your line of work, I would have thought your knowledge on demons would have been a bit more comprehensive.

TERESSA

I don't think you have the slightest idea what I do, or how I do it.

MICHEL

I was told you locate demonic things.

TERESSA

(enjoying the intrigue) Yes, but if you don't know how I locate them, how can you assume what tools I need.

MICHEL

If you don't need to know demonology why do you need to know what we're hunting?

TERESSA

I don't...

TERESSA glances over at MICHEL.

TERESSA(CONTINUOUS) I was just breaking the ice.

MICHEL (humbled) Oh... So what do you need to locate him?

TERESSA Just to be put into contact with an item or a place that it's been.

Beat.

MICHEL Well it's been in Stephen here.

TERESSA pulls the car off the road with a screech of tyres and comes to an abrupt halt. There are fields to either side of the road. The occasional car speeds past.

> TERESSA So why didn't you say so.

MICHEL If your so good, why didn't you know?

TERESSA

(defensive) Because I didn't know that's who you were looking for.

MICHEL

(angry)
Are you telling me that you knew
he'd been possessed and didn't
mention it.

TERESSA

Look, there's a lot of demons out there, doing there own thing, minding there own business. It is not my job, nor would I want it to be my job to go about revealing their identities to any jumped up bloke in a dress. MICHEL

Your a ridiculous child, who doesn't know what they're playing with. If you know there's a demon, it's your responsibility as a human being to get them dealt with.

TERESSA

(furious) Don't start with the morality lecture. Who the hell are you to judge me! It was you and your lot who persecuted my family for centuries, even my grandmother was murdered for being a witch. The only reason me and mum were allowed to live was because we made ourselves useful to you. If I didn't have to keep in with you guys, I wouldn't be here, ok. So don't you dare take the moral high ground with me.

MICHEL Oh great, I wasn't told you were a witch.

TERESSA

I'm not

MICHEL So what are you?

TERESSA I'm just me... God!

STEPHEN

Will you two stop. This isn't helping anything. Like it or not we're here to do a job, lets just get it done. Preferably without the arguing.

TERESSA exits the suv...

CONTINUOUS.

EXT SUV

...TERESSA walks around to the back of the car, kicks the tyre a few times, angry, continues to the rear, and opens the trunk. She searches through her holdall and pulls out a map of Texas. She moves her head from side to side slowly, taking deep breaths through her nose. She spreads the map on the ground, traces a line across it with her finger. gathers up the map, walks to the drivers door and gets in.

CONTINUOUS.

INT SUV

TERESSA thrusts the map across to Michel.

TERESSA Sort that out. We're headed the right way still. I'll re-evaluate when we hit town.

TERESSA starts the engine, and the car speeds off, with MICHEL struggling to refold the map.

EXT. STEPHENVILLE, TEXAS. DAY

We see the car drive through suburban streets into the town. The car pulls up outside a grocery store, a small park with trees and benches opposite.

INT. PARKED SUV.

TERESSA I'll be five minutes.

STEPHEN Where you going?

TERESSA The bathroom... Then I'm getting something to eat. I'm starving.

TERESSA exits. She shuts the car door and wanders off

MICHEL She has no concept of the urgency we're in. STEPHEN I think she's perfectly aware, she just doesn't care.

MICHEL

Well, seeing as this is where I'd got it tracked to. We might as well go look around. I'll stop in at the sheriff's office see if they've got any leads. You should go get some provisions. I'm hungry too.

EXT.TOWN SQUARE GREEN. LATER

STEPHEN and MICHEL sitting on a bench. They have sandwiches on their laps. They watch a woman pushing a pram pass by and resume conversation in whispered voices.

> STEPHEN What, they've got no leads at all?

MICHEL Nothing, can you believe it. I pulled all the strings. They haven't got a clue.

STEPHEN So we're reliant on Teressa then?

MICHEL I hate to say it, but yes.

STEPHEN So we have to trust her then.

MICHEL nearly spits his sandwich out. Instead speaks with a mouthful of food

MICHEL

Are you mad? I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw her.

TERESSA walks up behind them, places her head between the two Fathers.

TERESSA (hushed tones) What are you two whispering about? (grins) MICHEL Nothing... Do you know where we're off then?

TERESSA I'm gonna drive around for a bit, see if I can't sense him somewhere. I've booked a room for the two of you at the hotel over there.

Nods behind her

MICHEL

What? Why?

TERESSA

Because you've been travelling for over 24 hours. And you're going to need to be alert and awake when we find him. It's not open for discussion. I'm not going to put myself in a position, where you guys are going to get me killed.

TERESSA pulls out a room key and dangles it between them.

TERESSA Imaginative place this, 's called The Hotel. Second floor, first on the left. I'll be back when I've found where's he's headed.

MICHEL

I don't think splitting up is a good idea. If it possess you, then we loose the element of surprise.

TERESSA

He won't.

TERESSA pulls out a small pendant from under her top. (A silver horned beast with red gems for eyes on a silver chain.)

MICHEL

(amazed) I've never seen one, I've seen a picture in a twelfth century journal, but never...I thought they'd all been destroyed. TERESSA Last one. My great grandmother acquired it from a collector.

MICHEL

Acquired?

TERESSA Don't get pedantic... I'll see you later. Get some rest.

INT DREW'S CAR. DAY.

DREW is driving, he's cleaned up but looks in shock, his eye's wild and staring. Lucas is watching the fields speed by. The window on LUCAS/BELIAL's side is wound right down, his arm lolling out side. LUCAS/BELIAL is listening to a rock station on the radio. He taps the outside of the car door in time with the music

LUCAS/BELIAL

(shouts over the music) I HAVE TO SAY, THE MUSIC HAS DEFINITELY IMPROVED SINCE I WAS LAST HERE.

There's no response from DREW. LUCAS/BELIAL waves a hand in front of his face. Nothing. He shrugs and continues tapping his hand on the car door in time with the music.

LUCAS/BELIAL YOU KNOW DREW, FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS THE BALLS TO DO WHAT YOU DID, YOU DISTINCTLY LACK ANY KIND SENSE OF ADVENTURE.

DREW, no response.

LUCAS/BELIAL

I COULD SHOW YOU THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE...BUT NO, ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS HIDE IN THAT LITTLE TINY MIND OF YOURS

LUCAS/BELIAL taps the side of Drew's head.

LUCAS/BELIAL

I'LL LET IT GO 'TIL WE GET TO AUSTIN. BUT THEN, YOU MY FRIEND ARE GOING TO GET LAID. YOU HEAR ME? OF COURSE YOU HE... LUCAS/BELIAL stops. he sniffs the air. turns off the radio. Sniffs again.

LUCAS/BELIAL (commands) DREW, STOP THE CAR.

The car abruptly stops in the middle of the lane. Cars screech behind, horns blast.

LUCAS/BELIAL Drew, pull off the road and stop acting like a dick.

DREW obediently pulls over. The cars behind, drive past, one driver gives the finger.

LUCAS/BELIAL Ignore him mate, his wife's fucking his best mate, he'll blow his own head off next month.

CONTINUOUS

EXT. DREW'S CAR.

LUCAS/BELIAL gets out the car, and walks around, every few seconds he sniffs the air. He scratches his nose and gets back in the car.

CONTINUOUS

INT DREW'S CAR.

LUCAS/BELIAL Well that's...unexpected.

LUCAS?BELIAL turns to Drew

LUCAS/BELIAL (CONTINUOUS) We're being tracked.

Beat.

LUCAS/BELIAL You can start driving again now Drew. But pull in at the next motel. I think it only polite to introduce ourselves to our stalker.

LUCAS/BELIAL grins to himself. DREW starts the engine.

EXT. BERRY MOTEL. NIGHT.

Small motel, single storey prefabs in an "L" shape, a covered verandah runs the length of it. A blue neon sign flashes the name "Berry motel" above a notice stating the furthest prefab on the right is the reception.

The SUV pulls into the motel parking lot. TERESSA winds down the window and takes a deep breath. She exits the vehicle and walks over to a black Pontiac in one of the parking spaces, to the side of it is a red Chrysler. She evaluates it, and shakes her head. Not right. She tentatively places her hand on the Pontiac and walks down between the cars keeping contact with the Pontiac as she walks. She reaches the front of the car, and looks at the motel room door directly in front of her. Room 9. She hesitates for a minute and returns to the SUV. She retrieves her holdall from the passenger seat and walks to the reception building.

EXT. BERRY MOTEL. NIGHT. A FEW MINUTES LATER

TERESSA stands outside door 10 and looks across at door 9. She puts the key in door 10 and opens the door. Reaching round she flicks on the light. Sitting on the bed in front of her is LUCAS/BELIAL. She jumps

> LUCAS/BELIAL I believe you've been following me.

EXT. DREW'S CAR. SAME NIGHT.

CAMERA FOCUSES on a beautiful country view. Fields stretch out in front, tree's to one side. It's a clear night, bright moon, the light accentuates the shadows. We can see the black Pontiac sitting on the crest of a hill. We can just make out two figures sitting in the front of the car. One of them gets out the passenger side, a PROSTITUTE. She runs around to the front of the car, laughing, teasing. She pulls off her camisole top, and waves it around in the air, her breasts free. DREW gets out of the car and walks round to the front, tentatively. PROSTITUTE sits on the front of the car and pulls DREW toward her, pulling at his clothes. DREW stands there, a puppet, letting her do what she wants. She undoes his belt and zip, and thrusts her hand down his pants

> PROSTITUTE Oooh, somebody's a little shy. Don't you worry about it. There are ways around that.

PROSTITUTE gets down off the car and gets on her knees for oral sex. It doesn't take long. DREW lifts her off the floor, throws her on the hood, lifts her short skirt and has short but vigorous sex with her.

PROSTITUTE

See...easy.

PROSTITUTE holds out her hand. DREW fishes in his pocket and hands over a wad of notes.

DREW I have to take you back now.

PROSTITUTE You're a sweetheart.

PROSTITUTE an DREW go to get in the car.

EXT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9. NIGHT

DREW stood outside the room. Hand a few inches from the door handle. He's hesitating. He drops his hand and takes a step back toward the car. Stops. Drags his fingers through his hair, looks back toward the door, turns 180 and walks straight back to the door opening it and walking through.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9. (CONTINUOUS)

The lights are on. Twin beds in a cheap motel stuck in the 1980's. LUCAS/BELIAL is lying on the bed towel wrapped round his middle, arms behind his head, legs crossed. DREW enters the room, head hung low. He shuts the door behind him, walks over to the unoccupied bed and sits down heavily. He's depressed. He stares at Lucas. Beat. Starts to look angry, really angry. He stands up and moves over to Lucas' side stretches his arms out, he goes to strangle him.

LUCAS/BELIAL I was beginning to wonder whether you had it in you.

LUCAS/BELIAL doesn't move, or open his eyes. DREW jumps back, alarmed.

LUCAS/BELIAL I thought you were going to jump in the car back there. I'm impressed. You do have a pair.

LUCAS/BELIAL opens his eyes and rolls over leaning on one arm.

LUCAS/BELIAL If it makes you feel any better, you can strangle me...just for a bit.

DREW sits back down on his bed. His lip starts to quiver, his eyes fill. Tears start to run down his face. LUCAS/BELIAL swings his legs off the bed, to sit upright, directly opposite DREW

> LUCAS/BELIAL Did I say you could start crying again? No, I didn't. STOP.

DREW immediately stops, the remaining tear filled eye empties down his cheek.

LUCAS/BELIAL Come on...you can't say that little errand wasn't fun.

DREW What did I do?

LUCAS/BELIAL Mate, (snort) if you don't know that...I'm not going to explain it.

DREW WHAT DID I DO?

LUCAS/BELIAL leans forward to Drew. DREW leans backwards, fearful. LUCAS/BELIAL grins at the fear he evokes.

LUCAS/BELIAL You just started the next and most exciting epidemic... Let me show you

LUCAS/BELIAL quickly raises his hand and places it on Drew's cheek.

INT HOSPITAL ISOLATION ROOM (FLASHING IMAGES)

A hospital room, plastic sheeting is surrounding a gurney with the PROSTITUTE strapped down, sweating, scared.

SAME ROOM LATER: Prostitute bleeding from the eyes, nose, ears, a pool of blood spreading from between her legs over the sheet covering them. Masked doctors faces, eyes wide, afraid. SAME ROOM LATER: Prostitute, skin stretched thinly over her face. She's screaming with the pain as the first signs of the skin splitting open on her forehead begin. People in full viral suits attend the bedside. Monitors beep continuously.

SAME ROOM LATER: Prostitute barely recognisable, skin peeled back, muscle and bone exposed over the face and exposed arms, the hair attached to a scalp no longer fully attached to a body. Monitors flat line.

FADE TO

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 10. (CONTINUOUS)

LUCAS/BELIAL lowers his hand from Drew's cheek.

LUCAS/BELIAL Don't worry that wasn't real time, She'll go around spreading that little gem for at least five years yet.

DREW horrified. Stands up. He dry heaves, stomach cramping. Dry heaves again. Stumbles away from Lucas.

LUCAS/BELIAL Don't over-react. It's not like, it's some horrendous air born virus or anything.

Still bent double DREW looks up

DREW Is that what's gonna happen to me? I'm gonna peel like a tomato?

LUCAS/BELIAL Glad you still have a sense of humour Drew, I was beginning to worry.

DREW I'm not laughing. Tell me, is that how I die?

LUCAS/BELIAL (serious) No Drew, that's not how you die. DREW But I've got it though, right? If I sleep with anyone, they'll get it too...that's what you're saying, right?

LUCAS/BELIAL Fuck, Kiss, whatever your bag.

DREW collapses on the floor.

DREW Why?...Why?...Why would you do that?

LUCAS/BELIAL gives him a sideways, disbelieving look.

LUCAS/BELIAL I don't see why you're so worried. I've already told you, you will never develop the symptoms.

DREW

Why, 'cos I'm immune, I'm the carrier. That's what they call it in all the films, right...the carrier. He's the only one who has the cure. In his blood. Right?

LUCAS/BELIAL

I never had you down as someone who believed all that crap. Of course you're not immune, you're just not going to live long enough to develop any symptoms.

DREW

If you're going to kill me, why don't you just do it now.

LUCAS/BELIAL

(laughs) I'm not going to kill you, what do you think I am...No Drew, the US government is going to kill you. You forget, your a child murderer, amongst other things. Penalty for that in this state is death. Nothing to do with me.

LUCAS/BELIAL stands up makes his way over to a chair in the corner where his clothes are neatly placed over the back of a chair.

DREW But you made me go and have sex with that prostitute. That makes you a killer too.

LUCAS/BELIAL Stops and looks at DREW pointing his finger.

LUCAS

Hey...I resent that. I didn't make you do anything... You chose to do that. All I did was play about with a few virus' you were already carrying...oh, and made a suggestion that maybe you might like to get laid...No Drew, this was all you.

LUCAS/BELIAL turns to his pile of clothes. His back to Drew. He starts to dress. DREW looks at the door, looks back at Lucas' back, the door, slowly starts to rise, eyes fixed between Lucas and the door.

LUCAS

You leaving without saying goodbye?

DREW's face drops. He slumps back against the wall, looking to the ceiling. Silence. LUCAS/BELIAL turns to face him as he finishes putting his T-shirt on. Walks over to the bed and puts on his socks and shoes while talking to Drew.

> LUCAS/BELIAL If you choose to go, that's your decision.

DREW You won't let me.

LUCAS/BELIAL

I've never stopped you from doing anything that you really wanted to. I can't...them's the rules.

DREW

You've made me stop doing things before.

LUCAS/BELIAL

A part of you has to have wanted to stop...You choose to leave, that's up to you. I strongly suggest you stay for a bit longer though. If you leave, you'll die...sooner. DREW nervously makes his way across the wall towards the door, back stuck to the wall. He reaches the door, opens it

LUCAS/BELIAL

Bye then.

The door slams shut behind Drew.

EXT. ERATH COUNTY ROAD. DAWN

DREW walks down the middle of the road, his clothes are ripped, he moves like a zombie. Headlights round a corner, DREW is covered in blood, it's congealed and dried leaving patches of contrasting clean skin underneath. He doesn't acknowledge the oncoming vehicle. The vehicle swerves to avoid hitting him. The car stops, we see a lone WOMAN in the car, looking out her rear view mirror at DREW. She speeds off.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.DAY

The office is split into two areas, a reception, waiting area and a larger work area with four desks, and filing cabinets. The place is empty, except for MICHEL who sits in the waiting area on a plastic chair. There's a door directly opposite the main entrance, we hear voices steadily getting louder behind the door. The SHERIFF opens the door, with a deputy in tow. The DEPUTY smiles recognition to Michel.

> DEPUTY This is Brother Michel, sir.

SHERIFF What can I do for you?

MICHEL Your deputy here mentioned that you'd apprehended the man responsible for the child disappearances.

SHERIFF (stern look to the deputy) That's right.

MICHEL I'd like to see him.

SHERIFF

We can't allow any visitors until he's been interviewed. And he's not talking. MICHEL

I understand, but maybe if I spoke with him...

SHERIFF Really, 's not possible.

MICHEL

I <u>really</u> need to speak with him. So instead of telling me that it's not possible, tell me how it can be. What authorization do I need?

SHERIFF

(laughing) Father, you would need to get God himself on the phone.

MICHEL

(authoritative) God doesn't use phones...Look I already had the phone call saying you'd got him. I was under the impression that you knew that I was coming down here and was going to need to speak with him. Obviously not, so who do I need to contact on your behalf to get that approval?

MICHEL pulls out his mobile phone

MICHEL (CONTINUOUS) Tell me who I need to call?

SHERIFF (puzzled) Give me a minute.

SHERIFF goes over to a desk picks up the phone and makes a call. He keeps looking up at Michel during the call. He rubs his eyes, replaces the handset and walks back over to the doorway he came out of.

SHERIFF You have five minutes, supervised.

MICHEL Unsupervised, you can wait outside... Look at it like Confession.

INT. THE POLICE CELLS

The cells are old fashioned, two cells facing each other with a walkway between, bars floor to ceiling. Each cell has two bunks on opposite walls, a toilet and sink in the middle of the back wall. DREW is lying on the floor by the toilet in the foetal position. He is still bloody, his hair matted, he's wearing overalls, not his. MICHEL is being led to the front of the cell by the Sheriff. The rest of the Sheriff's staff (4 of them) are loitering around, staring at DREW and now at MICHEL.

SHERIFF

Everyone out.

The staff exit in single file, reluctantly.

SHERIFF

We found him wandering down the road, found his car a few miles back wrapped round a tree. Surprised he walked away from that one actually. The Doc says the blood is most likely his own, although we're waiting on the results to come through.

MICHEL So what makes you think he's your man?

SHERIFF We found his bag of tricks in his car.

Beat.

MICHEL stares at the sheriff, trying to imply that the conversation is over and he can leave.

Beat.

MICHEL Ok...you can leave now.

SHERIFF Oh...yeah...Five minutes. I'm right outside the door.

(SHERIFF EXITS)

MICHEL Hello Drew. I'm Brother Michel.

Silence. DREW doesn't move a muscle

MICHEL

I need to talk to you about Belial.

DREW clasps his hands to his ears, curls up into an even tighter ball.

MICHEL (harshly) Belial, Drew. You summoned him and now he's gone isn't he. He left you here. What did he do for you Drew? What was so important, that you had to let it loose?

MICHEL runs a hand through his hair, pauses. He has an idea. Smiles to himself

MICHEL

(cajoling) Drew, whatever it showed you, or told you. It isn't true. It lies. They all lie. They all try and corrupt. It's there nature.

DREW uncurls himself, turns to face MICHEL on his belly. He looks up, he's been crying. He's wide eyed, hopeful.

DREW (revelation) Lying, yes, he was lying.

He scrambles over on all fours, and kneels before MICHEL

DREW So none of it was true? It was all a lie?

MICHEL Squats to be at eye level with DREW, dealing with a child

MICHEL That depends on what he told you. If you tell me, then I can tell you what was truth and what was lies. LUCAS/BELIAL sitting on the wooden steps, DREW squatting against the wall in front of him.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Drew, <u>He</u> already came... over a hundred years ago. Just before the First World War. You didn't think he was going to let his lot go through all that, did you?

DREW

That's not right! Jesus comes back again seven years after the rapture, after Armageddon and shows everyone he was here. Bright lights and trumpets. A big announcement.

LUCAS/BELIAL

(sympathetically) I don't know where you get your information from... I don't know anything about him coming back again. I'd have thought twice would have been plenty. The dude doesn't exactly get a warm welcome you know.

DREW (desperate) It says so...in the Bible.

LUCAS/BELIAL Not criticizing you guys, but your translation and interpretation sucks.

LUCAS/BELIAL stands up rubbing his thighs. Walks over to Drew and offers his hand.

LUCAS/BELIAL He's gone... you're all ours now. Accept it.

DREW tears running down his face, pushes the hand away.

DREW I...I...This isn't real. It's not true. LUCAS/BELIAL I can show you if you like. Although, you already know I'm telling you the truth, don't you.

DREW looks up, pleading. Eventually he nods. Lucas squats down his face close to Drew's.

LUCAS/BELIAL Face it, you were never going to be let in anyway. He doesn't really like child rapists and murderers. And that thing you used to do with your mother...well that's not really respecting your parents now is it.

LUCAS/BELIAL stands up. Looks down and Drew disdainfully.

LUCAS/BELIAL You've been a bad boy Drew. Why break the tradition now.

INT. THE POLICE CELLS (CONTINUED)

DREW on all fours looking up at Michel. Tears streaming down his face. His eyes pleading.

DREW We're all damned.

DREW looks at the floor

DREW (CONTINUOUS) God isn't here any more.

MICHEL Is that what you wanted Drew? For Belial to bring about the Second Coming?

DREW Is it true father? Has God abandoned us?

MICHEL No Drew, It's not true.

MICHEL gets up to leave

MICHEL (less convinced) It's not true.

MICHEL turns around, heads to the door, opens it.

DREW (hurriedly) Father, there's something else.

MICHEL turns his head back.

DREW ...He...He made me have sex...with a prostitute.

MICHEL I don't think you need to worry about that one.

MICHEL continues through the door and shuts it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY

The room has twin beds, next to the beds are two night stands, one sparse with just a lamp and bible on it, the other cluttered with lamp, bible, glasses and a dozen or so medication bottles. STEPHEN and MICHEL are each sitting on a bed facing each other

> STEPHEN So what are you saying? That it is true?

> > MICHEL

No! (resigned) I'm just saying that there's a possibility, maybe, that it is. Belial, isn't exactly a liar, well he is by the nature of what he is. But...

MICHEL gets up and starts pacing round the limited space in the room. STEPHEN'S face follows him.

MICHEL ...Look, He knows everything. That's why people summoned him... to find out their future.

STEPHEN Yes, but was it always the truth that he told them?

MICHEL

(riled)

I don't know. How am I supposed to know that? This information is hearsay and rumour, at best. We're chasing a real entity, with a guide book based on mythology.

STEPHEN So what now? If it's true...

MICHEL We do what we're here to do. True or not, it's irrelevant.

Beat.

MICHEL Have you heard anything from Teressa yet?

STEPHEN Nothing...I tried calling again just before you got back but her phones switched off...We should try and find her, its been over twenty-four hours.

MICHEL I'll see if Patrick can trace her phone, or something.

EXT. STEPHENVILLE. DAY. LATER

The SUV is parked outside The Hotel. TERESSA is sitting in the drivers seat, with her mobile phone in her hand. She makes a decision, turns it on and makes the call.

> TERESSA Hi, I found him...yeah, I'm fine...outside your hotel.

TERESSA gets out of the car, mobile pinned to her head with the her shoulder. Reaches in to get her holdall of the passenger seat. TERESSA(CONTINUOUS) Yeah, I know, but my phone ran out of charge...I'm coming up now.

TERESSA turns her phone off and stuffs it in her jeans pocket. She makes her way in to the building. She looks apprehensive.

INT HOTEL ROOM. MINUTES LATER

Teressa is sitting on one of the beds, the two priests are watching her intently from the opposite side of the room.

TERESSA I thought you wanted to catch him, that's all.

MICHEL Not at the expense of our only means of locating him.

TERESSA

(sarcastic)
I'm touched by your sudden concern
for my welfare.

MICHEL You know what I mean...So where is he?

TERESSA Austin...well, just outside.

STEPHEN How do you know that?

TERESSA Because I followed him.

MICHEL

(worried) He didn't see you or sense you or anything?

TERESSA

You really do have a low opinion of me don't you?

MICHEL

This isn't a game. We have to have element of surprise or we'll never manage to catch up with him. TERESSA He didn't see me.

MICHEL Your absolutely sure?

TERESSA

Yes.

MICHEL picks up his bag. Goes to the dressing table, picks up his Bible and reading glasses, puts them in his bag, then handfuls at a time picks up the medication bottles and drops them in the bag, he pauses and pulls one of the bottles back out, takes off the lid and swallows some of the contents. Looks around at the other two.

> MICHEL Well...we haven't got all day.

TERESSA You want to go now? It's getting late and some of us have been driving all day.

MICHEL Stephen, you can drive?

STEPHEN It's been a while, but yes.

MICHEL Problem solved.

INT SUV. NIGHT.

The gears screech and clunk, as STEPHEN tries to drive. TERESSA is sitting in the passenger seat, cringing. MICHEL is watching out the back window.

> TERESSA Look, maybe I should just drive.

STEPHEN I'm fine, just getting used to it again.

TERESSA You might be, but the cars not!...Look, we need to go a little faster than 30mph. But I'm afraid that if we do we're going to leave the transmission lying on the road somewhere. From the back-seat, Michel weary voiced.

STEPHEN Pull over and let her drive.

INT SUV. NIGHT. MINUTES LATER.

TERESSA is driving. STEPHEN is sulking next to her.

TERESSA

So how do you want to handle this?...you want to confront him the minute we arrive at the Motel, or pull over somewhere before hand and prepare?

MICHEL You're assuming he's still going to be there.

TERESSA Why wouldn't he? I mean who travels at night when they've already

booked themselves into a motel?

MICHEL He's an <u>It</u>. We don't know how <u>It</u> thinks or what <u>It</u>'s motivations may be.

TERESSA Fine, but you didn't answer my question.

MICHEL We'll get a room at the place, if It's still there. If It's moved on I guess the decision's down to you.

TERESSA

Cool.

They drive in silence for a few minutes. The occasional car passing.

Suddenly it starts to rain heavily, monsoon. Teressa slams on the breaks as visibility is reduced to zero.

TERESSA

SHIT!...

The car skids, Teresa gains control and proceeds at a crawl, hunched over the steering wheel trying to see the road. MICHEL and STEPHEN sit bolt upright. Alert.

> TERESSA Where the fuck did that come from?

STEPHEN The TV didn't say anything about rain, I checked.

MICHEL flops back into his seat. Sighs.

MICHEL This is Belial, he can control the weather.

STEPHEN

Really?

MICHEL He's up to something...He definitely didn't see you following him earlier?

TERESSA I told you, not a chance.

MICHEL Well at least this isn't for our benefit then...just get us there, but take it easy.

INT SUV. BERRY MOTEL. NIGHT. RAIN.

Monsoon rain. The car is parked up. The neon sign is distorted by the rain on the windows. TERESSA opens the car door and jumps in, she's drenched.

> TERESSA OK, so you were right. He left already.

STEPHEN Great! So what now?

TERESSA

I don't think he's far away, but I need to rest up a bit and you guys should, you know, get prepared or whatever?

MICHEL You're being paid to locate it... Can you please just do that.

TERESSA Hey, I get tired, I make mistakes. I don't like to make mistakes, they get me dead...if you want to go on alone, that's your choice. Me I've got a room and I'm going to get some sleep. Ok?

TERESSA exits the car, and leans in holding out the car keys.

TERESSA So do you want these, or are do you want me to get you a room?

STEPHEN looks across his shoulder at MICHEL.

MICHEL Get us a room. But first thing tomorrow I want a definitive answer about his location.

TERESSA slams the door. We can see her strolling across the parking lot to the reception. Ignoring the rain.

MICHEL This is getting ridiculous.

STEPHEN I'm sure she'll come through in the end. She has had along day.

MICHEL

Humph!

They stare out of the car windows in silence. The car door opens and TERESSA gets in.

TERESSA It's not letting up any. I'll drive you round to your room, that way you don't get your skirt wet Michel.

MICHEL

Humph!

TERESSA drives the suv as close to the verandah of the Motel as possible. Waits while MICHEL and STEPHEN exit then parks up properly.

CONTINUOUS

EXT. BERRY MOTEL. NIGHT

Teressa exits the car, grabs the three bags from the trunk drops two of them at the feet of the waiting priests. Flings her own bag between her feet. Pulls out a room key.

> TERESSA Number 1, all yours. (sarcastic English accent) Anything else I can do for you this glorious night before I retire for the evening.

STEPHEN Er...No thanks.

TERESSA Goodnight then.

TERESSA picks up her own holdall flings it over her shoulder and walks off.

STEPHEN (whispers to Michel) Do you think we've offended her?

MICHEL

Who cares?

EXT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9. NIGHT

TERESSA checks that the door is shut on room 1, then opens the door to room 9. Its dark inside.

CONTINUOUS.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9.

Cautiously she enters the room, not turning the lights on. She throws her bag behind the door. Steps into the room carefully closing the door behind her. She turns on the light and scours the empty room in front of her.

> TERESSA (whispers) Hello?

Beat.

TERESSA (louder) Are you here?

Beat.

TERESSA (normal voice) I know your here, I can feel you.

The door opens behind her. TERESSA spins round, in walks LUCAS/BELIAL, hands full of crisps, chocolate and soft drink cans.

LUCAS/BELIAL Hi there... I thought I should get some food in.

TERESSA walks over to him and takes some of the junk from him smiling.

TERESSA That's not food, that's crap.

LUCAS Well it's all they had...I could give you a three course meal, but it wouldn't be real, and my baby in there needs you to eat. So eat.

TERESSA

Baby?

LUCAS/BELIAL drops the remaining junk on the nearest bed.

LUCAS That's what you wanted. That's why you came to me last night...That's what you got.

TERESSA I'm pregnant?

LUCAS

yes, I thought I just said that.

TERESSA

Are you sure?...

LUCAS/BELIAL gives a look

TERESSA(CONTINUOUS) Of course your sure, stupid question. I'm pregnant!...I can't be pregnant, I can't bring up a child, I'm only 18. What the hell am I going to do?

LUCAS/BELIAL You're going to do a lot of screaming, and pushing.

TERESSA This isn't funny!

LUCAS/BELIAL I'm not laughing... You will have it, you will look after it, and you will love it.

TERESSA Look I'm just a bit shocked, I'll be fine...You're sure?

LUCAS/BELIAL sits on the bed and opens a chocolate bar, takes a bite. Grabs another one and throws it to TERESSA. She catches it instinctively and sits down on the bed next to him.

> LUCAS/BELIAL So you bought them here?

TERESSA looks questioningly at him.

LUCAS/BELIAL The two priests you told me about. You bought them here?

TERESSA Priests, yeah, room 1.

LUCAS/BELIAL Good...I have some things to get done before I face them.

TERESSA Your not going to deal with this tonight?

LUCAS/BELIAL

No.

TERESSA Great, so I'm supposed to keep ferrying them around Texas, until you decide you've had enough fun, thanks a lot!

LUCAS/BELIAL looks at her with affection. He puts his arm around her and hugs her, he gently turns her face towards his.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Trust me.

TERESSA Trust you...you're kidding right? You're a Demon.

LUCAS/BELIAL So are you...of sorts.

TERESSA gets defensive, she flings his arm off her shoulder and shuffles further along the bed.

> TERESSA Hey, I'm more human than demon.

LUCAS/BELIAL A part of me is in your blood. Your part demon, whether you like it or not.

TERESSA Can we not bring up the incest thing please...Hey, this baby isn't going to be...deformed is it?

LUCAS/BELIAL laughs

TERESSA

Will you stop that...I think it's a perfectly reasonable question, given the circumstances.

LUCAS/BELIAL manages to control himself, he wipes a tear from his cheek. He slides along the bed, sitting close to her

LUCAS/BELIAL You really are hilarious. No, no deformities. Doesn't work like that. You're baby will have the genetic make up of a mix of these two physical bodies. Just like you (MORE) 91.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS/BELIAL (cont'd) are the product of your mother and father. Only it's soul, like yours, will be part me...cool eh!

TERESSA So it'll have my abilities?

LUCAS/BELIAL

No, it'll have my abilities. You've been...diluted over the centuries. This child won't have those disadvantages.

TERESSA (weakly) Oh...so what will be able to do?

LUCAS/BELIAL That'd be telling.

TERESSA

I think I should know, don't you? How can I guide it or help it, if I don't know what it's capable of?

LUCAS/BELIAL You won't need to guide him. He'll already know.

TERESSA

It's a boy!

LUCAS/BELIAL You'll call him David, after his grandfather.

TERESSA (puzzled) My dad's name was Clive.

LUCAS/BELIAL Then it's not your father I'm talking about is it.

He smirks, kicks is shoes off, stands up and starts unbuttoning his jeans.

TERESSA What are you doing? LUCAS Well considering that conversation is done with, I thought you might like to have sex again.

TERESSA stands up and backs away, playfully.

TERESSA Oh, you did, did you?

LUCAS/BELIAL advances continuing to undress

LUCAS/BELIAL I know every possible future outcome, this is meant to happen.

TERESSA So it's going to be as good as last night?

LUCAS/BELIAL Oh, way better, last night was a biological necessity. Tonight, well, tonight's for fun.

He grabs her waist, pulling her to him. He kisses her neck, she flings her head back in ecstasy.

EXT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 1. DAY. RAINING.

It's still raining heavily. The water has no where left to go and the parking lot looks more like a swimming pool. There's at least 2" of water. TERESSA is stood outside room 1 waiting. Eventually the door opens and STEPHEN peers around it.

> TERESSA (brightly) 'morning.

STEPHEN Hi, come on in.

TERESSA steps through the open door into...

CONTINUOUS.

an identical room to all the others. The curtains are still shut and the room is quite dark. MICHEL is still in bed propped upright with pillows (wearing pyjamas) watching the TV in the corner his hand is roughly bandaged with a handkerchief. STEPHEN picks up his coat and leans on the open door.

> STEPHEN (to Teressa) Can I have the car keys please?

TERESSA What's going on? Duvet day?

STEPHEN Michel's not feeling too well, and what with the roads as they are I'm insisting that we stay here another night.

TERESSA So why do you want the keys?

STEPHEN We're going to need some provisions. I'll go to the nearest town and pick some bits and pieces up.

TERESSA No offence but, not a chance am I giving you the car, in this weather. I'll go...anything specific you want?

MICHEL and STEPHEN exchange glances. TERESSA notices.

TERESSA

What?

STEPHEN The vessel got broken.

TERESSA

Vessel?

STEPHEN The vessel to capture the demon.

TERESSA looks from one priest too the other. suspicious. MICHEL puts his hands on his head and rolls his eyes.

TERESSA Since when do you guys <u>catch</u> demons?

STEPHEN opens his mouth. Shuts it. opens it. he looks desperately at Michel.

MICHEL As I remember, you have a strict No Questions policy. Adhere to it now please.

TERESSA raises both hands in submission.

TERESSA Fair point...If you need to go to town, I'll drive you. You can pick up whatever you need, secretly. And then I'll drive you back. Ok?

STEPHEN Someone should stay with Michel.

MICHEL Don't be ridiculous, I'm fine.

STEPHEN (worried) I'm not sure.

MICHEL (orders) Stephen, go.

INT. SUV. DAY

TERESSA driving, face inches from the windscreen, wipers full speed. The road ahead is more like a river. STEPHEN keeps looking at his watch. TERESSA glances across at him

> TERESSA Is he <u>that</u> ill?

STEPHEN (unconvincingly) I'm sure he'll be fine.

TERESSA I'd go faster but...

STEPHEN

It won't do anyone any good if you get us killed.

TERESSA So what happened to this Vessel?

STEPHEN stares out of the side window.

Beat.

TERESSA

I'm not asking what it's for. I'm just concerned about Michel. Obviously he broke whatever it is. But he doesn't strike me as the type to become bed bound from a cut on his hand. So what happened?

beat.

TERESSA

Stephen, I'm serious about this, if Michel is sick, I mean really sick, then I need to know. I am not going to risk going near this Demon, if the guy in charge is likely to drop down dead from a heart attack or something.

Stephen turns back to look at her.

STEPHEN

He'll be fine. It's just the change in routine, skipping meals, erratic sleep, it's not good for him.

TERESSA

So, what's up with him? I've seen all the pills. You don't get that amount of prescribed medication for no reason.

STEPHEN

He has some blood pressure issues, nothing major. As I said, a day of rest, a good meal and he'll be right as rain.

TERESSA gives him a long sideways look.

TERESSA One last thing. If he keels over during the exorcism or whatever, are you qualified to take over?

Beat.

TERESSA

Are you?

STEPHEN (trying to sound confident) I've been at an exorcism before.

TERESSA That would make it a "No" then... Great!

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 1. LATER

The door opens and in walks STEPHEN and TERESSA, (both drenched) both carrying grocery bags. They set the bags on the floor. MICHEL hasn't moved, the TV is off and he's wearing his glasses and reading from an old book.

MICHEL Still raining then.

TERESSA

Funny!

STEPHEN How are you feeling?

MICHEL

I'll live.

MICHEL closes the book and puts it down underneath his bible on the night stand, spine towards him. Takes off the glasses and puts them on top of the bible.

TERESSA

While I was in town, I phoned a friend of mine, he's a doctor, lives not far from here. He'll be over later to have a look at you.

MICHEL AND

STEPHEN What..?

They look at each other. STEPHEN shrugs and shakes his head

MICHEL Who said you could do that?

TERESSA I don't need permission.

TERESSA gestures to Stephen

TERESSA(CONTINUOUS) He's obviously not capable of doing whatever it is your doing without you, and I'm not in the habit of putting my neck under the guillotine for the sake of other people's pride.

TERESSA heads to the door, picks up one of the grocery bags.

TERESSA I'll be back when he gets here.

TERESSA Exits the room.

STEPHEN I swear I knew nothing about that.

MICHEL I know you didn't...unfortunately if I were in her position I'd do exactly the same thing.

MICHEL grins to himself.

MICHEL Don't tell anyone, but I'm beginning to like her.

STEPHEN takes off his coat goes to the bathroom door leans in and pulls out a towel and dries off his hair.

> MICHEL I take it you found a new vessel then?

> > STEPHEN

I got them.

STEPHEN walks round the base of the beds still drying his hair. Throws the towel down and picks up the smallest of the three remaining bags. He passes it to MICHEL, whose hands are outstretched waiting for it. MICHEL opens the bag. looks in.

(CONTINUED)

MICHEL Is this a joke?

STEPHEN It's the best I could find. Sorry.

Pulls a large red clay penis out of the bag.

MICHEL

With any luck he'll laugh himself to death.

STEPHEN

You said it needed to be unglazed earthenware, in a bowl shape. I asked. It was the only thing they had which wasn't glazed, and if you turn it upside down, it's hollow, I got two like you said, and the glue.

MICHEL I'm not saying it won't work, just that it's a little... embarrassing.

Puts the vessel back in the bag.

MICHEL So why does she think you can't do this alone?

STEPHEN I let it slip that I've never actually performed an exorcism.

MICHEL Ok, but this isn't exactly an exorcism.

STEPHEN looks nervously at the floor

MICHEL

You don't know how to do the ritual? At all?...Don't you think it would have been prudent to mention this prior to our arrival here?

STEPHEN (weakly) You're going to do it, I'm just here to observe. Like back home. MICHEL swings his legs out of bed. Pulls a book from the night stand drawer and empties the vessels out on to the bed.

MICHEL

Ok...pay attention. Exorcism for idiots coming up. Vessels in opposite corners of the room. Don't bother with the whole Invocation and psalms stuff, you don't need it. It's basically just packaging. And personally I always thought it was more about boring the Demon out of the possessed than actually forcing it out. You only need the last bit. Just tell it to bugger off, but you've got to mean it. Know you have the authority to do it. It doesn't belong here, you do. Ergo you have the authority...got it?

STEPHEN

Is that sanctioned?

MICHEL scowls

STEPHEN

Stupid question, sorry. So that's it. That's all there is to it?

MICHEL

Course. What you think they'd send someone of my age in to do this if it was all that vomiting, spinning head stuff. Nah, just put the vessels where I said and say the words. You don't have to be in the same room as the demon, only the vessels do.

STEPHEN Oh...well that's easy enough.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9.

TERESSA Enters. Clothes are hung over every available space drying. LUCAS/BELIAL is lying on one of the beds, eyes shut, hands behind his head, legs crossed (same as before). She drops the bag by the door. TERESSA You asleep?

LUCAS/BELIAL

No.

TERESSA takes off her soaked coat, shakes it

TERESSA So what's with all the rain?

and throws it on the floor by the door. LUCAS/BELIAL sits up. Lights a cigarette from a pack on the night stand. Offers the pack.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Want one?

TERESSA (glares) I don't smoke.

LUCAS/BELIAL

Your loss.

Tosses the pack on the night stand.

TERESSA

The rain?

LUCAS/BELIAL It'll stop tonight.

TERESSA Finally!...So are you going to tell me?

LUCAS/BELIAL breathes out a plume of smoke.

LUCAS/BELIAL There's a rather large chemical plant that's being flooded at the moment.

Beat.

TERESSA

And...?

LUCAS/BELIAL Tonight the water will be high enough to wash some of the more potent toxins into the main water supply. TERESSA And how many people is that going to kill?

LUCAS/BELIAL Do you care?...really?

Beat.

TERESSA But I might drink that water!

LUCAS/BELIAL You won't, you won't be going anywhere near there for at least three years.

Beat.

TERESSA How...why...I don't see the point. Can't you just let them be.

TERESSA sits on the bed with LUCAS/BELIAL. Defeated. LUCAS/BELIAL sits up and puts his arms around her from behind.

> LUCAS/BELIAL (CONTINUOUS) It's just your conditioning that makes you care. You don't really, not deep down...If you find it too hard, just don't think about it, and don't ask questions you don't want to know the answers to, ok?

TERESSA nods.

LUCAS/BELIAL So, did you get me in to see the old priest.

TERESSA They're expecting you this afternoon, you're a Doctor friend of mine, so Stephen won't have a problem with leaving you two alone.

LUCAS/BELIAL You are amazing. You really are wasted as a human. 102.

TERESSA You're not going to hurt him, are you?

LUCAS/BELIAL What did I just say about stupid questions?

TERESSA I know he's going to die. I just mean...

LUCAS/BELIAL places his hand gently over her mouth and whispers straight into her ear. His eyes glinting

LUCAS The guy keeps our kind bound to ridiculous items, locked in cells, on hallowed ground. How nice do you think I'm going to be to him?... <u>Don't</u> ask stupid questions.

LUCAS/BELIAL releases her mouth and kisses her neck. TERESSA jumps up and spins round. Angry.

TERESSA DON'T!... Surprisingly enough I don't find the concept of killing and whatever else you're going to do to the poor guy particularly erotic.

LUCAS/BELIAL I just thought it might take your mind of things.

TERESSA (sarcastic) And you know everything right?

LUCAS/BELIAL Most things, yes.

TERESSA (incredulous) Most...most, when the hell did it suddenly go from "everything" to "most"?

LUCAS/BELIAL jumps from the bed and grabs her face, squeezing, lifting her on to her tip toes. He bares his teeth, and his eyes glint.

103.

LUCAS/BELIAL (commanding voice) NEVER FORGET WHO I AM.

LUCAS/BELIAL sets her down on the floor and releases the pressure on her face. TERESSA scowls at him, not scared. He pushes her away, she stumbles and falls on her butt.

TERESSA

(spiteful)

Never a day goes by when I don't remember who and what you are. My whole life has been about you! So maybe, just maybe you should try showing me a little respect too. Nothing else, just respect.

LUCAS/BELIAL holds out a hand to her, laughs.

LUCAS That... has earned you my respect.

TERESSA takes his hand, he pulls her up.

LUCAS I knew I liked you...

LUCAS /BELIAL goes to the bag of groceries, left by the door, pulls out an apple.

LUCAS/BELIAL I'm still gonna do the old priest though.

Bites the apple.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 1.

CRUNCH of STEPHEN biting an apple.

STEPHEN Are you sure you don't want one? They're very good.

MICHEL back in bed, head in the old book, hand now bandaged properly.

MICHEL No, really I'm fine...but thank you anyway.

STEPHEN walks round and sits on the side of his bed facing Michel. Craning to see what Michel is doing?

STEPHEN

I don't think you were supposed to bring that with you.

MICHEL closes the book, marking with his finger where he got to.

MICHEL

Look Stephen, there comes a time in everyone's life when they have to break the rules.

STEPHEN goes to interrupt but MICHEL raises his spare hand to quiet him.

MICHEL

I'm not talking about rebellion, but sometimes the rules are just plain dumb. We want to catch Belial, we need to understand Belial. I didn't get enough time to read this before we set off, ergo the book came with us.

MICHEL opens the book and continues to read.

STEPHEN Can I just say one thing?

MICHEL shuts the book. looks at Stephen.

STEPHEN

If we don't make it home, isn't it a bit...irresponsible to leave that thing lying around. If Patrick knows we have it...

MICHEL If Patrick knows we have it, he'd have a fit.

STEPHEN All the same, I think...

MICHEL

Don't think if that's the kind of thoughts you have!...It does no-one any good to go admitting to every little misdemeanour now does it?

STEPHEN looks up confused

STEPHEN Isn't that the whole point of confession?

Beat.

MICHEL (flustered) I never did hold with that nonsense anyway.

MICHEL quickly opens the book, hiding behind it.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9.

LUCAS/BELIAL sitting on the bed throws the apple core in the bin on the other side of the room, perfect shot. Wipes his hands on his jeans. TERESSA has changed out of her wet jeans into a pair of combat trousers. She is going around the room, picking up and packing her clothes into the holdall now sitting on the unoccupied bed.

> LUCAS/BELIAL You nearly ready?

TERESSA stops what she's doing, still holding a handful of clothes. She turns her head toward him

TERESSA

(pleading) Do we have to do this? Isn't there some other way?

LUCAS/BELIAL End game. It <u>has</u> to go like this.

TERESSA

Couldn't you be wrong about this? Ok, the guy wears a dress, and he has a girls name. But he's alright, you'd like him.

LUCAS/BELIAL

This isn't about like or dislike. The old one has to die, the younger one has to live...It'll all become clear, in time. Trust me.

TERESSA

We could leave here now, together. Without me they'll never find you. They can both live out there lives...everyone's happy. LUCAS/BELIAL (laughing) Is that what you think this is all about? Me trying not to get caught? You need to take a step back.

TERESSA

So what?...tell me.

LUCAS/BELIAL You don't need to know the details.

TERESSA Oh, but you expect me to help you. Without me you'd be screwed.

LUCAS/BELIAL

(smug) The game's been playing now for over 500 years. It just is. You're an integral player. Without you there would be no game.

TERESSA (shocked) Michel had to die because of me?

LUCAS/BELIAL If he lives, you and your child will die...Still want to save him?

TERESSA I don't understand?

LUCAS/BELIAL You don't need to. It's all a matter of faith.

TERESSA rubs her stomach, thinking.

TERESSA I have no choice, do I?

LUCAS/BELIAL I need you to get the geeky one in here... EXT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9. LATE AFTERNOON. RAIN

STEPHEN knocking at the door. TERESSA opens it, smiling.

TERESSA

Come in.

Stands back, to allow entry.

CONTINUOUS.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 9.

STEPHEN walks into the room, he sees LUCAS/BELIAL striding towards him hand outstretched. TERESSA shuts the door

LUCAS/BELIAL Hi, I just wanted to have a quick chat with you first if you don't mind.

They shake hands. LUCAS/BELIAL pulls STEPHEN toward him, puts his free hand behind Stephens head and passionately kisses him. LUCAS drops to the floor unconscious. TERESSA looks on nonplussed.

> TERESSA Er...you ok?

STEPHEN/BELIAL Yep fine thanks.

TERESSA Did you enjoy that?

STEPHEN/BELIAL

There are worse ways to enter a body...Lets stick this dude on the bed, he should be out for at least twelve hours.

TERESSA

Poor guy, he was cute. He's going to be ok though, he's not going to be traumatized or anything?

STEPHEN/BELIAL He'll be fine.

They take an arm each and as they drag the unconscious LUCAS on to the nearest bed they talk.

TERESSA It's weird seeing you in that body, I keep thinking you're a priest.

STEPHEN/BELIAL Well I'm not overly impressed about being back here again.

They heave the body on to the bed. TERESSA lifting his legs on too.

TERESSA

So what now?

STEPHEN/BELIAL I go and take care of business, and you stay here until I come back.

TERESSA takes his hand, looks at him pleading.

TERESSA Please, don't hurt him any more than you have to.

STEPHEN/BELIAL takes back his hand and walks out the door.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 1.

The door opens and in walks STEPHEN/BELIAL. MICHEL is sitting up in bed arms folded, glaring at the TV.

MICHEL So...where is he then?

STEPHEN/BELIAL Where's who Old Man?

MICHEL

Oh shit!

MICHEL desperately tries to get out of bed quickly, his feet tangled in the covers. STEPHEN/BELIAL stands and watches, amused.

STEPHEN/BELIAL I could wait here for half an hour and you still wouldn't be ready to face me, would you?

MICHEL continues his battle with the covers, he's got one leg out.

MICHEL Arrogant as ever then!

STEPHEN/BELIAL calmly makes his way round to the bed. Michel redoubles his efforts, managing to have both feet on the ground by the time STEPHEN/BELIAL reaches him. He looks up at the looming figure of STEPHEN/BELIAL. MICHEL's face goes pale.

STEPHEN/BELIAL You don't need to look so scared.

MICHEL (sarcastic) Don't tell me, your only here to talk.

STEPHEN/BELIAL No, I wouldn't say that exactly.

STEPHEN/BELIAL notices the old book beneath the bible, he picks up the bible, and laughs when he sees what's beneath. Michel transfixed by his every move.

STEPHEN/BELIAL Now there's a blast from the past.

He picks up the old book, replacing the bible to its spot. He turns the old book over, opens the cover. We now see the book is more like a journal, hand written in old French.

> STEPHEN/BELIAL I wrote that for a close friend of mine after she got pregnant.

MICHEL You wrote it!

STEPHEN

Yes.

STEPHEN/BELIAL shuts the book and carefully places it on the bed behind him. MICHEL quickly reaches out for the night stand drawer, opens it, gets his hand in before STEPHEN/BELIAL's knee slams it shut on his hand. MICHEL retrieves his hand holding it with the already bandaged one. STEPHEN/BELIAL continues not acknowledging the pain on MICHEL's face

> STEPHEN/BELIAL As it turns out your people have been very...unkind to my family over the centuries. Yet for some (MORE)

> > (CONTINUED)

STEPHEN/BELIAL (cont'd) reason Teressa likes you. I don't understand that, but there you go, no accounting for taste.

MICHEL

Of course she's one of yours, how else would she be able to track you...idiot!...And she knows you're here to kill me?

STEPHEN/BELIAL

'fraid so... If it makes you feel any better she's been trying to get me not to hurt you too much first.

MICHEL

That's not a huge comfort, no...Do you mind if I get dressed before, you know

STEPHEN/BELIAL

I really wouldn't bother, there's not going to be enough of you left to justify the effort.

MICHEL

(weakly)

Oh...There is something I need to know though, what you told Drew, about the second coming...

STEPHEN/BELIAL

(grinning) You want to know if the doors to heaven are shut?

MICHEL

Yes.

STEPHEN/BELIAL bends down and places his hands on MICHEL's shoulders.

STEPHEN/BELIAL

The fact that you have spent your last few minutes communing with a Devil, rather than begging to your God makes the whole question irrelevant for you, don't you think?

STEPHEN/BELIAL slips one hand round to MICHEL's neck. He grabs his windpipe and rips it out. MICHEL's eyes lower as

if he's trying to see the damage, mouth moving but no words. STEPHEN/BELIAL takes on a frenzied rabid appearance, enlarged canine teeth bared, eyes glistening. He rips with teeth and nails, chunks of flesh and meat flung around the room. Blood sprays as arteries are severed. Chewing and swallowing the lumps stuck in his teeth.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 1. LATER

STEPHEN/BELIAL sitting on the unoccupied bed, he's wipes the blood from his face with Michel's cassock. He has a mobile phone clamped to his ear.

STEPHEN/BELIAL I need you to come over here

TERESSA (O.S) You're kidding.

STEPHEN/BELIAL I got a little carried away, so it's probably easier for you to come to me rather than the other way around.

TERESSA (O.S) I don't want to see it!

STEPHEN/BELIAL Then don't look. But you need to come. I need you to do one last thing for me.

TERESSA (O.S) Oh God!...I'm on my way

STEPHEN/BELIAL throws the cassock on the floor. Leans over to the night stand and pulls open the drawer, he grins shaking his head. There's a knock at the door. STEPHEN/BELIAL gets up and answers it, opening the door just enough to speak.

> STEPHEN/BELIAL You may want to keep facing the window.

TERESSA nods. STEPHEN/BELIAL opens the door just enough for her to squeeze through, she shuffles in, keeping her back to the bloody scene, her hand clamped over her nose and mouth, her eyes tightly shut.

STEPHEN/BELIAL

I'm going to give you a choice of what happens next. Either, you let me borrow your body for half an hour or so. Or, you are going to have to turn around and do an exorcism.

TERESSA

(muffled) An exorcism?

STEPHEN/BELIAL

I have to go back. Welcome to the big picture...Which one, exorcism or possession?

TERESSA That's not a choice!

STEPHEN/BELIAL Well that's all I can offer you.

TERESSA There is nothing in this world that's going to make me turn around, so I guess you can borrow my body, but if you do anything...dodgy with it, I'm going to have an abortion. Deal?

STEPHEN/BELIAL I won't do anything you wouldn't do...er you will need to take of the necklace though.

TERESSA takes it off, putting it in her pocket.

STEPHEN/BELIAL

You ready?

TERESSA

No.

STEPHEN/BELIAL walks up and passionately kisses her. STEPHEN drops to the floor. TERESSA/BELIAL turns around, picks up the old book still on the bed. And exits the room. TERESSA/BELIAL walks across the verandah to room 9. She goes in. Exits a few seconds later with her holdall and walks over to the SUV parked outside room 1.

CLOSE UP. She puts the holdall on the back seat climbs in the drivers seat and puts the book in the glove box. Starts the engine and moves the car round to room 9.

Climbs out the car, opens the passenger side door and goes back into room 9, comes out a few seconds later carrying/dragging LUCAS his arm over her shoulder, her arm around his back. She places him in the passenger seat, carefully swings his legs in and buckles his seat belt.

She Goes back into room 1.

INT BERRY MOTEL ROOM 1. LATER. NIGHT

TERESSA/BELIAL is sitting on the floor watching the unconscious STEPHEN. The incessant rain on the roof stops abruptly. TERESSA/BELIAL looks up and smiles. STEPHEN starts to stir. Grabs his head, look of horror spreading across his face.

> TERESSA/BELIAL I left you with a few fond memories, keepsakes.

STEPHEN looks down at his shaking bloodied hands. He manoeuvres his way on to his feet and stares at the remains of Michel. Beat. Turns and throws up all over the floor. His eyes drawn back to the carcass. Hypnotised.

> STEPHEN I didn't do that...no-one will believe that I did that.

TERESSA/BELIAL shrugs from the floor. STEPHEN looks back at her. She hasn't moved position.

TERESSA/BELIAL Of course they'll believe, it. Your DNA's all over him...and in him, oh, and his is in you too!

He edges toward the night stand drawer, carefully silently opens it, checking constantly that Teressa can't see what he's doing. He pulls out a Rosary and a small leather bound notebook, flicking to the right page, kissing the crucifix. Checks Teressa. Unmoved. He looks for the penis', realises they are missing. Scans the room, and sees they have already been placed in the corners of the room. TERESSA looks up following his gaze.

> TERESSA/BELIAL Yeah, I was wondering about them, that some homosexual priest thing you got going?

STEPHEN hold out the Crucifix

STEPHEN Exororcizo te. Immundissime spiritus, omnis incursio adversarii, omne phantasma, omnis legio, in nomine Domini nostri Jesu

STEPHEN crosses himself. TERESSA/BELIAL Jumps to her feet, snarling. Teeth bared, but rooted to the floor.

STEPHEN Christi eraicare, et effugare ab hoc plasmate Dei.

Crosses himself.

TERESSA/BELIAL Come on... Don't do this. I'll make you a deal.

STEPHEN Recede in nomine Pa

Crosses himself

TERESSA/BELIAL Anything you want...anything at all.

STEPHEN

tris, et Fi,

Crosses himself

TERESSA/BELIAL

Oh shit!

STEPHEN lii, et spiritus

Crosses himself. TERESSA falls to the floor unconscious.

STEPHEN

Sancti. Amen

STEPHEN shuts the leather bound notebook, drops it to the floor. Kisses the crucifix. He picks up both the penis' and gets the glue, falls to the fall and tries with a shaking hand to glue the two pieces together. He carefully leans forward putting it on the floor as far away from him as he can get it. Leans back against the door, head back, eyes filling up.

INT SUV. NIGHT.

TERESSA driving, music blaring, LUCAS unconscious in the seat next to her. LUCAS starts to stir. TERESSA engrossed with the music doesn't notice. LUCAS seats bolt upright, scared.

LUCAS Where the hell am I?

TERESSA jumps.

TERESSA Shit!... you scared the life out of me.

LUCAS

WHERE AM I?

TERESSA pulls the car over.

TERESSA

You're alright...I found you in the middle of the road about 20 miles back, I was just taking you to a hospital.

LUCAS

Where?

TERESSA We're just outside Oklahoma City.

LUCAS

Oklahoma?

TERESSA Yeh, Oklahoma...Do you feel Ok? Nothing broken or anything?

LUCAS I feel fine, I'm just confused. I was in Rome and some guy in the toilet... How the hell did I get here?

TERESSA shrugs. Puts the car in drive and sets off.

TERESSA So tell me about yourself. What's your name?

LUCAS (confused) Lucas, my name's Lucas.

TERESSA So Lucas, what's you dad's name?

LUCAS David, why? what's that got to do with anything.

TERESSA smiles.

TERESSA Oh nothing, just checking you hadn't got amnesia or anything.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN: 25 YEARS LATER. VATICAN

INT CAVERNOUS LIBRARY.

CAMERA SLOWLY APPROACHES a young priest (24, Short Dark brown hair) at his desk. He pulls out a bunch of keys (varying ages, varying sizes) from the top drawer of the desk. Stands.

INT. VATICAN CELLS

The young priest strolls down the labyrinth of tunnels keys in hand. Stops outside a door. Lifts the keyring, grabs the first key and slots it into the newish padlock on the door, removes the padlock and discards it on the floor. Opens the door and walks into Belial's cell INT BELIAL'S CELL

Small room carved from the rock, with a sandy floor. A double ended clay penis sits in the centre of the room, surrounded by a magic circle drawn in the sand. The priest walks over, crouches down and removes the circle with his hand, he picks up the penis, smiles at it, then drops it on the floor.

YOUNG PRIEST Hello Father. I thought I'd start the liberation with you.

FADE TO BLACK.