

HELLPLASM

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AN ASTRAL LANDSCAPE - DAY

An idyllic meadow feathered by a gentle breeze. The sky above, an ethereal shade of blue. Every blade of grass, every tree leaf vivid and bright. A sparkling, gurgling stream winds through. You want to stay here forever.

We hear the shouts and laughter of several GHOST CHILDREN before we see them enter the glade. All ages, carefree, their forms shimmering, translucent. Unaffected by whatever sent them to this corner of heaven.

AINSLEY is the prettiest among them. She is five years old and wears a dress from Colonial America. She laughs and smiles freely as she runs from the rest, hiding her eyes against the far side of a tree.

AINSLEY

(English accent)

Five four three two one! Ready or not
here I come! And I shall find you all!

Ainsley emerges from behind the tree, eyes searching for the others. They've fled to their hiding places. She sees something in the dazzling sky above the hills and frowns.

A dark, seething cloud approaches. Deep rumbles from it.

Ainsley looks down. The ground quivers beneath her feet.

The other children emerge from their hiding places. They stare upward with dread.

The air grows darker. A dense black fog settles upon the glade. The children see something awful and flee screaming.

What swoops out of the fog on leathery batwings is big, black and hideous, full of sharp teeth, claws, and cloven hooves. Ectoplasm shreds and dissolves as the flying nightmare finds and devours ghost children one by one.

The remaining children flee desperately past Ainsley's tree. Horrified, she watches the monstrous demon thing lunge again from the black fog, pluck more victims and wolf them down.

It lands, braces on its haunches, and senses Ainsley. Pivots toward her and stares her down with its big black insect eyes.

Ainsley turns and flees with an echoing shriek...

INT. FARMHOUSE - POV INFRARED CAMCORDER - NIGHT

Everything tinted green. Someone carries the camcorder at eye level through the kitchen. A smartphone voicemail plays back from another room:

DAVE (O.S.)

Now understand I got nothing personal against you guys. You're a nice bunch of college kids. My bosses--whole 'nother story. They see ratings and ad revenue and other nasty stuff like that.

The camcorder moves into the

DINING ROOM

An open laptop, screen blank, rests on a dining table. Dave's voice comes from the lit-up smartphone next to it.

DAVE (O.S.)

You probably know how your show's doing lately. Dismal is putting it kindly. All we're getting from you is footage without the substance. One more episode, Adam. One more and that's it. Find some ghosts or you're all history. Later.

Dial tone. The smartphone disconnects.

DINING ROOM - NORMAL VIEW

Pitch black...suddenly the laptop screen lights up, revealing ADAM, 20s, leader of the Carling College Paranormal Society, tight-lipped by Dave's warning. He sets the camcorder down.

ADAM

Thanks for all your support, Dave.

On the screen, four green-tinted images arranged in a quad:

- CASEY, 20s, sitting cross-legged on a bedroom floor
- ANNIE, 20s, sprawled on a bed in another bedroom
- THE ATTIC, deserted, full of storage junk
- BEN, 20s, approaching the basement furnace

For an instant a wispy cloud flits across the attic frame accompanied by a barely audible thump. Adam doesn't notice.

Adam taps Casey's image. It goes fullscreen. Casey is studious, glasses halfway off her nose, kind of overweight. She holds a lit flashlight.

ADAM
Casey. Anything?

CASEY
Nada.

ADAM
Ben?

BASEMENT

Nearly dark. Team techie Ben emerges from behind the furnace wearing night vision goggles. Energetic, headstrong, geek to his core. He holds an infrared camcorder in one hand. Adjusts his headset with the other.

BEN
That's a negative. No sign of her.
There's a couple of cold spots down
here. I'm about to check them out.

DINING ROOM

Adam switches the screen back to quad. Lovely Annie's image stretches sleepily on the bed, flashlight next to her.

ADAM
Annie, perk up. We don't lay down.

ANNIE
What time is it?

ADAM
Time for coffee, obviously.
Everybody meet me in the dining
room. We're in disaster mode.

BASEMENT

Ben walks past a basement window holding up an EMF meter.

BEN
I'm good!

ADAM (V.O.)
(in Ben's headset)
I said everybody, Ben.

ANNIE IN BEDROOM

Annie sits up. She's new at this. Not her thing.

ANNIE

There was a weird sound before.

ADAM (V.O.)

(in Annie's headset)

Annie, you're supposed to tell us!
What did you hear?

ANNIE

A thump. I think it came from
upstairs.

BASEMENT

BEN

The attic! Cue it up, Adam!

DINING ROOM

The lights are on now. A videocam set on a tripod watches the room. The team sips coffee, focused on the laptop displaying the attic frame fullscreen. The wispy cloud drifts across. A tinny thump from the speakers.

BEN

Shit, man! We got her!

ADAM

And we live to film another week.
Let's move!

STAIRS TO ATTIC

The team storms upstairs to the attic carrying their equipment bags. Casey trails last. She stumbles. Drops her flashlight. Watches it tumble downstairs. Turns back.

Casey hears something. She tilts her head, listening.

The sobs of a little girl echo softly.

Adam appears at the top of the stairs.

ADAM

What's up?

CASEY

I dropped my flashlight.

ADAM

Not important. You've got the EMFs.
Need help?

CASEY

No.

Casey reaches the attic landing lugging her equipment bag.
She glances downstairs, concerned, before heading into the
attic...

...leaving us with the frosted globe of the overhead light...

...black fog fills the globe...oozes out of the rim...

ATTIC

The team explores the cluttered attic taking EMF readings.
Ben looks up from his meter.

BEN

Zilch. We lost her.

CASEY

She's scared. She won't show
herself.

The others stop. They turn to Casey.

BEN

Did you see her?

Casey purses her lips. Shakes her head.

BEN

Then how do you know?

CASEY

I know.

ADAM

Casey's right. We need to calm
down and wait for her. We may
have already blown our chances.

ATTIC - LATER

The team lays propped up on attic stuff. It's really late
and they've nodded out. Casey holds the only lit flashlight.
Annie's head rests on Adam's shoulder. Ben snores.

A little girl whimpers. Casey opens her eyes. Listens.

Quiet again. Casey ponders. Bites her lip. Switches her flashlight off.

An eerie glow bathes the team. Casey gasps. Something is in the attic besides the four of them, a just few feet away.

Frightened, cowering Ainsley, casting a shimmering glow.

Casey slowly reaches out to shake Adam awake. She points meekly across the attic. Adam sees the luminous spirit.

Annie opens her eyes. Lifts her head up. Sees the ghost. She grips Adam but he shushes her.

Ben carefully brings up his camcorder. Starts filming. Everyone speaks in a whisper.

ADAM

Keep your lights off.

The team crawls toward the little girl. They gather close to her. She's frightened at first, but gradually settles.

ANNIE

Does she see us?

ADAM

I think so.

Adam extends his hand toward Ainsley. She reaches out to touch it. Ben looks at his EMF meter.

BEN

I'm picking up a stronger reading.

ADAM

You should be. Our auras are mingling.

The trembling child looks so sweet. She smiles timidly. Adam smiles too, but soon appears troubled. His face takes on the spiritual glow of a clairvoyant.

ADAM'S VISION

Ainsley's astral home. Her spirit friends flee screaming from the hideous bat-winged thing.

ATTIC

Startled Adam releases Ainsley's hand, frightening her.

The others stare at him with alarm. Adam gestures for calm.

ADAM

Don't lose her!

Ainsley relaxes again. Ben continues to film her.

AINSLEY

Why do you all look so strange,
pray tell?

CASEY

We're your friends, sweetheart.
Just from a different time.

AINSLEY

Your house feels safe. May I
stay and enjoy your hospitality?

CASEY

Actually, it's not ours--

ANNIE

You can be our guest as long as
you like. What's your name?

AINSLEY

Ainsley.

ANNIE

That's such a pretty name. Do you
miss your mommy and daddy?

The little girl's face grows sad.

AINSLEY

They've gone to heaven.

ANNIE

And what happened to them?

AINSLEY

Lenape people. We were friends.
Bad ones came and made a lot of
noise. Two of them hit Mother and
Father very hard. They got bloody
and they never woke up.

ANNIE

That's so terrible. Did they hit
you too?

AINSLEY

No. I fled to the river. The bad ones came after me, but I wouldn't let them hurt me.

ANNIE

And how did you manage that?

AINSLEY

I drowned myself.

CASEY

Oh my God.

BEN

Jesus...

ANNIE

You poor girl. You brave, proud little girl. Come here.

Annie reaches out to hug Ainsley. The child doesn't respond. Instead she casts anxious glances around the attic. Sees something behind Annie--

--and screams in absolute terror!

Ben looks down at his EMF meter. CLOSE ON its readout SPIKING UP TO MAX.

Freaked out Ben holds up the meter for Adam to see.

Ainsley recoils, frantically seeking shelter in the attic junk. She whimpers and weeps as she cowers.

ANNIE

What's wrong, Ainsley? What do you see?

Ainsley shakes her head over and over. Kneels. Bows her head. Clasps her hands together.

AINSLEY

Our Father Who art in heaven
hallowed be Thy name Thy Kingdom
come Thy will be done on earth as
it is in heaven--

CASEY

What's happening?

Adam stands. The others too. Fear fills their faces.

ADAM

Damned if I know!

BEN

I have an extremely bad feeling
about this!

An ominous approaching rumble. Slowly the team looks down...

...at the floor rattling. Dust rises. Little toys skitter.

An evil black fog pours into the attic.

Ainsley sobs and moans, rocking on her knees, face hidden by quivering little hands still clasped in prayer...

ANNIE

Adam, do something!

Adam thinks feverishly.

ADAM

Switch your lights on!

Annie tries first. Her flashlight explodes. She yelps.
Quickly drops it.

Ben works his, forcing the switch over and over. It's dead.

Casey's light smolders in her hand. She flings it away with a cry.

Adam slowly looks over his shoulder. Stares at something horrible that fixates him. He turns to confront it.

His flashlight slips from his fingers. Drops to the floor.

The monstrous astral demon swoops in fast on its leathery batwings, right through the attic eaves. A terrifying ghostly creature the size of a grizzly bear. Gnashing jaws filled with sharp teeth. An obscene mass of flexing appendages tipped with reptilian claws and cloven hooves hang from its belly.

It hovers. Black glistening insect eyes find its prey.

Ainsley. Her clasped hands drop to her sides. She stares back, shaking, face riveted with fear.

Annie lunges in to rescue the little girl. Adam yanks her back. She pummels him hard.

ANNIE

What are you *doing*!

ADAM

You can't help her!

ANNIE

Let go of me!

Ainsley screams desperately. Everyone turns at once.

The demon passes right through the team with a horrid whoosh, headed straight for Ainsley--

--and pounces upon her as she tumbles to the attic floor.

The team watches in helpless horror as the demon noisily feeds on her.

The gluttoned demon wings away and is gone. The black fog disperses. The team rushes over to where Ainsley was.

Everyone watches her pooling, glowing ectoplasmic remains flicker and fade into the attic floorboards.

ANNIE

God find you, Ainsley.

Ben tries his light. It works. He checks his camcorder.

CASEY

Oh Lord--oh Lord--what the holy fuck was *that*?

ANNIE

Ainsley wasn't haunting this house.
She was hiding in it.

They look at each other. No one wants to go there.

ADAM

Did we get it?

BEN

Every last pixel. There's just one thing, my friend.

ADAM

And what is that?

BEN

Who the hell is gonna believe it?

SUBLIM:

The hideous astral demon passing right through the team.

END SUBLIM.

ATTIC

ADAM

As many as we can get.

EXT. BIG FRANK'S ROADSIDE TAVERN - DAY

The team's van pulls into the parking lot. Airbrushed on its side panels: the show's logo splashed over the posed team.

POLTERTECHS

Where Technology meets Ghostology.

INSIDE THE TAVERN

Bartender EDDIE, 30s, cleans glasses behind the bar. A football game plays silently on a big flatscreen behind him.

The Poltertechs enter and approach the bar.

EDDIE

Frank!

BIG FRANK, 50s, hefty and jovial, spills out of a back room.

BIG FRANK

Look at that, Eddie! We got some
real TV stars in the house!

Big Frank offers his hand. Everyone on the team shakes it.

BIG FRANK

What are we having? Beer?
On the house, kids.

The team looks at each other.

ADAM

Sure.

BIG FRANK

Anybody hungry?

CASEY

Thanks. We just ate.

The team slides onto barstools. Eddie fills four beer glasses and serves them.

Big Frank goes behind the bar. Leans on the counter.

BIG FRANK

So--who starts this thing?

ADAM

Tell us about your ghost.

BIG FRANK

Okay--this joint's been haunted since before I was born. The building's really old, but the ghost, you can tell he's from the 1940s by his uniform. Second World War. Eddie here's seen him more times than he can count.

BEN

Does he do anything? Break things? Turn off the lights?

EDDIE

He gets shot.

BEN

That's it? He gets shot?

BIG FRANK

What the hell do you want, a Broadway dance number? The guy gets shot. It's all in the news archives. A regular joe, just back from overseas, and he gets nailed right at home in my bar.

ADAM

Any idea why?

BIG FRANK

He had a crapload of gambling debt before he shipped out. The paper speculated a mob 'settlement'. Hey--this is New Jersey! So what else is new?

ADAM

Thanks. We have a back story. You said you caught him on video?

BIG FRANK
Eddie, roll that security tape!

Eddie reaches down. Starts the video.

ON THE FLATSCREEN

The football game switches to a black and white CCTV image of the deserted bar. The timestamp shows it's very late.

A smoky shape drifts into view. It takes on a more solid form--a young serviceman in a 1940s army uniform tipping back a whiskey glass. He looks up. Turns toward the door. Backs fearfully away from someone unseen...

The flash of a fired gun. The ghost doubles over, falls to the floor. Glowing ectoplasm oozes out from under it.

Ghost and ooze fade away.

THE BAR

BEN
Awesome!

BIG FRANK
Hey, show some respect! You get off on that shit? The guy had a family!

Adam gestures for calm.

ADAM
Ben gets carried away sometimes.
He's our techie. He meant the quality of the video.

BIG FRANK
Okay! No harm done, right? Jeez.

ADAM
So, when do you want us to set up?

BIG FRANK
You mean tape a show?

ADAM
That's what we do.

BIG FRANK
Wait a minute. You mean to say that's all you do?

ADAM

We never claimed otherwise. Who told you--?

BIG FRANK

I spoke to some lady when I called. She went through all the stuff you offer besides an investigation.

Adam turns to Casey. She shrugs. Annie sighs. Adam slides off his stool. Pulls Annie off hers. He turns to Big Frank.

ADAM

Excuse us one second.

Adam leads Annie by the hand over to a corner.

ANNIE

I'm sorry. I was just trying to-- I played back Dave's voicemail.

ADAM

I get it. You know the show's hanging by a thread. You didn't want to risk losing a client.

ANNIE

Guilty as charged. Can you blame me?

ADAM

Debatable, given the circumstances. What did you sell him?

Annie glances at the bar. Turns back to Adam.

ANNIE

The guy asked me if we perform any--

ADAM

Exorcisms?

ANNIE

Just the opposite. Conjuring was more like what he was pushing for.

ADAM

And you said...?

ANNIE

I told him we're a full service shop.

ADAM

(exasperated)

A full service shop? What were you thinking?

ANNIE

I was trying to save the show!

ADAM

And so was Dave, when he suggested you join the team wearing skinny jeans a size too small! My mistake!

ANNIE

Thanks a lot! You know what? Let me handle it.

ADAM

What are you gonna tell him?

ANNIE

I got us into this. I'll get us out.

Adam and Annie return to their stools.

ANNIE

So, Frank. What can we do for you today?

Big Frank leans his meaty hands on the bar.

BIG FRANK

What do you think? I want my ghost back.

ANNIE

I thought you wanted us to get rid of it.

BIG FRANK

Get rid of it? Hell no!

ANNIE

Maybe I misunderstood you...

BIG FRANK

Well, understand me now. This place used to be packed to the rafters every weekend just to watch that guy replay his own shooting. Like clockwork he appeared--my best damned employee!

Eddie throws his boss a dirty look.

BIG FRANK

After you, Eddie! After you!

ADAM

Wait a minute. Your ghost left?

BIG FRANK

Three weeks ago. After seventy
five years of on-time performances.
Didn't even give me any notice!

ADAM

Ball's in your court, Annie.

Annie sits there stymied. Big Frank slaps the bar.

BIG FRANK

You need convincing? Maybe you can
figure out what happened to the poor
guy. Eddie, play that other one!

ON THE FLATSCREEN

Another security video with a more recent timestamp displays
the deserted bar. The soldier backs away like before.

A black fog envelops the room. The soldier grows alarmed.
Sees something up in the rafters. He backs away, horrified.

The astral demon swoops down and voraciously devours him.

THE BAR

The team sits and stares with the shock of recognition.

BEN

Holy shit, man.

BIG FRANK

You kids know what the hell that
thing was?

The team looks at each other.

ADAM

Ah--no. We're not Ghostbusters.

BIG FRANK

Well dammit, how much do you charge
to bring the guy back? You can do
that, right?

EXT. THE HAUNTED BARN - NIGHT

A crowd of KIDS and TEENAGERS line up at a ticket booth. A teenage VAMPIRE GIRL collects their money. A MUMMY BARKER, 30s, works the crowd.

BARKER

Step right up, everybody! Three bucks earns you the right to die of fright! Step this way!

ANDY, 11, and BILLY, 10, wait in line. Little smartasses.

BILLY

Is this gonna be any good?

ANDY

Should be. I heard two high school dudes talking about this place. They said it was ten times spookier than last year.

BILLY

Oh yeah? How so?

ANDY

A new monster. It scared the piss out of them.

BILLY

One new monster? Give me a break.

ANDY

I meant it about the piss. One of them wet his pants!

BILLY

(giggles)

Get outta here!

ANDY

The guy told it dead serious. He didn't see me listening so I know it's true. They said something else about this place too.

BILLY

Yeah what?

ANDY

The field we're standing in used to be an Indian burial ground.

BILLY

Come on! You believe that? Every
haunted house tells you that!

The kids in front of them pay and go inside.

ANDY

Well look, we're about to find out
for ourselves.

BILLY

Right. You bring a diaper?

ANDY

(shoves Billy)

Screw you!

Spooky sound effects. Eerie lighting. Kids and teenagers
walk down a hallway lined with black curtains. They don't
get very far before some Frankenstein or mummy or vampire or
zombie leaps out moaning or growling at them.

Andy and Billy spend most of their time laughing at the
teenage actors scaring the younger kids. They round a bend.

BILLY

Hey look at that!

Andy stares where Billy is pointing.

A back door with a sign over it, too dark to read.

Andy pulls out a flashlight. Points the beam at the sign
and reads it.

ANDY

The monster from black hell. From
whence it comes, no one knows.
Enter at your own risk.

BILLY

Why isn't this part open? We found
the new monster!

ANDY

We paid our three bucks. We're
entitled to see it.

Andy checks behind them. The hallway's deserted. He tries
the door. It's unlocked. He swings it open.

The boys step outside onto a field. Noise blares from
inside the barn. They look around nervously.

The door slams closed, startling them. Now it's dead quiet. They turn back to field. Billy's a little spooked.

BILLY

What now?

ANDY

Follow me.

The boys start walking out into the field. A glowing full moon watches them through the mist. They grow more frightened with every step. Then they stop dead.

BILLY

What the heck is that?

ANDY

Beats me.

They gawk at an ancient mound of shells and bones, circled by large flat stones.

Clouds move across the moon.

The field darkens. The boys stare at the mound, petrified.

Out of the circle of stones rise FOUR GHOSTS:

- an old Native American tribesman
- a second, younger tribesman
- a tribeswoman
- a Lenape warrior in battle dress, fierce and alert.

The boys turn tail and run hollering back to the barn. Andy pulls desperately on the door. It's locked.

A deep, ominous rumble, getting closer. The boys slowly look down. The ground vibrates under their sneakers.

Out in the field the warrior ghost looks up. He's the only one in the group who's aware of the rumbling sound.

The astral demon soars right through the barn wall over the boys' heads, flying straight toward the circle of stones.

The warrior ghost sees what's coming at it. He whips out a ghostly tomahawk. Flings it at the demon.

The tomahawk sinks into the demon's shoulder. It lets out a blood-curdling shriek like nothing of this earth.

The furious demon lands in front of the warrior, claws clutching, teeth gnashing. Black blood wisps from its wound.

The warrior whips out a ghostly knife, ready for battle.

The demon grabs the tomahawk with a claw. Yanks it out and tosses it away. Glares hatefully at the warrior. Snarls. Swoops off into the night.

The boys stand hugging each other in fright. They look down at the same time. They've both stained their pants with pee.

THE HAUNTED BARN - LATER

Closed up and deserted. The exterior lights shut off.

The barker exits the back door. He checks for stragglers.

The flickering beam of a movie projector streams out of a hole in a wall plank. He opens a small disguised door next to the hole. Reaches in and switches the projector off.

Out in the field by the stone circle, the ghosts of the two tribesmen and the tribeswoman vanish--but not the warrior. He's down on one knee, searching for something.

The barker goes back inside the barn and shuts the door.

The warrior ghost finds his tomahawk. Grabs it and stands up. Sniffs the stone end and grimaces in disgust.

The warrior turns. Walks out into the field grasping the tomahawk. He dissolves into ectoplasmic smoke and vanishes.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

DAVE, 40s, the Poltertech TV show's producer, pulls his BMW up to the curb. Dave is sleazy, smug, and well-groomed. The network's uptight LAWYER, 50s, rides with him.

Dave gets out of the car looking down his nose at the house. Small town New Jersey--not exactly his turf.

The lawyer opens the passenger door grasping a briefcase. He joins Dave at the curb. This doesn't look good.

When they approach the house they activate some Halloween props. The lawyer jumps back startled. Dave just shakes his head. He's familiar with Ben's handiwork.

DAVE

Come on, let's get this over with.
I'm frigging starved.

LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON Ben's smartphone screen. Pac-Man chases ghosts through his virtual maze.

CASEY (V.O.)

They're here!

Ben sits on the sofa playing the Pac-Man app. Casey's next to him, turning her head from the window. A Stephen King novel is propped open on her lap. Annie's curled into the love seat sketching Ainsley on a pad. Adam sits next to her nervously sipping coffee.

The doorbell. Adam looks up like his executioner has just arrived. He quickly stands. Spills hot coffee on his hand.

ADAM

Aaah!

Adam rushes to the door still holding the cup. He wipes his scalded hand on his pants. Opens the door. Invites Dave and the lawyer in.

Casey and Ben acknowledge them. Annie continues drawing.

CASEY

Hello Dave.

BEN

How goes it?

Dave and the lawyer sit on another sofa. The lawyer opens his briefcase. Dave gestures for him to hold off.

DAVE

Not yet, Barry.

(to Adam)

Show me the goodies, buddy.

The lawyer shuts the briefcase. Adam reaches for the open laptop on the coffee table. He starts the attic video. Turns the laptop for Dave and the lawyer to see.

Dave and the lawyer watch the video with deadpan faces.

The team waits with grim expressions. Casey wipes a tear when Ainsley starts talking. Soon the sounds of the demon invading the attic and its attack on Ainsley fill the room.

The video ends. The team waits for a reaction from Dave. He's silent for a long moment.

DAVE

Finally you guys have come up with some sweet shit, and it's going to save your asses. Upload the final edit by Monday.

Dave and the lawyer stand up and head for the door.

Casey, Ben and Annie show their relief. Adam stands up.

ADAM

Dave?

Dave and the lawyer turn back.

ADAM

We don't know what that thing was.

DAVE

Do I look like I give a crap?
Just keep filming it!

Dave and the lawyer leave. Adam turns to the team. He puts a hand to his forehead.

ADAM

Just keep filming it. Like we know where it's gonna show up.

Ben comes up to Adam.

BEN

I've been thinking. This entity is a predator. Predators are guided by hunting instinct, their ability to locate food. It's gonna go where a lot of ghosts live, like a lion tracking a herd of gazelles on the Serengeti.

ADAM

The Serengeti. So where might that be?

BEN

Cemeteries, man!

Adam nods in satisfaction. He grabs Ben by the shoulder.

ADAM

Stroke of genius, dude.

BEN

The thing stalks ghosts. We stalk it. At its feeding grounds, week after week. How many cemeteries in this part of New Jersey?

ADAM

And what better time than--

BEN

Halloween. Dave wants a spectacle? We'll give him much more than he bargained for, my friend.

Adam and Ben high five.

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

Vehicles lined up behind an accident. Weary, impatient DRIVERS. Police cars, fire rescue trucks, ambulances, roof lights flashing. Wailing sirens in the distance.

Near the head of the line MICHAEL, 30s, a pleasant-looking priest, leans out his car window to see what's going on.

His expression changes. He's seen something odd. He wipes his eyes, but what's disturbing him up ahead persists.

His hand seeks something in a jacket pocket. His fingers pull it out and grasp it.

A silver cross.

Michael stares out the windshield. His eyes fill with an ethereal light. The spiritual glow of a clairvoyant.

THE ACCIDENT

Firemen frantically pry apart a crumpled minivan with the jaws of life. Its front end is T-boned deep into the passenger door of a sedan.

A bloodied WOMAN lays slumped behind the minivan's steering wheel, its air bag burst. She looks dead. An INFANT wails from the back seat. FIREMAN #1 touches the woman's neck.

FIREMAN #1

She's gone. Go for the baby!

Struggling FIREMEN wrench open the minivan's side door with their tools. Abruptly the infant stops crying.

MICHAEL

lifts his luminous gaze a little higher.

FIREMAN #2 (O.S.)
Get that kid out!

WHAT MICHAEL SEES

Two firemen lunge for the infant. We ascend above the roof. The dead woman's soul floats there serenely. She wears the same bloody clothes. She looks down smiling with an incredible expression of love. She beckons with her arms.

The infant's soul rises into its mother's outstretched arms. She cradles it lovingly. They drift off and disappear.

MICHAEL

leans back exhausted and shaken. His eyes lose their spiritual light.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Father?

Michael is totally drained. He doesn't respond.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me--Father?

Michael slowly turns to the window.

A middle-aged POLICEMAN stands there. He removes his cap.

POLICEMAN
Forgive me, Father. There's another victim, and she's not going to last. She's wearing a cross...

MICHAEL
Of course.

Michael follows the officer to the driver's side of the sedan. Two PARAMEDICS tend to an ELDERLY WOMAN pinned against the passenger seat by the crushed-in door.

The elderly woman lays in her seat moaning softly. The minivan's impact has sent a wide shard of metal from inside the door through her torso.

One paramedic turns toward Michael. She taps her partner. He turns and comprehends. They withdraw, leaving an IV of plasma attached to the elderly woman's arm.

Michael grimaces when he sees how much blood has drained out of her. It lays pooled in the passenger floor well two inches deep. Her face is ashen, and she is barely conscious.

Michael slides into the driver's seat. He leans close to the dying woman and takes her hand.

MICHAEL

I'm Father O'Cleary. I will comfort you, and deliver you.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(faint whisper)

Bless you Father.

Michael crosses himself, takes the woman's hand and helps her make a cross. He pulls a small bible out of his jacket pocket. Centers it on her chest. Places her hand on it.

As Michael gently recites the last rites, we gradually descend to the pool of blood in the floor well.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

May the Lord bless you and keep you. May the Lord make His countenance shine upon you, and be gracious to you. May the Lord turn His countenance to you and grant you peace...

The surface of the blood pool starts to vibrate.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

...Blessed is our God, always now and ever, and unto the ages of ages. May the Lord Jesus protect you and lead you to eternal life.

Michael hears an approaching rumble, deep and ominous. He turns to look through the windshield with a puzzled look.

WHAT MICHAEL SEES

PARAMEDICS tend to the injured ELDERLY HUSBAND. POLICEMEN direct traffic. Two FIREMEN carry a covered stretcher bearing the mother's body to an ambulance. Above it all...

...the sky is bright and clear.

MICHAEL

turns back to the woman. She has passed. He presses her cross to her lips.

The rumble grows louder. Michael leans out of the car, searching for the source of the noise.

While he looks away, the woman's soul gathers like smoky gossamer. It pours out of her chest, forming a floating ethereal balloon that gradually takes on her appearance.

A thin strand of ectoplasm tethers her soul. It breaks. Her soul rises through the car roof.

Michael gets out of the car. The rumble is very loud now. He turns toward the sky.

A churning black fog forms above the intersection.

Michael's face grows confused, then horrified.

The astral demon descends swiftly out of the fog. Dangling claws and hooves pass right through the tops of emergency vehicles. EMTs and FIREMEN go about their business.

Michael wheels around. Sees the elderly woman's soul ascending above the car. He turns back to the demon--

--swooping down, beating its leathery batwings. Michael is forced against the car by the malevolent force emanating from the demon. It buffets his hair and clothes. The demon's teeth and claws gnash and thrash as it hovers, watching the elderly woman's rising soul.

Michael quickly pulls out his cross and holds it aloft.

The entity hisses furiously. Like a hawk snubbing its prey, it flies off with a shriek. The rumble ceases, and the black fog dissipates.

The middle-aged policeman returns. He sees the elderly woman's body in the passenger seat.

POLICEMAN

Did she go peacefully, Father?

Michael glances at the clear blue sky.

MICHAEL

Yes, officer. She did.

INT. MICHAEL'S CHURCH OFFICE - LATER

CLOSE ON a very old book open to full-page medieval illustrations of demons. Captions identify them. Michael's fingers slowly turn the pages, revealing more demons of varied shapes and sizes.

He sits at his desk reading the book. Shelves of religious books line one wall. A knock at the door.

Michael snatches a large silver letter opener off the desktop and bookmarks the page. He quickly shuts the book. Hides it just as quickly in a drawer.

MICHAEL

Come in!

A NUN enters humbly, holding a sheet of paper. A sweet lady.

Michael watches her approach the desk.

WHAT MICHAEL SEES

The nun approaching, surrounded by a pure white aura.

NUN

Good morning to you, Father.

MICHAEL'S OFFICE

MICHAEL

And a good morning to you, Sister.
This is?

NUN

That approval for you to sign.

MICHAEL

(sighs)

I'm sorry. The morning drive was a bit harrowing.

NUN

The outside collection box. It needs to be more secure. I've gotten a few estimates, and here is the best one.

MICHAEL

Of course.

He reaches for a pen as she hands him the form. He signs it. Hands it back to her.

MICHAEL

Done. A small investment protects the larger.

She smiles and leaves. As soon as the door closes...

Michael wastes no time opening the drawer. He pulls out the book and resumes leafing through the demon drawings. His desk phone rings. Still reading, he answers it.

MICHAEL
Father O'Cleary.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

A rustic setting. Adam on a bench holding his smartphone.

INTERCUT - ADAM AND MICHAEL

ADAM
How's my favorite exorcist?

MICHAEL
Adam! How's my favorite
ghosthunter?

ADAM
Living on a prayer like yourself.
Have you been going around cleaning
up the neighborhood? My team is
encountering a severe shortage
of ghosts.

MICHAEL
God only made one of me, Adam.
Besides, I would never intrude
upon your turf unless you asked
me to. What's troubling you?

ADAM
A whole lot of stuff. Can you
get away? The usual place.

MICHAEL
Be there soon, God and traffic
willing.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Michael sits next to Adam on the bench. Michael finishes watching the attic footage on Adam's smartphone. The priest takes a moment to digest what he's just seen.

MICHAEL
The End of Days. Demons unleashed
from hell snatch up sinful souls.

ADAM

Including an innocent child?

MICHAEL

Yes, God pity her, because she
took her own life.

ADAM

God is harsh sometimes. If you'd
seen her...

MICHAEL

She might have found her way to
purgatory. God is merciful too.

ADAM

Her soul was destroyed. Does the
Bible have an explanation for that?

MICHAEL

It's all I have to work with, Adam.
You on the other hand...

ADAM

Have what? The psychic world? The
world you rejected? We both share--

MICHAEL

--the gift. Yes--our precious gift.
You chose to use it to help others.
I embraced the Church instead.

ADAM

The Church doesn't seem to have a
way of comforting tormented spirits.
They suffer far more than those
they frighten. You exorcise them at
my request--but that only boots them
out of whatever house they haunted.

MICHAEL

Even a lost spirit can turn to God.
And God will lead them to heaven.

ADAM

Or annihilation. Did God send this
creature?

MICHAEL

God is ultimately responsible for
the work of the universe. He has
many servants.

ADAM

Hard to imagine that monster serving God. There's something big going on, Michael. All these ghosts--they're fleeing in terror from this thing. Since the dawn of humanity, spirits have called the shots scaring the bejesus--scaring the pants off of people. Now the tables are turned.

MICHAEL

We're in the End Times, Adam. The Bible clearly describes--

ADAM

Cut me a freaking break, Michael! Give me one original thought for once that doesn't come from your holy book!

Michael goes silent. Adam gestures regret.

ADAM

Michael I'm sorry...

MICHAEL

You're absolutely right about me.

ADAM

How so? You chose your path in life. I dropped out of the seminary because I couldn't swallow the dogma. The Bible is your instruction manual. I guess I was just an asshole.

MICHAEL

No more than myself.

ADAM

What makes you say that?

MICHAEL

Sometimes I give hard thought to leaving the priesthood. You see my paranormal vision as a blessing, but to the Catholic faith it is a curse--a curse to be exorcised.

ADAM

Exorcised from a priest?

MICHAEL

Yes, and another priest must do it.
I fear excommunication should I
confess.

ADAM

Why do you call it a curse? God
has graced us! Clairvoyance is
not a sin!

MICHAEL

Perhaps God is testing us.

ADAM

I can't look at it that way.

MICHAEL

And I need to. I want to give it up.
I want to return this so-called gift.

ADAM

Please. Don't, Michael. There aren't
many like us. The world needs us.

MICHAEL

I just can't go on.

ADAM

Fight it!

MICHAEL

It's too painful! I want peace!

Now Adam is silent. Michael's words penetrate. Adam
gently grasps Michael's shoulder.

ADAM

You'd become a sacrificial lamb,
Michael. I won't allow you to
throw yourself to the wolves.
They owe you for all you've done.

MICHAEL

Sweet brother Adam. The Church
owes me nothing more than my meager
salary. All my service, I've done
in the name of love.

ADAM

Then talk to them! Explain how much
more you could help the world with
your talent!

MICHAEL

They will ask me how long I've had
this ability, and I will not lie.
I entered the priesthood with it.
Harbored it secretly all this time.
Things will not go well.

ADAM

So I'll testify on your behalf!
I'll tell them about all the people
you've comforted! Is it so vital
what methods you applied bringing
peace to those homes?

MICHAEL

Adam, you don't know the Church.

ADAM

You're right. I don't know the Church.
(an awkward beat)
I'll call you.

Adam starts to walk away.

MICHAEL

Wait!

Adam swings around.

MICHAEL

I've seen your demon.

Adam quickly walks back to Michael.

ADAM

Where? Why didn't you tell me?

MICHAEL

Out on Highway 9. There was a
terrible accident. Two women
and a baby were killed. As I
administered last rites to one
of them, the thing came, like a
shark drawn to blood.

ADAM

And did it feed?

MICHAEL

The demon almost took her. When I
held up my cross it turned away.

ADAM

And you say God only made one of
you? He's gonna need a few more!

Adam goes to leave. He pivots back to his brother.

ADAM

A whole lot more!

Michael sits alone. He ponders for a moment. Pulls the
book of demons from his pocket.

His fingers turn through the pages until they reach a full
sized drawing of a large demon. It looks exactly like the
hideous fiend from the attic. He reads aloud the caption
printed below it.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Bezaliel. The Shadow of God.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Little TRICK-OR-TREATERS stroll up and down the sidewalk
with their PARENTS. The team quickly loads the van with
equipment. They jump in, slam the doors and speed off.

Several costumed kids walk up to the house. They squeal
when props activate. More kids find a big plastic tub
heaped full of candy bars on the doorstep. A sign taped
to it reads:

HELP YOURSELVES. ONE APIECE.
HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

EXT. PRISONER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT

Rows of tombstones bathed by a full moon. Gusts of wind
whip up fallen leaves. A creaking sign over a rusted gate:

PRISONERS CEMETERY

The Poltertechs van pulls up. Ben is driving. He slides
his window down and looks at the sign.

BEN

Feeding frenzy, here we come.

PRISONER'S CEMETERY - LATER

The team is set up next to the woods surrounded by equipment.
They sit on camping chairs waiting for some ghostly action.

Several luminous orbs flit around the tombstones. Ben films them cavorting like fireflies.

BEN

Someday the world will understand
what those things are.

CASEY

Dave hates orbs. He says they're
not the real deal. Don't waste
your time, Ben.

BEN

Who says this is for him? I like orbs.
They're cute little critters. Hey--
maybe one's your great-grandmother.

CASEY

I seriously doubt that.

ANNIE

Is something gonna happen soon?

BEN

Yes. You're gonna fall asleep.

Annie makes a face at Ben. The team waits. The cemetery
stays peaceful. Adam sees something.

ADAM

Heads up, Poltertechs!

A dead-looking YOUNG MAN, staggering across the grounds.

Ben aims his camcorder and starts filming. Casey takes EMF
readings. Ben lowers the camcorder in disgust.

BEN

No way is that a ghost.

CASEY

It's not. *Damn* it!

Two dead-looking YOUNG WOMEN run up from behind the young
man. They all laugh. More YOUTHS join them.

ADAM (O.S.)

Forget it.

CASEY (O.S.)

Leave leave leave leave leave.

Eventually the partying teenagers do. All is quiet again.

More orbs circle playfully. Ben films these too.

Suddenly all the orbs swoop away at once.

BEN

You guys see that?

A much larger flock of orbs flies out of the woods behind them, headed across the cemetery full speed. The team watches the spectacle of fleeing orbs in awe.

BEN

Son of a bitch!

ADAM

What the hell scared them like that?

The last of the orbs scatter.

A deep, distant rumble. Everyone looks down at the ground.

The earth, quivering under their feet.

The rumbling draws closer. The team glances around in fear as black fog pours down on the cemetery.

BEN (O.S.)

(Cuban accent)

Say hello to my little friend...

Annie is terrified. She edges up close to Adam.

ANNIE

Something's different...

ADAM

You're right! There's a lot more fog!

Casey points at the tombstones.

CASEY

Look!

Ghosts of DEAD PRISONERS rise from their graves. Hangman's nooses dangle from the crooked necks of two. Another has a burnt shaved circle in the middle of his scalp. The striped uniforms of several others are riddled with bloody holes.

Adam snatches up a second camcorder and starts filming.

ADAM

Get it--get it--

The team cowers as the attic demon wings right over them.
A horde of smaller astral demons closely follow.

The hideous flock heads straight for the tombstones.
Claws unfurl from bellies. Dangling hooves twitch.
Jaws snap open in anticipation.

Ghosts turn toward demon shrieks and beating wings.
Demons swoop down and massacre prisoners in droves.
Ectoplasm shreds and explodes everywhere.

The team watches in horror. Ben doesn't stop filming.
Adam stares at the attack, camcorder at his side.

A male prisoner stands frozen with fear. A large ghostly
cross hangs from his neck. A demon pounces on him and
ferociously devours its victim. The ghostly cross is ripped
off the prisoner's neck--

--it drops onto his grave and dissolves.

ADAM

It wasn't your cross, Michael!

A lone elderly woman's ghost stands bewildered and untouched.
The frenzied carnage continues all around her.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Why aren't they attacking her?

ADAM (O.S.)

Wrongful conviction. My brother
was right. The demons only want
sinful souls!

A cacophony of demon shrieks fill the air as we ascend
slowly above the cemetery until it is a tiny swath of green
against a patchwork of dark New Jersey landscape...

INT. CARLING COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

Packed full with murmuring college STUDENTS. The team sits
at a long table on the stage, mikes in front of them. The
Poltertechs logo is projected on the big screen behind them.
A CAMERA CREW films everything. Adam stands. Grabs a mike.

ADAM

We'd like to thank you all for
coming. This must mean you like
the show.

The audience applauds and cheers. The other team members
smile or wave.

ADAM (CONT'D)

For those of you who have been following the show of late, you know that the team is investigating nothing less than ectoplasmic slaughter, week after week. We've filmed interviews with demonologists, mediums and members of the clergy, whose insight we will broadcast in upcoming episodes. But tonight is an unprecedented event.

Fascinated students in the audience watch Adam.

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tonight we're going to reveal new footage during a special live show that not only sheds light on the increasing attacks, but will also educate us in the workings of the world of ghosts.

Adam steps to the front of the stage.

ADAM (CONT'D)

First let's start our question and answer segment. Audience?

Dorky MALE STUDENT #1 stands up.

MALE STUDENT #1

How do we know those demons aren't just CGI? It's so easy to do.

ADAM

For the answer to that I turn to Ben, our technical expert.

BEN

That holds true for every video about psychic investigations. Any footage can be faked. You just have to be there and experience it for yourself. Short of that, trust your investigators. If you can't, why are you watching our show?

Some audience members near male student #1 grin and applaud.

MALE STUDENT #1

Is that all you got?

BEN

Far from it, my friend. Visited
any haunted houses lately?

MALE STUDENT #1

No...

BEN

Okay, how many in this room have
seen a ghost?

Roughly a third of the audience raises their hands.

BEN

Awesome! Now, how many in this
room have seen a ghost--lately?

No one raises their hands.

BEN

I rest my case.

Excited audience members murmur to each other.

ADAM

What Ben means is there's a feeding
frenzy going on in New Jersey. A
feeding frenzy where ghosts are the
prey. They don't have time to haunt
houses anymore. They're too busy
trying not to get eaten!

Someone in the audience imitates the Pac-Man sound effect.

ADAM

Exactly!

BEN

Maybe there's just too many ghosts.
The thinning of the herd. We really
don't know.

FEMALE STUDENT #1

Could this be the Jersey Devil?

CASEY

We thought of that. Aside from the
wings there no similarity. Besides,
the Jersey Devil has a solid form
and eats livestock. Our attackers
are astral by nature and subsist
entirely on ectoplasm.

MALE STUDENT #2

Any reports of this phenomena outside
of New Jersey?

ADAM

That's a neg. Check online for posts
and tweets. But we're not going to
keep you guys waiting any longer.
The Carling College Paranormal
Society is really excited about this
new footage, and now it's time to lay
it on you. What you are about to see
is not pleasant. The faint-hearted
should look away or change the channel.
Lights please.

The room darkens. Footage begins on the lecture hall screen:

EXT. LAKEWOOD CEMETERY - POV BEN'S CAMCORDER - NIGHT

Everything greenish infrared as the Poltertechs march
through the cemetery carrying equipment on a chilly night.

ADAM (O.S.)

Tonight we report from Lakewood
Cemetery, one of the few places
left in the county with a sizable
ghost population. The phenomenal
slaughter we see happening all
over the Garden State is taking
its toll. Spirits are vanishing
at an alarming rate.

BEN (O.S.)

We got one!

The team advances quickly toward a tombstone where a
formally-dressed MALE GHOST rises from a grave.

As they gather around the ghost, a deep rumble approaches.

BEN (O.S.)

Incoming!

Ben's camcorder lens swings over to the graves, capturing
more SPIRITS rising from the ground.

ADAM (O.S.)

Annie, what are you picking up?

ANNIE (O.S.)

EMF increasing!

Ben's camcorder zeroes in on the EMF meter Annie holds up. Its digital readout goes max.

BEN (O.S.)
Off the charts. Demon fog cometh!

The lens swings up and sees black fog pouring into the cemetery.

BEN (O.S.)
Right on schedule!

CASEY (O.S.)
Two more, Ben!

The lens quickly approaches two GHOSTLY OLD WOMEN rising eerily from the ground holding hands. They turn fearfully toward the billowing fog.

Demons rush in, all gnashing teeth and raking claws. The women turn to flee. They're quickly devoured.

BEN (O.S.)
Party's just getting started!

A lot more demons descend upon the graves. Their claws penetrate the ground, digging feverishly like wild dogs.

CASEY (O.S.)
Oh--my--God...

ADAM (O.S.)
This is unprecedented! The demons
have learned how to burrow for prey!

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave, munching popcorn, lounges on a luxurious couch watching the live show on a big flatscreen.

DAVE
Way to go!

EXT. LAKEWOOD CEMETERY - POV BEN'S CAMCORDER

Demon entities drag RESTING SOULS from their graves and rip them to shreds.

ADAM (O.S.)
We are witnessing firsthand a
horrifying scene. The dead
have no rest tonight...

With a final hideous shriek the horde departs, leaving the cemetery dead quiet. We hear Annie sobbing.

The lens turns to her. Adam consoles her. Casey comes over too. Annie notices something. She points at it.

ADAM

What?

ANNIE

Over there. By that tombstone.

The camcorder swings over to the tombstone. A GHOST FARMER lays on the ground in front of it.

ADAM (O.S.)

Go! Go!

The team rushes over. They kneel by the mortally wounded ghost of an old man dressed in 19th century farm clothes. His ectoplasm lays in tatters. Glowing liquid pools out onto the ground.

Casey tries to comfort the farmer, but her hand goes right through him. He coughs several times.

CASEY

Were you at peace, sir?

GHOST FARMER

My peace...was stolen from me...

ADAM

You weren't resting in your grave?

GHOST FARMER

No...I lived in the Hereafter.
I fled back to my grave...to escape.

ANNIE

What were you running from?

GHOST FARMER

Those fiends! They slaughtered my family. Shredded them up like scythes to wheat. My wife Jenny--she'd just crossed over. My two little girls, died of diphtheria. My brother, kilt by a rebel's musket ball. Like wild hounds they done chased us! Hundreds of families wiped out--

The farmer coughs harder. Ectoplasm spurts from his mouth.

GHOST FARMER
 Into God's bosom...at last...

He lays still. His glowing ectoplasm dissolves and fades.
 The video ends.

LECTURE HALL

The lights come up. The silent audience is stunned. Female students wipe their eyes. Adam stands holding his mike.

ADAM
 And that ends our show. We hope
 to have more for you next week...

FEMALE STUDENT #2 stands up, visibly upset.

FEMALE STUDENT #2
 Maybe it's wrong, what you're
 doing! Maybe it's time you
 stopped!

Some of the audience nods agreement. The crowd murmurs.

Adam's smartphone hums. He looks down at it.

CLOSE ON the phone. A text message from Dave: *wrap it up!*

Adam texts his reply: *fuck off!*

ANNIE
 Who was that?

ADAM
 Dave. He said the show went great.

Adam stands. Walks to the front of the stage. The audience grows more restless and disturbed.

ADAM
 Please tell me all your concerns.

MALE STUDENT #3
 You're making snuff films for ghosts!

MALE STUDENT #4
 He's right! You've lost this fan!

Students talk amongst themselves. Many get up and leave.

ADAM
 Do we have an opposing viewpoint?

FEMALE STUDENT #3

Your demons do!

ADAM

Well--thanks for coming. Stay
tuned to our next show...

MALE STUDENT #5

Yeah don't count on it!

Boos fill the room. Adam looks back at his team. The Poltertechs are having a very awkward moment.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - NIGHT

The neglected stage a shadowy ruin. A GHOST ACTOR drifts onstage dressed as Hamlet.

GHOST ACTOR

Angels and ministers of grace defend
us! Be thou a spirit of health or
goblin damn'd, bring with thee airs
from heaven or blasts from hell,
be thy intents wicked or charitable,
thou comest in such a questionable
shape that I will speak to thee...

A deep rumble approaches. The stage floor vibrates, kicking up dust. The ghost looks down, confused.

Black fog pours onto the stage. The ghost grows alarmed. He starts to recite nervously.

GHOST ACTOR

Save me, and hover o'er me with your
wings, you heavenly guards! What
would your gracious--

An astral demon attacks him. Another swoops down to battle the first demon over possession of the wounded ghost. Ectoplasm shreds and explodes.

More demons join the frenzy, tearing at the ghost and each other like hungry jackals fighting over a carcass.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

The stage, deserted. A relay clanks. Spotlights come on.

TROY, 40s, the gay, snobbish caretaker here, escorts Adam and his team out of the wings. Casey films the action. Annie takes EMF readings.

TROY

Pervis Clement was his name. Lived by himself right up the street until he died of a stroke in 1928. Shakespeare was his first and only love. Pervis never auditioned for anything else. A few weeks later he was back haunting the place like he never left, performing his favorite parts. And he loved Hamlet. I swear he's heard me applaud him.

Troy crosses his arms dramatically and shakes his head.

TROY (CONT'D)

Now he's gone. Hasn't returned in a fortnight. Something scared Pervis right out of his tights.

BEN

How long is a fortnight?

TROY

Fourteen days to you. Sorry. The theater rubs off.

ADAM

Do you have security cameras here?

TROY

No, only motion detectors. They signal my smartphone. That's how I discovered there was an intruder. As you folks most likely know, Pervis couldn't possibly set one off.

ADAM

Anything stolen or vandalized?

TROY

Nothing was even touched. All the entrances were locked. We got broken into a couple of years ago. A bunch of teens had themselves a party and a half. They left one hell of a mess. This time the place was intact. Except for the scratch marks.

BEN

Show us these scratch marks.

TROY

Actually, you're standing on them.

Adam and Ben look down at the stage. Ben kneels for a closer look. He swipes away the dust, revealing multiple grooves apparently made by claws. He runs his fingers across them.

His eyes follow the random patterns all the way to the wings. Ben sees something there. He walks over to it.

ADAM (O.S.)
Casey! Get this!

CASEY (O.S.)
Already on it.

Casey films the stage floor. Troy talks with Annie. Ben returns from the wings. Adam turns to him.

ADAM
What the hell are we looking at?

BEN
Rats, probably.

ADAM
Are you kidding me? Rats never get this big.

BEN
Okay, wolverines. Velociraptors. I don't know, man! Why are we filming it?

ADAM
Because we've got nothing else. The whole county's wiped clean. There's no ghosts left, Ben. No ghosts, no TV show--my friend.

BEN
You speak to Dave lately?

ADAM
Not since the live broadcast. But he wants to see me tomorrow.

BEN
What about?

ADAM
One never knows with Dave. He could be pissed at our last conversation.

BEN

What did you talk about?

ADAM

Actually we texted. Best not repeated.

BEN

Are you keeping shit from me?

ANNIE (O.S.)

Adam? Troy wants to know if we're gonna do an investigation tonight.

ADAM

No. There's just not enough here.

Adam joins the girls and Troy.

Ben checks if anyone is looking and turns away. He pulls an object out of his back pocket. Stares down at something that fills his entire hand.

A demon's talon in solid form, ripped out by its roots.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - DAY

A luxury suite high up a Manhattan office building. Dave's on his smartphone facing the window. Adam enters. He seats himself at a chair in front of Dave's desk.

DAVE

(into phone)

Make it five hundred. That'll pull 'em in. Talk at you later.

Dave hangs up, but doesn't acknowledge Adam. The wait could freeze water in a glass. Dave lights a cigarette.

ADAM

Okay. I'm sorry about the text. Heat of the moment.

DAVE

You really think I'm pissed at you for that? It shows again you really don't know me, Adam. I'm not the cruel bastard you think I am. It's those damn numbers. But it doesn't matter. We went to commercial when the shit hit the fan.

ADAM

Stuff like that only reinforces what I'm about to tell you.

DAVE

I heard this coming from across the Hudson way before you got here. Go ahead. Lay it on me.

ADAM

Fine. I quit. The team and I talked last night. We're all leaving the show.

DAVE

Contract, contract!

ADAM

Which you were about to rip up when we weren't delivering the goods.

DAVE

But now you are. Viewership has bumped up quite nicely since the live show. Controversy makes for the sweetest ratings.

ADAM

It's mostly bullshit now, Dave. We've been faking encounters.

DAVE

Jesus, Adam...Let me hang this one out to dry. You're short on material, so you start bringing me phony shit every week and don't even tell me?

ADAM

Would you have understood if I did?

DAVE

You know what? Give me the crap! I don't care! Cut up sheets and put eyeholes in them! Shake them up and down and film them in your goddamn closet! How's that?

ADAM

Yeah? Well how's this?

Adam leaps up pissed as hell. He flips a double bird at Dave and heads out of the office.

DAVE

You really ought to sit down, Adam.

Adam ignores Dave. He's almost to the door.

ADAM

I am really outta here! Stuff your contract where the sun don't shine!

DAVE

The same place you hid your last student loan?

Adam stops dead, his back still to Dave.

DAVE

That's right. The one you spent on spook equipment instead of a dorm room, before I came into your life. You shacked up with your girlfriend instead. Explain that to the Ocean County DA. I believe it's known as fraud. A felony in the beautiful state of New Jersey.

Adam turns to Dave like he's just been punched in the gut.

DAVE

So like I said. I'm not really such a bad guy. Look at my perspective for once. I like my job, I really do. If my bosses decide to shitcan the show, it's out of my hands and you guys walk. Right now Poltertechs is providing a revenue stream. Let your audience decide. There, you're off the hook.

ADAM

So what do you want from me?

DAVE

Same as always. Footage. If it's fake, make it look real. I know you can do that. Now take a hike. I got things to do.

Adam storms out and slams the door behind him.

Dave reaches for his cellphone. Drags on his cigarette. Shakes his head while he dials.

DAVE
Damn college kids.

EXT. NEW JERSEY PINE BARRENS - NIGHT

A battered pickup truck bounces along a moonlit dirt road cutting through a wilderness. It pulls to a stop.

Highschoolers LENNY, ANGIE, and BO sit in the cab. Angie sits between the boys holding a camcorder.

BO
We ain't findin' nothin' with them
lights on. And kill that damn noisy
engine. You're gonna wake the dead!

Lenny shuts the headlights and the engine.

ANGIE
Don't talk like that. I'm already
scared and we didn't even start yet!

BO
Oh, man! Told you we shouldn'ta
brought her.

LENNY
She's the only one who owns a decent
camcorder, asswipe. That Poltertechs
show wants a real video, not some
crappy cellphone shit!

ANGIE
Can we get this over with?

The boys look at her.

BO
Damned if you don't look just like
Snooki in that outfit.

LENNY
It's the hair.

ANGIE
Well, don't get any ideas out here.
I'm wearing panties.

LENNY AND BO
Whoa!

Both boys stare luridly at Angie. Awkward moment.

ANGIE

Please? Can we do this thing?

DIRT ROAD - LATER

They walk along the road deeper into the forest.

ANGIE

What are we looking for exactly?

LENNY

Somethin' about four feet high
with bat wings an' a horse face.

BO

Mrs. Orbach!

They all burst out laughing.

LENNY

It's called the Jersey Devil. Lotsa
people seen it, but nobody's come up
with any kinda decent picture of it.

BO

We're gonna find it. Snooki's gonna
film the damn thing. Hey--what's
three into five hundred?

ANGIE

You call me Snooki one more time and
you're gonna be swallowing my fist.

Lenny notices something strange up ahead.

BO

Oooh! Scare me!

LENNY

Hey guys--what's that?

They stop dead in their tracks. Stare up the road.

BO

(whispers)

Start the camera!

They come upon what they saw. Angie grabs Lenny's arm
while she films. They're shocked. Angie stares open-mouthed.

The moonlit carcass of a buck, freshly disemboweled.
Steam rises from its scooped-out innards.

LENNY

What animal did that?

BO

The Jersey Devil done this.
Gotta be him!

ANGIE

Oh God. Why am I here?
I could be safe in my room
doing my frigging homework!

Grunting and snarling grabs their attention.

A little past the buck's carcass, indistinct, a big dark hunkered-over shape with bat wings, feeding on something it's pinned to the ground.

Angie's had more than enough. She turns, all set to run.

BO

Where you goin', girl? There's our
Jersey Devil! He bagged himself a
double whopper tonight!

She shoves the camcorder into Lenny's hands and runs full speed back toward the truck.

BO (CONT'D)

Little chickenshit. Hey, point
that thing at our moneymaker, not
your friggin' feet!

Lenny swings the camcorder up and films. They stand there, uncertain what to do next.

BO

You scared?

LENNY

N-no.

BO

On the count of three we start
walkin' up to it. Ready?

LENNY

N-no.

Bo punches Lenny in the shoulder.

BO

Ready now?

LENNY

S-sure.

Bo steps behind Lenny. Shoves him forward.

BO

Three!

They come up on the hulking thing. Lenny films it. Bo's lost his bravado up this close. They stare petrified.

The beast doesn't notice them. It's too busy feeding on what it's pounced on.

Lenny crosses himself with his free hand.

Abruptly the creature stops with a deep grunt. It turns slowly to the teenagers into full view under a bright moon.

The astral demon, in solid earthly form. Big black insect eyes glisten like coals. Dripping jaws soaked with green blood. Multiple claws and black-hoofed appendages line its belly, some twitching. The nightmare coldly studies them.

WHAT THE DEMON SEES

Solarized demon vision: Lenny, surrounded by a pure white aura. He gasps with fear. The demon's gaze shifts to Bo. His aura is gray and tattered like old dirty linen.

LENNY AND BO

Bo gets what's behind the demon's stare. He backs away.

BO

Not my fault they died! It was
an accident!

The demon snarls and leaps at Bo, revealing *the Jersey Devil's gutted corpse sprawled on the ground.*

Lenny stares in shock at the Jersey Devil's remains. As he moans in fear, Bo screams horribly somewhere behind him. Lenny turns toward Bo--

--and gets showered with a gout of Bo's blood.

Angie runs panting back to the truck. A deep rumble. She stops and turns around.

Black fog descends over the road. Dark demon shapes appear in it, flapping toward her.

She flees in a panic for the truck. Pulls hard on the passenger door handle. Locked! She looks back. The shrieking horde of demons draws closer.

Angie cries out. Yanks desperately on the locked door. Runs over to the driver's door. Pulls it open. Quickly jumps inside. Slams the door button down.

Demons surround the truck. They pounce on the back bed, the hood and the roof, looking for a way in. The truck sways and bounces under their weight. We reach the cab...

...where Angie cringes at the window screaming her guts out. The rolled-up windows muffle the sound.

Demons shatter both side windows with their hooves, covering Angie with glass shards as she screams at the top of her lungs, outdoing Fay Wray. They lunge for her, jaws gnashing.

Angie slides to the middle of the seat screaming. She covers her face and sobs.

ANGIE

I've been good I've been good
I've been good I've been good--

The cab goes dead quiet. Angie whimpers and shakes. Opens her eyes. Peeks through her fingers.

The demons are gone.

The driver's door opens. Angie yelps. Lenny leaps inside. Starts the engine. Angie stares at the blood all over him.

LENNY

Don't even ask!

ANGIE

Where's Bo?

LENNY

Shut up! Just shut up!

ANGIE

We gotta go get 'im!

LENNY

There's nothin' left to get!

The pickup truck roars down the road. Above, a foreboding sky. The horde of demons wings past the rising full moon.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Perched like a sentinel of peace on a hilltop. Soft light glows out of stained-glass windows.

CONFESSION BOOTH

A CONFESSOR, 50s, seated inside. Overweight, unkempt, fidgeting. Through the lattice we see Michael sit down on his side of the booth. The man nervously crosses himself.

CONFESSOR

Forgive me, Father. I have sinned.

MICHAEL

Have you offended God?

CONFESSOR

In a big way, Father.

MICHAEL

Are you ready to confess your sins?

CONFESSOR

Oh God yes. It's been years, Father. I can't take this anymore. I should have come to you sooner...

MICHAEL

You are here now, and for that God is grateful. He loves you.

CONFESSOR

I don't deserve God's love.

MICHAEL

Everyone does. We just don't realize it sometimes. You can speak to me whenever you're ready.

CONFESSOR

I killed--I killed my own mother!

MICHAEL

Tell me how. Take your time.

CONFESSOR

She had cancer. After the docs gave up on chemo I took care of her at home. My mother hated hospitals.

The confessor pauses. He exhales loudly.

CONFESSOR (CONT'D)

She'd beg me to end her life. I'd give her pain medication and hoped she'd fall asleep quick so I didn't have to hear her moaning.

Michael gazes compassionately through the lattice.

CONFESSOR (CONT'D)

I started drinking a lot, and then my sister was gonna lose her house after the crash. Do you see where this is going, Father?

MICHAEL

You have to tell me yourself.

The confessor lowers his face into his hands.

CONFESSOR

Jesus forgive me. I kept feeding her more and more pills. One night I came home and she wasn't breathing. The cops never bothered me. They knew.

MICHAEL

She could have died of her cancer.

CONFESSOR

Right after I gave her half the bottle? Not a chance, Father.

MICHAEL

You have committed mortal sin in the name of love. It is sin nonetheless.

CONFESSOR

(sobs)

My mother's life for a foreclosure!
I'm gonna burn in hell!

MICHAEL

You came here today. You've not turned away from Christ, your redeemer. You entered His house. Therefore you want salvation.

CONFESSOR

(sobs)

I'm a good man! But she was in so much pain!

A muffled crash, somewhere outside the booth.

MICHAEL

Let the blood of Christ wash over
you. Let Jesus embrace you. Open
your arms to the mercy of the Lord--

The door to the confessional's side of the booth rips away.
The man looks up horrified.

The hulking astral demon fills the doorway, jaws slavering.

SUBLIMS:

- The astral demon attacks Ainsley in the attic.
- The astral demon attacks the soldier in the security video.
- The astral demon menaces Michael as he holds up his cross.
- The astral demon pivots off the Jersey Devil's carcass.
- The astral demon's illustration, with the caption:

BEZALIEL. The Shadow of God.

END SUBLIMS.

CONFESSION BOOTH

This hellish being is BEZALIEL. For a moment more the demon
sizes up the confessional...and lunges into the booth to
devour the screaming, struggling man.

Michael stares through the cage in shock. The booth rocks
violently as Bezaliel feeds. Michael braces his hands on
the booth walls, struggling for balance. He rushes out.

Bezaliel emerges from the other side of the booth splattered
with the confessional's blood. Michael confronts him.

MICHAEL

How dare you enter a house of God?

The engorged demon glares at Michael, breathing heavily.
Michael pulls out his cross. He holds it up to Bezaliel.

MICHAEL

In the name of the Father, the Son
and the Holy Ghost, I cast you out
of my church!

Bezaliel is unaffected. It stares Michael down and speaks
to the priest in a deep, resonating voice not of this world.

BEZALIEL

Useless trinket. I leave of my
own free will.

The demon raises up. Unfurls its batwings. Turns to go.

MICHAEL

Wait!

The demon hesitates. Turns its head back, ever so slightly.

MICHAEL

Are you named Bezaliel, the Shadow
of God?

The demon barely nods. It strides toward the entrance with
its splintered doors cast aside. Michael quickly follows.

MICHAEL

Fallen angel! Accept God's
grace!

The demon stops.

BEZALIEL

Far too late.

Bezaliel pivots. Takes wing back across the church toward a
tall stained-glass window of Christ gazing down serenely.

Bezaliel smashes right through it. Shattered colored glass
showers everywhere.

Michael leans against the pulpit in shock and anguish.
He crosses himself. Looks up and stares at--

--the empty, sharded window frame, open to the night cold.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CARLING - NIGHT

Bad neighborhood. A PROSTITUTE, barely 18, hangs out
waiting for customers. More young PROSTITUTES pose nearby.

A JOHN pulls up in his car. His passenger-side window
slides down.

THE JOHN

Ladies! Who feels lucky tonight?

PROSTITUTE

You lucky I don't whip your ass!
You got cash money? We don't
take no plastic.

THE JOHN

Right here next to my lightning rod.

PROSTITUTE

Yeah well let's see it.

THE JOHN

The cash or the rod?

PROSTITUTE

The green, loser! I seen plenty
enough of the other!

THE JOHN

Yeah, sure, dollface. You don't
look old enough.

PROSTITUTE

Old enough to keep you outta jail!
Cost you one twenty five.

THE JOHN

Bullshit! I'll give you seventy-five.

PROSTITUTE

Take yourself a long hike, dreamer!

She steps away disgusted.

THE JOHN

I was kidding, baby doll! Come to
papa, sweetheart.

She swings back flashing a big grin, opens his passenger
door and climbs in.

So do four demons in a rush of wings, claws and teeth.
The car rocks violently as the demons devour the screaming
humans inside. Pumping blood splashes the windshield.

The other prostitutes stare horrified at the car. They turn
and start to run. Demons pounce on them and devour them.

A horde of demons soars down on the neighborhood attacking
and devouring PEOPLE hanging out on the street.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The back door opens. Loud heavy metal music spills out.
A COOK heads for the dumpster with a large bag of trash.
He opens the lid. Goes to toss the bag in.

A demon lunges out of the dumpster like a huge trapdoor
spider, locks its jaws around the cook's upper body and
drags him back inside. The lid slams shut.

INSIDE THE SPORTS BAR

The HEAVY METAL BAND performs. BARGOERS party it up.

Demons fly through the open back door. They seek and find bargoers, who go down screaming as they're devoured.

Demons scuttle quickly toward the stage. The shocked band stops playing. They try to flee as demons attack them.

A musician wields his guitar like an ax as demons lunge for him. Before he can land a blow he is overrun.

His blood-soaked guitar smashes against the back wall, leaving a red smear as it drops to the stage.

One demon stalks a TERRIFIED WOMAN, forcing her into the ladies' room. She falls backward onto the toilet. Grabs the cross dangling from her neck. Holds it up defiantly.

The demon bites off her head without hesitation, leaving her body still holding up the cross. Blood gushing from her neck showers the demon as it gulps her head down.

EXT. CARLING BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Demons swoop down, seek out VICTIMS along the sidewalk and devour them.

Demons fly toward a hotel entrance. The automatic doors slide open, allowing a horde of them to wing into the lobby.

Outside a conference room a sign reads:

CREDIT CARD FEES AND
HOW TO CREATE NEW ONES
A Two Day Seminar For
Maximum Profit Banking

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Flying demons burst through the conference room doors. They devour the screaming, cowering BANKERS inside.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael rushes out of the wrecked entrance. Grimly looks down at the town. Sounds of mayhem drift up to him.

INT. CARLING POLICE STATION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A COP quickly unlocks the caged arsenal. Other COPS rush in, gathering up assault rifles and ammo.

All rush away but COP #1 and COP #2. They snatch a rifle apiece off the rack.

COP #1
I heard the damn radio reports.
These things pass right over one
person and rip ten others apart.

COP #2
They're after the sinners, Mac.

COP #1
Who the hell told you that?

COP #2
You pick up a bible lately? Or are
you too busy grabbin' something else?

Cop #1 hesitates. Turns to his partner.

COP #1
Now what the fuck was that supposed
to mean?

COP #2
You know damn well. Day of reckoning,
baby. How many kids' lives you ruin
selling evidence? You think nobody
ever noticed? Nice pool, man! Nice
motor home--

Cop #1 grapples cop #2.

COP #1
You shut up about that! I take care
of my family!

Heavy breathing interrupts them. The cops slowly turn
toward it.

A demon fills the arsenal gate with its evil bulk.

The cops look at the assault rifles they hold. They look at
each other. Grin. Raise their rifles and pull the triggers.
Click. Click.

COP #2
Nothing's loaded in the arsenal!

They drop their rifles. Pull their handguns out. The demon
pounces. Starts devouring cop #1. He screams his guts out.

Cop #2 pumps seven rounds into the feasting demon.

The demon turns to him unharmed. Its sharp teeth drip with blood. The demon quickly reaches out with a claw. Grabs the handgun. Cop #2 is too terrified to let go.

The handgun turns red-hot.

Cop #2 gasps and releases the gun. Clasps his burnt hand.

The gun turns white hot in the demon's claw. Molten steel drips to the floor.

The demon flings the gun away. It scuttles out of the arsenal. Cop #2 stares at the wall.

Seven bullet holes in a cluster there. He looks down.

Seven spent bullets sit in a pool of his partner's blood.

OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION

Demons swoop down and attack COPS as they fire rifles at them without effect.

Cops turn to using rifles as clubs. Their blows do nothing. Demons attack whatever humans they want.

COP #3 jumps into a squad car. Grabs the radio mike.

COP #3

All points! All points! Bullets
don't hurt them! I repeat! Bullets
do not hurt them! We need the
National Guard, with flame throwers!

A demon reaches into the squad car. Drags cop #3 out kicking and bellowing. Tosses him onto the sidewalk.

WHAT THE DEMON SEES

Solarized demon vision: the terrified man sprawled on the sidewalk, surrounded by a pure white aura. The demon loses interest, turns and starts walking away. We continue seeing its solarized POV as it progresses down the street.

COP #3 (O.S.)

YO! You bastard!

The demon stops. Pivots slowly, revealing the defiant cop.

COP #3

I got you muthas figured out! I live
clean and I'm proud of it. Eat that,
you nasty pile of shit!

The cop's aura withers to gray tatters.

THE COP

cocks his head and starts to worry. He backs away.

COP #3

What did I say? What did I say?

THE DEMON

scuttles back. Pounces on the screaming cop and devours him.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

The Poltertechs van screeches to a stop. The team leaps out. Rushes up to the entrance. Michael waits there.

MICHAEL

Quickly!

The team follows Michael through the entrance. They glance with alarm at the wrecked doors. On their way to the back of the church, Ben hesitates at the smashed, bloodstained confession booth.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Don't even think about it!

Ben turns away. At the altar Michael addresses the team.

MICHAEL

All of you kneel! Accept the Prayer
of Absolution!

The team falls to their knees.

CASEY

I'm Jewish, Father!

MICHAEL

We are all God's children. Cross
yourselves!

They comply. Casey's never done it and fudges up. Ben guides her and she's done. All of them bow their heads.

MICHAEL

May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you
and by His authority I absolve you
from every bond of excommunication
and interdict so far as my power
allows and your needs require.

Michael gestures the Sign of the Cross.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thereupon I absolve you from your
sins in the name of the Father and of
the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.
Rise, all of you. You are protected.

The team stands up. Ben turns to Adam.

BEN

Is this gonna work?

ADAM

That was the real deal, my friend.

Loud knocking at the entrance. Michael turns to the team.
He smiles confidently.

MICHAEL

My private army.

Michael opens the front doors to a group of PRIESTS,
MINISTERS, a HINDU PANDIT, a MUSLIM CLERIC, and a RABBI
holding a copy of the Kabbalah.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CARLING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An Apache helicopter swoops low. Its machine guns strafe
demons chasing PEOPLE. Bullets pass harmlessly through
demons, ripping up cars and shattering store windows.

An Army truck screeches to a stop further up the street.
SOLDIERS leap out wielding flame throwers. They ignite them
and advance on demons defiantly charging them.

Flames envelop two demons. They open their jaws wide and
swallow the flames like they were lapping water. The demons
lunge for the soldiers right through the flames.

Soldiers drop their flame throwers and flee. Fire-lapping
demons pursue them. Other demons quickly follow.

One demon stays behind toying with a discarded flame
thrower, trying to make it work. In the distance a soldier
screams. It abandons the flame thrower and joins the feast.

SOLDIERS grab military rifles. Fire at oncoming demons.
Bullets have no effect. Demons attack screaming soldiers.

Michael and his band of clergymen approach from the other
end of the street.

Demons pull PEOPLE from their moving cars and attack them as Bezaliel oversees. It senses the clergymen. Whips around.

Michael stops and gestures for the clergymen behind him to halt. All of them obey.

The attacking demons stop their feasting, turn and scuttle up behind their leader.

The priests raise their crosses. Michael turns to them.

MICHAEL

This demon has no fear of Christ.

Michael stares at one of the priests with concern.

WHAT MICHAEL SEES

A FALLEN PRIEST amongst the clergy, surrounded by a gray, tattered aura, gazes at Bezaliel.

MICHAEL

stares at the fallen priest a moment more. He turns to confront Bezaliel. Demons behind Bezaliel writhe and cower, disturbed by Michael's goodness.

MICHAEL

Why do you torment our world?
Who sent you?

BEZALIEL

Your all-knowing God.

The clergymen murmur amongst themselves.

MICHAEL

You jest, Bezaliel. Satan
commands you.

The shocked rabbi hears Bezaliel's next words in Hebrew.

BEZALIEL (O.S.)

(Hebrew, subtitled)

My lord Satan has always obeyed
Jehovah.

The surprised pandit hears Bezaliel's next words in Hindi.

BEZALIEL (O.S.)

(Hindi, subtitled)

As it has been since the lotus
birthed.

MICHAEL

The devil speaks in many tongues!
Why do you seek vengeance upon
God's children?

BEZALIEL

It is not vengeance. It is the duty
of the Fallen to fulfill prophecy.

MINISTER #1 holds up his bible.

MINISTER #1

The prophecy of the Revelations?
How can you follow the word of God?

BEZALIEL

Ten thousand wayward souls! Then my
small army rests, glutted with sin.

The fallen priest steps forward.

FALLEN PRIEST

Only ten thousand? The world holds
so much more, demon.

BEZALIEL

We are just the beginning.

Bezaliel casts hungry eyes upon the fallen priest. Several
demons creep forward, wise to the situation.

BEZALIEL

A jackal mingles with the sheep.
No finer morsel.

Michael rushes up to the fallen priest and shields him.

MICHAEL

He is of God!

BEZALIEL

No longer.

Lesser demons flank Bezaliel as he advances toward his prey.

Michael turns. Grabs the fallen priest protectively.

MICHAEL

May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve
you and by His authority I absolve--

The lesser demons attack. They tear the screaming fallen
priest from Michael's grasp and devour him on the spot.

The priest's severed head tumbles toward Bezaliel. Bezaliel scoops it up in his jaws and crunches it down.

BEZALIEL

Your army is weak, with defectors
in the ranks.

The rabbi fearlessly steps up close to Bezaliel.

RABBI

By the light of Enoch, I command you
to leave this earth as you found it!

Bezaliel rises up in a smoldering fury.

BEZALIEL

Not even the Chosen Ones shall
deter us.

Bezaliel unfurls his wings. His minions gather close.
The demons launch themselves into the night sky.

Michael and the other clergymen watch them depart. FATHER
THOMAS, a young priest, joins Michael.

FATHER THOMAS

We've failed, Father.

MICHAEL

No, Thomas. We've gained knowledge.
And in knowledge there is strength.

FATHER THOMAS

But we have no weapons against them!

MICHAEL

Quite the contrary.

The two priests gaze out at the night sky...

...at the demon horde drifting across the full moon...

EXT. THOMAS' CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

A line of Catholic PARISHIONERS spills out the front doors
of the church and trails out along the street.

INSIDE THOMAS' CHURCH

Kneeling parishioners accept the Prayer of Absolution from
Father Thomas.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Seated CHURCHGOERS let their PASTOR'S blessings wash over them.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The rabbi recites blessings over a crowd of repentant JEWS.

INT. HINDU SHRINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Hindu pandit bestows blessings upon solemn HINDUS.

INT. MOSQUE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Muslim cleric kneels with his praying, reverent FOLLOWERS.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Poltertechs van sits in the starlit driveway. Light glows from a basement window.

BASEMENT

At a workbench, Ben, wearing lab gloves and safety goggles, He holds up the demon's talon and studies it. Adam watches Ben drop the talon into a glass tray.

Ben picks up a container labeled 'HCL'. Opens it. Pours acid over the talon. The acid sizzles but has no effect. Ben coughs as he waves away the fumes.

BEN

That was full strength hydrochloric,
man. We're gonna need a bigger boat.

ADAM

We can't give up. There's got to a
way to hurt them.

BEN

These demons are a breed apart.
Not your average Linda Blair
variety. Satan sent his best.

Ben grabs a container marked 'H2O'. He douses the talon with water.

BEN

Your brother called it the End
Times. Maybe we can't really
do anything to stop them.

Ben pulls off his gloves and removes the goggles.

BEN (CONT'D)

I am thoroughly out of ideas.

Adam runs an exasperated hand across his scalp.

ADAM

Let's checklist this again. Bullets pass right through them. We just tried acid. Fire they like. That rules out napalm or nuclear bombs.

BEN

And anything else in your average military arsenal. Swords? Knives?

ADAM

Same as bullets. Steel and lead feel like gummy bears to them.

BEN

As I attempted earlier, my friend. Watch this.

Ben clamps the talon halfway into a bench vise. Picks up a hacksaw and starts sawing at the talon. The blade snaps, leaving the talon unmarred.

BEN

I'm not done.

Ben picks up a hammer. Swings it with all his strength sideways against the talon. The hammer recoils. Ben drops it with a gasp of pain.

BEN

Stupid idea! I could've just told you.

Adam is lost in thought.

ADAM

Remember that hand game we all used to play?

BEN

What game is that, my friend?

ADAM

Paper beats scissors...

BEN

No, that's not how it went. Scissors cuts paper. And paper--

BEN AND ADAM

Beats rock!

ADAM

Actually paper covers rock.
Scissors are steel. Been there.
Paper is the Bible and prayers.
Good luck with that. So what's
left?

BEN

Rock beats scissors.

They look at each other. Epiphany strikes.

BEN

Shit, man.

Ben heads for the foundation wall. With a mighty effort he
pulls out a flagstone. Carries it over to the talon.

Ben raises the rock over his head. Strikes the talon with
a loud grunt.

The talon shatters. Fragments of it fall to the floor,
flame up and disappear.

BEN

That's so medieval, man!

At the top of the stairs the basement door swings open.
Annie and Casey step across the threshold.

ANNIE

What are you guys doing?

Ben looks up at them, still holding the flagstone.

BEN

Saving the fucking world.

EXT. CARLING - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Encamped ARMY TROOPS, tanks and military equipment encircle
the entire town. Apache helicopters patrol above.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dave smokes a cigarette and watches a local news report on
his laptop: Adam and Ben being interviewed by REPORTERS in
front of their house.

DAVE'S LAPTOP SCREEN

ADAM

I'm saying Poltertechs has found
a way to defeat the creatures
terrifying Carling. Any weapon
made of stone will harm them.

FEMALE REPORTER

Have you attempted this on any
of the demons?

BEN

Not...as of yet. We're just getting
the word out to save lives.

ADAM

Okay listen people. Everyone is
advised to use extreme caution when
attempting to defend themselves...

DAVE (O.S.)

Adam, what the fuck are you doing?

EXT. ADAM'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Ben with the reporters. CAMERA CREWS video them.
News trucks line the curb. Adam's smartphone hums.

ADAM

Excuse me one second.

Adam reads the text message on his cellphone. Ben glances
at it too. Adam looks up at the cameras.

DAVE'S LAPTOP SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

ADAM

Obviously you're watching this, Dave.
In response to your request that I
retract my irresponsible claims...

Adam hesitates. Will he say it on the air?

Ben leans in to the mike and stares at the cameras.
He holds up a fist. Slowly unfurls its middle finger.

BEN

Sue us, man.

ADAM'S FRONT YARD

Adam grins. He high-fives Ben. Reporters crowd up to them.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE ROADHOUSE - DAY

Lots of Harleys parked outside. The sign over the door:

NEW JERSEY NATIVE AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE CLUB
Peace On The Road--Before There Were Roads

In front of the roadhouse a makeshift memorial of flowers and teddy bears surrounds an easled photo of two biker dudes. A white poster below, lettered with a Sharpie:

WE REMEMBER OUR FALLEN BROTHERS
SNATCHED FROM THEIR HOGS
BY A GANG OF DEMONS
VENGEANCE FOR OUR RIDE BUDDIES
(AND THEIR WRECKED HARLEYS)
IS OURS AND OURS ALONE

INSIDE THE ROADHOUSE

Lenape Native American BIKERS and their LADIES hang out at the bar watching Adam and Ben's interview on a big retro TV. Prominent among them is JIMMY, 30s, the club's charismatic leader. He watches the news report with rapt attention.

JIMMY
Stone, huh?

BEHIND THE ROADHOUSE

Jimmy bursts out of the back door like a man possessed. Threads his way through a junkyard strewn with old Harleys and motorcycle parts. He snatches up a shovel.

Jimmy comes to the base of a very old tree. He searches the ground. Digs until his shovel blade thuds against wood.

Jimmy scrapes dirt off of a large wooden chest. He drops to his knees and clears off the lid. Pulls mightily on the edges but can't budge the chest.

TINY BEAR shows up. A humongous muscled Lenape in a cutoff denim shirt and denim jeans. Jimmy turns to see him. Tiny easily heaves the chest out of the ground and sets it down.

TINY BEAR
You sure you wanna do this?

JIMMY
Never been more certain about
anything in my entire fucking
life. It's our destiny, man.

TINY BEAR

That's pretty by me. You gonna
open the sucker? Honor's yours.

Jimmy snaps the rusted clasps. Throws back the lid,
revealing dozens of 300 year old stone-tipped tomahawks.

TINY BEAR

It's showtime!

EXT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Close to sunset. The Poltertechs van pulls up quickly.
Adam's driving, Ben next to him. Adam honks the horn.

Annie and Casey rush out wearing bicycle helmets. They head
for the side door of the van. Ben leans out his window.

BEN

What's with the helmets?

ANNIE

They can't eat us but they're
sure gonna get pissed trying.

Ben grins. He reaches back. Unlatches the side door.

Annie slides the door open, revealing four homemade
wooden-handled bludgeons. Sharp rocks are twined to the
business end of each. Two of the bludgeons are smaller.

The girls clamber inside. They take the bench seat.

ANNIE

What's up with these?

BEN

Flintstones war clubs. I made them
myself. You two get the smaller ones.

CASEY

These better work--Barney.

BEN

Yabba-dabba-doo, man.

Casey shuts the door. The van pulls away from the curb.

INT./EXT. POLTERTECHS VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Sunset. The van surges out onto Highway 9 northbound.

Inside, Casey practices swinging her weapon.

ANNIE

You guys have any idea where the demons might show up next?

ADAM

They follow their stomachs.
They're gonna go where the sin's most concentrated.

ANNIE

The prison!

ADAM

Nice try, Annie. What are prison walls made of?

ANNIE

Point taken.

ADAM

They'll be looking for some wide open space with lots of sinners.

ANNIE

So where's that?

The van roars past a roadside billboard. LINGER ON IT:

OCEAN COUNTY RACEWAY
HARNESS RACING SINCE 1853
12 MILES

EXT. OCEAN COUNTY RACEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE: Harness racehorses burst out of the gate and down the track. An announcer describes the action over the PA. SPECTATORS cheer in the stands. GAMBLERS place their bets.

INT./EXT. POLTERTECHS VAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Adam drives the van up Highway 9. Jimmy's Harley growls up alongside Adam's door. Jimmy shouts at Adam.

JIMMY

Poltertechs!

Adam and Ben look over. Jimmy's Harley is deafening.

JIMMY

Name's Jimmy! Could you folks use a little help?

ADAM
I can't hear you!

JIMMY
(louder)
I said, could you folks use
a little help?

Adam glances at Ben. Annie and Casey lean forward to see.

BEN
Whadduya got?

Jimmy reaches back into a saddlebag. He pulls out a tomahawk and brandishes it.

Adam nods his approval.

ADAM
Now we're talking! How'd you
hear about this?

JIMMY
Your Twitter feed! We're big
fans of the show! You asked
for volunteers, right?

ADAM
Right! Welcome aboard!

Jimmy gestures a thumbs up. He shoves the tomahawk back into the saddlebag. Ben leans over to shout at Jimmy.

BEN
Who's the 'we'?

Jimmy flips two fingers forward. DOZENS OF LENAPE BIKERS ON THEIR HARLEYS ROAR UP AND SURROUND THE VAN, PACING IT.

JIMMY
I brought a couple of hand-picked
warriors! See you at the
battlefield!

Jimmy roars ahead to the lead position in front of the van.

BEN
Son of a bitch! You see their
jackets? Those are Lenapes, man!

ADAM
Defending their homeland again.
Only this time they just might win!

The van and Jimmy's motorcycle club roar on.

EXT. OCEAN COUNTY RACEWAY - DUSK

In the night sky above the raceway, the distant demon horde flies across the full moon and starts their descent.

The Poltertechs van and a mess of Harleys pulls into the parking lot by a chained gate next to the racetrack. Bikers pull off their helmets but leave their hogs running.

Adam and the team join them carrying their stone bludgeons. Bikers proudly pull out tomahawks from their saddlebags.

Adam watches the demons as they wing in. Jimmy and Tiny Bear approach him.

ADAM

Thank God I was right. What were the chances?

JIMMY

You a gambling man?

ADAM

When it comes to saving lives.

JIMMY

You're pretty damn noble for a whiteskin. I'm honored to stand next to you. Our dead ancestors still walk this land. You show them respect.

Jimmy shakes hands with Adam, then Ben.

JIMMY

And this is Tiny Bear.

Tiny Bear engulfs Adam's hand with a meaty paw.

RAINFLOWER, a tough, defiant Lenape beauty, steps up to Jimmy.

RAINFLOWER

Jimmy! We're outta time!

She tosses her head at the sky.

The horde descends, surrounded by black fog.

JIMMY

Time to rock and roll! Find your guts, warriors!

Rainflower plants a quick kiss on Jimmy's cheek as he heads for his bike. Adam glances up.

ADAM

They're too close! The gate!

Tiny Bear strides up to the gate. He hauls on it. His big muscles strain and quiver...the taut chain snaps and drops heavily to the ground.

Tiny Bear quickly swings the gate open. All the bikers gun their Harleys through, swinging their tomahawks and whooping war cries.

A harness race is in progress. Harleys speed onto the track.

Demons fly toward the packed stands just above ground level.

Cheering spectators notice the bikers. Many stand up, bewildered. Some shout protests.

SPECTATOR #1

Hey! Get the hell off the track!

Spectators express shock when they see the demons approach. They react in terror as black fog engulfs the stands.

Horses panic as black fog reaches them. Some rear up and gallop in all directions. Their jockeys can't control them.

A flying demon snatches a jockey off his harness and devours him screaming in midair. His horse gallops off in a panic.

Bezaliel wings toward the stands. Many demons trail behind.

JIMMY

(sees this)

Split off! Help those people!

Some of the bikers behind Jimmy veer toward the stands.

Bezaliel and his horde land on fleeing, screaming spectators. They start devouring them.

Jimmy, Tiny Bear and the toughest-looking bikers roar full speed toward more of the demon pack flying at bike height straight for them.

Jimmy is in the lead. He readies his tomahawk. Guns his Harley at the closest demon. Veers at the last second. Strikes the demon across its head.

The demon collapses spewing black blood. First kill!

Jimmy circles back whooping a war cry, swinging his tomahawk.

Tiny Bear's turn. He heads for a demon full tilt. Instead of veering, he rams it. The demon collapses, dazed.

Tiny Bear skids, flats his bike, leaps off and storms in.

The demon rushes at him shrieking. The shriek stops abruptly as Tiny Bear smashes his tomahawk into the top of its skull, burying the stone tip out of sight.

Black blood showers Tiny Bear. He gags and wipes his mouth.

TINY BEAR
Tastes like shit, man!

The Poltertechs and a bunch of bikers rush the feasting demons in the stands. They smash demons with bludgeons and tomahawks, rescuing people along the way.

Hollering Casey charges a demon holding her bludgeon over her head double-handed. The demon jumps up snarling, sending Casey cowering back.

Annie hard-kicks the demon's hindquarters. It quickly turns and hisses at her.

ANNIE
That was really rude.

Annie clobbers the demon between the eyes with her bludgeon.

A valiant BIKER swings his tomahawk at demon after demon, felling them in droves across the seats. A demon attacks him, drags him to the ground and goes to finish him.

A loud chunk. The demon stops midway. Keels over dead with a tomahawk in its back.

His BIKER GIRL stands there. Shaky but gutsy. She grins her triumph at her boyfriend. He signals her with his head.

Instantly she yanks her tomahawk loose and pivots to swing it into the face of a screaming demon attacking from behind.

Biker warriors do wheelies as they race toward demons and tomahawk them. Dismounted bikers fight demons one on one.

A flying demon grapples a TOUGH BIKER by the neck with a claw as he roars past it. The biker drops his tomahawk.

The demon lifts the struggling biker into the air. He lunges for the tomahawk laying below, but can't reach it.

He pulls out a flint knife. Severs the claw strangling him.

Shrieking demon and biker drop to the ground. The claw twitches wildly as the biker picks up his tomahawk and steps in for the kill, smashing the writhing demon in the throat.

He puts a boot on the corpse. Yanks out the tomahawk. Spits triumphantly in the dirt.

HORSE STABLE

Bezaliel retreats into the stable. Horses whinny and panic. They hoof and batter their stall gates trying to escape.

Adam storms up to the stable in pursuit. Horses stampede out of the entrance, nearly trampling him. He heads inside.

Bezaliel turns to confront furious Adam. Black blood oozes from the demon's multiple wounds.

ADAM

It's over, you fiend!

Adam advances. He readies his bludgeon to strike Bezaliel.

BEZALIEL

Wait! I offer a pact!

Adam doesn't miss a step. He keeps coming.

ADAM

You're kidding, right?

BEZALIEL

Stop! In the name of Jehovah!

ADAM

Blasphemer.

Adam raises his bludgeon high above Bezaliel. The demon cowers, shielding itself with a batwing.

BEZALIEL

My life saves your brother's!

Adam hesitates, bludgeon poised.

ADAM

My brother is pure. You'll never harm him!

BEZALIEL

Be not so sure!

Ben rushes in with Annie and Casey, bloody weapons in hand.

BEN

Adam, it's a trick! He buying
time! Remember who sent him!

Bezaliel rises up, looking more evil than ever.

BEZALIEL

I can already taste his flesh.

Bezaliel snaps its wings open. Launches straight at Adam.
Adam falls backward onto the straw-covered floor.

Bezaliel flies out of the stable and escapes.

The others help Adam up. They bolt for the entrance.

They rush outside. The team watches Bezaliel flying up to
join the few surviving demons already winging away.

ADAM

My brother is toast.

Jimmy and his exhausted bikers congregate on the floodlit
race field. The black fog has dissipated. Demon corpses
lay all around them. One by one the corpses turn to heaps
of black dust, flame up and disappear.

The weary Poltertechs walk up to the bikers. Jimmy strides
up to Adam with tears of joy and pride in his eyes. He hugs
him fiercely and releases him.

JIMMY

This! This is the battle my
forefathers lost! The defending
of our ancestral lands! Their
spirits stand with us rejoicing!

Adam glances behind Jimmy.

WHAT ADAM SEES

Three apparitions of LENAPE WARRIORS from Colonial times in
full battle dress, standing proudly.

RACETRACK

ADAM

Tell me about it.

Jimmy beams. Rainflower comes up and leans on him.

TINY BEAR

Let's not forget our ride buddies.
We avenged them in spades, man.

ADAM

They're right behind you.

Tiny Bear turns to where Adam is staring.

WHAT ADAM SEES

The FALLEN BIKERS' GHOSTS stand there smiling serenely.

RACETRACK

Tiny Bear squints.

WHAT TINY BEAR SEES

The racetrack, minus the fallen bikers.

RACETRACK

TINY BEAR

I can't see nothing, man!

Biker ladies high five Annie and Casey. Ben embraces Jimmy.

BEN

Thanks, dude. We couldn't have
done this without you, man.

Jimmy and Ben release.

JIMMY

Drop by anytime, white friends.
Our longhouse is yours.

ADAM

We're grateful, guys. We gotta go.

Jimmy and Adam bump fists. Bikers nod approval and cheer.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

A thunderstorm approaches. Bolts of lightning flash.
The Poltertechs rush up to the ruined entrance--through it--

--into the church, where Ben immediately starts dragging
pews across the entrance. The rest join in. Soon they've
formed a barricade. Thunder reverberates outside.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Don't forget the window.

The team turns to see Michael standing at the pulpit. His eyes have a strange faraway glow. He glances at the tall frame that once held the stained-glass window of Christ.

The team follows Michael's gaze. They head that way.

Michael steps off the pulpit.

MICHAEL
It's no use. Let them come.

ADAM
Bezaliel threatened to harm you.
I couldn't be sure he was bluffing.

Michael comforts Adam with a hand to his shoulder.

MICHAEL
Ben was right. He's as crafty as his commander. I was never in any danger.

ADAM
How did you know Ben said that?

MICHAEL
God is breathing a little stronger through me now.

ADAM
Michael, what's wrong? You don't look so good.

A loud noise at the entrance. Everyone turns toward it.

The pews barricading the entrance burst into flames. Bezaliel and the surviving demons storm their way through. Lightning strikes somewhere close by.

Bezaliel strides up to the humans at the altar. The surviving horde follows him, a small roughed-up bunch splattered with black gore.

BEZALIEL
This world harbors armies of strange shapes.

MICHAEL
You bring the fight, Bezaliel.

Michael steps closer to Bezaliel.

MICHAEL

Bezaliel, can't you see? Fighting and killing will not grant you peace. Only repentance will. You are filled with hate, and hate has blinded your heart.

BEZALIEL

Hate is all I know, and I will kill you now with some of it.

MICHAEL

Make the attempt.

Adam moves to protect his brother. Michael restrains him.

Bezaliel advances. Comes within a hand breadth of Michael's face. Opens jaws wide enough to fit Michael's head and shoulders. Michael stands firm. The demon withdraws.

BEZALIEL

You are all too wise, priest.

MICHAEL

As you are devious. It was a trick, to make me boast of my invulnerability. My guts would have warmed your gullet after that. Now tell me. Why do you and your minions crave human flesh?

BEZALIEL

For the lack of wandering souls.

ADAM

He's talking about ghosts. The demons ran out of food, morphed into solid form--

BEN

--and multiplied their food supply a thousand fold. Souls wrapped in pig blankets. All you can eat buffet!

MICHAEL

So you've come back to my church to torment me, which is all you're capable of here.

BEZALIEL

Torment comes as easily as breath to a human...

For the first time Bezaliel sets his gaze on Annie.
The demon's eyes glare with hunger.

Annie grows fearful. Adam stares at her confused.

MICHAEL

Don't waste your time. These four
are pure!

BEZALIEL

Three.

ADAM

What's he talking about? Annie!

Annie stares at Bezaliel with terror in her eyes.

The horde behind Bezaliel edges closer, jaws widening.

CASEY

Our weapons are still in the van!

We move up on Annie's face as she thinks back...

FLASHBACK:

*Annie battling demons in the racetrack stands. She sees
something at her feet.*

*A fat wad of hundred dollar bills held in a clip. Annie
quickly pockets it and returns to the battle.*

END FLASHBACK.

ANNIE

I found some money! I was gonna
give it to the team! I swear, Adam!

ADAM

Annie, you committed greed!

The demons advance on Annie. Michael blocks them.

MICHAEL

In the name of Christ, no more
killing!

BEZALIEL

I've destroyed your Lord.
Step aside.

Bezaliel and the other demons skirt Michael and close in on Annie. She drops to her knees sobbing in terror.

ANNIE

I'm sorry Adam--

Adam rushes in to shield Annie. He glares at Bezaliel.

ADAM

You'll have to kill me first.

Bezaliel steps up to Adam. Sends him sprawling across the church floor like a doll with a powerful sweep of a batwing.

Michael stares grimly at doomed Annie. His hand reaches into his jacket pocket. His fingers pull out...

...the silver letter opener.

MICHAEL

Goodbye, brother.

Adam, still laying on the floor, turns toward Michael.

Michael places the blade just under his breastbone, angling the point upward.

Adam's expression turns confused.

ADAM

Michael?

Michael forces the letter opener into his chest. He gasps. Collapses to his knees. Stares in shock, his heart pierced. He topples over, taken by death.

ADAM

NO!

Bezaliel restrains the slaving demons behind him.

BEZALIEL

Wait on the female. A priest takes
his own life! The sin of sins!
Gaze upon the succulent plate!

Agonized Adam, face lit by second sight, pushes himself off the floor. He stares sobbing at prone Michael with clairvoyant eyes.

WHAT ADAM SEES

Wisps of ghostly gossamer gather from all over Michael's body. A bright globe of light rises and floats gracefully above him, connected by a tenuous cord. It forms Michael's bright and white peaceful soul...

...which suddenly turns gray and tattered.

INSIDE THE CHURCH

Bezaliel and the demons advance hungrily on Michael's body.

Adam struggles to get up.

BEN

(points)

Look! The window!

All the colored glass shards swirl up from the sidewalk below the Christ window frame, miraculously reforming--

--the intact stained-glass image of Christ!

A golden beam of light flows from the Christ figure to Michael's body, turning his soul visible to all.

Annie, Casey and Ben stare at Michael's floating soul in awe. Adam comes up to Annie. She grasps his arm.

Michael's soul turns pure white again--and transforms dramatically into a powerful armored warrior angel with spreading white wings. It descends to the church floor.

Ben crosses himself. Casey stares astonished.

CASEY

Michael the archangel...

The golden beam dissolves. The angel stands serene, larger than a human, glowing with his own radiance.

The angel turns to Bezaliel and the demon horde. Crouches into a fighting stance.

The lesser demons back away in fear. Bezaliel hunkers down and snarls.

The angel launches himself at Bezaliel. A ferocious battle begins. The opponents grapple. Pummel each other with massive blows.

The inside of the church is slowly wrecked by the fierce fight as the thunderstorm rages outside.

The team barely escapes being crushed by Bezaliel's bulk as the demon struggles with the archangel. They take cover on the floor between the pews as the foes tumble over them, splintering pew backs. The battle rages on.

Bezaliel overwhelms the angel. Lowers yawning jaws toward his face. Demon saliva rolls harmlessly down the angel's chest--

--splattering to the wood floor where it sizzles and burns.

Adam rips a wood plank from a wrecked pew. He goes to defend the angel with the plank, but Annie restrains him.

ANNIE

You can't help him! This is
heaven's fight!

Slowly and with great effort, the angel manages to grip Bezaliel's jaws just as they draw closed around his head. With the tremendous power of his muscled arms, he forces the dripping jaws wider...wider...

Demon bone fractures and snaps. Black blood oozes out of the demon's mouth. Bezaliel bellows in agony.

Bezaliel twitches and dies. The angel releases the demon.

Bezaliel's lifeless body collapses to the floor, where it disintegrates into a mound of black dust.

The lesser demons stare in confusion at their fallen leader's remains. One by one they collapse into mounds of black dust.

A supernatural wind blows in through the entrance. The heaps of black dust swirl, caught in the updraft. They flame up and disappear. The thunderstorm calms.

The angel turns to Adam, who stands overcome with awe.

The holy being gazes at him lovingly. Adam reaches out with heartbreaking pathos.

ADAM

Michael...

The angel gazes a moment more. Abruptly takes wing...

...heading for the stained-glass window of Christ...

Instead of shattering it, the angel passes right through it with a burst of beautiful golden light that fills the church like divine liquid pouring from a heavenly fountain. The stained-glass Christ remains, gazing serenely down.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY - A YEAR LATER

Morning light filters beautifully through the stained-glass window of Christ. The restored church is filled with CHURCHGOERS, their attention on the pulpit.

A priest's hands close a bible on top of the pulpit.

PRIEST (O.S.)

And that concludes our Sunday service.
May the Good Lord watch over all of you.

Churchgoers get up to leave.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN and an ELDERLY MAN remain seated in a back pew.

A YOUNG WOMAN lingers in a pew close to the front. She is distraught, with the gaunt, hollow look of an addict.

The priest's hands gather up the bible and some reading notes from the pulpit. His face is revealed. It's Adam. He looks down kindly at the young woman.

WHAT ADAM SEES

She sits troubled. A gray and tattered aura surrounds her.

INSIDE THE CHURCH

Adam steps off the pulpit, walks to the pew and sits by her. She stares at the floor downcast. He takes her hand in his and speaks comforting words to her. Eventually she turns to him and smiles sweetly.

They stand and walk out of the pew. The young woman leaves. Adam turns to the two churchgoers seated in the back.

ADAM

Come back. You're welcome anytime.

The elderly man in the back pew fades away and disappears. Soon after that, the middle-aged woman turns to ectoplasm, drifts off and dissolves.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

The church bulletin board sign reads:

WE'RE A FULL SERVICE SHOP

EXT. NEW JERSEY PALISADES - DAY

High above a desolate cliff. Sullen clouds diffuse a ruddy sunset. November wind ruffles a desolate field of dead grass rising up to the cliff's edge, which overlooks nothing but empty gray sky.

Hundreds of what appear to be very large birds squat on the ground. Their attention is fixed on something in the distance beyond the precipice.

As we drift closer it's apparent these aren't birds at all, nor are they any creatures of this earth.

Dark gray, scaled, tentacled, their dripping jaws lined with very sharp teeth. Some unfurl leathery batlike wings.

Demons. A multitude of them. They cling to the grass tufting the cliff's edge. Several snarl and moan with hunger and longing. Something across the Hudson River captivates their red glowing eyes...TILT UP and we see...

The towering sunset-tinged skyline of Manhattan.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Beneath Dave's Manhattan office building. Elevator doors slide open. Dave steps out.

The garage is deserted and dead silent. Dave's Gucci shoes echo when they strike the concrete. He approaches his BMW.

A noise makes him stop. He turns toward it.

Nothing there.

Dave lights up. Puffs. Frowns. Inspects the cigarette.

CLOSE ON the cigarette. The end has gone out.

Dave re-lights it. Puffs. Frowns. Looks at it again.

CLOSE ON the cigarette. The end has gone out again.

Dave tosses the cigarette away in disgust. He starts walking to his car again. Swings toward the sound of flapping wings.

A dark gray shape glides through the shadows across the garage. Hints of gray tentacles and leathery batwings.

Dave grows more nervous. He speeds up his pace.

An overhead light pops and goes out. Dave freezes.

DAVE
Who's there? Fuck!

Silence.

DAVE
I'm warning you! I've got nine one
one on speed dial!

More silence.

Dave rushes a little faster to his car.

Another overhead light pops and goes out.

DAVE
Is that you Adam? Ben? You guys
pranking me? Not funny! I'll sue
your little asses!

Dave walks a lot faster. He reaches for his car remote.

A dark gray flying shape strike him, toppling him to the cement. His keys fly out of his hands.

They skitter across the concrete.

Dave frantically searches for his keys. Finally he locates them. Looks around. He sees his car and breaks into a run.

Dave squeezes the remote as he rushes toward his car.

Dave yanks the door open. Leaps inside. Slams the door. Quickly presses the lock. Sits panting. Gradually relaxes.

He inserts the ignition key and starts the car.

Dave listens to the engine purr. He lights another cigarette and this time it stays lit. He starts to relax, letting the radio soothe him. He reaches for his seat belt.

It won't pull out far enough. Dave yanks the belt over and over. It's stuck. He gets pissed off.

DAVE
Come on! Goddamn belt.

He lets the belt retract. Reaches for it again...

...and pulls a slimy dark gray scaled tentacle across his chest. Dave goes to clip the end of the tentacle into the buckle. Sees it's not a seat belt. Lets go with a yelp.

The tentacle remains there. Dave stares at it wide-eyed.

The tentacle slithers further out of the back seat. Dave moans in terror. The tentacle curls around, sliding up between his face and the window.

In a full shaking panic now, Dave leans toward the passenger seat to avoid the tentacle...

...encountering the enormous wide-open jaws of a cliff demon leaning in from the back seat. Green saliva drips out...

...sizzling and burning the center console.

The demon lunges out of the back seat and attacks Dave.

The car rocks violently as Dave screams bloody murder inside.

As the demon feasts on Dave its tentacle tip probes for the master window button. Locates it. Depresses it.

All four car windows slide down at once. More flying cliff demons land on the car, slither inside and join the feast.

FADE OUT.