

9INE ONE ONE

by Anthony Silverwood

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

REVELATION 9:11

"AND (THE LOCUSTS) HAD A KING OVER THEM, WHICH IS THE ANGEL OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT, WHOSE NAME IN THE HEBREW TONGUE IS ABADDON..."

The VERSE FADES slowly into the black as we HEAR:

A DIAL TONE... THREE DIGITS are entered...

OPERATOR, FEMALE/VO
Nine one one. What's your
emergency?

The caller's WHISPERING reply is broken up by the quick
breath of PANIC

CALLER, FEMALE/VO
I've got intruders! people are
breaking in!

OPERATOR/VO
Ma'am, where are you loca-

CUT OFF by voices of ANOTHER 911 CALL:

OPERATOR, MALE/VO
Nine one one. What's your
emergency?

CALLER, FEMALE/VO
Shots fired! They're coming from
everywhere! I see police in the
yard! Now they're in the drivew-

CUT OFF by another call, with GUNSHOTS in the background:

OPERATOR, FEMALE/VO
Nine one one. What's your
emergency?

CALLER, MALE/VO T
 hey're all over the neighborhood!
 And they're just shooting people!

OPERATOR/VO
 Who's shooting people sir?

CALLER/VO
 You! The police!-(something distant
 shattering) Oh God! They're inside
 the hou-

CUT OFF by another call: the FOOTFALLS of a breathless
 caller being CHASED:

OPERATOR, MALE/VO
 Nine one on what's your emergency?

GUNSHOTS and SIRENS in the background grow LOUDER, CLOSER
 with every step

CALLER, MALE/VO
 You've got the wrong guy! You've
 got the wrong fucking guy! I
 haven't-

CUT OFF, By ANOTHER call. and another. and MORE:

The calls come faster. Frantic voices overlapping, building
 in frequency: Dozens. Hundreds.

THOUSANDS. All calling the police because the police are
 attacking. A rising roaring convolution of panic and CHAOS.

The tumult is SILENCED abruptly as it stretches toward some
 uproarious infinity - silenced BUT FOR a SINGLE caller's
 VOICE, her PANIC and TERROR caught in mid sentence:

CALLER, FEMALE/VO .
 ..are just shooting! just shooting
 everyone dead! Why?! These are
 innocent people!!

The voice that responds now is NOT HUMAN, with a deep,
 DEMONIC tone - The impossibly deep pitch of something PURELY
 EVIL, with a HISS of radio STATIC stuck in its throat

DEMONIC VOICE/VO
 The situation is under control. We
 are sending units to assist.

CALLER
 (hyperventilating) Merciful
 Christ! assist in what?! Who
 are you?! (crying consumes her
 now))

FADE IN TO:

EXT. 3 WAY INTERSECTION. DAY.

A POLICE cruiser RACES up a one-lane side street toward an INTERSECTION, its lights and sirens off.

It runs a RED LIGHT, narrowly missing two vehicles in the perpendicular traffic.

The driver leans on the brakes and SWERVES.

TIRES SQUEAL and the cruiser SPINS OUT. The back end fishtails into a JOGGER, who has stopped to TIE his SHOE, CATAPULTING him through the front window of a DINER.

FREEZE on the JOGGER his twisted body in mid-crash through the window, swimming in sea of flying GLASS shards and BLOOD

TYLER/VO

There is a place we call Hell. It is a dimension of chaos, or as we humans like to call it, evil. But evil is not what you think. Evil is only what it wants you to think. And to keep life as you know it intact, evil is also necessary. The fuel it burns to keep running are souls. Hell reaps its souls through temptation, by manipulation, letting humanity condemn itself. Kind of passive aggressive really. Any impressions you might have gotten about Hell from bad Movies or shooter games are bullshit. Hell prefers to be misunderstood.

INT. CROWDED DINER. DAY

The diner's front window EXPLODES in a Jagged hail of glass as the JOGGER PLUNGES into the dining section, and skids across a table seating six diners, replacing plates and silverware with a BLOODY STREAK before TUMBLING to the FLOOR out of view.

(CONTINUED)

CHAOS erupts! An uproar consumes the diner, as patrons and employees recoil from the lifeless BLOODY HEAP on the floor. The police cruiser's SIREN WOOPS briefly from outside, and RED and BLUE LIGHTS STROBE through the diner's interior. The siren ceases, but the lights remain.

Through the window, the diner's occupants watch as TWO UNIFORMED COPS step out of the cruiser. They're both big, stocky, their faces frozen in a slight SCOWL, as if something about them is not human.

One of them enters the diner through the FRONT DOORS while the other approaches the JAGGED GAP in the broken front window.

The panic and screaming abates to near silence, making clearer the sound of a SIREN in the DISTANCE, but FADING, in pursuit of some other emergency.

COP#2 walks slowly thru the diner until he stands over the broken body of the jogger. The only sounds now are the CRUNCHING of BROKEN GLASS under the officer's boots as he walks, and the SOBBING of a single WAITRESS who can't seem to get a hold of herself.

The cop looks down at the dead jogger with a total absence of concern. Then over at the hysterical waitress with a trace of irritation.

Cop#2 draws his SIDE-ARM, and SHOOTS HER right between the eyes. He speaks and his voice is DEMONIC, but with the white noise HISS of STATIC.

COP #2
Cease and desist!

Several patrons behind the waitress are sprayed with BLOOD from her exit wound .

customers SCREAM and start RUNNING for the door COP #2 AIMS his gun at the emigrating crowd and UNLOADS on them. When his CLIP empties and DROPS out of the magazine to the FLOOR, he reloads with a fresh clip, and UNLOADS again.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF DINER. DAY.

COP #1 is at the shattered window with a police issue 12-GAUGE A few of the diner's occupants make it through the front doors to the sidewalk, only to be DISPATCHED by COP#2's 12 GAUGE and its loud, THUNDERING REPORTS, as empty shells LAUNCH from the side of the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

FREEZE on: the SHOTGUN in MID-BLAST, ejected shells ARCHING away to the side. the CUSTOMER hit by the shot, his CHEST EXPLODING in a PLUME of smoke, buckshot and blood. he's blown off his feet, HOVERING over a sprawl of BODIES on the sidewalk behind him.

TYLER/VO

Ages ago, they exiled one of their own. A creature we would call a demon was banished from a realm that no longer had a place for it, because in its advancing age it had become too chaotic - too destructive. So it was consigned to the material universe, where Hell knew that without a living soul to possess, it couldn't exist as matter; only on a subatomic level, as energy, and that energy took the form of radio waves - photons. And this frequency became quite simply, haunted. Home to a brutal, destructive energy too evil for a place called Hell. And it hibernated there in this Bottomless Pit, waiting for someone to tap into this channel. This afternoon, at 2:25 PM its patience was richly rewarded

INT. MASSACRED DINER. DAY.

Both cops continue SHOOTING UP the diner until everyone is dead or dying except for ONE short, balding MAN in his forties, wearing a business suit. He is on his KNEES, holding his BRIEFCASE up over his head with trembling hands that RATTLE the contents,

COP #2 approaches the man, and nudges aside the briefcase with the barrel of his gun. There is a glimmer of RECOGNITION in his eyes:

COP #2
Douglas M. Ranier?

MAN ON KNEES
y,y...yes. wh, what-

COP#2

Assistant state's Attorney for Paradise County?

(CONTINUED)

RANIER

W,W,Why are you talking like that?

Cop #1's scowl pulls pulls back to a DEMONIC GRIN, and he emits a slow demonic LAUGH

COP #1

Well if this don't make Rodney King
look like a church picnic. on your
feet!

Cop #2 GRABS Ranier by his arm and GROPEs through Ranier's pockets until he finds a WALLET, pulls it out and OPENS it. Holding Ranier with one hand, and looking at the ID with the other.

He turns to look at the trembling RANIER again, carelessly TOSSING the wallet the other direction.

COP #2

Abaddon is law!

Cop #2 YANKS Ranier toward the door. Ranier STUMBLES after him, almost tripping over the dead and dying sprawled across the floor. He clutches his briefcase with his free hand, but it COLLIDES with the edge of a TABLE now and pops open, SPILLING its contents.

Several more O.S. GUNSHOTS. closer this time, with SCREAMS.

RANIER

Oh Christ on a stick, Why did you
shoot that girl?! Are you going to
shoot me?!

Cop #2 HALTS. He turns to Ranier, pokerfaced, looking first at him THEN at the open briefcase he is clutching. This starts Ranier TREMBLING again, shaking the last few pens, paper-clips and other contents onto the FLOOR. COP#1 speaks again in the demonic voice:

COP #2

Hey cream-stick! You're under
arrest now. So I think, maybe it's
time you exercise Your
constitutional right to shut the
fuck up.

The hiss of radio STATIC on cop #2's shoulder mic. is followed by the sound of an O.S. demonic voice identical to that of both cops.

(CONTINUED)

DEMON VOICE IN CB/O.S.
Eleven, twenty nine: status?

COP #2
Twenty nine here. Westside gas-n-go
and over-easy diner depopulated.
One priority target in custody.
Douglas Ranier: alive.

Tires SQUEAL and Vehicles COLLIDE outside the diner,
followed by an EXPLOSION, and muffled SCREAMING. Ranier
REACTS to the disturbing noise. # 29 YANKS Ranier through
the diner's (now shattered) front DOORS.

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY

29 and Ranier are immersed in a world of CHAOS and MURDER
now. Sounds of SCREAMING and GUNSHOTS come from near and
from far.

MONTAGE: SCENES OF MAYHEM.

A.) In the middle of the INTERSECTION in front of the diner,
is the fiery aftermath of the (just heard) head on
COLLISION.

B.) Up the street a MAN is SHOT DEAD, slumped half out of
his CAR. The DOOR is open, and he is hanging by his
seat-belt. He has a bloody HOLE between his OPEN eyes.

C.) A storefront window SHATTERS in a jangling chorus of
BROKEN GLASS, as a fat MAN in flannel PLUNGES through it,
landing on his back on the sidewalk. A large, muscular
uniformed COP steps through the jagged remnants of the
window with a police issue 12-gauge. while standing over the
man, blows his HEAD OFF. A wake of BLOOD AND GORE is sprayed
across the sidewalk and up the side of a parked car.

D.) Three PEOPLE RUN out of a thrift STORE in a PANIC, and
blindly into the street, where a speeding PADDY-WAGON HITS
one of them, CATAPULTING him into the air and onto the ROOF
of a parked CAR. Another POLICEMAN exits the thrift store,
levels his HANDGUN at the TWO SURVIVORS, and CUTS them both
DOWN with multiple SHOTS.

E.) An EXPLOSION from inside another store. Tongues of FLAME
and black SMOKE pour out of what's left of the store front.
An unrecognizable HUMAN FORM staggers outside, engulfed in
FLAMES, only to be reduced to a lifeless, burning HEAP on
the sidewalk by GUNSHOTS from all directions

The hiss of STATIC from #29's shoulder mic:

(CONTINUED)

DEMONIC VOICE

Eleven. Twenty nine. You're needed at Paradise mall. Help cover southeast parking lot for subjects fleeing depopulation.

#29

Ten four.

RANIER

(Something's dawning on him) Wait a minute. Bruce Powell. I know you! You arrested Miles Duncan, the serial Rapist. I helped prosecute that case, second chair! Remember me? I remember you. You were our best witness. You were a good cop! What the Fuck is wrong with you now?!

Powell turns, walks back to Ranier as a mysterious CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY in the background LEAPS from the top of a STORE-front, to a telephone POLE, and then to the ground. The meandering current comes with a SCREAMING, CRACKLING noise.

POWELL

We are the angel of the bottomless pit. The angel of the megahertz.

RANIER

Now you listen to me. You are Sergeant Bruce fucking Powell, and something is wrong you! Something is wrong with both of you! Now you need to put those guns down, and you need to-

WHAP!!

Powell SLUGS Ranier. Ranier goes down, and stays down. Powell GRABS Ranier by his FOOT and DRAGS him to the patrol car.

TYLER/VO

My name's Tyler Perelta. I'm an arm's dealer. Assault weapons, explosives, armor piercing ammo, All the unlawful high octane shit you can't get at your friendly neighborhood gun-shop. Anything you're after. If I don't have it can get it, fast, and Yadda yadda

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER/VO (cont'd)

yadda. None of which changes the fact that by now, Mister Shit and Mister Fan had been formally introduced in this town. In a closed session of the Paradise City Council today, a law was passed. And unbeknownst to the citizens of Paradise Falls, the police switched to a new communications frequency. And this long dormant abomination awoke to find itself with not one body to possess, but a hundred and fifty two - bodies with body armor - and enough weapons and ammunition to massacre the population of Paradise Falls, and tomorrow the world. This is the story of the first battle of the apocalypse. And just like the bible said: we knew not what hour it came upon us.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT. DAY.

SUPER:

EZEKIEL 9:1

...HE CRIED IN MINE EARS WITH A LOUD VOICE SAYING CAUSE THEM THAT HAVE CHARGE OVER THE CITY TO DRAW NEAR, EVEN EVERY MAN WITH HIS DESTROYING WEAPON IN HIS HAND

a LOT full of vehicles, with a tattered, vacant BILLBOARD in the background.

Angle on the billboard: Most of the last advertisement has been WORN away by the elements, but what little is left reveals a large. red number ONE The superimposed bible verse slowly fades in, until the words 'EZEKIEL 9:1 are just to the left of the (equally sized) number one on the tattered billboard, forming the number 911, and the verse beneath it.

Another strange CURRENT of electricity fans out from the billboard into an iridescent cobweb, striking a chain-link fence behind the billboard in numerous places.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY.

A teenage CASHIER wearing a paper HAT behind the counter of a FAST FOOD place in the food court is BLOWN off his feet by an O.S. shotgun BLAST, and onto a row of deep fat FRYERS along the back wall. An ARM and a LEG sink into two of the

fry-vats, BUBBLING and SPITTING oil beneath a WALL now dripping with BLOOD.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY.

A COP appears at the entrance to a clothing BOUTIQUE, brandishing a naked MANNEQUIN with its arms missing. He SWINGS it at a man RUNNING past the store. The mannequin SHATTERS over the man's head and shoulders, KNOCKING him flat on his back, dazed. The COP is still brandishing a jagged CHUNK of the mannequin's LEG as he LAUGHS DEMONICALLY

As Several other fleeing SHOPPERS in the background are cut down by O.S GUNFIRE, he BLUDGEONS the fallen man furiously with the broken leg piece before drawing his SIDEARM, and finishing him off with a single GUNSHOT.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY.

SEVERAL COPS are BEATING a MAN mercilessly with Billy-clubs On one of the mall's upper levels. Each blow KNOCKS him closer to the railing. The bloodied man is doubled halfway over the guard-rail when the cops GRAB him by the legs and FLING him over.

He TUMBLES end over end, three stories to the ground floor, where he PLUNGES thru the awning of a vendor's CONCESSION STAND full of ornaments and knickknacks, as a current of FLEEING PATRONS surges past.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY.

BODIES are floating face down in a blood clouded coin FOUNTAIN.

Two O.S GUNSHOTS from somewhere ABOVE, and a second later another BODY HITS the water and joins the others FLOATING in the fountain with a huge SPLASH of bloody water.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT. DAY.

Three SURVIVORS -two men and a woman have ESCAPED the mall through a department store exit, and into an ocean of daylight to behold a scene of BLOODSHED and MURDER.

In the parking lot SQUAD CARS, and other emergency VEHICLES are RUNNING people DOWN, and COLLIDING with civilian vehicles throughout the lot. Sounds of GUNSHOTS, SQUEALING tires and twisted metal come from every direction.

(CONTINUED)

The WOMAN (Judge Catherine Weinling) is the first to speak. She is middle aged, heavy-set, well dressed.

CATHERINE

Where are we parked?! Where are we parked?!

One of the two MEN, STEVEN after SCANNING the parking lot for a moment, ANSWERS her.

STEVEN

Northwest corner! Follow me! Stay up behind the trees!

The three TAKE OFF down the sidewalk, and through a GROVE of pine TREES along one of the edge of the lot. The WOMAN is the slowest, and LAGS behind. MAN #1 is the first to reach the SUV, and is pointing a keyless entry transmitter at it. He hits the 'UNLOCK' button repeatedly, but there's no sound of a response from the vehicle (why?)

STEVEN

What the-

Distant GUNSHOTS. And another near miss with a flying BULLET comes with the sound of breaking GLASS.

Steven FUMBLES through his set of KEYS for the right one, as the other two reach the other side of the vehicle. Another BULLET completely SHATTERS the vehicle's rear WINDOW. The driver finds the right KEY, UNLOCKS the driver's side DOOR, and SCRAMBLES inside, reaching across the front seat to UNLOCK the other door.

The OTHER TWO are waiting to get inside when another BULLET gets Judge Catherine in the side of the neck. She HACKS and COUGHS, and starts to DROOL a steady stream of BLOOD. Her EYES seem BLANK, catatonic, as she STUMBLES back against a neighboring car and SLUMPS to the ground.

STEVEN

Catherine!! God sweetheart no!!

Man #2 - TOM GRABS Catherine by her underarms, and HEAVES her into the front seat with him.

INT. FRONT-SEAT SUV. DAY

Steve FLOORS IT in reverse SQUEALING out of the parking space, and into the LOT, HITTING another car. CATHERINE, in an ungainly posture on Tom's lap now COUGHS up a thick shower of BLOOD, PLASTERING the inside of the windshield, as he CRANKS the steering wheel to the right.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Let me try your phone!

Straining beneath the limp, increasingly bloody Catherine, he digs into one of His hip pockets.

TOM

Just who you gonna call Steve ?!
Ghostbusters?! In case you haven't
noticed those are the cops out
there!

Tom turns to LOOK in the direction he's headed now, just in time to see a POLICE CRUISER bearing down on them, FAST.

STEVE

Mother of all fuckers!

Steve CRANKS, the wheel back, shifts into 'drive' and FLOORS it, thru his former parking space, getting NICKED by the Kamikaze cruiser as it passes.

The SUV ROARS down a grassy embankment, and onto the mall's outer ROAD The vehicle LURCHES into the road, and takes off toward the exit to the main HIGHWAY, with a portion of the chain link FENCE SNAGGED somewhere between its undercarriage and the road, leaving a trail of SPARKS in its wake.

STEVE

(As he drives) How about that
fucking phone Thomas?!

TOM

(Flips open phone, looks) Shit,
still no bars!

Tom reaches into his jacket as he drives, pulls out a CELL. He DIALS 911.

RECORDING: FEMALE VOICE/VO

Service not available in your
location. Thank you for using
Century-Cell.

CATHERINE COUGHS up another fine spray of BLOOD, and CONVULSES for a moment, then FREEZES: in open-eyed STILLNESS as she gives up the ghost.

TOM

Catherine! Shit, Catherine!

Tom SHAKES HER frantically. But she is LIFELESS and SAGGING in his lap now, STEVEN really starts to LOSE IT, crying, hyperventilating as Tom keeps his frantic eyes on the road. Tom thrusts his phone at Steve

TOM

Here! Directory assistance! Find the numbers for the state police, national guard, FB-

SMASH!

A POLICE CRUISER HITS them head on. both vehicles EXPLODE in a torrent of twisted METAL and shattered GLASS.

EXT. SCENE OF COLLISION. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Both VEHICLES are MASHED. STEAM BILLOWS from mangled radiators, and twisted particles of wreckage litter the road. Through the gutted windshield frame of the squad car, the DRIVER of the TOTALED CRUISER becomes visible amidst clouds of STEAM and DUST as he GRAPPLES with a deflating AIR BAG.

It's another uniformed officer. He's pretty BANGED UP but alive. His face seems to reveal little if any pain. The officer opens his door. Unhinged, it FALLS to the road with a CLANG. He gets out.

Standing now, the full extent of his injuries is visible, including severe BLEEDING and A horribly BROKEN ARM, bent halfway back over the elbow. The cop, emotionless, looks at his mangled arm. He grabs the forearm and WRENCHES the bone back into place with a sickening CRUNCH. He walks over plastic, metal, and glass debris, it CRUNCHES AND SNAPS under his boots.

He gets to the mangled SUV He draws his GUN as he peers thru one of the shattered windows. The driver, Steve, is covered in blood, but ALIVE. DISORIENTED, confused.

STEVE

Wha' happened? Wha' just happened?

the cop speaks in the same DEMONIC voice

COP

You broke the law Sir.

Tom stares blankly with mouth gaping at the bloody mess he has become.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Wha, uh, Th' law?

COP
'Fraid so. You see In the state of
Kansas it's illegal to operate a
motor vehicle while you're dead.

The cop BLOWS Tom's HEAD OFF. An exit wound of BLOOD and GLASS erupts from the opposite window. The cop peers in again, LOOKING at the OTHER TWO occupants. There is a glimmer of RECOGNITION in his eyes as he focuses on the body of Catherine. he calls it in on his CB shoulder mic.

COP
One zero six to dispatch. Priority
target in custody. Judge Catherine
Weinling. Deceased. Most of the
body is irretrievable.

DEMONIC VOICE
The head?

106 peers into the mashed SUV again.

106
Intact

DEMONIC VOICE
bring it

#106
Ten-four

#106 heads back to his totaled CRUISER, picks out a police issue TWELVE GAUGE and takes it back to the SUV. He puts the barrel of the shotgun against Cathreine's neck, while holding her by the hair, and PULLS the TRIGGER.

The BLAST almost decapitates her, and paints the vehicle's interior with a monsoon of BLOOD. #106 reaches inside with his good arm, TWISTING and TEARING the head free. #106 holds the disembodied HEAD aloft, as the last of the BLOOD drains out of it.

From this P.O.V. her head blots out the SUN, giving the appearance of a halo.

TYLER/V.O.
Roadblocks were already in place.
They had baited the off-ramps from
the interstate with nail strips.
They had three choppers in the air.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER/V.O. (cont'd)
Nobody was getting out of town.
nobody

EXT. CITY LIMITS DAY.

Police HELICOPTORS are in the air over the fields and woods around the edge of town. A small TRICKLE of CITIZENS trying to ESCAPE THROUGH these outlying stretches are being PICKED OFF by SHARP SHOOTERS in the choppers.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN. DAY

It is late AFTERNOON as POLICE VEHICLES are pulling up to a large coin FOUNTAIN in front of the Paradise county COURT HOUSE, and COPS are dropping off some GREUSOME CARGO:

DEAD BODIES, and BODY PARTS. They're all being tossed onto a mounting pile of flesh at the center of the fountain. The WATER surrounding it now has become BRIGHT RED.

The same BLOODY WATER RAINS down from a spout mechanism at the center, and CASCADES down onto the DEAD. The last thing tossed on to the heap is the savagely torn HEAD of JUDGE CATHERINE Weinley. And in the background, WRITTEN in BLOOD on the front of the courthouse are the WORDS:

ABADDON IS LAW.

TYLER/VO
Paradise Falls was only the beginning - only kindling for a larger reign of destruction. Sooner or later the massacre of our town was bound to get the world's attention, and the world would send state police, FBI, National Guard, all with weapons and vehicles, all communicating on their own frequencies, and on those frequencies this thing would hitchhike right into their souls: a demon so old and so adept it was capable of possessing millions simultaneously.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

This is where Tyler keeps his CACHE of WEAPONS and EXPLOSIVES. A scant few feet down from the CHAPEL where the reverend performs his weddings, funerals and church services. And they're all DISPLAYED OPENLY down here as if for sale at a gun show.

A rack of RIFLES and MACHINE GUNS on the two longest walls. PISTOLS and EXPLOSIVES are laid out across a long low TABLE in the center of the room.

There is a RACK of CLOSE CIRCUIT camera MONITORS on a DESK off to the side, and at the far wall is a BOOK-CASE curiously devoid of books.

TYLER is here conducting an ARMS DEAL. With TWO CUSTOMERS dressed like gang members. He's in his early forties, tall lean, handsome, with a touch of gray, muscular in a ropey farm boy sort of way. Tyler SITS an old by the table, while the customers are PERUSING the merchandise.

TYLER

I can give you a price break on the four ten revolvers if you buy the whole gross

CUSTOMER #1

(while perusing a 410 pistol)
Nigga, one of these will cut a man in half. What do I need with twenty four of them?

TYLER

Refresh my memory. You guys are K street boys, right?

CUSTOMER #2

(turns from rifles on wall) What about it man?!

TYLER

And you guys are at war with the Polar Bear Clan. Have been for awhile, right?

CUSTOMER #1

And what nigga?!

TYLER

Well here's the hit, see. Polar bears outnumber you guys in this town about three to one. These days

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (cont'd)

Polar Bear Clan goes exclusively nine millimeter with it, Gloks, Berettas, Tek-Nines, IE, lots of rounds not a lot of stopping power. At close range, like say in a drive-by scenario, you want something that can cripple a vehicle: take out a whole tire, a radiator, even the gas tank. These four tens will give you the short range superiority you'll need to stop a hit like that before it even starts.

CUSTOMER #2

How you know all this man?

TYLER

'cuz I sold a lot of nine millimeters to your Polar bear friends. I know what my merchandise can do.

The two tough customers LOOK at EACH OTHER for a beat, and NOD in agreement.

CUSTOMER #1

Nigga, you got yourself a motherfuckin' dealio.

TYLER

Right on. Now let's talk Semtex. You need some, and lemme tell you why-

Just then, Tyler's CELL RINGS. He PULLS it out of his hip POCKET and ANSWERS it.

TYLER

Suicide hotline. just do it already.

INT. CHAPEL (UPSTAIRS). DAY

The REVEREND is here, about to perform a WEDDING ceremony. But he's STEPPED AWAY from the pulpit to call Tyler on his CELL. The chapel is FILLED with family, guests, bridesmaids, etc. The reverend is A black man, late forties, balding a little pudgy, dressed in the suit and collar of a minister, but with a certain un-clergy-like intensity about him.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

Tyler Jonathon Perelta, tell me you are not down there conducting business right now.

TYLER/VO (ON PHONE)

Just a quick transac. I think I'm about to move some of that putty bomb you wanted outta here.

REVEREND

Yes, but not during a formal function. Never during church functions, we discussed this Tyler. Services, weddings, funerals, the shop stays closed!

TYLER/VO (ON PHONE)

Easy there big fella, find your happy place! This one kind of snuck up on me. I'll have them out of here before you start playing the wedding march.

REVEREND

It better be fast. In five minutes the bride walks in and the organ starts pl-

The phone CALL is abruptly DISCONNECTED. The reverend hits RE-DIAL, but gets a blinking message on his phone that says: NO SERVICE.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT.

Tyler REACTS to the suddenly disconnected phone call, giving his phone a disgruntled look. He folds it up and pockets it as the two tough customers regard him with suspicion.

FREEZE FRAME: TYLER SMILING at the two tough CUSTOMERS holding his DEADLY MERCHENDISE.

TYLER/VO

At this moment I had no idea what kind of board-up-the-windows category five shit-storm we had on our hands here, but I was about to find out. Because what I didn't know at that moment was that one of these guys was an undercover cop. The demon must have come through on the wire he was wearing.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE on customer #2. His EYES FLASH briefly with an electric blue light. He appears CONFUSED for a moment, then his face pulls into that same demonic SCOWL as the others.

TYLER

So alright. The four tens I can
sell you the gross for five large.
Semtex, I'm tryin' to get rid of it
so I-

CUSTOMER#2

(demon voice/ interrupts) Abaddon
is law!

TYLER

You OK there homeboy?

CUSTOMER#2

We are the angel of the megahertz.
Long has been our time in this
prison, but we are free.

Tyler SENSES now something's WRONG with this guy. For that matter, so does the other guy

TYLER

Great, glad to hear that's working
for you. So, were you born
afflicted, or is it a murcury in
the drinking water kind of thing?

Customer #2's scowl pulls into a slight evil GRIN. Low, guttural LAUGHTER, quiet at first emanates from him in mounting intensity, until he is BELLOWING deep evil laughter.

Then swiftly, he GRABS a RIFLE off the wall, GRABS an ammo CLIP off the table, and begins to LOCK and LOAD. Tyler pulls up one of his 50 cal desert Eagles out of the holster lying on the table, and levels it at the guy.

TYLER

Hey special Olympics! You're about
to take a really big bullet!

The man CONTINUES locking and loading, and is halfway through the task of AIMING to fire at Tyler when Tyler DISPATCHES him with a SINGLE, VERY LOUD SHOT to the heart. The guy is BLOWN off his feet.

UPSTAIRS/CHAPEL. DAY.

Hearing the GUNSHOT, the wedding GUESTS begin to PANIC and start FLOODING toward the chapel doors. The REVEREND is already on his way through the DOOR into the RECTORY to investigate. As he EXITS we hear multiple GUNSHOTS coming from OUTSIDE the chapel.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT. DAY

FLEEING wedding GUESTS are RUNNING for their VEHICLES, but many of them are being CUT DOWN by OS gunshots coming from MANY DIRECTIONS.

As we see the BRIDE and GROOM SPRAWLED dead on the church LAWN, and people CRASHING their VEHICLES into each other trying to GET AWAY, we notice UNIFORMED POLICE in the background amongst neighboring houses AIMING and FIRING their weapons.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT.

It's down to TYLER and CUSTOMER #1 now. They both REACT to the sound of GUNSHOTS coming from OUTSIDE, looking up in that direction. Tyler's got his DESERT EAGLE POINTED pointed at customer #1'. Customer #1 is SCARED and looking for a way out.

TYLER

You wanna tell me what in the blue fuck just happened here?!

CUSTOMER#1

Oh hell no nigga! You tell me whussup! Yeah! Cuz I think you on some shit!!

We hear the OS VOICE of a little GIRL coming down the STAIRS to the basement.

GIRL/O.S.

Mommie! Mommie where are you?!

The GIRL OPENS the DOOR, she's about three years old, she TODDLES into the room.

GIRL

I can't find my mommy!

TYLER

Hey kiddo, your mom's upstairs! You need to go upstairs now!

(CONTINUED)

Too late! CUSTOMER #1 SCOOPS UP the girl, who SQUEALS, pulls a PISTOL from his POCKET. The girl starts to CRY.

CUSTOMER#1
(shouting) Just back off nigga
I'll-

But before he can point the gun at the girl's head:

POW!

An OS GUNSHOT gets HIM in the head.

The kid SCREAMS. Tyler sees the girl slipping from the man's grasp, DROPS his gun RUNS to the body of the MAN as he COLLAPSES and DROPS the kid.

Tyler DUCKS and SLIDES under the guy, CATCHING the child as she falls.

He GETS to his FEET with the CHILD in his arms, and looks down at the TWO dead BODIES now on the floor, just as the REVEREND RUSHES in with a still smoking 38 REVOLVER. Like Tyler, He's holding his gun like a professional.

The KID is steadily CRYING now

REVEREND
Jesus Mary and Joseph, Tyler what's
going on here?!

Tyler POINTS to customer#2 as he HANDS the KID to the reverend

TYLER
Short-bus here just went ape! I had
to put him down! What the hell's
goin' on upstairs?!

REVEREND
Don't know. Let's take a look at
the cameras.

the child's MOTHER comes down the stairs. She BARGES in, a chubby, brunette bridesmaid. She looks DEMENTED. Her HAIR is a MESS, and her DRESS is slightly spattered with BLOOD. She SNATCHES the kid from the reverend

MOM
Baby! who are you people! Give her
to me!

REVEREND

Ma'am we're aware of the gunshots.
We do not know what's happening,
but we strongly recommend you stay
down here where it's safe until we
can assess the situation.

She LOOKS around, sees the GUNS, and the two DEAD customers.

MOM

Down here where it's safe?! With
the guns and the dead people?! You
two can go to hell! Come on baby!

She LEAVES, taking the kid with her.

REVEREND

Alright let's have a look at the
cameras.

The Reverend looks at the closed circuit MONITORS: images of
the church property from different angles. We can see dead
BODIES SPRAWLED on the ground, MOVEMENT on others, a closer
look reveals that they are POLICE, and POLICE VEHICLES.

more GUNSHOTS.

Tyler removes a DRAGONOV SNIPER RIFLE and an AK 47 from the
RACK on the wall. he takes the Dragonov into his arms and
hands the AK to the REVEREND as he JOINS him at the cameras.

TYLER

Cops! A lot of cops. Who are they
after?

REVEREND

Whole damn neighborhood from the
looks of it!

TYLER

If they were raiding us they'd have
taken out our cameras by now.

REVEREND

Watch camera three. You see those
houses on Perry street in the
background?

TYLER

sure. (looks) What about em?

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

Watch closely.

ANGLE on security CAMERA THREE: a NEIGHBORHOOD of single family HOMES in the background beyond the church property. Several POLICE RUN thru a back yard, CHASING someone who seems to STUMBLE and FALL.

At that same moment a COFFEE TABLE CRASHES thru a WINDOW of the house behind them.

TYLER

Merry freakin' Christmas! I think
it's time to bounce!

Tyler has seen enough. He opens a folding door, revealing a CLOSET in the wall behind him, and a rack of BODY ARMOR. He puts on one Kevlar VEST, and tosses ANOTHER vest to the reverend who promptly puts it on.

More GUNSHOTS from OUTSIDE, and a distant EXPLOSION Tyler pulls a duffle bag from underneath the table. He begins stuffing it with explosives and ammunition from the table.

REVEREND

This is your fault you know.

TYLER

My fault?

REVEREND

This must be a raid. on you and
your guns.

TYLER

A raid? So I guess they're going
shock and-awe with it by busting up
the whole neighborhood first,
right?

REVEREND

(frustrated/confused) I don't know!
I don't know (beat) Look, take
this:

The Reverend unhooks a large silver CRUCIFIX from a chain around his neck, and hooks it around Tyler's neck.

TYLER

What's this for?

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

Protection. Something evil is
afoot.

TYLER

Whatever. let's move.

REVEREND

It's very old, it used to belong to
to st Sabas.

TYLER

Fine, I promise. let's move

The Reverend reaches past a stack of books on the BOOKSHELF against the far wall. BOOKS rain to the floor as he feels around for something. He FLIPS an unseen switch, and the bookshelf CREAKS open, revealing a hidden PASSAGEWAY. The REVEREND opens it, letting Tyler in with his duffel bag full of goodies. TYLER wears a GAS MASK around his neck now, and hands another one to the Reverend

TYLER

You put this on.

The Reverend hangs the mask around his neck Tyler DISAPPEARS into the DARK. The Reverend FOLLOWS him, and the bookcase clicks SHUT behind them. They come to a small STEPLADDER at the END of the passageway, and the outline of a TRAP DOOR in the ceiling. Tyler OPENS the door, CLIMBS the ladder, and disappears through it, followed by the Reverend. Tyler is heard COLLIDING with unknown objects as he scrambles to his feet on the floor above

INT. TOOLSHED. DAY.

A narrow beam of SUNLIGHT pours thru dark dusty air from the one tiny window in this shed. with lawn mower attachments, rakes, shovels, and pegboard covered walls crowded with hanging tools. Tyler AIMS his Dragonov RIFLE against his shoulder, as he makes his way cautiously to the WINDOW. From his P.O.V. he can see the church PARKING LOT where two SQUAD CARS are now parked at haphazard angles.

TYLER

(over his shoulder) Hey rev. coast
is clear. Gimme the stuff.

The Reverend SCRAMBLES to his feet, smears of DIRT and dead GRASS clippings now marring his suit. They WHISPER as he brushes debris from his clothes:

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

What do we got?

TYLER

Two squad cars in your lot. No movement, but I just know they got a colossal bucket of fuck-it waiting for us out there.

REVEREND

Language Goddamnit. You're in a Goddamned church.

TYLER

No. I'm in a tool shed.

REVEREND

On church property Goddamnit.

TYLER SCANS the area, and sees MOVEMENT in the BACK SEAT of one of the SQUAD CARS.

TYLER

Hold on. We got someone in the back of one of those cars.

REVEREND

Somebody ratted you out, Tyler.

TYLER

Ratted me out huh?

REVEREND

Sure. Probably the same guy they got in the back of that car, waiting to ID you.

TYLER

Doesn't explain why they're zapping out like this. What's really goin' on here?

REVEREND

Why not stay in the church?

TYLER

Bad idea Rev. I'd rather look at the sun with binoculars.

The Reverend peers thru the window into the yard. He makes the SIGN of the CROSS on his chest as he whispers a prayer to himself.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Say what?

REVEREND

(as he picks up duffel bag) Talking
to my boss. let's get out of here.

Tyler gently NUDGES open the shed door with the barrel of his rifle. He AIMS the rifle as he SCANS the outside for signs of activity. He sees NO ONE else

EXT. CHURCH LAWN. DAY

Tyler and the reverend step cautiously out of the shed to behold a neighborhood embroiled in CHAOS and MAYHEM.

MONTAGE/INTERCUT: berserker cops attacking the neighborhood

A.) An entire FAMILY has been herded into a tight SCREAMING GROUP on their front lawn and are SHOT like animals by police.

B.) A WOMAN holding an INFANT flees from the front door of her house. Two COPS, one male one female, are right on her heels they CHASE her across the lawn.

C.) Another woman is RUNNING around the side of a HOUSE, across the PATIO. One of a row of three bay windows on the house EXPLODES as a cop LUNGES through the splintering GLASS and WOOD with no regard for his arms and face, SNATCHES the WOMAN, and DRAGS her inside thru the window frame

D.) A TEENAGER on roller blades in the road is being CHASED by a speeding police CRUISER which runs him down mercilessly. CRUNCH!

BULLETS tear and RICOCHET thru the shed, and the ground before it, kicking up GRASS and DIRT. Tyler and the reverend have been SPOTTED.

TYLER

Plan B! Back in-fucking-side!

The two RUSH back into the shed, as the BULLETS keep coming, and the shadowed interior is becoming increasingly PIERCED by pinholes of DAYLIGHT. They SCRAMBLE thru the trap door into the TUNNEL.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT.

TYLER and the REVEREND barge in closing the book case behind them.

TYLER
Rev, turn on my scanner. The police
band is preset. Just hit the number
one.

The Reverend picks up a pocket sized SCANNER, turns it on and hits a single button. He turns up the volume. Both men LISTEN. Nothing. Static.

TYLER
You've got the wrong channel.

REVEREND
No I don't.

TYLER
Here, give it to me

The Reverend HANDS the scanner to Tyler. Tyler EXAMINES it. He presses a BUTTON labeled preset then the number ONE on the KEYPAD

It SCANS: SILENCE for a moment, then STATIC.

TYLER
Police can't be off the air.

REVEREND
Right. Just like they can't be
throwing furniture through the
windows.

Tyler hits a button labeled SCAN on his scanner. Angle on the SCANNNER.

RACING DIGITS On the LCD screen. It cycles through the bandwidth without stopping.

TYLER
Nothing. Some kind of interference,
and smart money says the cops are
doing it.

In his quest for answers, Tyler puts down the scanner, and looks to the security MONITORS.

(CONTINUED)

Angle on one monitor. It shows the church PARKING LOT with the two squad CARS parked on it. Two uniformed COPS run to one of the cars, get inside, and drive away. With ONE car LEFT the background is more visible revealing SEVERAL other POLICE VEHICLES.

Two more are PEELING OUT and leaving the scene. Tyler is eyeing the one remaining squad car, it's the one with RANIER inside

Suddenly the scanner PICKS UP a single TRANSMISSION. The Reverend picks it up and LOOKS/LISTENS. It sounds like a GAME SHOW. The scanner's LCD DISPLAY READS: UHF32.1400

REVEREND

TV's still on the air

TYLER

What? Look, we have to get out of this town, and I know how we're gonna do it.

REVEREND

We can't leave town. We have to get to K.N.L.C.

TYLER

The TV station? Why?!

REVEREND

They're jamming the radio frequencies. But they probably can't jam the UHF signal at the station, because the signal is too strong. We've got to send a message. Let the world know what's going on.

TYLER

We'll do that. After we get the hell out of town.

REVEREND

And how do we do that?

TYLER

Well it's been my observation that they're not shooting at each other. I think we stand a chance of making it out if we look like one of them.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

My congregation lives in this town,
and right now they need us!

TYLER

we'll bring the cavalry! Now I'm
burnin' out of here and you're
comin' with me!

REVEREND

You can bet they've got the roads
blocked, and trying to break
through a road-block is suicide,
you know that! Now the TV station,
Maybe we got a shot!

TYLER

(frustrated) shit shit shit this is
insane! We can argue about where
we're going when I get back.

REVEREND

Where are you headed?

TYLER

(taps his sniper rifle) Shopping:
for two police uniforms and a squad
car.

TYLER opens the door and disappears into the dark staircase
leading upstairs

EXT. CHURCH BELL TOWER. DAY.

It's CRAMPED up here in the STEEPLE of the church. There's
barely room for TYLER to aim his DRAGONOV up here with the
enormous iron BELL taking up most of the available space.

P.O.V. gun scope: Tyler is looking for a target, and seeing
NUMEROUS PEOPLE throughout the neighborhood lying injured or
dead, in their yards on their balconies, in their driveways
even in the streets. The POLICE appear to be heading back to
their VEHICLES.

A streak of electric CURRENT FLASHES through the air between
two rooftops. It comes with a LOUD CRACKLING BUZZING noise

TYLER

(as he sees this phenomenon) What
in the Blue Hell...

(CONTINUED)

No time to wonder what that was. He has a TARGET to acquire. He finds his TARGET: the PATROL CAR in the church lot below with SOMEONE still in the back. Cop #2 and SGT. Powell are returning to the vehicle in a HURRY.

Powell gets in first, driver's side, then #2 P.O.V. DRAGONOV SCOPE: Tyler Takes aim at #29 as he OPENS the passenger side DOOR.

Tyler takes the SHOT. And #29 DROPS, as half of his HEAD EXPLODES in a shower of GORE.

Now the Dragonov scope finds Powell in the driver's seat. Tyler has a clear shot through the window, IF he acts quickly: Powell, who is already STARTING the CAR seems to have just NOTICED his fallen comrade.

Another muffled SHOT. It gets Powell in the CENTER MASS, but he's still SQUIRMING

INT. SQUAD CAR. DAY.

POWELL is in the driver's seat, WOUNDED in the gut by Tyler's armor piercing round. BLOOD leaks from the hole in his flap jacket. But he's not out of commission.

He's REACHING PAINFULLY for the CB mic on his shoulder.

RANIER, bruised, and painted with blood now LUNGES over Powell's shoulder from the back seat. Handcuffed, he thrusts his arms over Powell's head, and PULLS back, STRANGLING him with the handcuff-chain

RANIER
citizen's arrest motherfucker!

Powell's arms FLAIL as the choke-hold slowly extinguishes him. He becomes still. But Ranier keeps TUGGING and GROWLING, until it becomes clear this is part choke-hold, part nervous breakdown.

EXT. BELL TOWER. DAY

TYLER looks up from the Dragonov scope, SURPRISED but encouraged by what he's just seen.

He SCRAMBLES down the rickety staircase in the floor of the bell tower.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT. DAY.

TYLER BURSTS into the room.

The REVEREND levels his AK at the INTRUSION until he recognizes his friend Tyler opens the BOOKCASE and steps into the passageway.

TYLER
Our ride's here. Get the bag! Pack
up all the C4 and the Semtex and
the detonators!

REVEREND
Why bring that stuff?

TYLER
(O.S inside passageway) Got a
feeling we might need it. Let's go,
We're off like a prom dress!

EXT. CHURCH LAWN. DAY

The tool SHED doors FLY open this time.

TYLER and the REVEREND come out SPRINTING for the one remaining squad CAR.

Tyler reaches the vehicle first. he calls to the Reverend as he YANKS Powell out of the driver's seat and begins removing his UNIFORM.

TYLER
hey Rev! You see that dead cop?

REVEREND
(arriving breathless) Yeah?

TYLER
Put his uniform on! Now!

The Reverend gives Tyler a DISGUSTED LOOK, then puts the uniform on.

RANIER, still handcuffed in the back seat of the car, sticks his head out the window. He almost looks like he's been MAULED by a grizzly bear at this point BLOOD and BRUISES have him covered in shades of red blue and black.

RANIER
Oh thank fucking Christ you guys
are here! Get me out of these
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANIER (cont'd)
 cuffs, I just killed someone with
 these cuffs! Oh God, oh merciful
 fucking Christ, oh mother of shit!
 Oh fucking-

REVEREND
 That tongue will send you straight
 to Hell.

TYLER
 (in Powell's uniform now) Hell's
 already here.

REVEREND
 (looks at new blood spattered
 attire) Is this quite necessary?

TYLER
 'Fraid so!

Uniformed, the two JUMP INTO the front seats of the cruiser,
 LEAVING two dead men in their UNDERWEAR on the lawn

INT POLICE CRUISER. DAY

TYLER and the REVEREND both look like extremely bloody
 policemen.

A police issue TWELVE GAUGE rests on a holster between them
 Ranier in the back leans forward and holds his arms out,
 still cuffed.

RANIER
 Please get these off me!

Tyler turns to look at Ranier and his situation. He notes
 the handcuffs, then the twelve gauge. Tyler grabs the twelve
 gauge, PUMPS IT with his right hand and aims it at the chain
 linking the cuffs, pressing it to the ceiling of the car

TYLER
 Close your eyes homeboy.

Tyler pulls the trigger. The BLAST makes short work of the
 cuff chain, puts a HOLE through the roof of the cruiser and
 SHATTERS the red and blue ROOFTOP LIGHTS in the bargain.

Then, Thru the CB comes the now familiar deep DEMONIC VOICE

(CONTINUED)

DEMON VOICE/DISPATCH

Eleven. Twenty nine. What's your
twenty?

TYLER

you hear that?!

REVEREND

Man's got a voice like three miles
of gravel road.

RANIER

They've all been talking in that
same voice!

TYLER

Wait a minute, they're not on their
usual bandwidth, what's that about?

REVEREND

(concerned) Don't answer that Ty.

Tyler turns the CB off, fires up the cruiser and they PEEL
OFF down the street.

INT. SQUAD CAR. DUSK

Daylight is waning now. As the three through town, a
smorgasbord of SLAUGHTER and CHAOS comes into view. The
police have not only KILLED most of the population, and
DRAGGED them OUTSIDE, but have SABOTAGED or BURNED much of
the TOWN itself:

HOUSES, STORE FRONTS, VEHICLES, PLAYGROUNDS, all VANDALIZED
and DISFIGURED. SMOKE billows into the sky from dozens of
points past the horizons.

RANIER is damn near HYPERVENTILATING as he surveys the
destruction. TYLER looks mildly DISTURBED by it as he
drives. The Reverend is somewhere in the middle.

REVEREND

Tyler Jonathon Perelta, I may not
know what is happening or why, but
I do know this: God has called upon
us.

TYLER

Really? Cuz my phone isn't ringing
right now. Hey, maybe maybe God's
got a shitty wireless plan or
something.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

We can't walk away from this.

TYLER

(as he swerves left) Damn skippy.
That's why we're driving away from
this!

REVEREND

Innocent people are in danger! They
need us.

Tyler SWERVES right, onto a freeway ON-RAMP

TYLER

Yeah? Well we're some of those
people, and we need us! Now put
your seat belt on!

REVEREND

(in Tyler's face) My soul is among
lions! and I lie among them that
are set on fire!

TYLER

Again with the fire and brimstone!
And didn't I tell you to put your
seat belt on?!

REVEREND

Yes! why?!

TYLER

(points ahead) Cuz we're taking a
shortcut to your precious TV
station, and me thinks its gonna be
a bumpy ride!

The cruiser is on a curved ramp leading to an OVERPASS now,
and beyond the exit ramp is a steep EMBANKMENT, leading to a
shallow CREEK, then a FLOODPLAIN with park BENCHES and a
SWING SET, then a steep HILL with a large BUILDING and a
transmitting TOWER with the letters K.N.L.C at the summit.

Tyler is not steering the into the bend anymore. He's
GUNNING it toward the embankment.

the cruiser PLUNGES thru the guardrail, down the embankment,
JOLTING and SPLASHING across the creek, onto the playground,
STRIKING the swingset and a picnic table as they PLOW thru
and up the HILL with tires SPINNING and soil FLYING behind
them.

(CONTINUED)

It LEAPS onto the lot from the edge of the embankment, dented, scratched plastered with foliage, and grinds to a HALT in the middle of the parking LOT.

Angle on the building's rooftop TRANSMITTER. several POLICE are up there doing something to it.

INT. POLICE CRUISER. DUSK.

TYLER

You see em?

REVEREND

Yeah. Cops, they're doing something at the tower.

TYLER

Bet it's not routine maintenance.

RANIER

They're sabotaging it.

REVEREND

They must be reading our minds like a damned newspaper. I mean how sneaky do we have to be?

TYLER

Let's find out. Gentlemen...

TYLER gets out of the car with the DRAGONOV SVD SNIPER RIFLE

REVEREND

Where are you going?

TYLER

(winks) Somewhere sneaky. Park this car for me, will ya?

EXT. PARKING LOT. DUSK

TYLER is hunkered down on the back of a CAR, AIMING his dragonov

P.O.V. / DRAGONOV GUNSCOPE: Honing in on the ACTIVITY on the roof: four SWAT men are on the roof building a BOMB with a digital DETONATOR flashing: 15:00. the man's back is turned.

Tyler takes the shot.

Gets the SWAT man right through the head, but he falls on the trigger, and STARTS the timer 14:59 14:58 14:57

Tyler SNIPES two more of them before they REALIZE what's happening to them. The third is FOLLOWED by the SCOPE as he scrambles inside through a SERVICE DOOR, but Tyler can't get a shot now.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DUSK

TYLER gets off of the car and RUNS back to the CRUISER.

INT. CRUISER. DUSK

TYLER gets in throwing his WEAPON in ahead of him. He starts the car up.

TYLER

(while setting his WATCH) Well news comes in two flavors, and we've got both. They were trying to blow up the transmitter, but I took out three of them. Now the bad news:

RANIER

Oh merciful fucking Christ! bad news! there's always bad news today!

TYLER

One of them got away, and the detonator is armed, giving us fourteen minutes to do something about it. On a personal note I have now killed five policemen. life as I know it is over.

REVEREND

I have a feeling life as we all know it is over.

TYLER

I didn't get a good look at that bomb, but depending on what type it is I might be able to disarm it. But I have to be on that roof in five minutes. Meantime you guys get to the news desk, assess the situation and take control.

TYLER FIRES UP the engine, and they start for the LOADING DOCK.

EXT. LOADING DOCK. DUSK

TYLER eases the CRUISER slowly into to the last parking space next to the loading dock. He turns to the other two

TYLER

Ok if this is going to work we'll have to split up, meaning I go up to the roof and take care of that bomb, while you guys get to the studio and find the news desk. See if there's anyone in there who can help you. Don't think. just shoot anything with a badge.

RANIER

Oh Jesus on a stick!

REVEREND

I don't want to pair up with him.

TYLER

Why not?

RANIER

Oh merciful Christ, we are so fucked.

REVEREND

That's why!

TYLER

Ok. Ranier, I need you to go ahead and leave Jesus out of your pissing and moaning, it's settin' off the big feller here. Reverend, I need you cut homeboy some slack, he's not exactly soldier material. Now look in the bag. Get me some fifty caliber SLAP rounds, and seven six two tungsten carbides.

The Reverend reaches into their BAG of goodies, he's looking for the right ammunition.

One by one he picks out a group of long, slender, pointed bullets with 7.62 mm embossed on the shell casings. He gets about ten of them, then he picks out two large, straight, semi-automatic CLIPS. Then a spare BANANA clip for his AK. Ranier watches the other two as they lock and load with smug determination.

(CONTINUED)

RANIER

Where's my gun?

Tyler grabs the police issue TWELVE GAUGE and hands it back to him. Tyler and the Reverend GLANCE at one another

TYLER

You ready?

REVEREND

No.

TYLER

C'mon. We're trained for this, you and I.

REVEREND

It's been a long time. Kosovo? Chechnya? That was fifteen years ago, man.

TYLER

You're a warrior. You're a killing machine.

REVEREND

I most certainly am not.

TYLER

Oh yes you are, know why?. Because you're wearing the Breastplate of Righteousness. The Armor of God. We're saving innocent lives, Rev. We're fighting the good fight. We're executing God's holy judgment on these asswipes. Now let's go buddy!

REVEREND

(determined) I'm a killing machine. killing machine.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO.

The Reverend and Ranier sneak up to the entrance to the studio to find that FOUR armed COPS are on the set and appear to be GUARDING the place: three by the desk, and one at the control booth. TWO DEAD NEWSCASTERS a man and a woman, sit FACE DOWN in PUDDLES of BLOOD at the news-desk. Ranier and the Reverend are WHISPERING to each other:

(CONTINUED)

RANIER

We have to take them out, don't we?

REVEREND

(Praying) Lord God forgive me for what I am about to do. And please Lord, extend a hedge of protection around us now.

The Reverend walks into the studio with his AK and LIGHTS UP the three cops at the news desk. The Reverend keeps it coming until they're WASTED and sprawled on the floor of the studio.

But The FOURTH COP gets the DROP on the Reverend. HE DRAWS his GLOK 9MM and levels it at him for a kill-shot.

RANIER aims the SHOTGUN at the cop and FIRES Ranier HITS the cop, but the cop's body armor takes the brunt of the blast.

He STAGGERS, regains his balance and turns his gun on Ranier.

The Reverend empties the rest of his clip into the cop, who is PROPELLED through the window of the control booth.

RANIER

Thanks!

REVEREND

Ditto!

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT

In the shadows, TYLER HIDES, WATCHING one cop who is TALKING into his CB shoulder mic. The THREE Tyler SHOT are still lying SPRAWLED on different parts of the roof.

The BOMB seen more closely now. Its digits are ticking away: 2:59 2:58 2:57 Tyler SNIPES the cop, shoulders his Dragonov, and RUNS up to the bomb with his FIFTY CALS drawn and AIMED with arms crossed, checking in all directions to make sure the coast is clear.

The COP who was guarding the bomb lies DEAD several feet away He holsters the guns and looks at the bomb:

2:44 2:43 2:42

He follows individual wires with his finger. Tyler is THINKING. EXAMINING the bomb.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
(whispering) Oh balls.

Tyler SEES a SCREWDRIVER on the ground. He picks it up. And USES it to PUSH on one tiny junction in a CIRCUIT BOARD on the bomb. The CLOCK RESETS:-- 15:00 14:59 14:58

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The REVEREND and RANIER RUSH into the room. They stop and look at all the COMPUTERS, LIGHT BOARDS, SOUND BOARDS and numerous MONITOR SCREENS..

REVEREND
Think you can make sense of any of this?

RANIER
Sorry Rev. My degree says 'law' not 'communication arts'

Movement. SOMEONE is HIDING under one of the sound-boards

O.S. VOICE
OK I'm coming out. I'm not armed.
Please don't shoot, cool?

The Reverend and Ranier both aim their weapons in the DIRECTION of the voice:

It's a YOUNG MAN, a COLLEGE BOY. Short blond and slightly fat, wearing a SWEATSHIRT with the LETTERS: KNLC he has his HANDS in the AIR

YOUNG MAN
Can you tell me what's happening?
The cops were in here, shooting everyone in the studio!

RANIER
It's happening all over town. As near as we can tell, the Paradise Falls Police Department has - I don't know - contracted rabies or something.

The kid is STUNNED, wordless, he turns to the Reverend

REVEREND
That's why we're here. The land lines have been cut, and the cell frequencies jammed. This station is
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND (cont'd)
our only line of communication. We
have to get a message out.

YOUNG MAN
We can bring the emergency alert
system for the state of Kansas
online. It'll take a few minutes,
but I can do it. I need someone to
man the news-desk.

REVEREND
Son, I need you to work quickly.
Your transmitter may or may not be
exploding in the next few minutes.
The police rigged it with a bomb.

YOUNG MAN
Holy shit!(pause, notices the
Reverend's collar.) oh. Sorry
father.

REVEREND
We've got someone looking at it,
but we can't pin our hopes on that.
If the clock's still ticking we've
got about four minutes.

TYLER
(O.S.) Eight minutes.

Tyler RUSHES IN, breathless.

TYLER
I couldn't disarm it. Damn thing
had a fail-safe circuit, but I
managed to reset the timer. (beat,
looks at bloody news-desk) Knights
of Columbus! Did they shoot the
weather man too?

REVEREND
Tyler, this is - I apologize son, I
didn't get your name.

YOUNG MAN
Roger.

REVEREND
Roger here knows how to get us on
the air.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
 (while fiddling with the
 sound-board) yes I do, but I need
 someone to star in this production.

TYLER
 Speak into the camera. Enunciate
 the key word in every sentence, sit
 up straight. Yeah I can do the
 anchorman thing.

ROGER
 Great. Get out there.

TYLER
 (as he exits) hey, while I'm on the
 air, can I give a shout out to my
 homies?

INT.NEWSDESK.

Tyler arrives at the news desk, REACTS to the ANCHORMAN and ANCHORWOMAN SPRAWLED on the desk in PUDDLES of BLOOD. Tyler HEAVES the bodies aside.

The WOMAN SLUMPS to the floor. Tyler SITS DOWN at the news desk as if all is fine and well. But BEHIND HIM on the wall, WRITTEN in the BLOOD of some poor newscaster or cameraman, the words:

WE ARE ABADDON

Tyler DOES NOT SEE this, but the REVEREND DOES from the camera's eye view, on a monitor in the control room. The Reverend's EYES WIDEN in recognition of the NAME ABADDON.

REVEREND
 (whispering) The police. The police
 are the locusts.

SUPER IN/OUT

BLUE SCREEN with a MAP image of the U.S. overlaid with the LETTERS: E.A.S.

VOICE (V.O.)
 This is the emergency alert system
 for the state of Kansas. This is
 not a test. Please stay tuned for
 the following emergency message:

POV / E.A.S. BROADCAST

(CONTINUED)

Tyler appears sitting at the news-desk with his sniper rifle hanging on his shoulder, and puddles of blood before him on the desk.

ROGER

You're on in five. Four. Three.
Two...

TYLER

Hello. This is an Emer-

Tyler is CUT OFF by the SOUND of an EXPLOSION. He looks in the direction of the control room. the REVEREND and RANIER stare back at him, STUNNED.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

ROGER is pushing a MILLION buttons and looking at the MONITOR screens whose images have been replaced by STATIC. He does NOT look HAPPY.

ROGER

They did it. They blew up the tower.

POV / NEWS CAMERA

TYLER

We should've had a good six minutes.

REVEREND

They'll be coming for us Ty.

P.O.V. NEWS CAMERA

TYLER

I know it.

REVEREND

(To Roger) Is there another way out of here?

ROGER

(looks to an AC DUCT.) I believe there is, yes.

TYLER enters the control room to find the Reverend and Roger both staring at the AC duct.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND
(pointing) Roger says this is our
way out.

ROGER PULLS the GRATE off the AC duct, revealing an ESCAPE
with about TWO AND A HALF FEET of space to squeeze through.
ROGER crawls in first, followed by the REVEREND and then
TYLER

ROGER
Last one in put the grate back on.

TYLER puts the GRATE back from inside ENCLOSING them. They
get about three steps into the duct when they HEAR many
FOOTFALLS pour into the STUDIO

TYLER
(whispering) Move quietly.

INT. TV STATION SUB-BASEMENT. DAY.

It is a LARGE LOW ROOM with cinder block walls and no drop
ceiling.

A GRATE in one of the EXPOSED VENTILATION DUCTS running
along the ceiling is STRUCK several times with an OBJECT
that turns out to be the BUTT of a RIFLE as the grate is
DETACHED and falls to the floor with the final strike.

First TYLER drops out, then the REVEREND, then RANIER, then
the duffel bag which is caught by Tyler as it is dropped,
then ROGER. All four dust themselves off.

ROGER
I don't get it. What's wrong with
them?

RANIER
I don't know. I think they're on
something, man. Hopped up. I mean
maybe these fuckers got into the
evidence locker or something.

ROGER
Maybe it's some kind of chemical
warfare, like terrorism.

REVEREND
I'll tell you what's wrong with
them. They're possessed by a demon.
one of the worst.

Awkward SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Ok Rev. Ranier's theory was unlikely. Roger's was, frankly, out there, but demons?! You gotta be shittin' me!

REVEREND

The writing was on the wall Ty.

TYLER

Thou speakest in riddles. Thou needest to cut that shit out now.

REVEREND

Behind you, at the news-desk. It was written in blood. Abaddon is the Angel of the bottomless pit referred to in Revelation. He was given power over the locusts who were eating up the land. We've met some of those locusts this afternoon. They had 'serve and protect' written on the side of their cars.

TYLER

Ok, now I know you've gone loony tunes! Anytime someone starts quoting Revelations - the kookiest book in the bible as I have heard you call it, they're loony tunes!

RANIER

No, he's right about them calling themselves Abaddon. They've been saying that all afternoon, and some crap about bottomless pits or megahertz!

TYLER

You're both loony tunes! What we need to be discussing is how to get out of here. Now all this climbing through ventilation ducts a-la-Die-Hard has given me an idea: The storm drains. There should be an opening here. This is the sub-basement. Paradise Falls is in a valley. It has an extensive drainage system to keep the streets and basements from flooding.

(CONTINUED)

RANIER

How are we going to get a message out now?

TYLER

I can only think of one way to get the world's attention now, and it's dangerous. So I'll be flying solo on this.

REVEREND

What do you have in mind?

TYLER

We gotta blow something up. Something that makes a big Goddamned boom.

RANIER

The nearest town - where God willing the same thing is not occurring - is Pandalton, and that's fifteen Goddamned miles away!

ROGER

Yeah, I mean what do you plan to blow up that's gonna be seen that far away.

TYLER

What I have in mind would easily be seen from fifty miles. At night probably as far away as Topeka.

REVEREND

We don't have anything in this town that would make an explosion that big.

TYLER

Yes we do. The propane refinery.

ROGER

No shit! That would take out half the town in the process!

TYLER

Not quite. But anything inside a thousand yards of the place would be toast. They've got propane storage tanks there fifty feet long. I got enough C4 to blow all of them, and the detonators to do

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (cont'd)
it by remote. So you see, I'm going
hard with this now.

REVEREND
But first we'll need a map of the
storm drains in this town. Figure
out where we can and can't go.

RANIER
City Hall. The zoning
commissioner's office has all of
that on file.

ROGER
Alright. I think the drain under
here runs down to the playground.
That'll get us far enough from the
station.

TYLER
From there we'll follow the creek.
It runs right past city hall. Find
me a manhole, or something that
looks like it.

The four SPLIT UP and start LOOKING for a WAY OUT.

FADE TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT.

RANIER is in the corner, looking through a gap in a large
stack of LARGE PLASTIC BARRELS. He CALLS to the others.0

REVEREND
Hey fellas, I think I got it!

The OTHER THREE join him, peering through the gap

REVEREND
There's a metal grate back there. I
hear water running. Help me move
these.

TYLER TIPS OVER an entire STACK of the BARRELS. They come
CRASHING to the floor.

The OTHER THREE CLEAR AWAY remaining barrels to REVEAL a
MANHOLE with a GRATE back by the wall. The sound of
TRICKLING WATER emanates from beneath.

Tyler and the Reverend HEAVE the grate aside, and PEER in.

EXT. DRAINPIPE EXIT. NIGHT

The FOUR EXIT through a FOUR FOOT drain PIPE, from which a trickle of water leaks DOWNHILL to the CREEK. They are just beneath the playground. The REVEREND and TYLER both have NIGHT VISION GOGGLES cocked up over their foreheads.

TYLER

This way. Stay close and stay quiet

EXT. BEHIND COURTHOUSE. NIGHT

The FOUR creep through the park silently, all armed except ROGER, keeping their guns trained, and ready to shoot. They come to a BACK DOOR of City Hall. It is LOCKED with a KEYCARD entry panel mounted on the wall next to it.

TYLER tries the door. An enormous current of STATIC ELECTRICITY covers Tyler's hand as he touches the knob. The BRIGHT FLASH BURNS his hand. He RECOILS from it.

TYLER

Ouch!! What in Samhain was that?!

ROGER

Holy heck it's real!

REVEREND

What's real?

ROGER

The electromagnetic field blocking communications!

TYLER

(as he shakes his burning hand) Yes we know that! thank you!

ROGER

No you don't understand. That's why you got jolted. Static charges are going to keep building up in conductive objects. Metal, glass, wood, people!

REVEREND

We're all going to start getting zapped like that?

ROGER

The human body is highly conductive. It makes a great antenna.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Ok terrific. Static electricity is now strong enough to do this:

TYLER

holds out the HAND he used to touch the door knob. Several of his fingers are BURNED with streaks of RED AND BLACK.

RANIER

Let's get the Hell inside. I don't like being out here.

TYLER

Yeah, let's do that.

EXT.CITY HALL COURTYARD. NIGHT

The FOUR SNEAK up on the front of CITY HALL. It is across the street from the COURTHOUSE and the FOUNTIAN OF BLOODY DEATH.

When they SEE IT, they STOP and are STUNNED.

Angle on the FOUNTAIN with its MOUNTAIN of DEAD bodies, which is much LARGER now. TALLER AND the INSCRIPTION in BLOOD on the Courthouse DOORS:

ABADDON IS LAW.

RANIER turns and VOMITS immediately. And AGAIN. The other three are too stunned for words. The REVEREND makes the sign of the cross on his chest.

REVEREND

Lord God bless these innocent souls, and accept them into your kingdom

RANIER

(on his knees) I know those people. oh God I know them! (turns to look) Cassy! Robert! Luke! Martin! Roz, he was a stenographer! Colleen, Anthony they were court clerks! Annette Morgan she was a public defender for Christ sake! And oh merciful fucking Christ (beat) judge Weinling! Where is the rest of her?! Oh-(vomits some more)

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND
They all worked at the courthouse?

RANIER
(crying now) yes. Yes!

REVEREND
this demon is sending us a message.
He wants us to know he makes the
rules.

TYLER
So we're sending messages now? OK.

TYLER turns to the courthouse, DRAWS both FIFTY CAL
automatics, and MAKES SHORT WORK of the GLASS walled LOBBY.
TYLER marches INSIDE.

The others FOLLOW.

As they walk inside each one in turn SETS OFF the METAL
DETECTOR.

INT. COURTHOUSE/ZONING COMMISSION OFFICE

The OFFICE is a CUBE FARM partitioned off into dozens of
CUBICLES. All FOUR of them are SEARCHING the place.

ZAP! another current of ELECTRICITY leaps from one of the
desktop COMPUTERS

TYLER
(OS) OW! Why do I keep getting
zapped?!

ROGER
Some people are better conductors
than others! It's been postulated
that that is the mechanism behind
spontaneous human combustion.

RANIER
(distracted, upset.) Try to find
blueprints. Maps.

ROGER
Got it! This is the Irrigation
Development Office.

(CONTINUED)

The others RUSH to roger's cubicle. He is UNFOLDING a large BLUEPRINT of the town's IRRIGATION SYSTEM. Angle on the blueprint: it shows all the drain pipes running under the streets of the town. TYLER points to an AREA OF PROPERTY in the upper left hand corner.

TYLER

Here's the propane refinery.

REVEREND

You've got a drain running from here to here, but nothing leading onto the property.

ROGER

Nothing on the map anyway

RANIER

EPA rules. You can't let runoff from a plant like that into a watershed.

TYLER

How old are those laws

RANIER

Clean water act has been on the books since the 1972.

TYLER

Propane plant's been around a lot longer than that.

REVEREND

What are you thinking Ty?

The SOUND of FOOTFALLS in the hallway! TYLER is the first to hear them.

TYLER

(hushed)Get down and spread out!
Rog, stay with me

The overhead LIGHTS go OUT as The REVEREND (with duffel bag) and RANIER MOVE OFF in opposite directions.

Each hunkers down in neighboring cubicles, as a SWAT UNIT POURS into the room, FANNING OUT, SEARCHING. Spotlights pour through the room.

TYLER is the first to be SPOTTED by a SWAT. He's lying under a desk with the DRAGONOV already poised.

(CONTINUED)

Tyler gets him, quietly, he DROPS. The other units haven't noticed yet. Tyler DRAGS the body in, gaining a COMPACT SUB-MACHINE GUN for ROGER. He hands it to him. Silently shows him where the trigger is, how to hold it.

Roger's EYES WIDEN. Someone is BEHIND them. Tyler's back is turned. no time. ROGER pushes TYLER aside and SQUEEZES OFF half a dozen rounds at a FEMALE SWAT who FIRES BACK.

The SWAT is only GRAZED ON THE SHOULDER. ANOTHER round hits her FLAP JACKET ROGER however, takes MULTIPLE SHOTS and is BLOWN AWAY.

CHAOS, and AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE fill the room now. DEBRIS made by the STORM of gunfire FLIES in all directions, Tyler's cubicle is taking heavy fire, a SHITSTORM RAINS DOWN as he TAKES COVER. He can't even get a shot.

KBLOOM! A GRENADE EXPLODES in the hallway!

TWO MORE live ones are TOSSED to opposite ends of the cube farm. From the Reverend's cubicle as the next two lovely parting gifts EXPLODE, LEVELING a third of the cube farm. HE is LOBBING GRENADES with IMPUNITY.

REVEREND

(agitated) y'all wanna get the
Reverend angry!? OK Reverend Angry
Now!

He THROWS TWO MORE BOOM! and BOOM!

REVEREND

Reverend coming to DEAL with evil!
Stay tuned, mothafuckers!! Stay
tuned!

The Reverend STANDS, and SPRAYS the THREE remaining S.W.A.T.S with a STORM of HOT LEAD.

TYLER EMERGES from his cube brandishing a THROWING BLADE. He PITCHES it HARD, and GETS ONE of the one of the remaining three RIGHT THROUGH the EYE. The man DROPS over DEAD

Then Tyler DRAWS HIS 50 CAL. HANDGUNS, and EMPTIES A CLIP into EACH the remaining TWO, blowing the ARM off of one, and the HEAD and LEFT SHOULDER off of the last.

DEBRIS still RAINS to the floor, The SPRINKLER SYSTEM engages. SHOWERING everything FINGERS of ELECTRICITY LEAP across the DEVESTATED room

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Reverend! (beat) don't let that
Semtex get zapped! (beat) you hear
me?!

Hearing no response, Tyler TURNS to find the REVEREND standing with his weapon lowered looking at a VERY DECEASED Roger. He is laid out on a desk PUNCTURED and BLOODY. TYLER approaches, as RANIER in the background FINISHES OFF two dying SWATs. Each shot from his 12 gauge THUNDERS throughout the room.

TYLER

He pushed me. He saved my life.

REVEREND

This has to end. This evil presence
must be banished to Hell

TYLER

You really think this is a demon?

REVEREND

Tyler, you and I have never seen
eye to eye on the subject of
demons, and of Hell, but these
things are real. Perhaps we don't
understand them fully, but they
exist. I know this enemy, and so
does the bible.

TYLER

Abaddon.

REVEREND

Angel of the bottomless pit.

TYLER

Just what and where is this
bottomless pit?

REVEREND

.A metaphor perhaps, for the place
this thing has been hiding. a pit.
A cage. And this thing has to be
put back in it.

A MOAN from a wounded SWAT on the floor. It's the female SWAT who killed Roger. She's SQUIRMING Ranier COCKS his shotgun, and AIMS it at her.

(CONTINUED)

RANIER
I got this one.

REVEREND
Wait!

The other two follow.

Angle on the FEMALE SWAT. She's discarded her helmet and vest now, and is REVEALED to be a BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN with long ropey hair. Her FACE is pulled into a SCOWL. Though IMMOBILIZED, she's clearly POSSESSED. She's GROWLING and GRIMICING.

REVEREND
Who are you? Why are you doing this?

SWAT
(demonic) Abaddon is law!

RANIER
What say we just euthanize the bitch.

REVEREND
She's not the enemy. None of them are.

RANIER
Excuse me?! Did she not just murder the shit out of roger just now?!

REVEREND
Abaddon murdered him.

RANIER
Yes, yes! The devil made her do it. Bullshit!

REVEREND
We'll just see about that.

The REVEREND reaches inside his flap jacket and pulls out a POCKET-SIZED BIBLE. SHE RECOILS, as the SPRINKLERS cut OFF, and more BZZAAP! Of electric current comes from HERE and THERE.

REVEREND
In the name of my Lord Christ Jesus
I command you foul fetid spirit to
come out!

SWAT girl HOWLS. Ranier looks on, disgusted. The Reverend PLACES the BIBLE against her forehead.

REVEREND

Leave the body of this innocent woman I command you in the name of the everlasting Lord of Lords, King of Kings!

She SCREAMS, WRITHING and CLAWING at herself.

RANIER

I don't think this hocus-pocus monkey-shit is helping right now, preacher!

TYLER turns and COLD COCKS Ranier. Ranier DROPS his gun and hits the floor. HER screaming INTENSIFIES

REVEREND

Putrid devil you leave this body now! In the name of the Almighty Father ! The Son! And Holy spirit! I cast you out of this innocent body! In the name of the almighty Father God. In the Name of Christ Jesus be gone!!

The REVEREND GRABS her as he chants and HOLDS her close with the BIBLE between them. Her SCREAMING and SCOWLING builds to a CRESCENDO.

FINGERS OF BLUE CURRENT come ZAPPING from all across the room, CONVERGING on the REVEREND and the SWAT girl. Both are KNOCKED on their backs, UNCONSCIOUS. TYLER RUSHES to the Reverend's side RANIER gets up slowly, DAZED

TYLER

Rev! Owen!

RANIER

(sits up, dazed) Wha' th' Hell jus' happened?

The REVEREND snaps out of it. He gets to his feet, he's in better shape than Ranier.

The GIRL is CONSCIOUS now, she is CRYING SOFTLY. The Reverend approaches her. Turns her over, she is a little BEAT UP, but clearly EXORCISED of the presence of Abaddon.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

Can you tell us your name?

ATHENA

Athena. I remember everything. Oh God I am so sorry. Oh God I-

REVEREND

It wasn't you.

ATHENA

It was. (beat) he made me do it, but I did it. my unit killed a bus full of high school students this afternoon.

REVEREND

Sister listen to me. You are not responsible for the existence of evil, it does not make you evil. It is a force beyond your control. Can you stand?

ATHENA

Yeah.(gets to her feet) The rest of my team? are they... (can't find the words)

REVEREND

Yes. I'm sorry.

ATHENA

(another tear) I remember everything. I know what he's trying to do. We have to-

K'klack! RANIER AIMS his shotgun at her, and PUMPS another slug into the chamber. The Reverend HOLDS his HAND up to Ranier.

REVEREND

Don't even think about it!

RANIER

Oh I'm way past thinking about it

GIRL

That thing is out of me! OK?!

RANIER

No. not OK. Now the Reverend here, maybe he goes for that hocus pocus demonic possession shit, but I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANIER (cont'd)
think otherwise! You don't just
wave a magic wand, toss some voodoo
chicken bones around and become one
of the good guys!

ATHENA
What are you going to do? Shoot me
just for some piece of mind?

RANIER
Sounds like a plan!

Tyler shoulders his DRAGONOV, and looks at RANIER, (who is
still pointing the shotgun,) with DISGUST.

Tyler TAKES CHARGE now. Slipping underneath Ranier's arm,
GRABBING him at the elbow and FLIPPING him JUDO style over
his back and down to the floor.

SMACK! Tyler has Ranier's shotgun pointed down at him now as
he lies flat on his back.

TYLER
I've had just about enough of you,
kum-dumpster!

Ranier throws a TANTRUM. Shouting up at TYLER

RANIER
I've seen so much Death! Murder!
everyone I work with! everyone I
know! dead! Fucking dead!!

REVEREND
I'm starting to wish you'd joined
them

TYLER
I suppose the devil's cutting you a
break for the moment, because he
knows you're a damn shoe -in for
Hell!

ATHENA
Please! (trying not to cry) Don't
you get it?! This is what it wants!
More conflict, more hate! That's
what this thing is. hate! It wants
us to tear our species to shreds!
It wants to make us kill each other
for its amusement! Shake up the jar
and make 'em fight like a bunch of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA (cont'd)
fucking insects! That's all we are
to him!

REVEREND
Locusts. And they had a king over
them, whose name in the Hebrew
tongue is Abaddon. Revelations
nine, verse eleven. Nine one one.
now tell me there are no codes in
the bible.

She LEANS back against a cubicle WALL, and SLIDES down into
a SQUATTING position. EXHAUSTED. SILENCE for a beat or two,
and

REVEREND
Athena, what can you tell us about
all this?

ATHENA
My team was dispatched to eliminate
all of you except Tyler Perelta,
and capture him. Abaddon wants to
know where your armor piercing
ammunition and explosives came
from. He already knows what you're
planning to do at the propane
plant. He's got the place staked
out.

TYLER
Does he know we're planning to get
there through the storm drains?

ATHENA
No. but it's only a matter of time
before he figures it out.

REVEREND
The information he does have; where
does he get it?

ATHENA
He's a demon older than time. His
IQ is off the charts. I shared his
mind, and believe me, most of what
he knows is beyond our
comprehension. He knows he can't
hide from the rest of the world
much longer. He knows a military
presence is inevitable. He wants
that. He has plans for the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA (cont'd)
military, but he's not through with
us yet.

REVEREND
Why not yet?

ATHENA
He wants to know about you, Tyler.
He's lifted your fingerprints from
the TV station. He's found your
records - criminal, medical,
employment - all sealed by order of
the Department of Defense. He wants
to know why. Frankly, I want to
know why.

The REVEREND and TYLER exchange HEAVY glances.

REVEREND
Might as well spill it brother.

TYLER
I sell weapons explosives to all
kinds of clients, some of whom are
fighting wars in which America has
a vested interest. Oh sure, battles
that America can't openly support
are going on all the time, all over
the place. But Uncle Sam doesn't
want to get his red-white-n-blue
hands dirty. That's where I come
in.

ATHENA
I've heard of you. The department's
been trying to nail you guys for
years. They could never get a
search warrant or a wire tap order
or anything. You're saying we were
being federally stonewalled to
protect your clientele's best
interests?

REVEREND
America's best interests. We were
what some would call a necessary
evil.

ATHENA
Make no mistake - there is a place
called Hell, and this thing does
not meet with Hell's approval. Hell

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA (cont'd)
has rules. Abaddon couldn't follow
them. That's why he's here. He's
too fucked up for Hell

TYLER
Seems to me we should attack this
thing at its source. Where did it
come from?

ATHENA
The airwaves. photons. Hell sent it
there, in exile. but Hell made a
mistake.

Another BRANCHING CURRENT of STATIC leaps from the ceiling
to multiple points in the WRECKAGE of the cube farm.

TYLER
'Static-cling.' The whole town's
getting it.

ATHENA
The mobile phone jammers are
causing it. They're in the trunks
of the squad cars. And they've got
additional units planted throughout
the town. it's creating a static
electrical field

TYLER
Alright so we've got two theatres
of operations. Rev, you and Ranier
take one of the SWAT trucks, look
for survivors on your way to the
church. It's hallowed ground there.
We've seen them. They can't touch
it. Meanwhile, I will be headed for
the propane refinery.

ATHENA
I'm trained in explosives. And I
know the propane plant. Two of us
will have that place wired in half
the time.

The FOUR EXIT the room, STEPPING OVER dead BODIES and
cube-farm AFTERMATH as they go.

FADE TO:

EXT.DRAIN-PIPE ENTRANCE. NIGHT

TYLER and ATHENA'S SWAT van CROSSES a small BRIDGE over a concrete DRAINAGE DITCH. Its dry bed is generously clogged with rocks, tree trunks and other debris.

It runs into a four foot DRAIN PIPE at an embankment that runs underneath a hilly wooded area Tyler and Athena both EXIT the truck WEARING NIGHT VISION goggles. They TRUDGE down to the ENTRANCE of the TUNNEL.

ATHENA

Hey gun-runner. Hey merchant of death. Let me get something straight alright? I'm working with you on this one. But I'm a cop, and you're a criminal, so there won't be any candle-light dinners or long walks in the park. ok?

Tyler PRETENDS to CRY for a moment

FADE TO:

INT DRAIN-PIPE.NIGHT / POV NIGHT VISION

Tyler and Athena come to a JUNCTION with three OTHER STORM DRAINS of varying size. They're in a large, concrete cavern, awash with the sound of dripping and running water. its DIRTY CONCRETE dimensions are BIG enough for them to STAND in.

Suddenly, FLASHLIGHT BEAMS reveal uniformed SOLDIERS, FOUR OF THEM all with GUNS trained on Tyler and Athena.

SOLDIER#1

Drop your weapons!

Tyler sees INSIGNIA on their UNIFORMS. It reads: PandORA He and Athena lay their weapons down, slowly.

TYLER

You do exist.

SOLDIER #1

officially we don't. and neither do your plans to destroy the propane refinery.

TYLER

And how's that?

(CONTINUED)

FOOTSTEPS, ANOTHER SOLDIER enters the junction from one of the larger drainpipes. It is an OFFICER. An older, white man with graying hair. Lines of age on his face tells us he's in charge.

OFFICER

Tyler Perelta. You have had a number of guardian angels in this world over the years: the D.O.D the C.I.A, the N.S.A, but only one agency can help you now.

TYLER

Oh here we go with the Cloak and Dagger shit.

ATHENA

You know these jarheads?

TYLER

Heard of them. PandORA: Stands for Paranormal and Occult Related Affairs. Rumored to be the intelligence division of the Vatican Army, among other things. Essentially, if the Ghostbusters worked for the C.I.A. they'd be these clowns.

OFFICER

Mr. Parelta, your home town of Paradise Falls has shown up on our paranormal RADAR. We have a satellite grid that tracks supernatural activity, and you have a very large energy signature here. Large and quite malignant, demonic we believe. in fact it's the most powerful we've ever seen.

TYLER

So why are we talking?

SOLDIER#2

You won't be blowing up the propane refinery.

Tyler in C.U., takes a GLOB of something out of his duffel bag and slips it into a side pocket)

OFFICER

At six AM tomorrow morning. A chemical weapon will be released.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER (cont'd)

Officially It will be the act of terrorists, but your country will never find them.

SOLDIER#1

Hand over the bag.

Tyler holds the duffel BAG out, and DROPS it.

OFFICER

(as he inspects the bag.) We've been at work for centuries Mr. Perelta

TYLER

Then take a fuckin' coffee break.

OFFICER

The Chicago fire of 1871. the Halifax explosion. The second bomb dropped on Nagasaki. The supernatural threatens our way of life all the time. But the greatest threat is public knowledge of its existence. You'd be surprised how many of history's major disasters have been manufactured to hide things far more threatening.

ATHENA

The truth is never a threat.

OFFICER

In times like this it is the ultimate threat.

TYLER

Wait a minute. Mrs. O-Leary's cow?!

OFFICER

I beg your pardon

TYLER

That's The best cover story you could manage? Some Irish chick's cow kicked over a lantern, set the whole city of Chicago on fire? Are you shittin' me?!

OFFICER

We won't put a stop to your mission without giving you alternatives.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Oh yeah! Alternatives! Like, what?
Instead of the propane refinery
maybe we blow up the donut shop?!
Sure, we'll get about half the cops
in the explosion, and how long
could the rest of them survive
without donuts?

ATHENA, pissed at Tyler's stereotyping of police TURNS to
him with her ARM COCKED for a punch.

ATHENA

Oh now see, you're gettin' ready to
taste the motherfuckin' rainbow.

TYLER OPENS his MOUTH to speak, but is DISTRACTED by Soldier
#2 KICKING aside Tyler's duffel BAG, and replacing it with
TWO OTHER duffel BAGS that he brings from the shadows

TYLER

What's in those?

OFFICER

See for yourself.

SOLDIER #1

You'll never kill a demon with a
projectile weapon. Demons exist as
pure energy. Fight fire with fire.

Tyler crouches down and opens the bags. He pulls a STRANGE
LOOKING RIFLE out of one of them.

TYLER

What in the blue Hell is this?!

SOLDIER#2

Laser guided plasma prototype.

ATHENA

You're telling me these are actual
hand-held energy weapons?

SOLDIER #2

Experimental. Their range and
accuracy is Poor. But they have a
lot of stopping power inside of a
hundred and twenty feet.

SOLDIER #1

They overheat. They're unstable.
For that matter the plasma makes a
terrible smell.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER #2

We suggest you be far away from this town at six AM. We'll be.

TYLER

Right. Because Heaven forbid you should have to go and hunt this demon yourself.

OFFICER

Heaven forbid.

ATHENA

If you're going scorched earth with all this, why even bother dropping off these 'who knows, might blow in your face' Laser guns.

SOLDIER #1

LASER guided plasma-

TYLER

(cuts soldier off) Ultimate kitchen tool, it slices it dices it makes Julianne fucking fries! Whatever! Why?!

SOLDIER#2

Want to stay alive? Want to save this town? This world? We're giving you a chance to do these things.

ATHENA

You guys are in over your heads, aren't you? This demon is bigger than you. That's why you're pawning this shit off on us: because you can't handle your business.

OFFICER

We'll be watching. Our satellites see everything. You will not play whistle blower. Leave this place, and do not attempt to destroy the refinery, or draw any other outside attention to this.

The OFFICER WALKS back into the DRAINPIPE. The SOLDIERS FOLLOW. The leaping SHADOWS of legs and arms along the walls FADE until they are gone, left only in the infrared light of Tyler and Athena's NIGHT VISION.

INT. SWAT TRUCK #2. NIGHT

The REVEREND is DRIVING, SPEEDING down a back ALLEY with RANIER in the passenger seat BESIDE him. SOMETHING CATCHES the Reverend's EYE: a GROUP of PEOPLE in the dark distance, MOVING from a HOUSE to a CAR. The Reverend STOPS, a block away. He turns the HEADLIGHTS OFF and KILLS the ENGINE. but they've ALREADY been NOTICED. a SPATE of GUNFIRE HITS the armored TRUCK. A FEW of the HEAVIER rounds crack and chip the windshield glass slightly, but nothing punches through. The constant noise of ricocheting bullets continues as Ranier and Reverend discuss the situation.

RANIER

Cops. civilians. I don't care who they are! If they're trying to shoot us, they gotta go!

REVEREND

I disagree.

The Reverend LOOKS AT the LOUDSPEAKER controls on the dashboard. He PICKS UP the chorded HAND-MIC and HOLDS it UP to his mouth. With his index FINGER he is SCANNING rows of BUTTONS along the dash. A handful of them are BOXED OFF from the rest under the heading: INTERCOM. He ZEROES IN on those BUTTONS. He's FOUND what he's LOOKING for. A KNOB labeled VOLUME. He TURNS the knob UP all he way. Then another marked LOUDSPEAKER. The Reverend SQUEEZES the TALK BUTTON on the side of the CB mic.

REVEREND

(LOUDSPEAKER) You can stop shooting. We're not police! I'm from Paradise Lutheran church. We've hijacked this vehicle for protection. We're looking for survivors. We want to get you out of here. Fire two shots if you understand.

Silence for a moment, then, TWO QUICK GUNSHOTS.

RANIER

Don't buy it Reverend. They're gonna pop us as soon as we step out of this van.

REVEREND

You've got your body armor on don't you?

(CONTINUED)

RANIER

They're panicked civilians! They're just as much of a threat as the cops!

REVEREND

Then feel free to cower in here.

The Reverend squeezes the talk button:

REVEREND

We're going to pull the truck up into the driveway so we can talk in person. Ok?

TWO MORE GUNSHOTS.

Pleased, the Reverend cracks a slight SMILE, and PULLS the van SLOWLY up the street into the DRIVEWAY.

In the BACKGROUND, a static ELECTRICAL CHARGE CUTS through the night air, LEAPING from a TRANSFORMER atop a telephone POLE to an old ANTENNA on a ROOFTOP.

Ranier OPENS his mouth to SAY something, but the Reverend HOLDS his HAND to him, silencing him.

REVEREND

Save it. Your 'self preservation' shtick is beginning to bore me.

The SWAT van PULLS INTO the DRIVEWAY, where a FAMILY of six SURVIVORS - who are still not sure who they are dealing with - keep their GUNS AIMED squarely at the TRUCK. Mom, Dad, three boys and a teenage girl, all packing hardware they look far too young or inexperienced to be messing with. The

Reverend OPENS his WINDOW.

The Reverend SMILES.

REVEREND

It's alright. We're good guys. I'm Reverend Owen Maples, Lutheran ministry. This is Doug Ranier. He's an attorney, but aside from that, one of the good guys too, really.

DAD

My name's Gary Willcott.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

Where were you guys headed?

MOM

The Hell out of town. That's where we were headed.

REVEREND

Police have got the city locked down. No one's getting out.

RANIER opens his door and steps out of the truck. He LOOKS around, nervously.

RANIER

Hey guys, not to break up the pajama party too much here, but I'm hoping for a trip to the little boys' room if you know what I'm s-

An O.S. GUNSHOT from behind! And Ranier's FACE EXPLODES in a SAVAGE EJACULATION of BLOOD and BRAINS.

A STORM of GUNSHOTS and RICHOCHETS ENGULFS them now.

REVEREND

Get in the truck! It's armored!

MOM and DAD PUSH the kids in first then they SCRAMBLE INSIDE.

INT. SWAT TRUCK. NIGHT

The Reverend CLOSES the DOOR puts the TRUCK in GEAR, and PEELS OUT of the driveway, HITTING several ATTACKING POLICE in the process.

IN the STREET now, the TRUCK TAKES OFF at max speed, and a TEMPEST of GUNFIRE follows it.

FADE TO:

EXT. DRAINPIPE ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

TYLER and ATHENA are MAKING their WAY thru the dank DRAIN-PIPE. they have to stay HUNCHED DOWN to WALK in here. With less than a hundred feet ahead, MOONLIGHT can be seen at the END of the TUNNEL.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

You were right you know: what you said back there. They are in over their heads on this one, and they know it. They have no idea if any of their plans are gong to work. Unfortunately for them, the part where I give two shits has been cancelled for this evening.

ATHENA

What are you talking about?

TYLER

We now return you to your regularly scheduled bullshit.

Athena stops, folds her arms. Looks at Tyler, confused.

ATHENA

Hey Gun runner. They got this new shit out now, it's called "making sense when you talk!"

TYLER

(stops walking, turns to her) OK it's like this: we're gonna get back in the truck and perpetrate like we're burning out of here, because of course PandORA will be watching. On our way across the bridge however, I'm going to duck out back into the drainage ditch, and your going to keep on driving.

ATHENA

Why?!

TYLER

I gotta light a fire under the world's ass. Let them know something's going on here, .

ATHENA

So why do this? Why put our ass on the line when you can just cut and run?

TYLER

PandORA got it wrong. The world needs to know. If supernatural threats to our way of life really do exist, the world deserves to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (cont'd)

know the truth, and the details. And it deserves to be given credit for its potential to wrap its mind around this, and do something about it. (beat) It's like this. If humanity can survive break-dancing, it can survive anything this universe could ever fling in its direction, including this. I have to blow the whistle. And I have to do that by making a big God damn boom.

ATHENA

Even if it means getting yourself killed? Which it probably will.

TYLER

Life's a rough sport - wear a cup

ATHENA

You know something gun runner: I dig your world view. But answer me this: Those spooks took your explosives. How you going to blow up the joint, with a Zippo and some greasy rags?

TYLER

Yeah. Spooks took all my explosives. All except this one big sweaty glob of Semtex I had stashed in my pocket here.

Tyler pulls out a GRAPEFRUIT SIZED BALL of SEMTEX

TYLER

(cont) So I suppose this will have to do. You got any insulated wire in that SWAT truck?

ATHENA

A five hundred foot spool of it. But you need a spark to detonate. Your remote hardware has been taken. What's that leave?

Tyler pulls a TASER GUN off of the belt on Athena's hip, and holds it up between them.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

These things have a range of what,
like ten feet?

ATHENA

This one shoots fifteen.

TYLER

That should be plenty.

Tyler PULLS OUT his MAPS. He is LOOKING FOR the BLUEPRINTS to the propane plant. He FINDS them, and OPENS them They are LOOKING AT a MAP of the REFINERY.

TYLER

There's a storm drain that connects with the property by the southeast corner of the basement level. Now to make everything blow, I'll have to set charges here, here, and here. (points to several different parts of blueprints) Then I gotta go topside, up this service entrance, for the finished propane. Then I get back into the basement, shoot the first charge with this Tazer, and haul ass.

ATHENA

You'll have to haul a lot of ass to get away from a blast that big. You'll be crawling through a two foot storm drain. You won't have a prayer.

TYLER

Then say one for me.

ATHENA

Please lord, help this no good career criminal get away from the inferno he's about to set off.
(beat) How's that?

TYLER

Marry me.

ATHENA Oh Hell no.

TYLER

So I'm guessing oral sex is out of the question.

Athena shoots Tyler a CONDESCENDING GLANCE.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

What?! I'm on a God damn suicide mission!

Tyler and Athena ARRIVE at the TRUCK now. They GET IN, and DEPART, but just as the truck is CROSSING over the drainage DITCH, the side DOOR slides OPEN, and Tyler SOMERSAULTS out, tossing a SPOOL of WIRE ahead of him, and ROLLING back down INTO the ditch.

INT. REVEREND'S SWAT VAN. NIGHT

The Reverend is SPEEDING down a STREET toward his CHURCH, CHASED by multiple SQUAD CARS.

REVEREND

Alright, brace yourselves!

The Reverend PLOWS the truck right INTO his own CHURCH, THRU the front DOORS.

it SKIDS into the CHAPEL, PLOWING thru rows of PEWS before grinding to a HALT right in FRONT of the PODIUM.

Under a STORM of GUNFIRE, the Reverend JUMPS OUT of the truck with an empty soda BOTTLE in his hand.

he RUNS to the HOLY WATER bath, FILLS the BOTTLE with WATER and JUMPS back into the truck.

GARY

Why aren't they coming in here? Why aren't they attacking?

REVEREND

This is hallowed ground. Sanctuary. Evil cannot trespass here. But they'll surround us, and make us fight our way out. In the basement of this chapel are the weapons and the armor we need to win that fight. Follow me. Stay low and stay quiet.

The Reverend LEADS THEM from the TRUCK, thru the CHAPEL, and to the STAIRCASE in the rectory KITCHEN.

Everyone stays LOW and QUIET, but their MOVEMENT is SEEN. OS GUNSHOTS!

(CONTINUED)

BULLETS SHRED the interior of the church. The Reverend and the family ALL MAKE IT into the staircase to the BASEMENT. The DOOR SLAMS shut behind them, but BULLET HOLES rapidly ACCUMULATE in the WOOD and surrounding WALL.

FADE TO:

INT. DRAINPIPE JUNCTION. NIGHT

DRAINPIPES of VARIOUS sizes EMPTY into a large POOL of dingy WATER, ten feet by twenty feet. and a MAIN DRAINAGE artery about eight feet tall leads downstream from it all. TYLER EMERGES from ONE of the mid-sized PIPES, WET and GRIMY now, WADING into the POOL of water. It comes up to His waist. He has his DRAGONOV rifle, and a large SPOOL of WIRE. The water is dark with muck and debris. He LOOKS around at it with DISGUST.

He produces a now SOAKED MAP of the drain system. He UNFOLDS it and STUDIES it for a moment. He CASTS it aside to DRIFT away in the murky WATER, and WADES toward ONE OF the drain PIPES. It has about three feet of space. He SLINGS the SPOOL and the RIFLE into the pipe, then JUMPS up and SCRAMBLES into it.

INT. REFINERY/BASEMENT LEVEL.

A large room with cement walls and floor. Many PIPES and CONDUITS run in all directions. There are SEVERAL small OFFICES, and outside the door to one of them is a large WOODEN BIN full of TOYS. It's labeled with a

SIGN: TOY DRIVE! A NEEDY FAMILY NEEDS YOUR HELP THIS CHRISTMAS

there is a MANHOLE COVER in the CONCRETE FLOOR. It is HEAVED aside slowly from beneath. First the SPOOL, then the RIFLE are TOSSED out.

Seconds later, Tyler SCRAMBLES thru into the room and looks around. He pulls out of his hip pock a FOLDED set of SOGGY BLUEPRINTS for the refinery. He lays them on the floor. After STUDYING them for a BEAT or two, he LOOKS upward and EYES a large IRON PIPE running along the ceiling.

Tyler PULLS off a small CHUNK from his Glob of SEMTEX, REACHES up and STICKS it to the PIPE. He then takes a pair of WIRE SNIPS out of his pocket, HEADS BACK to the spool of WIRE, and starts UNRAVELING it.

INT. REFINERY/GROUND LEVEL. MINUTES LATER

TYLER has the SPOOL of wire and the SEMTEX in an another room now, one with MULTIPLE large propane TANKS. Tyler is WIRING globs of SEMTEX to ALL of them.

INT/EXT. SERVICE LADDER/ACCES TUBE. NIGHT. MINUTES LATER

Tyler CLIMBS up THRU the access TUBE into the NIGHT air. He is directly UNDER four GIANT propane storage TANKS.

In the BACKGROUND, SQUAD CARS and POLICE are visible. They have the place STAKED OUT. But SOME of them do NOT look HEALTHY now. They seem to have DEVELOPED what look like weeping LESIONS of some kind.

Tyler STAYS DUCKED low, and OUT of SIGHT as he PLANTS a CHARGE on each of the TANKS, and then SNEAKS back down the service ladder.

INT. REFINERY/BASEMENT LEVEL. MINUTES LATER

Tyler HURRIES back to the MANHOLE through which he entered, with Athena's TAZER in hand now, but SOMETHING outside one of the offices CATCHES his EYE: it's the TOY DRIVE DONATION BIN: at the top of its PILE of TOYS, the TAIL END of a SKATEBOARD can be seen.

TYLER

(doing British accent) Lord love a duck!

Tyler RUNS over to the TOY BIN, GRABS the SKATEBOARD, and RACES back to the MANHOLE.

He gets HALFWAY DOWN the ladder into the STORM DRAIN, pauses, and AIMS the TAZER at the NEAREST chunk of plastic EXPLOSIVE on the fuel pipe.

FOOTFALLS! MANY of them! POLICE POUR into the room, GUNS DRAWN, but as they EMERGE from the shadows, Tyler NOTICES that they are physically NOT WELL. They seem to be FALLING APART. With LESIONS and bleeding, weeping WOUNDS. Finally, an especially LARGE, FAT uniformed COP (also looking sloppy and bloody) LUMBERS into the room.

Angle on his INSIGNIA, it reads: POLICE CHIEF: BURTON. PARADISE FALLS. Tyler cups his HANDS around his MOUTH, and SHOUTS:

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Hey, Kool-Aid! (laughs) You wear out bodies fast, don't you Abaddon?! I mean you guys really look like shit!

POLICE CHIEF:

(Voice of Abaddon) Do you really think destroying this refinery will stop me?! We are Abaddon! We have been loosed from the bottomless pit! (in unison with the other police) Abaddon is law!

TYLER:

(While pointing Tazer at explosive charge) Yeah. And laws were made to be broken!

Tyler FIRES THE TAZER at the CHARGE, DROPS down into the MANHOLE just as a huge EXPLOSION OBLITERATES the room.

In the DRAIN PIPE now, TYLER has just enough time to LIE DOWN on his stomach and put the SKATEBOARD under him. A FIERY SHOCKWAVE from the blast BLOWS DOWN into the storm drain.

Tyler is PROPELLED AWAY from the blast on the SKATEBOARD, ROLLING thru the PIPE, CLINGING TO the BOARD for dear life. He is SPIT OUT into the storm drain junction thru which he entered. He HITS the murky pool of WATER with a giant SPLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EXPLOSION. NIGHT.

We SEE it from FIVE THOUSAND feet: It turns night into day.

From FIFTY THOUSAND feet: a FIERY mushroom CLOUD in a wilderness of night.

From SPACE: a tiny BURNING SPECK in the center of NORTH AMERICA.

FADE TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT. MOMENTS EARLIER

The REVEREND and the family of SIX SURVIVORS are in Tyler's BASEMENT 'office.' They ALL wear BODY ARMOR now, and are well ARMED with various examples of Tyler's merchandise. The Reverend has a SILENCER attached to his AK now. He has a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES cocked up over his forehead.

He OPENS the fake BOOKCASE REVEALING Tyler's ESCAPE TUNNEL. To the tool shed.

REVEREND

Ok, this leads to a shed at the edge of the property. From there I think I can take out a good half a dozen of these guys before giving away my position. Then I'll wire the shed with a few of these (holds up LASER TRIPWIRE device) and hi-tail it back here (beat) You all stay here while I head upstairs to the bell-tower to pick off a few more targets. When I get back we'll discuss phase two of the operation.

DAD GRABS an M5 carbine off the gun RACK.

DAD

Put me in the bell tower with this. We'll save time, and we can draw each other's fire, get more kills.

REVEREND

Sounds like you know a thing or two friend. But I brought you all here to escape the danger, not expose you to it. This kind of thing takes combat training.

DAD

I was army. Sixty first airborne. I was in Panama for Noriega.

REVEREND

Is that so?

DAD

Eight confirmed kills.

REVEREND

You might just double that score in the next few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

To protect my family? I'd triple it, and triple it again. If you don't mind my asking, who trained you?

REVEREND

Paramilitary contractor. I can't even tell you what I did for them, or where. you can read the de-classified documents in about thirty six years.

DAD

Kills?

REVEREND

Too damned many.

DAD

I see.

The REVEREND looks PONDEROUS for a beat or two, STARING into his own distant MEMORIES, and SOMETHING in them that isn't easy to look at.

REVEREND

(snaps out of it) I have night vision. I can see them in all their hiding spots, so I'll take the first shots. Once I start to draw their fire, you can locate the remaining targets by their muzzle flashes. And if they break cover and storm the tool shed, it will bring them into the light.

DAD

Solid plan, friend.

REVEREND

just get out of there before you start drawing fire.

MOM

Oh Jesus Gary, be careful!

DAD/GARY

Always.(caresses her cheek) Hey, Careless didn't get me this far.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

There's a foldout ladder in the ceiling of the rectory's upstairs hallway. It leads to the bell tower.

The Reverend OPENS the BOOKCASE concealing Tyler's secret TUNNEL to the tool-shed and DUCKS into it. GARY heads UPSTAIRS W/the M5

INT. TOOLSHED. NIGHT.

The TRAP DOOR in the FLOOR of the SHED slowly creaks OPEN. The Reverend crawls out into the shadows with his NIGHT VISION goggles on, and his AK cradled in one hand against his shoulder.

P.O.V./ NIGHT VISION (INFRARED) The DARK interior of the SHED comes to artificial life in pale SHADES of GREEN. He CREEPS to the shed's tiny WINDOW and PEERS thru:

There are NO SHADOWS in the Reverend's new FIELD of VISION.

Multiple POLICE HIDE throughout the NEIGHBORHOOD, under the cover of a DARKNESS now STRIPPED AWAY. Some are behind BUSHES, TREES, or VEHICLES.

Others LIE on their stomachs with WEAPONS DRAWN, WAITING for targets to reveal themselves, NOT KNOWING they are now revealed AS targets themselves.

The Reverend MOVES to the shed's double DOORS, and NUDGES them OPEN just a crack. He LIES on his stomach now, and AIMS his weapon thru the crack: from this POV he has HALF a DOZEN good SHOTS.

With one silencer MUFFLED SHOT after ANOTHER, he starts PICKING OFF the glowing faceless TARGETS as they HIDE.

EXT. BELLTOWER. NIGHT

GARY, without the benefit of a night vision perspective, AIMS his RIFLE in the direction of UNSEEN VOICES Then at GUNSHOTS.

He aims, TRACKING the SOUND of the GUNFIRE MUZZLE FLASHES tear fiery pinholes in the DARKNESS.

(CONTINUED)

Gary FIRES into them. ANGLE on human TARGETS in the shadows, getting HIT, COLLAPSING. FIGURES begin to EMERGE from the shadows, RUSHING into the LIGHT of the church GROUNDS. Gary CHOOSES his SHOTS well, and ALMOST every one he takes FELLs an enemy FIGURE STORMING the tool SHED.

As DEAD and WOUNDED targets ACCUMULATE on the church LAWN, we can SEE that they were in ROUGH SHAPE BEFORE wandering into Gary's sites: POCKMARKED with ERUPTIONS and DECAY in their flesh. Much of their SKIN seems to have been PEELED or MELTED away. Some appear to have been BLEEDING from their MOUTHS, NOSES and EYES.

Gary DROPS all but FOUR of his TARGETS, who SURROUND the tool SHED now. ONE of them SHOOTS a TEAR GAS canister through the window:

INT. TOOLSHED. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The CANISTER PUNCHES thru the window GLASS, TRAILING smoky VAPOR like a noxious comet.

It ARCS down to the FLOOR where it TUMBLES thru an infrared BEAM running HORIZONTALLY between two of the walls It TRIGGERS an OS electronic BEEPING noise.

EXT. CHURCH LAWN. NIGHT

The tool SHED EXPLODES, consumed from within by a rapidly emigrating FIREBALL. It ENGULFS the COPS SURROUNDING the shed.

INT. ESCAPE TUNNEL. NIGHT VISION/POV. CONTINUOUS

The REVEREND SLOSHES holy WATER from his plastic soda BOTTLE all over the WALLS and FLOOR of the TUNNEL as he CRAWLS backward toward the basement

EXT. BELL TOWER. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

GARY WATCHES for ACTIVITY on the ground NOTHING for a beat, and THEN:

ONE of the COPS FELLED by the blast at the shed has SURVIVED. He WRITHES in apparent PAIN as he TRIES to SIT up. Then ANOTHER ONE sits up.

Gary FINISHES them OFF: two shots, two kills. But THESE are the SHOTS that GIVE AWAY his position.

(CONTINUED)

A SPATE of OS GUNSHOTS. ONE of them CATCHES Gary in the NECK.

He CLUTCHES the WOUND, and SLUMPS against the edge of the giant church BELL behind him. He COUGHS and SPUTTERS for a moment as his own BLOOD slowly DROWNS him.

INT. BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

The REVEREND OPENS the fake BOOKCASE and STEPS INTO the room, to find MOM and her KIDS all AIMING WEAPONS at him. Mom's HANDS TREMBLE as she HOLDS a FORTTY FIVE with an infrared SITE.

The Reverend GLANCES at the RED DOT as it DARTS and BOUNCES all over his upper BODY from the TREMBLING. Once they RECOGNIZE the REVEREND, MOM and the KIDS LOWER their WEAPONS.

REVEREND
(quoting Jesus) It is I. Do not be afraid.

MOM
Where's Gary?! We heard shots. Explosions!

REVEREND
(concerned)I know. Wait here.

The REVEREND STARTS for the STAIRCASE, and MOM SHOUTS after him:

MOM
What's going on?! Where is my husband?!

EXT. BELLTOWER. NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The REVEREND ARRIVES at the top of the LADDER, BREATHLESS. He SEES Gary's BODY and his HEART SINKS.

REVEREND
Lord God bless this soul, and accept him into your k-

GUNSHOTS!

BULLETS RICHOCHET all around him: off the STEEPLE and the BELL HOUSING. Several of them HIT the BELL with an immense PING

(CONTINUED)

A massive EXPLOSION ROCKS the CHAPEL below, CONSUMING it in billows of FIRE and SMOKE.

Angle on one of the remaining POLICE across the street from the church: he's lowering a SMOKING ROCKET LAUNCHER and LOADING another ROCKET. He's covered in weeping lesions.

REVEREND
Jesus Mary and Joseph!

He HURRIES down the bell tower LADDER, BARELY MAKING it into the CHURCH before the SECOND ROCKET OBLITERATES the tower.

CUT TO:

INT. STORM DRAIN.

From Tyler's (shaky) NIGHT VISION POV as he crawls through a narrow three foot storm drain with several inches of vapid water running through it. in the distance behind him something RUMBLES something ROARS.

Tyler LOOKS BACK. Even with night vision he CAN'T SEE the source of the noise. The storm drain ANGLES OFF to the side about a hundred feet back.

But SOMETHING is CLAWING its way through the tunnel, PURSUING Tyler, and CLOSING IN. As the source of the RUMBLING, SCRATCHING and ROARING draws CLOSER it brings with it the FLASHING of some electric LIGHT. It appears as green flashes of light thru the NIGHT VISION. But as Tyler REMOVES the LENSES and peers into the DARKNESS he sees the REFLECTION of STATIC charges along the walls of the storm drain.

Worried, tyler puts the GOGGLES back ON and INCREASES his pace, SCRAMBLING thru the drain.

INT. NEAR CHURCH. NIGHT

A SWAT TRUCK QUEALS to a HALT up the street from the CHURCH. ATHENA STEPS out: NIGHT VISION on, her plasma RIFLE ready.

She wastes no time OPENING FIRE on the remaining OPPOSITION. The PLASMA ISSUES in WAVES of BLINDING white-hot LIGHT The REMAINING POLICE - HIDING here and there THROUGHOUT the NEIGHBORHOOD - now TURN the TIDE of their attack on HER. But FEW in number and in GRUESOME CONDITION now, they DON'T put up MUCH of a FIGHT, and are quickly CUT DOWN.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

The CHURCH and STEEPLE are in FLAMES.

BODIES LITTER the church GROUNDS.

A SIDE DOOR to the burning RECTORY creaks OPEN. The REVEREND cautiously STEPS OUT, followed by MOM and the KIDS, all of whom are SOBBING now, MORNING the LOSS of Gary. They MEET ATHENA on the church LAWN, an island in an ocean of dead bodies.

The REVEREND can SEE that Athena is UPSET.

ATHENA

(as she looks around) They were my brothers. they were my brothers and I killed them. Cops aren't supposed to do this to each other.

REVEREND

Sister I don't know what to say

ATHENA

Of course not. It's all so beyond words now isn't it? I can't tell where right ends, and wrong begins.

SILENCE for a beat or two, and THEN:

REVEREND WHERE'S TYLER?

a MASSIVE and DEAFENING EXPLOSION on the horizon lights up the night sky. ATHENA POINTS to the suddenly GLOWING portion of night SKY.

ATHENA

That's where. Hope he made it. He had potential.

REVEREND

What do you mean?

ATHENA

Well, he's a crook. He's childish, and for that matter insane (beat) but he had a nice ass.

REVEREND

No. What did you mean when you said hope he made it?

ATHENA

(embarrassed) Oh (beat) Well we ran into an outfit called PandORA. Ever heard of them?

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND

I have. And if they're here it's bad news for all of us.

ATHENA

(points to explosion) They tried to stop us from doing that. They got Tyler's detonators. So he would have to be very close to that explosion.

REVEREND

How close?

A SECOND, smaller EXPLOSION belches SMOKE into the SKY, and BRIGHTENS the orange GLOW from the flames.

ATHENA

Very.

REVEREND

How will we know if he made it?

ATHENA

Look for him at the courthouse. He planned to follow a storm drain there.(beat) If he made it.

ONE of the felled POLICEMEN on the lawn is NOT DEAD. He GROANS quietly for a moment, DROOLING BLOOD from both corners of his mouth.

ATHENA HURRIES to the fallen OFFICER. She GLANCES at his NAME TAG, it reads: VICTOR DUNBAR. SGT. Athena knows him.

ATHENA

Vick! Hey Vick it's Athena Teller, SWAT. Don't try to sit up.

VICK

There are more of us (coughs up blood) find them...

With a FINAL gasping BREATH, officer Dunbar EXPIRES, STARING at the HEAVENS now with OPEN, resting EYES Athena's FACE betrays NO SADNESS, but a single TEAR rolls down her cheek now.

The Reverend STANDS behind her now, and places a HAND on her SHOULDER. He seems to understand that no words could comfort her now. After a long silence:

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA

Did you hear him? We have to find them. Please.

REVEREND

We'll do that sister. Then we'll head to the courthouse, where I pray we'll find Tyler.

ATHENA

I hope we find him too.

FADE TO:

INT MILITARY OFFICE. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

A SMALL ROOM, conservatively ADORNED with BOOKS, file FOLDERS, framed PICTURES of family and children, and SEVERAL neglected looking HOUSEPLANTS. A miniature FLEET of MODEL military AIRCRAFT DANGLES from the CEILING panels by STRINGS.

A graying middle-aged MAN sits at a DESK bearing a bronze name-plate: DANIEL WESCOTT. COL. 1st CLASS: NAT. GUARD He has the stump of a thick CIGAR clamped between his teeth as he contemplates a small ocean of PAPERWORK atop his desk. His phone RINGS. He ANSWERS it without taking his eyes from his reading.

COLONEL

Wescott here (beat) alright put him through (beat) Major good evening (beat) wait a minute, satellite saw what?! (beat) when?! What are the police in that county saying? (beat) well who did you get through to?! (beat) Anything on the news about this (beat) call up everyone we got. I want to be mobile in sixty minutes. And get someone from Paradise county on the line! I want to know what the Hell happened before we get on the road. (beat) I'll be there in five minutes. I want to see those satellite images, and any new ones that come in.

EXT. FRONT OF COURTHOUSE.NIGHT

On a SIDEWALK in front of the COURTHOUSE (and the FOUNTAIN of DEATH) a MANHOLE cover is HEAVED aside, and TYLER SCRAMBLES out with his PLASMA RIFLE in hand.

Whatever has been pursuing Tyler thru the storm drains is not far behind, we hear it RUMBLING and ROARING thru the open storm drain.

He SURVEYS his surroundings, AIMING the RIFLE as he does. He's SEARCHING for something... and seems to FIND what he's LOOKING for:

an UNMARKED SQUAD CAR parked in front of the courthouse. He SHOULDERS the plasma RIFLE by its strap and WALKS over to the CAR

As he WALKS he PULLS a small vinyl POUCH from his POCKET, and UNFOLDS it. ANGLE on the POUCH: it's a LOCK PICKING SET, with small metal PINS of varying lengths He removes TWO PINS and begins PICKING the LOCK on the driver's side DOOR of the CAR.

A STATIC CHARGE LEAPS from inside the manhole, BRANCHING OUT to make contact with numerous CONDUCTIVE OBJECTS: cars, power lines, parking meters trees. The sounds of ZAPPING, POPPING, and GLASS BREAKING as the FINGERS of LIGHTNING seem to DRAW POWER from everything they touch, FEEDING it to the unseen THING GROWLING and CLAWING it's way out of the manhole

TYLER

Knights of Columbus, what now?!

A CREATURE EMERGES from the manhole, CLAWS FIRST. As it SCRAMBLES and CLAWS its way out of the hole it REVEALS itself to be something about the SIZE of a MAN, BATHING in a small OCEAN of electrical CURRENT, and HARD to SEE in detail.

As it GETS to its FEET we can see that it is a HULKING, muscular form with MANY twisted HORNS COVERING it's head and body. These horns seem to be acting as LIGHTNING RODS drawing BOLTS of CURRENT from EVERYTHING around it.

As it WALKS toward Tyler, the CURRENT its DRAWING causes it to GROW in size, and as it does its FOOTSTEPS get HEAVIER.

Several CAR ALARMS are SET OFF.

(CONTINUED)

An EXPLOSION of SPARKS LEAPS from a TRANSFORMER on a power line as its CURRENT is DRAINED by the beast One by one FINGERS of CURRENT CONNECT the BEAST to the CARS whose ALARMS have been TRIPPED. As it DRAWS POWER from them the SOUNDS of ALARMS and SIRENS FALTER, WAVER and FADE.

TYLER

(scared) you can stop growing any time now.

Tyler HOLDS his RIFLE steady at the beast. It's standing twenty feet away now, and it's GROWN to a height of TEN FEET. We can see its eyes as two white hot points of light It let's out a piercing SCREECH as bolts of static radiate from it, zapping everything around it An electrified mini-van's WINDOWS EXPLODE, SHOWERING the sidewalk and street with GLASS

TYLER

Abaddon! Angel of the bottomless prick!

abaddon's MOUTH OPENS to SPEAK, appearing as an amorphous growing CAVITY of BLACK amidst a sea of hot BLUE. It's VOICE is that of the POSSESSED cops, that of the DEMONIC dispatch voice.

ABADDON

Human! What is that weapon you hold?!

TYLER

What, this? This is the titanium dildo in a sandpaper condom that you're about to get fucked with.

ABADDON

Foolish of you! To think that any earthly weapon could destroy me!

TYLER

Let's see about that shall we?

Tyler OPENS UP on Abaddon with the plasma RIFLE. The weapon makes a SCREAMING SOUND as a wavering STREAM of blinding white-hot ENERGY issues from the gun, Abaddon is BURNED by the plasma, he ROARS IN PROTEST, as he takes a STAGGERING step BACK.

TYLER

Oh yeah! that's doin somethin' for ya!

(CONTINUED)

Abaddon CLUTCHES his ARMS against his CHEST, TUCKS his HEAD down, and as he does, a MASSIVE CURRENT of hot blue energy BUILDS and EXPANDS from his form.

LIGHTNING BOLTS leap from him in Tyler's direction SEARING the atmosphere, leaving THUNDER in their wake. The CAR Tyler was trying to break into, and an adjacent PARKING METER are both ZAPPED.

The car's WINDOWS EXPLODE, The meter DETONATES sending COINS and shards of GLASS flying everywhere like SCHRAPNEL. Tyler is PELTED with COINS, METAL and GLASS, and HOLDS his free ARM up to SHIELD himself from the barrage.

Tyler RUNS for the COVER of a MINI-VAN. He DUCKS around BEHIND the back of the VAN, and MEETS Abaddon in the street with another SCREAMING WAVE of PLASMA. THIS one RIPS across his LEGS, bringing him to BOTH KNEES with an asphalt shattering THUD.

Tyler LEVELS the WEAPON for another shot, but NOTICES a SWITCH on the SIDE of the weapon. ONE end of the SWITCH is LABELED 'STREAM' the OTHER end is labeled PULSE.

TYLER

Hello, what's this?

He FLIPS the SWITCH from 'STREAM' to 'PULSE' He PULLS the TRIGGER, and a SINGLE huge BURST of PLASMA ESCAPES from the weapon with a BRIEF (but LOUDER) mechanical SCREAM. It STRIKES Abaddon right in the CENTER mass, KNOCKING him flat on his BACK.

The impact leaves him CRADLED amidst a jagged spider web of CRACKS in the asphalt Abaddon SITS UP, as fingers of ELECTRICITY CONTINUE to RADIATE from him Tyler hits him with THREE MORE PULSES OF PLASMA.

Abaddon is KNOCKED onto his BACK again.

A WHINING noise comes from the GUN now, its pitch steadily INCREASING. TYLER DROPS the GUN suddenly, CURSING and WAVING his HANDS in the air in apparent PAIN, as if he TOUCHED a hot STOVE

Tyler LOOKS down at the WEAPON: it LIES on its side with a CURL of SMOKE RISING from the BARREL. There is a TEMPERATURE GAUGE on the side of the weapon. The NEEDLE is well in the RED ZONE and steadily RISING, fast approaching 200 degrees F.

Tyler MAKES A BREAK for the (now shattered) courthouse ENTRANCE.

Abaddon PURSUES. DRAWING currents of POWER from numerous OBJECTS around him as he APPROACHES, GROWING larger as he does: TWELVE feet. FOURTEEN feet

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

It's a large room, FOUR STORIES high with second third and forth floor BALCONIES visible, and a glass ELEVATOR. There are THREE HALLWAYS leading from the lobby, NORTH, WEST, and EAST.

Tyler RACES past the METAL DETECTOR, SETTING it OFF for the SECOND TIME tonight. he CUTS to the RIGHT, taking the EAST hallway.

He CHECKS his plasma WEAPON: Still HOT. Still SMOKING. The O.S. SOUND of SHATTERING plate GLASS comes from BEHIND, As Tyler CUTS a hard RIGHT into a MEN'S ROOM

INT. MEN'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

TYLER BOLTS across the room and INTO the LAST STALL. He HANGS the plasma RIFLE from the COAT HOOK on the stall DOOR. He STEPS onto the back-well of the TOILET.

He MOVES a CEILING TILE aside from its frame in the DROP CEILING, and HEAVES HIMSELF into it, REPLACING the panel behind him.

Seconds later, ANOTHER PANEL is removed from above, and Tyler's ARM REACHES down, GRABS the plasma rifle by its STRAP, and LIFTS it off the coat HOOK INTO the CEILING. And AGAIN, the panel is REPLACED.

it's DARK and CRAMPED up here. Wiring, plumbing and ventilation ducts run in every direction. Tyler is CRAWLING along a SUPPORT BEAM, DRAGGING the plasma RIFLE by the STRAP as he goes.

THUMPS. ABADDON.

TYLER continues CRAWLING along the support BEAM, through five seconds of eerie SILENCE. TOO MUCH silence.

Abaddon's HEAD ERUPTS thru the drop CEILING, ten feet AHEAD of Tyler. We can SEE the DEMON in more DETAIL now. Its face is ELECTRIC BLUE with NUMEROUS TWISTED HORNS, some of which have been BURNED and seared by the plasma. A LARGE MOUTH with ROWS of six inch JAGGED TEETH

(CONTINUED)

ABADDON

I smell you human!

Tyler DRAWS BOTH 50 cal. Automatics, and in a kneeling position now, FIRES off TWO full CLIPS Abaddon's head ABSORBS the shots, the WOUNDS quickly HEAL over.

Abaddon's ARM PUNCHES thru a ceiling PANEL to his left. Tyler ROLLS OFF the support BEAM he was clinging to, and PLUNGES THRU the DROP CEILING before he can REACH the NEIGHBORING BEAM. Tyler is HANGING from the adjacent BEAM by ONE ARM. By His OTHER arm, he HOLDS the (still smoking) plasma RIFLE by the STRAP

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS.

PLAQUES and CERTIFICATES ADORN one end of the room, a large FISH TANK atop a low BOOKSHELF is alive with a COLORFUL assortment of tropical FISH.

Tyler DANGLES over a desk LITTERED with PAPERWORK, MAIL, and a desktop COMPUTER.

A tremendous IMPACT on the OTHER SIDE of the WALL with the plaques and certificates sends most of them CLATTERING to the FLOOR.

ANOTHER impact KNOCKS sheetrock OUT of the WALLS, leaving CRACKS and FISSURES thru-out.

TYLER KICKS out a ceiling PANEL, and SWINGS the plasma RIFLE up into it, as a third IMPACT brings Abaddon's FIST THRU the wall.

GRABBING the support BEAM with his OTHER hand now, Tyler HEAVES himself back UP into the drop ceiling, JUST AS Abaddon's fist OPENS, and a WEB of electric CURRENT SPREADS thru-out the room.

One of the BOLTS ZAPS the AQUARIUM, SHATTERING the glass, BOILING the water inside, and sending WATER and FISH POURING to the carpet below.

INT. DROP CEILING.

Tyler SCRAMBLES onto his new SUPPORT BEAM. The plasma RIFLE RESTS on a NEARBY ceiling PANEL. The barrel is NO LONGER smoking.

He CHECKS out the gun's temperature GAUGE: It's OUT of the RED ZONE, the NEEDLE FALLING below 120f.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER
(whispers, excited) Daddy's home.

Tyler SLINGS the RIFLE across his back, and SCURRIES across the support BEAM until he comes to a RAISED PORTION of the ceiling, five feet higher than the one he's on.

One of ABADDON'S FISTS SMASHES thru the drop ceiling to Tyler's LEFT, and ANOTHER to his RIGHT.

Tyler LEVELS the GUN at the three foot WALL ahead, and FIRES off a SINGLE, SCREAMING PULSE of PLASMA. It BLASTS a huge HOLE in the wall, the EDGES of which are CHARRED and SMOULDERING.

INT. COURTROOM.

LYING on his stomach, and LOCKING his FEET around the support BEAM, Tyler LEANS his upper body DOWN over the edge of the hole, and into a COURTROOM. the DOORS and some of the surrounding WALL have been TORN AWAY marking the demon's entrance, and are DRIPPING with Abaddon's electric BLUE BLOOD. the liquid still GLOWS and SPARKS with electric CURRENT.

Tyler LOCATES Abaddon: He's PULLING his ARMS out of the CEILING. He's TURNING around TYLER AIMS the rifle.

TYLER
Hey plus size!

Tyler SQUEEZES OFF a single PULSE of PLASMA, NAILING Abaddon dead in the FACE. leaving a scorched oozing CRATER, LEAKING a viscous BLUE LIQUID

TYLER
Smell me now motherfucker?!

Tyler PULLS himself BACK into the drop CEILING. He CLIMBS up the RISE in the ceiling, SCURRIES across the top, and DOWN the other SIDE. He BACKS UP a good five feet, and SHOOTS a second HOLE in the rise.

He CRAWLS to the EDGE and PEERS over: He's at the OTHER SIDE of the COURTROOM now, and within jumping DISTANCE of the judges BENCH

ABADDON is already LUMBERING in Tyler's direction, KICKING aside and CRUSHING rows of wooden SEATING as he comes.

INT. COURTROOM.

Tyler SQUATS, STRAPS the RIFLE over his back, and JUMPS from the HOLE in the wall to the BENCH. He UN-SHOULDERS and AIMS his weapon: With TWO SHOTS he KNOCKS the demon on it's BACK with a resounding THUD.

TYLER

(as he jumps down off the bench) Well How do you like this? Ironic that we should end up in a courtroom: what with all that 'Abaddon is law' shit. 'cuz the jury's back. And the jury says your law can eat a bag of dicks!

Abaddon gets to his feet WOUNDED but HEALING, already drawing CURRENTS of POWER from numerous points in the walls and ceiling.

the LIGHTS in the courthouse BLINK and BROWNOUT for a moment TYLER HITS Abaddon in the CENTER mass with HALF a DOZEN pulses of PLASMA. a final pulse BLOWS his right LEG off the the knee.

ELECTRIC BLUE Blood POURS from Abaddon's SMOKING, CRATERED BODY, and the STUMP that used to be his leg.

Abaddon FALLS to the left, SMASHING wooden ROWS of SEATING to SPLINTERS beneath him. He's BEHIND a row of SEATS now. Only his remaining LEG is still VISIBLE.

It TWITCHES for a moment, then CEASES.

The WHINING NOISE comes from the plasma RIFLE again. Its PITCH RISING more QUICKLY this time.

TYLER DROPS it as it OVERHEATS. He looks at its TEMPERATURE GAUGE as it LIES on the FLOOR. It's well into the RED ZONE, RACING past 200f Tyler GRABS the GUN by the STRAP.

TYLER

Looks like we can't be friends anymore.

He FLINGS it into the MIDDLE of the COURTROOM where Abaddon LIES. Tyler BARELY has TIME to SCRAMBLE behind the judge's BENCH before the unstable prototype EXPLODES in a BLINDING, SCREAMING FLASH that leaves SMOKE and FIRE in it's wake.

The SMOKE CLEARS, and the DESTRUCTION comes into FOCUS: the drop CEILING is OBLITERATED. The remaining FURNITURE and

(CONTINUED)

SEATING has been BLOWN BACK to the four WALLS. Patches of FIRE have taken root throughout the room. The wooden FENCING SEPARATING the seating AREA from the FOREFRONT of the courtroom SMOLDERS. The defense and prosecution TABLES are OVERTURNED.

TYLER EMERGES from UNDER the judge's BENCH, and SURVEYS the smoky AFTERMATH.

He APPROACHES Abaddon, DRAWING and AIMING both 50 cal. Automatics as he goes. The creature's CONDITION is REVEALED: to be a SHREDDED, unrecognizable HEAP. Motionless. SMOKING, LYING at the center of a POOL of SLIMY BLUE electrified FLUID.

TYLER

That's right! Jack with my hometown
and see what happens to you! Silly
fucking rabbit. See what happens to
you!!

STANDING over the BODY now, Tyler REACTS to what SEEMS to be a terrible SMELL.

SILENCE for a moment, as TYLER STARES down at Abaddon, and then:

BUZZING and CRACKLING noises from ALL DIRECTIONS. FINGERS of static CURRENT LEAP thru CLOUDS of SMOKE from UNSEEN CORNERS of the room.

The BOLTS CONVERGE on the BODY of ABADDDON. Abaddon is REGENERATING. Healing, slowly, as the ELECTRICITY COLLIDES with his body, which seems to ABSORB it. ABADDON'S massive form is HEALING. GROWING NEW LIMBS SPROUT from the STUMPS that used to be the old ones.

TYLER BACKS AWAY slowly.

TYLER

Well this bodes an ill wind.

The LAST of Abaddon's WOUNDS SHRINK out of existence. EVIL LAUGHTER, quiet at first, EMANATES from him.

He STANDS UP, REVEALING that he is LARGER now. Even with the drop ceiling GONE, he has to HUNCH OVER in here.

Abaddon's LAUGHTER BUILDS to a crescendo.

He RAISES his ARM at TYLER. it's covered with twisted horns and claws, each one buzzes and snaps with electric current.

(CONTINUED)

ABADDON
(Amidst sinister laughter)
f-r-e-e-z-e!

TYLER
Why? Nobody freezes where you come from!

ABADDON
Before I destroy you, I want you to understand exactly what I am.

TYLER
You're a colossal Fuckasaurus Rex!

ABADDON
Demons are not immortal, human. We live long, but not forever.

TYLER
Fascinating! Really!

ABADDON
We are not born like you. We explode like stars. And in the end we collapse, like stars. My collapse is imminent. I feel it even now. But it is now that I burn hottest (beat) Hell wants your souls. I don't care where your souls go. I only want to rip them from your bodies now, before I am ripped from existence.

TYLER
Gee now. And you would have gotten away with it if it weren't for us meddling kids. Oh, and P.S. you're a whore.

ABADDON
Defiant human. Join me, and my rewards for you would be immeasurable.

TYLER
Not even for a Scooby snack, bitch!

Tyler DRAWS BOTH 50 cal AUTOMATICS hits him with EVERYTHING he's got LEFT.

The clips drop from the guns. They hit the floor and scatter.

(CONTINUED)

Blue liquid leaks from the wounds, but they quickly heal. Tyler turns to run Abaddon roars, and raises both arms from ALL the HORNS, CLAWS, and TEETH on his body come BOLTS of CURRENT, zapping him all at once.

ANGLE on TYLER as he is being ELECTROCUTED. the bolts of current CEASE as O.S. FOOTFALLS and GUNSHOTS are heard. TYLER ROLLS onto his BACK, SHAKING and TWITCHING: He is badly BURNED and SMOKING.

Angle on the COURTROOM ENTRANCE. POLICE, uniformed and plain-clothed alike are GATHERING at the ENTRANCE. They are FIRING off a HAIL of BULLETS and SHOTGUN BLASTS. But one by one their AMMO RUNS OUT, the LAST of the SHOTS are fired.

Abaddon takes HEAVY FIRE, but he is already REGENERATING as near SILENCE RETURNS to the room. FOOTFALLS: Someone RUNNING out in the HALLWAY, APPROACHING at high SPEED.

REVEREND (O.S.)

Stand aside! I have what this thing needs!

The POLICE MOVE aside as the REVEREND RUSHES in HOLDING a loaded SUPER-SOAKER.

He CLOSES IN on Abaddon, HOLDING the toy gun PRONE. It's a SQUIRT-GUN, sure, but the Reverend's LOOK and STANCE makes it CLEAR he MEANS BUSINESS.

REVEREND

(to Abaddon) a little heated brother?! let's cool you down!

The Reverend SQUIRTS a stream of HOLY WATER onto Abaddon. The water BURNS INTO him.

Abaddon HOWLS in honest to God PAIN. SMOKE pours from abaddon The Reverend SPRAYS him AGAIN, TEARING a GASH across his MIDSECTION, and CUTTING him in TWO.

Abaddon OPENS his MOUTH, as he DRAGS what's LEFT of him TOWARD Tyler. Abaddon's GUTS TRAIL behind him now, but with his ARMS and JAWS intact he can still RIP Tyler to SHREDS.

Tyler GRABS the CRUCIFIX the Reverend gave him to WEAR around his NECK and TEARS it off, BREAKING its CHAIN. Tyler HOLDS it COCKED, READY to THROW.

TYLER

Have a Jagged Little Pill why don't ya!

(CONTINUED)

Tyler HURLS the CRUCIFIX on its broken chain at ABADDON, it DISAPPEARS into Abaddon's GAPING MOUTH as he comes to DEVOUR Tyler.

ABADDON CLOSES his mouth.

SILENCE for a moment, as Abaddon STARES at TYLER, his FACE frozen in a conglomeration of FEAR and SURPRISE.

LESIONS surface across Abaddon's BODY, and CURLS of SMOKE rise from them.

Then FLAMES: First in PATCHES, but Abaddon soon becomes an INFERNO. he HOWLS as he BURNS DOWN to a smoldering HEAP.

Angle on TYLER as he LIES on the FLOOR, EXHAUSTED and BURNED. He STARES at (the remains of) Abaddon, and Abaddon's dead face STARES BACK Tyler, still LYING on his BACK, in obvious PAIN, and still TWITCHING from all the juice, LOOKS up to see ATHENA and the REVEREND STANDING over him.

ATHENA

you did it gun runner. you made a big boom. and sure enough it got the world's attention. the national guard is here.

REVEREND

(as he looks Tyler over) Just look at you. This is why I keep dragging you to church Tyler: so you don't wind up sporting the 'extra crispy' look for all eternity.

The REVEREND and ATHENA HELP Tyler to his FEET. HOLDING him up by his ARMS now, they START for the ENTRANCE to the courtroom.

The CROWD of surviving POLICE PARTS down the middle as the three WALK thru. In the HALLWAY now, they WALK past GUTTED WALLS and great smears of inky BLACK BLOOD, as the occasional PARAMEDIC or FIREFIGHTER RUSHES past, SURVEYING the damage and LOOKING for injured people.

They make their way THRU the LOBBY, and PAST the crushed METAL DETECTOR (from WITHIN the WRECKAGE, some bit of STILL WORKING circuitry DETECTS metal on the THREE as they PASS, and EMITS a pathetic, dying 'BLEEP' They DESCEND the front STEPS of the COURTHOUSE, SIDESTEPPING the bloody HUMAN WRECKAGE from the FOUNTAIN of death.

A SLEW of MILLITARY VEHICLES are PARKED all up and down the STREET. MOST of them are NATIONAL GUARD, but a FEW bear the INSIGNIA of PandORA.

(CONTINUED)

Their SWAT TRUCK is parked nearby, they all PILE INTO it and truck PULLS AWAY, leaving the chaos behind them.

FADE TO:

INT. SWAT VAN. DAWN

TYLER, the REVEREND, ATHENA, and an even mixture of POLICE and CIVILIANS are CRAMMED into the SWAT TRUCK as it CRUISES thru the shadowed COUNTRYSIDE.

The Reverend DRIVES while Tyler RIDES SHOTGUN. ATHENA is in the BACK TALKING with several of the surviving POLICE The REVEREND GLANCES at ATHENA in the rear view MIRROR.

REVEREND

(to Tyler) I think she kind of likes you y'know.

TYLER

Who likes me?

REVEREND

(points over his shoulder) You know who.

Tyler LOOKS over his SHOULDER. His EYES come to rest on ATHENA, and LINGER there for a moment.

Then he SNAPS OUT of it, and, with an AWKWARD LOOK TURNS to face forward again.

TYLER

Oh please. I think she plans to arrest me the first chance she gets.

REVEREND

No she won't. No one's arresting anyone.

TYLER

She won't even call me by my name. It's all "gunrunner" this, and "gunrunner" that.

REVEREND

I think she'll be good for you.

TYLER

Don't go playing matchmaker, padre. Stick to preaching and kickin' demon ass.

(CONTINUED)

SILENCE for a moment. And THEN:

TYLER

Rev?

REVEREND

Yes Ty?

TYLER

Do you really think we got rid of Abaddon? Did we really make a difference tonight?

REVEREND

Revelations says that in the last days, he will be loosed from his bottomless pit, to run amok, then returned to it. (beat) we know now, his 'bottomless pit' is a radio frequency, a wavelength. Did we really send him back there? I don't know. But I will tell you this: his very appearance marks the arrival of the last days. And if we didn't send him back - if someone picks up his frequency again, then this is only the beginning of the end.

TYLER

Armageddon? The end of the world, in our lifetimes. You really believe that's possible?

REVEREND

The God I know is with me Tyler. And anything is possible. That is what I believe.

Another SILENCE, BROKEN by ATHENA, as she POKES her head in BETWEEN the two. She LOOKS as if she has something to SAY, but HESITATES looks DISTRACTED almost worried. Tyler GLANCES over at her, seems TONGUE-TIED for a moment, then turns to FACE FORWARD again.

TYLER

What's on your mind?

ATHENA

(defensive) Hey gunr...

She HESITATES. When she SPEAKS again, the defensive TONE is GONE

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA

Hey Tyler.

TYLER

Yeah.

ATHENA

Me and some of the guys have been talking. We have to go to the FBI. If Abaddon still is on the airwaves he's a threat. And I'm sure we're off PANDORA's Christmas card list now. FBI's all we got left. And the worst thing we could do is wait for them to come looking for us.

REVEREND

She's right Ty.

TYLER

Demonic possession. That's a tough sell. I mean what would you say to that?

ATHENA

It's the truth. They can polygraph us. It's all we got.

TYLER

Nearest FBI office is Kansas City, right?

REVEREND

I believe so.

TYLER

Kansas City it is. I'm still not sure how we're going to sell this to the feds.

ATHENA

If he's still out there, still on the airwaves, I got a feeling we won't have to.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAWN

The NATIONAL GUARD has established a BASE of OPERATIONS behind Paradise HIGH SCHOOL.

In the DISTANCE beyond the SCHOOL, the FIRE from the propane plant still BLAZES, and seems to have SPREAD: half the SKY now CHURNS with billows of SMOKE and the horizon GLOWS the deep ORANGE of molten steel.

Soldiers hurry in all directions carrying EQUIPMENT and SUPPLIES. CAMOFLAGE spattered VEHICLES pull in and out of the school's PARKING LOT in an ongoing QUEST for SURVIVORS - and ANSWERS.

A multicolored PATCHWORK of BODY BAGS has ACCUMULATED on an adjacent BASEBALL DIAMOND, and now STRETCHES well into the OUTFIELD.

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER wearing a HEADSET microphone SITS at a fold-out TABLE packed with military RADIOS ACANNERS and parabolic DISHES

COLONEL

Anything?

COMM OFFICER

Zilch. Public access bands, citizen's band, cellular, even the local radio and TV stations. Must be some kind of interference, but I can't imagine what it would be.

COLONEL

Broaden your scan. Go lower, go higher. Just find me someone. We need to know what the Hell happened to this town.

COMM OFFICER

(nods at distant fire) Looks like Hell did happen to this town.
(beat) sir?

COLONEL

Sergeant?

COMM OFFICER

Who's PandORA? I've been seeing these jokers all over town.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL

Never heard of 'em. But I'm told the orders to stay out of their way came straight from the top.

COMM OFFICER

Damn strange Sir.

COLONEL

Whole operation is strange. We've only found a handful of people alive, and they seem to have gone loco: jabbering away about demons, witchcraft, or some nonsense.

COMM OFFICER

They say the Salem witch trials were triggered by psychosis from ergot poisoning.

COLONEL

So what are you saying?

COMM OFFICER

There's an explanation for everything Colonel, even this.

COLONEL

Find me one Sergeant. And let me know the minute you do.

The COLONEL LEAVES the comm. Officer to his work. Angle on one of the officer's SCANNERS: he's SWITCHING BANDWIDTHS. The LCD on the face of the scanner reads: EHF The officer PUSHES a BUTTON labeled CONTINUOUS SCAN STATIC for a beat, and then:

A male VOICE is heard, the words broken up by the WORDS broken up by spates of STATIC.

MALE VOICE/STATIC INTERFERENCE

ssssssssssssssssssss-am I talking
to-ssssssssssss-nyone who can hear
me. I need to speak
to-ssssssssssssssssss

The comm. Officer HOLDS DOWN a BUTTON on the side of scanner labeled 'SEND'

COMM OFFICER

This is sergeant Evan Hurly, national guard unit twelve Topeka Armory. We're reading you. who is this?

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE/INTERFERENCE
 Sssssssssss-Have to
 speak-ssssssssssssssssss-man in
 charge-ssssssssssss-unit. It's
 urg-ssssssssss

The comm. Officer SHUTS DOWN some of his other EQUIPMENT,
 and FIDDLES with some of the scanner's CONTROLS. The
 TRANSMISSION is PICKED UP a little more CLEARLY now:

MALE VOICE/INTERFERENCE
 My name is Don. This is an
 emergen-sssssss-, I need to speak
 with the officer in
 char-ssssssss-operation in
 Paradise Falls. I have vital
 informa-ssssssss...

COMM OFFICER
 I can relay a message.

MALE VOICE/INTERFERENCE
 Sssssssssss-have to speak with the
 ranking office-ssssss-directly. It's
 about what happened he-ssssssssss-I
 know what hap-ssssssssss

COMM OFFICER
 I'll put you in touch with Colonel
 Wescott if you can hold on for a
 moment.

The comm. Officer STANDS UP, and LOOKS AROUND. He sees the
 Colonel at a nearby TENT.

COMM OFFICER
 Colonel sir!

The COLONEL CONFERRING with a GROUP of other SOLDIERS, WALKS
 back to the comm. Officer and his equipment

COLONEL
 Talk to me.

COMM OFFICER
 Got a guy who says he knows what
 happened. Wants to speak to you
 about it. He says it's urgent.

COLONEL
 Alright put me on with him.

The comm. Officer hands the Colonel a pair of HEADPHONES. He
 puts them on.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL

This is Colonel Wescott. To whom am
I speaking?

In the BACKGROUND, a BOLT of static ELECTRICITY LEAPS from
an ANTENNA on the school's ROOF to some unseen OBJECT away
from the school.

VOICE OF ABADDON/VO

How many units deployed?

The Colonel's eyes SHIMMER, a flash of GLOWING BLUE like
embers.

COLONEL

(blank stare/possessed) Twelve.

ABADDON/VO

How many per unit?

COLONEL

Twenty four.

ABADDON/VO

Largest populated city in this
region?

COLONEL

Kansas City. (beat) four hundred
seventy eight thousand.

ABADDON

Instruct all units to switch to
this frequency, and mobilize for
Kansas City.

The Colonel's FACE pulls into a DEMONIC looking SCOWL

COLONEL

(voice of Abaddon) Understood.

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS (TO THE TUNE OF "I FOUGHT THE LAW" BY THE CLASH