

BLACK EASTER

Screenplay by Timothy O. Riley

Based on the book by James Blish

CUT IN -- THE SABBATH GOAT BAPHOMET'S INVERTED PENTAGRAM --

The image stares out at the audience.

INSERT OVER --

**THE WHITE AND BLACK MAGIC TEXTS, QUOTATIONS, SYMBOLS AND DEPICTIONS OF MANIFESTATIONS USED HERE ARE AUTHENTIC AND ACTUALLY EXIST.**

FADE

INSERT OVER --

**"FOR THIS IS HELL; NOR ARE WE EVER FREE OF IT."**

**CHRISTOPHER MARLOW**

FADE INSERT -- TO BLACK

A.O. -- Voices fade-in -- indistinct at first, speaking in Hebrew and English.

FADE IN --

INT. A COMPUTER LAB -- DAY

There are computer techs, students and professors, hovering over computer screens, busily analyzing Torah code.

*SCENE NOTE -- (Some are dressed in traditional Jewish-Orthodox garb).*

INSERT -- **University of Tel Aviv, Israel -- Torah Studies Lab**

FULL SHOT -- A COMPUTER SCREEN

Pages of the Torah flash on the screen, as the computer analyzes possible hidden, encrypted code combinations.

A student sits at his station, analyzing the computer hits as they come in.

Some matched combination sentences make little sense as --  
In Hebrew: (subtitle) **Matthew is lost forever. The things that come to pass will reign forever.**

Another page comes up -- In Hebrew: (subtitle) **Death is made to help us. The will is the deceiver.**

Another page comes up -- In Hebrew: (subtitle) **Darkness in the year 20055.**

The tech, pretty much, ignores them as general anomalies.

But, then -- Another page comes up with a host of strange, specific, combinations as -- In Hebrew: (subtitle) **Ware is hatching... Armageddon... J B is the key... God will fall... Dis rises in the desert.**

A.O. -- Hissing whispers babble unintelligibly in the background.

The student leans forward, looking deeply into his screen.

FULL SHOT -- HIS FACE, REFLECTED IN THE MONITOR SCREEN

**Ware is hatching Armageddon... J B is the key**, etc. -- blink out at him.

He glances over at his colleague.

HEBREW STUDENT 1  
What do you make of this?

The other student leans over and takes a look.

The name **Ware** starts to double then triple itself.

HEBREW STUDENT 2  
Interesting -- It's probably just another statistical anomaly. I wouldn't pay it much mind. Don't let it crash your machine. Make a note and move on.

HEBREW STUDENT 1  
Who am I to argue?

They both return to their jobs.

FULL SHOT -- HIS COMPUTER SCREEN

A.O. -- *Mozart's 'Requiem, 1 Intoritus'* -- leaks out of the sound system at the audience.

The computer returns to deciphering code combinations, as more of the Torah flashes by -- and more anomalous computer hits blink out.

SLOWLY PULLING IN -- THE SHOT WASHES OUT --

TO BLACK

*(Black Easter is written in archaic Greek script, white against a black background, slowly morphing to):*

**Black Easter**

TO BLACK

INSERT -- **Big Sur, California**

SCENE NOTE -- *(As Mozart's Requiem kicks in)* --

CUT TO

EXT. THE CLIFFS OF BIG SUR CALIFORNIA -- DUSK

AERIAL TRACKING FOLLOWS THE MAGNIFICENT JAGGED COASTLINE --

On and on we fly -- up the primordial rocky cliffs of the mid-California coast, blasted by a 'furnace' of a sunset.

The bloated, red ball of the sun looks as if it's boiling away the sea.

Waves crash like warriors against granite-cliff battlements, bathed in fire.

EXT. CONT. -- A STONE MANSION HIGH ABOVE THE RUGGED SHORE

SCENE NOTE -- *(As Mozart fades)* --

ZOOM IN ON

A small slit of a window.

A dim light glows within its interior.

INT. A SMALL, GLOOMY SPELL CHAMBER -- CONT.

An infernal altar is visible through the brume of incense and smoking herbs.

PULL UP --

A decapitated ram's head, its eyes crossed, its countenance fierce, stares down upon the proceedings. It is lashed to the crown of the altar.

ANGLE DOWN --

The corpse of an infant boy lies splayed upon a slab of obsidian before the obscene altar, in sacrifice. Its chest has been peeled back in a ritual vivisection.

FULL SHOT -- DR. THERON WARE'S HANDS

Dr. Ware's hands gracefully gesture, waving over a dark, glazed-earthenware ceremonial bowl.

Giant black candles, in the shape of phalluses, illuminate the Elizabethan tapestries draping the walls behind, depicting acts of bestial witchery.

*Character Note -- (Dr. Theron Ware is a tall, urbane, slim, angular, darkly handsome man -- maybe 40. He has shoulder-length, raven-black hair and wears a black-on-black Magician's dress suit, tails and a neatly trimmed goatee. A golden skull-cap crowns his head).*

FULL SHOT -- CEREMONIAL BOWL

He drops in herbs and spices, and pours in a vial of tannic powder. He then carefully floats the unfortunate child's heart and liver atop the oily dram.

He wipes his hands clean and throws the towel from the circle in a grand gesture.

FULL SHOT -- THE CEREMONIAL BOWL -- CONT.

There is a reaction in the bowl. Bits of paper begin to form and float to the surface. They congeal together, as the inky blood-mix starts to form letters.

Dr. Ware looks deep within the unctuous mixture.

The letters slowly spell out a name: **MARCHOSIUS**

A.O. -- O.S. -- Disembodied voices chant the name from some other universe.

VOICES  
MARCHOSIUS... MARCHOSI...

CLOSE UP -- DR. WARE'S LIPS

He begins the invocation.

DR. WARE  
(in a quick, dulcet  
cadence)  
*Ne invoices expellere,  
Mors principium est.  
Sanguis vitam est. Sanguis est vim.  
Nomen est.  
Oculto omnividens te vigilet.*

He repeats the invocation.

FULL SHOT -- THE CEREMONIAL BOWL --

The reaction intensifies.

An incandescent, spectral light emanates from the bowl.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (in a thin whisper,  
 deep within the spell-  
 casting)  
*Pretium Scientiae omne ignotum pro-*  
*manifesti, est manifesti, est...*  
 MARCHOSIUS...

He repeats the phrase.

A.O. -- O.S. -- Voices parrot the strange name, which bounces off the walls throughout the cavernous mansion.

O.S. VOICES  
 MARCHOSIUS, MARCHOSI...

We see -- There are three other guests/clients in the room. Their shadows dance behind them in candlelight.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE --

They are positioned on an intricate diagram of Cabalistic, intersecting circles, triangles and interconnected geometric stars.

ANOTHER ANGLE --

Dr. Ware performs complicated sign-like gestures over the sacrificial altar.

DETAIL SHOT --

The child's life-blood channels down grooves etched into the stone slab, and is siphoned off into a golden bowl, covered with raised symbols.

ANGLE ON -- DR. WARE

He takes the bowl and steps into the middle of his circle.

With the child's life-blood, Dr. Ware carefully traces the circle's line.

He backs away and takes a sip from the bowl.

A tiny blot of blood spots the corner of his moustache. He wipes it away with another towel, again throwing it from the circle.

He speaks the words of the '**Pact**' and the '**Sending**' --

DR. WARE  
 (In a deep, portentous  
 cadence)  
 I adjure thee.  
 (MORE)

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

I bind thee by my power and by the Names ADONAY, and by the hierarchy of superior intelligences, who shall constrain thee against thy will to do me and mine harm.

(he slows the cadence)

Venite, venute, submiritillo,  
submissio, manifessti...

MARCHOSIUS...

O.S. VOICES

MARCHOSIUS, MARCHOSI...

CLOSE UP -- CEREMONIAL BOWL

The reaction in the ceremonial bowl becomes prismatically brilliant.

PULL UP TO REVEAL

A looming form manifests itself from behind the altar.

The entity's visage is unearthly, amorphous and has a laser-green bioluminescence to it. His cruel features are shadowed beneath a dark cowl and seem to phase in and out of existence.

MARCHOSIUS

(irritated, with a  
deep, classic, British  
accent)

Why -- hast thou called me up,  
Magician? Cannot thee see, I am in  
repose with thy father?

His voice echoes back into some unknown dark recess.

Dr. Ware holds his scepter-crown over one of the candle-flames.

Its head begins to glow a royal blue.

The entity reacts as if wounded to the pith of its core, howling.

MARCHOSIUS (CONT'D)

(in utter pain)

Hold thy prick! -- I am well aware  
of thy covenant and my pacts with  
thee.

(resigned)

Remove the orb. I am for you to  
command.

(sneering)

Let this deal be done and gone!

Dr. Ware removes his staff from the flame.

He lays down his staff and steps from the circle.

He arrogantly turns, showing his back to the fearsome apparition.

DR. WARE  
 (oozing confidence  
 and swagger, smiling)  
 See how I have no fear of thee? --  
 So wretched is thy standing among  
Devils.

The entity literally fumes with rage. The clients remain silent. They stand rigid, stoic, careful not to break their places within their circle.

Dr. Ware picks up his staff, returns to the operator circle and continues the Sending spell.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 I charge thee, MARCHOSIUS, to  
 discharge a mortal man in the most  
cruel of manners. He is a Russian  
 and a minister to the United Nations.  
 His name is Sergei Olimov.

MARCHOSIUS  
 (sniggering)  
 I know the creature of whom thou  
 speaks. His sin is deep, his flesh  
 to be eaten.

The tone of the creature's manner softens, as he asks for his reward.

MARCHOSIUS (CONT'D)  
 (in a softer tone,  
 hopeful)  
 Am I to have his immortal part for  
 payment? Is this not correct,  
Magician? -- Is this not in the pact?

Dr. Ware says nothing.

MARCHOSIUS (CONT'D)  
 (impatiently waiting  
 for a reply)  
Magician?

Dr. Ware teases the entity with his silence.

MARCHOSIUS (CONT'D)  
 (terse)  
Magician?!

DR. WARE  
 (reassuringly,  
 flippant, waving his  
 hand)  
 So has it been said, so has it been  
sealed. His immortal part is yours  
 to keep as a prize.

The entity smiles.

The Black Magician holds his staff over the candle-flame,  
 again cowing the frightful presence.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (confidently)  
 Be it not performed exactly, I shall  
 call you up again. And I shall keep  
 you here, far away from thy father's  
 sight -- at my leisure.

Pointing at Ware with its long, vaporous, deformed finger --  
 MARCHOSIUS warns the Black Magician.

MARCHOSIUS  
 (insinuating)  
 When I have thee in Hell, Magician,  
 I shall drink thee dry of tears.  
 Until then? -- I am charged and sent.

With those words --

ZOOMING INTO -- *THE CREATURE'S LASER-GREEN EYES -- THE SCREEN  
 WASHES OUT GREEN AND WE FLY -- OVER THE OCEAN, OVER THE LAND --  
 FASTER AND FASTER, UNTIL EVERYTHING BECOMES A BLUR.*

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WASHINGTON DC. -- THE WATERGATE -- EVENING

INSERT -- **The Watergate Apartments, Washington, D.C.**

INT. OLIMOV'S APARTMENT -- THE WATERGATE -- CONT.

Olimov enters his swanky digs with a comely, expensive-looking  
 consort. Without turning on the living room lights, the two  
 disappear into the bedroom hallway -- tipsy, giggly.

INT. OLIMOV'S BEDROOM -- CONT.

OLIMOV  
 (in a heavy Russian  
 accent -- playfully)  
 I have some cocaine for us tonight.  
 You like cocaine? Yes? We all scream  
 for cocaine. Yes?

WHORE  
 (giggling, ordering)  
 Drugs first, and then that big Russian  
cock of yours.

She grabs his groin.

WHORE (CONT'D)  
 The coke won't make it limpy -- will  
 it? That's not good. No fun...

OLIMOV  
 Don't worry about my cock, Darling.  
Strip for me and get the scotch over  
 there while you're at it.

As the events continue heating up in the bedroom --

INT. OLIMOV'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

O.S. -- Sounds of sex-play waft out of the bedroom.

Visible through the sliding glass doors, streaking the  
 darkness, a distant thunderhead throws out veins of lightning  
 over the Potomac.

PULL BACK --

In the middle of the living room, a light-ball forms in mid-  
 space. It is diamond bright and dripping an acid-like goo  
 onto the carpet below.

The carpet burns and fumes with each new drip of the sulfurous  
 fluid.

An unearthly incandescence grows.

The light shimmers and splits, becoming a fissure -- Where-  
 upon, as if being born, a creature begins crawling its way  
 forth into this universe. It emerges huge, hulking, steaming,  
 gasping for air in the darkness.

Things around the room begin to freeze and crack in a sub-  
 zero atmosphere.

The TV screen cracks and splits.

P.O.V. THE MONSTER --

It walks towards the hallway, freezing everything in its  
 path. The air crackles with static electricity.

INT. OLIMOV'S BEDROOM -- CONT.

The naked whore is leaning over the Chinese bedstand, snorting  
 a giant line, while the overweight, half-dressed Olimov plays  
 with her breasts.

OLIMOV  
 (into it)  
 Come on -- let me put some on your  
 pussy.

WHORE  
 (nasty)  
 Whatever you want -- How's your cock  
 doing?

OLIMOV  
 Like a hammer. It wants to pound  
 your pussy numb.

*Suddenly* --

O.S. -- GLASS BREAKING

OLIMOV (CONT'D)  
 (startled, *en-coitus*)  
 What the hell was that?

WHORE  
 Are you expecting anyone?  
 (smiling)  
 Are we going to have a threesome  
 tonight, maybe? That would be fun.

O.S. -- A LOUD THUMP

Olimov opens the bedstand drawer and retrieves a nine-  
 millimeter Glock.

He chambers a round.

WHORE (CONT'D)  
 (worried)  
 What's going on -- Olie?

OLIMOV  
 (sternly, cautiously)  
 Stay here. Don't move.

Olimov vanishes down the hall and into the murk, while his  
 whore cowers on the bed, pulling the covers around her lovely  
 face.

She hears several bumps, but no gunshot. Then --

O.S. -- There a squealing sound, as if a giant rat was having  
 all the air squeezed out of it. Then muffled, bestial grunts  
 that drift into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

She emerges from the bedroom and carefully inches her way  
 down the hall.

Dragging the bed-sheets behind her and shaking from the cold, she leans around a corner.

WHORE  
(tentatively)  
Olie? Olie? Are you all right?

She sees, in the darkness, a huge shadowy form, gnawing on something. She is frightened beyond her capacity to react.

She looks around the room in hardened horror.

PAN ROOM --

Everywhere, everything is smeared and caked with frozen blood and viscera, sparkling in the dim light.

WIDE SHOT --

Still in shadow, the beast-form, eyes aglow, looks towards the whore, as it drops what is left of Olimov with a gushy thud.

There is a flash of lightning, and for a split second the horrible entity is revealed. Its unholy image is only hinted at, but its intentions are immediately evident.

The girl stares at the thing shivering, naked, petrified.

She begins to weep pitifully.

WHORE (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
My God... My God --

The creature lurches towards her, hissing.

CREATURE  
(with a giddy snarl)  
Such a lovely thing -- Two for one!

INT. HALLWAY OF OLIMOV'S APT. FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

O.S. -- A blood-freezing scream echoes down the hall.

Two neighbors meekly peek out from their doors, as one says to the other from across the hall --

NEIGHBOR 1  
Did you hear that!?

NEIGHBOR 2  
I'm calling the police.

They both slam and lock their doors.

CUT TO

INT. DR. WARE'S SMALL SPELL CHAMBER -- (CONT.) -- MOMENTS  
LATER

Dr. Ware slumps forward.

He is bleeding from his nostrils.

DR. WARE  
(with a breath of  
relief)  
It's done!

He wipes the blood from his face and throws the towel from  
the circle.

Ware looks at his dry, cracked hands, glancing up at his  
robed clients. He walks over and flops into a plush velvet  
armchair -- exhausted.

He leans forward arching his back.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
(wearily, terse)  
You'll confirm Mr. Olimov has been  
horribly murdered -- in the morning  
papers. As within our contract, I  
expect two million in gold...  
deposited in my Swiss account.

His guests bow low.

As they begin to leave, Ware warns them.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
And, gentlemen -- don't cross me.

A beautiful, exotic woman enters the small spell chamber.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
Greta, show the gentlemen out, please.

One of the clients pulls back his hood, revealing a pinched  
Asian gentleman.

ASIAN MAN  
(With a thick accent,  
pleasantly)  
Thank you, Dr. Ware. Maybe we shall  
meet again?

DR. WARE  
(smugly)  
I fear... not in this life.  
Perhaps... in the next.

The Asian man and the others excuse themselves with a low  
bow.

Ware gives them a nod.

The clients leave with Greta.

Ware rises from his chair, approaches the altar and pours a bottle of liquid over the unfortunate child's corpse.

CLOSE SHOT --

The dead infant vaporizes into a thick, sickly red mist, rising slowly towards the ceiling.

FADE TO BLACK

A.O. -- A hollow wind carves through a mountain valley.

FADE IN --

EXT. AERIAL -- THE SNOW-CAPPED APENNINE MOUNTAINS -- ITALY -- DAY

EXT. AERIAL -- THE MONASTERY, MONTE ALBANO -- CONT.

INSERT -- **Monastery of The Order of White Monks, Monte Albano, Italy**

INT. FATHER DOMINIC'S ROOM AT THE MONASTERY -- CONT.

*Character Note -- (Father Joshua Dominic is an ideological, deep, penetrating, fit-looking Monk, in his mid-thirties. He is known for his devotion to his craft and following Solomon's Holy Magic Covenant to the letter. Character note -- He is also known to bicycle where ever he goes).*

He stands in the arch of a Dutch doorway that leads to a small terrace, overlooking the magnificent valley below.

His hands are clasped tightly behind his back, as a light snow falls like ash.

He inhales deeply and exhales a breathy cloud of condensation, sniffing at the mid-morning air.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (half to himself,  
 half to an O.S.  
 character)  
 The air stinks.  
 (looking around)  
 Something ugly is in the air --  
Thaous? -- You hear me?

He turns towards the (O.S.) character.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
 Can't you smell it?

Inside his rectory-office, an old monk is bent over a calligraphers's desk, silently copying an ancient, antediluvian Gimoire.

The Monk, ever diligent to his task, says nothing.

The White Priest closes the doors behind him, pausing at the tiny wood stove to warm his hands. He walks into his small study and opens an ancient copy of the **BOOK OF HOURS**, sitting on a lectern.

FULL SHOT -- THE BOOK

The giant Master-Gimoire opens with a creak of leather.

Within the codex, there are beautifully intricate symbols and signings on the ancient parchment.

FULL SHOT --

A stunning pictograph is almost factual in its complexity of circles, color codes and geometric patterns.

ANGLE DOWN -- THE NAME: **IZRYAZALE** IN CALLIGRAPHIC GOTHIC SCRIPT

Dominic presses his fingers on specific points of the pictograph's symbols and, closing his eyes, begins a simple seeing-incantation.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(in a cadenced whisper)  
SHADDAI, ADONAI, YOD CHAVAH, EHEIEH  
ASHER EHEIEH.

He is serene as he repeats the phrase.

A snowy gust of wind blows open the rectory's doors, tossing Thaous' work to the floor.

THAOUS

Damn it!

FULL CLOSE-UP -- DOMINIC'S EYES, PAINFULLY TENSED SHUT

**DOMINIC HAS A SURREAL, NIGHTMARISH, VISION:**

***F-16 jets attack an iron-black, monstrously huge structure -- rising in a desert valley.***

***Rome is in smoking ruins.***

***A statue of Mary stands immobile in a burning church. Tears stream down its marble cheeks.***

***Huge flames lick at the Vatican's massive columns.***

*The Vatican burning, silhouetted against a giant blood-sun.  
Flames reflected in a pair of bestial, grinning goat-eyes.*

INT. DOMINIC'S ROOM -- CONT.

He jerks his hands from the book.

The palms of his hands are red and blistered, as if scalded by boiling heat.

He dunks his hands into a vessel of blessed water, biting his lip in pain.

All this time, the old monk has been gathering up his scattered work, in silence.

He finally lifts his head to speak.

THAOUS  
(concerned)  
What did you see?

Dominic blows on his scalded hands.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(stunned)  
The death of the world.

Thaous sets the clutter of parchments aside and reflects for a moment.

THAOUS  
(in a thick Italian  
accent)  
That's a fairly common vision,  
wouldn't you say, Father? -- To be  
honest, I wouldn't discount it --  
but -- on the other hand, don't lose  
sleep over it.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(blowing on his hands)  
Thaous -- it scalded my hands.

Dominic shows the monk his sore, pink, blistered, hands.

The Monk is confounded as he examines Dominic's hands.

THAOUS  
(concerned)  
Only a master Black Magician, in  
league with a high ranking Demon,  
could manifest injury on you? Very  
strange. But -- there are a few  
sorcerers out there who could do it--  
Theron Ware comes to mind.

FATHER DOMINIC  
He's still alive?

THAOUS  
Last I heard -- He lives in  
California, somewhere.

FATHER DOMINIC  
I thought that creature died years  
ago.

THAOUS  
You really should inform Brother  
Ucello at the Vatican -- about your  
vision, Dominic.

Thaous continues straightening up his work.

THAOUS (CONT'D)  
(puzzled)  
This could be a manifestation of  
John's Prophecy, or a wizard's trick --  
Hard to tell.

*Scene Note -- (Father Ucello acts as an emissary between the  
isolated monastery and the Vatican).*

As he rubs at his tender hands, Dominic takes a seat at his  
computer and is about to start an e-mail to the Vatican's  
resident mystic, Father Ucello, when --

A young White Priest, Jonnas (an Acolyte), enters the room.

JONNAS  
(Italian accented)  
Excuse me, Fathers.

Dominic raises his eyes from the computer monitor.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(Bemusedly)  
What do you need, Jonnas?

JONNAS  
(apologetically)  
The director wants you to know --  
There is to be a meeting with a new  
client. He's being hauled up the  
mountain as we speak.

FATHER DOMINIC  
What sort of client, a pilgrim?

JONNAS  
Not sure... a very rich American, is  
all I know but --  
(MORE)

JONNAS (CONT'D)  
 (smiling)  
 Aren't they all?

Jonnas sniffs at the air.

JONNAS (CONT'D)  
 What is that awful smell? It's like  
 sour fish.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (smiling)  
 You're partly right, Brother -- Take  
 another guess.

JONNAS  
 (thinking)  
Demons? Hell? What else smells as  
 bad?

Thaous chuckles as he lifts his eyes from his work.

THAOUS  
 (declarative, smiling)  
 You'll make a fine White Magician  
 one day, Brother Jonnas.

He immediately returns to his drafting.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (slightly smiling)  
 Tell the Director I will be there  
 shortly. Good work, Brother Jonnas.

Jonnas turns to leave, but stops himself.

JONNAS  
Oh, and Father, the American's name  
 is Jonathan Baines... ring any bells?

Thaous shakes his head and looks to Dominic.

Dominic begins finishing his letter, shaking his head.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (thinking)  
Baines? No, none at all.

Jonnas bows and exits.

FULL SHOT -- DOMINIC'S COMPUTER MONITOR

The Father types: ***Brother Ucello, I've had a terrible vision.  
 You need to call a Council of the 13. John's Prophecy may  
 have scalded my hands. Will come as fast as I can. Dominic***

CLOSE UP -- ***P.S. Who is Jonathan Baines?***

CLOSE UP -- He clicks-- send.

EXT. DR. WARE'S MANSION -- AFTERNOON

Giant waves crash upon the rocks.

INT. DR. WARE'S OFFICE-STUDY -- CONT.

The study is brilliant in the sunlight and has a commanding view of the rocky coast below.

FULL SHOT --

A 14th-century painting of 'Lucifer's Fall From Heaven' by Botticelli fills the screen.

ANGLE DOWN --

Dr. Ware is sitting comfortably behind his massive carved and gilded oak desk.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Two clients are casually sitting before him, their backs to the camera.

*Scene Note -- (We have caught them in mid-meeting).*

FAVORING -- DR. WARE

DR. WARE

(to his clients, his  
voice echoing into  
the corners)

... No -- I can't help you persuade  
a woman.

(thinking)

Should you want her raped, though, I  
can arrange that -- Or, if you want  
to rape her yourself, I can arrange  
that too, albeit with some difficulty.  
But directly?... My specialty is  
crimes of violence. Chiefly murder,  
Mr. Baines.

*Character Note -- (Jonathan Baines is a zillionaire in his late fifties and looks every bit the 'Industrial-Munitions-Magnate-Monster').*

Baines shoots a glance to his assistant, Jack Ginsberg, and then back to the Black Magician.

*Character Note -- (Jack Ginsberg is Baines' Ivy League-educated, beyond handsome and impeccably dressed 'Guy-Friday').*

BAINES

(diplomatically huffy)

You're frank, Doctor. I like that. I hoped you, of all people, would appreciate my fascination with the mingling of technology and Sorcery if, indeed -- Sorcery exists.

Ware ambles over to the large bay windows and gazes out over the rugged vista.

WARE

(slightly offended)

Not Sorcery, Magic, Mr. Baines, Black Magic -- to be specific... we don't use the 'S' word around here... sorcery conjures up Mickey Mouse and broomsticks. Or, even worse, Halloween. I don't much like Warlock or Wizard either.

(scoffing)

So... juvenile.

Beautiful Greta, dressed in the highest coterie, enters the room with a full drink tray.

Jack immediately stiffens in response to this lovely creature's sudden appearance, straightening his Versace tie.

She bends and hands him his drink, smiling and full of sexual tension.

Their eyes meet.

Jack is taken aback, for she flirts with beautiful, unearthly, bright-green goat-eyes.

He nervously takes a glass tumbler from the tray, as she pours him a drink.

JACK

(clumsily)

Thank you... um... I'm sorry, your eyes are -- Are those contacts?

DR. WARE

(cuts him off)

That will be all, Greta. You can leave the tray, thank you.

Setting the tray down on Ware's desk, she gracefully turns to exit the room. She swings her head and looks directly into Jack's eyes.

As she shuts the doors behind her, coyly, she reveals her razor-sharp canines to him.

GRETA  
 (in a heavy, sexual  
 purr)  
 I like your tie.

Baines snaps at Jack, breaking the spell.

BAINES  
 (annoyed)  
Armstrong! Did you bring that  
 clipping with you? -- Well?

Jack fumbles around in his valise.

JACK  
 (assuredly)  
 Right here, Boss.

He hands it to Dr. Ware.

BAINES  
 (inquiring)  
Your work, Doctor?

Dr. Ware looks at it, snickers and throws it on his desk.

FULL SHOT: AN INTERNET PRINT-OUT, NEW YORK TIMES.

It says: ***Russian envoy to the United Nations slain with  
 mistress in ritual murder.***

Dr. Ware pours himself a drink without a second glance.

DR. WARE  
 Nasty business, that.

Baines and Jack wait for an answer.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (shrugging, looking  
 at them)  
Really, gentlemen... what do you  
 want me to say? To Hell with your  
 inquiries. I am what I say I am.  
 Observe --

As he holds up his snifter, his hand becomes glassy and visibly translucent. His muscles, bones and veins, pumping blood, are plainly visible.

He brings the snifter down to his lips taking a sip as his hand, again, becomes flesh.

Jack's eyes widen but, Baines remains unimpressed.

Ware notices this.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(put-off)

If it's more proof of my gifts? How about one more demonstration? There won't be another. If you're not convinced? Then we'll call it an evening. Clear?

Baines sets his snifter down while throwing Jack a smirking glance.

BAINES

(flippant)

That's what we're here for, Doctor.

DR. WARE

(casually)

Did you bring that mirror I mentioned -- on the phone?

Baines's assistant pulls, from his inner breast coat pocket, a waxed envelope. From it, he removes a woman's hand mirror sealed in glassine. He hands it to Baines.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Break the seal.

Baines breaks the seal.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Good. Look into it.

As Baines looks into the cracked mirror, out of the corners of his eyes two thick tears of dark, venous blood slowly crawl down his cheekbones.

Baines lowers the mirror.

BAINES

(Scoffing at the Doctor)

Hypnotism!... A trick! So, this is supposed to amaze me?

DR. WARE

Wipe them off.

Baines unravels a pricey silk handkerchief and gently soaks the thick blood into the white-on-white fabric.

FULL SHOT: BAINES' HANDKERCHIEF.

The dark scarlet stains turn to sparkling gold. They form the letters: **J B**

FULL SHOT -- BAINES' GOLD RING ON HIS THIRD FINGER

It has a monogram; it says: **J B**

Baines glances down at it and sniggers.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Have that analyzed, anywhere. You'll find it's 24 carat gold. Now, Gentlemen, let us dispense with the parlor tricks and talk business. I'm a busy man.

Baines hands the handkerchief to Jack, who looks at it in amazement, while carefully wrapping and returning it to his breast pocket.

JACK

(offhand)

That's impossible -- How could you transmute atomic composition? -- You did this with your mind?

Ware seems amused by the question and chuckles.

DR. WARE

Not at all. Even the simplest trick requires a Demon. Demons are attracted to you, Mr. Baines. You must have been a bad boy.

(explaining to Baines)

I use low-rank Demons for demonstrations. He's standing behind you right now, and will remain there for exactly thirty hours.

Baines turns around, but sees nothing. He turns back to Ware.

BAINES

(pointing behind him)

Just there?

DR. WARE

(slightly impatient)

Yes, just there -- Now, Sir -- What do you want of me?

Baines pulls a carved ivory cigarette holder from his breast pocket. He motions to the Doctor if smoking is allowed. Ware nods, and as Baines lights up a Sherman cigarette --

BAINES

(casually, heartless)

Of course, Doctor. I want someone killed -- tracelessly. And, when you can prove to me that you live up to all the hype, I have another, larger, assignment for you.

DR. WARE

I take it... you were satisfied with the demonstration?

Baines nods and looks to Jack, who enthusiastically nods.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(smug)

And -- Who would this be that you want eliminated? I'm a Black Magician, not a mind reader... if this is some kind of test.

Jack takes a photo from his valise and hands it to Ware.

JACK

(serious)

The Governor of California -- we want him to either commit suicide or die of an illness... if this is possible.

Ware glances at the photo, laying it on his desk. He leans back in his chair with a sarcastic sigh.

DR. WARE

(grinning)

Governor Raymond... I see... and you need a Black Magician to kill him cleanly -- Amusing.

(His expression becomes serious, studied)

Yes, suicide or disease is very possible.

(inquisitively)

If I may -- why do you want him killed? He seems to be one of the good guys on this sick little planet.

BAINES

(Angry)

Because the bastard's ruining my business. Plain and simple. A matter of greed I'm sure you can appreciate, Doctor.

DR. WARE

(dripping with conceit)

Have I told you how I and my associates love avarice? Especially malignant avarice.

(pointed)

Hmm, your business -- As I recall that would be -- the black market sales of munitions to rogue nations? Correct? Yes?

Jack shifts forward in his seat, coming to his boss's defense.

JACK

(insulted)

Wait a minute, Doctor! Are we going to talk business or ethics?

DR. WARE

(snapping back)

Business, by all means. I leave ethics to poets and philosophers.

BAINES

You say there's no problem?

DR. WARE

No problem?... Well, it's always hard work... and work requires incentive.

JACK

What will you need from us?

DR. WARE

(inquisitive)

Hmm, nothing much. Answer these questions for me... is he immoral? Does he cheat on his wife, beat his children, does he dabble in anything illicit at all?... drugs, booze, bribery?

Baines looks to Jack to explain the particulars.

JACK

Is that a problem? We really have no dirt on the man.

DR. WARE

(thinking)

Well, without any damnable sins to work with, he's worthless to a Demon and will, therefore, have to be tempted.

BAINES

So, how will you do it, then? You have a plan for these situations?

DR. WARE

(still thinking)

Not sure... not sure, but I'm always up for a challenge.

BAINES

So, you're saying there is a problem?

Ware shakes his head.

DR. WARE  
You said problem, I didn't.

BAINES  
 Well if it's money -- Don't worry  
 about money... it's no object.

The Black Magician glares at Baines.

DR. WARE  
 (scornful)  
I don't need your money. I can find  
 treasure whenever, wherever, I want  
 it. But, understand this...  
 (smiling)  
 It's going to cost you a ghastly sum  
 in spite of all that.

Ware rises from his seat and walks over to a dark Abyssinian  
 cat sauntering into the room. He picks it up and returns to  
 his seat, gently stroking the animal.

FULL SHOT: THE CAT'S EYES

The cat's eyes are identical to Greta's goat eyes.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (continuing to pet  
 the purring cat)  
 Knowledge comes at a price, a price  
 I pass along to you, the consumer.

Baines snuffs his cigarette out in an ashtray formed like a  
 Demon's mouth.

BAINES  
 (agreeably)  
 The price for your knowledge is no  
 object -- no object at all.

Jack throws in a non sequitur, throwing Ware off-guard for  
 an instant.

JACK  
 How old are you, Dr. Ware, 40, 60,  
 200?

DR. WARE  
 (offhand)  
 Old enough to know humanity is deaf,  
dumb and blind.

Jack nervously smiles.

The Doctor sets down the feline, who scampers off into shadows. He ushers his guests to their feet and shakes their hands.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Well, gentlemen, there you have it... I will need a good-faith check from you, deposited in my Swiss bank account, by week's end. Then we can put the contract into action. Are we in agreement here?

BAINES

Sounds like a deal, Doctor... and, by the way, will the Demon on my back... leave when he's supposed to?

DR. WARE

Oh, he isn't on your back and he'll leave at the appointed time. He's as anxious to get rid of you as you are of him. Contrary to belief, misery doesn't love company.

Baines scowls at Ware.

BAINES

We'll see about that.

As the meeting dissolves Jack looks to Dr. Ware.

JACK

Excuse me, Doctor, before we go, a question... do you know a White Magician Monk? A Father Dominic? We visited him at Monastery Albano, in Italy, a few days ago.

BAINES

(concerned)

Yes, I was meaning to ask you about him. He belongs to some sort of... Vatican-sanctioned White Magic Order. Would they ever get in the way of our little projects?

Ware takes a golden hand-size globe from an ivory stand.

DR. WARE

Levitaum, Ignem et aquam.

The sphere rises from his hand, transforming into water droplets that suspend themselves in the pattern of an inverted pentagram. A fierce, horned goat's-head materializes, staring out at them, shimmering at its center. The pattern begins to whirl around, shining like diamonds.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(Ware smiles, wryly)

Oh, I wouldn't worry about him, or his order, or the Vatican. Everyone knows Catholicism and its White Magic cousins are virtually impotent. Why do you think I chose the Black Arts?

The diamonds vanish in a rainbow of light and misty water-vapor.

EXT. THE VATICAN -- LATE AFTERNOON

INSERT -- **THE VATICAN, ROME, ITALY**

Tourists mingle around the immense grounds.

A child chases a flock of pigeons.

INT. VATICAN -- CONT.

*Fade in* -- A.O. -- The 5th movement of Mahler's 2nd Symphony creeps in.

FULL SHOT --

A statue of David carries the Lamb of God in one hand, a sword in the other.

TRACKING -- MIXED WITH FULL SHOTS --

As the camera prowls around the Gallery, we see other statues and paintings depicting Angels as warriors, heavily armored and ready for battle, or doing battle in the defense of their God.

TRACKING -- INT. VATICAN -- CONT.

The camera explores the deep inner administrative guts of the building and through a maze of hallways.

A.O. The music builds in a crescendo as --

FULL SHOT -- A STATUE OF MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

He is fierce, armored and ready to do battle with the dark forces. He stands guard before the large Baroque doors of the Chief Inquisitor's office.

A.O. -- Fade music

The doors open and as two Priests leave, the camera creeps in.

INT. THE CHIEF INQUISITOR -- BISHOP ROGAN'S OFFICE -- CONT.

Rogan is pacing back and forth, finally throwing open the French doors that lead out onto a shaded terrace.

BISHOP ROGAN

(Irish and irritated)

Ucello! Where is that damn Magician Monk of yours! You say he's bicycling here from the Monastery? -- Can't he just fly or something? -- What's wrong with a car?

*Character Note -- (Rogan is a large, fat, Falstaffian character. He is jovial and menacing at the same time).*

*Character Note -- (Father Ucello is a gray, tall wisp of a man, in his mid-sixties).*

Ucello sits on the edge of a great leather chair. He is dressed in his milky-white vestments.

*Scene Note -- (Both Father Dominic and Father Ucello belong to the esoteric mystical Catholic Order of White Magicians. Widely considered an embarrassment, but deemed necessary by the Greater Vatican Diocese, as a last ditch against the Black Arts or if John's Revelation Prophecy manifests. It was their Order which compiled the Rites of Exorcism and the witch-hunters guide, Malleus Maleficarum).*

Ucello sips wine from a gilt goblet.

UCELLO

(Viennese accent)

He will be here soon, Eminence. White Magic Rituals dictate -- he use only the ground and his own manpower to travel here. He may contaminate his vision.

(trying to change the subject)

Try some of Monte Albano's wine, Excellency. I brought you a bottle of 1897 grapes... it's really a delicacy.

ROGAN

(exasperated)

God forgive us, Brother. Someone remind me I'm in in the 21st century.

He walks to the window and gazes out at the ancient city.

ROGAN (CONT'D)

Rituals? I believe in the rituals of Church Pageant, but you mystics are a living relic of the Dark Ages.

UCELLO  
 (diplomatically)  
Remember, Excellency, the Acts of Exorcism were created by our order. We come in handy every few hundred years, you know. You shouldn't discount us out-of-hand.

Pouring himself some wine, Rogan takes up a Bible and tosses it before Ucello.

ROGAN  
 (impatient)  
 This is the only book of magic the church needs. You and your band of witches need to remember that! Calling a Council of the 13 is a serious matter.

UCELLO  
 As you say, Excellency. But, trust in faith -- this may be a serious matter. Father Dominic is not one for flights of fantasy.

ROGAN  
 (sipping wine)  
 For his sake and yours, I hope not.

He shakes his head and takes a deep swig of the wine.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE TO THE ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS OF THE VATICAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Father Dominic arrives on his bicycle -- at the back entrance to the administrative part of the Vatican.

Aides greet him and usher him into a side-cloister.

INT. SMALL CLOISTER CHAPEL -- CONT.

Attendants scurry about, swinging incense wheels.

A large wooden tub sits steaming and filled with stalks of herbs and spices.

Dominic disrobes and steps into the tub, kneeling.

He looks to his aides, but they are lost in deep meditation, gently mumbling prayers of penance.

He looks to the large wooden Crucifix behind the altar, barely visible through the smoke and steam.

The carving of the Christ is ancient, its wood and paint chipping away -- its face obscured.

INT. BISHOP ROGAN'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

An attendant enters the office from the outside. He finds Ucello, Rogan and several other Bishops still waiting for word on Father Dominic.

FAVORING THE ATTENDANT --

ATTENDANT

(bowing)

Excuse me excellencies, Father Dominic has arrived and the Council of the 13 is about to convene.

They rise to their feet.

ROGAN

(looking hard at Ucello, pointed)

Let's just see what your magical Monk has for us today.

INT. CHAPEL -- CONT.

Father Dominic, helped by attendants, slips into his milky-white vestments. His head is crowned by a silver skull-cap.

He bows his head and delivers a short supplication before the ragged cross.

FATHER DOMINIC

(in prayer)

The death of life is born again through the Cross -- Lord of the Universe. *En fidelitate et veritate universas ab aeternitate...* Amen.

He looks to one of his attendants.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(firmly, calmly)

Tell them -- I'm ready to proceed.

EXT. THE VATICAN -- AFTERNOON

An ominous flock of crows splits the blue sky.

INT. THE MAIN COUNCIL CHAMBER

The large chamber is alive with murmuring, as the upper hierarchy of the Vatican Council of the 13 file in and take their thrones.

A line of Carmelite nuns sits before a raised pulpit.

Father Dominic strides to the gilded lectern.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (with confidence and  
 conviction)

Brothers, Excellencies, I am Father  
 Joshua Dominic. I represent the Order  
 of White Monks from the Monastery at  
 Monte Albano. To those of you who  
 don't know of me or my order -- we  
 are a practicing order of White  
 Magicians -- within our Mother Church  
 that --

There is a din of mumbling and guffaws.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
 (speaking over the  
 furor)

... That was ordained by Pope  
Honorius III in 1216.

The clamor becomes more insistent.

UCELLO  
 (speaking louder)

Making us among the oldest orders in  
 The Mother Church.

A Bishop calls out.

ANON. BISHOP 1  
 (sarcastically)

You called us here to talk magic and  
sorcery?! If you've looked at the  
 calendar lately, Father, the year is  
hardly 1216.

There is laughter and some applause.

ANON. BISHOP 1 (CONT'D)  
 I thought witches and demons were  
 the stuff of bad horror novels and B-  
 movies... not things to be discussed  
 among rational human beings.

More applause --

Another Bishop calls out --

ANON. BISHOP 2  
 What does his Holiness say about you  
witches?!

More laughter and a smattering of applause.

UCELLO  
(speaking above the  
din)

Eminences, Brothers, please! -- What  
Father Dominic has to say is of no  
light matter!

The scene quiets down (somewhat).

UCELLO (CONT'D)  
Father Dominic is my most talented  
and high ranking Priest -- who has  
recently detected manifestations of  
John's Prophecy.

The hall breaks out in outrage.

There are three Cardinals, sitting between two swirled ebony  
pillars, on three golden thrones, at a raised area towards  
the back wall. One of them stands up and raises his hands  
to drive home a point.

ANNON. CARDINAL  
Certainly, Father Ucello, you're not  
suggesting the prophecy of  
Revelations. Fire? Trumpets?  
Blood?

(looking around the  
room, gesticulating)  
Where is there proof abroad that  
shows this to be true? As I recall  
the End Time just doesn't sneak up  
on the world.

There is laughter and more applause.

Father Dominic becomes angry.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(shouting, but in  
control)  
Excellencies! I realize this sounds  
fantastic to some of you, But what  
is... IS! I fear, if we ignore the  
signs, we do so at the peril of  
annihilation!

The room quiets to a hush.

Father Ucello walks to the pulpit.

UCELLO  
(gravid)  
I have met with the Chief Inquisitor  
and his Holiness.  
(MORE)

## UCELLO (CONT'D)

Their decision is to send Father Dominic to California for an interview with the Black Magician he thinks may be behind this schism. The Black Magician has no choice but to see him. As it is written in the Covenant of Holy Magic.

A Bishop rises to speak from the floor. He looks to Father Ucello and to the audience.

## BISHOP 3

Father Ucello, some of us may have forgotten the fact, that it was your order which compiled the Acts of Exorcism. The Church is grateful.

Snickers float through the audience.

## BISHOP 3 (CONT'D)

Excellencies, to doubt that supernatural evil exists, is to doubt God's existence. If his Holiness and his excellency the Inquisitor, have faith in Father Dominic, so should we all.

The audience's personality changes, slowly building to a resounding applause.

Another Cardinal speaks from his throne, as the hall becomes hushed.

## ANON. CARDINAL 2

Father Ucello, we are in agreement with his Holiness and his Eminence, the Inquisitor, on this matter of Father Dominic's.

(cautiously)

But, I pray this is an aberration, a fantasy that quickly fades -- The Church can hardly afford the negative publicity of Demons and Devils mucking about.

(strident)

What has been discussed here today remains here.

The audience murmurs in agreement.

The Cardinal bows his head.

## ANON. CARDINAL 2 (CONT'D)

*Adonne! Esplea! --*

The audience rises and bows its head.

ANON. CARDINAL 2 (CONT'D)

In Christ we serve -- Amen.

AUDIENCE

(answering)

Amen --

He pounds his golden shepherd's staff on the floor -- a resounding three times -- in adjournment.

The sound echoes off the densely frescoed, vaulted ceilings of the chamber hall.

INT. FATHER DOMINIC'S APARTMENT AT THE VATICAN -- NIGHT

He takes a small bottle of holy water and, with an eyedropper, squeezes two drops in his eyes. He takes out his Crucifix and kisses its feet.

FATHER DOMINIC

(in a whisper)

*Aquiam, ocuulum, sante.*

Sitting on the bed, he leans back and stares at the ceiling, placing the Crucifix on his forehead.

He repeats the phrase.

A vision takes shape before his eyes. It is Dr. Ware's mansion. He sees Dr. Ware in his study -- then the vision disappears.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(smiling)

There you are, Dr. Wizard. I've found you, haven't I?

EXT. THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING IN SACRAMENTO -- MORNING

INSERT -- **The Capitol Building, Sacramento, California.**

LONG SHOT -- A throng of reporters and well-wishers crowds the Capitol steps.

The Lieutenant Governor approaches the microphone-cluster before the podium.

LIEUT. GOV.

(Clearing his throat)

We couldn't be more proud of this man. This great man born and raised in our great state --

Points to Gov. Raymond who smiles and waves to the adoring crowd. There is applause, as camera strobes pop.

LIEUT. GOV. (CONT'D)

(speechy)

He single-handedly cleaned up the Military Industrial Complex. He helped shut down the trade of illicit weapons sales to rogue nations. He shut out the charlatans and profiteers that have turned our country into a dealer of death and destruction.

More applause.

LIEUT. GOV. (CONT'D)

I give you the winner of this year's Nobel Peace Prize... Governor of the great state of California and now, Nobel Laureate... I give you -- Governor Richard Raymond.

An energetic round of cheers and applause erupts from the crowd.

Gov. Raymond takes the mic.

The crowd goes nuts.

GOV. RAYMOND

(acknowledging the  
cheers)

I never thought of myself as a crusader... or a peace-nik.

Laughter and applause trickle in from the crowd.

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(forcefully)

But -- I knew something was rotten at the core of these United States of America, and it had to be cut out! One way or the other!

Big applause and cheers.

ANGLE ON -- FROM RAYMOND'S RIGHT --

We see Dr. Ware's succubus (Greta) in among the press corps, looking up from her palm-pilot, straightening her press badge and smiling lusciously up at the Governor.

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

This award is not for me -- This award is for all who worked tirelessly towards the goals of strict international munitions regulations! This award is for you too... God bless you all.

Lots of applause and cheers greet his closing words.

As he retreats within the Capitol building, Raymond's and Greta's eyes meet. He gives her a sexy wink and a smile.

Greta smiles back.

FULL SHOT -- GRETA'S EYES

Her irises change shape from normal to goat eyes and back again.

A small girl, with her mother, notices this.

Greta smiles at her.

The girl tugs at her mother's skirt, alarmed.

LITTLE GIRL  
(distressed)  
Mommy, that lady has weird eyes.

Her mother looks up.

Greta looks at the mother, shrugging her shoulders and smiling innocently back.

INT. THE RECEPTION AREA -- THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE -- LATER  
FAVORING THE RECEPTIONIST --

RECEPTIONIST  
(busily)  
I'm sorry, the Governor is giving an interview to the Post right now. I can schedule you for tomorrow.

Looking over at two Secret Service men sitting by the inner-office doors.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
John, how much longer does the Post have?

One of the Secret Service men checks his watch.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN  
She's got 30 minutes, I guess.

The receptionist pushes the intercom button.

PULL UP --

Her bright, pretty, face shows a bit of frazzle.

RECEPTIONIST

Governor, just a reminder, Dan Rather and his crew will be here in under an hour.

INT. THE GOVERNOR'S INNER OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

FULL SHOT -- HIS FINGER ON THE INTERCOM BUTTON

GOV. RAYMOND

(with just a hint of strain in his voice)

Thanks Marcie... I owe you, as usual.

He lifts his finger from the button.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The Governor is receiving the blow-job of his life -- from an unseen participant, just below desk level -- her head bobbing furiously.

A palm pilot is strategically placed on the floor, away from Gov. Raymond's line of sight. There is a tiny video camera and a tiny hard drive clicking away, as it records the event for posterity.

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(trying his best to contain his unclean ecstasy, as he orgasms)

My God... Oh God...

The mystery-mistress stands and straightens herself.

As she turns, we see it is Ware's succubus, Greta.

She wipes cum from her mouth.

GRETA

(smiling, revealing a fang)

I assure you, Governor, God was not involved.

He zips up his pants on his way into the bathroom.

As she cleans herself up, she dutifully retrieves her palm pilot, smiling broadly, revealing her row of razor sharp teeth.

INT. THE BATHROOM -- CONT.

He looks into the mirror, shaking his head in disbelief, while primping himself.

GOV. RAYMOND

(in denial, to Greta)

Do you realize what trouble I'd...  
we'd be in if this ever got out? I  
 think it would be best if we forget  
 this ever happened. You understand,  
 sweetheart. I'm sorry, I really am.

(chuckling)

Tell you the truth, I'm not really  
 sure what just happened... are you?...  
Sweetheart? You there? --

The next room is awfully quiet.

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

... Are you?... Are you there?

He looks around the corner of the bathroom door.

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, are you listening?

The office is empty. Greta has disappeared into the ether.

Raymond fixes his tie and, slipping on his business coat,  
 walks out into the reception area, looking to his  
 receptionist.

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Marcie, where is the lady from the  
 Post?

The receptionist looks confused.

RECEPTIONIST

She's not in with you? John, you see  
 her?

The Secret Service man shrugs his shoulders.

PLAINCLOTHES MAN

She may have slipped out, it's  
 possible. Shall we find her,  
Governor? She couldn't have gotten  
 far.

GOV. RAYMOND

No, no... that's alright... but you're  
 not giving me much confidence,  
fellas. Let her go -- It's OK.

Over the Secret Service man's receiver, a voice comes on --

RADIO V.O. (O.S.)

Dan Rather's people have just pulled  
 up. Let's look sharp and pro,  
people...

The men move out.

Raymond's face shows guilt, confusion and concern. He wipes his brow of sweat -- He can still hear the grunts and slurps of Greta's oral technique in his head (on his head).

His face turns white, as the sound of demonic slurping intensifies.

Raymond is visibly woozy and steadies himself.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you OK, Governor... Governor?

GOV. RAYMOND

Fine... fine, Marcie. It's been a busy day.

(changing the subject)

Let's get this office in order for the interview... OK?

The Receptionist still looks at him quizzically.

FAVORING GOV. RAYMOND --

GOV. RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(kindly, but stern)

Marcie, I'm O-K, really. Let's get to work.

CUT TO

INT. DR. WARE'S STUDY -- EVENING

Dr. Ware's fingers tap on the desk. Next to them is Greta's palm pilot.

PULL UP TO -- THE DOCTOR'S FACE.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Dr. Ware is watching the Governor's adulterous encounter with the his Succubus, Greta.

The Doctor sits back, his cheek resting on a finger, as a half-smile of bemusement stripes his face.

Greta enters the room. She casually walks over and, sitting on the edge of his desk, grabs the entertainment-system remote.

GRETA

(self-satisfied)

I think you'll be proud of me, Master. Take a look at this.

She flips on the huge, flat-screen TV-monitor.

FULL SHOT -- TV MONITOR

A talking news-head, reporting on one of the 24/7 news networks.

TALKING HEAD

(a woman anchor)

This just came in moments ago and I want to warn you, even though it has been edited, it still depicts an explicit sexual act. You may want to send the kids away.

The tape starts rolling -- and there is Gov. Raymond, getting the best blow job of his life (with the naughty bits smudged out and Greta's face obscured by her hair).

The Anchorwoman continues --

TALKING HEAD (CONT'D)

We really haven't any idea of what we are looking at, yet. But, it appears the Governor of California, Richard Raymond... the black-market munitions crusader, who just picked up the Nobel Peace Prize, has been videotaped in his Governor's office engaged in a sexual encounter with an unknown woman.

As the Anchorwoman continues in the background --

Ware looks at his Succubus who has turned into a very lithe and devilish-looking Abyssinian cat. He picks her up and pets her. He flips off the TV and closes the palm pilot, continuing to pet the cat.

DR. WARE

You're a good pussy-cat, aren't you... good pussy. I do believe an ignominious demise is in the good Governor's future. Don't you?

The cat looks at him and purrs.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

I think you've earned a meal of baby-fat. That sound good?

Dr. Ware gently puts the cat down and rises from his chair. He walks from the room with the cat hot on his heels.

EXT. THE RUGGED COASTLINE OF CALIFORNIA. -- DAY

INSERT -- **BIG SUR, CALIFORNIA**

AERIAL --

Father Dominic cycles his way up Highway 1, dressed in his full cycle regalia, heading for Dr. Ware's stone mansion on the cliff.

EXT. DR. WARE'S MANSION -- LATER

The Father stands before the massive black gates of the mansion.

They slowly swing open.

He begins pedaling down along the narrow driveway, disappearing around a corner.

The gates close and lock behind him with an ominous CLANK!

As he approaches the turnaround in front of the stone mansion, he glances up at the main balcony and sees Dr. Ware staring down at him, nursing a drink.

DR. WARE

(Sarcastically and  
maybe a teeny-bit  
tipsy)

Father, such a surprise.

(tittering)

And... you cycled all the way from  
your little Monastery -- Just for me?  
Good work, Father. Good work. I'm  
touched.

Dominic folds his collapsible bike, grabs his satchel and without comment, strides towards the door.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(facetiously, slurry)

Tell me, Father -- did your White  
Magical spells help you cross the  
Atlantic? -- I'd love to learn your  
technique... or did you become the  
world's first holy sub-mariner.

(laughing)

That's a long time to hold your  
breath. You look tired. You need air.

(cracks up)

Still catching his breath, Dominic looks up at Ware.

FATHER DOMINIC

How did you know I was coming?

(flippant)

Tell me sorcerer, how many Devils  
did you call up for that one?

Ware takes his index finger and points it at the sun. The tip of his finger becomes like a diamond shooting out prismatic streams of light blinding Dominic.

Dominic shields his eyes.

DR. WARE

(indignant)

Don't use the fucking 'S'-word with me! Really, Priest, I called up nothing...the truth? -- Every fifty years or so I get a call from one of you goons and now's as good a time as any.

Dominic is not amused.

FATHER DOMINIC

(still shielding his eye)

Party tricks!? Is that all you're good for? Don't answer that -- the answer's obvious -- How about some hospitality? You do follow Solomon's Covenant, yes?

DR. WARE

(agreeably sarcastic,)

Certainly, of course -- you are my respected guest -- as it is written in the fucking Covenant.

(brushing Dominic off)

Greta will take care of you. I need to sober up.

(excusing himself)

Father? This evening, then.

As Dr. Ware says this, the heavy oak doors swing open.

Dominic glances up but -- Ware has disappeared from the balcony.

Greta's beautiful form greets the Father at the door. She doesn't inhibit the fact that she's not human and flirts with her eerily beautiful bright-green goat eyes.

She flashes her rapier grin towards him.

She shows him into the main gallery, which is domed and a museum of archaic and occult art treasures.

She looks him up and down.

GRETA  
 (in an intelligent,  
 preternatural, buzzing  
 purr)  
 You are handsome... for a White  
 Priest. I hear all of you Catholic  
 celibates are shrunken and limp...  
 (smiling suggestively)  
 where it counts. This true? --  
Father?

She grabs his genitals.

He drops his mountain bike and satchel.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
 (cooing, feeling him  
 up)  
 Mmm -- I see... in your case... the  
 rumors may be wrong.

She licks his chin.

Calmly, he picks up his bike and satchel, pushing her away.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (sarcastic,  
 indifferently)  
 I'm sure there's vegetables in the  
 pantry dying to be intimate with  
 you.

She smiles at him, exposing her razor-sharp fangs.

GRETA  
 (playful)  
 And a wicked wit as well. I'll have  
 to watch myself around you, Father.

INT. DOMINIC'S ROOM IN THE MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

Greta shows him his room.

It is as spookily Gothic, beautiful and ornate as it gets.

GRETA  
 I trust you will be comfortable.

The Father nods in bemused agreement.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (dripping with contempt)  
 As comfortable as the damned in Hell --  
 I suppose.

He sets down his cycle before thick ebony bedposts, carved  
 into fierce dragons.

GRETA

The Master will see you at dinner -- around seven -- I think he's had a bit to drink -- He thinks you don't like him, Father.

She throws back the French windows to a spectacular view.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Just a tidbit for your information... he admires your conviction -- Frankly, the only thing I can see in you is doubt. Deep, deep doubt... too bad.

(giggling)

She lays out a beautiful white Armani dress-suit for him.

GRETA (CONT'D)

The Master likes everyone to dress for dinner -- White fits you well, don't you think?

Dominic looks at the suit, smirking.

She suggestively strokes a small, phallic sculpture of Pan on the desk-stand. Her eyes rapidly change back and forth from goat's to normal, goat to normal.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Will there be anything more?

(soaked in sarcasm)

A quick blow-job, perhaps? -- The Governor liked my blow jobs. Blew his head right off over it -- Get it? Head... blew off... blow job?

(again, giggling)

Dominic shakes his head in disgust, walks straight into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

She walks into the bathroom, spying on him.

She ogles the Father's taut body as he steps into the shower, touching herself and biting her lip with a fang.

He glances around and sees her eying him.

FATHER DOMINIC

(angry)

Out!

GRETA

(pouting)

Father, I'm disappointed in you.

Greta transmutes into a swarm of flies that buzz off in all directions. Some gather around his mouth, as he swats them away.

Dominic is unimpressed and annoyed.

He pulls a mass of pubic hairs from his mouth, spitting them out in disgust, as the flies vanish into an acrid mist.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(angry as hell,  
yelling, balling his  
fist)  
She-Bitch!!

EXT. DR. WARE'S GARDEN TERRACE -- EVENING

Dr. Ware sits on a zebra-leather chair, sipping cognac from a snifter, petting Greta-cat.

A dinner sits waiting for Dominic, who approaches, looking very chi-chi in his Armani suit.

Dominic has a newspaper under his arm.

He throws a copy of the Los Angeles Times down on the glass dining table, square in front of Dr. Ware.

FULL SHOT: THE NEWSPAPER

The headline reads: ***California Governor and Nobel Laureate Richard Raymond Commits Suicide Amidst Sex Scandal.*** With a subhead, ***Mistress, caught on video, still a mystery.***

DR. WARE  
(looks up and smiles)  
As they say, Father... that's  
yesterday's news -- Hungry?

FATHER DOMINIC  
I've lost my appetite.  
(scornfully)  
What are you up to, Doctor? This man  
had nothing a Devil would want.  
You'd have to tempt him into sin,  
say -- by using that succubus bitch  
of yours, for instance.

Ware looks to his Greta-Cat.

DR. WARE  
What do you think of that, Greta?  
He called you my succubus bitch...  
(grinning)  
That's not even the same species, is  
it?... Are you my succubus bitch?

Great-Cat jumps down, transmuted back to her lovely self and bowing her head towards Ware.

GRETA  
 (dripping with feline malice)  
 I think the Priest is a queer who likes to poke little boys.

DR. WARE  
 (still smiling)  
 Alright, that's enough, kitty. The Father and I need to talk now.

GRETA  
 Forgive me, Master, but I'm hurt. The good Father finds me so filthy. It offends me -- And he looked so sweet and clean in the shower, I wanted to fuck him, then eat him.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (disgusted)  
 Are we listening to this mindless devil?

DR. WARE  
Devil? -- Maybe, but definitely not mindless. I think she rather likes you.

He brushes his hand, motioning the succubus away.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 That'll be all for now, Greta.

Greta slinks away, flashing a sardonic grin, as she withdraws into the shadows.

Ware puts a cigarette in a holder and lights up.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (by-the-by)  
 You know, we have to state the 'Covenant of Solomon' before we are allowed to Council.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 I'm ready with my reply, so you start it, Doctor.

DR. WARE  
 As you wish.

Ware snuffs out his cigarette and, clasping his hands, looks down. He raises his head and looks directly into Dominic's eyes.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(specific)

Under the 'Covenant of Solomon's Magic' I have no choice but to receive you. Even though we are of opposite schools. I will not hinder you in any way, your search to gain knowledge of me or my Arts. Your reply, please, Father.

FATHER DOMINIC

(formally,  
dispassionately)

I will not interfere in any way, even though I may wish to with all my essence, with your conjurations, sendings or other manifestations of the Black Arts. I understand that to do so would jeopardize my protections against harm.

With two ceremonial daggers, both men slice their palms, pressing them together until one large drop of blood is formed by each that splatters on the table, bubbling and steaming.

DR. WARE

(smiling at a frowning  
Dominic)

Hmm, some powerful blood magic is brewing, Father. Better take care.

That done, Ware pours the Father a snifter of cognac.

Dominic downs it nervously.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Not satisfied with the wardrobe I provided? Why, you look splendid in white.

FATHER DOMINIC

(sarcastically)

It fills me with joy that you're so amused. How do you find time for amusements between murders?

DR. WARE

(hanging his head in  
resignation)

We can sit here and trade insults all evening.

(looking up)

I'm sure you don't want that. So? Well, there you have it.

(MORE)

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Now that we have the little formalities out of the way -- Father, I must say, you caught me at a very embarrassing moment. I have a client due here -- any time now -- You planned this? You and your charming brethren?

FATHER DOMINIC

(seriously)

Nothing's been planned beyond my confronting you. Look Ware, I'll get to the point. I have no confidence in your skills to control what it is you may bring forth into this world. Do you understand this?

DR. WARE

(put-off)

If bruising my ego was your plan, it's failed, miserably.

FATHER DOMINIC

I only wish I could put a stop to your operations outright, Sorcerer.

DR. WARE

(sarcastic)

There's that 'S'-word again.

(seriously)

As I've said, it will be embarrassing enough, for my client, that I'm forced, by the Covenant to welcome you as a guest. Maybe this Baines character has something...

Dominic recognizes the name and looks shocked and dismayed.

Ware notices this.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

That's right. You two have met, haven't you. Maybe what Mr. Baines has planned next is bigger than I thought. Bigger than you thought --

(taking a swig)

What did you two discuss at the Monastery?

Dominic squirms in his seat.

FATHER DOMINIC

(tersely)

Armageddon. 'The End of Time.'

DR. WARE

Interesting. The plot thickens, eh,  
Father?

There is a stone fire-pit, burning, spitting and sparking.  
Dominic gets up and walks over to it. He throws his glass in  
while repeating an angry incantation.

FATHER DOMINIC

*En nomene est infernae!*

A great streak of blue flame shrieks into the night sky.

DR. WARE

(in a droll manner)

Impressive, Father. Yes, I too am  
frustrated by the abysmal job your  
God is doing running the universe.

Dominic walks to Ware and stands over the Black Magician.

FATHER DOMINIC

(looking hard at Ware)

I'm here because I had a vision and  
you know my visions to be of the  
purest Magic. I saw the 'End Time'  
unfold before me. I saw John's  
Prophecy manifest itself into reality --  
and I saw you and Baines at the heart  
of it.

Ware's interest is piqued. He thinks for a second, then grabs  
a glass and pours himself a round.

DR. WARE

(interrupting,  
diplomatically)

Sit, Father, sit. Let's stop this  
arguing, it gets us nowhere. Let me  
suggest a more practical  
consideration.

Ware lights another cigarette at the end of his ivory holder.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(deeply thinking)

I don't know yet what Baines intends,  
but I do know one thing -- I have no  
intentions of bringing humanity or  
the world down. Where's the profit  
in that? I ask you.

Dominic looks unconvinced.

FATHER DOMINIC

(scoffing)

You may be on a fool's errand and not even know it.

DR. WARE

That may be true, Father -- But, I never bite off more than I can chew --  
(emphatically)

Never!

Greta returns, breaking in on the conversation.

Dominic throws her a sneer.

GRETA

(smiling in servitude,  
looking to them)

I'm sorry, Master, Father -- Mr. Baines and Mr. Armstrong have arrived, and they've brought another guest with them, a Mr. Hess -- Sorry, Doctor Hess.

Ware and the Father get up from their seats, looking at one another quizzically.

DR. WARE

(looking at a frowning  
Dominic)

Well, then, there you have it. Let the games begin.

INT. THE MANSION'S RECEIVING GALLERY -- MOMENTS LATER

*Scene Note -- (The main gallery is wide and domed like a mausoleum. Its interior has the Randolph Hearstian feel of a museum filled with art, sculptures and other archaic treasures).*

The new arrivals hand their luggage to Greta, who handles them as if they were made of air.

Dr. Hess looks her up and down in disbelief.

Dr. Hess looks around the grand room in amazement.

HESS

Some place...

(grinning)

It looks straight out of a mad doctor movie.

*Character Note -- (Dr. Hess, a chubby, fortyish, bookish sort, is a renowned theoretical bi-locationist) --*

GRETA  
 (cordially)  
 The Master will be here to greet you shortly, along with his other guest for this evening, Father Dominic.

Baines and Jack throw each other a confused glance.

BAINES  
 You did say, Father Dominic?

Greta ignores him.

GRETA  
 There is a bar to your right. Help yourselves to anything that pleases you.

Bowing her head in servitude, she lifts it slowly, smiling, winking, coyly licking her luscious lips at Jack.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen.

He smiles back.

She shows off her emerald green goat-eyes to Jack, purring, and vanishes into a wisp of supernatural mystery.

Dr. Hess is dumbfounded.

HESS  
 That was a fantastic trick. How on earth did she do that?

JACK  
 That was no trick, Doctor. Things are more than they seem in this house.

HESS  
 (scoffing)  
 That's ridiculous, Jack, and you know it. If its not a trick then it's hypnotism, and that's the end of it.

The men stroll to the bar and start pouring expensive scotch.

JACK  
 I think Dr. Ware is going to break your little scientific heart. How do you think Governor Raymond met his maker, anyway?

Hess squints and strokes his goatee.

HESS  
 He blew half his head off. End of  
 story --  
 (facetiously)  
 The Devil was the one sucking his  
dick on TV? Bull-fucking-shit --  
 (chuckling)

Baines breaks up the shallow banter.

BAINES  
 (pissed)  
Armstrong! What is that White Monk  
 character doing here?!

Jack shrugs his shoulders.

JACK  
 There must be some reason, Boss. I  
 wouldn't worry about it much. Ware  
 wouldn't jeopardize anything. It's  
 not advantageous to his greedy little  
 interests.

Dr. Ware and Father Dominic enter the gallery.

Dr. Ware tries to ease the potentially volatile situation  
 with a little levity.

DR. WARE  
 (graciously)  
 Gentlemen, Gentlemen...  
 (looks to Hess)  
 You must be Dr. Hess.  
 (condescending)  
 I've read your books on bi-location  
 And linear projection. May I say,  
 they were brilliant, but a bit limited  
 in scope. No offense.

HESS  
 Dr. Ware, a pleasure. And, thank you  
 for the compliment -- I think.

Hess goes to shake Ware's hand.

Ware, pulling away, doesn't allow it.

DR. WARE  
 I'm sorry, Dr. Hess but, if there's  
 going to be any conjuring tonight, I  
 can't risk contamination. You  
 understand.

HESS  
 (warily)  
 I understand to a point, Doctor.

Hess goes to shake Dominic's hand.

HESS (CONT'D)  
 You must be Father Dominic... Jack's told me a great deal about you. So, you're a practitioner of White Magic?

FATHER DOMINIC  
Yes, I keep people like him --  
 (looks to Ware)  
 In check.

Baines bristles at the sight of the White Monk.

BAINES  
 (indignantly)  
 Dr. Ware! What is he doing here!?

Ware looks embarrassed, but is as smooth as they come, oozing buckets of smarmy charm.

DR. WARE  
 (sloughing it off)  
 He's just an observer -- That's all.  
 He's no threat... or he dies -- It's as simple as that, Mr. Baines.

Baines looks at Jack and Hess who continue downing shots of expensive scotch.

BAINES  
 I don't like it. What if he tries something?

DR. WARE  
 Like I said, he dies -- He knows this.

Dominic has had enough.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (angrily to Ware)  
Explain to this creature why I'm here.

BAINES  
 We don't need you here, Padre.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (steely)  
 Mr. Baines -- If I could, I'd kill you right here, right where you stand.

Ware calmly tries diffusing the whole affair and ushers his guests into the main conjuration chamber.

DR. WARE  
 (confidently and with  
 a hint of smugness)  
 You would, if you could, but you  
can't, Dominic.

(looking to Baines)  
 Mr. Baines, I assure you, Solomon's  
 Covenant will not allow his  
 interference. Now, let's all try and  
 be civilized. I detest bad manners.

Ware herds his guests through tall double doors leading into  
 a long, narrow hallway.

Lining the hallway are 17th-century lithographs depicting  
 the history of 'The Black Arts.'

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
All of you, follow me and we'll  
 discuss some business.

INT. WARE'S MAIN SPELL CHAMBER -- MOMENTS LATER

The heavy wood and bronze-gilt door swings open.

FAVORING HESS --

Hess is first to enter from the outside. The bottle of scotch  
 and a glass swing in his hand. He stands bewildered, awe-  
 struck, at what he sees.

Through the smoky brume of incense, things begin to take  
 shape.

DETAIL -- At the far end of the expansive room sits an  
 infernal altar as Baroque in detail, gold and gem-crusted,  
 as any found in the Catholic Pageant. A fifteen-foot-tall  
 statue of the Great Sabbath Goat (PUT SATANACHIA) sits on a  
 throne behind the sacrificial altar. The Sabbath Goat holds  
 his left arm aloft, bent at the elbow, his left hand mocks  
 the sign of the 'Sacred Heart,' the 'Keys of Knowledge' in  
 his lap, his right hand grasps a giant erection. It is a  
 fierce and disturbing image.

STEADY-CAM -- EXPLORING THE CHAMBER --

A lectern stands before the Altar.

A large, immensely old, leather-bound copy of the **Book of  
 Shadows**, open at its middle, sits upon the lectern.

Dominic walks over to the book and is astonished.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (astonished)  
 My God, this is an original copy,  
 isn't it?

DR. WARE

You, of all people, should know how important it is to work from the source. It's more potent that way.

FULL SHOT -- PAGES OF THE BOOK

Dominic examines the two open pages, carefully -- so as not to touch them in any way. They are covered with ciphers, spherical mathematics, undecipherable Greek text and complicated symbols.

Jack and Hess continue their tour.

TRACKING -- WARE'S CONJURATION CHAMBER -- CONT.

There is an alchemist's lab in one of the corners, full of chemistry equipment and every kind of herb, liquid, powder, and metal imaginable.

A large Chinese iron-brazier rests before the great statue of the Sabbath Goat.

There are shelves with row after row of animal specimens; dried, desiccated, or suspended in formaldehyde and preserved in jars.

A wax works with candles in different hues of indigos, blacks, grays, etc. dry in rows. Some are molded into strange, phallic shapes. Some are molded into vaguely human shapes.

In an adjoining room there is a library, lined with occult books and draped with medieval tapestry.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE --

A giant Persian rug carpets the room. The all-seeing eye at its center is surrounded by a rich mandala design.

Ware's guests walk to the center of the room in silence and awe.

Hess, looking around the great spell chamber, makes a few pithy comments --

HESS

Quite the sorcerer's den you have here, Doctor.

(chuckling)

If this room could talk... look at this place.

DR. WARE

(slightly annoyed)

We don't use the 'S'-word around here, Dr. Hess. You might as well call me Hell's nigger.

They all laugh except for Dominic, who nervously takes a seat on a plush Edwardian chair.

Hess hands the bottle of scotch to a sour-faced Dominic.

HESS

You look like you may need this.

Hess continues his tour of the wondrous chamber.

He sees an ancient ceremonial sword in a glass case, resting on a black velvet pillow. He takes a closer look.

HESS (CONT'D)

(ogling)

Dr. Ware, this looks Persian, maybe...  
13th-century. Looks mint -- Amazing.

DR. WARE

From the Baltic, actually. It's  
from a Rom tribe that practiced ritual  
infanticide -- 12th century, or there  
'bouts.

Ware motions to his guests.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(graciously)

Please... gentlemen, relax, have a  
seat. There's more drink if you so  
desire.

(pointedly, to Baines)

Now, Mr. Baines -- you can tell me  
why you grace my company tonight...  
yes? This is not a mystery... yes?

Hess goes to lift the cover and examine the Sword.

HESS

(to himself)

Gypsy, eh.

Ware sees this.

DR. WARE

(barking)

Don't touch that! Don't touch  
anything -- unless you ask first...  
you might contaminate something and  
that would be -- unhealthy.

Ware motions to him to ease the cover down.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(in a softer tone)

Please, Dr. Hess, treat this as you  
would a scientific lab.

HESS  
 (tersely)  
Sorry, I'll be more careful.

DR. WARE  
 (pointed, smiling)  
 It would be appreciated.

Hess replaces the cover and takes a seat.

Jack is examining the statue of the Sabbath Goat when, Baines calls to him --

BAINES  
 (ordering)  
Armstrong, get over here!

Jack ambles over and takes a seat.

Father Dominic walks over and pours everyone a scotch, even Baines, who gives him a sneer.

BAINES (CONT'D)  
 (In a low tone, through  
 clenched teeth)  
 You better behave, Padre.

Everyone sits and stares at one another in an awkward moment of silence.

Ware breaks the ice.

DR. WARE  
 First things, first.

He turns to Dr. Hess.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (a bit miffed)  
 Dr. Hess, why are you here? I don't remember inviting you... no offense, but for obvious reasons, I guard my privacy.

Baines squares in his seat, butting in.

BAINES  
I asked him here, Doctor. I needed a skeptic. I'm sure you understand.

Father Dominic smiles and sips at his snifter.

DR. WARE  
 (heated, to Baines)  
I make the rules here! I don't care who you think you are.

Jack stirs in his seat.

JACK  
 (in defense of his  
 boss)  
 Hold on, Doctor!... there's an  
explanation.

Baines holds his hands up in an apologetic stance.

BAINES  
 If you can prove to him Black Magic  
 exists he wants to, perhaps, learn  
 from you. That a problem?

HESS  
 (disgruntled, to Ware)  
 I can speak for myself. I don't think  
 you're a fake. But I believe you are  
 a wealthy, deluded, and possibly  
deranged, eccentric. I stand by my  
convictions. Magic and the  
supernatural are no more real than  
 Santa Claus -- or fairies.

JACK  
 (looking to Ware)  
 Maybe you should give him a demo,  
Doc. Something easy, but convincing.

DR. WARE  
 I suppose I could whip up something.  
 I hate skeptics.  
 (rising, thinking a  
 bit)  
 I hope this demonstration will do,  
 Dr. Hess. There won't be another.  
 And, then it's on to business, yes?  
 (to Dominic)  
 Father, the dimmer switch is there  
 by you, if you would, please.

Dominic dims the lights.

Hess smirks in Baines' direction.

HESS  
 (sniggering, under  
 his breath)  
 Of course you'd have to dim the  
 lights. This is going to be a load  
 of crap.

BAINES  
 (in a harsh whisper)  
 Observe and learn, Hess.

DR. WARE

(ordering)

No one, but the Father and I, speak or move until I say. To do otherwise, would be very unhealthy.

Hess scoffs, as Ware throws him a steely look.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(in all seriousness,  
to Dominic)

Father, as an observer and being of the opposite school, you must start the liturgy. Are you prepared to do this?

Father Dominic stiffens in his seat.

FATHER DOMINIC

Only under the articles of 'Solomon's Covenant' and under extreme protest. I hope we're clear on this.

Ware to Baines, who sits in silhouette.

DR. WARE

(to the other guests)

See, I told you he'd cooperate. He has no choice in the matter.

(to Dominic)

Father, if you would begin, please?

Dominic stands in his nice white dress suit, takes a crucifix from around his neck and starts the invocation.

FATHER DOMINIC

(begrudgingly, reciting)

As a practitioner of the opposite School of Magic, I will remain an observer. I will not use, in any way, my mastery of the White Arts to dispel or alter this casting.

Satisfied?

Ware motions to him to wrap it up.

He sanctifies his oath with the 'Sign of the Philosopher.'

Dominic then touches his crucifix to both eyelids, kissing its feet, while invoking --

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Occulto, omnivident te vigilet. --  
Proceed.

Satisfied, Dr. Ware gets up from his seat, retrieves his staff from its mount, walks over and stands directly upon the all-seeing eye.

He bows in the direction of the statue, he bows to the compass points, he bows to his guests.

Taking a seat (cross-legged) on the eye, he begins swiping his staff, back and forth, across the floor.

He starts his incantation in a low whisper.

DR. WARE

(with paunch)

Between the East and the South the Supreme Name IHVH, Tetragrammaton; between the South and the West the Essential Tetragrammatic Name AHIH, Eheieh; between the West and the North the Name of Power ALIEEVN, Elion; and between the North and the East the Great Name ALH, Eloah; I conjure ye all, ye rebellious Spirits, by the most holy Name of God ADONAI MELEKH, which Joshua invoked, and stayed the course of the sun in his presence.

Hess has a smirk on his face.

Ware glances up to his guests with supreme confidence, returning to deep concentration.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

*Non est discipulus super magistrum  
nec servus super dominum.*

Beads of sweat appear on his brow and temple capillaries pulse, as he calls forth an unnatural manifestation.

Baines and Jack are transfixed.

Dominic and Hess sit -- unimpressed.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(intense)

On my count of three, you shall make the ground of the earth swell and roll. On my next count of three, you shall make the ground of the earth shake once with each number called.

Ware begins his count slow and deliberate.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Une... Duo...

A.O. -- A rumble is heard in the distance. It increases in ferocity as the Doctor says --

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Trei...

The room begins vibrating and pitching.

Beakers and jars begin to fall, crashing to the ground.

The Doctor's body vibrates like an engine controlling the elements.

He grins, gritting his teeth, eyes rolling back. He is lost in the ecstasy of aberrant power.

As quickly as it came, the quake subsides.

All around the room, objects settle.

The massive statue settles back on its base.

When everything is silent, Ware slowly calls out the numbers.

Again the room shakes, coinciding with each number called.

More things fall.

Then -- Dead silence fills the room.

A Mosque lamp, hanging from the vaulted ceiling, swings back and forth.

Spent from his casting, Ware falls back on his hands, dropping his staff to the carpet-floor.

Sparks of static electricity dance from its crown, as it hits the ground.

Ware rises to his feet, retrieves his staff, setting it carefully back on its stand.

A thick flow of raven-dark blood runs from his nostrils.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Nothing is for free, Gentlemen.

He takes a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes his nose clean and tosses it to Hess.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(insistent)

Look at it, Dr. Skeptic.

Hess looks at it with astonishment, as the bloodstain forms the image of Jesus' face, his head crowned with thorns, his features in distorted agony.

HESS  
 (incredulously)  
 What does this mean?

DR. WARE  
 (calmly)  
 Like I said, nothing's for free. The  
 Christ is angry...  
 (smirking)  
 He angers easily. He knows I con  
 Demons into doing whatever I want  
 ... and he hates it.  
 (philosophically)  
 To him, Demons are to languish in  
Hell -- not dance upon the earth.

HESS  
 (quizzically)  
Demons caused the earthquake?

DR. WARE  
 (emphatically)  
Yes --

Baines looks over at Hess, a look of conviction swathing his features in confidence.

BAINES  
 (satisfied)  
 You see Hess, with the power just  
 demonstrated, I'll be able to rid  
 the world of weaklings like Governor  
 Raymond.

Ware throws him a disdainful glance.

DR. WARE  
 (scoffing at Baines)  
You? Know your place Mr. Baines.  
Your place -- is as my client. I'm  
 the dealer here, not you... remember  
 that.

BAINES  
 (only slightly humbled)  
 Whatever you say, Doctor.

FAVORING HESS --

Dr. Hess is clearly shaken to the foundations of his beliefs, but his scientific mind still struggles with this new data.

HESS  
 (raising his voice)  
No, this has to be some sort of  
ruse... How can this experience and  
 (MORE)

HESS (CONT'D)  
 scientific doctrine co-exist? One  
 has to be a lie.

Dominic jumps in.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (stridently to Hess)  
Philosophy lets both exist together.  
 Even a fool knows this.

Dr. Ware is not going to have a philosophical debate and brings the proceedings to a screeching halt.

DR. WARE  
 (insistent)  
Enough! Dr. Hess, there will be  
 time for explanations later. I'm tired  
 from the demonstration.  
 (Pointedly to Baines)  
 Mr. Baines, tell me -- what exactly  
 is it you want?

Greta enters, interrupting the conversation's flow.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
Greta, would you be so kind and clean  
 up the broken glass.

She bows.

Hess to Greta, as she passes him, on her way to the lab --

HESS  
 Did you feel the shaking, my dear?

Greta throws Dr. Ware a knowing smile.

Turning back to Hess, she shows him her brilliant green goat eyes and rapier-like fangs.

Hess sinks back in his seat, startled.

GRETA  
 (bitingly)  
 What do you think?

Everyone smiles, even Dominic.

She passes, leaving him dumbfounded.

DR. WARE  
 (persistent, to Baines)  
 I'm all ears, Mr. Baines.

BAINES

(working up his  
thoughts)

All right, Dr. Ware, enough of the  
games -- Here is my contract... If  
you're up for it.

(taking a deep breath)

Can you release all the major  
Demons?... All of them -- just for  
one night... You know, let them do  
whatever they want... Put them back  
in the bottle at dawn. This possible?

Dominic jolts in his chair.

Hess, and even Jack, are shocked.

Jack tries to compose himself.

JACK

(to Baines)

You never told me you were going this  
far. One, one demon or maybe two,  
you said... All the Major Demons?

Father Dominic looks to Baines.

FATHER DOMINIC

(crossing himself and  
scornfully to Baines)

You're possessed, Baines.

Dominic looks to Ware.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You're not listening to this maniac,  
are you?

Dr. Ware is cool as a cucumber.

He swigs his scotch.

DR. WARE

(calmly)

This time, I tend to agree with you,  
Father -- and you may be right about  
Mr. Baines possession... To call up  
all the major Demons at once is  
impossible and probably insane.

(thinking, grinning)

But, I could release a fair share...  
without doing too much damage.

(to Baines)

And what do you hope to accomplish  
with this experiment?

The Father bolts from his seat.

FATHER DOMINIC

(indignantly)

Experiment! You are listening this...  
creature.

(pointing to Baines)

He's talking about the end of time!  
You think that's profitable?

DR. WARE

(cool as ever)

Sit down, Father. Remain an observer  
of the Covenant, or I'll dismiss  
you.

Dominic is undeterred.

FATHER DOMINIC

(disgusted)

No -- I won't. I'm within the Covenant  
to challenge you, Ware. After all,  
we are talking about Armageddon.  
Aren't we?

DR. WARE

(Laughing)

If we are, then you should welcome  
it, not fear it, since your kind is  
convinced it's your side that'll  
win.

Baines looks hard at Dr.Ware.

BAINES

Well, Doctor? Is this possible? Or,  
is it beyond your talents? Maybe  
this Priest is scaring you off.

DR. WARE

(smiling, snide)

Hardly -- Appealing to my pride will  
get you nothing. But, yes, it is  
theoretically possible -- to some  
extent.

FATHER DOMINIC

(glowering at Ware)

This is nothing but vanity, Ware...  
a~~nd~~ you know it!

DR. WARE

I haven't said yes yet, Dominic, but  
if I do, I'll certainly need your  
help.

FATHER DOMINIC

(angrily)

Help you bring the world down?  
There's not a chance of that ever  
happening.

Turning to Baines and his cohorts, Dominic pleads --

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Do you all hate humanity? Because,  
this is the shortest of all short-  
cuts to Hell on earth.

Ware gets up and walks to a towering bookcase, grabbing a  
thick volume from the bottom.

DR. WARE

I think I have something here that  
will sum up this argument right now.

He opens the book to a passage.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Father, I'm sure you're acquainted  
with the works of 'Faust Aleph-Null.'

Dominic is starting to sweat and is visibly uncomfortable,  
staring into the mouth of Hell, but his fiery resolve remains  
undefeated.

FATHER DOMINIC

(flippant, to Ware)

Of course -- He was another evil  
creature -- like yourself.

Dr. Hess pipes up --

HESS

I'm familiar with him... Burnt at  
the stake, wasn't he?

Dominic remembers the horror of his vision and now, lining  
up like a Rubik's Cube, are all the movements of the ghastly  
puzzle. He sits, helplessly, uncomfortably -- knowing the  
end is unfolding.

DR. WARE

This from his masterpiece 'The  
Monstrous Soul'... "*When the end of  
mankind is nigh, it will be unto him,  
who hath created the earth and the  
universe, to despair the great loss  
of his children. But, despair him  
not, for only devils will weep the  
death of men.*"

Jack looks at Baines and Hess.

JACK

(puzzled)

Could you put that in plain English, Doc?

DR. WARE

(grinning)

Very well, Jack. Simply put, God cares for us humans as he cares for his fallen angels -- which is not at all. Once Adam bit the apple, the honeymoon was over. That's why I like to push God around. He's a pompous ass.

FATHER DOMINIC

(steely)

You and Faust couldn't be more wrong. Both of you are fools, full of themselves. God is love -- you are monsters.

Ware finishes his drink.

DR. WARE

Tempt my pride, Father? -- Dangerous.

Baines is getting excited and agitated at Dominic's consternation.

BAINES

Shut up and sit down, Padre.

Baines looks at the tipsy Hess.

BAINES (CONT'D)

Dr. Hess are you with me on this? Jack?

Hess looks almost gleeful.

HESS

Absolutely, Mr. Baines, I would love to see it.

Jack nods his head in agreement.

JACK

(shrugging his shoulders)

You're the boss.

BAINES

(looking to Ware)

Will you take on this contract or not?

Ware returns the book to its place.

He stands at ease before the statue of the great Sabbath Goat, deep in thought, his back to his guests.

Everyone is silent.

Ware turns, sporting a fiendish grin of confidence.

DR. WARE

Yes! Yes! I will take up the contract.

Dominic, in an angry burst, bolts with a start towards the door but -- Baines, a large man himself, stands between.

Ware raises his hand and, as he does, the thick wooden door bolts shut, locking Dominic in.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(cool, cynically)

Where are you going, Father? The Covenant doesn't allow you leave until I dismiss you.

Father Dominic is not deterred. He grasps Baines, whirling him around and placing his index finger on a pressure point, renders him immobile.

Baines chokes in pain.

Jack and Hess rise to their feet to aid their boss.

Ware stops the unfolding events with a gesture, as everyone freezes in their tracks, unable to move.

Dominic uses all his will to counter the Black Magician's spell -- but is helpless.

Ware walks around his frozen guests.

As he removes Dominic's finger from Baines' throat --

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(always cool)

There, there, Father. I can't allow you to hurt my client and besides, this is such bad manners.

Ware waves his arm and the spell is broken.

Hess continues to be astonished by his epiphany -- that magic may be real, as he stretches his aching muscles.

HESS

How did you do that, Doctor?

Jack arches his sore back, looking towards Ware --

JACK

Ow. Damn, that hurt, Doc.  
(looking to Baines)  
You OK, Boss?

Baines holds his throat, nodding his head.

He throws Dominic and then Ware a sneer.

BAINES

I told you he'd try something, Ware.

DR. WARE

(insistent)  
Everyone, take your seats. -- Now!

Everyone, stumbling, returns to their seats.

Hess pours himself and Jack another drink, as the tension subsides.

Ware calmly returns to his chair.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Father, your commission here is not discharged. Do I have to remind you of your duty to your Lord?

FATHER DOMINIC

(still angry, with a touch of resignation)  
The rules of the Covenant allow me to Council with my Brethren about this insanity, Ware.

DR. WARE

And, so you shall have your Council --  
(to business)  
Now, listen, all of you. Here are the rules of the Convocation.

Jack looking bemused, interrupts.

JACK

Rules... All of us, Hess and I. We have to follow rules?

DR. WARE

And, if you don't, you die.  
Understand? Father Dominic, this should all be written.

He retrieves a pen and pad from his desk and tosses it to the White Priest, who begrudgingly takes them in hand.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(spookily serious)

I'll need to call forth the three superior spirits I have pacts with. Through them, I have access to eighty-nine lesser wrathful spirits. They'll all want to be charged and sent. And, since I've never done this before? -- I'm not quite sure what to tell them -- except -- you're free for twelve hours, no more, no less.

(shaking his head in thought)

They might not even know how to respond to such a request. But, this is how I will begin.

Father Dominic is feverishly writing this all down.

FATHER DOMINIC

Who will you call?

DR. WARE

SATHANAS, BEELZEBUTH, but mainly, LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE. Since these Spirits have had many dealings with me, I should be able to control the situation.

The Father shakes his head and scoffs in a whisper.

FATHER DOMINIC

(scoffing)

Insanity.

DR. WARE

(looking around to his guests)

We'll need to pick a favorable night for such a ceremony.

(thinking)

May I suggest May 1st. Walpurgis Night. It's the easiest time to control rebellious spirits.

Dominic stops writing, dropping his head between his shoulders.

FATHER DOMINIC

(aghast)

If you try this on a night that's favorable, you run the risk of a chain reaction that neither you, nor I, could control.

DR. WARE

(chuckling)

Now you see why I want you here,  
Father. You're exactly right. It  
should be held on an unfavorable  
night. The more unfavorable the  
better.

Jack is overcome by a sharp idea.

JACK

In a week it'll be Easter... What  
about Easter Eve? That sounds pretty  
unfavorable to me.

DR. WARE

Perfect -- Then, the experiment is  
hereby scheduled for Easter's Eve.  
We meet here on Good Friday.

(rising to his feet)

Gentlemen, I'm tired, we are  
adjourned. I expect to see all of  
you on Good Friday -- or else  
everything is off... You too, Father.

Father Dominic is visibly angry, throwing down the pen and  
pad in frustration.

FATHER DOMINIC

(iron-willed)

This is nothing short of madness and  
all of you know it to be madness.

Ware smiles, but is not interested in what the Father has to  
say. He unceremoniously vanishes into smoke, as Greta, again,  
enters the room.

GRETA

(ushering)

If you would please, this way.

Hess looks flabbergasted.

HESS

(aware of the pun)

Where in the Hell did Ware go?

Baines is not amused he looks towards the White Priest with  
contempt in his eyes.

BAINES

(hard, intensely)

When innocence dies, weakness dies  
with it. And Padre, there ain't  
nothing you can do about it.

Lovely Greta smiles and beckons the four men to depart.

GRETA

Sorry, Father, Mr. Baines -- I need  
to close up the Master's work room.  
We can all play next time. OK?

TIGHT ON GRETA --

Her sexy-terrible smile -- reveals the numerous needle-sharp  
teeth lining her mouth.

EXT. THE VATICAN YACHT -- THE LIGURIAN SEA -- DAY

INSERT -- **The Vatican Yacht -- Ligurian Sea --**

**Passover**

AERIAL -- The Vatican's crest is emblazoned on her wide stern,  
as she plows her way through choppy seas.

Father Dominic can be seen standing at the bow of the vessel  
contemplating the vast ocean view. He is dressed in a dark,  
ankle-length Priest's frock.

EXT. DECK OF THE YACHT -- CONT.

Waves rock the deck.

His bicycle and satchel rest next to him as the deck heaves  
up and down.

His assistant, the acolyte Jonnas, approaches him from below  
deck, as the wind whips at the tails of his frock.

FATHER DOMINIC

(talking above the  
wind)

How far out are we?

JONNAS

We should be in Genoa in a few hours  
and at the Monastery for Good Friday.

FATHER DOMINIC

Will the Council be called?

Jonnas nods.

JONNAS

Yes, Father, I do believe so.

(in a worried tone)

Father, is it true what we hear at  
the Monastery, John's Prophecies? --  
Armageddon is upon us?

Dominic takes a huge, sea-air breath, smiling at the young  
acolyte.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 Wasn't this situation supposed to be  
 a secret?  
 (sniggering)  
 How tongues wag.

Jonnas shrugs his shoulders.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
 (above the wind)  
 I wouldn't worry too much, Jonnas.  
 Good has to win over evil, God won't  
 allow any other outcome.

Dominic suddenly takes the satchel and grabs his bike, heaving them both over the side.

They quickly sink in the choppy waters.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
 I wont need those anymore.

Jonnas is in shock.

JONNAS  
Father! What are you doing?!

Dominic puts his hand on the young acolyte's shoulder.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (above the wind)  
Jonnas, understand... tomorrow is  
 Good Friday I'll have to be at Dr.  
 Ware's -- 10,000 miles from the  
 Monastery... the only way I'll get  
 there is with magic, Black Magic.

JONNAS  
 (above the wind)  
 What about your soul?

A gust of wind and spray -- swirls around them.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (above the wind)  
 I don't think it matters anymore.  
 What matters is faith. That's all we  
 have left.

AERIAL --

The two priests stand on the deck, as the vast sea stretches to the horizon.

EXT. THE MONASTERY AT MONTE ALBANO -- ITALY -- DAY

INSERT -- **The Monastery, Monte Albano -- Good Friday**

A ferocious snowstorm has hit the mountain, forcing Dominic and Jonnas to use a snow-cat to reach the gates of the Monastery.

The gates swing back, as the two travelers enter the main courtyard.

Everything is blanketed with snow.

There are several Monks sweeping away snow from the Monastery steps.

They are immediately met by other Priests, Father Ucello at the head, who hurriedly shuttle them out of the weather.

INT. MONTE ALBANO'S MAIN HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

Inside the hall there is a beehive of activity, as Monks and Priests, all dressed in their white vestments, scurry about, here and there.

As Father Dominic enters the hall, a monk spots him and shouts out.

MONK 1  
(in Italian)  
Relativo il Padre, tutto!

SUBTITLE: **Everyone, the Father has arrived!**

All activity abruptly stops.

Dominic looks mystified as everyone silently stares at him. He looks to Ucello who only smiles.

The father bows to his brethren

FATHER DOMINIC  
Grazie per il benvenuto, i miei  
fratelli.

SUBTITLE: **Thank you for the welcome, Brothers.**

Then -- All the acolytes, Monks and Priests bow in respect towards Dominic.

The young Monk walks to Dominic, kneeling and touching his forehead to Dominic's hand.

He looks up to the Priest.

MONK 1  
Generi, noi che tutti hanno fede  
arresterete Armageddon.

SUBTITLE: **Father, we all have faith you will stop Armageddon.**

The Monk gets to his feet, smiles at Dominic and turns to the other Monks milling about.

MONK 1 (CONT'D)  
 (ordering the monks)  
 Approvazione! Id nuovo a lavoro. Il  
 Consiglio comincia

Everyone returns to their duties.

The Priest looks at Ucello who puts a reassuring hand on Dominic's shoulder.

UCELLO  
Dominic, they all know about Ware  
 and Baines and their insane  
 experiment.  
 (smiling)  
 One cannot keep secrets from Magicians  
 for very long, you know. Come, get  
 into your vestments, the Council is  
 beginning.

INT. DR. WARE'S MANSION -- THE MASTER BATHROOM -- EVENING

The steamy master bathroom is tiled in expensive ebony marble.

PULL UP:

There is a large, Roman-style sunken bath.

Greta is prancing naked, giggling heartily, as she pours astringents, herbs, minerals and spices into the water.

Dr. Wares's head emerges from the deep end of the steamy, expansive bath (a la Martin Sheen in 'Apocalypse Now').

He glides over to the steps and rests his head on a giant sponge. Taking another sponge, he dabs his chest and arms.

DR. WARE  
 How many more hours of this, Greta?

GRETA  
 Another six hours, I'm so sorry,  
 Master.  
 (purring, buzzing)  
 You have to be clean to do dirty  
 work... I like it when you're naked,  
 Master.  
 (flirty)  
 When Abraham's God falls, I want  
 your cock. Can I?

DR. WARE  
 Now, what kind of brilliant Magician  
 would I be if I fucked my Succubus.

She picks up a bottle of minerals and pours it in.

GRETA  
The best kind, Master.

Ware reaches behind his head and retrieves a parchment.

Floating it on top of the bath waters, he repeats the Thirteenth Psalm.

DR. WARE  
I pray to the Lord of the universe,  
bless these waters that all delusions  
pass from me to thee. Father of  
original sin, *Ditix insipiens in  
cirde suo*. Amen.

Greta lies naked beside her master.

Ware reaches over and strokes her hair.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
What am I getting myself into?

GRETA  
A kingdom, Master. You are going to  
be a great king in the new world.

He smiles at her.

DR. WARE  
I don't want a kingdom... I want  
knowledge.

GRETA  
But, as you know, Master... Knowledge  
comes at a price.

He smiles, swimming away, as his head sinks beneath the steaming bath-water.

Steam washes out the scene.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RONALD REAGAN AIRPORT -- WASHINGTON -- EVENING

INSERT -- **Ronald Reagan Airport -- Washington, D.C.**

Baines, Hess and Jack board a private jet, bound for San Francisco, flanked by Secret Service goons.

The Lear-jet's engines roar like beasts.

It is raining cats and dogs.

Baines speaks to one of the agents.

BAINES  
 (shouting above the  
 jet engines)  
 Make sure you let Gen. McNight and  
 the Secretary know, we'll have to  
 reschedule our meeting if things go  
 wrong with experiment. Clear?!

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
 (nodding, yelling  
 back)  
 Thought I'd let you know, Sir. The  
General and the Secretary think you're  
crazy!

BAINES  
Fuck 'em, then. That's what they  
 said about Einstein, Son!

Jack stands on the jet's ramp.

JACK  
 (yelling)  
 Are you coming?

Baines bounds up the ramp.

The Agent watches as the plane taxis onto the glassy, rain-  
 swept runway. Taking a cellphone from his pocket, he punches  
 in a number as he walks into a private terminal out of the  
 rain.

INT. THE PRIVATE TERMINAL -- CONT. -- AFTERNOON

PHONE VOICE  
 Strategic Air Command.

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
 This is Altman 225B. Code clearance,  
 Ware-Baines, T-347-S--  
 (pointed)  
 Let me speak to Gen. McNight.

CUT TO

INT. A SPELL CHAMBER -- MONASTERY MONTE ALBANO, ITALY --  
 EVENING

INSERT -- **Monastery Monte Albano**

Attendants are swabbing Father Dominic's body down with oils  
 while softly chanting.

Father Ucello sits, conducting the work at hand.

UCELLO

(turning to Dominic)

I'm sorry about the Council's verdict.  
I'm not sure if this will even work.  
After all, we're White Magicians and  
this is Sorcerer's work.

Dominic is resigned to his fate.

FATHER DOMINIC

Don't think on it, Father... Things  
are as they should be. And -- I  
rather like the thought of flying,  
forbidden or not.

ANGLE ON FROM ABOVE

We see Dominic standing in the center of an inverted  
pentagram, within concentric circles.

The circle is crude and hastily drawn. It is the antithesis  
of Dr. Ware's elaborate, beautifully drawn, circles.

An attendant cuts up a raven's wing and puts it in a dram of  
tea.

Dominic chokes it down.

There is a small altar -- where a freshly decapitated Ram's  
head stares down from the altar's crown. Its blood is siphoned  
off into a small brass bowl.

An attendant hands the bowl to Dominic, who drinks it down.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You know -- this is madness, Ucello.

UCELLO

I know, Dominic. We're breaking all  
the rules, here, aren't we?  
(smiling)  
Can damnation be far behind?

The two men smile at the irony.

One of the attendants motions to the others and then to  
Dominic.

ATTENDANT 2

I think we're ready, Father Ucello.

Everyone takes up their places in the circle.

Ucello douses them with a sprinkling of holy water.

Other attendants help Dominic on with his frock and skull-  
cap.

Ucello looks to Dominic. There is fear in his eyes.

UCELLO

Are you prepared for what is coming?

Dominic nods his head (silently) as Ucello begins the invocation.

UCELLO (CONT'D)

*Inquam abiego tu ventilo.* I adjure thee in the name of all the higher intelligences, VERDELET, lowest in the Hierarchy of the fallen, to come forth to this ceremony and be charged. *Manifesti nunc, Manifesti nunc, Manifesti nunc.*

With these words -- The Ram's head suddenly snaps to life.

Its dead eyes and countenance becoming bright, alert. Its expression is fierce, as it hisses --

RAM'S HEAD

(snarling)

Priest! Why hast thou called me to this blasphemous house? It stinks of your Christ!

Blood and viscera ooze from its steaming mouth.

All around, the other monks silently hold their standing within the circle.

Dominic keeps perfectly still staring at the grisly apparition without fear.

UCELLO

(firmly)

There is to be a sending on this Easter's Eve. You need to transport Father Dominic, here -- within the circle, to the circle of Theron Ware.

From its nostrils, the Ram's head snorts blood and steam.

RAM'S HEAD

(indignant)

I know of this! All Hell knows of this! I know the fool that stands here within the circle is to be a part of the ceremony, so take him I will. And when he dies, I take his immortal part, as for my payment. This is my bond.

More gore leaks from its mouth.

Ucello is ashamed at what he must now say.

UCELLO

(his face drawn and  
bloodless)

So has it been said. When he dies?  
You may take his immortal part as  
your prize.

(motioning to Dominic)

Father, you must step out from the  
protection of the circle.

Dominic carefully steps from the circle.

Then suddenly, as quickly as it came, the entity leaves the  
ram's head. Its features go limp, its eyes fog over in a  
death stare, its tongue slowly slips from its mouth, dripping  
fluids.

Suddenly -- There is a burst of blinding light.

Dominic's skin becomes luminescent.

He looks on with horror, as his body begins to transmute.

His features become blurred, gelatinous, as he cries out --

FATHER DOMINIC

(in pain)

It's burning me!

He vanishes with a seismic jolt that knocks Father Ucello,  
several Monks, the altar, the Ram's head and varied objects  
to the ground.

Staring up at the scene with its dead eyes, the Ram's head  
tilts back and forth on the floor

A Monk-attendant looks towards Father Ucello.

ATTENDANT 3

Do you think he's still alive, Father?

Ucello is helped back to his feet.

He puts a hand on the young monk's shoulder.

UCELLO

(reassuringly)

The Demon will obey his charge --  
Pray Dominic can stay the coming  
conflagration.

(looking to the other  
Monks)

Prayers are all that's left, Brothers.

Fear grips his manner.

UCELLO (CONT'D)  
 (in a whisper)  
 Prayers are all that's left.

EXT. DR. WARE'S MANSION -- EVENING

A thick, stygian sea-fog wraps itself around the manor like a claw.

INSERT: -- **Good Friday**

A black stretch limo pulls up to the front doors.

Baines, Hess and Jack exit the limo, as Greta greets them.

INT. DR. WARE'S MANSION -- MAIN GALLERY -- CONT.

As the guests enter the main gallery, they are shocked to find Father Dominic in the middle of the hall, on all fours, choking, vomiting, his frock singed, still covered in ceremonial oil and spattered with blood.

Ware appears at the top the the grand stairway.

DR. WARE  
 (facetiously)  
 Well, gentlemen -- It seems the good Father has taken a short-cut to be with us tonight. How thoroughly charming.  
 (smarmy)  
 Was your flight uneventful, Dominic?  
 Read any good books on the way?  
 What was the in-flight movie? --  
Rosemary's Baby?

Everyone laughs at the irony of Dominic's sorry situation.

Dominic rises to his feet, trying to keep his smudged pride intact.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (ignoring Ware's jabs)  
 I would like some hospitality -- if that's not asking too much. Or, have you lost your civility along with your soul.

Ware ignores him, continuing to descend the opulent staircase.

DR. WARE  
 (more pointed sarcasm)  
 By-the-way, doesn't your Order frown on the use of Demons?  
 (MORE)

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(snickering)

I'm sure this won't put you on the A-  
list with your God. That would be  
the God of... Abraham, am I correct?  
What a flaccid God he is. I rank him  
just below Zeus.

Baines and his two cronies snigger at the irony of the White Priest being forced to use Demonic intervention.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Since you're a regular here -- I  
think you know the way to your room.  
Greta, if you would please, help the  
Father and then -- clean this mess.

GRETA

(bowing)

Master, cleaning up Priest vomit  
isn't my most favored thing.

DR. WARE

Well -- make an exception. You may  
grow to like it.

Dominic becomes faint and Greta rushes over to steady him.

FATHER DOMINIC

I think I can find my own way.

Ware won't have it.

DR. WARE

No, no, I insist. Greta will behave.  
(looking at her)  
Won't you, my dear?

Greta silently bows again (she seems on her best behavior, fitting the occasion) and helps steady the still-shaking Priest.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

See Father? Greta and I can be civil.

Greta ushers Dominic up to his room.

Ware motions to his other guests.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(graciously)

I think refreshments are in order.  
Gentlemen, follow me to the wet bar.

Hess drops his overnight bag and stretches.

HESS  
 (agreeably, punning)  
 I presume that would be what the  
doctors -- ordered?

They head towards the bar.

DR. WARE  
 Tonight and tomorrow we rest. Then? --  
 We piss God off for all time.

Jack and Hess carefully skirt around the reddish bile Dominic has left pooled on the mahogany floors.

EXT. NORAD -- COLORADO -- NIGHT

The huge metal doors of the facility swing back as supply trucks rumble into the tunnel.

INSERT -- **NORAD -- Strategic Air Command -- Colorado**

INT. NORAD FACILITY -- SAME

A huge flat-screen monitor loads a picture.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The command center is a riot of high-tech tracking gear.

Officers are busy at their posts.

Messengers come and go. (It is a hive of activity.)

CLOSE UP -- A NAME BADGE ON A UNIFORM, IT SAYS: **GEN. MCNIGHT**

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Contemplating the murky satellite image on the main screen, General McNight sits with his assistants in a glassed-in, sound-proofed office, overlooking the action below.

*(The General is one of those old-school, well-heeled West Point grads and it shows).*

He looks to one of his assistants.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
Phil, lower the monitor in here. I  
 can't tell what the hell I'm looking  
at -- Pump it in.

The officer lowers the office monitor and types something into the computer.

FULL SHOT -- SCREEN MONITOR

The image loads up on the screen.

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)  
Is this live data we're seeing?

OFFICER PHIL  
Fresh out of the lens, Sir.

General McNight scratches his neatly coifed mustache.

The satellite image is of a wide desert, surrounded by mountains. There is some sort of dark, blurry, area situated in the center.

Favoring --

GEN. MCNIGHT  
And you say this is over --

OFFICER PHIL  
Death Valley, General.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
Take us in, Phil.

The officer continues typing. The image zooms and sharpens what appear to be enormous trees, or spires, erupting from the desert floor.

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)  
How wide an area are we talking about, here, Lieutenant.

OFFICER PHIL  
I'd say about thirty square miles, Sir.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
Christ, that's huge. What is it? --  
Ask the computer.

FULL SHOT: THE MONITOR

The officer types:

**What is the anomaly in the desert?**

A pleasant female voice comes over the office speakers.

COMPUTER VOICE  
There is not enough data to compute.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
What is its composition?

The Officer types: **What is the anomaly's composition?**

There is a pause --

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)

Well?

Officer Phil shrugs.

We see the Secret Service Man, from the Airport scene, standing in a corner. He speaks up --

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
Excuse me, General. This may sound crazy but -- do you think this has anything to do with the Baines experiment?

GEN. MCNIGHT  
(smirks)  
Baines? -- I think you said it all when you said, sounds crazy -- Baines is a rich, crazy bastard -- Period.

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
Sir, shouldn't we look at every angle?

He is cut off as the computer chirps back to life.

COMPUTER VOICE  
The composition of the structure is 77.39% iron and 22.61% sulfur. It has a surface temperature of 900.61 degrees Fahrenheit, 482.222 Celsius. It is rising at a rate of 3.25 centimeters per hour. End present data.

Disbelief etches the General's features.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
That makes no sense at all. It's got to be the fucking Russians, or the Chinese. What the hell else could it be?

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
Until we know what this thing is, we should lock down, Sir. Best to err on the side of caution.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
(flatly)  
That's a negative, Son. I don't want any alarms set off, just yet. Get someone over at Travis to send in a couple of drones. We need to take a closer look at this... whatever it is.

(MORE)

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)

(ordering)

Gentlemen -- for now? It's FYI only. No leaks, no nothing, or heads will roll. Clear?! And keep anyone living close to target, quiet -- Phil, how isolated is this area?

Officer Phil pipes up.

OFFICER PHIL

Extremely isolated, Sir -- and it doesn't seem to be on any commercial flight paths.

GEN. MCNIGHT

Lucky for us.

Gen. Mcnight looks to the Secret Service Man.

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, send an e-mail to Baines. I don't like being left in the dark, especially by some fucking insane billionaire.

(ordering)

Get moving on it.

He continues to look at the image, shaking his head.

FULL SHOT --

The office monitor continues to enhance the image.

With every swipe of the computer imaging system, the architectural design of the strange structure takes shape.

The construction looks straight out of an H.R. Giger painting.

INT. DR. WARE'S MAIN SPELL CHAMBER -- MORNING

Spires of light illuminate the gloomy hall.

Torch flames, held by bronze claws, dance in the far corners.

The statue of the great Sabbath Goat silently glares down upon proceedings.

Dr. Ware and Greta roll up the 'All-Seeing Eye' rug, revealing the Grand Spell Circles hidden beneath.

A DETAILED EXPLORATION --

Scene Note -- *(The Grand Circle is a marvel of stunning, intricate, painted designs. Its riot of Cabalist symbols, triangles, interconnected stars, patterns and rings are a work of geometric art).*

All around, Dr. Ware's laboratory is alive with activity, as he and his Succubus prepare for the Easter's Eve experiment.

TRACKING -- THE CAMERA EXPLORES THE BIZARRE CHAMBER --

Long, black candles harden in rows.

Two newly forged ceremonial daggers dangle from metal wires. Their blades hiss in the cool air.

Bilious, turbid fluids roll and bubble on Bunsen burners,

A matrix of tubes distills an unknown substance.

Open books lie, haphazardly strewn on a large gallery table.

*(The camera lingers over them).*

Indecipherable texts and symbols cover the pages.

O.S. -- A.O. -- The gurgling of infants is heard in the background.

The camera follows the sound.

In the far corner of the hall, behind the great altar, are two black-swathed bassinets.

Two fraternal newborn twins, a boy and a girl, lie bundled within, awaiting sacrifice.

Dr. Ware and Greta finish rolling up the huge carpet.

DR. WARE

(feigning concern)

Do you think our guests are ready  
for this evening's little experiment?

Greta picks up the massive rug as if it weighs next to nothing, resting it on her slender shoulder.

She sets the heavy rug to the side.

GRETA

Are you?

Ware smiles, winks at his succubus and raises his open hand to the air. Grabbing at the ether, he opens his palm revealing a brilliant diamond. He tosses it to his familiar.

DR. WARE

(confident)

Aren't I always?

Greta crushes the diamond into dust and then, blowing the dust into the air comments --

GRETA  
 (sarcastic)  
 I hope so, Master -- for your sake.

A.O. -- The babies begin to cry.

Ware looks to the infants.

DR. WARE  
 Make sure the little ones are  
 comfortable.

Puzzled, Greta looks to her master.

GRETA  
Master, if I didn't know you better,  
 I would say you're growing a heart.

DR. WARE  
 (sniggering)  
 You're obviously mistaken.

GRETA  
 After all, they're just a meal to  
 me.

The baby's cries become more insistent.

DR. WARE  
 (slightly exasperated)  
 Tend to them -- and don't you dare  
 eat them.

GRETA  
 Never, Master. Never. I will be like  
 their mother.

DR. WARE  
 (sniggering)  
 I hardly think so.

They shoot each other a sly grin.

INT. FATHER DOMINIC'S ROOM -- LATER -- DUSK

He is ritually dressing in the White Magic vestments Dr. Ware has graciously provided for the evening's conjuration, whispering prayers and supplications. He stops and looks at his reflection in the mirror, gazing deep into the windows that lead to his soul.

He kneels, his head bent in humility.

FATHER DOMINIC

(heartfelt, faithful)

God of the universe... give me strength and wisdom -- and the courage to use them both... Lord, to save the innocent... to save what is worth saving... the eternal soul of creation... Amen.

INT. BAINES' ROOM -- CONT.

Hess and Jack are already in their ceremonial robes, having a drink, playing chess, sitting on the bed.

Baines is at a table, staring into his lap-top monitor. His ceremonial Robe lies over a chair next to him.

Hess looks over.

HESS

Mr. Baines, isn't it time you start getting ready?

Jack checkmates Hess and adds --

JACK

Check and mate, Doctor... After all, sir,

(looking to his Boss)

it is your party, so to speak.

Hess takes a big swig from a snifter.

Mr. Baines is impatient and grumpy -- to say the least.

BAINES

The both of you, shut up! I have an e-mail from McNight at NORAD. And, Hess, lay off the fucking booze, NOW!... Listen to this... 'Anomaly spotted by satellite... center of Death Valley. There seems to be structure to the object. Are you, or Dr. Ware, involved?'

(he looks at the two men, puzzled)

Jack hands Baines his robe.

JACK

Nothing's going on here. At least, not yet. Time to get ready, Sir.

HESS

Tell him it has nothing to do with us. Send out a squadron or something. Fuck him.

JACK  
 (reiterates)  
 Time to get ready, Sir.

Baines takes the robe and heads for the bathroom.

BAINES  
 Jack, chime him back and tell him  
 it's nothing to do with our little  
 experiment... to Hell with the pest.

He disappears into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

Jack begins pecking out a reply on the keyboard.

JACK  
 (calling out to Baines)  
Sir, no shower. You have to use the  
 bath and those unguents Ware gave  
 us... remember, we have to follow  
 ritual.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONT.

Baines is standing naked, staring at the foul-looking goo he  
 must cover his chest in. He calls out to the two men...

BAINES  
 This had better fucking work!

JACK  
 As I recall, Dr. Ware said it will  
 keep you alive.

Baines starts spreading a thin layer of the pus-colored salve  
 on his chest. He is clearly repulsed.

BAINES  
 (irritated)  
 It had fucking better!

INT. THE MAIN SPELL CHAMBER -- LATER -- MIDNIGHT

TRACKING

The smoky Main Spell Chamber is sinister in its silence, but  
 all things are ready for the evening's Easter conjuration.

ENDING ON --

An ornate Chinese clock strikes midnight.

INSERT -- **Easter Eve**

The thick gilt doors to the chamber swing open as the  
 participants enter the room in silence.

The Great Sabbath Goat statue looms over everything.

Ware guides Baines, Hess and Jack to the main operator circles -- each in the center of a triangle and each surrounded by ceremonial swords. Flanking them are great, black candles of virgin wax sitting in the center of a crown of vervain.

Father Dominic is placed outside the Grand Circle, in a separate pentacle and handed ebony-black crosses to lay around him.

Dr. Ware lights the great spell candles.

He lights an iron brazier loaded with consecrated chunks of incense and sandalwood.

A jar of camphor and a bottle of brandy sit next to Hess and Jack.

Ware warns them --

DR. WARE  
(in a calm voice)  
It will be your job to keep the  
charcoals glowing.  
(firmly)  
Don't let them die and don't stumble  
from your circles, or you die.  
Understand?

They nod to him, nervously.

Ware walks to his circle -- which is ringed in horns drawn with lodestone or hematite.

His lectern, with **The Book of Pacts** lying on top, stands within easy reach.

Greta appears from behind the great altar holding the two bassinets containing the sacrificial infants.

*Character Note -- (Greta is scantily clad. Her body is painted paper-white and covered in red, green and black grease-marker writing, markings and ideogram-like ciphers).*

She sets the infants' bassinets on a table, within a circle, before the Great Sabbath Goat.

Ware places them both on the sacrificial slab.

They gurgle and smile.

Everyone is shocked but Baines.

HESS  
 (indignant)  
Certainly, you're not going to do  
 what I think you're going to do.

Father Dominic stands silently within his circle, shaking his head in contempt.

Jack looks to Ware.

JACK  
 (puzzled, disturbed)  
 Doctor, you never told us about this.

Baines glares at his two assistants but says nothing.

Dr. Ware sets his operating tray before him.

It is full with different sized bottles of liquid, a ceremonial dagger and a gleaming scalpel.

Ware looks to his guests.

DR. WARE  
 (calmly)  
 I'm sorry to have to inform you  
gentlemen but, without the blood of  
 the newborn innocents, the conjuration  
 will be rendered impotent. Our lives  
 will be in danger. Trust me, they  
 wont feel much of anything. Just a  
 sharp sting and it's over.

Dominic pipes up from his corner pentacle.

FATHER DOMINIC  
Ware, why two deaths? -- Spare one.

Ware continues preparing.

DR. WARE  
Tonight? -- fraternal twins must be  
 sacrificed. **The Book of Pacts** demands  
 it... anything less? -- and we all  
 die.

Hess is visibly uncomfortable.

HESS  
 (uncomfortable)  
 Where did you get these... babies?

DR. WARE  
 (smiling slightly)  
 I have friends in high places with  
low morals -- they owe me favors.  
Believe me, these two won't be missed.

Greta closes the main doors and takes her place at the far end of the great hall.

She daintily settles into a gold-rubbed, Louis the 14th armchair, cracking a gruesome grin, as she sinks back into the cushions.

CLOSE UP -- GRETA'S BEAUTIFUL FACE --

Weird dappled light spreads across her painted face.

WIDE SHOT --

Everyone is in their places within the Grand Circle.

The whole room's presence seems altered, enchanted and bathed in saturated colors.

Ware, again, looks to everyone.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(ordering)

There will be strict silence. Say nothing if a spirit speaks to or threatens you.

He looks to his guests, then to Dominic.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

Father Dominic, I'm about to begin. Following Solomon's Covenant, have you anything to say before I proceed?

Dominic is a mixture of sadness, anger and resolve as he kneels in his circle.

He takes the crucifix from around his neck, touches his eyelids and kisses its feet. He gently places it just beyond the boundary of his circle.

FATHER DOMINIC

(resigned)

May God forgive our ignorance of the truth.

(signing the cross,  
looking to Ware)

May Solomon's wisdom guide you,  
Doctor.

(softly)

Ave, Chista. Ave, Dio. Ave,  
Madonna.

(grimly)

Proceed.

Without hesitation, Ware reaches out to the lectern before him and opens the great book to the proper page.

He begins the conjuration.

DR. WARE  
 (in a deep tone)  
 I conjure and command thee, LUCIFUGE  
 ROFOCALE, by all the names wherewith  
 thou mayest be constrained and bound.

The camera slowly crawls around Dr. Ware as he continues --

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 I give to thee thy prize with the  
 sacrificial blood of these twin  
 innocents.

Ware steps over to the metal table where the twins lie  
 gurgling.

He picks up the scalpel.

FULL SHOT: THE TWINS --

They smile up at the Black Magician.

He hesitates.

He stops and pulls back, as Baines snaps --

BAINES  
Well... Doctor?

Dominic calls to Ware.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (pleading)  
 Don't do it. End this -- End this  
now!

Baines steps from his circle towards the Priest.

BAINES  
 Shut up, Padre!

Ware whirls around.

DR. WARE  
 (sharply)  
Back in your circles!

There is doubt in Ware's face, as he bites his lip.

The twins are still smiling at him.

Ware's countenance slowly changes to that of resigned fate  
 and clinical detachment.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (taking a deep breath)  
 What I do? -- I do for knowledge.

He lifts each twin's head, dispatching them quickly -- with a cut to the back of the spine.

Hess and Jack wince at the procedure.

Jack looks sick, as he tries to control his gag reflex.

Ware scornfully looks to his guests to keep their silence.

The Chinese brazier smolders and sparks, as flames lick the charged air.

Hess pours brandy on the coals, as they become hissing, glowing snakes.

Hess motions to Jack to look at the coals, as he pours on more brandy.

There is the same reaction, glowing snakes hiss their joy, then fade.

Both men look to each other -- filled with astonishment.

In a most horrible sight -- Ware carefully removes the sacred hearts and the bile-filled livers from the sacrificial twins.

FULL SHOT -- WARE'S HANDS

He takes the tiny livers and shivering hearts, placing them on the glowing charcoal -- where they sputter and bubble.

Quickly wiping his hands, he continues, throwing the soiled towel from the circle.

He retrieves a bottle of liquid and pours it onto the eviscerated, lifeless infants, whereupon they vanish into a cloud of blood-mist, leaving only thick dollops of cream-colored fat behind.

Ware continues his casting.

Dominic, kneeling, whispers soft prayers.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (deeply)  
*Per sedem Baldarey et per gratiam et diligentiam tuam habuistiab nalatimanamilam*, as I command thee *usor*. Thou who imposeth hatred of a loving God and propagateth discord among Angels.

(MORE)

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

I conjure thee by him who hath created thee for this ministry. Fulfill my pacts with thee. OFFINA, ALTA, LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE, NESTERA, PLLANTRE, LUTIAS. Arise and follow in the procession. Arise and be charged.

There is stone silence, as Baines, Hess, Jack and Dominic look around the hall for some kind of reaction. There is nothing.

Ware looks around, giving the men a glance and a gesture to keep still and silent.

The scene lingers, pregnant with anticipation.

Suddenly -- In one of the unoccupied circles, there stands an amorphous, steaming green figure, nine feet tall.

It is difficult to make out the creature's features as it appears semi-transparent and partially unformed.

Hess and Jack gaze at the figure in utter amazement.

FAVORING BAINES --

Baines stares with fascination at the Wraith which appears to him as:

*Creature Note -- (a mockery of a man with a shaven head -- three gnarled horns erupt from his forehead, eyes like a spectral tarsier's, a gaping mouth, a pointed chin, wearing a sort of jerkin, coppery in color, a tattered ruff and a fringe skirt; below the skirt protrude two brandy-colored hooped legs and a fat hairy tail twitches between them, nervously).*

The apparition stretches, yawns and begins to speak in a low, buzzing but pleasant (if effeminate) voice.

APPARITION

What now, Magician? -- On this Easter's Eve of the Christ.

(laughing at the thought)

Do you not see? I am not thy Savior.

Ware speaks to the thing, sternly, from within his circle.

DR. WARE

Thou knows full well why I have called thee forth.

The apparition shoots back.

APPARITION

(indignant)

Nothing is known until it is spoken.

DR. WARE

(nodding)

Very well -- I desire then, to release -- from the mouths of Hell and into the mortal world, all the Demons from the False Monarchy, whose names I shall call forth from the book -- providing they not harm me and mine, and that they return whence they came at dawn, as it has been set within the 'Book of Pacts.'

The Demon looks around the room.

APPARITION

(quizzically)

This and nothing more? No other desires?

DR. WARE

None. Your brothers and sisters shall do what they will for this period of time and they will obey me and my staff without harming the ones within my circle.

Ware clasps his staff and holds it over one of the great candles.

The apparition's visage tenses.

APPARITION

Hold that stick, Magician!

DR. WARE

Thy knoweth well, my staff will bring thee to pain if you disobey.

APPARITION

So you say, but be it known, you were never this easily satisfied.

The apparition glances over his translucent shoulder at the altar that held the infants.

APPARITION (CONT'D)

I see -- you have made the proper sacrifice to send forth so many lords. A good start.

The apparition leans down and with its gnarled fingers, scoops some fat from the sacrificial table, sucking at it like a gourmet.

APPARITION (CONT'D)

(smacking its lips,  
satisfied)

I will send my ministers forth and let them do what they wilt. Do not fear harm from the many deeds that will be done before the sun riseth-- You are of much skill, Magician. I shall see thee at dawn.

The apparition begins to shimmer and, like a blown out flame, disappears.

Baines is excited and begins to exit his circle.

Ware stops him.

DR. WARE

(ordering)

Don't move, you fool! This is not over yet. If you fear for your life, stay put.

BAINES

(ecstatically)

But, it worked... It worked. I can barely believe my eyes!

DR. WARE

(scoffing)

I have no idea yet... if it worked.

FATHER DOMINIC

(sternly)

Now what -- Doctor?

Jack looks around the chamber hall.

JACK

Is he coming back?

Hess agrees.

HESS

Yes, Doctor, what's happening now?

Greta rocks back and forth in her corner seat, a malignant grin on her face.

GRETA

Now comes the best part.

DR. WARE

(ordering)

Silence, Greta!

Ware rubs the crown of his staff in the remaining fat on the sacrificial table, holding it aloft.

The staff's crown crackles and sparks from static electricity, glowing a royal blue.

He walks to the circle before the Great Goat statue. Turning to his guests, he speaks --

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
Now? Now, gentlemen, starts the procession. Keep to your circles.

The Doctor turns and faces the Sabbath Goat.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (filled with confidence)  
I, Theron Ware, master of masters, supreme Karsist, controller of devils and angels -- hereby open the book, breaking the Seven Seals before the Seventh Throne. With my will alone, I put this action into motion before the temple king.

Ware reaches out with his staff and kneeling in supplication, touches the Goat's hoof.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
*Stimulamion ezphares retagamotron  
 irion EMANUEL SABOTH ADONAY, et te  
 invoco -- Amen.*

Ware steps back into his circle and waits for a reaction.

His expression is a mixture of deep concentration and portentous concern.

His guest's faces are hypnotized in anticipation.

Dominic continues his whispered prayers.

The spot where the Doctor touched his staff begins to melt away, revealing an actual hoof underneath.

The guests are transfixed.

Ever so, and even excruciatingly, slowly, the melted area expands and drips as the statue continues to will itself into this world.

Baines is the only one who notices something else is happening. He strains to see past the altar.

TRACKING -- THE CAMERA QUICKLY FOLLOWS HIS LINE OF SIGHT --

Behind the Altar --

Through the far curtained door --

Though the study and out its door --

Down a back stairway and into a courtyard --

Through a gate --

Through the trees --

Descending a path --

Down to the cliffs -- An ominous luminescent, sickly-green smog climbs its way up towards the mansion.

INT. SPELL CHAMBER -- CONT.

CLOSE-UP -- ONE OF WARE'S EYES

A thick teardrop of glistening silver mercury forms in one of his eyes.

It falls from his cheek, scorching the floor like acid.

Greta throws a towel into his circle and he wipes it from his eye.

He throws the towel from the circle.

From behind the altar, everyone's eyes are fixated to a pea-soup-green fog, as it enters the chamber.

*Scene Note -- (The 'Procession' begins) --*

A looming, ashen figure strides silently passed them, atop a vaporous steed.

The mount looks directly at Baines.

He can see it is heavily armored, with a deformed, elongated, face and sporting a head full of diabolical eyes, blinking at him like a nightmare.

The rider, too, is heavily armored. The cross of the Crusader is emblazoned on his sash.

Everyone turns to watch it pass out the other end of the chamber.

The heavy bronze doors have become translucent, as the bizarre apparition proceeds through.

Ware and his guests are focused back on the Great Goat Altar, as it continues to slowly melt its bronzed encasement away.

A hairy shin is now fully exposed and dripping condensation.

Following after the horseman, a stream of marble-like orbs, dance and zigzag their way out into the open world -- hundreds of them.

There follows a huge gray haze, then an inchoate company of soldiers, their heads bowed, their expressions shuttered under steel caps. They march by without a sound.

Ware looks back at Father Dominic who is on his knee, praying to himself.

Beads of mercury form on Ware's forehead.

He motions to Greta to throw him another towel, which she does -- dutifully.

He wipes the mercury from his brow, quickly throwing it from the circle.

Then -- a great blast of sound breaks the silence, as a thousand horns announce the coming of the Sabbath Goat.

Ware and his guests cover their ears.

As quickly as they came, the horns stop and silence returns to the proceedings.

The formally stoic statue continues to take form, as now, the entire lower body is exposed; steaming, wet, dirty and black matted fur.

There follows a monstrous female wraith. She has a beautiful naked body and the snarling head of a leopard.

She prances around the circle of Hess and Jack, who do their best to remain perfectly still.

She glances over to Greta and snarls disdainfully, jealously, at her.

Greta smiles, baring her teeth and flipping her off.

The leopard-girl bolts from the chamber with a hiss.

Then a fume fills the room.

Ware and his guests cover their mouths and noses, as the noxious vapor wafts from ground to ceiling.

From within the fog, a grotesque figure emerges.

It has the body of an angel, with a lion's head full of seeping, crusted, diseased eyes, the webbed feet of a goose and the scut of a deer.

*Scene Note -- (Ware is not amused by this manifestation, and furthermore, wants to test his control over the situation).*

He waves his scepter over the candle flame.

DR. WARE  
(firmly)  
*Transformisum est.*

The horrible visitant promptly takes on the appearance of a beautiful angel from crown to toe.

Ware looks relieved that his power remains potent, smiling.

As it passes, Jack looks at its feet, which protrude from beneath its gown.

They appear tumor-ridden and bored-into by maggots.

A deformed black rooster-cock manifests in Dominic's circle. Its eyes bleeding, sightless sockets as it pecks at the praying Priest.

Ware menaces it with his staff.

It chokes and flutters, finally disappearing altogether in a burst of gelatinous light.

Ware sees the fire dying and motions to Hess and Jack.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
(whispering, in anger)  
Keep that fire hot. Our lives depend  
on it -- fools. Pay attention!

The two men re-stoke the fire with camphor and brandy.

Then, filling the room, a dreamy apparition forms, borne on a galleon. As it sails towards the open world, it sinks into the floor.

Coming nearer, they all are able to look through the floor and onto its deck. Ghostly figures, vaguely human, toil around a huge bed placed on the deck's midship. There is a beautiful, 10-foot-tall Medusa-like woman, having sex with a dragon-like creature, who thrusts in synchrony with the rowers oars.

The Medusa creature looks up at Jack -- he turns his head.

The bizarre vision continues to sink, until it fades behind them.

Baines trembles with fright and excitement, trying to keep his place within his circle.

Jack and Hess are sweating like long-distance runners, as they apply more camphor and brandy to the sizzling coals.

Father Dominic ceases his prayers, rising to his feet.

Everyone's eyes fall back on the goat statue.

The Sabbath Goat has ceased to manifest, returning to its former bronzed state.

HESSE  
Is that it? Can we move?

FATHER DOMINIC  
Stay where you are, Dr. Hess.

DR. WARE  
(in a low voice)  
Silence.

Ware strains to hear, or sense, anymore coming manifestations.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
It's passed. Now we wait here until  
dawn. Nobody leaves this room.

Dominic glances over to the doors. They have returned to their normal state.

JACK  
Can we move now?

DR. WARE  
Yes -- It's safe.

Everyone is exhausted, especially Dr. Ware, who flops into an armchair.

Now, dressed in a blue satin Chinese robe, Greta appears with a full drink tray and a battery radio.

She sets them down, retreating into the shadows.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen? Father? The die is cast.  
I say -- let's get comfortable and  
see what happens.

FULL SHOT -- BAINES

Baines is drenched in sweat.

BAINES  
(lifts a drink)  
It's going to be a very interesting  
Easter.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY -- NIGHT

A radio-controlled spy-drone glides over the moonlit hills of the desert.

Two others join it, as they reach the lip of a cliff that descends to the lower valley floor.

The air is thick with smoke and steam. The ground rumbles.

The cliffs fall away, revealing a (still rising out of the valley floor) sprawling city of giant structures, hot glowing spires and towers that pierce the gloom.

The spy-planes split from their formation, flying off in different directions.

P.O.V. ONE OF THE SPY-PLANES' NIGHT VISION IMAGERY CAMERAS --

It flies over the expansive, emerging, city.

The architecture is beyond bizarre -- Again, resembling something out of an H.R. Giger painting.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM AT NORAD

We are looking at a large, flat-screen monitor in the command center at NORAD, as the strange images flicker across a split screen.

The entire staff is staring at the monitors in rapt attention.

A woman officer gapes at the screen, dropping her coffee to the floor.

Comments like: "What are we looking at?" "What the hell is this thing?" "It's got to be alien." "What are we going to do?" -- filter around the room.

In a corner of the command center, General McNight is surrounded by his staff.

He takes a swig of coffee and shakes his head.

GEN. MCNIGHT

(impatient)

Have we heard anything from Baines yet?

The Secret Service Man stands beside the General.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Nothing.

GEN. MCNIGHT

Do we know where this Dr. Ware character lives?

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Somewhere in Northern California. We have people on it right now, General.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
 (exasperated)  
 Can't you get a satellite fix on  
anything?

The S.S.M. shakes his head.

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
 It's being blocked somehow.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
 (exasperated, ordering)  
 Lock this place down to yellow!

He starts nervously pacing the floor.

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)  
 Until this thing starts shooting at  
 us, all we can do is keep our  
 distance.

FULL SHOT --

The command center's main monitor blinks out, as the spy  
 plane video feeds go dead

GEN. MCNIGHT (CONT'D)  
Now what!

A technician yells over.

TECHNICIAN  
 Lost the signal, General.

SECRET SERVICE MAN  
 Speaking freely, Sir -- I think we  
 should call in a tactical.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
 (thoughtfully)  
Noted, Lieutenant, but let's call in  
 an armed 'recon' instead. Have Travis  
 Scramble two 16s and tell them to  
 keep at least 10 klicks between them  
 and the target.

FULL SHOT -- ABOVE THE MAIN COMMAND MONITOR

Above the monitor and ringing the entire room, there is a  
 wide light-bar, blinking in 'yellow alert mode.'

EXT. TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE -- MOMENTS LATER

Two heavily armed jets are scrambled.

They take off into the moonlit night.

INT. NORAD, COMMAND CENTER -- MOMENTS LATER

A technician at a computer terminal wants the General's attention --

TECHNITION 2

Sir, I've got some extra data from the drones before they went down -- It's pretty weird stuff.

The General looks to his staff and asks the technician.

GEN. MCNIGHT

Pump it upstairs, Son.

TECHNITION 2

Will do, Sir.

The general hastens his staff up to the privacy of the crow's nest -- overlooking the command center.

Officer Phil quickly lowers the monitor and brings up the main-frame.

A Russian officer enters the room.

The General welcomes him --

GEN. MCNIGHT

(diplomatically)

General Satav, sorry for the imposition, but we've got a situation.

SATAV

I came as quickly as I could, General. Computers are going down everywhere.

GEN. MCNIGHT

Were you briefed?

SATAV

Yes, yes... and I assure you. The Russian People's Republic has nothing to do with this... nothing.

GEN. MCNIGHT

The Chinese?

Satav shakes his head.

The computer-voice chirps to life and the room becomes quiet.

COMPUTER VOICE

The assumption that the construct in Death Valley is Russian, Chinese or  
(MORE)

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)  
 otherwise of human origin is of the  
 lowest order of probability at one  
 in five hundred million --

(hard-drive chatter)

An invasion of interplanetary beings  
 is of a slightly higher order of  
 probability at one in one hundred  
 thousand.

(hard-drive chatter)

The hypothesis of the structure being  
 of supernatural origin must be the  
 admitted hypothesis at one in five  
 hundred. End present data.

The room descends into shocked silence.

Suddenly -- a voice is pumped in over the intercom from the  
 Command Center below.

INTERCOM VOICE

General, radio contact has been broken  
 with the 16s out of Travis and they've  
 dropped from radar.

GEN. MCNIGHT

(angry, disbelieving)

Were they attacked!?

INTERCOM VOICE

No, Sir, they simply dropped from  
 radar.

The General throws a coffee mug, that shatters against the  
 wall. He looks to the Secret Service Man --

GEN. MCNIGHT

(seething)

Find Baines, NOW!

INT. WARE'S SPELL CHAMBER -- LATER

Ware is asleep on a velvety armchair. Greta has returned to  
 her cat form and lies curled in his lap.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The trappings of the evening's ceremony litter the chamber,  
 as smoke rises like a lazy cloud from the iron brazier.

Hess and Jack lie snoozing on couches in the chamber's  
 library.

A TV flickers on a large cabinet.

A restless Dominic stands at a narrow window, open to the  
 sea's brisk night air.

He whispers the Lord's Prayer while watching the waves crash upon the rocks far below.

Baines is also too restless to sleep. He Joins Dominic at the window.

FATHER DOMINIC

Look out there. What do you see?

FULL SHOT -- THE SKY

It has a weird luminesce to it.

BAINES

(cranes his neck around)

I see a moonlit sky. I see that the smog has drifted up from Los Angeles.

FATHER DOMINIC

That's all?

BAINES

What are you trying to do -- panic me? Wake Ware? Call it quits? No... no... we'll wait this one out, Padre.

Baines walks to the radio and turns it on.

He tries tuning in a signal. When suddenly --

A station pops in, fuzzy at first.

RADIO V.O.

... now established, a fission device has been detonated over the city of Rome.

Baines attempts to fine-tune the signal.

RADIO V.O. (CONT'D)

Reports are coming in... Hold on -- Much damage... much... much -- carnage... and destruction... that's all we...

The signal breaks up, until there is nothing but white noise, snarling back at them. Baines violently swings the dial to no avail.

BAINES

(Excitedly)

Christ! Did I just hear what I thought I heard? Is there a TV around here?

FATHER DOMINIC

(worried)

I think there's one in the library.

The two men rush off, leaving Ware and Greta-Cat sound asleep.

Entering the study, they find Hess and Jack awake and already watching the unreal events unfolding on the TV screen.

Hess looks to Dominic.

HESS  
Armageddon, Padre?

FULL SHOT: THE TV MONITOR

A jittery, hand-held video camera captures a blazing Rome in ruins.

There is no audio, only hissing and buzzing.

BAINES  
Change the channel.

Jack switches the channel with a remote.

Father Dominic looks on in horror as his vision of the Vatican in flames becomes a reality on the TV screen.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(angrily)  
Now you see what this insanity's  
done.

He looks to Baines who has a half-smile on his wicked face.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
(deathly serious)  
I should have killed you when I had  
the chance.

Jack gets up to avert any violent action against his boss.

JACK  
Wait a minute, Father. Let's not  
jump to any conclusions, just yet.  
We really have no idea what's going  
on.

Out the study's window the sky is beginning to lighten as dawn comes.

Dominic is incensed as he dashes out into the Spell Chamber to rouse the sleeping Magician.

Dominic grabs Ware, shaking him violently, which launches Greta-Cat across the floor and into the smoldering brazier.

FATHER DOMINIC  
(shouting)  
Get up... Ware!

Greta returns to her human form and lets out a hissing-howl, defensively swiping at the air.

Dr. Ware is still spent and groggy, as he looks up at the enraged Priest.

DR. WARE

(groggy)

What... what's happened?... Let go of me. Father, please! Control yourself!

The others emerge from the study.

Greta leaps on Dominic, throwing him against the altar.

Greta looms over the Priest, hissing, her face rapidly changing from beast to human.

GRETA

(hissing)

You've made me mad this time, Father.

Ware takes the situation in hand.

DR. WARE

(yelling)

Enough!

Greta, hissing, steps back and retreats into the shadows.

Hess and Jack run to Dominic's aid.

Baines looks to Ware from the study's doorway.

BAINES

(to everyone)

You better come in and see this.

Ware enters his library and as he approaches the TV, his eyes widen.

FULL SHOT: THE TV SCREEN

A helicopter shot of Rome, wiped out.

Ware puts his hand to the screen.

DR. WARE

(astonished)

Did I do this?

He surfs through the channels and he sees video feeds documenting other cities destroyed, devastated.

The gravity of what he has conjured etches across his face.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (shocked)  
 What have I done? This isn't right.

The TV signal goes dead and in its place a broken, snowy image of a smiling Sabbath Goat stares out, immovable.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
No, this isn't right at all.

Ware turns it off, returns to the Spell Chamber and approaches a still-shaken Dominic.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (hurriedly)  
Dominic. No time for arguments --  
 You and I are going to have to put  
 the genie back in the bottle.

FATHER DOMINIC  
 (hardened)  
 I told you, Ware. You're not the  
 great Magician you thought you were --  
 You were never anything but a slave.

Ware motions to everyone to return to their circles.

DR. WARE  
 (apprehensive)  
 It's almost dawn. The Demon will be  
 returning.

He motions to Hess and Jack.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)  
 (ordering)  
 Get those coals burning.

EXT. THE SUN RISING OVER THE ROCKIES -- DAWN

NORAD's mountain has been hit by a nuclear blast.

INT. NORAD'S COMMAND CENTER -- MOMENTS LATER

The Center has been badly damaged by a direct nuclear hit,  
 but is still operational.

Doctors and nurses attend the injured.

General McNight is on a headset talking feverishly to his  
 commands that still exist.

GEN. MCNIGHT  
 (talking into a headset)  
 Send out all the squadrons you can  
 muster and keep your reserves on  
 high alert!

On the command floor, sortie controllers are doing their best to decipher all the confusing radio chatter coming in from attacking squadrons.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY -- SAME

A squadron of fighter jets bears down on the ominous, glowing city.

They fire upon it but the rockets dig harmlessly into the ground.

The towering gates of the city open with a tremendous groan.

FROM A DISTANCE

An army of black figures begin to march from the city's gates onto the valley floor.

Two of the strange soldiers come over a rise, looking back towards the retreating jet squadrons, which break formation and scatter.

One is mounted on a demented-looking armored steed whose eyes are empty sockets. It rears and huffs its contention. His comrade-in-arms is carrying a pike and a shield with the Star of David emblazoned on it. They are huge, indescribably ugly, black as coal and armored for battle.

The strange demonic figures howl with empty laughter at the retreating jets, as their comrades forge up the hill --

CUT TO

INT. WARE'S SPELL CHAMBER -- MOMENTS LATER

Ware and his guests have returned to their positions in the Grand Circle.

The fire is stoked into action.

Dr. Ware quickly begins the invocation.

DR. WARE

(somberly, wearily)

I invoke thee, LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE, by  
all the Seals, Names and powers that  
rule the universe. By dawn you said  
you would return and dawn has come.  
I command thee to appear.

There is only silence.

Ware looks flustered and confused. He tries again.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(forcefully)

You shall obey thy call to this meeting with all speed. The king of kings, himself, commands it.

Still, there is nothing, no sound at all, but the clap of distant thunder.

Then -- there is a low guttural laughter, a joyless laughter, a terrifying laughter, which fills the room.

EXT. THE CLIFFS -- MOMENTS LATER

A monstrous wave rolls in towards the shore.

INT. WARE'S SPELL CHAMBER -- MOMENTS LATER

Baines looks out the windows and sees a wall of water headed up the cliffs towards them.

BAINES

(screaming)

Tidal wave!

The huge tsunami crashes into the stone mansion, sending a wall of water into the Spell Chamber.

The force of the wave rips a gaping hole in the side of the mansion, knocking everyone to the floor, smashing everything in its path, leaving the chamber a soaked, ruined mess.

The wave rolls back.

Everyone is shaken but there are no casualties, yet.

The statue of the Sabbath Goat teeters, then topples over, splitting and splintering the floors.

As Ware and his guests recover their footing, they notice a huge figure sitting on the throne where the great goat statue once sat.

*Creature Note -- (It has a fearsome goat's head, with immense horns; a crown that flames like a torch; level, but crossed, human eyes and a Star of David on its forehead. Its haunches, too, are Pan-like with two huge cloven hooves. Between, the body is human, though hirsute, and has black pinions, like a great crow's, growing from its shoulder blades. It has women's breasts and an enormous erection, which it nurses alternately with hands folded into a gesture of benediction. Its mein is contemptuous and fierce. On one forearm is tattooed **Solve**; on the other **Cogula**).*

The thing sucks in a heavy breath, exhaling with a great, grumbling snort.

Ware falls to one knee and bows his head in submission.

DR. WARE  
 PUT SATANACHIA, BAPHOMET, *ave, ave...*  
 Hail to thee...

The utterly loathsome creature looks down at the supplicated Magician and speaks to him in a surreal, huffing British accent.

SABBATH GOAT  
Ave, Magician, but why hail me? It was not I you called but my brother, who is now occupied with other matters.

Ware keeps his head bent and answers...

DR. WARE  
Never, Lord. You cannot be called forth. Why are you here?

Before the creature can answer, the waterlogged Hess scoffs at it.

HESS  
 (resolute)  
 You're nothing but a silly zoological mockery. I don't see you. You're a mushroom dream. Go away! Go back!

Ware wheels around in his circle, barking at Hess --

DR. WARE  
Shut up, Doctor!

SABBATH GOAT  
 (petulant)  
Magician, why does this creature squeak at me, so? Does he not know the rules? Shall I educate him?

The creature leans forward and rips Hess' head from his body, downing it with a crunch and a gulp.

Hess' headless body quivers on the floor, as a widening pool of dark vermilion spurts from the neck stump.

The Great Goat's image is reflected in the shimmering, bloody stream.

The camera creeps up its woolly body, pulling back to reveal the horrible, smiling aberration in full detail.

SABBATH GOAT (CONT'D)

(licking its chops,  
pleased)

I thank thee for the tasty sacrifice.  
It makes me feel like sparing the  
rest of you... insects.

(it shakes its mane,  
grinning horribly)

Especially you, my sweetest Magician.  
I shall call you my son and give to  
thee a kingdom. I am in thy debt.

Dominic bravely approaches and picking up a discarded black cross, holds it towards the creature.

FATHER DOMINIC

(passionately)

Monster -- Look at this symbol of  
blood sacrifice. God has love for  
his creations through this symbol.  
You're nothing but spite incarnate.  
Your hate is as shallow as your  
compulsion to kill God. You have no  
substance.

The creature looks upon Father Dominic, almost kindly.

SABBATH GOAT

Silly Monk, thy cross now stands for  
nothing. The war is over and God of  
the universe is vannquished along  
with his love for thee. My brothers  
and lovers are all abroad in the  
world and will not be put back.

Dominic will not yield.

FATHER DOMINIC

(fiercely)

It is written that the beast of men  
will be conquered and chained. I  
will put you back in Solomon's bottle.

SABBATH GOAT

(with a great,  
understanding sigh)

Never believe everything you read --  
little Monk. And besides, Solomon is  
dead and dust -- Let it forever be  
written -- and forever be said --

(shoots them wry,  
horrible, toothy  
grin)

You brought this upon yourselves.

The Sabbath Goat's image begins to shimmer, becoming translucent.

His giant head turns towards Dr. Ware, snorting --

SABBATH GOAT (CONT'D)

Hell has risen upon the earth and  
the commandments are broken for all  
time.

(bowing his great,  
woolly, head)

I leave you to ponder the fate of  
men.

The goat chuckles, as he slowly dissolves into the ether.

Greta emerges from the gloom and taking Dominic's hand, gently  
tries leading him from of the Spell Chamber.

Dominic is resistant.

He unsteadily catches his balance, looking hard at Dr. Ware.

FATHER DOMINIC

(knowingly, altruistic  
to the end)

You've been a tool all along, Ware...  
on a fool's errand -- You've been  
conned... and now you're left with a  
kingdom of shit -- you pathetic little  
Wizard.

The comment stings its way into what is left of Dr. Ware's  
soul.

Dominic, straightening himself, jerks his arm from Greta.

FATHER DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(forcefully)

God is still within us, Ware. God is  
still here. No demon can ever exile  
God.

He storms from the chamber with Greta on his heels.

Jack and Baines shake the salty water from themselves. As  
the two men exit the chamber, Baines looks over at the  
defeated Magician.

BAINES

(ever plotting his  
next move)

I'm sure we'll be able to pick up  
some of the pieces. Let's find out  
what can be done, Doctor -- if  
anything -- Dr. Ware, are you coming?

The Black Magician waves them on.

DR. WARE

Leave. Go --  
(yelling)  
GO!

JACK

(undeterred)  
Don't be long, Doctor. Someone has  
to get us out of this shit.

DR. WARE

Get out!

Baines and Jack leave the chamber.

Dr. Ware sinks to the floor and, putting his hands to his head, begins to laugh.

He looks around at what remains of his Spell Chamber and the Grand Circle. He shakes his head at the irony of the situation.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

What have I done?

He rises, looking out the chamber window, and as far as the eye can see, rivers of lava cascade over the cliffs, spilling into a steaming, crimson-red ocean.

He walks into his wrecked study and collapses on the waterlogged couch.

He grabs the remote and flips on the TV, more out of whimsy than anything else. He is amazed that it pops right on.

DR. WARE (CONT'D)

(smiling, bemused, to himself)  
Goddamn, there's still electricity?  
(laughing sarcastically)  
It must be Magic.

He lies back and stares at the ceiling, fitfully snickering.

FULL SHOT: TV SCREEN

A video image takes form. It is a white, snowy, text upon a black background.

FULL SHOT: TV SCREEN

The image rolls and flickers, but is unmistakable.

It says: **GOD IS DEAD**

All is silent -- except for the roar of the distant conflagration and the white-hiss of the TV's audio signal.

PULL UP -- The long windows, above the TV, reveal the tortured landscape that was once beautiful Big Sur.

A.O. -- O.S. -- Dr. Ware's laughter echoes into the distance, finally ending in an ironic sigh.

DISSOLVE:

*(As the image fades)* --

Nine Inch Nails' 'Heresy' thumps into the soundtrack.

As 'Heresy' kicks in --

CUT IN:

A TV image (tearing and flipping) of the inverted pentagram, outlining the Sabbath Goat's head, stares out at the audience.

**Roll Main Credits --**