

CHARNEL HOUSE

by  
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Based on the novel by  
Graham Masterton

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FADE IN:

INT. HYATT'S OFFICE -DAY

JOHN HYATT (34) sits at his desk in his small, cluttered office in San Francisco's Department Of Public Works. John, like the office, is well worn, lived in, clumsy but comfortable. He shuffles through papers and looks across his desk at:

SEYMOUR WALLIS (75) a small, meek man in a linen jacket holding a Panama hat in his hands. He looks down, up at John, shifts uncomfortably in his seat. His manner is almost like an apology.

WALLIS

It's my house. It's breathing.

John looks at him. Puts the papers back down. Rubs his hand over his face.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

I called last week and talked to a young lady and told her the same thing, she took my name and number.

John sorts through a stack of pink message slips.

JOHN

"Seymour Wallis. Thursday". Okay. You called and talked to someone and said your house...was...

He meets Wallis' eyes. Nothing. Wallis grows more embarrassed.

WALLIS

I've wanted to live around Mission Street a long time. When my sister died I inherited a bit, sold some stock, and bought this house on the cheap. It seemed like a good deal. Then.

John studies him, takes a pen and paper.

JOHN

What's your address, Mr. Wallis?

WALLIS

1551 Pilarcitos.

JOHN

OK. And your problem is...

WALLIS

My house is breathing.

JOHN

Maybe...maybe it's something else, maybe it's your own breathing you hear? Big old empty house. Noises amplify. Maybe a downdraft, you know, winds off the hills coming through cracks in the old insulation -

(Wallis is slowly shaking his head)

Well...Mr.Wallis...what do you think it is? Maybe an animal is trapped in the walls?

WALLIS

There's no scratching. No little feet scraping. No droppings, no smell. If it were an animal, well it couldn't live there long trapped in the walls with no food or water. I've lived there for three months and at times it's, it's almost...unbearable.

His voice cracks there, he's finally showing his frustrations.

JOHN

Mr. Wallis. This is the Sanitation Department. I mean I can help you with rats, fleas, wasps, I can call an exterminator, we can set traps but, breathing, I don't know.

WALLIS

Mr. Hyatt-

JOHN

John.

WALLIS

John. It breathes. Like a German shepherd. Pant, pant, pant.

JOHN

Mr. Wallis, are you sure you came to the right department?

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

If there's no waste left behind, no scratching, no actual sign of an animal trapped in the walls of your house, then I'm not sure what I can do.

WALLIS

It scares me. Scares the pants off me. I went to the doctor, my hearing is fine, my mind is sound even if my knees aren't what they used to be. I can hear it and I'm frightened.

A long pause. John smiles, trying to be the ever polite public servant.

JOHN

There's just nothing I can do. Not for breathing.

WALLIS

You could come listen to it.  
(a pause as John is caught  
of guard and Wallis feels  
more sheepish)  
You don't have to of course.

JOHN

It's not that I don't want to. I just have more pressing matters of city sanitation is all. We have a blocked up sewer on Folsom, and of course those people are interested in their breathing more than anyone else's.

WALLIS

(defeated)  
OK. I understand you have priorities.

JOHN

I mean...if you hear pattering feet...a cry..anything...

Wallis stands.

WALLIS

I'll call you. Everybody specializes these days. You can clean out the sewers but..

He trails off. John walks him to the office door.

JOHN  
I'm sorry -

WALLIS  
(grabbing John's wrist)  
Then DO SOMETHING.

He lets go, John watches him close.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. It's just, why not stop  
in for five minutes?  
(no response)  
It's been a strain. I'm sorry.  
Really. My nerves and all.

Wallis opens the office door.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
It could have something to do with  
the park, you know.

JOHN  
The park?

WALLIS  
Thanks for your time, young man.

Wallis leaves, closes the door behind him. John leans against  
the door, exhales. Whew.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM-DAY

John enters the empty break room and checks out the vending  
machines. He digs out change and gets a snack cake. He moves  
to the next machine and looks at the cold drinks, juices,  
milks.

The carousel turns as John browses then he spies it:  
chocolate milk.

JOHN  
Yesssss.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO-DAY

Following John's car as he heads towards the Golden Gate  
Bridge. A bright, clear day.

John's car hits the bridge. Cruise with him as he crosses.

VARIOUS SHOTS

The long span of the bridge, the suspension cables, traffic.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

A high rise condo with a view of the bridge and city beyond, lights sparkle in the dark.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

The lights dim, messy dinner dishes on the table. As soft music plays , John slow dances with JANE (27) a curvy, soft blonde. She's not quite Haight-Ashbury , but is funkier than the conservative John.

JANE

You know, my aunt used to tell me that the ghost of Buffalo Bill came to see her at night and tell her stories about the old west.

JOHN

Oh he did , did he?

JANE

So she said.

They dance, slow, close. He kisses her slow, she kisses back.

JOHN

Which aunt?

JANE

Huh?

JOHN

Which aunt was visited by Hop Along Cassidy?

JANE

Buffalo Bill.

JOHN

Whichever.

JANE

Aunt Lucy.

JOHN

Did I ever meet her?

JANE  
Yeah, last year you did when we  
went to Oakland.

JOHN  
I don't remember.

JANE  
No? She still has this big mane of  
brown hair, has these boobs-

JOHN  
Ohhhh-kay.

JANE  
NOW you remember.

JOHN  
Crystal clear.

JANE  
Perv.

Smiles. More little kisses.

JANE (CONT'D)  
So did you clean up much garbage  
today?

JOHN  
I don't haul garbage. I work with  
the people who do.

JANE  
(nibbles his ear)  
Won't get those lily-soft hands  
dirty?

JOHN  
Thought you liked how my hands  
felt?

He cups her breast, softly as he kisses her.

JANE  
Mmmm. Sure do.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

John and Jane cuddled under the sheets after lovemaking.

JANE  
It might be an E.V.P.

He stirs, looks at her.

JOHN

Huh?

JANE

Electronic Voice Phenomenon. Voices of spirits caught on tape.

He sits up in bed.

JOHN

Jane, honey.

(chuckles)

He was a nice old man. He said his house is breathing. He's hearing things, he's having hallucinations. He's not recording it, he hears it in the house.

JANE

Hallucinations are things you think you see, not hear. I've heard about it before John. People can hear conversations in a room, conversations that took place a hundred years ago.

JOHN

You're serious.

JANE

Yes. Of course. Spirit manifestations. They've been documented John. If you'd ever leave that stuffy office of yours and that stuffy mind of yours.

JOHN

You've been working in that voodoo store too long honey.

JANE

It's not voodoo, we sell healing herbs.

JOHN

And you think I should go see the house?

JANE

Oh it'd be so cool! Yes, we can go tomorrow night.

JOHN

No, WE can't do anything. IF I go, it'd be on department business, you couldn't go.

JANE

Then take Dan Machin. He still works there, right?

JOHN

Awww not your buddy the Ghostbuster?

Under the covers she pinches him and he squeals like a little girl. As they both laugh he pushes her over onto her back and he climbs on her, tickling her as they both laugh and squirm.

INT. BOARDROOM-DAY

John is caught in a boring mid-day meeting. He stands at a podium in front of the others, who are just as bored.

JOHN

Okay, so we'll have to close off both lanes to get a crew down there and clear those pipes out. We'll do northbound Tuesday morning and southbound Wednesday morning.

GUY #1

So that's two rush hours?

JOHN

Umm, yeah. We gotta start early each day or else the crews will go into overtime.

GUY #1

You know that's gonna bottleneck that street.

JOHN

What else can we do? Unless we get started by 9:00am we'd be seeing overtime both days and we need to keep the lid on O.T For the rest of the quarter. Yes, it will be inconvenient for two days but this is the best solution.

GUY #2

Weekend?

JOHN

No. It's double time on weekends. We're talking about two nine to ten hour days here, and we cannot afford that on weekend rates. Bite the bullet, put up detour signs and we'll hope for the best.

(as everyone sighs,  
dissatisfied)

And next, we have the kosher problem.

GUY #2

Kosher problem?

JOHN

(clears his throat)

We have an issue with some of the team, the team leaders have brought to my attention. Now no one cherishes San Francisco's cultural diversity more than me. But we have a huge number of ethnic restaurants all across the city. And lots of loose refuse. Part of the problem is we've been lax about enforcing this with all restaurants, which is something we need to re-address. But the ethnic establishments don't always bag all their refuse, don't always use garbage bags. Nice and tidy is not a constant, and some of the Jewish gentlemen on the trucks don't like handling the loose refuse that may not be kosher.

Groans all around.

GUY #1

At least they're getting more creative when they bitch.

JOHN

AND, we do have a few Muslims on the trucks too, and they're uncomfortable picking up loose garbage at the Bar-be-Que restaurants.

Blank stares. John just looks into space, leans down, an elbow and the podium, and rubs his face. A few chuckles from the room.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF WORKS-DAY

Smokers on their break. John approaches DAN MACHIN (27), a bespectacled fellow in a tweed jacket.

JOHN

Dan.

DAN

Hey John, how goes it?

JOHN

Brutal. Cannot wait for five o'clock. Anything downstairs today?

They smoke in silence a moment.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, Dan, you umm, still watch all that ghost stuff on TV?

DAN

(cautious)

Yeah?

JOHN

I gotta make a stop on Pilarcitos tonight after work, wanna tag along?

DAN

That's off Mission Street? Sure, what's up, you got a haunted house?

JOHN

I don't know what it is. This guy came in yesterday, said his house was...breathing.

DAN

Breathing. Uh-huh. Since when is that the business of the sanitation department?

JOHN

Since Jane laid a huge guilt trip on me. Come on, you want to?

DAN

Hey I'm there man. Like I have much else to do tonight.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-NIGHT

John's car is parked on the sloping street. John and Dan head up the sidewalk.

DAN  
Which one is it?

As they hit the sidewalk and climb the stairs of the turret and gable house:

JOHN  
Here, fifteen fifty one.

DAN  
Looks innocent enough. You think a house like this can breathe?

JOHN  
Don't know if it breathes but it needs the damn drains checked, do you smell that?

DAN  
Geez Louise. Maybe there IS an animal in the walls?

They stop on the small front stoop of the house. They notice the elaborate knocker on the front door.

The once brass knocker, now all dark with tarnish, looks like a wolf, a wild wolf, or a wolf crossed with some creature - wide gaping jaws, huge fangs. Under the knocker on the knock plate is the word RETURN.

DAN (CONT'D)  
What the...is that a gargoyle?

JOHN  
What is that? A dog? Where the hell do you get a knocker like this?

DAN  
Home Depot for Satan, maybe. Go ahead, knock. It might bite me.

John knocks. Nothing. They wait. Crickets chirp. He knocks again.

From inside, two bolts are thrown, a lock turned, and the door opens on a security chain. Through the small open crack is Wallis.

WALLIS

Oh, hi there, hello Mr. Hyatt.

JOHN

Hi Mr. Wallis. This is a co-worker of mine, Dan Machin. I thought he'd be interested and might be able to offer some input.

WALLIS

I can't say how grateful I am.

JOHN

Is this a bad time?

The door shuts, the last chain thrown, and the door opens wide. Wallis is in pajamas and a robe.

WALLIS

No no, please come in, come in. Just out of a bath, no company, nothing to interrupt. Please.

Dan and John look into the house, into the small dark hallway inside.

Wallis grins.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

(with emphasis)

After youuuuuuu.

John and Dan exchange looks.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Hehe...kidding. Sorry. I was never good with jokes.

JOHN

No. Really?

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-NIGHT

Wallis ushers them into the small hallway, he flicks a light switch which doesn't make it much better. A door to the left leads to the den, immediately ahead is a staircase.

WALLIS

I'm not good with housecleaning either in the last few weeks.

John and Dan look around as they move down the hallway, Dan stops before following the others.

DAN  
What is this?

He's looking at the newel post at the bottom of the stairs. Atop the post is a brass figure of a bear, but instead of a bear's face and snout, is a woman's face.

WALLIS  
A Bear Maiden.

DAN  
This is nice. Nice work.

WALLIS  
I found it years ago, we were on Fremont, building a bridge for the park. Dug it up and I'd had it with me ever since. Seemed to go just right there.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-DEN-NIGHT

As he leads them into his small, cozy den. Wallis putters about, clearing newspapers off of chairs to make room.

WALLIS  
Can I offer you something to drink?  
Some soda, scotch, beer?

JOHN  
Scotch is fine, thank you Mr.  
Wallis.

DAN  
Nothing for me thanks.

WALLIS  
(as he pours John a drink)  
Are you sure? You're off duty  
right?

DAN  
Well yeah, but I'm not much of a  
drinker. But thank you.

WALLIS  
Suit yourself.

They sit in silence a moment. John sips. Silence.

DAN  
Do you believe in ghosts, Mr.  
Wallis?

WALLIS

Ghosts?

DAN

Well, ghosts, spirits,  
supernatural.

WALLIS

Is that what you think I have here?

DAN

Don't you?

WALLIS

I-I don't know. I just don't know.  
Is that your area of expertise?

DAN

No Sir. I'm just...fascinated by it  
is all. Ghosts, the afterlife. When  
John told me your house is making  
noises -

WALLIS

It's breathing.

DAN

- breathing, right. When he told me  
that, I got to thinking. I mean  
it's not unusual you know.

WALLIS

It isn't?

JOHN

Well, no.

WALLIS

(to John)

Now YOU believe it's breathing?

JOHN

No, I, um, just, I was talking to  
someone and they were saying the  
same thing. That it's, maybe not  
scientific fact, but, something  
that people have seen. Heard.

John looks to Dan for help to take over.

DAN

Mr. Wallis, neither John or me  
really know what's going on.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

This is outside the normal boundaries of what the department of sanitation can handle.

WALLIS

As Mr. Hyatt here made very clear.

JOHN

Look. I did want to give you the courtesy of listening to what you have to say. But I don't know if I believe in ghosts, that's just me. But we do want to help you.

WALLIS

So what do you fellas suggest?

Nothing. Dan dries his palms on his knees.

DAN

Could I have that drink now?

WALLIS

(smiles as he stands and fixes the drink)

It comes at night, mostly. When I'm sitting here reading, listening to radio. At first it's like someone just walked into the next room, it's soft. Then it's like someone is standing right behind me. Watching me. Breathing.

(hands Dan the drink)

I try to not turn around. Every time I try not to. Because I don't know what's going to be there. But I turn every time. And there's nothing there.

Silence again. The house creaks. They all start at the sound. Wallis sits, smiles.

DAN

Sometimes, a house can act as a receiver, like a radio. A receiver for sounds and events from the past. If something stressful has happened in the past, the house can pick up the sounds in the texture of the walls, and play it over and over, just like a tape recorder. There was a case in Massachusetts last year, where a couple heard arguing in their house.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Downstairs, at night. But whenever they went downstairs to check it out there was never anybody there. They heard conversations, names. When they went to the local church and searched the register, they found the people by those names who had lived in their house in the 1880's.

WALLIS

So you do think it's a ghost?

DAN

Maybe not a ghost. Maybe an echo from the past. But, it's just noise. It's just like a TV or a radio. It might be scary but it's just noise.

WALLIS

Can I get it to leave me alone? Exorcise it?

DAN

Well...I don't think so. It would be in the fabric of the house. I mean, aside from knocking the house down...

WALLIS

Are you an expert on these things, Mr. Machin?

DAN

No, I uh - I read a lot. And I watch the ghost story things on Discovery.

Wallis fixes him a look.

WALLIS

I've wanted one of these houses for years. I'd walk these streets, admire them. Their age, character, style. And finally I could afford one. It means a lot to me, you see. There isn't an inch of Formica. Look at those mouldings, plaster. No plastic, no fiberglass. The floorboards came from an old sailing ship, see how wide they are? The doors hang straight, the hinges are brass.

(MORE)

WALLIS (CONT'D)

This house is my way of keeping a better time alive. If there's a noise in it, or one of your ghosts in it, I want it out. I - I don't know how, but - I want it out. Please.

JOHN

Maybe you could make a compromise.

DAN

A what?

JOHN

Isn't the whole idea that these ghosts, spirits, make themselves known because they want out? I mean, maybe that's what this...breathing is trying to accomplish. Maybe it wants you to help it out.

DAN

John, I'm not too sure about doing that.

JOHN

Let's ask it what it wants.

DAN

John, it's OK if you don't take this seriously but-

JOHN

Dan, I am serious. If Mr. Wallis here can hear the breathing, maybe the breathing can hear him.

WALLIS

Hear...us.

JOHN

Yeah. Us. So, let's talk to it.

DAN

That might not be too good of an idea.

JOHN

Well you said it's just noise, right? Let's see if we can make an agreement. Have it leave Mr. Wallis in peace.

WALLIS

But Mr. Hyatt you still don't believe it's breathing.

JOHN

I'm not sure. But you are. The only way to find out is to wait. So let's wait.

They slowly settle back in their seats. And wait.

Absolute quiet. Really can't even hear the men breathe. From another room, the sound of a clock ticking.

But no other sounds. They wait.

DISSOLVE:

To a few minutes later. The men shift in their seats. More waiting.

Dan checks his watch. John clears his throat, trying to be as quiet as possible.

Soft clock ticking. Wallis looks at John, then Dan.

Wallis sips his drink, pours Dan another.

Close on John. Relaxing in his chair. Head back, eyes fluttering closed. They close finally and:

DAN

(soft but insistent)

JOHN.

His eyes snap open. Dan is gripping his arm, signaling to listen.

Quiet. Then. A soft sound. Like a tissue in the breeze. Softly. Then, louder...a bit louder. Breathing.

Wallis grins, looking at both men.

JOHN

I'll be damned.

Dan's eyes are wide, he grins. John's eyes are wide, not sure what he's hearing. The breathing louder now. Even, steady, deep. Eerie.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(whispers to Dan)

Go ahead.

DAN  
What?

JOHN  
Ask it what it wants?

DAN  
Are you kidding?

The breathing continues. Wallis stands, listening. Dan joins him, looking around to find the source.

John slowly stands. One step at a time, moves to the center of the room.

JOHN  
It's breathing....God-damned house  
is breathing.

Breathing, slow, even deep.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Who's there?  
(nothing...just breathing)  
Who are you? What do you want?

Breathing is louder now.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Tell us what you want?

DAN  
Maybe this isn't a good idea.

JOHN  
(to the house)  
Show us you're here. Give us a  
sign, tell us how we can help you.

Breathing louder now, faster. Harsh.

WALLIS  
We should stop, Mr. Hyatt. I don't  
like this.

They listen...John fascinated, the other two more on edge. The sound is louder, deeper, everywhere, fast, the sound of a panting animal in distress.

DAN  
John, come on.

JOHN

Tell us how to help you, do you  
want to leave here?

Fast breathing, hard, loud.

WALLIS

It's never been this loud, please  
stop it !

Wallis covers his ears now, the breathing is almost panicked.

JOHN

We can help you leave this house-

An explosion of sound and energy now almost like a roar, the room seems to shake, somewhere there's shattering glass, items fall from shelves and tables, the men are knocked off their feet, blown across the room by the explosion of noise.

Silence now. Dead quiet again. John slowly sits up, looks over and sees Wallis sprawled out. He crawls over as Wallis stirs, helps him sit up. Wallis looks to the side, blinks, sees:

JOHN (CONT'D)

Dan?

Dan is unconscious on the floor.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-ICU UNIT-DAY

Dan sits up in his hospital bed, looking pale but alert. John and Jane stand by the bed.

DAN

I don't remember much. The  
breathing, then...nothing. Then I  
woke up.

JOHN

But you feel OK?

DAN

Aside from the school bus that ran  
over my head, yeah. I guess. Don't  
feel much like myself, but, Dr.  
Jarvis said that's to be expected.

Jane leans in to kiss his cheek, then puts a protective arm around him, sticks her tongue out at John.

JOHN

OK, OK. You're here and fine so that's what's important. What do you think happened?

Dan dwells on it.

DAN

I think maybe, there's a lot of pressure building up in that house. Some flaw in the design. It builds up with the winds off the bay, then lets loose all at once.

JOHN

Now YOU want a rational explanation

JANE

You don't think it's maybe a ghost? A poltergeist maybe?

JOHN

I thought ghosts were pretty harmless. Just walking around, clanking their chains.

Jane gives him a reproachful look.

DAN

What happens next?

JOHN

I'm going back to the house. I talked to Brian Corder from the city engineering department. He thinks there's some kind of a katabatic draft. We're going to go over that house top to bottom and figure it out. Whatever it is, we need to find out.

DAN

Let me know. Call me.

JOHN

We will, don't worry, you just rest. Sorry I forgot your MP3 player, I'll bring it tonight.  
(they turn to go but:)  
What did you mean, you "don't feel" like yourself?

DAN

I duuno. Just feel, odd. But they said I took a good knock. But I didn't sleep well, kept dreaming, tossing and turning.

JANE

Dreaming? Bad dreams?

DAN

Well no, I'm not sure. I kept dreaming about...that creepy door knocker on the front door.

JOHN

What about it?

DAN

It kept talking to me.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-CORRIDOR-DAY

John and Jane walk along with DR. JARVIS, a no-nonsense salt & pepper Doctor.

JARVIS

(as he consults charts)  
Aside from the concussion, he's fine. The concussion and the asthma.

JOHN

(stopping them)  
Asthma? Dan doesn't have asthma.

JARVIS

Yes, he does. He had three asthmatic attacks last night.

JOHN

Dr. Jarvis, I know Dan Machin, OK? I've know him a few years now, we have smoke breaks together and play bad basketball in his driveway. He's not asthmatic.

JARVIS

Mr.....?

JOHN

Hyatt, John Hyatt.

JARVIS

Mr. Hyatt, are you a resident here?

JOHN

No-

JARVIS

No? Not in residence? Then you have medical training, E.M.T. Maybe?

JOHN

No, Doctor -

JARVIS

Do you watch "House"?

JOHN

Dr. Jarvis, listen-

JARVIS

No, Mr. Hyatt, YOU listen. See my nice clean white coat? This thingie hanging around my neck? The fact that people around here keep referring to me as "Doctor"? Well that all adds up to one thing. I am a doctor. I am Mr. Machin's doctor. And if you ask anyone around here, you'll find THEY think I'm a pretty good doctor. Now you friend here, if he indeed doesn't have asthma, has a severe respiratory condition. And before you ask me since I know you're going to, here's why I say that. Three times during the night, Mr. Machin had a respiratory attack. His vital signs were fluctuating, he would breath deep, heavy, harsh, the duty nurse said he was almost panting. He slept with a breathing mask on the rest of the night.

John mulls it over. Jarvis waits.

JOHN

Last night, we went to a house, I mean, it had something to do with breathing...we...I...

He trails off.

JARVIS

What? What are you trying to say?

Jarvis' pager sounds. He checks it.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Come on.

He sprints back down the corridor, John and Jane right after him.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-ICU UNIT-DAY

The three round the corner and come to a glass window looking into Dan's room. A DUTY NURSE is there waiting.

JARVIS

What the-

DUTY NURSE

Dr. Jarvis, look, his -his-

They step up to the window and look in:

Dan is sitting bolt upright in bed, his back ramrod straight as he has another attack, breathing in, out, harsh, fast, gasping and sounding almost like the house.

And his eyes are wide open - and blood red. Completely blood red.

INT. JARVIS' OFFICE-DAY

Jarvis, Jane and John all sip alcohol Jarvis has poured. They drink in silence.

JOHN

Trick of the light, my ass. His eyes were red. I saw it and so did Jane and you and the nurse!

JARVIS

We didn't see anything. Anything medically possible anyway. And I think we all better remember that before we run around shooting our mouths off about a breathing house possessing Mr. Machin.

JANE

Dan is more than just sick, there's something really really wrong here.

JARVIS

You heard the breathing too?

JANE

No, I didn't go to the house. But I believe John. He's not the most imaginative person.

John gives her an "oh really?" look.

JARVIS

(slowly, carefully)

Everything I do has to be approved by the hospital board. If I go on about houses and eyes that glow in the dark, suddenly I'll find that I'm not getting the resources or finances to care for my patients. I saw his eyes and so did you two. No, I can't think of any medical explanation for that. I don't believe in demons or possession. But I do believe something is wrong here and if we're going to figure it out, we'd better do now and do it quietly, and do it without the knowledge of the hospital board.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

John, Jane, Jarvis stand on the front stoop joined by BRIAN CORDER(40) a buff handyman type. Wallis stands at the open doorway.

WALLIS

The breathing, it's stopped.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

As he ushers them inside:

WALLIS

I haven't heard it last night or today, not at all. And it...feels...like it's gone.

BRIAN

This is where you heard it?

WALLIS

Yes.

Brian moves around the small den as the others follow. He checks the walls, flooring, windows, fireplace during the following:

JOHN

Mr. Wallis, when you came to see me you said "it might have something to do with the park"?

WALLIS

Oh, oh right. Ever since I worked on that park on Fremont, bad luck, one thing after another.

Jane looks about the room. Sees various framed prints on the walls, sepia photographs of landscapes. Both labeled in handwritten script, one : Mount Taylor, the other: Cabezon Peak. There are several sets in prints in the room, the same locations, all from different angles.

JARVIS

That's where you found the bear lady thing on the staircase?

WALLIS

Yes. It was supposed to be just a simple cantilevered bridge, a pedestrian walkway. Four days usually for something like that.

Brian is on his knees, at the fireplace, his head up in the chute.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

The foundations collapsed six times, two workers were hurt, nobody could agree on anything, where to site the bridge, how to handle it. I'll tell you as a builder it didn't do my reputation any good. Ever since then, bad luck, I've lost money, keys, had two car accidents. Bad luck just followed me ever since. And now this.

Brian wiggles out from the fireplace.

BRIAN

Doors and windows were all closed when you heard the breathing?

WALLIS

Yes.

BRIAN

Damned if I know. You chimney here is blocked off, sealed. No drafts, so there goes my first theory.

WALLIS

That chimney isn't blocked. I burned it when I moved it, was a bit chilly then. It's open.

BRIAN

It might have been open then but it's blocked now, can't see daylight.

JARVIS

Any other fireplaces in the house?

WALLIS

Upstairs, yes.

Jarvis leads the way back towards the stairs. As they pass the Bear Maiden on the post Jane stops, admires it.

JANE

Wow. I've seen this before.

JOHN

You have?

JANE

I think so. It just reminds me of something...can't place it though.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-SECOND FLOOR-DAY

Up the stairs now, the group moves softly, slowly, everyone listens for a noise.

Brian leads the way. He opens a door off the hallway, steps in to look:

An empty, spare bedroom. Nothing but a mattress frame.

As they move down the hallway, Brian looks up, sees the access to the attic, a recessed panel with a pull cord.

BRIAN

We'll go up there too.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-BEDROOM-DAY

They enter Wallis' small bedroom. Nice, tidy, here's the other chimney.

They file in as Brian gets on his knees and shifts around, poking his head up into the chimney.

JOHN  
Anything?

BRIAN  
Well, it's blocked. Can't...see...

He shifts again, raises his arms to poke up the chimney.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
JEEEEESUS CHRIST!

He scrambles out fast, everyone jumps, someone yelps, Brian falls back on the floor, batting at his head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
BIGGEST FUCKING SPIDER I'VE EVER  
SEEN! Is it on me? Is it on me?

Everyone laughs now in relief as Brian checks himself for spiders.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
WHAT? It's not funny I'm scared of  
spiders, damn!

He looks at them indignant, they're still chuckling. He gives in too, laughing, lies on his back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Oh hell, I knew I shoulda told you  
I was busy, John!

John gets to his knees, climbs into the fireplace.

JOHN  
OK, Mr. Big Shot, move aside, let  
me look.

He sticks his head up the chute. Waits.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Can't see it but yeah something is  
blocking-

He stops. Everyone stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Shhhhh. Do you hear that?

Silence. Nothing. Then faint: tump-thump, tump-thump, tump-thump.

JARVIS  
What the hell.

The noise is not loud, but there. Over and over. Tump-thump, tump-thump, tump-thump.

JANE  
John?

BRIAN  
Let me hear it, John. Is it louder in there?

John scoots out of the chimney.

JOHN  
I can't tell if it's echoing in there or, if it's in the walls.

They trade places, with Brian again getting down and looking up into the chimney.

BRIAN  
Everybody shhhhhhh please.

Faint but it can still be heard. Tump-thump, tump-thump, tump-thump.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Dr. Jarvis? Could you time it please?

No one quite understands. Then Jarvis gets it, looks at his watch.

JARVIS  
OK, I'm timing it now.

He studies his watch as the sound continues. Finally:

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
It's not a heartbeat.

WALLIS  
Not a human one, anyway.

Jane looks at Wallis, creeps out. Wallis grins weakly. Then, an ear shattering scream from Brian - everyone jolts - Brian is screaming, his body bucking, legs kicking and

Everyone is frozen but then John kneels in, grabbing at Brian's kicking legs, trying to yank him down but then something yanks him UP the chimney more and

Jarvis drops to his knees, grabbing at Brian as the poor man shrieks in agony, his body being yanked up into the chimney hard, he's convulsing and

Wallis backs away in horror, Jane's screams join Brian's and

The awful tug of war continues as John and Jarvis try to pull Brian out as something is pulling him back in and it's pandemonium, and then from inside the chimney there's a wet tearing sound and Brian's screams go quiet and

His body sags and everyone just freezes again not knowing what to do now and

A spray of blood comes down from the chimney, coating John's and Jarvis' arms, they back off in shock and surprise and Brian's body goes limp, falling out of the chimney now and the two men can now drag Brian free from the chimney and as they do

Brian's upper torso is soaked in blood, because all of the flesh has been stripped from his head, his face is gone, there's bits and pieces of muscle left on the bloody skull, and one eye is gone, one still in the socket stares madly out and Jane is screaming louder than before now and John and Jarvis join in the screaming.

#### EX. WALLIS HOUSE-NIGHT

The house is now a crime scene in progress, yellow tape blocking it from onlookers, police cruisers and unmarked cars parked in front.

John, Jane and Jarvis are being questioned by LT. STROUD(48), a slim compact man, muscular frame in a well tailored suit. He chews his ink pen as he talks to the frazzled trio.

STROUD

The way I see it we have a few options. Your friend suffered some bizarre and unfortunate accident, something you were all witness to but unable to explain. Or some animal did this to him.

(MORE)

STROUD (CONT'D)

Or some psychopath was hidden in the chimney and did this. Or the three of you did, with the help of Mr. Wallis.

JANE

How is Mr. Wallis?

Jarvis' cell phone rings, he answers the call.

STROUD

He's OK. The paramedics took him back inside, he's shaken but he's going to be alright. Your friend Mr. Corder should be at San Francisco General by now.

JOHN

Lieutenant Stroud, we didn't do this. I-I can't explain who, or what did, but -

He holds his hands up, giving in. Stroud fixes his eyes on him.

STROUD

Lucky for you I know Dr. Jarvis. And trust him. But I'm just not sure of the whole boogymen story.

JOHN

I've been to Brian's house. His wife makes these pecan cookies...I love it when she makes those. How is she holding up?

STROUD

I don't know, we dispatched a unit to talk to her but haven't heard back yet.

Jarvis finishes his call, looking clearly disturbed. Stroud notices this.

STROUD (CONT'D)

Doctor?

JARVIS

They got Brian to the hospital for his post-mortem.

JOHN

How long before they find the cause of death?

JARVIS

Well...they can't find the cause of death...because...he's still...alive.

STROUD

WHAT?

JARVIS

He should be dead. He should be dead. But his heart. It's still beating. Twenty eight beats a minute.

STROUD

Twenty eight beats a minute? Nobody can live with that pulse rate.

JARVIS

He can. Or he is. Clinically he's alive. The doctor on call said as long as his heart is beating, they're going to keep it beating.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

John curled in bed, Jane beside him. He looks at the ceiling, restless.

Jane stirs, notices he's awake and spoons beside him. He puts his arm around her, holding tight. She kisses his chest.

He smiles at her as she slides her hand under the sheets, her hand moves under there and he groans a bit, grinning wider. She moves up a bit and kisses him deeply, her hand still working under the sheets. He moans.

Jane throws the covers aside, intentionally swinging her bare breasts his way. Then she slides down, kissing his belly, pushing the sheets down as she goes.

John sinks back in the pillow groaning more now as Jane works magic out of frame. One hand grips the side of the bed, the other is buried in Jane's hair.

Moans from John and Jane. More moans. Then Jane's moans are deeper, more of a growl.

Trouble on John's face, he grunts, winces in pain. He sits up, eyes open, looks down and sees:

Jane looking up at him, but her face has been replaced by the wild, animal-monster face from the door knocker.

She/IT growls wildly, fangs bared, then the head buries itself in John's crotch with a roar, as John screams and

JOHN WAKES UP.

He looks over at Jane. She's snoring softly beside him. He starts to climb out of bed. Jane stirs.

JANE

John? Wha's a matter baby?

JOHN

Shhhh go back to sleep.

His hand covering his privates, he gets out of bed.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT BUILDING-DAY

Early morning, John in sweats half-ass jogs out of the building and down the sidewalk. He's not good at it so it's a slow down, speed up and skip thing he's got going on.

INT. CORNER GROCERY-DAY

In the small, cramped corner store, John moves down the aisle to the cooler, pulls out a carton of chocolate milk, moves over to the snack cakes.

A CUSTOMER talks to the CASHIER.

CUSTOMER

I'm telling you, darnedest thing  
I've seen in awhile.

CASHIER

They're just sitting there?

John starts to eavesdrop.

CUSTOMER

Just sitting there. Not fluttering,  
no peeps, nothing. Kinda wild. Just  
sitting there.

CASHIER

What was that movie? You know? Back  
in the sixties when they came into  
this little town and attacked  
everybody? Man I tell you nothing  
surprises me these days.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-DAY

John enters, goes straight for the TV remote and clicks the set on.

JANE  
(Off screen)  
Hey honey I'm cooking breakfast,  
you want sausage or ham?

He clicks through channels, click, click. Surfing through every cable station looking for something and then he finds it.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(off screen)  
Hon?

TV ANNOUNCER  
...that the swallows are supposed  
to come back to Capistrano, but  
this is a new one on us, and it's  
the talk of the Bay area this  
morning!

ON TV:

An image of San Francisco General. Not professional footage, but shaky, out of focus. The building has a strange dark line across the rooftops of several wings of the facility.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
This footage, sent to us from I-  
reporter Dale Horn shows that at  
San Francisco General, all the  
birds DO come home to roost.

The image sharpens. Across the edge of the roof on one building, are hundreds of gray birds. No wing flapping, none of the birds are moving, they're just there, motionless.

JOHN  
(draining the rest of his  
chocolate milk)  
Wow. Hon? Come see this !

On the TV, the image switches to several different views. All are shaky, amateur, but all are the same. Across the rooftops on a few of the hospital buildings, are hundreds of the same gray birds. Sitting there.

Jane comes in from the kitchen.

JANE

Honey what is....Wow.

They both stand there watching the strange image.

TV ANNOUNCER

...are undetermined, but officials at San Francisco General are contacting the Department of Public Works for help. Or maybe Dr. Doolittle. Turning to sports -

JOHN

Not me I am OFF on Saturday!

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-DAY

Later, dirty breakfast dishes on the balcony table. John and Jane sit with the Golden Gate in the background.

JANE

OK, I called Harmony at the store-

JOHN

Harmony?

JANE

You've met her. Tall, the long brown hair down to her butt, kinda matronly-

JOHN

Oh with the boobs yeah.

JANE

Yes. The boobs. Do you pay attention to anything else? Geez you are such a pig sometimes. OK, she's maybe the most mystical person there so she gave me the links to a few websites and I found some stuff. Are you ready?

JOHN

I'm not entirely sure.

JANE

(as she leafs through some print out pages)  
You know those pictures in Wallis' house? The prints of Mount Taylor and Cabezon Peak?

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

He must have half a dozen on the ground floor of that house.

JOHN

Well I noticed them but not in a lot of detail.

JANE

'cause there were no tits involved right?

JOHN

Oh shut up.

JANE

Anyway. Mount Taylor is in San Mateo County and Cabezon Peak is way down in San Doval county in New Mexico. BOTH figure into lots of Navaho legends about this giant called Big Monster.

John sits there. Lights a cigarette.

JOHN

Big Monster.

JANE

Right. He was a giant who terrorized the southwest for centuries and made his home on Mount Taylor. He had blue and black face paint, a cape made of pelts and bones.

JOHN

What Not To Wear, right?

JANE

He was in charge of all man-destroying demons and no mortal could destroy him. He was beaten by two young Gods who hit him with a bolt of lightning. It knocked his head off and when it landed it became Cabezon Peak. Now that brings me to The First One To Use Words For Force. Now apparently he was big enough and powerful enough to cut off Big Monster's hair.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

And, here we go, First One To Use Words For Force was eternal, immortal, and his motto to all the Gods and humans who tried to destroy him was a Navaho word I can't pronounce, but it means, "to come back by the path of many pieces".

John just sits there.

JANE (CONT'D)

John?

JOHN

Uh, yeah? I'm not sure do you want me to -

JANE

You're not getting it. To come back by the path of many pieces. To come back. What is written on that creepy knocker on Wallis' front door?

It sinks in with him now.

JOHN

"Return".

JANE

Right. "Return".

JOHN

We're really out on a limb here. All those pictures in Wallis' house, maybe they were there when he moved in? You could attach legends to dozens of places on any map. Maybe it's something supernatural we're dealing with, maybe it's some latent force that is suddenly being released as a kinetic force, but I seriously doubt it has anything to do with Navaho legends or BigFoot Man -

JANE

Big Monster-

JOHN

Whoever. Now you're just reading off old wive's tales, Jane. Really.

JANE

John Hyatt. How can you say that,  
after all you told me? What's wrong  
with you?

John's cell phone starts to ring.

JANE (CONT'D)

I think it's something that needs  
more looking into is all I'm  
saying.

John answers the phone, holds up a "one minute" finger to  
Jane.

JOHN

John Hyatt.

CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN JOHN AND JARVIS

JARVIS

John, it's Dr. Jarvis I wanted to  
give you an update on Dan Machin  
and Brian Corder.

JOHN

Thank you Doctor, I'm glad you  
called.

JARVIS

I've moved Dan and Brian into an  
observation room and have only my  
most trusted staff with me on this.  
I tell you John, everybody here is  
so damned sane.

JOHN

So how's Dan?

JARVIS

He's not doing too well, he sleeps  
most of the time now although his  
vitals are all stable, more or  
less, until he has another  
breathing episode. They come and go  
but he never really wakes up  
otherwise now. And Brian. Well.  
We've taken him off life support.  
He's getting no plasma, no blood,  
no I.V. drips, nothing, and he  
should have been dead, clinically  
dead hours ago.

JOHN

But he isn't.

JARVIS

No. His heart won't stop beating. I just- I don't know John - I can't pronounce him dead - I don't know what to do.

JOHN

Give me half an hour.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE-DAY

A sunny morning underway as John's car crosses the bridge.

INT. JOHN'S CAR-TRAVELLING-DAY

As they cross the bridge. John deep in thought. Troubled. Jane reaches over, takes his hand, squeezes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-DAY

As John's car comes down the street and slows as he nears the parking lot, comes to a dead stop.

John slowly opens his door, gets out. Jane does same.

The rooftops of the hospital buildings are lined with more gray birds now. Thousands. Every building, every connected clinic, every garage. The rooftop edges lined with the birds.

JANE

I've never ever seen anything like this.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-ICU UNIT-DAY

Dan and Brain are the only patients in this room. A large glass window affords a view of both. Jarvis, Jane and John look on.

JARVIS

Mr. Corder's heart continues to beat. Twenty eight beats a minute. It hasn't slowed or sped up.

The observation room is lit in an eerie soft blue light. The colored LED's of the monitors by both beds glow.

Brian's body is partially covered by bedding, the grotesque skull on a pillow.

JOHN

I'm just not believing this.

JARVIS

You and me both. It doesn't match anything in my years of experience. But I have a theory. And no I haven't been writing my own prescriptions.

JOHN

Can you spare one for me?

JARVIS

There's a connection between what happened to Brian and Dan. Both heard some kind of noise in that house, suffered an incident, and came away reproducing the sounds they'd heard.

JOHN

Right, so what's the theory.

JARVIS

That's it. That's all I have. Whatever power or influence is dominating that house, it's smuggling itself out in bits and pieces. Don't stare at me like I belong in the psych ward on the third floor.

JOHN

Actually. Uh. We kinda came up with the same general idea.

JANE

We?

JOHN

Jane.

JARVIS

What?

JANE

I found what I think are connections between some old Navaho legends and what's happening here.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

About some creature's motto that was to come back by "the path of many pieces". Breath here, a heartbeat there.

They all look at each other.

JARVIS

I'm a medical doctor. I work on fact, scientific evidence. Are you saying some demon is possessing these men?

JANE

Aren't you?

JARVIS

I just don't know.

A noise from inside the observation room. They look in.

Brian's body is moving.

JANE

Oh God.

Brian's arm is twitching. Slowly moving. Then, Brian moves his arm up suddenly.

JARVIS

In the name of...

Brian's body jerks under the sheets. The skull moves, turns to the side, almost like it's looking at Dan.

In his bed, Dan begins having a breathing spell...just like the house.

Brian sits up. His heart monitor keeps a steady beat.

Jane backs away to the wall.

JANE

No no no no.

JOHN

What-what do we do?

Now it's clear Brian's skull is looking at Dan. Brian swings his legs over the side of the bed.

JARVIS

We've gotta go in there.

JOHN

WHAT?

In his hospital gown and skinless skull, Brian reaches out a hand , reaching towards Dan across the room. He starts to slide off the bed to stand.

JARVIS

Just follow me. Take his arm and we lead him back to the bed.

JOHN

I don't know if I can.

Jarvis opens the door and goes ahead into the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, OK, OK!

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Jarvis and John face the gruesome body, bracing itself against the bed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I do NOT want to do this.

JARVIS

I'll get the right arm, you get the left and we'll just ease...him...back onto the bed.

Brian tries to push away from the bed, the arm still reaching out to Dan's bed. The jaw bone on the grisly skull begins to open, close, clacking.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Is he trying to talk?

CLAK CLAK CLAK.

JOHN

I'm gonna be sick, oh God.

They start to move, but at the same time Brian pushes himself away from the bed, trying to walk and immediately his feeble legs give way, and he falls to the floor, the skull hitting the tiled floor with a sickening CLONK sound.

John and Jarvis are frozen - watching - John swallows several times.

JARVIS

We've still got to get him back in bed.

JOHN

I knew you were gonna say that.

They cautiously walk over, Brian is still twitching on the floor. Gingerly they maneuver around, each taking an arm, and lift.

John is scared, disgusted, making sick sounds as they lift Brian up and slowly ease his body back on the bed.

With Brian in bed again, Jarvis reattaches the connections for the heart monitor as Brian's body sags, relaxes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-DAY

John and Jane sit on a bench outside. Watching the birds.

A few passers-by notice them, but otherwise it's business as usual. People come, go. Traffic horns honk. Parents and children pass by. John and Jane watch them.

Jane leans into John, they're both frazzled, dazed.

Jarvis exits the hospital, sees them, approaches. He stands by them. Looks around. Looks at them both. Waits.

John and Jane look up at him, squinting into the sunlight.

JARVIS

Seymour Wallis is dead.

JANE

What? Oh no, no. What happened?

Jarvis is having trouble here.

JARVIS

(re; the cigarette John is puffing)  
Gimme one of those?

JOHN

They're bad for you, you know.

Jarvis lights up. Takes his time.

JARVIS

His meals on wheels delivery person came up his house this morning, while we were....busy with Dan and Brian. And they found him. He died in his recliner. They brought him here a few hours ago.

JOHN

Natural causes? Please let it be natural causes.

JARVIS

It was a....ah...a blood disorder. I don't know how else to say it. When they found him, he was...swollen. His body was swollen. Twice it's normal size. His pajama pants actually split at the seams.

Jarvis sits on the bench beside them, trying to get it out.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

For God's sake they got twenty two pints of blood out of him. That's why he was swollen.

JANE

Twenty-two?

JARVIS

The human body has nine pints circulating. He had almost three gallons.

Jane gets up, moves to the side and bends over, retching.

JOHN

That's not possible.

JARVIS

(laughs)  
It gets better.

JOHN

Do the police know? Lt. Stroud?

JARVIS

They know, they're waiting on the postmortem to be completed. We analyzed the blood of course, due to the volume.

(MORE)

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Dr. Crane is the finest pathologist in this part of the state. He said without a shadow of a doubt, the blood inside Mr. Wallis isn't human. It's canine blood.

JOHN

Dog. Dog blood?

JARVIS

There isn't any question, all twenty two pints belong to some kind of...dog. Whatever happened to Seymour Wallis, the blood he died with wasn't his own.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE-DAY

Follow John's car as it crosses again, out of the city this time.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 AND BEYOND-VARIOUS SHOTS-DAY

Following John's car as it winds down the highway and continues - John and Jane in the car together - again, both seem grim, it's not a pleasure trip.

EXT. RURAL ROAD-DAY

John's car bounces up a rutted dirt road, winding to a nice split level house atop a hill. A lovely house with a nice view of the green land around it.

John parks, they both climb out, walking to the house.

JOHN

Some teepee.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Watch it, paleface.

It's behind them and they both jump and turn to see GEORGE THOUSAND NAMES, a distinguished native American Indian in his sixties, with a long gray pony tail, chiseled features and a big smile. Dressed in dirty jeans and a T-shirt, he takes off gardening gloves and offers his hand to John.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry to startle you, I was around the side getting some weeds. I'm George Thousand Names.

JOHN  
(taking his hand)  
Hi, John Hyatt and this is Jane  
Torresino.

JANE  
Hello Mr. Thousand Names?

GEORGE  
(smiles)  
George.

JANE  
George.

JOHN  
Sorry about the umm...teepee thing.

George chuckles, shakes his head.

JANE  
You talked to my friends in San  
Francisco? They made the  
appointment for us to come see you?

GEORGE  
I'm not a dentist so you don't need  
an appointment. Let's go inside I  
need to clean up a little. I've got  
coffee and cake if you'd like.

JANE  
But they DID tell you...why we  
came?

George's smile fades.

GEORGE  
Yes, they did. They told me. Come  
on, let's go in.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE-DAY

The three sit with coffee and cake.

GEORGE  
Do you understand all of what  
you've told me?

JANE  
Well no, not all of it, no. That's  
why we came to see you.

GEORGE

(through a big mouthful of  
cake)

First One To Use Words For Force,  
was the most cunning and savage of  
all Indian demons. That's what his  
name means, that he was first one  
to cause feelings of hatred and  
evil in men. Many know him by the  
name Coyote. The dogs of the desert  
were named for him, his cunning,  
his trickery. He was also the first  
to conquer death, he died many  
times. But each time before he went  
to the underworld, he made sure  
that here above he hid the means  
for his return, his heart, his  
breath, his blood and the hair he  
took from Big Monster's head.

JOHN

His heart, breath and blood?

GEORGE

Yes. Which is why it's good you  
came here. It certainly seems that  
Coyote is trying to come back to  
our world again, using the medium  
of your unfortunate friends.

JANE

But how? How does his heart, his  
blood...get into the house?

GEORGE

Don't forget, we're talking Gods,  
monsters, beings that really  
existed. They say centuries ago,  
before the white man ever set foot  
on these lands, the good Gods sat  
at the council of deities facing  
north, the evil Gods facing south.  
As malevolent as he was, neither  
side accepted Coyote, so he sat  
alone at the door, always the  
outsider. It's nothing for Coyote  
to hide parts of himself in the  
earth or in wood. Then that tree or  
those rocks are used to build the  
house.

JOHN

And the pictures on the walls,  
Mount Taylor and Cabezon peak?

GEORGE

Coyote didn't place those there himself of course. But with his spirit trapped inside the house, his influence is there. Many ages ago, my forefathers would draw landmarks from a variety of angles, as clues to where a weapon may be hidden, or a good lodge. Whoever lived there may have done many things, done them unconsciously, which have helped him pave the way for his return.

JOHN

So the pictures are a map? To show the way to what? It must be something important.

GEORGE

Who knows for now. My first guess is that those pictures lead the way to the cut off hair of Big Monster. Coyote cut off his hair because it had magical powers, immense powers, and it makes the wearer invulnerable to any weapons, man made or supernatural. His hair was as gray as iron and strong as a whip. Coyote stole the hair and hid it, so no one but he could ever find it.

JOHN

But we're just talking legends for now. All this stuff that's happened, to Dan, Brian, Seymour Wallis, it's crazy and scary but we don't know it's anything more than awful, terrible accidents. How do we know? How do we know if Coyote is really around? Is there a sign, a mark?

GEORGE

Coyote comes in many forms, John. But you can always recognize him, he has the face of a demon and is always accompanied by signs of bad luck.

JANE

What signs?

GEORGE

Oh, the usual, sickness,  
thunderstorms, certain birds or  
animals.

JANE

Birds?

JOHN

Gray birds? Gray birds that sit  
there and never sing?

GEORGE

They're his most constant  
companions yes. The Gray Sadness.

JOHN

I've seen them.

GEORGE

You've seen them?

JANE

Yes.

GEORGE

This is very important. You have  
actually seen them? Where?

JANE

Do you have a computer?

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE-STUDY-DAY

Jane sits at George's notebook PC, John and George behind  
her.

She's hit a viral video site, and clicks on the TV news  
report from earlier, showing the birds on the hospital.

George cups a hand over his mouth. John nudges Jane, she sees  
his expression and moves out of her seat to let him sit.

GEORGE

It's come to pass. This is some  
deep shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101-DAY

John's car making the return trip.

GEORGE (V.O.)

See, the way the Gods and medicine men dismissed Coyote to the underworld is to try and make sure he was split into parts and had no way to recover them. Supposedly Bear Maiden was the only one who could help him.

INT. JOHN'S CAR-TRAVELLING-DAY

JANE

I read about Bear Maiden after we found that statue on Wallis' staircase. I didn't know it was connected to this.

GEORGE

She was a maiden Coyote lusted after but could never have. In fact she even killed him once to make him prove he'd die for her. When he came back, she gave in to him. He filled her mind with evil thoughts and gradually she changed from a woman into a bear. Hair grew long, teeth sharp, she developed a taste for flesh, snapping men's necks with her powerful jaws.

JOHN

So when Wallis found that statuette, it was enough to speed along Coyote's return, wake him.

GEORGE

Yeah I do think what he found was the original magical totem that could give him his will to wake from the underworld. Mr. Wallis told you he'd been followed by bad luck?

JOHN

(turning to look at George  
in the backseat)

Right, he said that, the pedestrian bridge, all kinds of bad luck.

GEORGE

Hey, eyes on the road, paleface. OK, the bad luck. That's Coyote's power.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It eventually led him to that house, although Wallis never knew he has being guided. It's been building to this for some time now. And tell me something?

JOHN

What?

GEORGE

His house is on Pilarcitos Street. It's the first turn off Fifth street ?

JOHN

Yeah, so?

GEORGE

Five plus one is six. His address is Fifteen Fifty One. Five plus one is six, and five plus one is six again. Six sixty six.

JANE

Oh...no...come on.

GEORGE

Jane it doesn't matter what culture we're discussing. Six six six is the number of the greatest of all demons, it's always the mark of the beast.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-DAY

Jane John and George stand in the parking lot looking at the birds. There are many more now. Other people either stop to look or crane necks as they pass.

George studies the birds. Sniffs the air.

GEORGE

Smell that?

JOHN

What?

JANE

Like...wet dog?

GEORGE

Yeah. Hey, look.

At the front entrance to the hospital are a few police cars.

JANE  
That can't be good.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-MAIN ENTRANCE-DAY

The three enter the hospital and move to the bank of elevators nearby. A uniformed COP stands guard at the elevator.

COP  
Your business here?

JOHN  
We're going to see Dr. Jarvis.

COP  
Sorry, no one is allowed up right now.

JOHN  
What?

COP  
No one is allowed up right now, I'm sorry. Strict orders.

JOHN  
Listen we were here this morning and he's expecting us. This is urgent-

COP  
Nobody. Goes. Up. If you ain't been cleared by the San Francisco P.D. then you ain't going up.

JANE  
What's happening?

COP  
I don't know ma'am but I have my orders.

GEORGE  
We have the authority.

COP  
What?

George steps to the front. He's wearing an amulet around his neck and he fingers it in an obvious manner.

GEORGE  
 We have the authority to pass.  
 Understand, son?

The Cop looks at the amulet, blinks. Then he opens the elevator doors for them.

COP  
 (stepping back to let them  
 pass)  
 Right this way.

INT. ELEVATOR

John and Jane look at a satisfied George.

JOHN  
 What was that, a Jedi mind trick?

GEORGE  
 It's called The Way Of Kindly  
 Conquest. In about 30 seconds, the  
 young officer will forget we were  
 ever there.

JOHN  
 Can I borrow that to use on my ex-  
 wife? My alimony is killing me.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-ICU UNIT-DAY

They exit the elevator to see the I.C.U a number of POLICEMEN are here now, along with Jarvis and Lt. Stroud. Jarvis approaches as he sees them.

JARVIS  
 Oh you made it!

JOHN  
 What is going om?

JARVIS  
 Dan woke up, he's barricaded  
 himself in there with Brian, we  
 can't get in.

JOHN  
 He woke up?

GEORGE  
 They're locked in there together?

JARVIS

And you are?

JANE

This is George Thousand Names, he knows what's going on.

GEORGE

They can't be in there together!

STROUD

(as he approaches)

If he knows what's going on he damn well better explain it to me.

(flashing his badge)

Lt. Stroud, San Francisco P.D.

GEORGE

George Thousand Names.

STROUD

Mr. Thousand Names, what are you doing here and what is happening?

GEORGE

First thing is we MUST get Mr. Machin and Mr. Corder AWAY from each other, immediately.

STROUD

That will be a bit difficult. We can't get in there. We've tried half a dozen times and the door won't budge. It's blocked somehow. And we can't break the windows. We can't even see inside there, come look.

They near the large viewing window into the ICU. The room beyond is still bathed in blue light but it's darker now, close to inky blackness. Dim shapes can be seen inside, the vague outlines of Brian and Dan's beds, which are empty.

Stroud takes his Maglight and tries to shine light into the room. Nothing. The flashlight beam stops at the window.

STROUD (CONT'D)

I don't know...it's the angle or the glass but...we can't see in there.

GEORGE

The great Coyote has more strength than I thought. He's absorbing your light, not letting it through.

STROUD

There's a coyote in there? Doctor, what do you know about all this?

JARVIS

Not much more than you do, Lieutenant, but, I'd listen to them.

INT. JARVIS' OFFICE-DAY

Everyone gathers in the small office.

JANE

It's the only thing that seems to fit everything that's happening.

STROUD

An Indian demon from before the white man. OK. Swell.

GEORGE

Unless we can stop Coyote now, before he is reborn, he'll be loose on a murderous rampage you'll be powerless against. And no woman in this city will be safe. He has a particular blood lust for women and his invention called the Ordeal Of The Three.

STROUD

You're going way too fast here, what, what is-

GEORGE

Look it up. The Ordeal Of The Three involves cutting a woman's stomach open and placing a live reptile inside her, like a Gila monster or something. Then disemboweling a horse or a cow, and sewing her up inside that animal. Keeping all three alive for as long as possible just for torture.

Jane slides under John's arm.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You have a big glass window you can't break. Hospital doors that should pull open which you can't budge. And no rational explanation for what happened to John's friends.

STROUD

So what's happening in that room now?

GEORGE

Coyote is coming back, no matter if you like it or not. When he was banished last time he hid his breath, his blood, his heart, his face, and they're all coming together again.

JARVIS

His blood. Mr. Wallis' blood? That's not a problem it's been drained and is in storage at the pathology lab.

JANE

And his face is the doorknocker on Wallis's front door.

JOHN

Holy shit. Yeah that's it.

STROUD

You people are actually eating all this up?

JOHN

(to Jane)

Go to Wallis' house. Get the doorknocker off the door. I don't care how, use a crowbar or whatever you can find, break the God Damn thing if you have to.

(to George)

Will she be safe?

GEORGE

For now yes. Coyote is here. But hurry.

JARVIS

What about Wallis' blood, it's in another wing?

GEORGE

It needs to be as far away as possible.

JARVIS

We have a storage facility in Redwood City, I can have it moved there.

As Jane stands, there's a low ominous rumble that sounds through the hospital floor. The walls tremble slightly, jarring a few books or plaques loose. The sound continues for a few seconds, then fades.

GEORGE

Dr. Jarvis, do what you have to do to get that blood moved, NOW.

Jarvis is on his desk phone in a heartbeat, making arrangements.

JOHN

(helping Jane to the door)  
Get away from here. Call me when you get the doorknocker.

STROUD

What the hell is happening?

GEORGE

You want to see? Come with me.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-ICU UNIT-DAY

Jane runs back to the elevators as the rest head back to the observation room. The people there, NURSES, COPS, are nervous.

NURSE

Doctor, is it an earthquake?

JARVIS

I want you all out of here now, downstairs, go now.

NURSE

What-

JARVIS

GO!

They take off as the Cops stand ready.

STROUD  
 Somebody tell me what the hell is  
 going in here?

George calmly walks over to the observation window. The light inside is still dim. But there's movement inside, something large, on the floor.

COP #2  
 Lieutenant-

STROUD  
 Wait.

George stands at the window. He places a hand flat on the glass, closes his eyes. Softly, he mumbles...chants. Deep in concentration.

The two cops, along with Stroud, un-holster their weapons.

John watches as George chants.

Movement inside the dark room past the glass. There's a low guttural moan, like a man, but - not quite.

George looks over to Stroud and Jarvis.

GEORGE  
 Coyote.

As he takes his hand away from the glass, the room inside brightens. Not a lot, but the blue is brighter, radiant, it now illuminates the hallway with George and everyone.

STROUD  
 Fuck me.

Struggling to stand inside the room, is a man...or...a combination of two men. A bloody misshapen mass comprised of both Dan and Brian. The head is the gruesome skull of Brian, it's eye sockets now glowing a deep red. But the rest is a twisted mass of flesh...four arms...four legs. Dan's face seems to be pressing against the inside of the thing's left side, his face pressing against the wall of flesh.

COP #2  
 Sir...what...

The creature slowly stands, unsteady at first, then rearing to full height. The awkward merging of two men's bodies is bony in some places, thickly muscled in others. The skull looks around, setting it's red eye gaze on the people thru the glass.

STROUD

It's...not possible. That can't be.  
What am I seeing?

GEORGE

You know what you're seeing but you  
can't comprehend. Coyote is  
rebuilding his body. He's coming.

The thing is still looking at George and the others. It moves  
towards the window, legs moving awkwardly, but with a heavy  
stride. It reaches the window. Looks at George.

George returns the gaze.

STROUD

(hissing)  
Move away from the window.

JOHN

George...

But he's locked eyes with the creature.

The cops behind Stroud are sweating, shaking.

The creature steps back, takes a step forward. Then slams two  
of it's fists on the window, BANG.

Everyone jumps.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Will that glass hold?

JARVIS

It's reinforced but...it's just  
security glass it's not made  
for...this.

The creature looks at the window. Holding for now. SLAMS two  
more fists to the window.

JOHN

Maybe we need to go.

GEORGE

If we DON'T stay then he WILL  
escape.

George again puts a hand to the window, softly chanting.

STROUD  
 What are you doing?  
 (to the cops)  
 Get ready.

JARVIS  
 Ready for what? You're going to  
 shoot?

STROUD  
 Yes!

JARVIS  
 But..is it still...?

STROUD  
 Still what? That's not a man, not  
 anymore.

Now the creature slams all four fists at the window, the window and the frame now shake.

George backs away, from a pocket pulls a small pouch and kneels by the window, he shakes powder from the pouch, drawing a half circle on the floor around the window area.

STROUD (CONT'D)  
 What is that?

GEORGE  
 Hopefully...protection...he won't  
 be able to cross the line here.

SLAM SLAM. Fists against the window. The window and frame rattle now.

STROUD  
 (into his police radio)  
 This is Stroud on five. Get up here  
 now, now, we need reinforcements.

The creature backs off...looks over to Stroud, to George. The slams it's skull into the window. A small crack appears.

The creature slams it's skull again into the window. The window cracks more.

JOHN  
 Oh God. George.

STROUD  
 Ready to fire. At will.

Seeing the large crack the creature slams into the window again, again. Now fists, two fists, two more.

JOHN  
GEORGE. LET'S. GO.

One last surge and the creature slams into the window as it shatters into millions of shards as

George and John fall back shielding their faces and

Stroud and the officers jump back shocked and

Now the creature does ROAR, head thrown back and the air ripples, a huge blast of air and heat and everyone's clothes flap in the rushing air and

Stroud and the cops regain their footing and:

STROUD  
NOW NOW NOW FIRE FIRE!

As they open fire the creature waves it's arms in a harsh dismissive gesture and

The closest cop flies back slamming into the wall and as he hits the floor he screams:

COP #2  
I'm on fire oh God Oh God it burns  
it's burning!

John and George rush to him but as they stand over him there's no fire but they drop and grab him:

JOHN  
No no it's OK -

COP #2  
I'm burning I'm burning!

And now fire erupts from INSIDE him, gushing from his mouth and his eyes and John and George fall back as she screeches in agony flailing and now fire bursts from his chest and

The creature starts to crawl through the shattered window, grabbing the splintered frame and tearing it from the wall and

John grabs George as he stands:

JOHN  
We've got to go now!

Stroud and the other Cop open fire as two more officers run from the arriving elevator and

All of them now open fire, handguns and pump shotguns and it's loud and the shots slam into the creature driving it back and

The burning officer's body has set off the sprinkler system, water cascading from the ceiling and

The creature lunges forward again, looks over at the attacking policemen and roars again and

All of the policemen including Stroud are lifted from their feet slamming back into the wall with such force that one actually cracks the wall itself and

The creature's bullet torn body rages and there's another explosion of sound and roaring and heat rippled air and

John, George and Jarvis are running, scrambling, crawling away from it all and

The monster steps through the window frame and into the hallway, as it does, what seems to emerge from the bleeding body of the creature is a form, a shadow, a roiling mass all curled and

John kicks open a side storage closet door and grabs George and Jarvis and they fall into it out of the hallway as

The demon Coyote, is enveloped by the black mass, what seems to be a mass of tentacles and insects and faces all not quite solid but a boiling black cloud of evil rolls by and slams into the double doors at the end of the hallway, blowing the doors off the hinges and as it strides down the hallway it dissolves, disappearing into the air and

Then it's quiet.

The body of the unlucky Cop burns as Stroud and the others slowly stir and

In the storage closet, John peeks out into the hall, sees the carnage there. They crawl out, Jarvis is on his feet and takes a fire extinguisher from the wall and sprays the smouldering officer's body.

Stroud and the other officers stir, everyone coming back to life now.

STROUD  
Where'd it go?

GEORGE

Probably gone to find his blood.  
He'd have killed us all otherwise.  
He needs his own blood to stay  
alive. Dr. Jarvis, did you get that  
blood out of the hospital.

JARVIS

I gave the order before...this  
happened. Dr. Crane is personally  
driving it to Redwood City.

STROUD

(to the officers)  
Call the S.W.A.T. teams, we're  
going to hunt that thing down and  
give it a taste of what it just  
gave us.

GEORGE

I thought you were a more  
sophisticated man than that.

STROUD

Meaning?

GEORGE

Did you not just see what happened?  
Guns are useless. Even my magic  
didn't hold him. What we need to do  
is appeal his lust, his vanity,  
help him engineer his own  
destruction.

STROUD

Yeah sure let me just call downtown  
with that.

GEORGE

He wants his blood, and his face.

JOHN

(with dread)  
Jane's gone to Wallis' house.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL-DAY

John and George push through the crowds massed outside, the  
general chaos. They run to John's parked car, as they reach  
it John tuns and sees:

JOHN

They're gone.

The birds have all left the hospital. All of them

GEORGE  
They're with Coyote.

MOMENTS LATER

John's car rockets out of the parking lot, slamming into a speed bump showering sparks as he screeches into traffic.

INT. JOHN'S CAR-TRAVELLING-DAY

Inside, John and George are jolted around as John drives like a maniac, flooring the pedals and blasting the horn.

GEORGE  
Planning on killing us before  
Coyote does, paleface?

John rolls his eyes, and does a great job at weaving through traffic, using any and every lane to make headway as George holds on.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-DUSK

John swerves around the corner onto Pilarcitos, gunning the gas again and zooming along, until George shouts:

GEORGE  
There she is John!

The car skids to a stop, tires smoking, as they see Jane sitting at the bus stop just down from Wallis' house. They clamber out and rush to her.

JOHN  
Jane, Jane!

JANE  
(smiling, a bit off  
kilter, a bit slow)  
Hi John. George.

They look at her, noticing her just off center manner.

JOHN  
Jane?

JANE  
What's the matter, honey?

George sits beside her, takes her hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hi George.

He takes her hand, looks into her eyes. She smiles back. He pats her cheek, then stands and moves to John.

GEORGE

She's in shock I guess. Everything that's been happening. She's overloaded. You need to get her away from the house, get her home.

JOHN

Let's get that doorknocker and get the hell gone then.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-FRONT STOOP-DUSK

John and George mount the steps.

JOHN

Do you think Coyote is inside?

GEORGE

We'd know that very easy.

JOHN

How?

GEORGE

He'd be killing us right about now.

They stop at the door, George motions for John to wait. George reaches into his pocket and pulls out his little pouches of powders. He pours a small amount into his palm, then gently blows it onto the doorknocker.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Coyote, this likeness is forever bound by my spell, forever locked away from you. This likeness will burn you, freeze you, forever blow the winds of the north against you. You may never use or touch this likeness without the wrath of the Great Spirit falling upon you.

From somewhere, from everywhere, is low deep reverberating growl that turns into a throaty chuckle.

VOICE

Fooooolllssssssssssssssss.

George crosses both arms before him then makes a dismissive gesture as John looks around for the source of the voice.

GEORGE

Coyote is a dog that runs in the night. Gitchie Manitou knows this, the Gods know this, they dismiss you!

The laugh again, almost seems to shake the front porch.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I dismiss you!

VOICE

You have nooooo powwwerrrrrrr over meeeee. My masster is coming. Sooooooon.

GEORGE

The frost of the north will enclose you, the frost of the north will crack you! Coyote of the desert will feel you chill and retreat like the dog he is!

George points his index finger directly at the doorknocker, as he does, a sparkling, freezing cloud of ice shoots from his finger and slides over the doorknocker.

The ice crawls all over the doorknocker as George keeps his finger pointing, his arm trembles, the ice grows thicker, thicker, and then CRACK! The doorknocker shatters into pieces, falling to the floor.

George lowers his arm, sags.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Piece of shit.

John sits on the steps, runs a hand through his hair, lights a cigarette.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

John?

JOHN

George...I just, I don't know about any of this. I can't handle it.

GEORGE

Stay with me John, I need you to help me.

JOHN

I'm just an office guy, you know? I work for the city of San Francisco, I'm a sanitation guy is all. This, monsters, demons, spirits...George...I don't understand it. Where did this all come from?

GEORGE

John. It's all around you. Magic has always been here, on this land, before the white man came. Some of it, before my people. Like most people, you never had the occasion to see it. If you did see it, you didn't realize it. Have you ever looked at the random pattern in a carpet, or a piece of wood, think you see a face there looking back?

JOHN

(cautious)  
Yeah, I guess.

GEORGE

You've seen The Great Old Ones, John. Gods who were banished from the earth ages ago. You see them looking back at you, trying to find a way back into our world. That's just a small example. It's a demon haunted world, John. You're just seeing it now for how it is.

John shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on. We've got work to do.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-NIGHT

George and John enter, switching the lights on.

JOHN

What are we doing?

GEORGE

I want you to get those pictures of Mount Taylor and Cabezon Peak, we need to figure out where Big Monster's hair is hidden. That's what Coyote wants.

They near the staircase. John stops.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What?

JOHN

The Bear Maiden. The one that was here on the stair post. It's gone.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

John pulls into his parking space, as he and George climb out and help Jane, Stroud opens the door on his nearby cruiser and meets them.

STROUD

There you are.

JOHN

Where's Jarvis?

STROUD

Putting what's left of his hospital back together. Bad luck seems to follow you around doesn't it, Hyatt?

JOHN

There's enough for all of us tonight, I think.

GEORGE

Any sign of Coyote?

STROUD

You know, when I got up Thursday morning, I had no idea I'd be spending my weekend ending my career. No one is buying a bit of this story you know. Guess they don't want to.

GEORGE

Partially that. Partially Coyote's influence, exerting his will over the weak minded, clouding thoughts, hiding his existence.

STROUD

(studies George)

Is that right? Hmmm. Mr. Thousand Names, I don't know what to do anymore other than just agree with whatever you say.

GEORGE

Good. You'll live longer.

Stroud laughs, leans against John's car.

STROUD

The ambulance has been found. The one transporting Wallis's blood out of town.

JOHN

Found?

STROUD

Yeah, looks like it was ripped open like a tin can. What's left of Dr. Crane was about enough to fill a ziplock baggie.

JOHN

So he has his blood. But we got the face.

GEORGE

Now we need to find Big Monster's hair before Coyote does.

STROUD

I have S.W.A.T teams on standby, did what I could to put out an APB, but...it's kinda hard to be on the lookout for a thousand year old Indian demon. Will you be safe here tonight?

GEORGE

I think we can rest momentarily. Until Coyote finds the hair. You and Jane get some rest, I'll cast a few spells to try and seal off your apartment just in case.

STROUD

Where are you going?

GEORGE

Can you take me back to the hospital? I'd like to look over the room where Dan and Brian were, see if Coyote left anything behind. Then I'll get a room at the Radisson.

JOHN

Mr. Gold Card. OK, let's get going.

INT. / EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-VARIOUS SHOTS-NIGHT

John helps Jane into his bed, eases her down, covers her with a blanket -

Outside John's front door, George takes a necklace from around his neck, drapes it on the doorknob, makes a small signal as he chants -

Stroud and George walk to Stroud's car. George looks at the view of the bridge and the city lights in the distance -

In John's apartment he stands in the doorway, watching Jane sleep -

In the kitchen, John pours a glass of chocolate milk, sips as he looks out the window towards the bridge -

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT-KITCHEN-NIGHT

John has placed all the pictures from Wallis' house on his kitchen table.

A few sheets of wax paper, marker pens, and an atlas are also there.

With a fresh glass of chocolate milk John sits and studies the pictures. Each one is inscribed:

Mount Taylor From Lookout Mountain, Mount Taylor From San Mateo, Cabezon Peak from San Luis, and so on. Ten pictures he has stacked.

John opens the atlas, finds the right page, places the wax paper over it carefully and starts marking "X" over the points noted in the pictures.

Pictures, "X"'s, he keeps working.

In the background, the sunlight is slowly creeping up.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE -LATER

John at his kitchen window looking out, smoking as he talks on his cell phone.

JOHN

She's been sleeping. I spent the rest of the night charting those viewpoints of Mount Taylor and Cabezon Peak.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Does it look like anything?

The bedroom door at the end of the hallway behind John creaks open a bit. John doesn't notice.

JOHN

You're asking the wrong guy. I just barely passed trigonometry. The only reason I passed is I kept my pencils sharper than two of the other guys behind me.

The door opens wider. Movement barely there in the dark of the room beyond. Two red eyes open, blink, then settle into small red slits, glowing.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I didn't find anything either. And no news of anything we can lay at Coyote's feet, he's likely resting, absorbing Wallis' blood into his system now.

A growl from down the hallway. John snaps his head that direction.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

John?

JOHN

(still staring at the open bedroom doorway.)  
George. There's something here.

GEORGE (V.O.)

What?

John steps away from the window, closer to the hallway.

JOHN

George there's something in the  
bedroom and I don't know-

GEORGE (V.O.)

John get out of there now!

But before another word there's a loud roar and from the darkness of the bedroom a huge black shape erupts and bounds down the hallway in two strides and

John reacts, backing up and shouting and

The animal slams into him, it's huge, it's big and black and furry, a bear, roaring and they both slam into the kitchen table and go down to the floor and

John is in a panic trying to fight the beast off and his hands grip black fur and

The bear roars, it's face close to John's jaws wide and extended and as it tries to bite at John finally it's face can be seen and it's face seems to change, the bears' face is more human than animal, a woman's face, the hair around the face blonde instead of black and it's Jane, the Bear Maiden come to life and it's Jane and

The creature's jaws snap closed on John's arm and he howls in pain and manages to jam his thumb into the creature's eye, and now the pained bear kicks and paws at John, sending him sliding across the tile floor and he slams back into a cabinet and

The Bear Maiden gets to it's feet and prepares to lunge and

John turns by instinct, grabbing what he can and he finds a butcher knife in a wooden block and as he turns the bear is crashing into him and he plunges the knife deep into the thing's skull and it falls back to the floor, crashing down.

John, bleeding, gasping for breath, looks down at the creature. He grabs another knife from the kitchen block just in case.

The Bear Maiden lies there, breathing shallow. Blood pools onto the floor, it's face - Jane's face - covered in blood.

JANE

(slowly, voice ragged)  
My master will want you now.

JOHN

Jane?

JANE

He's waited so long for his Bear Maiden...and look what you've done. He will hunt you. He will track you down and make you die the worst death you can imagine.

John's cell rings. He finds it on the floor, answers, keeping an eye on Bear Maiden.

GEORGE

John what's going on?

JOHN

It's...Jane...she's the Bear Maiden...I stabbed her...she came in....

(he stops, bends over and throws up a bit)

...she attacked me George. I stabbed her I think she's dying.

GEORGE

Get your maps and get out of there.

JOHN

What about Jane? The neighbors heard, I'm sure the police are coming.

GEORGE

I doubt it. I sealed your apartment off with a spell hoping to hide you from Coyote. I don't think anyone heard anything. Leave Jane and get over here.

JOHN

But she's -

GEORGE

She's HIS now John. Leave her.

George hangs up. John looks down at Jane. She looks up, blood trickling from her mouth.

JANE

Have...no fear...Coyote...will get thee.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

John exits the apartment and pulls the door shut. As he walks to the elevators, he doesn't see:

The necklace George draped on the doorknob has fallen off, it's on the floor now.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE-DAY

Morning fog around the area.

INT. JOHN'S CAR-TRAVELLING-DAY

John drives, eyes red, Jane's blood on him. In a daze, tears in his eyes.

INT. GEORGE'S HOTEL ROOM-DAY

George studies the maps John made as John just tries to cope.

JOHN

I loved her George. I mean...we slept together you know? We'd go on vacations. How could she....this...

GEORGE

(studying the maps,  
preoccupied)

She's Coyote's now. Sometime after she left the hospital but before she reached Wallis' house, he found her. Not sure how much "Jane" is left. There might be a way to save her if we can kill him but...these maps...these are all of them?

JOHN

Jesus, George I don't know, I think that's all of them yeah, and I've gotta say your lack of compassion is pissing me off here! This is my Jane we're talking about.

GEORGE

Don't you get it? It's not just Jane! If we don't find a way to stop this thing this entire city is going to be a slaughterhouse!

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Jane, I am, but if Coyote kills US then who will stop him? THINK about it John!

George smooths out John's wax paper on the table.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Give me your pen.

He studies the "X"'s as John hands over the marker.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Look at the marks you made. They almost seem...OK...yeah...  
(he connects each point with the pen)  
See, there's a symmetry.

JOHN

Connect the dots huh?

As George connects the X marks, it's forms an outline on the paper.

George goes over to his suitcase, gets a small bottle and back at the table shakes out a small amount of powder onto the wax paper. He chants over it.

The powder on the wax paper moves on it's own, both connecting the X marks and making figures of it's own, until it's formed an elaborate kind of pictograph.

GEORGE

That's it. When evening falls, give me the small darkness, not the great darkness.

(at John's questioning look)

Navajo prayer. Look here. This is an old symbol, I mean ancient. The Spanish didn't come to San Francisco until 1775, my people were here long before that and this maybe pre-dates them, even. It says, as close as I can figure, "The Place You Will One Day See From The North Lodgepole Of The Teepee Of The Beast".

JOHN

The north lodgepole of the teepee...the view from the highest window in Wallis' house, looking north.

GEORGE

Not bad, paleface. What we see there I bet you is where Big Monster's hair is hidden.

JOHN

So if we find it first, can we use it to destroy Coyote?

GEORGE

We keep it from him that's for sure but, we can't use it. It'd drive you mad. If a mortal wears Big Monster's hair, for that time he'd become a demon. I'd be driven mad by what I saw, I don't know if I could keep my sanity long enough. So let's find it and destroy it.

JOHN

Let's go then.

GEORGE

Call Dr. Jarvis, he may want to be there, Stroud, too. Everyone who faced Coyote before and survived will be helpful.

John dials his cell, waits for an answer.

JOHN

Hello? Dr. Jarvis please, this is John Hyatt.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Oh hello Mr. Hyatt, I'm sorry but Dr. Jarvis isn't here. He isn't with you?

JOHN

No, no he isn't.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Well he must be on his way, he left with your friend.

JOHN

Lieutenant Stroud?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

No, the lady, Ms. Torresino.

John grabs George's arm as he hangs up.

JOHN  
He left with Jane?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Yes sir, like I said maybe ten  
minutes ago they-

John snaps the phone closed. Grim looks exchanged.

JOHN  
How did she get out? I thought I  
had...killed her.

GEORGE  
You don't have the power to kill  
her, but she should have been  
trapped inside by my spell, unless  
the charm on the door was moved.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

John and George again mount the stairs to the front stoop,  
but George stops them.

GEORGE  
Look.

The doorknocker is back in place, in one piece.

They stand there. John looks up to the second floor windows.

There's a shadow moving past one of the windows, too fast to  
make out...either something in there, a trick of the light  
and clouds maybe.

JOHN  
I don't like this.

George takes one step, as he does, the doorknocker explodes  
into pieces again, scattering everywhere.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

GEORGE  
Coyote. Showing me that whatever I  
can do, he can do and undo, again  
and again.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

They step in cautiously. No noise in the house. They wait and listen. They leave the door open as they move deeper into the house.

George heads for the stairs, John follows, they take one step at a time, listening for noises all the way.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

They reach the landing and stop. They whisper:

JOHN

Is it here you think?

GEORGE

Maybe. Maybe up there.

The attic access panel is right ahead in the ceiling.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We'll check that last. We need to find that view.

George reaches into his pocket and pulls a small item out, looking at it.

JOHN

What's that, more magic?

GEORGE

Kind of. It's a compass. This way.

He leads the way down the hall. There's a creak from above. They stop. Wait.

No noise. They move on. George follows the compass north, and they enter the empty spare bedroom. There's a small window here.

They move to the window and look out. The window is tall and narrow, and really only affords one view:

The Golden Gate Bridge in the distance.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's it. The Golden Gate. That's where the hair is hidden.

JOHN

I don't get it.

GEORGE

Look at it. The suspension cables. Where else do you hide something gray as steel and strong as a whip? The hair is woven into the cables. It's the kind of joke the Gods would have loved. Maybe generation by generation the hair was handed down and finally when the bridge was being built, a Navajo working on the bridge was able to do it. Maybe it was just done by magic. But that's it. That's where it is.

More rustling from upstairs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know, we're going to have to look up there.

JOHN

You and your ideas. I'm calling Stroud, unless you have an objection?

GEORGE

I'm so scared right now I'd take anyone's help.

John moves to the side and makes the call.

JOHN

Lieutenant Stroud, it's John Hyatt. You need to get to Wallis' house right now. Yes we're here. Jane may be on the way and we're going to need some help with her. I'll explain but get here now. And pack some heat, some firepower. Lots of it.

George has moved to the hallway, under the attic door. John joins him.

GEORGE

OK, are you ready?

JOHN

Hell no. Let's wait on the police.

GEORGE

And they'll do what? We'll just look...if Coyote were going to kill us here he'd have done it by now.

George reaches up, grabs the pull cord for the attic door, slowly pulls it down. The door creaks as it opens and the ladder stair extends.

From in the attic is the sound of a strong breeze. They both look up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Wanna flip a coin?

JOHN  
This was your idea, big shot.

George mounts the stair ladder.

GEORGE  
Gitchie Manitou protect me.

He slowly climbs the stairs, only two or three, enough to poke his head up and look around. He looks behind him, turns his body to look to the side.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
DAMNIT CLOSE THE DOOR CLOSE THE  
DOOR!

He backs down the ladder shouting, loses his footing and falls the rest of the way down, as he does, John steps around him, stepping on the ladder to get out of the way, losing his balance and he reaches out, grabbing the frame of the attic doorway for balance, and as he does he pushes his head up into the opening and looks and as he does he sees:

Coyote, in his terrible final form, hunched in the attic, surrounded by hundreds of the Gray Sadness, the birds rotting in decay, flapping diseased wings, and behind the birds is Coyote himself, half man, half beast, his face is the face of a crazed animal, red blazing eyes, sharp ears and a long snout, capped by dripping fangs, and around his shoulders and draped to the floor is a cape woven of bones and the intestines of his victims, bloody and shiny in the dim light and the beasts eyes widen as they lock on John and

John screams and

Coyote spreads his arms to flap his cape and now we see the sides of Coyote's haunches are crawling with millions of maggots and Coyote grins wide, opening it's jaws, it's barbed tongue licking it's lips and

John screams as he falls down the ladder into George and they both go back to the floor and in a second they're back on their feet and running down the hallway and they hit

## THE STAIRS

Running down them two steps at a time and they reach

## THE ENTRANCE HALLWAY

And come to a screeching halt as there in the open doorway are

Jane and Jarvis. Jane looking perfectly fine, standing by a shocked Jarvis.

JANE  
 (her voice a bit slow,  
 almost out of sync with  
 her mouth)  
 Hello John.

John is taken aback, almost sputtering.

JOHN  
 Definitely not a bear.

GEORGE  
 Don't be fooled, the bear  
 manifestation is the essence of the  
 evil that Coyote infected her  
 with...she can change in a second.  
 That's what you saw, what he wanted  
 you to see. Don't go near her.

JARVIS  
 What in the world is going on?

GEORGE  
 Dr. Jarvis, step this way, away  
 from Jane. Hurry please, we need to  
 get out of this house now.

JANE  
 Why leave, Shaman?

JOHN  
 George -

GEORGE  
 Shut up please, I need to think.

He closes his eyes, fists clenching. Jane smiles, her eyes almost glowing. Jarvis is just confused.

JARVIS  
 Jane said we'd all meet up here.

JOHN  
Come over here, Doctor, please,  
she's dangerous.

JARVIS  
Dangerous? Jane?

Beside him, Jane almost ripples, her face wavering, her fingers clenching, unclenching, her fingernails extend, grown into claws, her face starts to transform, her eyes going red, her mouth widening.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
Fucking hell...

George takes one of his necklaces, one adorned with two small bones, and clacks the bones together.

GEORGE  
Bear Maiden of the southwest,  
sister of those who loved you  
constant until Coyote beguiled you,  
obey me, I command.  
(Jarvis starts to edge  
away from her)  
Your mind, your body are mine, I  
will you to obey me for one day and  
one night.

Jane's evil eyes start to droop, she starts to relax, sag her shoulders.

JARVIS  
George what the hell are-

GEORGE  
SHUT UP!

But the spell is broken now and in a flash, Jane makes a giant leap in transformation into Bear Maiden, her jaws extend into the bear's snout and she leaps, snagging Jarvis with her claws, ripping into his back and dragging him to her as she sinks her jaws into his neck, biting in deep as he shrieks, mauling him, shaking him like a rag doll.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I command you by the unbreakable  
spell of those who lived at Sa-Nos-  
Tee, in the name of the Navajo, I  
command you to obey me until the  
sun's second sinking, this I  
command, be silent and sleep.

The Bear Maiden drops Jarvis' mauled, bloody body, and sits down, breathing slow. Closes her eyes. She changes back to her female form.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

John, we have to go.

He grabs John's shoulder and leads him outside.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

Outside, Stroud has arrived, along with his S.W.A.T team, who are standing in a group, planning.

STROUD

Hyatt! Can you tell me what in the hell is going on here?

JOHN

It's all falling apart, Coyote is here, in the attic, Jane has turned into some bear-

SWAT 1

(as he steps up)

The fugitive is in the house?

STROUD

It seems that way, Captain.

JOHN

Fugitive? No, that's not-

But Stroud and the S.W.A.T Team consult, turning away from John and George.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They're just going to make it worse.

GEORGE

They're going to get themselves killed is what. Let's go, we need to get to the Golden Gate before Coyote.

JOHN

We've got to stop the police-

GEORGE

How? It's too late John. Best they buy us some time to find that hair.

They watch as the first S.W.A.T Team approaches the house. Officers in black flak jackets with automatic weapons lock and load.

SWAT 1  
 Three and five around the back, go!  
 (using a bullhorn, blaring  
 out)  
 Come out! Come out with your hands  
 raised. Surrender peacefully.

Hand signals are exchanged, and there's a flash as a tear gas grenade is fired into the house, shattering a window. After a moment, the huge cloud of gas can be seen filling the room.

One of the officers approaches the house as the others check all windows, keeping eyes peeled.

A S.W.A.T. member trains his machine gun on the house, and sees something move past an upper window. He sights down his weapon and fires - and a second later has to duck as a shot is returned, blasting away a chunk of the wooden fence he's crouched by.

SWAT 1 (CONT'D)  
 They're shooting back, fire at  
 will!

All the S.W.A.T. Team now open fire, peppering the house with automatic gunfire. They all duck and run for cover as just as many shots are returned, tearing up the sidewalk and blasting holes in the nearest police cruiser.

John and George duck for cover.

JOHN  
 Who the hell is shooting back?

GEORGE  
 It's Coyote, turning the bullets  
 back against them.

John crawls over to Stroud.

JOHN  
 Stroud! Stop them! You know what's  
 happening here!

Stroud just glares at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Guns can't kill Coyote!

STROUD

STOP IT! John, this is how we're going to handle it. MY way! This is how it is! This is the twenty-first century, not the middle ages. I can't believe this Indian magic crap! I can't, John. And I won't. I tried but this has gotten out of hand! My job is to protect the public, this is the only way I know how!

John stares at him speechless. George grabs his arm during a lull in the gunfire.

GEORGE

It's too late for him, it's useless. Let's get to the bridge.

John stands, glares at George.

JOHN

We've got to go back in. For Jane.

GEORGE

She's his now, John, I'm sorry -

JOHN

God-dammit no! Coyote needs her, she's his ancient love, look at all he's done to get her. She gives him power, without her, he's weaker.

GEORGE

Not that much weaker.

JOHN

George. It's my Jane. If there's a chance, I've got to help her.

And he takes off, running back towards the house. The police shout and wave for him to stop but he runs right back up the stairs.

As he reaches the stairs, there's an unholy roar from inside the house, and all the windows of the house explode, showering everyone below with glass.

John is knocked off his feet as glass sprays him. He lands hard, but gets right back up, his face cut and bleeding, brushes off the glass, and continues charging the house.

George smiles as he sees this.

GEORGE  
That's my white boy.

And he takes off after John. Another explosion of air and heat, this time a side wall of the house blows out as the ground shakes and Coyote roars.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

John enters the house, and now the entire house is shaking like an earthquake, the terrible roaring from Coyote continues above.

Jane is still slumped in the corner of the room beside Jarvis' body. John tries to keep his footing as the house jolts under another huge explosion, and the ceiling of Wallis' den caves in.

George manages to get inside as John stumbles around towards Jane.

EXT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

The officers outside start to advance again towards the house, weapons ready. The house is shaking to pieces.

One of the officers rushes the front door and there's another explosion, this time there's a visible wave of energy that sweeps outward from the house and knocks everyone flat as the roof of Wallis' house explodes, showering debris.

INT. WALLIS HOUSE-DAY

John struggles to pick up Jane as George comes to help him. The house is coming part all around them, the walls crumple inwards now, the house imploding, ceilings coming down, floors exploding up and John, George and Jane are buried.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

All is quiet as the last of the debris falls to the ground. Policemen pick themselves up, brush off debris and shattered glass.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

It's quieter now, the house demolished. There's a coughing, and slowly, John stands up from the rubble. He reaches down, takes George's hand, and helps him as he struggles to stand.

Both are covered in dirt and dust, coated in white plaster head to toe. They cough, try to brush the white plaster dust away.

They both reach down and help Jane to her feet. She's still in a daze, she allows them to help her as they start to pick their way over the wreckage.

George coughs, spits, tries to wipe the plaster dust from his face.

JOHN

Next time you call me paleface,  
don't forget how you look right  
now.

George looks at him with a raised eyebrow, and laughs.

As George laughs and looks at John, there's a sudden THWACK and a shattered staircase post impales George from behind, the huge thick wooden post exploding his chest outwards.

Now the debris around them explodes upwards as the thousand birds of the Gray Sadness erupt from the wreckage around them and flock into the sky.

The birds swirl, their wings making a tornadic sound, and the boiling cloud-like visage of Coyote is seen in the sky for an instant, then it disappears, heading for the Golden Gate Bridge.

John kneels by George, who is barely hanging on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No no no, George, no no...God no.

George smiles, spits up blood, his eyes weak.

GEORGE

J-John...John...it's your destiny  
now...the Great Spirit...calls  
me...

(he coughs, spits up more  
blood, cupping John's  
face)

Jane...save her...John...remember  
the sweet words, my friend, not the  
sour...

And his eyes close, he relaxes, dead.

John eases him down, looks towards the Bridge, his face set, angry. He picks Jane up, stands, and carries her through the rubble.

Stroud meets them as John nears his car.

STROUD  
George...is he....

John pushes past him, manages to get the car door open and sits her inside, slams the door.

STROUD (CONT'D)  
John, is it over?

JOHN  
Almost. Get out of my way.

EXT. MISSION STREET-DAY

As John's car zooms around the corner, heading for the bridge.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE-DAY

The sky around the Golden Gate is getting darker, clouds swirling, huge black clouds.

IN JOHN'S CAR

He grips the steering wheel as he gets ready to cross the bridge and as he looks up he sees:

The Gray Sadness - thousands of the birds, now on the Golden Gate, some hovering, some fluttering around, many nested on the suspension cables of the bridge.

John's car slows as he crosses the bridge, slowing because the other cars are also slowing, stopping, red brake lights everywhere.

The clouds above the bridge, thick, swirling, looking like a satellite view of hurricane clouds, begin to lower, closing over the arches of the bridge.

Cars stop, horns blare, as now there's a low rumble as the bridge is vibrating slightly.

John stops his car, grips the steering wheel as the black thick clouds swirl around the bridge now. Some cars try to edge around the stopped cars.

Many people are now getting out of their cars to look up at the otherworldly clouds.

John sticks his head out of the car window.

JOHN  
No! No! Get off the bridge! Get  
back in your cars! Get away!

People gawk, point, take cell phone pictures. Other drivers  
ride their horns as they weave around the stopped cars.

John edges his car as far to the inside lane as possible,  
stops and gets out. Other cars edge by, drivers cursing him  
as they go.

John stands by a crowd of gawkers, all looking up. GAWKER  
stands by John, looking up.

The birds are lining up on the horizontal suspension cables,  
looking like barnacles encrusted there.

GAWKER  
What IS that?

JOHN  
Get in your car and go.

GAWKER  
What?

JOHN  
Didn't you hear me? Get the fuck  
out of here now!

GAWKER'S WIFE turns to him.

GAWKER'S WIFE  
Hey! Who the hell are YOU, buddy?

The entire bridge shudders now, violently. The clouds above  
are swirling, strong winds now kicking up.

JOHN  
(to the sky)  
COYOTE! COME GET ME!

Now crowds are scared, the cables above start to sway.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
That's it. George you were right.

The birds are working as one, picking apart one of the main  
suspension cables.

People now run to their cars as winds build to almost  
hurricane strength.

It's chaos as people jump in their cars and cause more traffic jams, fender benders everywhere as they squeal tires and try to escape.

John walks to get a closer look at the birds tearing the cable apart. He looks back to his car:

Jane safe inside -she is asleep but fitfully...she bucks, jumps.

The birds finally pick apart the suspension cable and it snaps and whips out, all tension gone, it sweeps down and across the bridge, into a small crowd of three onlookers, slicing them in half as it whiplashes past, finally slamming into a compact car and turning it over on it's side.

The bridge lurches dangerously now with a main support cable gone, the pavement starts to crack.

Under the swirling birds, the demon form of Coyote forms again, tall and frightening, it's cape of bone and intestine flowing in the wind, the thousands of maggots from his haunches spill onto the bridge, but more appear to take their place, crawling across the monster's putrid body.

The birds swirl around the demon's head now, depositing the hair of Big Monster on Coyote's head. It looks like a crown of thick woven hair, iron strands blowing in the wind.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No! No!

John runs back towards his car, Coyote sights him and makes a shoving motion - John is hit with invisible brute force and is knocked into the air, slamming into the back window of his car, shattering it.

Lightning appears to dance around Coyote now, lightning that crackles from him and into the sky.

John rolls off the car, painfully stumbles to the passenger side of the car and yanks the door open. He grabs Jane and wrestles her from the car.

A police car skids into scene close to John. Stroud and two OFFICERS jump out, weapons at the ready.

STROUD

John! Get the hell away from here!

JOHN

No! No I have to destroy it! It has to be done George's way!

The two officers rush towards Coyote and open fire - Coyote turns to roar at them, and instantly, one of the officers explodes in a tremendous shower of blood and meat, splattering everywhere.

John has Jane in his arms and struggles to get her to the side railing of the bridge.

The other officer with Stroud screams as Coyote points at him: the officer's chest splits open down the center, his skin and shirt instantly flayed open, his chest opening like a slaughterhouse animal, his intestines spilling out as the officer crumbles.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Coyote! Coyote look at me!

The demon sees John with Jane, and starts to charge, fast, growling.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Stop! Stop or I'll throw her over!  
I will!

The demon Coyote stops cold, howling, eyes afire, but not moving. Mere feet from John, heat radiating from the beast, John's clothes ripple in the hot wind.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I have your Bear Maiden and I'll  
kill her! I'll do it!

Coyote roars, enraged, at John, and John takes a deep breath and bends to hook an arm under Jane's legs and he lifts her up fast:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(as he kisses her cheek)  
I love you, Jane.

and pitches her over the side of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Coyote steps in closer now howling in rage and loss and it's right beside John and it reaches over the railing for Jane and John lunges in and grabs Big Monster's hair, yanking it from Coyote's head and

Coyote grabs Jane and pulls her back over the rail but now the crown is gone and

John places the hair of Big Monster on his own head and

His eyes roll over white. Then black, his face ripples like he's in a wind tunnel as he wears the power of Big Monster's hair.

Coyote sees John in a new light now, taking a step back.

Lightning now dances around John, lancing out in all directions and

Now infused by demon power himself, John's hands extend into claws, ragged razor claws and his face distorts into a demon's face, still John, but powered by the ancient Big Monster and

John reaches over, grabs Coyote's jaws and rips them apart, yanking in opposite directions, tearing the jaws off the creature and then his razor sharp claws slit Coyote down the chest and John uses both hands to rip the creature in two, black mucus and millions of flies and maggots spill out and

Howling in rage, the John Demon tears Coyote into pieces, throwing the pieces in every direction, the bile and mucus and maggots flying in the storm of wind and lightning.

John stumbles back away from the heap of gore that was Coyote, his hands going to his skull, screaming as the power of Big Monster keeps flowing through him.

He looks around, his features twisted, eyes blood red, the Monster's power consuming him.

He falls back against the bridge railing, screaming, and finally in a tremendous heave, he yanks Big Monster's hair from his head, tossing it to the wind

Where it floats in the wind, and scatters, blows into hundreds of strands.

The wind subsides, the lightning is gone. Car alarms sound across the bridge. Sirens in the distance.

John leans back into the rail again, opens his eyes, they're clear. His hair is now streaked with gray. He looks over:

Stroud is there, looking around, shocked, trying to grasp it all.

John looks and sees:

Jane. Crumpled on the broken pavement.

He rushes to her, kneels, takes her in his arms. Caresses her face. Her eyes flutter, but don't quite open. But she's alive.

John smiles, cries a bit as he hugs her to his chest.

From on high, the damage is obvious, the Golden Gate Bridge is a wreck with broken cables and shattered pavement.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...are still looking for answers in last Sunday's freak electrical storm that seemed to be centered around the Golden Gate Bridge. The death toll from the storm officially stands at seventeen. The damage estimates are not final but repair work is expected to continue...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO-DAY

Another day. Bright sunshine. Life goes on.

EXT. REHABILITATION CENTER-DAY

John, his hair still gray, he face still scarred, stands on a green lawn and talks to a REHAB DOCTOR.

JOHN

She didn't talk at all today.

REHAB DOCTOR

No, that hasn't changed unfortunately. But we're working with her daily. She can hear us, she understands, she functions fine but, she's withdrawn. Withdrawn somewhere deep. She's suffered some major psychological trauma.

Jane sits on a bench nearby. Waiting. She looks up at John.

JOHN

Yes, she has.

John walks over to her, sits on the bench beside her. She's timid around him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've got to go now, honey. I left you a new book in your room.

She looks at him briefly, then looks away.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'll come back next week, we can  
have lunch out here if it doesn't  
rain.

She looks down. John fidgets.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(standing)  
It's always good to see you Jane.

He starts to lean in to kiss her cheek, but reconsiders.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Well. See you next week.

He turns to go, as he does, without looking his way, Jane reaches out and grabs his hand. He stops.

She squeezes his hand tightly. He squeezes back. Neither one turns to look at the other.

Then she lets go, tracing her fingers lightly over his. John walks away.

Jane continues to look down as John walks into the distance.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
It's a demon haunted world, John.  
You're just seeing it now for how  
it is.

John rounds a corner and walks out of sight. Jane sits on the bench, still, unmoving, looking away.

FADE OUT.