EXT. DOWNTOWN PHOENIX, ARIZONA (LATE AFTERNOON)

Passing high over the sprawling sun soaked city, one could hardly tell they had entered a "red state." Diving in closer to the ground however...

Pick up trucks fill the streets, and men in blue jeans with hip holsters populate the sidewalks. Big business towers cast shadows over sparse mom and pop stores still clutching to their spot in the city by their finger nails.

From CHURCH ROW--

To the SUPER WHOLESAL STORE, the Trinity Mart, everything screams "American, or get out!"

EXT./INT. TRINITY MART PLAZA - AUTO REPAIR CENTER (SAME)

Across the street from the cookie cutter shopping center sits a four car auto shop. The marque lights above the building flicker on as dusk falls- "Trinity Mart Auto Care"

INSIDE - Rolling out from under a Dodge Truck, a YOUNG MAN in an oil stained uniform (DANIEL A. HAMILTON, 19), scoffs at the bumper sticker plastered on the rear window- "The road to hell is paved with liberals"

Daniel pushes a hand through choppy red hair, slicking it back and staining it with motor oil. He’s built like a fox; slim, and swift with more wit than brawn. As he stands, he calls down to his COWORKER (OLIVER WILCOTT, 23) working under another car.

   DANIEL
   Ollie, I’m going to the QuickMart, you want anything to drink?

   OLIVER (O.S.)
   Danny, I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a thousand times, no drinking at work.

   DANIEL
   (Like no shit)
   Soda, Oliver. You want something or not?

Oliver rolls out from under the car; he’s built like a line backer and has a beard like a lumberjack.

   OLIVER
   Yeah, I’ll take a beer.
LATER - J—Walking across the intersection under the artificial glow of the street lights, Daniel makes his way to the DRUG STORE opposite the Auto Shop.

Occupying the first three stalls in front of the convenient store, a GANG OF TWENTY SOMETHING YEAR-OLDS, straddle their motorcycles chatting it up. They take notice of Daniel and lower their collective voices. Ignoring the Gang, Daniel enters the Quick Mart.

INT. TRINITY HEALTH CARE (CONTINUOUS)

Heading straight for the refrigerator, Daniel hears a detached, silvery voice call from behind the counter.

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
You’re two and a half minutes late.

Grabbing a Coors, Daniel hesitates: soda or chocolate milk?

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
The odds are in favor of chocolate milk, and your friend will take a beer.

Walking back to the counter with his NessQuick and a Coors, Daniel comes upon THE GIRL (ALEXANDRA G. ABRAHAMS), concealed behind a Juxtapose Magazine. Only the top of a dirty blonde pixie cut can be seen with a few electric blue streaks added in.

Without looking up from her magazine—

ALEXANDRA
That’ll be seven fifty three.

DANIEL
I like today’s hair choice.

Alex lowers her magazine just low enough to show her deep brown eyes, and her raised eyebrows.

ALEXANDRA
Of course you do. Seven fifty three, please.

Alex raises her paper shield back up while Daniel fishes change out of his pocket.

DANIEL
Yeah; I guess we do this often enough, huh?
ALEXANDRA
Sure. You can just leave it on the counter.

DANIEL
You know, if you don’t feel like riding your bike all the way-

ALEXANDRA
I still don’t need a ride. Thank you.

Daniel shrugs off the stiff arm; it’s not the first time.

DANIEL
I figured. One of these nights though I might get lucky and you’ll forget to project your pretend animosity towards me.

ALEXANDRA
Interesting hypothesis.

Dropping her magazine on the counter, we see Alex for the first time. Her eyes are exceptionally feminine, but her face has a boyish shape to it; strong, and mischievous.

ALEXANDRA
Of course doing the same thing over and over again expecting different results would be called a text book example of insanity.

DANIEL
OR, we could call it optimistic consistency.

Slowly raising her shield back up--

ALEXANDRA
Or, you could pay me, and get back to work.

There is a sudden SMACK as one of the BIKER BOYS bangs on the front window. Daniel turns to watch the Biker make an obscene gesture.

DANIEL
We’ll pick this debate up tomorrow night; try not to die.
ALEXANDRA
As I’m currently an active participant in the ongoing study of whether one can actually die of boredom, I may or may not be here tomorrow.

EXT./INT. TRINITY MART PLAZA – AUTO REPAIR CENTER (LATER)
Daniel’s attention to re-fasting lug nuts is divided by the thought of the biker boys that remain in front of Alex’s drugstore.

Peering across the street, Daniel watches the bikers hurl slurs at the NEW CLERK as he enters the store. All the bikers grow silent as Alexandra exits.

Daniel watches Alex pedal away on her fifties beach cruiser. The biker boy’s start their engines.

EXT. VENTUROSO PARK (LATER)
Pedaling down the sparsely lit and empty suburban street, the roar of the pack of hungry bikers speed past Alexandra, and come to a stop in the park in front of her. In the darkness, they wait.

Alexandra sees the Gang ahead, and pedals undeterred. She can hear their calls as she approaches...

BIKER BOY #1
Something delicious this way comes boys.

Quickly peeling off the blocked bike path, Alex tries to escape by the way of the empty grassy field. She gets a few yards but doesn’t see the ditch ahead of her. Going too fast to stop in time, her front tire dips: she’s thrown from her bike.

Dazed, Alex can still hear the pack holler, and descend upon her.

Trying to get to her feet, Alexandra looks at the pairs of dark boots forming a circle around her.

BIKER BOY #1
I’m not a big fan of eating on the run: relax, stay awhile.

A light chuckle surfaces from the gang.
BIKER BOY #1
Or, maybe you’re the hungry one?
How ‘bout it boys, we got anything to feed her?

More dark laughter and the sound of unzipping as Alex feels two of the boys grab her by the shoulders, her arms being pulled backwards.

Alex closes her eyes and begins muttering something under her breath.

BIKER BOY #1
Look, it’s not that we want to hear what you’re saying, but you will have to open your mouth a little wider--

Alexandra looks up at the Biker Boy, her eyes ablaze, and chants repeatedly, louder and much more intense...

ALEXANDRA
(In Gaelic)
Send guardians to repel those that wish to harm me. Send guardians to repel those that wish to harm me...

DOWN THE STREET - Daniel’s JEEP approaches the curb of the park. Leaping out of the driver’s seat, he grabs a NINE IRON from the backseat. Before he can approach however, a strong gust of wind roars out from the center of the crowd of bikers.

Alexandra, released by her captors, gets to her feet. The gang is nervous, but still holds their ground.

ALEXANDRA
(In Gaelic)
Send me guardians...

SUDDENLY, materializing up from the shadows, ADULT KODIAK BEARS claw their way out of the earth and rush towards the bikers.

The sexual predators, now the prey, flee back to their motorcycles, into the street, or further into the park. Most are not so lucky to escape.

Daniel continues to watch, frozen and amazed as the screams of would be rapists are suddenly silenced by terrifying ROARS, and powerful thumps of massive claws.

Still searching for Alex, Daniel instead comes face to face with the muzzle of a MASSIVE BROWN BEAR.
Neither man nor beast moves, until the bear finally GROWLS inches from Daniel’s face.

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
No, STOP!

The bear turns his head toward the girl gathering her bike up from the ground.

ALEXANDRA
(In Gaelic)
Return to your realm.

Sure enough, the bear SNORTS and wanders off into the darkness.

A moment of eye contact passes between Alex and Daniel.

ALEXANDRA
Um, it’s probably best if you tell yourself it was all just a dream.

With nothing left to say, Alex pushes off, and pedals down the bike path.

Daniel is left alone with only a single repeating thought...

DANIEL
What the Fu--

SMASH CUT:

ROLL OPENING CREDITS - "Silent Machine"

EPISODE TITLE CARD - "Know Thy Self"

FADE IN:

Ext./Int. Daniel’s House (Later THAT NIGHT)

Near the end of the cul-de-sac at the base of Stone Mountain Park, sits a modest one story house. Daniel’s Jeep cools down in the driveway.

INSIDE - Daniel is pacing in the kitchen holding an empty cereal bowl in one hand, and a quart of milk in the other.

Danny’s roommate, (OLIVER WILCOTT) wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his Drop Kick Murphy’s T-Shirt watching from the kitchen counter. After another swig from his mug he asks again--
OLIVER
Bears?

Danny puts the bowl down and takes a drink right from the carton. Catching his breath, he looks over to Oliver.

DANIEL
I followed the bikers, I’m looking right across the park from the edge of 34th and East Hearn...

OLIVER
And then there were bears.

DANIEL
I can’t make this up.

OLIVER
You can barely hold your liquor, so I know you’re not making it up.

DANIEL
There were bears, Oliver.

OLIVER
So you’ve said. I’m just saying you may have seen something else.

DANIEL
How could I’ve possibly mistaken a bear for something else? If five really hairy obese men were to suddenly appear out of nowhere, that’s what I would have told you. They were bears, and one came about an inch and half away from swallowing my face like a goddamn gum drop.

OLIVER
Bears don’t eat gum drops.

DANIEL
Salmon then. Look, their eating habits are not important, them appearing outta nowhere is.

Oliver takes another drink, then slides the glass over the counter to Daniel. As Daniel catches the glass and puts it in the sink, Oliver stands and heads to his room.
OLIVER
Listen, Danny, I can’t call you a liar, but what do you want me to do? Animal control, cops, what?

DANIEL
I don’t-- I just need you to believe me is all.

OLIVER
Yeah, you know man, I’m not really the believing type... You didn’t think to record a video of the bears with your phone--?

DANIEL
When there’s a bear in my face, ’take a picture,’ is not the first thought that comes to mind.

OLIVER
Alright. Well, I open tomorrow so I’m going to go pass out. You’re going to be okay though, right?

Daniel starts cleaning the dishes, but his mind is a million miles away.

EXT./INT. ALEXANDRA’S HOUSE (SAME)

Hidden among the many nondescript suburban homes, the single story house is set apart only by the presence of Alexandra’s bike leaning against the wall in the garage.

As the garage door closes we hear–

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)
I’ve got some serious problems.

INSIDE - To say Alexandra’s room is sparse would be an understatement. Apart from her bed, the highest concentration of personal possessions lies on her bookshelf, over populated with classic literature, and vinyl records.

Alex is sitting cross legged on the bed, her eyes transfixed on a single, silver candle levitating a foot above the floor. It’s flame flickers as ANOTHER GIRL (Isabel Endore, 21) paces across from Alex. Her jet black hair curls down to touch the top of her black, strapless dress. The way Isabel carries herself clearly shows her pacing is predatory; like a lynx toying with its meal.
ISABEL
Men think of sex often, and water can quench your thirst.

ALEXANDRA
What?

ISABEL
I’m sorry, I thought we were just listing obvious facts.

ALEXANDRA
I’m serious Izzy, I’m thoroughly screwed this time.

ISABEL
It’s been exactly forty days since I’ve been thoroughly screwed, so please don’t let your problems remind me of mine.

Leaping off the bed, Alexandra gets right in Isabelle’s face.

ALEXANDRA
What am I going to do!?

With the rush of movement from Alexandra leaping from bed to floor, the candle flickers, as does the PROJECTION of Isabel. Once Isabel fully re-materializes, sisterly sympathy spreads across her face.

ISABEL
So he saw you; so what?

ALEXANDRA
He’s... inquisitive.

ISABEL
Ah, well I’m sure if he were to forget about the incident with your furry friends everything would be better then, right?

ALEXANDRA
Speaking in riddles is not enhancing my calm Isabel.

Isabel takes a step closer to Alex. Placing a hand on her shoulder, Isabel’s immaterial form passes right through Alexandra causing her to shiver.
ISABEL
I have no intention of enhancing your calm, sparkles.

ALEXANDRA
(Shivers)
Please stop calling me that.

Isabel leans in closer to Alex, poised to plant a kiss on her forehead when-

KNOCKING at the door causes the image of Isabel to sway, and fade away, much like the candle in the wind.

Alex, who had been sitting cross legged on the bed THIS WHOLE TIME, opens her eyes.

The smoke from the candle rises from the wick.

Alexandra rubs her temples with her ring fingers as a young voice calls from the other side of her bedroom door.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Alex, are you still talking with that one girl?

INSIDE - On the other side of her older sister’s door REBECCA (9) sways impatiently in a blue night gown and bear paw slippers. The door opens revealing Alexandra, eyebrow cocked and not at all amused.

ALEXANDRA
What is it now?

REBECCA
I knocked this time.

Alex attempts to keep a straight, stern face.

ALEXANDRA
Yes, yes you did.

REBECCA
Are you done using the candle? I want to call mom.

ALEXANDRA
Becca, mom is going to be home in ten minutes.

REBECCA
Sarah said I can’t have ice cream.
ALEXANDRA
So you thought you’d pit one mom against the other, eh?

REBECCA
No...

ALEXANDRA
Follow me.
(Calling out to Sarah)
Mom!

SARAH (O.S.)
In the kitchen.

Alex takes her sister’s hand and leads her down the hallway, through the living room, and into the kitchen.

Moving from stove to refrigerator, a very busy SARAH ABRAHAMS, 36) strives to adapt to typical domestic duties. Her long blonde hair is done up in a bun, and has rolled up the sleeves on her periwinkle dress shirt to accommodate for the potentially messy task of cooking pasta.

REBECCA
(To Sarah)
If I call mom she’ll tell you that ice cream at 9:00 pm is no big deal. In fact, dinner at nine is weird, so there’s that too.

SARAH
We haven’t eaten dinner yet Rebecca, and we’re not skipping to dessert without your mother.

ALEXANDRA
You know, if you give her something to eat now, she’ll stop talking.

REBECCA
(Whines)
Alex.

Sarah’s attention is still on the meal at hand.

SARAH
This doesn’t smell right; Alex why doesn’t this smell right?

Alex leans in closer to the pot, wafting steam toward her face and breathing it in.
ALEXANDRA
No basil.

SARAH
Damn it.

REBECCA
No swearing!

SARAH
Sorry.

Sarah swiftly exits the kitchen, moving through the living room and out through the sliding glass door.

REBECCA
Why can’t I call mom?

SARAH
I’m not saying you can’t call her.

ALEXANDRA
She’s saying you can’t eat ice cream before dinner, twip.

(To Sarah)
We can at least give her bread or something to keep her mouth occupied.

OUTSIDE - In the backyard, Sarah walks across the lawn toward the lush garden along the back wall.

SARAH
Alex, be nice.

ALEXANDRA
That is me being nice. If I wanted to be mean I’d conjure a spell to glue her lips together.

REBECCA
Just like when you and Isabel’s lips were glued together after church last week?

Alex flicks the back of Rebecca’s head.

ALEXANDRA
See, perfect excuse for me to be mean now.

Sarah gives Alexandra a sideways glance.
ALEXANDRA
That was one time... for science.

The girls follow Sarah back inside with her hand full of basil leaves.

SARAH
Is this the same Isabel Endore your mom strongly urged you to not get involved with?

ALEXANDRA
As in Isabel, the only one of our kind who lives in North America...?

SARAH
We don’t have a kind.

ALEXANDRA
Sure, you can say that; you are not of our kind.

SARAH
I wasn’t born a natural witch, but be it nature or nurture, neither excludes one as being part of humanity as a whole.

ALEXANDRA
Witchcraft does not exclude me from humanity, I’m choosing to separate myself from humanity.

REBECCA
Hey, this is supposed to be about why you’re choosing to separate me from ice cream.

Sarah, with a heavy sigh, opens the freezer and withdraws a pint of ice cream handing it over to Rebecca. Turning her attention back to Alexandra—

SARAH
Alex, having a certain set of gifts does not set you above, below, or outside of humanity.

ALEXANDRA
I’m going to have to raise an objection on two out of three of those points.
SARAH
And is that your objection, or Isabel’s?

Alexandra crosses her arms and tilts her head to the sky as she leans back up against the counter top.

ALEXANDRA
Request a motion to suspend arguments until diner has concluded?

SARAH
Motion granted.

Alexandra crosses behind the counter to head back to her room. Rebecca is still spoon deep in her ice cream pint.

REBECCA
You think Isabel is a bad influence on her, huh?

Masking her concern with a smile, Sarah turns to Rebecca.

SARAH
What do you think of Isabel, Becca?

REBECCA
She seems angry all the time. I don’t know why someone would want to be around someone who’s angry all the time.

Sarah returns to the pot, adding in a pinch of basil.

SARAH
Well, when you get to be your sister’s age, you start to question everything about yourself... sometimes for the second time in your life. When people don’t find the answers they’re looking for, sometimes they get angry.

REBECCA
And misery loves company?

SARAH
That’s what I’m afraid of.

Both mother and daughter turn their heads toward the jangling keys, and the sound of the front door swinging open. Rebecca immediately sprints down the hall to greet her other mom.
REBECCA

Mom!

Dressed in scrubs, and white sneakers HOLLY ABRAHAM’S (38) is the embodiment of exhausted. However, her brown eyes light up when Rebecca comes running full tilt toward her.

HOLLY

How was your day, Sunshine?

REBECCA

Sarah said it was okay to eat ice cream since it’s so late.

HOLLY

Is that right? And what did I tell you about dessert without dinner?

Rebecca contemplates her answer carefully. Holly’s attention drifts from her daughter to her wife standing at the other end of the hall.

Holly’s face shifts from bliss to concern in seconds.

HOLLY

Alexandra?

SARAH

Isabel.

EXT./INT. ST. MATTHEW’S PRESBYTERIAN (MORNING)

Beautiful Sunday morning light cascades over what could have been easily mistaken for an average two story office building: tan side, glass windows, and inconspicuous sign: Paradise Valley Presbyterian.

Daniel’s jeep backs into the stall at the back of the parking lot. As he exits his vehicle, guitars and drums can be faintly heard as he makes his way through the parking lot to the front of the building. The music grows louder until—

INSIDE - Daniel sits down in a chair in the back row as the worship band comes to a close.

As the congregation settles in their seats, a young man just out of seminary (PASTOR JEAN LUC, 32) approaches the podium. His relaxed demeanor is nearly Californian.

JEAN LUC

Good Morning all.
CONGREGATION
Good Morning!

JEAN LUC
We’re continuing our journey through the Old Testament by exploring the role prophets played in aiding Israel to keep their covenant with God. This of course is just part of God’s plan of the restoration of humanity through His chosen people. Please turn to second kings, chapter two, verse twenty three.

As the collective church people withdraw their Bible’s from the seats in front of them, Daniel turns back to the entrance as Sarah, Holly, Rebecca, and Alexandra enter and sit in the row across the isle from Daniel.

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
We see that Elisha is surrounded by young men, essentially telling him to go die, and mocking his authority given to him by God.

Daniel’s eyes are fixed on Alexandra.

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
When Elisha asks God to curse the young men, in the original Hebrew, we see the word ‘Galal.’

Alexandra finally senses Daniel starring a hole through her head. She turns, glaring over at him. Alex slowly mouths ‘what?’ as menacingly as she can.

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
Galal translates into English not as a hex or punishment, but as a lowering, or removing of blessing.

Daniel mouths to her, ‘we need to talk.’

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
Remember, Elisha was coming to remind the people of Bethel what life is like without the protection, and provision of God.

Alexandra raises her eyebrows and lifts her hands palms up moving her lips, ‘there’s nothing to say.’
JEAN LUC (V.O.)
Elisha asks God, Galal, to remove
His blessing from the young men.

Daniel rolls his eyes and makes a motion with arms to mime a
bear pawing at the air.

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
And without God’s blessing, there
is no protection to those that
blaspheme and rebel against Him;
especially for those under The
Covenant, like those in Bethel.

Alex begins to sweat. Excusing herself, Alexandra
inconspicuously bolts for the door.

Daniel follows.

OUTSIDE – Daniel is nearly on Alexandra’s heels near the
edge of the parking lot.

DANIEL
Hey!

ALEXANDRA
You’re missing a great sermon
Daniel; take notes for me, okay?

DANIEL
I’ll catch the podcast. You wanna
explain what the hell happened last
night?

ALEXANDRA
I fell off my bike and shortly
afterwards, I was on my way.
Speaking of being on my way...

DANIEL
Are you freaking kidding me?

ALEXANDRA
Look, it was late, you were
inhaling all sorts of fumes in the
shop... Who really knows what
happened, right? Just let it go.

DANIEL
Yeah, you’re going to need to—
ALEXANDRA
Let. It. Go. Look, Daniel, you’re a smart guy, and if you start talking crazy about whatever it is you think you saw, well... smart and crazy only works for a handful of people. Personally, I’d be content to be known simply as smart. So, drop it.

DANIEL
What are you so afraid of?

Alexandra is momentarily thrown off guard. Her eyes wander down to Daniel’s brown boots, up his dark blue jeans, to his fit olive t-shirt... very distracting.

ALEXANDRA
I’m not... I’m not afraid.

DANIEL
Really? The running away, and avoiding a conversation was sending a different message.

ISABEL (O.S.)
Perhaps the location is not conducive to intelligent conversation?

The pair turn toward Isabel walking along the sidewalk just on the other side of the grass separating the church parking lot from public property. Isabel looks to have just come from horseback riding lessons.

DANIEL
(Shit eating grin)
Isabel, how are you?

ISABEL
I’m extraordinary. Danny; still slaving away in the auto shop?

DANIEL
Why don’t you join our little chat? Unless of course you burst into flames on church property.

ISABEL
That’s highly unlikely, but why take the risk?
ALEXANDRA
Are we ready to go then?

DANIEL
Still Running scared then?

ISABEL
Well, if I’m truly interrupting, let’s compromise; I’ll take Alexandra for now, and you can come collect her from me at, say, seven where you can continue your little talk.

ALEXANDRA
(WTF)
Izzy...!

DANIEL
Shiny, that’ll work just fine. What’s your address?

ISABEL
Shadow Mountain Estates, top of the cul-de-sac, you can’t miss it. Maybe shower, before you arrive?

ALEXANDRA
Or, don’t arrive.

DANIEL
I’ll be sure to rinse with holy water. See you at seven.

Daniel turns, and trudges back to the church. A panicked Alexandra waits not three seconds before she tackles Isabel to the grass.

ISABEL
Oh, I missed you too.

ALEXANDRA
What the hell is wrong with you?

ISABEL
There isn’t enough time to list everything, how about we skip to the important stuff?

Still straddling Isabel, Alex lifts her opponent up by the collar and barks out-
ALEXANDRA
What gives you the right to play molly-friggin’-match maker?

ISABEL
I’d love to give you answers, but in this position, my mood is more playful than talkative.

Alexandra shoves Isabel down by the shoulders and dismounts. Glancing over her own shoulder, Alex turns just in time to see Daniel enter the church.

ALEXANDRA
Start talking.

Levitating herself back up to an upright position, Isabel withdraws a glass vile of liquid from her satchel.

ISABEL
The human mind is easily molded, especially so for males... but with this, it’s even easier.

Alexandra begins walking down the grass that divides church campus from the outside world like a tightrope.

ALEXANDRA
Perhaps I haven’t been clear, but magic is what happens to be my problem at the moment.

ISABEL
Coincidentally enough it’s also the solution.

ALEXANDRA
So what? Whatever that is makes him forget about what happened?

ISABEL
It will make him forget whatever you want him to forget. And not that I’m keeping score, but I’ve provided you with the means, and opportunity to make all your problems disappear; you’re welcome.

Alex turns around to see Isabel still hovering just above the ground; the tips of her boots gently passing over the blades of grass as she floats after Alex.

Grabbing Isabel by the belt, Alex pulls her back down to the ground.
ISABEL
Look at you; still so concerned with staying hidden.

ALEXANDRA
I’m not hiding.

ISABEL
Then who are you?

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
Again, Elisha’s curse is not a command...

INT. UNDISCLOSED BASEMENT (AFTERNOON)

Dancing around his opponent, a fit young SPANIARD (Gabriel DeLaCruz, 24) waits for his opportunity to strike.

JEAN LUC (V.O.)
Elisha requested God’s presence, and the Lord intervened. Let’s pray.

The OTHER BOXER, looks exhausted. He throws two sloppy jabs: left, right, ignoring the RINGING PHONE somewhere outside the ring.

Gabriel bobs under another poorly placed punch, and rises up with an uppercut to the Other Boxer’s chin.

The Spaniard’s opponent goes flying backwards on to the mat: K.O. Stepping over the lifeless body, Gabriel strides across the room, pulling apart the laces on his gloves with his teeth.

Picking up the receiver, Gabriel answers the phone...

GABRIEL
Of course. I’m on my way.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY (LATER)

Wearing the same style of gear of the bikers who attacked Alexandra, the lone rider powers down the highway atop a black Vegas 8-Ball Motorcycle.
EXT./INT. SCOTTSDALE HEALTHCARE SHEA MEDICAL CENTER (LATER) 10

Riding into the parking lot, Gabriel steers his chopper next to an older ENGLISH MAN (Eliso DeLaCruz, 60’s) who has skin like a rhino’s armor, and a thinly rolled paper cigarette hanging from his mouth.

As the bike approaches, the old man flicks his cigarette from his mouth, grinding it into the asphalt with his heel.

Parking beside the old man, Gabriel lowers his head out of respect. Eliso pats Gabriel on the back.

ELISO
Come, come my son. We must not be burdened by such terrible things.

INSIDE - Eliso and Gabriel trail behind a YOUNG NURSE.

YOUNG NURSE
Your son, Mr. DeLaCruz, is stable, but he’s sustained heavy blood loss from extensive abdominal and, um, pelvic lacerations. I’m afraid I can’t let you stay too long.

ELISO
I understand.

GABRIEL
What about the others?

ELISO
Another young man was brought in with him, but I’m afraid he didn’t make it. He passed this morning of respiratory failure. Honestly, it is quite rare that an animal attack like that happens here... I am so sorry for your loss.

ELISO
Bless you, child.

GABRIEL
Do you mind if we speak to him alone?

YOUNG NURSE
Yes, but just for a moment, rest is very important in his recovery.
ELISO
Of course, if you’ll excuse us then? Thank you.

Entering the room, Eliso closes the door on nurse.

Gabriel, already by the bedside, grabs his BROTHER’S right hand (BIKER BOY #1).

GABRIEL
How are you feeling, hermano?

BIKER BOY #1
They... they took my hand.

Eliso examines the bloody bandaged stump of what would have been a hand, and draws the curtains over the window looking into the recovery room.

ELISO
Tell us what happened, my son.

BIKER #1
(In Spanish, straining)
We were talking... then she sent them. She summoned them... She had the power of the fallen one.

ELISO
But it was you who sought after sin, was it not?

The wounded biker begins to weep guilty, bitter tears.

ELISO
(In Spanish)
You’ve been warned; those who seek after the devil, will find exactly what they are looking for.

Eliso motions to Gabriel and turns his back. Gabriel, with his eyes locked on to his brother’s, swiftly covers the invalid’s face with a pillow.

Limbs flail, but soon subside.

Gabriel crosses in front of Eliso to face him. Eliso, while starring out the window removes a folded piece of paper from his jacket pocket.

ELISO
This was everything your brother’s friend told me before I helped him
(MORE)
ELISO (cont’d)
transition on to the next life. I want you to find this girl. I want you to spread the light, understood?

GABRIEL
His will be done.

ELISO
His will be done.

EXT./INT. ENDORE ESTATE (LATE AFTERNOON)

Sitting atop the cul-de-sac behind strong steel gates sits what could have easily been mistaken for the Stanley Hotel. The desert sun pours over the top of the mountain behind the estate as the sound of chanting rises from within--

INSIDE - Alexandra and Isabel sit around a chalk drawn circle engraved on her bedroom floor.

ISABEL
(In Gaelic)
Against which rivers time does flow, run dry the memories our prey doth know.

ALEXANDRA
(In Gaelic)
Know doth prey our memories the dry run, flow does time river which against.

The glass vile at the center of the circle begins to glow, followed by the chalk on the wooden floor blowing outward, and disappearing in the unnatural wind.

ISABEL
Well, that ought a do it.

ALEXANDRA
Who’s to say we won’t lobotomize him though?

ISABEL
Then productivity at Trinity Automotive will diminish I imagine.

ALEXANDRA
I’m serious, Izzy.

ISABEL
You know, this may be a rare instance where I’ll kick myself later for saying this; you should probably just tell him the truth.
ALEXANDRA
Can I go ahead and kick you now?

ISABEL
I’m not saying tell him to satisfy his curiosity, but to solidify your own identity. You’re a witch, your mom’s a witch, your grandma’s a witch... just own it.

Alexandra stands up, ignoring Isabel while stooping down to pick up the vile.

ALEXANDRA
Water, a drop of wine, and a drop of blood... it seems too simple.

ISABEL
You’d be amazed the things done with blood, wine, and water over the years.

An OMINOUS CHIME rings throughout the house.

ALEXANDRA
Did you let the Munster’s know that you lifted their door bell?

Isabel gets to her feet and bolts out the door with Alexandra quick on her heels.

OUTSIDE - Daniel waits before the large french doors.

DANIEL
(To himself)
Didn’t know the Adam’s Family rented out property...

The door swings open to reveal an exceptionally beautiful middle aged women (Bridget Bishop Endore, 42), dressed in a black dress similar to her daughter’s.

BRIDGET
Daniel Hamilton, how may I help you today?

DANIEL
Well, I’m here to pick up Alexandra; Isabel said to come by.

BRIDGET
Did she? Well by all means, won’t you kindly come inside then, Daniel.
Daniel begins to shiver, his face gradually losing color. He places a hand on his thigh, attempting to push down his foot from taking a step toward the door; as if it decided to move against his own will.

Bridget continues to stare and smile down at Daniel.

    BRIDGET (V.O.)
    Won’t you kindly come inside, Daniel.

Before Daniel can take another step, Isabel and Alexandra come running down the stairs and into the door frame.

Daniel shakes and shivers, as if he’d been in an ice box.

    ISABEL
    Well then Danny, she’s all yours.
    So sorry to keep you waiting.

    ALEXANDRA
    He wasn’t waiting; he’s five minutes early.

    DANIEL
    Making up for lost time.

    BRIDGET
    Isabel, there’s no need to shove our guest back out into the cold so quickly.

    ALEXANDRA
    No, that’s fine, I’m sure Daniel can’t stay out that late tonight anyway, right?

    DANIEL
    (Slight confusion)
    Yeah, right, we should be going...
    I guess. Thank you though.

    BRIDGET
    Another time perhaps?

Daniel gives a polite nod, as he turns to follow after Alexandra who had already started off down the driveway.

Isabel and her mother continue to watch the two make their way down the path.
ISABEL
I didn’t know you were adding succubus to your resume mother.

Withdrawning a thin, black wooden wand from her hip holster, Bridget makes a quick flip and swoop: Isabel instantly becomes paralyzed.

Bridget keeps her wand pointed up as she walks into the foyer, the front door slamming by itself behind her.

BRIDGET
Your mockery is not appreciated my dear daughter.

With another slight flick of the wrist, pointing her wand down, Isabel falls to the floor as if crushed by an ACME Safe. The young girl groans under the invisible weight.

BRIDGET
I’ve also explicitly forbade you to carelessly involve human’s in our affairs. Perhaps you’ve difficulty... hearing... my... words...

Still pinned to the floor, Isabel’s ears begin to bleed. The girl screams in pain.

ISABEL
(Straining)
I have got the situation under control.

Kneeling down to the ground, Bridget runs her left hand through Isabel’s hair, still pointing her wand to the floor with the other.

BRIDGET
I still don’t think you’ve quiet grasped my meaning: our power is not a toy for you to play with.

ISABEL
I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, please...

Bridget pulls her daughter’s head up off the floor by the roots of her hair.

BRIDGET
I don’t want to hear your apology, I want to hear your promise. Vow that you will use your power only when directed to do so by me.
ISABEL
I promise.

BRIDGET
Swear it.

ISABEL
I Promise, I promise!

Bridget flicks the wand upward, and Isabel inhales deeply; the weight having been lifted.

Walking back into the living room Bridget calls back over her shoulder.

BRIDGET
That’s three times you’ve promised; break your oath now, and the pain you’ll experience will be greater than I could possibly inflict.

Isabel struggles to get to her feet, wiping the blood from her ears.

INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM - Bridget walks in on a MIDDLE AGED MAN (Francis M. Endore, 49) wearing business casual attire. Tapping a pen rhythmically on the coffee table, his focus is transfixed on a letter as his fingers massages his bald head with his free hand.

FRANCIS
Is Isabel not reaching the heights of your expectations again, dear?

BRIDGET
Francis, dear husband, if your vision weren’t so obtusely narrow, you’d understand that my expectations for our race are of greater value than our daughter’s comfort. Perhaps I should explain my vision in a way even you could understand--

Bridget is about to withdraw her wand, when it suddenly flies from her hand, sailing across the room.

Francis re-holsters his own wand before looking up at his wife, still clutching the letter in his hand.

FRANCIS
Your ‘grand vision’ will have to take a back seat to a much more pressing issue.
Bridget approaches her husband reverently. Taking the letter from his outstretched hand.

FRANCIS
We’ve finally received a formal declaration of war.

BRIDGET
Environmental Protection Agency? They must be joking.

FRANCIS
They’re sending an inspector over sometime tomorrow.

Bridget is beside herself, reading the heading of the letter over again.

LETTER HEAD - "Environmental protection agency, Warrant of Inspection"

BRIDGET
They can’t shut down our clinic-

FRANCIS
They’re not shutting it down, they’re snooping around. It is a first step at their pathetic attempt to control us.

Francis stands, and claps the other hand on her bare shoulder.

FRANCIS
I promise, they will not succeed.

BRIDGET
You promise?

EXT./INT. DANIEL’S JEEP (LATER)

Driving down East Cactus Road, Daniel occasionally glances over to Alexandra. Her eyes are locked on the road ahead.

Her foot taps impatiently on the passenger floor.

DANIEL
You don’t have an issues with Dairy Queen do you?

ALEXANDRA
Issues, like personally?
If you had to eat and talk, I mean. You don’t have allergies to ice cream, or happiness, right?

ALEXANDRA
Look, you can just drop me off at home okay?

DANIEL
Okay.

ALEXANDRA
Okay.

DANIEL
Yeah, that’ll work out better actually; I’ll just ask your folks how you were able wrangle a herd of bears outta nowhere.

Alexandra turns to scowl at Daniel, but his focus is on the road. He does however let slip a sly grin across his face.

ALEXANDRA
This ice cream you mentioned, you’re paying for it.

DANIEL
Obviously.

EXT./INT. TRINITY MART (LATER)

Pulling into a parking stall under a street lamp, Gabriel kills the engine to his bike. Checking the address against the paper Eliso gave him, he dismounts the motorcycle and approaches the mini mart.

INSIDE - An OLDER CASHIER (60) looks up to Gabriel as he enters the convenient store.

OLDER CASHIER
Good evening.

GABRIEL
(In Spanish)
Good evening.

OLDER CASHIER
(In Spanish)
Good evening, how are you?
GABRIEL
Me? Oh, I’m very busy this evening. Perhaps you could help me though; I’m looking for a girl. She works here I believe, dark blonde hair, with blue streaks.

OLDER CASHIER
Oh, I’m sorry Hijo, we can’t talk about our employees here with customers. It’s policy.

GABRIEL
I’m not talking about an employee, I’m talking about a devil.

OLDER CASHIER
I’m sorry?

Gabriel withdraws a large barrel revolver, not aiming it at the cashier, but examining it; feeling its weight in his hands.

GABRIEL
You wouldn’t help a devil would you?

OLDER CASHIER
Please, I don’t want any trouble.

Opening the cylinder, Gabriel empties the bullets into his other hand.

GABRIEL
And I don’t want your money. I want what you want, what we all want; I want to set the world right. I want justice.

OLDER CASHIER
I don’t know anything about her.

Gabriel loads a single bullet into the chamber.

GABRIEL
You don’t know anything?

OLDER CASHIER
No, I know nothing.

Gabriel loads another bullet.
OLDER CASHIER
I don’t have access to employee records, I can’t tell you anything. I swear.

Gabriel loads another bullet, looking up at the old man.

GABRIEL
Lies will not help you.

OLDER CASHIER
I don’t...

Another bullet in the chamber.

OLDER CASHIER
Okay, okay... her name is Alexandra. I don’t know where she lives, but she’s a teenager... Paradise mall... teenagers hang out at the mall. Please, that’s all I know.

Gabriel closes the cylinder.

GABRIEL
You see? The truth will set you free.

Aiming the gun at the Cashier’s face, Gabriel unloads the revolver into the old man’s skull. The Shots are as loud as...

INT. ALEXANDRA’S HOUSE (SAME) 14

Powerful KNOCKING on the front door. As the door opens, Bridget Endore is revealed standing impatiently in the entryway.

SARAH
Bridget, well this is... what do you want exactly?

BRIDGET
I need to speak to Holly, is she about?

SARAH
Is this about Alexandra?

BRIDGET
This is really a matter for the Matriarch of the family.
SARAH
Sure. Holly, we have unwanted, sorry, unexpected company.

Approaching the door, Holly stands beside her wife.

HOLLY
Bridget.

BRIDGET
Holly, it is so good to see you again.

HOLLY
I suppose so... What can we do for you tonight Bridget?

Bridget gives Sarah another look of contempt.

BRIDGET
This really is a conversation between the privileged.

Sarah and Holly exchange annoyed glances.

SARAH
I get it, your majesty, secrets of magical folk.

HOLLY
No, Sarah really, what Bridget has to say she can say to both of us.

(To Bridget)
Our household practices this alien concept of openness and honesty. You might of stumbled across it some years ago.

Bridget does her best to conceal she is thoroughly pissed while gripping the wand holster at her side tightly.

BRIDGET
Might I come in?

Before Holly can offer a heartfelt ‘no’ Rebecca comes running down the hall and squeezes herself between her parents.

REBECCA
You’re Isabel’s mom!
BRIDGET
I’m Mrs. Endore, yes. You must be Rebecca.

REBECCA
Yup. Hey, why is your daughter always so angry?

HOLLY
Becca!

Bridget kneels down to Rebecca, and in an eerily soothing voice replies-

BRIDGET
Well dear, there are many reasons to be angry, namely at injustice.

Rebecca tilts her head and stares wide eyed at Bridget as if she were speaking Mandarin.

SARAH
Becca, Sunshine, why don’t you go get ready for bed.

BRIDGET
Injustice, like the malfeasance done to our kind my dear by mere... humans.

REBECCA
Our kind? You mean witches?

HOLLY
That’s enough Bridget, it’s time to go now.

BRIDGET
Yes, dear. Our kind. We’ve been wronged for so many years, and now, we have an opportunity to make things right again.

REBECCA
My mom says that we’re all apart of the same painting and we all have gifts to add to the canvas.

BRIDGET
Well, I bet that particular mom isn’t as powerful as you are...
(At Sarah)
Is she?
REBECCA
Well, she can still ground me so, yeah, kind of.

Sarah leads Rebecca gently by the hand back into the house.

SARAH
Okay Becca, I think you should show off how smart you are to someone who will actually appreciate it.

HOLLY
(At Bridget)
Thank you for stopping by.

BRIDGET
They’ve declared war, Holly.

HOLLY
(Straight up exhausted)
Bridget, shit, just talk plainly.

REBECCA (O.S.)
No swearing.

BRIDGET
We’ve received a letter from the Environmental Protection Agency, a warrant to search our urgent care clinic. They’re trying to control-

Holly rolls her eyes, steps outside and closes the door behind her.

HOLLY
They’re doing exactly what I told you would happen when you use The Craft to heal people... for free... in America.

BRIDGET
We need to be united; we’re all that’s left Holly. This could be our opportunity to finally win the war that nearly wiped us out.

HOLLY
I have a wife, two children, and absolutely nothing to prove to anyone. Are you that determined to evoke the hunt all over again?
BRIDGET
They slaughtered us! So many of us
burned and died-

HOLLY
And some of us got to live!

Holly reaches behind her and opens the door back up; she’s
had enough.

HOLLY
If you’re so anxious to dig up the
past, and I highly recommend that
you don’t, you’ll be digging your
own grave... alone.

Bridget smiles curtly and turns to leave. As she walks down
the driveway, she calls back over her shoulder.

BRIDGET
And when they come for you and your
children Holly, who will be by your
side to protect you? Your human
pet?

Holly withdraws her wand from her hip holster. With a flick
of her wrist, Bridget stops dead in her tracks, and is spun
around on her heels. Holly is now SPONTANEOUSLY nose to nose
with Bridget.

The street lamps all begin to flicker, and fade.

HOLLY
Perhaps I should bury you now, and
end the war before it starts?

Bridget strains against the invisible force, her fingers
inching towards the wand at her side.

Holly, with her free hand, takes Bridget’s wand and snaps it
in half.

HOLLY
Do yourself a favor: let what has
past lie where it is.

With a clap of thunder, the lights on the street return, and
Bridget is left standing alone on the sidewalk.

With a snort, Bridget walks off down the road, undeterred.
Under the sickly glow of halogen street lamps, Alex and Daniel walk beside one another at the same distance two jr. higher school kids would share while dancing.

The Parking lot is relatively empty as Daniel heads to his jeep parked at the farthest end of the lot.

**DANIEL**
Well I’d say that ice cream was an overly optimistic suggestion on my part.

**ALEXANDRA**
You’re not seriously under the impression that this is a date are you?

**DANIEL**
I was hoping that something sweet might coax you sharing something I didn’t already know about you.

**ALEXANDRA**
You don’t know a thing about-

**DANIEL**
I knew precisely what ice cream you were going to pick.

**ALEXANDRA**
Of course you did.

Daniel withdraws his keys as they approach the jeep, but instead of opening the car door, he stops and turns towards Alex.

**DANIEL**
Every conversation I’ve attempted to have with you, you’ll always only seen two possible options; black or white. Most likely you grew up in family that is exceptionally open, complex, complicated, and, as evident by your delightfully prickly attitude, you attempt to cope with your irritation by viewing the world as simply as possible. My theory was reinforced when you scowled at the server when she rattled off all the possible toppings you could add to your tragically bland desert.
Alex has a fined expression of bemusement as Daniel turns his attention to the back gate of his jeep, opening it to reveal a sheet of AstroTurf where the back seats should be.

DANIEL
So clearly you were going to choose chocolate and vanilla swirl in a cup or a cone, and a size small, hoping that our conversation would only last as long as your desert.

Taking the last bite of her cone, Alex wipes a fist across her vexed smile.

ALEXANDRA
Well, I suppose that wraps things up then.

DANIEL
Not quite.

Removing a Callaway Driver from his golf bag, Daniel turns back to face Alexandra.

ALEXANDRA
(Nervous laugh)
What, are you going to beat the information you want out of me?

DANIEL
Actually, I believe you might feel better letting off a little steam.

MOMENTS LATER - Atop the patch of AstroTurf resting on a white tee, sits an orange awaiting to be struck by the golf club awkwardly held in Alex’s hands.

Looking up at Daniel, who rests in a plastic lawn chair to the right of the jeep, she admits–

ALEXANDRA
I’m not exactly a golf person.

DANIEL
Neither am I, but...

Jumping up and climbing aboard the jeep, Daniel attempts to get behind Alex. She spins around, keeping Daniel in front of her.

Daniel lets out a huff of air.
DANIEL
look, if it were my intention to
try and get any tonight I would
have picked you up in a car with
doors, windows, and possibly a
roof.

Alexandra sighs, and hands Daniel the golf club.

ALEXANDRA
How about I just watch?

DANIEL
As long as you’re watching, you
could tell me how you conjured
bears out of nowhere.

Playing aloof, Alex dismounts the jeep to clear Daniel’s
swinging range.

ALEXANDRA
You really believe something like-

DANIEL
I’m not really strong in my faith.

Alex’s ears perk up, as Daniel take a few practice swings.

DANIEL
I wish I was, but... if there was
this extraordinary love story
between God and Man, so much so
that the creator would sacrifice
himself to save His creation; why
is it we continue to bitch about
the same petty shit we’ve been
arguing about for these millennia?

Frustrated, enraged, and exposed, Daniel swings away.

Alex watches as the orange explodes into millions of fruity
fireworks.

DANIEL
I’ve been waiting my whole life for
some tangible evidence of something
extraordinary, and now there’s you.

Daniel extends the club towards Alexandra. Hesitantly, Alex
grabs hold of the driver, and allows herself to be pulled up
into the jeep with Daniel.
ALEXANDRA
Some extraordinary things might erode rather than strengthen peoples perspective of reality.

Dismounting, Daniel clears the swing space and looks back to Alexandra-

DANIEL
You think I’m afraid my faith is going to collapse?

ALEXANDRA
Typically people tend to jump to anger...

Alexandra grips the club firmly and lets it sail. Direct hit: citrus bursts apart out into the parking lot.

ALEXANDRA
...And hatred.

DANIEL
So you’re afraid-

ALEXANDRA
Of crazy religious zealots? Yes. Yes, I am afraid... but mostly angry.

Behind them POLICE LIGHTS FLASH, and a SIREN WOOPS.

POLICE OFFICER (FILTERED O.S.)
Drop the club and get off the jeep, right now.

Daniel turns around to see a SQUAD CAR with strobe lights flashing as OFFICER HAMMOCK, (30’s) exits the vehicle.

OFFICER HAMMOCK
Hands where I can see them.

DANIEL
Good evening, officer.

Alex hops off Daniel’s jeep. As Daniel attempts to make nice with the cop, Alex’s attention is focused on the sound of a MOTORCYCLE idling a few isles down.

The rider, Gabriel, concealed by his helmet nods to Alexandra.
DANIEL
Sorry about the mess, but the
driving range doesn’t accept citrus
either-

Before Daniel finishes his quip, Alex takes the golf club and SMASHES the front headlight of the patrol car.

Drawing his gun, the Officer commands...

OFFICER HAMMOCK
Drop the Club right now! Hands over your head!

Alex complies and folds her hands behind her head.

ALEXANDRA
If you wouldn’t mind, I’ll go directly to jail now.

DANIEL
Officer she...?

As the officer cuffs Alexandra, she motions her head toward the biker.

Daniel catches sight of Gabriel; watching and waiting.

DANIEL
Officer, I’m going to need to come with her.

OFFICER HAMMOCK
Just stay there, and stay quiet.

MOMENTS LATER - Across the isle, Gabriel revs his engine as he waits for Alexandra and Daniel to be ushered into the back seat of the patrol car.

EXT./INT. PATROL CAR (LATER)

Traveling south down North Scottsdale road, the police car is diligently pursued by the jet black bike.

INSIDE - Alexandra looks apprehensively out the rear window. Daniel inspects the squad car interior.

DANIEL
Well, I guess if it weren’t for the company, this date would suck.
ALEXANDRA
This isn’t a date.
(To the officer)
Hey, some guy on a bike is following us, you think you could try using the gas pedal?

OFFICER HAMMOCK (O.S.)
Keep it down back there.

DANIEL
Expecting someone?

ALEXANDRA
Listen, whatever happens, promise me you won’t freak out.

Daniel turns to a legitimately frightened Alex.

DANIEL
Are. You. Expecting someone?

ALEXANDRA
Promise me.

OUTSIDE - Gabriel catches up to the side of the patrol car, riding parallel to driver’s side window.

Gabriel taps on the window with the barrel of his revolver.

Turning toward the biker, the last thing the officer ever sees is the muzzle flash.

Accelerating under the dead weight of officer Hammock’s foot, the patrol car careens over the center divider, through oncoming traffic, and into a grassy suburban field. As the driver side hits a grass ramp, clipping the side of a tree, the car flips; coming to a sudden stop belly up in a dark field.

INSIDE - As Daniel attempts to orient himself, he finds Alex having trouble kicking the glass window out. Danny joins in; his black boots aiding in their escape.

DOWN THE ROAD - Gabriel’s bike make’s a legal U-Turn and heads back to the crash site.

INSIDE - The glass finally breaks; Daniel crawling out first and helping Alexandra through the broken glass.

Daniel turns towards the sound of the approaching bike.
DANIEL
The shotgun-

ALEXANDRA
No, hold on to me.

DANIEL
What?

Hoping the curb, the motorcycle is nearly upon them.

DANIEL
Come on!

Daniel attempts to run, grabbing Alexandra’s hand in his. They make it a few yards before a GUNSHOT rings out through the night air, and Daniel collapses beside Alex.

ALEXANDRA
DANIEL!

The motorcycle comes to a stop, idling as Gabriel dismounts and removes his helmet.

DANIEL
Alex, run.

GABRIEL
No, no no no... the time for running has past, and the hour of judgment is here diablita.

Alexandra kneels down beside Daniel placing a hand on his head.

ALEXANDRA
(In Gaelic)
Deliver us to-

Gabriel rushes Alexandra, kicking her down to the ground. Standing over her, with his revolver trained.

GABRIEL
You will not lead anyone else down your wicked path.

ALEXANDRA
(With all her vile)
So get it over with!

GABRIEL
How many more of you are left?

Alexandra remains silent.
Gabriel is cut short as Daniel grabs hold of the gun from behind, aiming it at himself. Another shot goes off into Daniel’s side: Gabriel punches Danny back to the ground.

Daniel’s near sacrifice is enough of a distraction for Alexandra to grab Gabriel from behind by the throat. Struggling to shake her off, Alexandra manages to pull a hair from Gabriel’s head before she’s thrown onto her back.

Taking the WAND from her HOLSTER, Alexandra quickly wraps the hair around the thin wood just as Gabriel turns around.

Gabriel has his revolver trained back on Alex..

GABRIEL
Power only comes from one of two places little girl, above and below. Wherever that power is taken from, it must return.

ALEXANDRA
(In Gaelic)
Bound from doing harm. Bound from doing harm. Bound from doing harm.

With a flick of her wrist, Alexandra forces Gabriel’s hands up into the air.

Straining under the invisible force, Gabriel tries to regain control.

GABRIEL
Lord, please give me the strength to destroy your enemy.

ALEXANDRA
I’m not to familiar with The Guy, but when you do evil shit in His name, He tends not to listen.

GABRIEL
(Livid)
I’ve been reborn to restore light, baptized by the Hands of Justice.

Alexandra gets to her feet, her wand still aimed at Gabriel.
ALEXANDRA
Maybe you ought to have a second go
at that baptism.

With a flick of her wrist, Gabriel is catapulted off the
ground arcing backwards towards the neighborhood pond thirty
yards behind them.

Plunging head first into the water, Gabriel is submerged. He
does NOT resurface.

Kneeling back down to Daniel, Alex checks his pulse. He’s
fading fast, but his wit resurfaces after a bloody cough.

DANIEL
Be honest, this blood makes me look
pretty rugged, right?

Alexandra rolls her eyes, placing her hand back over his
head. Tossing her wand into a nearby shrubbery, Alex closes
her eyes to concentrate.

ALEXANDRA.
(In Gaelic)
Deliver us to 4568 East Cactus
Road, Phoenix, Arizona.

A rushing wind blows out from between Alex and Daniel before
their shadows rise up from the ground and consumes them.
Their silhouettes return to the earth: both Alex and
Daniel’s physical forms fade, leaving nothing but smoke.

EXT./INT. DANIEL’S JEEP (LATER) 17

Alex is at the wheel while Daniel is slumped over in the
passenger seat. Alex takes her eyes off the road for just a
second to look over at Daniel. She bites her lower lip; must
not show concern.

EXT. DANIEL’S HOUSE (LATER) 18

Still sitting in the Jeep, Alex shakes Daniel’s shoulder.

Looking in the mirror, Daniel is surprised to find his
bruises, busted lip, and bullet wounds are completely
healed.

DANIEL
Did you fix this?

ALEXANDRA
It’s something my mom taught me.
DANIEL
That’s... extraordinary.

ALEXANDRA
Here...

Alex removes the GLASS VILE from her satchel.

ALEXANDRA
This will help.

Daniel takes the glass and removes the stopper. He examines the clear red-ish contents hesitantly.

ALEXANDRA
Please? Trust me.

With a nod, Daniel drinks the potion down.

DANIEL
I just wanted to say... to say...?

ALEXANDRA
I’m sorry about what happened, maybe we could try again some other time.

DANIEL
(Hazy)
I’m sorry about what happened, maybe we could try again... some other time?

Daniel strains to keep his focus on Alex, but everything begins to haze over. Flashes of memories bombard him...

IN THE FIELD - Daniel watches as the bullet from Gabriel’s revolver spiral slowly out of his stomach, and back into the gun.

IN THE PARKING LOT - Daniel watches Alex take a swing at the orange, but she disappears, and the golf club CLANGS as it falls to the ground.

AT THE PARK - Looking out among the empty grassy field, Daniel can hear bears, and screams, and Alex as she whispers...

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)
It’s probably best if you tell yourself it was all a dream.

SMASH CUT:
INT. DANIEL’S HOUSE (EARLY MORNING)
Springing up from his bed, Daniel frantically attempts to reorient himself in the midst of his cold sweat.

Hesitantly accepting that he somehow made it to his room, Daniel examines his left arm. Scrawled in black Sharpie ink is a PHONE NUMBER and a note: ‘try, try again’

INT. ENDORE ESTATE - ISABEL’S ROOM (SAME)
Lying in bed, Alexandra stares ahead at the silver candle floating above the wooden floor.

ISABEL (O.S.)
You look awful.

ALEXANDRA
I feel awful.

Alexandra moves back in the bed, allowing space enough for Isabel to lie beside her.

ISABEL
I wish I could say that it gets easier.

ALEXANDRA
But you can’t.

ISABEL
No. Not yet.

Isabel turns over to face Alexandra.

ISABEL
We do have a chance to make a world where we don’t have to hide anymore. We have that power.

ALEXANDRA
All the power in all the world can’t change the fact that I don’t know who I am, or who I’m supposed to be.

ISABEL
You could be mine, if that still means anything.

Isabel attempts to put her arms around Alexandra, but her PROJECTION flicker’s and fades away.
INT. ALEXANDRA’S HOUSE (SAME)

A silver candle, wick still smoking, falls from the air and on the floor. Alexandra rolls over on her back and stares up at her ceiling.

ALEXANDRA

No, no one has me... not yet.

Alexandra continues to stare through her ceiling and pierce the heavens as THE KILLER’S - SHOUT AT THE NIGHT fades in.

INSIDE - REBECCA’S ROOM

Sarah sits in bed with Becca reading the Bible to her. Holly watches from the door frame and smiles.

INT. ENDORE ESTATE (CONTINUOUS)

Bridget enters through the front doors. Her husband looks up hopefully, but Bridget hangs her head low and shakes it in defeat.

EXT. N. SCOTTSDALE DR. - NEIGHBORHOOD FIELD (CONTINUOUS)

Blue and red lights chase over the grassy lawn. As OFFICERS inspect the wrecked squad car, Eliso searches through the shrubbery.

Withdrawing his hand from the shrub, he withdraws a thin wand. With a maniacal scowl, he snaps the wand in half.

INT. SCOTTSDALE HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

The SNAP of the wand echoes through the recovery room. Heaving forward, Gabriel leans over the side of his bed and vomits a massive amount of water.

His eyes slowly regain their fire as he recalls his mission.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END