

THE SOURCE

Written by

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Address
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1.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - MORNING

The seats are mostly occupied by scholars and students. There are sounds of voices talking over other voices.

A young female STUDENT stands behind a podium on center stage. She taps the head of the microphone to check if its on. The room goes quiet.

STUDENT

Welcome to the University of Washington's Annual Philosophic and Religious Studies conference. Our speakers today have come from all around the world to share their thoughts on some of the most contemporary issues...

In the back of the room, there's JAMES LYNDEN - a man dressed like an FBI agent - sitting one empty seat away from the aisle. His legs are crossed with his notepad resting on his lap. He's repeatedly taps his pen against the pad. He appears impatient, uptight, but nonetheless confident.

He wipes his nose with the back of his hand and then pulls out a handkerchief. He blows really loud, like an old man with no self awareness. A couple students sitting behind him appear disgusted. He folds it up and puts it back in his coat.

SARAH COLLINS walks through the entrance. She's much older, wears glasses and looks like she works at a library. She stops right at the end of Lynden's row.

LYNDEN

Glad you could make it.

COLLINS

You should know that I hate these things.

Collins takes the empty seat.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

So you going to tell me why I'm here?

Lynden hands her the program.

LYNDEN

Take a look at who our first speaker is.

Collins looks down at the small list of names and finds written, "Nigel Harrington, PhD. - An Analysis of Modern Theology."

She laughs.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

COLLINS

Harrington is making some sort of comeback?

LYNDEN

Something like that...

COLLINS

What else could this be about?

LYNDEN

Just wait and see, Dr. Collins...

On the side of the stage, there's NIGEL HARRINGTON - a British guy in his late fifties, wearing and a nice dark brown suit. He adjusts his tie, pulling it down like he needs more air.

STUDENT

Our first lecturer today received his degree in theology from Cambridge University. His early work in the philosophy of religion has been quite influential in the western philosophic region. His book, "A Philosopher's Approach to Religious Dialect," is still today considered one the most significant works in modern philosophy. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, Dr. Nigel Harrington.

The crowd applauds with little-to-no enthusiasm. Harrington walks over to podium, carrying a folder in hand. He awkwardly nods at the student as she walks off the stage and sits in a seat nearby. Harrington steps up to the podium and faces the crowd. He looks up momentarily and then leans into the microphone.

HARRINGTON

Thank you.

The crowd goes silent.

Harrington places a manila folder on top of the podium and pulls out his notes. The title of the first page in bold letters says, "Demonic Interventions."

EXT. FRONT YARD OF DAVIS'S HOME - LATE DAY

A car is parked against a sidewalk in front of a small house in a suburban-like neighborhood.

DAVIS - a scruffy, pale skin man, who doesn't seem to be aging well - is sitting in the driver seat, just staring at the steering wheel. He looks into the rear view mirror but sees nothing but an empty street.

He looks down at a stack of mail sitting on the passenger seat. There's a postcard on top of the stack. He reaches for it, picks it up and stares at it.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - MORNING

HARRINGTON

Some of you may have come here to listen to me talk about the contemporary issues in the philosophy of religion... Unfortunately, I've decided to save that lecture for another time... Due to the emergence of some new evidence, I find that its necessary to share this new evidence in support of my recent work in demonology.

Collins smiles. She meets eyes with Lynden. He nods and then looks back towards the stage.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF DAVIS'S HOME - LATE DAY

The picture on the postcard is of a glacier. "Alaska" is written on the bottom. Davis flips over the postcard and reads the message:

D.-

I found him, but I'm being followed. I'm gonna tell him before its too late.

Godspeed,

E.

P.S. He changed his name to Jackson.

He flips the postcard over and stares at the glacier a little longer.

He gets out of his car, shuts the door and heads to the house, carrying the stack of mail along with him. He walks slowly, in no hurry at all. When he gets to the front door, he stops and looks down his street, staring at nothing in particular.

Just before he inserts his house-key into the lock, he stops himself. He looks down at the doorknob and sees that it has been completely torn out.

Davis slowly pushes the door open.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - MORNING

Harrington opens up the first slide of his powerpoint presentation.

The title, "Demonic Interventions," appears on the screen directly behind Harrington.

HARRINGTON

The theory on demon existence assumes that a divine entity created two realms: our realm - as in this world we live in - and then there is the demon realm. This demon realm is possibly quite similar to our own, with one exception: it is composed of life forms that are very different from our own.

According to Sinclair, the demons dominate the other realm as humans dominate this realm. With the exception of some humans though, the demons are perhaps all incredibly cruel and vicious. Choi argues that demons also possess a unique kind of existence to humans. They're immortal...

INT. DAVIS'S HOME - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Once inside, Davis cautiously takes a peek around the corner, into the kitchen. Pots, pans, silverware and even some food are scattered all over the kitchen floor.

He goes inside and tosses the stack of mail on the kitchen counter - The postcard falls off though - flips over and falls on the floor - Picture of the glacier facing up.

Davis looks around. The whole house is a mess.

Suddenly he hears a loud crash and it startles him. He turns around and takes a look down his hallway.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - MORNING

HARRINGTON

To note- Many of you may not be familiar with the name of Sinclair (among my other sources) and that's because all these important demonologists died young - all mysterious deaths before the age of forty.

Some of the people in the seats start looking confused and even start whispering stuff to each other.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Now, I have mentioned that there are two realms, our realm and the demonic realm... If we live in one realm and another species, such as demons for example, occupy this demonic realm, one may argue that in order for us to see these demons, we'd need some sort of source. A source that would give us access to both realms. This source, perhaps, would provide one with a portal.

The powerpoint slide changes to an old painting - demons directing human slaves through a portal. The painting looks ancient, kind of biblical.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

The existence of a portal, however, seems very unlikely, no matter what type of reasoning you use. Yet throughout the years, the nonexistence of demons and even portals have been called into question.

(MORE)

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Whatever the case may be - whether it's possible to jump through a portal or whether demons do exist - I have reason to believe that we shouldn't continue to quickly dismiss past evidence and even future evidence for the existence of demons.

Lynden has a list of names that Harrington cited as his sources. He's already got Sinclair and Choi crossed off.

Collins looks around the room, at all the people, and then she looks at the agent and notices his notepad.

COLLINS

(whispers)

I see you came prepared.

Lynden doesn't respond; he keeps his attention on Harrington, on the lecture.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

You set all this up, didn't you?
You wanted me to come out here and humiliate him in front of all these people.

Lynden stared straight ahead as he spoke.

LYNDEN

Dr. Collins, the United States government thanks you for your cooperation and assistance in protecting the ideals and beliefs of our country.

Collins rolls her eyes.

COLLINS

Oh God...

LYNDEN

Your contribution not only helps protect all these people here from being corrupted by Dr. Harrington's ideas, you've also managed to assist us with a matter of national security...

Collins laughs.

COLLINS

National security?

Two PROFESSORS, seated in front of her, turn around and look at both her and Lynden. Lynden raises his hand in a polite wave and mouths the words, "sorry." Collins makes no attempt to apologize though. They turn back around.

Lynden rearranges his notes.

LYNDEN

And of course, we will pay you generously for your services.

COLLINS

Well, I'd certainly hope so.

INT. DAVIS'S HOME - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - LATE DAY

Davis looks around for something to use for a weapon. He grabs a saucepan and then puts it back down when he finds a large knife on the kitchen floor.

He then slowly proceeds down the hallway, carrying a large kitchen knife. His legs are trembling and his face is now covered in sweat.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - MORNING

The crowd gets restless.

HARRINGTON

These are the fundamentals of demonology. The evidence in support of these fundamentals come from the accounts of individuals who have claimed to have had demonic interventions.

For decades now, there have been certain individuals who've claimed to be receiving telepathic messages from another realm, a demonic realm.

More and more people in the crowd begin to talk amongst one another. The loss of attention continues to escalate as Harrington gets farther and farther into his lecture.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Although one would normally ignore such an account, especially if it came from only one individual, when others have claimed to have had similar experiences, this subject is taken more seriously.

(MORE)

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
I'd now like to present my defense
of demonic interventions.

Harrington presents a power point slide with his argument
laid out in premise-conclusion format.

As Harrington goes on to explain his argument, Collins
starts to mutter something to herself.

COLLINS
This is ridiculous.

She raises her hand.

INT. DAVIS'S HOME - HALLWAY - LATE DAY

Davis has his back against the wall in the hallway, as he
slowly slides across it and inching his way towards his
office.

The noises get even louder, just before there's complete
silence.

He finds the door to his office is slightly open. He takes a
deep breath and then a peak into the room.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - MORNING

Harrington is looking down at his notes.

STUDENT
(whispers loudly)
Dr. Harrington?

Harrington looks over at her.

STUDENT (CONT'D)
The woman in the back right has a
question.

He finds Collins standing.

HARRINGTON
Well hello, Dr. Collins...

The entire crowd turn their heads to find Collins standing up
with an obnoxious smile on her face.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
For those of you who don't know,
this is Dr. Sarah Collins.
(MORE)

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

One of the most influential critics of theology and of course, my work on demonology. To what do we owe the pleasure?

COLLINS

Dr. Harrington, you present your arguments with such admirable clarity. I'm surprised by it, actually...

Harrington takes his glasses off and rubs his eyes, appearing annoyed.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

However, if I may point out one simple flaw.

HARRINGTON

By all means. Please share...

COLLINS

Well, Dr. Harrington, I'm a bit confused. It seems you've used a version of Hick's pluralistic hypothesis to establish some form rational belief in favor of demonology.

HARRINGTON

To some extent, that is correct. But-

COLLINS

From what I understand, Dr. Harrington - Hick believes that if an individual has a religious experience (or "claims" to have one) then that "religious experience" provides the individual with a reason to believe in the existence of the divine...

HARRINGTON

Uh... Yes...

COLLINS

Likewise, if we could find some good reasons to believe in divine interventions why not believe in demonic ones?

The crowd laughs and Harrington shakes his head.

HARRINGTON

In a sense, you are correct. But we are talking about a particular type of intervention.

COLLINS

You mean the ones where demons can send telepathic messages to our heads?

The crowd laughs again. Harrington starts trying to talk over the noise.

HARRINGTON

It seems that you are missing the point of my comparison. I have not used Hick's theory to justify beliefs in demons. I only mean to draw an analogy...

I only used his argument to show that there may be reason to look at demon existence a little closer! Hick says nothing about this subject! But by understanding this idea of one's right to except a religious experience, we may want to ask ourselves what makes a demonic experience any different. In both situations, one cannot always explain what actually goes on in another person's head. It could be visions sent from the almighty or it might be the case-

Lynden gives an evil smile, as other people begin to laugh and talk over Harrington.

Harrington starts talking louder into the microphone but it's no use. No one is listening.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I only provided a justification! Just arguing that one who claims to have experienced a demonic intervention is not being entirely...

Harrington gives up. He quickly walks over to the side of the stage and grabs a folder out of his briefcase and storms back over to the podium. He slams down a photo onto the surface of the overhead projector. The crowd waits momentarily as the image comes to view.

The slide projector shows a picture of a fossil - capable of standing upright, curved horns like a ram and bones thicker than any human being's.

The crowd begins to whisper to each other again, pointing at the slide, focusing all their attention on the image of a mysterious skeleton.

Collins stands motionless and like the rest of the crowd, speechless.

But once again, the silence doesn't last long. Members of the crowd begin talking louder to each other.

Some people start raising their hands to ask questions, while other people start yelling things like:

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1
That can't be real!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2
Picture proves nothing!

Lynden puts away his notepad and leaves the room.

Harrington still stands at the podium, his finger still on the photo of the fossil.

INT. DAVIS'S HOME - OFFICE - LATE DAY

Davis's office is a mess. His files and papers are all over the floor. The shelves from his desk have been taken out. Davis kneels down, finds his copy of the demon fossil photo on the floor.

Behind him, a large DARK FIGURE emerges. It holds up a large sharp axe. With one fluid swift motion, the figure takes out Davis.

The screen goes black, as we hear the sound of Davis's body collapsing onto the floor.

2.

EXT. DIVE BAR - RIGHT OUTSIDE BAR - LATE NIGHT

Live rock music can be heard from the street outside of The Sunset Tavern in Ballard, NW Seattle.

INT. DIVE BAR - MAIN ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A crowd of about 20 people are huddled around the small stage against the far wall of the bar. A few others are either sitting at the bar or in a booth, not paying any attention to the live band.

INT. DIVE BAR - BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

JACKSON, a grungy twenty-something male, sits up on the couch, unconscious. There are several items scattered across the coffee table in front of him, including open bags of heroin, marijuana, needles, prescription drug containers, and empty bags of Cool Ranch Doritos.

The band playing on the other side of the thin wall in front of him can be clearly heard. The vibrations from the bass drum rattle the instruments leaned up against the wall.

With a loud crash of the symbol, Jackson quickly awakens. He slowly moves his head to take a look around the room and assess the situation. Jackson pushes back his long hair and stretches his neck back to crack it.

Sitting there alone, Jackson leans forward and grabs at the marijuana stash on the table. He takes out a bong from underneath the table and packs a bowl. Ready to take a toke, he realizes he's without a lighter and begins shuffling through his pockets and the couch cushions.

Finally, Jackson finds a lighter from under the couch and takes a long rip from the bong. He is slow to get on his feet.

The band is heard finishing their song; Jackson shifts towards the door and exits the room.

INT. DIVE BAR - MAIN ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Three BAND MEMBERS stand around at the end of the hall, trying to pump each other up before they take the stage. Jackson approaches them. They turn to include him and he simply pats one of them as he moves right passed towards the bar.

Jackson knocks on the bar and throws two fingers up at the BARTENDER. A double shot of whiskey is quickly placed in front of him and Jackson throws it back without hesitation.

CUT TO STAGE:

Jackson plays guitar alongside the three guys from the hallway. With his head down and long hair draped over his face, Jackson keeps to the shadows in the back corner of the stage.

EXT. DIVE BAR - OUTSIDE THE BAR - LATE NIGHT

A mysterious black vehicle with tinted windows slowly drives by the tavern and parks a half block up the street.

INT. CAR (POV) - LATE NIGHT

The DRIVER #1 watches the entrance of the bar in the side mirror.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATE NIGHT

As the band finishes their short set and clears off stage, a creepy OLD MAN, struggling to catch his breath, approaches Jackson as he places his guitar in its case. The old man, clearly panicking, gets Jackson's attention before he is able to speak.

JACKSON

So...

OLD MAN

Can't talk here, not here. Not in front of everyone.

JACKSON

Excuse me?

OLD MAN

I really need to speak with you. It's urgent. Can we speak in private? I have something -

JACKSON

Ah. Sorry, old man. Not my thing. Try that guy over there.

Jackson points at a chubby college student in a sweater vest sitting at the bar. The old man is clearly confused.

OLD MAN

No, that's not - I just - Please, five minutes of your time. That's all I'm asking. I know who you are. I need your help and...

Jackson takes a look at the old man from head to toe, noticing his filthy appearance and raggedy clothes.

JACKSON
Shit, sorry man...

He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out some cash.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Here. Five bucks. That's all I've got. So, any further discussion here is unnecessary. Now scram, old man.

Jackson picks up his guitar case and begins to turn away. The old man just stares at him and crumples up the five dollar bill. Jackson turns back to face him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Go on. Git!

The old man becomes extremely irritated. He grabs Jackson by his collar and drags him towards the back room.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Get your fucking hands off of me, asshole. I don't fucking know y-

OLD MAN
I'm your UNCLE. You little shit.

Jackson shakes the old man loose in the hallway.

JACKSON
What?! Fuck off.

UNCLE
I know you... Who you are. The REAL you. I know all about your family, your parents, your PAST...

Jackson turns to face the old man.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
I know all about what happened... what you did... Jackson...

JACKSON
Just... don't. You're not my-... Just leave me alone, alright?

UNCLE
You don't know anything about your family, do you?

Jackson turns and walks towards the backstage room. The uncle follows.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

I know that you don't! In fact, I'm certain that you know absolutely nothing about where you come from. I can't imagine.(That's) enough to drive anyone mad. Not knowing where you come from.

Jackson continues moving towards the back room, but slows his pace considerably.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

I can't even imagine how you feel. You're different. Special. I know it just as well as you. Hell, I know a lot more about it than you! I could give you answers, bud-

Jackson stops before the door and turns to the old man.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Clayton...You look just like him-

JACKSON

Just - Stop acting like you know anything about me. You-

The uncle points at Jackson's chest.

UNCLE

Whatcha got there? Huh? You tell many people about that strange mark there on your chest? Who else knows about this?

Jackson is speechless.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

(That's) a little gift from your parents. That's no deformation. Believe me, there's a lot more to it than that. You'll soon find out how much of a burden it can be as well.

Jackson's demeanor changes; very interested now. His uncle pulls out a strange looking stone object, pulls down the collar of Jackson's undershirt and slams the stone into Jackson's chest. The stone locks perfectly into a deep indentation on his right breast.

A faint red glow emits from Jackson's chest as an incredible surge of energy flows through his entire body.

Looking terrified, Jackson stands frozen in front of his uncle, who seems to be going through some physiological changes of his own.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

So that's what it feels like...

Jackson looks confused. His uncle, on the other hand, looks like he's struggling to stand.

INT. BOOKSTORE - HARRINGTON'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Harrington quickly awakens and jumps up in bed with a worried look on his face.

EXT. DAVIS'S HOME - BEFORE DAWN

A loud ruckus can be heard coming from inside the house.

INT. DAVIS'S HOME - OFFICE - BEFORE DAWN

In the midst of tearing apart Davis's office, two large dark figures look up at each other and storm out of the room.

INT. DIVE BAR - HALLWAY/BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jackson appears to energized, fully alert and confident.

His uncle doesn't look so well; he appears pale, tired and weak. His voice has even changed - he talks slightly slower, like it's taking a lot of effort to talk.

UNCLE

You're not who you think you are.
It's important you learn exactly
who and what you are.

Jackson opens the door and lets his uncle enter the room first.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Who your parents were. I don't have
much time left, and neither do you.
It's not safe for you to stay in
the city. It's only a matter of
time before they find out who you
are and come after you too.

(MORE)

UNCLE (CONT'D)

There's a man in Friday Harbor that
you must-

Jackson reaches for the light switch, but before he can flip it on, a large dark figure appears from behind and lops off the uncle's head with one clean swing of its axe.

There is limited light coming in to the small room from the streetlights. Jackson looks down at his uncle's head rolling across his toes. He hesitates for a split second, and then looks up at the figure moving through the shadows.

The hooded figure suddenly bursts into the light and comes down on Jackson with a heavy swing of its axe. With incredible strength and reflexes, Jackson grabs the axe and stops it from slicing through his chest. He rips the axe from the figure's hands. Jackson shoves back at the dark figure with the axe, slicing it's arm and knocking it back into some boxes. It lets out a horrible, screeching howl. The creature lunges at Jackson again; he quickly maneuvers out of the way and sends the creature into the door.

INT. DIVE BAR - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

REMY, one of Jackson's band mates, stands at the other end of the hall with a beer, waiting to use the bathroom. Loud music drowns out the noise of the ruckus in the back room.

INT. DIVE BAR - BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jackson launches at the beast and sends the axe into the door as it moves to avoid the blow at the last second.

INT. DIVE BAR - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Remy notices the head of the axe break through the door.

INT. DIVE BAR - BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

While prying the axe loose, Jackson is tackled from behind. He loses the axe as they both crash to the floor.

INT. DIVE BAR - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Remy slowly makes his way down the hall towards the back room door.

INT. DIVE BAR - BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jackson delivers a blow to the beast's head with his elbow. The creature is thrown and Jackson pops up on his knees.

INT. DIVE BAR - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Right outside of the backstage room, Remy hears the loud crash on the other side of the door.

INT. DIVE BAR - BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jackson feels around on the floor, searching for the axe while the creature is slow to get up. When he finally finds the axe, the creature already has a hand on it.

INT. DIVE BAR - HALLWAY/BACKSTAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Remy opens the door and immediately sees two dark figures moving in the middle of the room. The larger of the two figures lets out another deafening howl.

Remy searches for the light switch. He flicks on the lights and finds Jackson standing alone in the middle of the room holding the large axe. The door to the back alley is swung open and the creature is nowhere to be seen.

REMY

Holy shit! What the fuck was that
sh-?!!! Oh, Jesus...

The headless corpse comes into the view and Remy instantly turns away.

JACKSON

Did you see that thing?

REMY

Nah..I mean YEAH...Nah. I dunno,
man. I saw something.

JACKSON

Fucking attacked us outta nowhere.
This guy was just telling me that
he was my uncle and that
thing...fuckin...Aw, shit.

REMY

Shit...Are you alright man? What
did he want from you? I mean...what
the hell was that thing?

JACKSON

Not a clue. Definitely wasn't human.

Jackson reaches for the object in his chest, making sure that it is covered up.

REMY

Wha-?

JACKSON

I don't know man. This shit is heavy. I...just can't deal with this right now.

Jackson notices a small piece of paper clinched in the hand of his dead uncle.

REMY

What does that mean? Dude -

Jackson bends down and snatches the paper out of the stiff hand. There is only an address written on the paper: 762 Gregarious Wy.

He crumples up the paper and shoves it in his pocket. He rushes across the room and grabs his jacket off of the chair in the corner. The axe is still in his hand, so he sets it down while he puts on his jacket. Jackson stares at the axe for a moment and then quickly looks over the room. He spots a guitar case to his right, flips it open, and places the axe inside. Jackson turns without saying another word to Remy and dashes out the back door into the pouring rain.

REMY (CONT'D)

Okay...Guess I'll just clean this up.

INT. BOOKSTORE - HARRINGTON'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Harrington rifles through pages of the many books now scattered across his bed.

EXT. ALLEY - LATE NIGHT

Jackson flees from the scene, sprinting down connected alleyways. Once a few blocks away from the bar, he stops for a moment to catch his breath. He leans against a wall and clutches his chest. Jackson pulls down his shirt collar and runs his finger across the stone object still resting in his chest.

JACKSON

FUCK!

He looks back down the alley, shakes his head and keeps running.

3.

EXT. DIVE BAR - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Rain falls against a windshield. The windshield wipers wipe away the drops, as the car approaches several blurry police lights.

Lynden pulls up to the crime scene in a dark colored SUV. He gets out and examines the area.

An ambulance and several police cars are already parked in front of the bar. A crowd of people surround the bar but are held back by the local authorities.

Lynden approaches SEATTLE COP #1 - who is still setting up caution tape around the outside of the front entrance. The cop stops what he's doing as soon as he sees Lynden.

SEATTLE COP #1

Hey, hey! You don't got any authorization.

Lynden reaches into his jacket and takes out a badge. The cop looks at it and then takes a closer look at Lynden. He pulls out his walkie-talkie.

SEATTLE COP #1 (CONT'D)

Hey, lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, what is it?

SEATTLE COP #1

There's an...Agent Lynden here?

There's a brief awkward moment of silence. Lynden rolls his eyes, looks at his watch and then stares back at the cop.

LIEUTENANT

Let him in.

INT. DIVE BAR - MAIN ROOM/HALLWAY - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Lynden enters the bar and finds several police officers and detectives examining every inch of the room.

A couple witnesses are being questioned to his right. Lynden only stops momentarily to take a look around the bar and then heads down the hallway towards the backstage room.

He takes a look at the damaged door, not yet realizing that an axe had gone through it. The detective nearby, meanwhile, is taking pictures of the gaping hole in the door.

INT. DIVE BAR - BACKSTAGE ROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

The LIEUTENANT is standing over the headless corpse. He sees Lynden, standing right outside the backstage room.

LIEUTENANT

Agent?

Lynden enters the room.

LYNDEN

Lieutenant.

As Lynden walks towards the lieutenant, he notices Remy sitting on the couch. Remy has a flask in his hand that he continually takes sips from while two police officers try to question him. Lynden doesn't know Remy but seems eager talk to him. He watches Remy, as the lieutenant starts asking Lynden questions.

LIEUTENANT

What brings you here, agent? I would've expected the FBI maybe...but not you.

Lynden looks around the room, shifting his eyes from the headless corpse, to the head, the blood on the floor and then back to Remy. Remy doesn't seem to be cooperating. The detectives questioning Remy keep trying to take the flask from him but Remy swats their hands away. Lynden is getting frustrated.

LYNDEN

You find anything on the body?

The lieutenant pauses, offended by Lynden's refusal to answer his question.

LIEUTENANT

No, there was nothing.

LYNDEN

Is that your suspect over there?

Lynden continues to look around the room.

LIEUTENANT

Not really... At least, not at the moment. His name's Remy. He's the one who called it in.

The lieutenant looks down at his notepad and flips back a few pages.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Claims he saw a large hooded figure escape out the back as soon as he entered the room.

He looks back up at Lynden.

LYNDEN

Does this large hooded figure have a gender?

LIEUTENANT

Umm... We're not sure. Given the little description we have and the manner of which this "hooded figure" killed this man, we're assuming it's a male.

Lynden nods his head, not making any eye contact with the lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

We're looking for his roommate, Jackson. Remy here claims he saw Jackson leave the bar with some girl, but I'm not convinced. I think Remy's covering for his boy. We got some witnesses saying they saw Jackson arguing with the deceased earlier tonight. One guy spotted him leaving the bar in a hurry down the side alley just before the body was found.

Lynden nods, though unimpressed.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

So who called you in, agent?

LYNDEN

Any idea on where this Jackson is?

LIEUTENANT

We got a squad checking his apartment, another one checking out the area within a 3 mile radius.

LYNDEN

He's not gonna go back to his apartment and he's not going to linger around. Is this all you got?

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, it's all we got. We just got here before you did. And I'm still not entirely sure why you're here, agent.

Lynden looks down at the corpse. He crouches down to get a closer look at the face.

LYNDEN

(Quietly to himself))
I've been looking for you for a long time.

LIEUTENANT

What was that?

Lynden stands.

LYNDEN

I'll take it from here, lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

What do you mean?

Lieutenant looks at Lynden, confused and offended. Lynden stares right back into the the lieutenant's eyes, with no intention of looking away.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Well, okay then. The place is yours, agent. Good luck...
Everyone out! Agent Lynden is taking over.

The lieutenant and some other detectives head for the door. Remy gets up off the couch like he's about to leave too.

LYNDEN

Not him.

Lynden points at Remy. Remy looks at Lynden - a look of fear running over his face, like he just got caught stealing.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Remy, you stay here with me.

Lynden walks up to Remy and snags the flask out of his hand and takes a swig from it.

REMY

Hey man! What the fuck-

LYNDEN

Sit down!

Remy sits down.

There's a few people still in the room - They look like they're from forensics - Packing their stuff away at a pace that is unacceptable to Lynden.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Hurry the fuck up, will ya?

The sound of his voice startles them - They hurry up - Grabbing all their stuff and scurrying out of the room. Lynden waits until he and Remy are left alone in the room.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Where is he?

Remy's hands are shaking.

REMY

Like I've said over and over, man. I don't know. Jackson had nothing to do with this. He left the bar with some blonde right after our set-

LYNDEN

Yeah, yeah, yeah. And how do you explain the witness' accounts? He was seen arguing with this guy.

Lynden points at the corpse.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

...Just before he got butchered to death. Another witness claims to have seen Jackson fleeing from the crime scene alone. No blondie. So cut the crap, Remy.

Remy leans back into the couch. He loudly exhales in frustration. Lynden takes a seat next to him.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Now, let's start from the beginning.

4.

EXT. FERRY BOAT - EARLY MORNING

Jackson leans over the railing and gazes out across the water, with the guitar case still at his side. He pulls out the piece of paper he took from his dead uncle's hand. Jackson stares at the address written on it for a moment and then crumples it up and stuffs it back in his pocket.

A copy of today's newspaper sits on a bench nearby. Jackson picks it up and begins flipping through the pages, searching for any report on the events of the previous night. He comes across an article about a death at a Seattle club.

The headline reads, "Beheading in local dive bar. Killer still at large." Below the headline, Jackson sees a picture of himself, listed as the main suspect.

Jackson looks around and quickly folds up the paper and tosses it in a nearby trash can. He throws on his hood and heads downstairs to hideout.

CUT TO:

Once docked on Friday Harbor island, Jackson waits until everyone else has cleared off of the ferry before he climbs back up to the platform.

Jackson makes his way down the ramp, looking around to make sure no one spots him.

5.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - NOON

Jackson approaches a large impressive building at the address written on the scrap of paper. Jackson pauses for a moment, as he examines the building. He takes out the crumpled piece of paper with the address written on it and checks again to see if he has the right address.

The front entrance says that the bookstore is closed. Jackson looks around a bit and then knocks on the door. No answer. He tries the door knob. It's unlocked. He opens the door and walks inside.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NOON

Jackson wanders around the store - He's surrounded by bookcase after bookcase and tables completely covered with stacks of books. He spots a checkout counter at the back end of the shop. The counter is unattended so Jackson rings the bell.

JACKSON

Hello?

Impatient, Jackson walks around the desk to the back corner of the room and approaches two sets of stairs, perpendicular to each other. He takes the stairs to the second level.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - OUTER HALL - NOON

Upstairs, there's a small hall that looks over the bookstore - it leads to a door. There's a fake plant next to a floor mat in front of the door.

The sign on the door says, "Nigel Harrington, PhD."

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Harrington sits at a table in the middle of his living room, flipping through some leather bound book. The television is on and the local news anchor reports the murder at a Seattle dive bar. He explains that the name of the victim has not been released yet, but displays a picture of Jackson on the screen as the main suspect. Harrington now stares at the television, focusing on Jackson's picture.

Someone knocks on Harrington's door. Harrington, confused, checks his watch. He gets up, walks over to the door as carefully as he can. He looks through the peep hole and sees Jackson. Terrified, Harrington quickly backs away from the door. He looks back at Jackson's picture on the television.

Jackson knocks on the door again.

JACKSON

Hello?

No answer.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - OUTER HALL - EARLY MORNING

Frustrated, Jackson knocks on the door even louder.

JACKSON
Hello? Anyone in there?

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Harrington attempts to back away further from the door but then he knocks over his coat rack, which tips over and slams against the hardwood floor.

INT. HARRINGTON HOME - OUTER HALL - EARLY MORNING

JACKSON
Hey! Open up! Come on, man. I know
you're in there.

The door slowly opens. Harrington stands before Jackson, nervous.

HARRINGTON
Can I help you?

JACKSON
My name is Jackson.

HARRINGTON
Yes, I know who you are.

Jackson is confused.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
You've been all over the news.

Harrington points to the television. Jackson sees his face on the screen.

JACKSON
Look, man - I don't know what you
heard. But I didn't kill anyone
last night...

Harrington, skeptical, keeps the door half open with a hand on the door knob.

HARRINGTON
Then why are they claiming it was
you?

JACKSON
Because I was there when it
happened. That thing chopped off
this guy's head and fled the scene,
leaving me in pool of blood.

HARRINGTON

What do you mean "thing?"

JACKSON

I don't know what it was. It just attacked us in the dark. Had a weird howl when I knocked it down on its ass.

HARRINGTON

Can I show you something?

Jackson nods.

Harrington waves in Jackson, instructing him to come inside.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NOON

Jackson walks through the door. Harrington doesn't move, lost in his thoughts.

Jackson takes a look around the room. One side of the room looks like a normal living room, complete with a set of couches and a coffee table surrounding a flat screen t.v. mounted on the wall. The other side is a private library - rows of hardbound books stacked up on several wooden shelves. All the books look like heavy reading - No paperback novel in sight.

Harrington walks over to his table. Jackson follows him. Harrington hands him a copy of the fossil photo. Jackson grabs it and studies the photo.

HARRINGTON

Is this what attacked you?

JACKSON

No...

No, I don't think so.

Jackson hands the photo back to Harrington.

HARRINGTON

You said it was dark though. How could you know for sure?

JACKSON

Because I remember pounding my fists against its head. There were no horns on it.

Harrington holds on to the photo, looks at it, thinks.

HARRINGTON

But you're sure it wasn't human?

JACKSON

That thing threw me across the room like I was nothing. It chopped off that guy's head with no effort. Definitely not human.

Harrington nods - Still thinking.

HARRINGTON

So how were you able to fend it off?

Jackson pulls down his shirt collar to reveal the object on his chest.

JACKSON

I'm pretty sure this thing helped.

Harrington stares at it, in disbelief.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

As soon as that guy slammed it into my chest, I instantly became stronger, faster, smarter. I felt like I was capable of things that I never thought I could do.

Something catches Jackson eyes - He picks up this one book off the table - A leather bound journal.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Is this yours?

He starts flipping through the pages.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What language is this?

HARRINGTON

It's called cedaric. A language that only two men understood... Unfortunately for us, they are both dead.

Jackson closes the journal and checks out the cover. There is a name engraved: "Clayton Rylan." Jackson traces his fingers over the engraving and looks at Harrington.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

The man who died last night was
Ethan Rylan. That journal belongs
to his brother, Clayton.

Jackson looks back down at the engraving, confused.

JACKSON

Ethan said he was my uncle...

HARRINGTON

I believe that makes Clayton your
father...
I'm sorry...

Jackson looks back at Harrington, speechless.

Harrington takes his glasses off and starts rubbing his eyes.

JACKSON

You okay?

HARRINGTON

I haven't been feeling well.

Harrington looks at Jackson's chest, where the strange object
rests.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

How long have you been wearing
that?

Harrington points to Jackson's chest. Jackson pulls his shirt
back down and stares at it.

JACKSON

Since last night. Ethan put it on
my chest before he got his head
fucking chopped off. Haven't taken
it off since.

HARRINGTON

Can you take it off now?

JACKSON

Don't think that's such a good
idea. This thing saved my life.

HARRINGTON

I think that thing will also get
you killed.

Jackson looks confused.

JACKSON
What do you mean?

HARRINGTON
I think whatever killed Ethan knows
that you're wearing that thing
right now.

JACKSON
What?

Jackson tosses Clayton's journal back on the table, giving
Harrington his complete attention. He crosses his arms.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
How do know you that?

HARRINGTON
(nervously)
Because I haven't felt the same
since Ethan put it on you.

Jackson looks at his chest, where that object is.

JACKSON
You saying you knew I had this
thing on me?

HARRINGTON
No, that's not what I meant...
I don't know exactly what it is.
But I do know that I don't feel the
same when you have that on.

Jackson looks at Harrington for a little bit longer, like
he's studying him.

Jackson then pulls down his shirt again and removes the
strange object from his chest. He holds it in his hands and
looks at it. His eyes begin feeling heavy and he starts to
look kind of sick. His knees begin to bend and his legs
start shaking. He starts to lose his balance, so he places
his hand on the table.

JACKSON
Aw man, now I'm not feeling right.

HARRINGTON
Maybe you should take a seat over
there.

Harrington points to the couch. Despite the shaky tone in his
voice, Harrington appears to be getting calmer, looking
healthier.

JACKSON

I'm not feeling so hot right now.

HARRINGTON

I know...

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Why don't you lie down on the couch over there? I promise, you'll be safe here.

Jackson stumbles over to the couch, takes off his jacket and tosses it on the other couch. He then drops the object from his chest on the floor, along with the axe, and collapses onto the couch cushions. He falls asleep immediately.

Harrington cautiously walks over. Jackson's face is completely immersed between the cushions - appears to be asleep. Harrington tries to pick up Jackson's stuff, but Jackson grabs Harrington's arm with a tight grip. Harrington is startled, as Jackson's eyes are wide open staring straight back into his. Harrington places his other hand over Jackson's and carefully pulls Jackson's hand away. Jackson then falls back asleep like nothing ever happened.

Harrington carefully places Jackson's arm on the couch. He notices the scabs and needle scars on Jackson's arms. Harrington picks up the object and guitar bag from the floor and then grabs the jacket off the couch and then he takes all that stuff with him into his bedroom.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - BEDROOM - NOON

The desk light in Harrington's bedroom is on when he walks in. He walks across the room to his desk. The desk faces out a window that's covered with curtains. Right near his desk is a Picasso painting hanging on the wall. Harrington places the axe and Jackson's jacket on the desk, but he holds on to the object from Jackson's chest.

He removes the painting and a safe is revealed. Harrington opens it and puts the object inside. He closes the safe and then goes back to the desk and unzips the guitar bag. Just as Harrington thought - there's no guitar in the bag, just a bloody axe. The axe won't fit in his safe so he just leaves it in the bag.

He walks over to his bed and sits down on the edge of it and thinks. A small smile comes across his face.

6

EXT. RYLAN CAR - SOMETIME DURING THE DAY

In a dream, Jackson experiences a flashback - A memory from his lost childhood.

BABY JACKSON is in the backseat of a car, sitting in a car seat. There's some jazz music playing on the radio. Cars on the other side of the road pass by his window.

It appears that Jackson's parents are sitting in the front seats. We see them through Jackson's eyes but Jackson can only see the back of their heads. Jackson's father, CLAYTON, is driving while Jackson's MOTHER is watching her husband. It looks like a perfect sunny day.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RYLAN HOUSE - DAY TIME

The flashback changes - Clayton is now opening the front door to a house, their house. Ethan is there now and he's carrying Jackson in his car seat. Clayton holds the door open. Jackson's mother is standing beside him, but you can't really make out her face. Her head is covered with a scarf.

She walks into the house first and Ethan is right behind her, holding Jackson. Her and Ethan seemed to be chatting about something but Jackson has no idea what they are saying - It just sounds like they are mumbling to each other. And then Jackson's mother laughs about something Ethan said.

INT. INSIDE THE RYLAN HOUSE - DAY TIME

In a tiny living room beside a kitchen - Ethan places the car seat with baby Jackson in it on the coffee table in the middle of the room. Ethan smiles at Jackson as he unbuckled his seatbelt. Jackson can see behind Ethan, he could watch his mother heading into the kitchen. She puts her purse down on the table starts walking towards the sink, as Clayton comes through the front door. He walks over the Jackson's mother and puts his arm around her, pulls her in close and kisses the top of her head.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Jackson wakes up and realizes that he's not entirely sure of where he is. Voices can be heard - a conversation between some woman and Harrington in another room. Jackson sits up, thinks. As he looks around he starts to remember.

His jacket is gone, it's no longer on the couch he left it on. The object he wore on his chest and that newly acquired axe are both gone. He looks at his arms. There are white bandages wrapped around them, between the forearm and elbow.

There's a glass of water on the coffee table. He picks it up and drinks the whole thing. He stands up and heads towards the voices.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

The door is shut. Jackson opens it without knocking first. He finds Harrington and an attractive dark-haired woman, LANE, standing by a window near Harrington's desk. She has Jackson's axe and jacket in hand. The handle of the axe is wrapped up in some cloth.

Harrington seems surprised to see Jackson awake already but Lane shows no emotion.

Jackson walks right up to Lane.

JACKSON

What the hell are you doing with my stuff?

HARRINGTON

Jackson, this is Lane. She's going to be helping us.

Lane holds out her hand for Jackson to shake but Jackson acts like he doesn't see it.

LANE

Well okay, that's one way to treat people...

Lane uncomfortably takes her hand away.

JACKSON

Why do you have my jacket?

LANE

I have a giant axe in my hand and you're worried about your jacket?

JACKSON

Yeah, I am actually.
What were you planning on doing with that axe?

Harrington removes the picture off his wall and opens the safe.

LANE

What were YOU planning on doing
with it?

JACKSON

Murdering things. What do you
think?

His response kind of catches Lane off guard, but she doesn't seem very intimidated by him.

Harrington pulls out another axe from the safe and leaves the object behind. Jackson pays no attention to him, too focused on Lane and the axe she's holding in her hand.

HARRINGTON

You won't be needing that axe
anymore, Jackson.

JACKSON

Oh yeah? And why the hell not?

Jackson realizes Harrington is holding another axe in his hands. This axe looks even cooler than the one Jackson had before. It's clean, shiny and has a dark wooden handle.

HARRINGTON

Because you already have one.

JACKSON

What... the fuck?

Harrington hands him the axe. An excited Jackson holds the axe in both hands, examining it from top to bottom, admiring it's craftsmanship. He then turns away so he's not facing Harrington or Lane. He holds the axe in his hands, slightly swinging it like he's just about swing a baseball bat. He starts saying things out loud, talking to the axe.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Can't wait to try you out.

Lane and Harrington watch Jackson and then look at each other, both concerned.

Jackson stops swinging the axe. He finds an engraving on the handle. Studies it. Brings it in for a closer look. Struggling to translate the engraving on the axe, Jackson mumbles the words:

JACKSON (CONT'D)

quod antea fuit impetus, nunc ratio
est...
Uhh... What the hell is this?

HARRINGTON

It means what was once reason
becomes habit.

JACKSON

Huh?

HARRINGTON

The axe belonged to Clayton. The
engraving must have been his.

JACKSON

Why do you have this?

HARRINGTON

A man named Landon Davis told me to
give it to you.

JACKSON

Who is Landon Davis? And wait, why
did Clayton own an axe?

Harrington looks at Lane.

LANE

Who's Clayton?

Jackson examines the engraving.

JACKSON

Harrington here says he's my dad...
Never met the guy though.

Lane looks awkward.

HARRINGTON

Lane, you'll need to excuse us.
Jackson and I have some things to
talk about.

LANE

Yeah, that's fine. I think we're
done here, anyway. I can see myself
out.

Lane picks up a duffel bag full of clothes. She takes a out a
brand new pair of jeans, some boots and hooded jacket and
lays them on the table.

LANE (CONT'D)

See you guys tomorrow night. Don't
have too much fun with that thing.

Jackson ignores her. She puts Jackson's jacket in the duffel bag and leaves the room.

Harrington watches her walk out the door and then looks at Jackson, who is still examining the axe. Confused, Jackson looks back up at Harrington.

JACKSON

What's going on tomorrow night?

Harrington sighs.

HARRINGTON

You hungry?

JACKSON

I could eat.

HARRINGTON

I'll tell you all about it in the kitchen. Let's get something to eat.

JACKSON

Sounds good. But what did you do with that thing Ethan gave me?

HARRINGTON

You mean the key? It's here. I put it in the safe.

JACKSON

Oh alright. Wait, why'd you call it a key?

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Two strips of bacon are thrown on a skillet. Harrington pours a bowl of egg yolk mixed in with a bunch of vegetables into another skillet.

Jackson sits on a stool behind the counter, flipping through Clayton's journals and some other books beside him.

JACKSON

So Landon Davis knew Clayton and Ethan?

HARRINGTON

According to Davis, that's correct. I met him after- Ouch!

Harrington burns his wrist on the stove. He shakes his wrist around, as if that will get rid of the pain. Jackson lifts his head out of the book and watches Harrington with little concern.

JACKSON
You alright there?

Harrington examines his wrist.

HARRINGTON
All good over here. Nothing to worry about.

But Jackson doesn't look too worried. He just goes back to flipping through the journal. He stops at one page and finds a sketch of the key in Clayton's journal.

JACKSON
Hey look at that! It's that thing...

Harrington puts the spatula aside and looks at Jackson, like he's not entirely sure of what he's talking about.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Umm you know. The fuckin key or whatever-

Jackson shows Harrington the page with the drawing.

Harrington nods his head and then adds some shredded cheese to them omelette and flips one side over.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
What the hell does this say underneath it?
How, again, do you know it's a key?

Harrington removes the strips of bacon and places them on plate and then places two more strips on the skillet to cook.

HARRINGTON
Umm.. Not entirely sure. I'm still trying to translate it.

Jackson pours some cream and sugar into his coffee and stirs it around with a spoon.

JACKSON
How long did you say it took you to learn this language?

He puts the spoon down and takes a sip of his coffee and then continues looking through the book.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

That's some good coffee.

Harrington just nods his head again.

HARRINGTON

I haven't really learned it yet. I only know a few words maybe. The rest I have to look up. Learning a language can be difficult when you have no one to speak it with.

JACKSON

So how are you learning it then?

HARRINGTON

Clayton, your father, made a little dictionary. Quite an impressive one, actually...

JACKSON

And where's that at? You put that it in the safe too?

HARRINGTON

That would be the brown book on your left.

Jackson reaches for the book and knocks over his coffee with his arm.

JACKSON

Aw fuck! Sorry man...

Harrington begins to panic - He scrambles around the kitchen, opens a drawer and reaches for a towel.

HARRINGTON

It's okay. It's okay. Just make sure your father's books don't get wet.

Jackson stacks his father's journals and reference book under his arms as Harrington throws a few towels over the counter and wipes it down. Jackson picks up one of the books that got wet on the counter and examines it.

JACKSON

"Demonic interventions by Nigel Harrington." Whaaat? You wrote this?

HARRINGTON

Yes.

Harrington wipes around the books that are still on the counter. Jackson opens Harrington's book and looks through it.

JACKSON

Is that how you have so much money?
You a big famous author or
something?

HARRINGTON

Or something...

Harrington throws the towel in the sink. Jackson sits back on the stool with Harrington's book in his hands. Harrington stands there, in front of the sink, and looks at Jackson.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

That particular book actually cost
me more money than it made me...
I used to write more popular books,
but they were all about religion,
not demons.

JACKSON

So what? You wrote about God and
stuff?

HARRINGTON

That's right.

Harrington awkwardly smiles.

JACKSON

But not anymore?

HARRINGTON

Not so much. I focused my attention
elsewhere.

Harrington returns to the stove and turns it off. He picks the skillet with the bacon and slides the strips of the skillet onto another plate.

JACKSON

Why demons?

HARRINGTON

I didn't think I had much of a
choice.

Harrington cuts the omelette in half and scopes up each piece and places it one of the two plates with bacon.

JACKSON
What do you mean?

Harrington pauses a moment, like he shouldn't have said what he said.

Slices of bread pop out of the toaster - Kills the awkward silence.

HARRINGTON
You know what?

Harrington places one slice of bread on Jackson's plate and hands it to him.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
It's a long story that I'll make sure to share with you at another time.

Harrington throws the other slice on his plate and walks over to take a seat beside Jackson.

Jackson immediately digs into his plate.

JACKSON
Good stuff. Thanks, Nigel.

HARRINGTON
Of course.
I know it seems a little early for breakfast but we have a long day ahead of us. So just keep drinking that coffee.

Jackson pours himself some more coffee.

JACKSON
Man... I've only had a half-a-cup and my heart is already racing.

Harrington pauses for a moment and looks at Jackson's arms, as if he realizes something.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

HARRINGTON
I almost forgot.

Harrington stands up and heads out of the kitchen.

JACKSON
Forgot what?

HARRINGTON
Hold that thought.

INT. BOOKSTORE - BATHROOM - PAST MIDNIGHT

Harrington goes into the bathroom (in his bedroom) and opens up the medicine cabinet, shuffling through a bunch of prescription bottles, reading the labels and trying to find the one he's looking for. He puts a couple of bottles in his jacket pocket and then grabs another bottle labeled "alprazolam" and takes it back with him to the kitchen.

INT. BOOKSTORE - KITCHEN - PAST MIDNIGHT

When Harrington returns to the kitchen, he finds Jackson holding open a book. The cover of the book says "Harrington's Descent: A Realist's Response" by Sarah Conner. Jackson sees Harrington and tosses the book aside like he's uninterested in it. Harrington acts like he didn't even notice Jackson looking at it.

Harrington places two pills on the counter in front of Jackson.

HARRINGTON
Take one of these now and drink
lots of water.

Harrington takes a seat.

JACKSON
What are these for?

Jackson picks up a pill and studies it.

HARRINGTON
The anxiety you're feeling right
now is just the beginning of your
withdraw.

JACKSON
My withdrawal?

HARRINGTON
You don't get scars like that from
recreational use.

Jackson looks at the bandages on his arms.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

You probably thought it was the caffeine and that might have a little to do with it but sooner or later you are going to want to use again. It's important that you don't. These pills will help with the anxiety for now but we're going to need to find some other way to deal with it later.

Jackson picks up the pills and takes them without drinking any water. Harrington grabs another plate and separates the food into two plates and hands one of them to Jackson.

JACKSON

You gave me Xanax?

HARRINGTON

Yes, it' all I have. But I'm sure it will help...
How did you know that it was Xanax?

Harrington looks at the label on the bottle.

Jackson just shrugs his shoulders.

JACKSON

Xanax is going to make me tired.
You know that right?

HARRINGTON

That's why I need you to keep drinking coffee.. I'm guessing this isn't the first time you've taken one.

JACKSON

(laughing)
Definitely not!

JACKSON (CONT'D)

This is delicious, Nigel. Best omelet I've had.

Harrington smiles.

HARRINGTON

Thank you...
One thing you should keep in mind, though you already might be aware of this- One of the side effects of Xanax is-

Jackson cuts a piece of the omelette with his fork and places it on the slice of bread, like open face sandwich.

JACKSON
Irritability? Yeah, I know...
I'll just a smoke a bowl...

Jackson takes a bite of the bread. Harrington looks at Jackson, concerned. Jackson puts his hand over his mouth as laughs while trying to swallows his food.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I'm kidding, guy..

Harrington shakes his head, can't help but laugh a little too.

HARRINGTON
Good.

JACKSON
What do you need it for?

Harrington puts the fork down, wipes his mouth and reaches for the pot of coffee.

HARRINGTON
I beg your pardon?

JACKSON
Why do you have prescription of
Xanax?

Harrington pours some more coffee into his mug and is silent for a moment.

HARRINGTON
My psychiatrists gave me a
prescription years ago. I had a
sleeping problem and he thought
that it might have something to do
with my anxiety.

Harrington pours some cream and sugar into his mug and stirs it.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
If my doctor is right, then given
tonight's agenda I'm guessing my
anxiety is going to be even more
difficult to manage than it has
been lately.

Jackson nods his head. Harrington pours Jackson a glass of water from a pitcher. They eat in silence.

7

EXT. CARGO SHIP - DAWN

A cargo ship travels through the open ocean at dawn.

INT. CARGO SHIP - COCKPIT - DAWN

The CHIEF MATE hands the CAPTAIN a cup of coffee to start the day.

CAPTAIN

Thanks

CHIEF MATE

Yeah.

CAPTAIN

We all clear? Should be hitting Rotterdam by midday. I'd like to have those crates unloaded by sundown.

CHIEF MATE

Just making the last of the rounds as we speak.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - CARGO DECK - DAWN

A CREW MEMBER casually makes his way through the shipping crates at the end of the cargo deck, walkie-talkie in hand. Before he turns to head down the last row, he notices something streaked on the side of a crate that looks to be blood. He touches the crate and inspects the red substance rubbed off on his finger, realizing that it's not only blood, but that it's fresh. The crew member moves towards the crate door and sees that the lock has been broken off.

CREW MEMBER

I need back up in the cargo deck now!
And bring some guns!

The crew member pries open the crate door and shines his flashlight inside. He slowly enters the crate and doesn't notice anything out of the ordinary. He turns to exit the crate and hears a scuffle in the back corner.

Pausing for a minute, he turns back and moves towards the back of the crate. As he reaches the back end, he flashes his light behind the last stack of crates and screams aloud. The flashlight crashes to the floor, shadows engulf the screen and a ruckus can be heard in the background as the crew member continues to scream for his life.

8

EXT. RAFT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

A full moon gives some light off the shore. Restless dark waters smack against a raft. The paddles are held by Harrington as he paddles his way to an anchored boat not too far from the shore. He faces Jackson who's sitting the back, next to something long wrapped up in a black blanket. Jackson stares at it and then out at the water.

JACKSON

You bring any water by any chance?

HARRINGTON

Check the backpack. There should be a canteen in there for you.

Jackson pulls out a canteen and drinks the whole thing.

JACKSON

Wow. Probably should've conserved some of that water.

HARRINGTON

Don't worry about it. We can refill it when we get to Anacortes.

Jackson nods.

JACKSON

Right.

Harrington continues to paddle. Jackson and him are silent for a moment. Each stuck in their own thoughts.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So... What's the N.A.D.A. all about?

Harrington looks at Jackson, surprised.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I saw something about them in your book...

HARRINGTON

Umm... The N.A.D.A. is the North American Defense Agency. It's one of seven. Each continent has its' own agency. In a sense, you could call them a branch of the government.

JACKSON

(in disbelief)

Like the US government?

HARRINGTON

The US, Chinese, British, Russian... They each answer to their respective agency.

JACKSON

So these agencies are like secret agencies or something?

HARRINGTON

Very secretive. Not many people know about them. Most people would actually call their existence a conspiracy...

The raft pulls up to the back of Harrington's sports fishing boat. It's fairly impressive boat, not too big but big enough to carry several people - All white with a closed cabin at the helm. Harrington stops paddling when he's close enough to touch the boat.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

That is - Unless you're a demonologist...

Jackson smirks. Harrington looks up at the boat and then back at Jackson

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Okay, let's get all this stuff on board and get moving.

EXT. BOAT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Jackson and Harrington load the large sack, among other bags, onto Harrington's boat. Harrington then goes about handling the anchor while Jackson brings the raft on board to deflate.

Jackson looks at the raft, like he's trying to figure out how to deflate it. Harrington watches him.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
You okay over there?

JACKSON
Yeah...

Jackson looks at the raft some more, puts his hands on his hips.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Actually, I take that back. I have
no idea what the hell I'm doing.

Harrington laughs and then points to one side of the raft.

HARRINGTON
You notice that cap towards the
back left corner.

Jackson looks to find the plastic cap.

JACKSON
Yeah, got it.

HARRINGTON
Good. Turn it counter clockwise and
then remove the rubber plug inside
of it. You might need to step on it
a bit to make it deflate faster.

JACKSON
Alright got it.

HARRINGTON
Good.

The raft begins to deflate. Jackson starts to step on it for a bit. Harrington lifts the anchor.

JACKSON
So what's their deal?

HARRINGTON
I don't think I understand the
question.

JACKSON
The Agency. Who are they? What do
they do?

HARRINGTON
Oh. Yes. Umm, well - Their exact
purpose is still a mystery. We can
only speculate.

(MORE)

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

In the past, they've gone to extraordinary lengths to conceal any evidence for the existence of demons.

JACKSON

Wait, why?

HARRINGTON

That's a good question. For some reason, they believe the people are better off not knowing.

Jackson nods, like he's trying to register all this information.

Harrington is all done with the anchor. He watches Jackson, who is still deflating the raft.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

That should be fine for now. Just roll it up and put it in the back compartment.

Harrington points to the back of the boat. Jackson takes the raft to the back as Harrington heads to the cabin.

Harrington is on the wheel, steering the boat. Jackson stands beside him in the doorway. He takes a deep breath and exhales, like he just put in a long day of work. He looks ahead in the direction Harrington is taking to boat.

JACKSON

Were Clayton and Ethan working for the agency?

HARRINGTON

Your father, yes. Ethan, no. How did you know that?

JACKSON

Just got the feeling he played a bigger role in all of this.

Harrington nods his head as he continues to steer the boat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So how did you get a hold of Clayton's journals anyway?

Staring straight ahead and watching the dark blue water, Harrington begins telling his story.

HARRINGTON

Last month I was trying to get my life back together. I put my work on demonology aside and attempted to regain my credibility as a Religious Studies Scholar. After one small, yet successful, lecture, I thought I was back on track of living a normal life again... That is... Until I was approached by a certain woman...

INT. RANDOM LECTURE HALL - OVER A MONTH AGO

In small lecture room - There's small sign in the front of the room that says, "Dr. Nigel Harrington - A Response to Richard Dawkin's Atheism."

The room is not at all crowded. People are standing around now - Some of them are leaving, as others are just hanging out and chatting.

Near the back of the room is Harrington, who appears to be enjoying himself. He's ending a conversation he's having with some random people, when a woman - MCKENNA - approaches him - mature, blonde, wearing glasses and very attractive.

Harrington turns around, intending to head for the exit but the woman stops him. He can't help but stare at her, admire her beauty.

HARRINGTON

I'm sorry, I can't take anymore questions. I have a prior engagement I must attend to-

He attempts to walk by her but she gently places her hand on his arm.

MCKENNA

Dr. Harrington?

He stops immediately, gives her his complete attention.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

I suggest you cancel any plans you have tonight.

She removes her hand from his arm.

HARRINGTON

I'm sorry. But who are you?

MCKENNA

My name is McKenna, I'm a private investigator. A man by the name of Landon Davis paid me a lot of money to find you.

HARRINGTON

(suspicious)
I beg your pardon?

MCKENNA

Landon Davis would like to see you.

A look of confusion comes across Harrington's face.

HARRINGTON

Landon Davis? No...

He begins to nervously laugh.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you must be mistaken.
Landon Davis has been dead for
almost twenty years.

The woman smiles at Harrington and then reaches into her purse and pulls out a small envelope and hands it to Harrington.

Harrington takes the envelope, intrigued. He opens it and finds a plane ticket to Copenhagen, Denmark.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I don't understand...

MCKENNA

I'm sorry, Dr. Harrington. I only know what I'm told.

Harrington looks at the ticket again.

HARRINGTON

This ticket says the plane leaves tonight. You can't possibly think that I'd cancel plans to meet with a man that I just told you is dead.

MCKENNA

He told me you'd react that way.

HARRINGTON

Well of course! He's dead!

She moves closer to Harrington.

MCKENNA

(whispers)

I assure you, Dr. Harrington.
Landon Davis is not dead. He's
alive and he needs to see you.

HARRINGTON

I'm sorry, I'm just trying to wrap
my mind around all this. How do you
know? What does he want to see me
for?

MCKENNA

I only know what I'm told.

Harrington sighs. He looks around the room, like he's trying
to see if anyone has overheard his conversation with McKenna.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

There will be a man waiting for you
at the airport. He'll drive you to
see him.

McKenna turns around to leave but then stops and looks back
at Harrington.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Oh, and Dr. Harrington?

Harrington looks at her, says nothing.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Come alone. And don't tell anyone
where you're going. He'll know...

McKenna turns around and heads through the exit, as
Harrington watches.

INT. COPENHAGEN AIRPORT - MORNING

Harrington leaves his terminal. He's walking down the
escalator and sees DRIVER #2 in a all black suit holding a
sign with his name on it: "Dr. Nigel Harrington."

HARRINGTON

I'm Dr. Harrington.

DRIVER #2

Let me get your bag...

Harrington hands him his luggage and they head toward the
exit.

HARRINGTON

Can I ask you a question?

DRIVER #2

Depends on the question, doctor.

HARRINGTON

Do you know a Landon Davis?

DRIVER #2

No, sir. Someone just hired me to pick you up and bring you back to the airport.

HARRINGTON

So you have no idea why I'm here?

DRIVER #2

I only know what I've been told.

Harrington sighs, in frustration.

HARRINGTON

Of course...

EXT. ASSISTENS CEMETERY - MORNING

It's cold, overcast. A car drives along the perimeter of the cemetery. It's near the entrance and slows down to a stop. Driver #2 opens up the back door of the car to let Harrington out.

DRIVER #2

I will be waiting out here to take you back to the airport, after you've finished.

HARRINGTON

Where do I go?

DRIVER #2

Look for Kierkegaard's grave.

Harrington gets out of the limo and walks through the cemetery gates. He wanders around and then follows the signs to Kierkegaard's grave. He arrives at the grave, Kierkegaard's grave - But Kierkegaard doesn't have his own grave - He shares his grave with many of his other family members.

Harrington stares at it for a few moments, admiring it - With the sense that he's all alone - Until he hears footsteps behind him.

DAVIS

Life can only be understood
backwards; but it must be lived
forwards...

Harrington turns around to find a man in a brown trench coat and scarf around his neck - It's Davis, wearing a briefcase with a strap over his shoulder.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Your favorite quote from
Kierkegaard, isn't it? You
practically use it in every one of
your books.

HARRINGTON

I like the quote. But I could never
give Kierkegaard full credit for
that thought.

DAVIS

No, you gave Hegel credit. You just
think Kierkegaard puts it in better
words.

Harrington is impressed, he has nothing to say.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

It's a shame really, isn't it. Our
inability to live normal lives, to
be burdened with such dangerous
circumstances - And for what? For
some ultimate purpose? A purpose
that will never be revealed to us
until after we're dead?
No wonder Kierkegaard hated
Hegel...

Harrington smiles, in utter disbelief.

HARRINGTON

Are you really-?

DAVIS

Landon Davis.

He shakes Harrington's hand.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry we had to meet like this
but we didn't have many options.

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

We each had to travel far enough from our homes - And meet in a place like this - Where no one can overhear what I'm about to tell you.

HARRINGTON

How are you still alive?

DAVIS

I was never dead, Dr. Harrington. I've just been... quiet... Look, I'm sure you have a lot of questions to ask me. But we don't have much daylight during this time of the year - Not in this country, at least...

Davis turns and faces Kierkegaard's grave. Harrington does the same thing.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I've been following your work for years. All of it. Even your work in theology.

HARRINGTON

All of it? But why?

DAVIS

Because I thought if I read all your work, I'd be able to figure when exactly you developed your condition.

HARRINGTON

My condition?

Davis looks at Harrington.

DAVIS

(sympathetic)

Yes, Dr. Harrington. I know all about your condition. You don't need to deny it here.

Davis turns and faces the grave again. Looks around the cemetery - At the long trees, the squared bushes and the bright green grass.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

You know - I have to admit - At first, I had no idea how you've managed to stay alive all this time. But after studying your work and learning more about you, I realized your situation is a lot different than many others with your condition. You're very lucky, Dr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON

Lucky? If I even mention the words demonic interventions...

DAVIS

Then what? People laugh? Let them laugh. Let the agency laugh. As long as they laugh and the people laugh with them then you don't have to live your life being afraid.

HARRINGTON

My wife and son left me!

DAVIS

If you care for them - If you love them - then they are better off without you.

HARRINGTON

How would you know what's good for me or my family?

DAVIS

You're alive, doctor. And as it appears, there's no reason why anyone would need you dead. Do you know what it's like wondering if each day will be your last? No... You know what it's like to be frustrated, embarrassed when you mention the word, "demon." But you don't know what it's like to be afraid to die.

HARRINGTON

You have those visions too? Is that why you're hiding?

DAVIS

No, Dr. Harrington. I'm on the run because I've spent my life protecting individuals like yourself and my friend... There is one other person alive that I know of who has your condition... and it isn't me...

HARRINGTON

He's alive?

DAVIS

For now...

HARRINGTON

Who is he?

DAVIS

It's better that you don't know now.

Davis removes the strap from his shoulder and hands Harrington the briefcase.

HARRINGTON

What is this?

DAVIS

It's the reason I asked you fly across the country. There are journals in there that belong to an old friend of mine. His name was Clayton. He was a good man. You'll find some valuable information in those journals. You'll need to translate them, of course. There's a reference book in there as well. Clayton made it himself.

HARRINGTON

Have you read them?

DAVIS

I tried to. But I couldn't figure out the language. I was never very good at that stuff. That's one of the reasons why I've asked you to help.

Harrington tries to pull out a book.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Don't take that out!
Never take any of these items out
in public. Keep them safe. You're
going to need to explain to
Clayton's son what his father
wrote.

HARRINGTON

His son? How am I going to find his
son?

DAVIS

He'll find you.

Davis reaches into his pocket and hands Harrington some keys.
Harrington holds them in his hand, staring at them.

HARRINGTON

What are these for?

DAVIS

There's something else I need you
to give his son - A large package.
It's waiting for you in a parcel.
The locations to it is also in the
briefcase. Whatever you do, don't
lose that briefcase!

Harrington focuses on every instruction.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I couldn't give you the package
here. You'd never be able to get it
on the plane...

But Harrington looks concerned.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Please, just trust me.

Harrington nods. Davis checks his watch.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

We should get moving. I have a
plane of my own to catch.

HARRINGTON

Can I contact you?

DAVIS

I'm afraid not, doctor.

Harrington appears skeptical.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Look - Bring that briefcase with you as your carry-on. When you're on the plane do not remove anything but the small binder. Open it up when no one is looking and take a look at the photograph...

And Dr. Harrington just remember - They laugh because they think you don't have proof - any evidence to support your claims - no matter how great your work is. They laugh and then you doubt yourself. But don't worry... You'll stop doubting yourself soon enough.
Good luck and Godspeed, Dr. Harrington.

Davis walks away. Harrington stands still, looking at the briefcase. He then puts it on and heads back to driver #2. He tries to see where Davis is at, but when he turns around he can't find him anywhere.

EXT. BOAT - SOMETIME AFTER MIDNIGHT

Still standing at the helm, Harrington's hands are still resting on the wheel, still telling Jackson about his meeting with Davis. Jackson is leaning against the door frame - Appears to be listening.

HARRINGTON

I picked up the package at the location Davis sent me to - It was indeed a large package. That's where I found your father's axe. I don't know how Davis managed to get it there but he found a way obviously...

Harrington looks over at Jackson, who is staring straight ahead, mind wandering. Jackson finally meets eyes with Harrington.

JACKSON

Wait. What?

9.

EXT. FRIDAY HARBOR - SUNRISE

There's a shot of Harrington's boat from far away. It coasts from Friday Harbor to Anacortes. The sun is rising over some mountains - It's still cloudy but sunrise still manages to make water lighter. The shot of the boat zooms out - The farther the shot of Harrington's boat gets, the more mountains and trees are shown surrounding areas of the water.

EXT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

A cloudy day in Seattle. We zoom in on Jackson, who has his hood on when he shows up at his apartment. He stands in front of the main gate, as it starts to rain.

INT. COP CAR - MORNING

Two COPS are patrolling a nearby neighborhood and not really saying anything to each other, when their walkie talkie goes off:

RADIO VOICE

All units report: We got anonymous tip that Jackson Granger has just been spotted.

The cops look at each other.

SEATTLE COP #2

That idiot really came back to Seattle?

SEATTLE COP #3 takes a bite of his hot dog and takes a sip of his big gulp to wash it down. He clears his throat.

SEATTLE COP #3

Fuckin' idiot...

They turn on the siren and make a huge U-turn at the first stop light. The tires peeling out before the speed off.

EXT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

Jackson spots Remy walking home to their apartment. Remy sees Jackson and immediately runs to him. Jackson - unsure of what to do - looks at his watch.

JACKSON

Shit!

Remy hurries over to Jackson with a swarm of questions.

REMY

Jack! What the fuck, man? What are you doing here? There are cops all over this place, looking for you.

JACKSON

Remy, just go upstairs.

But Remy keeps talking, while Jackson is frantically looking around.

REMY

Go upstairs? Dude, what the fuck are you talking about? I need to tell you something, man. There was this guy in a suit, I think the cops were calling him agent Jay-mo or some shit like that.

Just then, they both hear the sirens. Remy stops talking.

REMY (CONT'D)

Jack, you gotta get the fuck out of here now!

JACKSON

Yeah, no shit!

Jackson begins to run one way and then gets cut off by a couple of patrol units. He has to change his plan. He looks down the path he was supposed to run to - But he runs the other way, past Remy and through his apartment complex.

Remy watches him, seeming helpless as he watches the cops chase Jackson - Remy tries to step in front them, blocking their way.

REMY

Whoa, whoa... What's the deal here-

But Remy gets pushed away and knocked down on his ass.

REMY (CONT'D)

OUCH! What the fuck, man?

When Jackson gets to the fence, on the other side of his complex, he finds another patrol car waiting for him.

JACKSON

JESUS!!!

Jackson heads the left and immediately hops over a fence. He goes around the complex again and tries to get back on track.

EXT. RANDOM ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Jackson appears to be standing still beside a building, waiting for the officers to come around the corner. At least, it looks like Jackson - wearing the same clothes, the same jacket with the hood on.

Once the cops come around the corner, Jackson takes off again. The cops seem confuse on how far Jackson had gotten, but they keep running after him.

Jackson turns another corner to find his SUV parked against a curb. He slides underneath it and crawls towards the sewer. Jackson gets through the entrance with ease and disappears into the sewer.

INT. SEWER - MORNING

The camera zooms in on who we thought was Jackson - crawling down from the sewer drain. Once on the ground, Lane takes off the hood to reveal herself.

She runs down the sewer - her feet splashing in the disgusting water - She pulls out a detonator and presses a button.

EXT. RANDOM ALLEYWAY - MORNING

The cops make it around the corner just in time to see Jackson's vehicle explode. They keep a safe distance from the vehicle as they watch it go up in flames. One of the officers spot what looks like a burning body in the driver seat - He points it out to the other officers. All seem completely perplexed by the turn of events.

INT. SEWER - MORNING

Moving through the sewer, Lane slows her pace as Jackson finally catches up to her. He splashes his way up from behind.

JACKSON

You smell like shit.

Lane smiles, as if she's relieved to see that Jackson found his way to her, or that the plan had worked.

LANE

I was beginning to think you wouldn't pull it off.

JACKSON

Yeah, me too.

LANE

You almost blew it back there.

JACKSON

I know. I know. I'm sorry. I ran into my roommate.

LANE

Kind of a convenient time to catch up with an old buddy, wouldn't you say?

JACKSON

Real convenient... You think the cops suspected anything?

LANE

Well, they probably noticed that I was a lot faster than you.

JACKSON

How do you figure?

LANE

They were right behind you and then, all of a sudden, I was a mile ahead of them.

JACKSON

Shit. You're right. You think we fucked it up?

LANE

We? This one's on you, bud. Not that it really affects me in any way.

JACKSON

Seriously. You think I'm in the clear?

LANE

We'll find out soon enough...

JACKSON

Fuck me...

There's a long pause as they walk side by side in the sewer.
Jackson watches Lane.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So why ARE you helping me? What is
your role in all of this?

LANE

Role?

JACKSON

Yeah. I mean - has he told you
about me? What I am?

LANE

I know what I need to know.

JACKSON

What's that supposed to mean?

LANE

Harrington wants to protect me as
much as he can. So he tells me the
less I know the better...

JACKSON

Sounds about right...
So...

LANE

What?

JACKSON

You haven't answered my question.
Why are you helping me?

LANE

I'm not helping you. I'm helping,
Nigel... You just happened to be
involved in the process...

JACKSON

Okay, so why you helping, Nigel?

LANE

Nigel is like a father to me... I
owe that man, my life.

Jackson is clearly intrigued.

LANE (CONT'D)
 ...He's also paying me A LOT of
 money.

JACKSON
 Not a bad incentive... Wait. How
 much, exactly, is A LOT?

Lane just laughs and keeps walking.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 So how do we get out of this shit
 hole?

LANE
 Harrington told us to keep heading
 west until we reach the south
 route. He'll pick us at the seventh
 outing.

JACKSON
 Guess we should get a move on then.

10.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DUBLIN AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Agent Lynden is shown exiting the airport. There's a black SUV with tinted windows parked curbside waiting for him. Lynden, holding nothing but a briefcase, looks around the airport, people watching for just a moment, before he opens the back door and gets inside.

Inside the SUV, GWEN sitting in the back seat. She's well dressed brunette - British - really attractive.

GWEN
 Smooth flight?

LYNDEN
 It was alright.

Lynden takes the seat beside her and keeps his briefcase on his lap.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
 It's been a long time, agent.

GWEN
 You can call me Gwen, Lynden.

LYNDEN
I'd rather call you agent.

Gwen rolls her eyes.

GWEN
As you wish, agent.

They are both silent as the vehicle drives out of the airport and merges onto the highway. Lynden stares out his window, as if he admiring the scenery but he's really just deep in thought. Gwen watches him momentarily, until she catches the hint that Lynden is purposely trying to avoid a conversation her. So she looks out her window too. She already seems irritated with him.

DRIVER #3 looks up at his rear view mirror, looks at Gwen and then Lynden. Gwen looks back at driver #3, through the same mirror. Driver #3 focuses back on the road.

LYNDEN
Have you determined the murder
weapon?

GWEN
An axe.

LYNDEN
An axe?

Lynden looks at Gwen.

GWEN
Yes. An axe.

She looks at him.

LYNDEN
Single headed?

GWEN
Yes...

Lynden turns around and faces the window.

LYNDEN
Hmm.

GWEN
Something you're not telling me,
Lynden?

Lynden doesn't answer.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Anything you're not telling me,
agent?

LYNDEN
No, I just think it's a bit ironic.

Annoyed, she raises her voice.

GWEN
What's ironic? You better start
talking!

LYNDEN
Calm down, Gwen...
You heard about the decapitation in
Washington, right?

GWEN
Ethan Rylan. Yes.

LYNDEN
Well we think a similar weapon was
used.

GWEN
An axe?

LYNDEN
That's what it looks like. Some
sort of medieval looking thing..

Gwen is quiet, processing the information. She turns around
and looks out her window.

GWEN
It supposedly consisted of a curved
blade..

Lynden doesn't say anything, just nods his head.

GWEN (CONT'D)
That was the same night of
Harrington's lecture.

LYNDEN
(sarcastically)
That's right. You've been keeping
up with his fascinating work?

Lynden laughs but Gwen's demeanor remains the same.

GWEN

I was told he presented a photo of a fossil.

LYNDEN

Oh he showed a photo alright...

She rolls her eyes.

GWEN

You know that photo is all over the internet?

LYNDEN

(defensive)

So what?

GWEN

So what? What's the point of our job, agent?

Lynden becomes defensive.

LYNDEN

You really think anyone is going to take him seriously? You watched the video, didn't you?

Gwen nods, unassured.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Collins tore him apart. She made him look like a fool.

Lynden checks his phone.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Showing off a picture that looks no better than one of those UFO sightings...

Gwen shakes her head.

GWEN

Still not a believer, are you?

LYNDEN

A believer in what? Demons?

GWEN

Not necessarily.

LYNDEN

Then what?

Lynden looks up, at Gwen and then back out his window -
Checks out the scenery off the freeway - But deep in thought.

The car starts to move to an exit lane.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Where are you keeping his body?

GWEN

It's already been moved to our
headquarters.

Gwen stares straight ahead at the road. Her response angers
Lynden. He looks at her in disbelief.

LYNDEN

You moved it to London?

Gwen smiles.

GWEN

Yes, London. That is the location
of our headquarters.

LYNDEN

Goddamn it, Gwen!

GWEN

Maybe if you had arrived a couple
days earlier...

LYNDEN

I was busy!

GWEN

You couldn't miss a lecture about
demons? Please...
You really think we'd just leave
the body and photo there until you
got here?

LYNDEN

Photo? Davis had the photo?

GWEN

(sarcastic)

Oh he had the photo alright...

Lynden shakes his head in frustration.

LYNDEN

You gotta be kidding me...

Gwen smiles - seems proud of herself. Lynden is so pissed off he doesn't even look at her.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Why are we even going to Davis's house then?

GWEN

I was instructed to take you there.

LYNDEN

The body is in London. I need to be there.

Gwen raises her eyebrows, shakes her head.

GWEN

Unless I get some authorization, we have no reason to take you there.

Lynden sighs.

LYNDEN

We almost there?

GWEN

It's just straight ahead.

She looks up at driver #3's center mirror to get his attention. Driver #3 looks up at the mirror.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Take the next exit.

EXT. DAVIS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

There are DUBLIN OFFICERS standing in front of Davis's house, apparently guarding it. Lynden walks in front of Gwen as they approach the house and the Dublin officers just let them walk by.

There's caution tape on the front door to Davis's house. Lynden takes a look at the door. He studies the damage of where the door knob used to be and then squats down to examine the doorknob on the ground.

GWEN

Seems as though the door knob was ripped off the from outside. And then-

LYNDEN

How can someone tear a door knob
right off?

GWEN

Maybe it wasn't a human being.

Lynden sighs.

LYNDEN

Get real, Gwen.

He stands up, carefully examines every inch of the door
frame, tracing his hand across it. She watches him. Lynden
pushes the door open, looks at Gwen and smiles.

GWEN

What are you waiting for?

Lynden goes inside.

INT. DAVIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Lynden walks in and puts his hands on his hips. He looks
around, trying to understand what happened. He looks at the
pots and pans scattered all over the floor and then at the
rest of the mess. The living room is connected to the kitchen
so he looks in there. He checks out the plain white walls -
there's no T.V. - Books are thrown all over the place. A
wooden table is knocked over.

LYNDEN

Any idea what they were looking
for?

GWEN

I have a few.

Lynden shakes his head as he makes his way to the hallway.

LYNDEN

Right. Of course you do.

INT. DAVIS'S HOUSE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lynden squats down to examine the bloodstains on the carpet.
Gwen stands beside him.

Lynden then looks at the blood on the door and desk. He then
looks out the door and down the hallway.

LYNDEN

He was attacked from behind.

GWEN

Yes. That's what we think happened too.

LYNDEN

No, that is what happened.

Gwen nods her head. She watches Lynden. He stands up and walks out of the office.

INT. DAVIS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Lynden looks around the hallway, seems to be deep in thought like he's in the process of imagining how the whole murder had gone down. He walks down the hallway, toward the kitchen.

LYNDEN

Davis was walking down the hallway..

Gwen watches him, trying to see what he's seeing. Lynden turns around and looks down the other end of the hallway, towards the room that Davis was heading for before he got killed.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

He might have heard something - some kind of ruckus - in his office... So he headed there, carrying something.

GWEN

A knife.

LYNDEN

A knife?

Gwen nods, assures him.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Let me guess. It's already wrapped up and neatly tucked away in some archive in London?

Gwen smiles. Lynden appears frustrated.

GWEN

So... Davis knew they were still in his house?

LYNDEN

They?

GWEN

How else could there have been
someone in one room while someone
else attacks him from behind?

He nods.

His cell phone rings.

LYNDEN

This is Lynden...
Yes, sir. Just as we thought...
London...
Yep...

Gwen stands beside Lynden again (as close as she can get
without getting yelled at). She tries to eavesdrop.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

But what about Granger?
I just need more time...
Yes, sir...
I understand, sir...

Gwen watches Lynden put away his cell phone. He looks up at
her.

GWEN

What's wrong?

LYNDEN

Cargo ship was found. Multiple
deaths. No survivors.

GWEN

Where?

LYNDEN

English Channel.

GWEN

Do they think the deaths are
related to Davis's?

LYNDEN

They seem to think that whoever
killed him may still be near this
continent.

Gwen appears disturbingly excited.

GWEN

Great... Is that where we're headed?

LYNDEN

Yep. There and then London.

GWEN

London?

Her excitement instantly vanishes.

LYNDEN

That's right. I just got authorization...

Lynden smiles.

11.

EXT. BOAT - SUNSET

Harrington is steering the boat and Jackson stands beside him - leaning against the cabin. Jackson looks as if he's in a trance, staring out into the nothingness that surrounds them.

JACKSON

I've got a bad feeling about this, Nigel.

HARRINGTON

You needn't worry about it now. At this point, all we can do is wait for the buzz of tonight's events to hit the news.

Harrington looks at Jackson.

JACKSON

I just... I didn't think I'd run into Remy.

HARRINGTON

Look, to be quite honest - This is all new to me too.

Harrington cracks a smile.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I can't say that I've planned the perfect crime before. Or any crime in fact.

Jackson nervously laughs.

JACKSON

You had me fooled. Don't think I could've planned it any better myself.

HARRINGTON

Look, Jackson, our plan was only meant to buy you some time...

JACKSON

You mean, until the agency and those things come looking for me?

Harrington nods.

HARRINGTON

There's a man named James Lynden.

JACKSON

Wait a minute. Remy mentioned something about an agent Lyndo...

HARRINGTON

Agent Lynden. He's head of the N.A.D.A.

Harrington looks back out at the water, slightly turning the wheel.

JACKSON

Fuck! That's just fucking great...

Jackson squats down, like he's gonna puke. He runs his fingers through his hair.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Jesus, these guys are fast...
Is this guy some sort of a badass or something?

HARRINGTON

What do you mean?

JACKSON

He gonna kill me with an axe?

HARRINGTON

(confused)
Why would you think he'd kill you with an axe?

JACKSON
Agent Clayton owned one, right?

HARRINGTON
Well, yes...

Harrington shakes his head.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
But that doesn't mean that all
agents own unusual-looking axes -
Or that Clayton ever killed a human
being.

Jackson looks unsure.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
I don't think Lynden is going to
kill you with an axe.

Jackson looks up, at Harrington.

JACKSON
Well that's good - I think..

HARRINGTON
You'll be fine for now. Try not to
worry. It's going to take Lynden
some time - If he ever finds out
you're alive, that is.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
The first question he'd have to ask
himself is whether that was really
you in the car and how he'll be
able to determine it. After that,
I'm sure that'll lead him to ask
many other difficult questions...

Jackson stands back up. Leans back against the cabin.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
It'll take him awhile to figure it
out but by that time, we -
Or you should already have a plan
of what to do next.

Jackson smiles.

JACKSON
Nah - Think it's better if we work
on a plan together.

They both watch the water.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You know - I've never been on a boat before. I mean - I went on the ferry a few times but never a boat.

HARRINGTON

Oh really? Why is that?

JACKSON

Not too sure. Just never had the desire I guess. I also don't know a lot of people who own boats.

Jackson laughs a little, feeling a bit embarrassed.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You ever see any orcas out here?

HARRINGTON

Once, actually. It was my first time out on this boat alone, which was a shame really - considering I didn't have anyone to witness it with me...

Harrington uncomfortably laughs.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

But I spotted a few of them one early morning, as I was leaving Friday Harbor. It was beautiful site. A moment I'll never forget - The sound of air being shot out of the water and then looking over to find several black fins emerge from the water.

Jackson shakes his head and smiles.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

There was even a calf there - Barely coming out of the water, in between its elders. It was as if I watched an entire family coast by me.

The sound in Harrington's voice becomes somber.

JACKSON

You know - I killed a guy once.

Harrington looks at him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Guy raped and killed my girlfriend
so I beat him to death with my bare
hands.

Jackson looks down at the palm of his hands, as if there were still blood on them.

Harrington looks straight ahead and doesn't say anything for a few seconds. He looks at the wheel and then at Jackson.

HARRINGTON
None of that matters now.

Jackson looks at him.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Why don't you get some rest... It's
been a long day.

Jackson nods and leaves the cabin.

12.

EXT. FRIDAY HARBOR - MARINA - NIGHT

Harrington wakes up Jackson as they approach the marina. Jackson helps Harrington dock the boat and they both head back to the parking lot and get back into Harrington's truck.

INT. HARRINGTON'S TRUCK - ON THE ROAD - NIGHT

Harrington drives. Jackson is asleep, passed out in the passenger seat. Harrington is wide-awake, for some reason - he appears calm, proud, accomplished.

EXT. BOOKSTORE (POV) - NIGHT

Jackson and Harrington are being watched from a distance as they approach the house. The watcher's view is blurry. It looks down and picks up a pair of binoculars with a strange looking hand, a bandage is wrapped around the forearm. Looking through the binoculars now, Jackson and Harrington can be seen clearly as they walk up to the front door.

INT. BOOKSTORE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harrington hangs up his jacket on the coat rack and Jackson, exhausted, heads for the couch.

JACKSON

You sure you're alright with me crashing here?

HARRINGTON

Of course. You can sleep on the couch for tonight. I'm sure we can find a room for you to stay in tomorrow. That is, if you plan on staying...

Jackson smirks and then nods.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Good.

Jackson lies down on the couch - on his back with his hands behind his head, just staring up at the ceiling.

Harrington takes a seat on the couch - Just sitting there, feet flat on the floor and staring at the black screen of the TV.

JACKSON

You're not tired?

HARRINGTON

No... I'm still a little wound up actually.

Harrington reaches for the remote and looks at Jackson.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Mind if I watch some tv?

Jackson yawns then closes his eyes.

JACKSON

It's your house. Go for it.

Harrington turns on the television and leans back into the couch and throws his feet up on the coffee table.

He flips through the channels and arrives at a breaking news report. A large cargo ship fills the screen and the caption reads, "Cargo ship massacre. Entire crew found dead." He turns up the volume.

NEWS ANCHOR

...The ship crashed into shore just outside of Calais, France en route to Rotterdam. Every member of the crew is accounted for and has been brutally murdered.

Jackson opens an eye and listens in on the report. More footage of the crash races across the screen. A shot of a blood-splattered cockpit is shown, followed by various shots of the deck, blood everywhere. Camera zooms in on a symbol, drawn in blood on the side of a crate.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The symbol is the only piece of evidence left behind, though the authorities have not been able to identify it or its meaning.

Harrington looks over at Jackson with a worried look on his face. Jackson looks down at the mark on his chest, and then back up at the identical mark on the television screen. His jaw drops and he turns to Harrington.

JACKSON

Holy shit.

Harrington's eyes are locked on the screen. Jackson jumps up off the couch. He starts pacing around.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You were right! Ethan was right, they're coming for me! Shit!

The news report shows the ship's short route before it crashed.

NEWS ANCHOR

It had left Dublin the day before and had no scheduled stops on the way to Rotterdam. The only theory so far is that the people responsible boarded the ship in Dublin, most likely hidden within one of the crates. The crate with the bloody symbol written on it was the only one that was breached, the lock was broken and a member of the crew had been murdered inside. Records show that this crate was loaded onto the ship in Dublin, so there lies the primary investigation, as well as on the shores of Calais.

JACKSON

What the hell were those things even doing in Europe?

Harrington, eyes still on the screen, reaches over and picks up his laptop from the end table.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 And, God, how many do you think
 there are? It would take an army to
 wreak such havoc. Jesus...

Jackson realizes that Harrington's mind is elsewhere. He
 moves over to where Harrington is sitting and gets in his
 face.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Nigel? Hey, Nigel? Man, are you
 seeing this? They're fucking coming
 for me. They'll be here in no t-

Harrington finally looks up from the computer with a blank
 stare, a sadness in his eyes.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Wha - what? What is it?

HARRINGTON
 Davis - the man I told you about -
 he's dead.

Harrington turns to face Jackson.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
 You're right. They are coming. By
 boat, they'll be here in a couple
 months or so.

Jackson continues pacing around the room. Harrington hasn't
 moved.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
 We'll need to leave the country...
 eventually.

JACKSON
 Eventually? We need to leave now.

HARRINGTON
 Jackson, I can't leave now. It'll
 look too suspicious. Lynden has
 been keeping a close eye on me. If
 he notices that I left the country
 right after you're reported dead,
 he'll wonder if I'm involved. The
 last thing you or I need right now
 is a visit from him.

Jackson is deep in thought, contemplating something.
 Harrington watching him, waiting for him to make a decision.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I can't tell you what to do. If you feel safer leaving the country, then do what you need to do.

JACKSON

No, I'm not just gonna ditch you.

HARRINGTON

You don't need to worry about me. I knew what I was getting myself into.

Jackson is quiet. He stopped pacing and stands behind the couch that Harrington is sitting on.

JACKSON

No way. We're in this together. You've already done a lot for me. The least I can do is watch your back... That thing that killed Ethan is probably nearby. If it knows where I am, it knows where you are - There's no way you and Lane can take that thing on without me.

Harrington says nothing.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

How much time do you need?

HARRINGTON

At the rate they appear to be moving and the apparent route they're taking, I'd say they'll be on this continent in about two months, maybe more. By that time, we should be out of here.

Jackson walks over to the other couch and sits on the middle cushion. He crouches over and buries his head into his arms. Harrington watches him, waiting for him to say something. Jackson slightly lifts his head.

JACKSON

Okay, okay... So what do we do in the meantime?

HARRINGTON

You'll need to keep a low profile. Change your look, especially if you want to go outside.

(MORE)

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Dress differently, pose as one of my employees. I'll keep the bookstore open, let it go out of business as I apply for a few teaching positions. I'll make it appear as if I'm seeking to stay in the country but don't stand a chance.

JACKSON

What if someone hires you?

HARRINGTON

Trust me, no one will hire me...

Jackson shakes his head, pitying Harrington.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

After it seems that I've exhausted all my options, I'll have no choice but to leave the country for a fresh start.

JACKSON

Okay then. Sounds like a plan...

Harrington still stares at his monitor, still thinking the plan through.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So two months?

HARRINGTON

No more, no less.

12.

INT. BRITISH AGENCY HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Lynden sits behind a desk, staring at the computer screen. He appears different - with more facial hair, indicating months have passed.

On the screen is a scanned copy of the demon fossil photo. He puts his foot up on the desk and stares up at the ceiling, like he's not sure what to do with himself.

He grabs a kleenex and blows his nose really loud. He crumbles up the kleenex and tosses it at a trash can across the room, completely missing it. He sighs.

Just then, he hears a noise - sounds like someone just closed a door. Suspicious, Lynden gets up and walks out his office.

INT. BRITISH AGENCY HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Lynden walks down the hallway. Most of the office doors are closed so he can't tell which one just shut.

There's sound of glass shattering. He takes out his gun, as he approaches the door, holds the gun with both hands like he's ready to fire it. He puts his head against the door to listen. But he can't hear anything so he opens the door.

INT. BRITISH AGENCY HEADQUARTERS - GWEN'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

The light in Gwen's office is on. In front of her desk, there's a broken vase and wet flowers scattered over the floor. You can hear the sound the wind from outside.

Lynden walks over to the open window, shaking his head in disappointment. He takes a look out the window, nothing to see but the trees blowing in the wind. He's about to turn around when he feels a hand on his shoulder. He immediately spins around and draws his gun.

Gwen stands before him, smiling. She eyeballs Lynden's gun pointing right at her head.

LYNDEN

Jesus, Gwen. What the fuck?

Gwen laughs. Lynden puts his gun away.

GWEN

If I didn't know better I'd say you were scared. Something on your mind?

LYNDEN

What the hell you doing here?

GWEN

I'd ask you the same question, but I already know the answer.

LYNDEN

Oh yeah?

GWEN

Yeah. You've been here two months and you've been completely worthless.

LYNDEN

That's because this whole case is
pointless!

GWEN

You don't even do anything!

LYNDEN

(defensive)

I'm doing my part alright? So get
off my back.

Lynden starts to head out of Gwen's office.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

And close that goddamn window, will
ya?

GWEN

Any luck finding Jackson?

He stops at the door frame and turns around.

LYNDEN

(angered)

You've been looking over my
shoulder or something? I don't like
it when people look over my
shoulder, Gwen.

Gwen steps over the broken glass and sits in her chair. She
throws her feet up on the desk, just like Lynden would do.

GWEN

Oh please. You're doing awful job
of hiding it. The entire floor
knows why you stay late. Why you
wait until we've left to do your
own research.

LYNDEN

So what the hell are you doing
here?

GWEN

Same thing you're doing, but doing
it better.

LYNDEN

You're looking for Jackson Granger?

GWEN

I don't need to look for Jackson Granger because there is no Jackson Granger.

Lynden looks outside the office and then decides to close door. He walks over to Gwen's desk but doesn't take a seat.

LYNDEN

What do you know about Jackson?

GWEN

I know that you had that entire dive bar searched for fingerprints and that you were able to identify every person at that bar but Jackson Granger's.

Lynden scratches his beard.

LYNDEN

How do you know that?

GWEN

Doesn't matter how I know. I just do. You found another set of prints though. Didn't you?

LYNDEN

I found a Jefferson Hillman.

He rolls his eyes, sighs, like he can't believe he's sharing this information with Gwen. Gwen, on the other hand, looks intrigued.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Jefferson Hillman got quite the track record. He was actually suspect to a murder several years back.

GWEN

And you think it's the same guy?

LYNDEN

I don't know. Jackson jumped around between foster homes. No record yet who his real parents are. But it seems like too much of a coincidence don't you think? Especially considering this Jackson Granger just happens to fit the description of Hillman.

GWEN

You really think he's still alive?

LYNDEN

I don't think that was him in that car. The cops that were chasing him that day said they were less than a block away from him before he turned a corner. When they got around, Jackson was about two blocks away.

GWEN

No one's that fast.

LYNDEN

I know.

GWEN

So he wasn't working alone.

LYNDEN

Nope. I don't think that was his body in there.

GWEN

Hmm...

Gwen smiles.

LYNDEN

What?

GWEN

I found something

Lynden puts his hands on her desk and leans over.

LYNDEN

What do you mean you found something?

GWEN

I found this story about a week ago..

Gwen grabs a manila folder off her desk and flips through it. She takes her feet off the desk and slides the folder across to Lynden. Lynden picks it up and starts looking through it.

GWEN (CONT'D)

There was a coffin missing from a Friday Harbor cemetery. Same height as Jackson.

LYNDEN
Why didn't you tell me about this?

GWEN
Because I wanted to make sure the dental records match.

LYNDEN
And they did.

GWEN
That wasn't Jackson in that car.

Lynden starts heading out of the office, holding the folder in his hand.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Hold on second.

He stops.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Why are you always so eager to leave my office?

LYNDEN
Because I don't like it in here. It smells...

She laughs.

GWEN
No it doesn't.

LYNDEN
What do you want?

GWEN
I got you a plane ticket.

LYNDEN
Wait... What? Why?

GWEN
Because I'm just as interested in finding Jackson as you are.

He laughs.

LYNDEN
You think this guy killed Davis and Rylan? Tell me, Gwen-

GWEN
Call me, agent.

She smirks.

LYNDEN
Whatever. Tell me, how does one guy
kill two people living on two
different sides of the world on the
same day?

He's walking towards her desk again.

GWEN
I just want to talk to him.

LYNDEN
Yeah whatever.

Lynden reaches for the ticket but Gwen holds it back from him.

GWEN
I mean it, agent. As soon as you
find Jackson, I want your word that
you'll bring him back to Europe.

LYNDEN
Fine. I'll see what I can do.

Gwen hands him the ticket and Lynden makes his way out of the office when Gwen stops him again.

GWEN
Hey agent?

Lynden turns around, extremely annoyed.

LYNDEN
What is it, Gwen - I mean, agent?

GWEN
Just letting you know that if you
don't bring him back, I'll come get
him myself.

Lynden nods and leaves the office.

13.

EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Lane and Jackson spar on the lawn in the back yard. Jackson appears to be in better shape, healthier and stronger than before. He is clean-shaven, his hair a bit longer and pulled back into a ponytail.

Jackson throws a right hook that Lane easily avoids. She immediately retaliates - Jackson blocks a kick and then a left jab, his reflexes significantly improved. Jackson, though a bit winded, lunges at Lane and brings her to the ground.

JACKSON

Not bad, eh?

LANE

Not exactly what we practiced, but effective.

Jackson helps Lane get back up on her feet.

JACKSON

Yeah. Well you know, I'm just trying to be a little more creative.

LANE

(laughs)
Very nice.

They both turn to head back into the house.

LANE (CONT'D)

No, you're still showing signs of improvement each day. When we first started training, I didn't think you'd ever be able to keep up with me.

JACKSON

Well we've been at it several hours a day, for the past several weeks. Better be improving.

They exchange a look and continue towards the house.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

There are boxes everywhere, almost everything but a few books are packed away.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

There's a large map and whiteboard with notes hanging from it. The map has routes traced out from Europe to North America, tracking any potential cargo ship routes that might interest Harrington and Jackson.

We find Harrington is sitting in front of his laptop in the kitchen when Jackson and Lane enter the room.

HARRINGTON

You guys calling it a day?

JACKSON

Yeah. We've put in a solid 5 hours or so. About time for a break.

HARRINGTON

So how badly did she whoop you today?

Jackson just shakes his head and opens up the fridge to grab some juice.

LANE

I was actually just saying how impressed I was - and have been lately - with his improvement.

HARRINGTON

Well it's about time.

Harrington gives Jackson a smile and a wink and looks back down at the computer screen.

JACKSON

Hey now - Honestly, I got some pretty good licks in there today.

HARRINGTON

(somewhat sarcastically))
That's my boy.

Nigel gets up and walks over to the fridge.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I was thinking about whipping up some of that Thai shrimp again tonight. Lane, you staying for dinner?

LANE

Yea, sure. Jack's gonna give me another quick guitar lesson so I might as well stick around.

JACKSON

Plus, it's Game of Thrones night. So you're not going anywhere.

LANE

Another night at home with my boys.
(sarcastically)
Sounds just lovely. I'm really going to miss these nights...

Harrington laughs. Jackson gives her a cheesy smile.

LANE (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm gonna go shower.

JACKSON

Cool. You want to bring my axe down when you're done?

Harrington gives Jackson a confused look.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

My guitar, guy.

LANE

Aren't you going to wash up?

JACKSON

Now what would be the point in that?

Lane, disgusted, sighs and heads upstairs.

Harrington catches Jackson gazing at Lane's butt as she ascends. Jackson looks over and meets eyes with Nigel, catching him off guard. Without saying anything, Harrington just smiles and nods his head.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(trying to explain
himself)

Hey, I mean-

Harrington shakes him off and continues preparing dinner.

Jackson waits a second until he hears the shower start.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
She really is something else
though. Right?

HARRINGTON
She certainly is. Seems to have
taken to you pretty well.

JACKSON
Yeah. Well, you spend enough time
with me; you naturally learn to
love me.

Harrington just rolls his eyes a bit.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I'm pumped that she thinks I've
really been improving my skills.
Shit's hard work.

HARRINGTON
Yes. Well, there's always room for
more improvement.

JACKSON
Yeah, I guess. I mean - how much
longer do you think we need to keep
this up? We haven't heard a thing
from the cops or the agency in
months. Expected those demons to be
here weeks ago...

HARRINGTON
Trust me. The cops may have
accepted your death, dropped the
case - but Lynden hasn't given up
that easily. And the demons - their
arrival may be delayed, but they
will never stop trying to find you.
Don't forget, at least one of them
is still in Washington. The one you
faced that night in the bar is out
there and very well may have been
keeping tabs on us this whole time
- just waiting for his friends to
arrive and then make an attack.

Jackson doesn't respond, but just nods in agreement with
Harrington.

14.

EXT. SEATTLE - NEAR THE RANDOM ALLEYWAY - EARLY MORNING

Lynden stands by himself by a curb.

The streets are fairly quiet near the crime scene. Lynden squats down and examines the street, the exact spot where the car blew up but the car is no longer there. He examines the burns in the gravel, the extent of the damage to the sidewalk and then gasps in frustration.

He stands up and looks around. He follows the path that Jackson supposedly ran down before he got in his car and it exploded. And then, Lynden appears to have an epiphany...

He hurries back to the site where Jackson's car exploded. He goes to his car and pops up open the trunk. He takes his blazer off and throws it in the trunk and takes out a crowbar and a flashlight. He rolls his sleeves up and makes his way to the sewer.

It takes a great deal of effort but he's finally able to pop open the sewer lid out of the ground. He slides the heavy lid across the gravel and away from the entry.

He doesn't go in at first; he just turns the flashlight on and aims the light at particular areas inside. This approach doesn't work though so he finally decides to go inside. His feet find the steps inside and beneath him. He climbs down the steps.

INT. SEWER - EARLY MORNING

It's dark down there and it's gross. Before he takes the last step and he reaches the bottom, he cuts his arm on a broken pipe.

LYNDEN

Shit!

And as he cuts his arm, he has another epiphany. He anxiously looks around the area, pointing his flashlight everywhere. He walks down the south path, aiming the light in every direction. He finally comes upon a bloodstain on another pipe.

EXT. SEATTLE - NEAR THE RANDOM ALLEYWAY - EARLY MORNING

Lynden climbs out of the sewer. There are some random people and cops staring at him as he crawls out.

He sits on the street with his legs dangling in the sewer, completely ignoring everyone staring at him. He pulls out of his cell phone from one of his pant pockets.

LYNDEN

Forensics? Turns out, I'm gonna need you assholes after all.

15.

EXT. NIPPON PAPER PLANT IN PORT ANGELES, WA - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD is talking on the phone as he makes his nightly rounds.

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, yeah, yeah... Whatever. I got it. I still think you're crazy though, baby...

There's a sudden CRASH around the corner.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

Baby, I gotta go.

The guard hangs up and moves forward to investigate. He places his hand on his gun as he reaches the corner and then peaks around into the alley. He doesn't see anything at first, so he raises his flashlight towards the source of the loud noise.

A garbage can has been knocked over and its contents have spilled out all over the place. The guard approaches the mess and shines his light around, searching for the perpetrator. He doesn't see anything. Annoyed, he turns away and heads back out of the alley.

Another loud CRASH rings out from a little further down the alley. The guard spins around and shines his light down the alley. You can now read the fear in his eyes. He hears it again as he makes his way back towards the sound. He reaches another knocked over garbage can and hears something moving around behind it.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey! No trespassing. Get the hell outta here!

Something is still moving around behind the cans. The guard moves in closer with his gun in hand.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey!

He kicks one of the cans and something suddenly jumps out at him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Jesus!

The guard quickly maneuvers out of the way. He turns and sees a large raccoon make its way out of the alley.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You dirty, fucking piece of shit!
Get the FUCK out of here!

He runs and fires a couple bullets at the raccoon before it disappears around the corner.

The guard walks out of the alley and heads towards a bench near the water. He sits down to catch his breath and pulls out a cigarette. Just as he's lighting the cigarette, a massive cargo ship breaks through the fog just off shore, heading right towards him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Ohhhh SHIT!

He jumps off the bench and starts sprinting away. The large ship slams into the shore. The ship demolishes the bench and moves further up the shore, eventually crashing into the paper plant building.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALISH SEA - NIGHT

SHOT OF THE CRASH ON THE PORT ANGELES SHORE OFF IN THE DISTANCE.

Four large hooded creatures row a life boat across the open sea, away from Port Angeles.

16.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jackson and Harrington are up early in the kitchen. Jackson, with a bowl of cereal in his hands, walks over to the television.

Harrington is still in the kitchen making some coffee. He looks out his window and sees a police car right outside in the parking lot.

Harrington looks over at Jackson who stands motionless in front of the television.

JACKSON

Nigel...

Harrington runs over and sees a news report about the crashed cargo ship. He takes his glasses off and rubs his eyes and wiped the beads of sweat forming over his widow's peak.

The doorbell rings. Jackson drops the bowl of cereal on the floor.

HARRINGTON

The police are here. You need to hide.

Harrington grabs his coat and heads for the door.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Go up to the roof if necessary. If you don't hear from me in a few hours, call Lane.

Jackson is at a loss for words.

Harrington walks over to the door. Jackson is still standing there. Harrington heads down the stairs, to his bookstore. As he's walking down the steps, he can hear the police pounding on the door.

Harrington opens the door.

SAN JUAN COP #1

Nigel Harrington?

HARRINGTON

That's correct. What's the meaning of this?

SAN JUAN COP #1

We'd like to bring you in for questioning regarding the death of Jackson Granger.

HARRINGTON

I'm sorry, who?

SAN JUAN COP #2

Granger.

HARRINGTON
I don't think I...

SAN JUAN COP #2
We've been given orders to bring
you in.

HARRINGTON
Am I suspect?

Both cops look at each other.

SAN JUAN COP #1
Doctor, is it?

HARRINGTON
Yes, that's correct.

SAN JUAN COP #1
Do you know a Lane McGowan?

Harrington struggles to respond.

INT. SAN JUAN POLICE STATION - MORNING

Harrington sits at a steel desk in a dark empty room - Looks like an interrogation room. There's a mirror in front of him but he knows that it is more than a mirror. He stares through it during the silent moments before Lynden comes through the door.

LYNDEN
Well hello, hello.

HARRINGTON
Agent... Lynden

LYNDEN
Dr. Harrington.

Lynden stands there, behind the desk with hand over the top of the chair facing Harrington. Harrington hasn't responded yet; he leans back and crosses his arms.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
You know why you're here.

HARRINGTON
I do?

LYNDEN
Sure you do, doctor...

Harrington doesn't say anything. Lynden takes a seat across from him - Places a folder on the table.

He stares at Harrington but Harrington is making little-to-no eye contact. Harrington just stares at the folder.

They both are silent.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you a question?

Harrington doesn't answer but Lynden asks the question anyway.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
Has anyone ever told you that you're not a "real" doctor?

Harrington rolls his eyes.

HARRINGTON
I really don't have time for this.

LYNDEN
No time? Really? Why? What do you have to do? Run a bookstore?

Harrington doesn't respond. Lynden pulls out a sheet of paper with an attached photo of Harrington's bookstore.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
Oh yes, that's right. You're shutting it down! You must be having a going-out-of-business sale. Everything must go!

Lynden laughs. Harrington doesn't.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
Your bookstore has been struggling for a while now - is that right?

HARRINGTON
What does this have to do with anything?

LYNDEN
You've been acting really strange lately, Nigel.

HARRINGTON
You've been watching me?

LYNDEN
(slight anger)
Of course, I've been watching you!

HARRINGTON
Why?

LYNDEN
Why? Because you've been real quiet lately. Which is weird, considering the last time I saw you, you were showing off a demon fossil to the world.

HARRINGTON
It was a photo.

LYNDEN
Sorry?

HARRINGTON
It was only a photo.

LYNDEN
That's right. It was a photo...But you don't see too many photos of demons, do you?

HARRINGTON
I thought I was brought here to discuss-

LYNDEN
Lane McGowan... You're here to discuss how you know Lane McGowan!

HARRINGTON
What about her?

LYNDEN
She has you listed as her emergency contact. Why?

HARRINGTON
Is she okay?

LYNDEN
She's involved with Granger's supposed death.

HARRINGTON
Jackson Granger? That's impossible.

LYNDEN
So you know him?.

HARRINGTON
Granger? Who hasn't? His picture
has been all over the paper.

LYNDEN
Not recently.

HARRINGTON
(Rambles)
Well it was...I mean, it wasn't any
ordinary story. I just found it
particularly fascinating. What does
this have to do with me?

LYNDEN
I found McGowan's blood at the
crime scene.

HARRINGTON
Her blood?

LYNDEN
In the sewer.

HARRINGTON
I'm sorry, a sewer?

LYNDEN
(defensive)
Don't fuck with me!

He doesn't really raise his voice, but Lynden slams his fist
on the desk and knocks over the glass of water.

This startles Harrington.

HARRINGTON
(a little nervous)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

LYNDEN
(sarcastic)
Oh, of course you don't!

Lynden shakes his head and throws his hand up in frustration.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
I know you have something to do
with this. And I'll keep you here
till I prove it.

HARRINGTON
You can't keep me here.

LYNDEN
Correction - They can't keep you
here..

Lynden nods his towards the mirror, as if implying the local police is who he's talking about.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
But I can.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NOON

Jackson kneels under a window. He takes a peak outside and sees there's still a patrol unit outside.

JACKSON
Shit..

He crawls over to the kitchen. He's about to reach for the house phone when he finds the cell phone on the dinner table.

Jackson looks up Lane's number and calls her. It goes to straight to voicemail. He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN JUAN POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

There are pictures scattered on the table now. There's several of Harrington, getting on his boat, and then there's one of Lane's mug shot and several photos of Harrington's home and bookstore.

Lynden is standing up staring down at Harrington now - leaning over with his hands on top of the chair frame. Harrington is sitting down on the other side of the table, beads of sweat rolls down his face.

There appears to have been an awkward silence between them, as Harrington raises his eyebrows and tries to avoid eye contact with Lynden.

Lynden takes out a handkerchief and blows his nose really hard. Harrington gives him a disgusted look. Lynden puts it away and puts his hands on the chair again.

LYNDEN
Do you own a cell phone?

HARRINGTON
Yes... of course. How often would
you say you wash that handkerchief?

Lynden gives him a confused look.

LYNDEN
How come you didn't bring it with
you when you got picked up?

HARRINGTON
It slipped my mind. I always seem
to forget that thing at home.

LYNDEN
Yeah?

Harrington doesn't say anything.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
You don't have a ride back though.
You don't plan on calling anyone to
pick you up?

No response from Harrington. He takes his glasses off and
starts rubbing his eyes.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
Do you have any friends, Nigel?

Lynden smiles as he realizes he's starting to annoy
Harrington. Lynden slides the chair out from under the table
and takes a seat. He crosses his legs.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)
Must be hard.

HARRINGTON
It's fine.

LYNDEN
It doesn't bother you that no one
will miss you?

HARRINGTON
I'm sorry?

LYNDEN
You know - when you're gone?

HARRINGTON

I don't plan on dying anytime soon.

LYNDEN

Life's unpredictable though.

HARRINGTON

Well isn't that a profound statement...

LYNDEN

Doesn't make it any less true. Any day you can die - Doesn't matter how well or bad the day is going, where you are or even who you've become. You can wake up one day and find out it'll be your last. And you, Nigel, will find yourself all alone.

HARRINGTON

We all die alone, agent.

LYNDEN

But no one's going to remember you. Not even your wife and kid.

HARRINGTON

I think we're done here.

LYNDEN

I decide when we're done here!

HARRINGTON

What does my personal life have to do with why I'm here?

LYNDEN

It has everything to do with it!

HARRINGTON

Well then explain to me - Why was Lane's blood in the sewer?

Lynden pauses a moment; he studies Harrington.

LYNDEN

That's what I'm wondering.

HARRINGTON

Is she okay?

LYNDEN

You already asked that.

HARRINGTON

(defensive)

But you haven't answered that question.

LYNDEN

Yeah, she's fine. In custody. But fine.

HARRINGTON

Can I see her?

LYNDEN

No.

HARRINGTON

Why not?

LYNDEN

Because she's being questioned.

Lynden has a stupid grin on his face.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Any more questions? Professor? That's more appropriate than doctor, right?

HARRINGTON

I don't think I can be of any help to you. I'm sorry, agent.

Lynden looks down at the surface of the table and takes a deep breath. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a cell phone. He looks at the blank screen and sets it down on the table with his hand still over it.

LYNDEN

You know what? How about I give you a ride back?

Harrington looks confused, a little worried.

HARRINGTON

That's not necessary.

LYNDEN

Of course, it is. I've kept us cooped up in here for this long. The least I can do is to give you a ride.

Lynden stands up and put his phone into the pocket inside his jacket. Harrington hasn't moved; he stares hard at photos on the table.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, you know - I'd like to take a look at this bookstore of yours.

HARRINGTON

It's in no shape of being looked at. It's practically empty.

LYNDEN

Empty? Already? I thought you were having some huge blowout sale.

HARRINGTON

I never said that.

LYNDEN

What are you doing with all those books then?

HARRINGTON

I've donated most of them.

LYNDEN

Well isn't that generous of you.

Harrington begins to stand up. He adjust his glasses - Looks like he wants to say something but he doesn't.

HARRINGTON

Really, there's no need for a ride. I can call a cab.

Harrington starts heading for the door.

LYNDEN

Well, let me ask you something.

Harrington opens the door but doesn't leave, just turns around and looks at Lynden.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

I'm actually interested in buying some property in Friday Harbor. You know, just want to find myself a place I can relax in. You mind if I check out your place?

HARRINGTON

(Nervous)
Not at all...

EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The patrol car, with the two San Juan cops, drives off.

Jackson watches the police car leave from Harrington's window. He waits for them to be completely out of sight and then disappears into another room.

Seconds later, Harrington's garage door opens and Jackson is backing the truck out of the driveway wearing a blonde wig with a baseball cap and glasses.

He speeds off, not realizing that he forgot to close the garage.

INT. LYNDEN'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Lynden drives Harrington back to his home. They are on long narrow road, with maybe 2 to 4 lanes. There are not many other cars on the road. But in the distance, there appears to be truck coming towards them in the opposite lane.

Harrington recognizes his truck immediately and is taken back at the site of it. Lynden, on the other hand, doesn't seem to be paying attention to it.

LYNDEN

So why are you moving to China?

HARRINGTON

(nervous)

I'm sorry?

LYNDEN

You recently purchased some property in China. Why there?

HARRINGTON

How did you know that?

Lynden gives Harrington a look, like he's a complete idiot.

LYNDEN

Get real, professor.

HARRINGTON

Right...

Harrington takes a deep breath.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I just felt I could use a fresh start.

LYNDEN

Aw yes, that' right. You applied to how many universities here? Five was it?

HARRINGTON

Something like that.

LYNDEN

Did you really think anyone would hire you?

HARRINGTON

Doesn't hurt to try.

The truck is getting closer to them.

Jackson hasn't made any sudden movements. He's staying still so he must have not recognized Lynden or even Harrington.

LYNDEN

No, I suppose it doesn't...

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

But why China?

HARRINGTON

I'm sorry?

Lynden looks over at Harrington. He realizes how nervous Harrington looks.

LYNDEN

You alright there, professor?

Harrington looks at the truck as Jackson's face is slowly becoming closer and closer to view. He looks at Lynden and then at his laps and then back at the road.

HARRINGTON

I'm sorry - What was your question?

Lynden looks back at the road. Glances over at the truck as it passes by them. Lynden looks back at Harrington. He seems confused by Harrington's behavior. He looks in his rear view mirror and then back at Harrington. Harrington is just staring straight ahead.

To Harrington's surprise, Lynden appears to be unphased by the truck.

LYNDEN

Why are you moving to China?

HARRINGTON

What do you mean?

LYNDEN

You're wealthy guy. You can move anywhere you want. But why did you settle on China?

HARRINGTON

Well, I feel that I've burnt a lot of bridges here and perhaps even destroyed my credibility in Western Philosophy...
So I thought Eastern Philosophy might be more accepting of my work.

Lynden laughs.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

LYNDEN

Trust me, professor - I don't think anyone is going to take your work seriously.

HARRINGTON

Well, I guess we'll have to wait and see.

LYNDEN

I guess so...
I just get the impression you're trying to get as far away from me as possible. And that kind of hurts my feelings, ya know?

Lynden looks over at Harrington. Harrington just nods his head.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Just know - if it isn't me watching you, there will always be someone else to do it. You can't hide from us, Nigel.

EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Lynden's car pulls up to Harrington home.

They both get out of the car at the same time. They head towards the driveway. Lynden is looking around the area and then at the second story windows.

LYNDEN

Quite a place you got here -

Lynden notices the garage door open. He looks at Harrington and Harrington looks back at him, obviously noticing the same thing.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

You always keep your garage open?

Harrington looks back at the garage door.

HARRINGTON

Hmm...

Must be a short circuit or something.

LYNDEN

A short circuit?

HARRINGTON

Seems like it. Would you like to see the building now?

Lynden gets angry. He takes out his cell phone and checks the time. He puts the phone back into his pocket in a hurry.

LYNDEN

Maybe some other time.

Harrington watches Lynden start to walk away.

Lynden pauses before he gets into car - it's like he just remembered something. He turns around. He looks at Harrington.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

You and I both know... This isn't over.

HARRINGTON

Never thought for a second that it was.

LYNDEN

I can't let this go, professor.

HARRINGTON

Yes, I know.

INT. LYNDEN'S CAR - SUNSET

Once inside, Lynden gets on his phone.

LYNDEN

Lynden here, connect me to Javier
and Madson.

Voices of the two cops can be heard mumbling from Lynden's
phone.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Did you guys see Harrington's
garage door open?
...Fuck!

Lynden slams his fist on the center console, the phone falls
on the passenger seat.

He drives off in a hurry, staring straight ahead as he drives
- one hand on the steering wheel, the other rubbing his face
in frustration. He looks at the phone sitting on the
passenger seat and then grabs it and dials another number.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

I need you to find out what
vehicles are registered under
Harrington's name.

EXT. FRIDAY HARBOR STREET - SUNSET

Lynden speeds down the road. Jackson, waiting, slowly pulls
the truck out of a dark driveway after Lynden passes and
heads back in the direction of Harrington's house.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

The police station isn't that busy, but there are a lot of
cops just walking around, having friendly conversations.
Lynden bursts through a door. He looks around the office, as
if he's looking for someone in particular. He exchanges some
looks with the officers sitting at their desks.

LYNDEN

Did anyone come looking for Nigel
Harrington?

A RANDOM COP, SAN JUAN COP #3, SITTING AT NEARBY DESK,
ANSWERS HIM.

SAN JUAN COP #3

Uh... yeah...

Lynden walks up to the cop's desk..

LYNDEN

Who?

SAN JUAN COP #3

Some guy... uhh...

The cop checks his notes.

SAN JUAN COP #3 (CONT'D)

He said his name was... uhh...

Clayton Rylan!

Lynden sighs. He walks up to the cop and places his on the desk, looks the cop right in the eyes.

LYNDEN

(speaks slowly and calm)

Some guy walks in here, asks for Nigel Harrington (a possible murder suspect), doesn't show you an I.D. and you don't arrest him?

SAN JUAN COP #3

How did you know he didn't have his I.D.?

LYNDEN

Because Clayton Rylan is FUCKING DEAD!

Lynden slams his fists on the desk. The police station goes quiet. All eyes are on Lynden.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

I need two patrol units to follow me to Nigel Harrington's bookstore.

The lieutenant (from the Seattle branch) comes out of an office and looks at Lynden.

LIEUTENANT

What's going on, agent?

LYNDEN

Jackson Rylan is alive.

LIEUTENANT

You mean Granger?

Lynden heads for the door.

LYNDEN

Yeah, him.

EXT. FRIDAY HARBOR - EVENING

Jackson makes his way back towards Harrington's house in the truck, his eyes locked on the rear view mirror, expecting Lynden and his squad to appear behind him at any moment.

EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jackson approaches Harrington's house and quickly notices that he left the garage door open, as well as a dark vehicle parked across the street that wasn't there before. He parks the truck another few houses down on the street.

Jackson crosses the street and moves towards the house. CU of rims on dark vehicle reveals that it's the same car that was staking out the dive bar months before.

Jackson hears a loud crash from somewhere inside the house as he walks up the steps. He rips off the wig and glasses, takes the axe out of his back holster. Revealing that he's been wearing the stone around his neck, he pops it into his chest and bursts through the front door.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jackson immediately notices the large bookcase to his right has been knocked over and books are scattered all across the room. Jackson moves the bookcase out of his way with ease and sprints to the kitchen.

The kitchen table is demolished, the windows are broken, and there is a definite sign of a struggle with no sign of Harrington.

Jackson hears movement above him. He turns for the stairs and suddenly hears Harrington cry out in pain outside behind the house.

EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOME - PARKING LOT - EVENING

The motion detecting lights in the parking lot are switched on. Jackson stops at the door for a second and sees four large hooded creatures surrounding Harrington on the lawn. They're wearing dark robes and you can't make out their faces.

Harrington is on the ground, but Jackson can see that he is still moving and alive. Harrington makes eye contact with Jackson; the beasts all turn towards the house. They're demons - large, massive/muscular beings standing upright.

Their skin is grey, though most is hidden under their robes. They have black ram-like horns.

One of them grabs Harrington and pulls him off the ground.

Instincts take over. Jackson blows the already damaged door off of its hinges and launches his axe at the beast holding Nigel ten yards away. The axe catches it in the shoulder and he drops Harrington to the ground. Jackson slips a sword out from under the steps and moves towards the herd.

Two of the beasts charge at Jackson. One of them lunges at him with an axe, Jackson easily avoids the heavy blow and slides the sword across its chest, spins and shoves the sword into the abdomen of the second beast. As he pulls the sword out, a third demon attacks from behind, swinging down at Jackson with a giant hammer. Jackson quickly turns and catches the head of the hammer with his hand just before it crashes down on him.

The demon standing back dislodges the axe from its shoulder.

As Jackson momentarily struggles to rip the hammer from the beast's hands, the second demon with the stab wound in the gut retaliates.

It slams down on Jackson's back with its huge fist, sending Jackson to his knees. Still fending off the other with his left hand on the hammer, Jackson lifts the sword still in his right hand and sends it into the demon's chin and through its head as it strikes down at him again. The large body of the dead beast collapses down towards Jackson, who lets go of the hammer and rolls to avoid being toppled.

Instead of moving towards Jackson, the beast with the axe drops back and grabs Harrington once again.

The demon with the hammer swings it down at Jackson on the ground. Jackson rolls to avoid as the hammer slams on the ground just inches from his head. The demon quickly brings the hammer down again, this time Jackson catches it and stops another blow to the head.

Jackson sees movement to his right out his peripherals. The demon he sliced across the chest is getting back on its feet.

Harrington lets out another scream and Jackson looks over to see that the beast is holding him up by his shirt collar, axe raised above his head ready to swing down. Jackson moves his head and lets the hammer smack the ground, and then he shoots it back up at the demon's face, knocking it back. Jackson starts to move towards the demon holding the axe above Harrington, but the demon behind him grabs his arm and pulls him back.

Jackson looks up as the beast swings the axe down on Harrington, killing him instantly. Jackson cries out and then immediately turns at the demon that pulled him back, fire in his eyes.

With a huge gash across its chest, blood spilling out all over its body, the demon is still slow to attack. Jackson makes the first move and tackles the beast. He slams his fists down on the giant head of the beast repeatedly, takes the axe from its hands and chops down at its head a few times. The beast he smacked in the head with the hammer starts to make a move, but Jackson speedily takes a full swing of the axe, lopping off the beast's head.

Jackson slowly looks up towards the final demon that is still standing over Harrington's body. With fire burning in his eyes, Jackson gets on his feet and steps in the beast's direction. Both of them pick up speed and charge at each other, clashing together with their axes.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Another robed figure moves down the stairs and through the kitchen.

Jackson and the demon can be seen fighting in the yard out the window. Focus on the robed figures feet as it quietly heads out the door and down the steps.

EXT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Beyond, the demon has Jackson up against the garage, axes still crossed in between them. Neither of them notices the figure moving towards them. Jackson pushes off a bit and starts to bring the axe handles up towards the demons neck. He shoves the handle into the demons neck, making it drop back a step. Jackson pulls back his axe and swipes it at the beast's knee. It falls to one knee and Jackson lays a heavy blow to its head, sending the demon to the ground. Ready to deliver a final blow to the demon that killed Harrington, Jackson is hit across the head from behind.

Jackson, unconscious, falls to the ground and the robed individual is standing above him. It removes its hood to reveal it's albino skin and unusual facial features, clearly not human. It reaches down and rips the stone out of Jackson's chest. The creature lifts the stone up to take a closer look, eyes wide open, staring in amazement.

The creature eventually looks over at the demon struggling to get to its feet and barks at it in a foreign tongue. It takes a couple steps back and holds the stone out in front him. Suddenly, the stone emits a bright flash of light, forming a round opening of some sort out of thin air. The demon begins dragging the demon corpses through the portal one at a time as the robed creature just stands there and gazes at the open portal.

The demon drags the last corpse across the portal. Sirens suddenly begin blaring from the front of the house. The robed creature pulls out a large dagger and approaches Jackson.

Jackson begins to come to and looks up to make eye contact with the creature. The police sirens can be heard making their way down the driveway along the side of the house. The creature grabs Jackson and flips him over onto his back, dagger raised high above its head. It looks up and sees that the edges of the portal are beginning to close. It looks back down at Jackson. As it brings the dagger down, a gunshot rings out and the dagger is thrown from the creature's hand. It lets out its high pitched scream. Not exactly sure what he's seeing, Lynden tries to keep his composure.

LYNDEN

Hold it right there.

The creature turns, quickly moves out of Lynden's sight and bursts through the portal before Lynden can get another shot off.

Jackson watches the creature cross the portal and then looks over at Lynden. Lynden immediately notices Harrington's lifeless body on the ground beyond Jackson. Points the gun at Jackson.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Put your hands where I can see them!

From where Lynden is standing, he can't see the open portal around the side of the garage. Jackson lifts his arms in the air and stares back at Lynden, looks over at Harrington's body and then over to the portal.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Got you this time, mother fucker.
Don't move a goddamn muscle!

Lynden slowly steps towards Jackson. Jackson, wide-eyed, continues looking back and forth between Lynden, Harrington and the closing portal.

As Lynden moves closer, the portal finally comes into his view. He stares at the bright opening in disbelief. The edges of the portal continue to disintegrate as the opening begins to close more rapidly.

Jackson, noticing that Lynden is momentarily hypnotized by the portal, quickly jumps to his feet and races towards the portal.

LYNDEN (CONT'D)

Don't do it, Rylan!

Lynden fires at Jackson and misses as he dives through the opening. The portal closes.

Lyndon slowly approaches the side of the garage where the portal was located. His back up finally arrives and swarms the back yard, surrounding Harrington's body and scanning the perimeter. Lynden just stands there and stares into the nothingness.