

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: officer Luke Powell. New Jerusalem P.D. 8/23/18
11:56 A.M.

P.O.V: - REALITY SHOW camera. Something like Live P.D. or
Cops. In the front seat with OFFICER POWELL, a burly forty-
something uniformed cop in a shaky, handheld frame, as he
drives and explains.

OFFICER POWELL

We've got a vehicle with expired
tags. Failed to use his turn signal
just now...

A lurching pan to the road ahead, as our vehicle fast
approaches a dingy looking, late model something that
screams: dude, get your life together!

OFFICER POWELL (CONT'D)

...We're going to do a ten sixty
one traffic stop, and see what's
going on.

Two brief WHOOPS from the siren above.

EXT. POLICE OUTSIDE POLICE CRUISER - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Traffic stop. 11:59 A.M.

Same P.O.V. Now behind the stopped vehicle, which glints with
flashes of reflected red and blue as Powell approaches the
driver's window, speaking into his shoulder mic.

OFFICER POWELL

L-fifty six. Ten forty eight
traffic stop. Northbound Rice
Boulevard.

DISPATCHER/V.O.

Roger, L-fifty six.

The hand-held frame bobbles as we hustle to follow Powell,
and he addresses the (still unseen) driver

OFFICER POWELL

Afternoon. You got your license and
insurance card on you?

From camera #2 now: On the other side of the vehicle, as
Powell takes the license and looks at it.

We look down through the open windows, a brief glimpse of the car's occupants: four nervous looking STONERS.

Then to the road-side behind the car, where a police S.U.V. - a K-9 unit - has pulled up behind Powell's car, and two more OFFICERS walk, this way, flanking the vehicle on both sides.

We follow one of them, OFFICER WENTZ, as he joins Powell for a report.

SUPERIMPOSE: officer James Wentz, K-9 unit.

OFFICER WENTZ
(to Powell)
What do you got?

OFFICER POWELL
Illegal turn. Sloppy driving. Smell
in the vehicle kind of tells the
whole story.

OFFICER WENTZ
I'll get the dog on it.

Officer Wentz returns to his S.U.V.

A quick, shaky look to the left, where COP#3 stands stoically on our side of the vehicle, one hand on his gun, emotionless behind mirrored shades.

Back to Powell, speaking into his shoulder mic. again.

OFFICER POWELL.
L-56, traffic stop. possible thirty
two ten. Stand by.

Then, raising his voice, he says to the four guys in the car.

OFFICER POWELL
All right, why don't you guys go
ahead and step out of the vehicle
for us.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

We BREAK from the reality show P.O.V now. Unfiltered, unshaking, we look through the windshield at the traffic stop outside: The four scruffy passengers exit, under The hawkish gaze of the cops, and the constant voyeurism of the two CAMERAMEN.

Slowly, we look down from the scene, to the open LAPTOP in the middle of the front seat as we hear Tyler's voice.

TYLER/V.O.

Twelve noon, October twenty third.
The moment Project Sentinel went
into effect. A federal satellite
network, designed to monitor police
communications and body-cams for
evidence of misconduct and racial
profiling.

Angle closely on the laptop screen: as it goes blank for
second. Then, the words appear, a line at a time.

Project sentinel. . .Accessing federal server. . .
Downloading from satellite. . .DEPOPULATION INITIATIVE.

Then the entire screen fills with line after line of,

ABBADON IS LAW.

Rapidly scrolling. On and on. Approaching infinity, as we cut
back to:

EXT. SCENE OF TRAFFIC STOP - DAY.

The scared stoners sit on the curb.

Officer Wentz approaches with his DOG. The cameramen point
their cameras. And we slowly close on Powell as he commences
to question them.

OFFICER POWELL

Alright guys, I got a feeling
you're not telling me everything I
need to. . .

He trails off, looking dissociated. The last word comes out a
bit deep. Raspy.

OFFICER POWELL (CONT'D)

. . .Know.

Rapid zoom on Powell's eyes, until they fill the frame.

The whites become bloodshot. And the eyes open so wide they
look a bit surreal, hyper-awake.

Back out to the traffic stop at large, where all of the cops
have the SAME EYES, and they're all BREATHING DEEPLY,
rapidly, like a mixture of exhaustion and fury.

The stoners sitting on the curb know something is wrong here.
As do the cameramen, who slowly lower their cameras.

STONER #1

Oh man, what the shit is that?!
What are you doin'?!?

CAMERAMEN #1

Officer? Are you guys all right?

The dog commences a barking fit, tugging against his leash. The bark transmutes gradually from that of a normal canine, to something deeper, more preternatural,

Demonic.

Powell speaks again this time with the VOICE of ABBADON: It is a deep, demonic voice, laden with a hiss of radio STATIC.

POWELL/VOICE OF ABBADON

Depopulation initiative! Now in effect!

And with the same deep, staticy voice, the other two reply,

WENTZ/VOICE OF ABBADON (CONT'D)

Ten four!

COP#3/VOICE OF ABBADON (CONT'D)

Roger that!

Gunshots in the distance. Sirens. Then screams.

As all the cops draw and point their weapons, and Powell bellows most demonically.

POWELL/VOICE OF ABBADON (CONT'D)

Cease and desist!!!

The cops open fire with a storm of bullets, turning both cameramen and three of the four stoners into lifeless, bloody heaps.

But the bullets run out before they can get to the last surviving stoner, who is now in a state of complete panic.

He gets on his feet, holds up his hands as if to shield himself, pleads with tears streaming,

And a large and spreading wet spot around his groin

SURVIVING STONER

Please God no! Whatever I did I'm sorry!!

In the beat or two of silence, while the three cops each draw and point two tazers apiece, we notice that a near constant chorus of distant sirens, gunshots, and screams now surrounds us.

The dog, who is slowly transforming into something approaching a hell-hound, attacks the screaming terrified Stoner, tears at his clothing and flesh.

He tries to fend off the dog. He gets to his feet, an increasingly bloody mess now.

One of these sirens gets rapidly louder - an unseen police cruiser approaches, as the bloody terrified Stoner gets hit with six Taser darts at once.

He convulses. His skin begins to char. His eardrums pop, blood pours down both sides of his head. His eyes explode in small showers of Gore.

And the overdose of current keeps him rigid enough to remain standing long enough for two things to happen...

Wentz releases his demonic dog, and it pounces on the crispy Stoner.

Just as the speeding, wailing cruiser on the approach HITS both of them, knocking them clear out of the frame with a horribly wet THUMP, as we cut to,

P.O.V. - DASH CAM of marauding police cruiser.

SUPERIMPOSE.

Car 5408 - 12:01 PM - 8/23

And in a rapidly scrolling marquee along the lower margin,

Abbadon is law. Abbadon is law. Abbadon is law.

The car's hood above the text is bloody and dented. The siren blares as we swerve this way and that in order to run down one fleeing PEDESTRIAN after ANOTHER.

Increasing spatters of blood accumulate on the hood and windshield, clouding our view of the carnage, as we rapidly approach a three-way intersection.

And on the other side of the perpendicular Street ahead, a diner a with a large front window.

And in the street in front of that window, a JOGGER has stopped to tie his shoe.

INT. SPEEDING CRUISER - DAY

TWO possessed COPS in the front seat, both with the same sinister, bug-eyed scowl, hyperventilating in that furious way.

The one in the passenger seat reaches forward and turns the lights and sirens off.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF DINER - DAY

The cruiser races through the three way intersection, narrowly missing two cars in the perpendicular traffic.

Then slams on the brakes.

The car fishtails sideways in a storm of howling rubber, smacks the jogger (who barely has time to look up from the last shoe he will ever tie)

And sends him flying through the front window of the diner.

FREEZE-FRAME on the jogger, halfway through the shattered window: a broken, twisted celestial body in a nebula of glass shards and blood droplets, as we hear Tyler again.

TYLER/V.O.

Un-fucking-fortunately, Project Sentinel was transmitted on a frequency haunted by a demon so powerful it promptly possessed every cop in the US, who were now converging on the city of New Jerusalem for a show of force that would make Rodney King look like a damn sorority house pillow fight. So....

(beat, awkward pause)

There's that. That's happening.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

Revelations 9:11

"And the locusts had a king who commanded them...Whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abbadon."

The number NINE and the name ABBADON are both BLOOD RED.

As we hear the first of a series of 911 calls.

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Nine one one, what's your
 emergency?

CALLER#1, FEMALE/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Some cops have pulled these guys
 over and it looks like they just
 shot them for no reason! and a
 couple of cameramen too!

The first call is overlapped by a second.

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Nine one one, what's your
 emergency?

CALLER#1/V.O. (CONT'D)
 I'm in my bedroom! Someone is
 breaking in! I just heard a window
 smash downstairs!

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 I've got your address Ma'am. we're
 sending officers to you now.

In the background we hear the splintering sound of the
 bedroom door being kicked off its hinges, and a cop bellowing
 in the demonic voice of Abbadon,

COP IN BACKGROUND/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Stop resisting!!

As the quote changes, only the red NINE remains, becoming
 part of:

SUPERIMPOSE: Daniel 9:11

"Yes all...Have transgressed your law and departed, so as not
 to obey your voice."

The number NINE, and the words LAW and OBEY are RED.

The female caller screams as gunshots ring out in the
 background, and the second call is overlapped by a third.

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Nine one one, what your emergency?

CALLER#2/V.O. (CONT'D)
 You've got a police car speeding
 down Rice Boulevard and it's just
 like just hit like five people!

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 We are dispatching police
 paramedics and fire-

Overlapped, by another call. the caller is running as he
 shouts into his cell phone with gunshots on his heels.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
 Nine one one, what's your
 emergency?

BREATHLESS CALLER (#3)/V.O.
 They're trying to kill me! they're
 trying to fucking kill me!

911 OPERATOR
 Who's trying to kill you sir?

BREATHLESS CALLER (#3)/V.O.
 You are!! The police!!

A storm of Gunshots. the call ends with the cell phone
 clattering on hard ground.

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Nine one one, what's your
 emergency?

CALLER#4/V.O. (CONT'D)
 There's a police helicopter in my
 neighborhood! It's flying really
 low, and it looks like it's just
 shooting people!

Overlapped by another call.

911 OPERATOR/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Nine one one, what's your
 emergency?

CALLER#5/V.O. (CONT'D)
 I'm outside the Jerusalem diner!
 there's been an accident! Jesus, a
 cop car just hit a guy! He went
 right through the front window of
 the diner!

The quote changes again, the blood red nine becomes part of,
 SUPERIMPOSE.

Ezekiel 9:1

"Cause those who are enforcers of the city to draw near, each man with a destroying weapon in his hand."

The NINE, and the words ENFORCERS and DESTROYING are in red.

The last quote slowly fades into black leaving only the red words enforcers and destroying, as we hear the final overlapping call.

And this time the 911 operator who answers is the VOICE OF ABBADON, as we hear a steady stream of gunshots in the background.

VOICE OF ABBADON/V.O. (CONT'D)

Nine one one!

CALLER#6/V.O. (CONT'D)

I work in the New Jerusalem diner!
A guy just came through the window!
and now you guys are in here just
shooting everyone! we're unarmed!
we haven't done anything!

VOICE OF ABBADON/VO

We are dispatching units to assist.

CALLER#6/V.O.

Assist in what?!

VOICE OF ABBADON/VO

..in your depopulation!

CALLER#6/V.O.

Oh, what the fuck?! Oh sweet God
what's happening?! what's-

A final much closer spate of gunshots puts a swift end to this narrative. And we only hear the clattering of the phone against the floor.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STOREFRONT DISTRICT - DAY

POV - Police BODY CAMS. Multiple angles, all like savage, shaky shooter games. Pistols and shotguns in the lower portions of the violently shaking frames unload bullets and thundering slugs on fleeing and pleading citizens. Disembodied hands reload the weapons and resume firing.

EXT. SLUMMY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Four possessed cops, three plain-clothes and one uniformed, Chase and tackle a young black man fleeing on a bicycle.

It looks like an undercover drug bust was in progress when possession commenced.

The three plain clothes cops hold the struggling youth in a standing position, as the uniformed cop takes a spray paint size can of mace his belt, and with superhuman force, impales the guy through the middle of the chest with it.

He fires a single shot, point-blank at the buried can. The Man's chest explodes, and splatters mace (to which they seem immune) and GORE all over the cops.

INT/EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

SWAT teams invade the building, displaying all of their tactical training, but none of their usual caution.

Rappelling down at the outer walls. crashing through the windows. pouring in at ground level entrances. A chorus of gunshots, screams, blood, flying paper, shattered glass.

Fleeing employees surge out of the first floor of the building. More plunge through the Windows above as they are thrown to their deaths.

TYLER/V.O.

This is the rarest and most severe form of possession, known as demonic incursion. The possession of multiple subjects by a single entity.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE - DAY.

Across the street from the courthouse front entrance, a paddy-wagon is parked at the curb. And from behind it, the sound of chainsaws, power tools, and screams of horror and pain.

The paddy wagon has the words PRIORITY TARGETS written in blood on the side.

We cross the street for a closer look as the paddy wagon drives away, shedding gruesome light on this priority targets thing.

Trails of blood, squirming bodies and body parts lead up to what was once a large coin fountain in front of the courthouse but is now a Savage mountain of ruined, shredded humanity.

We can see judges' robes, bailiffs' uniform, suits, briefcases, and other detritus that indicates these were various employees of the courthouse.

And the fountain's spout mechanism shoots plumes of bloody water from the top like some abominable volcano, as more newly sawed body parts are heaved onto the pile from outside the frame.

Behind the fountain of death, past it's sawing and screaming, the glass front wall of the courthouse lobby, where a much larger and more cryptic message is written in blood across the glass. The spacing is a little off, but it reads like a single word,

Walsinodabba.

And finally we fade to,

EXT. DOWNTOWN STOREFRONT DISTRICT - DAY

A wide look at the scene of wall-to-wall carnage: numerous cops, attack, club, shoot, and even hit with their squad cars, the now dwindling civilian populace of Jerusalem falls, as the greater visible portion of said now lies sprawled and bloody across downtown.

We track up now, catching glimpses of the occasional victim being thrown out a window.

Up past the rooftops, seeing past the city limits,

Where we look around to find that closing in on us from every horizon, an Exodus of police vehicles of all shapes and sizes and municipalities. Lights and sirens ablaze, beneath a sky peppered with approaching helicopters.

INT. TYLER'S BASEMENT - DAY

Guns hanging from racks on the wall - guns of every conceivable size and shape. On a large table a mountainous landscape of ammo and explosives, and a crate full of 410 revolvers

Tyler (about 40, casual, maybe shoulder length hair, a bit muscular) Reclines in a worn looking easy chair at one end of the table.

At the other end, three (more muscular) angry looking dudes in full gangster regalia.

We hear hear sirens in the distance, for the moment at least, not coming this way, as one of the gangsters holds one of the 410s and gives it an incredulous look.

They discuss business silently as we hear Tyler,

TYLER/V.O.

At that moment I had no idea that Mister Shit and Mister Fan been so formally introduced. I also had no clue that one of these guys was undercover cop. The demon must've come through on the wire he was wearing.

The guy holding the large handgun turns his incredulous sneer towards Tyler and says,

GANGSTER#1

One of these four-tens will cut a man in half. Da fuck do I need wit' twenty four of 'em?!

TYLER.

You cats are all four one six, right?

GANGSTER#2

For life, nigga.

TYLER

You're at war with the Rattlesnake Clan. And whereas you all like the personal touch, they tend to prefer the drive-by approach to urban warfare.

GANGSTER#1

Yeah? And what?!

TYLER

And you need the short range punch that can take out a radiator, crack a transmission, flatten double-wall tires, that's what.

Gangster#1 picks up one of the 410s shakes it at Tyler.

GANGSTER#3

Oh, but these will?

TYLER

Four ten rounds will shoot through the earth, and come out in china.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

You want to focus on stopping,
power not rounds per second.

Silence. The gangsters exchange thoughtful glances, looking first at each other then at the box of menacing pistols, then back to Tyler, who says to gangster one

TYLER (CONT'D)

Unless of course you're interested
in a career as a dead motherfucker.
I have some brochures

We hear the sounds of sirens getting a bit closer now, and what we're pretty sure are gunshots elsewhere in the neighborhood.

This turns everyone's head briefly, but they pay it little mind.

Gangster#1 ponders the weapon for a final moment, pulls out a bulging knot of cash, and drops it on the table.

GANGSTER#1

You got yourself a motherfuckin'
dealio!

We now notice gangster#3's breathing has become faster deeper. and he has the bloodshot, super wide eyes. The others have not seen this yet.

TYLER

Smashing. Now let's talk Semtex.
I'm running a special this wee...

Now Tyler notices The hyperventilating man with the bulging bloodshot eyes, the demonic half scowl

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey man. You experiencing the side
effects of Chantix?

The possessed, heaving man eyes one of the 410 revolvers on the table. Methodically, he picks one up, and begins thumbing bullets into the chamber.

Tyler grabs the one larger handgun on the table - a 50 caliber Desert Eagle - and points it at the guy who seems aware of nothing but the weapon he loads.

GANGSTER#1

Yo Nigga, what up!

TYLER

Hey! Special Olympics!

The Possessed undercover points the loaded gun at Tyler. Tyler fires a shot in the guy's chest, knocking the guy clean off his feet.

The other two draw handguns of their own, but in their panic and confusion they don't even know who to point them at.

The possessed man stands stands up again, as if he doesn't know, or care, about the gaping crater that now resides in his chest.

He still holds the loaded 410, breathing fast and deep, and now with every exhale, a shower of blood sprays from the crater in his chest as he points the gun at Tyler.

Who blows Undercover's head clean off. A monsoon of bloody, brainy stew paints the wall of guns behind him.

Angle on the headless, spouting corpse on the floor: Amongst the gore of the gaping chest wound, his WIRE is now visible.

Tyler takes note of this as he draws his second 50 Cal from his under-arm holster, now pointing one gun at each man,

TYLER (CONT'D)

Mmmm...Finger lickin' dead.

GANGSTER#2

Yo these motherfuckers is cops!

TYLER.

No, that guy was a cop. I'm CIA,
Which makes me the biggest crook in
the room....

Tyler Cocks the hammer back on his cannon of a handgun and adds

TYLER

...And the most dangerous.

More gunshots outside, much closer now. And an approaching siren.

The two gangsters react to this as if the sirens are coming for them.

They back away toward the stairs, guns pointed at Tyler (who regards them with a casual "this will end badly for you" smirk)

Then they bolt up the stairs and are gone.

Tyler grabs a couple of 50 caliber clips off the table, shoves them into his pocket. He throws on a bulletproof vest and races up the stairs after them.

EXT. TYLER FRONT YARD. DAY

A neighborhood under siege. It's all shooting, chasing cops, and fleeing, screaming citizens, as Tyler walks out of his garage, gun held prone. He scans for the fleeing gangsters, and in the process, beholds assorted chaos, including...

A HOUSE across the street with a police motorcycle embedded in the front wall underneath a gaping shattered window where the rider plunged through.

A WOMAN runs around from the side of the same house, a cop close on her heels shoots at her.

Another front window explodes as she passes. The bloodied motorcycle cop who went through the front window, wearing a helmet and mirrored shades, plunges through the window, reaches out grabs her off her feet and pulls her into the house as if she weighed next to nothing.

A head on collision in the STREET between an SUV and a wailing police cruiser. A man plunges through one windshield, and a cop through the other, both landing on their vehicles' hoods.

The man is a bloody, squirming mess now. The cop is too, but painless and methodical as he draws his weapon and shoots dead the groaning man on the other hood, and then an unseen driver inside the SUV.

A screaming man sprints across Tyler's FRONT LAWN, Chased by two German Shepherd/hell hounds, both making demonically low growls and barks through unusually large bloody jaws.

Tyler spots the two fleeing gangsters: They're headed for a CHURCH with a packed parking lot down the street.

Several cops shoot at them, but once the gangsters are on church property, none chase them.

And we further notice that the church property is the only spot in the neighborhood currently DEVOID of POLICE presence.

TYLER

OH Hell no

He sprints through the chaos after them.

INT. REVEREND'S CHURCH - DAY

A wedding ceremony in progress. The pews are packed with wedding guests. The bridegroom stand in front of the REVEREND OWEN MAPLES as he marries them. He's a middle aged black man, mostly bald, a bit paunchy, and with a certain un-clergylike intensity about him.

REVEREND

And now, may the courage of early
morning's dawning, and the strength
of eternal hills at noontime-

And that's when the two panicking gangsters barge in, and immediately take hostages.

Gangster number one gets an old GRANDMOTHER, puts a pistol to her head. Gangster number two picks up a five-year-old GIRL and does likewise.

Tyler rushes in and sizes up the situation quickly. Cool as a fan, he aims at the closer, more open target, the one with grandma as a hostage, shoots him in the upper neck. The brainstem.

The gangster drops.

At the sound of the shot the church empties. a screaming surging tide of wedding guests races for the door, many getting in Tyler's line of fire in the process.

TYLER

Get out of the way! get out of the
way!

Within seconds the church's only occupants are Tyler the Reverend, gangster#1 The girl/hostage, who cries softly, and her mother, who pleads with the gunman.

MOTHER

Please don't hurt my baby! please!!

A storm of gunfire outside the church, and the screams of fleeing wedding guests slowly dwindles to near silence.

Some of the bullets now come through the church's stained-glass windows, shattering them.

Angle on the REVEREND, as he surreptitiously draws a small chrome plated pistol from an ankle holster, and points it gangster#1 as the man faces the other way toward Tyler.

Slam-zoom on the barrel of the pistol: An engraving, a line from Psalm 23

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Back out to the standoff, as Tyler tries to reason with the the gangster as he holds the child between him and Tyler like a human shield.

TYLER

You don't want to do this man. You don't shoot a kid.

GANGSTER#1

I was born to die! Think I give a fuck?!

Tyler slowly, cautiously puts his gun on the church floor as he says.

TYLER

No, no I don't think you do.

Tyler puts both hands slowly in the air and says to the Reverend,

TYLER (CONT) (CONT'D)

Rev, be sure to get him in the brainstem so he don't twitch.

Gangster number one spins around to see the Rev. pointing his gun. Rev. has a tone like he's preaching fire and brimstone as he barks

REVEREND

I know that! Don't tell me what to do in my church!

TYLER

Alright already!

REVEREND

Just get me that shot Tyler!

Tyler gets the guy's attention as he waves one hand in the air and says

TYLER

Hey thug life!

The gangster whips around to face Tyler, and the Reverend puts a single bullet through the base of his skull.

As Tyler rushes toward the guy, mom screams and covers her mouth, gangster#1 drops the kid unharmed as he keels over in the other direction

Mom scoops up the kid, and they both collapsed on the nearest pew cry and hug each other.

Then in a sudden rage, mom gets up and repeatedly kicks the dead gangster as she shrieks.

MOM

Bastard. You fucking piece of shit!
You go to hell! I shit on your
fucking grave! You son of a-

Tyler takes her by the arm, pulls her away from the guy as the kids crying only gets louder.

But she's really in the snap out zone, as she blindly turns her rage on Tyler, slapping and punching at him.

He grabs her by the both wrists to restrain her,

TYLER

Whoah whoah whoah chick! Bump it
down a peg!
(To Reverend)
Is somebody skimming off little
Johnny's Adderall or what?!

REVEREND

You're not helping Tyler!
(To mom)
Ma'am, I need you to take cover in
the basement and wait for me to
return.

Mom's blind blind rage slowly attenuates. she seems about to say something in protest of this course of action, but hears another spate of GUNSHOTS outside, followed by bloodcurdling SCREAMS, howling rubber, and a CRASH, and rapidly comes around to the idea.

MOM

Come with me baby. Were going to
the basement.

She and the kid disappear into the rectory.

The Reverend turns his attention to Tyler, As the gunshots and screaming continue outside, and he is not happy.

REVEREND

How dare you bring this violence
into my church!

TYLER

It's not me Goddammit!

REV

And watch your God damn language in here!

TYLER

You need to take a peek outside Rev. because somethin's goin' on! Po-po's out there playing bad cop, worse cop!

The Reverend pauses to listen to the now intermittent screams and gunshots from around the neighborhood, he looks as much concerned now is much as angry, and he approaches one of the shattered windows

REV

What on God's green Earth are you talking about?

The Reverend looks out the window. From his POV we see the church LAWN littered with dead bodies and guests including the bride and groom. The bride's white gown is now soiled with blood.

A cop car speeding down the STREET with lights flashing hits a fleeing teenager on rollerblades who disappears under the under the car with a sickening wet crunch.

An approaching helicopter, with a sniper in the side door who fires multiple rounds into a car squealing backwards out of its driveway.

The punctured car now drifts slowly into a cable box and stops

A spate of bullets blasts the wall outside the reverend's shattered window.

He Lurches back behind the cover the wall, fixing Tyler with a look of alarm.

TYLER

As you can see, God's green earth is turning into God's red earth.

REV

But why?! There has to be some reason!

TYLER

Take another look, Rev. You notice how none of them are setting foot on church property?

The Reverend takes another look. And he sees several uniform cops chasing woman this way and sure enough, she races onto the lawn they all STOP suddenly at the edge as if blocked by an invisible force field.

One of them shoots her in the back, and she joins the mass of dead and dying on the lawn.

Angle closely on the cops, scowling, breathing deep and fast, and turning to walk away.

The Reverend makes the sign of the cross as he once again takes cover behind the wall.

REVEREND

Jesus Mary and Joseph they're all possessed! It's an incursion! a demonic incursion!

TYLER

Just like Bosnia, but from the looks of it, a fuck of a lot worse.

REV

God dammit! watch your God damn language my God damn-

Tyler cuts him off.

TYLER

All-Goddamn-right! But you know what this! is and you know we what we have to do!

The Reverend starts for the door.

REVEREND

We aren't doing anything! I am going to rescue my people!

TYLER

You go out there alone with that pea shooter, you're going to get yourself killed.

REVEREND

My God will put a hedge of protection around me.

TYLER

Yeah and the name of that hedge is me. I'm the man with the plan.

This pushes the Reverend's buttons. He turns and walks back to Tyler with a look bordering on rage. He wags a rebuking finger at him.

REVEREND

No! You're the man with the guns!
And the grenades! and the (Beat,
waves arms looking for the word)
Semantics!

TYLER

Semtex.

REVEREND

Whatever! Laundering your blood
money through my church and my
charities!

An especially large, close EXPLOSION outside. They both jump,

TYLER

Okay first of all, you can't
launder money through a charity,
that's not a thing! And secondly,
those guns are Lo-Jacked by the by
the feds! They track the guns they
track the crooks!

The Reverend simply glares at Tyler, who is now the one to lose his temper.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that!! I'm
with the good guys now!!

REVEREND

People kill each other with your
guns Mister Good Guy.

TYLER

It's not my planet Rev, I'm just
livin' on it.

REVEREND

I'm talking about young black men,
like these two here.

TYLER

That ain't fair, man. They made
their choices.

REV

I'm talking about angry teens to
take your guns to school and shoot
their classmates!

Tyler rolls his eyes as the Reverend continues to drive this
point home

REVEREND

I'm talking about children who find
your guns in their homes and think
they're toys! Is that why you put
that money into my church? to ease
your conscience?

Tyler's look tells us that this it's uncomfortably close to
home. As if to emphasize all this we hear another cluster of
gunshots and bloody wanted screams

TYLER

What do you want from me?

REVEREND

Redemption. Come with me, help me
save the residents at my halfway
house and the shelter.

TYLER

Oh hell no! There's no way I'm
risking my ass for those human
chemistry sets!

REVEREND

That attitude is precisely why no
one in this community will lift a
finger to help them. They need us.
They need you, Tyler.

And Tyler is conflicted, frustrated he paces around. He
mutters,

TYLER

Oh Holy jumpin' lime green Shit-
balls.

More calmly now, but pleading now, the Reverend asks,

REVEREND

Would you please stop swearing in
my church?

TYLER

We've got to contact PANDora. The longer the incursion lasts, the harder it is to get rid of.

REVEREND

I know. But the clock's ticking for my people too.

Tyler walks to the broken window. He looks outside. He sees a SWAT truck driving past in the street and empties his clip into the front cab.

The truck coasts into a tree where it stops. Tyler starts for the door of the church. He points to the SWAT truck.

TYLER

That's our ride, so keep an eye on it. Call your people and tell them to stay in the basement until we get there.

INT. TYLER'S BASEMENT - DAY

Tyler scoops all manner of weapons, ammo, grenades and explosives into a large duffel bag.

A laptop to portable scanners, some two-way walkie-talkies, finally a pair of high-tech model airplane size drones with the wings folded up.

He slings the bag over his shoulder locks and loads an M204 and races upstairs.

EXT. BEHIND THE CHURCH. DAY

More sounds of chaos and death from all horizons as Tyler points his rifle and sneaks toward the graveyard behind the church, along the cover of a tall picket fence.

He comes to a break in the wood slats and peeps through.

He notices three police vehicles on the street, parked at sloppy angles along the curb, a third is wrapped around a tree. One is a state police cruiser, the other two are from other municipalities than New Jerusalem.

INT. REFERENCE CHURCH. DAY

Tyler re-enters with his duffel bag, goes over to the basin full of holy water and begins dipping bullets and ammo clips in the water.

TYLER

I hope you blessed the hell out of this water, Rev. 'cuz this problem is bigger than I thought. We got Staties out there, and cops from at least three other counties.

The Reverend assists in the dunking of the ammo.

REVEREND

Thank you Ty. You're doing the right thing.

TYLER

(Offhandedly)

Yeah, Yeah. Jesus saves with double coupons...

Then Tyler seems to remember something: He pulls a Kevlar vest out of his bag and hands it to the Reverend.

TYLER (CONT'D)

...Here's your Bush of protection.

The Reverend smiles a bit, as he puts the vest on and Tyler starts locking and loading his weapons with now dripping wet ammo.

REVEREND

Hedge, Ty.

TYLER

Whatev, Rev. Bottle the rest of that holy water, I think we're going to need it.

REVEREND

I've got two bottles.

The two stand up, weapons ready. The Reverend holds the bag.

TYLER

Ready to do this?

REVEREND.

No.

TYLER

It'll come back to you.

REVEREND

That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CHURCH - DAY

A group of about a dozen cops have now turned their attention on the church, taking cover behind vehicles fences and trees, they wait with weapons pointed.

The sounds of surrounding mayhem have changed, and dwindled. The gunshots, sirens, car wrecks, take a back seat now to the sounds of aftermath: confusion, agony, a crackling fire or two.

The big wooden doors of the church fly open and (in a slow motion sequence maybe?) Tyler and the Reverend step out onto the church walkway, fully strapped, bullets flying.

The Reverend sports a pair of Uzis, with which he lays down on oscillating storm of lead. While Tyler let's fly with both bullets and grenades from his m-16 with M203 extension.

As we angle on the opposition returning fire, we get our first good look at the effects of these holy water dipped bullets have on demonic targets...

At the site of each bullet hole, a single long tongue of flame shoots out.

Their scowls of anger become scowls of pain, as flames continue shooting from their wounds. Some continue firing, some throw down their weapons and charge toward our heroes like mindless flaming berserkers.

The length of time it takes varies, the fate of each one is the same: They EXPLODE thundering monsoons of fire guts and blood.

A police cruiser speeds their way, lights flashing, bullets flying. And Tyler fires one of his grenades through the windshield.

The grenade detonates inside, reducing the car to jagged fiery wreckage.

Two uniformed cops exit the vehicle. One has a missing missing arm, most hideously ripped away, leaving ribbons of torn, hanging flesh and shredded stubs of bone.

He shoots at Tyler with his other hand, and seems in no way incapacitated - or concerned by - his injury.

But he's got nothing on the other guy: This one CRAWLS out of the vehicle to reveal that he is quite literally half the man he used to be. Crawling tenaciously, painlessly this way, with a long, tangled trail of guts.

Tyler peppers both of them with blessed bullets. The holes belch flame, the bodies explode.

One by one, Tyler and the Reverend pick off the opposition reducing them to charred wrecks.

The last enemy emerges from the cover of a large tree, firing a pair of handguns.

The Reverend sprays him with bullets and he explodes in short order, this one leaving behind a charred, grinning skeleton that stands holding the two pistols for the briefest of moments before collapsing into a heap of bones.

TYLER

Well that's just loony Toons!

The Reverend, with the duffel bag still hanging from one shoulder, takes a look around and through a neighborhood the shallow ocean of bodies only feet away. He makes the sign of the cross and follows Tyler toward the SWAT truck.

(EXT. OUTSIDE SWAT TRUCK -
DAY)

They walk around the front of the truck, where there are two Fully suited, fully dead SWAT officers slumped in the driver and passenger seat.

Tyler pulls the dead passenger - a blood soaked mess like his partner - out of the cab, onto the pavement.

The Reverend is now on the driver side.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey Rev, you see that cop there?

REVEREND

Yes.

TYLER

Drag him out and put his uniform on.

REVEREND

(indignant)

I most certainly will not!

INT. SWAT TRUCK. MINUTES LATER. DAY

The reverend drives, and pouts: He and Tyler are now both dressed in extremely bloody SWAT uniforms, including full body armor.

REVEREND

This is a most savage and
undignified state of affairs.

Tyler locks and loads his numerous weapons.

TYLER

Totally.

The truck hits a uniformed cop at high speed. He is heard growling in demonic protest as his body is horribly crunched under the truck, and the vehicle lurches, as if it has just driven over a wet, soggy speed-bump.

Tyler glances in the side view mirror and declares casually,

TYLER (CONT'D)

He might be alright...

He turns of the Reverend.

TYLER CONT

You think we should call nine one
one or something?

The Reverend. gives Tyler a glance that conveys he does not approve of this gallows humor,

And while he's looking at Tyler, hits another cop, this one a state trooper who clings tenaciously to the front of the truck with his face pressed against the windshield bellowing demonically.

POSSESSED TROOPER

Cease-and-desist!!

TYLER

I think we should do what he says.

The Reverend gives Tyler a say no more nod,

And slams on the brakes.

The truck squeals to a halt. The cop goes flying. And bounces along the pavement like a flailing human skipping stone before coming to rest a good fifty feet away.

He immediately jumps to his feet, draws his side-arm and tenaciously empties the clip into the bullet resistant windshield, making small fractures, but never punching through.

The Reverend stomps on the gas and right before he plows over the cop, the cop bellows,

POSSESSED TROOPER
Abbadon is law!!

Crunch! As the vehicle and jostles and grinds over the body, and the Reverend. reacts in recognition of the name Abbadon

Tyler mocks the guy as he leans out the window and says in a Freddy Krueger voice

TYLER
I'm your boyfriend now!

Tyler turns his attention to his laptop.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Good news is they don't seem to recognize us as civilians until they get up close. Bad news is I can't hack into their body-cam feed, so we're going to have a hard time tracking their movements.

REVEREND
The bad news is name of the demon is Abbadon.

TYLER
(As he types)
That supposed to ring a bell?

REVEREND
It's the Angel of the bottomless pit referred to in revelations. We're talking Lucifer's second in command here.

Now Tyler, seeing the seriousness of this, closes his laptop and turns to the Reverend

TYLER
A demon like that, how powerful?
How many people?

REVEREND
Millions? Billions? who knows?
there's no basis for comparison.

TYLER

We're in over our heads.

Just then the voice of Abbadon, replete with static comes through on the police band head unit.

VOICE OF ABBADON/V.O.

SWAT thirty, SWAT sixty one, what's your twenty?

TYLER

Speak of the devil.

REVEREND

Don't answer that Ty. Don't touch the head unit. That's how it gets into you, I'm sure of it.

TYLER

Project Sentinel. That must be where it came from. That satellite frequency, that's your bottomless pit.

VOICE OF ABBADON/V.O.

Have you collected the remaining priority targets?

Tyler and the Reverend give the head unit a puzzled look then the Reverend moves on

REVEREND

Get ready. We're coming to the halfway house now.

The Reverend rolls to a stop in a neighborhood with rowhouses on both sides of the street.

Tyler begins pushing slugs into a 12-gauge semiautomatic as he says

TYLER

Remember Rev, Scoop and scram. We're not sticking around for any twelve step meetings, or finger painting or whatever these bobble-heads do with their time.

Reverend rolls his eyes, takes a deep breath and turns to Tyler.

REVEREND

Would you please try to be a little more sensitive when we go in there?

Tyler hands a shotgun to the Reverend, smiles and says.

TYLER

You know me Reverend; when I'm in battle mode I get real sarcastic so...basically no.

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE BASEMENT. DAY

A dark dusty basement, cramped with old furniture, canned goods and other stored marginalia.

The residents of the Reverend's halfway house, all young men, including the bug chubby hispanic CARLOS JEFF, skinny nerdy shoulder length blonde hair, and MARVIN, a young black man with a shaved head, and coke bottle glasses.

They're all gathered around Marvin and his laptop. Marvin is a young African-American man with a black lives matter T-shirt.

MARVIN

It's not just here. It's all over. This just happened in St. Louis check it out.

And we cut to the video they're watching.

INT. CAR FULL OF PEOPLE. DAY

Smart phone camera POV. Shaky handheld and unfocused. In the hands of an unseen passenger in the back seat. We see the cars full of young African Americans passengers and driver.

The camera lurches back and forth between the occupants of the car and two possessed cops who have pulled the vehicle over in this urban setting, one approaching on either side, shotguns pointed.

The young man holding the phone says

TREY/OS.

Yo this Trey! It's one twenty six, we just got pulled over on thirty ninth! We ain't done nothin' and these dudes got they guns out!

The shotgun barrel taps on the driver's window. The driver opens his window and we angle shakily on the heavily breathing cop outside.

TRAY/OS

Yo, you streamin' live to Facebook officer! we ain't done shit'!

We hear two other passengers outside the frame

PASSENGER#2/O.S.

'sup fool?

PASSENGER#3

Yo, Freddy Gray forever!

And the possessed cop outside the driver's window shouts in the voice of Abbadon,

POSSESSED COP#1

Show me your hands!!

The driver and front passenger both put their hands out through the open windows, and promptly get them blown off by the shotguns.

The shots thunder. The blood splatters. The Car's occupants scream. In his panic, the driver waves his bloody stumps around inside spraying blood on everything and everyone.

Trey drops the phone, and our POV tumbles to the floor. We hear a spate of shotgun blasts tear through the vehicle and everyone in it, as we cut back to.

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE BASEMENT. DAY

The young men look up from the laptop to see Tyler and Reverend make their way down the stairs. the Reverend carries the large herd duffel bag and is clearly frustrated by its bulk.

REVEREND

Tyler what in God's name do you have in this bag?

TYLER

We need you to to get you back to your fighting weight. Are you using that Peleton I got you for Christmas?

REVEREND

You mean the one you bought me with your blood money?!

TYLER

Stop saying blood money!

The Reverend drops the bag.

REVEREND
Stop selling war and death!

Gunshots outside. A siren races through the neighborhood as Tyler smirks trying to suppress a laugh with only partial success. This only inflames the Reverend all the more.

REVEREND (CONT'D)
You find something funny about this?!

TYLER
You already look like a bloody tampon. Now you're acting like one.

The Reverend opens his mouth wide for a no doubt furious response, but Tyler silently points toward the group of halfway house residents who have been watching this exchange in awkward wide-eyed silence.

Reverend takes a deep breath, steals himself, as we hear more gunshots and the sound of a car crash outside.

Tyler sniffs the air and says

TYLER (CONT'D)
Damn. Smells like wide open ass in here.

JEFF
That's Carlos.

CARLOS
We been cooped in here man.

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE FIRST FLOOR. DAY.

The door to the basement slowly creaks open. Tyler exits, followed by the Reverend, and Carlos, and the others

Tyler looks to the front room. It's thick with the green clouds of tear-gas. And through the cloud, outside the broken front window on the porch, we see a LOCAL COP, about to throw another large tear gas canister through the window.

As we angle the cop we can see that he looks somewhat like a slimy melting zombie now. And the others to on the porch are in similarly bad shape.

Tyler takes careful aim with his desert eagle and then shoots the tear-gas canister in the cop's hand before he can throw it.

All three cops are blown off the porch in a thundering cloud of toxic smoking shrapnel.

Glass breaks in the kitchen.

A hand reaches through the broken window on the back door and turns the knob. The door flies open, revealing a hulkingly muscular, hyperventilating COP in the doorway who roars like a rabid bear.

And as he roars a fine mist of blood sprays from his mouth along with several of his teeth. He's rapidly deteriorating like the others

A blast from the Reverend's 12 gauge blows the guy off his feet and back out the door.

Another cop in melting, zombielike condition crashes through a side window by the basement door, just as Carlos emerges onto the first floor.

He grabs Carlos and starts pulling him through the window-frame with almost superhuman strength, also roaring like a wounded beast.

Until the Reverend plants his shotgun barrel on the cop's forehead, and fires.

His head becomes a savage ejaculation of red mist and flying brains.

More Zombielike cops scramble in through every window and door now, so many that the storm of blessed bullets radiated by our heroes barely stems the tide, and only serves to start the house burning as one cop after another is shot, and bursts into flames.

The entire first floor fills with them now. They look and move more like old-school zombies. The house is fast becoming a thick jungle of flames and roaring growling lesioned, melting cops,

As the Reverend pulls one of his bottles of holy water out of the bag opens it, and shouts

REVEREND
Back downstairs! now!

As the tide swarms in, everyone races down the basement stairs.

Tyler pulls the pin on a grenade and tosses it into the swarm.

The Reverend sloshes holy water around the entire basement door frame slams the door, and dumps the rest on the staircase as he backs down it.

Down in the BASEMENT again, Tyler sits, digs into the duffel bag looking for something

REVEREND (CONT'D)
We won't last long down here Ty!

Tyler pulls out a coil of C4 det-cord

TYLER
Good thing we're not staying.

Kaboom the grenade detonates upstairs, shaking various debris and dust to rain loose from the basement ceiling, as Tyler goes to the cinderblock wall bordering this townhouse and the next one.

JEFF
Dude, what are you doing?

Tyler sticks a rectangular shaped line of det-cord to the wall he quotes Charlie Sheen by way of answering

TYLER
Duh! Winning!

He inserts a wireless detonator pin into the det-cord and herds everyone into the far corner of the room as he pulls a wireless transmitter out of his pocket and tells everyone

TYLER (CONT'D)
Plug your ears and open your mouth.
Trust me.

Everyone does this, as Tyler detonates the cord. In a deafening storm of flying rubble a jagged exit appears in the wall in the aftermath of the explosion and they all hurry through it,

INT/EXT FRONT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE. DAY

Tyler and the Reverend peak outside about one hundred or so cops, all in deplorable, melting condition now, none of them seem sufficiently cognitive to draw or use their weapons.

All they seem to have left now is mindless simmering rage, milling around, looking for someone to attack.

As clearly illustrated when one of the closer local PD cops spies Tyler and roars, a slimy chunky mix of blood and God knows what else leaks from his mouth.

The others, clustered around the now flaming halfway house next door turn their attention this way with a chorus of hideous blood choked growls and moans.

They all move toward Tyler. Some stagger, some fall-down face first and crawl. One tries to take a step and both his knees been the wrong way like a stork, with a hideous crunch.

The Reverend joins Tyler at the door and reacts to the cops gruesome appearance.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Look at 'em. Falling apart faster
than Dolly the Sheep.

REVEREND

A demon this powerful wears out
bodies fast.

TYLER

So...You think this could be over
maybe?

The thud of chopper blades emerges in the distance, getting closer.

They both turn their heads in that direction.

REVEREND

Not even close.

The chopper appears over a line of houses and trees at an altitude of less than a hundred feet. It tracks right up the street.

As we angle more closely on it, we see it's a state police chopper with a state trooper leaning out of the side door holding a loaded RPG.

Tyler and the Reverend both race back into the living room toward the others.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

Get down now!

They all dive onto living room floor.

Outside the thundering fireball fills and shatters every front window, and blows the door off its hinges. Tongues of flame leap into the front room.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOWNHOUSES. DAY

It's a sparse wilderness of flames and body parts in the aftermath of the explosion, as Tyler and the Reverend lead the halfway house guys to the back of the SWAT truck.

Tyler takes his drone out of the duffel bag, unfolds and hurls it into the air.

It glides and keeps ascending, held aloft by its already running propellers.

REVEREND

Now's a bad time to play with toys
don't you think?

TYLER

Couldn't agree more. Who's good
with computers?

JEFF

I've got a masters in computer
science from M.I.T.

TYLER

(Impressed)
Wow. Seriously?

JEFF

Yeah...
(Beat, awkward silence)
...Then I tried crack.

The Reverend pats Jeff on the back reassuringly.

REVEREND

It's all right brother. One day at
a time.

TYLER

(awkward)
Um...right on.

JEFF

So...crack is bad.

Tyler closes the back door.

TYLER

Jeff, you're in the front with us.
Everyone else in the back, and put
your seatbelts on.

EXT. FRONT SEAT OF SWAT TRUCK. DAY.

The Reverend drives, Tyler is in the passenger seat with the laptop and Jeff is in the middle. They're driving through a body strewn wasteland that used to be a suburban neighborhood.

Plumes of black smoke from house and vehicle fires stretch toward the sky all around. But aside from that, there is stillness now.

The eye of the storm.

Angle on Tyler's laptop screen: Ariel POV from his flying drone. Looking down on the fire and smoke speckled city from several hundred feet up.

TYLER

I can't see anything with the drone at three hundred feet. But they gotta be out there somewhere.

JEFF

Nice camera resolution. How much battery life you got on this thing?

TYLER

About two and a half hours, plus high-capacity solar cells, infrared telephoto lenses, local R.F. jamming capability, and a half a pound of Semtex wired to the piezo-electric detonator on the nose.

JEFF

Dude. Who are you?

TYLER

Apparently not the guy who can get into Project Sentinel. I need the cop's G.P.S coordinates and it'll take forever to track them all with this drone.

JEFF

Department of justice. Moderately classified federal server. shouldn't have more than two firewalls. Eminently hackable, my dude.

Tyler hands the laptop over to Jeff.

TYLER
Have at it Friendzone.

Jeff pauses before turning his attention to the laptop.

JEFF
Dude, my name is Jeff.

TYLER
Do have a lot female friends Jeff?

JEFF
Um, yeah.

TYLER
Let me guess: you're the shoulder
they cry on. The one who holds
their hair back when they puke at
the party. when was the last time
you got some, Jeff?

REVEREND
Tyler!

Jeff's forlorn expression is answer enough.

Tyler looks a bit guilty, pats Jeff on the back and says.

TYLER
Sorry man. The feds taught me how
to profile. Let's focus, OK?

Jeff starts typing with amazing speed as he says dismissively

JEFF
Whatever.

A beat or two of silence, but for Jeff clacking away at the
keys, filling the screen after screen with cybernetic
gibberish as Tyler glances at the Reverend.

TYLER
This might take awi-

Jeff cuts him off.

JEFF
I'm in.

TYLER
(Surprised.)
Really?
(looks)
Hell yeah you're in.
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

You got talent in this house of yours Rev. Access the GPS server for this ZIP Code and highlight any signals.

A map of one asymmetrical chunk of the city appears on the screen. Littered with G.P.S. beacons. But none of them are moving and each one is labeled JFPD deceased.

TYLER (CONT'D)

This is one sophisticated network. Every beacon has precincts, badge numbers, and vital signs.

JEFF

The locals are mostly dead. Some state police too.

TYLER

Zoom out. Go to five thousand feet.

The image zooms out, encompassing the entire city. Hundreds of moving signals closing in from the edges of town in all directions.

Tyler and Jeff look spooked.

JEFF

Mother of bitches. Sorry Reverend.

REVEREND

(Concerned)

I take it there is some reason for this foul tongue of yours.

TYLER

Zoom out again. Fifty thousand feet.

In the new image, Jerusalem Falls is a small speck on a shrinking island,

Surrounded by by an ocean of beacons closing in from all directions, narrowing into rivers along the roads and highways.

JEFF

(Hoping against hope)

Maybe they're sending help?

TYLER

Go to two hundred thousand feet.

We see Kansas and most of the Midwestern U.S.

Surging, solid currents of RED, no longer discernible as individual points, mostly along the roads and highways, surrounding them for hundreds of miles.

Tyler and Jeff react in dreaded silence. Then Tyler breaks that silence.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Plan A's dead and stinkin' Rev.
We're not gettin' these kids out of town on the roads.

REVEREND

I take it you have a plan B?

TYLER

Make a left on Providence Road.
We're going to the courthouse.

REVEREND

Across the street from the police station?! That's a hell of a plan!

TYLER

Local P.D. is dead. Right now it's the safest-

(frustrated)

-You know, that's what I'm talking about, Owen! all the trust has evaporated from our relationship!

REVEREND

You're damn right it has! And whose fault is that ?!

JEFF

Guys! You need to turn left! Now!

Squad cars from jurisdictions too numerous to count race into the street from several side-streets behind them and from a three-way intersection ahead, effectively boxing them in.

Tyler pulls a 40 mm grenade launcher, loads the first grenade, and shouts as he opens his window.

TYLER

You're the eyes now Jeff. get us downtown.

The Reverend swerves left down a side Street and alley between two rows of backyards, barely wide enough for the SWAT truck, which draws sparks as it scrapes past one of the chain-link fences on either side.

A line of police cars pours into the alley behind them. Cops wearing many different uniforms lean out of the Windows shooting at the SWAT truck.

One of these guys is smacked by a telephone pole, ripped horribly out of his vehicle in a shower of blood.

A Storm of bullets begins to impact the truck.

Tyler fires a grenade through the windshield of the first pursuing vehicle. It explodes in a wilderness of flames causing a chain reaction of collisions in all vehicles behind it.

Some of them swerve through fences into adjoining backyards.

Tyler reloads his launcher with a fresh grenade fires at the cars blocking their exit, hits and destroys the first car, causing a similar pile up.

He leans back inside and says.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Plow through that Rev! This truck
is built for it.

REVEREND

Which way do I turn?!

JEFF

Left! Turn left!

The truck plows through the line of cars, knocking them out into the main boulevard in all directions like twisted screeching billiard balls as the truck takes off down the boulevard.

The cops in the mashed vehicles, some in rended and bloody condition, exit the vehicles, some through the broken windows and windshields. Scowling and huffing, they Sprint tenaciously after the already distant truck.

In the BACK of the SWAT TRUCK, the remaining halfway house residents look jostled and scared.

CARLOS

Yo what the hell are they driving
through, Homes?!

MARVIN

Yeah! It feels like homes!

Another loud crash outside of the truck jostles them again

MARVIN (CONT'D)

...And cars!

BACK in the CAB, Tyler loads fresh clips in both his 50 calibers, clearly loving every minute of this as he recites the somehow appropriate lyrics of rage against the machine, (complete with verbal guitar riffs)

TYLER

Now you do what they told ya! Da-dun-nunt da nunt!! Now you do what they told ya! Da-dun-nunt da nunt!! Now you do what they told ya! Da-dun-nunt da nunt!!

They approach the taller buildings of the downtown sprawl now. And at a four-way intersection, two solid rivers of police cars cut them off, ahead and to the left.

The Reverend swerves to the right, and takes off down a street littered with dead bodies, wrecked cars and shattered store windows.

Angle on the laptop, a low GPS image of the downtown area with moving beacons flooding in on most of the streets. Jeff looks at the screen and says.

JEFF

Wrong Way, Reverend. This takes us away from the courthouse.

REVEREND

Find us another way, Jeff

JEFF

The south side is still clear, if you can get there fast.

Tyler looks at the GPS with hundreds of beacons closing in from all sides.

TYLER

Yeah. Real fast. Make a left here on Oak Street.

Bullets ricochet off the truck.

Tyler looks in his side mirror and catches only the briefest glimpse of a dozen pursuing cop's all with passengers leaning out and shouting shooting.

Then the mirror is shot to pieces.

The Reverend swerves left down another narrow street where a number of uniform cops leap onto the truck from both sides.

Three cops leap onto the front, cling to the windshield. Two more leap onto either side, and several leap onto the back. All scowling heaving.

Tyler leans out with both 50-cals and unloads on the guys covering the windshield. Each bullet hole erupts in a separate plume of flame, their grips on the truck loosen, and they slide off the truck,

Just In time to reveal a three-way intersection dead ahead.

The cop on the back manages to get the doors unlatched.

Tyler ducks back inside, the only one not in his seatbelt. He barely has time to strap himself in before the Reverend slams on the brakes howling to a stop just shy of a store with a large plate glass window.

The cop on the back, at first pressed against the doors rebounds off into the street behind the truck,

As the two cops clinging to the sides are catapulted through the front window of the storefront.

One sails clear into the back of the store, and disappears.

The other collides with shelves of merchandise behind the counter, he and said merchandise disappear for a beat beneath the counter.

The Reverend floors it in reverse, horribly crushes the cop in the street just as he scrambles to his feet.

The truck bears left and starts down the street, as the cop behind the counter leaps over it, now in mangled condition, with several shards of glass sticking out of him.

He runs toward the truck as it passes with frightening speed, shouting in the voice of Abbadon.

OUT OF TOWN COP#1
Stop resisting!!

Tyler takes aim and reduces him to a flaming lump with three or four shots as they take off.

TYLER
Get some new material guys.

They take off through several intersections, getting blocked and forced to swerve right, left, right, as the bullets fly and the cars pile up behind them.

In The back of the truck, the double doors now swing wildly open and closed with each swerve of the vehicle.

Carlos, belted in one of the seats gets off a short burst of machine gun fire each time the door swing open, taking several pursuing cars out of the Chase by the time both his clips run dry.

All the while, bullets fly into the truck as well until Carlos catches the door closest to him and latches it shut.

He takes this bullet-free moment to load his remaining clips.

Marvin, sitting across from Carlos reaches out for the other still flying door,

And takes a fatal bullet.

In an instant he's no more than a lifeless hunk of bleeding meat, hanging from his seatbelt straps.

In the FRONT SEAT, Tyler Grabs the laptop from Jeff, as the Reverend continues to swerve from from one right angle to the next.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Give me that.

He looks at the overhead image of police vehicles chasing the truck through the blocky layout of the downtown streets: it all looks a bit like Pac-Man, causing Tyler to mimic the sound of that game.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Wakka-wakka-wakka-wakka-wakka-Hard
right Rev! Now!

The Reverend swerves right, and we see the courthouse/City Hall building at the end of this road four blocks away.

The tide of police and police traffic follows close on their heels.

IN THE BACK, Carlos reaches out and fires blind around the edge of the closed bullet proof door. His bullets spray wildly, but do enough damage to take one more car out of the Chase, cracking the radiator in a blinding cloud of steam.

The sound of chopper blades emerges somewhere head of the truck.

Back in the FRONT SEAT, Tyler has his drone piloting program running. The drone POV on screen shows it behind and above the SWAT truck and flying over it.

He hands the laptop back to Jeff, grabs a Dragonov sniper rifle with scope out of his bag.

A state police Helo drops into the frame four blocks ahead, right in front of the City Hall building.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Floor it Rev. Right into the lobby.
Jeff, fly the drone into that
chopper.

Behind the truck, a bumper-to-bumper line of police vehicles comes within feet of the open back door.

A hulkingly muscular possessed state trooper and k9 cum hellhound scramble along the tops of the speeding chain of cars, with complete disregard for the danger of it all, fast approaching the open, flailing door in the back of the SWAT truck.

In the FRONT SEAT, Tyler grabs his m-16/m-203 and loads a fresh clip.

Angle of the chopper hovering ahead a state trooper leans out and takes aim with an RPG.

The Reverend sees this and warns

REVEREND

Tyler!

Tyler looks ahead. He leans out the window and takes careful aim with his weapon.

He holds the trigger down, spraying off the entire clip, during which time the cop in the chopper fires the RPG,

The rocket streaks through the air, getting dangerously close to the truck before Tyler manages to catch the thing with one of his last rounds and detonates it in a fireball that blackens and chars the truck as it drives through it.

Tyler locks and loads a fresh clip, and by the time they drive through the last of the smoke, the RPG cop in the chopper is already loading a fresh rocket into his own weapon.

Tyler unloads the full clip into the body of the chopper. one of his last rounds hits the guy, and he's blown back, just as he pulls the trigger, and ends up firing the rocket inside the chopper,

Which explodes in a much larger fireball.

BEHIND the speeding SWAT TRUCK, the cop and K-9 monster are now crouched on the hood of the closest pursuing car, as bullets from the other vehicles continue to dent and mar the back of the truck.

First the hulking cop leaps up into the truck through the wildly swinging open door, followed by his faithful hell hound.

Back in the FRONT SEAT the reverend drives through the raining jungle of flaming chopper debris,

Crashes through the glass walls of the courthouse lobby,

Through a row of metal detectors (one of which remain sufficiently intact to blare an alarm tone in response to the presence of passing metal.)

In the BACK of the TRUCK, the hulking cop and the hulking dog scramble to their feet, scowling and growling as Carlos points both his compact subs,

Click, and click: the hollow, tragic sound of two empty magazines,

The scowling heaving cop points his Sidearm at Carlos, as the hell-hound leaps at him;

It's in mid-air when the SWAT truck crashes head-on into God knows what.

Both the cop and the dog are launched forward, smack against the forward wall, and hit the floor, both broken, twisted wrecks.

Carlos's guns are likewise torn from his grasp. But he, like the other survivors, is seat-belted.

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY. DAY

A path of destruction traces the SWAT truck's path from the gaping glassy hole in the front, to the cement column against which the truck is now smashed.

TYLER

Gotta hand it to you Rev, you drive
like a bat out of...never mind.

EXT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY. DAY

Tyler, the Reverend, and Jeff run to the back of the SWAT truck. Tyler and the Reverend both carry Hornet's-nests that have been dipped in holy water.

Reverend and Jeff open the back doors to check on the occupants, while Tyler keeps going toward the gaping hole the glass front wall, setting off the one intact metal

detector again as he passes it.

The Reverend and Jeff look inside the truck to find the seatbelted occupants dazed, slumping and groaning, Marvin dead, and the cop and his canine beast still lying on the floor, looking dead enough anyway

Reverend puts his hornets nest down just inside the doors.

Tyler takes cover behind a marble column, his hornets nest at his feet, both desert Eagles in hand, as a solid wall of possessed cops and vehicles have formed a semicircle outside the front, guns pointed with more arriving to the fold behind them.

Tyler peeks out for a look, and is met by a combination of flying bullets and more mindless berserker cops who start bum rushing the courthouse. Growling, bellowing, unarmed, a few getting cut down in the hail of friendly fire behind them.

TYLER

Get in the truck and shut the
doors!

Jeff and the Reverend, who have turned to look at the approaching onslaught, now turn back to enter the truck only to find both the mangled cop and mangled K-9 on their feet now scowling, snarling, cop with gun pointed, and all the seated passengers still too dazed to be remotely helpful.

The cop and K-9 leap out of the truck as bullets wiz and ricochet. the Reverend and Jeff both drop back and hit the ground, during which the Reverend puts a quick bullet from his ankle gun in each of the two flying bogies.

And by the time they hit the ground they are roaring, growling balls of fire.

Back at the ENTRANCE, Tyler backs up a bit from the marble column, still giving him narrow cover from the incoming led storm with both 50 Cal's.

He shoots and ignites over a dozen charging bogies on either side of the column. They burst into flames stagger crawl and pile up in charred condition around the jagged entrance, many freezing as charred black and hawks still crawling with arms outstretched toward Tyler.

Back at the TRUCK, the Reverend and Jeff jump inside and pull the door shut, just as a shower of bullets peppers the bullet resistant door with dents.

Back at the ENTRANCE, more cops break the firing line, and Rush in, some armed, some just flailing their arms in utterly berzerk fashion. There is an increasing departure from police training, and higher brain function in general,

Tyler quickly holsters one gun, loads and then fires off one more clip - his last - which now does little to stem the tide.

He rushes forward to the hornets' nest, picks it up, pulls the pin, and tosses it lightly around the now chipped and cratered marble column to land just on the other side - now in the thick of the onrushing crowd.

The weapon detonates, pelting most of the crowd with holy water infused pellets most of them ignite into fireballs leading half a dozen still charging and/or shooting

Tyler now runs for the truck shouting

TYLER (CONT'D)
Reverend! A little help!

Both of the SWAT truck's doors fly open, and the Reverend steps out his Tech nine and a noticeably altered demeanor

He sprays the courthouse lobby, igniting the remaining opposition, his face a mask of fierce determination he shouts

REVEREND
And you will know my name is the
lord, when I lay my vengeance upon
you!

Silence now, but for crackling flames.

As Tyler approaches the truck, the Reverend gets down on one knee, puts one hand on Marvin's forehead. He whispers something inaudible, makes the sign of the cross, then stands up

TYLER
I'm sorry, buddy.

REVEREND
You were right Tyler. we need to
get these kids out of town. Then we
stay here and we see this through

TYLER
I'll get the bag.

Tyler walks away, while the Reverend tends to the trucks now
more lucid occupants.

EXT. COURTHOUSE HOT LOBBY, MOMENTS LATER. DAY

They all follow Tyler across the lobby toward the other
entrance. He carries the bag as he remarks,

TYLER
They seem to come in waves. We've
got one more Street to cross before
the next one, so let's hustle.

As they approach the other side of the lobby this is where
they see the words written in blood on the glass.

But WAL SIN ODABBA, viewed now from the other side of the glass
reads as,

Abbadon Is Law

The bloody letters obscure their view of what lies beyond it
for the moment, but not for long, as Tyler crosses his arms,
draws both 50 Cals and says

TYLER (CONT'D)
Laws were made to be broken.

He shoots the glass wall, bringing the message crashing down
in a jagged ,jangling heap.

Now they see the hideous fountain of piled humanity with its
trickling blood water and jutting arms and legs and heads.

And the police station across the street behind it.

Horrified reactions all around.

Jeff Barfs in his mouth a little, and gulps it back down.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Holy God. It looks like an eviction
and Jeffrey Dahmer's house!

Carlos recognizes some of the victims.

CARLOS

Yo that's Doug Rainier, my public
defender. And that's Officer
Thomas, he's a bailiff. And that's
judge Weinling. She's the bitch
gave me ten years probation. Yo
who's on probation now hooker?

REVEREND

That will do Carlos!

(To Tyler)

Well there's your priority targets.
It's a message.

TYLER

Abbadon is law.

The group takes a few steps toward the exit, but stops as the
doors to the police station fly open and about a dozen cops
in various uniforms barge out, sprinting this way,

They are soon joined by larger currents of police, bearing
down on them from both up and down the street. Closing in
three ways now

They form a larger, less organized mob than the one they
faced at the other entrance,

And few of these guys are in sufficiently good shape to be
shooting guns with any accuracy.

But our heroes' access to the police station is hopelessly
blocked by this rushing, bellowing multi-jurisdictional
exodus of cops in various states of physical deterioration

The few bullets that get fired go wildly this way and that.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Get to the elevator! There's a
Tunnel to the precinct in the
basement!

They run to the nearest elevator and push the button. The
doors open just as the leading edge of the storm of bogies
reaches the back entrance, sweating, bleeding, melting.

Our heroes pile into the elevator as the swarm closes in, and
bullets begin to ricochet dangerously close.

As the doors close, Tyler says,

TYLER (CONT'D)
Give'em their lovely parting gift
Rev!

As the doors close the Reverend pulls the pin, tosses the hornets' nest in, and it explodes in the midst of the crowd and they become a slowly blooming landscape of flames.

INT. SUBBASEMENT.

The elevator doors open, everyone piles out. Tyler hangs back outside the door with the duffel bag.

He pushes the button inside and sends the elevator back to the first floor. Then he pries the doors open and sticks a laser tripwire mine with a fat chunk of Semtex to the wall in the shaft.

INT. CITY HALL/ZONING OFFICE. DAY

A Sign over the door tells us we're in the zoning office for Jerusalem County. Tyler rummages through the place while the group hangs back watching, and the Reverend stands guard at the door with a Bushmaster.

After rummaging through several cubicles, Tyler finds one cube full of rolled up blueprints.

One of them is a MAP of the irrigation system and storm drain networks the city.

He rolls it up, stuffs it into his bag and heads out.

INT. POLICE STATION/MAIN OFFICES. DAY.

A single large office, crowded with desks and dead cops, identifiable now only by their uniforms, they're lesioned, swollen, and melted beyond recognition.

Tyler, Reverend, and the group move cautiously through the room, guns pointed nervously this way and that.

TYLER
I don't like it. It's been too
quiet for too long.

REVEREND

The next wave will be big. if they corner us in here, we don't stand a chance.

INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE.

Several dead, swollen, gooey looking 911 operators slumped over the panels of their workstations.

Tyler sits at a computer station. a flatscreen monitor at every station displays the same text at the top

Project sentinel...Downloading data...

And below that a WAV graphic of a sound file, resonating rippling to the sound of Abbadon's voice coming through on all the speakers in the room - a voice for that for some reason is reciting the numerical police scanner codes in ascending order,

VOICE OF ABBADON

Ten seventy, Prowler. Ten seventy one, Shooting. Ten seventy two, stabbing. Ten seventy three, Do you receive? Ten seventy nine, Bomb threat. Ten eighty, explosion-

Everything goes DARK, as Tyler trips the main breaker off, then ON again, and every machine reboots.

TYLER

(To Jeff)

Friendzone, front and center.

JEFF

Let me guess. Jack into the transmitter, broadcast on a new frequency. You have one in mind?

TYLER

Why yes. yes I do.

JEFF

(As he types)

What's the frequency Kenneth?

TYLER

Four hundred ninety two point four four zero gigahertz.

JEFF

Damn that's high. who you trying to call, God?

TYLER

Well, some people who think they are anyway. They're called Pandora.

JEFF

You mean like the jewelry website?

TYLER

No, I don't mean like the website

CARLOS

You mean like the planet from Avatar?

TYLER

(frustrated)

No. Paranormal and occult related affairs. The intelligence division of the Vatican Army we've worked with them before.

An image, fuzzy and grainy at first, comes into focus on the screen in front of Jeff.

The Reverend approaches, as he says to his people.

REVEREND

Jeff, stand up. Everyone move out of the way and stay quiet.

Jeff gets out of the chair, and movers off to the side.

The Reverend sits down as Tyler activates the WebCam with a click of the mouse.

The image resolves into that of a young officer in a Vatican Army uniform.

Tyler relays geographical coordinates in Swedish.

TYLER

Dämonischer Einfall zwei
sechszwanzig Norden,
achtundsechzig Westen. Wir sprechen
Englisch.

YOUNG OFFICER

Einen Moment bitte...

The officer gets up and disappears from the computer screen.

Several ticks later, an older officer sits down in his place and speaks in English with a thick Swiss accent.

PANDORA OFFICER

Are you alone? Are you on a secure frequency?

REVEREND

Yes, and yes.

PANDORA OFFICER

We were unaware we had assets this far inside the incursion zone. What kind of activity have you seen locally?

Tyler sarcastically feigns an awkward loss for words.

TYLER

There has been...Some unpleasantness!

PANDORA OFFICER

Ah yes, Tyler Peralta and Reverend Owen Maples. Bosnia, nineteen ninety seven.

TYLER

I told you Rev, we crushed it over there, and now we're freakin' legendary!

PANDORA OFFICER

Perhaps Mister Peralta, but it is your brand of emotionally adolescent sarcasm the really jogs my memory.

REVEREND

So what can you tell us about this?

PANDORA OFFICER

Demons manifest on three levels of obsession, possession and incursion. We grade incursions numerically by how powerful the demon question is.

TYLER

And how powerful is this one?

The Pandora officer looks troubled.

PANDORA OFFICER

To put this in some context gentlemen. The Bosnian conflict, and the resulting Srebrenica massacre of seven thousand men, was triggered by a level three incursion, and was sufficient to start a war involving 70,000 troops and six countries. World War two by contrast was caused by a level nineteen incursion that emerged in Germany in the early 1930s.

TYLER

Yeah? And what about this one?

The Pandora officer is visibly uncomfortable now.

PANDORA OFFICER

We don't know.

REVEREND

Why don't you know?

PANDORA OFFICER

Our scale only goes up to one hundred. Whatever this is, it far exceeds that.

TYLER

How do you measure all this?

PANDORA OFFICER

We have a network of satellites that track supernatural activity across the globe. You'd be surprised how widespread it is really. Level one incursions have been simmering for decades in places like northern Iraq, Waco Texas, Amityville, Bridgewater Triangle, and don't even get me started on North Korea.

Then we hear an off-camera voice say something inaudible in Swiss to the onscreen officer, who then amends his statement

PANDORA OFFICER (CONT'D)

I am told North Korea is actually a level six.

REVEREND

You should be aware that this demon calls itself Abbadon.

At hearing the name, alarm becomes evident on the officer's face. He leans in closer.

PANDORA OFFICER
Abbadon? Are you sure of this?

TYLER
They're all police, and they all keep repeating the phrase Abbadon is law.

PANDORA OFFICER
We will need time to assess the nature of this threat and gather intelligence. We will contact you on this frequency in exactly one hour.

TYLER
Oh cool! are you guys gonna contact the spirit world?

PANDORA OFFICER
I beg your pardon?

TYLER
Could you ask them to change ectoplasm to something less slimy? Every time we pull someone back out of there they look like they just starred in a Peter North movie.

The now fed up looking Pandora officer signs off and is replaced by a blue screen with the words no signal.

The Reverend, with a look of barely contained rage, slowly, silently turns to look at Tyler, staring daggers at him.

REVEREND
Tyler Johnathon Peralta, so help me-

But Tyler's attention is on something behind the Reverend - something that has sobered his mood quite suddenly.

He tackles the Reverend. and they both stumble out of the frame just as a thundering shotgun blast eviscerates the computer screen.

Everyone hits the deck.

Standing in the doorway, holding the offending shotgun is ATHENA, young, black, beautiful, but at the moment, all these things take a backseat to her demonic possession.

She levels her 12-gauge for another shot at Tyler and the Reverend as they scramble to their feet.

Her chamber clicks clicks empty.

Methodically, mechanically, with her demonic scowl changing, she begins reloading her weapon with shells from her belt.

Every armed occupant of the room points their weapons at Athena,

Except the Reverend. who stands in front of her as if to shield her, imploring.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

No! we need her alive!

TYLER

The hell We do! get out of the way!

REVEREND

We need to know what the demon knows! Hold her down, now!

TYLER

Oh yeah! and I'm the crazy one!

Quickly resigning himself to this plan, Tyler drops his gun, rushes Athena, tackles her just as she brings her reloaded weapon to bear.

They struggle and scramble on the floor the way she bucks and throws Tyler off a few times makes it clear possession has given her a bodybuilders strength.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Damn, she's strong!

Tyler regains his footing and lunges again. He manages to get her into a full nelson, lifts her off her feet as she flails wildly and bellows in the voice of Abaddon

ATHENA

Show me your hands! show me your hands!

The Reverend approaches Athena with a pocket Bible in one hand, and his crucifix of the other.

TYLER

I can't hold her long! if you're gonna to go all Father Merrin on this bitch, now's the time!

The Reverend holds the crucifix up to us in his face. She lets out a demonic howl.

REVEREND

Who are you?!

ATHENA

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

REVEREND

Are you Abbadon?

ATHENA

Abbadon is law!!

REVEREND

You Lord, Who in Babylon changed into dew the flames of the 'seven-times hotter' furnace! and protected and saved the three holy children! You are the doctor and the physician of our soul!

Athena doesn't like what she's hearing. She flails and growls all the more. The Reverend continues.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

The Lord is my salvation! Whom should I fear! I will not fear evil because You are with me! my God, my strength! My powerful Lord, Lord of peace, Father of all ages!

She's churning now, practically epileptic in her demonic turmoil, screaming as if in pain, as the Reverend continues,

REVEREND (CONT'D)

Soul of Christ, sanctify me! Body of Christ, save me! Blood of Christ, inebriate me!

He plants the crucifix on her forehead her flesh hisses and smokes with a final scream, more human sounding now, she stops flailing, loses consciousness, and goes limp, now with a slight cross shaped burn-mark on her forehead.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

It's over, lay her on her back.

Tyler lays her on the floor, everyone gathers around her. Silence for beater two.

She opens her eyes quite suddenly, looking both lucid and alarmed. In her own voice she shouts.

ATHENA

Get back! get out of the way!

Everyone recoils as she grabs her shotgun off the floor, and takes three thundering shots at different panels in the drop ceiling.

Three different SWATs fall out of each blasted hole, hitting the floor.

All dead, except for one, who scrambles to his feet with little regard for the gaping bloody crater in his chest.

A disembodied arm outside the door throws a flash bang made into the room,

An instant later another arm on the other side of the door throws in a tear gas canister trailing noxious smoke.

Tyler deftly catches each of them one at a time and throws them back through the door.

They bounce off the far wall and the flash bang grenade detonates just outside the door frame with a thundering

BOOM!

The sounds go MUTE now, replaced by an ongoing gradually waning ear-ringing sound, like tinnitus.

Some of the halfway house guys drop their guns, cover their ears in pain. Their weapons silently clatter to the floor.

Athena crams two more slugs into a 12-gauge, slides the pump, silently shouts something Tyler.

Tyler takes a step back, just as a ventilation duct on the wall next to him explodes outward in a storm of twisted metal and buckshot.

Which we hear, but it's ephemeral, distant among the ringing, and from here on, the noises of the outside world gradually return.

Inside of the duct, a scowling, heaving SWAT points his shotgun at the Reverend, who scrambles for one of Tyler's desert Eagles on the floor. We can see he will not be able to point his weapon time.

Two more SWATs with helmets and faceplates appear in the doorway, machine machine guns pointed.

The SWAT in the wall duct fires at the Reverend. we hear it unmistakably amongst the fading of the ringing-in-the-ears.

But Jeff dives in front of the blast taking the brunt of it.

Tyler, still gunless, draws a shiny steel throwing blade pitches it, and gets one of the SWATs in the eye, shattering the face-plate, getting the guy's scowling demonic attention, but not dropping him just yet.

The ring continues to wane, the sound and fury of the melee continues to grow.

Carlos sprays his compact subs wildly at the ceiling panels. Screaming in a mixture of panic and defiant rage, burying the last of the ringing sound

Tyler rushes the two SWATs at the door, as the uninjured one start spraying the room with bullets.

Everyone hits the deck, except Carlos who is too busy spraying his storm of lead into the ceiling.

He gets one - Another SWAT comes crashing out of the ceiling panels.

Two SWATs on rappelling ropes crash through the windows.

Athena and the Reverend, both on the floor, each lay a storm of lead on one of them, blowing one back out of the window.

Tyler rushes the SWAT with the knife in his eye, and while he's still disoriented, puts him in a judo style arm bar, tugging his arms around, pointing the weapon and spraying SWAT number two with bullets from SWAT #1's gun.

SWAT #2 drops.

Tyler is outside the doorway now. He looks down the hallway in one direction: More uniform cops, all from different jurisdictions rushing this way.

Tyler empties the machine gun still held by SWAT number one (who seems weakened now, that the whole knife in the eye thing is starting get to get to him.) Tyler drops them all, shooting with SWAT#1's gun, but empties the clip in the process.

More uniform cops assail them from the other end of the hallway. Guns pointed, bullets flying as Tyler spins around, wraps his arm around SWAT#1's neck, and holds him up as a human shield.

As the bullets fly, peppering SWAT#1's body, Tyler draws SWAT#1's side arm from his hip holster and fires back, emptying the clip, but only cutting down three of the remaining five opponents.

The remaining two keep shooting as blood begins to spray from Tyler's now lifeless human shield.

Tyler draws a second side arm from the other side of the dead man's hip holster emptying that clip as well, and felling the remaining opposition.

Tyler drops his human shield and his gun.

Silence now, and Gun-smoke. And a tenuous mist of tear gas that makes Tyler cough a bit as he waves the clouds away and walks back into the room.

That's when he sees Jeff among the deceased. And Tyler's heart sinks. For the first time he's truly devoid of sarcasm.

Tyler sinks to one knee and says.

TYLER.

Come on buddy, don't be dead. Don't be dead.

Tyler checks for a pulse, finds none, then draws Jeff's eyelids closed. Tyler looks at the Reverend.

REVEREND

He saved my life.

TYLER

You saved his first.

REVEREND

There has been enough dying today...

The Reverend turns to Athena, who now sits against a wall with her knees drawn up to her chin and her head down.

REVEREND CONT

Don't you think, sister?

Athena lifts her head, and we see tears on a face that otherwise betrays no sadness. A bit self-conscious now, she wipes her face dry, nods toward the dead SWAT guys and says,

ATHENA

They were my brothers, and I killed them. And they're not the only ones.

(MORE)

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 We killed a whole bus full of high
 school kids today. we killed...

She pauses with a thousand yard stare for a tick before
 concluding,

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 ...entire neighborhoods.

Tyler joins the Reverend, standing in front of Athena. He
 holds out his hand she takes it, and he pulls her to her
 feet.

TYLER
 It's not you. We know What's
 happening.

REVEREND
 Abbadon.

ATHENA
 You don't begin to know.

REVEREND
 Then help us understand.

We hear Athena's explanation of things to come as we fade to,

MONTAGE: Cops murder their way across the country toward New
 Jerusalem.

They pull over vehicles on roads and freeways, smashing
 windows with Billy clubs, shooting the occupants, moving on
 methodically.

Empty police Stations in cities and counties across the
 Midwest.

Civil unrest in urban settings. Looting and vandalism in the
 absence of law enforcement.

A newscaster on a TV screen, talking silently, with a stern,
 worried expression. A caption beneath him reads,

Police strike? Mass exodus of law enforcement?

Body-cam footage: cop's eye view of civilians being gunned
 down, fleeing, pleading, indoors, outdoors, urban, rural, the
 occasional flash of a another scowling cop in various stages
 of injury melting and decay.

And all as Athena explains

ATHENA/V.O.

My name is Athena. I'm part of a SWAT unit from Kansas City. The instant I came became possessed I shared the demon's mind, a mind as old as time itself.

All the roads leading into New Jerusalem, near sunset, gridlocked with glaciers of police vehicles, some of them dented up and bloodied.

Cops get out, walk around and over top the traffic jam, weapons in hand, like a macabre REM video.

Tyler, Reverend, and Athena and the halfway house crew in the subbasement of the police station. They heave aside a manhole cover on the floor and come and one by one climb down into the manhole.

Ruined, shredded, and burning neighborhoods in Jerusalem Falls. Body's, blood, wrecked vehicles, occasional plumes of smoke reach for the sky.

Another manhole slides aside in another basement. Tyler, the Reverend, and Athena retrieve residents and volunteers from a shelter, a soup kitchen,

And the mother and daughter hiding in the Reverend's church basement. This time we see them with flashlights, disappear into a large storm drain behind the church.

ATHENA/V.O. (CONT'D)

Most of what it knows and wants is beyond human comprehension. And at this moment, every cop in the US is possessed, and headed for New Jerusalem. This is the first battle of the apocalypse.

Dash-Cam P.O.V: People getting run over, driving into houses and buildings, cops getting out and shooting the occupants of vehicles pulled over in front of us.

Downtown Jerusalem falls around dusk. Now a solid multicolored ocean of uniform cops, thousands of them. Barely a patch of ground visible as they mill about with heaving breaths, and vacuous looks, searching for more victims to attack but finding only each other now. Their physical condition ranges from poor to hideous.

One guy's arm falls off as he staggers and sways.

Another takes a step, and his knee bends the other way with a hideous crunch. He stumbles to the ground where he gets trampled by the still walking exodus.

A satellite POV: hundreds of miles up, we see most of the continental US. A blood red road-map of countless G.P.S. signals, vein-like along the highways and byways of America,

ATHENA/VO (CONT'D)

Tolerance varies from hours to days. But the human body rapidly deteriorates under the influence of a mind this powerful and malignant. And the closer it gets to this city, the faster it drains us. So it needs a constant supply of fresh bodies.

INT/EXT. STORM DRAIN EXIT. DUSK

A storm drain tall enough to stand in. A circle of meager twilight of the head tells us our group which now numbers more than forty. people Tyler leads with his flashlight as the Reverend and Athena conclude their discussion.

REVEREND

(To Athena)

Why here in New Jerusalem?

ATHENA

I don't know exactly. It has something to do with the human concept of Armageddon, and the book of Revelations, but it's more complex of that. It feeds on our beliefs.

They come to the end of the storm drain tunnel then. It empties into a large concrete drainage ditch that leads down to a large lake - a reservoir - as everyone files out of the tunnel to form a group outside the ditch.

REVEREND

How do we stop him? Can ?

ATHENA

I'm not sure. I sensed he had weaknesses. Vulnerabilities. I sensed it had more to do with people's belief in things that in the things themselves.

REVEREND

Like a crucifix or prayers?

ATHENA

Exactly. He's a creature of deception and manipulation. He knows about Pandora. He knows about you and Tyler. He considers you pawns of his deception somehow.

A SHORT distance AWAY, Tyler addresses the group as he hands out more guns and ammunition.

TYLER

...And remember, stay away from the roads. If you hear choppers, take cover. And get as far away from New Jerusalem as possible,

CARLOS

Not me, Homes. I'm rolling with you all.

TYLER

You know how to shoot, Carlos. These people need your protection.

Tyler's smart phone rings then. He takes it out of his pocket and looks at the caller, it's in unlisted overseas number.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hang out for a minute, guys. I got to take this.

As the Reverend wanders down to the shore of the lake, (to do what we know not) Tyler approaches Athena, who scans the darkening horizons, compact-sub in hand, looking for trouble.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey. You might want to listen in on this.

Tyler answers his phone and we see the stern looking Pandora officer, joined by an older sterner looking officer both speak with thick Swiss accents.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What up my dudes?

PANDORA OFFICER #1

Mister Peralta. Where is Reverend Maples?

TYLER

Doing Reverend stuff. You got something?

OFFICER

We have reviewed our satellite data and consulted the sacred texts in the Vatican library, and they have led us to one conclusion.

TYLER

This ought to be stunning.

PANDORA OFFICER#2.

This is the most powerful supernatural event in recorded history is almost certainly the the angel of the bottomless pit.

OFFICER#1

Demons this powerful never lie about their identity they're too self-righteous. It is Abbadon.

OFFICER TWO

Exorcism is no longer an option. Abbadon has become too powerful. We believe he has targeted the US law-enforcement population in order to destabilize your nation and attract a military presence to Jerusalem falls.

TYLER

If he jumps to the military frequencies, it's game over.

OFFICER#1

Indeed.

TYLER

So what do we do?

OFFICER#1

The only relevant reference we could find was in De Vermis mysteriis, one of ten books banned by the Catholic Church, the only existing copy of which exists in the Vatican's secret vaults.

TYLER

By the power of Grey-skull! What did the magic spell book say?

OFFICER #2

For this demon to be banished at least ten thousand of his exponents must all perish in flames.

This wipes the smirks off Tyler's Face but good.

OFFICER#1

Our telemetry indicates the required number will converge on Jerusalem falls within the next ninety minutes. And your first National Guard units will arrive soon after.

TYLER

A thousand will fall at your side.

ATHENA

And Ten thousand at your right hand.

OFFICER#1

As indeed they must. Do you have a way to accomplish this?

TYLER

They're cops. We'll blow up the Duncan Donuts, that should get most of them.

ATHENA

(To Tyler)

Oh it's like that? We're makin' donut jokes now?

OFFICER#1

(Impatient)

Mr. Peralta, can you do it?

TYLER

I know a way. So let's review: this demon is going to possess the military and start World War three unless I can find a way to blow up my whole town next ninety minutes.

OFFICER#1

That is correct.

TYLER

Well my Congressman's going to hear about this!

OFFICER #1
If you still have one.

TYLER
You cats are just a ray of sunshine
you know that?

OFFICER#1
We have pinged your cell phone's
location, and we are air-dropping
some weapons that you may find
useful in the incursion zone. Good
luck.

As we fade to,

EXT. LAKESHORE MINUTES LATER. NIGHT.

The Reverend stands at water's edge. he recites a benediction
for holy water, as he slowly pours out half the contents of
his bottle of holy water into the lake.

REVEREND
The Blessing of the Father Almighty
be upon this Creature of Salt. And
let all malignity and hindrance be
cast forth hence from, and let all
good enter herein.

Tyler approaches, waits for the Reverend to finish, and screw
the top onto the bottle.

The Reverend turns to Tyler looking stern, resolute.

TYLER
Rev. Dude. Did you just turn this
entire lake into holy water?

REVEREND.
Yes. I have a feeling we might need
it.

TYLER
Now that's gangster.

The Reverend is silent for a few beats. He looks appraisingly
at Tyler who seems put a bit on edge by this.

TYLER (CONT'D)
What?

REVEREND
Do You believe in God Tyler?

TYLER
 Seriously? You're going wait all
 these years to ask me that?

REVEREND.
 Yes

TYLER
 Right now?

REVEREND
 Right now.

Tyler thinks about it for a beat.

TYLER
 Well...I don't, not believe.

The Reverend holds up the bottle of holy water.

REVEREND
 Do you know what this is?

TYLER
 Holy water.

REVEREND
 Yes, but what makes it holy? What
 gives it its power?

TYLER
 (Confused)
 Shit, I don't know. Eleven herbs
 and spices?

REVEREND
 Nothing I've done has changed its
 chemical structure. it's H-two-O,
 trace of chlorine, probably a bit
 of lead. So how does it ignite the
 possessed? Where does the fire come
 from?

A glimmer of understanding in Tyler's eyes. He gets it now.

TYLER.
 Faith.

REVEREND
 Exactly...We never really talked
 about Bosnia, Tyler.

TYLER.

What's to talk about? It was war,
and war is hell.

REVEREND

It's Not really you I've been angry
at. It's what you remind me of; the
things we did.

TYLER

We saved lives. We are armed and
trained the rebels. Milosovich and
his army were possessed.

REVEREND.

We helped cover it all up. We took
lives too. And we made deals with
devils of our own. The CIA.
Bosnian/Serb intelligence. Pandora.

TYLER

Yeah...You know you are right Owen.

REVEREND

Right about what?

TYLER

I donated that money to your
charities, because it was blood
money, and I knew it. Working for
the good guys doesn't make you a
good guy, integrity does. And I had
zero.

The Reverend smiles a bit, looks at the horizons, almost but
not quite laughs.

REVEREND

Fair enough. But those anonymous
donations kept The halfway house
open, the soup kitchen stocked, the
shelter running. And those guns of
yours allowed us to save all these
people today.

In a tone of sarcastic decisiveness, Tyler affirms,

TYLER

Yes. Because that was exactly my
plan the whole time.

REVEREND.

And about the God thing: I have a feeling your beliefs are changing for the better. In the mean-time I'll believe for both of us.

Athena joints and then saying

ATHENA

Package is here.

REVEREND

What package?

EXT. NEAR THE LAKESHORE, MINUTES LATER. NIGHT

Tyler, the Reverend, and Athena stand around an open plastic crate with a balled up parachute nearby.

Inside the crate we see high-tech if not volatile looking energy weapons, as Tyler brings everyone up to speed on what these things are.

TYLER

I've heard about these. Anomalon Pulse rifles. Experimental prototypes. They'll shoot through anything, but they overheat quickly.

Athena picks up all the weapons aims it, looks down the barrel.

ATHENA

Short controlled bursts then.

She fires a brief pulse.

An interweaving braid-like tangle of bright green energy issues from the gun with an almost human screaming sound.

Athena then looks at a pair of small display screens on the top of the weapon:

One says the power banks down 90%.

The other is a temperature gauge about a quarter of the way to the red zone.

The vegetation in the path of the famous far as we can see is vaporized.

Everyone is impressed.

Tyler picks up one of the guns and cradles it cradles it.

TYLER

Man I could really move a crate of these puppies.

Something about this stirs Athena's ire, she glares at Tyler

ATHENA

Hey check this out gunrunner: I know all about your criminal activities, and assorted dickheadery.

TYLER

(Scoffs)

Chick, You don't know the half of it.

ATHENA

So there won't be any candlelight dinners or long walks on the beach. And as soon as this is over, I think I'll arrest the shit out of you.

TYLER

Good luck with that. I'm unjailable.

Athena draws a pistol, points it directly at Tyler's crotch and says.

ATHENA

Yeah? You bulletproof too?

TYLER

You're pointing a gun at my junk. That is so hot.

REVEREND

That's enough you two. Let's not forget who the enemy is. Now Tyler you say you have a plan?

And Tyler says ominously,

TYLER

Yeah, but you're not gonna like it.

INT. BASEMENT OIL REFINERY

A Manhole cover slides loudly aside on a concrete floor, Athena climbs out with her pulse rifle, un-pockets a small walkie-talkie in speaks into it.

ATHENA

I'm at the oil refinery, basement level.

We Hear Tyler in the walkie.

TYLER/V.O.

The train tracks run through the shipping depot. Ground floor on the West End.

ATHENA

Got it.

She hurries up a flight of stairs.

INT FERTILIZER PLANT. NIGHT

The Reverend. is in some kind of control room, one story up overlooking a vast landscape of ammonium nitrate tanks. Each one is the size of a school bus, all housed in a man made concrete depression

We can see flashes red and blue - police lights reflecting off of various services.

The Reverend looks at the various control panels, confused. He puts down his pulse weapon and talks on his walking.

REVEREND

I'm in the control room at the fertilizer plant. What am I looking for?

TYLER/V.O.

The tank should be in a dry reservoir to contain spills. You See that?

REVEREND.

Yeah.

TYLER/V.O.

You need to look for the panel that says manual override.

The Reverend searches for a moment finds it and says.

REVEREND.

Found it.

TYLER/V.O.

Now flip off the switch marked automated system monitor. Then flip on the drainage port for each individual tank.

REVEREND.

I see it. I'll call you back

Outside in the tank reservoir we see liquid ammonium nitrate begin to pour out of the bottom of the tanks one at a time.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

Tyler emerges from a manhole behind the dumpster. With his pulse rifle. Right away we can see vivid flashes of red and blue blue reflecting off of every visible surface, as he takes his remaining drone out of his bag, hurls it, and it glides away into the night.

He speaks to the edge of the Alley and peers around the edge: some 20 feet away we see the armored ramming vehicle armored bloodied ramming vehicle with the door on the top open.

A bit further away the mountain of bodies in the coin fountain

And the sound of approaching helicopters.

And an ocean of police cars. Hundreds, some parked, some crashed into trees, cable boxes, etc.

All over town, all with red and blue lights flashing, painting the otherwise dark city in dizzying flashes of red and blue.

TYLER

(whispers)

Cherries and blueberries...

He sneaks cautiously toward the armored vehicle now.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Part of this complete fuckin' breakfast.

About halfway to the RV, an ambush descends on Tyler. hundreds of cops running roaring from every angle, side street and doorway - a human tsunami in all stages of melting and decay, closing in on Tyler from all sides. No guns now, their demeanor of attack has become much more zombielike.

Tyler bolts for the RV.

He scrambles inside, closes and seals the door just as a swarm of demented cops piles onto the vehicle, covering it entirely.

INT/EXT. ARMORED VEHICLE. NIGHT

As thumping and clawing is heard through the walls, Tyler opens his laptop, turns it on, and takes the controls.

He fires up the vehicle, and it takes off in the lurch.

Outside we see the vehicle, now a lump in a surging, squirming landscape of police uniforms, lurch into motion and accelerate, throwing many of them off of it in the process,

And crushing those in its path under rolling treads with the most horribly moist crunching noises, and leaving a trail of solid gore in its wake that would make Tom savini explode in his pants.

Back inside the tank, it is become quite a bumpy squishy ride for Tyler as he pilots the craft with one hand, and his drone on his laptop with the other.

And we angle on the laptop, we can see that from its airborne POV Tyler has guided it into a circular holding pattern 100 feet or so over downtown. And what we see below is a wilderness of flashing red blue lights that stretches to every horizon.

Thousands of cops - thousands of lights.

And suddenly all the streetlamps go out. And the world has now become a fleeting, flashing red and blue cosmos.

Tyler switches over to his project sentinel. GPS view. high enough to see the town and surrounding counties: A giant tenuous cluster of red signals.

He zooms in on the fertilizer plant and the square mile of city surrounding it and we angle a line of text beneath the near solid cluster.

Beacons in range: 8416.

And The numbers are rising steadily. As the bumpy squishy ride through town continues Tyler gets on his walking says.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Athena, you got that train moving?

INT. TANKER TRAIN, ENGINE CAR. NIGHT

The ocean of flashing red blue comes through the windows. The train is moving with Athena at the controls.

She looks confused and flustered by the unfamiliar panels and gears before her, and the sound of Tyler's voice does nothing to improve her state of mind.

She barks back.

ATHENA

Yeah, it's moving. Stop talking to me.

We hear Tyler on the verge of sarcastic tears as he responds

TYLER/VO

But I like talking to you, You're neat torpedo!

ATHENA

You know, we should come up with a new unit of measurement for how much of an asshole someone is, and call it the Tyler.

TYLER/VO

I'm smellin what you're sellin'.

ATHENA.

All night you've been at like four thousand Tylers.

TYLER

Well that's a good start. Hey Reverend you on the line?

INT. FERTILIZER PLANT CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

The Reverend over looks the storage depression for the ammonium nitrate tanks. They're still draining, and now standing in a shallow lake of liquid.

The Reverend picks up his walkie and responds

REVEREND

Tanks are about halfway drained.

TYLER VO

You got the pipes feeding the tank open?

The Reverend double checks the panels in front of him.

REVEREND

Yeah. All of them.

TYLER/ VO

Good. The diesel should drain straight through the tanks into the ammonium nitrate.

REVEREND

This is going going to make one hell of a big boom. You haven't seen any survivors out there, have you?

TYLER/VO

Not a soul. People of this town would run screaming for the hills if the foam in their latte lost that flower shape.

REVEREND

I hope you're right.

TYLER/VO

You better head out to the train depot.

REVEREND

I'm on it.

EXT. THE TRAIN DEPOT FERTILIZER PLANT. NIGHT

The train coasts to a stop. Athena jumps out of the engine car and the Reverend meets her on the tarmac

REVEREND.

What's it look like out there?

ATHENA

There's thousands of them. They don't even seem to notice me. It's like they're all waiting for something.

REVEREND

Let's get this stuff drained

As they hustle away from the train, she says.

ATHENA

Something's not right, Reverend

REVEREND

You said a mouthful, sister.

Athena and the Reverend begin unhooking large hoses on the diesel tank cars, and hooking them up to draining spigots on the depot platform.

EXT. OUTSIDE FERTILIZER PLANT. NIGHT.

Flashing RED and BLUE everywhere.

Tyler's armored ramming vehicle, still covered with clinging, growling possessed cops, clips along through downtown at a good 30 miles per hour.

As he continues to roll through a bloody ocean of the possessed. The ones clinging to the vehicle one by one let go and fall off.

And the thousands in the crowd, no longer attacking. They STAND or WALK, looking dissociated. Unaware of the vehicle plowing through them. They're all in bleeding, melting condition now, and emitting a collective zombielike moan.

Tyler's vehicle plunges into the fertilizer plant's parking lot, an area devoid of cops, but thick with cars that the vehicle now plows through, or rolls over.

The vehicle accelerates as it approaches one of the walls of the fertilizer plant.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE. NIGHT

Tyler drives as he talks on his walkie.

TYLER

You guys in the southeast corner?

INT. FERTILIZER PLANT. NIGHT

Near one of the corners are ground-level, Tyler and Athena wait a safe distance from one of the walls. The Reverend talks into his walkie.

REVEREND

We're fifty feet from the corner.
You're clear for about thirty feet
inside the wall. So hit the brakes
as soon as you're in.

TYLER/V.O.

Alright, say the thing we talked
about.

REVEREND

I will not. This is no time for
jokes.

TYLER/V.O.

Say it Rev, or I'm not comin' in
there!

ATHENA

(Into her walkie)
Grow up Tyler!

TYLER/V.O.

Say it!

REVEREND

(Frustrated)
Oh for the love of-Hey Kool-Aid!

The wall ahead of them explodes. Bricks and mortar fly and
Tyler's armored swat truck rumbles to a stop inside, covered
in a grisly cloak of blood, guts and rubble.

The top flies open and Tyler pops out like a Jack-in-the-Box,
arms wide open, bellowing in a deep 'Kool-Aid' voice

TYLER

Oohhhh-yyeah!!

Athena and the Reverend. approach and climb up into the
vehicle.

ATHENA

(To Tyler)
You are an idiot! You have the mind
of a six year old child!

TYLER

But sex is still on the table,
right?

ATHENA

Get out of the way before I shoot
you.

Tyler ducks back into the demented vehicle, and Athena and the Reverend climb in after them.

INT. INSIDE VEHICLE. NIGHT

Athena the Reverend strap themselves to the two remaining seats as Tyler takes the controls and the vehicle lurches forward.

Tyler consults his laptop as he drives, then hands it to the Reverend as he drives.

TYLER

Keep an eye on the numbers. Let me know the minute we get to ten thousand.

Outside, the speeding armored vehicle plows through a flashing RED and BLUE ocean of police vehicles and police bodies. We're talking standing room only.

Horrible crunching and squishing does nothing to deter the uniformed masses in the streets, who all stand melting bleeding, heaving.

Back inside, Tyler remarks as he drives along a once again increasingly bumpy, squishy trajectory.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I don't like it Rev. I'd actually be less creeped out if they were still attacking us. At least that would make sense.

REVEREND

Satan is a deceiver.

TYLER.

Right on, but think about it: We never figured out why they converged on this town in the first place.

ATHENA

There is a reason. One he kept hidden, even from those he possessed.

REVEREND

Ninety seven hundred.

TYLER

We better pick up the pace. If we're less than a mile from the plant when it blows, it won't matter how armored this vehicle is.

Tyler puts the pedal down, the vehicle speeds up, jostling violently over the gauntlet of human speed-bumps outside the vehicle.

The vehicle speeds away from the downtown sprawl. The crowd of cops is thinning here, and the those present are moving in the opposite direction from the vehicle - downtown to join the crowd.

There remains a wilderness of idling police cars, red and blue lights flashing. Tyler's vehicle plows through more of them now than people.

REVEREND.

Ninety eight hundred

Tyler puts the pedal all the way down.

Outside the vehicle, its engine whines as it plows through both police and civilian vehicles. Cops here and there run toward the giant bomb that used to be a fertilizer plant.

Back inside, the Reverend watches the laptop screen.

REVEREND

Ninety nine hundred...ninety nine
twenty...ninety nine
fifty...seventy...eighty...ninety..
.You got 'em! you got ten thousand!
What now?

Tyler grabs the laptop and switches to the drone's navigation program

TYLER

We're less than three quarters of a mile.

Angle on the laptop screen as Tyler breaks the drone away from the holding pattern, guides it over the downtown area, where we see a solid mass of uniformed cops in a jungle of flashing red and blue light.

And the fertilizer plant takes shape in the distance, now with a large square lake full of mostly submerged tanks. Tyler locks in this final trajectory, hands the laptop to Athena.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Watch it. Make sure it stays on target.

Tyler floors it. The vehicle lurches ahead plowing through car after car.

The laptop shows the drone closing on the explosive liquid.

Closer. Closer.

As the armored vehicle red-lines, speeding away

Tyler glances at the screen says.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Congratulations. Were about to set off the largest conventional explosion in US history.

Closer. Closer.

ATHENA

Are we far enough?

And Tyler, about as serious and solemn as we'll ever see him.

TYLER

No.

REVEREND

God help us.

We watch as the drone's POV on the laptop closes the final distance between it and the steel islands that used to be the ammonium nitrate plant the ammonium nitrate tank.

EXT. THE EXPLOSION. NIGHT

From 5000 feet: it obliterates downtown Jerusalem falls in a white-hot flash.

From 50,000 feet: It blooms like a small flower, and casts a glow across central Kansas.

From SPACE: a tiny flash, and a burning pin hole in the center of North America.

INT. COLONEL MILLIGAN'S OFFICE. NIGHT

National Guard Colonel Milligan, middle-age, grizzled grumpy looking, with a half smoked cigar in his mouth and a pile of paperwork on his desk, when his phone rings.

He picks it up.

COLONEL MILLIGAN

Milligan...Satellites saw what?...
At what altitude?...It would take a
5 kiloton explosion to be visible
that high. Are you sure it's not a
glitch? ...Aha...All right,
mobilize the first and third
divisions. And get me someone in
Jerusalem County emergency
management who knows what the hell
just happened.

OVER EXT. GROUND ZERO BLAST SITE. NIGHT

Downtown Jerusalem falls as we know it is gone, replaced by a wasteland of rubble in a jungle of towering flames.

And a massive flaming crater where the fertilizer plant used to be.

And somewhere inside the Inferno, a rumbling, like a small earthquake. The heaving breath of dinosaur size lungs, hyperventilating just like the possessed cops did. But each unseen breath now comes like a gale force wind.

A single massive arm thrusts out from the flames. And a clawed hand the size of an oven grips the edge of the crater.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE. NIGHT.

The thing is sideways now, the orange glow of fire can be seen through the thick, but now fractured windows.

Tyler, the Reverend and Athena look bruised and delirious as they hang heavily from their seatbelt straps. They stir and groan slowly back to states of alertness.

Tyler is still out of it, growling in pain, when his smart phone buzzes in his pocket.

Still lying sideways, Tyler takes his phone out, holds it the wrong way and asks,

TYLER

Dudes. Why are you sideways?

Angle on the phone screen: PANDORA OFFICER #2. From Tyler's P.O.V: sideways, and wearing a dour expression.

OFFICER NUMBER #2/ON PHONE

Listen very carefully Mr. Peralta, you don't have much time. There is a fourth level of demonic infestation one classified by the Vatican and Pandora. It is called demonic iteration. And our satellites are detecting a signature at the site of your explosion.

The Reverend and Athena unlatch from their seatbelt and crawl closer to listen to the conversation as Tyler rubs his eyes and says groggily.

TYLER

What the hell are you talking about?

OFFICER NUMBER 2/ON PHONE

Hell is exactly what we are talking about. Iteration occurs when a demon fully materializes on the physical plane.

TYLER

I hate when that happens

REVEREND

You're saying Abbadon himself is out there?

OFFICER #2/ON PHONE

Yes. Pandora has eliminated four demonic iterations in its history. London sixteen sixty six., Chicago eighteen seventy one, Halifax, nineteen seventeen. Chernobyl nineteen eighty six. All engineered to look like man-made accidents, fires, explosions, meltdowns, and so forth.

ATHENA

So what's it gonna be this time?

OFFICER #2/ON PHONE

We now believe this passage in De Vermis Mysterious was added to the scripture, centuries ago as a deception, to help trigger this very event.

TYLER

Good job guys. Way to spend the world's collection plate money.

OFFICER #2/ON PHONE

We have the permission of the world's governments, including yours. A twenty megaton I.C.B.M. has been launched at the target. Use any means at your disposal to defeat him. if his demonic EM signature disappears from our tellematry in the twenty eight minutes you have left, we will know you have succeeded, and we will immediately disable the warhead. Good luck gentlemen.

The screen goes blank. Tyler drops the phone, and says in a Scooby Doo voice,

TYLER

Rut-ro!

REVEREND

I never liked those guys.

ATHENA

Wait, the Vatican has nukes?

REVEREND

Let's get out of here.

EXT. OUTSIDE WRECKED ARMORED VEHICLE. NIGHT

A jagged landscape of wrecked buildings and vehicles. Flashing red and blue in one direction, the orange wilderness of flames in the other.

A ways down the street, the Reverend notices the burning hulk of a flatbed style police tow truck. The flatbed is facing this way, tilted back against the ground.

Somewhere behind the flames and shadows, T Rex -sized footfalls shake the ground. coming this way.

Tyler and Athena take aim with her pulse rifles. As the Reverend says,

REVEREND

Guys, stall him. Hold him back for just a minute.

New the Reverend. Paul Hall's ass in the other direction.

He starts scanning the various flashing police vehicles for one in working condition but finding none initially, he disappears back into the flashing wilderness of the street.

As Tyler and Athena take aim at the approaching foot-falls, they switch on their mysterious energy weapons.

Both devices make deep ominous powering up noises, and digital displays on the top of the weapon say there 15% ready to fire and rising.

Rising slowly.

Tyler looks toward the thundering footfalls, then at the slow progress of the gun.

TYLER.

Great. These things run on Windows Ninety Five.

Abbadon emerges from the flames. He's about Incredible Hulk size at the moment, and as muscular. Jet black with glowing eyes. He breathes in giant asthmatic heaves.

He walks up to a certain distance, then stops, staring at our Heroes. His jaw opens so wide it looks like it's unhinged, showing pointed teeth the size of Bowie-knives.

His head looks vaguely like that of a giant carnivorous pig (though not a resemblance close enough to be comical Abbadon is maybe 80% scary 20% ironic.)

TYLER

Well look who it is! The angel of the bottomless prick!

Abbadon throws his head back and roars apparent pain. As he does, dozens of giant horns erupt his was all over his body.

Tyler breaks his horrified stare to glance at his weapon.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Fifty five percent. how about you?

ATHENA

Same.

TYLER

Were not gonna make it. We need to hit him with something now.

Angle on Abbadon again, he continues to roar, clawed arms outstretched, head back, and the erupting arms in his flesh continued to lengthen.

In the red and blue flashing distance behind, Tyler and Athena hear the approach of a speeding vehicle and a siren.

They turn, a patrol car with lights ablaze races toward them, driven by the Reverend.

Tyler and Athena dive out of the way as the car speeds past.

Angle on the Reverend in the driver seat, putting his seatbelt on with one hand, steering with the other as he shouts defiantly, in a radical DEPARTURE from his usual decorum.

REVEREND

Nigga in the front seat now,
motherfucker!!

The vehicle hits the slanted back of the flatbed truck, launches through the air Dukes of Hazard style.

Abbadon lowers his head and has only time for the briefest roaring response before the squad-car/projectile plunges into his gut and launches him clear back into the shadows down the street

Abbadon lands flat on his back, with the now mashed up squad car on his chest, bobbling up and down in time to his heaving breaths.

Inside the vehicle, behind a ruined, semi-detached windshield, the Reverend grapples with a deflating airbag.

Beyond it, through the fractured glass, the rising head of Abbadon.

Abbadon roars, as the Reverend grabs the police issue 12-gauge out of the holster to his right.

Abbadon heaves the mashed cruiser a good ten feet off of him and stands up.

Reverend scrambles out of the wrecked vehicle with the shotgun, just before Abbadon smashes it with his fist.

Reverend unloads slug after thundering slug on Abbadon, making jagged craters in his flesh, drawing buckets of black demon blood as he shouts

REVEREND (CONT'D)

Can't shoot me in the back, cuz I
ain't runnin'!

Abbadon mashes the cruiser to bits with his fist just as the Reverend. gets out insert above.

Abbadon picks up the Reverend in his clenched fist, draws him up to his face.

The Reverend finds himself mere feet from Abbadon's face. Trying to pull out the shotgun with him in the giant fist The demon's's heaving breaths come like gale force winds now, and on those winds, a slow, deep, laughter, followed by, in Latin,

ABBADON

Nigrum refert animarum!

Subtitles: black souls matter.

The Reverend glares back, with one arm he whips out the shotgun, plants the barrel right on Abaddon's eyeball, and replies in (mostly) Latin.

REVEREND

yeah? et non nigri pulveris!

Subtitles: Yeah? So does black powder!

Reverend pulls the trigger. The shot thunders, Demon eye-gore explodes all over the creature's face as he ROARS in pain and rage

Abbadon raises his other fist, to bring it down and crush the Reverend, but halts with his arm fully raised as Tyler interrupts:

TYLER O/OS

Yo Fruity booty!

Angle on Tyler and Athena as they approach with police shotguns of their own, and fire off a thundering storm of buckshot, doing little physical damage to the monster, but getting him to drop the Reverend.

Who scrambles to his feet and promptly races away with Tyler and Athena.

Again, Abbadon opens his arms, tilts his head back, and roars. And this time, lightning-like barbs of red and blue energy leap from all the flashing squad cars in the city to the tip of Abbadon's horns, like lightning rods, absorbing the flashing red blue energy from the cars.

And as the power drains, the sounds of the sirens wane deepened and trained to eventual silence.

Abbadon grows, bulges, most notably gets more muscular and as he does, flashes of red and blue energy now appear in his jagged, cratered eye-sockets.

As our three heroes run, Tyler looks at his weapon, shouting.

TYLER.

I'm at eighty percent! what you got?

ATHENA

Ninety one!

REVEREND

Just powered mine up!

All three take cover behind different vehicles or piles of rubble, as the newer more hulking Abbadon starts after them, still drawing red and blue lightning from the surrounding cars, both near and far.

And as he does, more from and more of the flashing lights falter, dim, and go dark, bringing the ruined city that much closer to pitch black, one light at a time.

Abbadon's voice is even deeper now, his footfalls heavier, as he bellows in Latin

ABBADON

Nulla duo Zeven, rapta. Duo undecim
depraedantur. quadraginta duobus:
impetum

SUBTITLES: two zero zeven, kidnapping. two eleven, robbery. two forty, assault.

From his cover behind the mashed up squad car, Tyler looks at his gun's power up display.

98 99 100%.

TYLER

Daddy's home!

Tyler steps out and takes aim,

Athena's gun gets to 100% a tick or two later, and she aims likewise.

Tyler fires first, and she's not far behind.

Green, braid-like like pulses of energy, scream from both weapons, lighting up the darkness, punching two holes clean throughout clean through Abbadon's body, and out the other side.

Jet black blood pours from both wounds as Abbadon bellows, staggers back.

Two more shots. The green energy lances through him. In, and out the other side. Four more gaping wounds this time Abbadon lands flat on his back, shaking the ground like an earthquake, roaring furiously.

Tyler, Athena and the Reverend approach, weapons pointed. The Reverend's gun is at 90%, almost ready.

Tyler and Athena's weapons are both in the mid-sixties, with temperatures approaching the red zone.

As Tyler waits for his gun to recharge and cool, he stomps one foot on the ground, and shuts down at the earth.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey Lucifer! better get up here and put your ho in check!

Abbadon stands again. The bigger, more gaping wounds in his body rapidly heal into monstrous mouths and jaws

Faces.

Protruding from his body like demonic vestigial twins. And they all seem to be groaning and howling in agony.

Our hero's weapons are powered up again, and as they take aim, Tyler says

TYLER.

Is it just me, or is he getting more 'roided up every time we shoot him?

Abbadon opens his arms and roars again, and all of his mouths roar with him. And his many horns draw RED and BLUE lightning from the now more distant flashing police cars, draining and darkening them as well, until the horizons are almost pitch black, with only the occasional flash of RED or BLUE.

Abbadon gets bigger, bulkier. And every second of it seems excruciatingly painful for him and all of his numerous new faces.

REVEREND

Hit him again!

Three more lances of green energy lance through Abbadon, leaving huge craters that morph more rapidly into jutting, demonic, eyeless faces.

And Abbadon grows again, now twice his original size and from here on, alternating bolts of RED and BLUE lightning leap from his horns, providing the only remaining light, zapping and frying everything they touch.

TYLER

He absorbs energy.

Abbadon, laughing demonically, starts in their direction with earth shaking footfalls.

ATHENA

(Looks around)

And we've got the only energy left

The Reverend points to the one burned out building in the media vicinity still sufficiently intact to provide some cover.

REVEREND.

That way!

All three race for the burned out entrance to the building. The red and blue lightning continues to emanate from Abbadon making him flash like giant Eagle please police lights.

Abbadon's voice is even deeper now and he speaks from all of his mouth at once.

ABBADON

Sex duo unum! stupri! quinquaginta
novem! fossis!

SUBTITLES: two six one: rape. four five nine: burglary

Abbadon approaches, reaches his massive clawed hand into the building entrance after them as they race away. Swiping, barely missing, but caving in the entrance to the building in the process as he pulls his arm out and emits a deafening, furious roar from all of his mouths.

INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING. NIGHT

All we can see of the strewn littered interior of this building is what falls inside Tyler's narrow flashlight beam, as he, the Reverend, and Athena race from one room to the next, and the tremendous thuds of Abbadon's pounding on the building all around them caving in walls getting closer.

They get to a back room, peer through a hole in the wall: amidst the rubble and chaos we see a single patrol car sheltered from Abbadon's energy drains by this building, light still flashing.

The pounding continues, reflections of the flashing red blue lightning dimly light the night outside.

They all take cover behind the still intact portion of the wall.

TYLER

All right these guns are proving real counterproductive, so I've got an idea.

REVEREND

The reservoir?

Tyler nods, and looks at his wristwatch.

12 minutes 33 seconds left in the countdown.

ATHENA

The lake is at least that far away.

REVEREND

How are you going to lure him out there?.

TYLER

Then give me your guns. Right now these power cells are like crack for him.

REVEREND

This is damn dangerous Ty. You sure there's no other way?

TYLER

We don't know how much energy this bug Fucker can absorb.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

So in twelve minutes that warhead is either gonna nuke Abbadon, or power him up like some kind of super Mario bullshit. Neither option leaves us any less dead.

Abbadon continues to pound away the other side of the building, now beginning to shake chunks out of the walls and ceiling in this room, but Tyler is already outside the wall waving his flashlight toward the sky as he shouts.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey fuckbag! Hey Fuckasaurus! Hey Fuckzilla!

The Reverend squints at this, shakes his head disapprovingly.

On the other side of the building, Abbadon stops pounding on the now half demolished walls and exposed rooms.

He stands back and looks at the wavering flashlight beam as bolts of red and blue lightning continue to leap from his many horns.

Tyler gets in the squad car, throws the weapons onto the passenger seat, fires up the engine, and says to the other two,

TYLER (CONT'D)

Well you know we're not in a horror movie!

ATHENA

Dude, what?!

TYLER.

Car started right up!

Abbadon thunders around the corner then, roaring flashing red and blue lightning, and looking bigger, meaner than ever, as he bellows in Latin, from all of his mouths

ABBADON

Qui septem et octo! occidendum!

SUBTITLES: one eight seven: murder

Tyler turns on the siren, navigates the vehicle around several piles of rubble, and takes off into the night with Abbadon thundering and flashing after him.

Back in the burned out building the Reverend Athena watch them take off.

REVEREND

Godspeed Ty.

ATHENA

Well, he just went up a notch in my book.

REVEREND

You still feel like throwing him in jail sister?

ATHENA

(emphatically)

Oh hell yes

INT. TYLER'S POLICE CAR. NIGHT.

Tyler speeds out of town, sirens and lights ablaze, swerving around debris that now consists less of rubble and more of abandoned vehicles.

Abbadon slowly catches up, with his thundering footfalls, and his flashing red and blue lightning lancing out to all horizons, and up to the heavens.

We briefly angle the chase from a superwide overhead shot. We don't see Abbadon here so much as a distant silent red and blue lightning storm, and reminds us all the more police lights, reinvented as a lightning storm

Tyler races through a dark empty intersection and the traffic lights come to life with the same rapid flashes of red blue as they get zapped by Abbadon.

Then, one by one, bolts of lightning from the pursuing Abbadon lance out and turn on every light, every streetlamp, every house, every light in the city, slowly rendering it all an even brighter ocean of flashing red and blue.

Back in the car, Tyler drives and casts worried glances in his rearview mirror as he declares,

TYLER.

Hashtag blew up my town! Hashtag giant demon! Hashtag should have stayed in bed today!

As Tyler's vehicle approaches the outlying stretches of town, Abbadon's voice comes through on the police radio. Abbadon's voice comes through in the police radio.

ABBADON/VO

You are such easy prey Tyler.
Because you have no God. No faith.

TYLER

Can't we all just get along?

Tyler drives into the rolling hills outside of town now. He races past a sign that reads

Kohl Reservoir State Park

With Abbadon and his barbs of red and blue lightning close on his heels.

ABBADON/VO

I will destroy your body. Consume your soul. It will be as if you never existed.

TYLER

You know, if you were a breakfast cereal you'd be honey bunches of dick!

ABBADON/VO

I come from a place you would call Hell. A dimension of what some would consider evil, others chaos. But the fabric of Demonic space-time is something beyond all mortal comprehension.

TYLER

Well I've seen the brochure, it looks amazing.

ABBADON/VO

The older a demon grows, the more unstable it becomes. It accumulates chaos until it is consumed by it. But my capacity for it is infinite. I can only become more malignant.

TYLER

Perks of living in in a bottomless pit.

The chase races onto a bridge over the reservoir now, spanning a narrow portion of the lake.

Abbadon's red and blue lightning reflects off the murky waters as he pursues the car across the bridge, and the bridge begins to buckle and crack under the weight of his thundering footfalls.

ABBADON/VO

So I was banished to a frequency in this universe -a frequency as old as time itself - because I had become too malignant for the hell that made me. . .I am Original Sin.

Tyler picks up the mic one last time to say,

TYLER

Yeah, I always preferred extra crispy sin.

ABBADON

What foolish-.

Tyler cuts him off.

TYLER

-Say Megatron, or whatever the hell you're calling yourself, you say you've been around since the beginning of the universe?

ABBADON/VO

And before!

TYLER

Yeah, I think it's about time you took a bath, homes.

Tyler's swerves off the road, plunges through a guardrail and into the reservoir.

Abbadon leaps off the bridge after him, arms outstretched red and blue lightning lancing out in all directions.

Tyler's car hits the water and sinks. The red and blue lights continue to flash for a moment beneath the waves.

Then Abbadon hits the water, and his body dissolves into frothing bubbling steam as his deep roar rapidly ascends in pitch to a shrill banshee-like scream, and ascends past the audible range into silence.

The water in the lake bubbles, clouds of steam rise, then dissipate.

Revealing only a giant demonic skeleton floating to the surface - a skeleton with jaws and partially formed skulls all along its upper body.

Slowly dissolving, fizzling down into into milky watery remnants.

INT. SINKING PATROL CAR. NIGHT

Tyler gasps for the last pocket of air under the ceiling of the car as the water fills the vehicle and interest toward the bottom.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE. NIGHT.

We look up to see a tiny orange spec in the night sky arcing downward, forming the glowing smoky contrail of Pandora's nuclear warhead.

It screams down to an altitude of a mere few hundred feet or so before the auto destruct command detonates. It blooms into the vastly preferable small orange fireball of a conventional explosion.

Glowing wreckage and missile debris rains down into the lake as we fade to.

EXT. PICNIC AREA. NIGHT

Reverend and Athena exit the police vehicle at a picnic area and scan the lake shore for Tyler.

The Reverend sees him, face-down on a stretch of beach, half out of the water. Not moving.

REVEREND

There. I see him.

EXT. LAKESHORE, MINUTES LATER. NIGHT

The Reverend and Athena rush down to Tyler, and turn him over. He doesn't appear to be conscious or breathing.

Athena starts giving him mouth-to-mouth, and that's when Tyler become suddenly animated. He puts his armor arms around her and turns this into an ambush kissing session.

She pulls away, furious, punching him several times she stands up and kicks him as he gets to his feet.

ATHENA

Moron! I was so hoping you were dead!

TYLER

Aw come on! don't tell me you didn't feel a little magic there!

ATHENA

I literally puked in my mouth!

TYLER

You have a wall around you that would make Donald Trump explode in his pants, you know that?

She storms off toward the car as the sound of the distant chopper blades becomes audible, and slowly, steadily louder.

The Reverend. puts a hand on Tyler's shoulder looks at a soaking wet bloodstained friend and says.

REVEREND

You did good Ty. How you feeling?

TYLER

I have minnows in my shorts right now Reverend. So...There's that.

As the thud of the chopper blades gets louder and a roving spotlight beam scans the vicinity honing in on the picnic area and parking lot, Tyler and the Reverend turn to glance at this then back at each other.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I sure hope there minnows anyway.

REVEREND

I think your friends are coming to pay us a visit.

TYLER

Bosses Reverend, not friends. These are the guys who invented crack.

The chopper is visible now descending toward a grassy clearing the distance.

Tyler and the Reverend walk toward it and Tyler sniffs at his soaked clothing, wrinkles his nose disgustedly and says.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I thought you said this water was holy. It smells like dog piss.

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING WITH CHOPPER. NIGHT.

The choppers blades are winding down as three stern looking CIA GUYS in suits flanked by two armed soldiers in fatigues. Approach Tyler the Reverend. and Athena and CIA GUY #1 says.

CIA GUY #1

Tyler Peralta. Owen Maples. Pandora has briefed us on the state of affairs.

CIA GUY #2

The agency has long considered you one of its most unstable assets, Tyler. As of tonight you are its most valuable.

CIA GUY #1

You should know that martial law has been declared in most of the country. National Guard units are en route to Jerusalem County as we speak. It is imperative that they do not find you here.

CIA GUY #2

As we speak, over one million police and federal agents are still unaccounted for, and they may still be a threat.

CIA GUY #1

You're all needed in Washington for debriefings.

REVEREND

(Indignant)

I answer to a higher authority...and I'm damn tired, thanks for asking.

Tyler pats him on the back as he steps into the chopper.

TYLER.

Come on Reverend we need a godly man in Washington, for once.

The Reverend grumbles.

REVEREND

John, eleven thirty five.

TYLER
 (Confused)
 Come again?

REVEREND
 Jesus wept! Paragraph!

Everyone piles into the chopper as we fade to.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/NATIONAL GUARD BASE OF OPERATIONS. NIGHT

Camouflaged vehicles and military personnel have overrun the parking lot of a high school. Choppers are in the air with spotlight beams roving both near and far. A nearby baseball field has been converted to a makeshift morgue, and a near solid blanket of body bags now stretches well into the outfield.

Colonel Milligan, on his way to his command post, a large canvas tent, is joined by his FIRST OFFICER.

COLONEL MILLIGAN
 What do you got?

FIRST OFFICER.
 So far only six survivors, and we're still counting their new assholes.

COLONEL MILLIGAN
 I want to talk to them. I need answers. The Pentagon is so God damn far up my as I can taste 'em.

FIRST OFFICER.
 We got one guy in talking condition. You want to see him?

COLONEL MILLIGAN
 Hell yes I want to see him. And the Pentagon wants real-time access to all communications on this op. is Project Sentinel still rebooting?

The first officer taps on his helmet-cam

FIRST OFFICER
 It's almost up sir. We'll Patch Camera and Radio Feed through the Server As Soon As its Online.

They Both Arrive at and Enter the Command Post Tent.

INT. COMMAND POST TENT. NIGHT

Computers and Equipment on Foldout Tables. Six Civilians in Various States of Injury On Gurneys and Stretchers.

One SURVIVOR, a middle-aged man sits in a chair as military Nurses Dress His Wounds and Hook him up to an intravenous banana Bag. The man looks horrified, distant, near catatonic.

Colonel Milligan and his First Officer walk in, and the Colonel Introduces himself to the survivor.

COLONEL MILLIGAN

My Name Is Colonel Milligan. I'm in Charge of this Operation. Can You tell us anything about what happend here tonight?

SURVIVOR

(As he stares blankly)
The Police...So
Many...killing...just...murdering..
.their eyes...the way they
were...breathing...

COLONEL

I'm not sure I follow you.

SURVIVOR

They kept saying...Abbadon is
law...Abbadon is law...what does
that even mean?

The colonel gives his first officer a puzzled look.

We angle closely on an open laptop on the other side of the room, on a table with communications equipment and various electronics

On the computer screen, the background of the operating system disappears, replaced by a black screen.

And on that black screen the, the following text silently self-types in white font.

Project sentinel: contacting server

Downloading...Downloading...Complete

And after a beat or two,

Depopulation initiative: military phase: Abbadon is law.

The word LAW abruptly DELETES from the text. And for a beat or two, The last line of text now ends with: ABBADON IS

And slowly, a letter at a time, we see the last word replaced to complete the sentence.

W...A...R

ABBADON IS WAR.

These last three words multiply, filling line after line.

Filling the screen

And BECOME a solid, up-scrolling current of ABBADON IS WAR
CUT to BLACK,

As we hear the soldiers locking and loading their weapons in the background, laying down a thundering spray of machine-gun fire on the pleading screaming survivors, and nurses, until they all fall silent, the magazines click empty,

and as we hear the lingering tinkles of the last empty shell casings raining to the floor, we see only a superimposed quote on a black screen

Revelation 9:12

"One ordeal is passed, But behold two more are coming after these."

The number 2 and the word's ORDEAL and MORE are blood red.

End credits.

While we hear "Killing In the Name Of" by rage against the machine.