

and The Devil called!

by

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Adapted from: "Payback"... and The Devil called...!

Based on a True Story.

Dedicated to My Mum, Kathleen.

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FADE IN:

EXT. LIZ' HOUSE. FRONT YARD.

LIZ Peters (40) is a petite bombshell - a successful businesswoman/MD and CEO of a large manufacturing corporation. Her home is at the edge of a large Bay.

Her car parking under the branches of the large old Ghost Gum with its majestic limbs and huge trunk which has become a friend; shading the house from the hot sun in summer and shielding it against the violent storms of winter.

Liz gets out and begins the walk towards the steps leading to her home when a VOICE disturbs the serenity.

VOICE
(bellowing)
Why do you think it's there?

Liz stops. Turns looking for its source. Looks up. Her neighbor HENRY (60), a tall well-built man with slightly greying hair looking much younger than his years, is standing on his balcony.

LIZ
(puzzled)
Oh hi Henry! Sorry. What?

HENRY
That thing behind you!

Liz looks behind her.

LIZ
Can't see anything.

HENRY
The Base.

Liz looks for a 'base'. Stops at the base of the tree. A sculptured bust of Christ sitting in its folds.

LIZ (V.O.)
Oh my God!

Looks up at Henry.

LIZ
(puzzled)
Any idea how it got there?

HENRY
Thought YOU might be able to tell me!

Liz shrugs.

LIZ
Never seen it before.

HENRY
Must have cost them a bit to make it.

LIZ
Yes. Wonder why it's here?

HENRY
No idea. Don't think the jewels in the cross behind, are real.

LIZ
(nervously)
Wouldn't think so.

Tries to look away.

LIZ (V.O.)
Can't turn away. His pleading eyes begging me... can't look at it.

Tries to force her gaze away - can't.

LIZ (V.O.)
Blood's dripping down his cheeks onto his robe.

Reprimanding herself...

LIZ (V.O.)
What am I saying?... It's not real!

Half-turning to Henry.

LIZ
Strange how it's here.

HENRY
Yep. Lots of people asking about it. Some even cross themselves.

Liz nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Maybe he's here for you?

Liz fearfully shrugs her shoulders.

Henry persists.

HENRY (CONT'D)
He is, facing your house.

LIZ
Yes it is.

Henry turns walking away.

HENRY
You might let me know when you've
figured it out.

LIZ
(thoughtfully)
Sure.

Liz lingers for a moment finding it difficult to turn her
back on it. Walks backwards a few steps turns and walks
slowly up steps to home.

LIZ (V.O.)
Is this a sign for me to do
something?... What?

INT. LIZ' HOUSE. (CONTINUOUS)

Liz laying on lounge, disturbed.

LIZ (V.O.)
Got to tell someone.

Picks up phone on table next to her. Dials. Waits.

LIZ
Hi Sis!

INTERCUT WITH:

ROSE (40) sitting at computer on phone to Liz.

ROSE
Hi! Aren't you home early?

LIZ
Yes. Had a difficult day. But I
came home to something really
weird.

Rose rests back in her chair.

ROSE
Okay - so tell me.

Liz pauses.

LIZ
Someone's put a sculptured bust of
Christ at the base of the trunk of
the tree out the front.

ROSE

A what?

LIZ

A bust of Christ!

ROSE

Who?

LIZ

No idea. Actually, it looks a bit like something Peter would sculpt.

ROSE

(angry)

Don't be ridiculous. Peter wouldn't 've put it there.

LIZ

No. No - of course not. Besides, it's not marble. I was just saying it looks like something he'd do.

ROSE

Shoot me up a photo.

LIZ

I'll try. But it's hard - can't even look at it - into his pleading eyes.

ROSE

Don't be idiot. It's not real. Go take the shot.

LIZ

(flushed)

Don't annoy me Rose... of course... it's only... whatever it's made of... but it's scary.

ROSE

Take it from there.

Liz gets up and walks to window. Looks out.

LIZ

Can't see it from here.

ROSE

Well you'll have to go down then, won't you?

LIZ

But it's really freaky. It's as if the ground around it is Holy.

ROSE
What garbage!

LIZ
(annoyed)
Whatever! - But it's the same sort
of feeling I got when I walked into
my children's bedrooms when they
were sleeping.

ROSE
Snap out of it!

LIZ
(firmly)
Well that's how it feels.

ROSE
Get down and get the shot.

LIZ
Stop being such a bully, Rose!... I
only rang to tell you about it.

ROSE
(apologetic)
I'm sorry.

LIZ
(forgivingly)
That's okay. It's just that I
somehow feel it's here for a
purpose. Perhaps of things to come.

ROSE
I'm sure it's a good sign.

LIZ
Hope so.

EXT. LIZ' HOUSE. FRONT YARD. (CONTINUOUS)

Liz standing well-back from sculpture. Holds up cell-phone
trying to focus.

LIZ (V.O.)
(nervously)
Can't! I'll take the whole tree
first. I'm so nervous maybe nothing
'll turn out.

Reprimanding herself

LIZ (V.O.)
Now you're sounding like Rose!...
Stop being so negative. Of course
they'll turn out.

Raising her phone again she clicks. Then, shaking, brings phone down to focus on sculpture. Stops. Turns away. Takes a deep breath - turns back again - takes shots.

Turning to walk back hears FEMALE VOICE.

FEMALE VOICE

Who the bloody-hell put that bloody thing there?

Liz stops. Steps back into shadows. Listens intently standing very still behind trunk. Peers out. Female voice is JUDY (60) mother of MELANIE (30) her neighbor. Melanie looking around.

MELANIE

(confused)
What thing?

Judy points to sculpture.

JUDY

Over there.

MELANIE

Can't see anything.

JUDY

The statue of that bloody Jew with blood streaming down his face.

MELANIE

(annoyed)
What are you talking about?

Looks again in direction Judy is pointing -

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hang on I'll come over there.

Melanie moves further along balcony.

JUDY

Base of tree-trunk.

MELANIE

Oh, yes. I see it now. How long's it been there?

JUDY

Noticed it when I was walking this morning. Meant to tell you about it.

MELANIE

Strange I've never seen it. Who do you think put it there?

JUDY

Don't know - but you've got some
real weirdos living around here.

MELANIE

(dismissive)

Oh mum, we haven't.

JUDY

Of course you do. This is a prime
example. Some Jew-worshipper's done
this.

MELANIE

Shsh! Someone might hear you.

JUDY

There's no one here.

Melanie points to the tree.

MELANIE

Someone's there!

Judy moves closer to look.

Liz pushes herself further into void of trunk.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Over there. See... near the tree-
trunk.

JUDY

You're imagining things.

MELANIE

No mum. Someone's there.

JUDY

Perhaps it's your neighbor. I think
she might be one of them.

MELANIE

Shush mum. Don't embarrass me.

Their voices reduce to a whisper. Liz strains to hear.

LIZ (V.O.)

I thought they were nice people.
Perhaps they are. Just a bit
misguided.

Slowly, carefully, Liz peers out.

LIZ (V.O.)

They've only just noticed it too!

Quickly walking almost running - ascends steps to home.

INT. LIZ'S LOUNGE-ROOM. EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Liz laying on lounge holding television remote. Changing channels.

LIZ (V.O.)
Got to get my mind off this. A
movie. That'll do.

MOMENTS LATER

Noise. Pushes mute button. Strains to hear repeat of noise. Clap of thunder. Drops remote. Gets up. Hurries to front door. Looks out. Lightning illuminates sky followed by further loud claps of thunder as black clouds interspersed with light from hidden moon roll past. Gale-force winds lash rain against windows giving an eerie feel.

She looks down. Winston, her little ginger cat his meowing drowned out by the storm is drenched as he scratches to get in.

LIZ
Oh my goodness!

Liz opens door just enough for Winston to enter.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(gently)
Come on little one.

A terrified Winston pounces past her scurrying across lounge-room into bedroom and under her bed. Liz pushes door with all her might to close door.

She grabs a towel. Puts her arm under bed searching for Winston. Grabs him. Pulls him out.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You're soaked little one.

Lovingly wrapping him she carries him into lounge-room. Sits and begins rubbing his fur.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You're safe now little one.

MOMENTS LATER

Liz in kitchen. Food in bowl. Pours milk into a saucer. Winston purring, lapping his milk.

Liz glances out window.

LIZ (V.O.)
This storm really is bad. No wonder
animals are so afraid.
(MORE)

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But is there something they sense
 we humans can't? Oh my God forgot
 to ring Rose!

Quickly picks up phone. Dials. Listens.

LIZ
 Not home - hi Rose - guess you're
 out - sent photos - talk to you
 later. Bye!

Puts phone down.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Oh my God the sculpture!

Takes large black plastic bag out of cupboard. Walking
 towards door grabs keys from her handbag. Puts in pocket.
 Opens front door. Dashes out without any thought of donning
 additional clothing.

EXT. LIZ'S FRONT YARD. (CONTINUOUS)

Battered by rain and howling wind, Liz fights back,
 zigzagging towards large Ghost Gum. But not even the storm
 can absolve her trembling as she approaches the sculpture.

Unmistakable terror grips her. Cautiously moving closer,
 lifting each foot, she plods towards it.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Asphalt's burning through soles of
 my shoes. Even rain can't cool it.

Reaches tree. Without looking at sculpture, gauges its
 position. Bends her body close to permit her arms to reach it
 - touch it - move it. Stops. Retracts. Shakes her head.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can't do this!

Begins walking back - stops.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Have to try!

Turning back again, reaches one hand out. Pulls cross towards
 her, lifting her eyes to focus anywhere, but on what she's
 doing. Quickly raising bag and with force brings it down to
 cover it. A deep sigh of relief escapes her as she looks at
 the bag with its obscured contents. Carefully, she leans it
 back against the trunk.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Done!

Regretfully she views it.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (sadly)
 Seems sacrilegious to cover it...
 its pleading eyes.

Henry is watching Liz' endeavors from behind his glass door balcony. Squeezes himself out quickly closing door behind him

HENRY
 (calling out)
 What on earth are you doing?

LIZ (V.O.)
 Oh my God caught!

Trembling now, not only from wet and cold, but with guilt at the deed Liz turns in Henry's direction.

LIZ
 (calling out)
 Hi Henry!

Water-droplets join as they run down her face now filled with color in embarrassment. She raises her hand to wipe away the water and part her wet, windswept hair.

HENRY
 Have you just covered that thing?

LIZ
 I... err - um - yes. Didn't want it
 to get damaged.

HENRY
 Don't be crazy... it's been there
 for weeks!

LIZ
 (surprised)
 Really?

Taking a few steps towards Henry -

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (hesitantly)
 Well I just didn't know what to do.
 Someone's gone to a lot of trouble
 to make it. The least we can do is
 look after it... I mean we just
 can't leave it to the storm.

HENRY
 (with a smile)
 It's not real you know.

LIZ
 (annoyed)
 Of course it's not!

Henry smiles, turns. Walking back inside.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can only just imagine the
 conversation in that household. Now
 he'll think I, put it there.

INT. LIZ' HOUSE. MORNING. NEXT DAY.

Storm-clouds subsiding. Wind still howling. Winston rubs himself against Liz' legs purring. She pats him.

LIZ
 Feeling better little one?... Think
 I'll leave you inside today.
 Weather doesn't look too good out
 there.

Winston gives another rub.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 You're such a loving little cat.

EXT. LIZ'S FRONT YARD. (CONTINUOUS)

Battling wind, with her head down, Liz walking down steps.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Really don't want to get into a
 conversation with Henry about last
 night.

Looking at tree -

LIZ (V.O.)
 Wonder if it's stayed covered.

Stops. Vacant space has replaced bust.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Oh my God where is it?

Gripped by fear and sadness, fighting back tears as if in a trance she walks to where it had been.

Bending to look more closely -

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can't be gone!... Maybe the wind's
 blown it down somewhere?

Walking slowly around, her eyes peeled to detect any sign -

LIZ (V.O.)
 Maybe it got smashed?

Walks through long grass searching for remnants. Looks up at Henry's house.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Maybe Henry knows what's happened
 to it?

Tears welling-up in her eyes.

LIZ
 (calling out)
 Henry!... Henry!

Henry appears at glass door. Quickly steps out closing it behind him.

Almost choking on her words:

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Hi Henry!... Did you see what
 happened to the sculpture?

Henry's eyes open wide in shock.

HENRY
 Sorry Liz. What?

LIZ
 The sculpture... it's gone!

HENRY
 Not broken there somewhere is it?
 Was a pretty violent storm.

Liz shakes her head.

LIZ
 Can't see it.

HENRY
 I'll come down. Hang on.

Henry turns - walks back inside. Liz continues to scour area.

MOMENTS LATER

Henry joins Liz at empty space.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Where's it gone?

Liz shakes her head.

LIZ
 Don't know.

HENRY
 (concerned)
 I'll take a look over there. Might
 have been carried by the wind.

LIZ
 (sadly)
 I've looked everywhere.

Henry wades through long grass looking down. Occasionally
 kicking something - picking it up - throwing it back down.

Walking back to Liz.

HENRY
 I'd say whoever took it's got
 balls. I couldn't do it. Although,
 come to think of it, the covering
 would have made it easier.

Liz shocked.

LIZ
 Oh my God. Really? You mean I'm to
 blame?

HENRY
 (retracting)
 No, Liz. I'm not saying that. I'm
 just saying when you covered his
 eyes, undesirables could get close
 to him.

LIZ
 So it affected you too!

HENRY
 Not nearly as much as it seems to
 have affected you.

Liz blushes. Henry notices.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Don't worry... you're not on your
 own. It affected everyone who saw
 it... one way or another.

LIZ
 Perhaps his maker found him?

HENRY
 (smiling)
 Not sure what you mean by that...
 (seriously)
 ... might have been hard to see it
 under the bag.

LIZ
(head down)
Oh yes.

HENRY
Perhaps it was The Devil!

Liz surprised.

LIZ (V.O.)
Didn't think Henry believed in
anything!

Pretending not to understand.

LIZ
What?... Who?

HENRY
You know?... Satan! - The Devil! -
Lucifer!... However you know him.

LIZ
Is there really such a thing?

HENRY
Well you believe in God, don't you?

LIZ
Yes. But...

Interrupting her:

HENRY
Well he's the other God.

Liz' fear shows.

LIZ
(defensive)
There's only one God!

HENRY
Uh... Uh!... That's what he, wants
you to believe.

LIZ
(puzzled)
Who?

HENRY
The Devil of course.

LIZ
I'm not sure I understand what
you're saying.

HENRY

God... the one you know - is God of the Universe. The Devil? Well now - he's God of this earth.

LIZ (V.O.)

My, how I've misjudged this man. Not only does he believe, but he seems to believe that the Devil is a God too!... That's scary.

Attempting to change the subject.

LIZ

Hope you're NOT right Henry... too scary for me to conceive.

HENRY

(smiling)

It's simple Liz. Everyone accepts that there's good and evil, don't they?

LIZ

(shrugging)

Of course.

Henry nods.

HENRY

So it goes without saying that there must also be opposites representing those conflicting measures... Good and Evil... God and The Devil!

LIZ

May be, but I can't see him, taking the sculpture.

HENRY

Why not?

Liz doesn't know how to respond.

LIZ (V.O.)

This conversation's becoming TOO bizarre!... Henry's got it all wrong. The Devil hasn't got the powers he believes he has. Never mind.

Liz the MD takes over.

LIZ

(firmly)

Not sure what happened here last night Henry, but I'll have to deal with it when I get home tonight. I'm late for the office. Catch up with you then.

HENRY

Of course. Let me know if there's anything you'd like me to do.

INT. BARRISTERS' CHAMBERS. SIX MONTHS LATER.

Liz' Barristers Senior Counsel Alexander WATERS (70) (medium height, robust, with grey hair and grey beard), and Junior Counsel Phillip BAKER (35) (short, slim with black hair) discussing day's events.

BAKER

Does she suspect anything?

WATERS

Of course not.

BAKER

How do you think she'll take it when she's told she's gone down?

WATERS

Just like any other punter.

BAKER

But she's not like the rest?

WATERS

Maybe not.

BAKER

Think she'll cause us trouble?

WATERS

Of course not.

BAKER

Yes. But...

Waters interrupts.

WATERS

Stop whining!... We've got our tracks covered.

BAKER

It's just that - I've never done this before.

WATERS

You've never made this sort of money before either.

Waters sits back in his chair with a satisfied smug look on his face.

WATERS (CONT'D)

Who would believe we're being paid this sort of money to DO NOTHING!

BAKER

Nothing's for nothing.

WATERS

This is.

BAKER

No it's not! We're betraying a client.

WATERS

What's she to us?

BAKER

Nothing.

WATERS

Well stop being a pussy-cat. You'll have enough money to buy a house... and I'll just retire. Not immediately of course. Wouldn't want to raise suspicion. But what a wonderful life we'll have.

BAKER

You have no remorse?

WATERS

For what? Being smarter than your average Barrister? Are you kidding?

BAKER

You've considered all avenues of recrimination?

WATERS

Of course. Did this when they first approached us. Didn't you?

BAKER

Yes. But I'm not sure I've covered every avenue.

Waters stands and walks to cupboard. Takes out a bottle of Scotch and two glasses. Turns to Baker.

WATERS

You're just getting cold feet because it seems too good to be true. But it's not!... The way we've worked it she'll never know how, or why she went down.

Holds bottle up. Baker nods.

WATERS (CONT'D)

Besides, she'll have no money left to fight us with.

BAKER

How do you know?

WATERS

They told me.

BAKER

How do THEY know?

WATERS

They know everything... how much she's got in the bank, her assets, how she lives. They've even got their own person in her house as a cleaner.

Baker horrified.

BAKER

Who is this woman?

Waters pours drinks and puts bottle back. Walking to Baker -

WATERS

All I know is what they've told me.

BAKER

What's that?

WATERS

She's got to be stopped - stripped of her assets.

BAKER

Why? Is she a terrorist or something?

Waters laughs.

BAKER (CONT'D)

... A Drug Lord?

WATERS

No. No. Nothing like that. She's just too smart for her own good - made too much money.

BAKER

(puzzled)

What? What's that got to do with anyone?

Waters hands Baker a glass.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

WATERS

Well it's obviously got something to do with someone. Why else would they be spending so much money to get her?

BAKER

So all this is just about money?

WATERS

Guess so.

Baker takes a sip.

BAKER

Something's missing here.

WATERS

Don't look at me!... That's all I know.

BAKER

Seems to have worked hard for her money. Doesn't seem to have hurt anyone along the way.

WATERS

Yes. And they've let her.

BAKER

(confused)

What's that mean? Who's let her?

WATERS

Don't know. Guess the guys who want her out of the way. They said they allowed her to build up all her assets because they knew they'd collect them all in the end. They just let her do all the hard work.

BAKER

And we're involved with these people? - Who are these guys?

WATERS

You know who they are.

BAKER

No I don't. I only know who they portray themselves to be. But who are they really? Who's behind this?

WATERS

You know as much as I do. But I wouldn't be crossing them. You can see the power they wield.

Baker not intimidated.

BAKER

I'm not satisfied.

WATERS

(impatient)

NOT SATISFIED?... Not satisfied with what?... Given twenty years pay for doing nothing? - Get real!

Baker repeats:

BAKER

So this is, just for money.

WATERS

Well, what else?

BAKER

Don't you want to know the truth?

Waters breaks into laughter.

WATERS

Don't be ridiculous. What's truth?

He takes a sip of his drink and walks back to his chair.

WATERS (CONT'D)

You're starting to sound like the punters... always wanting Truth!

He sits.

WATERS (CONT'D)

And if they were to get it... would they want it?... Don't think so.

BAKER

Wouldn't they?

WATERS

No! And that's because there's no such thing. TRUTH, is what anyone chooses to believe it is.

BAKER

Well that's certainly philosophical.

Sips his drink.

BAKER (CONT'D)

They're leaving her with nothing you know.

WATERS

Not my problem.

BAKER

(nods)
Guess not.

Standing, Baker toast his glass to Waters and gulps liquid.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Speak with you after she's gone.

Waters nods. Baker puts empty glass down. Walks out.

INT. WATERS' CHAMBERS. LATE AFTERNOON. (CONTINUING)

FIRST ENCOUNTER

Liz sitting opposite Waters discussing day's events.

WATERS

Day went well.

LIZ

Did it? I'm not sure I understood what was going on.

WATERS

(patronizing)
Yes, it is sometimes difficult to follow.

LIZ

It's just that what they were saying wasn't true.

WATERS

Oh?

LIZ

All I know is, it's a good thing we didn't sign all those blank documents our solicitors wanted us to sign.

Waters makes light of it.

WATERS

Well that's all in the past now. Now you can get on with your life.

As if not having heard him, Liz continues:

LIZ

They were our solicitors for twelve years you know.

Waters persists in pressing subject be dropped.

WATERS

(patronizing)

Well, we won't worry about that now, will we.

LIZ

No. But if we'd signed them, we wouldn't now be able to fight them.

Sad in the thought, Liz puts her head down.

Waters smiles.

A VOICE - piercing, terrifying, penetrating deep into her being comes from Waters' direction.

VOICE

It would have been better if you had!

Liz confused.

LIZ (V.O.)

WHAT? What's he mean? Who is this?

Slowly lifting her head.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh my God, where's Waters?

Someone - something else sitting in Waters' chair - in Waters' clothes. His face larger than Waters; his skin - a deathly black; his hair - black and curly. His smile - evil.

Liz gulps.

LIZ (V.O.)

I don't know him - yet I know him!

Her eyes fixed on him, her heart skips a beat. She is unable to raise her hand to grab the missed beat of her bounding heart.

LIZ (V.O.)
Oh my God... I can't move.

Then, just as suddenly as he had emerged he retracts back somewhere into Waters' body as Waters re-emerges.

Liz' body is released to her.

LIZ (V.O.)
(trembling)
What just happened?

Waters continues as if nothing had transpired.

WATERS
As I said, let's not worry about the past. Let's focus on the future.

A terrified Liz remains petrified.

LIZ (V.O.)
Who can I ask? ... Who can I talk to?... a priest? No. They wouldn't understand either. Would anyone?

INT. LIZ' SALES OFFICE. SATURDAY MORNING. SIX MONTHS LATER
SECOND ENCOUNTER

Liz sitting at desk reading her Bible as sun's early morning rays stream in on her. She is expecting someone.

MOMENTS LATER

Engine noise.

Car enters circular drive. Liz turns her chair in its direction. Smiles. Gets up. Unlocks and opens door as HARRY (50) reaches it. Harry is of average height and build, with salt and pepper colored hair. He supports Liz in her political stance. He enters passing her.

LIZ
Good morning, Harry.

HARRY
Good morning!... Beautiful morning!

LIZ
Yes it is.

Liz closes and re-locks doors behind him.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Coffee?

HARRY
Love one.

LIZ
Milk and sugar?

HARRY
Milk, two sugars.

LIZ
Go on in... I'll just be a sec.

Harry walks in direction of Sales office. Liz walks in opposite direction.

Standing in doorway Harry sees maps on walls and electioneering paraphernalia on desks and floor. Liz' handbag next to a desk. Walks over to it. Pulls out chair and sits.

MOMENTS LATER

Liz enters holding two mugs. Hands him one. Sits.

LIZ (CONT'D)
How'd you go?

Harry smiles. Reaches into his inside coat pocket retrieves folded papers. Opens them up.

HARRY
I've got a list of five hundred members for you.

Hands to Liz.

LIZ
Really? I only needed about two-fifty.

HARRY
(reassuringly)
Well I wasn't quite sure. Use as many as you want.

Looks at list. Notices logo at top of sheets.

LIZ
(concerned)
Harry, are you sure ALL these people want to be members?

HARRY
Yes. They'll get the Party registered.

LIZ
But they're all the members of your club!

HARRY
Yes. Everyone wants to help.

LIZ
Thank you so much.

Liz puts List down. Opens Registration Forms. Inserts names whilst Harry sips his coffee.

A MOMENT LATER

LIZ (V.O.)
Something doesn't feel right.

Talking as she turns -

LIZ
Harry, are you SURE...

Stops. Harry's not there. Chair empty.

LIZ (V.O.)
Where are you Harry?

Turning further around -

LIZ
Harry!... Are you SURE all these people want to be members of my party?

VOICE behind her responds.

VOICE
Sure - they - do.

Haunting to the core of her being - the voice is penetrating to the pit of her stomach. She panics.

LIZ (V.O.)
That's not Harry!

Her mind races trying to comprehend what's happening:

LIZ (V.O.)
Who IS this?... How'd he get IN?...
How'll I get him OUT?

Her chair now completely turned around she sees Harry's trousers bent around filing cabinet. They're extraordinarily long. Her eyes follow her head up.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Oh my God... Who is this?... So
 big!... How's he fitting into
 Harry's clothes?

His arms, much longer than Harry's protrude out past the shirt-cuffs. One elbow rests on top of filing cabinet supporting his folded hand cushioning his chin. Other arm across top of the cabinet with the wrist bent dropping his huge hand limp. His skin - a deathly grey/black. Liz looks up at his face framed with black curly hair. His evil smile etching indelibly into her mind. His eyes - dead black.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Oh my God... this is THE DEVIL! -
 No horns - no tail - just an evil
 chilling smile.

Commanding her body, now beyond-fear-numb:

LIZ (V.O.)
 RUN! RUN!

She answers herself.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can't move!... Oh my God can't
 move!... Got to force my body!...
 He's reading my mind!

Reprimanding herself.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Just move!... Turn around - TURN
 AROUND! Don't look at him - DON'T
 LOOK!

Her body recalcitrant... her eyes fall uncontrollably descending - stopping at his huge, black, brilliantly shiny shoes beneath Harry's trousers.

LIZ (V.O.)
 My God where's Harry?

Only her eyes can move as laboriously she battles the Devil for control. She needs them to give strength to a physical movement.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Move! Move!... Get away!

Inch by inch her mind forces her body to move the chair which responds like a creaky, poorly-oiled grinder ever-so-slowly, to put the Devil behind her.

Her head cowered in fear -

LIZ (V.O.)
 Only by his grace am I able to
 move.

Panics.

LIZ (V.O.)
 HIS GRACE!... What Grace? The Devil
 has no Grace!

The reality of what she has just done registers.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (terrified)
 Why did I do this? Why did I turn
 around? Now he's behind me. Now I
 can't see what he's doing!... He
 could kill me!... Just a hit on the
 head and I'm gone!

In trepidation she waits. And waits.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Maybe if I pretend he's not there
 he'll leave... disappear!... I must
 do something.

Ever so slowly she forces her hand to protrude out past her
 body onto desk. It appears deformed. Unable to control her
 numb fingers she tries to force them to pick up the pen in
 front of her.

Then VOICE (#2) is heard.

VOICE (#2)
 I have to go now.

Liz' body falls limp. She is released from the bondage of its
 petrified state.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (beaming)
 It's Harry!... He's back!

Still encompassed in the ordeal Liz turns towards Harry
 keeping her head down.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Mustn't look at his face - might be
 a trap!... The Devil might still be
 there.

Accompanying Harry to front door she unlocks and opens it.
 Harry walks out.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Hope he doesn't realize ...

She quickly closes the door as she speaks.

LIZ
Bye Harry. Thank you.

She gives a half smile.

LIZ (V.O.)
I know... NOTHING can keep him out.
But maybe he needs a body to get in
and the only body here is mine. And
he's not getting that.

Liz watches Harry walk to his car. He turns.

HARRY
(shouting)
Good luck with it all.

Liz waves. Walks back to desk. Sits. Leans back.

LIZ (V.O.)
Wonder if Harry knew he was absent
from his body?... That the Devil
had taken him over?... Where did
Harry go?... Did he know anything
about what was happening?

Looking blankly into the sunlight.

LIZ (V.O.)
Guess I'll never know. Can't ask
Harry. The Devil might take it as
an invitation to return. Perhaps
this is why the sculpture came.

She sits up straight, as if preparing for battle. Looks at
sheets in front of her.

LIZ (V.O.)
Can't use any of these.

Picks up Harry's Lists and tears them into little pieces.
Collects them and carefully puts them into bin under the
desk.

LIZ (V.O.)
Can't leave even the smallest piece
here. It might provide the link for
him to come back.

Picks up Registration Forms.

LIZ (V.O.)
Now these. Can't just tear these
up. Need to erase all the names
I've written in. Can't risk leaving
them for The Devil to terrorize.

Picks up an eraser. Rubbing out entries.

MOMENTS LATER

LIZ (V.O.)
Last one... finished.

Puts eraser down. Hand cramping. Once again fingers appear deformed. Crunches hand until knuckles crack.

Collects forms. Carefully checks no writing of Harry's names visible.

LIZ (V.O.)
I know... he can do anything. But
it won't be through me.

Carefully tears Forms into little pieces. Collects.
Cautiously puts into same bin.

LIZ (V.O.)
That's it. The Party will never be
registered.

INT. SALES OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON. SOME WEEKS LATER.

THIRD ENCOUNTER

Heavy rain hitting against full-length plate-glass windows. It's after five. Most of Liz' staff have gone home. It's Election time and Liz is fielding a Federal Senate team. JOHN (60) a kind, jovial man who recently lost his wife, is on the ticket.

FIONA (17) is short, slim, with short wild blonde hair. She is young for her years yet wiser than most. It's Fiona's first job. She and Liz ("Mrs P" to her staff) sitting on floor sorting pamphlets.

Door opens. TERRY (35) accountant, enters.

TERRY
Good night Mrs. P.

LIZ
Good night Terry.

Terry looks over at Fiona.

TERRY
Bye Fiona, see you in the morning.

FIONA
Bye Terry.

As an after-thought.

TERRY

See if you can find that milk docket so I can reimburse you.

Liz looks enquiringly. Fiona notes her confusion.

FIONA

I just don't know what I could have done with it. I know I had it.

Explaining to Terry.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I looked everywhere. I must have lost it on the way to work.

Terry observes Liz' puzzlement.

TERRY

Fiona got the milk this morning but can't find the docket. I can't do a Petty Cash Docket without it.

LIZ

No. But we got the milk didn't we?

TERRY

Yes.

LIZ

Well do up a Docket and I'll sign it.

TERRY

Is the morning okay?

Liz questions Fiona.

LIZ

Is that okay?

Fiona still puzzling over loss.

FIONA

Yes. But I just don't know what I could have done with it. I know I had it.

LIZ

(impatiently)
Don't worry about it Fiona.

TERRY

I'll get it done first thing.

LIZ
Thank you Terry.

MOMENTS LATER

Knock on door. Door opens. JOHN (60) enters. He is Liz' letter-box drop partner.

JOHN
Hi everyone. How's it all going?

LIZ
Hi John. Getting there.

FIONA
Hi John.

John takes off his coat as looks around the room. Sees maps on desk. Picks them up at the same time grabbing a roll of tape.

JOHN
Guess I'd better put these up.

LIZ
Thank you John.

Resting them on top of the photocopier next to the wall, he begins putting them up.

JOHN
It's a pretty wild night out there.

Wind lashing trees against windows. Rain slanted by wind hits windows as threads run down. Fiona looks up.

FIONA
(excited)
I know!

LIZ
I'm so glad you have time to help with this, John.

JOHN
Not much point sitting at home moping. Laura's not coming back.

LIZ
Did she suffer much?

JOHN
(sadly)
Yes the cancer was quite progressed before we realized how sick she was. I'm just glad I could care for her at home.

Phone on desk rings. Liz gets up. Walks to it. Picks up.

LIZ
Yes Penny? [...] Okay, put him
through.

Liz grabs back of a chair, turns it around. Sits.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Hello? [...] Yes. We can certainly
do with more help. [...] Tonight's
fine. You know where we are? [...] See
you then.

Puts phone down.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Looks like we're going to get some
help. That was a Warren Boyce. He's
coming to give us a hand.

FIONA
That's great.

LIZ
Says he's just been released from
Goulburn Base Hospital.

FIONA
Hope he's not from a nut-house.

LIZ
(smiling)
Wouldn't think so. Said he's
staying with friends - a Constable
Peter Jones of Belmore Police
Station.

JOHN
That's not far from me.

FIONA
Is that your local Station?

JOHN
No. But it's close.

Liz resumes her position on floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Door opens. Receptionist PENNY (19) enters.

PENNY
Good night Mrs. P. It's a pretty
bad night to be doing letter-box
drops.

LIZ

Yes. Think we'll give it a miss tonight.

PENNY

How'd you get on with Warren?

LIZ

He's coming tonight to give us a hand.

PENNY

That's great. Well I'm off. Good night everyone.

LIZ

Good night Penny.

FIONA

See ya.

JOHN

Bye.

Trees continue to lash against the building with slanted rain flooding small verandah outside.

MOMENTS LATER

Liz stands. Walks over to windows. Looks out.

LIZ

It's really bad out there. Think we'll have an early night. Just finish up and let's call it a day.

JOHN

Okay Mrs P. But I think we should get done as much as we can. It'll mean an earlier start tomorrow.

FIONA

Yes. I think so too. Besides, we've got that guy coming.

Moving away from windows -

LIZ

Oh yes. Almost forgot.

FIONA

What are you going to do with him?

LIZ

I don't quite know. Guess we'll just have a chat and see how he can help.

JOHN

I'm staying here while he's here.
Don't think you should be left
alone with a stranger. You don't
know who this guy might be. I'm
staying.

FIONA

Me too!

Humbled by their concern for her -

LIZ

(smiling)
Thank you.

SOME HOURS LATER

Warren's pending arrival forgotten. Liz and Fiona on floor.
John sitting in chair next to them. All working sorting
pamphlets. John stops.

JOHN

What time did this guy say he was
coming?

LIZ

Didn't give a time. Thought he
would have been here hours ago.
Maybe he's changed his mind?

Just as Liz finishes speaking lights shine into room. Fiona
looks up - stands - looks out window.

FIONA

There's a car driving in.

Walking closer to windows -

FIONA (CONT'D)

It's a taxi. Must be him.

LIZ

Okay Fiona. Go let him in.

Fiona walks into reception leaving sales door open permitting
minimal light to flow out.

Liz gets up. John stands. They walk to windows as a very tall
figure in beige trench-coat alights.

JOHN

He's certainly tall. Wonder how he
fitted into the cab?

They hear Fiona speak.

FIONA (O.S.)
Hi! I'm Fiona! You must be Warren.

Liz and John move back.

JOHN
(whispering)
Didn't hear him speak, did you?

LIZ
(whispering)
No. Hope he's not rude.

Front door heard to close and lock.

FIONA (O.S.)
Just in here.

WARREN (60) enters bending his body to clear door-frame,
followed by Fiona.

LIZ (V.O.)
My God, he's so big.

A great mop of sandy-colored curly hair flows down beyond the
collar of his coat, covering his neck almost the same color
as his coat.

FIONA
Warren, this is Mrs P who you spoke
to, and this is John.

John stretches out his hand. Warren extends his
extraordinarily large hand without raising his head - his
skin - a pale beige, also matching his trench-coat.

JOHN
Thanks for coming.

John tries to coax him into lifting his head.

JOHN (V.O.)
Looks like his head's glued to his
chest.

Fiona extends her hand.

FIONA
I'll take your coat.

WARREN
(abruptly)
No!

Liz indicates to a chair across the room.

LIZ
Would you like to sit over here?

WARREN
No. This is fine.

LIZ (V.O.)
What is it with this guy?

Remaining in his trench-coat he stands, his back to the photocopier, his long legs protruding out in front of him as if holding it up. All remain standing - Liz to his right, John to his left, Fiona facing him.

WARREN
I'm here to get you into the Senate.

Shock on all their faces cannot be hidden.

LIZ (V.O.)
(annoyed)
The audacity! Who's this guy think he is?

Liz feigns incomprehension.

LIZ
Sorry? I don't quite know what you mean.

WARREN
(bluntly)
You heard me!

LIZ (V.O.)
What's that mean?

In an attempt to calm the growing tension.

LIZ
(politely)
I know that we're standing for the Senate, but...

Warren interjects.

WARREN
I'm here to get you in.

LIZ (V.O.)
Here we go again.

Liz' annoyance is growing.

She looks at John. His face getting redder by the minute with this upstart stranger.

LIZ (V.O.)
Better calm the situation before John explodes.

Moves closer to him.

LIZ

Thank you Warren. But I'm not sure we really want this. I know we're standing for the Senate but I'm not sure we really want to get into government.

Warren doesn't respond.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(confirming)

We're just doing what God wants.

FIONA

(excited)

Yes! You saw the stories in the papers.

WARREN

No.

Fiona turns and walks briskly across room to filing cabinet. Takes out bundle of newspaper clippings on top is... "When God Speaks Mrs. P takes action!" Walks back holds clippings below Warren's head where she perceives his eyes to be.

He remains non-responsive.

FIONA (V.O.)

Guess he's not really interested.

Fiona withdraws clippings and replaces them. Returns to resume her position in front of him.

WARREN

You want to know when the end of the world will be.

Shocked silence.

LIZ (V.O.)

Who the hell is this guy? I didn't hear anyone ask this? Why would we? He's only come to help with the campaign. Hasn't he?

FIONA (V.O.)

I don't want to know.

JOHN (V.O.)

Don't know who this guy is... but he's not who he says he is.

LIZ (V.O.)

(panicking)

Did he read someone's mind?

(MORE)

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Did John or Fiona think this? Why
 would they? Oh my God, can he read
 our minds?

Fiona and John look at each other. John turns away. Fiona
 stands petrified.

WARREN
 The world will end in...

LIZ (V.O.)	FIONA (V.O.)
2019? Or was that 2025 or... what was that date?	My God!... The world's going to end in 2026 or was that 2029.

JOHN (V.O.)
 2032?... Who is this guy?

Warren turns his whole body slightly towards Liz.

WARREN
 And you will be my bride!

Liz' eyes open wide. She tries to speak... can't!

John panics.

JOHN (V.O.)
 God, he wants Mrs. P! Got to change
 the subject. Got to get rid of him.

Trying to make light conversation.

JOHN
 So you're from Goulburn?

Warren non-responsive.

Traumatized, Liz drops her head slightly in an attempt to see
 his face.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Need to see who this guy is.

Warren turns his body away from her.

Liz tries again.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Got to see his face.

She moves closer. He moves his head away from her.

Tension. John tries to calm it.

JOHN
 How long did it take you to get
 down here?

Warren ignores him.

A MOMENT LATER

Warren moves his long arm from beside his body - his hand reaching into inside trench-coat he withdraws it holding a brown paper-bag containing something.

Redirecting his arm without looking at her, he extends his hand with the content to Liz.

WARREN

This is for you.

Liz pulls her hands closer to her body.

LIZ (V.O.)

No. Don't want it! Don't touch it!

WARREN

Go on. It's yours!

Reluctantly Liz extends her hand to accept it. As she takes hold, its contents protrude.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh... a book.

Warren drops his hand back down beside him.

The book has a green hardcover. The title ...*Hitler*... is imprinted in silver.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh my God it's about Hitler!

Angling the bag the book slides back in. She stumbles to get it to the nearest desk.

LIZ (V.O.)

Get it out of your hand! Drop it.

Releasing it, it drops onto the desk its contents again protruding as it lands.

WARREN

Follow it and it will get you in.

JOHN (V.O.)

Who the hell's this guy think he is?

Fiona watches. Her face reflecting pity for her boss.

Warren's hand goes back into his trench-coat. All hold their breath.

LIZ (V.O.)
What now?

JOHN (V.O.)
What more's this creep got in
there?

His hand retracts holding a half-empty bottle labelled
"WHISKY"! (The same bottle from Waters' chambers)

His head still down he motions to Fiona.

Fiona panics.

FIONA (V.O.)
No. No. Not me!

Holding the bottle out, he beckons her.

WARREN
Keep it for me, for next time I
come.

Fiona hesitantly accepts it placing it on desk next to brown
paper bag.

John's eyes meet Liz' indicating they move away from Warren.

Slowly each make their way to the back of the room. John goes
close enough to Liz for her to hear his whisper.

JOHN
Who the hell is this guy?

LIZ
Don't know John.

JOHN
How's he getting home?... Maybe
he's not planning to leave.

Liz shakes her head.

LIZ
Don't know. I just don't know.

Pausing for a moment looking in Warren's direction.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Maybe if we called a cab he'd get
in it.

JOHN
Wouldn't guarantee it.

John ponders a moment.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 I could take him home with me and
 drop him off at the Police Station?
 It's not that far from me.

LIZ
 (concerned)
 No, John.

JOHN
 (reassuringly)
 Don't worry Mrs. P.

LIZ
 No. We don't know what this guy
 might do.

JOHN
 Nothing's going to happen to me.
 It's you he wants.

LIZ
 (sadly)
 I know.

JOHN
 Don't worry Mrs. P. We won't let
 anything happen to you.

LIZ
 Thank you John. But I don't think I
 like you, being alone with him.

John smiles admiringly.

Liz looks over at Fiona.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 We'd better get back and rescue
 Fiona.

John walks back.

Speaking as if to both Fiona and Warren.

JOHN
 It's getting late. Think we should
 call it a night.

Fiona nods.

WARREN
 If you say so.

John ignores comment.

JOHN
 How are you getting home?

WARREN

Haven't thought about it. Think I
might stay a bit.

Both Liz and Fiona stop. Almost at screaming pitch.

LIZ (V.O.)

No!

FIONA (V.O.)

I'm not leaving!

John trying to appear calm.

JOHN

We're all, going home.

Indicating to Liz without lifting his head:

WARREN

She too?

JOHN

Of course. It's very late. I'll
give you a lift if you like?

Warren mutters something. Then.

WARREN

Well that's good of you. Just drop
me off at the Station and I'll go
home with my friend.

Stumbling to erect his body as if he has just acquired it and
hasn't yet learned to coordinate it, Warren pulls himself up
by balancing his elbows on the photocopier.

FIONA (V.O.)

Don't think I'll ever be able to
touch the photocopier again without
seeing him.

His body now straightened, follows John to door. John stands
aside and lets him walk out ahead of him.

Liz' eyes follow them. Warren bends his body down to clear
top of door-frame.

There are no good-byes by Warren to Liz.

John turns and looks at her.

JOHN

Good night Mrs. P.

LIZ

(concerned)

Good night John. Take care.

In spite of all the fear Warren has instilled, Liz remains
polite.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Good night Warren. Thank you.

He does not respond.

Fiona follows them out. Liz moves her traumatized body to sit in nearest chair.

Fiona heard unlocking and opening Reception doors allowing John and Warren to exit building.

JOHN (O.S.)
 'Night Fiona. See you tomorrow.

FIONA (O.S.)
 See ya John!

Warren not heard.

Door heard closing then locking.

Fiona walks back into Sales Office.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 Think I'll go too Mrs. P. Coming?

LIZ
 It's very late Fiona. You go.

FIONA
 (concerned)
 Aren't you coming?

LIZ
 No. I'll stay and tidy up.

FIONA
 I don't like leaving you here by yourself. He might come back.

Knowing about whom Fiona is referring.

LIZ
 Who?

FIONA
 Warren of course!

LIZ
 No. No. John's got him. He won't be back.

FIONA
 Well anyway - it's a terrible night. Be careful going home Mrs P.

LIZ
 Thank you Fiona.

Fiona turns and walks out, her footsteps resonating in the silence of the building as she walks along Reception's tiled floor.

Liz remains seated. Front door heard opening then closing. Fiona's key scraping as it inserts into door-lock, turns, locks, and is withdrawn. Liz rests her head in her hands.

A MOMENT LATER

Through the pounding rain Liz hears Fiona's car engine start - splutter to exit and out onto road until sounds are absorbed by howl of wind.

Liz sits up straight rubs her arm.

An inexplicable chill has filled the room. An eeriness. Takes her cardigan from back of chair. Putting it on.

LIZ (V.O.)

My God it's become freezing in here. Like something evil just entered.

Walks to windows.

LIZ (V.O.)

Something really strange went down here tonight. Better close the curtains.

She grabs the bamboo curtains, pulling them across.

LIZ (V.O.)

I know. Nothing can stop whatever that is. Maybe Warren is looking for his body? Maybe the Devil has ditched Warren and has come back for me?

Walking briskly back to her chair she sits facing drawn curtains.

LIZ (V.O.)

How did we get to this place? [Not referring to office].

The events of Waters and Harry previously erased from her mind.

LIZ (V.O.)

I'd never really believed there was a Devil. Now I've even taken Fiona where I'm going. John seems okay about it.

Fearing confirmation of what she suspects, Liz picks up phone and dials. Picks up pen in readiness.

LIZ
 May I please have the number for
 Goulburn Base Hospital? [...] Thank
 you.

Writes.

Disengaging call, she dials.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 [...] Hello? I'd like to check on a
 patient discharged today.

INTERCUT WITH:

NURSE (25) at reception on phone speaking with Liz.

NURSE
 What's his name?/

LIZ
 Warren Boyce!/
 Nurse checking list on clip-board.

NURSE
 Can't see it./

LIZ
 Are you sure?... Can you please
 check again?/

Nurse picks up pencil, using it as a pointer to run down
 sheet.

NURSE
 Definitely not here./

LIZ
 You're quite sure?/

NURSE
 Look lady - we're very busy - his
 name's not on the list./

LIZ
 Can you please tell me if anyone by
 that name has died?/

NURSE
 (annoyed)
 What? I can't release that
 information./

LIZ
 No. No. Of course not.

INT/EXT: JOHN'S CAR. LATE NIGHT. (CONTINUANCE)

Raining profusely. John driving. Warren in front passenger seat his large body crunched up. Knees pushing against his chest. His long legs pressed hard-up against dashboard. Back of his head touching roof. Chin still pinned to his chest. Body too large for car.

JOHN

I'd feel better if you were strapped into the seat-belt. The roads are really bad in this weather.

WARREN

Nothing's going to happen tonight.

John gulps. His hands tighten on steering wheel in fear.

JOHN (V.O.)

Want to get out and run!... You're kidding yourself. You'd never out-run whatever he is.

Silence.

MOMENTS LATER

In an attempt to stimulate conversation.

JOHN

Um... You gave me a member handshake. How did you know I was a Mason?

WARREN

How do I know the day the world will end.

JOHN (V.O.)

(afraid)
Oh, my God!

WARREN

It's not yet time for you.

JOHN (V.O.)

(terrified)
Don't know what he's on about... not asking!

Silence.

MOMENTS LATER

WARREN

Let me out here.

Back in control of his emotions.

JOHN
It's okay. The Station's on the
corner just up here.

WARREN
If you let me out here you won't
have to turn around.

JOHN (V.O.)
(panicking)
How does he know I have to turn
around?

Not wanting to engage in further conversation.

JOHN
Okay. Thanks.

John steers car into kerb and stops.

Warren extends his right hand across his body, his long
fingers feeling for door-latch. Releases it.

Clumsily extracting his body from the car, once out he
straightens it. Now only his trousered legs partially covered
by his trench-coat are visible to John.

JOHN (V.O.)
Thank God he's out!

Bashing on roof. John traumatized calls out.

JOHN
Hope you don't get too wet.

John waits for him to cross the road, more out of concern for
himself than for Warren's safety. Looks in rear vision
mirror.

JOHN (V.O.)
Can't see him. Where's he gone?

Turns his head looking around.

Windows of car fogged up. Vision limited.

John looks ahead. In the obscured vision the illuminated
Police Station sign visible.

JOHN (V.O.)
I'll head to the Station and check.
Maybe I missed him.

Driving slowly from the kerb, John again looks in rear vision
mirror.

Parks car. Turns lights off - then engine. Opening door steps out into pouring rain pulling collar of his coat up as he begins to walk towards sign. He presses his remote to lock car. Doesn't work. Turns back, missing traffic, reaches car and bends. Inserts key.

JOHN (V.O.)

Locked!

Dodges cars as he briskly again crosses road. Reaching Station he stops under awning - shakes rain off his coat. Pushes door open. Enters.

INT. POLICE STATION. (CONTINUANCE)

Police officer Sargent BEGGS (65) dark greying hair with a bit of a beer-gut camouflaged by counter, wearing dark-rimmed glasses is writing as door opens.

John turning down his collar looks around for Warren. Station appears empty except for Beggs. Walks to counter. Beggs looks up.

BEGGS

Pretty bad night out there, eh?

JOHN

Certainly is.

BEGGS

What can I help you with?

JOHN

I just dropped someone off here and I wanted to make sure he got in okay.

BEGGS

(surprised)

In here?... You sure?... No one's been in here for hours. Sure he was coming here?

JOHN

(puzzled)

Yes. Dropped him off just out the front.

BEGGS

No one's come in. What's his name?

JOHN

Warren Boyce.

BEGGS

Nope. Hasn't been here.

JOHN
Really? Are you sure?

BEGGS
Just a minute...

Beggs turns around and calls out to Officer PORTER.

BEGGS (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Porter, have you seen anyone come
in?

PORTER calls out from inside office.

PORTER (O.S.)
Nope! No one's been in here since I
started my shift.

Beggs turns to John.

BEGGS
Sorry.

JOHN
He's a friend of Constable Peter
Jones. Can I speak to Constable
Jones?

BEGGS
(puzzled)
There's no one by that name here.

John becoming anxious, fearful of meaning of information he
anticipates he's about to receive.

JOHN
Can you just check?

Beggs annoyed at volley of conversation about someone who
hasn't shown up.

BEGGS
Guess I could check the Roster. He
might be relief staff.

John nods.

Beggs goes into adjoining room visible from counter through
glass panels. Taking a clipboard off wall he brings it back
with him. Stands lifting pages as he runs his finger down
each page.

BEGGS (CONT'D)
Yes. Just as I said... he's not at
this station.

John's fear growing.

JOHN
 (agitated)
 Are you telling me there's no
 Constable Peter Jones working here.

BEGGS
 (annoyed)
 Yes! You must have the wrong
 Station!... Try Revesby!

John composes himself.

JOHN
 (calmer)
 Thank you officer.

John turns and walks to door lifting his collar back up as he walks out.

BEGGS
 What a fruitcake!

EXT. STREET. RAINING. (CONTINUOUS)

Briskly walking to his car John presses remote. Doors unlock. Opening driver's door he gets in and pulls door closed.

A MOMENT LATER

Engine starts. Lights go on. Car moves away from kerb. Turning around, it progresses back along road it had travelled.

MOMENTS LATER

John's car turning into driveway and into carport.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE. (CONTINUOUS)

Front door opens. John enters. Phone ringing.

JOHN (V.O.)
 Bet that's Mrs. P.

Quickly reaching for light-switch he turns it on as he uses his feet to lever off one shoe then the other. Quickly taking off his wet coat he hangs it on peg on the verandah putting his shoes out and closes door.

Hurrying into lounge-room, switches on light illuminating its humble furniture. He reaches his favorite chair and sits. Phone (ringing), a lamp, and note pad and pen are placed next to a framed photo of his wife on a small table next to him.

He lifts ringing phone.

JOHN
Hello? [...] Hi Mrs. P. Knew it was
you.

INTERCUT WITH:

Liz sitting in chair speaking on phone to John.

LIZ
Are you okay? I was getting
worried./

JOHN
I'm okay. But what a strange
night./

LIZ
Yes. I was really concerned for
you./

JOHN
Yes. Well it just continued. I
dropped him off near the Station
and he just disappeared./

Liz nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I went into the Station looking for
him but no one had seen or heard of
him - and there's no Constable
Jones there either./

LIZ
I guess I'm not surprised. I rang
Goulburn Base Hospital and no
Warren Boyce was discharged from
there. Maybe Warren Boyce died and
whoever that is, has taken over his
body./

JOHN
You're probably right. He seemed
uncomfortable in it./

LIZ
Not sure what happened here tonight
John, but it's mind-boggling./

JOHN
Yes. I think it was The Devil who
called./

LIZ
Yes John, I think it was./

JOHN
Are you okay Mrs P?/

LIZ

Yes - I'm fine. You know John, when the sculpture was at my place, I didn't really believe The Devil existed. Now I don't seem to be able to stop him calling./

JOHN

Well it just goes to show how important you are to God or The Devil wouldn't bother coming himself./

LIZ

Maybe. Anyway, I'm glad you're home./

JOHN

There's more but I'll tell you tomorrow./

LIZ

Yes. It's late. Good night John.

As Liz puts phone down a large black figure goes across room.

Gripped by fear.

LIZ (V.O.)

Got to get out - NOW!

Grabbing her handbag directing herself.

LIZ (V.O.)

Hurry up! Something bad's going to happen if you don't move it.

Switching light off she races through Reception in the dark to the door. Unlocking it quickly she gets out closing it behind her. Fumbling she inserts key and locks it and anxiously extracts it. Runs to her car using the remote to unlock it. Gets in.

LIZ (V.O.)

Got to get away!... Get home.

Pushes central-lock button.

LIZ (V.O.)

Mustn't look back... MUSTN'T look back.

Then.

LIZ (V.O.)

Who am I kidding! If he really wants to get me. I can't stop him.

Starts engine. Drives off without looking left or right.

INT. SALES OFFICE. MORNING. NEXT DAY

Liz sitting at usual desk.

Lightning suddenly illuminates dark day as storm-clouds thunder their clapping.

Door opens. Fiona enters excited, almost skipping. Followed by BARBARA (20).

FIONA
(bubbly)
Good morning Mrs. P!

LIZ (V.O.)
Surely there can be no cause for
elation this morning?

Barbara smiles. Liz nods.

Without any encouragement -

FIONA
Do you want to know who I think
visited us last night?

Liz steels herself.

LIZ (V.O.)
Oh my God. Hope she's not going to
tell me she's realized.

Taking a deep breath Liz pretends she doesn't understand to whom Fiona is referring.

LIZ
(cautiously)
Who do you mean?

She waits for the answer she's dreading.

FIONA
You know!... Warren!

LIZ
Oh.

Liz changes subject.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Were your parents still up when you
got home?

FIONA
No. They were already in bed.

LIZ
Yes. It was very late.

FIONA
(off-handedly)
Yes. Well, that's what I was about
to say, I think he was The Devil!

LIZ
Yes, Fiona. I know.

Fiona's excitement tampers a little.

FIONA
What's John think?

LIZ
That's who John thinks it was too.

FIONA
(almost smug)
Of course!

A degree of concern comes over Fiona.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Hope John's okay? He took him home
with him.

LIZ
Yes. I spoke with John last night
after he'd dropped him off. He's
fine.

Fiona walks to desk on which his things have remained. Liz
looks on.

LIZ (V.O.)
Can't even say his name... probably
because it's not!

ANNALIE (25), Justine (19), PATRICK (20) enter.

Fiona picks up brown paper bag with contents and toys with
it.

ANNALIE
Good morning Mrs P...
'morning Fi!

JUSTINE
'morning all!

PATRICK
Good morning.

Liz, Barbara and Fiona respond.

LIZ
Good Morning!

BARBARA

'morning!

FIONA

Hi ya!

They walk to their desks. Annalie is watching Fiona as she walks.

ANNALIE

What's that Fi?

FIONA

It was left here last night.

ANNALIE

Oh.

Liz gets up and walks out.

Staff prepare to work. Fiona walks to her desk facing Annalie's.

FIONA

(whispering)

You know Ann, weird things went on in this place last night.

ANNALIE

Really?

FIONA

Yep. This guy came saying he wanted to help with the campaign but all he really wanted was Mrs. P.

ANNALIE

What do you mean? Is this the guy Penny was telling Barbara about?

FIONA

Probably.

Making herself comfortable -

FIONA (CONT'D)

It was really late when he got here. I think he was waiting for me and John to leave.

ANNALIE

Do you think he wanted to harm Mrs. P?

FIONA

Well not in the normal way.

ANNALIE
 (impatiently)
 Come on Fiona. Stop being so dramatic.

FIONA
 Well it all started from the moment he got here. He wouldn't take off his coat.

ANNALIE
 (shrugging)
 Maybe he was cold?

Fiona continues -

FIONA
 Well he wouldn't look at any of us either.

ANNALIE
 He must have looked at someone.

FIONA
 That's just it - he kept his head down. Mrs. P tried to see his face and he turned it away from her.

ANNALIE
 Well that sounds a bit odd.

Having re-triggered Annalie's interest.

FIONA
 (eagerly)
 He told Mrs. P he was here to get her into the Senate.

ANNALIE
 How'd he plan to do that?

FIONA
 Don't know. But that's how come we got this book.

ANNALIE
 Oh?

FIONA
 He told Mrs. P to read it and it would get her in.

ANNALIE
 Really? What's in the book?

FIONA
 No one's game enough to open it.

ANNALIE
Can't be that bad.

FIONA
Maybe. But he also told us the year
the world is going to end.

ANNALIE
(sceptically)
Really. How's he know that?

FIONA
Maybe he was lying. But what was
really weird was, no one asked him?

ANNALIE
Someone must've.

FIONA
No. That's just it!

ANNALIE
(impatiently)
Well how did he know that's what
you wanted?

FIONA
None of us did. And why would we
ask a guy who just came to help
with the campaign?

ANNALIE
Fi, are you saying this guy came
saying he, was going to get Mrs. P
into the Senate, and gave the date
the world will end all, without
anyone asking him?

FIONA
Yep. He also told Mrs. P that she's
going to be his bride.

ANNALIE
What a nightmare!

INT. SALES OFFICE. AFTERNOON. (CONTINUOUS)

Still raining. Staff working - some on phone.

Liz walks in. Fiona toying with the brown package.

FIONA
What do you think we should do with
his stuff Mrs. P?

Liz' emotions are jumbled.

LIZ
I don't really know, Fiona.

For such a strong and sometimes ruthless Managing Director and the unflinching founder of a political party, Liz finds herself vulnerable - ill-equipped to deal with The Devil.

LIZ (V.O.)
While his goods are here, the
Devil's still here.

FIONA
I guess we could burn it.

LIZ
That's a good idea.

Fiona looks out window at pouring rain.

FIONA
We could use one of the factories
down the back.

Liz panics.

LIZ (V.O.)
No! He'd still be here!... In the
air!... In the ashes!

Concealing her panic:

LIZ
(firmly)
No. I don't want these anywhere
near this place.

Fiona is startled by Liz' reaction.

Looking out window again:

FIONA
How about the construction site
across the road?

LIZ
Yes. If we can.

FIONA
(excited)
I'll collect some newspapers and
start a fire in their rubbish plot.

LIZ (V.O.)
How did this little girl get
involved in my plight with the
Devil.

Liz is humbled.

LIZ
I'm really sorry Fiona. I wish you
hadn't experienced all this.

FIONA
It's alright Mrs. P. We've just got
to keep you safe from him.

Liz puts her head down.

FIONA (CONT'D)
You heard what he said last night -
he wants you to be his bride!

Barbara interjects:

BARBARA
(shocked)
Who did - what?

Fiona raises her hand.

FIONA
(to Barbara)
Fill you in later.

The silence befalling office is deafening.

A MOMENT LATER

FIONA (CONT'D)
So what do you think Mrs. P...
across the road?

Everyone beginning to take greater interest in conversations
taking place.

LIZ
Yes Fiona. That's a good idea.

Barbara in disbelief again interjects.

BARBARA
It's pouring out there!

FIONA
(calmly)
We'll wait until it stops.

Toying with package in her hand she allows its contents to
slowly slide out until book is revealed. It falls onto desk.
She picks it up releasing empty bag. Her fingers caressing
the embossed green cover.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(mesmerized)
It's got such a beautiful thick
cover.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)
 The writing looks like real silver.
 Must have cost a fortune to print.

Slowly opening it something falls out. It floats onto the floor. With book still in hand Fiona bends down and picks it up, examining it as she rises.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 (screams)
 NO...!

The sudden high-pitched, piercing scream fills the air. Opening her hands, Fiona releases both book and paper.

All stop as if frozen in time. The scream has billowed through the building. Other staff members come running in.

Liz's face goes pale.

LIZ (V.O.)
 What's this creep done NOW?

Petrified where she stands.

LIZ
 What is it Fiona?
 PATRICK
 What's happened?
 BARBARA
 What's up?

Penny rushes in. Looks around. Sees Fiona in a state.

PENNY
 You okay Fi?

Ignoring the intrusion Fiona continues in same high-pitched voice talking to herself more so than anyone else.

FIONA
 How'd it get in THERE?

LIZ (V.O.)
 Got to get to her.

Her feet refuse to take her.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can't move.

The color has drained from Fiona's face. Her whole body goes limp. She grabs hold of a chair.

ANNALIE
 (concerned)
 What is it Fi?

FIONA
 It's the milk docket I lost
 yesterday!... It was in this book!

Liz freezes.

LIZ (V.O.)
It can't be!... How could it?... He
hadn't even been here yet!

Fighting fear, Liz cautiously moves closer.

LIZ (V.O.)
Got to help. Can't leave her to
this creep! Why is he terrorize
her?... It's me he wants!

Liz almost reaches Fiona but remains behind her.

LIZ (V.O.)
Can't get too close.

Although Liz doesn't want to touch it, she needs to confirm the facts.

LIZ
Let me see it.

FIONA (V.O.)
Do I really have to pick it up?

Fiona bends down. Liz leans forward a little.

FIONA (V.O.)
Need to check it properly. Is this
REALLY the docket I lost yesterday?

With shaking hands she picks up both docket and book.

Examining docket more closely her face goes paler. Her deep blue eyes fade.

In a fear-gripped voice, Fiona holds docket up for Liz to see.

FIONA
It's the docket I lost yesterday.

LIZ (V.O.)
Whatever you do - don't touch it!

With hands firmly clutched behind her back, Liz looks on. She tries to focus on the docket but her vision is blurred. She accepts this is, the docket.

Liz attempts to unravel the events.

LIZ (V.O.)
How could the docket lost in the
morning, find its way into a book
we didn't get until late last
night?

ANNALIE

How do you think it might've got in there, Fiona?

Fiona shakes her head.

FIONA

(trembling)

I don't know... I lost it on the way to work yesterday.

LIZ (V.O.)

He was no where near this place when Fiona got the milk - or was he?... When did he hatch his plan? Was he waiting for John and Fiona to leave?... Is that why he was so late?

PATRICK

Could someone have put it in there?

PENNY

Don't be silly Patrick!... Who?... How could anyone have got in here last night?... Besides, Fiona lost it yesterday morning on the way to work.

PATRICK

Okay!... Okay! Don't bite my head off!... I was only just trying to figure it out.

Penny nods.

PENNY

Sorry.

Fiona places docket and book on desk. Sits gazing blankly at rain hitting windows.

Silence. No one working. All caught up in the moment.

LIZ (V.O.)

How long's this creep been on the prowl waiting for an excuse to get in?

PENNY

Better get back to the Board.

Leaves room.

Silence hovers like a heavy cloud as all try to piece together the events.

Fiona turns to Liz.

FIONA
 (calmly)
 Should I give the docket to Terry?

Liz panics.

LIZ (V.O.)
 What? - Oh my God! Has everything
 been wiped from her mind?... How
 can she even suggest this?

Hiding her terror, Liz tries to normalize her voice.

LIZ
 No Fiona. I think we should just
 get rid of it.

She pauses. Looks at window. Rain still pouring down
 profusely.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 We'll flush it down the drain. Just
 wait until the rain eases.

Fiona nods.

Everyone watching rain hit windows. Fiona periodically looks
 at docket.

FIONA
 Just can't understand it.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Wish all this hadn't happened. I've
 put this little girl at risk.

LITTLE LATER

Liz stands. Walks to window.

FIONA
 Do you think NOW is a good time,
 Mrs. P?

LIZ
 Yes, seems to be slowing. But you'd
 better put your jacket on just in
 case it starts again.

ANNALIE
 You going too Mrs. P?

LIZ
 Yes Annalie.

ANNALIE
 Can I come?

Grateful for the additional support Liz nods. Fiona's face is as pale as her fluffy blonde hair -

LIZ

Are you okay to do this Fiona?

Fiona looks up at Liz.

FIONA

I'm okay thanks Mrs. P. Just a bit shaken. But this has to be done.

Holding onto table for support, Fiona stands. Puts on her yellow wind-jacket. Then, with docket in hand she walks into reception followed by Annalie and Liz.

PENNY

Everything okay Mrs. P?

LIZ

Yes. Thank you Penny. We're just going out to flush it down the drain.

PENNY

Be careful you don't get wet. Weather's unpredictable. Rain comes and goes.

Liz smiles.

As they exit, Barbara is walking to Penny.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Hi Barbara. Pretty scary stuff huh?

BARBARA

I have to shake myself. We ARE talking about the actual Devil here.

PENNY

You mean Warren?

Barbara nods.

BARBARA

Never known anything like this. What's really going on?

PENNY

I don't know. You're in there. Fill me in!

BARBARA

Well it seems he wants to marry Mrs. P.

PENNY

What?... But she's already married!

BARBARA

I know!... Can't figure-out the milk docket saga. How it turned up in this guy's book.

PENNY

I can't work that one out either. Fi told Terry yesterday morning she'd lost it.

BARBARA

All pretty scary.

PENNY

Poor Fi!

BARBARA

I'm going to watch. Coming?

PENNY

Hang on. I'll night-switch the board. Mrs. P won't mind.

BARBARA

Quick before we miss it!

EXT/INT. OFFICE. (CONTINUOUS)

Fiona holding docket, Liz and Annalie walking along water-soaked lawn, their heels sinking into the spongy water-logged grass, quickly extracting them to walk on their soles until they reach narrow concrete kerb.

They crouch down, waiting a moment to watch the river of water running profusely along the gutter, down into a large drain.

A MOMENT LATER

Fiona holds out her hand clutching the docket above the flowing waters. She looks at Liz.

FIONA

Should I drop it now?

Anxious to see it go -

LIZ

Yes Fiona... let it go.

Fiona drops it.

They watch as the wind carries it in the air. Then, lightly touching the flowing water it is absorbed into it travelling along the gutter and down into the drain.

They wait in expectation of something happening.

LIZ (V.O.)

I pray this is the beginning of the end.

Suddenly rain pours down.

Using their hands to shelter their heads they run as if stomping on grapes for wine, trudging through the soaked grass to the sanctity of the office, running through open door to Penny holding towels. Each grab a towel and begin rubbing their hair and patting themselves dry as Penny closes the door.

They walk into the Sales Office to be greeted by Patrick indicating to towels on desk.

PATRICK

I got extra towels for you...
thought you might need them.

LIZ

(smiling)

Thank you, Patrick.

INT. SALES OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON.(CONTINUANCE)

Liz enters. She has changed out of her wet clothes.

She walks directly over to desk where Warren's stuff lay.

LIZ (V.O.)

Now to deal with this book!

Everyone stops.

Annalie and Fiona look at each other. Without a sound they watch.

Liz, her hands trembling and as if in slow motion she reaches out and picks up the book. Annalie moves closer to Fiona.

ANNALIE

(whispering)

God she's got guts.

Fiona nods.

Moving slowly, quietly closer to Liz, they watch as carefully she opens it. Page by page she turns revealing magnified grotesque illustrations of horrifically deformed humans and creatures intertwined in sexual evil encounters.

Fiona's face goes pale, her eyes squint as her head turns leaving her eyes fixed on the pages.

FIONA
(whispering)
Oh my God!

Annalie traumatized, grabs hold of the crucifix around her neck.

ANNALIE
(blushing)
Mother of God protect us.

Liz slams it shut - as if to prevent something jumping out. Almost dropping it, she allows it to fall onto desk out of her hands... too hot to handle.

Fiona and Annalie remain where they stand.

A MOMENT LATER

LIZ (V.O.)
Can't be. Surely I couldn't have
seen what I saw.

Mustering her courage, she picks it up again. Opens it.

Turning the pages she sees the same grotesque images. Turns more pages - more of same. Slams it shut. Puts it down. Her trauma visible.

FIONA
Don't worry Mrs. P. I'll get rid of
it.

ANNALIE
We'll deal with this Mrs. P.

Liz faces them - her eyes dull with pain, she nods.

No one working - all caught up in events.

FIONA
Don't know how much more of this
she can take.

Annalie nods.

ANNALIE
This proves, there's something evil
about elections. I don't think good
people are ever meant to get in.

FIONA

Think you're right. We'll wait until the rain stops and I'll go across and burn it.

MOMENTS LATER

FIONA (CONT'D)

I think we should go now. Can you ask Mrs. P?

Annalie nods. Picks up phone.

ANNALIE

Penny, is Mrs. P in her office?
[...] Thank you.

Annalie puts phone down. Gets up and walks out.

Fiona also gets up and walks out.

MOMENTS LATER

Fiona comes in holding newspapers and box of matches shortly followed by Liz and Annalie.

LIZ

Do you think now, is a good time
Fiona?

FIONA

Don't think we should leave it here
any longer than we have to.

Liz nods.

Fiona puts on her still-wet yellow wind-jacket, collects newspapers, matches and book.

LIZ

Be careful.

Fiona goes out.

Patrick walks to Liz.

PATRICK

Can I go too, Mrs. P?

LIZ

No, Patrick. We'll watch from here.

Liz and staff stand at windows facing steps waiting for Fiona to emerge from office. Bubbles of water burst running down into each other to become running threads down window somewhat obstructing view.

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX. (CONTINUOUS)

Fiona running across drive reaches kerb. Stops. Looks back. Staff at windows looking out. Sprinkling rain becoming heavier.

Looks up at sky.

FIONA (V.O.)
 Hope this rain stops - even just
 long enough...!

Turning in direction of construction site she continues.

A car speeds past causing a wave of water over her.

FIONA
 (calling out)
 Slow down idiot!

Shaking water off, walks around site. Stops.

FIONA (V.O.)
 This is it!

She opens her jacket a little. Takes out some of the newspapers. Bending over shallow grave of debris she begins separating sheets - scrunching them up, placing them on top of remnants already there.

Crouched, almost sitting on wet sand she strikes a match positioning flame at scrunched-up paper's edge - it takes - then goes out.

Pulling her hood further over her head, she strikes another match. Rain begins pouring down. Flame goes out.

FIONA
 Blast!

Quickly picks up papers under pile not yet rain-affected.

FIONA (V.O.)
 Got to save them.

Lifting her jacket she slips them underneath. Quickly pulling it back down. Runs back to office up steps to protection of awning-covered verandah and waits. Shaking water off her jacket.

FIONA
 It'll stop.

MOMENTS LATER

Rain almost stopped. Staff remain at doors and windows.

Adjusting her jacket she feels for elastic bottom. Pushes paper up further. Satisfied all is secure, she runs across drive, onto site and to plot.

Removing the scrunched-up newspapers first, she places them on top of those now wet partially-burned. Strikes a match.

FIONA (V.O.)
Here we go again!

Positioning tiny match-flame at edge of scrunched-up paper - it catches!... Flame takes hold.

FIONA (V.O.)
Thank goodness!

Unzipping her jacket just far enough to grasp book, quickly extracts it just as quickly zipping it up.

FIONA (V.O.)
Too thick to burn as it is - fire's not strong enough. Must burn it bit by bit.

Opening it, she tugs at pages.

FIONA (V.O.)
Glued too well.

From corner of her eye she sees them - grotesque images.

FIONA (V.O.)
(terrified)
Don't look!... DON'T look!

With her head turned away she fingers and grabs just a couple of pages - tugs -

FIONA (V.O.)
(terrified)
Won't budge!

Frustrated -

FIONA (V.O.)
... Tear them one by one!

Holding sheets in one hand, other pages and covers in other, she pulls - trying to rip them.

FIONA (V.O.)
Won't even tear!... It's as if there's a protective coating over them.

Ponders for a moment:

FIONA (V.O.)
I know - I'll get scissors!

Ponders -

FIONA (V.O.)
Can't take book to office.

Puts on ground.

Staff watching as she runs back.

Penny at open door. Fiona runs in.

A MOMENT LATER

Fiona emerges - scissors in hand.

Holding bottom of jacket as she runs - she returns to plot.
Picks up book. Begins cutting pages.

Rain begins to pour down.

She looks up -

FIONA
NO...! God I wish this rain would
stop.

Bending over flame, she shelters it with her body. It goes
out.

Rain begins to ease again.

Reaching into the bottom of her jacket she begins pulling out
the last of the newspaper sheets. Scrunching them up she
places them on wet, scorched pile as she protects them with
her body. She takes out matches from pocket. Strikes a match
close to paper's edge.

A flame!... It takes hold!

More rain!... Bends over further.

FIONA (V.O.)
Don't think this is going to work
today. Don't know what to do. Can't
take the book back inside. Who
knows what will happen to Mrs. P.

Then, as if someone heard her pleas, clouds above her head
part. A patch of blue sky allows penetration of sun's rays to
stream down on Fiona's head and, the plot.

She quickly strikes another match putting it near what is now
very wet paper. The flame struggles then lights. Grabbing
scissors, she quickly cuts rest of pages placing them
partially on top of flame. They catch!

As if running out of time she hurries, cutting all the pages and placing as many as she can on the flames, without smothering them.

Watching staff are elated.

BARBARA

My God!... Look at that!... The sun's come out just for Fiona!

ANNALIE

I think it's for Mrs. P actually. The book needed to be destroyed.

BARBARA

Yes. But Fiona's the one doing it!

ANNALIE

Yes she is!... Thank God for Fiona!

Fiona watches as pages burn. Fire has really taken hold.

FIONA (V.O.)

Thank God! Now for the cover.

Opening it flat, she places it carefully on flames as they jump to meet it curling around its edges. Varnish lifts, bubbles, curls as it melts to expose raw green cardboard spasmodically penetrating it as the silver word imprint cracks and spits in the heat.

Fiona speaks to the fire as if it can hear her. Prompting it.

FIONA

Come on... come on... before the rain starts again!

Anxiously watching until all are mere ashes, Fiona is unaware of the significance of the event. She looks up -

FIONA (CONT'D)

Thank you God!

Then, just as quickly as they had parted, clouds re-form covering hole. Rain comes pouring down.

Fiona caught!... Soaked!

Running back across road amid cheers from the office she enters open door. Penny holding towels, places them around her.

PENNY

Job well done Fiona!

FIONA

Thanks Penny.

Excitement over, staff return to their desks as Fiona comes in taking off her jacket, soaked through to her skin.

Liz stands. Grabs a towel from the desk and hands it to her. Picking up another she puts it around Fiona's shoulders patting it to absorb the water.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(beaming)
We did it Mrs. P!

Liz responds in terrorized humility.

LIZ
No Fiona. You did it. Thank you.

Fiona walks over to the desk still housing the Whisky bottle.

FIONA
Oh my God... I forgot about this!

Picking it up she holds it up high for Liz to see.

LIZ (V.O.)
Don't touch it!

Liz goes pale.

FIONA
What should we do with this, Mrs. P.

LIZ
Think we've had enough trauma for one day Fiona, don't you?

FIONA
Yes. But we can't just leave it here!... I'll feel as if he's watching me through the bottle!

Liz nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Couldn't I pour it down the drain? -
Flush it down the toilet?

LIZ
No.

Annalie comes to the rescue.

ANNALIE
We could put it in the kitchen... way up on top of the cupboards!

LIZ (V.O.)
Need to get rid of it!

And in anticipation of Liz's response:

ANNALIE
We can get rid of it once the
weather's fined up!

LIZ
(reluctantly)
Yes.

Annalie walks over - takes bottle from Fiona - goes out.

Fiona sits drying herself.

Liz walks past Fiona's chair.

LIZ (V.O.)
I wish I could hug you little girl.
Just want to make everything
better. Can't!... Need my arms to
hold my own body together.

HOURS LATER

Trauma of the day behind them, Liz and Fiona are preparing pamphlets for the night's letter-box drop.

Annalie remains.

Knock on door. John enters.

JOHN
(smiling)
Well, how's everyone after last
night?

LIZ
Was it only last night? - Feels
like a century ago.

FIONA
(fearful excitement)
You're not going to believe what
happened here today, John.

JOHN
Nothing 'd surprise me.

Fiona quietly relaying day's events to John as Annalie and Liz sitting on floor compiling pamphlets. Fiona raises her voice a little.

FIONA
...and we can't figure out how it
got in there...

Looks over to Liz.

FIONA (CONT'D)

... Can we Mrs P?

LIZ

No. I've tried to reason it out. There's no way humanly possible that docket could have found its way into that book. What do you think John?

JOHN

All I know is - he's The Devil. He can do anything and everything! He read our minds and even took control our bodies. I believe that whoever owned that body died and The Devil took it over. That's why he was all over the place with it. He had to stretch it to fit him.

FIONA

He had a problem standing at the photocopier and was all over the place when he straightened himself to go.

John nods.

LIZ

Each time he calls it's as if it's the first time. He erases his visits from our mind. Think it's so we don't build up knowledge for next time. Not that we could do anything anyway.

FIONA

(excited)

Yes!... That's it!... We forget!

Annalie turns to Liz.

ANNALIE

(concerned)

The Devil's going to keep calling on you isn't he Mrs. P.

LIZ

I don't know Annalie. I just hope God stays around to help me.

ANNALIE

But what I mean is - he's not going to give you up. Is he?

LIZ

He'll NEVER get me!

INT. LIZ' OFFICE. MORNING. NEXT DAY.

Liz sitting at desk, head down writing. Cream phone rings. She picks up.

LIZ
Yes, Penny? [...]

Liz' demeanor changes. Her eyes go blank with fear.

LIZ (V.O.)
No! - Don't want to take him!

She takes control of herself.

LIZ
Sorry. Who? [...]. Oh yes, thanks Penny. Put him through.

Placing her hand on her heart - taking a deep breath -

LIZ (CONT'D)
Hello? [...] Yes. Thank you. We appreciate your interest but we'll be right now! [...] Yes. Yes, I think we'll be right now, but thank you for your offer. [...] Yes thank you. Good Bye!

Puts phone down - leans back in chair.

Knock on door interrupts her trauma. She sits upright.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Come in!

Door opens. Fiona and Annalie enter looking concerned.

ANNALIE
Are you okay Mrs. P?

LIZ
Yes. Thank you Annalie.

Fiona closing door behind them, turns to face Liz.

FIONA
Penny told us that Warren was on the phone.

LIZ
Yes. He wanted to come back.

FIONA
(terrified)
You're not letting him?

LIZ

Never!

Satisfied, they nod as they walk back. Annalie turns.

ANNALIE

Can I get you anything Mrs. P?

LIZ

No. Thank you Annalie. I'll just make myself a coffee.

Fiona and Annalie exit. Liz stands and follows them out.

As she enters the kitchen, there above her head, on top of cupboard stands the "Whisky" bottle.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh my God!... Forgot about it!

With arms extended, she makes her coffee not wanting to take her eyes off it.

LIZ (V.O.)

Got to watch it - just in case it flies across the room at me or drops on my head - or something!

She picks up her coffee - walking backwards out the door - her eyes remaining focused on bottle.

LIZ (V.O.)

Must get rid of it... but how? I can't ask anyone to remove it. Don't want to put them in danger.

She takes her coffee into her office and sits.

LIZ (V.O.)

As long as that bottle's here - he's here!

INT. LIZ' BEDROOM. NIGHT. MOONLIGHT.

FOURTH ENCOUNTER

Two very tall charcoal-stepped-headed Aliens with long knuckled fingers and long pointed finger-nails, accompanied The Devil partially obscured beside them.

Liz sleeping. Moonlight seeping through slats of blinds. She moves.

LIZ (V.O.)

(sleepily)

A mozzie!... How'd that get in?

Without opening her eyes she lifts her hand to her face. Warm fluid is pouring down. It covers her hand as a glove. Wiping it away, more and more fluid flows.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can't stop it!... So much blood.
 Must've been biting me all night!

Wearily, she partially opens her eyes and looks at her wet hand.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Can't see - too tired - can't get
 up ... clean it up in the morning.
 She sees the Aliens standing over her. She has no emotion.
 She can't move or object. She's not in control of her body,
 nor can she command it.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (puzzled)
 Who are they?... So tired. What are
 they doing here?... Too tired.
 Fluid so warm - seems to be coming
 from my forehead... Maybe they're
 here to collect it?
 Silently they communicate with each other. Their long fingers
 moving ever so slightly.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Maybe I wasn't supposed to wake
 up?... Can't... stay... awake...
 A mere spectator for a moment, then back into
 unconsciousness.

INT. LIZ' BATHROOM. MORNING.

Liz in bathroom dressing.

Suddenly remembers previous night's events. Looks at hand.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Where's the blood?

Looks in mirror. Examines her face.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (surprise)
 No blood.

Looks at hand again.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Must've been dreaming.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE. MORNING. (CONTINUOUS)

Liz sitting at desk working. Red phone rings. Picks up.

LIZ
[...] Hi mum!

INTERCUT WITH:

Liz's MUM (60) on phone to Liz.

MUM
What happened here last night?/

LIZ
(puzzled)
What do you mean?/

MUM
Your pillow's saturated!/
/

LIZ
(surprised)
Really?... Is it?/

Liz ponders.

LIZ (V.O.)
So it wasn't a dream. If it wasn't
blood it must've been brain-fluid.

MUM
Liz... did you hear me?/

LIZ
Sorry mum. Is it very wet?/

MUM
I said SATURATED, didn't I?/

LIZ
Yes. Sorry mum. I'll explain when I
get home. [...] See you then. [...] Bye.

Liz puts phone down. Deciphers events -

LIZ (V.O.)
So it WAS REAL!... Who were
they?... Supernatural beings? - The
reason God gave for destroying the
earth? - What were they doing to
me? How did they extract so much
fluid without me feeling anything? -
No mark - nothing! Did they put me
into some deep unconsciousness?
What were they doing to me?
(MORE)

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What did they do to me after I woke
 up and discovered them? Was The
 Devil overseeing his henchmen at
 work?... Can't worry about it now.
 Got to concentrate on what's
 happening here!... But how'm I
 going to explain it to mum?

EXT: DARK CITY STREET. AFTER MIDNIGHT.

FIFTH ENCOUNTER

Liz and John carrying bags over their shoulders packed with
 electioneering material doing a letter-box drop.
 You right?

LIZ
 Let's go! See you at the top of the
 hill.

Liz goes one side of the street. John the other.

A clear sky studded with twinkling stars softens cool of a
 dark moonless night.

Liz' vision obscured by trees as she makes her way through to
 insert pamphlets into letter-boxes dodging spiders' webs
 built to capture their prey not visible until she is almost
 upon them.

Sudden barking.

Liz startled. Dog interrupts reverent stillness. She stops.
 Tries to focus on direction of interruption. Looking ahead, a
 large black dog is standing directly in her path.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (panics)
 Oh my God - it's barking at me!

Her gaze fixed on dog, she steers herself a path around it -
 veering right - then left. Each time she changes direction
 the dog blocks her path. It's coming closer.

LIZ (V.O.)
 It's coming straight for me. Can't
 get passed it!

Two large bright lights blind her. Heading straight for her.

LIZ (V.O.)
 What NOW?...

Seconds before reaching her, they turn. The outline can now
 be seen. Liz sighs with relief.

LIZ (V.O.)

A car!

Dog has stopped barking but continues to block her path. Sound of a closing door replaces dog's barking in disturbing serenity.

A whistle whizzing through the air resembling high-pitched sound of a bullet projecting to its target, is deafening. Dog responds. Bounding away it disappears.

Liz looks towards sky -

LIZ

Thank you Lord!

She continues with her drop.

HOURS LATER

Stops at lamp-post. Lifts her sleeve and looks at her watch.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh my God I'm late! John 'ill be waiting for me.

Quickly walking almost running, she puts leaflets in letter-boxes looking towards top of hill as she goes.

John standing under light of a lamp post leaning back against it looking towards ground waiting.

Getting closer to rendezvous-point, Liz periodically looks up to gauge her distance from John, careful not to miss a letter-box.

She suddenly stops. Looking where John had stood he no longer stands. Straining her eyes to focus more clearly - she gives a silent, terrifying scream.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh my God it's WARREN - he's back!

Warren's curly hair has replaced John's. His huge body in trench-coat is there waiting for her.

Horrific memories come rushing back. She goes pale standing in a petrified state.

LIZ (V.O.)

The Devil's waiting for me.

She cannot move. Her eyes fixed on what is leaning against lamp post. Once again, the Devil has taken control of her body.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Look away!... Look away!... Maybe
 he'll be gone when you look back?

Then, released from her bondage she turns her head to look away. The vision of Warren embedded in her mind.

A MOMENT LATER

She looks up.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Still there. What am I going to do?

Ever so slowly now, she continues up the hill occasionally lifting her head hoping he'll be gone.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Still there.

Lights go on in a nearby house. Liz looks over.

LIZ (V.O.)
 I could go in there until he's
 gone.

Shakes her head.

LIZ (V.O.)
 No. What could I say?... *"I'm
 scared!... The Devil is at the top
 of the hill waiting for me?"*... As
 IF they'd believe me!... As IF,
 they'd open the door to ANYONE at
 this hour.

House is shining as a beacon in dark night.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Even if they did believed me, would
 they see him? Could they see him?

She stops.

LIZ (V.O.)
 And what of John? This creep wants
 me - he doesn't want John.

Terrified, yet resolute.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Got to keep going.

Plodding her way to top of hill, her feet carefully placed along path to her destiny.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Does John know he's not there? Did
 the others know they went missing?
 Where do they go when the Devil
 takes over?... Nearly there.

She slowly raises her head to face the horror.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (trembling)
 Is this why the Bust of Christ was
 brought into my life? Was it
 warning me of this? Was Henry
 right? Was it the Devil who removed
 it?

Her zombie-like motions carrying her closer to him -

LIZ (V.O.)
 Just a few more steps... no point
 in delaying any longer... he's just
 too strong for me.

Resolved to her fate Liz increases her pace. Pauses to take a
 deep breath.

LIZ (V.O.)
 I'm exhausted! Can't fight him any
 more. Almost there.

Lifting her head, her eyes focused in expectation - Liz's
 face suddenly beams...

LIZ (V.O.)
 (excited)
 John! It's John! - Oh my God it's
 John! The Devil's gone.

As she hurries to John she recalls her reading of the Bible:

LIZ (V.O.)
 When the burden becomes too great
 the Lord takes it! Or words to that
 effect.

She reaches him.

JOHN
 (smiling)
 Finished?

LIZ (V.O.)
 (excited)
 I just want to hug you. Can't.
 Couldn't explain the outburst.

John appears oblivion of his absence.

LIZ (V.O.)
Mustn't say anything. DON'T SAY
ANYTHING... he doesn't know.

Leaving John in his ignorance of the Devil's emergence.

LIZ
Yes John. All finished.

JOHN
Okay. Let's go home.

Liz nods smiling in the security of John's presence.

LIZ (V.O.)
I'm safe now.

As they walk to the car, John, always the gentleman, allows Liz to walk before him. Suddenly John disappears. The Devil emerges and with his evil smile. IT WAS A TRAP!

THE DEVIL
GOTCHA!

Reveling in his conquest, his evil smile prevailing. Suddenly GOD bellows from the heavens.

GOD
SHE'S MINE!

The Devil retracts - disappears.

Liz and John oblivious of The Devil's claim and God's intervention, walk slowly to car.

FADE OUT.