

**LOOSE**

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**"You can catch the Devil, but you can't hold him long."**

**- Ancient folk saying**

**EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT (1966)**

HOWLING WIND. A DUST DEVIL hangs left, twists down a dirt road past a partially hidden house in the distance.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

KYRA BEAUMONT, 30s, African-American, on edge, stares out the living room window at the passing dust devil.

No dark clouds or rain in sight.

Nothing of note save a nondescript CAR and a recently renovated TOOL SHED.

Still she stares, dreading some awful thing in the dark.

Kyra's hand instinctively moves to her BABY BUMP. She doesn't notice the AXE-WIELDING MAN stalking up behind her.

Oh man...

The Axe-wielding Man moves closer.

Turn around...

And closer.

Kyra hums a song to her unborn child.

The Axe-wielding Man is right behind her!

Kyra whirls around at the last possible second, flashing a sweet COLT REVOLVER, then --

Embraces the Man.

He's CHARLES BEAUMONT, 30s, also African-American, paranoid.

KYRA

Trying to scare me to death?

CHARLES

Don't stand too close to the windows. Come on, baby.

Charles pulls Kyra behind him, shuts the curtains.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Route's clear. Once you get to the main road, don't look back until you're in California.

KYRA  
Maybe they won't come.

Charles takes Kyra's hand.

CHARLES  
He said they would, Kyra.

KYRA  
We could go together. Leave this  
all behind.

Charles feels Kyra's baby bump, sad smile on his face.

KYRA (CONT'D)  
Charles... Please.

CHARLES  
Our boy's gonna grow up in a better  
world, do incredible things.

KYRA  
Or girl.

Charles smiles, blinks away eyes.

CHARLES  
Either way, you're gonna be around  
to see it.

She throws her arms around him. Neither wants to let go, but--

OUT THE WINDOW

Charles SEES lights in the distance, pulls away.

He moves the curtains aside, SPOTS a TORCH-TOTING MOB  
marching towards the house in the distance.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Baby, you have to go now!

Charles slides a bookcase back, revealing a HIDDEN ROOM.

KYRA  
I love you.

CHARLES  
Always.

They share a final kiss before Kyra disappears into the  
Hidden Room. Charles sides the bookcase back in place,  
sending us to BLACK.

DARKNESS.

WHOOSH! The sound of a fire ROARING to life, wood BURNING.

The flames illuminate the Mob's WHITE ROBES.

And CREEPY SHEEP MASKS...

*Whuh duh fuh?*

The Mob Cult --

SHORT HAIREd WHITE MEN, WOMEN/LONG HAIREd HIPPIES/AFRICAN-AMERICANS surround the Beaumont's blazing home.

The masked, integrated Cult suddenly bursts into a merry rendition of "This Little Light of Mine."

DANIEL LAMB, 10, more adorable than he should be in his creepy mask and robe, wanders past the Cult, stares at the Beaumont's BURNING CAR.

Daniel spots Charles, barely visible among the thick smoke, running into the tool shed.

DANIEL

THERE!

**INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT**

THUD! Boots kick the door in and half a dozen Cult Members flood into the room, followed by their fearless leader, ERIKA LAMB, 30s, sheep mask, crimson robe, OBSIDIAN RING.

They find the place deserted... *Hmm*.

ERIKA

We know you're in here, Charles.  
Just tell us where he is and you  
and your wife can ride off into the  
sunset. Charles? BEAUMONT!

Erika raps her knocks on the walls, listens for a hollow area. Nothing. She flings tools against the wall, frustrated she hasn't found what she's --

A chilling HOWL -- from below -- gives her and the Cult pause. Daniel eyes Erika, draws close. *Just a dog... Right?*

Erika coolly inspects the table legs, finds they've been nailed to the wooden floor...

She feels along the floor, discovers a crevasse. Motions to the Cult. They tip the table over, find a TRAP DOOR.

Erika, cool as a cucumber, opens the trap door, gives her best "after you" gesture to the Cult.

**INT. SECRET TUNNEL - NIGHT**

The HOWLING continues, mournful, closer than ever.

Erika leads the Cult through the dark via lanterns. Daniel lags behind, young mind torn between curiosity and fear.

He reads strange SYMBOLS engraved into the tunnels walls.

DANIEL

Mom!

Erika, tight smile barely hiding her annoyance, stops. Motions for the Others to walk ahead. Two MASKED MEN trudge forward, trip over a WIRE and --

THWICK!

ARROWS fly out of the wall --

PIERCING one of the men through the EARS, the other through the HEART, instantly killing them.

Daniel shields his eyes, peeks through his hands.

A YOUNG HIPPIE checks the Men's pulse, shakes her head. Erika hugs Daniel, slips off her obsidian ring. Gives it to him.

ERIKA

Keep that safe for me. It's alright, Daniel. This is just the enemy trying to shake our faith.

DANIEL

But the symbols say --

ERIKA

I know. It's dangerous up ahead. That's why you stay put. Mommy will be right back. Promise.

DANIEL

Yes, Ma'am.

Erika addresses the Cult.

ERIKA

We thank our brothers for their sacrifice, but our holy mission is not yet complete. This undertaking is not without risk, however, we mustn't forget its ultimate reward.

Erika makes the sign of the cross, points upward.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

If there is any among our number who would break their sacred vow please leave us now.

A BEARDED MAN steps out of line, starts to unmask when --

Erika whips out a GUN, shoots the Bearded Man dead.

Daniel jumps, ducks back around the corner.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Was there anyone else?

The Cult look at one another, don't move an inch. *Too late to give in their two weeks notice now.*

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Then let's proceed.

They reach the tunnel's end, spot a RECTANGULAR OBJECT covered by a BLACK VEIL.

Erika stops, motions to a TOWERING MAN to uncover the veil.

He crouches, crawling towards the object. Making sure he doesn't trip any wi--

*Shit!*

A GUILLOTINE-LIKE BLADE drops, IMPALING the Towering Man to the floor. He gurgles blood, gives up the ghost.

The Young Hippie trips, bumps into empty gasoline cans.

YOUNG HIPPIE

Erika, this is trippy! We should --

ERIKA

Enough! Nobody move.

Erika carefully makes her way to the rectangular object.

She stops mid step, leg in the air.

Right before hitting a WIRE.

She spots a SHOTGUN concealed in the shadows --

Positioned right at her head.

Erika shoves the barrel away from her at the last moment,  
safely tumbles to the side.

The shogun GOES OFF with a deafening BLAST that echoes  
throughout in the tunnel.

Erika prays under her breath, faces the concerned Cult.

MASKED CULT

She's okay! / It's a miracle! /  
Praise the Lord! / Hallelujah!

ERIKA

Behold! The hour is at hand.

Erika reaches out to grab the veil when Charles runs out from  
behind the object, HACKS Erika's hand off with the axe.

Erika barely has time to SCREAM before Charles BURIES the  
blade into her chest, races towards the Others.

Charles HACKS and SLASHES, thinning the herd.

The Young Hippie grabs Erika's gun. Takes aim at Charles and--

Nope. Charles CHOPS her down. The gun GOES OFF right beside  
Charles' ear, rendering him deaf momentarily.

Charles, ear bleeding, takes in the carnage, drops the axe.

His hearing clears up enough to hear WEEPING. Charles looks  
up, finds Daniel, mask off, tears in his eyes.

Gun trained on Charles.

CHARLES

I don't know what they told you,  
but this isn't how it --

BLAM!

Charles staggers backwards, SHOT in the CHEST.

He clutches the veil as he hits the ground. It falls away,  
revealing a GLASS CAGE.

Daniel peers inside, mesmerized at --

A SILVER HAired BOY, barefoot, white pajamas, his expression unreadable. He stands at the center of the cage not like Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Daniel smiles and nods, confirming some unspoken arrangement.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Run, kid.

Charles wheezes, takes a LIGHTER out of his pocket...

Daniel makes a run for it.

The HOWLING grows louder, angrier.

The cage RATTLES. *Will it hold?*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

God forgive me. Into your hands I  
commit my spirit.

Charles crosses himself before flicking on the lighter and the place goes up in FLAMES.

#### **EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT**

Pouring rain now. Daniel, unharmed, in the middle of the crossroads. The flaming house and tool shed in the distance.

He locks eyes with Kyra as she passes by in a truck.

Daniel opens his clutched fist, slips on Erika's obsidian ring. Heads left towards the inferno and waiting Cult.

#### **INT. TRUCK - NIGHT**

Kyra, teary eyed, one hand on the steering wheel, the other on her baby bump, speeds down the road.

Forces herself not to look back.

CUT TO BLACK.

**OVER BLACK**, a man weeping in agony, then a quick breathless prayer in Spanish.

#### **INT. CHURCH / CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

LORENZO, 40s, a nervous wreck on his way to a nervous breakdown, looks to the open sliding window. The PRIEST speaks with an easy, conversational tone. Non-judgemental.

PRIEST  
It's alright, Lorenzo. Whenever  
you're ready.

LORENZO  
He's real. I-I saw him.

PRIEST  
Who?

Lorenzo pulls the cross necklace out of his shirt, clutches  
it in a trembling hand. Gives it a kiss.

LORENZO  
The devil.

The Priest considers that a moment, then --

PRIEST  
Sometimes, often during times of  
stress, we think --

LORENZO  
It was him! H-He knew things.  
Things I never told anybody.

A long, uncomfortable silence, then --

PRIEST  
Where is he?

LORENZO  
What?

The confessional door flies open, and the PRIEST, 60s, well  
dressed, wearing the same obsidian ring we saw earlier, puts  
a GUN to Lorenzo's head.

He is of course, an older DAN LAMB.

DAN  
WHERE IS HE?!

CUT TO:

A Blues-y Gospel track as we soar over Southern California.

Then, the TITLE:

L O O S E

**EXT. DIAZ RESIDENCE - DAY**

Southern California beach house with a spectacular view of the ocean in the distance.

**INT. DIAZ RESIDENCE - DAY**

Nobody's home except a hamster burning calories in its hamster wheel and JAYE, 20s, street smart, Valley girl look. *Like, a total gangsta!*

Jaye takes in that gorgeous view, feeds the hamster, eyes a photo of a loving family.

Jaye's notably absent from the photo. And upset... She scratches her arm, knocks on the bathroom door.

JAYE

It's me. Don't shit yourself.  
Carlos? Open the damn --

She pushes the door open.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Water spouting from the sink. CARLOS HENDRY, 20s, Hendry Home Security shirt, TATTOOS of two names we can't make out on his arms. He's slumped against the wall, nodded out, belt dangling from his arm.

A syringe and a baggie of heroin beside him...

Jaye turns off the faucet, checks Carlos' pulse, sighs.

She unties the belt from his arm, pushes up her sleeves, revealing her own TRACK MARKS. She finds a vein, ties off when -- the ROAR of a CAR ENGINE startles her.

JAYE

Carlos, wake up!

Jaye shakes him to no avail. Gives him a hard slap.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Wake! Up!

No use. Jaye bolts out the door, races back in seconds later to bundle up the heroin kit.

**INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jaye slides the heroin kit under the bed. She crawls to the window, peers out at --

**EXT. DIAZ RESIDENCE - DAY**

LISA DIAZ (30s, affluent) and GEORGE (11, school uniform), as mother and son both exit the car in a huff.

Lisa's on her phone, power walking to the front door. George, head bowed, trudges behind her.

**INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jaye's look says it all. *Oh crap.* She ducks back out of sight, weighs her options...

**INT. DIAZ RESIDENCE / LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Lisa, still on the phone, snaps her fingers at George, who utters an annoyed groan, kicks off his shoes by the door.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

George storms in, Lisa hot on his trails.

LISA (SPANISH)  
 (into phone)  
 I'm back at home. Why? Because this  
one decided to ditch school today!

George whirls on his mother.

GEORGE (ENGLISH)  
 Mom, it's so boring. I was just --

LISA (ENGLISH)  
 Going to school is your job right  
 now, George. Sometimes it's boring.  
 That's life. You can't run from it.

GEORGE  
 But --

Lisa raises a hand to silence George, points upstairs.

**INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jaye heaves Carlos into the tub, covers him with the shower curtain. So far so --

Jaye turns, finds George staring right at her...

JAYE  
Heeeeeey. Look, don't freak --

GEORGE  
MOM!

George runs out the door. Carlos yawns.

JAYE  
Now you wake up?

CARLOS  
What I miss?

JAYE  
Shut up and run!

Jaye takes off. Carlos stumbles out of the tub after her.

**LATER**

Lisa enters, kitchen knife griped tight, George at her side. She peers into the bathroom. Nothing. Opens the closet. Nope.

GEORGE  
They were here, Mom! I swear!

They walk past the bed. Jaye hides with the heroin kit underneath... Lisa stops. Jaye closes her eyes.

*Did Lisa find her?*

No, Lisa's eyeing the open window... She looks out, SEES Carlos booking it down the street.

**INT. POLICE STATION / POLICE LINE-UP - DAY**

Lisa impatiently taps her foot while DETECTIVE HUNTER, 40s, African-American, devil smooth, stares at her legs. George studies various MEN in a POLICE LINE-UP in the room ahead.

HUNTER  
Take your time, kid.

Carlos, in need of a fix, sweaty, stares straight ahead, can't see George of course, but still willing George to pick someone, anyone but --

GEORGE

That's him! Number six.

George points directly at Carlos.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Number six, step forward.

CARLOS

Damn!

Carlos steps forward.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I need to make a phone call.

Lisa studies Carlos, turns to George.

LISA

Sure, George?

George nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

(to Hunter)

What about the other one?

HUNTER

Still at large, but we'll find her.

(shooting his shot)

You like musicals, Lisa?

Lisa dead eyes the detective. *Really, dude?*

LISA

As a matter of fact, my husband's debuting in Hamilton this weekend.

HUNTER

(undaunted)

Maybe I'll see you there.

LISA

Maybe.

DETECTIVE MILLS, 30s, softened physique of an ex-underwear model, insatiable appetite, enters, files in hand, pack of Oreos in the other. Crosses to Lisa and George.

MILLS

We'll need you to sign some forms  
out front, decide whether or not  
you'd like to press charges.

Lisa takes the forms.

HUNTER

Good job, buddy!

Hunter shoots George a thumbs up. George beams. Lisa catches  
Hunter's eye, smiles, then she and George exit.

Hunter watches Lisa walk away, winks at Mills. Mills shuts  
the door, mimics the thumb's up with a stupid O face.

MILLS

The fuck was that?

HUNTER

Just giving the kid some  
encouragement. He's been through a  
trying ordeal.

MILLS

You hate kids.

HUNTER

Hate's a strong word, Mills. Now  
detest? Right on the money.

MILLS

Unfuckingbelievable. Don't you have  
jury duty this weekend?

HUNTER

Conflict of interest.

Hunter shoots Mills a salacious grin, sits at a computer,  
scrolling past an article about Lorenzo's mysterious murder  
before he briefly scrolls back. *Huh. Weird.* He types.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Shoot. Show's sold out.

MILLS

Hear that? World's smallest violin.

HUNTER

Take requests?

Hunter browses a dating site.

MILLS  
How the hell did a choir boy like  
you become such a heathen?

HUNTER  
How'd you ever grace the cover of a  
fitness magazine?

Mills devours Oreos.

MILLS  
Don't judge me, Hunter.

HUNTER  
Don't judge me.

Mills offers an Oreo to Hunter, who takes one. Mills heads  
for the door, stops.

MILLS  
Oh, shit. Almost forgot. A Barb  
called for you. Again.

HUNTER  
Tell her I'm --

MILLS  
-- Says it's urgent.

Hunter's cocksure smile fades.

**INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE - LATER**

Hunter sighs, opens a drawer. Slips on his wedding ring. He  
picks up the phone.

HUNTER  
(into phone)  
Morning, beautiful! Another day,  
another stupid crook. You ate what?  
No, no. Order out. Miracle worker  
or not, Barb can't cook worth a  
damn. Okay. You just get some rest  
and -- Barb, hi.

He lightly touches a picture frame of him and his wife, JEN,  
30s, vibrant, on the dance floor at their wedding.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Because I just got your message,  
that's why. Oh yeah.  
(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Way ahead of you. I'm about to go  
medieval on that rookie's ass.

Hunter looks out his window, spots ANNA HENDRY, 40s, direct, soul piercing steely eyed gaze not unlike Clint Eastwood, striding in. Mills points to Hunter's office.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Got to go. Tell Jen I love her.

Hunter hangs up. Slips his wedding ring off, back into the drawer. Exits out the door.

**INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

Carlos, in a bad way, wipes sweat from his brow. He looks up, finds his SLOSHED CELLMATE, 50s, swaying, staring at him.

SLOSHED CELLMATE  
You don't look so good.

CARLOS  
Nasty cold.

Sloshed Cellmate vomits, wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

SLOSHED CELLMATE  
Yeah, me too.

Anna and Hunter move to the cells. Anna makes a gun with her finger, "shoots" Carlos. *Gulp*. Hunter unlocks the cell. Carlos makes no attempt to move, looks from the cell to Anna.

HUNTER  
Let's go, kid.

CARLOS  
(to Sloshed Cellmate)  
Nice knowing you.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Anna gets behind the wheel of her work truck (Hendry Home Security written on its side) and slams the door. Doesn't even look at Carlos as she says --

ANNA  
Get in.

Carlos does so. Not daring to protest.

**INT. ANNA'S WORK TRUCK - NIGHT**

Anna grips the wheel, simmering in silence as she drives.  
Carlos, sick, trying to hide it, feigning sleep.

ANNA

Didn't work when you were a kid.  
It's not going to work now.

Carlos sits up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Look at you.

CARLOS

I'm just a little hungover. It's  
not a big deal.

ANNA

It is when you're representing our  
family and the company. Let me  
guess... Partying with Jaye?

CARLOS

Here we go.

ANNA

She's a bad influence.

CARLOS

You say that about all my friends.

ANNA

Was I ever wrong?

Carlos thinks, says nothing.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Your father wanted to turn the  
business over to you.

Carlos looks at Anna. That's news to him.

CARLOS

He never said --

ANNA

I told him you weren't ready.

CARLOS

I can do it.

ANNA

Prove it. Get it together. I'm done waiting for you to grow up.

Anna looks Carlos square in the eyes. She means it. Carlos, hit to the quick, can't meet his mother's gaze.

After a soul-crushing beat --

ANNA (CONT'D)

You hungry?

**EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Squealing tires screech to a halt and a MAN running for dear life races in the door.

**INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The Man rushes to the men's room, finds the door locked.

THE MAN

Shit!

Anna finishes off her hotcakes, watches the Man wade off, slip into the ladies' room.

Anna moves to the men's room, knocks on the door.

ANNA

Alright, Carlos?

CARLOS (O.S.)

Yeah! Just a minute.

**INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Carlos eagerly waits in the cramped bathroom while Jaye holds a lighter under a spoon, cooks up some heroin.

Carlos maneuvers just enough to pull out a syringe. Jaye guides Carlos' trembling hand, helps him fill the syringe.

Carlos finds a vein and Jaye injects him. *Ah. That's the stuff.* Relief and euphoria wash over him.

They lock eyes. It's an oddly intimate moment. Jaye breaks the tension, pats Carlos' cheek. Flushes the toilet.

Carlos mouths "Thank you", exits.

**INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - LATER**

Carlos drums on the table. Grins at a concerned Anna.

ANNA  
You good?

CARLOS  
I'm great. Ready to go?

Carlos hops up. Anna looks to his half eaten plate, worried.

**INT. ANNA'S WORK TRUCK - NIGHT**

Carlos rocks out to some Imagine Dragons on the radio. Anna eyeballs him, turns it off. *WTF?*

CARLOS  
What?

ANNA  
What's going on with you?

CARLOS  
Nothing. I'm just... happy.

ANNA  
Since when do you do happy?

CARLOS  
Since my darling mother bailed me out of jail.

ANNA  
Glad you're feeling so charitable, 'cause I expect you to pay me back every last cent. ASAP.

CARLOS  
Absolutely.

ANNA  
Good. We starts first thing tomorrow morning. What the hell?!

Anna slows to a stop as she passes a wrecked car.

Carlos SEES a BURNING WOMAN calmly standing by the vehicle.

He shuts his eyes, opens them again and...

She's gone.

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
How could anyone survive that?

Carlos turns to Anna, but she's not driving the truck anymore. Instead it's the Burning Woman.

**INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Carlos awakens on the couch in a pool of sweat.

Anna enters with coffee and a burger bag.

ANNA  
Rise and shine, kid.

Carlos groans.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Don't give me the five more minutes routine. Get your ass in gear.

Carlos swings his legs off the couch, grabs a coffee. Anna keeps her distance. Tough love approach.

CARLOS  
Thanks, Mom. Just like old --

ANNA  
Grab a shower. We leave in ten.

Anna exits, all business. Carlos sighs.

**INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

Carlos showers and ~~we see everything!~~ ~~DING DONG!~~ ~~HELLO!~~ for the first time the names tattooed on his arms are revealed: BRITTANY and SAM. The areas lack track marks as if sacred.

Carlos leans on the wall, cries.

**EXT. ROBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Anna's work truck rests outside a rundown house.

ROBBIE, 20s, exhausted single father in over his head, holding a CRYING BABY. He stands in the doorway, struggles to fish out his wallet. *Mission impossible.*

Unruly twin boys, DEVON and SETH, 11, blast each other with super soakers in the background.

Anna's use to this chaotic scene. Carlos wants to be anywhere but here. The current topic doesn't help.

ROBBIE

It was either us or the pills.

ANNA

Robbie, I'm sorry.

ROBBIE

Karen'll come to her senses. She just... hasn't hit rock bottom yet.

Anna offers Robbie a sympathetic smile, but neither actually believes that. Devon and Seth blast Robbie, race by.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Seven! Death! Uh, Devon, Seth, get back here! Stop! I said --

Robbie sighs, rocks the Crying Baby.

CARLOS

I'll get started if that's okay.

ROBBIE

Of course. It's right out back.

Carlos hurries off, disappearing around the corner. Anna exchanges her INVOICE and a pen for Robbie's Crying Baby.

ANNA

Could you date and initial that for my records? I'll give you a copy.

ROBBIE

Sure.

Anna gently rocks the Crying Baby, who begins to calm down.

**EXT. RIGHT OUT BACK - DAY**

Carlos expertly replaces the lock on a back door while Devon and Seth continue their never-ending water gun shootout.

Devon runs out of H2O, raises his arms in surrender.

Seth. Don't. Care.

SETH

Die, fool!

Seth unloads. Devon mimes getting shot. Carlos watches Devon writhe on the ground, unnerved.

**INT. ANNA'S WORK TRUCK - DAY**

Carlos, looking at the tattoos on his arms. Anna gets in the driver's seat. Carlos pulls his sleeves down.

ANNA  
(re: tattoos)  
They find out about the other?

CARLOS  
It wasn't like that.

ANNA  
Do I want to know?

CARLOS  
Probably not.

ANNA  
Suit yourself.

Anna looks her boy over.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Nice work.

CARLOS  
Thank, Boss. Where to next?

Anna starts the ignition.

ANNA  
The Burkes.

Carlos hums and snaps a la The Addams Family theme.

CARLOS  
Them? We got Holy water?

ANNA  
Carlos.

CARLOS  
What, it's true. Dad would never let me near the place. You should've seen how spooked he looked the last time...

Carlos trails off.

ANNA

Bonnie and Pat are... eccentric,  
but our family has been linked to  
theirs for generations.

CARLOS

And they pay a shit-ton of cheddar.

ANNA

Watch your mouth.

Carlos zips his lip.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I mean it. The Burkes despise that  
kind of language.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION - DAY**

Three storeys. Luxurious lawn. A flowing FOUNTAIN surrounded  
by winged baby angels, some cute, others creepy, adorn the  
grounds, making the shape of the cross.

The fountain's large enough to swim in.

If one were so inclined.

Carlos takes it all in.

Anna's about to ring the doorbell when --

BONNIE (O.S.)

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!

A TERRIFIED MAID, 20s, tight shirt, yoga pants, races out of  
the mansion past Carlos and Anna.

TERRIFIED MAID

Hope you brought an exorcist.

BONNIE BURKE, 50s, African-American, former televangelist  
turned religious zealot, wielding her well worn Bible.

Bonnie sprints out the door after the Terrified Maid, who  
gets in her car, speeds away.

BONNIE

Go on! Get! Run back to your  
father, child of vipers! Be gone,  
O' Whore of Babylon!



PAT (CONT'D)

Eddie was a class act. He'd be so proud that you were carrying on his legacy with Anna.

CARLOS

Thank you, Sir.

PAT

Forgive me if I seem, distracted. Unruly animals, you see. No rest for the wicked as it were.

Pat returns to his seat, never taking his eyes off the monitors for the rest of the scene...

BONNIE

Beloved, I'm sure you heard, but I had to let another maid go.

PAT

That's a shame, dearest.

BONNIE

Good help is so hard to find.

PAT

That it is, honey bear.

ANNA

I know what you mean.

Carlos rolls his eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'd like to take a look at that lock and make sure your security cameras are up to date.

BONNIE

Of course. This way.

Bonnie leads Anna and Carlos out the room. Carlos turns back, finds Luffy eyeballing him. Carlos turns away. Yikes.

Over Pat's shoulder -- feeds of Bonnie leading Anna and Carlos through the mansion.

Pat turns to camera four.

In a locked room a HUMANOID SHADOW paces in an iron cage. It stops, looks directly into the camera.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER**

Dimly lit. Locked, crimson red doors clash with the mansion's calming blue color scheme. ANIMAL NOISES and the hall's wide, echo-y space give it a spooky vibe.

Bonnie's eyeing the doors, as if expecting someone or something to burst out of them.

Carlos holds a ladder for Anna, who's replacing a light bulb.

BONNIE

Sorry about the lights. Pat and I didn't exactly splurge when it came to the electricity. We were hardly here at the time...

The light brightens the hallway.

A bit.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

That's better!

Bonnie sings "This Little Light of Mine". She clap-clap-claps in rhythm. Anna and Carlos shrug, clap along.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Praise the Lord! This is the one.

Bonnie rattles an ancient broken lock secured to a red door with an X spray painted on it.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

The key broke off inside.

CARLOS

We could replace it with a new one. We've got these high tech --

BONNIE

Oh no, I couldn't bear to lose it. Family heirloom.

CARLOS

But --

ANNA

We understand. We'll get started. Won't we, Carlos?

Carlos nods.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I'll grab the tool box.

CARLOS  
I can --

ANNA  
I got it.

Anna exits. Bonnie hovers, eyes glued to the mysterious locked door or rather, what lies behind it. She catches Carlos staring, flashes an awkward smile.

BONNIE  
These animals can be a handful. Now  
I know what Noah felt like.

Carlos doesn't get it.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
From the *Bible*?

CARLOS  
Oh, right... I'll see if I can  
jimmy the key out.

Carlos takes a screwdriver out of his tool belt, tries to get the key out. Bonnie eyes the door again, makes conversation.

BONNIE  
It must be such a joy to work with  
your mother. Some children can be  
so... distant.

CARLOS  
I'm lucky. How many people can say  
they grew up around the oldest  
profession in the world? Second  
oldest actually.

The joke flatlines. Awkward awkward silence, save for the creepy animal noises.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
So, um, are you still doing  
televangelist work?

Bonnie's eyes light up.

BONNIE

Pat and I preached the Gospel all over the world, leading souls to the Lord. Everyone talks about the money we made and the private jets, but we were just two poor kids who said yes to the Lord. It was the adventure of a lifetime. Pat thinks we're too old for that now. Not to mention certain executives.

Bonnie laughs bitterly.

CARLOS

You never know. He, uh, works in mysterious ways.

BONNIE

That he does.

CARLOS

That key's really in there, but Mom and I'll do our best to save it. Family heirloom, huh? How long has it been in your family?

Bonnie's expression darkens again.

BONNIE

A very long time.

CARLOS

Cool. Hey, do you mind if I use your restroom? I'll be quick.

BONNIE

No, of course. Down the hall to the right. Be careful.

Carlos studies Bonnie. O...kay.

CARLOS

Thanks.

Carlos takes off. Bonnie puts an ear to the X marked door.

**INT. RESTROOM - DAY**

A model of luxury and elegance, like most of the mansion. An array of soaps/shampoos/neatly folded towels/scented candles/hoarder's delight of paper towels and toilette paper.

Only the accusatory stare of a Pope-like figure in the painting next to the mirror kills the room's harmonious vibe.

Carlos averts the figure's gaze and his own reflection as he rolls up his sleeves. Preps a syringe. He finds a vein and --

A faint HOWL startles him, causes him to drop the heroin filled syringe in the loo, which flushes by itself...

CARLOS

Shit!

(quieter)

Shit.

Carlos listens, hears the unmistakable HOWL once more. He exits. Seconds later the syringe floats back up.

**INT. DARK HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER**

Carlos wanders ever closer to a WHITE DOOR marked with a red X. He looks over his shoulder. No Bonnie... Maybe just a quick peek... He opens the door.

**INT. ROOM 6 - MOMENTS LATER**

Even darker. Only a light source under a black veil covering a rectangular object illuminates the room.

Whatever's underneath the veil is the source of the HOWLS.

Carlos wanders to the object, entranced. Grabs a fistful of the veil, gives it a tug.

WHOA!

Luffy comes out of nowhere, jumps Carlos from behind. Luffy's SCREECHING and HISSING breaks whatever hold was on Carlos.

CARLOS

Get off!

Bonnie rushes in.

BONNIE

Luffy! Come to Mama!

Luffy extricates itself from Carlos, hops into Bonnie's arms.

CARLOS

I think I need a rabies shot!

BONNIE  
I told you to be careful! What are  
you doing in here?

CARLOS  
N-Nothing! I was just -- I thought  
I heard --

Carlos listens. Dead silence.

**INT. DARK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Bonnie locks the door tight.

Carlos turns around, nearly colliding with Pat, who grabs  
Carlos' wrist in a surprisingly vice-like grip.

PAT  
What did you do?

CARLOS  
What? Let go of --

PAT  
What did you do?!

Anna storms in.

ANNA  
What's going on here?

Pat lets Carlos go. Carlos massages his wrist.

CARLOS  
Damn monkey's rabid, that's what.

BONNIE  
Boy, don't use that kind of  
language in my home!

CARLOS  
Tell you what. You put that monkey  
on a leash and I'll wash my mouth  
out with some of that three-hundred  
dollar soap you got.

ANNA  
Carlos.

PAT  
Care to explain this?

Pat pulls a Ziploc with the heroin filled syringe in it out of his coat. Carlos shrugs, feigning innocence.

CARLOS  
Beats me.

BONNIE  
You brought drugs into my home?

Anna looks devastated.

CARLOS  
Maybe the contractors --

ANNA  
Bonnie, Pat, I'm so sorry. If I had known I never would have...

CARLOS  
Mom, you're not --

ANNA  
(ice cold)  
Wait in the car.

Carlos starts to protest, slinks away.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION / INT. ANNA'S WORK TRUCK - DAY**

Carlos, in the truck, wipes sweat from his brow. He's getting sick again. Luffy stares at him from the mansion window.

Carlos flips Luffy off.

Anna gets in beside him, doesn't say a word.

CARLOS  
Something weird's going on in there. I saw a black veil covering--

ANNA  
How long have you been using?

Carlos drops the innocent act. Couldn't lie to Anna anymore if he wanted to. Time to fess up.

CARLOS  
Three months.

Anna absorbs that.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
But it's not like I'm a --

ANNA  
A junkie? So what would you call  
this then, huh?

CARLOS  
I'm just going through something.

ANNA  
Then you come to me! You don't get  
stoned out of your mind and -- And  
break into homes like a thug.

CARLOS  
It's complicated.

ANNA  
Oh get over yourself. It's real  
simple, Carlos. Pack your bags for  
rehab or get out and start walking.

CARLOS  
Mom, I've got no place to go.

ANNA  
Your choice. Life or death.  
Everything your Dad and I taught  
you or... Choose.

Carlos shoves his door open, slams it shut. Throws his work  
hat in the window, turns his shirt inside out.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Don't be stupid.

CARLOS  
At least this way there's no chance  
of me ruining the family name.

ANNA  
Too late for that.

Anna speeds away. Carlos slams his fist into a tree.

**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

Jaye, burger bag in hand, stands outside a cheap no tell motel. Raps on a door.

**INT. CARLOS' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Carlos holds a Ziploc bag filled with ice over his bruised knuckles. Someone raps on the door.

CARLOS  
Yeah?

JAYE (O.S.)  
It's me.

CARLOS  
Me who?

JAYE (O.S.)  
Dude, if you don't open this door --

Carlos unlocks the door, lets Jaye in. She feels his forehead like a nurse who brings her patients heroin.

JAYE (CONT'D)  
You're burning up.

CARLOS  
You noticed.

JAYE  
Brought you some dinner.

Jaye shakes the burger bag, dumps heroin paraphernalia on the bed. Carlos ties off while she preps the syringe.

JAYE (CONT'D)  
I got you. Be a good little bitch  
and don't flinch.

CARLOS  
Wait.

JAYE  
It's good stuff.

CARLOS  
It's not that, I... This is it for  
me. I'm getting clean.

Carlos gauges Jaye's reaction. She bursts into laughter.

JAYE

And I'm joining a convent.

CARLOS

This crap is on my mind twenty-four seven. I walked away from my mom, my job, everything just to get more of it. What kind of life is that?

JAYE

It's ours.

CARLOS

Not anymore.

JAYE

Wow. One day around those religulous freaks and you're all high and mighty.

CARLOS

I'm not... There was definitely something going on with them though. Their pet monkey tried to take a bite out of me.

JAYE

Should've hid your banana better.

CARLOS

This life doesn't have a happy ending, Jaye.

JAYE

Says who?

CARLOS

I don't want to lose you.

JAYE

Carlos, you're gonna make me barf. I know the Burkes want to teach the world to sing and shit, but I'm not one of their little projects. Neither are you.

CARLOS

You didn't see the way my Mom looked at me.

JAYE

Whoa. Time out. Getting sober for someone else is the quickest way to crash and burn.

CARLOS

At least I care enough about  
someone to try.

Jaye recoils.

JAYE

You think I get this shit for free?  
I fuck with people you'd be too  
scared to look in the eyes.

CARLOS

Hard to maintain eye contact when  
you're sucking guys off.

Jaye flings the belt against the wall.

JAYE

Go to hell, Carlos.

Jaye throws the door open, storms out.

CARLOS

Already there! Thanks for the ride!

Carlos starts to go after her, looks back at the syringe...

Shuts the door.

**INT. BURKE MANSION / DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Pat slams the white door shut, dabs sweat off himself with a  
handkerchief. Anna startles him.

ANNA

Almost done repairing the lock.

PAT

Bonnie will be glad to hear it. I'd  
like to pay for Carlos' rehab if  
that's alright?

ANNA

I couldn't ask --

PAT

It's the least I could do. We're  
practically family.

Pat stares back at the white door.

ANNA

Everything alright, Pat?

PAT  
 Hmm? Yes. Fine. Just, uh, soothing  
 the savage beast.

ANNA  
 Oh...

PAT  
 No! That's not what -- The animals  
 are quite the handful. Try as  
 Bonnie and I might, it would seem  
 that some beasts cannot be tamed.

Pat's cell phone RINGS.

PAT (CONT'D)  
 I have to take this.

ANNA  
 No rest for the wicked.

PAT  
 I should think not.

Pat hurries down the hall. Anna picks up the ancient lock.  
 The key falls out, slides under the white door. *Great.*

Anna reaches underneath. The key slides further away. She  
 looks down the hall. Pat's long gone. *Even better.*

Anna starts to follow after Pat when --

The door creaks open behind her.

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Bonnie, conflicted, at the monitors on speaker phone. Pat's  
 pacing, Luffy imitating him. A check with a lot of zeroes on  
 it rests on the table before them. Neither notice Anna  
 entering Room 6 on one of the monitors behind them.

DAN (V.O.)  
 This is the deal of a lifetime.  
 You've more than done your duty and  
 I have more than enough resources  
 to look after those beasts of  
 burden. Think of your future.

Pat stops pacing, shares a look with Bonnie. *Dan has a point.*

DAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Do you really want your children  
 and grandchildren to have to bear  
 this grievous responsibility?

Bonnie chews it over. Wants to say yes. But --

BONNIE  
 I couldn't. This was a mistake.  
 They're not for sale.

DAN (V.O.)  
 Not for -- Everything has its  
 price, Mrs. Burke.

BONNIE  
 I'd just as soon sell my soul.

DAN (V.O.)  
 I'm sorry you feel that way.

Dan TERMINATES the call. Pat leans on the table, tears up the check. Bonnie hugs him. In the background we see various photos of Bonnie with her mother -- Kyra Beaumont.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION - NIGHT**

Dan pulls up in his car, gun in hand. He spots Anna's work truck. *Damn*. Thinks better of it, drives off.

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Luffy freaks out. Pat and Bonnie turn to the monitors.

Anna inches toward the black veil covered object.

Pat and Bonnie race out the door.

**INT. ROOM 6 - NIGHT**

Anna removes the veil, hears a HOWL like a wounded wolf.

Whatever she sees causes her to SCREAM and SCREAM and SCREAM.

Anna clutches her head, loses consciousness.

Pat and Bonnie enter, Bibles and crucifixes drawn.

BONNIE  
Submit yourselves therefore  
to God! Resist the devil and  
he will flee from you!

PAT  
Submit yourselves therefore  
to God! Resist the devil and  
he will flee from you!

Bonnie grabs the veil while Pat carries Anna out the door.  
She covers the cage, sending us to BLACK.

**INT. CARLOS' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Carlos overturns a mattress, desperately searching for any  
leftover heroin. He slumps to the floor in defeat.

**LATER**

Carlos, pacing, on his phone.

CARLOS  
(into phone)  
Jaye, it's me again. I know I was  
an ass, but... Look, can't we just  
move past this? Call me soon, okay?

**LATER**

Carlos, sitting on the bed, sweaty, knee bouncing.

CARLOS  
(into phone)  
Come on, Jaye. Pick up. You want me  
to beg?! Fine. Please? Feels like  
I'm dying! Jaye, I need you. I  
need... I need it. JAYE!

**INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

Carlos vomits in the toilet, SCREAMS barely discernible  
obscenities into his phone. Wash/Rinse/Repeat.

CARLOS  
Fuck you, cock-sucking crack ho!

Vomit time again.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
I hope you choke on a dick!

Carlos vomits some more. LOUD KNOCKING.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

WHAT?!

MOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)

This is your third noise complaint.  
Time to clear out!

CARLOS

I'll keep it down!

Carlos pulls on his clothes.

MOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)

Too late for that. Open up!

CARLOS

Give me a minute!

The door unlocks and the MOTEL MANAGER, 50s, irate, stands in the door. He wields a broom like a baseball bat.

MOTEL MANAGER

Time to vamoose now, asshat, or you  
can wait till the cops get here.

Carlos glares at the Motel Manager, brushes past him.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Beat it! Fucking crackhead!

**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

Carlos tears past motel rooms, turns a corner.

We hang on the last door.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Clothes/crushed up PILLS/empty wine bottles litter the floor.

A COUPLE, partially hidden under a bedsheet, wrestle atop a bed. They moan/groan/get it on.

A cell phone RINGS. The Man pokes his head out from the covers. It's Hunter. CINNAMON, 20s, the lovable whore next door, pops up beside him.

CINNAMON

Grab it. It'll be fun.

Cinnamon claps her legs together. Hunter looks at the phone.

HUNTER

I'll just let it go to -- Fuck.

We don't see who it is, but it's enough to kill the mood.  
Hunter hops out of bed, pulls on his clothes.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Hate to do this, but duty calls.

CINNAMON

My booty though...

HUNTER

Rain check.

Hunter kisses Cinnamon on the cheek, slips her some cash.

Cinnamon does a quick count, frowns.

CINNAMON

You're a dollar short.

HUNTER

You sure?

CINNAMON

I was an accountant. I'm sure.

Hunter grabs his keys, doesn't have time for this.

HUNTER

So put it on my tab!

Cinnamon throws her clothes on, pissed.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Cinnamon...

Hunter strokes her arm. Cinnamon shoves him on his ass. Grabs Hunter's wedding ring off the counter as she exits. Hunter, not noticing, grabs his phone, dials someone.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's me. Slow down. Don't move.  
I'll be right there.

**EXT. SHADY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Carlos, running on fumes, trying to look tough among the battle tested HOMELESS, addled ADDICTS, and DEALERS barely old enough to grow facial hair. They size Carlos up. Some casually trail after him.

Carlos picks up the pace. His phone vibrates. He silences it, not bothering to answer. Heads into a PAWN SHOP, one of the few businesses still open.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

Carlos slides his phone under bulletproof glass to the PAWN SHOP GUY, 50s, a cool cat in a cool hat, understandably paranoid. Pawn Shop Guy counts out the cash and gives Carlos a receipt. Carlos snatches up the cash, stuffs it in his pocket. He notices Jaye's phone among others.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Don't forget your receipt.

CARLOS  
Oh yeah. Thanks.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Live around here?

CARLOS  
No. I... Had a friend who did.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
I was you I wouldn't be caught out here after midnight.

Carlos nods, exits.

**INT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Carlos approaches a tough looking DEALER and his BLUNT SMOKING BUDDY standing by a graffitied wall featuring the Devil as a gang-banging rapper.

DEALER  
Yeah?

CARLOS  
(quietly)  
Heroin.

DEALER  
What?

CARLOS  
I want to buy some heroin.

The Dealer and his Blunt Smoking Buddy burst out laughing.

BLUNT SMOKING BUDDY  
 This fool think he at a drive thru.  
 (mimics Carlos)  
 "I'd like to purchase some of that  
 heroin that's always in the news!"

DEALER  
 Hell n'all. Go back to the 'burbs.

CARLOS  
 I'm serious. I'd got the money.

DEALER  
 You got money?

Dealer flashes a gun in his waistband. Blunt Smoking Buddy circles Carlos like a stoned shark.

*Stoned Shark? I'd watch that.*

DEALER (CONT'D)  
 How much you got?

Jaye crosses to Carlos.

JAYE  
 Fuck off, dude.

DEALER  
 Watch your mouth, girl, for I put  
 it to work.

JAYE  
 Do I look like I need a toothpick?  
 (to Carlos)  
 Cash.

Carlos hands the cash over. Jaye gets in the Dealer's face, flashes the cash. *Gonna take it or what?*

DEALER  
 (sarcastic)  
 Order of heroin coming right up!

Blunt Smoking Buddy hands over the goods to the Dealer who in turn hands it over to Jaye.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
 Pleasure doing business with ya.

JAYE  
 Stay classy.

Jaye grabs Carlos, walks away.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER**

Carlos and Jaye walk side by side. Carlos keeps looking over his shoulder. Jaye walks like the baddest chick on the block.

JAYE  
Just be cool.

CARLOS  
Friend of yours?

JAYE  
You mean have I blown him?

CARLOS  
I was an ass.

JAYE  
Was?

CARLOS  
I'm sorry.

JAYE  
You need a fix.

CARLOS  
I'll be okay.

Jaye looks Carlos over.

JAYE  
Can't believe you came all the way  
out here dressed like that.

CARLOS  
Didn't exactly have time to buy  
hobo apparel.

The Pawn Shop Guy exits his shop, calls out to them.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Hey!

JAYE  
Oh shit. I sold that guy a busted  
phone. Run.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Carlos? I'm sorry to tell you this,  
but your mom's in the hospital.

The Pawn Shop Guy hands over Carlos' phone.

**INT. HOSPITAL / ANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Anna, empty eyed, hooked up to an IV, and for the first time ever not looking so badass.

Carlos, looking just as sick, squeezes Anna's hand.

Jaye sits beside him.

JAYE  
Do they know --

CARLOS  
Aneurysm. Bonnie Burke went by her house. Found her like this.

JAYE  
You look pale.

CARLOS  
I'm fine.

Carlos sighs, knows what he has to do now, but still hates it. Jaye hands over the heroin kit.

Carlos steps into the bathroom.

**LATER**

Silent save for Anna's labored breathing and the occasional BEEP from machines. Carlos sits in a chair next to her, head bobbing as he fights sleep. No sign of Jaye.

Anna's hand shoots out, grabs Carlos' arm. She gasps for air, nails drawing blood.

CARLOS  
Mom!

Anna struggles to talk, eyes unfocused.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Mom, I'm here.

ANNA  
Stay... away... from... that place.

Anna's terrified eyes land on Carlos before she blacks out.

CARLOS  
Mom?

Carlos runs to the door, calling out.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
I need some help in here!

NURSES and a DOCTOR file in, hover over Anna.

NURSE  
You have to wait outside. Please.

Jaye arrives, leads Carlos out.

**LATER**

Anna, stabilized. Carlos, numb, staring at her. Jaye rests her head on his shoulder.

**INT. BURKE MANSION / LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Bonnie hugs Hunter. Pat stands by with Luffy at the monitors.

HUNTER  
What the hell happened, Mom?

BONNIE  
Language.

HUNTER  
Screw the act. You're in it deep,  
you called me, so start talking.

PAT  
Without a lawyer present?

HUNTER  
Right now I'm here as your son.  
Keep jerking me around and -- How  
bad is it?

Pat looks to Bonnie, who nods.

PAT  
Anna Hendry... She saw it. And now  
she's in the hospital.

HUNTER  
It? Not this again...

BONNIE  
We drove her back home, said we  
found her passed out.

HUNTER

And now what? You want me to jeopardize my entire career because of your twisted fantasy?! I've got enough on my plate without this Looney Tunes bullshit.

PAT

We never wanted you to shoulder this terrible burden.

Bonnie, stung by Pat's words, pets Luffy.

PAT (CONT'D)

But now... We don't have a choice, son. Will you help us?

Bonnie gives Hunter a pleading look.

HUNTER

I need proof.

PAT

Our word isn't good enough?

HUNTER

Look, just because you operate on blind faith doesn't mean the rest of the world does.

PAT

You're going to preach to me about the state of the world?

HUNTER

Wouldn't dream of it. Now are you gonna show me the big bad wolf or am I gonna have to come back with some company and a warrant?

**INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Hunter, Bonnie, and Luffy stand outside Room 6.

Luffy stares at Hunter.

HUNTER

He's had all his shots, right?

Pat exits the room, white as a ghost.

PAT

It's still angry. It won't see you.

HUNTER  
Tough shit.

Hunter draws his firearm.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

Bonnie grabs Hunter's arm.

BONNIE  
It'll kill you!

HUNTER  
I like my odds.

BONNIE  
Pat!

PAT  
There's nothing in there! Anna--  
She fell off of one of our old  
ladders. I panicked, drove her  
home, lied to everyone. Do what you  
have to. I'm sorry, son.

Pat holds out his hands. Hunter holsters his firearm.

HUNTER  
Me too.

Hunter spins Pat around, takes out handcuffs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Patrick Burke, I'm placing you  
under arrest for --

HOWLING.

Pat looks to Bonnie. *Oh crap.*

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Hell was that?

PAT  
Red howler monkey.

HUNTER  
Didn't sound like one to me.

Hunter draws his firearm once more, throws the door open.  
There's a flash of white light and -- Hunter's gone.

Bonnie and Pat hug.

**INT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Hunter awakens on the couch, firearm in hand, confused. He hears something drop in the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Hunter turns on the lights, finds JEN, 30s, former athlete, recovering from chemo, raiding the fridge.

JEN  
Don't shoot.

Hunter puts his firearm on the table.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Did I wake you?

HUNTER  
No, I... I dreamt about my parents.

JEN  
You can go see them you know.

HUNTER  
Don't remind me.

Hunter crosses to Jen. They share a passionate kiss.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
I have an idea.

**LATER**

Candles. Romantic music. A little bubbly. Hunter feeds Jen.

JEN  
That's good.

HUNTER  
Better than Barb's cooking?

JEN  
No fair. That's a pretty low bar.

Jen's eyes mover to Hunter's empty ring finger. Hunter clocks the gaze, pretends not to notice.

HUNTER  
More wine?

JEN  
No thanks. Tell me your ring didn't  
fall in the pasta.

HUNTER  
Chew carefully.

Jen hits Hunter's shoulder.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
I always take it off for work.  
Wouldn't want to leave any marks on  
the perps when I'm roughing them up  
NYPD Blue style.

Jen laughs, but it soon turns into coughs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Easy.

Jen's coughs subside.

JEN  
You lost it, didn't you?

HUNTER  
Damn you're a good detective. Yeah,  
Jen. I did. But I'll get it back.  
That's a promise.

JEN  
You better.

Jen takes Hunter's hand, pulls him to his feet.

They slow dance.

JEN (CONT'D)  
I love you, Hunter.

HUNTER  
Who else would?

Hunter kisses Jen on the forehead.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hunter turns onto his back, tries to get comfortable on the couch. Spots a blood covered Bonnie and Pat, standing cheek to cheek. They hold Luffy, dried blood in his fur, smile like they're posing for a holiday photo.

Hunter hits the lights.

They're gone...

Spooked, Hunter grabs his phone, starts to dial Bonnie and Pat, changes his mind. Turns on the TV instead.

**EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Carlos sits in Anna's work truck, checking her invoices.

Jaye, burger bag containing actual food, crosses to him.

JAYE

Any luck?

CARLOS

I've called Bonnie and Pat a dozen times. They won't answer.

JAYE

You should eat.

CARLOS

Thanks.

Carlos takes a burger. Jaye takes a huge bite of hers.

JAYE

(mouthful)

Good shit, right?

CARLOS

Oh yeah.

Carlos looks over an invoice, frowns.

JAYE

She's gonna be okay.

CARLOS

I know, but... This doesn't make any sense. Mom made her last invoice out to the Burkes. Same day she got sick.

Carlos shows the invoice to Jaye.

JAYE

She went back to finish the job, so what? You don't think...

CARLOS

What if... She was there when she had the aneurysm?

JAYE  
You're being paranoid.

CARLOS  
The truck was unlocked when I got here. Mom never leaves it unlocked. Even when she brings home groceries. Dad and I used to joke about that all the time.

JAYE  
Okay, but you've known the Burkes since you were a kid. Why would they lie about --

CARLOS  
I don't know! I don't -- But they did, Jaye. Mom even told me to stay away from them.

JAYE  
Yeah, so maybe you should listen. Go to the cops.

CARLOS  
And let the Burkes buy their way out of trouble?

JAYE  
So what are you gonna do?

CARLOS  
I'm gonna go to rehab, but first I have to make sure Mom and the business are taken care of. Jaye, I need you to... I need a gun.

JAYE  
And a good therapist.

CARLOS  
Please?

Carlos is dead serious. Jaye should say no, but --

JAYE  
Halloween night. You still feel the same then... I'll have what you'll looking for.

Jaye kisses Carlos on the cheek.

JAYE (CONT'D)

In the meantime, don't do anything stupid. I mean it.

Jaye walks away.

**EXT. SHADY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Jaye spots a squad car outside the Pawn Shop, disappears into an alley. The Pawn Shop's windows have been shattered.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY**

Post robbery. The Pawn Shop Guy's sweeping up glass. Mills's taking photos. Hunter stands by, distracted.

PAWN SHOP GUY

Moved here to avoid this kind of crap. Back when everybody knew everybody and you could walk down the streets at night.

Mills whistles the *Cheers* theme tune.

PAWN SHOP GUY (CONT'D)

Smartass.

Mills chuckles.

HUNTER

What did they take?

PAWN SHOP GUY

Anything that wasn't nailed down. Bastards would've taken me if I hadn't closed early.

MILLS

Make a list of everything that's missing and we'll get back to you.

PAWN SHOP GUY

Sure you will. Gonna have to do it quick. I'm closing up shop, heading to Miami fast as fuck.

MILLS

That's the best idea I heard all day. Hunter, we good? Yo?

Mills moves to Hunter.

MILLS (CONT'D)  
You coming or what?

HUNTER  
In a minute.

Mills exits. Pawn Shop Guy dumps the glass in a trash can.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Anybody pawn a ring yesterday?

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Now you know I can't disclose that  
kind of information.

HUNTER  
Says who?

Pawn Shop Guy grins. Hunter sighs, slips him some cash.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Pretty young thing brought one in.  
Didn't catch her name, but it  
doesn't matter. It's long gone now.

HUNTER  
If by some miracle you happen to  
run across it, give me a call.

Hunter writes down his number and address, hands it to the  
Pawn Shop Guy, heads for the door.

**EXT. PAWN SHOP / STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Hunter exits to the squad car, crestfallen. He spots Cinnamon  
strutting up and down the street. Jogs over.

HUNTER  
Wait.

CINNAMON  
No crime against walking is there?

Hunter hands Cinnamon a crisp hundred dollar bill.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)  
What's this for?

HUNTER  
Anything you want.

Mills sticks his head out the window.

MILLS

Wait until you're off duty.

Hunter climbs in the squad car beside Mills.

MILLS (CONT'D)

What was that about?

HUNTER

Karma.

Mills opens a bag of Halloween themed candy corn, pops a handful into his cakehole.

MILLS

Good luck. You're in the double negatives with that shit. That's why we're stuck working Halloween.

HUNTER

Tonight's nothing. Try trick or treating with evangelist parents.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET / BURKE MANSION - HALLOWEEN NIGHT**

COSTUMED TRICK OR TREATERS race up and down the block, ringing doorbells.

Bonnie opens the door carrying a wicker basket.

COSTUMED KIDS

Trick or treat!

Bonnie lowers the wicker basket, revealing tooth brushes/tooth paste/pocket sized Bibles/Chick Tracts.

The Costumed Kids are less than enthused.

Bonnie drops one of each item in the Kids' bags.

BONNIE

God bless you!

Bonnie shuts the door, leaving the Costumed Kids in bitter disappointment and stunned disbelief.

**INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A plastic bag lies on the table next to a prepped syringe and a backpack filled with tools.

Carlos looks over a 9MM GLOCK, holds it sideways like a gangsta. Jaye rolls her eyes, turns Carlos' wrist, makes him hold it the proper way.

JAYE  
Yeah, this'll work.

CARLOS  
It will.

Jaye doesn't look so sure.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
I helped set up those security cameras. I know where they are and how to get past them.

JAYE  
Okay, so you get inside, then what?

CARLOS  
You know. The robbing... starts.

JAYE  
Let's pretend you didn't say that.  
You're gonna need this.

Jaye reaches into a bag, tosses Carlos a SCARY LATEX MASK.

JAYE (CONT'D)  
Unless you want to go to prison.  
Trust me, you're like the last guy  
who should go to prison.

CARLOS  
Nice.

JAYE  
Blend in with the crowd, then do  
your thing. And just to make sure  
you don't fuck it up, I'm coming  
with you.

CARLOS  
Jaye --

JAYE  
We do this together or not at all.  
That's the deal. Might be the last  
time we see each other.

CARLOS  
Don't say that.

JAYE

You have a business to run, your Mom to take care of. A whole life ahead of you. I'm just another bottom of the barrel junkie. Soon to be bad memory.

CARLOS

That's what you think?

Carlos moves to Jaye. They nearly kiss, but --

JAYE

We should focus on tonight.

Jaye takes a DEMONIC LION MASK out of the bag.

CARLOS

That's what I'm talking about. Let's switch. Come on.

JAYE

I don't think so.

CARLOS

Why not? I'm gonna be packing. I should be the lion.

JAYE

Bitch, please.

CARLOS

We're committing a felony. What's the difference?

JAYE

Okay. Let's hear your best roar.

Carlos belts out a weak RAWR.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm the lion.

**LATER**

Post heroin hit, Carlos dances with the Latex Mask on.

Jaye's on the couch, holding a picture frame of a YOUNG Carlos with his PARENTS.

JAYE

You guys look like The Brady Bunch.

Carlos removes the mask, slumps onto the couch next to Jaye.

CARLOS

Minus a few brothers and sisters.

JAYE

I used to want a sister or brother.  
Before I stayed in a few foster  
homes. If things go south tonight,  
I want you to know that I...

CARLOS

Me too. I've loved you since --

Jaye's not listening. She's nodded out.

Carlos slips the picture frame out of her hands. Kisses Jaye on the forehead, covers her with her jacket.

Carlos throws on the backpack, tucks the Glock into his waistband, puts on the Latex mask.

He takes one last look at Jaye, exits.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT**

Young Trick or Treaters are long gone. Now the RAVERS and TROUBLEMAKERS are out to play.

COSTUMED REVELERS cheer as a MAN in a SKULL MASK street races another wearing an IRON MAN MASK.

A RIDE SHARE DRIVER yells at a NAUGHTY NURSE and a HORNY DEVIL dry humping atop his car.

STREAKERS on bikes cycle by a SQUAD CAR.

**INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Mills sighs, finishes off the bag of candy corn, chugs a diet soda. Hunter dejectedly rubs his naked ring finger.

MILLS

Hate this fucking night. Where do you want to start?

HUNTER

Mills, I'm not leaving this car without a SWAT team. Let's just ride it out till --

Carlos turns the corner, right in front the squad car. He locks eyes with Hunter, freezes.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
He look familiar to you?

MILLS  
That a trick question?

Carlos forces himself to keep moving. Hunter exits the car, spidey sense tingling.

HUNTER  
Hey, you.

CARLOS  
(under his breath)  
Damn.

HUNTER  
Step over here.

Carlos slowly approaches Hunter.

SPLAT!

COSTUMED, NON-LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS egg Hunter and the squad car. Then laugh and run like hell.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
You're all under arrest!

Mills gets out, taser drawn. Takes a direct hit to the face.

Carlos runs away, escaping in the confusion.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION - MIDNIGHT**

Lights off. Security cameras scan the area.

Carlos studies the camera's movements, slips into their blind spots, climbs over the fence.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION / BACK PORCH - NIGHT**

Carlos cautiously approaches a CAMERA positioned right above a KEY PAD and MOTION DETECTING FLOODLIGHTS.

Whew. Easy as --

The floodlight FLASHES ON.

A HAND yanks Carlos' mask off.

A DRUNK DUDE wearing a BATMAN MASK stumbles backwards, holds Carlos' mask high above his head, does an obscene dance.

BAT DUDE  
 (singing)  
*Trick or treat!*  
*Suck my meat!*  
*Give me pussy good to eat!*  
*I'll fuck you foul! I'll fuck you fair!*  
*I'll fuck you through your underwear!*

Carlos books it around the corner, hides behind an angel statute. Someone opens the door. We don't see who.

BAT DUDE (CONT'D)  
 Trick or treat! Holy shit...

Bat Dude staggers inside, the door closing behind him.

Carlos peers out from behind the statue. Jaye, wearing the lion mask, duffel bag over her shoulder, punches his arm.

CARLOS  
 (whispers)  
 Ow! What are you doing here?!

JAYE  
 (whispers)  
 What's it look like? You left me!

CARLOS  
 Great. Now we can both go to jail.

JAYE  
 We're not gonna -- Where the fuck  
 is your mask?

CARLOS  
 Batman took it. It's... Long story.

**INT. BURKE MANSION / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Darker than usual. Distorted Gospel music echoes from the speakers. Carlos peers inside, opens the door just wide enough for himself and Jaye to slip in, closes it.

Jaye grabs a butcher knife from the knife rack.

Jaye and Carlos speak in whispers.

JAYE  
Creepy much?

CARLOS  
Tis the season. Let's do this.

Carlos grabs a towel, ties it around his face like a bandana.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ransacked. Drawers pulled open. An assortment of clothes strewn from the closet.

Jaye and Carlos stuff jewelry into the duffel bag.

Carlos takes a step towards the door. Jaye pulls him back.

A MASKED MAN wearing the same CREEPY SHEEP MASK and white robe seen in the opening rushes down the hall.

JAYE  
What the fuck?

CARLOS  
It's Halloween.

JAYE  
The Burkes are into some kinky  
shit, that's what's up.

They exit.

Neither notice Bat Dude's corpse hidden under the bed...

**EXT. COFFEE HOUSE / INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT**

Hunter exits to the squad car, dabs leftover egg yolk off his uniform. Gets in. Mills shoots him a grim look.

MILLS  
Remember when you said things  
couldn't get any worse?

HUNTER  
What now?

MILLS  
The silent alarm at your parents'  
place was just tripped.

HUNTER  
I hate this night.



There's a small hole in the door. Carlos peers out, SEES the Cult kneeling in prayer.

CARLOS  
Praying.

JAYE  
What is this?

CARLOS  
I don't know, but we have to --

Carlos spots the black veil covered object.

JAYE  
What's that?

Carlos shrugs. Jaye crosses to it, grabs the veil.

CARLOS  
No, don't!

Too late.

Jaye yanks off the veil revealing the glass cage.

Inside is DUNSTAN, 11, long silver hair hiding his eyes, barefoot, white pajamas. His expression still unreadable.

DUNSTAN  
Fear not, for the Lord God has sent me to do a great work.

Carlos and Jaye exchange looks.

CARLOS  
Uh, cool.

JAYE  
Okay...

Jaye offers Dunstan a reassuring smile.

JAYE (CONT'D)  
You're safe now. He's Carlos. I'm--

DUNSTAN  
I know who you are, Jaye Kramer. And why you continue to pollute yourself with poison.

Jaye backs to Carlos, freaked out.

CARLOS  
(to Dunstan)  
What's your name, buddy?

DUNSTAN  
I am called Dunstan. Evil forces  
are at work. Unless you release me,  
there will be unimaginable  
consequences.

Jaye pulls Carlos aside.

JAYE  
This is too freaky. We... We should  
call the cops.

CARLOS  
And tell them what?

JAYE  
I don't know, but they'll be too  
busy with those murdering psychos  
and Dunstan to worry about us!

CARLOS  
Call them. I'll let Dunstan out.

JAYE  
Wait!

CARLOS  
What? We can't leave him here.

JAYE  
How did he know my name?

CARLOS  
Jaye, he's just a kid.

Carlos gets out lock picking tools. Examines the lock. It's  
the same one he and Anna worked to repair...

DUNSTAN  
Quickly.

Dunstan presses his hands to the glass.

Revealing BLOODY PALMS and BLACK EYES...

Carlos slowly backs away toward Jaye.

DUNSTAN (CONT'D)  
FOOL!

Dunstan SHRIEKS.

The terrible, ear splitting sound causes Carlos and Jaye's ears to bleed.

The Cult kick the door in, daggers drawn.

Jaye takes the Glock from Carlos.

JAYE

Back up!

The Cult keeps coming.

JAYE (CONT'D)

I said back up!

A Masked Woman lunges at Jaye like a psycho killer.

Jaye FIRES, misses.

The Masked Woman slices Jaye's shoulder, disarms her.

Carlos jumps into the fray, slashing the Masked Woman's arm with the butcher knife.

The Others Cult Members surround them.

THE LEADER (O.S.)

Enough!

The Cult hold Carlos and Jaye at bay. The Leader, red robe, removes his mask, revealing Dan Lamb.

DAN

Let them bear witness to the end of  
this wicked world and the Second  
Coming of our Lord.

Dan pours a vial of blood into his hands, draws a SYMBOL on the glass cage. Dunstan backs away.

DAN (CONT'D)

I willingly spill the blood of the  
chosen and set thou loose!

Dunstan, SHRIEKS, body imbued by a WHITE GLOW.

The white energy SURGES from his body, SHATTERING the cage.

WHITEOUT.

Everyone's gone, save Dunstan, lying motionless in the cage.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION - NIGHT**

Dark clouds home in on the mansion. Lightning splits the sky.

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

On the monitors, we see several cages. Empty. Open.

**INT. ROOM 3 - NIGHT**

Jaye bangs on the door.

JAYE

Carlos! Carlos, can you hear me?!

A flash of lightning illuminates a winged creature watching Jaye from the shadows.

**INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Carlos wanders down a seemingly endless hallway of red door.

CARLOS

Jaye?!

A red door swings open behind him.

Carlos peers inside. Shouldn't have looked.

Jaye and Anna, smiling super wide, both aflame, roast like marshmallows in Anna's work truck.

ANNA

Hey, Carlos.

JAYE

Where's the fire?

Carlos trips. Books it in the opposite direction.

Cue Nelly's "Hot in Herre" as the red doors fly open right before Carlos runs by.

Each time a flaming Jaye and Anna call after him.

Carlos collapses, tears flowing.

The Burning Woman and Boy stand before him.

CARLOS

I'm sorry!

BURNING WOMAN

Say it.

BOY

Say our names.

CARLOS

Brittany and Sam!

Sam pours gasoline from a watering pot onto Carlos.

BRITTANY

Good boy.

BRITTANY reaches out to touch Carlos.

FELICITY GUERRERO

20s, "If You Got Time to Lean You Got Time to Clean" T-shirt, bleeding from a nasty bite on her arm, stabs Brittany in the eye with a fire poker. *Down goes Brittany!*

SAM

Mommy...

Felicity helps Carlos to his feet.

Sam flashes a NIGHTMARE FACE, SCREAMS.

Felicity stabs Sam in the eyes with the fire poker.

Sam hits the floor.

Mother and Son SHIMMER, TRANSFORM into beautiful, winged creatures. Angels.

Felicity speaks in a quick, flighty manner.

FELICITY

We should keep moving.

CARLOS

What the hell are they?

FELICITY

What do they look like?

CARLOS

Wait. Who are you?

FELICITY

Felicity. The new maid.

They head down the hall, sneaking past the red room doors.

FELICITY (CONT'D)  
 Started working here today. The  
 Burkes asked me to stay until dark.  
 Just in case trick or treaters  
 egged the mansion again. That's  
 when that cult broke in. I thought  
 it was a joke at first, then... The  
 monkey went apeshit on them, bit me  
 in the process. I just... ran.

Carlos stops.

FELICITY (CONT'D)  
 Then one of those... things  
 attacked me. I grabbed this, aimed  
 for the eyes.  
 (re: fire poker)  
 Seemed to do the trick. Felicity.  
 Guerrero by the way.

CARLOS  
 Carlos Hendry.

FELICITY  
 Now that we're on a first and last  
 name basis, how'd you get in here?

CARLOS  
 I broke in. To rob the place...

FELICITY  
 Picked a hell of a night.

CARLOS  
 I came here with a friend. I have  
 to find her first.

FELICITY  
 Hate to break it to you, but your  
 friend's probably dead. You saw  
 those... things.

They round the corner.

CARLOS  
 I'm not leaving without h--

HOLY SHIT!

Luffy, wild eyed, panicked, jumps Felicity.

Bites and claws at her.

Felicity shields herself against the mad monkey.

Carlos grabs the fire poker, whacks Luffy over the head.

Once! Twice! Thrice!

*Oh damn. Is Luffy Hulking up?*

Luffy's head whips up. He glares at Carlos.

Felicity punches the primate, knocking it off of her.

Carlos wrestles Luffy into the bathroom, ties the door handle with his belt. Luffy howls and scratches at the door.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Felicity?

Felicity, bite marks on her face/neck/arms, coughs up blood.

FELICITY

D-damn... monkey...

Felicity's eyes close. No time to mourn the stranger who saved his hide, Carlos picks up the fire poker, keeps moving.

**INT. ROOM 1 - NIGHT**

Whimpering, followed by a sickening CHOPPING sound.

Carlos steels himself, peers into the room.

Dan whimpers, cowers in the corner.

He watches in horror as Erika, head resting on a table, sings "Hush Little Baby" before a DISFIGURED MAN, covered in burns, CHOPS her head off.

The Disfigured Man tosses Erika's severed head into a pile of other singing identical Erika heads. Stacked like firewood.

Erika's head grows back. Wash/Rinse/Repeat.

The Disfigured Man stops, glares at Carlos.

*Crap.*

The Disfigured Man TRANSFORMS into Anna, twirls the axe.

ANNA

You are such a disappointment.

CARLOS

You're not my mom.

ANNA

True. Your real mommy's deader than a doornail. Too bad you won't get to join her even in death.

Anna leaps at Carlos, brings the axe down.

Carlos sidesteps the blow, stabs Anna on the throat.

Anna no sells it, jabs Carlos in the ribs with the axe handle. *Dude, you are so grounded.*

She raises the axe over her head, sadistic smile on her face.

BLAM! BLAM!

BONNIE --

Pistol ready, hands steady, appears FRAMED in EYE HOLES.

Anna drops dead, TRANSFORMING into yet another fallen angel.

CARLOS

Trick or treat?

Bonnie trains her pistol on Dan, who dries his eyes, stands.

BONNIE

I don't know how you got in here, Carlos, but now isn't a good time.

CARLOS

Yeah, I noticed.

Dan regains his composure, reverting to smug snake mode.

DAN

Remember the sixth commandment.

BLAM! Bonnie SHOTS just past Dan's head. Any closer and...

BONNIE

You murdered my husband! I'm not feeling that saved right now.

DAN

Go ahead. It hardly matters now. My Lord will be coming back soon.

BONNIE

You're insane.

DAN

No, just faithful.

Bonnie cocks back the hammer.

BONNIE  
If you insist.

An ALARM BLARES. Dan shoves Carlos into the line of fire, sprints out the door. Bonnie fires, nicks Dan's shoulder.

CARLOS  
Someone's downstairs.

**INT. BURKE MANSION / MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Hunter fumbles at the key pad in an attempt to silence the alarm. Mills looks on, firearm drawn, amused.

MILLS  
Tech wiz my ass.

HUNTER  
It's been awhile, okay? Who knows how many times they've changed the code? You know what?

Hunter draws his firearm, bashes the key pad, silences the alarm. He looks at Mills. *Told you so.*

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Got it.

They sweep the area. Mills bumps into a Cult Member missing his head, gags. Hunter kneels by the body.

RATS crawl out of the neck wound.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Shit!

MILLS  
What the hell happened here?

Hunter shakes his head.

HUNTER  
We stay together and --

The door slams shut behind them. LIGHTS OUT.

The BACKUP GENERATOR ROARS to life.

Let there be LIGHT!

Mills and the headless corpse are gone...

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Mills?

No answer.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Damn.

Hunter creeps up the marble stairs.

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Bonnie and Carlos move to the monitors. They're all down.

CARLOS  
Shit!  
(off Bonnie's look)  
Shoot.

Bonnie puts the pistol down, moves to Pat's lifeless body. She cradles Pat's head, bursts into tears.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Bonnie, I'm sorry.

BONNIE  
Me too. You deserve to know the truth. Anna saw something she wasn't supposed to see.

CARLOS  
Whatever the hell was in that cage?

BONNIE  
A very long time ago, an ancestor of mine was given the task of imprisoning the devil.

CARLOS  
But he always managed to escape?

BONNIE  
Always. Until one day, a stranger offered to help keep him locked up, but at a cost. My ancestor had to cage the angels who fell alongside the devil. The angels were promised to reign in paradise, but were thrown out of the only home they ever knew instead. Needless to say, they were pissed.

CARLOS

But you hurt them. Killed them.

BONNIE

Temporarily, but they always come back. I'll have to do another ritual to get them back in their cages. Before midnight.

The screens POWER ON one by one. One of the feeds shows Jaye screaming, tied to a bed as a DEMONIC FOSTER FAMILY looks on.

Another shows Mills exercising in the kitchen.

Yet another shows Hunter roaming a dark hallway.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hunter, what's he doing here?

CARLOS

Jaye! I have to get to her.

BONNIE

Wait.

Bonnie gently lies Pat's head down, moves to a God & Guns plaque. She takes it off the wall, revealing a safe. Quickly enters the combination, takes out the COLT REVOLVER.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Praise be to the Lord my rock, who trains my hands for war, my fingers for battle. He is my loving God and my fortress. My stronghold and my deliverer, my shield, in whom I take refuge. Amen.

Bonnie hands the revolver over. They lock and load, exit.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Hunter charges in, finds Mills working out, sweating bullets while DEMON FITNESS INSTRUCTORS cram burgers/chicken wings/candy down his throat, shout at him.

DEMON FITNESS INSTRUCTORS

Let's go! / Move your fat ass! /  
This is why your parents never  
loved you!

MILLS

I... I can't!

Mills stops to catch his breath. The Demon Fitness Instructors take a bite out of Mills, who SCREAMS.

HUNTER

Hey!

Hunter opens FIRE. The Demon Instructors keep eating.

DEMON FITNESS INSTRUCTORS

It's bacon! / You tasty bitch! Now I'm off my diet!

HUNTER

Mills, hold on!

JEN (O.S.)

You should leave him be. You've got your own problems.

Hunter whirls around, sees Jen standing in the dark.

HUNTER

No... Jen, you can't be here.

Hunter crosses to her. Jen steps into the light revealing she's a tumor attached to a CANCEROUS MONSTER.

JEN

Babe, I think the cancer's back.

The Cancerous Monster ROARS, flings over chairs and tables.

Hunter empties his clip. It keeps coming.

Pins Hunter to the wall.

The Demon Instructors fight over Mills's eyeballs. The eyeballs POP like ripe cherries in-between their teeth.

Mills shudders, goes silent.

Hunter can't watch anymore, turns to face the monstrosity before him. Begins to pray...

JEN/CANCEROUS MONSTER

I'm surprised you still know the words. Remember how much fun you used to have with my double Ds?

Hunter prays louder. Jen/The Cancerous Monster squeezes a LUMP in her breast, POPS OUT Hunter's wedding ring.

JEN/CANCEROUS MONSTER (CONT'D)  
 Remember our vows. Till death do us  
 part. Or the nearest slut.

The Demon Instructors chew on Mills, look up, find Bonnie  
 aiming her pistol right at them.

DEMON FITNESS INSTRUCTORS  
 Dessert!

Nah.

Bonnie blasts the Demon Fitness Instructors eyes right out of  
 their evil heads.

JEN/CANCEROUS MONSTER  
 Should've put a sock on the door.

Bonnie FIRES. Jen/the Cancerous Monster overwhelms her, pins  
 her to the floor. Its slimy mass spreads over Bonnie's face.

Hunter shoots the Monster's eyes out.

Jen/the Cancerous Monster and the Demon Fitness Instructors  
 TRANSFORM back into angels.

HUNTER  
 Get as far away from here as  
 possible. I'll find Dad.

BONNIE  
 We can't. Not yet.

HUNTER  
 Mom, it's fucking Fright Night! We  
 don't have time to --

BONNIE  
 Your father's dead.

Hunter processes that, the wind knocked out of him.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 The devil's loose, but there's  
 still time to make this right.

HUNTER  
 What do we have to do?

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jaye's SCREAMING bloody murder, tied via rope to a bed.

A family of three, black eyes, shark teeth, pinch Jaye.

MOTHER

Look at her. She's skin and bones.

SON

Yeah, but look at that mouth.

FATHER

She better keep it shut if she knows what's good for her. Let's break her in.

The Father unbuckles his belt, straddles Jaye.

Jaye spits in his face.

Father smothers Jaye with a pillow. She struggles to break free, but everything goes BLACK.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Jaye!

Carlos looms into view, strokes hair from Jaye's face.

JAYE

Where'd they go?

CARLOS

I don't know. It's okay. I'm here now. I got you.

Carlos walks his fingers up Jaye's leg...

JAYE

Carlos, what the fuck are you --

Carlos caresses Jaye's lips. Parts them open.

Flicks down his zipper, revealing a pulsing, heroin filled syringe and huge needle.

Jaye's eyes widen in terror. She pulls at the rope with all of her strength. No give.

Carlos strips completely naked, more needles poking out of his eyes/ears/mouth/skin like a human porcupine from Hell.

FAKE!CARLOS

I'll be gentle.

He stands over Jaye, jerks off. Eyes rolling back as heroin (at least we hope so at this point) SPLASHES on Jaye's face.

The real Carlos kicks the door in action hero style, revolver drawn, pulls the trigger. And misses... *Like bad.*

He SHOOTS again.

Fake! Carlos falls over backwards, heroin (*please be heroin*) SQUIRTING into the air like the world's worst geyser.

Carlos frees Jaye, who hugs him tight.

JAYE

Carlos!

Mother and Son double team Carlos, slam him into the wall.

The revolver hits the floor, slides under the bed.

Mother and Son stretch Carlos' arms out while Father HAMMERS NAILS into Carlos' palm. Carlos cries out in pain.

FATHER

Should've stuck to the heroin. See what happens when you play hero?

BLAM!

Father's head EXPLODES.

His headless body drops like a sack of potatoes.

The Son lunges for the revolver.

Gets one between the eyes for his trouble.

MOTHER

You're all going to die he--

BLAM!

Mother drops alongside the others. All TRANSFORM into angels.

Jaye PRIES (ouch) the nails out of Carlos' palms with the hammer. The door opens behind them.

Jaye takes aim.

Bonnie and Hunter enter, Hunter's firearm trained on Jaye.

HUNTER

Wanna aim that somewhere else?

JAYE

You first.

BONNIE  
Hunter, this is Jaye and --

HUNTER CARLOS  
Yeah, we've met. We've met.

Hunter and Jaye lower their weapons.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Gather a feather.

JAYE  
Grab a -- Look, lady, we need to  
get the fuck out of here!

BONNIE  
If we don't seal the angels back  
inside their cages, walking out of  
here won't matter.

Jaye kneels beside the fallen angels, plucks their feathers.

**INT. ROOM 6 - NIGHT**

Bonnie enters, followed by Hunter, Jaye, and Carlos,  
handkerchiefs tied around his hands.

Dunstan remains motionless in the shattered cage.

BONNIE  
Make a circle with the feathers.

Hunter, Jaye and Carlos go to work.

Bonnie notices something on the floor.

Blood... Hair... And...

Those... Those are balls.

Dan, hairless, bleeding from his groin area, stabs Bonnie in  
the heart with his dagger.

HUNTER  
Mom!

Hunter and Jaye draw down on Dan.

DAN  
Behold! The Second Coming is  
finally at hand!

Hunter decks Dan. Carlos grabs the dagger.

Hunter kneels beside Bonnie. Bonnie's hanging on to life by a thread. Hunter onto everything else.

BONNIE

Don't. Arrest him. F-Finish the ritual before...

Bonnie dies in Hunter's arms. It takes everything he's got not to break down or rip Dan's throat out.

Dan cackles. The sane train has left the station.

JAYE

What's so fucking funny?

DAN

I see it now. Why He spared me. Why He chose me. I'm the Anti-Christ.

Dunstan's body RISE, HOVERS in the air.

Bones SNAP/CRACKLE/POP.

Skin STRETCHES until it tears.

Little by little, a fearsome, battle-scarred ANGEL EMERGES, TEARING its way free from the little boy's body.

Only Dan seems glad to see it.

DAN (CONT'D)

Command me, Lord of Darkness.

The Angel speaks with a booming voice.

THE ANGEL

You dare mistake me for the treacherous Lightbringer?!

Dan trembles.

DAN

B-But --

THE ANGEL

Fool! You let Him escape!

DAN

Y-You can't hurt me. I'm the Anti--

## THE ANGEL

You were spared that night because the Lord commanded it, you lost little lamb. As for the spawn of Satan, it has yet to be born.

Dan's eyes widen. *My bad?*

The Angel grabs Dan by the head, sets him ABLAZE.

Hunter, Jaye, and Carlos make for the door.

The Angel appears before them, blocking their path.

## HUNTER

Easy, big fella. We're all on the same side here.

## THE ANGEL

The devil is loose because of your parents' failure. You turned your back on God, Hunter Burke. Now you must suffer the consequences.

Hunter FIRES.

The Angel deflects the bullets, melts the gun.

Flings Hunter against the wall, knocking the wind out of him.

Carlos stabs at the Angel with the dagger.

Jaye takes aim.

The Angel catches their wrists, forces them to drop their weapons. Jaye and Carlos wince.

## THE ANGEL (CONT'D)

Burn in your sins.

Carlos and Jaye SCREAM.

Their clothes and skin start to SMOKE...

Hunter pulls himself to his feet.

## HUNTER

We're all screw ups, got it. What about you? You ever ask yourself why you got such a shit assignment?

The Angel shoots Hunter an incredulous look, dropping Carlos and Jaye in a heap.

THE ANGEL

You dare question the will of --

Hunter slowly approaches the Angel, reaches behind his back.

HUNTER

Bullshit. He needed a babysitter  
and drew your name out of a hat.

The Angel FLIES toward Hunter.

Hunter pepper sprays it in the eyes.

The Angel SHRIEKS, enraged.

Hunter dives for the revolver, FIRES off a shot.

The Angle takes a hit in the eye, CRASHES through the door.

Hunter helps Carlos and Jaye up.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Move!

CARLOS

What about the ritual?

JAYE

We've got less than a minute till  
midnight! It's fucked now!

**INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Carlos, Jaye, and Hunter book it towards the stairs.

The trio stop dead in their tracks.

The Angel, black blood streaming from its eye wound like a  
tear, HOVERS just above the stairs.

Daring them to come closer.

THE ANGEL

There is no escape.

The grandfather clock strikes. Midnight.

*Oh crap.*

The trio hauls ass in the other direction.

Red doors fly open seconds after they pass them.

Fallen Angels lift their heads...

Sit up, heads turning to face the trio, new EYES FORMING as they resurrect.

Jen/Cancerous Monster, the Foster Family from Hell, the Burning Woman and Her Son stand at the other end of the hall.

JAYE

Shit!

HUNTER

In here!

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

The trio barricade the door with bookshelves.

The Fallen Angels RAM the door.

FAMILIAR VOICE

You'll be safe here.

The trio turn, startled.

The mostly ghostly form of Pat smiles back at them.

PAT

At least for the moment.

HUNTER

Dad? How?

PAT

We have unfinished business.

Bonnie and Mills walk through the walls.

MILLS

I hate this fucking night.

BONNIE

Language.

HUNTER

Mills, Mom. Mom, Mills.

CARLOS

Dunstan's gone cray-cray, the angels are loose... What now?

BONNIE

There's a contingency plan.

HUNTER  
For a rogue angel?

PAT  
You of little faith.

CARLOS  
You mean like Batman in case  
Superman goes rogue?

JAYE  
Nerd. Jinx!

MILLS  
Nerd. Jinx!

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Really, guys?

Pat browses a shelf, grabs an ancient family Bible. Plops it open on a table. Everyone gathers around.

They're staring at a sketch of a crude GLASS CAGE.

BONNIE  
A little after Dunstan instructed  
my ancestor to build the first  
cage, God instructed him to build  
another in secret.

PAT  
Behind the shelf you'll find a  
tunnel. It'll take you to the other  
cage. Get Dunstan inside and the  
rest will take care of itself.

The Fallen Angels RAM the door harder. This time it CRACKS.

BONNIE  
Go! We'll hold them off as long as  
we can. Godspeed.

Bonnie flips a page in the Bible, revealing a hidden box of AMMO. She hands it to Hunter, hugs him.

HUNTER  
Mom, Dad... I'm sorry.

Pat offers Hunter a warm smile.

PAT  
We're good, son.

MILLS  
We got this. Just hope there's a  
place up there for a guy like me.

HUNTER  
Takes all kinds.

MILLS  
Save you a seat.

CARLOS  
Jaye...

Jaye kisses Carlos.

JAYE  
Me too.

Hunter pushes the bookshelf aside, revealing the tunnel.

Carlos and Jaye disappear inside. Hunter takes one last look at Bonnie, Pat, and Mills, heads inside.

**INT. TUNNEL BEHIND LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Arched ceiling. Brick and mortar. Cobwebbed.

*Narrow is the way.*

Flashlight beams cut through the darkness.

Carlos, Jaye, and Hunter run for their lives and just maybe the fate of the world as they know it.

Carlos keeps looking over his shoulder. Stops.

JAYE  
Move it!

CARLOS  
Why aren't they following us?

JAYE  
Who cares? Come o--

Hands PUNCH through the wall, lock around Jaye's wrist.

Carlos stabs the hands, freeing Jaye.

Seconds later, Anna's head POPS UP from the floor. *Most therapy-inducing game of Whack-A-Mole ever?*

Anna grabs Carlos' leg, pulls him into the hole.

Carlos kicks Anna in the face.

Hunter shoots Anna in the eyes.

HUNTER

Keep moving!

Jen/Cancerous Monster CRASHES through the wall like the Kool-Aid Man's scary ass sister. *Oh no!*

Hunter blasts Jen/the Cancerous Monster away, keeps running.

The trio reach a heavy steel door.

They work together to pry it open, slip through.

**INT. HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT**

Pristine, spotless. A far cry from the tunnel.

Moonlight shines through a small, cross shaped opening in the ceiling, illuminating a --

GLASS CAGE looming in the center of the room.

Crude, but effective, Latin inscribed on the side.

Carlos, Jaye, and Hunter cross to it.

CARLOS

Anybody see a lock?

JAYE

Guys...

Carlos and Hunter follow Jaye's gaze to the lock.

Inside the cage.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Is this a joke?

Hunter reads the inscription to himself, face falling.

HUNTER

This is rich. Stop me if you've heard this one before. Boy meets angel. Angel goes psycho. Boy offers himself as a sacrifice, traps himself and angel in a cage.

CARLOS

You call that a contingency plan?

HUNTER

I didn't write it.

JAYE  
Should we draw straws?

HUNTER  
No.

Hunter draws the revolver, gives it to Jaye.

CARLOS  
Hunter --

HUNTER  
Part of the gig, kid.

Carlos and Jaye hug, fight back tears.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
You get out here, tell my wife Jen  
that I --

The steel door FLIES open.

The Angel SWOOPS in.

HURLS Hunter through the glass cage out the other side.

Hunter lands with a hard THUD, blood pooling from his mouth.

The Angel SHRIEKS as a SHADOW envelopes its form.

It's fallen.

The Other Fallen Angels, also in SHADOW FORM, flood through  
the door behind it.

CARLOS  
Give me the gun. Jaye!

JAYE  
When you get out of here, don't  
look back. Not for a second.

Jaye runs and guns.

Sprays bullets at the Fallen Angels.

The Fallen Angels' heads whip back.

JAYE (CONT'D)  
COME AND GET ME!

Jaye climbs into the glass cage.

The Angel hovers just outside its door.

THE ANGEL

You expect me to fall for such a juvenile tactic?

JAYE

You've fallen for less. Dumbass.

Carlos tackles the Angel into the cage.

THE ANGEL

No!

JAYE

Carlos, get out!

CARLOS

I'm not leaving you!

Carlos wrestles with the Angel.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Close the lock! Jaye, I can't hold it much longer! Shit!

The Angel RISES, wings furiously FLAPPING.

Carlos holds on with everything he's got.

Jaye closes the lock.

A MAGICAL SEAL FORMS around the cage, trapping the Angel inside. Along with Carlos and Jaye...

FIERY PORTALS OPEN beneath the Fallen Angels.

They SHRIEK, fingers clawing the ground as the portals PULL them in and DRAG them to Hell.

The collective SHRIEKS reach a deafening crescendo, then we mercifully -- CUT TO BLACK.

### **IN A BLACK VOID**

Carlos silently screams, falls/floats through dark water.

Crashes, head slapping a table.

Carlos jolts upright on a bar stool. Next to... himself.

*Whuh duh fuh?*

**INT. BEELZEBUB'S - NIGHT**

A GRINNING BARTENDER slides a beverage in a flaming shot glass to Past!Carlos, who instantly knocks it down.

Carlos peers around the bar. He and his Past Self are the place's only patrons...

BARTENDER  
Big night?

PAST!CARLOS  
Uh yeah. Tomorrow I start my big  
boy job. Yay me!

Carlos facepalms.

BARTENDER  
Last call. Another Flaming Dr.  
Pepper for the road?

CARLOS  
Don't drink that!

PAST!CARLOS  
Hell yes!

Carlos tries to grab the drink. His hands pass through it. Past!Carlos knocks it down, drums the table.

JAYE (O.S.)  
Carlos!

CARLOS  
Jaye?! Where are you?

Past!Carlos slaps down some cash. Unsteadily rises.

BARTENDER  
Don't forge these.

The Bartender flashes that toothy grin, jingles car keys.

WHOOSH!

**EXT. ROAD / INT. PAST!CARLOS' CAR - NIGHT**

Carlos, suddenly in the backseat. Watches his intoxicated Past Self drive. Past!Carlos can barely keep his eyes open.

CARLOS  
Watch out for the tru--

A TRUCK HORN BLARES.

A pickup truck barrels head-on towards Past!Carlos' car.

Past!Carlos' car swerves off road at the last moment.

He slams on the brakes, wide awake now.

The trucker speeds ahead, giving Past!Carlos the one-fingered salute as the truck disappears down the road.

Past!Carlos rubs his tired eyes.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
No, not this... Please...

SQUEALING TIRES.

Followed by a sickening crunch.

A SEMI flies past, doesn't even slow down.

WHOOSH!

### **IN A DITCH**

Carlos and his Past Self stare in horror at a smoking, wrecked SUV. Past!Carlos stumbles over to help.

### **INSIDE THE SUV**

BRITTANY, 30s, in shock, behind the wheel, checks on SAM, 11, scared, in the back.

PAST!CARLOS  
Are you hurt?

CARLOS  
What do you think?

BRITTANY  
I-I can't move. Sam! Where's Sam?!  
Sam, can you hear me?

SAM  
Mom! I'm stuck!

PAST!CARLOS  
Don't move. I'll call an ambulance.

Past!Carlos staggers back to his car. Smoke rises, thicker than before. Carlos can only watch. Knows what happens next.

The SUV's fuel tank catches fire, EXPLODES.

Past!Carlos, phone inches from his ear, paralyzed.

Sam SCREAMS.

BRITTANY

Sam! Get us out of here! Please!  
Don't let my baby die!

Fire ENGULFS the SUV.

It's now or --

Carlos, tears in his eyes, watches his Past Self climb back in his car, speed away.

Carlos sinks to the ground, shuddering.

He SCREAMS, tears streaming.

Jaye walks out of the dark.

Carlos looks up at her.

Expecting comfort, compassion.

Instead she only offers him an accusatory glare.

CARLOS

Where's Jaye?

JAYE

Does it matter?

Jaye winks and -- WHOOSH.

**INT. BEELZEBUB'S - NIGHT**

Carlos is right back where he started. His Past Self knocking back shots. Jaye sits beside Carlos.

JAYE

I spent millennia as warden to my brethren, watching them descend into madness as time after time they failed to escape. I could make this last a thousand years and still it would not be a fitting punishment for you. Imagine day --

CARLOS  
Where's Jaye?!

Jaye TRANSFORMS into the Angel.

THE ANGEL  
Where you both belong. In Hell.

Carlos gazes at his Past Self, catches the Bartender eyeing him. He sighs, props his feet on the bar.

CARLOS  
Might as well get comfortable.

The Angel rises. The background SHIMMERS and just for a few seconds, we see Jaye and the cage.

The Angel points an accusing finger at Carlos.

THE ANGEL  
Fool! A mother and child burned  
because of your cowardice!

WHOOSH!

**EXT. DITCH - NIGHT**

Brittany and Sam.

Trapped in the flaming SUV, SCREAMING their heads off.

Carlos forces himself to turn away, faces the Angel.

CARLOS  
The accident wasn't my fault.

Brittany and Sam's SCREAMS gradually stop.

THE ANGEL  
You mother --

CARLOS  
Loves me and always will. I blew  
through every good break I had.  
Threw it all away. Maybe I do  
deserve to be here.  
(ice cold)  
What's your excuse?

The Angel snaps, lifts Carlos by the neck.

Everything SHIMMERS, and Carlos is back in --

**INT. HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT**

The cage with Jaye and the very ticked off Angel.

THE ANGEL  
You will beg for Hell, Carlos  
Hendry! I promise you!

The cage RUMBLES.

A fiery portal opens up underneath the Angel.

THE ANGEL (CONT'D)  
No...

The Angel flings Carlos aside, tries in vain to escape.

A BREACH in the seal just large enough for someone to climb through appears and Hunter reaches in.

HUNTER  
Come on!

Carlos and Jaye climb the cage.

The Angel rushes Carlos and Jaye, hits a magic barrier.

Hell fire ENGULFS the SHRIEKING Angel, BURNS its wings off.

Hunter grabs Carlos' hand.

Carlos reaches for Jaye, but the charred Angel grabs her foot! Jaye SCREAMS, FLAMES DEVOURING the bottom of her shoes.

Hell fire RISES up the sides of the cage.

Carlos can climb out, save himself...

*Screw that!*

Carlos reaches through the fire, burning his arms as he pulls Jaye from the flames of Hell.

Hunter grabs the revolver, shoots the Angel in its good eye.

The Angel belts out a final SHRIEK as hell fire CONSUMES it and the barrier starts to seal.

The trio race away from the cage seconds before fire ERUPTS from the portal.

Flames LICK the wall, setting them ablaze.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Move!

**INT. TUNNEL BEHIND LIBRARY - NIGHT**

The trio race ahead. A WALL OF FLAME hot on their heels.

**INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Everything's smoking, on fire or about to be.

Hunter moves to the window, throws back the curtains. Finds the outside blocked by a magical BARRIER.

HUNTER

Fuck!

JAYE

(to Hunter)

You grew up here. Which way now?

HUNTER

You broke in, you tell me.

CARLOS

My Dad told me once about something special he built for your parents. A hidden hideaway that only the three of them knew about.

JAYE

So where is it?

HUNTER

I've got a idea.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

Flames ROAR from the nearby kitchen.

The trio take the stairs two at a time, stop in front of the Jesus paintings. Remove them all, revealing hidden doors.

JAYE

Seriously?!

CARLOS

(to Hunter)

You know your parents.

Hunter studies the paintings, makes the hardest and possibly last decision of his life.

Flames ENGULF the circular staircase above...

Hunter makes his choice -- the Baptism. Door number one.

Hunter enters a date on the key pad and -- Nothing.

He quickly tries another date. Uh-uh.

He tries one last time, and -- The door opens!

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Birth date?

HUNTER  
Born again date.

The trio rush inside, slam the door shut.

The place goes up in FLAMES moments later.

**INT. LONG TUNNEL / GARDEN - NIGHT**

Carlos, Jaye, and Hunter go through a wooden door leading them to a magnificent pool lined with bonsai trees. Bonnie and Pat's own personal garden of Eden. Hunter grins.

Carlos kneels beside the water, jumps in the pool.

CARLOS  
This way.

JAYE  
You sure?

Carlos notices an old security camera above them with a faded Hendry Home Security logo on the side.

CARLOS  
I'm sure.

**EXT. BURKE MANSION - NIGHT**

The mansion's BLAZING out of control.

We hover over the angel fountain.

Jaye's head pops up from the water. Then Carlos, followed by Hunter. They climb out of the fountain, exhausted.

The magical barrier LIFTS.

Carlos, Jaye, and Hunter groan.

JAYE  
Now it lifts?

Mills, Pat, and Bonnie appear. They SMILE, FADE into a BRIGHT LIGHT. Carlos and Jaye hug. Share a kiss.

Seconds later, the mansion IMPLODES. Fire truck ENGINES SOUND OFF in the distance. Carlos turns to Hunter.

CARLOS  
Uh, Hunter... You're not gonna  
arrest us, are you?

JAYE  
Carlos, shut up!

HUNTER  
Not tonight, kid.

A FIGURE appears in the mansion's smoking ruins.

Wait, is that --

CARLOS  
Felicity?

FELICITY  
I have many names.

Felicity throws her head back, mouth stretching impossibly wide as a sinister HOWL escapes her throat.

Hunter races towards her.

Felicity dips back into the smoke, revealing a devilish outline before disappearing.

Carlos and Jaye hold each other tighter.

Hunter looks back to them and they know that it's no use.

The Devil's loose.

**INT. ANNA'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY**

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER -- THE MORNING STAR.

The Burke's flaming mansion smack dab on the front page.

Anna, at the dinner table, reading the paper. Sipping coffee.

Carlos, arms bandaged, once again rocking the Hendry Home Security T-shirt and hat, enters.

CARLOS  
They don't waste any time, do they?

ANNA  
Have they ever?

CARLOS  
How are you feeling?

ANNA  
Better. Like a walking talking miracle. You?

CARLOS  
Arms itch like a bitch, but... I'm good. Haven't used since...

ANNA  
No more cravings?

CARLOS  
Just for a breakfast burrito.

Anna grins.

ANNA  
There's some in the fridge.

Carlos swings the fridge open, finds Jaye's severed head on a plate. He jumps back, hits the table.

Anna HOWLS, LUNGES for his throat.

JUMP CUT TO:

Anna, waking a sleeping Carlos, who recoils.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Time to hit the road. Carlos?

CARLOS  
I'm good. Really.

Carlos does a quick check of the fridge. *All clear. Whew.* He grabs a breakfast burrito, unwraps it. Takes a bite.

ANNA  
She'll call.

CARLOS  
So now you approve?

ANNA  
Jaye looked after you, helped you out of a bind. That makes her okay in my book.

CARLOS  
Cool, so where to first?

ANNA  
The Ellington's just ordered motion detectors. And don't forget to stop by Robbie's place on your way home.

Anna tosses the truck keys to Carlos.

CARLOS  
You're letting me drive?

ANNA  
Why not? You're going to be running the business some day.

Carlos hugs Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Pat was right you know. Eddie would be proud. I know I am.

Carlos beams.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Now get going.

Carlos hurries out the door. He returns with a small package.

CARLOS  
It's for you.

Anna opens the box, revealing a cigar.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Who's it from?

ANNA  
Doesn't say.

CARLOS  
Mr. President?

Anna hits Carlos' shoulder.

ANNA  
Get! Don't make me wash your mouth  
out with soap.

CARLOS  
I'm gone.

Carlos races out the door. Anna eyes the cigar, shrugs.

**EXT. ROBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Carlos slips cash and an invoice into his pocket, shakes  
Robbie's hand. Heads back to the work truck.

Devon and Seth jump him, super soakers turned to the side.

DEVON  
You know what it is, fool!

SETH  
Dolla bills, nigga!

KAREN, better known as Cinnamon, hugs the boys.

KAREN  
Boys, play nice.

Devon and Seth run off, blast Robbie instead.

Carlos gives Karen a grateful nod, moves on.

ROBBIE  
Hey! Stop that! Karen!

Karen rushes to Robbie's rescue.

Carlos' phone rings. He sees who it is, smiles. Opens the  
driver's side door.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Carlos stands outside as the door swings open.

Jaye, looking better than ever, grins, lets Carlos in.

**INT. JAYE'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Carlos notices paperwork and a closet full of clothes.

CARLOS  
You look... Wow.

JAYE  
Stop it. Okay, don't. Sorry I  
haven't been around. I just...  
Needed time to process, you know?  
New job, new life.

CARLOS  
I get it.

JAYE  
How's Anna?

CARLOS  
Still the undisputed baddest woman  
on the planet.

JAYE  
Undisputed?

They both laugh.

CARLOS  
Don't let her hear you say that.  
She doesn't remember what happened.  
Thinks it was a gas leak like  
everybody else.

JAYE  
Maybe that's for the best.

CARLOS  
Jaye, I want you in my life.

JAYE  
Carlos...

CARLOS  
Friends, something more... I  
just... Need you.

Jaye takes the paperwork, puts it in the closet, shuts it.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Say something. Please?

Jaye takes Carlos' hand.

JAYE

Good, 'cause I need you too.

They lock lips, work their way to the bed.

Jaye unbuckles Carlos' belt.

Carlos slips off Jaye's shirt.

The Hendry Home Security hat goes flying.

**INT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Hunter inspects a security camera. Henry Home Security logo on the side. Thick books on exorcisms/Satanism/demonology before him. Jen, bags packed, at the door.

HUNTER

Jen, I need you. We can work this --

JEN

Don't make this any harder than it has to be, Hunter.

HUNTER

At least wait until morning.

JEN

So the devil won't get me too?

Jen sighs, crosses to Hunter.

JEN (CONT'D)

You need rest.

HUNTER

I'm good.

JEN

So no more night terrors?

Hunter shoots Jen a sad smile. She can read him like a book.

JEN (CONT'D)

You should talk to someone.

HUNTER

Nobody to talk to.

JEN

Talk to me. You did everything you could to save your parents that night, but... It was a gas leak, Hunter. That's all it was.

The floodlights FLASH on. Hunter grabs his gun.

HUNTER

Stay here.

JEN

You're being --

HUNTER

Jen, please.

**EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Someone steps off the porch. Hunter jumps out from behind his car, trains his gun on the Pawn Shop Guy.

PAWN SHOP GUY

Easy, man!

HUNTER

Get those hands up!

Hunter pats the Pawn Shop Guy down. Finds a small box in his jacket, tosses it on the ground.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

PAWN SHOP GUY

Someone found your ring. I tried to call you, couldn't get through. Figured I'd drop it off on my way to the airport.

Hunter puts his gun away, takes his ring out of the box. Slips it on. Jen opens the door, turns on the lights.

HUNTER

My bad, man. It's just... I'm on edge these days.

PAWN SHOP GUY

You and everybody else.

JEN

Would you like to come in?

PAWN SHOP GUY  
No thanks. I was just leaving.  
(sotto)  
Before I get shot.

Hunter slips the Pawn Shop Guy some cash.

HUNTER  
Thanks.

Pawn Shop Guy tips his hat.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
Florida here I come.

Pawn Shop Guy heads back to his car.

Hunter spots a package near the steps.

HUNTER  
Think you forgot something.

PAWN SHOP GUY  
That was here when I got here.

Pawn Shop Guy climbs into his car, drives off.

Hunter opens the package, suspicious. Takes out...

A box of cigars?

HUNTER  
Did you?

Jen shakes her head, moves to Hunter.

JEN  
It must be a going away present  
from LA's finest.

Jen spots something else in the box. She opens it, SCREAMS.

Hunter looks inside, finds LUFFY'S SEVERED HEAD, cigars  
stuffed in his eyes/ears/mouth...

The sky turns pitch black.

HUNTER  
No... No!

Hunter gets out his phone, races back inside with Jen.

Seconds later, BLOOD RAINS from the sky.

**INT. JAYE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jaye, bra and panties, peers out the window at the dark clouds, BLOOD pelting the street and everything else.

Carlos, on the phone with Anna, throws on his clothes.

CARLOS  
(into phone)  
No. No -- Just -- Mom, stay inside!  
I'll be right there.

JAYE  
You don't think...

CARLOS  
Get dressed. Don't stand too close  
to the window.

Someone (or some thing?) BANGS on the door.

Chase and Jaye don't move.

Carlos' phone rings. But he's too distracted by the incessant BANGING to answer. He silences the call, grabs a screwdriver.

Hand over the doorknob. One... Two.. Three!

Carlos throws the door open.

The screwdriver and phone hit the floor, revealing Hunter as the caller.

Jaye, terrified, covered in blood, stands outside the door.

Then they hear it...

That wicked, unmistakable HOWL.

Jaye enters. She and Carlos find --

The Devil

In the guise of Jaye -- BABY BUMP -- silently staring back at them, mouth gaping wide, as if to devour them...

Carlos and Jaye make a run for it.

**EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

The motel room door slams shut in their faces, revealing its room number -- 6.

The motel's LIGHTS GO OUT.

No sound save for Carlos and Jaye's spine chilling SCREAMS, barely discernible over the blood rain hammering the street.

And the HOWLING WIND.

BLACK.