

Angélica

Pilot

"Dualità"

Written by
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EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

WHITE FEATHERS float across the beautiful, moonlit sky. Drift past castle ruins and a colorless sea. A FIGURE in a dark trenchcoat gazes into the heavens, feathers falling past him.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT

The feathers -- clasped between the hands of KADMIEL, 40s, brooding -- kneeling on the beach in prayer. Tears stream down his battle-scarred face.

Meteors dot the sky, crash in the distance.

His prayer answered for better or worse, Kadmiel makes the sign of the cross, marches towards the castle.

ATOP THE CASTLE TOWER

A white feather lands on the lens of a Polaroid camera.

MARCELLO ROCHE brushes the feather away, snaps picture after picture of the meteor shower with the oldschool camera.

20s, romantic at heart despite his cynicism. Disarming smile, but something about those eyes... He's seen some serious shit. The kind of guy who'd give you the shirt off his back. The camera you'd have to pry from his cold dead hands.

Marcello closes his eyes, listens to the sea's rushing waves.

UNTIL

a huge meteorite shatters the serene scene with a BOOM.

Marcello peers over the tower.

IN THE DISTANCE

Something burns in a huge crater.

E.T. phone next of kin. Too soon?

Marcello makes his way down and out of the castle ruins.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT

Marcello slides down the sandy hill. He stumbles on a rock, tumbles over. The camera goes flying.

Marcello winces. *Ouch, but where's --*

The camera!

Marcello scampers over, inspects his *PrECIoUs*. All good.

He sighs, the pain forgotten for the moment.

Then he hears it.

Someone whistling "This Land is Your Land".

But that's crazy, because Marcello's out here, in the middle of nowhere all alone...

Isn't he?

WHITE FEATHERS

rain down around Marcello. He grabs one, looks up.

AT THE CRATER'S EDGE

A TEENAGE BOY and GIRL, dressed like orphans straight out of Oliver Twist, hold hands, gaze into the flames.

LAD, bandana around his neck, whistles the tune. SCOUT, Walkman, earphones hanging out her pocket, bobs her head.

Marcello instinctively raises his camera, snaps a quick pic.

The whistling and head bobbing come to an abrupt stop.

Oh. Crap.

Lad and Scout face Marcello, revealing dilated pupils and the source of the flames -- A WINGED MAN'S CHARRED BODY.

The remains of a dark trenchcoat hang from the body.

It's Kadmiel.

Marcello takes a step back, eyes his blue '66 Volkswagen Bus. Hidden just behind one of the castle's felled walls.

A world away...

Lad and Scout follow Marcello's gaze to his Volkswagen, exchange wicked grins. Scout cracks her neck. Lad crouches.

Marcello flashes a smile, starts to say something when Lad bares his teeth, chomps repeatedly. *Oh boy...*

An eternity passes, then --

Marcello's running for his life.

Lad crawls after him, quickly catches up.

Scout puts in her earphones, strolls after Marcello.

Lad leaps, snatches Marcello's ID badge off his neck.

Marcello bumps into his Volkswagen, hands slapping his pockets for the keys.

He finds them amidst a few stray bills, unlocks the Volkswagen, gets behind the wheel.

He turns over the ignition, slams right into Lad.

Marcello hits the brakes. *Oh no...*

Scout kneels by Lad, shakes him to no avail.

Was this a prank gone horribly awry?

Marcello's in agony. Come on... Get up, kid. Please.

LAD

lies motionless in the Volkswagen's headlights.

Marcello dials 911.

Laughter erupts from the phone.

It's almost child-like. *Almost.* Marcello drops the phone,

SEES

Lad laughing. He sits up Michael Myers style, head turning to face Marcello. Rises to his feet.

Lad and Scout race towards the Volkswagen.

Marcello speeds away. Eyes the rearview mirror as Lad and Scout give chase. The haunting laughter seeps through the Volkswagen's speakers, becomes a hair-raising drone.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Innocent child laughter.

ALICE SWANN, 8, bald, adorable, cries tears of joy as a WOMAN in a cool trenchcoat, white feathered wings, busts a move.

It's bad. Elaine Benes bad. But to Alice it's hilarious.

The dancing queen's name is ANGÉLICA. 20-ish, with an old soul vibe. Cheerful, naïve. Kimmy Schmidt with wings. The last angel crafted by God.

Alice stops laughing, looks past Angélica.

Angélica stops dancing, turns to --

ANTON KNIGHT, 44 -- give or take a few millenniums -- cool hat, rocking a *The Grateful Dead* bowling shirt.

Despite his radiant smile and the calmness he exudes, there's no mistaking what Anton Knight is and why he's here.

Angélica shoots Knight a pleading look. He shakes his head, reassuring smile never wavering. Takes Alice's hand.

Alice's vitals dip.

She blinks back tears and suddenly --

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

She's BABY ALICE, crying like, well, a newborn baby.

LISA SWANN, 30s, resilient, impossibly stylish post pregnancy in a hospital gown, gently rocks her daughter.

PHILLIP SWANN, 30s, gentle giant, films Lisa and Baby Alice.

He kisses Lisa, then their baby girl on the head.

And there's Angélica, smiling at this tiny miracle.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.)

When the child was a child, nothing was impossible. It had no doubt or preconceived notions of failure.

INT. THE SWANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Lavish. Priceless artwork. Furniture so unique it may be a crime just to use it.

Baby Alice, all smiles, crawls to Lisa alongside Phillip.

Neither notice Angélica cheering Baby Alice on.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.)

Its heart was full and light.

And just like that, Baby Alice is standing. Taking her first steps. Phillip runs out, returns with a camera.

EXT. THE SWANN'S HOUSE - DAY

A small party on the patio celebrating Alice's birthday.

Alice, 5, beaming, wearing a party hat, sits at a table.

Lisa, attention torn between her phone and young Alice, paces in the background next to a wrestling ring.

Angélica eyes a birthday cake carefully carried by Phillip. He places it before Alice, lights the candles.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.)
*Its soul overflowed with awe and
 laughter.*

Alice blows out the candles, laughs.

Phillip/Lisa//Angélica cheer.

Alice sees Angélica for perhaps the first time, waves.

Angélica waves back.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Beautiful summer day. A RUNNER catches a soccer ball, throws it back to the AVID PLAYERS, races off. Angélica's on a bench next to a SNORING GRANDPA. She watches Alice, 8, right before she got sick, spin around in dizzying circles.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.)
*When the child was a child, every
 moment was a gift.*

Lisa and Phillip argue in the background.

Alice skips over to a tree, watches a beehive.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Every day an adventure.

Alice grabs a stick. Angélica appears beside her, wary. Alice rears back to whack the beehive...

Phillip grabs her up, spins her around. Whew. He carries/flies Alice over to Lisa.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The world was an immense playground
 filled with diversity and love.

WHITE HALLWAY

Alice, healthy and happy, holds Knight's hand as they walk past videos of Alice's short life into the light. The last of which is of her passing away just as Phillip and Lisa arrive.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Phillip hovers over Alice, breaks down. Lisa stands by, numb. Brave face faltering. Still, she doesn't cry.

Angélica hugs them both, but as an angel, neither is truly aware of her presence.

Phillip reaches for Lisa's hand. She pulls away.

Angélica, powerless to even offer a single word of encouragement or condolence, can only look on.

ANGÉLICA (V.O.)
 When the child went away, part of
 us was lost. And we struggled to
 recognize ourselves in vain.

EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Flying through dark rain clouds, over the city...

Past tourist attractions...

Over the rural countryside...

Finally, hovering over then spiraling down to --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Heavy rain drenches a damaged angel statue looming in the background. Phillip, looking worse for wear, puts fresh flowers on Alice's tombstone. An equally dejected Angélica appears by his side, rests her head on his shoulder.

Despite the weather, Angélica remains completely dry. For the briefest of moments, Phillip seems to feel her presence. Overcome by grief, Phillip breaks down, wanders out the exit.

Angélica follows, but Anton Knight catches her eye. He wipes the tear-like raindrops from the angel statue's face. Takes in the air, grins.

KNIGHT

The smell of wet, freshly cut grass. Hard to beat. Warm apple pie fresh out of the oven is certainly in the running.

ANGÉLICA

Is it his time?

KNIGHT

Not yet. How are you, Angélica?

ANGÉLICA

Good. I'm good.

She offers him a less than convincing smile.

KNIGHT

This is what good looks like?
Moping around her parents all day?

ANGÉLICA

I'm not moping. I'm... adjusting.
You don't watch over someone for eight years and just... Move on.

KNIGHT

Except we do. It's part of the gig.

ANGÉLICA

How do you do it, Anton?

Knight crosses to Angélica.

KNIGHT

Warm smile. Open arms. Zero attachment. Sinner or saint, doesn't matter. Everyone gets the same treatment. Get too attached, questioning why this, why that -- It's the beginning of the end.

Knight kneels, strokes blades of grass.

KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Little Alice lived a shorter life than others, a longer life than some, but she was loved. I could feel it radiating off of her.

(MORE)

KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 We all have our divine assignments.
 Speaking of which --

ANGÉLICA
 No. I'm not ready.

Angélica walks across the cemetery. Knight follows.

KNIGHT
 Gabriella would beg to differ.

Angélica stops.

KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 She'll give you the details.

ANGÉLICA
 Where are you going?

KNIGHT
 Nearest café.

ANGÉLICA
 Divine appointment?

KNIGHT
 Breakfast.

Knight tips his hat, fades away as he walks out the exit.

FLASH!

What the --

Angélica looks up at --

FLASH!

Another camera SHUTTER CLICKS.

Angélica finds Marcello standing by a tombstone a few feet away. He slowly lowers the camera, locks eyes with Angélica.

He... He can see her?

Angélica offers Marcello an awkward wave. Marcello does a double take, looks spooked, runs for the hills.

ANGÉLICA
 (to Marcello)
 Um... Fear not!

GABRIELLA (O.S.)
A little late for that bit.

Marcello races to his Volkswagen, drive off.

GABRIELLA, an androgynous angel wrapped in a light colored scarf, light trenchcoat, steps up beside Angélica. This dour ray of sunshine is Angélica's older sister and handler.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
You have scared off your new charge already. That must be a record.

ANGÉLICA
He was fine until you showed up. How could he see us?

GABRIELLA
He's seen worse. Kadmiel... Our brother is gone.

ANGÉLICA
Gone?

GABRIELLA
Dead, Angélica.

Angélica throws her arms around Gabriella, weeps.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Angélica and Gabriella people watch in silence. WOULD-BE SOCCER STARS rush past after a soccer ball. OTHERS chat on benches or play on their phones.

ANGÉLICA
I can help.

GABRIELLA
Your marching orders are clear. Follow Kadmiel's charge. Make sure no harm comes to him.

ANGÉLICA
But Lisa and Phillip --

GABRIELLA
-- The Swanns are no longer your concern. There is nothing more you can do for them. We cannot interfere unless instructed. You know the rules.

Angélica and Rosella walk past an AMERICAN TOURIST awkwardly repeating Italian phrases sounding off from his phone.

ANGÉLICA

By heart, sister. Do no more than look. Assemble, testify, preserve. Remain spirit. Keep your distance. Keep your word.

GABRIELLA

We are bound by a scared oath.

ANGÉLICA

But what good do we truly do? If only we could talk to them. Still their fears. Cradle a crying baby, gently stroke its hair to assuage. Speak directly rather than a lilliputian whisper in the wind.

Gabriella squints at Angélica.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)

Don't.

GABRIELLA

Ah, I see it now.

Angélica moves to a tree with multiple lovers' names and hearts carved into it. Gabriella follows her.

ANGÉLICA

You see nothing.

Gabriella shakes her head.

GABRIELLA

My little sister has gone native. When in Rome, crash and burn.

ANGÉLICA

I care about them.

GABRIELLA

Father did too. And still they broke His heart.

Gabriella strides away, stops.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

We cannot afford to break rank. These are dangerous times, Angélica.

(MORE)

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Though we walk among them, we will never be like them. You must never forget that.

Angélica nods.

ANGÉLICA

The killers... Did you find them?

GABRIELLA

Not yet, but when I do, vengeance will be mine.

With that, Gabriella spreads her majestic white/grey wings, SOARS into the clouds. And she's gone.

Angélica leans against the tree, torn.

The soccer game carries on in the background.

EXT. THE AMELIO'S HOME - NIGHT

A quiet place outside the city. ISAAC AMELIO, 11, kicks his prized soccer ball around all by his lonesome. Or so it seems. BELLA, 20s, kind eyes, colorful trenchcoat, stylish glasses she doesn't need, watches over Isaac.

SOPHIA AMELIO, 30s, warm, restless, carrying a laundry basket, stands in the door.

SOPHIA

Time's up.

ISAAC

Five more minutes!

SOPHIA

You said that fifteen minutes ago.

Isaac passes the ball to Sophia, who kicks it back, grins.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Five more minutes, Isaac. And you better not get those clothes dirty.

ISAAC

I won't. Thanks, Mom!

Sophia heads back inside.

Bella spots something in the woods, goes to investigate.

INT. THE AMELIO'S HOME - NIGHT

CARLO AMELIO, 30s, exhausted, passionate, snores on the couch. Sophia drops the laundry basket on his chest.

Carlo sits up, ready to throw down. He sees Sophia, arms folded, tosses the laundry basket aside.

CARLO
What was that for?

SOPHIA
You promised to practice drills
with Isaac.

CARLO
Promised to keep the lights on too.

Carlo sighs, pulls Sophia to him, kisses her hand, arm, neck.

CARLO (CONT'D)
Tell you what. Tomorrow we'll spend
the day at the park.

SOPHIA
Promise?

CARLO
Cross my heart. You know the rest.

EXT. THE AMELIO'S HOME - NIGHT

Isaac passes the soccer ball, juking right and left past invisible opponents. He lines up a shot in front of a goal. Kicks the ball over the goal into the woods.

ISAAC
Oh man!

Isaac hops the fence, heads into the woods.

White feathers fall in the distance...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A trail of feathers leads past a SNAKE hidden underneath a bush. In striking distance of the soccer ball.

Isaac, using the light from his cell phone, searches for the ball, unaware of the hidden danger lurking nearby...

Twig snap.

Isaac's head whips back in the direction of the sound.

Nothing there.

Weirded out, Isaac heads back towards the fence. He spots the soccer ball. But he still doesn't see the snake...

Isaac reaches for the ball...

Grabs it up without incident.

Whoa!

He finally sees the snake, leaps back out of striking distance and right into the arms of his KIDNAPPER.

The Kidnapper, face unseen, puts a hand over Isaac's mouth right before the boy can scream.

EXT. THE AMELIO'S HOME - LATER

Carlo's anguished SCREAM shatters the silent night.

Sophia races out of the house towards the sound.

Carlo stumbles out of the woods carrying Isaac's phone and his prized soccer ball.

He collapses in Sophia's arms.

Sophia's in tears, shaking her head in disbelief.

But there's no denying the awful truth. Their boy is gone.

The soccer ball rolls into the makeshift net.

BEHIND THE NET

Lies Bella. Dead. Glasses broken. Still eyes watching heaven.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Eyes, young and old, full of awe, watch LUCHADORS fly around a wrestling ring.

There's cheers/jeers/And don't forget the beer.

DIRTY DAGON, scary dragon mask, hated heel, taunts the crowd.

Dagon turns around, walks right into the MIGHTY ZAMPANO, crowd favorite, cool mask, who slams him. Covers for the pin.

The referee slides into the count. 1... 2... 3!

And the crowd goes wild!

Lisa, overdressed to say the least, sits alone, watching one of the fans, a YOUNG GIRL, cheering. So much like her Alice.

LATER

Most of the crowd's gone. Phillip stuffs his Zampano mask in a gym bag, crosses to Lisa. Angélica appears behind them.

LISA
Well? Where are they?

PHILLIP
You look... wow.

Lisa scoffs, gathers her things, heads to her car. Phillip and Angélica follow her.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Come over. I'll make my
grandmother's famous crab cakes.

LISA
Tell me you signed the papers.

Phillip smiles wistfully.

PHILLIP
You can't vanquish the Mighty
Zampano so easily.

Phillip poses a la Hulk Hogan. Angélica grins. Lisa's not having it. She slips off her wedding ring, offers it to Phillip. He refuses to take it. Lisa takes his hand, drops the ring in his palm, closes it. Her hand lingers over his. Phillip leans in for a kiss. Lisa pulls away.

LISA
I'm late for work.

PHILLIP
Of course you are. Don't you ever
think about anything else?

Lisa whirls on him.

LISA
What else is there?!

Angélica puts a hand on Lisa's shoulder. Lisa sighs.

LISA (CONT'D)
Look, just sign the damn papers
so... We need to move on, Phillip.

Phillip picks the nearby flowers, sticks them in Lisa's hair.

PHILLIP
To what? Whom? Your love is more
delightful than wine.

LISA
I wouldn't say that.

PHILLIP
Winter is past. The rains are over
and gone. Flowers appear on the
earth. The season of singing has
come. The cooing of doves is heard
in our land. Come, my darling.

LISA
People are going to see us.

PHILLIP
Let them. Come with me.

Phillip brushes hair from Lisa's face. They draw in close enough to kiss. Angélica watches, mesmerized by the love story playing out right before her.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Show me your face, let me hear your
voice. For your voice is sweet and
your face is lovely.

He places her hand over his heart.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Do you hear it, my love? Lisa-Lisa.
Lisa-Lisa. With every beat.

Lisa's poker face falters. She wants to fall into the arms of the man she loves.

But...

That means facing the pain and guilt. And right now, she can't bear that, so...

Lisa gently pushes Phillip back. Plucks the flowers from her hair, lets them fall away. Phillip and Angélica deflate.

Lisa unlocks her car, gets behind the wheel.

LISA

I can't do this anymore. Sign the papers. Let me go. Let it all go.

Lisa drives away. Phillip and Angélica watch her go.

PHILLIP

I opened my heart for my lover, but she was gone. I looked for her but did not find her. I called her but she did not answer.

Phillip spots a MAN wearing a baseball cap across the street in a classic creepy van watching Kids. Discreetly taking photos. Phillip approaches him, but the Man drives off.

EXT. LAKE / INT. LISA'S CAR - DAY

Lisa, screaming, shaking the steering wheel.

She dumps out the contents of her purse, finds and opens a bottle of over the counter meds.

She downs a handful, takes deep breaths.

And just like that, the pain goes away. *For now.*

Lisa stuffs the pills and everything else back into her purse, heads back on the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Angélica, white feathered wings flapping, passes through a cloud, hovers over Lisa's car.

Suddenly her wings fade away and she's plummeting into a death spiral.

Angélica screams. Seconds later she crashes into the lake and the world goes BLACK.

Angélica surfaces, gasping for air. She swims to the water's edge, crawls out of the lake, disoriented.

She's freezing wet. So cold... *Cold!* So that's what that feels like. *It sucks.*

Angélica hugs herself, tries to rub warmth into her arms and shoulders. She wades towards the road.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Angélica, still trying to get warm, treads ahead.

Headlights flash and a police car speeds towards her.

Angélica smiles and waves. The police car drives right by her. Angélica's face falls.

The police car stops and Angélica runs to the driver's side.

She leans towards the driver's side window, screams.

The DRIVER, female, creepy clown mask, smokes a cigarette.

MASKED DRIVER

Gonna get in or what?

Angélica looks back at the empty road. Weighs her options.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Flying down the highway. Angélica warms her hands on the heater, stares at the Masked Driver, who flicks her cigarette out the window. Tries the radio.

DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)

Where the hell are you?!

The Masked Driver quickly shuts it off.

MASKED DRIVER

Radio sucks. You like Joplin?

ANGÉLICA

What?

MASKED DRIVER

(singing)

*Take another little piece of my heart
now, baby!*

ANGÉLICA

I know Joplin.

MASKED DRIVER

I was supposed to go see her at the festival. Monterey Pop? But... Shit happens, right?

Angélica nods, eyes her locked door.

MASKED DRIVER (CONT'D)

End of the line.

The Masked Driver stops the car.

She removes her mask and we officially meet ROSE. 40s, bleach blonde, barbed wire tongue, an air of excitement and danger about her. She fixes her hair in the rearview mirror, exits.

Angélica follows her.

EXT. ROAD STOP - NIGHT

Rose pops the trunk, revealing a NAKED COP -- blindfolded, mouth/arms/legs duct taped -- inside next to a duffel bag stuffed with cash. Angélica shields her eyes. Rose leaves the Naked Cop a stack of bills, pats his head. Tosses in keys.

ANGÉLICA

There's a man in there.

ROSE

Really? Didn't notice.

Rose lugs the duffel bag out, slams the trunk. She moves to a motorcycle parked nearby. Angélica hangs back, unsure of what to do. Rose secures the bag on the motorcycle.

ANGÉLICA

Hey!

ROSE

Hi there.

Rose hops on the motorcycle, kick starts it.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Coming?

ANGÉLICA

What about him?

ROSE

Keys are in the trunk. Guys a regular Houdini. He'll be fine.

Angélica crosses herself, reluctantly climbs on the back of the motorcycle. Rose revs the engine, then the duo ride away.

EXT. SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT

Isolated. Lush garden. Well-maintained lawn. A few notches below a mansion. Rose hides the motorcycle in the bushes. Angélica peeks in the windows.

ANGÉLICA

I don't think anyone's --

Rose bashes the door handle with a rock, kicks the door in.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)

-- Home.

ROSE

Take your shoes off. Or don't.

INT. SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT

A spotless, state of the art kitchen. Angélica, barefoot, eats an apple, crunching loudly. She tries a banana, then a handful of grapes, savoring each new taste.

The news plays on a flat-screen TV above her.

Angélica watches, smile fading.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Eleven-year old Isaac Amelio is the latest in a baffling case of missing children.

Sophia and Carlo appear on screen, struggling to hold it together. They hold a picture of Isaac.

SOPHIA

Isaac, if you're listening, we're not mad at you.

CARLO

We love you, son. Just come home. Just come back to us.

SOPHIA

If there's someone out there who knows anything, we're offering a \$40,000 dollar reward. No questions asked. Just bring him home. Please.

Carlo and Sophia break down. Angélica turns the TV off, her heart breaking for the Amelios.

Rose enters, bath towel around her. Angélica notices scars on Rose's back as she raids the fridge.

ROSE

Ah!

Rose holds a bottle of wine, offers a glass to Angélica.

ANGÉLICA

I don't.

ROSE

More for me.

Rose pops off the cork, gets her drink on.

ANGÉLICA

Your back...

ROSE

I fell. Ancient history. You're not still thinking about that perv in the trunk back there?

ANGÉLICA

Uh, no. Isaac Amelio. He's missing.

Rose lights a cigarette, hand trembling.

ROSE

I'm sure he'll turn up.

Angélica doesn't look so sure. And neither does Rose... She stills her trembling hand, flashes Angélica a smile.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So, Angélica, want to tell me why you were wetter than a cheerleader's panties after a homecoming game?

ANGÉLICA

I fell. In the lake.

Rose sizes Angélica up. *Right.*

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)

I was fly-- Looking for someone, then... I fell. In the lake.

ROSE

Okay. Well, you can't go after them like that. You'll catch a cold. There are some clothes in the closet you might like. Might want to clear out soon though. My friend doesn't like me having company over unannounced. Gets all psycho about shit like that.

ANGÉLICA

Of course. Thank you. Oh, I didn't catch your name.

ROSE

Didn't throw it.

Rose smiles. Angélica smiles back, heads for the shower. Rose turns the TV back on, disturbed.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Angélica, feeling the water on her skin for the first time. Showering her worries away, if only for the moment.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angélica enters wearing a bathrobe. Finds Rose gone. There are clothes, a bag of cash, and a note on the table.

Angélica reads the note:

Had to run.

This is your cut for being a good little accomplice.

See you, sister. - Rose.

Angélica smiles at the note, sad to see Rose gone. Sad to be alone. She examines the cash.

INT. SAM'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

SAMANTHA "SAM" SANDERS, 40s, snarky, deaf barista, puts cash into the register, greets a REGULAR with a smile.

Marcello nurses his coffee at a table behind her. If he looks like he hasn't sleep in forever it's because he hasn't. He shuts his eyes tight. Not nodding off, but as if in pain.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT (VISION)

Marcello stands in a sea of sunflowers.

And he's not alone...

Kadmiel, covered in flames, points over Marcello's shoulder.

Marcello follows Kadmiel's gaze, SEES

Angélica

feathers plucked, wings broken, torn from her blood-covered back. Staring into oblivion. She suddenly grabs Marcello's wrist and silently screams.

INT. SAM'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

And Marcello's back, hyperventilating.

Someone grabs his shoulder... Marcello cries out.

DAMON NAZZARI, 20s, charismatic, struggling actor/ride share driver/closet conspiracy kook, though not necessarily in that order, sits across from him.

DAMON

Easy.

MARCELLO

Shit. Damon, I was --

DAMON

-- Hungover? Balls deep in a supermodel? Couch surfing in the county jail? Don't care. You would not believe how many auditions I missed out on. Go on. Guess.

Marcello shrugs, waits for an answer.

DAMON (CONT'D)

One.

MARCELLO

Just one?

DAMON

What do you mean just one? The point is, I'd have gotten more if a certain someone had come through with my headshots.

MARCELLO

Sorry, bro. It's been a rough couple of days.

DAMON

What's going on with you, man? The clap? It's the clap isn't it?

Marcello rubs his eyes, shakes his head. *What is going on?*

MARCELLO

Do you believe in angels? Good and bad walking amongst us?

Damon grins mischievously.

DAMON

The Victoria's Secret kind?

Damon's smile fades. Holy crap. Marcello's serious.

LATER

Damon studies the photos of Lad, Scout and Angélica. Each has an aura obscuring them. Damon lowers the photos, regards his old friend with a sympathetic smile.

DAMON

Could've gotten a better shot.

MARCELLO

Sorry. I was running for my life at the time. My guardian angel's dead. Those little bastards killed him.

DAMON

They're kids.

MARCELLO

They're not kids, don't you see?!

DAMON

I don't know, man. This isn't exactly your best work.

MARCELLO

Damn it, Damon. This isn't a joke. Don't you believe me?

DAMON

I don't know. Look, the universe is a vast place, dude. Who's to say what's out there?

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I got some bootleg Sagan era Cosmos
footage that'll blow your mind.
Think about it. What do you think
nabbed all those kids?

Marcello says nothing, can't deal with conspiracy theories
right now. He stuffs the photos into his jacket pocket.

DAMON (CONT'D)

No suspects, no signs of the kids.
No nothing. Just -- POOF! Gone.

MARCELLO

So why them?

DAMON

Fuel source for their UFOs. Or
food. "To Serve Man" could've been
a documentary.

Marcello rises, leaving a tip.

MARCELLO

Let's just get those headshots.
It'll take my mind off things.

DAMON

In a minute.
(whispers)
I'm gonna get her number.

Damon gestures towards Sam, clearing a table a few feet away.

Sam turns on a dime, signing, SUBTITLED:

SAM

Or die trying?

Damon mimes an arrow to the heart. Sam rolls her eyes, walks
away. Damon follows, attempts to sign. It's bad, but Sam
appreciates the gesture.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams, Romeo.

Sam waves goodbye. Damon makes a crying/tear drop gesture,
exits. Sam shakes her head, smiles to herself.

EXT. SAM'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Marcello exits, collides with Angélica, wearing another cool trenchcoat. They lock eyes. Neither says a word. There's an instant attraction, but neither is ready to admit it. Yet.

Damon exits, looks from Marcello to Angélica. *This is weird.*

DAMON

Strike one, but that's okay. I'm gonna review my mistakes and -- Earth to Marcello. Gonna introduce me to your friend?

MARCELLO

This is...

ANGÉLICA

Angélica.

Damon's phone DINGS. He checks the message.

DAMON

Damn. Duty calls. Gonna have to get those headshots later, dude.

(to Angélica)

Damon by the way. Best ride share driver slash character actor in all of Italy. Fact.

Angélica nods, never taking her eyes off Marcello. Damon pats Marcello on the shoulder, runs to his ride share vehicle.

ANGÉLICA

Fear not.

MARCELLO

You said that before.

ANGÉLICA

You left so suddenly I wasn't sure you heard it.

MARCELLO

Okay, so, what now?

ANGÉLICA

My brother Kadmiel watched over you a long time. Now it's my job.

Marcello laughs at that. Angélica looks hurt.

The American Tourist, wearing an "I Heart Italy" hat, yells gibberish into his smart phone. He blocks Lad and Scout.

Just long enough for the Volkswagen's engine to start.

Angélica and Marcello peel out.

Lad and Scout look annoyed.

The American Tourist shouts into his phone in frustration.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A MAN wearing a baseball cap -- the same guy Phillip saw earlier -- stands beside his creepy van. Sends a text:

where r u?

DING.

be there b4 u know it!

The Man opens the back of the van. Inspects plastic containers full of zip ties and ball gags.

He shuts the doors, unaware of Phillip, wearing the Zampano mask, right behind him.

Phillip drives the Man's head into the van.

The Man fights back, draws a gun.

Phillip wrestles the gun away, puts the Man in a sleeperhold and it's lights out, baby.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (TRUNK SHOT)

The Man, terrified, gagged and zip tied, screams at Phillip. Phillip slams the trunk shut.

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A door swings open, revealing Lisa, half dressed, hopped-up.

PHILLIP

Lisa, this isn't a --

Lisa limbos under Phillip's arm, enters the house. Phillip shuts the door, follows her.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Look, I' glad you stopped by, but
it's late. I'm tired, you're tired.
Why don't we talk about this over
breakfast? My treat.

Phillip gestures towards the door. Lisa drops her things in
the middle of the floor, flips through Phillip's record
collection. Phillip eyes the bedroom door.

LISA

I heard it.

PHILLIP

Heard what?

LISA

Our song! It was playing on a car
radio at a gas station and it
reminded me of our first date. And
the first time we made love. So I
drove out here, all the way here,
almost nonstop, got a ticket, but
who gives a damn?

Lisa finds what she's looking for, puts on the record. Cue
the incredible Etta James' "At Last." Lisa sings along,
dances over to a perplexed Phillip.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm here, you're here... It has to
mean something. Maybe the universe
wants us together.

PHILLIP

Lisa --

LISA

-- Maybe it's Alice and she wants
to be born again or she wants to
have a little brother or a sister
or a whole soccer team!

PHILLIP

What did you take?

Phillip turns the record off, catches Lisa as she falls.

She's crying, erratic from whatever drug she's on.

LISA

I could leave my job and teach the
kids. Home school the kids!

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)
We'd teach them everything. But we
have to start now. ASAP! Pronto!

PHILLIP
Damn it, Lisa. What did you take?

LISA
Just listen. Let's make a baby.

Lisa tries to unsnap Phillip's belt, sloppily kisses him.

Phillip holds her at bay, grabs her purse.

LISA (CONT'D)
Give me that!

Lisa grabs the purse and a half empty bottle of prescription
pills hits the floor. She slumps onto the couch, defeated.

Phillip's about to say something, but a moan from the locked
bedroom breaks the silence first.

PHILLIP
It's not what it sounds like.

Lisa scoffs, gathers her things.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
It's complicated.

He tries to grab her hand. She slaps him, buttons her blouse.
Reaches for her keys, but he gets to them first, holds them
over his head. She tries to grab them but she's too short.

LISA
Going to hold me hostage now?

PHILLIP
You're in no condition to drive.

LISA
Fine. I'll walk home.

Lisa stumbles out the door.

PHILLIP
Lisa!

Phillip gets out his phone, starts to dial 911.

Another groan gives him pause. He dials someone else instead.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
I need a ride ASAP.

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa's passed out in the back of Damon's ride share vehicle. Phillip kisses her on the forehead, closes the door. Damon looks on, uncomfortable.

DAMON

She's not gonna die as soon as I get on the road is she? 'Cause that would send my ratings straight to hell. And implicate me in a --

PHILLIP

-- She'll be fine. Just make sure she gets home okay.

Damon nods, gets back in the car, drives off.

Phillip sighs, slips his Zampano mask back on.

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Man, still bound, screams.

Phillip, doing his best Batman voice, chokes him.

PHILLIP

No one can hear you. What did you do with the kid?!

THE MAN/SIKES

I don't know what you're talking about! Name's Sikes!

Phillip slaps Sikes, shoves a picture of Isaac in his face.

PHILLIP

Where is he?!

SIKES

I don't know, but I'm trying to find out! I'm a --

Phillip chokes Sikes again.

SIKES (CONT'D)

I'm a cop!

PHILLIP

Bullshit!

SIKES
Look in my left pocket.

Phillip carefully does so, finds a badge. *Oh crap...*

SIKES (CONT'D)
I was undercover trying to catch this guy just like you! I figured one of the neighborhood kids would know something. That's why I sent the message. Worst case scenario I tell their parents what they've been up to, keep another kid safe.

Phillip shoves the badge back into Sikes' pocket, thinks.

SIKES (CONT'D)
You kill me, you'll have to run the rest of your --

Phillip pulls a bag over Sikes' head.

PHILLIP
Let's go for a ride.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Broken windows. Rusted gate. Middle of nowhere. *Great place to hide a body. Just saying.*

Sikes stumbles out of his van. Phillip, still masked, presses his face to the wall.

PHILLIP
Count to a thousand. By the time you finish, I'll be gone. I work for some very powerful people, understand? You breathe a word of this to anyone...

SIKES
Got it.

PHILLIP
Start counting.

SIKES
One... Two... Three... Four...

Phillip puts a knife in Sikes' hands, runs back to the van.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Phillip takes off the mask, catches his breath. He's okay. Until he sees the police lights coming right towards him.

Phillip lies down.

A squad car slows to a stop.

Flashlights sweep over the van...

Phillip gets a picture of Alice out of his pocket, kisses it.

The light gets brighter and brighter...

Closer and closer...

Just when Phillip's life as a free man seems over...

The COPS suddenly head back to their squad car, drive away.

Phillip waits until the taillights disappear, exits the vehicle in a mad dash.

He stuffs his Zampano mask in his pocket, runs for the woods.

EXT. NO RING CIRCUS - NIGHT

A mangy, mean-looking stray dog wanders across road to the red and black striped tent.

Former site of "The Greatest Show on Earth". It's been ravaged by knee-high weeds and time. A dusty, faded poster on a rusted pole features the strongman Zampano.

Scout walks out of the tent's dark entrance, key ring on her wrist, looks up at someone.

SCOUT

You're back.

Lad tosses a bag of chips to Scout, pets the dog.

INT. NO RING CIRCUS / DARK ROOM - NIGHT

We're moving past KIDS, dozens of them, trapped in animal cages. Crying/Shouting for someone, anyone to help.

We stop at the last one. Inside is Isaac. He kicks the cage door to no avail, spots Lad and Scout, backs away.

Lad tracks a large fly. He catches it, pops it into his mouth. Scout dangles the bag of chips just out of Isaac's reach, toys with him. Isaac finds his courage, speaks up.

ISAAC
I want to go home!

SCOUT
This is your home now.

ISAAC
Who are you?

SCOUT
Scout.

Scout thumbs over her shoulder at Lad.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Lad.

Scout drops the bag in front of the cage.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Eat. You'll need your strength.

Isaac pretends he can't reach it. Scout pushes the bag closer. Isaac grabs Scout's arm, tries to get the key ring.

Scout twists Isaac's wrist. He cries out. Lad whistles.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Right. Can't damage the merch.

Scout lets go of Isaac, stomps on the bag of chips. She smiles cruelly, exits with Lad.

Isaac eats what remains of the chips, cries.

EXT. NO RING CIRCUS - NIGHT

Lad stokes a roaring fire. Scout paces beside him.

SCOUT
The angel complicates things.

Lad sneers, spits.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Then again, don't they always?

Lad makes a series of growls.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
 Soon we'll pluck her wings and rip
 the boy's heart out.

Scout puts her earphones in, hits play on her Walkman, rocks out to an '80s power ballad.

Lad pulls the dog's roasted head out of the fire, chows down.

EXT. WINDING ROAD / INT. VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Marcello's Volkswagen cruises ahead, right at us.

Angélica, head and arms hanging out the window, takes in the night air. Marcello looks over, shakes his head.

MARCELLO
 Would you stop that? You're going
 to get us arrested.

ANGÉLICA
 For what offense?

MARCELLO
 They'll think of something.

Angélica leans her head back in.

ANGÉLICA
 Should we listen to the radio?

MARCELLO
 No.

TIME LAPSE from NIGHT to DAY as Marcello keeps driving. He yawns. Angélica, arm out the window, feeling the breeze.

ANGÉLICA
 You haven't said a word since we
 left the city.

MARCELLO
 I'm being hunted by the devil's
 bastard kids with a fallen angel
 riding shotgun. It's gonna take me
 a minute to process.

ANGÉLICA
 I am not fallen. Technically. This
 is a... punishment.

MARCELLO
 For what?

ANGÉLICA
Breaking rank.

MARCELLO
You're a rebel?

ANGÉLICA
I'm not a rebel.

MARCELLO
Whatever you say, but good little
angels don't get grounded. How long
till you get your wings back?

ANGÉLICA
I'm not sure, but I intend to make
the most of this opportunity. The
other night I had an apple.

Angélica beams with pride.

MARCELLO
You're a rebel. So, how's it work?
Everybody gets a guardian angel?

ANGÉLICA
That's a popular misconception. We
are assigned to only a select few.

MARCELLO
That... explains a lot actually.

Angélica grabs Marcello's camera, tries to take his picture.

ANGÉLICA
Smile!

MARCELLO
Hey!

Marcello snatches it back. Angélica recoils.

ANGÉLICA
I... Should have asked first.

MARCELLO
No, it's just... A gift. Here.

He hands it back.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Press that button.

Angélica does so, blinds herself.

ANGÉLICA
I see stars!

Marcello laughs.

MARCELLO
They'll go away soon. Next time
remember to aim it the other way.
That's what she said.

ANGÉLICA
Who?

MARCELLO
Never mind.

LATER

Angélica snaps a pic of a ramshackle church as they drive past. She shakes out the picture, offers it to Marcello.

MARCELLO
Keep it. So, do you miss it?
Heaven, being an angel?

ANGÉLICA
More than I ever thought possible,
but... Being almost human...
There's nothing quite like it.

MARCELLO
You can have it. Trust me,
humanity's overrated.

ANGÉLICA
It's a gift. To be born, live, age.
Sleep, eat. Love.

MARCELLO
To hurt, suffer, fear, and hate. To
be surrounded by people and feel
completely alone.

Angélica sits quietly. *Wow. Maybe they should've listened to the radio.* She notices a photo of a teenage Marcello and a girl, his twin sister MIA.

ANGÉLICA
Is that her?

MARCELLO
That's Mia. Last picture we took
before...

(MORE)

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

The camera was a gift from her. She was the only person who thought I had any talent.

ANGÉLICA

I'm sorry for your loss.

MARCELLO

Yours too. I must've saw Kadmiel a thousand times, but I never really knew him. What was he like?

ANGÉLICA

Intense, serious, with a big heart. He loved the work of Shakespeare, though he admittedly found some of it sacrilegious. When I was younger he taught me how to fly.

MARCELLO

Wouldn't you just know how to do that from the start?

Angélica smiles.

ANGÉLICA

Were you born knowing how to drive?

MARCELLO

Right out of the womb.

ANGÉLICA

How strange.

MARCELLO

Listen, those kids -- demons -- why didn't you fight them?

ANGÉLICA

I could have, though I'm not certain I would have survived. There are different classes of angels. Reapers, warriors, guardians. My job is to observe and protect. Threats like Hell's assassins are...

MARCELLO

Above your pay grade?

Angélica nods.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

So what, we just run until the heavy hitters take them out with a flaming sword? Nuke their asses?

ANGÉLICA

Something like that.

MARCELLO

Why'd you break bad? Break rank?

ANGÉLICA

For my charge, Alice. I owe it to her to make sure her parents get back on the path of righteousness.

MARCELLO

What about their free will? What they want? Doesn't that matter?

Angélica thinks long and hard about that.

ANGÉLICA

Yes. It certainly does.

Marcello pulls into an ABANDONED GAS STATION.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)

Why are you stopping?

He rubs his tired eyes.

MARCELLO

We need gas and I need rest.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Angélica sits atop the Volkswagen, watches the clouds.

Marcello holds a hose attached to a tank, braces himself. He inhales, siphoning the gas. He spits out the gas, gags.

ANGÉLICA

Acquired taste?

MARCELLO

Next time you can give it a try.

Angélica hops down from the Volkswagen. Gives Marcello a quick kiss, leaving him dazed.

ANGÉLICA

Gasoline... It's not so bad.

MARCELLO

Uh-huh...

Angélica climbs back on the roof of the Volkswagen.

Marcello touches his lips. He realizes he's spilling the gas, brings it to the tank.

Angélica spots something in the distance. Smoke.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Could be a trap.

ANGÉLICA

Or someone in trouble.

Angélica and Marcello share a look.

MARCELLO

Damn. Let's go.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Smoke rolls out of the second floor window.

Angélica gazes upward, searching for any signs of movement.

Marcello pounds on a heavy steel door with a faded WELCOME! sign on the front.

MARCELLO

Looks like we're not welcome.

ANGÉLICA

The fire didn't start itself.

Angélica grabs something unbeknownst to Marcello.

MARCELLO

Doesn't look like anyone's --

Angélica bashes the doorknob with a rock, opens the door.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

-- Inside.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE / COMMON AREA - DAY

Clean, but cluttered. Angélica eyes a stack of thick books on philosophy, demonology and prophecies on one side of the room. Marcello examines a wizard bong, a projector and reels of adult films on the other.

MARCELLO
Somebody's been crashing here.

Angélica heads up the stairs.

Marcello looks through the reel, notices Angélica's gone,
follows her.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

FATHER DANIELS, 50s, wild-eyed, liquored up, lost his religion a long time ago, fans a smoking pan with an oven mitt. He spots Angélica and Marcello, burns his hand.

FATHER DANIELS
Oh shit!

ANGÉLICA
Fear not.

Father Daniels throws open a cupboard, whips out a gun. *What? No way he's going to --* BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Angélica tackles Marcello out of the way, shielding him as the bullets ricochet off her. Marcello's enthralled. If he wasn't falling for Angélica before, he is now.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)
We mean you know harm!

FATHER DANIELS
Just dropping off tidings of great joy? You're going to have to do better than that!

Father Daniels squeezes the trigger, but the gun jams.

Marcello rushes in, shoves him against the wall.

Angélica takes the gun. She holds it out and away from her like a dirty diaper, drops it in a trash bin.

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)
Go on. Get it over it!

MARCELLO
We're not here to -- We saw the smoke from the road, thought someone was in trouble.

Marcello backs away from Father Daniels.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
I'm Marcello. She's Angélica.

Father Daniels reacts to that. Sighs deeply.

FATHER DANIELS
Father Daniels. My apologies.
Doesn't matter now of course.

MARCELLO
Why's that?

FATHER DANIELS
If you are who you say you are,
this is the beginning of the end.

ANGÉLICA
Of what?

FATHER DANIELS
Everything.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Angélica intently listens to Father Daniels as he pours himself a glass of wine. Marcello, skeptical, stands by her.

FATHER DANIELS
You've seen the signs. Blood moons,
animals giving birth to living
monstrosities, children vanishing
all around the city. The Devil's
fixers walking the earth. They took
those kids you know. Wine?

Angélica and Marcello refuse.

MARCELLO
But what does any of that have to
do with us?

Father Daniels taps his head.

FATHER DANIELS
I've seen things. Great and
terrible things. I don't know why,
but your names keeping popping up.
Always amidst the Apocalypse.

Angélica and Marcello share a look. *What the what?*

ANGÉLICA

That's... troubling. The children?
Do you know where they are?

Father Daniels sighs.

FATHER DANIELS

No, unfortunately. But I know why
they're being taken. The Devil has
eyes and ears everywhere, but he
doesn't know everything. What he
does know is the Anti-Christ is
here, in our fair city, but not his
-- or her -- identity.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

A GIRL walks home alone, book bag over her shoulder. She
drags her bike, deflated tires, tassels and all.

A van pulls alongside her. The girl walks faster.

The van keeps following her.

The girl stops, searching for a possible escape route.

WOMAN, 20s, kind smile, leans out the window.

THE WOMAN

Shouldn't be out here by yourself.

THE GIRL

I'm almost home.

THE WOMAN

I'll drive you the rest of the way.

The Girl's eyes move from the woman back to the road.

THE WOMAN/LONI

You're not supposed to talk to
strangers, right? I'm Loni.

THE GIRL/ANA

Ana.

LONI

That's a pretty name.

Ana grins. Loni gets out.

LONI (CONT'D)

I'll put your bike in the back.

Loni opens the back of the van. Ana wheels the bike over, spots headlights in the distance.

Loni shoves the bike aside, grabs Ana by the arm.

Ana kicks and screams.

LONI (CONT'D)

Shut up!

A car horn blares.

Phillip's car barrels towards Loni.

Ana yanks free, runs for her life.

Loni jumps back into the van, but Phillip swerves in front of her, blocking her escape.

Ana looks back, sees Phillip, Zampano mask, exiting the car.

PHILLIP

Run home!

Ana runs, doesn't look back. Loni moves around in the van. Phillip breaks out the glass with an elbow, reaches for Loni.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Get out! Now!

Phillip drops the hammer. Loni, flashing that same kind smile, puts a gun to his head. Chuckles.

LONI

What now, hero? So she got away. So what? We'll never stop until we find our Messiah.

A squad car speeds towards them.

PHILLIP

Who the hell are you?

LONI

Legion. For we are many.

Loni puts the gun to her head, blows her mind out.

Phillip runs back to his car.

A squad car pins him in.

PHILLIP

Shit! Shit! Shit!

A COP leaps out, gun drawn. Phillip surrenders. It's all over now. The Cop yanks off the Zampano mask, leans in.

It's Sikes.

SIKES
Small world.

PHILLIP
Shit.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Angélica sits, still processing. Marcello shakes his head in disbelief. Father Daniels searches for more wine in the cupboards, comes up empty. Slams them shut in a rage.

FATHER DANIELS
Shit! I don't suppose you could
turn water into malt liquor?

Angélica slowly shakes her head.

MARCELLO
How you holding up?

ANGÉLICA
My brothers and sisters... Why
would they not tell me?

MARCELLO
Come on. Don't tell me you're
buying this bullshit?

Father Daniels laughs bitterly.

FATHER DANIELS
If only. Connect the dots. All
that's left now is the rise of the
Anti-Christ. In IMAX.

ANGÉLICA
How do we stop it?

FATHER DANIELS
We, meaning you, don't. It's
prophecy. So kick back, smoke 'em
if you got 'em, shag 'em if you
have 'em, and enjoy the fireworks.

Father Daniels props his feet on the table. Angélica sweeps them off, gets in his face.

ANGÉLICA

There must be a way!

FATHER DANIELS

Well, in theory, an exorcism could send the little bastards back home. It's not much, but it would buy us, uh, you, some time. Maybe even save those poor kids.

ANGÉLICA

Then what are we waiting for?

FATHER DANIELS

We? First thing's first, you need a little black book.

MARCELLO

Cool. I've got Amazon Prime.

FATHER DANIELS

If only. This book is supposedly hidden in the catacombs.

ANGÉLICA

What's in this book?

FATHER DANIELS

Knowledge no man was meant to know lest they go mad from the revelation, the usual. It could have the demons' names in it. We learn their names -- uh, we meaning you of course -- could in theory send them packing. But it's a fool's errand and a fool and his life are soon parted. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Shit to shit.

ANGÉLICA

I'm not familiar with that saying.

FATHER DANIELS

New translation.

MARCELLO

You're nothing but a coward.

FATHER DANIELS

I left everything, everything behind to protect my family. They think I'm dead and believe me, they're better off for it.

(MORE)

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)
Live that life, then get back to me
on my so-called cowardice!

MARCELLO
(to Angélica)
Let's go.

FATHER DANIELS
Where? To your death? Legend has it
a hellhound guards the book. Ain't
enough Kibbles n' Bits in the world
for me to fuck with Cerberus. I'm
trying to save your lives here!

ANGÉLICA
And we're trying to save the kids.

Angélica and Marcello head for the door.

Father Daniels groans, shakes his head.

FATHER DANIELS
Hold on. You'll need a guide. I'll
get my coat. Besides, destiny says
I tag along. Who am I to disagree?

Angélica nods. Father Daniels exits.

MARCELLO
Sure we can trust him?

ANGÉLICA
I don't know, but I have faith. For
those kids and the Swanns.

MARCELLO
Throw in a few Hail Marys for us.
For what it's worth, I'm sure Lisa
and Phillip are fine.

INT. POLICE STATION / JAIL CELL - DAY

Lisa bestows offerings of puke into a porcelain throne.

Her CELL MATE looks on in disgust.

LISA'S CELL MATE
(to Lisa)
Holy shit. Are you possessed?

Lisa continues to vomit.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Sikes waterboards Phillip, who screams. He's strapped to a chair, hands cuffed behind his back.

SIKES
Having fun yet?

PHILLIP
You making a mistake. You don't
know who you're messing with!

Sikes smirks.

SIKES
That so, Phillip? Or should I say
the Mighty Zampano?

Phillip's caught. Trapped like a rat and they both know it.

PHILLIP
You don't understand.

SIKES
Save it. Your ass is mine now. You
fucked up big time and now I'm
gonna make your life a living hell.

PHILLIP
It already is.

Sikes slaps Phillip with the picture of Alice.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
She was after the kid. She shot
herself! You have to believe me!

SIKES
I said save it! Kid yours?

PHILLIP
She was.

SIKES
I had a son. Wife too. I know how
low a man can sink without a North
Star. Just when you think you hit
bottom, God sneaks up behind you,
pulls the rug out from under you
and you're fucking drowning.

PHILLIP
I'm sorry about before, but I
didn't kill that woman.

SIKES

I believe you. Loni was a headcase.

Sikes waterboards Phillip again. Lights out.

INT. CATACOMBS - DAY

Darkness, until flashlight beams cut through, bounce off graffitied walls. Revealing the dank, claustrophobic pathway.

Angélica forges ahead, Marcello and Father Daniels close behind. A rat skitters past. Father Daniels yelps.

MARCELLO

You okay?

FATHER DANIELS

I'll live. Unfortunately the same can't be said for my pride.

They reach a pitchfork in the road.

ANGÉLICA

Which way?

FATHER DANIELS

Left. No, right! Wait.

Father Daniels turns in circles, draws equations in the air.

Marcello breaks away from Father Daniels and Angélica, spots MIA walking down the tunnel to the left.

MARCELLO

Mia? Mia!

Mia disappears into the dark tunnel.

Marcello races after his sister.

ANGÉLICA

Marcello! Wait!

DOWN THE LEFT TUNNEL

Mia passes through a boarded up door.

Marcello arrives seconds later, kicks at the door. Rams his shoulder into it. No give.

Angélica and Father Daniels catch up.

ANGÉLICA
It wasn't her.

MARCELLO
She's in there!

Angélica takes him aside.

ANGÉLICA
The dead don't come back.

Marcello leans on the door, falls backwards as it gives way.

INT. BOARDED UP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcello eyes a scary hellhound statue above the door.
Angélica helps him to his feet. He dusts himself off.

ANGÉLICA
Are you alright?

MARCELLO
Yeah.

Marcello peers around, still hoping to see Mia. He finds only
a cobwebbed covered coffin instead.

ANGÉLICA
I'm sorry.

FATHER DANIELS
Me too, my boy.

Father Daniels crosses to the coffin.

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)
This must be it. Give me a hand.

MARCELLO
Hold up. How do you know Dracula's
not in there?

ANGÉLICA
Vampires don't exist. At least not
in this universe.

MARCELLO
There are other universes?

FATHER DANIELS
There are more things in heaven and
earth than are dreamt of in our
philosophies.

ANGÉLICA
 What he said.

They push the coffin lid off, revealing a skeleton in flowing white robes, ancient book clutched to its chest.

FATHER DANIELS
 Rock, paper, scissors?

MARCELLO
 Let's get this over with.

ANGÉLICA
 (to skeleton)
 Sorry about this, Father
 Constantine.

Marcello pries the book out of the skeleton's hands.

Wait, was that a HOWL?

A real live HELLHOUND bursts out of the statue. Its mournful howl reverberates throughout the catacombs.

The hellhound bounds towards Marcello.

Angélica grabs it at the last second, struggles to hold on.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)
 Run!

Too late.

The hellhound bucks like a rabid bull, flings Angélica across the coffin. It sets its sights on Marcello, charges.

MARCELLO
 Father Daniels, you're up!

Marcello tosses the book to Father Daniels right before the hellhound takes him down. It opens its mouth, revealing rows and rows of jagged, flesh-tearing teeth.

ANGÉLICA
 Marcello!

The hound licks Marcello.

MARCELLO
 What did you do?

ANGÉLICA
 Nothing.

MARCELLO
Looks like I can add hellhound
whisperer to my resume.

Father Daniels yelps.

FATHER DANIELS
It's a rough translation, but I
think I've found -- Shit!

Lad and Scout stride in, hand in hand.

SCOUT
Go on. What did you find, Father?

FATHER DANIELS
The names of the forsaken.

SCOUT
Knowledge like that comes with a
hefty price. Time to pay the price.

Lad whistles. The hellhound whimpers.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Stupid bitch.

Scout makes a gun with her finger, aims at the hellhound,
fires. WHOOSH! The hellhound catches ablaze, whimpers.

It belts out a final mournful howl before the hell fire
consumes it and it crumbles into ash.

Scout blows the tip of her finger like a smoking gun barrel,
points from Angélica to Marcello to Father Daniels.

ANGÉLICA
You murdered my brother.

Lad nods and smiles.

SCOUT
Plus countless of others. Now the
priest, your boytoy, then you.

Angélica turns to Marcello and Father Daniels.

ANGÉLICA
Run. Don't look back.

MARCELLO
They'll kill you.

ANGÉLICA

I won't let my brother die in vain.

Angélica rushes to meet Lad and Scout in battle.

It's a surprisingly brutal back and forth fight.

Marcello and Father Daniels race out the door.

SCOUT

(to Lad)

Have fun.

Lad grins, skips after Marcello and Father Daniels.

Scout cracks her neck, stares daggers at Angélica.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Where were we?

Angélica and Scout trade bone-crushing blows.

Scout gets the upper hand, drives Angélica's head through a wall. Blood pours down Angélica's forehead.

Scout kicks Angélica in the ribs, sends Angélica flying.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Your brother and sister had the backing of heaven and still they fell before us. What have you got?

Scout squeezes Angélica's forehead, forcing out more blood.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Nothing!

Angélica screams.

ANGÉLICA

Gabriella! Please... Help me...

Scout's fist slams into us, sending us to black.

EXT. CATACOMBS - DAY

Father Daniels and Marcello emerge from the dark tunnel.

Lad leaps over them, blocking their escape. He whistles the theme from "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly", points at Father Daniels.

Smoke rises from Father Daniels's clothes.

MARCELLO

No! God no!

FATHER DANIELS

It's alright, son. I told you from
the start -- a fool and his life
are soon parted.

Father Daniels grits his teeth, clasps his hands in prayer,
recites an exorcism:

FATHER DANIELS (LATIN) (CONT'D)

I command you, in the name of the
Most High God, foul spirit, to
return to the infernal realm!

Lad drops to his knees, howls in pain.

FATHER DANIELS (LATIN) (CONT'D)

Tell me your name!

Lad opens his mouth to speak, writes something in the dirt.

FATHER DANIELS (CONT'D)

Shush?

Lad smirks, motions for Father Daniels to shush.

Father Daniels and the book go up in flames.

Lad grins, warms himself by the flames.

Marcello comes in hot. Throws everything he's got at Lad.

Lad evades the strikes, bitch slaps Marcello, drawing blood.

Marcello beats Lad in the head with a rock, exposes his
beating brain. Lad crushes the rock, head wound healing.

MARCELLO

Oh shit.

Lad hurls Marcello into the side of the Volkswagen. Knocking
the wind out of him. He sways, crawls towards Marcello.

Lad stops in his tracks, scampers back into the catacombs.

Anton Knight kneels beside Father Daniels' still smoking
corpse, takes off his hat in respect. He scoops up a handful
of the ashes, draws something in the dirt with his finger.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

What -- Who are you?

KNIGHT
Just a guide.

Knight lets the ashes blow away, tips his hat, fades away.

INT. CATACOMBS / BOARDED UP ROOM - DAY

Scout chokes Angélica. She's fading fast...

A gust of wind sends Scout flying through the wall.

Gabriella, eyes aglow with a fearsome power, descends to the ground beside Angélica.

Scout bursts through the wall like the Kool-Aid Man.

SCOUT
Let's play.

Lad races to her side, holds Scout back.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Next time you won't be so lucky.

GABRIELLA
Neither will you.

Scout and Lad burst into a murder of crows, fly out the door.

ANGÉLICA
How could you let them escape? What about the children?

GABRIELLA
I am only following orders.

Angélica, face battered/bloody/bruised, reaches out to Gabriella. She takes Angélica's hand.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
Look at you.

ANGÉLICA
Where were you?

GABRIELLA
I have a duty, sister. You used to understand that.

ANGÉLICA
I was following a lead and --

GABRIELLA
-- And now a man is dead.

ANGÉLICA
Marcello...

GABRIELLA
The priest.

Angélica hangs her head.

ANGÉLICA
There's a prophecy about me and --

GABRIELLA
-- I know.

Angélica rises, hurt. Angry.

ANGÉLICA
How could you not tell me?

GABRIELLA
Bella is dead! And I fear she is not the only one. Forgive me for not holding your hand.

ANGÉLICA
If you had told me the truth --

GABRIELLA
I had to be sure.

ANGÉLICA
Of what?!

GABRIELLA
That you were not compromised! This world... It has a way of corrupting even the most purest of heart. Look at you. You've almost fallen.

ANGÉLICA
I am doing the right thing.

Gabriella scoffs.

GABRIELLA
Are you certain you even know what that is anymore? Your assignment is over. It is time to come home.

ANGÉLICA

No. Not until we stop them and find the children before --

GABRIELLA

-- Your actions and very presence here have consequences, Angélica. If those children and this world's time is up, there is nothing you can do to stop it.

ANGÉLICA

I do not believe that.

GABRIELLA

What do you believe?

Gabriella heals Angélica's face, holds her head in her hands.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Very well. If this is the path you choose to walk do not expect me to clean up your messes. You turned your back on Heaven. Now Heaven must turn its back on you. Farewell, sister.

Gabriella kisses Angélica on the forehead, disappears. Angélica sits among the wrecked room. *Now what?*

EXT. CATACOMBS - DAY

Marcello, sitting in the light rain against the Volkswagen, staring at Father Daniels' remains. Angélica sits beside him, feels the rain for the first time.

ANGÉLICA

Are you alright?

MARCELLO

I'll live. It's the people around me that seem to get it the worst.

ANGÉLICA

He was a good man. Whether he knew it or not. So are you.

MARCELLO

And where did that get us? Tell me something. Where were God and the angel brigade when we needed them? Where were your damn brothers and sister when Mia...

Marcello's in tears now.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Mia used to see things. She saw too much. One night I just got so fed up with her damn suicide pact. So I told her we'd go together at midnight. Never thought she'd do it, but... She took an overdose of sleeping pills. I'll never forget the look in her eyes when I found her. Found out I lied to her.

ANGÉLICA

Listen to me. Please. There is nothing we can do for Mia, Kadmiel, or Bella now, but there's a chance we can save those children.

Marcello dries his eyes.

MARCELLO

How? We don't even know where they are. Even if we did, it's not like we know the demons' names.

Angélica spots something beside Father Daniels' remains. It's a set of numbers inside a pentagram.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANGÉLICA

I'm not sure.

MARCELLO

Coordinates.

ANGÉLICA

To where?

Marcello studies the pentagram.

INT. NO RING CIRCUS / MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Reggae blasts from speakers while a CULT wearing robes and devil masks put the finishing touch on a pentagram drawn in blood on the floor.

Other Cult Members light black candles. Tests restraints on a makeshift operating table.

The Cult Members give Lad and Scout thumbs up.

SCOUT

Well done. Now bring the sacrifices.

A Cult Member steps up to them, bows. He looks and sounds a lot like --

SIKES

What about the intruder?

Lad makes the cut throat sign. Sikes bows, exits.

Scout sits in a chair, twirling a hammer. She mimes being exhausted. Lad grins.

INT. NO RING CIRCUS / INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Phillip grimaces, struggles to break his chains.

He manages the superhuman feat just as Sikes charges in with a dagger. Phillip smashes the chair over Sikes' back.

Sikes stumbles, lashes out with the knife.

He cuts Phillip wrist before Phillip wrenches the knife away.

The men lock up. Sikes is bigger, but Phillip outmaneuvers him, puts him in a chokehold. Lights out.

EXT. NO RING CIRCUS - NIGHT

Cult Members stand around a fire, guard the entrance.

Angélica runs up to the Cult Members, busts a move.

The Cult Members look confused, then rush to attack.

Angélica kicks some ass.

Marcello sneaks inside.

INT. NO RING CIRCUS / DARK ROOM - NIGHT

The door flies open. Isaac and the Kids cower. Marcello enters, offers them a kind smile.

MARCELLO

I'm gonna get you out of there.

Marcello struggles to break the chains around the cages.

More Cult Members charge in.

Phillip mows them down with clotheslines.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Thanks.

PHILLIP

Who are you?

MARCELLO

A photographer. Could you...

Phillip breaks the chains with one powerful yank.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

That'll work.

Phillip leads the Kids out a side door.

Lad rises into frame behind Marcello.

EXT. NO RING CIRCUS - NIGHT

Angélica stands over injured or unconscious Cult Members.

Scout strides out of the shadows, taps a leg with the hammer.

ANGÉLICA

Where's your brother?

SCOUT

Eating your yummy boyfriend. Right now it's just the two of us.

(deep demonic voice)

Time to die, bitch.

Scout hovers towards Angélica, swings the hammer.

Phillip and the Kids race from the tent, distracting Scout.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

No!

Phillip and the Kids run toward a line of squad cars heading right for them in the distance.

Angélica clocks Scout, knocking her to the ground. She grabs the hammer, pins Scout down.

ANGÉLICA

This is for Kadmiel and Bella.

A piercing whistle. Angélica looks up, finds Lad holding a dagger to Marcello's neck.

MARCELLO

Forget about me. Finish her!

ANGÉLICA

Release him.

SCOUT

Kill! Do it, brother!

Angélica and Lad stand down. Marcello and Scout exchange glares as the cross to Angélica and Lad.

Scout makes guns with her fingers, shoots Angélica and Marcello. Once again, she and Lad burst into a murder of crows, disappear into the clouds.

POLICE surround the tent, round up the Cult Members.

Sikes staggers out of the tent, rips off his devil mask. Points at Phillip, Angélica, and Marcello.

SIKES

Stop them!

OLDER COP

On the ground!

SIKES

Officer Sikes! I'm undercover!

PHILLIP

He's working with the rest of them!

SIKES

Shut up!

ISAAC

Officers...

Isaac points at Sikes.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

He's a liar. He brought me here.
Those three helped us.

OTHER KIDS

Yeah! / They saved us! / Let 'em
go! / They're telling the truth!

SIKES

Come on. You don't actually believe
that, do you?

The Younger Cop spins Sikes around, cuffs him.

YOUNGER COP

You have the right to remain --

SIKES

I know the drill. I'll have your
badges over this!

The Younger Cops lead Sikes away.

The Older Cop approaches Angélica, Marcello, and Phillip.

OLDER COP

What are you doing out here?

Angélica, Marcello, and Phillip share a look.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Angélica, Marcello, and Phillip watch as Sophia and Carlo
share a big hug with Isaac.

Isaac turns back to them, waves.

They wave back.

Phillip turns away from the others. He leans on the
Volkswagen, tears streaming.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Marcello puts fresh flowers on Mia's grave. Angélica squeezes
his hand, crosses to Phillip, who sits before Alice's grave.

PHILLIP

Can I see her?

ANGÉLICA

No. The dead don't come back.

PHILLIP

They called me a hero. Maybe in that ring, under that mask, but that's it.

ANGÉLICA

Those children are safe with their family because of you.

PHILLIP

Truth is when I started searching for those kids I didn't know if I would ever find them. I just wanted to --- To put a face on the disease that took Alice.

Phillip fights back tears.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to ask God for forgiveness if I can't get over Him taking Alice from me? What kind of God is He? What kind of God...

Angélica rests her head on Phillip's shoulder.

ANGÉLICA

This world is fallen, but there are still good people in it. We may lose our way from time to time, but we should never forget that. Or the time we were given with Alice.

Phillip bearhugs Angélica. Phillip moves to Marcello, who offers his hand instead. They shake.

PHILLIP

Thank you.

Marcello massages his hand.

MARCELLO

Don't mention it. Need a ride?

PHILLIP

No thanks, my friend. I'll stay here for a while longer.

ANGÉLICA

And Lisa?

PHILLIP

She won't believe it at first, but I'm sure she'd want to meet you.

(MORE)

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

I'll never stop fighting for her.
Our love is a candle that can never
be extinguished.

Angélica and Marcello smile, head to the Volkswagen.

MARCELLO

So what now?

ANGÉLICA

Lad and Scout are still out there
searching for the Anti-Christ.

MARCELLO

And you're gonna go after them...
Then I'm coming with you.

ANGÉLICA

It'll be dangerous.

MARCELLO

What isn't these days? It's not
like you can walk everywhere. Until
you get your wings back consider me
your personal wheelman.

ANGÉLICA

What about Damon?

MARCELLO

Not the safest driver, but you
didn't hear that from me.

ANGÉLICA

Could I drive?

MARCELLO

Sure. After some lessons.

Angélica throws her arms around Marcello, hugs him. They
almost kiss before Angélica moves to the passenger side.

ANGÉLICA

We better go.

MARCELLO

Yeah... Right.

Marcello gets behind the wheel, turns over the ignition. The
Volkswagen backs out.

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Phillip's car pulls into the driveway. He exits, sighing deeply. Freezes when he notices movement inside.

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"At Last" plays once more. Phillip grins, throws his keys on the table. Heads to --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stops dead. For the first time we see true fear on his face.

Lisa, black dress, sits at the dinner table. Next to ALICE.

LISA

Surprise! I had the food catered. I hope you don't mind.

ALICE

Daddy!

Alice runs over to Phillip, hugs him. She leads him back to the dinner table. Phillip sits, stunned.

INT. SAM'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Marcello sits next to Damon, who's using a sign language app on his phone, beer untouched. Sam greets other PARTONS in the background. Damon watches her with a dopey grin.

MARCELLO

Wow.

DAMON

Shut up. Dude, you look like hell.

MARCELLO

Not leading man material? Thanks.

DAMON

What the hell did she do to you?

MARCELLO

Long story.

DAMON

Freak.

Marcello grins, chugs the rest of his beer.

MARCELLO
So Sam, huh?

DAMON
I think I'm in love.

MARCELLO
Then you should go for it.

Marcello looks to Angélica, examining a jukebox in the corner. She finds a song, dances.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
It's not every day you meet the
woman of your dreams.

Angélica dances over to Marcello, offers her hand.

DAMON
I knew him well.

MARCELLO
Don't wait up.

Angélica and Marcello dance.

EXT. SAM'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Someone watches Angélica, Marcello, and Damon from the shadows. Anton Knight steps up beside the Mystery Person.

It's Rose. Decked out in black. Dressed to kill.

ROSE
You're early.

KNIGHT
Me? Never.

ROSE
Why am I not surprised? Sometimes I
think you like to watch.

KNIGHT
I take no more pleasure in this
than you do, Rose.

ROSE
Another necessary evil?

KNIGHT
If that's what you want to call it.

ROSE

Look at you. Scared shitless by a taxi driver. He's harmless.

KNIGHT

You know the prophecy. That boy will be the end of us all.

ROSE

I could always walk away.

KNIGHT

You could. But you won't.

ROSE

You're all so high and mighty until it comes time to do the dirty work.

KNIGHT

Seems that time is upon us.

Knight steps into the shadows, disappears.

Rose sighs, pulls out a gun.

INT. SAM'S CAFÉ - LATER

Angélica and Marcello carry an intoxicated Damon to the door. He's blabbering a love song to Sam. At least it's *supposed* to be one. Most of the lyrics have been replaced with gibberish.

SAM

Get Romeo home safe, alright?

Angélica signs back --

ANGÉLICA

We will. Goodnight.

Sam grins, heads to the back.

EXT. SAM'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

The lights dim inside the café. Angélica and Marcello carry Damon to the Volkswagen. He's stumbling and mumbling.

DAMON

She loves me. She loves me not.
Think she loves me?

ANGÉLICA

You certainly made an impression.

Damon beams, almost vomits.

MARCELLO

You know sign language?

ANGÉLICA

I know all languages. At least most of them. I should've paid more attention while learning some of the older ones, but I couldn't bear to miss the rise of Lauryn Hill.

Angélica gets the door, helps Damon in.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)

(to Marcello)

You've been being drinking. I think I should drive. I've been in enough car rides to get the gist of it.

MARCELLO

Ride share it is.

Rose, wearing a skull mask, aims a gun at Damon's head.

ROSE

I'm sorry.

DAMON

Please! No!

MARCELLO

Don't!

Marcello shoves Damon out of the way. BLAM!

Angélica shields Marcello. But it's no use.

The bullet just misses Damon, passes cleanly through Marcello's head instead. He drops to the ground, dead.

Stunned, Rose races to a waiting getaway car, speeds away.

Damon, shocked into sobriety, kneels beside his fallen best friend. He slumps against the Volkswagen, hands on his head.

ANGÉLICA

Marcello!

Angélica cradles Marcello's head, cries.

Time slows to a standstill. Knight kneels beside them.

ANGÉLICA (CONT'D)

No! Not yet!

KNIGHT

Angélica... Please.

Angélica kisses Marcello on the cheek, gently lets his head down. She squeezes his hand, refuses to let go.

Knight's hand hovers over Marcello's forehead.

He struggles against some invisible force.

KNIGHT (CONT'D)

It's... not possible... He's the --

Marcello's eyes snap open, flames dancing inside.

Knight flies back, disappearing mid-air.

The bullet wound HEALS, then...

Marcello's eyes flutter, return to normal. He sits up, gasps.

Time resumes and a small CROWD gather around Marcello, kneel.

Lad and Scout make their way to the front of the crowd. They exchange a look, then begrudgingly kneel as well.

Damon looks to Marcello who looks to Angélica. *What the hell?*

Marcello winces, pushes up his left sleeve. Finds a 666 tattoo snaked around his arm. *No...*

As Angélica and Marcello lock eyes in horror and we pull away, revealing more and more PEOPLE gathering to kneel before him -- and the blood red moon...

CUT TO BLACK.