

ABSOLUTION

Written by

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INT. MODERN APARTMENT KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

An UNKNOWN PERSON is standing at the stove in their kitchen. The pan on the stove holds a small human heart and a small tongue.

THE UNKNOWN PERSON tastes the sauce from the pan and smiles and turns the heat down.

THE UNKNOWN PERSON walks down the hall. THE UNKNOWN PERSON turns into a bedroom and carefully shuts the door behind them.

A table sits in the middle of the room with a young boy strapped to it.

His heart has been removed and there is an open whole in his chest.

Beat.

THE UNKNOWN PERSON then takes a hook from the nearby table and begins to thread back and forth across his eyelids - sewing each one shut.

Then THE PERSON sets the bloody hook down near the eyes that have been removed now sitting in a small bowl.

Next to the bowl is a bouquet of white roses.

THE UNKNOWN PERSON removes a small pouch.

THE UNKNOWN PERSON sits to write a verse chosen from the Bible and places it in the pouch.

THE UNKNOWN PERSON opens up the boy's mouth and tenderly place the pouch inside. And sews his mouth closed.

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE A NICE RESTAURANT - EVENING

SHOBHAN ABECASSIS (SHIV), late 30s, plain but pretty is sitting in a car outside a nice restaurant.

RIPLEY ABECASSIS, former Navy Seal, early 40s, tall and beautiful OPENS the car door and sits.

SHIV smiles and waits until RIPLEY SHUTS the door. SHIV shows her a bottle of vodka, half full.

Her eyes are wide with rage.

SHIV  
What's this Rip?

RIPLEY  
Looks like a bottle of vodka.

SHIV  
Where did it come from?

RIPLEY  
I don't know, honey.

RIPLEY goes to start the car and SHIV hits the keys out of her hand. RIPLEY looks at her in shock.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Why did you do that?

SHIV  
Because I asked you a question! I want you to answer me. I deserve a fucking answer. I deserve the fucking truth.

RIPLEY  
It doesn't matter what I say, you won't believe me.

SHIV  
No, I want to hear it from you.

BEAT. The windows are fogged up with their breath.

RIPLEY  
I'm sorry. I really don't know.

RIPLEY pauses for a beat. RIPLEY SIGHS. SHIV is BREATHING HEAVILY in quick breaths.

SHIV opens the bottle and pours the rest of it on RIPLEY'S head.

She then pulls a lighter out of her handbag and STRIKES the lighter.

Beat.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SHIV  
Fucking tell me or I will light you up and this whole goddamn car. F-U-C-K-I-N-G TELL ME!!

Beat.

RIPLEY clenches her teeth and looks into her wife's wide-eyed crazed face. She takes a long BREATH.

RIPLEY  
Do it then.

Beat.

RIPLEY pulls in close to SHIV. Her hair is wet and little droplets of vodka are hanging on the ends of her eyelashes.

Their faces are inches apart.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Light it up then! FUCKING JUST DO  
IT!!

They do not move their gaze.

Beat.

SHIV  
TELL ME!!

RIPLEY  
DO IT!!

SHIV is still holding the lit lighter.

Beat.

SHIV drops the lighter to the floor. It CLINKS against the vodka bottle.

She OPENS the glove box and hands RIPLEY some napkins to dry her face.

RIPLEY bends down to grab the keys. She starts the car.

Beat.

SHIV sits straight up in the seat.

She grabs the dashboard in front of her - grips it like she is about to give birth.

SHIV  
FUCK YOU!!!

Beat.

RIPLEY starts the car and they drive home.

EXT. WOODS - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Cops with flashlights are everywhere. It is cold and wet. A YOUNG BOY is dead, covered with white roses.

His eyes are sewn shut.

DETECTIVE MALCOLM HANLEY, early 40s, handsome and lean is standing next to them, in a suit and a hat with rain POURING on his head.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Should I call the Chief?

DETECTIVE HANLEY puts gloves on and grabs a pen from his inner coat pocket. He moves some of the roses.

THE BOY has a rose in his mouth. DETECTIVE HANLEY discovers a cross around his neck.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Shit, yeah. Get her outta bed.

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The phone RINGS on RIPLEY'S night stand.

She rolls onto her back, SHIV is not there.

She SIGHS.

The phone RINGS again, she answers.

RIPLEY  
Chief Abecassis.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Chief, sorry.

RIPLEY  
What is it?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
We found another one.

RIPLEY  
Young boy?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Yeah, 12, maybe 13.

RIPLEY  
Fuck.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Same M.O. It's our guy.

RIPLEY  
Where?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Woods behind Kessler Auto - about  
500 yards from where we found the  
first body. I didn't know if you  
would want to know, this early.

RIPLEY  
Why wouldn't I want to know this  
early, god damnit. I'll be there  
in 20 mins.

RIPLEY touches her screen to hang up.

Beat.

She OPENS the drawer in her nightstand and retrieves a mini  
of vodka, downs it, and gets out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

SHIV is sitting at the counter with her laptop open and  
SIPPING a cup of coffee.

Her laptop CHIMES.

A smile has grown on her face, but she hears RIPLEY, she  
closes her laptop before Ripley can see.

SHIV  
You're up early.

RIPLEY  
How long have you been up?

SHIV  
A couple hours. Couldn't sleep.

RIPLEY  
Got a call.

SHIV  
Same case?

RIPLEY  
Yep.

RIPLEY heads for the coffee and POURS some into a to-go cup. She takes a few SIPS.

SHIV  
Anything new?

RIPLEY  
No, same goddamn M.O. I don't know when I'll be back. We need to catch this guy.

SHIV is distant and doesn't pay much attention to what RIPLEY is saying.

SHIV  
I'm sorry. I'm going back to bed.

SHIV leaves the kitchen.

RIPLEY doesn't acknowledge and grabs a mini hidden behind some flour in the cupboard.

She UNSCREWS the lid to her roadie and POURS it in.

INT. NICE MODERN APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

JAMES LOUIS KIEFFER is sitting at his desk working on a laptop.

He is looking at pictures of the dead boys recently found behind KESSLER AUTO.

He grabs the phone and DIALS.

JAMES (ON THE PHONE)  
Shiv, morning. Meet me at the office this afternoon? I want to go over your piece for the New Yorker. Did Ripley tell you about the new boy they found?

SHIV (V.O.)  
Yes. She left an hour ago. I'll see you at the office.

JAMES goes back to his photos.

He is mesmerized.

A memory stick blinks in the USB port. He removes it and places it in a nearby box.



EXT. WOODS - CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

RIPLEY pulls up. She SLAMS the door and walks down to where the body is, near a ravine.

DETECTIVE HANLEY is there talking to one of the STATIE'S.

RIPLEY  
Run it for me.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Like we discussed on the phone,  
Chief. Same as the Kenefick boy.

RIPLEY  
He leave something?

DETECTIVE HANLEY hands RIPLEY some gloves.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Yeah. This.

DETECTIVE HANLEY hands RIPLEY a small scrolled piece of paper. She unrolls it and reads it.

RIPLEY (READING OUTLOUD)  
*Therefore, I urge you, brothers and  
sisters, in view of God's mercy, to  
offer your bodies as a living  
sacrifice, holy and pleasing to  
God--this is your true and proper  
worship.*  
In the mouth?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Yeah. Under the rose. Romans 12:1.

RIPLEY  
Well, your fucking fancy degree  
does you some good anyway.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Still paying for it.

RIPLEY  
You glad you didn't become a  
priest? You might be one of the  
oldest Staties I've seen to make  
Detective. Was it the right move?

They begin up the hill back to the cars.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

My mother is still crying over it. She can't believe I spent a decade in service to the Church and then left to work for the Commonwealth. "Just like my goddamn uncle" - she said.

RIPLEY OPENS the door to her vehicle.

RIPLEY

I'm headed down Providence to see the Archbishop. Your connections might make it less painful. Ride along?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Rip, stop a second. Why you here? Isn't that the whole idea of making Chief? Just handle the political shit - don't get your hands dirty?

RIPLEY

I guess I can't let go.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I could fucking let go. Maybe I should've been up for Chief.

RIPLEY

No offense, but I'm not sure you've got the balls.

INT. SHIV'S HOME OFFICE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAIRCASE/FOYER - LATE MORNING

SHIV is sitting at her desk TYPING on her laptop. She hears a loud BANG, then a CRASH.

Then BANG! BANG! BANG! She rushes downstairs to check it out.

Smoke appears near a far wall, as if a gun has just gone off.

There is a SQUEAKING SOUND, above her head like a rope holding something is swinging back and forth.

She sees three holes in the wall. She goes to touch them and they vanish.

SHIV goes back upstairs and grabs her phone and dials.

She waits.

No answer.

She tries again.

She tries again.

[NOTE TEXT MESSAGES ARE ITALICIZED]

SHIV

*RIP, call me! It's happening  
again!*

She starts rummaging looking around on her desk and then on her laptop for something.

She stops - she has found it.

She dials again.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? Is this Ms. Miller?

SEYLAN(V.O.)

Yes, this is Seylan. Who is this?

SHIV pauses for a minute and takes a deep BREATH.

SHIV

Yes, I'm sorry. This is Siobhan,  
um Shiv, Shiv Abecassis. I got  
your number from my mother, Miriam  
Cohen. I sent that email?

SEYLAN

Yes, dear. She said you would be  
calling. I received your email and  
planned to come next week to meet  
with you. Are you alright?

SHIV

I'm okay now, I think.

SHIV is pacing back and forth in the office.

SEYLAN

Perhaps a glass of water?

SHIV

I am okay, thank you. I called  
because something has happened. It  
was... I can't explain it.

SEYLAN

Did you see something? Are you hurt?

SHIV

Yes, I saw, I mean I heard loud banging noises and heard what I thought were gunshots. But there was nothing there.

SEYLAN (V.O.)

What were you doing at the time?

SHIV

I was just working in my office and..

BANG! BANG! BANG!

SHIV (CONT'D)

It's happening again! PLEASE HELP ME!!

SHIV races down the stairs and is looking around frantically. She tries the front door and it's locked.

SEYLAN(V.O.)

Hello? Shiv, are you there?

SHIV is shaking uncontrollably.

SEYLAN(V.O.)

Shiv, listen to me. I need to chant with me. Can you hear me?

No answer. Beat.

SHIV

Hello? Yes, I'm here, I don't know what to do. I can't get out. What do I do?

The BANGING continues.

SEYLAN(V.O.)

Listen to me, Shiv. Chant with me.  
ALL SAINTS HELP AND PROTECT.  
ENTITY YOU ARE UNWANTED. LEAVE  
THIS PLACE! Shiv? Shiv?

SHIV

I hear you, yes.

SEYLAN(V.O.)  
Chant with me.

SEYLAN(V.O.)	SHIV
ALL SAINTS HELP AND PROTECT.	ALL SAINTS HELP AND PROTECT.
ENTITY YOU ARE UNWANTED.	ENTITY YOU ARE UNWANTED.
LEAVE THIS PLACE!	LEAVE THIS PLACE!

SEYLAN(V.O.)  
AGAIN!

SHIV is rocking back and forth holding tight to her phone as if it were a holy cross.

Then a loud THUD. The line goes dead on SEYLAN'S end.

SEYLAN(V.O.)  
Shiv! Shiv?! Hello? Oh no! I'm  
coming, I'm coming.

INT. SEYLAN'S GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

SEYLAN, a beautiful woman in her 50s, plugs in her phone and she scrolls to find the email with SHIV'S address. She puts it in the GPS and PEELS out.

EXT. ABECASSIS HOME - LATER

SEYLAN SCREECHES into the driveway. Jumping out of the car with her bag in hand and rushes to the front door.

She OPENS the door.

SEYLAN  
OH MY DEAR GOD!

INT. CHIEF ABECASSIS'S CAR - DAY

RIPLEY is driving. DETECTIVE HANLEY is in the passenger seat.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Mind some music?

RIPLEY  
Sure, Just no country.

DETECTIVE HANLEY turns the dial and scrolls past the news.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Put that back, would you?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Sure.

FEMALE NEWSREPORTER (OVER THE RADIO)  
*Ritchie Abernathy, a young altar boy at St. Mary's in Amesbury, was found in the woods behind Kessler Auto earlier this morning. Some are now dubbing the unknown suspect The Kessler Killer - now a confirmed serial killer according to police. This is the third boy since the 4th of July to go missing and then found dead. The grim details of the crimes are not being released. If you have any information, please contact the Boston State Police.*

RIPLEY turns it off.

RIPLEY  
Who talked to the media?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I wish I knew.

RIPLEY  
When we finish at the Archbishop's - I want you to find out. This will force my hand to hold a goddamn press conference. I wanted to hold off see if we got any new leads that pan out.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Ma'am, without a suspect, are you sure you want to do that?

RIPLEY  
Someone took that goddamn choice - didn't they?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I'll call and get it arranged.

They proceed for the rest of the ride in silence.

EXT. ARCHBISHOP'S MANOR - LATER

RIPLEY pulls in and turns the car off.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
You ready, Chief?

DETECTIVE HANLEY pauses for a beat. Then two.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
Chief? You want me to go in alone?  
I'm happy to, he was my..

RIPLEY cuts him off.

RIPLEY  
Shit no. Let's go god damnit.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Sorry, it just felt like you  
were... stalling.

RIPLEY turns her head across the car at DETECTIVE HANLEY.  
She stares him down.

RIPLEY  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Stalling? My only stall was  
thinking about if you were going to  
say something stupid. I brought  
you to back me up and help calm  
them. I didn't bring you to roll  
over me.

DETECTIVE HANLEY tries to look surprised, hoping RIPLEY will  
buy it.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
No, Ma'am. That was not my intent.  
I just know you have a lot going on  
at home and your head seemed to be  
elsewhere..

RIPLEY pauses for a beat and then cuts him off.

RIPLEY  
Whatever, Hanley, let's just  
fucking go. Just have my back in  
there okay?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Yes Ma'am.

RIPLEY walks around the car, buttons up his overcoat for him  
and stares at him. Their noses are practically touching.

Her gaze doesn't relent - even when DETECTIVE HANLEY tries to  
look away.

RIPLEY

Just don't fuck with me. Dig in and find your balls, stand up to these assholes, yeah?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Yeah.

She backs away and he follows her to the door.

She RINGS the bell and they wait. RIPLEY turns to him again.

RIPLEY

You're buying a drink after this.

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - AFTERNOON

SHIV is at the bottom of the stairs. Her left arm is bent in an unnatural way backward toward her back.

SEYLAN

Shiv, Shiv, you okay?

SHIV conscious, but unresponsive. Her eyes are wide and full of terror - but in a daze.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit.

SEYLAN DIALS 911.

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello. Yes, I'm calling from 94 Commonwealth. A client, she looks like she is in shock. Yes, she is breathing. I can't get her to respond. Okay, yes, I will stay with her. I just moved her head a bit. Yes, please hurry.

SEYLAN hangs up the phone.

She brushes SHIV's hair from her face.

She calls MIRIAM COHEN, her friend and SHIV's mother while she waits for the ambulance.



INT. ABECASSIS HOME - CONTINUOUS

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE)  
Hi, Miriam. Yes, I am with Shiv.  
Well, she's had some kind of an  
episode. The ambulance is coming.  
I can text you the hospital, no  
need to come all the way over here.  
There is something you need to  
know.

INT. KESSLER KILLER'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The KESSLER KILLER is sitting at his table looking over some  
polaroid's of his victims. He is content.

The KESSLER KILLER touches the photographs and pleasures  
themselves for several minutes.

Beat.

Under some of the photos is an old book.

It is written in Latin and has pictures of the same ritual  
The KESSLER KILLER has been performing on their victims.

The KESSLER KILLER turns the page and the killer on the page  
has a light shining on him and a dark spirit leaving his  
body.

The KESSLER KILLER'S laptop DINGS.

Beat.

The KILLER is drawn back to the real world.

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY are sitting in a booth looking  
over the menus.

RIPLEY'S phone CHIMES. She ignores it.

It CHIMES three more times. She sets it down again.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Ma'am, you can take the call or  
whatever. I gotta take a pi-, hit  
the men's room. Please check in.

RIPLEY stares at him.

RIPLEY

It's just Miriam, Shiv's mother.  
I'll check in a bit. Maybe after  
the beer. You take your piss.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Fine, ma'am. Order me a coke,  
would you?

DETECTIVE HANLEY gets up from the table. RIPLEY checks her  
texts - two from SHIV and one from MIRIAM. That can wait.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY returns to the table.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

It's not my business, but...

RIPLEY

There's your answer.

Beat.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

How'd you feel it went with his  
majesty?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

He was open. But, 30 days before  
they intervene? Chief, with all but  
no leads, how are we gonna fit  
that?

RIPLEY pauses and looks up from her menu. She ignores his  
question and signals for the server.

RIPLEY

A beer and a coke.

SERVER

No food? You've got about 15  
minutes left on the Happy Hour  
menu. The loaded tots are half off  
and the fried Haddock balls are  
really good.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I like fried haddock, but, haddock  
balls?

SERVER

It's about the same thing. We use a mixture and form the balls and then lightly fry them. Same fryer we use for the fish and chips, so tastes the same, but the balls are on the Happy Hour, not the fish and chips.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

The balls are fine. Hey can you put the Pats on?

SERVER

Sure, hon.

INT. BAR - LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I was thinking on the drive over about the case.

RIPLEY

And?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Why don't we have any real leads, why? Why alter boys? Why the ritual?

RIPLEY

I don't know, I don't know, and I don't know.

RIPLEY'S phone CHIMES again.

RIPLEY takes one of the haddock balls and dips it into some malt vinegar.

Then she takes a bite, steam rises from the food when she bites it.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

This case is like this haddock ball. There is a very light breading on the outside and it'll take just one bite before we hit the real steam, yeah?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Chief, Ma'am, that's got to be the weirdest fucking analogy I've ever heard.

Beat.

RIPLEY finishes her beer. Her phone CHIMES again.

RIPLEY  
Yeah, it's Rip.

MIRIAM (V.O.)  
What the hell is wrong with you  
Ripley? We've been trying to reach  
you. Shiv's in the hospital.

RIPLEY rolls her eyes.

RIPLEY  
I'm sorry. I've been at work, you  
know we have another dead alter  
boy, so I'm sorry if I wasn't at  
your beckon call.

MIRIAM (V.O.)  
She's hurt, Ripley. I'm here with  
the doctor, might be a concussion.  
Be her fucking wife and come here.  
We are at Mass General.

RIPLEY looks at her watch. DETECTIVE HANLEY is pretending not  
to listen, finishing his coke. RIPLEY sighs.

RIPLEY  
I'm in Revere, I can be there in 30  
minutes.

RIPLEY finishes her beer. She looks at DETECTIVE HANLEY in  
the eye for a beat.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
How long since your divorce?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Five years.

RIPLEY  
How many years sober?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
About to celebrate two, Chief, why?

RIPLEY stands up and puts on her overcoat.

RIPLEY  
You get a ride back?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Sure, Chief. My brother's place  
isn't far - might just stop by  
there anyway. You good?

RIPLEY

Yeah, I'm good. Just tired.  
Fucking tired.

RIPLEY not in any hurry goes out to her car. She opens the trunk and finds a mini she hid in the emergency kit.

She rubs her eyes and pulls down the visor and looks in the mirror. She'll be 44 next week.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

RIPLEY is standing in front of the doorway to the Emergency Room. She bums a cigarette from the male nurse smoking near her.

RIPLEY

Thanks man.

Beat.

She takes the last drag and walks in.

INT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

RIPLEY walks to the nurse's station and RINGS the bell several times.

A NURSE approaches, she looks annoyed.

NURSE

Yes, can I help you?

RIPLEY

Chief Ripley Abecassis for Siobhan  
Abecassis.

The nurse does not seem impressed. The nurse turns to her computer and TYPES something.

NURSE

Looks like she is in room 1408.  
Just go straight down and take the  
first left.

RIPLEY manages a slight smile and head nod.

As she turns the corner she sees MIRIAM, a small thin, woman in her early 70s, right away and a woman she doesn't recognize, SEYLAN.

MIRIAM

Good of you to come, Ripley. I know that Shiv's accident must be an inconvenience for the new Chief.

RIPLEY ignores MIRIAM and slides by her to SHIV.

RIPLEY

Hey honey. How are you doing?

SHIV

Hi. Thanks for coming.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry it took me so long. This case. This killer. They don't seem to care if anyone on the force has a life.

SHIV

I'm okay, you should get back to it. My mom is here, I'm fine.

RIPLEY turns to SEYLAN who has remained silent. SHIV has drifted off to sleep.

RIPLEY

I'm SHIV's wife, Chief Abecassis.

RIPLEY extends her hand.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

How do you know her?

SEYLAN stalls, she isn't sure how to answer.

SEYLAN

I'm the, a Medium, the Medium Shiv called. I know Miriam - we knew each other from University. She was my Professor. I did my graduate work and then my thesis under her tutelage.

RIPLEY nods.

RIPLEY

Okay. Well why are you here now?

SEYLAN

I was the one who called the ambulance.

RIPLEY

From our house? Why were you at our house?

SEYLAN

Yes, from your home. I had only just arrived. Shiv had called me because she had experienced some disturbances and she was terrified.

RIPLEY

Here it is.

SEYLAN

She heard gunshots, loud bangs and objects being thrown. When I arrived she was at the bottom of the stairs in shock. She was shaking uncontrollably.

RIPLEY

This kind of thing has happened before with her.

RIPLEY sighs.

SEYLAN

I realize that. That is why Miriam contacted me a while back. She's been concerned for some time.

RIPLEY

I appreciate you bringing her here. But there is nothing going on in our house. I have never seen nor heard a goddamn thing.

A nurse appears. She has to wake SHIV, it takes her a minute to come to. She looks drained and tired.

NURSE #2

Hello, Shiv it's time for your CT scan. Any vomiting?

SHIV shakes her head.

NURSE #2 (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse us, I'll have her back before too long. You are welcome to stay here.

She nods her head at RIPLEY as they leave.

NURSE #2 (CONT'D)

Chief.

RIPLEY nods back and turns to SEYLAN.

RIPLEY

Like I was saying, I appreciate you helping Shiv. But she is fine now. You can go.

MIRIAM

Ripley, for once, can't you just listen? Shiv was terrified!

RIPLEY

She's been terrified all the other times too. I'm just trying to keep logic in the picture here, Miriam.

SEYLAN chimes in.

SEYLAN

Chief Abecassis. Listen, our understanding of the paranormal, alternate realities, time travel, multiple dimensions, demon realms is still really in its infancy. I wrote my thesis on black holes and their intersection with possible dimensions and alternate spheres of reality.

RIPLEY

What's the point?

SEYLAN

I don't take Shiv's experiences lightly. We only call it the paranormal because we lack a better term. It encompasses so much of what we don't understand about the earth's metaphysical energy and that interaction with death, time and the beyond.

RIPLEY

I have been dealing with Shiv's complications and episodes for the past four years, I know what this is.

Beat.



RIPLEY walks to the window.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Demon realms, Christ on a cross.

SEYLAN  
I am telling you because in my professional opinion there is true paranormal activity in your home. It is an entity or perhaps even a demon of some kind. We have planned a séance for a week from today. I think if you can join us - it would help.

MIRIAM  
If you could support Shiv in this, it would mean a lot. And I know that you've been drinking again.

RIPLEY is about to interrupt, but MIRIAM won't let her.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)  
But, I also know that Shiv had a violent episode with you in the car the other day. She needs you and you need her. Your new position has heaved new stress on her and your relationship. Please.

SEYLAN  
Chief. To be clear, whatever is happening in your home doesn't care if you believe or not. It'll happen all the same. If I can channel what's going on and contact it - it might help to extinguish whatever is going on.

RIPLEY pulls a black puff bar out of her inside pocket. She takes a few long drags and discreetly blows them out.

RIPLEY  
I will make sure I am there. But, this has to be between us. I am in a very precarious situation. I am in the middle of a fucking murder investigation. If anything else gets out to the press - this will be the shortest any Chief has served for the Commonwealth. I know our marriage has been strained - but I catch this guy and we go back to what's normal.

MIRIAM

Fine.

MIRIAM leaves to get coffee - leaving them alone. RIPLEY checks her watch - then her radio goes off.

RIPLEY

Go ahead.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

We found another.

RIPLEY

I'll be right there.

RIPLEY takes another drag, walks over to the nearest garbage can and drops the empty mini in it.

RIPLEY turns to SEYLAN as she is leaving.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Tell her I'm sorry, again. I have to go.

SEYLAN nods. RIPLEY walks a few feet, then pauses and punches the nearest wall before leaving the hospital.

MIRIAM comes in from the other hallway.

MIRIAM

Where'd she go? Called away?

SEYLAN

Punched the wall on her way out.

MIRIAM

I hope she broke her hand.

INT. SHIV'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

SHIV is awake. MIRIAM is on a nearby chair.

MIRIAM gets up to turn off the TV, but SHIV shakes her head, she wants it on.

SHIV

Leave it on. I want to see what they say about Rip's case.

Then the nurse comes back with JAMES.

NURSE #2

Shiv, you have a visitor. He wasn't on the list, is it okay?

SHIV

Yes, he's my boss, it's fine.

JAMES sits next to SHIV on the bed.

SEYLAN

SHIV, you have a visitor, I'll be leaving now. You let me know if you want to change the séance, I would certainly understand.

JAMES looks like he can't wait for SEYLAN to leave. MIRIAM also decides to leave them alone.

MIRIAM

I'll walk you out. I'm going to grab some food anyway. I'll be back soon honey.

SEYLAN leans over to the bed and gives SHIV a KISS on the temple.

SEYLAN

I'll give you a call.

SHIV

Thanks for coming, really. And for being there. It felt good to have someone be there.

SHIV can't deny the attraction, but she also is torn between her love for RIPLEY and her loneliness.

JAMES

Hey, great to meet you!

Once they leave JAMES leans into SHIV. He touches her leg-then her hand. She feels nothing like that for him.

SHIV

James, I appreciate you coming. But, I told you, it was once.

JAMES feigns surprise at this comment.

JAMES

I'm glad you're okay. I came to see if you want to do a follow up piece. I just heard they found another body.

SHIV

How do you already know that?

JAMES

I have a source at the station. My father had deep ties in the Church and they all work for the Commonwealth now. It's still a small town, for the townies anyway.

SHIV looks at JAMES, not really sure why she slept with him. He was confident and decent - but he was like a robot - like he had no soul, no passion.

SHIV

I hope to get out tomorrow or the next day. I'll get a piece for you within the week.

JAMES looks at her. He examines her like she is someone meant for his pleasure.

JAMES

That works, the sooner the better though. The Globe already scooped us on the Kenefick boy. I want it inside. I want to feel what the killer feels.

JAMES KISSES her check as he gets up to leave.

Then he pauses at the window as the nearby church bells RING eight times. Then he inhales and turns to her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Always hated those fucking bells.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND KESSLER AUTO - LATE EVENING

RIPLEY gets to the scene. The mud is deep. Cold. Damp.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Chief, this way.

RIPLEY

I want to see him.

POLICE OFFICER #1

The M.E. is here. We've been collecting evidence.

RIPLEY

What the fuck difference has that made, Officer? This is the fourth boy we've found and we have nothing. Where the fuck is Detective Hanley?

RIPLEY doesn't wait for a response, she dials him up. She hears the RING.

DETECTIVE HANLEY was walking toward her - 50 yards away - now he is running once he sees she is calling.

RIPLEY grabs his throat only hard enough to scare him. She is right up in his face reeling in anger.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

You trying to fuck me? You fucking vying for my job you little prick!

DETECTIVE HANLEY backs away and takes a breathe.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Chief, we had a break.

RIPLEY slows her breathing and doesn't move from her position.

She waves him close, violence over.

RIPLEY

Listening.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

It's a case from a few years back, down Providence. The Archbishop called me after you left. They got a call, led us here. I think our perp is either wanting attention or getting weary.

RIPLEY

Listening.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

He said he has reason to believe that, eh.

DETECTIVE HANLEY wants to be careful here. Ripley is on high alert.

RIPLEY

Listening, fuck.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
The Archbishop has reason to  
believe the perp is a woman.

ONE WEEK LATER

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - EARLY EVENING

SEYLAN is there with SHIV. They are having tea.

SEYLAN  
Are we about ready to start?

SHIV  
I don't think Rip is coming. She  
has that Press Conference - she  
said she can't change it, said  
she'd try, but... Seems I am the  
only part of Rip's life that is  
negotiable.

SEYLAN  
I can come back when she can fit it  
in.

SHIV looks at her and their eyes lock. SEYLAN kneels and  
pleasures SHIV.

SHIV closes her eyes and MOANS.

FLASHBACK TO 1982

INT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - PRIESTS' QUARTERS - DAY

An alter boy is on his knees, hands in a prayer position.  
FATHER GALLO is standing above him.

FATHER GALLO  
There, there boy. God's work is  
never easy. *Therefore, I urge you,  
brothers and sisters, in view of  
God's mercy, to offer your bodies  
as a living sacrifice, holy and  
pleasing to God—this is your true  
and proper worship.*

The young alter boy looks up.

FATHER GALLO presses his head to his genitals. The boy  
hesitates.

He SLAPS him across the face. FATHER GALLO presses the boy's head back.

The boy acquiesces.

FATHER GALLO (CONT'D)  
God's work is never easy.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - LATER

SHIV and SEYLAN have a table set up with candles.

An old book with the word "CHANTS" written across it is next to SEYLAN.

SEYLAN  
You must be still. Keep a hold of my hand, no matter what happens, okay? Let's begin.

SEYLAN calls out.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Spirit are you there?

They both wait. SILENCE.

SHIV moves a bit in her chair and SIGHS.

Beat.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Is the spirit in this home ready to communicate? We are here to receive.

SILENCE.

Suddenly SEYLAN is perched on top of the table squatting down and only a few inches from SHIV'S face.

SEYLAN is a gnarled naked demon with black leathery skin. SHIV blinks.

In the next instant - SEYLAN looks normal and they are holding hands again.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
If there is an entity here, please show us a sign.

Beat.

SEYLAN opens her eyes. SEYLAN can tell something is very wrong.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
What is it, Shiv? Shiv?

All of the blood has drained out of SHIV'S face.

She sees a woman at the bottom on the stairs, she is in the same position that SEYLAN found SHIV.

She is wearing clothes from another time, perhaps the 1920s.

Above - a man in the same period clothing is swinging from a rope.

The chandelier is swinging.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
What? What is it? What do you see?

SHIV  
Don't you see it? See them?

SEYLAN  
I'm sorry, I don't see...

Then the large chandelier comes CRASHING down and SEYLAN jumps up and her chair is pushed up against the wall.

CHAOS.

SHIV  
Is it you? Is it you?

SEYLAN  
It's me, it's me.

SHIV  
I, it was, it was you. What happened?

SHIV shrinks back. She looks at SEYLAN in terror.

SEYLAN  
During the séance?

SHIV  
It was you, but it wasn't. It was you - then it was something, something else.



SHIV (CONT'D)

Is it gone?

SEYLAN

It seems to be now. Shiv, do you think you could describe what you saw? Or find it in a book, maybe?

SHIV gets up to grab a broom and turns and looks at SEYLAN.

SEYLAN is the demon again and she is eating her own intestines with a huge smile on her face, SHIV DROPS to the floor.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY are standing in front of some mics.

They are having a private conversation as the ARCHBISHOP and his entourage take seats at the back.

RIPLEY addresses the mics.

RIPLEY

Thank you all for coming. The Commonwealth has been working tirelessly on the Kessler case. We have a new lead and believe getting close to an arrest. That is all the detail I am able to give at this time. I will take a few questions.

Every reporter raises their hand. RIPLEY nods to DETECTIVE HANLEY to call on someone.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Ah, Simone?

SIMONE, REPORTER

Yes, thank you Detective. Chief, can you address the allegations that these murders are related to the Church?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

We have not found any evidence that the Church is involved nor do we entertain rumors with such a serious case.

RIPLEY

We are not discounting any avenues.  
Our top priority is to stop the  
murders and to make an arrest.  
Jack, go ahead.

JACK, REPORTER

Chief, can you comment on the  
possibility of a female killer?

RIPLEY

We have been looking at all angles  
in this investigation. We cannot  
afford to ignore any viable leads.

JACK, THE REPORTER, doesn't hesitate and gets out his follow  
up question before anyone else can.

JACK, REPORTER

So, it is true then?

The room EXPLODES with questions and flashing cameras.

RIPLEY looks around and her heart starts beating.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Thank you all for coming. That is  
all we can answer about this  
ongoing investigation.

DETECTIVE HANLEY rushes off with RIPLEY away from the  
commotion. They go into a room a few doors down.

INT. SMALL BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RIPLEY

What the fuck was that?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I was trying to help, it looked  
like, well, you froze.

RIPLEY looks down at her phone it CHIMES.

DETECTIVE HANLEY gets up and POURS two cups of coffee.

RIPLEY

Oh god damnit!

DETECTIVE HANLEY sits across from RIPLEY and sets the coffee  
in front of her.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
I forgot. Shit. I had that  
fucking séance with SHIV today. I  
just saw the calendar reminder. I  
never told her I couldn't.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Why don't you go? I'll deal with  
everything here.

RIPLEY pauses and looks at DETECTIVE HANLEY, trying to read  
him.

RIPLEY  
You want my job, DETECTIVE?

DETECTIVE HANLEY pauses.

He sits back and runs his fingers through his hair and takes  
a SIP of coffee.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
What? With respect, Chief, I  
thought we were past this.

DETECTIVE HANLEY looks genuinely concerned.

RIPLEY  
Remember when I asked you to have  
my back on this? On this case?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Of course.

RIPLEY  
So, do you? I won't let the Church  
shove rumors or suspects I don't  
find feasible- down my throat.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Chief, I have your back. I have  
the file from the Church if you  
want to see it.

RIPLEY  
Why the fuck wouldn't I want to see  
it?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
SHIV was in the hospital and I  
didn't want to bog you down when I  
didn't know if it was a serious  
look.

Beat.

RIPLEY

Well, is it a serious look?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

The woman has no priors, but she is tied to a missing altar boy case in NYC, 11 years ago. She also was tied to a murdered Priest, same Parish a year later. But, she was absolved.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)

So, how is SHIV?

RIPLEY

What's her name?

Beat.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Seylan Miller.

FLASHBACK TO 1922

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A MAN and A WOMAN are fighting at the hallway at the top of the stairs. He has a rifle.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

She DROPS at the bottom of the stairs - in a strange and unnatural angle.

Beat.

The same man sets the gun down next to her.

Beat.

He ties a hangman's noose and drapes it over a large beam above his head.

He jumps.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KESSLER KILLER'S HOME - LATE EVENING

The KESSLER KILLER is kneeling down in front of a fireplace in their apartment wearing a black robe.

A book sits in front of them.

Pictures from the book reveal the Ceremony.

The KESSLER KILLER CHANTS as they turn the pages of the book.

PICTURES IN BOOK EACH TAKES A PAGE: Abuse from an elder, the tortured soul, tortured soul eats of organs, the tortured soul able to go back in time, tortured soul kills abuser, tortured soul is no longer tortured.

The KESSLER KILLER finishes the chants and rises and goes into the kitchen.

A plate is prepared obvious small organs from one of the altar boys and the KESSLER KILLER consumes them.

This time with less joy than before.

INT. RIPLEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

RIPLEY is sitting behind her desk, she pulls a mini out but just fiddles with it.

A KNOCK at the door. She drops the mini in her desk drawer.

RIPLEY

Come in.

It's DETECTIVE HANLEY. He has a few files with him and nods to ensure he can sit down.

RIPLEY waves her hand in response to sit.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Chief, I've got the file.

RIPLEY

Run it.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I can leave it if you need to get home to...

RIPLEY

Detective, I need to hear this first.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Seylan Miller was part of the investigation in a missing altar boy in NYC 11 years ago. She was cleared. A Jacob Evans Montgomery was charged and convicted. She also was questioned in the death of a Priest - a, um... Father O'Leary. She was also cleared when the death was ultimately ruled a suicide.

RIPLEY'S countenance has not changed. RIPLEY takes a drag on her pen.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)

You need a cigarette Chief?

RIPLEY just takes another drag and ignores the question.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)

The last thing here is she was also questioned in the death of her husband, a Mick Bishop. He was found floating in the Hudson, correction - his torso was found floating in the Hudson. She had a pretty strong alibi and nothing came of it.

RIPLEY takes one last drag from the pen and sits back. DETECTIVE HANLEY gets up from the chair and walks to the window.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)

What's next? You want me to bring her in?

RIPLEY

I need to get home. Don't bring her in yet. The Archbishop is pushing this woman on us for some reason. Spend some time on that. Grab two Staties and get back to the latest crime scene. We are still missing something.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Think you'll tell Shiv, about her I mean?

RIPLEY

Why the fuck would I do that?

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - OWNER'S SUITE/UPSTAIRS  
HALLWAY/STAIRCASE/LOFT - LATER

SHIV and SEYLAN are getting dressed.

SHIV turns the TV on and the replay of RIPLEY'S press conference is on.

SHIV looks at her phone, three texts from RIPLEY.

SHIV (V.O.)  
Shit, shit, shit!

SEYLAN appears from the bathroom.

SEYLAN  
What? What is it?

SHIV'S face has gone white.

SHIV  
I need you to go, now!

They quickly move downstairs just as RIPLEY is coming in the front door.

RIPLEY looks up and sees them standing there.

SHIV freezes.

SEYLAN walks right up to RIPLEY.

SEYLAN  
I wouldn't be here, if you had been.

She sits on a bench and puts her shoes on.

RIPLEY  
I wouldn't go far, Ms. Miller.

SHIV doesn't dare descend the stairs. RIPLEY looks around the house and notices the disarray.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
What happened here?

SEYLAN  
You should ask your wife. Like I told you at the hospital, whatever is happening in this house happens whether you believe it or not.

SEYLAN walks by RIPLEY and leaves.

RIPLEY walks up the stairs and right up to SHIV.

She embraces her.

SHIV begins to cry, they both cry.

SHIV  
What's going on Rip?

RIPLEY  
I think it's time to talk.

They walk to the LOFT and SHIV sits down. RIPLEY stands.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Is that her?

SHIV  
What do you mean?

RIPLEY is annoyed. She paces for a minute and asks again.

RIPLEY  
Is that her?

SHIV  
You met her at the hospital. She did the séance with me, the one you missed today, for the press conference.

RIPLEY  
Okay, I want to listen. What happened?

SHIV  
We started the séance and at first nothing happened. Then I saw or thought I saw...  
I thought I saw some kind of demon or - I don't know. It was Seylan, she was the demon. But - it was only for a second. Then we heard the loud banging again. The chandelier fell.

Beat.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
And you weren't here. You were working on a dead end case that apparently you have no leads or suspects for. Between that and the bottle, I can't compete.



Beat.

RIPLEY  
Is that why you fucked the Medium?

RIPLEY is calm.

SHIV stands up and meets RIPLEY. She looks her right in the eye.

SHIV  
She was here! You're never here.  
You are never fucking here. Even  
when you are here. You're sneaking  
around looking for booze or you are  
looking at dead little boys.

RIPLEY  
I'm still not fucking someone else!

SHIV sits again and sits back in the chair. RIPLEY is still pacing.

SHIV  
She made me feel something.  
Something other than your  
gaslighting and your bullshit. I'm  
your wife and I am *always* third in  
line!

RIPLEY  
I'm still not fucking someone else!

SHIV  
I deserve human interaction. I  
married you so we could have a life  
together.

RIPLEY kneels down by the chair where SHIV is sitting.  
RIPLEY is shaking.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. I wanted you.

RIPLEY gets up and walks to the bedroom. She gets a bag and  
SHIV watches her leave out the front door.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - LATE EVENING

RIPLEY pulls up in the back and walks to the front of the  
motel.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

A squatty balding man is attending the desk. The TV is on and it's the press conference.

The man looks at the TV then looks at RIPLEY.

She puts three twenties on the counter.

SQUATTY CHECK IN CLERK

Room 1 is open. Sign the register - insurance purposes.

RIPLEY

Just take the money and give me the key.

EXT./INT. SEEDY MOTEL/RIPLEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RIPLEY walks through an alley. She UNLOCKS the door and sets her bag on the bed in the small room.

She lights a real cigarette.

She pulls out a fifth of vodka from her bag. She doesn't open it, just stares at it.

Her cell phone CHIMES, it's DETECTIVE HANLEY. It CHIMES again, it's SHIV.

She turns her cell off. She lies down on the bed.

Beat.

She finishes the cigarette.

She sits up and opens the bottle. She smells it and smells inside the lid.

She closes her eyes.

She takes several long drinks.

She produces a lighter from the inside of her Chief's coat. She finds three minis in her coat as well, she finishes two of them.

She takes a BREATH - she has stopped crying.

Absolution.

She pours the last mini on her Chief's jacket sleeve.

She lights her sleeve.

RIPLEY lies back again on the bed.

MONSIGNOR'S HOME - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The KESSLER KILLER is dressed all in black.

They are sitting in their car outside the residence. They have polaroid's of THE REVEREND MONSIGNOR GIOVANNI GALLO, back when he was FATHER GALLO.

The KESSLER KILLER has used a pen to scratch out their own face in the pictures. The ancient book is next to them on the passenger seat.

Absolution.

The KESSLER KILLER retrieves several bottles of gasoline from the trunk, UNSCREWS the lids of glass jars and shoves flammable rags into the top.

THE KILLER walks across the street and sets all four at different windows outside. Lighting each on and tossing it inside

They are quick and precise. The home goes up an inferno of sin.

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S HOME - LATER

SEYLAN parks her car in the back. She KNOCKS lightly and is received.

The ARCHBISHOP is in a chair, smoking a cigar.

SEYLAN sits on the antique sofa by the big smoking chair.

The Father brings SEYLAN a glass of red wine. She DRINKS.

SEYLAN

He has almost finished the ritual.  
Then there will be nothing we can  
do.

ARCHBISHOP

He set fire to the MONSIGNOR'S  
home.

SEYLAN

It's not part of the Absolution ritual. But, your brother made him who he is.

ARCHBISHOP

My brother was a sick pedophile who could not complete God's work. His fate rests with God now. Did you reveal yourself to the new Chief's wife?

SEYLAN

Yes. It was brief, a blink or two, but she believes in the evil of that house.

ARCHBISHOP

Then you know what to do. The ritual cannot be completed. That house is the key.

SEYLAN

If I can perform one more séance, Shiv will be gone. Her psyche cannot handle much more.

ARCHBISHOP

If that motherfucker completes the ceremony - the loop will close and we cannot secure the future. The Church will cease to exist.

INT. JAMES LOUIS KIEFFER'S HOME - LATER

JAMES is sitting in front of the TV on his sofa. It is the coverage from finding his fourth victim, JOEY BUCKMAN.

The ancient book sits on the coffee table.

He has crossed out each step in the book as the finished them.

He OPENS the book to the last page. Two adults pictured are splayed open and a man eating their organs.

The page reads *ONLY THROUGH ABSOLUTION CAN THE SINNER ENTER GOD'S PRESENCE.*

The next page the darkness leaves the man.

He has cut out small pictures of RIPLEY and SHIV and they are sitting on the table.

He stands and removes his clothes. He folds them all carefully and sets them next to him on the sofa.

Beat.

He stops in the kitchen and grabs a few dishtowels. He places a couple on the back of the sofa.

He picks up some thread for stitches and threads the curved needle.

After he cranks the TV VOLUME, he sits back and pleasures himself for a few moments.

Abruptly stopping, he takes the picture of Shiv's head and bends it across his erect penis. Then he sews it onto is penis.

JAMES

Bind the sinner to the sin. Bind  
the sinner to the sin.

When finished, JAMES sits back again on the sofa. He is sweating and tears are streaming down his face.

He SIGHS.

Then he threads the needle again. This time placing a picture of RIPLEY'S head against his chest over his heart.

JAMES leans back and awkwardly sews the small picture of RIPLEY into his skin.

He is HUMMING some kind of song.

INT. JAMES'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JAMES stands in the bathtub and pats rubbing alcohol on his still erect penis and then his chest.

Careful not to get it on the pictures he just attached.

He BREATHES deeply, but doesn't wince.

James leans over onto the bathroom counter for balance and grabs a lighter and a pack of cigarettes.

He stands in the bathtub smoking - admiring his crude work in the mirror. James slaps himself on the face several times.

JAMES

Sinner! Absolution! Sinner!  
Sinner! Sinner!

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE HANLEY'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

DETECTIVE HANLEY is sitting in his office looking over pictures, evidence, etc. KNOCK on the door.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Open.

STATIE

Got a partial from the newest crime scene. Guy got sloppy, I guess.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

And?

STATIE

Already sent to the lab. Put a rush on it. You find the Chief yet?

DETECTIVE HANLEY

No. She's off the grid. Sometimes she does this when she needs to think.

STATIE

That press conference would have shook anyone up.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Nothing shakes the Chief. Go check on those prints and get the hell out of my office.

DETECTIVE HANLEY turns back to his laptop and replays the press conference. He takes some notes and replays - then another KNOCK.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

STATIE

Sorry, Detective, but we just got a 904 call in. It's the Monsignor's home near Beacon Hill.

DETECTIVE HANLEY grabs his jacket from the back of his chair and follows the Statie.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MONSIGNOR'S HOME - LATER

The fire is almost out and most of the home is destroyed. DETECTIVE HANLEY is on his phone.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (TO HIMSELF)  
Where the fuck are you, Chief?

DETECTIVE HANLEY walks around the house, shakes hands with some of the firemen and the STATIE follows him. He walks over to FIREMAN KENNEFICK, early 30s, a muscular gruff looking guy.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
Hey, Dick Hanley where's the new Chief?

HANLEY  
She is working, what the hell do you care anyway, Kenefick?

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
I care, Alice, because that Kenefick boy, Junior? He's my cousin's boy. When the fuck are they gonna catch this guy?

DETECTIVE HANLEY walks right up to FIREMAN KENNEFICK.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
We've got it handled. Why don't you stick to what you know, yeah? Cookbooks and loosing at softball.

They are in each other's faces now.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
They won't even let us bury the boy. My mother can't fucking sleep! How do you sleep? How do you look yourself in the mirror? See, I think you're too busy getting your cock sucked by the new Chief.

DETECTIVE HANLEY turns to leave, then turns back around and PUNCHES FIREMAN KENNEFICK right in the jaw.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK comes back at him, but the STATIE interferences and gets punched instead.

DETECTIVE HANLEY knees him in the gut and KENNEFICK drops.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Next time you want to disrespect the Chief, don't do it in my presence, yeah? The Commonwealth will solve this case and I'll shove those words back down your throat.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
Go fuck yourself, man. Just do  
your fucking job!

DETECTIVE HANLEY head nods to the STATIE and they head toward  
the car.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Hey thanks for that.

STATIE  
Yeah, sure. You find the Chief?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
No, I did not.

STATIE  
What are you going to do?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
We are going to keep working this  
case. She'll be back.

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - LATE MORNING

SHIV is on her laptop searching for the history of their  
house.

She is obsessively checking her phone. She DIALS the number  
for the station.

SHIV  
Hello, can I please speak with  
Chief Abecassis?

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
One moment please.

SHIV continues her search as she waits.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Ma'am? She did not answer. Can I  
leave a message?

SHIV  
No, um, can I speak to Detective  
Hanley, please?

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
One moment please.

SHIV, waiting, highlights a paragraph on her screen and  
pastes it into a word processing program.



OPERATOR (V.O.)  
I have Detective Hanley for you.  
Please go ahead.

SHIV  
Detective Hanley?

DETECTIVE HANLEY (V.O.)  
This is he.

SHIV  
It's Shiv, eh, Siobhan. Have you  
seen Rip?

DETECTIVE HANLEY (V.O.)  
Shit. I was just about to call  
you. I can't seem to reach her.  
She's off the grid?

SHIV  
Yeah, we had some words and she  
left.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Can you think of anywhere she might  
go? To let off some steam or  
something?

SHIV  
I don't know, not really. I  
already called a few of the bars  
she likes. They haven't seen her.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Did she take her work vehicle?

SHIV  
Yes.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I'll try the GPS in her car. I'll  
call you back.

SHIV hangs up the phone and lies on the bed and closes her  
eyes.

INT. DETECTIVE HANLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY is looking through the KESSLER KILLER'S  
file. He reads the bible passage again several times.

Beat.

DETECTIVE HANLEY gets up and motions for the Statie.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Those prints come back yet?

STATIE  
I just called, they said by the end  
of the day. You find the Chief  
yet? People been asking.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
They you tell them she took the day  
off to spend time with her wife.  
Can you do that?

STATIE  
Sure, shit, I can do that.

Beat. The STATIE is just standing there.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Anything else, Officer?

STATIE  
Yeah. I was eh - hoping that you'd  
put in a word with the Chief?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
For?

STATIE  
I know there's an opening for  
Detective in homicide.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Why the fuck would you wanna do  
that?

STATIE  
Same as you.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
And what's that?

STATIE  
The climb, man.

DETECTIVE HANLEY sits back at his desk and checks the GPS for  
RIPLEY'S CAR.

The signal shows up in Revere, on Route 1A. It's a motel.

DETECTIVE HANLEY shuts his laptop and grabs his jacket.

INT. MOTEL IN REVERE - LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY pulls in back and sees RIPLEY'S vehicle. There's a firetruck out front.

DETECTIVE HANLEY parks and walks over to the firetruck.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Hey Kenefick.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
What the fuck you doing here? We have only been here for a few minutes, haven't even called it in yet.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Luck, I guess. But glad you got here so fast.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
Like I said, we just got here. Front desk manager called. Someone called in about a smoke alarm and smelled fire in one of the rooms.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
The manager mention who checked in that room?

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
Nope. Didn't seem to care much. We got this though. My guys said no smoke coming from under the door. Knob wasn't hot. No answer at the door.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Which room? Can't the manager open it?

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
He said it's the only key. Probably just some drunk passed out. We were just about to break down the door.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I got this if you want. Go have some beers on me. Your shift's gotta be about over.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK looks at him and walks over to him.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
What's your play?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I was a dick earlier. Let me take  
this. No fire danger, I'll make  
sure everything's okay. I'm sure  
it's nothing. I can take it.

KENNEFICK grabs the cash and CHUCKLES.

FIREMAN KENNEFICK  
Forget it. Thanks man. We're good  
now. If you fuck anything up here,  
I won't admit we were ever here.

DETECTIVE HANLEY nods to him and the rest of the crew as he  
jumps on the rig and they drive away.

He waits until they are out of sight before he rushes over to  
Room 1.

He KNOCKS on the door.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
RIP! RIP!

Beat.

He goes around to the far side. He sees the bathroom window  
is slightly open.

He PUSHES the screen in, it falls into the small bathroom  
without much effort. He starts to climb in.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
RIP! RIP! Shit! Shit!

Then he hears something. A CLICK.

He rushes back to the front door and it is unlocked.

The room is dark and smells like fire.

RIPLEY is on the bed. She is in her Chief's coat, lying on  
her side.

Several empty minis strewn around the bed and one on the  
nightstand.

An empty fifth of vodka is peeking out from under the bed.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)  
Mary, Mother of God, Chief.

DETECTIVE HANLEY sits in the chair next to the bed, he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
RIP, RIP. Hey I'm here to help.

No response. But she rolls over.

The comforter is burned in patches.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
Mind if I get the light?

DETECTIVE HANLEY CLICKS on the lamp on the bedside table and notices her coat is burned exposing some flesh burned.

She sits up against the headboard.

Her right hand is burned some and she has black soot smeared on her face with tear stains in faint strips on her face.

RIPLEY  
Oh Christ, fuck, it's fine. Just  
give me one, man.

He grabs a cigarette for her. He lights it from his and hands it to her.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Just sit here with me.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Yeah, sure Chief. Whatever you  
like.

RIPLEY  
Let's just smoke a bit.

They both sit in silence and smoke.

INT. JAMES LOUIS KIEFFER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

He is at his laptop doing the same research on the Abecassis house. He has printed some articles from the 1920s. The 1960s.

JAMES (TO HIMSELF)  
KAREN MCGILLICUTTY aged 42 years  
and HAMAS MCGILLICUTTY aged 48  
years were found dead at their home  
- a murder suicide. Fatal gunshot  
wounds and hanging.

JAMES stares at the home. He touches the now worn picture on his chest under this clothes.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY come through the doors together.

They don't engage with anyone and walk right back to RIPLEY'S office.

But, the same STATIE follows them.

INT. RIPLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The STATIE stands outside the door.

STATIE  
Chief, good to see you. Eh, those prints are back.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Good. You run them against the database?

STATIE  
Yep. Got a match. A James Louis Kieffer.

RIPLEY  
What? Who?

STATIE  
Kieffer. K-I-E-F..

RIPLEY cuts him off. She takes out her PEN and takes a long drag and sits down behind the desk.

The men are still standing.

RIPLEY  
You don't have to spell it Officer, I know who that is.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Who, Chief?

RIPLEY  
Shiv's fucking boss.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Holy Christ.

STATIE  
What now? Should I bring him in?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Bring the son of a bitch in.

INT. JAMES LOUIS KIEFFER'S HOME - LATER

JAMES is standing in front of his freezer.

There are a few small organs frozen in there. He sticks his head in the freezer and breathes in the cold.

He is touching himself.

Then the doorbell RINGS. JAMES smiles.

He ZIPS up his pants and casually walks to the door.

He OPENS the door. It's two STATIES and DETECTIVE HANLEY.

JAMES  
Officers?

STATIE #1  
James Louis Kieffer?

JAMES  
Sure.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Will you please come with us?

JAMES  
Can I grab a jacket? You know these fall nights can be downright ball freezin'.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Officer, please accompany him.

STATIE #2 walks into his home and follows him to the hallway while he retrieves his jacket.

He notices a door with several locks, normally reserved for outside doors.

JAMES notices his looking at the door.

JAMES looks at him smiles and shakes his head.

They walk back to the door and DETECTIVE HANLEY puts hand cuffs on him and MIRANDIZES him.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
Do you understand your rights as I  
have read them to you.

JAMES  
Yes, Detective.

The other two STATIES exit and DETECTIVE HANLEY walks behind JAMES.

They put him in the back of the squad car. DETECTIVE HANLEY gets into his vehicle and follows behind them.

EXT./INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The squad car and DETECTIVE HANLEY pull up. News vans and reporters are everywhere.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (TO HIMSELF)  
Oh god damnit. How the fu..?

DETECTIVE HANLEY can't finish his sentence because reporters are swarming his car and the squad car in front of him.

Chaos.

JAMES has a huge smile on his face as they pull to the back.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JAMES is sitting in the interview room alone.

He is WHISPERING to himself.

DETECTIVE HANLEY and the STATIE come in.

DETECTIVE HANLEY has a cup of coffee in his hand and puts another one down in front JAMES.

JAMES  
Thank you, Detective.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Mr. Kieffer. We have some  
questions.

JAMES takes a SIP of the coffee and nods his head.

JAMES  
I assumed that's why I am here.

There's a quick KNOCK on the door.



It OPENS and it's RIPLEY. JAMES SMILES when she enters. The other STATIE leaves when RIPLEY gives him a look.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Chief. I was hoping you would join us.

RIPLEY

Did you burn the Monsignor's home?

JAMES

Yes.

RIPLEY

Did you kill those boys?

JAMES

Which?

RIPLEY

Nolan Shaw, Junior Kenefick,  
Ritchie Abernathy, and Joey  
Buckman.

JAMES just looks at RIPLEY. He is rubbing his face.

Then he rubs his chest carefully. He wants to be close to the picture of RIPLEY he had sewn there.

JAMES

Perhaps. I also have some other information I think you would find valuable, Chief.

RIPLEY still looking him in the eye. She barely nods.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Well, Mr. Kieffer?

JAMES sips his coffee again.

JAMES

I fucked the Chief's wife.

DETECTIVE HANLEY moves from the door to the table, but not before RIPLEY has JAMES by the hair and her firearm drawn and aimed at his temple.

RIPLEY extends her arm back behind her back outstretched to signal to DETECTIVE HANLEY that she's got this.

JAMES looks undeterred.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You'll have to check with her, but she doesn't seem to be altogether committed to the lesbian lifestyle.

RIPLEY

Listen, you slimy little fuck. We will nail you for everyone of these murders. And you can rot in prison.

RIPLEY HOLSTERS her gun. She backs away from JAMES and leaves the room.

DETECTIVE HANLEY pokes his head out into the hall and signals for one of the STATIES to come assist.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

You have anything to say?

JAMES

I have some things to say, yes.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I'm listening, Mr. Kieffer.

JAMES

I was hoping that the Chief would stick around for this, but, not so lucky today I guess.

JAMES looks directly at the window, like he can see RIPLEY.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE INTERVIEW ROOM WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

RIPLEY is there listening/watching.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Did you kill those boys?

JAMES says nothing.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Did you set the Monsignor's house on fire?

JAMES sits back in the chair, confident.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

I thought you wanted to answer some questions.

JAMES

Yeah, sure I do. But, you're not asking the right ones, Detective.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

What are the right questions?

JAMES

The one's you are not asking.

DETECTIVE HANLEY is trying to keep his cool, but JAMES is getting to him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why don't you call the Chief back in here and I'd be happy to.

It's only a second before RIPLEY opens the door. She remains standing.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Feel free to sit down, Chief. We may be here a while.

RIPLEY

I'll sit when you decide to answer some questions.

JAMES

It's your house.

RIPLEY moves in closer to the table. She leans her leg against it.

RIPLEY

I'm not wasting my time here. Are you going to talk?

JAMES

I am. I said it's your house. You've had some issues there, right? Some disturbances or something?

DETECTIVE HANLEY looks up at RIPLEY.

RIPLEY

I'm not sure what that would have to do with this case.

JAMES  
It's a crucial part of the  
Absolution ceremony.

RIPLEY  
And the boys too?

JAMES just sits back with a smug smile on his face.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
And the Monsignor's home?

JAMES  
That, that was just to make sure I  
killed that son of a bitch.

DETECTIVE HANLEY leans forward.

RIPLEY  
How did you know the Monsignor?

JAMES  
He use to make me suck his, you  
know. Or do you, Chief?

RIPLEY knows that JAMES is goading her. She keeps her cool.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Hey, can I get a cigarette? A real  
one? You have one Chief?

RIPLEY looks a little surprised.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I know some of your dirty  
little secrets. Shiv tends to  
share with a couple glasses of wine  
in her. You'd be happy to know..

JAMES gets an evil look on his face and CHUCKLES to himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
She screamed your name right before  
she ca...

RIPLEY cuts him off. She is done with his shit.

Beat.

RIPLEY  
Listen. We are investigating the  
murder of four, four young boys.  
We found your print at the last  
crime scene. Guess you got lazy.

DETECTIVE HANLEY opens the manila folder on the table and begins to pull out crime scene photos of each one of the boys.

RIPLEY sits down and DETECTIVE HANLEY takes over.

He points to each picture as he names them.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Nolan Shaw, Junior Kenefick,  
Ritchie Abernathy, and Joey  
Buckman.

JAMES pulls them close, he is very interested.

He hadn't seen them like this.

A day or however long after. As he looks at them, he begins to SOB.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Kieffer. Do, um, would you  
like some water or something?

JAMES touches the photos, spending a moment on each one. He wipes his eyes and SIGHS.

JAMES  
No, no that is fine. I just...  
Well thank you for showing me  
these. So I could say goodbye one  
last time. They gave up so, so  
much for me. So I could have  
Absolution. These boys are in  
Jesus's embrace now.

RIPLEY  
What, what did they give up? More  
than their lives?

JAMES  
It's, it's part of the ritual. I  
have to consume some of their vital  
organs. It is part of it. It's  
the only way for me to undo what  
I've done. Then you'll see, it'll  
be like none of this ever happened.

Then there's a KNOCK on the door. It's the OFFICE MANAGER.  
RIPLEY pokes her head out.

OFFICE MANAGER  
It's Mr. Kieffer's lawyer. She's  
here.

MEREDITH FOGLIANI from BURCH, FOGLIANI, AND BATEMAN - the biggest firm in the city walks in.

MEREDITH  
Chief, Detective. I hope you have  
mirandized my client.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Of course, Ms. Fogliani.

MEREDITH  
Well, you are done here. Can we  
have the room please?

RIPLEY  
We will get him. This changes  
nothing.

MEREDITH  
I hope that wasn't a threat, Chief.

RIPLEY  
Of course not.

MEREDITH  
My bet is you've fucked this case  
five ways from Sunday - and Mr.  
Kieffer will end up cleaning up  
trash on Route 1 as penance.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Not a god damn chance.

MEREDITH  
Please, excuse us.

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY exit the room and MEREDITH SHUTS  
the door behind them.

JAMES  
Now, who the hell are you?

MEREDITH  
I'm your attorney, Mr. Kieffer.

JAMES  
I didn't hire you.

MEREDITH  
Yes, I know.

JAMES  
Well who did?

MEREDITH

A benefactor. Does it really matter?

JAMES

No. But, I would like you to get the Chief back in here.

MEREDITH

I would advise against that, Mr. Kieffer.

JAMES

I'd like you to invite the Chief back in here. I'd like to confess. Then I'd like you to get me out on bail.

MEREDITH

That's not going to work.

JAMES

They want what only I can give them. Just do it, please.

MEREDITH

Fine, but remember I advised against it.

JAMES

Noted.

MEREDITH leaves the room to find the Chief.

James sits WHISPERING to himself.

INT. RIPLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY is sitting opposite RIPLEY. MEREDITH has interrupted their conversation.

MEREDITH

My client would like you to come back, Chief.

RIPLEY

Great, will he talk?

MEREDITH

Yes, in my presence.

RIPLEY

Fine. Let's go Detective.

They follow MEREDITH to the INTERROGATION ROOM. RIPLEY STOPS at the LADIE'S ROOM.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
I'll be right there.

INT. LADIE'S ROOM

RIPLEY goes to an open stall and CHUGS the mini from inside her pocket. Pops some mints.

Beat.

She walks quickly to the INTERROGATION ROOM.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

RIPLEY sits next to DETECTIVE HANLEY at the table. JAMES SMILES.

JAMES  
The time is near.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
For?

JAMES  
Absolution, Detective. Absolution.

RIPLEY  
Right your, Absolution. But, I'm interested in those boys, Mr. Kieffer.

JAMES  
That'll come.

JAMES GLANCES at DETECTIVE HANLEY.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Detective, you're divorced right?  
Been sober some two years?

DETECTIVE HANLEY doesn't budge.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I only bring this up because seems our new Chief could use some help.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
With what exactly?



JAMES

Sobriety. I could smell it the minute you walked back in here.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

That'll do.

RIPLEY is stoic.

JAMES

You know, my Uncle. He uh, he had this game he liked to play. He'd babysit me when my mom worked graveyards. If I could hold still for ten seconds while he burned me with a cigarette - if I didn't move, I'd get a beer, if I did move, I'd have to suck his..

RIPLEY cuts him off.

RIPLEY

Is there a point here, James?

JAMES

The point is, Chief, he was always drunk. I hate drunks.

MEREDITH fidgets, uncomfortable.

MEREDITH

James, I think we need to stop there.

JAMES

We aren't stopping.

RIPLEY

Is that why you fucked Shiv?  
Because you think I'm a drunk?

JAMES

You know my uncle use to always say, "alcohol may be a man's worst enemy, but the Bible says to love your enemies." Sinatra, I think. My uncle was just so fucking good at justifying what he did. Anyone who hurts kids, always is, aren't they?

RIPLEY

So, what about you then, Mr. Kieffer? What's your justification?

JAMES

There's no justification. It had to be done. That simple.

INT. SEYLAN'S HOME - EVENING

SEYLAN is sitting in the bath. Her phone RINGS.

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE)

Hello. I wondered when I would hear from you.

ARCHBISHOP (V.O.)

He's been arrested.

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE)

Yes he has.

ARCHBISHOP (V.O.)

I'm not sure you've held up your end of the bargain.

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE)

I think I have. The marriage is in ruins, the home is being fed, and with Mr. Kieffer in custody - it will be impossible for him to complete the ritual.

ARCHBISHOP (V.O.)

It is crucial he doesn't. We need a continual stream of souls. Without fear we crumble. After the Priests failed, too many were driven away. Peace is our enemy, the secular world challenges our relevance.

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE)

We are well aware of the issues and the urgency. I will need one more time in that house and Ms. Abecassis' sanity will be no more.

ARCHBISHOP (V.O.)

See that you do.

A red leathery demon joins SEYLAN in the bath and SEYLAN'S true self is revealed.

They intertwine and feed each other bloody entrails from the side table by the bath.

They are both drenched in blood.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY is in his office working. KNOCK at the door.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
It's open.

RIPLEY  
Hey Hanley. Have a minute?

RIPLEY sits down.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
What's up Chief?

RIPLEY  
Think we are getting anywhere?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Yeah, sure. He's sure got a hard  
on for you.

RIPLEY  
Can I ask you something?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Of course.

RIPLEY  
What time is your AA meeting  
tonight?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Eight.

RIPLEY  
We will keep him at least  
overnight. The prints will give us  
some time.

Beat.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Right. You want to come?

RIPLEY  
I'll follow you.

INT. CHURCH DOWNTOWN - LATER

A small group of people are sitting in a circle. Coffee and donuts sit on a table to the side.

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY slip in late.

LEADER  
Thanks for coming tonight. Anyone else want to share?

DETECTIVE HANLEY stands.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Hello. My name is Malcolm and I'm an alcoholic. I'm two years sober. Alcohol ruined my marriage and I almost ruined my career. I decided to get sober when I couldn't handle looking myself in the mirror.

PEOPLE IN MEETING  
Hi Malcolm.

The meeting lasts for a few more minutes. And DETECTIVE HANLEY comes up to RIPLEY at the coffee table.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Oh, hey Happy Birthday Chief.

RIPLEY  
Christ, fuck, Hanley. Let's get back to the station.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I thought you, that we were done for tonight...

RIPLEY  
We are no where near done with James Louis Kieffer. I have one stop to make. Meet you there.

DETECTIVE HANLEY shakes one more person's hand and they get into their respective cars and head toward the station.

INT. RIPLEY'S CAR - LATER

RIPLEY dials SHIV at a stop light.

RIPLEY (ON THE PHONE)  
Hey, it's me. Yes, I'm heading home. I don't have a lot of time, but I wanted to see you. Yeah, me too.

INT. ABECASSIS KITCHEN - LATER

RIPLEY and SHIV are sitting at the table. Gauze, ointment, and some scissors are on the table.

SHIV  
What is this Rip? I was petrified. I couldn't find you - Hanley couldn't find you - you disappeared.

SHIV is bandaging RIPLEY'S arm where the worst burn is.

RIPLEY  
I am sorry. I'm sorry for all of it. For the drinking, for getting lost in work, for the lying. Not putting you first.

SHIV looks her in the eye. She sets the scissors down.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
I want us. I want this. We caught him, Shiv.

SHIV looks confused for a beat.

SHIV  
You caught him? Him?

RIPLEY  
Yes. I have to go back tonight, but I wanted you to know I'm here. I want it to be different. For us to be different.

SHIV doesn't hesitate.

SHIV  
Me too. And I'm sorry too.

RIPLEY gets up and SHIV follows her to the front door. RIPLEY is trying to hold back tears.

RIPLEY  
My sweet Shiv. It'll be okay.

RIPLEY SHUTS the door.

INT. POLICE STATION/DETECTIVE HANLEY'S OFFICE/HALLWAY -  
EVENING

RIPLEY goes to DETECIVE HANLEY'S office.

RIPLEY KNOCKS.

RIPLEY

Let's go.

DETECTIVE HANLEY and RIPLEY walk down the hall to the  
interrogation room where they are holding JAMES.

RIPLEY OPENS the door.

JAMES is sitting perfectly still - CHANTING.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

You ready to talk?

JAMES

Depends on what you want to talk  
about.

RIPLEY

You know what I want to talk about.  
The boys, your ceremony.

JAMES looks at the empty coffee cup in front of him.

JAMES

Can I get another cup of coffee?  
Maybe some food? I've been here a  
long time.

RIPLEY nods to the STATIE standing in the corner.

The STATIE SHUTS the door behind her.

RIPLEY

Your stuff is on the way. Should I  
call your...

JAMES interrupts her.

JAMES

Did you want to know where the last  
boy is?

DETECTIVE HANLEY stands up and gets in JAMES face.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Say that again.

JAMES SMILES.

JAMES  
The last boy detective. It made me feel powerful, unstoppable, to perform the rituals. But the last boy - the way he begged and begged. It reminded me of me.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
He had that same look or the way I must've looked when that sick fuck of a Priest, Father Gallo made me suck his cock. He took my innocence and made me this. That, that last boy. He got to me. I felt such pity for him when I suffocated him. I cried and prayed it would be quick for him.

JAMES is wiping his eyes.

RIPLEY  
Did you sexually assault the boy?

JAMES  
Did you hear a god damn word I just said?! I didn't touch those boys, I never would've touched them in that way.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
But, you'll murder them. Your fucked up sense of morality is touching.

Beat. JAMES sits back.

JAMES  
Can I have a cigarette, Chief?

RIPLEY pulls one out of her inside pocket.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Thanks Chief, a light?

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
You can't smoke in here.

JAMES  
You let me before.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
But now, I'm not.

JAMES puts the cigarette in his mouth anyway.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (CONT'D)  
What happened to the missing  
organs?

JAMES  
Yeah, um. I had to dispatch those.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Dispatch them?

JAMES pretends to smoke his cigarette.

JAMES  
It means, I had to consume them,  
for the ceremony. We've been  
through this.

RIPLEY finally sits.

RIPLEY  
We are here, now. Why don't you  
tell us about the this ceremony?

JAMES  
Oh, I'm sorry, Chief. I thought I  
had.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Did you want your lawyer for this?  
I don't want any reason a sick  
mother fucker like you can walk or  
plea your way out of the max.

JAMES  
Oh Detective Hanley, Christ, I  
thought you were the good cop. But,  
you won't have to worry about  
anything like that. I'll be long  
gone by then.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
I'm calling your attorney.

JAMES  
Be my guest.



DETECIVE HANLEY leaves. RIPLEY takes out her pen and BLOWS the smoke in JAMES'S face.

RIPLEY  
Where's the last boy.

JAMES  
I'm not sure I'm ready for that. I thought I was, but I think I have changed my mind.

RIPLEY  
Well if we are going to help each other out - then we need that info.

JAMES sits in closer to RIPLEY.

JAMES  
Detective?

RIPLEY  
What if I help you with your ceremony?

JAMES  
How?

RIPLEY  
You tell us where the last boy is and I help you finish your work. We each get what we want.

JAMES LAUGHS.

JAMES  
Let me think on that.

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S HOME - LATER

SEYLAN is sitting in the chair near the fireplace DRINKING a glass of wine.

Her DEMON LOVER is in its true form sitting next to her.

ARCHBISHOP  
What is our next move?

SEYLAN  
You tell me. But, time is short.

The ARCHBISHOP sits adjacent to the "couple".

He is smoking a cigar.

ARCHBISHOP

If sinners find their Absolution  
they will find no need for The  
Church in this modern world.

Beat.

SEYLAN

Isn't that why I'm here?

ARCHBISHOP

You were summoned again to ensure  
our survival.

SEYLAN

You are still here. The Church is  
still here.

ARCHBISHOP

It dangles by a thread. Demonic  
possession has been our bread and  
butter.

SEYLAN moves close to her DEMON LOVER and licks its neck and  
face. Then she walks over to the ARCHBISHOP.

SEYLAN

You are part of an antiqued  
institution.

ARCHBISHOP

If Believers find peace, if they  
are unafraid, then we have no  
Believers. They must remain  
fearful, FEARFUL of God's wrath or  
we loose them forever to a world of  
godless progressives aiming to rip  
humanity of its very distinction  
from any other animal - Faith.

SEYLAN

I've been doing the Church's  
bidding since the Crusades and I  
have always delivered.

SEYLAN walks to the ARCHBISHOP and SLAPS his butt.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)

I always win, see, Archbishop. And  
I will win again. These  
insufferable women will not take  
down your precious church and they  
certainly won't take me down.

INT. RIPLEY'S OFFICE - LATER.

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY are talking. A KNOCK at the door.

The same STATIE opens the door.

STATIE  
Chief, someone here for you.

It's the ARCHBISHOP.

ARCHBISHOP  
Chief, Detective. I'm here to talk to Mr. Kieffer.

RIPLEY  
Why?

ARCHBISHOP  
I think I can reach him, perhaps get the location of that last boy.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
How the fuck would you know that?

Beat.

The ARCHBISHOP does the cross and then kisses the cross around his neck.

ARCHBISHOP  
Can I see him? Alone?

DETECTIVE HANLEY looks at RIPLEY. Not sure what to say.

RIPLEY  
Can we assume you hired Meredith?

The ARCHBISHOP puts his hands in prayer and backs away from the door. They get up to lead him to the INTERROGATION ROOM.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

They all fill the room. JAMES SCOTS back in his chair.

JAMES  
Chief, I want my lawyer. Where is she?

RIPLEY  
On her way.

JAMES

I'm am not saying shit to him.

JAMES is shaken with the ARCHBISHOP'S presence.

ARCHBISHOP

I came to apologize, on behalf of my brother.

DETECTIVE HANLEY turns to JAMES.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Would you like some water James?  
And he doesn't have to stay. He can leave until your attorney arrives.

JAMES

No, no. Part of my journey is embracing my pain.

JAMES nods to the ARCHBISHOP.

ARCHBISHOP

Mr. Kieffer. I remember you as an alter boy. I know my brother he, he was troubled. A sick man. I want to absolve you of his death.

JAMES is sweating.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

I want you to know that he was dealt with harshly and swiftly once we discovered his transgressions.

JAMES rubs sweat off his brow. A drop HITS the metal table.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

But, please understand we had to protect the church...

JAMES stands and spits in his face.

Beat.

The ARCHBISHOP uses his robes to wipe of the spit.

JAMES

I will finish the ritual and there's and a god damn thing that you can do about it. I hope your brother rots in hell for what he created.

KNOCK at the door. It's MEREDITH. The ARCHBISHOP nods to her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I should have fucking known. You hired her? I don't want shit from you or that blasphemy of a church you represent.

JAMES is past sweating and getting angry. RIPLEY looks at DETECTIVE HANLEY - they both have their hands on their guns.

The ARCHBISHOP touches RIPLEY'S shoulder.

ARCHBISHOP

They'll be no need for that, Chief. We are leaving. I wish peace for you, my child.

They turn to leave and MEREDITH looks back at JAMES.

She is the same demon as SEYLAN. She has revealed herself only to JAMES.

JAMES SCREAMS.

CHAOS. Two STATIES come in to restrain him. He KICKS the table and attempts to throw the chair across the room.

The chair hits DETECTIVE HANLEY in the face.

They restrain JAMES.

DETECTIVE HANLEY is bleeding from his eyebrow. RIPLEY rushes to him - puts a hand over his head.

JAMES is face down on the tile floor. He is CHANTING to himself - blood, snot and spittle spewing from his mouth.

INT. ABECASSIS LIVING ROOM - DAY

RIPLEY and SHIV are sitting at a table with SEYLAN.

Lit candles line the table.

RIPLEY has a few scars on her face, a reminder of her rock bottom.

Boxes everywhere, some packed, some still open.

SEYLAN

Is there a spirit here to commune with the owner's of this home?

Silence.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Is there business that is  
unfinished?

Candles flicker.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Do you wish to communicate with the  
owner's of this home?

Candles go out. Then relight by themselves.

SHIV looks up at SEYLAN. SEYLAN shows SHIV her true form.  
Only she can see her.

SHIV PUSHES her chair back in horror.

RIPLEY  
What, what is it honey? Shiv?

SHIV is frozen. SEYLAN stares at her with her long teeth  
showing, she cuts her wrist and sucks her own blood.

She uses some of the blood to draw on the wall. Only SHIV  
can see this.

RIPLEY sees something write with blood on the wall.

SEYLAN writes - GET OUT.

SHIV faints and SEYLAN and RIPLEY rush to her side.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)  
Shiv, Shiv. Can you hear me?

SEYLAN  
I'll get some water.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

SEYLAN goes to the kitchen and calls the ARCHBISHOP.

SEYLAN (ON THE PHONE)  
It's done. I am completing the  
rest of my task tonight.

ARCHBISHOP (V.O.)  
You must ensure he is dead.  
You will receive payment once James  
is dead.

SEYLAN touches her screen to hang up. She FILLS a glass with water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SEYLAN returns with the glass.

SHIV is lying on the sofa. RIPLEY next to her.

SEYLAN  
How is she?

RIPLEY turns and looks at SEYLAN.

RIPLEY  
What the fuck happened? I thought  
you said this would help.

SEYLAN  
There are no guarantees when we are  
talking about the supernatural,  
Ripley.

RIPLEY  
Well what do we do now?

SEYLAN comes over to the sofa and feels SHIV's head.

SEYLAN  
She will be okay. Let her rest.

SHIV stirs, then sits up.

SHIV  
Christ, I'm fine. But, Seylan, I  
saw it again, just like that first  
time. You looked like...

SEYLAN  
Like a demon? I know, I know.  
That must've been the entity in  
this house manifesting or rather  
projecting over me. That is who  
wrote those words.

RIPLEY  
We are fucking leaving. We should  
have gone already - Seylan - you  
said this would help cleanse the  
house! I should never have fucking  
trusted you.

SEYLAN feigns that she is insulted.

SEYLAN

Ripley, as I just told you - there are no guarantees. It was my hope it would exercise it - but it seems it may have just angered them or it further. I think it wise you don't stay here tonight.

SHIV sits up.

SHIV

Let's just go baby, let's just go.

RIPLEY hugs her close.

RIPLEY

We can check in somewhere. I have to go back to the station. They are moving Kieffer to a holding cell downtown. The arraignment is tomorrow.

SEYLAN gets up to leave.

SEYLAN

I'll leave you be. Remember it is not safe in this house. Get out tonight!

SEYLAN turns toward the door, and a bifurcated tail swings behind her.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

RIPLEY and DETECTIVE HANLEY flank JAMES. He is in chains - hands and feet, SHUFFLING down the hall. He is HUMMING to himself.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Just shut the fuck up. Would you shut the fuck up? You are done. You are going to burn for those boys. Burn.

JAMES is undeterred.

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

JAMES is in his holding cell - pacing. SEYLAN has come to see him. She puts the three guards to sleep with a stare as she walks in.



She heads right to where JAMES is being held.

JAMES  
Can I help you?

SEYLAN  
You don't remember me? From the  
hospital? I know it's been a  
while.

JAMES leans in close to her face - cell bars between them.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
I'm the one who fucked Siobhan.  
Not long after you. What a sweet  
piece of meat that one.

JAMES GROWLS at her. Her voice changes a bit and she reveals herself to JAMES.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Christ, you need to eat or  
something?

JAMES  
Why the fuck are you here and what  
do you want from me?

SEYLAN  
I'm here to help you.

JAMES  
With?

SEYLAN produces some keys and OPENS the cell door. But she stands in his way.

SEYLAN  
You know the Archbishop sent me.  
Nasty little man.

SEYLAN PUSHES JAMES up against the wall.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Do you know why?

JAMES  
I can't imagine.

SEYLAN uses her sharp nail to open JAMES'S shirt. She LICKS his chest and stops at the picture - barely visible now sewn on his chest.

SEYLAN licks it. She LAPS up the puss and nibbles on the scab around it. SEYLAN MOANS with pleasure.

SEYLAN

I'm here - for this. The ritual.  
To stop you.

JAMES PUSHES her off.

JAMES

Then why are you letting me out?

SEYLAN

It seems that they have fucked you,  
the Church. I have a sexy  
proposition. Join me. Join us.  
You could be the left hand.

JAMES begins to sweat and backs up more.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)

Don't be scared of me. This is not  
something that I offer often. But  
you have unique talents.

JAMES

My only interest is God's light.

SEYLAN moves back in closer and grabs his crotch.

SEYLAN

What has He ever done for you?  
Except stand by while one of his  
commissioned lapdogs makes you suck  
his cock.

JAMES SMACKS her across the face.

JAMES

I will finish the ritual and undo  
all the evil.

SEYLAN uses her bifurcated tail to wipe the blood from her mouth and she LICKS it.

SEYLAN is just more turned on.

SEYLAN

I can show you things in the  
darkness that the light yearns for.  
You can have all you want, be  
anything you want.

She GRABS his crotch again.

SEYLAN (CONT'D)  
Ahh, one there too. You are  
devoted. We celebrate devotion.

JAMES SHAKES his head.

JAMES  
I am on my course.

SEYLAN acquiesces.

SEYLAN  
I have a little more time. If you  
rethink your choice.

SEYLAN turns back to her human form and vanishes through the wall.

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S HOME - FOYER- LATER

SEYLAN and her DEMON LOVER enter through the front door.  
This sets off the ALARM.

The ARCHBISHOP and one of his MINIONS come running down the stairs.

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SEYLAN is standing in front of the fireplace. She IGNITES it  
with the end of her tail.

Her DEMON LOVER is kneeling at her side, she is petting him  
like a cat.

ARCHBISHOP  
Did you kill him?

SEYLAN pulls something grotesque out of her pocket and feeds  
it to her DEMON LOVER - he laps it up.

SEYLAN walks over to the ARCHBISHOP and uses her bifurcated  
tail to slash his throat.

SHE GRINS.

Her DEMON LOVER SCURRIES over and starts drinking the blood  
from his neck and he chokes, blood spurting everywhere and  
the ARCHBISHOP FALLS to the floor.

SEYLAN

Your usefulness has run its course.  
Send my love to your brother when  
you pass the gate to hell.

INT. ABECASSSIS'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

RIPLEY is in the kitchen packing boxes. SHIV comes up behind her and kisses her neck. RIPLEY turns and kisses her on the mouth.

SHIV

We can send for this, can't we?

RIPLEY stops what she is doing.

RIPLEY

I don't trust the movers to pack  
the china from your mother.

SHIV looks her in the eye.

SHIV

You have never cared about  
sentimental or family heirlooms.

RIPLEY nods.

RIPLEY

Well, now I do.

SHIV

I have a few more things to grab  
upstairs. Let's just get out of  
here, okay?

RIPLEY embraces her and WHISPERS in her ear.

RIPLEY

This is it. Our new life, it  
starts now.

SHIV hugs her tightly and leaves.

RIPLEY takes the last few things out of the china cupboard.

She pulls down a large pitcher. She goes to wrap it in  
bubble wrap and sees several minis in the bottom.

She takes one out and rubs it in between her hands. The door  
SLAMS OPEN, RIPLEY drops the mini and it SHATTERS.

It's SEYLAN, in her demon form. She licks her lips and RUSHES at RIPLEY.

INT. OWNER'S SUITE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

SHIV stands in the doorway.

Beat.

The she hears a LOUD BANGING downstairs.

She enters the Hallway - overlooking the stairs.

RIPLEY appears from the shadows. There is a noose around her neck.

SHIV

What are you doing, honey?

RIPLEY is DRAGGING a double barrel shotgun. She is HUMMING something. Her gaze is fixed on SHIV - a crazed look in her eye.

SHIV is trembling and backing away.

SHIV (CONT'D)

What, is this, honey? Where did you get that gun?

RIPLEY smiles. No longer herself.

RIPLEY (POSSESSED BY SEYLAN)

It's this, this place. I've always had a fondness for it.

POSSESSED RIPLEY raises the SHOTGUN. SHIV continues to back slowly toward the stairs.

RIPLEY (POSSESSED BY SEYLAN) (CONT'D)

You were a beautiful lay, Siobhan. Thank you for that.

SHIV is near the top of the stairs. POSSESSED RIPLEY is only feet away. The shotgun aimed at SHIV'S chest.

SHIV puts one foot behind her on the first step.

RIPLEY (POSSESSED BY SEYLAN) (CONT'D)

Just close your eyes. It was always going to be this way.

Then POSSESSED RIPLEY COCKS the shotgun and fires the first shot.

It hits her chest.

SHIV falls back and rolls to the first landing. Blood sprays everywhere.

SHIV is COUGHING blood and trying to crawl down the stairs.

POSSESSED RIPLEY leaps to the landing and pulls SHIV'S head back, a bunch of hair in her hand.

RIPLEY (POSSESSED BY SEYLAN) (CONT'D)  
You tasted like cherry pie my dear.

SHIV still struggling to get away. POSSESSED RIPLEY moves back - giving herself just enough room to fire again.

SHIV is on her stomach. POSSESSED RIPLEY FIRES again at the top of SHIV'S back. SHIV SCREAMS. More blood.

POSSESSED RIPLEY takes one more bullet from her pocket and loads and COCKS the gun.

SHE ROLLS SHIV over with her foot.

RIPLEY (POSSESSED BY SEYLAN) (CONT'D)  
Goodbye my sweet cherry Shiv.

She aims at her face. SHIV trying to claw at her - swatting bloodied fingers and arms at the air.

POSSESSED RIPLEY fires. The implications are off screen.

INT. STAIRWAY/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

POSSESSED RIPLEY walks up the stairs, licking the bloodied walls as she goes.

When she reaches the top of the stairs, she tightens the noose around her neck.

She uses the slack to throw over a large beam above the foyer.

She smiles and gleefully jumps off the banister.

Right before her neck breaks.

SEYLAN escapes RIPLEY'S body and attaches herself to the ceiling with her tail - upside down, watching RIPLEY'S last breaths - face to face.

SEYLAN KISSES RIPLEY as the life leaves her body. Then she BELLOWS loudly - but filled with pure ecstasy.

INT. ABECASSIS HOME - NIGHT

JAMES enters. He locks the door behind him.

He is dressed in a black cloak.

When he enters he sees SHIV at the bottom of the stairs,  
blood everywhere.

RIPLEY is hanging from the ceiling beams near the staircase.  
Still SWINGING.

Oh good. They are still warm.

JAMES pulls SHIV into the kitchen. He uses a broom to get  
enough momentum until he can catch RIPLEY'S legs.

He cuts her down and DRAGS her down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

JAMES has cut out RIPLEY'S heart and SHIV'S liver. No time  
to cook them. He consumes them as quickly as he can.

He gags a few times.

INT. FOYER - LATER

There's a BANGING at the front door.

JAMES can hear DETECTIVE HANLEY from the other side of the  
door.

DETECTIVE HANLEY (V.O.)  
Rip! Rip! Chief!

The door is locked. He doesn't wait.

He FIRES three shots.

The door OPENS. His gun is drawn.

DETECTIVE HANLEY  
Rip, Rip! Shiv?

Blood covers the last few stairs and the wall by the  
staircase and a rope hangs from the beams above.

There's a RUSTLE in the kitchen. He approaches.

INT. OUTSIDE KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

DETECTIVE HANLEY

James Louis Kieffer? I need to see  
your hands.

JAMES eats the last few bites and stands above the bodies -  
hands high.

JAMES

I am afraid you are too late  
Detective, too late.

DETECTIVE HANLEY approaches JAMES with his gun pointed at  
him.

JAMES turns to face him. His hands, mouth, neck, and front  
of his cloak, soaked in blood.

He picks up something nearby. He produces a mason jar in  
each hand filled with gasoline.

He stands to face the DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE HANLEY

Shut the fuck up, you are under  
arrest you sick mother fucker.  
Where's the other boy? Where is  
he? Is he here?

JAMES brings his hands up to a cross, like Jesus. His head to  
the sky.

He DROPS the two MALITOV COCKTAILS in his hands and they  
SHATTER and start a fire all around him.

JAMES

*"The Lord declares, 'I will forgive  
their wickedness and will remember  
their sins no more.'"*

Then he turns into vaper and slowly disappears with an ever  
present smile - teeth painted in blood.

THE END.