

"DOMINION OF ANGELS"

Jennifer Weber

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FADE IN: EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NORTHERN NEVADA - DAY

A truck from the "White Pine County Power Company" passes a sign reading:

"Ely Nevada Route 40".

CLOSE ON: A small chain and medallion are wrapped around the bottom of the sign post. The words "Saint Christopher Protect Us" are written around the circumference of the medallion.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

The truck turns into a park and stops at a gate for "Authorized Personnel Only". The passenger, BRANDON, blonde, handsome, late teens, gets out, yawns and opens the gate. He gets back in and they continue down the dirt road.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Brandon picks up a thermos and shakes it, yawning again.

BRANDON

Larry, can I have the rest of your coffee?

LARRY, potbelly, late forties, rounds a curve in the dirt road.

LARRY

Sure, go ahead.

Larry starts to yawn himself. He nudges Brandon.

LARRY

(continuing)

Knock it off. It's contagious. How'd you ever wake up for school, anyhow?

Brandon unscrews the top of the thermos with his deeply tanned right hand.

CLOSE ON: Larry notices the white circle of skin around Brandon's ring finger that isn't tanned.

LARRY
(continuing)
Hey, where's your ring?

BRANDON
Don't know. Lost it last week after
graduation practice.

LARRY
You look between the seats?

BRANDON
Did already. But I don't think I lost
it in the truck.

LARRY
I'm forty-five years old and still
have my class ring somewhere. If my
wife hasn't thrown it out.

Larry parks in a clearing.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The two men walk along a dirt path. Brandon holds two chain saws. Larry holds a ladder and some harnesses. They wind their way through thick shrubs and enter a clearing where a small rustic sign reads "Nature Trail".

The two men stop and stare at the sight before them.

A deer hangs by its hind legs from the lower branches of an enormous tree near an outdoor public restroom. Its throat is slit. Graffiti is spray painted everywhere in another language. The word "Lucifer" is spray painted across the outside of the restroom in large letters.

A large pentagram star is spray painted on the pavement near a smouldering campfire. Empty cans of spray paint litter the area. Larry shakes his head in disgust.

LARRY
People with no life do the darndest
things. I'll tell ya', they're
getting a little too close for
comfort. Right in the park.

BRANDON
Maybe they're running out of hiding
places.

LARRY

Yeah, well, they could at least eat the damn things after they kill 'em. Year ago, took my family camping and a goddamn deer was lyin' across a picnic table with its head missing. And of course they gave the whole camp ground one of their deluxe paint jobs.

Larry walks over to the campfire. As he does, he kicks a small object out of the center of the pentagram star. He looks down to see what it is, but the object has rolled under a bush.

LARRY

(continuing)

Better the deer than one of our kids. This is just what we needed, huh?

BRANDON

Want me to call it in?

Larry kicks dirt over the campfire.

LARRY

Yeah, I guess. Wait, no. Screw it. It can wait. I wanna get these branches down.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Larry and Brandon are up in a tree a few feet from each other, their chain saws going. Smaller branches fall to the ground twenty feet below. Brandon lifts his goggles and wipes his eyes.

BRANDON

Is it hot or what?

LARRY

What?

BRANDON

It's hot!

LARRY

No shit, Sherlock.

Brandon smiles and saws through a thick branch. Larry feels dizzy. His eyes blink quickly. He pulls down his goggles wincing in pain.

BRANDON

Lar... Larry... hey...

Larry weaves to the right, loosening his grip. The chainsaw dances wildly off the branch. Brandon leans toward Larry, who is having a massive heart attack.

Brandon drops his chainsaw.

BRANDON

(continuing)

Larry... Larry, what's the matter?
Shit. Hold on, hold on!

Larry moans and falls sideways. His right arm, which clutches the live chainsaw, falls against Brandon who screams in agony. Blood spatters Brandon's goggles as Larry's chainsaw severs Brandon's upper arm just below the shoulder.

It falls to the ground into the center of the Pentagram star. Simultaneously, a woman jogger appears from the trees. She looks up and her face is sprayed with blood.

Larry's chainsaw crashes to the ground. The jogger screams, moves back into the star and steps on Brandon's arm.

CLOSE ON: The hand clenches.

She sees the arm and collapses on the ground. A boy on his bike appears. Brandon calls out.

BRANDON

(continuing)

Oh, God. Get help. Help me. Call 9-1-1!

The boy pedals furiously down the street. Brandon looks down seeing his arm inside the Pentagram star. The jogger remains motionless.

EXT. PARK - DAY - LATER

Brandon is near unconsciousness. He holds his stump to staunch the blood flow. There is silence except for the sound of flies buzzing.

CLOSE ON: The female jogger is dead. Her eyes are open.

Two MEDICS run into the clearing. One carries an ice chest with "Live Organ" printed on it. The two men see the carnage before them.

FIRST MEDIC

Shit, we're gonna need more help. I gotta call back up. Get his arm in the ice, now! I'll be right back.

The second medic runs over to the severed arm. He glances at the dead woman, opens the ice-filled container and places the arm in a plastic medical bag before plunging it into the ice.

EXT. PARK - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Larry's body hangs in the restraint. His eyes and mouth are open. His tongue is swollen. A rope is around Brandon's waist and the first medic is in the tree straining to lower Brandon down to the second medic.

Brandon, near unconsciousness, shakes uncontrollably. His upper arm has a tourniquet tied around it.

FIRST MEDIC

Jesus... How... how can he still be alive?

A helicopter with "U.M.C LIFE FLIGHT" printed on the fuselage lands in a nearby clearing.

SECOND MEDIC

(Yells to be heard)

Young, dumb, full of cum. Got that goin' for him. Careful, now... Shit, there it is. C'mon, get him on the ground!

The first medic scrambles out of the tree and helps the second medic gently lay Brandon down. The second medic runs toward the copter.

A FEMALE COPTER MEDIC hurries out of the copter and meets him.

FIRST MEDIC

He's fadin' fast. They better have him prepped for surgery as we speak. He should be dead. If you know a shortcut take it.

Two Life Flight paramedics scramble out of the copter carrying a stretcher. The first medic and the female copter medic stop near Brandon. She glances at the jogger, who is covered with yellow tarp.

FEMALE COPTER MEDIC

What happened?

SECOND MEDIC

Gone. Saw the whole thing and passed out.

(pulls back tarp)

Choked on her vomit. There was nothing we could do.

The Life Flight medics place Brandon on the stretcher. The second medic runs down the dirt path to the ambulance.

FEMALE COPTER MEDIC

Get him loaded. Start an I.V immediately. Have adrenaline on standby. Go, go!

The female medic grabs the ice chest and runs to the copter, followed by the two Life Flight medics carrying Brandon.

The second medic walks back up the dirt path carrying another stretcher for the dead woman. The first medic catches his breath, noticing writing on the side of the restroom wall.

The words are crudely written in deer's blood:

CLOSE ON: "Jesus lay with the maggots in his tomb, but the massive stone was cast aside. God's son was resurrected. So it shall be with our Almighty King. Pray for the crooked serpent and his fornicators."

The helicopter rises in the air. The yellow tarp covering the dead jogger blows off and lands on the second medic. He drops the stretcher and yanks off the tarp in disgust.

Both men look down at the dead Jogger and stare incredulously.

Her legs are now gaped grotesquely apart. Thousands of flies clean themselves on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ELY NEVADA - DAY - SUPER: (THREE MONTHS LATER)

Brandon sleeps in the bed hooked up to an I.V. His reattached arm is swathed in bandages. An entire wall is taken up with "Get Well" and "Happy Birthday" cards.

CLOSE ON: Several have "Happy 18th Birthday" on the covers.

Brandon's mother, BETH BEAUBRIAND, blonde, mid-fifties, dozes in a chair with a magazine on her lap.

The door to the hospital room opens and, REBECCA, slim, plain, early twenties, appears in the doorway holding a tray with pastry and coffee.

Rebecca is dressed as if she were from the 19th century in a starched white blouse buttoned up to her neck, a bonnet and a floor length brown hoop skirt, so wide it barely fits through the doorway as she walks into the room.

A small paper cup is on the tray next to the coffee pot. Rebecca sets the tray near Beth, who opens her eyes.

BETH

Oh, hello.

(Stifles yawn)

I fell asleep. I've never seen you work the day shift.

REBECCA

I don't look at it as work, Ma'am. Our group gets so much fulfillment from our duties. Unfortunately, tragedy can happen at any time.

Beth glances at her son.

BETH

This isn't exactly a tragedy. He is alive and they saved his arm.

(sits up)

What's your name?

REBECCA

It's Rebecca, Ma'am.

BETH

I've always liked that name. You don't hear it much anymore.

REBECCA

I brought you some coffee and rolls
if you're hungry.

BETH

I see. Thank you.

CLOSE ON: Rebecca picks up the paper cup, which is full of pills.

Beth glances at the contents a moment. Rebecca opens the night stand drawer, takes out a bible and places it near Brandon.

REBECCA

He's even younger than me. This was
somehow God's will. I know it. He has
a path chosen for each of us. All of
us serve our heavenly father.

Rebecca turns to close the drawer and without thinking, tenderly brushes the back of her hand across Brandon's cheek, which doesn't go unnoticed by Beth, who's a bit put off by the sudden intimate gesture.

BETH

I... I don't believe God has an ego,
Rebecca. You have to have an ego if
you insist that people love you and
be your servant. I know God didn't do
this. It just happened.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Beth walks toward the elevators. She approaches a hospital room at the end of the hallway and pauses.

CLOSE ON: A sign on the door informs visitors: "Oxygen in use. No smoking"

With some trepidation, Beth pushes open the door a crack and peeks inside the semi-dark room. A motorized wheel chair is plugged in next to the bed, where SUE ANN, white hair, late fifties, lies asleep, hooked up to an oxygen tank.

Beth watches Sue Ann with a look of regret, then sees the head nurse, FLORA, tall, pretty, African American, mid-thirties, come out of a room further down the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Beth stands outside Brandon's room with Flora.

FLORA

It's true. He does sleep a great deal of time. But I think it's more a combination of boredom... and depression. He's been hospitalized for months. First in Vegas, now here. Sleeping kills time.

Rebecca walks out of a nearby room and approaches Beth and Flora.

REBECCA

Good day.

She smiles only at Flora and continues down the hall. Beth watches Rebecca press the elevator call button. It opens and Rebecca enters as another nurse, NANCY, early twenties, brunette, steps out and looks around.

Flora motions to Nancy.

INT. HOSPITAL MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Flora holds a clip board as she stands in front of a medical cabinet with Nancy.

FLORA

Think I pretty much covered everything. Did Vivian show you where the cafeteria is?

NANCY

MmmHmm. I saw it.

FLORA

Okay, good. One more thing. Are you at all familiar with the Judidion women? Has anyone-

Nancy suppresses a smile.

NANCY

You mean the volunteers?

FLORA

I know what you mean. But they are registered nurses. And they're a big help with the patients. Even offered to empty bed pans, lucky for you and me. They insisted.

(Closes cabinet)

Guess it teaches them humility or something. I'm not sure.

INT. BRANDON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK - LATER

The window is open and a gentle breeze blows into the room. Nancy clears away an empty plate from beside Brandon's bedside. A pile of sheets, towels and pillow cases are wadded up in a nearby chair.

Nancy pulls Brandon's blanket closer to his chest. His bandaged arm lies at his side. A small bird suddenly flies into the room from the open window.

NANCY

Oh, goodness.

Nancy grabs a pillowcase and hurries around the room trying to shoo it back toward the window.

NANCY

(continuing)

Go on... Go on, now!

The bird hits the ceiling light fixture over Brandon's bed. It swoops down from the fixture and Brandon quickly sits up still asleep with his head lolling to the side. Nancy is taken aback.

NANCY

(continuing)

Brandon...

He reaches up with his injured arm and captures the bird. It chirps frantically.

Brandon's eyes are half open. They've rolled back in his head and only the whites show. He lowers his arm and holds the chirping bird in front of him, then let's out a guttural gasp before slowly opening his hand revealing the bird is dead.

Brandon falls back onto the bed. The bird tumbles onto the sheet. Nancy scoops it up in her hand.

NANCY
(continuing)
Poor thing.
(Flinches)
Oh, God! I didn't see you.

An OVERWEIGHT JUDIDION woman, late 30's, wearing the same 19th century garb, stands in the doorway with an empty laundry cart beside her.

She stares at Brandon, mesmerized by having just witnessed what he's done. Nancy motions to the bird.

NANCY
(continuing)
Think it died of fright.

The Judidion woman continues staring at Brandon.

OVERWEIGHT JUDIDION
I've come for his sheets.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

The overweight Judidion woman opens Brandon's crumpled sheets. She carefully folds them and lays them over the side of the cart, then looks up hearing the stairwell door open.

Another Judidion woman, RACHEL, early thirties, tall, beautiful, walks out of the stairwell into the hallway.

Seeing Rachel, the overweight Judidion woman shakes her head "no". Rachel steps back into the stairwell out of view.

The overweight Judidion woman glances back at Brandon's room. An odd look of glee comes over her face. She pushes the laundry cart into another room.

INT. HOSPITAL LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The large old basement contains several industrial washers and driers built into the wall. The basement level elevator doors are on the opposite wall. Four of the washers are open and Rebecca Stuffs sheets and towels from two laundry carts into the washers.

The elevator doors open. The overweight Judidion woman wheels out the laundry cart, which is piled high with sheets and towels

OVERWEIGHT JUDIDION

I have them.

She takes Brandon's folded sheets off the cart, opens them and smells them with closed eyes.

Rebecca watches, eager to take her turn.

The overweight Judidion offers the sheets to Rebecca, who brings them to her face. She closes her eyes and inhales deeply with an almost religious fervor.

Rebecca moans and holds the sheets against her chest. The overweight woman's eyes well up with tears.

CLOSE ON: The 6th floor elevator light comes on.

Rebecca and the overweight Judidion woman glance up at it, then look knowingly at one another.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - ELY - DAY

KAY, early fifties, with a thick braid going down her back, waters her flowers in front of the house. A new van with the NBC logo and "TOPIC OF INTEREST" printed on the doors, brakes at the stop sign near Kay's home.

KAY

What in the heck.

The van drives on. Kay turns off the hose and pulls out her flip phone and dials.

INT. ELY CATHOLIC SCHOOL - DAY - LATER

A group of children sing in music class. A few of them stare out the window at something. Their teacher, an older nun, turns around to see what they're looking at.

EXT. ELY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

In the busy square adjacent to the hospital, the television show "Topic of Interest" sets up to film a story segment. Their anchor woman, SHANNON GRIER, blonde, tall, early twenties, intense-looking and beautiful, stands near a fountain holding a microphone.

Despite her well coiffed appearance, she looks drained and tense.

One of the crew, SCOTT, early twenties, long hair and a pierced nose, holds a set of cue cards. He walks toward Shannon holding a make-up compact.

The director, DOUG, late twenties, preppie-looking, checks a shot with the camera man, ALLEN, tall, husky, late twenties, with a goatee, who wears a "Topic Of Interest" t-shirt.

Dozens of townspeople stand around watching. Scott glances at a man in the crowd with a terrible scar zig-zagging down his face, then notices a middle aged woman.

CLOSE ON: Her left hand is missing. The healed over stump is partially hidden by her sleeve. Another younger man in the crowd has severe healed over burns on his face.

Many in the crowd are giving hostile glares. Scott looks away and stops in front of Shannon.

SCOTT

The glow patrol is in.

SHANNON

My nose shining?

Scott puts the cue cards under his arm and gently blots her nose with a powder puff from a compact.

SCOTT

Like a Marquee. Not much I can do in this heat.

(taps her microphone)

How was your flight to Bumfuck Egypt?

Shannon takes the compact and checks her makeup.

SHANNON

Okay.

SCOTT

Quaint little hellhole, isn't it? I have a sudden urge to whittle a corncob pipe.

SHANNON

(Forces a smile)

Where'd they put us up, anyway?

SCOTT

Ah, shit. Some "hovel" under renovation.

(Takes compact)

A/C's are literally in the parking lot, so we're kickin' it old school in Funkytown for three days. Bang it out. Back to La La Land.

SHANNON

Think we can make this quick? Soon as I got done in court I had to fly here. Still hasn't sunk in.

SCOTT

Fuck.

(Beat)

You didn't get custody?

Shannon shakes her head.

SCOTT

(continuing)

Oh, man. That sucks. I'm sorry.

Scott squeezes her hand, then steps back and takes out the cue cards. Shannon picks up her mic and clears her throat. Doug calls out:

DOUG

Couple minutes, Shannon.

SCOTT

(To Shannon)

Hurry up and wait.

In the nearby crowd, Kay sizes up Shannon and the rest of the young crew. She looks back seeing Beth walk through the crowd holding a hardcover book.

KAY

Beth... Beth... Over here.

BETH

Hi, there.

KAY

Hi, yourself. You're missing all the excitement. How's Brandon doing?

Shannon walks over and sits on a folding chair near Kay and Beth.

BETH

Same. Just had all his classmates sign his yearbook since he missed graduation.

Beth turns away noticing Shannon listening to their conversation. Kay watches Doug check a shot in the camera.

KAY

Hope he read the instructions first. They're all so young, aren't they?

BETH

They are... I better go. See if you can be an extra.

Shannon watches inquisitively as Beth walks toward the hospital.

In the distance, a Judidion woman walks out of the hospital in her big hoop skirt and bonnet. She sits on a bench in the town square.

Scott stops next to Doug and Allen with the cue cards under his arm. Grabbing a bottled water, he leans close to them, keeping his voice low.

SCOTT

Anyone notice it legit looks like the rural edition of "Botched" around here?

(Opens bottle)

Or they're all MAA fighters. Somethin'. Fuck.

Allen notices the Judidion woman and takes a second look. He taps Doug on the shoulder.

ALLEN

Dude, check it out. Try and get that Amish chick in frame.

Doug makes an adjustment on the camera.

DOUG
 There are no Amish chicks in Nevada.
 (sees her)
 Damn. Nun's got some competition.
 (Calls out)
 Okay, Shannon.

Allen looks over at the Judidion woman.

ALLEN
 Her milkshake bringeth all the boys
 to the yard.

Doug and Scott crack smiles.

Shannon hurries to her mark and grips her mic. The children's choir can be heard singing from the open windows of the school.

DOUG
 On three... two... One.

Scott raises the cue cards.

SHANNON
 Hello, welcome to Topic of Interest.
 I'm Shannon Grier. We're continuing
 our summer tour of small town USA.
 This week we're in the little town of
 Ely, located in northern Nevada.
 Just another small town... or is it?
 On the surface it resembles a
 slightly western Currier & Ives
 postcard from another era. People
 here still have bake sales...

A short, overweight, YOUNG NUN, walks into the school yard outside the room where the children sing. The voices of the singing children stops.

SHANNON
 (continuing)
 ... And it would all seem very
 charming and quaint if it weren't for
 something ominous that has broken
 through the peaceful facade of White
 Pine County...

A small commotion is heard in the background. Shannon's eyes avert from the camera an instant.

SHANNON

(continuing)

... Locals say it all began eighteen years ago during a full moon and continues to this day. What was once considered-

A collective gasp is heard from the crowd, followed by "Oh, my God" and "Look".

DOUG

Cut...

Doug turns to the crowd, which has turned away from Shannon, and is now gawking at the young nun in the school yard, who has removed most of her clothing. She stands bare breasted in her underwear, her black habit around her ankles. The school children are at the window, stunned at the sight before them.

A SKINNY WOMAN steps forward.

SKINNY WOMAN

Cover her up!

SHANNON

Oh, shit...

Shannon and the crew hurry over to the school yard leaving the camera behind. A teenage boy pulls off his shirt and tosses it over the Nun's breasts. She throws it to the ground, very distressed.

YOUNG NUN

No. I do not need cloth against my skin. I am pure. Adam and Eve suffered expulsion from Eden.

(Falls to knees)

Just as Eve was deceived by the serpents cunning, you cannot be led astray from your devotion to Christ.

The older nun from the classroom has run outside. The teenage boy hands her his shirt. Quickly wrapping it around the young nun, she forcibly holds onto her as she pulls her away.

YOUNG NUN

(continuing)

Nooo!

The young nun suddenly grabs at her own hair yanking out several clumps from her scalp.

The older nun grabs her arms to stop her. Shannon looks at the young nun's bare back as she's pulled away.

CLOSE ON: Several deep claw marks run down it and go under her bulky underwear.

Across the Town Square, the Judidion woman gets up from the bench and walks toward the hospital, seemingly unaware of what's happened. The crowd watches in silence as the screaming nun is taken into the building.

SHANNON

What do we do now?

ALLEN

(To Doug)

You just graduated from film school.
Tell us, man!

Doug shoots him a look. Shannon notices the nun in the classroom abruptly close the shades.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - DUSK - LATER

P.O.V Video camera: The MAYOR, tall, rotund, wearing a business suit, stands in front of the Chamber of Commerce building. He sweats profusely and tries to shoo away two flies that buzz around his head.

MAYOR

It's a matter of demographics,
really. We're near a National forest.
That's the key reason, I believe,
makes it so advantageous for them to
come and go unseen. Evidently, they
didn't grow up here. If they did,
they'd be worshipping God and not the
other.

The motel door is open. Shannon stands and fans herself with a file as she watches the Mayor's segment on one of two laptop computers on the bed. She rewinds the segment, then plays it again.

Allen sleeps on his back on one of the twin beds. He holds an unlit joint in one hand as he softly snores. Shannon's cell buzzes and she answers a FaceTime call. Doug is onscreen in a busy, noisy room with 70s music playing.

DOUG

Hey.

SHANNON

Where are you? I hear Lynyrd Skynyrd.

DOUG

(Raises voice)

Local greasy spoon. Come down. Let's eat... Wait, where's Allen? Is he helping you edit?

Shannon points the phone at Allen passed out on the bed. Then she places the phone right up to the joint he's holding. Doug laughs.

SHANNON

He's on break. Oh, and speaking of...

Shannon points the phone at the laptop footage of the mayor valiantly shooing away flies.

SHANNON

(continuing)

We need a redo and a fly swatter.

DOUG

Oh, shit. You do realize if you leave it like that the whole town will send us hate mail for a year.

Allen groans and sits up.

ALLEN

Let's send them hate mail for a year.

(Tries to light joint)

Dude, bring me a pie.

(Tries again)

I can't go. I'll give children a contact high.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Shannon parks her rental car and looks over at a large nearby building with a sign above the entrance reading:

"American Legion Hall".

The small parking lot is full of cars. The entrance door is open and people mill about inside as if a meeting has just let out. Several people hug one another.

Shannon gets out of the car and sees Flora speak with someone near the doorway. A couple in their early forties walk out of the building. The man wipes tears from his eyes.

Shannon watches a moment, then heads across the street to the cafe.

In the open doorway of the Legion Hall, A MOROSE WOMAN, late 50s, with an emaciated appearance, wears a scarf around her lower face that ties in the back. She walks outside.

She quickly holds down the scarf so it won't blow up from the breeze.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

It's very busy. Music plays on the old jukebox. Beth and Kay sit in a booth next to a window, which overlooks the main street. Kay drinks coffee and has a name tag pinned to her blouse from "The Bargain Bin".

She softly gasps as she notices Shannon approach the cafe.

KAY

Speak of the Devil. I think she's coming in.

Kay notices Beth is immediately uncomfortable.

BETH

I... I don't want them bothering Brandon. I'm sure whoever called their show had to have mentioned...

Beth hears the cafe door open. Shannon walks inside and several people do a double take. Finding Doug, she slides into the booth across from him.

KAY

That is one tall gal.

A diner walks up and asks Shannon for her autograph. This causes Kay to smile giddily, then her expression abruptly changes.

The couple from the Legion Hall have walked inside

The woman has healed over cigarette burns covering the exposed areas of her arms, neck and face. The man has a deep healed over gash across his throat.

Kay is very taken aback. Beth has her back to the couple. They spot Kay and stop short.

BETH

What?

(lowers voice)

Your daughter?

Kay nods, fighting back tears. The couple, Kay's daughter and her husband, turn to go. Shannon notices the burns on Kay's daughter as they pass.

Beth looks out the window and watches them cross the street. She takes Kay's hand to comfort her.

KAY

(Wiping tears)

Beth... You... You know none of it is true.

BETH

Of course. I've never believed it. No one does.

(Not so sure)

She'll come around.

INT. SHANNON'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Shannon drives on the outskirts of town passing an old Catholic church surrounded by forest. She stops and takes a photo of the church with her phone.

INT. SHANNON'S RENTAL CAR - DAY - LATER

It's very breezy outside. Shannon observes the sights along the main street of town. She notices "THE BARGAIN BIN" on the corner and parks.

INT. BARGAIN BIN - DAY - LATER

Shannon browses in an aisle near the cash register, where Kay watches Shannon intently. Shannon knows this and smiles to herself.

Kay cautiously raises her open flip phone and secretly takes a photo of Shannon. She quickly sets it facedown on the counter and Shannon walks up to the register. She eyes the flip phone and smiles at Kay.

SHANNON

Hi. I saw you last night, didn't I?

KAY

We saw you drive up.

(leans forward
inquisitively)

What's it like having someone ask for
your autograph?

SHANNON

Kind of embarrassing. Very much so.
Why?

KAY

Just in case.

Shannon smiles and looks to her left. One of the Judidion women is in the store near the back. She's very skinny and pale.

She has a pair of men's pants and a man's shirt across her arm as she examines a pair of men's shoes.

KAY

(continuing)

They usually never step foot in here.

Kay and Shannon watch curiously as the Judidion woman picks up a pair of men's white underwear and checks the size.

SHANNON

Does she have a boyfriend?

KAY

Don't think so. Maybe their spinning
wheel broke.

SHANNON

How long have they been here?

KAY

Just a little over three months. They
wanted to relocate to a nice quiet
place and found us.

SHANNON

(Nodding)

It is quiet. Oh, uh... They work at the hospital or something, don't they? Isn't the boy that was in the accident recuperating there?

Kay is suddenly on guard.

KAY

Uh, huh. He is.

SHANNON

I mean, his mother lives here too, right? I thought maybe that was who you were with last night.

KAY

(Shakes head)

No... No one's seen her for months. She's kind of a hermit. Never goes anywhere... And never talks to anyone.

EXT. BARGAIN BIN

Shannon leaves the store. The Morose woman with the scarf tied around her face, crosses the street.

INT. BARGAIN BIN

In the back of the store, the ladies room door opens and Beth warily steps out and walks up to Kay. They watch Shannon approach her car.

KAY

She's good. Buttered me up like a biscuit, but I didn't tell her a thing.

The Judidion woman stops at the register and places the men's clothing on the counter.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Shannon stops at her car and glances back at the Bargain Bin. The morose woman is approaching further up the sidewalk.

A large 1970s station wagon with four Judidion women inside drives up and parks at the curb. All the windows are down. Shannon smiles at them. The Judidion's stare straight ahead not acknowledge Shannon.

The skinny Judidion woman, who was buying the men's clothing, walks out of the store. Seeing Shannon, she grips the store sack tighter, holding it against her body.

A TALL JUDIDION WOMAN scrambles out of the car and speaks in an urgent tone to the Judidion woman holding the sack.

TALL JUDIDION WOMAN
Exire capere apage adimere illius!

The skinny Judidion woman quickly gets into the car with the others and they drive off. Shannon steps back to see which direction the station wagon is going and bumps into the morose woman.

The wind blows the scarf up over the morose woman's nose. Shannon suppresses a gasp.

The morose woman's upper lip has been torn off up to her nostrils. Only a jagged healed over gash remains above her fully exposed top teeth and dry receding gums, which gives her the macabre appearance of a grinning skull.

The woman shrieks at Shannon spraying her with spittle.

MOROSE WOMAN
What are you looking at!

Shannon staggers back.

MOROSE WOMAN
(continuing)
Bitch... You heathen! Go back to
Babylon!

The morose woman storms off shrieking aloud to herself. Shannon watches her, taken aback. She gets into her car.

EXT. ELY HOSPITAL - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Shannon walks toward the glass fronted entrance, just as Sue Ann comes outside in her motorized wheel chair talking on her flip phone. Sue Ann snaps the phone closed and stops her wheel chair.

CLOSE ON: A weathered plaque on the brick wall behind Sue Ann reads: "ELY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL Established 1927".

In the hospital foyer, dozens of framed black and white photos line the wall.

Sue Ann points her finger at Shannon as if it were a gun.

SUE ANN
Hold it right there.

Shannon smiles bemusedly and stops.

SHANNON
Hi.

Sue Ann looks beyond Shannon.

SUE ANN
Noticed you and Beth didn't talk long.

Shannon looks back, seeing Kay and Beth a block away in the doorway of the Bargain Bin. Beth steps out, waves at Kay and goes to her car.

SHANNON
(Mutters)
Mmmm. Not long at all.

SUE ANN
Gonna be the same thing if you take
your little butt in here and ask
around.

INT. SHANNON'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Shannon drives while talking to Doug on a FaceTime call.

DOUG
Giv'em more time. Let 'em suss you
out some more.

SHANNON
(Chuckles)
"Suss"... No, it's more like a
coordinated cock-block using flip
phones. I'd bet the farm this Beth
woman's his mother, but...
(more)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(Beat)

You know, we have two more days and we have nothing. Other than a few "colorful townsfolk", I'm pretty sure Satan's fan club is a bunch of local teens.

Allen sticks his face in the frame and raises an eyebrow.

ALLEN

With an edge.

Shannon smiles and passes the old church again. The double front doors are open now. She brakes.

SHANNON

Oh, hey. Lemme call you back.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Shannon exits her car, noticing a dirt path leading into the woods. She walks up to the entrance of the church.

CLOSE ON: The words "DOMINION OF ANGELS" are written in calligraphy type lettering above the church doors.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Shannon walks inside and stops. At the end of the aisle, on the alter, there's a very old, larger-than-life size wooden statue of Jesus on the cross depicting the crucifixion.

She walks up to the statue and notices the ceiling, where a mural of painted angels adorn the entire area.

The Christ figure is seven feet tall and painted in flesh tones, with age-old crackling paint. The eyes are closed. The body is on the muscular side and very life-like. Veins course through the hands and up the arms.

Shannon looks closely at the feet, then up at the open hands.

CLOSE ON: There are no nails in the hands or feet.

Shannon touches one of the legs and feels an oily residue. She sniffs her fingers, grimacing from the terrible smell.

An old maintenance WORKER carrying a bucket filled with cleaning products comes out of the back.

WORKER
Very beautiful, isn't it?

SHANNON
(startled)
Oh... Yes, it is.

WORKER
Furniture oil. On your hands. That's what you smell. Stinks to high heaven, pardon the expression.

Shannon looks up at the Christ figure.

SHANNON
It almost looks alive. How old is it?

WORKER
Don't know. Have to ask one of the Judidions if they stop in.

SHANNON
Oh, okay. Yeah, think I've seen them around.

WORKER
Well, they donated it to us right after they got here. Heard they had the darned thing strapped to the top of a car all the way from back east. They said it was found in an abandoned church.

Shannon notices a long hallway at the other end of the church.

SHANNON
Think anyone would mind if I took a little tour?

WORKER
Not much to see, but go ahead. This church belongs to everyone.

Shannon walks down a long hallway where a bulletin board is on the wall. Several memos are pinned to the board. She looks closely at one which reads:

CLOSE ON: "R.A.S. Meeting, 7:00 P.M., American Legion Hall."

The sound of the church doors opening and closing is heard.

Next to the bulletin board there are two framed photos of an elderly nun and a young priest. A plaque above the pictures reads: "In memory of Father Daniel Egan and Sister Beatrice Dousot."

Dates signify the year they were born and the very recent dates of their deaths.

CLOSE ON: The nun in the photograph wears glasses with thick bifocal lens.

Shannon hears muffled voices coming from the end of the hallway. Someone yells, then silence. She walks to the end of the hallway and stops at an open door. An OLD NUN passes by inside the room.

The anxious voice of an OLD PRIEST is heard. Shannon moves out of the doorway.

OLD PRIEST (O.S.)

It doesn't matter Satan fell into the Abyss. They're here to continue his bidding and ruin pure men. They came to me last night.

OLD NUN (O.S.)

(weary)
Who, Father?

OLD PRIEST (O.S.)

Night hags. Hundreds of years ago the hags would attack the monks in their cubicles and destroy their physical purity. The monks had to tie crucifixes to their genitals to keep them away.

OLD NUN (O.S.)

Father, please...

Shannon lowers herself onto a bench near the door, shocked at what she's hearing. The old priest begins to sob.

OLD PRIEST (O.S.)

If I could will myself to die, I would. I can't kill myself. It's a sin.

(more)

OLD PRIEST (CONT'D; O.S.)
 Maybe joining Father Egan and the
 Sister in hell would be better than
 this.

The door is closed. Shannon stands and puts her ear to it.

OLD NUN (O.S.)
 They're not in hell, Father. God
 forgave them. I know in my heart he
 did. And no one is after you. Please,
 believe me.

Shannon walks away, glancing a moment at the framed
 photographs of the nun and priest. Heading down the hallway
 She hears three women's voices speaking aloud in unison.

VOICES (O.S.)
 We offer adoration to you, of your
 supreme perfection and dominion over
 the creatures dependant on you.

Shannon abruptly stops. A few feet ahead of her, a YOUNG
 JUDIDION woman kneels in front of the Christ figure applying
 furniture oil to its legs with her bare hands.

Behind her, three other Judidion women are kneeling on the
 floor between the pews with outstretched arms, staring
 intently at the Christ figure.

Shannon watches curiously as the Judidion woman rubs one of
 the statues legs in an almost sensuous manner. The woman
 moves her hand down to its ankles, then bows her head and
 kisses the feet of the Christ figure.

She stares intently at Shannon and speaks in a eerie monotone
 voice.

YOUNG JUDIDION
 It has to be treated so the wood
 doesn't crack.

The three Judidion women on their knees suddenly look up and
 stare at the ceiling mural. The Judidion woman at the feet of
 the Christ figure places her finger to her lips signifying
 for Shannon to be quiet.

Shannon walks quickly past the women and over to the large
 church doors.

Glancing down, Shannon notices each Judidion woman kneel on boards with dozens of small nails protruding out of the wood in an act of religious self-abasement. Shannon looks away and grabs the door handle.

In the reflection of the large brass handle plates, she notices the Judidion woman nearest her has turned around and is staring at her. She opens her mouth in a wide grimace. Shannon yanks open the door and quickly leaves the church.

EXT. CHURCH - DUSK

Shannon stops short. The maintenance worker leans against his truck smoking. He smiles, knowing Shannon has seen the little spectacle in the church.

WORKER

Outta respect, I come out here and
have a cig. Let 'em do their thing.
(Tosses cigarette)
To each his own.

Shannon notices the Judidion's station wagon, then gets a ping and brings up a text from Doug.

CLOSE ON: "Let's go on a field trip... to the outskirts of town. LOL I'm ready if U R."

Shannon responds: "Damn. Thought U meant L.A. Ok, U drive. Shannon adds a smile emoji and hits send.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Doug and Shannon drive away from the motel.

INT. SHANNON'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Doug drives down route 40, a dark two-lane road with dense forest on each side. Shannon holds a broadcast quality camcorder on her lap as she scrolls through photos on her cell.

DOUG

Think a shot of an "almost" full moon
over the tree tops will be cool. Use
it as our establishing shot when the
segment opens.

She comes across a selfie of her and her son. It hurts. She quickly scrolls past, then looks up at the sky and smiles slyly.

SHANNON

And yet, the moon appears to be hiding from us.

DOUG

There are a lot of fucking trees.

Shannon chuckles and rolls down the power window. She finds the photo of the Catholic church on her phone.

SHANNON

Oh, here it is. We definitely should get some footage-

She looks into the darkness before them and loudly gasps.

SHANNON

(continuing)

Doug!

DOUG

Huh? Shit!

Doug slams on the brakes so hard Shannon's head hits the windshield, cracking it. She grabs her head. The car swerves and hits a post on the side of the road. The tire blows out.

DOUG

(continuing)

Fuck! Shannon! You all right?

Shannon holds her head and nods, yes. They stare transfixed at the sight before them. A pack of at least twenty large black Pitbulls run across the road, huddled so close they resemble a swarm.

They vanish from sight into the dark woods.

SHANNON

Jesus, what was that?

Doug shakes his head.

SHANNON

(continuing)

Doug!

A lone, very large black Pitbull has run out of the woods and stopped in front of the car's headlights. Its body is very muscular. Its fur is raised as it snarls.

DOUG

What the hell are they doing out here? Where'd they come from?

The dog jumps on the hood of the car and lunges at the windshield snapping its jaw.

CLOSE ON: It rams the windshield again, its fangs imbedded a moment in the thick glass. Shannon and Doug rear back.

Shannon quickly rolls up her window. The dog goes into a frenzy. It yanks its head back and begins ramming the windshield with such force its head goes through the glass into the interior of the car, its jaw snapping inches from Shannon's face.

Doug grabs his cell and repeatedly rams the end of it into the dog's snout. It yelps and jumps back onto the hood. Doug starts the car, slams on the brakes and the dog tumbles off the hood. It growls savagely and runs into the woods.

DOUG

(continuing)

Jesus, you okay? Fuck!

SHANNON

Yes, yes...

Shaking like a leaf, Shannon wipes the dog's slobber off her face. She tries to dial 911 on her cell.

DOUG

How's your head?

SHANNON

It hurts, but I'm okay. Fucking things out of range.

Doug reaches over Shannon, grabs her seat belt and puts it around her.

SHANNON

(continuing)

Don't even think about changing the tire.

Doug fastens his seatbelt, pulls onto the road and makes a u-turn. He drives a short distance as the damaged tire tread flaps loudly on the blacktop. Glancing into the rear view mirror, he suddenly brakes.

DOUG

Fuck...

Shannon looks back at the dark road, and in the distant glow of the tail lights, sees the dogs running back into the woods from the same direction they came out of. Doug guns the car and drives off.

EXT/INT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

The car slowly drives along the dirt shoulder. The flat tire is in shreds. The brake lights flash. Doug hits the steering wheel, very relieved.

DOUG

Yes!

He and Shannon see one small light on in a large dark building situated several yards off the road. It's surrounded by large trees and shrubs. Doug pulls over. It's become very windy. The nearly full moon looms in the distance.

DOUG

(continuing)

Hold on a minute more. I'll make it quick.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Doug gets out of the car, hurries through the dark yard, hops a fence and jogs into an area with huge trees. Stepping on something, he looks down seeing an old faded sign.

CLOSE ON: The sign reads: "White Pine County Elk's Lodge".

Doug continues walking and sees it's not a house, but a large abandoned-looking building with three older station wagons parked out front. Doug stops near thick shrubs at the back of the building where a light is on. He has a clear view inside the window.

Several of the Judidion women are huddled at a large sink washing their arms and hands. They all wear their long hoop skirts, but are bare-breasted.

CLOSE ON: Each woman has a pierced nipple with a small silver hoop through it.

Another woman comes into view. Doug ducks down. The nude woman is seen from the front. She's very sweaty. Doug watches her rather elaborate manner of dressing. She first puts on a white under blouse followed by bloomers and a petticoat. Then a whale bone corset that fastens in the front.

She picks up a collapsible circular wire "cage", that when pulled up to her waist creates the form for her simple brown hoop skirt. This done she puts on a white blouse and bonnet, which she tucks her damp hair under. The other women put on their under blouses and begin fastening their corsets.

Doug passes another window. This room is faintly lit from the hallway light. Inside, two large microscopes with small glass vials stacked next to them are on a table near a medicine cabinet and freezer. A filing cabinet is in the corner.

Doug walks to the front of the building and stops at two wooden double doors. He hesitates a moment and knocks loudly. He waits and knocks again. The door slowly opens.

A JUDIDION WOMAN, early fifties, grey hair, holds onto the door as she peers around it at Doug. The woman is out of breath as if she were running. Her hair is damp with perspiration. Her blouse is untucked.

CLOSE ON: Her fingernails are caked with dirt.

DOUG

Hi, I'm with the TV crew that's been filming here. Some of you have seen us around. We've had an accident. I need to call the Highway Patrol.

JUDIDION WOMAN

We don't have a phone. We don't have any use for one. And you're on private property.

Doug looks at her incredulously.

DOUG

Wait. We had an accident. I have to get back into town. Someone's hurt. I'll pay you.

The door starts to close. Doug stares at her, shocked she won't help.

He looks down seeing her bare feet are covered in mud with leaves and pine needles stuck to it. The door closes.

DOUG
(continuing)
Goddamnit. I don't believe this.

Doug jogs through the yard, climbs the fence and goes back to the car. The power window zips down.

SHANNON
Is someone coming?

DOUG
No. Fuck, no. We're stuck. They won't help us. She shut the door in my face. You okay?

SHANNON
Yes. Doug, who are you taking about?

DOUG
Those women that look like they're from the fucking colonial days. That's where-

SHANNON
The Judidion's?

DOUG
Yeah, whoever the hell they are. That's where they're all holed up. There is something wrong with those bitches, lemme tell ya'.

Doug slams the side of his fist down on the car roof.

DOUG
(continuing)
Shit, I'm sorry. I'm pissed.
(headlights approach in the distance)
Fuck, it's about time.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT - LATER

The elevator doors open. Beth steps out hearing Doug's anxious voice from down the hallway.

DOUG (O.S.)
They must be feral. None of 'em had
on collars.

Beth turns the corner and stops seeing Shannon and Doug with a young police officer.

DOUG (O.S.)
(continuing)
Goddamn thing attacked our car. I
mean, I'd think you'd put a little
more effort into finding them.

Beth steps back out of view and summons the elevator.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Beth exits the elevator and sits on a bench to wait for Shannon and Doug to leave. A door opens further down the hall. Beth sees the young Judidion, Rebecca, walk out of a patients room and go into Brandon's. Beth stands.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Brandon, as usual, sleeps deeply. Beth is facing Rebecca, who grips a pitcher of water. Beth holds a small paper cup of pills.

BETH
I'd like to know what these are. I
mean, what purpose-

REBECCA
Vitamin supplements. Everyone gets
them.

Rebecca turns away and pours water into a glass next to Brandon's bed.

BETH
Is it absolutely necessary he be
given these?

REBECCA
Ma'm. We practice holistic medicine
in our group, relying more on healing
with vitamins and proper nutrition.

BETH

Does the hospital know you're giving
these to Brandon?

Rebecca sets down the pitcher and pulls up Brandon's blanket.

REBECCA

Of course they do. They're not
entirely happy about it, either.

BETH

Why is that?

REBECCA

You see, the hospital charges a
fortune for anything from a paper cup
to a vitamin. I've read their
inventory book. They charge three
dollars for just one aspirin tablet.
We can donate the same thing.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The Topic of Interest crew are outside their rooms. Doug and Shannon walk over to the van. Scott and Allen walk over to another rental car. Allen carries a large hand-held camera.

EXT. PARK - DAY - LATER

The Topic of Interest van drives into a small dirt parking lot.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Doug examines the area around the public restrooms, where Brandon's accident happened. The pentagram star has been hastily painted over, but still visible on the pavement.

SHANNON

They're resourceful. Had their ritual
right by the bathrooms. Case anyone
had to go.

Doug squeezes his legs together, like when a little kid has to go.

DOUG

I better pay my water bill.

He goes into the men's room side and comes right back out.

DOUG
(continuing)
Out of order. Be right back... Don't
peek. I mean it.

Shannon smiles as Doug hurries into the woods. She kneels in front of the pentagram star and takes a photo. Shannon doesn't notice the small object under a bush next to her knee.

CLOSE ON: A high school class ring.

After a few moments, Doug comes out of the woods holding something in his hand.

DOUG
(continuing)
Come take a look at this...

EXT. PARK - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Shannon and Doug are in a small clearing in the woods. A huge flat rock is in front of them.

Spray painted on the rock are the words: "Illino barritus addo acervo brevis abduco carina daemonium faenus dominatio pedibus sanctus processus".

On the rock, an over-sized jar filled with water has a fleshy walnut-sized object floating inside. Doug holds up a thin piece of material.

DOUG
Think this is a clerical collar.
Found it wrapped around the rim of
the jar.

Shannon looks grimly at the object.

SHANNON
What is that?

Doug shakes his head and takes her arm.

DOUG
Here, c'mon. Step back... Look,
there's things buried all around the
rock.

CLOSE ON: Several additional clerical collars stick out of the dirt. A pair of glasses and a hair brush are near them. A piece of jewelry pokes out of the dirt. Doug pulls it out.

SHANNON

Smells... Like sewage or something.

Doug shakes dirt off the necklace.

DOUG

I know, it does. Look here.

CLOSE ON: The necklace is actually Rosary Beads. A small cross is at the end of the beads with a Jesus figure attached.

The head is missing.

DOUG

(continuing)

Nice. Hope they're in therapy.

Shannon stands and brushes off her knees. Doug grabs a stick and digs through the dirt unearthing many more objects. He picks up another pair of eyeglasses, grimaces and throws them down as he's picked up something else with them.

DOUG

(continuing)

Oh, fuck. What the hell... Jesus, it's fucken dog shit or something. Some of it's just been planted.

CLOSE ON: The pair of glasses he threw down have thick bifocal lens.

SHANNON

Doug. Those dogs we saw. What if-

DOUG

Shit. You're right. C'mon, let's hit it. I'll call someone from the van.

EXT. CLEARING IN PARK - DAY - LATER

Doug and an older White Pine County police OFFICER with grey hair, stand near the large rock.

There is a six foot piece of tarp spread out on the ground with at least twenty items laid out, eyeglasses, watches, combs, etc.

Shannon is nearby with a notepad copying down the lettering on the rock.

The officer kneels down examining the articles and pair of glasses, obviously annoyed by Doug and Shannon's presence.

OFFICER

These are personal. A civilian, so to speak, couldn't just march in a priests room and take them.

DOUG

(dubious)

So, someone in the church is a kleptomaniac? And they come all the way out here to stash their loot?

The officer stands.

OFFICER

Takes all kinds, as they say.

DOUG

What about your little problem with the Devil worshipers? I mean, we're like, 40 feet from where that kid almost died.

OFFICER

(Shakes head)

No, no. It's not them. But I have to give 'em credit. They're good. No one's ever seen 'em.

DOUG

Quick too. Just wondering, could they train a dog to overtake a deer?

The officer let's out a weary breath and wipes sweat from his forehead. Shannon takes photos of the items on the tarp. The officer gives her an irritated side glance.

OFFICER

Possibly. They're not known for that unless they're starved, but... Wait, you're the folks that made a report about seeing a pack of dogs, right?

DOUG

Yes, we are. Pitbulls.

Shannon snaps a photo of the floating object inside the jar, then stands and tucks the notepad in her pocket.

OFFICER
 (to Shannon)
 You're sure it was a Pitbull? That was a pretty dark road you were on.

SHANNON
 Oh, yeah. It needed a breath mint.

INT. ELY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE - DAY

Shannon and Doug stand in a small office. A skinny, OFFICE WOMAN, late forties, sits behind a desk examining the words Shannon wrote down on the note pad.

OFFICE WOMAN
 Looks... like gibberish. I can't make it out.

(Hands the note pad to Shannon)

U.N.L.V has an excellent language department if you don't mind the drive. But just so happens we have a priest whose lived here over twenty-five-years. Speaks several languages fluently.

SHANNON
 Is he at the church right now?

OFFICE WOMAN
 Oh, no, no. He's home recuperating from surgery.
 (picks up phone)
 Lemme me check with his housekeeper. See if he's up to having some company.

EXT. PRIEST'S HOME - DAY - LATER

Shannon and Doug park in front of an older two story home. A Judidion woman peeks out through the drapes.

Doug and Shannon get out of the van and walk up to the front door, which is already being opened by, RUTH, late forties, stout, with a severe haggard face. A large bruise is under her eye, in addition to a deep cut across the bridge of her nose.

Doug stares at it a moment, then looks away. Behind Ruth, a teapot is on the stove. The burner glows.

RUTH
Welcome to Father Lawson's home. Come inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Shannon and Doug follow Ruth up a steep wooden staircase. Ruth stops near the top, where a step is caved in.

RUTH
Mind the step, please. I was taking father his lunch the other day and had a bad fall.

Shannon and Doug follow Ruth down a hallway.

RUTH
(continuing)
The surgery Father had was minor. A polyp was removed from his larynx so it's very painful for him to swallow and he can't speak yet. I would like to keep this as brief as possible.

SHANNON
Of course.

Ruth stops at a bedroom door and knocks.

RUTH
Father...

She peeks inside, then opens the door.

RUTH
(continuing)
It's all right. Come inside.

INT. BEDROOM

Doug and Shannon enter the room and stare at the sight before them. They exchange looks as the room smells. Doug puts his hand against his nostrils. A very old man, resembling a human skeleton lies in the large bed with covers up to his chest.

His mouth is open as he breathes raspily. A urine bag hangs on the side of the bed.

CLOSE ON: An open jar of Vicks Vapo Rub is on the nightstand next to a bible.

RUTH

I just applied ointment to his chest.
I'm sorry. There is a slight odor.

Ruth stops next to his bed. His eyes follow Ruth's every move.

RUTH

(continuing)
Father. Do you recognize her? She's
on television.

Father Lawson averts his eyes and stares at Shannon, who looks away and glances into the open jar of Vicks Vapo Rub.

CLOSE ON: The contents are dark brown.

RUTH

(continuing)
May I?

Shannon tears off the page and hands the notepad to Ruth.

RUTH

(continuing)
Father, if you can, they'd like you
to tell them what language these
words are written in.

Ruth picks up an empty food tray and places it on the priest's lap. She puts a pencil in Father Lawson's gnarled hand.

RUTH

(continuing)
It might just be one you're fluent in.

The priest reads the words, and with great difficulty writes something on the notepad. Ruth hands it to Shannon without looking at it.

Shannon strains to read the scribbled translation.

SHANNON

It's... He... He says the writing is
in Latin... Anoint... the barren
host...

(Pauses)

I can't read what... wait... Ok. For
"he shall" bring forth the seed of
the Antichrist. Dominion of Angels...
Soon.

Shannon looks up. Tears roll down Father Lawson's emaciated face. He begins to sob. Ruth is unfazed. At this moment the teapot in the kitchen whistles loudly. Ruth won't leave the room.

It's very awkward. Shannon glances at Doug. Ruth finally exits the room. The stairs creak as she goes down them.

Father Lawson begins to moan. With all his might, he leans to the side and moves his fingers between the mattress and box spring and motions with his eyes to Shannon, who leans closer and sees the tip of a page sticking out.

Trying to avoid the urine bag, she gingerly plucks out two crumpled torn pages, then meets the priest's eyes. She smiles sympathetically and unfolds a page.

DOUG

What is it?

SHANNON

Bible pages... He circled proverbs,
Peter... two... something. And
Corinthians, 11:13.

DOUG

Uh, how do you even-

SHANNON

(Smiles wryly)

Sunday school.

(Beat)

It was mandatory.

The priest watches her intently. Shannon reads aloud from the first page.

SHANNON

(continuing)

For even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light. So it is no surprise if his servants also disguise themselves as servants of righteousness... The dog returns to its own vomit, and the sow after washing herself, returns to wallow in the mire.

DOUG

(Under his breath)

Fuck.

He looks back at the doorway and the priest groans and vigorously shakes his head in agreement. Ruth suddenly enters the room. Shannon lowers the Bible pages to her side.

Father Lawson cries out in loud sickening wails.

RUTH

He's very upset. I think it's best you go now. I'm sorry. I didn't realize this would happen.

INT. TOPIC OF INTEREST VAN - DAY - LATER

Doug and Shannon wait at a rail road crossing for a train to pass. The priest's home is behind them a half block away.

SHANNON

It's written over the doors of the church. "Dominion of Angels".

(Beat)

But if that was Vicks Vapo Rub it went bad. I smelled the same thing in the church and was told it was furniture oil.

The last section of train passes. Shannon looks back at the priests home, then turns to Doug.

SHANNON

(continuing)

You think she's abusing him?

DOUG

Don't know, but it looks like he got in a few licks of his own.

Shannon is deep in thought a moment.

SHANNON

I saw some of them yesterday. They were speaking a very unusual language. Now I wonder if it was Latin.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The motel room door is open. The wind blows outside. The trees sway. The room is very noisy. Doug, Allen and Scott sit on the floor editing on one of the laptops. Shannon is on the bed using her tablet.

The loud motel TV set is on a channel where an older red-haired televangelist preaches in an auditorium packed with several thousand people.

A banner above the stage reads: "Dale Dalton Ministries." A 1-800 number for donations and a prayer line, flash across the screen.

Shannon changes the channel. Scott fast forwards the footage on the laptop, then stops on a frame.

CLOSE ON: An exterior of the Ely hospital comes onscreen. Scott presses play and stifles a yawn.

DOUG

There it is. Let's zoom in on one of these windows. Say a local boy was nearly killed at a site where a ritual was held. Just one of the many strange occurrences to befall the sleepy town of Ely...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT - LATER

An old janitor pushes a dust mop down the empty hallway. He leans down to take a drink from the water fountain and notices something on the floor.

CLOSE ON: A small glass vial containing a clear milky substance is broken in the corner.

The janitor walks toward the nurses station.

INT. HOSPITAL - SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT - LATER

Flora stands in the hallway watching, DR. MAULTON, late sixties, examine the broken vial. The janitor watches nearby. Dr. Maulton dabs the end of a Q-tip into the substance and smells it.

He glances up at Flora, a bit mystified.

DR. MAULTON

Flora, are there any male patients you know of that have been admitted for a urological exam, or possibly a fertility test?

FLORA

I don't think so. I'm almost sure there's not.

Dr. Maulton stands and holds up the Q-tip.

DR. MAULTON

Well, I don't know what in the world this is doing here.

FLORA

What do you think it is?

Dr. Maulton keeps his voice down.

DR. MAULTON

I know what it is. It's a semen sample. And it's fresh.

A nurse, VIVIAN, early seventies, walks up to Flora.

FLORA

You find Nancy?

VIVIAN

No. I just now checked the cafeteria, too. She's not there.

Dr. Maulton glances down at the vial.

DR. MAULTON

Don't anyone touch this.

(to the janitor)

Get a little ammonia and wipe up the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSES' STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Vivian is in front of a filing cabinet checking a chart.
Flora walks into the room holding her car keys.

VIVIAN

Was she home?

FLORA

(Nods grimly)

No. And her car's still in the
parking lot... I don't know what to
think. You have any luck?

Vivian closes the drawer and shakes her head.

VIVIAN

There haven't been any male patients
admitted who would need a sample
taken.

(Closes drawer)

Anyway, Flora. I'd think if a sample
"like that" was needed they'd do it
in a urologist's office first, don't
you think?

FLORA

I suppose... Listen, pull the files
on all the male patients. There's
six, I think.

(Checks watch)

I better make my rounds.

INT. HOSPITAL - SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT - LATER

Flora is in a patients room holding a clip board. She marks
something on the attached sheet of paper and walks out of the
room to continue her bed checks.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Flora walks into the semi-dark room noticing Brandon lying on
his side under the blankets. He's asleep, but his face looks
tense. His body jerks a moment. Flora gently touches his arm.

FLORA

Brandon... You okay?

Flora notices Brandon's hospital gown crumpled on the floor. She lifts the blanket and softly gasps.

INT. HOSPITAL - SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT - LATER

Flora and Dr. Maulton walk toward Brandon's room.

FLORA

Think it's safe to say who the sample belongs to. They must've done it while he was asleep.

(Stops)

Something spooked them because it's still there.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

They walk into the room and stop at Brandon's bed. He still lies on his side.

DR. MAULTON

Is he bleeding?

Flora nods and Dr. Maulton pulls the sheet back. He looks down at Brandon and stares intently a few moments.

DR. MAULTON

(continuing)

Jesus.

FLORA

I left it in so you could see it.

DR. MAULTON

Can you think of anyone who might've done this?

FLORA

No... Well, yes. I... I don't know. It could be Nancy. She's supposed to be on duty and no one's seen her since the vial was found.

Dr. Maulton places his hand on Brandon's right buttock and tugs on something a moment. Flora winces and there's a snapping noise.

Dr. Maulton holds up a latex glove. Flora picks up a waste basket and Dr. Maulton drops the glove inside.

DR. MAULTON

Someone was massaging his prostate.
Flora, move that light over here,
please... This has been done before.
Several times, I'd say. They were in
a hurry whoever it was. Never
bothered to use lubrication.

FLORA

How did he not feel it?

DR. MAULTON

(Shakes head)

There's several small tears around
his anus. Some are healed over. Nancy
couldn't have done this...

Dr. Maulton walks over to the sink and washes his hands.

DR. MAULTON

(continuing)

... I'd say it's been going on for
weeks now. Probably since he was
first admitted. Have you seen another
male patient going in and out of his
room on a regular basis?

Flora covers Brandon with the sheet.

FLORA

No one. Just the Judidions.

DR. MAULTON

That's highly unlikely, but keep an
eye on them. Hell, keep an eye on
everyone.

The door opens and Vivian peeks in.

VIVIAN

There you are.

(Walks inside)

I have their folders.

Dr. Maulton takes them and opens the top file, giving the
contents a cursory glance. He finds Brandon's file, briefly
reads something, then looks down at Brandon strangely.

FLORA

What?

DR. MAULTON

He shoots blanks. Apparently they found out during a routine blood test after he was first brought to the trauma unit.

(Hands Flora the page)

Been that way since birth.

Dr. Maulton glances at a second page from Brandon's file and takes a second look.

DR. MAULTON

(continuing)

What... What is this?

He shows Vivian and Flora takes a peek.

CLOSE ON: In the area for blood type, there is black marker through the original blood type, and written in pen is another.

DR. MAULTON

(continuing)

Why on earth was his blood type changed? Who-

VIVIAN

(flustered)

Oh, uh. We... Brandon was due for a blood test, so we sent a sample to the diagnostic lab. They said the previous E.R he was life-flighted to made a mistake, so I-

Dr. Maulton is already shaking his head in consternation.

DR. MAULTON

No, no. That's a top-tier trauma unit you're talking about. They wouldn't do that.

(Sighs wearily)

He goes from 0-Positive to RH-Null, the rarest blood type in the world? It's just not...

(Abrupt)

People don't change blood types.

(To Flora)

Wait two weeks. Send out another sample.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

A shuttle bus from HERTZ Rental cars pulls into the parking lot. The construction crew at the end of the building are at work hammering away. The driver beeps the horn.

Shannon walks out of her room yawning and gets into the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - DAY

Shannon sits behind the driver. They approach the on-ramp to the highway leaving Ely. The driver yields for an older station wagon driven by one of the Judidion women. She turns onto the highway.

The shuttle bus driver pulls onto the highway behind the station wagon. Shannon quickly digs some cash from her purse and leans forward.

SHANNON

Excuse me. I know how this might sound, but can you follow that car? It's half the budget of our show, but there's a fifty in it for you.

EXT. SHUTTLE BUS - DAY - LATER

The shuttle bus is parked on a busy street in a run down part of Las Vegas. Various businesses, including a used car lot called "HADLEY'S USED AUTOS", line the street.

Shannon watches the Judidion woman pull into the used car lot. The Judidion woman gets out of the old station wagon wearing a cape over her blouse and big hoop skirt. She walks directly into the office.

EXT. HADLEY'S USED AUTO - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Shannon speaks with a SALESMAN while the shuttle driver waits nearby.

SALESMAN

A few months ago there were six of 'em waitin' in the parking lot before I even opened. They had cash and wanted three station wagons.

SHANNON

They bought them here?

SALESMAN

Only that clunker she pulled up in.
Drives like crap and she wants me to
fix it for free... Maybe they found
the other two somewhere else.

INT. SHANNON'S NEW RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Shannon drives through the HERTZ Rental lot talking on her
cell phone. She let's out a plaintive sigh.

SHANNON

You must be asleep.

(Enters street)

Well, turns out the women from Little
House on The Prairie didn't drive
from back east with Jesus. I don't
know where they found him, but they
bought their cars in Vegas.

INT. SHANNON'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Shannon drives the rental car up the empty main street of
town. Passing the cafe, she notices the American Legion Hall
and slows down. The doors are open.

One car is in the lot. Shannon parks next to it.

INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT

Dozens of lined up chairs face a desk. Across the room, a
coffee maker and styrofoam cups are on a table. An open
notebook with a numbered sign-in sheet rests on a stand.

INSERT: Shannon traces her finger down the page. There are
dozens of signatures. Shannon notices a magazine and picks it
up.

INSERT: The pages are open to a lengthy article with a title
that reads:

"Bitter Memories"

"The Reality of Childhood Ritual Abuse. Fact or
Fiction? How Adult Survivors Cope."

Several paragraphs are highlighted in yellow. Shannon reads to herself, then hears a noise and turns, seeing a middle age nun, SISTER BEATRICE, walk slowly toward her.

A twisted foot causes her to to walk with a limp. Shannon stares at the sister, stunned by another condition impairing the nun.

CLOSE ON: Both her eyes are missing. Her shriveled eyelids cover the empty sockets, leaving only black slits where her eyes were.

SISTER BEATRICE
You forget something?

A rattled Shannon, mutters a response.

SHANNON
Uh, no, no. I-

SISTER BEATRICE
Oh, my. You're not a survivor, are you?

The sister reaches into her pocket and takes out a set of glass eyes. Shannon watches grimly as the sister brings each glass eye to her lips and releases saliva onto each one before pushing them into the dry sockets.

She places one eye backwards into the socket and only the white shows. The other glass eye points down at the floor.

SISTER BEATRICE
(continuing)
Please... excuse my appearance.
Demons took my eyes, but I found the
Lord. You don't need eyes to seek the
Lord. I can explain if you like.

Flora, out of her nurses uniform, wearing jeans and a sweater, walks out of a back room holding a waste basket. She stares at Shannon intently, taken aback she's in the room.

Flora quickly walks up to Sister Beatrice and tries not to stare at the misshapen glass eyes.

FLORA

They're not here yet?

(To Shannon)

I'll be right with you.

(Turns to Sister
Beatrice)

Lemme... Shoot. They don't have a
phone. Sister, have a seat. I'll find
you a ride home.

A RED-HAIRED JUDIDION WOMAN suddenly appears in the doorway.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

Forgive us for not being here sooner.
Come sister.

An older station wagon is parked outside with five Judidion women inside. They all stare straight ahead. The red-haired Judidion guides Sister Beatrice out to the car and opens the back door for the sister.

All of the Judidion women turn and stare a moment at Shannon, then look away. The station wagon drives off, followed by a strained silence between Shannon and Flora. Shannon sets down the magazine.

SHANNON

Look, I... I know I'm the last person
on earth you'd want to see in here.
I apologize. But this is my job.

Flora empties the filter on the coffee maker, keeping her tone casual, but guarded.

FLORA

I understand. But this is my job too.
I'm the only person they have to talk
to. I respect their privacy.

SHANNON

I do as well, believe me. But I know
what these meetings are about. I have
to mention them, now. I promise you,
I'll do it in the least exploitative
way possible and keep the location a
secret.

Flora is quiet a moment. She walks up to Shannon and shakes her hand.

FLORA

Hi, I'm Flora. I know who you are.

SHANNON

Are you a counselor?

FLORA

Yes and no. I work at the hospital.
I'm the closest thing to a therapist
we have around here.

Flora closes the sign-in book.

SHANNON

May I ask how long you've been
holding the meetings?

FLORA

Just over three months.

SHANNON

That's how long the Judidions have
been here, right?

FLORA

Yes. They even tried to help out.

SHANNON

How's that?

FLORA

Well, by the end of last May, nearly
thirty people were having the same
nightmares and vivid memories... It
didn't take long to make it through
the grapevine and people started
comparing notes. That's when we
needed a bigger place.

SHANNON

And they offered the Elks Lodge?
Isn't that where they live?

FLORA

Yes, but we declined.

SHANNON

The people in these meetings... Do
they describe waking up at night,
seeing someone in their room?

FLORA

No.

(Beat)

Personally, I think it's a type of mass false memory syndrome. I mean, half the town is convinced their own parents sexually abused them as children during Satanic rituals. The memories, I guess, triggered some sort of hysterical reaction and... Some of them... as you've seen, mutilated themselves in various ways.

Shannon solemnly nods.

FLORA

(continuing)

These people won't speak to their parents anymore. Some have even tried to press charges.

INT. SHANNON'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - LATER

The wind is blowing. Shannon drives along route 40. Nearing the old Elk's Lodge, Shannon slows down, shuts off the headlights and parks on the side of the road amongst a cluster of overgrown trees. She locks the car doors and watches the lodge.

All of the lights are out and the Judidion's three station wagons are parked out front. A branch scrapes the windshield.

Something bumps the back of the car.

SHANNON

(Gasps loudly)

Fuck!

She looks into the side mirror seeing nothing, then up into the rear view. Shannon quickly starts the car and drives off.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shannon is asleep in the dark room. She opens her eyes hearing something walking in the ceiling above her bed. There is silence, then a deep growling is heard. Shannon looks up at the thin grates in the air conditioning vent cover.

CLOSE ON: A black form looks down at her.

She suppresses a scream and turns on the lamp. The animal runs back across the inside of the ceiling. Shannon jumps out of bed.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Doug and Shannon are at the side of the Motel. Lumber, a cement mixer and a small scaffolding are near part of the building that is still under construction. The roof on the part of the building under construction is exposed.

Doug holds a flashlight. He casts the beam of light into the exposed area.

DOUG

Maybe a squirrel ran up into the opening. Might have a nest up there.

SHANNON

(Crosses arms)

If it was a squirrel we need to call Ripley's Believe it or Not emergency hot-line. Sounded like a dog. I swear to you.

DOUG

Shannon, there's no way a dog can climb straight up a wall and go into the ceiling. I bet the construction workers chase all kinds of shit out of there when they come to work.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Shannon and Doug sit on the bed. He takes one of her hands.

DOUG

You're still shaking.

SHANNON

I'll never get back to sleep. I hate motel rooms as it is.

DOUG

Hey, you. Cheer up. Think about all we have to be thankful for.

(more)

DOUG (CONT'D)
(looks around the drab
room)
We're in a top of the line suite.
They're even taking the asbestos out
of the ceiling for us. And we're on
TV.

Shannon kicks off her sandals.

SHANNON
We might not even be on the fall line
up. I've gotten used to this. I like
being on TV.

DOUG
You know... If you hug someone it
releases endorphins. You'll feel
better.

Doug gives her a big bear hug. She chuckles and hugs him
back. They gently pull away and look at each other. Doug
leans over and awkwardly kisses her.

DOUG
(continuing)
I have wanted to do that for so long.
Have you?

Shannon nods. Doug kisses her again. It turns very passionate
and they lay back on the bed.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM

The room is dark. Doug and Shannon's clothing are on the
floor. They make love on the bed. Doug holds Shannon tightly
and moans.

CLOSE ON: In the ceiling above them, there is a soft panting
noise from inside the vent as a dark form watches them. Thick
drops of saliva drip from the vent onto the foot of the bed.

INT. CEILING

A Judidion woman, naked and on all fours, holds herself up
with one arm. Her other hand is between her legs masturbating
herself as she watches Doug and Shannon make love.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Doug and Shannon are asleep. Doug sits up hearing the sound of sirens in the distance. Shannon opens her eyes.

SHANNON
What are you doing?

DOUG
You hear that?

SHANNON
(Sits up)
Yeah. Go back to sleep. They're probably busting someone for jay walking.
(looks at Doug and groans)
Oh, God. You wanna see what it is, don't you? I'm off duty.

EXT. ELY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LATER

Doug and Shannon stand on a street lined with older homes. The house on the corner is on fire. Firemen are putting out the flames. Residents mill about in their bathrobes.

Doug and Shannon somberly watch the house collapse. Doug puts his arm around Shannon.

SHANNON
You wanna go?

Shannon looks back, seeing Flora quickly walk out of the crowd and motion to her.

SHANNON
(continuing)
Doug, hold on...

FLORA
Hi. Glad I caught you.

SHANNON
You know them?

FLORA
A co-worker of mine lived here. She's ... missing or something. I...
(more)

FLORA (CONT'D)

I wanted to ask if you'd maybe
mention her name on your next show.
I'm really worried.

SHANNON

(Nodding)

Of course. Just call me at the motel.

INT. BRANDON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Brandon is asleep in the dark room. The drapes are open and a Judidion woman stands at the window in silhouette watching the burning house in the distance.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Shannon parks at the curb and gets out. Her hair is tucked under a baseball cap and she wears sunglasses. A small funeral procession drives by.

Two older nuns and three priests are in a limousine that passes by. Shannon watches curiously a moment. The procession turns a corner.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Shannon stands at the counter with a few items. The CASHIER, an eighteen-year old girl, stands in front of the register.

CASHIER

Will this be all?

The girl stares at Shannon trying to figure out who she is. Shannon opens her purse.

SHANNON

Mmmhmm. Could you tell me where the
cemetery is?

The cashier rings up an item.

CASHIER

Were you a friend of Father Lawson?
They just now drove by.

SHANNON

Father Lawson? I wasn't aware he passed away.

CASHIER

Yeah, he was really old. My sister works at the hospital. She said he was in and out of there all the time. Guess he died from this gross operation he had.

SHANNON

You mean, on his throat?

CASHIER

(Grimaces)

Uh,uh. On his private parts. They took out one of his... You know, what guys have down there. He had... testy, uh...

SHANNON

Testicular cancer?

CASHIER

Uh huh, that's it. My sister told me the cancer didn't spread, so he only lost the one.

EXT. ELY CEMETERY - DAY - LATER

Shannon stands outside the cemetery gates watching the priest's funeral.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - LATER

Shannon faces a NURSE, who sits behind a counter.

NURSE

After an operation we take all bodily wastes and seal them in a container. Then they're incinerated. We're very thorough in matters regarding this, Miss Grier. But why would someone want to take one of the containers, anyway?

EXT. PRIESTS HOME - DAY

Shannon drives past Father Lawson's home and slows down. One of the Judidions station wagons is parked out front. Four Judidion women wait in the car.

A moment later, Ruth walks out of the house with her suitcase and gets in the car with the others and they drive off.

EXT. MOTEL - DUSK

Shannon parks and gets out of her car. Allen is walking to his room. Nearby, a security guard stands in the area of the motel under renovation.

SHANNON

Allen...

Shannon hurries up to him.

ALLEN

Hey, what's up?

SHANNON

You mind driving by the Elks Lodge? Park somewhere. I'd like to get a mug shot of one of the Judidions. You can't miss her. She's older than the rest of them and kind of scary looking.

ALLEN

Okay. Bring my zoom lens and a crucifix?

SHANNON

Right. I don't know if they go in and out much, but she should be there.

Shannon glances back hearing something move through the bushes.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Shannon sets her purse on the dresser. Doug stands nearby.

CLOSE ON: The message light blinks on the telephone.

SHANNON

After I left the hospital I called "Barney Fife" and told him what was floating in the jar.

DOUG

Oh, yeah. No shit.

SHANNON

Have you seen the security guard out there?

DOUG

Huh? Oh, yeah. Guess somebody stole a bunch of lumber and tools from the construction workers last night.

Shannon sits on the bed and glances at the blinking message light.

DOUG

(continuing)

You okay?

SHANNON

We should've told someone about that woman watching Father Lawson. Doug, she was lying through her teeth.

INT. SHANNON'S ROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Doug walks out of the bathroom drying his hands with a towel. Shannon hangs up the phone, looking at Doug quizzically.

SHANNON

It wasn't Flora... A patient at the hospital wants to speak with me... urgently.

EXT. ELY HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

In a tree-filled courtyard behind the hospital, Shannon is seated on a bench near Sue Ann, who sits in her motorized wheelchair. The branches sway in the breeze.

SUE ANN

I buzzed down and she brought me up an Advil.

(more)

SUE ANN (CONT'D)

Every hair on my body stood on end.
I couldn't breathe... Sheriff won't
take me seriously.

(Coughs)

Said it was eighteen years ago. I
must be mistaken. But even after all
this time, I...

SHANNON

(Softly)

What happened back then?

Sue Ann looks away a moment, bracing herself for what she's
about to reveal.

SUE ANN

I was a professor of history at UNLV.
Beth was recently widowed and she
drove up to take me back to Ely for
the summer.

(Chokes up)

We were best friends at the time. I
believe she stopped talking to me
because I remind her too much of that
night. It was right before Brandon
was born...

FLASHBACK: EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - NIGHT

Miles of desert surround the nearly pitch dark rest area. 40
year old Sue Ann smokes a cigarette as she leans against
Beth's car, which is parked in front of the restrooms.

An old car slowly drives by on the highway.

In the darkness, Sue Ann makes out a woman driver and
passenger. The car passes. Sue Ann turns back around and
doesn't see the car's brake lights flash.

SUE ANN (O.S.)

We were in the middle of nowhere. I
thought for a second it was the same
car I'd seen two hundred miles back
at a truck stop. But it was too dark.
There wasn't even a moon.

A very pregnant 38 year-old Beth slowly waddles out of the
ladies restroom. Sue Ann smiles and tosses away her cigarette.

SUE ANN

Don't fall. We'll have to hire a crane operator.

Beth holds her bulging stomach and walks up to the car.

BETH

I can't believe you went through this four times.

Headlights flash into Beth's eyes.

Sue Ann spins around and sees the same car turn quickly into the dirt parking lot and come to a screeching halt directly in front of them. The headlights go off and the doors fly open. Two tall women, one rather husky in build and holding a burlap bag, attack Beth and Sue Ann.

Sue Ann is violently hit in the head by the more slender woman and falls to the ground. Her head is bleeding badly.

The big woman restrains a screaming Beth and quickly rips off her clothes. The slender woman blindfolds Beth with her torn blouse and pulls her to the ground, where the other woman helps pin Beth down and spread her legs.

The husky woman dumps out a ceramic jar and a small bottle from the bag. She opens the bottle and pours a thick brown oil onto her hand, then onto the slender woman's hand.

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD

Sue Ann's eyes brim with tears.

SHANNON

It's okay. Take your time.

SUE ANN

I... I was barely conscious. But I... I knew what they were doing. The big woman...

(winces)

She put her hand up inside Beth... and felt around. I thought they were trying to induce labor. Make her water break, then steal Brandon. But they didn't...

FLASHBACK: EXT - REST AREA - NIGHT

The two women remain hunched over a terrified, Beth. The slender woman wipes the oil all over Beth's bulging stomach. The husky woman opens the ceramic jar, stands, and pours black powder onto the ground as she makes a complete circle around Beth.

SUE ANN (V.O.)

They placed their open hands over her stomach and began chanting. I think in Latin.

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD

SHANNON

Latin? You're sure?

SUE ANN

Yes, yes. It was some sort of incantation. That's the only way I can describe it. They were in a trance-like state, staring up at the sky and moaning. Their bodies were undulating... Then they just stopped...

Sue Ann let's out a labored breath.

SUE ANN

(continuing)

After this...

Sue Ann wipes tears away and tries to catch her breath.

SUE ANN

(continuing)

I'm sorry. I may have to go back to my room.

SHANNON

Are you all right? We can...

Sue Ann waits a moment and nods.

SUE ANN

I'm okay... I'm okay.

FLASHBACK: EXT. REST AREA - NIGHT

Beth breathes raspily through the blindfold. The two women look spent as they stare transfixed at Beth for several unnerving seconds.

SUE ANN (V.O.)

Afterward, the young girl stood and the other one turned to look at me. I closed my eyes so they'd think I was out. I heard their feet crunch on the gravel. And as they passed me... I smelled the most foul odor. It was dripping off their hands.

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD

SUE ANN

... An hour later a trucker found us and called the police. They brought us back here and examined Beth... She had a substance inside her the woman wiped on the amniotic sac. An oil derived from a poisonous plant, called the Monks Hood. Ironically, it's nicknamed the Devil's Root. Something often used by devotees of the occult.

SHANNON

(softly)
Jesus.

SUE ANN

The next day Brandon was born a month premature. I had a mild concussion, but was able to describe the bigger one of the two. She was in her late forties.

SHANNON

Then she'd be much older, right? You said this Judidion woman looks that age, now. So how can-

SUE ANN

I know. I know I did. But I swear it's her. I look like I've aged twenty years. Emphysema will do that.
(more)

SUE ANN (CONT'D)

But she hasn't aged at all. I wish I had a picture of her you could show Beth.

SHANNON

You know if she's on duty, now?

SUE ANN

She was only here once. I was told she usually takes care of a sick priest, but he died.

Shannon quickly stands.

SHANNON

Listen, let me get back to you. I need to run a little errand, all right?

SUE ANN

Of course, Dear... You know, I don't believe in myths or superstitions. Not even God, or the Devil. But they found the site of the first ritual the day Brandon was born. And on the very day he was transferred back here... Those women arrived.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

Shannon's rental car is parked in front of the church, where both doors are open.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Shannon speaks with a frazzled, Kay.

Behind them, three older women and two nuns busily set up a table. One of the women sets an empty punch bowl in the center of the table.

CLOSE ON: A sign leaning against the wall reads: "Pot Luck Dinner featuring the Ely Children's Choir".

KAY

No, Miss Grier. We haven't seen them at all, lately.

(more)

KAY (CONT'D)

But why would you want any of that
God awful furniture oil?

SHANNON

It was recommended to me. You think
I could get a little? I'll leave a
donation if you like.

KAY

Hon, I don't know where it is, and I
don't have time to look. Gonna have
a full house tomorrow night. We
barely made a dent.

(Steps back)

If you're in a pinch, just use some
good ol' fashioned Lemon Pledge.

Kay hurries back to the table and tears open a packet of
cups. Shannon spies a stack of paper plates and napkins on
the first row of pews. She gets a napkin and walks over to
the Christ statue and wipes oil residue off the legs.

Kay and the other women watch curiously. Shannon folds the
napkin and puts it in her purse. Reaching for the door
handle, Shannon pauses and looks up at the ceiling mural a
moment, then leaves.

INT. ELY HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

Shannon enters the foyer of the old hospital and looks around
for someone in the empty hallways and front desk area.

Stopping at the front desk, she notices the dozen or so
framed 8x10 black and white photos on the wall, including a
larger frame containing part of the front page of an old
yellowed newspaper.

CLOSE ON: The headline of the old newspaper states: "June 4th
1927. Ely General Hospital Opening Today."

Dozens of people stand out front smiling, with several nurses
in uniform behind them. Shannon idly glances at it, then
looks around again muttering to herself.

SHANNON

Are you open?

Looking back at the photos, she sees a faded photo of the
Catholic church still slightly under construction.

A strange looking man with a goatee stands in front holding a color palette and paint brush.

Next to this, another framed photo displays a 1920s bus with "Sisters Of Mercy" printed in bold letters along the side. Each seat is occupied by women, who look away from the camera.

Glancing at other photos, Shannon notices 1920s Ely main street scenes, where amongst the towns people, there are small clusters of women standing on the street, all looking away from the camera.

Another photo is of a busy carnival in the Ely town square. Three women standing by a sideshow tent all look away from the camera.

She strains to get a better look and the elevator opens. The NIGHT NURSE exits holding an empty food tray as she eats the last bite of a pastry.

Seeing Shannon, she quickly swallows.

NIGHT NURSE

Yes?

SHANNON

Oh, hi. I'm sorry to... Uh, I need to speak with a patient. Sue Anne.

NIGHT NURSE

(Checks watch)

Visiting hours are over. You'll have to come back.

SHANNON

I know, but she's expecting me. She won't mind if you wake her up.

NIGHT NURSE

(A bit terse)

Yes, but I'm not going to. You can come back in the morning.

Shannon quickly takes out the folded napkin. The night nurse grimaces from the smell.

SHANNON

Can you please give this to Sue Ann?
It's very important.

(more)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

When she wakes up, ask her if this is the same thing we spoke about earlier. She can call me tonight, anytime.

The nurse nods and gives Shannon a look. She takes the napkin.

NIGHT NURSE

Will do. Excuse me.

Forcing a smile, the nurse walks toward the cafeteria. Farther down the hallway, Vivian enters the elevator.

Shannon turns to go, then spies an article at the bottom of the framed 1920s newspaper. Leaning over the nurse's desk, she reads the article heading.

CLOSE ON: "Satanists and loose women run out of town". Only the first few lines of the article are visible as the newspaper was cut in half to fit in the frame.

Shannon walks toward the exit glancing at the remaining black and white photos before stopping and examining the last one, which is another faded photo at the carnival.

A tall, stout woman, seen from the back, stands in front of a large plate glass window looking into the general store. Her reflection can be seen in the window, and despite other passerby in the photo wearing summer clothes, she wears a floor length black cape.

CLOSE ON: Words over the entrance of a carnival attraction across the street are reflected in the plate glass window, but are backward because of the reflection.

Shannon takes a picture of the framed photo with her cell phone, then leaves the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian changes the sheets on Brandon's bed. The old sheets are in a heap on the floor. Vivian covers Brandon with a new sheet and pauses a moment, sniffing the air.

INT. BRANDON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Flora and Vivian walk inside the room. Brandon is asleep.

VIVIAN
I smelled it right away. Soon as I
came in.

FLORA
You check the trash?

VIVIAN
I did. It's not coming from there.

Flora is obviously concerned by the smell. She looks up at
the wall where there is a large air conditioning vent.

CLOSE ON: Flies are going in and out of it.

FLORA
Vivian, please scoot that chair over
here.

Vivian brings over the chair and Flora places it against the
wall.

FLORA
(continuing)
Hold the arms, please.

Flora steps onto the chair.

VIVIAN
Flora, what are you doing? Be
careful. Why don't you let me get
maintenance?

Flora stands on her tiptoes and pulls a small pen flashlight
from her smock and looks into the dark vent. She gasps.

CLOSE ON: In the small stream of light, white material is
seen with a woman's hand sticking out of it. Flora drops the
penlight and steps off the chair.

VIVIAN
(continuing)
Flora...

FLORA
Oh, God. Get someone, now!

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The cover of the vent hangs down. Two men wearing jackets reading "Coroner" stand next to Brandon's empty bed wearing masks to suppress the smell. A body bag rests on a wheeled gurney.

The FIRST CORONER zips up the bag with Nancy's body inside.

The grey-haired officer stands next to Dr. Maulton, who has his hand over his mouth and nose. He removes his hand and looks at the officer.

DR. MAULTON

Nancy must've walked into the room and caught them molesting Brandon. It's been going on for quite a while now. None of us had any idea.

OFFICER

Whoever did this was strong. She was strangled and her body was literally broken up to fit in the vent. Now, I'm a big man, and I couldn't break a human leg in half, twice. It had to be someone larger and stronger than myself. How could he be missed?

DR. MAULTON

Flora's calling everyone who's worked this floor to see if they remember anyone unfamiliar.

OFFICER

Shit.

DR. MAULTON

What?

CORONER MAN

Excuse us.

They step back and the men leave the room with Nancy's body.

OFFICER

That TV crew is in town. I'd like you to tell everyone to keep this as quiet as possible. One of 'em might shimmy up a telephone pole and try to take a picture inside the room. I wouldn't put it past them.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Beth presses against the wall as the coroners men pass by with Nancy's body. Several people mill about. Vivian sits in a chair crying. Flora stands nearby.

One of the coroners men summons the elevator.

It opens and the Judidion woman, Rachel, stands inside the elevator holding a tray with a small cup of vitamins. The men pull the stretcher back to give Rachel room to walk out.

Rachel stares intently at the body bag as they go into the elevator. Beth walks up to Rachel.

RACHEL

Ma'm, what's going on?

Beth eyes the cup of vitamins on the tray.

BETH

Something terrible happened. They had to move Brandon to another room. I don't think he should be disturbed now.

Beth quickly takes the cup of vitamins off Rachel's tray.

RACHEL

(Alarmed)

Oh, Ma'm, I-

BETH

I'll give these to him myself.

RACHEL

They're not for Brandon.

Beth starts to hand Rachel the cup, then purposely drops it. The pills go everywhere. Rachel drops her tray and quickly ducks down to retrieve the pills. Beth has already beat her to the floor. She scoops up three of the pills and holds them tightly in her hand. Rachel has picked up the other three.

BETH

Oh, my gosh. I'm so sorry.

RACHEL

Ma'm, could I please have the other tablets?

(more)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I have to write down which one's they were before I throw them out. Please, give them to me.

A panicked, Rachel, grabs Beth's closed fist and tries to pry it open to get the pills. Beth gasps and yanks her hand away.

BETH

Stop! What are you-

FLORA (O.S.)

Mrs. Beaubriand.

Beth scrambles up and hurries over to Flora clutching the pills. Rachel looks distressed. She picks up the tray and stands.

FLORA

Mrs. Beaubriand. I'm very sorry your son had to be involved in all of this.

Beth nods and looks warily back at Rachel. The door to the stairwell opens and a MALE NURSE hurries up to Flora out of breath.

MALE NURSE

I hate to have to tell you this right now, but we have an emergency coming in. A head on collision out on route 40. One critical and two fatalities...

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT - LATER

Dr. Maulton and another bearded OLD DOCTOR are in an examining room. Two bodies covered with sheets are on tables.

CLOSE ON: A hand sticks out of one with red polished nails. The older doctor pulls the sheet back revealing a deceased woman.

OLD DOCTOR

She wasn't wearing her seat belt. Her skull and rib cage were crushed on impact.

DR. MAULTON

What about the other driver? They said he was fairly young. Was he belted in?

OLD DOCTOR
It might've made all the difference
in the world...

Dr. Maulton looks at him quizzically. The older doctor walks over to the second body.

OLD DOCTOR
(continuing)
I guess they didn't tell you. I
imagine he had the same head trauma
but...

He pulls back the sheet. Dr. Maulton grimaces.

DR. MAULTON
Christ.

OLD DOCTOR
... The highway patrol is still
looking for that particular part of
him to find out.

INT. DR. MAULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Dr. Maulton is seated behind his desk reading a file. There is a meek knock on the door. Dr. Maulton looks up seeing Beth in the doorway.

INT. DR. MAULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Maulton examines one of the pills. Beth sits across from him.

DR. MAULTON
This appears to be Vitamin C. The
clear one is a Vitamin E capsule.

CLOSE ON: Dr. Maulton carefully examines the white chalky tablet that has a faded R on one side.

DR. MAULTON
(continuing)
This is very odd.

BETH
What is it?

DR. MAULTON

Mrs. Beaubriand, you're sure the Judidion's have been giving this particular pill to your son?

BETH

Mostly Rebecca. But yes, I'm positive. What is it?

DR. MAULTON

Well, I can't say with certainty at this point, but it appears to be a Rohypnol tablet.

BETH

Rohypnol?

DR. MAULTON

It's been in the news.

(sets down tablet)

In larger cities they call it the date rape drug. What on earth were they doing giving... Are you absolutely sure that-

BETH

Yes. Yes, I am. I've seen them on their trays for the past few weeks.

(fights back tears)

My God, that's why he's been sleeping so much.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

Beth sits in a small room adjoining Dr. Maulton's office. The door is cracked and Beth can hear Dr. Maulton talking to Rebecca.

INT. DR. MAULTON'S OFFICE

Dr. Maulton has the tablet on his desk. Rebecca faces him, her voice tremulous.

REBECCA

I... I thought they were an Iron supplement. I put them in all of the cups thinking that.

DR. MAULTON

Didn't you read what was on the label? Vitamins don't come in a prescription bottle. How many are left?

REBECCA

None. That was the last one.

(starts to cry)

I'm sorry. I didn't know. I didn't know what it said.

(Beat)

I can't read.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth sits up alert and shocked, knowing Rebecca is lying.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Shannon stands at the bathroom mirror in a t-shirt and panties holding her cell phone. She brings up the photo she took earlier at the hospital.

Examining it a moment, she swipes on the screen and enlarges it, looking closely at the backward lettering in the reflection from the carnival attraction across the street.

Shannon turns and places the 1920s photo in front of the bathroom mirror and the lettering is readable now. Shannon leans in for a better look.

CLOSE ON: Admission 10 Cents. "Would you sell your soul to the Devil for love or riches? Enter to discover the truth."

Shannon enlarges the photo a bit more until she can see the face of the woman looking into the window. She's taken aback. She enlarges the photo again examining the woman's face.

CLOSE ON: The woman in the reflection looks remarkably like the older Judidion woman, RUTH.

SHANNON

(Mutters softly)

What the...

A very loud, rapid knocking on the motels front door startles Shannon. She hurries out of the bathroom and Doug, who was asleep, sits up.

DOUG

Who the hells knocking like a cop?

Shannon opens the door and Scott stands before her, very shaken.

SCOTT

Shannon... Oh, man. I don't know how to say this.

(Walks inside)

Allen had a wreck. He's dead, Shannon. He's dead. They just now...

SHANNON

Oh, Jesus, no. Doug, Doug! Oh, God...

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Scott is on the phone. A completely distraught, Shannon is on the bed crying. Doug has his arm around her.

SHANNON

I told Allen to drive out there. Doug, we were on that same road. We had to wait a half hour for one fucking car to go by. How could another car just... I can't believe it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Beth walks up a tree-lined street. Looking to her right, she sees the old Catholic church in the distance. Several people stand in front of the church near a police car.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH

Beth crosses the street and enters the yard of the church. MARGARET, late sixties, silver hair, bee-hive hairdo, sees Beth.

BETH

Margaret, what's going on? Is someone being arrested?

MARGARET

No. They just carted off one of the nun's to the hospital for observation. She did the damndest thing, Beth.

BETH

What?

MARGARET

She got hold of a saw and tried to cut the feet right off the Jesus statue. I heard it took two men to drag her away. I don't know what's going to happen now. She was supposed to lead the children's choir tonight. Are you coming? Half the town's gonna be there.

BETH

No, I don't think I will.

Beth and Margaret watch a policeman and an older priest walk out of the church. They stop near a tree and talk. Margaret's interest is instantly piqued.

MARGARET

I wish I could read lips.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - LATER

Beth enters the lobby of the hospital. Flora walks out of the gift shop tearing the wrapper off a candy bar.

FLORA

Mrs. Beaubriand, hi. I'm glad to see Brandon up and around again. I brought him a magazine a little while ago.

BETH

The Judidions actually let you infringe on their duties? That's a first.

FLORA

We have no choice, now. They're gone.

BETH

Gone? What do you mean?

FLORA

Mrs. Beaubriand, they quit yesterday.
All of them. Right at the start of my
shift.

(Beat)

By the way, I'm sorry about Sue Ann.
It was very sudden. None of us
expected it.

BETH

Thank you.

FLORA

Funny thing is, that reporter from
the TV show was trying to get a hold
of her that same night... I'm
surprised. She was very upset when I
told her Sue Ann passed away.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - LATER

A full moon shines overhead. The wind blows and heat
lightning flashes in the distance.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The motel room door is open. There is a pall over the room.
Shannon packs her suitcase in an almost robotic manner. She
looks completely drained.

Scott is on the floor watching TV, drinking beer and doing
shots of tequila. Doug sits next to Shannon on the bed.

DOUG

Where'd they take her?

SHANNON

No where. Her families here. The
funerals this weekend. They wouldn't
have found her body until the morning
if I hadn't sent the nurse up with a
message.

SCOTT

Dude.

Scott hands Doug a shot of tequila, which he downs. Shannon
stares at the bottle. Her inner struggle is obvious.

She looks away and sees a JUDIDION WOMAN standing in the open doorway holding a small platter set with fruit and fresh bread. Doug and Shannon stand.

JUDIDION WOMAN

Hello. I'm sorry to bother you.

Shannon closes her suitcase and is immediately on edge at the sight of the woman.

JUDIDION WOMAN

(continuing)

We've seen you filming in the Town Square. We meant to greet you earlier and now I see you're leaving. We're sorry about your friend. He was so young.

(Hands Shannon a small card)

It's the Lord's prayer. During difficult times, reading it can give you strength.

DOUG

Thanks.

JUDIDION WOMAN

If it's any comfort, we gave him his last rites.

Scott stands holding the bottle of tequila. Shannon looks at the woman strangely.

SHANNON

What? How?

JUDIDION WOMAN

The accident. We heard the crash. It was very close by.

The woman holds out her arms offering the platter. Doug takes it and sets it on the dresser.

JUDIDION WOMAN

(continuing)

We bake the bread ourselves and grow the fruit and vegetables on our land.

(looks directly at Doug)

We plant our crops at night. It's much too hot during the day to be outdoors for long.

The woman bows and turns to leave.

SHANNON

Excuse me.

JUDIDION WOMAN

Ma'm?

SHANNON

Do some of you speak another language?

(Beat)

French or-

The Judidion woman speaks a little too quickly.

JUDIDION WOMAN

Yes, we do. Several of our members
are from Montreal.

Shannon eyes the Judidion woman dubiously. The woman tips her head and leaves. Shannon tosses the card on the dresser and looks at Doug.

SHANNON

She's full of shit.

DOUG

Fuck it. At this point, if they or
anybody else in this shithole town
get their jollies killing a deer
every full moon, I do not care.

(Let's out breath)

I just want us the hell outta here.

Scott walks over and checks out the platter. He pops a grape in his mouth.

SCOTT

Fuck. Guess limes don't grow in
Nevada.

Doug hands some bread to Shannon, who shakes her head.

DOUG

C'mom, eat something. We're not gonna
get another chance until our flight.

Doug takes a bite of the bread.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

The lot of the church is full of cars. Families hurry into the church to get out of the wind. The full moon looms over the trees.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

People mill about drinking punch. Some seat themselves. A large group of children wearing choir robes stand near the Christ figure. A nun situates each child into three rows. A housewife adjusts the collar on her young son's choir robe.

Her other child picks up her purse and hangs the strap of the purse from the feet of the Jesus figure.

CLOSE ON: Deep gouges are in the ankles where a saw blade cut through them.

MOTHER

No, no. We don't do that.

She gets her purse and motions the child to sit next to her. Kay and Margaret walk into the church and see Vivian. Kay waves and stops near her.

Kay glances at a delicate looking blonde boy, PETEY, who is Vivian's grandson.

KAY

Viv, Petey looks adorable. All he needs is a halo.

VIVIAN

Thank you. He sings like an angel, too. Wait'll you hear him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

A car's headlights flash into the trees. The Judidion's old station wagon parks in front of the hospital.

Rachel gets out holding a sack from The Bargain Bin.

INT. FOYER OF HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rachel summons the elevator. It opens and she steps inside.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel enters the room and stops near Brandon's bed, watching him sleep a moment. She takes his hand with the I.V. tube. Brandon stirs and opens his eyes.

RACHEL
Brandon. Hello.

He looks at her strangely.

BRANDON
Hi.

Rachel sets down the store sack.

RACHEL
Sit up, please. I've come to take you
somewhere.

BRANDON
What? What do you mean?

Rachel holds Brandon's hand tightly and begins removing the I.V needle from it.

BRANDON
(continuing)
Wait. Wha... what are you doing?
Lemme call a nurse.

The needle comes out and Rachel places gauze over Brandon's hand.

RACHEL
Listen to me. It's all right. You
don't need it.
(Beat)
You're ready.

BRANDON
What?

RACHEL
You're ready, Brandon. It's time to
go. Your mother's waiting for you at
our home. Here, swing your legs over
and get dressed. I brought you some
clothes.

Brandon is cautious about moving too much. He sits on the edge of the bed and Rachel pulls out the jeans, shoes, underwear and shirt that were bought a few days earlier. He pulls the hospital gown off his shoulders down to his waist.

Rachel observes the circular scar that goes completely around Brandon's upper arm. Brandon looks at Rachel self-consciously. She turns so he can dress.

RACHEL
(continuing)
If it's easier you can stand. You
have strength now.

Brandon moves with trepidation off the bed. He gets dressed.

RACHEL
(continuing)
You're still going to be a little
weak, but I'll help you.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

Vivian's grandson sings his solo. His voice is high and beautiful. The other children stand behind him. In the large audience, everyone smiles, and everyone is very warm, fanning themselves with their hands or whatever else they can use. Kay whispers to Margaret.

KAY
You'd think with all the money we
stick in the collection plate they'd
put in central air.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rachel leads Brandon down the last flight of stairs.

CLOSE ON: There is an exit door near them with: "Emergency Exit Only - Alarm will Sound" printed on the handle.

The small alarm box on the door has been ripped away.

Rachel walks in front of Brandon to block his view of the destroyed alarm box. She pushes the door open and lets Brandon walk outside.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Brandon closes his eyes and inhales the night air as he hasn't been outside for months.

BRANDON

My gosh. I forgot what it was like.

RACHEL

Your mother became very close to us during your recovery. We even gave her rides so she could visit you.

Brandon looks at the entrance of the hospital.

BRANDON

Do they know I'm leaving? Why did we take the stairs? I don't understand.

Rachel takes his hand.

RACHEL

They know, Brandon. We took the stairs to help get your strength back. You did fine.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Doug is in a very deep sleep on the bed. Shannon is at the dresser. She sets down a half-eaten apple and grabs a camcorder.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ELY - NIGHT

Rachel and Brandon drive in the old station wagon. They pass the Ely cemetery.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is quiet now except for a TALL PRIEST, who faces the children.

TALL PRIEST

Thank you, children.

He turns to the mostly adult audience.

TALL PRIEST

(continuing)

As you can see, we have many blessings tonight. We're amongst friends and family and our own little Angels have filled the air with their sweet voices in the Lord's house... Right now I'd like us to give further thanks and bow our heads for a moment of silent prayer.

He glances at the children, then back to the crowd. He closes his eyes and bows his head. Everyone follows suit.

Petey opens his eyes and looks up at the Christ figure, his voice full of wonder.

PETEY

Lookit', Jesus.

Several people open their eyes. Steam appears to be rising from the Christ figure. The room gets extremely hot. The Christ figure smoulders now. A loud whoosh is heard. Everyone looks up and gasps. The tall priest turns and rears back.

CLOSE ON: Flames are seen in the reflection of his pupils.

The Christ figure is completely in flames on the cross. A ripping noise is heard. The burning Christ figure leans forward. The hands and feet rip away from the wooden cross, and it steps down onto the upraised pulpit, then walks up the aisle and stops.

Everyone is horrified and recoiling, the children screaming. The figure bows its head.

The flames dissipate. The figure throws its head back. The charred surface of its face and body fall to the floor. A new, ruttled blackish skin appears. A two-foot-long fleshy tail emerges from between its buttocks. The eyes are yellow with black slits for pupils. The body is muscular with clawed human-like hands and a hideous face.

It is the Devil incarnate, seven feet tall.

It takes a deep gasping breath. Massive black fleshy wings open from its back, then close. The Devil screams a loud, guttural howl. The church doors blow off into the parking lot. One smashes out a car windshield.

The Devil languidly walks out of the church into the parking lot.

INT. CHURCH

Several churchgoers run to the open doorway and watch as over a dozen black Pitbulls stream out of the woods and surround the Devil. Several of the dogs jump onto car hoods and growl at the people.

The Devil and the pack of dogs walk down the dirt path into the woods.

Amongst the chaos and cries of stunned churchgoers, Petey stands rigidly in the aisle staring up at the ceiling mural.

CLOSE ON: Painted carefully to trick the eye, and disguised amongst the angels and other artistic flourishes, is a large image of the Devil's face gazing down from the mural.

EXT. ROUTE 40 - NIGHT - LATER

Shannon's rental car is parked on the side of the road.

Several yards ahead, Shannon walks briskly along the edge of the woods holding her camcorder. She weaves and stops a moment, looking as if she feels dizzy.

She walks a bit unsteadily a few more feet, settling on a spot directly across from the old Elks Lodge and kneels down. Soft moonlight illuminates the yard.

P.O.V CAMCORDER: Shannon zooms in on one of the station wagons parked out front. She writes down the license number, then films the deserted looking lodge.

She suddenly has difficulty keeping her balance.

In the distance, several dogs bark. Shannon gasps and lowers the camcorder. Looking beyond the lodge, she sees several black Pitbulls running a good distance ahead of a very large figure walking out of the woods.

Six of the Pitbulls stop and stand at a side door of the old Elk's Lodge as if they're on guard. Shannon films them, then tries to make out the dark figure approaching the lodge.

P.O.V Camcorder: The zoom is adjusted. The figure gets closer and can be seen. It is the devil surrounded by a mass of black Pitbulls.

A stunned, Shannon, can't believe her eyes. Her voice only a shocked whisper.

SHANNON

Wha... what the fuck...

Leaves crunch behind her.

Shannon gasps and whips around. Her eyes grow wide. A large black Pitbull, its eyes glowing menacingly in the moonlight, stands directly in front of her holding Allen's decapitated head in its mouth.

Shannon tries to scream. Nothing will come out. The Pitbull drops Allen's head and lunges at her. The camcorder hits the soft dirt.

EXT. ELKS LODGE - NIGHT - LATER

Rachel parks the station wagon. She shuts off the car and gets out. She goes to Brandon's side, opens the door and takes his arm gently pulling him up.

RACHEL

Come, Brandon.

Brandon stands and warily looks around.

BRANDON

Where's my mother?

RACHEL

She's here. She's inside.

Brandon holds onto the car door. He doesn't move.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Brandon, please. Come now. Follow me.

Brandon takes a step and at the same time pushes the car door closed. The back of Rachel's hoop skirt gets caught in the door. Rachel gasps in pain. She pulls her dress out and closes the car door. Rachel, obviously in great pain, takes Brandon by the arm and walks him toward the entrance of the lodge.

Rachel opens the double doors and they step into the pitch dark foyer of the building.

INT. ELKS LODGE

BRANDON

Why is it so dark? Where are we going?

RACHEL

Brandon, please. Your mother's back here.

They walk down a long hallway. Brandon looks to his right and glances into a dark room where he catches a glimpse of the two microscopes. They stop at another set of double doors. Rachel opens them and they go inside another dark room.

INT. ROOM

Brandon realizes the room is full of people. Only their silhouettes can be seen. In the back of the cavernous room, which once served as an auditorium, something large rests on top of a stage. What appears to be a podium is next to the large form. Rachel pulls Brandon further into the room.

The rhythmic breathing of the people is the only sound. Rachel holds Brandon's hand as she speaks in the darkness.

RACHEL

They're waiting for you, Brandon. You have their gift.

Rachel turns on the light. Brandon opens his mouth and only a choked gasp escapes. What is before him is beyond comprehension. All of the Judidion women, at least thirty of them, stand naked in rows going all the way back to the stage.

CLOSE ON: Their eyes are yellow with black slits for pupils. Each woman has a two-foot-long fleshy tail growing from the top of their buttocks. Dozens of the women move aside, and five of the youngest women stand together in a huddle.

The young Rebecca is amongst them.

Several of the naked women cling to the railings of the stairs that lead up to the stage. They stand on their hands, their bodies grotesquely twisted in a way only a contortionist could manage.

The Devil reclines on the stage, its chin resting on the palm of its black clawed hand as if it were contemplating what's going to happen.

The women are very anxious. Some laughing and barking as if reveling in their decadence. The women screech loudly. Brandon dashes for the doors. A contortionist woman hops down. Brandon looks back and sees she has morphed into a black Pitbull.

The "dog" runs up to Brandon and ferociously growls, cornering him against the wall. It nudges Brandon back over to Rachel, who faces him and begins to undress.

RACHEL

(continuing)

We've been very patient, Brandon.
 Watched you for years. Since you were
 an infant. You should be honored...
 You've been chosen to sire the Dark
 Angel's son's. Your pure young body
 is fertile now.

(stares intently at
 Brandon)

Satan is inside you. His blood is in
 your veins. His seed in your loins.
 He can't accommodate us, Brandon. You
 can.

Rachel's full hoop skirt falls around her ankles. She steps out of it and her tail is seen. It has been broken from being shut in the car door. The woman, who previously was in animal form, stops next to Rachel. The woman's left leg is still a hind leg of a dog. Her right leg is human.

She growls at Brandon, her teeth canine. Rachel leads Brandon to the five younger women. She reaches around and undoes Brandon's pants.

RACHEL

(continuing)

You're insatiable now. I'll be last.
 After you've had the others give me
 the phallus.

Rachel pushes Brandon against Rebecca, who arches her back and lifts her leg wrapping it around Brandon's waist. Rachel pulls Brandon's pants and underwear down to his ankles as Brandon cries out. Rachel drops to her knees and licks Brandon's buttocks and the back of his legs.

The other women are in a frenzy now, screeching and barking. One urinates on the floor. The Devil remains emotionless. A woman yells out:

FIRST JUDIDION

Take the Devil's cock! Fill her with
your seed. Give us the master's gift!

Rachel stands and pulls Brandon away from Rebecca and pushes him against an overweight Judidion woman. She arches her back and screams. Brandon cries piteously.

EXT. ELKS LODGE - NIGHT - LATER

Several hastily redressed Judidion women are in the dark yard kneeling on the ground as they hammer something together.

Another Judidion woman dumps paperwork out of a filing cabinet drawer into a barrel where a fire burns. The wind blows several pages into the bushes.

A BLONDE JUDIDION WOMAN stands and walks over to the window and looks into the auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Brandon is "finished". He is curled up on the floor, naked and sobbing. Most of the still naked women are on the stage surrounding the Devil. A woman takes the form of a Pitbull again.

The dog walks up and sniffs Brandon. It sits on its haunches and begins panting, then rolls on its back, stretches, and trots back to the other women and is human again.

EXT. ELKS LODGE - NIGHT

The blonde Judidion at the window walks away and goes back to the others in the yard.

BLONDE JUDIDION WOMAN

Get him.

One of the women stands and goes into the auditorium. The other women reach into their pockets and pull out a handful of nails. Several Judidion women walk outside holding Brandon up.

They lay Brandon on top of the object on the ground.

It is a large cross, ten feet tall and eight feet wide, made of lumber stolen from the motel construction site. Brandon tries to get up. The women position his arms and legs for a crucifixion.

A nail is hammered into his hand. Brandon screams in agony.

The rest of the naked Judidion women stream out to watch the crucifixion. They stare transfixed at Brandon, whose mouth is covered to stifle his screams. The Devil walks into the dark yard and fully extends his massive black membrane-thin wings.

Several women transform into Pitbulls. They growl and bark, running around in a frenzy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NEXT DAY

An old couple drive past the Elks Lodge. The sun is rising.

INT. CAR

The OLD MAN, who drives, glances to his left and takes a second look. He immediately brakes. His WIFE looks up from her magazine.

WIFE

What are you doing? Is the car okay?

OLD MAN

Yes, I... I saw something back there.

The old man puts the car in reverse and abruptly brakes.

OLD MAN

(continuing)

Oh, my God.

His wife looks over and gasps. They get out and slowly walk across the road through the unkempt yard of the Elks Lodge, their mouths literally hang open in disbelief and wonder. They pass the smouldering barrel, where two empty filing cabinet drawers are on the ground. The station wagons are gone.

The woman's eyes tear up and they stop in front of something and drop to their knees. The man removes his hat. His wife crosses herself and whispers.

WIFE

It's a miracle... It has to be.

The object of their wonderment is seen:

A naked Brandon looms six feet above them nailed to the cross, which is now upright in the ground. He is unconscious. A crown of thorns is around his head.

INT. ELKS LODGE - DAY

The medical room is cleaned out. The microscopes are gone.

CLOSE ON: several small empty glass vials lie broken on the floor.

From the window inside the room, the old couple can be seen praying, and the sound of another car stopping, its doors opening and closing, is heard.

INT. SHANNON'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY - LATER

The half-empty platter is on the dresser. Sunlight streams in through a crack in the drapes. Doug is still asleep. The motel room phone rings. Doug isn't even aware of it. It continues ringing.

CLOSE ON: A slender hand reaches for the phone, but falls back onto the bed.

SHANNON lies near Doug on the bed still in her clothing, looking more unconscious than asleep. She stirs again and tries to move. The phone keeps ringing.

Shannon opens her eyes and wakes up with a jolt. She forces herself to sit up and looks around the room, confused and disoriented. She sees the clock reads 11:27 A.M.

She answers the phone. Her voice is slurred. Saliva drips from her chin. She wipes it off.

SHANNON

Hello.

Scott's equally sleepy voice is heard.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Shannon.

SHANNON

Hi... Hold on. My arm's asleep...
Okay.

SCOTT (V.O.)

We gotta go. I just got a real weird
call. They wouldn't tell me who they
were, but something's going on at
that old Elk's lodge as we speak.

(Takes breath)

And last night an alter boy forgot to
put out his cigarette. There was a
fire at the church.

SHANNON

Did it burn down?

SCOTT (V.O.)

Not quite. But I just got an earful,
believe me. Jump into some panty hose
and grab your mic.

Shannon smiles and hangs up. She sits a moment, mystified by
the way she feels. She notices the camcorder on the dresser
and that the shoes she had on are neatly together on the
floor. She gets up and examines the soles of the shoes, which
are clean. Too clean.

Seeing her disheveled appearance in the mirror, Shannon
quickly brushes out her hair and glances back at Doug.

SHANNON

Doug... Doug...

She sets down the brush and goes over to Doug and shakes him.
He doesn't move. She shakes him again and he groans.

CLOSE ON: A pine needle is between the bristles of Shannon's
brush.

There's a knock on the door.

SCOTT (O.S.)

You ready? I'll be in the van...

INT. TOPIC OF INTEREST VAN - DAY - LATER

Doug, Shannon, and Scott are in the van. Scott's behind the wheel. Doug is in the backseat. All of the windows are down and they look hung over.

Shannon has the camcorder on her lap. She presses rewind. Doug, hunched over in his seat, sighs wearily.

DOUG
I'm hatin' life right now. That
Tequila kicked my ass.

Shannon looks as if something serious is on her mind.

DOUG
(continuing)
You okay?

SHANNON
I don't know. I didn't have any and
I feel like I just came out of a
coma. Call me paranoid, but if I was
back in L.A, I'd pee in a cup and
have it tested.

The rewind stops. Shannon pushes play.

CLOSE ON: For several seconds there is only static on the small LCD screen. Shannon hits stop and snaps the screen closed.

EXT/INT. TOPIC OF INTEREST VAN - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Scott comes around a bend as he drives along Route 40. Forest is on either side of the road.

SCOTT
Keep in mind, half this town is
trippin balls, but everyone swore it
walked out of the church and a pack
of pissed off dogs were waiting
outside.

SHANNON
(Incredulous)
What?
(Softly)
Oh, God... Oh, my God...

Scott looks at Shannon quizzically.

SCOTT
That's what they said.

DOUG
Who the hell was it?

Shannon sits rigidly in her seat. Her hands tremble. Reality has just sunk in.

SCOTT
Don't know. They hung up. "An anonymous source". You tell me.

Scott notices Shannon's eyes tear up.

SCOTT
(continuing)
Hey...

A panic-stricken Shannon, turns to Doug.

SHANNON
Doug... I... You're not gonna... I saw something...
(Has sudden shocked realization)
"Last night". It was-

Doug quickly leans forward.

DOUG
Shannon, what's wrong?

She starts to say something, but Scott abruptly hits the brakes and slows down as they come across dozens of cars parked on each side of the road.

Up ahead at least sixty people are huddled together near the Elks Lodge.

DOUG
(continuing)
What the hell. Hope they have valet parking?

SCOTT
Grab a monster drink and strap in, yo.

DOUG
Shit. Park in the road. Put your
flashers on.

Scott parks and scrambles out. Doug takes Shannon's hand.

SHANNON
I'm okay. Go on.

Doug gets out. Shannon goes into auto-pilot and quickly pulls herself together. She hops out of the van.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Shannon sees something in the distance sticking out above the crowd.

SHANNON
(to Scott)
Gimme a boost.

Scott helps her up onto the roof of the van and sees what the crowd is gawking at.

SHANNON
(continuing)
Doug, go on. You are not going to
believe this.

Doug hurries off and winds his way through the crowd. Scott helps her down.

SCOTT
What is it?

SHANNON
I don't know, exactly. Grab the
equipment. Let's go.

SCOTT
Wait. Go on, I'm right behind you.

Shannon crosses the road. Scott climbs on top of the van and sees the cross.

SCOTT
(continuing)
Fuck me.

He jumps down and grabs equipment out of the van. Shannon makes her way through the crowd stopping next to Doug. She stares up at Brandon nailed to the cross, then looks back and motions to Scott as he makes his way through the crowd.

SHANNON

Come on!

A young woman is on her husband's shoulders with a long sleeve shirt in her hands. She ties it around Brandon's waist to cover his genitals.

Several feet away, a SECOND WOMAN wearing shorts and a tank top watches uneasily as the woman covers up Brandon.

SECOND WOMAN

(Calls out)

Leave him natural.

(Hurries up to the
cross)

Jesus isn't ashamed. Don't cover him
up. Only we know shame.

A THIRD WOMAN looks up at Brandon, her voice sarcastic.

THIRD WOMAN

It might not be Jesus. Cover him up.

The second woman looks anxiously around the crowd as she fights back tears of apparent joy.

SECOND WOMAN

Jesus Christ has returned. Today is
judgement day. All the sinners will
remain on earth and suffer! Only
those of us who have taken Jesus into
our hearts will enter heaven and be
saved.

(falls to her knees)

Repent or perish!

THIRD WOMAN

My God. Somebody call the police.
This is crazy. He needs help.

From the back of the crowd, Scott hurries over to Shannon holding her equipment. Shannon takes Scott's cell phone out of his shirt pocket and dials 911.

Doug films Brandon and the crowd. At the edge of the crowd, a highway Patrol car parks in the road.

An African American TROOPER gets out and taps a person on the shoulder.

TROOPER

Let me through, please. Move aside.

Shannon sees the trooper and ends the call. He stops near the cross and pulls out his walkie-talkie. Shannon steps on a section of charred newspaper that blew out of the smouldering barrel. She picks it up.

INSERT: There is an article, accompanied by a photograph of Dale Dalton, the red-haired televangelist, and his wife, "Who are hoping to adopt a baby in the near future."

SCOTT

Doug, c'mon. Over here.

(to Shannon)

Shit. Find a mark and I'll cue you on three...

Shannon drops the newspaper article and takes her position.

DISSOLVE TO:

NINE MONTHS LATER - A MONTAGE OF FOUR SCENES FOLLOWS:

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

A woman in a large department store is seen from the back. She wears a loose skirt and blouse. She turns around and it is one of the young Judidion women. Her hair is set and she wears makeup.

She looks very suburban and is at least nine months pregnant.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Another very pregnant and suburban looking Judidion woman strolls down the street.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

On a street in the small town, a car pulls up to a grocery store and a pregnant Judidion woman in a flowery maternity dress gets out of the car and walks into the store.

EXT. DALLAS - NIGHT

Rachel, nine months pregnant, strolls down a busy city street.

INT. STORE - DAY

A pregnant Judidion woman is in the maternity section of a department store looking at a crib, waiting like the rest, to give birth to the Devil's child.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN, early twenties, drives down a desolate road trying to get something on the radio. She passes a broken down car on the side of the road with its emergency flashers on.

The young woman is very sleepy. Nodding off, her car leaves the road. In the headlights, someone is seen walking on the shoulder. The young woman wakes up and her car hits the person. The body flies over the hood breaking the windshield, then lands somewhere in the pitch darkness.

EXT. CAR

The car screeches to a halt. The young woman jumps out completely panic stricken and frantically looks around in the darkness. Hearing someone moan in pain, she finds a severely injured pregnant woman.

In the glow of the moonlight the woman's bleeding face is seen.

CLOSE ON: It's Rebecca. The young woman drops to her knees.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're alive, you're alive! Oh my
God. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I
didn't see you... Jesus, you're
pregnant. Don't move. Don't move...
Oh, God.

(Screams)

Help, help!

She stops, realizing no one is around. Rebecca tries to get up. She falls back, moans loudly and convulses as she goes into labor.

YOUNG WOMAN

(continuing)

No, no. I don't know what to do.
Here, lay back. Lay back!

Rebecca, instead, tries to crawl away, but the woman holds onto her leg. Rebecca kicks at the woman's face.

YOUNG WOMAN

(continuing)

What are you doing? Please, lay still. Let me help you.

The young woman tries to hold down Rebecca's leg.

YOUNG WOMAN

(continuing)

Calm down, please! Take some deep breaths. I don't know.

(gasps)

Oh, God. I see it, I see it. Its head is coming out!

Blood gushes onto the road. The woman rears back, gagging from the smell. Rebecca's body grotesquely twists. She appears to be having a seizure. Rebecca screams out in agony. The woman's eyes grow wide.

The "baby" lies in the road covered in steaming black afterbirth. The woman shrieks and scrambles back.

Rebecca's eyes roll up into her head. She can barely speak.

REBECCA

Shut up. He's beautiful. Stop staring at him. He'll change. Look just like you and I.

Rebecca grabs the baby and crawls off the road. Her maternity dress is bunched up over her back. The woman sees Rebecca's quivering tail.

Rebecca crawls into a large cluster of bushes with the baby. The woman remains on her knees, shaking uncontrollably as she stares into the dark bushes.

FADE OUT:

INT. SHANNON'S HOME - NIGHT

Shannon is behind the kitchen counter pouring juice into a glass. The living room picture window affords a glorious view of Los Angeles in the distance. Shannon's cell phone rings and she walks around the counter.

She is at least nine months pregnant.

INT. SHANNON'S LIVING ROOM

Shannon is curled up on her couch talking on her cell. Her large flat screen TV is on mute.

Subtitles scroll along the bottom of the screen. On the TV, a pretty dark-haired REPORTER is seated at an anchor desk.

SHANNON

I know he trusts me. That's not a problem, but-... Oh, hold on...

Shannon unmutes the TV.

REPORTER

... And finally tonight, I'd like to give a shout out to Shannon Grier, who, as you all know, is expected to give birth to a baby son in less than a week. Everyone here at Topic Of Interest misses you and looks forward to your return.

SHANNON

Yeah, that's Nina. She's the one who interned at Extra, for like a year, before we hired her.

(Lowers TV volume)

Doug's afraid she'll get knocked up, too. And he'll have to put the cleaning lady on the anchor desk.

(Beat)

Oh, yeah. He's still trying to wrap his head around it. Me too. I mean, I was on the pill. He was wearing protection. Guess only a purity ring and abstinence would have prevented this baby.

(more)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Yeah, no. I'm not dragging my feet.
The paternity test is Tuesday. I'll
go through the motions, but it's
Doug's child.

(Beat)

It has to be.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHANNON'S HOME - NIGHT

A car is parked in a dark area a short distance from
Shannon's house.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A woman sits at the wheel, her face shrouded in darkness.
Turning in her seat, the street light illuminates her haggard
face. It's revealed to be the older Judidion woman, RUTH,
dressed in regular clothing.

She stares icily at Shannon's home, then reaches down for
something on the dark floorboard. FADE OUT:

THE END