

Black Eyed Kids

By

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INT. BANGING BILLY'S CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Twangy country instrumental MUZAK from the store speaker.

The DARKEST BLACK imaginable reveals to be strong coffee in a stained beaten carafe.

SHERIFF DON PERIN (40's) just shy of being considered ruggedly handsome, stares at the java, shifts his eyes across the aisle to the fully stocked BEER COOLER.

He SIGHS, pours the mud into a large Styrofoam cup.

He approaches the register, places the cup and a large child's juice drink on the counter next to a stack of fliers featuring an older, middle-aged man wearing a photographer induced "say cheese" smile just above his second chin.

"Fred Stevenson For Sheriff: Damn' Time For A Change!"

BANGING BILLY (30's) proud tattooed proprietor of this toilet, appears with a grin from behind the lotto machine, blending in seamlessly amongst the wall of cigarettes, Copenhagen and girlie mags.

BANGING BILLY

No charge for the coffee since you
workin' tonight Sheriff.

Don pulls a handful of coins from his pocket, lays them on the counter. A large SILVER token rolls away from the pile.

DON

Don't believe in handouts, Billy.
Neither should you.

Banging Billy recovers the silver token, looks at it: "2 Years Clean & Sober", hands it back to Don with a coy smirk.

DON (CONT.)

You only got two days left to get
that headlight fixed.

BANGING BILLY

Yessir.

Billy CHUCKLES as he places the juicy drink in a paper bag.

DON

Not for me.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Don takes a sip of the coffee, grimaces. An enormous box takes up the backseat; a crib just begging to be assembled.

The vehicle slows to a stop as mechanical arms lower announcing the approach of an oncoming train. Through the windshield a rickety cargo locomotive chugs down the track.

He looks down at the AA token, twirls it in his fingers, doesn't notice THREE ODD CHILDREN, out of focus, standing in the doorway of a passing boxcar.

The CLANGING of the bells and FLASHING of the safety lights cease. Don drives over the tracks, into the dark past a weathered billboard:

WELCOME TO BROCKPORT! THE SAFEST LITTLE TOWN IN WESTERN PA!
BUCKLE UP--IT'S THE LAW!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deputy CURTIS (28) morbidly obese, scrubs the cinder block walls with Pine Sol inside one of two jail cells.

Another lawman, JOHNNY (35) swaggers in carrying a lunch box, stops, pulls on the locked cell door, shakes his head.

JOHNNY

Did it again, dumb shit?

Curtis turns to his coworker, musters a smile.

CURTIS

Hey, Johnny. Yep...closed it accidentally. Boss wanted me to clean up after that drunk kid from yesterday. Now he says he won't let me out 'til The Virgin Mary can eat off the floor.

Nervously, Curtis takes a swig from his juice drink.

JOHNNY

Serves ya right.

DON (O.S.)

Leave him alone.

Don sits at the main desk, feet up, twirling the keys on his finger. Johnny rounds the corner, snatches them as he passes to the refrigerator.

JOHNNY

You the boss. But if it's all the same, I think I might leave him there til shift change.

Curtis' scrubbing ceases, his face pale.

DON

Oh, he's pretty crafty, sure he'll find some way out.

JOHNNY

I'll take that bet. Say a twenty?

Don rises, puts on his coat.

DON

Do not call me for bullshit. As soon as I put that crib together I'm going to crash hard and long.

JOHNNY

Fifteen hours of keepin' the peace in Hucklebuck? Could do it with my eyes closed.

Don walks towards the exit.

DON

Twenty bucks?

Johnny nods in agreement.

DON (CONT.)

Pay me next shift.

The Sheriff turns the corner, stops at the cell. Curtis opens his mouth to speak, but is silenced by Don's finger over his lips.

Don places his right boot on the iron bars. With one hand he swivels his heel, produces a key from a hidden compartment.

Curtis' eyes light up. Don silently unlocks the cell, motions for the deputy to continue cleaning.

DON

Locked myself in here before...once. 'Night, Curtis.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

From a CAMCORDER'S POINT OF VIEW a TEEN BOY'S HANDS playfully wrestle with a pair of FEMALE HANDS.

Erupting LAUGHTER.

MARNIE (38) radiant and very pregnant, pretends to primp for the camera. Her son, COLE (17), the unseen cameraman, attempts to focus the lens.

COLE (O.S.)

Mom, be serious, please! This is like a huge part of my grade.

Composing herself, a sincere grin plastered on her face, Marnie looks directly into the camera.

MARNIE

OK, you're right. What do I say?

COLE (O.S.)

I dunno...just go, it's recording!

MARNIE

Right. Um...hi, I'm Cole's mom, Marnie Perin, and I was asked to be the subject for...what class honey?

COLE (O.S.)

Media Studies. And I didn't ask, we have to use a parent.

MARNIE

Right...um...what should I say?

COLE (O.S.)

Can't I just follow you around work? It would be so much easier.

MARNIE

Sorry, even if I worked day shift, which I don't--thanks Nancy--there's a little law called HIPPA.

The front door opens. The camera moves to follow Marnie's gaze. Down the hallway, an out of focus image of a man removing his boots.

MARNIE (O.S.)

You should use Don! A sheriff is better than a boring nurse, right?

COLE (O.S.)
A parent, mom, the syllabus was
very clear.

The camera returns to Marnie.

MARNIE
Cole...

In uniform Don steps into frame, kisses his wife.

DON
What's going on here lady?

MARNIE
Cole's showing me how to use the
camera for his What My Parent Does
Project.

The image falls to Cole's sneaker clad feet, TURNS TO BLACK.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marnie, wearing nursing scrubs, holds the camera, watches the last few seconds of the recording. She fumbles for the record button, brings the camera to life.

Footage again from the now recording CAMCORDER. A close up of a microwave's digital clock: "4:27 AM".

MARNIE (O.S.)
Good morning! This is Cole's mom
again. I'm getting my coffee,
decaffeinated people, and getting
ready to head into work.

The view turns to her travel mug, cell phone and car keys. The THUNK of the front door deadbolt. The camera turns to reveal Don dragging the large crib box through the entrance.

MARNIE (O.S.)
And there's my honey, who keeps
Brockport safe!

DON
Hey, is this the video thingy?

MARNIE (O.S.)
It certainly is!

DON
What's the rating on this movie?

MARNIE (O.S.)
Stop it!

Don leans in for a SMOOCH.

DON
Want to be late?

MARNIE (O.S.)
I'm never late! Just that one time
eight months ago!

The camera moves to her hand patting her belly. Don leans down in front of her stomach.

MARNIE (O.S.)(CONT.)
Oh my God, I should erase that!

DON
Ready to come out of there yet?
Introduce yourself to Daddy?

MARNIE (O.S.)
Listen, please make sure Cole gets
up in time for the bus. Don't let
him give you any of his stories.

DON
I know, I know, can't go to bed yet
anyway, our baby needs a crib. You
hear that little Miss? Not even
here yet and you got me wrapped
around your finger!

INT. CAR MOVING - NIGHT

The CAMCORDER FOOTAGE continues from the passenger seat.

MARNIE
...he was so cute! All smiling,
missing that front tooth!
(laughing)
He asked what would happen if Pap
left *his* false teeth under the
pillow. Cole, I'm sorry but it's
funny. I promise---

Suddenly, her attention drawn to something outside.

She catches a glimpse of a pale, expressionless BLACK BOY (9). Marnie rubbernecks to get a better view.

Again from the side window, a pasty, long haired GIRL (16) stands on the road, mouth open in a silent scream, arms raised above her head.

MARINE (CONT.)

What the hell?

Marnie jerks the wheel hard to the left, stops the car, climbs out leaving the engine running. The CAMCORDER'S POV captures the view and AUDIO from her open car door.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Marnie stays close to the vehicle, looks down the road.

MARNIE

Are you OK? Hello? Is anyone there?

She fishes into her scrubs, pulls out her cell phone.

INT. NURSERY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wallet, coins, keys and the silver AA token surround a RINGING cell phone on a newly built changing table.

Don HUMS with earphones in, sitting on the floor among scattered pieces of wood, manuals, screws, and casters.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Return to the CAMCORDER'S POINT OF VIEW.

Marnie enters, closes and locks the door.

She places her phone in the center console, nervously fastens her seat belt.

MARNIE

Damn prenatals.

She clutches the gearshift, puts the vehicle in drive. A sudden POUNDING on the passenger side!

Startled, she looks over, places the car back in park, presses the button lowering the window.

MARNIE

Oh my God! Are you OK?

GIRL (O.S.)

I need help.

MARNIE

What's wrong? Where's the other boy?

GIRL (O.S.)

Can I get in?

MARNIE

Why are you out here so late?

GIRL (O.S.)

Please! Can I just get in?

Marnie's large belly poses difficulty as she leans over and OPENS THE DOOR, moves the still running camcorder to the passenger side floor.

The camera captures the girl's ratty gingham dress, dirty legs & bare feet.

MARNIE (O.S.)

What happened?

GIRL (O.S.)

Just drive!

MARNIE (O.S.)

OK, OK.

The gear shift SLAMS into drive, gravel CRUNCHES violently under the tires.

MARNIE (O.S.)(CONT)

Listen, Hun, my husband is the Sheriff, I'll call the station--

GIRL (O.S.)

No, don't! Just take me home.

MARNIE (O.S.)

I'll talk to your parents when we get there. Where are we going?

GIRL (O.S.)

Over there.

MARNIE (O.S.)
 There's nothing back there but
 hunting camps.

GIRL (O.S.)
 We're living in one of them.

MARNIE (O.S.)
 Oh, honey, are you new to
 Brockport?

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights cut a swath through the thick darkness. Nothing but trees on either side of this glorified cow path.

The beams reveal first the Black Boy then an emaciated, pale MALE TEEN (16). Both stand motionless in the middle of the dirt path. The car slams to a halt.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Marnie reaches into the console, grabs her cell phone.

MARNIE
 Stay put. I'm taking care of this
 craziness right now.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Marnie exits, marches towards the downward staring boys.

MARNIE
 You two should be ashamed of
 yourselves, scaring that girl!

Moving closer she notices their clothes.

The Older Teen wears filthy jeans and a tattered green flannel. The Younger Boy attired in a dated schoolboy uniform of shorts and a wrinkled dress jacket.

MARNIE (CONT.)
 Where're your parents?

SILENCE.

MARNIE (CONT.)
 Answer me!

No response.

MARNIE (CONT.)
 Ok, fine, I'm calling my
 husband. He's the sheriff!

Still no response.

MARNIE (CONT.)
 Stupid punks...

She dials. Their eyes remain fixated on the ground The older
 teen raises his arm, pinches his thumb and finger together.

Her cell phone immediately goes DARK. Dead.

MARNIE (CONT.)
 Shit...

Marnie holds the phone up, attempts to read the blank screen
 in the moonlight.

The CRUNCH of a twig behind her. Slowly, the boys look up
 meeting Marnie's gaze exposing their chalky faces, identical
 smirks leading to COAL BLACK EYES!

Frightened, Marnie turns, only to run directly into the
 girl, who wears the same smirk, the same TAR BLACK EYES! She
 wags her dirty, bony finger at her prey.

GIRL B.E.K.
 You let me in...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wearing only sweatpants and bedhead, Don yells into the
 long-corded telephone.

DON
 I have no idea. She left on
 time---I didn't hear from her
 either---

COLE (17) clean cut, yet a bit too tall, all gangly arms and
 legs, appears from behind Don.

Lifting the phone cord to enter the kitchen, Cole opens the
 refrigerator, grabs a carton of orange juice, takes a swig
 from the container, watches Don for the inevitable reprimand
 that doesn't come.

DON (CONT.)
 Christ, Nancy, I have no idea!

This outburst gets Cole's attention. He places the carton on the counter, stares at his stepfather.

A cell phone RINGS from the upstairs.

DON (CONT.)
Just hold on!

Don places the receiver to his bare chest.

DON (CONT.)
Go grab my cell from the nursery.

Begrudgingly, Cole again limbos under the cord.

DON (CONT.)
Look, let me find out where she is,
I'll call you right back---

Silently, Cole hands him the cell phone.

DON (CONT.)
Nancy, I'm hanging up.

Don pounds the receiver closed on the wall cradle, simultaneously puts the cell to his other ear.

DON (CONT.)
Johnny?

Don paces, even more confused.

DON (CONT.)
Stay with the car, I'm on my way.

He thrusts the phone into his waistband, darts out of view.

COLE
What's going on?

DON (O.S.)
Nothing, get to school.

COLE
Can't you drive me?

Don races down the stairs now wearing a shirt and baseball cap, ignores the question, exits through the front door.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

MARVIN (late 60's) scruffy, dirty, stands in a nearby field with his mutt, JACK. They both observe Johnny inspecting the open passenger side of Marnie's car.

In unison their attention diverts to Don's cruiser racing up the dirt road.

The vehicle lurches to a stop, Don exits, scrambles to the driver's side of the abandoned car.

JOHNNY

Saw tracks heading towards the camp, thought maybe some kids were trying to break in, steal some booze, or maybe Old Man McNulty---

DON

Her footprints, they just stop right here...

JOHNNY

Thinkin' maybe she hit a deer or somethin', but ain't no damage to the car, no animal tracks neither.

Don looks up, scans the area, sees Marvin and the dog.

DON

What's he doing here?

JOHNNY

Probably waitin' for a handout, I reckon. Which reminds me.

Johnny hands Don a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL. Don looks at it briefly, holds it in his hand.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Want I should call the Staties?

Don's eyes wildly cover the woods.

DON

No.

JOHNNY

She ever run off before?

Agitated, Don's attention immediately returns to Johnny.

DON
She didn't run off...

Don crosses the road, walks towards the field towards Marvin and his mutt.

DON
What'd you see, Marvin?

The dog sprints to Don, tail wagging. The Sheriff gives him an obligatory pat of the head, eyes never leaving the hobo.

MARVIN
I ain't seen nothing, boy.

DON
What say I take you down to the office, see if you remember seeing anything then?

MARVIN
Should expect that from my own flesh and blood. You know I keep to myself, since your momma, God rest her soul, made me hit the bricks. Jack and I go outta our way to stay outta your way. We don't cause no problems. If I seen somethin', I'd tell ya.

Marvin's eyes fixate on the TWENTY in the Sheriff's hand.

Begrudgingly, Don hands the cash to his father, turns to leave.

MARVIN
I feel somethin', tho, son.

The Sheriff stops.

DON
Go on with it then.

MARVIN
I ain't fer sure. Just know somethin's not pure. Train came through last night, just like it do every night. Somethin' was different...somethin' came with it.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Boss!

Johnny signals his boss to the car. Don races back.

JOHNNY

We don't know if it's a crime scene yet, so I didn't want to go in, but being it's your car and all...

Johnny points the ass end of his flashlight under the passenger seat to the still running camcorder.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

LISA (16), a troubled, freckled redhead, stares into her locker. She snatches SOMETHING from inside, buries it into her backpack.

A boy fully entrenched in the black T-shirt stage of life, TRAVIS (17), all long hair and insecurity, nervously approaches.

TRAVIS

What are we gonna do?

LISA

God, I don't know, just forget about it, OK?

TRAVIS

My father's running for election, I can't just forget about *it*!

LISA

All right! Christ, just shut up and let me think!

She looks up the hallway, visibly shaken.

Cole arrives, a large smile lighting his face. Ignoring Travis, he leans in, gives Lisa an awkward peck on the lips.

TRAVIS

Ok, Lisa...so I'll get your Spanish notes after lunch?

LISA

Whatever.

MR. FITZ (O.S.)

Cole, got a minute?

All three turn to see MR. FITZ (50's), bespectacled, standing in an open classroom doorway. Lisa departs.

COLE

Uh, I've gotta get to Calc, can we talk during study hall?

Mr. Fitz steps back to reveal a very disheveled Don standing just inside the room. The sheriff signals with his finger for his stepson to enter.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

On a video monitor, a close up of the long haired, gingham wearing girl, the frame frozen from Marnie's passing car, hands raised over head, evil half-smile, dark eyes.

COLE (O.S.)

No, I've never seen her.

DON (O.S.)

You're positive?

Cole nods.

COLE

Maybe she's one of those Amish girls from over near Punxsy? What'd she do?

DON

I'm not sure.

From the doorway, Travis peers through the window.

COLE

Then why are you showing me this?

Don looks up from the screen, nods towards Mr. Fitz.

The teacher leans between the two, turns a dial on the board. The image quickly rewinds, stopping on a frame of Marnie. A rough image of the Black Boy visible in the passing window.

COLE

When was this?

DON

Johnny found your mother's car this morning off Farmington Road. She wasn't in it.

A wave of realization washes over Cole.

COLE
Who are these kids?

MR. FITZ
Your father---

Flustered, Cole looks to his Media teacher.

MR. FITZ (CONT.)
The Sheriff thought you may recognize these two. I know she's not a student here and Mrs. Paruso claims not to have any...African Americans in elementary.

COLE
Look at his eyes...they're so...

DON
Go back to class Cole.

Cole opens his mouth to argue, but is immediately interrupted.

DON (CONT.)
Johnny and I have this, she may have just been skittish about the baby, met up with one of her friends---

COLE
Like she met a *friend* two years ago? Great.

Cole rises, grabs his back pack, storms out of the room.

Mr. Fitz shouts to the open doorway.

MR. FITZ
You're going to need a hall pass!

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Don walks to his waiting cruiser directly under a "NO PARKING" sign. CLICK.

He looks up to see FRED STEVENSON (55), his double chinned opponent for Sheriff, phone held out in front of him.

FRED

I like this picture, Sheriff. A township vehicle, being used for personal business, left right under a sign that clearly states...

Fred sarcastically squints.

FRED (CONT.)

...No Parking...guess the law only applies to us local peasants, is that it?

DON

What do you want Stevenson?

Don opens the vehicle, throws the camcorder inside.

FRED

Oh, I don't know...world peace, cure for cancer, a nice warm place to shit...your job.

DON

Can't help you with any of those.

FRED

Right, let me ask you somethin'. I'm not much for social media or that online craziness, still like the feel of good ole fashioned newspaper, ink gettin' on your hands and such. Thinkin', tho, I might make this here picture my first tweet, what you think?

DON

As much as I'd love to discuss all the intricacies of Twitter with you, I really don't have time today.

FRED

Oh, I know, I know. The Case of The Missing Mother To Be.

Don slams the door, marches directly into Fred's chest.

DON

What do you know? Did you do something to her? You sick bastard--

The Sheriff's hand, clenched in a fist, held in front of Stevenson's face.

FRED

I'll have you know I would never
harm a lady, wasn't brought up that
way...

Fred's eyes shift towards the window of a classroom. Don follows his gaze.

A FEMALE TEACHER stares out the window, along with several students. She hurriedly closes the blinds.

FRED (CONT.)

...nor raise a fist in anger to one
of my constituents.

Don enters the cruiser, the car SQUEALS out of the lot leaving his political rival with a contented smile.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Cole slumps in his seat, ignoring the Science lesson.

TEACHER (O.S.)

So, the moment when the sun appears
to cross the Celestial Equator is,
in essence called The Southward
Equinox, or, as locally we've come
to know it, The September Equinox.

A small piece of paper strikes him in the cheek, shocking him back to reality.

He looks to the direction of the trajectory. Travis, mouthing for him to open the paper.

TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT.)

Now, what I find interesting about
this event, is that it always
occurs on either the twenty second,
or the twenty third...

Irritated, he unfolds the note, reads the contents: "Did it look like this?"

TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT.)

...for centuries, several Pagan
cults as well as more structured
religions have viewed this date as
very sacred, claiming it as a
rebirth...

Cole looks over. Travis holds up a notebook with a crude rendition of a face, enormous BLACK EYES. Cole nods.

Travis mouths the word "Lunch".

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Don's vehicle stops at a red light on quiet Main Street. He looks to his left towards the local LIQUOR STORE, gazes at the tempting bottles in the display window.

The light turns green. He guns the cruiser through the intersection, notices Marvin and his dog setting up a tent on a plot of grass beside a bridge.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Don enters, still in his shabby clothes. Johnny sits at his desk speaking on the telephone as ANGELA WHITE (35), a "my shit don't stink" former beauty queen, rises from a chair.

ANGELA

You're gonna take care of this problem, Sheriff!

DON

Not now Angela.

ANGELA

Them bridge sitting burnouts did it again!

DON

I said not now.

He storms to his desk, ignoring her rants.

ANGELA

How would you like it if your house got egged every night? Ever have to take toilet paper from your flowering dogwoods? Ever have to put out a fire on your porch that turned out to be a bag of poop?

Don, places his hands in the air.

DON

All right. I'll have Curtis watch your street tonight, that's the best I can do.

ANGELA

That's it? I know who the criminals are! All of them! They smirk at me when I drive down Main! What am I supposed to do?

DON

Take the Charmin from your dogwoods, use it to clean the eggs from your windows and the dog shit from your shoes. Then, maybe try being civil to those *burnouts*!

ANGELA

I ain't never said it was dog poop.

Johnny hangs up the phone, checks Angela out head to toe as she puts on her enormous oversize rock star SUNGLASSES.

She notices his gaze, far from insulted.

ANGELA (CONT.)

Deputy, can you ensure me you will speak with those bridge sitters and have someone watch my house?

Johnny looks to his oblivious boss scrolling through an old school business card Rolodex.

JOHNNY

Sure thing.

Angela smiles, turns on her heel to leave. Stopping at the door she turns back to Johnny.

ANGELA

One more thing. Please inform Sheriff Perin that I will be voting for Fred Stevenson.

Johnny nods as she exits.

DON

OK, I've got a few numbers.

JOHNNY

Volunteers? Already got 'em. Meetin' up at the diner in ten minutes. Want Curtis with ya?

DON

No, I've got this. Handle things here, but I do need you to take care of something.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Lisa gorges on a cheeseburger as Cole ignores his Gatorade. She looks up, sees Travis headed directly for the couple.

LISA

Shit!

Cole, confused, looks to her.

TRAVIS

(breathlessly)

Listen, we don't have much time--

COLE

How do you know about all this?

TRAVIS

Does it really matter?

COLE

Well, yeah, based on everything.

TRAVIS

My dad was on the phone driving me to school, late, again, as usual. He thinks just cause I have headphones on I'm listening to something. If I don't, all he talks about is the election, and I'm sick of hearing it.

COLE

Please...just what did you hear?

TRAVIS

He was talking to someone about your mom's car being found.

COLE

Yeah, out on Farmington.

LISA

You didn't tell me that!

They both look to Lisa, not knowing for sure which of them she is addressing.

COLE

The drawing?

TRAVIS
Whoever he was talking to said
something about black eyes.

COLE
So?

TRAVIS
Look at me, man! I study this shit.

COLE
What shit?

Travis opens his laptop, slides it to Cole.

TRAVIS
Black Eyed Kids, dickhead, ring a
bell?

Cole studies the screen, a picture taken from a distance of
a creepy disturbing teen with totally black eyes.

COLE
Some kids messing around.

TRAVIS
Keep reading. These things have
been around since the beginning of
time! They're known as Children of
Nephilim.

LISA
Nephilim?

Cole continues to read.

TRAVIS
Get to the part about how they've
been seen all over the world?

COLE
This has absolutely nothing to do
with my mom.

TRAVIS
You said in class you saw them.

COLE
Don showed me something, I didn't
say it's one of these freaks.

TRAVIS

Look, Cole, just cause my dad's doing some testosterone dick dance with your step dad doesn't mean we have to be at each others throats.

COLE

Right, we got a bunch of other reasons to hate each other.

Lisa puts her head down, continues to eat.

TRAVIS

You don't deserve my help!

He slams his laptop closed, rises from the table.

TRAVIS (CONT.)

You don't deserve her either!

EXT. MAIN STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Deputy Johnny pulls up. Several BURNOUT TEENS, sitting on the bridge quickly straighten up by the presence of the law.

Exiting his car, Johnny shouts to the ragged gang.

JOHNNY

Relax, losers. None of ya are important enough to sidetrack my day.

REB, the de facto leader, (19), a cooler female version of a young Johnny Cash, lights a cigarette.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Cut the shit with Ms. White or you'll get a one way ticket to County. That means you, Reb.

Reb shakes her head in sarcastic disbelief.

REB

Typical, always blame the lesbian!

Johnny walks past the gathering of degenerates.

EXT. GRASSY SIDE OF BRIDGE - DAY

Marvin, munching a greasy cheeseburger, looking like a soup sandwich, sits on a lawn chair in front of his ramshackle tent, his dog Jack at his knee.

JOHNNY

Come on, jagoff, you know better.

Jack releases a low GROWL.

MARVIN

(through a mouthful of burger)
I ain't staying out in them woods
no more.

JOHNNY

Well, you ain't staying here. And
what you doin' eatin' all that
grease? Thought you had a
condition?

MARVIN

Stay where I like, eat what I like.
Free country, ain't it? I'm a god
damn Veteran. Fought for your
rights when you were stuck in your
daddy's jizz chute!

Marvin holds out the burger for Jack to take a bite.

JOHNNY

Marvin, there's a term us law
abidin' citizens use called
vagrancy. Now, you pack up your
shit, take the mutt and go anywhere
but the confines of Brockport. I
come back through, and I see ya,
you're going in.

Marvin stares at the Deputy, Jack's GROWL deepens.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Matter of fact, I'll bet both nuts
that dog don't have a
license. 'Fraid I'm gonna have to
take him with me. Looks a touch
rabid, too, don'tcha think?

MARVIN

Bullshit!

Marvin's turn for another bite.

JOHNNY

OK, OK, settle down now. But, I suggest you start ripping that shanty apart and move along, like right now, present tense. Ya follow?

Marvin presents the last hunk of burger to his dog.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Cole and Lisa walk through the woods. With great trepidation, Lisa scans the treetops.

LISA

Are you sure this is smart?

COLE

I don't believe any of that garbage. My mom could be out here, cold, pregnant. I'll bet she just left him. Left me.

LISA

Why would she do that? She's your mother.

COLE

She left for two whole months back home. Never called, nothing. Then she shows up with him like it was no big thing. She's doing it again.

LISA

You told me she was helping your step dad get clean. You knew about it--

COLE

Doesn't mean I liked it. She just does stuff like that, helps strangers, doesn't matter how it affects...family.

LISA

I know your mom, she wouldn't just skip. What if Travis is right about those things?

COLE

Children of *Napalm*? Really, Lisa? He's living in a made up

COLE
Twilight world. He wants us to
believe it cause he does.

LISA
How can you be so sure?

Frustrated by her questioning, Cole stops in his tracks.

COLE
Hey! Black Eyed Kid! Fallen Angel!
I command you! Show yourself!

Lisa, immediately concerned.

LISA
Cole, stop it, please!

COLE
Come on! I defy you to appear! The
power of Christ compels you!

A RUSH of wind blows through the trees.

LISA
Stop it!

The SOUND of the THICKET parting in the distance. A MUMBLING
of VOICES.

Their attention turns to the direction of the RUCKUS.

From behind, LARGE HANDS grabs their huddled shoulders.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Relax! Just your boy and that
Sherman girl.

From a clearing, Don, now in uniform, approaches followed by
THREE SEARCH PARTY MEMBERS, rifles aimed.

A GRUFF BEARDED MAN holds Cole and Lisa.

LISA
Oh my God, I just wet my pants, no
joke.

COLE
I'm not his boy!

DON
What the hell are you two doing?

COLE
Same thing you are.

DON
Take Lisa home, you got no business
being out here.

COLE
You forced her to leave, didn't
you? You're drinking again!

This resonates with the Search Party Members.

DON
She didn't leave, Cole, and if she
did I certainly didn't force her.

COLE
Like I'm supposed to just believe
you? Come on Lisa.

Cole grabs Lisa's hand, guides her away from the group.

Don watches as they depart. He turns to the inquisitive
faces of the Search Party.

DON
Let's get going. Gonna get dark
soon.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Through the picture window, the CLERK (female, 50's) watches
Marvin tie Jack's leash to a parking meter. His entire world
packed in a pile on the sidewalk.

Marvin enters, pays no heed to the disapproving stare
emanating from behind the counter.

He enters the VODKA aisle, looks at the top shelf offerings.
SIGHS, kneels down to the bottom shelf.

Her shady customer now out of view, the clerk darts from
behind the counter, storms to the aisle.

CLERK (O.S.)
Oh no you don't! I've told you
before, you can't come in here to
browse and steal and---

She reaches the aisle, where Marvin kneels in front of a
sign that reads "DIXIE BELL VODKA \$7.49".

He looks to the clerk, a mixture of shame and anger on his weathered face. Marvin stands, clutching a bottle.

He takes a ten, the change from his fast food feast with Jack. Holding the cash up with one hand for inspection, he hands it to her, walks to the door.

MARVIN

Keep the change, Miss. God bless.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Curtis unloads a fast food bag at his desk, meticulously setting his table as if it were a five star meal.

He makes the SIGN OF THE CROSS.

CURTIS

Bless us Oh Lord, for these thy
gifts which we are about to
receive, from thy Bounty of Christ.
Amen.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Seriously?

Curtis doesn't bother to look up.

CURTIS

I'm thankful for my life, my meals,
my job...for knowing you and
Sheriff Perin---

JOHNNY

Hey man, whatever. Look, I'm
cutting out. Any word from the boss
about the Mrs. call me. That's the
only thing you call me for, you
follow?

The Assistant Deputy looks up, half a Big Mac hanging from his mouth and jowls. Secret Sauce drips from his THUMBS UP. Johnny shakes his head.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Don listens to Marnie's voice mail from the morning prior, begrudgingly takes a swig of Banging Billy coffee.

MARNIE (O.S.)

Hey, Don, don't know if I'm seeing things, but...forget it, I'm being silly. Love you! Don't forget to get Cole on the bus!

He plays it again.

MARNIE (O.S.)

Hey, Don, don't know if I'm seeing things, but...forget it, I'm being silly. Love you! Don't forget to get Cole on the bus!

He dials a number from his contacts.

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Art history books, paperback westerns and old Sports Illustrated magazines strewn haphazardly on an overflowing bookshelf illuminated by a large flashlight.

FATHER RIZZO (40's), chubby, and to be totally honest, ugly as a bag of assholes, sits ALONE behind a closed curtain, spits tobacco into a Mountain Dew bottle, his makeshift cuspidor.

He thumbs through a well used issue of Hustler from 1994.

The CLICK of the opposite confessional door forces him to turn off the flashlight, magazine still in hand.

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been three days since my last confession.

FATHER RIZZO

Angela?

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)

Father Rizzo! I'd prefer to confess anonymously!

FATHER RIZZO

Yes, of course. I'm sorry, go on.

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)

I'm still an adulteress, Father...he's coming over again tonight...

He spits chaw juice into the bottle, aroused by the story.

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)(CONT.)
Should I stop?

FATHER RIZZO
No, no, go on...

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)
I meant should I stop the
relationship? He's a married man.

FATHER RIZZO
Uh...well...the Lord works in
mysterious ways, Angela. Maybe it
would help if you confessed in more
detail about these transgressions?
Take your time.

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)
I promised I wasn't going to see
him again, Father, but then I saw
him today, totally by accident.
Just him sittin' there, smiling at
me...it...well, I got all
tingly...down there...

A LOUD RING TONE: the classic chant "Here We Go Steelers,
Here We Go!"

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)(CONT.)
You need to get that, Father?

The priest snatches his cell from the book shelf, looks at
the display.

FATHER RIZZO
Hold that twat--uh thought.

He answers the phone.

FATHER RIZZO (CONT.)
Don, you OK? You haven't---

DON (O.S.)
Been thinking about it, but no.

FATHER RIZZO
Good, good.

DON (O.S.)
Can you come meet over near
Farmington?

FATHER RIZZO
I'm free tomorrow---

DON (O.S.)
Tonight Sal, right now.

FATHER RIZZO
Way out Farmington? I'm kind of in
the middle of something here.

DON (O.S.)
Marnie's gone.

FATHER RIZZO
Uh...OK, I'll get changed and get
over. Don, don't do anything, all
right? I'm on my way.

DON (O.S.)
I'm not drinking! I'll explain it
when you get here.

Father Rizzo takes the phone from his ear, stands to reveal
his pants around his ankles.

FATHER RIZZO
Ten Hail Marys and five Our
Fathers, Angela.

He quickly pulls up his trousers, buckles the belt.

FEMALE PARISHIONER (O.S.)
That's it?

FATHER RIZZO
Try to do better, go with God.

INT. LISA'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cole studies the website from earlier. Lisa paces the
unfinished basement.

A KNOCK on the stairwell door. LISA'S MOM (46) calls from
above.

LISA'S MOM (O.S.)
Lisa, your friend is here.

Lisa clambers up the steps, opens the door. Travis stands
behind her mother. Lisa pulls him in, immediately attempts
to close the door. Her mother holds it open.

LISA'S MOM

Honey?

LISA

It's fine, mom, shush!

Lisa pushes the door closed. Travis takes his black trench coat off, throws it on the floor.

TRAVIS

Now you want my help?

COLE

Look, I'm still not buying it, but this *thing* looks exactly like what I saw, but all this religious stuff...I don't get it.

TRAVIS

Words too big? Sound them out.

EXT. MAIN STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

Reb and the bridge sitters, laughing, burn one of Fred Stevenson's political yard signs.

Johnny pulls up in the cruiser, exits and approaches.

JOHNNY

OK, citizens, my night just won't be complete 'til we do the drill, up against the cement, spread 'em.

REB

It just spontaneously combusted, man! We had to put it out before it spread. Could've burned this whole shithole down! You should be giving us medals or something.

The gang lines up along the bridge, hands on the concrete ledge, backs to the street.

Johnny drags Reb several feet away to the gravel parking lot, forcefully throws her against a red van.

JOHNNY

You wanna burn a sign, I don't give a shit--

REB
You like it rough, do you deputy?

JOHNNY
--just make sure you remember my
directions from earlier.

He pats her down.

REB
Shit, man, the whole town knows
about you two, except of course
your wife---

Johnny turns her around roughly.

JOHNNY
Go ahead and test me, dyke!

The deputy pulls a joint from Reb's jean jacket. He smiles,
places it in his pocket beneath his badge.

JOHNNY (CONT.)
You don't know nothing, right Reb?

He pushes her in the direction of the onlooking burn outs.

JOHNNY (CONT.)
Nothing.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - NIGHT

FATHER RIZZO
I can see why you wanted a drink.

Don scrolls back and forth between an image of the Black Boy
and the Girl B.E.K.

DON
Well?

FATHER RIZZO
What?

DON
They look like demons to you?

FATHER RIZZO
Demons? Don, that's all bullshit.
Hell, been a priest for twenty-five
years, I couldn't tell the
difference between a demon and a
dildo.

DON
 Didn't they teach that stuff in
 seminary?

FATHER RIZZO
 Fuck no! I never even took a test.

Don, confused, closes the laptop.

DON
 Sorry I wasted your time, just
 looking at every possibility. You
 being a man of the cloth and all, I
 just thought--

FATHER RIZZO
 Wait a minute...You don't think I
 had some burning desire to be
 priest, do you?

DON
 But, well...you were all happy when
 you got accepted---

FATHER RIZZO
 Yeah! So I didn't have to get a
 real job. Come on, man, free rent,
 other people paying your cable,
 tell a few stories, splash some
 water on some babies. It's like a
 dream gig.

Father Rizzo puts in another chew, points to the cup.

FATHER RIZZO (CONT.)
 Can I spit in this?

The sheriff shrugs.

FATHER RIZZO
 You call the State Police yet?

DON
 Right, in the middle of an election
 I'm going to ask for help finding
 my missing pregnant wife.

FATHER RIZZO
 What do you think happened?

DON
 She could've left, just met up with
 someone and ran off.

FATHER RIZZO
After everything she's helped you
through? Bitches, man.

DON
Hey!

FATHER RIZZO
Open up that thing again.

Don hands him the computer. Father Rizzo studies the frozen image of the girl with hands over her head, black eyes, silently shouting mouth.

This second look produces a more serious reaction.

FATHER RIZZO
Looks like that painting...

DON
Come again?

FATHER RIZZO
I'm gonna get going.

Father Rizzo opens the passenger door.

DON
Just like that?

FATHER RIZZO
If you decide to call the State
Police, I know most of them, bunch
of skeletons in their closet, you'd
be surprised. I can keep 'em quiet
if need be.

INT. REB'S VAN - NIGHT

The van is parked off an isolated gravel lot. DEATH METAL POUNDS from the radio. Reb and the gang pass a joint.

REB
Jesus, Scooter, this ain't cool
...you put Angel Dust in this or
something?

They LAUGH, including Reb.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Reb exits the van, drops trou in front of the vehicle. The SPLASH of piss hitting gravel. She looks up to the stars, admiring their beauty.

A DARK SHADOW appears, gliding slowly in the night sky. THEN ANOTHER...AND A THIRD. The three Black Eyed Kids float slowly over the tree tops.

The oldest teen demon gives her a chilling grin, places a long, bony finger over his chalky lips in a shushing motion. The trio drifts off past the treetops.

HEADLIGHTS from the van startle Reb back to reality.

YARD APE (O.S.)
Reb's shitting!

Reb stands, turns, scared and confused. She cranes her neck to see she did indeed soil the back of her grungy Wranglers.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Angela watches television in her living room, stroking her cat. The animal's ears perk up.

ANGELA
What's a matter Baby, hmm?

A THUD on the porch, the cat scampers out of Angela's arms.

Nervously, Angela peers through the venetian blinds...NOTHING.

She snatches the cordless phone, walks to the front door, looks through the peephole....only her vacant yard.

Again, a loud THUMP, this time from the kitchen door. She mutes the television.

Walking hesitantly to the kitchen, she dials the phone.

INT. DEPUTY CRUISER-NIGHT

Johnny takes a hit from the joint, blows the smoke out the window. His cell RINGS.

The display reads "Ms. X". He grins widely.

JOHNNY

Damn, woman, relax. Like daddy
always said, make 'em wait, Johnny.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

She receives Johnny's voice mail, ends the call. She places
the phone on the counter. Looks out the kitchen window

The CHIME of the front door bell.

ANGELA

Johnny! Not the front door!

Racing to the front door, she unclasps the chain, looks
through the peephole. Yes...it's the three B.E.K.s!

The black boy stands in profile, his eyes closed, the teen
boy and girl with their backs to the door.

ANGELA

I've warned you punks! Get out of
here before I call the cops!

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

Ma'am, hello...we're lost, we need
to use your phone. You'll help us?

ANGELA

You little hooligans aren't using
anything of mine!

Angela steps away from the peephole.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

But my sister's sick, we need to
call our father.

ANGELA

You go up to the Mini Mart, use
their phone.

SILENCE. She reaches up, locks the chain.

Looking out the peephole, the kids are gone.

Cautiously, she walks into the living room, nervously
returns to the television show.

Taking the remote, she unmutes the t.v. only to hear a POP
as the television begins to smoke, the picture pixelating
before fading to black.

Staring at the smoking television, Angela is shocked by a TREMENDOUS RATTLING at the living room window.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)
Let us in bitch! My sister's sick!

She leaps from the sofa, runs to the kitchen only to be greeted with POUNDING from the kitchen door.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)
Please, I need your help, they've hurt me! You want to help me...

ANGELA
Go away! I'm calling the police!

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)
Don't do that Angela.

She looks to the kitchen window.

The younger boy's FACE hovers past the pane, coal black eyes turn rather pleasant, harmless even...a mesmerizing smile.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
Come on Angela....let us in. You know you're going to.

With fearful eyes, she reaches for the window latch.

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (CONT.)
You're awful pretty...that's it...come on now.

INT. LISA'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

With boundless energy, Travis shares the information with his captive audience.

TRAVIS
Some people think that the Chupacabra is actually the pet of these fuckin' things, for real! And they're like at their strongest, during the Southward Equinox, which is like some special, sacred date or something to them. Oh, yeah and get this, those crystal skulls they found, like centuries ago, in fuckin' Europe or somewhere, those are supposed to be---

LISA

You are so full of shit, the
Chupacabra is just a mix of, like a
dog and a wolf or something, I
watched it with my dad on Nat Geo!

TRAVIS

That's what they want you to think!

COLE

Wait, say that again, about the
Equinox.

TRAVIS

It's right there, man, on
Wikipedia.

Cole scans the laptop in front of him.

COLE

September twenty-third...

He pulls out his cell. The display reads: "September 22nd.

EXT. ANGELA'S YARD - NIGHT

Johnny, stoned and smiling, walks through the backyard
shrubbery.

He picks up a ceramic rabbit from the back porch,
retrieves a hidden key from underneath.

INT. ANGELA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Smiling, he removes his hat, places it on the counter,
closes the kitchen blinds.

JOHNNY

Hello, ma'am...heard you needed
some assistance.

He walks through the kitchen, towards the living room, stops
dead in his tracks...wretches once, twice, the third time
vomits over the front of his coat.

A BLOODBATH! BLOOD ON THE WALLS! BLOOD ON THE BURNED OUT
TELEVISION! BLOOD ON THE CEILING!

RUSTLING upstairs. Kicking from stoned Lothario into law
enforcement mode, he draws his gun. Warily steps through
pools of blood, looks to the top of the DARKENED stairs.

TWO GLOWING EYES round the corner!

The cat leaps through the air down the stairs.

He FIRES A ROUND, a TREMENDOUS BANG, slips on the blood covered linoleum, crashes his head on the front door handle.

Lights from the surrounding houses immediately pour thorough the windows. The mess is even worse than it first appeared.

Unconscious, Johnny lies on the floor, smoking gun at his side, the scared cat on his chest.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE-NIGHT

A service revolver splayed out on the desk, surrounded by pistol cleaning tools and lubricants.

CURTIS (O.S.)

A gun shot? You certain, ma'am?

Phone pressed to his ear, Curtis gathers his coat and hat.

CURTIS

Just sit tight now, I'm comin'.

He hangs up, hurriedly stumbles OUT OF FRAME. Returns, cobbles his pistol back together, knocks the bullets off the desk, onto the floor.

His chubby fingers pick up ONE SINGLE BULLET, places it in the chamber.

EXT. ANGELA'S YARD-NIGHT

Don arrives in his cruiser, immediately greeted by several NEIGHBORS in their pajamas, bath robes and wife beaters.

DON

(whispers to himself)

The hits keep coming...

MALE NEIGHBOR #1

What the hell's going on here, Perin?

MALE NEIGHBOR #2

Yeah! Ain't so safe no more 'round here now is it?

FEMALE NEIGHBOR #1
I hear he's a drunk.

MALE NEIGHBOR #1
Wife up and god damn left.
Pregnant, too!

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Curtis opens the door. Don enters, grimaces at the carnage.
Johnny sobs on the recliner, head between his knees.

Don looks to Curtis.

CURTIS
Wouldn't let me cuff him, boss.
Told me to get the "F" outta his
face.

No way around it, Don tiptoes *through* the blood, kneels down
in front of his hysterical deputy.

DON
Johnny, listen to me now. What
happened?

Red eyed, vomit still on his jacket, he looks up, meets the
Sheriff's eyes.

JOHNNY
I don't know, man...it's just
horrible, fuckin' horrible--

FRED (O.S.)
Don't answer anything else.

Fred Stevenson stands in the kitchen doorway.

DON
This is a murder scene, you can't
be here.

FRED
We don't know that yet---

DON
Well it's definitely not a simple
domestic dispute!

FRED
As Johnny's legal counsel I've
every right to be here. It's in my

FRED
client's best interest to ensure
you perform a proper forensic
investigation.

DON
Don't worry about that--

FRED
Oh, I'm damn worried 'bout it! If
you was worth your salt you'd
be asking the same question I am!

DON
And what's that, Stevenson?

FRED
Fer starters why's the blood trail
just stop at the back porch? Why
ain't there a single drop in the
yard?

DON
For all I know, you did this.

FRED
Well fuck it, then, take me in!
Wouldn't that be something? The
whole town sees Sheriff Perin
dragging his opponent off to jail
at the scene of some horror show!
That would get the tongues wagging,
wouldn't it?

A STARE DOWN, bitter hatred in each men's eyes.

FRED (CONT.)
Don't matter, none. Staties're on
the way anyhow.

CURTIS (O.S.)
Boss? There's folks coming up on
the porch.

DON
Send 'em home. Mean it Curtis!
Johnny, stand up.

Johnny slowly stands. Softly, Don turns him, places his
hands behind his back, gently cuffs him.

EXT. ANGELA'S YARD - NIGHT

Curtis opens the front door, steps onto the porch. The crowd attempts to get a glimpse into the house.

CURTIS

Everybody go on home now. This here's official Sheriff Department stuff.

No one moves. The MURMURING onlookers continue to peek past the deputy.

CURTIS (CONT.)

I mean it, now, all yuns folks best leave, right quick.

Neighbor #2 laughs in Curtis' face.

NEIGHBOR #2

Or what? You gonna arrest us, Tubby?

Something sparks in Curtis' eyes. This is his MOMENT. Without hesitation, he pulls his pistol, places it between this asshole's eyes, channeling Clint Eastwood in his prime.

CURTIS

You're impeding an investigation, and that, Mr. Martino, is against the law. I don't wanna pull this trigger, but I will if I havta. I ain't a real good shot, neither, but I'm bettin' this close you'll at least be brain dead when it's over, more than ya are now even.

Slowly, the man backs off the porch, the rest of the crowd follows suit.

Curtis watches the throng dissipate. He opens the door, backs himself in, gun still in the air. The door closes.

CURTIS (O.S.)

Boss! You see that! Sweet Jesus, only had one bullet with me, too!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Marvin sits in front of a blazing campfire, takes a slug from the vodka bottle, nervously studies his surroundings.

Jack sniffs around the pitched tent, his ears perk up, he WHIMPERS. Marvin looks over.

MARVIN

What's a matter, boy? Just us chickens, right?

The dog WHIMPERS again, turns with his tail between his legs, scampers into the tent.

Marvin's eyes follow the dog. He takes another belt of booze, turns back towards the fire where....

THE THREE BLACK EYED KIDS STAND JUST BEYOND THE FLAMES!

BLACK BOY B.E.K.

Sure is cold out here mister.

Marvin stumbles out of his lawn chair.

MARVIN

Git the fuck outta here, go on!

GIRL B.E.K.

We're just looking for some shelter, a little company.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.

Come on, invite us inside your tent, it's big enough.

Marvin staggers backwards towards the tent, keeping his eyes on the unholy trio. Jack WHIMPERS louder from inside.

MARVIN

I ain't got nuthin' for you, now git!

BLACK BOY B.E.K.

Come on, mister. It's cold.

MARVIN

Go build your own damn' fire!

The entities CACKLE in unison.

Marvin dives head first into the tent.

INT. MARVIN'S TENT - NIGHT

He struggles to close the zipper, watches as the B.E.K.s walk directly *through* the fire towards the tent.

Successful in sealing the opening, he hears twigs CRUNCH around each wall of his shabby shelter.

Panting, clutching the crying dog, Marvin scurries to the rear of the tent, turns on a flashlight, listens intently.

SILENCE.

Jack's WAILING ceases.

Wild eyed, Marvin stares at the entrance.

Behind Marvin's head, the IMPRINT of a wretched FACE stretches the interior of the nylon--the Teen Boy B.E.K.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

Let us in you stinking cocksucker!

Marvin scrambles with Jack to the other side of the tent where a bony hand from the outside pushes the nylon in.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

I'll make it worth your while.

MARVIN

Oh, Jesus! Help me! I've been a good man!

LAUGHTER erupts from the outside.

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

A good man doesn't kill women and children.

MARVIN

That was war, made my peace with it!

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

Let us in you stupid old shit, it'll be quick.

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

We know you Marvin, you don't want this life. No family, living outside, drinking too much every single day just to forget how you messed things up. All that killing you've done. It can all end.

MARVIN

Go away! Dear Mary! Make them go
away!

Jack buries his face into his Marvin's chest.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

We can strike a bargain?

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

You know what we want.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

We'll leave you to your miserable
fucking life, just give us that
mangy thing.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

Promise. Cross our heart...

Marvin grimaces, clutches his LEFT ARM, looks to Jack, who
returns the gaze with frightened eyes.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

Come on Marvin, it's just an
animal, no better than those gooks
in 'Nam.

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

Those were real people.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

We can wait here all night.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (O.S.)

You'll go with him you old fuck!
Makes no difference to us!

Sweating, Marvin grabs the dog by the neck, scrambles over
to the opening. His unsteady RIGHT HAND unzip the entrance,
his LEFT ARM dangles at his side.

Jack WAILS, a blood curdling sound.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

That's right, Marvin, attaboy...

Marvin, crying, pushes the petrified dog out of the tent,
quickly zippers the entrance closed.

THE HORRIBLE SOUND OF MEAT BEING RIPPED FROM BONE. Jack
HOWLS as the EVISCERATION takes place just outside. Marvin
clutches his chest, winces in pain.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pale, shaking, Johnny sits in one of the jail cells.

Don rummages through several desk drawers.

JOHNNY

I didn't do it, Don, I swear.

The Sheriff ignores his pleas, continues his search.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Oh, Christ. Deb know I'm locked up?
Think she knows 'bout me and
Angela?

Still no response.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

She couldn't have done that, could
she? Too fuckin' vicious...Shit,
Don, you don't think the same thing
happened to Marnie, do you?

Don contemplates the question, reaches into a filing cabinet, pulls out what he has been searching for: a quarter full bottle of Wild Turkey.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

I swear, I won't tell anyone if you
drink that. Hell, you've earned it.
I've been hiding that bottle since
the Christmas party.

Don empties a coffee mug into the trash, spins open the lid of the bottle, pours a full drink.

He walks with the mug to the jail cell.

DON

Not for me.

The SQUEAK of the front door opening. Don hands the mug to his prisoner.

FATHER RIZZO (O.S.)

We gotta talk.

A tired Father Rizzo in the doorway brandishes a large book.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE REST ROOM - NIGHT

The book is opened on the sink to a picture of a painting. The image identical to the earlier frozen frame of the Black Eyed Girl.

FATHER RIZZO

That painting's called "The Shriek", some German guy used to draw this stuff all the time like a hundred years ago.

DON

Yeah, Evard Munch.

The priest looks over to Don who closely studies the book.

FATHER RIZZO

How the hell did you know that?

DON

All that time in Art Appreciation when you were trying to sketch Miss Benton's boobs, I was paying attention.

FATHER RIZZO

Right...So, you start googling this here guy Munch and it leads you to all this really nasty stuff 'bout what they call The Children of Nephilim.

Don sniffs the air.

DON

You been drinking?

FATHER RIZZO

Damn straight!

DON

What about The Twelve Steps? Turning our will over to a Higher Power? We did 'em together.

FATHER RIZZO

Don, I never had a problem with the booze, just went through the program so me and you could hang out more.

The sheriff shakes his head as the priest continues.

FATHER RIZZO (CONT.)

The Nephilim. Some really bad angel type things, supposedly came down from Heaven, banged a bunch of girls--

DON

They had sex with humans?

FATHER RIZZO

It's some real Old Testament shit, nobody even knows about this stuff anymore. Bishop Pasi used to try to scare us priests with the story when we'd go on our fishin' trips up to Erie. Telling us Western Pennsylvania was the first place they landed when God kicked 'em out of Heaven. He's the one who got caught up in that mess with them altar boys, remember?

DON

Sal, come on, focus! The Nephilim.

FATHER RIZZO

This painting, ...your video...it's supposed to be the offspring of all that humping. The Children of Nephilim.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

MUFFLED CRIES. THRASHING. Marnie, tied and gagged with a RED HANDKERCHIEF, struggles in the corner of the boxcar.

Her eyes widen as through the open train door she spots movement from across the field.

THE THREE B.E.K.'S quickly approach, GLIDING--FLYING towards the train car, the rising sun in hot pursuit.

The Teen Boy B.E.K. carries the limp body of Angela in one hand and the remains of Jack the dog in the other.

Upon arrival at the open sliding door, they float gracefully UPWARDS, then INWARDS into the train.

Marnie's attempts at escape become more desperate, made even more difficult by her pregnant condition.

The atrocities gather around a large rusty barrel. The Teen B.E.K. releases his grip. The two bodies hover in place over the mouth of the container.

With a wave from the Girl B.E.K.'s hand, blood rushes out of the two corpses like water squeezed from a wet sponge, collected inside the barrel.

The Teen Boy B.E.K. approaches Marnie, stares into her eyes as he points to the wall behind him.

The other two follow his directions, stand silently against the wall facing their prisoner.

He takes his place next to them. They stand SHOULDER TO SHOULDER. Marnie's eyes detail her terror.

As sun rises, the open door SLAMS closed. In unison the three SHUT DOWN, their dark lifeless eyes close, their grinning smiles fade.

Marnie SCREAMS through the soiled red gag.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Daybreak. The parking lot now taken over with State Police vehicles. Don and Father Rizzo lean on the trunk of the sheriff cruiser still studying the text book.

DON

But why Marnie?

FATHER RIZZO

Yeah...I was kind of saving the worst part for last.

DON

Worse? Oh, come on!

FATHER RIZZO

Internet said The Southward Equinox is like Super Bowl Sunday for these sons of bitches. They show up and collect blood--

DON

What the hell for?

FATHER RIZZO

A baptism.

Curtis' deputy vehicle quickly pulls into the lot.

FATHER RIZZO (CONT.)
Marnie gone missing...I don't see
how this can be a coincidence.

DON
Not a word to Curtis. Not a word to
anybody!

Curtis ambles out of the car balancing a box of donuts and a
tray with very familiar looking Styrofoam cups.

CURTIS
Hey, boss. Stopped by Banging
Billy's, thought we could use some
nourishment. Didn't get enough for
them even though Billy said it was
free.

He nods with his third chin towards the State Police
vehicles. Don begrudgingly takes one of the cups.

DON
Curtis, listen, I know you worked
all night, but I've kind of got my
hands full.

CURTIS
Oh, I see that, yes sir. Mornin',
Father.

Curtis offers him a cup of Banging Billy's coffee, the
priest politely shakes his head in the negative.

DON
We're still in charge here. Don't
let the big boys tell you anything
different. Johnny's locked up, I
gave him some booze, he's gonna be
sleepin' for a bit. Do not let him
out. Do not talk to him about
Angela's house, do not talk to the
newspaper, do not talk to the
troopers, in fact, don't talk to
anyone
(catching himself)
except me, you can talk to me. I
have to do another search of the
woods, today, right now.

CURTIS
Yeah, I got it boss.

DON
Go on now.

Don takes a swig of coffee followed by the usual grimace.
Curtis enters the station.

FATHER RIZZO
Don, this blood...it's real
specific.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER MOVING - DAY

Don, tired, stressed, drives as Father Rizzo's parting words
play over in his head.

FATHER RIZZO (V.O.)
They need the life force, the
blood, of a beast of burden...

The Sheriff drives down main street, receiving skeptical
stares from various townsfolk. He clutches the AA token
between the fingers of his right hand.

FATHER RIZZO (V.O.)(CONT.)
...think that may be a horse or
somethin'?

A WOMAN, walking her POODLE, hurriedly turns away from the
street. The dog BARKS aggressively at the passing vehicle.

FATHER RIZZO (V.O.) (CONT.)
...as well as what they call a
harlot...guessing that'd be what
we'd call a hooker, maybe one of
those swinger wives from over at
Calhoun's Saloon?

The SUV drives past Angela's house, STATE POLICE have taken
over the investigation, several cruisers posted outside.

OFFICERS question neighbors, still in their pajamas.

FATHER RIZZO (V.O.) (CONT.)
This needs to be blended with the
blood of a righteous man...good
luck findin' one a those in
Brockport, right?

Don looks in the rear view mirror at his own bloodshot eyes.

Lisa and Cole sit on the sidewalk ahead of the approaching
cruiser.

FATHER RIZZO (V.O.) (CONT.)

Then the blood of a virgin. But it says here they "must *willing*, unfearing and not yet at their twentieth year", and finally they require an unbaptized newborn.

DON (V.O.)

Why a baby?

FATHER RIZZO (V.O.)

Well, if it's baptized with the mixture of blood they got...it's supposed to bring about their leader. The Head Nephilim In Charge...like the Antichrist I'm guessin'.

He SLAMS on the brakes, unrolls the window.

DON

What are you two doing? Just cause this shit storm is going on doesn't mean you can ditch school.

COLE

It's Saturday.

This stumps Don. He studies the pair, looks back to the several Troopers canvassing Angela's yard.

DON

Get in.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER MOVING - LATER

Lisa and Cole sit in the back, Don drives blankly ahead.

COLE

Where are we going?

DON

You wanted to look for your mom, we're looking for your mom.

LISA

Tell him.

COLE

No, he won't believe it.

Don looks into his rear view, eyeballs the couple.

DON
What is it, Lisa?

LISA
We heard from...someone...an expert. These things are planning something really, really bad.

DON
You spoke with Sal?

LISA
Who?

DON
Forget it. I know what you know.

COLE
Do you believe it?

The car reaches a hill crest on the outskirts of town.

DON
I don't know....I believe in God...wish like Hell he would throw me a bone here, give us a sign. Just a little help would be nice--

The brakes SQUEAL!

Just over the ridge, Marvin lays dead center in the middle of the road. The cruiser, stopped cockeyed a mere inch from his prone body.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Don races from the stopped vehicle. Cole opens the back door, stands by the side of the car.

Marvin WEEPS, very much alive.

DON
Jesus Christ, Marvin! You trying to get yourself killed?

MARVIN
That's exactly what I'm doin'!

Don kneels down, assists Marvin into a sitting position.

MARVIN (CONT.)

Those evil demons! I gave him right
over to 'em! I don't wanna live! I
don't deserve to live!

Weakly, Marvin makes an attempt to snatch Don's pistol. The Sheriff easily swats his hand away.

DON

When? Where, Marvin? Show me!

MARVIN

Why? Ain't no point! He's
dead! Those things ripped him
apart! I can still hear Jack, he
was screaming! Like a
person....like those women in
'Nam...

Don signals to Cole to give him a hand.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Marvin sits next to the embers of his campfire, his eyes no longer damp from tears, now filled with RAGE.

Don inspects the campsite, BLOOD, DOG HAIR, ENTRAILS.

Lisa stands, clutching her arms around herself. Cole exits Marvin's tent with a half full bottle of vodka. He takes a swig, chokes on the burn.

DON

Cole!

Don snatches the bottle, looks at it, contemplates the contents. Damn, does he really want a swallow.

Don relinquishes the vodka to Cole. A silent stare of understanding between the two.

Cole turns to Lisa, holds up the bottle.

LISA

I can't...

MARVIN (O.S.)

I sure as shit can.

Marvin takes the bottle, drinks the remainder in one gulp.

Don returns to piecing together the scene. The carnage contained within six feet of the campfire.

He walks ten feet away from the site, looks down.
Not a single drop of blood.

COLE
Well?

Don walks another ten feet. The weeds, grass, undisturbed.
He kneels, notices a pool of BLOOD in this untraveled area.
Moving even further away, Don sees more blood splatter.
He looks to the sky, then back down to the untouched grass.

DON
(whispering)
Fuck me...they fly..

Don races back to the campsite.

DON
Get in the car!

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER MOVING - DAY

The vehicle barrels roughshod over the hilly, grassy terrain. Cole now in the passenger seat, torso out the window. Marvin and Lisa silently in the back.

COLE
More blood! That way!

Don follows his stepson's pointing finger.

DON
Whatever happens, you're staying in
the car with Lisa.

COLE
She's *my* mother!

DON
They already got Angela and the
dog's blood! They need an unafraid
virgin. I'll give you my pistol.

LISA
Unafraid? Screw that I'm scared to
death!

MARVIN

There!

Don sees what Marvin refers to. An OLD RAILROAD CAR.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The cruiser slams to a stop. Don exits, races to the back of the vehicle, throws open the trunk.

Cole appears beside him. Don hands him his service pistol, retrieves two shotguns.

DON

Keep her safe. Do not leave the vehicle. Marvin! Marvin, get out.

Don opens the rear driver side door, helps Marvin out of the seat. Hands him one of the shotguns.

DON (CONT.)

Remember how to use one of these?

Marvin grins, admires the weapon.

MARVIN

Oh, hell yes!

He dramatically PUMPS the weapon.

DON

Both of you, be careful with these, they're loaded.

Cole nods to his stepfather. Don sprints off towards the Box Car. Marvin follows him through the grassy terrain.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

The door slides open with the SCREECH OF RUSTY METAL. Daylight cuts a swath across the first third of the car.

Don's head appears at the floor entrance, he peers inside, aims the rifle.

He gags, buries his nose and mouth into his shoulder.

In the near corner, sunlight falls on the empty dehydrated corpse of Angela. Next to her, the furry remnant of Jack at the base of the rusty barrel.

DON

Jesus....

MARVIN (O.S.)

Son?

DON

Do not come in here!

Don climbs up, points the shot gun, partially closes the door from Marvin's prying eyes. He removes a Maglite from his belt, turns it on, scans the corners of the car.

Immediately, he sees Marnie, bound, gagged and unconscious.

DON

Marnie!

He races to his wife, dropping the flashlight in the process. Frantically, he pulls the dirty rag from her mouth, checks her neck for a pulse.

DON

Oh, God! Thank you, Jesus!

Unbeknown to Don, the B.E.K.'S stand, still "resting" along the opposite wall. Don's invocation of holy relief causes the Teen Boy B.E.K. to quiver, eyes still closed.

Taking his pocket knife, he struggles to cut through the dirty restraints.

DON

I'm here, baby, it's alright now.

Marnie's eyes flutter open. She coughs loudly, looks at her husband, panicked.

MARNIE

Don? Oh, God, Don? Am I dead?

Again, the Teen Boy B.E.K.'s lifeless body twitches upon hearing "God".

DON

No, baby...you're gonna be fine.

He hugs her tightly, tears well in his eyes. Marine sobs hysterically, her face hangs over Don's broad shoulder facing the B.E.K.'s.

She opens her eyes, only to be greeted by the Teen Boy B.E.K., eyes open, grinning inches from her face.

She pushes back from her husband, petrified.

Don turns to follow her gaze only to be thrown violently across the box car, the shotgun slides across the floor.

The ruckus causes Marvin to slide the door open. Squinting, he sticks his head inside.

Marvin raises his shotgun, only to have it ripped from his hands by this wakened B.E.K.

The creature swings the weapon by the barrel, CRACKS Marvin in the head with the trigger end.

Marnie struggles to her feet. She spots Don's shotgun.

Don tries to steady himself on his hands and knees. The B.E.K. turns, lowers to Don's level, GROWLS in his face.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Cole stands in front of the cruiser, holding Don's revolver. He sees Marvin crash to the ground.

He bolts towards the train car. Lisa exits the vehicle.

LISA
Cole! Wait!

She paces, cell phone in hand.

LISA (CONT.)
I'm a fucking idiot!

Lisa takes off after him.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Don scampers backwards on his ass, he backs up to the large vat. The B.E.K. rises, stands over him.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
You're next!

MARNIE (O.S.)
Mother fucker!

Marnie fires the shotgun, BOOM, the recoil causes her to fall backwards, hitting her head on the wall.

Shells hit the monster in the back, forcing him forward into the beam of daylight.

He releases AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM, not from the ammunition, but from the light.

Cole leaps into the train. The B.E.K. scrambles away from the shaft of sunlight.

COLE

Mom!

Don kicks at the thrashing atrocity, accidentally knocking over the vat of blood.

Cole races to his mother, picks her up, gun still in hand. He notices the two other B.E.K.s, still "shutdown".

The Teen B.E.K. watches the blood flow across the floor, ENRAGED, but unable to cross the barrier of daylight.

Don gets to his knees, realizes the natural light offers protection.

The two remaining B.E.K.'s begin to stir.

Lisa stands outside the door, tries to help Marvin to his feet, cell phone still in her hand.

Marvin grabs the barrel of his shotgun from the rail car floor, pulls it out into the daylight.

Cole, carrying Marnie, hands his mother to Don's outstretched arms past the light of the open door.

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

Wait! Cole...look at me.

He turns, immediately mesmerized by the seductive, slow walk of this garish demon.

GIRL B.E.K.

Come with me, Cole.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.

You'll really like her...

Don stands at the entrance, his limp wife in his arms. The Teen B.E.K. still pacing, LIVID.

DON

Cole, come on!

Lisa looks into the car.

LISA

What did that bitch just say?

She takes her cell phone, starts taking rapid pictures, the flash shocks Cole out of his sexual induced trance.

COLE

I'm going to kill you!

GIRL B.E.K.

(sarcastically)

Don't shoot us!

The two B.E.K.s CACKLE, from the safety of the darkness.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Cole unloads the revolver. Their LAUGHTER only increases.

DON

God dammit! Let's go!

Cole jumps from the boxcar. Quickly, Don hands Marnie down to him.

Just as Don attempts to exit, the smoking, charred hand of the Teen B.E.K. SLASHES his face. DON'S BLOOD pours onto the floor of the car as he falls backwards onto the ground.

Marvin FIRES his shotgun, shoots the entity square in the head, forcing him further into the dark.

From outside the boxcar, the shaken posse watch as the three B.E.K.'s congregate as close to the light as they can.

From inside, in unison, they all smile, their LAUGHTER increasing in volume and intensity.

DON

To the car! Go! Go!

In the darkness, the Teen B.E.K. raises his hands above his head. The spilled blood rises into the air, flows back into the rusty vat.

He looks down at Don's freshly spilled blood. CACKLES MANICALLY, points to the blood as it supernaturally gravitates into the bucket, MINGLED with the rest.

All three B.E.K.s nod in recognition.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Don bursts through the emergency room door cradling Marnie, blood gushes from the claw marks on his face. Cole right behind him, red faced and crying.

DON

Help! She needs help now!

CHAOS!

A team of nurses, doctors and orderlies scramble to the scene. A gurney appears. With help from the medical team, Don places her down.

Marvin, enters propped up by Lisa, a huge goose egg forming on his forehead.

Marvin crashes down into a chair. Lisa sits beside him, furiously texting on her cell.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Fred Stevenson stands in the lot, speaking with a chiseled chin State Police Officer, TROOPER PUHALA (50).

Travis squeals into the lot on his MOPED.

TRAVIS

Dad! Dad!

Fred purples in embarrassment as his son dismounts.

FRED

I'm in the middle of some serious discussions boy.

TRAVIS

You gotta see this!

FRED

I said not now!

TRAVIS

Dad!

Fred SWATS Travis across the face.

SILENCE.

The Trooper shoots Stevenson a disapproving scowl.

TROOPER PUHALA
 What is it, son?

Travis holds up his SMART PHONE. A damning photo indeed--a wild-eyed Marvin standing outside the box car, Angela's dehydrated corpse crumpled on the train floor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Don, face patched with gauze, sits near the sleeping Marnie holding her hand. Marvin sits in a corner chair, head bandaged, looks out the window. Cole and Lisa enter.

COLE
 Well?

DON
 Besides a minor concussion, your mom's fine, so is the baby.

Don tosses his car keys to Cole.

DON (CONT.)
 Take the cruiser, get Lisa home.
 Then go back to the house. Lock the doors and don't go outside.

COLE
 I want to stay with mom.

He sets the keys on a stand BEHIND A PLASTIC WATER PITCHER.

DON
 Son, all of us have been through a lot, but it's ok now, she's safe.

Cole tries to speak, looks over at Marvin, who takes the hint, rises and ambles out of the room.

COLE
 Can't we just wait here with you?

DON
 There's nothing to be scared of--

COLE
 I'm not scared! I just...want to stay here with mom. Besides, won't look too good to the State Police if they see me joyriding in your cruiser.

A small smile appears on Don's face.

LISA
(to Cole)
We need to talk.

Cole turns, waits for her to speak.

LISA (CONT.)
Not here...my car's across the
street at school...you can drive.

Don nods to Cole.

DON
Go on son. It's going to be ok.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sits nervously on the couch. Cole takes off his jacket,
begins to look through Don's desk drawers.

COLE
You'd think he'd have an emergency
bottle stashed somewhere.

LISA
Cole, just sit down, ok?

He stops his search, approaches the couch.

COLE
What's going on with you? I mean,
we're all really freaked out right
now, but you've been all goofy for
the past week.

LISA
Yeah...

COLE
Are you breaking up with me?

LISA
No! It's just that thing...when she
was coming at you all beaver
first...

COLE
Yeah...It's like I wasn't
myself...but you got me out of it.

Tears form in her eyes, true sadness.

COLE (CONT.)
Lisa, I love you...

LISA
No, I know...trust me, I know.

COLE
Is this about sex? I really don't
want to talk about it again, I told
you...it's retarded, but I know how
I want it to happen.

Cole waits for a reaction, receiving none.

COLE (CONT.)
This is the part where you laugh
and make fun of me.

LISA
I'm not laughing. I love that
you're a romantic....and so
respectful of me....God, my father
is such an asshole to my mom. It's
not that---

THE DING of the front door bell.

COLE
Hang on, ok?

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Cole instinctively reaches for the knob to open the door,
stops, attempts to look through the frosted top windows.

COLE
Who is it?

No response. The BELL RINGS again.

COLE (CONT.)
Who's there?

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)
It's me Cole, let me in.

He jerks back from the closed door.

COLE
Get the fuck out of here!

Lisa appears in the entrance way.

LISA

Cole?

POUNING ON THE DOOR!

GIRL B.E.K. (O.S.)

Let me in..I'll make you feel real good...I'll suck your dick...you want that, don't you? Technically it's not even sex...you'll still be a virgin...

A LONG FORKED TONGUE slowly licks the frosted glass window.

MORE BANGING! Cole, sweating, Lisa, petrified.

COLE

Upstairs! Now!

Lisa sprints up the stair case.

QUIET.....SILENCE....

Cole checks the windows, all locked, no B.E.K.s in site. He darts up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lisa paces, scared as fuck!

LISA

What are we going to do?

COLE

Here.

Cole pushes her through a doorway into the nursery.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Marvin checks the coin return in a row of vending machines. He comes up empty handed.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Up against the wall jagoff!

Marvin turns to see the entire State Police aiming guns directly at him. Johnny, in full uniform, spins him around roughly.

MARVIN

Easy! I got a condition!

JOHNNY

You got more problems than your bum
heart right 'bout now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Don gazes at his sleeping wife, his attention broken by a commotion in the hall. A strong showing of law enforcement follows Johnny as he marches Marvin down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Don bolts into the hallway.

DON

Johnny! Who the hell let you out?

TROOPER PUHALA

I did, Mr. Perin. We found our
culprit.

DON

Marvin? He didn't do anything.

TROOPER PUHALA

It's none of your concern now.

DON

I'm still the sheriff here!

FRED (O.S.)

Well...

Don turns, face to face with his nemesis Stevenson.

FRED

In the wake of everything going on,
we decided to promote Johnny to
Sheriff, just until you can pull
yourself back together.

DON

That's not how it works, Stevenson,
you can't just do that.

TROOPER PUHALA

No, but I can, and I did. Going to
need your badge and firearm, Mr.
Perin.

The tired, beaten now former Sheriff, looks at the trooper, then back to Stevenson.

DON
You know what? Screw it...

Don rips his badge from his shirt, relinquishes his gun to the trooper.

DON (CONT.)
Congratulations. I quit. Happy?

FRED
Gotta turn over the keys to the vehicle, too.

DON
Well you're shit out of luck there, I ain't got 'em.

Fred studies Don, looks to the Trooper.

DON (CONT.)
You want to frisk me?

TROOPER PUHALA
Take care of your wife. Just be grateful we're not taking you in... yet. And don't get all cowboy like and skip town. I'd hate to have to chase you down when need be.

The Trooper hands the badge to Fred.

They exit. Halfway down the hallway Fred turns, breathes on the badge, sarcastically, smiles.

Don's cell phone rings.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Cole, his cell to his ear, frantically scans out the window. Nothing but DARKNESS. Lisa, crying hysterically, studies the beautiful newly built crib.

COLE
Come on, Don!

DON (O.S.)
Cole?

COLE

They're here! At the house!

The Teen Boy B.E.K. appears, hovering outside the window. He grins, slowly moves his bony finger and thumb together. Don's VOICE immediately cuts off.

COLE (CONT.)

Don? Don? Shit!

Lisa points to the closed window. Cole turns, confronted by the B.E.K.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

Let us in fucker!

COLE

No! I'm not afraid of you!

The entity turns his attention to Lisa.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

Let me in whore!

Mesmerized Lisa stands, crosses towards the window.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Don stands clutching his dead phone, turns to his sedated wife. Looks at the phone again, NO DISPLAY, totally shot.

He paces, sees the keys to the cruiser behind the plastic water pitcher.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION-NIGHT

Don rushes from Marnie's room, past the Nurse's Station.

TWO NURSES, NANCY (56), blond, overweight, and KATIE (26), brunette, attractive, watch as he races down the hallway.

NURSE KATIE

I was a lot more comfortable when the police were here.

NURSE NANCY

Don't matter none, that sexy State Trooper gave me his card.

She pulls it out of her scrub pocket, hands it to Katie.

NURSE NANCY (CONT.)
Told me to call him if anything out
of the usual happens.

NURSE KATIE
You dirty girl! You think him
runnin' out of here would be
considered unusual?

The older nurse shrugs, indifferent...she's obviously seen a
lot in her time at this Podunk hospital.

NURSE NANCY
Wanna see somethin' really unusual?

Nancy opens a cabinet above the ice machine, moves some
supplies around. Looks about, pulls out a .357 Magnum.

NURSE NANCY (CONT.)
When Gary found out about that busy
body getting stabbed, missing,
whatever, he gave me this.

NURSE KATIE
Holy shit, Nancy! That's like a
canon!

NURSE NANCY
I know how to use it, too. Ain't
afraid or nothin'. Hey, if it's my
life or the killer's, I'd bet it
all on my fat ass, darlin'!

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - NIGHT

A young CANDY STRIPER (18) sits behind the desk flipping
through an issue of US WEEKLY.

Don bursts through the stairwell door like a bat out of hell
brandishing the keys to the cruiser.

DON
Call Father Rizzo at St. Tobias!
Tell him to sit with my wife!

The Candy Striper stares blankly.

The automatic exit doors moving too slowly for him, Don
pushes them apart. Without turning around he shouts again.

DON

Do it!

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

COLE

It's my house! She can't invite you
in! I refuse!

The being SNARLS! Immediately, Lisa is shaken from the spell. The Black Boy B.E.K. and the Girl B.E.K. appear floating next to their leader.

COLE (CONT.)

You're not getting her!

The B.E.K.s GIGGLE in unison.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

Her? She's just a Jezebel! A common
slut!

Lisa cringes with each accusation.

GIRL B.E.K.

She does have an itchy pussy.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.

I don't think he knows yet...

GIRL B.E.K.

Let me tell him...please...

The leader grins and nods.

GIRL B.E.K.

She really is a whore, Cole. Tell
him Lisa.

Cole's attention moves to his girlfriend.

LISA

No!

COLE

What are they saying?

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Don races to the street only to see a tow truck pulling off with the cruiser...revealing a NO PARKING sign as it passes.

DON
Come on! Shit!

He sprints with all the athleticism he can muster down the deserted main street.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

LISA
She's lying!

GIRL BOY B.E.K.
Am I? Didn't you spread for that kid? Let him cum all up in you?

Realization pours from Cole's face. Devastated denial...

COLE
(pleadingly)
Is it true?

LISA
(crying)
Cole, please...they're lying...

Her deceit is useless, her eyes silently tell the truth.

GIRL B.E.K.
Really? Then how do you explain that bastard growing in your womb?

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Sweating, legs and arms pumping furiously, Don sees the neon lights of Banging Billy's Convenience Store in the distance.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

COLE
Travis?

Lisa drops to her knees, sobbing hysterically.

LISA
 I'm sorry....I wanted to tell you!
 Oh God! I'm so sorry, please!

As if bludgeoned with a sledgehammer, Cole drops to the ground, his eyes closed tight.

Lisa crawls towards Cole, he yanks away from her touch.

LISA (CONT.)
 It doesn't matter! Cole, please,
 forgive me!

The evil entities watch this heartbreaking scene intently.

Cole stands, methodically walks to the closed window.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
 He fucked your girl good, man. Ate
 her out, too! Come on, let us
 in. We'll take care of her for
 you.

INT. BANGING BILLY'S CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Banging Billy methodically plunges a clogged toilet. The DING of the entrance door. He doesn't bother to look up.

BANGING BILLY
 Be right witcha, gotta stuffed
 shitter.

Don races behind the counter, rifles through drawers.

DON
 I need the keys Billy!

Billy looks up from his task.

BANGING BILLY
 Sheriff?

DON
 The keys to the truck! Now!

Billy ambles up to the register, wet toilet paper covered plunger in hand.

BANGING BILLY
 I swear I'm gettin' that light
 fixed tomorrow. It's on order--

DON

I don't give a shit! I need the god
damn' keys!

Billy looks down at a large ring of keys hooked to his belt.
Don follows his path of vision, yanks off the entire set.
Turns and races out the door.

BANGING BILLY

Hey! This here's 'Merica! Fuck me
runnin', crazy suma bitch...

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Cole FLINGS the window open. Glass SHATTERS, LARGE CHUNKS
LAND ON THE FLOOR. He looks back to the WAILING Lisa.

COLE

I loved you. You couldn't wait for
me and I loved you.

He exits the third story window head first. Before he can
drop a foot he is enveloped by the B.E.K.s. They rise with
their victim into the dark night.

LISA

NO!

INT. DON'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Don KICKS in the locked front door. Totally weaponless, he
charges into the foyer.

DON

Cole! Cole!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

He takes the stairs two at a time, throws open first Cole's
bedroom door, then the bathroom, next the master bedroom.

Finally, he approaches the nursery at the end of the hall.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Slowly, he opens the door.

DON

Oh God!

Wind blows through the broken open window. Lisa, slumped in the corner, her WRISTS BLEEDING OUT on the white carpet.

A JAGGED PIECE OF GLASS rests on the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa, unconscious, laid out on the kitchen floor. Don, corded phone braced between his neck and shoulder, tightly wraps dishcloths around her wrists.

DON

(into the phone)

Now, Curtis, now!

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Father Rizzo, in full blown PRIEST ATTIRE, PURPLE ROBE INCLUDED, marches with purpose towards the Nurse's Station carrying a BLACK BAG.

He wrongly wears a set of rosary beads like a necklace draped over his flowing purple garments.

FATHER RIZZO

Excuse me, Nancy, where may I find
Marnie Perin's room?

The jaded Nurse looks up from her charts, responds without skipping a beat.

NURSE NANCY

Three-thirty one, Father.

The priest, now all serious about his lot in life, nods.

FATHER RIZZO

Bless you, my child.

He continues his pilgrimage down the hall. Nurse Katie approaches from behind her mentor, cranes her neck as she watches this strange sight.

NURSE KATIE

That's unusual...right?

Nurse Nancy shrugs indifferently.

EXT. DON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A whirlwind of activity. On a gurney, Lisa is loaded into a waiting ambulance. Trooper Puhala, with Stevenson in tow, directs officers through the front door. Curtis unfurls CRIME SCENE TAPE around the house.

Don paces across the front yard in frustration. Johnny strolls up the driveway.

JOHNNY

Looks like you fucked this one up.

DON

Traitor.

JOHNNY

I'm the traitor? Stevenson was the only guy that believed I had nothin' to do with Angela's death! You sure as shit threw me under the bus right quick, dintcha' ya?

DON

Get the fuck off my property!

JOHNNY

You ain't calling 'dem shots no more.

The State Trooper approaches the pair.

DON

We have to get out to those old boxcars past Farmington!

TROOPER PUHALA

Oh, I'd say you got bigger fish to fry, Mr. Perin.

Johnny spins Don around, it's handcuff time!

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

In the corner, the torn body of Cole, MINUS A LEG, lays on top of Angela's drained corpse.

The B.E.K.'s pour FRESH BLOOD into the vat, stirring it with A HUMAN LEG, CHANTING in tongues, circling the vat of blood.

The Black Boy B.E.K. picks up a large bucket, hands it to the leader. The Teen Boy B.E.K. dips it into the vat, pulls out the container now full of the satanic mixture.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marvin lays on the metal bunk in the left cell, Don paces in the right.

Johnny strolls to the cages with an open manila envelope.

JOHNNY

Ok, so let's see...one fried cell phone...what the hell you do to this here? Hope you had the foresight to buy the extended warranty...one wallet with miscellaneous identification and... seven dollars.

He drops the billfold theatrically into the envelope.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Now that you're unemployed you may want to invest that somewhere. One empty holster...looks like you got it at the Wal-Mart...

Into the envelope. Don turns away from the cell door, fuming. Marvin watches from his bunk.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

...and one Alcoholic token...says here two years sober...congratulations!

Into the envelope.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Oh, and thanks for bringing the keys to the cruiser back. Much obliged.

He happily licks the envelope, seals it. Tosses it to Curtis who sits at Johnny's old Deputy desk.

DON

You can't keep me here.

JOHNNY

Oh, thinkin' we can.

DON

She tried to kill *herself*!

JOHNNY

Maybe...but that don't explain that fugitive step boy you're aiding and abettin'. Oh, and Banging Billy's pressing charges. Grand Theft Auto is some serious shit.

Down the hall to Don's left, Fred Stevenson and Trooper Puhala retrieve firearms from a cabinet.

DON (O.S.)

There's a kid out there who's in a world of shit!

FRED

Oh, we'll find him, right after we collect that lady Marvin killed.

Trooper Puhala walks past the cells. He leans down on the desk at eye level with Curtis.

TROOPER PUHALA

Son, I know all this is confusing to you, but see those two?

Without looking, he points towards the cells.

TROOPER PUHALA (CONT.)

They're the Bad Guys. I know you still think of them as the Good Guys, but at this point, all evidence points that they are some really disturbed fellas, you following me now?

Curtis nods quickly, his jowls shaking.

TROOPER PUHALA (CONT.)

OK, good, that's good. Now, we're going to retrieve a body the older one there...well...let's just say it's likely going to be a closed casket. When we come back, those bad men, they need to still be in those cells. They're going to try to talk with you, plead with you a bit. Don't engage them in conversation. If you have to, take your coat, go outside, go take a shit, do something, but do not speak to them. Ok? Good boy.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

THE CHATTER of a sports talk show from the ceiling mounted television.

A ravaged, empty tray of hospital food on the table beside him, Father Rizzo sits near the still sedated Marnie. He flips through channels using the wired bed remote.

A tiny WHIMPER escapes from the sleeping patient causing the priest to nervously look over. His eyes then travel to the black bag resting at his feet.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Through the bars, Don stares at the large wall calendar labeled "DAYS LEFT TIL JOHNNY'S VACATION".

All dates prior to "September 23rd" are checked off with a RED X.

Under the box for "September 23rd", two pre-printed lines read: Famous Birthdays Mickey Rooney & Bruce Springsteen. Southward Equinox."

DON

Curtis.

Curtis stands, takes his coat, walks outside.

DON (CONT.)

God damn it!

Don sits down on the floor of the cell.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Curtis paces visibly upset by his current situation.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marvin sits up from his bunk, looks through the bars to Don, devastated, crumpled on the floor, head in his hands.

MARVIN

Don't lose faith, son. I been in worse cells than this.

The old man stumbles over, sits on the floor, places a weathered hand through the bars onto his son's shoulder.

Don looks over through bloodshot eyes.

DON

Didn't know you were in prison.

MARVIN

Prison? Didn't your momma tell you anything 'bout me?

DON

Being honest...nothing good.

MARVIN

Son, most of my time over there I was locked up in a bamboo cage...a *helluva* lot worse than this here.

DON

She never told me that.

MARVIN

Yep. Every day all I wanted to do was find a way to end it...had it all planned, too. See, they had these pigs, and I kept my eye on 'em, so's to pass the time. And I seen this here one was gettin' real sick. What I done was, well, I'd take my scraps of whatever the hell that was they'd feed us, and I'd save 'em.

Don, totally engrossed in his father's tale.

MARVIN (CONT.)

I'd dangle that food outside the space in them bamboo pipes, and they come over and eat right from my palm...just like Jack done. My plan was to make friends with that sick one...figured when she'd get close enough, I'd grab her...was gonna bite into her...figured she'd make me sick, too.

DON

Jesus...

MARVIN

Yep...Jesus...

DON
How'd you get out?

MARVIN
Well, fate's a surly bitch. It was the exact day I had that pig right where I wanted...and they come in and let me out.

DON
Just like that?

MARVIN
You expectin' me to tell you Chuck Norris came in guns blazin' and shot all them savages? A couple U.S. soldiers and some army pencil pushers showed up...hell, I'll be damned if they didn't even shake those gooks hands like they just done a business deal.

DON
That's...incredible...

MARVIN
Turns out the day I got free...well...come to find out it was the same day you was born.

This resonates with Don.

MARVIN (CONT.)
Spent the resta of my life trying to cope with all that...didn't have no fancy name for it like they do now...PTSD...but many a night since...wish I would've bit into that pig.

DON
Marvin...Dad...I'm sorry...I didn't know--

MARVIN
I lost my faith over there son. Spent every day since trying to get it back. Hold onto yours, sometimes it's all ya got. That wife and baby a yours...they gonna be ok.

Marvin pulls himself up with the jail bars, sits back down on his cot.

Don watches as Marvin leans over, unwraps his Velcro sneaker laces, pops his filthy feet out of the cheap shoes.

DON'S EYES WIDEN. He looks to his RIGHT BOOT.

CUT TO:

Don unlocks his cell, then Marvin's.

Both men look into the gun cabinet, no weapons left.

Marvin spots an AXE on the wall. He snatches it.

Don dumps the contents of the manila envelope onto the desk, snatches only the AA Token.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Curtis exhales, opens the front door to the office. From the rear door, Marvin and Don escape racing up the alley.

INT. REB'S VAN MOVING - NIGHT

Clean, pretty, wearing no makeup, Reb drives down main street, past the burn outs sitting on the bridge. They make obscene gestures as she passes.

She kisses her fingertips, touches a cheesy plastic JESUS swaying back and forth on the dash. The van comes to a stop at the only red light in town.

Nervously, she cranes her neck looking through the windshield upwards to the night sky.

The side door SLINGS open. Marvin, wielding the axe, climbs in. Don jumps into the passenger seat.

REB

Whoa, Sheriff, I ain't holding no more! I'm clean, man!

DON

I don't care if you've got twenty kilos of coke up your ass! Drive!

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - NIGHT

Nurse Nancy exits through the automatic doors, approaches BARNEY (46), a black orderly, enjoying a cigarette.

NURSE NANCY
Gotta share, Barney.

BARNEY
Them looks only gonna get you so
far in life, Beautiful.

He smiles, hands her a cigarette, holds out his lit lighter.

BARNEY (CONT.)
Best start buyin' your own.

She inhales, suddenly SHIVERS.

NURSE NANCY
Ohh! Just got a chill! Look...

BARNEY
Goose pimples. Mama said that
happens when someone walks over the
sight of your future grave.

From out of the darkness, the Black Boy B.E.K. appears, wearing Angela's SUNGLASSES.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
Excuse me, sir, is their a public
restroom inside?

Barney and Nancy study this odd dressed interloper.

BARNEY
What you doing out here so late,
little man?

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
My grand pap is inside. He's really
sick....dying. Came out here when
it was light. Must have fallen
asleep.

BARNEY
You can use the one in his room,
that's cool.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
You're giving me permission to go
in?

NURSE NANCY

Visiting hours are long over.
Where's your parents at?

BARNEY

His pap's dying, woman. Go ahead in
little dude. We won't tell.

With a sly grin, he approaches the automatic doors. THEY
DON'T OPEN. Frustrated, he turns to the orderly.

Barney, cigarette held behind him, walks up to the doors.
They open immediately. The boy enters. Barney turns back to
Nancy, places the cigarette in his mouth.

BARNEY

Trippy.

Nancy gives her obligatory, indifferent shrug.

SPLAT!

ANGELA'S CORPSE falls from the sky landing at Nancy's feet.

Speechless, they stare at each other. Barney looks up to the
roof of the hospital.

BARNEY (CONT.)

A jumper?

His eyes WIDEN.

He pushes Nancy away as COLE'S BODY also falls from the sky.

Nancy takes a drag from her smoke. Barney peers over the
corpses.

BARNEY (CONT.)

White boy's missin' a limb...

Nancy flicks her cigarette across the sidewalk. She turns,
walks towards the entrance. Speechless, skittish, Barney
follows hot on her heels.

As the automatic doors close, COLE'S LEG falls from above
onto the two bodies.

INT. HOSPITAL TERMINAL WARD - NIGHT

The Black Boy B.E.K. stands in the doorway of a darkened room. An ELDERLY WOMAN (84) looks up at the ceiling crying through cloudy, glaucoma filled eyes.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Who's there?

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
Why are you crying?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Is that my boy? Charlie...is that you? Oh, God...you come back for your mama? Come in here...

Cringing at the mention of God, he crosses the threshold.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
Yes...it's me...Charlie.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Charlie...The angels are here...I can feel them...just outside the window...their eyes all over me....

From outside the window the two other B.E.K.s hover.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
They're here, mama, just outside.
Do you want them to come in?

ELDERLY WOMAN
I do...it's my time...

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
(softly)
Say it. Tell them they can come in.

She looks over at the window with cloudy eyes.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I'm ready...come in angels...

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Christ in the crippler cross face,
Curtis!

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Johnny stands inside the boxcar holding an empty body bag in one hand, his cell up to his ear in the other.

JOHNNY

Alls you had to do was watch 'em!

Fred and Trooper Puhala shine flashlights around the EMPTY, PRISTINE train car.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Hell, yes, I'm gonna tell 'em!

Johnny pulls the phone from his ear.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Dumbshit tells me those two vanished! Then he puts me on hold to take a 911.

FRED

Vanished?

TROOPER PUHALA

This place...it's too clean. Your boy, he like to play pranks?

FRED

Travis? I'll beat him till he bleeds then beat him for bleedin'!

The trooper continues to inspect the area. Johnny back on the phone.

JOHNNY

Yeah...balls on toast! Come on, Curtis!

He puts the phone back down to his shoulder.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Can you believe this fucktard? Now numnuts is telling me there's two assholes jumped off the roof of the hospital, kilt themselves.

FRED

Maybe it's Perin and his old man?

Trooper Puhala looks out into the dark night.

STATE TROOPER
 Don't think so...you said two of
 'em?

INT. REB'S VAN - NIGHT

Reb's van SQUEALS to a stop in front of the hospital.

REB
 Sorry, Sheriff, this is as far as I
 go.

DON
 Ready Dad?

MARVIN
 As I'm ever gonna be.

Don snatches the plastic Jesus, they scramble out.

REB
 Hey!

DON
 Couldn't hurt.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The three B.E.K.s march up the hallway towards Marnie's
 room. The oldest, in the lead, carries the BUCKET OF BLOOD.

The girl veers off, stops in front of the Nurse's Station.

Nurse Katie, Barney and Nurse Nancy, all stunned, look up
 from the desk as the two remaining B.E.K.s proceed.

EXT. HOSPITAL SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

Marvin attempts unsuccessfully to BANG open the locked door
 with the AXE.

Don snatches it from his hands, CHOPS the door handle free
 with one THUNDEROUS CLANG.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Father Rizzo sits on the toilet in the bathroom, door slightly ajar. His long flowing robe bunched up as he goes about his business of taking a dump.

NURSE KATIE (O.S.)
Mrs. Perin...it's time for your medication.

The priest leans over past the black satchel resting on the sink, embarrassingly closes the door the rest of the way.

Marnie quietly MOANS.

In the doorway stands the two male B.E.K.s.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
(in Nurse Katie's voice)
Can I can come in?

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Don, brandishing the axe in one hand and Dashboard Jesus in the other, plunges up the steps, three at a time. Marvin, much slower, stops on the landing, clutches his chest.

DON
Dad!

MARVIN
Git on up...I'm right behind ya.

Up another flight Don bursts through the stairwell door.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Don immediately stops in his tracks.

NURSE NANCY frozen stiff at the Nurse's Station, her .357 MAGNUM pointed at the Girl B.E.K. against the wall.

The creature's left hand held out horizontally, the other raised in the air.

DON
Hey!

No response from the demon or the nurse.

He walks closer, notices Nurse Katie and Barney standing behind the gun-wielding nurse, all three motionless, FROZEN STILL.

Hesitantly, Don studies the Girl B.E.K. standing perfectly inanimate in this odd position.

DON
To hell with it...

He rears back with the axe, CHOPS her directly in the mouth. Her face splits horizontally, the weapon sticks in the wall.

No reaction from the creature or her spellbound victims.

He looks up the hallway. There stands the Black Boy B.E.K., stagnant, dead center in the aisle near Marnie's room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The bucket of blood resting at his dirty feet, the Older Boy B.E.K. slices his long, bony fingernail across the still sedated Marnie's abdomen. Placenta oozes out of the opening.

A horrified Father Rizzo peeks through the bathroom door.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Empowered, clutching the Dashboard Jesus, Don runs up the hall towards the downward staring entity.

DON
Back to hell you little bastard!

The child looks up, black eyes shocked by the image of Christ. He smiles, exposing stained horrible fangs.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.
It's not even blessed...

In one CHOMP, he bites the ornament, CRUNCHING maniacally.

Astonishment turns to anger as Don grabs the little demon by the collar of his school boy jacket.

DON
Fuck this!

Don flings the creature down the hall.

Quickly, it bounces up, scampers on all fours ACROSS THE WALL towards the sheriff.

Don bursts through the open doorway of Marnie's room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

DON

Get the hell away from my family!

The Older Boy B.E.K. turns, SNARLS, pulls the infant from Marnie's belly.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

Oh, look, it's the proud papa. You want to cut the cord?

In the doorway the Black Boy B.E.K. gnashes his teeth.

BLACK BOY B.E.K.

Let me in!

Don lunges for the older demon, only to be swatted back against the wall, collapsing in a heap by the bathroom door.

The younger entity SCREAMS inches from the fallen sheriff.

BLACK BOY B.E.K. (CONT.)

Invite me in now!

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

You're too late Daddy! This child is ours!

The entity holds the placenta covered newborn, umbilical cord still attached, over the bucket of blood.

Father Rizzo charges out of the bathroom brandishing A LARGE GOLD CROSS.

FATHER RIZZO

I don't think so asshole!

The Black Boy B.E.K. ceases his rantings, watches the priest nervously as his leader dangles the baby by it's feet over the bucket.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

Is it blessed?

FATHER RIZZO

Fuckin' right it's blessed! By the Arch Bishop of The Diocese of Pittsburgh!

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
Consecrated?

FATHER RIZZO
Two times you ugly son of a bitch!

The demon cringes theatrically...a bit too over the top for Don's taste.

Wielding the holy relic, the priest walks slowly towards this abomination.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
But we've come so close...

FATHER RIZZO
Tough titty said the kitty, but the milk's still good! Now put that baby back in her mother and step the hell away from the bed.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
So that's it then. It's over.

DON
Sal--

FATHER RIZZO
Relax Don, I got this.

The priest, now nose to nose with the evil entity.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
Blessed by the bishop himself, huh?

FATHER RIZZO
Oh yeah.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.
Well, shit...you stupid poser...

With his free ghastly hand, the demon clutches the cross.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (CONT.)
It has no power if the one who
wields it has no faith.

Father Rizzo's eyes widen as the B.E.K. opens his enormous mouth, plops the infant into the bucket.

DON
NO!

The monster GRABS Father Rizzo by the throat, SQUEEZES.

Don snatches his crying daughter from the bloody concoction, cradles her in the corner.

The priest's face purples, he drops the cross to the floor.
CLANG!

In the doorway, the young B.E.K. CACKLES....THUNK! An axe blade splits it's head in two.

The demon drops to his knees as Marvin kicks the surprised being out of his way.

The old man enters, wincing, clutching his chest. He feebly winds up with the axe preparing to attack the Older B.E.K.

DON

Dad, no! The cross!

Marvin looks over to Don protecting his blood covered baby.

DON (CONT.)

Get the cross!

The old man drops the axe, kneels down in agony, grabs the golden relic, staggers towards the monster.

The older B.E.K. twists his neck around, now staring at the cross with true fear. He releases Father Rizzo.

TEEN BOY B.E.K.

NO! Your faith is not strong enough!

MARVIN

The hell it ain't!

Bony, wretched hands attempt to push the holy item away. Marvin's face reddens as he forces the cross against the battling demon's chest, searing his unholy flesh.

Marnie's eyes flutter.

Father Rizzo crawls across the floor towards Don, his robe dragging behind him.

A struggle between the weakened beast and the old man in the throes of a heart attack, the creature gaining the upper hand.

From the doorway, the Girl B.E.K, bottom jaw hanging on by a loose thread of sinewy tendon, joins her younger partner nervously watching this battle between good and evil.

Don hands the infant to Father Rizzo.

Unable to bear the pain in his chest, Marvin falls to his knees. The B.E.K. grins.

TEEN BOY B.E.K. (CONT.)
 All that praying out in the woods
 almost paid off Marvin. When you
 get to Hell, tell Dad I said hello!

Don's BLOODY HAND reaches out, GRABS Marvin's, both men united holding the cross.

The demons in the doorway unleash a HIDEOUS scream, disappear in a cloud of black brimstone.

DON
 We got faith in God....and more
 than enough faith in this family!

The Older B.E.K. releases the cross, thrusts himself back into the wall, vanishes in a large burst of smoke.

Immediately, THE FIRE ALARM WAILS, the sprinklers burst open, hemorrhaging water throughout the room.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

THE FIRE ALARM SCREAMS. Water pours from the sprinklers.

Nurse Nancy stands, gun pointed at the large axe hole in the wall. She cocks her head, confused.

BARNEY
 What the mother fuck? Damn...who
 slipped me a mickey?

Nurse Katie stands, confused by the downpour.

Nancy marches up the hallway, the .357 hand cannon leading the way.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The FIRE ALARM continues it's EAR SHATTERING WHINE. The sprinklers continue to GUSH.

Don kneels sympathetically beside his fallen father, tries to help him to his feet.

MARVIN
 (panting)
 Tend to your family.

DON
 Dad--

Marvin struggles to get up, turns the nearby axe on it's head, uses it as a support.

MARVIN
 I'm fine son...

Father Rizzo cradles the bloody baby in his robe.

FATHER RIZZO
 Don?

Don looks over.

FATHER RIZZO (CONT.)
 Marnie's awake.

He darts to his wife's beside. Confused, delirious, she clutches her open belly.

MARNIE
 Oh God...Don...it hurts...

Marvin, finally to his feet, bends over, leans on the axe.

Spilled unholy blood all over the floor turning light pink from the barrage of sprinkler water.

DON
 You're ok, you're gonna be ok. The baby's fine...

Father Rizzo appears at beside holding the newborn. Behind him, Marvin, propped up by the axe, smiles through his chest pain, watching the family reunion.

DON (CONT.)
 I'm going to get you some help, ok?
 Just hold on.

FATHER RIZZO
 My God, do I need a chew!

CLICK.

Don turns.

BOOM!

A HUGE HOLE appears in Marvin's chest. He drops to the floor.

There stands Nurse Nancy, the smoking gun held out in front of her.

DON

NO!

NURSE NANCY

Git away from that baby, Sheriff!

DON

You don't understand--

He takes a step towards her.

BOOM!

Don flies backwards into Marnie's bed. BLOOD AND FLESH ripped from his sternum.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MAIN STREET BRIDGE - DAY

A bright, sunny day. Travis sits atop his moped listening intently to Reb, now back in her usual hooligan attire.

REB

I was there, man, I'm telling you. They both had this crazy, wild look in their eyes.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

A HANDY MAN (20's) sands down a botched drywall repair where the axe landed.

Nurse Nancy sits at the desk pencil whipping her charts.

REB (V.O.)

That fat nurse, son, she wasn't gonna take that shit!

A plaque rests on the desk, engraved: "For Above And Beyond The Call Of Service".

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Three TOMBSTONES, side by side, engraved only with "Florence Perin, Marvin Perin, Donald Perin".

REB (V.O.)
They say that Sheriff fell off the wagon. Guess he was like a raging drunk or somethin'.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The interchangeable letter sign reads: "St. Tobias Welcomes Father Lukasiak".

REB (V.O.)
Started hanging out with that homeless dude.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Curtis lights a candle in the empty vestibule.

REB (V.O.)
Thinking his baby was possessed by demons and stuff. Hell, the kid wasn't even born yet.

EXT. MAIN STREET BRIDGE - DAY

A very pregnant Lisa walks with her mother on the opposite side of the street. Travis' attention still on Reb.

REB
Even thought his wife's son made some deal with the devil or something. I heard he chopped him into little pieces. Killed that old bitchy broad, said she was a witch.

The Sheriff's cruiser passes, driven by Fred in full uniform Johnny in the passenger seat.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

A large sign over the entrance door: "Welcome To Phoenix!"

His hair now TOTALLY WHITE, Father Rizzo, wearing a Pittsburgh Steelers jersey, exits the terminal carrying only a duffel bag and a Mountain Dew bottle.

He stops, takes in his new surroundings, spits chaw juice into the bottle.

EXT. MAIN STREET BRIDGE - DAY

TRAVIS
But didn't you see things?

REB
Man, I've smoked so much weed, hard
to say what I've seen and
haven't...stay off the pipe, dude!

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

MARNIE (OS)
Want to say hi to your big brother?

Clouds pass across the sun.

Marnie pushes a baby stroller towards a beautiful, fully engraved tombstone.

"Cole Lindemuth--Loving Son, Doting Brother".

She lifts her beautiful infant from the stroller, sits on the grass beside the grave. A tear rolls down her face.

The baby fusses.

MARNIE
Oh, Angel...you must be hungry,
huh? Ok, ok...

Marnie unfastens the top two buttons of her blouse. Places the child's face to her exposed breast.

MARNIE (CONT.)
There...better?

Eyes closed, the infant suckles contentedly. Her mother exhales sadly.

MARNIE (CONT.)
Cole...I'm so sorry...I had no idea
he was so...damaged. Please,
forgive me...

Immediately, the sun bursts through the clouds, shining on Marine and the child. She smiles.

On cue, nipple still in her mouth, the child smiles as well.

Marnie looks up to the sky, closes her eyes...a brief moment of happiness.

The baby, still grinning, opens her eyes.

THEY ARE ENTIRELY BLACK.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.