

HELLBREAKER\$

Written by

Chris Mueller
Michael P. Brennan
Jamie Nash

omgchrism@gmail.com
mbrenn3@gmail.com
jamie.nash@verizon.net

RUSTED METAL WALLS

Decorated in Armageddon wallpaper.

News clippings of natural disasters, cryptozoology sightings and other weird shit.

Fingers thumb a wireless headset. And we're in --

INT. WEBCAST STUDIO - DAY

Everything a one-man-operation needs to take on the internet. Compacted into one of those standing desks. After all, you want to be fit when the apocalypse comes...

Pacing to and fro, SANTIAGO RAMIREZ (50's), pock-marked, patches of missing hair. The weirdo no one sits next to on the bus.

SANTIAGO

The war between heaven and hell never ended. It was just put on pause.

(scratches his head)

And good ol' Satan. He's got his claws on the remote.

(licks his lips)

How do I know this, dear listeners?

Santiago glances over to an old tabloid story "*Fallen Angels Rescued My Soul From Hell*".

SANTIAGO

Because I've been there. And those that came for me. Walk among us...

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NEW JERSEY - SUNDOWN

FIVE FIGURES enter like they own the place.

Military swagger. Bags of gear.

And they've got a pig. Yep, like Charlotte's Fucking Web. We'll get to that in a bit.

AT THE ALTAR

Stands a bundle of nerves in a pit-stained suit. FRANCIS WEAVER (40s). There's not much honest about him. Not the capped white teeth, the spray-on tan, and especially the hair.

At his feet --

TWO DEAD DRUGGIES. Man and woman, now forever twenty-one...

The team rigs their gear.

Tactical vests. Radio mics. A shitload of automatic guns. And bladed weapons. Ornate. Ancient.

Supervising the action, the leader, ALANDREAL (DREA). She's intense and cocky, with deep dark eyes that miss nothing. Looks thirties, but is older than the Damascus steel dagger at her side.

DREA

Took your sweet old time calling us, Weaver. It's almost sunset.

WEAVER

We just found him.

Weaver indicates TWO SUITED GOONS, behind and flanking him. Two more MUSCLED CLONES guard the church's entrance.

DREA

Who's the girl?

WEAVER

Girlfriend maybe. I don't know. She's not under contract.

DREA

How many times for this kid now? I've lost count.

CLANG! A fist hammers a stake into the floor! Anchoring the now chained pig into place.

Belongs to our second fallen-angel, GARY, thin, wiry, and always wearing a shit-eating grin.

GARY

We might have to start issuing a rewards card or something.

Laughs all around. Except for the African, CYRUS - the oldest of the bunch.

He's just finished pouring a line of salt around the dead kid. Eyeballs Gary.

WEAVER

All I know is -- the guy with the money wants his son back.

MOMENTS LATER

Our five mercenaries are ready. Gear on, weapons slung, like a bad-ass cover of Soldier of Fortune magazine.

But they're missing someone.

CREEEEEAAAANKKK. The church doors open and in hustles FATHER HECTOR RAMIREZ, a hard-looking fifties, decked out in denim and leather -- Danny Trejo's doppelganger. Only the white collar betrays him.

He pushes through the team, barely holding onto a big-ass book in his arms.

HECTOR

Excuse me. Sorry.

DREA

Glad you could join us Padre...
 (checks her watch)
 Four minutes, ten seconds to
 sunset. Mark.

They step into the circle of salt.

Kneel around the body.

Father Hector opens the Medieval text he's carrying. Leather bound with wooden slats and filled with handwritten cloth pages -- The Monk's Book.

He utters an incantation in Latin.

Cyrus takes a small knife, pierces his palm, then holds the blood in his fist.

All the angels touch the body. Drea puts a hand on Hector.

Cyrus opens his hand, droplets fall into the Monk's Book --

BWAMF!!! They disappear from this plane of existence...

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - SAME [HELL]

This place looks exactly like the one we left.

Well, exactly-ish.

It's older. Decayed.

But these worlds are linked.

AT THE ALTAR [HELL]

The Angels aim their death dealers in all directions.

It's just them.

For now.

Drea looks at the corpse. A ghostly trail of light leads away. The soul's tether to the body.

DREA

Shit. He's been taken.

GARY

Or maybe he went for takeout. Takeo, where's the closest Chinese place?

That draws a glare from TAKEO, the Japanese member of the team. He's got the lean physique of a panther and is equally as deadly. But his best skill is ignoring barbs from Gary.

GARY

Come on. That's offensive? You're not even technically human, let alone Chinese.

Cyrus glances at Drea, knows what she wants.

CYRUS

Takeo, Ezekiel, on me.

GARY

I gotta baby-sit Jesse Pinkman here. Again?

We get a good look at our final merc, Ezekiel. There's a real kindness in his face. The one you'd want comforting you in your final moments.

He places a hand on Gary's shoulder.

EZEKIEL

Whining doesn't become you brother.

GARY

A little appreciation would be nice, that's all.

DREA

You're right. How's this: do your job. Pretty fucking please, with sprinkles on top.

CYRUS

Gary, get the body prepped. And Padre, stay in the circle. We'll be dragging a world of hurt on this one.

The four mercs head out as the pig nuzzles Gary.

GARY

See? Respect.

The pig grunts in disagreement.

EXT. CITY STREET - SUNSET [HELL]

Our four angels in formation. Weapons scan roofs and windows.

Track glimpses of movement. Shadows.

Follow the trail of light to an apartment complex.

BACK AT THE CHURCH [HELL]

Father Hector stands in the circle with the open Book as --

Gary pours salt in straight lines over the corpse.

GARY

Gary, prep the body... Gary, cover us... Gary, quit staring at the demon with six titties... if only...

The lines take shape.

Connected to the previous circle, the salted mosaic is clear.

A PENTAGRAM.

At the center -- HARDY BINGER, JR., all used up. Masking his pain in a sea of tattoos, including a fresh one.

A large shadow flies past one of the windows.

Gary whips around.

Too late. It's gone.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX [HELL]

An old-school brick building with a cast-iron fire escape.

Sticky residue oozes out broken windows.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - ENTRANCE [HELL]

The oozing goo --- all over here.

Drea motions. They enter, two by two.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Safeties off.

STAIRWELL [HELL]

Now we see the purpose of the sticky mess.

DAMNED SOULS bound to the walls like Velcro.

In various stages of torture. Skin flayed. Bowels hanging.
Real Clive Barker shit.

A bloody hand claws out --

It's the Dead Girl!!!

DEAD GIRL

God... Please... Help... me...

DREA

(whispers)

He doesn't give a shit anymore.

EZEKIEL

Help me cut her out.

DREA

There's no time.

EZEKIEL

Without the ritual, she's lucky we
found her at all.

DREA

She's not the mission --

And that's when they hear it.

A HELLSPIDER. Goo-wrapping a soul like a cigarillo.

It's grotesquely fat. A Frankenstein mishmash of arachnid and man. Four powerful spider limbs stretch out before it. A pair of human arms and legs make up its hind quarters. With only a single pair of eyes.

A bright blue one stares at Drea while it's spidery black twin looks up to the ceiling and --

More fucking spiders!

Here they come, their slimy spinnerets ejecting human entrails instead of silk.

The team opens up! BAM! BAM! BAM! Spectral death pours from their muzzles.

Because this isn't your daddy's ammo, but modern Hellfire! Silver tipped bullets etched in runic symbols.

KA-BOOM! Spiders shred like graters. Bursting.

And Damned Souls spill out!! Freed from their fleshy prison. Their battered bodies scurry away.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX [HELL]

Through darkened windows, FLASHES OF GUNFIRE SILHOUETTE Drea and her team as they fight their way to the roof.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

Gary checks his watch.

1:56... 1:55... 1:54...

GARY
(into ear mic)
What's your status?

Gunfire and creature screams crackle on the radio.

EZEKIEL
(on radio)
ETA, 90 seconds.

GARY
That's cutting it close.

EZEKIEL
(on radio)
Just be ready.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX [HELL]

Drea and Cyrus burst onto the roof.

Spot their man Hardy, gooped to the ground.

Drea pulls her dagger, ripping flesh.

AHHHHHHHHHHH!

But Hardy's free and they're on their way.

When Takeo comes backing out the stairwell, machine gun fire lighting up the sunset. SLAPS in a new clip, continues pouring rounds inside, covering --

Ezekiel, wearing a human backpack - the Dead Girl.

DREA
Goddammit Ezekiel!! She's going to
slow us down.

EZEKIEL
I've got her. Go!

Hellspiders burst from ducts as the team runs to the --

FIRE ESCAPE [HELL]

Spiders pile on behind them. It can't hold the strain.

Two floors up. No choice. Gotta bail, this thing's coming down.

Cyrus and Takeo parkour down to the ground.

Roll, rise up, flood the sky with enchanted lead.

Ezekiel's next. Holds the Dead Girl with both hands, jumps.

Hardy looks at Drea, expecting to be piggybacked too.

DREA
You only think it's gonna hurt.

Drea pushes him off.

He falls fast.

Hits concrete.

SNAP! Bone through leg. OWWWWWWW!

Drea lands beside him.

HARDY
You... you lied!

No time for bitching. Up he goes on Drea's shoulder.

Ezekiel limps off. Doesn't look at Drea's 'I told you so' face.

INT. /EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

Gary looks out the doors, weapon in hand.

:41... :40... :39

A shadow passes overhead. BIG.

Gary squints into the sky.

Nothing but his imagination.

GUNFIRE!!!

The team rounds the corner. Everyone accounted for... plus one.

GARY

The invite didn't say anything
about guests.

No one laughs. Then Gary sees what's behind them.

A HORDE OF SPIDERS.

The team barely keeps ahead. Firing rounds behind. Keeping them at bay.

Ezekiel brings up the rear, struggling with the Dead Girl.

It's going to be close.

TAKEO

Fucking cover us!!

GARY

Uh, yeah --

Gary zips rounds over their heads while everyone scrambles up the steps.

They're almost inside when --

The Dead Girl slips off Ezekiel.

THWOMP!

A set of pincers traps her legs!

She paws the ground. Going nowhere fast.

Ezekiel grabs her hand. It's a tug of war.

And he's losing.

Another Hellspider joins the scrum. Snags his tactical vest.
Pulls him oh-so-close to that snapping jaw.

But the stubborn angel just won't let go. He locks those
gentle eyes onto the Dead Girl. *I've got you.*

The Girl calms. She's at peace. Comforted.

Drea sees what's happening. Sizes up the situation. It's her
man or the girl.

Makes her choice.

With unnatural quickness, she leaps off the stairs like an
Olympic long jumper.

Her ancient dagger slices through the mandibles clamped onto
Ezekiel.

The symbols on the knife light up like a Christmas tree as it
cuts through with laser intensity.

It frees Ezekiel. And only Ezekiel.

The Dead Girl SCREAMS as she's pulled awaaaaaayyyy...

Drea drags him inside --

ABANDONED CHURCH ENTRANCE [HELL]

Gary slams the doors shut just in time!!

As Spiders POUND against the entrance.

ABANDONED CHURCH ENTRANCE [EARTH]

BOOOOOOM! The doors shudder.

Beside them, the two Goons jump in fear. Even though
nothing's there.

ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

The team hustles down the aisle.

Spiders claw through the windows. CLOSING IN.

The angels reach the altar.

Hardy looks at his body. It's not every day you get to see yourself dead. Drea pushes him down, the body and soul merge.

GARY

Let's get the fuck out --

THE CHURCH DOORS SHATTER!

In flies a HELLDAGON. Exactly what it sounds like. Claws and fangs as big as people. Angelic rounds just bounce off its scaly thick skin.

ABANDONED CHURCH [EARTH]

The building QUAKES, knocks a Goon to the floor. Pews jump, then crash down. CRACKS RIPPLE across stained glass.

Weaver clings to the wall. Fighting every instinct to flee.

ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

The HellDragon towers in front of Father Hector, who stands his ground.

Lucky for him, it seems transfixed on the body... or maybe The Monk's Book.

Drea flings her blade at the Beast's hoof. Unlike their ammo, it penetrates that demonic hide.

THWAP! Through and into the ground.

Stuck for just a second.

Everyone piles in the circle. All hands on Hardy.

Hector SNAP CLOSES The Monk's Book --

ABANDONED CHURCH - ALTAR [EARTH]

BWAMF!

The whole group appears, back where they started.

Labored breathing. And looks shared between people who literally just went to Hell and back.

GARY

That was fun dad, can we go again?

This time, Gary's levity wins them over.

Even Takeo's stoic veneer cracks a thin smile.

It's the first time we see any real emotion on the team. It's what makes them *feel*... something... *anything*.

But the moment is lost when --

Hardy bolts up between them!!

Gasps for air. Doubles over. Vomits.

Then watches as his needled arm and that new tattoo, heal and scar over.

He pulls at his pants leg. Just like he left it. Because it was never broken.

DREA

Hellava mind fuck, huh?

Hardy passes out.

Weaver motions for one of the Goons to check on him.

Ezekiel lingers on the motionless Dead Girl. Then moves on.

ABANDONED CHURCH - LATER

The team stows their gear. Ezekiel tosses his like a petulant child.

Drea gets close. Her voice almost a whisper. And deadly serious.

DREA

You wanna be pissed at me. That's fine. But remember this...

Ezekiel says nothing.

DREA

I'm always gonna choose us over them. You wanna return to the nothingness from which we were created, do that on your own fucking time.

Drea turns his face to hers

DREA

Father favors them. Not you.

Weaver approaches, oblivious to the tension.

WEAVER
That was a close one.

DREA
Been in tighter spots.

WEAVER
I wasn't thinking of you.

DREA
Might have to reduce your cut. Lost
my favorite blade down there.

Weaver flops a duffle bag of cash.

WEAVER
My thirty percent's a bargain. Not
like I can find you clients by
putting an ad on Craigslist.

Drea grabs the bag.

WEAVER
Until next time --

The pig SNORTS.

The angels freeze.

She snorts again. HARD.

The MEDIC GOON checking Hardy's vitals, looks over.

MEDIC GOON
What is it?

Gary approaches.

GARY
Sometimes, one of the little pricks
follows us out. And it needs a
place to go.

DREA
Padre, you're up.

Hector slips out a vial of holy oil. Splashes it on our curly-tailed friend. A hand on a her hide, then a prayer.

She calms down.

HECTOR
That should do it.

Gary pats her head, she stares lovingly back when --

Her eyes turn black!

And TWO CLAWED HANDS RIP OUT HER FUCKING HIDE!!!

It's the HellDragon! Filling the church as its wings unfurl.

Gary's knocked on his ass, butt scooting away.

And you can tell from the look on our merc's faces, that ain't supposed to happen.

The walls shake as the beast lets loose an UNHOLY SHRIEK! The dagger still in its hoof. And it's pissed about it.

DREA
MOVE!

The angels and Hector find cover. The Goons aren't so quick.

A wing scoops up a pair. SPLASH! Saliva rains down on them like a German scat film.

The monster drops them. And as the Goons look up, we see their eyes. Black. Evil. Possessed.

POSSESSED GOON#1 lunges for the Medic, who pulls his sidearm and blasts away. No effect. The Demon Goon tears into him.

POSSESSED GOON#2 attacks Weaver, who's hidden himself behind the last surviving bodyguard. That guy's watched horror movies before and smartly empties his pistol into the Goon's head, dropping him. They run out the back of the church.

Our Angels now pull their blades.

Forged in ancient times for the express purpose of kicking demon ass. And each reflective of the earthly regions these angels once swore to protect.

A KATANA for Takeo. SCIMITAR for Cyrus.

A double-ended POLEAXE for Ezekiel, that can be used as one long weapon when snapped together, or separately in each hand.

Gary pulls a BROADSWORD out of the now dead Goon#1.

Drea knows what they have to do. Surround this thing before it gets out. And she's got the team to do it.

Five angels expertly trained in holy warfare. Honed over millennia. Created for one purpose.

The move as a unit. Quickly. Quietly.

The beast sniffs the air. Hunting. Cat and mouse. LASHING OUT with impossible force. Yet it doesn't realize it's the mouse.

Drea steps forward. Meet the cheese. The Dragon lunges for her, JAW SNAPPING.

She leaps out of the way --

And our angels make their move. They attack from all sides.

Slicing and stabbing. Then retreating. Never engaging head-on. But never letting up. Never letting it anticipate.

They're bleeding it. Death by a thousand cuts.

Its legs wobble. Its head droops.

It's time to finish it.

Drea slides across the blood-soaked floor, rips the dagger out of its hoof and plunges it through the Beast's heart.

But not before one last gasp. A claw tearing at Drea's back.

Totally worth it.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - STREET - NIGHT

A limo with Weaver, Hardy and surviving Goon, pulls away. Fire from the now burning church reflected in its windows.

In minutes, all evidence of Hell will be ashes.

EXT. 'SAVIOR MINISTRIES' - NIGHT

A white cross on the front door stands out among the shops that crowd this crummy part of town.

Well, it might stand out if there wasn't a strip club next door.

'LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - A GENTLEMEN'S CLUB'

Because nothing says 'gentlemen' like a neon beaver with spinning tassels on her furry chest.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Drea sits on one of the chairs facing the pulpit in the makeshift church.

Her shirt is off, a blood-soaked claw mark down her back.

DREA

Owww!

A needle's been stuck in.

HECTOR

A two-story hell demon gouges your back and this is what you whine about?

SARA (O.S.)

You should have heard her complain about a paper cut last week.

On SARA RAMIREZ(17), with long dark hair and a softness in her eyes. She may not look as tough as her pops, but her mind is sharp and so is her mouth.

She hands over some medical supplies.

SARA

Did it hurt?

DREA

This? Only a scratch.

SARA

These.

Sara touches two ridges of scarred-over skin on her back.

DREA

Yeah, like being punched in the tits.

SARA

How did you lose them? Did you slice them off yourself? Ooh, or did they rot or something?

Drea closes her eyes, remembering.

And we hear RUSHING WIND, like the sound of a skydiver buffeting during free-fall.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - IN THE SKY - DAY

Drea. Tumbling out of control and naked, except for her bright, white angel wings.

SCREAMS as she lights up the sky like a meteor.

THUD! She craters into the earth.

Not a scratch on her, except for the smoldering wings, which turn to ash and drift in the wind.

DREA (V.O.)

It's how we all came to this plane.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - LIBYAN DESSERT

Cyrus climbs out of his crater near a mosque.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - SPANISH COASTAL CITY

Ezekiel, sensing shame for the first time, covering up his nakedness as MEDIEVAL PILGRIMS stare.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - JAPANESE BUDDHIST TEMPLE

Takeo, being tended to by orange-robed MONKS.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - SOME ICY SIBERIAN TUNDRA

Gary, buck naked, freezing his ass off.

BACK TO THE PRESENT: INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - NIGHT

Drea drifts off. The drugs kicking in.

DREA

Neither angel... nor human...

Hector hands a suture and needle to Sara.

SARA

I can do it this time?

HECTOR

Not too shallow or it will just re-open.

SARA

I know. I've only watched you do
this like a thousand times.

Drea starts to protest, but Sara's all business.

SARA

Trust me.

BASEMENT

A lone bulb sways from the ceiling.

Casting ominous shadows that dance across the wall. Demon
claw. Fanged skull. Horned beast.

Reflections of the past, enshrined in a glass case.

We can just make out Cyrus in the dim light. As he kneels in
supplication, a giant hoof from the HellDragon in his palms.

CYRUS

In humble service, we honor thee /A
token of the fallen, our victory
/With sword and shield, your
instrument of wrath /We light the
way on darkness path /Til this our
end, on battle's ground /Eternal
your chosen ones...

CYRUS

Our wings wrapped round.

EZEKIEL (O.S.)

Our wings wrapped round.

Ezekiel wanders in as Cyrus rises.

EZEKIEL

I miss my wings.

CYRUS

I miss the herald of our kind. The
hum that permeated the Kingdom.
Remembering the old ways helps
drown the silence.

EZEKIEL

I just put a fan on to help me sleep.

CYRUS

Sarcasm. Very human.

EZEKIEL

After all these centuries, Cy. Why
do you still do this?

CYRUS
 Because I've never forgotten what I
 am. Who we are. Even if Father
 never listens...

He gently places the hoof in the case.

CYRUS
 Where are the boys?

EZEKIEL
 Honoring the fallen. Their way.

INT. 'LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS' STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

If your idea of a good time is salmonella poisoning and
 herpes roulette, then by all means try out Beaver's buffet
 and champagne room.

Odds are good the CHUNKY STRIPPER on stage has both.

BACK TABLE

That's where we find 'the boys'. With rounds of shot glasses.

But I wouldn't call this a celebration.

Real tears wet Gary's eyes, as he holds a framed selfie of
 him and "Mrs. Oinkers".

The heavily pierced BARTENDER (20s), collects the empties.
 She's sexy, if Pinhead from Hellraiser turns you on.

BARTENDER
 What's wrong with him?

TAKEO
 We lost... a coworker.

BARTENDER
 Is that a pig?

GARY
 She was my bestie. I'll never
 forget you Mrs. Oinkers.

TAKEO
 They were close.

Takeo slaps some twenties on the Bartender's tray.

TAKEO

Just keep 'em coming. Oh, and a BLT.

GARY

Have you no shame?

TAKEO

You honor her your way, I'll do it mine... On toast, extra crispy.

The Bartender passes a table of STREET THUGS. Paying no mind to her bouncing breasts, their attention squarely on our mourning angels.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Sara snips the last stitch as Ezekiel and Cyrus enter.

EZEKIEL

Nice work.

Sara runs over, smothers Ezekiel in a big hug. He's her fave.

SARA

Somebody's got to take over for my dad. His hands are getting a little shaky.

CYRUS

(to Drea)

I need to speak with you.

HECTOR

Sara, go outside for a bit.

SARA

How am I supposed to learn the ropes if you guys won't let me in on the big conversations?

HECTOR

Not tonight.

SARA

Sooooo, you'd rather I hang out with the creepy bouncers who keep asking me when I turn eighteen?

HECTOR

Go.

She scoffs, then heads out.

DREA

You can't protect her forever,
Hector. She's going to find out one
day. Better on your terms.

HECTOR

You don't get to make that call!
I'm her father.

(lowers his voice)

If I had my way she wouldn't know
about any of you. Or your business.

DREA

You're right. And maybe she'd have
more than just a father.

HECTOR

FUCK. YOU!

Now it's Hector who storms off.

EZEKIEL

Always making friends.

Cyrus approaches. Puts on his serious face.

CYRUS

That wasn't some minor demon we
encountered tonight, Alandreal.

DREA

Oh, it's 'Alandreal' now? This
night just keeps getting better.

CYRUS

It was an abomination we haven't
seen in... over two thousand years.
Had it escaped, mankind could do
nothing to stop it.

DREA

Lucky for them we're bad mother
fuckers.

CYRUS

Nothing that powerful should have been
able to pass through to the earthly
plane, even with our open portal.

EZEKIEL

What are you saying?

CYRUS

I don't know how, but the seals
must have been broken.

DREA

Such a drama queen. The world is
always ending and he wants to be
the one to save it.

EZEKIEL

I have to agree with Drea. We would
know, right?

CYRUS

Would we? If it weren't for the
Monk's Book, we'd be as blind as
humanity.

Drea goes to walk away, Cyrus grabs her.

CYRUS

You can try to dismiss this, but I
know you saw it. We all did.

EZEKIEL

The Book.

CYRUS

That thing locked it's eyes right
on it.

DREA

Or maybe it wanted that soul back,
that's kinda its thing.

CYRUS

The world is in danger.

DREA

And if it is, why should I give a
shit? Isn't that what's supposed to
happen?

CYRUS

Don't forget who we are. Why we
were created.

DREA

Why we were abandoned?

The moment hangs in the air. A flash of pain, like deep
seated loss, crosses their faces.

CYRUS

I'm taking the Book to the Archives for safekeeping. And I don't need your permission.

DREA

No, I've got it. If it goes with you, we'll be placing photos on milk cartons to get it back.

EXT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES /LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - NIGHT

Hidden in the shadows... one of the Street Thugs from the bar. Watches Drea exit and take off in a pickup.

The Thug flicks a cigarette and hops in a sedan parked nearby. Pulls a phone to his ear.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Drea looks in the rearview mirror. *Is she on to the tail?*

DREA

I know you're back there.

Sara sheepishly pops up from the second row of the cab.

DREA

Were you listening the whole time?

SARA

Enough to know you're going to the Archives. I've always wanted to see it.

DREA

Your dad doesn't think it's a good idea to be involved with us.

SARA

You never struck me as someone who cares what others think.

Drea pulls over.

SARA

You're dumping me off HERE?

DREA

Climb into the front seat and buckle in.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - BACK TABLE - NIGHT

Takeo and Gary are smashed.

Hanging with two strippers. CANDY and DAKOTA - names like that, do they really need a description? Got their junk rubbing on our two angels.

DAKOTA

Soooooo, bayyybeee. Want to go to the back room? I'll give you a sexy private show.

Gary belches a 'let's do it.' It's a sexy belch.

The pair pass the table where the creepy Street Thugs were. Now empty.

INT. THUG SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Our smoking Thug has company. THREE THUGS total and they've got the pickup in their sights.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Drea at the wheel. Sara in the passenger seat, excited.

Rain falls as they pull into a rental storage facility.

A quick swipe of their card at the gate and it's down paved aisles of garage-sized units.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Drea lifts the corrugated door then lights a kerosene lamp.

Sara rushes over from the nearby pickup, hopping rain puddles. In she goes.

INT. 'THE ARCHIVES' STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Stuff everywhere. Boxes stacked to the ceiling; plastic tubs of religious knickknacks from all over the globe; even a pristine post-war-era Harley.

SARA

THIS? This is the archives?

She wanted Disneyland, got Six Flags.

SARA
Please tell me there's a secret
passage that leads down. Or Bat
poles? Something.

DREA
Didn't have the heart to tell ya.

Sara takes it in.

SARA
Who knew angels were hoarders?

INT. THE ARCHIVES - LATER

A rhythmic PLINK-PLINK-PLINK of rain on the tin roof.
Drea's got the Monk's Book in front of an open safe.

DREA
You know what this is?

SARA
The Hellbreaker book.

DREA
Hellbreaker. Cool name. Might have
to start using it.

SARA
Well, you use it to break into Hell
don't you? Seems waaay obvi.

Drea can't help but smile.

DREA
An order of Monks called the
Carthusians entrus --

SARA
Yeah, yeah, some dudes from oldie
times gave it to you to keep safe.
Until you figured out how to use it
and now you're all about the money
and sinful pleasures... that's my
dad's version anyway.

DREA
Remind me to have a chat with him.

Drea kneels in front of Sara.

DREA

We just didn't lose our wings when we stopped serving. We gave up house privileges too. The book is our way into the basement.

SARA

I know that.

DREA

What you don't know... We're not the only ones who can use it. Sure, it's coded and written in a dozen dead languages. But it's not impossible to decipher.

Drea places the Book in the safe.

DREA

It's dangerous if used without us. Hector knows that. And you should too.

SARA

Why are you telling me this?

Drea hesitates. She wants to say something, but can't.

DREA

You want to take over for your dad one day, right?

SARA

Either that or a WWE Diva.

DREA

(moving on)
Lesson number two.

Drea closes the safe door.

SARA

That keeps out a demon?

Drea turns Sara's head. Small, runic symbols like those on their ammo run along the walls. A large one on the door.

DREA

Runic spells. Knowledge passed down to the ancient mystics from the almighty mage himself... This one's a protective barrier. Will keep out most anything that could cause trouble. The safe's for prying eyes.

Drea puts a spin on the tumbler while Sara snaps a picture of the door.

She then plucks a photo album from one of the dusty shelves.

SARA
This my dad?

DREA
He's probably getting worried about you. We should get going.

Sara ignores her.

Neither notice the pair of boots just beyond the partially closed garage door. Pointed in their direction.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ezekiel stares out the window, a fifth of Jack in hand.

The BUZZ of the Leave It To Beavers neon sign interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps.

CYRUS
Watching over your flock?

EZEKIEL
Drinking for the dead. Cheers.

CYRUS
The girl?

Cyrus reaches for the bottle.

CYRUS
It was her time. She made her choices in life.

EZEKIEL
Choice. The crown jewel of humanity.

CYRUS
The one thing that made Lucifer jealous. He was His most trusted... and still begged to be granted the same 'gift.' All it gave us was war.

EZEKIEL
Were we any different? I never liked being a piece on the chess board.

CYRUS

If only we'd been able to finish the game. No one likes a draw.

EZEKIEL

Fucking Jesus. Had to go be all heroic and shit.

They both share a laugh and another hit of whiskey.

CYRUS

I thought that by choosing to fall, there'd be purpose again.

EZEKIEL

We rescued a man's soul today. Gotta count for something.

CYRUS

We got paid because some rich slob didn't want his son to pay for his sins. Isn't that Father's plan?

EZEKIEL

So you think Lucifer was right to start the war?

CYRUS

God's the one who made the rules. Heaven for the faithful, Hell for the rest, right?

Cyrus takes a swig from the bottle.

CYRUS

Lucifer does the dirty work. Punishes men for their wickedness. And he gets the rap as the bad guy.

EZEKIEL

Makes God seem like kind of a dick.

INT. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Sara pulls out another old photo.

It's a YOUNG HECTOR posing with a second man. Both decked out in biker gear, throwing gang signs to the camera.

The second man is familiar ---

SANTIAGO, the podcaster.

SARA
Who's this?

DREA
Your Uncle Santiago.

SARA
Didn't know I had an uncle...

Sara looks up to Drea for more info, but she's not giving.

SARA
So when you met my dad, he was a
bad guy, huh?

DREA
When I met him, he was dead.

Another photo now. This time, a VERY PREGNANT WOMAN poses
with Hector, who's older and wearing his priest collar.

SARA
Going to Hell really straightened
him out.

DREA
It put him on the right path. She
kept him there.

SARA
My mom was beautiful.
(she looks up)
How did she really die, Drea?

DREA
That's the end of today's less --

Drea sees Sara staring past her.

At the pair of boots near the doorway.

Instinctively, she puts Sara behind her.

It's dead quiet, except for the POUNDING RAIN.

The boots walk off. Creepy.

DREA
We're leaving. Now.

INT. /EXT. THE ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER

Drea lifts the door.

Hanging on her pickup, TWO STREET THUGS and a LEADER, the ones that followed them.

THUG LEADER

I think you've got something for us.

DREA

You're right, I do.

She pulls a Glock from her waistband.

THUG LEADER

Whoa. You don't want to do that.

DREA

Then you need to step away from our ride.

The Leader jumps down, turns to his boys and laughs. But when his head spins back around, his eyes are icy white.

Without hesitation Drea lets go a volley.

Three Thugs drop. A single hole in their noggins before the shell casings hit the ground.

Drea grabs Sara, races for the pickup.

Stops when she notices --

The two dead Thugs on the pickup -- gone --

They're in the air!!

One lands on the roof, the other plows into Drea. She and her pistol rocket away in opposite directions.

Sara flees for The Archives.

Drea ninja-flips up, hot on Sara's heels. SLAMS THE GARAGE DOOR SHUT behind them.

INT. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Panic on Sara's face as footsteps POUND above.

SARA

The runes. We're safe in here, right?

A CLAWED HAND bursts through the ceiling.

EXT. THE ARCHIVES

The Thugs hardly resemble men anymore.

Now, twisted nightmares. Demons inside cracking bones, allowing unnatural contortion and movement.

The DEMON THUGS rip away at the shed.

INT. THE ARCHIVES

Sara and Drea tear through the clutter, desperate to find *anything* that might help.

Something catches Sara's eye. Buried in one of the plastic tubs. Hindu prayer beads.

SARA

There's sage in these beads. Demons hate sage.

DREA

Burning sage.

The kerosene lamp beckons...

INT. /EXT. THE ARCHIVES

The garage door rips open!

Emerging from the darkness, Drea.

The beads wrapped around both hands, in flames.

A COMIC BOOK MOMENT.

Drea pounces.

Lands some quick kicks. But her fists do the real damage. Hitting like brass knuckles.

The roof-bound Demon Thug leaps to join the melee.

Drea sees it.

SQUISH! Punches right through his fucking skull!!

Brains and teeth splash onto the ground.

Drea whips back around --

THUNK! A boot catches her in the gut. Goes flying through the adjacent storage unit.

Her hands light up some old carpet. FWOOSH!

The second Demon Thug bursts into the Archives.

Sara hides among the clutter. Making herself small. Not daring breathe.

The Demon pushes through the stacks, scans, hunts.

Sara backpedals. The unit's cramped. No place to go. A tin prison.

She bumps a Jenga Puzzle of boxes holding religious supplies. Some fall out and clatter... almost giving her away.

She carefully steadies the pile, then sees on the floor...

INCENSE STICKS!!

She reaches for them --

A gnarled hand grabs her wrist. The monster has her!!!

CRASH!!! Drea explodes through the wall in a cloud of sheetrock and smoke.

The Demon dangles Sara in front like a Baby Bjorn carrier. Sara kicks, flails, struggles to get free, but it's got her in a vice grip.

Drea and her lock eyes. And Sara reveals the fist full of incense.

She JAMS them into the Demon's thigh!!

FIZZzzzzzz! His skins sizzles. Blisters.

He stumbles back, drops her --

Drea moves in. Right cross. Left cross. Upper cut. She hits all the special combo buttons.

Sara grabs a bunch more of the holy sticks. Climbs onto the demon like a murder monkey. Sticking him all over, until he goes down in a burning heap.

Drea grins at the little warrior.

DREA

Nice work. Now where's the last --

TWHAP! THWAP!

Two rounds strike Drea in the chest.

The Demon Leader has her Glock, aiming down the barrel.

All we see is hammer lock and flame, until it clicks empty.

But Drea is still standing. Her clothes shredded, streaks of blood oozing out.

Lucky for her, those were straight-up rounds, no runes. Her angelic flesh crunched them before they could deeply penetrate. But they still hurt like a bitch.

The Demon Leader's had enough. Takes off.

Drea's on him in a flash.

She's 'gentle' with this one. Wants him alive.

EXT. THE ARCHIVES - LATER, NIGHT

The unit's on fire and going up fast.

Inside, the two dead Demonic Thugs burn. As their clothes melt away, exposed flesh reveals...

A RUNIC TATTOO.

One we've seen before. On the kid rescued from Hell.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cyrus is buried in the The Monk's Book, a magnifying glass scanning a hand-drawn-painting like the Terminator picking out targets.

He settles on that cursed tattoo, blown up to see every detail. An exact match.

He pulls the glass back, revealing a man bound to an altar, the runic circle carved into his chest.

Ezekiel peers over his shoulder.

EZEKIEL

Looks like our baddie, alright.
Even down to the white eyes.

Cyrus reads a caption on the page.

CYRUS
Ex Uno Plures.

EZEKIEL
Out of one, many.

In the drawing, the man is disemboweled, rows of claws emerging.

EZEKIEL
Multiple possessions in a single host? Would explain why our wards didn't work.

CYRUS
Doesn't explain how they crossed over.

EZEKIEL
Or who summoned them.

In the background, a shadowy figure raises his hands over the entire scene.

CYRUS
Maybe our guest can shed some light.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - MORNING

CRACK! A fist pummels the Demon Leader's face. Takeo and Gary stare at their infernal punching bag.

GARY
Tough son of a bitch, I'll give him that.

TAKEO
You admire this asshole?

GARY
I admire the devotion. The tenacity. And those milky eyes are kinda badass.

DREA
Still nothing?

TAKEO
Father Hector went at him all night.

A Bible on one of the chairs. Hector's weapon of choice.

GARY
The power of Christ did not compel him.

DEMON LEADER
 (demonic)
 Alandreal. Takeo. Gregarovich.

TAKEO
 Just a whole lot of that.

GARY
 Gary. My name is Gary now. If you
 fucks are going to whisper it in
 Hell, get it right.

Drea grabs it by the throat.

DREA
 Listen up, dick-breath. Why do you
 want the Book?
 (nothing)
 Who brought you to this plane?
 (releases him, then)
 This is getting us nowhere.

Gary's eyes narrow on the man's Tattoo.

KITCHEN

Sara sits across from Hector, exhausted from the night's
 attempts at exorcism. She slides across the family photos.

SARA
 Is this why you never let me go to
 The Archives?

Hector thumbs through. Remembering. Turns them upside down.

HECTOR
 You're all I care about now.

SARA
 Caring isn't leaving me in the
 dark. Not knowing the truth. About
 mom.

HECTOR
 She died giving you life. That is
 the truth --

SARA
 (reaches for his hand)
 Daddy. Please.

Hector looks into her eyes. Her mother's eyes.

HECTOR

You've only known me like this.
(thumps his priest collar)
But my brother and I were not good
men. And that life ended the way
they always do... But I was spared,
saved from my many, many sins.

Hector stands, turns his back. Ashamed.

HECTOR

Santiago didn't believe me.
Wouldn't listen. And when it was
his time, there was no contract. No
one coming to his rescue. But I had
the Book... I had to try.

Sara begins to understand where this is going.

HECTOR

Something followed us out. But it
didn't come for me.

Hector looks at the photo of his pregnant wife.

HECTOR

If it wasn't for Cyrus, I would
have lost you both.

Sara has no words, only tears.

HECTOR

I killed your mother, Sara, and
I've been trying to make up for it
ever since.

Sara goes to him, arms around his waist.

SARA

I don't blame you daddy. I blame
that thing out there. I want to
help stop them.

Relief on Hector's face. Proving confession is good for the
soul.

HECTOR

I guess demon hunting is going to
be the family business.

SARA

You mean Uncle Santiago --

HECTOR

We both serve now. I in my way, he
in his...

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - DAY

A flotilla of rust. Abandoned ships losing their battle
against nature and time.

EXT. USS CRAVEN - DAY

The bridge of an old cargo barge, its ass sunk in the water.
Graffiti splashed all over, masking what lies beneath.
Protective runes.

INT. USS CRAVEN - THE BRIDGE AKA 'SANTIAGO'S STUDIO' - DAY

Here we are again. Right where our story started.

The radio podcaster who's been to Hell and won't shut up
about it.

Santiago mutters to himself as he goes to a bank of security
monitors.

Taps on one labeled 'Vessels'. ZAP. It flickers to life,
showing a small pen of pigs on the rear deck.

He heads over to a metal press and picks up a set of etching
tools. GRINDS AWAY. Ammo falls into a box, runes imprinted on
them. The repetition calms him...

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Cyrus and Ezekiel have joined the interrogation. Their
attention -- the demonic tramp-stamp on the Thug's neck.

And that's when Gary realizes...

GARY

That kid we rescued yesterday...had
a fresh tat on him.

DREA

Like this!?

GARY

Maybe?... Yes.

TAKEO

You're just telling us now? Are you
fucking kidding me?

GARY

His body looks like a jigsaw puzzle!
How was I supposed to know that ONE was
crucial and shit.

EZEKIEL

In the painting, it's cut into him.

CYRUS

And how do you think a needle gun
works?

Drea ain't got time for this bullshit. Pulls her pistol.

DEMON LEADER

(demonic/Latin)

Your weapons cannot stop us. We are
legion... Abaddon will rise... The
blood of the innocent will set him
free. Blood of the innocent will
set him free. Blood of the
innocent... will set him free --

BLAM! Little hole in the front. Big in the back. Demon and
chair on the floor. Deader than fucking disco.

They all stare down at the body.

HECTOR

Santiago's the closest thing to an
expert on this stuff. Maybe he can
help.

DREA

Take Ezekiel and Sara. I don't want
her alone.

Hector nods.

DREA

Cyrus and I will hit up Weaver.
Track down our repeat customer --

TAKEO

What about us?

DREA

Find out what you can on that tattoo.

EXT. 'RISING DRAGON' TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Just blocks from the money center of the world, Rising Dragon gets it's name from the coiled serpent snaking across the glass windows and front door of this ink and piercing shop.

INT. RISING DRAGON - SAME

Takeo compares the photo on his phone with -- a set of TATTOOS that are identical. Gary holds up the samples.

GARY

What do you know about this one?

SINDY (20s) - big eyes, bangs, polka-dot dress - the Betty Boop of skin artists, glances up from the CLIENT she's currently buzzing.

SINDY

Been popular. Especially with the money crowd.

She nods to the dude on the slab, with his thousand dollar slacks and shoes.

CLIENT

You'd be surprised how many suits have tattoo sleeves beneath them. A bad boy with money? Keeps those panties wet --

Sindy presses hard into his flesh.

CLIENT

Owww! Sorry.

TAKEO

Your designs?

SINDY

There's dozens of slingers in the city, guys. Seen a bunch of places with that same set. Though we're tighter on the work...

TAKEO

How did --

SINDY

Sitting in a package at the front door. With a wad of cash to put them up. Never heard from the maker...

They move toward the door. Talk amongst themselves.

GARY

Someone's been at this for a while.
You know what that means?

TAKEO

Hundreds, maybe thousands, ready to
be possessed. An army of the damned
in waiting.

The weight of it sits with Gary. And for the first time ever,
the smart-ass doesn't have a thing to say.

TAKEO

It's not the end-of-times yet
brother. Let's get a move on.

INT. RISING DRAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Sindy watches the duo peel away from the curb.

She reaches over for a piece of gear. Dress hiking up,
revealing the bottom half of our tattoo on her upper thigh.

INT. WEAVER'S HIGHRISE APARTMENT - DAY

The real estate agent sold Weaver on the million dollar view.

Though he never expected to see it dangling upside down and
outside the penthouse balcony.

WEAVER

Why would I want an apocalypse?!
Demons and shit running around? I
don't need the ocean turning to
blood. I own beach front.

Drea let's Weaver slip just a bit.

DREA

You must have known something?

WEAVER

One little demon pops out of a pig
and now we're asking for three
forms of ID?

DREA

That thing was after the Book. And
they knew where the Archives were.

WEAVER

You guys aren't exactly the CIA.
It's probably one of those
strippers Gary's been diddling.

Drea let's gravity do its thing. AHHHHHHHH! Catches him at
the last second.

WEAVER

They came to me. I swear! So I charged
a little extra, okay. Know I should
have told you, but I was sure you'd
give it to your old pal Weaver as a
bonus, am I right?

That seems to convince them and they pull him inside.

CYRUS

Where can we find him?

WEAVER

The son's in a private clinic... run
by his dear old dad. Got the address
in my --

(checks his pockets)

Shit! Where's my phone?

He looks out the window.

DREA

Use that bonus to buy a new one.

Drea and Cyrus head for the door. Weaver runs up to them,
grabbing onto Drea. Begging.

WEAVER

You can't leave me here. Not with
what's going down. At least let me
hang out with the rest of the gang.
At the church?... Come on, where
are they? I won't be a bother.

Off Drea's look we cut to --

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - DUSK

In the distance, a halo of light.

EXT. USS CRAVEN - FORWARD DECK - DUSK

That halo becomes a porthole from Santiago's crib.

A beacon for Ezekiel, Hector and Sara, who make their way across the pitched deck.

Sara identifies the mystical graffiti.

SARA
Wards? Will they work this time?

She takes a snap of it.

Hector knocks on the door -- Shave and a haircut.

A security cam spies them. Hector raises a six-pack of Diablo Beer to the camera. BZZZT. Unlocked.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

One of those swanky private hospitals where recovering pop stars and rich assholes use their Obamacare.

DR. HARDING BINGER, SR., sixties, enters the Psych Ward.

Approaches the Suited Goon who survived the church.

DR. BINGER
How is he?

Hardy glances inside at his son, shackled to the bed.

GOON
Tripled his meds to get him this calm.

DR. BINGER
We'll be getting visitors soon. Get him ready.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Drea and Cyrus are joined by Gary and Takeo at the large revolving doors.

Drea steps to a RECEPTIONIST. Points at a portrait above.

DREA
We're here to see the guy in the picture.

A three-man SECURITY TEAM stands by the elevators.

TAKEO
Here comes the welcoming committee.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Sara wanders about her uncle's Unabomber Mancave.

The Monk's Book sits before him. But he's paying attention to her. Touching and moving his stuff.

HECTOR

Sara, please don't touch anything.

SARA

I'm just curious.

SANTIAGO

Curiosity is good. Smart. But --

He takes a knickknack from her hand, carefully places it back.

SANTIAGO

Everything has a home and it must return home.

EZEKIEL

Santiago. The painting.

SANTIAGO

Yes, yes. A ritual.

HECTOR

We know that Santi. But --

EZEKIEL

But we need to know how the demons are summoned.

SANTIAGO

That is the wrong question. Wrong question! How does it cross the planes?

Ezekiel thinks.

EZEKIEL

The seals... The demons couldn't cross into this world unless --

HECTOR

Cyrus is right. They've been broken.

SANTIAGO

Stripped.

Santiago addresses Sara, who looks confused.

SANTIAGO

Earth. Hell. Reflections of one another. The Seals, the veil that separates the planes. Yes?

Sara nods.

SANTIAGO

The seals are layered like latticework... like, uh, a window screen. Until nothing can pass between. Remove a single thread, small holes open. More threads, bigger holes. When the last is removed...

SARA

The planes merge.

EZEKIEL

Hell on earth.

Santiago goes to his desk. Keyboard and mouse clicks follow.

News stories zip across his monitors.

SANTIAGO

Birds drop from the sky.

(SLAPS his hand!)

Herds of deer rush into oncoming traffic - quite the mess. Animals always know before us. God made them first, after all.

EZEKIEL

These are all from last night.

SANTIAGO

Yes! Yes!

HECTOR

The boy's rescue.

EZEKIEL

Then that means...

(off the painting)

This isn't a spell to summon a demon.

HECTOR

It's to break one of the seals.

EZEKIEL

We've been played.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Security Guards confiscate weapons as they wand the team.
Find a water bottle in Drea's coat.

DREA

Have to keep hydrated. I hang out
in some humid places.

They let her keep it.

DING. The elevator doors open on Dr. Binger. An undertaker in
Armani with a Cheshire grin that wrinkles his face.

DR. BINGER

I apologize for the security
measures. We have a lot of high
profile guests.

DREA

We came to talk about your son.

DR. BINGER

Perhaps someplace a bit more
private? If you'll follow me to our
conference room.

They all pile in the elevator.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Sara turns to her father, but her uncle answers.

SARA

How does a ritual break a seal?

SANTIAGO

The seals aren't physical. They're
wards. Mystical barriers, created
by the Lamb's sacrifice.

SARA

You mean Jesus.

EZEKIEL

The original trojan horse. Lucifer
thought he was getting a prize to
end the war.

SARA

So sacrifice is the key to breaking
the seals?

SANTIAGO

The painting tells you everything
you need. The engraving. An
unwilling host.

HECTOR

That kid's not a volunteer?

SANTIAGO

Look closely... Our victim is
bound. Drugged, duped, same result.

SARA

And a death.

SANTIAGO

No. A resurrection. Sacrifice and
resurrection sealed-in Lucifer.
Sacrifice and resurrection will
free him.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

In his own private Hell right now, Weaver slogs his way
through the swampy muck.

A rustling in the weeds behind.

Weaver puts it in gear and hustles to the ship.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The doors shut.

It's crowded. The three Guards. Dr. Binger. Four fallen
angels in the middle.

DR. BINGER

My son is worse. We had to tie him
down. He tried to bite his wrists.

CYRUS

Man wasn't meant to have nine
lives.

DREA

Your son's tattoos. Very unique.
How exactly did he come by them?

DR. BINGER
Fancied himself a rock singer. You know how they like to mark themselves. Though he spent more time chasing tail and heroin than making a real go of it.

DREA
What about you?

DR. BINGER
Me? Can't carry a tune.

DREA
Ink. You like to mark yourself too?

Silence.

The Guards go to their holsters.

DR. BINGER
Is that the question you really wanted to ask, Alandreal?

Then we hear something like leather stretching. Cracking. Coming from the sharp-dressed man in front.

Whose neck suddenly twists around.

Then elongates Inspector Gadget style, plunging through the elevator roof. Jaw stretched into a howl. Full-on possessed.

Weapons are pulled. Flesh gets tangled. It's an angel versus demon steel-cage match.

Going up.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Hector thumbs through The Book.

EZEKIEL
It can't be that simple. We saved that kid... five times? Two more and POOF! Satan's back above ground?

HECTOR
Somewhere in the Book, there has to be a way to stop it.

SANTIAGO

That unholy creation cannot help
you. Lies hidden in truth. Waiting.
Patient.

SARA

We have to do something.

SANTIAGO

Not if you believe in this.

Santiago SLAMS down the Bible. Give this man credit, he's got
a flair for the dramatic.

SANTIAGO

"And I saw in the right hand of him
that sat on the throne a book
written within and on the backside,
sealed with seven seals..."

HECTOR

"...No man in heaven, nor in earth,
was able to open the book, neither
to look thereon."

SANTIAGO

Five of His host chose to fall.
Five chosen by the Monks to be
entrusted with their book. And five
riders of the apocalypse arose.

SARA

Um, there are only four and they
are horsemen. Everybody knows that.

Santiago smiles at her with baked bean teeth.

SANTIAGO

Then you haven't been reading
carefully. "And I looked, and
behold a pale horse: and his name
that sat on him was Death, and Hell
followed with him." Hell is the
fifth rider.

They think on the idea, then --

HAMMERING on the metal door. They look at the monitors.

It's Weaver.

SANTIAGO

He didn't bring beer.

Weaver pulls out a silver pen and writes something on his hand. Holds it up to the camera -- "Drea sent me." Weaver peeks over his shoulder. Writes again. "Hurry!!!!!"

EZEKIEL

Let him in! Now!

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Flickering light captures the action like the splash pages of a Graphic Novel.

BLAM! Takeo redirects one of the Guard's fire into another.

NECK SNAP! Second Guard down. Drea uses him as a shield.

Binger claws at them.

Gary picks up a loose weapon. BLAM! BLAM! Fires at --

The third Guard. Spider-crawling on the ceiling. It dodges bullets like some demonic Cirque-du-Soleil act.

Tentacles sprout from Binger! A God-damn army of tentacles!!

Binger's got them right where he wants.

Confined and out-limbed.

Tendrils lash out. Lasso Gary, mash him into the walls, bull whip him into the other angels.

Cyrus and Takeo are knocked down like bowling pins, rolled into Binger's loving tentacled embrace.

Drea ducks and weaves --

But a slimy arm snakes across the floor, trips her up.

Now she's entangled in the web too. Her arms pinned. Can't defend herself.

Binger feeds her to the ceiling Guard. His fangs bite into her, tear out a hunk of flesh.

Drea yells. Fuck it hurts. But focuses on her hands. A little wiggle room at her wrist. Just enough to reach into her jacket. Fingers scrape that PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE.

She smiles and --

SLAM!!! She's smashed to the ground.

The bottle flies from her hand, rolls around on the floor --
More tentacles snake around her. Coil like a Python.
Squeezing the air out.

Binger's jaw unhinges, impossibly wide. Drea is being pulled towards it.

Cyrus knows they have just one chance. That bottle. He can only move his legs. It's enough. He grabs it between his shoes, sticks it in Drea's hand.

She can barely hold it. Twists the lid with only two fingers, as she edges closer to Binger's mouth.

Just as she's about to be swallowed --

The cap is free!!

She points the opening towards Binger.

SQUEEZES it. The blessed water SQUIRTS OUT like a porn money shot, coating Binger and the Guard.

It burns like acid. They SHRIEK. SCREAM. Tentacles smoke, then fall away.

Freeing our angels!

DING!

Binger uses his few remaining limbs to toss the ceiling Guard at the angels, then scrambles out the door, onto the --

PSYCH WARD

He barrels down the hallway, boiling flesh leaving a bloody snail trail in his wake. He crashes through the security door.

The ward is abandoned.

Binger stumbles to the ground. Crawls to the door of his son's room.

His blistering hand reaches for the knob but he collapses just short of it, the life slipping from him.

Our angels catch up, armed with the Guard's pistols.

Drea turns Binger over to face them.

His demeanor suddenly changes. Now he's the victim.

DR. BINGER
Please! He forced me to do it. He
said he'd kill my son. My wife.

DREA
Who?!! Who did this to you?

Binger garbles some words, a mixture of Latin and English.
Cyrus grabs him.

CYRUS
(in Latin)
I command you in His name. Reveal
yourself!

DR. BINGER
(demonic voice)
We'll destroy you.

DREA
Why do you want the Book?

DR. BINGER
Fuck you Cherub!

BANG! Drea shoots a hole through his kneecap. He doesn't even
flinch. Nothing human left in him.

DR. BINGER
My son will be legend. We will be legion.
It is as the Messenger foretold.

TAKEO
Messenger?

GARY
We're dealing with messengers now?
What kind of bullshit is that?

Binger goes silent. Finally dead.

Drea looks into the psych room that housed Hardy. Just an
empty bed with loosened straps.

TAKEO
We got a problem, guys.

He has Binger's phone. Shows Drea the number.

TAKEO
Last call is from you.

Drea checks her pockets. Her phone is missing.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Weaver holds court with the others, grabs a beer to settle his nerves.

WEAVER

I'm here for the Book.

Weaver reaches out --

EZEKIEL

It isn't leaving this room.

WEAVER

I'm not going back empty handed. Drea just tried to throw me out a window.

HECTOR

Why didn't she come herself?

WEAVER

They went after the Hardy kid. He's the key to all this, right?

EZEKIEL

That demon kept repeating the same thing. "The blood of the innocent will set him free." Can't be Hardy.

SANTIAGO

Man is not innocent. We are all stained with original sin.

EZEKIEL

Then we should destroy the Book. No Book, no rituals. No more broken seals.

WEAVER

Whoa, let's not be hasty. We got a great thing going here. An exclusive product with a high barrier to entry. That's Business 101.

EZEKIEL

I'm calling Drea.

He pulls out his phone. Weak signal.

SANTIAGO

It's the bulkhead. You'll have to go outside.

FORWARD DECK

He's on the phone. It's ringing.

EZEKIEL
Answer, goddammit.

SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

Weaver casually mutes the volume on Drea's phone.

FORWARD DECK

Ezekiel still can't get through.

Then 'TAKEO' pops up on the phone screen.

EZEKIEL
Takeo? I've been --

DREA
(phone)
Weaver's betrayed us. You can't --

He's already at the weathertight door.

SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

All eyes on the security monitor, then --

A GUN.

Pointed at Sara's head.

WEAVER
All I want is the Book.

HECTOR
You set us up? You were behind
those tattoos?

WEAVER
Just the middle man. Like always.

SARA
Don't give it to him. If you do,
it's the end of everything.

WEAVER

And if they don't it's the end of you. Nothing personal, Sara. You were convenient.

Santiago hands over the Book.

SANTIAGO

Let her go.

WEAVER

Once I'm on my way. Pinky swear.

Weaver waves the two men away from the console.

WEAVER

No way you'd trap yourself in this can. Where's the back door?

SANTIAGO

The thick black cable. Leads to the genny and waterline.

HECTOR

What were you promised? Wealth? Power?

WEAVER

A chance. Your brother knows better than most what's coming. There's no way to stop it.

HECTOR

Hell has a special place for men like you.

WEAVER

It better. Or all this was for nothing.

THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP

Weaver and Sara wind through the maze of corridors and ladders. The black power cable their bread crumb trail.

Weaver closes a hatch behind. Tucks the Monk's Book under an arm, grabs a nearby chain. Wraps the steel door with it.

Sara spots her chance -- a rusted pipe on the floor.

She Tonya Harding's his knee.

He falls against the door.

She grabs the Book and darts off into the shadowy tunnel.
 Weaver straightens. Raises his gun. Fires.
 PING! A bullet hits metal above her. PING! Another beside.
 Sara spins --
 THUNK! The BOOK takes the next one.
 Knocks her backward into the shadows.

WEAVER
 Kids today!

The Book heals like flesh. Squeezes out the spent round. It
 clinks off the metal floor.

Whoa!

PING! PING! More bullets hitting all around her.

Sara scrambles to her feet and up a set of metal steps, with
 Weaver limping after.

SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

The brothers open a secret arsenal of demon fighting weapons,
 including a big-ass M-60. Rambo time!

Ezekiel's inside now too.

SANTIAGO
 I'll cut him off on deck.

Crackling gunfire draws Ezekiel and Hector into the darkness.

GENERATOR ROOM

It's like the Middle Ages back here, with a waterwheel
 churning in this submerged part of the ship. Powering a bank
 of batteries and generator.

Sara bursts into the compartment. There's another door
 leading outside. Steps out onto the --

REAR DECK

Closing the door behind, which is painted in Santiago's
 favorite color -- Ward white.

Sara slip-slides her way up the damp steel.

Stops cold.

THREE PIGS tethered in a pen.

Fucking swine.

She's making her way through when --

The metal door creaks behind. Weaver. He's saying something.

A prayer?

No. A chant.

ANCIENT SUMERIAN.

A summoning.

The pigs quake.

Build with energy.

Those poor little disgusting pink incubators.

BA-BOOM! They explode.

And from the innards of these three little piggies --

Amidst a shower of bacony oblivion --

Comes the Big Bad Wolves.

THREE ABOMINATIONS.

Ten-foot insectoid canines forged of hellish molten ash.
Their piercing claws dagger into the deck as they find their footing and put a wide-eyed Sara in their sights.

SARA

Good...doggie...thing...

She turns to the bulkhead hatch. Weaver is there, tossing the parchment he just read, looking more scared than she does. He slams the heavy door. CLANG!

SARA

Please! Open the door! Open the --

One of the creatures stalks her. She can sense its hot horrible breath on her neck.

Sara turns.

The monster flinches at the site of the ward on the door behind her. Too bad she's on the wrong side.

It snaps at her with its serrated teeth.

She rolls out of the way and runs.

The thing roars.

She races to the edge of the deck. Running out of room --

And leaaaaaaaps!

Just catches the lip of the neighboring wreck. But as her hands grasp to save her --

She drops the Book in the murky water.

The creature looks at it. Then to her. Unsure what it wants more, the kibbles or the bits.

She shakes her head. Time to be the hero. FML.

She pushes off from the boat. Holds her nose. SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

Sara swims deeper and deeper with the Book under her arm.

SPLOOSH! The thing lands behind her, missing down in a wake of bubbles.

She tries to give it some distance.

It spots her.

GENERATOR ROOM

Weaver peeks out of the door. Time to clear out of Dodge.

Feet thunder on the metal stairs behind him.

He ducks behind some pipes as Ezekiel and Hector hurry to the door past him.

REAR DECK

Hector and Ezekiel charge out. They spot the steaming pig guts. Worry grows on their faces.

As they find the other two beasts, perched on old cargo containers like Gargoyles.

Ezekiel opens fire. Hector's shotgun jams. He's not exactly a field agent.

Ezekiel keeps them at bay.

At least long enough to see --

SARA'S BACKPACK!

Floating in the water.

A blazing M-60 announces Santiago's arrival.

SANTIAGO
Go. We'll cover you.

SPLASH! Ezekiel dives in.

Santiago and Hector take their place side by side. Two old Hell's Angels making a last stand. Unleash a hailstorm of blessed jacketed steel.

UNDERWATER

Satan's pit bull roars behind Sara.

Coming at her like a great white.

Sara swims for her life. Heads for her only chance --

A cannonball sized crater in the hull of a wrecked tugboat.

It's going to be close --

INT. WRECKED TUGBOAT

She swims inside.

RAAAAAAWR! The thing's head bursts through the hole!

She screams, unleashing an eruption of bubbles.

But the monster won't fit.

It tears at the hull. Gnashes away at the wood.

She's trapped. Her only hope is to swim up and pray there's something more than a dead-end.

She shoots up. Coming into focus above the blurred surface.
Behind her the hell-beast wedges through the tight space.
Her face frantic, her lungs desperate for air.
And just when she's about to break the surface.
A black spindly coil ensnares her ankle.
The monster's tongue. Wrapped like Indiana Jones' Bullwhip.
She fights. Kicks. Her breath running on empty.
A HAND REACHES IN.
Ezekiel!! Freeing her.
Sara's shoe plunges to the depths below.
She bursts to the surface gulping down air.
No time for a touchdown dance. The pair crawls into a --

INT. CROOKED TRAWLER - CORRIDOR

-- and its topsy-turvey funhouse world. This wreck is crooked and cockeyed, adding difficulty to their escape.
Sara wails. Glass in her bare foot. She goes to pull it out --
BOOM! Here comes the damn thing.
But she doesn't even have time to remove the shard.
They have to keep moving.

EXT. USS CRAVEN - MIDSHIPS

The brothers retreat toward the bridge. Holding onto each other like bloody conjoined twins.
Hector's taken the brunt of the damage, but there's still fight left in this hard man.

HECTOR
We can't kill them.

SANTIAGO
Got to lure them inside.

HECTOR

We'll last longer out here... Keep them occupied as long as we can.

SANTIAGO

We're dead either way. And Sara won't make it with three of those things after her.

HECTOR

What's the plan?

SANTIAGO

My studio. I've got a surprise.

They will themselves forward.

The two monsters chase after.

INT. CROOKED TRAWLER - CORRIDOR

Ezekiel and Sara hit a dead end.

Hooves CLANG on the grated floor behind. Nowhere to go.

Ezekiel puts himself between Sara and the beast. Opens fire. Even sacred ammo is no match for this thing's molten skin.

Sara pulls out her phone.

SARA

Please still work. Please still work.

The light flicks on!

And sees they're standing on a door.

Sara rapidly scrolls through photos. Gets to the wards. The first one from The Archives.

She looks back at the menacing creature.

The thing takes a step forward.

Ezekiel takes aim.

Accuracy wins.

BLAM! BLAM! One to each eye.

The thing shrieks!

Shakes its head like a dog.

Settles.

Then -- damned if it doesn't open five other eyes!!

They're screwed. Royally.

The monster ROARS!!!

Charges.

Hunched so it fits in the tunnel.

Sara looks back to The Archives ward...

SARA
(to herself)
That's not gonna do it. This one!

It's one of Santiago's ship wards!

Sara uses her blood to draw it on the door.

The monster picks up speed.

Sara finishes the drawing.

Mere feet from them --

Sara opens the hatch and both drop inside. CLANG! Just in time...

CROOKED TRAWLER - KITCHEN

Sara's braced against the door. Her heart pounding like a White Stripes drum solo.

It's quiet. Safe.

The ward has worked.

EZEKIEL
Good thinking.

SARA
Thanks.

BOOM! The wall beside her shatters. The monster falls inside, tossing Ezekiel into the corner.

When the smoke clears it's just inches from Sara.

She screams.

It raises a claw. Smashes down.

Sara blocks it with the Book. Which quickly heals. The beast knocks it out her hands.

Sara's out of chances.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

The monsters Hulk-smash at the cabin.

Moments from imploding.

Santiago finds a radio-controlled detonator.

SANTIAGO

Always thought I'd have to leave in a hurry. Erase my data. Never thought I'd be erasing myself with it.

HECTOR

Explosives?

SANTIAGO

And this place is filled with sage and rosemary. We'll roast the beasts.

HECTOR

You always were the chef in the family.

The first wall goes. Then another!

Their hands hover the trigger. *Just a little closer --*

CRASH! The ceiling collapses!

Bringing with it Drea and Takeo.

Hopping aboard one of the beast's back like rodeo clowns, wrestling it to the ground.

Plunge their blades into its neck, back flip, scissoring off its head in a crimson geyser.

They turn their attention to the other critter.

INT. CROOKED TRAWLER - KITCHEN

Sara's spent. Resigned to her fate. The razor claw on its way.

At the last second --

It's blocked by Ezekiel's forearm!

He's got both hands on it now.

Then the beast extends a talon, saw cutting his rib-cage like an autopsy.

He manages to muster all his angelic strength.

U-turns the claw towards the thing's mouth and down its horrible throat.

Chokes on it.

Then falls. Dead.

Ezekiel puts his arms around Sara.

EZEKIEL

It's alright.

Suddenly, Gary and Cyrus burst onto the scene like rescue ninjas.

GARY

Yaaaah!!!

But it's all taken care of.

Gary kicks the carcass. Disappointed.

CYRUS

Where's Weaver?

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - ROTTED PIER - NIGHT

In the wake of the battle, Hector leans against a post. He doesn't look good. Santiago holds his hand.

Drea rips at clothing, desperate to plug Hector's wounds.

DREA

Don't you give up on me Hector. You hear me?!

HECTOR

I never have.

He coughs some blood.

HECTOR

It's your fight now, Alandreal.
Time to put on the big-girl Halo
and save this shithole. You might
just find out it's not a shithole
at all.

DREA

We'll do it together.

HECTOR

Gotta take this trip on my own.

Drea softens. Looks deep into Hector's eyes as she takes his hand. His coughing eases and the pain subsides. He's at peace.

DREA

You're not going back there. You've
made your amends.

HECTOR

Tell Sara I'm sorry. The killing,
the robbing, her mother... you were
right, should have told her the
truth long ago...

Hector closes his eyes and goes still.

Dead still.

Santiago says a silent prayer. Then gets up.

SARA (O.S.)

No!!!!

Sara runs over to Hector. It's too late. She can't even say good-bye.

She cries. Turns back to Drea.

SARA

You can save him. We still have the
Book. Bring him back.

DREA

Sara... we can't.

SARA

Can't?! This is my dad!! There is
no can't!!

DREA
They don't all go there.

SARA
Find out. Make sure.

DREA
He didn't want a third chance. He
didn't want to cheat his way out.
He wanted to earn it. He had faith.

Sara storms away in a fit of tears.

Ezekiel moves to go after. But Drea stops him.

DREA
We need to destroy the Book. Now.

Drea and Ezekiel pull their blades.

No fanfare. No final words. Decided.

DRILL them into the Book.

They go straight through.

The two angels look at each other. *Is that it?*

Their handles suddenly glow red hot! Then they're spit out.
Sending the angels flying with them!

The Book heals.

SANTIAGO
Everything has a home. It must
return home.

EZEKIEL
Hell.

DREA
We'll need a portal.

Cyrus and the two boys show up. Carrying someone.

Weaver.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The cabin is beat to shit. Santiago starts piecing together his broadcast equipment.

DREA
We could use your help. Your
knowledge.

SANTIAGO
There's a conflict of interest.
You're trying to save the world...
and I'm not interested.

DREA
We have to try.

He flips a couple of switches. Life.

SANTIAGO
Destroying that Book won't stop
anything.

DREA
How do you know?

SANTIAGO
I have faith.

Drea pulls out her dagger. Twirls it expertly, then holsters
it like an old gunfighter.

DREA
So do I.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - MORNING

Weaver is gagged and strapped to a chair with a circle of
salt around him. He works his tongue frantically against the
duct tape covering his mouth.

All attention on the Goddamned Book.

TAKEO
If we destroy it we're closed for
business.

GARY
No book means no money. And I've
got a lifestyle to protect. Girls
don't much like to fuck broke guys.
Yeezus wrote a song about it.

Weaver groans through the tape. He agrees.

EZEKIEL
It won't matter much. This is a one
way trip. Once the Book is gone --

TAKEO

So is the portal. We'll be stuck on the other side.

GARY

This just keeps getting better and better.

DREA

Only one of us needs to go. I'll do it.

A moment of silence.

CYRUS

This is our destiny. We'll do it together. Just like old times.

Ezekiel snaps together his poleaxe. That's three.

Takeo whips out his katana.

GARY

Fuck it.

Gary pulls his broadsword.

The Five Musketeers.

SARA

Wait! You can't leave me here. I've got nobody left.

DREA

This is for you. For humanity.

SARA

You're doing this for yourself. If you stay, you may actually have to become a real person. Death is easy when you have no soul.

DREA

We caused this. We have to fix it.

Sara's a mixture of rage and tears.

SARA

You didn't cause this. HE DID!

She grabs Drea's pistol and aims it at Weaver.

DREA

You don't want to do that.

SARA

Oh, I want to do this. I really,
really do.

Her hands tremble.

DREA

And it might feel good for a few
minutes. Then what? Can you live
with being a murderer?

SARA

It's not murder, it's justice.

DREA

This isn't what Hector wanted for
you. He wanted you to see the world
as it should be.

SARA

This is how the world is. He is how
the world is.

DREA

The world is what we make it. There
is always a choice.

Their words sink in. She drops the gun.

Just as Weaver manages to chew through the tape.

WEAVER

Listen. Guys. Sara, sweetheart. I
was tricked. I swear I'll make it
up to you --

Drea thumbs the safety. CLICK!

WEAVER

Wait!! Wait!! You're still gonna
kill me. After that great speech
and all?

DREA

Yes.

WEAVER

What about 'the world is what we
make it'?

DREA

I'm making it better.

BLAMMO!

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dead eyes reflect the Angels who perform the ritual for the last time. Resigned to their fate.

As the blood drops touch the Book, Drea holds her palm up.

A last goodbye.

Sara looks away. Can't watch.

Then they're gone. Emptiness behind her.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM [HELL]

The gang's all here. Except for Weaver's soul.

Already dragged off, his howls echoing in the distance.

Fuck him. They have a job to do. And do it quickly.

The dinner bell rang. Demons drawn to the presence of the Book.

They form a perimeter. Loaded with weapons.

Takeo puts a hand on Gary's shoulder. Nods between best friends.

Cyrus and Ezekiel look to Drea. They're ready.

DREA
Let's do this.

Drea stabs the Book with her dagger.

Nothing.

Shit.

DREA
We're gonna need a plan B --

The dagger's mystical symbols suddenly light up.

And the Book flies from Drea's hand.

THWIP! Stuck to the ground like magnetized steel.

Pages flip with inhuman speed.

Bloody words and images flying off into the ether.

Spewing like some arterial wound.

The parchment goes up next.

Blazing with the white-hot intensity of burning magnesium.

The angels shield their eyes, but Drea watches as images appear in the flames.

Giving up secrets.

Past. Present. Future.

- Beneath a monk's hood, black eyes read the Book. Demons whisper in the MONK's ear.

- The monk raises a ritualistic dagger. Slices his throat. Seals the Book with his blood.

- The angels take charge of the Book.

- Time passes. The Industrial Revolution. World Wars. MTV. You know, the big stuff.

And the biggest secret of all...

- Cyrus meets Dr. Binger.

- Cyrus inks a tattoo on Binger's son.

- Hell. Ungodly screaming. A naked woman in labor. She gives birth. Cyrus takes the afterbirth-covered newborn.

- Sara screams. Cyrus plunging a knife in her. The shadow of Lucifer rises behind him.

Cyrus -- The Book's final betrayal.

But before Drea can do anything. Say anything --

It explodes with a SONIC BOOM!!!!!! The shockwave scatters the angels and demonics.

A massive fissure hangs in the air as if reality itself has been torn asunder.

EXT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES /LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - DAY

The explosion rips through the mission and blasts a hole in the strip club too. Both roofs in tatters.

The clouds above part. Ignite, then turn to ash.

Day becomes night as it spreads across the sky like a drought brush fire.

Fiery lightning churns beneath this incendiary storm.

As the dust settles, we see two of our angels in the rubble.

Which can mean only one thing.

GARY

Shit is seriously fucked.

TAKEO

The Book. It must have been the sixth seal.

GARY

That fucking Book! What happens now?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY-ISH

Literally. ALL. HELL. BREAKS. LOOSE.

The cityscape transforms. Ages. Decays.

Asphalt bubbles and boils. Sidewalk grates become hissing steam vents.

Earth is getting a Hell makeover.

Souls of the Damned. Abominations. The stuff of nightmares.

Just appear.

And anyone with those tattoos? Immediately possessed as the infernal cloud passes over.

INT. RISING DRAGON - DAY-ISH

Sindy's got a few clients on slabs.

When shadows darken the streets outside.

Her neck snaps! Eyes roll back in her head. And she gouges them the fuck out!!

To the horrified shrieks of her customers, whom she quickly makes a meal out of.

Then busies herself marking the corpses with those tattoos. Re-animating them.

She leaves the store with three new MEN-PETS.

Chained around their necks. Looking for more victims.

One spots a HIPSTER COUPLE.

The blind SINDY-DEMON turns in their direction. Her pets now her eyes.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - DAY-ISH

Drea rushes in the from the street. Ezekiel on her heels.

DREA
Sara?! Where are you?

SARA
I'm okay.

She's standing by some fallen beams. And Cyrus.

DREA
Get away from her.

Ezekiel sees it now. A dagger, Drea's of all things, at Sara's back.

EZEKIEL
What the fuck is going on?

DREA
Cyrus is The Messenger. He's the one who betrayed us.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - MAIN STAGE - DAY-ISH

Takeo and Gary push aside some rubble. Find themselves inside Beavers, of course.

Power out. Sky doing its volcano thing. They grope around in the dark.

Screams and unearthly snarling fill the air.

GARY
I can't see shit!

TAKEO
Over here --

Takeo is SLAMMED to the ground. He gets off a single gunshot that illuminates a MASSIVE POSSESSED BIKER on top of him.

Gary leaps into action. Kicks off the Biker, gives Takeo time to recover and pursue.

He then finds Dakota - the hot stripper. Still alive but in trouble, grappling with another BIKER.

Maybe Gary can save her and finally get some.

Just as he's about to grab the guy --

She severs the Biker's vertebrae with a slash of her hand!!

Flashes a sexy smile of razor sharp teeth and bare demon breasts.

GARY

My god... you have six titties.

DEMON DAKOTA

(demonic voice)

Want to go to the Champagne Room,
baby?

So much for true love.

Gary takes aim.

GARY

Girl, it's not you.

He let's off a round --

GARY

It's me.

The heavenly projectile bares down on her --

But her face splits in half at the last second --

The bullet passing between the gory goal posts.

Oh shit!!!

She lunges at Gary --

Takeo's katana gets there first.

Her noggin rolls right into Gary's lap. The closest to head he's gotten from her.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - DAY-ISH

Cyrus holds Sara.

CYRUS
I never betrayed us. Our true
purpose.

EZEKIEL
We trusted you.

CYRUS
Alandreal. You see it, don't you?

DREA
I see only madness.

CYRUS
This is all a part of HIS plan. Our
fall. The Book. The only human
whose blood is unstained by
original sin.

Sara looks up at him.

CYRUS
Sweet child. Your mother wasn't
killed by a demon. I dragged her to
Hell, so you could be born not of
this earth.
(Cyrus caresses her face)
You are the blood of the innocent.
You are key to unlocking the
seventh seal!

Drea and Ezekiel can't believe what they're hearing.

Drea moves towards Cyrus, but he places the dagger right to
Sara's throat.

CYRUS
It pained me to keep you in the
dark, but now we can finish it. All
of us.

DREA
This isn't you Cy. This isn't the
man I call my friend.

CYRUS
We are not men. But we can be
angels once more. Join me brother
and sister. Return to our Father's
service.

EZEKIEL
Lucifer is your master now.

CYRUS

I don't care about him! His reign will be short. When God sees his chosen ones threatened, he'll be forced to act. He will intercede. And we'll be blessed with his presence once more. The pain of silence vanquished.

EZEKIEL

This isn't about destiny. This is about you.

DREA

We're going to stop you Cyrus. And we're going to kill you.

Cyrus bows his head and realizes his friends are just a hinderance now.

He motions to the fissure and a HORDE emerges from the ether.

Leading the charge, DEMON-HARDY, barely recognizable as human. Part rancor, part xenomorph, he locks eyes on the angels and roars.

Charges.

Drea hits first, slashing, shooting, slicing.

Ezekiel makes a move for Cyrus only to be swatted away by Demon-Hardy, before he can get close.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - MAIN STAGE

Gary's got his thumbs buried in the eyes of the last Demon Biker, but the bastard still won't go down.

TAKEO

Get his head up!

Gary pushes. A sliver of neck is all Takeo needs.

SLIIIIICE!

Another human bowling ball rolls around a PILE OF DEAD BIKERS.

Lesson learned kids. Just because your buddies get tattoos, doesn't mean you should too.

They race out the front door --

EXT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - STREET - DAY-ISH

DEMONICS. Every. Fucking. Where.

Running down humans. Tearing shit up!

Drea and Ezekiel have their hands full of Demon-Hardy.

Every thrust is parried. Every attempt to bypass, a giant paw or leg thunders down in front to stop them.

Stalemate.

The boys blast their way towards them and run smack into --

Demon-Sindy, who's grown her ARMY OF MAN PETS. One spies the pair, SCREECHES like an unholy car alarm.

Sindy directs her minions to their prey.

GARY

What is she? The pied fucking
piper?

They soon find out as her Pets march on them like ants.

EXT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - FRONT DOOR - DAY-ISH

The angels fully engaged, Cyrus drags off Sara to an SUV.

The fiery lighting revealing fear on her face.

SARA

Cyrus! Where are you taking me?

CYRUS

Home.

She rips away. Tries to run.

He grabs and throws her with supernatural strength and anger against the SUV. Her head slams it hard.

She's out cold.

He stuffs her inside and climbs in the driver's seat.

ON GARY & TAKEO

Who've made their way to Drea and Ezekiel.

The four on a patch of rubble, fighting back to back like Custer's last stand.

Fending off wave after wave of Sindy's Men Pets and other Demonics. Their strength in numbers, not power.

One manages to rip into Gary's arm. His blood acts as a lamp light, the Men Pets converging like moths.

Gary goes down.

Then Takeo goes sailing past, swatted by Demon Hardy. Who then pounces on Ezekiel.

This is it.

This is how it all ends...

Until Drea slices open her hand and jumps on top of Demon-Hardy. Lathering his face in the angel's liquid heroin.

The Men-Pets turn. Can't resist.

And swarm Hardy!!

One. Two. Twenty.

Driving him back and away from our angels.

Creating an opening.

DREA
Cyrus got away.

Gary points to a couple of toppled Harleys with the engines still running. Their owners fled or dead.

GARY
Get to the choppers!!!

They haul ass!

GARY
I've always wanted to say that.

TAKEO
Wait! Why are we chasing Cyrus?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY-ISH

Tires eat asphalt.

Twin road-hogs.

On the left -- Ezekiel grasps the back seat. Drea drives. Gun in her throttle hand riding the grip. Eyes ahead. Calculating. Strategizing.

On the right Takeo rides, Gary behind, holds a sawed-off shotgun.

TAKEO
Cyrus is behind all this?

GARY
That's what the lady said.

TAKEO
I knew the guy was a hard-core believer but --

GARY
Get your head in the game. There he is!

SUV - MOVING

Cyrus sees them in the rearview mirror.

Almost happy they made it.

Almost.

The gas pedal goes all the way down --

CHOPPER - MOVING

BLAM! Ka-CHUK! BLAM! Ka-CHUK! Gary going to town with the sawed-off. Shattering the glass of the SUV.

TAKEO
Motherfucker! Those are my ears!

GARY
What? I can't hear you. This gun is loud as fuck.

Gary aims again. Takeo covers his ears this time. BLAM! He blasts another hole in the back door of the fleeing SUV.

TAKEO
Shoot for the tires!

GARY
I was shooting for the tires.

Drea veers close to the guys.

DREA
No guns! Sara's in there.

EZEKIEL
(looking ahead)
Drea!

Coming at them fast -- oozing pockets of HELL LAVA!

Embedded inside it -- bodies, souls, popping up and clawing.
Like steaming Hell-made lily pads of suffering.

They zig and zag through them.

Then finally clear it --

Takeo pops a wheelie. Throttles.

The MOTORCYCLES ROAR down the road.

Takeo is closing on the back bumper.

Cyrus fires some shots. Takeo ducks them.

Grins. He's got this.

THWACK!!

His bike tire STOPS COLD!! Frozen to some Hell Goop!

Its riders catapult over handle-bars --

Fly --

Then belly flop onto the concrete.

Skiiiiid across belly-to-asphalt Superman style.

Ezekiel and Drea rip past them in hot pursuit. No time for sympathy... or first aid.

The SUV slaloms through overturned cars and pockets of fire.

Ezekiel and Drea easily keep pace.

BACK ON GARY AND TAKEO

A hurting Gary tries to wrestle the Harley free of the ooze.

HONK! HONK! Takeo's driving a Gremlin. He spits blood from a few broken ribs.

TAKEO

Come on!

GARY

(off the new ride)

This is Hell.

TAKEO

It's gonna be if we don't hustle!

ON EZEKIEL AND DREA

Satan's obstacle course has gotten even more hairy.

Literally.

Hellspiders. An infestation. Dozens. Hundreds. Lined up like an army.

Cyrus guns the SUV right at them. Not even blinking.

And the spiders part like the Red Sea.

-- letting him pass --

And close like a curtain behind.

Filling the ranks, rebuilding the God Damn wall.

Drea skids out.

There's no way their motorcycle is getting through that.

EZEKIEL

They're working together. They're protecting him.

Beyond the sea of eight-legged freaks, Cyrus drives away unfettered.

Drea revs the engine. As if revving her mind. Thinking. Problem-solving. It's suicide to go through the spiders. But this isn't over.

DREA

The tunnel.

She guns it. Fish-tails away from the Spiders.

Jumps the curb --

And heads for --

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

The bike bursts through the turnstiles --

Leaps off the platform --

Crashes onto the tracks.

ROARS down the straight-away.

It sounds like a growling monster in these close confines.

Brrrrrrrrrr! A light. Coming fast.

A train.

Welcome to Mr. Toad's Wild Ride kids. No fast-pass required.

Drea kicks it into next gear. Pins her ears back.

Ezekiel holds on tight. Not as confident. Not even close.

They're playing chicken with the train --

And the point-spread isn't in their favor --

But at the last second --

Veers --

Finds a sliver of space between the wall and the train.

And close your eyes if strobes cause seizures. Because all we get is a surreal blur of speed and motion and thunder.

STREET LEVEL

Cyrus smiles at his escape -- this is working. Sara still lies unconscious in the back --

And then --

VR0000000M! Drea and Ezekiel leap out off the stairwell of the subway tunnel.

Cyrus can't believe his eyes, as tires crash-land on the street in a compression of shock absorbers.

Back in the game! They've cleared the mote of spiders.

Speaking of which.

OPEN ROAD

They've cleared the hellish obstacle.

One spider is still attached to their car.

Gary starts battling it on the hood.

Ahead, Ezekiel and Drea are about to overtake Cyrus!

Ezekiel takes a shot at the wheels. Hits. Unraveling tire.
Rims hit concrete.

The truck slows a bit.

They inch up by the side.

Cyrus tries to ram them. They veer away.

All around them, flaming overturned cars and trucks. Like a war zone.

But the fire is different. It's hellfire. You can see tortured and charred souls clawing to get out.

And then one does --

Ahead of Cyrus, two staggering FIRE ZOMBIES.

Cyrus grits his teeth and blasts through them. Shattering them into a gazillion pieces of hot hell magma.

Fiery ash floats through the air in his wake.

VROOOOM! Here comes the motorcycle.

Right beside him.

He pulls out his gun.

Turns to shoot --

It's ghost riding!!!

Nobody's on it --

Where are its riders?!!!

BOOM! Drea and Ezekiel are on the SUV's hood.

Then an axe handle stabs down from above, right for Cyrus's head --

Either from instinct or hearing it penetrate, he jerks out of the way --

The SUV veers with his sudden movement.

Ezekiel keeps stabbing through the metal --

Cyrus fires a few shots through the roof.

Then swerves, a screeching spin --

Drea and Ezekiel fall. Hang on for dear life!

The truck settles.

Then accelerates.

Up ahead, a burning school bus, complete Car-b-cue.

Festering with Fire Zombies throughout.

Cyrus heads for it --

Ramming speed --

Ezekiel and Drea see it --

This is bad --

At the last minute both Drea and Ezekiel jump --

BOOM! The SUV smashes through it.

Clear through the middle and out the other side.

An explosion of flame and Fire Zombies.

The truck clears it!!

But OVERTURNS on its side. On fire and down for the count.

Cyrus looks over at Ezekiel and Drea, they're on the ground. They've survived it but hurting.

Sara's been stirred from the crash. She looks over at them --

SARA
Ezekiel! Drea!

Cyrus grabs Sara and forcefully covers her mouth. He races away from the scene with her.

ON EZEKIEL AND DREA

From the smashed to shit bus -- Zombies of ash and fire
stumble into the street.

Like some pyro-heavy Michael Jackson video.

It's Night of the Flaming Dead.

Dozens of them surround Drea and Ezekiel. They get ready to
fight. Well, as ready as they can be given they crash-landed
off a speeding truck.

And just when it's about to go down.

The gremlin skids on the scene, pummeling a row of the human
torches.

Takeo and Gary jump out --

Takeo charging, ready to show us exactly how good he is with
that Japanese steel --

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT.

Our heroes dive to the ground, as --

Gary lights the fiery foes up.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT.

Bullets decimate chargrilled flesh.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT.

Gary pours it on, even into the dead ones, well, because.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

He's out.

All that remains is a gentle ash floating in the air like the
final strains of confetti falling on New Year's Day.

The group tosses an icy stare Gary's way. Maybe because his
fire came so close to their heads, and maybe because he just
burned through half their ammo.

GARY
You're welcome.

Gary tosses the hot machine guns. Doesn't care. He's strapped
with more, like Neo in the Matrix.

TAKEO
Where'd they go?

They scan the ash and smoke filled air --
The SUV is empty. The streets seem clear.
Drea's eyes lock on to the subway entrance.
They steps towards it when --
SPLAT! Rain hits pavement. Blood rain.
A film noir awash in crimson.
A Satanic baptism.
Gary catches some on his tongue.

GARY
Bet the weather man got this one wrong.

They hurry in.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

SKRAAAAAAAK. They push through rusty turnstiles. The place is eerily desolate.

No sign of her. Or anyone.

The team hops down on the tracks.

SUBWAY TUNNEL

Dark. Dank. They fan out like role playing characters on a dungeon crawl.

Eyes search shadows. Fingers on triggers.

Drip. Drip. Drip. That slimy OOZE drips from the ceiling.

Whispers skitter around them. Tortured souls trapped in the ooze talk to each other.

"Angels. Blood of the innocent. The Beast returns. Lilith is waiting. Walking right into her trap."

A chilling scream echoes from ahead in the chamber. It's coming from a dormant subway train sitting dead on the tracks. Its bulk fills the entire tunnel.

REAR SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

Drea kicks open the back-door and enters.

The rest follow.

Drea gasps, falls to her knees.

DREA

Noooooo.

At the center of the subway car --

Sara lies dead.

They're too late. After all that, they're too fucking late.

Drea's dagger is the sacrificial implement. Sticking out of Sara's heart. And crushing Drea's in the process.

It takes the wind out of all of them.

Ezekiel holds her. Mercifully takes the knife. Throws it away.

DREA

I'm so sorry, Sara. I'm so sorry.

Gary smashes one of the chairs with his boot. He keeps stomping, ultimately bludgeoning it from the wall.

GARY

Fuck this!

TAKEO

We should never have met her.
Hector. All of it.

EZEKIEL

We should never have ignored who we were. What we are. It blinded us. While Cyrus manipulated everything!

DREA

Maybe he was right. Maybe this is our destiny.

All eyes on her.

DREA

We were better for having her in our lives. Her laughter. Sarcasm.

Ezekiel manages a smile. Remembering.

DREA
 We weren't meant to save her... She
 was here to save us. Give us
 something we'd long forgotten...

Drea is looking ahead. Her eyes wide despite her tears.

DREA
 Faith --

She sees it. They all see it...

A string of mystical light emanating from Sara's body and
 leading through the subway car.

A tether.

Hope.

DREA
 We can stop it.

EZEKIEL
 We can bring her back.

Everyone locks and loads --

BZZZZT. A urine colored fluorescent light flickers on.

Then the car starts. Lurches forward. They're moving.

DREA
 We only have till sunset.

TAKEO
 Fifteen minutes. Give or take.

DREA
 It'll throw everything it can at
 us.

EZEKIEL
 Once her tether breaks --

GARY
 Yeah, we know.

Takeo shoves Gary forward.

They follow the tether to the door of the NEXT CAR.

GRAFFITIATED SUBWAY CAR

Amidst a strobe of moving light, they stalk forward.

Satanic Graffiti mars the metal walls. Pentagrams. Latin phrases. A Baphomet.

The door behind them slams shut like some theme park haunted mansion.

The CLANGING of the train grows, picking up speed.

The scummy cushions of one of the seats moves as if something is inside it.

Others move. Ripple.

Then one bulges. Stretching it to the seams.

Finally tears open.

Unleashes a cloud of --

WASPS.

Riiiiip! Another cushion. Riiiiip! Another.

The flying insects fill the car.

This ain't your run-of-the-mill Amityville Horror wasp swarm.

These are made of hell-forged steel.

But they aren't meant to kill. Slow them. Wear them down.

They slice flesh as they zip by.

GARY

Oww! Oww! Motherfucker.

TAKEO

Quit waving your arms. You're attracting them!

GARY

What should I do, wish them off me?!

Drea shoots out the windows. The wind blowing some of them back. Enough to --

DREA

Keep moving.

They block their faces with their arms and prod ahead.

SLIMY SUBWAY CAR

They fall ahead into the dark but quiet car. Close the door and squash the few Hell bugs that made it through.

The swarm scrapes and beats against the door window behind them. They hit against the glass like BBs fired from a machine gun.

EZEKIEL

Guys...

Against the far end of the long car --

Four SMALL DEMONS suckle the veiny white breasts of a GROTESQUE MULTI-TITTED WOMAN. She licks their disgusting faces with a tongue made of serpents.

And that's only the second most disgusting thing about her.

Her horrid womb is pregnant.

Her belly distended like a burlap sack.

Their hideous mouths press against her skin trying to push out through their leathery prison.

This is --

DREA

Lilith. The mother of abominations.

GARY

Lucifer... Fucks that?

LILITH

(demonic voice)

The only fucking. Will. Be. You!!!

A couple of nursing monsters get up to defend her.

The other greedy fucks stay right on that nipple. Watching.

Ezekiel unsheathes his axes and steps forward.

SPLAT!

-- right into a murky puddle of black ooze.

The others move and realize --

The car's coated in the gross sludge.

This is Lilith's birthing chamber. And she's a squirter.

THUNK THUNK.

The train car rocks, knocks them off balance.

A hand on a chair back. STUCK.

A back against the center pole. STUCK.

Grabbing onto each other. STUCK.

And just when it can't get worse --

Lilith goes into labor.

It's a race now.

TICK TOCK.

Angels hack away at clothing --

Lilith's water breaks.

TICK TOCK.

Ezekiel tears away first. Starts helping the others.

Lilith bears down.

TICK TOCK.

Drea is free.

Lilith cheats. With a dark black fingernail, she digs into her baby-bump and cuts the skin. A demonic C-Section.

TICK TOCK.

Takeo and Gary are free from each other. Still stuck to the floor.

Lilith's hideous babies push at the thinning membrane --

Takeo and Gary are clear. Just as --

TIMES UP!

Lilith's babies burst through in a slimy tidal wave.

And rapidly grow to full size!

Six bipedal monsters. Seven feet tall. Ready to fight. They roar. Showing a great-white's maw of fangs.

Ten demons in all, plus their nasty mother.

In these tight confines, it's going to get claustrophobic real fast...

The demons move toward them. Immune to the sticky-stuff.

EZEKIEL
Think of a plan. Fast!

TAKEO
Can't go forward. We'll just get stuck again.

GARY
And we can't go back.

Drea looks --

DREA
Up!!

She empties a clip into the roof, opening a hole.

DREA
Come on!

TAKEO
Get Sara! We'll hold them off!

Gary and Takeo erect a wall of lead as cover.

Ezekiel and Drea make their move.

Parkour off a chair, through the newly made sunroof and out onto the --

SLIMY SUBWAY CAR ROOFTOP

The roar of rushing wind, as Ezekiel and Drea clamor out.

DREA
Ezekiel!

They both slam down as a concrete support rushes to decapitate them. And just over them.

Ezekiel's gun CLANGS down to the tracks and under the train.

CRUNCH.

But he still has those axes strapped to his back.

INSIDE THE SLIMY SUBWAY CAR

Takeo and Gary are in it now. Close quarters.

Demons gaining the upper hand.

Takeo looks at the window of the door they came through.

GARY

Shit, not the fucking bugs again.

Takeo blasts the glass.

The SWARM OF WASPS burst inside.

Flood the car.

It's every angel and demon for himself.

SLIMY SUBWAY CAR ROOFTOP

Ezekiel and Drea crawl ahead holding tight to the runaway train.

Behind them a slimy hand finds the lip of the makeshift escape roof.

Lilith pulls herself up. Her narrow red eyes glare at them through the darkness as they drop between the next car.

ON TAKEO AND GARY

Amidst the fog of wasps, Gary and Takeo blast holes through the demons. The orange flame of their guns burns through the abyssal black of the swarm.

BLAM. The demon with the horns just got his head blown out.

BLAM. So did the one with the wings...

BLAM. BLAM. The one with the hoofs for hands just got its head caved in.

Some small-ish evil elf one has gotten closer. It tries to jaw its way on to Takeo's thigh.

Takeo WHIP KICKS HIM, decapitates the little one with the heel of his boot.

Blood spurts everywhere.

But they keep coming.

EXT. SUBWAY TRAIN

It's really moving now. Seemingly going deeper.
 Platforms zip by. Filled with HELLISH ONLOOKERS.
 Waiting for their master to greet them.

EMPTY SUBWAY CAR

They're not the only ones waiting...
 Cyrus raises up from a chair as Drea and Ezekiel push inside.

CYRUS
 You were foolish to come he --

BLAM! Drea shoots him. He falls back against the glass.
 CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

She's out. Tosses the gun.
 Drea then lashes out with her dagger.
 Cyrus defends. But only defends.
 Counters every move.
 Their blades connect. Face to face.

CYRUS
 I'm not here to fight you.

DREA
 I don't care.

Drea manages to get a strike through.

CYRUS
 I'm not here to die either.

Cyrus returns the favor. Drea bleeds from her ribs.
 Two equally matched gladiators.

CYRUS
 Remember what you are. Stop acting
human!

Ezekiel realizes what he's doing. Stalling.
 He joins the fray --

Cyrus at the disadvantage. Not just from the numbers. Or that they know each other's moves so well.

Cyrus continually keeps his back to the next car, keeping them from it.

A THUD from behind the duo --

Lilith's dropped in to say hi.

She skitters up the wall.

CYRUS

Like I said. Foolish.

The pair are trapped between the madman and the she-beast.

Until --

Gary and Takeo rush in behind her. Bloody and battle worn.

The hell-bitch is surrounded.

A Mexican standoff.

They play it safe.

No doubt she has more tricks up her sleeve.

Lilith's eyes glow.

THWIPT! Dark spikes protrude from her skin. All over. Like a million hairs on her torso, her face, her arms and legs.

But these aren't hairs. They're nails.

Everyone hesitates.

And before they can mentally spell out WTF --

She hisses.

BOOM! The spikes launch out of her like a porcupine grenade.

Black nails flood the air in every direction.

Everyone goes for cover.

Ezekiel takes a cluster of spikes to the face and neck.

Falls.

Around the nails, his skin goes rotten. Black veins spiderweb from the embedded nail, spread quickly across his flesh. Like a disease. He convulses. Foams at the mouth.

The pupils of his eyes are swallowed by a murky cataract white.

Drea leaps on him and rips the spikes out one by one.

Ezekiel's hands shoot out --

Grab Drea by the throat.

Death grip.

He's no longer in control.

Possessed.

A cackling Lilith controls him like a mental puppet.

Ezekiel slams Drea around. Pins her to the floor.

Never releasing his strangle hold. The wild drool of his mouth dripping on her bloodless face.

She's fading fast. Drea reaches out to fight him off. Her fingers stretching for the last spike in his neck. Fingertips millimeters from scratching it. But his knees pin her down.

Drea's eyes drift to Lilith who watches with a Jack-O-Lantern's murderous grin.

Drea's hands fall. Her fight fading.

Ezekiel leans in close to finish it.

Drea bites the nail and rips it out with a spray of blood.

He blinks back. He's shocked at what he's doing. Tears away his choking hands.

She chokes and gasps and sucks in air.

EZEKIEL

Drea...

DREA

It's okay... it's okay...

But she stops cold. Looking over Ezekiel's shoulder --

Gary. Meat puppet..

And Takeo right behind him. Full on Linda Blair.

They attack.

Lilith loving this.

An epic melee ensues.

Martial arts. Blades. Ancient warfare. The oldest.

Angel versus Angel.

Takeo and Gary fight with complete abandon, no pain, no morals, no quarter. This gives them the edge, especially since Ezekiel and Drea don't want to kill their friends.

Takeo has a weakened Drea pinned to the wall. His katana on its way --

KA-CHINK!

Steel on steel.

Stopped.

Takeo follows the blade to its owner.

Cyrus.

Who just can't bring himself to see his friend. His fellow angel. Die.

Cyrus turns the course.

Fighting alongside Drea, shoulder to shoulder.

Lilith skitters across the ceiling, drops onto the betrayer.

Mauling him. Tossing him into a corner.

She turns --

Gary has his broadsword under a defenseless Ezekiel's chin.

Just when he's about to finish him --

Drea throws her dagger right at Gary.

DREA
Gregarovich!

Gary ducks it.

He wasn't the target.

It flies past and right into Lilith's throat.

The mystical symbols glow brighter than we've ever seen.

Blinding.

Lilith's skin cracks. Tears. Black sludge pours from her wounds.

And it defies gravity. Being sucked up by the dagger, like a super-massive black hole.

Lilith rips apart, piece by piece. Even her screams can't escape the holy vortex.

Then it's over. The only evidence left of Satan's mistress - Drea's dagger. Which briefly hangs in the air then -- CLANG -- drops to the floor below.

Shutting off the psychic puppetry.

Gary and Takeo fall to the ground. Exhausted.

GARY

That...might...be...the grossest thing...I've ever seen.

Takeo looks back at Cyrus who is laying in a wounded heap.

TAKEO

What about him?

No longer a threat, Drea turns her back on Cyrus, heads to the next car.

She's on the clock. And time's almost up.

ABANDONED CAR

Sara is tied by human shackles.

A table made of limbs and tormented souls. Dirty, boney hands holding her arms, hair, head. One in her mouth.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! Drea attacks the limbs, chopping them away.

Sara falls from the table. She's different. Eyes black.

Drea kneels beside her. Pushes her hair back.

The rest watch solemnly.

Sara means everything to them.

She finally looks up, inky tears return her eyes to baby brown.

Drea picks her up and on her shoulder she goes.

DREA

We've got a schedule to keep --

Skreeeeeeech! A high-pitched squeal. *What is that?*

All eyes go to the windows.

Spiders.

The train is rolling through a station and...

Spiders pile down the steps.

Hundreds of them. Coming right at the subway.

The cavalry of hell-beasts hit the train like a tsunami of gross.

TAKEO

This is the part they call the trap.

DREA

We gotta get Sara back. NOW.

They're off and running.

VARIOUS CARS

Spiders claw at the glass as they run back through the cars.

Some of the spiders burst through only to meet their demise via kick, punch or steel.

And as they do --

It's evident -- ammo is on short supply.

They're down to their last few bullets.

SLAM! SLAM! More fucking Spiders. They cling on the outside windows. Blotting out the exterior.

SMASH! They break through the glass. Bite at our heroes.

Others scamper across the rooftop, headed towards a collision course with our heroes at --

THE DOOR TO THE REAR CAR

The spiders wedge themselves in between.

Metal teeeeeaarrrring!

Separating the last car!!!

Gary and Takeo battle the spiders as Drea and Ezekiel push at the door.

There's too many of the things. Gary and Takeo are taking serious hits --

Drea breaks through --

Only to see the last car thunder away from them!!!

The detached train with Sara's mortal body fading in the distance.

Getting further and further with every second.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SAME

New York is gone. The island caked in Hell makeup.

The sun is Blood Orange, setting instead in the East in this upside down world.

It's only a matter of time before the rest of the earth gets the same spa treatment.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Drea's not giving up.

She rips the rear door off its hinges --

Puts Sara on her back.

DREA
Hold tight!

The others still fight behind her.

DREA
Come on! We're leaving!

Drea and the angels stage-dive out the back.

Crowd surfing the spiders that spill off the roof.

Sliding down their hides until they hit ground.

Drea and Sara on the metal door, belly flop onto the tracks, skidding in a sea of sparks until they spin out.

All limbs present and accounted for.

GARY
Where's Takeo?

SUBWAY CAR

He's still at the door.

Overtaken by the spiders and pulled back inside, disappearing into the darkness as the train rockets away.

SUBWAY TRACKS

Gary tries to run after, but he's grabbed by Drea.

GARY
Nooooo!!

DREA
He's gone. Come on!

The tunnel walls CRUMBLE. The ground SHAKES. The ceiling starts to cave in!!

More whispers. "He's close. He's coming! Our master is almost here..."

Then another voice. Soft. "Ssssssaaaaaarrrrraaaaaa."

Sara looks behind.

Her MOTHER, young, beautiful, bathed in light.

SARA'S MOTHER
Help. Me.

SARA
Momma?

SARA'S MOTHER
I need you...

SARA
Let me go. LET ME GO!!

Her Mom reaches out.

Sara pounds on Drea's shoulder. Begs. Pleads.

Drea ignores her. Presses forward.

DREA
It's not real.

Then Sara's Mom changes. Turns dark. Menacing.

SARA'S MOTHER
(demonic)
COME HERE. NOW!!! LISTEN TO YOUR
MOTHER.

The horde catches up and passes through the apparition.

Sara cries at the illusion.

The group tears off down the tunnel, the broken car nowhere to be seen.

But Sara's soul tether tells them where to go...

THE BROKEN CAR

THERE IT IS!

Just ahead.

So little time left --

But not far behind.

The spider horde closes in--

Every God-damned inch of tunnel crammed with them.

Almost at the door --

CYRUS stumbles out!

He must have used the roof, gotten ahead of them before the car broke off.

But he's in no condition to fight. Still beaten to shit from his mauling by Lilith.

But tries anyway. A true believer until the end.

He can barely hold his scimitar.

CYRUS

I can't let you do this. We are too close. The time is now.

Drea walks up to her former friend.

CYRUS

Enough trying to stop the inevitable. It's time to do what we're meant to do --

Drea sticks her dagger straight through Cyrus. It pains her as much as him. She looks into his dying eyes...

Then picks him up and throws him to the Spiders.

It delays their approach as they munch his bones.

SCREEEEEECH! Metal grinding.

They turn --

The train car is moving away. Some force pulling it away.

They tear after --

But crashing down in front of them.

DEMON HARDY!!

Still around and even more pissed off.

It's too much for our gang to handle.

He tosses them around like rag dolls.

Then the spiders pour in.

On top of them.

All. Fucking. Over. Them.

BEEP-BEEP. BEEP-BEEP. Gary's phone alarm goes off.

Sunset.

Ezekiel looks over at Drea.

EZEKIEL

You still think it was His plan?

DREA

Y-y-essssssss.

Darkness.

Silence.

Is this death?

And then...

An explosion of light!!

Spiders carcasses go flying. Demon Hardy is smashed into the wall, crashing through the next tunnel.

A WING. A pair of wings.

Unfurl around Drea.

The devil's arachnids hesitate, sensing this newfound power. Back away.

Revealing the rest of our fallen angels.

Fallen no more.

Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiip.

Tearing out of all their backs --

Strong. Long. Majestic.

Razor sharp.

Angel wings!

Memory sense kicks in. A fifth limb. A weapon.

They become whirling dervishes of heavenly might.

Spiders churned like fruit in a blender. Nothing but mush.

The angels lift off the ground, Sara under Drea's wing.

They soar.

Angels in flight.

They jet away from the remaining spiders.

Dipping and diving like some carnival ride, through, up and under obstacles of concrete, Hell, and insect.

Wind in their hair, eyes on the lone dormant subway car.

BROKEN SUBWAY CAR

They crash into the car.

Drea flies in with Sara. Followed by the others.

Just as the tether is about to break --

Sara touches her body.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

The blood rain shuts off like someone turning a spigot.

Sunburst pierces through the sky.

Night becomes morning.

But not just morning-ish.

The real-ass morning. The real sun. And it's blaring bright.

DONG-DONG. A church bell. St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Some NATIONAL GUARDSMEN open the huge doors.

It's filled with SURVIVORS. They pour out. Look around. Thank God. They've been saved! Saved!

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY

A couple of BEAT COPS drive through the ravaged city. Survey the wreckage.

People praying on the streets. People helping each other.

Maybe humanity has a chance after all.

But the radio's still going crazy. A call comes in and they flip on the sirens, off they go, zipping past --

INT. RISING DRAGON - SAME

Sindy's de-possessed and mostly whole again.

Mostly.

She's downing some heavy liquor and is bleeding from her thigh. And we see... she's just razored off that damn Tattoo.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

Sara chokes back to life.

Awakens.

Looks at the others.

Their wings.

SARA
(groggy)
...What? No halos?

Laughs. Hugs. Tears.

Monster sounds echo through the alley ways. Some BEASTLY THING flies through the air.

SARA
They're still here?

DREA
All we did was shut the door. But the welcome mat was put out for a long time. A lot made it through.

SARA
So what do we do now?

KA-CHUNK. Gary locks and loads.

GARY
The Lord's work.

They all shoot him a look.

GARY
Fucking heathens.

SARA
I want to hear it. I want to hear the words...

We fade into mist as our angels recite their mantra.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

Low fog skims the sidewalks.

ANGELS (V.O.)
In humble service, we honor thee /A
token of the fallen, our victory...

Minced demon parts litter the road.

ANGELS (V.O.)
With sword and shield, your
instrument of wrath /We light the
way on darkness path...

In the shadows, MONSTERS feasts on carcasses.

ANGELS (V.O.)
Til this our end, on battle's
ground /Eternal your chosen ones...

And right there on Broadway -- angels battle demons.

ANGELS (V.O.)
Our wings wrapped round.

The war of Good vs. Evil starts now.

THE END.