

BLACK WATCH

By

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FADE IN:

EZEKIAL (V.O.)  
Do you believe in God, Nathan?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

TITLE OVER: The Americas 1755

Torch fire sends hues of saffron dancing in the abyssal dark of a humid forest, casting shadows among the features of four men. EZEKIEL (20s) stands unkempt, layered in sweat from the bayou heat as he grips a tea stained bible.

He calls to the shadow in front of him, looming over another whimpering silhouette bound to a tree.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)  
Nathan.

Our fourth figure, GAWONII (30s) emerges, his Native American features highlighted by his own torch.

GAWONII  
(to Ezekiel)  
Perhaps that is a question best  
served for our condemned.

Ezekiel flinches at the words for a beat. He swallows and projects his protest again to the back of our two remaining obscured figures.

EZEKIEL  
Surely your faith will see to your  
mercy.

KROSS  
Mercy.

NATHAN KROSS (30s), raises his torch to reveal a dirt covered face, framed by raven hair that is loosely pulled back with a matching scruffy beard. His torch simultaneously casts a faint spotlight on his CAPTIVE (20s), a battered and tortured man with wounds staining crimson onto his white and navy uniform.

Kross turns to Ezekiel, stepping closer.

KROSS(CONT'D)  
Mercy requires salvation which in  
turn requires forgiveness. A divine  
sentiment only you and God offer  
this man tonight.

(CONTINUED)

EZEKIEL

I understand your pain. I feel it too.

Kross' eyes tighten at the words. Ezekiel places a gentle consoling hand on Kross' shoulder.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

I was there. Believe me when I tell you that it was not men that wrought devastation that day.

Kross shakes his head.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

If you kill this man, his innocent blood will be a stain on your soul. Let him go.

Kross' head lowers to the cushion of such soft words. A beat. Then a gargled sound cuts through the respite of such tenderness. The Captive pleads through bloody saliva.

CAPTIVE

(in French)

Please. Let me go!

The heavy accent of shouted French snaps Kross back to his resolve. He places a hand around the back of Ezekiel's neck, bringing their foreheads together.

KROSS

Ezekiel.

Cannon fire THUNDERS in the distance on the horizon. Gowanii turns an observant ear towards its direction.

GOWANII

They're advancing.

KROSS

(to Ezekiel)

This is war. There are no innocent men here.

Kross turns in stride and glides over to the Captive. Ezekiel steps forward to stop him.

Gowanii intervenes, providing a human barrier between the two, using a warriors scowl that stops Ezekiel.

Ezekiel yells over Gowanii's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

EZEKIEL

Nathan.

The Captive begins to shake his head and plead through babbling whimpers as his tormentor closes the gap between them.

Kross arrives at the Captive's feet; and sends a crushing jab into his face, setting teeth free in a spray of blood.

He grabs a tuft of the Captive's hair and raises his right hand to reveal an object dangling from his wrist.

KROSS

Do you see this?

The Captive uses the one eye that isn't swollen to look upon a beaded rosary fitted like a bracelet around Kross' wrist. A wooden crucifix sways from its end.

KROSS(CONT'D)

I pulled this from the at bloody pulp of my mutilated wife and child.

Surprisingly, French flows from Gowanii's lips in fluent succession as he translates Kross' words for the Captive's ears.

KROSS(CONT'D)

Your commander, Montcalm violated the terms of surrender at Fort Henry.

The Captive shakes his head and weeps as Gowanii continues to translate.

EZEKIEL

(to Nathan)

Stop this!

Kross reaches above the Captive's head to grip the hand of a TOMAHAWK stuck in the tree's flesh. He gives it a tug, setting it free, hovering it threateningly near the Captive's face.

Artillery THUNDERS again in the distance, louder than before.

KROSS

Where is Joseph de Montcalm's encampment?

Gowanii translates.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTIVE  
(in French, no subtitles)  
I don't know! I don't know!

GOWANII  
He says he doesn't know.

Kross raises the tomahawk.

Ezekiel attempts to push through Gowanii. Gowanii resists.

EZEKIEL  
You kill an innocent man, Nathan!

Kross freezes.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)  
I was there. I tried to save them.  
But how do you fight the Devil? God  
tells us-

Kross turns to Ezekiel.

KROSS  
No. No more sermons. That book has  
fogged your mind from what's real.  
No more talk of monsters or  
whispering shadows from you.

The rhythmic RUMBLE of hoof beats approach as a Native American SCOUT (20s) emerges in the torch light by horseback. A vacant saddled horse at his side.

Gowanii approaches the Scout, and they converse in their native tongue.

GOWANII  
(to Nathan)  
A few dozen Algonquin are on our  
flank. With close to six hundred  
French infantry before us.

KROSS  
How much time?

The Scout speaks. Gowanii listens.

GOWANII  
(beat)  
Not enough. However, Montcalm has  
been spotted among their ranks.

A fire of opportunity sparks in Kross' eyes as he turns to the Captive.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS  
(In French, no subtitles)  
Please, don't.

Gowanii turns to the Scout. Kross pulls a loaded flint lock from his belt, and aims it point blank to the Captive's head.

KROSS  
(to Captive)  
History forgets cowardly soldiers.

EZEKIEL  
Wait!

A spark FLASHES spotlighting the Captive's final moments in the dark. Kross emerges among the remaining three with his face coated with specs of blood.

KROSS  
Gowanii, ready an ambush party  
around the southeast bank.

Kross mounts the vacant horse next to the Scout.

Gowanii mounts his horse as well.

KROSS(CONT'D)  
Tell your men there is to be no  
quarter.

Gowanii clicks his tongue and digs his heels into the sides of his horse. It NEIGHS loudly into the night before galloping off with Scout in tow.

KROSS(CONT'D)  
(to Ezekiel)  
You should stay back where it's  
safe, little brother. And while you  
pray for shelter I shall be the one  
to provide it.

Kross whistles. His horse rears, then gallops into the forest.

EXT. FOREST CAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kross arrives to a nomadic city of tents, supplies and wagons; basking in the twilight of campfire. He steers through a mad dash of adrenaline fueled, half dressed soldiers as they rush to formation.

(CONTINUED)

He gallops along a battalion of half buttoned red coats as they prep their muskets.

KROSS  
Ready Arms!

The front line raises their muskets.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
Aim!

Silence lingers, allowing a calm before the storm that could stretch seconds into minutes.

Screams emit from the forest. Tensions rise as soldiers tighten their grips on the wood grain of their muskets.

The French army floods into view, shooting wildly amidst screams of terror.

*Wait for it.*

KROSS (CONT'D)  
FIRE!

SPARK after SPARK, as the first line of flints ignite, propelling iron balls into unfortunate flesh.

The front line drops to a knee to ready their rifles, leaving the second line to unleash another volley into the French.

The front line is back on its feet, but the French are too close.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
NO QUARTER!

The two forces connect. The first wave met with the impaling of British bayonets.

Kross' horse BUCKS in the excitement, sending him SMACK into the ground. He rolls to his feet, and readies a dagger in one hand. Tomahawk in the other.

His first opponent dies with swift execution. More engage as he repositions himself, and begins to greet each assailant with unmatched skill, evenly distributing deathblows to every poor victim within arm's reach.

A fatal blow to the gut sends FRENCH SOLDIER (20s) into Kross' arms. They lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FRENCH SOLDIER

Run.

The French Soldier's last words freeze Kross. His eyes fall with the slumping limbs of the corpse. He studies his surroundings with bewilderment.

KROSS

Halt!

A blood stained, injured Gowanii appears at Kross' side.

GOWANII

They're fleeing?

British soldiers yield their assault only to witness in awe of their opponent's desertion. Not a single British infantry man is hurt, but the encampment is littered with the soulless dead of their enemy.

A silence hangs in the confusion. The soldiers begin to talk amongst each other. A chilling SCREAM pierces their chatter from the distance, silencing them.

Another SCREAM from the opposite direction sends the soldiers spinning to pinpoint its location.

The scream fades, punctuated by the loud SNAP of bone and sinew. Silence. Then haunting whispers project from all around.

KROSS

We're surrounded!

Soldiers aim their muskets wildly in all directions. Their eyes fixated on the blinding dark.

The campfires extinguish, engulfing their tents in ivory pillars of clouded moonlight.

Silence again. Then...

Predatory snarls begin to close in around them. A nervous soldier fires into the void.

His fear is contagious, and random blasts of muskets expel into the forest. Amongst the flashes of striking gun powder, soldiers are SNATCHED at random as if eaten by the shadows themselves. Perilous cries for help morph into wet gargles as their final breaths escape them.

(CONTINUED)



RANDOM SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)  
Where is it?

RANDOM SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)  
I can't see!

Kross rushes through the darkness. He knocks over an oak barrel of gunpowder, steps back and fires his pistol into it.

The supplies EXPLODE into a tower of inferno, setting the night ablaze.

In the flickering firelight, Nathan is snared by the horror before him. He witnesses the vicious assault on his men as they are torn to shreds by the avarice of monstrous things.

Kross shakes himself out of it with the realization that Ezekiel could be in the slaughter.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
Ezekiel!

Kross' cries garner the attention of one of the creatures. They lock eyes. The creature bolts with feral speed at him, and LEAPS in defiance of gravity.

Kross responds with the battle hardened resolve we expect, and engages with equal ferocity.

IMPACT.

Kross lands on his back next to a fallen MUSKET. Razor teeth with elongated fangs and claws SNAP at his neck. His only defense is the handle of his tomahawk pressed to its chest. *Push.*

Kross pushes with all his might, screaming for every bit of strength. His muscles betray him and the creature sinks its fangs into its prey. Kross WAILS.

The creature pulls back, harrowing in pain as it lets go of Kross. Its skin set ablaze by sweeping fire. A torch at its feet. Ezekiel steps back, gripping his rifle, bayonet at the ready.

It circles Ezekiel.

Kross struggles to his feet using the nearby musket for support while gripping his neck in a feeble attempt to slow the fatal rate of blood loss.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS (CONT'D)  
(to Ezekiel)

Run.

EZEKIEL  
(to the monster)  
I will fear no evil, for thou art  
with me.

NATHAN  
No!

Kross throws himself at the creature in one final attack.  
Suddenly...

BOOM. A residual explosion from the remaining gunpowder  
supplies launches Kross backwards.

The fire dwindles to dying embers, leaving us with the final  
image of the creature lunging for Ezekiel in the dying  
light.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

In the morning sunlight we find the camp in tatters.  
Dismembered corpses litter the ground in all directions.

A group of British infantry searches the chaos for  
survivors. Some lose their breakfast amongst the  
slaughtered.

A hand struggles into view, reaching for something in the  
dirt.

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Here!

Soldiers rush over to SOLDIER 3, surrounding his discovery.

Kross lays motionless on the ground. Broke, scarred, bloody,  
but *alive*. Pale from the volume of blood loss. SOLDIER (20s)  
arrives to aid him.

PRIEST (O.S.)  
Don't touch him!

A PRIEST (40s) parts through the crowd, planting himself  
over Kross. He kneels down to study his wounds. His eyes  
trail from Kross' neck, down to his palm to see a rosary in  
its grasp.

The crucifix singses the skin in Kross' palm delicately.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

PRESENT DAY

We crawl across the skyline of candlelit skyscrapers amidst tangles of slithering traffic.

A dilapidated warehouse closes in on us, and then...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We see a dark hallway, details impossible to make out. Beams of tactical flashlights FLARE into view.

A SWAT team quietly maneuvers down the hallway, firearms at the ready. EVELYN KISLE (30s), a homicide detective in tactical gear helms the operation.

They enter a dark, open room. Evelyn aims a tac light on the wall, spotlighting a series of odd symbols and texts.

SWAT 1 (30s) and SWAT 2 (30s) stop at Evelyn's back.

SWAT 1

Jesus, what the hell is that?  
Graffiti?

SWAT 2

Street art.

SWAT 1

(to Swat 2)

What?

SWAT 2

It's street art, nobody calls it  
*graffiti* anymore.

SWAT 1

Who calls it street art?

SWAT 2

Banksy.

(cont'd)

Who?

SWAT 2

Banksy.

(CONTINUED)

SWAT 1  
Who the hell is Banksy?

SWAT 2  
Really? He's only one of the  
greatest contemporary artist of ou-

EVELYN  
Is that blood?

SWAT 1  
Looks like-

Evelyn's ears perk.

EVELYN  
Quiet!

Everyone falls silent. A shuffle in the rafters catches their attention. The unit trains their rifles with experienced precision. Tac lights shine on a small portion of the ceiling.

SWAT 2  
(whispers to Swat 1)  
I don't hear anything. You hear anything?

SWAT 1  
(whispers)  
Maybe if you shut the hell up.

Evelyn breaks formation, and sweeps the rafters with her tac light.

Swat 1 follows suit. His light catches the glimpse of someone holding onto the rafters like a human spider. *Unnatural*. It SNARLS at him. Swat 1's reflexes tense and he fires.

The entire SWAT team follows suit, unleashing a BARRAGE of thunderous fire.

The target jumps and leaps from rafter to rafter with jaguar agility. Then SMASH out a square-paned window.

EVELYN (O.S.)  
(shouts)  
Hold your fire!

SWAT 2  
What the shit was that?

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

VALAC, crashes onto the roof in seamless stride. A helicopter hovers into view, casting a spotlight on him. Valac hisses and covers his face. His emerald eyes struck by the halogens of the police chopper.

A voice emits from the speaker through the light.

CARTER(O.S)

Do not move.

Valac bolts, like an animal in an urban jungle. Leaping with parkour-grace from building to building. The helicopter on his tail.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sirens blare as they follow in Valac's direction.

INT. HELICOPTER - SIMULTANEOUS

CARTER MILES (30s), draped in SWAT GEAR, sits passenger as they pursue Valac.

CARTER

(into mic)

He's heading southbound down Hanna.

INT. SQUAD CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn dodges and swerves traffic in pursuit. Her eyes dart back and forth from the street to the man skipping rooftops.

EVELYN

(into mic)

I'm on him.

Valac lands on the next building. Slides across the gravel with his momentum and BREAKS into a new direction.

Evelyn DRIFTS past an obstacle of approaching traffic onto the next street to keep up. The police chopper makes another pull to keep Valac illuminated. He looks into the chopper's night vision camera.

CARTER (O.S.)

Now west on 86th towards the pier.  
You're gonna lose him.

INT. CHOPPER - SIMULTANEOUS

The police chopper YANKS hard to the right, giving a roof a SPARKLY kiss. PILOT (30s) looks over at Carter.

PILOT

Sorry.

CARTER

I'll kick your ass if we die.

PILOT

How so?

Carter wants to interject but is stopped by the flaw in his logic.

EVELYN (O.S.)

*Carter?*

Frustrated, Carter turns his attention back to the night vision camera to see his suspect has disappeared.

CARTER

(into mic)

We'll find him.

Carter motions to the Pilot to double back.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn slows past the alleys adjacent from the cove, peering down them with the spotlight of her squad car. She catches a figure running in the corner of her eye towards the pier.

Evelyn PEELS into a u-turn and speeds after him.

The squad car SCREECHES to a stop at the guard rail preventing her vehicle access to the pier.

Evelyn exits with an assault rifle in hand and pursues Valac.

EXT. PIER - CONTINUOUS

The peaceful consumerism of the crowds are instantly disrupted as Valac breaks onto the pier, violently shoving obstacles both human and material from his path without effort.

(CONTINUED)

Evelyn sprints behind him, losing ground on her target's relentless speed. The Chopper's spotlight SWOOSHES overhead flooding her surroundings in a haze of light before casting its gaze onto the fleeing Valac.

CARTER (O.S.)  
*He's headed for the water.*

*Evelyn struggles to keep up.* She plants her feet and aims. The shot obscured by the bewildered crowd.

EVELYN  
(shouts)  
Get down!

People turn their attention in her direction and instantly fall to the floor.

Evelyn takes a deep breath as she eyes the barrels sights to see Valac gaining further distance.

EVELYN  
(into mic)  
I've got him.

BANG. Evelyn's rifle chambers back, expelling a shell as a round leaves the barrel into Valac's flesh. His body sent SPLASH into the water.

EXT. PIER - LATER

Police swarm the scene in a gradient of blue and red. Contractors dredging the coastline for a body.

CAPTAIN QUINN (50s), a woman whose makeup covers the wrinkles from stress, approaches Evelyn.

QUINN  
Really, Kisle? How reckless could you be?

EVELYN  
I was doing my job.

QUINN  
Which was exactly?

EVELYN  
Protecting and serving.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Is that what you call firing an automatic weapon into a crowd of civilians? Protecting them?

EVELYN

Over. Over a crowd of civilians. They were lying down.

QUINN

Well thank you. I'll make sure to mention that in my interview tomorrow with the board. If you're lucky, I might convince them to keep you on the case.

EVELYN

He was getting away.

QUINN

To the ocean. How far do you think he would have got?

Carter joins them.

CARTER

(to Quinn)

I don't know, Captain. Did you see the way he was skipping roof tops?

EVELYN

(to Quinn)

I just put down a vicious serial killer that's been plaguing this city for weeks. Four victims violently mutilated by this maniac. That's four families that are going to sleep tonight with closure.

QUINN

Assuming there isn't a fifth victim, or a sixth, or a dozen. That's why we try to get our suspects alive, Kisle. It's not your job to hand out death sentences.

EVELYN

Then why is every cop here armed with a gun.

(CONTINUED)



QUINN

For protection and last resorts.  
Otherwise, you stick to the damn  
rules.

Evelyn looks to Carter in frustration.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Go home. Pray I convince the board  
to let you keep your badge, and if  
you're lucky, the case as well.

Evelyn saunters off with her tail between her legs. She  
pulls the band from her hair letting her ponytail fall to  
her shoulders. Carter jogs to catch up.

CARTER

Did you really get him?

EVELYN

Right back torso. Lower lung.

CARTER

Good. Did you see the way he moved?  
Unreal. Better in the morgue than  
out here with civilians.

EVELYN

Where was this support a minute ago  
when Quinn chewed me out.

CARTER

What you didn't see it?

EVELYN

No.

CARTER

I nodded the entire time you made  
your case.

EVELYN

You nodded?

CARTER

Yep. I nodded in silent, support of  
my partner. I wanted to say  
something. But I didn't want to  
mansplain...

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

So you nodded.

CARTER

Very quietly. Acknowledging the weight of your argument while simultaneously supporting your right to argue.

Evelyn rolls her eyes and lets out a half chuckle as they approach her vehicle. She opens the door.

EVELYN

Goodnight. Call me when they find the body.

CARTER

I could use a ride too. Maybe we could wind down over a cup of coffee?

Evelyn shakes her head half amused.

CARTER (CONT'D)

C'mon, Evie. I saw how you were checking me out last week in the break room. Remember? When I bent down to pick up that splenda packet?

Evelyn laughs.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You know I'm more than a nice ass and a smile.

Evelyn raises her left hand revealing a man's wedding ring around the appropriate finger. Carter recognizes it and sighs.

CARTER

Yeah. About that.

EVELYN

Get an Uber. Night.

Evelyn enters her car and starts the ignition.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun sets the sky ablaze, casting a palette of orange on Evelyn's bedroom. Her eyes are half closed, weighing heavier and heavier as she slowly nods. Then...

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

She rises to the edge of the bed.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

She reaches over and disables her alarm clock.

Evelyn rubs the finger of her left hand where her wedding ring should be. She turns to the pillow next to her where a gold band rests on top and retrieves it.

INT. EVELYN'S - BEDROOM - LATER

Evelyn, now showered, readies herself in the mirror.

She clips her badge and holstered gun to her belt. Turns back to the mirror and checks her hair. Her phone BUZZES to life on the dresser.

Evelyn checks the caller ID and then answers.

EVELYN

Dr. Vale.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Good morning.*

EVELYN

Morning.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*You sound tired. Are you taking your sleeping pills?*

Evelyn raises the bottle from the nightstand and turns it over to reveal the lack of pills inside.

EVELYN

Every night.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Perhaps all that adrenaline counteracts the prescription.*

Evelyn checks her phone's reminders. One in RED sticks out: 7:30 PM - THERAPY. *Shit.*

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

If this is about missing last night's appoint-

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Oh I saw. It's all over the local news. Wild night?*

EVELYN

Yeah. But we *finally* got him.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Did you?*

EVELYN

Yes.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Because they have yet to report a body.*

EVELYN

Well it's the coast, maybe an undercurrent pulled it out.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Maybe. But I plan to keep my doors locked in the meantime. Look, whether you show up or not is on you, I bill the insurance regardless.*

EVELYN

I'll be there next week.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Good. Then we can discuss why you missed last week's appointment as well as the one prior.*

EVELYN

You got it doc.

DR. VALE (O.S.)

*Till next week, Detective.*

EVELYN

Goodbye.

Evelyn disconnects.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - ALEX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn enters a quiet room covered in posters of pop culture icons, with one wall accented by a series of illustrations.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Alex?

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn continues her search throughout the house. As she maneuvers about we're revealed a modest and clean home.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Alex?

No one. Evelyn notices the nearby coffee machine steaming with a fresh pot.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

ALEX KISLE(teens), sits on the porch with notebook in hand. He sketches away at the paper. His headphones throb with pulsating music. A lit cigarette between his lips.

Evelyn joins Alex with her coffee mug in hand. She touches Alex on the shoulder.

Alex snatches the lit cigarette and places it down between his leg. He frees one of his ears.

ALEX

Shit.

EVELYN

Morning.

Alex taps his sketch with the eraser of his pencil.

ALEX

How'd you sleep?

EVELYN

I didn't.

ALEX

I put a fresh pot on.

Evelyn pats her mug.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN  
That's why you're my favorite.

ALEX  
I'm an only child.

Evelyn takes a seat on the porch bench next to Alex.

EVELYN  
So no pressure.

The two sit in an uncomfortable silence. Alex fidgets.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
You really gonna pretend I didn't  
just catch you smoking?

ALEX  
No clue what you're talking about.

EVELYN  
I can smell the carcinogens on you.

ALEX  
Maybe it's your allergies. Ragweed  
pollen's high today.

Evelyn sips from her coffee in amusement.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You know as a detective you're  
supposed to have evidence before  
you charge someone with a crime?

EVELYN  
So you weren't smoking?

Smoke rises up from Alex's lap.

ALEX  
Never.

EVELYN  
Is that why your crotch is on fire?

Alex looks down and panics.

ALEX  
Shit!

Alex smacks away at his jeans sending embers and tobacco  
flying.

EVELYN

Hey go easy! I'd like some grand kids one day.

Alex stands shaking his jeans of the residual ashes. He looks up to see NAOMI (teens) watching him from across the street. Alex sits right down. Evelyn notices.

EVELYN

You ask her out yet?

ALEX

I'm working on it.

EVELYN

When you manage the courage, go knock on her door. None of this hashtag social media stuff.

ALEX

Yeah.

BRUCE (teens) pulls up in a used vehicle, windows down and music blaring.

EVELYN

Alright, time for school.

Alex closes his sketchpad and tucks it away into his backpack.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I'll see you later tonight. Pizza?

ALEX

I might go stay over at Bruce's tonight.

Evelyn glances at the boy behind the wheel.

EVELYN

Okay well keep me informed alright?

ALEX

Cool.

Alex turns towards Bruce's car.

EVELYN

Alex.

Alex stops.

Evelyn walks up to him with her hand out.

ALEX

What?

Evelyn snaps her fingers.

A beat. Alex reaches into his bag and hands over an open pack of cigarettes with a sigh of disappointment. He attempts to leave again.

EVELYN

The other one too.

Alex freezes. Turns hesitantly and reaches back into his bag. A moment later he reveals a second unopened pack. Evelyn takes it.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Atta boy. Have a good day. Learn something.

Alex saunters off. Evelyn's phone buzzes in her pocket. She checks it to see a text message from Carter.

INT. SHIVA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Evelyn navigates through a loose group of journalists, beat cops, and crime scene specialists.

A corpse rests in the center of the room, covered in a bloody sheet. Furniture and valuables scattered around the room.

Carter greets Evelyn at the door along with the coroner, MAX (50s).

MAX

Evie.

EVELYN

Max. Victim?

JOE (50s), a grisly pudgy veteran detective appears, eating a candy bar.

MAX

Shiva, age 33.

Evelyn perks up at the name.

EVELYN

That her legal name? Just Shiva?

(CONTINUED)



MAX

(nods)

Specialized in fortune telling,  
exorcism and holistic remedies.

CARTER

You gathered all that from the  
crime scene?

Max points at Joe. Everyone turns their attention.

JOE

I recognized the photos. She was  
the magician at my nephew's  
birthday party. Sorceress Shiva  
the Powerful. Kids loved her.

They turn back to Max. He notes it down on his tablet.

MAX

...and amateur magician.

EVELYN

Time and cause of death?

MAX

Between five and six AM. As for the  
cause it was either a meat grinder  
or our own Cult Killer.

CARTER

(to Max)

You sure?

Max beckons Evelyn over to the body. Carter and Joe follows.  
The three kneel down as Max lifts the sheet and reveals a  
mangled corpse covered in blood and bite marks.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Gnaw marks...same as the others.

MAX

(aims with a stylus)

Correct, see the edges here.

Evelyn's attention follows Max.

MAX (CONT'D)

These markings, don't match a human  
set of teeth. See how deep these  
bites are. Human incisors aren't  
sharp enough to render flesh like  
that.

(CONTINUED)

The three sit for a beat in silence. Joe CHOMPS away at his candy bar, unmoved by the gruesome scene. Max and Evelyn eye him for his lack of professionalism.

Joe pulls at a nice stretch of caramel.

EVELYN

How positive are we on the ID?

Max points at a tattoo on her remaining hand then shows a promotional photo of SHIVA (40s) with a crystal ball on his tablet. Same tattoo.

Joe chews away breathing hard through his nose.

EVELYN

Joe.

JOE

What?

EVELYN

Could you breathe between bites?

JOE

Sorry guys.

Joe aims the candy bar at Evelyn, offering a bite as penitence for his indiscretion. Evelyn eyes it without appetite. A beat, then Joe aims it at Max.

MAX

(takes the candy bar)

Thanks.

They all rise to their feet.

EVELYN

(to Max)

Could be a copy cat.

MAX

(chewing)

Possible. Unlikely.

Evelyn looks at Carter for some good news.

CARTER

No report on a body yet.

EVELYN

Witnesses?

JOE  
The neighbor.

Joe nods in the direction of a young woman dressed in running gear in the hallway, pale and sick to her stomach. A uniformed officer tries to console her.

EVELYN  
(looks around)  
...and no one else? Nobody heard anything, saw anyone exit or leave the building? No reports of a disturbance?

CARTER  
Not a thing. The door was left ajar when the neighbor got back from her morning jog.

EVELYN  
(to Joe)  
Call the port authority again. Get details on their search radius.

JOE  
On it.

Evelyn turns her attention back to the body.

INT. PRECINCT - EVELYN/CARTER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Evelyn's silhouette stands in contrast to a large wall of monitors. Each one displaying the photo IDs of the four victims.

The screens animate into one seamless image, containing a library of evidence pinned to a grid that illustrates the radius and locations of the victims.

Carter enters with a tablet in one hand and a coffee in the other. He hands it to Evelyn. She accepts it.

EVELYN  
Thanks.

Carter then begins to tap on his tablet. Shiva's ID appears as the fifth victim.

Joe kicks his feet up on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Well. Either he's bulletproof or a helluva swimmer.

EVELYN

It can't be him.

JOE

And if it is?

CARTER

It was a pretty tough shot. You sure you dropped him?

EVELYN

A soft shell round travels at 1800 feet per second. We're talking straight through the torso. He would of bled out or drowned.

CARTER

We still haven't found a body.

JOE

To be fair this man eats people. Raw. So who knows what this guy is capable of.

CARTER

Four victims. All magic or occult enthusiasts.. You shoot him and then there's number five.

EVELYN

Then it's a copy cat. Or at least an accomplice.

CARTER

It's possible. This is New Orleans. It may be all bourbon and beads up top but underneath people follow some scary shit.

JOE

Either way this is bad news. If a journalist gets wind of this-

UNIFORM 1 (20s), a standard uniformed cop appears at the door.

UNIFORM 1

Detective Kisle. Captain wants you.

INT. PRECINCT - QUINN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn enters a glass walled office, decorated with accolades of Quinn's career achievements.

QUINN

Sit down.

Evelyn and Quinn take their seats, opposite each other at Quinn's desk. She holds her breath.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I've convinced the review board to keep you on the case.

Evelyn exhales in relief.

QUINN (CONT'D)

But there is a condition.

EVELYN

Keep the safety on in crowds, got it.

QUINN

I need you to go to St. Michael's tonight, off of 5th and Alfred.

Evelyn responds with a look of familiarity.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You know it?

EVELYN

I frequent it often these days.

QUINN

I had no clue you were Catholic.

EVELYN

Only recently since Alex's father passed.

QUINN

Of course.

EVELYN

(beat)

It's a good way to honor him.

Quinn nods respectfully before returning swiftly back to business.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

The local Diocese have been following the investigation on the news. They claim to have a specialist in the occult who can help us.

Evelyn shakes her head amused.

EVELYN

A specialist in the occult? We're trying to catch a sociopath not a ghost.

Quinn picks up a blue 'sponge-like' ball from her desk. She squeezes and releases it in a soothing rhythm, attempting to quell her rising irritation.

QUINN

I'm going to attempt to be civil here. After last night's charade to which you wasted numerous department resources, risked officer and civilian lives to shoot a suspect we have yet to confirm a kill for-

EVELYN

I did what needed to be done. Better paperwork and a reprimand than allowing the department's judicial courtesy of a warm cell and hot coffee.

QUINN

(stands)

Don't get cute with me. I'm stuck with a new victim and no one to question!

EVELYN

He was getting away. I was the only one on site; I had to put him down or risk another victim.

Quinn tosses a picture of the remains of Shiva on the desk in front of Evelyn.

QUINN

Yet there she is. What remains of her anyway, and still no body.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

You think he crawled out of the south bay, with a bullet lodged in his lung and just walked it off before breakfast?

QUINN

Possibly. Or maybe you're not as good as you think.

EVELYN

Unbelievable.

QUINN

Of course it's unbelievable! The entire case is bizarre. Look at the evidence. The victims. This man was skipping rooftops like he's playing goddamn hopscotch, and eating people like they're fucking happy meals. This...*evil* is outside of our logic. We can't afford to think like cops here Evelyn, which is why you're going to go to that church and accept whatever expertise they're willing to offer.

EVELYN

This is ridiculous. Have them keep dredging. He's down there.

Quinn points at Shiva's photos.

QUINN

Then explain..

Quinn drops the stress ball down on her desk and leans in against her desk.

QUINN (CONT'D)

For our sake I hope you did miss, because catching two homicidal maniacs is a lot harder than just one.

EVELYN

You're seriously entertaining this. We need results, not a fanatic.

QUINN

You're absolutely right, we need results. So go get them.

(CONTINUED)

A beat measures the silence as Evelyn eases back in her chair at Quinn's words.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Dismissed.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - NIGHT

The city is mirrored in the reflections of fresh rain.

Evelyn parks in front of ST. MICHAEL'S and disables the engine. She looks out at the church's entrance, then retrieves the pack of Alex's cigarettes from the glove compartment.

She places a cigarette between her lips and lights it and inhales. Her eyes close as she slowly releases the smoke from her lungs.

She reaches for her phone. Her face enamored in the glow of its screen.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SIMULTANEOUS

Alex stands third wheel in line to Bruce and Naomi. His phone RATTLES to life in his pocket. He takes it out and checks it.

MOM: How's Bruce's?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn watches her phone.

ALEX: @ the movies. 3rd wheel.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn replies.

MOM: No date?

ALEX: Shrug emoji.

MOM: Are you staying the night?

ALEX: Probably.

MOM: Okay.



INT. EVELYN'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

MOM: I love you.

ALEX: ily 2.

Evelyn closes the chat.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - NIGHT

Evelyn pushes open two monolithic doors to the church, revealing to us a polished Cathedral dressed in the regalia of the Vatican.

Evelyn strides down a scarlet path, centered by a long row of pews on each side before turning to a series of handcrafted confessional booths.

She takes note of the two well dressed men, one in all black conversing near the altar.

She enters a CONFSSIONAL BOOTH and slides the door shut behind her.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CONFSSIONAL RIGHTLEFT - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn runs some fingers through her slightly damp hair shaking lose some of the moisture.

EVELYN

Forgive me father for I have  
sinned. It's been six days since my  
last confession. I-

A nasally rumble interrupts her from the other side of the mesh screen.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Father?

A beat. Then another rumble. *Snoring*. Evelyn disapproves with a hard slap on the screen.

Anthony Bishop (50s), a salt and pepper haired man in priest's clothing, snaps awake due to Evelyn's interruption.

He composes himself by straightening his spectacles, and running his hand through his hair in an attempt to style it.

Evelyn digests the rustle from the other side of the screen. Then silence.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (O.S.)  
I'm all ears.

Evelyn smirks and mouths the words "all ears" mockingly.

EVELYN  
Forgive me father for I have  
sinned. It has been six days sin-

BISHOP (O.S.)  
Evie?

EVELYN  
Father.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
What the hell could you have  
possibly done in six days to  
warrant a confession.

EVELYN  
Well, for one, I killed a man.

The confessional screen slides open, revealing Bishop's face to Evelyn.

BISHOP  
Are you sure? Because according to  
the news they haven't even found a  
body yet.

Evelyn slides her screen shut with a slam in frustration. A beat, then...

SNIFF. SNIFF.

BISHOP (O.S. - CONT'D)  
You smoking again?

Evelyn's screen door slides open to reveal a pack of smokes in her hand. A cigarette already protruding out towards him.

Bishop retrieves it with a longing smile on his face and places the filter between his lips.

Evelyn extends a lighter but Bishop is way ahead. He raises the handle of a cane to his mouth. A compartment opens and out sparks a flame.

Bishop lights the tobacco and inhales, causing it to blaze to life in a slow burn. He savors.

Evelyn lights her own. Bishop exhales.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

That's nice. I prayed all damn day  
to the saints for a cigarette and  
who delivers? A sinner.

He pulls another loving drag.

EVELYN

You sleeping in the booth again?

BISHOP

I can't help it. I sit here all day  
listening to these fuckin' boring  
stories day in and day out. No one  
knows how to have fun anymore.

Bishop brandishes a flask and unscrews it.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Sometimes I get lucky. A husband  
confesses his impure thoughts about  
an assistant or a housewife bangs  
the neighbor.

He sips and swallows the contents of his flask with a low  
growl.

EVELYN

Maybe they should be taking your  
confession.

BISHOP

(sips)

Yeah then no one would ever come  
back.

EVELYN

That bad?

BISHOP

Why you think I became a priest?

EVELYN

(laughing)

What you don't like wine and  
crackers once a week?

BISHOP

Grape juice.

Evelyn eyes the flask in his hands with sharp eyes. Bishop  
notices and extends it through the booth window.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
You judging me, killer?

She retrieves it and sips, savors, then swallows. She hands it back.

EVELYN  
They haven't found a body yet?

Bishop revels in their chemistry. Clear this is a routine they enjoy often. He retrieves his flask which causes him to notice the time on his watch.

BISHOP  
Huh. You're early tonight.

EVELYN  
I'm meeting someone. Consultant from the Vatican. Think they can help us with the case.

BISHOP  
Who?

Evelyn pulls up her phone.

EVELYN  
(reads)  
Kross, Nathan.

Bishop takes a more serious tone.

BISHOP  
Kross?

EVELYN  
You know him?

BISHOP  
A colleague. He arrived over an hour ago. Been waiting in the front row.

Evelyn flicks the cherry from her cigarette and shoves the other end in her pocket. She fans away the smoke and bites into a stick of gum.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
I said he was waiting for you in the front row, not the altar.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

He's been here this whole time and  
I'm sitting in here boozing with a  
foul mouthed priest.

She exits the booth leaving the pack of cigarettes behind on  
the seat.

Bishop notices and reaches through to retrieve them. He  
calls after her.

BISHOP

Next week then?

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn calmly returns to the scarlet path she walked upon  
earlier, and heads for the altar. As she walks, AZRAEL  
(40s), the man opposite the one in black passes by.

Evelyn doesn't miss a beat as she adjusts the gun and badge  
on her hip. She slowly closes in on the man in black,  
sitting casually in the very first row.

Evelyn feels a chill as she approaches. She hesitates,  
unable to interpret the sense of alarm she feels in the air.  
As if nearing a predator.

She considers turning back. Instead, she presses onward,  
passing the first row to lay eyes upon her new partner.

Kross sits clean shaven and slightly pale except for  
piercing gold eyes and crimson lips. His locks a deep  
midnight, thick and combed neatly in a kept manner.

He caresses a familiar wooden crucifix attached to a rosary  
in the folds of a handkerchief..

EVELYN

Hello, I'm Detective Kisle.

Kross' eyes remain on the statue, in deep thought. Evelyn  
examines his attire and mannerisms.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Are you the consultant, Mr. Kross?

Kross stands, pockets the rosary and handkerchief. He faces  
Evelyn and extends a hand.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS  
That I am, Detective.

Evelyn is hesitates briefly before taking his hand. They shake.

EVELYN  
Do you prefer Nate or Nathan?

KROSS  
Kross is fine.

Kross then turns back to the crucifixion of Jesus.

EVELYN  
Have you ever worked on a homicide case before?

KROSS  
I've consulted in the past, yes.

EVELYN  
Well then you should know we're not chasing ghosts or running down drunk teenagers in grave yards?

KROSS  
Of course. I'm not here to waste your time.

EVELYN  
Good. Because people are getting killed. A fifth victim just to-

KROSS  
Shiva, 33. Dismembered would be putting it lightly.

EVELYN  
You know?

KROSS  
Your superiors were kind enough to brief me..

EVELYN  
Okay then. Well since you know what I know. Consult.

KROSS  
Before I could accurately weigh in on our situation I'll need to see the crime scene.

EVELYN

We have the evidence in forensics.

KROSS

I'd prefer to examine the location myself. Provide a fresh pair of eyes.

Evelyn pulls her hair back and tightens it into a ponytail, weighing his request.

EVELYN

I can take you in the morning.  
Easier to see in the daytime.

KROSS

I see just fine at night.

Kross steps to the side and extends a hand suggesting Evelyn's lead.

KROSS (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Evelyn hesitates at the idea of Kross behind her. She forces her foot forward, and heads for the exit.

Kross follows.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

The lounge is small, quaint and windowless. Room for a crowd, yet meant for few. The decor is chic, ancient, with touches of modernization.

VICTOR (40s), sits eternally youthful in a plush leather chair. A glint of metal shines along his fingers as he rolls a gold coin between his knuckles.

VICTOR

If I understand correctly. Not only are you still missing part of the key, but you've attracted the attention of the police.

Silence.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Hello?

A voice escapes the shadows from a figure in the dark. What little light exists, almost refuses to reveal it. Suddenly, emerald eyes pierce from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

VALAC

A minor hindrance.

VICTOR

Completely avoidable. Our deal involved a vessel in exchange for help with decoding the cipher. If you'd shunned your avarice this wouldn't be an issue.

VALAC

Careful with your words. Our deal is only skin deep.

LILITH (O.S.)

(interjects)

The tension is palpable.

Lilith (30s), intensely beautiful, almost divinely so, enters into the room. She's clad in a revealing robe that caresses her curves. The CHIME of pagan symbols from her neck and ears, provide rhythm to her steps.

LILITH (CONT'D)

The vanity, delicious.

VALAC

(to Lilith)

Do not confuse affectation with persistence. I will hold my end of our bargain.

LILITH

(to Valac)

Which is why I chose you for that vessel.

Lilith opens a set of doors, and enters THE AEGIS ROOM.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB AEGIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the middle sits a Fount, dead center inside an AEGIS SPELL CIRCLE.

Lilith unsheathes a dagger, cuts her hand, spilling red ink droplets into the water. She stares into it.

Victor rises, the scent of blood intoxicates his nostrils.

LILITH (CONT'D)

The final piece to the key is still out there.

(CONTINUED)



Lilith swirls the water. Gazing into its pool for answers. She removes her hand from the water. Still bleeding and turns to Victor.

The two embrace. She lifts her wound to his mouth. Victor savors the irony taste, fighting to maintain his self-control.

LILITH (CONT'D)

I need more time to locate it.  
(beat, to Valac)  
Until then, why don't you satisfy  
your appetite for the detective  
snapping at your heals.

Valac falls back into the shadows.

INT. SHIVA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Evelyn and Kross approach the fragile blockade of yellow CAUTION TAPE, separating them from the apartment. She rips off the tape and steps aside.

KROSS

After you detective.

EVELYN

You first.

KROSS

Afraid of the dark are we?

EVELYN

I'm just not comfortable with you  
standing behind me.

KROSS

Do I make you nervous?

EVELYN

A little bit.

KROSS

Understandable, I tend to have that  
affect around beating hearts. A  
friend of mine suggested I should  
smile more around others. Ease the  
tension.

Kross offers a shark's grin, revealing two sharper than average canines, and nods for approval. Evelyn stares back, disturbed.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

Now I would really prefer it if you stayed in front of me.

Kross smirks and steps past Evelyn into the apartment.

Evelyn follows. She brandishes a flashlight, and illuminates the room in a halogen glow.

Photos of the victim catches Kross' attention. He studies them carefully. In one of the photos a pentacle dangles from her neck. It resembles an *Aegis Circle*.

KROSS

Veneficia.

EVELYN

Excuse me?

Kross lifts the photo, showing it to Evelyn.

KROSS

The more popular term would be witch.  
(beat)  
See the pendant around her neck.

EVELYN

I've seen that all over town. You can find it in every souvenir shop on Bourbon street.

KROSS

It's a pagan symbol for magical evocation.

EVELYN

Like spells?

Kross returns the photo to its spot. Motions over to a shelf, and scans the books. Their bindings read various titles of demonology, pagan rights and magic.

KROSS

Serious practitioners understand that it is not themselves who wield the power, but the spirits they invoke. The method is hazardous, often times allowing things unwarranted to come through.

Kross runs his fingers along the edge of the bookshelf where it meets the wall. He feels something and nudges it. A sketchpad falls out from behind the shelf.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the sketchpad and flips through its contents. Each page reveals drawings of gruesome violence.

Kross hands Evelyn the sketchpad.

KROSS (CONT'D)

What do you make of these?

Her eyes trace the contours of each page.

EVELYN

No. This doesn't make any sense. These images resemble the other crime scenes. We never released statements, how could she have possibly known?

As Evelyn peruses the pages she notices there are more than five drawings of similar situations.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

The hell. Kross?

Evelyn turns and JUMPS, barely able to hold onto her skin. Kross is inches from her.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

SHIT!

KROSS

Relax, Detective.

He gently nudges Evelyn out of the way, and scans the next bookshelf.

KROSS (CONT'D)

People cursed with prophecy, often make the habit of writing things down. Take the bible for instance.

Kross' eyes stop at one leather bound title that sticks out amongst the categories of pagan literature. A *bible*.

KROSS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Very odd for a pagan to own a bible.

(to Evelyn)

Do you mind?

Evelyn steps over.

KROSS (CONT'D)

A hand?

EVELYN

You want me to get it?

KROSS

Preferably, yes.

*Odd.* Evelyn reaches forth and removes the book, revealing a massive crucifix engraved on its cover. She extends it to Kross, but he refuses to touch it.

KROSS (CONT'D)

Open it please.

Evelyn opens the book and together they gloss over it. Instead of scriptures, the pages are riddled with alien text.

Evelyn flips further, the pages begin to blur as symbols from the walls of the warehouse begin to appear.

KROSS

Stop. These are incantations.  
Rituals.

Evelyn holds the page.

EVELYN

These are the same symbols from the  
warehouse.

KROSS

You've seen these before?

EVELYN

They were all over the walls.

KROSS

Show me.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Slivers of moon and city twilight seep through the windows of the warehouse. Evidence markers, and caution tape mirror that of the apartment. Evelyn and Kross stand in the center.

Evelyn activates her flashlight, illuminating the darkness. She scans the text written on the walls. Her eyes move up to the rafters to make sure they're alone.

(CONTINUED)

Kross studies the writing in blood. His lips move, reading to himself. Evelyn notices.

EVELYN

You can read that?

KROSS

Parts. It's very old. A combination of Aramaic, Latin...  
(beat)  
...and something far more ancient.

Kross hones in on a certain pattern of symbols.

KROSS

No human could have written this.

EVELYN

What?

A square window CREAKS open then shuts with a THUD in the shadows. Evelyn draws her gun.

A SNARLING sound seeps from the dark. Kross and Evelyn turn in its direction. Evelyn squints. Kross can see it as clear as day.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

What is that?

Evelyn trains her gun on the dark, using her flashlight in combination. Searching the shadows.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Step out where I can see you.

KROSS

(noticing the gun)  
Normally the right idea, Detective,  
but I'd suggest you get back.

EVELYN

I'm the one with the gun, you  
should get back.

Suddenly the bulb brightens into a blinding spark. It SHATTERS, casting them into darkness. Chalky pillars of lunar luminance pour from the windows, providing obscure visionary aid.

We sense something drawing near.

KROSS  
Suit yourself.

Another rattling hiss that ends in a horrific growl. Kross leaps into the dark.

EVELYN  
Kross!

Silence. The beat almost unbearable. Evelyn's adrenaline electrifying her senses. Then...

CRASH. Kross returns into the moonlight. Followed by Valac.

The two exchange a flurry of blows with titan-esque strength.

A blow sends Kross upward. Valac grabs his waist band, and like elastic stretched too thin SNAPS him back into the warehouse floor cratering it.

Evelyn fires, the muzzle flashes provide FIERY strobes that reveal details of Valac's demonic frame.

Valac turns to Evelyn, a stray bullet takes out his right eye, and he wails. A wild thrash sends Evelyn back against a wall. She fumbles the gun across the floor in Valac's direction.

Kross reappears and drops to his back sliding between Valac's legs towards the pistol. Valac turns to attack but Kross is already aiming.

BAM! A bullet flies through Valac's other eye and out the back of his skull.

Valac staggers.

KROSS  
Your hunger for human flesh is in violation of the Balance, as is your unauthorized possession of a human vessel.

Valac screams.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
I hereby immediately deport you straight to hell.

Without hesitation Kross WHIPS him off the ground and through a nearby wall.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The wall ERUPTS into a fray of chalk, wood and steel. Valac's body splits and cracks, as if light tries to escape. Then shatters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn groans.

Kross rushes to her, and reaches under her shirt.

Evelyn screams in agony.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - NIGHT

The doors to the church open. Kross enters with Evelyn rag dolled over his shoulder, barely conscious.

Kross carries Evelyn to a hidden entrance behind the altar. The entrance gives way to a spiral staircase wrapped in a narrow corridor. The two descend it.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

We're greeted by the booming treble of a classic rock song as Bishop sits in an office chair inside a room structured in white and stainless steel. Hi-tech gadgets, monitors and various forms of advanced equipment cater to its inventory.

Bishop's feet rest, crossed upon the desk in front of the monitors next to a tumbler of scotch and a half empty bottle. A lit cigarette dangles from his lips as he sits relaxed with his eyes closed.

He takes a drag and peaks at one of the monitors to see Kross and Evelyn at the entrance of the lab about to enter. He mutes the music.

Kross enters with Evelyn over his shoulder.

Bishop grabs his cane and limps over to the pair.

Kross places Evelyn on the table.

BISHOP

Evelyn.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS  
You know her?

BISHOP  
Hate to break it to you kid, but  
you're not my only friend. What the  
hell happened?

Bishop checks her pulse.

KROSS  
We ran into Vala demon.

BISHOP  
On our plane? You don't seem  
concerned.

KROSS  
I deported it.

Kross tears open Evelyn's shirt. The claw marks run from her bra line down her rib cage to her hip. Her wound sizzles as if cauterized, yet continues to bleed.

Evelyn winces in spurts, pale lipped.

Bishop grabs a glass and fills it with water. He retrieves the bottle of scotch from his desk and sits both down by the table.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
(to Evelyn)  
Drink.

Bishop pours a healthy sip over her lips, allowing Evelyn to take a deep gulp. She coughs from the alcohol's burn.

Bishop grabs the glass of water, and prays quietly to himself, blessing it. He then pours it over Evelyn's wound.

The water STEAMS as Evelyn screams in agony. She blacks out.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
That will stop the bleeding.  
Conviction will have to do the  
rest.

Bishop takes another swig of the bottle and removes his clerical collar, leaving the top button undone.

Kross tosses him Evelyn's coat.

(CONTINUED)



KROSS  
Jacket pocket.

Bishop removes the pages they discovered in Shiva's apartment. He flips through it.

BISHOP  
Rituals...very dangerous ones.

KROSS  
That demon had fragments of it scribbled all over the walls of a warehouse.

Kross' wristwatch sounds an alarm. He opens a nearby freezer filled with vials of BLUE plasma. He removes his jacket and shirt, revealing a pale and muscular frame covered in injuries from the fight.

Simultaneously a stainless steel machine rotates off its horizontal axis, into a vertical alignment with the hiss of its pistons. The top opens from the middle revealing a cushioned interior. *A modern coffin.*

Kross stops the alarm, takes a vial and consumes its contents.

BISHOP  
(notices)  
You good?

KROSS  
I'm fine.

Kross side steps Bishop and snatches the cigarette from his lips on his way to the device.

Bishop tries to interject but hesitates.

Kross takes a drag with his back to Bishop, then holds it up.

KROSS  
Your resolution.

He reaches the desk and tosses the cigarette into Bishop's tumbler of scotch before climbing into the steel coffin.

BISHOP  
I'll cross reference the text with the Vatican archives. It'll take a while.

The coffin's hydraulics rotate it back into a horizontal alignment as its doors seal shut, closing Kross off from the world.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB AEGIS ROOM - DAY

Lilith casts her gaze into the pool of the fount. Her pupils green.

Victor watches her.

LILITH  
Valac has perished.

VICTOR  
How?

LILITH  
A Watch agent.

Victor grimaces in anger and turns for the door, calling back to Lilith.

VICTOR  
Summon another one if you have to.  
Find that key.

The Aegis spell circle dimly lights up as Lilith leans closer, her eyes staring deep into the pool.

LILITH (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Evelyn.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - LAB - DAY

LILITH (O.S.)  
(faint echo)  
Evelyn.

Evelyn snaps to life as if from a nightmare; her reflexes take over, clamping a hand around Bishop's wrist.

Bishop remains still, hovering over Evelyn's bandage.

BISHOP  
Morning sunshine.

Evelyn lets out a sigh of relief as she comes to her senses, realizing she's with Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

How long?

BISHOP

Several hours. Now don't move.

Bishop cuts her bandages. The bandages come off to reveal faint scratch lines where the gashes once were.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Well I'll be...  
(smacks Evelyn's side)  
...a miracle.

Evelyn runs a hand over the faint marks. Bishop grasps his cane, limps effortlessly around the tab.

EVELYN

Where are we?

BISHOP

Basement of St. Michael's. You had one helluva night.

EVELYN

We found him. Or... I'm not sure what the hell it was.  
(beat)  
Kross.

Evelyn shoots up but stops short of the pain, wincing slightly. Bishop helps her sit on the edge of the table.

BISHOP

Easy.

EVELYN

Where is he?

BISHOP

Resting.

Bishop hands her a cup of steaming coffee. He limps back across the room to retrieve a black collared shirt.

EVELYN

You know each other?

BISHOP

We work for the same organization.

Evelyn sits her coffee down and takes the shirt, putting it on. She hops off the table and loosens her belt.

(CONTINUED)

Evelyn now standing snaps glimpses at the various objects in the room. Containers, monitors, Kross' coffin, and a wall displaying a wide range of knives, guns, and explosives. A weapons cache.

*Redemption*, a silver cross the size of a Templar's hilt rests in the center.

A series of monitors at a desk catches her eye. One monitor has *Solitaire* paused on display, the rest flash images of scriptures and symbols. *Searching*.

EVELYN

I thought you said we were at St. Michael's.

BISHOP

We are.

EVELYN

This place looks like an armed bunker.

Bishop follows her line of sight.

Evelyn tucks her shirt into her jeans and tightens her belt.

BISHOP

Pretty cool, right?

EVELYN

I need some answers, Father. What the hell was in that warehouse last night? What exactly have we been chasing?

Bishop limps over to his bottle of scotch and pours himself two fingers worth.

BISHOP

What you encountered last night was a demon.

EVELYN

A demon?

BISHOP

That's right.

EVELYN

From hell?

BISHOP

Fire and brimstone. Right out of  
the pages of the good book itself.

Evelyn shakes her head.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You seem skeptical.

EVELYN

I thought demons were spirits. Like  
ghosts under bedsheets.

BISHOP

After last night do you believe  
you've been chasing a bedsheet this  
entire time? Souls need a vessel.  
Sometimes that's an object, other  
times, one of us. Destroy the  
vessel and our souls return to  
where they belong.

Bishop finishes his scotch.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Demons in hell. Angels in Heaven.  
And a toss of the coin for the rest  
of us.

EVELYN

And where do you two fit in?

BISHOP

Our agency works as an arm of the  
Vatican. Like you we investigate  
crimes, albeit of a supernatural  
nature.

EVELYN

(laughs)

You're a smoking, boozing priest.

BISHOP

That's why he does most the work.

EVELYN

Is that what you call it? I saw the  
way Kross moved.

BISHOP

He's good at what he does.

Evelyn picks up her coffee and stares into the steaming  
liquid.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

(beat)

It's all real. Heaven and hell?

Bishop nods.

Evelyn's head weighs heavy with these new revelations.

EVELYN

I could use a drink.

BISHOP

You haven't tried your coffee yet.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - LATER

Bishop sits in front of a series of monitors with an unlit cigarette in his mouth. His energy projected into a serious game of Solitaire. The surrounding screens flash with images of symbols and words. Old ink and parchment.

Evelyn attaches her holster and badge back to her belt. She pulls out her cell phone and checks it. No signal.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn exits from behind the altar and checks her phone again. Full bars. She waits for the chime of notifications. A beat. *Nothing*. She checks her messages from Alex. *Nothing*.

She performs a series of quick swipes and then presses the phone to her ear. It rings for a beat.

ALEX (O.S.)

(voice mail)

It's Alex. Leave one.

BEEP.

EVELYN

Alex, it's mom. Sorry I wasn't home. Long night. Call me when you get this. Love you.

Evelyn disconnects.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - LAB - CONTINUOUS

A database queries the pages in the book against the archives for matches on another monitor. We see characters of text being isolated for translation.

Evelyn explores the lab. She approaches the wall of weapons, specifically the silver cross in the middle. Her eyes fall to the symbols engraved on the hilt.

EVELYN

What are the symbols on this hilt?

BISHOP

(back to Evelyn)

Aramaic. Means redemption.

Evelyn approaches the monitors to see cards dance along one screen as Bishop wins his hand of Solitaire.

Bishop awards himself a satisfactory grin before lighting his cigarette.

Evelyn notices.

EVELYN

May I?

Bishop reaches for his pack resting top a vintage playboy issue. He tosses it to her. She takes one.

Bishop extends his cane and lights it.

EVELYN

How's the church feel about priests owning copies of playboy?

BISHOP

I imagine the same they do for drinking and smoking.

EVELYN

Who's that on the cover?

BISHOP

Ursula Andress, 1965. Best bond girl ever. They were classier back then.

Bishop inhales deep for a beat, then exhales in Evelyn's direction.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
You can borrow it if you want.

Bishop ashes his cigarette in a nearby ashtray as Evelyn turns her attention to the database with recognition.

EVELYN  
What's this?

Bishop gestures over to the monitors.

BISHOP  
I've been cross referencing the pages from that book you found with the Vatican archives.

Bishop punches a few keys. The computer begins syncing the script with relevant data.

BISHOP  
(eyes the monitors)  
It's all pretty old stuff, some of it has been lost for centuries. See these symbols.  
(gestures)  
Rituals for demon summoning. These here, possibly angelic. These scriptures here...no where in any bible.

One of the monitors displays a match and the machine chimes. The screen begins flashing images of texts and pages.

BISHOP  
'Bout damn time.

Bishop types on the keyboard and the displays shift the imagery to isolate the matches.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
(responds to the match)  
The Codex...

Symbol after symbol flash across the monitors. One catches

EVELYN  
What is it?

Bishop freezes the screen on a symbol.

BISHOP  
I'm not entirely sure. I'll need to go over the data.



Evelyn checks her phone again.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn enters the main hall of the church where she receives a full signal. Her phone chimes to life with missed calls from Carter. She calls Alex instead.

A beat.

CARTER (O.S.)

*Evie?*

EVELYN

Carter?

CARTER

*Where are you?*

EVELYN

*Why do you have Alex's phone?*

CARTER

I've been trying to reach you,  
where are you?

EVELYN

St. Michael's. Where's Alex?

CARTER

He's with me. You need to come to  
your house.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Evelyn brake's to a halt and exits her car. She finds her home invaded by a group of police.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn rushes into the house. She's instantly greeted by a concerned Alex. They embrace.

EVELYN

You alright?

ALEX

I came home this morning...

Evelyn hugs her son quieting him. Carter appears.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER  
Where were you last night?

EVELYN  
With the consultant.

CARTER  
All night?

EVELYN  
(to Alex)  
Wait here.

Evelyn takes Carter's arm and gently guides him into a corner of the room where it's more private. He hands her Alex's phone.

CARTER  
This could be our suspect.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
It's not him.

Carter watches her puzzled. Then suddenly a light bulb.

CARTER  
You found the body?

EVELYN  
Yes. Sort of.

CARTER  
As in?

EVELYN  
He kind of exploded.

CARTER  
He blew up?

EVELYN  
Practically. I mean.

CARTER  
I'm not sure I want to know.

EVELYN  
I'm not sure you'd believe me.

CARTER  
(beat)  
Well if he's dead then that confirms there are others and you  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARTER (cont'd)  
two aren't safe here. We should get  
you both back to the precinct.

EVELYN  
Take Alex.

CARTER  
Evie...

EVELYN  
They've targeted us.  
(beat)  
Now I've got a lead I need to  
follow so I can protect my son.

Carter nods.

CARTER  
You can't do this alone.

EVELYN  
I won't be alone. I'm working with  
Kross on this one.

CARTER  
Kross?

EVELYN  
The consultant.

CARTER  
So bring him into the precinct  
where it's safe and we can all help  
you.

EVELYN  
I don't have time to explain to  
everyone what's happening. I'm not  
even sure I know myself. But this  
is very different than anything  
we've dealt with before.

CARTER  
Well let me take Alex back to the  
precinct and I'll come with you.

EVELYN  
No, I need you to take care of him.

CARTER  
Yeah. Okay.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

In the mean time, cover me with  
Quinn.

CARTER

Done.

Evelyn walks over to Alex.

EVELYN

(to Alex)

You're going to go with Carter for  
a while okay?

Evelyn hands Alex his phone.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Keep this on and charged. Got it?

Alex nods. Evelyn makes for the exit.

CARTER

Watch your back, Evie.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Kross pulls on a black shirt. We catch a glimpse of his  
freshly healed torso before the fabric hits his waist.

BISHOP

It's like I told you, whenever  
people seem off-put by you, lighten  
the mood with a smile.

KROSS

I have, it doesn't seem to be very  
effective.

BISHOP

Nonsense, let me see it.

Kross delivers another shark's grin. Just as creepy as  
before.

Bishop places another cigarette between his lips.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I don't see the problem.

Kross snatches the cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Nate.

KROSS  
Your resolution, remember?

BISHOP  
Yeah, I made it last year.

Bishop limps back over to the monitors. He studies them. The database's query freezes, displaying its results.

Kross joins him.

Evelyn enters the lab. Kross on alert. He senses Evelyn's presence and turns. Bishop none the wiser.

Bishop bites into a cork and releases it from a bottle of single malt. He sits it on the table and then pours himself a glug.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
We never get simple exorcisms or hauntings anymore.

Bishop shoots back his scotch and swallows.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Nate?

Bishop turns from the monitors to see Evelyn.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Evelyn.

KROSS  
Detective.

EVELYN  
(to Bishop)  
Anything new?

BISHOP  
Well-

KROSS  
You should go home and rest.

EVELYN  
I don't need to rest. I need answers.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS

You were there last night. Had I known what would have been waiting for us I would have never allowed you to be there.

EVELYN

Allowed me-

KROSS

Your suspect is no longer a threat. At this point we have nothing left to offer your investigation.

Kross turns back to the monitors.

EVELYN

As the only one in this room with a real badge. I'll determine when that's the case.

Kross and Bishop look to each other.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I can come back with a warrant.

KROSS

(to Bishop, in latin  
subtitled)

The look on that Judge's face?

Bishop laughs slightly. Evelyn offers a death stare in his direction to which Bishop notices.

BISHOP

(to Evelyn)

Sorry. He's hardly ever funny.

(to Kross)

Rude.

Evelyn doesn't share in the amusement.

KROSS

What we're dealing with is beyond the capabilities of New Orleans' finest.

BISHOP

(interjects)

Look. We almost lost you.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

My home was broken into last night.  
Whomever or whatever did it may  
have been after me or worse. My  
son.

Evelyn chokes on the words as the weight of the consequence  
sinks in for the first time since she was confronted with  
it.

BISHOP

Alex?

EVELYN (CONT'D)

He's safe and I need to make sure  
he stays that way.

Bishop looks to Kross only to be met with a disapproving  
gaze. He immediately sits down at the desk of monitors and  
begins typing at it.

The screens flicker into a single display of an ancient book  
simultaneously.

BISHOP

This is the Codex Gigas. Commonly  
known as The Devil's Bible.  
However, no one's been able to read  
it.

The screens shift again, showing pictures of the pages  
inside the book. They appear to be rather old photos,  
possibly from the 1980s.

BISHOP

(typing)

Now when I cross referenced it with  
the book you two found.

Bishop hits ENTER. Other pages from the Shiva's book appear  
on the monitor. The similarities are highlighted on both  
sides and then translated into legible English.

Evelyn leans in to read.

EVELYN

The book's a cipher.

BISHOP

And her book contained part of the  
key.

(CONTINUED)

The screens spring to life again. One side of the monitors switch to displaying all FIVE homicide victims from the investigation.

EVELYN

(gestures to the victims)  
So these others had the rest? How did he know that it all would be here in the city?

KROSS

He didn't.

Bishop and Evelyn perk up as Kross joins the mix. He leans into the desk and taps a few keys. The monitors start bringing up a list of other victims. Their locations linked to various places in Europe.

KROSS (CONT'D)

We've been pursuing this for some time.

EVELYN

Who are all these people?

BISHOP

Members of a fringe cult, founded by the author of the Codex.

EVELYN

They must have split the key amongst themselves thinking it would be safe. There could be others.

KROSS

Perhaps, but the writing you showed me in the warehouse suggests the demon was trying to crack it himself, meaning he likely gathered most of it.

Evelyn continues to read the monitors again.

EVELYN

The book's in a museum in Switzerland?

KROSS

It's a forgery.

(CONTINUED)



BISHOP

The Vatican swapped it for the real one over three decades ago. However...

Bishop punches at the keys again and the displays light back up to show a photos from a freighter explosion.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

The freighter it was on was sabotaged. No survivors.

KROSS

Destroyed along with the Codex.

EVELYN

How do we know it wasn't?

BISHOP

The cipher is useless without the key. It'd be a lot of smoke without any fire.

EVELYN

There wasn't a book at the warehouse.

BISHOP

Then it's possible who ever summoned that demon to our plane has it.

KROSS

Binding a demon to a human vessel takes potent magic. Only a few in the world are capable of it.

BISHOP

And one of them's here in the city.

KROSS

Lilith Graves.

EVELYN

Let's go talk to her.

A beat. Bishop and Kross express their ignorance with silence.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You don't where she is.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

I have some ideas.

EVELYN

I can call the precinct and have them run a check by that name. See if she's in the system.

BISHOP

That's a start.

EVELYN

Meanwhile we should track down the book. See if it actually exists.

KROSS

Agreed.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

The station is busy with an assortment of criminals, concerned citizens and law enforcement.

A white box opens in front of us revealing a steamy variety of mouth watering donuts in full view of Alex. Carter leans over the lid.

ALEX

That's a bit cliché.

CARTER

Cliché? Man this is why I became a cop. All the long hours, paper work, likelihood of premature death. What's it all for?

Carter smells the box and savors it.

CARTER (CONT'D)

This. This is what it's for.

Alex reaches into the box.

CARTER (CONT'D)

No I want the jelly. Go for the eclaire.

Alex takes the eclaire.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Carter places the box on his desk and sits.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Any milk?

Carter places a paper cup filled with room temperature coffee in front of him.

ALEX

This is coffee.

Carter opens his drawer and retrieves a few packs of dry powdered creamer which he then places next to the coffee.

CARTER

If you use a lot and stir really hard it's kind of like milk.

Alex cringes.

Carter's phone rings. He glances down at it and immediately answers.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Hey.

EVELYN (O.S.)

*Hey. How's Alex?*

CARTER

(looks at Alex)

He's good.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

*I can't thank you enough.*

CARTER

Yeah. When we're done here I think I'll grab us a pie and head to my place. Watch some 90s action movies.

ALEX

I don't like classical movies.

CARTER

Classical?

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn sits in the spiral stairwell. Her phone to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CATER (CONT'D - O.S.)  
*The 90s were like, two weeks ago.  
Makin' me feel like a dinosaur over  
here.*

EVELYN  
He sounds in good spirits.

CARTER (O.S.)  
*Definitely.*

INT. PRECINCT - SIMULTANEOUS

EVELYN (O.S.)  
*I need a favor.*

CARTER  
Sure. What's up?

EVELYN (O.S.)  
*I need you to run a name. Lilith  
Graves.*

Carter jots it down.

CARTER  
I'll get right on it.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - SIMULTANEOUS

EVELYN  
(beat)  
Seriously, Carter. Thank you for  
looking after him.

CARTER (O.S.)  
*Of course. Anytime.*

EVELYN  
Bye.

Evelyn disconnects.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - NIGHT

Kross meets Evelyn in front of the weapons cache with a  
large silver case between them.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS  
There is a place, Crowley's.

EVELYN  
The antique store in oldtown?

KROSS  
Have you been there before?

EVELYN  
No. I try to avoid tourists hot spots.

KROSS  
It's a demon front for soul reaping.

MONTAGE:

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - NIGHT

Evelyn steers as Kross rides shotgun.

KROSS (V.O.)  
When we arrive. Don't touch anything.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop opens a case with two earpieces. Evelyn and Kross each receive one.

BISHOP  
(into mic)  
Test.

Evelyn and Kross nod their affirmation.

EXT. CROWLEY'S - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn's car stops on the wet pavement in front of the neon glow of CROWLEY'S ANTIQUES. The exterior offers a Victorian flair in contrast to its more contemporary neighbors.

Kross and Evelyn exit the vehicle and approach the door.

KROSS (V.O.)  
If the staff tries to help you, simply say "No thank you, I'll decide when I'm ready."

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

BISHOP  
 (to Kross)  
 You've got about eight hours until  
 dawn. Should be plenty of time.

EVELYN  
 What happens then?

BISHOP  
 Hopefully a beautiful sunrise.

Bishop opens another case containing a contact lens floating  
 in solution.

Kross retrieves it and places it in his eye. He blinks.

KROSS' POV: We see a grid of digital wire frame measure the  
 room as it synchronizes with his watch. The image feeds live  
 into Bishop's monitors.

Bishop takes his seat at the helm as they exit.

END MONTAGE:

INT. CROWLEY'S - NIGHT

A bell chimes the entrance of Kross and Evelyn.

The interior offers the same theme as its storefront.  
 Antiques and relics of various styles sit in an arranged  
 fashion to attract a consumer's eye.

Kross approaches the counter who is met by an emerald eyed  
 CLERK (30s).

CLERK  
 May I help you.

KROSS  
 Yes. Could you get the manager?

CLERK  
 I'm afraid the manager is not in,  
 however, the owner is.

KROSS  
 Alistair's here?

The Clerk nods.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS (CONT'D)

Perfect.

The Clerk disappears through a door framed under a lit EMPLOYEES ONLY sign.

Strangely, the moment the Clerk vanishes he reappears at the counter. Could it be a different Clerk? A twin?

Evelyn reaches the glass display under a dusty and clearly unused cash register. Her eyes fall to a set of watches. One especially sticks out.

The Clerk strides over to Evelyn.

CLERK

Can I help you?

Evelyn looks up at the Clerk then back to the watch.

EVELYN

This watch is...so familiar.

CLERK

Like the one your husband wore?

EVELYN

Yes, exactly like...How did you know?

CLERK

Because his had a scuff just below the six.

Evelyn enters a lull, slowly becoming transfixed with longing.

EVELYN

He lost it...we looked everywhere but the hurricane.

CLERK

If you'd like I can ring this up for you.

Evelyn looks up deeply into the Clerks sinister emerald eyes.

CLERK (CONT'D)

He'll be so happy to see it when you bring it home.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

He would, wouldn't he? He reall-

Evelyn's eyes fall to her wedding ring and suddenly reality hits her all at once, her eyes welling up.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

No.

CLERK

Excuse me?

A tear slides down Evelyn's cheek as she looks the Clerk in the eye with clarity. She quickly wipes it away.

EVELYN

No, thank you. I'll decide when I'm ready.

CLERK

As you wish.

The Clerk leaves her be. Evelyn takes a beat to compose herself.

Suddenly the Clerk appears again from the Employee's Only entrance with ALISTAIR (50s) at his heels. We hear the rapid flutter of shuffling cards as he tosses the deck to his opposite hand effortlessly.

Alistair leans against the counter top in a flamboyant manner, face to face with Kross. His deck of cards twisting and turning as he cuts it with a single hand. His other contains a cigarette holder with a lit cigarette on its end.

KROSS

Alistair.

ALISTAIR

Mr. Kross. To what do I owe the pleasure of an agent in my humble business?

The bell CHIMES as a CUSTOMER (20s) enters the shop. He is immediately greeting by the Clerk. Kross and Alistair's attention fall to the door.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I assure you. In accordance with the Balance, all transactions are made upon the client's free will of course. No direct influence.

(CONTINUED)



KROSS

That's good, but it isn't why I'm here.

Alistair relaxes.

ALISTAIR

It's not?

KROSS

Should it?

ALISTAIR

Well of course not. If you're not here on business, then certainly pleasure? Are you looking to acquire rare relics for your trade?

Alistair's head dips, allowing his own emerald eyes to peak over the frame of his dark spectacles at Evelyn.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Or perhaps something to appeal to your vices? Budget pending of course.

KROSS

Actually I was hoping you would show us your private collection.

ALISTAIR

Oh? We are treating ourselves today. This way.

Alistair beckons Evelyn with a curling finger.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

You too love.

Alistair vanishes back under the Employees Only sign followed by Kross and Evelyn.

INT. CROWLEY'S VAULT - CONTINUOUS

A door opens in a dark room with the three of them under its frame. Alistair flicks a light switch. Florescent bulbs flutter to life, revealing the merchandise within.

ALISTAIR

Here we are! Feel free to browse.

Evelyn and Kross step into the room and peruse.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I've got splinters from the cross  
of Dismas. Silver shavings from  
Judas' purse. The hilt Pontius'  
sword. What can I say? I'm a fan of  
the crucifixion.

KROSS

Books?

Alistair gestures over to a large bookshelf filled with  
various books authored throughout the ages.

ALISTAIR

Looking for some light reading on  
your days off?

KROSS

I'm looking for a rather large  
grimoire.

ALISTAIR

Well as you can see there are many  
books. You'll have to be more  
specific, love.

KROSS

The Codex Gigas.

Alistair stops his card maneuvering in mid flourish and  
collapses it back into a still deck, no longer amused.

ALISTAIR

The Devil's Bible? Why would you  
think such a relic has passed  
through my little shop?

KROSS

Because I have reason to believe  
it's in the city. And if I'm right  
it wouldn't have gotten here  
without going through your hands  
first.

ALISTAIR

Even if I was as fortunate to  
stumble upon it as you suggest, why  
would I sell it?

EVELYN

(to Alistair)

Show us your ledger?

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR

Excuse me?

EVELYN

Let us see the ledger then.

ALISTAIR

Sorry, darling. But my clients  
enjoy the privilege of anonymity.

Kross scans the room.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop watches on the feed as he swirls a tumbler of scotch.  
Kross' HUD scans some of the objects in his peripheral  
feeding Bishop information.

BISHOP

(into mic)

Ask him if he has receipts for  
everything.

INT. CROWLEY'S VAULT - SIMULTANEOUS

KROSS

Some of these relics have been  
reported missing.

ALISTAIR

Obviously. There's no profit in  
fair trade. You can't deport me  
over a few stolen trinkets.

KROSS

You're right.

EVELYN

But after our investigation is over  
I'm going to need a new hobby. I  
could make a name for myself with a  
place like this.

Alistair scoffs at Evelyn's suggestion and walks over to a  
plain wall. He pushes into it and suddenly the wall dips  
inward. He releases, allowing it to swing open to reveal a  
safe.

ALISTAIR

That's what I need. Crowley's  
swarming with puppets.

(CONTINUED)

He sets his cigarette down and pockets the cards. He reaches into the shadows of the safe to reveal a large, thick leather bound book.

Alistair strides back over to the two and tosses the book down on a waist high crate in front of them.

ALISTAIR  
(to Kross)  
Knock yourself out, handsome.

Alistair steps aside as Evelyn opens the ledger and begins flipping through the pages. Alistair now with both hands free, begins his card flourishing again.

Evelyn lands on a page. She motions for Kross' attention and he obliges.

KROSS  
You do a lot of business with V.  
Saint.

ALISTAIR  
He's a loyal customer.

The ledger reads of a variety of purchases and their amounts to V. Saint with each turn of a page. When suddenly, Evelyn lands on:

TDB TO V. SAINT: \$1,000,000.

EVELYN  
TDB to V. Saint. One million.

KROSS  
That's a lot of money for three  
letters, Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
Alright. Busted. I had the bible  
and I sold it.

Kross approaches Alistair with an authoritative presence.

KROSS  
(to Alistair)  
V. Saint. Victor Saint?

Alistair hesitates.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
Owner of the Crimson Club.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR  
The one and only.

KROSS  
Judging by the fact he's a loyal  
customer of yours I'd assume he's  
offered you membership.

Alistair grimaces with the obvious knowledge of where this  
is heading.

ALISTAIR  
Yes. But why would you need it?  
You're a Watch agent certainly you  
can flash a badge.

KROSS  
It's not for me.

Alistair stands confused for a beat before aiming his sights  
on Evelyn.

ALISTAIR  
Ah. Of course. You know these cards  
must be given away willingly?

KROSS  
I'm aware.

ALISTAIR  
And she's already burned your  
freebie today so this I'm afraid  
will cost you.

EVELYN  
You don't think I'll raid this  
place?

Alistair laughs.

ALISTAIR  
(to Evelyn)  
Even he knows that threat won't fit  
the bill for what he's asking.

KROSS  
(to Alistair)  
How much?

Alistair contemplates for a moment, ready to deny him until  
a thought shines a glimmer in his eye.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR

You can't afford it. However, I am a collector after all. So how about a trade?

A loud shuffle of Alistair's card cut through the tension as he finishes an astonishing flourish sending the deck down SMACK against a crate. His hand glides fanning out all the cards faced down, revealing them to be TAROT cards.

Kross and Evelyn stare at the arch of fanned cards.

Kross locks knowing eyes with Alistair. Evelyn reaches forward. Kross stops her.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Now now. Don't be shy.

KROSS

Detective, I wouldn't-

Too late. Evelyn immediately snatches up a random tarot card. She goes to turn it over but Alistair interjects.

ALISTAIR

No peaking. Show me.

Evelyn holds up the card's face to Alistair's eyes. We see along with Alistair that it's a NINE OF SWORDS. Alistair takes the card.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

(to Kross)

Your turn.

Kross lowers a hand over the card and stops to think. He snatches one up and aims its face at Alistair. We see the DEATH card.

Alistair smiles.

KROSS

Satisfied?

ALISTAIR

Very.

Alistair retrieves the card. Reaches into his jacket pocket and brandishes a thin black card with a transparent GLYPH in the center. He hands it to Evelyn.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR  
(to Evelyn)  
Have fun.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carter watches his monitor as it scans for matches of Lilith Graves.

Alex shades in a drawing in his sketchpad while drowning the world out with his headphones.

Uniform 1 appears at his desk. Carter turns his attention to him.

UNIFORM 1  
Hey Carter. There was a shootout on the south side over a drug dispute. Captain wants you to look into it.

CARTER  
I'm busy. Why isn't someone from vice going?

UNIFORM 1  
Governor's ball tonight. Departments are stretched thin. You're to go and make sure the rookie doesn't screw up the perimeter until a senior vice shows up.

Uniform 1 leaves. Carter sighs and stands up, retrieving his coat from the back of his chair.

Alex notices and frees an ear.

CARTER  
I've gotta make an important run. I'll be back shortly okay?

ALEX  
Okay.

Carter steps out of his office and immediately bumps into Joe.

CARTER  
Hey Joe. I gotta run and secure a crime scene.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

They find another victim.

CARTER

Nah, drug related. Can you watch Alex until I get back.

JOE

Where's Evelyn?

CARTER

Working the case now can you watch him or not?

JOE

Sure.

Carter pats him on the shoulder as he leaves. Joe pulls a chair up next to Alex.

JOE

Hey, Alex.

ALEX

Hi, Joe.

EXT. EVELYN'S CAR - NIGHT

We see the halogen's of Evelyn's car spotlight the road ahead of her in the dark as it barrels towards the horizon on a stretch of highway.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kross is behind the wheel this time.

Evelyn examines the Club Card closely. With each pass of a street light the transparent glyph shimmers a faint red.

Evelyn looks closer. As another street light passes over, revealing the red color to be liquid.

EVELYN

What's in this?

KROSS

(beat)

Vampire blood.

(CONTINUED)



EVELYN  
From vampires?

KROSS  
Where else would get it?

EVELYN  
Demons. Vampires. Next you're going  
to tell me the bogeyman exists too.

KROSS  
Wouldn't hurt to check under your  
bed.

EVELYN  
All this time. I never thought  
that...

KROSS  
That these things would be real.  
But God, Angels, the Devil must be,  
right? Funny how people believe in  
what they can't see yet deny what's  
right in front of them.

Evelyn's eyes fall to the darkness out the window.

EVELYN  
For what it's worth I didn't  
believe in any of it until my  
husband died. I started attending  
confession thinking if there was a  
heaven where I could see him again.

KROSS  
It's a nice sentiment.

Evelyn turns back to Kross as he offers a glimmer into the  
humanity still deep inside of him with his words.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
Now that you know it's real. What  
will you do?

Evelyn weighs these words with no answer. She turns back to  
the window, thinking.

EXT. CRIMSON CLUB - NIGHT

Evelyn's car pulls to a stop near an old facility, converted into a member's only club with every window blacked out. A sign across the front door reads "CRIMSON" in deep red.

Evelyn and Kross exit the vehicle and walk to the trunk.

Evelyn pops it, Kross reaches in and pulls forward the suitcase we saw between them at St. Michael's. He presses into the hinges releasing them with two loud CLICKS.

He lets go and the case springs open. Florescent lights HUM to life, illuminating its contents to reveal a mobile armory.

KROSS  
Your firearm?

He extends a hand.

Evelyn pulls her sidearm and hands it to him.

Kross ejects the magazine and expels the loaded round. Then loads in a new magazine and chambers it. He grabs two additional magazines.

KROSS (CONT'D)  
Silver tipped shock rounds. Forged  
from steel blessed by the Pope.

He hands it to Evelyn. She holsters it and the additional magazines.

Kross clips a side arms to his belt along with additional magazines for himself. He undoes the button of his black blazer to reveal slots for knives.

He slides on black tactical gloves to protect himself from the silver edged cutlery, and lines his jacket with several throwing knives.

Kross then reveals a small SEMTEX device that he clips to the back of his belt beneath his blazers tailcoat.

EVELYN  
(watching)  
I want a toy.

On beat with her words he extends to her a small black devices the size of a lipstick container. Evelyn reaches for it.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
What is this, lipstick?

The moment she grabs it, Kross triggers it. The release of pressure expels with a loud HISS as Evelyn's head is instantly enveloped in a cloud of vapor that quickly dissipates.

Evelyn wipes her face and tastes her lips.

EVELYN  
Water?

KROSS  
Holy water.

Kross hands her another one and pockets one for himself. Then shuts the trunk.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB - NIGHT

The interior is dark with neon accents that spill a vibrant auburn hue into the entrance.

Kross enters with Evelyn behind him as they approach a BOUNCER (30s) with a metal detecting wand in hand.

Bouncer raises his free hand, motioning Kross to stop.

Kross pauses and raises his arms overlapping one hand over his watch hand. He taps the watch's face and a screen pulsates with the words SIGNAL ACTIVE.

The Bouncer wands Kross. Silence. A few more passes and nothing. He nods Kross through.

Evelyn approaches. She raises her hands and is wanded as well. *Nothing*.

The Bouncer leans into Evelyn and sniffs.

Evelyn holds up her Club Card which catches him off guard. He eyes the pass, then her, then the pass again. A beat measures the tension between the three.

The Bouncer steps aside and lets her through. Kross extends his hand placing it on her back protectively when she reaches him. The two descend a lit stairwell down onto the CLUB FLOOR.

INT. CLUB FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The music is toxic. The bass, a hemorrhage inducing rattle. Deep, pulsing house music vibrates the interior of a contemporary speak-easy that screams CYBERPUNK.

Kross leads. Evelyn follows. Hungry fiery eyes follow Evelyn as she slithers through the crowd.

Some of the patrons are human. Unwittingly led to their impending doom by their vampire companions.

Kross and Evelyn continue to snake through the crowd. Their movements detailed by strobes of laser lights twisting to the rhythm of music.

Kross leads her to a large GLASS door marked OFFICE where BOUNCER 2 and BOUNCER 3 stand guard.

KROSS  
(yells to Bouncer 2)  
I'm here to see Victor Saint.

Bouncer 2 eyes Kross then Evelyn. Then raises his wrist to his mouth. He speaks but we can't hear the words thanks to the DJ.

Bouncer 2 steps aside.

The glass door RISES upward as it opens allowing Kross and Evelyn to enter. It closes behind them immediately silencing the ambiance of the club.

INT. CLUB OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is clean. Too clean. Stark white and warmly lit compared to the bodied abyss of the club they waded through.

BING!

A chime draws our attention to an elevator down the hall. The doors open to reveal Lilith standing in it. The echo of heels reverb along the hallway as she approaches.

Lilith extends a hand to Kross.

LILITH  
Hello. I'm Lilith.

Kross receives her hand and shakes.

(CONTINUED)

KROSS

Kross.

Lilith smiles and reaches for Evelyn's hand.

LILITH

And this must be Detective Evelyn  
Kisle of NOPD's homicide unit.

Evelyn's surprise over Lilith's presence causes her to overlook that Lilith knew her name. She takes Lilith's hand reluctantly. They shake.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Follow me. I'll take you to Victor.

Lilith turns for the elevator. Kross and Evelyn to follow.

Lilith enters first and faces them. Kross and Evelyn reach the elevator and enter, their backs facing her. The door DINGS and closes.

INT. CLUB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They head deeper underground.

Lilith scans Evelyn's body. Evelyn can feel the sensation of eyes on her and looks back at Lilith.

Lilith's eyes rise back up to meet hers.

LILITH

I apologize. I was just admiring  
your figure. Quite impressive for a  
mother.

Lilith's words send chills down Evelyn's spine.

Evelyn's adrenaline flares, confirming for us the threat  
Lilith represents.

DING!

The elevator doors open to reveal...

INT. CLUB SUBLEVEL 2 - CONTINUOUS

A marble FOYER. Decorated in ancient tapestries and vampire  
symbolism.

The three step out of the elevator where they are  
immediately greeted by Victor.

(CONTINUED)

Lilith introduces their guests.

LILITH

(gestures)

Victor. Mr. Kross and Detective Evelyn Kisle.

VICTOR

Yes. Our mutual friend informed me I'd be receiving a visit from an Agent and his companion.

KROSS

Then you know why we're here.

Victor places his hands behind his back, and begins walking. Kross and Evelyn follow.

VICTOR

You've come to inquire about a recent purchase I made from Alistair. *The Devil's Bible*.

CROSS

Correct.

VICTOR

You're not here to confiscate it are you?

KROSS

Depends. Can you read it?

They reach another double GLASS automatic door and Victor stops.

VICTOR

(laughs)

No one can.

EVELYN

So why buy it?

INT. CLUB ARCHIVES - CONTINUOUS

The doors open to reveal our trio. Together the three enter into the archives.

An illustrious room of technical feat and grace, displaying an envious gallery of religious and art rarities long forgotten. Safely behind warmly lit glass displays.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR  
(to Evelyn)  
Because I had to have it.

He turns and leads them onto a walkway hovering above the whispering fans of a quiet SERVER ROOM.

Kross looks down over the railing.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop watches Kross' feed as the servers appear on screen.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVES - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop's chimes into Kross and Evelyn's ear.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
*His digitizing his archive. The  
servers could be useful.*

Kross slips a device from his pocket into his palm.

Victor stops again and looks to Kross.

Kross immediately drops it onto the walkway next to his feet.

VICTOR  
(to Kross)  
Did you really let Alistair read  
your tarot for one of my club  
cards?

KROSS  
Unfortunately.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
How cruel.

Victor smiles and begins walking again.

Kross uses this opportunity to kick the device off the walkway before falling in line behind Victor.

INT. SERVER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

We fall with the device to the Server Room's floor. It lands and rolls to a nearby server where a magnet on its bottom pulls it off the floor CLINK onto the server panel.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

We see one of Bishop's monitors display the words NFC ACTIVATED. Then suddenly a GUI shows up revealing an active database.

BISHOP  
(into mic)  
I've gained entry into their local  
network. Running scan now.

Bishop enters a few commands and the screen pops a window with a progress bar.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVES - SIMULTANEOUS

Victor gestures to the objects as they pass, one by one.

VICTOR  
(a massive crucifix)  
Cross of Jordan. Used by  
Constantine himself.  
(a series of weapons)  
Tempered steel blessed by the  
saints of Damascus.

Evelyn halts at a massive ten by twenty foot painting of a Templar holding a chalice overflowing with blood. Victor joins her.

VICTOR(CONT'D)  
My favorite. The Blasphemy of  
D'Alban. A crusader who drank the  
blood of his fallen enemies in the  
name of God. For such a sin, God  
cursed him to spend an eternity in  
the absence of his light.

Victor approaches dangerously close to Evelyn, watching her as she eyes the painting.

KROSS  
(interjects)  
The Codex.

(CONTINUED)



VICTOR

Ah! Excuse my digression. This way.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

The screens are alive with activity as Bishop punches away at the keys. One screen begins pulling hi-definition images of each page of the codex.

BISHOP

He's scanned it into his archives.

Another screen grabs Bishop's attention. An algorithm runs constantly scanning specific pages of the Codex along with a partial translation.

Bishop punches more keys and his eyes widen at the screen.

BISHOP

(into mic)

He's got the rest of the key. Looks like they have an algorithm attempting to crack what's left. I'm going to attempt to extract it.

We watch Bishop's hands dance along the keyboard.

A screen displays the word DOWNLOADING with a new progress bar expanding underneath it.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVES - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn, Victor and Kross gather around a podium displaying *The Codex Gigas*. Massive in size, with a lavish tan and brown cover.

Victor runs his hand over the creases in the cover.

VICTOR

They say Lucifer himself, scribed these pages.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

FINISHED. The bar vanishes and the key is complete.

The cipher begins decoding. Bishop isolates a specific passage Victor was focused on.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP  
(to himself)  
Oh no.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVES - SIMULTANEOUS

Victor opens the book and flips through some of the pages.

VICTOR  
Beautiful.

We close in on Kross' ear.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
*Nathan. He plans to use himself as  
a vessel for a powerful demon.  
Destroy the book and those archives  
now.*

Victor's ears twitch.

BISHOP (CONT'D - O.S.)  
*Do you hear me Nathan? Nathan!*

Victor shuts the Codex with SLAM that echoes throughout the archives. His fingers grip the edge of the podium as the wood splinters around his grip.

EVELYN  
(to Victor)  
Is everything alright?

VICTOR  
(to Kross)  
Is your friend going to keep  
interrupting me all night.

Kross immediately draws his pistol. Raises it to Victor's head but Victor swiftly KNOCKS it from his hand.

Evelyn is slightly behind on the draw but is met with a CRUSHING kick to the torso that sends her flying SMACK into the railing. She tumbles over and down into the SERVER ROOM.

Kross and Victor enter an exchange of rapid blows, but Kross, mor skilled, sends Victor to the ground.

KROSS  
Evelyn!

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN (O.S.)  
I'm alright!

INT. CLUB SERVER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn shakes herself to and rises to one knee. She picks her gun off the floor. Servers are aligned two to a row in a tight room with a path that leads to one way out.

She notices a shadow of someone behind the door and immediately staggers to her feet, taking cover at the nearest server. She raises her gun and peaks gently over the server's edge.

The door opens and a VAMPIRE BOUNCER enters. Its teeth long and sharp. Mouth eerily wide. It salivates at the sense of fresh meat and sniffs the air. It looks in Evelyn's direction and she quickly moves her head out of view.

A beat. Then a frightening WAIL is heard as it flexes. Evelyn takes a deep breath and aims down the corridor of servers.

It approaches but Evelyn doesn't hesitate.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Evelyn lets three rounds rip. The Vampire Bouncer dodges the first two but gets caught by the third in the confines of the tight space.

The Vampire Bouncer looks down at the wound in its chest before bursting into embers and ashes.

More approach.

Evelyn takes aim down the corridor, using the tight space to her advantage.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVE - SIMULTANEOUS

We hear gunshots THUNDER from below as Kross continues to engage with Victor. They hand off blows with rapid skill. Kross overtakes Victor sending him SLAM onto his back.

Suddenly, the archive door opens revealing a group of Vampire Bouncers, entering one by one. Monstrous and hungry.

One of them rushes to Kross, but he is too quick and uses the vampire's momentum to send him CLOSE LINED into a dagger.

(CONTINUED)

The impact sends the vampire into a backwards flailing somersault, bursting into ashes in mid air.

Kross' leathered hands reach into his coat only to reappear with two more daggers.

The vampires swarm onto them.

Kross is in motion, flawless. Deathblow after deathblow, reminiscent of his skills in the war.

INT. SERVER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

CLICK.

Evelyn's gun runs empty. She expels a magazine and immediately loads another. She chambers a round when...

A vampire bouncer lands with a THUD in front of her. She aims but it knocks her gun away. The vampire tightens one hand around her neck and lifts her from the ground.

Evelyn struggles against his arm as it leans in. It's mouth stretches to an impossible length with growing teeth as if to bite her entire head off. Its tongue reaches and licks hungrily as it closes in.

Closer. Closer. Evelyn's eyes roll as she begins to lose consciousness. The vampire is ready to devour when...

PSSSH. A cloud of water vapor envelops its face. Evelyn immediately falls to the floor where she gasps for air in instinctual fits.

The vampire falls back grabbing its throat as the outline of its veins begins to ignite before EXPLODING, covering Evelyn in its ashes.

Evelyn shakes off the ashes and looks upward.

EVELYN

Kross!

INT. CLUB ARCHIVES - SIMULTANEOUS

BOOM. Ashes engulf Kross as he dispatches his final opponent. He turns to find Victor gone.

EVELYN (O.S. - CONT'D)

Nathan!

INT. SERVER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Nathan jumps down to Evelyn.

KROSS

You okay?

Evelyn gathers herself and nods.

Kross steps back and scans the servers. He reaches behind his blazer and retrieves the SEMTEX device. He activates it and sticks it to a server setting a timer for TWO MINUTES.

He clasps his hands together to offer Evelyn a boost.

Evelyn steps onto his palms and he instantly launches her upward. She hits the rail almost slipping, but manages to hang on.

Kross kicks off the wall for momentum, launching himself up over the rail where he lands surefooted. He pulls Evelyn up onto the walkway.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVE - SIMULTANEOUS

KROSS

We have to get that book.

Kross turns towards the Codex Gigas, but it's gone. He then turns to the exit to find Victor with the book in his arms on the other side of the glass door.

Victor raps the glass with his nails and waves.

Kross sprints for the door at full speed and RAMS it with full strength. The glass cracks only a little.

Kross steps back looking at the door for a weak spot.

Lilith appears next to Victor and pulls him away.

EVELYN

There has to be another way out of here.

Evelyn leans over the railing to look at the entrance to the SERVER ROOM. It's shut.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Kross begins to hammer into the door. The initial crack spider webs under the assault of his fists but refuses to give.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop watches the countdown on the screen in despair.

BISHOP  
(into mic)  
15 seconds, Nathan.

INT. CLUB ARCHIVE - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn raises her gun and fires a few more rounds into the glass. It cracks some more but fails to give.

EVELYN  
Kross.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
*Get out of there.*

Kross grabs Evelyn and pulls her in front of him.

EVELYN  
What are you doing?

He presses her to the glass door and uses his body to cover her.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Wait.

BOOM!

The SEMTEX device explodes effectively destroying the archive. Fire barrels towards them, setting Kross ablaze. The pressure hit the glass and it SHATTERS, launching both of them into...

INT. CLUB SUB LEVEL 2 - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn's soot covered face exhales in pain as she rolls off the broken glass. She manages to her knees in a fit of coughs.

She tries to stand but falls to one knee, and decides to crawl instead. Broken glass crunches under her weight until she reaches Kross.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop's feed of Kross' POV is dead.

BISHOP  
(into the mic)  
Nathan! Evelyn!

INT. CLUB SUB LEVEL 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

EVELYN  
I'm here.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
*Thank God. I lost the feed. Where's  
Nathan?*

Evelyn reaches Kross, finding him severely burnt and under a pile of small debris.

EVELYN  
Right here.

She staggers to her feet and motions over to Kross. She lifts the debris off of him.

Kross wheezes.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
He's alive.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
*You two have to get out of there.*

Evelyn bends forward and pulls Kross into a sitting position. She kneels, placing herself under his arm. She uses her weight and leg strength to push forward, lifting Kross off the ground.

She pushes until they're both on their feet with Kross clinging to her.

Familiar whispers start to gather around her from all locations.

EVELYN  
(to Kross)  
C'mon.

She moves, acting as a human crutch for Kross as they move towards the elevator.

They reach it and Evelyn punches the button.

(CONTINUED)

DING!

The doors open.

She pulls Kross inside as the whispers approach. The door closes.

INT. CLUB OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn staggers into the hallway with Kross on her arm. They reach the door from earlier marked OFFICE.

The club offers a muffled PULSATION through the door. The party never stopped.

Evelyn looks for exits options only to see a door marked SERVICE ROOM.

INT. CLUB SERVICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn KICKS the door open and enters the service room.

EVELYN

(into mic)

The place is swarming with  
vampires.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Find another way.

Evelyn's eyes fall on a water tank. She traces the pipes connected to it at the ceiling.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

EVELYN (O.S.)

*How do you make Holy Water?*

BISHOP

About half a decade of priest  
studies and a shit ton of  
conviction.

INT. CLUB SERVICE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn sits Kross down and motions to the water tank. She begins to pull at its valve on top.

(CONTINUED)



EVELYN

Is there a faster way?

The tank's lid HINGES open with a rusty cringe.

BISHOP (O.S.).

*Sometimes holy relics or objects  
touched by the very pious can work.*

Evelyn ejects the magazine from her firearm. *Bullets forged by steel blessed by the Pope.* She empties the magazine, round by round into the water tank.

INT. CLUB OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Service Room door swings open to reveal Evelyn crutching for Kross again.

Together they limp to the OFFICE glass door. She shatters the glass around the FIRE ALARM handle with the butt of her gun.

EVELYN

(into mic)

Will this work?

BISHOP (O.S.)

*Only one way to find out.*

Evelyn pulls it.

INT. CLUB FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The bass THRIVES as the party continues. Time lost to us in the belly of the Crimson Club.

VAMPIRE PATRON (20s) grinds against her human bait hungrily. A drop of water hits her arm and she pauses. Nothing happens.

INT. CLUB FLOOR HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn watches through the glass of the office door.

Suddenly the sprinklers let go with a heavy pour of water.

INT. CLUB FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The music stops as everyone pauses to check their skin.  
*Nothing.*

Some laugh and even lift their heads upward, tongues out to taste the water.

INT. CLUB FLOOR HALLWAY -CONTINUOUS

Evelyn still watches.

EVELYN

Shit.

INT. CLUB FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A few patrons laugh at the refreshing feel of water cascading their debaucherous night. Then...

Our gorgeous Vampire Patron feels a tinge.

VAMPIRE PATRON

Ouch.

Followed by another acidic drop.

VAMPIRE PATRON (CONT'D)

Fuck!

SCREAMS erupt as the shower has now turned volatile. Melting away at the the clubs clientele.

The Office door HISSES open as Evelyn enter the Club Floor with Kross in tow, covered by her jacket.

Evelyn raises her gun with tactical precision and fires into any vampires in their wake.

The CLUB FLOOR erupts into chaos as everyone flees in a fever of pandemonium. The anarchy is peppered with flashes of Evelyn's gun as she powers through the crowd, pulling Kross with her.

EXT. CRIMSON CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Patrons pour from the club's entrance by the dozens. A beat. Then Evelyn appears with a smoking Kross on her arm.

Together they make it to Evelyn's car. She opens the passenger door.

EXT. EVELYN'S CAR - NIGHT

Evelyn's car is the sole vehicle on the highway as it speeds towards the city.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kross' watch begins to BEEP with an ALARM. Evelyn glances to it and then to the horizon. The black sky begins to slip into shades of orange and indigo.

Evelyn pulls her coat over Kross' face to cover him. She shifts her car into the next gear and pushes on the gas.

EVELYN  
Hang on, Nathan.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAWN

Shattered windows punctuate a violated building.

We hear the faint screech of brakes against wet gears as a squad car brakes in front of the building.

Carter emerges from the driver's side of the squad car in awe of what's before him. He immediately draws his sidearm.

INT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

The interior looks that of a war zone.

Carter enters with his pistol at the ready.

CARTER  
Hello? Alex? Joe?

The entire precinct is empty. Not a body in sight.

Carter pulls out his cell phone and dials. A beat as it rings. Then an answer from DISPATCH.

DISPATCH  
911. What's your emergency?

CARTER  
This is Detective Troy, badge  
number 5901 Whiskey.

(CONTINUED)

DISPATCH

How can I help you, Detective Troy.

CARTER

Orleans' Parish department has been hit. Officer's possibly down.

DISPATCH

I understand your situation. Hold while I patch you into the Orleans' parish police department.

CARTER

There is no Orleans' Parish! Send anyone now!

Carter disconnects. He lifts his gun checking his surroundings.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Alex!

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - MORNING

A single door to the church SWINGS open. Evelyn staggers in with Kross.

EVELYN

Help!

Bishop appears from behind the altar to see the sun rising over the windows. In a panic he limps over to assist Evelyn.

BISHOP

We have to move!

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn and Bishop carry Kross to the table and lay him upon it.

Bishop rushes to the freezer and removes a vial of blue liquid.

Evelyn takes her jacket off of Kross, and tears open his shirt, revealing the wounds in greater detail. He is severely burned from mid torso upward.

Bishop presses the vial to Kross' lips.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Drink.

The liquid spills over his lips and down his cheeks. He isn't swallowing.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Shit.

Bishop takes a flashlight, lifts Kross' eyelids respectively, checking his pupils. No reaction. He lifts Kross' arm up over his shoulders. Evelyn helps.

Together they lift him back up. Evelyn follows Bishop's lead to the desk. Bishop enters a command and the steel coffin activates, rotating up to its vertical axis.

Together they place Nathan into the coffin. A monitor above the coffin reads: VITALS DETECTED. RECOVERY MODE ENGAGED.

The coffin begins to piston back onto its horizontal axis as the doors closed.

Bishop rushes back to the freezer and opens it, revealing bigger blue vials inside. He removes it.

He limps back to the coffin and inserts the vials in an adapter with a PRESSURIZED release. The transparent tubes on the outside immediately fill with a vibrant blue.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB AEGIS ROOM - MORNING

In the windowless underground sanctum of the CRIMSON CLUB. Victor sits upon the stairs, flipping through the pages of The Codex Gigas. One after the next before slamming the book shut and throwing it on the floor.

The book lands with a BOOM in the hollow of the Aegis Room.

Victor balls his fist into a tremble. His nails cut into his palms as we see a stream of blood drip from his hand down to the french cuffs of his shirt.

Manicured hands slip around his chest to embrace him from behind as Lilith presses her head to his back.

VICTOR

How malevolent a curse. To walk  
ageless through time...

Victor opens his hands staring into the fresh cuts of his palms as they bleed. Suddenly, they start to heal.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

While forever lingering at the  
mercy of death.

He turns his hands palm down to study his pointed nails.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Centuries of man. Cursed for the  
sins of one.

LILITH

The act of an unjust God. Expecting  
us to stray from forbidden fruit  
even though it's the sweetest.

Victor breaks from her embrace standing and storms over to  
the fount, his anger at a simmer.

VICTOR

What we had of the cipher is gone.  
The archives destroyed. The Codex  
is useless.

Lilith walks over to him and places a gentle hand to his  
face. Victor burns a stare into her eyes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

There's no place for us in heaven.  
And I refuse to burn in hell.

We hear the doors to the Aegis room open followed by the  
march of boots dragging something.

LILITH

Fret not my love. For you will have  
your Eden here on Earth.

Lilith guides Victor's gaze towards the door to see Vampire  
Bouncers pulling a limp body they drop at Victor's feet.

Victor kneels down to the unconscious body of Alex.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - DAY

Evelyn sits on the table as Bishop applies the last bit of  
glue to the cut above her right eye.

BISHOP

There.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

(beat)

He's one of them isn't he?

Evelyn looks at the steel coffin containing Kross. Bishop studies her face.

BISHOP

Yes.

EVELYN

I don't understand. Why would something like that work for the Church?

BISHOP

I'm sure he has his reasons. But only one of them matters.

EVELYN

Which one is that?

Bishop begins putting away the medical supplies into a first aid kit.

BISHOP

Why does anyone put money in a collection plate, or read their bible, or attend confession?

Bishop pops the cork on a bottle of single malt and sits two tumblers in front of them.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

This is a game between opponents older than time and when the rules say you only have two places to go you learn to play it.

He pours two fingers worth in each tumbler and hands Evelyn a glass then taps his against hers.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

And pray you're on the winning team.

Bishop tosses the scotch back. Evelyn sips hers.

EVELYN

What if I refuse to play?

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Then get Alex and get out of the city. Keep your head down and try to live a good life. Hope it pays off when you die.

Evelyn stares off pondering Bishop's words. She sips away at her drink. Bishop places a cigarette in his mouth and lights it with his cane.

EVELYN

And what will you do?

BISHOP

We have the completed key and digital backup of the Codex. Victor's copies are destroyed making the book useless. I'll reach out to HQ soon. They'll likely want us back in Rome.

Evelyn finishes her drink and hops off the table and slips on her coat.

EVELYN

Doubt I'll find another priest who'll take my confession over a glass of scotch.

Bishop walks over to Evelyn and extends a hands. She grips it with care.

BISHOP

Try a bartender.

EVELYN

(smiles)

Tell Kross I said thank you..

BISHOP

(beat)

Goodbye, Evelyn.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn walks from behind the altar, checking her phone.

CARTER (O.S.)

Evelyn.

She freezes and looks down the isle of pews at Carter.

(CONTINUED)



CARTER (CONT'D)  
Alex is gone.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - LATER

Carter, Evelyn and Bishop stand, separated by Kross' coffin.

CARTER  
They're all gone. The entire  
precinct was empty.

EVELYN  
Lilith...I have to go back.

BISHOP  
You want to go back to a vampire  
sanctuary?

CARTER  
(laughs)  
Vampires did this? You serious?

Bishop and Evelyn look at Carter with stern faces. Carter's smile fades.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
You are serious.

BISHOP  
(to Evelyn)  
You can't go back there alone,  
that's suicide.

CARTER  
She's not going alone.

Bishop shakes his head.

EVELYN  
(to Bishop)  
I'm not losing my son.

BISHOP  
Fine. But you'll need a damn  
arsenal.

Evelyn immediately turns for the weapons cache. Carter sticks close behind.

CARTER  
So what do we need? Crosses?  
Stakes? Silver?

(CONTINUED)

Evelyn pushes the button on the weapons cache and it opens to back lit display of sidearms, rifles, knives and explosives.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
(eying the wall)  
Alright.

Evelyn grabs a flack vest and begins to suit up. She takes her pick of firearms and explosives.

Carter follows suit.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - NIGHT

Bishop approaches with a case. Opens it to reveal a series of loaded magazines and a smaller case. He lifts the smaller case and opens it to reveal two contact lens.

Evelyn and Carter each take one and place it on their eyes respectfully.

BISHOP  
Those contact lenses provide you with an augmented tactical HUD that will auto target their vitals.

He gestures to the loaded magazines.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
These prototype smart rounds will automatically follow any trajectory those lenses lock onto. Should give you an edge.

EVELYN  
Thank you.

BISHOP  
Get there just before dawn. The sunrise will cover your escape.

CARTER  
(to Bishop)  
Wish us luck?

BISHOP  
I'm a priest, I only deal in faith.

EVELYN  
Then how about a prayer?

Bishop considers.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP  
Let's bow our heads.

Everyone closes their eyes and bows their heads.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Heavenly father, don't let my  
friends die. Amen.

Silence lingers as Carter peaks at Bishop with one eye.

CARTER  
That it?

EVELYN  
He didn't say he was a very good  
priest.

Evelyn grabs her rifle and walks to the exit.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB AEGIS ROOM - NIGHT

Lilith stands at the Aegis room's fount. She opens her spell book and begins the incantation.

The Aegis spell circle begins to glow.

LILITH  
They're coming.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - CONTINUOUS

Bishop kneels at the altar. Clasps his hands, and closes his eyes. A beat passes as we wait for him to pray. His face contorts, as he tries to remember the words to an old prayer. *A priest who hasn't prayed in ages.*

Bishop using his cane to get off his knees. He turns over and sits up, back against the altar.

BISHOP  
I can never tell if I'm talking to  
myself, or if you're actually  
there. Just give us a damn miracle.

AZRAEL (O.S.)  
He's there.

Bishop looks up in the direction of the voice to see Azrael walking down the red isle, carrying a metallic case.

(CONTINUED)

AZRAEL  
Whether he's listening, however.

BISHOP  
Azrael.

AZRAEL  
I saw your brief to the Vatican.  
How bad is he?

BISHOP  
He may not make it.

Azrael looks upon the beautiful altar and the crucifixion of Jesus before them.

AZRAEL  
The other night when I spoke to Nathan in front of this very altar he was praying.

BISHOP  
What for?

AZRAEL  
I didn't ask. It didn't matter. He and I both know where he's going when the time comes.

BISHOP  
All the demons he's deported. The monsters he's killed for the Church.

AZRAEL  
Doesn't matter. You know the rules as well as I.

BISHOP  
Is that why you're here? To send him to hell?

AZRAEL  
No. Not that it would matter.

Bishop grows frustrated.

AZRAEL (CONT'D)  
You ever read his file? He turned his back on salvation long before he tur-

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Then why are you here?

AZRAEL

Because he's still a valuable asset to the agency. As I can have no direct influence, I can however, deliver a package.

Azrael places the case he was carrying on the floor in front of Bishop.

AZRAEL (CONT'D)

From the Vatican.

Azrael turns for the exit as Bishop studies the case.

AZRAEL (CONT'D)

If you move quickly maybe you can still help your friends.

BISHOP

What's in it?

Azrael yells back before exiting the church.

AZRAEL

A miracle.

The door shuts behind Azrael. Bishop triggers a mechanism on the case sending its gears whirling to life. Pistons hiss as it opens, allowing a fog of nitrogen to spill out. The fog clears to reveal two large cylinder vials of RED BLOOD.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Bishop carries the vials over to the coffin's INFUSION PUMP and disengages the serum vials. He immediately loads the ones with blood in until they click. Then limps over to the desk and punches in commands.

We witness the sapphire liquid pumping through the transparent cables around the coffin FLUSHING out as it's replaced by the flow RED.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Carter rides shotgun. He ejects a magazine to make sure it's fully loaded, then slaps it back into the rifle.

Evelyn sits driver side, steering.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

So how scary are vampires?

EVELYN

Like on a scale of one to ten?

CARTER

Please don't say over ten.

Evelyn stares straight ahead.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Shit. That bad huh?

EVELYN

Pretty damn scary.

Carter looks out the window as they past a hill to along the highway to reveal the faint hue of blue on the horizon. The spark of dawn that injects Carter with hope.

CARTER

We can do this.

EVELYN

We have to.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

A figure covered in all BLACK, wearing a matching trench coat, opens the doors to a very old and decrepit SHED behind the church.

Something rests underneath a cover. The figure pulls it back, revealing a jet black MOTORCYCLE.

Bishop limps to catch up, a lit cigarette dangling from his mouth.

BISHOP

You have to hurry.

The figure's gloved hand picks up the matching HELMET off the top of the motorcycle and puts it on. He brushes pass Bishop and snatches the cigarette from his mouth. Bishop half-annoyed. The figure tosses it to the ground and climbs on the motorcycle.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Right. Last year's resolution.

Kross' eyes look back at Bishop through the opening in the helmet..

(CONTINUED)

KROSS

You promised.

He slaps down the visor, his eyes disappearing behind the tint.

BISHOP

(checks watch)

Sunrise is in ninety minutes.  
You'll need to stay covered.

Kross REVS the engine into a ROAR and takes off.

Bishop extinguishes the cigarette on the ground with the end of his cane.

EXT. CRIMSON CLUB - BEFORE DAWN

Evelyn and Carter approach the entrance to the club in a shade of deep blue that tells of the horizon to come.

BISHOP (O.S.)

*Evelyn.*

Evelyn touches her ear.

EVELYN

(into mic)

We're here.

BISHOP (O.S.)

*Good news. Backup is on its way.*

EVELYN

(into mic)

What? Who?

KROSS (O.S.)

*Hello Detective.*

EVELYN

(into mic)

Kross.

KROSS (O.S.)

*I'm on my way. (beat) Go get your son.*

Evelyn looks to Carter who removes his finger from his ear piece. Carter nods and CHAMBERS a round into his rifle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Kross' motorcycle REVS down the highway in the direction of the Crimson Club as the horizon's deep blue introduces the first hues of orange.

INT. CRIMSON CLUB - SIMULTANEOUS

We focus on the locked entrance of the Crimson Club. A beat passes. Then...

The front door to the club EXPELS open in an EXPLOSIVE array of structural material. Filling the enclosed room with dust and debris.

The Bouncer flies back in its blast.

Smoke clouds our view of the situation. We see the silhouette of the Bouncer stagger to his feet, injured. It turns to the source of the explosion before...

BAM!

A bullet pierces its skull causing it to BURST into ashes.

The first figure through the smoke is Carter. Evelyn on his six. He reaches the steps and JUMPS, landing on the middle railing and sliding down.

CARTER'S POV: The HUD locks onto two vampire bouncers at the bottom of the stairs.

Carter fires sending silver tipped bullets on their planned trajectories. They curve to hit locked vitals, turning them to ASH.

INT. CLUB FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Our duo lands at the CLUB FLOOR as vampires fill the room.

Two canisters roll to the feet of the first line of vampire bouncers. It detonates. A mist fills the surrounding blast radius, coating the vampires.

They look to each other confused. *Wait for it.* Then the stinging, followed by the burning, eclipsed by the melting of skin.

They barely scream before a MAELSTROM of bullets CRATER into their skin as they burst.

(CONTINUED)



Evelyn and Carter step through the ash firing with pure precision. Picking vampires left and right. Sending them to cinder scorched graves.

A vampire breaks through TACKLING Evelyn and sending her crashing into the bar. Carter drops a magazine. Reloads. And is back at it, offering defensive fire as he backs up towards Evelyn.

The vampire lands on top of Evelyn. She presses her rifle to its gut. It lunges for her neck but BURSTS into ashes as she empties the clip.

The chaos breaks. Carter seizes this moment to offer a hand. Evelyn grabs it and he pulls her up. Evelyn ejects her magazine and loads another one.

Another wave of vampires hit the floor. Evelyn and Carter go BACK TO BACK. Rifles raised. They turned in trained succession as they engage the onslaught. Bullets turning and bending around every corner.

EVELYN

I'm empty!

Carter turns to Evelyn's six. She ducks. He fires into a new group of FLANKING vampires in controlled, precise bursts. Evelyn reloads as the two maneuver BACK TO BACK again.

Together, bullet for bullet, they fight back their assailants until...CLICK. Their guns run empty and ASH rains like confetti from the ceiling.

They drop their rifles and switch to their sidearms as Evelyn leads Carter to the glass door marked OFFICE.

CARTER

Your bleeding.

Evelyn glances down to her forearm to see she's been bit. Carter rips off one of his sleeves and uses it to bandage her wound.

INT. CLUB AEGIS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The green fades from Lilith's eyes as she finishes her spell.

LILITH

(an ancient language, no subtitles)

Rise.

(CONTINUED)

A figure behind Lilith appears. It's Kross. He drops his helmet to the floor, catching her attention. She turns to face him.

KROSS  
Black magic is forbidden.

Lilith begins backing away from Kross' direction towards the shadows.

LILITH  
You going to arrest me?

KROSS  
The penalty for such practice is  
deportation.

Lilith reaches the shadows of the Aegis room.

LILITH  
You want me to hang, Agent Kross?  
You'll have to catch me.

She disappears into the shadows. Kross steps forwards in her direction but immediately halts when two GREEN EYES pierce the darkness back at him.

A beat and then a figure staggers forth. Unknown to Kross, Joe's reanimated body steps forward with emerald piercing eyes. Now a vessel for a demon.

It eyes Kross hungrily. Then it bolts for him.

Kross sends the right side of his trench coat flying to reveal to us *Redemption*. He releases it and aims it forward. It extends, the sides pop up and lock into place, forming a Kross with a spiked hilt and bladed top.

He SNAPS it like a whip and the end LAUNCHES on chains, catching Joe across the head at EYE LEVEL splitting it in half, and quickly retracts back into the hilt.

A beat. Joe's body cracks with light and explodes in the similar fashion of Valac.

Then suddenly GREEN EYES begin to pop up in pairs all around Kross.

Kross plants his feat and uses his opposite hand to draw a SUB MACHINE GUN from underneath his coat, *Redemption* in the other hand.

KROSS' POV: We see the HUD lock onto the eyes of multiple demons.

KROSS

You're all going to hell.

WAVES of demons pour from the shadows in various cop uniforms and suits. Some are still handcuffed. *The bodies from the precinct.*

They collide. Kross swings Redemption, launching the blade out on its retractable chain. He couples its attack with fire from the SUB MACHINE GUN.

He twists and turns like a dance, with lightning speed. Redemption's silver-steeled tail CUTS into its prey followed by a barrage of bullets to finish any straggler off.

The time lapses, freezing to a crawl and revving again to illustrate Kross' speed. He cuts and fires into them, dealing a demise graciously to each demon near and far.

INT. CLUB SUB LEVEL 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

DING!

The elevator doors greet us with that familiar CHIME as Evelyn and Carter step from it.

ALEX (O.S.)

Mom.

Evelyn's eyes widen and she immediately raises her side arm. Carter notices and follows suit.

Victor has Alex by the neck. He pulls him in front of him as a human shield forcing Evelyn and Carter to hesitate.

VICTOR

No no. Drop them.

Carter and Evelyn hesitate before dropping their guns to the ground.

Lilith appears from the shadows with a tablet in her hands.

EVELYN

(to Victor)

Give me my son.

VICTOR

The key.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN

What?

LILITH

The key to the cipher. Return it to us and you can have your boy.

EVELYN

I don't have it.

VICTOR

But the whisper in your ear does.

Evelyn takes recognition at those words. She presses her hand to her ear and steps back.

EVELYN

(into mic)

Bishop...

BISHOP (O.S.)

*I heard him.*

EVELYN

Send him the key.

Silence hangs for a beat.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

The key, now. Bishop?

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop watches their live feed on the monitors to see Alex in Victor's hands.

BISHOP

(into mic)

I'm sorry. I can't.

INT. CLUB SUBLEVEL 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Evelyn turns from the others.

EVELYN

(into mic)

What do you mean you can't?

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

BISHOP

(into mic)

He plans to use his own body as a vessel for a very ancient demon. It'll put too many lives at risk, I'm sorry.

EVELYN (O.S.)

He'll kill Alex! Give them the key!

BISHOP

(into mic)

I'm sorry, Evelyn. I ca-

KROSS (O.S.)

*Do it.*

INT. CRIMSON CLUB AEGIS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Kross' catches a straggler, SNAGS his neck with a rapid follow through and stops. The bodies hover in random dismembered pieces for a moment in time, before...RUPTURING into cracks of light and exploding. Their bodies swaying like torn paper in the breeze.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop runs his hands through his hair. Torn between decisions.

BISHOP

(into mic)

If he binds with this dem-

KROSS (O.S.)

*I won't let that happen.*

BISHOP

(into mic)

And if you can't stop it?

KROSS (O.S.)

*Then you'll be able to smoke in peace.*

BISHOP

(to himself)

He says that after I'm out of cigarettes.

Bishop exhales and he stares at the monitors for a beat. He leans forward and enters a command on the keyboard.

INT. CLUB SUBLEVEL 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Lilith's tablet brightens and it springs to life. FILE RECEIVED flashes followed by a progress bar.

She taps on its surface and the tablet begins running the algorithm we saw earlier, immediately decrypting the Codex's text. Then...

TRANSLATION COMPLETE.

Lilith instantly begins reading the text. Her eyes burn with an emerald aura as she starts her spell. The same color aura glows in Victor's eyes as well as seeps from his mouth.

Victor still holds Alex by the neck.

EVELYN

Let him go!

They ignore her as Lilith continues her incantation.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Give me my son!

The spell continues as the emerald aura glows brighter. Victor becomes consumed by it as it crawls across his body in a green flame.

Evelyn reaches down and picks up her gun at her feet. Carter retrieves his as well.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Alex!

The emerald flame begins to engulf both Victor and Alex.

ALEX

Mom!

Evelyn and Carter open fire on Victor but their bullets vaporizes upon contact with the aura as it grows and grows.

CLICK.

Evelyn's gun chambers back. Empty. She runs for Victor. She almost makes it until.

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

An emerald shockwave sends Lilith, Carter and Evelyn to the floor on their backs.

A beat. The dust settles as Lilith motions to all fours. She looks up to see Victor, standing calmly in the center of the room. Alex is no where in sight.

Carter rises COUGHING.

EVELYN (O.S.)

No.

Alex is gone.

Evelyn is on her knees. Her eyes glazed over with tears, barely able to speak.

Carter crawls over to her and reaches for her.

CARTER

Evie.

Lilith rises to her feet and approaches Victor.

LILITH

(to Victor)

Love?

(beat)

Victor?

Victor turns to Lilith. A voice of two entities leaves it lips.

VICTOR

Lilith.

LILITH

(gushes)

It's you.

Victor's face contorts to something more devilish. As if something under its skin wants out. He extends a hand towards Lilith.

VICTOR

Come. We'll have our heaven.

Lilith reaches for her lover's hand when suddenly.

SPLICK!

The silver end of blade pierces her from behind sticking out from where her heart should be.

(CONTINUED)

Lilith looks down in shock. Then up at Victor.

The chain the blade is attached to RETRACTS, yanking her body into the shadows.

Kross steps forward into view.

Victor unleashes an intimidating wail with all the fury of hell.

VICTOR

KROSS!

Victor LUNGES. Kross snaps REDEMPTION'S whip, sending it's silver edge towards Victor. Victor catches the end of the chain and pulls it taut. His hand searing from the silver.

Carter

First to the plate, strafes and opens fire. Victor dodges effortlessly, yanking the hilt of Redemption from Kross' hands. He swings, throwing it at him. Carter rolls, barely dodging it.

KROSS

Appears wielding his daggers. He slices and stabs. They trade counters and blows.

Victor

Is too quick, he lifts Kross like a pebble and sends him smash into a pillar. Taking out a marbled support beam.

The roof caves slightly.

Evelyn

BOOM BOOM, fires a BARRAGE of silver rounds into Victor.

Victor

Kicks Evelyn with RIB CRUNCHING force, sending her body rag dolling across the ground.

KROSS

Back on Victor. They reconnect in a combo of vicious moves.

Carter

Joins Kross, they tag team Victor. Victor connects with Carter, sending him sliding along the ground. Kross COUNTERS.

KROSS

He sends Victor airborne then JUMPS. He grips Victor's waist and PULLS downward.

Victor hits the ground SMASH. Causing it to crack and ripple into a series of spider-webs.

(CONTINUED)



Victor

Rises and dismisses Kross with a few blows. More bullets pelt into his side as Carter returns, firing his sidearm.

Evelyn

Gains higher ground, and jumps onto Victor's back. She holds on with all her strength. Raises her arms. Dagger at the ready, and brings it HAMMERING downward into Victor's right eye.

Victor

Wails. He pulls Evelyn from his back, spins and FLINGS her at Kross.

Evelyn and Kross connect, landing on the ground.

Carter

Back in the game, rushes to Victor. He swings wildly, and Carter DROPS and dodges Victor's devastating close liner, while simultaneously using his momentum to slide past him towards REDEMPTION.

He stands and tosses it in the air. It floats aimlessly until Kross catches it.

Kross

Launches the whip again. It connects with Victor, wrapping around his neck.

Victor

Pulls the chain, forcing Kross on a collision course with him.

Evelyn

Empties her sidearm and ejects the magazine.

EVELYN

I'm empty.

Carter

Sends a magazine flying towards her.

CARTER

Last one!

Evelyn

Catches and loads the magazine.

Kross

Does it again, he dodges, slides and repeats. He tosses it back at Carter.

Carter

Catches. Strafes and tosses it back to Kross.

(CONTINUED)

Victor

Swings in beastly attempts to hit one of them. The more he struggles, the more entangled he becomes.

Victor

Gets his barrings, and grabs the loose chain, pulling the chain taut, bringing Kross to a halt.

Victor stands, completely entangled in Redemption's chains. Kross drops to the floor, revealing Evelyn a few feet behind him. Gun raised, dead aimed.

CLA-CLINK...BAM! The bullet fires with expert accuracy into Victor's other eye!

KROSS

Doesn't waste a beat, he runs to Victor. LEAPS. Soaring over Victor as a glint of silver leaves his hand right into Victor's heart.

He lands, and spins with the heel of his foot, bringing the chain down to the ground.

The chain tenses and pulls Victor like the LIGHTNING SNAP of a rubber band. CRASH! Into the ground!

Victor lays there. Choking and gargling on pools of TAR colored liquid. The chains CHARRING wisps of smoke into his flesh.

Kross activates a trigger on Redemption. The chains sprout RAZOR blades. Victor WAILS, as if the demon inside him has vanished. Fiery light emitting from cracks in his skin.

Kross turns the HILT and RETRACTS the chains causing them to PULVERIZE Victor into a million pieces. Victor SHATTERS into charred embers and ash. A wave escapes him knocking the trio back.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Bishop's feed cuts.

BISHOP

(into mic)

Hello! Anyone!

INT. CLUB SUB LEVEL 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

The dust settles revealing that multiple supports on the SUB LEVEL have caved letting in shafts of the coming sunrise.

Evelyn stirs. Her world a blur. She rolls onto her stomach setting the room upright. As her vision clears she sees Azrael approach Kross.

Kross sits, gasping his last breathes. A large spike of splintered steel impaled straight through his torso.

His skin smokes and sizzles as if under a magnifying glass, as his watch sounds the alarm for the coming dawn.

Kross lifts his head weakly...his golden eyes, a blazoned contrast to his SMOKING pale skin.

Azrael leans in towards Kross' ear.

AZRAEL  
(whispers)  
It's time.

Kross struggles to lift his head high enough to set eyes upon Azrael.

Kross slowly burns to ash in the morning light as the rays of sun crawl over the cracks.

Azrael steps aside, revealing to Kross something they can only see. For the first time, in what may have been centuries tears are in his eyes. His smile, human.

A ray of sunlight shines onto Kross turning him into a molten statue of embers. A beat. Then he crumbles and blows away.

Evelyn staggers to her feet and motions over to Kross' ashes. She reaches into it to reveal Ezekiel's rosary. Evelyn brings it to her chest as her eyes well up. Then...

GASP! Carter's body coughs. His lungs sucking in the air. Alive.

EXT. CRIMSON CLUB - DAWN

Carter uses his body to support Evelyn as they limp out of the crumbling building. The sun greeting them on the horizon. Evelyn squints, her eyes and watches it.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carter enters the vehicle and rests against the cushion of the seat. He searches for the keys as Evelyn leans her weight on the exterior of the car.

The keys are gone.

Carter climbs out of the vehicle and helps Evelyn back to a walking position. They take a few steps towards the road before they notice Kross' BLACK MOTORCYCLE.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The two speed down the highway in the light of day. Carter at the wheel. Evelyn wears Kross' helmet as passenger, holding onto his torso.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S - DAY

The doors to ST. MICHAEL'S nudge open. Carter acts as a human CRUTCH for Evelyn as they stroll down the path towards the altar.

They reach the fourth or fifth pew before Evelyn breaks away from him.

CARTER

Evie.

Evelyn's eyes stare at the crucifixion of Jesus. She reaches the altar before falling to her knees.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Bishop!

Bishop comes limping to the altar. Together, he and Carter lift Evelyn back to her feet.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S LAB - LATER

Evelyn lies shirtless against the very table she rested upon a few nights before. Bishop removes Carter's makeshift bandage.

BISHOP

She was bit.

Bishop disappears for a moment. Returns with a vial of blue liquid. He hands it to Evelyn.

(CONTINUED)

Carter watches.

EVELYN

What is it?

BISHOP

Plasma serum. It'll help with the healing. Unfortunately it'll also accelerate the change.

EVELYN

How long do I have?

BISHOP

Another day, maybe two.

Evelyn stares at it.

BISHOP

It's either that or real blood, and you can't have mine.

Evelyn pops the cap, downs it. She hands the empty vial to Bishop, followed by Ezekiel's cross.

Bishop receives it with recognition. Unspoken gratefulness in his eyes.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Bishop and Carter help Evelyn to Kross' coffin. The coffin rests open on its vertical axis.

CARTER

Seriously?

BISHOP

Complete sensory deprivation. It helps.

Evelyn turns and steps back into it. The plush cushioning caressing her frame.

EVELYN

(to Bishop)

Now what?

BISHOP

Rest up. We'll see you when the sun goes down.

Evelyn'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

Evelyn nods. We watch the two step back, and our world begins to tilt from vertical to horizontal as the camera pans to the ceiling.

The doors to the coffin closes. Shutting us in darkness.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
Welcome to Black Watch.

THE END

FADE OUT: