

Gray and Lover:
The Hearth Tales Incident

by

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Current Revisions by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ESTABLISHING - JALALABAD, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

The town with a certain high walled compound, prominent.

SUPER

Jalalabad, Afghanistan
May 2, 2011 - 1AM

INT. JALALABAD, AFGHANISTAN - HOME OF SALEEL - NIGHT

Among PHOTOS on a typical Afghan's wall.

One photo is of a tough looking AFGHAN, SALEEL (60s) between two IRISH SPECIAL FORCES soldiers, BRYCE O'SHAUNNESSY (30s) and FRANK MACBETH (40s, based on Billy Connolly).

Photo of OSAMA BIN LADEN (OBL) tacked up by a BLOODY KNIFE.

An older grizzled Saleel reads from a BIG OCCULT BOOK.

He CONJURES and MUMBLES until the photo MORPHS into OBL in the next scene.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - PAKISTAN - BIN LADEN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

SUPER

Abbottabad, Pakistan
May 2, 2011 1:10AM

ELEVEN NAVY SEALs exit a BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER. As a second lands, its tail CRASHES down on the high cement fence.

They quickly assess the crash. Seeing all twenty-three are okay, they disburse, heading to the main house.

SEAL ONE
(into mic)
Geronimo.

INT. SALEEL'S HOME / OBL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

INTERCUT between Saleel's conjuring and Bin Laden's home.

Restrained by KYRO, a Navy SEAL GERMAN SHEPHERD with TITANIUM teeth and HELMET CAM recording.

Guns follow OSAMA BIN LADEN (54) as they are about to take him prisoner.

OBL's YOUNGEST WIFE and OLDEST DAUGHTER shield him. His Wife has a SUICIDE VEST so a SEAL SHOOTs her leg.

A SEAL bear hugs women aside as the room literally FREEZES.

Unable to move, the SEAL's breath shows how cold it is, only their eyes move to look about.

Suddenly they can move; though stunned, no one does.

A desk clock clicks to 1:24AM

SALEEL'S HOUSE.

In PASHTUN with ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

SALEEL (O.S.)
Master Ahriman take back your
servant Osama from this world. Make
his mind heavy over his actions in
this world, now and forever so.

OBL COMPOUND.

VIBRATIONS. Fearful, OBL grabs his head, turns to light, trying to hold his head up as SEALS back up, wary.

Kyro backs up, GROWLING. "What the Hell?" looks, all around.

Suddenly, OBL's skull gains several tons in weight, his legs give out. He squats, sits hard as his head punches straight through his torso and floor as if shot down from a cannon.

SEALS are stunned. As a SEAL wipes gore from his goggles, the women SCREAM. SEALS look unsure at one another as the room returns to normal and dust settles.

SEAL ONE
Call-call it!

SEAL TWO
Time: Zero one twenty-five hours.

He sees a nervous Kyro sit as SEAL One nods approval.

SEAL ONE
(into mic)
Geronimo- E KIA.

SEAL Three takes a look at the body mass, shrugs, crosses himself as they watch the women and entry points. SEAL One has a look of apathy and acceptance at the religions gesture.

SEAL Two looks down the hole that is DRIPPING blood.

SEAL THREE
Straight to Hell. Huh.

SEAL TWO
Video's going to be useless.

SEAL THREE
We all saw the same thing?

Tension. SILENCE.

SEAL TWO
(indicates body and floor)
Weight of the world, right?

SEAL THREE
-like some thing just rose
up-grabbed him by the face and
yanked him straight down through-

SEAL ONE
We'll- dispose of- that, on the
ship. Body bag.

INT. AFGHANISTAN - HOME OF SALEEL - NIGHT

Saleel collapses, smiling. The OBL photo is unrecognizable.

The room SWIRLS and goes eerily DARK. Panicked, he stands,
flips pages and MUMBLES.

A CLOCK shows 1:25AM.

Suddenly, thin AIR SOLIDIFIES and tries to BITE at him.

He retreats, MUMBLING, flipping pages.

The room DARKENS. More DEMONS are in the DARK. Then, he finds
something pleasing.

In PASHTUN with ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

SALEEL
By the power of earth, air, fire,
water, spirit, protect your
servant. Ahriman, protect. You have
accepted my petition and my offer
for the power to give yours back
again. All of mine I gave. Demon,
protected with dissolution,
delusion! I ask now only that you
offer protection!

Though everything becomes normal, he's TERRIFIED. BREATHING
hard, HEARTBEAT rapid. Then, SILENCE.

EXT. JUNGLE HELL - NIGHT

POV of a thing lumbering along a dark, damned SURREAL JUNGLE.

It traverses foliage, out of fear, tracking a danger larger than itself as smaller creatures run from it in terror.

It FREEZES, peeks through branches at an ominous pair of eyes yards away; then others. It's a barely visible "ambush" (pack) of terrible huge black PANTHER-like beasts.

The beasts GROWL hideous overwhelming sounds that meld into sounds of-

A HOUSE PARTY in a Seattle suburb.

INT./EXT. HOUSE PARTY / FRONT WINDOW BUSHES - NIGHT

Unnoticed, an unshaven Bryce peeps at a cool party, visible through an UPPER MIDDLE CLASS home's window.

DRUNK, wearing a hat, holding a martini and a splif, he backs away through bushes vaguely reminiscent of the Jungle Hell.

Laughing gently, he stumbles to the sidewalk.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - SEATTLE - NIGHT

SUPER

Seattle, Washington
Present Time

EXT. SEATTLE - LESHI NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Light RAIN eases and slows to a stop.

Near a vintage street lamp, Bryce is well-dressed, wearing a raincoat. He takes a hit off the spliff.

Watching the party, he smiles, but it turns bittersweet.

INT. SEATTLE - BELLTOWN - TUGS BAR - NIGHT

DANCE MUSIC pounds out a rhythmic BEAT in a hip, packed Gay/Hetero dance club/bar. Smiling, PATRICK (30s), is a stylish, gay, muscular model type, owner of the Gay/Hetero dance club and bar.

Patrick drinks with GRAY (30s), classy, darkly seductive, gorgeous, wearing functional STEAMPUNK fashion with special glasses worn up high for now and not just for show.

Gray watches her partner, LOVER (20s), a similarly dressed with glasses worn high up, more trendy female. Lover innocently flirts with a hot, younger Goth type girl.

Gray smiles, seductively, watching Lover.

Two attractive GIRLS with a GUY (20s) bump into Gray.

He laughs, apologizing as their eyes meet, mesmerizing him.

Pulling on him to no avail, one girl gets into Gray's face.

Bored, Patrick's face says it all, "Oh God, not again".

The girl looks from guy to Gray, her SCREAM drowned by music as she pushes Gray who easily pushes back.

Inflamed, the girl STRIKES and misses.

Watching, Lover shakes her head, smiles and ignores it.

Gray shoves the girl by the throat into her boyfriend against a pillar, and leans in.

As the girl gets weak, Gray ducks as the other girl swings a bottle off the bar at her head, missing and mashing the other girl's nose, who SCREAMS in pain.

Fearful, the three limp off as the hit girls berates the other girl, who is humiliated and apologetic. The guy is confused, attracted to Gray, but with his hurt friends.

Patrick toasts Gray, who just grins.

EXT. SEATTLE - LESHI NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Bryce ruminates on the party as he sips, smokes, and focuses on individual dramas through the window.

A couple steps out of the party, making out in a dark area by the doorway.

As Bryce says the following in his slight Irish accent, a woman steps outside, slaps the man, stares other woman down.

Bryce looks at the threesome's escalating argument.

BRYCE (O.S.)

It had been a good marriage, as marriages go, now and for what it's worth. But I know I fool myself.

(MORE)

BRYCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Marrying a lovely bipolar type who suffered an abusive childhood, maturing into a persecution complex— it did last completely through the honeymoon, anyway. Three years later, well, I guess you simply stop noticing things. As my loving Da used to tell me, all things good end in being good no longer, else they go on forever. And without some bad, how do you appreciate how good it is? He was kind of a sweet idiot, but we all loved him. They tell me I'm a great writer. But lately? I feel merely the hack. As with friends toasting at a wake over the corpse with a grand and cheery pint to drown the melancholy memories, we all have to move on. To some the Future is all possibilities. To the rest of us—well; only time will tell. And so, back to reality.

He smiles, staggers off down the empty sidewalk, right into a hedge tangling himself, homage to same in "Arthur" (1981).

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Ah, yuh— hedge!

Laughing, he toasts his cleverness as a lovely hand reaches gently for his shoulder, guiding him. He turns, looks and allows himself to be led to the waiting limo.

His loving personal assistant, a stylishly beautiful, EVA SATIN (32), nods to the diminutive limo driver DIRK (40s) who holds open the limo's back door.

DIRK

Sir? Now are you ready for your night to be over?

Bryce smiles at Dirk and Eva.

BRYCE

Never! Aye, aye. Yes, I'm ready. Let's get some rest. Sorry, sorry—just needed some air.

Concerned, they get him into the limo. Eva follows.

They drive off down a long, beautifully dark, wet street.

INT. SEATTLE - LIMO - STARTING TO RAIN - NIGHT

A worried Eva watches Bryce. He smiles at her, then notices interesting things passing by out the window.

He TAPS his WEDDING RING on the glass which disturbs him and makes Eva's uncomfortable.

In the front, Dirk is concerned. He likes Bryce.

EXT. JUNGLE HELL - NIGHT

It could be the hedge near the Seattle party but somehow not. Less so with the BUMPING, DRAGGING, GROANING noises.

A humanoid form is dragged in tatters along the ground by DEMON, an ageless TWISTED and UNNATURAL humanoid beast, which notices a SUMMONING in the air.

About to kill its victim, Demon becomes fearful as its mortal enemy, a PANTHER-like BEAST, sneaks up.

The cat-thing attacks, Demon fights back barely getting the better of it through confusion, and brutally kills it.

Its MATE (with MISMATCHED EYES) arrives as the cat-thing's SPIRIT disperses from its corpse and Demon dematerializes.

Enraging the mate, it attacks— nothing, leaving it furious and alone with its dead mate.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS BRYCE'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

DARK. BUMPING, GROANING noises. Not the jungle hell but Bryce's innocently gorgeous wife DAWN (30) having sex.

She wears the same style WEDDING RING. When she gets frustrated, her New Jersey accent replaces her better diction.

Dawn is with Bryce's friend, CLAUDE (38), a handsome, charming Quebec Frenchman.

DAWN

Oh God! Harder, dammit! Harder!
Faster, faster! Can't you? Fuck!

Finally, she's pleased as Claude hits a good stride.

A PHOTO of Bryce and Dawn on the side table bothers Claude. He turns it down.

She sees it's down when he's not looking and just to be annoying, sets it back up.

Noticing this he continues thrusting and gives her a "You Bitch!" look which she doesn't notice; but she's so hot and sexy, his anger fades.

INT. SEATTLE - BRYCE'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Bryce sits heavily on the bed and falls back exhausted as Eva watches from the doorway, concerned.

Yearning to join him, she instead takes off his shoes, throws a blanket over him and tentatively exits.

BEGIN BRYCE'S NIGHTMARE

EXT./INT. JUNGLE HELL / DUNGEON / BRYCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INTERCUT DREAMLIKE shots of jungle and dungeon labyrinth.

Foot held by a grotesque CREATURE perhaps with an Irish demon flavor, but not to compete with Demon for fearsome weirdness, drags Bryce on his back, bare BLOODY torso, one ARM a STUMP.

Glimpses of atrocities illuminated from within are darkly visible along the way through the jungle that melds into a dank, filthy, horrible dungeon.

Creature carries Bryce's arm taking bites off of it, spitting out pieces of munched bone onto Bryce's torso where they painfully stick like darts: Night terrors, advanced class.

Just when you think it's over Creature kicks open some doors and enters Bryce's large, expensive Los Angeles office, with pool table.

Dawn stands in front of his desk, BG of Los Angeles out window. She's secretarial, beautiful, tapping a pencil on her front teeth, leaving marks of upside down crosses.

Vacantly she motions where to put Bryce.

Creature throws Bryce's arm on the desk.

Disgusted she stabs it with the pencil, trying to knock it off but the pencil sticks making her angry.

Creature speaks gibberish in a horrific, yet humorous way.

SUPER ENGLISH SUBTITLES

CREATURE

But. I thought. I was allowed to
sample it, as long as it- lived?

Creature tries to hide its fear. She surrenders.

DAWN

Someone please clean him up!

Enter Eva in sexy LEATHERS, Paramedic\slave outfit, seductively cleaning Bryce up, distracting from his pain. She is for him, against Dawn, yet helpless.

Pain and eroticism nearly climax as Dawn kicks Eva out.

NAKED, terrified Bryce finds himself locked on an angled steel table that was the pool table. Horrible chained DOGS can almost feed on his genitals.

Dawn puts her hand reassuringly on his shoulder. She puts her hand on a lever, each jerk letting the dogs a little closer.

She puts her hand teasingly on Bryce's shoulder.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, love. It'll all be over soon. All too soon-

END BRYCE'S NIGHTMARE

INT. SEATTLE - BRYCE'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Eva's hand is on Bryce's bare, sweaty shoulder where Dawn's just was, waking him in a fright.

He stares at her hand in fear, looks at her beautiful eyes, and then bursts out LAUGHING.

He rubs his sweaty face, sitting up.

BRYCE

Oh, God. Ha! Damn. Nice! Very nice-

EVA

Are you alright? Bryce?

BRYCE

Yeah. You know, Eva, you'd make a lovely- uh, paramedic.

EVA

Wha- I. Excuse me? Thanks?

BRYCE

Nothing. A dream. Merely a dream. How long have I been out?

EVA

Only an hour or so. Nightmare?

BRYCE
Yes, but not- all of it, really.

EVA
Fantasy, then?

BRYCE
Not- quite.

EVA
So, nightmare. Dawn?

BRYCE
Yes, that part was.

EVA
Bryce, I-

He gets up, goes to the bathroom.

She puts email printouts on his desk, then puts away clothes from his bag and finds a flash drive with two notes in an envelope with "BRYCE" on them.

She reads the one with feminine handwriting first.

INSERT NOTE:

"Bryce honey, please watch the
video on this memory stick thing.
Dawn"

Confused, she reads the second note.

INSERT NOTE:

"Bryce, please watch my video
first. It's the newer of the two
videos on the flash drive. Claude"

Thinking it odd, she sets them down next to fresh COFFEE.

Showered and dressed, Bryce exits the bedroom looking incredible. Eva trembles a bit hiding her attraction to him that he is of course, oblivious to.

EVA (CONT'D)
Email's there. Couple of notes and
a flash drive from home; don't know
what that's about. Remember, we
have that "thing" later. The local
TV thing tomorrow. There's some
coffee on the desk.

BRYCE
Sure. Thanks, Eva. Really.

Embarrassed about earlier he sits, looks at the notes and flash drive as she reads some papers in another room.

INTERCUT FLASHES of his night terror when he reads Dawn's handwriting.

Shuddering, he drinks coffee, savoring it.

BEGIN BRYCE'S MANSION FLASHBACK

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION - DAY

SUPER

Yesterday....

In a sizeable den / library decorated MIDDLE EASTERN with double doors and a fireplace, Bryce and Eva prepare for the trip. A few bags sit in the entryway. Large antique clock. They are warm toward Claude.

Dawn reclines near the pool, visible out the back windows and doors.

Passing the den while taking Dawn a drink, Claude wears a borrowed swim suit with initials "BOS" for Bryce's name.

CLAUDE
You have a good trip. I put that film deal's papers in your bag.

BRYCE
Sure, thanks. In a few days, then.
How's the pool?

CLAUDE
Warm, thanks. I needed a good swim.
Bye Eva, have a-
(kisses her cheeks)
-great trip. I'll just say bye to Dawn. I need to get going, too.

EVA
Bye Claude. Take care.

Claude exits to pool side.

EXT. BRYCE'S MANSION - POOL SIDE - DAY

DAWN
Claude dear, would you mind posting this? It needs to go out like, now?

CLAUDE

Certainly, I can do it on the way to the studio, pumpkin. See you tonight then? At the party.

DAWN

Of course, lover. I told you, I'll meet you there. Please, try not to be so possessive. Last time you wouldn't let me get in a word edgewise with anyone else? It's not like we're married, is it? Barry does throw such great parties.

CLAUDE

The child porn star?

DAWN

Oh Christ, Claude, he's not a porn star and he's not a child anymore. What he is—is a very marketable property. Very cute, I might add.

(successfully making him
jealous)

Look, I can't help it, I'm a free spirit. And I'm, married.

CLAUDE

Married. OK. See you there—

Coldly she lets him kiss her on the cheek. He's on her leash and they both know it.

He walks off, having enough of her.

INSIDE MANSION

Eva catches this oddness through the window but brushes it off, unsure what it means.

As he heads out the front door, Claude looks sadly at Bryce.

BEGIN CLAUDE'S VIDEO RECORDING FLASHBACK

EARLIER Bryce and Eva are on a phone conference. Claude has a drink in the den and sees an envelope in Bryce's open bag.

Concerned, he removes Dawn's note and flash drive from the envelope. He plugs the flash drive into his iPad type device.

He sits and watches video of Dawn, annoyed by what he hears. He turns on the iPad camera, silently staring into the lens.

CLAUDE

Bryce, sorry to tell you this-

Completed, he stuffs the drive in the envelope with his own note, and all back into Bryce's bag as he downs his drink.

END CLAUDE'S VIDEO RECORDING FLASHBACK

Claude watches Bryce, starts to speak, but heads out, shutting the front door behind him.

After Claude is gone, Bryce and Eva carry travel gear out.

EXT. BRYCE'S MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - DAY

BRYCE

We'll, heading out, Dawn.

Dawn rushes up all wifey-like and humble.

DAWN

Have a wonderful trip dear. I hope you have fun with your army buddy.

BRYCE

It's business more than anything else, not all fun. And Special Forces? Not quite the Army, dear.

DAWN

Of course. I hope you two have a nice flight.

EVA

Thank you, Mrs. O'Shaunessy.

DAWN

Don't think of it dear. When will you be back, baby?

BRYCE

Couple of days. A bit of business, Frank's for an evening. Haven't seen him for a while. I don't get up there very often.

DAWN

And he never gets down here anymore the stuffy old bastard. So, an evening of drinks and story telling, I'll bet. I know how you two are when you get together.

(MORE)

DAWN (CONT'D)
(she means Frank and
Bryce, but also warily
insinuates Eva and Bryce)
I don't know if you've ever seen
him get going, but it's like
watching a movie when he gets to
storytelling. Frank isn't much
better, the old Scottish fool.
Bryce is much the better scenarist,
though.

BRYCE
Frank's a grand story teller. I
assume you won't be bored then?

DAWN
Me? No. I always find something to
do. That studio party thing is
tonight. Don't worry, have a great
time. Tell Frank I said- hi.

She kisses and fawns over him to Eva's veiled disgust and
Bryce as always being the gentleman and husband.

Dawn waves bye from the front door as first Eva, then Bryce
enter the town car with the help of the HIRED DRIVER.

Dawn closes the door, leaning against it relieved. Bryce
smiles being cheerful like a kid going on a trip. He fights
frowning as he returns Dawn's wave from inside.

END BRYCE'S MANSION FLASHBACK

INT. SEATTLE - BRYCE'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

INTERCUT between Eva and Bryce.

Eva hangs up the phone in the outer room. 80s MUSIC like the
Clash plays. Bryce watches video. Eva leans on wall watching
his reactions. When Claude's video ends he looks dejected.

CLAUDE
-I'm sorry Bryce. I realize I
betrayed you. It wasn't my intent.
Forgive me.

Eva watches as Bryce watches Dawn's video.

Finished, he turns off the video, sips his coffee and stares.

EVA
Bryce?

BRYCE

Eva.

EVA

You don't have to put up with that.

BRYCE

Oh. Catch all that, didja? Well, marriage vows said better or worse. I knew when we married she was--troubled. Thought I'd be good for her. But, maybe not for one this troubled. At first it was-- one of her endearing traits.

EVA

Perhaps her--

Eva smiles when he finishes her sentence, but a smile that shows sadness and compassion for him at the final comment.

BRYCE

--only one? Aye, must be crazy. When we get back, make an appointment for me with Father Mike. About I don't know, annulments? Better informed than ignorant.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION - DEN - NIGHT

CARLOS (20s), a dislikable, rough Brazilian, model-type, enters with a drink. He comes over to Dawn. They kiss, and then almost have sex but she stops him, annoyed.

DAWN

No, not yet. Not quite, yet.

They start again, but no satisfaction. He gropes her; she opens a small drawer, a REVOLVER HANDGUN within reach.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I said-- stop!

She smacks him, bumps the drawer closed and walks off leaving him confused, and aching.

INT. SEATTLE - HOTEL HALL / HENRY'S SUITE PARTY - NIGHT

Bryce and Eva walk to the party next door where they find slightly odd fans ala "Stardust Memories".

INTERCUT SHOTS of BOOK/FILM INDUSTRY types and Bryce's annoying FANS. LOUD MUSIC.

Drinks in hand, he rolls his eyes at Eva here and there. She looks away smiling, enjoying Bryce's innocent flirting.

HENRY THOMPSON (28), Bryce's Metrosexual local Agent who introduces people to Bryce, and protects him.

CANDACE (50s), a somewhat tipsy middle age and once quite attractive SOCIALITE who is very enamored of Bryce.

HENRY

Bryce, meet Candace. Big, big fan. Officer of the Seattle Club. Very posh. Has a beautiful view in Leshi now, don't you?

CANDACE

Henry. I do. Bryce, how are you?

BRYCE

Leshi? We were just there, weren't we Eva. Lovely. And this is my assistant, Eva. How do you do?

CANDACE

I'm lovely. Hi. Have a nice flight in? Good. Tell me, something I've always wondered about. Have you ever actually lived any of these stories you tell?

BRYCE

Lived through? Um, no. See. These are bigger than life stories. Like, entertainment, fantasy? Besides, some of the nightmares I've lived through, well, just no morals to them. Only life. No meaning, no purpose, nothing. Just— horror really. Entertainment.

HENRY

Excuse us won't you? Thanks, dear. Bryce, I would like you to meet—

BRYCE

You know there is a young author I met at a horror convention. I'd love for you to give him a call, maybe offer him some help? I read his book. Touching story but not really my genre. Sorry to bother you—

HENRY

Say no more. Sure, whatever you want. And are you kidding? The last kid you found, she's amazing. Such a rough childhood too. You turned her life around. Look, text me his contact info and I'll look into it. Now, as I was saying, God, let's get this out of the way. I need to introduce you to—

Bryce meets the obligatory CORPORATE TYPES and does his best to not show he's offended by various people who are too full of themselves and some not covert enough about doing drugs.

Dapper DICK (50s) walks up, but seems very together.

DICK

Evening, name is Dick, Dick Softly. Lovely, ain't it? Meeting so many nuts in so small an area. All in one room? Amazing, isn't it?

Henry starts to run guard with this guy when someone comes up and drags him off. But Bryce thinks this one might be OK.

BRYCE

You've been there, have ya?

DICK

Oh, sure. I have my own fan base, Christian Rapture fiction. Smaller than yours to be sure. But, still, fans is fans and corporates are—

BRYCE

—still corporates. Oh I know. Nice to meet someone a bit, shall we say, less interesting, than some of—?

(indicates the room)

DICK

Ha! Sure, sure. Nice to meet you. Relax. It's all good, yes? This will be over soon and you can go back to your real compatriots and feel secure from all these— freaks? But one does have to do one's networking. A writer's modern life isn't very glamorous anymore, all marketing and a little writing.

BRYCE

Thanks. Nice to hear someone say that.

DICK

That you're not the only one? No. Not by a long shot. We're all in the same boat. Writers that is. One does have to wonder though. You do write some pretty amazing stuff. Not much of God in it but still, fantastic imagination.

(Bryce is pleased,
embarrassed)

No, really. Good stuff. So. Tell me— ever experience yourself any of these stories you write about?

Eva and Henry separately notice Bryce in duress and both converge on him.

BRYCE

Uh, actually, you see? They are all, quite out of my imagination. The old noodle just sloughs this stuff off. I write it down. Somehow it finds itself printed on a page. Why?

(immediately regretted
asking)

Have you—?

DICK

Well yes I have. I'd love to tell you about it. Like, one time—

Smiling, Eva and Henry arrive together. Eva takes Bryce by the arm and drags him away as Henry distracts Dick.

Through partially opened doors, Bryce sees a couple off in another room having sex. Annoyed, he now just wants out.

Too LOUD, too many people and as Eva sees what he sees, she nods for him to follow her out a side door.

As they exit a back / side door, we see Gray and Lover arrive and talk to Henry by the front door.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION FOYER / DEN - NIGHT

Dawn answers the door; Carlos follows in Bryce's robe.

JACQUES DE PLANCY (30s) a tall BLACK HAITIAN (based on actor Geoffrey Holder) stands at the door in an odd, stylish suit, hat with a feather and messenger bag. She's enticed.

DAWN
Please, come in Mr.—

He removes his hat as she CLOSES the door behind him. He is very articulate with a HAITIAN ACCENT and expensive watch.

JACQUES
Hello Missus. I, am Jacques de Plancy. At your service, of course.

DAWN
Please, Dawn. In the den, shall we?

In the DEN with hearth ABLAZE, Dawn and Jacques are silent as Jacques removes things from his bag that we can't see yet.

A KNOCK at the front door.

Irritated, Dawn opens the front door to find a smiling Claude looking dejected, anticipating being asked in, worrying Dawn.

CLAUDE
Dawn.

DAWN
Claude? Not now! I said, I'll meet you there. Okay? Now— bye!

He's stunned as she HEAVILY closes the door.

She returns to the den.

JACQUES
And now, the book, Missus?

DAWN
Dawn. And of course, you uh, do guarantee satisfaction?

JACQUES
Satisfaction—is an elusive thing. Very great Satisfaction, Missus. I promise. Most assuredly. You will, get what you deserve. And have paid for. That is my guarantee. Most assuredly. Most seriously.

Clueless, Carlos sits, watching them. Dawn hesitates.

DAWN

Okay, then. Over here.

Dawn gets the book from a wall safe, checks the gun drawer is still easily accessible and sets the book on a book stand.

JACQUES

(impressed)

Marvelous! The power in this book is beyond comprehension. To one who knows how to use it. I am quite surprised the owner would share control. It is— very dangerous you know. See, no matter how expert you are it is like handling a nuclear weapon when you really only need, shall we say, a revolver?

Meaning that he knows the gun is there. She is wary.

DAWN

Oh, that. Bryce wouldn't trust me with his super-secret combination.

JACQUES

Ah, I see. Yes, that would make sense. I understand. Now. You will excuse me a moment? I have to check on my next meeting. Only a moment, I promise. A phone, if you please?

DAWN

What? Oh, in the foyer. Out there.

JACQUES

Thank you kindly, Missus.

He exits. As she looks in the book, he turns and sees it.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

No. No. Deadly dangerous, Missus. Do not even read what this book contains. It is no joke. Very serious.

She backs off as he closes the doors. B

y the foyer phone, he speed dials his own cell phone and speaks fluent conversational ITALIAN.

SUPER ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Please? The "Holy See" is waiting for this information. Thank you. Yes, it is I, your Holiness. Yes, Cardinal Van Doren, it is here. I have it. I understand, sir. Damage control, is in progress. I have a team on it. Understood. At all costs. Goodbye, Holiness.

He hangs up, calls Gray and speaks fluent FRENCH. Only his side is heard. Later Gray's side will be heard.

SUPER ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

JACQUES (CONT'D)

My dear, Gray. Are you free? This one's from about as high up as you can go. Yes. Right up your alley. E-resk-ki-gul. Demon shield work. It will be drawn to the mark, then complete its obligation. As always compensation commensurate with your unique and extraordinary abilities. Any others, or other, you may subcontract, as usual. I am sorry about that. Last time was, shall we say, a glitch? Quite beyond my control. Info will be texted to you. This time, guaranteed, okay? Thank you. Be well, my friend. Until-

As Jacques returns to the den, Dawn and Carlos are having fun playing with each other. They stop and gather their wits.

DAWN

All well, Jacques?

JACQUES

How is it this book came to be here?

DAWN

Some Arab named Saleel, a local guide and translator for Bryce's UK Special Forces in Afghanistan. He was there with Frank, who he's partying with tonight in Seattle. They all got close or something. Battlefield brothers or some macho male thing. I saw Bryce slip a letter inside the cover.

Jacques opens the letter and starts to read.

BEGIN AFGHAN FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. AFGHANISTAN - STREET/POST OFFICE - DAY

Saleel's actions are seen as Jacques reads what Saleel has written until Saleel's voice takes over.

Saleel packages the book for mailing, then heads to and enters an Afghani post office with the book, relieved to arrive alive. He then exits back to the street without it.

As he walks down a dark street it darkens and he takes over reading the letter included with the book. A DEMON of SHADOWS drags him into a side alley, kills him, and then IMPLODES.

SALEEL

(Jacques V.O.)

Dear friend, my Dear Brother,
Bryce. Assalaam-O-Alaikum. Long it
is since we shared here this soil.
I have little time and must be
about this business. If I make it
to the Mosque—

(Saleel V.O.)

—I may be safe. May both Allah and
you my friend, forgive me, but I
have dabbled with the book. I broke
my promise. Finally I could not
avoid it. I wanted only peace for
my country, for the world, at all
costs. A grave mistake for me
perhaps, yet has led to the death
of several terrorist leaders I am
proud to say. Ones who have also
killed my friends and brothers in
arms. But now, I am lost. For
months I have fought back against
the darkness and I am exhausted. By
time you get this I may very well
be dead. Find safety for the book
but never use it. Never! I am sorry
my friend, I would prefer to give
this to an enemy, but I must
entrust it to someone of strong
Faith in Life who I know will
protect it. I trust you will not
use it as none of us ever should
have. Lock it away. And may Allah
have mercy on our Souls. Forgive me
for this indiscretion, my brother.
May Allah smile upon you, as well,
on Frank. Long life my friend.

(MORE)

SAL EEL (CONT'D)
I owe you better, my brother Bryce.
(Jacques V.O.)
Your brother in arms, Saleel.
Salam. Allah Knows best.

END AFGHAN FLASHBACK

JACQUES
Foolish, man. Now, the items?

She hands the items including a Seattle POSTCARD from Frank.

DAWN
As requested. Something from Frank,
photo of Bryce, his leather gloves,
few strands of his hair.

Jacques sets them down and pulls ITEMS from his bag.

Reading the book he does his shaman thing, MUMBLING
UNINTELLIGIBLE words around Dawn and Carlos as the Book
REACTS oddly as energy phases it slightly out of focus.

INT./EXT. SEATTLE - TUGS BAR / FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

THROBBING MUSIC hides Patrick's words as he brings Gray from
deep within the club. They acquire Lover, arm in arm.

Enjoying each other's company, they have to YELL as they walk
and even then we can't hear.

Gray's phone VIBRATES.

She waves "one moment", mouths "Jacques" to Lover, then steps
out of the bar to street.

She answers in FRENCH now on the other side of Jacques
earlier phone call from the mansion. We can HEAR his words.

INSERT ENGLISH TRANSLATED SUBTITLES

GRAY
Bonjour Jacques.

JACQUES
My dear, Gray. Are you free?

GRAY
Go.

JACQUES

This one's from about as high up as you can go.

GRAY

I see.

JACQUES

Yes. Right up your alley. E-resh-ki-gul. Demon shield work.

GRAY

Intriguing. E-resh- ki-gul? Act Yojimbo. Understood.

JACQUES

It will be drawn to the mark, then complete its obligation.

GRAY

We will await the sign. On contact: track, instantly dispossess, oui? Usual compensation?

JACQUES

As always compensation commensurate with your unique and extraordinary abilities. Any others, or other, you may subcontract, as usual.

GRAY

About last time-

JACQUES

I am sorry about that. Last time was, shall we say, a glitch? Quite beyond my control.

GRAY

We were left for dead. Okay, fine.

JACQUES

This time, guaranteed. Okay?
(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Info will be texted to you. Thank
you. Be well, my friend. Until-

GRAY

You too, my friend.

She received the TEXT MESSAGE. Smiling, she calls another,
also in FRENCH.

INSERT ENGLISH TRANSLATED SUBTITLES

GRAY (CONT'D)

Henri? Yes, dear. I hear you are
throwing a party. And not inviting
me? Oh, invited? How sweet. No,
don't worry about it. Just text it.
I promise, just innocent window
dressing, no- spectaculars. Hey!
Last time was not my fault, luv;
you know that. Yes, yes. I get it.
I get it! Thanks, so much.

Breathing deeply, almost hiding her excitement, she locks
eyes with Lover inside, who's eyes exhibit, "fun tonight."

Lover steps outside with a questioning look.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Jacques. Some local work.

LOVER

Gawd! The Voodoo Priest mother
fucker? What'd that crazy Haitian
hand us this time? What about last-

GRAY

Lover. We're good. With me? Or-

LOVER

Sure. You're not going solo. Of
course all you're ending up with as
help is a damned fool.

GRAY

Isn't that what I'm started with?
(Lover enjoys the teasing)
But, you've learned. Fast too. It's
not what you think. We need to
protect someone.

LOVER

Oh? Right. I'm enjoying great music, flirting blissfully in a talent crowded bar, safe among gorgeous people and— do we need Patrick?

GRAY

No. Just a minion of Angra Mainya.

LOVER

A major Arch Demon? And you say, "Just"? Ormazd protect my LOSS-less music list.

GRAY

Yeah well— as for Patrick, no sense calling out the big guns unless we need them. Besides, he's still healing after losing brother Gary. Anyway, he has bigger troubles than this. He has to run that bar on a busy night. Come on.

Patrick checks them from inside, realizing they're off, he smiles knowingly.

At Gray's NEW BLACK PORCHE, she opens the trunk.

They check a few messenger bags with odd, interesting items.

Each stashes three small, silver-brocaded, religious looking heavy throwing spikes; sharp looking devices.

LOVER

Not here. Home then?

Gray nods, looking at her knowingly.

GRAY

Yes, then we have a stop to make.

They speed off in the car.

EXT./INT. SEATTLE PARKING GARAGE / GRAY'S HOME - NIGHT

Parking in a very strange, secure garage, they run up some stairs, through a heavy door and into Gray's EXPENSIVE LOFT decorated in OCCULT and STEAMPUNK.

Gray and Lover rummage around.

GRAY

Here it is.

"It" is a length of cord in a zip lock with water in it. They both don Goth type PENDANTS blended of several religions (crucifix/ Star of David/ Ankh/ etc.).

Into their boots they each stuff an intricate SILVER STILETTO. They smile. They're now ready for anything.

LOVER

Okay, let's hit it! Oorah. I love this shit!

GRAY

Okay-

They slam the front door on the way out.

INT. SEATTLE - BRYCE'S HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Bryce calls Frank from elevator as Eva calls Dirk.

BRYCE

Frankie-boy? Hi! Yeah. Fine! How the hell are you? Well, told you. So we're here. Just a release party and no I'm not inviting you. Rather than here, I was kind of hoping- Well, sure. See you shortly then. Hey, Frank? Thanks, brother.

EVA

Dirk's ready with the limo.

BRYCE

Nice. You're way ahead of me. Next time we get an extra suite and in an entirely different hotel, or county. County Clare, perhaps.

Elevator door opens. Cheerful, they exit to the lobby.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION - NIGHT

All are NAKED under FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT. Jacques wears a loin cloth and holds a SILVER PLATE that Dawn puts Bryce's photo on. It shrivels, melting as the magic works.

He reads from the book near Carlos on a chair, who will be the vessel by which the spell happens.

Dawn checks that the gun is still in the drawer, not trusting Jacques quite yet.

Jacques' eyes signal for Dawn to go to Carlos.

Dawn starts to seduce Carlos who is at first against it, embarrassed; but then exhibits, "If they don't care--"

Dawn and Carlos start having sex.

As Jacques's trances and the energy of the sex fills him, he holds up a PHOTO of Gray and Lover that no one notices.

With a flamboyant hand gesture, the photo DISSIPATES.

Demon MATERIALIZES above the open book, growing.

Built up PRESSURE CREAKS the walls and ceiling.

Sex continues on chair as Carlos' essences feed the Demon until finally Carlos DIES during bloody, painful CLIMAXES.

On top of a now dead Carlos, Dawn leans away, grabs Jacques by the head and makes out with him.

Overwhelmed by her seduction, Jacques conjures the Demon through inattention so that a defective Demon is made.

Jacques panics as what she did was horribly wrong. He pulls back too late as the ritual culminates in contamination.

Demon IMPLODES, then MATERIALIZES in--

EXT. SEATTLE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Demon MATERIALIZES in an EXPLOSION. Trying to get its bearings, it kind of does, but never really will.

EXT./INT. SEATTLE - STREET SIDE / LIMO RIDE - NIGHT

Bryce and Eva get to the limo in the RAIN where Dirk holds open the back door.

DIRK

Sir, Miss. Good evening, allow me.

EVA

Hi, Dirk.

BRYCE

How are you? You have the address?

DIRK

Better now, Sir. I do like driving you both. And, I do. Please, you're getting wet.

They drive off.

BRYCE
Through the park, please.

DIRK
(smiles)
Volunteer?

BRYCE
Central.

EVA
Wrong city.

BRYCE
Seattle Center. But let's just
drive around for a while first,
take in the lights.

DIRK
Of course, Sir.

A small THUNDER MAELSTROM announces Demon's arrival to
Seattle. They don't realize it's a supernatural event though
Bryce sees Demon APPEAR as they pass an ALLEY.

From Demon's arrival, the weather responds, picking up.

BRYCE
Did you— you see that?

EVA
What?

BRYCE
Down that alley? It looked like. I
don't know. I'm not sure what it
was, but. Jaysus— I need a drink.

EXT. SEATTLE - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Demon looks around confused and smells the air to get its
bearings. From here on it's inept from the contaminated
ceremony and lacks normal power and efficiency.

No one will notice they can't focus on Demon when their
vision slides right off of it.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Ceremony now done, Jacques is anxious to leave, knowing the
ceremony went awry. Dawn is repulsed by Carlos' body.

DAWN
Why hurry? Stay. Have drinks.

JACQUES

No! I mean, I cannot. I have
another- appointment-
(checks his watch)
-shortly.

DAWN

How will this work, anyway?

She points at the corpse like it's an, "Icky Thing."

JACQUES

E-resh-ki-gul will be drawn to the-
subject but if he gets more than a
hundred or so miles away, things
will become let's say, darkly
magical, very quickly.

DAWN

Bryce will kill me if he discovers
the book missing. He thinks it's
cursed. Then there's- I kind of
told him how I felt. By video.

She giggles. Jacques realizes this woman needs therapy.

JACQUES

Missus Demonology ain' nothin' like
ordering from Amozone dot com. What
you get comes from the dark
underbelly of existence, slimy
recesses of reality. If you real
smart Missus, you can out-clevah
them. This- experience, you paid
well for but, you distracted me at
a very crucial point. Lord knows
the repercussions. It takes a great
strong focus of thought and
experience to perform- prop-por-ly.
Do you see?

DAWN

Lover I have lots of, experience.

JACQUES

Not that kind of experience,
Missus.

(looks at Carlos's corpse)

Demon has the Dark Nature. It will
be driven to kill what it was
focused on when conjured.

(eyes her)

Room too cold, a dropped item, or a
blink, alters events.

(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Demon, it can shorten or extend
brief moments of time. Make
uncomfortable moment, seem to
extend-forever. Demon can draw
energy from the smallest amounts of
power.

Dawn eyes him seductively playing with his jacket.

He sets the book down on a table and faces her. He reacts to
this next as if a commoner were propositioned by a Queen.

DAWN

Like a moment to last an eternity?

JACQUES

No!

(remembers his manners)

Thank you no, Missus. I must go. If
you do not mind, I have things to
do. I will come back for the book
shortly. I trust you understand
what happens if I return and the
book is not here? The agreement
broken, Demon only then knowing she
who commanded all this to be?

DAWN

Yes. I want it out of here as much
as you seem to want it. But baby, I
want to play. I'm alone here now.
That left me, unfulfilled. Surely
you'd like to play, with me?

JACQUES

Missus, truly you don't understand.

DAWN

(pouting, manipulative)

I understand. But, Carlos has left
me so- unsatisfied. Either he
finishes too quick or- not at all.

JACQUES

You contaminated the ceremony.

(he wavers, attracted to
her erotism, yet angry)

All I can see is you. All I can
smell- is you.

DAWN

Well, that's a good thing.

JACQUES

No, no. Yes. No, Missus. It's not.
(confused)

You have chosen a strange destiny.
Now accept its repercussions. I
wish you well, but it makes little
difference. I did what I did to get
this book and for good reason; but
the Karma, that is not mine. It is
yours. I must go. Ask yourself,
what was Demon focused on as it was
conjured?

DAWN

I don't know—

JACQUES

Exactly!

(DAWN)

(dejected)

But, what about Carlos?

Jacques opens the front door, SNAPS his fingers.

TWO SHORT BLACK MONKS with an air of distinction, quickly
enter. During the next dialog, just before Jacques leaves,
the monks bring out a covered Carlos too small now for a man.

JACQUES

You paid well for— Carlos'
permanent vacation. Goodbye Missus.
We never will meet again. May you
never see Demon again because if
you do, if he go the wrong way,
Heaven help you, Missus. Heaven
help you.

DAWN

OK! Thanks? Sure you don't want to
come upstairs—

JACQUES

Let it go, really. You do not
understand this situation. Demon
look for husband, yes; but you made
me refocus. He will go, then seek
further ways to extend his
existence. Here. They are like
that.

(heading out)

May Demon never cross your path;
just do your bidding;

(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)
pass over the Cross Road with clear
desire and intent to take it far
away from you. Elsewise-

DAWN
That Demon's named, Demon?

JACQUES
(stops)
Demon. Yes.

DAWN
But you used a name for it.

JACQUES
Never safe to use Demon's name
whole, unless you one-powerful
conjurer. Only call it, Demon.

DAWN
(worried)
Interesting. Cross Road, what the
Hell is that? If it shows up here?

JACQUES
It won't. But if it does-

Hands her a small AMULET.

DAWN
This will protect me?

JACQUES
I had it during the ritual. Blessed
by several major Religious leaders,
it will protect you long enough to
keep you living. But it cannot
ensure your- eventual destination.

DAWN
Excellent! So, would you like to-
wait a minute, "cannot" assure?

JACQUES
Bonsoir, Mademoiselle. Good Night.

INT. SEATTLE - HENRY'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

PARTY in full swing, Gray and Lover enter party as Bryce and
Eva leave out the back door. Scanning for Bryce, Gray stops
HENRY (40s). Observing, Lover lingers nearby as backup.

GRAY

Henry? So where is Bryce or his assistant, Eva, for that matter?

HENRY

You know them? I think they just left, my dear. Thought they snuck out on me unseen, but I see all.

GRAY

Merde! You knew they left? Why didn't you stop them?

HENRY

When did I become your P.A.? Really Gray, you have to tell me these things. You are "window dressing" tonight, yes? Why would I think to mention or maintain—?

GRAY

(panicked)

Fuck! The Guest of Honor leaves a party I'm prying my way into and you don't think keep him here till I arrive, or to mention it?

HENRY

(feigning hurt)

Yes?

GRAY

Yes! No. Look. I'm sorry, Henry. Well, this didn't work.

(Aimed at Lover)

We can pick things up at Frank's if we have to. For now, back to the bar. It will be showing up soon.

HENRY

Well, your call. So you know where they're going?

LOVER

She's a professional?

HENRY

Aren't we all—

GRAY

Just—great. Fucking gr—

LOVER

Just fucking, great.

Henry wants Gray as anyone would but Gray just smiles at him in thanks and they head out.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Just- fucking great.

INT. SEATTLE - LIMO - NIGHT

LOUD but somehow pleasing RAUCOUS MUSIC in limo. Bryce makes a drink from the Limo's bar and drinks.

EVA
Bryce, the TV show is 10AM, don't
you think you should-

BRYCE
Ahhh, slowing down, slowing-

He looks at the glass, adds water and politely toasts Eva.
She smiles at the joke and relaxes.

EVA
In that case--

Eva MIMES she wants a drink. Bryce indicates, "You too?
Cool!" He pours one. She takes it, and they toast.

BRYCE
Dirk?

DIRK
No thanks, boss. I should perhaps
continue to just drive safely.

Eva smacks Bryce on the arm. They all grin.

EXT. SEATTLE - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

JIM (20s looks like Bryce) let's his girlfriend Jamie (20s)
go as she enters a mall with some shops still open, to check
what she saw in the window.

He window shops at a more interesting store next door.

Demon sees Jim thinking it's Bryce. PURE POWER shoots at Jim
from everywhere in front of Demon. DEMON FIRE, like laser
beams with flames of Hell erupting in the air itself.

Just as LIGHTENING brightens the area, people look up.
Missing Demon Fire hits a REFLECTIVE surface by Jim, knocking
him down and out, RICOCHETTING back all around Demon.

Feeling ill, SMOKE rising from Demon, it walks to Jim.

Nonchalant, it relieves itself by emptying its UGLY SAC on
the ground.

BLACK FLUIDS flow away, drains youth from grass in sidewalk section cracks along the path to gutter, aging even concrete.

Demon incompletely morphs into Jim and looks normal from a distance. People begin to "see" him but as normal.

It's hard for Demon to adjust to holding this form as it walks off leaving a very ill Jim.

In BG one guy helps Jim up while wondering how Jim is below him and walking away.

As Demon walks by a random woman, she suddenly slaps Demon, not realizing she's feeling Demon's influence.

Knowingly, Demon smiles and continues on.

INT/EXT. BRYCE'S MANSION / POOL SIDE - NIGHT

Dawn takes a bottle from the bar, pours and drinks.

She heads to the pool to sit and enjoy her beautiful evening.

Toasting the house, she smiles and luxuriates.

The pool waters RIPPLE for no reason. Seeing it, she fearfully grips the talisman, growing attached to its relief.

EXT. SEATTLE - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A Bus pulls up to a stop where Demon stands looking lost.

BUS DRIVER
You getting on, sir?

DEMON
Huhgh?

Driver MIMES, "getting on?" So it limps onto the bus. Driver stops him, MIMES, "money?" He points at the money collector.

Driver indicates pockets. Demon finds nothing in his pockets.

An urban youth gets on paying with a transit debit card. Irritated at the delay, he pays for Demon too.

Driver waves Demon on, who grunts at the kid and heads down the aisle.

Riders feel creeped out but ignore Demon.

Demon hesitates at a Dawn look alike. Fighting confusion it smells her, realizes it's not her, irritably continues on.

Fearful but clueless why, woman gets off near SEATTLE CENTER.

As bus takes off Demon finally sits near back by a passed out DRUNK.

Noticing a pen sticking out of a pocket, Demon checks bum's pockets, finding money, a lighter (gets BURNED), and a knife (gets CUT).

It drops the stuff on the seat and changes seats at which point a STREET KID acquires all that was discarded.

Bus stops at Seattle Center where Demon sniffs the air and exits with others.

From here on, each time it's delayed it's more annoyed.

INT./EXT. LIMO / STREET - SEATTLE CENTER - NIGHT

Bryce rolls down the window. He puts his hand out using it as an airfoil as they pass Demon as Jim.

Demon thinks Bryce is waving and it starts to wave.

They lock eyes. Bryce thinks the SHIFTING face was just some weirdo; but wonders.

Demon, however is more assured and frustrated.

EXT. SEATTLE - CITY STREETS - NIGHTS

A limping Demon heads after limo, runs into a WINO/BUM.

BUM

Excuse me, brother! Hey. Spare a dollar? A quarter?

Thinking the bum swore at him, Demon SNIFFS the man but realizes it can't be Bryce.

DEMON

Ku- war- tahr!

Demon literally sweeps the Bum away, knocking him out.

Demon SNIFFS the air snapping onto Bryce in the distant limo.

Smiling, it moves to attack but is stopped by traffic and the limo turns a corner.

Demon misses and instead ZAPS a passing cab which CRASHES just as a GARBAGE TRUCK swerves and is about to strike Demon.

Up the street, Gray and Lover exit the Porche to take in the scene with Demon. Gray notices Demon's window reflection.

Nudging Lover, they see what Demon really looks like.

Gray locks eyes with Demon. Chilling her, she sees a blurred image of Demon's EVIL POWER RADIATING its distorted ugliness.

It licks its lips, communicating something between them.

Demon gets INSIDE Gray's mind, taking her over from a distance in an semi-erotic exchange.

Fighting it, she regains control which annoys Demon who storms off, leaving Gray sexually charged and disgusted.

Gray BREATHEs hard, sweating, nearly passing out. Lover touches her and Gray finds it revulsive but snaps out of it.

GRAY

No! Don't! Oh Lover, no. I'm sorry.
It was— that, thing. Not you.

Lover understands. Wary, she looks at Demon, drops her glasses and finally views Demon's true form.

LOVER

So that's what we have to do.

GRAY

Yeah, that's the job.

It notices and ignores them, bored.

DAZED, she shakes it off.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Lover, we have sign. Time to work.
You saw that. Right?

LOVER

No?

Lover saw it. She just doesn't want to admit it. They start after it but then the garbage truck hits Demon.

Demon tries to SLOW TIME but being slow on the draw it doesn't take effect until after its hit just as LIGHTENING FLASHES and THUNDER CRASHES and then, it's in the air.

Thus time slowing caused it more not less pain, knocking it into the back yard of an active TEXAS BBQ BEER GARDEN, with comic pain, destruction and PATRON'S ATTENTION.

The truck driver can't believe his FLASHING GLIMPSE of Demon as it was struck. He drives off scared.

People surround damaged cab, another cab stops to help.

Demon gets up FURIOUS, again its normal hideous self and helpful people back off fearful. The THUNDER STORM settles down and things QUICKLY DRY around it.

Demon steps out onto a sidewalk on the block on the other side of the BBQ place and seems to disappear from the crowd's attention, effectively losing Gray and Lover.

Demon SNIFFS the air, re-acquires Bryce and limps after him BLEEDING a PURPLE/GOLD colored BLOOD.

Walking up to a bum, Demon dumps out its "ugly sac" and sucks energy from the bum, draining him of all energies, while all fluids drain from the bum to pool around him on the ground.

Limping less now Demon heads after Bryce and away from the damaged BBQ place and crowd, while Gray and Lover on the other side are unable to find Demon.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

FERRIES traveling the harbor in the distance.

Space Needle, Science Center Arches, etc., in the midst of the Seattle Center.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - NIGHT

Demon walks along the streets and everything is novel to it.

Becoming now a bit like Dawn in appearance, Demon notices lust for the first time. It sees straight couples and, a lesbian couple walking along but it doesn't like that.

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER / SPACE NEEDLE - NIGHT

RAIN STOPS. Bryce and Eva are dropped off from limo. Others mill about closing umbrellas.

BRYCE

(to Dirk)

Meet us on the other side?

INTERCUT semi-ROMANTIC shots of them touring the Center's grounds, with shots of Demon getting closer.

They pass the Pacific Science Center arches, the Space Needle, the International Fountain, ending with the "Urban Stream" by the Opera House.

Nearby is the street where Dirk waits with the limo.

Demon closes in as things bizarrely DRY UP now with its passing as Bryce and Eva get into the limo and drive off.

Angry, Demon destroys a nearby Seattle Center POSTER STATION.

INT. SEATTLE - LIMO - NIGHT

Dirk notices the FLASH and "THUNDER" from behind.

DIRK

Wow, what was that?

They all look but see nothing.

BRYCE

What?

DIRK

Nothing, never mind. Someone taking loud photos, maybe.

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER - NIGHT

Demon stands by flaming poster station. Then notices the towering Space Needle.

EXT. SEATTLE - CAB ACCIDENT SITE - NIGHT

Back at the zapped CAB, the DRIVER rests in shock near another CAB DRIVER. POLICE take over as PEOPLE start saying weird things, far too quickly describing what happened.

AHMED

Officer, it was shot a phaser beam at taxi, knocked him out, and-

OFFICER MAGGIO

Phaser beam-

KAREN

Look, cab crashed, then the garbage truck hit him. He flew- over there- in the BBQ beer garden, then-

TONY

He got up and ran off!

OFFICER MAGGIO

Got it, phaser beam, hit by garbage truck, broke beer garden, ran off. Okay, okay one at a time.

OFFICER TOLBERT
What the Hell?

TONY
It was an alien! It had to be!

AHMED
I said- phasers. Karen, what?

OFFICER MAGGIO
Aw, crap, really?

OFFICER TOLBERT
Just get it all down-

Gray and Lover reach YELLOW POLICE TAPE at cab accident then walk around, LISTENING while police investigate. They listen then wonder over to beer garden.

At the beer garden, Lover notices the Demon BLOOD and indicates it to Gray.

GRAY
Damn! I'm not sure if what we have
is enough. But there's no time.

They scan the area but it's gone.

They follow the blood dispersing on the wet ground.

Following blood trail they quickly come upon CORPSE of the bum who wanted a quarter. He is shriveled as if freeze dried.

FLUIDS are upon the ground surrounding him. Gray points at dried areas with Demon's "UGLY FLUIDS".

LOVER
"It will drain life's waters of its
victims."

GRAY
"Like water spilled on the ground,
which cannot be recovered, so we
must die."

LOVER
Samuel? Book two?

GRAY
Verse fourteen.

LOVER
Well, I'm not dying.

She scoops some GOO and puts it in a BLACK ZIP LOCK BAG.

GRAY

Waters of the damned used against
the Demon that damned him. More
effective than Holy waters. We'll
not be dying. Not tonight.

Gray smiles. They follow BLOOD finding SPOTS every so often
that show up even on wet pavement. Then find the Demon DRIED
ground/blood, going toward Seattle Center.

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD / HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryce stands outside the limo, smiling and looking at Frank's
house.

RAIN starts as Frank opens the door. For a moment, friends
stare at one another across a front yard and many years.

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - BUSHES - NIGHT

From the shadows of bushes across the street, unseen EYES low
to the ground watch as happy greetings come from the trio.
It's Franks's HOUSE CAT, but could it be demonic?

Bryce and Eva are ushered in and the door closes solidly.

The watcher moves toward the house, entering through a back
pet door. Is it somehow, another Demon?

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LAUGHTER and TALKING comes from the living room as the
watcher sneaks into the hallway, focused on the friends.

There are Japanese Katana SWORDS on the wall. The decor is
ancient Japanese with antique wood block PRINTS and sexual
SHUNGA prints that make Eva blush.

They settle at the lit fireplace hearth to warm and dry off.

Frank uses a remote to play a video on his widescreen of
BRITISH SOLDIERS in the field. He pauses it; throws the
remote to Bryce, then pours some decanted wine.

BRYCE

So, this is it?

FRANK

Aye. Enjoy. Help me in the kitchen?

EVA

Sure thing.

Bryce hits PLAY. On screen come Frank and Bryce, years younger, in the Royal Irish Regiment's Airborne military dress with Special Forces gear in the Iraq War.

STARTLED by the watcher, Frank's CAT, Eva pets it.

FRANK

Cat ya bastard! Where ye been, lad?

They enter a very nice kitchen and talk while fixing food, new friends discussing an old friend they have in common.

EVA

What kind of delicacies do you have for us tonight? I'm famished.

FRANK

Plenty. Good stuff, too. I hosted an event at the SAAM recently, that's two "A's", we had catering leftovers.

(sees her confusion)

Seattle Asian Art Museum to you SoCal types. I'm on the Asian Art Council for acquisitions. Because of my collections of carved ivory Japanese netsukes, snuff bottles, Shunga, Japanese pornographic wood cuts and sword parts.

EVA

(eyes him suspiciously)

Whoa, I wouldn't have made you for an Art Connoisseur. Suppose that make you a swordsman, too?

FRANK

Tis true, as is Bryce. Good ones. Considering our childhood, we've been warriors since childhood. Anyway, I research, write letters, track down art, buy it cheap in many cases. I have Van Gogh, Rembrandts, others on loan to various museums. Insurance costs thus defrayed, see?

EVA

Right. Wait. A girl was involved?

FRANK

(embarrassed, caught,
opens fridge)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Bryce and I have always had an interest in history, antiques. His interests were Middle Eastern, mine Japanese. But yes, there was a girl at the museum. Had that hot librarian thing going on, she did. No, I didn't get her. Yes, museum got me. Eva. Has Bryce been drinking a lot?

EVA

No. He started when we hit Seattle. Mini vacation I think. The stress has been—

Frank tries to help her with the food, she smacks his hand.

EVA (CONT'D)

Stop. It's the least I can do. So, no date tonight. Or no girlfriend?

FRANK

Taking a night off. Actually I have two girlfriends. And yes, they know about each other. So, how's our esteemed writer been doing?

EVA

Being Esteemed. His readers adore him. I wish he would esteem himself more though, hold himself in a little higher regard.

(Frank raises his eyebrows
as he sips)

I'm sorry, it's just—

FRANK

Dawn, right? Dawn, Dawn, yes, yes, no big secret. But don't worry, he does esteem himself. That's just it, if he held himself in lower regard, he would leave her. He's a tough bastard, that one. Gives his word and that's it. He just gave it to the wrong woman is all. Been there. Aye, been there myself. Don't marry the broken as marriage breaks us all down a little no matter how good the marriage.

EVA

I wish she'd just, go away. He deserves better. She's— evil.

Embarrassed, she gives a small laugh, realizing she's just stepped over "the line" about her employer.

FRANK

I never liked her either, you know.
The bitch.

(Eva gives surprised
laugh, Frank smiles)

First time I met her she came on to me. Something wrong with that lass. But, they were already married and she was making him happy, still. And my ginormous ego thought it was merely my charm blinding her to lusting after me. Bloody gold digger she turned out to be and a fool I turned out to be. Not a big surprise really, that last part. Did you know we were Best Man at each other's first wedding? Bloody hell if they didn't both fail! Military does that, you know. War. Life. Just- does that.

EVA

You both must have been young.

FRANK

Aye. We each swore, next time? We'd stay away from one another's marriage. Which- also didn't work. Mine failed a while back. Somehow, his more recent nightmare, I mean, marriage, hung on like a bad case of herpes, or ethics. Well now it's his turn I think, for someone good to come along.

(smiles)

He needs someone who-

(looks at her closely)

could be good for him. To him.

A good friend. A good lover?

(she blushes)

A good lover is always a good thing, after all. But love needs to follow one out of the bed and into the light of day, yes?

EVA

I think, I know, that- you think I would be good for him. God knows Dawn is a real piece of-

Blushing, feeling too bold, he eggs her on with his glass.

EVA (CONT'D)

-work. Okay, she's a real bitch. There, I said it. And Bryce is such a romantic.

(sees Frank's disbelief)

No really. He- believes?

FRANK

Believing doesn't make reality, lass. And I've seen him in situations what makes romance as a descriptive, feel a bit odd. You must know he doesn't love her. I wish you'd met him first. He was like that in the War too. Always the Idealist and so, the one who got the Conspicuous Gallantry Cross, for saving my life among others, and ending fifty rag wipes who felt rather, unfriendly, toward the regiment.

EVA

Rag wipes? That fits Dawn, too. He refuses to see her manipulations.

FRANK

He refuses to react to them. He's the smartest guy I know. He's not oblivious, more like- chivalrous. Did I actually just say that?

EVA

Maybe Claude's video did it.

FRANK

Maybe Eva will do it. That Claude is a real piece of work, too. Don't know why Bryce let's him hang around. Nice guy but- Video?

EVA

There was a video, two this morning. One Dawn's, one Claude's. Hers was manipulative, his was honest, finally, I suppose. He confessed to an affair with Dawn. She admitted to it, said Claude seduced her. I think she does it just to watch him crumble and see if she could get away with more. Always the victim. It's her against the world, and Bryce. But I think this just might be the last time.

FRANK

Skank. Interesting how things work themselves out sometimes. Well, just have to wait and see what he does. I know you love Bryce. Even if you won't admit it to me, or yourself. It's okay. I do too in my own charming, inimical ways. I suppose we all do. He brings that out of you. Whether you want it or not.

EVA

I know. People just seem to feel better around him. I do. You're a bit like that yourself, you know.

FRANK

Ah lass, you're after my own heart. But I'm a mean old bastard. He could do much worse than to have someone like you caring about him. But maybe not much better, eh?

Frank's enjoying this as the cat watches.

EVA

(embarrassed)

Come on, let's serve the food and get on with our night. I don't want to think anymore. Just relax in this excellent port and smile.

FRANK

No worry there, luv. Plenty more where that came from.

EXT./INT. SEATTLE CENTER / SPACE NEEDLE

EARLIER, back when the limo takes off and Demon looks up at the Space Needle, it stomps off toward it.

Going to the entrance it sees a line of customers. Watching where they go after paying, it follows them inside.

Seeing a group waiting to go up it comically and nonchalantly sidles over and gets on the elevator.

As doors close, it tries to be inconspicuous.

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE / TOP DECK - NIGHT

TOP DECK view is fantastic. Demon uneasily goes to the rail, but settles in and starts to examine the view.

Sniffing, it zeroes in on Frank's house in the distance and smiles.

Heading to go back inside and down, it notices the queue at the down elevator is too crowded and slow.

A boy named Marlon (10), his parents using the mounted, pay telescope, sees the Demon for what it is. He stands there frozen in fear.

Demon looks around, sees him, GRUMBLES.

Demon leaps high over the protective fence, lands surprised on the anti-suicide grid.

It looks at little Marlon, EMBARRASSED.

We can see Gray and Lover on the Needle in the BG watching as Demon steps to the edge and simply falls over in a semi-comical fashion while staring at Marlon.

Gray and lover move quickly to view Demon hit the ground.

Marlon, in shock looks at his parents, knowing full well no one is going to believe this, as in the BG Gray pulls Lover back from climbing over the protective fence.

Gray walks away, Lover noticed Marlon, they realize they saw the same thing. Lover just shrugs and walks off, leaving Marlon confused and concerned.

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE BASE - NIGHT

No one is near or notices as Demon SLAMS into the concrete, CRACKING it.

Surprised, it picks itself up to lumber off as others notice the noise but no one can find the reason.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HEARTH - NIGHT

Food is mostly eaten now, bottle of port is empty, Bryce and Eva are warm and a bit drunk in front of the fire.

Frank enters with three absinthe glasses and hands them out to concerned looks.

FRANK

Absinthe all round then? Right. Now Bryce, lad! Why don't you tell us a story, like you used to when we were in the field. Having such a famous storyteller as hostage, we have to push for a freebee. Yes?

EVA

I think Bryce might be a bit too tired to—

BRYCE

Aw, shite! Yur just as good a story teller as I am. And I have a new, acquisition, Saleel's occult book.

Frank almost drops his drink, his face pales.

FRANK

Oh Jaysus. The book? Do tell boyo! And I do beg to differ on that "you're as good as me" fluff; you make a far bit more of the old gold doubloon per year than your humble servant, here. When, how, did you end up with— the book?

BRYCE

The book. Had it for some time now, but keep it locked up. I've been reading it.

FRANK

We need to talk about that. You know what Saleel said about even looking at it? You've read—?

EVA

What book?

FRANK

Yemen border, 738 ACE, legendary Mad Arab poet Abdul al Hazred was torn apart, in broad daylight, by invisible forces as a crowd of terrified bystanders watched. All because he penned this book. Or so the story goes.

BRYCE

Or so the story goes. Seemingly he lost control of what the book contained. Or could release.

EVA

Bryce—

BRYCE

Aw, OK. Not to worry, it's secured, for now. But, Frank—

FRANK
Damn. OK. Oh, now. No you don't!

EVA
(to Bryce)
What!
(to Frank)
What?

FRANK
(to Bryce)
Naw, I don't wanna—

BRYCE
(Hannibal Lector voice
w/insane smile)
"Quid Pro Quo" Vadis, Frankie boy.

FRANK
(laughs)
Oh, Gawd, really? Hell. All right.

EVA
What!

FRANK
He wants me to tell a story too,
but he goes first! Then— you.
That's right. Eva doesn't get away
unscathed either.

EVA
Nooo no no no—

BRYCE
Done then. Each tells a tale. It
will be our night of Byron, Percy,
Mary Shelley, and Polidori.

FRANK
Come now, Eva. Otherwise—
(points thumb back at kitchen
referring to their talk)
I'll talk and—

EVA
Tales by the hearth it is. I've
heard of Byron of course, Percy and
Mary Shelly, but Polidori?

FRANK

Really? Byron's physician friend?
June 1812 in Switzerland, the night
the framework of Frankenstein was
penned in a little contest among
friends after reading a book of
horror called, Fantasmagoriana.

BRYCE

Byron wrote a story that night that
Polidori later fleshed out to
become the first vampire tale
published in English.

FRANK

So who knows—

BRYCE

What could come of tonight—

EVA

Oh, God—

BRYCE

You'll be fine. So. All agreed?

FRANK

Agreed! More Green Angel, Angel?

Tenuously, Eva sips as Franks pours more.

EVA

Ahh okay, fine. You realize how
unfair it is to ask me to tell a
story with you two? Night of no
thinking, huh? Right—

BRYCE

Need time? Okay, Frank, I need a
few to come up with something. So,
you first. He who calls it—

FRANK

Aww okay, Fine. Here goes—

EVA

(relieved it's not her)
Cheers—

FRANK

So. This comes from my childhood. You know my Aunt, Ma's sister, committed suicide here in America after her husband died in a work accident. His brother was a Priest. He saw her commit that mortal sin of self exsanguination.

(Bryce looks at Eva,
watching her reaction)

Later, he too committed suicide.

EVA

I'm so sorry, Frank.

BRYCE

Wait. Weren't you an orphan?

FRANK

This is all true, it uh, happened. It's what led up to Cousin Mark losing his Ma and his "deartháir athar", that's his Uncle. It's a big deal for the Scots or Irish to have a Priest in the family. Still, Death visits us all. As you'll see, quite personally at times.

BRYCE

(whispering to Eva)

Think he was drinking before we got here?

EVA

We were.

FRANK

Yes well, Sláinte. It was a long time ago. Mark grew up in a pretty normal neighborhood. His Athair, his Da, left him well enough off. Things were going okay until one night that changed his life. Let's call this, "Popsicle Death."

BRYCE

You never were good with titles.

FRANK

Bollocks, that's a grand title ya bloody bastard. Anyway, one day the Popsicle truck pulls up to his house.

BRYCE
Terrifying—

FRANK
At midnight.

EVA
Oooh, now it's getting interesting.

FRANK
So he wakes to the music and goes
down, out into the night, into the
snow and finds, death incarnate in
a black Popsicle truck, looking to
collect a soul—

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - NIGHT

Gray and Lover walk down the street following Demon's trail.

GRAY
We have to get ahead of it.

LOVER
We will, we will. With this rather
wide swath of devastation, I could
follow this trail in my sleep.

GRAY
Yes, yes I know, but we need to get
there, now. Skip ahead. We're not
going to catch it this way and were
not saving anyone from its wrath.

LOVER
Bite me.
(Gray sighs)
Oh fine.

Gray stops and pulls a feather from somewhere and drops it
high in the air. It flutters, then points in the direction of
Demon, then spins, confused.

GRAY
The damn thing is lost. Something's
wrong.

LOVER
Good, that gives us time then. See?

GRAY
Won't last long, it will smell them
out in the end.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

Frank's story ended. SILENCE. Crackling fire. Drinking absinthe around fireplace.

BRYCE

Damn.

EVA

God, Frank. May I assume you never had a vendor delivering black popsicles to your neighborhood? What happened to Mark?

FRANK

My dear, Eva.
(having fun, all smiles)
You may assume anything you like.
Mark's a manager at Microsoft in Dublin now, after his asylum years.

All CLINK glasses.

EVA

Good for him! asylum. Sanitarium or record label?

BRYCE

Okay. Very nice Frank. Disturbingly Catholic, however.

Both guys shiver, as if it's a childhood ritual.

EXT. SEATTLE - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Limping, Demon and another BUM stumble into one another.

BUM

Schquare a bruck, duh- bud? A quarter?

DEMON

Ku- war- tahr!

Demon SNIFFS him, knows it can't be Bryce but feels Deja Vu.

Demon squeezes his ugly-sac on the guy and walks off feeling better.

The Bum freaks out, SCREAMING and trying to get it off as it ravages him in the most sickening ways.

INT. SEATTLE - GRAY'S PORCHE - NIGHT

Gray drives looking for Demon. Lover hefts and happily starts assembling a scary looking device.

Gray notices and shakes her head "No". Lover HUFFS and throws it down.

Lover then pulls out another device to assemble as Gray turns a corner and notices it.

She lowers her head, stares at Lover who pouts and tosses it into the back seat.

GRAY

Relax. I've got it covered.

LOVER

Oh. Like Mexico City?

Gray frowns as they both look stoically straight ahead.

INT. FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

FRANK

Now.

EVA

(fearful)

I ummm- Oh, Hell.

BRYCE

Relax. I'll go. But that will leave you last? Are you sure?

(she's sure)

Okay. Did you know- my family's of royal descent? I had relatives who lived in castles; two brothers and a cousin once owned most of England. Hundreds of years ago of course. My Da was quite a story teller, used to tell me about a very curious ancestor of ours. Lord Ritchie, as he was known. Really. Look it up.

FRANK

Irish Da's, God love em'. Like Athair, like son, yeah? Hey, wasn't Ritchie a Brit?

BRYCE

Yeah, but this one was four hundred years earlier.

FRANK

I think he was a Brit, too.

BRYCE

Anyway, his family were, let's call them, the black sheep of the bigger family concern.

Toasts his glass at Bryce who mirrors him and laughs.

FRANK

God love the black sheep of the family.

BRYCE

So, he had to take a journey to give the family's crucible sword, their symbol of their family, to another family to keep from being slaughtered, as they were greatly out matched. But in his journey to turn over the sword, he stopped at an Inn, a Public House, and drank a little too much. Horror and mayhem and tangled time lines follow-

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE - NIGHT

SUPER

Earlier....

When Gray and Lover on the observation deck spot Demon. This is the same scene as before but from Gray and Lover's perspective. Too late to act, Demon leaps over the side.

Off to the side, Marlon stands watching, stupefied.

As Demon leaps to the ground the women run up to the rail. Lover begins to climb the railing as Gray pulls her back.

Irritated, Lover finally decides against it. Gray adjusts her goggles, ZOOMing in below.

GRAY

Damn it!

LOVER

I told you we should bring parachutes.

Gray gives her a, "No you didn't", look.

GRAY
How about we just take the
"spaceavator" back down?

LOVER
You mean the—

GRAY
Whatever. I think he's zeroed in on
Frank's place, finally.

LOVER
Back to the bat cave?

Gray just gives her a "no" look, pinches her which makes
Lover YELP.

As they head off to the elevator Marlon is arguing with his
parents in the BG.

EXT. SEATTLE CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Demon walks along SNIFFING the air, people watching as a
stunned DRUNK BUM sitting across the street watches him, able
to see his true nature. It's looking pretty ragged and worn.

Jealous of guys with girls, Demon forces its image to look
fake handsome and more noticeable, as the drunk watches.

Demon sees a hooker make a deal, rubbing a guy's crotch to
raise her fees.

Demon rubs his own crotch but is compelled to head off
looking for Bryce again, and perhaps his own hooker.

A HOOKER (40s) reading Demon's desires from a distance, and
hustles over to proposition It.

She easily leads Demon into a dark alley as the bum watches.

She quickly feels Demon's a psycho and backs off as it
painfully grabs her. She struggles, gets grabbed by the
throat and to her horror a cockroach crawls out of her mouth.

Demon kisses her, takes it in, eating it and smiles.

Stunned, she freaks, knees it and Demon lets her go.

As she starts to respond to her freedom, they stare at each
other. Demon's muscles swell as it seems to grow somewhat in
size, beginning to turn back to normal but still in pretty
ragged shape.

This scares the drunk who closes his eyes.

When he opens them, he sees Demon stand up lifting a stringy meaty piece of something that it lowers to its mouth.

Unsure what it is, the reference is unmistakable and the drunk realizes the meatiness is the hooker.

The drunk faints.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. ALLEY / CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Gray and Lover walk up to the grisly dead hooker.

GRAY

It fed. In this world. My God, it fed!

LOVER

Oh, that's, not-good.

EXT. ALLEY / CITY STREETS - NIGHT

LATER, Demon crosses a dark street as Gray and Lover come down the alley its exiting.

Gray YELLS magic words at it, pushing it into the street.

GRAY

Ahriman Spiritus Contra Spiritum!

It steps off the curb and turns just as it gets SMACKED by a CITY BUS.

By time the women get to it, of course, Demon is gone.

INT. FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

FRANK

This what you want?

Frank hits play on his music player. Henry Purcell's "MUSIC FOR THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN MARY", begins. As Bryce talks, VARIOUS SHOTS in the MEDIEVAL INN play out.

BRYCE

Once upon a time there was a melancholy Lord named, Ritchie. His family was in trouble and of course it was his fault. So, of course they entrusted him with the one item that could save them.

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

He was sent to deliver this item to a British Lord as acquiescence and tribute, thus buying protection and friendship, thereby binding an agreement, and saving the family; as well as saving their castle and their holdings from being divided among their enemies. It was an effort to make a gesture that would put them in long standing favor with the "barbarians" who were their one time conquerors, and greatest enemies. It was a humiliating thing to do and so was to be delivered in secret. A rigorous and dangerous journey, and if he failed his mission, it would be his downfall, that of his family and our royal lineage. Because if his family fell, so would the rest of the clan. I call this, "Poor Lord Ritchie's Answer to a Question He Knever Knew- "never" with a "K"?"

EVA

Long title.

BRYCE

(sips port)

"-on the Knight, that the Knight
Lost All-

(sips again)

"-and then some."

FRANK

Christ- and I come up with bad
titles?

EXT. SEATTLE - BUILDING WITH MEDIEVAL FACADE - NIGHT

This is not from Bryce's story but an actual building in Seattle which becomes clear as Demon lumbers by.

Demon walks into a fence which annoys it. It looks and there is no way but over, so it leaps the fence and continues on.

A sign higher up indicates this is, WOODLAND PARK ZOO.

Demon passes some nocturnal outdoor creatures that it finds curious but not that interesting.

Then it gets to the Panthers who react with reasonable anger.

Demon reacts with fear and anger but isn't looking for a fight in his condition and moves off.

The panthers try to get at it, but can't.

One large male panther throws itself repeatedly at Demon against fence until it nearly dies.

Demon sees this and smiles as the other panther's gather around the one dying and are obviously angry, at Demon.

Demon quickly moves nervously off, realizing its safe but keeps looking over its shoulder in fear.

EXT. SEATTLE - WOODLAND PARK ZOO - NIGHT

Gray and Lover pull up to the Zoo gate and get out.

They scan the area with/without glasses.

LOVER

We need to get in there.

GRAY

No we don't. It won't like it, not in there. Trust me. And there's nothing we can do. We're too late to help here.

LOVER

Nothing? That's so sad. What poor critters are going to die in there?

GRAY

Come on. It's time. It will arrive soon and we need to be there first.

They get in the car and drive off.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

Bryce just finished his story. They all solemnly sip. Frank smiles. Bryce stares between them as they await Eva's reaction. Eva smiles awkwardly and says:

EVA

Well, then. I'm confused.

(big drink)

For some reason, that rather chilled my blood.

FRANK

Bloody good tale, brother. Why didn't he like Wizards?

BRYCE

Thanks. Wizards, for another time.

EVA

Yes, I enjoyed that— for some reason.

Frank nods yes, lights a spliff and passes it to Eva who is thoughtful. She hits it, then passes it to Bryce.

Finally, Bryce grins, pleased with himself. He sets his glass on the hearth.

FRANK

I said I knew of a Lord Ritchie and he was a real historical figure. But he was English! You're Bloody English? Gawd almighty. Ya Bloody Bastard!

Serious. Then they laugh.

BRYCE

Fuck you very much. It was just a story. I'm as English as you are ya cockle head. But it made for a ripe good story, yes? And don't worry Eva; Ritchie believed he was unstuck in time. But was he? Easier I suppose to believe he was crazy. Crisps, anyone?

EVA

Chips, you mean? Why'd he hate wizards so much?

FRANK

Lord, how many years in this country and you still can't get the names straight? Biscuits?

Frank offers a plate of cookies completely missing the irony of his calling cookies, "biscuits". He takes one, no one wants any so he sets it down.

BRYCE

Wizards? Cuz, he was a pirate once. But that my dear lass and friend as I said, is for another time.

He takes a cookie.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

POUNDING MUSIC. Cutting down an alley, Demon LIMPS along, wearing down.

On another street it's following the music till it turns a corner walking into a crowd of SKIN HEADS gathered at the front door of a MUSIC VENUE.

One of them bumps into Demon blaming it. He has a NECK SPIDER TATTOO that Demon finds fascinating.

RAX

Hey! What the hell's your problem!
Maybe we need a boot party on your
head. Eh, Ballsy?

DEMON

Balls? Zee?

BALLSY

Hey Rax, this one is rank for a
cuddly curbing, don't you think?

RAX

Haven't had a good curbin' in a
time. Too long-

Males and females move in for the kill.

Smirking, nose to nose with Demon, blood drains from Rax's face as he's lifted up and flicked into a wall.

Overjoyed, the others close in and beat a bored Demon down under a DOG PILE as some film this with their phones.

Fists hit its face. On the next strike it bites off a HAND.

SCREAMING ensues as it easily tosses them all off and munches the hand and they all back off disgusted.

Demon gets up and wanders off MUTTERING. Stunned, they all give him room to leave.

A smaller leader BONEHEAD (20s) shoves a big guy FRESHCUT (20s) toward Demon.

BONEHEAD

Get him, Freshcut!

FRESHCUT

Get him. Fuck you, Mini Me! It's
your turn.

Freshcut tosses Bonehead at Demon and falls on his ass, legs spread, peeing his pants, terrified and Demon moves unphased.

Bonehead gets up and runs down the street as others back up.

Demon leaves feeling refreshed by the tiny meal.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

BRYCE

So now, it's your turn?

EVA

Oh God, oh God oh God-

(small sip)

Alllll right-

(sets her glass down)

Did I ever tell you-

(to Bryce)

-about my Granma Sarah?

(devious grin, to Frank)

Once vibrant, then widowed, finally senile. She lived north of here with my Aunt and Uncle, Cousin and her dog. Grandma, wasn't quite all she seemed-

Both guys are thoroughly engaged with the story.

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - NIGHT

An old woman who could be Eva's Grandmother walks down the street carrying a bag of groceries.

Demon stumbles upon her and she vociferously tears into it, confusing and scaring it away with her umbrella.

Demon realizes it's been berated and gets angry but before it can retaliate, the woman gets on a bus leaving Demon behind.

Trying to hold it in, everything living around it wilts and dies as it "steams" about it.

EXT. SEATTLE MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Gray and Lover drive by the club Demon had wreaked havoc on as an ambulance drives off. Skinheads are still stumbling around complaining. They park and get out.

Being hot females they attract attention. Rax hits on them, as Bonehead listens closely.

RAX

Ladies. Hello!

LOVER

Ladies!

GRAY

I wouldn't do this guys.

RAX

Look. We've had a bad night. I mean, it was fine, then it went to hell, didn't it Bonehead? But now you could make it all better.

He puts his arm around Lover, making his move as Lover observes him like a lab rat.

GRAY

I really, wouldn't.

RAX

Nonsense, I think she likes me.

Lover smiles at that and suddenly steps back slightly flinging him upside down into a wall.

GRAY

Saw that coming.

Gray shakes her head, not even bothering to speak and walks off, Lover follows.

BONEHEAD

And- that happened.

He helps Rax up who angrily shoves off the help.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

Music ENDS. SILENCE, save for sounds of a CRACKLING FIRE.

Stunned, impressed with her story, both men look at Eva. Bryce looks at Eva differently from here on, invigorating his creative and romantic juices.

FRANK

Eva, that was very good. How-?

EVA

I really have no idea.

BRYCE

I had no idea my dear woman. Bravo!

Glass tipped toward Bryce, she smiles. Bryce looks pleased.

EVA
(to Frank, embarrassed)
Can't work with a genius for this
long and not pick up something.

BRYCE
We should talk about your-

EVA
No, thanks. I'm not a writer.

BRYCE
Don't fool yourself.

EVA
Really?

FRANK
Really.

She smiles pleased. Frank offers a toast and they CLINK glasses, embarrassing a pleased Eva as an admiring Bryce watches her closely.

A pleased and interested Frank watches them both even closer.

EXT. SEATTLE CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Demon sees a woman eyeing it, intrigued by not being able to focus on it, attracted to its POWER.

As it looks back at her, she is enticed to come to it.

Demon sees her face morph into Dawn's and is scared of her.

Demon brushes past her, almost knocking her over.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HEARTH - NIGHT

The party over, Frank brings coats and glances out the front window. They're pretty buzzed.

FRANK
Well, limo's here.

BRYCE
Frank, I want to thank you for
having us over. It's been too long.

FRANK
No worry. I'll see you soon.

EVA

Next time, come south, eh? It's too wet up here.

FRANK

Wet's good. Keeps me honest. Reminds me of home. Dear old Scotland.

BRYCE

Really. You should come down.

FRANK

We'll get together. Soon.

Frank hands Bryce his coat.

He helps Eva on with hers as he WHISPERS to her, making her quietly giggle, embarrassing her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll come down, once Dawn is drawn, quartered and frozen in Hell.

Eva tries not to laugh, then feels it's not really funny.

Hugs are given all around. The cat comes up to say goodbye.

EXT./INT. FRANK'S FRONT YARD / FOYER - NIGHT

The limo waits as they walk down from the door.

Frank closes the door, happy and a little drunk.

Far up the street, something is coming.

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Finally, Demon sees its goal! It ROARS, tears into a car in front of it to relieve its rage as POWER ERUPTS from it, slightly tiring it.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S FOYER - NIGHT

Hearing noises, Frank reopens the door.

Cat backs up into the house HISSING.

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S FRONT YARD / STREET - NIGHT

Standing outside limo, Dirk whips around.

They all four see Demon's commotion down the street in its fearsome, terrifying form and actions.

Then it comes right at them.

BRYCE
Oh, shite! What the f--?

Eva gives Bryce a weird look, looks at Frank.

Dirk pulls a GLOCK pistol, looking professional.

Bryce waves him off. Dirk queries silently, shaking his head but Bryce nods, "It's OK, Go!"

Dirk is all too happy to follow orders.

Dirk drives off.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S FOYER - NIGHT

The friends run inside and Frank locks the door.

FRANK
Shite! What the fuck--!

BRYCE
Is that!

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Dirk stops down the street, gun in hand gets out to watch.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FRANK
Jaysus, fuck what the fucking Hell was that fucking thing! Fuck!

BRYCE
I think I know. Saleel! He sent me that book, remember? That damn book is toast next time I see it! If-- that is--
(looks at Eva)
- I mean as soon as, I get home.

FRANK
Holy shite! And no you can't Bryce. Remember? Sal said, "One can only transfer ownership." You can't steal or destroy it or it will destroy you.

EVA
You guys believe all that?

BRYCE

Proof is up the street. Look outside.

FRANK

Aye, lass. We've seen things! That thing proves that nonsense is true. Anyway, you'd die horribly, Bryce. Then again, we all may yet.

BRYCE

Acid, salt and, a bowl? Quick!

FRANK

(screams)

What?

(Bryce gives him a look)

Lemon juice, maybe?

They run to the kitchen, Eva follows.

They quickly get the ingredients, make a mess mixing them quickly and run back out of the kitchen.

Before they get to the foyer it EXPLODES OUTWARD, AIR SUCKING OUT of the house momentarily, drawing them forward.

Demon stands in clearing dust, silently raging, motionless.

Bryce stands his ground trying to be calm. Eva backs away near the other side of the room.

Frank picks something silly up as a weapon, like an umbrella.

Middle of the next words, Bryce throws the mixture on Demon.

BRYCE

Shite! Uh, okay! Ahriman Shaikh barakah Sihr djinn shirk, Ormazd Al-shayatin!

EVA

Excuse me! What?

SILENCE. Demon is confused. Only BREATHING can be heard.

Suddenly, Demon is BLASTED backward out of the house.

FRANK

What the Hell? Remembered that from glancing through the book, didja?

BRYCE

Nope. Only thing I could remember.
It was the one thing that Saleel
told us about, "how to return evil
from whence it came." You were a
lot more drunk than I that night.
So was he.

FRANK

Oh, yeah. I remember something
about that night. "Ahriman shake
yur booty dyin" or something. How'd
you remember after all this time?

Suddenly, Demon RAGES toward the house from across the
street, scaring the crap out of them.

BRYCE

Well, obviously, I didn't—

EVA

Still, damn good job, I'd say!

FRANK

Bloody Hell, do it again!

BRYCE

With what? Too late.

Frank drops umbrella, grabs two Katanas off the wall.

Bryce looks at Frank and gets a sword tossed over.

He catches and hefts it as Demon enters the house.

They ATTACK making Demon cheer up.

It fights back as Eva shrinks further into shadows.

They put up a brief, valiant fight but are no match.

Both guys stab Demon together, but it just flings them
backward against the wall.

Demon pulls swords from itself, as the guys rise up, and
flicks the swords at the guys, who barely duck aside.

Led by the cat, Gray and Lover appear out of the kitchen.

Seeing the cat, Demon freezes, terrified.

Cat threatens ATTACK as Gray, Lover and Demon see the SPIRIT
of the Jungle Hell dead panther creature HOVERING above it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

The panther creature's death from the beginning.

END FLASHBACK

Demon gets confused and becomes wary, fearful and actually starts to back out, giving Gray and Lover vantage.

They throw two spikes each, framing Demon above and below, side by side, each holding their last spike.

Both women pull their stilettos and throw them, locking Demon's shoulder joints up, painfully surprising it.

Gray throws the rope from out of the zip lock (like Wonder Woman's magic rope), which bursts into flames and burns Demon, the rope tightening on its neck, whipping around it.

Slipping to the sides they use hand GESTURES and their AMULETS, MURMURING some kind of INCANTATIONS drawing Demon into the magic spike frame, frustrating and angering it.

The cat HISSES, startlinging Demon again, but then it ROARS.

Both women mouth identical words and throw their final spikes giving Demon horns, sealing the deal like a shotgun blast as bizarre ENERGY links all the spikes and knives they threw.

Demon painfully WARPS, suddenly disappearing amidst very LOUD, climactic and frightening NOISES. SPIKES and KNIVES drop, sticking to the floor as Demon has dematerialized.

There is only SILENCE among sounds of FALLING DEBRIS.

Dusting themselves off, Gray and Lover look pleased: "Just another job, our work here is done".

LOVER

Job well done, I'd say.

FRANK

(loudly)

Who in the bloody hell are you? And why didn't you join us sooner? We had drinks and very nice hors d'oeuvres.

BRYCE

Yeah, they were very good.

FRANK

Thanks.

EVA

Really?

GRAY

So very sorry for the mess, guys.
Lady. Hope it wasn't too much of-
(reviews wrecked house)
-an imposition. Um. Yeah-

LOVER

Hi, Bryce, Eva, Frank. Hi! Hi! Hi!
Already met kitty. Got here as fast
as we could. Tracked that bastard
Demon all over Seattle all night
long, trying to take it down before
it got here but, well, it didn't
quite work out how we'd planned.

GRAY

By the way, that spell you tried?
Had you gotten it right you could
have sent it back, reversing the
spell, returning it to kill who had
summoned it.

LOVER

Best thing to do, really. Which is
what I actually did do.

GRAY

We? We did. But obviously your
spell was- flawed? It only repelled
it, somewhat, as you saw. What we
used, well, did work. Whoever sent
that after you will shortly be
quite- surprised.

LOVER

Or, worse.

GRAY

Or, worse. Quite. Far worse.

LOVER

Worse.

BRYCE

Okay. Now- again, who are you? How
do you know us? My God! Dawn? Has
to be Dawn. I can't let that thing
at her.

EVA

Why?

BRYCE

She's really, not all there, you know.

FRANK

Ya sure, lady? First things first. You ladies sure didn't waste any time dispatching that thing.

LOVER

Those— are not something you waste time "dispatching". As for us, we are the Venator Daemonum. We're Professional Demon Hunters to you. Interesting you know who sent it.

BRYCE

Yes, she did. Send it. Had to be, right?

(Gray, Lover nod yes)

Oh, God.

GRAY

Well, we do know it was her. Call it, insider information. Anyway—
(steps forward, hand out)
Gray, I'm Gray. This is Lover, my—
business partner.

Gray smiles at Lover and her back at Gray, they're being in an obvious relationship.

LOVER

At least. See, we were asked to find you. Help you out if we could. We're— hmm, protection specialists. Fixers, neutralizers you could say. Just fucking got here a bit late is all.

GRAY

Sorry, about that.

EVA

Dawn tried to have you killed? She sent that— thing? Or if she didn't send it, then she's not in danger. Right? I vote we move on with our night and let what may be, be.

FRANK

(sardonic grin)

Aye. "Caveat emptor", buyer beware.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
I agree, let's drink some more.
Ladies?

LOVER
Apparently. Drinks?

Lover smiles, but Gray gives her a look of not being professional, as Eva sits hard on a DUSTY SEAT.

EVA
My eyes kept slipping off of it.
When I tried to look at, that
thing, my eyes couldn't keep a
straight line on it.

GRAY
It's hard to stare evil straight in
the face.

LOVER
True enough.

EVA
So. Demons really are real, huh?

Bryce calls Dawn on his cell phone as Frank watches him but she doesn't answer.

FRANK
Almighty Jaysus, Mary and Josefus.
Really?

BRYCE
We've seen things Frank. We know.

GRAY
Saleel.

BRYCE
Who are you?

GRAY
Friends. Really.

Giving up, Frank reviews his wrecked home as Bryce watches Frank looking over the damages.

Bryce smiles seeing Frank's home evaluation is competing with his tastefully noticing these hot new ladies.

As all this goes on, Gray's a bit attracted to Frank; leaving Lover a bit annoyed; but she likes Eva, who's being shy to the attention.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Sorry about the mess, Frank, and your beautiful home. Demons always leave such a mess one way or another. You should see the parts of town he passed through tonight.

Lover is distracted by Eva who is starting to feel flattered.

LOVER

Just watch the local news later.

FRANK

No kidding? Damn. How do I explain this to the insurance company? Damage by Demon and Hellfire?

GRAY

Oh. No problem. Here, take our card. Just, give us a call.

LOVER

We can help grease the square wheels of corporate regression.

GRAY

We have friends in high places.

FRANK

Nice outfit.

LOVER

We have our moments.

FRANK

No I mean, your outfits.

GRAY

Demons have trouble duplicating it.

FRANK

Say what?

Bryce hangs up, indicates, "No answer" and also looks the damages over in wonder. He tries again to call Dawn.

EXT. BRYCE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed having a drink, smoking a joint, Dawn listens to LIGHT MUSIC over the TV NEWS VISUALS. Someone's tearing up Seattle.

DAWN

Come on. When are you going to announce he's dead already?

A LOUD NOISE downstairs startles her as does the phone RINGING, but she ignores it once she sees it's Bryce calling. GROANING, she goes to see what is making the noise.

Phone rings in den as she enters. She gives in, answering it.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION / FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INTERCUT phone call between Bryce and Dawn in the den. As Bryce talks, Gray makes a call on her cell to Jacques.

DAWN
Hello, Darling. What's up?

Across the entryway in the SHADOWS she sees Demon struggling to remove the rope from its neck.

As it comes out of the SHADOWS, she lowers the phone, raising the GUN from the drawer.

BRYCE (O.S.)
Dawn! Why? You shouldn't have done it. Now it's coming for you. Get out, now! Dawn?

Bryce listens as Dawn reacts to Demon's arrival.

She looks for exit, realizing she needs to move out into the entryway, backing toward the pool.

DAWN
What the fuck are you doing here?

Dawn flashes on Jacques earlier warning to her.

BEGIN FLASHBACK TO POST SUMMONING CEREMONY

JACQUES (V.O.)
You contaminated the ceremony.
(he wavers, attracted to her erotism, yet angry)
All I can see is you. All I can smell- is you.

DAWN (V.O.)
Well, that's a good thing.

JACQUES (V.O.)
No, no. Yes. No, Missus. It's not.

END FLASHBACK TO POST SUMMONING CEREMONY

DAWN

You're supposed to be in Seattle!
Get out!

(Bryce switches to
speaker)

Get the fuck out of my house! I uh,
command you!

She FIRES GUN at it only to COMIC EFFECT, throws the empty
gun at it, which it catches, glances at, and tosses away.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION / POOL AREA - NIGHT

Demon advances as Dawn gets the idea. She's now the target.

DAWN

Oh fuck!

Demon chases Dawn out to the back yard.

Almost getting away, she's viciously attacked and nearly
killed, flying into the pool, momentarily saving her.

Her BLOOD SPREADS in the waters but she's tough as nails.

She remembers and pulls the AMULET stopping Demon.

Demon leans down for her amulet but can't touch it, making
her feel more secure and cocky. She moves forward.

Demon grabs her head, lifts her from the water and stares
right into her face as they FADE away.

As they disappear, sounds of HUNGRY GROWLS of a JUNGLE CAT
comically horrify Demon, and then they are GONE.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - BRYCE'S SWIMMING POOL AREA

SILENCE. The swimming pool ACCELERATES in TIME showing bloody
water being sucked into the filters until the water is once
again a beautiful, crystal clear BLUE.

Above the pool inside, Jacques can be seen, staring at the
pool through the window. He hangs up his phone.

Looking off, he shakes his head.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANKS HOUSE - NIGHT

SILENCE. Bryce shuts off the phone, then drops it like it's
toxic. He looks at the others, all stunned except Gray and
Lover.

Frank WHISPERS the next so only Eva hears him, she grins.

FRANK

Guess I'll be visiting sooner now.

Gray walks up to Bryce consoling him.

GRAY

Don't worry about the book. It will shortly be in a safe, very safe, place. Deep inside the most secret vaults of the most secure, holy place on the Mediterranean that shall remain unnamed. Where other rather frightening items are also stored. Where even a fictional Tom Hanks character won't be able to find it. As for your house, Frank-

BRYCE

What about Dawn? And, I'm really so sorry about your home, my friend. Just send me the bill. I'll-

FRANK

Brother, don't you worry about it. You've got enough to deal with right now. Besides, neither of us are really hurting for money, right? And Lover here says they can help with the red tape this is all gonna cause. I was thinking of moving soon anyway. Besides, oh man, I would have paid for this experience. Now that it's over, anyway.

BRYCE

It was- interesting.

GRAY

Look. Dawn is gone. Trust me on that one. And we? We're out of here. All the best, guys.

LOVER

And, Lady.

Lover smiles at Eva, slightly annoying Gray. Eva blushes. Frank looks sad. Bryce is just, flummoxed.

Gray picks up their stilettos and sheaths hers. They gather the two spikes and all head out the huge hole that is now the front of the house, and scan the area.

Gray stops and looks at Bryce.

GRAY

One more thing. Do not go home, not soon my friend. Don't worry about your home, or your— let's call her, your ex. Get used to it. She's not dead, but she's no longer your concern.

LOVER

Or of this world.

GRAY

There's nothing to be done about her now. And the book? In giving it up you now have very powerful friends who will straighten things out for you in your absence. They owe you that. I assume you do give it up? Freely?

BRYCE

What? But— give up?

GRAY

Absolutely. That book needs to be locked up from ever being used again. Now it will be. Do you give up the book of your own free will?

FRANK

AbsoFuckingLutely.

BRYCE

Uh, yeah, please. But Dawn, the police. What a mess—

GRAY

Bryce. Look. I'm sorry. But. It's done. You've done nothing wrong. From what I understand you've been a stand-up guy. Congrats, not many of them around. You'll come under no scrutiny. It's all being taken care of at the highest levels. I know it's a lot to absorb but really, don't worry. Okay? They had to use extraordinary rendition, as the government likes to say, to acquire the book. As you know, it can't just be taken, not without severe repercussions— unless you agree to give it up. So—

BRYCE
Couldn't you have just asked?

GRAY
Why? You would have given it up?

BRYCE
No—

GRAY
Okay, then.

BRYCE
Wait. Did you let this all happen
just to get me to agree to give up
this damn book?

GRAY
We, didn't do anything. We were
contracted, to protect you.

LOVER
We were.

GRAY
Yes.

Gray watches him as he thinks about it. She calls Jacques.

GRAY (CONT'D)
He agrees. It's all yours. Yeah, we
didn't have time to exsanguinate
its powers, so— What? No. Okay.
Sure. And hey, thanks. Sure, usual
off shore account. Later.

Gray hangs up, looks at Bryce.

GRAY (CONT'D)
All set. Now, take a trip. When you
return, you will be down one demon,
one demonic, extremely dangerous
book, and even one treacherous,
disloyal and fully unholy wife.

He reacts negatively to that, but she gives him a look of,
"Face reality already!" He caves because there is simply no
denying it.

BRYCE
Uh, yeah. I guess. And I guess I
should say thanks, for all of us.
But, what about—

Gray takes Bryce's arm, walks him to the side, with Lover keeping Eva attention.

GRAY

Bryce, your wife is a murderess. Worse. Would have been anyway if not for us. Our employer conjured Demon for your wife. He would have countered it so no one really got hurt, but something must have interfered in the ceremony. Anyway, if you can face it, this solves many problems for many people. You are entirely in the clear, completely innocent, and vindicated. And Bryce, you have your life back. Now live it well.

BRYCE

But, regardless, Dawn is my wife.

GRAY

Was. And she was killing you. A piece at a time. Spiritually, now nearly physically. Best thing you can do is face that, clearly and openly. Consider this. You were sent the book. It nearly ruined your life— nearly killed you. It killed its previous owner, Seleel, because he abused it, even if it was for good. Yes, we know about him. In the end, what he did saved many lives. Now you? A bad marriage has been erased from your life and you can go and live the life you—
(looks at Eva who looks
curious at them)
—both, deserve. In fact, an annulment is already in the works.

BRYCE

How do you—?

GRAY

I'm a professional.

LOVER

She's a professional.

BRYCE

Damn, I can't seem to finish a sentence here.

LOVER
We're good.

Gray rolls her eyes, walks by Eva and smiles at her.

Eva blushes and they have a kind of meeting of minds.

Lover walks to Bryce and speaks loud enough for Eva to hear.

LOVER (CONT'D)
Let it go, handsome. If you try to go home too soon, you will be-redirected. So I wouldn't bother. Look, we're just trying to protect you. Go. Take this lovely lady on vacation? You both deserve it.

(WHISPERS in his ear)
Bryce? Who's been in your court and your best friend for some time now. On a daily basis?

Lover glances at Eva, then walks to Gray.

For the first time Bryce really sees Eva romantically.

Gray and Lover walk away passing Frank eying Gray, who grins, shakes her hair enjoying the attention, and continues on.

Lover dawdles in passing him, considering, then looks at Gray who stops to look at her.

Lover looks at Eva, SIGHS. Frank gets it: "no chance".

As they hit the sidewalk Lover waves a sensual goodbye to all as Gray just smiles, then continue to the porche as Dirk pulls up.

INT. ITALY - VATICAN CHAMBERS - DAY

CARDINAL VAN DOREN (60s) is on the phone speaking in LATIN.

SUPER ENGLISH SUBTITLES

CARDINAL VAN DOREN
Thank you Jacques. It's been taken care of. On to the next challenge. As you know, you must reclaim whatever got loose through the book. God go with you, my son.

He hangs up, smiling, though something seems wrong.

EXT. JUNGLE HELL - NIGHT

Demon lumbers through his world dragging Dawn by the foot, reminiscent of Bryce being drug along in the earlier dream.

Demon hears cat GROWLS and cowers as Dawn WAKES.

DAWN

What the fuck? What are you doing?
Let me go? You stupid son of a
bitch, you can't even kill one
simple human? You dumb fucking Bas-

Demon tries to indicate for her to be quiet to no affect. Its attempt to hide almost works, but Dawn's complaining was like a chicken to a wolf.

Demon hides as Dawn runs off.

Then the big cats arrive and start tracking down Dawn.

INT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Still stunned, Frank wanders around looking at his house.

He looks at his two friends, now maybe a couple, and smiles.

Picking up a whiskey bottle from the bar, he takes a slug.

FRANK

Drink? Well, it's a bit chilly
inside? I mean, inside is a bit
outside now, isn't it? But we can
hang out in the kitchen for a
while, that door still works. What
do you do when the front of your
house heads off on a lark? Lock the
bedroom door? Shite. Well? Scotch,
anyone?

They find it as funny as possible under the circumstances and head toward the kitchen, with Frank last.

He stops to look at the living room, as Eva pulls Bryce amorously to a side hall.

Frank turns to speak and sees them kissing. Smiling, he takes a drink from the bottle, humorously looking up and away.

He takes a final look at the house, heads into the kitchen, lets the cat in with him and, closes the door.

BRYCE

Eva, I can't, I-

EVA
Really? Still? Oh, please!

He stares at Eva and she understands that it still might be too soon.

She smiles and tries to walk away, but he grabs her, unable any longer to contain himself and starts kissing her deeply.

He hesitates again, then loses control and throws his full heart into it.

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As seen from outside, from Dirk's POV, he stumbles through the structural carnage outside in somewhat humorous awe.

DIRK
What the fu-

EXT. JUNGLE HELL - CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

A terrified Dawn is now tentatively surrounded by the cats.

One chances a lick of her. It LEAPS back, SPITS disgusted, as if fearful of her, trying to get her taste out of its mouth.

Disgusted the entire group backs away from her.

NEARBY Demon makes its way through the jungle carrying a big hip bone as a club.

It steps out into a clearing where Dawn stands, her back to a rock. She appears strong and pretty upset.

They are terrifying her by their anger but they are also fearful of her. Then they see Demon.

The mate of the cat Demon killed steps toward Demon as the others crowd in.

They attack Demon.

Demon appears to be getting shredded by the cats.

Dawn picks up Demon's club, fear and terror fueling her, and starts beating the cats from behind, cornering them, cowering them.

Realizing she strangely has the upper hand, she throws down the club, turns and nearly walks into Demon as it stands.

Demon is shredded, BLOODY, but starts to pull together, blood STREAMING back into its body until it's RECONSTITUTED.

Demon kind of HUFFS it all off, as if It's been through this all before.

The cats lean back in. Dawn turns on them and they shrink back at her verbal barrage, fearful.

DAWN

Got it now? Leave me the fuck alone! What the fuck do you want?

Demon looks at her, the cats, then back at her and simply backs away, also intimidated.

Demon and cats lock eyes in conjoined bewilderment.

Dawn looks at Demon and steps off into the jungle.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Come on- let's see what home is. You better at least have a fucking hot tub.

The cats start to creep forward toward Demon as she leaves, so it scurries after her. Quickly, the cats lose interest.

INT. BRYCE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Claude KNOCKS, enters, wanders around but no one answers.

CLAUDE

Hello? Anyone home?

Claude sees Jacques who is staring out the window at the pool.

He picks the book up from the table and walks out past Claude.

JACQUES

She's gone man. Consider yourself lucky. Get a life. Don't come back.

Jacques opens the front door but vanishes in a SWIRL OF SMOKE, leaving the door open, which blurs into-

INT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

Jacques smiles, puts away the talisman in his coat and grins, patting the wrapped up book on his lap. He makes a call.

JACQUES

Gray?

EXT. SEATTLE - FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

SUNRISE. Lover and Gray both hang up their phones and start to pack up the car.

LOVER

Henry. Wants to know if things worked out OK. I told him we were our usual efficient selves. He said he saw that, on the news. Always the wise ass.

GRAY

And always the critic. Damn! Remember when communication took a few days to get around? That was Jacques. On the way to Rome with the book. He can't lock that damn thing up fast enough if you ask me. Road trip?

LOVER

Okay. Now where to?

GRAY

You're going to like this one. Remember how screwed we got on that last little creature feature of Jacques, and he said he'd make it up to us. Well, he just made good.

LOVER

Sweet. Where? What?

GRAY

Jah-ma-ka, mon. Probably Aruba, but maybe Haiti. He's tracking that down now, just said to get ready. And clean up, from this mess. Think bad ass, Middle East.

Lover sobers up. They move closer as Lover speaks. Gray grins and Lover realizes the danger in the situation.

LOVER

Fukin Bumpaclot! Awesome- Oh! Damn! Then, Ahriman? So we'll be stuck between the serpent and the rainbow. Again? What in the Hell is an ancient Persian Demigod doing in sweet little ole Aruba?

Gray and Lover, nearly lip to lip- a kiss? But, no.

GRAY

Exactly— but this time, we won't be
the rainbow, Lover. And?

LOVER

What's a minion of his doing— here?
That book. Something escaped?

GRAY

Uh huh.

LOVER

And killed Saleel.

GRAY

Something, is—

LOVER

On the move.

Staring at each other seriously, bordering on something else,
very slowly Gray moves her hand to Lover making her warm up,
but Gray merely sheaths Lover's stiletto in Lover's boot.

Gently, Gray pats Lover as she walks by having teased Lover
who is now rather annoyed, but then, tiny smiles break out.

GRAY

Come on, let's get some sleep.

FADE OUT:

CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. ARUBA - BEACH - DAY

A semi populated, remote area.

A line appears on the horizon that people on the shore begin
to notice.

It becomes apparent that it is a fog bank, rolling across a
great distance, coming at them, very, very fast.

It hits the shore with a soft but unnerving sound from it's
approaching speed. Gently, it pushes people back a half step
as it hits and passes them by, instantly reaching far inland.

Then SILENCE and only the distant voices of wonder from
people on the beach, muffled in the fog.

A great Darkness encroaches from out at sea as it too then moves onto the island's surf. It is massive and seems to extend out everywhere as it approaches.

As it touches the beach it greatly slows. People wait to touch the darkness out of curiosity. It is completely SILENT.

As the Darkness touches anyone, there is a BLUR of a LARGE INSECT ARM, like a praying mantis, the full size of the creature presumably being about the size of a very large man.

The arm lashes out so that it isn't easy to tell what it is, but it yanks the person that it grabs, completely into the Dark with CRUNCHING NOISES as they are obviously being eaten.

Everyone who can see or hear this flees in panic and those who see people fleeing, follow suit.

Some people very near to the Dark start to FLOAT up to it and then disappear being sucked into it.

Standing on a hillside overlooking the beach, a FRAIL, BLUE EYED, kind of ALBINO man named, WINTER (30s) makes a call on his cell phone.

INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

INTERCUT between Winter talking to Jacques. Winter fingers an amulet vaguely like Jacques, only looking more potent, more ancient.

WINTER

Jacques?

JACQUES

Yes, Winter.

WINTER

Something- is happening.

JACQUES

We know that. Help is on the way.

WINTER

No, bigger.

JACQUES

How big?

WINTER

We're going to need a bigger amulet.

JACQUES

How big?

WINTER

Island sized.

Then the call dies. Jacques looks at his phone, then out the window of the plane and far in the distance he sees a large darkness.

FADE OUT: