

GOD'S CHILDREN

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: **MILWAUKEE 2004**

PARENTS, 20s-40s, watch and CHEER for the two mixed teams of GIRLS and BOYS, 6-years-old, in colorful soccer uniforms competing in a crowd on the field.

A boy, CONOR DAIGH, 6, breaks free with the ball, dribbles it toward the opposing GOALIE who panics and waves her arms excitedly as Conor approaches-- he kicks the ball over her head into the goal just as the REFEREE WHISTLES the game over.

Conor smiles joyously as his parents, ELI DAIGH, 30, and MEGHAN DAIGH, 27, run on the field to high-five, hug and congratulate him.

ELI

Nice goal, Conor! You won again!

MEGHAN

I'm so proud of you, Honey!

CONOR

I scored all three goals! I wish I could play every day!

MEGHAN

Eli, you said you would take us for ice cream if they won.

ELI

Did I say that?

Meghan, smiling, playfully punches smiling Eli on the arm.

MEGHAN

You know you did!

CONOR

C'mon, Dad!

ELI

Oh, I guess we could have a scoop.

CONOR

Yay, Dad! I'm getting rocky road!

The Daigh family walks happily off the field to their CAR; Eli carries their FOLDING CHAIRS and Conor's WATER BOTTLES. Conor enters rear passenger seat, Meghan closes his door and then enters the front passenger seat.

Eli opens the trunk, sets the chairs and water bottles inside and closes the trunk lid--revealing TWO tall well-built SWARTHY MEN, 30s, wearing sleek athletic warm-up suits, gold jewelry and sneakers standing close to Eli.

SWARTHY MAN-1

(Eastern European accent)
Conor had great game! Love to watch him. Has bright future, maybe pro?

ELI

(suspicious)
Yeah... Your kids play here today?

SWARTHY MAN-1

Nah! don't have any. But, you know, if people need some, we know where to find.

Eli stares at the Men.

SWARTHY MAN-2

(Eastern European accent)
You have beautiful family, Sergeant Daigh, specially your boy... And that thing? you been looking into? that nobody cares about but you? Time you put that into garbage and start work on different problem.

SWARTHY MAN-1

People taking notice. Not good for you. Meghan. Or Conor.

The Men smile and chuckle derisively at Eli and walk away.

ELI

Go fuck yourself.

Eli watches the Men go.

Their car horn HONKS.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. TROPICAL SEAPORT - DAY

Afternoon sun beams on a frayed flag rippling in the breeze above the docked, two hundred foot cargo ship: "WONDERLAND."

SUPER: **PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI -- 6 YEARS LATER**

Two 6-year-old girls: well-groomed ALICE, Creole, and unkempt CARISA, Hispanic, hold hands and skip down the dock in their pillow case dresses. Carisa's dress is dirty and torn. Alice's is brightly-colored and clean. They dramatically sing Fabrice Fombrun's Haitian song: "Yon Jou Ma Merite'l." (Alice sings in English. Carisa sings in Spanish.)

ALICE/CARISA

...Of all the women on this wretched Earth.

ALICE/CARISA

She's the only one who gives me the will to live.

ALICE/CARISA

But, oh, please tell me does she really exist?

ALICE/CARISA

Is she out there somewhere?

ALICE/CARISA

Tell me, where is she hidden?

SUPER: **12 JANUARY 2010**

The girls laugh and hug as they approach HAITIAN MEN off-loading bales and boxes of used clothing, shoes and appliances from the ship. The girls wave at the small crowd of HISPANIC and CREOLE MERCHANTS.

A well-dressed wealthy Creole merchant, Alice's PAPA, late-20s, waves to Alice:

PAPA

Alice, my love! Kisses and hugs!

Alice runs to him. They hug warmly. He kisses her cheek.

ALICE

(kisses his cheek)

Papa!

Carisa, alone, stands awkwardly, sadly nearby.

ALICE

Come home. Mama is making Woma
Boukannen and it smells so good!

PAPA

I will come home early, but only
if Carisa promises to join us?

Papa nods to Carisa and smiles warmly. Carisa is embarrassed by his attention and smiles back in restrained joy. Alice smiles and hugs Carisa, they giggle.

The other Merchants argue and joke with each other while bidding and buying the bales and boxes of goods on the dock.

A SUDDEN and OVERWHELMING THUNDEROUS ROAR-- CRACKING,
GRINDING, SCRAPING and SNAPPING SOUNDS EXPLODE AROUND THEM--

BLACK

SUPER: **4:53 P.M. EST**

PAPA (V.O.)

(yelling)

Alice! Carisa! Earthquake! Run!
Get off the dock! Run!

ALICE (V.O.)

(terrified; yelling)

Papa! Where are you?! Save me!

The SURREAL SOUND of the dock SCREECHING and CRUMBLING...

Silence.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN - APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Older weary and rough Eli sits at the table in a daze smoking a cigarette. He drains his glass of whiskey. A bottle sits on the table. Next to the bottle, barely noticeable in the b.g., is an Irish porcelain URN with THREE HAND PAINTED SHAMROCKS on it (representing the Daigh family).

Eli snuffs out his cigarette and pours another shot, drinks it, SLAMS the glass down... he grabs the MAIL ITEMS on the table, sorts and tosses the junk into the trash can... he picks up a POSTCARD. He stares at it curiously.

He turns the postcard over. Two words are written: "I'M HERE."
The POSTMARK indicates: WASHINGTON, D.C. He turns it over and
stares at the majestic image of the U.S. CAPITAL.

He ponders the postcard and lays it down. He sets his PISTOL
next to the postcard, pours another drink and downs it.

He spins the pistol on the table top...

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE NW - SUNSET

SUPER: **WASHINGTON, D.C. -- PRESENT DAY**

The voice of a FEMALE NEWSCASTER over MONTAGE:

- We head north, street level, along Sheridan Circle NW
- Street lights FLASH on along "Embassy Row"

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Weeks after the massive seven-point-
one earthquake, Haitian police have
arrested a group of Americans on
kidnapping charges for trying to
take thirty-three children out of
the country without legal authori-
zation.

- We pass the Embassy of Haiti and then-
- The elegant mansions of the elite Kalorama neighborhood

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The group's leader claimed to be
taking the kids to an orphanage in
the Dominican Republic where these
kids would live. But DR authorities
state that no such orphanage exists.
Meanwhile, the U.S. Office of Refugee
Resettlement reports that of the
7,000 children placed with sponsors,
the agency has lost track of 1,475 of
them. Where have these children gone?

- Turn left onto Kalorama Circle
- We pass Rock Creek Park

END MONTAGE

EXT. OLDER MODEL WHITE VAN (MOVING) - KALORAMA CIRCLE - SUNSET

The van has "ELI DAIGH PLUMBING" printed on its side. It cruises along Kalorama Circle, then turns into a driveway.

EXT. ELI'S VAN - DRIVEWAY - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli parks next to a white BMW with the license plate: "Q1745." Formidable rugged and weary Eli, now 36, exits the van and lights a cigarette. He looks at his WATCH: 8:00 P.M.

As he walks to the front door, he glances over at the MANSION next door--

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MANSION NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

--as a BLACK SUV with blackout windows drives in and stops near the FIVE LUXURY CARS parked on the driveway. The garage door silently slides open.

BLACK SUV

The driver's door opens. Albanian driver, DAJJAL, 30s, with a black patch over his missing right eye, gets out and opens the rear passenger door.

He helps two CREOLE GIRLS and four HISPANIC BOYS, all 6-years-old, climb out of the SUV.

The kids wear colorful ALICE IN WONDERLAND character costumes: ALICE (the same Alice from the previous scene), WHITE RABBIT, CHESHIRE CAT, QUEEN OF HEARTS, CATERPILLAR and KING OF HEARTS. They are disoriented and dazed.

Dajjal leads them into the garage. The garage door closes.

EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli looks away from the closing garage door and rings the doorbell. The door opens, revealing thirty-year-old realtor

ASHLEY KANE.

She is athletically fit and stylish. She smiles at Eli, glances over at his van in the driveway, then back to Eli:

ASHLEY

Hi, I'm Ashley. Please, come in.

Eli nods and flicks away his cigarette. Ashley reaches for his arm to guide him inside. He avoids her contact and enters.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

One light is on. The house is vacant. Ashley walks to the basement door:

ASHLEY

It's a rental, if you know anyone.
The tenants left. Rather abruptly.

Eli glances around as he follows her to the basement door. His POV on a heap of discarded items lying in the corner of the otherwise empty living room:

We see burnt black candles, colorful torn kids' costumes and a black metal cross.

Ashley opens the creaky basement door, flips on a light that illuminates the stairway leading down into the basement.

STAIRWAY/BASEMENT

They walk down several steps and survey the creepy area.

ASHLEY

The smell is horrific. Like sulfur.

It's flooded with dark sewage water that engulfs the lower stair steps. Gobs of paper, flotsam and jetsam float in the water in suspended animation. Dark upper windows array along the room's far outer wall.

ELI

(scoffs)
I'll get the pump.

EXT. ELI'S VAN - RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli opens the two rear doors and digs through his equipment.

Taped to the inside of one van door is a Milwaukee Journal Newspaper PHOTO of Eli's son, CONOR. The headline above Conor's photo reads: "DETECTIVE'S CHILD MISSING SIX YEARS."

Next to the newspaper clipping, a PLEXIGLASS BOX is bolted to the van's wall that contains the Irish porcelain URN (from the previous scene) with the three hand painted shamrocks on it.

A bronze NAMEPLATE on the box: "MEGHAN M. DAIGH 1977--2004."

On the floor of the van's makeshift disheveled quarters, amidst plumbing equipment and an empty whiskey bottle, is a shabby narrow mattress and pillow.

Eli pulls out a heavy-duty pump, wading boots and a pair of rubber gloves. He pauses and stares down at the BLACK PLASTIC TRASH BAG sitting on the van's floor...

INT. BASEMENT - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Younger Eli enters the basement wearing a dark suit & tie. A GOLD DETECTIVE BADGE is clipped to his belt. He pulls on latex gloves as he approaches a nauseous PATROLMAN, 20s, standing near a BLACK PLASTIC TRASH BAG sitting on the floor.

FLIES BUZZ around the bag. It leaks blood.

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER, 60s, finishes taking photos of the bloody floor and plastic bag then, saddened and angry, steps away.

Eli walks to the bag. He lights his flashlight, inhales, and crouches next to it. He shines his flashlight inside the bag--

--at a mishmash of children's bloody BODY PARTS.

He stares blankly. Numb. He closes the bag and exhales while rising. He walks to the corner of the basement and vomits.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BASEMENT - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley stands on a stair step watching Eli (wearing the wading boots and rubber gloves) carry the pump and an attached coil of hose as he slogs through the knee-deep muck.

He spots a child's plastic NEMO MASK floating in the muck.

Eli drops the pump into the water near a submerged DORY MASK. He opens the window above and tosses the hose outside. He takes the pump's electrical cord and runs it out the window.

ASHLEY

How's it going to work?

Eli wades back to the stairs, walks up the stairs past Ashley.

ELI

(dismissive)

With a generator.

ASHLEY

Right. Can I get you a drink-

ELI

(restrained anger)

Not now! Don't you see it, Lady?

ASHLEY

See what?

ELI

What's probably happened here?

ASHLEY

I see a tired man pissed off about wading through toilet water.

ELI

It's right under your nose! You can smell it, right? But don't see it. No one does.

(exits up the steps)

They mock us. By hiding in plain sight.

ASHLEY

(quietly; to herself)

They can't hide from me.

EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW - SIDE OF THE RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

The generator HUMS. The pump's hose terminates into the gutter at the street. The hose COUGHS and COUGHS again. Then a steady dark flow of sewage water vomits into the gutter.

Eli pulls his cigarettes out of his jacket and taps one out-- just as TUXEDO MAN, 40s, wearing a black tux sprints past him. Momentarily startled, Eli focuses on--

--Frantic Tuxedo Man as he runs toward the street (Kalorama Circle) while protectively carrying a DARK BUNDLE in his arms.

Eli's POV as Tuxedo Man runs across Kalorama Circle in his expensive red leather shoes and disappears into the darkness of ROCK CREEK PARK.

Eli lights his cigarette, glances downward and spots a BLACK CLOTH on the lawn. He looks at it--revealing the black cloth to be an expensive HALF-MASK of a BLACK RABBIT. Eli picks it up and looks at it. He looks over at the mansion next door.

NEXT DOOR MANSION WINDOWS

Eli's POV through the windows on ANIMAL-MASKED MEN in elegant tuxedos and Children (from the SUV) dressed in their ALICE IN WONDERLAND COSTUMES.

Eli folds the rabbit mask and puts it into his jacket pocket. He stares across Kalorama Circle toward where Tuxedo Man ran into the park.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hot sunny summer afternoon in this mixed-race, working-class neighborhood as CHILDREN and TEENS 8-15-years-old hang out, kick a ball around, play hopscotch, etc. A GOOD HUMOR ice cream truck is parked JINGLING its bells.

Smoking a cigarette, YOUNG ELI, 14, wears a Milwaukee Bucks t-shirt as he bounces a basketball while joking around with his best friend, a small Laotian boy, KONERAK, 14.

A drunken tall BLONDE MAN, 31, walks the sidewalk toward them.

YOUNG ELI
Pervert alert.

KONERAK
(pleading)
I'm hungry, Eli. Lend me a buck.

YOUNG ELI
I'm broke, Kon, sorry. Where's a fucking cop when you need one?

Young Eli and Konerak stare at Blonde Man as he approaches.

Blonde Man slows his pace. He stops and looks up. Directly at them. He stares, then smiles.

BLONDE MAN
Hey guys. How's it going? Yeah, you look kinda bored, huh?
(charming)
Whattya say we take some pictures? I just got a new Polaroid. C'mon, it's too hot out here, right? It'll be cool. So cool. Guaranteed.
(mischievously)
Hey, okay... how about, I give you both twenty bucks? Yeah? C'mon.

Young Eli and Konerak stare at him. An air-conditioner HUMS--

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. SIDE OF THE RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

--The generator HUMS. Eli, smoking, leans against the house staring intently at the rear of the mansion next door.

MANSION NEXT DOOR - REAR FAMILY ROOM

Eli's POV through sliding glass doors at the rear of the house. The Animal Men in tuxedos talk and plan while the Children in their costumes obliviously roam around them.

The weird heavy-set owner of the mansion, PETER DEFOLO, early-60s, the only man without a mask on, holds up a large knife.

SIDE OF THE RENTAL HOUSE

Eli's POV as he focuses closely on Defolo with the knife.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A bloody knife sits on the bedside table. Blood drips from the blade. Next to it is a cordless drill with a bloody drill bit.

Inside the table's open drawer we see piles of Polaroid photographs of dead mutilated BOYS and MEN.

A POLAROID PHOTO is tacked to the wall. It's little Konerak standing in his underwear.

CLOSE ON the vacant expression on his face. And the bloody drill hole in his forehead.

Tacked next to it is another POLAROID PHOTO of a SMALL NAKED HEADLESS RIGID BODY that is arched over backward so that only its feet and headless neck rest on a blood-stained mattress.

This is Konerak's corpse, posed in the "ARCH OF HYSTERIA."

A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL lays on the mattress next to his body.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. FOYER - NEXT DOOR MANSION - NIGHT

SUPER: **APRIL 25TH ... ALICE DAY**

Replicating Konerak's posed body, artist Louise Bourgeois' fifteen-hundred-pound bronze sculpture, "ARCH OF HYSTERIA" hangs by a cable from the ceiling. It dominates the foyer.

Guzzling drinks and eating pizza, two affluent men, 40s, wear black tuxedos and expensive FOX and WOLF half-masks that conceal their noses, eyes and tops of their heads. They observe the shiny hanging sculpture.

Wolf aches to touch it. His fingertips move close... he pulls back and raises his glass to his lips, revealing his shirt sleeve cuff with a BLUE TRIANGLE-WITHIN-A-TRIANGLE CUFFLINK.

WOLF

This artist, Bourgeois, subverts the typical female gendering of the hysteric, placing the curved taut frame associated with Charcot's Salpêtrière female patients into this sleek, sensuous male form. It beguiles my soul.

(smitten)

I could fuck it.

Fox has a PINK HEART-WITHIN-A-HEART PENDANT around his neck.

FOX

It's a glorified Jeffrey Dahmer!
He did this piece first, years ago.

Girls: Alice and Queen of Hearts; Boys: Cheshire Cat, Caterpillar and King of Hearts, all in distress, dash in a panic into the foyer. Alice angrily tries to open the locked door. She pulls on the door knob, pleads with Fox and Wolf:

ALICE

Open the door! Open it! I want out!

CHESHIRE CAT

Fuera! Quiero salir! Mamá! Mamá!

Wolf and Fox stare at them-- and laugh!

On the foyer console table, FIVE iPHONES sit precisely side-by-side on a padded black velvet tray.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli looks toward Rock Creek Park as sewage water pukes from the basement hose into the street gutter. Ashley walks to Eli.

ASHLEY

Sorry about the late call. I
suppose you'll be late for dinner?

ELI

No. I don't eat.
(brooding)
A guy ran into the park.

ASHLEY

I know. I saw him from the front
window. He was carrying something.

Eli walks away toward the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Provocative paintings by Serbian artist Biljana Djurdjevic hang on the walls around two more drinking, pizza-eating, mask-wearing male guests in black tuxedos: HYENA, 30s and BADGER, 40s:

- portrait of a sad disheveled LITTLE GIRL in a torn skirt
- a LITTLE BOY tied-up in a shiny tiled kill room
- six underclothed YOUNG GIRLS on their knees with their backs turned trying to cover their flimsy underwear with their small hands

HYENA

Art. The window into one's soul.

BADGER

(smiles)
Peter is quite a, "collector."

In the b.g., Cheshire Cat and Alice BANG in anger on the dark tinted front window.

Fox and Wolf walk into the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Katy Grannan PHOTOS of nearly naked TEENAGERS hang on walls around Fox and Wolf.

Roman Polanski's "THE NINTH GATE" plays on the bedroom TV.

CHILDREN'S TOYS are set up around the room. A stuffed WHITE RABBIT and BROWN BEAR sit on a chair. Fox plays with the toys.

Wolf twists the head off a BARBIE DOLL. He squeezes her pink plastic head flat and stares into her BULGING BLUE EYES.

WOLF

I'm craving. Adrenochrome.

FOX

We're going to whip them into a frenzy.

They smile at each other.

INT. DINING ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Peter Defolo, owner of the mansion, is a powerful K-Street lobbyist, deviant art collector and the party's host. He leans over a metal tray on the dining table that's six feet long three feet wide and six inches high. He has an ultra-fine paint brush in his hand.

Wolf, Badger, Hyena and Fox admire Defolo's "art work" that lays in the tray -- which is a naked WOMAN, 21, who lays on her back. She soaks in a viscous red liquid that could be blood. The Woman, with a black dahlia covering her genitals, appears to be dead. Her eyes are open but do not blink.

Defolo paints the Woman's chest between and below her breasts.

BADGER

Spirit cooking.

Defolo dabs the woman's chest with his paintbrush.

HYENA

Going to be an earthquake night.

DEFOLO

My good friend Marina says it's best to sprinkle fresh morning urine on your nightmare dreams.

Alice peeks over the side of the tray. Her eyes widen.

FOX

Has anyone seen Mr. Black Rabbit?

The men look puzzled, and shake their heads.

INT. BASEMENT - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli stands on the stair surveying the floor. Ashley sits a few steps above him.

Messy wet debris sits in clumps. Very little water remains, the NOISY pump sucks up the residue.

ASHLEY

(loudly)

Where are you from?

Eli walks onto the floor, disconnects the NOISY pump's power cord -- quiet. He examines the wet clumps on the floor.

ELI

Milwaukee.

ASHLEY

I'm from northern California.

Monte Rio. Ever hear of it?

ELI

No. You ask a lot of questions.

Eli focuses on a clump. He bends down and picks an OBJECT out of it with his BANDANNA. He wraps it, puts it into his pocket.

ASHLEY

Or, Bohemian Grove?

ELI

No!

Ashley instantly freezes in a glassy-eyed trance--

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ornery JUDGE, 40s, SLAMS her gavel down!

Terrified LITTLE ASHLEY, 4-years-old, SCREAMS while tightly clutching onto her MOTHER's dress. Child Protective Services WOMAN, 40s, violently pulls sobbing and struggling Little Ashley away from her Mother by her arm. She drags her kicking and screaming out of the courtroom.

Little Ashley's MOTHER, 22, spasms, sobs and shrieks uncontrollably. She POUNDS her fists on the Defendant's table as she watches Little Ashley dragged out of the courtroom. The exit door SLAMS shut, and ECHOES.

Mother rises and angrily runs at the Judge, but is quickly restrained by a Courtroom Deputy.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BASEMENT - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley, same places as before: Eli stands on the floor; Ashley sits on a stair step.

ELI
(irritated; faces Ashley)
What is it with you? Can't you-

Eli instantly calms when he sees Ashley's slack face.

ELI (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey, lady? Hey. Are you okay?

Ashley suddenly wakes, dazed. She touches her forehead.

ASHLEY
My name is Ashley Kane. I'm four.
(beat; now fully alert)
Do you have family in Milwaukee?

ELI
Wait, what? No. I did, but not now.
Are you okay? You were kinda out-

ASHLEY
-Yes. I'm fine.

ELI
(wary)
You moved from Cali to D.C. Why?

ASHLEY
I'm looking for someone.

Eli nods, then walks up the stairs.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Thank you for helping me.

He walks by Ashley. He gently touches her shoulder, and exits.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(to herself; rises)
I'm glad you came.

INT. DINING ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Defolo and the Animal Men: Fox, Badger, Hyena and Wolf stare at the white wall now DRIPPING in LARGE RED BLOODY LETTERS:

- "WITH A SHARP KNIFE / CUT DEEPLY INTO THE
MIDDLE FINGER OF YOUR LEFT HAND / EAT THE PAIN"

Defolo shows the Animal Men a jagged scar on his middle finger. He walks to the table and picks up the large knife.

DEFOLO

It's time.

Defolo SLAMS the knife into the chest of the Woman lying in the tray -- right below the "SIGIL OF BAPHOMET" that Defolo had painted of a GOAT'S HORNED HEAD with an inverted pentacle inscribed within it.

The knife stands erect. The Animal Men smile.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT

The generator is off, the coiled hose lays next to it. Eli stares intently at the mansion next door.

MANSION

Eli's POV on Defolo stabbing the Woman in the chest. The Animal Men then appear to be stalking the anxious Children.

The mansion goes completely dark.

SIDE OF THE RENTAL HOUSE

Stunned, Eli intensifies his focus on the dark mansion. Ashley joins him. She follows his gaze toward the mansion.

MANSION

It is preternaturally dark and silent. A chilling BASS NOTE ECHOES as hazy BLUE LIGHT now oozes through shaded windows.

SIDE OF THE RENTAL HOUSE

Tiny hairs on Ashley's neck and arms rise. She touches Eli.

ELI

It's on.

ASHLEY
(resolute)
It's always on. These fuckers are
everywhere.

Eli looks curiously at Ashley. He reverts his gaze to the blue light oozing from the dark mansion's shaded windows.

INT. "MAGICK ROOM" - MANSION - NIGHT

BLUE HAZE fills the room from nine burning black candles arranged in a circle on the marble altar. Defolo lays the GOAT HORN down upon it.

SATANIC ART PAINTINGS featuring Baphomet with Children in suggestive poses hang on the walls amid the flickering shadows.

A HORNED GOAT SKULL lays on the altar near a glass bottle containing clear liquid. An eye dropper and SIX small shiny medieval PEWTER CUPS with "MAGICKAL DRINK ME POTION" etched into them. Defolo stands behind the altar:

DEFOLO
Bring to us the pure and innocent!
So we may consume their purity and
virtue! May their sacrificial
sanctity endow us with eternal life!

Dajjal guides the five summoned Children into the Magick Room and positions them around the altar: Alice, Cheshire Cat, Caterpillar, Queen of Hearts and King of Hearts.

The four Animal Men enter the room. Dajjal closes the door and stands behind Defolo. The Children's eyes widen in fear. They fidget and glance at the Animal Men. Defolo looks at the Children:

DEFOLO
Dajjal, I summoned six!

DAJJAL
Sir, it was six that I delivered.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Dajjal exits the mansion, scans the property, counts the luxury cars on the driveway: five are parked, same as before. He walks the driveway, scanning...

EXT. VAN - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli closes the rear doors. Ashley exits the front door of the rental house and joins Eli at the van. They look over at the mansion oozing blue light through its shaded windows.

Eli and Ashley's POV on Dajjal on the mansion driveway as he stares across Kalorama Circle at Rock Creek Park. Dajjal jogs across the road and enters the dark park.

ASHLEY

Woods at night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Defolo and the Animal Men exit the Magick Room, each carrying an unconscious Child in their arms. They walk toward the BLAZING FIREPLACE.

Defolo pulls down on a BLACK SATANIC CROSS attached to the mantle. The fireplace slides silently open revealing a black door with an INVERTED CROSS on it. Defolo opens the CREAKY DOOR revealing an ominous ABYSS. He flicks the light switch. BRIGHT RED LIGHT flows down the stairway. They all descend...

EXT. TRAIL - ROCK CREEK PARK - NIGHT

Dajjal's POV on SHOE PRINTS in the soft dirt. He follows the shoe prints toward a fallen tree.

FALLEN TREE

Dajjal looks down at the fallen tree.

CLOSE ON a newly filled-in hole under the tree's branch.

He scans the ground and picks up a large stick.

EXT. VAN - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley alternate their looks at the mansion and park.

ELI

Stay here.

Eli jogs down the driveway, crosses Kalorama Circle toward the park.

Ashley watches him disappear into the dark park.

EXT. FALLEN TREE - ROCK CREEK PARK - NIGHT

Dajjal breathes hard and sweats. He has a large stick in his hands. He stares coldly, down into the dug-out shallow hole.

HOLE

In the shallow grave, wrapped in a black blanket, is 6-year-old WHITE RABBIT BOY. His neck is broken.

Dajjal crouches down to him, grips him by the shoulders and starts to pull him out of the hole--

--Dajjal is violently shoved forward headfirst into the shallow grave. Hands brutally twist his head. He struggles helplessly, his neck twists, his eye-patch slides off revealing his dark empty eye socket. His neck CRACKS.

TRAIL

Eli runs silently along the trail scanning the woods for Dajjal. He stops, hides behind a tree, and stares at--

FALLEN TREE

Eli's POV on bent over Tuxedo Man who puts his hands on his knees, he shudders, and PUKES. Tuxedo Man stands trembling and sweating. He wipes his mouth. In shock, he stares down at the ground and shakes his head. He turns and jogs toward Eli behind the tree. He passes him as he heads toward the trail.

SHALLOW GRAVE

Eli hesitates then bolts to the grave. He pulls out his iPhone and quickly taps pictures of dead Dajjal with his twisted neck. And then, very sadly, of White Rabbit Boy.

EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: **MILWAUKEE -- JULY 22, 1991**

A pure white sheet covers A SMALL CURVED BODY, lying on a white stretcher. It is carried down a flight of stairs by a TWO-MAN STRETCHER TEAM wearing white biohazard suits.

They reach the pavement and roll the stretcher. Young Eli bolts to the stretcher. He reaches for the sheet. STRETCHER MAN grabs his wrist before Young Eli can grab the sheet.

STRETCHER MAN

No!

Young Eli struggles with Stretcher Man's grip on his wrist.

YOUNG ELI

I have to see Kon! Let me see him!

STRETCHER MAN

No, you can't! No!

(sadly)

Not like this. Sorry kid.

YOUNG ELI

(stops reaching; cries)

I should've done something. It was all my fault! I was, I was too scared, to go in there.

Stretcher Man rolls Konerak's corpse to the Coroner van:

STRETCHER MAN 1

Kid, you're lucky you didn't. Or I'd be rolling you out, too.

Young Eli, distraught, walks near the rolling stretcher:

YOUNG ELI

(anger)

Kon was my best friend! I knew Dahmer was a freak. And I did nothing! Nothing!

Stretcher Man loads Konerak into the van and SLAMS the rear doors closed revealing: MILWAUKEE COUNTY CORONER.

Young Eli stares in anger at the closed doors.

He watches the Coroner's Van drive away.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli cautiously exits Rock Creek park; he scans the area.

His POV on Tuxedo Man standing on the mansion driveway.

Eli darts to a hedge next to the driveway; he hides behind it.

Tuxedo Man walks quickly to his parked black Mercedes. He takes out his KEY FOB, unlocks the doors, opens the driver side door; he stops, pats his pockets and looks in anguish at the mansion front door.

INT. CONSOLE TABLE - MANSION FOYER - NIGHT

FIVE IPHONES sit side-by-side on the padded black velvet tray, same as before.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Hazy red light emanates from the basement windows. Tuxedo Man runs to the front door.

MANSION DRIVEWAY HEDGE

Eli watches Tuxedo Man, then crouches and runs to the rear of the black Mercedes.

MANSION FRONT DOOR

Tuxedo Man tries the door knob; locked. He looks around in panic, darts his finger toward the DOORBELL button but stops. He frantically searches the front door area for a spare key.

MERCEDES ON DRIVEWAY

Crouched behind the car, Eli's POV on Tuxedo Man. Eli pushes the exterior trunk-release button, quietly raises the trunk lid, slides inside, and pulls the lid closed.

Tuxedo Man shakes his fists in anger, jogs to the Mercedes, gets in the car, puts it in reverse and backs out of the driveway. He speeds away down Kalorama Circle.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley stands in the front room of the house. Her POV as she stares out the window at the Mercedes speeding away.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - NIGHT

Angry Tuxedo Man drives with tears in his eyes. He repeatedly SLAMS his fist against the steering wheel and dashboard:

TUXEDO MAN

You stupid fucking bitch! Fuck me!
Fucking, fuck! Fuck you! Fuck you!

He speeds recklessly through the Kalorama neighborhood.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES (MOVING/STOPPED) - 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

Tuxedo Man swerves into the parking lot of a 7-Eleven store, SQUEALS to an abrupt stop, turns off the car, exits and closes the door. Tuxedo Man runs from his car into the 7-Eleven.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES TRUNK - 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eli pulls the interior trunk-release handle, the lid opens. He raises the lid and slowly crawls out onto the pavement.

EXT. MERCEDES - 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eli closes the trunk lid. He pulls out his iPhone, takes a picture of the D.C. license plate that hangs askew. He looks at it closely, touches it, and pulls it off revealing MAGNETS attached to the back of the plate.

Under the detached plate is another D.C. license plate revealing: "115th CONGRESS J-07." Eli takes a photo of the congressional plate then reattaches the other plate over it.

He rushes away from the car to the side of the store.

EXT. SIDE OF THE 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

Leaning against the building, Eli's POV on his iPhone: he taps his UBER app, exits Uber, taps his phone CALL LOG: call entry for: "ASHLEY KANE--REALTOR" is listed. He taps it, and speaks:

ELI

It's Eli... Eli Daigh, the plumber!
I need you to pick me up. And if
you're in this thing Ashley, you
gotta get into it right now... ok,
good, good. I'm at the 7-Eleven at-
(looks at corner sign)
-19th and Wyoming. Hurry up.

Eli ends the call and lights a cigarette. He leans against the building and watches the store's front door.

Eli's POV on his iPhone: he taps the camera app and swipes to the PHOTOS showing dead Dajjal and White Rabbit Boy. He taps the camera app closed.

Eli's POV as he looks slyly into the store through the front window. He sees--

INT. 7-ELEVEN CHECKOUT COUNTER - NIGHT

--Fidgety and anxious Tuxedo Man next in line. Now, his turn. He points to a package on the wall behind the store CLERK. He puts a wad of money on the counter, grabs the package from the Clerk and walks quickly toward the door--

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

--Tuxedo Man shoves the door open, exits the store, rips the packaging off the PRODUCT, walks to the Mercedes and gets in.

Eli's POV from the side of the store on Tuxedo Man in the Mercedes pressing numbers into the purchased PREPAID PHONE. He speaks intensely into the phone M.O.S., then hangs up. He sits for a while breathing deeply to calm himself. He finally gathers his wits, wipes his face with a handkerchief, starts the Mercedes, checks the rearview mirror and backs out of his parking space.

Tuxedo Man drives forward toward the exit just as the white BMW with Ashley at the wheel crosses right in front of him.

Startled Tuxedo Man BRAKES HARD.

Ashley calmly passes him and parks.

Tuxedo Man glares at Ashley then proceeds to the lot's exit.

EXT. BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Eli opens the front passenger door, slides in, closes door.

INT. BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Eli looks at Ashley behind the wheel.

ELI
You're in it?

ASHLEY
I've always been in it.

ELI
Follow him, the Mercedes.

ASHLEY
Why?

ELI

Just do what I say. Do it!

ASHLEY

Don't yell at me. Tell me why.

ELI

Because he, because they-

-Eli quickly takes BANDANNA out of his jacket pocket, unfolds it revealing a child's severed FINGER. He shoves it at her.

Ashley stares at it, opens her door and pukes on the pavement.

Eli wraps the finger in the bandanna and puts in his pocket.

ELI

C'mon now. Let's get after him.

Ashley closes the door. Eli finds a tissue in the glove box and hands it to her. She wipes her mouth and stares.

ASHLEY

(dreamy)

Just like, Bohemian Grove.

EXT. MERCEDES (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Tuxedo Man waits for passing traffic to clear. It does, he drives out of the parking lot southbound on 19th Street.

INT. BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Ashley's in the driver's seat, rigid, staring.

Eli's POV on the Mercedes exiting the lot.

ELI

Ashley, let's go!
(notices her trance)
Ashley!

Ashley's stiff and staring.

EXT. REDWOOD GROVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: **SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA -- JULY 1991**

The redwood grove is semi-dark. Trees and leaves FLICKER from the radiating glow of a distant BLAZE.

YOUNG ASHLEY, 6, wears a TEDDY BEAR costume as she crouches behind a tree in the woods. Her face is lit by the glow from the fire. She is terrified and cries softly. She hugs the tree tightly.

Young Ashley's POV as she peers around and beyond the tree toward a HUGE BLAZING FIRE. An OLD MAN'S voice is heard BOOMING from loudspeakers through the woods:

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Year after year within this happy
grove / So shall we burn thee once
again / And, with the flames that
eat thine body / Which hither ye
have brought / From regions where
I reign / Ye fools and priests / I
spit upon your fire! / O Owl!
Prince of all mortal wisdom /
Owl of Bohemia, we beseech thee /
Grant us thy counsel!

RUSTLING is heard in the nearby brush. Young Ashley darts her eyes at the SOUND of--JOSHUA, 8, wearing a RABBIT costume. He scurries to her at the tree. She's relieved; he's unafraid. He puts his arm around her and comforts her:

JOSHUA

Don't worry Ashley, we'll be okay.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

The Owl is in his leafy temple /
All within the grove be reverent
before him / For behold here is
Bohemia's shrine / And holy are the
pillars of this house!

Young Ashley and Joshua huddle behind the tree--SUDDENLY--a CHUNK OF BARK EXPLODES off the tree just above Ashley's head--a GUNSHOT ECHO is heard. They flinch and duck lower.

YOUNG ASHLEY

What was that?

JOSHUA

The hunt. It's on. C'mon!
(takes her hand)
I won't let Moloch get us.

YOUNG ASHLEY
 (cries; holds still)
 I can't!

JOSHUA
 (pulls her hand)
 They know we're here. Run with me!

YOUNG ASHLEY
 Where? They're, everywhere!

Joshua, crouching low, begins to move away from the tree.

JOSHUA
 I found a hiding place. Let's go!

He pulls her with him, they run through brush.

The sound of a GUNSHOT CRACKS through trees. BLOOD SPLATTERS on Young Ashley's face. She puts her hand to her forehead.

YOUNG ASHLEY
 Joshua? Joshua?! No! Joshua.

Young Ashley pulls on his arm. It's limp. She cries.

YOUNG ASHLEY (CONT'D)
 c'mon. Let's run! C'mon! Run!

BRUSH RUSTLING is heard from fast-running BOOTS closing in on her. A BULLET RIPS a branch near her head. She flinches, looks around, gathers herself, focuses, and resolutely runs off. She disappears into the dark woods.

Arriving in a hurry, FACELESS drunken CHILD HUNTERS with rifles scan the area for Young Ashley. They run off after her.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BMW (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before; Eli's panicked; he shakes her shoulder:

ELI
 Ashley, wake up!

Ashley suddenly wakes, reverses quickly, turns and exits the lot fast with tires SQUEALING, without checking for traffic--

A TRUCK BLARES its HORN as it swerves past them inches from a crash. They head south on 19th St. Eli, stunned, his hands braced on the dashboard, looks at her.

ASHLEY
Where is he?

ELI
Up ahead!

EXT. 19TH STREET - NIGHT

A glimpse of the black Mercedes up ahead making a right-turn onto Florida Avenue.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before.

ELI
(points)
There!

Ashley FLOORS it. They approach Florida Avenue quickly, slide through the turn hard and fast with tires SQUEALING:

ELI
You drive really well!

ASHLEY
I took a class.

ELI
Making a right onto T Street.

ASHLEY
I see him.

The Mercedes turns right onto T Street and takes another right into the Washington Hilton Hotel driveway.

EXT. VALET STAND - WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

The BMW slows, turns into the Hilton's driveway, follows the Mercedes to the VALET STAND.

Tuxedo Man parks, gets out of the Mercedes and waits anxiously for the MALE VALET, 20s.

INT. BMW (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before. Ashley drives the BMW up behind the Mercedes and parks.

ASHLEY

Let's get him.

Valet walks quickly to Tuxedo Man and hands him a ticket. Tuxedo Man walks toward the entrance of the hotel.

ELI

Calmly though, okay?

ASHLEY

I'm always calm.

EXT. VALET STAND - WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

They exit the BMW. Eli walks around to Ashley.

Valet walks to Ashley and Eli and gives Ashley a ticket. Eli tips Valet:

ELI

Keep us close.

Valet nods. Ashley and Eli enter the hotel.

INT. LOBBY - WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli nonchalantly look around for Tuxedo Man.

Their POV on Tuxedo Man exiting the lobby's men's restroom wiping his hands. He enters the TDL BAR off the lobby.

Ashley and Eli follow Tuxedo Man and enter TDL Bar.

INT. TDL BAR - WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

Tuxedo Man walks to the end of the bar and sits on a stool. The BARTENDER walks over to him.

Eli and Ashley take seats at a table near Tuxedo Man.

ASHLEY

Is he connected, to the finger?

Eli glances at Tuxedo Man.

ELI

Maybe. He was in the woods.

Bartender pours scotch on the rocks and sets it in front of Tuxedo Man. He gulps it down and raises his glass for another.

ASHLEY

Doing what?

ELI

He killed a man. The driver of the SUV that brought the children to the mansion.

ASHLEY

(incredulous)

That guy?

WAITRESS, 20s, appears at their table.

WAITRESS

Hi, what'll you have?

ELI

Iced tea, please.

ASHLEY

Just water.

Waitress exits.

ELI

He might have killed a boy.

ASHLEY

In the woods?

ELI

I have pictures.

Bartender sets a fresh drink in front of Tuxedo Man as a well-groomed, stylishly dressed man, LIEBY KINDER, 40s, sits on the stool next to him and smiles. Tuxedo Man nods and guzzles his drink. Kinder takes out cash, puts it on the bar.

ELI

Next door. It was a pedo party. Do you know what that is?

ASHLEY

I do.

Waitress sets the iced tea and water down and leaves.

ELI

Do you know who lives there?

Kinder leans close to Tuxedo Man and says something to him.

ASHLEY

K-Street lobbyist, wealthy. Name
is Defolo. I've heard things.

Tuxedo Man and Kinder stand, walk to the door, and exit.

Eli rises, takes cash out of his pocket, puts it on the table.
He follows them out. Ashley rises and follows Eli.

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Eli stands outside the men's restroom. Ashley walks to him.

ELI

They're inside. Stay close.

Eli enters the restroom.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Eli takes a few steps in and stops. It's vacant except for
Kinder casually washing his hands at a sink.

Kinder looks at Eli's reflection in the mirror above his sink.

Eli glances around for Tuxedo Man, walks to a urinal and
pretends to urinate. No sign of Tuxedo Man.

Kinder dries his hands quickly and exits.

Eli rushes to the row of stalls. He opens them quickly, one-
by-one.

LAST STALL - DOOR CLOSED

Eli bends down. His POV on Tuxedo Man's expensive RED SHOES.

STALL ADJACENT TO LAST STALL

Eli enters, steps onto the toilet. His POV down on Tuxedo Man
sitting on the toilet leaning against the wall, unmoving. Eli
steps off the toilet and slides under the partition into the
last stall.

LAST STALL

Tuxedo Man's glassy eyes and mouth are open. Vomit on his jacket. He's dead. Eli spots a RED needle injection HOLE on Tuxedo Man's neck.

He rifles Tuxedo Man's pants pockets, jacket pockets and waistband, nothing. He checks Tuxedo Man's ankles and finds a small PISTOL in an ankle holster. He slides it out by its trigger guard, puts it in his jacket pocket, pulls the pants cuffs down and exits the stall.

RESTROOM

Eli walks quickly through room toward the door just as TWO burley uniformed MAINTENANCE MEN, 40s, barge in pushing a large trash barrel on wheels. They're wearing LATEX GLOVES and stop abruptly facing Eli.

MAINTENANCE MAN 1

Get out, now.

Eli nods, opens the door and steps out. As the door's closing he holds it open a crack and peers inside.

Eli's POV on Maintenance Men moving quickly to the last stall.

LAST STALL

Maintenance Men enter the last stall pulling the barrel into the doorway. A SLIDING and LOUD THUD SOUND is heard.

RESTROOM DOOR

Eli lets the door close.

INT. LOBBY - WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

He walks through lobby, casually looks around. He spots Ashley by the entrance and walks to her.

ELI

Dead.

ASHLEY

I figured. He's there.

She nods toward Kinder standing outside on the driveway talking on his phone. Ashley and Eli exit to the Valet stand.

EXT. VALET/DRIVEWAY - WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley walk to the BMW. Tuxedo Man's Mercedes is gone.

ELI
His car's gone.

Ashley glances at the vacant space where the car was parked.

ASHLEY
Pro team.

ELI
(looks at her)
Yeah.

Kinder walks the driveway sidewalk toward CONNECTICUT AVE.

ELI (CONT'D)
Get the car.

Eli walks after Kinder.

Ashley hands the ticket to FEMALE VALET, 20s. She gets in the BMW, starts it and drives toward Eli.

Kinder is at the corner of the driveway and Connecticut Ave.

Ashley drives up to Eli and stops. He gets in the car.

A black PORSCHE PANAMERA hurtles up to Kinder and STOPS HARD. The front passenger door swings open and Kinder gets in. The Panamera SQUEALS as it drives away north on Connecticut Ave.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives, Eli in front passenger seat. They exit the driveway and follow the Panamera.

ASHLEY
How was he killed?

ELI
VX or Novichok. The only nerve agents that kill that fast.

ASHLEY
How could you tell?

ELI

I.V. injection in his neck. Vomit.
Rapid onset death. Cleaners were
taking him out in a trash barrel.

The Panamera cruises Connecticut Ave north. Ashley follows.

ASHLEY

How do you know it was poison?

ELI

Stay close. In Milwaukee, I was PD.
CID unit. Saw it used a few times
on gangsters and politicians.

ASHLEY

And now you're a plumber?

ELI

It gets me into houses.

ASHLEY

Why do you need to get in?

The Panamera accelerates rapidly-

ELI

He's moving!

Ashley FLOORS it...closes to within feet of the Panamera's rear bumper...Panamera slows for a car in its lane then ACCELERATES into the oncoming lane, BURSTS FORWARD then DARTS BACK into the right lane several cars ahead of the BMW... Ashley HITS the gas, JUMPS INTO oncoming lane, DARTS BACK--CAR HORN BLARES--almost collide with an oncoming car...she JUMPS BACK OUT into the oncoming lane and FLOORS it...then swerves back into the right lane two cars behind the Panamera...

Traffic slows as they approach a RED LIGHT at CATHEDRAL AVENUE... Panamera RAPIDLY DARTS into the oncoming lane, FLOORS it, fishtails further left to avoid an oncoming car, slides across the grass PARKWAY onto the SIDEWALK--PEDESTRIANS dive out of its way--it regains control, slides right into the oncoming lane, SPEEDS through the RED LIGHT making a hard left-turn in front of ONCOMING TRAFFIC BLARING HORNS onto Cathedral...and disappears from sight...the BMW is stopped behind cars at the red light.

ASHLEY

God-fucking-dammit!

ELI

Despite the outcome here, that was some fancy-ass, balls-to-the-wall driving. Must have been a helluva class.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I guess.

ELI

Let's get back to Kalorama.

The light turns GREEN, they make a left onto Cathedral.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

The BMW drives along Kalorama Circle, approaches the rental house pulls into the driveway near Eli's van.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Ashley parks. Eli looks out the window at the dark mansion.

ELI

Party's over.

Ashley turns off the car and looks at the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The luxury cars and SUV are gone. The rear of a BLACK VAN is now parked close to the garage door. WHITE LIGHT seeps through the shade of ONE BASEMENT WINDOW.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley exit the car. They stand next to each other looking at the mansion.

ELI

When the party was going on the light from below was red.

ASHLEY

Can't see blood in red light. Let's take a look.

He looks at her curiously. They sneak over to the mansion's lit basement window.

EXT. LIT BASEMENT WINDOW - MANSION - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley peek through the gap in the shade into the basement.

EXT./INT. BASEMENT ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley's POV on a cloud of pink mist that hangs above a SMALL STAINLESS STEEL INVERTED-CROSS TABLE. The mist is created from the pressure-washer gun spraying the tiled walls of the room by a rubber-booted CLEANER in a black hooded, full-body raincoat and rubber gloves. His face is obscured by a gray visor. BLOOD SMEARS run down the tiled walls past STEEL CHAINS and SMALL MANACLES bolted into the tile and the inverted cross table.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Pink water glides down the tiled walls toward the shiny STAINLESS STEEL FLOOR that slopes toward a DRAIN in the middle of the eight-foot-by-eight-foot kill room.

EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley look at each other with revulsion.

INT. BASEMENT KILL ROOM - NIGHT

Cleaner finishes spraying the room, turns off the pressure-washer and racks the spray gun.

The bloody, ripped ALICE CHARACTER COSTUME lies on the wet floor. Cleaner picks it up, puts it into a pail and pushes the pressure-washer out of the room. The LIGHT is extinguished.

EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

Eli nods to Ashley to leave the window.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley hustle back to Eli's van on the driveway.

ELI
I'm going in.

ASHLEY
Don't want to call D.C. Police?

ELI

They'd just cover it up.

ASHLEY

Like when they charged that 11-year-old girl with filing a false police report, after she was gang-raped?

ELI

Yeah. They're bought and paid for.

ASHLEY

How will you get in?

ELI

(walks toward mansion)
Text if you see anything.

Eli stops abruptly. His POV on the mansion's GARAGE DOOR rising. He darts quickly back to Ashley behind the van.

Their POV as they watch the mansion garage.

EXT. GARAGE - MANSION - NIGHT

Cleaner, now dressed in black clothing, appears after the door rises. He opens the rear doors of the black van, walks back into the garage, grabs FIVE BLACK PLASTIC BAGS with WHITE STICKERS on them, loads them into the van, walks back into the garage, carries out a SMALL COOLER, loads it into the van and closes the doors. He presses a code sequence into the exterior garage KEYPAD and the garage closes. He looks directly at Eli's van and pauses... He gets into his van, and drives away.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley watch the black van drive away slowly.

ASHLEY

Little kids. In the bags.

ELI

Give me your keys. I'll get him.

ASHLEY

I got this. Get into the house.

Ashley jumps into the BMW, rapidly backs into the street and speeds away down Kalorama Circle.

Eli watches her go, then opens the front passenger door of his van. He opens the glovebox and takes out a flashlight and roll of gray duct tape.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives fast through Kalorama. No sign of the black van.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli scans the area in front to see if anyone is outside.

His POV on a WOMAN walking her dog along the sidewalk. He crouches behind his van and waits for the Woman to pass. After she passes, he walks quickly to the side of the rental house and peers over at the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The interior of the main floor is dark.

A light is on in an upstairs room. Security lights are on around the exterior.

Eli crouches and hurries along a dark shadowed path to the side of the mansion. He sticks close to the wall, masked in darkness under the security light. He sneaks around the back corner of the mansion and disappears.

EXT. CITY AERIAL VIEW - BLACK VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

The black van turns left from Kalorama Road onto CONNECTICUT AVENUE north. Ashley's white BMW lags several cars behind it.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives. The black van turns left several cars ahead just as the traffic light at Kalorama and Connecticut turns YELLOW. Ashley darts into the oncoming lane and FLOORS IT toward the intersection--ONCOMING CAR SWERVES to its right to avoid her--LIGHT TURNS RED...BMW turns hard left and SQUEALS through the RED LIGHT onto Connecticut Avenue...

Up ahead, the black van drives the speed limit, Ashley stealthily motors up behind it and follows.

EXT. REAR OF THE MANSION - NIGHT

Eli stands at a window, takes the duct tape out of his pocket, tears off several strips and tapes them across the window.

He jabs the window hard with his elbow and quietly CRACKS it. He pulls out glass shards and crawls through the window frame.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Eli rolls quietly headfirst through the window into the room, stands and listens--silence. He turns flashlight on and exits.

LIVING ROOM

Eli enters the dark room slowly, flashes his light around and creeps through the room.

Eli's POV on the huge metal Arch Of Hysteria monstrosity hanging in the foyer.

FOYER

Eli enters staring in angry amazement at the Arch of Hysteria. He takes a twenty-dollar bill out of his wallet and flips it contemptuously at the Arch. The bill flutters to the floor.

Eli looks away. His flashlight hits on the single iPhone on the padded black velvet tray sitting nearby on the console table. He keeps the light on it, walks to it, picks it up, looks at it and slides it into his pocket. He exits foyer into living room.

LIVING ROOM

Eli looks at the provocative paintings by Djurdjevic hanging in the dark room as he walks. He shines his light on the cold closed fireplace. He shines it all over the room, searching...

His light hits back on the fireplace, across medieval and satanic STATUES--and the BLACK SATANIC CROSS on the mantle that tilts toward him. He pushes it back, straightening it. Then pulls it forward toward him. The fireplace silently slides open revealing the black basement door. He walks to it, and opens the CREAKY door.

BASEMENT

Eli's POV down into the black hole. He steps down the stairs cautiously. A step CREAKS loudly. He freezes. Then continues.

INT./EXT. BMW (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Ashley driving. She's riveted on the black van ahead. It makes a right turn off Connecticut Avenue onto Nebraska Avenue.

The van's right-turn signal blinks on. It drives into an alley, then into a restaurant parking lot. Ashley stops, parks, exits and jogs through the alley to the parking lot.

EXT. MORNING STAR RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parked van's rear doors are very close to the rear doors of the restaurant. Cleaner is at the rear of the van. The SOUND of its DOORS OPENING is heard.

Ashley ducks behind a dumpster and watches the Cleaner...

Her POV on Cleaner as he takes out a key, unlocks and opens the restaurant's rear door.

Ashley rises and walks casually toward the restaurant. The van's headlights flash across her bare legs and skirt as she walks toward the restaurant's rear door.

CLEANER
(startled; Kosovo accent)
Cannot go this way. Go in front.

Cleaner points toward the alley exit.

ASHLEY
Oh, thank you, but that's my door.

CLEANER
(gruff)
You cannot come in.

As she passes him, Cleaner grabs her arm.

ASHLEY
(stops)
Don't hurt me. I'm a girl.

CLEANER
I said, bitch-

Ashley KNIFE HAND STRIKES him hard in the throat, instantly CRUSHING his cartilage. He chokes, drops to knees, and dies.

INSIDE BLACK VAN

Ashley looks inside the rear of the van.

Her POV on the FIVE BLACK PLASTIC BAGS with the white stickers on them and the COOLER.

Ashley opens a bag, looks in, is immediately hit with revulsion, then anger. She opens the cooler, her eyes narrow in silent rage.

Ashley closes the van's doors, grabs Cleaner, drags him behind the dumpster, walks to the rear of van--a CAR enters the alley, turns into parking lot. Its headlights almost catch her as she darts back behind the dumpster. The BLACK PANAMERA passes near her and parks. Ashley watches...

INT. HALLWAY - MANSION BASEMENT - NIGHT

Eli flashes his light as he slowly walks the long dark narrow hallway. He passes FOUR REINFORCED PADDED DOORS on his left and FOUR on his right. Each door has SATANIC SYMBOLS inscribed on the doors:

- 1 TWO FINGERS UP / TWO FINGERS DOWN
- 2 TWO SERPENTS ENTWINED AROUND A STAFF
- 3 TORCH BETWEEN GOAT HORNS
- 4 EQUAL ARMED IRON CROSS
- 5 ASTAROTH
- 6 SKULL AND BONES
- 7 SERPENT / BOA
- 8 INVERTED PENTACLE

Eli hears THUDDING FOOTSTEPS on the floor above him.

He spots a NINTH ROOM at the end of the hall. He hurries to the door. He tries the knob. It's locked. He twists the knob. It won't budge. The FOOTSTEPS above get louder. He grabs the door knob and with all his strength tries to twist it open. The lock BREAKS, the knob turns, he opens the door and ducks inside the room.

NINTH ROOM

Eli quietly shuts the door, leaving a crack open to look through. He turns around and shines his light quickly throughout the windowless room.

His POV on an HDD DVR UNIT on a shelf with EIGHT CAMERA WIRES, one from each kill room, connecting into it. TAGS on each wire indicate the ROOM NUMBERS 1-8.

Eli takes a 5TB THUMB DRIVE from his pocket and inserts it into the USB PORT on the front of the DVR UNIT. He presses the HOME BUTTON on the unit, scrolls to the BACKUP OPTION, presses the BACKUP BUTTON. The USB THUMB DRIVE BLINKS GREEN.

The DVR Unit HUMS as it exports the recorded video data.

The HEAVY FOOTSTEPS above him FADE as they move away from overhead toward the top of the basement stairway.

STAIRWAY

The STAIRWAY DOOR CREAKS open. A LIGHT BEAMS down the stairs then descends as it flashes side-to-side across the steps.

NINTH ROOM

Eli's POV through the crack between the door and the frame on the light beam flashing down the stairs. Descending FOOTSTEPS are heard following the light down the stairs to the hallway.

EXT. PANAMERA - MORNING STAR RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two men exit the car. Lieby Kinder from the front passenger side and TONY, 30s, the tall brawny driver.

Tony opens the rear driver side door and grabs a young girl's wrist.

He pulls miserable 6-year-old Hispanic girl, CARISA out of the car. (This is Alice's friend, the same Carisa from the earthquake scene).

Carisa wears a white t-shirt with an image of a SLICE OF PIZZA on it. Tony holds her tightly by the wrist.

Kinder and Tony close the car doors. And look curiously at the black van. They all walk to the rear of the black van.

REAR OF BLACK VAN

Kinder opens its rear doors:

KINDER

Where's the fucking K-L-A butcher?
Take the trash down. Flush the
organs with the perfusion solution.
The "buy" is tomorrow at six A.M.

Tony releases Carisa's wrist. He pulls out the five black plastic bags with the white stickers on them in one hand and the cooler in the other. He slings the cooler's strap over his shoulder. Kinder closes the van doors. Tony has a pistol tucked in his waistband. He hands one black bag with a white sticker on it to Carisa.

She takes the bag, and looks intently at the black printing on the white sticker:

We see the name: "Alice."

Carisa stares at it. She opens the bag...horrified, she screams and drops the bag. Tony slaps her hard across the face, she falls. Tony picks up the bag, grabs Carisa's wrist and drags her, terrified and sobbing, into the restaurant.

Ashley creeps away from the dumpster. She follows Kinder, Tony and Carisa into the restaurant.

INT. MORNING STAR RESTAURANT DOORWAY - NIGHT

Ashley enters. Stairs lead down into the basement. It glows reddish-orange. She takes a cautious quiet step down the stairs. The reddish-orange glow lights her face.

INT. HALLWAY - MANSION BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dark HULKING MAN SLIDES HIS FEET as he walks down the hallway with his light beam shining in front of him. Hulking Man stops at the first door on his right: 1-TWO FINGERS UP / TWO FINGERS DOWN. He opens it, flashes the light inside, closes it. He opens the first door on his left: 2-TWO SERPENTS ENTWINED AROUND A STAFF, shines the light inside...

INT. STAIRWAY - RESTAURANT BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ashley creeps slowly down the stairs. She steps onto the bottom step, it CREAKS loudly. She flinches at the sound, her face aglow in the flickering reddish-orange light.

RESTAURANT BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ashley's POV as she peers into the sprawling room.

Her POV on refrigerators, freezers, shelves of large cans and jars of non-perishable food items, uniform racks, etc. that line the walls.

At far end of the room we see the COOLER from the van sitting on a stainless steel table next to Tony.

He takes the children's organs from the cooler, flushes them with the perfusion solution then bags them.

Just beyond Tony is the source of the reddish-orange glow--the CREMATION FURNACE.

Ashley creeps along the wall toward Tony as he works.

Tony finishes and places the iced organ bags into a SMALL MEDICAL REFRIGERATOR sitting at the end of the table. Using a plastic bottle, he sprays the cooler and the table. He takes a coiled water hose attached to the table, sprays and rinses the liquid from the cooler and the table into the table's central drain.

Ashley's POV on Tony as he turns off the hose, takes off his latex gloves and tosses them into the pail beneath the table.

He picks up the five black plastic bags and walks to the BLAZING CREMATION FURNACE.

Tony's face glows in the reddish-orange light. He smiles, evil incarnate.

TONY

Children, our time has come. Rest
in pieces.

(tosses bag in)

Good-bye, Queen of Hearts.

(tosses bag in)

Adios, Caterpillar.

(tosses bag in)

Arrivederci, King of Hearts.

(tosses bag in)

Auf Wiedersehen, Cheshire Kitty.

And last but not least...

(tosses bag in)

Au Revoir, Alice, my sweet little
princess.

Tony smiles as the bags and contents incinerate.

TONY

J'aime les enfants!

Tony turns around.

Surprise flashes on his face, then a smile.

Ashley, cold and expressionless, stares back at him.

INT. HALLWAY - MANSION BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hulking Man closes DOOR 8 with the INVERTED PENTACLE.

NINTH ROOM

Eli gently closes the door. He looks at the DVR UNIT.

Thumb drive, still exporting, blinks green.

The knob turns slowly. The door opens slowly. The flashlight BEAM lasers into the room and flashes around just missing Eli behind the door.

The light beam flashes on the DVR UNIT, flashes away, then immediately flashes back on it--DIRECTLY on the blinking green flash drive.

Eli stares at the light beam on the flash drive. The door opens wider, Hulking Man enters. He looks closely at the DVR Unit. The flash drive blinks green.

Eli BURSTS from behind the door and SLAMS Hulking Man's head into the wall. He stumbles, drops the flashlight, regains his footing and turns to Eli:

HULKING MAN

(raspy)

Upstairs. You dropped your twenny.

Hulking Man flips the twenty-dollar bill at Eli. It flutters to the floor.

ELI

That was my friend's. He never got to spend it.

Eli PUNCHES him HARD, TWICE in the face...Hulking Man HITS the wall...Eli roundhouse KICKS him in the head, he SMASHES into the wall, he BOUNCES off the wall and FOREARMS Eli across his jaw...he PUNCHES Eli in the gut, knocks his wind out...he TWICE UPPERCUTS Eli in the jaw...Eli drops to his knees gasping...he PUNCHES down HARD on Eli's head knocking him down flat on his back...Hulking Man drops onto Eli's stomach, draws his fist back to punch...Eli shoots his right arm up over Hulking Man's left shoulder, yanks down hard on his head, wraps it tight into his upper chest...Eli raises his knees, pushes his feet down into the floor lifting and twisting Hulking Man to his side...

Eli rolls over, now on top of Hulking Man, he PUMMELS his head with his fists one after the other...Hulking Man's nose CRACKS flat in a splatter of blood...Eli PUNCHES, leans over, spots THUMB DRIVE locked into SOLID GREEN.

Eli extracts the flash drive from the DVR UNIT and slams it down into Hulking Man's eyes over and over...bloody jelly-like goop smears across Hulking Man's face...Eli, huffing and puffing, gets to his feet, hands on his knees, breathing hard for several moments...

He SLAMS his boot down into Hulking Man's throat, CRACKING his neck.

Hulking Man goes limp. Dead. Eli, breathing hard, cut and bleeding above his right eye, leans back against the wall

He wipes the flash drive on his jeans and puts it into his pocket.

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ashley stares expressionless at Tony. He smiles at her.

TONY

What're you going to do, Hotard?

ASHLEY

Put you out of your misery.

TONY

Misery? No. I love life, especially little girls.

ASHLEY

I was a little girl once. Imagine me in pigtails, barefoot, and in a short dress? Got the image? Now, I'm licking my lips for you.

TONY

That's so weird, it turns me on.

ASHLEY

You are one fucked up chomo. Bitch, I am turning you off.

TONY

Bitch? I got the dick, and the gun.

He points to his pistol in his waistband, grabs his crotch.

ASHLEY

You know the twenty-one foot rule?

TONY
 (chuckles)
 No. I have a gun. What do you
 have, you ancient Ho?

Ashley slides her skirt up her thigh revealing a shiny
 KARAMBIT KNIFE inside its GARTER HOLSTER.

She slides it out, smooths her skirt and smiles. She flashes
 the knife:

ASHLEY
 This. And I'm way closer than
 twenty-one feet.

TONY
 I still have the gun! You stupid
 fucking crazy-

ASHLEY
 Go!

Ashley lunges lightning-fast at Tony, spins with her knife
 hand extended...

She pirouettes back into her starting place, looks at the
 clean shiny blade of the knife, then at Tony.

His eyes are wide. A perfect thin red bloodline appears across
 his throat. His hands go to his throat. Blood instantaneously
 pours rapidly from his neck through his fingers. He chokes.
 Drops to his knees. His eyes bug out in fear.

ASHLEY
 To hell with you.

Tony falls forward, choking, dying.

Ashley pulls her skirt up her thigh, holsters the knife and
 smooths her skirt.

She grabs Tony's feet and drags him to the blazing cremation
 furnace. She pushes a BUTTON on the furnace. The motorized
 interior steel rack HUMS and extends outward, folds downward
 and stops. Ashley pulls Tony onto the steel rack with his feet
 up near the mouth of the furnace and his head near the floor.
 His clothes sear and smoke on the hot steel rack. Ashley
 presses the furnace button, the rack HUMS, rises and adjusts
 parallel to the floor and retracts with Tony's body on it into
 the flaming furnace. Tony's eyes bulge, he tries to scream but
 there's too much blood in his throat.

His feet and legs enter the furnace and FLASH into flames. His torso BURSTS into flames. Ashley presses the furnace button. The rack stops with Tony's head just outside the furnace. His close proximity to the blaze melts the skin and eyes from his skull--his face liquefies and streams onto the floor. Ashley steps away from the wet mess.

She stares into the furnace, the reddish-orange flames dance in her eyes. She drifts into a trance.

EXT. REDWOOD GROVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

BLACK security HELICOPTERS circle over redwood trees near a forty-foot STONE OWL. NINE BOHEMIAN MEN clad in Druidic HOODED RED, BLACK AND GREEN ROBES hold FLAMING TORCHES in one hand and MACHETES in the other. They are gathered around an ALTAR lit with NINE FLAMING PILLAR CANDLES arranged in a CIRCLE.

A naked CRYING BABY lies in the center of the flaming candle circle on the altar. In the b.g., drunk BOHEMIANS, some NAKED, dance in a circle.

The hooded robed Bohemians raise their machetes in unison.

The baby SCREAMS!

The machetes SLAM down. Silence.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT FURNACE - NIGHT

Ashley blinks. She awakens from her trance. She turns from the flames and presses the OFF BUTTON. The furnace shuts down.

Tony's blackened BURNT SKULL sits on the ashy steel rack.

INT. STAIRWAY - MANSION BASEMENT - NIGHT

Eli struggles up the stairs with Hulking Man across his back. He trudges through the doorway and enters the living room.

EXT. MORNING STAR RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ashley exits the restaurant into the lot. She walks toward the alley.

Kinder appears at restaurant rear door. He runs toward her.

KINDER
Hey, Miss?! Where're you going?!

ASHLEY
(stops; turns)
Away.

She continues walking away.

Kinder jogs to her.

KINDER
Were you just downstairs? Without
anyone's authority?

ASHLEY
(stops)
Fuck yourself. I'm the authority.

KINDER
That's trespassing, and burglary.
Where did you come from?

ASHLEY
(walks)
California.

KINDER
Wait!

He reaches for her arm. She pulls it away.

ASHLEY
Don't touch me.

KINDER
I'm calling DC Police.

ASHLEY
That's a really stupid move.

Kinder takes out his iPhone, Ashley hand-chops it down to the pavement. It SHATTERS. Ashley smirks at him.

KINDER
What the fuck?!

Kinder reaches for her. She makes a quick jiu-jitsu armbar move on him and CRACKS his forearm in half. He screams!

KINDER
 Fuck! You fucking cunt!

Ashley releases his arm.

His BLOODY RADIUS BONE PROTRUDES from the skin. Kinder grabs his dangling forearm with the other hand, crying.

He runs into the restaurant.

Ashley quickly exits the lot.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The house is dark. Eli's van is parked in the same spot on the driveway.

Ashley drives the BMW up the driveway and parks next to Eli's van. She turns the car off, exits and enters the house.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley enters the dark house. Light glows from rear of house.

ASHLEY
 Eli? Eli? Are you here?
 (beat)
 Eli?

ELI (O.S.)
 Kitchen!

Ashley walks through the house to the kitchen in the rear.

KITCHEN

Ashley enters. Eli sits on the floor, BANDAGE above his RIGHT EYE, a bottle of JAMESON IRISH WHISKEY in his hand.

ASHLEY
 Hi. Oh no, what happened?

ELI
 Hi. Little tussle next door.

He offers her the bottle.

ASHLEY
 No thanks, I don't. You're okay?

ELI

I do.

(takes swig)

A plumber's life, is la vida loca.

ASHLEY

Let's get out of here. Follow me
in your van. Can you drive?

She goes to him, helps him to his feet.

ELI

Yeah. But not as good as you.

Ashley looks at him, and smiles. Weary, he smiles at her.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley stand by their vehicles.

ELI

Follow me.

ASHLEY

Where?

ELI

The woods. C'mon.

ASHLEY

Not in these shoes.

Eli's POV on her heels. He smiles, hands her the bottle of Jameson and jogs across the street into Rock Creek Park.

EXT. FALLEN TREE - ROCK CREEK PARK - NIGHT

Eli flashes his LIGHT on the ground area around the fallen tree. His light beams down on the SHALLOW GRAVE--revealing the grave is EMPTY. He looks around and runs back down the trail.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli exits the park, runs across Kalorama Circle to Ashley in the BMW's driver's seat. Out of breath:

ELI

They're gone.

ASHLEY

Who?

ELI

The dead boy and SUV driver.
Follow me.

ASHLEY

Starting to smell like government.

Eli gets in the van, starts it.

They both drive away down Kalorama Circle.

A SILVER RANGE ROVER and a DC METRO POLICE CAR speed past them
in the opposite direction.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Eli looks up into his rearview mirror.

INSERT -- THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR -- ELI'S POV

The Range Rover and police car pull into the mansion driveway.

EXT. OAK HILL CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eli drives the van to the entrance, Ashley follows in the BMW.
He enters and cruises along the cemetery road.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Eli looks out the van's windows... he spots something, pulls
over, stops, turns off the headlights and exits.

EXT. VAN - CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eli hand signs to Ashley to kill her lights, she does.

VAN

Eli walks to rear of the van, opens doors and pulls Hulking
Man's body onto the street. He drags him by the ankles to--

GRAVE

--a freshly dug GRAVE with a MOUND of DIRT and SHOVEL. Eli
pulls Hulking Man beside the hole and rolls him in. He shovels
from the mound a flat layer of dirt over Hulking Man's body.
He smooths the dirt mound and walks to the BMW.

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

Eli walks up. Ashley sits behind the wheel of the BMW.

ELI
That usually works. Let's go.

ASHLEY
You've done this before.

Eli doesn't answer.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I should've brought mine.

Eli stares at her.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
At the Morning Star Restaurant. Two
actually. Easy marks. Plus an arm.

ELI
I thought you were a realtor.

ASHLEY
I am. Most of the time.

Eli looks at her curiously then walks to the van.

He gets in and starts it. Ashley makes a U-turn, Eli does too.

They exit the cemetery.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Boney, weasel-faced attorney, JP DEFOLO, 50s (Peter Defolo's younger brother) sits at his desk talking on the phone:

JP DEFOLO
Yeah. Rape, control, kill. You know,
those MS-13 animals... Chantilly...
twelve boys, fifteen girls... New
Life Children's Refuge... Yes. Fos.
I will tell him!

He ends call.

A painting hangs on the wall behind JP that shows two men hunched over a dining table bearing knives and forks. On the table lies a man in a suit, who looks vaguely like JP.

EPSTEIN (O.C.)
Love the new painting.

JP DEFOLO
Be the guy with the knife and fork.

CIA Officer, MARK EPSTEIN, 50s, stands near the door.

EPSTEIN
Heading to Langley, want a lift?

JP DEFOLO
I gotta go see my brother, Peter.
Fos wants him to dial back on the
parties, especially after the
Congressman's issue, with the boy.

EPSTEIN
Heard he's at a picnic, in the park.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley drives the BMW up the driveway, parks, exits. Eli drives up in the van, parks next to her and exits. She walks to the side door, opens it and enters; Eli follows her in.

INT. KITCHEN - ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Eli, washed clean with a bandage above his right eye, sits at the table eating a sandwich with a glass of water. On the table is Tuxedo Man's iPhone and GUN. Ashley stands near him.

ELI
I heard a rumor, back in Milwaukee,
about a ruthless vigilante killer,
and a trail of dead men. Thirty
or more. Judges, politicians and
businessmen from California to the
East Coast that, coincidentally
enough, upon deeper investigation
of their deviant proclivities, all
turned out to be pedophiles. This
killer was prolific, yet never left
a clue. Not one fucking clue.
Nothing. They're all unsolved cold
cases that go back over ten years.
Guess that's why it's just a rumor.
No single killer can be that clean.
(puts down sandwich)
Except maybe you.

Simultaneously--Ashley pulls a PISTOL from behind her back as Eli takes the PISTOL off the table--they aim at each other--

ASHLEY

So what if it's me? What're you going to do? You're not a cop anymore, right?

ELI

(beat)

How did you know I would come?

ASHLEY

What do you mean?

With his free hand, Eli slowly takes the folded dog-eared POSTCARD of the U.S. CAPITAL (from the earlier scene), out of his pocket. He opens it and slides it toward Ashley.

CLOSE ON: He flips it over. Hand-written on it are the words: "I'M HERE."

ELI

This jog your memory?

ASHLEY

I said to you when we first met at the rental house, that I came here because I was looking for someone. I thought I could use some help, from another pro, for this special job. I read about the arrests you were making. And what they did to you, and your son. And your wife. That she committed suicide. I know all the heavy hitters are here in D.C., and that you should be here too, to help me find and kill the child rapist I'm looking for.

ELI

(pause)

And who would that be?

ASHLEY

The head of the Mandalay Camp, inside, Bohemian Grove.

Ashley's eyes instantly glaze over, she's in the trance, she drops her gun to the floor.

Eli picks it up and watches her face as it silently contorts in agony and pain...

INT. REDWOOD CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The walls are papered in festive bubbles and little baby elephants wearing party hats. Lighting the room are NINE CANDLES that form a circle around a HUMAN SKULL that sits on the bedside table. A small framed sign on the wall indicates: "MANDALAY CAMP." A rhythmically SQUEAKING bed is heard.

Dressed in a suit and tie, CIA Officer, Mark Epstein, 30s, (younger same Epstein from previous scene) stands near the unseen bed.

GEORGE FOS (O.C.), 50s, grunts on the SQUEAKING bed.

FOS (O.C.)

Goddamn your MK-Ultra mind control
shit! What's the fucking breaker?!

EPSTEIN

You don't like her compliant?

FOS (O.C.)

I'm not a necro! What's the word?!

EPSTEIN

Purity.

FOS (O.C.)

Pretty!

EPSTEIN

No. Pur-i-ty.

FOS (O.C.)

Purity!

YOUNG ASHLEY, 8, (O.C.) immediately CRIES and SCREAMS:

YOUNG ASHLEY (O.C.)

Stop! Please stop! You're hurting
me bad! Stop now! I'm bleeding!

A PHOTO on a table behind Epstein shows wealthy financier, GEORGE FOS shaking hands with a man who looks suspiciously like former CIA Director, George HW Bush.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. KITCHEN - ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli sits at the table staring with concern at tranced Ashley. Both pistols lay flat on the table near his hands.

Ashley snaps out of her trance as if nothing happened. She glances briefly at her empty right hand, then spots the pistols on the table.

ASHLEY

The Mandalay Camp is where the most powerful man, the head of the club, resides during the grove's rituals. I think he might be here, in the District.

ELI

Okay, let's hold on that for a minute. Ashley, can I ask you something?

ASHLEY

Sure.

ELI

Are you aware, that you were just in a trance?

ASHLEY

What do you mean? When? I'm talking to you. But somehow you got my gun.
(confused)

I assume we resolved any doubts we might've had about one another?

ELI

I never had any. You were telling me about the Mandalay Camp inside some grove when your eyes glazed. You were frozen in time, seemed like you were caught in a horrific nightmare.

She walks to the dishwasher and starts unloading it:

ASHLEY

Oh. Fuck. I guess that shit's come back. I have PTSD and dissociative identity disorder.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Multiple personalities. I was de-programmed, years ago, but I guess I probably need an update.

ELI

Deprogrammed?

ASHLEY

When I was a kid, I was kidnapped by Child Protective Services, who actually get paid commissions for stealing kids, and then sold to people in Monte Rio.

ELI

CPS steals children?

ASHLEY

They faked neglect charges against my mom. CPS forced her to court to legally relinquish her parental rights. She had no money to defend herself, and the judge, who was in on it, ruled against her. And so they basically stole me from her... I loved her, but she was helpless.

Ashley closes the empty dishwasher. She walks to Eli.

ASHLEY

My gun?

ELI

(hands it to her)

Where is she now, your Mom?

ASHLEY

Killed herself. Like your wife.

ELI

I'm sorry. And, the other stuff?

Ashley sits down at the table across from Eli.

ASHLEY

Every July from the time I was four the people in Monte Rio, who bought me, rented me out to the club...

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

...at, the grove. We were used in their satanic rituals, and, hunting parties. They made us wear animal costumes and turned us loose in the woods. If they didn't kill us, we were raped.

ELI

How did you survive?

Ashley rises and walks to kitchen window. She looks outside. Her face reflects off the window:

ASHLEY

I was raped for years by rich and powerful men, like Mandalay Man. Later I was taken by government agents and tortured so severely that my personality fractured into multiples, six girls and a boy I was told. It's done deliberately, so when we're questioned under oath or questioned under lie detector, unless the operator knows how to question a multiple-personality disorder, they end up without any usable evidence, and the cases get tossed. We were used to sexually entrap and compromise political and business leaders, or anyone else they wanted to blackmail or control.

Ashley turns from the window to face Eli.

ELI

I read confidential grand jury testimony about Little St. James Island being used for those purposes.

ASHLEY

CIA and Mossad own those pervs, very powerful world leaders. They force them to do what they want.

ELI

Was that torture part of the CIA's MK-Ultra and Monarch programs?

She walks to refrigerator, opens it, takes out an orange, digs her thumb into it, and starts peeling it in a perfect spiral:

ASHLEY

Yeah. They owned me for years.

ELI

How did you get out?

ASHLEY

I was rescued and deprogrammed by an ex-CIA officer, Phillip Marks. He taught me and trained me, very rigorously, in the arts of self-defense.

(eats orange)

And how to kill without leaving a trace. I owe him my life.

Eli takes his empty plate to the sink, washes it, dries it and sets it in the dish rack on the counter:

ELI

When I was fourteen, my best friend was slaughtered, by Jeffrey Dahmer.

ASHLEY

Shit.

Facing the sink, Eli takes the MESSY FLASH DRIVE from his pocket, wets a paper towel and cleans it off thoroughly:

ELI

And you know about my wife and son. The man I killed tonight was security for the guy, Defolo, who you said owns the mansion. He's gotta be near the top of this satanic pedo, organ harvesting ring, operating in D.C.

Eli comes back to the table with the clean flash drive.

ELI (CONT'D)

This is loaded with all the camera video from the kill rooms in the basement of the mansion. I'll bet many powerful people are involved.

Eli hands it to her.

ELI (CONT'D)

Can you make a copy for me?

ASHLEY

Yes. Eli, this is gold.

ELI

Yeah... I'm sorry, but I gotta sleep now. Thanks for the sandwich.

He walks to the kitchen door, opens it.

ASHLEY

Where are you going?

ELI

I live in the van.

ASHLEY

No. I have a bedroom, for you here.

ELI

I don't want to impose. I can sleep in the van. I'm used to it. My wife's ashes are in there and-

ASHLEY

-No. Sleep in here. I'll show you.

ELI

Okay. I'm too tired to argue.

ASHLEY

You'll sleep well. I need you fresh.

Weary Eli closes the kitchen door, locks it. Ashley puts her hand gently on his back and guides him out of the kitchen.

ELI

My son. I had a son. Conor. He was taken by a trafficking ring when he was six. Because I wouldn't back down. It's my fault my son and wife are dead... I killed them.

LIVING ROOM

Eli and Ashley enter and walk toward the main floor bedrooms.

ELI

When I find them, I will kill them.

ASHLEY

(guides him toward
bedroom)

That one. We have to be up and out
of here by five A.M. tomorrow.

ELI

I don't mind the hour, but why?

ASHLEY

There's going to be a transaction
at the Morning Star Restaurant at
six. Buyers for the kids' organs.

ELI

Okay. We'll be ready. Good night,
Ashley.

ASHLEY

Sleep well, Eli.

They lock eyes. And bond for a few precious lovely moments...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedside table light is on. The clock next to it indicates:
5:00 A.M.

Eli, fully washed, dressed with hair brushed sits calmly on
the edge of the perfectly made bed. Ready. KNOCK on the door.

ELI

It's open.

Eli rises. Ashley, wearing sleek yoga pants, sports bra and
running shoes opens the door. He smooths the bed comforter.
She enters with a CUP of COFFEE and hands it to him:

ASHLEY

(smiles)
Hi. Did you sleep?

ELI

(smiles)
Thank you. Yeah, enough.

ASHLEY

Here.

She hands him TWO THUMB DRIVES.

ELI

Keep one and secure it.

She nods. Eli takes one, goes to the dresser, takes Tuxedo Man's GUN and iPhone and stuffs them into his jacket pockets.

They exit.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives, Eli's in the front passenger seat tuning the radio to a local news station:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...high of sixty-six today, low tonight of fifty. We have an update now on the breaking story about the body found by a jogger in Fort Marcy Park. U.S. Park Police say they have identified the victim as Illinois Congressman, Ronald Cramer. His car, a black Mercedes-Benz with Congressional license plates, was found in the Fort Marcy parking lot near the location of his suicide. Park Police indicate that Cramer, whose body was found on a slope beside the Civil War cannon, shot himself, in the neck.

Eli turns off the radio.

ELI

Fucking clowns. They're following the Vince Foster playbook.

ASHLEY

Another black budget stunt.

ELI

Yep. Follow the breadcrumbs.

Ashley approaches the rear parking lot of the Morning Star Restaurant. The Panamera is the only car parked there.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ashley stops the BMW, reverses into a secluded spot near the restaurant with a view of its parking lot. She puts it in park and turns off the engine.

INT. BMW - MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAWN

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before. They look out the windshield toward the restaurant.

ELI

You were here last night?

ASHLEY

Yeah. The guy I dragged behind the dumpster is gone. Probably brought him down to the furnace.

ELI

Furnace?

ASHLEY

There's a cremation furnace in the basement. This place doubles as a disposal facility. The children's organs are downstairs in a refrigerator.

ELI

(checks watch)

We have some time.

Eli takes his iPhone out of his pocket, taps camera app revealing PHOTO of dead Dajjal and White Rabbit Boy in the shallow grave.

He shows the phone screen to Ashley.

ELI

The SUV driver and little boy that Congressman Cramer killed last night.

Ashley's POV as she looks at the photo of WHITE RABBIT BOY. She freezes, staring at the photo.

Eli looks at her.

EXT. REDWOOD GROVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Joshua wears his RABBIT COSTUME. His dead eyes and mouth are open. He lies on his back on the dirt amidst the forest brush. The costume's rabbit ears flop down from his head near the blood encrusted bullet hole in his forehead.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BMW - DAWN

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before. Eli touches Ashley's shoulder and gently shakes her.

ELI

Ashley. Ashley?

Ashley blinks and becomes alert.

ASHLEY

Shit. I felt that. I was actually conscious while it was happening. A vision of my friend, in the grove. Joshua. His name was Joshua. He was eight-years-old then. He tried to protect me. He was dead. Shot. In his rabbit costume. That poor kid. He never got out of the woods.

ELI

Sorry, Ash. That must have been-

ASHLEY

-I'm okay. I'll be alright.

ELI

You're sure? We could wait-

ASHLEY

I'm fine, Eli. Just leave it the fuck alone! Fucking dead kids. They're everywhere. Goddammit! Nobody gives a fuck about all the dead kids!

(beat)

Nobody. Fucking nobody.

ELI

We do, Ash. You and me.

They look each other in the eyes, and nod... Eli puts his phone in his jacket and takes Tuxedo Man's iPhone out of the glovebox.

His POV as he taps Tuxedo Man's PHOTO GALLERY and scrolls through PHOTOS of grim-faced YOUNG BOYS in COSTUMES, SWIM SUITS, UNDERWEAR. He stops scrolling on a PHOTO of a BOY about 12-years-old. Eli stares at it. Ashley watches him:

ASHLEY

What is it?

ELI

This looks like my Conor. This is my son, on this guy's phone!

He shows her the screen.

ASHLEY

Oh my god. He looks just like you.

ELI

He might be alive.

Ashley puts her hand on his hand. They look at each other, then awkwardly separate their hands.

ELI

So, do you have a plan?

ASHLEY

Yeah. I plan on killing every fucker that isn't you.

ELI

Yeah, that's not really a plan. If you kill everyone, how will you find your Mandalay Camp guy?

ASHLEY

I know, it's more of a desired outcome... How many have you killed?

Eli looks out the window, his face reflects off the glass.

ELI

Better get into position.

ASHLEY

Wait.

Ashley reaches back behind her, between the front seats.

She grasps a metal LATCH in the middle of the rear seats near the floor and lifts the custom-modified hydraulic rear seats upward. They hold open in place.

She leans back and pulls out from the hidden compartment beneath the rear seats TWO GLOCK semiautomatic pistols with SILENCERS attached to their muzzles. She leans back into her front seat and hands a pistol to Eli.

ASHLEY

Don't want to wake the neighbors.

ELI

You have an arsenal in there?

ASHLEY

Everything I need.

ELI

(thinks)

How about, a flash grenade?

Ashley leans back into the rear seat compartment, reaches into the box and pulls out an olive green FLASH GRENADE.

ASHLEY

(hands it to him)

Here you go. Brand new M84.

He looks at her in amazement.

She winks at him.

Eli smiles, opens his door, exits, runs toward the restaurant rear door.

EXT. REAR OF THE MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Eli positions himself behind the dumpster near the door.

He looks at his WATCH: 5:57 A.M.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley's POV of Eli behind the dumpster. She releases the magazine from the Glock, reloads it, racks the slide chambering a round. She stares out the windshield, ready.

EXT. REAR OF THE MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Eli's POV behind the dumpster on a silver RANGE ROVER with black tinted windows that enters the lot and parks near the Panamera near the restaurant's rear door.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley's POV as Range Rover's rear passenger doors open. Kinder, with a CAST on his right arm, and Defolo exit. They walk past the black Panamera to the restaurant's rear door.

EXT. REAR OF THE MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

DEFOLO
(ref. to Panamera)
Tony's here?

KINDER
JP took the van. The K-L-A butcher disappeared.

Eli's POV on Kinder unlocking the door. He and Defolo enter.

Black DENALI with tinted windows enters the parking lot. It parks to the left of the Range Rover leaving a parking space between them.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley's POV on the Range Rover as large muscular RR DRIVER, 30s, exits and stands between the Denali and the Range Rover.

EXT. REAR OF THE MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

The Denali's rear passenger doors open. ALBANIAN, 30s, exits holding an ATTACHÉ CASE. SERBIAN, 30s, exits holding a COOLER by its shoulder strap. They walk to RR Driver, set the cooler and attaché case down. RR Driver opens the cooler, it's empty.

RR DRIVER
Open it.

Albanian opens the attaché case.

It's filled with stacked and banded one-hundred-dollar bills. RR Driver fans quickly through a few stacks of banded cash.

RR DRIVER
Three-hundred?

Albanian nods, closes the attaché and raises his hands.

ALBANIAN

What's for breakfast? I buy.

RR Driver frisks Albanian:

RR DRIVER

Liver, hearts, kidney pie. All fresh. Orphanage to table.

They all chuckle. RR Driver completes the frisk. Albanian lowers his hands and picks up the attaché case.

ALBANIAN

Yummy.

Serbian raises hands.

SERBIAN

Is gluten free?

RR Driver frisks Serbian.

RR DRIVER

Eat bacon. Everybody loves bacon.

RR Driver completes frisk, Serbian lowers hands, picks up the cooler. Albanian and Serbian walk to the restaurant door with RR Driver who opens door, they enter. RR Driver stands guard.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

Ashley, wearing sleek tight yoga pants, sports bra and running shoes exits and walks casually but quickly toward the Denali.

She holds the Glock pistol behind her right leg as she quickly approaches the Denali's driver side.

EXT. REAR DOOR - MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

RR Driver's POV as he watches the lot and the Denali. The Denali driver's side is not visible from his vantage point.

DUMPSTER

Eli's POV on the lot and the Denali. The Denali driver's side is not visible.

DENALI

Ashley's POV on the face of the swarthy DENALI DRIVER, 40s, reflected in the driver's sideview mirror.

She walks quickly to the Denali Driver's window, holds the pistol with attached silencer under the window aiming up. She taps the window with her other hand. The window lowers.

Denali Driver, surprised, ogles Ashley and smiles. He leans his head out the window toward her.

DENALI DRIVER

Ju doni të dështoj?

(subtitle: You wanna fuck?)

Denali PASSENGER, 40s, in front passenger seat laughs.

Ashley smiles, shakes her head "no" and FIRES a silent bullet up through Denali Driver's chin into his skull. He slumps out the window, dead.

She aims and FIRES two shots into front Passenger's startled face, blood splatters the window. He slumps forward, dead.

Ashley quickly walks around the rear of Denali, pistol behind her leg, toward RR Driver at the restaurant door.

DUMPSTER

Eli's POV on Ashley walking from the rear of Denali toward RR Driver at the restaurant door. Eli creeps out from behind the dumpster.

RESTAURANT DOOR

RR Driver's POV on blood splattered Denali passenger window-- and then on hot-looking Ashley strutting quickly toward him.

RR Driver is confused as Ashley raises her pistol from behind her thigh and FIRES a silenced bullet into his forehead. She keeps walking to the door as he falls against it and slides to the ground.

Eli runs to RR Driver, pulls him behind the dumpster, runs to Ashley at the door and pulls his pistol from his waistband.

ASHLEY

Ready?

ELI

Yes ma'am. Let me know if you need any help.

Ashley smiles. Eli takes the M84 flash grenade from his jacket pocket. Ashley opens the restaurant door, they enter and stop.

INT. RESTAURANT STAIRWAY - DAY

Eli and Ashley look down the stairway and listen-- MUFFLED MEN'S VOICES are heard from the basement below.

ELI

Time to wake these fuckers up.

ASHLEY

Right. Grip it and rip it like a Scherzer four-seamer.

Eli looks at Ashley, then at the M84 flash grenade. Using his teeth he pulls the triangle pin from the grenade.

ELI

Close your eyes.

Eli hurls the grenade like a sidearm fastball down the stairway into the basement. Eli and Ashley lean away and turn for cover. The METALLIC SOUND of the grenade BOUNCING along the cement floor is heard with MEN's panicky VOICES:

MEN'S VOICES (O.S.)

- Cfare eshte ajo? Mut!
- Trcati!
- Fucking bomb!

The flash grenade EXPLODES-- BLINDING WHITE LIGHT and DEAFENING 180-DECIBEL BOOM! floods up the stairway.

Eli and Ashley hold-- then launch themselves down the stairs into the smoky basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ashley and Eli stop at the bottom of the stairs.

The silent room is filled with smoke. The only SOUND heard is SOFT CRYING. Through the smoke, barely visible, vague DARK SHAPES stumble around.

One DARK MASS lays in a heap on the floor.

Pistols drawn, Ashley and Eli dart through the smoky haze toward the Dark Shapes ahead of them...they get to Albanian, wobbling on his feet, stunned in shock with his hands over his ears. Ashley shoots him through the eye, he drops...they close in on the nearby Dark Heap curled and crying in a fetal position on the floor with a cast on his arm, Kinder, who opens his tearing eyes and looks up at them:

KINDER

Who the fuck-

Eli shoots him in the forehead...Eli and Ashley take steps, back-to-back, pistols up, they stop, look around, nobody else visible in the smoky haze...Ashley points at a Dark Figure hunched over the stainless steel organ-cleaning table...they move to it.

Serbian vomits on the table, Eli shoots him in the back of the head, he falls forward into his puke on the table, slides off to the floor.

They look around, nobody is visible in the smoke--MACHINEGUN FIRE sprays the room SHATTERING GLASS jars and EXPLODING cans.

Ashley and Eli dive to the floor, crawl behind the table near Serbian and search for the source of the machinegun fire.

ORANGE BURSTS flash near the furnace as a SPRAY of bullets SHATTERS and CRACKS glass and wood inches from their heads. Eli and Ashley crouch together behind the table.

DEFOLO (O.C.)

I alone represent Satan, with power
and dominion over all creatures on
earth. I give, and take away. You
fuckers will be taken!

ELI

Smoke's clearing, we gotta move.

DEFOLO (O.C.)

I pull strings to make you dance!

Defolo fires a bullet SPRAY RIPPING up wood and metal.

DEFOLO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I cause both happiness and misery.
For you, it will be misery!

ELI

Go to the furnace along this wall
and I'll circle to it from that
side. Take your silencer off.

(they unscrew silencers)

We want him to hear all our shots.
He's the last guy, Ashley. Do not
kill him.

Defolo BULLET-SPRAYS the room again. Eli and Ashley duck.

DEFOLO

I am the Devil of the Book of Thoth.
I rule transmigration of your soul.

ELI

On three, hit the furnace.

Ashley nods. Eli signals with his fingers: one- two- three-
they dart on separate paths away from the table FIRING SHOTS
at the furnace as they run toward it.

Ashley dives and rolls close toward an obscured door behind a
large crate near the furnace.

Eli slides behind a shelf unit on the other side of furnace.

DEFOLO

I am Baphomet, the Androgyne who is
the hieroglyph of arcane perfection.
I am now wide awake, bathed in a
fucking icy sweat!

Ashley FIRES a shot that HITS the wall next to Defolo's face,
he ducks.

Eli comes from behind and STRIKES Defolo on top of his head
with his pistol butt. Defolo drops to the floor in a heap. The
machinegun HITS the floor. Ashley runs to them. Defolo lies
unconscious on the floor. Ashley stands, hits the furnace
BUTTON, flames FIRE ON. She presses the RACK BUTTON. The rack
extends outward and drops down to the floor.

ELI

What? We gotta go!

ASHLEY

Drag 'em over. They're going
in the oven.

The room is hazy. The three dead Men lie on the floor. The cooler and aluminum attaché case sit near them.

The barely audible continuous SOUND of a YOUNG GIRL CRYING...

Eli and Ashley drag the three Men's bodies to the furnace:

ASHLEY

Do you hear something?

ELI

(listens)

No.

Eli and Ashley stack all three bodies one atop the other on the rack and hold them steady. Ashley presses the RACK BUTTON. The motor GROANS under the weight of the men. The rack rises and retracts into the furnace. The bodies EXPLODE into flames and melt quickly on the steel rack.

At Ashley and Eli's feet, Defolo GROANS and becomes conscious. Eli drops down next to him and HITS him hard on the head with his pistol butt--back into unconsciousness.

We hear the SOUND of a Young Girl crying softly...mixed with the MUTED SOUND of approaching SIRENS.

ASHLEY

What is that?

ELI

Police. Gotta get him out of here.

ASHLEY

No, that sound.

ELI

Gotta get him up the stairs. Shit, how're we going to do it?

ASHLEY

I saw a hidden door behind the crate. Maybe it's something.

Young Girl CRYING gets louder.

ELI

That's a kid crying.

ASHLEY

Where? Where is she?

They listen carefully and follow the CRYING to a space behind a shelf unit.

The SOUND of SIRENS gets LOUDER.

Ashley and Eli move a box and see teary-eyed Carisa locked in a dog crate. Carisa, with a bruise under her eye, sees them and reaches out to them.

CARISA

Ayúdame!

ASHLEY

Oh my god!

Eli SMASHES his pistol butt on the small lock on the crate, it opens. Ashley pulls Carisa out and holds her in her arms.

ELI

And the hidden door?

Ashley carries Carisa.

ASHLEY

Over here!

Ashley quickly walks behind a crate to a semi-concealed door. She opens it--it's dark. She looks for a light switch, finds it, turns on the light revealing a long narrow tunnel.

SIRENS LOUDER...LOUDER.

ELI

Fuck, we have no time. We'll have to kill him.

ASHLEY

No! Get him in here!

Eli runs, grabs Defolo by his ankles, drags him to the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Eli drags Defolo through the doorway. Ashley closes the door.

ELI

Wait, the cooler, and the case!

SIRENS VERY LOUD.

Eli's POV on Ashley as she sets Carisa down, opens the door, dashes out and grabs the case and the cooler.

SOUND of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS are heard coming rapidly down the basement stairs.

Ashley runs back into the tunnel and closes the door.

SOUND of MUFFLED MEN'S VOICES are heard inside the basement.

Eli has unconscious Defolo up across his shoulders and back.

ELI

Put the pistols in the case.

Ashley opens attaché case, puts pistols inside, closes it, picks up the cooler, slings its strap over her shoulder, picks up the case. Ashley holds the attaché case handle in one hand and Carisa's hand in the other.

Eli has Defolo across his back. They start walking through the tunnel.

A continuous sequence of SATANIC SPRAY-PAINTED IMAGES on the walls: HORNED GOAT HEADS, OWLS, PENTACLES, SNAKES, SKULLS, 666's, INVERTED CROSSES, etc.

LARGE RATS scurry across their path, and then follow them.

ASHLEY

I hate rats. Where do you think it leads?

ELI

Into hell, or out of it. I think we're headed south, along Nebraska, toward Fort Reno. Keep your eyes open for a ladder, a door, hatch-

SUDDENLY--tunnel goes pitch BLACK.

BLACK

ASHLEY (O.C.)

Shit. Eli?

CARISA (O.C.)

Estoy asustado!

ASHLEY (O.C.)
We're safe, Niña. Estamos bien.

ELI (O.C.)
I'm here. Ashley, come to me, I have
a flashlight in my jacket, inside.

ASHLEY (O.C.)
...Got it.

Ashley clicks on the FLASHLIGHT--a DEAD BLOODY HORNED GOAT is atop Eli's back in place of Defolo. She SCREAMS and drops the flashlight, it rolls on the ground, tunnel is darkened--the vague dead dark heap lies across Eli's shoulders.

ELI
What is it?!

ASHLEY
I don't know!

Ashley bends down quickly, picks up flashlight in her shaky hand, points it at Eli's waist, raises LIGHT up his chest to his shoulders, his face--Defolo lies across his shoulders.

ASHLEY
Oh my god. I just saw, it was a,
a dead goat on your back. Shit!
(takes Carisa's hand)

ELI
Are you okay?

ASHLEY
I think so. Jesus.

She picks up the cooler and attaché case, takes Carisa's hand.

CARISA
(to Ashley)
¿Cabra muerta? Yo lo vi.
(subtitle: Dead goat? I saw it.)

Astonished, Ashley looks at Carisa.

ASHLEY
No.

CARISA
Si, yo lo vi.

ELI

Let's keep walking.

They all walk forward. Ashley lights the way ahead.

A GANG of RATS follows in the shadows behind them.

ASHLEY

Light ahead, might be an exit.

They walk further, come to a right turn and follow it...

The tunnel BRIGHTENS as they--their POV--see a walk-out opening that's blocked by a closed, wrought iron gate.

They get to the gate and stop. Eli crouches down and lets Defolo slide off his shoulders to the ground. Eli rises.

The rats crawl toward Defolo on the ground and bite him. He doesn't stir. They swarm his body, biting him all over.

Carisa and Ashley stand next to Eli.

Their POV on a LOCK on the gate. Eli KICKS the gate lock hard, KICKS it again, the lock stays intact but the side of the gate bolted to the cement wall loosens.

Eli walks to the side of the loose gate and RIPS the gate off the tunnel wall.

ASHLEY

Damn, you're like The Rock.

Eli smirks at Ashley. He looks down at Defolo being bitten by the rats. He watches, then kicks the SQUEALING rats off him.

INT./EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

Eli, with Defolo across his shoulders, followed by Ashley and Carisa, walk toward the BRIGHTENING exit.

Near the exit, thin dripping blood stains streak the wall of the tunnel three feet above the ground. Eli, Ashley and Carisa stare at the blood streak as they pass.

At the end of the bloody streak, a CHILD'S BLOODY LEFT HAND PRINT stains the wall. Carisa releases Ashley's hand, walks to it, stares at it and puts her right hand on the wall next to it. Carisa's right hand is a perfect opposing match in size and shape to the bloody left hand print on the wall.

CARISA

Alice. Es Alice? Alice!

Carisa cries. Ashley goes to her, puts her hand on her shoulder, and gently guides her away from the wall.

ASHLEY

No, no Alice. No aquí.

Carisa has tears in her eyes. They all walk along further and exit the tunnel.

The rats do not cross into the sunlight.

EXT. TUNNEL - PLOT OF GRASS - DAY

Eli drops Defolo on the grass. Defolo THUDS and moans. Eli punches him HARD across the face--he's out cold.

Ashley unslings the cooler, sets it and the attaché case down.

MUTED SOUND of HELICOPTER ROTORS are heard to the north.

Ashley's POV on a STREET SIGN indicating the intersection of NEBRASKA AVE and ALBEMARLE ST. She points to it.

ASHLEY

I think we're near the high school.
About a mile south of Morning Star.

ELI

I need a break from that load of
evil. Can you get to the car and
pick us up?

ASHLEY

Sure. I can run in this outfit.

ELI

I'll watch the girl, and the goat.

ASHLEY

Hey, thinking about the trance
states I've been falling into.

Eli looks at her, listening.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

When I was deprogrammed by Marks,
we recovered a repressed memory.

ELI

Of what?

ASHLEY

My CIA MK-Ultra trance states; the key suggestive word to break them.

ELI

You remember it?

ASHLEY

Yes. It's "purity."

ELI

Purity. That's what those vampires were sucking out of you.

CARISA

¿De qué estás hablando?

ASHLEY

Una palabra de ayuda. Que me ayude.

CARISA

¿Cuál es la palabra?

ASHLEY

Purity. Decirlo. Purity.

CARISA

Purty.

ASHLEY

No. Pur-i-ty.

CARISA

Pur-i-ty.

ASHLEY

Yes. Si, eso es todo.

CARISA

(smiles)

Para ayudarle.

ASHLEY

(smiles)

Si, mi Niña inteligente.

(slowly)

To, help, me.

ELI

You two are great together. Like
mother and daughter. Where did you
get the Español?

Ashley smiles at him, stands and rubs Carisa's back.

ASHLEY

I slaved with migrant workers, in
Sonoma. In the vineyards. Back soon.

Ashley starts jogging north along Nebraska Ave.

EXT. REAR OF MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

THREE NEWS HELICOPTERS with ROTORS THUMPING circle above.

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT (MPD) POLICE CARS, FIRE
ENGINES, AMBULANCES with LIGHTS FLASHING are parked in the
restaurant's lot and alley.

UNIFORMED POLICEMEN stand watch along the yellow crime scene
tape to keep the crowd of ONLOOKERS at bay.

Onlookers behind the tape POV on the restaurant and murder
scenes in the parking lot: TWO DETECTIVES analyze the shooting
scene in the black Denali. CSI INVESTIGATORS crouch and
collect evidence from Range Rover Driver's BODY by the
dumpster.

NEWS VANS: WRC-NBC4, WTTG-FOX5, WJLA-ABC7, WUSA-CBS and
respective NEWS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN are set up nearby.

Ashley appears in the b.g., jogs closer, then walks toward the
crime scene.

Her POV on NEWS VANS, NEWS REPORTERS, TV CAMERAMEN, the black
Denali. The COVERED BODY hangs out the driver's side window.

Ashley walks past/behind CAMERAMAN, 50s, pointing a TV CAMERA
at a blonde FEMALE WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER, 20s, on air:

WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER

(into microphone)

...MPDC will not say whether these
murders are linked to Congressman
Cramer's suspicious death this
morning that Park Police have some-
how already determined was suicide.

(MORE)

WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER (CONT'D)

(into microphone)

Morning Star was linked in the past to posts on 4chan, 8chan and Subreddits by Anons who connected it to child sex trafficking and satanic ritual abuse.

SUDDENLY Cameraman's CAMERA is shoved off his shoulder by FBI SPECIAL AGENT KLINE, 40s, in a black suit and tie. It HITS the street and SHATTERS. Cameraman turns to Kline in anger:

CAMERAMAN

What the fuck're you doing, man?!

KLINE

Shut up fuckhead. No more fake news satanic, sex trafficking bullshit.

Kline slides his jacket aside flashing his pistol and GOLD FBI BADGE in his waistband.

KLINE (CONT'D)

You're done here. Pack it in.

WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER

I'm billing you, you corrupt FBI motherfuckers!

(beat)

What the hell was that about?

CAMERAMAN

Censorship, with extreme prejudice.

Ashley's POV on her white BMW parked across the alley. She walks to it, gets in, starts it and drives slowly through the alley past all of the commotion. She turns left onto southbound NEBRASKA AVENUE and disappears.

EXT. PLOT OF GRASS - TUNNEL - DAY

Defolo lies face down incapacitated on his stomach with ear and face bleeding from rat bites. Eli sits on his back.

Carisa sits nearby staring at Defolo. The case and cooler sit near them.

The BMW with Ashley driving pulls up close to them and parks.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley leans back from driver's seat into rear area, lifts the rear seats, reaches inside the compartment, pulls out PLASTIC ZIP TIE CUFFS and a TASER. She lowers the seats and exits the car with them.

EXT. PLOT OF GRASS - TUNNEL - DAY

Ashley walks to Eli and hands him the zip tie cuffs and Taser.

ASHLEY

Here. No more bruised knuckles.

ELI

The girl who has everything.

Eli gets off Defolo's back, yanks his arms behind his back-- Defolo groans--places Defolo's rat-bitten hands in the zip tie loops and pulls them tight.

ELI

Hope that doesn't cut off your circulation. Probably have rabies anyway. Help me get him up.

ASHLEY

¿Cómo estás?

CARISA

Tengo hambre.

ASHLEY

We'll eat soon.

Eli and Ashley grab Defolo under his armpits and pull him up, barely conscious, to his unsteady feet.

ELI

Open the trunk.

EXT. BMW - DAY

Ashley opens the BMW trunk, helps Eli guide dazed Defolo to it, Eli shoves him in head first, grabs his legs, shoves them in the tight compartment and SLAMS the trunk lid.

ELI

Let's go.

ASHLEY

Where? Cops and news media are swarming the restaurant.

ELI

Any empty houses, in the counties? We have to interrogate this guy.

ASHLEY

I know a place, in Montgomery.

ELI

That could work.

ASHLEY

¿Dónde está tu mamá pequeña?

CARISA

Mamá y Papá están muertos.

ASHLEY

(walks Carisa to car)
Lo siento mucho. ¿Cómo te llamas?

CARISA

Carisa.

Eli gets in the front passenger seat, closes then door.

ASHLEY

That's a very pretty name. Es un nombre muy bonito. Me llamo Ashley. Su nombre es Eli.

Carisa gets in the back seat. Ashley buckles her seat belt, closes her door.

Ashley gets the case and cooler, opens the other rear passenger door, sets the case and cooler inside, closes door.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley gets in the driver's seat, closes door, buckles up. Eli and Carisa are buckled in their seats.

CARISA

(giggles; points)
Ashley y Eli. Estás enamorado.

Eli and Ashley look at each other and smile.

EXT. AMERICA'S SQUARE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The luxury building offers stunning views of the U.S. Capitol, Russell Senate Building, Supreme Court and the Rayburn House, that together empower the world's beating heart of darkness.

INT. FOS'S OFFICE SUITE - FOS GLOBAL INITIATIVE - DAY

We see the spectacular view of the Capitol Dome.

One of the world's most powerful men, megalomaniac Hungarian financier GEORGE FOS (now 75) sits at his desk. His phone lines are all lit and blinking. He talks on his phone:

FOS

...you get the WEF in line on this or it all comes out... you know what the fuck I'm talking about. You're my little bitch, Klaus. I own you.

(presses phone button;
new call)

Jinbang!... I am moving the pieces into place as we speak... the tides have risen in the Strait, now your ships can advance. Taiwan is ours... and I get the semiconductor factory... I need two-thousand more Uyghurs in the work camps, Pal... good... a pleasure, Jinbang. Zài jiàn.

(presses phone button;
new call)

I own Kazakhstan, motherfucker! The lithium mines are all mine... get production on line! Thirty billion is sitting on its hairy ass instead of in my fucking hedge funds!...

(sinister)

I have video of you and the Haitian girls. The Hague would love to see it... Oh, yes I do.

(laughs maniacally)

And your bloody micro cock, too!

Gently hangs up phone. He rises, walks to the office bar. Pours Scotch into a glass and downs it. He looks over toward the door.

CIA Officer Epstein and an elegantly dressed British woman, ELAINE MINWELL, 40s, stand near TWO armed BODYGUARDS. Minwell holds the hands of TWO very young AFRICAN AMERICAN GIRLS.

Fos waves them all closer. They approach...

The Girls stand beside Elaine. Epstein stands behind them. Fos and Elaine air kiss on both cheeks as she leans in.

FOS

Elaine! So wonderful to see you again. What do you have for me today?

MINWELL

Hello George! You look great! I brought you sweet carmel favors. They'll keep you young and vibrant.

FOS

They look delicious. So sorry about Jeffrey. It was no accident they left him alone in his cell. You'll slide into his place beautifully.

(points)

Take them to the suite. I'll be in in a minute.

Elaine smiles and leads the two Girls, who look worried and dazed, toward the open door of an adjacent bedroom. In the b.g., we see toys and stuffed animals on the floor of the room. Elaine enters with the Girls and closes the door.

FOS

CIA is going to drop a turd on me?

EPSTEIN

Our D.C. operation was hit. Seven dead, six missing. One of the dead men, is a U.S. Congressman.

FOS

That is impossible, Epstein. We're a totally protected operation. By your CIA, FBI, MPDC, HSD. I have more power than the fucking U.S. government. Nobody could be that insane. They must be amateurs. Find them. Kill them. Fix it. Today.

EPSTEIN

Sir, Peter Defolo was taken.

FOS

Peter? Who are these people?

EPSTEIN

We have leads. We're closing in.

FOS

Don't bullshit me! Peter's the
linchpin of my network. He brings
me the leverage I need to operate.
Get with JP and Brock. Find Peter.
Or you, you CIA dipshit, are dead!

Epstein scurries out of the office past the Two Bodyguards.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Ashley drives on I-270. Eli's in front, Carisa's in back.

They pass a sign indicating: "BETHESDA COUNTRY CLUB."

ASHLEY

Carisa's hungry. I'm going to exit
and get us some food.

ELI

Okay. I need coffee.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

BMW exits at DEMOCRACY AVENUE, enters the loop for Westfield
Montgomery Mall, drives toward an AMBULANCE that's parked by
FU SHING CAFÉ with its lights flashing and rear doors open.

They slowly approach the rear of the Ambulance.

ELI

Pull over. Here, stop.

Ashley pulls over, stops. Eli gets out.

EXT. BMW (STOPPED) - DAY

Eli opens rear the passenger door, takes the cooler from the
floor, closes door, walks to unoccupied Ambulance.

AMBULANCE

Eli slides the cooler into the open rear of the vehicle. He
carefully takes the bandanna from his pocket with Congressman
Cramer's pistol and the severed finger wrapped in it and
places them into the cooler. He hurries back to the BMW, gets
in and closes his door.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Ashley drives with Eli in front and Carisa in back.

ASHLEY

Nice. They'll get those organs to the poor kids who need them. And maybe they'll connect the pistol, if they need someone to frame.

EXT. METROPOLITAN POLICE (MPDC) HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The monolithic cement HENRY J. DALY BUILDING at 300 Indiana Avenue NW is one of the city's most derelict buildings.

A HUGE RAT waddles out of the building toward the sidewalk.

INT. MPDC - HOMELAND SECURITY DIVISION (HSD) OFFICE - DAY

HSD Intelligence Division Assistant Chief, JAMES BROCK, 50s, sits behind his desk speaking with weasel-faced JP Defolo.

JP DEFOLO

Nobody? And you know nothing?

BROCK

Not yet, JP. This was done by pros. Your brother fired hundreds of rounds. He hit everything but them.

JP DEFOLO

They take anything, besides him?

BROCK

Kids' organs, the money. How did they know about the deal?

JP DEFOLO

Who the fuck knows?! The Albanians and Serbs are locked down. Wasn't them. You talk to their boss, Baloz?

BROCK

Not yet.

JP DEFOLO

Call him!

Brock picks up his phone, presses digits... speaks:

BROCK

Baloz, it's Brock. ...yes, we know. I have JP here in my office. ...No, no leads yet. Epstein says maybe a white BMW, but that's a longshot. ...Yeah, send me the passcodes.

Brock hangs up.

JP DEFOLO

What's he got?

BROCK

GPS tracker in the attaché case. His guys are on it.

JP DEFOLO

You get on it! I have eighty-six kids coming in from Haiti tonight, going to Chantilly, and forty-eight tomorrow morning from my Guatemalan orphanage. Find my brother. I can't manage this without him.

BROCK

Sit tight, JP. We'll find them.

JP DEFOLO

I have kid video of everyone. Brock.

Brock, anxious now, raises his fingers to his brow revealing a BLUE TRIANGLE-WITHIN-A-TRIANGLE CUFFLINK at his wrist. (Brock is "Wolf" from the pedo party scene).

INT. BMW (MOVING) - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ashley drives along. Soda and coffee cups sit in cup holders. Eli sits in front, Carisa sits in the rear with a dab of ketchup on her cheek. Eli turns to her, sees ketchup, gently wipes it off. He notices Carisa has a COLOBOMA (spot) in the iris of her right eye.

CLOSE ON Carisa's coloboma in her iris. She smiles.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The BMW passes a sign indicating: "TRAVILAH Population 7,442."

INT. BMW (MOVING) - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ashley turns at a dirt road marked with a FOR SALE sign. They drive down a secluded road, approach a ramshackle farm house, drive to the rear of the house and park near an open barn.

EXT. REAR OF FARM HOUSE - DAY

Ashley and Eli exit the car. Ashley gets Carisa unbuckled and out of the car:

ASHLEY

(sarcastic)

One of my higher end properties. A big old ornery goat lives back in the brush behind the barn. His name is Bob. Steer clear of him. I'll get Carisa cleaned up.

ELI

Okay.

Ashley takes Carisa's hand, they walk toward front of the house, and disappear around the corner.

BMW

Eli takes the Taser from the floor of the BMW, closes the door and pops the trunk lid.

Tucked tightly inside, Defolo groans. The back of his head is rat-bitten. Eli sets the Taser down, pulls Defolo out, dumps him to the ground and picks up the Taser.

Defolo's swollen eyes open slightly--he reaches out, grabs Eli's ankle, he pulls it hard, Eli falls near Defolo.

Defolo lunges on top of Eli and PUNCHES him HARD in the face with his zip-tied double fists. Eli tries rolling but is trapped under Defolo's weight. Exhausted, Defolo double-PUNCHES Eli slowly, again, and again.

DEFOLO

How does it feel, fucker?!

Worn out Defolo punches Eli with draining force. Eli's face is cut. Defolo stops, breathes hard, grabs a nearby rock in his hands. He raises his hands with the rock high above Eli's face--Defolo's eyes bug out, he goes stiff, drops the rock, trembles, his mouth foams. He falls over on his side.

Two Taser darts are stuck in the back of his neck. The dart wires extend back to the Taser held in Ashley. She drops it, quickly goes to Eli:

ASHLEY

Oh my god, are you okay?

Ashley helps Eli sit up. He wipes his face.

Ashley gets a small towel out of the BMW, pours water from a bottle on it and runs back to him.

She dabs Eli's face. He takes the towel, gently pats his mouth and eyes, winces. He hands the towel to Ashley.

ELI

Fuck that androgynous devil.

(stands; dusts off)

Let's see what's in the barn.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Eli exits rolling a metal WHEEL-CART and ROPE to unconscious Defolo.

He and Ashley lift him and shove him into it. Eli picks up the Taser. He rolls Defolo in the cart around behind the barn.

EXT. REAR OF BARN - DAY

Eli rolls Defolo in the wheel-cart into the middle of a circular dirt and rock fire pit. He pulls a zip tie from his pocket and secures it tightly around Defolo's ankles.

Eli gathers wood from a stack at the back of the barn.

He lays the wood in a close circle around Defolo in the wheel-cart. He ZAPS Defolo with the Taser, sets it down and walks toward the front of the barn at the rear of the farm house.

EXT. BMW - REAR OF FARM HOUSE - DAY

Eli walks to the BMW, opens the rear door, takes out the attaché case and sets it on the trunk. Ashley walks to him.

ASHLEY

Carisa's sleeping. I cleaned her up, but she needs to see a doctor, for her private area.

Eli nods with empathy. He opens the attaché case revealing banded hundred-dollar bills. He takes them out and places them on the trunk in six stacks of five.

ELI

Thirty. Three-hundred grand.

ASHLEY

For children's organs. Sick.

Eli looks inside the empty case.

His POV on a small rectangular LUMP under the interior lining.

He tears it away revealing a RED-BLINKING GPS TRACKING DEVICE. He tears it out in panic.

ASHLEY

Look at your phone. Check your bars.

They each pull out their phones and look at them.

ELI

No bars. No service.

ASHLEY

Same. No tracking?

ELI

It's blinking red. We might be okay.

Eli drops the GPS tracking device to the ground and SMASHES it with his boot.

He puts the stacks of cash in the attaché and snaps it shut.

ELI

Let's get to work.

EXT. BLACK SUV (STOPPED) - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The SUV is parked along the side of the road.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

FOUR rugged Albanians, KILLERS, sit TWO in front, TWO in back.

KILLER-2 in front passenger seat has an open LAPTOP on his lap showing a MAP OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Driver, KILLER-1, talks on his phone:

KILLER-1

No, Baloz, no communication. Not working... no signal!... we drive and look then... from CIA? White BMW... we look for. Fuck!

EXT. REAR OF BARN - DAY

Defolo, tied down with rope in the wheel-cart, struggles in vain. A flaming ring of wood below the wheel-cart grows. The flames lick within inches of him. He thrashes helplessly.

Like the painting of "American Gothic," Eli holds a pitchfork with Ashley standing next to him. They coldly stare at Defolo.

DEFOLO

Fuck you! Free me! Free me now!

ELI

No, fuck you, you fucking Satan wannabe. Free yourself. But you can't, because you have no power! You're just an evil rich pedovore, who fucks, kills and eats innocent children. I'm going to feed your fat satanic ass to the fucking goat!

Using the pitchfork, Eli moves the flaming circle of wood closer to struggling Defolo. The flames melt the fading paint on the wheel-cart near his body:

ELI

Medium, well-done, blackened, charred? Have it your way, asshole.

DEFOLO

Fuck. Stop it! I'm burning goddammit! My skin, it's searing! Stop!

The metal wheel-cart discolors and turns red as it heats up.

ASHLEY

Nothing like an old-fashioned witch burning. What a horrific way to die. This cart will hold the remains of an earthly devil: charred bones and teeth, in gallons of your greasy fat.

ELI

A jail cell is better than this.
 (pokes with pitchfork)
 When your clothes catch fire, you're
 done. There's no water here.

Defolo's clothes closest to edge of the scorching wheel-cart
 start to smolder. His eyes go wide with fear.

BOB the HORNED GOAT appears and inquisitively approaches them.

DEFOLO

Okay! Okay, stop! Stop now, I'll
 tell you! Save me!

Eli, Ashley and Bob stand still, watching him.

ELI

We have time.

DEFOLO

Fos! George Fos! Here, in D.C.!

ASHLEY

Fos? Who else?

Defolo's clothes SPARK FIRE at the edges.

DEFOLO

Put it out! Get me out! I'm burning!

ELI

Who else?!

Defolo's clothes flame; he's sobbing. Bob stares at Defolo.

DEFOLO

My, my brother, JP! and Baloz! And
 James Brock! Stop it, please! Get
 me out! You promised! Please! Stop!
 Stop! Please! You're killing me!

ASHLEY

That's what all the children said
 to you and your pedo friends. Right?
 Burn in hell you evil motherfucker.

The burning ropes snap! Defolo extends his rigid legs. He
 arches his back with his belly rising upward. His body rests
 in the flaming cart on his feet and the top of his head.

ELI

Fuck you and your arching hysteria.

Eli uses the pitchfork to push the wheel-cart over.

Defolo falls directly into the flames. His body burns and turns black. His grotesque face melts.

ASHLEY

Put the fork in him.

Eli thrusts the pitchfork into Defolo's incinerating torso.

It EXPLODES in a FLASH of LIGHT--instantly Bob jerks backward, off-balance. He BLEATS MANIACALLY and darts into the brush.

ASHLEY

What the fuck?

ELI

That was some exorcist shit. Let's move.

They jog from the fire pit toward the front of the barn.

ASHLEY

I'll get Carisa.

Ashley suddenly stops. She's anxious. Eli stops, looks into her eyes. He puts his arms around her and gives her a firm gentle hug.

Ashley slowly lifts her arms, and puts them around him. She hugs him. And calms...

ASHLEY

That name. He said, Fos. Right?

Eli nods.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Eli drives. Ashley's in the front passenger seat. Carisa sits in the back seat behind Eli. They drive south on GLEN ROAD.

The Killers BLACK SUV passes the BMW heading in the opposite direction.

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Killer-1 drives, Killer-2 is in front passenger seat, Killers 3 & 4 are in the rear seats.

KILLER-2
(turns around; points)
White BMW!

Killer-1 brakes and turns the steering wheel hard to the left, makes a TIRE SQUEALING U-turn and accelerates after the BMW.

EXT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

The SUV speeds down the road. It closes on the BMW.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Eli drives, Ashley and Carisa same seats as before. Eli looks into the rearview mirror:

His POV on the black SUV closing on them fast from behind.

ELI
They're right behind us.

Ashley turns around to look as Eli FLOORS it. Ashley unbuckles Carisa, points for her to sit on the floor behind Eli.

ASHLEY
Carisa, sientate en el piso.

Carisa sits on floor behind Eli. Ashley lifts the lower latch on the rear seats and lifts. She reaches into the compartment.

Eli looks into rearview mirror:

The black SUV is close and gaining.

Ashley lowers the rear seats and leans into front seat with a black matte M203 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

ELI
Holy shit.

ASHLEY
Officer Marks gave me everything.

Ashley lowers her window, aims the short muzzle of the grenade launcher outward and flicks off the SAFETY.

EXT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

SUV bears down on rear of the BMW, pulls into oncoming lane, tinted front and rear passenger windows slide down. Killers 2 and 3 point their pistols outward and SHOOT at the BMW.

Ashley ducks. Killers 2 & 3 FIRE repeatedly, HITTING the hood, roof and trunk of the BMW. SUV pulls up next to the BMW.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Eli drives. Ashley and Carisa same seats as before. Ashley aims the grenade launcher out the window at SUV next to them:

ASHLEY
Hey, douchebags!

SUV Killers eyes go wide when they see the grenade launcher aimed at them. They duck.

Ashley FIRES a grenade into driver, Killer-1's window-- instantaneously Killer-1 and SUV EXPLODE INTO A FIREBALL.

It swerves off the road, flips several times and spirals into a total flaming wreck.

ELI
Nicely executed.

ASHLEY
This big boy is bad ass.

Ashley looks back at Carisa and smiles at her. Carisa smiles back and climbs back up into her seat.

INT. FOS OFFICE SUITE - FOS GLOBAL INITIATIVE - DAY

George Fos stands at the window gazing at the Capitol Dome.

Weasel-face JP Defolo stands at the office bar pouring scotch into a glass. He takes a dainty sip.

JP DEFOLO
They're all dead? My brother? Tony?
Kinder? Nobody can find them.

FOS
CIA Epstein and FBI Kline activated
hit-teams to scour the District.

JP DEFOLO

Trucks are waiting now for the ghost ships from Guatemala. The French Embassy's Monte Carlo Gala is Saturday. Embassy Row's Great Race is after that. Our clients all paid hefty fees! These assholes are fucking with our supply chain!

FOS

Don't be the weak link, JP.

JP's PHONE VIBRATES in his jacket pocket. He takes it out.

His POV on the phone screen--CALLING: CONGRESSMAN CRAMER. JP, confused, takes the call and speaks:

JP DEFOLO

How did you get his phone? ...Fuck you, you- what? ...you have Peter? ...and the video tapes. Of what? ...what do you want? ...okay, okay. Fletcher's Cove, fifteen minutes.
(ends call)

They have Peter. And the videos.

FOS

These disrupters must be put to sleep.

Fos picks up his phone, presses numbers, starts speaking:

FOS

Epstein, Fos. Pick up JP downstairs and get over to Fletcher's Cove... now. ...yes, chalk 'em all.

INT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

The driver's seat is vacant. Ashley's in the front passenger seat and Carisa's in the rear seat. They look out the window.

EXT. FEDEX OFFICE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Eli exits, walks to BMW, enters driver's seat, closes door.

INT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

ELI

He'll get the flash drive tomorrow.

ASHLEY

It's out of our hands now. In a way, Eli, we're free.

ELI

Almost, Ash.

Eli puts the car in gear and drives.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

The BMW drives on LOUISIANA AVENUE NW... then parks.

INT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa same seats as before.

Eli and Ashley's POV out the BMW windows to their left on JP Defolo standing across the street near the curb. BLACK SUV drives up fast to JP, stops for a few seconds, and darts away from the curb. JP is gone.

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

CIA Epstein drives. JP Defolo sits in the front passenger seat. FBI Special Agent Kline sits in the rear passenger seat.

EPSTEIN

We'll be at Fletcher's in five.

JP DEFOLO

Get my brother, then dust those fuckers.

EPSTEIN

That's the plan, JP.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LOUISIANA AVENUE - BMW - DAY

Eli stands holding the attaché case. Ashley and Carisa hold hands. They all cross Louisiana Ave and enter the lobby of the America's Square Building.

INT. LOBBY - AMERICA'S SQUARE BUILDING - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa enter, glance around and walk to the building's TENANT DIRECTORY.

Their POV as they spot: "FOS GLOBAL INITIATIVE SUITE 2500"

They walk to the elevators, enter a car, doors close.

INT. HALLWAY - FOS OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa exit the elevator and walk the hall toward Fos Global Initiative's reception doors, they enter.

INT. RECEPTION - FOS OFFICES - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa enter and approach the RECEPTIONIST, who's on the phone talking M.O.S.

Eli sets the case on the chest-high Reception desk top, opens it, subtly takes TWO GLOCK PISTOLS with SILENCERS out of the case. He hands one to Ashley.

Receptionist hangs up. She smiles at Eli, Ashley and Carisa:

RECEPTIONIST

Hi there, how may I help you today?

Eli and Ashley hold their pistols flat on the desk top with the muzzles aimed eye-level at the Receptionist.

ELI

We're giving you some personal time.

Scared but calm, Receptionist grabs her bag, rises and hurries out the door.

Ashley, Eli and Carisa walk down the hall to Fos's office. They approach the large mahogany office door.

ELI

Take right. I got left.

Ashley nods. Eli opens the door, they enter.

INT. FOS'S OFFICE - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa enter.

Carisa immediately drops down flat on the carpet and covers her ears with her hands.

To the right, suited BODYGUARD-1 stands by the window.

To the left, suited BODYGUARD-2 stands near a wall of books.

Bodyguards 1 & 2 focus on Carisa, confused by her actions, then divert their attention to Eli's and Ashley's pistols.

Simultaneously--both Bodyguards reach into their jackets and pull their pistols.

Ashley SHOOTs BG-1 in the forehead, his blood splatters on the window behind him. He falls to the floor.

Eli shoots BG-2's cheek and ear off.

BG-2 shoots Eli in the CHEST. Eli drops to the floor.

BG-2 quick turns, aims at Ashley and fires.

His shot grazes Ashley in her left upper arm. Blood splatters from it as she aims her pistol, fires and hits BG-2 in the top of his head. His hair and skull fragments splatter the books.

Ashley turns and trains her pistol on Fos sitting behind his desk talking on his phone. Ashley aims her pistol at Fos as she walks to Eli. Ashley crouches next to Eli. He has a bullet hole in his upper chest. His eyes are closed. She gently touches the artery in his neck, and fills with rage.

FOS

(on phone)

Take him, he's expendable.

(hangs up)

Wow, that was almost like a ballet.

But you've made quite a mess here.

Ashley rises and approaches Fos with her pistol aimed at him. She points at a chair:

ASHLEY

Niña, sentarse allí.

Carisa takes her hands from ears, stands and calmly sits in the chair.

FOS

You're disrupting my business.

ASHLEY

You mean your child killing business?

FOS

Is it? It cannot be. Oh, hello! It is you! It's Little Ashley, right?

(MORE)

FOS (CONT'D)

It's been so long. You grew up! So very old now. Not sexy.

(frowns)

We had so much fun in the cabin in the woods. Remember the bubbles and baby elephants on the walls? They were the best days of my life.

ASHLEY

(very anxious)

Shut up. Just shut the fuck up!

FOS

I thought you loved: Bohemian Grove.

Ashley immediately freezes in a trance, lowers the pistol.

Carisa stares at her, worried.

FOS

Aim your gun at her, Little Ashley. For your Daddy, Georgy. She needs your help. To get to heaven. Or maybe it's hell? Who knows, and who at this point really cares. Help her get there. Help her!

CARISA

Help? ¿Ashley necesita ayuda?

Eyes staring, robotic Ashley turns and aims her pistol at Carisa. Carisa stares at Ashley confused and fearful.

FOS

Shoot her, Little Ashley!

CARISA

Purty... Purity. Purity!

Ashley breaks free from her trance, stares at Carisa, turns and immediately aims at Fos. Carisa runs to her, hugs her leg.

ASHLEY

Fuck you old man.

Ashley FIRES as Fos suddenly bends. The bullet grazes his temple. He grabs a PISTOL from his desktop, SHOTS and hits Ashley in the upper leg right near Carisa's face.

Ashley drops her pistol and falls to the floor. She moans, grasping her upper thigh. Carisa drops down next to her and tries to comfort her.

Fos chuckles. His temple bleeds.

FOS

Not bad for an old Mandalay Camper.

Fos sets his pistol down, turns to the bar, pours himself a Scotch, swigs it down, pours himself another, swigs it down.

FOS (CONT'D)

Once a baller, always a baller.

Fos turns around and faces Ashley's pistol barrel and silencer, four feet away, aimed directly at him.

Carisa stares at Fos, as she holds Ashley's pistol tightly with both hands.

FOS

(chuckles)

What the fuck is this, Baby?

Fos sets his drink down on the desk next to his pistol and steps toward Carisa. He unbuckles his belt.

FOS

I want to show you something, Baby.

CARISA

No.

Fos moves closer, unbuttoning his pants:

CARISA (CONT'D)

(hands & gun tremble)

No!

FOS

Deep inside, you really want to-

Carisa SHOTS Fos in the groin--blood splatters--he yelps, drops to his knees in pain. He is eye level with Carisa.

FOS

You're a very pretty, little bitch!
But- oh, you have a coloboma in your
eye, just like me. Do you see mine?

(MORE)

Fos points to the coloboma in his eye.

CARISA
(her hands steady)
Esto es para Alice.

Carisa FIRES, the bullet blasts through Fos's left eye--blood and brains splash the pictures on the desk behind him of his Wife, a Boy, and various political and business power Players.

A tear runs down Carisa's cheek.

She sets the smoking pistol down on the floor and walks to motionless Ashley. She kneels down next to her, puts her hand to Ashley's face and gently caresses it.

CARISA
(tears fall)
Ashley... Ashley...
(crying)
Despierta por favor, Ashley.
(beat)
Ashley...

Ashley slowly opens her eyes.

ASHLEY
(in pain)
Carisa, mi cariño. ¿Estás bien?

CARISA
¿Sí, y tú?

Ashley grimaces, slowly sits up and hugs Carisa. She looks at her bleeding leg; it's not hemorrhaging.

ASHLEY
I'll be okay, mi hija.

She smiles at Carisa and touches her face.

A MOANING sound is heard. Carisa helps Ashley to her feet. They quickly go to Eli. He's sitting up on the floor.

ELI
Cheap piece of shit.

He pulls his shirt off revealing an armored vest with a bullet slug embedded in it. Ashley and Carisa crouch down and hug him.

ASHLEY/CARISA

Eli!

ELI

(hugs them)

Okay, okay. I'm fine.

Eli looks around and sees Fos lying dead.

ELI (CONT'D)

Ash, now you're free.

Ashley smiles, relieved. She and Carisa help Eli to his feet. They stare at Fos, dead on the floor.

Eli bends down and rifles through Fos's pockets. They're empty, until he finds a hidden pocket inside the trousers revealing--

--a SMALL BLACK LEATHER NOTEBOOK with the image of an INVERTED SILVER CROSS on its cover.

Eli slides it out, opens it, thumbs through pages filled with hundreds of line-after-line of CIPHER CODE. He shows it to Ashley. She flips through it.

ASHLEY

It's encrypted. A cipher.

ELI

Take it. We'll break it later.

Ashley slides the slim small notebook into her pocket.

Eli looks at the blood splattered photos behind Fos's desk.

MUTED sound of SIRENS are heard.

ASHLEY

We gotta move, Eli.

Eli walks behind the desk gazing at the photos.

Eli's POV on the PHOTO of the BOY, 12. The only photo without blood on it. Eli stares at it, picks it up and slides the photo out of its frame.

ELI

It's Conor.

Ashley walks to Eli. He shows her the photo.

ASHLEY

Oh my god.

Ashley hugs Eli. Carisa walks to them and hugs them.

The photo accidentally falls to the floor.

LOUDER SIRENS are heard.

Eli bends, picks up the photo revealing the word "LONDON" written on the back of it.

He shows it to Ashley, then folds it and slides it into his pocket. They quickly exit the office.

EXT. FLETCHER'S COVE - DAY

The Black SUV parked in an area away from the Boat House.

INT. BLACK SUV (PARKED) - DAY

CIA Epstein is in the driver's seat. JP Defolo is in the front passenger seat. FBI Special Agent Kline is in the rear passenger seat. Epstein looks at his watch.

EPSTEIN

It's time. He's not coming. Abort.

JP DEFOLO

We have to wait for Peter!

Kline leans forward, jabs a liquid-filled HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into JP's neck. JP reaches for it, then drop his arms.

JP shudders... vomits on himself, spasms violently. Stops. Eyes open. Dead. Epstein exits the SUV and stands nearby.

KLINE

Lefty or righty?

EPSTEIN

Who gives a shit. We own the media.
And the narrative.

Kline leans over the front seat, puts a pistol into JP's left hand, raises it to aim at the needle's injection site and presses the pistol muzzle against it.

KLINE

Eat this you spirit cooking fuck.

Kline's INDEX FINGER, over JP's, FIRES. Blood splatters the windows.

EXT. BLACK SUV (PARKED) - DAY

Kline exits the SUV, walks to Epstein who is on his iPhone talking:

EPSTEIN

Mr. Baloz, you have been promoted.

A BLACK SUV skids to a stop near Epstein and Kline. They open the rear doors and enter. SUV drives off fast as doors close.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

The white BMW quickly drives in, skids to a stop and parks near a parked EMBRAER PHENOM 300 single-pilot JET.

Eli, bandaged Ashley and Carisa exit the BMW. They walk rapidly to the jet's door.

Eli takes out a metal SKELETON KEY, inserts it into the door lock, works it and opens the door. They board, door closes.

INT. EMBRAER JET - NIGHT

Ashley slides into the pilot seat, buckles in, quickly runs through pre-flight check tasks, FIRES the ENGINES, flips switches on, presses buttons, taps on the touch screen.

Eli gets Carisa buckled into her seat then slides into the seat next to Ashley and buckles up.

ELI

You're gonna fly this jet?

ASHLEY

Of course.

(smiles at him)

I took a class.

Eli smiles at her. Carisa smiles at them and giggles.

MUSIC CUE: PINK FLOYD'S SONG "ECLIPSE" PLAYS OVER:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Embraer Jet taxis slowly down the runway as a speeding BLACK SUV SMASHES through the airport's chain-link fence onto the grass racing toward the jet.

The jet pauses then FIRES its ENGINES as the Black SUV tears across the tarmac toward it.

The jet rolls forward, then accelerates rapidly down the runway.

Black SUV speeds down the runway after it, GUNSHOTS firing at it out of the SUV's open passenger windows.

The jet lifts its nose and glides upward into the night...

The Black SUV stops at the jet's lift-off point.

The jet slowly eclipses the moon as the song ends.

INT. BLACK SUV (PARKED) - RUNWAY - NIGHT

Epstein's in the driver's seat. Kline's in the passenger seat.

EPSTEIN

Motherfuckers!

(beat)

They stole our jet.

KLINE

Who the fuck-

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER: **A MONTH LATER**

The voice of a television NEWS ANCHORWOMAN, 30s:

VOICE OVER

...bombshell breaking news now as Julian Assange and WikiLeaks have just released hundreds of links to new videos showing ritual child sex crimes committed by members of the world's so-called Illuminati--

Anchorwoman's VOICE SLOWLY FADES...

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

--including congressmen, judges, academics, business leaders, law enforcement. There are connections to the CIA, FBI and the seventh floor of the State Department. I'm told that most of the people on these videos are easily identified.

(stunned)

Wow... We'll continue to shed LIGHT on this DARK story as it unfolds... This is, THE GREAT AWAKENING.

THE END