

The Long Night in Hell

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUSHI HOUSE

JR (Jay-arh), mid 30s, sits alone at a booth. He wears a dark red button up shirt and a black jacket over it. Comfortable slacks and old worn shoes. JR is a sarcastic, miserable bastard, but clever and experienced. Tough yet worn down. Dark bags under his eyes.

The restaurant is a small hole-in-the-wall mom and pop type. A dark (the sun never seems to hit this place), neon-lit sushi house. Cool Japanese imagery plasters the walls. A set of Samurai armor stands on display near the entrance. On the wall near JR's usual booth are framed photographs, some of the owner with different customers, a couple famous people, etc. The place is mildly busy.

Someone that sounds like Johnny Ace sings over the loudspeakers (an original song though). It overpowers any conversations going on, being just a tad too loud.

SINGER (V.O.)

*Sometimes it's still hard.. so many
scars.. now that you've gone down
the hall.. I don't think of you at
all..*

A plate of a half eaten roll of sushi sits on the table in front of JR, as well as a pack of cigarettes, a small ceramic shot glass and larger glass bottle of Habushu (habu sake). A dead pit viper sits coiled inside the bottle of sake.

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*.. Oh, who am I kidding? Forever in
loove.. and always the fool.. it
must be because..*

JR stares at the empty seat across from him. He looks down at the viper as he removes a cigarette from the pack and place it to his lips.

He searches for his matches.

FRRAP

JR looks up and for a moment the empty seat across from him is now filled by EVE, a beautiful 18 year old girl. Petite Eve stares back at JR with wide, green innocent eyes. Thoughtful.

She holds a lit match up. JR leans in and allows her to light the cigarette in his mouth. He sits back in his seat and looks up at her again.

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*.. Our love is still raw!! The
 harder I try, the harder I faall..
 There's nothing to do now, but
 accept the role..*

Just as quick as she's there, she's gone. But now JR notices the small painting on the wall behind where she was sitting. The painting is of an Oni (a demon in Japanese folklore). This makes him feel a little uneasy, but he shakes the feeling. Maybe it's just the snake juice.

JR downs a shot of sake then pours another.

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*.. Life is not worth it.. without
 you to caall.. my heart's in your
 pocket.. just press it and I'lll..*

He's startled when a WAITER appears at his side, carrying a covered tray. The waiter wears an Oni mask to conceal his face.

The waiter sets the tray down on the table in front of JR. He removes the lid.

The "food" appears to be some sort of raw meat. Everything about it seems wrong to JR. The color, the smell. He feels connected to it in a weirdly spiritual way though.

JR
 Hey, I didn't ask for th--

JR looks up at the waiter, who has vanished, then looks back down at the strange bloody meat.

JR (CONT'D)
 Ok, thanks.
 (shrugs, takes drag from
 cigarette)
 Maybe it's on the house.

SINGER (V.O.)
*.. appear like magic.. and I'll
 tell you the truth.. that I'm still
 hopelessly in love with youuu..*

The song continues

JR starts to dig into the meat. At first, the taste and smell puts him off, but the more he eats, the more he begins to like it.

JR consumes more and more of the meat, tearing through it like a wild animal. He sweats and sweats. Eats and eats. Like a pig. Grossly shoving the meat into his mouth, not giving himself a chance to even chew what he shoved in their before.

Once he stops eating he feels like the world is spinning. He feels hot. So hot. He can't stop sweating. His stomach growls. He looks down at it as it rumbles. Something is moving around inside him. He doesn't appear to be frightened by this.

JR
Not like this is the worst thing
we've done.

Crazy laughter can be heard from behind JR. Languages he doesn't understand. Gibberish sounds like the other patrons are speaking in tongues.

He decides to look around only to find the entire sushi house empty and on fire. The flames shoot up high. He stares into the fire.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT - INT. BEDROOM

JR wakes up in bed, finding himself in the same clothes from the night before. They're soaked.

He climbs out of bed and into his tiny bathroom. He strips naked then jumps in the shower.

As he embraces the cold water, trying to wake himself up for the day, his cell phone rings. It sounds close.

JR turns off the shower and towels up quickly. His eyes hit the sink. No phone. He walks past the toilet about to leave the bathroom then stops in front of it.. and turns to look inside.

JR's cell phone continues to ring from inside the toilet bowl. The phone is surrounded by puke that's painted the bowl. He makes a foomie face.

He grabs his cell phone out of the toilet water and puke. It still rings but the screen is black. The thing's defective.

JR
Huh.

DING DONG

JR drops his phone in the sink, flushes the toilet and washes his hands.

DING DONG

JR sighs and leaves his bedroom in the back and walks through his "office."

The living room space is essentially his office complete with a desk and a couple of filing cabinets. A computer at the desk as well as monitor and an old school wired (but disconnected) telephone. There are messy stacks of paperwork spread out on the kitchen counters.

He answers his door.

He finds TWO ELDERLY LADIES waiting outside. One of the ladies holds a small stack of pamphlets. JR takes one good look at them, seeing a big church cross on the backside. They look down at his underwear.

JR slams the door in their faces.

He goes back towards his bedroom, stopping in the kitchen to look at the joke birthday card held up by a single magnet on the refrigerator. It has a cat on it.

He enters his room and puts some clothes on.

Another red button up, not too dissimilar from the one before. He looks around for his cigarettes, still in his underwear.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

JR (CONT'D)

I'm popular today.

JR throws his hands up then grabs a pair of slacks and slides them on.

He goes over to answer the door once again.

This time no old Jehovah's Witnesses, but instead a young woman in her late 20's. MELANIE. Melanie wears a soft gray t-shirt, an oversized thin chambray shirt and a pair of distressed jeans. She carries a manila folder and has a 35mm Nikon N65 camera hanging from a colored strap around her neck. Her camera bag is slung around her shoulder.

JR (CONT'D)

You here to sell me Jesus, miss? Or pictures of him at least.

MELANIE

No, I'm looking for "JR"?"

JR

You found him.

MELANIE

Is this where you live? I thought this was an office.

JR

It is an office.. It's both. Look, I'm kind of in a hurry, miss.

MELANIE

I can see that. Any chance I could bend your ear just for a moment? Please.

JR stares back at Melanie, noting the desperation in her eyes.

JR

(beat)

Yeah, just make it quick. Come on in. Watch the cat.

Melanie enters the apartment looking around at her feet.

MELANIE

I didn't see a cat?

JR ignores Melanie and goes to put on his socks and shoes while she talks. She closes the door then looks around the rest of the apartment. It doesn't inspire much hope in her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Off to another case?

JR

Actually, yeah. Got a few things to take care of today. So what's your problem?

MELANIE

I'm trying to track down a murderer.

JR looks up at Melanie while tying his shoes.

JR

Eh, I don't really do that sort of thing.

MELANIE

I don't care about the money.

JR

It's not the money. Why don't you go to the police?

MELANIE

They don't know what they're looking for.

JR

But you do?

Melanie hands JR the manila folder in her hands.

MELANIE

Those are copies. You can keep them.

JR looks through the crime scene photos. Two dark haired women not too dissimilar in appearance to Melanie. Each appear to have been drained from their necks, a bite of some kind.

Close-Up images of a sun symbol carved into their necks, around the bites.

JR

How'd you get these?

MELANIE

I took them myself. I'm a CSI.

JR

(chuckles)

You're gonna get me jammed up, miss. The both of us.

MELANIE

My name's Melanie.. and I'm just trying to help. There's a big fat question waiting to be answered, right there, carved into their necks, and they're ignoring it.

JR looks over Melanie's suspect sketch. A scary vampire-ish young face. A long-haired man in a bomber jacket with what looks like glowing eyes.

JR
You know what they say about going
out and looking for answers, right?

MELANIE
I'm sure you'll tell me.

JR
(raises eyebrows)
They might not be the only thing
you find.. and you might not like
the other things you find..

JR sets down the open folder then grabs a cigarette and
match.

MELANIE
I'm willing to take that risk.

FRRAAP

He lights his cigarette. Melanie is put off by the smell.

JR
Why?

MELANIE
Because it's my job.

JR almost chuckles but decides not to be rude. He gives a
slight smile then asks

JR
Who's working the case?

MELANIE
Phillip Franco.

JR
Franco?

JR laughs through the cigarette smoke.

JR (CONT'D)
Alright, I'll help. But I don't
have time to help you track down a
serial killer.

JR grabs one of the close-up pictures of the carved sun
symbol.

JR (CONT'D)

This on the other hand. I know a guy who's an expert on symbols like this. He might have even seen it come up before. Wouldn't be the least bit surprised.

MELANIE

Why? You think it's a cult or something of that nature?

JR

Of course it is.. It usually is. Now if you excuse me I need to be a good Catholic boy and go take my mother to church.

MELANIE

I thought you had a job?

JR

Like I said, I got a few things to take care of today.

MELANIE

I tried calling your number.. You do have a phone?

JR

.. It's out of service currently. You know the Sushi House over on 32nd?

MELANIE

(beat)

I don't like sushi.

JR wasn't expecting that. He takes a long drag of his cigarette.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

How about Farelli's right there around the corner?

JR

That's fine by me. Let's say two days from now, 2 O'clock. That'll give me enough time to do some digging.

MELANIE

Sounds like a late lunch.

JR

It's just cushion time so I won't
be late.

JR puts out his cigarette then grabs his jacket. He opens his door letting Melanie out. She stops outside her door and turns to him again.

MELANIE

Two days could mean two more
victims.

JR

.. I have prior commitments.. I'm
sure you understand.

MELANIE

.. I hope I came to the right
person for this.
(looks away)
See you then.

JR nods and thinks on what she said. Melanie walks down the hall.

JR smells his shirt, smelling the smoke on it. He waves it off, pinching and pulling at his shirt.

JR

Maybe she won't notice.

INT. JR'S CAR - MOVING

JR's MOTHER (63) sits in the back.

MOTHER

Cutting it close, Junior.

Mother taps the non existent watch on her wrist.

JR

I know, I'm sorry.

MOTHER

So what's going on? Why were you
late? I hope it was because you
were working and not out.

JR

I was working, yeah.

MOTHER

They're keeping you late at the precinct.

JR

Mah, you remember, I'm not a co..

(beat)

Yeah, they still keep me late sometimes.

MOTHER

You would think they'd give my son a little more respect. You have seniority.

JR

I'm not that old. **You** have seniority.

MOTHER

Oh really?

JR laughs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll just forget your next birthday then.

A sad look over JR's face.

JR

(low)

You probably will.

MOTHER

What's that?

JR

(slight false smile)

I said that's alright, I stopped keeping track after 30.

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

JR pulls up to his childhood church.

JR exits his car and opens the passenger door for his mother, helping her out.

MOTHER

Why don't you come in with me, Junior?

JR
 You know I don't like to--it's
 better I don't.

MOTHER
 But why?

JR
 Because it's not a place I like to
 be. You know that.

MOTHER
 (pause)
 I forgot again. I'm sorry.

JR
 That's okay. You don't gotta be
 sorry.. But I'm not going in there.

MOTHER
 I'll be expecting you in an hour
 then.

JR
 Actually, I have a lot of work
 ahead of me today, Mah, I was
 thinking I could see if Father Ed
 or one of his lackeys could take
 you home.

His mother gently slaps his arm.

MOTHER
 Sure, Junior, that's okay. Oh! I
 almost forgot. Where's Eve?

JR is frozen for a moment. An image of the beautiful eighteen
 year old girl he saw before in the Sushi House flashes before
 him.

JR
 (bothered)
 Why did you say that name?

MOTHER
 I thought she wanted to come with
 me, to see the church?

JR
 .. No.. Mah.. Eve's not around
 anymore. Remember?

His mother thinks for a moment, halfway remembering.

MOTHER

That's right.

JR

Hurry before you're any later. I'll see you soon.

MOTHER

I love you, Junior. Be good and get a haircut. I'm sure your police captain wouldn't want you looking like a hippie.

JR

Love you, Mah.

JR kisses his mother on the forehead and she walks into the church. He looks up at it, resentment in his face.

FATHER ED (O.S.)

Oh, Lorraine, pleasure to see you here this morning. Have a seat please.

JR happens to look down at the sidewalk and notices a dead crow being worked on by worms. He looks over at the steps of the entrance of the church then back at the crow.

JR

And you were almost there. See you in Hell, I guess, buddy.

FATHER ED (O.S.)

Joining us today?

JR looks up at FATHER ED (60s).

JR

(nods)

Father Ed. No, not today.

FATHER ED

A shame.

JR

It always is.

(beat)

I was wondering if you could drop my mother off later. When you have the chance.

FATHER ED

Of course, that's no issue at all. Good to see you're working.

JR
.. Yeah, my landlord's pleased
about that too.

INT. SUSHI HOUSE

JR finds himself back at his favorite joint. This time with
company.

MR. GRADY (50s) sits across from him with a serious face.

JR
You have the letter?

GRADY
Did you talk to her friends?

JR
I did..

GRADY
Well?

JR
Two or three mentioned her running
around with some guy, a drug
dealer. An older guy. They never
got a name, never saw him.

GRADY
She never messed around with that
stuff. I don't understand.

JR
Parents never do.

GRADY
The Hell is that supposed to mean?

JR
She was young. She'd never tell you
everything going on in her life.
You think she'd tell you something
like that?

GRADY
We don't know for sure that's even
what really happened.

JR

Fair enough.. I'm just letting you know, from personal experience, chances are she took off with the boyfriend and at some point she's gonna run out of money and she's gonna come running back home.. or she won't.

GRADY

You fucking son of a bitch!

Grady stands up very suddenly, grabbing the attention of some of the other customers.

JR

Mister Grady, please. The letter?

Grady looks around at the people watching him, composes himself and sits back down.

He picks up an envelope from beside him and sets it down in front of JR. JR removes it and unfolds the typed up letter.

JR (CONT'D)

Dad, I just wanted to let you know that I'm okay. I'm better than ever actually. Things are going good. Tell Mom and everybody I love them. Please do not come and look for me. Goodbye, Ellison.

JR sets down the letter.

GRADY

It's typed and it's weird.

JR

Short and to the point.

GRADY

It's fucking weird! I know something's not right.

JR

Okay, it's weird.

(beat)

I take it your daughter could read and write above a second grade level?

Grady doesn't respond only staring back at JR. Dagger eyes. He looks away and thinks to himself.

GRADY
 (beat)
 There's something else.

JR looks up at Grady.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 .. I found it in my mailbox this morning.

Grady raises a photograph of an old dingy two story house up to JR's face. JR gently takes it with his fingertips and brings it closer to him.

JR
 (squints)
 Huh.

GRADY
 Nothing adds up.

JR sets the photograph down in front of him beside the letter. He checks the envelope. No return address.

JR
 When you're right you're right.
 (beat)
 Alright, I'll tell you what. I'm gonna get back out there and do some more digging.

GRADY
 .. Just bring her home.. please..

JR
 Don't you worry, mister Grady, I'll find--

JR looks back up to see the same young girl from before.

JR (CONT'D)
 --Eve.

GRADY
 .. You mean Ellison.

JR snaps out of it and looks back at Grady.

JR
 Ellison, yeah.. I'll find her.

GRADY

(beat)

Never had the chance to come to
this place and now that I'm here..
don't have much of an appetite..
How is it?

JR stares down at the untouched sushi roll in front of him.
It makes his stomach turn. It growls. He pushes it over to
Grady.

JR

Have at it.

INT. BAKER'S RESIDENCE - INT. LIBRARY

JR walks along a row of cabinets with LARRY BAKER (60).

The private library has a computer as well as well as shelves
of books, particularly on the study of symbols.

JR places a cigarette in his mouth. He reaches for a match in
his jacket pocket.

BAKER

Not in the workplace.

JR sticks the cigarette behind his ear.

Baker stops in front of one of the filing cabinets and opens
it while shoving a jelly-filled donut into his mouth.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Let's see, let's see.. No.. no..
Aha.

Baker removes a folder marked "unknown sun symbol - cult?"

BAKER (CONT'D)

Let's see it one more time.

JR holds up one of the crime scene photos (close-up of the
sun symbol carved into victim's neck). Baker looks closely
through his reading glasses.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Looks close.

JR looks over both. Nods

Baker hands JR the folder then finishes his donut.

They walk over to the table and lay out the folder's contents besides the crime scene photos.

BAKER (CONT'D)

The symbol has a habit of appearing in places that have for one reason or another.. been burned down to the ground.

Several photos of burnt down houses, close-ups of what appears to be the same sun symbol carved somewhere into each of the houses. A few old newspaper clippings from around the world.

JR

Looks to me like they're in no rush to settle down. Where's that?

JR points at a half-burnt down house surrounded by snow.

BAKER

Alaska, I believe. Should say on the back.

JR flips the picture over to see an address then flips back to front.

BAKER (CONT'D)

The contents of some of these places..

(sigh)

I'm talking animal carcasses split open and hung up on the walls, copious amounts of **still** unidentified blood.. I can only imagine the horrors that were committed in these places. Clearly they sacrificed the animals, what's unknown, but mostly agreed upon is that there were humans too.

JR

Human sacrifice?

BAKER

Everything seems to be ritualistic in nature which to me implies that these.. people.. worship something. Something old likely.

JR

Old?

Baker points at one photo of a burned down hut.

JR picks it up and studies it before turning it around. He reads the writing on the back.

JR (CONT'D)
Transylvania, Romania.
 (looks up at Baker)
 You're fucking joking.

BAKER
 I wish I could say I was. My
 colleague Miss Wright sent that
 over to me.
 (beat)
 I don't recognize that one.

Baker points at the photo of the random house (the one dropped in Grady's mailbox).

JR
 Oh, no, I didn't mean to put that
 th--

JR stops when he notices the photo beside that one. A burnt down house. He looks closer noticing the resemblance between the two houses.

JR (CONT'D)
 Do those look like the same place
 to you?

Baker gets closer.

BAKER
 Could be. Oh, I can't say for sure.

JR flips the picture to find that it's blank.

JR
 I got places to be, you think you
 can make copies of everything here
 for me?

BAKER
 Of course, when should I expect you
 back?

JR
 If I don't drop by today just have
 someone take it over for me, will
 you? I'll bring more donuts.

BAKER
 Say no more.

EXT. MUD'S PLACE

Loud music blares from inside the house. The neighborhood is sketchy, trashed, worn down houses.

JR approaches the front door, cigarette in mouth already.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Nothing.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

FRRAAPP

JR lights his cigarette then tries the door. It's unlocked. He goes inside.

INT. MUD'S PLACE

JR finds Mud dancing in the middle of his living room, his back to him.

MUD is hard to place. He could be anywhere from thirty to forty years old. His skin looks rough like he lives in the desert, but he's probably never left this city. He looks like he smells. His eyes are wild and his Gumby-like body moves like a slinky toy (in other words; like he's on drugs). One of his eyes might actually be a lazy eye, but JR can never tell because it seems to constantly flip between being one and not.

JR

Mud?

JR has to speak up over the loud music.

JR (CONT'D)

Hey, Mud!

Mud turns suddenly, shotgun aimed at JR.

JR (CONT'D)

(throws hands up)

I come in peace.

MUD

You was almost in pieces.

Mud laughs a twisted contagious laugh.

JR

Yeah, I'm not really looking to become worm food. You know, I could hear this shit from outside.

MUD

You can hear my music from out there? Shiet, you got the ears of a hawk, JRJR.

JR

What about your neighbors? The ones always calling the cops on you.

MUD

Not anymore. Those fuckers are gone.

JR

Gone?

MUD

(beat)
Made them into chili.

Mud laughs a freakish, but oddly contagious laugh. JR nods.

JR

It's good to have a sense of humor when you look like a member of the Sawyer family.

MUD

What?

JR

Maybe just-

JR motions for Mud to turn down the music. He does.

He sets his shotgun down standing against the wall.

MUD

You here for business or pleasure?

JR

Little bit of both. Business first.

JR removes the picture of the house from his suit jacket.

JR (CONT'D)

You ever seen this house before?

Mud looks closely, thinks hard.

JR (CONT'D)
Crackhouse?

MUD
(scratches chin)
Oh shit, that's uh, that's um..
Yeah! That's that place over on
whatchamacallit!

JR
Call it something.

MUD
Dell?

JR
Computers?

MUD
No, fucking Del--
(snapping)
Think, Mud, think.
(snap)
Del Monte!

JR
Is that the street? Road? Avenue?

MUD
Road! No, Avenue!

JR
Which is it?

MUD
The second one. Man, there used to
be all kinds of wild shit coming
out of that place if it's the place
I think it is.

JR
Is it or isn't it?

MUD
(thinks)
Mmmmm.. I think it is, yeah,
prolly. There's a whole legend
around that place. You never heard
about that?

JR
No, tell me.

MUD
Some big shot dealer-

JR
What's his name?

MUD
I dunno, I didn't know him. That was a little before my come-up. I just know what I heard, which is that place was always poppin', people in and out, moving weight here, moving weight there. And then one day, it burned down.

JR
Who burned it down?

MUD
Who fucking knows. A rival dealer? If they had a lab, maybe that shit blew up.
(remembers)
You know.. they say there's a lot of money down there.

JR
Is that what they say?

MUD
(shrugs)
Supposedly he died with his money..

JR
.. Why are you looking at me like that?

MUD
I'm just saying that could be a lot of motherfuckin money.

JR
I need to look around some more on this, but if I can find the house and you can get me in there, and if you find this.. fabled treasure.. it's yours.

MUD
You sayin you don't want a dime of the money?

JR
 If it exists..
 (pause)
 .. Maybe a little, yeah.

MUD
 No man's above money.

JR looks away, smoking.

JR
 (thinks)
 .. Thanks for the help.

MUD
 What am I but a servant for the
 people? Now how about a little
 pleasure?

Mud motions at the dining table.

JR looks over the table to see a grip of cocaine. Some cut,
 some not yet. Off to the side is a glass container filled
 with liquid hallucinogenic drops called "Dreamcatcher" (a
 fictional drug for this world).

MUD (CONT'D)
 How much you taking home? We got
 super sale prices right now, just
 so you aware.

JR
 Is that that dreamcatcher stuff?

MUD
 Ehh, it's impossible to get your
 hands on the real thing. It's one
 of them knock offs.

JR
 I don't think it's safe having that
 around your other.. substances.
 Wouldn't want them to mix.

MUD
 Ahh, pfftt, of course it's safe. I
 wear gloves, man! Whatchu think
 this is? Some kind of backwards ass
 hillbilly shoot-up spot? I am a man
 of integrity and believe
 wholeheartedly in quality
 controlled products.

JR

.. I'm just saying I don't want to take a nose dive into your Christmas snow and next thing I know it's Halloween and I'm meeting the Devil.

MUD

You afraid to dream a little dream? Trust me, JRJR, reality be a lot scarier.

Mud smiles creepily.

INT. JR'S CAR - MOVING

JR drives down Del Monte Avenue, studying each of the houses.

JR removes a cigarette from its pack, as well as a match, lights it and lights the cigarette now in his mouth. He tosses the match out the window.

JR

Huh.

INT. FREDDY'S

JR enters the bar. A few of the regulars wave or say hi as he passes.

JR

Hey, you get that thing looked at?

JR stops at the bar. The BARTENDER cleans one of the glasses.

BARTENDER

JR, haven't seen you around here for a while.

JR

Yeah, I thought maybe I'd take a break from drinking.

BARTENDER

How's that going?

JR

I thought maybe I'd go back to drinking.

BARTENDER

Haha. What can I get you? The usual?

JR

Fine by me. I was actually hoping I could use your phone if you don't mind.

Bartender pours JR his drink.

BARTENDER

Sure, not a problem. What happened to that new phone you got? Lose it?

JR

No, no, I know where it is. It's in my toilet.

BARTENDER

Must have been a rough night.

JR nods.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You cheating on me with other establishments?

JR

Hey, we never said a word about monogamy.

Bartender laughs.

JR removes the cigarette from his mouth and takes a big sip of his drink.

The bartender hands JR the bar phone.

JR (CONT'D)

Thanks, Chase.

JR removes the little journal from inside his jacket and flips to the name DAVID CAMARGO. He dials the number.

JR (CONT'D)

Here we go. 619-597-okay.

He waits until he hears his man on the other line.

JR (CONT'D)

Hey, David, it's JR.

(listens)

It's in my toilet.

(MORE)

JR (CONT'D)

(listens)

Yeah, rough night. Look, I was calling cause somebody came to me with a job. Well, kind of. There's some kind of ghost story about a crack house that burned down on Del Monte Avenue and a missing girl might have been holed up in there. I'm looking for that house.

(listens)

Obviously, but if you'd let me finish--Your guess is as good as mine. I'm thinking they must have built a new house over where the old one used to be. I thought maybe you could do a little digging real quick, see if there's any record of this house ever existing.

(listens)

What do you get? My eternal love, how about that, sweet cheeks?

(listens)

Oh, my friendship's not good enough for you? How about that twenty I owe you?

(listens then laughs)

Alright, you son of a bitch.

(listens)

No, not at the office.. Meet me here at Freddy's. Okay, yeah.

JR hangs up the phone. He takes a swig of his drink.

His stomach turns. He grabs it then is hit with a dizzy spell. He closes his eyes and puts his head down on the bar, letting out a deep sigh.

INT. JAIL

FLASHBACK - 10 years ago

Eve sits inside a jail cell, looking down at the floor.

A police officer approaches the cell. JR stands next to him.

POLICE OFFICER

Eve Watts.

Eve's eyes shoot up at the officer and JR.

INT. JR'S CAR - MOVING

JR and Eve sit in silence as JR drives. Eve sits in the back as if being chauffeured or in the back of a cop car. The same old tune from the Sushi House (intro) plays over the radio.

SINGER (V.O.)

*.. now you've gone down the hall..
I don't think of you at all..*

JR

You know, if you hadn't lied about your age, you wouldn't have got thrown behind bars with a bunch of grown ass adults. Now they got your fingerprints and you're in the system.

(shakes head, waits for response)

Must have done something preetty stupid.

Eve doesn't respond. JR looks at her through the rearview mirror.

JR removes a cigarette and places it to his lips. He lights a match and lights his cigarette. He looks at Eve through the rearview mirror again, watching her for a short time.

JR (CONT'D)

It's a long drive to your parents.

EVE

Do you have to smoke?

JR

You are in **my** car.

Eve shuts up.

JR (CONT'D)

So what'd you do?

EVE

Don't you already know that?

JR

Maybe I do, but I'm asking you. Trying to make conversation here.

EVE

I liked you better when you were silent.

JR
(sarcastic)
That's what my therapist says. I
heard you were giving handys behind
the Quicky Mart.

EVE
Ew, what? I was trying to steal a
bottle of jack, okay? Fuck, dude.

JR
Should've paid a bum like a normal
person.

EVE
People still do that?

JR
That's what I did when I was a kid.

EVE
I'm not a kid.

JR
You're not exactly an adult either.

EVE
Who are you, anyway? A friend of my
dad's?

JR
I was paid to find you and bring
you back.

EVE
Wow, so he's even paying off cops
now.

JR
Hey, I ain't a cop.

EVE
Then you're just a dick?

JR
I am a Dick.

EVE
What?

JR
I'm a private investigator. You
know, like a Detective. A Dick.

EVE

I meant that you're an asshole.

JR

Yeah, sometimes.

EVE

How much did he pay you?

JR

Starting to feel like not enough.

EVE

I have money. What if I paid you **not** to take me back?

JR

Oh yeah? And do what?

EVE

Just let me go.

JR

I can't do that.

EVE

Why not?

JR

You're a job. What are you gonna pay me with anyway? Your allowance?

Eve sits silent, annoyed and pouting, for a moment before leaning over the middle section to change the radio station to something more current and pop.

JR turns it off.

Eve turns it back on.

JR turns off the radio then grabs her hand as she tries for a third time. He turns to look at her.

JR (CONT'D)

Stop fucking with my radio. If you wanna drive then you can have control over the radio.

EVE

Okay, let me drive.

JR releases her hand.

JR
Yeah, right.

JR turns the radio on and changes the station back to what he was originally listening to.

They go back to sitting in silence for a short while..

Until Eve decides to climb over into the front passenger seat..

JR (CONT'D)
What are you--? You're getting your
dirty shoes on my leather.

EVE
I'll be eighteen in a couple
months.

JR
So Happy Birthday. What are you
telling me for?

EVE
Stop being a dick.

JR turns to her.

JR
I can't.

Eve rolls her eyes at JR's insistence to continue his lame "Dick-Detective" joke. She sits silent for a moment.

EVE
.. I can pay in other ways too.

Eve places a hand on JR's crotch, startling him.

JR removes her hand. He chuckles in a sort of disbelief.

Eve gives it a second attempt.

JR
What are you doing?

EVE
Trying to be persuasive.

JR
Well, stop.

JR removes Eve's hand.

JR (CONT'D)

I was joking about the handys, you know.

EVE

That's supposed to work.
Promiscuous young thing, making you feel young again. Are you gay?

JR

First off, I'm only twenty five.
That's hardly an old man. Second,
I'd have to be attracted to you for your siren song to work on me..

(beat)

And third, I'm not gay.

Eve goes silent again. A look of hurt in her eyes. She turns away. JR watches her for a moment.

JR (CONT'D)

(sighs)

.. Eve, you're very pretty,
alright? But I'm not doing that.

EVE

When you were eighteen, what did you do?

JR

What do you mean?

EVE

I mean, did you stay with your parents or did you leave the house?

JR

.. I left.

EVE

That's all I want to do. I can't go back.

JR

But you have to. Then once you're an actual legal adult, you can do whatever the fuck you want. At that point, your parents can't make you do anything.

EVE

You've met my parents.. but you don't know them.

JR
(beat)
You're right, I don't.

EVE
(desperate)
Please.. Give me a place to stay.
Just for a couple nights. I'll
figure something out. But anything
is better than going back.

JR stares back at Eve, contemplating.

JR
Why don't you want to go back?

EVE
My parents are fucking weirdos.

JR
Weird how?

EVE
They're into some weird church
shit. And I don't want any part of
it.

JR
.. You're gonna have to start
giving me details.

EVE
I don't have any. I just know..

Eve's eyes fill with tears and her voice breaks.

JR
Busting out the crocodile tears,
really?

Eve looks JR in the eye so he knows she's serious.

EVE
It's the company they keep. It's
the men my dad brings around the
house at night.. it's..

Eve wipes a tear and looks the opposite direction of JR.

JR
(sighs)
.. Fuck..

EXT. BRIDGE

JR and Eve stand behind the railing. JR looks out over the water.

EVE
Are you gonna turn me in?

JR
.. I don't know.

EVE
I just don't understand why they
want me back so bad..

JR
They love you, I guess. You are
their daughter.

EVE
So what? We're all sons and
daughters. They don't give a fuck
about me..

JR
(shrugs)
I don't know.

EVE
You must come from a real loving
home with both parents.

JR
Just my mother.

Eve looks at JR then away again.

EVE
I hate them. They're everything I
never want to be.

JR
.. Yeah, I know the feeling.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. FREDDY'S

PRESENT

BLACK SCREEN

Flashing images of the dead crow. The worms crawling around it, from inside of it. Maggots.

DAVID (V.O.)
Sleeping on the job.

CUT TO:

JR feels a nudge. He slowly wakes to find his friend (the person he called) DAVID CAMARGO (mid 30s). He wears a nice pair of slacks and a button up shirt.

DAVID
You good?

David roughly pats JR on the back.

JR
I need a drink.

CUT TO:

JR and David are sitting at a booth now. Drinks in front of them as well as open folders with paperwork and pictures, a few blueprints. He drops the two pictures of the house (one being it burnt down) next to the blueprint.

237 Del Monte Ave written above the blueprint.

JR (CONT'D)
Would you look at that.

JR looks through the different files and paperwork. He picks up a police report.

DAVID
There's a report in there--yeah, that's the one. According to the police report, says there was a meth lab in the basement.

JR
Dreamcatchers maybe. They've gotten a little too popular.

DAVID
Shit blew up, accidentally, or so they say. Caused the whole place to go up in flames.

JR
Says they found bodies.

DAVID

They found a few bodies, yeah. Junkies. Supposedly, one of the guys was this dealer you mentioned. There was a whole story in the newspaper about it, there's a clipping of it in there, but I couldn't really find any more info on the guy. He was kind of a ghost. At least in any kind of actual physical records.

JR

That's alright, I could care less about the previous occupants. I'm sure they're in a better place..

FRAAAP

JR lights a cigarette with a match and smokes.

JR (CONT'D)

So then they rebuilt the house?

DAVID

See, that's where shit gets a little weird.

JR

Weird how?

DAVID

The real estate's owned by the church.

JR

What?

DAVID

Yeah, something like Saint.. Saint--What's the name of the church your mom goes to?

JR

St. Augustine's? That's where I went as a kid.

DAVID

That's the one.

JR

Why would a church pay to build over a burned down crack house?

DAVID

Fuck if I know. Maybe just looking for some goodwill in the neighborhood. As far as I can tell, that whole street is filled with bible bumping **mmaniacs**.

JR

That still doesn't make any sense.

David shrugs. He drinks from his glass. JR thinks for a moment.

JR (CONT'D)

So the church was probably involved with the clean-up. It looks like they just swooped right in as everything was happening.

DAVID

You think they had something to do with it burning down in the first place?

JR

Nah, I don't wanna start spinning conspiracy theories here. What I'm more concerned with is whether they got into the basement.

DAVID

Why, what's in the basement?

JR

My baseball cards. Look, Mud thinks there's money down there.

DAVID

You're looking for a secret stash?

JR

I don't think it exists. But as long as he does, he'll help me into that basement. Everything so far has pointed me towards this house.

DAVID

You think they're hiding something down there?

JR
 She may not be in that report, but
 somebody's covering up where she
 went.. and I intend to find out
 who..

JR raises his glass.

JR (CONT'D)
 Appreciate the help.

David raises his.

DAVID
 On the off chance you do find
 something down there..

JR
 (smirk)
 Don't worry, I'll throw you a
 couple bones.

CUT TO:

The two continue to pound down drink after drink while they
 talk and laugh. Loud music over them.

JR removes a vial of COCAINE from his jacket (which he
 purchased from Mud). He presents it to David. They do some.

CUT TO:

JR gets up in a drunken stupor, also high from the coke that
 Mud might have accidentally got dreamcatcher in.

DAVID
 Where you going, man? That's like
 the fifteenth time.

JR
 I think it was the sushi.

DAVID
 Sushi?

INT. RESTROOM

It's like JR has stepped into a different dimension. Like
 this bathroom doesn't belong to this club.

Standing beside the door is a RESTROOM ATTENDANT. He looks
 identical to the waiter from the Hellish sushi house
 nightmare, down to the devil mask. JR looks him over.

JR

Huh.

JR walks past him into one of the stalls.

The music from the club becomes distant, getting further and further away from JR. He looks to the left and right of him, noticing that the walls of the stall are suddenly closer to him. They continue to close in on him, making JR feel extremely claustrophobic.

He pees. He plants one hand against one of the walls of the stall.

JR (CONT'D)

(drunkenly)

Stop. Stop that.

He feels his stomach turning some more. He sweats. The stall feels even smaller. Finally, JR raises that vial of coke again and snorts some.

The stall feels normal sized again and he can hear the loud music coming from the heart of the club. JR is feeling good again and ready to party.

JR (CONT'D)

(nods)

Yeah.

JR puts his thing back in his pants, zips up then flushes the toilet. He exits the stall.

JR approaches the Attendant. He eyes him suspiciously as he slides a twenty dollar bill into his pocket. He pats the Attendant on the shoulder. The Attendant stands there, looking forward, towels in hand, not acknowledging JR.

JR stops before leaving, walks back over and switches the twenty dollar bill out for a five.

JR pockets his twenty and exits the restroom.

EXT. FREDDY'S

JR, drunk, exits the bar.

JR walks down an alley, humming the same tune he's sung before. He then goes into actual song

JR

(singing)

.. now you've gone down the hall..

(MORE)

JR (CONT'D)
*I don't think of you at all.. Oh,
 who am I kidding? Forever in love..
 and always the fool.. It must be
 because..*

A cat shrieks from inside the alley.

JR (CONT'D)
 What, not a fan?

JR continues humming as he removes a match and a cigarette.
 He strikes the match

FRRAAAPP

then freezes when he notices a strange shadow not too far up
 ahead. It moves slowly across the ground, almost crawling.

JR looks around for what might be creating the shadow.
 Nothing. The shadow is gone by the time he turns his
 attention back to it.

JR (CONT'D)
 Huh.

The match he struck goes out. He tosses it and

FRRAAPP

strikes another. Lights the cigarette in his mouth. He hums
 some more as he continues his walk home. More sounds of cats
 running around and meowing.

JR (CONT'D)
 If you know the words, sing along.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRUCK - NEXT MORNING

Mud pulls up to the two story house.

Him and JR wear jumpsuits. Both have nametags sewn into them.
 Mud's reads "Sanchez." JR's reads "Chin."

MUD
 This it?

JR
 This is the place. You remember
 what to say, right?

JR watches Mud's face, knowing he's up to something.

MUD

Yup.

Mud exits the truck and approaches the house. JR goes after him.

Mud rings the doorbell.

DING DONG

The man of the house answers the door.

MAN

Oh, hi.

MUD

What it do, pimp?

MAN

.. Can I help you gentlemen?

MUD

We've been told you're seeing a disturbing rise in squirrel activity around these parts.

MAN

Um, I'm sorry? Are you with Animal Control or something?

MUD

Or something.

JR

Actually, we're with Los Angeles Gas and Electric.

MAN

Oh, well, what does that have to do with squirrels?

MUD

Gas leaks.

MAN

Gas leaks?

MUD

Yessir, we've been told there is a potential gas leak on this street. Now, are you feeling any--

(as if reading off)

(MORE)

MUD (CONT'D)

--abdominal pain, chest pain,
dizziness, fatigue, headaches, loss
of muscle control, or gets pink
skin and/or bright red lips?

MAN

(unsure)

No, I don't think so. These are
caused by the gas leak?

MUD

Golly, you smell that, Chin?

MAN

Smell what? What's going on?

JR

He's right. Your house is emitting
a strong stench of -- CO right now.

MUD

Sir, they love them gas lines. They
are attracted to the smell of the
leak and then they and their little
furry nut-eating cousins show up
like a church congregation and have
themselves a feast. It's a vicious
cycle. The leak itself is the least
of your problems after your home
becomes infested with them nibbling
bastards.

Mud flinches, looking up at the roof.

MUD (CONT'D)

Whoa!!

He startles JR and the Man.

MUD (CONT'D)

There goes one of them little
devils right now.

INT. HOUSE - 237 DEL MONTE AVE

With the Man and his wife now out of the house, JR and Mud
enter.

The house is filled with Christ imagery, framed pictures of
the family. A good Catholic family.

JR spots a framed holographic image of Jesus Christ. The kind whose eyes follow you no matter where you move. He stares back at it momentarily.

JR's eyes scan the wood panel floor as he walks around the living room.

Mud opens a cabinet and looks inside.

JR
What are you doing?

MUD
Seeing what else they got.

JR
We're not here to rob them.

MUD
We never said we wasn't.

JR
(sighs)
Mud.

MUD
Alright, dammit.

They continue looking around. They split up.

Mud checks the bathroom and the garage, while JR looks around the dining room and ends up in the kitchen (the bedrooms are upstairs).

JR
(calls out)
Anything?

Mud enters the kitchen as JR strikes a match. He shakes his head.

JR lights his cigarette as they exit the house into the backyard. They scan all over the ground, not finding anything noteworthy.

JR (CONT'D)
How much longer do we have the truck for?

MUD
Hour and a half, I think.

JR
You sure you didn't see anything in
the garage?

MUD
Not a damn thing.

JR thinks.

JR
Come on.

JR and Mud go back inside into the kitchen.

JR (CONT'D)
A basement, huh?

Mud props himself up onto the island in the middle of the
kitchen.

The small island is about two feet by 3 feet all around. Made
of wood with a marble top.

MUD
You said it yourself. That shit
would be sealed up. What we suppose
to do? Tear out the entire ground
beneath us?

JR watches Mud swing his legs back and forth as they dangle
off the island.

JR notices the symbols worked into the architecture of the
island, cross shapes carved into the wood. His eyes travel
down to the tile underneath the island. Something about them
looks off.

JR
Move real quick.

MUD
What?

JR
Get off.

JR gives Mud a side shove and he jumps off the island.

JR squats down to get a closer look. He feels around it then
looks down at the bottom of the island. He feels the tiles on
the ground underneath.

JR (CONT'D)
These tiles don't look flush.

JR puts his weight on the island, attempts to move it. It budes.

JR proceeds to empty the inside of the island, removing all of the pots and pans, tossing them behind him. Mud watches him, curious.

JR (CONT'D)
Help me with this.

Together, JR and Mud grab the island and slide it over, scraping the ground underneath it.

MUD
(struggling)
This is how people blow out their back.

JR
Little more.

They slide the island over just enough.

JR (CONT'D)
You have a pry bar?

MUD
Hold up.

Mud leaves to go to the truck. While JR waits for him to return he searches the kitchen drawers for the utensils, finds them and removes a butter knife.

JR gets on his knees and starts to dig around the tiles with a knife.

Mud returns with a pry bar and a pair of gloves for each of them. They both put on gloves.

JR moves aside.

JR
Hit it right there.

Mud sticks the pry bar in between the uneven tiles and pries them up. JR removes the tiles and places them to the side.

A layer of plywood sits under where the tiles were.

Mud breaks through the plywood with the pry bar. He pulls it up. JR uses his hands to help rip it out. Under the tiles, under the plywood is a layer of cement.

JR knocks on the large square of cement layer in the ground.

JR (CONT'D)

Bingo.

MUD

How the fuck did you know?

JR

Just had a feeling, I guess. We have anything that can cut through this?

MUD

Wouldn't make sense to cut it if there ain't shit underneath it. It would be a thin layer.

JR

Sledgehammer then?

Mud cheeses it and exits the house for a moment.

JR lights a cigarette and smokes. While he does, he looks through the higher cabinets until he finds the liquor cabinet.

JR grabs a bottle of whiskey and takes a swig. He puts it back just as

Mud returns with a sledgehammer and a pair of flashlights. JR helps him by grabbing everything except the sledgehammer from him and setting them down on one of the counters.

JR grabs the sledgehammer and offers it to Mud.

JR (CONT'D)

Knock yourself out.

MUD

Why am I doing all the hard labor?

JR only looks at him, smoking. Mud sighs then snatches the sledgehammer away from JR.

Mud swings the sledgehammer into the cement, cracking it, but not breaking through it.

JR puts up a hand, motioning for Mud to stop. JR drops to his stomach. He peeks through the crack then shines a flashlight through it. He blows cigarette smoke through.

JR

El Dorado.

MUD
What the fuck am I gonna do with a
bunch of gold?

JR gives Mud a look, but doesn't say anything.

JR gets up on his feet. He throws up an index finger.

JR
One more.

Mud sighs then readies himself. He throws all of his power into swinging the sledgehammer one more time. This time he breaks through the cement, shattering the thin layer.

They both make a face once the smell from the basement rises and hits them at the same time.

MUD
Holy shit. Must be the squirrels.

JR flashes his flashlight down into the basement.

JR
Smells like death.

MUD
Maybe the dealer died with his
money?

JR
I guess we're gonna find out.

JR flashes a flashlight down into the basement.

JR (CONT'D)
It's a little high.
(beat)
You first.

MUD
You got me in here swinging
sledgehammers and shit, almost
throwing out my back. Fuck that.
It's your turn.

Mud stares down JR, not budging.

JR
.. Fine. I'm gonna need you to
lower me down as much as you can.

JR sighs then makes his way down the hole. Mud drops to his stomach and grabs JR's arms tight. He shimmies closer to the hole, lowering JR just a little bit more.

MUD

Oh shit!

Mud releases JR causing him to fall 10 feet or so.

INT. BASEMENT

MUD (O.S.)

My bad, I thought I saw a squirrel
get in through the window.

JR

Enough with the fucking squirrels,
man!

JR gets up and dusts himself off.

MUD (O.S.)

You break anything?

JR

I don't know yet.

JR feels a little pain in his leg.

He flashes his flashlight around and spots a ladder on the ground. He raises it up for Mud.

Mud climbs down the ladder as JR starts to look around the creepy basement.

Red sheets hang from the ceiling, blocking out a rectangle of space like there's a bed in a hospital room at the center of the space (or like a surgery about to take place). This sits at the center of the basement.

JR decides to not walk through them and instead continue to look around. Mud checks the opposite side, flashing his own flashlight.

Mannequins stand in one of the corners. Their eyes are scratched out and they wear weird bright colored wigs and ill fitting outfits.

Pinned to the walls are several nasty furry carcasses/practically skeletal remains of what appears to be cats.

The same sun symbol from Melanie's crime scene photos painted across the walls. Likely in blood.

MUD
What the fuck?

JR finds a small desk against the wall. A stack of photographs. Most of them burned up. There are a few that remain untouched, but they're all too blurry or it's just difficult to make out what's actually in the pictures.

The exception is one photo of a naked man, covered in blood and pointing at something in the shadows behind him. He decides to pocket the photo of the man.

MUD (CONT'D)
Uh, JRJR?

JR
Yeah?

MUD
I'm gonna guess there's no money down here.

JR
Yeah.. I'm starting to get that same feeling.

MUD
This place is giving me the heebie jeebies. I'd like to go before I get hexed.

JR ignores Mud and decides it's time to check out what's in between the hanging sheets. He enters to find

The same sun symbol (from crime scene photos and Baker's files) drawn into the ground, huge, with melted down candles at each point. At the center of it is a body. A mostly skeletal body, seemingly cut down the middle.

The stench hits harder than before. JR runs out from between the sheets, gagging, but successfully keeps himself from puking.

MUD (CONT'D)
What is it?

JR
Mud, I need a phone.

MUD
 (suspicious)
 For what?

JR
 I know you carry burners on you. I
 just need to borrow one.

MUD
 Those are my business phones.

JR
 Mud.

MUD
 (sighs)
 This job just keeps getting worse.

Mud hands JR one of his burner phones.

JR
 Keep looking around.

MUD
 There ain't no fucking money.

JR
 Just keep looking.

JR uses the burner phone to take pictures of everything in the basement. The last thing being the body on the giant sun.

He gives his best attempt to keep from being sick. He snaps pictures of the body then gets down on one knee to get a closer look. Something about the body feels familiar, as if drawing JR towards it. He shakes off the feeling.

MUD (O.S.)
 There ain't fucking shit!

Mud kicks over one of the mannequins.

JR stares into what would have been the eyes of the deceased person. He stands up as Mud walks over to him.

JR
 You gotta go.
 (beat)
 I'm calling the boys in blue.

Mud understands and takes one last look around the basement

MUD
(beat)
You owe me buried treasure.

JR
I never promised you anything.

Mud glares back at JR

MUD
You're a son of a bitch, JRJR.

then takes off up the ladder.

EXT. HOUSE

JR, covered in dust and grime, stands with his hands in cuffs. He's leaning against a cop car smoking a cigarette. Two Officers (RODRIGUEZ and SHAW) stand next to him.

A firetruck and ambulance. A team of people bringing out the body.

A black Crown Vic with dark windows pulls up and out comes DETECTIVE PHILLIP FRANCO.

Phil Franco (30s) has dark thick hair and a thick scar across the center of his face. He looks like he never sleeps.

He stops in front of JR, eyeing him up and down. There's an instant chemistry between them, one of a disastrous kind. The familiarity in their eyes shows how well they know each other.. or hate each other.

JR
Not one of my proudest moments.

PHIL FRANCO
I wasn't aware you had any. Care to explain what's going on?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ
This fucking guy broke into the house, opens up a basement the family didn't even know existed and comes back up with a rotting skeleton.

JR
(scratches head)
Couldn't have put it better myself.

PHIL FRANCO

Uncuff him.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Uncuff him? I say we cuff his feet too, watch him waddle away.

JR raises his cuffed hands. Rodriguez hesitates but unlocks them.

PHIL FRANCO

You better start explaining.

JR

I'm working a missing persons case. Based on what's been presented to me, I had reason to believe she was ducking out here. Only, not here, but whatever used to be here.

PHIL FRANCO

Is that her?

Franco's eyes move towards the basement body under a sheet.

JR

I don't know. The girl's been missing something like ten years, which is about how long ago the original house burned down.

PHIL FRANCO

I'm gonna need a written statement from you.

JR

Can I mail it?

Phil Franco rolls his eyes.

PHIL FRANCO

Don't start getting cute with me.
(beat)
Shit, so it's true.

JR

What?

PHIL FRANCO

I heard about the incident, but I didn't know they took your piece. Guess there is some justice in the world.

JR looks down at his holster-less chest then at Franco's holstered gun. He brushes off the insult as Rodriguez and Shaw chuckle.

JR looks back up at Franco.

JR

What's with the sun? What do you porkies know about that?

PHIL FRANCO

What sun?

JR

I know about the symbol, Franco. That's where I found the body. It was sitting on one that was painted 10 feet across.

PHIL FRANCO

(pause)

You need to stay out of this.

JR

Why? I'm just doing my job.

PHIL FRANCO

No, you're just doing a job. But I know how this will go. You're gonna do something stupid, like you always do, and fuck up my investigation and probably get innocent people hurt in the process.

JR

I'm a Dick, not a cop.

PHIL FRANCO

You're a fucking drunk.

JR

No more mister nice Scarface?

Franco punches JR in the face, launching the cigarette from his mouth and leaving a cut above his eye. It bleeds. He lets it.

Rodriguez and Shaw go to grab Franco off of JR, but he's already pulled himself away.

JR (CONT'D)

No, go ahead, let him. I can take a hit.

(MORE)

JR (CONT'D)

He could never take one, but I can do another. I take em all the fucking time!

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

You better go, man.

JR stares back at Franco, letting the blood drip into his eye. Neither needs to say another word to each other.

JR walks past them and down the street. Once he's far enough away, he wipes away the blood from his eye.

EXT. MR. GRADY'S HOUSE

JR finds Grady tending to his garden.

He goes for a cigarette but then decides against smoking it. He places it behind his ear.

He looks over at the front door to see an older married couple (man and woman) standing outside staring back at him. Eve's parents. A memory of them.

GRADY (O.S.)

I don't know whether to be upset or elated that you're here.

JR turns to Grady who is now looking up at him.

He turns back towards the door to see Eve's parents are gone and instead, a silhouetted MRS. GRADY stands inside watching from the window in the door. She moves away.

JR turns his attention back to Grady.

JR

I can't say for sure which one, but I have some news and just wanted to update you.

Grady nods and stands up. JR helps him up.

GRADY

.. Let's just rip off this band aid together.

JR

I think I found the house.

Grady's eyes widen with shock.

GRADY
You found her?

JR
Not her. The house. Well..

Grady waits for JR to finish.

JR (CONT'D)
The house.. burned down something like a decade ago. They sealed the basement and built a brand spanking new home on top of it. You know, like the Indian burial grounds in *Poltergeist* or one of them Stephen King stories.

GRADY
Are you saying people died in the original house?

JR
.. Yes, that's what I'm saying.

Grady's eyes begin to water.

JR (CONT'D)
Whatever happened left a group of supposed drug dealers burnt up with the place.. this morning I got into the basement and.. there was another body.

GRADY
(places hand to mouth)
Oh my God.

JR
Mister Grady, we don't know yet if it's her.

GRADY
(cries)
Of course it's her! How did nobody find this before?

JR
Somebody was keeping it hidden. The church, maybe.

GRADY
You're saying the Church is behind all this?

JR

They own the real estate. At least, after it went down in flames. I can't yet speak to the nature of their involvement.. but I'm looking into it.

GRADY

What good is that gonna do now? You've been looking into things for weeks now! And it's been years!

JR

Mister Grady, I'm telling you, we don't know yet if it's her.

Grady is trying to keep it together.

JR (CONT'D)

It could be a couple days, it could be longer. In the meanwhile, I'm gonna keep digging, alright? Is that okay with you?

Grady wipes his face and nods.

JR (CONT'D)

Now I need to ask you two quick things before I go.

Grady looks at JR. JR pulls out the burner phone he got off Mud and shows Grady the picture of the giant sun symbol painted on the ground.

JR (CONT'D)

You ever seen this symbol before?

Grady looks close.

JR (CONT'D)

Look closer.

He does.

GRADY

(shakes head)

No.

JR

That's alright.

GRADY

What was the other thing?

JR
Can I see that letter again?

INT. POST OFFICE

JR finishes smoking a cigarette outside then enters.

He approaches the CLERK. He places the envelope with the stamp onto the counter.

JR
You guys sell these stamps here?

The clerk picks up the envelope for a closer look.

CLERK
No, don't think so.

JR
Do you know who does?

CLERK
(shakes head)
Sorry, no idea.

JR
Was worth a shot. Thanks.

JR grabs the envelope and exits.

EXT. POST OFFICE

Almost right when JR steps out he notices a car across the street with two MEN inside watching him. They look away, but JR doesn't.

His eyes slowly move away from them then he begins to walk down the street to his left.

He continues down, suspicious of the car. He drops the envelope on purpose turning his body to also get another look behind him. His gut is right as the car has started to slowly drive forward, following after him.

JR notices what looks from this distance a white collar on one of the men, sticking out from under their jacket.

JR picks up back up the envelope and puts it in his jacket. Once he passes another storefront or two he quickly enters into

INT. BARBERSHOP

JR stands behind the doorway, watching the car slowly pass. He turns his head pretending to talk to someone inside.

BARBER
You want a cut?

JR
I'm alright. This place got a back door?

EXT. BARBERSHOP

JR exits from the back door into the alleyway and goes left and back around to the front of the barbershop.

He creeps up, poking his head out for the car. Not seeing it near, he quickly runs over to his car and takes off in the opposite direction the stalkers came from.

INT. MUD'S PLACE

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

DING DONG DING DONG

Mud peaks through his blinds, shotgun in hand.

KNOCK KNOCK

Mud cracks open the door.

He's pale, white as a ghost. He looks the most sober he's ever been. His eyes wide and panicked. He shakes a little, though it's unclear if from the cold or from anxiety and fear.

MUD
Why you knocking like that?

JR
What's your problem?

MUD
Currently? Your knocking.

JR
Let me in, we need to talk.

MUD
I don't know that's such a good
idea.

JR
Mud.

Mud thinks about it before unlocking his door all the way and letting JR in. Mud's shotgun ends up directly in JR's face.

JR shoves the shotgun away.

JR (CONT'D)
Get that out of my face.

Mud shuts the door and locks it again.

MUD
What do you want?

JR looks around to see wooden boards nailed over the windows (closed blinds).

JR
Did something happen?

MUD
I'm being followed.

JR
So am I. Pretty sure I saw a white
collar.

Mud peeks through the wooden boards and blinds.

JR (CONT'D)
The church must not have wanted
anyone under that house.. Now we
know why.

MUD
Church? Priests?

JR
How long have they been following
you?

MUD
I dunno.

JR
Well when did you notice?

MUD

I dunno!

JR removes the photograph of the naked man covered in blood.

JR

Are you sure you don't know this guy?

MUD

So many fucking questions! Stop poking the bear, JRJR, I'm not exactly stable right now.

JR

That's the most sensible thing you've ever said. Just look at it. Are you sure?

MUD

I dunno, man. I don't know the fucker!

JR grabs Mud by his shoulders. This startles Mud and he pushes JR away, aiming the shotgun at him.

JR

Alright, just relax.

MUD

How? You coming in here freaking me out more, man! I shoulda never went in that basement with you! Now I got--What if the big man sent them to take us away?

JR

What?

Mud points and looks up at the ceiling.

MUD

He can see everything we ever done. All the bad things. I been seeing some weird shit, don't tell me you ain't.

(beat)

What if we had this coming? What if they're here to take us?

JR

Take us where?

MUD
.. To Hell.

JR
Mud, I need you to stop acting like an insane person and think a little more rationally.

MUD
Word of the day: Hypocrisy.

JR
What?

MUD
I see you with them judgmental eyes all the time, but I know that really you every bit a junkie as me. Shit, you're worse. You're a fucking drunk, JRJR. You **been** lost your mind.

JR doesn't know how to respond. He just takes the blows.

MUD (CONT'D)
.. You ain't a bad dude.. But trouble follows you like a fly on shit, that's for damn sure.

JR
.. Mud, I'm gonna need something else from you.

INT. STALKER CAR - EVENING

The two men sit in the car, looking out for JR when suddenly he enters the backseat with a REVOLVER aimed at the two.

JR
You moonlighting as priests?

The driver slowly pulls down his jacket collar to reveal the white collar underneath.

PRIEST
My name is Father Kellaher and this is Father LeBlanc.

FATHER LEBLANC
(nods)
Pleasure.

JR
 Maybe you are priests. Why are you following me?

FATHER KELLAHER
 You already know that.

JR
 How much does Father Ed know about all this?

The two priests look at one another. Kellaher's eyes travel back to the revolver in the rear view mirror.

FATHER KELLAHER
 You can put that away.

JR
 (pause)
 No, how about you take me to Father Ed's first.. just until I know you are who you say you are.

Father Kellaher looks at Father LeBlanc again. Father LeBlanc nods.

FATHER KELLAHER
 Very well..

Father Kellaher starts to drive. JR removes a cigarette and match. He strikes it on the back of Kellaher's head rest

FRRAAPPP

and lights his cigarette.

FATHER KELLAHER (CONT'D)
 I'd really rather you didn't smoke in here.

JR
 These are just material things, Father.

FATHER KELLAHER
 I would just prefer the smoke smell to not stick on my clothes.

JR
 Afraid God will smell the vice on you?

FATHER KELLAHER
Smoking isn't a sin. It's just the
smell that bothers me.

JR
(beat)
You get used to it.

EXT. FATHER ED'S HOME

Father Kellaher pulls up outside of the house. He and JR exit
at the same time. JR turns his aim towards Father LeBlanc.

JR
Don't worry, you're invited too.

Father LeBlanc exits with his hands up.

The outside light turns on and out steps Father Ed in his
pajamas. He looks over JR and the two priests.

FATHER ED
Let's talk inside.

INT. FATHER ED'S HOME

JR sits away from Father Ed and the two priests. Kellaher
stands. He still has his gun out.

FATHER ED
You can put that away now.

JR
Why'd you send your posy after me?

FATHER ED
Your mother expressed concern for
you.

JR
My moth--? What are you talking
about?

FATHER ED
She believes that you.. JR, are you
still.. having substance issues?

JR
This is an intervention?

FATHER KELLAHER

Come on, Ed, this guy is a lush.
We've been watching him stumbling
around town, mumbling to himself.

JR

(aggressive)

Why don't you go find a little
boy's hole and stay there.

JR grips his revolver tighter.

FATHER ED

You know, there have been cases of
early onset dementia appearing in
the 30s.. Your mother and I were
worried.. that with the combination
of the continued substance abuse..

JR

You were worried?

(stands up and becomes
louder)

Dementia? My mother didn't get
early onset cause of genetics, it
was cause my father beat the shit
out of her. Don't act like you
don't know that!

FATHER KELLAHER

Do you even know what you did all
day? You have any clue?

JR

Fuck you! I know what you're doing.

FATHER ED

Please, everyone, you'll wake my
grandchildren.

JR

What about the body in the
basement? That's someone's
grandchild. Who is she?

FATHER ED

Junior.

JR

(evil in his eyes)

Don't you ever call me that.

FATHER ED

.. I don't know.

JR
Bullshit.

FATHER ED
We don't know.

JR
.. What do you know?

FATHER ED
(hesitant)
About ten years ago..

JR
Yeah?

FATHER KELLAHER
Don't tell him anything, Ed.

JR
I'm getting real sick of you.

FATHER ED
It all began with a cult.

Father Kellaher scoffs and turns away. Father LeBlanc keeps quiet, watching.

JR
The sun symbol?

FATHER ED
(nods)
They worship something old, but
make no mistake, evil nonetheless.

JR
I've already heard this spiel. What
do they want?

FATHER ED
I don't know. They performed
sacrifices and other rituals of the
sort. One of our more.. "outside
thinking" priests took it upon
himself to.. he was an extremist.

JR
What did he do?

FATHER ED
He learned about this unholy group
and tried to rally others to his
cause.

(MORE)

FATHER ED (CONT'D)

He couldn't prove anything, but he was completely committed to exposing them. They were just far too secretive.

JR

You mean like the Church?

FATHER ED

(ignores JR)

He, alone, stalked one of the suspected members until he came upon a house where he thought they might be performing another one of these.. rituals.

INTERCUT this priest following the cultists.

JR

237 Del Monte Avenue?

FATHER ED

(nods)

He was right. He arrived just as they were about to kill a young girl.. but he was not aware of this. He set the house aflame.. then ensured that not a soul escaped the hellfire.

INTERCUT these images of the house on fire, of the rogue priest shooting into the house at the cultists.

JR

How do you know about this girl and he didn't?

FATHER ED

You discovered her today.

JR

(pause)

What?

FATHER KELLAHER

He's saying you're the reason we know about the body and you're the one who keeps saying "she." You're the detective.

JR goes to grab Kellaher, but LeBlanc quickly stands up and steps in front. Father Ed stands.

FATHER ED
 (commanding)
 Enough!

Everyone calms down, creating distance again, though shorter than before.

JR
 Where is this "extremist?" I want to talk to him.

FATHER ED
 You can't.

JR
 Why not? Cause you're hiding him.

FATHER ED
 Because he's dead.

JR stares back at Father Ed, studying his eyes. He laughs. He looks at LeBlanc then Kellaher. He laughs harder. He stops laughing very suddenly then becomes straight faced.

JR
 (low)
 I'm not gonna let you get away with this. I know you're hiding things and I'm gonna find out what.

JR walks out, revolver at his side.

Father Ed watches JR half-walk, half-stumble into the night.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - EXT. JR'S APARTMENT

Like before, JR removes his lock picking kit. He sticks the tension wrench into the lock first, turning ever so slightly. He sticks in the pick.

JR's hands become Eve's, as she now holds the tools inside the lock.

FLASHBACK

JR
 Too much pressure. Ease off a little, you're gonna break my tools.

EVE
 Maybe you shouldn't be breaking into people's apartments anyway.

JR
(dramatic)
Hey lady, I live here.

They laugh.

JR (CONT'D)
If you break my pick I'm gonna have
to start kicking down doors.

EVE
Like a real cop.

JR
I'm gonna need some ice for that
when we get inside. If we **ever** get
inside.

EVE
Haha. Hold on, I almost--

CLICK

EVE (CONT'D)
Got it!

Eve successfully picks the lock and they go inside to find a
slice of chocolate cake, with a single candle on top, on the
kitchen table.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Eve walks over to the table.

EVE
I don't know what to say.

JR
"Thank you" works.

Eve rolls her eyes.

EVE
How did you know what kind to get
me?

JR
When I went to tell your parents
you ran off to Tijuana, I also
asked them what your favorite
flavor of cake is.

EVE

Okay, don't ruin the moment.

JR

It was part of my job to learn things about you.

EVE

Yeah, cause finding out what kind of cake I like is useful information.

JR

Alright, you got me. I rolled the dice and took a guess. Only assholes don't like chocolate cake.

Eve laughs.

EVE

True.

JR

Well, aren't you gonna--?

JR motions for her to sit down.

Eve sits down in front of the slice of cake.

EVE

Do you.. want some?

JR

(low)

What do I look like? An asshole?

Eve chuckles. JR smiles just a little.

JR grabs a plate and two forks and sets them down on the table.

JR (CONT'D)

Wait, first we gotta--

JR removes a match, lights himself a cigarette then the candle on top of the slice of cake.

JR (CONT'D)

Almost forgot how these things work.

(quick and half-assed)

Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Eve, happy birthday to you.

Eve watches JR as he quickly and awkwardly sings for her. She smiles. He waits for her to blow the candle out, but she just smiles up at him.

JR (CONT'D)
I'm not a genie. You gotta blow
the, uh..

JR points at the candle. Eve thinks about her wish for a few seconds before blowing out the candle. She removes the candle and places it to the side.

EVE
Half?

JR
Just the little tip is fine.

Eve cuts the tip of the slice and sets it down on the other plate.

JR (CONT'D)
Yeah, that works.

As Eve is about to eat her first bite:

JR (CONT'D)
Oh wait.

JR walks over to his bedroom and comes out with a gift bag. He sets it down in front of Eve, to the side of her cake.

EVE
What's this?

JR
For you.

Eve gives him a suspicious look, but is having a difficult time holding back her smile. She reaches into the gift bag as JR is getting himself a clean glass from the cabinet. Eve removes a bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey.

JR (CONT'D)
That the right one? I wasn't sure..

EVE
I'm 18, not 21.

JR
Close enough. Pour me a glass.

JR presents his glass. Eve opens the bottle and pours him some.

EVE
Where's mine?

JR
The rest is yours.

Eve squints her eyes at him then takes a swig. She makes a face.

EVE
Blegh! It burns so good.

JR
That's nothing. Wait till we hit
the tequila.

Eve laughs and takes another swig.

JR alternates between eating his piece of cake, drinking from his glass and smoking his cigarette.

Eve looks up at him, back at the cake and whiskey then back at him. He catches her look every now and then, but looks away when he does. She can't stop moving her eyes to him as she eats her cake.

EVE
Why are you being so nice to me?

JR isn't quite sure what to say at first.

JR
Well, you know.. we're practically
roommates now, so I just thought..

JR shrugs.

JR (CONT'D)
How's the cake?

EVE
(eyes on JR)
Sweet.

JR looks away from her again, noticeably growing more quiet. He presents his glass and Eve pours him some more whiskey. She takes another swig.

Eve stands up.

JR
Get tired of sitting?

Eve takes a step closer to JR, backing him up into the counter/cabinets behind him.

JR (CONT'D)
(joking)
When you get that look in your eye,
it makes me think you're capable of
horrible things.

EVE
Terrible.

Eve removes JR's cigarette from his mouth and tosses it into the sink.

JR
Hey, those things ain't cheap these
day--

Eve places her finger to JR's lips.

EVE
Stop talking.

Eve gets closer to JR, about to kiss him.

JR
Oh yeah, I almost forgot--

JR reaches into his back pocket and removes a silly joke birthday card (the same one posted on JR's fridge in the present day with the cartoon cat on the cover) and presents it to Eve.

She grabs it and tosses it behind her.

She presses her lips to JR's and they kiss. They kiss passionately, deeply. JR hasn't loved like this in a long time. Love is new to Eve.

For a moment, JR seems uncomfortable, but he soon lets down his guard and embraces her more. She breaks his walls down fairly quick. They kiss for an eternity before finally stopping.

Eve stares into JR's eyes and he stares back into hers. She can see the part of him he never shows to anyone. He's vulnerable. A kid again, like her.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

JR is over Eve as they make love.

He stares down into her eyes. Suddenly, they change color.

JR's focus moves from the changing eyes to the rest of the face as he realizes it's no longer Eve under him but the missing girl Ellison. JR is confused by this. He wants to stop but feels a grip on his wrists that won't release him. He looks down to see burnt skeletal remains. He looks up to see the rest of the body has changed too. He stares into the blackness of the skull's eyes. He can't move. He can't look away.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

FLASHING IMAGES OF:

The dead crow

Worms and maggots crawling around it

The inside of the crow, it's stomach

A tapeworm-looking creature crawls around inside it.

CUT TO:

JR wakes up in a cold sweat, still in his clothes.

He slowly raises from bed then

pours himself a drink. He drinks it down.

He thinks for a moment before grabbing his jacket and taking off.

INT. JR'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

JR sits in his car, smoking a cigarette, staring at the house across the street from him.

FADE TO:

NEXT MORNING

JR wakes up covered in cigarette ash, a small hole burned into his jacket.

He slowly comes to his senses, remembering where he is. He looks over at the house with familiarity in his eyes. He sighs, brushes himself off then walks over to the house.

EXT. CHANDLER HOME (EVE'S PARENTS)

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

JR waits until FRANK CHANDLER (50s) answers the door. Frank stares back at JR. He knows him.

JR
Mister Chandl-

Frank punches JR in the nose before he can finish his sentence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

JR sits at the edge of the table, holding a wad of tissues up to his bloody nose.

JANICE (50s) sets down a glass of water in front of JR.

JR
Thank you.

JANICE
How's the bleeding?

JR
It's fine.

Frank stands across from JR. JR has to look up at him as he speaks. Janice takes a seat.

FRANK
You got some nerve coming back here. What, you think we don't know what you did? You lied to us!

JANICE
Frank.

FRANK
"Frank"-nothing! You were a bastard then and you're a bastard now.

JR
.. You're right, I'm a bastard.

FRANK
(taken aback)
.. Yes, you are.

Frank takes a seat at the end of the table.

JANICE
I don't suppose you know where Eve
is? Is that why you're here?

JR
(shakes head)
No.. I haven't seen her in
something like nine years.

JANICE
(teary eyed)
We all pushed her away.

JR looks up at her knowing she's right.

JANICE (CONT'D)
So how can we help you?

JR removes some of the pictures with the cult sun symbol. He
shows them off.

JR
Do you recognize this?

JR watches Frank and Janice and notes the familiarity in
their eyes.

FRANK
I've never seen that before in my
life.

JANICE
(sudden)
Oh, Frank, just tell him!!

Frank stops, realizing Janice is right. No point in hiding
anymore.

JR
All those years ago, she told me
she was afraid to come back.

Frank and Janice look at each other.

JR (CONT'D)
Not specifically cause of you two,
but she mentioned the company you
kept. That's who scared her.

FRANK
.. That's why we left.

JR
Why?

JANICE
.. Because they were doing things
with children.

JR
They were fucking kids?

FRANK
We had heard stories of
kidnappings.

JR
Why didn't you go to the police?

FRANK
We couldn't. They knew everything
about us and we knew nothing about
them. Why didn't you? Why did you
keep her from us? She was still a
kid, you didn't have the right.

JR
.. I just wanted to help her.

FRANK
And now she's run from you too. So
much help you were.

JR
(pushes past)
.. What do you know about these
people? Does the group have a name?

FRANK
(pause)
.. They never called themselves
anything. I heard from some of the
other guys that they'd been around
as long as this country.

JR
Yeah, they probably hitched a ride
from the old one..

JR removes the picture of the naked man covered in blood
(from the basement) and holds it up. Frank's eyes widen.

JR (CONT'D)

Who is he?

FRANK

Andrei Bogdan. He was one of their leaders. At least, here, in California. I have no idea how high up the ladder he actually was nor just how big this movement was.. But he seemed important to them. He must have been a money man.

JR

You ever heard about things like ritual sacrifice?

FRANK

(slow nod)

.. We heard..

JANICE

Another reason we left. All of the things that started to come out.. it was frightening.

JR

Why did you join in the first place?

JANICE

(shakes head)

We didn't know. We saw a community. One filled with deeply religious peoples like ourselves. They tricked us into becoming their friends.. and almost partners.

Janice begins to cry.

JANICE (CONT'D)

And now my baby girl, Eve, she's gone.

Frank rubs her back as she cries. He holds back his tears.

JR

I think it's possible Eve was either taken by them.. or went to them on her own free will.

FRANK

Why would she do that?

JR
 .. I don't know.. Maybe she didn't
 know where else to go.. You
 betrayed her trust.

Frank quickly becomes angry again. He glares at JR. Janice
 looks up at him through her tears.

JR (CONT'D)
 But then again..
 (voice breaks a little)
 .. so did I. I need your help if
 I'm gonna get to the bottom of
 this.

Frank and Janice are quiet for a moment.

JANICE
 We always met them publicly or had
 them here at the house. Never in
 their own homes.

FRANK
 That's not true.. I visited
 Bogdan's home a few times.

JR
 Do you remember where?

EXT. BOGDAN HOME

JR, a new bandage on his face (on his nose), walks up to the
 extravagant two story house. There are cars parked all along
 the street.

A small group of people go up the steps and into the house.

JR
 Someone's having a party.

JR watches a man leave his young wife behind at the car as
 she struggles to stack aluminum containers of food.

WOMAN
 Wait, Bill!

JR
 Here, let me help you with that.

The WOMAN (20s) turns to him.

WOMAN

Oh, thank you.
 (pause, checks out beat up
 face)
 I don't think I've seen you around.

JR

New to the cause.

The young lady nods her head.

WOMAN

I'm Donna. You are?

Awkward pause.

JR

(sings softly)
 I feel love, I feel love, I feel..

Donna looks at JR peculiarly.

JR (CONT'D)

Donna Summer. My mother used to
 listen to her.. Before your time, I
 guess.

JR smiles then so does Donna.

JR (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, what's a
 beautiful young girl like you doing
 in a place like this?

DONNA

(a tad uncomfortable but
 still smiles a little)
 Excuse me.

Donna goes to close her trunk. JR moves out of the way, now
 holding a stack of aluminum trays.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I better take this in before my
husband comes looking for me.

JR

Lead the way.

Donna leads JR into the house.

INT. BOGDAN HOME - KITCHEN

They enter into the huge kitchen and set down the food beside all of the other food. The counters are filled with alcohol and other drinks.

DONNA

Thanks again.

JR

It was my pleasure, really.

JR gives a wink and a smile before wandering off away from Donna and into the vast living room. He looks up at the staircase then around at the people walking about. Most make their way to the backyard where all the commotion is. Where the real party is. He scans around closely, checking for anything out of the ordinary. Nothing of note.

JR passes the staircase and notices a hallway behind it.

Donna comes around the corner.

DONNA

I think the party's outside.

JR turns to her.

JR

Let's go party.

EXT. BACKYARD

JR and Donna step out into the back where there tons of men and women drinking, talking, eating and partying it up. Some are in the pool splashing around.

JR watches Donna go over to her husband, BILL (50s). They conversate briefly before Donna goes off to get herself a drink at the bar.

JR makes his way over by Bill as he watches the people he passes, listening for anything noteworthy.

He passes Bill and meets up with Donna over at the bar.

JR

I'd really appreciate it if you stopped following me.

DONNA

(chuckles)

You really don't give up, do you?

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

You know that's my husband right over there?

JR

Yeah, it's only the 15th time you've mentioned him. But I don't think you really want to be here.

Donna turns to JR and sips her drink.

DONNA

I don't think you really belong here.

JR laughs.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I've never seen you before.

JR

So maybe I'm a cop, undercover.

DONNA

You wouldn't be the only cop here then. Most of them are hiding in plain sight too.

JR looks around at the different party goers.

JR

Look, I'm just-

JR turns back to find Donna has walked away back towards the house.

JR (CONT'D)

Huh.

JR gets a drink from the bar and makes his way back over by Bill. He stands near them, sipping his drink, watching young women in their bikinis, chicken fighting in the pool.

BILL

Where's Father Jason? Is he coming?

CULTIST

He's supposed to be here any minute.

CULTIST #2

He's always late.

The first cultist notices JR, catching his eye for a split second. JR tries to play it off.

BILL

Without him, we won't be able to perform the ritual properly. Martin is growing impatient.

CULTIST #2

Are you sure this is going to work? It's been too long since his last. He's out of his mind, Bill.

CULTIST

You need something?

JR slowly turns to face them fully.

JR

(points at himself)

Me?

CULTIST

This fucking guy is listening to us.

JR

What? I don't-

BILL

Why don't you mind your own business. Wait--I don't recognize you. Who are you?

JR

(acts drunk)

Jebediah.. Ramos..

JR puts out a hand.

BILL

Jebediah Ramos? Where did we meet?

JR stares back at Bill and laughs.

JR

You don't remember?

BILL

No.

JR can feel things turning serious as others turn towards the commotion. It may not have stopped the party entirely, but there are more sets of eyes on him now than he needs.

Unsure what to do, JR reaches into his coat. Bill, the two cultists he's speaking to and a few others surrounding all startle from the sudden movement, looking incredibly uneasy by what JR is doing.

JR keeps his hand under his jacket and in the inside pocket. One of the aforementioned off duty cops comes over, carrying a gun on his hip.

DIRTY COP
There a problem here?

He places his hand on his gun holster.

JR slowly removes a FLASK. He opens it and pours some of the liquor into the drink in his hand.

JR
(fake-drunken)
These drinks are free right?

BILL
He's just a goddamn bum.

DIRTY COP
How'd you get in here?

JR
The front door was open.

JR laughs like an idiot. He downs his drink until it's gone then throws it towards the pool. Everyone watches in disgust.

JR (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, boys, daddy
needs another drink.

DIRTY COP
Alright, let's go.

The dirty cop corrals JR away from Bill and the others and towards the house.

INT. BOGDAN HOME - LIVING ROOM

They enter the house when JR stops.

JR
Can I use-just--I need to pee.

DIRTY COP
So piss outside on the street.

JR
Come on, man. I just-I'll be fast.

DIRTY COP
(losing patience)
You see that hallway?

JR nods.

DIRTY COP (CONT'D)
First door on your left. And then
you're out of here. If I see you
again I'm gonna add some more paint
to that fucked up mural on your
face.

JR throws his hands up, acting even more drunk.

JR enters into the hallway and makes a left. He hugs the wall with his back and breathes out a sigh of relief. He reaches for the bathroom door and shuts it loud enough for the cop to hear.

MAN (O.S.)
Jerry! We're one man down at the
poker table. Come on!

The dirty cop, JERRY, looks back behind him. He looks over at the hallway again then with hesitance leaves his post. He goes back out to the party.

JR creeps over to the edge and peeks out to find the cop gone. He looks ahead of him at the opposite end of the hall. There's a door cracked open.

JR slowly walks over to the room, actually feeling a little drunk now, and quietly pushes open the door to reveal

a man lying in bed, above the covers. His face is covered in bandages. JR can feel the man's presence from where he is. Like he's being drawn to one giant man of a clue. The bandaged face breathes heavy.

JR
(to himself)
Bogdan?

Another thing catches his eye. JR looks over to the right to see a white rope with the cult sun symbol splashed big over the front in a dark blood red color.

He turns his attention back to who he suspects to be Andrei Bogdan, unsettled by the the man having seemingly moved his head more towards JR's direction.

JR almost gasps. He tenses up then

DONNA

Hey.

JR startles, pulling his head away from the room and turns towards Donna. She practically speaks in a whisper.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm starting to get the feeling you **really** don't belong here.

JR

Gonna tell on me?

DONNA

.. Can we talk?

JR is surprised by her question.

JR

Okay, sure.

DONNA

Not here.

JR

You know the Sushi House over on 32nd?

INT. SUSHI HOUSE

JR sits alone, waiting for Donna.

The same old tune heard a few times before is playing once again.

SINGER (V.O.)

*.. now you've gone down the hall..
I don't think of you at all..*

JR looks around at the mostly empty restaurant then removes that vial of cocaine from his jacket.

JR

(low)

Don't they play anything else?

He snorts a little as quietly as he's able.

He spots Donna nearing the Sushi House. He pockets the now-empty vial.

Donna takes a seat across from him at his usual booth while he removes a cigarette and places it to his lips.

DONNA
Is that a joint?

JR
No.

DONNA
You roll your own cigarettes?

JR
Yes.

JR stares back at Donna, understanding why she's asking. He removes another cigarette and hands it to her.

FRAAAAPPP

He strikes a match and leans over to light Donna's cigarette. For a moment, through the fire, she's become Eve.

JR turns away to light his own.

JR (CONT'D)
You never answered my question.

DONNA
Which was?

JR looks back up to see Eve gone and only Donna.

JR
What's a young girl doing in a place like that? With people like them? How'd you get involved?

DONNA
.. You know who they are?

JR
Cultists. Superstitious money men. Satanists?
(shrugs)
Nobody's exactly painted a perfect picture for me yet. Why don't you try?

DONNA
I met Bill a few years ago.. I was a waitress.

JR
You married for the money?

DONNA
(embarrassed)
.. I did, at first, yeah..

JR
(sarcastic)
But then you grew to love him.

DONNA
Not exactly.. He used to be really
nice.. now..
(hateful)
He's disgusting.

JR
What did you expect from a rich old
man?

DONNA
.. I mean..

JR
Kids?

Donna looks up at JR, tears in her eyes. At first she doesn't respond, but she eventually nods slowly.

JR (CONT'D)
.. You didn't go to the cops cause
some of them are cops. Like you
were telling me.

Donna nods again.

DONNA
And judges.. and..

JR
People in positions of power, I got
it. Where do they keep the kids?
There's gotta be..

Donna looks ready to talk again. JR lets her. She moves in closer, looking around. JR moves in too.

DONNA
(low)
I think I know where it is.

JR
Where is it?

DONNA
 (scared)
 I can't..

JR
 You feel like you can't cause
 you're afraid of them, but you know
 it's what's right. Don't you?

DONNA
 .. Yes..

JR turns his head away to blow smoke.

JR
 You're safe.

DONNA
 You can't protect me from them. If
 they find out-

JR
 -It'll already be too late for them
 by then.

DONNA
 .. You can't outrun the Devil.

JR
 (laughs)
 The Devil?

Donna is about to open her mouth when JR's stomach growls and bubbles. Donna notices.

JR pulls back, grabbing his stomach. He looks back up at Donna.

JR (CONT'D)
 Will you excuse me?.. I think I had
 some bad sushi.

DONNA
 You haven't even touched it.

JR looks down at the untouched sushi rolls in front of him then back up at Donna. He bolts up.

DONNA (CONT'D)
 Wait, give me your phone.

JR quickly hands her the burner phone (he got from Mud) and runs over to the bathroom.

Donna looks at the thing like it's a fossil.

INT. SUSHI HOUSE RESTROOM

JR, cigarette in mouth, enters the empty restroom.

He walks over to the sink and lets the water run. He removes his cigarette to gag. He gags again, but nothing comes out. He places the cigarette back to his lips and looks up at the mirror to find someone else looking back at him.

The man in the mirror appears to be the same from the photograph. The same as the Waiter from the Hell-sushi house nightmare and the Attendant from Freddy's bar (restroom).
ANDREI BOGDAN.

He resembles JR in some ways. Similar face, hair (dark though), clothes. He sports the same bandages in the same places as JR. His teeth are fangs like a vampire's. He flares them at points.

JR

(pause)

Who are you supposed to be?

BOGDAN

I'm you.

JR

You don't look like me.

BOGDAN

It's supposed to be a metaphor,
jackass.

JR

.. Fuck you.

JR is about to leave

BOGDAN

There you go, running away. You keep it all cool on the surface, pally, but your insides.. Whoooo! What a fucking mess.

JR

What is this? You my conscience or something?

BOGDAN

Or something. Feeling guilty?
When's the last time you went to
confession?

JR

I don't do that anymore.

BOGDAN

Maybe you should start again. Might
feel better. Or you can just keep
telling yourself it's not your
fault.

JR glares back at Bogdan. He slowly becomes angrier. He
sweats profusely.

JR

.. What isn't?

BOGDAN

The fact that she's gone.

JR

Shut up. You don't know anything
about that!

JR's just gone from a five to an eight.

BOGDAN

I'm you, remember? I know
everything about it.

JR

This is bullshit, I don't know why
I'm still talking to you.

BOGDAN

(shakes head)

You need Jesus in your life, child.

JR

Enough with the Jesus shit. I don't
do Catholic guilt.

BOGDAN

Whatever you say, but you're
sweating like a hooker in Church,
Junior. I can see the rage building
inside you. Boiling. Bubbling. Does
it remind you of him?

JR
 (annoyed/agitated)
 Who?

BOGDAN
 Daddy.

JR
 No.

BOGDAN
 Her then.

JR
 (through gritted teeth)
 Don't say her name.

BOGDAN
 Eve?

JR lounges forward, reaching into the mirror. He places his hands around Bogdan's throat. He chokes him.

In the other mirrors are images of Eve, Ellison and the skeleton from the basement.

Bogdan struggles to laugh, but does anyway. He reaches out and pulls the cigarette from JR's mouth and places it into his.

BOGDAN (CONT'D)
 (preaching)
 Woo wee! This boy's got the DEVIL
 IN HIM!! Can you feel it?
 Wriggling, slithering, creeping and
 crawling around inside you? All
 that.. **goodness**.

JR chokes harder, but Bogdan remains unaffected. He somehow keeps the cigarette in his mouth.

BOGDAN (CONT'D)
 A parasite. That's what you are.
 Sssucking away! You only exist to
 bring others pain. You're afraid to
 look in the mirror because you're
 afraid of what you might see.
 Amirite?

JR releases his grip. Bogdan coughs up a bunch of smoke. An ungodly amount. It emits from the mirror and fades around JR. Bogdan laughs like a maniac, his vampire fangs flaring out large.

JR freezes up for a moment, as if going into a state of shock. He breaks out of the confusion and practically drowns himself in the sink in an effort to wake from this seemingly nightmare.

JR slowly looks up at the mirror to find Bogdan gone. He almost gags again as he thinks of

JR

Eve..

EXT. RESTROOM

JR exits the restroom, his face, shirt and jacket soaked.

He almost passes Donna when she stops him. She stands up and extends out his burner phone.

DONNA

Your phone!

JR grabs it from her, nods, and runs out. Donna watches him go, confused by his sudden change in behavior.

EXT. POLICE STATION

JR jumps out of his car and storms over to the station.

INTERCUT Young JR (eighteen/nineteen years old) training in police academy.

INT. POLICE STATION

JR storms into the police station. He looks over the pictures of cops on the wall.

INTERCUT Young JR has his mugshot taken then is shown sitting behind bars.

JR passes right by the front desk, slipping behind another cop as he goes through.

FRONT DESK

Hey!

JR triggers the metal detector. He ignores it, shoving past the cop in front of him. He storms down the hall until he gets to an open office area (where most of the cops are at their desks) and nears an office door that reads "Detective Phil Franco."

He swings it open. The Front Desk and other cop he knocked down come after him.

FRONT DESK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey! That fuckhead ran right through!

PHIL FRANCO
Oh no. Get the fuck out of here.

JR
Who is she?!

PHIL FRANCO
What? Who?

JR
The body from the basement? Who is-

JR is cut short when the Front Desk and other cop grab him from behind, taking his arms and placing them behind him.

JR (CONT'D)
Get off me! Get off me!

Franco stands up from behind his desk and steps out of his office, confused by the sight.

JR (CONT'D)
I just wanna know. Tell me who she is!

PHIL FRANCO
Will you calm the fuck down? The Hell is the matter with you? What's going on?

FRONT DESK
He ran right through, knocked over Bethea.

JR
Just fucking tell me! Is it her or not?

JR pulls away unexpectedly and the cops lose their collective grip on him. He lunges at Franco.

Franco meets him.

The other cops start to come around their desk to stop the fight. Some watch in glee.

INTERCUT drunk Young JR fighting with young Franco in a bar. It quickly gets violent with JR choking Franco, punching him..

JR gets a punch into Franco, Franco goes after him a lot harder.

INTERCUT the flashback fight again. Franco punches JR in the face then JR breaks a glass into his.

The mass of cops manage to finally break up the fight, creating some distance again between JR and Franco.

Some silence before

PHIL FRANCO

Maybe you forgot your place in the world. You're no Detective. I am. You're not even a fucking beat cop on the corner directing traffic. You'll never be a cop. In fact, you shouldn't have even been allowed to carry a PI license.

JR

Alright-

PHIL FRANCO

-It's not alright. You walk around like your shit don't stink when it smells the worst of anyone I know. I wish I didn't know you. But every time I look in the mirror, I'm reminded of you.

INTERCUT Young Franco's face, almost unrecognizable under all the blood.

Then back to present Franco.

JR

Speaking of looking at yourself, I really thought you would have covered that up by now.

JR motions at his face.

JR (CONT'D)

Get a Doctor Doom type of look. Would be less scary than what you currently have going on.

PHIL FRANCO

Always with the jokes. That's how you deal with it, right? RIGHT?

JR

Right what? What do you want me to say?

PHIL FRANCO

Just admit that you're a miserable fuck up piece of shit. And while you're at it, you can finally give me that apology you've owed me for more than fifteen years!

JR is quiet for a moment. Franco half expects him to actually apologize for his past actions.. He should have known better.

JR

.. I don't owe you a goddamn thing.

PHIL FRANCO

I've fucking had it!

Franco lunges at JR, but the cops holding JR pull him back. Two others nearby go over to grab Franco and create distance.

JR

Just tell me what I want to know!

PHIL FRANCO

We don't know, you fucking psycho! We won't know for another few days at least! I have enough shit going on right now, I don't need this! I don't want it!

JR finally starts to calm, though never fully.

Franco does manage to recompose himself.

PHIL FRANCO (CONT'D)

The next time I see you, I'm putting you behind bars. Where you belong. Where you can't reach out and touch anyone else. Where your fucking stink won't continue to infect the outside world.

JR stares back at Franco like a wild animal. There's another moment of silence before JR rips away his arm from the cop behind him. He slowly turns and walks away

COP

Yeah, go the fuck back to where you came from, rent-a-cop.

COP #2

(joking)

Hey, treat Serpico with some respect.

COP #3

Nah, he's more of a wannabee washed up Phillip Marlowe.

COP

Well he looks like Dick Tracy!

The three cops break into unified laughter.

JR exits the hallway, ignoring the them whole way through.

JR walks back through the metal detector, setting it off again. He exits the police station.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - EXT. JR'S APARTMENT

JR stops at his apartment door. He hears a sound from behind him.

He turns towards the sound, not seeing anything in the dark hallway. He's not quite convinced there isn't anything there though.

He turns back towards his apartment. He looks down, noticing the corner of a large manila envelope peeking out from under the door.

He opens the door and enters.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT

JR bends down and picks up the fat envelope. He turns it over to see a return address. It's from the symbol expert, Larry Baker.

The name makes him half remember something. He looks at the clock on the wall. It's way past noon.

JR

(remembering fully)

Oh shit.

JR is about to leave when his stomach turns.

JR (CONT'D)
Fuck you, not now.

It growls and bubbles.

JR (CONT'D)
Okay, now

JR runs over to his bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

JR stops in front of his toilet and hunches over it. He gags a couple times. Nothing.

His stomach continues to bubble, twisting more. It makes him drop to his knees, one at a time.

He places one hand on the top of the toilet. He gags again. Still nothing.

The feeling gets worse and now all JR wants is to get rid of it.

He feels his stomach with his hand. For a passing moment, it appears as if something is moving around inside it.

JR grabs the toilet with both hands. He pushes and pushes, trying to force the sickness out.. but nothing comes.

JR grabs his ribs, strained from the attempts.

JR
Fuck.

INT. DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

Melanie sits at a booth, alone. A plate of half eaten pancakes and another plate of unfinished scrambled eggs and bacon sits in front of her. An empty glass of orange juice and half-filled cup of coffee.

JR finally arrives, carrying the big envelope under his arm.

He looks around for Melanie, seemingly a bit dazed. It takes him a moment to find her. It's not until he's close that she can see just how bad he looks.

His hair sits towards the back, but messy. Darker bags (than she noticed before) hang under his eyes. His face a little pale. A bandage on his nose.

Another small bandage above his eye. Some bruising around both cuts. She recognizes he's still in the same clothes from two days ago.

JR
(motions)
Mind if I?--

JR takes a seat without finishing his question. He sets the envelope down on the table then quickly removes a cigarette and match from inside his suit jacket as if without thinking.

FRRAAAAPP

He strikes the match on the table then lights his cigarette. Melanie watches him the entire time, confused and concerned by his appearance.

MELANIE
I don't think you can smoke in here.

JR's sounds hungover.

JR
(takes a fat drag)
What's the world coming to? It's alright, they know me here.

MELANIE
You're late.

JR
My specialty.

Melanie watches JR smoke and look around as if to make sure he hasn't been followed.

MELANIE
Are you okay?

JR
As opposed to being not okay?
(beat, clears throat)
Never been better. You gonna finish that?

JR points at Melanie's coffee with his cigarette. Some of the cigarette ash crumbles away just near it. Melanie shrugs, still concerned. JR takes the coffee with his free hand and drinks it down like he's in a frat house, gulping and gulping away. He gets a few looks from people (which Melanie notices).

MELANIE

What happened to you?

JR

It's been an interesting couple of days.

MELANIE

Are you sure "interesting" is the word you're looking for?

JR

You want to know about my day or what I learned?

MELANIE

Dude, you look fucked up and you smell like cigarettes, booze, and self pity.

JR

(sighs)
Yeah..

MELANIE

.. Sorry. That was rude.

JR

(shrugs)
The truth often is.

JR takes another drag of his cigarette then pushes aside Melanie's plates followed by the envelope towards Melanie.

She opens it up and slides out all of the contents. There are pictures of close-ups of the sun symbol plastered over different walls and structures. One, being the half-burnt down house weathering snow. A few other burned down houses including the one JR broke into on 237 Del Monte Avenue.

JR (CONT'D)

The symbol dates back some time. Could be a couple hundred years, going back to the origins of this here "great" country, could be thousands of years, might be ancient. Victorian London, Romania, fucking Transylvania. I've seen and heard a number of different accounts, all of which sound like bullshit. I honestly don't know how old they really are..

(MORE)

JR (CONT'D)
 just that they've been around the
 block more than a few times. It's
 all in there.

MELANIE
 Who are they?

JR
 What's your first guess?

MELANIE
 I don't know.

JR
 I said your "first guess." It's a
 cult. Like I said. A bunch of
 overzealous pedophiliac money bags
 who've all taken a blood vow to
 Satan or Cthulhu or some other
 "evil" thing that lurks in the
 shadows. There's a lot about demons
 and mystical shit that I just can't
 seem to give a fuck about.. so..

JR throws up his hands in defeat.

MELANIE
 Why not?

JR
 (pause)
 You believe in Hell?

MELANIE
 (really thinks over her
 answer)
 I didn't before this week.

JR
 What changed?

MELANIE
 .. I guess I've had a pretty
 "interesting" last two days like
 you.

JR
 Well, what's Hell but this place
 we've built for ourselves?

JR's words affect Melanie. She thinks them over for a moment
 before returning to the task at hand.

MELANIE

What do they want?

JR

Power, money, more power, kids to
diddle and of course, more power.
They want their influence over the
world.. but it's fading. Sound like
anyone to you?

MELANIE

The Catholic church?

JR

(chuckles)

Any radical organized group in
history, ever.. but yeah, them too.

JR, amused, takes another fat drag from his cigarette. It's practically gone. He holds out Melanie's coffee cup as a SERVER approaches. The server pours some hot coffee into the cup.

SERVER

(awkward)

I'm sorry, sir, but you're not
really allowed to smoke here..
plus, some of the other customers
are complaining.

JR

What's the world coming to?

JR gives a false smile and puts out the cigarette butt into Melanie's pancakes. It blends with the melted butter into an ashy yellow mess. The server walks away.

MELANIE

(low)

I was going to take those home.

Melanie's cell phone vibrates in her pocket. She checks it, her face dropping as she seemingly scrolls through pictures. She places a hand to her mouth.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

JR

(sipping the coffee)

What's the matter?

MELANIE
 (panicked)
 I have to go.

Melanie slides all of the pictures and info back into the envelope, grabs the rest of her things and takes off in a hurry.

She makes a call as she runs past JR.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 Are you there right now? Okay, I'm
 on my way.

JR watches her through the large window as she runs off.

JR
 That's okay, I like working for
 free.

JR slumps into the booth and sighs.

Father Kellaher enters the diner and makes his way over to JR. JR just looks up at him, not even that bothered anymore.

JR (CONT'D)
 You still following me? I stopped
 keeping track.

FATHER KELLAHER
 Father Ed asked me to bring you
 something.

JR
 What?

Kellaher reveals a folded up piece of paper. JR takes it and opens it up. An address.

JR (CONT'D)
 This is where he is?

Kellaher nods.

EXT. FATHER BRUCE'S PLACE - EVENING

JR pulls up in the boonies, somewhere outside the city. In the hills where there isn't much.

He steps out of his car just as FATHER BRUCE (50s) steps out of his house with a SHOTGUN. He cocks it.

JR slowly puts his hands up as he comes around his car.

JR
 Father Bruce? It's JR. You remember
 me?

Father Bruce raises his shotgun as he comes down the steps.

JR (CONT'D)
 Lorraine's son.

Father Bruce gets closer to JR.

FATHER BRUCE
 (slowly remembering)
 JR?

JR
 (nods)
 Yeah.

FATHER BRUCE
 You look about as old as me.
 (beat)
 And you look like your father.

JR can't help but to feel annoyed. He's not great at hiding
 it. Father Bruce notices. He lowers his shotgun.

FATHER BRUCE (CONT'D)
 He's where he belongs.

Father Bruce pats JR on the shoulder to comfort him.

FATHER BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Come on inside.

Bruce walks back up his steps.

INT. FATHER BRUCE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM

JR paces in front of Father Bruce smoking a cigarette.

JR
 You know why I'm here?

Father Bruce sits in his favorite chair. Rocking slowly.

JR stops then removes the photograph of the house (237 Del
 Monte Ave) and shows it to Bruce.

JR (CONT'D)
 How about now?

FATHER BRUCE

I could venture to take a guess.

JR

You sent this, right? What, your
guilt eating at you?

FATHER BRUCE

You kids sure like to beat around
the fucking bush. You want to know
what happened that night or not?

JR

It's all I've been trying to find
out!

(beat)

.. The whole damn story.

FATHER BRUCE

(pause)

Very well.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. 237 DEL MONTE AVE HOUSE

Andrei Bogdan and another hooded MAN drag a pregnant woman
with a sack over her head. She tries to cry for help, her
hands and feet tied.

They drag her towards a door which leads down a staircase and
into the

INT. BASEMENT

where there are two more MEN in hooded robes. All four of the
ropes contain the cult sun symbol on them. One of them looks
excited to see the woman. The other looks horrified.

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.)

They were referred to as a "blood
syndicate."

JR (V.O.)

What the fuck does that mean?

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.)

Hell if I know. That wasn't what
they called themselves, mind you.

(MORE)

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Like I said, what I heard them
 referred to as.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE

Father Bruce drives up to the house.

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.)
 I tried to put it out there in the
 world, but when that wasn't enough,
 and it wasn't.. I took it upon
 myself to do what I felt was right.

He exits the car, shotgun in hand.

INT. BASEMENT

Andrei and two of the other cultists pin the woman down on
 the ground where they've painted the sun symbol large (inside
 the hanging sheets).

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.)
 Only one other would join me in my
 cause. John. He was a good man.

The fourth cultist, JOHN, watches, unsure what to do.

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He had infiltrated the group, just
 enough to be included in one of
 these rituals. He was in the
 basement with the cultists and the
 girl.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE

Bruce lights a Molotov cocktail and chucks it through the
 window of the second story. He follows it up by tossing one
 through the bottom window.

FATHER BRUCE (V.O.)
 I moved forward with the plan..

INTERCUT

JR
 (shocked)
 You knew she was in there?

FATHER BRUCE

(pause)

This was always the mission.

JR

What about your buddy, John? You sent him on a death mission.

FATHER BRUCE

We both signed up for it.

JR

So why are **you** here?

Father Bruce stares back at JR, bothered. He continues his story.

INT. BASEMENT

Andrei looks up from what he's doing, hearing the commotion coming from upstairs. He orders the other two cultists to go and check. They leave the basement.

Andrei orders John to help him with the woman. He stares down at her, clearly wanting to do something to help.

BANG! BANG!

Andrei and John look up, reacting to the gunshots.

The woman tries to fight her way out.. so Andrei stabs her in the upper abdomen with the big dagger in his hand.

John yells and tackles Andrei to the ground.

The woman holds herself, in shock.

EXT. BASEMENT

The cultists are locked in a shootout with Father Bruce. The cultists try and take cover under the window, but the fire is quickly spreading.

Father Bruce continues to shoot the place up. It's evident he's spared no expense when it comes to bullets..

INT. BASEMENT

The gunshots continue as

The woman squirms around, crying for her baby, afraid it's been killed.

Andrei and John roll around on the ground, fighting, struggling for the knife. Andrei fights dirty. He wins the struggle and stabs John in the stomach. He pushes John off of him and goes back to attend to the woman.

The woman attempts to crawl away, just exiting from under the sheets. Andrei grabs her feet and pulls her back in.. and finishes the job.

He stabs her again. She's already lost a lot of blood and the second stab renders her pretty much helpless. Andrei turns her on her back. He brings the knife down again.

JR (V.O.)

Who was she?

INTERCUT

JR's eyes grow wider.

JR

Who was she?!

FATHER BRUCE

.. To tell you the truth.. I really don't know.

JR

(growing angry)

I'm getting real sick of hearing that answer.

FATHER BRUCE

It's the only one I got.

JR

Why did you leave her?

FATHER BRUCE

.. There's not a day I don't think about the innocent soul I condemned that day.

JR

Maybe you should have jumped into the fire.

FATHER BRUCE

I would have.. but the child complicated things.

JR
 (pause)
 .. What?

INT. BASEMENT

The woman has passed from all the blood loss, but her BABY BOY survives her.

An injured John attacks Andrei, throwing him off of her. John looks down at the grisly sight, knowing he's too late to save her. He quickly removes his robe and wraps the baby in it.

Fire or no, John runs up the stairs and towards the entrance of the house.

Andrei runs after him.

EXT. BASEMENT

John runs into the living room that is mostly taken by the fire. He bolts past the two dead cultists and towards the large open window that has been shot out. Fire surrounds it.

John attempts to climb out of the window, his back catching fire. He holds out the bundle.

JOHN
 Take it! Take it!

Andrei finally catches up to him. He stabs John multiple times in the neck and also catches fire. He pulls John back inside just as Father Bruce grabs hold of the bundle.

Father Bruce opens it to find the baby. He watches as the house burns to the ground with Andrei and John still in it.

INTERCUT

JR
 A baby?

FATHER BRUCE
 The child is safe. Ed took care of things.

JR
 (agitated)
 He did, did he? Seems like he took care of everything. Even sent you away.

(MORE)

JR (CONT'D)

Figure you'd gone to Rome or something. Not much of a hiding spot, is this?

Father Bruce stands up.

FATHER BRUCE

You want to know why I'm still here?

JR

Yeah, I'd love to know why you're still here and a poor innocent girl isn't!

FATHER BRUCE

Because I still have work to do! God decided her time was done. Mine isn't. Now you can keep harping on the subject or you can tell me what you know.

JR

(taken aback)
What?

FATHER BRUCE

You come all this way just for stories or because you actually want to do something about it?

JR

.. Do what about it?

FATHER BRUCE

Burn the rest down.
(beat)
What do you know?

JR stares back at Bruce, surprised by his unflinching hard persona. Bruce has long accepted his actions, something JR wouldn't understand

JR

.. I know where one of their compounds are.

FATHER BRUCE

So what are we waiting for?

INT. JR'S CAR - MOVING

JR drives with Father Bruce in the passenger seat.

Father Bruce holds an ASSAULT RIFLE.

There are more guns and ammunition in the backseat.

They both sit quiet, alone in their thoughts. JR remembers:

FLASHBACK - 9 YEARS AGO

INT. FREDDY'S - NIGHT

JR sits at a table at his usual bar. Drunk.

An eight month pregnant Eve walks into the bar. She looks around until spotting JR.

She walks over to him, her arms crossed. She waits for JR to notice her.

JR
Ah, shit. Here we go.

EVE
I've been calling you for hours.
Where's your phone?

JR
I lost it.

EVE
Where?

JR
In the toilet.

EVE
If you know where it is, you didn't
lose it. Stop ghosting me you
fucking asshole.

JR
I don't believe in ghosts. You know
that.

EVE
I thought I was the eighteen year
old, but apparently I'm the
responsible one. You're the one
acting like a fucking kid!

JR
Alright, stop yelling. You're
embarrassing yourself in front of
all these good fol--

EVE
YOU'RE embarrassing me!!

Eve grabs the half filled glass in front of JR and throws it against the wall behind him. It shatters.

EVE (CONT'D)
 Let's go.

Eve storms out.

JR very slowly gets up from his seat. He chuckles and shakes his head as he does. He bows for no one then exits the bar.

EXT. FREDDY'S

Eve stands near JR's car, waiting for him.

JR
 Look, I just needed a drink.

EVE
 Yeah? And how many did you have?

JR
 .. I don't know. You win.

JR throws up his hands then digs around for his cigarettes.

EVE
 I win? Is this a game to you? I'm clearly not winning if I'm with a fucking loser like you!

JR
 Hey, whoa. Easy.

JR strikes a match and lights his cigarette.

EVE
 You were supposed to be my knight in shining armor. You were supposed to take care of me. But you're scared.

JR
 I ain't scared.

EVE
 Yes, you are. You're scared, JR!

JR
 I ain't scared. Stop..

EVE

You are! And if you're scared, JR,
how do you think I feel? I'm
terrified. Of this.

Eve points at her belly.

EVE (CONT'D)

I don't want to do it alone. I
wanted to do it with you. Together.

JR

So what's the problem?

EVE

You don't want this.

JR

I never said that.

EVE

You don't have to. I can see it
every time I look in your eyes. You
regret taking me in. Falling in
love with me. Fucking me.

JR

We made love.

EVE

Every time I need you, you're here.
You're at the bottom of a bottle,
drinking away your demons. But
you're never gonna hit bottom, JR.
Because you're already there.

JR stares back at Eve, getting agitated by her words.

JR

You're being hurtful.

EVE

I'm being honest.
(beat)
I should have done it.

JR

(pause)
What?

EVE

Got rid of it. Killed it. But I
didn't.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Cause that's not what God would want. Well, fuck God. And fuck you!

JR

What did you say?

EVE

I see now that was my biggest mistake. You don't deserve to be his dad. You're just like yours.

JR gets close to Eve. Eve, although on the verge of breaking, holds back her tears. She keeps a thick skin on, at least for this battle. JR yells into her ear.

JR

Who? Like **who**?

Eve leans in and speaks back into his ear.

EVE

You're just like your father, Junior.

JR shoves Eve away from him, planting his hand directly on her belly (accidentally, though it doesn't matter).

JR

Don't you ever compa--

JR stops once he's realized what he's done. The look on Eve's face says it all. JR looks down at his hand then back at Eve.

Eve is afraid of him. She steps backward, almost breaking down completely, but keeps strong. Just enough.

JR (CONT'D)

Eve.

Eve shakes her head and turns away. She walks away from JR and the bar.

As she walks down the street, she lets it all out. Shaking and crying. Holding herself.

JR remains standing outside the bar, unsure what to do. He drops his cigarette and blinks several times. Everything is spinning for him..

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

Eve, crying, shaking, turns the corner and onto another street.

EXT. FREDDY'S - INT. JR'S CAR

Still drunk, but very quickly sobering up, JR climbs into his car. He turns it on and slowly pulls away from the bar.

He drives around looking for Eve, smacking his forehead.

JR

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Why did you do that? What are you scared of you--you fucking--

JR starts to cry.

PRESENT

INT. JR'S CAR - MOVING

JR's eyes tears up a little thinking of the memory. The last time he saw Eve.

FATHER BRUCE

We're here.

JR looks up at the COMPOUND as they near it. A huge sign over it reads "CAMP BLUE MOON."

EXT. CAMP BLUE MOON

The camp is reminiscent of Camp Tiak in Wiggins, Mississippi. It's by a lake and to the side (around the left corner of the lake) there are three cabins (the side of the first one facing the front gate). Two are living quarters and the other contains the mess hall, etc. In a large green area to the right and closer to the front gate is a giant theater screen and stage. The lake it's backdrop. In front, there are rows of seats. A large wooden gate surrounds the entire camp. The entrance off to the left. Off to the right of the open theater is a small boathouse and pier with a few boats of varying size around it.

There's faint music coming from the camp.

JR stops the car and goes to turn it off.

FATHER BRUCE

Leave it running.

JR

What's the plan?

(beat)

Is there a plan?

FATHER BRUCE

(holds up gun)

This is the plan. Each bullet has a predetermined destiny. I just have to point and provide a path. These..

He reaches behind them and pulls out a satchel filled with volatile homemade explosives. He slings the strap over his head and one arm so that it's around his chest.

FATHER BRUCE (CONT'D)

These will cleanse the land. The blood in the soil will tell the story for generations to come.

Father Bruce suddenly exits the car, leaving JR in a daze, unsure what to make of Father Bruce's ramblings. He gets out.

JR removes the revolver he got from Mud.

FATHER BRUCE (CONT'D)

I hope you know how to use that.

JR stays quiet. His nerves shook. He's suddenly the most sober he's been in days.

JR follows Bruce towards the entrance at the front gate. He can feel his breath becoming shallow. The air is cold and sharp in his lungs.

They arrive at the entrance. There are huge spotlights (currently off) one each side above the gate.

Off to the left are a few vans parked side by side by side.

The music is much closer now. Dialogue. They turn to each other.

JR

They're watching a movie.

FATHER BRUCE

Then they're distracted. Shoot the lock.

JR looks at the big lock, with chains around the gate, keeping it from opening. He looks at Bruce again.

FATHER BRUCE (CONT'D)

What's the matter, boy? You backing out on me?

JR

.. No.

JR raises his revolver, shaky handed, and

BANG!

fires a shot into the lock, destroying it. The chains unravel and fall to the dirt. JR goes to open the sliding gate while Bruce keeps his rifle up and on the ready.

JR slowly creeps it open, poking his head out for a look. He can see some commotion from afar.

JR (CONT'D)

I think they heard you.

INT. CAMP BLUE MOON

JR gets the gate open just far enough for them to get through. Bruce passes him

RATTTATTATAT!!

firing shots into the darkness at faraway targets.

The sudden loud gunfire startles JR. He keeps low, moving forward as the giant screen (with a movie projected on it and loud speakers behind the projector) comes into view.

CHECHSS!

The spotlights over the gate blast on, revealing JR and Bruce in full. JR is struck by how intense and sudden the light is, like a shock to the system. Now he's really sobering.

For a moment it appears as if he has no idea where or when he is, like he's just woken up.

Bruce leaves the gaze of the spotlights and goes back into darkness, continuing his move and shoot strategy.

Gunshots ring past JR. A collection of girls' screams.

He moves forward, slipping back into the dark, his eyes still thrown off from the spotlights. His vision starts to correct itself as the screen becomes closer and he nears the projector and large speakers.

Amongst the row of chairs are TEN GIRLS of varying age from 10 to 16. Three "COUNSELORS" surrounding them. A fourth lies dead over the chairs, killed by Bruce. They continue to fire at JR and Bruce.

JR
Duck! Get down!

Bruce, not bothering to evade their gunfire, fires at the counselors, almost even hitting the girls. He kills one of the three men.

JR (CONT'D)
No!

JR hurries over towards the girls as another counselor hits the dirt, leaving one remaining. Some of the girls are ready to scatter but are too afraid and confused to go any direction at all. Some fight back and grab at the counselor. Frighteningly, a few of the other girls defend him.

A few more counselors emerge from each of the three cabins. At least two or three each. Some have weapons drawn already. Half asleep, half dressed.

Bruce keeps walking towards them. He drops his magazine and reloads another.

JR brings up his revolver on the remaining counselor by the girls, as he nears them. His hand shakes uncontrollably. The man fires twice at JR, barely missing.

JR, knowing he hasn't another moment to waste, fires three shots towards the man, one hitting it's target. He slowly drops backwards into another row of chairs. The girls that were grabbing onto him and each other release one another.

Bruce takes a bullet in the side. He keeps soldiering on. He's unstoppable. His will unkillable. He shoots the guy that tagged him and moves forward.

He ignites and tosses one of the explosives into the first cabin.

KABOOOM!!

The girls scream and cower. JR flinches. He stops in front of the group of girls. He looks over each of their faces, delighted but disappointed not to find either Eve or Ellison there.

JR (CONT'D)
You need to come with me.

GIRL
You're a stranger!

GIRL #2
We can't go with him.

The girls scream and yell and bicker at each other.

Bruce continues to dwindle down their numbers, getting them down to two men. One manages to hit Bruce in the leg. Bruce goes down into the dirt, taking his shooter with him.

JR

Look, we don't have time for this!
Either you come with me or you all
stay here and you fucking die. You
got it? Is that what you want? I
don't think so!

YOUNG LADY

He's right, girls, we need to go
now. We can't stay here.

JR feels around the dead counselors until he finds a set of car keys. He holds it out to the sensible young lady.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)

I've never driven before.

JR

Learn fast. The vans are right
outside the entrance. Find the one,
fill it up with as many of them as
you can. Off to the other side is
my car, put the rest there.

JR looks over to see that Bruce is fighting with the last man, having managed to get him down. He pulls out a knife and viscously stabs the last man to death.

JR (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Go!

YOUNG LADY

Wait! There's still one girl
inside!

She points at the last cabin in the very back just as Bruce tosses an explosive into the middle cabin (the one just before it).

KABOOOM!!

JR

Go, now.

JR runs towards Father Bruce yelling and waving his hands.

JR (CONT'D)
 Father Bruce! Father Bruce! Stop!
 Stop!

Bruce stops in his tracks and turns half-around to face JR.

JR (CONT'D)
 You have to stop!

He turns back around.

JR (CONT'D)
 No!

Bruce raises up the satchel as he nears the last cabin.

JR fires his last three shots until he's clicking empty.

KAAAAABOOOomm!!

A giant explosion as JR hits the satchel blowing Father Bruce apart.

JR runs past him and into the cabin as the flames from the explosion reach the last cabin, slowly burning around it.

INT. CABIN

JR runs inside in a panic. His eyes dart around the room frantically until he spots the last girl.

JR walks over towards her. She cowers beneath him.

He looks over the young lady recognizing her as the girl he's been hunting for. The young teen Grady who went missing. JR notes her pregnant belly.

JR
 Ellison?

ELLISON
 (shocked)
 Yes?

JR
 (soft chuckle of relief)
 Your parents hired me to find you.

JR notices Ellison looking at his gun. He tosses it aside and extends out that same hand to poor frightened Ellison.

At first she's hesitant to grab it, but then of course does. He helps her onto her feet and out the door.

EXT. CABIN

JR and Ellison emerge just as the flames on the cabin have started to grow in quick succession. They walk past what remains of Father Bruce, and past all of the dead cultists.

They make it outside

EXT. CAMP BLUE MOON

and back to JR's car. He finds three of the ten girls in there waiting for him. He helps Ellison into the passenger seat and goes around to the driver seat.

He gets in and pulls up to the vans.

The young lady from before has one running, the rest of the girls inside with her.

She turns on her lights and JR sighs in relief. He pulls ahead in front and drives slow for her to follow.

It's only now he realizes the cut above his eye has reopened. He wipes away the blood from his eye. They drive down the road from which JR came.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT

JR enters looking like absolute shit. The last few days have taken a tremendous toll on him, on his psyche and on his body.

Something crinkles under his feet as he takes another step. He looks down to find a normal sized envelope under his shoe.

He bends down and picks up the envelope. It's addressed to him from Melanie, from the crime lab. He stares down at it, his eyes heavy. His breathing anxious.

He opens it and removes the letter within, tears already building in his eyes. He opens it up and reads. He starts to cry as if everything has finally come to the surface at once, everything has caught up to him. He ugly cries even though he already knew what the results would be.

Suddenly, his stomach turns. He feels it twisting up worse than ever before. He pukes violently all over his floor.

The motion weakens him further, making him drop down to all fours. Pain shoots up his face as frightening sounds come from his stomach and once again he pukes, even more violent than before. JR has to force it all out.

He wheezes after, exhausting himself, breathless. He tries to catch his breath again. It's a slow process.

He stares down at his strange discolored vomit and for a moment he sees something wriggling around underneath. He wipes his wet eyes frantically. Whatever was there is gone. He sighs in relief then drops to his side.

He rolls onto his back staring up at his ceiling. As if staring up at God.

He feels warmth on his skin. The sun rises, filling his room full of sunshine.

JR laughs in relief, still catching his breath.

JR

What's the world coming to?

MONTAGE

The same ol doowop tune from before plays again, this time not as a diegetic piece, but over the montage.

HELICOPTER SHOT: burnt down camp, police and firetrucks surrounding it.

SINGER (V.O.)

Sometimes it's still hard.. so many scars.. now you've gone down the hall.. I don't think of you at all..

Swat teams raid the Bogdan home.

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

.. Oh, who am I kidding? Forever in loove.. and always the fool.. it must be because..

Ellison is back with her parents. They cry as the three hug and embrace.

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

.. Our love is still raw!! The harder I try, the harder I faall.. There's nothing to do now, but accept the role..

JR's mother watches the news in her living room. They show different images of the different cultists arrested.

Another story about the serial killer on the loose finally having been caught. Images of the aftermath of an incident at Saint Augustine's (leaving parts of it destroyed).

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*.. Life is not worth it.. without
 you to caall.. my heart's in your
 pocket.. just press it and I'llll..*

JR, dressed in black, is at the Chandler Home as they hold a service for Eve. There is other family there as well.

SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*.. appear like magic.. and I'll
 tell you the truth.. that I'm still
 hopelessly in love with youuu..*

JR stands in front of a framed picture of Eve. His eyes water. He wipes them away, steps outside and lights up a cigarette. He smokes, crying softly to himself.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

JR stands outside Father Ed's car.

A BOY, about nine, runs around on his lawn with his other little friends. His adoptive mother keeps supervision.

JR and Father Ed watch from a distance.

JR
 (without turning)
 You lied to me. About everything.

FATHER ED
 .. I did as I was told.. and the
 Lord will judge me so.

JR
 I hope it's the other guy that does
 the judging..

JR turns his attention back to the boy. JR's face expresses joy to see his son alive.. but mostly sadness. There's defeat in his eyes, knowing that things could have turned out differently.

FATHER ED
 I'm sorry, JR. I didn't know he was
 yours.. Nobody knew that.

JR

(beat)

That's alright, Father.. You did what you could, I guess.. It's better he doesn't know.

FATHER ED

So you don't wish to meet him?

JR

I don't know what his life has been.. and I don't know what it will be.. but right now.. he looks pretty damn happy without me.

JR smiles a broken smile.

Father Ed nods, understanding. JR's smile soon fades.

Ed watches JR looking on, knowing he's accepted his fate.

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

JR stands in front of his childhood church staring up at it with hesitance. He sighs then his mother walks up from behind.

JR presents his arm.

INT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

JR enters, walking arm in arm with his mother.

They look over the aftermath of what transpired in the church. It's partially destroyed. Some of the benches shattered, gunshots in the ground, in the ceiling. A large glass stained window shattered like somebody jumped through it. Police tape through it.

MOTHER

Oh my. What kind of monsters could do this?

JR keeps to himself. As they near the stage area they stop. JR looks down and notes the blood stains on the ground.

His mother continues forward, finding a place to go to her knees and pray.

JR plops down onto one of the benches. He looks around some more before his eyes stop on the giant Jesus Christ statue hanging from the ceiling.

JR

(low)

This is what you wanted? Right? ..
Now what?

JR waits as if for an answer. He shakes his head and sighs. He removes a cigarette and places it to his mouth. He pulls out a match

FRRAAPP

striking it on the bench in front of him then

JR (CONT'D)

I really thought after everything
you would just appear before me and
I'd..

lights it his cigarette and smokes.

JR (CONT'D)

.. but I guess that's not something
you really do, huh? I always
wondered what Moses saw. A burning
bush? More like he was burning
bushes and the fumes had him seeing
and hearing angels.

JR waits, again as if for a response.

JR (CONT'D)

I guess I want to be better.. I
just.. I'm not really sure where to
start.

JR's eyes water. He takes the cigarette from his mouth and looks away from Jesus. He thinks to himself then reaches into his jacket pocket again, this time pulling out his flask. He opens it then stops to look up at Jesus again.

JR (CONT'D)

Boy, we really were just made to
suffer, weren't we? Here's looking
at you, kid.

JR raises the flask up to Jesus. He takes a swig.

END