

BIOHAZARD

THE
S
E
C
U
R
E

FRESH BLOOD EDITION



PARAGONE

Pilot

Written by

Travis Neufeld

travis@antiframed.com
306-351-7701

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: 1997.

We SLOWLY MOVE IN as two PARANORMAL REMEDIATORS rush into the dark corridor. They wear the same black polo and brown khakis. One is on a FLIP PHONE, the other carries a BOOMBOX.

REMIANIATOR
(into phone)
Where are we going?
(listening)
Ok. I see it now.
(at partner)
Last -- on the left.

The remediator snaps the phone closed. They hurry to the end of the hall and disappear into the last door on the left.

We slowly PAN to a slightly cracked door decorated with little construction paper crosses with names written in crayon. Cutout paper letters above read: "SUNDAY SCHOOL."

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM - NIGHT

We PAN from the inside of the door to a GIRL, African American, 8, coloring on the floor. We HOLD on her and SLOWLY MOVE IN as she coats the paper in crayon and hums to herself.

After a beat, we hear:

Moaning. Muffled voices arguing.

The girl stops coloring. Looks at the door. We HOLD on her...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We FOLLOW CLOSE in SHALLOW FOCUS behind the girl as she walks towards the voices.

The arguing and moaning grow louder with every step...

MOMENTS LATER

Now at the door, she can hear the voices clearly. She grips the doorknob with her small hand, turns, then pushes it in...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - EVENT SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The girl sees her MOTHER, 40s, strapped into a chair. Her mother's eyes are milky and vacant.

She writhes against the restraints, moaning and spewing threats in Latin. Black bile runs from her nose and mouth.

The two remediators and a MINISTER encircle her as a RECORDED VOICE speaks Latin out of the boombox.

GIRL

Mommy!?

All four of them SNAP to her.

MINISTER

Billie, get out of here!

The mother looks to Billie -- shifts her tone:

MOTHER

(tenderly)

Billie, my love. Help me. They're hurting mommy.

One of the remediators, a woman, quickly scoops Billie off the floor and carries her out.

BILLIE

Mommy!

BILLIE'S POV -- in SLOW MOTION, we are carried out of the room as the mother screams and begs. The door slams shut with a resounding THUDDDDDD.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM - NIGHT

The remediator sets Billie down on the floor.

REMEDIATOR

You just stay here, ok? It's not safe for you down there.

BILLIE

Is my mommy ok?

The remediator kneels down to Billie's level.

REMEDIATOR

Your mommy -- she's really sick.

BILLIE

Are you a doctor?

REMEDIATOR

Something like that.

BILLIE
What about Thomas? Is he ok?

REMEDIATOR
Thomas? Who's that.

Billie demurs.

REMEDIATOR (CONT'D)
It's ok. You can tell me. I can
keep a secret.

BILLIE
He's a boy. He lives inside my
mommy. He gets mad when I talk
about him.

BEAT.

REMEDIATOR
You know how your Mommy and Daddy
tell you to do things you don't
want to do? Like, brush your teeth
or clean your room?

BILLIE
Yeah.

REMEDIATOR
Well, imagine that they were doing
that, but from inside. You wouldn't
like that very much, right?

BILLIE
No.

REMEDIATOR
Especially if they were telling you
to do really, really bad things.

The light above them FLICKERS.

The remediator looks to it -- *she has to get back.*

REMEDIATOR (CONT'D)
I know that it looks like we're
hurting your mommy, but we're not.
And we're not hurting Thomas
either.
(beat)
It's just that, sometimes, people
like Thomas... They get lost and so
they go inside other people and
tell them what to do.
(MORE)

REMEDIATOR (CONT'D)

Make them do and say things they
don't mean. Make them sick.

BILLIE

Why?

REMEDIATOR

I wish I knew. I do. What's
important is that there's only
enough room for one of us on the
inside, so we need to take Thomas
out, so that your mommy can get
better.

BILLIE

And what about Thomas? Where does
he go?

(beat)

Is it the dark place? Thomas says
he hates the dark place.

The mother's screaming echoes into the room...

REMEDIATOR

(hurried)

I don't know, but what I do know is
that I need you to stay here, in
this room, until we're done. Can
you do that?

BILLIE

Ok.

Billie trots over to her crayons and plops down on the floor.

REMEDIATOR

Good girl. I'll be back.

We PAN with the remediator as she runs out, then PAN back to
Billie. We MOVE IN as she colors and hums under the
flickering lights...

ANGLE -- from above, we see her drawings spread out around
her, revealing that they all contain the same DARK FIGURE.

The lights flicker faster and faster until we...

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

Dirty projector. Dimly lit. Tense.

Old photographs of happy families give way to grainy footage of violent exorcisms.

Candlelight vigils flicker. A pentagram, surrounded by candles, is painted in blood on a cement floor.

A rosary hangs from a rearview mirror. We see a city at night through the window of a vehicle cruising down a freeway.

INT. OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

BILLIE MONTES, 30s, African American, sits in her job-interview best watching the TV. Her hair is shaved on the sides, shortish on the top. Tattoos poke out of her collar.

ON THE TV (MUTED)

It's CNN. PUNDITS argue. The CHYRON reads:

DOJ CONSIDERS BLOCKING PARANORMAL MERGER

BLACK & WHITE CLOSED CAPTIONS roll over the screen reading:

PARANORMAL REMEDIATION IS NOW USED BY OVER THREE-
QUARTERS OF AMERICANS. THE DOJ HAS EVERY RIGHT TO BLOCK
THIS AND I HOPE THEY DO. PARANORMAL REMEDIATION IS
BEYOND UNDERREGULATED, IT'S BASICALLY THE WILD WEST...

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Billie.

OFF THE TV

Billie looks.

A RECEPTIONIST stands, waiting by the front desk.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The receptionist holds the door, waving Billie in.

RECEPTIONIST

Right in here.

Billie finds three MALE INTERVIEWERS, 50s, ex-police, sitting at a boardroom table in a windowless room. They performatively peruse and shuffle stacks of resumes.

A single empty chair is positioned opposite the interviewers.

LEAD INTERVIEWER
Hello. Welcome. Please, have a
seat.

Billie complies.

LEAD INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
Billie, right?

BILLIE
Yep, that's me.

LEAD INTERVIEWER
Can we get you anything before we
get started? Water? Coffee?

BILLIE
No, sir.

LEAD INTERVIEWER
Alright. Let's jump right in.

He flips to the second page of Billie's resume, then back to
the cover page.

LEAD INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
So, right off the hop, I just want
to say that your resume looks
fantastic. We're always excited
when we get applicants with
military experience, especially one
as exemplary as yours.

BILLIE
Thank you, sir.

LEAD INTERVIEWER
And you're still at Paragone?

BILLIE
That's correct, sir.

LEAD INTERVIEWER
Ok, tell me about that. Why do you
want to leave Paragone for the
world of private security?

BILLIE
I prefer dealing with an enemy that
can bleed, sir.

The interviewers wait for more, but that's all she offers.

LEAD INTERVIEWER

Ok... fair enough.

(beat)

And what skills could you bring from your experience at Paragone to this role?

BILLIE

I believe I'm naturally suited for security, sir. I'm used to working nights and in high-pressure situations. I'm able to prioritize information and adjust as necessary to balance shifting objectives.

The men exchange glances.

INTERVIEWER 2

Billie, I have to say, or we have to say, we honestly haven't had anyone in here with your kind of... *background*.

(beat)

Can you run us through what a typical Paragone shift looks like?

Billie takes a beat. She knows where this is going.

BILLIE

The details of our calls are protected by confidentiality. But, in general, I --

INTERVIEWER 3

You don't have to use any names or anything, but what is the scariest thing that's happened to you?

LEAD INTERVIEWER

Is it true that ghosts can attach themselves to you?

INTERVIEWER 2

I heard you can actually transmit them from one location to another.

BILLIE

I --

The fluorescents DIM AND FLICKER...

The interviewers, SPOOKED, look up at the lights then at Billie -- eyes wide.

The flickering stops.

BEAT.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
I swear to God, that was not me.

The men erupt into nervous and relieved laughter.

LEAD INTERVIEWER
Wow. That really had me going.

INTERVIEWER 2
Tell me about it.

INTERVIEWER 3
Someone really needs to check these
lights.

Billie relaxes -- *they bought it.*

LEAD INTERVIEWER
The timing of that. I mean, really.

The lead interviewer reaches for his coffee, but before his fingertips even touch the handle, IT SLIDES DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE TABLE, STOPPING JUST BEFORE THE EDGE.

BEAT.

The men pale.

We HOLD on Billie as her eyes well with rage...

INT. GRAY HOUSE - DAY

LUCAS GRAY, 50s, enters the front door of a modest two-story home. He carries a satchel and a handful of ENVELOPES.

He pauses at the bottom of the stairs and looks up. We hear the faint low-end of MUSIC.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - ASHLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

TOP 40 MUSIC blares from a bluetooth speaker as ASHLEY GRAY, 23, examines herself in a stand-up mirror. She wears a performance polo and tactical khakis. A logo embroidered on the polo reads: "PARAGONE. PARANORMAL REMEDIATION."

DING! DING!

She looks down at her phone. We HOLD on her reflection as she types a message.

In a WIDE we watch as she angles her phone for a selfie.

In CLOSE, she types over the SNAP:

I AIN'T AFRAID OF NO [GHOST EMOJIS X 3]

Send.

She stands strong and looks at herself.

ASHLEY
You got this.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ashley crosses as Lucas makes a sandwich on the island. An ENVELOPE is set out for her to see. It's from Stanford.

Ashley sits in a chair and laces on a pair of COMBAT BOOTS.

LUCAS
Saw Hailey's mom today. She asked
about you.

ASHLEY
(spar)
Yeah? And what did you tell her?

Lucas pauses mid-creation.

LUCAS
You don't have to do this.

ASHLEY
That's what you told them?

He gives her the "don't be a smart Alec" look.

LUCAS
There's another letter for you.

ASHLEY
Yeah? What does it say?

LUCAS
I haven't read it, but I'm sure
they want you to come back.

ASHLEY
They don't care.

LUCAS
I care.

ASHLEY
I know.

Ashley pulls HARD on her laces.

LUCAS
Your mother --

ASHLEY
I'm not doing this for her.

LUCAS
Then why? Paragone is for ex-cons
and dropouts.

ASHLEY
How very Christian of you.

LUCAS
You know what I mean.
(beat)
You don't have to prove anything.

She finishes lacing. Stands.

She picks up the envelope from Stanford.

ASHLEY
I'm not proving anything...

She steps to the recycling bin and tosses it in.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'm doing something *actually*
important.

She exits. We HOLD on Lucas's deep concern.

The sound of PRE-LAP SLAMMING LOCKERS takes us into...

INT. PARAGONE HQ - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The locker room buzzes with adrenaline as the night shift readies for battle. It's raucous. HIP HOP blares in b.g.

We find Billie in a row with 3 other REMEDIATORS. She airs grievances as she changes into her uniform:

BILLIE

No sign of them all day, and then,
all of a sudden, they show up in
the interview. It's fucking
bullshit.

A few lockers down, SIERRA, 30s, Trans Woman, 6'3", offers a kinder perspective:

SIERRA

Something else will come along.

Across the bench, REX, 30s, chiseled jaw, gruffly opines:

REX

If you ask me, you lost your chance
at another job the minute you
walked onto your first call.

SIERRA

Rex.

REX

What? We all did. Our only options
out of this shit are going to the
second floor or a desk at the BUB.

BENJI, 30s, Latino, ex-cartel, tattoos all over his face, submits to the court:

BENJI

There is another option.

REX

Oh right. You could also just die.
Although, even with that, they'll
probably dream up some way to bring
you back --

Another REMEDIATOR steps into the row, interjecting:

REMEDIATOR

Hey guys, just a reminder, union
discussion tomorrow. 2PM. St.
Andrews on Rosedale.

Billie is noticeably irritated.

REX

At a church?

REMEDIATOR

(sassy)

It would appear that way, yes.

REX

And you're sure that's a good idea?

REMEDIATOR

I'm just spreading the word. 2PM.
Don't forget. Hope to see you all
there.

The sassy remediator moves on to the next row.

Sierra pulls a BUTTON PIN from her locker and pins it onto
her polo. It reads: "VOTE YES! P.R.U." -- a union pin.

Rex notices:

REX

(at Sierra)

Not you too.

SIERRA

What!?

REX

They ain't never gonna let that
shit happen.

SIERRA

A girl can dream.

BILLIE

You know... if they do bring me
back, I ain't gonna be no Casper.
I'm going full malevolent. I'll be
haunting the piss out of all you
fucks.

The others smile -- this is the Billie they know and love.

INT. PARAGONE HQ - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ashley makes her way through the building's main
thoroughfare. Schools of REMEDIATORS AND TRAINEES pass by on
their way to the bullpen.

She eyes rows of EMPLOYEE PORTRAITS on the wall. There's at
least a hundred, maybe more -- all fixed on wooden plaques
with brass plates detailing birth and death dates. Lettering
over them reads:

DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION

She scans the faces as she walks.

We hear the rattle and thump of BASS. She stops and looks. It's coming from the locker room...

INT. PARAGONE HQ - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW Ashley as she approaches a group of REMEDIATORS:

ASHLEY
Hi, I'm looking for Billie?

Only one looks up -- shakes his head "no."

Embarrassed, she continues on. She looks down each row hoping to accidentally meet someone's eyes, but it seems that everyone is actively avoiding her.

She approaches another REMEDIATOR lacing up his boots.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'm looking for Billie or Sierra?

REMEDIATOR
Further down.

He finishes lacing and walks away.

Ashley peers down to the far end of the lockers.

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley stops at a nexus of lockers and scans.

SIERRA (O.S.)
You need some help, baby?

Ashley turns, finding Sierra, Billie, Rex, and Benji.

ASHLEY
I'm looking for Billie and Sierra.

Rex and Benji look to Billie like, "oh shit." Billie doesn't even acknowledge Ashley's presence.

SIERRA
You sure?

Ashley pulls out her phone -- opens her emails.

ASHLEY
(scrolling)
Uhh, yeah... I'm pretty sure.

Benji approaches Ashley to confirm:

BENJI
Here. Let's see.

Benji reads an email on Ashley's phone.

BENJI (CONT'D)
(to the others)
Yep.

SIERRA
What's your name?

ASHLEY
Ashley.

SIERRA
Ok, well Ashley. It's good to meet
you. I'm Sierra. This is Billie.

Billie SLAMS her locker shut.

BILLIE
Fucking Darlene.

Billie exits without so much as looking at her trainee.

Sierra closes her locker and walks over to Ashley.

SIERRA
Don't worry about her. She a little
extra tonight.
(beat)
Come on, let's get you a vest.

INT. PARAGONE HQ - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The room teems with a very diverse crowd of REMEDIATORS chatting in clusters on worn-out sofas and around tables. They are all dressed in the same polo, tactical khakis, and combat boot uniform. They wear utility belts and personal radios with the mics run over their shoulders like police.

Ashley, now wearing a very bright reflective yellow vest, stands against a wall with a dozen other TRAINEES.

Billie, Sierra, Rex, and Benji are at the back caffeinating.

A VOICE booms above the chatter:

DARLENE (O.S.)
(yelling)
Night shift, listen up.

DARLENE, 50s, African American, the short and stocky night shift manager, stands at the front of the room.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Ok folks, only a few things to get through tonight...

The room quiets.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

First, it's been 829 days since the last encounter with a malevolent entity.

RANDOM REMEDIATOR (O.S.)

Woo!

DARLENE

That said, activity continues to rise, possessions are up, and the world has, as usual, gone to hell for another night. The good news is: you all still have jobs.

RANDOM REMEDIATOR (O.S.)

Woo!

DARLENE

Our safety item for tonight is: situational awareness. For those of you with trainees, this means knowing where and what your trainee is doing at all times. We have a fresh crop of "Day-Ones," so let's take care of them so they become "Day-Twos," threes, and so on. Do that, and maybe some of you will be seeing days off again.

Darlene shifts to the trainees.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Trainees. Your job tonight will be to observe, identify, and classify the entities your coaches encounter.

(beat)

Do not, under any circumstances, attempt to interact with an entity unless your coaches ask you to. Remember, this is not Ghostbusters. This is not the Bureau of Unfinished Business. Entities are not your friends.

(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

They know what you are and what
you're there to do and will do
anything they can to stop you.

(beat)

Got it?

The trainees nod "yes" in unison.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Ok. Good. With that, good luck out
there and happy hunting.

Darlene exits. The room breaks back into chatter.

We HOLD on Ashley as reality sets in...

INT. PARAGONE HQ - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ashley sits outside an office as Billie and Darlene argue.

BILLIE (O.S.)

I don't do trainees, Darlene. You
know that.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Well, you do now.

INT. PARAGONE HQ - DARLENE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room is a closet. Stacks of binders, files, and loose
papers are piled everywhere.

Darlene and Billie argue from either side of the desk. Sierra
leans on a filing cabinet in b.g.

BILLIE

No way I'm doing it. Not again. Not
after the last one.

DARLENE

I've given you plenty of time and
plenty of space, but it's time to
get back to it.

BILLIE

You promised me, Darlene.

DARLENE

Well, things change.

BEAT.

BILLIE

Ok, then give her to Remus or Wyatt. They love trainees.

DARLENE

You know I can't do that. If I send her out with them, she'll be gone by morning.

BILLIE

She's a fucking liability. I can't do my job with some possessed Day-One crawling up the walls.

DARLENE

If you don't like it, then quit.

Billie vibrates.

Darlene sits -- shuffles papers on her desk.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Billie, look. You and Sierra, you're not just good when the shit gets hot, but you can actually communicate. Any trainee would be lucky to have you as their coaches.
(beat)

If something happens and she doesn't make it back... I'll make sure that you still get your training bonus for the shift.

Billie steps forward and points down on the desk.

BILLIE

This -- is bullshit.

She HOLDS Darlene's gaze then storms out.

Darlene looks to Sierra whose face reads, "she ain't wrong."

EXT. PARAGONE HQ - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Billie stomps past Ashley -- still not acknowledging her.

We HOLD on Ashley as HIP HOP MUSIC and PRE-LAP RADIO CHATTER takes us into...

A MONTAGE OF THE NIGHT MARAUDERS - NIGHT

From high above, we see PARAGONE CRUISERS (think Ford Interceptors but with purple lights) spill out of Paragone HQ, a two-story commercial building in an industrial area.

We HOP between aerial shots of cruisers fanning out, then speeding in different directions.

We JUMP between shots of the city's skyline.

We TILT DOWN to a cruiser barreling down an interstate. The numbers on the roof read: "5309".

FADE MUSIC.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Sierra drives. Billie rides shotgun, scrolling on her phone. Ashley is in the backseat. HIP HOP plays just under the crackling chatter of a CB RADIO.

They zip past a BILLBOARD advertising a rival paranormal remediation company called PARAKLEEN. The billboard features clean-cut, sanitized versions of remediators -- not at all representative of what we've seen.

SIERRA

Look at that fucking bullshit.

Ashley looks up at the billboard, then pulls a LAMINATED CARD out of her pocket. It's a chart classifying entities by intensity. It ranks them from 1-5, 5 being Malevolent.

Sierra eyes Ashley in the rearview mirror.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

So, Day-One, you seem like a nice girl. Why you wanna work here?

Billie looks over at Sierra incredulously.

ASHLEY

I want to help people, if I can.

SIERRA

You know there are... other ways to help people, right?

ASHLEY

I know. My mom -- she got possessed...

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
 so I know what it's like to be
 victimized by one of these things.
 I know what they're like and I want
 to stop them.

BEAT.

BILLIE
 We're janitors...
 (beat)
 We don't stop shit. We clean up, we
 get paid. That's it. That's the
 job.

SIERRA
 (into rearview mirror)
 I feel for you, but everyone down
 here's got a story like that. The
 thing is, you gotta be a certain
 kind of person to do this work. The
 only people that really succeed
 down here are either those who
 don't have any other options or
 people you can't break because
 they're already too broken to begin
 with. That's the only way any of
 this works --

A DISPATCHER comes in clear on the CB:

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
 Dispatch calling 53-0-9, over.

Billie picks up the CB mic -- holds it to her mouth...

BILLIE
 (at Sierra)
 That Sara?

SIERRA
 (yes)
 Work your magic.

Billie presses "speak."

BILLIE
 (into mic)
 5-3-0-9. Dispatch, over to 2.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
 Over to 2.

Billie switches the CB over to channel 2.

SIERRA
(at Ashley)
She's going to a private
channel so that she can
scheme.

BILLIE
(into mic)
53-0-9 on 2.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
Dispatcher on 2.

BILLIE
(into mic)
It's Billie. I'm with Sierra
tonight.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
Oh hey, ladies. What's good?

BILLIE
(into mic)
We got a Day-One tonight so give me
something easy... but nothing too
easy. Mama still needs to get paid.

SIERRA
(at Ashley)
We're supposed to just take calls
as they come in, but if you're in
with the dispatcher, sometimes you
can get them to give you options.
The other crews hate it, but if you
want to make it in this job, you
gotta find a way to get the good
calls.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
I got minor disturbances. Teenagers
called it in. How about that?

Billie rocks her head, considering...

BILLIE
(into mic)
Ok. We'll take it.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
You got it, babe. Sending
coordinates.

Billie snaps the mic back on the CB.

SIERRA
"You got it, BABE. Anything you
want, BABE. I'm yours, BABE"

BILLIE
(grinning stupidly)
Shut up. You don't know me, bitch.

SIERRA
I know you better than you know
yourself.

BILLIE
Not like that you don't.

SIERRA
(at Ashley)
If you want to get the real good
calls --

BILLIE
Don't listen to her --

SIERRA
-- Hook up with a dispatcher. Or
two. Or three.

BILLIE
(at Ashley)
Look. If there is one perk about
this job, and believe me when I say
that there is only one, it's that
girls love the uniform. Especially
those sexy ass gothy bitches. They
can't quit it.

Sierra signals and shoulder checks.

SIERRA
Ain't that just the goddamn truth.

Ashley is all eyes -- she gazes out her window.

EXT. GATED NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

From overhead, we watch as the cruiser snakes through a
winding development of MCMANSIONS -- all with circular
driveways and swimming pools.

EXT. MCMANSION - NIGHT

The cruiser motors up the driveway and parks. They all get
out. Billie darts for the front door as Sierra rounds to
Ashley who's struggling with turning on her PERSONAL RADIO.

ANGLE on Ashley as Sierra approaches carrying a TABLET in a thick case -- she holds it out to Ashley.

SIERRA
They teach you how to use one of
these in class?

ASHLEY
(taking the tablet)
Yeah.

Billie rings the doorbell and knocks in b.g.

BILLIE
(yelling)
This is Paragone. We're here about
a disturbance.

SIERRA
It's not as good as your senses,
but those take time to develop. Use
this for tonight.
(beat)
And, you know, she's just giving
you a hard time. That's the way she
is.

ASHLEY
Yeah. For sure.

A FRIGHTENED GIRL, 17, opens the front door.

FRIGHTENED GIRL
Thank god. Please, come in.

Billie enters the house.

SIERRA
(to Ashley)
Ok. Let's get it.

Sierra walks away, following Billie inside.

INT. MCMANSION - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The frightened girl explains while 5 or 6 OTHER TEENAGERS
linger in b.g.

FRIGHTENED GIRL
We've been hearing heavy footsteps
and like, someone crying... and the
basement door just slammed on its
own.

BILLIE
(scanning)
Is it just you guys?

FRIGHTENED GIRL
Yeah, my parents are in Spain. They
get back next week.

BILLIE
Have you been doing anything you
shouldn't have been doing tonight?

FRIGHTENED GIRL
We've had a few drinks --

BILLIE
No. We don't care about that. I
mean, have you been reciting any
spells or playing with spirit
boards?

FRIGHTENED GIRL
No, ma'am.

BILLIE
And your friends?

The girl turns to her friends. They shake their heads "no."

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Have you had any disturbances in
the house previous to tonight?

FRIGHTENED GIRL
No.

BILLIE
And how long have you lived here?

FRIGHTENED GIRL
Uhhh since I was 5, so like 11, 12
years.

Billie nods her head.

BILLIE
The footsteps -- were they light?
Heavy? Slow? Fast?

FRIGHTENED GIRL
I'd say like really heavy --
walking back and forth upstairs.

BILLIE

And the crying. Was it like
whimpering or full-on sobbing?

FRIGHTENED GIRL

Sobbing. Definitely sobbing. Coming
from the basement.

BILLIE

And could you tell if the voice was
male or female? Young? Old?

FRIGHTENED GIRL

Old. Like an old woman maybe?

BILLIE

Ok, and the door?

FRIGHTENED GIRL

(pointing)

That one.

BILLIE

I think what we'll do now is have a
look around. If you all don't mind
just hanging out, that would be
great.

FRIGHTENED GIRL

Can't you just like, do a thing
that clears the whole house or
whatever?

BILLIE

We could... but you wouldn't really
want that. Our rituals are specific
to each type of entity. If we use
the wrong one, we could end up
summoning more. So, that's why we
have to take a look around, see
what we're dealing with. Ok?

FRIGHTENED GIRL

Ok, do whatever you need to do.

BILLIE

(at Ashley and Sierra)

I'll check upstairs.

SIERRA

I got the main floor.

(at Ashley)

Day-Ones take the basement. Them's
the rules.

Billie heads for the stairs. Sierra addresses the teens:

SIERRA (CONT'D)
And don't none of y'all go anywhere
on your own. Keep in sight of each
other at all times.

MALE TEENAGER
What if we have to go to the
bathroom?

BILLIE
(yelling back)
Piss your pants if you have to.

Sierra clicks on her BLACKLIGHT FLASHLIGHT and walks away.

We HOLD on Ashley -- she looks to the basement door...

INT. MCMANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ashley descends into an area lit by a single bulb -- it's a makeshift workshop for a construction team. The walls and flooring are only partially finished. Boxes, furniture covered in sheets, and a hallway lie in the shadows.

She holds the tablet in front of her. On the screen, we see the GHOSTFINDR APP, a dashboard of ghost-locating tools like an E.M.F. reader, E.V.P. meter, and a thermal vision camera.

She scans the room, then holds her hand up in front of the tablet's camera -- examining it in brilliant thermal neon.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Ashley. You on channel?

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Yes. I'm here.

Ashley looks over the Ghostfindr dashboard -- everything is reading: "normal." She eyes the hallway...

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley flicks a light switch at the opening of the hallway.

Nothing happens.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Of course.

She taps the tablet, prompting the tablet's FLASHLIGHT to turn on. She cautiously moves forward -- sweeping the tablet from side to side.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
What are we doing about lunch?

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Benji said they wanted to do
Alejandro's.

Ashley angles the light into an open doorway as she passes.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Fine. But it has to be right after
this. I didn't get to eat after my
interview and I'm fucking dying.

Ashley turns a corner.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
I'll call them. See where they at.
I'll be off channel.

Ashley reaches the end of the hall. She taps the tablet -- the flashlight switches to a BLACKLIGHT FLASHLIGHT. She scans the hallway behind her, then steps into an...

UNFINISHED ROOM.

Ashley paints the walls in purple light as she walks.

SIERRA (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
Ok, they good.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
(at Sierra)
There's a fire pit in the back
yard. Can you check it out?

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Copy.
(beat)
Day-One, how's it going down there?

ASHLEY
(into radio)
So far, so good. I haven't found
anything yet.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Make sure to scan every room -- and
don't forget to check the ceilings.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Got it.

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley enters into another **UNFINISHED ROOM**.

She moves to the center, then swivels around, scanning with the blacklight.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
(at Billie)
Get to a back window. I have something for you.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
K. Give me a sec...

Ashley switches back to the flashlight. She swivels again.

BILLIE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
Is that what I think it is?

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Yep.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Motherfuckers!
(beat)
Day-One, get upstairs. We found the source of the problem.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Copy.

Ashley lowers the tablet and makes for the door.

But then... she hears it...

SCRATCHING.

FINGERNAILS ON THE WALL.

BEHIND HER.

She freezes...

She slowly turns, bringing the flashlight to the sound...

A BOY, 7, MIDDLE EASTERN, STANDS IN THE CORNER SCRATCHING AT THE WALL WITH HIS INDEX FINGER. DUST IS CAKED ALL OVER HIS SKIN AND RAGGED CLOTHES. HE IS WRITING SOMETHING IN BLOOD.

Ashley tightens her grip on the tablet and ever so slowly reaches for her radio mic with the other.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(into radio, whispering)
Uhh. Guys. I, Uhh. I got something
down here.

She looks at the E.M.F. reader. It's spiking.

A RED WINDOW pops up reading: "ENTITY DETECTED"

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
An entity?

ASHLEY
(into radio, whispering)
Yeah. What do I do?

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
What does it look like? What is it
doing?

ASHLEY
(into radio, whispering)
It's a boy -- covered in dust. He's
writing something.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Tell it to fuck off.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Just get out of there. Kid entities
are more playful than they are
dangerous.

The boy stops.

Lowers his hand.

He turns his head to the side, as if listening...

Shadows cover most of his face, although from what we can see, it looks deformed, pushed in, maybe not there at all.

Ashley's squeezes the tablet. Her eyes widen.

The tablet SLIPS out of her hand and FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

ASHLEY
FUCK!

She scrambles -- picking it up. She jumps back, aiming the light at the corner...

The boy is gone.

BEAT.

She whips the light around frantically.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck

There's no sign of him.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Day-One, you good?

She calms.

ASHLEY
(into radio, out of
breath)
Yeah. Yeah. I'm good. Looks like
it's gone. At least I think it's
gone.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
K. Get up here.
(beat)
And don't say anything about the
entity.

Ashley turns back to where she saw the boy. A curious look crosses her face. She approaches...

REVEAL -- in the glow of the light, we see an ARABIC PHRASE written on the wall in smeared blood.

INT. MCMANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley enters to find Sierra and Billie standing over the teens who are now spread out on the sofa and chairs. Sierra holds a CHARRED WOODEN BOARD out to Ashley.

SIERRA
(at Ashley)
So this here is a spirit board.

Ashley looks at it -- she can just barely make out some lettering underneath the soot and ash.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
It's burned all to hell because our
"clients" here thought that they
could get rid of the disturbances
by burning it.

Ashley looks at the lot of teens. They look to the floor.

FRIGHTENED GIRL

Again, we are so sorry. We had no idea --

SIERRA

(at girl)

Enough.

(at Ashley, training)

So we know how the entity or entities got in here and we also didn't find anything. Given all that, what ritual do you think we should we use?

ASHLEY

Uhh, a... protection ritual.

SIERRA

(taking a shine to Ashley)

That's right. Good job.

FRIGHTENED GIRL

A protection spell? That's it? Don't we need like, an exorcism?

SIERRA

An exorcism would be like lighting a candle with a flame thrower. Whatever's here isn't strong enough to manifest into anything other than a few sounds. A protection ritual will keep you safe until it's gone.

FRIGHTENED GIRL

When will that be?

SIERRA

I don't know. A few weeks?

FRIGHTENED GIRL

(panic)

I don't have a few weeks! I need this thing gone before my parents get home.

BILLIE

Keep this up and we'll summon some shit that will have blood running down the walls.

(beat)

(MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Your parents will be the least of
your problems. Believe me.

The girl turns deathly silent.

SIERRA
(at Ashley, tablet)
You know where the rituals are on
that thing?

ASHLEY
Yeah.

SIERRA
K, play it then meet us out front.

ASHLEY
Copy.

SIERRA
(to teenagers)
If you start to see apparitions --
even partials -- call us.

Billie and Sierra exit towards the front door.

The teenagers' eyes all fall on Ashley as she fumbles her way
through Ghostfindr.

She finds the PROTECTION RITUAL and hits "play." A PRE-
RECORDED VOICE, very text-to-speech, speaks out of the
tablet. The screen is filled with LATIN.

TABLET VOICE
Now beginning -- Paragone
Protection Ritual...

The teens look to each other, very uncertain.

PRE-LAP MARIACHI MUSIC takes us to...

EXT. ALEJANDRO'S MEXICAN FOOD - NIGHT

Two Paragone cruisers are parked outside. Through the
windows, we see Ashley, Sierra, Billie, Rex, and Benji all
sitting at the same table, feasting.

BENJI (O.S.)
You got to give it to them...

INT. ALEJANDRO'S MEXICAN FOOD - CONTINUOUS

Our remediators cut, slurp, and chew as they talk.

BENJI

White kids from the suburbs are
keeping this industry alive.

SIERRA

I wish they would just own up to
it. But no, they make us go through
the whole house. I honestly don't
get why anyone would want kids.

REX

They ain't that bad. They're just
scared.

Rex sees Ashley picking at her plate.

REX (CONT'D)

(at Ashley)

Looks like you've seen a ghost.

Ashley snaps out of it -- turns to him.

BILLIE

She has.

REX

WHAT!? Why didn't you guys say
something?

Rex cups his hands around his mouth and shouts:

REX (CONT'D)

Alejandro! -- Alejandro!

ANGLE -- ALEJANDRO, 60s, Mexican American, chef and
proprietor, looks out from the kitchen.

REX (CONT'D)

Tequilas!

Rex circles his index finger in the air, indicating a round.

REX (CONT'D)

I can't believe y'all were just
gonna sit here, not sayin' nothing.

(at Ashley)

Day-One, tell me everything. What
did the bugger look like? What did
it do? Was it full? Partial?

ASHLEY

Uhh... it was a young boy. It looked like he was covered in dust. He scratched something into the wall. I took a picture of it.

Ashley digs out her phone and opens her photos.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

It kind of looks like... I want to say Arabic. I don't know. Not sure.

She passes the phone to Rex.

REX

Oh yeah -- you met one of Billie's.

SIERRA

Rex.

REX

What? She has a right to know what's coming at her, especially if it's one of our own.

ANGLE on Billie. She offers nothing. Not even a glance.

BENJI

They don't teach them about attachments anymore. Too many were quitting.

SIERRA

(at Ashley)

Wait. They didn't tell you about attachments?

ASHLEY

Not really. I mean, I know what they are though.

REX

Ok, Day-One, why don't you tell us what you know?

ASHLEY

They are like, entities that attach themselves to you for awhile.

REX

Who wants to tell her?

Ashley looks to Benji.

BENJI
Don't look at me.

SIERRA
Look, Day-One. The thing is... God,
how do I say this? The attachments,
they don't really ever... leave.

REX
It's like getting a disease. Once
you got them, you got them for
good.

Ashley pales.

ASHLEY
There aren't any, like, rituals to
get rid of them?

BENJI
There are some out there, but I
wouldn't use them. Usually they do
more harm than good. You don't want
to piss off an attachment.

Alejandro appears with a tray of tequila shots.

REX
One for everyone.

BILLIE
(disgusted)
Fuck that.

REX
Ok, two for Day-One down there.
She's gonna need it.

Alejandro places the shots around the table.

ALEJANDRO
Did the shit get hot tonight?

BENJI
The youngin' saw her first ghost.

ALEJANDRO
And she's still here?
(at Ashley)
You got yourself a good crew.
There's not one better to walk with
you through the valley of souls.
(to crew)
(MORE)

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Everything's on the house tonight,
by the way.

SIERRA
Alejandro. We're paying.

Alejandro backs away.

ALEJANDRO
I can't hear you.

SIERRA
(to crew)
Do not let him cover this again.

Ashley looks down at her shots.

REX
Anyway, having attachments is just
part of the job. You'll have them
too, if you don't already.

ASHLEY
What if a malevolent attaches to
you?

The mood turns somber.

REX
Most people who encounter a
malevolent... they don't usually
live long enough for it to attach.

INT. ALEJANDRO'S MEXICAN FOOD - WOMEN'S WASHROOM - NIGHT

Ashley sits on the toilet typing on her phone.

In CLOSE, we watch as she uploads the photo of the Arabic
phrase into a TRANSLATE APP. She pushes away TEXT
NOTIFICATIONS FROM FRIENDS as the app processes.

The translated text appears. It reads:

BLESS THIS TWISTING. BLESS THIS TURNING.

BLESS THIS ETERNAL SPIRAL.

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley leans over the sink pressing water onto her face. She
looks into the mirror. Her face reads, "what am I doing?"

Billie enters -- passing behind to a stall.

BILLIE
You done yet?

Ashley looks at her in the mirror.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
We can call you a cab. I'm sure
they'd let you keep the uniform.
You know, for halloween.

Ashley considers...

ASHLEY
No. I want to stay.

Billie shrugs then enters the stall.

EXT. ALEJANDRO'S MEXICAN FOOD - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sierra draws deep on a cigarette. Only one cruiser is left --
Rex and Benji are back on the clock.

Ashley exits from Alejandro's in b.g. and approaches.

SIERRA
(seeing Ashley)
Sticking around?

ASHLEY
Yeah. Looks like it.

SIERRA
All you need to know is that Billie
was in the military. Some shit went
down and some kids got killed. It's
a tough thing so don't bring it up.

ASHLEY
Copy.

INT. ALEJANDRO'S MEXICAN FOOD - NIGHT

Billie exits the washroom and rounds the corner.

Alejandro sees her as she walks past the kitchen.

ALEJANDRO
(shouting over the grill)
Billie! Billie! Hold on.

She rolls her eyes then stops and waits for him.

Alejandro rushes out, pulling a NOTE from his pocket.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
For my Miguel.

He holds the note out.

BILLIE
I still have the last one.

ALEJANDRO
I know. I know. I just, I was
thinking about it and wanted it to
say something different.

She takes the note.

BILLIE
If I see him. I'll be sure to give
him the message.

ALEJANDRO
Thank you, thank you, Billie. We
didn't get the chance to talk much
when he was still here, so I just
want to get it right, you know?

BILLIE
(genuine)
Yeah. I do.
(beat)
Thanks again for everything.

Billie steps to the entrance.

ALEJANDRO
Take care of yourself.

She turns back.

BILLIE
Will do, boss.

Alejandro watches her exit.

SHOTS OF THE CITY MONTAGE - NIGHT

We cycle through AERIAL SHOTS of the skyline. Some are bird's
eye, some rising.

The voice of a DESPERATE REMEDIATOR comes over a CB channel:

DESPERATE REMEDIATOR (ON RADIO)
Dispatch. 68-4-3, over.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
Go ahead, 4-3.

DESPERATE REMEDIATOR (ON RADIO)
I need units to my location. Our
trainee -- he's possessed and we
can't stop it.

We hear BREAKING, CRASHING, and SCREAMING in b.g.

OTHER REMEDIATOR (ON RADIO)
(distant, yelling)
He's coming at you!

DESPERATE REMEDIATOR (ON RADIO)
We need support ASAP.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
Standby, 4-3.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Ashley, Sierra, and Billie listen to the CB.

BILLIE
(facetious)
Day-One, that could be you!

SIERRA
Should we go?

BILLIE
Fuck no. Matty can handle himself.
He's just trying to make a point.

ASHLEY
Have either of you ever been
possessed?

SIERRA
You know it, babygirl. 8 at-bats
for me.
(at Billie)
This one here is a one hit wonder.
So she says.

BILLIE
Once was enough.

ASHLEY

What's it like?

SIERRA

Sometimes it feels like falling asleep. Other times, not so much. The worst of it is really post-possession. Especially if you've done some shit.

(beat)

Most of the entities we deal with were alive at one point or another, and they want to get back. For them, we are just a means to an end.

A PHONE CALL interrupts Billie's scrolling. She holds the phone up for Sierra to see. The caller display reads:

SARA DISPATCHER

Billie answers.

BILLIE

Sup, girl.

(listening)

Yeah? Ok. Holy shit. Yeah we can do that. We can be there in 20-25.

(listening)

My trainee said she wants to see some action tonight, anyway.

(at Sierra)

Ok, BABE.

(listening)

Later.

Billie ends the call then gives Sierra the "it's on" look.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Alright, Day-One. You're gonna see how we really play.

EXT. INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW the cruiser from a low angle. The PURPLE LIGHTS flash on. It accelerates, pressing on into the night.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

From high above, we find the cruiser barreling through a low-income neighborhood.

We float ahead, seeing the FLASHING LIGHTS of police cruisers, ambulances, and firetrucks.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

They're stopped at a wooden police barricade.

The flashing lights color Ashley's concerned face as she watches REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN rush to the barricade line.

A UNIFORM swings the barricade back and waves them on.

They motor forward...

MOMENTS LATER

They troll into the parking lot of a sprawling APARTMENT COMPLEX. They pass more POLICE, a SWAT VAN, and a K-9 UNIT.

SIERRA

What in the good hell is going on?

BILLIE

Sara said they had a few missing people.

SIERRA

Looks like more than a few.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Sierra opens the back hatch. She drags out three BULLET PROOF VESTS and hands two to Billie.

BILLIE

(at Ashley)

Take that off. Put this on.

Ashley unzips her high-vis vest.

The PRE-LAP CHUCK-CHUCK-CHUCK of a helicopter takes us to...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING COMPLEX - NIGHT

We start TILTED UP to the sky FOLLOWING a helicopter searching the ground with a spotlight. We TILT down and FOLLOW CLOSE behind our remediators who walk single-file towards the five-story building. White block lettering across the back of their vests reads: "PARA"

Ashley observes K-9 Units spreading out, FIRST RESPONDERS talking into radios, and CIVILIANS gathering.

A POLICE CAPTAIN giving orders to uniforms sees them.

BILLIE
(at Captain)
What are we looking at?

He dismisses the uniforms and hustles to the remediators.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Evening, ladies.
(beat)
We had a call come in a few hours ago. A tenant on the 2nd floor reported hearing some loud and unusual noises. When one of our units got here, they couldn't find anyone. Not a single soul.
(beat)
They searched part of the building, but given the state it's in, did an E.M.F. check. 999 V/m.

SIERRA
Jesus.

POLICE CAPTAIN
And I don't even know if that's what it actually is because that's only as high as our readers go.

BILLIE
Are you sure this is paranormal?
With a reading that high, you'd be seeing some scary shit.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Honestly, I don't know, but I don't know how else to explain it. We were able to locate a few tenants around the city, but the majority of them are just gone. We've talked to friends, family, co-workers and no one knows where they are. Their cars are all here. We pinged the location of their cells and they all came back as being inside the building.
(beat)
If they did leave, they all did so without their phones or cars, and without telling anyone.

BILLIE

Copy. What do you need us to do?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Paranormal or not, I need you to clear the building so we can get back in there and find out what's going on. Normally, I'd push on anyway, but I can't have another one of my guys getting possessed.

BILLIE

Alright. We'll check it out and let you know what we find.

POLICE CAPTAIN

How long you think it'll take?

BILLIE

If we work fast, maybe an hour.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Ok. I'll let the boys know.

BILLIE

Got keys? For the apartments?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Talk to the officer at the door.

BILLIE

Ok.

(at the other two)

Let's get it.

Billie departs, trailed by Sierra. Ashley follows -- gazing up at the building...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - "FOYER" - NIGHT

The three enter into a room with two doors: one that leads to a stairwell and one that leads to the first floor hallway.

Above, MOTHS bat against the fluorescent light. Below, an inch of water pools across the floor.

Billie looks down the hall through the door's security window. Apartment doors hang half-open. Papers, baby toys, and garbage are scattered and floating around.

Sierra looks at a HANDHELD E.M.F. READER:

SIERRA

3,340 V/m.

BILLIE

Not surprised. This shit always seems to happen when you get a trainee.

Billie pulls her phone out and makes a call. After a beat:

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Sara. Yeah. It's me. Any chance of back up tonight? This is looking like a jackpot.

(listening)

Yeah. Levels are like 3,000 V/m. It's gross.

(listening)

K. Well, we'll check it out, but send literally anyone as soon as you can.

She hangs up -- turns to the others.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

We're fucked.

Billie puts her hands on her sides, looks to the floor.

Thinks.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

How about this. I'll start on this floor and work my way up, you and Day-One start on the top floor and work down. We meet in the middle somewhere. Get a protect on it and slide out.

SIERRA

Sounds good, boss.

BILLIE

If shit gets too hot, we meet up outside, let the day shift sort it out.

Billie pulls two key rings out of a cargo pocket. She hands a ring to Sierra.

ASHLEY

-- Doesn't anything above 1,500 V/m mean... malevolent?

BILLIE
Not always.

ASHLEY
Have you ever seen one?

BILLIE
(heavy)
Yes.
(training tone)
So, a few things. First, no using the tablet. With levels this high, if there are entities, they won't be hiding. Second, there might be some possessed in here. Remember, always keep your eyes on the ceiling. They like to scramble around up there, God only knows why. If one comes at you, don't attack or hurt them. Call us. Our job, above all else, is to do no harm, even if they deserve it.

ASHLEY
Copy.

BILLIE
Ok, let's --

CATHUNNNNK! The building's power goes out, leaving them lit only by the flashing lights from outside.

Billie clicks on her flashlight.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Let's get it and get the fuck out of here.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Sierra knocks on an apartment door.

SIERRA
(yelling)
This is Paragone. We're investigating a paranormal disturbance. If you are inside the apartment, please open up.

She waits for a beat, then knocks three more times.

She flips through the key ring then unlocks the door. She pushes it and backs out of frame, revealing Ashley at the other end of the hall. All of the apartment doors are open.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Where you guys at? I'm on the second floor.

SIERRA
(into radio)
Just got the last door open on the 5th. What's it look like down there?

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
All of the apartments look rough, although that might just be how they keep things here, I don't know. More water damage, that's about it.

Sierra walks to Ashley.

SIERRA
(into radio)
No water up here. No people either.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Where are these fucks?

SIERRA
(at Ashley, pointing)
You take that side, and I'll take this side. Once we get to the end, we'll move down.

ASHLEY
Got it.

SIERRA
(into radio)
We're just starting to search the apartments now.

Sierra disappears into the first apartment on her side, 502.

Ashley turns to the dark abyss that is apartment 501...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APT. 501 - NIGHT

Ashley enters, scanning with her flashlight. The place looks ransacked. All of the furniture has been turned over. Whole chunks of drywall have been ripped from the wall and thrown.

She moves the light around the ceiling then at the holes in the walls.

ASHLEY
(under her breath)
What the fuuuuuuck.

MOMENTS LATER

She treads down a **HALLWAY**, passing a bathroom, then enters...

A BEDROOM.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Whaaaaat?

A hole, at least three times the size of the others, has been ripped out of the wall. It stretches from floor to ceiling. Bits of drywall and dust cover everything.

She slowly travels the edge of the room, finding her way to the hole.

She runs the light along the edge then angles, slightly, to get a look up inside --

DING! DING!

She JUMPS. Almost dies.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Holy fuck.

DING! DING!

On the bed, an IPHONE illuminates under a piece of drywall.

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley digs through the drywall and picks up the phone. She presses the "home" button. The screen comes to life with a cascade of TEXT NOTIFICATIONS, all from a 'Maria', desperate to get ahold of 'Juan' -- the phone's owner.

She brings up the PASSCODE SCREEN. She puzzles over it, then types in: "1,1,1,1"

The passcode dots shake. Incorrect.

She tries again, this time typing: "1,2,3,4"

Success! She opens the text convo with Maria. She scrolls up, reading the last messages from Juan. They read:

The scratching won't stop.

Something is in the fucking walls.

It's so loud it sounds like it's in my head.

I think something is wrong with me.

I think I'm sick where are you????????

MARIA WHERE ARE U???????? I NEED HELP SOMETHING IS WRONG

Ashley's eyes well with horror in the glow of the screen...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APT. 210 - NIGHT

MOths, bathed in Billie's flashlight, crawl over a chair.

Billie walks, investigating. Moths are all over everything. They flap in the air, swirling and snapping around the light.

BILLIE
(swatting)
Get out of here.

ASHLEY (ON RADIO)
The guy in 501 was hearing
scratching. He ripped out half of
the walls.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Yeah. I got a similar situation
over here. Something got at them,
that's for sure.

The moths keep coming. She turns off the flashlight.

BILLIE
(still swatting)
Piss off already. Ugh.

As she swats, she notices a faint orange flickering. It's coming from somewhere down the hall...

MOMENTS LATER

Billie enters **A BEDROOM.**

The room is empty save for seven STILL-LIT CANDLES arranged in a circle. The wicks are low -- drowning in pools of wax. Thousands of moths layer the floor, walls, and ceiling. They writhe, crawling over each other and bending up their wings.

She searches the room with the light, finding a few objects of interest on the floor by the candles. A BOOK, very old, lies open, cover-side up. Next to it, a few aged PHOTOS and a FUNERAL PROGRAM all featuring the same man (50s).

She kneels, gently brushing the moths away. A design is stitched into the cover of the book. It's a PENTAGRAM SURROUNDED BY SEVEN SMALLER PENTAGRAMS.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APT. 505 - NIGHT

Ashley moves through a much more intact apartment.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
I found the source of our problem.
Looks like somebody was doing a
little late-night calling. Got a
bad connection.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Of course.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
We also got moths.

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Not surprised.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Moths?

SIERRA (ON RADIO)
Paranormal energy. They love it.
The worse it is, the more there
are.

Her flashlight reflects off water pooling from the hallway. She steps toward it, hearing the sound of RUNNING WATER.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
I found the water.

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley stands outside the bathroom door. It sounds as if the shower is running. Water is clearly flowing under the door.

She turns the knob and opens --

THUNK! It hits something...

She pushes. THUNK! It stops again.

She puts her shoulder into it and shoves. It opens a bit more. With another shove, it opens another bit.

She puts her leg through then shimmies into...

THE BATHROOM.

Inside, she sees the shower running -- angled out so that the water pours onto the floor.

She looks down to see what's stopping the door...

A CORPSE, naked and twisted up inside a clear shower curtain, lies face-down on the floor. Its skin, pale. Its hair, bloody and matted. Its neck, bent from the shoving.

Ashley GASPS, presses up against the wall.

 ASHLEY (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
I uh... I found someone...
 (beat)
I think they're dead.

After a beat:

 BILLIE (ON RADIO)
You think?

 ASHLEY
 (into radio)
I mean, they're dead. Definitely
dead.
 (beat)
Also, the shower is running. There
is water everywhere.

 BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Is the apartment clear?

 ASHLEY
 (into radio)
Almost, yeah.

 BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Where is it?

 ASHLEY
 (into radio)
In the bathroom.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Clear the rest of the apartment,
then get Sierra to check it out.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
What about the shower?

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Turn it off!

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Copy.

Ashley takes a beat. Centers herself.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
You got this.

She looks to the taps, then down at the corpse in her way.

She takes a deep breath.

She quickly steps over the body, jumps to the taps, and turns them off.

She whips back to the body. It hasn't moved, thankfully.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APT. 505 HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ashley shimmies back out of the bathroom.

She looks across the apartment over to the front door, then down the hall to the bedroom -- the last room to clear. She's just barely holding it together.

She weighs her options...

MOMENTS LATER

Ashley enters **THE BEDROOM**.

She scans the room with her flashlight. Nothing seems out of the ordinary until --

PCHUUUUUSHHHHH!

The shower. It's back on.

Her eyes widen.

A BEAT OF TERROR.

She turns and aims the flashlight back down the hall.

THE CORPSE FROM THE BATHROOM IS NOW LAYING FACE DOWN IN THE HALL, STILL WRAPPED IN THE SHOWER CURTAIN.

ASHLEY
(into radio, softly)
Guys... I have... activity.

Sierra replies, but it's too staticky to make out.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
What kind of activity?

ASHLEY
(into radio, tense)
The body. It's been moved.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Moved where?

ASHLEY
(into radio)
It's in the hall.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Sierra, you on channel?

Sierra replies, but it's all static.

BILLIE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
Sierra. Do you copy, over?

Radio Silence.

BILLIE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
(crisis mode)
Day-One, I need you to get out of
that apartment.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Ok.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Are you near the door?

ASHLEY
(into radio)
I'm in the bedroom.

BILLIE (ON RADIO)
Listen to me. I need you to run as
fast as you can.
(MORE)

BILLIE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
Once you get to the hall, keep
going. Do not look back. I'm on my
way up.

Ashley's breathing shallows. The panic sets in.

ASHLEY
(into radio)
Ok. On my way out now.

Ashley tries to shake out the fear. She narrows her gaze and
bends her knees, readying...

She LAUNCHES herself, SPRINTING down the hall.

She comes to the corpse and LEAPS over it.

Her boots hit the floor hard, splashing water everywhere.

She SPRINGS out of the landing, propelling herself forward.

She rushes to the door.

SHE GETS THERE --

IT SLAMS SHUT.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(pure panic)
No, no, no, no, no, no

She tries the doorknob but it won't turn.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
What the fucking fuck??!!!

She yanks and twists hard on the handle. It's no use. She
BANGS on the door.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Help! Help! Sierra!

She hears a sound...

She casts her flashlight in the direction of the hall.

THE CORPSE IS GONE.

She takes another step back, then another. She is horrified.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(into radio, whispering)
I'm trapped. Somebody please. I'm
trapped.

She steps on something...

She stops dead.

Looks down.

The shower curtain is laid out underneath her...

A realization enters her mind -- an awful, terrible realization. *The ceiling. Remember to check the ceiling.*

She climbs the flashlight up the wall, then slowly moves it across the ceiling. Just as she's about to reach the part of the ceiling that is directly above her --

THE LIGHT LANDS ON THE CORPSE'S BATTERED FACE AND SUNKEN EYES. IT FLOATS IN THE AIR AN INCH ABOVE HER. IT SCREAMS.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK with Billie in a LONG TAKE as she jumps up the stairs, rounding to the 5th floor. We hear Ashley SCREAMING for her life.

Billie tears through the security door into the...

5TH FLOOR HALLWAY.

She follows the screams to the only closed door.

She rattles the knob. It's jammed.

BILLIE
(shouting)
Hold on!

She puts her shoulder into it -- the door doesn't budge.

She rushes down to a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, rips it from the bracket and races back to the door.

She raises it, then BRINGS IT DOWN onto the knob.

CRACK! The doorknob bashes in, but doesn't open.

She brings the hammer down again. The doorknob explodes.

She KICKS the door in, running into...

APARTMENT 505.

She sees Ashley pinned to the floor. The corpse straddles her, its dead fingers around her neck. Ashley gasps, kicks and spits.

Billie moves in, spraying the extinguisher's white dust on the possessed corpse. The corpse hops up and doubles back.

Billie lunges, BREAKING the bottom of the extinguisher across the corpse's face.

It DROPS.

Billie POUNDS the extinguisher down on its head.

Over.

And over.

And over.

And over.

She steps away, dropping the extinguisher.

The corpse's head is paste. Its body shakes violently.

She turns to Ashley who is now sitting up against the wall. Ashley's face is COVERED in blood and brain bits splattered from the corpse.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Where's Sierra?

Ashley tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

Billie runs out of frame.

BILLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Sierra! Sierra!

We slowly MOVE IN to Ashley as everything FADES TO SILENCE.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley steps out of 505 in a daze. We HOLD CLOSE on her as Billie races from apartment to apartment in b.g.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APT. 510 - CONTINUOUS

Billie runs in. She moves her flashlight around, frantically looking for any sign of Sierra.

BILLIE
Sierra! What the fuck?
(into radio)
Sierra, do you copy? Sierra. This
is Billie. Do you copy?

She hears a MUFFLED ECHO of herself...

BILLIE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Sierra.

She hears it again. It's coming from the kitchen.

She moves towards the kitchen, calling Sierra again:

BILLIE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Sierra. Do -- you -- copy?

She eyes the source of the echo: a bottom cupboard.

She approaches the cupboard, then bends and slowly opens it. She closes her eyes and looks away. We can't see what's inside, but judging from her reaction, it is very, very bad.

She opens more cupboards...

She staggers back, covering her mouth.

We TRACK with her as she backs up all the way to a wall, then slides down to the floor. Her face reads, "God, no."

We SNAP to the reverse, revealing SIERRA'S BODY, all bent and twisted in on itself. It's crammed into the tiny cupboard. Her radio is still attached. Her face looks at us -- mouth agape and frozen in horror.

We slowly ZOOM OUT revealing BODIES, twisted and broken, in ALL of the open cupboards...

EXT. CITY - DAWN

We GLIDE past the skyline. Dawn breaks over the horizon.

From high above, we FOLLOW a convoy of PARAGONE CRUISERS rolling down an interstate flashing their purple lights.

We STAY with them for a few beats.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APT. 210 - DAWN

In a CLOSE UP, a single moth crawls across the photos.

In a WIDE SHOT, we see that the room is clear of moths.

REPORTER (PRE-LAP)

Hours after Paranormal Remediators cleared the building, authorities are still pulling out the bodies of those who lived here...

NEWS COVERAGE - DAWN

A REPORTER stands at the police barricade.

REPORTER

Bodies that, sources say, were crushed and stuffed into the cupboards of their own apartments. The count so far is 34, making this the most deadly paranormal attack in the city's history and the first mass attack in almost 20 years.

(beat)

This comes amidst a worldwide rise in paranormal activity that some experts have linked to the growth of the paranormal remediation industry itself, a concern shared by DOJ officials who are considering blocking a merger between two of the biggest names in paranormal remediation...

CUT TO:

INT. PARAGONE HQ - 2ND FLOOR WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The NEWS REPORT plays on a TV mounted on the wall.

In the reverse, we find Billie sitting alone. She looks eviscerated. Her eyes are puffy and coarse.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Billie.

Billie looks.

Darlene hangs out of a conference room, waving her in.

INT. PARAGONE HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Billie enters and is greeted by 3 PARAGONE EXECUTIVES sitting at a boardroom table. All are Caucasian, 40s, dressed down in designer running clothes and Ivy League sweatshirts.

SCOTT

Billie, please have a seat.

She complies, sitting across from them. Darlene shuts the door and takes a seat on Billie's side.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

My name is Scott Brewer, I'm
Director of Operations West.

(at others)

This is Susan, Human Resources
Managing Officer, and Ally. She's
comms out of head office. She just
happened to be here in the city
tonight, so thanks, Ally, for being
here.

ALLY

No problem.

BILLIE

(standoffish)

What is this?

SCOTT

We'd like to walk you through an
incident report, while everything
is still fresh in your mind.

BILLIE

I usually do those with just
Darlene.

SCOTT

Well, given the scope of the
situation, we'd like to conduct
this report ourselves. It's
important that we have a wholistic
view of the events so we can stay
ahead of things.

BILLIE

(suspicious)

Where should I start?

SCOTT

We'd like you to walk us through your shift, minute-by-minute, but if you could start with giving us some background on your partner, Sierra, that would be great.

BILLIE

Background?

SCOTT

Yeah. Just any kind of general impressions, state of mind, etc.

BEAT.

BILLIE

You think I don't know what's going on here?

SCOTT

I don't know what you mean.

BILLIE

How stupid do you think we are?

DARLENE

Billie.

BILLIE

No really. You must think we are a bunch of dumb motherfuckers.

SCOTT

Maybe we should just take a beat.

Billie stands.

BILLIE

No. Fuck this. I'm not going to help you blame Sierra for her own fucking murder.

Billie storms to the door.

SCOTT

That's not what's happening here.

DARLENE

Billie. Billie!

Billie exits. Darlene stands.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
Just... give me a minute.

INT. PARAGONE HQ - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Billie rips open her locker.

Darlene rushes in.

DARLENE
Billie. Stop.

BILLIE
I'm not doing it. Not again.

She grabs a dusty backpack from the bottom of the locker and hurriedly stuffs the locker's contents into it.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
I'm fucking done with this shit.
I'm out.

DARLENE
It's 10 demerits if you don't get
back in that room right now.

Billie doesn't even look at her.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
20.
(beat)
30.

BILLIE
I told you. I told you not to give
us a trainee and now look.

DARLENE
I'm trying to protect you.

Billie digs into the bottom of the locker.

BILLIE
Wow. You really drank the Kool-Aid,
didn't you?

Billie tosses in a few final things and zips it closed.

DARLENE
I'm serious. After the way you
left. If you don't go back in, who
do you think this is gonna land on?

BILLIE
Not my problem.

DARLENE
Criminal negligence. That sound
like a problem to you?

Billie stops.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
There is no "out." Even if *they*
don't get you this, you'll be on
the street. Not even fucking
ParaKleen will hire you. All those
scraps you call a "life" -- they'll
be gone.
(sincere)
I know it, Billie. I know what
you're going through. I can feel it
in my bones...

Billie closes her eyes tightly to stop the tears but they
come anyway. She puts her hand on the locker door.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
...but Sierra isn't here. You have
to think about you right now.

Darlene watches Billie for a beat, then turns to leave. After
a few steps, she stops, turns back.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
You want a way "out." Do it like I
did. Play the game. Go *upstairs*.

Darlene exits.

ANGLE -- from INSIDE THE OPEN LOCKER, we hold on Billie. Her
hand tenses. She fills with rage. She SLAMS IT CLOSED.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - ASHLEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ashley lies on her bed looking at her phone. She's still in
her uniform. Bruises and corpse blood cover her neck. She
scrolls up and down her UNREAD MESSAGES -- all are some
variation of "how was your first shift?"

KNOCK! KNOCK! Lucas pushes the door in.

LUCAS
Just thought I'd check in. Did you
want to talk about it?

ASHLEY

No. I think I'm just going to have
a shower and try to sleep.

LUCAS

Ok. Are you going back?

ASHLEY

I don't know.

LUCAS

You don't know.

(deep breath)

Your mom. She loved being a
remediator, but it was different
back then. It was a good job. Good
pay. Benefits. It wasn't dangerous
like it is now.

Lucas turns to exit. Stops.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(facing away)

I love you. So, so much. But if you
go back, I can't have you here.

ASHLEY

-- I know.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Ashley stares at the bathtub and shower, traumatized...

IN THE SHOWER.

PCHUUUUUSHHHHH! Water lands on her face. She closes her eyes
and dips the back of her head in. She holds it there, letting
the remainder of the dried blood wash off.

After a beat, we see the lights FLICKER.

She doesn't see it, but senses something. She wipes the water
from her eyes and pulls the curtain back, scanning the room.

Nothing...

She puts her head back in and looks down, watching the last
of the blood circle down the drain.

END EPISODE