



REALM

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OVER BLACK

A blood-curdling SCREAM. Inhuman.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A man RUMMAGES through cabinets. **FATHER ELLIS**. Handsome. Late 40s, early 50s, hard to tell. Face and neck streaked with raw, jagged, bloody scratches. Finally finds a bottle of whiskey. Pours it over his wounds, grits his teeth.

Catches his reflection in a mirror above the sink. Sallow. Dark circles beneath his eyes.

He takes a swig of whiskey.

Another SCREAM cuts through the silence.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A teenager STRAPPED TO A BED struggles wildly. This is JONATHAN (16). Pale, with sticky skin, eyes rimmed with red, lips cracked. Fingernails caked with blood and skin. Snarling. Growling. He pulls at the leather restraints like a wild animal.

Father Ellis wedges his elbow against Jonathan's chest. Holds him flat. Clutches a cross above him --

FATHER ELLIS

*Take unto you the whole armor of
God, that ye may be able to
withstand in the evil day and
having done all, to stand --*

JONATHAN

(in a deep, inhuman voice)
LEAVE ME BE.

His face CONTORTS. The sound of cartilage cracking beneath the surface. Jonathan's MOTHER (40s) - exhausted, skating the edge of hysteria - closes her eyes, unable to watch --

FATHER ELLIS

*Cast out this demon, so you may
return this spirit to Christ Our
Lord --*

Jonathan SCREAMS. Crimson and black VEINS snake up the side of his face. His eyes blacken and blur around the edges. His breaths become shallow. Slow.

Yellow bile leaks from the corner of his mouth. His eyes roll back and his entire body stills. Rigid. Eerily frozen.

MOTHER
Jonathan. JONATHAN.
(sobbing)
Oh my god oh my god my baby.

Father Ellis drops the cross. Leans close, listening for a heartbeat. *Nothing*. He quickly loosens the restraints. Starts CPR.

Jonathan's EYES ROLL FORWARD. Burning a deep red.

JONATHAN
LEAVE ME BE.

A force SLAMS Father Ellis across the room. The wall splinters as he SLAMS INTO IT. Blood streams from his nose, ears RINGING.

Dazed, he looks up to see Jonathan's Mother kneeling over him, tearing at his shirt. Screaming something he can't hear.

Slowly, the ringing subsides. Her SCREAMING fills the room.

MOTHER
Do something. DO SOMETHING.

Father Ellis pulls himself up. Looks over at Jonathan. Grim defeat setting in. Knows he's lost this one.

FATHER ELLIS
I'm sorry.

Jonathan's Mother stares at him, silent for a moment. Then she SLAPS him across the face.

MOTHER
No. You said you could save him.
YOU PROMISED YOU COULD SAVE HIM...

Father Ellis grabs her hand as she punishes him with another blow --

FATHER ELLIS
I can't. I'm sorry.
(beat)
But I might know someone who can.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Father Ellis opens the door --

On the front steps stands CLAIRE DANIELS (mid 20s). Tough, quiet. Dark hair, long and lean, still a bit of girlish softness in her features. Faded sneakers and jeans, a coat that's not warm enough. Younger than her years. Older, too. Definitely not the savior we were expecting.

CLAIRE
You look like shit.

She enters. Surveys the barely middle-class living room: worn furniture, out of date television, a fireplace mantle crowded with framed photographs.

Claire picks one up: a smiling Jonathan with his mother at an amusement park. Long-gone better days.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So? Where is he?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Claire circles Jonathan. Studying him.

He's barely conscious. The veins on his neck PULSING. Skin graying, clammy. Restraints refastened tightly.

FATHER ELLIS
This is Claire.

MOTHER
(eyeing her, incredulous)
Are you kidding me? She's gonna
save my son?

FATHER ELLIS
Yes.

Claire drags a chair beside Jonathan. Sits.

He blinks. Bringing her into focus. A long, guttural growl escapes his throat.

CLAIRE
(leaning forward)
Knock knock. Whatever's in there,
I'm coming for you.

She GRABS HIS HAND TIGHTLY. Her eyes roll back --

OVER BLACK

A low, rolling RUMBLE. Gathering strength until the sound becomes a deafening ROAR --

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Silence.

CLAIRE'S EYES SNAP OPEN. She sits up. Takes in the scene.

The room is dark. Industrial. Gray sunlight through the dirt-streaked windows. Something SKITTERS in the rafters above --

WE ARE NOW IN THE REALM.

The deepest part of Jonathan's subconscious, the place where *demons hide*.

Claire scrambles to her feet. Dressed in all black: boots, jeans, leather jacket. She grabs her weapon: a workhorse steel sword, sheathed in leather. Slings it across her back. Crosses the room. Quiet, cautious. Shoves open a heavy steel door and finds herself --

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

A deserted amusement park.

Abandoned, decaying. Dead grass and pits of mud. Circled by rolls of barbed wire. Broken rides, devoured by rust. Ground strewn with shattered glass and pools of dirty water.

Birds spiral overhead in a gray sky. The only sign of life.

Claire looks around. Listening hard. She takes off, clearly on a mission --

EXT. ROW OF BROKEN BOOTHS - DAY

On high alert, she makes her way down the aisle. Old GAME BOOTHS lining both sides. Blood spattered, burned out walls. Tattered stuffed animals dangling from the rafters. Goldfish bowls filled with thick slime and bloated fish.

Something CROSSES BEHIND HER. Moving too fast to be human.

Claire WHIRLS AROUND.

Sees nothing.

She keeps walking. Crosses through a BURGER SHACK. Congealed grease, rotting hot dogs, moldy bread. Infested with roaches. Through the cracked window she sees:

A CAROUSEL.

Spinning slowly.

INT. CAROUSEL - DAY

Claire approaches cautiously. Winds her way through battered wooden horses. Her movement triggers MUSIC: a hollow, warped organ tune.

She enters the EMPTY COMPARTMENT at the core of the ride --

INSIDE she finds JONATHAN (16). Pinned to the wall, three feet above the ground. Frozen. Unnaturally contorted. TERROR in his eyes, unable to speak or move.

CLAIRE

I'm gonna get you out of here,
Jonathan. Do you understand?

(off his non-response)

I'm gonna find that demon who's got
a hold of you and rip his fucking
head off. Blink if you understand.

He blinks. Yes. Claire heads for the door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Good. Keep calm and count sheep or
something --

Suddenly, a dark figure SLAMS Claire ONTO THE FLOOR. Her cheek CRACKS against the metal, splitting open --

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

BACK IN THE REAL WORLD

A DEEP GASH spreads across Claire's cheek. Blood streams down her cheek, just as it does INSIDE THE REALM.

She sits beside Jonathan, gripping his hand. Eyes wide open, clearly in some kind of trance --

Father Ellis continues chanting as he presses a handkerchief against her cheek to stop the blood.

CUT TO:

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - REALM

BACK TO THE REALM

Splayed across the metal carousel floor, blood dripping from her cheek. *Think fast.* She tucks her knees and SMASHES HER HEELS into the attacker --

The figure HURTLES through the air, splintering carousel horses as it goes. Lands in the dirt. Straightens up --

A DEMON. Humanoid but grotesque. Hulking torso, sinewy bowed legs. Dark veins beneath discolored skin. Misshapen head and hands. Milky gray eyes.

Claire scrambles to her feet. Draws her weapon --

CLAIRE

Let him go.

DEMON

No.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

As Father Ellis continues --

FATHER ELLIS

...wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places...

Jonathan's eyes POP OPEN.

JONATHAN

(in the Demon's voice)

LEAVE US.

CUT TO:

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - REALM

The Demon ROARS as he barrels towards Claire. She pushes herself off a carousel horse, LEAPS into the air, crossing nimbly over their heads and SWINGS HER SWORD towards the Demon's torso --

He KNOCKS it away with his hand. Barely registers the wound. Yanks off a length of metal pole and SWINGS it at her like a baseball bat --

-- the pipe CONNECTS with her gut. Sends Claire flying backwards with a PAINED GASP.

She manages to gain control, flipping head over heel in the air and landing surefooted on the RAISED END of the Tilt-o-Whirl.

A beat as she WIPES THE BLOOD from her mouth --

Claire charges down the slope. Meets the Demon at the edge of the ride. Expertly arcs her sword towards his head --

He MEETS HER BLADE with the pipe. Metal CLANGING as they fight. He's stronger, she's faster, neither can quite get the upper hand. Finally, Claire lowers her sword, ducking his blows, retreating --

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jonathan SCREAMS IN PAIN. Eyes wide. Veins wrapping tighter around his face, consuming his skin --

MOTHER

Oh my god.

FATHER ELLIS

(breaking his cadence)

CLAIRE. HURRY.

CUT TO:

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - REALM

Claire suddenly CHARGES FORWARD. HOOKS the sword upward, slicing towards the sky. The blade TEARS THROUGH THE DEMON'S shoulder. Carving off his arm holding the pipe in a shower of blood and bone --

The Demon HOWLS. Raging. But as Claire swings her weapon again, ready to finish him off, he SLAMS his foot into her chest. Her sword CLATTERS out of her hand as she FLIES backwards into --

A SOUVENIR STAND. Splinters the wall as she crashes into a sea of broken snow globes. She crawls her way out of the wreckage, bleeding, looks around --

Her sword is beyond her reach. The Demon CHARGES towards her.

Claire scrambles to her feet and RUNS. Without her weapon. Trying to stay ahead of the Demon. Looking for a place to hide. She finally spots A DILAPIDATED FUNHOUSE and sprints inside --

INT. FUNHOUSE - DAY - REALM

A SEA OF TRICK MIRRORS. The Demon bursts through the door. Sees reflections everywhere. Confused. Impossible to tell what's real and what's an illusion --

CLAIRE
(waving her hands)
Here.

The Demon spins. Sees Claire behind him. He DIVES at her --

But it's only her REFLECTION in a MIRROR. The glass SHATTERS as he SLAMS against it. Before he can rise --

She PLUNGES a SHARD OF BROKEN GLASS into his EYE. Blinding him. The Demon staggers to his feet, blood SPURTING from the wound, HOWLING.

Claire ROUNHOUSE KICKS him in the head, sending him crashing through the wall --

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - REALM

-- where he IMPALES HIMSELF onto a broken fence.

Bruised, bleeding and battered, Claire exits. Slams her boot against a fence, cracks loose a piece of metal railing. Approaches the Demon. He twists and struggles as she draws near --

CLAIRE
Here.

She SINKS THE METAL PIPE INTO HIS SKULL. Kills the Demon.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jonathan stops struggling. The veins recede.

Next to him, Claire is still in a trance. Blood streaming from the cut on her cheek. Chest bruised, glass-slashed arms bleeding --

CUT TO:

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - REALM

Claire BURSTS into the CAROUSEL CORE. Finds Jonathan slumped on the ground. Gasping for breath. Free of the Demon.

CLAIRE
Take my hand. We're going home.

CLOSE ON Jonathan's hand as he GRASPS Claire's --

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

CLAIRE'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

She releases Jonathan's hand. Slumps to the ground. Like she's been cut loose from an invisible force.

Jonathan's EYES OPEN. He looks around. Disoriented.

JONATHAN
Mom?

His MOTHER covers her mouth. Overcome.

As Father Ellis unbuckles Jonathan's restraints, Claire wipes the blood away. Stands, unsteady on her feet.

MOTHER
(turning to Claire)
Thank you. Thank you so much.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Claire stands on the porch. Wounds bandaged. Rain hammers against the sidewalk.

Moments later, Father Ellis emerges. He holds out a packaged granola bar --

FATHER ELLIS
Here.

CLAIRE
I'm not hungry.

Father Ellis eyes her hands. Gently pulls up her wrist, sees her hand shaking.

FATHER ELLIS
Your blood sugar's low. Eat it.

Claire takes the bar. Tears it open and bites off a chunk.

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

CLAIRE
(mouth full)
It's got raisins. I hate raisins.

FATHER ELLIS
You'll live. Pretend they're
chocolate chips.

A beat between them. She's okay. Tired, but okay.

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)
I'll drive you home. Let me just
finish up inside --

Claire pulls away. Shaking off his concern. She starts down
the steps --

CLAIRE
No. You stay. I'll take the train.

CLOSE on Claire's face as she sets out in the rain.

CUT TO BLACK

REALM

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Another rainy day. Cold. Dirty sidewalks. A child's POV.

Reveal a shivering little girl trying to keep up. Stumbling.
This is a VERY YOUNG CLAIRE. Three years old. A dark-haired
WOMAN (20s) drags her along the wet cement, then up the steps
of a gothic, hulking church --

STONE GARGOYLES stare down at them. Darkened by the rain.
Sharp teeth, misshapen heads, ready to pounce. Young Claire
closes her eyes, terrified --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
When I was a little girl, I saw
monsters everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

The woman (CLAIRE'S MOTHER) lights a candle at the feet of
the Virgin Mary. Helps Young Claire light a candle too. Leans
over, whispers in her ear -

CLAIRE (V.O.)
My mother said I had a dark mind.
She told me to pray and it would
let the light in.

Young Claire closes her eyes. Obeys.

When she opens them, her MOTHER IS GONE. She whips around,
sees the front door of the church closing.

CLAIRE
No!

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Claire stumbles down the steps. Rain falling even
harder now. She looks around, the sidewalks are empty.

CLAIRE
MOMMY.

As she runs into the street, a car SKIDS to a stop. Barely
misses her. Commotion all around as people climb out of their
cars to tend to the little girl.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
She left me in a church. I think I
was three. No one could ever find a
record of my birth.

Young Claire blinks. Stunned. Alone. Soaking wet.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLAIRE. Slightly older now (8). Long dark hair. Wearing a
Catholic school uniform. Sitting at a desk in a sea of other
girls. As a NUN drones on in the front of the classroom, she
sketches something inside her notebook --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
They couldn't find a record of a
father, either. So the nuns took me
in. Gave me a home. Gave me God.

-- A HORRIFIC MONSTER. Gnarled. Angry. Staring straight at
her. Claire SLAMS the book shut as the nun walks past.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH DORMITORY - NIGHT

Claire sits under the covers with a flashlight. Fingernails blackened with charcoal pencil. Obsessively drawing another MONSTER.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

But even under their protection, I
could feel the monsters around me.
Closing in.

Suddenly, the SHEET WHIPS AWAY. Exposing her to the dark room. Girls sleeping all around her. An ELDER NUN scowls down at her. Grabs the sketch book out of her hands and drags her out of bed --

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Two nuns listen as Claire tries to explain herself. They flips through dozens of drawings: all the same grotesque images.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The nuns called them *demons*. They
thought I was infected. They
thought I needed saving. So they
tried to wash my soul clean.

INT. BASEMENT CHAPEL - FLASHBACK

Claire kneels on the stone floor in front of the Virgin Mary. Wobbling with exhaustion. Reciting her prayers. Next to her, a NUN watches her face. Searching for any sign of redemption.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

It didn't work. So they locked me
away from the other girls. For my
own good, they said.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Claire lies in her bed. Alone. Staring at something crumpled inside her small palm: a black-and-white photo of her MOTHER.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

One of the nuns was young and very
kind. One night, she brought a man
to see me --

The DOOR OPENS, letting a stream of light into the room. The nun enters the room. Waves the man inside --

It's FATHER ELLIS. Younger. Handsome. Still intense.

NUN

This is Father Ellis.

Claire unfurls her palm. Shows him the picture.

Father Ellis stares at it. Takes the picture into his own hand, stunned.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

He said he'd known my mother, a long time ago. He hadn't known she'd had a child. He said her name was Isabelle.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Another rainy day. Claire walks away with Father Ellis.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

He took me away. I never went back.

INT. FATHER ELLIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A large apartment. Floor-to-ceiling bookcases. Maps and artifacts from a round the world. Solid oak furniture. Dark paneling with a few warm lights --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

He gave me a new life in a new city. He promised to take care of me.

REVEAL CLAIRE at the kitchen table. Wolfing down a sandwich, as if she hasn't eaten in months. Father Ellis sits across from her --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

He began to teach me things. Things I couldn't learn in school. How to fight. How to run. How to meditate. How to live with my nightmares --

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS AS SHE TALKS:

-- AT A GYM, Father Ellis introduces Claire to a trainer, who teaches her self-defense moves.

-- AT THE RESERVOIR, Father Ellis and Claire run around the water. Pushing themselves to go faster and faster.

-- BY A LAKE, Father Ellis teaches Claire how to meditate.

-- AT THE LIBRARY, Father Ellis pores over books with Claire. CLOSE ON wood etchings of demons, monsters, creatures of all faiths.

-- IN HER BEDROOM, Claire wakes from a nightmare. Flips on all the lights. Closes her eyes and breathes.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Father Ellis sits across from CLAIRE (now 16).

CLAIRE (V.O.)
When I was ready, he told me what
he was: an exorcist. He couldn't
save everyone, though. Some demons
were too powerful. Too dark.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Father Ellis leads Claire down the sidewalk, up the steps of an apartment building --

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - FLASHBACK

In a basement apartment, a POSSESSED MAN (40s) is strapped to a bed. Veins snaking up the side of his face. SCREAMING an inhuman scream. Thrashing wildly.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
That's when he told me I had a rare
gift. That I was a special kind of
exorcist. Capable of hunting the
darkest demons ordinary exorcisms
couldn't touch.

Father Ellis leads Claire to his side. She studies him, terrified and curious --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
He said when a demon possesses
someone, it enters the Realm of the
Soul. Infects it. Taints it. Turns
it into a snapshot of the victim's
greatest fears. Father Ellis told
me I had the ability to cross into
the Realm of the Soul and kill the
demon. I just had to trust myself.

CLOSE ON Claire. Hesitating. Then she nods.

Father Ellis takes her hand. Clasps it into the POSSESSED MAN'S hand. Claire's EYES ROLL BACK and we --

CUT TO:

INT. CRUMBLING APARTMENT BUILDING - **REALM** - FLASHBACK

CLAIRE WAKES INSIDE THE REALM. That same basement apartment, but covered in soot and scuttling bugs and peeling wallpaper.

Reveal the MAN pinned to the wall by an invisible force. Frozen with a look of terror etched across his face. Contorted limbs. Eyes wide.

Claire scrambles to her feet. Realizes a SWORD is strapped to her side. Realizes she is in different clothes. Black leather boots --

She SPINS. REVEAL A DEMON. Gray skin dripping in folds. Milky eyes. Razor sharp teeth and claws --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Once I was inside, I realized I was more than just a skinny scared girl without a mother. I was powerful. Fast, strong, fearless. I created a new self. A truer self. And I then I knew exactly what to do...

The DEMON SNARLS at Claire. She draws her sword and charges at him. Runs the sword through his head, killing the demon --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - FLASHBACK

Claire walks away with Father Ellis. Bundled up against the cold.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Father Ellis asked me to tell no one. What we do, we do in secret.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESERVOIR - PRESENT DAY

Adult Claire runs around the reservoir. Alone. Pushing herself.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
It's a lonely life. I keep to
myself.

INT. GYM - DAY

A bare bones gritty gym. No zumba classes here. Claire jumps rope.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I train.

IN THE RING, Claire kickboxes against an opponent. Talented, but clearly a mere mortal in the real world. Hook, hook, uppercut, roundhouse kick.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY RESEARCH LIBRARY - DAY

Claire sits at the ARCHIVE DESK. Buried in a thick book.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I read.

CUT TO:

INT. MANNY'S DINER - BACK - AFTERNOON

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I work.

Claire removes her coat as she enters. Dressed in a *Manny's Diner* t-shirt, she clocks in. Grabs an apron, ties it around her waist. Grabs a water pitcher and starts her shift.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Sometimes I drink.

Claire enters. It's dark, crowded. Nondescript. Anonymous. Loud music. Nothing hip about it. She manages to squeeze up to the bar --

CLAIRE
(to the bartender)
Double scotch.

A GUY approaches from behind. Smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

CLAIRE (V.O.)

A few hours of company, once in a while.

Barely dawn. Claire lies tangled in the sheets with Guy from the bar. Naked. Suddenly, her EYES POP OPEN. She GASPS. Bad dream. She quickly sits up, grabs her shirt and heads out the door, leaving the sleeping guy behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - MORNING

Claire climbs the steps.

INSIDE, she lights a candle. Closes her eyes.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The life takes a toll. But it's the only one I know. So I put one foot in front of the other. Try to be the person I was meant to be.

Claire opens her eyes. Stares up at the Virgin Mary.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

What else is there?

EXT. CHURCH/SIDEWALK - DAY

CLOSE ON CLAIRE as she walks away, bundled against the cold.

VOICE (O.S.)

Claire Daniels?

Claire turns. A man approaches her. Though he looks harmless enough -- preppy, clean cut -- she's immediately on guard.

CLAIRE

Who's asking?

PETER

My name is Peter Barnes. Can we talk?

CLAIRE

I don't know you.

Claire continues down the street. Leaves him behind.

PETER

It's about my sister. Elizabeth.
(trying to catch up)
She's sick. I heard that you can...
make people better. I heard you can
save them.

Claire stops. Expression unreadable.

PETER (CONT'D)

You do that, right? Save people?
(in a low voice)
You're the exorcist? The demon
hunter? You kill the demon and set
people free?

CLAIRE

No idea what you're talking about.

As she walks away, Peter pursues. Won't give up.

PETER

She's not herself. There's a
monster inside. She won't eat. We
have to keep her locked in a room --
(beat)
I know you're her. I paid a lot of
money for this information. Please.

Claire finally stops. Stares him down. Finally, in a low
voice --

CLAIRE

No one comes to me directly. Ever.
No one approaches me in public.
Ever. You got problems? You go see
Father Ellis.

PETER

I did. He refused. He said she
wasn't... the kind of girl worth
saving.

Claire lets that sink in. Troubled, trying to hide it.

PETER (CONT'D)

She's dying. Please help us.
(desperate)
I have money. I can pay --

CLAIRE

I don't do it for money.

Claire stares him down. Finally, Peter budes. Turns. Walks away. Never looking back. When he's far enough away, Claire turns and strides quickly down the street.

INT. MANNY'S DINER - BACK - DAY

Claire clocks in. Angry. Still reeling from her encounter on the street. She passes VIOLET (50s), off shift and on her way out the door --

VIOLET
(re: her bruises)
Whoever's doing that to you, I'm
gonna cut off his balls with my
toenail clippers.

CLAIRE
I fell in the shower.

VIOLET
Tell yourself a lie enough times
and you start to believe it, right?

CLAIRE
Don't worry about me, Vi. I can
take care of myself.

Claire walks ONTO THE FLOOR. MANNY (owner, 60s) gestures to her...

MANNY
Your friend's at table five. Been
waiting a couple of hours.

ON THE FLOOR

Claire grabs a coffee pot. Tops off a few customers at the counter.

ACROSS THE RESTAURANT

She spots Father Ellis in a far booth. All alone with a cup of coffee. Waiting for her.

Claire slides into the bench seat across from him. Tops off his coffee, sets the pot down.

FATHER ELLIS
I wanted to see you before I left
for Sao Paolo. There's a little
girl, ten years old... it's a
consult, but I might end up staying
a while --

He notices her steely expression. Arms folded. Silent.

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)
Something on your mind?

CLAIRE
A guy stopped me on the street this morning. Said he heard I was some kind of *demon hunter*. Said he needed me to save his sister --

FATHER ELLIS
(immediately alarmed)
How did he find you?

CLAIRE
He didn't say.

FATHER ELLIS
Under no circumstances are you to speak to anyone who approaches you about your work --

CLAIRE
He said you turned him down.

A beat as Father Ellis nods. Stands his ground.

FATHER ELLIS
That's right.

CLAIRE
Why?

FATHER ELLIS
It's not important.

CLAIRE
Apparently, you said *she wasn't worth saving*.

FATHER ELLIS
Did he tell you his sister was a member of a cult? The kind that willfully open their souls and draw demons in to satisfy some sick curiosity?

CLAIRE
Must of slipped his mind.

FATHER ELLIS
I turned him down because that's not what we do, Claire.
(MORE)

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)
I can't let you risk your life for
people who *seek out* the darkness...

CLAIRE
Just because she made a stupid
mistake doesn't mean she deserves
to be thrown in a garbage heap.

FATHER ELLIS
Don't be melodramatic. We have to
draw the line somewhere. For our
own protection --

CLAIRE
It's my life, Ellis. Maybe I
deserve to make the decision to
risk it or not. Maybe I want to
draw the line.

(beat)
Or maybe you don't think I'm
capable of making decisions.

FATHER ELLIS
You know that's not true.
(beat)
You're right. From now on, I won't
keep things from you. We'll make
decisions together.

Claire stares at him. Not sure if he's just trying to placate
her or being serious.

CLAIRE
He offered me money.

FATHER ELLIS
So this isn't about self-
determination, this is about *money*.

CLAIRE
(getting up)
Don't worry, I told him no.

Claire picks up the coffee pot and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANNY'S DINER - NIGHT

2:00am. Manny locks up. Claire tightens her jacket around
her, heads down the dark street --

MANNY
(calling after her)
Need a ride?

CLAIRE
Go home to your wife.

Claire starts walking in the other direction. Head down.
Disappearing down the dark streets. As she walks, she senses
something. *Someone*. Following her. She turns --

No one is there. The street is empty. A light blinks
overhead. Claire quickens her steps --

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As Claire heads up the front steps, she HEARS SOMETHING
BEHIND her again. Whirls around, pissed --

CLAIRE
Who's there?

No answer. Claire waits. Listens. *Nothing.*

As she turns, REVEAL PETER in the DOORWAY. Claire jumps.

PETER
I just need to show you something.
Please.

CLAIRE
Get the fuck away from me --

As she tries to go around him, he PUSHES A SMART PHONE in
front of her --

PETER
This is my sister. Elizabeth.

ON SCREEN

A young woman (ELIZABETH, 20s) smiles and cuddles a kitten.
She couldn't be more normal or happy or sweet. She waves at
the camera.

Claire watches for a beat. Hands it back.

CLAIRE
She was in a cult. You didn't think
that was a detail worth mentioning?

PETER
I'm sorry. I just --

CLAIRE
Lied. You lied.

Claire continues up the steps. Peter calls after her --

PETER
They prey on girls like her. Lost girls, looking for a place to belong. They held her for eight months. They brainwashed her. *They locked her in a cage.* It took me a year to track her down and this is what I found --

He holds up his phone. Shows her ELIZABETH IN HER CURRENT STATE OF MIND. Ravaged by some sort of illness: pale, drawn, dark circles beneath her eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)
You don't know her, but she's a good person. Please. I failed her. Her life was stolen from her. Now you're the *only one* who can give her a second chance.

Claire wavers. Tempted. He's pulling her heartstrings big time.

PETER (CONT'D)
Name your price --

CLAIRE
(walking away)
I don't have a price.

PETER
What about your mother?

Claire turns. Like she's been hit in the stomach.

CLAIRE
What?

PETER
What if I could give you your mother?

CLAIRE
My mother's dead.

PETER
No. She's not.

A beat. Then Claire SLAMS him against the wall. Furious.

CLAIRE
My mother died when I was a little
girl --

PETER
She's a Jane Doe in a coma. She's
been a Jane Doe for fifteen years.

Claire is spinning. Doesn't know how to react.

CLAIRE
Where?
(beat)
WHERE?

PETER
Save my sister and I'll tell you.

CLAIRE
You think you can blackmail me?

PETER
No. I found your price. That's all.
Please. I need my sister back. I'll
do anything to get my sister back.

His sincerity almost breaks her heart. She lets him go.

CLAIRE
I don't believe you.

Peter pulls himself up. Remains calm. Presses his phone
number into her hand. Then he walks away without a word,
trusting that she *does* believe, leaving Claire gasping for
breath on the sidewalk. All alone.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire bursts through the door. Locks it behind her. Dials
her phone, gets Father Ellis' voicemail --

CLAIRE
Ellis. I know they have cell
service in Sao Paolo. I need you to
call me back.

She hangs up. Sits on her couch. Checks the time on the
phone. Staring at it.

TIME PASSES.

The sun rises. Floods the room with light. Reveal Claire staring at the small black-and-white picture of her mother. Tattered from years of clutching it close. She closes her eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

An elegant estate. Old money. Manicured grounds, swimming pool. Claire approaches the front door --

INT. MANSION - DAY

The door swings open. Reveal PETER. Relieved to see Claire.

PETER

Any trouble finding it? I wasn't sure if --

CLAIRE

(cutting him off)
Prove it.

Peter pulls a photograph from his pocket. Holds it up for her to see: Color. Slightly blurred. A WOMAN in a hospital bed. It resembles the woman who abandoned her child in a church, but Claire can't be sure...

PETER

You recognize her. I can see it in your face.

Claire curses herself for being so transparent.

CLAIRE

Where is she?

PETER

The picture is a good faith gesture. You'll get the details when I get Elizabeth back.

He presses it into her hand. Stand-off.

INT. SEASIDE ESTATE - HALL - DAY

Peter leads Claire down a long hallway. The house looks like a lonely, forgotten museum --

PETER

This wing was empty, so we turned a bedroom into a cell. My mother wanted to put her in a psych ward.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
But I knew they'd just drug her up
and let her rot --

They pass an OPEN DOOR. Inside, two BURLY MEN in scrubs play cards at a small table. Behind them, a shelf full of medical supplies. One nods at Peter, goes back to his game--

PETER (CONT'D)
I hired full-time help. The kind
that don't ask questions.

Peter stops in front of the next door. There's a small glass window in it. Claire steps up, peers --

INTO THE ROOM

ELIZABETH sits in a chair by the window. Staring out at the garden. Completely still.

CLAIRE
You've already tried an exorcism?

PETER
Twice. We even brought in a priest
from Argentina. Elizabeth almost
killed him. *This is beyond God's*
reach. That's what the priest said.

Suddenly, Elizabeth FLINGS HERSELF at the door. SCREAMING.
Nothing intelligible, just a primal, relentless HOWL. She
POUNDS on the glass until her fists split and bleed --

CLAIRE
Let's get this over with.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The BURLY MEN strap Elizabeth to the bed. Pull the restraints tight.

ELIZABETH
NO NO NO NO NO. GET OFF.

Peter and Claire pull the blinds shut.

PETER
Do you need a cross or a bible or
something?

CLAIRE
I don't cast demons out with
scripture.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm not invoking the will of God.
I'm going inside your sister's soul
to hunt the demon down and kill it.

PETER
How?

CLAIRE
I'll sit beside her and take her
hand. I close my eyes. I see the
Realm of her Soul. Then I find
myself inside of it. A part of it.
(beat)
Once I'm there, I find the demon
and rip his motherfucking head off.

Claire approaches Elizabeth, who twists and fights against
her restraints.

ELIZABETH
LEAVE ME BE. LEAVE ME BE.

CLAIRE
Whatever you do, don't wake me. I
need to find my own way out.

PETER
You always find your way out,
right?

CLAIRE
Always.
(beat)
Unless she dies.

PETER
What?

CLAIRE
Extreme, late-stage possessions are
dangerous. The body can give out
under the stress. So if she dies,
I'm trapped in there. Forever.

PETER
You die, too?

CLAIRE
(quickly)
But that's not gonna happen.

Claire drags a chair beside Elizabeth. Sits. One last
admission --

ELIZABETH
(growling)
Fuck you. Cunt. You're not strong
enough to kill me.

Claire leans over her. Ignores Peter. Locks eyes with her.

CLAIRE
Ready or not. I'm coming for you.

Claire GRABS Elizabeth's hand. Her eyes ROLL BACK in her head. The low rumbling begins, turning in to deafening ROAR --

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

CLAIRE'S EYES SNAP OPEN --

She quickly realizes: she's UNDERWATER. At the bottom of a pool. Can't breathe. She sees light above, filtering through a thick scum of algae and slime --

She grabs her weapon from the floor of the pool. Swims towards the light. Breaks the surface, choking on the black ooze. Pulls herself out of the water and looks around:

THE MANSION rises above her. Broken windows. Crumbling and decayed. Overgrown with bramble.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Claire enters. Looks around THE FOYER --

The wallpaper sags and peels. Rugs molding and soaked with water. Insects skitter along the baseboards. SCRAWLED along the hallway is a CULT-LIKE symbol: A CRUDE COILED SNAKE, blocked in drying blood.

She hits a LIGHT SWITCH. It flickers and sparks. She listens hard for any sign of life: nothing.

IN THE GREAT ROOM

She approaches the staircase. Half the steps broken. As she climbs it, the wood crumbles beneath her feet. She grabs the railing, scrambling to keep from crashing to the ground --

DOWN THE HALL

She creeps. Quiet. Stops when she reaches Elizabeth's room. There's no window in the door. She tries the handle: locked.

Takes a step back and KICKS it open --

Something FLIES TOWARDS HER. Birds. Midnight black crows, desperate to get out. Swarming. SHRIEKING madly. Sharp claws grasping at Claire's scalp as they flee --

She ducks. Covers her head. Waits for SILENCE to fall.

Claire straightens up. Enters the room and finds --

ELIZABETH. She stands facing the bay window. Watching the angry sea below --

CLAIRE
Elizabeth?

Elizabeth turns to face her --

Her MOUTH and EYES are horrifically STITCHED SHUT. Fingers crudely sewn together. Moaning softly, she turns back to the window. BANG BANG BANG. She cracks her forehead against the glass.

Claire slips her hand in front of Elizabeth's head. Gently stops her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's okay. I'm gonna get you out of here --

She feels a SHADOW behind her. Turns to see a DEMON standing in the doorway. Grayish-black skin, hands topped with razor-sharp claws, canine eyes. When he opens his mouth to speak, nothing but a METALLIC SHRIEK comes out --

Claire draws her weapon, LUNGES TOWARDS HIM. Buries the blade in his shoulder, just missing his heart. The Demon TEARS IT OUT. SWINGS THE HANDLE against Claire, slamming her INTO THE HALLWAY --

The Demon STOMPS a GNARLED FOOT towards Claire's chest. She rolls out of the way. The floor SHATTERS where the demon's claws connect. As she scrambles to her feet, she vaults over the railing to LAUNCH HERSELF --

-- into the air. GRABS THE CHANDELIER dangling from the ceiling. The Demon clamps his hand around her ankle. Claire swings hard. BUSTS LOOSE the chandelier. Rides it down, taking the Demon with her -

-- and CRASHES TO THE MARBLE FLOOR BELOW. Breaking her fall.

The Demon untangles himself. Grabs her ankle, SPINS CLAIRE ACROSS THE FLOOR. Round and round, turning like a top, until she CRASHES into the fireplace. Brick and plaster raining down on her --

Claire looks up to see the Demon BARRELING TOWARDS her. She grabs her sword, THRUSTS it forward. He can't stop. Impales himself, just missing the heart --

The Demon HOWLS.

Claire wrenches the sword free and goes for the kill --

But he STOPS THE BLADE WITH HIS HAND. Fucking strong. Uses it to catapult Claire THROUGH THE PICTURE WINDOW. Glass shatters around her as she free-falls --

EXT. MANSION - GARDEN - DAY

-- down the side of the house and LANDS HARD in the dense, tangled brush. Struggles to free herself, but the thorns and vines dig in as she twists and pulls --

The Demon CRASH LANDS next to her.

Claire breaks free, military crawls beneath the low-hanging branches. Skin ripping as the thorns snag her arms and legs. Feels his clawed hand PUNCHING through the overgrown, spiny bramble --

Claire scrambles into a dirt clearing. Grabs a rusting, wrought-iron garden chair and SMASHES it into the Demon's head. Follows with a roundhouse KICK to the side of the face.

She's winning.

Another KICK in the gut. A punch in the jaw. He's down for the count --

She whips a tattered, broken umbrella from a stand and raises it over her head, preparing to drive it through his heart --

The Demon's EYES POP OPEN. Surprise. He SWEEPS her legs out from under her. Pulls himself up and runs towards a DRAINAGE GRATE. Yanks off the metal and JUMPS INTO THE DARK CAVERN BELOW --

CLAIRE PURSUES. Leaps in after him --

INT. WRECKING YARD - DAY

-- and CRASH LANDS in a completely different location: a deserted wrecking yard. Broken down cars and trucks in every direction. Cranes and machinery. Dirt and barbed wire.

Claire looks up. Sees a CAR DANGLING ABOVE HER on a WRECKING CLAW. Door gaping WIDE OPEN.

She looks around. Confused.

What the hell just happened?

Where the fuck is she?

She looks up: *Did she fall through that car door --*

Suddenly, the claw OPENS. The car PLUMMETS to the ground. Barely missing Claire as she dives out of the way.

She pulls herself up --

The Demon ATTACKS. BACKHANDS her, sending her CRASHING through the windshield of an old station wagon. Claire crawls to the back, the Demon CLAWING AT HER LEGS. Scraping them raw. She grabs a tire iron and KICKS open the back door --

She LEAPS onto the roof of the car. As the Demon tumbles out, she JAMS THE TIRE IRON directly into his heart. SLAMS HER FOOT against the end, tearing a jagged gash all the way through the top of his skull in a spray of blood and bone.

He CRUMPLES to the ground. Dead.

Gasping for breath, Claire sinks to her knees beside the corpse. Ears ringing. Vision blurred. Blood pouring from her nose. Then she looks up to see --

A MAN (30s) approaches her. *Human. Handsome but weary. Dirty, beat-up. He's saying something, something she can't understand...*

Claire tries to stagger to her feet, still dizzy. Can't get up. Tries to crawl away from the man. His muffled voice slowly sharpens into something barely intelligible --

MAN

GET OUT. GET OUT. NOW.

Without waiting for a response, he PLOWS HIS FOOT INTO HER CHEST. Stunned, she hurtles backwards, CRASHING THROUGH THE SAME CAR DOOR she fell through --

EXT. MANSION/GARDEN - DAY

-- and LANDS HARD on the ground. Realizes she's lying next to the drainage gate. Back in the realm she started from. Hears a faint voice -- *Peter's Voice* --

PETER (O.S.)

(filtered)

Elizabeth? Can you hear me?

Claire rolls to her side. Painfully pushes herself up and sees --

The FRONT DOOR to the mansion BURSTS OPEN. Elizabeth runs.

CLAIRE
ELIZABETH?

Claire scrambles to her feet. Gives chase.

Elizabeth stumbles. Weaving. Trying to get away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Elizabeth! Stop!

Claire finally CATCHES UP to her. Grabs her sleeve, spins her around --

The stitches on her eyes and mouth have been ripped open, flapping wildly, oozing blood. Elizabeth blinks. Terrified.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's okay. You're safe. We're going home.

Claire reaches out and GRABS HER HAND --

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Claire's EYES snap open. She's slumped against the brick wall. Blinks. Disoriented. Cuts and scratches all over her arms and face. She tries to stand --

PETER
Just sit. Don't try to get up.

Claire ignores him. Staggers to her feet.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

CLAIRE
I'm fine.

Peter loosens Elizabeth's restraints. She sits up, frantic --

ELIZABETH
What happened? Where am I?

PETER
You're safe.

Elizabeth blinks. Turns to Claire --

ELIZABETH

I didn't want to be saved, bitch.

She SPITS in Claire's face.

PETER

Elizabeth!

Embarrassed, Peter ushers Claire out of the room, pressing a piece of paper into her hand --

PETER (CONT'D)

St. Joseph's in Dorchester. Room
345.

(beat)

I'm sorry. Thank you.

Claire turns and hurries away. Not willing to wait one moment longer to find her mother --

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S NURSING AND REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

Claire enters the drab facility. Not stopping at the front desk. Heading straight for --

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S - ROOM 345 - DAY

-- a room with three beds. Two patients visible: a very old man slumped in a wheelchair. A frail old woman hooked up to a feeding tube. Claire passes them, opens the curtain to find --

An empty bed. She curses. Disappointment crushing in.

CLAIRE

(under her breath)

So fucking stupid.

CLANK. CLANK. CLANK. Claire turns. Sees the very old man slamming his plastic water pitcher against the bed rail. Once he has her attention --

He holds out the pitcher. Pointing it at the room across the hall. Claire follows his instructions and strides across the hall --

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S - ROOM 346 - DAY

INTO A PRIVATE ROOM. One bed. A woman lying atop it. Eyes open. Staring into space. Hands curling. Pale as a ghost.

It's her. Claire knows it's her. *Isabelle*.

CLAIRE

Mom?

Claire touches a hand to her face. Remembers that face
LIGHTING A CANDLE IN THE CHURCH. That face TURNING AWAY from
her as she walked out the door --

She pulls away. Biting back her emotions. Grabs a chart
clipped on the end of the bed. Starts flipping through it --

NURSE (O.C.)

Can I help you?

Claire spins. Sees a nurse in the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S - OFFICE - DAY

Claire sits across from the HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR (50s).

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

(reading through the
chart)

She was brought in as a Jane Doe
fifteen years ago. She's been in a
persistent vegetative since date of
arrival.

CLAIRE

What's wrong with her?

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

We don't know. She's never spoken
or communicated. No higher mental
functions have been detected. But
there's no sign of physical trauma.
No neurodegenerative or metabolic
disorders. The county didn't know
what to do with her, so we took her
in. Left her in God's hands.

(beat)

You're sure she's your mother?

Claire hands the Administrator the old black-and-white
picture she's been carrying around her entire life --

CLAIRE

Her name is Isabelle.

The Administrator examines the picture for a moment, then
looks up.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR
Well. Isabelle's a fighter. She's
been hanging on a long time.
(smiles)
Maybe she's been waiting for you.

EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S - DAY

Claire sits on a bench. Shivering in the cold air. Not sure what to do now that she's found her mother. Not sure how to feel.

She dials her phone. Gets Father Ellis' voice mail. Hangs up without leaving a message.

INT. MANNY'S DINER - DAY

Claire enters. Manny looks up from his tiny desk --

MANNY
There she is. Risen from the dead.

CLAIRE
I was visiting my mother.

MANNY
You got a mother? First I've heard of it.

CLAIRE
You want me to clock in or not?

MANNY
Fine. Clock in.

Claire clocks in, puts on an apron --

MANNY (CONT'D)
You got a friend out there. Table five.

AS SHE MOVES OUT ONTO THE FLOOR

She grabs a coffee pot. Heading for table five --

CLAIRE
(under her breath)
It's about time, Ellis...

Claire stops in her tracks. Sets down the coffee pot.

AT TABLE FIVE

Sits the MAN FROM THE REALM.

The one who tried to kill her.

Before she can back away, he LOCKS EYES WITH HER --

A beat between them.

Claire turns and BOLTS through the narrow kitchen. Out the back door into --

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A narrow passage. Running. Not quite as fast as she runs in the Realm, but fast enough.

Moments later, the MAN bursts out the same door. Pursuing.

Claire sprints around the corner, just misses a DELIVERY TRUCK racing down the alley. She tries a service door. Locked. Keeps running. Tries another door. It's open. She makes a left turn into --

INT. KOREAN GROCERY - DAY

Filled with elderly shoppers. Pushing carts filled with produce and banchan and jumbo bags of rice. Claire squeezes past them. Pulling jars off the shelves as she goes, slowing down the MAN. Slides through the CHECK-OUT LINE and onto --

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The crowded sidewalk. People waiting for the bus. Claire shoves through them, breaks free. Pounding along the pavement. Dodging strollers and newspaper stands and a woman selling used paperbacks. She glances over her shoulder --

The MAN IS FOLLOWING. Gaining on her.

Claire DARTS IN FRONT OF A TAXI. A horn BLARES. To the narrow median. Runs until it ends abruptly, then across traffic and up the steps of --

INT. ST. MARTIN'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

A run-down inner city church. Service in progress. Claire sprints down the outer aisle, then turns down an empty pew. A quick right to the center aisle, then down another pew. Heads for the side door --

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

BURSTS ONTO the sidewalk. The MAN pursues.

Claire pushes herself harder. Running. Spots a construction site and slips around a PLYWOOD BARRIER --

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

-- into the site. A skeleton of a ten-story building. Ducks beneath a crane hauling STEEL POSTS and heads for a HALF-FINISHED STAIRCASE. Takes the stairs two at a time.

Shit. The stairway ends. Claire looks down. Sees the Man approaching from below. She crawls through the metal railing. Jumps to a section of scaffolding. Shimmies down --

AND JUMPS THE LAST SIX FEET. Starts running. Exits through the back --

DOUBLE SHIT. There's a FENCE. Chainlink. Tall. She quickly starts climbing --

FEELS A HAND ON HER ANKLE. YANK. She loses her grip. HITS THE GROUND HARD, stays on her feet --

She spins. Out of breath. Comes face to face with the Man.

MAN

I just want to talk --

Claire SUCKER PUNCHES him. As he stumbles backwards, she roundhouse kicks him in the gut. It's a down and dirty fight, nothing like her super-human skills in the realm. She takes another swing at him --

He BLOCKS her. Twice. Grabs her arm.

Claire KICKS him in the groin. Low blow. As he stumbles backwards, she sprints in the other direction --

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CROSSING THE STREET as a thick swarm of BICYCLE ACTIVISTS speed by. Blocking traffic. Whooping. Riding like hell. Taking up the entire road. Not stopping for pedestrians.

Claire keeps running. Enters the DISCOUNT SHOE STORE.

The MAN is caught on the other side of the street. WAITING.

Finally, he darts through the bikes. Unafraid. Fuck them.

INT. DISCOUNT SHOE STORE - DAY

The Man sprints down the aisle. Trying to avoid boxes of shoes and people trying them on. Taking their time. All those beautiful shiny off-brand shoes.

He spots the open back door. EXITS.

IN THE ALLEY

Sees no one. *Claire is gone.* No sign of her.

MAN
Fucking hell.

He kicks a plastic bucket with a mop inside. Tips it into the alley, spilling dirty water everywhere. Turns and walks back through the store. Still cursing to himself.

AS HE PASSES THE EMPLOYEE RESTROOM --

REVEAL Claire inside. Crouched against the door. A florescent light flickering above her. She listens hard. Trying to catch her breath.

The DOORKNOB jiggles. Insistent. Claire doesn't budge.

A soft KNOCK. Then a key in the lock.

The door opens. A PAKISTANI STORE MANAGER pokes her head inside. Nods at Claire.

All clear.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire unlocks her door with a shaking hand. Locks all the locks behind her. Checks the peep-hole in the door: the hall is empty --

BUT WHEN SHE TURNS

She finds herself face-to-face with the MAN. This is LOWE (early 30s). Lean, handsome, talks with an English accent. He levels a gun at Claire before she can make a move.

LOWE
Stop. I'm not going to hurt you.
(motions to the couch)
Sit.

Claire sits on the couch. Never taking her eyes off him.

CLAIRE
Who the hell are you?

LOWE
Horatio Lowe. But everyone calls me
Lowe and so should you.
(off her silence)
(MORE)

LOWE (CONT'D)

And you are Claire Daniels. Want to know how I know?

CLAIRE

No.

LOWE

I have an eidetic memory. Drew your face from memory, ran it through a couple hundred databases - completely illegal, I admit -- and look what I found --

He lowers the gun and shows her on his phone- a picture of her University ID.

LOWE (CONT'D)

Student ID#483484. Sidebar: has anyone ever told you that getting a PhD in Medieval Folklore won't crack you more than forty grand a year?

(then, making sure)

You do recognize me, don't you?

CLAIRE

You tried to kill me. In the Realm.

LOWE

Kill you? I saved your life --

CLAIRE

By slamming your foot into my chest?

LOWE

You've got to get out the way you go in. You have to leave through the same realm you enter. Otherwise you're trapped.

CLAIRE

I still don't understand what you were doing in there.

LOWE

Minding my own business, trying to exterminate a demon, save a soul. Then, all of a sudden, you come crashing in like a bull in a china shop.

(then, realizing)

Don't tell me you thought you were the *only one*?

(MORE)

LOWE (CONT'D)
Some kind of lone-wolf, Joan of Arc
demon hunter? Sorry for the reality
check, but you're not one-of-a-
kind. I'm like you.

Claire stares at him. Numb. Trying to process.

LOWE (CONT'D)
Do you drink? You look like you
could use a drink.

Claire eyes the gun, still leveled at her. He motions her
towards the door.

LOWE (CONT'D)
It's on me.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB SHOP - NIGHT

Dingy sandwich place. Streetlights casting a glow through the
windows. Claire and Lowe eat and down bottles of cheap beer.
Lowe keeps the gun on his lap --

CLAIRE
How many of us are there?

LOWE
Not sure. No more than a handful,
scattered here and there.

CLAIRE
And how did you know you could do
what we do?

LOWE
I didn't.
(beat)
I was a bit of a freak as a kid. I
had these... *dark thoughts* that
consumed me. The doctors said I had
night terrors, but I knew that was
a crock of shit because the
darkness followed me everywhere.
All day. All night.

CLAIRE
Yeah.

LOWE
Then the seizures started. I'd...
disappear into my nightmares and
wake up in a hospital room.
(MORE)

LOWE (CONT'D)

One day my parents didn't come to collect me. So I was thirteen years old and on my own. And let's just say I did a lot of self-medicating. Eventually I talked my way into a seminary. I met a priest there named Stoller. He saw my gifts. Taught me to use them. He saved my life.

(beat)

Heart attack got him. Couple years ago.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

LOWE

You got a mentor?

CLAIRE

(nods)

A Priest. Father Ellis.

(beat)

He never mentioned there were others like me, though.

LOWE

Maybe he didn't know.

CLAIRE

Did Stoller know?

LOWE

Yeah. Then again, he was one of us.

CLAIRE

You're not from around here. Unless that accent's fake.

LOWE

Born in London. Authentic Englishman. Cross my heart and hope to die -

CLAIRE

So what are you doing here?

LOWE

The man I was trying to save had gotten himself mixed up in a cult. *Ninth World Order*. Demon worshipping fundamentalist nutjobs. Ever heard of them?

CLAIRE
Doesn't ring a bell.

LOWE
He said he'd suffered ritualistic abuse. That he'd been held against his will and barely escaped with his life. He'd been all the way to Rome and even though the church admitted a possession was at work, they refused him treatment. So he came to see me in London, begged for my help.

CLAIRE
And you helped him.

LOWE
I did.

CLAIRE
Father Ellis says we shouldn't risk our lives for people who seek out the darkness. Who willingly put their souls at risk. But...

LOWE
...but you did it anyway?

CLAIRE
Her name was Elizabeth. Her brother ambushed me. Wouldn't take no for an answer. He said he'd rescued her from a cult. He didn't say which one.

LOWE
Why'd you do it?

CLAIRE
(beat)
I guess felt sorry for her.

LOWE
That was the only reason?

CLAIRE
Yeah.

LOWE
You sure?

CLAIRE
What's it to you?

LOWE
What did he offer you?

Claire downs the rest of her beer. Suddenly nervous. Stands.

CLAIRE
Thanks for the beer.

As she walks away, Lowe jumps up, surprised --

LOWE
Wait. There's more you need to know.

CLAIRE
Let me know if there's some sort of union I'm supposed to join. I'll put my dues on a payment plan --

LOWE
Something's coming, Claire.
Something dark. There's someone I need you to meet, someone who can explain...

Lowe grabs her arm, Claire spins. *Not fucking around.*

CLAIRE
See that cop over there? Leaning against his car? If you don't let me go, I'm gonna scream bloody fucking murder. Try me.

LOWE
So you're just gonna walk away?
Bury your head in the sand? Yeah, that's about right. Sounds like what you've been doing the past twenty-odd years.
(calling after her)
How could you think you were the only one? Don't you understand this is bigger than you? Fucking coward.

Claire strides away. Doesn't look back.

ON LOWE. Cursing himself. He takes a cigarette out and thumbs a lighter. After a moment, he ROUNDS THE CORNER of the street. Reaches into his pocket, realizes HIS GUN IS GONE.

LOWE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Looks up to see CLAIRE. Now pointing HIS OWN GUN AT HIM.

CLAIRE
(off his look)
You want me to meet someone? I hold
the gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A warehouse in the industrial section of town. Black metal rave music pounding inside. Claire and Lowe cross the parking lot and enter --

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, cavernous rave. Crushing loud music. Flashing lights. Sweaty bodies writhing on the dance floor.

Lowe leads Claire through the dance floor, Claire keeping the gun discreetly in her hand. They approach a service elevator and Lowe yanks open the gate. She's clearly irritated by the noise.

LOWE
What, you don't like to dance?

Claire doesn't answer. Lowe slams the gate shut and pushes the PENTHOUSE button --

INT. TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

They emerge into the top floor. Modern. Sleek. Skylights, video surveillance of the club below, death metal electronica now replaced by a soothing meditative music.

Doing pull-ups at a metal bar in the center of the room is KIMIKO (30s). Long dark hair, striking looks, dressed in all black. She's perfect --

-- except for a short, deep scar beneath her right eye and one leg missing below the knee. Disfigured horrifically. Like someone ripped it off.

She hangs for a moment, then drops to one leg.

LOWE
Kimiko, Claire. Claire, Kimiko.

Kimiko pulls on the prosthetic leg propped next to her. Looks Claire up and down. Then she unexpectedly THROWS HER ARMS around Claire. Claire stiffens, uncomfortable. But it's just a hug.

KIMIKO
(finally pulling back)
Let's have tea.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

IN THE KITCHEN

Kimiko makes tea. An elaborate process. She pours a cup as an offering at a small shrine.

KIMIKO
You can take your finger off the
trigger, Claire. We don't bite.

Claire pulls her hand out of her pocket. She can't take her eyes off Kimiko's fake leg --

KIMIKO (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Ask.

CLAIRE
What happened to your leg?

KIMIKO
I lost it in the realm. A demon
tore it off and left me for dead.

Kimiko hands her a cup of tea. Her gentleness, her warmth a stark contrast to her icy, austere looks.

CLAIRE
You're one of us?

LOWE
Claire here was under the
impression she was one-of-a-kind.

KIMIKO
Don't be cruel, Horatio. How was
she to know? It's not like there's
a mailing list.

Kimiko smiles at Claire. Takes a sip of her own tea. Claire turns to Lowe --

CLAIRE
You gave me some song and dance
about *having to meet her*. Does she
have something to say or not?

KIMIKO

Of course. I'm sorry. We don't want to waste your time.

Kimiko walks to a cabinet. Pulls out a large, heavy book. Faded leather cover, large metal buckles and a LOCK. Kimiko turns a key, opens the vellum pages to reveal a VERY OLD ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT.

KIMIKO (CONT'D)

Le Testament du Monde Neuvieme.
'The Testament of the Ninth World.'
It's a grimoire. Do you know what a grimoire is?

CLAIRE

A handbook of rituals. Witchcraft, usually. Or occult in nature. I'm writing a dissertation on European folklore in the High Middle Ages, you don't have to speak slowly.

KIMIKO

A scholar. That's good to know.

CLAIRE

Where did you get this? I've never seen anything like it --

Claire can't resist running her hands over the book.

KIMIKO

It was used as a holy book by a religious group called Ninth World Order. Some people called them a coven. They managed to build quite a following until the Church drove them out of Eastern Europe in the late 16th century.

CLAIRE

Lowe says they're back in business.

Kimiko flips through the book, lands on a page with a LARGE DEMON. Almost god-like in its depiction: pigment of royal blue, body flecked with gold leaf, eyes a jewel red.

KIMIKO

This is Sammael. The most powerful demon in the underworld. They called him the *venom of God*. Some believe the devil himself.

(beat)

(MORE)

KIMIKO (CONT'D)
The Ninth World is planning to
bring Sammael here.

CLAIRE
What do you mean, *bring him here*?

KIMIKO
The grimoire contains detailed
instructions for summoning demons
into the human realm. To do it,
they need an innocent. Someone who
can act as a conduit between the
realms --

LOWE
Basically Sammael isn't gonna stop
with your run-of-the-mill
possession. He's gonna hitch a ride
inside some poor kid and literally
climb right through them into the
human realm.

CLAIRE
(horrified)
A *child*?

LOWE
Someone who can't fight back.

KIMIKO
Once Sammael arrives into this
realm? The Ninth World will use a
ritual to make him flesh and blood
and he'll be unstoppable. The
embodiment of all evil. His power
will be... unimaginable.

Claire stares at them. Not sure what to believe.

CLAIRE
You know how fucked up this sounds,
right? Like, *lock-you-up in a nut
house* fucked-up.

LOWE
Personally, I am aware. Yes.

CLAIRE
Why now? If it's true, what have
they been waiting for?

Kimiko flips to another page of the book: a series of moon
cycles in deep blacks and grays, inlaid with silver and red.

KIMIKO

For the ritual, they need something called a crimson moon. It's really just a series of lunar eclipses that happens every five hundred years. Give or take a decade. The Ninth World almost succeeded in the 16th century --

LOWE

Before they were burned at the stake or boiled alive.

CLAIRE

(calculating)

-- and now it's five hundred years later.

(beat)

So how the hell are you supposed to find this *conduit*?

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A wall of flat-screens. Lowe flips them on. A photograph of an angelic little girl on screen. MARY. Smiling, long curls, all in pink, clutching a stuffed bunny.

LOWE

Mary sexton. Six years old. From a devout family. By all accounts a loving child.

Another photograph. This one is horrific: poor Mary looks like a wild animal, with dark circles beneath her eyes and snarled hair and bruises all over her body.

LOWE (CONT'D)

This picture was taken at a Boston emergency room two months ago.

KIMIKO

Look at the mark on her neck --

One of the bruises on Mary's neck is distinctive. It looks like a COILED SERPENT. Claire's eyes widen: she's seen it before. In Elizabeth's realm, scrawled along the walls --

CLAIRE

I've seen that before.

KIMIKO

You have?

CLAIRE

In Elizabeth's realm. It was
scrawled along the walls.

KIMIKO

It's the mark of Sammael.

LOWE

Mary was discharged into the
custody of the church. They
classified her as an extreme
demonic possession. To the best of
our knowledge, three exorcisms have
failed.

KIMIKO

We absolutely must reach Mary
before Ninth World finds her and
pulls Sammael out --

Lowe flips to a picture of a New England stone church.
Imposing. Impenetrable. Looks like a fortress.

LOWE

Unfortunately, the church is
basically a fortress. And neither
of us has the kind of access we
need to get close to her.

CLAIRE

And what exactly would you do if we
could get to her?

KIMIKO

We would all jump together. Into
the Realm of Mary's soul. Kill
Sammael, save the little girl, stop
the Ninth World --

CLAIRE

What do you mean, we?
(off Kimiko's silence)
As in, we all go together? All
three of us? Is that even possible?
More than one at a time?

KIMIKO

Sammael will be heavily protected.
He'll have an army. None of us can
kill him alone. We need to enter
Mary's realm together. As a team.
(searching Claire's face)
It's the only way to save her. To
save us all. Please, Claire.

(MORE)

KIMIKO (CONT'D)
I know this is a lot to take in.
But we need at least three to jump.
You're strong, you're fast, you're
tough.
(tears in her eyes)
I'm out of time. I'm out of
options.

Suddenly, Claire's PHONE RINGS. She checks the screen: Father
Ellis. Bad timing.

CLAIRE
Hold on.

She ducks away, trying for some privacy --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Where the hell have you been?

FATHER ELLIS (O.S.)
South America. I told you I'd be
out of touch, Claire. What's going
on?

Claire looks back at Kimiko and Lowe.

CLAIRE
We need to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER ELLIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire and Father Ellis sit across from each other at the
table. Ellis clearly processing a massive information dump.
Finally --

FATHER ELLIS
It doesn't make sense. Ninth
World Order died out centuries ago.

CLAIRE
So you're saying they're liars?

FATHER ELLIS
No. But you don't know these
people.

CLAIRE
Why would they lie?

FATHER ELLIS
I don't know. To hurt you? To
manipulate you into God only knows?

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE
No. I don't think so.

FATHER ELLIS
(changing the subject)
How could you go in alone? When I specifically told you to *stay away* from that girl? You could have died in there --

CLAIRE
But I didn't.

FATHER ELLIS
Why? For the money?

CLAIRE
(irritated)
No, not for the money. I did it because I felt sorry for her.
(after a long beat)
And they told me where to find Isabelle.

Silence. Father Ellis can't even process what she's saying.

FATHER ELLIS
Your mother is dead.

CLAIRE
No. She's alive. Wasting away in a long-term care facility in Dorchester. St. Joseph's.
(she shows him a picture)
Persistent vegetative state. They don't know why. A stroke, maybe.

FATHER ELLIS
I don't...

He trails off. Stares at the picture. Disbelief.

CLAIRE
She was like me, wasn't she?

He stares at her in a stony silence that says everything.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(rising anger)
The minute Lowe told me there were others, I knew. Why didn't you tell me there were others?

Father Ellis stares at his hands. Finally --

FATHER ELLIS

After I was ordained, I saw so much... *darkness*. Darkness that was beyond my abilities. Beyond the ability of any priest. I lost faith. I'd heard rumors of people like you, so I went searching the world for one.

(pause)

I met your mother when she was seventeen. She'd been abandoned in a mental institution in New Mexico. She exhibited all the signs I had researched, so I brought her home.

CLAIRE

And taught her to kill demons?

FATHER ELLIS

I taught her to use her gifts. She was fearless. So fearless. But then one day, she was gone. Disappeared without a trace --

CLAIRE

She's lying in a shitty white room, being fed through a tube --

FATHER ELLIS

I searched everywhere for her.

CLAIRE

Was she trying to hide me from you?

FATHER ELLIS

I don't know.

CLAIRE

Did she know what I was? Is that why she abandoned me?

FATHER ELLIS

(snapping)

I DON'T KNOW.

CLAIRE

Maybe because you were using her. Like you've been using me.

FATHER ELLIS

No. You had a gift. You both had a gift --

CLAIRE
You kept me in the dark, all these
years...

FATHER ELLIS
To protect you. To keep you safe.

CLAIRE
To control me. To make me believe I
was all alone in the world.

FATHER ELLIS
You weren't alone...

CLAIRE
(cutting him off)
I was ALONE. You made sure of it.

FATHER ELLIS
Please, Claire. I want to see her.

Claire grabs the picture of Isabelle from the table and
stuffs it into her pocket.

CLAIRE
You don't deserve to see her.

FATHER ELLIS
Claire...

She walks out the door, letting it slam behind her.

EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S - MORNING

Early. Just after dawn. Claire climbs the steps --

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S - MORNING

Claire walks through the halls. Carrying a bouquet of
flowers. She comes to room 346, takes a beat. Feels like
someone is WATCHING HER from behind --

She whirls around: sees no one suspicious. Just the nursing
staff, quietly coming and going.

INSIDE ROOM 346

Claire approaches the bed. Puts the flowers on the night
stand. Gazes down at her mother, touches her cheek.

CLAIRE
(without turning around)
What are you doing here?

Reveal LOWE standing in the doorway.

LOWE

I followed you. Thought I was being a bit more stealth, to be honest.

CLAIRE

You're about as stealth as an ice cream truck.

Lowe comes closer.

LOWE

You look like her.

CLAIRE

Do I?

LOWE

Is this what they offered you? A long, lost mother?

(off her silence)

Your university financial aid forms said your mother was *deceased*.

CLAIRE

She abandoned me on the steps of a church when I was three. Father Ellis told me she was dead.

LOWE

So how the hell did your client dig up something like this? And *why*?

CLAIRE

I don't know. But I think I should move her --

LOWE

To punish Ellis?

CLAIRE

(irritated)

No. So they don't try and use her against me. So I can keep her safe.

LOWE

Let Kimiko help. She has money, resources. Maybe she can set her up with private care --

CLAIRE
(cutting him off)
How did she find you? Kimiko?

LOWE
She acutally came looking for
Stoller. But she was three days
late, he was already dead.
(beat)
After she told me everything, I
promised to help. So here I am.

CLAIRE
And you trust her? I mean, what
proof do you really have besides a
half-ruined old book of spells and
her word?

LOWE
I don't know. I guess it's a gut
feeling. Some people call it faith.
Either way, a little girl's life is
at stake. You understand that,
don't you?

Claire nods. She understands.

LOWE (CONT'D)
So? Are you in or out? Because if
you say you're out, it'll just be
Kimiko and me. We don't have time
to find another.

CLAIRE
In. I'm in.

LOWE
What about Father Ellis?

CLAIRE
What about him?

LOWE
We need his help, too. We need
someone to get that girl out of the
church's hands --

CLAIRE
You're barking up the wrong tree.
He doesn't have any pull with the
church.

LOWE

You said he was an exorcist.
Appointed by the church.

CLAIRE

He is. *Was.* But once you start
calling in demon-hunters for back-
up -- let's just say the church
doesn't like to admit there's
something beyond their official
doctrine.

LOWE

It's worth a shot.
(off her silence)
Swallow your pride, Claire. There's
no place for it now.

Off Claire. Making her decision --

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Claire stares out the window at the street below. As the
elevator DINGS, she turns to see Kimiko sliding open the
door.

KIMIKO

Father Ellis. Thank you so much for
coming.

FATHER ELLIS steps out. Clocks Claire across the room, then
shifts back to Kimiko --

FATHER ELLIS

I'm here for Claire.

Kimiko gently takes his arm, leads him towards the table --

KIMIKO

Let's have tea.

CUT TO:

Kimiko, Claire, Lowe and Ellis sit at the table. Claire is
wound tight. Still angry. Arms folded.

FATHER ELLIS

I can't promise anything, but I may
have a few tricks up my sleeve.
Even if the church can't endorse me
publicly.

LOWE

Not to rush you or anything, but if Ninth World beats us to the punch and they manage to bring Sammael out --

FATHER ELLIS

-- there's no putting the genie back in the bottle. I'll do my best to get access.

KIMIKO

We need more than access. You'll need to find a way to get her out.

FATHER ELLIS

Understood.

He looks to Claire. Hoping for some sign of forgiveness.

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)

You're sure about this?

CLAIRE

Help or don't help.

She pushes back from the table, walks away. Kimiko turns to Father Ellis, puts her hand over his hand --

KIMIKO

Thank you. I know the risks you're taking to help us.

Ellis glances back at Claire, then stands.

FATHER ELLIS

I'll be in touch.

IN THE KITCHEN

Claire rummages around for something stronger than tea. Lowe enters.

LOWE

Maybe cut him a little slack. He seems like a good man.

CLAIRE

You don't know him and you don't know me. So save me the useless fortune-cookie relationship advice.

LOWE

The weak are the ones who never
forgive. Forgiveness is an
attribute of the strong.

(then)

I didn't make that up. Gandhi did.

Lowe opens another cabinet. Pulls down a bottle of whiskey
like a prize.

CLAIRE

If you're counting on him to come
through for you, don't.

LOWE

(smiles)

Have a little faith, Claire.

INT. ST. PAUL'S - DAY

A Sunday morning mass. Packed with people. MR. AND MRS.
SEXTON near the front. Both have the haunted look of parents
with a terminally ill child.

Reveal FATHER ELLIS WATCHING closely. Waiting to make a move.

After a beat, he approaches them --

FATHER ELLIS

Mr. and Mrs. Sexton? I'd like to
speak to you about your daughter,
Mary.

INT. CHURCH COMPOUND - DAY

Father Ellis walks down the hall. Accompanied along a
subterranean HALLWAY by two BISHOPS and the Setons. Down a
long passage of cells. They stop in front of a HOLDING CELL --

INSIDE

A sparse room: bed, IV stand. Father Ellis approaches MARY.
Barely conscious, restrained to the bed. Shines a pen light
in her eye. Examines her bruises and cracked skin and patchy
scalp -- she looks even worse than the pictures from the ER.

He turns Mary onto her side. Moves her hair away from her
neck, checks BENEATH THE HAIRLINE. Finds a bruise-like purple
mark in the shape of a coiled serpent. The MARK OF SAMMAEL.

INT. CHURCH OFFICES - DAY

Father Ellis sits across from the BISHOP. The Bishop looks
bent out of shape. Irritated by Father Ellis.

BISHOP

The Sextons have requested that their daughter be transferred to a state psychiatric facility under your supervision.

FATHER ELLIS

(lying)

They approached me, so I gave them my honest assessment: I think she needs a more secure facility. Better medical care. I didn't tell them a fundamentalist cult called Ninth World was about to attempt a kidnapping.

BISHOP

Those are *rumors* --

FATHER ELLIS

My information suggests they know exactly where you're holding her and they're ready to make a move.

BISHOP

(after a long beat)

What do you suggest?

FATHER ELLIS

That we move quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH COMPOUND - NIGHT

A MALE NURSE rolls a sedated Mary down the hall. She's cloaked in a soft gray hoodie. Strapped to a well-padded gurney. The BISHOP and Father Ellis follow closely.

Father Ellis keeps watch. On high alert.

IN THE PARKING STRUCTURE

They load her into a TRANSPORT VAN. The Nurse climbs in the back beside her. Locks down the wheels of the gurney. Father Ellis sits on the bench seat. Keeping a close eye on Mary.

The DRIVER starts the car. REVEAL THE DRIVER IS LOWE.

THE VAN TAKES OFF. Into the night. Leaving the Bishop behind.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

As they drive through the dark streets, Father Ellis leans closer to Mary. Concerned. Takes her wrist, feels for a pulse.

FATHER ELLIS
I can't feel a pulse.

As the NURSE leans forward to take Mary's wrist. Father Ellis JAMS A SYRINGE into his neck. The Nurse slumps to the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

LOWE drags the Nurse into an alley. Covers him with a blanket. Jumps back into the car and looks over his shoulder at Father Ellis --

LOWE
Forgive me my trespasses and
whatnot.

FATHER ELLIS
Just drive.

Lowe jams the van into gear and DRIVES --

EXT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

The van PULLS IN to the parking garage. The gate slams SHUT.

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Father Ellis and Lowe exit the elevator with Mary --

KIMIKO
You weren't followed?

LOWE
I guess we'll find out.

ON THE COUCH

Father Ellis checks Mary's vital signs: heartbeat, blood pressure, pupillary response. She seems to be fine. Breathing fast, but fine.

LOWE (CONT'D)
Please tell me you went to med
school or something.

FATHER ELLIS
I was a medic in the Army. Before I
became a priest.

LOWE

I hope that involved more than last
rites.

Father Ellis doesn't answer. Pulls the blinds shut. Drags
chairs next to Mary's gurney.

Claire takes her place beside Mary. Looks to Lowe and Kimiko.

KIMIKO

We find Mary. We kill Sammael. We
get her out. As fast as we can.

Father Ellis puts a hand on Claire's shoulder.

FATHER ELLIS

Be careful, Claire. Please.
(quietly)
I don't want to lose you.

CLAIRE

I don't want to lose me, either.

KIMIKO

No one's losing *anyone*.

Father Ellis holds a cross above Mary's head --

FATHER ELLIS

*Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy.
Holy Mary, pray for us...*

Claire takes one of Mary's hands; Lowe takes the other.
Kimiko gently places her hands on either side of Mary's head.

As they each close their eyes --

OVER BLACK

A low, rolling RUMBLE. Faint, then gathering strength, until
the sound envelopes us in a deafening ROAR --

Claire's eyes SNAP OPEN.

She looks around: she's in a dark, dirty cell. Alone. Looks
like a dilapidated version of the same cell Mary was being
held in at the church compound --

She scrambles to her feet. Tries the door: it's locked.
Throws her weight against it, but the door doesn't budge.

She slides out her sword. Jams the metal between the frame
and the door. Heaves herself against it. The door groans,
then GIVES. POPS OPEN. She moves into the hallway --

A HAND GRABS HER. She jumps, whirls, swings her sword --
Lowe DUCKS as she slams the blade into the wall. Close call.

LOWE
Expecting someone else?

CLAIRE
Sorry.
(then)
Any sign of Mary?

LOWE
No. Any sign of Kimiko?

Claire shakes her head. Looks around. Hears something: the sound of a music box. Mechanical, halting melody, some of the notes off-key. Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb...

Claire and Lowe lock eyes. Follow the music.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dark, dank stone floors. Listening for the source of the music box, Claire leads Lowe down the hall. Stops at the library door. Crumbling, termite-infested wood. She turns the handle, it comes off in her hand --

CLAIRE
Mary?

Portraits of cardinals with blackened eyes and faces hang from the wall. Shelves and floors strewn with decaying books. Torn, molding. Carpet scraped with bloody claw marks.

The music is a little louder here. Slowing down now.

They split up, searching.

Lowe opens a closet. Finds nothing.

Claire opens a cabinet. Dark. Finds the music box, gears turning slowly. Nothing else there. No sign of Mary --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's not her. It's just --

A SNARLING DOG - A LITERAL HELL HOUND - suddenly leaps out and SLAMS HER TO THE GROUND. Sinks his teeth into her arm. Vicious. Rabid. Matted hair, frothing mouth, razor sharp claws.

Claire's blade CLATTERS TO THE GROUND. She SCREAMS as the hound TIGHTENS HIS JAW and begins to tear her flesh back and forth --

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Still holding Mary's hand, Claire's UPPER ARM suddenly DENTS WITH TEETH MARKS. Blood spurts. She doesn't react, still in the trance.

FATHER ELLIS

Claire!

Father Ellis grabs the FIRST AID kit. Pulls out a strip of cloth, wraps it around Claire's arm to staunch the bleeding --

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Claire kicks at the dog. Tries to reach for her weapon as the bones in her arm begin to SNAP SNAP SNAP --

Suddenly, Lowe's SCYTHE SLICES the hound's head off. The hound collapses in a shower of blood. Dead. JAW STILL CLAMPED TIGHTLY around Claire's arm --

CLAIRE

(struggling)

Fucking hound of hell. Can't get it off.

Lowe JAMS THE TIP of his blade between the dog's teeth. CRACKS THE TEETH loose, free Claire's arm. She's losing blood fast.

Lowe tears a strip of curtain from the windows. Winds it tightly around her arm --

LOWE

Are you gonna live?

CLAIRE

I hate dogs.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS in the hall. A shadow approaching --

Lowe spins, at the ready. KIMIKO (completely whole in the realm; both legs intact, no scars) appears in the doorway. Her weapon: a slender, razor-sharp KATANA.

KIMIKO

Everyone okay?

CLAIRE
(gritting her teeth)
Fine. Let's go.

Claire pulls herself up. Shakes off the pain --

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH COMPOUND - HALLWAYS - DAY

Claire, Lowe and Kimiko make their way back down the hall.

CLAIRE
MARY?
(beat)
We're gonna get you out of here,
but we need to know where you are.

No answer.

Then, a faint sound: crying. They all stop.

Another trick?

The crying is more distinct now. A terrified whimper.

As they round the corner --

A GATED CHAPEL in the stone wall. Ornate stained glass.
Wrought iron bars. Locked. Chained at the base of a towering
Virgin Mary statue is MARY. Tears streaming down her face.
Clutching a tattered stuffed lamb.

MARY
My lamb. My lamb.

CLAIRE
It's okay. We're here to help.

Claire tries to slide the gate open. It won't budge. Lowe
quickly jams his blade into the latch. Tries to leverage it
open --

FROM THE CEILING

A DEMON drops. Stands between Mary and the gate. Glaring at
them. Powdery gray skin. Red eyes. Blackened teeth and claws.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
HURRY!

Too late. The demon GRABS MARY. Roughly tucks her under his
arm. She SCREAMS. He TEARS OFF A HEATING GRATE in the floor
and jumps through.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

NO!

Lowe finally CRACKS the gate open. Claire jumps into the grate --

INT. CATACOMBS BENEATH THE CHURCH -- NIGHT

CRASH. Claire finds herself standing in a cold, dark passageway. Catacombs. Walls of HUMAN SKULLS rising around her. Oppressive darkness that you can almost taste --

Lowe lands next to her. Then Kimiko, who pulls out her sword. Uses a shaft of light from the hole above to bounce light into the darkness --

AT THE END OF A LONG TUNNEL

The Demon is running. Mary in his arms. Disappears into the darkness --

Claire pursues. Sprints down the tunnel, pushing through crumbling bone walls as she runs, until she stumbles into --

A CAVERNOUS CRYPT. Brick walls, cracked headstones along the tile floors.

CLAIRE

MARY!

No answer. Lowe and Kimiko right behind her. Claire signals to them: *spread out*.

All three proceed through the stone pillars, weapons drawn, ready for a fight.

A DEMON'S HAND PUNCHES THROUGH A HEADSTONE.

Grabs Kimiko's arm. She goes down, hard. The Demon SLAMS HER AGAINST THE STONE. Again and again. She struggles, can't reach her sword --

KIMIKO

LOWE.

Lowe spins. He quickly swings his scythe, SLICES OFF THE DEMON'S HAND beneath Kimiko. Cuts her free. Pulls her up --

Sees DEMONS SWARMING FROM EVERY SIDE.

LOWE

They're everywhere.

ACROSS THE ROOM

CLAIRE

This is a fucking ambush.

Claire leaps, pushes herself OFF THE WALL and DIVE BOMBS a Demon. Buries her sword into his head, ripping all the way down to his heart.

She yanks out the sword and arcs it backwards, slicing the head from a demon as it approaches from behind --

ACROSS THE ROOM

Kimiko swings her katana, lighting fast, beating her attacker back. This demon is more persistent. Stops her blade with his bare hands --

Lowe sweeps in. SKEWERS THE DEMON with the tip of his scythe, then IMPALES HIM ON THE STONE WING of an ANGEL STATUE.

FROM A SPIRAL STAIRCASE

CLAIRE CATCHES SIGHT OF MARY. Cowering against a stone sarcophagus. Clutching her stuffed lamb.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mary! Stay there, I'm coming!

But as she makes a beeline for her, TWO DEMONS burst from the Claire swings her sword like a figure eight. Throwing them off balance. Then she SLICES OFF their hands and feet --

As they tumble to the ground, she SKEWERS THEM THROUGH THE HEARTS. She looks around. Carnage everywhere. But there are no more demons advancing --

Claire runs to the sarcophagus. Circles it. Mary's gone.

KIMIKO

MARY!

Claire stumbles back into the main room. Stops in her tracks.

Mary is being held aloft by a DEMON.

But this Demon is different from the rest. Finely drawn features. Ice blue eyes. Beautiful. His skin almost glows.

CLAIRE

Sammael.

He smiles. Then he turns and CRASHES THROUGH a CHAPEL DOOR. Leaving nothing GAPING BLACK VOID on the other side --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

NO.

But as Claire and Lowe sprint towards him --

-- a DEMON CRASHES DOWN FROM ABOVE. Lowe slices his sword upward, IMPALING THE DEMON THROUGH HIS HEART. But the sheer force of the Demon CRASHING DOWN on him SHATTERS THE FLOOR BENEATH THEM --

LOWE AND THE DEMON plow through the broken tiles, tumbling through two floors onto a jumble of bones and discarded headstones six feet below.

Claire runs to the gaping hole in the stone --

The Demon is dead. Lowe lies motionless beneath him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

NOOOO!

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Father Ellis holds the cross above Mary, reciting --

FATHER ELLIS

*I command you, unclean spirit,
whoever you are, along with all
your minions now attacking this
servant of God --*

Lowe KEELS OFF THE CHAIR.

Hits the floor like a sack of rocks. Eyes wide open, staring at nothing. Breath caught in his throat, turning blue --

Father Ellis drops to his knees beside him. Feels for a pulse.

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)

Lowe?

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Kimiko grabs Claire by the shoulders. Pulls her back from the edge and points to the door --

KIMIKO

You have to go after Mary. I'll
help Lowe. Claire. You have to GO.

Kimiko shoves her in the other direction. Claire stumbles, hesitating. Then she turns and RUNS AT THE WALL. Throws herself into the darkness --

CUT TO:

INT. DECAYING TOY FACTORY - DAY

INTO ANOTHER REALM

Claire stumbles onto an abandoned toy factory floor.

Light streams through dirty windows. Rusting, broken machine parts uselessly slamming against each other, creating nothing. Doll scraps strewn in towering heaps: heads, arms, torsos, legs. Eyeballs. Mouths. Like the scene of a massacre.

CLAIRE

MARY!

Her voice ECHOES, bouncing from wall to wall. Shattered glass, bats flapping through the rafters, wooden floors split by gaping holes.

She sees MOVEMENT in the distance. Quietly races along the aisle, weapon drawn. Gets to the end, peers into the darkness -- and finds MARY trapped in a metal basket full of deformed doll parts. Scared out of her mind --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's okay, I'm here --

But as she approaches, a HAND GRABS HER BY THE NECK. Flings her onto a CONVEYOR BELT. Cracking her head against the metal rails.

Disoriented, Claire claws her way back to her feet --

-- and sees SAMMAEL waiting for her below.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT- NIGHT

Father Ellis pulls out A DEFIBRILLATOR. Powers it up. Tears Lowe's shirt aside and holds the paddles above his chest. When the orange light finally glows ready, he shocks Lowe's heart --

Nothing. No response.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT SUB-FLOOR - NIGHT

Kimiko DROPS onto the floor next to Lowe. WRENCHES THE DEMON away from Lowe's body. Feels for a pulse. Listens for a breath --

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Father Ellis waits for another charge.

FATHER ELLIS
(under his breath)
All holy saints of God, intercede
for us, Be merciful, spare us, O
Lord --

The orange light FLASHES READY. SHOCK.

Suddenly, Lowe BLINKS. Draws a breath.

The heart rhythm resumes. His skin pinks up --

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT SUB FLOOR - NIGHT

LOWE'S EYES OPEN. He gasps. Kimiko rocks back. Surprised.

KIMIKO
You fucking scared me.

CUT TO:

INT. DECAYING TOY FACTORY - DAY

Claire cautiously makes her way along the conveyor belt, sword in hand. Sammael watches her. Calm. Like a cat watching a bird with a broken wing --

Mary starts to cry. Claire quickly glances down at her. Sees BLACK VEINS snaking up her neck, crawling towards her face --

CLAIRE
STOP. Let her go.

Sammael clasps his hands together and SWINGS THEM AT CLAIRE. Ducks away from her sword and BASHES HER IN THE HEAD. Knocks her into the rusting machinery --

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

FATHER ELLIS

Let your hand cast the demon out of
Mary, may he no longer hold captive
this child --

Mary's eyes snap OPEN. The same BLACK VEINS snaking up her
arms and neck, wrapping around her face. Her eyes tinge red
around the edges --

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)

Claire! I'm losing her!

She lets out a horrific SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. DECAYING TOY FACTORY - DAY

Claire drops and ROLLS THROUGH THE SPINDLES. Sammael is too
large to follow. She emerges on the other side. As Sammael
approaches, she CRASHES HER SWORD ACROSS HIS HEAD. Slicing
off an ear.

Spurting blood, Sammael dodges the next blow. BACKHANDS her
into an ENORMOUS CAGE OF DOLL HEADS. Her SWORD jams into the
metal grate, she can't retract it.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

FATHER ELLIS doubles his efforts. Pinning Mary down with the
crucifix --

FATHER ELLIS

*I command you, depart! Return to
your spectre of hell!*

INT. DECAYING TOY FACTORY - DAY

Claire POUNDS HER BOOT into Sammael's chest. He stumbles
backwards. She wrenches herself free, fearless, CRACKS HER
ELBOW against his head. Spins to retrieve her sword --

Sammael THROWS HER AGAINST A CIRCULAR TABLE before she can
grab it. Opens a stream of WHITE HOT GLUE onto her arm.
Claire SCREAMS IN PAIN --

CLAIRE

Go back to hell.

Claire contorts her body. The HOT GLUE SIZZLES against Sammael's hands. He LETS GO OF HER. Yelps in pain. She slides out from his grasp, grabs the sword --

-- and PLUNGES IT INTO SAMMAEL'S CHEST. Piercing his heart.

WHOOSH.

Sammael DISSOLVES INTO DUST. BLOWS CLAIRE OFF HER FEET, knocking her to the ground. OUT COLD.

After a moment, she coughs. Rolls over. Pulls herself up.

Runs to Mary's cage, CRACKS IT OPEN. Digs frantically through the doll parts to reach her --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on. Reach up. You've gotta help.

As Mary weakly reaches for her --

A LOW RUMBLING begins. Claire looks around. The walls tremble. The ceiling begins to fall --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Shit. It's collapsing.

Claire GRABS Mary, yanks her out --

CUT TO:

Claire sprints down the aisle, holding Mary tightly. Dodging ceiling tiles and a buckling floor. She finds the door and BARRELS THROUGH --

INT. CHURCH CRYPT - DAY

-- AND EMERGES INTO THE RIGHT REALM. Sees Kimiko with her arm around Lowe. Relieved, Claire stumbles towards them --

CLAIRE
I got her. I got her.

KIMIKO
Is he dead?

CLAIRE
He's dead.

Claire reaches out for Lowe. Grabs his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The VEINS RECEDE on Mary's skin. She opens her eyes. Sweaty. Disoriented. Looks up at Father Ellis --

MARY
Where's my lamb?

A beat later, Lowe opens his eyes with a GASP.

Then Kimiko.

Then Claire. She tumbles onto the floor. Like startling out of a bad dream. Father Ellis takes her arm, pulls her up --

FATHER ELLIS
Claire?

CLAIRE
I'm okay. I'm fine.

She looks to Lowe. Relieved he's safe. But as Claire stands, her vision starts to cloud around the edges. She takes a step...

Then pitches forward, darkness closing around her.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A bare-bones room in an urban hospital. Claire looks around, disoriented. She's all alone.

CLAIRE
Hello?

No answer. She presses the nurse-call button. No response. Slowly, she swings her feet over the edge of the bed and heads towards --

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

Turns on the light. Stares at her battle scars in the mirror: lots of cuts and bruises, nothing permanent.

She turns on the water, leans down, splashes her face. Swishes some around in her mouth, spits it out.

Looks in the mirror again. Notices something on her neck. A rash. She rubs at it. Harder. Starts scratching it viciously, tearing open the skin.

She suddenly pulls her hand away, looks down at her fingernails. Covered in a sticky black-red blood.

Then she looks up again, into the mirror --

-- and sees Sammael'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR.

He PUNCHES THROUGH THE GLASS, GRABS HER BY THE THROAT and CRUSHES HIS FIST CLOSED, cracking her windpipe before she can scream --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLAIRE WAKES. Terrified.

Sees Lowe slumped in a chair next to her.

He wakes. Shakes the sleep off.

LOWE

Hey.

(off Claire's confusion)

You're okay. You fainted. Doctor said you were dehydrated.

He uncaps a Gatorade. Hands it to her. She drinks.

CLAIRE

Where is everyone?

LOWE

Kimiko got rid of the van. Father Ellis took Mary home.

CLAIRE

She's okay?

LOWE

Fine. Didn't seem to remember a thing. Just kept asking for ice cream. And her stuffed lamb.

Claire looks down at her arm. Newly bandaged.

LOWE (CONT'D)

Forty-eight stitches. I had to tell the doctor you were wrestling with your new puppy. Otherwise you'd have to file a public health report. I said his name was Champ.

CLAIRE

Champ is a stupid name. If I had a puppy, I'd name him Scout. Obviously.

LOWE

You saved the world, Claire.

Claire shrugs. Not sure how to feel. Father Ellis enters. Hands her a colorful but sad bunch of gift-shop flowers.

FATHER ELLIS

Ready to come home?

A beat as Claire stares at the flowers.

CLAIRE

I want to go to my apartment.

Slightly stung, Father Ellis nods. Shoots a look to Lowe.

LOWE

(to Claire)

Mind if I crash on your couch?

Claire climbs out of bed. Grabs her clothes and heads for the bathroom --

CLAIRE

Knock yourself out.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Lowe lies CRASHED OUT ON THE COUCH. Sound asleep. The sound of a GARBAGE TRUCK outside wakes him. He sits up, on high alert.

LOWE

Claire?

He untangles himself from the blankets, hurries to Claire's room. Pushes open the door, finds an empty bed --

EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S - EARLY MORNING

Claire climbs the steps with a bouquet of flowers.

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S - ROOM 346 -- EARLY MORNING

Isabelle is in the exact same condition: staring into space, pale skin, hands curling. Claire sits by her side.

CLAIRE

In case you were wondering, all those years I spent alone in that convent basement? I thought you were coming back for me. But now I'm pretty sure you weren't. You walked away and never looked back. I don't know if you were trying to protect me or give me a different kind of life, but I'm trying really hard not to hate you for leaving me all alone in the world.

(long silence)

They say you've hung on. That you've been clinging to life all these years. So if you were waiting for me to find you, waiting to let go... you can let go now. Because this is no way to live. And I forgive you.

(whispers)

You can go.

Claire leans over her and kisses her forehead.

LOWE (PRE-LAP)

Where the hell are you?

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Claire rides. Head down. On the phone.

CLAIRE

I went to see my mother.

LOWE

You could have left a note.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

LOWE

Are you all right?

CLAIRE

I'm fine. I'm on my way to talk to my advisor about my dissertation, then I'm gonna pick up my last check from the diner. Are you all right?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Lowe walks.

LOWE
(after a beat)
I haven't heard from Kimiko.

CLAIRE
What do you mean?

LOWE
It's not a big deal. She has some
Zen bullshit about not answering
her phone half the time. I'm on my
way to bust down her door.

CLAIRE
Knock first, maybe.

LOWE
Yeah, maybe.

CLAIRE
See you later?

LOWE
Sure.

Lowe hangs up. Approaches KIMIKO'S APARTMENT BUILDING --

He rings the intercom at the service entrance. *No answer.* The whole building seems eerily quiet. He skirts around the side, finds a LOADING DOCK DOOR open --

The ELEVATOR GATE is padlocked shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Claire exits the train. Joining the crowds. Suddenly, she glances up at her reflection in a window --

A figure CROSSES BEHIND HER.

A young woman in a hoodie. Following her.

Claire whirls, spooked. Startling the people around her. *She sees nothing.* After a moment, she keeps walking --

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

CRACK. A crowbar pries open a boarded-up window. Lowe climbs into the apartment through a rusty fire escape. Looks around:

It's empty.

Barely any light can squeeze through the plywood sheets nailed against the windows; only a few shafts fall from slowly spinning fans in the rooftop. What hasn't been cleared out has been dismantled, smashed. The sink is piled with broken dishes.

He hits a light switch: no power.

A SHADOW passes behind him. Lowe doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY

Medieval Studies Department. Claire approaches the front desk. She looks flushed. Sweaty. Tired.

CLAIRE

Claire Daniels. I have an
appointment with Professor Bennett?

The RECEPTIONIST gives her a tight smile. Then --

RECEPTIONIST

Are you all right?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Fine.

The Receptionist touches her nose. Indicating. Claire suddenly brings a hand to her own nose. Pulls it away to see blood --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Shit. Sorry. It's just a cold. Not
Ebola. Cross my heart and hope to
die.

The Receptionist pushes a box of tissues towards her and lifts the phone --

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

LOWE

Kimiko!

No answer.

Lowe PRIES OFF more boards from the windows. Letting light stream in. He dials his phone, still searching. Leaves a message --

LOWE (CONT'D)
Ellis? I'm at Kimiko's. Something
isn't right here --

KIMIKO
Hi, stranger.

Lowe whirls. Kimiko smiles. Calm.

LOWE
Where the hell did you come from?

Kimiko ignores the question. Heads for the kitchen.

KIMIKO
Let's have some tea.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANNY'S DINER - DAY

Claire walks down the sidewalk. Flushed. She swipes at her skin, blinking back a rising fever.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Kimiko slowly fills a dented tea kettle with water.

KIMIKO
How's Claire?

LOWE
Better.

KIMIKO
No side effects?

LOWE
Side effects? No. Why?

KIMIKO
No reason. That's good to hear.

LOWE
(looking around)
So you're clearing out?

KIMIKO
Our work here is done.

Kimiko sets the kettle on the stove. Turns on the burner. It sparks wildly, but doesn't catch. She looks up at Lowe --

KIMIKO (CONT'D)
Sorry. Looks like it won't catch.

Lowe and Kimiko stare at each other. *Lowe is getting a bad feeling about this.* There's something off about Kimiko. Like the warmth has been drained from her, leaving only a cold hard shell.

The ELEVATOR suddenly groans alive. Gears churning below. Lowe is momentarily distracted by the noise --

And then he catches Kimiko's reflection in a pane of broken glass. Sees a GUN in her hand --

Kimiko FIRES. Lowe DIVES OUT OF THE WAY as a bullet tears into the wall above him. He scrambles for a large post, trying to find cover --

LOWE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

KIMIKO
We only need Claire now.

CUT TO:

INT. MANNY'S DINER - DAY

Claire enters through the back. More disoriented by the moment. She spots Manny through her haze. Trying to remain upright.

MANNY
What do you want?

CLAIRE
My last check. You owe me two weeks worth.

MANNY
I haven't gotten around to payroll.
(eyeing Claire)
What's wrong with you? Are you sick?

CLAIRE
(weak)
I'm fine. I just want my check.

Manny ignores her. Exits ONTO THE FLOOR. Claire follows --

INT. KIMIKO'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

TWO MORE BULLETS flash through the air. Lowe grabs the crowbar. Wielding it like a weapon --

LOWE

Claire? What are you talking about?
Why do you need Claire?

As Kimiko stalks quietly around the corner, she finds an EMPTY room. Lowe lunges forward, SWINGS THE CROWBAR at her fake leg. It CLANGS. She falls to the ground, still clutching the gun --

The ELEVATOR ARRIVES. Torn, Kimiko turns her aim to the gate as it slides open. BLAM BLAM BLAM. Bullets hit the back wall. It appears to be empty --

KIMIKO

Very clever.

But as she turns back to Lowe...

Father Ellis appears. Unfurling himself from a hidden corner of the elevator. He LUNGES FORWARD, slams a FIRE EXTINGUISHER AGAINST Kimiko's head. She CRIES OUT IN PAIN, her gun clatters to the floor --

FATHER ELLIS

Stop.

Kimiko ignores him. Pulls herself up and SPRINTS towards the window. Lowe grabs the gun, fires --

She DIVES THROUGH THE WINDOW, glass shattering, grabs the end of a fire escape ladder and RIDES IT TO THE GROUND.

Hits the pavement and starts running.

Father Ellis runs to the window. Ready to pursue --

LOWE

(frantic)

No. Leave her. Claire's in trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. MANNY'S DINER - FLOOR - DAY

Claire follows Manny across the floor. He doesn't turn around.

MANNY

Maybe pour some coffee while you're
at it. It's the least you can do
since you left me high and dry --

Claire stumbles. Hears a terrible grinding, like metal being
ripped through broken gears. Rattling her right down to her
back teeth.

She suddenly CLAPS HER HAND AGAINST HER NECK. In pain.

CLAIRE

Ah. Ow.

She scratches at it viciously. Tearing the skin. Manny stares
in horror --

MANNY

What the hell is wrong with you?

Claire looks up. GASPING FOR BREATH now. Everything is
muffled. Blurry.

MANNY (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Get out. GO.

He pushes her towards the door. She turns and stumbles into --

EXT. MANNY'S DINER - DAY

-- the alley. Vomits onto the asphalt. Sticky black blood.
Sweat pouring down her face. Skin flushed. She struggles for
breath, stumbling deeper into the alley --

Manny watches from the door.

MANNY

It's drugs, isn't it --

CLAIRE

Please. I need...I need...

Manny turns and walks back into the diner. Leaving Claire all
alone. Staggering down the alley.

Claire suddenly catches her reflection in the mirror of a
parked car. Turns. Sees something on the back of her neck
where she's been scratching at it: *a coiled serpent, the mark
of Sammael* --

Then she stumbles. DOUBLES OVER in pain.

Her eyes CLOUD OVER with a swirling, dark, grainy matter. She sinks to her knees, unable to draw a breath. Sees her SKIN rippling beneath the surface. Tips her head back, looks to the sky --

From every PORE IN HER SKIN, the same dark, grainy substance begins to emerge. Forcing its way through. Slowly at first, then faster. Through her eyes, her mouth, her arms.

She can't speak. Can't breath. Can't move.

The particles swirl around her. A cloud of darkness. Clawing its way from her body until entirely expelled, leaving bloody trails behind --

Claire collapses as the air rushes back into her lungs. Tears and blood running down her face.

Then she looks up to see the GRAINY DUST taking shape. A human-like figure -- legs, torso, arms, eyes, mouth.

It's Sammael.

A ghost-like apparition made of black soot and grain. Fine features, blue eyes.

He approaches Claire. Stands over her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(gasping)
What's happening?

No answer. Claire staggers to her feet. Reeling.

Thinks fast. Grabs a jagged piece of cement from the broken sidewalk below and SPRINTS TOWARDS HIM --

She BASHES the edge into his skull --

The cement SLICES THROUGH HIM harmlessly. The particles of his body swirling away, as if he's made of nothing but sand.

He's not solid matter, not flesh and blood.

Sammael smiles.

SAMMAEL
It was you all along. We needed
you.

Claire tries to get her bearings. Disoriented, gasping for breath. Wiping the blood from her skin, her eyes, her ears.

A delivery truck SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES. Blares the HORN. Claire stumbles backwards, then looks back to Sammael --

He's gone.

She spins. Frantic.

Lowe and Father Ellis BURST OUT THE BACK DOOR of the DINER. They run to her as she falls to her knees --

FATHER ELLIS

Claire...

LOWE

Are you all right?

CLAIRE

(gasping for breath)

Trap. It was all a trap.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER ELLIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Father Ellis opens the door. Lowe follows, carrying a half-conscious Claire in his arms --

FATHER ELLIS

Get her to the couch.

Lowe sets her down on the couch. Claire immediately rouses, puts her hand to her neck.

CLAIRE

Is it gone?

(panicking)

IS IT GONE? IS IT GONE?

Lowe sweeps the hair away from her neck. Sees nothing.

LOWE

It's gone. There's no mark.

Father Ellis returns with water. Presses it to her lips.

LOWE (CONT'D)

Maybe we should take her to the hospital to get checked out --

CLAIRE

And what am I supposed to tell them? *A demon just hitched a ride inside of me and came crawling out through my skin?*

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Thanks, but I don't want to get
 locked up in a psych ward.
 (then, bitter)
 You led Kimiko right to me.

LOWE
 I'm sorry.

CLAIRE
 What fucking good is *sorry* now?

LOWE
 She was playing me, too! I don't
 know what else to say. She must
 have been working with Ninth World
 all along. Feeding them information
 or vice versa.
 (looking to Father Ellis)
 This was their plan all along. To
 use Claire as a conduit.

CLAIRE
 (insistent)
 But I killed him. I killed Sammael
 in the realm --

FATHER ELLIS
 It was a trick. He played powerful
 mind games with you.
 (gently)
 It's not your fault, Claire.

CLAIRE
 Fine. It's not my fault. That
 doesn't change the fact the most
 powerful demon in the underworld is
 now roaming around the human realm
 doing god knows what --

She pulls away from him, stalks into the kitchen --

INT. FATHER ELLIS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire rummages through the cabinet. Pulls a bottle of
 WHISKEY down. Pours out her water, pours the whiskey in.
 Knocks it back. Father Ellis leans in the doorway, watching --

FATHER ELLIS
 I'm afraid it gets worse. I found
 my own copy of *Le Testament du*
Monde Neuvieme. Church archives.
 (beat)
 Sammael is the tip of the iceberg.

Father Ellis pours himself a shot. Takes a seat at the table.

CLAIRE

And?

FATHER ELLIS

Once he becomes flesh and blood, he has the power to tear a hole between the realms. Which would allow the entire underworld to overrun the human realm.

LOWE

End of days. Is that what we're saying?

FATHER ELLIS

Close enough.

Claire nods. Staring at the table. Finally --

CLAIRE

So how do we stop them?

LOWE

I don't think we do.

CLAIRE

Roll over and play dead? That's your solution?

LOWE

There's no way to kill Sammael in the human realm!

FATHER ELLIS

There might be a way.

(to Claire)

You might be able to kill him in the demon realm.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

FATHER ELLIS

They used you to pull Sammael from the demon realm into the human realm. You should be able to do the opposite. You should be able to pull him from the human realm into the demon realm.

CLAIRE

How? I tried to fight him. I can't even touch him --

FATHER ELLIS

Once the ritual makes him flesh and blood, you'll be able to make physical contact. Grab his hand and jump. Pull him back to the place where he's vulnerable.

(beat)

Then you fight him. Kill him.

LOWE

Hold on. Even if she could find a way to pull him into the demon realm, and even if she DID manage to kill him, how would she get out? You've got to have a real live human being to climb out through. If the victim dies, you're trapped forever. Lost. Your plan, best case scenario is Sammael dies. And so does Claire.

(to Claire)

It's a one-way ticket and you know it.

FATHER ELLIS

Unless there's another way out.

INT. PRIVATE NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Father Ellis leads Claire and Lowe through a small, quiet upscale nursing home. It looks like a private residence. Neat. Clean.

He opens a door to reveal ISABELLE. A nurse sits by her side. She jumps to her feet and quietly disappears out the other door as they enter --

FATHER ELLIS

I had her moved.

Claire puts her hand against Isabelle's cheek. Lowe watches the two of them. Slowly realizes what Father Ellis is getting at --

LOWE

You think she's the way out.

CLAIRE

What?

FATHER ELLIS

(to Lowe)

Have you ever seen a realm jumper
who was trapped when the victim
died?

LOWE

No.

FATHER ELLIS

Neither have I.

(beat)

But I think we might be looking at
one. I think that's what happened
to Isabelle. They said there's no
medical explanation for her
condition. What if a realm
collapsed and she couldn't get out?
She might still be in there.
Somewhere.

LOWE

That's a monster-sized *if*.

CLAIRE

(realizing)

She's a real-live human
consciousness to escape through.

LOWE

Or she's just a brain-dead
vegetable.

CLAIRE

Do you have a better idea?

LOWE

It's a suicide mission.

FATHER ELLIS

It's her life. She decides.

A look between them. Trust. Claire nods at him. A moment of
reconciliation.

FATHER ELLIS (CONT'D)

The crimson moon is tomorrow night.

Lowe curses under his breath. Knows he can't win this.
Finally --

LOWE

But have no idea when the ritual is going down. It's a needle in a fucking haystack.

CLAIRE

But we do have a good idea where to find one of their truest believers...

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

FATHER ELLIS (V.O.)

Elizabeth Connor.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Track her and we'll find them.

ELIZABETH exits the house. Climbs into his car. Drive --

ACROSS THE ROAD

An SUV pulls out. Follows.

INT. FATHER ELLIS' SUV - NIGHT

Father Ellis drives. Following Peter's car. Lowe and Claire ride in the back.

FATHER ELLIS

You've got to get close enough to Sammael to make physical contact. Lay hands on him. Once you're in, we'll protect you from the cult.

(to Lowe)

Anything that happens to her in this world could affect her in the demon realm --

LOWE

I know. I've read the handbook.

FATHER ELLIS

According to the grimoire, Sammael wears his mark on the roof of his mouth. The key to killing him is to sever the head.

Claire takes Lowe's hand. Squeezes it. Lowe finally turns to her.

LOWE

This would be so much easier if I couldn't stand the sight of you.

CLAIRE

Poor you.

He leans forward. Kisses her. Turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Inside a crumbling GOTHIC CHURCH, a group of people gathers. Ninth World followers, all holding red candles. ELIZABETH is among them.

Broken pews pushed out of the way, crumbling stones from the walls formed into a circle. Symbols scrawled across the walls in red -- *the mark of Sammael*.

Windows have been SMASHED OUT to reveal the night sky. The eclipse about to begin. The moon turning a burnt red.

In the center of the circle is KIMIKO. Dressed in a gown made of strips of black gossamer. Leaning on an intricately carved cane. She reads from the grimoire, the *Testament of the Ninth World* --

KIMIKO

*...by the light of the Ninth World,
we invoke and move thee, Our
Darkness, and we shall release our
earthly binds, and shall conjure a
new beginning; in that light, we
summon thee to walk among us...*

SAMMAEL emerges from behind a smashed triptych. Enters the circle. Looks Kimiko in the eye --

KIMIKO (CONT'D)

*-- may the blood moon usher in a
new world, long live the ninth
world, long live Sammael --*

He raises a foot and SMASHES IT into the floor. The tiles crack, spidering outward, faster and faster as Peter reads from the book...

...and then the cracking STOPS.

A beat. Then the cracking turns inward. Racing back towards to the center. Glowing crimson as it reaches SAMMAEL'S FEET.

As the glowing light travels up his body, he transforms: from dark spirit to SOLID MATTER. Gleaming in the low light. Lips, eyes, face, hair, skin. Flesh and blood.

CULT MEMBERS

Long live Sammael. Long live
Sammael.

KIMIKO

Long live Sammael, long live --

Her voice is CUT OFF as GUNSHOTS rip through her shoulder. A burst of blood and flesh and bone. Blowing her gun clear across the room. Kimiko GASPS, hits the floor. Unable to move.

REVEAL Lowe approaching from behind.

He FIRES twice into the crowd, then spins to SAMMAEL. Empties the rest of his semi-automatic pistol into his chest.

Sammael slows for a moment. Looks down at his wounds. Then lowers his head and locks eyes with Lowe. *Not fucking around.*

SAMMAEL

Your end has come.

-- but as he STRIDES towards Lowe, CLAIRE CHARGES HIM FROM BEHIND. Buries a HATCHET into HIS BACK.

Sammael stumbles forward. Turns. Tries to yank it out, can't reach. He turns to Claire --

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

I let you live. You should be
grateful.

Fuck that. Claire BARRELS TOWARDS HIM. SCREAMING. A moving train. Unafraid. No weapon in her hands. She grabs him by the shoulders --

Sammael SLAMS HIS HANDS AGAINST HER, trying to crush her with his bare hands. Suddenly he weakens, realizing --

SAMMAEL (CONT'D)

NO.

He's fallen into a trap. He buckles to his knees. Dragging Claire with him. Claire's eyes roll back. The ROARING BEGINS.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. DEMON REALM - NIGHT

-- Claire and Sammael CRASH TO THE GROUND. Still locked together. Claire rolls to the side, out of his grasp. Jumps to her feet and pulls out her weapon, ready to fight --

She surveys the landscape: a cavernous, infinite darkness. Walls crawling with malformed faces and growths. Dim light leaking from pockmarks and jagged cavities. Sharp stones jutting from the floor. Quickly swings her sword against the floor, MARKING IT with a SLASH to find her way back --

SAMMAEL WHIRLS TO FACE HER --

RAGE. Looming larger than ever. Skin glowing, undulating, lit from within. His eyes burn with anger, an icy cobalt blue.

SAMMAEL
You've made a mistake.

Jagged SILVER BLADES burst through his palms. Organic. A part of him. He CHARGES AT HER. Swinging both blades. Claire is immediately on the defensive, barely able to stay out of his way --

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

LOWE
Everyone out!
(beat)
GET THE FUCK OUT!

Lowe pulls a second gun. Fires at the lingering Cult Members. Hits two of them in the legs. Someone FIRES at Lowe. He fires back --

Suddenly, FATHER ELLIS' SUV crashes through the side door. Rear first. Provides a shield between Lowe and the others.

Lowe heaves Claire into his arms. Shielding her with his body. Deposits her into the back seat, then slams the door.

He POPS THE BACK. Grabs Sammael by the feet, but he's too heavy to move. Father Ellis starts to get out --

LOWE (CONT'D)
Stay in the fucking car, Ellis!

INT. DEMON REALM - NIGHT

Fight still in progress. Claire SMASHES her sword against Sammael. Growing tired.

Sammael SLAMS HIS WEAPONS against her blade. Again. Again. SLICES AT HER FACE. HER ARM.

Bleeding, Claire doesn't give up. She holds her ground --

Until she sees an opening. She spins backwards, undercuts, swings her sword UP and CUTS OFF SAMMAEL'S ARM/BLADE.

Sammael SCREAMS. Blood spurting from his severed limb. His other blade retracts. Raging, he KICKS her in the gut. As she flies backwards, she takes a last hail Mary shot, WHIRLING HER SWORD at his head...

It LODGES IN HIS TORSO.

CRACK! Claire slams into the wall. Rolls down a narrow, steep chasm. Rocks tearing at her skin as she free-falls through the darkness, CRASHING against a series of sharp ledges --

-- until she SMASHES against the cold, dark floor below.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Lowe drags Sammael towards the SUV. Drenched in sweat. Starts to leverage him into the back --

KIMIKO
Not so fucking fast.

Kimiko swings her prosthetic leg. CRACKS Lowe's ankle, sends him crashing to the ground. As she scrambles to her feet --

She drops on top of him. Pins Lowe's neck to the ground with her metal leg. Hears his windpipe start to CRACK. He can't reach his gun. With every last ounce of strength, Lowe swings his fist against the side of her head --

Kimiko FALLS TO THE SIDE. Lowe scrambles on top of her. She can't escape.

LOWE
I trusted you.

KIMIKO
Smart. I'm very trustworthy.

LOWE
Bullshit. You're a traitor. You're worse than a traitor, you're a coward --

KIMIKO
Do you know what good you do? Every time you kill a demon? *No good at all.* You're trying to empty the sea with a thimble. Darkness is a sea.
(MORE)

KIMIKO (CONT'D)
Evil is a sea. There is no emptying
it.

LOWE
I don't believe that.

KIMIKO
Why? Because the bible told you so?
Because some holy man plucked you
out of your misery and put you to
work in the name of his greater
power? Maybe you're the one being
used. Maybe we're the ones meant to
bring Sammael forth. Begin again.

LOWE
Maybe.

He pulls out his gun and fires into her chest. This time
she's really dead.

LOWE (CONT'D)
But probably not.

CUT TO:

INT. DEMON REALM - NIGHT

Claire pulls herself up. Dizzy. Blood streaming from a cut on
her forehead. Sword gone.

It's even darker down here. A bluish-black midnight light.
She picks her way along in the darkness. Searching for a way
out --

VOICE (O.S.)
Claire.

Startled, Claire spins. Sees nothing.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Claire.

Out of the darkness, she sees Lowe approaching.

CLAIRE
(stunned)
Lowe? What are you doing here?

LOWE
I came to find you.

She's half-overjoyed to see him, half burning with anger --

CLAIRE

Why? Why would you come here?

LOWE

Because I couldn't let you do this alone.

CLAIRE

That's the whole point. To do this alone.

(then)

How did you even get here?

LOWE

Same way you did.

CLAIRE

Sammael's still out there --

LOWE

I know. We'll look for him together.

He holds out his hand. Claire hesitates.

CLAIRE

I lost my weapon.

LOWE

I have mine.

He draws his weapon. The SCYTHER. Maybe we don't notice it right away, but the handle is the wrong color.

LOWE (CONT'D)

Please, Claire. I can't lose you.

Hand still outstretched. Claire nods. Starts towards him.

...and then breaks into a sprint. Narrows her eyes. PULLS BACK her fist and PUNCHES IT INTO HIS CHEST --

CLAIRE

You're not Lowe.

Lowe GRABS HER BY THE THROAT. Stops her cold. Slowly pushes her backwards, her hand sliding out of his bloody chest cavity, GASPING FOR BREATH, feet dangling in the air --

He MORPHS BACK INTO SAMMAEL. One arm gone, blood caked against his flesh. Smiles down at her.

SAMMAEL

Smart girl.

He HURLS HER into the darkness --

She SLAMS into a wall. Feels something GRAB her. Pulling at her arms and legs. She cranes herself around, sees WRITHING BODIES in the walls. Covered in black veins, mouths and eyes scarred over, part of the rocks now. Clawing at her. Tearing at her skin.

Claire struggles wildly. Trying to break free. Sees Sammael approaching in the dim light. As he SWINGS his one BLADED ARM towards her, she wrenches herself free. Starts running --

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Lowe and Father Ellis finish loading SAMMAEL into the back.

FATHER ELLIS

Let's go. We don't have much time.

Lowe CLIMBS into the back seat. Sees the CLAW MARKS across Claire's skin. He wipes the blood from her forehead.

LOWE

Fight, Claire. Fight.

Father Ellis hits the gas pedal. Driving as fast as he can.

INT. DEMON REALM - NIGHT

LOWE (O.S.)

Fight, Claire. Fight.

Claire STUMBLES in the dark. Running into a narrowing passage. A jagged edge of rock TEARS HER ARM. She looks up, sees a RAZOR SHARP STALACTITE hanging down. She slams her fist against it. Again. Again.

It finally breaks off. She grabs the base, wields it like a weapon --

Just as Sammael's BLADE whooshes past. Just missing her. She dives. Rolling free of the narrowing passage and into the cavernous space. Pushes herself off the wall as he SWINGS HIS BLADE. Flipping above him, landing on the other side --

Shit. She lands wrong. Turning her ankle.

Sammael hears the CRACK OF BONE. Sees her grimace.

SAMMAEL

Crack. All done.

But as he SWINGS HIS BLADE towards her head to finish her off, Claire JAMS THE spear-like stalactite through his neck.

Stunned, he GAGS. Reaches up to pull it out --

Claire charges, CATAPULTING HERSELF INTO HIS CHEST, arcing into the air and IMPALING Sammael onto a jutting, JAGGED rock. It bursts through his chest plate. Bloody and broken.

He flails. Trapped. Trying to break free.

Claire grabs one end of the rock protruding through his neck. CRACKS it upward, leveraging the spine against the floor --

His head rips free. Blood gushes.

Claire stumbles backwards. Breathing hard. Shaking.

Sammael is dead.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

IN THE WAY BACK, SAMMAEL'S body suddenly begins to collapse into itself. Caving in. Disappearing. With a BANG, it explodes into DUST.

LOWE

She did it.

Claire remains frozen. Unmoving. Eyes wide open.

LOWE (CONT'D)

Hang on, Claire.

INT. DEMON REALM - NIGHT

Claire running. As fast as she can. Looking for a way out.

She hears a CRACKING behind her. Turns. Sees huge FISSURES splitting the walls. The ground beneath her feet starts to crumble --

The realm is collapsing.

Claire pushes herself. Trying to stay ahead of it.

And then she looks up. Sees the DARKNESS COMING FOR HER.

She pivots. Runs the other way.

CLAIRE

Lowe? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Hits a dead end. Looks back. Sees the realm CRUMBLING TOWARDS HER. Like a dust storm of deep black nothing --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

LOWE!!!

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Lowe shakes her. Frantic --

LOWE

Claire. CLAIRE.

Nothing. No movement.

Father Ellis watches in the rearview mirror.

Suddenly, a CAR COMES OUT OF NOWHERE. Side-swipes the SUV. Father Ellis drives faster. Trying to outgun them. Forces them into a ditch. The car clips a fence post and ROLLS --

Father Ellis keeps driving --

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE NURSING HOME - ISABELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Father Ellis BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR. Lowe following close behind. He deposits Claire on the bed next to her. Father Ellis clasps their hands together --

LOWE

This is grasping at straws.

FATHER ELLIS

I choose to believe. I choose
faith.

PUSH IN on Claire, bruised and battered, eyes still clouded over --

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE ON CLAIRE. Motionless.

Her eyes SNAP OPEN. She looks around.

She's lying on the floor of a church. Familiar.

She stands. Steadies herself against the pews. The church is dusty. Cobwebbed. The light can barely stream through the dirty windows --

Claire knows this place. The church from her childhood. The place her mother left her. She approaches the statue of the Virgin Mary. Finds a candle. Strikes a match, lights it --

She watches the candlelight flicker against the stone walls.

Feels like someone is watching her.

Turns.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Comes a figure.

A woman. She steps into the light.

Isabelle. Beautiful. Alive. She stares at Claire.

ISABELLE

Claire?

CLAIRE

Mom?

ISABELLE

What are you doing here?

Claire wants to run into her arms, then stops herself.

CLAIRE

I don't know if it's really you.

ISABELLE

I'm so sorry. I meant to come back for you. I always thought I'd see you again.

CLAIRE

Do you know where you are?

ISABELLE

Lost. I'm lost.

Claire has to make a decision now. Take a risk.

CLAIRE

Either we're both lost now --

She strides forward and pulls Isabelle into her arms --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Or I'm gonna get you home --

SMASH CUT TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES

Claire's life flashing before her eyes. Lighting the candle in the church. Being rocked to sleep on her mother's lap. Isabelle turning away from her. Running into the street. Father Ellis coming for her. Lowe. Kimiko. The patrons at the diner. Running from the darkness in the Demon Realm --

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE NURSING HOME - ISABELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire's eyes SNAP open. She looks around. Disoriented.

She looks up. Sees Lowe staring down at her. Relief flooding in. He pulls her into his arms, whispering to her. She can't hear anything. Her ears ring painfully, then subside until the sound of real life seeps back in --

LOWE

You're okay. You're here.

And the eerie drone of a FLAT-LINING HEART MONITOR.

Claire turns. Sees Isabelle on the bed. Full cardiac arrest.

CLAIRE

Mom? MOM!

A DOCTOR enters. No defibrillator in hand. He reaches over and shuts off the monitor --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? SAVE HER.

DOCTOR

No extraordinary measures, I'm sorry --

CLAIRE

Says who?

She turns to Father Ellis. He puts a hand on her shoulder --

FATHER ELLIS

Claire --

CLAIRE

Tell him you made a mistake. Tell him to save her.

(beat)

She was there. I held her in my arms. She was in there --

FATHER ELLIS

Her body is tired. It's time to let go.

A beat as Claire watches Isabelle. Then she wrenches free of Lowe's grasp. Starts pressing the heel of her palm against Isabelle's chest, trying to revive her --

CLAIRE

Come back to me.

But Isabelle doesn't respond beneath Claire's touch. The Doctor tries to stop her; Claire SHOVES him off.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Please. Mom.

LOWE

Claire.

Finally, she allows Lowe to still her hands. Her tears splash onto Isabelle's pale cheek.

CLAIRE

It's okay, Mom. You can go.

Suddenly, Isabelle's eyes snap open. She blinks. Draws a breath. Color slowly seeping back into her skin. She looks up at Claire --

ISABELLE

Where am I?

CLAIRE

You're here. You're with me.

Claire buries her head in Isabelle's neck. Isabelle turns to see Father Ellis. Surprised.

ISABELLE

Jack?

Isabelle slowly moves her hand to stroke Claire's hair.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

You came for me.

Claire pulls back. Smiles down at her.

CLAIRE

Welcome home.

CUT TO BLACK