

S C A R S

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The Malebranche / [mall-bronk] / "Evil Claws" / the vicious demons in Dante's *Inferno*, whose duty is to destroy the souls of the corrupt.



Over black, a girl's SCREAM echoes...

EXT. AFRICA - DUSK

HUTS sit among hills shrouded in fog. Goat skulls impaled on wooden stakes surround the largest one.

SUPER: **TANZANIA, 1995**

INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS

Two Tanzanian PARENTS drag their daughter inside. She kicks and screams as they hold her against an altar post gouged with scratches.

A SHAMAN bearing tribal scars ties the girl to the post.

DR. RAYMOND SHAW (40's) -- wearing a leather pouch talisman around his neck -- observes. Visibly troubled, Shaw jots notes in his journal: *"Probable case of zoonotic pathogen mistaken for demoni--"*

His pen breaks and ink flows down the page, forming two serpentine lines punctuated by a dot.

The parents try to console their daughter as the Shaman smears the girl in oil, then blows black powder onto her. She reacts in agony, frothing at the mouth.

EXT. HUT - DIRT ROAD - DUSK

Dr. Shaw approaches the parents as they board a "dala dala" (public minibus).

DR. SHAW

(Swahili subtitled)

A simple blood test could save your daughter's life. Her symptoms are consistent with malaria.

FATHER

(subtitled)

Western medicine has no cure for evil.

The father embraces his crying wife as the dala dala drives away... The Shaman approaches Dr. Shaw.

SHAMAN

(subtitled)

This *Jinn* is a parasitic demon.

(MORE)

SHAMAN (CONT'D)
It possesses children and uses them
to feed on the ones they love. The
girl's parents must not be here if
I am to exorcise her.

DR. SHAW
(subtitled)
Do you know what psychogenic
illness is?

The Shaman shakes his head.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Culturally-influenced hysteria.
It's what happens when an entire
community believes something so
strongly, they fulfill it by
enacting roles.

SHAMAN
(subtitled)
You think the girl is performing?

DR. SHAW
(subtitled)
I think the girl *believes* she is
possessed because everyone around
her does.

SHAMAN
(subtitled)
You know this from a book?

DR. SHAW
(subtitled)
Many books.

SHAMAN
(subtitled)
Many different demons plague this
world. You are a smart man, Doctor,
but your education is just
beginning...

As the Shaman goes back into his hut, a fluttering shadow
envelopes Dr. Shaw: a SWARM OF BATS eclipses the setting sun.

INT. HUT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Waning candles illuminate the now semi-unconscious girl's
feverish perspiration.

A shadow overcomes her... it's Dr. Shaw, wearing a surgical mask and gloves.

DR. SHAW
(subtitled)
I'm taking you to a hospital.

He cuts the girl loose with a knife and cradles her... then notices a line of WHITE POWDER forming a circle around the altar... Dr. Shaw disturbs the circle as he carries the girl outside.

EXT./INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Shaw lays the girl in the back, then punches in directions to a hospital on a first-generation GPS.

His headlights reveal the Shaman standing in the way.

Dr. Shaw throws the Jeep in reverse and peels out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - TANZANIA - CONTINUOUS

The moving Jeep illuminates the glowing eyes of animals in surrounding brush.

EXT./INT. JEEP - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Shaw glances in the rear-view mirror... and sees the girl staring at him with DEMONIC EYES.

He slams the brakes and the passenger door is flung open. The girl vanishes into the brush.

Dr. Shaw runs after her.... But she's gone.

EXT. FARMING VILLAGE - TANZANIA - LATER

The Jeep approaches a community of huts and farmhouses.

EXT./INT. JEEP - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Shaw slows down as he encounters an exodus of panicked villagers -- women and children only.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - VILLAGE - MINUTES LATER

As Dr. Shaw approaches, he recognizes the men of the village wielding torches and machetes. An ELDER grabs his arm.

ELDER
(subtitled)
It's too late for her. The demon
wears her flesh.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Shaw uses a flashlight to enter, revealing the walls are splattered with blood. Something SCURRIES above.

The GIRL crawls across the ceiling.

The door SLAMS and the villagers HAMMER it shut.

Dr. Shaw bangs and presses on the door -- a NAIL stabs through his hand, making him drop the flashlight. It rolls across the floor, revealing the girl's dead parents with their throats torn open.

The girl LANDS from the ceiling.

Dr. Shaw pulls his hand out from the nail in agony. Blood flows down his palm, forming the same serpentine lines punctuated by a dot as the ink in his journal.

He produces his knife and the girl bares her teeth... when the structure CATCHES FIRE.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The men use gasoline and torches as they surround the farmhouse, chanting.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The girl convulses as she lurches toward Dr. Shaw, her bones crack and flesh distorts into gruesome angles -- whatever is inside her wants out.

As the blaze grows, Dr. Shaw kicks a wall to loosen the boards: the girl ERUPTS with SPIDER-LIKE LEGS that tear her apart.

Dr. Shaw rams the wall with his shoulder, which causes a CAVE-IN... a burning SUPPORT BEAM crashes down on him.

CUT TO BLACK.

The "girl's" INHUMAN SCREAM turns into the sound of a CAR ENGINE roaring.

INT. SUV, MOVING FAST - DAY

From the driver's POV, speeding out of a dark tunnel...

Headed straight for a concrete barrier...

We CRASH into it.

From outside: vague forms of a family slump over through the fractured glass, as "Break On Through" by The Doors plays from somewhere.

Super: **DETROIT, PRESENT DAY**

Reveal the location is:

INT. PRECISION MOTORS CRASH HALL - CONTINUOUS

SAMANTHA ("SAM") REIGLE (late 30's) strains to pry the driver's door open, accompanied by engineers KATE, VINCE and LARRY.

VINCE
Spreader?

SAM
Nah.

Larry lends her a hand.

LARRY
Come on. Brute strength.

SAM
(straining)
My parents used to yell at me for
smashing up model cars.

LARRY
You got the last laugh on that one.

The door opens, revealing a crash test dummy "family" comprised of two adults and a child. The engineers surround the SUV -- dubbed "The Valkyrie" -- to inspect its damage.

SAM
How'd we do?

Kate gestures to a tablet showing the test dummies with internal sensors, each one corresponding to the ID numbers printed on their necks.

KATE
No broken ribs. Joints aren't hyperextended. Aside from some whiplash, they're walking away.

Sam gestures to various components inside the cabin.

SAM
Wheel remains uncompromised with minor shifting... Minimal footwell intrusion... Pillar, instrument panel and steering wheel undisturbed.

Sam pulls the driver dummy back, revealing a generic male face covered in grease paint -- half blue, half red. It left a smeared impression on the airbag.

Sam pats the inanimate driver on the shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)
You live to crash another day.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PRECISION MOTORS AUTO PLANT - EVENING

Behind the wheel of her (father's) gleaming 1969 midnight blue FORD MUSTANG, Sam clears snow from the windshield.

As she drives through the security gate and offers the guard a friendly wave, we take in 100 acres of buildings, comprising Precision Motors.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 - EVENING

Sam's Mustang cruises down the sparsely-driven highway.

The snow-covered fields of Woodhaven transition into Delray -- a modern ghost town outside Detroit, hemmed-in by heavy industry and the frozen Detroit River.

The Precision Motors skyscraper rises above the city.

EXT. TRACT HOUSING - DELRAY, MICHIGAN - EVENING

Brand new identical homes stretch far and wide...

But this image is just a billboard adorned with tiny American flags for "Precision Homes." Its slogan: "A new beginning."

Sam's Mustang cruises into this community... a quarter of which looks as advertised, the rest are abandoned houses with feral lawns.

EXT. REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sam parks next to a PRECISION "PHOENIX" SEDAN.

A car pulls up on the adjacent driveway and Larry gives Sam a playful salute.

Flanking Sam next door, another car pulls up and out comes Vince -- he gives Sam a friendly nod.

The coworkers walk up to their identical new homes with unintentional synchronicity.

INT. FOYER - REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sam enters. Moving boxes are piled in corners.

SAM

I'm hooome.

No response. Sam removes her coat and heads for the closet. When she opens it, SOMETHING JUMPS OUT, surprising her...

It's her seven-year-old daughter SALLIE wearing a Catholic school uniform.

SALLIE

I GOT YOU, I GOT YOU!

Sam puts a hand on her heart.

SAM

You sure did. Thanks for the jump-start.

Sam smothers her in kisses.

SAM (CONT'D)

Where's Daddy?

SALLIE
On his computer *again*.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

TONY REIGLE uses a coffee table for a desk, wearing a Buffalo Bills t-shirt and headphones to block out the cartoons on TV.

He's deep into a job search on his laptop (commercial real-estate) while a PUPPY is curled up beside him.

Sam approaches from behind.

SAM
Hey, babe.

He can't hear her. Sam tries to get his attention without startling him... but fails.

He takes the headphones off and Sam picks up their puppy -- it yawns in her hands.

SAM (CONT'D)
Some guard dog you are, Hans.
(re: the job ads)
Anything interesting?

TONY
I might have to pivot from
"commercial development."

SAM
You'll find something. There's
potential.

TONY
Maybe for a "Senior Engineer..."

SAM
"Senior" makes me sound old.

TONY
Being a boss only makes you sound
hot.

SAM
Oh really?

They kiss... Hans barks.

TONY
A little late, buddy.

INT. KITCHEN - REIGLE RESIDENCE - LATER

Sam, Tony and Sallie eat dinner.

SAM
School going okay?

SALLIE
I don't like my uniform. It's
itchy.

SAM
After we wash it a few times, it'll
get softer.

SALLIE
I miss my Buffalo friends.

SAM
I'm sure they miss you too, but
you'll make new ones. Learn
anything cool today?

SALLIE
This thing called "confession,"
where you tell God about any bad
stuff you did and then He forgives
you. Is that real?

Sam and Tony share a look.

TONY
It's real for a lot of people. What
matters most is what you believe.

SAM
You also have science there, right?

SALLIE
Yeahhh but it's boring.

SAM
Understanding how the world works
is not boring...

TONY
How *does* the world work, Mommy?

SAM
(to Sallie)
What matters *most* is you're in the
best school here and it's gonna be
a great year, right Daddy?

TONY
(smiles)
Right.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tony climbs into bed while Sam rummages through boxes.

SAM
She should get to make up her own
mind.

TONY
Exactly. Which is why we shouldn't
tell her what to think.

SAM
Tony, I just don't want them to
brainwash her, okay? I went to
Catholic school, I know how it is.

Sam opens another box.

TONY
What're you looking for?

SAM
My nightguard. I won't have any
teeth left soon.

Tony helps her look through boxes.

TONY
So Sallie learns a little about
spirituality. Not exactly the worst
outcome considering we uprooted her
life.

SAM
You think it was a mistake coming
here?

TONY
I'm just saying we're *all*
adjusting, Sam.

SAM
Precision is helping Detroit make a
comeback. That can only be good for
us...

Tony finds the nightguard and hands it to Sam.

TONY

And this can only be good for that
lovely smile.

Sam puts the nightguard in her mouth and shows her teeth.

SAM

(lisp)
Still think I'm hot?

EXT. MT. ELLIOT CEMETERY - DETROIT - NIGHT

A muscular, tattooed THUG runs shirtless through a forested
maze of headstones -- his torso bears bleeding scars.

He scales a fence with urgency and looks over his shoulder...

The silhouette of a large, DARK ENTITY knocks over headstones
as it gallops toward him.

EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The thug runs up to the front doors of the church. He tries
to open them... they don't budge.

He turns around and powerful CLAWS slash him with such force,
he is hurled across the ground.

The thug lays motionless for a beat before jolting awake with
a gasp... The entity is nowhere in sight.

He finds himself disembodied from his mutilated corpse laying
before the church doors in a pool of blood.

The thug checks his bare torso -- not only are the scars
gone, but also his tattoos.

CRACK, he looks down and sees a fracture form on the asphalt.
The ground is as fragile as thin ice, so he freezes... but
more fissures zigzag through the pavement.

It SHATTERS and he plunges...

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The thug falls into a circular cavern filled with wet
speleothems (distorted mineral formations). He looks up and
the sinkhole heals itself, sealing him inside this other
reality.

The only source of light is from one of nine tunnels surrounding him -- distant SCREAMS echo through them. He approaches the lit tunnel and peers inside...

This seemingly endless passageway is comprised of jagged, crystalized brimstone that glows from within.

An approaching ROAR echoes from one of the dark tunnels -- the thug can't tell which.

He tries scaling the wet rocks to escape, but they are too slippery -- his red hands reveal the entire cavern is leaking blood.

THE ENTITY bursts out of the darkness and drags him screaming into the glowing tunnel...

INT. PRECISION MOTORS TESTING FACILITY - DAY

Red grease paint drips down the face of a crash test dummy as a technician applies it.

The dummy is belted in behind the wheel of a "Valkyrie" SUV awaiting its fate.

INT. TESTING FACILITY CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Sam talks into a walkie-talkie.

SAM
How're we looking?

WALKIE (O.S.)
Ready to rock.

Sam nods to Kate, who works behind a control panel.

KATE
Charging is now complete. Test will
commence in four seconds... three,
two, one.

She cues "Break On Through" on the sound system.

INT. TESTING FACILITY RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pulled by the propulsion floor track system, a Moving Deformable Barrier (a battering ram on wheels) accelerates down the 600-foot-long tunnel...

The Barrier enters the impact zone and SMASHES into the parked SUV.

The dummies are whipped around as glass shatters and the airbags are deployed.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Two drivers narrowly avoided death when their truck hauling Precision Motors airbag propellant crashed on Route 19 today.

EXT. ACCIDENT SCENE - NEWS FOOTAGE - DAY

A massive, smoldering crater in the road is all that's left of the truck.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The drivers fled the wreck before a fire ignited the cargo, causing an explosion that blew out windows of nearby homes. Debris is still being recovered two miles away...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam and Tony are engrossed by the TV NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR

A spokesman for the company stated: "Although Precision has strict safety procedures relating to the transportation of its products that meet or exceed all regulatory requirements, we apologize to the citizens of Richmond for any inconvenience this accident may have caused."

TONY

What do you use for propellant?

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sam scans through company airbag schematics... Searching for propellant, she comes to "N2H4O3," otherwise known as ammonium nitrate.

A Google search for the compound reveals images of industrial mining detonations, and a mug shot of Timothy McVeigh along with the Oklahoma City bombing.

INT. CLIMATIC TEST CHAMBER - PRECISION MOTORS - ANOTHER DAY

Sam observes a "Valkyrie" SUV through a window with Vince and Larry as it endures heat lamps.

The temperature steadily rises into the 90s.

INT. CRASH HALL - PRECISION MOTORS TESTING FACILITY - DAY

The same SUV CRASHES into a concrete barrier.

The engineer team approaches the wreck.

Sam pries the driver's door open... the airbag is in tatters. She pulls the dummy back: shards of metal protrude from its face and all over the passenger dummies.

INT. DUMMY STORAGE ROOM - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - DAY

Test dummies are seated in a row, each with a scarred face... Sam pulls metal shrapnel from a small child model.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam enters to find Tony in bed. She gently stirs him awake.

TONY

Everything okay?

SAM

I have to push a recall on the "Phoenix" sedans and the new SUVs we're testing.

TONY

What's one have to do with the other?

SAM

Same airbags. Precision started using ammonium nitrate as propellant with the "Phoenix." Mining companies use it to blow up mountains. Terrorists put it in bombs -- not steering wheels.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DETROIT - DAY

Sam's Mustang heads toward the Precision Motors skyscraper.

EXT./INT. SAM'S MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Sam looks at the looming structure as he stops at a red light beside the famed Spirit of Detroit statue.

Behind the muscular bronze figure, a Biblical quote has been defaced by blood-red graffiti quoting Dante: "ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE."

CUT TO:

A COMMERCIAL

Fire consumes an ethereal void.

FEMALE (V.O.)
Adversity. Some fear it.

A BALD EAGLE descends into the devouring flames.

FEMALE (V.O.)
Others are born from it.

From the wall of fire emerges a speeding "Phoenix" luxury sedan -- the sporty relative of the SUV. Behind its wheel is a MODEL.

FEMALE (V.O.)
Introducing the Precision "Phoenix"
luxury sedan. Designed for
adversity. Built for success. Made
in America.

The bald eagle then rises from the flames and morphs into the car's "Phoenix" logo, which steams like a fresh brand.

INT. WAITING ROOM - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Sam looks uncomfortable in a blazer as she watches the commercial on a flat-screen.

A SECRETARY responds to a computer ding.

SECRETARY
Mr. McCabe is ready for you.

Sam heads for the office but the Secretary points to the price-tag still attached to her blazer -- Sam removes it.

SAM
Thanks.

SECRETARY

Don't mention it. It's great that you're the first head safety engineer here that's a woman.

SAM

(smiles)

Hopefully I'm not the last.

INT. MCCABE'S OFFICE - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Sam enters to find JASON MCCABE seated behind his desk.

MCCABE

Samantha, good to see you again.
Welcome.

SAM

Likewise, sir.

MCCABE

Your family settling into our development okay?

SAM

So far so good.

Sam takes a seat.

MCCABE

You guys enjoying the sedan?

SAM

Well, that's actually why I'm here...

Sam places a tiny glass container on McCabes's desk containing a metal shard. McCabe rattles it.

MCCABE

What is it?

SAM

A piece of a "Valkyrie" SUV airbag inflator -- the same inflator in the "Phoenix" sedans. We've been performing tests and the results have been consistent.

MCCABE

What kinds of tests?

SAM
Prolonged heat exposure in the
climatic chamber.

MCCABE
What for?

SAM
The truck that blew up transporting
our airbag propellant. I didn't
know ammonium nitrate was used in
that capacity...

MCCABE
Until "The Phoenix" it wasn't, but
it's much more cost-effective to
produce in bulk.

SAM
It's also incredibly volatile.

MCCABE
When kept in the right phase it's
perfectly safe.

SAM
Not with temperature fluctuations.
Our truck *detonated* when it caught
fire.

Sam pulls out his laptop and cues some test footage.

CRASH TEST FOOTAGE

Various angles within the SUV -- in slow-motion -- the airbag
explodes in the dummies' faces, blasting them with shards.

SAM
Some of the inflator casings have
been shattering with minimal
impact.

MCCABE
Who authorized this?

SAM
I wanted proof before approaching
management.

MCCABE
Ammonium nitrate isn't regulated.
We're not legally required to do
any temperature cycling.

Sam pulls a report from her messenger bag and hands it to McCabe, who flips through the pages.

SAM

As soon as it gets hot, we'll have ticking time-bombs driving around.

MCCABE

If this is climatically-motivated, it's completely dependent on geography.

SAM

Your point being...

MCCABE

Burden. Probability. Loss. If the burden of taking precautions is more than the probability of loss times the gravity of loss, there's no duty of due care.

SAM

Are we practicing negligence law, or trying to protect our consumers?

MCCABE

We issue a recall and halt production at the same time? Say "adios" to our jobs. Thousands of people would be laid off. You really want that on your conscience?

SAM

Of course not. But I also don't want anything to happen to our drivers if we can avoid it. Tetrazole is much more stable and--

MCCABE

--Too expensive. We explored every option and ammonium nitrate was the way to go.

SAM

Is the board aware of the risk?

MCCABE

They don't care how certain chemicals might react under specific geographical conditions. As long as production satisfies the bottom line, they're happy.

SAM
What if I'm right?

MCCABE
Sam, you of all people know...

McCabe feeds the report into a shredder.

MCCABE (CONT'D)
Accidents happen.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - PRECISION MOTORS - LATER

As Sam enters, her team works at their desks.

VINCE
How'd the meeting go?

SAM
They'll look into it.

LARRY
What's that mean?

SAM
It's out of our hands.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A shelf is dedicated to a row of model cars.

Sam stares at her Tony & Sallie screen-saver... then prompts the desktop.

Therein lives an "Inflators_report," which Sam drags to the trash... She hovers on it... fishes out a FLASH-DRIVE, COPIES the report and DELETES the original.

INT. REIGLE RESIDENCE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sallie is asleep on Tony's lap as a cartoon plays on TV. Sam takes a seat beside them.

TONY
I'd change the channel, but I'm sort of invested at this point.

Sam caresses Sallie's hair.

TONY (CONT'D)
So how'd it go?

SAM
There won't be a recall.

TONY
How come?

SAM
Jobs are at stake. Including mine.

TONY
Are they breaking any laws?

SAM
No. But there's what's legal, and
what's right.

TONY
You did your job, right?

SAM
Doesn't feel like it.

TONY
What else can you do?

INT. GARAGE - REIGLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Wearing a welding mask, Sam replaces Tony's "Phoenix" airbag with the delicacy of diffusing a bomb:

-- She unscrews the steering column, exposing the airbag module.

-- Slowly pulls the module out and uses pliers to gingerly disconnect the wires.

-- Places the faulty module inside an anti-static bag (any charge could make it explode) and stores it in a cooler filled with ice.

-- Inserts a brand new airbag module into the steering column before screwing it shut.

Sam removes the welding mask and wipes sweat, relieved... yet troubled.

EXT. DELRAY, MICHIGAN - ABANDONED LOT - DAY

Sam digs a hole in the frozen ground with a shovel.

She opens the cooler, transfers Tony's faulty inflator into the hole, and buries it.

A cold breeze makes tattered plastic tarps covering the windows of nearby derelict houses rustle -- they move back and forth as if breathing.

EXT. ROUTE 53 - MICHIGAN - NIGHT

A luxury sedan drives with urgency through snowy terrain.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

A bare foot presses the gas.

A gun rests on the passenger seat.

They belong to the OLDER WOMAN behind the wheel (dyed hair), looking distressed and feverish in her silk pajamas -- blood seeps through the fabric across her torso.

The gas light turns on.

EXT. RURAL GAS STATION - MINUTES LATER

The sedan pulls up to a pump and the woman gets out -- the only customer. She looks around nervously as she refuels.

The gas stops flowing at \$5.08 and she becomes fearful.

The station lights FLICKER... and then go dark.

The woman yanks the pump out and tries to get in her car, but it won't unlock.

She runs toward the attendant kiosk... but stops when she comes across a monstrous pair of tracks in the snow... her gaze follows them as they circle around her, approaching from behind...

She turns around and is TACKLED BY A LARGE, DARK ENTITY.

INT. BRIMSTONE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The woman (her hair now its natural grey color) is dragged across glowing, crystalized brimstone by the entity that attacked her -- the same tunnel the thug was last seen in.

The laws of gravity no longer apply as she is pulled in a disorienting spin.

A fiery light at the far end of the tunnel intensifies as the entity drags its screaming prey toward it...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE ST. CLAIR - DETROIT - SUMMERTIME DAWN

A smoldering, pollution-hued sunrise emerges on the horizon.

EXT. HOUSE - UPSCALE SUBURBS - MORNING

The garage door rises, revealing a new Precision "Phoenix" sedan. Behind the wheel is HENRY. He waves to his wife as he drives away.

INT./EXT. "PHOENIX" SEDAN - MAIN STREET - LATER

Henry cranks the A/C and sips iced coffee as he drives. On the radio:

AM NEWS WEATHERMAN (O.S.)
*These record-breaking summer
temperatures scorching much of the
country continue to linger with no
end in sight...*

Henry spills coffee on his lap.

HENRY
Shit!

A car abruptly stops ahead... Henry slams his brakes... but not in time.

INT./EXT. OTHER CAR - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN reacts to the fender bender and gets out...

She freezes when she sees Henry's windows are fractured with speckles of blood.

The door opens... and out staggers Henry, impaled with shards of metal: one of which is lodged in his eye and the rest have torn chunks of flesh from his face.

INT. TV STUDIO

ANCHORS cover an escalating scandal: wrecked cars on roads and highways. Sheets cover bodies on asphalt.

ANCHOR 1

Traffic-related fatalities across the nation appear to reveal a disturbing pattern as an Office of Defects Investigation confirms all of the victims were driving "Phoenix" sedans...

ANOTHER NEWS REPORT

A 3D animation shows the inflator assembly behind an airbag within the steering wheel, and the chemical reaction that inflates it.

ANCHOR 2 (V.O.)

Airbags are designed to save our lives, but when the chemical propellant used to inflate them is a highly unstable compound, the force of this inflation can be quite deadly...

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Sweaty patrons hold cold beers to their necks and foreheads. Among them, Vince and Larry look up at the TV, disturbed...

ANCHOR 3

We have breaking news about a class action lawsuit claiming that Precision Motors is culpable for at least twenty deaths and one hundred severe injuries. A probe by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is now underway...

N.H.T.S.A. (pronounced "NITS-uh") agent JANE DOWIE (50's) is ID'd on screen as she's interviewed.

DOWIE

These allegations plainly warrant an aggressive criminal investigation. We encourage current or former Precision employees with any information to please contact N.H.T.S.A. courtesy of our Lansing office. Whoever is responsible for this loss of life must be held accountable.

INT. DETROIT NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A P.A. removes Agent Dowie's mic. The young REPORTER who interviewed her is nearby...

YOUNG REPORTER

You think Precision would actually do this on purpose? My in-laws just got us a "Phoenix" for a wedding present.

DOWIE

So long as they're turning a profit, they really don't give a shit if we live or die.

INT. COBO CENTER - GRAND RIVERVIEW BALLROOM - SAME

A Precision Motors SIZZLE REEL plays on a giant screen, as an intro for a "Phoenix" Sedan that drives onto the stage, punctuated by flames.

An EMCEE announces...

EMCEE

Ladies and gentlemen, Precision Motors CEO Lorne Campbell!

LORNE CAMPBELL steps out of the sedan and approaches a podium before a black-tie crowd of the auto industry's elite.

CAMPBELL

Best parking spot in Detroit.

Laughter.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Since 1976, the Detroit Auto Show Charity Preview has raised more than \$112 million for southeastern Michigan children's charities. And because of your generous contributions, we've raised over \$5 million this evening alone!

Applause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

That's right. Give yourself a round of applause for making this the largest annual, single-night fundraiser *in the world*.

The screen behind her shows a series of old photos -- Detroit in its prime.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Standing here before you fills me with pride. Pride to have dedicated my life to this great industry. After all, Detroit didn't just build cars, we built the American dream. We put a car in every driveway of every home. We put this country on wheels and made it go... But that was then.

Stark images of abandoned Detroit fill the screen.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

This is now: 30,000 empty houses, 70,000 abandoned buildings, and 90,000 vacant lots. Where did Detroit go? Right across the river, actually. Many of us moved a bulk of our manufacturing into Canada, and the rest to Mexico. In fact, an overwhelming majority of "American-made" cars are, at best, partially made here. Since 1994, Michigan has lost over 100,000 jobs to our bordering neighbors. It turns out the auto industry sold out the very dream it created... Which is why Precision Motors is bringing jobs back to Detroit, where they belong. After all, Motor City didn't get its name from exporting manufacturing to other countries. This evening isn't just about saving the children of southeast Michigan. It's about saving southeast Michigan itself.

Applause from the crowd.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Thank you and I'll see you at the reception.

Campbell walks backstage and his ASSISTANT hands him a phone: breaking news about the lawsuit against his company.

INT. COBO CENTER - ATRIUM - LATER

A full house mingles among glowing ice sculptures of cars for an opulent cocktail party.

Among them, Jason McCabe looks feverish and pale. His wife LISA is beside him, visibly concerned.

LISA
You're looking worse.

McCabe is engrossed in his phone.

LISA (CONT'D)
Jason...

MCCABE
What?

LISA
I'm through arguing about this.
Call Dr. Field now.

McCabe shakes his head and shows her the lawsuit news.

MCCABE
Let's go home.

McCabe leads his wife toward the exit when he sees DEAD INFLATOR VICTIMS within the crowd, staring at him with shredded faces and hollow eyes.

He reels back and knocks over one of the ice sculptures -- the car SHATTERS, drawing the party's attention.

McCabe looks around... the dead are gone. Lisa helps him up.

LISA
You okay?!

Campbell's Assistant appears, flanked by two PRIVATE SECURITY MEN.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Campbell would like to see you.

MCCABE
(to Lisa)
Wait for me at the valet.

EXT. COBO CENTER - BALCONY - MINUTES LATER

McCabe wipes sweat from his brow as he's escorted outside.

Campbell holds up a headline on his phone -- "*The Fatal Flaw Behind Precision's Airbags.*"

MCCABE

Unless they outlaw ammonium
nitrate, we'll weather this.

CAMPBELL

Did the engineers know this could
happen?

MCCABE

The Senior engineer raised some
concerns but our consensus was to
move forward.

CAMPBELL

Your consensus could get us charged
with criminal negligence.

MCCABE

Lorne, you told me as long as we're
cutting costs, you didn't care how
it happened.

CAMPBELL

Clearly I overestimated your
judgement.

MCCABE

Even with any fines, we'll come out
ahead. Ford, GM, Chrysler: they all
had issues and people still buy
their cars. They forgive, they
forget, life moves on.

CAMPBELL

That doesn't mean we move with it.

Campbell goes inside... After a moment, McCabe clutches his
chest in pain and opens his jacket, revealing streaks of
blood seeping through his shirt.

EXT. MCCABE RESIDENCE - GROSSE POINTE, MI - NIGHT

A strong wind bends trees surrounding this upscale home.

INT. MCCABE RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An alarm clock shows it's nearly midnight.

Still dressed from the event, McCabe and Lisa try to keep it down despite their heated emotions. McCabe's closed jacket conceals the bloody streaks.

LISA
If you're caught up in something,
tell me and we'll work through it.

MCCABE
There's thousands of jobs at stake.

LISA
Don't lie to me. You're scared of
something. And it's making you
sick...

The POWER GOES OUT.

Creeaaaakkk, the door slowly opens, as if on its own accord... but it's just their sons ANDREW (9) and JEREMY (6).

ANDREW
Our night-light went out.

LISA
A branch must've knocked down a
power line. No big deal. Let's get
you tucked back in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MCCABE RESIDENCE - LATER

McCabe, pouring sweat, lights the last of several burning candles.

He strips down to his white tank top, which reveals bandages across his torso -- his circulatory system infected around them -- and a pistol, tucked into his waistband.

McCabe notices a flickering light in the kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN - MCCABE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

He discovers the oven is on and open, its flames producing the flickering light.

The temperature reads 508 degrees.

McCabe kneels down to close it... DARK, BLISTERING HANDS reach out and grab him, trying to pull him inside the burning oven...

He frees himself, falls back to the floor, and kicks it shut.

LISA (O.S.)
What're you doing??

McCabe startles to find Lisa in her robe.

MCCABE
We're not safe here.

LISA
Yes we are.

MCCABE
The oven was on. Look at the
temperature...

Lisa does.

LISA
Not this again.

Lisa turns the oven off.

LISA (CONT'D)
Give me the gun.

MCCABE
I feel better with it.

LISA
Jason...

Reluctantly, McCabe hands the pistol to his wife.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MCCABE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

While Lisa blows out the candles, McCabe observes bending branches creating shadows... which appear to take on the fleeting form of a FIGURE.

MCCABE
Did you see that??

LISA
See what?

MCCABE
I think someone's outside...

LISA
Just shadows. Come on...

Lisa heads for the stairs but McCabe hesitates...

The candles extinguish and a GROWL emerges, followed by the SECURITY ALARM.

The boys come down the stairs, frightened.

ANDREW
What's going on??

Lisa hands the gun back to her husband.

LISA
We're leaving!

EXT. MCCABE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Gripping his revolver, McCabe opens the front door... no sign of danger.

Lisa runs out to their car, gripping each son's hand.

McCabe is right behind them when a pair of SAVAGE CLAWS emerge from the darkness, yanking him back into the house.

Lisa turns around to see the door slam shut.

LISA
Jason!?

Lisa tries opening the door... BULLETS blast around her.

She presses her car key, unlocking the vehicle.

LISA (CONT'D)
Get in!

The boys climb inside.

Lisa peers through a window in the house.

McCabe runs up to it -- his chest slashed by bloody claw marks -- for a moment face to face with his wife...

He's PULLED BACK by a MONSTROUS ENTITY that THRASHES him around.

INT. BRIMSTONE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

McCabe is dragged through the same disorienting passageway from before. The approaching fiery light at the end of the tunnel appears to be an opening of some kind...

Just as they're about to go through, McCabe grabs hold of the edges and clings for his life, baring teeth that are now crooked...

But his hands are cut by the sharp brimstone and the blood makes him lose his grip...

INT. TAR PIT - CONTINUOUS

McCabe falls through a hazy void and tumbles down a slope of volcanic gravel. He tries stopping his descent, but the gravel is too loose...

Awaiting him is a vast reservoir of BOILING TAR, out of which emerge SKELETAL FIGURES that reach out with the same blistering hands from the oven...

Despite his frantic effort, McCabe can't avoid their burning grasps and they pull him in... the black liquid dissolves his flesh upon contact.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Andrew and Jeremy watch a panicked Lisa speed away.

ANDREW
Where's Dad??

Lisa struggles to find the words... Distracted, she speeds toward an intersection, unaware of a stop sign...

HEADLIGHTS quickly approach from the side...

INT. KITCHEN - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Sallie eats breakfast while Sam and Tony are engrossed by a NATIONAL MORNING SHOW -- the HOST interviews Campbell.

HOST
Lorne Campbell is the CEO of Precision Motors, which is currently under scrutiny for their popular "Phoenix" model sedan. Thank you for joining us.

CAMPBELL
I wish it was under better circumstances. Thank you for having me.

HOST

Is it safe to drive the "Phoenix?"

CAMPBELL

Precision Motors got its name because of our staunch dedication to design, quality and above all, safety. We would never release a vehicle that failed the highest industry standards or our valued customers.

HOST

So they have nothing to worry about?

CAMPBELL

I wouldn't have driven *my* "Phoenix" here if there was. Before fear is fanned, we need a thorough examination of the facts.

HOST

Twenty lives. A hundred life-altering injuries. What do you say about *those* facts?

CAMPBELL

We grieve the loss of life on our roadways, but any allegations of willful wrongdoing by Precision is wholly inaccurate.

REPORTER

What about issuing a recall?

CAMPBELL

The sad reality is, on average, there are over 15,000 car accidents per day in this country. Every twelve minutes, someone dies behind the wheel. To claim our airbags are responsible for these tragedies, and not the accidents themselves, is premature.

Sam regards Sallie and leads Tony into the hallway.

SAM

I have the test data. Maybe I should go public with it. Force a recall.

TONY

Slow down. Let's think that through...

SAM

Tony, what am I even doing here if I can't do my job??

TONY

If you expose them now, they'll blame you. If we're *lucky* we'll end up in massive debt from legal fees while you're unemployed. And if we're not? Sallie gets to visit her mother in *prison*. Using ammonium nitrate was their call, not yours.

EXT. PRECISION MOTORS AUTO PLANT - MORNING

As Sam drives up to the gate, she passes NEWS CREWS.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - PRECISION MOTORS - CONTINUOUS

Sam enters. Her team is huddled around a TV.

SAM

What's going on?

A NEWS REPORT shows a company photo of Jason McCabe.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

... was a senior-level operations executive at the company.

Footage shows the outside of McCabe's residence, blocked-off by police tape.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Investigators aren't saying whether McCabe's death has any connection to his alleged role in the scandal that has rocked the American auto-industry.

SAM

What happened?

LARRY

He died at home and his wife and kids got into a car accident. Kids are fine, wife is in the hospital.

At the sight of a body bag being wheeled out of McCabe's house, Sam exits.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Sam addresses his team.

SAM

N.H.T.S.A. will be interviewing us soon, but we've still got jobs to do. We need to stay focused.

KATE

What do they want? We discovered a potential flaw and you alerted management. End of story.

SAM

Just standard procedure.

VINCE

How long before Precision moves shop south of the border?

SAM

No one is legally required to submit ammonium nitrate to temperature cycling.

KATE

What're you saying?

SAM

When the time comes, let the lawyers do the talking.

LARRY

You know what you call a dozen lawyers buried up to their necks in cement? "Not enough cement."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - ANOTHER DAY

N.H.T.S.A. Agent Dowie sits across the table from Sam, who is flanked by Precision's GENERAL COUNSEL.

GENERAL COUNSEL

Ms. Reigle, along with the rest of the Engineering Department, have all signed non-disclosure agreements pertaining to sensitive company data.

DOWIE

Agreements that become null and void should it be proven Precision willfully allowed the installation of a defective product in order to protect its profits? Duly noted... Ms. Reigle, at what point did the faulty inflators come to your attention?

GENERAL COUNSEL

At no point was Ms. Reigle, or any other member of his team, aware of the faulty inflators prior to the accidents.

DOWIE

(to Sam)

You mean to tell me, as the Senior Test Engineer, you had zero prior knowledge of this explosive defect?

GENERAL COUNSEL

What part of the answer did you not understand?

DOWIE

Did Precision knowingly use an unstable propellant because it was thirty percent cheaper to produce per module?

GENERAL COUNSEL

Asking the same question differently won't change the answer.

DOWIE

Ms. Reigle. Did anyone in management instruct you to alter or destroy test data pertinent to the inflators?

GENERAL COUNSEL

They did not.

DOWIE

Can you substantiate that claim?

GENERAL COUNSEL

If N.H.T.S.A. wants any internal documentation, you'll need to issue a subpoena.

DOWIE

I'll initiate a special order for
your test data. Ms. Reigle, we'll
be in touch.

INT. BATHROOM - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

Sam enters a stall... and vomits.

INT. BASEMENT / SAM'S WORKSHOP - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam assembles a model of a 1961 Chevrolet Corvair.

She dips a toothbrush in soapy water to gently wash the
pieces on their plastic sprue trees, paints them, and uses a
blade to shave off their molding bumps.

Sallie enters in her pajamas as Sam glues pieces together.

SALLIE

Daddy says you should tuck me in.

SAM

Wanna be my assistant before we do?

She nods and Sam lifts her onto her lap.

SAM (CONT'D)

I used to do this with Grandpa when
I was your age...

Sam hands her a piece.

SAM (CONT'D)

The swing-axle helps the wheels
over bumpy roads. First we dab a
little glue... And then we attach
it, very carefully, to this part
here. Remember what it is?

SALLIE

The chassis!

SAM

That's right. Now we just gotta
hold them together for a bit...

Sam helps her attach the pieces.

SALLIE

Why are you sad?

SAM
Who said I'm sad?

SALLIE
I can tell.

SAM
Well... It's my job to make sure
people are safe when they're
driving around... And some people
got hurt.

SALLIE
Don't worry, Mommy. You'll do
better next time.

On the verge of tears, Sam smiles.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Wide awake, Sam sits beside a sleeping Tony.

A subtle CREAKING floorboard causes her to glance at the
door... under which, a shadow stands on the other side.

Sam rises. The shadow shifts slightly, making the floorboard
creak again.

Sam wraps her hand around the doorknob... and opens it: but
no one is there.

INT. SALLIE'S BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sam pushes Sally's bedroom door open... She's soundly asleep
next to Hans.

A MASSIVE SHADOW emerges behind Sam, looming over her.

Sensing a presence, Sam turns around... the hallway is empty.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam stirs in her sleep, perspired. Dreaming.

The same large entity from the hallway draws near on all
fours... When it reaches the bed, it stands up, towering over
Sam and Tony...

INT./EXT. SAM'S MUSTANG - HIGHWAY - DREAM

Sam drives and spots an overturned car up ahead -- the same "Phoenix" sedan Tony drives.

Getting closer, she sees a MAN face down on the pavement amid broken glass.

Sam bolts out of her car.

SAM

TONY!?

Sam turns him over... We don't see what she sees.

SALLIE (O.S.)

Mommy!

Sam crawls to the wreck.

SAM

Take my hand!

She reaches her arm into the mangled car... and is DRAGGED INSIDE.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Sam bolts up in bed to find Sallie standing beside her.

SALLIE

It was just a bad dream.

Sam takes a moment to get her bearings.

Sallie holds up a piece of bacon with a bite taken out of it.

SALLIE (CONT'D)

Breakfast is ready.

INT. BATHROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Sam turns on the shower and catches her reflection in the mirror -- spots of blood form dotted lines on her t-shirt.

She peels off the shirt, revealing three bloody scratches dragged across her torso, shoulder to abdomen.

INT. KITCHEN - REIGLE RESIDENCE - LATER

In a business suit, Tony pours coffee into two thermoses. Sam greets him with a kiss.

TONY
Morning.

SAM
Looking good. What time's the interview?

TONY
Ten.

SAM
Want me to drop Sallie off?

TONY
You mind?

SAM
Of course not.

The buttons on Sam's shirt are out of sync. Tony starts to undo them...

TONY
Restless night? You were moving around a lot.

He sees bandages crisscross her chest.

TONY (CONT'D)
What's this??

SAM
Had this awful nightmare. Must've been scratching myself.

TONY
Sam. Don't do this.

SAM
Do what?

Tony buttons her shirt properly.

TONY
Worry yourself sick. Whenever there's a problem, you tend to get...

SAM
Innovative?

Tony caresses her tired face.

TONY
Obsessive. First N.H.T.S.A. and
then McCabe. It's a lot.

SAM
I'll be fine... You're gonna blow
them away. Text me when it's done.
And drive *safe*, okay?

TONY
You got it.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Sam and Sallie get in the Mustang. She turns the radio on and
backs out -- not noticing Sallie push the cigarette lighter.

REPORTER (O.S.)
*The death of executive Jason McCabe
is officially being ruled a
homicide, but with no culprit or
motive at this time. Authorities
state there were no signs of forced
entry, and he was so mutilated,
coroners needed several days to
stitch the remains back together--*

Sam switches to some music. Sallie plucks the red-hot
cigarette lighter out of its socket.

SALLIE
What's this do?

SAM
Burn you if you're not careful.

Sam takes it from her and puts it back.

EXT. HOLY REDEEMER GRADE SCHOOL - MORNING

Sam holds Sallie's hand as they approach the school.

SALLIE
It's hotter than Hell out.

SAM
Sallie! Where did you hear that?

SALLIE
Sister Murray.

SAM
Right. Well... don't say that
again.

SALLIE
How come?

SAM
Because it's a bad word.

SALLIE
But you said it's not a real
place...

SAM
It's still a bad word.

SALLIE
Okayyy.

SAM
Give us a hug.

Sallie throws her arms around her before running into the school. FATHER WALSH (60's) greets the children as they enter.

FATHER WALSH
Ms. Reigle! Pleasure to see you.

SAM
Likewise, Father. How's Sallie
doing?

FATHER WALSH
She's coming into her own. It's
never easy being new.

SAM
I know the feeling.

FATHER WALSH
"Start children off on the way they
should go, and even when they are
old they will not turn from it."

SAM
Is that from...

FATHER WALSH
Book of Proverbs. It's a real page-
turner.

SAM
(smiles)
I'll take your word for it.

EXT./INT. SAM'S MUSTANG - LATER

Sam drives to work. She stops at a red light and notices a HOMELESS MAN clutching a sign: "THE DEVIL IS IN DETROIT."

He turns his head and makes eye contact with Sam.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - PRECISION MOTORS TESTING FACILITY - DAY

A wrecked "Valkyrie" SUV slowly spins on a turntable.

Sam oversees the engineering team as they document every angle with digital cameras and 3D scanners.

SAM
(Re: the dummies inside)
We need female designs. All the
data we're compiling is based on
male anatomies.

KATE
At \$500k a pop, management said,
and I quote, "we should be able to
approximate the data for women
between the male and child
dummies." Can you believe that?

SAM
Unfortunately, yes.

LARRY
Hey, you guys hear they moved
McCabe's wife to a mental hospital?

VINCE
Why?

KATE
Probably has something to do with
witnessing her husband being
brutally murdered.

LARRY

I just hope they catch the psycho
who did it.

VINCE

Whoever it is, it's karma.
(to Sam)
You warned him about the inflators
and he didn't listen.

SAM

(uneasy)
He thought he was doing the right
thing...

Sam gets a text from Tony: "GOT IT!"

INT. CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Floor-to-ceiling windows reveal the Detroit River below. The
General Counsel who spoke for Sam earlier places the
N.H.T.S.A. subpoena on Campbell's desk.

GENERAL COUNSEL

Subpoena arrived. They want all the
airbag test data.

CAMPBELL

What're our options?

GENERAL COUNSEL

We have five days to comply. Run
out the clock then file a motion to
quash it right before the deadline.
It'll buy us time.

CAMPBELL

Could we get it thrown out?

GENERAL COUNSEL

McCabe made our optics worse. If it
was suicide, nothing else to look
at. But murder? Either it was
random or maybe someone didn't want
him to talk. Who else knew about
the inflators?

CAMPBELL

Only one I know of is our Senior
Test Engineer but McCabe said she
wasn't an issue. How was she with
Dowie?

GENERAL COUNSEL

Kept her mouth shut. Wouldn't hurt for you to get a read on her... How do you want to move forward with our friend at N.H.T.S.A.?

INT. N.H.T.S.A. LANSING OFFICE - NIGHT

A sprawl of empty cubicles. Only one is lit.

Agent Dowie browses the "Calspan" website -- an automotive research and testing facility in Buffalo, NY.

-- In 2015, they reached their 2,000th crash test milestone. A group photo shows engineers celebrating with their dummies. Among them is Sam.

-- Dowie hyperlinks to a local news article about Sam helping cutting-edge research into Advanced Driver Assistance Systems.

The DIVISION DIRECTOR approaches.

DIVISION DIRECTOR

Find anything?

DOWIE

I don't get it. Before Precision, Reigle worked at Calpspan developing crash avoidance systems.

DIVISION DIRECTOR

What's not to get?

DOWIE

She saves lives. Why betray that now?

DIVISION DIRECTOR

Integrity usually comes with a price-tag.

DOWIE

No. She finally starts playing in the majors and gets stonewalled with cost-cutting bullshit. Knows it's wrong, but doesn't want to rock the boat, except now it's sinking. If anyone's blowing the whistle, it'll be her.

DIVISION DIRECTOR

Then give her the whistle.

He walks away and Dowie resumes her work... but is distracted by a framed photo on her desk depicting young parents and their little girl circa the 1970s.

INT. KITCHEN - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam enters with a bottle of champagne. Tony's on his laptop.

SAM
(kisses him)
I knew you'd crush it.

TONY
I think we've been hacked.

SAM
How come?

TONY
I can't make it stop...

He pushes the laptop toward Sam, which displays a gruesome barrage of photos of the inflator accident victims.

Sam tries stopping the "slide show," but the computer is stuck on a loop.

SAM
Jesus... Who sent this??

TONY
Apparently you.

She sees it was sent from her account.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam and Tony are seated across from a POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER
If it's identity theft or online harassment, you would need to contact the FBI.

SAM
Someone's messing with us. It could be the same person who killed McCabe.

POLICE OFFICER
Look. I understand the situation
with your company, but as it
stands, this is not a legitimate
death threat. That said, if you
receive one, call us.

The Officer gets up.

TONY
That's it?

POLICE OFFICER
That's it. I'll see myself out.
Have a good night.

The Officer closes the door behind him.

SAM
We're getting a security system.

TONY
We've got a shotgun.

SAM
And when's the last time you used
it?

TONY
When I went hunting with your
father...

SAM
Exactly.

INT. REIGLE RESIDENCE - DAY

A technician installs their security system.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Tony gives Sam pointers as she practices using their shotgun.
She gets a call on her cell and answers.

SAM
Hello? ... Today?

INT. UPSCALE SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

A hostess escorts Sam to a table... where Lorne Campbell sits. She joins him, unaware of his private security seated nearby (the same ones from the charity event).

CAMPBELL

Ms. Reigle. Lorne Campbell. Thanks for coming on such short notice.

SAM

Nice to meet you.

CAMPBELL

I hope you don't mind, I ordered for us. Tight schedule.

SAM

I'm not very hungry but thank you.

CAMPBELL

At least take something to go. They get their fish shipped in daily from around the world. So on to less pleasant topics... How's your team holding up after McCabe?

SAM

Hanging in there.

CAMPBELL

It's been difficult to process, to say the least. I wanted to touch base and see if there's anything you'd care to discuss about McCabe or the airbag situation?

SAM

There's no record of any wrongdoing on our end, but that didn't stop someone from going after McCabe. Or from emailing my husband photos of the accident victims.

CAMPBELL

That's awful. Did you speak with the police?

SAM

They said it wasn't a legitimate threat.

CAMPBELL

Who do you think it was?

SAM

There are over a hundred
traumatized people blaming
Precision for what happened.

CAMPBELL

Statistically, there's a 1 in 103
chance a driver will never make it
to their destination alive. With
odds like that, I think it's
important for people to respect the
limits of our control and let due
process take its course.

SAM

Do you really still drive a
"Phoenix?"

CAMPBELL

(nods)

There's nothing wrong with them. If
there was, you would've certainly
brought it to our attention...
right?

SAM

Ammonium nitrate was being utilized
before I joined the team.

CAMPBELL

Are you suggesting that was a
mistake?

SAM

I think until we know for sure, it
might be in everyone's best
interests to initiate a recall.

CAMPBELL

We don't initiate recalls on
hunches. Can you *prove* we're at
fault?

Beat.

SAM

Not at the moment.

CAMPBELL

Well if that should change, I
expect you'll come to me with it
directly.

Sam nods.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

With our new sedan I wanted to design a beacon of *hope*. Something that symbolizes the rebirth of this city. And what better symbol than a burning phoenix, rising from the ashes of its demise?

SAM

And what about "The Valkyrie?"

CAMPBELL

I wanted something bold. Powerful. In Norse mythology, valkyries were the ones who presided over mortal battles... They were the ones that decided who lived and who died.

INT. BATHROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A shirtless Sam peels bandages off her torso -- the scratches have welted into scars.

INT. DERMATOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

Scars are magnified under a medical lamp.

A shirtless Sam sits on an examination table while the DERMATOLOGIST studies her torso.

DERMATOLOGIST

Do they hurt?

SAM

No. But I have no idea what caused them. Or why they won't go away.

DERMATOLOGIST

Dermatographia means "skin writing." It's a rare but harmless condition in which casual contact, such as scratching, causes welts. Any allergies?

SAM

None that I know of.

DERMATOLOGIST

What about stress? More than usual?

SAM

You could say that.

DOCTOR

That can do it. Let's get you on
some antihistamine to help clear it
up. Nothing to worry about.

INT. CRASH HALL - PRECISION MOTORS TESTING FACILITY - DAY

Engineers carefully steer a 320,000 lbs barrier into the
crash hall via a pneumatic system. Videographers line up
cameras and adjust lighting.

Sam stands among them, observing.

INT. WORKSHOP - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The Prep Team readies a "Valkyrie" SUV on the runway track.

They place a dummy behind the steering wheel, fasten its seat
belt, and apply red and blue grease paint to its face.

A network of computers GLITCH -- the monitors flicker,
revealing a nearly-subliminal glimpse of a DEMONIC FACE
comprised of digital interference.

Suddenly, the track ACTIVATES, pulling the SUV down the
tunnel...

INT. CONTROL TOWER - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Kate makes adjustments on the monitors.

WALKIE (O.S.)

Vehicle coming in hot!

Kate looks at the runway feed... and sees the SUV racing down
the track.

KATE

CLEAR THE HALL!

Sam turns at the sound of the SUV drawing near.

SAM

EVERYONE OUT OF THE WAY!

The engineers SCATTER as the SUV speeds in.

It breaks free from the skate-track and steers toward Sam...
She barely jumps out of the way as it CRASHES into a wall,
shattering the windshield.

The team runs to her aide... all Sam can do is stare at the wreck in shock.

INT. DUMMY STORAGE - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - LATER

Sam parks a forklift transporting the dummy and seats it among the others -- it weighs as much as an adult male, so it takes some effort.

She drops the dummy in its seat and we notice its neck ID number is "508."

Sam heads for the exit, and is about to shut the door when she notices...

The dummy she just seated is the only one with a turned head: it now stares directly at her.

INT. LOBBY - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - LATER

A jittery Sam exits the elevator and bumps into Agent Dowie.

SAM

Excuse me.

DOWIE

Ms. Riegle, I was hoping to have a word with you.

Sam keeps walking.

SAM

Sorry, I'm heading out early.

DOWIE

Let me walk you to your car.

Sam gives a nod to GUS -- the security guard behind the front desk.

GUS

See you tomorrow, Sam.

EXT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - PRECISION MOTORS - DAY

Agent Dowie follows Sam.

SAM

There's nothing I can tell you.

DOWIE
Just listen.

Sam nods.

DOWIE (CONT'D)
When Ford released the Pinto, its fuel tank could be punctured in a fender-bender and they covered it up because it was more cost-effective to satisfy settlements than fix the problem at eleven dollars a vehicle.

SAM
I know the history.

DOWIE
You don't know that when my parents' Pinto was rear-ended, a spark was all it took to incinerate them. They were two of 500 people burned alive due to Ford's criminal negligence.

SAM
I'm sorry for your loss but... why are you telling me this?

Dowie rolls up her sleeve, revealing severe burn scars.

DOWIE
I don't remember how I escaped, just that I watched the flames, praying they'd get out... My parents were turned into ashes because Ford Motors didn't think our lives were worth *eleven dollars*. You've managed to get a good seat at the boys' table and I respect that. But don't let blind loyalty overshadow the fact you and I protect people. If you choose to honor that, give me a call.

She hands Sam her card and walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam sits at the table, nursing red wine with the bottle beside her.

Tony enters in his work attire.

TONY
You're home early.

SAM
Took the afternoon off.

They kiss and he joins her.

TONY
Everything okay?

SAM
Better now.

Sam pours him a glass.

SAM (CONT'D)
How was your day?

TONY
Pretty great. We're coordinating between the City and the EPA to map contamination sites that need funding for a bunch of green infrastructure initiatives.

SAM
You sound inspired.

TONY
Like you said, Detroit making a comeback is only good for us... So why'd you leave early?

SAM
There was an accident in the crash hall. One of the SUV's jumped off the track and nearly ran me over. Tech's said there was a glitch in our network but...

TONY
But what?

SAM
It felt like it was coming after me.

TONY
What do you tell me when something happens I can't explain? "The only time logic eludes a situation..."

SAM
"...Is when people are illogical."
I know. It's just after everything
that's been going on...

TONY
Look, sometimes... accidents just
happen.

Hearing McCabe's words again unnerves Sam.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Sam stirs awake to find Sallie standing beside her.

SALLIE
(whispers)
Hans is barking.

BARKING can be heard from downstairs. Tony awakens.

TONY
What's going on??

SAM
(removes nightguard)
Something's bothering Hans.

TONY
I'll check.

SAM
Take the you-know-what.

TONY
He probably just has to pee.

SAM
Humor me?

TONY
The alarm's not going off. We're
good.

Tony goes downstairs.

SALLIE
Do I still have to go to school
today?

SAM
Why wouldn't you?

SALLIE
(shrugs)
I'm not getting all my sleep?

SAM
Nice try.

SALLIE
... I don't hear Hans anymore.

SAM
(to door)
Tony? Everything okay?

No answer. Sam moves to the door.

SAM (CONT'D)
Tony?

Silence...

SAM (CONT'D)
(to Sallie)
Go to your room. I'll be back in a
minute.

Sallie does as she's told.

Sam retrieves a black case from the closet and does the
combination, revealing the shotgun.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sam descends the stairs into darkness.

She turns on a light, it FLICKERS.

The alarm panel blinks "508508508" -- Sam resets it.

She cautiously navigates the first floor, peering out windows
and turning on lights along the way -- which are drained of
their luminance.

SAM
Tony?

The sound of a REVVING ENGINE startles Sam. She moves to the
door leading to the garage... opens it... and is confronted
by a HAZE shrouding the glow of headlights.

INT. GARAGE - REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Tony's idling "Phoenix" sedan clouds the space with exhaust.

Sam tries getting in, it's locked.

She heads back to the house but the door SLAMS shut -- it won't open.

Sam presses the garage door button, which doesn't work.

She gets into her Mustang and coughs... A LARGE DARK SHAPE disturbs the thick haze engulfing the vehicle.

Sam locks the doors and sinks low, clutching the shotgun. She tracks the entity's movement through the mirrors as it circles her, hearing metallic SCRATCHING against the Mustang's body.

Sam aims the shotgun toward the windshield... waiting.

She checks the rear-view and sees a SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE in the back seat, making her startle and turn around... no one is there.

Sam looks back at the rear-view, nothing.

She turns her attention back to the front... when the figure LUNGES AT HER from behind, revealing the undead corpse of Jason McCabe: his face is a jigsaw puzzle of stitches.

He wraps his arm around Sam's throat, choking her. She struggles to free herself, the shotgun useless at this angle.

Sam reaches back and claws McCabe's face, tearing off the flesh and exposing half of his skull.

Sam accidentally honks the horn with her knee and the GARAGE DOOR rises.

McCabe is gone, leaving Sam to catch her breath.

The haze dissipates... Tony presses the button from inside the doorway.

TONY

What's going on??

Sam gets out looking panicked... no sign of McCabe or the entity, and the "Phoenix" is no longer running.

SAM

Where were you??

TONY
Outside with Hans. What happened?

SAM
Your car was running and the door
wouldn't open. I was trapped in
here with... something. It wasn't
human and then I saw...

Sam notices CLAW MARKS around the Mustang... She runs her
fingers along them.

TONY
How did that happen??

SAM
I heard it do this...

TONY
Something scratched up your car and
just vanished?

She has no retort.

TONY (CONT'D)
Look, maybe an animal got in--

SAM
A *raccoon* didn't lock me in! And it
didn't give me *these*...

Sam pulls her shirt down revealing her scars.

TONY
Would you consider talking to
someone about this?

SAM
I'm telling *you*.

TONY
Sam, I think your guilt over work
is causing all of this... and I
don't know how to help.

EXT. HOLY REDEEMER GRADE SCHOOL - MORNING

Storm clouds gather with thunder.

Sam walks Sallie to the front entrance.

SALLIE

Sister Murray says that's the
angels bowling up in Heaven.

SAM

It's actually the expansion of
rapidly heated air caused by
lightning ripping through the
atmosphere.

SALLIE

That's no fun.

Sam hugs her daughter.

SAM

Have a good one, pumpkin.

SALLIE

Byyyyye!

Sam watches Sallie run into the school... Father Walsh gives
her a friendly nod as he greets the children.

Sam gets on her cell, looking at Walsh.

SAM

Hey, Vince, it's Sam. I think I'm
coming down with something...

INT. FATHER WALSH'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Father Walsh hands Sam a cup of coffee before he sits.

SAM

There's no way to talk about this
without sounding like I need a
straight-jacket...

FATHER WALSH

Shoot.

SAM

Do you believe in the supernatural?

FATHER WALSH

As in The Holy Spirit?

SAM

As in evil spirits.

FATHER WALSH

Demons are an intrinsic part of nearly every religion.

SAM

So in your mind they're real...

FATHER WALSH

It comes with the collar. But what matters most is what do you believe?

SAM

I'm an engineer. Nuts and bolts kinda gal.

FATHER WALSH

I didn't ask what you *do*, I asked what you *believe*.

SAM

I acknowledge there's a lot about existence we don't know about. But I feel like, historically, we've filled-in the gaps with fairy tales to make us feel better.

FATHER WALSH

Something is challenging your atheism?

SAM

The only way I can describe it is... like a *darkness*... lurking... watching me... Is that possible?

FATHER WALSH

In Catholicism we sort of regard demons like sharks: do they exist? Yes. But the likelihood of encountering one is extremely rare.

SAM

Shark attacks happen every year...

Sam pulls her shirt down enough to reveal some of her scars.

SAM (CONT'D)

I don't know how I got these, but they run down to my stomach.

FATHER WALSH

Have you seen a doctor?

SAM

Yeah. And the medicine isn't working.

FATHER WALSH

The mind is complicated. We need to rule out all possibilities before seriously considering any unholy influence. Make an appointment with someone who specializes in anxiety disorders, and in the meantime, I'll give you and your home a blessing. Cover all your bases.

INT. GARAGE - REIGLE RESIDENCE - DAY / NIGHT

Sam listens to the radio while repairing the claw marks on her Mustang.

-- She cleans the gouges with solvent and applies primer.

-- Strips the surrounding paint with wet sandpaper.

-- Applies polishing compound, followed by matching paint until the scratches are filled.

-- Buffs the areas dry.

AM NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

Precision Motors has filed an opposition to quash the subpoena issued by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. The auto-manufacturer argues that there is no evidence to warrant a probe into company data, while N.H.T.S.A. counters if there is nothing to hide, then Precision should grant full cooperation with their investigation.

INT. N.H.T.S.A. LANSING OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Dowie is exhausted. Her desk overflows with incident reports -- each one detailing another questionable "Phoenix" airbag deployment, complete with gruesome photos.

She shuts her computer down... gathers her belongings... and heads to the Division Director's door.

DOWIE

I'm not coming in tomorrow.

DIVISION DIRECTOR
Where you going?

DOWIE
Meeting with every single Precision
employee until one of them talks.

DIVISION DIRECTOR
All 50,000 of them?

DOWIE
Can't hold our breath waiting for
Reigle to see the light. Besides,
it beats sitting at my desk.

DIVISION DIRECTOR
No judge will grant Precision's
request. Stick to compiling
incident reports until the court
upholds our order.

DOWIE
More people are going to die.

DIVISION DIRECTOR
Don't make this personal, Jane.

DOWIE
It's always been personal.

EXT. PARKING LOT - N.H.T.S.A. LANSING OFFICE - NIGHT

Dowie heads to her car... and finds a note under a windshield
wiper. It reads, "*DRIVE SAFE.*"

INT./EXT. - AGENT DOWIE'S CAR - LANSING STREETS - NIGHT

As Dowie drives, HEADLIGHTS reflect in her rear-view mirror.

The headlights get uncomfortably close... making her switch
lanes... the headlights follow.

Dowie speeds up... headed for a RED LIGHT... She SLAMS THE
BRAKES.

A black "Phoenix" sedan pulls up beside her, containing
Campbell's private security -- they stare at her.

Dowie pulls out her cell... as the light turns green, the men
SPEED AWAY.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam and Tony sit on the sofa -- waiting.

TONY

You haven't stepped foot in a church since our *wedding* and now you want to get our house *blessed*.

SAM

I just... I want to explore all options.

TONY

You know when I suggested you see someone I meant a therapist, not a priest, right?

SAM

Soonest appointment I could get was for next week.

TONY

Alright... Let's make our house holy.

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. FOYER - REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Hans accompanies Sallie as she opens the door to find Father Walsh clutching a Bible. She lets him in.

FATHER WALSH

Good evening, Sallie!

SALLIE

Hi, Father Walsh. This is Hans.

FATHER WALSH

(pets Hans)

Hello there.

SALLIE

Mommy says you're gonna bless our house. What's that mean?

FATHER WALSH

(gestures to alarm panel)

Well, I suppose you can think of it like a spiritual security system to make sure only good things come into your home.

Sam and Tony enter.

SAM
Welcome, Father.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Sam, Tony and Sallie watch as Father Walsh reads from the Bible and sprinkles the walls with HOLY WATER.

FATHER WALSH
"Lord, be close to your servants
who ask for your blessing. Be their
shelter when they are home, their
companion when they are away, and
their welcome guest when they
return. And at last receive them
into the dwelling place you have
prepared for them in your Father's
house, where you live forever and
ever..."

Father Walsh continues into the next room, followed by Sam and Tony.

Sallie lingers, her attention drawn to a wall... where the dripping Holy Water eats away at the plaster like a potent acid... turning it black.

Sam and Tony follow Father Walsh into a hallway as he proceeds with the blessing.

FATHER WALSH (CONT'D)
"Let this water call to mind our
Baptism into Christ, who has
redeemed us by His death and
resurrection."

SALLIE (O.S.)
Mom! Dad!

They rush in to find Sallie pointing at the wall... where the Holy Water has rapidly turned into a spreading mass of BOILING TAR. Beside her, Hans snarls at it.

Sam looks around as the tar expands -- its twisting tendrils spreading like roots across the walls and floor.

A frightened Father Walsh fumbles through the Bible.

As he reads a passage, the lights begin to FLICKER and a menacing GROWL emerges from seemingly nowhere.

FATHER WALSH

"St. Michael the Archangel, be our defense against wickedness! We humbly pray, O Prince of the Heavenly hosts, by the power of God, thrust into Hell all evil spirits, who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls--"

Father Walsh TRIPS over one of the growing tendrils and the HOLY WATER spills beside him -- it instantly ERUPTS into a throbbing mass that pins him to the floor.

Sam scoops up a terrified Sallie while Tony grabs Father Walsh's free hand and pulls, but the tendrils don't relent -- they spread across half of the priest's agonized face, burning his flesh.

TONY

(to Sam)

Get Sallie outside!

Sam carries her to the front door, but the pulsating mass has engulfed it.

Sam sets Sallie down, grabs a chair and SMASHES it through a bay window. She hoists Sallie up and heads outside.

SAM

Tony come on!

Tony tears Father Walsh from the expanding mass.

EXT. REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Hans barks at the house while Sallie cries in Sam's arms.

Tony carries Father Walsh onto the front lawn as he writhes in pain.

INT. TRIAGE WAITING ROOM - HOSPITAL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sallie sits between Sam and Tony -- all in a state of shock.

TONY

Cancel it.

SAM

Cancel what?

TONY

Your therapist appointment.

He takes Sam's hand in his and gives it a reassuring squeeze.

TONY (CONT'D)

I can't believe I'm actually saying this, but are we supposed to hire some kind of exorcist?

SALLIE

What's an exorcist?

Sam and Tony share a look... A DOCTOR approaches.

DOCTOR

He suffered second-degree burns but should make a full recovery.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Sam follows the doctor past a hysterical MALE PATIENT strapped to a gurney who is being rushed to treatment by nurses. He's flushed with a fever, frothing at the mouth and speaking in tongues.

INT. ICU - HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

Sam enters and finds Father Walsh propped up in bed with half his face covered in gauze -- sedated.

SAM

I don't know what to say except I'm sorry, but I can't imagine that helps much.

FATHER WALSH

I should've believed you. There's been talk within the diocese of parishioners coming to churches for help. Scared. Confused. Speaking of unnatural things. No one's given them much credence, least of all me. But now...

SAM

I thought you guys were trained for "unnatural things?"

FATHER WALSH

Not like this...

(beat)

There's a doctor I've heard of, a liaison of sorts between our diocese and psychiatric facilities.

(MORE)

FATHER WALSH (CONT'D)
Rumor has it, along the way he
helps people under "extreme
spiritual duress."

SAM
I'm open to anything.

FATHER WALSH
When the mind opens, the spirit
follows.

EXT. REIGLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Tony duct-tapes a tarp over the broken window while Sallie
clutches a pillow -- Sam checks her backpack.

SAM
Toothbrush... hair
ties...chapstick... sweetie where's
your chapstick?

SALLIE
In my pocket.

Sam zips up the backpack.

SAM
I put in those granola bars you
like if you get hungry.

SALLIE
They'll have food.

Tony walks over as a mini-van pulls up the driveway --
Sallie's friend waves from the passenger seat.

TONY
(to Sallie)
As soon as we find out what that
black stuff was, we'll come get
you. In the meantime, try to have
fun with your friend.

Tony gives her a hug.

Sam approaches the MOTHER behind the wheel as Sallie climbs
in the back seat.

SAM
Thanks for doing this on such short
notice, Pam.

MOTHER
 (re: broken window)
 Remodeling can be a nightmare.

SAM
 You should see the inside...

MOTHER
 We have a great contractor if you
 need any help?

SAM
 We've got a guy coming now but
 thanks.

MOTHER
 All buckled up, ladies?

The girls nod.

SAM
 (to Sallie)
 I'll call to wish you goodnight.

They exchange waves as the mini-van drives away... The sound
 of an old MUFFLER approaches...

Blaring classical music, a rusted Winnebago parks in a cloud
 of exhaust.

Tony drags a sheet of plywood across the front steps to
 create a ramp.

The Winnebago's side door slides open revealing... Dr.
 Raymond Shaw (from the opening in Tanzania, now in his 60's).

He lights a joint as he's lowered on a platform in his
 motorized wheelchair, sporting a worn-in safari jacket and a
 camera around his neck.

He savors the first toke as he motors up the driveway.

DR. SHAW
 Is that a first generation 1969
 midnight blue Mach 1?

SAM
 (nods)
 Not bad.

Dr. Shaw does a lap around the car.

DR. SHAW
V8 engine, three-speed manual
transmission and look at that ram-
air intake. What a beast.

TONY
Don't encourage her. She *obsesses*
over it.

DR. SHAW
(to Sam)
It's yours?

SAM
Dad was a mechanic. Always wanted a
boy. Gave it to me for my
graduation.

DR. SHAW
Good taste runs in the family.

Dr. Shaw extends his hand to Tony.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
You must be Tony. Dr. Raymond Shaw.

TONY
Pleased to meet you. Excuse my
asking, but what kind of doctor are
you?

DR. SHAW
Parapsychologist. I deconstructed
folklore and superstition at a
Princeton research lab, before
those elitist Ivy League bastards
shut us down.

TONY
What made you go from
deconstructing the paranormal to...

DR. SHAW
Fighting it? I learned the hard way
there are two types of evil: Moral
Evil -- the kind people inflict on
each other, and Natural Evil --
perpetuated by ancient, unknown
forces. So, I focused my studies on
non-denominational demonology.

SAM
Non-denominational?

DR. SHAW

As much as they like to advertise it, the Catholic church doesn't own the patent to vanquishing evil. Malicious, trans-dimensional entities have plagued every culture known to civilization since the Sumerians. There are a multitude of species with distinct patterns of behavior and motivation, so the key to helping you is to identify which type we're dealing with. Do we have the house to ourselves as I requested?

TONY

Our daughter's staying at a friend's.

DR. SHAW

And your dog?

SAM

Kennel.

DR. SHAW

Good. Investigations can sometimes kick up activity. Best to keep children and pets out of harm's way.

Dr. Shaw takes another toke and offers his joint.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

Forgive my manners. Would anyone like a hit?

Sam and Tony smile.

SAM

I think we're good, but thanks.

DR. SHAW

If you change your minds, let me know. You might need it...

Dr. Shaw stubs out the joint and motors up the ramp.

INT. REIGLE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Tony follow Dr. Shaw as he looks around.

DR. SHAW
Have you noticed any symbols you
can't explain?

SAM
What do you mean?

DR. SHAW
Insignias of any kind? Perhaps
created during the incident?

SAM
Not that I know of.

They enter the living room. Burn marks across the floors and
walls are all that's left of the tar. Scented candles and air
purifiers are dispersed.

DR. SHAW
(sniffs)
Smells like...

SAM
Tar. It spread wherever there was
Holy Water.

DR. SHAW
I've seen walls bleed once, but not
this.

TONY
Isn't Holy Water a weapon against
evil?

Dr. Shaw takes photos.

DR. SHAW
Depends who's using it. Most
priests would have to rent a movie
to learn how to perform a proper
exorcism.

SAM
You've done them?

DR. SHAW
Many times. Not too long ago, most
"possessed" clients just needed new
meds and some intensive therapy.
But genuine cases are on the rise,
and after Father Walsh's testimony,
it's safe to say Sam isn't
suffering from any kind of
psychosis. May I see the scars?

Sam hesitates.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
I don't need to see *all* of them.

She unbuttons her shirt enough to peel off some bandages...
The scars look worse than before.

Dr. Shaw studies them and takes a photo.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
Some entities like to mark their
prey to establish dominance, so our
first step is to figure out how
much control it has over Sam.

SAM
Do I look possessed?

DR. SHAW
Looks can be deceiving. The only
way to know for sure is through
evocation.

TONY
Is that like a seance?

DR. SHAW
Seances are for Ouija boards. We
need to summon the entity to see
what we're dealing with. If done
properly in a controlled
environment, evocations can harness
great power.

SAM
And if done improperly?

DR. SHAW
We'd be in deep shit.

MONTAGE - RITUAL PREPARATIONS - DAY TURNS TO NIGHT

Sam and Tony distribute motion sensors throughout the house.

DR. SHAW (V.O.)
Don't worry. We'll know if we're
not alone...

Sam and Tony move living room furniture to clear a space...
and place a chair in the center.

DR. SHAW (V.O.)
 And we'll establish a metaphysical
 boundary to protect Sam...

They create a "Solomonic circle" around the chair by pouring
 a trail of white powder on the floor from leather pouches
 (the same kind Shaw breached in the opening).

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sam sits in the chair -- located within the circle -- and
 Tony uses restraints to secure her.

SAM
 I feel like bait.

Dr. Shaw lights a bushel of sage so it smolders and shrouds
 the room.

DR. SHAW
 Can't go fishing without a worm on
 a hook, right? Vodun shamans use
 that sacred powder to form a
 barrier between good and evil. No
 harm can come to you as long as you
 stay inside. Tony, would you please
 turn off the lights and join me?

Tony obliges and candles illuminate them.

Dr. Shaw adjusts a thermal imaging video camera so it's
 focused on Sam -- she appears as a multi-colored figure
 against a blue void.

Dr. Shaw applies a pair of white cotton gloves and rifles
 through a medical bag, from which he produces an old leather-
 bound grimoire.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
 Bear with the mumbo jumbo, I didn't
 write this stuff...

Dr. Shaw uses a pen light to read from it aloud...

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
 "By the power of God to who all
 creatures are obedient; who rules
 over all spirits both superior and
 inferior; I command whatever evil
 is plaguing this woman to appear
 and submit to my will."

Tony looks around in anticipation...

The candles' flames quiver...

But nothing happens.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

(Latin)

"In virtute Dei, qui est omnibus
obedientes sint creaturae; sinus
exercituum spiritus utriusque;
Quidquid malorum appareat mando
infestaretur huic voluntati
obtemperare."

Dr. Shaw studies the room... and keeps reading...

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

"Biquat Allah 'iilaa min kuli
almakhlugat matieat; aldhy yahkum
ealaa jmye al'arwah aleulya
walsifliati..."

A faint HIGH-PITCHED SOUND can be heard from upstairs.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

One of the sensors...

It stops.

Another sensor goes off, this one louder...

It stops.

The next one is on the stairs, getting closer...

It stops... and then ALL THE SENSORS go off... followed by
abrupt silence.

Dr. Shaw notices the thermal video camera's LCD screen... A
red shape rises behind Sam.

Tony looks at Sam: her flickering SHADOW begins to take on a
life of its own on the wall behind her -- it grows larger and
assumes a grotesque shape.

Sam tenses up -- something BREATHEs on the back of her neck,
moving her hair with each exhale.

SAM

It's right behind me...

Dr. Shaw gently closes his book.

DR. SHAW

Forsaken one. I have summoned you here tonight by the authority of God, under any name you choose to obey: Brahman, Christ, Allah, Adonai or The Great Spirit. Under this protection, I command you to step forth from the shadows and reveal yourself...

The SHADOW detaches from Sam and prowls around the walls of the room like an animal circling its prey.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

You do not frighten me! Yield to my command and reveal yourself!

A monstrous ROAR fills the house and the walls become violently SHREDDED with claw marks.

Objects are HURLED.

The VIDEO CAMERA strikes Sam and as she falls over -- breaching the protective circle -- we are TRANSPORTED to another place:

TAR PIT - CONTINUOUS

Sam lands on her side and finds herself on one of several boulders protruding from an abyss of boiling tar. In place of a sky is a seemingly endless dome of crystalized brimstone.

Emerging from the boiling tar are the black, steaming skeletal figures from before... They climb onto Sam's rock...

INTERCUT:

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From Tony and Dr. Shaw's perspective, Sam lays on the floor looking like she's having a nightmare.

Tony tries to go to her, but Dr. Shaw holds him back.

DR. SHAW

Stay down!

Dr. Shaw brandishes a silver AMULET, engraved with symbols from every major religion. He uses his pen light to illuminate it, REFLECTING its symbols across the room.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
 BY THE AUTHORITY OF BRAHMAN,
 CHRIST, ALLAH, ADONAI AND THE GREAT
 SPIRIT, I HEREBY BANISH YOU BACK TO
 KUR, NARAKA, JAHANNAM, GEHENNA, AND
 XIBALBA!

UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS

One of the figures reaches its blistering hand out to Sam...
 Within an *inch* of burning contact...

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam snaps out of it with Tony by her side -- he unties her.

SAM
 (disoriented)
 What's happening!?

The commotion has ceased. Dr. Shaw pockets the amulet.

DR. SHAW
 It's gone. For now.

Tony checks a bleeding cut on Sam's head.

TONY
 (to Shaw)
 What the hell happened?!

DR. SHAW
 I don't know.

TONY
 What do you mean, *you don't know*?
 You're the expert!

Dr. Shaw takes photos of large inhuman footprints traced by
 the white powder across the floor.

DR. SHAW
 Every demon is different. Sam, how
 do you feel?

SAM
 Like I'm gonna be sick.

TONY
 (re: Sam's cut)
 I'll get some ice...

Tony rushes into the kitchen.

DR. SHAW

You looked like you were having a nightmare after you fell...

SAM

One moment I was here, and the next I was in some... place with boiling tar. People were coming after me...

Tony returns with an ice-pack, Sam applies it.

DR. SHAW

Did you see the entity?

Sam shakes her head.

SAM

What was that??

DR. SHAW

A warning, perhaps. I understand how upsetting this all is, but it could prove helpful. Let's check the camera...

Tony retrieves the video camera -- it's smashed.

TONY

Please tell me she didn't go through all this for nothing.

DR. SHAW

Every interaction provides insight: whatever it was resisted the evocation. It lashed out during the blessing. What puzzles me is why it didn't possess Sam when it had the chance...

(beat)

There's something we're missing.

Sam notices the claw marks across the walls.

SAM

(realizing)

McCabe...

DR. SHAW

Excuse me?

SAM

Jason McCabe. The Precision executive who was murdered. We worked together. After he died, I saw him... like he was alive.

DR. SHAW

What did he do?

SAM

Attacked me. Or so I thought.

TONY

Why didn't you tell me??

SAM

I was trying to keep the crazy to a minimum.

DR. SHAW

Demons use the dead to instill fear and paranoia.

SAM

What if this one *killed* McCabe?

DR. SHAW

What makes you say that?

SAM

The news said he was torn apart. No signs of forced entry. Like whoever got him... came out of thin air.

Sam runs her fingers along the claw marks on the wall... and the ones on her chest.

SAM (CONT'D)

What if he had *these* before he died?

DR. SHAW

I've encountered viral demonic activity before in Africa and Malaysia, but those were caused by witchcraft, or connected to a specific bloodline.

SAM

So it's possible whatever is after me also went after him?

DR. SHAW
Anything's *possible*. But even if
that were the case, how would we
confirm it?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CAMPBELL MANSION - MORNING

Campbell is asleep.

A shadow overcomes him... and a hand reaches out to touch his
arm... he startles awake.

His WIFE sits beside him holding a vibrating cell phone.

WIFE
Sorry. Your phone's been going non-
stop.

CAMPBELL
Thanks.

He answers.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
What is it?

GENERAL COUNSEL (O.S.)
It's time. The court's upholding
the subpoena.

Beat.

CAMPBELL
Take everything.

INT./EXT. WINNEBAGO - DETROIT STREETS - MORNING

Dr. Shaw drives with the aide of retrofitted tech.

Sam peruses dozens of strange artifacts from around the world
which cram the interior.

Tony flips through a book written by Dr. Shaw entitled "*Dark
Continent: The Demons of Africa.*"

TONY
Are you gonna write about us?

DR. SHAW
(grins)
If the case proves interesting
enough.

Sam observes a heavy, brick-sized granite stone, engraved with Malaysian writing.

SAM

What's this?

DR. SHAW

A piece of sacred stone -- a gift of honor from the people of Kota Bharu, Malaysia. One of their schools experienced an outbreak of "mass hysteria" but it was actually a case of mass possession. It got so bad they shut down the school and called in paranormal experts from around the world. No way was I going to miss out on that. Over a dozen girls needed to be exorcised. It wasn't pretty, but we got the job done.

Sam places the stone back.

SAM

Why did you end up in Detroit?

DR. SHAW

Demons thrive wherever civilization has collapsed.

SAM

Father Walsh said they're like sharks, and that encountering them is extremely rare. So is Detroit cursed, or am I just really unlucky?

DR. SHAW

Depends. To use the Father's analogy, you could say this city has become something of a feeding ground... but it certainly doesn't help if you splash around and get their attention.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Shaw's Winnebago parks.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

A clinical PSYCHIATRIST and her ORDERLY lead Sam, Tony and Dr. Shaw down a gloomy corridor lined with locked rooms. Random wails echo from unseen patients.

PSYCHIATRIST

I always count on you to make my job more interesting, Raymond.

DR. SHAW

I do what I can. So, what's your diagnosis?

PSYCHIATRIST

Doctors initially believed she sustained cerebral trauma from the accident, but multiple MRI's came back negative. Only logical conclusion is witnessing her husband's murder is what's causing her schizo-affective disorder.

SAM

Did she ever tell the police what she saw?

They come to a stop at a door.

PSYCHIATRIST

That's why she's here.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

They enter to find Lisa McCabe facing away from them, watching TV.

PSYCHIATRIST

She hasn't spoken to anyone, including her children... Lisa, you have some visitors. One of them worked with your husband.

She doesn't respond. The Psychiatrist turns the TV off.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

Why don't we talk to our guests?

Still no response.

Dr. Shaw and Sam go over to Lisa... Her face has been partially reconstructed from the accident.

DR. SHAW
Lisa, I'm Dr. Shaw. I specialize
in... unexplainable phenomena. I
have seen things no one would ever
understand, so I want you to know
you can talk to us about anything
and *we will believe you.*

Dr. Shaw gestures to Sam.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
This is my friend, Sam. She needs
our help but the only way we can
help is if you tell us the truth...
about what happened to you and your
husband.

Sam unbuttons her shirt to reveal some of her scars -- Lisa
regards them with palpable fear.

PSYCHIATRIST
Raymond, what are you doing?

DR. SHAW
(to Lisa)
You've seen this before?

It takes a moment for Lisa to break through her silence...

LISA
That's how it started.

The Psychiatrist is stunned to hear her speak.

DR. SHAW
How what started?

LISA
Something was coming for him. He
was paranoid. Afraid. Wouldn't tell
me why.

DR. SHAW
Can you describe what you saw the
night he died?

LISA
It was big. Fast. And it had
these... claws. But not like any
animal I've ever seen.

The Psychiatrist sits next to Lisa, who has tears streaming
down her scarred face.

PSYCHIATRIST

Lisa, what happened was horrific,
but--

TICK... TICK... TICK... Lisa looks up at the clock and sees
the second hand is stuck... it reads 5:08. She becomes
fearful. Dr. Shaw follows her gaze.

DR. SHAW

What is it?

LISA

5:08. 508. Jason kept seeing those
numbers. Thought it was some kind
of message.

DR. SHAW

Did he know what it meant?

LISA

(shakes head)

Only thing he knew was he was going
to die... Do you feel it?

SAM

Feel what?

LISA

Death coming for you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

Sam, Tony and Dr. Shaw wait for his Winnebago's platform to
lower.

SAM

I've seen 508 too.

DR. SHAW

Demons are bound by rules. It's a
clue that there's something
connecting you and McCabe beyond
just being colleagues...

Sam hesitates... She looks to Tony -- he nods.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

I'm here to help, not judge.

SAM

McCabe and I were part of a cover-
up that led to the Precision
inflator deaths.

Dr. Shaw takes this in, then backs up onto the platform and makes it ascend. He gazes back at the hospital.

DR. SHAW
Fascinating.

Sam and Tony turn around... All the hospital's windows have deranged PATIENT FACES pressed against the glass, staring down at them.

SAM
Why are they looking at us?

DR. SHAW
Psychotics sense demonic influence.
They're looking at you.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - PRECISION MOTORS - DAY

Kate, Vince and Larry work at their computers when movers escorted by security walk in, lead by Precision's General Counsel.

GENERAL COUNSEL
Please stop what you're doing,
gather any personal belongings, and
vacate the premises until further
notice. Thank you.

The movers start packing up computers and hard drives.

Larry approaches the General Counsel.

LARRY
Who are you?

GENERAL COUNSEL
General Counsel for Precision. We
appreciate your cooperation.

LARRY
Ever hear the one about lawyers in
cement?

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Tony helps Sam repair the damaged walls by spackling paste to fill the claw marks.

Her cell vibrates and she answers.

INTERCUT:

EXT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - PRECISION MOTORS - SAME

Vince -- on his cell -- stands outside of the building.

VINCE

They're taking our computers for
some kind of "internal audit."

SAM

Did they take any personal stuff?

VINCE

No, just the hardware. What should
we do?

SAM

There's nothing you can do.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Dr. Shaw lights a joint as he pours over volumes of ancient texts and makes comparisons on his laptop. A collage of visuals:

-- The 72 demons from the *Ars Goetia*, Gustave Dore's illustrations for Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

-- Local articles concerning unsolved homicides in which the victims were mutilated. Headlines include:

"Drug Dealer's Mutilated Remains Discovered Near Church - Connected To Multiple Overdoses." This is accompanied by a mugshot of the thug who was attacked earlier.

"Councilwoman Entangled In Water Contamination Crisis Victim Of Violent Homicide - Blamed For Illness-Related Deaths." A career headshot reveals the woman who was also attacked.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Sam and Tony sleep with the shotgun case open.

TAP... TAP... Sam's eyes snap open. She turns to the window... Something continues to TAP at the glass.

Sam cautiously makes her way over...

Dr. Shaw is below with a handful of gravel.

INT. KITCHEN - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Dr. Shaw sits with Sam and Tony with his open laptop.

DR. SHAW

Some scholars believe when Dante wrote *Divine Comedy*, he was imparting occult knowledge in the guise of poetry. He described nine circles of Hell, each one containing demons...

He shows a medieval illustration depicting a pack of demons with savage claws, surrounding naked sinners covered in wounds -- these are Malebranche (pronounced "mall-bronk").

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

One of them is called the *Malebranche*, which means "evil claws." They condemn sinners who endanger others through fraud and deception...

Dr. Shaw produces an illustration of people being burned alive in a dark underworld.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

... by casting them into an abyss of *boiling tar*.



Sam recognizes the image, haunted.

SAM

That's what I saw...

TONY

(to Dr. Shaw)

How did you make the connection?

Dr. Shaw produces his old journal. He opens it to the page he wrote years ago in Tanzania -- to the ink smear forming two serpentine lines punctuated by a dot.

DR. SHAW

My last investigation as a skeptic was in Tanzania. I was documenting an exorcism and kept seeing this seemingly random shape. Had I known it was the *Kafir* -- the ancient Islamic symbol for non-believers of God -- I might have realized the girl was actually harboring a "Jinn." Many demons leave some kind of residual clue to their identity, but you have to know what to look for. In your case, the clue isn't a symbol...

Dr. Shaw pulls up a medieval schematic of Hell on his laptop and zooms in.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

The Malebranche's domain is located here, within the *fifth* trench of the *eighth* circle of Hell... five, eight. This is where your demon is from, Sam. And now that we have its address, we know its rules: from the moment a Malebranche marks its sinner, they have forty days to atone. Forty symbolizes a period of tribulation in several religions.

SAM

What happens after forty days?

DR. SHAW

If you fail to redeem yourself, the demon materializes -- which is why we couldn't fully summon it during the evocation.

TONY

What do you mean it "materializes?"

DR. SHAW

First it haunts you, then it hunts you. The Malebranche doesn't want to possess Sam... It wants to *punish* her.

SAM

How do I atone?

DR. SHAW

Depends on the sin. I'd say the odds are high coming clean about the cover-up would do the trick.

TONY

And if they pin it all on her?

DR. SHAW

On the bright side, doing some time beats having your soul ripped out and boiled in hell. When did you get the scars?

SAM

Last month. Right after McCabe died.

(to Tony)

When you had your job interview.

Tony searches the calendar on his phone.

TONY

Thirty-nine days ago...

Sam looks fearful.

DR. SHAW

For what it's worth, five eight is also in the New Testament. Matthew, chapter five, verse eight was part of Christ's Sermon On The Mount. In it he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

INT. GYM - MORNING

Agent Dowie expertly pummels a punching bag. The music on her headphones is interrupted by a call.

DOWIE

(answers)

Hello...

INTERCUT:

INT. SAM'S MUSTANG - DETROIT STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Sam drives with urgency, on her cell.

SAM
It's Samantha Reigle. Can you meet
me tonight?

Dowie's speechless.

SAM (CONT'D)
Agent Dowie?

DOWIE
When and where...

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - PRECISION MOTORS - DAY

Sam tries to unlock the doors by swiping her ID CARD, but the light flashes red and it doesn't budge. She tries again with the same result. Frustrated, Sam jostles the doors as hard as she can.

Security guard Gus intervenes.

GUS
No use, Sam. Keys are deactivated.
Department is closed until further
notice.

SAM
I just need to grab something.

GUS
They cleared all the hardware out.

SAM
I left something important in
there. It's personal.

GUS
Take it up with management.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - DOWNTOWN DETROIT - DAY

Sam looks perspired as she drives... She stops at a red light, once again near the Spirit of Detroit statue with the Dante quote spray-painted behind it.

As Sam glances at the large bronze man, the statue turns its head and scowls at her.

A car honks, snapping Sam out of it...

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

A crowd of PROTESTORS wield picket signs, chastising the company.

Sam avoids them and shows her company ID to a security guard, who lets her in.

INT. BOARDROOM - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

Sam barges in on a meeting among the company's top EXECUTIVES and LEGAL TEAM. A flustered SECRETARY follows him.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, I called security...

At the end of the long table sits Campbell.

CAMPBELL

That's alright. Is this about our data acquisition from your department?

SAM

You asked me to come to you directly if I had proof.

Campbell smiles to his staff.

CAMPBELL

Would you please excuse us?

Everyone shares nervous glances as they file out.

SAM

I saved inflator test data on a flash drive.

CAMPBELL

Why don't we let our legal team handle it?

SAM

Let me take the blame.

CAMPBELL

I'm not following. Most people would leverage that data to save themselves.

SAM

There's different kinds of salvation...

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

This isn't just an auto company, it's a legacy. And what you're doing, trying to bring jobs back to Detroit, is admirable. But not like this. We have a responsibility to--

CAMPBELL

If you knew anything about legacies, you'd understand the only responsibility we have is to our shareholders. There are no industry regulations for using ammonium nitrate as propellant. When the law changes, we'll change with it. Until then, we're in the business of selling cars.

SAM

What makes you think I won't talk to N.H.T.S.A. the second I walk out of here?

CAMPBELL

And what would you tell them?

SAM

The truth. Precision Motors is killing people.

CAMPBELL

Impulsive moral integrity will only get you so far. Especially coming from a disgruntled former employee.

SAM

Former?

CAMPBELL

Your services will no longer be required. Any breach of your N.D.A. or disclosure of sensitive company data will result in swift legal action. You and your family have until the end of the week to vacate your home.

Sam notices Campbell's private security men looming behind her.

INT. ELEVATOR - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Security pulls Sam into the elevator, where she clutches her chest in pain and sinks to the floor.

Sam looks at her hand -- it's bloody. Her scars bleed through her shirt... She closes her jacket.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Sam is pushed outside among the protestors, who are being held at bay by POLICE OFFICERS.

Henry -- disfigured from his inflator accident and wearing an eye patch -- leads the protest on a megaphone.

HENRY

Precision Motors is part of the corporate cancer eating away at this country's soul!

A few protestors get unruly and an altercation breaks out. Sam gets caught in the middle. Pepper spray and batons are used by the police to subdue the crowd.

Henry is pushed to the ground and arrested.

Sam steps forward to intervene, but she freezes when she sees DEAD INFLATOR VICTIMS within the crowd, staring at her with shredded faces and hollow eyes.

EXT./INT. SAM'S MUSTANG - PRECISION HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Sam collapses behind the wheel and gets on her cell.

SAM

Dr. Shaw.

DR. SHAW (O.S.)

Did you get it?

SAM

No. I'm gonna need your help...

INT. LIVING ROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Sam enters to find Dr. Shaw helping Tony paint over the spackled walls.

DR. SHAW

This shade of green has healing properties.

SAM

You get every can in the store?

Tony approaches Sam.

TONY

All set?

Sam wrestles with the decision to lie... Dr. Shaw nods.

SAM

Yeah. We're meeting Dowie half-way
from Lansing.

TONY

You sure I can't--

SAM

Stay here with Sallie.

Tony notices something and unzips Sam's jacket enough to see the blood.

INT. BATHROOM - REIGLE RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Tony helps Sam peel off the bloody bandages, revealing her scars and infected circulatory system.

TONY

You wanted to expose them and I
stopped you.

SAM

It was *my* choice.

TONY

I should've encouraged you to make
the right one.

SAM

When have you ever been able to
change my mind about anything?

TONY

Marrying me, for one...

Tony pours hydrogen-peroxide onto Sam's wounds. To distract her from the intense pain, he plants a deep kiss on her.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DELRAY ESTATES - PARKED - NIGHT

A visibly-ill Sam gets inside. Dr. Shaw awaits.

DR. SHAW

You need to sit down and listen.

Sam reluctantly does, shivering.

Dr. Shaw tosses her a blanket and rummages among his collection of strange artifacts. He produces a glass skull filled with clear liquid.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
Here, this should help.

SAM
Some kind of elixir?

DR. SHAW
You could say that.

Sam takes a sip and coughs...

SAM
Vodka?

Dr. Shaw takes a swig for himself.

DR. SHAW
Top shelf liquid courage.

Dr. Shaw removes a necklace adorned with a leather pouch from his neck -- the same one he wore in the opening.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
This is a protective talisman. Put it on.

SAM
Protective how?

Dr. Shaw looks at the scar on his hand where the nail was hammered through years ago...

DR. SHAW
Remember that exorcism I told you about in Tanzania? Young girl, bound against her will. Despite my skepticism, I befriended the shaman and he let me observe, but only if I wore that talisman for protection. Said it contains the ashes of a demon he burned alive years earlier. Told me fire is the only way to send them back to Hell once they've entered our world. All I saw was a dying girl denied medical care because she was born in one of the most superstitious countries on Earth.

(MORE)

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

So one night I cut her loose to bring her to a hospital, but all I did was unleash pure evil upon her family. She -- *it* -- tore their throats out like some wild animal. The rest of the village was next, so they barricaded us inside the farmhouse and torched it. I should've burned alive but I woke up in smoldering rubble the next morning with the talisman still around my neck. Couldn't feel my legs, so I crawled out. The shaman got me to a hospital before the villagers could stone me to death. That's when I vowed to help people threatened by evil... like you.

Dr. Shaw takes another healthy swig of vodka... Sam puts the talisman around her neck.

SAM

Any ideas if this "Malebranche" comes after me?

Dr. Shaw lifts up a canister of gasoline.

DR. SHAW

Just one.

EXT. SECURITY GATE - PRECISION MOTORS AUTO PLANT - NIGHT

The GATE GUARD watches as Dr. Shaw motors up to the booth in his wheelchair.

DR. SHAW

My Winnebago got a flat. I've got a spare but could use a little help.

GATE GUARD

Want me to call you a tow?

DR. SHAW

Little low on funds these days.

GATE GUARD

(into walkie)

I need to step away for a few minutes, can someone cover for me?

WALKIE (O.S.)

Roger that.

The guard walks beside Dr. Shaw as he motors down the street... Once they're out of range, Sam's Mustang pulls up.

EXT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Sam bangs on the doors, clutching the gasoline and her shotgun.

Gus the security guard approaches from his station.

SAM
Open the door!

GUS
No can do, Sam!

Sam uses the butt of the shotgun to shatter the glass.

INT. LOBBY - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gus dials the phone... when Sam aims her shotgun at him.

SAM
Hang up.

Gus does and raises his hands.

GUS
You gonna burn the place down??

SAM
I told you I need to get something
from my office. The sooner we do
this, the sooner I'm outta here.

They approach the elevator.

SAM (CONT'D)
Press the button.

Gus does, but the lobby power FLUCTUATES, creating a strobe effect... The elevator doesn't open.

Sam glances at a clock -- it's getting close to midnight.

INT. STAIRWELL - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam keeps the shotgun trained on Gus as they ascend.

GUS

I know you got canned but this will only make things worse...

SAM

Gus, nothing personal but you have no idea what I'm going through.

GUS

If you get away with whatever it is you're doing, we're *both* out of a job...

Gus SPINS AROUND and grabs Sam's shotgun.

Sam tumbles down the stairs, dropping the gasoline -- it pours out.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Gus pulls a limping, handcuffed Sam... Her cell phone lights up in her pocket and vibrates.

INT. LOBBY - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Gus round a corner to find Agent Dowie on her phone. She holds up her badge.

DOWIE

Agent Dowie with the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Ms. Reigle is a key witness in an ongoing investigation.

SAM

(to Dowie)

I don't have it yet!

DOWIE

Cut her loose.

GUS

Not a chance.

Gus sets the shotgun down and dials 9-1-1... but the line's dead.

GUS (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
We've got a situation at the
engineering department. Call the
cops and get over here.

Walkie static turns into a GROWL... Gus is bewildered.

DOWIE (O.S.)
Uncuff her.

Dowie aims the shotgun at Gus.

DOWIE (CONT'D)
Now.

Gus uncuffs Sam, who slaps the cuffs on him before unclipping
the key card from his belt.

SAM
Sorry, Gus.
(to Dowie)
Thanks for coming.

Sam's infected scars spread through her neck veins.

DOWIE
What's wrong with you?

Sam takes the shotgun from her.

SAM
Karma.

INT. HALLWAY - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam slides the key card into the reader and the ceiling
lights FLUCTUATE down the hall.

The card is rejected... so she BLASTS the lock with the
shotgun.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sam runs over to her shelf of model cars and opens one of
their hoods... producing the flash-drive.

As she heads out the door, Sam looks up at the clock...

It strikes midnight.

INT. LOBBY - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Agent Dowie paces nervously, trying to get a cell signal, while Gus sits handcuffed behind his station.

The CCTV monitors reveal an increasingly-potent BLACK MASS moving through the facility.

Gus tracks it from one monitor to the next as it becomes more defined.

GUS

What the...

DOWIE

What is it?

When she inspects the monitors... they all buzz with static.

INT. STAIRWELL - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam starts to descend, when a terrifying GROWL echoes... She catches a glimpse of a DARK FIGURE spiraling up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam runs to an elevator and presses the button...

Lights go dark one after another as heavy GALLOPING draws near...

The elevator opens and Sam hurries in.

INT. ELEVATOR - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the doors close, something SLAMS into them.

The elevator LOSES POWER -- red emergency lights turn on.

The same force LANDS on top.

Sam aims the shotgun upward -- frenzied CLAWING at the roof is followed by the sound of cables SNAPPING.

Sam braces herself... The elevator PLUNGES, slamming her to the floor. The doors partially open from the impact.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam staggers out as the demon's arm reaches through the top of the elevator -- it expands razor-sharp CLAWS.

INT. PRECISION MOTORS AUTO PLANT / ASSEMBLY LINE - CONTINUOUS

Sam finds herself in a labyrinth of machinery, dominated by robotic arms looming like giant mechanical praying mantises.

She limps in search of an exit, and winces as she clutches her chest -- his scars continue to bleed through her shirt.

A GUTTURAL VOICE begins speaking an unknown language.

The demon prowls past the other side of the machines, offering Sam glimpses of a muscular creature walking on all fours -- its claws scrape the cement floor.

Sam peers between the machinery... The demon looks right at her, reaching its claws between the machines...

Sam SHOOTs its appendage, which bleeds boiling tar.

The tar spreads quickly and engulfs Sam's foot, burning it. She grabs machinery to pull herself free from the expanding mass...

When the demon emerges from the shadows, we see a long-limbed beast with disturbingly human characteristics: THE MALEBRANCHE. Its severed appendage grows back, complete with razor-sharp claws...

Sam SHOOTs it until the last empty shell bounces across the floor and the demon collapses. Black tendrils spread out across the floor where it bleeds.

Sam runs through a door that reads "TESTING FACILITY."

INT. CRASH HALL - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The demon bursts inside... but Sam is nowhere to be seen.

Up in the CONTROL TOWER, she waits for the demon to step in front of the MOVING DEFORMABLE BARRIER before pressing a button...

The demon notices the speeding battering ram... and JUMPS over it, LEAPING onto the control tower, where it scales up toward Sam...

She bolts down the stairs and out the nearest exit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PRECISION MOTORS AUTO PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Sam runs toward her Mustang...

The demon BUSTS through the door.

Sam shuts her car door right before the demon RAMS it, shattering the windows.

Sam peels out as the demon gallops after her... and JUMPS on top of the car.

Sam ducks as CLAWS slice through the roof. She yanks the wheel, turning them toward the workshop garage doors... and SMASHES through...

INT. WORKSHOP - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang SKIDS to a stop and the demon is flung off.

Sam peels out and RAMS the demon -- it digs its claws into the hood as they race down the 600-foot-long RUNWAY TUNNEL...

INT. CRASH HALL - PRECISION TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Just as the demon BREAKS through the windshield, Sam jumps out of the Mustang and tumbles across the floor... CRASHING THE DEMON INTO A CEMENT BARRIER.

Sam staggers toward the wreck...

The demon is crushed against the barrier but still alive.

The Mustang's ruptured gas tank gushes across the floor.

Sam presses down on the CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

The demon begins to MOVE the wreck.

The lighter pops up and Sam snatches it.

The demon frees itself, just as Sam throws the red-hot lighter on the floor, igniting a WAVE OF FIRE that engulfs the demon and BLOWS UP THE MUSTANG.

Sam HURLS back. The fire spreads towards her and she curls up in a ball... the flames miraculously fan out around her.

The demon SCREAMS as it burns alive, disintegrating with every step it takes towards Sam... reaching out its claws within inches... before dissolving into ashes.

Sam grips Dr. Shaw's talisman.

Half a dozen SECURITY GUARDS run up as SIRENS wail outside.

Agent Dowie squeezes past them and regards the burning Mustang with dread... Her déjà vu is broken when she spots Sam... and pulls her away from the fire.

Sam takes the flash-drive from her pocket and hands it to Dowie.

INT. ICU - HOSPITAL - DAY

Sam wakes up with a gasp -- her face a collection of cuts and bruises. She finds herself in bed with her leg in a cast. Disoriented, she tries getting up...

Tony and Sallie are by her side.

TONY

It's okay. We're here.

Tony nearly breaks down with relief. They embrace.

SALLIE

You've been asleep four whole days.

SAM

Sorry, pumpkin, Mommy just needed to rest.

TONY

How do you feel??

SAM

What's the doctor say?

TONY

Aside from the broken leg, you're lucky.

Sam touches the talisman around her neck.

SAM

What I miss...?

TONY

Precision says you were getting back at them for firing you. But Dowie went public with the data. It's all over the news. You're *trending*.

Tony produces her phone and shows Sam a Twitter feed dedicated to #StandWithSam.

EXT. AERIAL SHOTS OF TRAFFIC - DAY

Commutes and traffic jams from all over the country.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

After careful analysis of this new data, we are issuing an immediate recall of all "Phoenix" sedans, as well as halting production on any new models outfitted with these inflators. We will also be extending settlement offers to all the victims' families, in addition to those who suffered injuries, a figure which so far totals \$150 million. This does not include the cost of actually fixing thousands of recalled vehicles...

INT. ICU - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sam, Tony and Sallie watch Campbell give a televised press conference.

CAMPBELL

... The wellbeing of our customers has always been Precision's top priority, but in light of recent events, we're more committed than ever to maintaining that ideal. In the wake of tragedy, we reaffirm our promise to be the industry leader in auto safety. I cannot stress enough how heavily all of this weighs on me. After all, try as we may, no one can ever place a monetary value on human life...

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - LATER

A NURSE pushes Sam in a wheelchair.

NURSE

You know, my son drives a "Phoenix." As far as I'm concerned, you should get a *medal* for exposing those bastards.

Sam's expression is conflicted.

SAM

Thanks.

Dr. Shaw greets them.

DR. SHAW

Welcome back, Lazarus. Figured you could use some fresh air after being cooped up all week.

SAM

You figured right.

DR. SHAW

(to Nurse)

Mind if we have a private word?

The Nurse steps away.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

(re: Sam's wheelchair)

They say imitation is the highest form of flattery. I'm honored.

SAM

I prefer my wheels with an engine.

DR. SHAW

Speaking of which, my condolences for the Mustang. At least she went out in style.

SAM

That she did.

Beat.

DR. SHAW

It came after you, didn't it?

Sam nods. Dr. Shaw produces a joint and lights it.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)

"Whether he is a sinner I do not know. One thing I do know, that though I was blind, now I see."
John 9:25.

SAM

I guess I should crack open the Bible one of these days, huh?

DR. SHAW
And the Torah, Quran, Sutras, Book
of the Dead. For starters.

Dr. Shaw hands Sam the joint, who hesitates.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
It's literally *medicinal*. Live a
little.

Sam takes it and pulls a toke... Coughs.

DR. SHAW (CONT'D)
You think you guys will stick
around Detroit?

SAM
I don't know. Why?

DR. SHAW
I'd like to use your experience for
my next book.

SAM
(returns joint)
Oh yeah? And is this how it ends?
Two people sitting in wheelchairs
sharing a joint?

DR. SHAW
Not quite...

EXT. CAMPBELL MANSION - BLOOMFIELD HILLS - NIGHT

A limo pulls up and Campbell steps out.

DR. SHAW (V.O.)
As the shaman told me in Tanzania:
"We can't kill demons when we burn
them. We can only send them back to
Hell..."

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CAMPBELL MANSION - NIGHT

Campbell calmly backstrokes in the shimmering water with his
eyes closed... not noticing that the pool lights FLICKER and
go dark...

He treads water and looks around. The lights come back on and
he continues swimming... unaware of the trail of blood he
leaves in his wake.

Campbell is about to start a new lap when he sees it... He gets out of the pool, to his horror revealing THREE BLEEDING SCRATCHES slashed across his torso.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.