

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

DEMON KNIGHT

(5/1/94)

DEMON KNIGHTS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - A FULL MOON

hangs over a barren stretch of two-lane blacktop stretching across a patch of badland. A low METALLIC DRONE in the distance. A faint point of light appears on the dark horizon. A gray late-model sedan slowly takes shape. The DRONE gets louder. Becomes deafening as the sedan SCREAMS past.

A moment of silence. Then -- FWOOSH! FWOOSH! Two black Pontiac Firebirds careen out of the darkness, pursuing the sedan.

CUT TO:

2 INT. SEDAN

The driver -- BRAYKER -- is in his late 30's. He glances over his shoulder, face gaunt, leathery hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. On his forearm is a tattoo -- an ancient emblem seared into his flesh.

Brayker sees the headlights behind. Turns forward, eyes to the gas gauge.

The needle is deep in the red zone. Way past empty.

3 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE SEDAN

cuts to the right and skids to a halt, blocking both lanes.

4 INT. SEDAN

Brayker digs beneath the car seat and pulls out a Winchester repeating rifle. Glances out the passenger window.

5 BRAYKER'S POV - HIGHWAY

as two pairs of headlights speed toward toward us.

6 BRAYKER

tries to roll down the passenger window. It's stuck. Cursing, Brayker kicks out the window, spraying shards of glass onto the roadway. He takes aim at the approaching headlights. Pulls the trigger --

7 EXT. HIGHWAY - ON FIREBIRDS

-- KERBLAM! KERBLAM! The tires are blasted from under the Firebird on the right. Its front end slams to the pavement -- spitting sparks and SCREECHING metal.

The wounded Firebird swerves, catching its twin in the rear.

The second Firebird explodes in a mountain of orange flame -- and keeps speeding forward.

8 BRAYKER

fumbles for the door handle as the ball of fire nears. The Winchester catches in the steering wheel.

9 THE FIREBIRD

slams into the sedan. As the gray sedan explodes, Brayker tumbles out the door -- rolls across the pavement.

Several figures emerge from the flaming Firebird -- Unearthly cries as they claw at their flaming bodies and burning eyes.

What's left of the three cars explodes -- The burst of white light illuminates a nearby dilapidated road sign which reads: "WELCOME TO LANCASTER, NEW MEXICO -- GOOD NEIGHBORS ARE OUR BEST NATURAL RESOURCE".

Getting to his feet, Brayker can just see dim lights in the distance. The WIND kicks up, blowing sand and sparks.

Clouds blot out the moon.

Teeth gritted, hurting, Brayker heads toward town.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. LANCASTER - NIGHT

The place is closed for the night. Brayker stumbles onward. He looks like shit. Ahead is the town's one sign of potential life: A motel. The WIND blows harder. A crack of HEAT LIGHTNING takes us to white -- CRACKABOOM! --

CUT TO:

11 INT. MOTEL OFFICE

-- as the burst of lightning fades. Brayker enters the motel office. Outside its vacancy sign swings back and forth in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

WANDA, the plump, platinum blond proprietress, looks up from her crossword puzzle. She sucks hard on a bottle of diet soda. On the floor behind her is DANNY, her 8 year-old son.

Brayker approaches the desk. Brushes sand from his clothing. The sand lands on Danny's coloring book.

Danny shoots Brayker a scowl.

BRAYKER

A room.

Wanda puts down her soda and flips open the guest book.

WANDA

No problem. It's always nice to see a new face around here.

(to Danny)

Ain't that right, Danny?

DANNY

No.

WANDA

(to Brayker)

Don't pay him no mind, mister. He's never been anything but trouble. Sign here ...

She hands Brayker a pen. A hand reaches for the pen -- grabs it before Brayker can take it.

Standing beside Brayker is HOMER, Wanda's six-foot, 170 pound husband. Homer glares at Brayker suspiciously.

HOMER

You look like hell, mister.

WANDA

Homer ...

HOMER

Shut up.

(to Brayker)

We're full.

Brayker gazes at Homer. His eyes flash menacingly. Homer hesitates. Steps back uncertainly.

Brayker heads for the door. Opens it. Turns back, his gaze taking in all of them.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

BRAYKER
(darkly)
Much obliged.

He exits.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - ON CARS

still belching fire into the night sky. A pair of black oxfords step into the roaring firelight.

Dressed in a black suit, black sample case gripped tightly in his hand, the TRAVELLING SALESMAN gazes at the burning wreck, his face obscured by the wide brim of his black hat.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Brayker slowly makes his way back down the street. The wind has gotten even stiffer. He steps under the marquee of an abandoned movie theatre. Huddles there. Lightning ... Distant THUNDER. A voice speaks from the shadows by the movie theatre doors.

UNCLE WILLY (O.S.)
Listen to that thunder. God's
doin' some serious thinkin'
tonight.

Brayker tenses. Beat. He turns slowly.

An old man, unshaven, reeking of cheap booze, sits by the theatre door. Brayker looks hard into the man's eyes.

UNCLE WILLY
(knowingly)
No room at the inn, huh? So
happens I know a place that'd be
happy to have your business. You
interested?

He flashes Brayker a toothless smile and offers up a steel hip flask. Brayker nods. Takes the flask.

BRAYKER
Thanks.
(toasting)
To good neighbors.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

UNCLE WILLY
(chuckles)
Our best natural resource.

Willy takes back his flask and heads off into the wind and the sand.

UNCLE WILLY
It's just a little ways outta town. Follow me.

Brayker watches for a moment -- peering into the darkness. He takes a deep breath and follows.

CUT TO:

14. INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Wanda gazes out the window. Homer shouts at her as Danny looks on sadly.

HOMER
Goddamn it, woman, I'm tired of you arguing with me.

WANDA
That man was money in the bank. Chrissake, we got bills to pay!

HOMER
Not with his money. Guy like that's trouble. I don't want no part of it. I swear to God, woman, one of these days, I'm gonna ...

WANDA
You're gonna what?

THUNDER. Lightning. Bright white, almost blinding. Homer and Wanda turn toward the office door. Head bowed, the Salesman enters, closing the door after him.

On his sample case we see, in bold relief: "HOLY RAPTURE BIBLE COMPANY: WORDS TO LIVE BY".

The Salesman raises his head, REVEALING his handsome, chiseled features and wise, angelic eyes.

SALESMAN
Evening madam, sir ... I wonder if you could help me.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

SALESMAN (Cont'd)
I'm looking for a young man --
somewhat disheveled in
appearance. Might he have
stopped by?

The Salesman looks down at Danny and winks.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Willy and Brayker make their way down a dirt road, collars up to protect them from the blowing sand. Ahead are lights. A building takes shape. Looks like an old Spanish church. A neon sign blinks by the front door: "THE MISSION".

WILLY
(chuckles)
Nice night for a walk. What'd
you say your name was?

BRAYKER
I didn't. That where we're
going? That church?

WILLY
That's it. Mind you, it ain't a
church no more. They
decommissioned it in the fifties
due to lack of interest. These
days it's kind of a boardin'
house.

Another burst of lightning. In the flickering white flash we can see just how beat up the place is.

BRAYKER
(ironically)
Looks downright homey.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. TOWN - NIGHT - ANGLE ON MOVIE THEATRE

as the Salesman looks up at the marquee. He looks to the theatre entrance and sniffs at the air. He turns -- looks off in the direction that Willy led Brayker.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE FRONT PARLOR - NIGHT

There are still a lot of church-y touches. A second floor has been added to the sanctuary area with a stairway leading upward along one wall. A dining room now occupies the former altar. By the stairway is a small registration desk. The place has seen better days.

CORDELIA GRANT, a carefully made-up 30-year old knockout, looks over her shoulder and tugs at her stockings.

CORDELIA
My lines straight?

IRENE GALVIN, the proprietress, eyes Cordelia from behind the registration desk. Irene's past her prime and fading fast. She stubs out a half-smoked cigarette.

IRENE
Straight as they'll ever be.
(yells)
Jerryline!

JERYLINE, emerges from the dining room area, rubber-gloved hands covered in grease, hair tied up in a bandana. She's a petulant 17 -- pretty, mixed up; desperate for a little affection. Or the next best thing.

JERYLINE
What is it now?

IRENE
Did you finish washing Cordelia's sheets?

JERYLINE
Yeah. They're downstairs.
(sotto)
Couldn't get all the stains out.

CORDELIA
What's that supposed to mean?

IRENE
You march downstairs and get Cordelia's laundry then bring it up to her room.

JERYLINE
I just got started on the stove!
I can't do two things at once,
you know!

IRENE
You'll do what I tell you to do.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

ENFIELD (O.S.)
I'll take care of it, Irene.

WALLACE ENFIELD, a balding, plain-faced postal clerk, comes down the stairs.

Jeryline heads for the dining room.

CORDELIA
That's very sweet of you, Wally.

Enfield smiles shyly and heads for the basement door beneath the staircase. DOOR CHIMES. A gust of wind blows through the room as Uncle Willy sweeps in the front door followed by Brayker.

UNCLE WILLY
Gangway, I'm bringin' in business.

CORDELIA
(looks over Brayker)
What kind of business?

UNCLE WILLY
I think he's lookin' for his own room, Cordelia.
(to Brayker)
Cordelia's one of our unnatural resources.

IRENE
(accusingly)
You been out drinking, Uncle Willy?

UNCLE WILLY
You must be kidding. I'm clean as a whistle, Irene. Hell, we got an agreement, don't we?

Irene continues to stare at him. Unconvinced. She slowly turns toward Brayker. He approaches the desk.

BRAYKER
I understand you have a free room.

IRENE
How long you want it for?

BRAYKER
The night. I'll be moving on in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENE
I never rent short term. And
never to strangers.

Brayker has reached the desk. He produces a hundred dollar bill from his pocket.

BRAYKER
Think you could make an
exception?

Irene gazes at the bill. She pulls out her registration book.

IRENE
Exception noted.

She turns the book. Hands Brayker a pen. He sets down the hundred and signs. Irene takes the bill. Turns the book and peers at Brayker's signature.

IRENE
Enjoy your stay, Mister ...

BRAYKER
Brayker.

Irene tries to reconcile the name with the signature. Gives up.

IRENE
Nice handwriting.
(turns)
Jeryline!

CUT TO:

18 INT. KITCHEN

Jeryline sits at the kitchen table, arms folded, pissed off.

IRENE (O.S.)
Jeryline -- I mean now!

JERYLINE
(to herself)
Goddamn it ...

She stands. Heads for the parlour.

19 INT. PARLOUR

as Jeryline enters.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

I'm trying to get the stove
clean! How you expect me to get
my work done if you keep
bothering me?

She sees Brayker. Feels a sudden rush of self-consciousness.

Irene notices Jeryline's clean rubber gloves.

IRENE

Working hard, are ya? Show Mr.
Brayker up to number five.

Jeryline sighs, exasperated. She starts for the stairs.

IRENE

Then put some dinner on for him.

Jeryline stops.

IRENE

And when you're done with that,
I got a few other jobs for you.
And this time, I'm gonna watch
ya.

Jeryline grits her teeth. Goes up the stairs. Irene motions
to Brayker to follow.

BRAYKER

One big, happy family.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A small room shabbily furnished. Brayker stands at the door.
Jeryline crosses toward the window. She pulls the rag off her
head and shakes out her hair. She really is pretty.

JERYLINE

Let's see, what else can I tell
you. Breakfast's starts at seven --
little later if I forget to wake
up. Bathroom's just down the
hall.

She goes to close the blind.

BRAYKER

You can leave it open.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE
(shrugs)
It's your room.
(beat; knowingly)
I suppose you'll want some time
to unpack?

BRAYKER
After dinner maybe.

He motions toward the hallway. Jeryline sees his tattoo.

JERYLINE
Nice tattoo. Where'd you get it.

BRAYKER
(flatly)
Among my travels.

JERYLINE
Really? You travel a lot? Ever
been to Europe?

BRAYKER
Sure.

JERYLINE
Paris?

BRAYKER
You ask a lot of questions, don't
you?

JERYLINE
I guess I'm just naturally
curious.

Jeryline smiles seductively and heads for the door. She passes
Brayker -- a little too close for comfort.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Brayker sits at the dining room table. Uncle Willy sits across
from him. Country music plays from the old Wurlitzer in the
corner.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

UNCLE WILLY

... and, of course, back then --
when the mine was still open --
this town was a hell of a nice
berg. Matter of fact, this place
here -- the Mission -- this used
to be the place to stay.

Jeryline enters from the kitchen. She sets a plate of stew in
front of Brayker. Looks more like gray, congealed glop.

JERYLINE

Hope ya like it.

She goes back into the kitchen.

UNCLE WILLY

Course ... things have gone a bit
down hill since them.

Brayker eats. Senses Uncle Willy cringing across from him.
Looks up.

BRAYKER

(flatly)

You want some?

UNCLE WILLY

Sorry, I didn't mean to stare.
(genuinely)

I was just thinking what a brave
man you are -- eatin' that stuff
with the nearest doctor an hour
away. That's a long way to crawl
with your belly in a sling.

Jeryline re-enters. Sets a glass of water down in front of
Brayker. She puts a hand to his shoulder.

JERYLINE

You like it?

BRAYKER

It's okay.

JERYLINE

Just ... okay?

BRAYKER

(looks up at her)

Yeah. Just okay.

Looking hurt, Jeryline removes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

A cat leaps up onto the table by Brayker, MEOWING softly.

JERYLINE

Don't get too close to him, Cleo.
He's not as nice as he looks.

Irene enters -- sees the cat on the table. She's immediately annoyed.

IRENE

Chrissakes, Jeryline! Get your
Goddamn cat off the table!
(exits toward kitchen)
Stove done yet?

Jeryline gently picks up the cat. Angry, she heads for the kitchen too.

JERYLINE

C'mon, Cleo. We'll go kill her
together.

Uncle Willy smiles at Brayker.

UNCLE WILLY

One big happy.

Outside -- a sweep of headlights as a vehicle pulls up.
Brayker tenses again. He stands. Looks to the front door.

22 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as it opens -- and ROACH enters. In his late 20's, Roach is a tough-looking pretty boy. He's got a paper bag -- with a bottle in it -- in his hand.

ROACH

Cordelia?

Cordelia emerges from the stairs.

CORDELIA

You kept me waiting, Roach,
honey.

Roach smiles unapologetically.

ROACH

You know what they say -- 'The
longer the wait, the sweeter the
date'.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

He pulls a bottle of generic brand champagne from the bag.
Cordelia smiles.

CORDELIA
Why you sweet thing!

Cordelia wraps her arms around him. Roach grabs for her ass.
Sees Brayker watching them.

ROACH
What you starin' at, buddy?

Brayker doesn't answer.

CORDELIA
He's starin' at the luckiest guy
in town, that's what.

Cordelia pulls Roach toward the stairs. As she does, Enfield
emerges from the basement carrying a basket of folded laundry.
Hearing Cordelia giggle, Enfield looks up -- just in time to
see Roach and Cordelia disappear up the stairs.

Irene has re-entered from the kitchen, heading back to the
registration desk.

IRENE
Set that basket down near the
stairs, Mr. Enfield. She'll need
them clean sheets soon enough.

Dejected, Enfield sets it down.

23 ANGLE ON BRAYKER

as he slowly sits down again. He glances at Uncle Willy.

UNCLE WILLY
You expectin' somebody, mister?

Brayker laughs softly to himself. And goes back to eating.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - ON COFFEE CUP

A vibration of some kind causes the surface to ripple.
Accompanying the vibration is the sound of distant SQUEAKING.

25 WIDER - ON TABLE

Brayker is still there. Uncle Willy still across from him. From above them comes the sound of squeaking BED SPRINGS. The chandelier sways a little with every thrust from upstairs.

In the parlor, Enfield sits on one of the ratty sofas, looking miserable.

Jeryline emerges from the kitchen. She freshens Brayker's coffee as an exceptionally passionate moan carries from upstairs.

JERYLINE

Talk about an actress.

Irene steps in from the parlor.

IRENE

You ready, Jeryline?

JERYLINE

For Chrissakes, Irene. It's late.

IRENE

Remind me, would you -- this program you're on. It's called work release, isn't it?

Jeryline heads for the kitchen, cursing under her breath.

IRENE

(to Brayker)

Amazing ... Girl's got no goddamn gratitude. If I hadn't made a place for her, she'd be behind bars. Or dead.

As Irene starts back into the parlour, the front door CHIMES sound.

26 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as the front door opens. A pair of dusty black oxfords enter. The Salesman sets down his display case.

SALESMAN

Evening, maam. You wouldn't happen to have any free rooms, would you?

IRENE

Got one. How long you staying?

27 ON BRAYKER

watching tensely. He gazes hard at the Salesman's eyes.

28 THE SALESMAN

smiles, his eyes sparkling.

SALESMAN

Well, that depends. God fearing
town like this could keep me busy
quite a while. If I'm lucky.

Irene takes in the name on the Salesman's display case. She
nods.

IRENE

Room's twenty dollars a night.
Just sign in and I'll get the
girl to show you to your room.

She turns the registration book. Hands the Salesman a pen.

SALESMAN

(signing)

Thank you.

(beat)

Actually, I'd like to get a bite
to eat first -- if it's not an
inconvenience.

IRENE

Not at all.

(calls out)

Jeryline!

She leads the Salesman into the dining room. By the doorway is
a coat rack. As he passes it, the Salesman sets down his
display case (REVEALING, for the first time, the other side.
It's covered with colorful travel stickers, obscure markings
and symbols).

Jeryline emerges from the kitchen.

JERYLINE

(furious)

What!

IRENE

We've got one more for dinner.

The Salesman sits next to Uncle Willy.

SALESMAN

What's on the menu tonight?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

(seething)

We got stew. That's it.

The Salesman looks up at Jeryline. Smiles at her. Something in his smile -- or in his eyes -- grabs hold of Jeryline's anger and melts it.

SALESMAN

Then I'll have stew.

Jeryline regards the Salesman uncertainly. She half smiles herself, turns and heads into the kitchen.

The Salesman turns. Looks directly at Brayker.

SALESMAN

Sweet girl.

UNCLE WILLY

Whatcha sellin', mister?

SALESMAN

(eyes still on Brayker)

Good book's my game.

UNCLE WILLY

Must be a tough racket these days.

SALESMAN

Oh, it's challenging. There are sinners everyweere. Still, I've sold all over the world.

Jeryline re-enters. Sets a steaming plate of stew in front of the Salesman.

JERYLINE

Ever been to Paris?

SALESMAN

Quite a few times. The City of Lights, they call it -- and you know what? It is the most romantic place on earth.

JERYLINE

(intensely)

I've always wanted to go there.

BRAYKER

It's okay ... if you like frogs.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

The Salesman laughs. Jeryline shoots Brayker a look.

JERYLINE

You're finished -- right?

She snatches away his unfinished coffee and heads back into the kitchen.

Brayker is oblivious. His eyes still glued to the Salesman, Brayker shifts uneasily -- as if positioning himself for something.

UNCLE WILLY

Where you from anyway, mister?

SALESMAN

Down under.

UNCLE WILLY

You mean Australia?

Brayker stands.

The Salesman gets to his feet.

Brayker hesitates.

The Salesman smiles back at Uncle Willy.

SALESMAN

Yeah ... selling's always tough.
The key is knowing who the
customer is. And, of course,
giving him a product he can
believe in. For instance ...

The Salesman reaches for his display case. Swings it onto the table and opens it.

SALESMAN

(his smile
disappearing)

My god ...

29 ANGLE ON CASE

A row of bibles are set into the customized, molded interior. Amidst them is an empty space shaped like a crucifix.

30 THE SALESMAN

gazes hard at Brayker. He speaks loudly -- as if for everyone else's benefit.

SALESMAN

Someone's been in my case. A very valuable piece of my merchandise has been stolen..

Brayker stares back. Irene enters from the parlour.

IRENE

Someone stole something?
Jeryline! Get in here!

Jeryline enters from the kitchen.

JERYLINE

What now?

IRENE

Were you in this man's case?

JERYLINE

What?

IRENE

Goddamn it! This man's missing something.

JERYLINE

I got nothing to do with it.

IRENE

Yeah? We got any other tried and convicted thieves in this house?

The Salesman continues to stare at Brayker.

SALESMAN

Please, ma'am, don't rush to judgment. Perhaps there is another explanation.

IRENE

Mister, I swear, if she took something of yours, I'll get it back -- Even if I have to beat it out of the little bitch.

JERYLINE

Fuck you! I didn't do a thing!

Irene slaps Jeryline. Jeryline is stunned. Irene rears back to hit her again. The Salesman grabs Irene's hand.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

SALESMAN

Ma'am, you really ought to have
a little more faith in people.

BRAYKER

He's right. She didn't take it.
I did.

All eyes turn to Brayker.

SALESMAN

That's mighty honest of you. For
a thief.

BRAYKER

What the hell ... You want it
back? You can have it.

Brayker suddenly reaches inside his jacket.

SALESMAN

Look out!

The Salesman hurls his display case at Brayker, knocking him
backward as bibles tumble to the floor.

The Salesman charges forward, grabbing Brayker.

Brayker pushes the Salesman back. He smashes into the table.
Wood, china and stew go everywhere.

Brayker whips a gravity knife from his jacket -- opens it --
lunges for the Salesman.

Brayker stabs at the Salesman's eyes.

The Salesman clutches Brayker's hand -- struggles -- the blade
gets closer ... closer.

Suddenly the CLICK-CLICK of a round being chambered into a pump
action shotgun.

IRENE

(shouts)

Goddamn it -- Drop it -- or I'll
drop you!

Irene presses the barrel of a Remington twelve-gauge to the
back of Brayker's head. Brayker doesn't move.

IRENE

NOW!

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

Brayker drops the knife to the floor and steps back. Jeryline helps the Salesman to his feet.

JERYLINE

You ... you okay?

Brayker steps toward them.

BRAYKER

Stay away from him!

IRENE

Move again and I'll kill you!

Irene shoves the barrel hard against Brayker's ear.

IRENE

On your knees! Now! Willy --
call the sheriff!

As Brayker slowly sinks to his knees -- and Uncle Willy scurries for the phone,

CUT TO:

31 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

as the WIND and sand whip through the charred, twisted remains of the two Firebirds and the gray sedan. A patrol car, its light flashing, sits nearby.

SHERIFF TUCKER, a beefy good-ole-boy, squats by one of the Firebirds, poking at a pile of blackened remains. Some of them look human. Others ... like something animal.

Tucker's over-eager deputy, BOB MARTEL, steps over from the patrol car. As he walks, he plays with a lighter. He picks up what looks like a charcoaled antler.

TUCKER

Must've been carrying game on the hood.

MARTEL

Better not've been. It's two months til deer season.

TUCKER

Too late to give 'em a ticket now, Bob. If it'll make you feel better, you can shoot their ashes.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

Martel laughs.

MARTEL

You know, that's exactly what I
was thinking of doing.

The RADIO in the patrol car squawks to life. Still chuckling,
Martel goes to answer it.

MARTEL

You do read me like a book, don't
ya.

TUCKER

Yeah ... a comic book.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE PARLOUR - NIGHT

Jeryline sits on the couch beside the Salesman, bandaging his
bloodied hand. Enfield and Uncle Willy sit nearby.

Irene stands by the registration desk, cigarette dangling from
her lips, shotgun aimed at Brayker who sits on the floor
nearby.

Brayker holds a handkerchief to his forehead. He stares at the
Salesman.

The Salesman smiles at Jeryline as she finishes with his
bandage.

SALESMAN

You should see if your other
guest needs any help.

JERYLINE

What're you worried about him
for? He tried to kill you.

SALESMAN

He's a sick man. He needs help.
As the good book says -- He who
helps in the saving of others,
saves himself.

(beat)

And while you're there, I'd
appreciate if you'd look to see
if he has my property hidden
somewhere on his person.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

What exactly am I looking for?

SALESMAN

It's a ... a religious artifact.
Not worth a lot of money, but it
means a lot to me.

Jeryline goes to Brayker. She regards him uneasily.

JERYLINE

Jesus, he's bleeding all over the
place.

IRENE

Let him bleed. You'll clean it
up later. I don't want you
touching him.

Jeryline glances back at the Salesman and shrugs.

A sweep of headlights crosses the room. Jeryline goes to the
front door and opens it.

JERYLINE

Hey, Sheriff.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Jeryline. You behaving yourself?

Tucker enters. Martel is right behind him. Tucker quickly
takes in the scene.

TUCKER

Well, lookee here, Bob. Irene's
finally got herself a man.

IRENE

That's more than your wife's got,
Tucker.

(indicating Brayker and
the Salesman)

This bastard busted up my place
trying to kill this fella.

(hands Tucker the
knife)

Tried to cut out his eyeballs
with this.

Tucker takes the gravity knife. Flashes the blade in and out
of its handle.

The Salesman stands. Approaches Tucker.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

SALESMAN

Sheriff, this man admitted stealing my property. I'd deeply appreciate it if you could arrange for him to return it immediately. I'm sure he's still got it on him.

TUCKER

I'll see what I can do.
(to Irene)
Anyone else in tonight?

IRENE

You got 'em all.
(beat)
Cordelia's up in her room, but she didn't see anything.

Tucker and Martel exchange a knowing look.

TUCKER

Is Cordelia alone?

Irene stares back. She's not answering that.

ENFIELD

Roach is with her.

MARTEL

Roach.

He starts to laugh. Heads for the stairs.

TUCKER

Leave 'em alone, Bob.

MARTEL

Hey, we got an investigation going on down here. We need all the witnesses we can get.

Tucker rolls his eyes in surrender as Martel bounds up the stairs. Tucker looks down at Brayker.

TUCKER

What's your story, friend?

Brayker stares back. Tucker slips the gravity knife into his pocket and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

TUCKER

You some kind of badass, that it?
I like badasses. It's a
challenge gettin' the truth out
of 'em.

BRAYKER

You don't want the truth. You
wouldn't believe it if you heard
it.

CUT TO:

33 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MEANWHILE - MARTEL

moves quickly to Cordelia's door. The sound of love-making can
be heard inside. Martel smiles to himself. Unholsters his
.44. Reaches for the knob -- And throws open the door.

MARTEL

Freeze!

Cordelia -- who's sitting atop Roach -- screams in mid-thrust
and covers herself. She sees who it is. And boils.

CORDELIA

Bob -- you son of a bitch!

ROACH

What the fuck you think you're
doing?

MARTEL

I was gonna ask you two the same
thing.

(beat)

Get your clothes on. Now. I'm
talking to you, Roach.

(to Cordelia)

On the other hand, if you want to
stay like that, that's fine with
me.

Cordelia grabs a pillow. Throws it at Martel.

CUT TO:

34 INT. PARLOUR - MEANWHILE

Tucker cradles the phone receiver against his shoulder as he
jots down notes.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

TUCKER

Thanks a lot, Carl.

(hangs up; looks at
Salesman)

Looks like you pegged the right
man, buddy.

(to Brayker)

You got quite a rap sheet, Mr.
Brayker. Little burglary, little
grand theft auto. I expect the
folks back in Baltimore will be
happy to hear that we found you --
seeing how you skipped bail on
'em. Where you been the last
five years?

BRAYKER

On the road.

TUCKER

Uh huh ... I've seen your road
work. I'm guessing you had
something to do with that mess
out on the fourteen.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS on the stairway. Martel follows
Cordelia and Roach.

MARTEL

Hey, sheriff, you'll never guess
what these two were doing
upstairs.

TUCKER

(to Roach and Cordelia)
Sorry to drag you away. We'll
get this attended to and you can
get back to your business.

Cordelia regards Tucker warily.

TUCKER

I'm assuming it was personal
business, Cordelia.

(looks to Jerryline)

Honey, would you mind getting me
a glass of water?

Jerryline heads toward the dining room.

SALESMAN

Sheriff, I don't want to make any
more of this than necessary.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

SALESMAN (Cont'd)

I know for a fact he has my property on him. If I could just get it back, I'd be willing to let the whole thing go. Heck, I'd even be willing to pay for all the damage myself.

TUCKER

What do you think, Irene? Save us a lot of paperwork. I mean, we still gotta take him in, seeing how he's wanted.

IRENE

Whatever ... Sooner I get my place back to normal, the better.

Tucker approaches Brayker.

TUCKER

Let's have it.

BRAYKER

I don't know what he's talking about.

TUCKER

You don't?

Tucker grabs Brayker. Yanks him to his feet and slams him hard against the wall. He searches Brayker roughly. Tears open Brayker's shirt -- Finds a leather shoulder pouch. It's empty.

TUCKER

What was in here?

BRAYKER

Some loose change, a couple of mints ... the key to the gate of heaven.

Again Tucker shoves Brayker against the wall.

TUCKER

(hisses)

You are starting to piss me off.

SALESMAN

(stepping forward)

Even a saint's patience has limits, Brayker. What have you done with my property?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

JERYLINE (O.S.)

He did what every thief does.

All eyes turn to Jeryline.

35 ANGLE ON JERYLINE

She sets down Tucker's glass of water. Nearby is the chair Brayker sat on.

JERYLINE

When the shit hits the fan, you
stash the loot.

She flips the chair over -- REVEALING a strangely shaped relic jammed beneath the seat. The relic is iron and bone, its worn surface covered with carved runes from a dozen ancient tongues. The bottom portion forms a key.

Jeryline pulls it free.

JERYLINE

He did it with everyone sitting
here.

(to Brayker)

You got fast hands. But not fast
enough.

The Salesman takes up his sample case.

SALESMAN

You don't know what this means to
me, Jeryline. What it means to
us all.

Jeryline approaches. She hands the key toward the Salesman.

The Salesman smiles back. Doesn't take it. He opens his case and holds it up.

SALESMAN

Would you mind putting it in for
me?

Jeryline shrugs. Goes to put the key into the case.

Suddenly Brayker lunges -- knocking Tucker aside. He snatches the key from Jeryline and thrusts it at the Salesman's face.

The Salesman dodges the key -- steps back defensively -- eyes and mouth glowing. He turns -- and smashes through the nearby window.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

TUCKER
Sonofabitch!

He takes Brayker hard upside the head with the butt of his revolver. Brayker goes down. Drops the key.

Tucker turns his gun on Brayker.

TUCKER
Bob -- run outside. See if that
salesman fella's okay.
(to Brayker)
Damn the paperwork. I'm throwing
the book at your ass.

Martel heads for the door.

Brayker groans painfully. He reaches for the key. Tucker's boot clamps down on his hand.

BRAYKER
Let me finish him off.

TUCKER
Shut up!

BRAYKER
You don't know what you're
dealing with.

TUCKER
I said shut the fuck up!
(picks up key)
Irene -- call an ambulance!

Irene grabs the phone. Dials. She looks askance at the phone.

IRENE
It's dead.

TUCKER
What?

IRENE
It's dead. The line's dead.

TUCKER
What're you talking about? I
just called the station.

He takes the phone. It's dead.

TUCKER
Shit

36 ANGLE ON JERYLINE

she's backed to the dining room door. Looking down, she sees one of the Salesman's bibles. She bends down. Picks it up.

37 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

Martel re-enters.

MARTEL
Salesman's gone, Sheriff.

TUCKER
What do you mean he's gone?

MARTEL
I mean he's gone. He wasn't there.

BRAYKER
Sheriff -- give me the key.
He'll kill us all unless you give it to me.

SHERIFF
This is nuts. Irene, keep an eye on the sonofabitch. I'm going out to the unit to call for an ambulance.

Brayker slowly rises to his feet.

BRAYKER
Don't go out there, Sheriff.
They're waiting for you.

TUCKER
They? Who the hell are they?

UNCLE WILLY
He wants to know who they are!
The Australians of course. Like the man said -- From down under.

Tucker grunts and heads for the door. As he passes Martel, he hands him the key.

TUCKER
Watch that, Bob.

Tucker continues toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

BRAYKER
(reaching his full
height)
Sheriff -- don't go out there.

38 ANGLE ON JERYLINE

She opens the Salesman's bible. Her eyes open in shock.

39 CLOSE ON BIBLE

Fine, onion-skinned paper. Freshly printed black ink. And every word reversed. The entire Bible backwards.

40 TUCKER

reaches the front door. Suddenly the Salesman appears in front of him.

Startled, Tucker opens his mouth.

The Salesman rams his fist through it -- and right out the back of Tucker's head.

Cordelia screams, horrified. Roach screams even louder.

Irene gasps.

Martel, shocked, drops the key and fumbles for his gun.

The Salesman tries to pull his hand free -- and rips Tucker's head from his body.

Tucker's body crumples to the floor.

The Salesman turns toward Martel

Martel pulls out his gun -- points it -- and freezes.

SALESMAN
Give me the key, goddamn it!

Brayker goes for the key. As he does, the Salesman steps forward -- swings at Brayker (with Tucker's head) -- sends Brayker reeling into Irene.

Brayker and Irene crash into the registration desk.

Jeryline snatches the key off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

With a grunt, the Salesman pulls Tucker's head from his fist. He grabs his sample case. Opens it.

SALESMAN

Jeryline

Jeryline starts to pull away -- but the Salesman's eyes -- something in them holds her in place.

SALESMAN

I don't want to hurt anyone else.
Give me the key and I'll go.

Jeryline hesitates -- tries to fight it -- loses -- starts to place the key into the Salesman's sample case.

BRAYKER

Noooo!!!

Brayker surges forward -- grabs the key -- puts it to the Salesman's face.

The key erupts -- A blinding burst of white hot light.

The Salesman screams in agony -- his face scorched and SIZZLING where the key touched it. Sample case in his hand, he stumbles backward out the front door.

Beat -- A moment of horrified silence. Then -- the sweep of headlights through the front door. Several headlights. And the sound of several vehicles arriving.

Jeryline goes to the front door, stopping at Tucker's body. She looks out.

JERYLINE

We got company.

41 JERYLINE'S POV

Four black Pontiac Firebirds have just pulled up out front. Each bears the same "Holy Rapture Bible Company" as the Salesman's sample case. Dust swirls around the cars as their doors open. 20 ASSOCIATES get out, taking up positions between the cars and the front door. All wear black business suits.

A burst of lightning reflects off their bestial eyes.

The Salesman emerges from among them.

SALESMAN

Looks like it's time for the hard
sell!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

He hands out a couple of tire irons to the nearest Associates.

The Associates go to work on the patrol car -- and on the shiny new pickup truck parked beside it.

42 INT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE

The others have joined Jerryline at the door.

ROACH

You fuckers! Not my truck!

Roach starts forward out of the house. Brayker grabs him -- just as a Wall Street Yuppie Associate lunges for Roach.

BRAYKER

Get back!

Brayker kneels -- pulls the gun from Tucker's holster. Empties it at the Yuppie Associate.

The Yuppie Associate's eyes explode -- a gush of black ooze -- and a sudden white hot surge that shoots from the empty eye sockets -- smashes into the door frame -- and dissipates.

CRASH! A fat Rock-A-Billy Associate smashes through one of the windows.

BRAYKER

Irene! Shoot him! Get his eyes!

Irene turns -- still in shock. Her gun goes off -- blasting a hole in the ceiling. Plaster dust rains over them.

Brayker lunges for Tucker's body. Grabs two more bullets from Tucker's belt. Loads them. Spins and fires.

The Rock-A-Billy is blasted back out the window, his eyes lost in a gush of black, oily blood.

The white surge smashes into the side of the building just outside the broken window.

Jerryline grabs Uncle Willy and charges through the dining room.

JERRYLINE

Come on! We can make it out the back door!

43 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Jeryline throws open the back door. A burst of lightning REVEALS a Depression Era Grandma Associate.

Grandma grabs Jeryline by the throat. Jeryline gasps.

ZZIIPPP! Brayker's gravity knife sails past Uncle Willy's ear -- and smashes into one of Grandma's eyes.

Grandma screams in agony as Brayker steps forward -- pulls his knife free.

UNCLE WILLY
Crazy Australian hag!

Grandma collapses back into the darkness as Jeryline slams the door shut.

JERYLINE
Maybe you haven't noticed, but
these guys ain't from fucking
Australia!

Brayker nudges them aside. He pulls out the key -- uncaps the top of it. It's a hollow vessel filled with red liquid.

Brayker kneels by the door. Spills a single drop onto the door frame.

With a HISS, the tiny drop of blood comes to life. Glowing, it spreads in opposite directions, following the contours of the door frame, meeting at the top.

BRAYKER
Those things can only get in mad-
made entrances. They can't pass
through this stuff and stay in
one piece.

JERYLINE
What are those things? What the
hell is that stuff?

BRAYKER
It's blood.

CUT TO:

44 INT. PARLOUR - MEANWHILE

Irene stands guard by the (now closed) front doors. Behind her, Martel has sunk to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

IRENE
It's okay, Bob. Nothing you
could've done.

MARTEL
Jesus, Irene, I froze. I just
... froze.

In the parlour, Cordelia, Roach and Enfield huddle by the stairs.

ROACH
This is bullshit!

Roach crosses to the broken window and shouts from it.

ROACH
Listen! I got nothing to do with
this! Let me go!

Roach climbs out the broken window. Cordelia races to stop him.

CORDELIA
Roach -- no!

45 EXT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE

as Roach steps out.

ROACH
You hear me? I want no part of
this!

Cordelia steps out after him.

CORDELIA
Roach, please, come back inside.

An MTV Video Babe Associate lunges from the darkness -- grabs for Roach. Roach screams -- fights her off and climbs back into the house.

The Babe goes for Cordelia. Cordelia screams.

46 INT. PARLOUR - ENFIELD

watches from the broken window. He turns -- sees Martel -- and races to him, pulling Martel's gun from its holster.

He runs back to the window.

47 EXT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE

The Babe has Cordelia in a death grip. Enfield appears at the window.

ENFIELD

Let her go!

The Babe swings Cordelia to one side. Enfield fires. The bullet nails the Babe in the chest. Black blood spreads across the Babe's suit. But the wound has no effect.

Brayker runs in from the kitchen.

BRAYKER

The eyes! Shoot her fucking eyes!

Cordelia struggles toward the window. The Babe is dragged closer. Enfield jams Martel's magnum against the Babe's head and pulls the trigger twice.

48 CLOSE ON ENFIELD

Eyes squeezed tight -- black blood spatters his face. Then -- a flicker of white light as the Babe's soul shoots out and dissipates.

49 CORDELIA

climbs back inside.

CUT TO:

50 INT. PARLOUR - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Cordelia burns a hole in Roach with her eyes while Enfield bandages her wounded arm.

Martel sits on the floor, leaning against the registration desk.

Irene sets a tool box onto the registration desk. She digs into it. Pulls out a couple shotgun shells.

Uncle Willy and Jeryline sit on the stairs, watching Brayker.

Brayker spills a single drop of blood by the open window. The window frame seals -- and glows. (The front door -- and the other windows to the room are all already sealed.)

JERYLINE

What kind of blood is it?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

ROACH

Look, mister, there's a lot of weird shit going down here. Now, goddamn it -- who are these people?

Brayker faces them. He answers reluctantly.

BRAYKER

They're demons.

IRENE

Demons

BRAYKER

Well ... demonized. The salesman -- he is a demon. From hell.

UNCLE WILLY

Where else?

BRAYKER

The others were human until he seduced them. That's how he works. Look, we can survive this -- if we stay here til sunrise. Daylight fucks 'em up pretty good. And if they do get in -- you have to destroy their eyes.

ENFIELD

I think he's right. When I shot that woman in the chest, it didn't even slow her down.

BRAYKER

I don't want anyone going out there again. If you do -- you're staying out. For all we know, you could be one of them.

ROACH

Is that so? What're you going to do? Shoot us?

BRAYKER

On sight.

UNCLE WILLY

In the eyes!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

BRAYKER

Exactly.

(beat)

I've got to seal the windows
upstairs.

He starts toward the stairs.

ROACH

There's something I don't get.
The salesman guy -- he said all
he wants is the key. If we give
it to him, will they go away?

BRAYKER

That's not going to happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. TROPHY ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - BRAYKER

has just blood-sealed the window. He hears a sound at the
door. Turns.

Jeryline enters.

JERYLINE

There's something I don't
understand. You knew this guy
was coming, didn't you?

BRAYKER

I had an inkling.

He passes her -- goes out into the hall. Jeryline follows.

52 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING

JERYLINE

Then why didn't you use that key
thing on him the minute he walked
in the door?

Brayker opens the last door.

BRAYKER

I never saw his face before
tonight.

(beat)

Strange thing is, I think I
wanted to see his face.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Brayker goes into the room. Jerryline follows.

53 INT. JERRYLINE'S ROOM - CONTINUING

The floor is covered with clothes, books and magazines. A huge poster of Paris hangs above the unmade bed. Outside, the WIND howls.

BRAYKER

This your room?

Jerryline nods.

BRAYKER

I'm sorry what I said before.
About your cooking.

JERRYLINE

(shrugs)
It's okay.

BRAYKER

No, it was uncalled for.

JERRYLINE

(smiles at him)
Sorry what I said. About you not
being nice, I mean.

Brayker goes to the window. It's stained glass with a cross at the center of its design.

BRAYKER

You weren't too far off.
(beat)
What'd they get you for?

JERRYLINE

What -- are we comparing notes?
(beat)
I stole some money from a place
I was working. Plus I was a
runaway. But they gave me a
choice -- I could sign up for
this work program or go back to
my folks. No way in hell I was
doing that.

BRAYKER

Uh huh.

He kneels by the window. Uncaps the key. Seals the window.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

You really do everything the
sheriff said?

BRAYKER

Yup.

A burst of lightning. Brayker turns. A bright white cross
flickers on the wall.

54 CLOSE ON BRAYKER

as another burst of lightning projects through the stained
glass cross.

55 ON THE CROSS

as the lightning flickers.

MATCH CUT TO:

56 EXT. MOUNT GOLGOTHA/PALESTINE - NIGHT - ON CROSS

One of three. A flash of lightning silhouettes three men being
crucified.

A man stands beneath them. He carries a case much like the
Salesman's. (Note -- we will not see the "Salesman's" face in
this scene.)

The Salesman draws two objects from beneath his robe. One's a
sword. The other is the key.

ADJUSTING, we FIND another man beside the Salesman -- a gaunt,
hollow-cheeked THIEF. The Salesman hands the key to the thief.

Turning, the Salesman holds up his sword. Presses the tip to
the ribs of the man on the center cross: It's Jesus.

The Salesman draws blood.

Christ's blood drips to the sand. THUNDER. A burst of
lightning.

CUT TO:

57 INT. PARLOUR - MEANWHILE

Cordelia slowly approaches Roach.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

CORDELIA

You're a bastard, know that?

ROACH

I ain't the one who tried to kill you.

CORDELIA

Shithead -- you left me out there.

ROACH

Who told you to follow me!

CORDELIA

You're absolutely right. Nobody.
(glances at Enfield)
At least now I know who my friends are.

Roach walks away. He grunts a laugh.

ROACH

Whores don't have friends.

He walks past the stairs, heading for the dining room as Brayker comes down -- followed by Jerryline.

BRAYKER

That's all the doors and windows sealed. Are there any other ways into this house?

IRENE

You mean aside from the doors and windows?

Brayker doesn't answer. He looks to Martel.

Martel still sits by the registration desk, staring at Tucker's body.

BRAYKER

Bob -- it is, Bob, right? Give me a hand with the Sheriff's body. Won't do us any good staring at it all night.

Brayker crosses to Tucker's body. He glances back at Martel. Martel nods. Slowly gets to his feet.

BRAYKER

Irene -- is there some place we can put him til morning?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENE

Uhhh ... There's a bathroom the other side of the dining room.

BRAYKER

Good enough.

Brayker and Martel carefully lift Tucker's body. Swallowing hard, Enfield picks up Tucker's head.

IRENE

Jeryline -- let's go put some coffee on. Looks like we got a long night ahead of us.

Irene and Jeryline head to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

58 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Irene and Jeryline enter. Irene makes coffee. Jeryline gets out the cups.

A SQUEAK -- Cleo the cat pops in via the pet door.

Jeryline kneels. Picks him up -- as Brayker enters the kitchen.

JERYLINE

Where the hell you been, Cleo?
The last place you should be tonight is outside.

Brayker turns -- gazes at Jeryline and Cleo. He looks to the pet door. Pulls Tucker's gun from his waist band. Points it at Jeryline.

BRAYKER

Put down the cat.

JERYLINE

What?

BRAYKER

Put down the goddamn cat!

JERYLINE

Are you nuts?

Brayker angles toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

BRAYKER

(shouts)

Put it down! The Salesman can
possess any kind of animal --
cats included.

JERYLINE

(holding Cleo tighter)

Fuck you -- you're not shooting
her.

Suddenly a hand shoots in through the pet door -- grabs
Brayker's leg and digs in.

Irene screams.

Panicking, the cat bolts from Jeryline's arms -- runs from the
room.

Brayker tries to pull away. The Associate's grip is too
strong. Its nails draw blood.

Brayker whips the cap off the key -- spills blood onto the pet
door frame.

The blood HISSES -- seals the frame. As it does, the hand is
suddenly severed.

The hand shrivels -- suddenly metamorphoses into a hideous .
demon claw -- its talons still imbedded in Brayker's leg.

Brayker pulls the claw from his leg. Tosses it. Heads for the
kitchen door.

BRAYKER

Where'd that fucking cat go?

He exits. Jeryline is right behind.

JERYLINE

Goddamn you!

59 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUING

Brayker enters -- sees the cat race into the back hall and
skitter through the door to the basement stairs.

Brayker runs after it. Makes the basement door. Goes down the
stairs.

Jeryline follows.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

Goddamn it, Brayker! Leave her alone!

Irene rushes after them. Uncle Willy follows her.

60 INT. PARLOUR

Cordelia heads for the dining room, passing Roach. Roach looks to Enfield who's sitting on the couch in the parlour. Roach heads for Enfield.

ROACH

You and me have to talk.

ENFIELD

Look, Roach, I don't want any trouble with you.

ROACH

(ignoring him)

We gotta get out of here. Now.

ENFIELD

But ... but Mr. Brayker said ...

ROACH

Fuck him. This is his battle. No sense in us dying over it. We're gonna take the key from him and give it to that salesman guy.

Cordelia has approached them.

CORDELIA

Jesus, Roach, haven't you caused enough trouble?

ROACH

Excuse me, but I'm talking to my friend Wally.

CORDELIA

He's not going to help you. And even if he did, I wouldn't let you get away with it.

Roach turns. Grabs Cordelia by the hand and pulls her toward the stairs.

ROACH

'Scuse us, Wally.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

Enfield starts to follow. Thinks better of it and watches them go up the stairs.

CUT TO:

61 INT. BASEMENT - MEANWHILE

Brayker scans the basement. A single bare bulb swings overhead.

Boxes and old furniture are piled everywhere.

Jeryline steps in front of Brayker. The others watch from the bottom of the basement steps.

JERYLINE

Brayker, please ... don't do this.

Something scurries along one wall. Brayker starts in that direction. Jeryline steps in front of him.

JERYLINE

My cat is not possessed by a monster from hell.

Brayker looks at her.

BRAYKER

Sorry, kid.

He pushes past her. Lifts the corner of an old mattress. Suddenly Cleo shoots out from underneath -- tearing into the shadows.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CORDELIA'S ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Roach throws open the door. Pushes Cordelia in ahead of him and slams the door.

ROACH

You get in my way and I'll fucking kill you.

CORDELIA

Why don't you keep it in your pants for a change. You're gonna end up getting us all killed.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

ROACH
I'm warning you, bitch!

CORDELIA
I'm not afraid of you.

Roach backhands Cordelia into the wall. She collapses in a heap on the bed. Roach grabs her hard. Hisses into her face.

ROACH
You better be afraid of me.

He shakes her. Pushes her down and exits, slamming the door.

Cordelia listens to the sound of Roach's footsteps. When he's well down the hall, she lets herself cry.

CUT TO:

63 INT. BASEMENT - MEANWHILE

Brayker cautiously approaches a shelf-lined recess in the wall. Suddenly the cat leaps from behind a row of preserve jars, knocking several to the floor.

The cat ricochets off Brayker's back and leaps to the floor.

Brayker whirls.

But the cat is already in Jeryline's arms. Brayker and Jeryline lock eyes.

Brayker pulls out the key. He reaches toward the cat -- touches the key to the cat's back.

Cleo meows.

JERYLINE
I told you.

UNCLE WILLY
Look -- where the cat was hiding.

Brayker looks to the bare shelf. Several bricks have crumbled away. There's a hole in the wall of the recess.

Brayker reaches to the hole.

BRAYKER
I feel a breeze.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CORDELIA'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

Cordelia continues to sob on her bed.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Poor Cordelia.

Cordelia looks up, frightened. There's no one else in the room.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Seems downright criminal to treat
such a pretty girl like that.

The Salesman's voice seems to be coming from inside her own head. And yet, strangely, from the window as well. Cordelia goes to the window. The Salesman's voice continues -- soft, mesmerizing.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
He thinks because he pays for it,
he can do whatever he likes. As
if any amount of money could ever
really pay you what you were
worth. Or give you what you
really want.

Cordelia looks out the window.

65 CORDELIA'S POV - THE YARD

The Salesman stands in the yard below, gazing up at Cordelia. The wind whips his hair. He continues to speak -- without actually speaking.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I know what you want, Cordelia.
You want love. Tender, warm,
unconditional love.

66 CORDELIA

nods. She wipes at her eyes.

CORDELIA
Yes ... yes, I do.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I can give you that love,
Cordelia. I'm fairly bursting
with it.

The Salesman reaches out to Cordelia. He moves his hand as if caressing Cordelia's hair.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

An invisible hand caresses Cordelia's hair. She closes her eyes and moans softly.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Let me love you, Cordelia.
Please.

CUT TO:

67 INT. PARLOUR - MEANWHILE

Roach makes his way down the stairs. Enfield watches him.

ENFIELD

Where's Cordelia?

ROACH

In her room -- thinking about her
attitude problem. You got an
answer for me?

Enfield doesn't answer. He heads up the stairs. Roach watches him go. His eyes narrow murderously.

CUT TO:

68 INT. HALLWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Enfield goes to Cordelia's door. He listens. Knocks softly.

ENFIELD

Cordelia?

No answer. Enfield nudges the door open.

69 INT. CORDELIA'S ROOM - CONTINUING

as Enfield slowly pokes his head in.

ENFIELD

Cordelia?

Cordelia sits by the window, her back to Enfield. She's naked. She turns slowly. A flash of lighting forms a halo around her unbruised, porcelain perfect features.

She smiles -- eyes radiant.

CORDELIA

I was hoping you'd come.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

She reaches toward Enfield, beckoning him.

Enfield looks away.

ENFIELD

Are you ... okay?

CORDELIA

Better than okay. Wally ...

Enfield looks to her. He can't resist. He approaches. Reaches for her. Their hands connect. Cordelia pulls Enfield to her. Takes his head in her hands and kisses him.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BASEMENT - MEANWHILE

Irene hurries down the basement stairs holding a flashlight. She joins the group -- huddled by the recess in the basement wall. Gives the flashlight to Brayker.

They've pulled away the shelves.

Brayker cautiously sticks his head into the hole.

UNCLE WILLY

You see anything?

BRAYKER

Looks like ... a mine shaft.

MARTEL

That's probably what it is. The whole area's riddled with 'em. Main camp used to be just over the hill.

JERYLINE

We could probably get out that way. Make it to town before those things out there even knew we were gone.

Brayker withdraws from the hole. He pulls out the key. Spills a drop of blood onto the brick surrounding the hole.

BRAYKER

It's not worth the risk.

IRENE

Now wait one goddamn second.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

BRAYKER

In a couple of hours the sun'll
be up.

IRENE.

In a couple of hours we could all
be dead.

A blood curdling SCREAM from somewhere above.

BRAYKER

Shit!

Brayker heads for the stairs. The others follow.

CUT TO:

71 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

as Brayker and the others bound up the steps and start down the
hallway. They stops. Gaze at something on the floor.

A puddle of blood seeps from under Cordelia's door.

72 INT. CORDELIA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cordelia's door bursts open. Brayker enters, his gun held
tightly in his hands. The others cower in the doorway.

Cordelia -- what used to be Cordelia -- still sits by the
window. Enfield hangs limply in her grasp, a broken, bloodied
rag doll.

Cordelia's body radiates a kind of translucent light. The
image of a demon pulsates inside of her. Suddenly her skin
peels away REVEALING claws and boney spikes.

Brayker fires at Cordelia's eyes.

Cordelia blocks the bullets with Enfield's body. Hissing, she
throws Enfield's body at Brayker.

Enfield lands atop Brayker, knocking him back into the hallway,
onto the floor.

Cordelia charges.

73 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING

as Cordelia grabs Brayker. He tries to pull his revolver from
his waistband. Can't get his arms free.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Irene points her shotgun at them. Tries for a clear shot at Cordelia.

ROACH
Shoot, damn it!

IRENE
I ... I can't -- I'll kill 'em
both!

ROACH
Fuck that -- Shoot 'em!

Roach wrestles the shotgun from Irene. Points it at Brayker and Cordelia. He's about to pull the trigger.

Martel pushes away the muzzle.

Brayker pulls out his gun. Aims it at Cordelia's eyes. Squeezes the trigger. Click. Out of ammo.

Cordelia straddles Brayker's face. Her abdomen opens -- REVEALING glistening, pulsating demon lips surrounding rabid demon fangs.

Brayker feels for the key. Finds it. Opens the top.

Cordelia knocks away the key.

The key sails through the air.

Lands on the floor by the stairs -- spilling most of its contents.

The blood comes to life -- seals up the threshold.

Cordelia's demon jaws open wide. They go for Brayker's face.

Irene snatches up the key -- Stabs it toward Cordelia.

Cordelia whirls away from Brayker -- grabs Irene's arm -- snaps it off at the elbow.

Irene screams -- stumbles backward.

BRAYKER
Bob!

Brayker holds out his hand. Martel tosses Brayker the shotgun. Brayker points it at the back of Cordelia's head and pulls the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

The front of Cordelia's head explodes outward -- her eyeballs among the gooey mess that splatters the wall. Her soul smashes into the ceiling and evaporates.

Slowly Cordelia collapses into a smouldering heap of demon flesh.

CUT TO:

74 INT. PARLOUR - A FEW MINUTES LATER - ON KEY

now nearly empty. Brayker is clearly worried.

On the couch, Martel finishes tying off the tourniquet he's applied to Irene's arm. Irene moans weakly. Jeryline stands by with a bottle of vodka.

Nearby, Uncle Willy watches, his eyes on the vodka bottle, trying to appear nonchalant.

Martel finishes. Motions to Jeryline.

MARTEL

Go ahead.

Jeryline sprinkles a bit of vodka onto Irene's wound. The vodka drips off Irene's bloody stump and onto the floor. Irene moans.

So does Uncle Willy.

MARTEL

Shit ... she's still bleeding.

JERYLINE

We have to get her out of here.

Brayker doesn't react.

JERYLINE

If she stays here, she'll fuckin' bleed to death.

IRENE

(moans)

It hurts ... Christ, it hurts.

She snatches the vodka bottle from Jeryline and gulps at it. Jeryline stares defiantly at Brayker.

MARTEL

I'm with Jeryline. We gotta take our chances in the mines.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

UNCLE WILLY

(thoughtfully)

You know, I used to work these mines. If my memory's right, the spur that runs under here -- it comes to a head in a mile or two.

JERYLINE

I say we do it.

BRAYKER

What makes you think our friends outside haven't discovered the mines? I won't let you go down there.

Roach steps forward.

ROACH

I have fucking had it with you telling us what to do. If we want to go out the fucking mines, we'll go out that way. But I got an idea that'll save us the walk.

(to others)

I say we give those goddamn things out there the key.

(advances on Brayker)

Anyone care to join me?

Brayker bristles, holds his ground.

BRAYKER

Don't be an idiot. You give them the key, they'll kill you anyway. Or make you one of them.

ROACH

That's what you say.

(to others)

C'mon -- let's get the goddamn key!

Brayker opens his arms -- Christ-like.

BRAYKER

Fine. Try to take it. I'll kill you. Who else wants to die?

Nobody moves. Roach stares hard at Brayker. And backs down.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

ROACH

Fuck you.
(heads toward dining
room)
I'm outta here.

Beat. Martel shoots Jeryline a look. He helps Irene to her feet. They follow Roach.

Jeryline looks hard at Brayker. Then follows the others.

Uncle Willy watches the others go. Looks to Brayker. Follows the others.

CUT TO:

75 INT. BASEMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER - ANGLE ON WALL

as a sledgehammer thuds into it where the hole is, filling the air with mortar dust. The hole is nearly big enough to crawl through.

Roach rears back -- slams the wall again. Behind Roach, the others watch anxiously. Uncle Willy and Jeryline shine their flashlight beams on the wall.

Martel holds up Irene.

Behind them all is Brayker, watching silently.

With a grunt, Roach rears back with the sledgehammer. Swings. Knocks away a huge chunk of wall.

He tosses the sledge hammer aside. Dusts off his hands. Picks up Irene's shotgun.

ROACH

What the hell are you all waiting
for?

Roach grabs Uncle Willy's flashlight. Ducks through the hole, into the mine.

The others follow.

Brayker watches. Steps toward the hole.

Jeryline, flashlight in hand -- brings up the rear. She starts through the hole.

BRAYKER

Jeryline.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

Jeryline turns. Brayker hands his gun toward her. She shakes her head.

JERYLINE

I think you'll be needing it.

She ducks into the hole. Brayker goes to the hole. Watches Jeryline disappear into the dark.

He takes out the key -- and seals the opening.

CUT TO:

76 INT. PARLOUR - A FEW MINUTES LATER - ANGLE ON BRAYKER

He's taken up a position in the middle of the room. He looks around slowly. His gaze falls onto the tattoo on his arm. We PUSH IN on the tattoo,

DISSOLVING TO:

77 EXT. MOUNT GOLGOTHA - NIGHT - CLOSE ON TATTOO

on the forearm of the THIEF. We WIDEN -- The Thief is reaching upward -- catching Christ's blood as it drips from the wound under his ribs.

Behind the Thief, the Salesman watches. The wind freshens. Above them, the sky grows lighter. (NOTE: As before, we will not see the Salesman's face).

78 THE KEY

fills with blood -- overflows.

79 THE THIEF

closes the key. Turns. The Salesman tosses a handful of coins at the Thief's feet.

The Thief kneels, gathers the coins.

The Salesman pulls a small iron box from beneath his robes. Opens it.

80 INSIDE THE BOX

A cut-out space inside the box awaits the key.

81 THE SALESMAN

holds the box towards the Thief. The Thief starts to put the key into the box.

He hesitates. Looks up at Christ.

Several coins fall between the Thief's fingers. The coins glitter in the moonlight.

The Salesman glances at the coins.

The Thief slowly pulls his empty hand from the box. The Salesman snaps the box shut.

The Thief grabs the dropped coins. Stands. With a half smile, he starts away. Walks faster. Starts to run.

The Salesman opens the box.

82 INSIDE THE BOX

There are silver coins where the key should be.

83 THE THIEF

runs, his sandals pounding the dirt. From behind -- an unearthly, primeval ROAR. The pounding of HOOVES.

Against the horizon -- the first hints of the sun.

The Thief digs in. He can almost feel the Salesman's breath on his neck. The pounding HOOVES gets louder. Closer.

The Thief gasps for breath. Grimaces painfully as the Salesman surges for him -- roaring triumphantly.

The Sun breaks the horizon.

The Thief pitches to the dirt, rolls, throwing up his hands defensively.

The Salesman lunges for the Thief -- and vanishes -- the sound of the Salesman's roar echoing across the ages as we

SMASH CUT TO:

84 INT. MINE SHAFT - NIGHT

Darkness -- cut suddenly by the dim, flickering beam of a flashlight. The walls are dank, moist and thick with cobwebs. A narrow gauge track runs down the center.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

Roach!

Silence. Jeryline stumbles forward, peering into the darkness ahead of her.

JERYLINE

Martel! Uncle Willy!

(silence)

Shit! Where the hell'd you all go?

Jeryline stops at a junction. A spur leads off seemingly to nowhere. Jeryline shines her flashlight down it. Sees nothing.

CUT TO:

85 INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE MINE - MEANWHILE

The others have stopped. Roach shines his flashlight ahead.

ROACH

You sure this is the way out, old man?

UNCLE WILLY

No doubt about it. This here's the north spur. 'Course, if we're heading west, then we're going the wrong way.

MARTEL

Whichever way we're going, we gotta wait for Jeryline.

ROACH

You saying we're lost?

UNCLE WILLY

Then again, the north spur didn't run east and west, it ran kinda north and south. You know, now that I think of it, the north spur's probably nowhere near here.

MARTEL

What's that?

Martel points into the distance. A faint light glows at the end of the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

MARTEL
Jeryline? That you?

They head toward the glow. INTERCUT TO:

86 JERYLINE

chooses the spur to the right. She walks a few steps. Stops.
There's a sound somewhere in the near darkness. Like WIND.

She follows the wall with her flashlight. Finds an opening.

JERYLINE
Holy shit ... Uncle Willy was
right ...

She starts forward. Stops -- aware of another sound: Crying.
Jeryline shines her flashlight to one side. Sees nothing.
Swings it to the other side. Nothing. The crying continues.

JERYLINE
Hello?

She turns suddenly. FINDS, in her flashlight beam, a small
figure huddled against the wall. It's DANNY.

Jeryline kneels. Reaches out to Danny.

JERYLINE
I'm not gonna hurt you.

Danny recoils from Jeryline's touch. He's terrified.

JERYLINE
It's okay ... Jesus, what're you
doing here?

WANDA (O.S.)
Danny?

Jeryline turns. Shines her flashlight toward the opening.
FINDS Wanda there, shielding her eyes.

WANDA
Who's there? Have you seen our
son?

Homer steps up beside Wanda.

HOMER
Danny? Are you there? Why'd you
run away from us, son?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE

Wanda? Homer?

Jeryline's flashlight beam catches them both square in the face. Glints off their eyes as they approach: Their glowing, bestial eyes.

Jeryline gasps. Stands. As powerful hands grab onto her shoulders. Jeryline screams as the Salesman pulls her close.

SALESMAN

So glad you could join us,
Jeryline. I was beginning to
think we were wasting our time
down here.

JERYLINE

Go ahead. Kill me! Get it over
with!

SALESMAN

Kill you? Why would I do that?
I have plans for you. You're
going to get me the key.

JERYLINE

(shakes her head)

Noooooo!

SALESMAN

Oh, yes -- because you're my kind
of girl, Jeryline. We were meant
for each other.

(pulls her closer)

Give us a kiss ...

Jeryline suddenly smashes her flashlight into the Salesman's face. He screams -- stumbles backward.

Jeryline grabs Danny and pulls him back through the tunnel.

87 INT. MINE - MEANWHILE

The others have stopped again.

ROACH

Christ, where the hell are we?

IRENE

Feels like we're walking in
circles.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

UNCLE WILLY

Matter of fact, there was one
spur that kinda turned in on
itself ...

ROACH

You -- shut up!

JERYLINE (O.S.)

Help! Help, he's here!

The group turns. Roach shines his flashlight. FINDS Jeryline
running toward them, pulling Danny.

JERYLINE

The Salesman's in the mine! He's
after us!

MARTEL

Shit! Back to the basement,
everyone!

ROACH

Great idea! Which way's the
fuckin' basement?

A sound: Like pounding HOOVES. Coming at them. Fast.

JERYLINE

(pointing)

That way!

She runs, scooping Danny up in her arms. The others follow.

The pounding HOOVES are gaining on them.

ROACH

Shit!

Martel struggles to hold onto Irene. He's practically dragging
her.

Jeryline quickly approaches a turn in the tunnel. She sprints
around the corner -- and nearly into a figure standing there.

It's Brayker. He's standing by the entrance to the basement.
He motions toward the hole.

BRAYKER

Go -- go! Get in there!

Jeryline ducks through the hole. Roach is right behind her.
Martel helps Irene through the hole. The POUNDING HOOVES is
nearly upon them.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

Uncle Willy ducks back inside. Brayker backs toward the hole.

Suddenly something grabs at him from the other side. Spins Brayker -- It's a Homer. Talons extend from his fingertips.

He rips at Brayker, shredding Brayker's shirt, drawing blood.

Brayker swings at him -- knocks him back a step or two. Brayker aims for his eyes.

Suddenly another hand grabs at him. It's Wanda. She rips at Brayker's back.

Brayker spins. Fires twice at Wanda. Turns back to take care of Homer. CLICK. CLICK.

Homer shrugs -- smiles evilly. Grabs for Brayker.

Suddenly a hand reaches through the hole in the wall. Yanks Brayker backwards.

88 INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUING

as Brayker is yanked back into the basement by Martel.

Homer reaches in after Brayker.

His hands and arms FRY as they pass through the protective barrier.

Howling in pain, Homer pulls back his hands.

Jeryline clamps her hand over Danny's eyes.

Roach fires at Homer's eyes.

ROACH
Motherfucker!

Homer's eyes explode in a red gush. His soul shoots out -- blasting into the wall beside the hole.

The bricks explode and crumble -- forming a brand new hole beside the old one.

UNCLE WILLY
Uh oh

The group races for the basement stairs.

CUT TO:

89 INT. BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeryline races up the basement steps. Charges down the hallway, still carrying Danny.

Uncle Willy and Irene are right behind. Followed by Roach and Martel.

Brayker follows. Slams the basement door shut. Shouts to the others:

BRAYKER

Keep going up, ya hear me? Keep going!

Brayker backs away slowly, his eyes on the door.

Suddenly the door explodes off its hinges. Two Associates -- a buzz-cut military Associate and a Tattooed Associate emerge and go after Brayker.

CUT TO:

90 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

as Roach and Martel skitter up the stairs -- passing the red liquid seal.

Brayker starts up the stairs. The two Associates are right behind.

The Buzz-cut grabs for Brayker. Brayker whirls -- smashes the Buzz-cut hard with his fist.

The Buzz-cut plunges down the steps.

Brayker continues upward -- just ahead of the Tattooed Associate. He reaches the landing -- turns toward the liquid seal -- and loses his footing.

Brayker pitches to the floor. Reaches toward the seal.

The Tattooed Associate grabs Brayker's foot. Pulls him.

Behind the seal, Martel grabs Brayker's hand. Holds him tightly.

The Tattooed Associate pulls on his end. Martel pulls on his. Brayker grimaces painfully.

MARTEL

For Chrissakes -- somebody help!

Uncle Willy grabs onto Brayker's arm.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

MARTEL

Pull, goddamn it!

Martel and Uncle Willy give it everything. They pull Brayker into the sealed area -- nearly pulling the Associate in as well.

At the last minute, the Associate lets go.

He hisses at them ... and slowly backs away, slinking down into the parlour.

Brayker gulps for air. Looks at his shell-shocked compatriots.

UNCLE WILLY

I guess you got a 'Told ya so' coming to you.

BRAYKER

Next time.

(sits up)

I hope we're all a little more willing to sit tight for a couple of hours.

IRENE

(painfully)

I could live with that.

BRAYKER

How you doing?

IRENE

Been better.

BRAYKER

(to Jerryline)

Where'd the kid come from?

JERRYLINE

He was in the tunnel. The Salesman got his parents.

Brayker slithers to the wall and leans heavily against it.

BRAYKER

Just what we need. Another mouth to feed.

Suddenly the lights go out.

ROACH

Shit ... What're the fuckers up to now?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

Roach clicks on his flashlight. Jeryline clicks on hers.

BRAYKER

Deputy -- how you fixed for ammo?

MARTEL

Not too good. I'm down to four.

BRAYKER

Great ... We got any more shotgun shells?

IRENE

Not up here.

BRAYKER

(sotto)

Shit ...

Brayker glances at his watch. It's just after 4:00.

JERYLINE

How long you been doing this?

BRAYKER

What, running? Too long.
(beat)
Ever since I got the key.

JERYLINE

How long's that been?

BRAYKER

A while ... Couple years. It's not exactly something I went looking for. More like it ... found me. After I got out of prison, I left the country. Went to Africa to fight. Cellmate told me once they paid good money to foreign mercenaries.

(shrugs)

I was out in the bush one night -- holding down a forward position.

We hear CRICKETS -- JUNGLE night sounds. And the approaching ROAR of a heavy vehicle.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON BRAYKER

He's a few years younger. Dressed in camouflage, his face darkened. He crouches in the brush, an automatic rifle in his hands. The night is dark -- misty.

He looks off toward an approaching vehicle.

Suddenly -- an explosion. Screams. Then silence.

Brayker looks about -- shocked. He steps out of the brush and onto a road.

An armed personal carrier has just blown up. A half dozen dead men lie nearby. Rebels in paramilitary fatigues. Brayker kneels at the first man he comes to.

The rebel is dead. Brayker finds a gold necklace on the man. Takes it.

He goes to the next man. Starts to go through the man's pockets. Suddenly senses he's being watched.

Brayker turns, rifle at the ready.

One of the rebels has survived. Just. Bleeding profusely from several places, he regards Brayker with wet, desperate eyes. Murmurs something in his native tongue.

Brayker approaches the rebel. The rebel reaches toward Brayker. There's something in his hand. It's the key.

The rebel turns his arm -- REVEALS the ancient tattoo -- as he offers the key to Brayker.

From the mist -- the sound of approaching ... HOOVES.

The rebel's eyes plead with Brayker.

Brayker reaches for the key. As he does, his forearm brushes the rebel's. Their arms suddenly fuse -- glowing.

The rebel pushes the key into Brayker's hand. Pushes Brayker away.

As the approaching HOOVES grow louder, Brayker backs quickly toward his hiding place in the bush.

As he fades back into the trees, he glances at the rebel.

The rebel screams as something in the mist takes hold of him. Jerks him back into the darkness. The rebel screams one last, terrible time, his scream echoing as we

CUT TO:

92 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brayker stares into Jeryline's eyes. She's moved closer.

JERYLINE

And ... what happened to the
rebel ... was that the Salesman?

BRAYKER

(nods)
I think so.

JERYLINE

Is he ...

BRAYKER

Satan? No. The Salesman works
for him. Apparently there are
quite a few salesman down there.

IRENE

Whose blood is in there?

BRAYKER

Originally? The blood of Jesus.

JERYLINE

That's why the Salesman wants it.

BRAYKER

You see, redemption opens the
gate. And the blood is
redemption. His blood and all
the blood that's filled it since.

Brayker reaches into his pouch. It's pretty badly shredded.
The key is practically falling out of it. Brayker holds up the
key.

BRAYKER

The key isn't worth anything
without the blood. But, once
it's empty, it has to be
refilled. It has to be passed.

Roach slowly gets to his feet.

ROACH

I owe you an apology, Brayker.

Brayker slips the key back into the pouch.

BRAYKER

You don't owe me anything.

Roach goes to him.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

ROACH

No, I do. I didn't understand
what this was all about.

(offers Brayker his
hand)

Forgive me?

Brayker stands. Takes Roach's hand.

ROACH

I want to help. 'Course, I don't
want to die in the process

Roach pulls Brayker to him. Hugs Brayker awkwardly.

ROACH

(softly)

I really don't want to die.

BRAYKER

None of us do.

Roach hugs him a little tighter, his hand resting near
Brayker's pouch.

JERYLINE

Shit! Where's Danny?

They all turn to look. Danny is no longer curled up on the
floor. He's gone.

BRAYKER

We'll find him.

JERYLINE

I'll go look in my room.

She heads off in that direction.

UNCLE WILLY

I'll go look in mine.

IRENE

I'll check mine and Cordelia's.
Bob, you mind?

Martel helps Irene to her feet. He goes with her down the
hall. Roach looks at Brayker.

ROACH

I'll keep an eye on the stairs.
I'll shout if the sonsofbitches
try anything.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

Brayker nods. Heads off to look for Danny.

93 INT. JERYLINE'S ROOM

Jeryline enters. Shines her flashlight at the bed.

JERYLINE

Danny?

She gets to her knees. Looks under the bed.

JERYLINE

Danny!

She hesitates -- suddenly aware of ... music -- an accordian playing with a gallic verve.

SALESMAN (V.O.)

You know, Jeryline, you could try the patience of a saint.

Jeryline looks up. She's alone.

SALESMAN (V.O.)

(chuckles)

I forgive you for what you did before. Love talk can have that effect on a woman. Make her zig when you want her to zag.

Jeryline stands. Goes to the window.

SALESMAN (V.O.)

But you gotta believe me, Jeryline.

Jeryline looks out.

94 JERYLINE'S POV - YARD

The Salesman sits at a cafe table, an easel before him (we do not see the canvas). In one hand is an espresso cup. In the other is a paint brush. As he talks, he dabs at the canvas. Behind the Salesman, one of the Associates (wearing a beret), plays the accordion.

SALESMAN

When I say I love you, I mean I love you. You want Paris? You got it. I'm talking the Eiffel Tower ...

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

The Eiffel Tower appears behind the Salesman.

SALESMAN
... The Arc de Triomphe ...

The Arc de Triomphe appears next to the Eiffel Tower.

SALESMAN
... The Right Bank, the Left Bank
... It's all yours, cherie. And
why? Because I love you.

The Salesman stands, throwing down his paint brush.

SALESMAN
After all the shit you been
through, Paris is the least you
deserve. I said I wanted a kiss
before. What I shoul~~ld~~a said was --
I want a soul kiss.

The Salesman turns the canvas.

95 REVERSE - LOOKING UP TOWARD JERYLINE

as she sees the canvas. She gasps.

SALESMAN
That's a pretty good picture of
your soul, isn't it, Jerryline.

96 CLOSER ON JERYLINE

She's thunderstruck.

SALESMAN (O.S.)
You see? I do know you. And I'm
the one who can make the hurt go
away. Just like that. Say yes,
ma petite chou.

A tear rolls down Jerryline's cheek.

CUT TO:

97 INT. CORDELIA'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

Martel looks in Cordelia's closet. Irene sits on Cordelia's
bed.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

IRENE

I got a bad feeling about this,
Bob. Like we aren't going to be
seeing tomorrow.

MARTEL

That's bullshit. You hear me?

(beat)

Where is that goddamn kid?

Martel sees the look on Irene's face. He goes to her. Strokes
her hair.

MARTEL

These scumbags aren't tough
enough to kill you.

Irene clutches Martel's hand. Kisses it.

IRENE

Thanks.

CUT TO:

98 INT. UNCLE WILLY'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

Uncle Willy closes his door. Grabs a broom handle from under
his bed and pokes around the ceiling.

A false panel slides open. Two feet of cord handle drops free.

Willy tugs on the cord -- pulling down a set of retractable
stairs. Willy starts to climb.

DANNY

Mister!

Uncle Willy nearly chokes on his tongue. Turns. Sees Danny
watching him from the corner of the room.

UNCLE WILLY

Jesus, Joseph and Mary. You
could kill someone sneaking up on
them like that!

(beat)

Chrissakes, what're you hiding
out in here for?

He looks toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

UNCLE WILLY

I oughta tell 'em where you are.
(glances upward)

Then again, a few more minutes
won't make too much difference,
will it.

(beat)

Hey ... you can keep a secret,
can't ya?

CUT TO:

99 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MEANWHILE

Brayker, Martel and Irene have returned.

BRAYKER

No sign of him ... It doesn't
make sense.

They all turn as Jeryline re-enters from her room. She regards
them all and shrugs.

IRENE

Where the hell's Uncle Willy?

She heads off toward Willy's room.

100 INT. UNCLE WILLY'S ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

as Irene pushes open the door. Martel is right behind her. He
shines his flashlight around the room -- catches the end of the
cord handle dangling from the corner of the false panel.

CUT TO:

101 INT. STEEPLE ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The steeple is filled with cardboard boxes. In a corner sits
Uncle Willy, a bottle of cheap whisky in his hand. There's a
case of the stuff next to him. Nearby, Danny sits on the floor
with a pile of old E.C. Comic Books.

Willy turns, startled, as the retractable stairs open.

Irene and Martel charge upward.

IRENE

(seeing Willy)

Chrissakes, Willy, what the
hell're you doing up here?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

Willy hides the whisky bottle. Points at Danny.

UNCLE WILLY
Looking for the kid.

IRENE
Don't give me that. You're
keeping a stash.

MARTEL
At least he found the kid.

IRENE
More likely the kid found him.
He wanted to know what the smell
was.

(beat)
Christ, I totally forgot about
the steeple. I haven't been up
here in years. Not since my
husband left.

(indicates)
All this shit's his. Who needed
to be reminded of that.

Martel points at the steeple's lone window.

MARTEL
We better tell Brayker about
this.

IRENE
Uncle Willy, you go downstairs
right this second and tell
Brayker to get his butt up here
and seal this place off.

Uncle Willy starts toward the stairs.

IRENE
And leave the bottle.

CUT TO:

102 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MEANWHILE

Brayker, Jeryline and Roach regard each other nervously.

JERYLINE
What the hell you suppose
happened to them all?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

He takes a step toward Uncle Willy's room. Suddenly -- from the opposite direction -- something bangs against the side of the house.

Brayker, Jerryline and Roach head toward the sound. They disappear just as Uncle Willy emerges from his room.

UNCLE WILLY

Brayker?

He looks around, surprised to be alone. A sound comes from the trophy room. Uncle Willy heads into it.

103 INT. TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUING

as Uncle Willy enters.

UNCLE WILLY

You in here?

There's a glow coming from the sealed window. And music. Uncle Willy cautiously approaches the window. The music gets louder.

Uncle Willy stops -- gazes at the window in confusion. The window has become a giant TV screen.

On the tube is a smart-looking bar filled with beautiful babes. Some dancing. Some standing around laughing. And drinking. By the bar -- more babes. And, standing amongst them, in his mining gear, is Uncle Willy. He's got a big, icy drink in his hand.

UNCLE WILLY

(on TV)

After a long hard one in the mines, there's nothing I like more than ...

(glances at girls;
smirks)

... a long hard one.

The babes giggle and snuggle against Uncle Willy. He offers a toast toward camera.

UNCLE WILLY

Sure, it burns going down. But nothing gets ya fucked up faster. Ain't that right, girls?

The girls laugh, smothering Uncle Willy with kisses as he drinks. The camera PANS OFF Uncle Willy. FINDS a window nearby. A window just like the one in the room.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

A whisky bottle floats just outside the window. We PUSH IN on the bottle -- a fifth of 'LONG HARD ONE Whisky -- 180 Proof'.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(announcerish)

Long Hard One: It's the quicker
fucker-upper. Over ice or
straight out the bottle.

We PULL BACK QUICKLY. The window is no longer a TV. It's just a window. But the whisky bottle still floats outside.

Uncle Willy gazes at it, enthralled, weakening.

The Salesman -- standing on the roof -- reaches for the bottle and pours a glass. He offers it toward Uncle Willy.

SALESMAN

Here's looking at you, Uncle
Willy.

Uncle Willy licks his lips nervously.

CUT TO:

104 INT. ATTIC - MEANWHILE

Irene stands at the window, looking out. She turns toward Martel.

IRENE

Christ, where the hell is
Brayker?

MARTEL

I'll go get him.

He hesitates. Sees the strange look that's just come over Irene.

MARTEL

What's the matter?

IRENE

I was just ... thinking about my
husband ... some of the shit he
left behind. Bob, start opening
boxes.

MARTEL

What?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

Irene opens the box nearest her. Rummages through its contents.

IRENE
I packed away a whole bunch of fireworks.

MARTEL
Fireworks? Irene, they're illegal.

IRENE
For Chrissakes, Bob!

As Martel grabs for the nearest box,

CUT TO:

105 INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - MEANWHILE

Brayker peers out the window. Roach stands by the door. Jeryline sits on the toilet. She plays with the sink's faucets.

BRAYKER
I can't see them ... I can't see anything from here.

Jeryline turns on the cold water. Lets it run.

ROACH
These things ... they can't get in through the plumbing, can they?

BRAYKER
No ...
(beat; less certainly)
... I don't think so ...

They regard each other thoughtfully. Nervously. Jeryline turns off the water.

UNCLE WILLY (O.S.)
Holy shit! We got trouble!

They turn toward the door. Brayker charges out, slipping past Roach. Jeryline is right behind him.

CUT TO:

106 INT. TROPHY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
as Brayker and Jerryline enter.

BRAYKER
Uncle Willy?

Uncle Willy turns from the window. The open window. He's got the bottle of whisky in his hand. It's half empty.

UNCLE WILLY
Oh, yeah, we got ourselves a whole lotta trouble!

Uncle Willy smiles drunkenly. His eyes glow -- red.

Brayker steps forward. Whips out his gravity knife.

Uncle Willy hurls the bottle at Brayker's head.

Brayker ducks.

The bottle smashes into the wall -- knocks loose a pair of antlers nailed to a plaque. The plaque falls.

Uncle Willy charges -- grabs Brayker -- drives him hard into the wall.

Brayker drops the knife.

Uncle Willy's hands grip Brayker's throat. Brayker struggles -- but Uncle Willy is inhumanly strong.

JERRYLINE
Uncle Willy ... Stop!

Uncle Willy is oblivious. Seething, he squeezes even harder.

Jerryline watches helplessly. She glances about -- sees a halibard on the wall. Goes for it.

Brayker fumbles with his pouch. It's empty. Brayker is horrified.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MEANWHILE - CLOSE ON KEY

Roach has it. He approaches the stairs. Goes down a step or two.

ROACH
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

Several Associates move toward the stairs, emerging from the dark.

Roach backs upward, onto the landing. Holds out the key defensively.

The Associates hesitate.

The Salesman appears at the bottom of the stairs. Sees the key.

SALESMAN

Why, Mr. Roach ... what have you got there?

ROACH

What's it look like?

The Salesman smiles. Starts up the stairs. Roach steps forward threateningly.

ROACH

I want out of here.

SALESMAN

(stops; shrugs)
So, let's talk about it.

CUT TO:

108 INT. TROPHY ROOM - MEANWHILE - ON BRAYKER

He's not long for this world.

Jeryline steps forward, brandishing the halibard.

JERYLINE

Uncle Willy -- let him go!

Uncle Willy glances behind -- sees Jeryline. He smiles -- almost sweetly.

UNCLE WILLY

Jeryline ... you wouldn't hurt me, would you?

Jeryline hesitates. Uncle Willy turns back to Brayker -- and goes to finish him.

UNCLE WILLY

Didn't think so.

Jeryline swings.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

The halibard cuts Uncle Willy's head clean off.

Uncle Willy's head bounces to the floor and rolls.

Uncle Willy's hands relax. His body slumps.

Brayker slides to the floor, coughing, gasping for breath.

Jeryline -- sobbing -- drops the halibard. Collapses to her knees.

Brayker reaches for his knife.

Suddenly Uncle Willy's body surges with renewed life. His hands find Brayker's throat again.

Brayker gasps. Struggles.

Jeryline watches in horror.

BRAYKER
(hisses)
Eyes!

Jeryline doesn't understand. She looks about -- sees Uncle Willy's head.

Uncle Willy's head is still alive. His mouth curls. His eyes glow.

Jeryline lunges for Uncle Willy's head. She picks it up. Sees the fallen antlers nearby.

Jeryline lifts Uncle Willy's head high -- and plunges it -- eyes first -- onto the antlers.

A gush of blood -- and an explosion of white hot energy that knocks Jeryline back as it bursts into the floor and dissipates.

Uncle Willy's body collapses in a heap. Dead.

CUT TO:

109 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MEANWHILE

Roach has backed behind the blood seal. The Salesman stands to the other side, bible case in hand.

ROACH
How do I know you ain't gonna
kill me.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

SALESMAN

You have my word. Frankly, I've been counting on you. As far as I'm concerned, the world needs people like you, Mr. Roach.

(beat)

You won't object if I kill the others, will you?

ROACH

If it makes you feel good.

SALESMAN

Exactly.

Roach thinks about it. Nods. He hands the key toward the Salesman. The Salesman holds up his hands.

SALESMAN

No-no. First things first.

The Salesman pulls a handkerchief from his pocket. Drops it to the floor -- by the blood seal.

SALESMAN

If you don't mind.

Roach shrugs. Kneels and quickly wipes away a bit of the blood. The rest of the seal immediately vanishes.

The Salesman opens his case. Roach places the key inside. The Salesman smiles and closes the case.

SALESMAN

(motions with his head)

You're out of here.

Roach smiles. Starts to laugh. He heads for the stairs. Starts down.

SALESMAN

One more thing, Mr. Roach

Roach stops. Looks up at the Salesman.

SALESMAN

I lied.

A burst of LIGHTNING. Two Associates are just below Roach. Several more wait at the bottom of the stairs. The two Associates grab Roach and pull him downward.

Roach screams -- long and loud -- as two more Associates charge upward: One-eyed Grandma Associate and a Gangsta Associate.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

The Salesman turns -- faces the trophy room.

SALESMAN

C'mon out, everyone, it's time to
join the party!

An arrow shoots from the trophy room -- smashes into one of the
Salesman's eyes.

The Salesman screams -- pitches backward -- dropping the case.

He hits the bannister and goes over.

Brayker emerges from the trophy room. He's got the hunting
bow. Jerryline's behind him. She hands Brayker another arrow.

Grandma Associate reaches the landing.

Brayker fumbles with the arrow.

Boom -- A burst of shotgun fire comes from Uncle Willy's room.

Shards of glass blast Grandma's good eye into lumpy jello.

Her white hot soul shoots out -- smashes through the window
atop the landing as her body collapses back down the stairs.

Irene emerges from Uncle Willy's room -- shotgun in hand.
Martel's right behind her. He aims for the Gangsta Associate.

Boom -- Boom! The Gangsta's eyes are blown out. His white hot
soul follows Grandma's out the window.

Martel keeps his gun aimed at the stairway.

MARTEL

C'mon, Brayker, move your ass!
Get the case and get in here!

Brayker snatches up the case. Heads for Uncle Willy's room.
Jerryline's right behind him.

BRAYKER

You found ammo?

IRENE

Next best thing: A little broken
glass, some cardboard wadding and
a bunch of M-80's.

Martel holds up a string of M-80's.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

MARTEL

It's a class one misdemeanor in
this county, but what the hell.

(motions)

I want you all back up into the
steeple. Now.

BRAYKER

What're you going to do?

MARTEL

I'm covering the rear.

(beat)

That was an order!

110 INT. UNCLE WILLY'S ROOM - CONTINUING

Jeryline heads up the steps into the steeple. Brayker looks
back at Irene. She turns. Hands her shotgun to Brayker.

Brayker looks askance at heer.

IRENE

I can't carry the damned thing
and pull myself up the steps.

Brayker takes the shotgun.

BRAYKER

After you.

IRENE

Go on. I'll be right there.

(beat)

Go on!

Brayker heads up into the steeple.

111 INT. LANDING - CONTINUING

Martel stands just outside Uncle Willy's door, in a military
stance, gun pointed at the top of the stairs.

Irene steps from Uncle Willy's room.

IRENE

Shit's sake, Bob. You coming or
not?

MARTEL

Goddamn it, Irene -- I told you
to go up.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

IRENE

I'm not going without you.

MARTEL

Irene!

Suddenly one of the Associates -- A Punk Rocker -- lunges from the window by Uncle Willy's door (the one smashed by the dissipating souls). The Associate grabs Irene.

Irene screams.

Martel spins -- aims.

Irene's scream is cut short as the Punk Rocker breaks her neck.

MARTEL

Motherfucker!

He fires twice. Blows out the Punk Rocker's eyes.

The Punk Rocker's white hot soul blasts into Martel's chest -- knocks him to the floor.

Martel gasps for air. He rolls to his side. Sees movement on the stairway.

Six more Associates -- the last of 'em -- move quickly upward.

Martel clutches the M-80's. Reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a lighter.

The Associates reach the landing.

Martel sweeps the lighter flame over the fuses of the M-80's. The fuses light.

MARTEL

Goodnight, Irene ...

As the Associates reach for Martel, the M-80's go off.

CUT TO:

112 INT. STEEPLE - MOMENTS LATER

as the whole building is rocked by the explosion. Brayker stands by the stairs, Irene's shotgun jammed into his armpit. He glances at Jerryline.

Jerryline hugs Danny to her.

Shaking his head, Brayker pulls up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

He sets the shotgun aside. Opens the sample case. Pulls out the key. Holds it close to his eyes.

BRAYKER
Only enough for one entrance.

JERYLINE
Is that all there is?

BRAYKER
That's all.

Jeryline stares back as the significance sinks in.

JERYLINE
The window.

BRAYKER
The window it is.

Brayker goes to the window. Starts to open the key.

Suddenly Danny struggles from Jeryline's arms. Heads for Brayker.

JERYLINE
Danny ...

Danny reaches for Brayker. His face has suddenly bloated. His jaws distending.

JERYLINE
Danny!

Talons sprout from Danny's little fingers.

JERYLINE
Brayker!

Brayker turns -- as Danny -- now fully demonized -- lunges for him.

Brayker drops the key. Grabs at Danny's demon face to try and fend it off.

The Danny-Demon swats at Brayker, knocking Brayker to the floor.

Danny's demon jaws open wide. He bites into Brayker's shoulder, ripping free a solid piece of flesh.

Brayker screams.

The Danny-Demon lunges for Brayker's face.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

Brayker dodges, kicking at Danny. He twists -- reaches toward the shotgun as the Danny-Demon recovers. Lunges again.

Brayker jams the shotgun under the Danny-Demon's chest.

Pulls the trigger.

The blast blows the Danny-Demon upwards -- he crashes out the window.

113 EXT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE- CONTINUING

as the Danny-Demon plummets to the ground. He turns over -- suddenly sprouts a pair of black, leathery wings.

114 INT. STEEPLE - CONTINUING - BRAYKER

grabs the key. Struggles to his feet -- and slams the key down on the window sill.

115 CLOSE ON THE KEY

as the last of the blood drips onto the window sill.

116 BACK TO SCENE

as the blood forms a seal around the window frame.

117 DANNY'S POV - THE WINDOW

as Danny soars upward toward the window.

118 ON THE WINDOW

as Danny surges past the seal. His body is devoured by the living liquid.

The Danny-Demon screams -- and pitches into Brayker, digging into Brayker's flesh with his talons.

With the last of its strength, the Danny-Demon scores a deep incision from one side of Brayker's gut to the other.

The Danny-Demon shrieks, its flesh melting from its bones. It collapses into a charcoaled heap.

Brayker groans painfully. Sees the key. Reaches toward it but can't quite ...

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

Jeryline picks up the key. She regards Brayker tearfully.

JERYLINE

I'm so sorry, Brayker ... I'm so
... this is my fault. I'm the
one who brought him in.

BRAYKER

(groans)
I'll yell at you later.
(points at his wound)
The key

JERYLINE

For Christ's sake, don't die on
me.

BRAYKER

Fill it ... Fill the key.

JERYLINE

I'm ... I'm not up to this

BRAYKER

Sure you are
(beat)
C'mon already ... Before it gets
cold.

Jeryline holds the key toward Brayker's wound. As she does, he
touches his tattooed forearm to hers.

For a moment, it's as if their flesh has merged. The skin on
Jeryline's forearm SIZZLES.

Brayker pulls his arm away. The tattoo is gone from his arm.
It's now seared into Jeryline's flesh.

Jeryline regards the tattoo with wonderment.

BRAYKER

Make me proud.

Brayker manages a painful smile. And dies.

Jeryline regards Brayker's lifeless body. A HISSING behind
her. Jeryline turns.

The blood seal on the window dissolves.

Jeryline looks at the key. Knows what she has to do. She
presses it to Brayker's wound.

119 CLOSE ON THE KEY

as it fills with Brayker's blood.

INTERCUT TO:

120 INT. JERYLINE'S ROOM - ANGLE ON WINDOW

The blood seal around the window dissolves with a HISS.

121 INT. TROPHY ROOM - ANGLE ON WINDOW

The blood seal dissolves.

122 INT. CORDELIA'S BEDROOM - ANGLE ON WINDOW

The blood seal there dissolves.

123 INT. STEEPLE - CLOSE ON JERYLINE

She watches as the key fills. She's frightened. But resolved.

124 CLOSE ON KEY

as the blood fills it -- overflows -- covers Jeryline's fingers.

125 INT. PARLOUR - WIDE

as the remaining blood seals vanish.

Beat. The whole place is deathly quiet.

126 INT. STEEPLE - ON BRAYKER'S BODY

as still as the rest of the boarding house.

Suddenly the door beneath the folding stairs explodes into the room.

A strange glow emanates from the room below. The Salesman slowly rises into the steeple. One eye -- where the arrow got him -- is a mess.

He looks at Brayker. Sees no sign of Jeryline.

SALESMAN

C'mon out, Jeryline. I promise
I won't make you suffer. Much.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE (O.S.)
I was going to say the same
thing.

He senses movement behind him. Turns.

Jeryline stands -- a few feet away -- between the shadow and the light -- naked except for her panties. Her skin seems to glisten.

SALESMAN
Why, Jeryline, you must be in
exquisite pain. You're covered
with blood.

The Salesman hesitates. Glances at Brayker again.

Sees the huge, gaping bloody wound across his abdomen -- and the bloody footsteps leading to where Jeryline is standing.

JERYLINE
Give us a kiss.

Jeryline grabs the back of the Salesman's head -- Brayker's blood sears the Salesman's scalp.

Screaming, the Salesman pushes Jeryline back -- his skin SIZZLING where it touches her bloody arm -- and drops back down into the room below.

Jeryline snatches up a flashlight. Goes after him.

CUT TO:

127 INT. UNCLE WILLY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

as Jeryline lets herself down through the hole in the ceiling. She's got the key in one hand, a flashlight in the other.

128 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

as Jeryline emerges from Uncle Willy's room. She shines her flashlight along the row of rooms opposite.

Senses movement below. Shines her flashlight down into the parlour. More sounds. Like FOOTSTEPS.

Jeryline heads down the stairs.

129 INT. PARLOUR - CONTINUING

as Jeryline reaches the bottom of the stairs. Shines her flashlight around the room as she edges toward the center.

She hears a sound from the back hallway. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Shines her flashlight in that direction.

130 JERYLINE'S POV - BACK HALLWAY

The sound continues: CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

131 JERYLINE

heads up the steps into the dining room. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Slowly approaches the back hallway. The CLICKING noise stops.

132 INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jeryline shines her flashlight down the basement stairs. Sees nothing.

She turns. Shines her flashlight into the bathroom.

Jeryline edges forward.

133 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUING

The beam of Jeryline's flashlight moves past the sink -- to the toilet -- to the bathtub. Tucker's headless body still fills the tub.

Jeryline starts to back out. Stops. Something isn't quite right.

She steps forward. Shines her flashlight at the bathtub. Then up at the shower rod. Several of the plastic clips that normally hold up the shower curtain swing lazily back and forth.

Suddenly Jeryline knows what the sound was.

Before she can react, the Salesman lunges at her from behind the bathroom door. He's got the clear plastic shower curtain in his hands. He wraps it around Jeryline -- pushes her into the tub.

Jeryline screams as she lands atop Tucker.

The Salesman turns on the water -- uses the top of the curtain to funnel it onto Jeryline's head.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

Jeryline struggles helplessly.

Above her -- distorted by the shower curtain -- is the Salesman. Below her is Tucker's horrible corpse.

The water washes the blood from Jeryline's skin.

The Salesman tightens his grip -- forces Jeryline's head upward so that her nose and mouth are directed right into the full impact of the flow.

SALESMAN

Pity you'll never see Paris.

Jeryline tries to stab at the the Salesman with the key -- but her arm is pinned beneath the plastic -- wedged between Tucker and the side of the tub.

Jeryline chokes -- coughs -- struggles to twist her face away from the water. But the Salesman is too strong.

Jeryline's body goes limp.

The Salesman keeps her face aimed into the water. Carefully, he adjusts the curtain -- allowing the water to wash away the rest of the blood.

CUT TO:

134 INT. DINING ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The Salesman drags Jeryline's limp body in from the bathroom. Drags her to the dining room table.

Jeryline still clutches the key in her hand. As her body comes to a stop, the muscles in her hand relax. The key clinks to the floor.

The Salesman gazes at the key.

He grabs his sample case from the dining room table. Sets it on the floor not far from the key.

He holds out his hand. The ends of his fingers talonize.

He reaches for Jeryline's hand -- pushes his talons into the flesh at the bottom of her hand.

The Salesman's fingers burrow -- he's filling her hand with his. He reaches her finger tips. Wiggles them. It's stiff, but workable.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

The Salesman turns Jeryline's hand over. Reaches down for the key.

For a moment, he hesitates, uncertain.

He goes for it. Picks up the key. Nothing happens.

The Salesman chuckles -- holds the key close to his face. There's still a bit of blood on it.

135 ON JERYLINE

as the pain of having the Salesman's hand shoved into hers rockets her back to consciousness. Jeryline's eyes bug wide. She coughs violently -- spitting water.

136 THE SALESMAN

turns, surprised.

Jeryline sucks in a breath. Hisses:

JERYLINE

You want the fuckin' key? It's yours!

The Salesman turns back toward the key -- just as Jeryline's hand -- under Jeryline's power -- shoves the key into the Salesman's good eye.

The Salesman howls -- as the blood on the key shoots onto the Salesman's face, consuming it.

The Salesman tries to pull away -- but Jeryline holds him tightly. Pulls him to her with their common hand -- digging the key in deeper.

JERYLINE

C'mere, lover.

Jeryline closes her eyes -- and holds on.

The blood shoots the length of the Salesman's body -- frying it.

The Salesman shudders -- and collapses in Jeryline's arms.

Coughing, Jeryline pushes the Salesman's remains aside. She gazes at his remains -- not much more than bones and ash and ooze.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

JERYLINE
(weakly)
Was it good for you too?

CUT TO:

137 EXT. HILLS - SUNRISE

The sun breaks over the hills surrounding town.

138 EXT. CHURCH/BOARDING HOUSE - SUNRISE

The church rises ominously -- silently -- in the b.g. Jeryline steps into the f.g. She's carrying a backpack in one hand. A cat carrier in the other.

She sets down down the cat carrier. Inside, Cleo MEOWS.

JERYLINE
I know, Cleo ... I know. Just
gog one more thing to do before
we hit the road.

Jeryline pulls a whisky bottle from the top of the knapsack. A rag has been shoved into the top.

Jeryline pulls out some matches and lights the rag.

She tosses the bottle toward the house.

It smashes through one of the windows. A burst of flame inside the house. The flame grows quickly.

As the house goes up, Jeryline puts on her backpack -- picks up Cleo -- and walks away.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. SMALL TOWN BUS STATION - DAY

Several passengers climb aboard, showing the driver their tickets. Jeryline brings up the rear. She climbs onto the bus. Hands the driver her ticket. She stops. Turns back, setting Cleo down.

JERYLINE
Excuse me.

Jeryline pulls the key from her pocket. Discreetly, she opens it. Spills a drop of blood on the bus' doorway.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

She turns back to the befuddled driver. Bats her eyes and heads for a seat.

CUT TO:

140 INT. BUS - DUSK

Jeryline sits toward the back -- on the opposite side from the door. She gazes at her reflection in the window.

FRED (O.S.)

Uh, excuse me, miss?

Jeryline turns. FRED, a handsome, overly earnest young man sits in the next seat.

FRED

Don't mean to bother you, but I
couldn't help noticing your
tattoo.

Jeryline glances down at her arm. Her 'brand' is exposed.

FRED

Don't see many pretty women with
tattoos like that. You mind if
I ask what it cost ya?

JERYLINE

A lot.
(smiles)
A hell of a lot.

She turns back to the window. Suddenly the bus slows.
Jeryline cranes her neck. Tries to see what's going on.

141 EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

as the bus slows to a stop. A case -- just like the Salesman's
swings into view as the bus doors open.

We do not see the person carrying it. But we do see that
they're wearing a long coat -- a lot like the Salesman's. And
a pair of medium heels. The BUS DRIVER looks down at the
person.

BUS DRIVER

Where ya going?

The person sees the blood seal running along the bus door.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

No ... It's okay ... I'll wait
for the next one.

The Bus Driver shrugs. Pulls the door closed and puts the bus
into gear.

As the bus pulls away, we HOLD. Beat. Slowly the person with
the case walks in the direction the bus went. As they walk,
they whistle. A chirpy rendition of 'Gimme That Ole Time
Religion'.

As bus disappears into the distance, we slowly

FADE OUT.

THE END