

THE SKY IS FALLING

by .

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PRE-CURTAIN OVERTURE: A subtle, eerie sound effect. A slight "EEEEEE."

ROLE CREDITS: BLOOD RED LETTERS AGAINST A BLACK SCREEN.

The "EEEEEE" SOUND continues, growing disturbing...piercing. It builds into a burst of SHRILL SCREAMING -- a synthesized fingernails on the blackboard, RUPTURING into a THUNDERING EXPLOSION as we:

SLAM-CUT TO:

EXT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

The SWELTERING hood of a SPEEDING UNIT #54. The super-charged engine ROARS. WAILING sirens. PULSATING lights. The vehicle JOLTS. Everything non-essential to the battered vehicle is just a blur.

INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

The gnarled face of the Arabian driver, OFFICER FRICK. He WAILS at the top of his lungs, mimicking the siren. Like a little boy entranced by the fury of the moment.

The Law Enforcement Radio (Comlink) spurts out the GARBLED transmissions. The Arabian officer riding shotgun, OFFICER FRACK, reaches for the Comlink transmitter.

OFFICER FRACK O.S.
(Arab Accent)
Faster, Frick. Faster.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT VEHICLE - NIGHT

A worn crucifix dangles from the rearview mirror.

MANIC LAUGHTER overrides the BLARING PSYCHO BILLY MUSIC. The engine THUNDERS like some mutant beast bent on destruction as we:

CUT TO:

INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

Fighting the vehicle's turbulence. Officer Frack remains icy cool in the midst of some serious heat.

OFFICER FRACK
(Into the Comlink radio)
Unit 54 in pursuit of suspect vehicle.
Requesting down field blocking at
intersection of Irwin and Allen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER O.S.
(Into the Comlink radio)
Unit 54 - Blocking request acknowledged

Feeding live-shells into an automatic shotgun, Officer Frack smiles.

OFFICER FRACK
Faster, Officer Frick. Faster.

Officer Frick slam-shifts the vehicle into low gear, mashing down on the accelerator. The engine HOWLS. Continuing his SIREN'S WAIL, Officer Frick caresses the nitrous switch. Sweat streaks down his face.

Officer Frack speed cocks his weapon, WUSCHCLACK.

OFFICER FRACK
Do it.

Officer Frick flips the switch. SONIC BOOOM! The speedometer leaps ahead as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT VEHICLE - VARIOUS

Bundles of cash RUSTLE out of overstuffed money-bags that read: "Die Fantamorgana Casino and Resort. Las Vegas, Nevada" and CLATTERING piles of exotic weapons and ammunition fill the back of the Vehicle.

We never catch a clear glimpse of the two SUSPECT'S faces, which are covered by crudely painted gelatin masks. The DRIVER SUSPECT glances at the strobing lights in the rearview mirror.

DRIVER SUSPECT
They are gaining. What shall I do?

PASSENGER SUSPECT
(English-Cockney accent)
Bung up the fucking tunes, Brother. My guts
feel like a fucking porcupine.

EXT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

Officer Frack leans out his window. Assaulted by the wind's torrential force, he fights to raise and aim his weapon.

INT. SUSPECT VEHICLE - REARVIEW MIRROR

The reflection of Officer Frack, hanging out of Unit #54's passenger-side window, targeting the Suspect Vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER SUSPECT O.S.
They have got a gun.

P.O.V. - ASSAULT RIFLE

Through the cross-sight we see the Suspect Vehicle for the first time. A destroyed BRINK'S TRUCK -- A blown-out, stronger-than-pig-shit hot-rod from hell.

The cross-sight fixes on the back window of the Brinks' Truck. BOOOM! A deafening shot launches us LIKE A BULLET...CRASHING us into the anti-ballistic plexiglass. Passenger Suspect looks back over his shoulder.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
Bloody, savages!

CUT TO:

EXT. IRWIN AND ALLEN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The intersection bears the signs of a Middle Eastern desert community: a Sodom, Vegas-style. Casinos and hotels SPLASHING waves of GLITTERING lights blend in with cultural aspects of an Arabian marketplace.

A bus stop is full of waiting CIVILIANS.

CUT TO:

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - VARIOUS

Approaching the intersection of Irwin and Allen, the Driver Suspect starts a violent turn.

An ORANGE FANNY PACK slides across the seat from the Driver Suspect to the Passenger Suspect. The Driver Suspect grabs it, holding it next to him, close and steady.

EXT. IRWIN AND ALLEN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Cutting the turn too close, the Brink's Truck is forced to HUMP the curb. Landing awkwardly, the vehicle's rear tires slam against the street.

INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

Officer Frick's SIREN'S WAIL suddenly ceases. He grabs a tight hold of the wheel.

OFFICER FRICK
We have a problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER FRACK
(sliding confidently back into his seat to
reload)
What problem?

OFFICER FRICK
I N E R T I A!

Officer Frack looks up from his weapon and immediately braces himself for catastrophe.

Approaching the vicious turn at full force, Officer Frick guns the engine in a low gear. Grinding his teeth, and violently spinning the wheel, he slams down on the breaks.

EXT. IRWIN AND ALLEN INTERSECTION - VARIOUS

The tires lock, SCREECHING against the pavement.

Unit #54 overpowers the curve, barreling sickeningly across the intersection toward the bus stop.

A manic SHRILL SCREAMING builds, drowning out all other sound.

RED FLASH! BOOOM! I M P A C T!

SLAM-CUT TO:

INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

RED fills the screen. We hear bodies TUMBLING, ROLLING off the vehicle.

OFFICER FRICK O.S.
Shit! Shit! Can't see anything!

WHOOSH, a wiper brushes some blood to the side.

WHOOSH, another wipe reveals the movement of FOUR LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLES: arriving at the scene and taking off in pursuit of the Brink's Truck.

OFFICER FRICK
No down field blocking! And we eat shit!

OFFICER FRACK
Fret not Frick, we'll take 'em down at the
railhead on Milius Causeway.

Officer Frick returns his partner's smile. Resuming his SIREN'S WAIL, making a sharp right turn as we:

CUT TO:

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - DRIVER/SIDE MIRROR -

An armada of Law Enforcement Vehicles moves into attack formation.

DRIVER SUSPECT

Some extremely menacing vibrations all around us, Brother.

PASSENGER SUSPECT

(lock and loading a weapon: WUSHCLACK)
No way to hide in this monster.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AERIAL

Law Enforcement Vehicles jockey for position in wild pursuit, all competing for the prize of apprehending the Brink's Truck. The burning BEAM of a spotlight SWEEPS back and forth, STABBING the action below.

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - PASSENGER/SIDE MIRROR -

Units #'s 3, 2 and 1 voraciously move in for the kill.

PASSENGER SUSPECT

This here dragster really has a tendency to slog in on these corners -- Know what I mean, Brother?

Suddenly from above...KABOOOOM! An earsplitting EXPLOSION ERUPTS on the passenger-side, the quivering shock wave and shrapnel from the blast CRACKING the windshield.

DRIVER SUSPECT

Holy Mackerel!

Flames everywhere as we look up through the cracked windshield.

EXT. LAW ENFORCEMENT HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Like some infernal, paramilitary Pterodactyl, AIR MOBILE #1 lunges into frame with an angry, MECHANIZED SNARL...

EXT. BRINK'S TRUCK - VARIOUS

Passenger Suspect grabs a weapon from behind his seat and slams his body -- head first -- through the cracked windshield. Fragments of flying glass bombard our vision as we suddenly find ourselves staring down the loaded bore of a wicked looking BAZOOKA.

The Passenger Suspect sprawled out on the hood; fighting to take aim despite Air Mobile #1's burning GLARE and turbulent PROP WASH.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
(screaming over the ROTOR ROAR)
That wisdom cuts both ways, Senator!

EXT. STREET - LOW ANGLE ON AIR MOBILE #1

KABOOOOM! The Bazooka's BLAST drives the wounded bird UP, OUT OF FRAME.

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - VARIOUS

The Passenger Suspect r e v e r b e r a t e s backward into his seat. A fiery recoil BURSTS out of the butt of the Bazooka, setting the exposed stacks of cash aflame.

The Driver Suspect's foot mashes the accelerator to the floorboard.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Brink's Truck passes neatly under Air Mobile #1's incinerated hull as it falls INTO FRAME, its skeleton CRASHING to the pavement. Units #'s 3, 2 and 1 cannot escape the gravity of the situation and RAM the downed chopper full force, prompting a massive EXPLOSION.

EXT. BRINK'S TRUCK - ANGLED THROUGH EMPTY WINDSHIELD

Both Suspects stare back over their seats at the devastation which lies in their wake: the burning stacks of cash and the burned-out ghosts of Air Mobile and Units #'s 3, 2 and 1.

DRIVER SUSPECT
Now that is what I call, "A baptism of fire!"

PASSENGER SUSPECT
AMEN!

The Suspects simultaneously turn their MASKED faces toward each other, breaking out in murderous laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILIUS CAUSEWAY - NIGHT

Unit # 54 skids into the intersection, sluing sideways into a COLLISION with the Brink's Truck.

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The Suspects laughter stops as they see UNIT 54 hurling straight towards them.

DRIVER SUSPECT
GIRD UP YOUR LOINS, BROTHER. This is going to be HEAVY.

PASSENGER SUSPECT
Understand. We're HEAVIER.

EXT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

Its grill rocketing straight at us.

EXT. BRINK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The Brink's Truck charges, its grill rocketing straight at us.

A manic SHRILL SCREAMING builds, drowning out all other sound as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. MILIUS CAUSEWAY - VARIOUS ANGLES

SLOW MOTION -- HIGH ANGLE. Both vehicles flutter into frame, JUMP CUTTING in FLASHES.

I M P A C T! The Brink's Truck tramples Unit #54 into a backward ROLL -- sending it, TUMBLING, CRASHING into a wall. The Brink's Truck SPUTTERS to a resounding halt. SILENCE as the smoke clears.

PULLING BACK off the mutilated door of Unit #54. Its bullet-riddled insignia reads: "LAS VEGAS LAW ENFORCEMENT. TO SERVE AND PROTECT." ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES arc off the surging casino rampart against which Unit #54 leans on its side. The cracked police strobes CHURN a flux of red and blue light over the ruinous scene. Officer Frack's pulverized body is strewn along the pavement, ripped, and limp. The steaming, stationary and apparently unscathed Brink's Truck is parked in the middle of the intersection.

INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - NIGHT

Officer Frick is pinned beneath the steering wheel murmuring and gurgling blood, the left side of his face torn away by a sharp piece of metal. He tries vainly to pry himself from under the wheel. He struggles to scan the area, alarmed.

OFFICER FRICK
Frack? FRACK?!

EXT. MILIUS CAUSEWAY - NIGHT

PULLING OUT of the open, dead eyes of Officer Frack.

We hear the mechanical sound of RELEASING LIQUID as the Brink's Truck, in the style of a "Low-Rider", hydraulically lowers itself to the ground with a THUD.

INT. LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE #54 - ANGLED ON FRICK

Frantically straining to grasp the dangling Comlink transmitter: just inches out of reach he belts out a CRY of frustration. At the sound of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, Officer Frick begins to HYPERVENTILATE. The FOOTSTEPS stop, along with Officer Frick's breathing.

DRIVER SUSPECT O.S.
(yelling in mock surprise)
This one is dead...

Officer Frick crimps his eyes shut in dread.

DRIVER SUSPECT CONT.
I think the other one is still in the vehicle.

Frick's eyes open, bulging in fright. He resumes HYPERVENTILATING as the Driver Suspect's FOOTSTEPS draw near. As the Driver Suspect's shadow looms forward, Officer Frick frightfully holds onto a final breath.

UP-SIDE-DOWN/FISHEYE P.O.V. -OFFICER FRICK

The Driver Suspect crouches down on all fours and proceeds to crawl right up into a warped CLOSE-UP: a peering masked face fills the frame.

DRIVER SUSPECT
Why, hello there!

The Driver Suspect pulls away his mask, revealing the smiling face of MONSIGNOR FELIX CROWLEY. If Vin Skully were a murderous cleric on bad-acid, he'd be looking like Felix.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
My name is Monsignor Crowley. What is your name?

OFFICER FRICK
(stunned; dribbling blood)
Frick. Officer Frick.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Yes. Yes, of course. (big smile) Greetings, Officer Frick.

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CONTINUED:

Father Felix pulls himself out of the wreck, leaving Officer Frick hemorrhaging, terrified and terribly confused.

MONSIGNOR FELIX O.S.

This collaborator is still alive and his name is Officer Frick.

In desperation Officer Frick tries to escape.

MONSIGNOR FELIX O.S.

Ringo, this self-righteous outback predator is attempting escape. Hurry, Brother.

EXT. MILIUS CAUSEWAY - NIGHT

The Brink's Truck door opens, a leg emerges and from out of the depths clamors the Passenger Suspect.

TRACKING with the PASSENGER SUSPECT: As he WADDLES forward, his shoes SQUEAK with every step. Brandishing a SLEDGEHAMMER in his right hand, he tightens the ORANGE FANNY PACK around his waist with his left. The Passenger Suspect rips off his mask revealing the pugnacious face of FATHER RINGO MICHAELS. When looking at Father Ringo Michaels one picture immediately comes to mind: Napoleon on speed.

He moves past a smiling Felix, halting in front of Officer Frick. An uneasy moment of silence as they stare each other down. Suddenly, Father Ringo lets loose a powerful sneeze. KAAACHOOOO! Officer Frick instinctively recoils, as if shot. Father Ringo rips Officer Frick's soiled shirt from his body, using it to wipe away his snot.

FATHER RINGO

Thanks.

OFFICER FRICK

(he cracks)

Do it! Do me. Right 'way, you fuck! Fuck me -- to my Father's house. The happy, happy, happy land.

FATHER RINGO

You best be careful, copper. You're into some heavy slander --

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Yes, I'm afraid your logic is a bit askew. By my honor, Officer Frick, all that of which you speak does not exist. Your soul will be dead even before your body. Most unfortunate, but indubitably true. Fear nothing more. We should know, we're priests.

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CONTINUED:

OFFICER FRICK
(spits blood into Ringo's face)
Fuck you and your Brother....

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Well spoken, Brother.

OFFICER FRICK
God, help me.

ANGLE - FRICK'S P.O.V.

Father Ringo raises the Sledgehammer poised to strike.

FATHER RINGO
(gutterish-Shakespearean tone)
Officer Frick, me son, give up thy ghost
and lick the dust, for such are the
consequences of life. Ta,Ta.

Father Ringo slams the hammer down as we:

SLAM-CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAWN

A BLACK HUEY roars over the desert, crossing barbed-wire
perimeters, landing at an archaeological site.

Two armed THUGS jump out and accompany HANS LANGERMAN to an
underground corridor. Langerman is mid-sixties and pale with
Aryan white hair. In his appearance and movements, Langerman is
the epitome of German precision. His black-gloved fist clutches
the handle of a steel briefcase, cuffed to his wrist.

INT. CATACOMBS - DAY

Two HOODED MONKS escort Langerman. Cracked skulls and bones line
walls covered with glyptic graffiti and dry blood.

A large steel door creaks open revealing the ghoulish face of the
SMILING DEACON: an Igor-type hunchback always accompanied by a
strange hissing.

INT. THE VOID - IMMATERIAL

The steel door clanks shut. The Smiling Deacon triggers a
flashlight, directing Langerman to a golf cart.

The Smiling Deacon makes turns at unseen markers. He flips a
RADIO switch on the dashboard, and a scratchy 30's version of
Duke Ellington's "I've Got the World on a String" spurts from the
speakers.

INT. THE VOID - EXT. SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - DARKNESS

The cart pulls up to a fluorescently lit mobile home. Langerman follows the Smiling Deacon to the awninged entrance of The Sacred Doctrine of Faith's SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS.

INT. SECURITY COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A 1930'ish RADIO sits on a small table and spurts out the Ellington tune.

A large room with a shadowy Baroque elegance. A system of conduits thrust through antique tapestries and across gilded mirrors. The BIG BOARD: an elaborate video, computer and communications system graces the wall.

Langerman walks in and is met by three men dressed in pin-striped suits, seated at a long table. Distinctive bars and name tags adorn their breasts: MINISTERS ICK, SICK and DICK. The Smiling Deacon retreats to a corner, quietly hissing. No one says a word -- all waiting for Langerman to speak.

Langerman seats himself at the table. He uncuffs and opens his briefcase. Pulling out a video tape and a file, Minister Ick CLAPS his hands. The Smiling Deacon retrieves the tape and inserts it into the BIG BOARD. A large screen comes to life.

BIG BOARD: A "robbery montage" of black and white, time-coded footage from casino security cameras. Rampaging through various locations of the casino, the masked figures of Monsignor Felix and Father Ringo put on a display of vicious "Chaplinesque" action, brandishing hardcore weaponry and laying to waste all that lies in their path.

LANGERMAN

Ministers, Approximately one hour and twelve minutes prior to now, Monsignor Felix Crowley and Father Ringo Michaels robbed a casino in Las Vegas. They escaped. Ironically, the casino they hit was one of ours. A SYNDICATE OPERATION. The security footage that we are watching has been contained and a cover story has already been put into motion.

MINISTER ICK

Have we been compromised?

LANGERMAN

To a degree. Twenty-five percent of the cash stolen was third generation. Marked bills. When they pass them, an automatic trace will alert the Syndicate. However, though the Syndicate will have the advantage of time, Law Enforcement also possesses the trace numbers. Due to the nature of their crimes this case will now

(MORE)

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LANGERMAN (cont'd)
undoubtedly fall under federal jurisdiction. This new presence complicates things. We are competing with Law Enforcement and it is just a matter of time before they connect the hammer used in...

(motioning to the big board)
...this robbery to the massacre which took place here.

BIG BOARD: Ringo and Felix's absurd actions makes it quite clear that they have no idea what they are doing, a real "cowboy job". However, their lack of coordination and skill does not seem to hinder them; on the contrary, it appears to be helping.

MINISTER ICK
(looking at the footage)
How could they have done this?

LANGERMAN
Superior fire power. Exhibiting absolutely no restraint in, shall we say, their vicious employment of state of the art stolen artillery. A chaotic display of power, yes. but amid the havoc one element is clear: there is a method to their madness.

MINISTER DICK
Mr. Langerman, am I to understand, that the two heretics whom we contracted you to find, arrived at your very doorstep themselves, and you still failed to apprehend them?

LANGERMAN
(razor sharp, SS)
In light of the damages my organization has suffered at the hands of your two Priester, you might exercise a bit of restraint in drawing your conclusions, Herr Minister.

BIG BOARD: the "robbery montage" comes to an end with the STOP-MOTION FOOTAGE of a masked Father Ringo, taking his HAMMER out of the holster and smashing it DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA as the screen goes black:

MINISTER ICK
(referring to the "robbery montage")
Is that the HAMMER, that was used in the massacre?

LANGERMAN
It would appear so.

From the darkness at the end of the table, a sinistral DISEMBODIED VOICE issues a soft command in Japanese. The command

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

is echoed by a translation in American Southern drawl from a
SECOND DISEMBODIED VOICE.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

The image of illusion shattered by the
HAMMER of reality... A saucy and
appropriate finale to a supernatural caper
such as this.

A lighter sparks, setting fire to a porcelain opium-pipe. A gasp
of inhalation as the contents are "cherried," a red glow
reflecting in a pair of tinted spectacles.

LANGERMAN

(speaking into the darkness)

A belief in a supernatural source of evil
is not necessary. Men alone are quite
capable of every conceivable wickedness.

An exhaling wheeze. A stream of smoke flows out from the
darkness. CARDINAL CARTEKKER, in his automated armchair, advances
to his position at the head of the table. Cartekker is a twisted
Dr. Fu Manchu, dressed in red and black satin. Tiny, black-tinted
spectacles sit on the tip of his nose. Something moves behind
him, like a monkey on his back. LORD TAYLOR peeks over
Cartekker's shoulder with a sickeningly arrogant smile. Riding in
a knapsack attached to Cartekker's back, the legless scroyle not
only acts as Cartekker's mouthpiece but also employs his right
arm in place of the Cardinal's missing limb.

CARTEKKER SPEAKS/TAYLOR
TRANSLATES

Then perhaps you can explain how this could
have happened?

LANGERMAN

Cardinal Cartekker, it is as much a riddle
to my organization as it is to yours...
Perhaps if you told me what really happened
here I might be able to make some sense of
these incidents. (beat) At the Council's
request, the Syndicate has expended much
energy in trying to apprehend Monsignor
Crowley and Father Michaels -- and thus far
we have asked no questions.

CARTEKKER SPEAKS/TAYLOR
TRANSLATES

We indemnify the Syndicate against any and
all losses. But we must also indemnify the
world. As the Security Council for
Interfaith, we serve as custodians to a
united coalition of the world's religions.
We are its care-takers. That is why we are
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LANGERMAN

And why, may I ask, am I here? What, precisely, is the Council now asking of my organization? The Syndicate needs some answers if we are to continue this relationship.

The Cardinal gives Minister Ick a "tell him what it's all about" nod.

MINISTER ICK

We can only say that the religious significance of this unusual archeological site may have formidable implications with regards to monotheistic doctrine. Monsignor Crowley was the excavation director. Father Michaels was his assistant. Three months ago, while investigating this very chamber, they lost their way and were undiscovered by the rest of the crew for days. Trapped within this boundless darkness; without provisions, light, or hope. These two pillars of the church fell from grace, subsequently killing every member of their excavation crew with a sledgehammer. We wanted you only to apprehend them so that we might gain some insight into their motives. But things have changed.

CARTEKKER SPEAKS/TAYLOR
TRANSLATES

Based on evidence of things not seen, this Council, after much deliberation, has no other choice but to assume that Monsignor Felix Crowley and Father Ringo Michaels were responsible for the Massacre which took place here... And now the spectacle in Las Vegas. They have become a threat to Interfaith as a whole. It is this Council's duty to deal with such threats. Herr Langerman, set thine house in order. THE HERETICS MUST DIE. -- I have spoken

Cardinal Cartekker gives Minister Ick a nod. Cartekker and Taylor seep slowly back into the darkness in the automated armchair.

MINISTER ICK

You realize, of course, that this is a terminal service. One assassin -- nothing left to be compromised.

LANGERMAN

I knew just the man for this sort of thing.

CARTEKKER SPEAKS/TAYLOR
TRANSLATES

I have known killers of every sort in my lifetime. None ever measured up to their fate.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CHURCHYARD PLAYGROUND - DAY

PANNING off a group of SCHOOL-BOYS clad in uniforms. They are gathered around a large 1930'ish RADIO located in the middle of a grass-covered quad -- they are listening to an old radio show: "Chandu The Magician".

OUR PAN CONTINUES towards the shadowy corner of the quad. TWO YOUNG BOYS: one BLOND, the other BRUNETTE are engaged in a play fight that is slightly too intense to be purely innocent. We hear their FORCED LAUGHTER as the Blond maneuvers the Brunette into a painful full-nelson hold.

BLOND BOY
Louder, I can't hear you.

BRUNETTE BOY
Uncle!... UNCLE!

A MAN stands in the shadows, watching the fight. We hear his thoughts.

Ominous CHURCH-BELLS begin to RING.

MAN (V.O.)
No. Not like that. ...a sharp blow. Edge of
yer hand to the side of his neck. In back
of his ear. Palm up-- SLASH!

TRACKING CLOSER on the MAN in the shadows: He dresses in scholarly attire, wearing glasses, a school master's-gown over a weathered suit.

SPECTATOR (V.O.; Cont.)
Snap the carotoid artery and vagus nerve.
Sharp enough and he'll be brain-dead in
seconds.

TRACK INTO A CLOSE-UP OF THE MAN'S FACE: A definite "hardboiled" look to him, a warped-out caricature of Humphrey Bogart. The face of a man with enormous feelings kept in check. This is FRANK DOYLE.

SUDDENLY-- Dust, debris and vegetation kick up, stirred by a great wind from above. The CHURCH-BELLS are overtaken by a BURST of ROTOR ROAR and PROP WASH.

Frank quickly rounds up his curious students, directing them back to the classroom. He parks himself on a nearby bench, watching as a BLACK HUEY descends into the middle of the quad -- crushing the RADIO as it lands. The Huey's door slides open. The sultry figure of ANGELICA TURSEAU moves to where Frank is seated. Frank looks unamused.

Angelica, a beautifully cut, black "Veronica Lake" in her late thirties, cautiously sits down, and lights a cigar.

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CONTINUED:

FRANK

What do we have here, a fallen Angel.

ANGELICA

Hello, Frank.

FRANK

Hello, Angelica... (eyeing the helicopter)
That was a real subtle entrance.

ANGELICA

I Thought you were dead and gone.

(gives Frank a smile)

When I asked what happened you know what they told me? They told me to use my imagination. Imagine how funky and inadequate I felt when I found out you were just here.

FRANK

Right here the whole time. Just me and God.

ANGELICA

That's comforting, Wonder what your friends would think if they knew that you're just a guilty killer grabbing for salvation?

FRANK

Everyone gets the fear eventually. It's just a matter of time...that's fer dead cert....

Frank plucks the cigar from Angelica's lips and takes a long drag.

ANGELICA

(plucking the cigar back from Frank)

You know why I'm here.

FRANK

I don't wanna know. It doesn't matter anyway. I'm dead. That was the deal.

ANGELICA

It's serious, Frank. I owe them. You know how that is...

FRANK

It's always serious and the deficits are always closing in. Get out now before you suffer a fate worse than debt.

ANGELICA

Langerman wants to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Langerman smiles, laying two dossiers on the edge of his desk.

Frank glances at the names on the files: MONSIGNOR FELIX CROWLEY, FATHER RINGO MICHAELS.

FRANK

Priests. My church wants to hit two Priests?

LANGERMAN

You are aware of the recent robbery that occurred in Las Vegas?

FRANK

Yes.

LANGERMAN

And you are aware of the events which took place at the Faith's archaeological sight in Death Valley? The Massacre?

Frank nods.

LANGERMAN (CONT.)

In both cases, these two Priester were responsible.

FRANK

Impossible. No way two priests could be that capable.

LANGERMAN

Eliminate the impossible. If nothing remains, some part of the impossible must be possible. See for yourself, yes?

Frank picks up the dossiers. Bad electricity in his eyes.

CLOSE ON DOSSIERS: Pictures from the bloody aftermath of the Las Vegas Heist and the Death Valley Massacre slide through Frank's hands.

LANGERMAN(O.S.)

The Death Valley Massacre: all but two members of the excavation crew were brutally slain -- each in the same kinetic mode. A sledgehammer to the cranium. No witnesses, just thirty-six skull-crushed victims and two unaccounted for bodies -- Monsignor Felix P. Crowley, and Father Ringo I. Michaels. Presumed dead, they are still alive. (Pause.) Frank, these two men were responsible...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANK

(referring to the dossiers)
The Casino? M-79's. Enfield 185's... Qmac
Two Manvilles? M20 Super-Bazooka? This is
some heavy ordinance. Where'd two priests
get a hold of this kind of fire-power?

LANGERMAN

They hit and rolled a North Vegas arms
dealer. All of the information which you
require is contained in the files.

FRANK

And what if yer framing a twister?

LANGERMAN

Much of this mystery is based on evidence
of things not seen. You need to understand
the consequences. If these two Priester
fall into the hands of Law Enforcement or
the Press Corps...Your Church, your
God...they will be the ones that suffer.

FRANK

This is the kind of thing only a real rat-
fuck connoisseur of edge-work like yerself
could make an argument for.

LANGERMAN

If your faith is true, you will do what the
Church asks of you. These Priester must be
held accountable for their atrocities. They
must pay the price. Name your price for
what you do best.

FRANK

You couldn't pay my price...

LANGERMAN

Unlikely.

FRANK

What if I said, Absolution?

Langerman breaks out in a genial smile of cruelty.

LANGERMAN

Absolution...

FRANK

I want to be absolved of all the sins from
my past and all of the inevitable sin of my
future. I want to be absolved by the Church
and buried on holy-ground. A sacred trust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LANGERMAN
Very, very expensive.

FRANK
If I thought life was cheap, I wouldn't charge so much to take one. This is my price. If you can pay it, I'll know that yer for real.

LANGERMAN
We'll be in touch.

Frank turns to go.

LANGERMAN
It is good to have you back.

We HEAR the gargley RUMBLE of a super-charged engine as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. 69' ROAD-RUNNER - NIGHT

The ultimate muscle car: A FULLY BORED OUT, SUPERCHARGED, MUTHAFUCKIN' KING-KONGED, FLAMING ORANGE 69' ROAD RUNNER. We hear the engine GROWL as the Road Runner lurches forward.

INT. ROAD RUNNER - VARIOUS ANGLES

Father Ringo is driving this newly acquired monster with a sickening gleefulness -- the fannypack strapped tightly around his waist. Monsignor Felix is riding shotgun and looking at a map. The backseat is filled with weapons and ammo and bags of cash.

FATHER RINGO
(manic)
I fucking luv this here car we just acquired -- I mean do you understand me? I FUCKING LUV THIS HERE MACHINE... This here dragster is what it's all about.

Felix hasn't heard a word, he is too frustrated with his map.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
I cannot understand this map. It's disfigured beyond any realm of comprehension. And these symbols...

Ringo rips the map from Felix's hands, slugging him in the arm.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Why did you do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER RINGO

This map is not the territory, and these festering symbols are just symbols. The bloody map isn't the thing. The thing's the thing, Brother.

MONSIGNOR FELIX

What THING are you speaking of?

FATHER RINGO

The THING is SPEED! Speed, my Brother. The rate or measure of motion-- distance traveled divided by the time of travel. The magnitude of velocity. We must 'ave velocity. As long we 'ave velocity, there's nothing we can't do.

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Rock solid, Brother. Velocity!

Ringo SLAM-SHIFTS the beast into forth as they surge forward..

FATHER RINGO

When in doubt, bore it out.

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Indubitably!

FATHER RINGO

Look here Brother. I feel a powerful lust for some cherry-pie. I want the finest cherry-pie available to mankind. I want it here. And I want it now.

P.O.V. - FATHER RINGO

Shredding down a North Vegas boulevard of broken signs. Our attention zooming in on a woman standing in front of a broken-down motel.

EXT. FRONT OF MOTEL - NIGHT

SERENA, a prostitute, struts as the Road Runner fish-tails to a TIRE-SCREECHING stop right in front of her... Father Ringo rolls down the window and gives her an, "I wanna fuck you bad" smile.

SERENA is a burned-out Arab Ann Margaret: big red hair, face slashed with lipstick, and a 48 double E chest that would make even the most pious of men cry, "MAMA".

SERENA

What do you say Father?

FATHER RINGO

Call me Daddy. (beat) What's your name, my child?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERENA

Serena.

FATHER RINGO

Right. Well listen here, Serena. I'll pay you two-thousand Yankee dollars if you'll let me fuck you in that there motel....

Felix taps his shoulder incessantly.

FATHER RINGO

Scupper it Brother! I'm being serious now. This 'little tart understands. I think she's fallen in love with me.

(returning to Serena)

Jack it in, Sister. Take off your modesty along with that lovely little skirt of yours. You can put 'em both back on again when the shagging's concluded. Whaddaya say? 'Ave we got a deal?

SERENA

(smiles)

Anything you say Daddy-O.

FATHER RINGO

Lovely. Like a gold ring in a swine's snout is a beautiful woman without discretion. Brother, she's perfect for this gig. Can we take her with us?

We HEAR the echoes of a distant radio: 1930'ish radio broadcast: an EVANGELIST RANTING about God.

FRANK(V.O.)

(agonized)

Oh, my God.....

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Directly over Frank Doyle, head in his toilet, his back to us moving in and out of the shadows. The radio broadcast echoes in from another room. Creeping towards Frank, as we HEAR the SPASTIC VOMITING of a man riddled with pain and sickness.

FRANK V. O.

The irony of my end must be very tasty indeed. Especially to this blood-sucking fuck you put on my back; instead of a bullet in my head.

A subtle, eerie sound is HEARD. A slight "EEEEEE."

DRAWING IN even closer, gradually focusing our attention on Frank's slightly discolored back abruptly being hit with another

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

attack. We see the undulating vermiculated outline of some sort of purple network beneath the the surface of his skin. He SCREAMS in pain.

FRANK V.O.

In the end, you are the only way of
defusing the horror... the pain of being...

The "EEEEEEE" sound continues. It grows in proportion to Frank's pain.

On Frank's back we now see THE WORM, a malignant parasite that consists of hundreds of raised vein-like lines, all branching out of one artery-like mainline that is attached to the spinal column. It is feeding off of Frank, growing, slowly inching its way up his spine.

Frank has another seizure and manages to get hold of his VERMIFUGE, a sinistral looking injection-gun with six needles. A small vile filled with a blood-red liquid occupies the gun's chamber. Frank wrestles the Vermifuge into position, slamming it into his back. Pulling the trigger several times, he injects the liquid into his spine. Collapsing over the toilet his body limp.

The "EEEEEEE" sound fades away with Frank's pain and the worm attack concludes.

FRANK V.O.

Oh God, you must know I worship You. I have
always worshiped You, but You just never
gave me a chance to prove it.

Frank WEEPS like a little boy. The drugs begin to take effect.

FRANK V.O.

Oh my God, I'm dying...

Frank passes out cold, falling face-up to the left of the toilet basin. Frank's facial expression -- almost a smile.

The toilet basin is full of moving matter... WORMS. Hundreds of little worms floating around like mutant tadpoles.

The phone RINGS three times, and we HEAR Frank's answering machine pick up.

MACHINE (O.S.)

Good evening. You have reached 569-85-
6327. Please leave a message at the signal.

LANGERMAN (O.S.)

Herr Doyle, everything has been arranged.
School Chapel. Tomorrow. 3pm.

CLICK.

FADE OUT:

EXT. RELIGIOUS SCHOOL PERISTYLE - DAY

Frank strides past a group of STUDENTS, making his way towards the chapel.

INT. SCHOOL CHAPEL - DAY

A draft of wind pours into the Gothic chapel and WHEEZES through the organ pipes. FOOTSTEPS, and a shadow creeps up. Frank enters replacing his shadow. Elaborate candle chandeliers hang from the ceiling. Lush tapestries and velvet red curtains drape the medieval walls.

Frank strolls down the far aisle and is met by the muffled sounds of a RADIO BROADCAST: "The Jack Benny Show" coming from within a confessional.

He slowly opens the confessional door. No one is inside: nothing...except strange, mumblings coming from the other side, behind the confessional screen.

The confessional's wooden separation screen flies open; SWISSSSH.

CLOSE ON FRANK startled.

PRIEST(O.S.)

(deep, strangely feminine voice)

Be seated and close the door.

Frank stands in the doorway a few moments before entering the confessional. He sits and waits nervously.

PRIEST (CONT.)

This is your first time in a confessional.
Why?

A pause so pregnant it gives birth. Frank leans forward and puts his mouth close to the wood grill.

FRANK

Father. I have never confessed before -- to anything.

PRIEST(O.S.)

Woe to those who hide deep from the Lord
their counsel, whose deeds are in the dark
and who say: "Who sees us?" "Who knows us?"

FRANK

Do I know you, Father?

PRIEST(O.S.)

No. No, my son. You don't know me
personally. I am a friend. I am your
friend. I believe in your repentance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank looks like a man sitting on the edge of a straight razor.

PRIEST(O.S.)

Mr. Doyle. Offer me, your First Confession.

(insistent)

Offer me your confession, and I can offer you God's forgiveness. Be not ashamed to confess your sins.

CLOSE ON FRANK trying to fight away the emotion, the walls are closing in.

PRIEST(O.S.)

What grotesque tale lurks behind that, impenetrable, mask of yours? Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God, Frank.

FRANK

Father. I know what I am...that's fer dead cert.

PRIEST(O.S.)

What are you, then?

FRANK

(hoarse whisper)

I, am a killer. I, am, the assassin. I know...and now so do you, Father.

PRIEST(O.S.)

My son, one has watched life badly if one has not seen the hand that considerately kills. Of what consequence would God be, if he knew nothing of anger, revenge, murder, sodomy... Do you understand?

FRANK

Understand what...these are mortal, venal sins!

PRIEST(O.S.)

God writes straight with crooked lines. The only sin you are guilty of is ignorance. The sword, your sword, is your key to Heaven. One drop of blood shed in God's cause is better than a lifetime of continuous prayer or fast. Killing is a sin, but not if you do it for Him. The TEMPLAR that falls in battle, his sins are forgiven and his soul moves on --

FRANK

(cautious)

What are we talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIEST(O.S.)

We are talking about your Indulgence. It has all been made very clear to you. Things to do with evidence of things not seen.... Things to do with the two men we would like you to kill.

Frank sits back in pale astonishment; realization of what, indeed, this is all about.

PRIEST (O.S.)

I know who you are. I know what you want.

FRANK

And what do I want?

PRIEST(O.S.)

Absolution. According to your ability give the Lord his due. Kill our pain and we shall kill yours.

FRANK

But these two men. They are priests.

PRIEST(O.S.)

They are not Priests, they are heretics, and heretics have no rights in God's eyes. The conquest of the earth is not a pretty thing when you look into it. The heretics must die.

Frank might be sick. Nausea. He leans forward, grabs hold of the mesh screen.

PRIEST(O.S.)

This is your penance. Kill the Heretics...be absolved. Do you understand, my son?

FRANK

Yes, Father. I understand.

PRIEST(O.S.)

So what are you?

FRANK

I am the Templar. A killer...I kill heretics.

We begin to ZOOM INTO the mesh screen that separates the two men, moving in tight through one of its holes we catch the glare of a lens.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Frank Bertrand Doyle, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, I absolve you of all past and future sin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PULLING BACK into the other side of the confessional booth: all that occupies its space is a mounted camera, a small satellite dish and a speaker from which the Priest's voice is being transmitted. NOTHING...BUT A MACHINE.

PRIEST(O.S.) (Cont.)
Fear God, fight the good fight, and beware
slippery places. Go with God, Frank Doyle.

The separation screen abruptly shuts. SWISSSSH.

CUT TO:

EXT. COBALT SKY - ALMOST TWILIGHT

The purling twang of a dreamy HAWAIIAN LULLABY: a traditional hula, with astral falsetto vocals and a liquid steel guitar, faintly ECHOES over a glassy blue sky. Moving with spectacular velocity, a shimmering white blur SWOOPS IN and OUT OF FRAME. Its presence is immediately followed by the resonant THUNDERBURST of a shotgun being fired. The phosphorescent buck-shot laces the air and soars into the sky, IMPACTING. A terrific CRACKING noise is heard, and a crack appears in the sky. Then another. And another... Soon the sky is full of cracks. The SHRILL dissonance of a final CRACK sounds in the horizon as a fragment of the sky falls out of frame, leaving behind black nothingness.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF DWELLING - ALMOST TWILIGHT

Father Ringo and Monsignor Felix are positioned on the edge of an abysmal cliff. They sit atop the hood of their Road Runner. Both men are reclining up against the windshield. The hood is littered with beer cans, ammunition, porno magazines, beef jerky and weapons. The dreamy Hawaiian Lullaby is spewed out by the car's radio.

A shirtless Father Ringo pours beer on his chest in order to facilitate the tanning process. The ORANGE FANNYPACK is strapped around his waist. Monsignor Felix ejects the recently fired cartridge from his elephant gun, picks his nose and reloads. They are both twisted, you can see that. We catch a glimpse of their feverish and crazy eyes.

FATHER RINGO
Hoy! Did you get one?

MONSIGNOR FELIX
(hysterical, scanning the sky)
I am going crazy... I am crazy...locked in
my head is what I am....

FATHER RINGO
(staring at his chest, lost in space)
Bollocks. ..Brother, you're not crazy..
It's just that every now and then when life
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER RINGO (cont'd)
gets complicated, you find out that GOD IS DEAD and the vultures start circling...the only real remedy is to smush up on villainous chemicals, commit unusual crimes and drive like an under the cosh reptile from Las Vegas to St. Louis, in search of a long lost luv from your past.

P.O.V. - RINGO AND FELIX

The Sky Is Falling and with it, the pale populace of Heaven. The clear, glassy shards of sky breaking away, rupturing into night. Fragments of the sky continue to SHATTER out of frame, leaving behind only darkness.

MONSIGNOR FELIX(V.O.)
Brother, the sky is falling...

FATHER RINGO(V.O.)
With 'IM dead, anything is possible...

We HEAR the glassy shards of sky SHATTERING on the valley floor.

From within the cracked horizon appear a school of radiant little, winged creatures. PUERILE ANGELS flutter through the broken sky like small birds, their feet tucked neatly inside trailing pink robes. Each Angel is surrounded by an orb of pearly light and carries with it a tiny silver harp. A gentle, fragile and heavenly display of grace...

The Puerile Angels are STRUMMING a sublime, whispering melody on their harps.

Everything is like... r e a l n i c e.

Their presence is again followed by the resonant THUNDERBURST of Felix's elephant gun being fired. The phosphorescent buck shot laces the air and impacts into one of the little Angels.... BOOOOSH.... The Angel explodes into thousands of little specs of vapory light. Supernal skeet shooting at its best. --The rest of the Angels flutter for cover.

Father Ringo is still rubbing his chest, completely mesmerized.

FATHER RINGO
Hoy! Did you get one?

The kill is confirmed when we HEAR the dead Angel's little harp CRASH in the valley below. Felix cracks a big smile.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Got one.

FATHER RINGO
L u v e l y .

VARIOUS ANGLES

Felix takes aim and BOOOOOM! Cuts down a cluster of about six Angels. The afterglow is spectacular; liquidy fireworks. Hangfire from the buck shot obliterates the last few scraps of sky, expiring the day. IT HAS BECOME NIGHT.

MONSIGNOR FELIX

What would Madelyne my love do if she saw me like this?

FATHER RINGO

I don't know. I suppose that she would 'ave to accept it as just another one of those illogical flare-ups that come with the territory. What do you care what that buggered kunt thinks anyway?

Felix whips points the barrel of the elephant gun into Ringo's face.

MONSIGNOR FELIX

How dare you! HOW DARE YOU CALL HER A BUGGERED KUNT!

Ringo mildly acknowledges the threat of the gun by kissing the muzzle.

FATHER RINGO

Right you are Brother, this was perfectly inconsiderate of me. But out of all the creatures in the world why is she the only one? You've been denied sexual fulfillment your entire life and now that it doesn't matter anymore I would 'ave thought you would be trying to fuck the whole world. Just look at me. I'm forty some odd years and I'm so bloody hard the crack of dawn better be careful around me --

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Ringo, this isn't what I thought it was going to be like at all....

FATHER RINGO

Brother, it never is.... Don't worry, we'll get your wench back and 'ave some fun on the way. Right then!

Ringo stops rubbing his chest and takes some more drugs.

FATHER RINGO

(finally taking notice)
Pitchy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Yes, very. Dark again... Brother, I'm scared...

FATHER RINGO

(flash of paranoia)

Quit your grousing, get the guns. All of them.

Felix, slides off the hood, gets into the car and returns to his spot having retrieved a machine gun, a submachine gun, and a flare gun.

Felix fires the flare gun into the darkness. The night is momentarily illuminated by the flare's orange scintillation.... and within the shimmering light appear ANGELS, hundreds of them.

FATHER RINGO

Would you just look at them.. Just look at them tossing their orbs about... Prancing about like tits...

(he turns to Felix, vibrating)

There's no turning back now Brother. We'd be fools not to ride this strange attraction out to the end...

MONSIGNOR FELIX

So what does this make us? Prophets?

FATHER RINGO

No my Brother, not prophets. Even better, heretics.

They open up and lay down a horrendous field of fire, mowing down everything their imaginations can conjure up.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank lies on the bed smoking a butt. Angelica stands next to an opened french-window looking down at the street below.

A 1930'ish RADIO sits in the corner: "The Groucho Marx Show" softly churns out over the exotic hurdy-gurdy clamor coming from the streets below.

ANGELICA

I remember this.. Our Vegas nights together in the casbah -- and the night was dark...warm...narcotic...and it would catch you in it's hand and boy there was nothin you could do but give into it. (a deflating pause) But that was a long time ago... Now, Vegas makes me feel just like it looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angelica returns to the bed and sits down with her back to Frank. He takes Angelica's hand. Angel is quite taken by the gesture and for the first time we can see the lady in her.

ANGELICA

Well, Frank, it looks like you're not as hardboiled as I thought....

FRANK

No one ever is as hardboiled as you think.

Frank doesn't respond. A few moments of silence.

ANGELICA (Cont.)

I take care of one debt and create another
-- I have more liabilities than I do
assets.

FRANK

Angel, you don't owe me.

Angelica again gets out of bed, lights a cigar and sits, naked on the sofa next to the desk. Her beautifully etched body is spotlighted by the pale glare of the wandering moon. She takes a few long, graceful puffs. A ceiling fan spreads the smoke.

ANGELICA

(controlled anger)

Don't make this thing any more twisted by
pretending that you give a shit.

FRANK

This is a one-off deal about me not you.

Frank grabs his shaving kit off the table, walks into the bathroom, closes the mirrored door, leaving it slightly ajar.

Angelica wipes away tears. The shaft of light beaming from the bathroom cuts into the side of her face. She turns away and stares at herself in the mirror above the dresser. In a play of reflections she can see the severed image of Frank standing naked in front of the sink. He is in a great deal of pain. Frank takes something out of his shaving kit, turns around and unknowingly reveals the worm to Angelica. Frank begins to inject himself with the Vermifuge.

CLOSE ON ANGELICA: her expression of horror and fear --

Frank turns, looks into his mirror and in a play of reflections can see Angelica staring at him. They contemplate each other for a few moments before Frank closes the bathroom door and leaving Angelica in the dark.

The PHONE RINGS. Angelica answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELICA

No, he is in the shower. Yes. yes... I understand.

Angelica gets a pen and paper and starts to write .

ANGELICA

I will brief him on the situation -- immediately .

She hangs up the phone and sits down on the bed. Frank comes out of the bathroom wearing a robe. He gives Angelica a long hard stare.

ANGELICA

How long have you known? How long do you live?

FRANK

What's the difference?...

ANGELICA

This is why you left.

FRANK

Who was on the phone?

ANGELICA

Langerman. Your priorities have changed.

(hands him her notes)

Three hours ago someone passed a marked bill not far from here. The trace has been activated. You need to follow-up before Law Enforcement does. I wrote everything down.

Frank retrieves a large black, "commando-type", duffle pack from the closet. The baggage is separated into about one hundred sections. Frank unzips a compartment and retrieves a black turtleneck -- he checks to see that inner lining of the turtle-neck is kevlar.

ANGELICA

What are you taking? Mendragon?

FRANK

Ya. I'm on the Mend.

Frank takes out a dark pair of pants, a steel belt, a small of the back "IN PANT" gun-holster and a SIG P-228. He puts the gun in the holster -- laces the belt into the pants and then puts them on. Frank picks up a pair of black boots and checks for the steel tips.

ANGELICA

If they knew, they'd kill you or quarantine you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Frank pulls out an H & K P7 with laser sight and several clips. He CLACKS in a clip and aims the P7 at Angelica and, contrary to what she might be thinking, is just checking the sight. Its red beam holds steady between her eyes.

FRANK

I suppose they would. But they don't know
and they're not going to find out, are
they?

ANGELICA

I'd never betray you.

Frank SNAPS the gun into a holster contained in the right boot and snaps the extra clips into a receptacle located in the left boot. He slides on the boots.

FRANK

I know. I know.

Frank picks up a unique looking shoulder holster -- custom made for something much larger than a hand-gun. He straps it on.

ANGELICA

Frank, what are you doing?

Frank reaches into his bag and pulls out a PISTOL GRIPPED-SAWED OFF-PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN. The shotgun easily clips into the holster and fits neatly under his left arm. Under his right arm is a small bandolier of shotgun shells.

FRANK

My job.

Frank unzips another compartment and extracts a waist long black leather coat -- the liner is separated into several tactical compartments that contain ammo, a nexus silencer, a pair of sap gloves, a Crawford dagger, and a blackjack impact weapon.

ANGELICA

But you're dying and you're alone.

Frank grabs a PREMIERE GRADE CASULL .454 REVOLVER with one hand and a JET LOADER with the other and power crams cartridges into the revolver.

FRANK

Looks like the deficits are closing in fer
the both of us --

He shoves the gun into the holster.

Frank pulls a wallet out of his jacket full of cash and "Dead Babies" or false identifications. Frank takes one out and inspects it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGELICA
I thought you were a religious man... I
thought killing was a sin...

FRANK
I am.... It is.

ANGELICA
Then why are you doing it?

Frank turns on command and stares Angelica down.

FRANK
(hoarse whisper)
Because it's what I do best.

Frank sits on the side of the bed, his back to Angelica. CLOSE ON
FRANK: his mask now gone, a man at war with himself.

ANGELICA (O.S.)
What's this all about Frank? Why did you
come back?

A moment as Frank sits with this question. A tear trickles down
his cheek, he quickly wipes it away.

FRANK
(softly)
Angel, what man is strong enough to reject
the possibility of hope?

PANNING from Frank's face into his shadow on the wall as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

FRANK (V.O.)
Dear God-- I have been let into some kind
of dark conspiracy... a conspiracy based on
evidence of things not seen.

We HEAR the eerie fragmentary wails of Moorish music as we:

EXT. NORTH VEGAS BAZAAR - NIGHT

PANNING off of a match-lit shadow cast against a shit-faced wall
and into a CLOSE-UP of Frank's face as he lights up a butt.

FRANK (Cont.) (V.O.)
A circle is pointless. There has to be a
point and when I find it -- I know they'll
be there, waiting... Waiting for me to kill
their pain.

Frank makes his way through the murky Arabian bazaar. Twenty
steps away Frank is swallowed in the mists of the American
Casbah; a display ground for prostitutes, blood-peddlers,
mendragon dealers etc...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK(Cont.)(V.O.)

Here I am in the slipshod underworld of North Vegas. Deep in it, back where I belong: with the varmints, the victims, the hustlers, the drug cripples...The doomed. I haven't pulverized anybody today. Oh Lord, help me keep it that way...

Frank walking down a busy side-street as Sirens suddenly WAIL and a motorcade of MILITARY AMBULANCES SCREECH to a halt. Frank sees the mad rush of MEDICS, dressed in chemical warfare suits, barricade the street. From out of a small basement herb shop, emerge ten naked WORMBACKS, each with one thing in common: a big terminal worm on their spine. The Medics hurry the screaming Wormbacks into the ambulances... and they go SCREECHING off.

Frank is scared shitless -- sweats profusely and works to resume an unassuming, healthy stride as he ducks into an alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Frank makes his way down the densely cluttered pass and enters into a small doorway above which hangs a time worn sign which reads: "SEYMOUR'S BARGAIN BASEMENT BATHHOUSE, (ONLY MEN ALLOWED)"

We HEAR the STEAMY RUMBLE of the underground.

Down a long flight of steps Frank comes to a door in front of which stands a large CUBAN BOUNCER.

CUBAN BOUNCER

Stage door Johnnies got to pay.

FRANK

How much?

CUBAN BOUNCER

Just enough to make me smile...

Frank slides a bill on him and it must have been the right number because he gets a big smile. The Bouncer knocks on the door and it BUZZZZES open and Frank enters.

INT. BATHHOUSE -

A gigantic old boilerroom that has been converted into a steam bath, whore-house and saloon for plunderers, pirates and the like. Pipes, chains, grills and furnaces. Everything going CLANK, BOOM and STEAM.

There is no electricity, candles and kerosene lamps illuminate the CUTTHROAT FIGURES with tattoo laden bodies walking around buck-naked.

Frank comes out of the lockerroom with a candle in hand to light his way. He, being the only man so bold or ignorant as to wear clothing into this naked place, looks as inconspicuous as a nun

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

buying a diaphragm. The natives take notice as Frank approaches the bar, behind which stands SEYMOUR the bartender, proprietor, a fat, naked and hairy hairy hairy walrus of a man. Seymour has already pulled his shotgun on Frank. -- No one seems to take notice or care. Violence is not the spectacle but rather the norm in this place.

SEYMOUR

Bubba, you got a lot of nerve coming in here like that...

FRANK

What are you talking about? What did I do?

SEYMOUR

You ain't with it baby. You're kinky. You broke the fucking rule.

FRANK

What rule?

SEYMOUR

Look around bubba -- you see anyone wearing threads? For all I know you're packing down. For all I know you could have the coodies -- be a muthafuckin wormback and that ain't right...

FRANK

I didn't know --

SEYMOUR

Well Bubba, that's why I want you to strip down buck-naked for me right here and now. I want you to bend over and spread your ass-cheeks real wide like -- so's I don't miss none of that good shit I know you got.

Frank is tense. He eyes the bottle on the counter and gives Seymour a big smile. Unthreatened, Seymour watches Frank pick it up and take a big fucking swig. In a display of split-second action Frank puts a candle in front of his mouth and spits the booze all over Seymour which sets him on fire. His body hair burns up in a FLASH. Frank takes Seymour's gun, jumps the counter, grabs a WHIMPERING Seymour by the nose, pushes him against the wall and puts the barrel to his balls. No one seems to take notice or care.

FRANK

Poofter, I didn't come here looking to blow yer balls off, so you just answer my questions. I'm with the SS and I've come about the marked bill that was passed here a few hours ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEYMOUR

Well fuck Bubba -- why didn't you just tell me that you were from Syndicate Security? Why did you have to go and sear my ass?

FRANK

Well Bubba, you didn't give me much of a chance, did you? Now let me see the bill.

Frank lets Seymour up. He goes to a drawer under the register and pulls out a \$1,000 bill.

FRANK

(examines the bill)

Let me use your Verifier.

Seymour hands Frank a little flashlight with a purple lens. Frank holds the bill up to it -- the following appears "This note is Third Generation Currency -- if received please call SS SECURITY CORP. at the following number immediately 121-646-23939"

FRANK

Who passed this bill?

SEYMOUR

A woman -- a local skeezer...

FRANK

What's her name, what does she look like and where can I find her?

SEYMOUR

Her name is Serena. She's a big fucking red-headed googooma with monster tits and only three fingers on her right hand. She walks her beat in front of the Terminal Motel -- four blocks down, on the right.

FRANK

I thought only men were allowed in here -- what did she pass the bill on?

Seymour doesn't say anything. Frank cracks open a bottle of pure-grain booze and pours it all over Seymour's fresh burns. Seymour SCREAMS.

SEYMOUR

Drugs...We push dope out the back-door.

Frank pulls out a cigarette, a lighter and some cash -- Seymour jumps back, fearing that Frank is going to torch him. Frank simply lights the butt, hands him the cash and puts his gloves on.

FRANK

Law Enforcement will be asking questions about this bill -- here's four thousand for yer cooperation -- you tell them nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEAMBATH - NIGHT

Just as Frank is making his get-away he turns back to see a flurry of Law Enforcement Vehicles -- LIGHTS and SIRENS ablaze -- SCREECH to a stop in front of the bathhouse entrance. COPS, in full combat gear rush into Seymour's place.

INSPECTOR GENERAL 0251, a bald and brawny Kojak looking motherfucker wears his Big John .500 Magnum like some steel cold, gunslinging cowboy from Paris. This man is a professional - this man is for real -this man is the INSPECTOR GENERAL # 0251...And bitch, don't you ever forget it.

Frank watches the shakedown from down the street. He can see 0251 and the agitated expression tells us that Frank knows this man.

FRANK
(commenting on 0251)
Fuck me...

Frank ducks down a street --

EXT. TERMINAL MOTEL - NIGHT

Serena stands in her usual spot, waiting for some action.

Frank locks his sights on her. Their eyes meet. Serena gets one good look at Frank and kicks off her heels, makes a run for it. Frank is right behind her.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The dead-ended alley is cluttered with debris. Frank cautiously makes his way. No sign of Serena. Frank is about to say something but before he can, we HEAR the penetrating ring of TWO QUICK GUNSHOTS. Having taken the bullets in the back -- Frank drops two his knees in pain. The kevlar absorbed the lead but the blunt trauma still hurts. Serena appears out of the debris holding her small TWO-SHOT .22 DERRINGER and looking confused as to why Frank isn't dead. She quickly pulls out a stiletto and savagely thrusts towards Frank's throat. Frank blocks the blade with his (gloved) right hand -- the blade does not pierce. Serena is stunned -- Frank grabs her by the hair, wrestling her to the ground.

The searchlight of a Police car rakes the alleyway as it passes by. Frank drags Serena behind a dumpster, pulls out his SIG P-228 and looks inside her purse - he finds a wad of marked bills, pills, a vile full of crack and bullets for the derringer.

SERENA
Are you a cop?

FRANK
No. (beat) I only want to ask you a few questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Serena looks up at Frank with a lascivious grin, as she begins to unzip his pants.

FRANK

You can't suck yer way out of this one
skeezer -

SERENA

That's what you think --

Frank SLAPS her incredibly hard in the face with the wad of cash.
She starts to bleed out of her nose -- tears in her eyes.

FRANK

Where did you get these bills from? Was it
the Priests?

SERENA

Yes.

FRANK

Start from the beginning. Tell me
everything. Or I'll put two of my bullets
in you.

SERENA

Last night about ten a car pulls up -- Two
Priests inside looking to get down --

FRANK

What kind of car?

SERENA

A Flaming Orange '69 Road Runner. No
plates. The one driving -- talked kinda -
like you -- offered me four-grand to trick-
out with him. But he wanted me to score him
some speed.... The man couldn't stop
talking about speed -- speed this -- speed
that -- so I got into their car and got him
some speed.

FRANK

What was in the car?

SERENA

Guns and ammo-- more cash than I've ever
seen... And then there was the other
Priest, Felix. Felix didn't say much to me.

FRANK

What kind of drugs did you score?

SERENA

Crank, acid, some laxatives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

Did they say anything about their plans?
Anything?

SERENA

They said they were going to St. Louis to find a woman named Madelyne. Felix was in love with her but I couldn't understand them most of the time. Everything was an inside joke. It all happened very fast, I was only with them for about twenty minutes. One thing though -- THEY WERE AFRAID OF THE DARK -- all the lights had to be on. (beat) Father Ringo was the only one I had sex with.

FRANK

What was the sex like?

SERENA

He was completely naked except for this orange fannypack. It was rubbing me the wrong way and when I asked him to take it off, he punched me. They were both very concerned about the fannypack. It got to the point where they started to fight over who got to wear it...

FRANK

What was in it?

SERENA

I don't know, something important.

FRANK

What was Monsignor Felix, doing while you two were...?

SERENA

He just watched, asking questions. I started laughing he put the barrel of his gun in my mouth - I thought he was going to kill me and then he asked me if I believed in God.

FRANK

And what did you say?

SERENA

I said no -- then Father Ringo came -- they gave me three-thousand dollars took their things and left.

FRANK

And that's why they didn't kill you?

(CONTINUED)

SERENA

They told me that God was dead, so I
agreed, they gave me the money and they
left --

A Police Car enters the alley -- its headlights catch the
outlines of Frank and Serena. The searchlights go on -- Frank
ducks behind the dumpster -- holding Serena down he takes out his
SHOTGUN -- knowing that he is going to have to shoot his way out
of this scene...

FRANK

(whispering to Serena)
Don't make a fucking sound.

Frank peaks out from behind the dumpster and sees TWO LAW
ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS walking down the alley -- flashlights
beaming -- guns drawn.

TWO OFFICERS IN UNISON

Behind the dumpster - come out with your
hands up, we won't kill you.... We're
looking for a prostitute named Serena -- We
want to ask you a few questions...

Serena, at the mention of her name, wrestles her way out from
under Frank. She jumps from behind the dumpster with her hands
up. Slowly, she approaches the cops. When she looks back she
sees Frank jump from the top of the wall behind them to the roof
of a building and disappear.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

Six encircled Law Enforcement Vehicles, headlights and strobes
illuminated, create an arena-like atmosphere.

A bespectacled twelve year old white boy, ORSON OMOTO, is beaten
by a group of Baton Rouge Law Enforcement Officers. Every time an
Officer tries to take the fragile, affluent, looking Orson down
he busts a move and takes one of them down instead. Could he be
under the influence of P.C.P? Perhaps. But one thing's for sure,
he'll never eat meat again.

ORSON

(screaming like a banshee)
Alfredo Shoenstein lives! He LIVES and
anyone who says different is going to DIE!

The flaming orange 69' Road Runner stops across the street. The
engine is REV REV REVVVING at a terrible pitch.

CLOSE ON TINTED WINDOW: the action can be seen in a reflection on
the passenger side window which WHIIIRRRRS down to reveal Father
Ringo's pugnacious smile as we:

FLASH-CUT TO

INT. BATON ROUGE HOSPITAL TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT

Orson Omoto's reverberating HEARTBEAT predominates over: electronic hums, trickles, drips, drops, slurps and suction...and hasty medical chatter.

Orson is in traction, bolted to a METAL CRUCIFIX with a massive infrastructure of tiny manacles that hold his lacerated body perfectly still. Colored wires bore into his body, tubes from every conceivable orifice. His eyes are covered by a steel-ball retinography apparatus.

TECHNICIANS monitor readouts and make adjustments. DOCTORS slide and dive into operation sights.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Two hyperactive ITALIAN SURGEONS and an INSPECTOR watch the proceedings from a glassed-off observation deck. Both Surgeons have hyperactive Italian accents.

SURGEON #1

The boy is in a coma... There is no way.

OFFICER

Look, I don't care if you kill the little fucker, just keep him alive for twenty four hours. I got an I.G. flying in from D.C., this moppet is our only witness --

The Inspector exits.

Orson's HEARTBEAT DISSOLVES into the monotone HUMMMM of PROP ENGINES as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STEALTH BLACK C-141 HERCULES - NIGHT

A huge military-type, prop-driven aircraft -- flying beneath a full moon. We can see the PILOT and CO-PILOT through the cockpit windows. They are laughing.

INT. C-141 HERCULES AIRCRAFT - COCKPIT

The Pilots laugh with the studio audience of the "Amos and Andy" radio show. They are listening to the 1930'ish radio which sits in the corner of the cockpit.

FRANK O.S.

(over the intercom radio)

What's our ETA for St. Louis?

INT. C-141 HERCULES AIRCRAFT - MAIN CABIN

We can HEAR "The AMOS & ANDY" show echoing throughout the plane.

A LARGE BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL takes up most of the main cabin. Frank sits behind the car and pushes a button on the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

console above his head. Felix and Ringo's dossiers in the seat next to him.

PILOT O.S.
(over the intercom radio)
ETA for St. Louis -- 5:32 am...

Frank releases the button. He opens his briefcase, pulls out the Vermifuge, zaps himself with three quick hits of mendragon, and looks at a picture of Felix and Ringo together.

FRANK V.O.
Oh Lord, what was it that turned these men into their opposite?

Frank closes his eyes and lets the mendragon kick.

TRACKING INTO THE PHOTO OF RINGO AND FELIX

FRANK V.O. (CONT.)
These men devoted their lives to serving You, 35 fucking years of self-sacrifice. What happened in Death Valley? They have killed more people in a week than I have in a lifetime. What is it that turns men into monsters? I should know...

CLOSE ON Frank: He opens his eyes, his thoughts interrupted by something alarming echoing from the radio. We can only HEAR bits and pieces as Frank scampers to the cockpit..

RADIO O.S.
(fragmented, echoes)
Interrupt - program - an IDC news-flash--
Malcolm - reporting from Baton Rouge --
Sledgehammer Massacre - Eleven Officers --
one survivor -- close guard - Rouge
Memorial Hospital -- third horrifying
sequel -- This has been a IDC news-flash.
We now return you to the program already in
progress...

INT. C-141 HERCULES AIRCRAFT - COCKPIT

Frank explodes into the cockpit just as "Amos and Andy" returns.

FRANK
(manic)
What the fuck was that I just heard on he
radio?

PILOT
News-flash. Another bloodbath....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
 (to the pilot)
 You. Turn this fucking plane around and
 vector in fer Baton Rouge.
 (to the copilot)
 You. Give me yer headset, dial: 555-998-
 0102.

Frank puts on the headset, the Copilot dials.

FRANK
 (into headset mike)
 596.NON-DROP FIXX. DOYLE. ECHO. DOYLE.
 Redirecting Baton Rouge. ETA --

PILOT
 (jumps in)
 ETA 4:22am.

FRANK
 (into headset mike)
 Now listen to me very carefully. I want you
 to put out a taxi-cab dragnet. Use all
 companies. I want them looking fer a
 flaming orange 69' Road Runner, no plates.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATON ROUGE HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - EARLY MORNING

A large BALD MAN in a hospital patient gown waddles down the busy
 corridor carrying a gargantuan enema bag. He looks extremely
 peeved and confused. Behind him we see three ORDERLIES trying to
 catch up with him.

BALD MAN
 (ranting)
 Listen, I know my rights. I KNOW MY RIGHTS!
 I want to see my proctologist and I want to
 see him right now!

As the oderlies catch up to him, the Bald Man swings the enema
 bag around like a mad man.

From within the hysteria emerges a disguised Frank Doyle. He
 wears a standard "G-Man" suit sporting the appropriate
 credentials: Inspector General #0163.

CUT TO:

INT. BATON ROUGE HOSPITAL TRAUMA CENTER - OBSERVATION DECK

The Inspector is on the phone. The two Surgeons review the data
 on the array of monitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR

(hanging up the phone)

He's on his way up.

The Inspector leaves to greet his Superior officer at the door. Frank shows his credentials then enters the observation deck. He takes in the Trauma Center below.

FRANK

(repressing his Irish accent)

Let us get down to it. I have time and less patience.

INSPECTOR

Yes sir. The Boy's name is Orson Omoto. Twelve years of age. Last night at approximately 12:38 AM one of our patrols found Orson in an empty lot all geezed up on phencyclidine. The moppet was out of control, screaming: "Alfredo Shoenstein lives! He LIVES and anyone who says different is going to DIE!"

FRANK

Ugly.

INSPECTOR

Yes sir... When the Officers tried to question him -- he flips out. Back-up units were called in. It took eleven officers to get the punk down, then something went wrong--

FRANK

What happened?

INSPECTOR

All we know is that all eleven engaging officers went down. K.I.A.. Sledgehammer to the skull. That's when we made the connection which A.Z.D. has now confirmed. This moppet was the only one left with a pulse --

FRANK

Has the boy said anything since? Can he even talk?

SURGEON #1

The boy is in a coma -- we can give him a combination of electrocortic adrenaline and tregreten -- but that will only give you two to three minutes of semi-consciousness. (beat) This combination will most certainly kill --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK
I'll assume full responsibility.

Surgeon #1 gives a nod to Surgeon #2, who then pushes the appropriate buttons.

SURGEON #1
He might sound strange, he'll be talking through a Laryngal Amplifier -- you talk into this microphone --

FRANK
Fine. Now get out of here...you too.

INSPECTOR
Yes sir.

The Inspector and Surgeons exit.

Frank turns the dial just a tad to the right.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: FRANK and ORSON

FRANK
(leaning into the mike)
Orson, can you hear me?

A few moments of silence.

ORSON
(faint)
Yes.

FRANK
I know yer're scared. I know yer in pain.
But I need yer help and we have little time
-- I want you to tell me about the Priests.
I want you to tell me what happened.

ORSON
Am I dying?

FRANK
All things come alike to all...we are all dying. Now is the time to set yer affections on heaven above. Trust in God.

ORSON
If God is dead there is no heaven or hell.... What then?

FRANK
Is that what they told you? You must not believe in these men -- they are not priests -- they're liars -- heretics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ORSON
(gurgling, starting to fade)
And if they're prophets? I saw everything.
Was there.

FRANK
Stay with me Orson. What did you see?

Orson is gone.

ORSON
(begins to sing this eerie mantra)
God is dead, we've all been had and they've
got proof in an orange fannypack. God is
dead, we've all been had and they've got
proof in a orange fannypack. God is dead,
we've all been had and they've got proof in
a orange fannypack --

FRANK
Orson ---

FLATLINE.

Monitor alarms RING. The observation deck is suddenly flooded
with technicians and doctors. Frank quietly slips out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

INSPECTOR GENERAL 0251 makes his way through the teeming hospital
lobby. The suit and Law Enforcement credentials are identical to
Frank's.

0251 approaches the main escalator, steps on and moves up...

O.V.S. - 0251: escalating up to the next level. He gives a tired
glance to the stream of people that are flowing down. Frank
approaches 0251, and passes.

CLOSE ON 0251: his fatigued expression jump starts with the
terrorfying realization of what he has just seen. He looks like a
man that just got shot in the face by one ugly, ugly memory.

0251
(has a raspy French accent)
Doyle?.....Doyle..... Doyle!

VARIOUS ANGLES: as 0251 makes a violent turn-around and draws his
gun. He flips over to the opposite escalator and literally swims
down the thing, screaming, his gun drawn. PEDESTRIANS scatter,
scream and duck for cover. 0251 is trying to set up a clean shot.

Frank doesn't look back. He makes a mad dash for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

0251

(Manic, pushing people down and out)
Doyle! Doyle! --- Stop or I'll rod you off!

The end of the escalator is approaching and Frank is already making his way to the door. 0251, desperate, jumps onto the center railing and slides down to the lobby floor. He drops to his knees gets an unclear fifty yard shot. BOOSH! 0251 kneecaps the WRONG MAN man. The poor bastard goes down and he goes down SCREAMING. Frank is out the door and disappears.

A LITTLE GIRL SCREAMS and runs to the handicapped Man. 0251, knowing he has lost Frank, walks to the WHIMPERING Man he has just shot.

LITTLE GIRL

(hysterically screaming at 0251)
Daddy! You fuckpig! You shot my Daddy!

0251

Bad luck to shoot a man in the back --

CLOSE ON 0251's "fuck me" expression as we:

INT. BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - MORNING

The DRIVER, a sixteen year old skinhead named SKIPPY, monitors several scanners.

Frank is in the back seat. He grabs a cell-phone and dials.

FRANK

(into the phone)
Langerman. Doyle. No. No, the boy is dead.
Yes. He said they are keeping proof that
God is dead in an orange fannypack. (beat)
No, I don't know. (beat) The boy's
statement gels with Serena's -- Yes. Yes.
Doyle out.

Frank leans up to Skippy.

FRANK

Anything?

SKIPPY

Nothing.

FRANK

How many are out there?

SKIPPY

The whole fucking company. No way they'll
get through this shakedown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Some fucking shakedown --

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA CENTER - MORNING

Law Enforcement Officers are crawling all over the place. 0251 stands in a corner, chain-smoking. He grills the Inspector, pushing the threshold of anger.

INSPECTOR
But Inspector General, Sir. He had all the proper credentials. I checked them out myself. D.C. even called to let me know he had arrived --

0251
Shut-the-fuck-up you king-heel freak. I promise you one thing, you'll be a civilian by the end of the day.

0251 watches an Orderly wheel Orson's cold body, head first through the doorway.

0251
(enraged at the Orderly)
Hey! HEY! What are you doing? What, have you no brain, monkey man? You never, ever, never, ever, carry a dead man head first through a door see.-- it's bad luck see. FEET FIRST, ALWAYS.

The Orderly wheels him through FEET FIRST.

INSPECTOR
Please, Inspector General... There could have been some kind of COMSEC screw-up? Things like this happen all the time --

0251
(about to have a stroke)
Inspector, is it a mere screw-up when my whole act gets side-swiped by some criminal skullsucker that's supposed to be dead? I just talked to Headquarters in D.C., see. There is no I.G. # 0163. That was Frank Doyle. Frank Fucking Doyle! I've had an octopus squatting on my head for a fucking forthright -- I got two priests tearing this world a new asshole -- And all you can tell me is that I've been 86ed by some melodramatic nocturnal bad dream? Jesus. Well I can see that this is going to be a long fucking night!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR
Why do you think he went to such lengths to
speak to the boy? What is this about?

0251
This is all about bad luck. I'll tell you
something you mental myope: In this here
world of ours, a cop doesn't add up to shit
without his superstitions. Because as
superstition decreases, crime increases,
see...? (unbuttoning his shirt) We all need
to get more superstitious and everything
will be cool, see?
(screaming to anyone that will listen)
Somebody better bring me a glass of
Strawberry Quick or you'll all be living in
the medicine chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

A single-level roadside motel. MOVING in on the window of room
#439.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -MORNING

ECHOING music from the bathroom: The Cramps "I can't Hardly Stand
It".

The RoadRunner is parked in the middle of the room and although
physics dictates this is an impossibility, it is here
nonetheless. None of the walls have been damaged. The ceiling is
intact. The beds have been piled up against the far wall. All of
this leaving us with one question: How can this be?

The car's hood is up. Father Ringo, bare chested and greased, has
lodged himself in the engine. He makes a few adjustments, snaps
the hood shut and makes his way to the bathroom. Opening the
door, he is lost in a thick cloud of steam.

INT. BATHROOM -

Felix sits naked on the toilet humming along with the music.

Ringo turns off the radio. Something in the sink catches his
eye. He retrieves an empty bottle of laxatives and a half used
canister of ether.

FATHER RINGO

You kunt... What 'ave you done?

The Monsignor is so fucked it's inspiring; lost in a fog of green
steam and like really concentrating hard on his bowel movement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER RINGO
Hoy! HOY BROTHER! You did this?

MONSIGNOR FELIX
(letting loose a reptilian smirk)
No man is an island. But on the toilet he
is an entire continent...

FATHER RINGO
You miserable bastard. You better hope you
don't shit in my car...

MONSIGNOR FELIX
I dig my own graves. Now turn up the volume
and bring me some kumquats.

FATHER RINGO
Brother, stop mucking about or you can kiss
your sweet Madelyne good-bye. I mean I
don't need this kind of aggro! Enough with
the yammering. Get dressed. You're
driving.

Felix rolls his eyes as this thought registers, he then tries to
smile. The trance is broken, Felix is back.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Indubitably.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNCIL H.Q. -

The Smiling Deacon comes in and hands Minister Ick a telex:

MINISTER ICK
From Langerman...

MINISTER DICK
What does it say?

MINISTER ICK
Doyle spoke with the Omoto boy...

MINISTER DICK
What did the boy say?

MINISTER ICK
(reading from the telex)
The boy said they have proof that God is
dead, and they are keeping the proof in a
small orange fannypack.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY

Felix is behind the wheel, Ringo rides shotgun, in a car which sits in the middle of a dark motel room.

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Mighty quiet.

FATHER RINGO

Why don't you start the fucking engine?

MONSIGNOR FELIX

Right.

Felix hits the ignition. We HEAR the monstrous BELLOW of a grubby supercharged engine come to life. Felix REV REV REVING the engine up to a terrible high pitch chattering whine -- waiting to pop the clutch.

Pathological smiles are exchanged between the two. Things are about to erupt.

FATHER RINGO

(screaming over the engine)

Hoy. What time is it?

MONSIGNOR FELIX

You mean now?

Brother Ringo's confused reaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

A beat of silence and then -- BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! With a ROAR of it's engine, the Road Runner EXPLODES through - reducing this structure to a holocaust of debris.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - MORNING

Frank has fallen into a lofty daze -- the cell-phone RINGS, Frank picks it up.

FRANK

Yes. What do you mean they want the...that wasn't part of the deal... Why would they want the bag anyway?

Suddenly the radio comes to life with a barrage of MANIC TRANSMISSIONS. Skippy drills the car into a high-powered reverse 180 -- slamming Frank into the door, abruptly ending his phone conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
F u c k meee ----

SKIPPY
They've been spotted -- 10 clicks from
here...

FRANK
Run a full court press, I don't want anyone
getting near them--

SKIPPY
Already done.

FRANK
Let's get a fuckin move on.

SKIPPY guns the car causing it to SCREEEEECH forward in power-
driven agony as we:

CUT TO:

O.V.S.: CAB DRIVER #1

The Road Runner BLISTERS through the intersection like a fucking
speedball. Two other cabs are already trailing as we BURN
rubber and give chase.

CAB DRIVER #1
I got them. Corner of Luther and Freemont-
going North on Luther.

INT. ROAD RUNNER - DAY

The radio is BLASTING the flagrant rockabilly rhyme and sacred
verse of The Cramp's "Human Fly"

Monsieur Felix is driving like the muthafuckin, nightmare
soldier of fortune, asshole on ether that he is -- I mean to tell
you that it is quite clear that this is a man with a mission, a
man with a destination, a man in love...

Father Ringo is in the depths of some mangy sub-human funk. He
eats a big muthafuckin slice of savory watermelon-.

FATHER RINGO
Listen here Brother, once this beast gets
moving it's pure hell isn't it? All this
American, fuel-injected, turbo-charged
velocity lashing about the streets... I
mean to say this here vehicle is beginning
its life with us..
(takes a BITE of watermelon)
A fucking lighting bolt couldn't stop it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Indubitably!

Felix stomps on the accelerator. The engine SQUEALS like some bleeding, one-eyed pig from Equador as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

Frank is now riding shotgun. He primes his ordinance in a real cold blooded fashion, cramming a sack full of 00 buck shot into a fully automatic, double barrel, sawed off, nightmare.

The radio is BLARING with the runaway transmissions of a city-wide taxicab dragnet zoning in on its mark.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - AERIAL

The Lincoln pile-drives through the streets overcoming all obstacles: curbs, red-lights, corners, pedestrians, traffic, buildings, animals, gravity.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION -

The Road Runner hurtles through the intersection. A growing parade of taxicabs trail in violent pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - MORNING

SKIPPY punches the boat into a nauseating spin. Unexpectedly hammering Frank into the dash, face first. Another swerve rips Frank off the dashboard and into the door.

FRANK
(nose plugged)
You should learn how to drive.

SKIPPY
Mr., I got dragstrip courage, and that's enough in this town.

FRANK
(lock and loading his weapon)
It better be.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -

Frank's Lincoln tears into the side of a building with a hideous GRINDING OF METAL. Sparks fly. The car ricochets back and forth

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

between the walls and then BELLOWING like a gunshot bullock it keeps gathering speed, plowing forward, straight towards us...

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The Lincoln accelerates out of the alley, brakes hard, slides into a four wheel drift and slams broadside into a converging taxi.

SLAM-CUT TO:

INT. ROAD RUNNER -DAY

Everything is as normal as can be.

MONSIGNOR FELIX
Brother, are you hungry?

FATHER RINGO
I eat raw meat in my dreams--

Ringo looks up into the rearview mirror and takes notice of all the cabs around them.

FATHER RINGO
Whass' up with all the fucking cabs?

MONSIGNOR FELIX
(taking notice)
Probably a convention or something of the sort.

FATHER RINGO
Convention. Right....

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AERIAL

The RoadRunner, surrounded by a motorcade of piss yellow cabs, scorches down the straightaway.

Frank's Lincoln begins to inch up on the action -- highballin it down that center line.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE - ONE WORD: RESOLVE.

WUSHCLACK-CUT TO:

INT. ROAD RUNNER

Felix and Ringo scouting for someplace to eat. They have no idea they're in the middle of a shakedown.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON ROAD RUNNER REARVIEW MIRROR -

The cabs drop off. Frank's Lincoln comes into full view, moving in for the kill. Closer. Closer. Closer. We see Frank leveling his gun towards us.....

BOOOOOOOSH! Our view is viciously shattered by a deafening series of SHOTGUN BLASTS.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

TRACKING in CLOSE on Frank. He fires another series of BLASTS at machine gun pace. The trigger being pulled - muzzle bursts lighting up his face in a strobe, fire in his eyes - everything harmonizing into a hypnotic tocatta of doom.

INT. ROAD RUNNER -

Frank obliterates what was left of the rear window.

Ringo gets pegged in the neck by stray pellet and SCREAMS in pain. Felix just SCREAMS. Another BLAST. More SCREAMS. "What the fuck is going on?"

They have no idea. There is only this shock-driven chaos. Senses paralyzed, reflex has taken over.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

Frank punches the shattered windshield away with the butt of his gun.

Skippy mashes the car forward and RAMS the Road Runner.

Frank can't help but sneak a grin - he is doing what he does best: pulling level with the masthead in a fucking combat zone. He's back.

EXT. INTERSECTION -

The rapidly approaching Road Runner setting itself up for the corner.

Tires SCREEEECH, the engine GEARS DOWN as the Road Runner rips around the corner. Frank's Continental follows but has too much momentum...

O.V.S. FRANK -

Too much speed. We move in on the Road Runner. Collision is imminent. Frank braces himself....

FRANK
Gear down! Gear down!

Skippy SCREAMS knowing that he has made a bum move...

EXT. INTERSECTION -

The Lincoln HAMMERS into the back of the Road Runner and a THIRD CAR caught in the vehicular cross fire CRASHES into the back of the Continental.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

The force of the rear impact flails Skippy out of his seat, over the wheel, through the window, down the hood and into the momentary fender bridge that has been created between the Lincoln and Road Runner.

Frank grabs the wheel, slides into the driver's seat and regains control.

Skippy desperately trying to climb to safety.

INT. ROAD RUNNER -

Ringo covered in blood, hysterically trying to regain control of the situation.

EXT. CARS -

CLOSE ON SKIPPY -

INT. LINCOLN -

Frank gives him a "parting glance". Skippy SCREAMS "NNOOO". Frank stomps on the breaks. Tires lock. The terrible sound of metal being ripped apart. The cars disconnect as their fenders tear away. Skippy drops to the pavement. Frank slams on the gas and railroads the poor bastard - pummeling him into the asphalt. Blood sprays everywhere.

The Road Runner tramples forward. Frank begins to close the gap.

EXT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Frank as he levels his shotgun on top of the steering wheel....BOOOOSH!

INT. ROAD RUNNER

Pellets RIP into everything - upholstery torn up, windows shattering. Amid the assault Ringo lets loose a frustrated war cry, scrambles to get a machine gun from the back seat... He lets loose an ugly burst of return fire - blindly trying to ward off the attacking demons.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN -

O.V.S. FRANK

An enfilade of gunfire blazes out of the Road Runners rear window. Bullets flying everywhere but Frank holds the line and charges forward - a scorching epochal sensation as we.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AERIAL

Following the explosive gunplay from above as the two cars weave in and out of traffic, banging it out through the dusty tangle of back-streets.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD RUNNER -

Ringo empties the clip, and reaches for the M73 grenade launcher. He opens the breach and slides a fat 40mm grenade into the bore, flipping it closed with the snap of the wrist.

Frank is right on top of them. Ringo takes aim and is about to pull the trigger when Frank's car surges forward and rams them...

THUD! Ringo misfires into a parked car.

EXT. STREET -

The Lincoln and Road Runner reel on through the fire as the parked car is atomized.

The concussion from the blast shatters all the windows of a nearby building. It's raining glass, the deadly shards mauling anyone in its way.

Frank t-bones it into on coming traffic -- dodging cars right and left -- he pulls up along the driverside of the Road Runner.

A moment of silence as Frank has his first face to face encounter with the heretics.

Ringo and Felix return Franks glare with their own: "who the fuck are you and why are you trying to kill us" - look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank with one hand on the wheel -- the other on his gun takes aim on Felix -- a bid to combat which Ringo meets by taking aim on Frank. Both cars running side by side -- vehicular turmoil all around them -- staring down each others barrels.

Felix whumps on the accelerator.

Frank fires as the Road Runner surges forward.

INT. ROAD RUNNER -

Mowing down a line of parking meters.

The attack has been momentarily paused. Felix looks into the rearview and sees that the Continental has dropped off.

FELIX

The demon car is falling behind.

RINGO

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON? WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON? Did you have a deco at that rat kunt bastard. What the fuck is going on and why is that fucker trying to kill us? I'm mean what did we ever do to him?

FELIX

You're bleeding. Oh dear, you've been shot!

RINGO

(finally taking a good look at himself)
Fuck me.. I've been hit.... (cries) What kind of psychotic rat bastard would shoot me at a time like this?

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

Frank slams the accelerator through the floorboard, hurtles back into the dogfight and tries to close the gap as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD RUNNER -

Speeding down the highway -- magnum force towards a bridge suspended 300 feet over a SWAMP.

Ringo rips his shirt off and ties it around his neck -- cutting off the blood flow.

FELIX

Do you think it is law enforcement?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGO
Fuck no. There'd be more of them if it
was....

FELIX
Then what is he?

RINGO
He's a destroyer, no doubt about that....

FELIX
What should we do?

RINGO
(sarcastic)
Let's try and make friends with him....

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE -

The Road Runner makes its way over the two lane bridge. It is
packed with cars, one lane going each way.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S LINCOLN -

Frank making a mad dash for the bridge in the distance. Trying to
make time and close the gap.

INT. ROAD RUNNER -

Ringo taking some drugs -- sloppy -- out of control fiend...

They move off the bridge and back onto the highway.

RINGO
I mean, he is trying to kill us? He is
trying to kill me? Fucking wanker...doesn't
he know who we are? (Ringo feels the
rush).... Stop the car...

FELIX
What?

RINGO
Stop the fucking car. I feel unusual...

FELIX
He is right behind us...

Ringo punches Felix in the face.

RINGO
I said stop the fucking car. It's my turn
to drive...

EXT. HIGHWAY -

The Road Runner SCREAMS to a stop. Ringo switches seats with Felix.

RINGO
Stand aside brother...

CUT TO;

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - VARIOUS ANGLES

Frank is forced to slow down because of the traffic. He tries to switch lanes but there are too many cars. Manic frustration.

Car horns SOUND! The Sound moving closer....

Frank looks ahead. Nothing. Nothing but the cars in both lanes being forced off the bridge by something coming straight towards us. The traffic seems to be parting down the middle, like the red sea. Cars on either side being driven off, sending them crashing into the swamp below as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD RUNNER

The blood stained, battled raged, mega-death face of Father Ringo... Center lining down the bridge, steam rolling over anything in his way.

RINGO
'Ave me runnin will ya? I'll show you a
destroyer...

A manic SHRILL SCREAMING builds, drowning out all other sound as we:

CUT TO:

PSYCHEDELIC SLOW MOTION MONTAGE: over which we HEAR FRANK'S VOICES, one over the other.

1.) POV FRANK- THE ROAD RUNNER PULSATING TOWARDS US, CARS BEING MUSCLED INTO EACH OTHER AND OFF THE BRIDGE.

FRANK V.O.
(mumbling aloud)
The lord is my Shepard; I shall
not want. He maketh me to lie
down in green pastures;

FRANK V.O.
(whispering to himself)
It was a right row - a real up and
downer.

2.) PCV RINGO & FELIX - SMASHING CARS TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF US. BULLDOZING TOWARDS FRANKS LINCOLN. FRANK, A GUN IN EACH HAND, LETS LOOSE A HORRENDOUS FIELD OF FIRE, BULLETS TRACING ALL AROUND US, WINDSHIELD SHATTERS.

FRANK V.O.
He leadeth me beside the still
waters. He restoreth my soul;

FRANK V.O.
They shot me up --

3.) RINGO & FELIX RETUNING FIRE WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT -

FRANK V.O.
He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name sake.

FRANK V.O.
Hammered me down.

4.) THE RAPIDLY APPROACHING ROAD RUNNER

FRANK V.O.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil;

FRANK V.O.
Overpowered the moment...

5. FRANK'S FINAL EXPRESSION OF HORROR AND FIRE

FRANK V.O.
For thou art with me;

FRANK V.O.
- and drove my ass over the edge....
off the tightrope..

FLASH! BOOOM! IMPACT! BACK INTO REAL TIME AS WE:

SLAM CUT TO

INT. FRANKS LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - VARIOUS

The Road Runner IMPALES itself into the Continental, causing the front end to IMplode.

FRANK V.O.
Thy rod and staff, they comfort
me; They preparest a table for me
in the presence of mine enemies;

The shockwave causes all the windows to POP -- glass flying everywhere.

FRANK V.O.
Thou anointest my head with oil,
my cup runneth over.

FRANK V.O.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gave me a terminal shafting...

EXT. BRIDGE -

The Road Runner is shouldering the Lincoln off the bridge. Felix is laying down a hideous field of fire. No one is getting out of here alive.

INT. FRANKS LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

The onslaught of bullets forces Frank to take cover under the dash. He knows he is going over the edge and is about to bust a move:

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE- LOW ANGLE

Frank jumps out of the car just as The Lincoln is heaved over the side. Both Frank and the Lincoln come crashing down straight towards us as we:

SLAM TO BLACK:

A few BEATS OF SILENCE.

FRANK V.O.

(hissing over the blackness)

And the epitaph of the aftermath?

FADE IN:

INT. MANGY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frank stands in front of a shit-faced mirror looking like a war ravaged angel, his face lit by the flickering halo of a single bulb. He cleans himself up, washing off the dirt and blood -- He looks like shit -- his face and body are all cut up - his clothes are torn and damp... His weapons lie in a pile at his side.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Frank opens it -- AN OLD LATINO MAN hands Frank a paper bag.

OLD LATINO MAN

(in spanish)

I got you what I could -- your friend will be here soon?

FRANK

(looking at his watch)

Ya she'll be here soon... Thanks...

Frank closes the door, goes back to the sink and empties the bag -- a first aid kit drops into the sink... Begins the sickening and painful task of cleaning stitching and bandaging himself up.

FRANK V.O.

Real men blink when I look at them. Real men. Real men die when I kill ... Something is wrong and I need to know. I have got to know if it's You, Me, or Them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - A LITTLE LATER

A shanty gas station on a ghostly stretch of highway. Frank comes out of the bathroom and walks over to the Old Latino Man. He is sitting on an bench, smoking a butt -- the Old Man gives Frank a warm smile, lights another butt and hands it to Frank -- a simple act of genuine kindness. Frank takes a long, deep drag and smiles back at the Old Man -- this is the only time we have ever, or will ever, see Frank smile. Frank sits down next to the old man and looks out into the darkness.

FRANK V.O.

Oh Lord -- if there still is a lord -- Save
my soul -- if I still have a soul...

A pair of headlights appear from just over the rise in the road. A SILVER LINCOLN CONTINENTAL, identical to the one that Frank had, pulls into the gas station. Angelica is behind the wheel.

Frank walks to the car and leans in the window.

FRANK

Can I have some money?

Angel hands him a wad of bills. Frank walks over to the Old Latino Man, gives him the money and shakes his hand -- he then gets into the car and drives off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

Angel smokes her cigar and drives. Frank is in the back seat changing his clothes.

FRANK

I think we can make St. Louis by dawn...Did
you get me the Vermifuge?

ANGELICA

It's in the bag.

Frank digs out the box, takes out the Vermifuge and injects himself in the back.

ANGELICA

What happened?

FRANK

Fuck me, is what happened... I'm just glad
I got out of there alive. Cops were
everywhere. Nearly drowned, mucking it out
of that swamp. (beat) Does Langerman know
about you picking me up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELICA

No. But he knows that you were seen at the hospital. L.E.I.U. was all over us this afternoon. They crashed all over everything. Shaking every one of our outfits down...

FRANK

It was 0251... Do you fucking believe that? Motherfucker tried to put a bullet in my back. Bad luck to shoot a man in the back.

ANGELICA

Langerman is irked -- things are getting ugly --

FRANK

(lashing out)

Ya, well I'm in an ugly situation. Course you Syndicate pukes don't know much about pulling level with the devil in a fucking combat zone.

ANGELICA

Maybe, if you trusted me, I could help you...

A long silence.

FRANK

I've been hired by the Church -- to kill the two men responsible fer these sledgehammer massacres. (beat) These priests are honest men. Honest enough to make me start doubting myself. (beat) I was honest before I was religious. There was no confusion, I knew who I was, what I did and why --

ANGELICA

I can't understand why you came back for this? You're dying -- What could they have possibly offered you?

A few beats of silence.

FRANK

(ashamed)

An Indulgence -- salvation -- guaranteed...

ANGELICA

Are you that scared?

FRANK

I can't find my angle. The instinct is gone. The doubt is setting in. Lies on top of lies, suspicion, and that's enough...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELICA

If you find yourself in a hole stop digging. You want to kill these priests, then you cannot kill them for any other reason but to be true to yourself.

Frank and Angelica exchange looks in the rear-view mirror. Frank knows that Angel is right.

FRANK

If it were possible for a man like me to love anyone -- it would be you...

ANGELICA

I know Frank. I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. LOUIS MOTEL - MORNING

Frank and Angel walk out of the managers office with a key to their room: #246. Frank walks to the car takes out a bag and handing it to Angel, gives her a kiss.

FRANK

I'll see you later.

ANGELICA

I'll be here.

Frank gets into the car and drives off.

We hear the DING DONG of a doorbell as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MORROW HOME - MORNING

The front door swings open to reveal Felix and Ringo greeting us with big smiles. They make a ghoulish pair of middle-aged heretics reeking of ether and terminal psychosis. Ringo wears a long coat over his bare chest. Felix, though his uniform is rag-torn and stained, has obviously made some attempt at straightening himself up. Overwrought with anticipation, Felix crosses his arms, wrapping them around himself -- the fannypack around his waist.

MRS. MORROW

Hello.

Felix is unable to speak and tries to smile. It manifests as a horrible ingratiating grin. He turns to Father Ringo for some articulated assistance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER RINGO

Wotcher Mrs. My name is Father Ringo Michaels, this 'ere is of course Monsignor Felix Crowley. We've come for your daughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY'S PAWN SHOP - MORNING

A run down storefront. Frank approaches the door. It's locked. Frank knocks, nothing.

Frank walks around back to the alleyway entrance of the store. He takes out a pickgun and quietly enters the store.

INT. PAWN SHOP -MORNING

A run down pawn shop covered in dust. Frank looks around -- searching for anything. He sees some pictures on the wall: Monsignor Felix at various stages in his life and career: news clippings, awards, degrees. A little shrine for Felix.

A picture of Felix and a woman -- Frank takes it down, dusts it off. Scribbled on the border: "Felix and Madelyne...senior prom"

A door suddenly CREAKS open and in steps the UGLIEST OLD MAN you ever did see with an even uglier old shotgun in his hand. This man is ALFRED CROWLEY.

CUT TO:

INT. MORROW DEN - DAY

An upper middle class residence straight out of a 1955 Sears catalog. A 1930-ish RADIO sits in the corner, churning out: "The Burns and Allen Show."

MRS. MARGARET MORROW, in her late sixties, a large woman with a concerned motherly quality. She sits on the sofa next to MR. EDWARD MORROW and seeing as he's not saying much, I'm not saying much about him except he's really absolutely huge, bald as a coot and completely senile.

Seated in the love seat across from the Morrows are Felix and Ringo. Felix is very uncomfortable. In complete contrast, Ringo is totally at ease, letting it all hang out.

MRS. MORROW

I'm afraid, I still don't quite understand. They said that you had been killed in that Death Valley Massacre. We went to your memorial service.

Felix is too flustered to speak. He looks again to Father Ringo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGO

Yes, well they, whoever they are, obviously made a bit of a error because here we are - in the flesh, everything gas and gaiters like... I should think you would be very 'appy to see us...

(gives a quick wink to Mr. Morrow)
Wotcher Guvner!

No response, no recognition, nothing.

RINGO

Whass the matter with 'im ?

MRS. MORROW

My husband is an elective mute, he chooses not to speak.

RINGO

Blimey! That's a real corker --

MRS. MORROW

How could this have happened? It was in the papers, the news - the authorities, why even the Church sent a representative to counsel our community...

RINGO

Yes, well, the Church knows piss all about crafty, shitfuck pooh-bah villains that can drive their way out of anything --

MRS. MORROW

(to Felix)

Does your father know about all this, that you're alive and back in town?

Felix doesn't respond and just sits there looking like some minor character in a Russian novel...

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY'S PAWN AND ANTIQUITIES

Alfred Crowley is seated and watches Frank search his office.

ALFRED

What do you want from me? My son is dead.

FRANK

Just a routine follow-up to our continuing investigation into the events which took place in Death Valley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFRED

(on the verge of tears)

What's this investigation got to do with my son? My son is dead... He was the victim of this crime not the perpetrator.

The irony of this comment almost strikes Frank as humorous. He sits down sympathetically next to Alfred, who is now quietly crying

FRANK

I know this must be hard fer you but please try and understand, yer cooperation will help me find the men responsible fer yer son's death.

ALFRED

(going into a funk)

What kind of man would kill a priest? What kind of man would kill my son?

CLOSE ON FRANK - feeling the emotional weight of what is being said.

FRANK

A sick man, a very sick man.

CUT TO:

INT. MORROW'S DEN - DAY

Felix is sitting next to a perturbed Mrs. Morrow, moving about in a highly emotional story-telling mode -- frothing at the mouth, looking like a man suffering from rabies of the mind.

FELIX

Of course you can take your choice between God and sex. If you choose both you're a hypocrite. If you choose neither you get nothing. While I have been fumbling over artifacts and contemplating the past, other men have been fornicating with comely women...

MRS. MORROW

I'm afraid I don't understand. What is this all about Monsignor? Why are you here?

Felix begins to sway, looking down at his feet, hiding a bashful smile.

FELIX

I've come here today, traveled great distances, endured extravagant pain, overcome unfathomable obstacles, abstained from extreme temptation -- all of this to ask you and your husband for your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELIX (cont'd)

daughter's hand in marriage. I'm in love with your daughter. I have always loved Madelyne.

MRS. MORROW

Well, Monsignor, I have some upsetting news: Madelyne is already married.

Felix sags with dread. Ringo can't hide his joy, taking a certain depraved pleasure in seeing his best friend being burned.

Mrs. Morrow gets up and retrieves a bottle of brandy from the mantle. She offers it to Felix but he refuses. Ringo quickly appropriates the bottle for himself. Levering the cap with his teeth he tears it off. The mouth opens with a bilious cackle and throwing his head back, Ringo downs the booze in five foul gulps. A FALSETTO WHINE follows as he comes up fighting for air.

RINGO

(smushed)

I 'ave some even more upsetting news, I 'ave just run out of booze. Now what are you going to do about it?

MRS. MORROW

(trying to ignore Ringo)

I wasn't aware the church allowed clerics to marry.

FELIX

(real evil like)

They don't, but I am no longer associated with that church...I have a new one.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

Frank and Alfred continue their discussion

FRANK

Who is Madelyne?

ALFRED

His high school sweetheart. His love for that girl was only second to that of his love for God. But they had some sort of falling out on prom night -- Felix was never quite the same after that night.

FRANK

Where is Madelyne now? How can I get in touch with her?

ALFRED

She moved out of town years ago. Could be anywhere. But her folks still live just a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFRED (cont'd)
few blocks from here. I'll take you there
if you like.

CUT TO:

INT. MORROW'S DEN - DAY

The grisly aftermath of what appears to have been a cataclysm of rage -- the whole scene having turned into a saturnalia of blood.

Ringo is patrolling the field of blood. There is a distinct possibility his fuses are going to blow.

RINGO
I should cripple your arse for this you
brainless scumbag! After all this, all we
'ave been through, now we 'ave to deal with
all of this aggro? Hoy, I'm talking to you!

Felix sinks back into the gore-covered couch and greases his hair back with the blood that covers his hands, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow's carcasses at his feet.

FELIX
(calm)
Don't worry brother, everything is under
control.

RINGO
Under control? How are we supposed to find
her now? You killed her bloody parents,
didn't even ask them where she lives --
what her married name is -- she could be
anywhere!

FELIX
The funeral.

RINGO
The funeral?

FELIX
The funeral...

RINGO
(astonished realization)
The fucking funeral. I would 'ave never
thought of that... Brother, forgive me,
you're a bloody genius.

Ringo picks up a photo of Madelyne and family off the mantle and breaks out in a giddy, quavering sort of smile. Felix joins him and they smile together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGO

She is quite pretty -- prettier than I
imagined her to be.

FELIX

Yes, she is. I have often thought if she
were purple, then purple would be my
favorite color...

(stops mid-sentence and stares at Ringo
with accelerating indignation)
She's not for you. You wouldn't fancy her.

RINGO

I fucking well would!

FELIX

Brother, I'm warning you. Stay away from
her or suffer the consequences..

RINGO

Why should I?

Felix erupts into battle and grabs Ringo by the throat. A cross
between a scuffle and a waltz, Felix leading when suddenly we
HEAR the DING DONG of the doorbell.

EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE -

Frank and Alfred Crowley standing at the front door. Frank rings
the doorbell once again as we:

CUT TO:

P.O.V. FELIX -

A WIDE-EYED PEEPHOLE PERSPECTIVE of Frank and Alfred Crowley
standing at the door.

RINGO O.S.

(whispering)

Who is it?

FELIX V.O.

(dreaded whisper)

It's him!

RINGO O.S.

What?

ANOTHER ANGLE: Terrified, Felix sinks down from the peephole to
the floor --

FELIX

It's him, the Destroyer and he's with my
Father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGO
What absolute twaddle...

Ringo has a look for himself.

RINGO
Holy shit, it is him. What the fuck is he doing with your father?

FELIX
He has come for us.

RINGO
Then the fucker will rue the day!

FELIX
What are we going to do?

RINGO
You take care of your father and let me worry about the Destroyer.

FELIX
What are we going to do?

RINGO
We're going to follow him.

P.O.V. RINGO: Frank and Alfred Crowley walk back to their car.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. LOUIS MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A 1930'ish RADIO sits in the corner: the Ink Spots "My Prayer" softly churns out.

Frank drags on a butt. He stares at Angelica, asleep in bed. She looks warm and inviting. He punches out his butt and climbs into bed, fully clothed.

ANGELICA
Did you find anything?

FRANK
Go back to sleep.

Angel turns to face Frank. She is naked. Frank looks at her body and Angelica kisses him. She continues to kiss him all over as she takes off Frank's clothes. Angel rolls Frank over on his stomach and reveals the pulsating worm. She gets on top of him and runs her fingers softly, smoothly over the purple curvatures of his flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Angel... Don't do this...

ANGELICA
It's O.K. Frank. I'm not afraid.

FRANK
I am...

ANGELICA
Just close your eyes.

Frank closes his eyes and we

FADE OUT:

INT. ST. LOUIS MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank gives Angel a kiss, gets out bed, goes into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

Angel is in bed -- smoking a cigar and listening to the "Palooka Joe" radio show. There is a KNOCK at the door. Angel puts on Frank's jacket, pulls out his GLOCK and walks over to the door.

ANGELICA
Who is it?

Angel can HEAR someone say something but she can't understand.

ANGELICA
Who is it?

SPLINTERS fly as Ringo sledgehammer's the door open. With the butt end he slams Angelica in the face...Felix enters behind Ringo, the fannypack around Ringo's waist.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -

The radio echoes loud into the bathroom.

Frank turns off the shower, and dries off. He puts on some boxers and standing in front of the mirror checks the worm's progress -- its tentacles are moving up his neck. His eyes turn from his neck to meet themselves in the mirror.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -

Frank walks into the bedroom -- Father Ringo steps out and sledgehammers Frank in the stomach. He keels to the ground, spurting up blood, gasping for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGO

Wotcher Kunt. Been looking for us have ya?

FELIX

Don't kill him brother.

RINGO

I don't need to kill this one, he's already dead -- look at his backside -- he's a bloody wormback.

FELIX

Very curious.

Ringo kicks Frank in the balls and then drops down on-top of him -- pinning him with a body press as he squeezes Frank's testicles. Felix quickly HOG TIES Frank: with a long piece of rope his hands are tied behind his back, the rope is then looped tightly around his neck, again around his wrists and then looped and tied around his ankles -- which are doubled up behind his back. Any struggle to free himself will result in strangulation.

Ringo and Felix pick him up and put him on the bed facing Angelica.

A naked Angelica has been taped to a chair -- her arms are taped wrist-side-up to the chair's arms. Her legs are taped to the chair's legs. There is a sock in her mouth. She looks like she is fucked-out on drugs -- ether perhaps?

Ringo gets right into Frank's face

RINGO -

Hoy kunt! Find yourself in a bit of a sticky-wicket do ya...

Frank tries to break free but only succeeds in strangling himself.

RINGO CONT.

Yes.. You've been flummoxed alright, and easy as a baby. You must feel like a right nana? The spade over here, she must really dig you... She wouldn't give you up neither but then I medicined her - and it was only a matter of seconds before the spade is purring like a kitten -- telling us that you're a Syndicate Head-Hunter -- that has been hired by the Church to kill us --

FELIX

You know, of course, why they want you to kill us don't you Frank? I mean they did tell you didn't they? You know what is in the bag don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX

What's in the bag will set you free...

RINGO

With Him dead anything is possible. I mean look at us..

Frank closes his eyes.

RINGO

That's right, close your eyes kunt -- that's what we first did when we learned the truth... God is dead Frank...and he didn't leave a will....

FELIX

I wonder -- how much did they offer you for our heads?

Frank doesn't say a word and Ringo punches him in the face.

RINGO

Hoy! The Monsignor asked you a question?

FRANK

(spits out a few teeth)
Fuck you heretic --

RINGO

Ask the spade... she'll tell us anything...

Felix takes the sock out of Angels's mouth and gets right in her face -- Angel can barely keep her head up she's so high.

FELIX

Angelica can you hear me? Can you tell us how much Frank is being paid to kill us?

Angelica looks at Frank and starts to giggle -- the drugs have turned everything into a joke -- Felix and Ringo giggle with her

FRANK

(bursts out screaming)
Angel! You tell them nothing....

Before Frank can finish his sentence, Ringo pulls on the rope around his neck -- Frank chokes.s..

FELIX

(puts a gun to her head)
Angelica, tell us what they're giving Frank and I promise not to kill you right now...

Angel understands and happily leans into Felix's ear with an air of subterfuge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELICA

(blurring it out in laughter)
They're giving him an indulgence.

Felix and Ringo, with a great SNORT of hilarity, begin to laugh. They can't stop and it is contagious and Angelica starts laughing with them....

FRANK

Laugh all you want heretics... I bet
Madelyne Morrow was laughing just like you
are right now...on prom night. I bet she
was laughing at you. You couldn't fuck her
then and you won't be able to fuck her now
--

Felix's laughter is abruptly extinguished.

RINGO

You better be careful man. You're into some
heavy slander.

Ringo steps out of the way as Felix comes up into Frank's face.

FELIX

Who told you these things? How do you know
about Madelyne?

FRANK

I talked to her --

FELIX

You're lying... You're just trying to get a
rise...

FRANK

Am I? Why don't you ask her fer yerself...

FELIX

Yes well when I see her at the funeral -- I
will ask her about your little chat.

FRANK

What funeral?

RINGO

Kill him. Kill him brother -- don't take
any guff from this fucking swine.

FELIX

No my Brother...that is precisely what he
wants me to do. That is also what they
would want us to do. Look at him -- how he
must be suffering -- to kill him would be
an act of grace. We should leave him here
to suffer. We should give him time to
contemplate the dread, the terror of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FELIX (cont'd)
knowing that there is no afterlife... Of
knowing that he has been had, that all his
efforts have been in vain.

RINGO
Quite right my Brother. Quite right. Now
help me give him a dose of medicine, we'll
make those phone calls, take care of the
girl and then be off on to bigger and
better things.....

FELIX
Indubitably...

Felix gets the canister of raw ether -- Ringo forces open Frank's
mouth as Felix pours --- and then both back off and wait for the
drug to kick in... It's only a matter of seconds before it does
and Frank fights to keep his eyes open:

POV FRANK: Felix and Ringo in our face:

FRANK
I'll see both of you in hell...

Both Felix and Ringo break out into manic laughter.

FELIX
(laughing)
Frank, you kill me --

FADE TO BLACK:

OCEAN - NIGHT

Out of the liquidy blackness of the ocean a MONSTER HOVERCRAFT
explodes through the crest of a thirty foot swell, leaving a
trail of fire which leads to the oil platform it has just blown
up. The Hovercraft, stealth black, the size of a small
battleship, and tricked-out with a dense assortment of serious
muthafuckin' ordnance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOVERCRAFT - COMMAND DECK

Hans Langerman standing in front of a large window, staying cool
with a cigarette in one hand and a phone in the other -- as he
watches the rig go down in flames -- his face illuminated by the
spectacle. He has a splint holding his broken nose.

LANGERMAN
(real sly like)
There will be no oil for Cuba today my
friend... So Benito, this means you must
make sure and pay me tomorrow, or else.

CONTINUED:

Hans hangs up the phone -- takes a long pensive hit off his butt and stares out the window.

FRAU FRAU LACTIVIA, an unbelievably well sculpted, angular woman with short jet-black hair, powder-pale skin and bloodshot eyes, climbs into the cabin. She wears a tight black military suit.

LACTIVIA

Herr Langerman, we have just received a NON-DROP PRIORITY TRANSMISSION for you over the wire.

Hans takes another puff from his garette -- his eyes trancing on the flame covered seascape.

LANGERMAN

Patch it through the desk receiver--

Lactivia walks to the desk and switches on a machine that look like a combination of a typewriter and speaker-phone. She inserts a clean sheet of paper, pushes the button that reads "translate" ... We HEAR Minister Ick's voice transmitted over strange patterns of morse-code. The machine types out a transcript of his words.

MINISTER ICK

Mr. Langerman. This communique is to inform you that the Security Council no longer desires the Synicate's assistance in matters regarding the heretics. From this point on, we will assume the weight of their apprehension.

A few seconds go by as Hans contemplates what he has just heard.

LANGERMAN

Minister, with all due respect... W have passed the point of no return. The order has already been given. You have made agreements -- to break a sacred covenant is a sin.

MINISTER ICK

Bècause information just made available to us, The Security Council has decided to dissolve any and all of our agreements with the Syndicate and Mr. Frank Doyle.

LANGERMAN

What information?

MINISTER ICK

Mr. Langerman, were you aware of Mr. Doyle's health status when you recommended him for this mission?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANGERMAN

Yes, of course I was.

MINISTER ICK

Then you were aware that Mr. Doyle was suffering from the worm, that he was dying...

A worried look come across Langerman's face.

MINISTER ICK

Mr. Langerman, when was the last time you heard from Frank Doyle? Can you account for his present whereabouts?

LANGERMAN

Make your point.

MINISTER ICK

If a man know not how to rule his own house, how can he be expected to take care of the Lord's house? Your ignorance put us at great risk. What was once your solution to our problems has now become a part of them. Frank Doyle has become a grave liability -- The Security Council feels it is the Syndicate's responsibility to eliminate this liability. Our sources have informed us that Frank Doyle can be found in St. Louis at the Nottingham Motel, room #444.

LANGERMAN

Sources? What sources?

MINISTER ICK

We have received word from the Heretics.

LANGERMAN

Then you have already apprehended them and retrieved the bag?

MINISTER ICK

This is of no consequence to you now -- all that you and your organization should be concerned with is the elimination Mr. Doyle.

LANGERMAN

What makes you think the heretics are telling the truth?

MINISTER ICK

Our faith, Mr. Langerman, is based on evidence of things not seen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The transmission ends and all we hear is static. Lactivia turns the machine off.

LANGERMAN

(whispering to himself, acid pissed)
They say "Judge Not" but then they send to hell everything that stands in their way... Well, better the reign in hell than to serve the illusion. (beat) Don't they know I would be prepared for this eventuality? The Syndicate has invested too much to turn back now. To quit now would mean, not merely to be defeated, but to acknowledge defeat -- and the difference is what keeps the world turning. No, we must have the bag.

Langerman looks at his watch.

LANGERMAN

Frau Frau, see that the information regarding Frank Doyle's whereabouts is forwarded to Quimby. Get me my EER fittings.

Lactivia quickly attends to the orders. Langerman sits down at his desk and picks up the phone.

LANGERMAN

DXO. I want one of those C-141's brought in from the Keys -- the one with Quimby on it -- geared for EMERGENCY EXECUTIVE RETRIEVAL -- four minutes -- destination St. Louis.

Lactivia hands Langerman an elaborate looking flight suit: complete with helmet, respirator and kitted out tactical vest. Stenciled to the helmet are the words "XO ZULU DOOM FOUR". Hans puts the gear on -- returns to his desk -- opens a drawer inside of which is a control panel full of buttons and switches -- He turns the system on -- an indicator light illuminates: "EER ACTIVATED."

Lactivia fusses with the flight suit, adjusting it, as Langerman pushes another button: "OPEN APERTURE." The ceiling just above the desk opens up like the aperture of a camera.

Langerman hits the "CABLE RELEASE" button: -- two cables drop from a compartment in the ceiling -- each cable with a carabiner attached to the end of it -- Lactivia clips the cables to the suit's shoulder rings.

The "GO FOR LAUNCH" button is pressed.

Langerman looks up through the open aperture to the deck above. A TARGA sea-launched tactical missile rises out of its silo -- bungee cables are attached to the mid portion of this missile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Hans is good for go, the "LAUNCH" button flashing. He nods to Lactivia.

LANGERMAN

Danka.

Langerman snaps on his respirator and slams the "LAUNCH" button - the TARGA missile fires two thousand feet up into the night's sky, carrying with it a large helium balloon -- attached to the balloon is a two thousand foot bungee cord -- attached to the bungee cord is Hans Langerman.

CUT TO:

POV: PILOT:

Looking out the window of a C-141 HERCULES -- a large red helium balloon in the distance.

PILOT

There it is -- lock down the sweepers...

COPILOT

(flipping the switch)

Sweepers down.

PILOT

XO ZULU DOOM FOUR, XO ZULU DOOM FOUR --
this is FUNG DADA NINER -- are we go for
Emergency Executive Retrieval.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON LANGERMAN:

LANGERMAN

(yelling into his respirator radio)

This is XO ZULU DOOM FOUR -- Go for EER.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - VARIOUS ANGLES

The black C-141 Hercules Syndicate Transport Aircraft flying low above the ocean -- massive sweeper bars extending from either side of the fuselage -- centering on the cable just below the large balloon, it comes in at 250 knots and snags the line. The line is automatically locked onto a winch through the use of explosive charges -- the winch reels in the line.

Langerman snaps through the aperture in the ceiling and out of the Syndicate Hovercraft -- like a bullet --

P.O.V. LANGERMAN:

Riding at the end of a huge rubber band at 300 knots -- absorbing about six g's -- the Hovercraft and ocean below are a blur -- the line pulls us higher than the approaching aircraft. -- We go way above horizontal and then start to drop.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Langerman gets reeled in through a large hatch in belly of the aircraft -- the hatch doors close.

INT. HERCULES -

Twenty five battle-ready Syndicate Para-Troopers seated on either side of the aircraft.

Langerman clips off the winch, snaps off his respirator, throws down his helmet and comes into the scene as if nothing happened. IRA QUIMBY, a dashing elderly gentleman tricked out in commando gear, greets Frank with a sinister "Gene Kelley" smile, a martini, and a freshly lit cigarette.

IRA

Mahalo!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A quiet moment in the epicenter of horror. We can hear the thunderstorm outside. Frank lying fetal -- fast asleep on a blood covered bed in a blood covered room. What's left of Angelica lies at his feet.

A strange light pans over Frank's body. We HEAR a DREAD RATTLING THUNDER as TWENTY COMMANDOS in biological war gear, EXPLODE through the windows, walls, door and surround the bed -- all with their guns trained on Frank. The whole thing is short, visceral and effective.

Rain pours into the room from the hole in the roof.

Frank is completely naked and covered in post mortem heinousness. He sees Angelica lying next to him and lets loose a bloodcurdling SCREAM. The Commandos catch a glimpse of Frank's worm covered spine.

Frank is rushed by two commandos and quickly cuffed. One Commando gives Frank the once-over and unconcerned with the blood and carnage, steps forward to a large mirror that has been smashed by the officer who exploded through it. The Commando inspects the damage, then moves right into the face of the Commando who broke the mirror. We HEAR a familiar voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

0251

(acid pissed)

You broke this fucking mirror and yet you knew there was a mirror on this wall? You were specifically briefed as to this room's peculiarities, you were made aware of the mirror...you knew but you came through it anyway...didn't you?

OFFICER #1

Yes sir...

0251

Why?

OFFICER #1

252 always has me pinned in a back-up position. I want to be in for the kill....digging the ultimate allness of everything....

0251 pistol whips Officer #1 down to the ground.

0251

Do you know what this means monkey boy? Seven hard fucking years of fucked luck and there's not a God-damn thing you can do about it see. (beat) Son, you might as well get yourself a bucket full of demerol and a really clean pair of underwear because you're worthless to me now and I want your shield, your piece and your resignation on my desk in the morning. Now get out my sight you fucking jinx.

Officer #1 scurries out of the room....

0251

Let this be a lesson for the rest of you men... SUPERSTITIONS! Know them, respect them, live by them. I want this scene broken down in thirty minutes.

The Officers fall out -- securing the crime scene. 0251 walks over Frank, takes off his mask and sits next to him on the bed. 0251 then gently puts his hand on Frank's head and begins stroking back his hair.

0251

Hello Frank. No no, don't get up. Don't say a word. (beat) I don't think you can begin to understand how happy I am to see you. Five years. Five years ago they told me that someone had shot you dead. That some-kind of criminal scumsucker from Ecuador had robbed me of my prize... I was supposed to be the one to put you away see? (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

0251 (cont'd)

But now here you are alive and in my custody --

(looking at the gore filled room)
You and me... We have much to talk about --

FRANK

I didn't do this.

0251

Frank, what I know is what I see. And what I see is a lewd spectacle of wanton depravity.

(looks at Angelica)

Could this be Angelica? You dropped the hammer on her too?

FRANK

I didn't do this. I didn't do this.

0251

If you didn't, then who?

Frank says nothing..

0251

You know what this hammer-crushed skull means to me, don't you Frank? The hammer that cracked this skull has a history, a dark, dark past. I can connect that hammer to everything and now I'm connecting it to you. Why shouldn't I? You're a killer.

FRANK

This isn't me. You know I didn't do this. Ya, I'm a killer, but I'm a professional killer.... Ask yourself the questions... If I did all of this, where's the sledgehammer? None of it makes any sense does it? (beat) You can bring me down. Send me up the river but it will continue long after I'm gone and you still won't be any closer to stopping it.

0251 and Frank share a long pensive stare --

0251

If you didn't kill Angelica then who? Who killed those people in Death Valley, the arms dealer in Vegas, the cops in Baton Rouge.... You were there. I saw you at the hospital. And what about the Morrow's Frank? Tell me who killed them --

FRANK

The Morrows? Someone killed them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

0251

They are being buried right at this very moment.

FRANK

(whispering to himself)
The funeral... The funeral. Gonna get Madelyne at the funeral.

Frank looks at his watch "11:00 am, Wednesday, 13th of March" -- its TICK dissolves into the dreaded EEEE sound -- Frank desperately trying to hold back a worm attack but within seconds he is covered in a muck sweat, his eyeballs swelling -- the brain curdling rush of a worm attack coming on...

FRANK

(spitting up blood)
Listen.. Listen to me alright just listen to me... Let me go and I'll put an end to this... I am begging you... I know what to do... I know where they're going....

Losing his grip to the worm attack, Frank grabs 0251 by his flack jacket and pulls him in close --

0251

Frank, you better let me go --

Frank is overtaken by a massive convulsion -- we see some of the veins in his back burst under the intense pressure of the spasm. 0251 wigs out and jumps off the bed, watching in horror -- Frank is thrashing about on the bed but is trying to point to his Vermifuge on the desk --

FRANK

(screaming)
Mendragon! Give it to me... Give it to me.

0251 cautiously takes the Vermifuge but doesn't know what to do with it...

0251

(screaming at Frank)
What do I do with it?

FRANK

(screaming in pain)
The base of the spine...zap me in the base of the spine.

This is without a doubt the most severe worm attack Frank has ever had.

0251

(signaling two officers)
Hold him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANK

(screaming in pain)

Look at me. I'll be dead by the end of the day... so what's the difference? Let me go and I'll stop them...

0251 warily positions the gun at the base of Frank's spine, ZAPS.

0251

Stop who? The priests?

FRANK

They're not priests... They're heretics --

0251

(whispering into Frank's ear)

Frank, tell me what you know and let me help you-- you're in no condition to stop anything -- we'll stop them together -- I know you didn't do this... you've got to give me more to go on -- tell me about the Priests.

The EEEEEEE fades away and Frank goes limp. A few seconds pass as everyone catches their breath. Frank's expression tells us he is feeling the mendragon rush...

FRANK

(dreamy)

The only thing you need to know is that I'm the only one that can kill them.

0251 -

This is Law Enforcement you're talking to see and I am Inspector General 0251. I've got a whole fucking army. Look at yourself. What have you got?

FRANK

I've got faith, I've got purpose. I know something you don't. I know what it's all about... and you? You got nothing.

Frank passes out cold.

0251

Well I'll tell you what perp... Right now I'll go whistling past the graveyard. I'll step on every crack. Cause I'm a mean muthafuckin papa one-eyed jack. And I got you Doyle. And for right now, that's enough see.

0251 snaps his fingers and three extremely large crime-scene photographers run to the bed. 0251 poses with Frank in several big smile snapshots. 0251 waves over his second in command, SUB-INSPECTOR 252.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

90.

0251

Who dropped the dime on this one?

252

Anonymous tip -- we traced the call back to the telephone in this room..

0251

What in the fuck are you talking about?
(beat) Any other calls made from this room?

252

A twenty minute collect-call made to a number in Death Valley -- we tried to trace it but were told by the phone company the trace number doesn't exist.

0251 picks up Frank's pants and checks the pockets for weapons, noticing the specialized buckle on the back of the belt. -- looks like some sort of lock picking device. He hands them over to one of his officers without a word.

0251

Put these on him. Then get this gimp out of my face... And I don't want him in the paddy wagon I want him in a squad car... And remember. Feet first.

252

What do you think?

We HEAR a CHRUCH-BELL begin to TOLL

0251

I think Mr. Order, he runs at a very good pace. But Old Mother Chaos seems to be winning this particular race.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

Rain, lightening, THUNDER.

A large gothic cathedral -- gargoyles, spires, steeples and the like -- perched on top of a hill above the city.

The Church bell continues to toll as we watch a grand funeral procession clad in black -- making its way up a spiral driveway to the cathedral. Mixed amongst the rest of the mourners are THREE HOODED MONKS.

LIGHTENING STRIKES as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL BELL TOWER - DAY

A slow, continuous PAN across Monsignor Felix; dressed in a sky-blue tuxedo and yellow bow-tie. The fannypack is strapped around his waist. Drooling all over himself in anticipation as he watches the funeral march below.

The PAN CONTINUES across Father Ringo; dressed in a vestment and gown as he tolls the bell with a bloody sledgehammer.

THE PAN ENDING on a pile of corpses. The entire diocese, from the Bishop on down, stacked in the corner of the bell tower.

Lightening strikes as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. C-141 SYNDICATE TRANSPORT -DAY

Langerman is looking at a map of St. Louis. Ira Quimby walks over worried.

LANGERMAN

What is it?

IRA

We have received word that L.E.I.U. has taken Doyle into custody.

LANGERMAN

When?

IRA

About ten minutes ago.

LANGERMAN

Has he been moved?

IRA

No.

LANGERMAN

You tell our people in St. Louis I want Doyle back in Syndicate custody by the hour's end. No matter what the cost.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

It's pissing rain -- the drops pelting against the windshield

Sub-Inspector 252 sits behind the wheel, OFFICER PINKLE, riding shotgun, his finger shoved up his nose -- picking it incessantly -- a nervous habit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking out the window at a sea of law enforcement personnel all in black ponchos, they stand aside and watch as Frank is carried out of the motel room on a stretcher by two men in biowar suits... Frank is wearing nothing but his pants. The two men throw Frank into the backseat of SQUADCAR #99 -- directly in front of us. The car pulls out of the motel driveway. 0251 runs to our car and gets in.

Wiping the rain from his brow, he takes one look at Officer Pinkle picking his nose and then brutally slaps him in the head.

0251

(looking at 252)

You see SQUADCAR #99? I want you to give me big cushion between us. I don't want them to know that we're tailing them see.

252

Why?

0251

Cause I got a hunch, see? I got a hunch that Doyle is going to break out...and when he does I want to be there following him...

252

The man you just put in that car isn't breaking out of anything.... Didn't you see his back? Doyle is as good as dead.

0251

(ominous)

That is what you said to me the last time.

CUT TO;

INT. SQUADCAR #99 - DAY

Frank sits in the back seat behind antiballistic plexiglass. Frank's hands are cuffed behind him -- his ankles also cuffed together. He looks as though he is about to die -- we can see the worm's tentacles pulsing around his neck and it sounds like Frank is now having trouble breathing.

Two cops clad in biowar suits sit in front, their names stenciled to their lapels: OFFICER ELMO MINSTRIL, OFFICER P.K. FINK.

OFFICER FINK

(into the Comlink radio --hillbilly accent)

This is #99 -- we're bucking the PERP over to Central for lockdown and will be using the 6th Street Corridor... Request MEDVEC transfer to quarantined cell upon arrival - please advise all relevant personnel that the PERP is infected and dying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(Into the Comlink radio)
Unit 16 request for transfer acknowledged.

OFFICER MINSTRIL
Bad luck to be sitting in front of a dying man.

OFFICER FINK
Shut up Elmo and just drive the damn car --
I mean you and me -- right now, we should
be at the Morrow funeral with the rest of
the cusses. Can't believe we got shafted
with this detail...

(looking at Frank)
You the cock-sucking sooflakee-fucking
muthafuckin mulligan that popped open the
Morrows? I mean did you know that Ichabod
Morrow was a beloved member of this here
community? He was one of us... WHAT'S MORE,
HE WAS MY ACQUAINTANCE!

OFFICER MINSTRIL
Bad luck to kill any acquaintance of
Officer P.K. Fink --

OFFICER FINK
That's right -- It's bad luck to kill any
acquaintance of Officer P.K. Fink -- the
worst kind of luck, cause I know karate, I
know voodoo too and I'm going to put one of
my special muthafuckin hexes on you. I
don't need no makeup neither. I got real
scars. I got hair on my chest and I look
good without a shirt -- Hey PERP, I'm
talking to you --

Frank just stares back at Fink dead-eyed -- as he, ever so
carefully, works his fingers towards the buckle on the back of
his belt.

CUT TO:

INT. 0251'S CAR - DAY

Can barely see Squadcar #99 through the rain and cars -- 0251
leaning forward in his seat and biting his nails...

0251
(chanting to himself)
Come on Doyle...I gave you the shot now
take it. Break out. Do it. Do the Doyle. Do
the Doyle. Do it and show me what this is
all about...

CONTINUED:

252

You are taking a big chance. You're breaking the law.

0251

Laws are spider webs that catch little flies but can never hold the big ones see. Doyle is my only ante into this mystery see. Lock him down and I get nothing... Let him go and who knows what could happen...

CUT TO:

INT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

An organ churns -- "Funeral March For Queen Mary"

The inside of this gothic cathedral looks more like a theater than a church. Elaborate candle chandeliers hang from the ceiling. Lush tapestries and velvet red curtains drape the medieval walls. RAIN PELTING against -- stain-glass windows depicting ultra-violent scenes from the Bible.

The pews are filled with the friends and relatives of the Morrrows'. The Hooded Monks are seated in the cathedral's balcony. The Mourner's Bench is occupied by weeping MADELYNE MORROW FORESTER (the most unbelievably sexy woman you ever did see), her sympathetic husband, PERCIVAL and her two bickering children; NETHANDRILL and CONSTANCE.

CONSTANCE

(whining)

Daddy! Daddy! Nethandrill doesn't eat crust! He doesn't eat crust!

NETHANDRILL

(whining back)

I do too! I do too eat crust! I eat more crust than you...

PERCIVAL

Now. Now. I eat more crust than the both of you put together... So quit...and stop upsetting your mum.

INT. CATHEDRAL LIBRARY - DAY

A dark and round room dense with books. Ringo is seated at the large table covered with guns and ammunition of every sort -- smoking a pipe-load of crack, preparing for his eulogy.... Felix is looking out through the crack of the door at a chapel full of people waiting for the service to begin.

RINGO

Hoy! Can you see her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELIX

She is even more radiant than I had
imagined -- what are we going to do?

RINGO

Stand aside Brother and let us have a look.

Ringo comes over to the door for a look.

FELIX

She's in the first row on the right

RINGO

(the only word Ringo can utter)
Vagina.

FELIX

Vagina indeed. (beat) I hate to say this
Ringo, but this place is beginning to get
to me. I think I'm getting the FEAR.

RINGO

Felix, you must understand-- this is the
main nerve. This is what you've been
waiting for...

FELIX

I know. I know. That's what gives me the
fear.

RINGO

No need to get uptight brother. I've got my
eulogy like all worked out and
everything... Just let old brother Ringo
deal with things and wait for my signal.

FELIX

What ever in the fuck do you mean? What are
you going to say?

RINGO

I going to tell them God is dead. That
there is no heaven. There is no hell. There
are no consequences. There's just speed,
death, and nothingness.

FELIX

That's good. That's good. You can't be too
subtle in this town.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUADCAR #99 - DAY

FRANK DISLODGES A LITTLE LOCK PICKING DEVICE FROM THE BUCKLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

96.

Officer Fink is too busy lambasting Frank to notice anything.

OFFICER FINK

And what, you supposed to be some kind of hard-boiled muthafuckin killer? You ain't nothing... I heard about you asshole babies from Pittsburgh --

OFFICER MINSTRIL

Bad luck to be born out of your mama's asshole...

Frank inserts the lock-picking device into the cuff's keyhole and twists his wrist. He twists so far to the right that it bleeds from the pressure -- Frank maintaining a straight face -- twisting it just a bit farther as the cuff clicks open.

OFFICER FINK

Shut up Minstril and drive the damm car will ya --

Fink turns his attention back to Frank whose hands are now loose.

OFFICER FINK

(screams)

Jesus H.R.B. fucking Christ -- He loose.. He loose!

Frank rips off his belt and undoes his ankle-cuffs.

Fink in a panic -- grabs the shotgun mounted on the dash and clacks a round in the chamber --

OFFICER MINSTRIL

Wait! Wait!...Bad luck to shoot through the fuckin--

Fink fires -- the buckshot ricochets off the plexiglass divider and hits both men -- blood splatters everywhere -- both men screaming as Frank cocks back his legs and smashes through -- the force of the kick in turn smashing both wounded officers, face first, into the dash. The car swerves out of control:

INT. 0251'S CAR - DAY

Watching as Squadcar #99 swerves out of control.

0251

(pointing his finger - elated)

Look -- It's happening. Do the Doyle! That's right. Break out and show me what it's all about.

INT. SQUADCAR #99 - DAY

Frank climbs over the divider and into the front seat as the car swerves out of control. Both Officers pinned down by Frank on top of the collapsed divider --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

(screams to Officer Minstril)
Hit the breaks! Hit the fucking breaks or
we're all going to die!

Minstril's neck is caught in the steering wheel -- he can't move
or see a thing and slams down on the gas -- the Squad car
explodes over the curb and crashes, full bore, into a brick wall.

POV FRANK: the force of the impact drives us through the
windshield. We HEAR Frank's arm BREAK as it hits the wall.

INT. 0251'S CAR - DAY

0251

(ecstatic)
Look at that? Did you see that?! Pull
over.. Pull over.

252

Those are my men in that car. Fuck it. I'm
calling it in...

252 reaches for the Comlink radio but 0251 slaps the radio out of
his hands and gives an evil stare --

EXT. SQUADCAR #99 - DAY

Frank slowly peels himself off the hood of the car. His nose, arm
and a few ribs are severely broken -- blood draining from every
wound and orifice. He staggers to the passenger door, opens it,
and Officer Fink falls out. Looking in Frank can see that
Officer Minstril's neck is broken. Frank pulls out the shotgun
and a bandolier full of shells from the debris...

OFFICER FINK

(gurgling in pain)
Help me. Please help me.

Frank staggers to Fink and rips off his mask -- his face has been
completely mashed in -- Fink is barely alive.

FRANK

Where is the Morrow funeral?

OFFICER FINK

Help me.

FRANK

Tell me where the funeral is and I'll help
ya.

OFFICER FINK

St. Nilfred's -- on the hill -- (pointing)
That way --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fink begins to choke on his own blood, he is saying something -- Frank kneels down close to him...

OFFICER FINK

I'm scared...

FRANK

So am I, my friend. So am I.

Fink dies. Frank gets up and runs down the street. No shirt, no shoes, only a shotgun in his hand.

0251 follows in his car.

Lightening strikes as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. ST. NILFRED'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

The Three Hooded Monks sit in the cathedral's balcony and watch as Father Ringo walks to Madelyne and gives her a slightly more than sensual kiss on the cheek. Walking up to the pulpit he lets loose a smug smile -- making eye contact with Felix who is standing behind the alter curtain with a machine-gun in his hand and the fannypack around his waist .

One of the Monks gives a signal to the rest of his brothers -- Monks "LOCK & LOAD" the weapons hidden under their robes. Amid the CLACKING of guns and ammunition we HEAR three familiar voices -- talking in whispers...

MINISTER SICK

(whispering)

Where is Monsignor Crowley? Where's the bag? What should I do?

MINISTER DICK

(whispering)

You should Praise the fucking Lord and pass the ammunition...

MINISTER ICK

We do nothing until we see the Monsignor and the bag -- remember my brothers, it was they who invited us to this funeral-- we must assume that they are prepared...

Ringo gives the congregation a big sloppy smile. Two urns filled with the ashes of Mr. and Mrs. Morrow sit on the pulpit table.

RINGO

The Lord our God. God of all generations. God of Abraham. God of Isaac. God of Jacob. Master of Might. Source of Salvation. All powerful. All knowing. All seeing. (beat) GOD: the formula for every fuck-up of this world and for every lie about the next.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ST. LOUIS - DAY

VARIOUS ANGLES - in the middle of a switchblade storm -- Frank flailing through the streets with nothing but his shotgun and pants for cover -- bleeding -- his broken left arm slung up in the bandolier.

FRANK V. O.

O Lord... Few and evil have the days and years of my life been... And if this world is as bad as Jesus left it, I Frank Bertrand Doyle did very little to improve it. I am a sinner. I am a fucking sinner. Venal. Mortal. Major. Minor. However you want to call it Lord... I am a killer to the core. But even so, can you do me just one last favor? Can you just give me one more high speed hour of life before you bring your hammer down on me -- so that I might kill these two heretics and die the death of a righteous man... Which is really not much to ask Lord... because the final incredible truth is that Christianity is a hitman's metaphysics-and I am in fact not really guilty because this is the land of the guilty. And in the land of the guilty, the only crime is getting caught. In a world of thieves, the only final sin is stupidity. My primitive Christian instincts have made me the killer that I am today. All I did was take your gibberish seriously and you see where it got me?

Frank runs up to A MAN WAITING AT A BUSTOP... The man is horrified by the sight of Frank's back -- Frank can barely speak he is so out of breath.

FRANK

St. Nelfrid's Cathedral -- which way is it?..

The man is too terrified to speak... In desperation, Frank raises the shotgun.

FRANK

(screams)

St. Nelfrid's Cathedral -- which way is it?

BUS-STOP MAN

(scared shitless)

Two blocks down -- left off 44th...--

INT. 0251'S CAR - DAY

The car has pulled over. 0251 sees Frank talk to the BUSTOP Man, then run off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

0251

I want to know what Doyle said to that man.

252 drives to the bustop. 0251 rolls down his window and flashes his badge to the Bus-Stop Man.

0251

What did the man with the shotgun say to you?

BUSTOP. MAN

He asked me for directions to St. Nelfrid's Cathedral.

0251 signals 252 and the car screeches away...

0251

(fuel injected)

Get on the radio -- tell them the suspect has escaped -- tell them he is heading for St. Nelfrid's -- tell them the suspects wanted in connection with the sledgehammer killings are at the cathedral and should be considered heavily armed and dangerous -- tell them everything, get me every available unit in the precinct and I want Strike Team Operational Detachments 7, 12, and 18 scrambled and in the choppers -- fully loaded and ready to drop.

We HEAR a DREAD RATTLING THUNDER as we:

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. C-141 SYNDICATE TRANSPORT -DAY

Major turbulence as the storm rages on -- Langerman is loading his Mauser. Ira Quimby marches to him.

IRA

We have intercepted an alarming Law Enforcement Transmission -- Doyle has escaped...is heading for St. Nelfrid's Cathedral. The Priests are reportedly at the cathedral. Law Enforcement is on full alert and converging--

LANGERMAN

What is our ETA for the cathedral?

IRA

(looking at his watch)

Five minutes. What is your directive?

LANGERMAN

Kill Doyle, kill the Priests and get me their bag no matter what the cost.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL DRIVEWAY -

Frank is almost at the top of the Spiral... He hears Sirens below and sees police cars converging from every direction, led by 0251's car. He hears a strange THUNDER above and sees a grouping of four police helicopters - HUEYS -- approaching the cathedral from the North. A look of dread comes across his face.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER -

Full of Law Enforcement Commandos. Helicopter on either side of us as we approach the cathedral --

COMMAND PILOT
(screaming to his commandos)
Get ready to drop and stomp.

INT. 0251'S CAR -

Starting up the cathedral driveway, leading a convoy of screaming police cars.

Officer Pinkle looks out the windshield and sees the choppers descend upon the cathedral.

FIFTY-TWO PARATROOPERS drop out of the rear of a C-141 SYNDICATE TROOP TRANSPORT.

OFFICER PINKLE
What in the fuck is that? Are those our men?

252
(looking up amazed)
No.

0251
Well if those aren't our men, whose are they?

252
I don't know.

0251
(to 252)
Notify all units; para-insurgents should be considered hostile.

With a resolved look on his face, 0251 speed-loads his Colt Anaconda .44 Magnum and spins the cylinder shut.

0251
(to himself)
Looks like it's going to be a shotgun wedding.

INT. ST. NILFRED'S CATHEDRAL -

The horrified faces of the congregation as Father Ringo continues his eulogy

FATHER RINGO

Oh yes my brothers and sisters. I'm here to tell you that God, the master mechanic, went and done a bunk in his sleep... Leaving his job to his son Jesus, who knew nothing of mechanics. So when Jesus entered his father's engine room, he scratched his head at the sight of this huge and complicated machine...not knowing exactly what to do, he pulled the lever nearest him -- he just pulled the wrong lever--threw his father's engine into reverse. The gears began to grind, the axles snapped, the fuses blew, havoc throughout the universe as God's great machine of existence explodes into millions of pieces. And do you know what happened then? While trying to run for cover, Jesus gets hit by a piece of shrapnel right in-the gutty-wutts and the fucking wanker ends up dead himself...

EXT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL

Frank is SCREAMING in pain -- he approaches the cathedral doors, trying to outrun 0251's car.

INT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL

RINGO

So you see my children, there is no waiting on judgement because there is no judgement.

The THUMP of ROTORS as the choppers surround the cathedral -- raking their spotlights through the stainglass windows and turning the chapel into a psychedelic sanctuary -- Ringo stops his eulogy.

SLOW MOTION -- Frank Doyle explodes through the church doors and levels his shotgun on Ringo.

FRANK

(screaming)

Don't you fucking move heretic.

Ringo looks pleasantly surprised -- breaking out in a scrappy grin

RINGO

Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?

Panic breaks out -- people rush out of the cathedral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Felix looks out from behind the alter curtain and sees Madelyne and her family trying to escape.

FELIX
(to himself)
Madelyne.. Don't go --

Frank, amid the rush of people, moves towards Ringo --trying to get a clean shot off.

Felix appears from behind the curtain -- machine gun in hand, fannypack around his waist.

FELIX
(screaming)
Madelyne. Madelyne. Please don't go. I've
come all this way just to see you. I love
you. I love you.

Felix's CRIES stop Madelyne in her tracks. She turns to look at him. Frank sees her as she becomes separated from her family.

The Ministers watch the drama unfold beneath them...

MINISTER SICK
(alarmed)
Oh my God. There it is! There's the bag!

MINISTER DICK
Let's kill them all and let God sort it
out...

MINISTER ICK
Let's wait and see if Doyle does it for
us..

A tense moment as all wait to see what the other is going to.

SLOW MOTION -- TEN COMMANDOS come CRASHING on repel lines through the stain-glass windows -- LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS, in full battle regalia, penetrate the cathedral from every possible orifice.

Madelyne SCREAMS, diving beneath one of the benches to avoid being hit by flying glass.

Felix dives off the alter and lunges toward Madelyne.

Frank trains his sights on Felix and BOOSH he fires the 12-gauge with one arm. Felix dives for cover behind a pew as Frank jacks another round in the chamber and fires another. And another. Advancing a step each time he fires.

Ringo grabs the sledghammer from beneath the pulpit and savagely swings it into an APPROACHING COMMANDO whose head explodes on impact. LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS open fire on Ringo forcing him to take cover behind the pulpit. Un-clipping three smoke

(CONTINUED)

grenades from the Commando's tactical vest, Ringo pulls the pins and throws one in each direction. Smoke fills the cathedral.

Felix hunkers down beneath a pew, cringing as each BLAST from Frank comes closer to hitting him. Felix pulls back the firing bolt of his machine-gun then sees Madelyne huddled in a ball, SCREAMING for her life.

FELIX

Madelyne. Darling. It is me. Felix. Felix
Crowley remember? I've come to rescue you.

Madelyne takes one look at him and screams even louder.

Inspector General 0251, his gun drawn, comes crashing through the cathedral doors, taking aim on Frank's back.

0251

(screaming)

Drop the weapon Doyle. Drop the weapon or
I'll drop you see.

FRANK

Bad luck to drop a man in the back.

0251 hesitates -- he knows Frank is right -- Frank dives -- and
0251 shoots anyway -- hitting Frank in his bad arm --

Felix pops up from behind the pew firing -- hits 0251. Bad luck.
Looks like Frank was right.

Felix is forced to take cover when a sudden onslaught of machine-
gun fire erupts from the balcony above.

Minister Sick fires a surly looking Calico M-950 -- lambasting
the pews in an unrelenting stream of bullets as Ick and Dick
climb down to the cathedral floor.

Felix springs up and returns fire -- empties the rest of his mag
into Sick -- he gets blown off the balcony -- his body landing
right in front of Frank with a THUD. Frank scavenges Sick for
weapons and ammo..

FELIX O.S.

(screaming)

Brother Ringo! Brother Ringo! They are
here! They are here!

RINGO O.S.

(screaming back)

What?

FELIX O.S.

The Council. They're here. They have come
for us like the rest.

CONTINUED: (3)

105.

Ringo is still pinned down behind the pulpit by some serious gunfire.

RINGO

(screaming to Felix)
No need to get up tight Brother. We invited them remember? You sit tight while I procure me some unadulterated weaponry..
Right. Right. Right?

FELIX

Right. Did you hear that Madelyne my love?
You just sit tight whilst Brother Ringo takes care of things.

Ringo can see that the Other Commandos are closing in. He rips off a FLACK/TACTICAL VEST and puts it on. Ringo jumps out from behind the pulpit and steamrolls his way towards the NEAREST COMMANDO -- his sledgehammer poised to strike.

POV: NEAREST COMMANDO -- SLOW MOTION STROBE -- Father Ringo moving in with a full on frontal attack. The muzzle bursts STROBE the action as we empty an entire clip into Father Ringo's chest - the flack vest bursting open in smoke and fire as it absorbs the onslaught of lead -- Ringo's momentum is too strong for bullets to stop him.

He wades into the Nearest Commando with a flying clothesline that drives the poor bastard to his knees and follows up by sledgehammering the Commando's head down into the rest of his body.

RINGO

The nail that sticks up gets hammered down.

SLOW MOTION - the cathedral dome explodes. Ropes fall to the floor as SYNDICATE STORMTROOPERS rappel into the scene looking like a fucking nightmare. The red beams of their laser sighted sub-machine guns cut through the dense smoke -- the strobe from their muzzle-bursts light up the cathedral like welders arcs.

Ringo takes the Commando's sub-machine gun, ejects the spent clip, and slams in a new one.

RINGO

(big smile, looking up at the spectacle)
Looks like it's gonna be an automatic kind of day..

Ringo opens fire in a blaze of glory and all hell breaks loose as we :

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL - VARIOUS ANGLES

We see the CO-PILOT OF THE COMMAND CHOPPER lean outside his window and open-fire with a sub-machine-gun -- He fills a Stormtrooper's parachute with bullet holes and the canopy collapses.

Ira Quimby comes gliding into the scene with a fucking flame-thrower strapped to his back. While passing the Command Chopper he lets loose a jet of napalm that covers the chopper.

Ira lands safely on the cathedral's roof as the flamed-fucked chopper to spin out of control

CUT TO:

INT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL -

Madelyne is under a pew -- screaming. Felix is trying to reach her. Frank pops out of a cloud of smoke. He sees Felix -- their eyes meet as Frank plunges towards Madelyne... Felix is about to open-fire --

The Command Chopper, engulfed in flames, CRASHES through the ceiling above the alter and EXPLODES as it hits the ground...

The blast concussion drives Felix into the ground. We can see Frank dragging Madelyne through a doorway -- above the door, etched in stone, is the word: "crypt". Felix SCREAMS in horror. Looking up, he sees a dark figure rappeling in from above. Felix fires one BURST. Clean body hit. The flash lights up the hideous grin of Ira Quimby... Ira drops in the gunsmoke, reflexively, triggering his flame-thrower. Liquid fire arcs around as he falls -- SCREAMS of a man set on fire as Minister Dick appears out of the smoke -- engulfed in flames...

Felix runs off in a panic as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE CRYPT -

Frank drags Madelyne kicking and screaming down a long and narrow hall. Stacked piles of cracked skulls and bones line the walls.

Hans Langerman emerges from the shadows at the end of the hall. He's got a Mauser in each hand and that Joseph Mengela look in his eyes.

Frank throws Madelyne to the side and rolls. Langerman opens fire with awkward rapidity and no accuracy... This man is clearly not built for this shit and besides, Mausers suck.

Frank draws his gun and drops the scag fucking Nazi with one shot. He grabs Madelyne and walks over. Hans is lying on the ground trying to put what's left of his spleen back into what's left of his stomach. Hans looks very very very worried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS

(looking through his stomach)
You know they say that God made us out of nothing. But the nothingness shows through... It shows through...

FRANK

Hans, yer such a fucking nightmare. God's mercy on you bitch.

He walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. NELFRID'S CATHEDRAL -

Ringo "crying havoc" -- laying down a horrendous field of gun fire... He spins around as Felix approaches. Felix fires at a COP right behind Ringo catapulting him backwards by the blast. With a smile on his face Ringo whirls back to Felix -- sees a Stormtrooper tensing to jump Felix and fires -- blasting the Stormtrooper with a burst from his S.P.A.S. FULLY AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN. The muzzle-flash illuminates the figure of Minister Ick moving for Felix and the fannypack. Firing from the hip, Ringo drills the Minister with two massive blasts that knock him on his ass --

MINISTER ICK

(gurgles)

Don't you feel anything when you pull the trigger.?

RINGO

Ya I feel something...

(firing his shotgun)

I feel the fucking recoil.

Felix in a mad panic, grabs Ringo by the gown.

FELIX

The Destroyer's taken my Madelyne to the crypt.

RINGO

Do you think he's gonna sodomize her?

FELIX

We should have killed him when we had the chance... What are we going to do now?

RINGO

I'll tell you what we're going to do. You and me, we're gonna crucify that pig-sucking wanker. But first we got to get ourselves out of this fine kettle of fish. Right. Right. Right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELIX

Right.

Ringo and Felix fire simultaneously, walk side by side -- venting their anger --blasting everything that moves in one long eye-searing expenditure of energy -- to the entrance of the crypt as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT -

Frank and Madelyne are in darkness.

MADELYNE

(hysterical)

Just let me go...

FRANK

Not just yet. I need you.

MADELYNE

(getting out of control hysterical)

What are you talking about? Who are you?

What is this all about --

Frank slaps her back into semi-sanity...

FRANK

That man in the blue suit... The one who was calling to you. His name is Felix Crowley. Monsignor Felix Crowley. Do you remember him?

MADELYNE

No -- that can't be. Monsignor Crowley is dead... killed in the massacre at Death Valley...

FRANK

Monsignor Crowley and his friend Father Michael were responsible for the Massacre. They have come here to take you for their own pleasure. They are butchers. They killed your parents because they were too lazy to find you themselves and they knew you would come to the funeral --

MADELYNE

This isn't happening to me.... This can't be happening to me...

FRANK

This is happening to you. These butchers are for real. So if you want to get out of this thing alive get yerself together and trust that I'm not going to let them hurt you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELYNE
Who are you?

FRANK
The man that's gonna stop them.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE CRYPT -

Felix and Ringo cautiously move down the corridor -- spooked by the surroundings.

They step over Hans Langerman -- Felix takes the Mausers and sticks them into his jacket pockets.

FELIX
Brother, are you high?

RINGO
Ya, but it's that giddy, quavering sort of high that means the end is soon and coming.

Ringo jams a fresh clip in his gun.

FELIX
Brother, I didn't come all this way, not to get the girl. I mean do you think he'll beat us?

RINGO
Of course not. He thinks he's got God, The Church and half the world on his side.

Felix looks very worried as they stop in front of the crypt entrance -- an immense portal beyond which is only darkness.

RINGO
(handing Felix a big fucking pill)
No need to get up tight my Brother. Just take this pill and always remember, those who cling to life die and those who defy death live. Right. Right. Right?

FELIX
(swallowing the pill)
Right.

They walk into the crypt and open fire simultaneously.

INT. CRYPT -

Ringo and Felix come through the portal blasting away -- the two men are suddenly immersed in darkness -- the flashes from their muzzle bursts light their demented silhouettes. They cease fire simultaneously

CONTINUED:

Ringo quickly reloads. He pulls a flare from his vest -- ignites it and throws it on the ground -- the glow of the flare hardly penetrates the immense darkness.

RINGO

Hoy! Doyle. All we want is the vagina. Give her to us and we'll let you go. By my honeor.

FELIX

Yes.. Yes. Give me the girl and we will let you live...

Frank answers with a burst of gunfire that sears the darkness with a rapid pulse of light.

POV: FELIX -- SLOW MOTION -- in a gun-strobe of action, we see Frank moving towards us -- firing the machine-gun with one hand and dragging Madelyne with the other.

Ringo gets hit in the belly and falls to his knees, SCREAMING IN ANGER.

Felix dives for cover, pulls out a Mauser and kneecaps Frank with five quick shots --

Frank and Madelyne fall down right in front of the heretics...

Before Felix can make a move towards his woman, Frank has a gun to her head.

FRANK

Back off heretic or I'll put a bullet through her brain.

MADELYNE

I thought you weren't going to hurt me?

FRANK

I'm not going to hurt you because Felix loves you and he's gonna do what I tell him to do right?

FELIX

Right. Don't worry my love -- this will all be over soon enough.

RINGO

(screaming in pain)

I heard his mag go clack. I heard his mag go clack... He's out of bullets. Kill him now. Kill him now.

FRANK

Take one step forward and watch me bust a cap into her pretty little head.

CONTINUED: (2)

Felix looks very confused -- he drops his gun and backs off.

FRANK

Now I want you to unstrap the fannypack and
toss it over here...

RINGO

(screaming)

Don't do it Brother. I heard his mag clack
empty. Rush him. Rush him now!

Things get tense as Frank locks back the hammer of his gun...

Madelyne starts to weep.

MADELYNE

Felix. Felix, if you love me. If you really
love me --give him what he wants. He'll
kill me.

Felix gives in to his heart, takes off the fannypack. As he is
about to hand it over -- Ringo, in an act of supreme desperation
drills his Brother in the back with the last two bullets in his
gun.. Felix falls to the ground.

Madelyne SCREAMS. Frank lets her go. As she escapes Felix reaches
out to her.

FELIX

(crying)

Madelyne my love. Don't leave me. Don't
leave me here in this darkness --

Ringo crawls over to his dying brother, cradling Felix's head in
his arms.

FELIX

(gasping for breath, looking at Ringo)

You're a booby.

RINGO

(weeping)

Booby yourself.

Felix has a minor convulsion and dies... Ringo, who is also on
the verge of death, looks up at Frank with venom in his eyes.
Frank has his gun trained on Ringo. Can barely hold it up...We
see the worm is moving into Frank's brain --he is having trouble
breathing. Frank has only a few minutes to live. Ringo stares
down the surly bore of Franks gun and prepares himself for death.

RINGO

My death and coming I praise you.. The free
death which comes to me because I want
it... So pull the trigger and be done with
it --

CONTINUED: (3)

Frank pulls the trigger and the gun clacks empty... Frank smiles.
The fannypack lies on the ground -- equidistant between them.

RINGO

Hoy! Kunt. I reckon you think you've been redeemed...

FRANK

I reckon so heretic. I reckon so.

RINGO

Then why don't you have a look inside the bag and see whether or not you even have an afterlife? I mean why did you want the bag in the first place?

FRANK

I wanted to take away the one thing that gave you a sense of power -- I wanted to stop you... And I don't need to look in your fucking bag to know that I have been saved.

RINGO

You know nothing until you open the bag... You will never be saved until you free yourself of all suspicion. Your faith will never be true unless you are willing to test it.

FRANK

I don't know what's in the bag, I don't care and it doesn't make any difference anyway -- I have never found faith in things which can be seen. True faith can only be found in things that can not be seen... Like the soul of a man...

RINGO

Beware Frank, lest this narrow faith imprison you in the end.

FRANK

I'm a prisoner not of faith but of hope. It is hope that saves me. Hope to the end. Because if believing in God helps me get through the pain of being a man, the pain of dying--then so be it. He exists. For me he exists. God is what you make of him.

RINGO

What a load of absolute fucking twaddle! Fuck, I detest converts almost as much as I do Crusaders -- No Frank, it is he who makes a beast of himself that gets rid of the pain of being a man cause God is dead

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

RINGO (cont'd)
and there is no heaven and there is no
hell... There is just life, death and
nothingness.

FRANK
You might be right heretic. But ask yerself
this question -- we are both but a step
away from death, who do you think feels
better right now, me or you?

This question jangles Ringo right down to the core of his fucking
spleen -- Ringo, looking like a scared little child about to
self-destruct...

RINGO
(incredible pain)
It's not what I don't know that hurts --
It's what I know that isn't so --

Ringo falls limp and dies.

A few moments of silence as Frank just sits there and stares at
Ringo...

FRANK
There lies the body of Father Ringo
Michaels; a man that died in fear ---

Frank erupts into convulsions... His head begins shaking
uncontrollably -- the worm is about to end it all -- we see his
skull expand as the worm contracts its tentacles.

FRANK
(screaming in pain)
Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God -- I have
fought the good fight. I've finished my
course. I have found my faith --

The convulsions are so severe it looks as though Frank might
explode and then suddenly they just stop.

MOVING CLOSE INTO FRANK -- looking up as if he's just been
released from the throws of some overwhelmingly dreadful grip.

FRANK
(with his last gasp of air)
At last I am going to be well.

Frank's eyes shut as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.