

T H E T E N

by

Scott Rosenberg

"So let it be written  
So let it be done  
I'm sent here by the chosen one.  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
To kill the first born pharaoh son.  
I'm creeping death... "

-- Metallica

"The insects are dancing in the streets... "

-- old man in the drunk tank  
on Christmas Eve.

FADE IN:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

In flight. Christmas decorations adorn the main cabin. Dinner trays are cleared. Danielle Steele paperbacks are cracked. A YOUNG MOTHER burps her BABY. The baby's Scooby-Do BOOTIES pump the air.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT clears away the dinner tray from the MAN, mid-30s, seated next to the mother and baby...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I get you anything else -- ?

YOUNG MAN

No... Nothing else will be necessary...

He smiles. Can't say we care much for that smile... The BABY reaches a pudgy paw for the man...

YOUNG MOTHER

Stop it, Nicolas... Sorry...

Again that smile... The Young Man reaches under his seat... He makes contact with something beneath... He turns to the baby... Smiles...

YOUNG MAN

Goodbye, Nicolas --

Off the mother's look... CLICK...

KA-BOOM!

The jumbo jet explodes....

EXT. CATTLE RANCH - OUTSIDE WICHITA, KANSAS - NIGHT

The SKY erupts in a firestorm of red, orange and blue... Flaming DEBRIS showers onto the ranch... Galloping cows are turned into New York Sirloin in a New York minute...

The robed RANCHER emerges from his house, in time to see a FIERY ROW OF BUSINESS CLASS SEATS - shrieking PASSENGERS melting to them - come STREAKING TOWARD HIM like a comet...

SMOOSH...

EXT. RANCH - LATER - NIGHT

Wreckage. Two miles of cratered devastation. A flying machine in pieces on the ground. Considerable RESCUE TEAM presence...

A FOG has settled, co-mingling with the smoky aftermath and emergency vehicle FLASHING LIGHTS to create a surreal scene...

A perfect entrance for

KYLE KLESKO

F.B.I. Late 30s. Slicker than slick. No, his shit don't stink. Two-thousand-dollar black label Italian suit. Long camel-hair coat, no vent. Perfectly pomaded 'do. Klesko steamrolls the site...

His colleague, Agent DONALD "BAGGER" BAGLEY, a bearded good ol' boy who played a few years of offensive tackle for the Crimson Tide, approaches Klesko...

BAGGER

114 including the flight crew. Full fragmentation. Not a one that don't look like a Picasso...

Klesko clocks the carnage... This truly is a vision of hell... Black, lumpen SHAPES which could be either seat cushions, suitcases, chunks of fuselage or businessmen...

BAGGER (CONT.)

The F.A.A. guys are here... Transportation Department... It's looking like a bomb... No secondary devices... They're doing a debris inventory now --

Klesko notices something on the ground... Bends downs... Comes up with a charred BLOB... Wipes away some of the ash...

It's a Scooby-Do BOOTY...

Another AGENT runs from the mists...

AGENT #2

Agent Klesko! Agent Bagley! You better come over here --

EXT. FBI VAN

Klesko and Bagger follow the agent over to this fully-tricked-out Bureau mobile investigatory unit...

INT. VAN

Video monitors, satellite downlink, full on-line capacity...

AGENT #2

They just received this at the New York office... They're beaming it down...

ANGLE - the video monitor. We hear MUSIC first... David Bowie's 70s chestnut "Rebel, Rebel" to be exact...

And then a MAN comes on-screen... Lip-syncing fatuously...  
 ("You gotcher mother in a whirl/She's not sure if you're a boy  
 or a girl...").

The man is mid-30s, curly-haired, he wears a whimsical smirk,  
 though there is madness behind these eyes... If David Koresh  
 fucked Eddie Vedder, their off-spring would be:

WILLIAMTON ECONOMIDES

this gyrating tree-frog... The look on Klesko's face let's us  
 know he's hip to this guy's tip...

Economides continues to lip-synch... The video camera following  
 him like a bad MTV hangover... At once, he stops. Faces the  
 camera...

ECONOMIDES

Yes, yes... We're taking responsibility  
 for Flight 1387... Blew it up... Along  
 with my good friend and dedicated  
 soldier, Peter Darwood... The People's  
 Platoon... Once again, we refuse to be  
 Americans victimized by Americanism...  
 Just because we are on our knees before  
 the status quo doesn't mean we have to  
 pucker up and blow... Peace... Peter  
 Darwood, the legion salutes you...  
 Rebel, rebel, you've torn your dress...

Economides flips dual birds... Smiles that teen-idol grin...  
 The music comes up again... He sings the final chorus to  
 fade... The image goes to snow..

The agents sit in silence for a moment...

BAGGER

Williamton Economides... Taking the  
 People's Platoon into the big leagues  
 with this one...

AGENT

Think it's legit... ?

AGENT #2

Tape showed-up too quick for it not to  
 be... Wire services haven't even picked  
 up the crash yet...

BAGGER

Kyle -- ?

All eyes swivel to Klesko. He still holds the Scooby-Do booty.  
 His face is cold. Teeth set. There's a rage in the cage...

KLESKO

Yes...

EXT. SOUTH BRONX TENEMENT HOUSE - GRAND CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Early the next morning... Below the expressway... I.R.T. TRAINS thunder above on elevated tracks...

The tenement house is a low building which looks like it was built by a cost-cutting mason using shit instead of mortar. Windowless, graffiti-soaked, greasy. A few shadowy FIGURES huddle in doorways, dead-eyed and desperate.

We are in a SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. And we hit the building on the run... And there seem to be many of us...

INT. BUILDING / STAIRWELL

We take the stairs. Like a giant urinal. Crack vials POP underfoot. A MAN slumps on the third floor landing...

INT. 4TH FLOOR

The corridors are dimly lit, the plaster walls rotting... We stand before the doors on this floor...

NEW ANGLE REVEALS - we're COPS and FEDS... And there are dozens of us... Klesko leading the charge in a blue FBI windbreaker... Bagger at his side... Klesko holds SOMETHING in his hand like a talisman, though we're not sure what it is...

Battering RAMS are levelled... On Klesko's go... BLANG! BLANG! BLANG! BLANG! Doors explode inward... The law gets busy...

It's a full-on raid...

INT. APARTMENTS

They are surprisingly plush given this building... High-tech, designer decor, although there are lots of swastikas, Maltese crosses, upside down American flags... Dig the faux-Andy Warhol silkscreens of Hitler, Stalin, Manson...

The RESIDENTS of these flats are roused out of their slumber by the marauding cops... They are mainly young and shaggy, some long-haired, some shaved-head... These are the card-carrying members of The People's Platoon...

Klesko's men are quick and efficient... In mere moments The Platoon has been efficiently corralled and is being marched out of the building, hands on head... They go peacefully...

A FED brings around two P.P. members: a gorgeous black-eyed woman called HELEN and an overmuscled cross-eyed lunk called LARS...

FED  
This is Helen. This is Lars... They're  
lieutenants...

Helen stares at Klesko... Her eyes on fire... Her voice a  
chant...

HELEN  
We are Alpha and Omega, the Beginning  
and the End, which is and which was, and  
which is to come...

BAGGER  
Isn't that original? Another glorious  
piece of ass turned into a Susan Atkins  
vampire, by some creepo culto --

An AGENT walks up to them...

FED  
No Economides... No Denton...

Klesko turns to Lars and Helen...

KLESKO  
Where is he... ?

Nothing from the members...

KLESKO (CONT.)  
Where -- ?

LARS  
Where he always is... Under a stormy sky

Klesko nods... Scratches the tip of his nose... And then WHIRLS  
ON LARS CRAMMING WHATEVER IT WAS HE HELD IN HIS HAND INTO LARS'  
MOUTH... Shoving it in there... Choking Lars...

His men restrain him... Lars coughs out the object...

Which falls to the ground... For all to see:

It's the Scooby-Do booty...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Around a long mahogany table the powers-that-be nestle... MEN  
in Bureau ties and haircuts... Klesko and Bagger are here...  
The door opens and in walks AARON BALLANTINE, 51... The  
Chief...

## BALLANTINE

Okay, people... While the Department of Transpo investigates whether or not it was a bomb on Flight 1387... Economides' taking responsibility is something we cannot ignore... Kyle... ?

Klesko rises... The lights go dim as they so often do during these scenes... And a series of SLIDES will be projected on the screen at the back of the room...

## KLESKO

The People's Platoon is a group of anti-government activists who bill themselves as put-upon "patriots" victimized by the federal government. They refuse to recognize the government's authority and instead choose to live by their own laws based on their interpretation of the Bible, the US Constitution and other documents... Formed some five years ago by this man, Williamton Economides...

A SLIDE of Economides... That ever-present smirk...

## KLESKO (CONT.)

.... another spiritual charlatan using hypnotic techniques and mind control to sustain a group whose sole purpose is to exalt him... You know the drill: wanna-be rock star, handsome, captivating, into drugs and beautiful women and the Bible... Economides started The People's Platoon as a racist hate group after he was arrested for the brutal slaying of his father in 1991... Economides was acquitted after claiming years of physical and mental abuse...

SLIDE - Economides' mug shot...

## KLESKO (CONT.)

The People Platoon's previous crimes - outstanding arrest warrants cite a variety of them: - death threats against local elected officials and a federal judge; armed robbery; and a check-kiting scheme - did not even hint at the possibility of murdering 114 innocent people...

A SLIDE of the wreckage of Flight 1387... Klesko allows a few beats of silence then:

KLESKO (CONT.)

A raid at dawn of a known People's Platoon stronghold in the South Bronx, led to the arrest of 34 members... No evidence linking The Platoon to the bombing was found... Though we did find a cache of narcotics, a tidy arsenal of automatic weapons and a banker's box of cash totaling 145,000 dollars... Among those caught were Lars Vindred, Economides' body guard, chief cook and bottle washer...

SLIDE of LARS leering into the camera...

KLESKO (CONT.)

And Helen Childress, Economides' lover and a suspect in the 1989 kidnapping of the son of oil executive, Bernard Plumb... Not apprehended was Erik Denton, Economides' former college room-mate and his consiglieri...

A SLIDE of a handsome 35-year-old man - ERIK DENTON...

KLESKO (CONT.)

Nor the man himself, the enigmatic Williamton Economides... His capture is of paramount importance... We've beaten the bushes and have come up empty...

The lights come up... A few beats of silence... Ballantine sips his water... Then:

BALLANTINE

Thank-you, Kyle... We have not given anything to the press about anyone claiming responsibility for the bombing... We'll try and hold it off as long as possible... Let's grab this guy, people... Let's do it soon... Sidney Howard of the Behavioral Science Unit will be preparing a psychological profile of Economides for you... Okay. That's it. Let's go to work...

People get to their feet... Collect their notes...

BALLANTINE (CONT.)

And people? Merry Christmas...

CUT TO:

## A MOSQUE

of marble and stucco... 300 foot MINARETS brooding over it...  
For we are in

## EXT. THE DESERT - SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST - DAY

or so the nasal BRAY of the CALL TO PRAYER which echoes across  
this empty, kiln-hot space would indicate... We settle on

## A JEEP

as it trundles along the stone grit... The passenger is ERIK  
DENTON - whom we just met in Klesko's slide-show - the  
consigliori of Williamton Economides... He wears a straw hat  
and Ray Bans...

They pass the SERRIED MASSES - standing, bowing, kneeling,  
wailing... In the distance, we can see the crumbling stone  
rooftops of whatever city is nearby...

The jeep continues its trek... Taking a nasty bolt of dirt  
road... Passing through a narrow funnel of hills, at last  
coming to

## A STONE TEMPLE

where it is met by a handsome olive-skinned MAN - late 20s...  
This is MAMUNIA... He is dressed in Western garb...

MAMUNIA

Erik Denton --

DENTON

Yes...

MAMUNIA

I am Mamunia... I am the consort for the  
man you seek...

DENTON

Pleased to meet you --

MAMUNIA

This way...

He leads Denton into the temple... Denton carries a HALIBURTON  
CASE...

MAMUNIA (CONT.)

You have brought the tribute -- ?

Denton makes to hand him the case...

MAMUNIA (CONT.)

Momentarily --

We HEAR THE CHANTING, before we see the man...

We have entered a room... The WALLS are covered in glyptic images of pilgrimage, showing "Ka'ba", airplane, sheep, ship and pilgrim... A little black BOX made of rough-hewn stone blocks and covered with a black silken drapery centers the room... And before it

A MAN

the oldest man we've ever seen, sits and chants... He wears a white kaffan - a seamless shroud - and he maneuvers a menagerie of palm leaves, camel bones and patches of leather..

MAMUNIA

Here is the man you seek --

DENTON

Is the man ready to travel -- ?

And Mamunia speaks to the man in some foreign tongue... And the man replies... And the man REMOVES HIS VEIL...

And we see that the man is BLIND... His eyes are blackened sockets... And he is nodding effusively in Denton's direction... A toothless smile, a mirthless keening...

And, as WE GO CLOSER TO THOSE EMPTY EYES, we

MATCH CUT TO:

THE EMPTY EYES OF A PORCELAIN CHERUB

WIDER - IT'S A CHRISTMAS TREE

adorned with tinsel and cherubs and ornaments passed-down through generations...

INT. KLESKO'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - DAY

Typical upwardly-mobile accoutrements...

JACK KLESKO, five-years-old, sits in front of the tree, Indian-style, staring at the place where, in less than 24 hours presents will appear...

INT. BEDROOM

Klesko sleeps... He comes awake to find his wife,

AUBREY KLESKO, 32

sitting in the overstuffed easy-chair to the side of the room... Watching him... She is, to put it cleanly, some kind of wonderful...

AUBREY

Morning...

KLESKO

What are you doing -- ?

AUBREY

Looking at you... I don't want to forget  
what you look like...

KLESKO

Go --

AUBREY

Senator is kidnapped, Kyle Klesko  
vanishes... Cocaine shipment is  
intercepted, Kyle Klesko vanishes...  
Plane blows up... You'll vanish... It  
occurred to me the other day that maybe  
you're Superman...

KLESKO

Only my dry cleaner knows for sure...

(beat)

It was the worst thing I've ever seen...

AUBREY

I saw the footage --

Beat... He smiles at her...

KLESKO

C'mere...

AUBREY

Nope...

KLESKO

C'mere...

AUBREY

I don't think so...

KLESKO

Come on... I'm having a really good "Man  
Of Steel" thing happening right now...

AUBREY

The youth is on the premises...

KLESKO

Staring enrapt at the tree, no doubt...  
Barney The Dinosaur could run through  
the apartment and he wouldn't look up...  
And while we're on the subject of large  
purple creatures...

AUBREY

Ugh --

And she goes to him... And they kiss... And lest things get too hot, the PHONE RINGS...

AUBREY

Big surprise...

Klesko answers... Listens... Hangs up...

AUBREY

Don't tell me: Jimmy Olsen or Lois Lane?

KLESKO

Both...

He gets to his feet... Heads for the shower...

AUBREY

See you in the funny papers...

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT

Klesko emerges, finishing his tie... Jack remains by the tree... Klesko leans down next to him...

KLESKO

What exactly are we watching for?

JACK

Billy Henderson said there was no such thing as Santa...

KLESKO

He did?

Jack nods ruefully...

KLESKO (CONT.)

So you're just gonna sit here and watch for him -- ?

Another nod...

KLESKO (CONT.)

I don't think you can... I think he only works when you're sleeping --

JACK

That's The Tooth Fairy, dad --

KLESKO

Right... Okay... Keep the good watch, Jackson...

Jack merely nods... And continues his stare... Kyle walks over to Aubrey in the kitchen...

KLESKO  
You know about this?

AUBREY  
(nods)  
I don't know how we're going to put out  
the presents...

KLESKO  
We should call that Billy Henderson's  
parents... Tell 'em that if they don't  
mind, we'd like to prolong the magic of  
our son's childhood... What next? "Hey  
guess what, Jack: macaroni and cheese  
is bad for you and Jerry Garcia is  
dead!"

He kisses her...

AUBREY  
The Singletons and Pete and Molly are  
coming over tonight --

KLESKO  
Why -- ?

AUBREY  
It's Christmas Eve... They're our best  
friends... Should I elaborate further?

KLESKO  
No... Although why they're our best  
friends could be a topic for future  
discussion... I will be home by 7:00...

AUBREY  
Promise -- ?

KLESKO  
Promise...

AUBREY  
Cos you're the only one that can carve  
the turkey --

KLESKO  
Bless your heart --

He kisses her...

KLESKO (CONT.)  
Later, Jackson -- !

Nothing from Jack... His parents share a look... And Klesko is  
gone...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The same players assembled... Klesko, Bagger, Ballantine... A VIDEO MONITOR has been wheeled in...

BALLANTINE

We received it this morning... Courier delivered it from an office drop-off...

The tape is played... As before, it opens with Williamton Economides doing his lip-syncing rock star thing... This time the song is Kiss' "Rock And Roll All Night." And Economides has added a tennis racket guitar to his show... He wails on it... The music down for:

ECONOMIDES

Nothing finer than a captive audience... Hoo-hee... Am I pissed at you guys... You all don't realize who you're messing with... I am an evil Spirit, come from the bottomless pit of Hell to vex this place... Base poltroon of a God; cursed Nazarene; Emperor of the Grand Grimolde.

BAGGER

Here we go... Snap-job central...

ECONOMIDES

My people. You have my people. You've taken my people, you spiritual cowards. And are holding them. Sans bail. You are the Artisans of Fraud. The stealers of worship. If they are not released, by five-o'clock today, December 24th... Ten cities will be targeted, beginning with Washington D.C. What you will see - what I have wrought... A creeping death... A perfect unfolding of the cosmos... Ten cities... Gaze at the master! Gaze at the fucking master -- !

BALLANTINE

Christ...

ECONOMIDES

I guess, when you distill it down to its most basic construct, what I am saying is: Let My People Go! Let My People Go! If you don't...

And the Kiss comes up again... And Economides rocks out and his image FADES... Silence in the room...

BALLANTINE

He's worse than we thought...

BAGGER

What about the threat -- ?

BALLANTINE

The D.C. field offices will be put on full alert. Airport security will be stepped up... Government offices will be closed on account of the holiday, but we should send teams in anyhow... Call your loved ones, folks... There'll be no Christmas this year...

The meeting adjourned... Ballantine goes up to Klesko...

BALLANTINE (CONT.)

This is a bad one...

KLESKO

I know...

BALLANTINE

He's completely gone... Therefore, he's capable of anything...

KLESKO

I know...

BALLANTINE

We got to find him, Kyle... Maybe it's time you go visit your old friend...

KLESKO

We don't have much of a relationship anymore...

BALLANTINE

The personal shit is of zero import to me, Agent Klesko. Do your job..

KLESKO

Yes, sir...

BALLANTINE

You know where to find him?

KLESKO

It's Christmas Eve. I know where to find him...

INT. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - THE DRUNK TANK - NIGHT

A handful of bibulous SANTAS; a few HOMELESS; a YOUNG DUDE with blistering DTS... And

EDDIE GARRICK

mid-30s. Stocking cap, flannel shirt, old jeans... A lot of ghosts have served to fade this man's radiance to the dullest of copper... An OLD MAN chatters in the ear of the passed-out Garrick...

OLD MAN

This is the last one, far as I'm concerned... The last Christmas... All hail, my last Christmas ever!

INT. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - FRONT DESK

Klesko enters... Badges the DESK SERGEANT...

KLESKO

I'm here to see Eddie Garrick --

At a pay-phone is a black MAN, early 30s, with dreads and an attitude - REUBEN COLE. He overhears Klesko...

REUBEN COLE

What do you want with Eddie -- ?

KLESKO

I want to see him... Why?

REUBEN COLE

I roll with Eddie...

KLESKO

I used to roll with Eddie --

REUBEN COLE

Klesko?

KLESKO

That's right...

REUBEN COLE

Whyn't you just stay the fuck out of his life, man... ? Haven't you done enough?

Klesko doesn't answer him... Walks away...

REUBEN COLE (CONT.)

Shit...

INT. PRECINCT - DRUNK TANK

Eddie Garrick snores on... Kyle Klesko is led to the tank... The cage is opened for him... He goes to Garrick... Rouses him... Nothing doing...

OLD MAN (CONT.)

That young man is dead... Won't see  
another Christmas Eve, that young man...  
The insects are dancing in the streets.

KLESKO

Garrick! Garrick!

At last, Garrick's goo-encrusted eyes open... He sees Klesko...  
Smiles...

GARRICK

Satan lives...

KLESKO

Helio, Eddie...

GARRICK

Have I died? Is this Heaven? Does  
Saint Peter wear off-the-rack Italian?

OLD MAN

The insects are dancing in the streets -

GARRICK

Yes, they are... Kyle Klesko... What are  
you doing here? Lose your puppy?

KLESKO

I gotta talk to you, Eddie --

GARRICK

Meet my friends...

He gestures to the other drunk tank denizens...

GARRICK (CONT.)

This here's the spotted elephant; and  
that's the Charlie-in-the-box; and over  
there is the choo-choo with square  
wheels... Look everyone, Rudolph is here  
to take us all off The Island Of Misfit  
Toys...

The other drunks ignore him...

KLESKO

Another Christmas Eve in the drunk tank,  
Eddie... You're becoming a cliché...

GARRICK

Cliches are clichés because they work...  
And look who's talking, my  
fastidiously-festooned former friend...  
That's what they call alliteration,

(MORE)

GARRICK (cont'd)  
 Kyle. The repetition of consonant  
 sounds... You like?

KLESKO  
 I like. Let's go, Eddie --

GARRICK  
 Where -- ?

KLESKO  
 Williamton Economides is back in the  
 news...

GARRICK  
 I believe an "ouch" is in order...

Garrick turns back to the rest of the drunks...

GARRICK  
 See you Easter --

EXT. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - DUTY ROOM

The DESK SERGEANT returns Garrick's personal property - which  
 amounts to an ONION and a badly-mangled BOX, about the size of  
 a pizza take-out, containing some kind of children's TOY...

GARRICK  
 Thanks, Tommy --

DESK SARGEANT  
 See ya, Garrick --

They walk away... Reuben Cole comes up to them...

REUBEN COLE  
 You okay -- ?

GARRICK  
 I'm fine... Kyle, you know my faithful  
 partner and aide-de-campe, Reuben Cole?  
 Reuben, you know Kyle Klesko, steward of  
 voluptuous sins and monstrous vices?

Cole and Klesko nod... Garrick notes the mutual dislike...

GARRICK (CONT.)  
 La-de-da. A cold wind blows... Go home,  
 Reuben... Make love to your splendid  
 wife under the mistletoe... Leave me to  
 my wretched fate...

Reuben nods... Walks away, uneasily eyeing Klesko...

KLESKO

They got you on indefinite leave --

GARRICK

Yes. Pending my participation in a substance-abuse program... Remember the days, Kyle, when "substance" was a good thing? Was the value of a man?

As they walk, Garrick nods to other COPS... He knows most of them by name...

KLESKO

Doesn't it bother you to always get busted by your own precinct... ?

GARRICK

When I was in grade school, I spent most of my time in the principal's office. I think it made me kind of cool in the eyes of my contemporaries...

KLESKO

It doesn't translate...

GARRICK

Bullshit. Look at you. You still carry a chip from your grade school days. You were either pimply, pudgy or picked your nose and ate it...

Klesko says nothing, a bit startled... Then:

KLESKO

Pudgy.

Garrick cackles... They walk out of the station...

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They walk to Klesko's car...

GARRICK

What exactly do you want?

KLESKO

Economides...

GARRICK

His trail's gone cold for me a long time ago, Kyle --

KLESKO

I have faith --

GARRICK

I do marvel at your stones, though, I gotta say. Coming to me for help... Me, who'd rather dance on your grave than vacation in Bali; me, who'd rather eat a stew made from your rotting flesh, than the 38 oz. porterhouse at Smith & Wollensky's; me, who'd rather--

KLESKO

I got your drift, Eddie... And don't think I would be here if I had a choice.

GARRICK

Of course not...

KLESKO

You with me -- ?

GARRICK

For the evening... It got me out of the hole... And it is Christmas... Let's go.

KLESKO

Where to -- ?

GARRICK

To where I can have a proper cocktail...

And he takes a big bite out of the large peeled ONION... Chews thoughtfully. Klesko winces...

INT. KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING

Klesko dials a number on his cell phone... Garrick watches... Klesko sees him watching... Tension, baby...

KLESKO

It's Christmas Eve...

GARRICK

Call her. She's your wife...

KLESKO

I was supposed to be home by seven.

GARRICK

Call her. She's your wife...

CUT TO:

AN UNCARVED COOKED TURKEY

sitting in its basting pan...

## INT. KLESKO APARTMENT

Aubrey sits with The SINGLETONS and PETE AND MOLLY, young, attractive people... Young, attractive, hungry people... Dressed fine... The table beautifully set... A few empty bottles of wine... Jack Klesko is asleep in his pajamas in front of the tree...

The PHONE RINGS... Aubrey doesn't move for it...

MOLLY

You gonna answer it?

AUBREY

Nope...

Everyone's hip to her anger... The phone rings on... Aubrey leans into it... Turns off the ringer... Only the light blinks.

The Singletons guzzle more wine...

## INT. KLESKO'S CAR

The phone rings on in Klesko's ear... Message delivered... He hangs up...

GARRICK

Not home. Maybe she ran off with St. Nick...

KLESKO

Don't go there, Eddie --

GARRICK

Wouldn't be the first time she ran off with a badly-dressed patron saint...

Garrick chuckles... But there's pain in those eyes... Klesko drives on...

## INT. "THE CHELSEA MEN CLUB" - NIGHT

Christmas Eve in the most repugnant boy-whore establishment in the universe... A long bar... A solitary juke... A scattering of tables... And a staircase leading up to the private rooms... Its like a brothel of old... And its presided over by

## THE PEPPERMINT MAN

a walking, talking, garishly-clad bedbug... Dig his rings and necklaces; dig his cigarette-holder and three-inch-French-manicured fingernails...

Dig his scene: arch BUSINESSMAN types, with wedding bands and stock portfolios chatting up the adolescent STREET URCHINS... Before choosing one and taking him upstairs for a trick...

Klesko and Garrick enter... Klesko, immediately horrified by the surroundings...

GARRICK

All I want for Christmas is a hairless boy...

The Peppermint Man sees them... Comes over, fretfully...

PEPPERMINT MAN

What the hell do you want, Garrick?

GARRICK

Relax, buddy... Peppermint Man, this is Kyle Klesko... Kyle, say hello to The Peppermint Man -

PEPPERMINT MAN

I'm not worried about you, Eddie dear, seeing as how the only thing you're capable of busting are the capillaries on your nose...

GARRICK

Good one, Peppermint Man... Wasn't that a good one, Kyle -- ?

KLESKO

Good one...

PEPPERMINT MAN

It's your friend who concerns me --

GARRICK

(to the BARTENDER)

Bourbon rocks...

(to Peppermint Man)

Klesko's FBI...

PEPPERMINT MAN

Wonderful --

Klesko watches as a heavy-set INVESTMENT BANKER TYPE in his late 40s chats up a 14-year-old boy with the haunted eyes of a combat veteran...

GARRICK

And he's looking for Economides...

Garrick's drink comes... He takes a huge swig...

PEPPERMINT MAN

Aren't we all... ? Only Williamton Economides can save us from certain spiritual degradation and take us off the blighted shrimp boat that is our existence...

They stare at him... Peppermint Man blinks...

PEPPERMINT MAN (CONT.)

His words... He's not only gone off the deep end... He's building a summer home there --

GARRICK

Another good one... Peppermint Man!  
Huh, Kyle -- ?

KLESKO

Another good one...

GARRICK

Economides frequented this establishment in his quest for troubled souls to save.

KLESKO

Where is he?

PEPPERMINT MAN

Don't know... Can't say... Heard you jumped crazy on his compound. That won't sit too well...

KLESKO

Where is he -- ?

PEPPERMINT MAN

(to Garrick)  
Who is this? The last straight man in America -- ?

GARRICK

Kyle's grumpy... You should tell him what he wants to know...

PEPPERMINT MAN

I don't have those answers... Williamton has gone underground... Into the wild lavender yonder...

Klesko has had enough... He grabs The Peppermint Man by one silky raiment and swings him into the row of bar stools...

The Peppermint Man goes down... The joint goes quiet... In moments, a half-dozen huge BOUNCER types surround them...

GARRICK

Don't look now, Kyle, but we're gonna get our asses kicked in a sissy bar...

As the bouncers move in, The Peppermint Man calls out --

PEPPERMINT MAN

No, no! Please... It's okay...

He gets to his feet... Puts a fresh cig in his holder; winces as he sees several CUSTOMERS flee at the first hint of trouble.

PEPPERMINT MAN (CONT.)

Shit... Williamton is losing his mind... He's insane... If you thought he was insane before, now he's really insane... Last time I saw him he told me he wanted to have a hump surgically inserted into his body. A hump. So he could be a hunchback. Quasimodo-like. Who else has those aspirations... ?

KLESKO

Where is he?

PEPPERMINT MAN

I don't know...

Klesko moves to him... Peppermint Man shrinks back...

PEPPERMINT MAN

Honestly... But he's been consorting with a Times Square spook jockey called Anton, who runs a joint called "The Devil's Advocate." Anton's been indoctrinating Economides into the occult... So if it wasn't bad enough that he was on some anti-government, Aryan supremacy, environmental terrorist shit... Now he's dabbling in the occult... He's a full season of "DONAHUE" cloaked in white man's garb...

Klesko nods... Turns on his heels... He passes the investment banker and the haunted-eyed boy.

Klesko REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE BANKER BY THE EAR AND DRAGS HIM, HOWLING, OUT OF THE JOINT... Tossing him into a SNOW BANK...

GARRICK

Thanks for the drink...

PEPPERMINT MAN

Sure, Eddie... Next time, instead of bringing a friend by, why not just lob in a grenade... ?

Garrick walks out...

PEPPERMINT MAN (CONT.)

Merry Christmas...

EXT. CITY STREETS / INT. KLESKO'S CAR - LATER - NIGHT

Klesko pulls to a stop outside a ramshackle brownstone...

GARRICK

This is me --

KLESKO

I'll come by tomorrow and we'll roust Anton --

GARRICK

"We?" white man?

KLESKO

I need you, Eddie --

GARRICK

Oh, God. How you live with yourself, Kyle, is one of the great mysteries of our time...

Garrick gets out of the car. Klesko drives off... The sun is just starting to come up...

And Garrick doesn't go into the brownstone... Rather, he goes across the street to a crummy little tavern...

INT. TAVERN

Empty but for a few hardcore RUMMIES... Garrick sits at the bar...

GARRICK

Bourbon up, Tony... And it's Christmas... So make it a double.

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT - MORNING

Klesko enters... Jack is opening his presents... Full of glee... Aubrey is with him...

JACK

He came, dad! Billy Henderson was wrong! He came! Look what I got!

He shows off his toys... Klesko hugs his son... Looks at Aubrey...

KLESKO  
Santa made it, huh?

AUBREY  
Santa never lets us down --

KLESKO  
Aubrey...

AUBREY  
Kyle. Not now. Please. You want to open your presents?

KLESKO  
Sure...

And she hands him one... And he starts to open it... And Jack, happy with his toys, doesn't even notice how cold it is this Christmas morn...

INT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP - DAY

We GLIDE along this row of basement cells... Each one housing a different member of The People's Platoon... Each member is relaxed, content, sanguine...

Lars begins to sing: "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful."

The others join him... Until the song is being sung full throttle... The GUARDS don't much mind... And we'll HEAR THEIR SONG OVER THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE AS WE GO TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - CHRISTMAS DAY

It's a crisp, cool, sunny Christmas...

The FOUNTAINS outside the SMITHSONIAN... Water flows in fine white spouts... PASSERS-BY admire the elegance...

Until suddenly, the water TURNS RED... A deep, viscid, red...

It TURNS TO BLOOD...

ON-LOOKERS gasp... For the same thing is happening to other fountains...

QUICK SHOTS:

- A MAN sipping from a public water bubbler... The water turns... His face is spattered with arterial blood...

- A WOMAN driving a Volvo sees the fountains turn and she loses control of her car...

Ramming into a FIRE HYDRANT... The hydrant collapses and A GEYSER of WATER sprays into the air... The water soon turning crimson... Turning to blood...

And still we HEAR the CAROLING of The People's Platoon --

- Inside a Georgetown APARTMENT... A young REPUBLICAN takes a hot SHOWER... Until, the water CHANGES... And PLUMES OF PLASMA cover him... The man SCREAMS!!!

- The large POND at The Constitutional Gardens becomes a rippling mass of CLOTS...

- The ARBORETUM... With its exotic plant gardens and waterways... Watch those waterways turn to gore...

- THE NATIONAL AQUARIUM... Its superb pantheon of freshwater and marine animals... All choking in the blood... Floating to the surface... Dead and red...

- A CARWASH... A late-model CADDY is sprayed with jets of soapy water... Soon giving way to jets of blood...

- HEALTH CLUB... Indoor LAP POOL... Watch the YUPPIES dive into the platelets... !

- ALL AROUND D.C.: The Kenilworth Aquatic Gardens; the McMillan Reservoir; the Anacostia River; the Tidal Basin; all to the horrors of the people, become swirling eddies of hemoglobin...

- TOURISTS walk along the NATIONAL MALL... Strolling past the LINCOLN MEMORIAL REFLECTING POOL, where the image of the WASHINGTON MONUMENT shimmers in the long pool...

... when at once THE WATER BEGINS TO TURN... TO TURN RED.... Obfuscating the reflection of the monument...

PEOPLE cry out... As the entire reflecting pool becomes, literally, a blood-bath...

- And finally, as the CAROLING FADES OFF, before our very eyes, THE POTOMAC ITSELF BEGINS TO HEMORRHAGE -- !!!

CUT TO:

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT - DAY

Aubrey and Jack play with the new toys... Kyle is reading from the files... The PHONE RINGS... It's Bagger...

BAGGER (O.S.)

Turn on the TV, boss --

Klesko does... And there it is... CNN reporting on the blood reigning supreme on D.C. Many of the images we saw are

photographed... Klesko watches... Horrified...

INT. GARRICK'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Klesko pulls up... Goes to the mail-box... Can't find Garrick's apartment... He buzzes the manager...

MANAGER (INTERCOM)

Yallo --

KLESKO

I'm looking for Eddie Garrick --

MANAGER (INTERCOM)

Eddie Garrick? He hasn't lived here for months...

KLESKO

Really?

MANAGER (INTERCOM)

I tossed his drunk ass outta here back in July...

Roger. Klesko walks back to his car... He sees the tavern across the way... He makes for it...

INT. TAVERN

Still empty... The bartender watches more footage from D.C.

REPORTER (ON TV)

... what I cannot describe to you, Bernie, is the reek... The blood reek that seems to freight the air here in the Nation's Capitol...

Klesko approaches the bar...

KLESKO

Eddie Garrick -- ?

The bartender jerks his thumb to the rear... Klesko goes back there... To find Garrick sleeping off a drunk in a corner booth...

Before Garrick, now out of its box, is the children's toy he was carrying: it is plugged in and its electric motor whirrs silently...

The toy is a model of a SKATING POND in a winter setting - 4 MAGNETIC SKATERS glide across the ice in concentric circles... There is also a snowman, a dog, 7 sisal Evergreen trees and a birch clump...

KLESKO (CONT.)

Eddie --

Garrick awakes with a start...

GARRICK

Merry Christmas, Kyle --

KLESKO

What's this -- ?

GARRICK

This is the Village Animated Skating Pond... Isn't it swell? I like to watch it because its soothing images take me back to the bucolic days of my childhood in New England...

KLESKO

You hear about D.C.?

GARRICK

I heard --

KLESKO

You ready?

GARRICK

Let's go --

INT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

A gloomy, rain-swept Christmas day... The dissolute denizens of Times Square have retreated from the rain... Only a few shambling HOMELESS roam the streets...

Klesko and Garrick climb out of Klesko's car... Klesko is on his cell phone...

KLESKO

(into phone)

Okay... Yeah, wait a minute --

He walks over to an ELECTRONICS STORE... BANKS OF TVs all showing the same IMAGE: WASHINGTON D.C. But a perfectly restored D.C. The blood is gone...

KLESKO (CONT.)

It lasted two hours... Now it's back to normal...

GARRICK

I'm sure there's a logical explanation... Maybe he got into the water supply...

-  
 KLESKO  
 How does that explain the entire fucking  
 Potomac -- ?

Garrick takes a poke off a FLASK...

KLESKO (CONT.)  
 For chrissake, Eddie --

And Klesko plucks the flask from Garrick's grip...

GARRICK  
 Aw, don't go doing that, Kyle --

... and tucks it into his own pocket...

GARRICK (CONT.)  
 What if an official from The Burnt-Out  
 Cop Academy came by for an inspection?  
 And me without my flask. I'd flunk  
 "Boozing In Self-Pity 101" - and - I'll  
 have you know, Kyle - that's a  
 prerequisite to get into the more  
 advanced "Suicide and Night Sweats 342."

KLESKO  
 Here it is...

Indeed. A crumbling storefront reads: "THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE  
 OCCULT SHOP"... Klesko pushes on the door... It's locked. And  
 dark...

KLESKO  
 Shit...

GARRICK  
 Let's back-door her...

INT. DEVIL'S ADVOCATE OCCULT SHOP - REAR ENTRANCE

Garrick sizes up the wooden door...

KLESKO  
 You're not gonna kick it in --

GARRICK  
 Welcome to my world, Kyle...

Garrick kicks in the door... It splinters... He enters...  
 Klesko clocks the alley... No one saw... He sighs...

KLESKO  
 Fuck.

And Klesko follows...

INT. DEVIL'S ADVOCATE OCCULT SHOP

A thrift shop from Hell... The local purveyor of Satanic dry goods: pentagrams and stained glass; black candles, inverted crucifixes, incense burning thuribles, crimson robes... Posters and paintings of the Devil in all his forms; books, tracts, White Zombie albums...

Klesko goes to the register. Opens it. A few bills. Some change. Garrick scans the books and papers on a desk... Nothing...

Garrick notices a door in the back... He goes to it... Tries to open it... It won't budge... Something is pushed up against it... He strains...

GARRICK

C'mere --

Klesko joins him... They push... At last, the door comes ajar... And the stink hits them full in the face...

KLESKO

Gawd -- !

INT. STOREROOM

And there's Anton... Deader than Elvis... Throat cut from ear to jawline... Eyes open...

Garrick rifles the dead man's pockets... Comes up with a wallet... Checks the ID...

GARRICK

Anton Park: Dead Guy.

KLESKO

Shit...

A NOISE from the store... Klesko darts out of the storeroom.

A FIGURE is running out... Klesko tackles him... They fall to the floor... Klesko pulls his piece...

It is a BOY, perhaps 19...

KLESKO

Easy there, friend... Who are you?

BOY

My name is Rodrigo...

KLESKO

You know Anton?

Nothing from the boy...

KLESKO (CONT.)

Rodrigo -- ?

And finally he nods... Yes... Yes, I do...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Klesko and Garrick walk through with Rodrigo... Bagger is there...

KLESKO

Donald Bagley, Eddie Garrick...

They nod to each other...

KLESKO (CONT.)

What's happening?

BAGGER

Another tape was delivered to the D.C. office... They're gonna fiber optic it to us... And Sidney Howard's prepared a psych profile... We're meeting in ten...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Another tape... Short but sweet... Economides is full of mirth...

ECONOMIDES

Nice, huh? Stand there and bleed, Simon Magus, while I defile the Whores of Babylon... Miami's next... Let My People Go -- !

The image fades... Ballantine takes the floor...

BALLANTINE

Okay, gang... Say hello to Detective Eddie Garrick, Nineteenth Precinct... Garrick was the first man to the scene at the Economides homicide... He got to know him quite well... He'll be working with Kyle...

Everyone looks to Garrick... Garrick nods... Ballantine gestures to a thin, owly-looking MAN --

BALLANTINE

And this is Sidney Howard of Behavioral Science... Sidney has prepared a psych-pro for us... Sidney...

The owl-man, SIDNEY HOWARD, gets to his feet...

SIDNEY HOWARD

Williamton Economides possesses tremendous narcissism, yet behind this is a deep insecurity and a profound rage. The inner powerlessness becomes converted into a great sense of power... Soon, he is externalizing, blaming many outside causes - the government, the environment, minorities - on his inner demons... Thus his megalomania is formed... Economides committed patricide... He murdered his abusive father in a most horrific way... As Detective Garrick can attest...

Klesko looks to Garrick... Garrick fidgets...

SIDNEY HOWARD

A persecution complex grew out of this... The cult grew out of that.. Williamton Economides is yet another in a long line of charismatic secret society leaders using murder as a force to hold their group together. Manson, Jim Jones, David Koresh. All of them used murder to further alienate their group from the outside world, increase their paranoia and boost their dependence on the group, and more importantly, on the leader... Questions -- ?

AGENT

What exactly is his cause?

SIDNEY HOWARD

Perhaps Detective Garrick could answer that --

All eyes turn to Garrick...

GARRICK

I don't think he has one anymore...

Beat... Sidney Howard nods...

GARRICK

Exactly. This heady swirl of right-wing rhetoric and Neo-Nazi precepts is, I believe, couching an encroaching madness... Which, of course, makes him far more dangerous...

INT. FEDERAL OFFICES - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Klesko and Garrick and Bagger grill Rodrigo, who chain-smokes unfiltered Luckys and swills coffee...

KLESKO

How do you know Anton -- ?

RODRIGO

He was my friend. He taught me things... We were working on a project. A census...

BAGGER

Of what?

RODRIGO

Of the population of Hell...

BAGGER

And how does one do that?

RODRIGO

With computers... In the wake of the conquering hosts of Christianity, the original denizens of the earth were banished to Hell.

BAGGER

Right..

RODRIGO

Satan commands an army of 1,111 legions, each composed of 6,666 devils. Which brings the total of evil spirits to 7,405,926 without any possibility of error in calculation...

GARRICK

What's this got to do with Economides?

RODRIGO

He started coming around a few months ago... Asking Anton questions...

KLESKO

Questions about what?

Rodrigo is silent... He smokes...

KLESKO (CONT.)

About what, Rodrigo?

RODRIGO

About The Ways Of Ktulu --

BAGGER

The what?

RODRIGO  
The Ways Of Ktulu...

KLESKO  
What is Ktulu?

RODRIGO  
Not what. Who?

KLESKO  
Who?

RODRIGO  
Who. You have never heard of Ktulu?

KLESKO  
No... Who is he?

RODRIGO  
He is the Lord of the Despised. The  
Maintainer of Age-Long Hatreds. The  
Distiller of Idiot Purity...

KLESKO  
Speak like a human being, Rodrigo --

RODRIGO  
He is a warlock. The most famous and  
feared of the living warlocks.

GARRICK  
I didn't realize there were that many  
living warlocks...

RODRIGO  
He is Ktulu. His inconceivable cruelty  
inflicts life on the innocent whom you  
dare to condemn in the name of some  
nameless original sin...

KLESKO  
Rodrigo --

RODRIGO  
He will punish you for unknown rules  
broken. He will drive deep your nails.  
He will destroy...

BAGGER  
Okay. Right. But what does this Ktulu  
have to do with Williamton Economides?

RODRIGO  
Don't you see - you poor fat bastard?  
He's on his payroll!

And now Rodrigo giggles... And French inhales... Klesko and Garrick share a look...

INT. KLESKO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Klesko comes home to his dark apartment... He gets himself a beer... Checks on Jack... Kisses the sleeping boy's open face. He goes into his bedroom... Aubrey is in bed...

KLESKO

Hey --

Nothing... She's asleep... He goes into the bathroom... Looks at his tired grill in the mirror... Sips his beer...

EXT. MIAMI - SOUTH BEACH - DAY

TOURISTS and TRENDIDS crowd the beachfront walkway before the luminescent art deco hotels and shops and restaurants of pulsing South Beach...

A group of MODEL types eat at an outdoor table at the News Cafe... When one of them notices, hopping along the sidewalk,

A FROG

stops before her... Its bulging eyes seem to appreciate her lovely boob job... SPLOP! It is joined by a friend...

And then another...

MODEL TYPE

Check it out --

... Because now there are A DOZEN FROGS... And now there are A DOZEN MORE... And, you know what, soon --

THERE ARE FROGS EVERYWHERE --

Hopping out of drainways and sewer pipes... Crowding the gleaming hotels... Glutting the sidewalks... The cafes...

The miles of beach are now SWARMING WITH FROGS...

TOURISTS scream!! LOCALS flee...

The frogs ascend. The frogs come into the bedrooms. Upon the couches. In amongst the people. Their thin moist skin shimmering in the sunshine...

RAPID SHOTS --

- the art deco palaces are overrun... The CROAKING SOUNDS are thunderous...

- A pair of OLD MEN play shuffleboard in Bal Harbour... A frog hops onto their court... One man tries to shoo him away with his cue... But the frog is soon joined by dozens of his brethren, crowding the scoring area... Sending the men screaming for their condos...

- A big TRACTOR TRAILER TRUCK barreling down I-95... The TRUCKER freaks as he approaches a highway literally TEEMING WITH CROAKING FROGS...

The truck's tires SMASH AND MASH and swerves on the asphalt, now slick with frog guts, and jack-knives...

And EXPLODES... Sending searing flames across the highway... Frog Flambe...

- A RESTAURANT in Coconut Grove... Overrun with amphibians... Windows smashed, patrons fleeing...

TILT UP to reveal the name of the joint: SENOR FROG'S...

- All genera are represented here: barking frogs, leopard frogs, Goliath frogs, bullfrogs, pickerel frogs, arrow frogs, green-tree frogs...

- IN AN APARTMENT in Little Havana, a WOMAN opens her 'fridge... Crowded with frogs... She SCREAMS... Goes running into the street, where she's HIT BY A CAR...

THE DRIVER jumps out, goes to the fallen woman, bloody and battered, tries to revive her... She is dead... The DRIVER can feel eyes on him... Many eyes... He looks around...

To see that HE IS SURROUNDED BY FROGS... On the roofs and in the windows of the buildings here... Watching... Puffing out their throats... Vocal sacs swelling...

- Our last IMAGE is that of The Rickenbacker Causeway, leading to Key Biscayne... This stretch of highway is JAM-PACKED with leaping frogs...

Ribbit...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY

Ballantine and Klesko watch CNN coverage of the frog fiasco...

BALLANTINE

Two hours after they emerged, they vanished...

THE TV: images of earth-movers sweeping away giant piles of dead frogs...

BALLANTINE (CONT.)

Is this really happening -- ?

Ballantine's SECRETARY pops her head in...

SECRETARY  
It's Stephen Morrell again --

BALLANTINE  
Tell him I'm not in...  
(to Klesko)  
You know this guy, Morrell?

KLESKO  
No --

BALLANTINE  
Lunatic... He's called me 15 times today

KLESKO  
Why don't you take his call... ?

BALLANTINE  
I told you... He's a lunatic... What a  
fucking mess...

He turns off the TV...

BALLANTINE (CONT.)  
Go to lock-up... See what you can get  
out of those scumbags...

INT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP - DAY

Klesko and Garrick walk down into the basement jails...

KLESKO  
Twenty-two people have already died in  
Miami... Because of frogs...

GARRICK  
Could it be some kind of coincidence?

KLESKO  
The guy can predict unnatural phenomena  
that hasn't occurred in the history of  
humankind --

GARRICK  
Actually it has...

KLESKO  
Has what?

GARRICK  
Occurred in the history of humankind...

KLESKO  
When?

GARRICK

Read your Bible, Kyle. Old Testament.  
Book of Exodus. The Ten Plagues of  
Egypt...

KLESKO

I don't remember 'em...

GARRICK

The ten disasters inflicted on Egypt by  
God when the pharaoh refused Moses'  
demands that the Israelites be free...  
I'm a little rusty myself - but the  
first plague was most definitely blood.  
And the second was frogs...

KLESKO

Moses.

GARRICK

Moses. And, I believe his words to the  
pharaoh went something like...

KLESKO

"Let my people go... "

And they have stopped at Lars' cell... And the big man merely  
grins at him...

KLESKO (CONT.)

You feel like talking yet, Lars?

LARS

I have nothing to say. Although maybe  
what you're looking for will be  
twitching in Boston...

KLESKO

Boston... ?

LARS

Boston.

CUT TO:

A SABRELINER JET

landing at Boston's

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT

Klesko and Garrick emerge from the plane... They are met by an  
AGENT who takes them to a TOWN CAR...

INT. TOWN CAR

The Agent turns around to face Garrick and Klesko...

AGENT

Any idea what we're looking for?

KLESKO

No... But we'll know it when we see it.

GARRICK

Vermin...

KLESKO

What...

GARRICK

Vermin. The third plague was vermin...

KLESKO

Eddie --

GARRICK

Just... Keep it in mind...

EXT. CITY STREETS - BOSTON - NIGHT

They drive through the streets... Waiting... Garrick sips from his flask...

KLESKO

I had an army of junior agents comb the files and libraries... Nothing on anyone called "Ktulu."

GARRICK

You think Rodgrigo was running a drag?

KLESKO

Most likely --

Beat... They watch the passing buildings...

KLESKO (CONT.)

This is ridiculous --

GARRICK

I agree. Let's take a pit-stop. I need a jug...

INT. "THE BLACK ROSE" - SALOON - FANEUIL HALL - NIGHT

Klesko and Garrick at the bar... Garrick drinks Bourbon. Klesko drinks Pepsi...

KLESKO

I wish you wouldn't drink...

GARRICK

You and my A.A. sponsor both --

KLESKO

You gotta get clear, man --

GARRICK

Why -- ?

KLESKO

What exactly do you derive from it?

GARRICK

The usual: numbness; euphoria; lack of inhibition; the ability to tolerate even the most accomplished of assholes...

KLESKO

Yeah, well... It's hard for me to sit here and watch it...

GARRICK

And why is that -- ?

KLESKO

Come on --

GARRICK

Aah... Mea culpa... Mea culpa... Mea culpa...

KLESKO

Yeah... Exactly...

GARRICK

Don't bore me with your guilt, Kyle. You had nothing to do with it. I turned my life into one extremely long weekend not because you ran off with my gal and ended our friendship and I got suspended four times and cited for six insubordinations and eleven fines while you got married, had a kid, and became a big-time Fed... I drink, Kyle, because I like to be drunk...

He guzzles off his drink... At once, a fat COCKROACH lumbers across the bar... It is soon joined by another... And another.

And then the BARTENDER screams "JESUS!" and Klesko and Garrick look over to where a TORRENT OF COCKROACHES are streaming out of every nook and cranny behind the bar...

And now other CUSTOMERS are screaming... As roaches pulse out, shiny black carapaces winking in the light...

-  
KLESKO  
You gotta be fuckin' kidding me --

CUT TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN DARKNESS

We're not sure where we are... The pitch is lightless... But for the SOUNDS OF SCURRYING CLAWS... Many scurrying claws...

INT. BLACK ROSE SALOON

A BUSBOY comes screaming out of the kitchen, literally COVERED IN WRITHING ROACHES... He CRASHES through the bar's plate glass window and collapses onto the street...

Klesko and Garrick are clueless as to what to do... They run out of the joint, wading through the carpet of bugs...

INT. DARKNESS

The scurrying claws are moving forward. Forward and upward. Towards the light. Towards the air.

Towards soft flesh and warm blood...

EXT. BLACK ROSE SALOON

A long-haired STUDENT is snapping FLASH PHOTOS with an old Minolta...

Klesko and Garrick emerge from the bar... There are other screams from down the street... A MAN falls three stories from his apartment, covered in bugs...

KLESKO  
What the hell is this -- ?

GARRICK  
Vermin...

INT. DARKNESS

The scurrying approaches a crescendo... And there is a mewling, infantile SQUEAL that accompanies it...

EXT. CITY STREETS - FANEUIL HALL

Klesko is on his phone... Garrick is tending to the man who fell... The student photographer cries out:

STUDENT PHOTOGRAPHER  
They're leaving -- !

Klesko and Garrick see that he's right... THE ROACHES are indeed, RETREATING... Actually returning into whatever cracks

and crevices that spawned them... Garrick watches, amazed...

GARRICK

Kyle --

He points it out... They are disappearing at the same alarming rate they first appeared...

INT. DARKNESS

And now the scurrying mass MOVES TOWARD THE LIGHT... Quickly... Bursting free... Bursting forth...

EXT. CITY STREETS

Calm is restored... Klesko walks over to where Garrick is helping the fall guy... The guy's leg is broken...

KLESKO

That wasn't that bad... I mean it was disgusting... But it wasn't that--

GARRICK

Kyle --

And Kyle looks to where Garrick is pointing: to a SEWER GRATE... Because bursting from the sewer grate is a teeming black mass of

RATS

jaws slavered with foam, greasy hindquarters and long, pink tails, and dagger-like claws...

They erupt from the grate... And from other sewers... In fact, from every tunnel, conduit, crevice and dark place of this fair city, vicious rodents are cascading forth...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Vermin, Part II...

And now there are screams coming from all over the street... And GUNSHOTS echo... And this is absolute bedlam... PEOPLE run about, covered in chomping, gnawing, gnashing rats... And there is nothing our heroes can do...

They are everywhere... If we thought the frogs were bad...

And every now and again, a FLASH! as the photographer snaps gruesome shots...

KLESKO

Come on -- !

They haul the broken-leg guy to his feet... And make for the Town Car... Broken-leg guy falls to the ground... Garrick tries

to go back for him --

-- Just as a running river of rats swarm him... Jaws are clamped on broken-leg guy... And he's covered in no time... Blood-blossoms erupt from his body as he is eaten...

Garrick goes for him... Klesko holds him back...

KLESKO (CONT.)

No... There's nothing you can do!

They struggle... Garrick trying to break free...

GARRICK

Let... me... go... !

And Klesko pulls his piece... And FIRES three bullets into' broken-leg guy and the rats devouring him... (FLASH!)

KLESKO

Okay? Now get in the fuckin' car!

And Klesko gets in... Garrick stares, horrified, at the still body of broken-leg guy... He blinks back tears... Gets in beside Klesko...

GARRICK

You are such a cold prick --

Nothing from Klesko...

DRIVER

What is this, man? What the fuck is this?

KLESKO

Drive -- !

And the car moves forward... And they drive...

EXT. CITY STREETS - THE TOWN CAR

tours the streets... Abject scenes of horror... As the citizens of Boston are overtaken:

Dig the rats in the streets... By the thousands...

Dig the Corvette wrapped around a telephone pole. Its DRIVER and his GIRLFRIEND being feasted on...

Dig the scores of people running wild down the street... Being chased by marauding rodents...

Dig the high-pitched SQUEALS which are drowning out the screams

Dig the COP laying on the ground COVERED IN RATS... As the Lincoln drives by him... The cop stares at them... And raises his service revolver to his temple... BLAM!

Dig it all... The horror... The horror...

Garrick rolls down his window... For a single RAT stands on the curb... Tumescient with blood... Twitching eyes and gristle-soaked snout regarding them...

GARRICK

No, no, no... Fuck you...

And Garrick FIRES HIS GUN... And the rat explodes... Garrick rolls up the window...

DRIVER

What the hell can we do -- ?

GARRICK

Nothing... There's nothing we can do...  
Right, Kyle -- ?

And he takes a sip of his flask... And Klesko stares at him...  
And on they drive...

As SOLDIERS in thick polymer space-suits hit the streets...  
Packing FLAME-THROWERS... Deep-frying the packs of vermin...  
The flames and weird outfits contributing to this surreal scene... So we'll

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

A TV BROADCAST

The REPORTER does his "stand-upper" from a Boston street strewn with dead rats and car wrecks...

REPORTER (ON TV)

... the last of the rabid rodents disappeared from the streets of Boston sometime around 4 AM... Officials have put the death toll at approximately 54, though they're sure others will turn up... This bizarre attack, coming so close after the blood incident in Washington and the frog invasion in Miami forces only one question: what the heck is Mother Nature up to?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The TV is on in Klesko's office... His SECRETARY is watching...  
The PHONE RINGS...

-  
 SECRETARY  
 Kyle Klesko's office... No, I'm sorry  
 he's not in... Who may I say is calling?  
 Stephen Morrell... Hello again, Mr.  
 Morrell... Yes, I'll give him the  
 message... Goodbye...

She hangs up the phone... Writes the name "Stephen Morrell" in  
 Klesko's message book... And we see that there are a good 7  
 more entries for "Stephen Morrell."

EXT. CHRISTOPHER ROBIN NURSERY SCHOOL - UPPER E. SIDE - DAY

Aubrey picks up Jack from nursery school...

AUBREY  
 What did you learn today, Jack?

JACK  
 The killer whale is not a whale... But  
 it is a killer...  
 (then)  
 DADDYYYYY -- !

And he goes squealing for Kyle Klesko, who's just arrived...

Jack leaps into his father's arms for a big hug... Aubrey walks  
 over... Cheek kiss..

AUBREY  
 When'd you get back -- ?

KLESKO  
 Just now...

AUBREY  
 I saw it on the news...

KLESKO  
 You can't even imagine...

Beat...

JACK  
 A killer whale's not a whale dad... But  
 it is a killer...

KLESKO  
 I didn't know that --

JACK  
 It's a dolphin...

Klesko puts him down...

KLESKO  
I tell you what - I'm going to go into  
the office for a bit, then I'll be  
home... And we'll get pizza... How's  
that sound?

JACK  
You won't be home --

KLESKO  
Hey -- !

JACK  
Right, Ma?

AUBREY  
Right, Jack --

KLESKO  
Oh, that's great --

AUBREY  
Smart kid...

KLESKO  
I'll call you...

AUBREY  
You do that --

He kisses her. Gets cheek. Kisses Jack.. And watches as his  
family walks down the sidewalk... He smiles, but the pain  
etched behind the smile is deep.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Tremendous PRESS presence... Camera-trucks, print-scribes, the  
4th Estate wants answers..

There is another GROUP here - the ZEALOTS - scores of haunted  
people carrying SIGNS and PLACARDS and BANNERS: "APOCALYPSE  
WOW" "THE END IS IN SIGHT" "IT'S RAINING RATS AND FROGS!"  
"BEHOLD A PALE HORSE" "JESUS SAVES" etc.

CUT TO:

A TABLOID PHOTO

of Klesko firing into broken-leg guy... The headline screams  
"YOU DIRTY RATS!"

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BALLANTINE'S OFFICE

Ballantine tosses the paper at Klesko... Bagger is here as  
well..

BALLANTINE  
You want to explain this?

KLESKO  
The guy was dying... He was dead... He was being eaten alive...

BALLANTINE  
He was dying, he was dead, or he was being eaten alive? Which? Tell me. Cos I have to go and tell the Director... So give it to me...

KLESKO  
He was dead...

BALLANTINE  
Goddamn it, Klesko --

Ballantine's secretary sticks her head in...

SECRETARY  
Sir? It's Stephen Morrell again...

BALLANTINE  
Take a message... Jesus! Morrell, Morrell, Morrell...  
(to Klesko, re: photo)  
This is bad... Someone's gonna have to play the goat for this... Find Economides and unfuck this situation, Kyle... Or start acquiring a taste for tin cans --

INT. KLESKO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The offices are dark... A single light glows from Klesko's desk, where he's going through stacks of FILES on Economides and The People's Platoon... He checks his watch...

KLESKO  
Shit...

Dials his home... Aubrey picks up...

KLESKO (CONT.)  
Hey --

AUBREY  
We didn't even save you a slice --

KLESKO  
Let's have lunch tomorrow... Bring the youth... How's that?

AUBREY  
Whatever you want, Kyle --

KLESKO  
I'm sorry, baby --

And maybe she hears the fear and loathing in his voice, because:

AUBREY  
You know what: don't be... Do what you got to do... When you come out of this coma, I promise - the first faces you see'll be mine and Jackson's...

He smiles gratefully...

KLESKO  
Thank-you... I love you...

AUBREY  
I know you do...

And they hang up... And Aubrey begins to wrap up the four slices of left-over pizza...

INT. KLESKO'S OFFICE

Klesko looks at the phone... He picks up another file... Sees a copy of the BIBLE... Opens it to EXODUS... Reads:

KLESKO  
(reading)  
"But I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and though I multiply my signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, Pharaoh will not listen to you; then I will lay my hand upon Egypt by great acts of judgment."

The phone RINGS, startling him... He picks it up... A soft VOICE on the other end...

KLESKO  
Klesko --

VOICE (O.S.)  
Kyle Klesko -- ?

KLESKO  
That's right --

VOICE (O.S.)  
My name is Stephen Morrell...

KLESKO  
Stephen, right... How are you -- ?

VOICE (O.S.)  
I can't seem to get you fellas to take  
my call...

Klesko is only half-listening... He continues to read through  
the Bible...

KLESKO  
Well, we've been... busy... What can I  
help you with?

VOICE (O.S.)  
No, no, no... It is I who can help you,  
Agent Klesko...

KLESKO  
Really -- ?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Meet me tomorrow... Say 11:00...

KLESKO  
Sure, sure... Where -- ?

VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm on the seventh floor...

And now he's got Klesko's attention --

KLESKO  
Seventh floor -- ? You're with the  
Bureau?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Of course, Agent Klesko... I deal  
exclusively in religious crimes and the  
occult... 11:00.. On the dot...

And he clicks off... And Klesko stares at the Bible in his  
hands...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Klesko walks with Bagger and Eddie Garrick...

KLESKO  
His name is Stephen Morrell... They call  
him "The Sorcerer"... His entire  
department exists to investigate occult  
crimes and those of a religious  
nature... And he comprises his entire  
department...

They get on an elevator...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR

The 7th floor is mostly deserted... They walk to a corner office with "Stephen Morrell" stenciled on the door, above a colorful drawing of Nostradamus, with his beard down to his knees...

They enter...

INT. "THE SORCERER'S" OFFICE

It's a lair really... Gloomy and cluttered... Overstuffed with books, papers, files, broken computer parts, videotapes...

The walls are covered: 15th century frescoes of the Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse; 18th century mystical diagrams; Photos and drawings of Big Foot; Nessie; Manson; Ramirez; werewolves; Jim Jones; Koresh; Doomsday cult leader, Shoko Asahara; aliens; vampires; Linda Blair in THE EXORCIST...

A MAN is on the phone... He is small, thin, late 30s. The thick brown moustache does little to make him appear older than 12... And it looks like a U.V. ray hasn't touched his skin since Hoover was running the show...

This is STEPHEN MORRELL a.k.a. THE SORCERER...

THE SORCERER

(into phone)

Of course it didn't work. I told you:- don't let him touch money, salt or eggs... And to drink from a jug containing water from three brooks... If you don't listen, he'll never get his hearing back...

(sees his visitors)

Oh, uh, I've gotta run... Bye!

He hangs up...

THE SORCERER (CONT.)

Hello... Stephen Morell...

KLESKO

Kyle Klesko... This is Eddie Garrick and Agent Donald Bagley...

THE SORCERER

You guys are tough to get a hold of...

KLESKO

Yeah, well, things have been crazy...

THE SORCERER

I should say so --

GARRICK

This is some place you got here...

## THE SORCERER

I'm sort of like the department's dirty little secret... No one wants to admit to giving even a modicum of credence to the paranormal... However, it cannot be denied...

He giggles... Plays with his moustache...

## THE SORCERER (CONT.)

The Millennium approaches... And many believe it will bring The Apocalypse predicted in The Book of Revelation... And spiritual disenfranchisement spawns a glittering panoply of believers struggling to believe...

He looks at them, his eyes aglow --

## THE SORCERER (CONT.)

Devil worshipers; doomsday cults; Islamic extremists exercising Allah's will; Right-wing right-to-lifers blowing-up abortion clinics; White Supremacists; statues of Madonna weeping tears of blood... There is a rich and tangy firmament right now for the bizarre and the unexplained...

Garrick takes out his cigarettes...

## GARRICK

Mind if I smoke -- ?

## THE SORCERER

Not at all... Can I have one -- ?

And Garrick gives it to him... And he lights up... Smoking like a child... Coughing...

## THE SORCERER (CONT.)

I love these things... Where was I?

## KLESKO

The bizarre and the unexplained...

## THE SORCERER

Yes... Because even though all our scientists would like to eliminate magic from religion - how to do that? How to do that, when a seed sprouting from the ground or the marvel of a functioning umbilical cord is as miraculous as any fairy imp or an army of zombies rising from the crypt... ?

KLESKO

Yes, but--

THE SORCERER

Do you know that the Bosnian peace talks were held at the seemingly odd location of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio? Ask me why?

BAGGER

Why?

THE SORCERER

Great of you to ask. Because that is where the famous "Hangar 18" is located.

KLESKO

"Hangar 18?"

THE SORCERER

Hangar 18 is said to contain the bodies of the "little gray men" recovered from flying saucer crashes. By holding the peace talks there, we could intimidate the warring factions by showing them the amazing extraterrestrial resources we have at our disposal...

Beat... Klesko looks at the others... Is this guy for real?

KLESKO

What about Economides -- ?

THE SORCERER

Sure, sure... I'm just grandstanding... It's not often I get visitors...

He puffs some more on his cig... Blows smoke through his nose.

THE SORCERER (CONT.)

I've been following Economides' career for years... He always fascinated me because he was a charlatan without a mythology... A dog without a dogma, if you will... He liked girls, drugs, a good metal record... But that's it... However, recently, things changed...

KLESKO

He's gone crazy --

THE SORCERER

Well, delusional, sure...

(beat)

And he's somehow managed to find Ktulu -

The three men look at each other...

KLESKO

Ktulu --

The Sorcerer slides a DRAWING of an old, bearded witch-doctor.

THE SORCERER

Ktulu... The only living practitioner of  
The Old Religion...

BAGGER

The Old Religion -- ?

THE SORCERER

A primitive, animistic black magic that  
predated Christianity and Buddhism...  
Ktulu is of a bloodline... His  
ancestors, some say, were The Pharaoh,  
Ramses' magicians themselves...

KLESKO

The ones that reproduced the plagues to  
disprove the existence of Moses' God...

THE SORCERER

Exactly... With what the Bible calls  
"occult-art".

BAGGER

But Pharaohs magicians could only  
reproduce the first two plagues...

THE SORCERER

Very good... They were quick to  
acknowledge the "finger of a God... "  
But they remained... And they watched...  
And they studied... And who knows...  
Ktulu's forefathers cultivated the  
famous formula of incantation and it has  
been preserved... We've seen it through  
the ages...

He takes out a series of dramatic WOODCUTS --

THE SORCERER (CONT.)

We saw signs of it in Babylon as early  
as 1531 BC, when an invasion of Hittites  
was crushed by a simultaneous attack of  
rats, locusts and frogs... There is  
evidence that Hammurabi, the sixth king  
of the Amorite Dynasty, had, in his  
employ a warlock - of the Ktulu  
bloodline...

He shows them the woodcuts - each depicting a vast army coming under attack by rats, locusts, frogs... Beat...

GARRICK

No wonder no one returns your calls...

The Sorcerer sniggers again...

KLESKO

Assuming any of this were true - what could we do to stop it... ?

THE SORCERER

Find Ktulu... And kill him... The bloodline ends there... The spell is broken...

KLESKO

How do we find him?

THE SORCERER

I don't know... But I can give you two nuggets that may help: first, he, like all shamans of his line, is blind...

GARRICK

Blind -- ?

THE SORCERER

Blind. To conjure The Ways, you must be blind...

BAGGER

So he ain't getting around by himself --

THE SORCERER

No... He has a consort... An aide...

He hands them a photo... We know this MAN...

THE SORCERER (CONT.)

His name is Mamunia...

The Sorcerer puts out his smoke in an ashtray decorated like an Aztec calendar...

KLESKO

You said two things...

THE SORCERER

Yes... Ktulu is a mountain monk... According to the cosmogony, he can only successfully conjure from the highest or lowest point of the incanted space...

KLESKO

Meaning --

THE SORCERER

Meaning, he must be closer to the hosts  
of Heaven or the hordes of Hell...

He sees they're still confused...

THE SORCERER

Meaning he's sitting on the top of the  
tallest building or in the lowest tunnel  
of each city he's cursing...

Beat... As this sinks in...

THE SORCERER (CONT.)

Possessing The Ways of Ktulu is not  
unlike possessing a 50 kiloton bomb...  
You don't want this cat to fall in the  
wrong hands...

(to Garrick)

Can I have another cigarette?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER - DAY

Klesko walks down the hall with Bagger...

BAGGER

What do you think -- ?

KLESKO

I dunno... One way or the other, it's  
all voodoo --

They come upon Aubrey and Jack, waiting by the reception desk.

JACK

Daddy -- !

And Jack leaps into his father's arms. Klesko appears troubled

KLESKO

What are you doing here -- ?

AUBREY

We're having lunch, remember -- ?

KLESKO

No... No, I didn't remember --

Because here comes Garrick from the back offices... And he sees  
Aubrey... And he looks like he's been kicked in the gut...  
Aubrey sees him...

AUBREY

Ed -- ?

GARRICK

Hello, Aubrey... Long time --

Klesko winces... Long beat... Garrick clocks Jack... Garrick looks truly paralyzed...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Kyle, I'm gonna, uh, see about that... thing...

KLESKO

Eddie --

And Garrick hits the front door on the run... And he's gone.

AUBREY

What's going on -- ?

KLESKO

He's been working with me on the Economides case...

AUBREY

Really?

KLESKO

Yeah...

BAGGER

Hey, Jack - wanna see my comic book collection -- ?

And Jack walks off hand in hand with Bagger... Leaving Klesko and Aubrey alone...

AUBREY

Nice of you to mention it --

KLESKO

Well, Aubrey, you know... I didn't think I ought a...

AUBREY

Why not?

KLESKO

Why not? Oh, I dunno: "guess what, hon, I'm working with your ex-boyfriend, you know, the great love of your life, the one I stole you from... "

AUBREY

Oh, that's mature --

Klesko paces off... Paces back to her...

KLESKO

Mature -- ? You want mature? For breakfast today, Aubrey, I had peanut butter and banana on toast .. It's a pretty good sandwich. If you like peanut butter. And you like banana. I have to assume you like toast. Everyone likes toast...

AUBREY

Is this like some metaphor?

A SECRETARY approaches Klesko --

SECRETARY

He's ready for you, Kyle --

KLESKO

No... No metaphor... A plain fact: everyone likes toast...

And he gives her a little salute... And walks away with the secretary...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BRIEFING ROOM

Ballantine on fire... Klesko, Bagger, a few others. Including SPECIAL AGENT RODERICK FINN, 41.

He'd talk down his nose to the Messiah. Leaves a trail of slime but he's a hot-shit agent...

BALLANTINE

This is Special Agent Roderick Finn, of the Investigative Support Unit... Quantico's been kind enough to send him. Considering how little we've come up with --

Was that a look to Klesko? Maybe. Maybe not...

RODERICK FINN

While on the face of it this all seems quite bizarre, it can be explained away. We believe Economides somehow infiltrated the water system in D.C. and dumped several hundred gallons of purloined blood... We're checking area hospitals and blood banks for any thefts...

Bagger snorts... Ballantine stares him down... Finn continues:

RODERICK FINN (CONT.)

Miami we're attributing to a chemical known as "ZZP" which scientists have been developing as an amphibian repellent... If enough were dumped into the swamp lands... This would answer the question...

KLESKO

What about Boston?

RODERICK FINN

Boston is still under investigation.

Finn goes to the videotape machine... Hits play... Another tape from Economides... This time he's wearing sunglasses, a Hawaiian shirt, has zinc oxide smeared on his nose. And is lip-syncing to The Beach Boys' "Surfin' Safari"...

No talking this time... Just singing till the image fades...

RODERICK FINN (CONT.)

We've figured Los Angeles... We are shoring up our presence in Southern California...

BAGGER

What was the 4th Plague of Egypt?

Finn and Ballantine exchange a look...

RODERICK FINN

Yes, about that... While we do acknowledge this appears to be the matrix Economides is following, we have to remind ourselves that he is a megalomaniac... And at anytime he can swerve from the course... What we don't want is to jump to conclusions... Hocus-pocus is fine on the TV and the horror novels... But everything in the here and now can be and will be explained away...

BAGGER

What is it? The 4th plague -- ?

KLESKO

Wild beasts...

BAGGER

Wild beasts?

RODERICK FINN

Yes... Wild beasts...

-  
 BAGGER  
 Wild beasts in L.A. Ain't that  
 redundant -- ?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING CORRIDOR

Klesko catches up to Ballantine...

KLESKO  
 I want to go to L.A.

BALLANTINE  
 The field office can handle it, Kyle --

KLESKO  
 They should stake-out The First  
 Interstate World Center Building...

BALLANTINE  
 Why -- ?

KLESKO  
 It's 72 stories... It's the tallest  
 structure in L.A.

BALLANTINE  
 So?

KLESKO  
 Morrell said the warlock - this Ktulu -  
 must be at the highest point to cast his  
 spell --

Ballantine stops... Cold to Klesko...

BALLANTINE  
 I'm going to pretend you never even said  
 that, Kyle... Cos you sound like a damn  
 fool...

KLESKO  
 You weren't in Boston, sir... You didn't  
 see...

BALLANTINE  
 No, I didn't... And maybe you saw too  
 much... I can give you a few days off...

KLESKO  
 I don't want a few days off...

BALLANTINE  
 Well, then go home to your wife and play  
 with your kid... And don't say another  
 word about warlocks and spells and  
 things that go bump in the night...

And Ballantine walks off... Leaving Klesko to fume...

INT. MIDTOWN DIVISION - NIGHT

Reuben Cole is at his desk... Klesko appears...

REUBEN COLE

What -- ?

KLESKO

I'm looking for Garrick --

Reuben leans back, disgusted...

REUBEN COLE

You can find this Economides freak on your own... You don't need Eddie... You got some kind of twisted caretaker action going...

KLESKO

And here I was gonna accuse you of the same thing...

REUBEN COLE

Yeah, well - maybe we're both bucking for sainthood... But I'll tell ya one thing, dog - I didn't steal the man's old lady...

KLESKO

What did he tell you -- ?

REUBEN COLE

What everyone knows: you boys were best friends from gate... Rolled the same squad car out of the Academy... He had a lady, was seeing her for years... After the Economides bust, he got fucked-up, started hittin' the sauce... You started hittin' the lady... She dumped his ass for yours... You became a G-man, had a kid... He lost it all... Here we are...

KLESKO

It's not that simple --

REUBEN COLE

It never is... All I know is Eddie Garrick catches mad wreck... And your slick ass is to blame... So you get no help from here...

INT. KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING - LATER - NIGHT

Klesko drives... When something occurs to him... He turns her around hard...

CUT TO:

THE VILLAGE ANIMATED SKATING POND TOY

The magnetic skaters skate away... For we are in

INT. THE CHELSEA MEN CLUB - LATER - NIGHT

Raucous and crowded... The Peppermint Man holds court with a table of FIENDS... Leonard Cohen's lugubrious "First We Take Manhattan" wafts through the room... The dance-floor is crowded with boy-whores and businessmen...

The skating pond is on a side table, near where a very drunk Eddie Garrick slow-dances with a six-foot-six black TRANSVESTITE... Klesko enters... Goes to Garrick...

KLESKO

Eddie --

GARRICK

Kyle Klesko! Hello, my old friend... Say hello to Fighting Iris, Transvestite Queen Of The Night... Shake well before opening.

KLESKO

L.A. is next...

GARRICK

Fabulous... What's the fourth plague... ?

KLESKO

Wild beasts...

GARRICK

Wild beasts in L.A. Isn't that--

KLESKO

Redundant. I know... C'mon...

GARRICK

(sings)  
"First we take Manhattan/Then we take Berlin... "

(to Klesko)  
Can't you see I'm in love with a nine-foot Negro with sexual identity problems -- ?

KLESKO

C'mon -- !

And he drags Klesko from the dulcet clutches of Fighting Iris... And out of the joint...

INT. KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Garrick slumped on one side... They drive to the airport...

GARRICK

Seein' her again - I won't lie to you -  
hit me like a train...

Klesko says nothing...

GARRICK (CONT.)

She's a light... She always was a  
light... Most people... Most are...  
just dull glares... Not her... She's...!  
a... light...

And he passes out cold... And Klesko drives on, colder still.

INT. G-III PLANE - IN-FLIGHT - LATER - NIGHT

Garrick comes to, bleary and blunt... Klesko is awake, doing paperwork... Garrick clocks his surroundings...

GARRICK

This doesn't look government-issued

KLESKO

It's not... This is me and you...

GARRICK

Lock up your daughters, Kyle Klesko's  
gone rogue -- !

Garrick howls... Klesko scowls... Though maybe there's a hint of a smile there, too...

INT. G-III - LATER

Klesko dozes... Garrick is up with the PILOT...

It's light out now... Morning... The plane shoots its approach... Garrick shakes Klesko awake...

GARRICK

I think it's begun --

KLESKO

What makes you say that -- ?

GARRICK

Just a feeling --

He gestures out the window... And there, on the L.A.X. tarmac,

## AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT

12 feet tall, six tons of gray sagging flesh... The beast charges, ears flapping, snorting and bellowing...

As the PILOT brings the G-III in for a landing...

They climb from the plane... The elephant lets forth a deafening trumpet...

The airport is eerily empty...

KLESKO

C'mon --

Garrick turns to the pilot...

GARRICK

Keep the engine running --

## INT. SMALL CRAFT TERMINAL

Empty... Klesko and Garrick make their way through to the curbside...

... bereft of cars... A single Hyatt shuttle BUS is parked... And perched on top of it, is a LION...

GARRICK

Oh, boy --

The lion regards them... Tail switching from side to side... Deep growls emerge from its chest...

KLESKO

C'mon --

Klesko leaps into the shuttle bus... Garrick reflexively follows... Klesko shuts the door... And now they're trapped in the vehicle with the lion on the roof...

The lion bares its fangs but doesn't move...

GARRICK

This was the one move I wouldn't've made

KLESKO

We've got to get to First Interstate World Center. This is the only vehicle around --

The keys are in it... Klesko starts her up... And off they go...

The lion leaps off the moving van... And then races after it...

GARRICK

Now he's mad --

The lion follows the shuttle to the airport exit and then loses interest...

Klesko turns on the RADIO... He gets nothing but STATIC...

EXT. THE 405 FREEWAY

Klesko takes the on-ramp... And check out the freeway: scattered with a few overturned cars, but little traffic...

An impressive ARRAY OF WILD BEASTS nose about the wrecked cars: pumas, ocelots, bobcats, lynx, catamounts...

A few of the animals TEAR AT FRESH KILLS... Human remains, torn to shreds in the powerful jaws of these big cats...

Dig that one COMMUTER, running for his life along the shoulder...

A CHEETAH - long, sinewy, deep-chested - has spotted him...

GARRICK

Oh, no --

The cheetah FLIES AFTER THE FLEEING MAN... Garrick pulls his piece...

GARRICK

Open the door...

KLESKO

No...

GARRICK

OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR -- !

Klesko doesn't... He speeds off... Garrick watches from the rear as...

... the cheetah races toward the man... No silent stalk and pounce for this creature - it merely RUNS FLAT-OUT AND BOWLS THE MAN OVER... And sets to eating...

Garrick turns to Klesko...

GARRICK (CONT.)

You bastard... You did it again --

KLESKO

We're here to find Ktulu... We don't get involved...

Garrick regards him... Klesko is determined... Once again, on fire...

Then WHUMP!!! And another WHUMP!

An AFRICAN RHINO has pulled abreast of the van, its four-foot-long NOSE HORN puncturing the rear windows...

The van shimmies... The rhino pounds... Now it's going for the tires... Its raucous, squeaking BRAY reverberating...

Garrick goes to the rear... Raises his piece... Aims it at the thundering pachyderm...

But before he can fire --

Klesko HITS THE BRAKES... And the van goes into a pretzeled SWERVE... Because up ahead, on the highway,

A DOZEN HIPPOS

yawn in the sun, their dagger-sharp canines exposed for the world...

The van skids to a shuddering stop... A moment of peace. Then:

The rhino RAMS THE VAN AGAIN... And again...

One more and the van is FLIPPED ONTO ITS SIDE...

Silence. They're shaken but okay. Until something leaps onto the side window, which is now above Garrick: a HYENA, its powerful jaws already smeared with gore...

It is joined by another HYENA... They stare down into the van... Four rheumy eyes fixed on Garrick, the object of their rapacious greed... They pound at the glass with their massive heads... Spider-webbing it...

GARRICK

These are some hardcore-no-bullshit-DTs  
I got going, man --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Klesko has slid over and fired... Bullets shattering the window and lancing both hyenas...

Klesko and Garrick crawl from the van...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Think that's a bad sign -- ?

Garrick points to the HIGHWAY OVERPASS above them... And the two dozen VULTURES perched their, beady eyes glued to the two men...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Guess we should carry-on... Get it?  
"Carry-on" "carrion"...

KLESKO

Look, Eddie --

And he does... For racing up the highway are a  
PACK OF JAGUARS...

rusty yellow, running so fast their black spots are a blur.

Klesko reloads... Garrick looks at their puny guns... They're  
dead...

But then the vultures fly off...

And a cacophony of GUNFIRE rings out...

And several jaguars are hit... And the others disperse, back  
the way they came...

Garrick and Klesko look up to the overpass... To where a  
PICK-UP TRUCK has stopped... And six MEN, with high-powered  
rifles, have saved their asses, shooting down on the jags...  
One MAN calls down to them --

MAN

C'mon, fellas -- !

They do...

EXT. OVERPASS - PICK-UP TRUCK

Klesko and Garrick climb up the embankment to the truck... The  
men are hillbilly types and they're armed to the teeth, dressed  
in hunter's vests and camo pants... Their leader --

BUZZY POULON

Buzzy Poulon... This is my brother,  
Shawn... And my son, Christopher. And  
them there are Christopher's pals:  
Smiley, Ned, and Fat Dave...

Everyone nods hello...

SMILEY

You flip your van -- ?

KLESKO

Yeah... We've got to get to the First  
Interstate World Center Building...  
Think you fellas could give us a lift?

BUZZY POULON

Sure. We ain't doin' much but drivin' around shootin' animals and savin' people... The road to The First Interstate Building should be full of animals to shoot and people to save. Hop in...

And they hop in the back of the pick-up... The Poulon men are up front... Garrick smiles at the imbecilic Fat Dave...

GARRICK

Nice to see ya --

And they drive-off...

EXT. L.A. STREETS - THEIR JOURNEY

Through the jungle that L.A. has become... They pass PEOPLE packing up their cars; others running into buildings; still others wandering the streets in fear...

All under the predatory eyes of the big cats...

SMILEY

We're from Barstow... We saw it on the news... Came up to get us some...

KLESKO

What are they saying caused it?

FAT DAVE

They ain't... But we figger some loony let 'em all outta the zoo...

The Barstow Six take an occasional pot-shot at an occasional beast... NED opens a cooler... Passes out beer...

NED

You guys want one -- ?

KLESKO

No thanks --

GARRICK

Don't mind if I do...

Klesko gives him a look...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Nothing like a cold one to make an unexplained attack by a pack of wild beasts all the more festive...

Fires burn untended... They pass the BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR DEALERSHIP... All the windows are broken... Guess what's

lounging about inside? Five black-spotted members of "panthera onca." Jaguars, that is. Sorry. Couldn't resist

And now they pass a convoy of ARMY TRANSPORT TRUCKS... WEAPONRY is unloaded...

Sloe-eyed MILITARY MEN watch the pick-up as it passes...

A few NATIONAL GUARD teams have been deployed... All trying to make sense of it...

Check out the 16-foot ALLIGATOR slithering down Rodeo - maybe seeking revenge for all those purses... A PAIR of ARMY GUYS empty their machine-guns into it...

They drive on... The streets becoming quiet... Most people having fled... A pair of JACKALS feed on a HOMELESS MAN...

They pass MacArthur Park... It has become a veritable Nairobi ecosystem...

On they drive... Down Wilshire... Buzzy plays a tape... Some George Jones...

No one notices

THE COUGAR

slinking up alongside the truck...

Until it LEAPS UP and GRABS SMILEY'S HEAD BETWEEN ITS PAWS, TWISTING HIS NECK AND SNATCHING HIM OFF THE TRUCK...

... dragging him into an alley.

The Barstow Six (uh, Five) freak now that it's one of their own

FAT DAVE

It took Smiley! IT TOOK SMILEY!

Ned makes to pursue... Klesko grabs him...

KLESKO

No... ! There's nothing you can do for him now...

Ned stares at Klesko... God, this dude's cold... But he sits back down...

KLESKO (CONT.)

(to Buzzy)

Keep going... The First Interstate Building --

Buzzy looks at him... Looks at his son and brother... Nods..

GARRICK

(re: the beer)

Can I get another one of those?

Fat Dave blinks. Nods. Hands Garrick a beer.

And the cougar reappears... Grooming its blood-soaked paws - as it does after every meal - for all of them to see...

They drive on...

EXT. WEST 5TH STREET

An unnatural QUIET now... As they come up upon

THE FIRST INTERSTATE WORLD CENTER BUILDING

And, wouldn't you know it, this is the worst of all. For, sitting on the steps and fountains outside the building is perhaps two dozen TIGERS, LIONS, PANTHERS, BLACK BEARS...

BUZZY POULON

Jesus Lord have mercy --

GARRICK

Lions and tigers and bears, oh, my.

Klesko clocks the top of the building... Maybe he sees a few tell-tale WISPS OF SMOKE...

KLESKO

This is it... Can you feel it?

GARRICK

No, but the enormous presence of jungle beasts is something of a sign...

The truck stops some 40 feet from the entrance... Klesko moves to Buzzy...

KLESKO

We have to get in there... Can you provide us with cover -- ?

BUZZY POULON

Uh, I guess --

The Barstow group having lost much bluster after Smiley's snatching...

KLESKO

You ready -- ?

GARRICK

Oh, I'm going with you -- ?

KLESKO

C'mon --

And they climb from the truck...

And no sooner are they off than Buzzy punches the gas and tears away... Leaving them there... Alone with the cats...

GARRICK

Oh, there's a surprise --

KLESKO

He left us -- !

GARRICK

What do you expect? Their buddy gets eaten by a cougar and you act like he went out for a smoke...

They turn... The cats are looking at them... The TIGERS woof softly, their reddish ochre coats seeming to glow...

The big cats regard the two cops with lazy, laconic eyes... They don't move... They yawn... And switch their tails at flies...

KLESKO

Shit...

GARRICK

What -- ?

And Klesko walks right up to the cats... And the cats still don't move... They lick themselves and some doze off...

Klesko walks right past them...

KLESKO

It's over... He must be gone...

GARRICK

...And the winner of The Big Giant Assumption Of The Year Award goes to...

Garrick isn't moving... Klesko turns back to him...

KLESKO

C'mon --

GARRICK

I ain't going near those cats --

KLESKO

It's over... I'm telling you...

Indeed, the panther at his feet ain't doing squat... Garrick, timorously, creeps through...

GARRICK

Nice kitty...

And follows Klesko into...

INT. FIRST INTERSTATE BUILDING - LOBBY

... where he looks most unnerved...

GARRICK

I loved these boxers...

Empty... And trashed... A few BODIES... A few dead cats...

KLESKO

The roof...

They go to the elevator...

INT. FIRST INTERSTATE - ELEVATOR

They ride it up... To the TOP FLOOR...

INT. TOP FLOOR

The elevator opens onto this floor... The place looks like it's been ransacked...

A sign for "roof access" points them in the direction...

Klesko pulls his piece... Garrick does the same... Klesko opens the door for the roof stairwell... And a

GRIZZLY BEAR

standing high on lumbering hind legs, ROARS... Klesko falls to the ground, below the bear...

His gun clatters down the stairwell...

Garrick is some ten feet away, amidst the clutter...

The grizzly has a muscular bulk of 1000 pounds and its huge shoulder hump is connected to powerful jaws, now dripping with fetid oil...

GARRICK

This one doesn't seem to realize it's over...

KLESKO

Shoot it -- !

GARRICK

Are you kidding... ? That'll only piss  
him off...

Hold this TABLEAU for a beat: the bear towering over Klesko on  
the ground, with Garrick, gun raised, ten feet back...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Don't make any sudden movements...  
Don't stare at it... Staring at it means  
you want to fight in the bear world...

KLESKO

How do you know?

GARRICK

Mutual Of Omaha's WILD KINGDOM, brother!  
Never missed a one... Do what I say.  
Get to your feet...

Klesko gets to his feet... Slow...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Now just back up slowly and speak calmly  
and respectfully...

KLESKO

Calmly and respectfully --

GARRICK

Calmly and respectfully --

KLESKO

Easy, boy... Easy... Good boy...

GARRICK

He's not a beagle --

The bear YOWLS... Klesko is pinned there...

KLESKO

What do you want me to say?

GARRICK

Tell him about your wife --

KLESKO

What -- ?

GARRICK

Tell him about Aubrey.

KLESKO

Garrick --

GARRICK

Have you ever cheated on her?

KLESKO

What are you talking about, you fuckin' maniac -- ?

The bear flares its upper lip and gargles... Klesko shrinks back...

GARRICK

Calmly and respectfully. Calmly and respectfully. Now. Have you? Have you ever cheated on her?

KLESKO

Garrick --

GARRICK

Have you -- ?

KLESKO

I'll kill you. This bear doesn't maul me. I will kill you --

GARRICK

You were always a man oppressed by beauty, Kyle. Have you ever cheated on Aubrey?

KLESKO

Maybe this isn't the place --

GARRICK

Answer the bear. Have you... ?

Klesko looks at Garrick... A beat... Then:

KLESKO

Once.

And Garrick nods...

And the bear gargles again...

And Garrick grabs a big UMBRELLA off the ground and charges at the bear OPENING THE UMBRELLA SUDDENLY AND LOUDLY...

And the bear bellows and barrels down the stairs and away...

Klesko gets to his feet... Faces Garrick...

KLESKO

Now how the fuck did you know that trick?

GARRICK

I told you: Marlin Perkins, baby!

And Klesko SOCKS HIM IN THE MOUTH... And Garrick goes down...

And Klesko grabs his piece and charges up the stairs to the

EXT. ROOF

Klesko emerges, gun up... But the roof is empty... He searches it... Coming upon a TIN THURIBLE, surrounded by a series of little stacks of SILT and POWDER... In varying hues...

Klesko removes his WALLET and makes to scoop the powders in, when he hears the WHUP-WHUP-WHUP of the free-turning rotor of

A POLICE CHOPPER

Klesko turns --

KLESKO

NO -- !

-- as the 'copter lands on the roof...

The force of the blades blowing the powders into the air and away...

The chopper door opens... Special Agent Roderick Finn is there.

RODERICK FINN

Klesko...

EXT. FIRST INTERSTATE BUILDING - LATER

No animals about... Klesko is led to a Bureau car... He turns to Finn...

KLESKO

Where's Garrick -- ?

RODERICK FINN

He's not around... Maybe he got himself eaten... Hope not... The poor tiger'd die of alcohol poisoning... Hee, hee!

KLESKO

Hey, you're funny...

RODERICK FINN

(to a DRIVER)  
Take him to the airport...

INT. FED CAR - MOVING

The Driver turns to Klesko...

DRIVER

They say the President's gonna speak tomorrow... Talk about it...

Klesko nods... Stares out the window at the passing ruin...

They pass Buzzy Poulon's pick-up... Smashed into a wall... Hunks of human meat mouldering in its bed...

Klesko leans back in his seat... Closes his eyes...

CUT TO:

THE BALL DROPPING IN TIMES SQUARE

signifying another New Year...

INT. THE SINGLETON'S NEW YEARS EVE PARTY - NIGHT

Cheers and kisses... Nearly a hundred GUESTS wear party hats and blow noise-makers in the Singletons (the Kleskos' best friends - whom we met Christmas Eve) huge loft...

Aubrey Klesko is here alone... Someone hands her a glass of champagne...

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ballantine and Finn are here... Plus a handful of SUITS from the National Security Council... And all the President's MEN...

THE PRESIDENT

sits at the end of the table (though we never see his face)...

RODERICK FINN

As of now we're compiling a list of the remaining American cities likely to be targeted; the minimum evacuation time for each, as well as the state of emergency preparedness --

BALLANTINE

There is no way, of course, to calculate expected casualties until we discern what Econmides plans for any given city

Silence... The mood is, well, grim...

INT. SINGLETON'S PARTY

Aubrey walks to the

EXT. ROOF DECK

and looks out over the city...

KLESKO (O.S.)  
Happy New Year, Aubrey Klesko --

She looks up... There, in the shadows, is Klesko, face bearing the bruises and lacerations of L.A.

She goes to him... They embrace...

AUBREY  
When did you get back -- ?

KLESKO  
Just got in...

AUBREY  
What's going to happen?

They stare out at the lights of Manhattan on this brilliantly clear, cold night...

KLESKO  
I don't know...

INT. KLESKO'S OFFICE - DAY

The phone RINGS... He picks it up...

KLESKO  
Okay. Put him through... Rodrigo?

It is RODRIGO, the 19-year-old spook jockey apprentice...

Calling from a pay-phone in Times Square... CROSS-CUT AS NECESSARY...

RODRIGO  
Yes... I have information... About Mamunia...

KLESKO  
Mamunia... Ktulu's consort --

RODRIGO  
Yes... I have to see you...

KLESKO  
Come down --

RODRIGO  
No... I can't... Meet me tonight...  
8:00. At the Howard Johnson's on 46th  
and Broadway... I'll be in the back  
booth... By the men's room...

KLESKO  
Okay... Are you--

But Rodrigo has hung up...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Klesko walks along... Passing more ZEALOTS wearing sandwich boards that say: "MILLENNIUM APPROACHES" "IT'S OVER!" "DARKNESS FALLS" etc.

INT. TIMES SQUARE HOWARD JOHNSON'S - NIGHT

Klesko enters... Goes to the rear... Takes the booth by the men's room... Orders a coffee... Checks the clock... 7:45... He dials his cell phone...

KLESKO

(into phone)

Hello, Jackson... No, I'm on my way...  
I've got a quick meeting and then I'll  
be there... Home by nine... Tell  
Mommy... Okay... Love you...

He waits...

DISSOLVE TO:

... and waits... The clock reads 8:30... A WAITRESS comes over with a pot of coffee...

WAITRESS

Another refill -- ?

KLESKO

No. Seven's my limit...

INT. KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING

He drives into the night... A hard rain falls...

INT. CHELSEA MEN CLUB - NIGHT

Klesko approaches The Peppermint Man, who is taking a clarinet lesson in his crowded bar...

KLESKO

Garrick around -- ?

PEPPERMINT MAN

Haven't seen him in days...

INT. KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Klesko drives... Not really wanting to go home...

BRIEF FLASHES BURST through his mind: geysers of blood in D.C.; frogs taking Miami; shooting at the rat-man; the cougar licking its paws...

And, in incongruous PRE-LAP, over these images, we hear the OPENING ("Hey, Ray. Hey, Sugar: tell 'em who we are... ") of the old pop song "The Cover Of The Rolling Stone... "

CUT TO:

WILLIAMTON ECONOMIDES

and his band of lunatic fringe outlaws... On a MONITOR. Lip-syncing to this Dr. Hook And The Medicine Show novelty tune...

ECONOMIDES / ACOLYTES

(singing)

"Well we're big rock singers/We got golden fingers/And we're loved everywhere we go/We sing about beauty and we sing about truth/At ten thousand dollars a show, etc.."

And they do it perfectly... They hold up for:

INT. FEDERAL OFFICES - DAY

Our Federal forces are gathered here watching... Klesko, Bagger, Ballantine, Finn, etc.

ECONOMIDES

You boys have big game... You almost caught me... I can no longer offer you the luxury of early disclosure of target cities...

Ballantine and Finn grimace... Accusatory glances to Klesko

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)

Remember your Faust: "Everywhere in the great world men are building little worlds of their own... And everywhere they are creating little devils to inhabit them!"

He signals to an acolyte... The music continues again...

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)

Let My People Go, scumbags... !

ECONOMIDES / ACOLYTES

(singing)

"Rolling Stone/Wanna see my picture on the cover/(Stooooone)/Wanna buy five copies for my mother/(Stooooone) /Wanna see my smilin' face/On the cover of The Rolling Stone... "

The song continues to play... Over the following SEQUENCE, which takes us to

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - DAY

The Fifth Plague... Cattle disease...

VARIOUS SHOTS

these Texas roads are literally littered with DEAD COWS --

Weeping RANCHERS fall to the ground in tears...

ECONOMIDES / ACOLYTES (CONT.)

"We got a lot of little teenaged  
blue-eyed groupies/Who'll do anything we  
say/We got a genuine Indian guru/He's  
teaching us a better way..."

EXT. FEDERAL OFFICE - NEWSPAPER KIOSK - DAY

Newspaper headlines shout: "WHERE'S THE BEEF?" over grainy shots of the dead cattle...

PHOTOS of Economides, Denton, even Mamunia, grace the front pages... Like "Wanted posters..."

And the new issue of ROLLING STONE is out... Williamton Economides' smirking visage on the cover... And the words "(Mad) Man Of The Year..."

INT. FEDERAL OFFICES - DAY

Klesko watches the TV in his office...

REPORTER (ON TV)

... the cattle deaths could cost the beef industry close to a billion dollars in lost production value and cash receipts... The President, in his impromptu address, put the blame for the five freak occurrences squarely at the feet of environmental terrorist, Williamton Economides, and under presidential emergency powers, has given the FBI carte blanche to apprehend him..

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - TECHNICAL UNIT

Ballantine and Roderick Finn are with a lab-coated TECH in front of a bank of apparatus...

Klesko and Bagger enter...

RODERICK FINN

Kyle, glad you're here... We may have caught a break... Go ahead, Jim...

And we see on the VIDEO MONITOR, Economides' latest taped offering (the one we just viewed...)...

As Economides' rises on a particular musical beat, the IMAGE is FROZEN... Finn points to a TINY RED BLUR at the upper left corner of the frame...

The tech works his toggle... This gizmo is an IMAGE ENHANCER - the computer breaking down the image into quadrants it can then enlarge and break into further quadrants for further enlargement...

The tiny red blur is ISOLATED AND ENHANCED... And then enlarged... And then enlarged further...

Until we can see that it is a WINDOW behind Economides...

A few more hits of the toggle and now we can see out the window... It is A MOVIE THEATER MARQUEE... Further enhanced, we can read one of the blurry words: "CUM."

BALLANTINE

Mean anything to anyone -- ?

BAGGER

It's The Flesh And Fantasy Theater... Broadway and 47th... The flick's called "Cum As You Are... "

They all look at him, smirking at his porno acumen...

BAGGER (CONT.)

There's a falafel place next door that I like --

BALLANTINE

Go get him, Kyle. Go --

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. THE FLESH AND FANTASY THEATER - 47TH STREET - DAY

Another gray day... The marquee still reads "Cum As You Are"... A half-dozen cars and vans slam to a halt...

Klesko, Bagger, and a cadre of Feds, SWAT, and UNIFORMS, break for the building across the street from the theater...

RAPID SHOTS

as they execute a clean, efficient grid search... Going through doors, searching offices, placating angry TENANTS...

Bagger calls to Klesko...

BAGGER

Kyle... C'mere...

Klesko walks over... The DOOR to this office has FIVE N.Y. POST NEWSPAPER ARTICLES TAPED TO IT... The 1st article is about D.C.; the 2nd about Miami; the 3rd about Boston; the 4th about L.A.; the 5th about Texas...

A FLY lands on Klesko's face... He slaps at it..

Kyle nods to Bagger... Bagger nods to a SWAT DUDE...

And the door is KICKED IN...

Bagger is the first through, gun up... Klesko behind him...'

INT. OFFICE

The room is empty... But for a single wooden chair... And sitting on the chair, tears streaming down his face,

IS RODRIGO

He sits there, crying... A faint BUZZ can be heard low in the b.g.

KLESKO

Rodrigo --

Bagger waves a pair of FLIES from his face...

KLESKO (CONT.)

Rodrigo, what are you doing here?

And Rodrigo rises... And the buzzing grows louder...

And Rodrigo makes to open his mouth --

-- AND A PLUME OF FLIES, thick and treacly, SPEW FROM HIS MOUTH IN AN INSECTILE GOUT -- !!!!

Literally, thousands upon thousands of flies...

Until the room is one hazy cloud of black, the HUIZZ of all those beating wings deafening...

The cops try to take cover, slapping away at the flies...

Bagger picks up the chair and pitches it through one window, smashing it...

The deluge of winged creatures continues to surge from Rodrigo's mouth until, at last, the boy falls to the ground.

And the flies, as one, float out of the broken window...

Leaving a pack of grossed-out lawmen...

Klesko goes to Rodrigo's body... But there is barely anything left of him... He is a HUSK... A skin-wrapped shell... As if the flies had created his very substance...

BAGGER

What the fuck -- ?

KLESKO

Whatever he had to tell us about Mamunia  
- they didn't want it known...

BAGGER

But what's with the flies?

KLESKO

In some interpretations of Exodus, the fourth plague is flies, rather than wild beasts... This is just our friends' way of showing us they're equal opportunity ecumenists...

EXT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP

Police barricades hold back the throngs... PROTESTERS, REPORTERS, RUBBER-NECKERS, ZEALOTS... It's a mob scene...

... as Lars, Helen and the rest of The People's Platoon are led from the jail under heavy police protection...

REPORTER

... has finally acceded to the demands of People Platoon leader, Williamton Economides and are "letting his people go," hoping this will end a reign of environmental terrorism that has, to this point, claimed the lives of some 273 Americans and cost nearly one billion dollars...

NEW ANGLE - Garrick and Reuben Cole sit in Cole's CAR across the street... Drinking 40 oz. bottlebags...

GARRICK

This isn't gonna stop jack... Give this guy his way, he'll only ask for more...

REUBEN COLE

I hear you --

Beat... They watch the tumult... The People's Platoon members get into a convoy of waiting CARS...

GARRICK  
He stoned his father to death...

REUBEN COLE  
What?

GARRICK  
Yeah. When I got to the house, after answering the call - he had the old man hanging by the wrists from a tree in the backyard... And him and a few of his little psycho-vixens were doing bong-loads and throwing huge rocks at the old man, who was already dead, of course... And Economides, he says, right before he shot me: "Is there a problem, Officer? It's just me and dad, gettin' stoned!"

Garrick takes a huge hit off his 40 and gets out of the car...

GARRICK (CONT.)  
Go get 'em, son --

And Cole puts the car in gear... And goes after the convoy.

INT. THE SORCERER'S OFFICE - DAY

Klesko and Bagger are with Morrell... Watching the release on TV...

THE SORCERER  
He's not going to stop... He can't...

KLESKO  
What's makes you say that?

THE SORCERER  
Imagine if you had the opportunity to sleep with every one of the James Bond girls... Would you stop at Jill St. John? Or would you see it through - all the way to the big one:  
(licks his chops)  
Ursula Andress --

The Sorcerer giggles... Klesko and Bagger share a look...

EXT. CHRISTOPHER ROBIN NURSERY SCHOOL

Aubrey walks to the school to pick-up Jack... She comes upon Garrick, leaning up against the fence, waiting...

AUBREY  
Ed -- ?

GARRICK

Hey --

AUBREY

Hello --

GARRICK

How are you, Aubrey? You're looking well...

AUBREY

Things are good... And you -- ?

GARRICK

Aside from an incredible sense of detonation... I am delicious...

AUBREY

Ed --

GARRICK

Little Aubrey Stewart and her unbroken series of perfect gestures...

AUBREY

It's been a long time, Ed --

GARRICK

Has it really? I live in a vacuum, I wouldn't know --

Beat... She studies him... His eyes...

AUBREY

Do you know what the very last thing you said to me was?

GARRICK

No --

AUBREY

You said: "if you touch the baby Jesus, I will make you wear the cow suit..."

GARRICK

What did that mean exactly?

AUBREY

I have no idea... And then you got arrested for drunk driving...

GARRICK

Of course... What would any great romance be without me consecrating its termination by blowing into a tube...?

He smiles... She does too... But then:

GARRICK (CONT.)

I can't get clear... I can't laugh or cry it away... It wasn't like a familiar fall. A fall from the backyard oak. It was like a fall from the Empire State Building. Eyes open. Screaming.

AUBREY

It haunts us, too, Ed...

GARRICK

I don't want that... I'm just saying my bit... A lot of calcification has to occur before you can say your bit...

AUBREY

I know...

GARRICK

And then one morning I woke-up... And I'd become the person I was all along pretending that I was... Some cackling gargoyle perched on a cathedral cornice, laughing at the worshipers below; at the incompetence of idealists everywhere... As I sink lower... The laughing mayor in a district of silence and ruin...

He smacks at his lips... Parched... Could use a drink... Lights a smoke... Swallows... Tears stand in Aubrey's eyes..

AUBREY

That day... After we told you... When I went to get my stuff...

GARRICK

And I hit you...

AUBREY

And then you cried... And then I kissed you... And then we made love...

GARRICK

For the first time in months...

AUBREY

Cos you were sober --

GARRICK

Momentarily --

AUBREY

And God knows Kyle and I made love a lot those first few weeks --

GARRICK

This you can spare me --

AUBREY

It was the beginning, after all... But sometimes... God forgive me... I look at Jack... My son... And I don't see Kyle at all... Not at all...

And Garrick looks at her... As this realization sinks in...

AUBREY (CONT.)

Not at all, Ed --

GARRICK

"You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat," Aubrey... But the sentiment sure is swell...

Aubrey shakes her head... She's telling the truth...

But then the KIDS are pouring out of the school... And Jack Klesko is running for his Mom...

... and when she looks up, Garrick is gone...

CUT TO:

AN INCENSE-BURNING THURIBLE

smoking... An array of stones and powders around it... A low CHANTING...

EXT. CITY STREETS - ATLANTA, GEORGIA - DAY

A MILKMAN makes his early morning deliveries... He stops outside a house... Carries his rack of milk bottles up... He stops... Touches his face... As a WELT has formed there...

It swells... And then there is another... And another...

The milkman SCREAMS... Drops his rack... Bottles shatter... Milk runs... The man has become a mass of welts...

A mass of BOILS...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

The Golden Gate Bridge; cable cars; Fisherman's Wharf...

The skies are gray... And with a roar of thunder, lightning crashes...

And it begins to HAIL... Hail the size of SOFTBALLS...

Smashing windshields... Sky-lights... The heads of PEDESTRIANS.

CUT TO:

WILLIAMTON ECONOMIDES

on tape for the last time... Same whimsical rictus grin...  
Ballantine and Finn watch the monitor...

ECONOMIDES

Okay, so I lied... What are you gonna  
do? Arrest me? New rules. New  
demands. I want to establish a section  
of land 14 miles outside of Wichita,  
Kansas... The crash site of flight 1387,  
to be precise...

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING IMAGES --

- The good people of Atlanta stricken by a scourge of boils...  
Red, inflamed, pus-producing...
- The good people of San Francisco pummeled by frozen orbs of  
ice and snow...
- Eddie Garrick... Bar-side... Knocking them back with a  
vengeance...

Still we hear Economides...

ECONOMIDES (O.S.)

This section will be 10 square miles of  
farmland which will be seceded from your  
United States and be given full autonomy  
for self-rule...

- Atlanta: Swollen, disfigured VICTIMS crowd hospitals...  
Doctor's offices... Or merely lay down in the street in agony.
- San Francisco: North Beach, the Mission District, Chinatown,  
the Tenderloin... All fall under the crushing hail...

ECONOMIDES (O.S.)

I want immunity from prosecution for my  
followers and 50 million dollars in  
cash... Oh, and I'd love to meet a  
supermodel... A real one, though. Not  
one of those waifs... Haw, haw!

- Klesko on the phone with Atlanta P.D. Bagger and The  
Sorcerer are with him...

KLESKO

To the top of the National Bank Plaza  
Building... That's where you'll find  
them...

- The Atlanta FIELD AGENT on this end... In an office crowded with wailing PEOPLE... The agent himself, a mass of roaring boils... He can barely speak...

AGENT

I... haven't... got... the...  
manpower...

- Garrick knocks back another...

- The chanting builds to a crescendo... As does the screaming... As we LAP DISSOLVE these images: Garrick drinking; Atlanta burning; Ktulu invoking; Klesko watching..

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)

You have 48 hours to comply with my  
demands... Otherwise... Read your  
bible - the worst is yet to come...

All of it building to a FEVER PITCH and then coming to a screeching HALT, as Ballantine picks up the phone for:

BALLANTINE

Get me The Pentagon --

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Klesko and Aubrey eat dinner... The TV is on... CNN broadcasting coverage of the clean-up in San Francisco and Atlanta...

We SEE THE MILKMAN from Atlanta being interviewed... His skin clear...

MILKMAN (ON TV)

... and just like that, they were  
gone... Without even a scar...

Klesko sneaking glances at the TV... They eat in silence...  
Then:

AUBREY

Is there something you want to say?

KLESKO

Is there something you want to say?

AUBREY

What are you, eleven?

KLESKO

You see Eddie Garrick the other day -- ?

AUBREY

Are you having me followed?

-  
KLESKO  
No. I'm having him followed...

AUBREY  
Why?

KLESKO  
Cos he's the nastiest little rat in the shityard... And I think he can lead us to Economides... Imagine my surprise when I came upon your name in the report

AUBREY  
I'd imagine, in some twisted way, it pleased you --

KLESKO  
It's never been just the two of us... It's always been me, you and him... Or the memory of him... The ghost of him...

AUBREY  
You conjure him, Kyle, I don't...

KLESKO  
Oh, please --

AUBREY  
I left him because I loved you. Why, every day since, do you refuse to believe that -- ?

Klesko gets up from the table... Begins to clear it...

AUBREY (CONT.)  
You can't forgive yourself, Kyle, how do you expect to ever forgive me -- ?

KLESKO  
I know, I know... He was the love of your life... The wild-hearted scoundrel capable of a singular passion, that was so strong it couldn't help but burn-out, and cast you into my colder, yet infinitely more stable arms... God, Aubrey, that one's been done to death!

He punctuates it by tossing the plates into the sink, where they shatter...

AUBREY  
You don't know anything... Nothing.

KLESKO  
Tell me --

AUBREY

No... I won't... But if that's what you thought - all these years...

KLESKO

What was I supposed to think -- ?

Long beat... Long stare... Then:

AUBREY

I can't even remember Ed Garrick... I can't...

KLESKO

Yeah, well... You've forgotten more than I've ever known, Aubrey... How's that?

And he looks at her a beat... And then leaves the apartment... Aubrey watches after him... Desolate...

JACK (O.S.)

Mommy, what's wrong -- ?

He stands there, in his PJs... Looking frightened...

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - SOHO - NIGHT

Lars is dining at a table of Eurotrash go-go KIDS with suck-suck smiles... He is treated like a star...

MAITRE D'

The table over there wishes to buy you a drink...

ANGLE - THE TABLE... More well-dressed star-fuckers...

LARS

Okay... Bottle of Dom... !

His friends howl at his clever ways... Lars engorges himself with oysters...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Looking in is Reuben Cole. Garrick comes stumbling into view

REUBEN COLE

He's in there... Aw, man, you're wasted

GARRICK

No, no... Not wasted... Just... walking on... rocky socks...

And he staggers past Cole and on into the restaurant...

INT. RESTAURANT

... passed the horrified Maitre d'...

MAITRE D'  
Excuse me, sir, where are--

... lurching for Lars' table...

LARS  
Eddie Garrick! You still alive? I  
thought you choked on your own vomit in  
'92 --

Garrick faux-laughs hysterically and then scoops up some MASHED  
POTATOES off another DINER's plate...

He whips them at Lars... Hitting the big man in the face...

Lars leaps to his feet... Garrick grabs a slab of prime rib off  
another plate... Tosses that...

He continues... Running about the joint... Tossing food at the  
pursuing Lars... Covering Lars in goop... Creating bedlam...

Lars finally jumps on him... The two go down in a shower of  
overturned tables, spilled wine and gravy...

They roll about on the floor in a flurry of punches... Lars is  
enraged... Garrick is laughing...

Reuben Cole watches all... Amazed... SIRENS wail in the  
distance... Approaching...

And suddenly Garrick STICKS HIS GUN into Lars' throat... and  
the joint goes quiet... And Garrick gets to his feet... And  
moves the gun, so now it's jammed into Lars' mouth...

GARRICK  
Why, Big Bad Lars, I do believe you've  
pissed yourself --

And the COPS have arrived... And they draw their sidearms...

And Garrick stands there... His gun stuck in Lars' mouth...  
Drunk as a moth in a my tai...

GARRICK (CONT.)  
Evening, Officers --

INT. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - JAILS - DRUNK TANK

Garrick on the nod... Klesko comes in... Picks up a small trash  
can... SMASHES IT against the cell bars... Garrick comes to...

GARRICK  
Hello, Kyle --

KLESKO  
You ready to go back to work?

GARRICK  
I don't think so --

KLESKO  
We're close...

GARRICK  
Oh, no... We're not at all...

KLESKO  
Garrick --

GARRICK  
I can't get clear, Kyle... What's more?  
I don't want to...

KLESKO  
You're just giving up...

GARRICK  
It's always worked for me in the past...

KLESKO  
I am so sick of you --

GARRICK  
You and me both --

KLESKO  
What are you doing? What? Huh? You're  
drunk, you're pathetic, you're going to  
die. Alone. Passed out in a dumpster.  
You'll freeze to death... You fuckin'  
waste... You pissed it all away...  
You're nothing... Nothing...

GARRICK  
Wrong. I am something. To you. You  
need me, Kyle... You need me to  
calculate just how well you're  
doing... Without me, old friend, you  
have absolutely no point of reference...

Klesko stares at him... Then:

KLESKO  
Fuck you... FUCK... YOU...

And he turns... To the OFFICER --

KLESKO (CONT.)  
Keep him overnight --

And Garrick gives a drunken wave to Klesko's retreating form...  
And closes his eyes...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Sorcerer is before Ballantine and Finn...

THE SORCERER

The plague narrative is a recounting of God's power and Pharaoh's stubbornness, which starts out as a matter of will and eventually becomes impossible to revoke.

BALLANTINE

Are you saying we should give in to his demands -- ?

THE SORCERER

I'm just saying that Pharaoh became trapped by his own refusal to accept the obvious...

BALLANTINE

Which was what -- ?

THE SORCERER

That there was no way to win --

EXT. I-90 - LEADING INTO CHICAGO - DAY

An ordinary sunny day... A POLICE BARRICADE on the highway...  
Fire engines, ambulances, police cars...

A Government CAR pulls up... Klesko and Bagger get out...  
Staring... Amazed...

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS - A GIANT WALL OF BLACK... A GIANT WALL  
OF NIGHT... Stretching as far as the eye can see...

Impenetrable by the sun... Shadowless pitch...

It stretches high into the sky... And across the horizon...

BAGGER

"Stretch out your hand toward heaven  
that there may be darkness over the land  
of Egypt, a darkness to be felt... "

A FED approaches them...

FED

It's across Chicago... Lights don't  
work... Fires don't burn... Nothing

Indeed, check out the TRACTOR TRAILER hauling BANKS AND BANKS  
of CARBON ARC LIGHTS... The truck drives down I-90... AGENTS

direct it on into the wall of black...

The truck drives into the obsidian gloom... Once in, the LIGHTS are choked off... They seem to vanish...

Moments later, the DRIVER steps out of the gloom, spooked...

Klesko and Bagger walk to the periphery of darkness... They look at each other...

And ENTER...

INT. DARKNESS

That's it... Just darkness... Pitch black fever dream darkness... They walk out...

EXT. HIGHWAY

Klesko and Bagger walk back with the Fed...

KLESKO

So for some eight hours now the entire city of Chicago has been completely and totally without light...

FED

That's right... Can you imagine what's going on in there -- ?

They look back at the vast murk...

BAGGER

God in heaven --

Another AGENT runs to them...

AGENT #2

Agent Klesko? Phone call -- !

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY

Ballantine on the phone... He and his people watching a video monitor --

BALLANTINE

The eye in the sky at The Mirage picked up our good friend doubling down at a 25 dollar black-jack table...

ANGLE - the monitor... Eye in the sky shot... Williamton Economides, in bad beard and wig and eyeglasses... Gambling away...

KLESKO

Vegas -- ?

## BALLANTINE

Vegas...

INT. I-95 - CHICAGO

Klesko hangs up the phone... At the sound of many men gasping... He turns...

To see the DARKNESS CLEAR... In several stages...

It begins to fade... Until all is normal...

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS

PEOPLE come out of their homes... Gaunt and terrified... The streets are in ruin... Imagine an entire city blind and stumbling for ten hours...

More ZEALOTS stream these streets... Carrying placards:  
"Darkness is only the beginning!" "The End is Near"  
"Millennium Approaches... "

EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY

A small government JET lands... Klesko and Bagger get off the plane and are met by Vegas FIELD AGENTS...

AGENT

Where to, sir -- ?

Klesko looks to The Strip... And we can see one STRUCTURE standing above all others:

THE STRATOSPHERE TOWER - Vegas' newest edifice, 111 feet of concrete spire with a roller-coaster on top...

KLESKO

There...

EXT. THE STRATOSPHERE

The car stops outside the casino... Klesko and Bagger climb out...

They pass A HOMELESS MAN carrying a sign that reads: "EXIT NOW", his body covered in pages from the Bible...

HOMELESS MAN

The insects are dancing in the streets -

Klesko stops... Looks at the man...

KLESKO

What did you say -- ?

The man looks at them... His eyes are two dead highways...

## HOMELESS MAN

"A fire devoureth before them and behind them a flame burneth..."

Klesko stares at the man... The man grins, showing licorice Chiclet teeth...

And now we can hear the BEATING SOUND... The very FAST BEATING SOUND...

And the Homeless Man turns to the open sky over the desert...

... and Klesko and Bagger follow his look... To the INTENSE BLACK CLOUD that seems to be heading their way...

Only that ain't no intense black cloud...

That's a SWARM OF LOCUSTS

The biggest swarm of all time...

## BAGGER

Holy shit --

It seems to grow in density as it approaches...

## HOMELESS MAN

"The land is as The Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness..."

The fluttering sound grows louder... The swarm must be 100 feet thick and a mile wide... It surges across the landscape...

Purring and clicking, as it nears, it appears to BLOT OUT THE SUN...

Vegas darkens...

And the locusts SWARM...

## HOMELESS MAN

"Yea, and nothing shall escape them..."

And The Homeless Man cackles... Even as the locusts are lighting on him...

Even as they settle downward and devour...

Panic in the streets...

ON THE STRATOSPHERE ROLLER-COASTER... RIDERS scream as the locusts attack...

The sound of all those ridged hind-legs rubbing all those front wings is deafening...

Klesko and Bagger fight through the whirring cinnamon-brown haze, entering The Stratosphere...

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKIES - A TURBO-PROP PLANE

flies along... A pair of WEEKEND AVIATORS at the controls...  
When suddenly they enter the SWARM...

AVIATOR

What the hell -- ?

... making flying impossible... Dead grasshoppers gunk up the works... And they lose control of the plane...

EXT. THE STRIP

Watch the plane CRASH into the LION outside the MGM GRAND...

WIDE SHOT - LAS VEGAS... Literally engulfed with locusts...

PEOPLE run wild in the streets...

Only our homeless man remains, unmoving...

HOMELESS MAN

The insects are dancing in the streets -

INT. STRATOSPHERE - ROOF

Klesko and Bagger have made it to the roof... Past the roller-coaster...

The locust multitude seethes here...

They search the roof... Blinded by bugs... Only there is no Ktulu... No Economides... Nothing...

KLESKO

They're not here --

Bagger loses his footing on locust-guts-slickened roof and almost goes over... Klesko catches him...

And they head inside...

EXT. THE STRIP

Our last image is of The Homeless Man... He smiles at us...  
Until the swarm is so thick we cannot even see his face...

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - ST. MARK'S PLACE - DAY

Unseasonably warm... The streets are jammed... VENDORS sell magazines, videos, knock-off Movados, crack cocaine... The SHOPS overflow... BOOM BOXES blast... And in the midst of all this walks

MAMUNIA

Ktulu's young consort... Here in New York... He seems to enjoy the Western vibe... He makes eye contact with some of the wonderful GIRLS strolling St. Mark's... He enters a store...

INT. CLOTHING STORE

... where an effeminate SALESMAN fronts him...

SALESMAN

Hello... Can I help you -- ?

MAMUNIA

I'm just looking...

Mamunia goes to a rack of COATS... And we see that there's another MAN here... Older, heavier... He stares at Mamunia.

The salesman appears...

SALESMAN

Chamois is great... It's so buttery...  
Feel it... Buttery, am I right? This  
sage-green would match your eyes --

Mamunia stares at the salesman... The salesman backs down... Retreats... Mamunia continues to feel the buttery chamois...

EXT. ST MARK'S

Mamunia walks out of the store... The heavy man follows him... Mamunia ducks into another SHOP...

INT. CLOTHING STORE #2

Mamunia browses... A SALESWOMAN... Hip, dark, sexy...

SALESWOMAN

If you need any help, give a holler

MAMUNIA

Okay...

He continues to browse... He sees the heavy man outside... Looking for him...

SALESWOMAN

Have we met?

-  
MAMUNIA  
I don't think so --

SALESWOMAN  
You look totally familiar --

MAMUNIA  
I don't know...

SALESWOMAN  
Were you at Drake Drago's party at  
"Spy?"

MAMUNIA  
Uh... Yes... Maybe that was it --

SALESWOMAN  
Do you know Shawna Craft?

MAMUNIA  
No...

The heavy guy has entered the store... And he's brought a  
FRIEND...

SALESWOMAN  
How about Samantha Finch -- ?

MAMUNIA  
No...

And they look at Mamunia... And the friend nods in agreement...

SALESWOMAN  
Maybe I met you with Freddy Plumb or  
Jazz Duncan -- ?

Mamunia walks out of the store... Leaving her hanging... The  
two men follow...

EXT. ST. MARK'S

Mamunia on the street... And now PEOPLE he passes seem to take  
notice... He looks familiar... He begins to perspire...

He passes a KIOSK... Tabloid front pages still display PHOTOS  
of Economides. Denton. Mamunia...

The heavy man and his friend follow... And now there are  
pointing fingers... An old black homeless MAN bellows:

HOMELESS MAN  
It is him! He's is one of them! It is  
him!

And SHOP-KEEPERS come out of shops... Windows are opened... The entire block is buzzing...

... And Mamunia walks quicker now... Running... He smashes into a trash barrel... The heavy man and his friend chase him... They are joined by others...

A FLEET OF CABS pass... All hired... Mamunia steps out into traffic... They're on his ass...

A CAR slams on the brakes before him... Even this DRIVER recognizes him...

And now there's a mob... And they're chasing him down... And there's nowhere to run...

And it's over...

EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY

Peace has been restored. Aside from the tangled auto-wrecks and the several tons of dead locusts littering the streets.

Klesko sips a coffee outside Bally's... Bagger emerges... Crazed...

BAGGER

They just arrested Mamunia...  
Downtown...

KLESKO

We are downtown --

BAGGER

Downtown, Manhattan. They're in  
Manhattan, Kyle... Number Ten's going  
down in Manhattan, Kyle - !!!

SLAM CUT TO:

KLESKO'S JET

takes to the skies...

INT. JET

Bagger reads from Exodus...

BAGGER

"Thus says the Lord: About midnight I  
will go forth in the midst of Egypt;  
and all the first-born in the land of  
Egypt shall die... "

Kyle is dialing his house...

-  
KLESKO  
C'mon, Aubrey, answer for God's sake...

BAGGER  
"And there shall be a great cry  
throughout all the land, such as there  
has never been, nor ever shall be  
again... "

INT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP - BASEMENT CELLS - MAMUNIA'S CELL

Mamunia is brought his dinner TRAY... The GUARD slides it  
through the serving space...

Mamunia disregards the meal... Instead, he picks up the SPOON.  
And smiles...

EXT. J.F.K. AIRPORT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Klesko and Bagger run from their plane to a CAR... Their DRIVER  
- call him AGENT SKIP - puts her in gear...

AGENT SKIP  
Hello, gentlemen... I'm Agent Skip...

KLESKO  
Let's move, Agent Skip...

AGENT SKIP  
Where to, sir -- ?

Klesko looks at Bagger... Then, to Agent Skip:

KLESKO  
The World Trade Center... Quickly.

And off they go... Klesko looks at his watch... Five minutes  
before midnight... He dials his cell phone...

KLESKO (CONT.)  
C'mon... C'mon...

It rings on in his ear... No answer...

INT. "THE CHELSEA MEN CLUB" - NIGHT

Garrick is drunk... His skating pond on the table before him...  
Fighting Iris, the black transvestite, dances...

INT. AGENT SKIP'S CAR - MOVING

They have entered Manhattan on the fly... Klesko continues to  
try his house...

But then Agent Skip SLUMPS OVER HIS WHEEL...

And the car goes careening off the road...

BAGGER

Jesus -- !

From the backseat, Klesko tries to steer her... He swerves through traffic, eventually losing control...

The car goes over the curb... SLAMMING into a Korean grocer...

Klesko and Bagger climb out... The KOREAN GROCER screaming at them in his native tongue...

BAGGER (CONT.)

What the hell happened -- ?

Klesko clocks the dead Agent Skip...

KLESKO

I'd say Agent Skip was the oldest child in his family...

The Korean Grocer's WIFE goes down... He cries to them for help

BAGGER

This ain't happening --

KLESKO

C'mon --

Klesko flags a cab... Badges the HACK... Yanks him from the driver's seat... Bagger jumps in... Klesko floors it...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS

CRIES fill the night... And now we notice the

TENDRILS OF SMOKE-LIKE COILS

which float through the air. Misty fingers hovering...

This is The Angel Of Death, swirling about the city, finding the first-borns...

And smiting them...

INT. "CHELSEA MEN CLUB"

Garrick sips at his drink... Fighting Iris continues to dance.

In through the window, drift our oily SPIRALS... Perhaps they can be seen, perhaps not...

They waft over to certain PEOPLE in the club... Waft right into their mouths...

And PEOPLE start dropping... A MAN here... Another there...  
Just keeling over and dying on the floor...

Peppermint Man runs about in a panic...

And then, Fighting Iris, herself, drops, collapsing a table,  
smashing bottles, crumpling to the floor...

PEPPERMINT MAN

What is it? What the hell is going  
on -- ?

Garrick regards the fallen Iris... Then:

GARRICK

Ursula Address...

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER

The silent monoliths of the TWIN TOWERS loom above... Note the  
WINDOW-WASHER'S SCAFFOLDING about halfway up Tower #2...

Klesko slams to a halt... They leap out...

From the shadows, The Sorcerer appears...

THE SORCERER

I couldn't get Ballantine to send any  
men here...

BAGGER

Look --

He points... To the SKIES over Manhattan... We can see the  
greasy tendrils swirling about, wraith-like... Seeking victims.

CLOSE ON Klesko... His son is out there... Could fall at any  
time... They've got to move...

KLESKO

Which tower... ?

The Sorcerer points... To the entrance of #2... Where two  
SECURITY GUARDS are on the ground, shot...

THE SORCERER

I'd say that one --

INT. WORLD TRADE TOWER

Klesko, Bagger and The Sorcerer run for the elevators... Not  
working...

KLESKO

They must have shut 'em down --

BAGGER

Now what -- ?

The Sorcerer points.. The sign says "STAIRS." Bagger looks stricken...

They hit the stairs...

INT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP

The misty curls dance about here...

Chaos... As first-borns fall... COPS tend to their own...  
Cries... Screams... Sobs...

No one notices as three FIGURES walk into the lock-up; Denton, Lars and Helen...

INT. WORLD TRADE TOWER #2 - STAIRWAY

They climb... And climb... And climb... Bagger looks like he may go into cardiac arrest...

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - ROOF EXIT

They come to a stop... Their breathing ragged... They pull their guns... The Sorcerer looks less than skilled...

KLESKO

You ever use that thing -- ?

THE SORCERER

At the range. Once...

KLESKO

Let's do it --

EXT. THE ROOF

They explode out, guns raised, sucking wind... Manhattan sparkles all around them... You would never know the city is dying...

They hear the CHANTING... From further down the roof...

They make their way for it...

And there, at the edge of the roof,

IS KTULU

silk raiments flowing... Face as old as time... Milky yellow cataracts covering his unseeing eyes... He chants over the tin thuribles... Powders and colored rocks arranged just so.

They move towards the ancient shaman --

-- only to come face to face with Williamton Economides... And SIX ACOLYTES armed to the teeth...

ECONOMIDES

Hello, Simon Magus --

KLESKO

Actually, it's Kyle Klesko --

Our trio is instantly relieved of their sidearms...

EXT. TOWER #2 LOBBY - SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

For someone has entered... Clocks the dead guards... Tries the elevator... Hits the stairs...

EXT. THE ROOF

Ktulu continues his chant... Klesko, Bagger, The Sorcerer, are clustered together against one wall...

ECONOMIDES

Like what you see, Magus -- ?

KLESKO

It's not what I expected --

ECONOMIDES

You fancied he was different? That he had horns and a tail? That idea is out of date. No one believes it anymore. The Devil now moves among men. In their own likeness. But the kernel of the brute is in him still. The diabolical traits are no longer apparent in his body, but in his face; you can see them there, although he does not mean you should --

KLESKO

You're nothing... You're a sideshow... You're somewhere between The Lobster Boy and The Bearded Lady... Just another freak trying to sell funnel cakes...

Economides doesn't like this... He turns to an acolyte --

ECONOMIDES

Waste them ---.

INT. WORLD TRADE TOWER #2 - SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

We are climbing the stairs... And have had enough...

We leave the stairwell... Heavy breathing...

We come out to the mid-floors... Enter an office... We face the windows... We can see the window-washer scaffolding below...

We get behind a desk... We shove the desk towards the windows... We PUNCH THE DESK THROUGH THE WINDOWS...

... where it sails 40 stories to the ground...

EXT. WORLD TRADE TOWER #2 - ENTRANCE

... crashing to the ground where a FLEET OF SQUAD CARS HAVE PULLED UP... And OFFICERS rush the tower...

... and they can see the scaffolding... Can see it RISING...

EXT. ROOF

Economides heads back to Ktulu... Ktulu continues his chant.

The ACOLYTES level their Skorpion machine-pistols at Klesko, Bagger, The Sorcerer...

And are about to fire --

-- when with a GROAN and a SCREECH of METAL ON METAL, THE WINDOW-WASHER SCAFFOLDING RISES UP, with

EDDIE GARRICK

riding it... Pistols blazing...

He takes out several acolytes...

Everyone is firing now...

The Sorcerer takes one in the gut...

KLESKO

recovers a pistol... He runs for Ktulu...

Only Economides is there... They wrestle... Fighting for the gun...

As Garrick and Bagger shoot it out with the acolytes...

And Economides comes up with the gun...

And he pokes it into Klesko's temple... And they rise... Economides using Klesko as a shield...

... to face Eddie Garrick, acolytes strewn around him...

-  
 ECONOMIDES  
 Surprise, surprise... Talk about the  
 past coming back to haunt you, eh,  
 Officer Garrick -- ?

GARRICK  
 It's over --

ECONOMIDES  
 I think not... Congratulations, Agent  
 Klesko... At long last you have become  
 the John Wayne cowboy hero you've always  
 aspired to - you've even got the drunken  
 sidekick!

Klesko looks over to the still-chanting Ktulu...

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)  
 He bothering you?

BLAM! To everyone's surprise, Economides shoots Ktulu...  
 The old man sags to the ground...

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)  
 He bothers me, too... Blind old fuck...  
 Don't need him anymore now, do we?  
 So... Where were we?

KLESKO  
 You were being insane --

ECONOMIDES  
 I really fucked you up, didn't I,  
 Garrick? Turned you into a miserable,  
 suicidal, juicehead, didn't I?

Garrick raises his revolver. In dead aim at Economides.

GARRICK (CONT.)  
 Let him go --

ECONOMIDES  
 This is precious... "Let him go?" But  
 isn't he fucking your girl? Your old  
 high school sweetheart? That he stole  
 from you. And now you want to save  
 him...

GARRICK  
 Let him go --

ECONOMIDES  
 She fucks him... And sucks him... And he  
 makes her come; makes it drip down her  
 thighs in thick, sweet runnels...

Garrick's hands shake... Klesko can see it... Garrick can see it... Economides can see it...

KLESKO

Do it -- !

ECONOMIDES

You have to ask yourself, Garrick:  
which one of us do you really want to  
shoot -- ?

Bagger and The Sorcerer watch from their spots on the ground...  
Garrick's really shaking now...

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)

Bet he puts it in her pail... You put it  
in her pail, Agent Klesko -- ?

Klesko and Garrick lock eyes... Klesko nods... You can do it...  
Garrick MUMBLES something...

ECONOMIDES (CONT.)

What was that? I didn't hear you,  
Officer -- ?

GARRICK

I said: if you touch the baby Jesus, I  
will make you wear the cow suit -- !

ECONOMIDES

What the fuck are you--

And Garrick FIRES... Striking Economides in the forehead...

And Klesko leaps forward, as Economides falls back...

And falls OFF THE TOWER... And plummets 112 stories...

And Klesko goes to where The Sorcerer is examining Ktulu...

THE SORCERER

He's gone --

And the POLICE burst onto the roof...

KLESKO

It's over...

Klesko starts dialing his cell again...

KLESKO (CONT.)

I gotta get home --

Garrick and Bagger are by The Sorcerer...

THE SORCERER

It just doesn't make sense... Why would  
he kill Ktulu? And essentially end the  
tenth -- ?

And no one notices the wispy tendrils that have just arrived and are floating about...

One tendril creeps up the pantleg of a UNIFORM COP...

With a gurgle, the cop falls to the ground and dies...

They stare with horror --

KLESKO

Unless killing Ktulu wouldn't end the tenth --

THE SORCERER

Meaning someone else is conjuring?

GARRICK

Someone else sitting on the highest point in Manhattan -- ?

KLESKO

Or the lowest --

They all look to each other...

THE SORCERER

Mamunia --

KLESKO

He's Ktulu's son... That's what Rodgrigo wanted to tell us...

THE SORCERER

The bloodline remains --

KLESKO

Let's go, Eddie -- !

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - COMMAND CENTER

Phones ringing... Fallen AGENTS carried off...

Ballantine hangs up a phone and rises... Walking out...

INT. BALLANTINE'S OFFICE

He enters... Turns on a single light... Finds a bottle in his bottom drawer and pours himself a strong one...

He sees a ROPY TENDRIL outside his window...

The tendril finds a cracked window... It snakes its way in... Swirling about the office... Dancing through the air, some four feet long...

It slithers up to Ballantine... Coils around him... Kisses his mouth...

BALLANTINE

I got four older sisters, you fuck --

And he takes a drink... And the tendril darts away...

And it serpentine about some more... And Ballantine watches it... And then it's found something... It glides over to A CLOSET...

... and disappears through the closet's keyhole...

And there's a soft cry... And the sound of settling...

And Ballantine goes over to the closet... Opens it...

To find Roderick Finn... Who'd been hiding in this closet...

Only now he's dead...

EXT. CITY STREETS - KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING

Flying is more like it... Again, he calls his home... No answer...

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT - BEDROOM

We see the light flash on the phone... But the ringer is off...

Aubrey and Jack are in bed... Perfectly still...

INT. KLESKO'S CAR - MOVING

They pass cars stopped in the middle of the street... Multiple collisions... Bodies...

EXT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP

They climb out of the car... Reuben Cole comes out of the shadows... As in L.A., there is an otherworldly quiet here at the eye...

REUBEN COLE

The joint is empty --

KLESKO

C'mon --

INT. MANHATTAN LOCK-UP

A few dead cops... An ominous silence... They creep towards the stairway leading down to the basement cells...

Only here comes Helen and Denton... Up the stairs... Uzis spitting bullets... Shattering the space around Klesko, Garrick and Cole...

Cole takes one in the chest... He goes down... Klesko and Garrick fire... Denton is hit... Helen retreats...

Garrick sees to Cole...

GARRICK

You arright -- ?

REUBEN COLE

I'm fine... GO -- !

And Reuben crawls out of harm's way...

And Klesko and Garrick creep down the stairs...

INT. STAIRWAY

... passing Denton's body... He's dead...

INT. BASEMENT LOCK-DOWN

A pipe has been punctured... WATER drips down... Klesko and Garrick creep further... The fluorescents CRACKLE and BUZZ, plunging the joint into intermittent darkness...

A dozen COCKROACHES scurry up one wall...

GARRICK

Uh-oh...

He points... For the pipe run-off has suddenly turned red... TURNED TO BLOOD... And it drips down the walls...

And here come thirty BULLFROGS, hopping down the corridor...

GARRICK (CONT.)

Looks like we got a little greatest hits action going here --

Indeed. And the lights again go out... And when they come back on - the RATS are heading their way...

Klesko and Garrick fire into the rats...

DARKNESS again... The lights go on... And Helen is there... And she FIRES...

And hits Klesko in the gut...

Garrick fires back... Taking off Helen's head...

Garrick goes to Klesko...

GARRICK  
How bad -- ?

KLESKO  
Bad. C'mon --

And he goes forward... The room going from pitch black to hazy yellow in regular intervals... It's become the most twisted funhouse in history...

Garrick makes to follow... But the CLOUD OF FLIES cover him... He retreats... And LARS IS ON HIM!!!

And the two wrestle about the dim, narrow jailwalk...

And Klesko, holding in his entrails, still moves forward... Through a SWARM OF LOCUSTS... A SEA OF FROGS... BOILS break out on his face, on his hands... Roaches, rats, flies... But still, on he goes...

GARRICK AND LARS

roll around the floor... Brawling heavy... Lars gets the upper hand... He sticks his gun into Garrick's mouth, as Garrick had done to him...

When, at once, Lars is lifted up and away...

BY A 7-foot-tall GRIZZLY BEAR...

Lars screams... The bear chomps...

Garrick scurries away, going to look for Klesko...

INT. BASEMENT CELLS - MAMUNIA'S CELL

glows amber at the end of this long catwalk... We can hear the CHANTING...

Klesko powers for it... Blood sluicing down his body...

He comes upon Mamunia... Chanting... Thuribles smoking... Moving the powders and colored rocks about...

Mamunia turns to Klesko --

And we see that his EYES HAVE BEEN GOUGED OUT!!! They are blackened, bloodied sockets...

Klesko clocks the bloody spoon used to do the scooping...

Mamunia smiles... Klesko raises his piece...

KA-BLAM!

Mamunia sprouts a third eye socket, as Klesko's bullet goes through his brain...

And suddenly, all is quiet... The lights go back on... The critters and varmints scurry away... The boils on Klesko's face and hands vanish...

Garrick comes running down here... Sees the dead Mamunia...

KLESKO

We gotta get to my place --

GARRICK

You gotta get to the hospital --

KLESKO

No... C'mon... You drive...

EXT. LOCK-UP

Garrick helps Klesko to the car...

INT. CAR - MOVING

Klesko bleeds profusely in the passenger seat... Garrick's not too good behind the wheel...

GARRICK

I haven't driven in months...

Klesko closes his eyes... His voice a croak:

KLESKO

He's yours...

GARRICK

What -- ?

KLESKO

He's yours...

GARRICK

Kyle --

KLESKO

I've always felt it... Always...

Garrick looks at Klesko, who is still furiously dialing his house... No answer...

GARRICK

We gotta get you a doctor --

KLESKO

I gotta know... I gotta know they're all right...

EXT. KLESKO APARTMENT

They pull up outside... Garrick helps Klesko out...

GARRICK

He's gonna be fine... We'll give 'im a present...

Garrick grabs his ice-pond toy from the backseat...

They enter the apartment...

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT

Garrick uses Klesko's key... They're in...

Klesko staggers to the bedroom... Turns on the light...

Aubrey wakes with a start...

AUBREY

Kyle --

And Klesko goes to his son... And shakes him...

AUBREY (CONT.)

Kyle, what happened to you -- ?

And Jack doesn't stir... And Klesko shakes him again... And again...

And Jack opens his eyes... And sleep-smiles...

JACK

Hi, daddy --

And Klesko gathers the boy in his arms...

And then falls to the floor...

Garrick helps him up... And carries him to the living room...

GARRICK

Call 911, Aubrey --

He puts Klesko onto the couch... And Klesko grabs him...

KLESKO

It was good to see you, Eddie --

GARRICK

You're gonna be fine, Kyle --

KLESKO

No... No... I just want to say... I'm sorry, Eddie... Really... I am.

GARRICK  
Don't you worry 'bout it, man --

KLESKO  
No... No...

And Klesko is weakening... And tears stand in Garrick's eyes...

KLESKO (CONT.)  
Sometimes second best is okay --

Garrick nods...

GARRICK  
I'll get clear, Kyle --

KLESKO  
I know you will... I always did... You  
just had to figure it out, Eddie...

Beat... They look at each other... Then:

KLESKO (CONT.)  
Go get my family --

And Garrick does...

And Aubrey and Jack go into the living room to Klesko...

WE STAY with Garrick in the kitchen... He stares out the  
window... The sun is just starting to come up...

Aubrey comes into the kitchen... She's crying...

AUBREY  
He's gone --

Garrick nods...

GARRICK  
I, uh, I gotta take care of some  
things... I'll, uh, I'll be back --

Aubrey nods... Garrick walks out... Passing the living room...  
Where Jack Klesko sits by the body of his father...

EXT. KLESKO APARTMENT

The AMBULANCES arrive... A SQUAD CAR... The EMT GUYS enter,  
passing Garrick as he walks out...

INT. TAVERN

Garrick enters... Goes to the bar...

GARRICK  
Bourbon up, Tony... Double...

And Tony brings over the shot... Pours... Garrick looks at the glass...

And we MOVE CLOSE TO GARRICK... And we're going to FLASHBACK, so we'll

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY

Eight years ago... A POLICE CAR pulls up to a row of brownstones along this tree-lined street...

INT. SQUAD CAR

... two YOUNG MEN in police blues - Kyle Klesko and Eddie Garrick... Younger, fresher, innocent...

GARRICK  
I can't wait for you to meet her,  
Kyle... She's the best... A walking,  
talking, reason to continue...

KLESKO  
Bring her on --

GARRICK  
Let's go --

And they get out of the car... And head for a brownstone... And the door opens... And there is Aubrey...

And Garrick takes her in his arms...

GARRICK (CONT.)  
Aubrey Stewart... This is my new  
partner, Kyle Klesko... Kyle, this is  
Aubrey --

AUBREY  
Hello --

KLESKO  
Hi, there --

AUBREY  
You guys hungry? I got burgers on the  
grill --

GARRICK  
Hear that, Kyle? Burgers on the  
grill... I told you she was perfect!

And Garrick and Aubrey enter the house... Klesko smiles to himself... Then follows them in...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE TAVERN

Tony the bartender stacks glasses, his back to Garrick --

TONY

They say some 100 people died last night, Eddie... You hear that -- ?

He turns... Only Garrick is gone... And the shot glass is still there...

And it is still full...

INT. KLESKO APARTMENT

Aubrey sees Ballantine and Bagger out...

BALLANTINE

Anything we can do, Aubrey... Anything at all --

AUBREY

Thank-you...

And when they are gone... She goes to check on Jack...

Only to find him playing with the ice-skating pond...

Watching the magnetic skaters glide over the peaceful scene.

His father's son...

And, off Aubrey's face, clenched in despair...

WE MOVE CLOSER TO THE SKATING POND TOY --

The skaters whirr over the white surface... Allowing us to

MATCH CUT TO:

ICE SKATERS

living, breathing ones... Here at

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER

and the SKATING RINK within the sunken plaza... Skaters go round and round...

And we PULL OUT, away from the skaters...

And OUT FURTHER...

Until we are looking at the Manhattan skyline - the city of New York - in all its ragged glory...

Safe at last...

THE END