

OVER BLACK

The sound of sirens. Faint at first. Then growing louder.

EXT. NASHVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Rain begins to fall. Flashing red and blue lights strobe across the worn gravestones.

JESSIE, shaken and pale, stands alone. Mud on her shoes. Tear-streaked makeup. Her hands tremble.

A **POLICE CRUISER** pulls up. Two officers step out, weapons holstered.

OFFICER HARRIS
Ma'am? This is restricted ground.
You alright?

Jessie turns slowly. Her eyes are distant—shell-shocked.

JESSIE
He took her... my mother. Justina.

OFFICER HARRIS
Took her? Who?

Jessie points to the spot near the Murphy gravestones.

Nothing there now but trampled grass and faint scorch marks.

JESSIE
He called himself *The Tormentor*. He
knew about Brandon. About Jester...

OFFICER #2
(whispering to Harris)
This the same girl from the
downtown case? The Viera incident?

OFFICER HARRIS
Yeah... survivor. Supposedly.
(to Jessie)
Ma'am, we'll call someone for you.
You need medical attention.

Jessie backs away.

JESSIE
I'm not crazy. He's back. And it's
starting again...

She looks toward the sky. Thunder rumbles in the distance.

Her phone buzzes in her pocket—**UNKNOWN CALLING**.

She doesn't answer.

Instead, her face steels with cold determination.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER - NIGHT

JESTER lies on the cold, muddy shore—soaked, shivering, and in agony. His right leg bleeds, a bullet lodged deep. Each breath is labored.

He tries to crawl, dragging his leg—

CRUNCH.

A boot lands in front of him.

Jester slowly looks up.

A towering **DARK FIGURE** looms. The wind howls behind it. Its **red eyes burn like embers**—cold, ancient, merciless.

JESTER
(weak, breathless)
Who... who are you?

The figure **chuckles**—deep, guttural, **inhuman**.

AZAZEL
(sinister)
I'm Azazel, Mr. Viera.
And oh... I *remember* that look—
Saw it last on your lost
twin's face.
(smiling)
The story didn't end.
It just paused...
Now I'm here to finish what was
started.

Azazel reaches behind his cloak—

Reveals a **metal bat**, stained from history.

Jester's eyes widen.

JESTER
Wait—!

CRACK!

The bat slams down across his skull.

Jester falls limp—unconscious.

Rain pours harder.

Azazel steps back, his shadow stretching across the mud like a curse.

AZAZEL
(into the darkness)
Let the expedition begin.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

DARKNESS EXPEDITION: CHAPTER 2

*A film by Bradley Viera
Inspired by the music of Jessie Murph*

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Harsh fluorescent lights buzz overhead.
JESSIE sits at the table — soaked hoodie, bruises on her face, trembling hands wrapped around a styrofoam cup of water.

A DETECTIVE (40s, worn down by years of horror) paces slowly in front of her, clipboard in hand.

DETECTIVE
Let me get this straight...
Your mother was taken — *by who*,
exactly?
And the tower... it just *collapsed?*

Jessie leans forward, voice quiet but certain.

JESSIE
Not what. *Who*.
He called himself "The Tormentor."
And Jester... Bradley... he fell
from the helicopter. I watched him
disappear into the sky.

The detective writes something down, not sure whether to believe her.

Suddenly—
The door swings open.

Another OFFICER peeks in.

OFFICER
Uh—Detective?
We got another one. Survivor. Said
his name is... *James Murphy*.

Jessie's eyes go wide.

JESSIE
James!?

James (20s, scraped up, limping) is escorted in.
He locks eyes with Jessie — stunned to see her alive too.

They rush toward each other, almost hugging, until the
detective steps between them.

DETECTIVE
Alright, save it.
We're gonna need to talk to you
both...
separately.

Jessie and James exchange a worried look — as if both know
something the other might be hiding.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James sits alone under another flickering light.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Tell us what happened at the tower.

James exhales.

JAMES
You're not gonna believe me... but
hell came to Tennessee that night.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Dimly lit. The tension is thick.

JAMES sits across from the same DETECTIVE, his hands still
trembling, clothes stained with ash and blood. He's alive—but
shaken.

DETECTIVE
Tell me what you saw. Start with
the tower.

James leans forward, voice low and tense.

JAMES

The tower didn't just collapse...
Someone *launched* a rocket.
It came from a rooftop nearby—blew
the side straight out.

FLASHBACK (QUICK CUTS):

A smoking ROCKET spirals into the NASHVILLE TOWER.

Screams.

Scarlet (Selena) wielding a weapon, running.

Justina, Jessie's mom, firing a fatal shot—Scarlet collapses
in the chaos.

BACK TO SCENE.

JAMES

Selena—Scarlet—whatever she called
herself...
She died right in front of me.
Jessie's mom shot her.

He swallows, then leans in.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And then the call came.

DETECTIVE

What call?

James pulls out his cracked phone, screen still lit from the
missed call log.

JAMES

Unknown number.
All it said was:
"Jester and Brandon are dead. The
story ends here."

The detective raises an eyebrow.

DETECTIVE

You recognize the voice?

James shakes his head.

JAMES

No. But it wasn't human.
It was... *cold*.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Like it enjoyed what it was saying.
And I swear—whatever's been
tormenting the Murphy and Viera
families?

It's still out there.

The detective stands, his decision clear.

DETECTIVE

We're reopening every case related
to this...
Brandon Viera's death in the
Everglades.
Carolina's drowning behind
Brandon's house.
Jester's memorial church—
And every security camera around
the tower.
I want footage pulled from every
damn building that had a rooftop
view that night.

He stops at the door, turning back toward James.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

If this thing comes back...
We won't be unprepared again.

James looks up slowly, fear replaced by something colder.

JAMES

It's not coming back.
(beat)

JAMES (CONT'D)

It never left.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A bank of monitors flickers. Security cam footage loops
silently—

One frame freezes: A DARK FIGURE on a rooftop, shouldering
the ROCKET LAUNCHER.

The same RED EYES glow in the dark.

VOICE (O.S.)

Let the hunt begin.

EXT. FLORIDA EVERGLADES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The sun glares over a swampy stretch of wilderness. BUGS buzz in the thick heat. A white sheet covers a body on the muddy bank.

SUPER: "THREE YEARS AGO - CASE CLOSED"

OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS mill around. DETECTIVE PETERSON (younger, frustrated) kneels by the body bag.

PARAMEDIC
Male. Mid-twenties. Blunt trauma.
Name's Brandon Viera.

Peterson looks up, uneasy.

DETECTIVE PETERSON
And no witnesses?

PARAMEDIC
Nope. Locals said they heard
screaming around 2 AM.
But by the time anyone showed up—he
was already floating.

Peterson stands, eyes scanning the tree line. Something feels... off.

DETECTIVE PETERSON
Then why does it feel like he never
tried to run?

FLASHBACK BLUR - THE SCENE DISSOLVES INTO PRESENT TIME.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Detective Peterson (older now) stands before a whiteboard covered in newspaper clippings, maps, and photos of victims.

He pins a new one: *BRANDON VIERA - EVERGLADES - CLOSED*
Then draws a RED STRING connecting it to: *CAROLINA HERANDEZ - DROWNED*
Then to: *JESTER (BRADLEY VIERA) - PRESUMED DEAD*

He stares at the three names, all tied together by the same unknown force.

DETECTIVE PETERSON
(to himself)
This thing didn't just haunt them.
It chose them.

EXT. OLD MEMORIAL CHURCH - NIGHT

A boarded-up church sits in the middle of nowhere. Lightning cracks in the distance.

SUPER: "JESTER'S MEMORIAL SITE - ABANDONED"

Peterson and two officers slowly approach, flashlights flickering. A CREAK from inside.

OFFICER #1
You sure this place hasn't been
touched in years?

DETECTIVE PETERSON
No.
But something tells me we're not
the first ones back.

They step inside—

ON THE ALTAR: A distorted *clown mask* rests on an old bible.

Bloodstains. Symbols. Candles long since melted.

And scratched into the floor:

"THE EXPEDITION NEVER ENDS."

Peterson's hand slowly reaches for the mask—
A gust of wind slams the doors shut behind them.

TO BE CONTINUED...

INT. MURPHY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Rain taps gently against the windows.

Jessie steps through the dusty entrance of her *childhood home*, untouched since the tragedy. She lingers at the base of the stairs, nostalgic and heavy with grief.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - MUSIC STUDIO ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie opens the door. Posters of musicians, faded lyric sheets, a small keyboard, and her old journal await like ghosts of her past.

She sits at the desk, flips through the *notebook*, and begins scribbling lyrics with a shaking hand.

Suddenly—

STATIC BLARES from the **LIVING ROOM TV** downstairs.

Jessie freezes.

She didn't turn it on.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The old television crackles, flipping through tapes like an unseen hand is fast-forwarding memories.

ON SCREEN:

Young **Bradley** and **Brandon** — laughing in slow motion on a rusty playground. Pure innocence. Joy.

Then—

TAPE SWITCHES.

A dim, institutional *asylum room*.
Older **Brandon**, gaunt and bitter, sits across from **Bradley**, who looks terrified but hopeful.

ASYLUM - SECURITY FOOTAGE STYLE (ON TV)

BRANDON

(bitter)

You left, Brad. When she died, you forgot who we were.

BRADLEY

(guilt-ridden)

I didn't forget. I tried to survive.

BRANDON

Mom split us up like chess pieces.
She gave you Delvin.
Me? She gave me silence... and
pills.

A beat. Brandon's eyes fill with rage.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

And you want to know how
I *really* ended up here?
It wasn't just the voices. It was
DELVIN.
He knew. He *let it happen*.

TAPE SWITCHES AGAIN.

INT. ASYLUM VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT (ON SCREEN)

Brandon now speaks with **Carolina**, who presses her hand against the glass.

CAROLINA

(teary)

You can't stay here, Brandon. This isn't who you are.

BRANDON
No. This is who they *made* me.

CAROLINA
Then let's rewrite the story.

She places a drawing on the glass: a sun over a broken house.

CAROLINA
(softly)
Come back home... to me.

The tape stops.

RING. RING.

Jessie jumps.

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - MUSIC STUDIO ROOM - NIGHT

Her phone vibrates on the desk. *UNKNOWN CALLER.*

She hesitates... then answers.

JESSIE
Hello?

A distorted, whispering voice echoes through the line:

UNKNOWN CALLER (V.O.)
They were never lost, Jessie. They
were **taken**.
And they're not done with you.

CLICK.

Jessie stares ahead, breath quickening.

A faint laugh echoes through the house—one she's heard before.

JESTER'S LAUGH.

INT. UNKNOWN WHITE ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

White light floods everything.

JESTER (now *Bradley*) stirs, lying on a padded surface. His clown makeup is gone — only *bruised skin and scars* remain.

He groans, eyes fluttering open. It's quiet. Eerily quiet.

VOICE (O.S.)

You always had your mother's
stubborn heart...

Bradley's head jerks toward the voice.

DELVIN VIERA steps into view. Aged, weathered, yet well-dressed — eyes filled with something between regret and authority.

JESTER / BRADLEY

(hoarse)
...Dad?

DELVIN

It's been a long time, son.

Bradley sits up slowly, disoriented.

JESTER / BRADLEY

What is this? Where am I?

DELVIN

Somewhere between the pain and the
truth.

Bradley's eyes burn with emotion. Years of silence between them become heavy.

JESTER / BRADLEY

You *left me*. You tore me away from
Brandon... and you let them lock
him up.

Delvin lowers his eyes.

DELVIN

Because I was afraid of what he'd
become... and what I couldn't stop.

JESTER / BRADLEY

(angrily)
He didn't *become* anything — *he was
framed!*
And you *knew*. You let it happen to
keep your own hands clean.

Delvin doesn't deny it.

DELVIN

I did what I thought was right at
the time. Madison and I were
falling apart.

(MORE)

DELVIN (CONT'D)
I wasn't strong enough to protect
either of you... not from *him*.

JESTER / BRADLEY
Azazel.
(a beat, then serious)
My intuition tells me something
else, though.

Bradley stands now, limping slightly but focused.

JESTER / BRADLEY (CONT'D)
It was you.
You launched the rocket.
You destroyed the Nashville Tower.

Delvin doesn't answer right away.

DELVIN
What if I said I wasn't alone?

Bradley's breath catches.

JESTER / BRADLEY
Why come back now?

Delvin looks at him... father to son.

DELVIN
Because Azazel isn't after your
soul anymore.
He's after your *legacy*.
And he's using the sins of our
bloodline to erase everything we
ever loved.
(a beat)
It's time you knew the truth about
who you are...
and *what you were born to stop*.

INT. WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jester (Bradley) paces, tension thick in his breath. Delvin
sits in a chair across the room, calm and cryptic.

JESTER / BRADLEY
That night...
The alley in Nashville.
I saw you watching me.
Why?

Delvin's gaze hardens slightly.

DELVIN
 Because it was the first time you
 looked like *him*.
 Like Brandon.

JESTER / BRADLEY
 Why did you follow me?

DELVIN
 I wasn't following you.
 I was looking for *Erick Murphy*.

Bradley freezes.

JESTER / BRADLEY
 Jessie's father?

DELVIN
 (quiet rage)
 He humiliated me. Took everything I
 built. Blamed me for a
 war *he* started.
 Erick wasn't the saint the Murphy
 name painted him to be.

JESTER / BRADLEY
 So this isn't about Azazel...
 It's about *revenge*?

DELVIN
 I returned because the truth dies
 in silence.
 And I'm tired of watching lies
 define our bloodline.

JESTER / BRADLEY
 (snarling)
 You're not here for redemption.
 You're here to finish what Brandon
 started.

DELVIN
 Maybe.
 But I'm giving you the choice I
 never had.

Jester turns his back, trembling, furious.

JESTER / BRADLEY
 I'm *nothing* like you.
 You abandoned Brandon. You let mom
 suffer.
 And now you want me to join your
 crusade?

DELVIN
(quietly)
You already did, son. The moment
you put on that paint.

Jester clenches his jaw and storms toward the exit, leaving Delvin behind in silence.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessie knocks. The door opens. James stands there, bruised but alive. Shock flashes in both their eyes.

JESSIE
James...

JAMES
You made it.

They hug briefly. Jessie looks at him, needing answers.

JESSIE
I need to know what you saw after
the tower.
What really happened.

James hesitates.

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

JUSTINA wakes up *screaming*, rattling the bars of a rusted steel cage. Her wrists are bloodied from struggling.

The room is massive, *dim*, and cold. A low hum vibrates the floor.

Suddenly – **CLANK**.
The *lights BLAST ON*.

Across the room stands **AZAZEL**, towering, cloaked in shifting shadows. His *glowing red eyes* pierce through the haze.

JUSTINA
(wild)
Who the *fuck* are you?!
Let me see your *face*, you *evil*
freak!

He slowly steps closer, his boots echoing like thunder.

AZAZEL
I'm the worst thing this city has
ever feared.
(a grin in his voice)
(MORE)

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
Funny you should ask...
Didn't go well with *Erick*
Murphy either.

JUSTINA
(shaken)
What are you talking about...?
My husband?

AZAZEL
Erick made a deal once.
Then he ran.
You're here because I'm ready to
collect.

JUSTINA
(screaming)
What do you want from me?!
ANSWER ME!

AZAZEL stops inches from the cage.
She still can't see his face — only those *hellish* eyes.

AZAZEL
You'll understand...
When Jessie takes your place.

BLACKOUT.

INT. JESSIE'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie sits at her desk, notebook open. Her hands tremble as she stares at the *unknown number* that just called her. The phone still buzzes in her hand.

VOICE MESSAGE: (MALE, DISTORTED)

"She's still alive. But not for long. This started with your father... now it ends with you."

She drops the phone. Her breath quickens. She rushes over, pulls open a drawer—finds a box labeled "DAD'S FILES." Dusty. Untouched.

She flips through until she finds a photograph: *Erick Murphy*—younger, standing beside a man in military gear...

DELVIN.

INT. BRADLEY'S (JESTER'S) HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Bradley (Jester) sits on the edge of the white bed, gripping his leg in pain. Delvin paces in the background, his presence unsettling.

JESTER

You knew. You always knew Brandon was innocent. You let them lock him away.

DELVIN

He was *unstable*. And if I didn't sacrifice him... they would've come after you.

JESTER

(stares)

That night in the alley. When I moved to Nashville... you were there, weren't you?

DELVIN

I had a score to settle. Erick Murphy ruined everything. I warned him, but he made a deal and ran like a coward.

JESTER

What deal?

DELVIN

Azazel gave Erick a choice: power in exchange for a soul. Your mother didn't know. But Erick offered a future—your *future*, Jessie's—to be decided later.

JESTER

So what... now you're helping Azazel?

DELVIN

(leaning closer)

No. I want *vengeance*. The Murphys took everything from us. Now, we take it all back.

Jester recoils.

JESTER

You're insane if you think I'll help you.

Delvin's smile fades.

DELVIN
You're still my son, Bradley. Blood
remembers.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie knocks. James opens the door, surprised but calm.

JAMES
You got the call too?

Jessie nods.

JESSIE
They have my mom. And I think... my
father was involved in something
none of us understood.

She shows James the photo from her father's files.

JAMES
That's Delvin Viera... Bradley and
Brandon's father.

(beat)

The detective reopened the old case files. Carolina's death.
Brandon's so-called suicide. We're going back.

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

Detective Alvarez pins a photo of the destroyed **Nashville
Tower** to a board. Next to it: grainy footage of a rocket
being launched from a nearby rooftop. The launcher is visible
—but the figure behind it is *blacked out*.

He scribbles a name:
UNKNOWN SUSPECT.

On the table beside him — files labeled:

BRANDON VIERA - DEATH INVESTIGATION

CAROLINA HERANDEZ - DROWNING

CHURCH MEMORIAL - VANDALIZED SITE

ERICK MURPHY - CLASSIFIED AGREEMENT

INT. MADISON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open. Jessie and James step inside. The house is still, filled with faint echoes of the past. Madison – older, more worn down – sits in an old recliner, a photo album resting on her lap.

MADISON
(softly, without looking
up)
I knew one day you'd come back
here, Jessie.

Jessie walks slowly toward her.

JESSIE
We need answers, Madison. About
Delvin. About Brandon. About
Bradley.

Madison closes the album. Her eyes meet Jessie's. Emotional,
but unreadable.

MADISON
Delvin was never the same after the
war. He came back obsessed. Angry.
He hated Erick Murphy for what he
called "a betrayal."

JAMES
What kind of betrayal?

MADISON
A long time ago... your father and
Delvin were part of something—
bigger than war. Something... dark.
When Erick tried to pull out,
Delvin blamed him for everything
that happened afterward.

Jessie steps forward, eyes narrowed.

JESSIE
Did Delvin know about Azazel?

Madison's silence is heavy. She nods.

MADISON
He believed Azazel could cleanse
the world of the weak... starting
with families who failed their
bloodline.

Jessie's hands ball into fists.

JESSIE

That's why he let Brandon rot in the asylum. That's why he came back now.

JAMES

And what about Carolina? Was her death really an accident?

Madison breaks. She stands and walks to a locked cabinet. She pulls out an old video tape marked:

"Viera Family Tape - CONFIDENTIAL."

MADISON

Before Carolina died, she said Brandon was hearing voices. Not just his own... something *inside him*.

(beat)

Something Delvin knew about and wanted to use.

Jessie stares at the tape.

JESSIE

Then we watch it. Tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DARK SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME TIME

On a wall of screens, **AZAZEL** watches Jessie, James, and Madison. His red eyes glow from the shadows. Behind him, **Justina** is still locked in her cage - now silently watching him too.

AZAZEL

They're chasing memories...

(beat)

But they've already forgotten who lit the match.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MADISON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

An old VCR hums to life. Jessie inserts the labeled tape:
"VIERA FAMILY TAPE - CONFIDENTIAL."

The screen crackles, warping static into an image.

ON SCREEN - VHS FOOTAGE (2005)

LOCATION: VIERA BACKYARD - DAY

Young BRANDON (age 10) and BRADLEY (Jester, age 10) play tag near the river, laughter echoing. Off-camera, a young woman's voice – **Carolina's** – gently narrates.

CAROLINA (V.O.)
They were always inseparable. Two
halves of the same flame.

Quick cuts follow – scenes become darker:

- Brandon alone, sitting in his room, drawing black circles in a notebook.
- Brandon whispering to himself in the mirror.
- A shadow flickers behind him.

CAROLINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But something started changing
Brandon. After Delvin returned.

INT. VIERA HOUSE – NIGHT (FOOTAGE CONTINUES)

*Brandon (older now, 14) stands at the top of the stairs, overhearing a heated conversation between **Carolina** and **Delvin**.*

DELVIN (ON TAPE)
He's not broken. He's evolving. You
just don't see it.
Azazel is choosing him.

CAROLINA (ON TAPE)
He's a child, Delvin! That name—
whatever it is—isn't God. It's
evil.

Sudden static. A SCREAM cuts the tape.

The screen glitches... then shows:

INT. MENTAL ASYLUM ROOM – 2010 – NIGHT (SECURITY CAMERA FEED)

Brandon sits cross-legged, facing the wall. His mouth moves silently. A figure stands outside the room.

BRADLEY (O.S.)
Brandon... it's me. Your brother.

Brandon slowly turns his head. His eyes are RED. Not demonic – infected. Tortured.

BRANDON
You shouldn't have come back. He's
awake now.

JESSIE (O.S.)
 (whispering in real time)
 Oh my god...

The tape ends abruptly.

INT. MADISON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jessie stands in stunned silence. James grips the edge of the desk, shaken.

MADISON
 There was more... but some of it was
 destroyed when Carolina died.

Jessie backs away, lost in thought.

JESSIE
 We're not just fighting a demon...
 (beat)
 We're fighting our own history.

EXT. OLD SOUTH RIDGE MENTAL ASYLUM - NIGHT

Jessie and James pull up to a decaying, ivy-wrapped building, long shut down and left to rot. Their car headlights cut through the fog, revealing the collapsed sign:

"SOUTH RIDGE PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - CLOSED IN 2011"

JAMES
 You really think we'll find
 something here?

JESSIE
 It's where Brandon last spoke to
 Bradley...
 Maybe there's more they left
 behind. Records, tapes... or
 something worse.

They step out, flashlights in hand, walking up the cracked steps.

INT. SOUTH RIDGE ASYLUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The air is thick. Dust dances in the flashlight beams. They pass rusted gurneys and shattered doors. Jessie finds a door marked:

"PATIENT FILES - ARCHIVES"

She jiggles the handle. Locked.

JAMES

Step back.

James kicks it open with a solid BOOM. Inside, old file cabinets and tapes are stacked carelessly. Jessie starts digging.

JESSIE

We're looking for patient B. Viera...
2009 through 2011.

She flips through folders. Dust flies. Her hand freezes on a labeled envelope:

"Brandon Viera - UNAUTHORIZED RECORDINGS (CONFISCATED)"

JAMES

Holy shit...

*Inside are black-and-white photos: Brandon drawing occult symbols, one of him screaming at the ceiling. Jessie also finds a **cassette tape**, labeled in shaky handwriting:*

"AZAZEL SPOKE TO ME - 11/03/10"

Suddenly - a CRASH from down the hall.

They spin around.

JESSIE

(sharp whisper)
We're not alone.

They step into the corridor. At the far end, a SHADOW moves - unnaturally fast - and then it's gone.

JAMES

That wasn't a rat.

INT. SOUTH RIDGE ASYLUM - RECORD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie finds an old tape recorder, clicks the tape in.

ON TAPE (BRANDON'S VOICE)

He told me I wasn't born a monster...
I was made into one.
He showed me what they did to Dad.
What they planned for me... and
Bradley.

AZAZEL (DISTORTED VOICE)
You were chosen to break the
chains... Your pain is the key.

The audio distorts. Screams. Then silence.

JAMES
(turning pale)
We need to leave. Now.

Suddenly – the lights FLICKER. Jessie grabs the tape. They run.

EXT. SOUTH RIDGE ASYLUM - NIGHT

They rush back to the car. Jessie holds the tape close, shaken but determined.

JESSIE
This isn't just about the past
anymore...
This is how we stop him.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jester sits up slowly in a sterile, bright room. His leg bandaged, but his eyes burning with suspicion. DELVIN stands near the window, arms crossed, watching him.

JESTER
(steady, wary)
Why now, Dad? After all these
years... why come back?

DELVIN
(sighs, avoiding eye
contact)
Because the past never truly dies,
Bradley.
And because there are debts that
need to be paid.

Jester's jaw tightens.

JESTER
The night I moved to Nashville –
you left me alone in that alley.
I know what you were really doing.

DELVIN

(grim)

I was trying to protect you... and
keep a promise I couldn't keep.

JESTER

You mean the promise to let Brandon
rot in that asylum?
To let him take the fall for
everything?
That you held a grudge against
Erick Murphy, and used me to settle
it?

DELVIN

(voice breaking)

I hated Erick.
But I never wanted it to get this
far.
I thought if I kept the family
separated, I could stop the
bloodshed.

Jester's eyes narrow, voice low and bitter.

JESTER

Well, it didn't work.
You launched that rocket on the
Nashville tower, didn't you?
To hurt Erick. To hurt Jessie.

DELVIN

(looking away)

Sometimes revenge blinds you.
But it's not too late to fix this,
son.

JESTER

(shaking his head)

I'm not joining you.
Whatever your plan is — I'm done
being your pawn.

Delvin's expression hardens.

DELVIN

You'll see, Bradley.
You'll understand why I'm back.
And you'll have to decide where
your loyalty lies.

Delvin turns, heading to the door. Pausing, he looks back.

DELVIN (CONT'D)
One way or another — this ends soon.

Jester watches him leave, fists clenched, the weight of betrayal heavy in the air. The camera lingers on Jester's conflicted face.

INT. JESSIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie sits on her couch, scrolling through her phone. Suddenly, it vibrates with an unknown caller ID. She hesitates, then answers.

JESSIE
Hello?

No reply — just silence. Then, a series of texts arrives rapidly. Jessie's eyes widen as she opens the first message:

Photo 1: Jester falling into a rushing river, his body half-submerged, desperate.

Photo 2: Jester crawling out of the river, leg bloodied and injured.

Photo 3: A shadowy figure looming over Jester, raising a metal bat — the moment before impact.

Jessie gasps, her hand trembling. She stares at the last image, heart pounding.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Jester... you're alive.

Her fingers hover over the phone, torn between panic and hope. Suddenly, a new message appears:

TEXT MESSAGE:

"He's not safe. They're still after him. Find him before they do."

Jessie stands up abruptly, grabbing her jacket.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I'm coming for you, Bradley.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CEMETERY - OVERCAST DAY

Wind rustles the trees. JESTER (Bradley), limping from his leg injury, walks slowly toward a weathered grave. He lowers himself to the ground, pain evident, and rests a trembling hand on the stone:

GRAVESTONE:

Brandon Viera

"Brother. Fighter. Forgotten."

Bradley's voice cracks with honesty, no mask, no bravado.

BRADLEY (JESTER)

(softly)

I never got to say I'm sorry.
For letting you take the blame...
For not being strong enough to stop
any of this.

He exhales, tears stinging but unshed.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

You weren't the villain they made
you out to be.
We both know who was pulling the
strings.
It was always him... Delvin.

A gust of wind swirls - then, an eerie, mocking voice echoes from behind the grave.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Touching speech, Brad.
Real Hallmark moment.

Bradley flinches, but doesn't turn. A ghostly figure forms - JOSHUA, the evil spirit of James' alter ego - grinning, eyes glowing faintly red, his tone biting and smug.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You standing at his grave now?
That's rich.
You two spent more time trying to
kill each other than actually
talking.

BRADLEY

(sharp, bitter)
What do you want?

JOSHUA

Just observing the show.
You — limping around, drowning in
guilt —
Jessie scrambling to find you
because Daddy Delvin decided to
stir the pot again.
And Brandon? Six feet under with
all your secrets.

BRADLEY

(quietly)
I didn't want it to end like this.

JOSHUA

Neither did I.
But hey — you and I both know
Nashville was just the warm-up.
Whatever's coming next?
It's going to bury you... unless
you bury it first.

Bradley stares down at the grave.

BRADLEY

This ends with me.
Not Jessie. Not James. Me.

Joshua smirks, fading into smoke.

JOSHUA

We'll see, hero.
We'll see.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

*Jessie spreads the printed photos across her bed — the river,
the crawling Jester, the metal bat. Her eyes burn with
purpose. She grabs a flashlight, a notebook, a key — then
opens a drawer revealing a hidden handgun.*

JESSIE

(mutters)
Delvin wants me in the game again?
Fine. I'll play.

*She glances at a faded picture of her and Bradley, back when
things were still bright. Then slams the drawer shut.*

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I'm coming for you, Jester.

She walks out into the night, the wind howling behind her.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT DAY

Bradley (Jester) remains at Brandon's grave, lost in thought. A chill runs through him as the wind dies completely. Silence presses in - until the faint echo of whispered laughter surrounds him.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
You really think this ends with
you?

Bradley turns sharply - Joshua stands inches from him now, face cold, eyes darker.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
I've seen what's coming.
You're not ready.
You're still that scared little
brother...
who let Brandon rot... who let
Carolina die...
who let me out.

Bradley clenches his fists, jaw trembling.

BRADLEY (JESTER)
You're just a memory.
A mistake James buried years ago.

JOSHUA
(smirking)
Mistakes don't whisper in your
sleep.
They scream.

A flicker - Bradley sees fire, flashes of the Nashville tower burning, Brandon screaming. Joshua leans close, whispering.

JOSHUA
Delvin isn't the only one coming
for you.
This city has ghosts...
and some of them still wear your
face.

Bradley shouts, swinging at the ghost - but Joshua vanishes in smoke, leaving him alone and shaking.

EXT. MURPHY SANCTUARY - EVENING

The once-vibrant sanctuary is overgrown and worn down, a relic of Jessie's past. She walks through it slowly, touching the old piano, her fingers trembling with memory.

*She hums a melody – the first one she ever sang to Bradley.
Her voice cracks but pushes through.*

JESSIE
(softly, to herself)
You said you'd always find your way
back here...

She looks around. Something catches her eye – carvings in the wood:

J + B = ??

"We survive the dark."

Jessie's eyes well up – but her expression hardens. She pulls out her phone, opening a GPS file she received anonymously. The route leads into the Tennessee mountains.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Wherever you are... I'm coming.

EXT. REMOTE WOODLAND CABIN - TENNESSEE - NIGHT

A massive, decrepit cabin buried deep in the woods. Fog creeps around the edges. Crows scatter as a truck pulls up. DELVIN steps out, jacket flapping in the wind. He walks to the porch where a single rocking chair creaks.

In the chair sits DALTON – pale, eyes sharp like broken glass, a mirror shard embedded in his cheek like a badge. He stares at Delvin like a man watching his next meal.

DALTON
You really want me back in this,
Delvin?

DELVIN
I need fear.
The kind only you can bring.

DALTON
(smiling)
Nashville still remembers me.
The "Mirror Murderer."
But I don't work for free.

DELVIN
This isn't a job.
It's revenge.

Dalton leans forward, a twin reflection in his cracked hand mirror showing blood and flame.

DALTON

Then say no more.
Let's break some glass.

INT. MURPHY SANCTUARY - STORAGE CLOSET - NIGHT

The sanctuary is dim, moonlight pouring in through broken windows. Dust dances in the air. Jessie kneels, pulling back an old rug, revealing a loose floorboard. She pries it up - inside is a metal lockbox.

She opens it. Inside: a handgun, a bundle of letters, a silver locket, and an old cassette recorder marked "FOR WHEN IT ALL RETURNS." Her hands shake as she takes the gun and locket.

JESSIE

(softly, to herself)
I didn't want to go back to this.

She checks the gun - it's loaded. Tucks it into her bag. Picks up the recorder. Presses PLAY.

RECORDER (BRADLEY'S VOICE)

(weak, static-cracked)
If you're hearing this...
I didn't make it. Or I'm lost.
Either way, I knew you'd come back here.

Jessie closes her eyes, tears silently falling.

RECORDER (BRADLEY)

There are things I never told you,
Jess...
About Brandon. About Delvin. About
what we unleashed that night.

The tape clicks off. Jessie slowly opens the bundle of letters. One is addressed in shaky handwriting:

"JESSIE - IF I VANISH, READ THIS FIRST."

She slips it into her jacket. Then - a sudden clatter from down the hallway.

Jessie freezes, grabs the handgun, breathes through the panic. She stalks down the corridor.

INT. MURPHY SANCTUARY - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The front door creaks open with the wind. A figure stands silhouetted briefly before darting out of sight.

JESSIE
(into the dark)
Bradley?
Is that you?

Silence. Then – faint laughter. Joshua's laugh.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
You're brave... but you're late.

Jessie spins, aiming the gun toward the sound. Empty. No one there.

She steadies her breath. Holsters the weapon. Her phone buzzes – another message from the unknown sender:

PHOTO: A trail through the woods.
Caption: "He was here last night."

EXT. MURPHY SANCTUARY – MOMENTS LATER

Jessie steps outside, flashlight in one hand, gun in the other. She follows the trail, deeper into the trees. The woods echo with distant sounds – owls, rustling leaves... whispers.

EXT. WOODS – NEAR MURPHY SANCTUARY – NIGHT

Jessie trudges through thick brush, the flashlight beam bouncing with each step. Trees loom around her like silent watchers. The air is heavy with mist. Crickets stop chirping.

She spots something ahead – a piece of torn flannel caught on a low branch.

JESSIE
(softly)
Bradley...

She pulls it free. Blood on the corner.

Her phone buzzes again. Another image:

PHOTO: A decrepit hunting cabin in the woods.
Caption: "Closer than you think."

EXT. HUNTING CABIN – NIGHT

A cold wind brushes Jessie's face as she approaches the sagging cabin. It leans like it's tired of standing. One window broken. The door hangs half-open.

Jessie raises her gun. Her breath trembles in the air.

She steps inside.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Dust swirls. Cobwebs in the corners. A cot — blood-stained bandages bunched on the mattress.

Someone was here.

Then — a voice, low and familiar.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Didn't think you'd come all this
way alone.
You always were the hopeful one.

Jessie spins. Flashlight flickers.

No one's there.

JESSIE

(sharp, steady)
I'm not scared of you, Joshua.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

You should be.

A gust slams the cabin door shut. Jessie jumps, whirls toward it.

A shadow moves past the window.

She steadies herself. Gun raised.

Then—her light catches something on the wall.

A PHOTO: Jester — alive, limping, soaked in blood — dragging himself through the forest.

Beside it: A MAP with red circles.

One reads: **MIRROR HOUSE.**

Another: **VIERA CEMETERY.**

A third: **DALTON.**

Scrawled beneath in frantic ink:

"Delvin's building something. And it starts again here."

Jessie rips the map down.

CRACK—twigs snap behind the cabin.

She spins, eyes wide.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jessie bursts outside, flashlight slicing through the trees.

But it's not Jester.

A figure steps into the clearing -

MEGAN.

Tired. Dirty. Haunted.

MEGAN

(urgent)

Jessie... he's alive. But we don't
have much time.

JESSIE

(staggered)

I thought you were dead.

MEGAN

It's a long story.
I was Azazel's prisoner that night...
when he took my sister.
And when she lost Brandon - the
only man who truly loved her -
I lost everything too.

JESSIE

Where is he?

MEGAN

Viera Cemetery.
He went to speak with Brandon.

EXT. VIERA CEMETERY - NIGHT

Wind cuts through crooked headstones. Moonlight filters
through leafless trees.

Bradley (Jester) limps between graves, one leg heavily
bandaged. No weapon - just a flickering candle and the weight
of his guilt.

He stops at a simple, weather-worn headstone:

BRANDON VIERA

A brother. A burden. A mystery.

Bradley kneels. Lights the candle.

BRADLEY (JESTER)

(softly)

You'd laugh if you saw me now.
Bleeding, broken... hunted by the
ghosts you left behind.

(beat)

I didn't know how to speak to you
then. I barely do now. But I'm
sorry, Brandon. For the way it
ended. For letting Delvin turn us
into monsters.

A silence. Wind stirs the trees.

Then:

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Touching.
But your little apology tour won't
stop what's coming.

Bradley doesn't look up.

BRADLEY

Still hiding in the shadows,
Joshua?

JOSHUA (O.S.)

I'm not hiding. I'm watching.

From behind the headstone, a **figure emerges** —
JOSHUA, in black funeral attire. Pale. Eyes hollow.
A grin like a wound.

JOSHUA

Isn't it funny?
You stand over the grave of the one
man who loved you like a brother...
But you and I — we were always
closer.

BRADLEY

You were James's mistake.
His wound. His curse.

JOSHUA

(chuckles)

Maybe.
But even curses outlive the body.
And you — you're still carrying me,
Bradley.

Joshua leans in.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 Delvin's plan?
 It's not about revenge anymore.
 It's about **rebirth**.
 And you...
 You're the final piece.

BRADLEY
 I'm done playing his game.

JOSHUA
 Too late.
 Your blood sealed the contract long ago.

Bradley's leg buckles — a sharp pain, as if twisted by invisible force. He collapses.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 Don't worry. You won't die yet.
 (whisper-thin)
 But when Jessie sees what's left of you... She'll wish she hadn't come.

Joshua dissolves into mist. The candle goes out.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Jessie drives Megan's rusted truck through trees at breakneck speed. Headlights slice through the dark.

MEGAN
 If we don't get there soon—

JESSIE
 He won't finish this.
 Not if I get to him first.

EXT. VIERA CEMETERY - NIGHT

Bradley stands alone by Brandon's grave, ghost-pale and shaking.

CRUNCH — footsteps.

He turns — sees **Jessie** running toward him.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
 (voice breaking)
 Bradley... you're alive.

Bradley's guard drops. His lips part — disbelief, then emotion.

BRADLEY

Jessie...
I thought you'd moved on.

JESSIE

Never.
Not after everything.
You're not alone anymore.

She reaches out. Touches his face, gently – tracing the pain,
the survival.

BRADLEY

I've been running.
From Delvin.
From myself.
From everything we lost.

JESSIE

We all carry scars.
But together – we fight.
We survive.

Their eyes meet.

They lean in – a kiss, slow and searching.

Pain meets forgiveness.

Hope returns.

Bradley's hand finds Jessie's waist. Her fingers hold his
face, grounding him.

Then–

MEGAN

(urgent)
We don't have long.
Delvin's moving.
And **Dalton's** closer than we think.

Jessie nods, eyes never leaving Bradley.

JESSIE

Then we move. Together.

Bradley grips his cane tighter. Fire in his eyes now.

BRADLEY

For Brandon.
For us.
For everyone they've taken.

They move out – united.

EXT. NASHVILLE STREET - NIGHT

A dark SUV pulls up.

Delvin steps out. Calm. Controlled. Monstrous.

He lifts a phone to his ear.

DELVIN
(into phone)
Dalton... it's time.
Bring the mirror down on them.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - MIRROR ROOM - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles outside. Moonlight slips through shattered stained-glass windows, painting the floor in broken colors.

Inside, **DALTON** – a tall, gaunt man in a ceremonial robe – stands before an **ancient mirror**.

The mirror is massive – twelve feet tall, framed in twisted blackened oak. Its surface ripples, like liquid.

Arcane **symbols** are carved into the floor, glowing faintly. Candles flicker around him, casting eerie shadows.

Dalton chants softly in **Latin**, hands trembling over a rusted dagger.

DELVIN (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
Open the passage.
The mirror's been sealed too long.

Dalton slices his palm, lets the blood drip onto the glass.

The mirror pulses. A low, otherworldly hum fills the room.

DALTON
(to the mirror)
Azazel... Red King... Lucifer's
Gatekeeper...
Your children awaken.

The mirror SHUDDERS. Cracks spiderweb the glass – but instead of breaking, they glow like veins of fire.

Then – a SCREAM echoes from within the mirror.

A **face** presses against the glass – distorted, hollow-eyed. It claws, trying to emerge.

Dalton steps back, terrified.

DALTON
What the hell–

DELVIN (V.O.)
Let it through. Don't flinch.

Dalton swallows hard, then places both hands on the glass.

The face vanishes.

The mirror goes **pitch black**.

Then – from the void inside, a **burning hand** SHOOTs out and GRABS Dalton by the throat.

He chokes – gasping – eyes wide in horror.

Out of the mirror steps a figure in tattered robes – **THE RED ANTICHRIST** – eyes glowing with infernal light. Half-human, half-shadow.

Dalton collapses to the floor, gasping.

RED ANTICHRIST
The seal is broken.

A second figure steps from the mirror – **DAMIAN**, “Son of the Snake,” his serpentine eyes glistening.

Then a third – cloaked in darkness, whispering ancient words – **THE SHADOW TWIN**.

They bow briefly toward an unseen force still inside the mirror.

RED ANTICHRIST (CONT'D)
Call the others.
The final war begins at **dawn**.

The mirror glows blood-red, illuminating strange runes on the walls – images of Jessie, Bradley, and Jester... all marked with crosses.

RED ANTICHRIST (CONT'D)
Find the girl.
Break the Guardian's bond.

Dalton trembles on the floor, trying to stand.

DALTON
W-what do I tell Delvin?

The Red Antichrist turns slowly to Dalton — and SMILES.

RED ANTICHRIST
Tell him... we'll deliver her heart
in chains.

The camera pans back — revealing dozens of **mirrors** lining the walls, each one flickering with movement inside — trapped souls, clawing to get out.

Thunder booms.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BACKWOODS HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A battered truck speeds down a narrow road, its headlights carving through fog. Inside:

INT. MEGAN'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Jessie drives, eyes locked on the road. Bradley sits beside her, pale, leg still bleeding through his bandages. Megan rides in the back seat, loading a shotgun, eyes on the dark forest outside.

No one speaks for a beat. The hum of the tires fills the silence.

BRADLEY
(quiet)
He's coming, isn't he?

MEGAN
He already has.
They opened the Mirror.

Jessie tightens her grip on the wheel.

JESSIE
What does that mean? The Mirror?

MEGAN
It's not just a portal.
It's a gateway to the Old Ones... the things Delvin made deals with before either of you were born.

BRADLEY
Azazel... the Red Antichrist...
Damian...

MEGAN

They're not just demons. They're echoes of what we fear most. They twist your memories, crawl inside your head — until you don't know what's real anymore.

Bradley stares out the window. His reflection looks older somehow — haunted.

BRADLEY

Then we stop it before it begins.

JESSIE

Dalton's the key. If he summoned them, he knows how to banish them.

MEGAN

(scoffs)

Dalton's been Delvin's lapdog for years. He'd rather die than help us.

JESSIE

Then we make sure he talks before he gets the chance.

Megan and Bradley share a brief glance — surprised by Jessie's resolve.

BRADLEY

You've changed.

JESSIE

(quiet but firm)

Pain does that.

Suddenly — a figure lurches into the headlights.

Jessie SWERVES — tires SCREECH — the truck skids and slams to a stop.

EXT. BACKWOODS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessie leaps out, gun raised. Bradley limps after her. Megan hops out, shotgun aimed.

The figure is GONE.

Just a **bloody handprint** smeared across the windshield.

From the trees, a faint laugh echoes — familiar.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
So close... and still so blind.

The wind picks up, howling unnaturally. Trees shake violently, and the air grows heavy.

JESSIE
(to the darkness)
Show yourself!

The laughter fades.

MEGAN
We're not safe out here. If
Joshua's tracking us, they're not
far behind.

BRADLEY
Then we change the game.
No more running.

He looks at Jessie — wounded but determined.

BRADLEY
We take the fight to Delvin.
To the Mirror House.

Jessie nods slowly. A beat. Then—

JESSIE
Then let's finish what we started.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DELVIN'S WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Delvin stands before a massive, glowing map — symbols, red circles, connected by string and nails.

Behind him, **THE RED ANTICHRIST**, **DAMIAN**, and **SHADOW TWIN** stand silently.

DELVIN
Send the Reapers to Dalton.
Kill him if he hesitates. Jessie's
heading straight for the Mirror
House.

The Red Antichrist grins.

RED ANTICHRIST

Let them come.
They'll bleed before the glass
shatters.

Delvin stares into the dark mirror at the center of the room — a warped reflection of himself staring back with burning red eyes.

EXT. MIRROR HOUSE - NIGHT

A decrepit mansion towers against the blood-red moonlight. Ivy crawls over shattered windows. A rusted gate swings open as if it's been expecting them.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Jessie kills the engine. Silence.

MEGAN

We go in fast. No hesitation.

Bradley opens the glove box and grabs an old dagger — carved with ancient symbols.

BRADLEY

This was Delvin's. Before he lost
his soul.

JESSIE

He never had one.

She looks to Megan and Bradley — a quiet bond between them now. All three nod.

EXT. MIRROR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They step out. Every sound feels amplified — the crunch of boots on gravel, the creak of the door as Jessie pushes it open.

INT. MIRROR HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The inside is worse than the outside. Walls are blackened. Mirrors hang shattered. An ancient chandelier sways overhead, though there's no wind.

As they step inside, the door SLAMS shut behind them.

JESSIE
 (whispers)
 Stay sharp.

Suddenly – a WHISPERING begins. The mirrors... they whisper.
 Not in one voice, but **dozens**. Layered. Tormented.

BRADLEY
 They remember us...

Megan holds her shotgun tight. A pulse of **energy** ripples down
 the hallway.

MEGAN
 That's the center. That's where the
 mirror ritual took place.

They move deeper into the house.

INT. MIRROR HOUSE - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

This room is a cathedral of broken reflections. Every wall,
 floor, and ceiling is lined with cracked glass. A single
 chair sits in the middle of the room – a figure tied to it.

DALTON.

Bloody. Barely breathing. Eyes flicker open as the trio
 enters.

DALTON
 (weak)
 Took you long enough...

Jessie rushes forward.

JESSIE
 What did you open?

Dalton's face tightens. A mirror behind him flickers –
 showing flashes of fire, war, and a **beast with glowing eyes**.

DALTON
 I didn't open it.
 I *finished* what your father
 started.

MEGAN
 He's lying. He made the sacrifice.
 That mirror is alive now.

Dalton smiles through bloodied teeth.

DALTON
You think Azazel was the end?
You think Delvin was the start?
You know nothing of the *real* family
curse.

Bradley raises the dagger.

BRADLEY
Then talk — or we let the mirror
finish what it started.

Dalton's eyes burn — not with fear, but pride.

DALTON
It's too late.
The last seal is already broken.

CRASH! — every mirror in the room shatters simultaneously,
except for one — the largest one at the end of the hall. It
begins to glow.

From its depths, a **form begins to step through** — burning,
twisted, *inhuman*.

Jessie gasps.

JESSIE
No... that's not Azazel.

MEGAN
That's the one who *created* him.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MIRROR HOUSE - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The glass trembles. The glow from the unbroken **main
mirror** floods the room in a sickly gold light.

From within it, **the figure** fully steps out — not quite human,
not quite beast. Its body shifts like liquid shadow, antlers
crowned in flame, eyes like twin eclipses.

BRADLEY
(low, stunned)
What the hell is that...?

DALTON
(whispers)
They called him **Samarith** in the old
books.
The First Mirror Walker.
(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)
The one who taught Delvin how to
split a soul.

BRADLEY
You're lying.

SAMARITH
(voice low, echoing,
ancient)
He is not.

Samarith glides forward. Mirrors reflect him at every angle,
yet his body casts no shadow.

SAMARITH (CONT'D)
Long ago, your father sought to
save you from death, Jessie.
But to do that... he needed to bend
time.
He needed **me**.

Jessie backs up, gun raised, shaking slightly.

JESSIE
My father died trying to protect
us.

SAMARITH
No.
He died because he failed me.
And now you will finish his debt.

The mirrors around the room begin to flicker again – flashing
images of **Delvin's past**: rituals, blood oaths, him as a
younger man, kneeling before Samarith in this very room.

MEGAN
(quiet, realizing)
The curse didn't start with Azazel.
Azazel was born from this thing.

Bradley steps forward, dagger in hand.

BRADLEY
What do you want from us?

SAMARITH
You, Bradley... are the final echo.
Brandon was the flesh.
You are the soul.
And Jessie... she is the **key**.

JESSIE
To what?

SAMARITH
To tearing the veil.
To releasing everything that's been
trapped behind the glass.

Suddenly – the **dagger in Bradley's hand begins to glow** with
burning runes. Samarith recoils slightly.

SAMARITH (CONT'D)
You carry Delvin's betrayal.
How poetic... the weapon forged by
the traitor will now end the
bloodline.

DALTON
(gasping)
Kill me. End it now. Or he'll use
me to open the others.

Samarith lifts his arm – and a shard of mirror floats, sharp
as a blade, hovering beside Dalton's throat.

SAMARITH
No more delays.

Bradley looks to Jessie.

BRADLEY
We either run – or we end this now.

Jessie raises her gun again, staring at the mirror entity.

JESSIE
We don't run anymore.

She FIRES. The bullet hits Samarith – but instead of piercing
him, it passes **through** like smoke. The mirror behind
him **shatters violently**.

SAMARITH
Fools.

He vanishes in a swirl of smoke and flame.

Dalton slumps, still breathing.

MEGAN
We need to find the other mirrors.
Before he does.

Jessie grabs the dagger from Bradley, her eyes hard.

JESSIE
Then let's end this.
Once and for all.

EXT. MIRROR HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightning cracks the sky. The house groans like it's alive.
As they emerge, smoke rises from every broken window.

In the distance - a second mirror flickers to life.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. VIERA CEMETERY - NIGHT

A mirror mounted to an old tree begins to hum.. and **a hand reaches through.**

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ANCIENT CHURCH - BASEMENT CATACOMBS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Candlelight flickers across cracked stone. A younger **DELVIN**, no older than 30, kneels before a massive mirror **covered in black cloth**, sweat glistening down his face. His eyes are bloodshot. Behind him, a **circle of glyphs** glows faintly - drawn in ash and blood.

A weathered book lies open. Ancient Latin chants are scratched in messy handwriting.

DELVIN
(softly chanting)
...ut tenebras vocet... animam spargat...
speculum transgrediatur...

The mirror pulses.

From the cloth, a **gold light leaks.**

Delvin rises, trembling, and pulls the cloth away.

The mirror reveals a warped reflection - not his own, but a hellish forest, with antlers swaying in the dark.

SAMARITH (O.S.)
You've come to bargain, mortal.

A cold wind rushes through the room. The candles **extinguish all at once.**

Delvin doesn't flinch.

DELVIN

My daughter... she's dying. Doctors
say she has days.
I want to save her. I'll do
anything.

SAMARITH

Anything... is expensive.

Delvin hesitates. Then he **slashes his palm**, letting the blood
fall into a silver bowl beneath the mirror.

DELVIN

Just tell me what you want.

SAMARITH

Her life... for a split soul.
Half in light... half in shadow.

The mirror ripples.

Delvin's image appears in the reflection — **split down the
middle**, one side human, the other... monstrous.

SAMARITH (CONT'D)

You will carry the wound.
So shall your sons.

DELVIN

My sons?

SAMARITH

Your bloodline will be the thread.
Jessie is only the spark.
But the fire... will be your legacy.

The glyphs on the floor burn brighter. The mirror turns
black.

SAMARITH (CONT'D)

Seal the oath.
Say her name.

Delvin, eyes wet, whispers:

DELVIN

Jessie.

A shockwave pulses from the mirror. The walls **crack**, the
glyphs **ignite**, and Delvin is **thrown backward**, unconscious.

INT. MIRROR HOUSE - JESSIE'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Jessie bolts awake — sweat pouring down her face. She gasps for breath.

JESSIE
(whispering)
Dad... what did you do?

Bradley stands in the doorway, holding a flashlight.

BRADLEY
You alright?

JESSIE
I saw it. The deal.
He made it with Samarith. For me.

BRADLEY
Then it's worse than we thought.
That mirror curse — it didn't start
with Brandon.
It started with Delvin.

Jessie wipes her eyes, furious and heartbroken.

JESSIE
We're not just fighting a demon...
We're fighting **a legacy**.

Bradley nods.

BRADLEY
Then we end it with us.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A thick fog rolls over the cracked pavement. The silhouette of a large, rusted warehouse looms in the darkness. The faint glow of a single overhead light flickers near the entrance.

Delvin steps out of his black SUV, his expression cold and controlled. He pulls his coat tighter against the chill and pulls out his phone.

DELVIN
(into phone)
Dalton. It's time. Bring the mirror
down on them.

A shadow moves just inside the doorway.

The door creaks open.

DALTON emerges – a tall man with sharp, angular features, his eyes reflecting a sinister gleam. He wears a dark leather jacket, and twin daggers hang at his belt. He's the feared **Mirror Murderous Twin**, whispered about in Tennessee's darkest tales.

DALTON
You have the mirror?

Delvin nods, pulling a small, ornate box from his coat pocket. He opens it to reveal a shard of glass – jagged, but pulsing with a faint, eerie light.

DELVIN
More than that. It's ready.

Dalton's grin widens.

DALTON
Then let's make sure they never see
the light again.

They exchange a look – cold, deadly, unstoppable.

Suddenly, the fog thickens. The sound of distant sirens pierces the night.

DELVIN
(quiet, tense)
Time's running out. We move at
dawn.

Dalton nods, slipping the shard into an inside pocket.

They vanish into the shadows as the fog swallows the warehouse.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective **MARLA SULLIVAN** (40s, sharp, worn from years on the job) studies a crumpled photo on the table – the same photo of Jester crawling out of the river, leg injured, the mysterious figure looming behind him.

She taps her pen, frustrated.

MARLA
(softly, to herself)
What the hell are you mixed up in,
Bradley?

Across from her, a nervous **OFFICER RAMIREZ** enters, holding a folder.

OFFICER RAMIREZ

Detective, we got reports of strange sightings near Viera Cemetery – people seeing shadows, hearing whispers. Some folks are spooked enough to stay clear.

Marla's eyes narrow.

MARLA

This isn't just rumors anymore. Someone's stirring the past up. And it's about to get messy.

She stands abruptly, grabbing her coat.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to Viera Cemetery. Time to see what's hiding in the dark.

INT. DARK CELL - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Justina, bruised and weary, is locked inside a cramped cage. The rusty bars creak with every breath she takes.

The air is thick with cold dread. Shadows twist unnaturally along the stone walls.

Suddenly, the temperature drops.

AZAZEL steps forward from the darkness – tall, with glowing eyes, a twisted smile full of malice.

AZAZEL

(soft, venomous)

Welcome back, Justina. You've been missed.

Justina shivers but lifts her chin defiantly.

JUSTINA

You won't break me.

Azazel circles the cage slowly.

AZAZEL

Oh, but I already have. The question is – will you break yourself?

He leans in, voice a whisper of torment.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
Soon, the pieces of this broken
family will be mine... and the
darkness will rise again.

Justina's eyes flash with determination, despite her chains.

JUSTINA
Not if I have anything to say about
it.

Azazel laughs, a chilling sound that echoes off the walls.

AZAZEL
We'll see, little bird. We'll see.

Back to the **Police Station**, Marla's voice echoes as she
leaves:

MARLA (V.O.)
Sometimes the darkest secrets don't
stay buried...

EXT. VIERA CEMETERY - NIGHT

Marla pulls up in her unmarked police car, the headlights
cutting through the thick fog rolling over the graves. She
steps out, flashlight in hand, her breath visible in the cold
air.

The silence is broken only by distant crows cawing.

She moves cautiously down a narrow path, eyes scanning the
shadows between the tombstones.

Suddenly, her flashlight catches something — fresh footprints
in the dirt, leading toward the oldest section of the
cemetery.

Marla follows, heart pounding.

She reaches a weathered gravestone — the same one for **Brandon
Viera**.

Her radio crackles.

OFFICER RAMIREZ (V.O.)
Detective, you're not gonna believe
this... we found something near the
old mirror house.

Marla tightens her grip on the flashlight.

MARLA
(on radio)
Send backup. And tell the forensics
team to prepare for anything.

She turns back to the gravestone and kneels, brushing away
dead leaves.

Etched faintly on the ground nearby – strange symbols, like a
ritual circle.

Her eyes widen.

MARLA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What kind of war did they bury
here?

Suddenly, a twig snaps behind her. She spins, gun drawn.

Nothing but darkness.

A chilling whisper brushes past her ear.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're too late, Detective.

Marla's grip tightens, her eyes narrowing.

MARLA
Show yourself.

But only silence answers.

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Detective Marla, bruised and limping, helps **Justina** shuffle
through the narrow passage. Their flashlights flicker.
Distant howls echo behind them – AZAZEL is still hunting.

JUSTINA
(weakly)
I told Jessie never to come looking
for me... I didn't want her to see me
like that... in that *thing's* cage...

MARLA
She never gave up. Neither did your
son-in-law. They've been ripping
the world apart to find you.

Justina stops, emotional.

JUSTINA
Jessie... still alive?

MARLA
Yeah. And she needs her mom now
more than ever.

A BOOM echoes behind them. Screams. One of Marla's back-up teams is gone in seconds.

MARLA
We're out of time. Come on.

They vanish into the shadows just as **Azazel's monstrous silhouette** emerges, breathing fire-red mist.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie, Bradley, and Megan burst in, battered and coughing from their earlier encounter with Dalton and Delvin.

JESSIE
(frantic)
We were so close... they vanished
again.

BRADLEY
They're summoning something. It's
not just Azazel anymore.

MEGAN
Then we end it before it starts.

Suddenly, Jessie's phone RINGS. An **unknown number**.

JESSIE
Hello?

A pause. Then a quiet, deep voice:

ORION (V.O.)
You don't know me... but I know who
you are. I'm Orion. Brandon's son.

Jessie freezes, eyes wide.

ORION (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Carolina was my mother. Brandon...
you killed him.

Bradley looks at her, alarmed.

BRADLEY
Who is it?

JESSIE
(softly)
Brandon's kid.

ORION (V.O.)
But I'm not here for revenge. I'm
here for answers. And I think
Azazel is the one who killed your
son — Bryce.

Jessie drops the phone. Her eyes burn.

JESSIE
Where are you?

INT. NASHVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Orion shuts the door as Jessie, Bradley, and Megan step in cautiously. The tension is thick.

ORION
I've been digging for weeks.
Something's wrong with Brandon's
death report. The timelines don't
add up. And Carolina... she left me
clues before she vanished. I think
Azazel's been manipulating all of
us since before the asylum
massacre.

He opens a folder:

Photos of Brandon in the asylum. Carolina's journal. A map
marked with **ritual sites**.

ORION (CONT'D)
He wants to open the Gate of
Screams. If he succeeds, this world
ends — and your son Bryce becomes a
vessel for destruction.

Jessie recoils. Megan grips her arm.

MEGAN
That's why he wanted Justina. She's
the last piece of the bloodline
puzzle.

BRADLEY
Then we get her back. Tonight.

INT. CATHEDRAL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Delvin kneels in the center of a dark ritual circle. Dalton paces behind him, a blade of black bone in hand.

AZAZEL stands between two flaming gargoyles, wings spread.

AZAZEL

The boy has returned. Orion.

DALTON

He could ruin everything. He has her strength... and Brandon's blood.

AZAZEL

Then we make him choose: blood... or fire.

Lightning strikes. A dimensional crack rips through the sky above Tennessee.

INT. JUSTINA'S DREAMSCAPE - SURREAL DARKNESS

Justina floats in a black void. In front of her, **young Jessie** — age 8 — stares up at her, crying.

YOUNG JESSIE

Why did you leave me, Mama?

Justina kneels, crying.

JUSTINA

I didn't want to... He made me forget who I was.

A shadow looms over the child — **Azazel in his pure form** — a giant, horned serpent with burning red eyes.

AZAZEL

She belongs to me.

Suddenly — a hand grabs Justina's from the darkness. It's **Marla**, pulling her back to reality.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Detective Marla and **Justina**, breathing hard, emerge into the open.

Spotlights blaze.

Jessie, Bradley, Megan, and Orion arrive — guns raised — covering the escape route.

Jessie's eyes lock on her mother. Emotion floods her.

JESSIE

Mom...?

Justina stumbles forward. They embrace. Tears fall freely.

JUSTINA

You came back for me.

JESSIE

Always.

Suddenly – SCREAMS from behind. The backup team is **torn apart** by invisible claws.

AZAZEL'S LAUGH ECHOES OVERHEAD.

The sky cracks. The storm is beginning.

EXT. NASHVILLE SKYLINE - NIGHT

The stars vanish. Clouds churn blood-red. **Lightning cracks** in spirals – not natural. Birds scream. Power across the city blinks off.

Sirens blare. The city descends into panic.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Detective Marla steps out, gripping the railing.

She looks up.

MARLA

(whispers)

Oh my God...

Above her, the clouds twist into a burning **circle of sigils** – **Azazel's gateway** forming above Nashville.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jessie, Bradley, and Megan stand stunned as they look toward the city.

JESSIE

What is that?

BRADLEY

That's not a storm. That's
an arrival.

Suddenly, a flash of fire erupts from a downtown tower. Glass shatters. Screams rise.

MEGAN

It's starting. Armageddon.

EXT. FLORIDA EVERGLADES - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ORION, flashlight in hand, pushes open the rusted door of an old swamp-covered warehouse.

He enters - dust, silence, echoes of the past.

He scans the interior... then sees something under a tarp.

Orion pulls it off: **a sealed weapons crate**, marked in blood-red:

THE TRUTH IS LIGHT

Orion unlocks it. Inside: a glowing **orb of light**, a dagger with celestial markings, and a journal with his father's handwriting.

He flips it open - photos of Brandon and Carolina, letters, maps... and a final entry:

"If Azazel returns, the child must decide between revenge... or redemption. Jessie killed me, but the real enemy wears many faces. Orion, if you read this - you are the only one who can save them."

Orion grips the light orb. His eyes burn - not with hate, but with truth.

ORION

I forgive you, Jessie.

EXT. MARROW RIVER - NIGHT

Moonlight reflects off the still water. **James** stands at the edge, staring into the reflection.

He sees **Claire's face** in the ripples - peaceful, sad. Then **Joshua's**.

JAMES

(whispers)

I never got to say goodbye...

A cold wind blows. A shape forms behind him — **Joshua**, now a ghostly remnant, half-visible in the mist.

JOSHUA

It's not about goodbyes, James.
It's about what you do with what's
left.

James doesn't turn around.

JAMES

I trusted you. You broke us all.

JOSHUA

And yet you're still standing.

James closes his eyes.

JAMES

We're all broken. But this time, I
won't run.

He turns. **Joshua's ghost is gone** — only the wind remains.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - BASEMENT - SAME NIGHT

Jessie's team prepares. Megan sharpens weapons. Bradley closes a map. Justina is still resting.

The radio crackles. Marla's voice comes through:

MARLA (RADIO)

Downtown's falling. We've lost
contact with five units. If you're
going to stop this — it has to be
now.

Suddenly — **Orion walks in** holding the orb and dagger.

ORION

I found it. My father left this for
us.

He holds up the dagger. Its blade glows white.

ORION (CONT'D)

It's not about vengeance anymore.
It's about saving everything he
lost.

JESSIE

Even after everything...?

ORION

You didn't kill the father I knew.
Azazel did that long before you
pulled the trigger.

Bradley walks to Orion, placing a hand on his shoulder.

BRADLEY

Then let's end this. Together.

EXT. NASHVILLE SKYLINE - NIGHT

A rift opens. **Creatures crawl** from the sky. Fire rains.
Azazel's shadow descends over the city like a god.

But in the distance — **a team forms** on a rooftop, weapons
drawn, hearts aligned.

Jessie. Bradley. Orion. Megan. James (now returned). Marla.
Justina.

A war is coming.

EXT. NASHVILLE - WAR-TORN STREETS - NIGHT

Buildings burn. Smoke rolls through the streets. Civilians
scream as **shadow creatures** crawl out of the rift in the sky.
Sirens are distant, ineffective.

SWAT trucks pull up, sirens blaring. **Detective Marla** exits,
gun drawn, joined by tactical teams.

MARLA

Eyes sharp — shoot if it doesn't
cast a shadow!

From the shadows, **Azazel** appears — towering, cloaked in smoke
and bone. His **eyes glow violet**, and his **voice is a growl**
wrapped in venom.

AZAZEL

Welcome... to my kingdom.

He raises his hand — **five SWAT officers instantly combust**,
screaming.

MARLA (SCREAMING)

Fall back! FALL BACK!

Suddenly — a light slices through the sky like lightning.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jessie, Orion, Bradley, Megan, and **James** look out over the chaos.

JAMES
(quietly, to himself)
We're already too late.

ORION steps forward, clutching the glowing orb. It begins to react violently – humming louder near the demonic presence.

ORION
He's here.

BRADLEY
Then we end this.

Jessie holds back. Her hands tremble. Her eyes flicker – haunted.

JESSIE
(softly)
I killed your father, Orion. I need to say it, not just assume you're okay.

Orion turns to her – his expression unreadable.

ORION
You killed who he became. Not who he was.

Jessie tears up – guilt, sorrow, and relief all at once.

JESSIE
I never wanted any of this. He was... he was good once.

MEGAN
He was... before Azazel infected him. Before I made it worse.

Everyone turns to **Megan**.

BRADLEY
What are you talking about?

Megan swallows hard. Her face falls.

MEGAN
I knew what Azazel was before the first attack.
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He came to me... told me if I helped open the first portal, he'd bring Carolina back. I believed him.

Silence.

ORION

You helped him start this?

MEGAN

I thought I was saving someone. But I destroyed everyone.

JESSIE

So why help now?

MEGAN

Because I saw Carolina's grave burn. And I finally realized... I can't undo the past. But I can die fighting for the future.

Jessie nods.

JESSIE

Then let's die fighting together.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NASHVILLE - GROUND ZERO - NIGHT

Azazel stands at the center of destruction, summoning more creatures from the vortex.

Suddenly — **the rooftop team descends.**

Light flashes as **Orion activates the orb**, creating a glowing protective ring around the group.

AZAZEL

You bring children to fight gods?

ORION

No. We bring light.

He throws the orb into the air — it **explodes into blinding celestial energy**, disintegrating the nearest shadow beasts.

The final war begins.

EXT. MARROW RIVER - SAME NIGHT

In the stillness, a figure watches from across the water.

It's **Dalton**, covered in ash, face grim. Next to him – **Delvin**, holding a rifle, his other hand on a crucifix.

DELVIN
My sons. My wife. My legacy.

DALTON
One last stand?

DELVIN
One last stand.

They disappear into the trees – heading toward Nashville.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

JUSTINA (Jessie's mother) remains trapped in the rusted cage, arms bruised from trying to escape. Her breathing is shallow. Shadows flicker along the cracked stained-glass windows.

Suddenly, the air turns icy.

A dark mist slithers in.

AZAZEL appears – but this time, his form has shifted. He now resembles **a priest from Justina's past**, wearing a smile that doesn't reach his black eyes.

AZAZEL (AS PRIEST)
You always believed in redemption.
In mercy. But where was your mercy
for Brandon?

JUSTINA
You're not real. You're not *him*.

AZAZEL
But I am every part of him you
buried. Every secret. Every sin.
Every time you chose Jessie over
him.

Images flash before her eyes – *young Brandon locked outside in the rain, Justina arguing with Madison, Jessie being held close while Brandon sat alone.*

JUSTINA (SCREAMING)
He was sick! I didn't know what he was turning into!

AZAZEL

You chose not to see. And now, your daughter will make the same choice... when she sacrifices Orion to stop me.

Justina freezes.

JUSTINA

No. Jessie would never—

AZAZEL

Watch.

With a swirl of darkness, Azazel reveals a **vision in the air** — Jessie holding the glowing red weapon marked **"THE TRUTH IS LIGHT"**, and Orion collapsing at her feet.

JUSTINA

Stop it! STOP IT!

AZAZEL

This is your family's legacy: betrayal. Over and over again. You raised a curse, Justina. You just didn't realize it had your voice.

He leans in close.

AZAZEL (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)

Your death will be... poetic.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

The vortex in the sky widens. Thunder cracks violently.

From across the city, **Jessie, Bradley, Orion, Megan, and James** are scaling a fire escape, eyes locked on the cathedral glowing in black fire.

JAMES

That's where Justina is. I feel it.

ORION

Then we go in together. No more secrets. No more lies.

BRADLEY

Then let's end this.

INT. EVERGLADES - FLASHBACK (DREAM STATE)

Orion walks through the mist of the Everglades. He approaches a warehouse surrounded by silence.

Inside, he finds a **hidden notebook**, covered in **Brandon's handwriting**. Taped to the final page is a photo: *Brandon holding baby Orion... and Carolina, smiling.*

Brandon's recorded voice plays faintly from a device left nearby.

BRANDON (V.O.)

If you're hearing this, son... I failed you. But I left something behind – something they'll never expect. "The Truth is Light." I hope one day you shine brighter than me.

Orion wipes away a tear.

ORION

I'm going to fix this. Even if it kills me.

EXT. MARROR RIVER - SAME NIGHT

James sits by the riverbank. His eyes stare into the water.

A ghostly voice rises from behind him.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

You still blame me for Claire. I know.

James turns – and sees **Joshua**, standing silently, eyes filled with sorrow.

JAMES

She died because of you.

JOSHUA

She died because I was weak. But you've grown stronger.

He walks closer.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You're not here to mourn. You're here to forgive.

James clutches the photo of Claire in his pocket.

JAMES

I don't know if I can.

JOSHUA
Then save someone else... so you
don't lose more.

And with that – Joshua fades, as James stares into the water, resolute.

INT. CHURCH – NIGHT

Jessie and the group finally reach the **front doors of the black-flamed church.**

Justina's screams echo from inside.

JESSIE (TO HERSELF)
Mom... I'm coming.

They enter – weapons drawn. Ready to face hell.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH – NIGHT

The doors BURST open.

Dark flames erupt along the aisles, licking the pews but not burning them. The stained glass twists, showing scenes from Jessie's past: **Brandon's death, Bryce's murder, Justina crying,** and **Orion's arrival.**

At the far end of the church...

JUSTINA is suspended in the air, wrapped in black vines, head bowed.

And in the shadows behind her – **AZAZEL**, in his true form.

Pale. Winged. Horned. Unholy.

He grins.

AZAZEL
Welcome, family. I've been waiting.

JESSIE (FURIOUS)
Let her go!

AZAZEL
Oh Jessie... still thinking your voice has power here. This house belongs to *me* now. And this? This is where it ends.

He drops Justina to the ground – unconscious.

BRADLEY and **MEGAN** race toward her while **ORION** steps forward, holding the RED-WEAPON DEVICE glowing in his hand – “THE TRUTH IS LIGHT” etched across its side.

ORION

You killed my father. And you made him a monster.

AZAZEL

No, Orion. I *freed* him. And you... you're his legacy. You'll burn brighter than all of them.

Azazel throws his hand forward.

Dark tendrils shoot across the church, slamming into Bradley and James, pinning them to the wall.

Jessie grabs a **silver-bladed dagger** and charges.

JESSIE

You want to see legacy? I'll show you what one looks like when it fights back.

Their weapons clash. The light from Jessie's dagger meets the shadows from Azazel's claws in a stunning burst of power.

INT. BRADLEY'S MIND - SIMULTANEOUS (VISION)

Bradley, semi-unconscious, is pulled into a vision – **the same warehouse** in the Everglades.

He sees **Brandon** kneeling before Azazel, begging.

BRANDON

I want to protect them... I just don't know how.

AZAZEL (IN VISION)

Then give me your soul.

BRANDON

No.

Bradley watches – confused – as **a younger version of Brandon** turns and sees **Carolina** holding Orion.

Carolina whispers:

CAROLINA

He never stopped loving you, Bradley. But the world made him choose darkness.

Bradley suddenly gasps and awakens on the church floor, eyes wide.

BACK TO PRESENT - CHURCH

Orion stabs the red weapon into the ground – a blinding **blast of white light** explodes outward.

Azazel SHRIEKS – his skin burns and peels back like paper caught in fire.

AZAZEL
NO! THIS ISN'T THE WAY IT'S
SUPPOSED TO END!

JAMES, breaking free, rushes toward Justina and carries her to safety.

Jessie holds her mother's hand. Justina stirs.

JUSTINA
Jessie... Orion... stop him..

ORION (RESOLUTE)
We will. For all of us.

Azazel, burned but still alive, **retreats into the shadows**, swearing revenge.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The skies above Nashville crack again. This time – not dark fire, but **celestial lightning**.

A war has started. But now the city has its **light**.

INT. DELVIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

DELVIN watches the storm from his porch.

A knock at the door.

He opens it to see...

DALTON, injured but alive, carrying an old journal.

DALTON
You said if Azazel ever came back...
you'd know what to do.

Delvin looks at the book.

Then up at the sky.

DELVIN

God help us. The past isn't done
with any of us.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NASHVILLE - NIGHT - ARMAGEDDON UNLEASHED

The city burns.

Buildings crumble as fire and darkness claw their way through the skyline. Shadows with twisted faces — **Azazel's demonic legion** — rip through the streets, dragging innocent souls into the void.

Lightning cracks. A thunderous growl echoes.

AZAZEL, now fused with the energy of the **Red Antichrist**, floats above the chaos, his body covered in flames and veins of pure shadow.

EXT. ROOFTOP - OPPOSITE SIDE - NIGHT

JESSIE, ORION, JAMES, and MEGAN fight back-to-back, launching attacks at demonic beasts. Orion activates the **RED-WEAPON**. Bursts of light explode from it, disintegrating enemies in a blinding flash.

ORION

(aiming the weapon)
Let's send them back where they
came from!

JAMES

Push through! Get Jester to Azazel!

EXT. CITY SQUARE - NIGHT

JESTER (BRADLEY) rushes through burning streets, bleeding, limping, but focused. The screams of the city echo around him.

From the shadows, two familiar faces step forward:

DELVIN and **DALTON**, cloaked in black armor marked with Azazel's sigil.

DELVIN

You still think this city is worth
saving? Look at it!

(MORE)

DELVIN (CONT'D)

You and Brandon were both poisoned
— and I split you for a reason. You
were too *soft*, Bradley.

DALTON

You won't stop what's coming.

Jester lowers his blade. Breathing heavy.

JESTER

I don't care about your broken
logic. I only care about ending
what we all started.

He draws his weapon, charges forward, and fights both men
with brutal, precise fury.

EXT. ABANDONED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jessie runs to Jester as he emerges from the wreckage,
panting and wounded but alive.

JESSIE

Don't go in there alone. I can't
lose you again.

He cups her face, looking into her tearful eyes.

JESTER

It's going to be okay...
Remember: "*Through adversity,
that's where strength manifests.*"
You taught me that, *Baby-Girl*.

They share a long, deep kiss. The world seems to freeze for a
moment.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Jessie! It's time!

EXT. SKYLINE - OVERPASS - NIGHT

Azazel begins to chant in an ancient tongue. The sky cracks
open. A massive portal forms, lightning tearing the
atmosphere.

JAMES

If he finishes that chant, it's
over!

MEGAN stands at the edge of the portal with a device glowing
red and white — *The Failsafe* — forged from the weapon Orion
found.

MEGAN
(softly to herself)
Carolina... Brandon... this is for both
of you.

She looks at Jessie and smiles.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Tell her the truth. She deserves
it.

She leaps into the vortex – arms out – clutching the weapon.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
For the ones we lost!

The explosion is cataclysmic. A blinding shockwave tears
across the skyline.

BOOM!

Demons evaporate in a wave of white fire. Azazel staggers
– *weakened*, screaming in rage.

EXT. GROUND ZERO – NIGHT

Jester, scorched and barely standing, confronts Azazel in the
crater left by Megan's sacrifice.

AZAZEL
You think you've won?

JESTER
I think... *you've already lost.*

He stabs Azazel with the last shard of the "Truth Is Light"
weapon.

Azazel's body convulses and turns to ash – the red sky fades
to blue.

EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE NASHVILLE – NIGHT

From afar, **MADISON** watches the city. Tears stream down her
face.

MADISON (V.O.)
It all started the moment Delvin
tore those boys apart. Fear turned
into anger... and anger became the
demon that haunted our family.

She walks toward the graves of **Brandon, Carolina**, and now **Megan**.

MADISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But from the ruins... came the legacy
of those strong enough to rise
again.

She places a flower on the ground.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAWN

The light returns.

Jessie stands among the rubble. Jester joins her. James puts a hand on Orion's shoulder.

The people are safe. The storm has passed.

EXT. NASHVILLE - SUNRISE - DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE

The once-burning city lies quiet. Broken buildings now hum with the sounds of **reconstruction**. People rebuild. Children walk again. Smoke has cleared. *Life is trying to begin again.*

EXT. CITY PARK - MEMORIAL FOR MEGAN - DAY

A small white stage is set among a patch of green still untouched by the fire.

A photo of **MEGAN** sits in the center, surrounded by flowers.

JESSIE, JESTER, ORION, JAMES, JUSTINA, and **MAYOR DANIELS** stand solemnly as a crowd gathers.

MAYOR DANIELS
Megan wasn't just a fighter. She
was the heartbeat of what we could
be.
Her sacrifice gave us light when we
had none.

He looks to Jessie and Jester, then steps aside.

Jessie walks up, holding back tears.

JESSIE
She carried pain. Secrets. But in
the end... she chose love over fear.
A sister died a hero.

INT. OLD STORAGE UNIT - EVERGLADES - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

ORION uncovers a weathered journal sealed in a tin box under a floorboard.

Inside: **photos of Brandon and Carolina**, a letter addressed "To my son - when the world falls apart."

Orion reads it quietly.

BRANDON (V.O.)

If you're reading this... I'm sorry.
I wasn't the man you deserved.
But there's one truth I never got
to say: your mother was the
strongest person I ever knew.
She believed you would find your
way.
There's power in your blood, but
it's your heart that will change
everything.

Orion closes the journal, fists clenched. He now carries purpose.

EXT. CEMETERY - SUNSET

JESTER (BRADLEY) kneels at **BRANDON'S** grave, fingers tracing the etched name.

JESTER

We were broken. Not evil.
I spent years blaming you. Then
myself. But... I see it now. It
wasn't about you versus me.
It was the trauma... and we let it
win.

He places a folded photo of them as kids on the grave.

JESTER (CONT'D)

It's time for peace. I'll carry
your memory. I'll protect what you
couldn't.

EXT. HILLSIDE - THAT NIGHT

JESTER and **JESSIE** sit under the stars overlooking the city.

JESSIE

(quiet)

Bradley... that night, in the first
battle – you said I was never truly
the enemy.
Why?

He hesitates... then answers honestly.

JESTER

Because it was never you.
It was the pain. The guilt. The
loss... We became enemies with our
own memories.
We didn't need to destroy each
other. We needed to forgive
ourselves.

Jessie's eyes well up.

JESSIE

So what now?

JESTER

We take ownership. Of our scars,
our choices... all of it.
We move forward – together – or not
at all.

They sit in silence. It's not sad – it's healing.

INT. JUSTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JUSTINA pours tea. **JESSIE** sits across from her, the distance
between them finally shrinking.

JUSTINA

I failed you. As a mother, I let my
fear speak louder than my love.

JESSIE

You don't need to say it. I felt
it.
But you're here. You stayed.
That's more than I ever expected.

They hold hands, a bridge long burned now rebuilt.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - UNKNOWN LOCATION

DELVIN and **DALTON** limp through a dark, echoing tunnel.

A voice slithers from the shadows.

RED ANTICHRIST (O.S.)
You failed the darkness.
Now you will feed it.

Two blinding red beams pierce the room. Screams. Then silence.

Their charred bodies fall to the ground.

INT. JESSIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Everyone is resting. The city breathes.

Jessie's phone buzzes.

UNKNOWN CALLER.

She hesitates.

Answers.

DISTORTED VOICE
They're watching.
The light you saved... is just the
beginning.
He's coming.
And he's not alone.

CLICK.

Jessie stares at the phone. Her hand trembles.

Outside, the wind picks up. A soft red glow flickers in the sky – barely visible – but growing.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JESSIE & BRADLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Soft rain taps against the window. The world is calm – almost too calm.

BRADLEY is in the shower, steam rising under the bathroom door. His **faint humming** echoes through the house.

JESSIE sits on the bed, wearing one of Bradley's old hoodies, flipping through **Megan's journal**. The pages are full of drawings... coded maps... symbols. Her eyes pause on one that reads:

"He's not done. Red comes after the ash."

Her PHONE VIBRATES.
UNKNOWN CALLER.

She stares. The number is **blank**. No digits. Just: **"UNKNOWN."**

She answers slowly.

JESSIE

Hello...?

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)

You've lit the match.

But the fire isn't done with you.

Jessie freezes. Her heart pounds.

JESSIE

Who is this?

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)

The truth isn't in the journals.

It's in the blood.

Look deeper, Jessie. He left you
more than memories.

JESSIE

Left *who*?

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)

You'll know when it bleeds.

Tick-tock.

Click.

The line goes dead.

She stares at the phone, her hand trembling. Then — a noise
behind her.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

(stepping out of bathroom,
towel on)

Who was that?

JESSIE

(slowly)

Nobody... and everyone.

Bradley raises a brow, concerned.

BRADLEY

Jess... talk to me.

JESSIE

The war might've ended... but
something darker is waking up.

Bradley sighs, rubbing his head. The warmth of the shower is already forgotten.

BRADLEY
We just buried the past. You think—

JESSIE
It didn't stay buried.
(beat)
We need to find Orion. And James.

Bradley looks toward the window. The rain's turned red.

BRADLEY
We might need more than that.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A wall lined with **ancient weapons**, glowing faintly with red sigils.

ORION stands alone, holding a blade marked:

"THE TRUTH IS LIGHT."

His eyes stare ahead, haunted.

Behind him, a SHADOW FIGURE watches — unseen.
Who is this?

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It's in the blood.
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more than memories.

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INT. EVERGLADES - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dim red light flickers through cracks in the rotting walls. **ORION** moves cautiously, his breath sharp. He's holding the marked weapon: **"THE TRUTH IS LIGHT."**

Suddenly, **a chilling presence** emerges from the shadows behind a rusted column.

RED ANTICHRIST LUCIFER steps forward — tall, regal, horrifying in his calmness. His eyes glow faint crimson, and his aura bends reality.

LUCIFER

Well, well... look who it is.
The famous son of a broken and lost
father... and a ghost of a mother.

ORION freezes — his grip tightening on the weapon.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Intriguing, truly.
You forgave Jessie for killing your
father...
And you walk side by side with
Jester — a living reflection of
Brandon's failure.

Orion's jaw clenches.

ORION

What do you want from me?

LUCIFER

I want to watch this universe fall
to its knees.
And you...
You amuse me. Acting so confident.

ORION

(confidently)

Because I have *nothing* to lose.
You know a thing or two about loss,
don't you?

(stepping closer)

How does it feel being **alone**,
knowing you were never wanted by
the light?

LUCIFER

(chuckling darkly)

Oh, I see it now...
The boy's grown teeth.
Tell me — how does your loneliness
taste, Orion?
Your mother?
Gone.
Your father? Slain by the very girl
you call family.
Your life is nothing but **echoes of
dead love**.

Orion's fists tremble — rage in his eyes.

ORION
 (gritted teeth)
 Don't EVER say my father's name...
 You mentally sick PSYCHO!

Orion **charges**, swinging a powerful punch – but **Lucifer dodges** with inhuman speed. He twists his body mid-air and unleashes a devastating **martial arts-style spinning kick**, slamming Orion against the warehouse wall.

BOOM. Cracks spider out from the impact.

Orion coughs, stunned.

LUCIFER
 (sternly, looming over)
 I'm not going to end you. Not yet.
 After all, souls from this
 universe... they'll all be mine soon
 enough. Try that again, and next
 time, you'll feel more than broken
 ribs.
 (pauses, lowering his
 voice darkly)
 You and the Murphy family – you all
 share a curse.
 A bloodline infected by fate.
 You were born into rot. Into
failure.
 Let's count, shall we?
Eerick Murphy.
Delvin Viera.
Brandon Viera.
Carolina Hernandez.
 And your idiot auntie... **Megan**
HERANDEZ.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
 But you, Orion...
 You might just be the final spark
 left. And I'm going to enjoy
 extinguishing you.

Lucifer vanishes into thin air – as if the shadows swallowed him.

Orion coughs, crawling to his knees, bleeding and breathing hard.

He looks down at the weapon in his hand – **glowing faintly red**, pulsing like a heartbeat.

ORION
(to himself)
You want war?
You'll get it.

He wipes blood from his mouth, rises, and walks into the rain.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

DELVIN and DALTON lie dead, blood pooling near ancient symbols.

From the shadows — a **NEW THREAT** steps forward.

RED ANTI-CHRIST LUCIFER, untouched, unbothered.

LUCIFER
Disappointing.

But expected.

He turns to a shadowy figure behind him — a **new presence**, unseen.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Let the universe mourn its heroes.
We'll let them rebuild...
(leans in)
...Just so we can burn it again.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Steam rolls gently from the open bathroom door. The hum of the shower echoes faintly.

JESTER stands inside, head bowed under the stream of hot water — his back marked with fresh scars and battle-worn memories. The world outside might be quiet, but inside him, the war still lingers.

In the dimly lit garage-turned-living space, **JESSIE** stands alone at the window, her silhouette outlined by the soft streetlight glow. Her gaze is distant, lost in the quiet peace that's been so hard-earned.

For the first time in a long time... it feels calm.

Then — **BUZZ**.

Her phone vibrates on the nearby table.

She glances at it.

CALLER ID: UNKNOWN.

She stares for a beat.

Breath steady.

She **answers**.

JESSIE

Hello?

There's a **crackling silence**. Then—distorted, eerie, inhuman:

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)

You thought the expedition ended...

But darkness... never truly dies.

Jessie's breath catches. Her eyes slowly widen. She turns from the window, her face lit half in shadow, half in light.

We don't know if it's fear... or readiness.

But we know this:

She's not backing down.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

DARKNESS EXPEDITION

LEGACY NEVER SLEEPS.