

Pact of the Damned

Written By

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ACT I**EXT. LAX - NIGHT**

A private jet touches down on the runway. The cabin door swings open- KILLION (50s, tall, pale, creepy vibe) emerges, clutching a Halliburton briefcase. By his side is BOBBY RANDOLPH (40s, car salesman type, over his head).

A chauffeur standing next to a black Mercedes awaits.

CUT TO:

INT. I-405 - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The car speeds down the street with Killion and Bobby sitting in the back. Killion takes a call on his cell phone.

KILLION

Just landed. We're on our way now.

He ends the call and glances over at Bobby.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Everything is set.

They stop at a red light. The intersection is eerily deserted.

BOBBY

When this is all said and done,
don't forget what you promised.

KILLION

You and your family will be safe.
You have my word.

The light turns green- they begin crossing the intersection. Without warning, an SUV speeds through the red light, crashing violently into the side of their vehicle.

The SUV's doors fly open. Several men in black tactical gear, faces covered, leap out. They approach the wrecked Mercedes.

One of the men bends down to look inside. Bobby, Killion, and the driver all appear to be dead. He signals to the others indicating the threat has been neutralized.

He reaches through the window for the briefcase. Killion grabs his wrist, crushing it with a single squeeze.

The man screams, dropping the case. Killion kicks the door open, knocking him to the ground- he leaps out.

SHOT STAYS IN THE CAR - ACTION OCCURS OFF-SCREEN

While Bobby lays unconscious, the sounds of animal-like growls, gunfire, and screams can be heard coming from outside. Splatters of blood fly into the back seat.

Amid the chaos, a hand reaches from the other side of the car, snatching the briefcase. Moments later, Killion returns covered in his victims' blood. He immediately notices the missing briefcase.

KILLION (CONT'D)

No!

He gets out of the car, scanning the area. No one's in sight. He lets out a loud MONSTROUS roar in anger.

KILLION (CONT'D)

ROARRR!

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Killion sits at a table, deep in thought. Bobby walks over from the bar, bruised and battered, holding two glasses of whiskey. He sets one down in front of Killion and gingerly takes a seat.

BOBBY

I brought you a drink. I'm not sure what you like, so I just got you a whiskey. Hell, I'm not even sure if you can get drunk.

Killion takes one look at the glass and knocks it off of the table.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(nervous)

I... I called for a new car. It should be here in 10 minutes. Should we reschedule the meeting?

KILLION

Absolutely not. Under no circumstances can he know that we lost it. He's already on edge.

BOBBY
So what do we do?

KILLION
The briefcase has GPS. We can track
it.

Killion hands Bobby a small tablet. The briefcase location
pops up on the map.

BOBBY
How do we know it's still in the
case?

BOBBY (CONT'D)
It requires a four-digit code to
unlock it, which only I have.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
But what's stopping them from just
breaking the lock or cutting it
open?

KILLION
That briefcase is damn near
indestructible. It's going to take
some time to get inside. That gives
us a small window to fix this. I
want you to take the car and go
find my property. In the meantime,
I'll meet with our friend and make
sure he doesn't get cold feet.

BOBBY
Ok, I'll take care of it.

Bobby downs his drink and gets up to leave.

KILLION
And Bobby... whoever's responsible
for this... I want you to end them.
No witnesses.

BOBBY
Consider it done.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

Pact of the Damned

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL - WEST HOLLYWOOD - LATE NIGHT

24 hours later...

The door flies open. Bobby enters his suite accompanied by ZION (24, dressed to kill in a tight red dress, small designer handbag, and a curly wig). Bobby looks a little worse for wear, sporting a few bumps and bruises.

BOBBY

Please, have a seat. Make yourself at home.

She scans the room, impressed by the elegant decor. They sit down on a plush couch with a large glass coffee table in front of it.

ZION

Wow, this place is amazing. You didn't tell me you were a high roller.

BOBBY

What can I say? I like the finer things in life.

ZION

How can you afford all of this?

BOBBY

Actually, my boss is footing the bill. He's insanely wealthy.

ZION

Really?! Anyone I might've heard of? Is he a politician... or one of those tech billionaires?

BOBBY

Nah, definitely not. He comes from old money. Likes to keep a low profile.

ZION

What do you do for him?

BOBBY

I handle a little bit of everything. Whatever he needs, I take care of it.

ZION

Is that how you got those bruises?

BOBBY

Yeah, occupational hazard.

ZION

Sounds dangerous... What happened?

BOBBY

He sent me to track down some lost property. Things got a little messy, that's all. You should see the other guy.

ZION

Did you get it back?

BOBBY

Fuck yeah.

ZION

So... What exactly was it?

BOBBY

You always this curious?

ZION

Sorry. I just can't help wondering what's so important that you'd risk your own safety for.

BOBBY

Something that's going to change the world as you know it- Forever.

ZION

That's a little dramatic, isn't it?

BOBBY

Maybe... But it's still the truth. Anyway, enough business talk. I'm want to have some fun. How about some Champagne?

ZION

Sounds good to me.

Bobby swaggers over to a nearby table where an expensive bottle of Champagne and 2 glasses sit.

Bobby grabs the bottle, shakes it, and pops the cork. A burst of Champagne showers the room. He fills the two glasses, hands one to Zion, and takes a seat beside her.

BOBBY

Here you go, Sweetheart.

ZION

Thank you.

They both take long sips. Zion then rests her glass on the edge of the coffee table.

ZION (CONT'D)

I think that's the best Champagne
I've ever tasted.

BOBBY

Yeah, this is the good stuff.
Nothing but the best for you, Baby.

ZION

I bet you say that to all the girls
you pick up at hotel bars.

BOBBY

I probably shouldn't even be
talking to you. But... I just want
to live in the moment for one more
night. There's just something about
you. Your smile... it's
mesmerizing.

ZION

Well that's sweet of you to say.

Zion crosses her legs, knocking her glass off the edge of the coffee table spilling Champagne onto the floor.

ZION (CONT'D)

Oops! I'm so sorry. I get a little
clumsy when I drink.

BOBBY

It's no problem. Let me grab a
towel.

Bobby sets his glass down and rushes to the bathroom. He's out of sight- Zion pulls a syringe from her bra, squirts a clear liquid into his drink, and hides it again.

Bobby returns with a towel and starts cleaning the spill.

ZION

I hope the rug isn't stained. It
looks expensive.

BOBBY

Don't worry about it. Trust me,
I've left hotel rooms in far worse
conditions.

After cleaning up the mess, he refills Zion's glass and sits back down next to her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
A refill for the beautiful lady.

ZION
Oh, you're such a gentleman.

She raises her glass. He raises his in return.

ZION (CONT'D)
Cheers.

BOBBY
Cheers.

Zion takes a slow sip. From the corner of her eye, she watches Bobby drink. To her delight, he downs the entire glass in one big gulp.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(savors)
Mmmmmm.

Zion pushes the coffee table forward, creating some space. She pulls out her phone from her purse. She plays a slow sexy song. She gets up and stands in front of him.

ZION
(seductive)
Now, I want you to sit back and relax.

She begins a slow sexy dance, leaving just enough space between them so that she's out of reach. His eyes follow her every move.

CUT TO:

HOTEL LOBBY

NOAH (27, slim, scrappy) wearing a backpack along with a baseball cap and sunglasses to hide his identity, dashes into the hotel elevator. He presses the button for the 10th floor. He waits to go up- the elevator doesn't move.

NOAH
What the hell?

He presses the button again multiple times- still no movement.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Oh, come on!!!

He takes a closer look- a room keycard needs to be scanned to use the elevator.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Shit!

He presses the open button and quickly leaves the elevator.

BACK TO:

BOBBY'S HOTEL ROOM

The songs ends, Bobby is still fully alert. Trying to hide her agitation, Zion fidgets with her phone before putting on another song. She continues her best impersonation of a stripper, waiting for the sedative to kick in.

BACK TO:

HOTEL LOBBY

Noah hurriedly approaches a woman at the front desk.

FRONT DESK AGENT
Can I help you, Sir?

NOAH
Yeah... Hi, can you tell me what room Bobby Randolph is in?

FRONT DESK AGENT
I'm afraid I can't give out that information, Sir. Hotel policy.

NOAH
Ummmm, it's kind of urgent. Is there anything you can do?

FRONT DESK AGENT
Sure, I can call his room and let him know you're here. What's your name?

Noah gets a text message. He checks his phone.

NOAH
That won't be necessary. I appreciate your help!

Noah runs off.

BACK TO:

BOBBY'S HOTEL ROOM

The song comes to an end. Bobby, still conscious and now fully aroused, stands and grabs Zion by the waist- He pulls her close. She puts her hands up on his chest, blocking his attempt to steal a kiss.

ZION
(awkward)
Slow down, Baby. We have all night.
Let's have another drink.

Bobby locks eyes with her. Without uttering a word, he spits the champagne into her face, revealing that he never swallowed it. He spins her around, and shoves her onto the couch.

ZION (CONT'D)
What the hell is wrong with you?!?

BOBBY
Who sent you?!

ZION
What?! I don't know what you're
talking about?

BOBBY
Don't lie to me, Bitch!

He points to a cell phone charger plugged into the wall across from the couch.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Hidden camera.

He whips out his cell phone and shows Zion a video of her spiking his drink. Her facial expression turns bleak. He towers over her- she sits frozen on the couch.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You picked the wrong guy to fuck
with!

Bobby raises his fist, ready to strike her. Zion whips out a stun gun from her thigh holster- zaps him in the groin. He falls backwards, crashing into the coffee table sending glass flying everywhere.

ZION

Shit!

Bobby lays unconscious, she frantically dials a number on her cell phone. The line rings several times before going to a generic voicemail.

ZION (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Where the hell are you?!

She rushes to the front door and opens it, scanning the empty hallway.

ZION (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Where the fuck is he?!

She slams the door and walks back into the main room. She freezes- Bobby is no longer on the floor.

ZION (CONT'D)

Fuck! Where'd he go?!

Zion scans the room, spotting a trail of blood leading down the hallway. Holding the stun gun, she follows it cautiously. The trail ends at 3 closed doors. She focuses on the one with a bloody handprint on the knob.

She slowly turns the knob- Bobby crashes through the door, clutching the Halliburton briefcase. He slams into her, knocking her to the floor. He bolts toward the front door.

Bobby opens the door to make his escape. From **OFF-SCREEN**, Zion throws the Champagne bottle, hitting him in the back of the head. He falls face first to the floor. She struggles to drag him by his leg away from the door.

ZION (CONT'D)

(grunts)

You're heavier than you look.

She pries the briefcase from his hand, noticing that it's locked with a digital combination lock.

ZION (CONT'D)

God Damn it, this is the last thing I needed. Please tell me you wrote down the PIN number.

She struggles to roll him onto his back, then rummages through the inside pockets of his suit jacket, searching for the PIN.

ZION (CONT'D)
Come on, where's the PIN number,
Bobby?

Bobby wakes up putting his hands around her throat. She struggles to break his grip. He uses his strength and their momentum to roll over on top of her.

Zion fights desperately, but she's overpowered. She begins to fade. Just as darkness closes in, Bobby is struck from behind in the back of his head, knocking him unconscious.

Zion looks up and sees Noah. He rolls Bobby's limp body off of her and helps her up.

ZION (CONT'D)
Where the hell have you been?! You were supposed to follow me to his room!

NOAH
Sorry, I ran into a problem in the lobby. You need a room key to use the elevator. I had to break into the stairwell and run up ten flights of stairs. Good thing you texted me the room number or I might not have found you in time.

ZION
That was way too close. He almost killed me.

NOAH
You didn't use the sedative?

ZION
I tried, but he was on to me.

NOAH
You see, I was right. You should've brought a gun like I suggested.

ZION
(looks down at her dress)
And where was I supposed to hide it?! Plus I told you, this shit isn't worth killing over.

NOAH
(looks at down at Bobby)
Oh yeah, well tell him that.

Zion bends down and continues going through Bobby's pockets.

ZION
Just shut up and help me look.

NOAH
Look for what?

ZION
The PIN number. We need it to open the briefcase. It's probably saved on his phone. And I need to erase the video.

NOAH
What video?

ZION
That phone charger over there is a hidden camera. That's how he caught me spiking his drink.

NOAH
You mean this whole thing is being recorded?! Shit! We gotta get out of here! There's no telling who's watching this. They could be sending back-up!

ZION
Just give me a second.

Zion continues searching Bobby's body. Noah rushes into the main room. He yanks the charger from the wall and stomps on it. He then grabs the towel and hurriedly wipes down the furniture, removing Zion's fingerprints.

NOAH
Did you go into any of the other rooms?

ZION (O.S.)
No... Wait! I tried to open one of the bedroom doors.

Noah runs down the hallway out of sight.

NOAH (O.S.)
What the hell happened to the door?!

ZION
He opened it on my face!

Noah returns to the entrance.

NOAH

Ok, I wiped down the place. We gotta go.

ZION

(holds up the phone)
Found it!

They barely take a step toward the front door when a sudden, heavy knock interrupts them.

HOTEL OFFICER #1

Hotel Security!

They exchange looks of panic.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

2 large hotel security officers stand at the door. OFFICER #1 (50s, curly with thinning hair) and OFFICER #2 (30s, shaved head with a salt-and-pepper beard).

They knock again. This time the pounding is even more intense.

HOTEL OFFICER #1

Mr. Randolph, are you in there?

While Noah and Zion scramble inside, the security officers wait impatiently in the hallway. Officer #1 has his ear to the door. He then knocks again.

HOTEL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

We received some noise complaints.
Is everything ok?

No answer- their patience runs out.

HOTEL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

We're coming in!

Officer #1 slides the keycard into the door and pushes it open. They walk into the suite cautiously. Bobby's body has been moved.

HOTEL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Randolph! Where are you?!

They step into the main room and see the shards of glass from the broken coffee table scattered on the floor.

HOTEL OFFICER #2
I knew something wasn't right!

They draw their guns and begin searching the suite.

They reach the master bedroom. They open the closet and find Bobby lying unconscious inside. Officer #2 pulls out his phone, showing Officer #1 a photo of Bobby for confirmation.

HOTEL OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
That's him.

HOTEL OFFICER #1
Mr. Randolph, are you ok?!?

Bobby begins to wake up.

BOBBY
(groggy)
I'm... I'm fine.

HOTEL OFFICER #1
Who did this to you?

BOBBY
(groggy)
A young lady... red dress. She must've had a partner... Someone hit me from behind.

HOTEL OFFICER #1
You're safe now, Sir. Stay here while we sweep the rest of the suite.

Guns drawn, they search the remaining rooms. With no luck, they turn their attention to the only place they haven't checked, the private balcony.

HOTEL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Get ready, they have to be out there.

The glass door slides open- they storm the empty balcony.

HOTEL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Where the hell are they?

HOTEL OFFICER #2
We're 10 floors up. There's no where to go.

They peek over the railing and spot two mountain climbing ropes dangling from the edge of the balcony.

HOTEL OFFICER #1
You gotta be shittin' me.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. HIGHWAY 101 - NIGHT

The duo speed down the freeway in Noah's old, beat up car plastered with LA Lakers bumper stickers and flags. Noah steers with one hand while pulling off his hat and sunglasses with the other. Zion tosses her wig into the backseat.

ZION
What a total cluster fuck.

NOAH
At least we got what we came for.

ZION
Hopefully! We can't even open this damn thing to check. What if its full of drugs or something?

NOAH
Relax, we did our homework... It's in there.

ZION
And what about the PIN?

NOAH
You got Bobby's phone, right? Maybe we can hack into it to get the code.

Zion holds up Bobby's broken phone with a shattered screen.

ZION
I dropped it while we were climbing down from the balcony.

NOAH
Fuck!

ZION
Sorry. I'm not built for this Mission Impossible shit.

NOAH
It's ok. We'll figure something out.

ZION

What are we even doing, robbing people in hotel rooms? I'm a nurse, you're a teacher. We're cruising around in a hooptie covered in purple and gold. This isn't us.

NOAH

What other choices do we have, Zee? Our backs are against the wall.

ZION

I know... Doesn't mean I have to like it.

NOAH

I'll give Rocka a call and set up a meeting for tomorrow. We'll hand the case over, and then we're done with him for good. Just hang in there. We're going to be ok.

ZION

(Sigh) I hope you're right, cuz I can't take too much more of this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The next morning.

Bobby sits on the couch in his suite icing his tightly bandaged head. He's accompanied by the 2 security officers along with the HOTEL MANAGER (60s, distinguished).

HOTEL MANAGER

Are you sure you don't want us to call the authorities, Mr. Randolph?

BOBBY

No, that won't be necessary. Nothing's missing. I just have a few minor bumps and bruises. No big deal. I'd really appreciate if you kept this little incident quiet.

HOTEL MANAGER

No problem. We take pride in keeping our guests' private matters... well, private.

There's a knock at the door.

BOBBY

That must be my associate. Do you need anything else from me?

HOTEL MANAGER

No, we're all good here. Don't hesitate to call if you need any further assistance.

BOBBY

Thank you, Gentlemen.

The manager and security make their exit. Killion shoots them an unsettling look.

KILLION

What the hell happened?

BOBBY

Last night, someone swiped the briefcase right out from under me.

KILLION

Was it the same person as last time?

BOBBY

No, definitely not. I put a bullet in that guy and watched him drop off the overpass. He's dead.

KILLION

Then who was it?

BOBBY

I met this woman at a bar last night, and we ended up coming back to my room. Everything seemed normal until I noticed her trying to slip something into my drink. We struggled a bit, and that's when someone blindsided me.

KILLION

(yells)

After everything we just went through, it never crossed your mind that she might've been setting you up, you idiot?! As soon as you got the briefcase back, you should've brought it straight to me!

BOBBY

(trembles)

I... I'm sorry. I just wanted to have a little fun before everything happens.

KILLION

Who else knows about this? What did you tell the hotel?

BOBBY

I haven't told anyone, anything. The hotel thinks this was just a room theft. They have no idea who you are or what was stolen.

KILLION

You better not be lying to me.

BOBBY

I'm not... I swear. Look, I know I fucked up. I'm going to get it back just like I did before and make this right.

KILLION

That won't be necessary, Bobby. Your services are no longer needed.

BOBBY

But you promised-

KILLION

(interrupts)

You're not ready for what's coming. Not even close.

Killion grabs Bobby by the throat. His face contorts into a demonic form complete with sunken red eyes, pale elongated cheeks, and razor-sharp fangs. The transformation changes his voice to a monstrous growl.

Killion opens his mouth and sucks Bobby's soul. Bobby's hair turns white- blood drips from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He collapses on the floor. Killion makes his exit.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Don't bleed out on that rug, Bobby. It looks expensive.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - LONG BEACH - DAY

Noah and Zion pull up to an old, secluded auto body shop. They pause and look at each other for reassurance. Noah grabs the briefcase from the backseat.

NOAH

Let's just give it to him and go.
In and out.

ZION

You don't have to tell me twice.

Two big scary looking men- GOON #1 (30s, overweight) and GOON #2 (40s, tattoos) escort them into the garage cluttered with car parts and tools. Security cameras track their every movement.

They're greeted by ROCKA (60s, mafia type, cigar in his shirt pocket) and eight of his crew members who look ready to kill or die on command.

ROCKA

You have something for me?

Noah holds up the briefcase and Rocka snatches it.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

So where'd you find it?

NOAH

We tracked it down to a hotel in Hollywood. A guy named Bobby Randolph had it.

ROCKA

Did you kill him?

ZION

Hell no! We're not murderers.

ROCKA

But you took it by force?

NOAH

We did what we had to do.

ROCKA

You two actually got your hands dirty. I'm impressed.

Rocka drops the case down on a nearby table.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

Let's see what we have here.

He tries to open it with no luck. He spots the digital lock.

NOAH

It's locked.

ROCKA

I can see that! What's the code?!

NOAH

We don't have it.

ROCKA

(stern)

You think this is a game?! We had an agreement. You pay off your old man's debt by bringing me the document, and I don't kill you.

ZION

We understand the deal.

ROCKA

Well, it looks like you haven't lived up to your end of it.

The situation escalates- Rocka's men draw their weapons.

NOAH

Wait, hold on! What you asked for is in that briefcase. The lock is just a small hiccup, that's all. I'm sure you have something around here that you can use to bust it open.

ZION

Please... cut us a break. I almost died last night!

ROCKA

I don't give a shit. You can blame your father for that. If he hadn't stolen from me, you wouldn't be in this predicament.

ZION

He didn't steal anything. We told you, a guy named Bobby had it.

ROCKA

That doesn't prove anything. For all I know, he could've sold it to this Bobby guy.

NOAH

You guys have been doing business together for years. Why would he all of a sudden decide to steal from you? It doesn't make sense.

ROCKA

Well, if he ever turns up I'll be sure to ask him. And if I don't like the answer, I'm gonna put a bullet in his head.

Rocka hands the briefcase to Goon #1

ROCKA (CONT'D)

See if you can get it open.

He turns back towards Noah and Zion.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

You two aren't going anywhere until I get that briefcase open, you understand? I'll be damned if I let you skip town on me like your old man did.

Rocka motions to Goon #2

ROCKA (CONT'D)

Take them to the back and keep an eye on them.

CUT TO:

BACK ROOM

Goon #2 leads Noah and Zion to a grimy back room filled with a rickety table and some folding chairs. An old analog clock hangs on the wall showing 10:30am.

GOON #2

Sit down and shut up. Don't do anything stupid.

ZION

How long are you going to keep us in here?

GOON #2
As long as it takes, so get
comfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A hotel maid knocks on Bobby's suite door.

MAID
Room service!

No answer- She knocks again.

MAID (CONT'D)
Room service!

Using her keycard, she enters the room.

MAID (CONT'D)
Hello! Anyone here?

She walks into the main room- Bobby's dead body lays on the
floor.

MAID (CONT'D)
(screams)
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - LONG BEACH - DAY

Goon #1 uses a welding torch on the briefcase- sparks fly.
Rocka enters the room, checking on the progress.

ROCKA
You got it open?

GOON #1
Not yet. This thing is like Fort
Knox.

ROCKA
Keep at it. I don't care how long
it takes.

CUT TO:

BACK ROOM

Noah and Zion impatiently look up at the clock that now reads 2:48pm.

ZION
We've been in here all day. We're tired and hungry. Can you find out what's going on?

GOON #2
Didn't I tell you to keep your mouth shu-

Goon #2 is interrupted by the sounds of a piercing shriek followed by bullets, screams, and chaos. He pulls out his gun.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)
Don't move!

Goon #2 creeps out of the room, shutting the door behind him. Noah and Zion sit in silence. Moments later, a loud agonizing scream echoes throughout the shop.

GOON #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
AAAAHHHHHH!!!

ZION
Was that him?!

NOAH
I think so.

After a few more moments, the chaos stops- dead silence.

ZION
What the hell just happened?

NOAH
I don't know, but it didn't sound pretty. We're sitting ducks in here. We need to move!

They creep into the main room and freeze in shock. Rocka's men lie on the floor torn apart. Killion has his back turned, opening the briefcase. They try to sneak past him- one of the dying men grabs Zion's foot.

ZION
(startled)
Gasps

Killion turns around, locking eyes with Noah and Zion. His clothes, hands, and face soaked in his victims' blood.

NOAH

We're not looking for any trouble here.

ZION

We just want to go home.

KILLION

I'm afraid it's too late for that. No witnesses.

Killion's face once again twists into a demonic form. He growls at them, showing his teeth like a rabid dog.

ZION

Oh my God!

He rushes them. Before he can strike, a gunshot rings out from **OFF-SCREEN**, striking him in the chest at point blank range. Black colored blood sprays everywhere. He drops to the floor.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Hands trembling, a bloody and beaten Rocka- hair now ghostly white- struggles to stand, clutching a smoking shotgun.

ROCKA

Cock sucker!!!

He spits on Killion before addressing Noah and Zion.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

(struggles to speak)

It was just business. I hope you understand that. I actually like your old man. I hope you find him.

Rocka slumps to the floor.

Noah investigates the now open briefcase and finds a scroll inside. The old weathered document is rolled up and tied with a piece of frayed twine. He snatches it. They head for the exit.

ZION

Let's get the fuck out of here!

ACT II

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Flashback...

Noah and Zion's father, RICK CLARK (58, rugged, street tough) walks into Rocka's office where Rocka sits at his desk.

ROCKA

Nice to see you, Rick. Have a seat.

Rick sits down.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

How are the kids?

RICK

We don't talk much these days, but I still keep an eye on them. Unlike their old man, Noah and Zion are out there making a real difference. I'm proud of them. How've things been on your end?

ROCKA

Not great. Business is slow and cops have been sniffing around. But a new opportunity just presented itself.

RICK

Oh yeah?

ROCKA

Word on the street is, some European millionaire is coming in from overseas with a secret document. Nobody knows what it is, but everyone wants a piece. Apparently, it's worth a fortune. I'm not sure if the value's in the paper itself or what's written on it. Either way, I need you to persuade him to give it to you. If you catch my drift.

RICK

Yeah, I got it.

Rocka hands Rick a file. Rick quickly scans it.

RICK (CONT'D)

I can handle the job, but this one's gonna be bigger than usual. I'll need more than my standard fee. We're talking guns, trucks, and tactical gear. The whole nine yards.

ROCKA

No problem. Whatever you need. You're the only guy I trust that can pull this off.

Rocka hands Rick a piece of paper with a name and address written on it.

INSERT- PAPER

Randall Waldrop: 39 Julia Street, New Orleans.

BACK TO SCENE

ROCKA (CONT'D)

Once you have the document, I want you to take it to this guy. And no airplanes- we can't risk security getting their hands on it. I know it's a bit of a drive, but this Randall Waldrop is an art expert. He'll be able to tell us exactly what it is and how much it's worth. Plus he's discreet and doesn't mind working off the books.

Rick heads for the door.

RICK

Ok, give me a few days. I'll be in touch.

ROCKA

I'll be waiting. And Rick, I don't know too much about this guy, so be careful.

RICK

I always am.

End of flashback.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - PASADENA - DAY

Noah and Zion examine the scroll.

ZION

The more I stare at it, the more I regret taking it.

NOAH

It's the only thing we have left that's connected to Dad.

ZION

What if whoever, or whatever that man was, comes after us?

NOAH

He's dead, Zee. We saw him take a shotgun blast at point-blank range.

ZION

That wasn't an ordinary man. I'm not even sure he was human. Did you see what he did to those guys? And his face... what was that?!

NOAH

I don't know. I can't explain it. But what I do know is, people were willing to kill for this piece of paper. If we figure out what it is, maybe the trail leads back to Dad. Then we could sell it and disappear. Get a fresh start somewhere new... Be a family again.

ZION

I want to find Dad too, but I can't just up and go. I've made a good life for myself. It took me years to get back on track after Mom died. But I finally have a career and friends that I care about.

NOAH

Zee, we can never go back to our old lives. We just left a crime scene where one of the biggest crime bosses in the city was killed. It's only a matter of time before the police or one of his goons come knocking.

ZION

Maybe we should get ahead of this and go to the police.

NOAH

And tell them what? That the boogeyman killed those guys?! Do you really think they're going to believe us? Especially with Dad's reputation hanging over our heads? And even if they do, then what? We wind up in witness protection? I don't know about you, but I'm not spending the rest of my life living in some shitty town looking over my shoulder. At least with the money, we can call our own shots and go where we want.

ZION

(Sigh)

NOAH

Look, I wish Dad would walk through that door and we all live happily ever after. But I just don't see that happening.

ZION

I just don't want to end up back where I have no control over my life again.

NOAH

I'm with you. But this scroll might be the only shot we've got to get out of this mess.

ZION

Alright. Then we need to figure out what we're dealing with. Open it... let's see what it says.

Noah unties the twine and unrolls the scroll revealing handwritten text in a language they don't recognize.

INSERT- SCROLL

Vareen tokla miren shava, entar luskai draven tor. Nethra silvon ekra, morai ventar shivak. Dren talvos ekri, shanvor ethal miren. Kareth ulvon shira, ventar morai thalos. Enkai draven tor, silvon vareen ekra. Thalos miren shava, ulvon dren kai. Vareth enkai shivak, morai talvos dren.

Shira ventar ekra, vareen luskai thalos. Ethal dren kai,
shanvor ulvon vareth. Tokla miren shava, enkai silvon morai.

BACK TO SCENE

They study it closely.

NOAH

Any idea what language this is?

ZION

I've never seen writing like this
before. Feel the texture. They
don't make paper like this anymore.

NOAH

And the handwriting is flawless.
Almost like artwork. We definitely
have something valuable here.

ZION

Let's just hope it doesn't get us
killed.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

A bloody Rocka slowly gets back to his feet. He limps over to
the opened briefcase and sees that the scroll is gone.

ROCKA

Damn it!

He then looks around at all of his dead crew members.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

Shit. I gotta get outta here.

He limps to the exit. He's startled when Killion rises up in
front of him.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

(startled)

Gasp

KILLION

Going somewhere?

ROCKA

What the hell are you?

Eyes red and fangs out, Killion belts out a loud growl and lunges toward Rocka.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Noah comes down the stairs while Zion goes through a drawer in the living room.

NOAH

I checked every closet and drawer upstairs. I didn't find anything.

ZION

(frustrated)
Neither did I.

NOAH

With all the illegal shit Dad's done over the years, he's gotta have a safe or some sorta secret stash, right?

ZION

Wait! I remember something. Help me move the couch.

They push the couch over towards the wall. Zion pulls up a square section of the carpet revealing a hidden door.

NOAH

I had know idea this was here. How did you know?

ZION

When I was like five, I saw him hide some money in here. I was standing at the top of the stairs. He didn't know I saw, and I never told him.

She opens the compartment. Hidden deep inside, there's a stack of \$100 bills, a revolver, and the paper with Randall Waldrop's name and address written on it. They pull the items out.

ZION (CONT'D)

He left his gun and a lot of money behind.

NOAH

That's not good. He either left in a hurry, or...

ZION

(interrupts)

Don't even say it, Noah. He's alive. I just know it.

They examine the paper.

NOAH

I wonder who this Randall Waldrop is?

Zion Google's Waldrop on her cell phone.

ZION

Says on his website that he's an art collector.

NOAH

An art collector? That's strange. Not the kind of guy Dad usually associates with. But if he has Waldrop's info locked away, it must be important. Should we call him?

ZION

No, we don't want to tip him off. I say we just show up and start asking questions. Catch him off guard.

NOAH

You want to go all the way to New Orleans?

ZION

Why not? It's better than sitting around waiting for the "man in black" to get us.

NOAH

We can't risk taking the scroll through airport security.

ZION

Then we'll drive. It's only a two day trip. Since I flew here, we'll have to take your car. You think that old, rusty piece of shit can make it?

NOAH

Hey, that car has gotten me through some tough times. You need to show it some resp-

Their conversation is interrupted by a loud ring from Zion's cell phone. She looks at the caller ID.

INSERT- PHONE

Caller ID reads: Los Angeles Police Department.

BACK TO SCENE

ZION

Why are the cops calling me? You think they know about Rocka?!

NOAH

It just happened. There's no way they identified us that fast. Maybe it has something to do with what went down at the hotel.

ZION

Bobby said his boss was low key. I doubt he went to the cops.

NOAH

Just answer it and let's see what they want.

Zion answers the call and puts the phone on speaker. On the other end is DETECTIVE SAMANTHA SHAW (40s, grizzled vet).

INTERCUT - ZION & NOAH/DETECTIVE SHAW

The conversation shifts back and forth between Rick's house and the police station.

ZION

Hello.

DETECTIVE SHAW

This is Detective Samantha Shaw. Who am I speaking with?

ZION

This is Zion Clark. How can I help you?

DETECTIVE SHAW

Zion... Are you Rick Clark's daughter?

ZION

Yes, I am. Why are you asking?

DETECTIVE SHAW

I'm with LAPD's missing persons unit. I heard that your Dad may be missing. Have you seen him?

ZION

No, I haven't. I'm in town looking for him with my brother, Noah.

DETECTIVE SHAW

I need you both to come down to the station and file a missing persons report so I can launch an official investigation. Do you have any idea where he might be?

ZION

No. Not a clue.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Look, I know your dad is involved in criminal activity and you want to protect him. But if you know anything, you need to tell me.

NOAH

(abrupt)

We appreciate your concern, Detective. We'll stop by and fill out the report as soon as we can.

DETECTIVE SHAW

OK... I look forward to seeing you. You can reach me on this number. Call me if you hear anything.

ZION

Will do. Thank you.

Zion abruptly disconnects the call.

Detective Shaw stares at her phone, unsettled. Something about the conversation doesn't sit right with her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Gripping the welding torch, Killion stands over a bloodied Rocka who's bound to a chair. Rocka's shirt has been torn open, exposing the burns scorched across his chest.

ROCKA

... So you're telling me that you hired this man, Rick Clark to ambush me and steal my property?

ROCKA (CONT'D)

(whimpers)

Yeah, that's right.

KILLION

My associate, Bobby Randolph told me he got it back. Who stole it from him at the hotel?

ROCKA

(mumbles)

That was Rick's kids, Noah and Zion. The two that just left here.

KILLION

They work for you too?

ROCKA

(mumbles)

Well... not exactly.

KILLION

Explain.

Killion grabs the cigar from Rocka's shirt pocket. He uses the torch to light it- he takes a few puffs.

ROCKA

Rick disappeared after he took the document from you. It sounds like your guy, Bobby may have killed him. But at the time, I thought he'd double-crossed me. So I went after his kids.

KILLION

Doesn't surprise me a lowlife like you would do something like that.

ROCKA

I don't know where you come from, but in my world, your debts don't disappear just because you do.

(MORE)

ROCKA (CONT'D)

They pass on to your family. Rick had no siblings, and his wife's been gone for years. So I laid it out for them nice and easy. Either pay me back the money or bring me the document. They didn't have the cash, so they chose the latter.

KILLION

And now you've dragged them into something they can't walk away from.

ROCKA

Don't hurt'em. They're good kids. They just got caught in a bad situation.

KILLION

They stole from me. I'm afraid pity isn't an option. Now tell me, where can I find them?

ROCKA

Their debt is with me, not you. You've got no right going after them. I'm done talking.

KILLION

Well, that's disappointing.

Killion puts the cigar in his mouth. He reignites the torch and begins burning Rocka's chest.

ROCKA

AHHHHHH! Ok, stop!!!

Killion pulls the torch away.

ROCKA (CONT'D)

Rick has a place in Pasadena. 5412 Ascot Drive. They've been staying there while they search for him. That's all I know!

KILLION

Now was that so hard?

ROCKA

(looks down at his seared chest)
Oh God!

KILLION

Don't worry. I'm going to put you
out of your misery.

Killion puts the cigar out in Rocka's eye.

ROCKA

AHHHHHHHHH!

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Upstairs in her childhood bedroom, Zion lies awake. The clock reads 1:08 a.m. She lights a candle sitting on the nightstand. Its flicker reveals an old family photo. She reminisces about the good old days.

CUT TO:

Flashback...

A young Noah (10) and Zion (7) excitedly race downstairs to a glowing Christmas tree with gifts piled high beneath it. Rick and their mother smile. The happy kids tear into the presents, filling the house with love and joy.

End of flashback

SMASH CUT TO:

Startled by a loud noise coming from outside, Zion sprints out of her room into the hallway. Noah steps out of his room joining her.

ZION

(whispers)
Someone is here!

NOAH

(whispers)
Where's Dad's gun?

ZION

It's still in the hidden
compartment.

NOAH

Shit.

They tiptoe downstairs, Noah has a baseball bat, Zion grips a golf club. They quietly search the house for an intruder- all clear.

They notice that the coat closet door is ajar. Zion grabs the doorknob. Noah positions himself in front of the door ready to swing. He gives her a head nod. She quickly pulls open the door- it's empty.

Noah looks through the peephole in the front door.

NOAH (CONT'D)
All clear.

ZION
I'll check the back.

Zion heads for the sliding glass door to the backyard. She opens the drapes. She tries to look outside- it's pitch dark.

ZION (CONT'D)
I can't see anything.

NOAH
Turn on the porch light.

She reaches for the light switch, flipping it on. **Killion appears in front of her.**

ZION
(shocked)
AWE!

Zion jumps back. Killion smashes through the glass and enters the home.

KILLION
Noah and Zion Clark. I've been looking for you.

NOAH
How do you know our names? And how did you find us?!

KILLION
I had a long talk with your friend, Rocka. He told me all about your father and your little dilemma.

ZION
We don't want any part of whatever is going on here. We just want to find our Dad.

NOAH
Did you kill him?

KILLION

I did not... But Bobby Randolph did. You know Bobby, the guy that you robbed in his hotel room.

ZION

You're lying! Bobby didn't come across as a killer.

KILLION

Oh, it's true. He told me all about shooting your Dad and sending him plummeting to his death.

ZION

No!

NOAH

You're a piece of shit.

KILLION

Don't worry, I killed Bobby... I killed Rocka too. Honestly, you should be thanking me. I've solved all your problems in a single day. I might even consider sparing your lives. You just need to return my property.

NOAH

Fuck that! Zee, run!

Noah rushes Killion and punches him in the face. Unfazed, Killion delivers a quick, powerful blow to his chest. Noah flies backwards, landing hard on the floor.

ZION

Noah!!!

Zion cradles Noah's limp body- tears pouring down her face.

ZION (CONT'D)

Nooooo! I can't lose you too!!! Not like this!

KILLION

Enough of these games! Give me my property... Now!!!

ZION

(sobbing)

You can have it!

KILLION
Where is it?!

ZION
It's hidden in the floor, under the
couch!

With one hand, Killion effortlessly flips the couch. It
crashes into a nearby wall.

KILLION
Get it! And I swear, if you're
lying, I will rip your head off!

Zion opens the deep compartment. She pulls out the scroll. He
snatches it.

ZION
You got what you want. Now leave us
alone!

He unrolls the scroll and inspects it thoroughly. Satisfied
with what he sees, Killion's facial expression turns from
concerned to pure evil.

KILLION
Sorry. No witnesses.

Killion grabs her by the throat with his right hand while
holding the scroll in his left. He morphs into his demonic
form, preparing to suck her soul.

From **OFF-SCREEN**, the barrel of a revolver pushes against the
side of his head.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Noah tightly grips the pistol, taken from the hidden
compartment.

NOAH
Fuck you!

He pulls the trigger. The bullet flies in one side of
Killion's head and out the other. Dark blood splatters
everywhere. He collapses to the floor. Noah fires again and
again until the gun clicks empty.

ZION
I thought you were dead!!!

NOAH
We can't let this asshole win.

Zion grabs the scroll out of Killion's hand. While Noah holds his chest in pain, they make their way out the front door.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE

They take off in Noah's car. Moments later, an angry Killion walks out the front door to give chase. He's too late- they're long gone. A NEIGHBOR (50s, female wearing a robe and rollers) approaches him.

NEIGHBOR

I heard gunshots! Are you ok?

He ignores the woman. She notices the black blood pouring out of his head and chest.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Oh my God! What happened to you?!
I'm calling 9-1-1.

Without looking in her direction, Killion grabs her by the throat, snapping her neck with one hand. She collapses to the ground. Frustrated, he storms back inside.

BACK TO:

INSIDE OF THE HOUSE

Killion checks the empty hidden floor compartment. His eyes sweep the room. A piece of paper on the floor catches his attention. He picks it up.

INSERT- PAPER

Randall Waldrop- 39 Julia Street, New Orleans.

BACK TO SCENE

KILLION

(smirks)
Gotcha!

CUT TO:

INT. RANDALL WALDROP'S GALLERY - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

2 days later...

Noah and Zion enter the gallery filled with paintings, sculptures, and expensive items behind glass. Randall Waldrop (60s, eccentric, wearing a loud suit complete with an ascot) approaches them.

RANDALL

Welcome! How can I help you?

NOAH

Are you Randall Waldrop?

RANDALL

The one and only. And you are?

NOAH

My name is Noah. This is Zion.

RANDALL

Nice to meet y'all. You and your lovely wife in the market for some new art? I have the best collection in the city.

ZION

We're actually siblings. We think you may know our father, Rick Clark.

RANDALL

(nervous)

Rick Clark... Doesn't ring a bell.

NOAH

That's funny because he had your name and address written down.

RANDALL

Sorry, I wish I could help you, but I don't know him.

Noah pulls the scroll out of his jacket pocket.

NOAH

Well, have you seen this before?

RANDALL

(surprised)

Where the hell did you get that?

ZION

How about you answer our questions first?

From behind, ONDER (40s, tall, built like Frankenstein) stands with a gun aimed at Noah and Zion.

RANDALL

I think I'm done answering your questions. Now put your hands up.

With their hands raised, Randall pats down Noah. He then goes to pat down Zion.

ZION

Don't fucking touch me!

RANDALL

(snickers)

Don't flatter yourself, Honey...
You're not my type.

Randall snatches the scroll from Noah's hand.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Onder, take our guests downstairs so we can all get a little more acquainted.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

DETECTIVE STEVE JOHNSON (50s, slightly overweight, seen it all) greets Detective Shaw. The place lies in disarray, the couch on its side, the hidden compartment open, and Killion's dark blood streaking the floor and walls.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Thanks for the call, Steve.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Sorry it took me so long to reach out. I've been tied up with another case in West Hollywood. Some poor bastard turned up dead in his hotel room. You should see the pictures. He looks like he's been deceased for years, but according to the hotel staff, he was alive and well just a few days ago. We're still trying to put the pieces together.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Never a dull moment, right? Isn't this Rick Clark's house?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Yeah, it is. Which is why I called
you. A murder just took place here.

DETECTIVE SHAW
What happened?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
From what we know, a neighbor came
over after hearing gunshots. She
was attacked and killed on the
porch.

Shaw stares at the pool of dried black blood on the floor.

DETECTIVE SHAW
What's this?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Well, that's up for debate. Based
on the texture and thickness, it's
possibly blood.

DETECTIVE SHAW
Blood?! Why is it black?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
That's what I'm trying to figure
out. We've sent samples to
forensics for analysis. The good
news is the house is covered with
security cameras. We should have
the footage soon. You think your
missing guy had a hand in this?

DETECTIVE SHAW
I'm not sure. I know his kids have
been staying here the last couple
of days. Any sign of them?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Negative. The place was empty when
we arrived.

DETECTIVE SHAW
I talked to them once on the phone.
They weren't very cooperative. I've
been looking into their father's
disappearance off the books. But
now with this murder, I can get an
official case opened.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Sounds like we both have our work
cut out for us.

Shaw heads for the door.

DETECTIVE SHAW
Steve, can you do me a favor and
let me know as soon as you find out
more about the blood and the
victim's identity?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Will do. I was hoping we could
share information on this one.
Might make both of our jobs easier.

DETECTIVE SHAW
Sounds good. Once I finish the
paperwork, I'm going to pay Luis
Rocka a visit. He and Clark are
known associates. Maybe he knows
something.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Rocka is bad news. You want me to
back you up?

DETECTIVE SHAW
Thanks, but I've got it. I deal
with assholes like him all the
time. I'll reach out if I learn
anything new.

Detective Shaw stares at the pool of black blood on the
floor.

DETECTIVE SHAW (CONT'D)
(talks to herself)
What have you two gotten yourselves
into?

CUT TO:

INT. WALDROP'S GALLERY - BASEMENT - DAY

The room resembles a dark, scary dungeon filled with statues,
old relics, and medieval weapons. Noah and Zion are tied to
some chairs.

RANDALL

Tell Rocka that I was going to look at the scroll like he asked, but his man, Rick never showed up. I figured they must have found someone else to do the job. I was planning on returning the money.

NOAH

We don't work for Rocka!

ZION

Our dad was hired by him to steal the scroll. It sounds like he was supposed to bring it to you. But before he could, he disappeared. Somehow it ended up in the hands of a man named Bobby Randolph.

RANDALL

So how did y'all wind up with it?

NOAH

Rocka thought our dad stole it. He forced us to find it, or else. We ended up lifting it from Bobby. Ever since then, we've been hunted by this man dressed in black.

RANDALL

So Rocka really didn't send you?

ZION

Rocka is dead! The man in black killed him!

RANDALL

Holy shit! Rocka is dead?! Who is this guy in black that had the balls to kill him?

ZION

We don't know. We were hoping you could tell us.

RANDALL

What does he look like?

ZION

Tall, pale, and apparently immortal.

RANDALL

Come again?

NOAH

We saw him get shot pointblank in the chest with a shotgun. Later that night, he showed up at our house like nothing had happened. I put a bullet in his head myself and I'm still not convinced he's dead. It's like we're being chased by The Terminator.

ZION

The guy eats bullets like Tic Tacs. And what makes it even weirder, is that his blood is black.

Randall's interests heightens.

RANDALL

What about his blood?

ZION

It's jet black, like motor oil.

RANDALL

Are you absolutely sure?!

NOAH

Yes, we've both seen it with our own eyes.

RANDALL

Oh my God! I was afraid of this.

ZION

Afraid of what?!

RANDALL

Y'all really don't know, do you?

ZION

Know what?!

NOAH

Can you please tell us what's going on?!

RANDALL

Are y'all familiar with **The Black Death**?

NOAH

You're talking about the plague? I teach it in my history class.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)
It killed millions of Europeans
back in the Middle Ages. What's
that got to do with this?

RANDALL
Do you know how it started?

NOAH
There's been a lot of theories, but
nobody knows for sure.

RANDALL
Well, let me tell you the true
story...

CUT TO:

EXT. KING SPENCER'S CASTLE - EUROPE - DAY

Flashback...

KING SPENCER (70s, jolly) and QUEEN ISABELLE (50s, elegant)
stand on a balcony with their children- Blake (20, muscular),
Nigel (17, skinny), and Sophia (14, ginger) waiving at the
sea of royal subjects standing below.

RANDALL (V.O.)
Back in 1346, there was a kingdom
in Europe ruled by King Spencer and
Queen Isabelle.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Preparing for combat training, Nigel straps on his armor. His
father hands a sword to his brother. They share a special
moment together. Nigel watches with envy.

RANDALL (V.O.)
Blake was the oldest and next in
line for the throne. He shared a
special relationship with their
father. Nigel hated him for it.

Blake and Nigel fence with heavy swords. What begins as
playful sparring quickly escalates into a brutal fight, with
the older, stronger Blake drawing blood. Sophia steps in and
forces them apart.

SOPHIA
Stop it!!!

RANDALL (V.O.)

He thought Blake was weak and didn't deserve the crown, but tradition had to be followed. Over time, envy became anger, and anger turned into desperation.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGEL'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Surrounded by candles and totems, Nigel performs a satanic ritual in his quarters.

RANDALL (V.O.)

He got so desperate that he turned to dark magic.

NIGEL

(chants)

Anark malorum, ven'ael threx. Ex umbris vocamus, Thal'azhul exspectamus. Sanguis fluit, cor ardet. Aperi portas inter mundos. Audite clamorem nostrum. Surgas, Dominus Tenebrarum. In nomine ignis, in nomine ruina. Thal'azhul, veni!

A large crevasse opens up in the ground. Smoke and flames rise, filling the air with heat and ash. A demon-like figure claws its way from the underground to the surface.

RANDALL (V.O.)

He summoned a demon named ANARK (spawn from hell, wearing a black hooded robe to hide his animal-like body and disfigured face).

NIGEL

I want you to kill my brother, so that I can be king.

ANARK

And what will you do for me in return?

NIGEL

Once I have the crown, I'll have the power to grant you whatever you desire.

ANARK

I was condemned to hell after my death years ago. I can't remain in this world on my own... Not without someone granting me permission. Allow me to stay, and I'll help you.

NIGEL

No, you must help me first. Once you've fulfilled your promise, I will summon you back.

ANARK

How do I know you'll keep your word?

NIGEL

You dare challenge my integrity?! No one disrespects the Royal Family, not even you. As prince of the Spencer Kingdom, I command you to obey me!

ANARK

As you wish.

Anark casts a dark spell. The candle light flickers and the room shakes. A few seconds later, Anark opens his eyes.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Knowing that Nigel had no intentions of ever bringing him back, Anark still agreed to help. He cast a curse that would change the course of history forever.

ANARK

It is done.

Anark slithers back into the crevasse. Before departing, he turns around and looks up at Nigel.

ANARK (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon, my king.

He crawls back into hell- the crevasse seals shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Nigel peeks through the open door. A very ill Blake lays in bed. He dies in his mother's arms- King Spencer cries at his bedside.

RANDALL (V.O.)

The next day, Blake fell ill. A few days later, he died from a strange sickness. Nigel pretended to grieve, knowing that he was the catalyst. Young and foolish, he didn't realize that **when you make a deal with the devil, things aren't always what they seem.**

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Teary-eyed, Nigel attends his parents' funeral. Their inscribed coffins are carried into a mausoleum.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Not only did Nigel curse Blake, but he also cursed his parents...

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIA'S QUARTERS - DAY

Nigel, now king, stands at his sister's bedside. Tears roll down his face- he mourns over her lifeless body.

RANDALL (V.O.)

... His sister...

CUT TO:

INT. MASS GRAVE - DAY

Soldiers toss a dead body over a cliff into a ravine where hundreds of dead bodies are being burned.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 ... And the entire kingdom. You see, Anark unleashed a deadly, contagious plague that spread like wildfire across Europe and beyond, leaving death in its path.

CUT TO

INT. NIGEL'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Surrounded by totems and candles, a distraught Nigel once again performs the satanic ritual.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Out of desperation, Nigel once again summoned Anark.

The crevasse re-opens and Anark claws his way from hell back to the surface.

NIGEL
 What have you done, Demon?!

ANARK
 I simply granted your wish. I killed your brother, so that you could seize the thrown.

NIGEL
 I commanded you to eliminate just him, not the entire kingdom! You tricked me!

ANARK
 Well, maybe if you'd cared about your people instead of obsessing over ruling them, you wouldn't be facing this now.

The two bicker.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Nigel begged him to stop the plague. Anark explained his terms. He wanted to remain in this world permanently, but that could only happen if a human gave him permission. He demanded that Nigel grant him that right. Nigel agreed on one condition... Sophia is also spared and she's brought back to life.

Anark nods in agreement. He reveals a scroll and a quill pen taken from his robe. He unrolls the scroll and writes the contract.

With the razor-sharp claw on his right index finger, he slashes his left forearm. Thick black blood gushes from the wound. He dips the claw into the cut and uses the blood to sign the document. He then slides it to Nigel.

ANARK

Your turn.

Nigel reaches for the quill pen- Anark grabs his arm.

ANARK (CONT'D)

The contract must be signed in
BLOOD.

Anark uses his claw to slice Nigel's palm. Nigel winces- blood hemorrhages from the cut.

Nigel dips his right index finger into the blood. He signs the scroll. Once the deed is done, the crevasse closes shut. Without saying another word, Anark grabs the scroll and slithers out the window.

NIGEL

Wait! What about Sophia?!

CUT TO:

INT. KING SPENCER'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

The next day...

Nigel, stunned, watches a resurrected and confused Sophia walk into the room. He jumps to his feet and embraces her.

RANDALL (V.O.)

As agreed upon, the plague stopped
and Sophia was resurrected.

CUT TO:

INT. KING SPENCER'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

1 year later...

King Nigel sits on his throne with Princess Sophia by his side. Several royal noblemen attend. A court jester performs. They laugh, eat, and drink wine. Nigel glances at her and smiles.

RANDALL (V.O.)

The kingdom returned to its former glory under Nigel's rule. Anark vanished and was never seen again. Nigel never spoke of him. It was his dark secret erased from the history books.

End of Flashback

CUT TO:

INT. WALDROP'S GALLERY - BASEMENT - DAY

Randall references the scroll.

RANDALL

This is the actual paper that was signed those many years ago.

NOAH

So you think the man in black that's been hunting us is this demon, Anark?!

RANDALL

It makes sense that he would be desperate to get it back. The terms of this unholy agreement are still being honored to this day.

NOAH

So what if we just tear it up?

RANDALL

If the scroll is destroyed, the agreement ends.

ZION

That's a good thing, right?

RANDALL

No, it's not. He would have to return to hell, but the plague would also return. We're talking another global pandemic that would make Covid seem like a drop in the bucket.

ZION

So why risk bringing it to LA,
knowing that if anything happens to
it, he's got a one-way ticket back
to the underworld?

RANDALL

That's the million-dollar question.
Whatever the reason, the reward
must outweigh the risk.

A loud door chime from upstairs interrupts the conversation.
Randall snatches the gun from Onder and hands him the scroll.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I'll get rid of whoever this is.

ZION

Can you at least un-tie us?!

He heads upstairs, ignoring Zion's request.

BACK TO:

UPSTAIRS

Randall approaches a man who has his backed turned scanning
the room.

RANDALL

Welcome! My name is Randall
Waldrop. How can I help you?

The man turns around revealing that it's Killion.

KILLION

I'm looking for Noah and Zion
Clark.

RANDALL

Sorry, I'm not familiar with them.
No one has been in or out of here
all day.

KILLION

(demonic voice)
Cut the shit. Their car is parked
out front. I know they're here.

RANDALL

(nervous)
My God. You are Anark, aren't you?

KILLION
I haven't heard that name in
centuries. I go by Killion now.

RANDALL
Changing your name doesn't change
your evil past.

KILLION
Just tell me where they're at.
Things will go a lot easier for
you.

From his waist, Randall pulls the gun. He nervously aims it
at Killion.

KILLION (CONT'D)
Bad move.

BACK TO:

BASEMENT

Noah, Zion and Onder are startled when they hear a gunshot- a
loud scream bellows from upstairs.

RANDALL
AHHHHHHHH!!!

NOAH
The last time we heard screams like
that, it didn't end well. You gotta
let us go.

Onder unties them and hands Noah the scroll.

ONDER
Take the scroll and go! You must
keep it out of Anark's hands and
figure out what he's planning.

From upstairs, they hear the stairwell door slam open
followed by heavy foot steps approaching. Onder grabs one of
the medieval swords displayed on the wall.

ONDER (CONT'D)
Use the back door. I'll buy you as
much time as I can.

ZION
Thank you!

Noah and Zion run out the back. The door shuts behind them. Onder readies himself gripping the sword. Killion approaches, one arm behind his back concealing something.

KILLION

I'm looking for Noah and Zion Clark.

ONDER

There's nothing here for you, Demon.

KILLION

It's been a spell since anyone has pointed a blade my way. Here... Why don't you try using this? Might give you a fighting chance.

Killion removes his hand from behind his back, revealing Randall's severed arm- his hand still gripping the gun. Killion tosses it on the floor.

ONDER

(trembles)

I... I'm not afraid of you!

KILLION

You should be.

Killion's eyes turn red- He lunges at Onder.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Noah and Zion sit at a table inside an old roadside diner nervously eating.

ZION

Should we go back and check on them?

NOAH

It's too risky. Besides, the chances of them walking away from that are slim to none.

The WAITRESS (20s, over worked and under paid) approaches the table. She refills their drinks.

WAITRESS

Y'all doing ok? Need anything?

NOAH
We're good. Thanks.

She nods and walks away.

ZION
So what do we do now? The one person that could help us is probably dead. And we're still no closer to finding Dad.

NOAH
The first thing we need to do is find a safe place to hide the scroll. We can't be walking around with it tucked in my pants.

ZION
Maybe we should reach out to that detective.

NOAH
No way! Cops have always been bad news for our family.

ZION
That's because Dad was always into some illegal shit.

NOAH
Which is why we can't trust them. We're always going to be criminals in their eyes.

Their conversation halts when someone approaches the table from **OFF-SCREEN**. Without looking, they assume it's the waitress.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Check please.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A pissed off Killion stands before them. Noah and Zion's jaws drop. Killion sits down at their table.

KILLION
So we meet again.

NOAH
We know who you are, Anark.

KILLION

Then you should also know there's no escaping me. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. This little nightmare doesn't end for you until my property is returned.

NOAH

What exactly are you planning to do with the scroll?

KILLION

That's none of your concern. The only thing you should be worried about is not dying.

Killion slams his fist on the counter.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Now give it to me!

NOAH

All right... We don't have it on us, but it's close. I can take you to it, but only if we come to an understanding first.

KILLION

I don't think you're in a position to negotiate.

NOAH

If you kill us, you'll never find where we hid it. So here's my offer, I'll take you to the scroll, but in return, you leave my sister alone.

ZION

Noah, what are you doing?!

NOAH

Protecting you!

KILLION

You mortals always want to try to talk your way out of things.

NOAH

You made a deal with Nigel back in the day. I don't see why you can't make one with me.

KILLION

(stern)

And just like Nigel, your sister is your weakness. So how about this... We're going to get up, walk out of this diner, and get into my car. And then you're going to take me to my property. If you don't, I'm going to slit her throat and make you watch her bleed out all over this table.

Killion's index finger morphs into a claw. He rubs the sharp nail up against Zion's throat.

NOAH

OK, you win. We'll take you to it. Just don't hurt her.

Killion gets up from his chair.

KILLION

Let's go!

Noah and Zion slowly get up. Killion follows closely behind them. They exit the restaurant. Before they can reach Killion's car, the waitress comes charging out of the diner.

WAITRESS

(upset)

Hey! Y'all didn't pay your bill!

Killion turns around. She confronts him in the middle of the parking lot.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Are you with them?! They owe me \$32.00 plus tip!

Killion prepares to kill her. Before he can act, a car barrels into the parking lot and hits him. The hard impact sends him flying over the hood into the windshield. He then crashes down on the pavement.

The car comes to a stop. The driver's side tinted window rolls down revealing the driver- their dad, Rick.

RICK

(close-up)

Get in!!!

ZION

Dad?!

NOAH
You're alive!

Killion begins to slowly get up.

RICK
Hurry!!!

Noah and Zion jump inside the car. Rick guns it, running over Killion. They zoom out of the parking lot and take off down the street.

ACT III**EXT. PARKING LOT - LOS ANGELES - LATE NIGHT**

Flashback...

Several hours after the heist.

Rick enters his car with the briefcase. He sets it on the passenger seat and starts the car. He sends Rocka a text message.

INSERT- PHONE

On my way to New Orleans with the package.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby emerges from the backseat, wrapping a garrote around Rick's neck. Rick struggles- he puts the car in drive and slams on the gas. They fly out of the lot into a tree.

Rick crawls from the wreck, clutching the briefcase. Bobby stumbles out of the back holding a gun. Rick limps towards an overpass. Bobby fires, hitting Rick's shoulder- the case drops. Rick leaps over the railing.

Bobby scans the water below- no sign of Rick. He grabs the briefcase and takes off.

CUT TO:

At the bottom of the overpass, Rick slowly climbs out of the water favoring his shoulder.

End of flashback.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Rick, Noah, and Zion hole up in a small, dingy motel room. Zion works carefully on Rick's shoulder, stitching the wound closed. Nearby, a shirtless Noah sits on the edge of the bed, rubbing at his bandaged chest.

RICK

It sure is nice to have a nurse around. My shoulder's been bleeding like crazy.

ZION
(sarcastic)
Well, that's what usually happens
when you get shot.

NOAH
(gingerly puts on his
shirt.)
Dad, we thought you were...
(pauses)

RICK
I know... I'm sorry that I didn't
show up sooner. I was out of it for
a few days. Plus I didn't want you
guys involved. I can't believe
Rocka put you in the middle of
this. When I get my hands on him,
I'm going to-

ZION
(interrupts)
He's dead, Dad. Killion killed him
and his entire crew. Noah and I
were there. It was a massacre.

RICK
Shit! Sounds like the blood bath I
walked into at Waldrop's gallery.

ZION
You were there?

RICK
When I finally had enough strength,
I checked the security cameras at
the house. I saw that you found my
hidden compartment with Waldrop's
address. That's how I knew you were
headed there. When I arrived it was
too late. He was dead and you were
gone.

NOAH
How did you end up finding us?

RICK
I asked around all over town. It
didn't take long for someone to
point me in the right direction.
Your car sticks out like a sore
thumb.

ZION

Did you also see the man in black?

RICK

I recognized him immediately. His name is Killion... the man I stole the scroll from. The video was hard to watch... but you guys handled yourselves well, just like I taught you. I couldn't believe he got back up after taking that shot to the head! I'm really sorry I wasn't there to protect you, but I'm here now.

Zion finishes stitching the wound. She cuts the thread and angrily throws the scissors down on the table.

RICK (CONT'D)

Zee, what's wrong?

ZION

We don't need your protection. Noah and I have been doing just fine on our own.

RICK

I didn't mean it like that. I just feel bad that my actions put you in danger.

ZION

Dad, you've been putting us in the middle of your shit since we were little kids.

RICK

I know I'm not father of the year, but I did the best I could raising you.

ZION

You chose a life of crime over us.

RICK

I had to put food on the table! Especially after your mother got sick.

ZION

We didn't need a bunch of money, we needed a father to be there and support us!

RICK

Well, I'm sorry I've disappointed you! I didn't have the same opportunities that you had growing up. I did what I had to do to make sure you and your brother didn't have to struggle like I did. And look at you now, both of you are successes. So I must've done something right!

ZION

So now you're taking credit for our accomplishments too?!

NOAH

(interrupts)

How about we take a breather. We're all under a lot of stress right now.

ZION

Whatever!

RICK

(teary eyed)

Look, I'm sorry for everything. I know I've made mistakes, but I love you both more than anything in this world. You're the reason I clawed my way out of that ravine. You're the reason I survived this bullet. I couldn't bear the thought of never seeing you again.

ZION

(sad)

I know... I shouldn't have talked to you that way. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry, Dad.

They hug.

RICK

It's ok, Sweetheart. I love you.

ZION

I love you too.

Noah joins the love fest- group hug.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Detective Shaw enters the front door. There's no one at the counter- she rings the bell.

DETECTIVE SHAW
Hello. Is anyone here?

Shaw creeps over to the large door leading to the back of the shop. She pulls the handle to see if it's locked- the door opens. She cracks it just enough to take a peek. She sees a body laying on the floor.

Shaw unholsters her gun and enters. She cautiously walks through the shop observing all of the carnage. She reaches Rocka's mutilated body.

DETECTIVE SHAW (CONT'D)
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAR - INTERSTATE 10 - DAY

Rick drives Noah and Zion back to LA.

RICK
So you think that Killion is a 600 year old demon that was summoned from hell by a jealous prince? And the scroll is some kind of evil contract between the two?

ZION
We know it sounds crazy, but you gotta believe us.

RICK
After what I saw on that video, I have no reason to doubt you. But I also saw him bleed. And as far as I'm concerned, if he bleeds, he can be killed. Even if the blood is black.

NOAH
We're at a cross roads. If we destroy the scroll, the world is doomed. If we keep it, he'll never stop hunting us.

ZION

We're damned if we do and damned if we don't. If we just had an idea of what his plans were.

RICK

I think I can help with that.

ZION

You know what he's planning?

RICK

No, but I know who does. When Rocka hired me to steal the scroll, he gave me Killion's itinerary. That's how I knew where to find him.

Rick reaches for the file and holds up a picture of CARTER WESTIN (60s. Greasy, overweight, with thinning hair).

RICK (CONT'D)

After he landed, Killion was on his way to meet a man named Carter Westin.

NOAH

I've heard that name on the news before.

RICK

He's a defense attorney who's represented some of the worst criminals in LA, including Rocka. He's just as corrupt as the people he defends. I'm not sure why they were meeting, but Killion was willing to fly halfway across the world.

ZION

So Carter Westin is the key. He can fill in the blanks.

RICK

Exactly.

NOAH

Well then we better find him.

RICK

Hold on. There's no we. I'm going to handle this myself.

ZION

What are you talking about, Dad?!

RICK

I've gotten you kids in enough trouble as it is. I'm not putting you in any more danger.

ZION

We're not kids anymore.

NOAH

And like it or not, we're already in this up to our eyeballs. We need to see this thing through.

RICK

Are you sure? Dealing with Westin isn't going to be easy. He's the worst of the worst.

ZION

We've already dealt with an angry mob boss and a soul-sucking demon. He can't be any worst than that.

RICK

You gotta point.

NOAH

We'll handle this together like a family.

ZION

Yeah! We'll teach these assholes not to fuck with the Clarks.

RICK

Zee, language!

ZION

Really, Dad?

RICK

Hey, I don't care how old you are. I'm still your father.

NOAH

Lucky he didn't see what you were wearing at the hotel that night.

RICK

Wait, what were you wearing?

The car speeds down the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKA'S AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Detective Shaw studies the black blood on the floor when Detective Johnson enters.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

That's two murders now that Clark is linked to. My theory is that he and Rocka had a falling out. Something happened at his place, and then Rick shows up here to take care of unfinished business.

DETECTIVE SHAW

I've read through Clark's wrap sheet. He's done some bad things, but nothing close to murder. There's more to this story than we realize. And I think it ties back to this black substance.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

The forensic results just came in from the other crime scene. It's definitely blood, but not human.

DETECTIVE SHAW

So it's from an animal?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

That's the thing. They couldn't find any species that matches. We're sending a sample to an expert to see if they can identify it.

DETECTIVE SHAW

That doesn't make any sense. There's gotta be a logical explanation.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Your guess is as good as mine. As far as Rick and his kids go, their fingerprints and DNA were found, which doesn't surprise me since they've all stayed in the house. Have you heard anything else from them?

DETECTIVE SHAW

Not a peep. I haven't really been pressing them, but with these murders, things have become far more serious. I'm done with the good cop routine. It's time to turn up the heat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARTER WESTIN'S HOUSE - STUDIO CITY - DAY

2 days later...

The garage door opens. Carter Westin backs out of his driveway and takes off in a hurry. Rick, Noah, and Zion are parked across the street watching- they follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAN PEDRO - EVENING

Carter parks and heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Boxes and equipment fill the room. An emergency fire case with an ax inside hangs on the wall.

A large storage container sits in the middle of the floor. Close by, several chairs face a table piled with canned goods, utensils, and toiletries.

While Carter opens a can of soup, Rick, Noah, and Zion make their presence known.

RICK

What the hell are you doing in here, Westin?

CARTER

What the?! How did you get in here?

ZION

You should really lock the door behind you, especially when you're up to shady shit.

They approach Carter.

CARTER
What do you want?

NOAH
Answers!

CARTER
I know a lot of things. You're
going to have to be more specific.

RICK
Let's cut to the chase. We know
that Killion flew all the way from
London to bring you a scroll. The
question is, why?

CARTER
I'm afraid that information falls
under attorney-client privilege.

RICK
Wrong answer.

Rick punches Carter in the face sending him to the floor.

CARTER
You're going to pay for that! Do
you know who I am?!

RICK
(turns to Noah and Zion)
Go wait in the car. I don't want
you to see this.

NOAH
We're in this together, remember?

Rick pulls out his revolver and puts it to Carter's head.

RICK
I know who you are and I don't give
a shit. This Killion asshole is
after my kids. And I will do
ANYTHING to protect my family,
including putting a bullet in your
head.

Rick cocks the revolver.

CARTER
(nervous)
He'll kill me if I talk.

RICK
I'll kill you if you don't.

CARTER
He's starting a movement.

RICK
What kind of movement?

CARTER
The kind that will change the world forever.

ZION
I've heard that before. Bobby Randolph said the same thing.

CARTER
Bobby was just a pawn. Killion promised that I would be his second in command.

RICK
And what exactly will you be commanding?

CARTER
His loyal followers... His children.

NOAH
Sounds like he's starting a cult.

CARTER
Not a cult... A society of demons. They're as intelligent as they are powerful. They'll easily seize this world. No force will be able to stop them. Every military, every government, every nation will fall.

Zion's cell phone vibrates. She discreetly pulls it out of her pocket and checks the caller ID.

INSERT- PHONE

Samantha Shaw (312)555-5555

BACK TO SCENE

She clicks the call to voicemail.

RICK
Why would Killion offer you such a high position in his little demon society?

CARTER
Because it takes two pieces to complete the puzzle and he's only got one.

ZION
You're talking about the scroll?

CARTER
That's right. And I have the other.

Noah holds up the scroll.

RICK
Well, we have it now, so we're calling the shots. What do you have that he needs so badly?

Carter falls speechless when he sees they have it. Rick taps the revolver against Carter's head.

RICK (CONT'D)
Answer me! What do you have?!

CARTER
Relax! I'll show you!

CUT TO:

Carter opens the storage container door. It's pitch dark inside. Zion's cell phone vibrates again. She checks the caller ID.

INSERT- PHONE

Samantha Shaw (312)555-5555

BACK TO SCENE

Once again, Zion clicks her to voicemail.

Carter attempts to walk inside the container. Rick grabs his arm to stop him.

RICK
Uh-uh. You're not leaving my sight. Now, what's in there?

CARTER
 (yells to someone inside
 the container)
 Come out!

For what feels like an eternity, everyone stares inside the dark container- there's no movement. Zion's cell phone vibrates again. This time it's a text message from Shaw.

CLOSE-UP OF PHONE

We need to talk now! Where are you???

BACK TO SCENE

Zion types a quick message and returns the phone to her pocket.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Please, come out! You're not in any danger.

After a few more moments, foot steps can be heard. A frail petrified red-headed woman emerges from the container.

NOAH
 What the hell?!

ZION
 You had a woman locked in there,
 you sick fuck?!

CARTER
 Not just A woman... THE WOMAN.

Noah pulls out a chair for her.

NOAH
 Are you ok, ma'am? Do you want to sit down?

ZION
 You're safe now. No ones going to hurt you.

She sits down.

RICK
 Who is she?

CARTER
 You've already seen too much. Why don't you take your kids and get as far from here as you can.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)
Enjoy the time you have left
together before the inevitable
happens.

Rick presses the barrel firmly against Carter's temple.

RICK
Who is she?! I won't ask again.

SOPHIA
My name is Sophia. Sophia Spencer.

ZION
Wait, you mean THE Sophia Spencer?!
King Spencer's daughter?!

SOPHIA
Yes

NOAH
But that would make you over 600
years old. How is that possible?

SOPHIA
When Killion, or Anark as he was
known at the time, agreed to bring
me back to life, he left out an
important detail. He didn't tell my
brother that the resurrection would
make me immortal.

NOAH
So you've been living all of this
time? I can't imagine all of the
things that you've seen.

SOPHIA
You may view immortality as a gift,
but for me it has been a curse.
Over the years, I've had to watch
everyone that I love grow old and
die... Even my own children. A
parent should never have to bury a
child.

ZION
I'm so sorry.

SOPHIA
After signing the contract with my
brother, Killion disappeared for
centuries. I didn't even know he
existed, until Nigel confessed to
everything on his deathbed.

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Then one day, out of nowhere,
Killion resurfaced and began
searching for me. I had no choice
but to flee Europe.

RICK

Do you know why he's looking for
you?

SOPHIA

He wants to change the original
contract between him and my
brother.

ZION

But how can you change it?

SOPHIA

Aside from Nigel, only an immediate
family member with pure Spencer
blood can amend the agreement. All
of the original members are
deceased, and over generations the
bloodline has diluted. I'm the sole
first-degree relative remaining.

NOAH

If he was able to bring you back
from the dead, why doesn't he just
resurrect Nigel or one of the other
original family members?

SOPHIA

Just like altering the contract,
the same rules apply. As the only
immediate family member left, he'd
need my permission to bring one of
them back, just as he needed
Nigel's to resurrect me. And he
won't be getting it.

RICK

So, you hold all the cards. No
wonder he's after you.

SOPHIA

We've been playing cat and mouse
for decades. When he gets too
close, I run. I've lived in over
100 countries in my lifetime. The
more time that passes, the harder
it is to hide. With technology
advancing, the world has gotten
smaller and smaller.

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

But, it's always been one-on-one with him and I. I never imagined that he would involve others and risk exposing his secret.

Sophia glares at Carter.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I guess I underestimated his desperation. I was living a quiet, happy life in a small town in Greece, when this man kidnapped me from my home and brought me here.

Rick pushes Carter.

RICK

You're a piece of shit, Westin. I'm going to make sure you do hard time just like the scum you represent.

CARTER

It doesn't matter. You can't stop the movement. Eventually we're going to seize power and take over.

RICK

You really believe that Killion gives a shit about you? Have you watched the news lately? Bobby Randolph is dead. And as soon as he doesn't need you anymore, you're going to be too.

CARTER

Act high and mighty all you want, but I know the truth. Rocka told me stories about you. You're no better than me. We're the same.

RICK

No, we're not. I've done things I'm not proud of, and I own every one of them. But I would never sellout the entire human race.

Noah, Zion and Rick put their heads together.

ZION

Let's think about this for a second. We finally have the upper hand. We know what Killion wants, and he can't get it without the scroll or Sophia. And we have both.

(MORE)

ZION (CONT'D)

We just need to figure out how to use all this to our advantage.

NOAH

(holds up the scroll)

Wait! Sophia, you can change the contract, right?! Then you have the power to rewrite it and send him back to hell.

SOPHIA

Unfortunately, it's not that simple. For any changes to be valid, both he and I would have to sign in our own blood.

ZION

Shit. Who knew dark magic had so many rules.

RICK

If that's the case, then Sophia and the scroll need to be as far apart as humanly possible. Which means, we put her on a plane asap.

NOAH

What about the scroll?

RICK

I hate to say it, but we're going to have to split up.

ZION

What?!

RICK

Killion can't chase all of us. If we separate, we'll have a better chance. I'll take the scroll and find a hiding place for it. You two go some place far away and lay low.

ZION

What happened to handling this together as a family?

RICK

We are. And this is our best play.

NOAH

I don't like it either, but I think he's right, Zee.

ZION

(yells)

I'm already giving up my job, my friends, and the life I've built. And now I have to lose you again, Dad?!

RICK

I'm sorry, Sweetheart but I just don't see another way.

KILLION (O.S.)

I do.

Killion enters the room.

KILLION (CONT'D)

You can return my property and beg for forgiveness.

SOPHIA

Killion!

KILLION

Hello, Sophia. Long time no see.

SOPHIA

It hasn't been long enough as far as I'm concerned.

KILLION

You're really good at hiding, I'll give you that. I've been searching for you for what seems like an eternity. I came close a few times. Like Morocco... I swear I missed you by minutes. Your coffee was still warm when I got there.

Killion glances over at Carter.

KILLION (CONT'D)

I finally had to accept that I couldn't do it all alone. So yes, I swallowed my pride and asked for help. But does it even matter? Bobby... Carter... Even you... You're all just means to an end.

SOPHIA

The contract was between you and my brother. I had nothing to do with it. He should've never summoned you in the first place.

KILLION

Maybe so, but he did. And for 680 years, I've wandered this world alone.

SOPHIA

So have I. Thanks to you.

KILLION

The difference is, you've had the chance to connect with countless people over the years. You've had friends, lovers, even children. Me on the other hand, I'm the only one of my kind. No real connection, just endless isolation. Loneliness can be brutal, even for someone like me. You're the only one who can change that.

He walks over to the table where Sophia sits.

KILLION (CONT'D)

I'm truly sorry that you've suffered, but I was afraid if I told your brother the consequences of bringing you back, he wouldn't have made the agreement. He granted me the power to live in this world, and now I need for you to do the same for my children.

ZION

Bullshit! This isn't about you being lonely. It's about you taking over the world.

KILLION

Why can't it be about both? Your world is fractured. My leadership will be the change it needs.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Flash forward...

A post-apocalyptic world- demons roam among crumbling buildings, overturned cars, and corpses scattered across the streets.

KILLION (V.O.)
Taking control will be effortless.
We'll start with your social media.
Then we'll infiltrate your
corporations. Finally, your
governments will fall in line.

End of flash forward.

BACK TO:

RICK
Not if we stop you. As far as I'm
concerned, you're never going to
see that scroll again.

KILLION
We'll see about that!

Killion flips the table. Ricks moves out of the way. It hits
Noah and Zion, sending them to the floor.

KILLION (CONT'D)
You're not going to get away from
me this time.

Carter takes off running. Rick jumps in front of his kids,
aiming the revolver at Killion.

KILLION (CONT'D)
You really think that gun is going
to stop me?

RICK
You're right.

Rick lowers the gun.

RICK (CONT'D)
That's why I just want to talk...
Man to man... Father to father.

Rick talks face to face with Killion.

RICK (CONT'D)
This whole thing started because I
stole the scroll from you. But
that's between us. Leave my kids
out of it. Let them go.

KILLION
Sorry, no witnesses!

RICK
Then I'll have to do what's
necessary to keep my family safe.

Rick turns to Sophia sitting in the chair.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!

Rick shoots her in the chest. She falls backwards in the chair to the floor. Noah and Zion are stunned.

RICK (CONT'D)
Sophia's out of the equation.
There's no changing the contract
now. It's over.

KILLION
Are you sure about that?

A few seconds later, Sophia opens her eyes and sits back up. Rick can't believe it.

KILLION (CONT'D)
Like me, nothing can kill her. But
I applaud your effort. Too bad it's
going to cost you your life.

In a blink of an eye, Killion uses his claw to slash Rick's throat. Rick holds his neck as blood gushes down his chest.

ZION
(screams)
Dad!!!

NOAH
(screams)
No!!!

Rick collapses to the floor. Noah and Zion go to him, crying uncontrollably over his limp body.

KILLION
(holds his hand out)
Now give it to me!

Noah hands him the scroll.

Killion spots Sophia trying to crawl away. He flips the table upright and then yanks her up by the shirt. He slams her down on one of the other chairs forcing her to sit in front of the table.

KILLION (CONT'D)
Now let's get down to business.

Killion takes the same quill pen from his jacket and scribbles new lines on the contract. He slams the pen down on the table.

He rolls up his left jacket sleeve preparing to draw blood- he's interrupted.

DETECTIVE SHAW (O.S.)
LAPD!!! Freeze!!!

Killion looks up to see Detective Shaw and Johnson pointing their guns at him.

NOAH
Detective Shaw? How did she find us?

ZION
I texted her the address. I know you don't like cops, but we're in over our heads.

There's a standoff between Killion and the detectives.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Step away from the woman and put your hands up!

KILLION
I'm so sick of being interrupted!

Killion advances toward them- his face morphing into its demonic form.

DETECTIVE SHAW
Stop or we'll shoot!

Killion continues to advance- the detectives open fire shooting him multiple times. He falls to the floor.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
Cover me!

Johnson runs over to check on Killion. He notices the black blood.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I think we found our man! Or whatever he is.

Johnson bends down to check his pulse.

NOAH

Wait! He's not dead!

Killion reaches up and grabs Johnson by the throat. Keeping a tight grip, he stands up and stares Johnson in the eyes. Shaw's jaw drops. She raises her gun.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Let him go!

Killion sucks his soul- Johnson's hair turns white. Shaw aims, but Johnson's body blocks her line of fire. His lifeless body drops to the floor. Killion then turns his attention to Shaw.

He charges toward her. Shaw pulls the trigger- it's empty. He grabs her by the throat and begins to suck her soul. Noah hits him in the back with the ax that was hanging on the wall.

Killion turns around and knocks Noah to the floor. He reaches over his shoulder and pulls the ax free. He lifts it, ready to strike. Noah raises his hands, bracing for the blow.

SOPHIA

Wait! I'll sign it!

Killion pauses.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Please, no more violence. Promise not to kill them and I'll sign the scroll right now.

Killion throws the ax on the floor.

KILLION

OK, I'll let them live... But no more games.

He approaches Sophia who's still sitting at the table. He slashes his forearm and dips his claw into his demon blood. He initials the scroll.

He grabs Sophia's left hand and cuts her palm with his claw, drawing blood. She winces in pain.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Your fingerprint will do.

She dips her right index finger into her bloody palm. She then presses her bloody fingerprint on the scroll.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Finally!

Killion rolls up the scroll and tucks into his inside jacket pocket. He grabs her by the collar, dragging her off of the chair to the middle of the floor. She sits on her knees- he tightly grips her shoulder.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Repeat after me! Fratres et sorores
malorum, surgite.

SOPHIA

Fratres et sorores malorum,
surgite.

KILLION

Ex umbris vocamus, Anark
respondite.

SOPHIA

Ex umbris vocamus, Anark
respondite.

KILLION

Sanguis rubet dum flamma vorat.

SOPHIA

Sanguis rubet dum flamma vorat.

KILLION

Aperi portas et claustra corruat!

SOPHIA

Aperi portas et claustra corruat!

He tosses Sophia aside. A large crevasse begins to open in the floor.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Now let them go. You promised!

KILLION

I'm a man of my word. I won't kill
them. Instead, I'm going to let my
children feed on their souls.

Noah grasps Zion's hand. Their eyes meet one last time, sharing a silent exchange of love and sorrow. The ground shakes- the crevasse splits open. Smoke and flames rise, filling the air with heat and ash.

KILLION (CONT'D)

Rejoice! You're about to die at the hands of the Children of Anark. Be thankful, your meaningless lives will serve a purpose. Now rise my children!

A horde of demons rises from the ash, clawing their way out of the crater like vermin. Their faces are grotesque masks of evil. They slither their emaciated bodies over to Killion.

KILLION (CONT'D)

At last, we have been reunited. You must be famished from your journey. I offer these mortals as sacrifice. Go forth and suck the souls out of their worthless bodies.

The demons don't budge.

KILLION (CONT'D)

(confused)

Go ahead... Feed my children, feed!

The demons remain still.

SOPHIA

They're not going to follow your orders.

KILLION

(disgust)

What did you do?

Sophia holds up the quill pen that he left on the table.

SOPHIA

While you were terrorizing these poor people, I added my own terms to the contract.

CUT TO:

Flashback...

Moments ago- While Killion attacks the detectives, Sophia quietly grabs the pen left on the table and writes on the scroll.

BACK TO:

Killion quickly unrolls the scroll and reads it. Shock grips him- a new line has been added by Sophia, altering the contract.

CLOSE-UP OF THE CONTRACT

WHEN THY DEMONS ARE SUMMONED, THY GRANTER SHALL HOLD DOMINION
OVER THEE.

BACK TO SCENE

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Since your lawyer ran off, let me
put this in simple terms. Whoever
grants permission to summon the
demons is the one they answer to.
And since I summoned "your
children", I command them, not you.

For the first time, Killion looks nervous. Sophia addresses
the demons.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
I, Princess Sophia Spencer command
thee...

KILLION
No!

SOPHIA
To remove Anark from this world and
take him back to where he
belongs...

KILLION
No!

SOPHIA
BACK TO HELL!!!

The demons swarm Killion- dragging him back to the crevasse.

KILLION
Nooooooooo!

Killion lunges at Sophia. She tries to dodge him, but he
grabs her leg. He holds on to her- they're both being
dragged. She tries to break free- he tightens his grip.

KILLION (CONT'D)
If I'm going back to hell, you're
coming with me!

ZION
Sophia!!!

Noah grabs her arms, pulling with all of his strength.

NOAH

Hold on!

Killion's grip holds, too powerful to break.

SOPHIA

(tearful)

It's ok. I've lived long enough.

The lower half of Killion's body disappears into the abyss. Sophia teeters on the edge of being dragged in. From **OFF-SCREEN**, the ax slams into Killion's arm, cutting it off.

KILLION

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Zion stands with ax in hand.

ZION

That's for my dad, Motherfucker!

An armless Killion vanishes- the hole seals shut.

Noah and Zion hug each other.

Sophia stares at Killion's severed arm. His hand still grasping to her leg.

SOPHIA

May you burn in hell, Demon!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - PASADENA - DAY

Detective Shaw walks into CHIEF RAY HARRISON'S (50s, thick mustache) office.

DETECTIVE SHAW

You wanted to see me, Sir?

CHIEF HARRISON

Yeah, have a seat.

Harrison opens a vanilla folder.

CHIEF HARRISON (CONT'D)

I read your report. It sounds like it came straight from a Stephen King novel.

DETECTIVE SHAW

I know how it sounds, but it's all true.

CHIEF HARRISON

I know. We've got plenty of footage backing you up. Gallery, warehouse, and body shop videos all show Killion as the killer. Clark's doorbell cam caught him snapping the neighbor's neck, and hotel surveillance confirms he was the last person in Bobby Randolph's room.

DETECTIVE SHAW

So, Rick is officially off the hook?

CHIEF HARRISON

As far as I'm concerned, he died a hero. He and his kids helped save the city, if not the entire world.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Never thought I'd live to see it... Rick, of all people, being labeled a hero.

CHIEF HARRISON

We're definitely living in strange times. Which is why I'm starting a new division devoted to investigating paranormal crimes. And I want you to lead it. It would be naive for us to chalk this up as a one and done. I believe there's other things out there that go bump in the night.

DETECTIVE SHAW

I'd be honored, Sir.

CHIEF HARRISON

I spoke with the Mayor and the Chief of Police in New Orleans. We're all in agreement, the public can never know about this. You understand the kind of widespread panic it would cause if people realized demons, and who knows what else, were out there.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Agreed. It doesn't take much to stir people up these days.

CHIEF HARRISON

We're burying the entire case. Killion and the scroll are gone, so that problem is taken care of. As far as the public is concerned, Rocka and his crew were gunned down by a rival gang. Randall Waldrop and his partner were murdered in an attempted robbery. And Bobby Randolph partied a little too hard and overdosed. Clean, simple, and contained.

DETECTIVE SHAW

What about Detective Johnson?

CHIEF HARRISON

We've notified both the press and Johnson's family that he died in the line of duty while assisting you in rescuing the Clarks from Carter Westin, who held them hostage.

DETECTIVE SHAW

That's close enough to the truth. No one's going to question it.

CHIEF HARRISON

Now we just need to tie up some loose ends. I got every cop in the city looking for Mr. Westin. In the meantime, I need you to bring Noah, Zion and Sophia Spencer in for a quick chat. They'll all need to sign NDAs. In exchange, any and all crimes they've committed associated with this matter will be forgiven.

DETECTIVE SHAW

Unfortunately, that's not going to be possible, Chief.

CHIEF HARRISON

Why not?

DETECTIVE SHAW

I don't know where they are. Noah and Zion have disappeared.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE SHAW (CONT'D)
Their phones are disconnected, and
Rick's house is empty. I sent local
officers to their respective
residences with the same results.
Sophia is nowhere to be found
either.

CHIEF HARRISON
Any idea where they might've gone?

DETECTIVE SHAW
Not a clue. But I'm sure they
learned a little something from
their father about how to
disappear. And if they're with
Sophia, they could be anywhere in
the world by now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS - DAY

A ferry pulls up to the dock. Noah and Zion exit the boat.
They're greeted by a smiling Sophia.

SOPHIA
Welcome to your new home!

They warmly greet each other with hugs. The camera pulls back
showcasing the beautiful landscape.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

MID-CREDIT SCENE

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Chief Harrison comes in from the rain. While closing his umbrella, he's greeted by Chief Medical Examiner, DR. CHIRAG SINGH (60s, dressed in scrubs).

DR. SINGH

Thanks for stopping by on such short notice.

CHIEF HARRISON

No problem. I needed to speak with you anyway.

DR. SINGH

That severed arm from the warehouse... I've examined it multiple times. Something's not right.

CHIEF HARRISON

I know. That's what we need to talk about. Can we go somewhere private?

CUT TO:

MORGUE

Harrison and Singh talk alone. Killion's severed arm sits on the autopsy table.

DR. SINGH

I can't just hand over evidence without the right paperwork. I could lose my job, not to mention my license.

CHIEF HARRISON

I know this isn't proper protocol, but trust me, nothing is going to happen to you. Everyone from the D.A. to the mayor are on board with this.

DR. SINGH

We've known each other for a long time, Ray.

(MORE)

DR. SINGH (CONT'D)
You've always been a straight
shooter. If you say this needs to
be done, I trust you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Trying not to get wet, Chief Harrison leaves the medical examiner's office holding his umbrella in one hand and a large glass jar containing Killion's arm in the other.

Carefully, he places it in the back seat before jumping into his car.

CHIEF HARRISON
(talks to himself)
Hell of a way to spend a Saturday
night.

He starts the car and drives off.

CLOSE-UP OF THE ARM

While Killion's arm lays in the jar, his fingers begin to move!

The car drives down the street, disappearing into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.