

DISCIPLE

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FADE IN:

EXT. SIDE STREET ADJACENT TO THE VATICAN - NIGHT

On a dimly lit street, two American priests slowly walk toward the Vatican entrance. FATHER LEVY and FATHER PASTORE enjoy the warm weather.

FATHER PASTORE
Italy is nice this time of the
year.

FATHER LEVY
A little too hot for me, but
tonight there is a cool breeze.

A gust of wind rattles the trees on both sides of the street. The priests look behind them and see nothing. But as they take a few more steps... they can hear a sound that makes them turn around again.

In the shadows of the dimly lit street... there's a presence: an OMINOUS FIGURE standing still... as the priests began to walk faster away from the figure, he lunges forward with a LARGE SERRATED KNIFE, and attacks Father Levy without mercy... BLOOD SPLATTERING EVERYWHERE.

HORRIFIED, Father Pastore, covered in blood, knowing he can't stop the attack and fearing for his life, runs away SCREAMING at the top of his lungs.

INT. OFFICE OF SAC BROLAN - FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

It's six o'clock in the morning. The special agent-in-charge, JOHN BROLAN stands behind his desk, reading a memo, awaiting one of his senior special agents to arrive.

SUPER: FBI HEADQUARTERS

Agent BRIAN ERICKSON, tall, short blond hair, wearing round tortoise shell glasses, walks in with a cup of coffee and takes a seat.

ERICKSON
Another early morning. What is it
this time?

BROLAN
An American priest was murdered
outside the Vatican last night.
(MORE)

BROLAN (CONT'D)
According to this memo, it was
brutal.

ERICKSON
Do we have clearance to go?

BROLAN
Yes.

Brolan takes a seat.

BROLAN (CONT'D)
I want you and Monroe to take this
on.

ERICKSON
(slight smirk)
Monique Monroe? Okay, where the
hell is she?

BROLAN
She's running late... but she's the
best investigator we have.

ERICKSON
I agree.
(laughs)
I assume you want me to chaperone
her. Is that it?

Before Brolan can reply, Agent MONIQUE MONROE, slender Afro-American beauty, walks in the room and throws her large handbag on Brolan's desk.

MONROE
Nothing like getting woken up
early. What happened?

Brolan hands her the memo that she quickly reads.

MONROE (CONT'D)
There was a witness?

BROLAN
Apparently... I want you and
Erickson to go investigate.

Monroe stares at Brolan with a frown.

BROLAN (CONT'D)
I know you have reservations about
going to the Vatican.

MONROE

If you mean because I'm an African-American woman dealing with a bunch of white men, then yes you are correct.

BROLAN

Erickson here will be with you, so there should be no problem.

Monroe grins at Erickson.

MONROE

So, you're my protector now? How nice. Let me be clear, I know who I am, know what I can do... but I suppose it won't be that bad to have you along.

ERICKSON

(smiles)

I guess I should be thankful.

Brolan stands in between them.

BROLAN

The Catholic Church will want to solve this quickly, so you two need to work together.

Brolan goes back to his desk.

BROLAN (CONT'D)

Wheels up in one hour.

INT. SMALL ANTEROOM - VATICAN VISITOR'S CENTER - ROME - DAY

Agents Monroe and Erickson are escorted into the room by an older nun. The nun motions for them to take a seat at a small table and wait for the PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE to join them.

After the nun departs, Erickson takes a seat and Monroe places her small briefcase on the table and walks around the room. The high ornate ceilings, bold frescos, and highly polished floors give her a sense of uneasiness.

A sound startles her, and when she turns around, she sees the Papal Representative standing there. He quietly and sheepishly takes a seat.

Erickson places his FBI badge on the table and Monroe purposely sits across from him, and begins the interview.

MONROE

I need to know exactly what happened here.

The Papal Representative appears reluctant to respond.

MONROE (CONT'D)

We're running out of time.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

It remains a mystery.

MONROE

There has to be more to the story. It's imperative you tell me.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

The Holy Catholic Church sends its condolences to the family.

Erickson brings out two photos from her briefcase and slides them in front of the representative.

ERICKSON

Do you know who did this?

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

I'm afraid not.

MONROE

We want to talk to the person who witnessed it.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

Father Pastore.

The Papal Representative slowly stands and walks away.

Moments later, FATHER PASTORE walks in and takes a seat.

FATHER PASTORE

(sheepish)

I am Father Pastore.

MONROE

We understand you witnessed this brutal crime.

Father Pastore leans forward in his chair.

FATHER PASTORE

Have you ever seen something so terrible, you want God to erase it?

MONROE

What did you see?

Father Pastore trembles somewhat and seems to be in a trance.

ERICKSON

Father Pastore, what did you see?

Father Pastore still seems terribly distracted.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

Father Pastore, did you hear what I said? What did you see?

FATHER PASTORE

It was a terrible death.

His eyes squint a bit.

FATHER PASTORE (CONT'D)

(trembling)

A terrible death. You must excuse me.

He quickly vacates the room. Erickson and Monroe look at each other in disbelief. Erickson collects his badge and Monroe puts the photos back in her briefcase, and they quickly walk out of the room.

**INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - FEDERAL CORRECTION FACILITY -
PETERSBURG VIRGINIA - DAY (TWO YEARS EARLIER)**

Dr. JEDIDIAH DOYLE patiently waits for the PRISON ADMINISTRATOR to join him. He takes a piece of paper out of his satchel and places it on the small desk; setting the satchel on the floor. A middle-aged man with graying hair, he retains a certain sophistication by perpetually wearing stylish sports coats with matching ascots.

He glances around the tiny room painted in a ugly faded green color. There are no windows; only doors at either end.

The metal door is opened, making a loud noise, and the administrator, holding a manila folder, enters and sits across from Doyle.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR

Sorry for the delay.

DOYLE

That's okay. I'm here to see Andrew Russo.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
(smiles)
That would be Prisoner 443556.

DOYLE
Sorry... yes... I believe so.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
In what capacity are you here?

DOYLE
I'm his psychiatrist.

The prison administrator opens the manila folder and reviews the paperwork inside.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
According to this, you are a psychologist. Which one is it?

DOYLE
I am a psychiatrist, but have a PhD in psychology.

The prison administrator sits back and stares at Doyle.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
We have a problem.

DOYLE
(unnerved)
A problem?

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
Two weeks ago, someone who presented credentials as a psychologist visited the prisoner.

DOYLE
Who was it?

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
I'm not at liberty to say. You haven't been here before. Have you?

DOYLE
No, but I've treated the prisoner in the past.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR
This is an unusual circumstance. We'll have to sort out the details. You'll have to come back.

DOYLE

I'm sure I had an appointment.

The prison administrator stands, slightly smiles, and points to the door.

PRISON ADMINISTRATOR

Please leave the way you came in.

Confused, Doyle grabs the piece of paper, shoves it in his satchel, and walks out the door.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (2018)

In the early morning, there is congested traffic outside the headquarters as well as numerous workers entering the building.

SUPER: FBI HEADQUARTERS

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - SPECIAL AGENT - DAY

Monroe enters her office, turns the light on, throws her handbag on a side chair. She glances out her window before sitting. There are a few folders scattered on her desk and she places them right in front of her.

As she starts to open the first one, her new colleague comes in with a newspaper tucked under his arm and sits next to her.

ERICKSON

Well, we didn't get what we were looking for, but the food was good.

MONROE

They're still reluctant to talk.

ERICKSON

To be honest; that's an understatement.

MONROE

They're scared.

Monroe places the Italian newspaper in front of Erickson.

MONROE (CONT'D)

I think this first article says it all.

She points to the headline. It reads IL MALE HA SFIORATO IL VATICANO.

ERICKSON

What does it mean?

MONROE

It means evil has brushed against the Vatican. According to the article, senior members of the Vatican believe someone or something terribly sinister killed that priest.

ERICKSON

I don't know what to think yet.

MONROE

I don't know what the hell to think either, but we need to get to the bottom of it.

Monroe goes over to the window and looks out.

MONROE (CONT'D)

You know it's not going to be that easy.

ERICKSON

We may have an advantage. My wife's cousin is a priest assigned to the Vatican. He may be able to shed some light on what we need to know.

The phone rings and Monroe sits again and answers it. GWENDOLYN PARK is on the other end.

MONROE

(into phone)

Hello.

PARK (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Monique, this is Gwendolyn Park. We worked a case two years ago. I've been assigned to help you on your current case.

MONROE

(into phone)

I understand. Why don't you come over tomorrow and we'll discuss it.

PARK (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Afternoon okay?

MONROE
 (into phone)
 Yes, thank you.

Monroe hangs up and sits back.

ERICKSON
 Who was that?

MONROE
 Gwendolyn Park. She's a profiler
 over at Quantico. She's now been
 assigned to our case.

ERICKSON
 That can't be a bad thing.

MONROE
 I suppose not. Listen, I have to go
 to a meeting.

Erickson smiles and departs quickly.

**INT. OFFICE OF DR. JEDIDIAH DOYLE - ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA - DAY
 (FIVE YEARS EARLIER)**

The office of Dr. Doyle is retrograde to say the least. Black and white striped wall paper adorn the walls. Old editions of Time and Newsweek magazines clutter the shelves of an old wooden book case along with dozens of dated editions of psychology books. Besides several lamps, there are only two pieces of furniture: a large soft chair and a sofa where patients can tell their sad stories.

Today, a thin man with white hair combed straight back sits on the sofa. His face is tan with a six o'clock shadow. His shabby clothes gives the impression he could be in dire straits. He stares at the wall, waiting for Dr. Doyle to come in the room. He is ANDY RUSSO, a new patient.

Without much flourish, Dr. Doyle, holding a large folder, enters and takes a seat.

DOYLE
 I'm Dr. Doyle. According to this
 document, you are Andrea Riccardo
 Russo. Is that correct?

RUSSO
(abrupt)
My name is Andy.

DOYLE
Okay... it's been two months since
you were released from the state
hospital in Maryland.

RUSSO
(sarcastic grin)
Yeah.

DOYLE
Do you think they made the right
choice?

RUSSO
What?

DOYLE
(quiet smirk)
Do you believe you can function
outside the hospital?

RUSSO
Why not? Being there was a waste of
time.

Doyle reviews several paragraphs of a letter from the
resident hospital psychiatrist.

DOYLE
You seem to have a problem with
authority. You have violent urges
you can't control. Does that sound
familiar?

RUSSO
I guess.

Doyle hesitates for a moment.

DOYLE
Do you believe in God, Andy?

RUSSO
Not really. Why in the hell do you
care?

DOYLE
It seems like a reasonable question
to ask. Do you have a fondness for
the devil?

RUSSO
 (slight laugh)
 I don't know much about the devil
 or God for that matter.

Doyle puts the folder on a side table and stares at his subject.

DOYLE
 I can help you through the
 intricacies of life.

RUSSO
 I don't know why I'm even here.

DOYLE
 It was a decision by a judge, but
 it doesn't matter, I can change
 your life in so many ways.

RUSSO
 Whatever.

In a moment of awkward silence, they glare at one another.

**EXT. HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTIANS FOR SANITY (CFS) - VICTORIA
 PARK ROAD - LOWER HACKNEY - LONDON ENGLAND - DAY (2018)**

The CFS headquarters is a nondescript, three story building, with a small parking lot out back. A normal flow of traffic passes in the morning rush hour.

SUPER: LONDON ENGLAND

**INT. OFFICE OF MARIAN BUSTARDO - CFS DIRECTOR AND FOUNDER -
 DAY**

CFS is an organization that specializes in investigating individuals, Christian or otherwise, that are an antithesis to the normality of fundamental religion. Over the years, they have identified numerous men and women who they considered wicked and deserving of a judgement day.

MARIAN BUSTARDO sits behind a massive oak desk with a dark green leather top. Her office is more like a library room with book cases filled with antique books and classical artifacts from centuries earlier. A large sofa and several Queen Victoria chairs fill up a Persian rug.

Marian is in her mid-sixties, skinny, a hard looking face, and is found of wearing frumpy clothes.

She awaits a visit from her husband, ROGER, who is late and she's not happy about it.

When he arrives, the good-looking man, somewhat younger than his wife, sits on one of the chairs and she joins him.

MARIAN
Where have you been?

ROGER
Seeing to the needs of a follower.

MARIAN
What did they want?

ROGER
Reassurance.

MARIAN
Have you seen Delaney?

Roger looks at his watch.

ROGER
I think he's meditating.

Marian goes over to her desk and grabs a newspaper, The Guardian. She throws it in Roger's lap.

MARIAN
Look at the first article.

The headlines read, PROMINENT PRIEST MURDERED AT THE VATICAN!
WHAT'S GOING ON?

ROGER
I read this already. Murders don't get any worse than this.

MARIAN
Delaney thinks it could be The Aggressor.

ROGER
Who?

MARIAN
They guy who escaped from an American prison. The one we asked him to interview.

ROGER
Yeah, I remember The Aggressor. Delaney said he was evil as hell.

Roger looks away for a moment.

ROGER (CONT'D)
We need to find him.

Marian takes the newspaper and puts it back on her desk.

MARIAN
Let's go see Delaney.

INT. SMALL MEDITATION ROOM - CFS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

When they walk in, EDWARD DELANEY is attentively in the middle of meditation. They stand there for a moment, not wanting to disturb him, but they know they can't wait forever.

MARIAN
Excuse us. We need to talk.

A strange fellow, Delaney, African descent, is tall, skinny, black unkempt bushy hair, covered in tattoos, and has dangling earrings. He's a defrocked priest in his 30s. Realizing he has company, Delaney opens his eyes and seems startled for a second. He looks over at them.

DELANEY
Is there an emergency?

MARIAN
What do you know about The Aggressor?

DELANEY
He's never been found.

ROGER
I think we need to make a better effort to find him.

Delaney motions for them to join him on the floor. They sit in a circle.

DELANEY
He apparently moves around a lot.

MARIAN
Do you truly believe he's responsible for the Vatican murder?

DELANEY
It's either him or a disciple.

ROGER
What disciple?

DELANEY
Do you believe there are people on
this earth that are sent here to
control others?

Roger, appearing confused, glances over at Marian.

ROGER
I suppose it's possible.

DELANEY
What we're dealing with here is
unique, unknown, and disturbing. It
is against the grain of our
religious understanding.

MARIAN
What are you alluding to?

DELANEY
(distant look)
Evil in the flesh.

There is complete silence. They stand and walk out of the room.

Delaney thinks back to his meeting with The Aggressor.

FLASHBACK:

**INT. PRISONER VISITATION ROOM - FEDERAL CORRECTION FACILITY -
PETERSBURG VIRGINIA - DAY (TWO YEARS EARLIER)**

A guard brings Edward Delaney, dressed in a shabby suit and tie, into the small visitation room. Sparse, there's only a table and two chairs. The walls are painted a putrid green color. The room seems claustrophobic.

Delaney waits for the prisoner to be brought in. He fidgets while glancing around the room.

Another guard brings the prisoner in and secures him to the table with shackles. He then departs. The frown on Russo's face sets the stage. His eyes are so brown, they almost look black. His squint and unrelenting glare is CHILLING.

RUSSO
Who in the hell are you?

DELANEY
I'm a psychiatrist.

RUSSO
Where's Doyle?

DELANEY
He sent me instead.

RUSSO
You know nothing about me.

DELANEY
Why do they call you The Aggressor?

Russo smiles and shakes his head.

RUSSO
I don't know. You tell me.

DELANEY
You're a convicted murderer.

RUSSO
So they tell me.

DELANEY
Do you repent?

RUSSO
(evil look)
None of your fucking business. You
tell Doyle I want to see him.

Russo leans forward and growls at Delaney.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
I never want to see you again.

DELANEY
(glare in his eyes)
You might consider staying in
prison. If you get out, you will
suffer beyond belief.

Delaney smiles and Russo seems agitated.

RUSSO
Guard! Get him the fuck out of
here.

The guard comes and removes the prisoner. Delaney remains at
the table with a defined smile on his face.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Delaney slowly stands and catches his breath after reliving a horrible experience. He tentatively walks out of the meditation room; looking depleted.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - SPECIAL AGENT - DAY

At her desk, Monroe types the last of her initial report on the Vatican murders. She begins reviewing her report when thirty-five-year-old Gwendolyn Park knocks before coming in. She has long black hair, dark green eyes, short, but extremely fit.

Monroe motions for her to grab a chair.

MONROE

It's been a while.

PARK

I know, but it seems like yesterday since we worked the last case.

MONROE

In our business, time is elusive.

PARK

So, what's your gut on this one?

MONROE

I don't know. It could be a crazed psychopath just out to kill people.

PARK

Were there similar murders in Rome around the same time?

MONROE

None that we know of.

Erickson joins them.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Brian, you remember Gwendolyn Park.

ERICKSON

Of course, how have you been?

PARK

Fine, I guess you have a troubling case here.

ERICKSON

Yeah, it's hard to figure out if the American was targeted or if it was simply a random attack.

MONROE

The Vatican is not the best at helping us solve this crime.

Park appears perplexed.

PARK

There were witnesses. Correct?

MONROE

I think he's too scared to even talk about what happened.

ERICKSON

My wife's cousin, a priest, is assigned to the Vatican. She's trying to get him to discuss the murders with us.

PARK

Does that push the investigation back to Rome?

MONROE

Perhaps.

PARK

Look, I have another meeting. Let me know when you know more. We'll sit down and talk.

Erickson walks her out and Monroe sits and stares at the computer screen.

EXT. PRAYER ROOM - NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

In a small prayer room in the National Cathedral, two older nuns and a YOUNG PRIEST walk in and take a seat to engage in prayer. They huddle at a tiny table.

YOUNG PRIEST

Let us pray for the poor and needy; that they can rise above utter poverty and bask in the grace of God.

Before he can continue, they hear a sound coming from outside the room. The lights flicker for a moment.

Without warning, as the lights go out, armed with a large knife, they are ATTACKED BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT. The screams are eerie but no one in the surrounding area can hear them. The assault is brutal, BLOOD BRANDING THE WALLS, AND LEAVES ALL THREE DEAD, and the attacker disappearing within seconds.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Late the next morning, Monroe stares out her window mentally reviewing her workload before her colleague arrives. Erickson enters and waits to be noticed. Monroe turns around and slowly sits at her desk.

MONROE

I just got a call from someone over at the Metro Police Department. There was a murder last night at the National Cathedral.

ERICKSON

Who?

MONROE

Two nuns and a priest.

ERICKSON

What the hell?

Monroe grabs her cup of coffee, holds it firmly and glances at the ceiling.

MONROE

There's a pattern here. Whoever this is obviously has a vendetta against the Catholic church.

ERICKSON

It could be a copycat.

MONROE

I'm not so sure. We need to get more information.

ERICKSON

The only thing I know is this maniac is scaring everyone to death.

Monroe appears to be in thought but with a smirk on her face.

MONROE

Some are more dead than others. The caller said someone would be contacting us shortly.

ERICKSON

Did they say who it is?

She drinks her coffee down.

MONROE

No, but we should be ready.

INT. HALLWAY - CFS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Marian stands in a narrow, nondescript, hallway listening to Delaney conduct an exorcism on a young girl.

DELANEY (O.S.)

You are at the mercy of God Almighty.

INT. ADVENT HALL - CFS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

In the sanctity of Advent Hall, lit by dozens of candles, Delaney wields a LARGE METAL CROSS across the young girl's body as she screams. BARBARELLA, as she calls herself, restrained, rises up off the bed... She speaks in a deep voice.

BARBARELLA

You bastard. You think you can stop me?

DELANEY

You must succumb to the Lord.

She is sweating profusely and her body is extremely ridged.

BARBARELLA

Take my clothes off. Take them off. I want you to fuck me now.

DELANEY

You will learn the ways of the Lord. Repent of the devil.

He waves the cross violently. She rocks back and forth, her eyes practically bulging.

BARBARELLA
I will cut your head off with a
fucking knife.

DELANEY
Repent. Now!

SCREAMS ... SCREAMS ... SCREAMS.

BARBARELLA
Bastard!

DELANEY
This is the room of the Lord Jesus
Christ. He will consecrate your
soul.

BARBARELLA
You fucking bastard. You can't stop
me.

Delaney shakes the cross violently.

DELANEY
You will repent.

BARBARELLA
You can't stop me. You can't stop
me.

She screams ungodly before she suddenly falls back on the bed
and groans. She murmurs something unintelligible and then
goes silent.

INT. OFFICE OF MARIAN BUSTARDO - NIGHT

Marian is sitting at her desk appearing extremely distressed
when Delaney storms in with the metal cross. He paces for a
few moments; then slams the cross down on her desk.

MARIAN
What happened?

DELANEY
She's dead.

MARIAN
What?

DELANEY
I think her heart gave out.

MARIAN

We don't need this kind of
publicity.

DELANEY

She was homeless. Her name's not
Barbarella either. No one will know
she's missing.

Marian picks up the cross and stares at it.

MARIAN

You've done dozens of exorcisms.
What went wrong?

DELANEY

I don't know. I'll take care of it.

MARIAN

Good, I want to talk about The
Aggressor.

DELANEY

If anyone needs an exorcism, it's
him.

MARIAN

But we need to locate him.

She brings up an article on her computer screen and reads it
to Delaney.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Listen to this. The other night, in
Washington D.C., there was a brutal
murder of two nuns and a priest.
Apparently, they were similar to
the one in Rome.

DELANEY

It has to be him.

MARIAN

We need to be sure.

Marian hands the cross to Delaney.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Better luck next time.

They sit and smirk at one another.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Monroe and Erickson enter her office after lunch. She turns on the light, throws her handbag on a side table and takes a seat. Erickson follows her lead.

ERICKSON

We should go to lunch more often.

She turns on her computer, and rearranges some of the files on her desk.

MONROE

It would be a miracle if that could happen more than once in a blue moon.

She pulls out her calendar and looks at it.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Park should be here any minute.

ERICKSON

Has she sent you anything in advance?

MONROE

Just an e-mail. It didn't say much.

ERICKSON

I'll be interested in what she has to say.

Park knocks before she walks into the office. She carries a thick manila folder.

PARK

I took the liberty of bringing some case files of previous serial killers and their victims.

She hands the folder to Monroe and she thumbs through them.

PARK (CONT'D)

As you can see, some are horrific. Every one of these cases happened a number of years ago, but the killers all shared the same trait.

ERICKSON

And what is that?

PARK

They all were high on
hallucinogenic drugs.

MONROE

So, you think our killer could be a
crazed maniac high on drugs?

PARK

It's possible this person is so
high, he can't help himself.

ERICKSON

If that's the case, he will make a
mistake at some point and be
caught.

Monroe is distracted looking at her computer screen.

MONROE

Just got an e-mail from the someone
at the Metro Police Department.
They're sending a detective over to
talk to us.

PARK

Hopefully, they know something we
don't.

INT. DEN OF INEQUITY - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

In a dimly lit room, filled with candles, a figure sits in
the corner in total darkness. A dedicated soul who calls
himself The Aggressor wanders in and takes a seat, keeping
his distance; not being able to see the PERSON IN SHADOWS,
who speaks in a MUTED VOICE.

RUSSO

I am here at your request.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

You have been successful in your
endeavors.

RUSSO

I know it's my destiny.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

It's encouraging you know your
providence.

Russo hesitates for a moment.

RUSSO
I will make you proud.

PERSON IN SHADOWS
You will be rewarded.

RUSSO
I've only just begun.

PERSON IN SHADOWS
I expect great things from you. We
will talk again soon.

Russo departs with a look of confidence on his face.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

There is a knock at the door. Monroe notices a well-dressed man standing there.

MONROE
Please, come in.

Detective DANNY LONGHORN walks in and sits next to the others. He carries a small briefcase and places it next to him. In his 40s, he is extremely short, extremely tan, bald, and has a killer goatee.

LONGHORN
I'm Detective Danny Longhorn from
the Metro Police Department. I've
been assigned to the case because I
have prior knowledge you need to
know.

He opens his briefcase and takes out several small ledgers. He hands them out to the others.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)
I have a history with someone I've
been tracking for several years.
His name is Andy Russo but his
nickname is The Aggressor. Do you
know who I'm talking about?

MONROE
I don't believe so.

Monroe looks over at her colleagues.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Do you know anything?

PARK

No.

ERICKSON

Don't have a clue.

LONGHORN

He escaped from prison two years ago. He was there because he brutally murdered a blind nun. Supposedly years before that, he was a suspect in the murder of a Cardinal in Chicago, but they could never prove it.

ERICKSON

Do you think this is war on the Catholic church?

LONGHORN

I don't know what's in this man's head. What I do know is he was routinely seeing a prominent psychiatrist named Jedidiah Doyle.

MONROE

So, no one had seen this guy since he escaped?

LONGHORN

Apparently not.

He reaches into a folder and pulls out a prison MUG SHOT of Russo, and hands it to Monroe.

MONROE

He looks crazy enough.

She hands the photo to Erickson.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Where is Doyle?

LONGHORN

He practices in northern Virginia. Alexandria, I believe.

MONROE

Okay, I'm going to want to talk to him.

PARK

Do you want me to go with you?

MONROE

I think I'll be fine.

LONGHORN

We need to find this guy because he won't stop until we take him down.

He motions for the ledgers and puts them back in his briefcase.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch.

He briskly walks out of the room.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. JEDIDIAH DOYLE - ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA - DAY

A day later, Monroe joins Doyle in his office for a discussion about The Aggressor. She causally sits, flashes her FBI badge, and opens a small notebook and readies herself if she decides to take notes.

MONROE

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

Doyle sits right across from her and smiles.

DOYLE

What do you need to know?

MONROE

There is a man called The Aggressor, and I believe he is your patient.

DOYLE

I'm not familiar.

MONROE

His real name is Andy Russo.

DOYLE

He goes by The Aggressor now?

MONROE

What can you tell me about him?

Doyle sits back and studies Monroe for a few seconds.

DOYLE

He was a patient, so I can't tell you much.

MONROE

I understand, he escaped from
prison two years ago.

DOYLE

That's what they tell me.

Monroe takes a few notes before she speaks.

MONROE

You haven't seen him since he
escaped?

DOYLE

I don't think he's been found. Has
he?

MONROE

No, but we believe he's responsible
for several murders recently.

DOYLE

That's unfortunate. How do you know
it's him?

MONROE

A professional hunch.

DOYLE

If he contacts me, I will let you
know. He's not under my spell, so I
don't know what he's been up to.

Doyle looks at his watch.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I have another appointment.

MONROE

Your spell?

DOYLE

(abrupt)

As I said, I have an appointment.

Monroe writes down a few other notes and closes her notebook.

MONROE

Thank you. If I need more
information, I'll contact you.

She walks out as Doyle glares at her.

INT. ROOM FOR RENT - STARK WILDERNESS - NIGHT

In a dirty, unkempt room, Russo tosses and turns in bed, as he dreams a series of disturbing occurrences in his life, but one is prevalent.

EXT. RUSSO FAMILY COURTYARD - VARESE ITALY - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE) (1983)

YOUNG RUSSO is being chased by his father, ANTONIO, in the small courtyard.

Dialogue is in Italian with English subtitles.

YOUNG RUSSO
I didn't do it.

ANTONIO
You killed our neighbor's cat.

YOUNG RUSSO
No, I didn't.

The father chases him around until he finally grabs him by the throat.

ANTONIO
I will make you pay.

YOUNG RUSSO
Please! Please! Okay, I'm sorry.

The father ties his son to a pole in the back of the courtyard. Tears well up in his son's eyes.

YOUNG RUSSO (CONT'D)
No. No. Please, please... I'm
sorry.

ANTONIO
This is what you get.

The father takes a leather strap and begins to beat his son with it; screams echo through the courtyards.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Russo, sweating profusely, jolts up in bed with a terrible look on his face.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Monroe meets with Erickson to sort out the new information she gleaned from her meeting with Doyle. Erickson walks around while Monroe sits at her desk.

ERICKSON

So what did Doyle say?

MONROE

He claims he doesn't know where Russo is.

ERICKSON

Do you think he's protecting him?

MONROE

Don't know, but he said something I thought was strange.

ERICKSON

(laughs)

He is a psychiatrist.

Monroe stands and paces the room.

MONROE

He said Russo wasn't under his spell. What do think that means?

ERICKSON

Maybe he's been using hypnosis as a technique.

MONROE

Perhaps. There's something about Doyle. I don't know what it is.

ERICKSON

We should have Longhorn put him under surveillance.

Monroe doesn't respond, but rather grabs her coffee cup and goes over and looks out her window.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

You all right?

Monroe slowly turns around.

MONROE

You know when I first got in this business, things weren't this complicated.

(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)

I've been on some bazaar cases, but this one is different.

ERICKSON

What do you mean?

MONROE

I don't know. Just weird things going on.

She looks away for a moment.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Do you believe in evil, Brian?

ERICKSON

I suppose.

MONROE

When I was young, the thought of it used to make my skin crawl, I would sit completely frozen in my bedroom thinking of the consequences, but now I feel encouraged to win over it and that's what I aim to do.

She sips some coffee.

MONROE (CONT'D)

What about you?

ERICKSON

(smiles)

I'm in.

He turns and walks out of the office.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - SOUTHEAST LONDON - DAY

On a rainy morning, two police cars, sirens blaring, arrive at a Catholic church. Two officers get out and run inside, as a dozen pedestrians look on.

SUPER: SOUTHEAST LONDON

INT. CLERICAL OFFICE - CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

The two officers are escorted into the clerical office by a NUN. There on the floor, are THREE MANGLED BODIES: two nuns and a clerical worker. All three are mutilated and blood is splattered everywhere. The SENIOR CONSTABLE addresses the nun.

SENIOR CONSTABLE
Who found them?

NUN
(unnerved)
I did, an hour ago.

SENIOR CONSTABLE
Is anyone else here?

NUN
Not yet.

The JUNIOR CONSTABLE goes over and takes a good look at the bodies.

JUNIOR CONSTABLE
They've been dead a while. This must have happened last night.

The senior constable takes the nun aside.

SENIOR CONSTABLE
Is it routine for clerical workers to be working at night?

NUN
Occasionally.

SENIOR CONSTABLE
This is now a crime scene with restricted access. I need to talk to your Monsignor.

NUN
I understand.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

In the late afternoon, Erickson walks briskly into Monroe's office, and slides into a chair.

ERICKSON
I got your message. What the hell happened?

MONROE
There's been another brutal murder. London, this time.

ERICKSON
Catholic church?

MONROE

Yes, three people were murdered:
two nuns and a clerical worker.
Indications are the clerical worker
was an American living in London.

ERICKSON

This is getting out of hand.

Monroe focuses on a new message she just received.

MONROE

According to this message, the
bodies were ripped apart and
practically unrecognizable.

ERICKSON

Do you think The Aggressor is
behind this?

MONROE

Maybe we should get hold of Doyle.

ERICKSON

Why?

MONROE

Because, he obviously has insight
into this guy's psyche.

ERICKSON

I thought you were uncomfortable
around him.

Monroe smirks as she checks her calendar.

MONROE

We need to go over to London and
investigate.

Monroe laughs as she speaks.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should ask Doyle to come
along.

Erickson laughs with her.

ERICKSON

Funny.

He smiles and walks out of the room.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

The normal amount of traffic rides by the headquarters in the mid-morning of a bleak, drizzly day.

SUPER: SCOTLAND YARD

INT. OFFICE OF DETECTIVE DAMIAN WHITAKER - DAY

Whitaker is busy reading a report when Monroe and Erickson are escorted into his office by a secretary.

WHITAKER

Please have a seat. I'm glad you could make it.

MONROE

We understand the clerical worker was an American.

WHITAKER

She had been living here for five years. She was from Portland Maine and single.

MONROE

Have her next of kin been notified?

WHITAKER

Of course.

Whitaker references the report he's been reading.

WHITAKER (CONT'D)

According to this report, these murders are very similar to others that have occurred in the last several months.

ERICKSON

Were there any eye witnesses?

WHITAKER

No, and it appears this happened at night when no one else was around.

Monroe takes a folder containing information and the mug shot out of her handbag and hands it to Whitaker. He opens it and looks over the material.

MONROE

We believe an escaped convict who calls himself The Aggressor did all these murders.

Whitaker looks at the information and the mug shot.

WHITAKER

He's obviously a psychotic maniac.

ERICKSON

I think that's an understatement, but the best we can tell, he won't stop until he's silenced somehow.

MONROE

I've met with his psychiatrist. He won't discuss anything about his patient, but I think he realizes how sick he is.

Whitaker sits up in his chair, picks up the report and throws it back on his desk.

WHITAKER

So you think this guy is just moving around at will? These murders have occurred in different countries.

MONROE

I admit it's difficult to put your arms around, but we believe he's the one.

WHITAKER

Please keep us informed. You're free to visit the scene of the crime if you want.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Walking outside in light rain, Monroe and Erickson begin to walk down the street when they are accosted by Marian Bustardo, who appears somewhat guarded in her approach.

MARIAN

Are you two FBI agents?

MONROE

Who are you?

MARIAN
I need to talk to you about The
Aggressor.

Monroe turns to Erickson with a look of disbelief.

MONROE
What about him?

MARIAN
Not here.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - CFS - DAY

The room is dark; only lit by dozens of candles placed on ornate pedestals. The walls and floor are black and daunting. Marian brings the two FBI agents into the room and motions for them to take a seat.

MARIAN
Sorry for the intrusion.

MONROE
What is this place?

MARIAN
Our mission is to eradicate evil in
the world.

ERICKSON
So, what do you know about The
Aggressor?

Marian appears to be in thought. She squirms in her chair... on edge.

MARIAN
You two don't know what you're
dealing with.

MONROE
So tell us.

MARIAN
He is the epitome of evil.

She hesitates; fumbling a stack of brochures on a tiny desk.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
No, more than that, he's the devil
incarnate.

ERICKSON

(smirks)

They said the same thing about
Hitler.

Marian shakes her head and stares at Erickson.

MARIAN

He has come to shred religion to
pieces.

MONROE

The Catholic religion.

MARIAN

There are others. He has just
begun.

Roger enters the room and sits next to Marian.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

This is my husband, Roger.

ROGER

Do you know where The Aggressor is?

ERICKSON

No.

ROGER

When we find him, Delaney will take
care of him.

MONROE

Who's Delaney?

MARIAN

It's hard to explain, but he
believes he is Michael the
Archangel.

Monroe glances at Erickson in a state of confusion.

MONROE

Delaney really thinks he's Michael
the Archangel in the flesh?

ROGER

He has performed many successful
exorcisms.

ERICKSON
(slight laugh)
Do you honestly believe he could
exorcise the devil?

MARIAN
We don't know, but he will try.

ROGER
You should let us deal with him.
You will only suffer in the end.

MONROE
(sarcastic smile)
As law enforcement officers, we are
bound to find and prosecute him for
his crimes. That's what we intend
to do.

They stand and start to depart.

MARIAN
You are warned. May your souls rest
in peace.

INT. OFFICE OF SAC BROLAN - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Brolan just hangs up when Monroe and Erickson arrive. They
immediately take a seat.

BROLAN
Just got off the phone with a
liaison from the Catholic Church.

Brolan throws around the papers on his desk.

BROLAN (CONT'D)
The church wants to know why we
can't catch this criminal given all
that's been going on.

MONROE
The Britts are convinced this
killer is the devil in the flesh,
so figure that one out.

BROLAN
I don't care what they say, he's
human, hell bent on killing members
of the Catholic Church. We need to
find him.

Erickson glances over at Monroe before he responds.

ERICKSON

I agree, but it's difficult to figure out what he's going to do next.

Brolan leans forward in his chair.

BROLAN

Where in the hell is this FBI profiler? What does she say about this?

MONROE

She apparently hasn't made an assessment yet.

BROLAN

She needs to. I mean that's what we pay her to do.

ERICKSON

We all know psychotic people are often mistreated in their childhood and grow up wanting to lash out. Why this killer is targeting Catholics is a mystery.

Brolan stands in an authoritative stance.

BROLAN

Let me be clear... Russo needs to be taken off the street and you two need to make sure that happens.

INT. ROOM FOR RENT - STARK WILDERNESS - NIGHT

A haggard looking shell of a human being stands erect staring at his image in the mirror of a small unkempt bathroom. His eyes darken and his face contorts. He relives discord in his family.

FLASHBACK:

INT. RUSSO FAMILY ROOM - VARESE ITALY - NIGHT (1987)

Young Russo stands toe-to-toe with his father.

Dialogue is in Italian with English subtitles.

ANTONIO

What did you do to that girl?

YOUNG RUSSO

Nothing!

ANTONIO

Her father is upset. This is not
the first time.

YOUNG RUSSO

We were just playing.

Antonio grabs his son and throws him down on the floor.

ANTONIO

What were you doing with a knife?

YOUNG RUSSO

I didn't mean to hurt her.

Antonio points his finger and shakes it.

ANTONIO

You're going away.

YOUNG RUSSO

I didn't do anything.

His mother, LENA, comes into the room.

LENA

What has he done?

ANTONIO

It doesn't matter. He's going to go
live with his uncle.

LENA

But that is so far away.

Antonio picks up his son and pushes him down on a chair.

ANTONIO

You will learn one way or another.

LENA

Give him another chance.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Russo continues to stare into the mirror. His eyes appear
moist. He remembers when Dr. Doyle came to visit him in his
squalid apartment.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ROOM FOR RENT - STARK WILDERNESS - DAY (FIVE YEARS EARLIER)

In the late afternoon, lying in bed in a daze from drinking heavily, he hears a knock at his door. He's startled when he answers it and Doyle wanders in.

DOYLE

So, this is where you live.

RUSSO

What are you doing here?

DOYLE

Curious, I suppose. Have you found a job?

RUSSO

No, but I received some money from my uncle. I'm okay.

Doyle walks around the room and notices several empty bottles of whiskey.

DOYLE

You shouldn't be drinking, at least what I see here.

RUSSO

Don't worry, I can handle it.

DOYLE

I want you to come see me. We need to talk.

RUSSO

What about?

Doyle heads for the door.

DOYLE

Just show up.

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

In the early morning, Monroe walks in her office to see Erickson sitting there reading a book.

MONROE

You're here early.

ERICKSON

Yeah, I'm busy this afternoon.

Monroe places her large McDonald's cup of coffee down, takes a seat, and logs on to her computer.

MONROE

What do think about that meeting at CFS headquarters?

ERICKSON

(slight smirk)

I did some research about them. They've been around for some time. Other than what's in their brochure, not much is known about what they actually do.

MONROE

We should have asked to talk to Delaney. I mean does he really think he's Michael the Archangel?

ERICKSON

Who knows. Probably just another nut case.

Gwendolyn Park hurriedly arrives, carrying a small briefcase. She joins them and pulls out several folders of pertinent information.

PARK

According to a source, the CFS is in the business of transforming evil into good. They routinely look for candidates that must be exorcised.

MONROE

Do you have any information on Delaney?

PARK

It's very strange. He's been at CFS for about ten years, but there's no paper trail on the guy. He just showed up out of nowhere.

ERICKSON

So, there are no records of him before he joined CFS.

PARK

Not that any government official
can find.

MONROE

After talking to Marian Bustardo, I
have to believe they want to take
things into their own hands.

Monroe stands with a sense of authority.

MONROE (CONT'D)

But we somehow have gotten off
track. We need to find The
Aggressor.

ERICKSON

(grins)

We need more leads before that
happens.

Monroe nods her head and begins to type a message on her
computer.

INT. OFFICE OF JEDIDIAH DOYLE - DAY

Monroe walks into the office and sits on the sofa. Doyle
follows right behind her and sits in his chair.

DOYLE

(sarcastic smile)

So, you're here again.

MONROE

I want to clear a few things up.

DOYLE

I don't know what else I can say.

Monroe stares at Doyle with determination to get to the
truth.

MONROE

Do you know what the Christians for
Sanity is?

DOYLE

Perhaps you can enlighten me.

MONROE

They're based in London. They
specialize in eradicating evil.

Doyle clears his throat and stays silent for a moment.

DOYLE

I suppose that's a noble cause.

MONROE

They think your client is the devil incarnate.

DOYLE

Why on earth would they say that?

MONROE

I think you know what I mean. He's a cold-blooded killer.

DOYLE

That description fits hundreds of people. Maybe more. I'm not sure why you're here. He's not my client any more.

MONROE

If he contacts you, I want to know about it.

Doyle confidently sits back in his chair with a smirk on his face.

DOYLE

Do I detect a bit of stress because you can't catch him?

Monroe starts to reply, but is cut off.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

No, let me rephrase that. I will certainly be of service if I can. Now you must excuse me.

INT. BRODERICK'S CAFÉ - NORTHWEST WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A few days later in the early morning, Monroe and Erickson sit across from one another at a small table in the corner. They enjoy Columbian coffee and sweat rolls.

Erickson sips his coffee and glances around the café.

ERICKSON

Sometimes I wonder why I got into this business.

MONROE
Probably the same reason I did.

ERICKSON
(grins)
We'll never run out of things to do.

MONROE
I think we should just be grateful we have jobs.

ERICKSON
I need a vacation. Want to come with me?

MONROE
Where?

ERICKSON
Someplace far away.

MONROE
It'll have to wait. We need to finish what we started.

ERICKSON
I understand Longhorn's coming over today.

MONROE
This morning. He claims he has some interesting data to share.

Erickson drinks down his coffee and sports a sarcastic smile.

ERICKSON
I was afraid you were going to say that.

MONROE
(laughs)
He's not that bad.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Monroe is at her desk going through e-mails when Erickson escorts Longhorn into the office. Longhorn has a dozen folders under his arm; sits and places them on the floor next to his chair.

MONROE
You've been busy.

LONGHORN

I did quite a bit of research.
There's a lot you need to know
about this guy.

Erickson and Monroe enjoy their coffee and listen.

Erickson grabs one of the folders and opens it up.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)

He was born in Varese Italy in
1975. His parents were in the hotel
business, but I'm not sure what
they did. When he was a teenager,
he came to the states to live with
his uncle. They took up residence
in Baltimore Maryland.

MONROE

Does the uncle still live there?

LONGHORN

He moved away and the location is
unknown.

ERICKSON

Did our suspect ever become an
American citizen?

LONGHORN

It doesn't appear that way.

Longhorn grabs another folder.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)

So, his name is Andrea Riccardo
Russo, but goes by Andy. In his
early twenties, in a fit of rage,
he killed another man in what he
said was self-defense. Before
trial, he was seen as not competent
and sent to a psychiatric hospital.

MONROE

Where?

LONGHORN

Spring Grove near Baltimore. After
he was released from there, he
killed the blind nun I told you
about. Sentenced to life in prison,
he escaped in 2016.

Erickson appears to be in thought. He sits up in his chair.

ERICKSON

I've been bothered by something. If he's an escaped prisoner, he probably doesn't have a passport. How in the hell is he traveling around the world killing people?

LONGHORN

I've been thinking the same thing, but he could have a fake one.

MONROE

Then what's going on here?

LONGHORN

I don't know. A colleague of mine suggested he has a ring of followers, but his psychological profile says he's not capable of that.

MONROE

Let's get back to his hospital stay. Who was his attending physician?

Longhorn reviews his paperwork.

LONGHORN

That would be Dr. Martin Engle.

MONROE

Is he still there?

LONGHORN

(smiles)

Yeah he's still there but he's now a patient.

ERICKSON

(laughs)

Really?

MONROE

What's wrong with him?

LONGHORN

It's unknown.

MONROE

I want to visit him. Can you arrange it?

Longhorn places all the folders on Monroe's desk.

LONGHORN

Here, review these, I'll see if a visit is possible.

He walks out while Monroe begins to rip through the paperwork.

INT. VATICAN MEETING ROOM - DAY

In a small anteroom, the Papal Representative meets with FATHER DONOVAN, anticipating a visit from the FBI.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

I understand you have a relative that's an FBI agent.

FATHER DONOVAN

The husband of a cousin of mine.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

Please talk to Father Pastore. He's still traumatized and doesn't want to meet with them.

FATHER DONOVAN

They're just doing their job. I mean the Catholic church is under siege.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

I'm well aware of that, but this murder is difficult to understand let alone discuss.

FATHER DONOVAN

If the FBI can solve it, we will be better off.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

When are they coming?

FATHER DONOVAN

I don't know.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

You need to find out.

INT. VISITOR'S WELCOME CENTER - SPRING GROVE HOSPITAL - NEAR BALTIMORE - DAY

Monroe and Erickson are greeted by a senior nurse who will eventually take them back to see Dr. Engle.

NURSE BIDEE, an African American middle-aged woman with long frizzy hair, motions for them to take a seat in a partitioned space in the corner. They comply. Monroe has paperwork she takes out of her handbag concerning the doctor and holds it in her lap.

NURSE BIDEE

Who are you here to see?

MONROE

Dr. Martin Engle.

NURSE BIDEE

Are you related?

MONROE

No, we're FBI agents.

Monroe takes out her badge and flashes it at the nurse.

NURSE BIDEE

What is this about? The doctor is a sick man.

ERICKSON

We understand at one time he was Andy Russo's doctor. Is that correct?

NURSE BIDEE

I believe so, but that was a long time ago.

MONROE

Russo escaped from prison and is a suspect in a series of murders. We want to talk to the doctor about what Russo was like when he was here.

NURSE BIDEE

I'm not sure you will learn anything, but I will take you back. Remember, he's not well.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Nurse Bidee brings them into the small room MARTIN ENGLE calls home. Sparse, it only has a tiny chest of drawers, a large rocker, and a bed. It is painted in a putrid blue and the floor is a ugly tile design; not even a rug. Engle, emaciated and frail, is sitting in his rocker staring at the wall.

NURSE BIDEE
Dr. Engle, these visitors would
like to talk to you.

Engle continues to stare at the wall.

ENGLE
Who are they?

NURSE BIDEE
They want to talk about a former
patient of yours.

ENGLE
(weak voice)
There were many.

MONROE
Dr. Engle, my name is Monique
Monroe. I am an FBI agent. My
partner and I are here today to
discuss Andy Russo. Do you know who
I'm talking about?

ENGLE
(confused)
Russo?

MONROE
Yes.

ENGLE
I don't know. Is he still alive?

MONROE
We think he's a serial killer.

Engle squirms in his seat.

ENGLE
What would I know about that?

ERICKSON
You were his doctor. What was he
like?

ENGLE
What's his name?

ERICKSON
Russo. You must remember.

Engle's eyes seem to widen and he has a strange grin on his
face.

ENGLE

Why are you here again?

NURSE BIDEE

You should probably leave. You aren't going to get what you came for.

She walks them to the door.

MONROE

Does he have dementia?

NURSE BIDEE

We believe so. It could be something much worse.

MONROE

What do you mean?

NURSE BIDEE

I really don't know. You must leave.

MONROE

Who's his attending physician?

NURSE BIDEE

One of the best. His name is Jedidiah Doyle.

Surprised, Monroe and Erickson glance at one another.

ERICKSON

For how long?

NURSE BIDEE

For a number of years. I must take you back to the visitor's center. I have an appointment.

She smiles and leads them down the hall.

INT. ROOM FOR RENT - STARK WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Russo tosses and turns, flips and flops enduring another nightmare.

INT. RUSSO FAMILY ROOM - VARESE ITALY - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE) (1991)

Young Russo, now sixteen, paces the floor waiting for his father to come home. Agitated, he pounds his fist against the wall. His mother comes in and confronts him.

Dialogue is in Italian with English subtitles.

LENA

What's wrong?

YOUNG RUSSO

Nothing!

LENA

You must calm down. Your father will be here in a moment.

Russo still paces, but doesn't respond.

Antonio enters the room. His son approaches him.

YOUNG RUSSO

Why did you turn me in?

ANTONIO

You can't hurt people because you don't like them.

YOUNG RUSSO

They deserved it.

ANTONIO

It's best you leave. Your uncle has agreed to take you.

Russo pushes his father and knocks him over. He jumps on him and starts violently punching him.

YOUNG RUSSO

I never wanted you as my father.

Lena runs into the other room and comes back with a pistol. She points it at her son.

LENA

Get out of here. And never come back.

Russo runs out the front door.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Sweating, Russo jumps out of bed and stumbles before he falls on the floor... moaning with anguish.

INT. VATICAN PRAYER ROOM - NIGHT (2018)

Three nuns congregate in a small room to say their nightly prayers. The room is only lit by a tiny lamp in the corner. As they bow down to pray, they hear a noise. Ignoring it, they begin to pray but the noise gets louder.

Within a flash, an unknown figure viciously careens through the room, wielding a LARGE KNIFE; RIPPING THE NUNS TO SHREDS, LEAVING BLOOD EVERYWHERE.

A fourth nun coming late to the prayer meeting, witnesses what she thinks is a deranged being leaving the scene WEARING A ROBE. She screams for help.

SUPER: VATICAN

INT. SMALL ANTEROOM - VATICAN VISITOR'S CENTER - ROME - DAY

Monroe and Erickson are escorted into the room by a younger nun. They sit and wait for the Papal Representative.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

Hope you haven't been waiting long.

MONROE

We could be close to finding to the killer, as long as there's no more than one.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

There's something you need to know. There's been another brutal murder. Just the other night.

MONROE

What happened?

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

Three nuns were killed during evening prayer. Two were American citizens.

ERICKSON

My wife's cousin was supposed to be here.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE
He's running late. I also asked
Sister Elsie to attend. She thinks
she saw the killer.

MONROE
I wanted to talk to Father Pastore
again.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE
I'm sorry, he's still traumatized.

SISTER ELSIE arrives and sits next to the Papal
Representative.

SISTER ELSIE
Are you here about the other night?

MONROE
Were you a witness?

SISTER ELSIE
(confused look)
I'm not sure what I saw. It looked
like a wild animal, but it was a
man wearing a dark robe.

MONROE
Did he see you?

SISTER ELSIE
I don't know.

ERICKSON
I'm sorry to ask this, but how did
the nuns die?

SISTER ELSIE
They were savagely brutalized with
a knife.

Brother Donovan walks in and sits next to Sister Elsie.

ERICKSON
Your cousin sends her love.

BROTHER DONOVAN
(smiles)
I talked to Brother Pastore. After
he calmed down, he believes the
murder has to be the work of the
devil.

MONROE

He's not alone.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

You said you thought you were close to catching the killer.

MONROE

It's still under investigation, but we have a few leads.

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE

Please keep us informed. The Vatican is on edge.

EXT. SIDE STREET - VARESE ITALY - DAY

The next morning, late, Monroe and Erickson walk along a side street looking for the address they had been given for the Russo family. It's believed Andy Russo's parents still live there, and the FBI is anxious to meet them.

They find the address and Erickson knocks on the door. An older woman answers. Her face is wrinkled, and she is wearing a dress out of the fifties.

LENA

(in Italian)

May I help you?

ERICKSON

(in Italian)

Do you speak English?

LENA

(in Italian)

A little. Why?

ERICKSON

We are FBI agents from the United States. Can we spare a few minutes of your time.

Lena appears confused, but reluctantly motions for them to come in.

INT. RUSSO FAMILY ROOM - VARESE ITALY - DAY

The FBI agents sit on the sofa and Lena sits across from them.

LENA
What is this about?

MONROE
Is your husband home?

LENA
Any moment.

MONROE
You have a son.

Lena appears very uneasy.

LENA
He is not here.

MONROE
Do you know where he is?

LENA
He went to the states. I don't know
where.

Antonio comes into the room. He sneers at the agents.

ANTONIO
(in Italian)
Who are you?

ERICKSON
(in Italian)
FBI agents. Do you speak English?

ANTONIO
What do you want?

LENA
They want to know where our son is.

ANTONIO
He left a long time ago. What has
he done?

Monroe takes a small photo of the mug shot out of handbag,
and shows it to Antonio.

MONROE
Does this look like your son?

ANTONIO
(frowns)
What has he done?

MONROE
We think he's a serial killer.

ERICKSON
(abrupt)
Have you seen your son lately?

LENA
He would never come here even if we wanted him to. He may be our son, but we have nothing to do with his life or actions.

Lena hesitates; jumps up from the sofa, shaking both hands.

LENA (CONT'D)
(yelling)
He tried to kill my husband.

ANTONIO
(emphatic)
We washed our hands long ago.

Without much to go on, the FBI agents depart.

EXT. SIDE STREET - VARESE ITALY - DAY

They walk down the street empty handed, and figuring what to do next.

MONROE
Look, I want you to go back to Washington.

ERICKSON
Where are you going?

MONROE
I want to visit CFS and talk to Marian Bustardo. With any luck, I can get an audience with Michael the Archangel.

Erickson tries not to laugh, but does.

ERICKSON
Really?

INT. OFFICE OF MARIAN BUSTARDO - DAY

Several days later, Monroe and Marian enter her massive office. Monroe walks around inspecting the décor of the room.

MARIAN
Why are you here?

MONROE
Do you know where The Aggressor is?

MARIAN
He's difficult to find.

MONROE
(frustrated)
But do you know where he is?

MARIAN
He's not in London.

Roger comes in and interruptus them.

ROGER
Are you still looking for The
Aggressor?

MONROE
Look, I have to be up front. I
have a hard time believing he's the
only one doing all the killing.
Escaped convicts don't have the
luxury of traveling around the
world.

ROGER
(grins)
Perhaps he has taken care of that.

MONROE
I want to talk to Delaney.

MARIAN
Why?

MONROE
(smiles)
Curiosity, I suppose.

Roger glances over at Marian. They are quiet for a moment.

ROGER
Follow me.

He leads her out of the office.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM - DAY

When they enter the room, Delaney is meditating while listening to soothing philharmonic music. Roger interrupts him as politely as he can.

ROGER

You have a visitor.

Delaney slowly stands, goes over to turn off the music.

DELANEY

Are you here for a consultation?

Delaney motions for Roger to leave.

MONROE

No, I'm an FBI agent and want to discuss murders allegedly committed by The Aggressor.

Delaney glares at her with a sense of inquisitiveness.

DELANEY

Do you believe evil exists in this world?

MONROE

Of course.

DELANEY

We must eradicate it and that's what we do here.

They sit on a small bench in the corner of the room.

MONROE

Do you feel like it's up to you?

DELANEY

The devil has come. He is here on earth.

MONROE

I've heard it all before. Any heinous crime is considered the work of the devil.

Delaney's composure changes; his eyes widen, his face constricts.

DELANEY

We believe the man known as The Aggressor is the devil in the flesh.

Monroe seems uneasy now.

MONROE

Why are you called Michael the Archangel?

DELANEY

(grins)

It's a name I have accepted. Do not be alarmed.

Delaney places his hand on Monroe's shoulder; making her nervous.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Good has fought evil from the beginning of time. God detests evil and will never allow it to triumph.

Delaney takes hand away. Monroe's demeanor is now one of trepidation.

MONROE

I'm just trying to catch a killer.

DELANEY

So are we.

MONROE

Could there be others?

DELANEY

Evil has many patrons. And, of course, the devil never acts alone.

Feeling mentally exhausted, Monroe decides to end the interview.

MONROE

I must go.

Delaney intently watches as she quickly exits the room.

INT. DEN OF INEQUITY - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Russo sits in the same chair accented by light from a lamp in the corner. He waits while looking into the darkness in front of him.

A strong MUTED VOICE comes from the dark; a sense of the unknown Russo feels in his soul.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

It has been some time since we talked.

RUSSO

I look forward to these encounters.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

You have followed my instructions. You should be commended.

RUSSO

I honor your authority.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

You must realize your mission has not ended.

RUSSO

I have not forgotten.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

Go forth and do what is right.

RUSSO

When?

There is now total silence; giving Russo the impression he is free to go.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Monroe, now recently back from London, sits at her desk scrolling through e-mails. Erickson walks in for a meeting of the minds, sitting quickly.

ERICKSON

Did you see Marian Bustardo?

MONROE

I talked to her and her husband. They allowed me to see Delaney.

ERICKSON

What the hell is he like?

MONROE

Strange.

ERICKSON
What did you talk about?

MONROE
(slight grin)
He believes we're hunting down
evil.

ERICKSON
You mean like Satan?

Monroe goes over and sits by Erickson.

MONROE
I think he actually believes The
Aggressor is the devil himself.

ERICKSON
That's hard to believe.

Gwendolyn Park enters and sits next to Erickson.

PARK
I see you made it back from London.
I recently talked to Detective
Longhorn. We discussed Russo's
profile. Obviously a psychopath, he
has a pension for inflicting
horrible pain on fellow human
beings.

MONROE
Why is he targeting the Catholic
Church?

PARK
Don't know, but I leaned something
interesting from Longhorn. He said
when Russo was in the mental
hospital, he had a relationship
with a doctor that supposedly had
ties to a satanic organization.

ERICKSON
What is the doctor's name?

PARK
I believe it's Martin Engle.

Erickson seems speechless and glances over at Monroe.

MONROE
We just visited Engle. He's now a
patient and not in his right mind.

ERICKSON

This is getting weird. Did Longhorn say he's any closer to catching Russo?

PARK

He's as frustrated as everyone else.

ERICKSON

(angry)

This has to stop.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MONIQUE MONROE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In her apartment, the stress is obviously getting to her, Monroe paces around the living room with a glass of wine. She thinks she hears noises coming from another part of the apartment.

MONROE

Who's there?

The noise stops. Unnerved, she sits on her sofa, gulps the wine, and holds her head apparently from a terrible headache.

The Motown ringtone gets her attention. She grabs her cell phone and answers it.

MONROE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello.

DOYLE (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

I think we should talk.

MONROE

(into phone)

Who is this?

DOYLE (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Dr. Doyle.

MONROE

(into phone)

What do you want?

DOYLE (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Meet me at my office in half an hour.

MONROE
(into phone)
What for?

The line goes dead. Monroe grabs the bottle of wine, pours the remains in the glass and drinks it down in one swallow.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. JEDIDIAH DOYLE - NIGHT

In the dead of night, Monroe is escorted into the office by Doyle. She tries not to let her uneasiness show. She knows they're alone.

MONROE
Is there something you need to tell me?

DOYLE
You are in serious danger.

MONROE
Why?

DOYLE
You can't stop what the devil wants.

Monroe begins to squirm in her seat.

MONROE
You're referring to Russo.

Doyle stares at her with intensity.

DOYLE
Just let it go.

MONROE
Why would you want to protect someone who is evil?

DOYLE
Because you can't win.

MONROE
I see evil everyday in my line of work.

DOYLE
Perhaps this is different.

MONROE

I know you're Dr. Engle's doctor.
That's very suspicious.

DOYLE

It's not important.

MONROE

(frustrated)
What do you really want?

DOYLE

I'm warning you... you don't know
what you're facing if you continue
this charade.

Monroe quickly starts for the door.

MONROE

I don't know what you're up to, but
I'm going to find out.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

The next morning, Erickson waits in her office, glancing at
his watch. As he starts to get up, she walks in the office.

ERICKSON

You're running late today.

She throws her bag down and collapses in her chair.

MONROE

I think Doyle is up to something.

ERICKSON

Why?

MONROE

He called me last night. I went to
his office where he proceeded to
tell me the devil can't be stopped
and we should abandon our quest.

ERICKSON

(confused)
Does he think Russo is the devil?

MONROE

I think so. Maybe I shouldn't be so
surprised. Delaney thinks the same
thing.

She turns on her computer and sits back.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Doyle scares me.

ERICKSON
Well it's obvious Doyle knows more than we thought.

MONROE
Have you talked to Gwendolyn Park? She's not returning my phone calls or e-mails.

ERICKSON
I meant to tell you. One of her colleagues told me she abruptly resigned and no one knows where she is.

Monroe goes over and looks out her window.

MONROE
I wonder what happened.

ERICKSON
I'll see what I can find out. Meanwhile we need to get with Longhorn and come to terms with what's going on here.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SOUTH LONDON - NIGHT

Delaney is shadowing someone on a side street in the early evening. It's around the corner from a night club and restaurant. There are a few individuals making their way down the street. The man Delaney is PURSUING appears to be Russo.

Every once in a while, Russo looks over his shoulder. Delaney tries to close in, but the crowd of people is getting larger.

Suddenly, Russo disappears. Delaney runs down to the end of the street. When he turns the corner of a dark alley, he sees Russo standing there.

RUSSO
(cold stare)
You need to leave.

DELANEY
Not a chance.

Delaney moves forward.

Russo braces himself and pulls out a LARGE KNIFE.

Delaney pulls out a small pistol as he approaches. Russo lunge's at him with the knife, swiping Delaney's arm, enough to draw a little blood, and knocking him down. Delaney repositions his pistol and fires, but Russo is out of sight.

INT. OFFICE OF MARIAN BUSTARDO - NIGHT

Marian comes into her office wearing a night robe. She appears disheveled. She sits and waits. Minutes later, Delaney comes in, looking spent.

MARIAN

Well, did you get him?

DELANEY

(angry)

Does it look like I got him?

She bends forward and points at his arm.

MARIAN

What happened to you?

DELANEY

(frowns)

He had a knife.

MARIAN

(sarcastic laugh)

You had a pistol.

She shakes her head in disbelief.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure it was him?

DELANEY

(eyes wide open)

It was him.

MARIAN

We must find him before it's too late.

Delaney immediately vacates the room.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - SOUTHEAST WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Several police offices arrive with sirens blaring. Longhorn gets out of his car and motions for the police officers to follow him. They are met at the door by BROTHER DANIEL. He appears shaken and covered in blood.

BROTHER DANIEL
They're all dead.

LONGHORN
We need to go inside.

BROTHER DANIEL
(confused)
Okay. Okay. Yes, yes... Follow me.

INT. ANTEROOM BEHIND THE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Brother Daniel points to the four bodies that are sprawled out on the floor. Longhorn and the police officers go in and look around. Longhorn approaches the priest. He's now shaking uncontrollably.

LONGHORN
What did you see?

Longhorn puts his arm around Brother Daniel.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)
It's okay. Take your time.

Brother Daniel seems to be in a daze.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ANTEROOM BEHIND THE CHAPEL - NIGHT

Five priests are sitting around talking about an upcoming soccer game. They are drinking beer from a cloister in Maryland.

Without warning, an unknown entity wearing a dark robe and wielding a LARGE KNIFE swoops in and within seconds CUTS THE PRIESTS WITH VENGEANCE. Brother Daniel manages to run out a side door after being attacked, but has only a superficial wound.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Longhorn sits the priest down.

LONGHORN

You need medical attention. Someone
will take your witness statement
down at the hospital.

**INT. PORTER'S STEAK HOUSE - GEORGETOWN - SOUTHWEST D.C. -
NIGHT**

The same night, Monroe is having dinner with Erickson. They
sit at a table in the rear in a small booth, and enjoy some
world famous steak.

ERICKSON

I've never been here.

He sips some wine and smiles at her.

MONROE

I though you would like it.

ERICKSON

This is exactly what I need.

MONROE

Me too.

ERICKSON

Are you okay? I mean your meeting
with Doyle sounds completely
bazaar.

MONROE

I've been thinking. Maybe we should
go see Dr. Engle again.

ERICKSON

Why? We didn't get much the first
time.

MONROE

I want to know what the hell Doyle
and Engle have been talking about.

Erickson laughs and tops off his wine.

ERICKSON

Good luck.

Monroe takes a slow sip of her wine before she responds.

MONROE

I don't know, maybe you're right.

ERICKSON

I got something for you. You like math riddles.

MONROE

Sometimes.

ERICKSON

I was looking through one of the files on Russo. His prison number was 443556.

MONROE

(sarcastic grin)

Okay. What does that mean?

ERICKSON

What's the square root of 443556?

MONROE

I have no idea.

ERICKSON

666. Scary. Right?

Monroe sits back in her chair, looking perplexed, but begins laughing.

MONROE

Looks like you have too much time on your hands.

Erickson laughs louder.

ERICKSON

I wouldn't put a lot of thought into it. I just think it's interesting.

MONROE

We need to be going.

They finish off the wine.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Early the next morning, Longhorn sits alone in Monroe's office. He gradually sips his MacDonald's coffee.

Monroe arrives and is surprised to see him.

MONROE

Did we have a meeting this morning?

She goes to her desk and turns the computer on.

MONROE (CONT'D)

You didn't bring me a coffee?

LONGHORN

Where you last night? I tried to get hold of you.

MONROE

Out to dinner.

Erickson enters and sits next to Longhorn.

LONGHORN

I guess you don't know. There was another attack last night at a Catholic Church in southeast.

ERICKSON

What this time?

LONGHORN

Four priests were savagely killed. There was a survivor. He said the intruder wore some kind of robe and wielded a large knife. That's all he could remember.

MONROE

I can't believe we can't catch this guy.

LONGHORN

We will eventually.

ERICKSON

When? After there's no clergy left.

Longhorn starts to say something; then stops.

MONROE

We need to stay focused. I believe Dr. Doyle has more to do with this than we know.

LONGHORN

Just be careful.

MONROE

By the way, have you had any contact with Gwendolyn Park?

LONGHORN

No. Why?

MONROE

She apparently left the FBI and is unaccounted for.

ERICKSON

You might want to check it out.

Longhorn goes to the door and turns around.

LONGHORN

I'll be in touch.

**INT. VISITOR'S WELCOME CENTER - SPRING GROVE HOSPITAL -
PRIVATE ROOM - DAY**

Monroe and Nurse Bidee walk into a private room. Bidee closes the door. They sit opposite one another.

NURSE BIDEE

Why are you here again?

MONROE

I want to see Dr. Engle.

NURSE BIDEE

He's non-responsive. It's a waste of time.

MONROE

Has Dr. Doyle been here to see him?

NURSE BIDEE

Not recently.

MONROE

Do you know what they used to talk about?

NURSE BIDEE

That's privileged information.

Monroe takes out her badge and flashes it at the nurse.

MONROE

(abrupt)
You need to tell me.

NURSE BIDEE

(frustrated)
I don't know.

(MORE)

NURSE BIDEE (CONT'D)

They talked about their profession.
One time when I walked in on them,
they were talking about evil in the
world.

MONROE

What did they say?

NURSE BIDEE

I don't remember.

Nurse Bidee appears to be a bit nervous.

NURSE BIDEE (CONT'D)

What is this all about?

MONROE

We think Dr. Doyle could be a
serial killer.

Nurse Bidee's face begins to twitch.

NURSE BIDEE

What does that have to do with Dr.
Engle?

MONROE

I was hoping you could tell me.

Nurse Bidee grits her teeth and gets an angry look on her
face.

NURSE BIDEE

Please excuse me. I have patients
to attend to.

She quickly departs; leaving Monroe to wonder what the hell's
going on.

INT. SEEDY BAR IN FAIRMONT VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A woman with a hoodie covering her head and wearing
sunglasses sits at a small table in the back of the dim-lit
bar; incognito. She is nursing a beer. A man walks in the bar
and approaches her table and causally sits directly across
from her.

WOMAN IN BAR

I thought you weren't coming.

RUSSO

This place was hard to find.

WOMAN IN BAR
It's better that way.

RUSSO
I suppose.

WOMAN IN BAR
You're in danger.

RUSSO
(smiles)
You brought me all the way out here
to tell me that?

WOMAN IN BAR
The FBI is convinced you are the
devil incarnate.

Russo begins to laugh and shakes his head.

RUSSO
They watch too many horror movies.

WOMAN IN BAR
They're not the one who you need to
be concerned with. Delaney is on to
you and he won't back down.

RUSSO
He's too obsessed to be a threat.
He'll do himself in.

She drinks down the rest of her beer.

WOMAN IN BAR
Don't say I never warned you.

Russo doesn't respond and walks out.

INT. OFFICE OF MARIAN BUSTARDO - LONDON - NIGHT

Marian and Roger confer about the current developments concerning The Aggressor. They drink whiskey and lounge in the office.

ROGER
It's been confirmed The Aggressor
is operating out of Virginia and
the D.C. area.

MARIAN
I wouldn't put it past him to come
back here.

ROGER

We need to silence him forever.

Delaney enters. He grabs a glass and pours whiskey in it.

DELANEY

Have you decided what you want me to do?

MARIAN

I'm surprised by the question.

DELANEY

He's illusive. You know that.

MARIAN

He's back in the states.

ROGER

You must go there and kill him.

Delaney sips his whiskey and appears in thought.

DELANEY

What if he's not the one?

MARIAN

What makes you say that?

DELANEY

Just a gut feeling.

MARIAN

You need to figure it out, find whoever it is and end it.

DELANEY

(laughs)

Silencing the devil will never stop evil.

They sit and glare at each other.

INT. DOOBIE'S DINER - SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Monroe and Longhorn grab lunch at Doobie's; one of Longhorn's favorites. They settle for hamburgers, fries, and iced tea.

LONGHORN

I should have told you this sooner, but I think they're taking me off the Russo case.

MONROE

Why?

LONGHORN

I didn't get a reasonable explanation.

Monroe glances around the diner, collecting her thoughts.

MONROE

I hate to say it. But at the rate we're going, we may never catch Russo.

LONGHORN

Sooner or later, he'll make a mistake.

MONROE

That's what we always say.

LONGHORN

(smiles)
Do you ever take any time off?

MONROE

Occasionally. What about you?

LONGHORN

As often as I can. But work keeps piling up.

Monroe seems distracted.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

MONROE

I've had this headache and it's getting worse.

LONGHORN

Get it checked out.

Monroe squints and looks away for a moment.

MONROE

Look, I need to go.

LONGHORN

Do you want to have dinner sometime.

MONROE

It's not a good idea. I'm seeing
someone.

She smiles and walks away from the table. He sits and watches her as he takes out his credit card to pay for lunch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MONROE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Monroe walks in, throws her hand bag on the floor and plops down on the sofa. Her headache getting worse, she tries to ignore it and closes her eyes.

Just as she begins to fade, her cell phone rings. She grabs it out of her handbag, dropping it several times before she answers it.

MONROE

(into phone)
Hello.

MARIAN (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
Can you hear me?

MONROE

(into phone)
Who is this?

MARIAN (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
Marian Bustardo.

MONROE

(into phone)
Is there a problem?

MARIAN (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
Delaney has been injured. He's in
George Washington University
Hospital.

MONROE

(into phone)
What happened?

MARIAN (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
He was attacked. Please go see him.

MONROE
(into phone)
Who attacked him?

The phone goes dead. Monroe lays back on the sofa.

**INT. NURSES' STATION - THIRD FLOOR - GEORGE WASHINGTON
HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Monroe approaches the nurses' station and patiently waits until the WARD NURSE stops typing a message on her computer.

WARD NURSE
Can I help you?

MONROE
I'm looking for someone called
Delaney.

She flashes her badge.

WARD NURSE
Is this an official visit?

MONROE
Yes, where can I find him.

WARD NURSE
Room 310.

Monroe quickly walks down the hall.

INT. ROOM 310 - NIGHT

Delaney lays in bed staring at the ceiling. Monroe breaks his concentration.

MONROE
What happened to you?

DELANEY
What are you doing here?

MONROE
I got a call from London asking me
to come see you.

DELANEY
I was following The Aggressor and
got attacked.

MONROE
He attacked you?

Delaney tries to sit up in bed, and is adamant as he responds.

DELANEY
Of course not. I was broadsided by someone.

MONROE
Did you see who it was?

Delaney shakes his head no.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Where do you think Russo is now?

DELANEY
I'm not sure, but I will find him when I get out of here.

MONROE
(sarcastic grin)
Do you still think you're chasing the devil?

DELANEY
(smiles)
What do you think?

INT. DEN OF INEQUITY - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Russo quietly takes a seat and waits for guidance. The MUTED VOICE resounds.

PERSON IN SHADOWS
We are making the appropriate progress. You are exceeding expectations.

RUSSO
I only want to do what is right.

PERSON IN SHADOWS
We are far from done.

RUSSO
I'm but a humble servant.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

You must continue to silence those who don't understand the darkness of our world. It's your life's work.

RUSSO

What are your intentions?

Once again, there is no response. Russo departs quickly.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NORTHEAST WASHINGTON D.C. - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Longhorn walks down a long hallway to the end where several cops await. He approaches a POLICE OFFICER.

LONGHORN

What happened?

POLICE OFFICER

You got to see this.

INT. ROOM 228 - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the bedroom, they look at a very disturbing scene. Two women are lying naked in bed; their bodies slashed. BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Longhorn notices clothes thrown hapazardly on a chair. He motions for the police officer to pick them up so he can see them more clearly.

LONGHORN

What the hell. These are nuns' habits.

He glances over in disbelief at the two dead women.

LONGHORN (CONT'D)

These women are nuns?

POLICE OFFICER

It appears that way.

LONGHORN

Were there any witnesses?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes, an older woman who heard the screams and saw the alleged assailant leave.

LONGHORN
Where is she?

POLICE OFFICER
She's shook up. She's down in the
lobby.

Longhorn canvases the room.

LONGHORN
We need to process this crime scene
with caution.

INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Several cops are consulting PHYLLIS JOHNSON when Longhorn and the police officer arrive. The police officer approaches the witness.

POLICE OFFICER
This is detective Longhorn. He has
a few questions.

PHYLLIS
(unnerved)
All right.

LONGHORN
Where were you when this all
occurred?

PHYLLIS
I was walking to my apartment on
the same floor.

LONGHORN
What did you hear?

Phyllis takes a few deep breaths.

PHYLLIS
I heard terrible screams coming
from that apartment.

LONGHORN
I understand you saw someone leave
the residence. Is that correct?

PHYLLIS
Yes. They ran out and down the
staircase. I called the police
after that.

LONGHORN
What did he look like?

Phyllis looks confused before she responds.

FLASHBACK:

Phyllis stands frozen as she watches a figure exit the hotel room. The figure walks quickly, and before they run down the stairs, they look back briefly at Phyllis.

RETURN TO PRESENT

PHYLLIS
It wasn't a he. It was a woman.

LONGHORN
Are you sure?

PHYLLIS
Yes, I'm positive.

LONGHORN
What was she wearing?

PHYLLIS
Dark clothes, but I do remember she had long black hair.

Longhorn looks over at the police officer, and then addresses Phyllis.

LONGHORN
That's all for now. Go home and get some rest.

He motions to the police officer to follow him out.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

In the late morning after receiving a phone call earlier from Longhorn, Monroe and Erickson wait for his arrival.

Longhorn enters and immediately sits.

MONROE
I got your cryptic message. What the hell is going on?

LONGHORN
There's been another murder. This one is strange.
(MORE)

LONGHORN (CONT'D)

Two women were found slashed to death in an apartment in northeast. They were found in bed.

ERICKSON

So what is so strange? The fact they were slashed to death or the fact they were in bed together.

LONGHORN

Based on the clothing we found, they were nuns.

Monroe seems at a loss for words for a moment.

MONROE

That can't be correct. It has to be a setup.

LONGHORN

Right now, there is nothing to dispute what we found.

MONROE

Was there any identification?

LONGHORN

None.

ERICKSON

Is this related to Russo?

LONGHORN

It certainly looked like his style of killing, but there was a witness.

MONROE

What did they say?

LONGHORN

She said she saw the alleged killer leave the apartment.

MONROE

What did he look like?

LONGHORN

She says it was a woman.

Erickson looks over at Monroe.

ERICKSON

Was the witness positive? If so, it has nothing to do with Russo.

MONROE

Probably a copycat.

LONGHORN

Maybe it's a smokescreen. We need to step up our efforts to find Russo.

MONROE

I thought you were off the case.

LONGHORN

(smiles)
They changed their minds.

INT. ROOM 22 - ECONOLINE MOTEL - FAIRFAX VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Delaney sits on the floor of his motel room floor, meditating to soothing music. He hears a knock at the door. He's shocked when he answers it.

DELANEY

What the hell are you doing here?

Marian comes in and looks around.

MARIAN

I see you're stepping down a notch.

Delaney glances around the room.

DELANEY

It'll do. Why have you come?

MARIAN

I have information you might want to hear.

DELANEY

You could have called.

MARIAN

You should be a little more respectful.

DELANEY

What's so important?

Marian sits in a worn-out chair in the corner of the room.

MARIAN

I have it that The Aggressor may not be who we think he is.

DELANEY

What do you mean?

MARIAN

It's possible his psychiatrist is the one.

DELANEY

Jedidiah Doyle is the devil?

MARIAN

Russo is just a pawn, a disciple.

Delaney paces the floor.

DELANEY

This changes everything, but Russo is just as guilty and must be stopped as well.

Marian stands and walks toward the door.

MARIAN

I trust you will use common sense and good judgment, but yes, they all must be dealt with... and try not to get ambushed again.

Delaney paces around the room after she walks out and shuts the door.

INT. PABLO'S BAR AND RESTAURANT - GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Monroe and Erickson are having drinks at a table in the rear.

ERICKSON

I'm thinking of taking a small vacation to the islands. Do you want to go?

Monroe smiles and sips her wine.

MONROE

Maybe.

ERICKSON

I know you had lunch with Longhorn. How that go?

MONROE

Am I under surveillance?

ERICKSON

I know he wants to date you.

MONROE

I guess I should feel glad you care, but it wasn't a romantic meal.

ERICKSON

Okay.

Erickson pours more wine in his glass and motions to Monroe if she wants more. She smiles and he complies.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

Have you had any contact with Gwendolyn Park?

MONROE

No, someone said she might have moved out of the area. She's no longer living at her address.

ERICKSON

I hope she's all right.

Monroe seems distracted; looking down at the table.

MONROE

I've been thinking. I want to talk to Dr. Doyle again.

ERICKSON

What for?

MONROE

I've been having these dreams about meeting with Doyle and convincing him to tell me the truth about Russo.

ERICKSON

They're just dreams. You know that? Right?

MONROE

Look, I have an early appointment in the morning. Thanks for the drinks.

ERICKSON

If you want to go to the islands,
let me know soon.

MONROE

(coquettish smile)
Yes, I'll go. Does that make you
feel better?

She grabs her handbag and casually walks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MONROE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Monroe comes into the living room with a glass of wine, grabs the remote and turns on the news. Tired, she sits back on the sofa. Picking up her cell phone, she dials Doyle's number. It rings several times but no answer.

Moments later, the phone rings.

MONROE

(into phone)
Hello.

DOYLE (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
I see you called. What do you want?

MONROE

(into phone)
We need to talk.

DOYLE (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
I think we've said enough.

MONROE

(into phone)
I can come by tomorrow.

DOYLE (V.O.)

(onto phone, filtered)
I've taken some time off. You'll
have to come to my farm. I'll e-
mail you the address.

She appears reluctant to continue the conversation, but answers anyway.

MONROE

(into phone)
I don't know if that's such a good
idea.

DOYLE (V.O.)
 (onto phone, filtered)
 Come now, what are you afraid of?
 The farm is quiet and peaceful.

She begins to pace.

MONROE
 (into phone)
 I'll think about it.

She hangs up and downs the remains of her wine.

INT. LONGHORN'S OFFICE - POLICE PRECINT - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Longhorn sits at his desk reviewing a file when SERGEANT DENNY walks in.

SERGEANT DENNY
 There's someone here to see you.

LONGHORN
 What do they want?

SERGEANT DENNY
 He says he just needs to talk to you.

Disappearing for a moment, Denny escorts Delaney into the office and departs.

DELANEY
 Do you know who I am?

Longhorn takes a long look at Delaney.

LONGHORN
 Should I?

DELANEY
 My name is Delaney. Do you know where The Aggressor is?

LONGHORN
 I'm not sure I would tell you even if I knew.

DELANEY
 He's an evil person that must be stopped.

LONGHORN

He may not be acting alone.

Delaney steps closer to Longhorn.

DELANEY

He bears the number of the beast.

LONGHORN

Whatever. We'll catch him and he'll pay for his crimes. You need to stay out of it.

DELANEY

If I find him before you do, he will more than suffer the consequences.

Delaney turns around and walks out of the office.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - OUTSIDE OF HAYMARKET VIRGINIA - DAY

In the late afternoon on a cloudy day, Monroe drives her Mercedes up a long dirt road to an old looking stone building on top of a grassy hill. Monroe gets out of the car and glances around the area for a moment. She opens the passenger door and takes the GLOCK out of the glove compartment and puts it in her handbag.

She tentatively walks to the front door. Before she can knock, Doyle rips open the door.

DOYLE

I didn't think you would come.

MONROE

This is a police matter. Everyone knows where I am... and I am armed.

DOYLE

(smiles)

Follow me.

INT. BASEMENT - FARMHOUSE - DAY

They walk down a rickety set of stairs. When they reach the bottom, Monroe is shocked at what she sees.

The room looks like something from out of the sixties. Several psychedelic paintings hang on the walls, and there are a few dozen candles lit and they shine brightly.

The walls are painted a funky green and the ceiling appears to be a light gray. There are several ugly-looking gargoyles hanging off the walls. At the far corner wall is an avant-garde painting of a women's face. Though it is hard to make out, it almost appears to be the FACE OF GWENDOLYN PARK.

Doyle motions for Monroe to sit. She studies his demeanor. He appears anxious and that's alarming to her.

MONROE

What the hell is this place?

DOYLE

It is where you can let your mind go free.

Doyle gets a funny look on his face.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Many of my patients have come here to cleanse their souls.

MONROE

Look, I believe you know what Russo is up to. I can't let this go on.

DOYLE

He's unusual, isn't he?

MONROE

(adamant)

He's a serial killer.

Doyle moves his chair closer to Monroe.

DOYLE

Look at me.

He squints his eyes and intensely stares at Monroe.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Look into my eyes.

MONROE

(unnerved)

I need to leave.

DOYLE

I don't think so.

Monroe tries to grab her handbag, but Doyle kicks it out of the way.

EXT. ALLEY - NORTHEAST WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Russo is on the move. He turns the corner and into the alley. He sees a shadow of someone standing several feet in front of him. He stops.

DELANEY
So, we meet again.

Russo chooses to stand his ground and moves closer.

RUSSO
I know who you are.

DELANEY
Do you now what I'm capable of?

RUSSO
You have the wrong guy.

Delaney comes closer to Russo and shows his face.

DELANEY
That's what you would have everyone believe.

RUSSO
You want to silence the devil?

DELANEY
That's my intention.

RUSSO
Killing me won't do it.

DELANEY
Why?

Russo doesn't answer the question.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Where in the hell is the devil?

RUSSO
You need to talk to Jedidiah Doyle.

DELANEY
Where the hell is he?

RUSSO
On vacation at his farm.

Russo takes a few deep breaths, but doesn't say anything.

DELANEY
I'll find him.

Russo turns and runs.

Delaney takes out a gun and fires, hitting Russo in the back. He falls, as BLOOD SATURATES THE ASPHALT.

Delaney calmly walks away.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Erickson walks into Monroe's office. The lights are turned off and there is no sign she's been there lately. He goes around the corner and talks to her SECRETARY.

ERICKSON
Have you seen Monroe?

SECRETARY
She didn't show up this morning. I tried to call her, but she doesn't answer.

ERICKSON
You checked her calendar.

SECRETARY
She didn't have any appointments.

The desperation shows in Erickson's face.

ERICKSON
Let me know if you hear from her.

INT. BASEMENT - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The next night, Doyle walks down the stairs and around Monroe as she is now strapped to her chair. Her face shows a sense of defiance in the glare of the dozen candles burning brightly.

MONROE
What the hell do you want?

DOYLE
I want to make you a believer.

MONROE
Keeping me captive won't help.

DOYLE
 You don't understand the world I
 live in.

Monroe moves around, trying to free herself.

MONROE
 If you mean the world of Satan,
 then you're right.

DOYLE
 You must forget all perceptions
 about the underworld. We will rule
 the earth and you will be better
 off if you resign yourself to it.

MONROE
 (emphatic)
 The authorities are coming for me.

DOYLE
 (laughs)
 Really? They must not be in a
 hurry. You've been here for a
 while.

MONROE
 Let me go.

DOYLE
 Non believers will be sacrificed.
 Is that what you want?

Doyle goes over to a small table in the corner and grabs what
 appears to be a SILVER MACHETE.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 You must submit to the darkness.

Doyle cuddles the machete and appears to be hallucinating.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Otherwise, this will be your fate.

Monroe tries to break free.

They can hear a noise upstairs. Within seconds, someone comes
 down and immediately faces Doyle.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 How did you know where I live?

DELANEY

Russo thought I should pay you a visit.

Doyle holds on to machete tightly.

DOYLE

I know who you think you are. Do you really think Michael the Archangel can stop me now?

DELANEY

Put the machete down.

DOYLE

(crazed)
I will kill you both.

DELANEY

Put it down.

Doyle, his face contorting and looking bright red, starts toward Delaney. He takes out his gun and fires. Doyle falls violently back against the back wall. BLOOD SPLATTERS ARE HORRIFIC.

Delaney frees Monroe and takes her up the stairs.

INT. OFFICE OF MONIQUE MONROE - DAY

Two days later. Monroe sits in her office with Erickson and Delaney. Relieved from the anguish of her near-death experience, Monroe's voice quivers a bit.

MONROE

Thank you for saving me from a madman.

DELANEY

Doyle believed he was the devil.

MONROE

Was he?

DELANEY

I doubt it. He was just a disciple.

ERICKSON

We found Russo's body the other day. He was shot to death. Do you know anything about that?

DELANEY

I don't know, but he was a disciple
as well.

MONROE

Do you really believe the devil
exists on earth?

DELANEY

(grins)
Of course.

MONROE

What about you? I mean Michael the
Archangel?

Delaney sports a giant smile.

DELANEY

I just want to do good in the
world.

INT. DEN OF INEQUITY - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Several men enter and take seats waiting for comments from
the Person in Shadows. They all seem to be a bit
apprehensive. The Person in Shadows SPEAKS IN A MUTED VOICE.

PERSON IN SHADOWS

It is time for us to bond together
and pay our respects for our
departed brethren. We must realize
what is at stake. You must continue
the pure and sacred trust to carry
on our battle. Now is the time to
change the world forever. You will
succeed with my blessing.

There is a moment of silence.

PERSON IN SHADOWS (CONT'D)

Never underestimate a woman on a
crusade for Satan, she might just
be the devil in the flesh.

The group of men clap and begin to walk out, but...

The Person in Shadows emerges from the darkness. She has
short dark black hair, dark red lips, alabaster face, and
brilliant black eyes. Gwendolyn Park's not missing after all.

PARK
Any questions?

FADE OUT.

THE END