

HELLBREAKER\$

Written by

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RUSTED METAL WALLS

Decorated in Armageddon wallpaper.

News clippings of natural disasters, cryptozoology sightings and other weird shit.

Fingers thumb a wireless headset. And we're in --

INT. WEBCAST STUDIO - DAY

Everything a one-man-operation needs to take on the internet. Compacted into one of those standing desks. After all, you want to be fit when the apocalypse comes...

Pacing to and fro, SANTIAGO RAMIREZ (50's), pock-marked, patches of missing hair. The creepy dude no one sits next to on the bus.

SANTIAGO

The war between heaven and hell never ended. It was just put on pause.

(scratches his head)

And good ol' Satan. He's got his claws on the remote.

(licks his lips)

How do I know this, dear listeners?

Santiago glances over to an old tabloid story "*Fallen Angels Rescued My Soul From Hell*".

SANTIAGO

Because I've been there. And those that came for me. Walk among us...

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NEW JERSEY - SUNDOWN

FIVE FIGURES enter like they own the place.

Military swagger. Bags of gear.

And they've got a pig. Yep, like Charlotte's Fucking Web. We'll get to that in a bit.

AT THE ALTAR

Stands a bundle of nerves in a pit-stained suit. FRANCIS WEAVER (40s). There's not much honest about him. Not the capped white teeth, the spray-on tan, and especially the hair.

At his feet --

TWO DEAD DRUGGIES. Man and woman, now forever twenty-one...

The team rigs their gear.

Tactical vests. Radio mics. A shitload of automatic guns. And bladed weapons. Ornate. Ancient.

Supervising the action, the leader, EZEKIEL (ZEKE). He's intense and confident, like he's got the biggest cock at an orgy and knows it. Looks thirties, but is older than the Damascus steel dagger at his side.

ZEKE

Took your sweet old time calling us, Weaver. It's almost sunset.

WEAVER

We just found him.

Weaver indicates TWO SUITED GOONS, behind and flanking him. Two more MUSCLED CLONES guard the church's entrance.

ZEKE

Who's the girl?

WEAVER

Girlfriend maybe. I don't know. She's not under contract.

ZEKE

How many times for this kid now? I've lost count.

CLANG! A fist hammers a stake into the floor! Anchoring the now chained pig into place.

Belongs to our second fallen-angel, GARY, thin, wiry, and always wearing a shit-eating grin.

GARY

We might have to start issuing a rewards card or something.

Laughs all around. Except for the African, CYRUS - the oldest of the bunch.

He's just finished pouring a line of salt around the dead kid. Eyeballs Gary.

WEAVER

All I know is -- the guy with the money wants his son back.

MOMENTS LATER

Our five mercenaries are ready. Gear on, weapons slung, like a bad-ass cover of Soldier of Fortune magazine.

But they're missing someone.

CREEEEEAAAAKKKK. The church doors open and in hustles FATHER HECTOR RAMIREZ, a hard-looking fifties, decked out in denim and leather -- Danny Trejo's doppelganger. Only the white collar betrays him

He pushes through the team, barely holding onto a big-ass book in his arms.

HECTOR

Sorry. Got halfway here and realized I forgot the damn book.

Zeke checks his watch.

WEAVER

Four minutes, ten seconds to sunset. Mark.

They step into the circle of salt.

Kneel around the body.

Father Hector opens the Medieval text he's carrying. Leather bound with wooden slats and filled with handwritten cloth pages -- The Monk's Book.

He utters an incantation in Latin.

Cyrus takes a small knife, pierces his palm, then holds the blood in his fist.

All the angels touch the body. Zeke puts a hand on Hector.

Cyrus opens his hand, droplets fall into the Monk's Book --

BWAMF!!! They disappear from this plane of existence...

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - SAME [HELL]

This place looks exactly like the one we left.

Well, exactly-ish.

It's older. Decayed.

But these worlds are linked.

AT THE ALTAR [HELL]

The Angels aim their death dealers in all directions.

It's just them.

For now.

Zeke looks at the corpse. A ghostly trail of light leads away. The soul's tether to the body.

ZEKE

Shit. He's been taken.

GARY

Or maybe he went for takeout. Takeo, where's the closest Chinese place?

That draws a glare from TAKEO, the Japanese member of the team. He's got the lean physique of a panther and is equally as deadly. But his best skill is ignoring barbs from Gary.

GARY

Come on. That's offensive? You're not even technically human, let alone Chinese.

Cyrus glances at Zeke, knows what he wants.

CYRUS

Takeo, Alandra, on me.

GARY

I gotta baby-sit Jesse Pinkman here. Again?

We get our first good look at the lady of the house, ALANDRA, as she gets in Gary's grill. She's got deep dark eyes that miss nothing. And doesn't take shit from anyone.

ALANDRA

Do you ever stop whining?

GARY

A little appreciation would be nice, that's all.

ALANDRA

You're right. How's this: do your job. Pretty fucking please, with sprinkles on top.

ZEKE

Gary, get the body prepped. And
Padre, stay in the circle. We'll be
dragging a world of hurt on this one.

The four mercs head out as the pig nuzzles Gary.

GARY

See? Respect.

The pig grunts in disagreement.

EXT. CITY STREET - SUNSET [HELL]

Our four angels in formation. Weapons scan roofs and windows.

Track glimpses of movement. Shadows.

Follow the trail of light to an apartment complex.

BACK AT THE CHURCH [HELL]

Father Hector stands in the circle with the open Book as --

Gary pours salt over the corpse.

GARY

Gary, prep the body... Gary, cover
us... Gary, quit staring at the demon
with six titties... if only...

The interwoven lines take shape.

Connected to the previous circle, the salted mosaic is clear.

A PENTAGRAM.

At the center -- HARDY BINGER, JR., all used up. Masking his
pain in a sea of tattoos, including a fresh one.

A large shadow flies past one of the windows.

Gary whips around.

Too late. It's gone.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX [HELL]

An old-school brick building with a cast-iron fire escape.

Sticky residue oozes out broken windows.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - ENTRANCE [HELL]

The oozing goo --- all over here.

Zeke motions. They enter, two by two.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Safeties off.

STAIRWELL [HELL]

Now we see the purpose of the sticky mess.

DAMNED SOULS bound to the walls like Velcro.

In various stages of torture. Skin flayed. Bowels hanging.
Real Clive Barker shit.

A bloody hand claws out --

It's the Dead Girl!!!

DEAD GIRL

God... Please... Help... me...

ZEKE

(whispers)

He doesn't give a shit anymore.

ALANDRA

Help me cut her out.

ZEKE

There's no time.

ALANDRA

Without the ritual, she's lucky we
found her at all.

ZEKE

She's not the mission --

And that's when they hear it.

A HELLSPIDER. Goo-wrapping a soul like a cigarillo.

It's grotesquely fat. A Frankenstein mishmash of arachnid and man. Four powerful spider limbs stretch out before it. A pair of human arms and legs make up its hind quarters. With only a single pair of eyes.

A bright blue one stares at Zeke while it's spidery black twin looks up to the ceiling and --

More fucking spiders!

Here they come, their slimy spinnerets ejecting human entrails instead of silk.

The team opens up! BAM! BAM! BAM! Spectral death pours from their muzzles.

Because this isn't your daddy's ammo, but modern Hellfire! Silver tipped bullets etched in runic symbols.

KA-BOOM! Spiders shred like graters. Bursting.

And Damned Souls spill out!! Freed from their fleshy prison. Their battered bodies scurry away from the fight.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX [HELL]

Through darkened windows, FLASHES OF GUNFIRE SILHOUETTE Zeke and his team as they fight their way to the roof.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

Gary checks his watch.

1:56... 1:55... 1:54...

GARY
(into ear mic)
What's your status?

Gunfire and creature screams crackle on the radio.

ALANDRA
(on radio)
ETA, 90 seconds.

GARY
That's cutting it close.

ALANDRA
(on radio)
Just be ready.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX [HELL]

Zeke and Cyrus burst onto the roof.

Spot their man Hardy, gooped to the ground.

Zeke pulls his dagger, ripping flesh.

AHHHHHHHHHHH!

But Hardy's free and they're on their way.

When Takeo comes backing out the stairwell, machine gun fire lighting up the sunset. SLAPS in a new clip, continues pouring rounds inside, covering --

Alandra, wearing a human backpack - the Dead Girl.

ZEKE

Goddammit Alandra!! She's going to slow us down.

ALANDRA

I've got her. Go!

Hellspiders burst from ducts as the team runs to the --

FIRE ESCAPE [HELL]

Spiders pile on behind them. It can't hold the strain.

Two floors up. No choice. Gotta bail, this thing's coming down.

Cyrus and Takeo parkour down to the ground.

Roll, rise up, flood the sky with enchanted lead.

Alandra's next. Holds the Dead Girl with both hands, jumps.

Hardy looks at Zeke, expecting to be piggybacked too.

ZEKE

You only think it's gonna hurt.

Zeke pushes him off.

He falls fast.

Hits concrete.

SNAP! Bone through leg. OWWWWWWW!

Zeke lands beside him.

HARDY

You fucking lied!

No time for bitching. Up he goes on Zeke's shoulder.

Alandra limps off. Doesn't look at Zeke's 'I told you so' face.

INT. /EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

Gary looks out the doors, weapon in hand.

:41... :40... :39

A shadow passes overhead. BIG.

Gary squints into the sky.

Nothing but his imagination.

GUNFIRE!!!

The team rounds the corner. Everyone accounted for... plus one.

GARY

The invite didn't say anything
about guests.

No one laughs. Then Gary sees what's behind them.

A HORDE OF SPIDERS.

The team barely keeps ahead.

Alandra at the rear, struggling with the Dead Girl.

TAKEO

Fucking cover us!!

GARY

Uh, yeah --

Gary zips rounds over their heads while everyone scrambles up the steps.

They're almost inside when --

The Dead Girl slips off Alandra.

THWOMP!

A set of pincers traps her leg!

She paws the ground. Going nowhere fast.

Alandra grabs her hand. It's a tug of war.

More Hellspiders join the fun.

Now Alandra's in trouble! One snags her vest.

Zeke leaps off the stairs, his dagger slicing through some mandibles, freeing Alandra. And only Alandra.

The Dead Girl SCREAMS as she's pulled awaaaaaayyyy...

Zeke and Alandra barely make it inside --

ABANDONED CHURCH ENTRANCE [HELL]

Gary slams the doors shut.

Spiders POUND at the entrance, trying to get at them!

ABANDONED CHURCH ENTRANCE [EARTH]

BOOOOOOM! The doors shudder.

Beside them, the two Goons jump in fear.

ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

The team hustles down the aisle.

Spiders claw through the windows. CLOSING IN.

The angels reach the altar.

Hardy looks at his body. It's not every day you get to see yourself dead. Zeke pushes him down, the body and soul merge.

GARY

Let's get the fuck out --

THE CHURCH DOORS SHATTER!

In flies a HELLDAGON. Exactly what it sounds like. Claws and fangs as big as people. Angelic rounds just bounce off its scaly thick skin.

ABANDONED CHURCH [EARTH]

The building QUAKES, knocks a Goon to the floor. Pews jump, then crash down. CRACKS RIPPLE across stained glass.

Weaver clings to the wall. Fighting every instinct to flee.

ABANDONED CHURCH [HELL]

The HellDragon towers in front of Hector, who stands his ground.

Lucky for him, it seems transfixed on the body... or maybe The Monk's Book...

Zeke flings his blade at the Beast's hoof.

THWAP! Through and into the ground.

Stuck for just a second.

Everyone piles in the circle. All hands on Hardy.

Hector SNAP CLOSES The Monk's Book --

ABANDONED CHURCH - ALTAR [EARTH]

BWAMF!

The whole group appears, back where they started.

Labored breathing. And looks shared between people who literally just went to Hell and back.

GARY

That was fun dad, can we go again?

Even Takeo's stoic veneer cracks a thin smile. The is what these adrenaline junkies crave. To feel something. Anything.

Hardy bolts up between them!!

Gasps for air. Doubles over. Vomits.

Then watches as his needled arm and that new tattoo, heal and scar over.

He pulls at his pants leg. Just like he left it. Because it was never broken.

ZEKE

Hellava mind fuck, huh?

Hardy passes out.

Weaver motions for one of the Goons to check on him.

Alandra lingers on the motionless Dead Girl. Then moves on.

ABANDONED CHURCH - LATER

The team stows their gear.

WEAVER
That was a close one.

ZEKE
Been in tighter spots.

WEAVER
I wasn't thinking of you.

ZEKE
Might have to reduce your cut. Lost
my favorite blade down there.

Weaver flops a duffle bag of cash.

WEAVER
My thirty percent's a bargain. Not
like I can find you clients by
putting an ad on Craigslist.

Zeke grabs the bag.

WEAVER
Until next time --

The pig SNORTS.

The angels freeze.

She snorts again. HARD.

The MEDIC GOON checking Hardy's vitals, looks over.

MEDIC GOON
What is it?

Gary approaches.

GARY
Sometimes, one of the little pricks
follows us out. And it needs a
place to go.

ZEKE
Padre, you're up.

Hector slips out a vial of holy oil. Splashes it on our curly-tailed friend. A hand on a her hide, then a prayer.

She calms down.

HECTOR
That should do it.

Gary pats her head, she stares lovingly back when --

Her eyes turns black!

And TWO CLAWED HANDS RIP OUT HER FUCKING BACK!!!

Gary's knocked on his ass, butt scooting away.

It's the HellDragon! Filling the church as its wings unfurl.

The dagger still in its hoof. And it's pissed about it.

ZEKE
MOVE!

The angels and Hector find cover but the Goons aren't so quick. A wing scoops up a pair. SPLASH! Saliva rains down on them like a German scat film.

The monster drops them. And as they look up, we see their eyes. Black. Evil. Possessed.

POSSESSED GOON#1 lunges for the Medic, who pulls his sidearm and blasts away. No effect. The Demon Goon tears into the Medic's flesh.

POSSESSED GOON#2 goes after Weaver, who's hidden behind the last surviving bodyguard. That guy's watched horror movies before and smartly empties his pistol into the attacker's head, dropping him at his feet.

Our Angels now pull their blades.

Forged in ancient times for the express purpose of kicking demon ass. And each reflective of the earthly regions these angels once swore to protect.

A KATANA for Takeo.

SCIMITAR for Cyrus.

A double-ended POLEAXE for Alandra, that can be used as one long weapon when snapped together, or separately in each hand.

Gary pulls a BROADSWORD out of the now dead Possessed Goon#1.

And Zeke. He's eyeballing his dagger.

You'd think this would be one hell of a fight.

Wrong.

Surrounded and alone, the HellDragon doesn't stand a chance.
 Not with five angels expertly trained in holy warfare. Honed
 over millennia. Created for one purpose.

The action is quick.

Slicing. Dicing. Chopping up the Beast Benihana-style.

Zeke finishes it off.

He slides across the blood-soaked floor, rips the dagger out
 of its hoof and plunges it through the Beast's heart.

But not before one last gasp. A claw tearing at Zeke's back.

Totally worth it.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - STREET - NIGHT

A limo with Weaver, Hardy and surviving Goon, pulls away. Fire
 from the now burning church reflected in its windows.

In minutes, all evidence of Hell will be ashes.

EXT. 'SAVIOR MINISTRIES' - NIGHT

A white cross on the front door stands out among the shops
 that crowd this crummy part of town.

Well, it might stand out if there wasn't a strip club next
 door.

'LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - A GENTLEMEN'S CLUB'

Because nothing says 'gentlemen' like a neon beaver with
 spinning tassels on her furry chest.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Zeke sits on one of the chairs facing the pulpit in the
 makeshift church.

His shirt is off, a blood-soaked claw mark down his back.

ZEKE

Owww!

A needle's been stuck in.

HECTOR

A two-story hell demon gouges your back and this is what you whine about?

SARA (O.S.)

You should have heard him complain about a paper cut last week.

On SARA RAMIREZ(17), with long dark hair and a softness in her eyes. She may not look as tough as her pops, but her mind is sharp and so is her mouth.

She hands over some medical supplies.

SARA

Did it hurt?

ZEKE

This? Only a scratch.

SARA

These.

Sara touches two ridges of scarred-over skin on his back.

ZEKE

Yeah, like being punched in the dick.

SARA

How did you lose them? Did you slice them off yourself? Ooh, or did they rot or something?

Zeke closes his eyes, remembering.

And we hear RUSHING WIND, like the sound of a skydiver buffeting during free-fall.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - IN THE SKY - DAY

Zeke. Tumbling out of control and naked, except for his bright, white angel wings.

SCREAMS as he lights up the sky like a meteor.

THUD! He craters into the earth.

Not a scratch on him, except for his smoldering wings, which turn to ash and drift in the wind.

ZEKE (V.O.)

It's how we all came to this plane.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - LIBYAN DESSERT

Cyrus climbs out of his crater near a mosque.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - SPANISH COASTAL CITY

Alandra, sensing shame for the first time, covering up her nakedness as MEDIEVAL PILGRIMS stare.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - JAPANESE BUDDHIST TEMPLE

Takeo, being tended to by orange-robed MONKS.

FLASHBACK: CENTURIES AGO - SOME ICY SIBERIAN TUNDRA

Gary, buck naked, freezing his ass off.

GARY

Fuck. Me.

BACK TO THE PRESENT: INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - NIGHT

Zeke drifts off. The drugs kicking in.

ZEKE

Neither angel... nor human...

Hector hands a suture and needle to Sara.

SARA

I can do it this time?

HECTOR

Not too shallow or it will just re-open.

SARA

I know. I've only watched you do this like a thousand times.

Zeke starts to protest, but Sara's all business.

SARA

Trust me.

BASEMENT

A lone bulb sways from the ceiling.

Casting ominous shadows that dance across the wall. Demon
claw. Fanged skull. Horned beast.

Reflections of the past, enshrined in a glass case.

We can just make out Cyrus in the dim light. As he kneels in
supplication, a giant hoof from the HellDragon in his palms.

CYRUS

In humble service, we honor thee /A
token of the fallen, our victory
/With sword and shield, your
instrument of wrath /We light the
way on darkness path /Til this our
end, on battle's ground /Eternal
your chosen ones...

CYRUS

Our wings wrapped round.

ALANDRA (O.S.)

Our wings wrapped round.

Alandra wanders in as Cyrus rises.

ALANDRA

I miss my wings.

CYRUS

I miss the herald of our kind. The
hum that permeated the Kingdom.
Remembering the old ways helps
drown the silence.

ALANDRA

I just put a fan on to help me sleep.

CYRUS

Sarcasm. Very human.

ALANDRA

After all these centuries, Cy. Why
do you still do this?

CYRUS

Because I've never forgotten what I
am. Who we are. Even if Father
never listens...

He gently places the hoof in the case.

CYRUS

Where are the boys?

ALANDRA

Honoring the fallen. Their way.

INT. 'LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS' STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

If your idea of a good time is salmonella poisoning and herpes roulette, then by all means try out Beaver's buffet and champagne room.

Odds are good the CHUNKY STRIPPER on stage has both.

BACK TABLE

That's where we find 'the boys'. With rounds of shot glasses.

But I wouldn't call this a celebration.

Real tears wet Gary's eyes, as he holds a framed selfie of him and "Mrs. Oinkers".

The heavily pierced BARTENDER (20s), collects the empties. She's sexy, if Pinhead from Hellraiser turns you on.

BARTENDER

What's wrong with him?

TAKEO

We lost... a coworker.

BARTENDER

Is that a pig?

GARY

She was my bestie. I'll never forget you Mrs. Oinkers.

TAKEO

They were close.

Takeo slaps some twenties on the Bartender's tray.

TAKEO

Just keep 'em coming. Oh, and a BLT.

GARY

Have you no shame?

TAKEO

You honor her your way, I'll do it mine... On toast, extra crispy.

The Bartender passes a table of STREET THUGS. Paying no mind to her bouncing breasts, their attention squarely on our mourning angels.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Sara snips the last stitch as Alandra and Cyrus enter.

ALANDRA

Nice work.

Sara runs over, smothers Alandra in a big hug. She's her fave.

SARA

Somebody's got to take over for my dad. His hands are getting a little shaky.

CYRUS

I need to speak with Zeke.

HECTOR

(to Sara)

Go outside for a bit, sweetie.

SARA

How am I supposed to learn the ropes if you guys won't let me in on the big conversations?

HECTOR

Not tonight.

SARA

Sooooo, you'd rather I hang out with the creepy bouncers who keep asking me when I turn eighteen?

HECTOR

Go.

She scoffs, then heads out.

ZEKE

You can't protect her forever, Hector. She's going to find out one day. Better on your terms.

HECTOR

You don't get to make that call.

(lowers his voice)

If I had my way she wouldn't know about any of you. Or your business.

ZEKE

Then you shouldn't have taken matters into your own hands.

HECTOR
FUCK YOU!

Now it's Hector who storms off.

ALANDRA
Always making friends.

Cyrus approaches. Puts on his serious face.

CYRUS
That wasn't some minor demon we
encountered tonight, Ezekiel.

ZEKE
Oh, it's 'Ezekiel' now?

CYRUS
It was an abomination we haven't
seen in... over two thousand years.
Had it escaped, mankind could do
nothing to stop it.

ZEKE
Lucky for them we're bad mother
fuckers.

CYRUS
Nothing that powerful should have been
able to pass through to the earthly
plane, even with our open portal.

ALANDRA
What are you saying?

CYRUS
I don't know how, but the seals
must have been broken.

ZEKE
Such a drama queen. The world is
always ending and he wants to be
the one to save it.

ALANDRA
I have to agree with Zeke. We would
know, right?

CYRUS
Would we? If it weren't for the
Monk's Book, we'd be as blind as
humanity.

Zeke goes to walk away, Cyrus grabs him.

CYRUS
You can try to dismiss this, but I
know you saw it. We all did.

ALANDRA
The Book.

CYRUS
That thing locked it's eyes right
on it.

ZEKE
Or maybe it wanted that soul back,
that's kinda its thing.

CYRUS
The world is in danger.

ZEKE
And if it is, why should I give a
shit? Isn't that what's supposed to
happen?

CYRUS
Don't forget who we are. Why we
were created.

ZEKE
Why we were abandoned?

The moment hangs in the air. A flash of pain, like deep
seated loss, crosses their faces.

CYRUS
I'm taking the Book to the Archives
for safekeeping. And I don't need
your permission.

ZEKE
No, I've got it. If it goes with
you, we'll be placing photos on
milk cartons to get it back.

EXT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES /LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - NIGHT

Hidden in the shadows... one of the Street Thugs from the
bar. Watches Zeke exit and take off in a pickup.

The Thug flicks a cigarette and hops in a sedan parked
nearby. Pulls a phone to his ear.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Zeke looks in the rearview mirror. *Is he on to the tail?*

ZEKE

I know you're back there.

Sara sheepishly pops up from the second row of the cab.

ZEKE

Were you listening the whole time?

SARA

Enough to know you're going to the Archives. I've always wanted to see it.

ZEKE

Your dad doesn't think it's a good idea to be involved with us.

SARA

I didn't think you cared what others think.

Zeke pulls over.

SARA

You're going to dump me off HERE?

ZEKE

Climb into the front seat and buckle in.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - BACK TABLE - NIGHT

Takeo and Gary are smashed.

Hanging with two strippers. CANDY and DAKOTA - names like that, do they really need a description? Got their junk rubbing on our two angels.

DAKOTA

Soooooo, bayyybeee. Want to go to the back room? I'll give you a sexy private show.

Gary belches a 'let's do it.' It's a sexy belch.

The pair pass the table where the creepy Street Thugs were. Now empty.

INT. THUG SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Our smoking Thug has company. THREE THUGS total and they've got the pickup in their sights.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Zeke at the wheel. Sara in the passenger seat, excited.

Rain falls as they pull into a rental storage facility.

A quick swipe of their card at the gate and it's down paved aisles of garage-sized units.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Zeke lifts the corrugated door then lights a kerosene lamp.

Sara rushes over from the nearby pickup, hopping rain puddles. In she goes.

INT. 'THE ARCHIVES' STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Stuff everywhere. Boxes stacked to the ceiling; plastic tubs of religious knickknacks from all over the globe; even a pristine post-war-era Harley.

SARA

THIS? This is the archives?

She wanted Disneyland, got Six Flags.

SARA

Please tell me there's a secret passage that leads down. Or Bat poles? Something.

ZEKE

Didn't have the heart to tell ya.

Sara takes it in.

SARA

Who knew angels were hoarders?

INT. THE ARCHIVES - LATER

A rhythmic PLINK-PLINK-PLINK of rain on the tin roof.

Zeke's got the Monk's Book in front of an open safe.

ZEKE
You know what this is?

SARA
The Hellbreaker book.

ZEKE
Hellbreaker. Cool name. Might have
to start using it.

SARA
Well, you use it to break into Hell
don't you? Seems waaay obvi.

Zeke can't help but smile.

ZEKE
An order of Monks called the
Carthusians entrus --

SARA
Yeah, yeah, some dudes from oldie
times gave it to you to keep safe.
Until you figured out how to use it
and now you're all about the money
and sinful pleasures... that's my
dad's version anyway.

ZEKE
Remind me to have a chat with him.

Zeke kneels in front of Sara.

ZEKE
We just didn't lose our wings when
we stopped serving. We gave up
house privileges too. The book is
our way into the basement.

SARA
I know that.

ZEKE
What you don't know... We're not
the only ones who can use it. Sure,
it's coded and written in a dozen
dead languages. But it's not
impossible to decipher.

Zeke places the Book in the safe.

ZEKE
It's dangerous if used without us.
Hector knows that. And you should too.

SARA
Why are you telling me this?

Zeke hesitates. He wants to say something more, but can't.

ZEKE
You want to take over for your dad
one day, right?

SARA
Either that or a WWE Diva.

Zeke shoots her a look.

ZEKE
(moving on)
Lesson number two.

Zeke closes the safe door.

SARA
That keeps out a demon?

Zeke turns Sara's head. Small, runic symbols like those on their ammo run along the walls. A large one on the door.

ZEKE
Runic spells. Knowledge passed down to
the ancient mystics from the almighty
mage himself... This one's a protective
barrier. Will keep out most anything
that could cause trouble. The safe's
for prying eyes.

Zeke puts a spin on the tumbler while Sara snaps a picture of the door.

She then plucks a photo album from one of the dusty shelves.

SARA
This my dad?

ZEKE
He's probably getting worried about
you. We should get going.

Sara ignores him.

Neither notice the pair of boots just beyond the partially closed garage door. Pointed in their direction.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alandra stares out the window, a fifth of Jack in hand.

The BUZZ of the Leave It To Beavers neon sign interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps.

CYRUS
Watching over your flock?

ALANDRA
Drinking for the dead. Cheers.

CYRUS
The girl?

Cyrus reaches for the bottle.

CYRUS
It was her time. She made her
choices in life.

ALANDRA
Choice. The crown jewel of humanity.

CYRUS
The one thing that made Lucifer
jealous. He was His most trusted...
and still begged to be granted the
same 'gift.' All it gave us was war.

ALANDRA
Were we any different? I never liked
being a piece on the chess board.

CYRUS
If only we'd been able to finish
the game. No one likes a draw.

ALANDRA
Fucking Jesus. Had to go be all
heroic and shit.

They both share a laugh and another hit of whiskey.

CYRUS
I thought that by choosing to fall,
there'd be purpose again.

ALANDRA
We rescued a man's soul today.
Gotta count for something.

CYRUS

We got paid because some rich slob
didn't want his son to pay for his
sins. Isn't that Father's plan?

ALANDRA

So you think Lucifer was right to
start the war?

CYRUS

Hmmm. God's the one who made the
rules. Heaven for the faithful,
Hell for the rest, right?

Cyrus takes a swig from the bottle.

CYRUS

Lucifer does the dirty work.
Punishes men for their wickedness.
And he gets the rap as the bad guy.

ALANDRA

Makes God seem like kind of a dick.

INT. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Sara pulls out another old photo.

It's a YOUNG HECTOR posing with a second man. Both decked out
in biker gear, throwing gang signs to the camera.

The second man is familiar ---

SANTIAGO, the podcaster.

SARA

Who's this?

ZEKE

Your Uncle Santiago.

SARA

Didn't know I had an uncle...
So when you met my dad, he was a
bad guy, huh?

ZEKE

When I met him, he was dead.

Another photo now. This time, a VERY PREGNANT WOMAN poses
with Hector, who's older and wearing his priest collar.

SARA
Going to Hell really straightened
him out.

ZEKE
It put him on the right path. She
kept him there.

SARA
My mom was beautiful.
(she looks up)
How did she really die, Zeke?

ZEKE
That's the end of today's less --
Zeke sees Sara staring past him.
Towards the pair of boots near the doorway.
Instinctively, he puts her behind him.

ZEKE
Can we help you?
The only reply the pounding rain.

ZEKE
I said, CAN WE HELP YOU?!
The boots walk off.

ZEKE
We're leaving. Now.

INT. /EXT. THE ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER

Zeke lifts the door.

Hanging on his pickup, TWO STREET THUGS and a LEADER, the
ones that followed them.

THUG LEADER
I think you've got something for us.

ZEKE
You're right, I do.

He pulls a Glock from his waistband.

THUG LEADER
Whoa. You don't want to do that.

ZEKE

Then you need to step away from our ride.

The Leader jumps down, turns to his boys and laughs. But when his head spins back around, his eyes are icy white.

Without hesitation Zeke lets go a volley.

Three Thugs drop. A single hole in their noggins before the shell casings hit the ground.

Zeke goes to grab Sara --

The two Thugs on the pickup are gone!

They're in the air!!

One lands on the roof, the other plows into Zeke. He and his pistol rocket away in opposite directions.

Sara flees for The Archives.

Zeke ninja flips up, hot on Sara's heels. SLAMS THE GARAGE DOOR SHUT behind them.

INT. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Panic on Sara's face as footsteps pound above her.

SARA

The runes. We're safe in here, right?

Nope. A CLAWED HAND bursts through the ceiling.

EXT. THE ARCHIVES

The Thugs hardly resemble men anymore.

Now, twisted nightmares. Demons inside cracking bones, allowing unnatural contortion and movement.

The DEMON THUGS rip away at the shed.

INT. THE ARCHIVES

Sara and Zeke tear through the clutter, desperate to find *anything* that might help.

Something catches Sara's eye. Buried in one of the plastic tubs. Hindu prayer beads.

SARA
There's sage in these beads. Demons
hate sage.

ZEKE
Burning sage.

The kerosene lamp beckons...

INT. /EXT. THE ARCHIVES

The garage door rips open!

Emerging from the darkness, Zeke.

The beads wrapped around both hands, in flames.

A COMIC BOOK MOMENT.

Zeke pounces.

Lands some quick kicks. But his fists do the real damage.
Hitting like brass knuckles.

The roof-bound Demon Thug leaps to join the melee.

Zeke sees it.

SQUISH! Punches right through his fucking skull!!

Brains and teeth splash onto the ground.

Zeke whips back around --

THUNK! A boot catches him in the gut. Goes flying through the
adjacent storage unit.

Zeke's hands light up some old carpet. FWOOSH!

The second Demon Thug rushes into the Archives. Finds Sara
holding up two incense sticks like a cross.

DEMON THUG#2
(demonic)
I'm not some vampire little girl.

SARA
I know.

She jams the razor sharp ends into his legs!!

CRASH!!! Zeke comes bursting through the wall in a cloud of
smoke.

Right cross. Left cross. Upper cut. Zeke hits all the special combo buttons.

Demon Thug#2 collapses in a bloody heap.

It's just him and the Leader now.

And it's got Zeke's Glock, with him at the end of the barrel.

All we see is hammer lock and flame, until the trigger clicks empty.

But lucky for Zeke, these are straight-up rounds, no runes. His angelic flesh crunches them before they can really penetrate. But they still hurt like a bitch. And bleed.

The Demon Leader takes off.

Zeke's on him in a flash, pummels him into submission. Not enough to kill. He wants this one alive.

EXT. THE ARCHIVES - LATER, NIGHT

The unit's on fire and going up fast.

Inside, the two dead Demonic Thugs burn. As their clothes melt away, exposed flesh reveals...

A RUNIC TATTOO.

One we've seen before. On the kid rescued from Hell.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cyrus is buried in the The Monk's Book, a magnifying glass scanning a hand-drawn-painting like the Terminator picking out targets.

He settles on that cursed tattoo, blown up to see every detail. An exact match.

He pulls the glass back, revealing a man bound to an altar, the runic circle carved into his chest.

Alandra peers over his shoulder.

ALANDRA

Looks like our baddie, alright.
Even down to the white eyes.

Cyrus reads a caption on the page.

CYRUS
Ex Uno Plures.

ALANDRA
Out of one, many.

In the drawing, the figure is disemboweled, rows of claws emerging.

ALANDRA
Multiple possessions in a single
host. Would explain why our wards
didn't work.

CYRUS
Doesn't explain how they crossed over.

In the background of the painting, a shadowy figure raises his hands over the entire scene.

ALANDRA
Or who summoned them.

CYRUS
Maybe our guest can shed some light.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - MORNING

CRACK! A fist pummels the Demon Leader's face. Takeo and Gary stare at their infernal punching bag.

GARY
Tough son of a bitch, I'll give him
that.

TAKEO
You admire this asshole?

GARY
I admire the devotion. The
tenacity. And those milky eyes are
kinda badass.

ZEKE
Still nothing?

TAKEO
Father Hector went at him all night.

A Bible on one of the chairs. Hector's weapon of choice.

GARY
The power of Christ did not compel
him.

DEMON LEADER
(demonic)
Ezekiel. Takeo. Gregarovich.

TAKEO
Just a whole lot of that.

GARY
Gary. My name is Gary now. If you
fucks are going to whisper it in
Hell, get it right.

Zeke grabs it by the throat.

ZEKE
Listen up, dick-breath. Why do you
want the Book?
(nothing)
Who brought you to this plane?
(releases him, then)
This is getting us nowhere.

Gary's eyes narrow on the man's Tattoo. He's seen that shit.

KITCHEN

Sara sits across from Hector, exhausted from the night's
attempts at exorcism. She slides across the family photos.

SARA
Is this why you never let me go to
The Archives?

Hector thumbs through. Remembering. Turns them upside down.

HECTOR
You're all I care about now.

SARA
Caring isn't leaving me in the
dark. Not knowing the truth. About
mom.

HECTOR
She died giving you life. That is
the truth --

SARA
(reaches for his hand)
Daddy. Please.

Hector looks into her eyes. Her mother's eyes.

HECTOR
You've only known me like this.
(thumbs his priest collar)
But my brother and I were not good
men. And that life ended the way
they always do... But I was spared,
saved from my many, many sins.

Hector stands, turns his back. Ashamed.

HECTOR
Santiago didn't believe me.
Wouldn't listen. And when it was
his time, there was no contract. No
one coming to his rescue. But I had
the Book... I had to try.

Sara begins to understand where this is going.

HECTOR
Something followed us out. But it
didn't come for me.

Hector looks at the photo of his pregnant wife.

HECTOR
If it wasn't for Cyrus, I would
have lost you both.

Sara has no words, only tears.

HECTOR
I killed your mother, Sara, and
I've been trying to make up for it
ever since.

Sara goes to him, arms around his waist.

SARA
I don't blame you daddy. I blame
that thing out there. I want to
help stop them.

Relief on Hector's face. Proving confession is good for the
soul.

HECTOR

I guess demon hunting is going to be the family business.

SARA

You mean Uncle Santiago --

HECTOR

We both serve now. I in my way, he in his...

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - DAY

A flotilla of rust. Abandoned ships losing their battle against nature and time.

EXT. USS CRAVEN - DAY

The bridge of an old cargo barge, its ass sunk in the water.

Graffiti splashed all over, masking what lies beneath. Protective runes.

INT. USS CRAVEN - THE BRIDGE AKA 'SANTIAGO'S STUDIO' - DAY

Here we are again. Right where our story started.

The radio podcaster who's been to Hell and won't shut up about it.

Santiago mutters to himself as he goes to a bank of security monitors. Taps on one labeled 'Vessels'. ZAP. It flickers to life, showing a small pen of pigs on the rear deck.

Then heads over to a metal press and picks up a set of etching tools. GRINDS AWAY. Ammo falls into a box, runes imprinted on them. The repetition calms him...

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Cyrus and Alandra have joined the interrogation. Their attention -- the demonic tramp-stamp on the Thug's neck.

GARY

That kid we rescued yesterday...had a fresh tat on him.

ZEKE

Like this!?

GARY
Maybe... Yes.

TAKEO
Are you fucking kidding me?

GARY
His body looks like a jigsaw puzzle!
How was I supposed to know that ONE was
crucial and shit.

ALANDRA
In the painting, it's cut into him.

CYRUS
And how do you think a needle gun
works?

Zeke pulls his gun. Ain't got time for this bullshit.

DEMON LEADER
(demonic/Latin)
Your weapons cannot stop us. We are
legion... Abaddon will rise... The
blood of the innocent will set him
free. Blood of the innocent will
set him free. Blood of the innocent
will set him free...

BLAM! Little hole in the front. Big in the back. Demon and
chair on the floor. Deader than fucking disco.

They all stare down at the body.

HECTOR
Santiago's the closest thing to an
expert on this stuff. Maybe he can
help.

ALANDRA
We'll take Sara. I don't want her
alone.

Hector nods.

ZEKE
Cyrus and I will hit up Weaver.
Track down our repeat customer --

TAKEO
What about us?

ZEKE
Find out what you can on that tattoo.

EXT. 'RISING DRAGON' TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Just blocks from the money center of the world, Rising Dragon gets it's name from the coiled serpent snaking across the glass windows and front door of this ink and piercing shop.

INT. RISING DRAGON - SAME

Takeo compares the photo on his phone with -- a set of TATTOOS that are identical. Gary holds up the samples.

GARY

What do you know about this one?

SINDY (20s) - big eyes, bangs, polka-dot dress - the Betty Boop of skin artists, glances up from the CLIENT she's currently buzzing.

SINDY

Been popular. Especially with the money crowd.

She nods to the dude on the slab, with his thousand dollar slacks and shoes.

CLIENT

You'd be surprised how many suits have tattoo sleeves beneath them. A bad boy with money? Keeps those panties wet --

Sindy presses hard into his flesh.

CLIENT

Owww! Sorry.

TAKEO

Your designs?

SINDY

There's dozens of slingers in the city, guys. Seen a bunch of places with that same set. Though we're tighter on the work...

TAKEO

How did --

SINDY

Sitting in a package at the front door. With a wad of cash to put them up. Never heard from the maker...

They move toward the door. Talk amongst themselves.

GARY

Does this mean what I think it means?

TAKEO

Hundreds, maybe thousands, ready to be possessed. An army of the damned in waiting?

GARY

I just meant we're gonna have to skip happy hour.

They head out the door.

INT. RISING DRAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Sindy watches the duo peel away from the curb.

She reaches over for a piece of gear. Dress hiking up, revealing the bottom half of our tattoo on her upper thigh.

INT. WEAVER'S HIGHRISE APARTMENT - DAY

The real estate agent sold Weaver on the million dollar view.

Though he never expected to see it dangling upside down and *outside* the penthouse balcony.

WEAVER

Why would I want an apocalypse?! Demons and shit running around? I don't need the ocean turning to blood. I own beach front.

Zeke let's Weaver slip just a bit.

ZEKE

You must have known something?

WEAVER

One little demon pops out of a pig and now we're asking for three forms of ID?

ZEKE

That thing was after the Book. And they knew where the Archives were.

WEAVER

You guys aren't exactly the CIA.
It's probably one of those
strippers Gary's been diddling.

Zeke let's gravity do its thing. AHHHHHHHH! Catches him at
the last second.

WEAVER

They came to me. I swear! So I charged
a little extra, okay. Know I should
have told you, but I was sure you'd
give it to your old pal Weaver as a
bonus, am I right?

That seems to convince them and they pull him inside.

CYRUS

Where can we find him?

WEAVER

The son's in a private clinic... run
by his dear old dad. Got the address
in my --

(checks his pockets)

Shit! Where's my phone?

He looks out the window.

ZEKE

Use that bonus to buy a new one.

Zeke and Cyrus head for the door. Weaver runs up to them,
grabbing onto Zeke. Begging.

WEAVER

Fellas, you can't leave me here.
Not with what's going down. At
least let me hang out with the rest
of the gang. At the church?... Come
on, where are they? I won't be a
bother.

Off Zeke's look we cut to --

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - DUSK

In the distance, a halo of light.

EXT. USS CRAVEN - FORWARD DECK - DUSK

That halo becomes a porthole from Santiago's crib.

A beacon for Alandra, Hector and Sara, who make their way across the pitched deck.

Sara identifies the mystical graffiti.

SARA
Wards? Will they work this time?

She takes a snap of it.

Hector knocks on the door -- Shave and a haircut.

A security cam spies them. Hector raises a six-pack of Diablo Beer to the camera. BZZZT. Unlocked.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

One of those swanky private hospitals where recovering pop stars and rich assholes use their Obamacare.

DR. HARDING BINGER, SR., sixties, enters the Psych Ward.

Approaches the Suited Goon who survived the church.

DR. BINGER
How is he?

Hardy glances inside at his son, shackled to the bed.

GOON
Tripled his meds to get him this calm.

DR. BINGER
We'll be getting visitors soon. Get him ready.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Zeke and Cyrus are joined by Gary and Takeo at the large revolving doors.

Zeke steps to a RECEPTIONIST. Points at a portrait above.

ZEKE
We're here to see the guy in the picture.

A three-man SECURITY TEAM stands by the elevators.

TAKEO
Here comes the welcoming committee.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Sara wanders about her uncle's Unabomber Mancave.

The Monk's Book sits before him. But he's paying attention to her. Touching and moving his stuff.

HECTOR
Sara, please don't touch anything.

SARA
I'm just curious.

SANTIAGO
Curiosity is good. Smart. But --

He takes a knickknack from her hand, carefully places it back.

SANTIAGO
Everything has a home and it must return home.

ALANDRA
Santiago. The painting.

SANTIAGO
Yes, yes. A ritual.

HECTOR
We know that brother. But --

ALANDRA
But we need to know how the demons are summoned.

SANTIAGO
That is the wrong question. Wrong question! How does it cross the planes?

Alandra thinks.

ALANDRA
The seals... The demons couldn't cross into this world unless --

HECTOR
Cyrus is right. They've been broken.

SANTIAGO
Stripped.

Santiago addresses Sara, who looks confused.

SANTIAGO
 Earth. Hell. Reflections of one
 another. The Seals, the veil that
 separates the planes. Yes?

Sara nods.

SANTIAGO
 The seals are layered like
 latticework... like, uh, a window
 screen. Until nothing can pass
 between. Remove a single thread,
 small holes open. More threads,
 bigger holes. When the last is
 removed...

SARA
 The planes merge.

ALANDRA
 Hell on earth.

Santiago goes to his desk. Keyboard and mouse clicks follow.
 News stories zip across his monitors.

SANTIAGO
 Birds drop from the sky.
 (SLAPS his hand!)
 Herds of deer rush into oncoming
 traffic - quite the mess. Animals
 always know before us. God made
 them first, after all.

ALANDRA
 These are all from last night.

SANTIAGO
 Yes! Yes!

HECTOR
 The boy's rescue.

ALANDRA
 Then that means...
 (off the painting)
 This isn't a spell to summon a
 demon.

HECTOR
 It's to break one of the seals.

ALANDRA
 We've been played.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Security Guards confiscate weapons as they wand the team.
Find a water-bottle in Zeke's coat.

ZEKE

Have to keep hydrated. I hang out
in some humid places.

They let him keep it.

DING. The elevator doors open on Dr. Binger. An undertaker in
Armani with a Cheshire grin that wrinkles his face.

DR. BINGER

I apologize for the security
measures. We have a lot of high
profile guests.

ZEKE

We came to talk about your son.

DR. BINGER

Perhaps someplace a bit more
private? If you'll follow me to our
conference room.

They all pile in the elevator.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Sara turns to her father, but her uncle answers.

SARA

How does a ritual break a seal?

SANTIAGO

The seals aren't physical. They're
wards. Mystical barriers, created
by the Lamb's sacrifice.

SARA

You mean Jesus.

ALANDRA

The original trojan horse. Lucifer
thought he was getting a prize to
end the war.

SARA

So sacrifice is the key to breaking
the seals?

SANTIAGO

The painting tells you everything
you need. The engraving. An
unwilling host.

HECTOR

That kid's not a volunteer?

SANTIAGO

Look closely... Our victim is
bound. Drugged, duped, same result.

SARA

And a death.

SANTIAGO

No. A resurrection. Sacrifice and
resurrection sealed-in Lucifer.
Sacrifice and resurrection will
free him from Hell.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

In his own private Hell right now, Weaver slogs his way
through the swampy muck.

A rustling in the weeds behind.

Weaver puts it in gear and hustles to the ship.

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The doors shut.

It's crowded. The three Guards. Dr. Binger. Four fallen
angels in the middle.

DR. BINGER

My son is worse. We had to tie him
down. He tried to bite his wrists.

CYRUS

Man wasn't meant to have nine
lives.

ZEKE

Your son's tattoos. Very unique.
How exactly did he come by them?

DR. BINGER
Fancied himself a rock singer. You know how they like to mark themselves. Though he spent more time chasing tail and heroin than making a real go of it.

ZEKE
What about you?

DR. BINGER
Me? Can't carry a tune.

ZEKE
Ink. You like to mark yourself too?

Silence.

The Guards go to their holsters.

DR. BINGER
Is that the question you really wanted to ask, Ezekiel?

Then we hear something like leather stretching. Cracking. Coming from the sharp-dressed man in front.

Whose neck suddenly twists around.

Then elongates Inspector Gadget style, plunging through the elevator roof. Jaw stretched into a howl. Full-on possessed.

Weapons are pulled. Flesh gets tangled. It's an angel versus demon steel-cage match.

Going up.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Hector thumbs through The Book.

ALANDRA
It can't be that simple. We saved that kid... five times? Two more and POOF! Satan's back above ground?

HECTOR
Somewhere in the Book, there has to be a way to stop it.

SANTIAGO

That unholy creation cannot help
you. Lies hidden in truth. Waiting.
Patient.

SARA

We have to do something.

SANTIAGO

Not if you believe in this.

Santiago SLAMS down the Bible. Give this man credit, he's got
a flair for the dramatic.

SANTIAGO

"And I saw in the right hand of him
that sat on the throne a book
written within and on the backside,
sealed with seven seals..."

HECTOR

"...No man in heaven, nor in earth,
was able to open the book, neither
to look thereon."

SANTIAGO

Five of His host chose to fall.
Five chosen by the Monks to be
entrusted with their book. And five
riders of the apocalypse arose.

SARA

Um, there are only four and they
are horsemen. Everybody knows that.

Santiago smiles at her with baked bean teeth.

SANTIAGO

Then you haven't been reading
carefully. "And I looked, and
behold a pale horse: and his name
that sat on him was Death, and Hell
followed with him." Hell is the
fifth rider.

The group sits with it then --

HAMMERING on the metal door. They look at the monitors.

It's Weaver.

SANTIAGO

He didn't bring beer.

Weaver pulls out a silver pen and writes something on his hand. Holds it up to the camera -- "Zeke sent me." Weaver peeks over his shoulder. Writes again. "Hurry!!!!!"

ALANDRA

Let him in! Now!

INT. GOOD HOPE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Flashes of gunfire capture the action like the splash pages of a Graphic Novel.

BLAM! Takeo redirects one of the Guards fire into Dr. Binger.

NECK SNAP! One Guard down, Zeke using him like a shield.

SWIPE! Binger claws at Cyrus.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Gary dodges bullets.

Two Possessed Security Guards spider-crawl on the ceiling.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! They're all dead.

Except for Binger.

DING!

He scrambles out the door, onto the --

PSYCH WARD FLOOR

Barrels down the hallway, crashes through the security door.

The ward is abandoned.

Binger is gang tackled.

They have him pinned on the ground. His demeanor suddenly changes. Now, he's the victim.

DR. BINGER

Please! I don't know what's going on. He forced me to do it. He said he'd kill my son. My wife.

GARY

You believing this shit?

TAKEO

Not a word.

Takeo pops the clip of the security guard's gun. Bullets with sacred engravings.

CYRUS
Someone tipped them off.

Zeke takes out his water bottle. Pours it over Hardy's face.
It sizzles. Flesh burns off. Reveals the demon underneath.

GARY
Either he just hit puberty or his
inner-demon came out.

DR. BINGER
(demonic voice)
We'll destroy you.

ZEKE
Why do you want the Book?

DR. BINGER
Fuck you Cherub!

BLAM! Zeke shoots a hole through his kneecap.
Zip. No reaction. Nothing human left in him.

DR. BINGER
My son will be legend. We will be
legion. It is as the Messenger
foretold.

CYRUS
Messenger? What messenger?

GARY
We're dealing with messengers now?
What kind of bullshit is that?

Zeke takes aim. Puts Binger out of his misery.

TAKEO
We got a problem.

He has Binger's phone. Shows Zeke the number.

TAKEO
Last call is from you.

Zeke checks his pockets. His phone is missing.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Weaver holds court with the others, grabs a beer to settle his nerves.

WEAVER

I'm here for the Book.

Weaver reaches out --

ALANDRA

It isn't leaving this room.

WEAVER

I'm not going back empty handed. Zeke just tried to throw me out a window.

HECTOR

Why didn't he come himself?

WEAVER

They went after the Hardy kid. He's the key to all this, right?

ALANDRA

That demon kept repeating the same thing. "The blood of the innocent will set him free." Can't be Hardy.

SANTIAGO

Man is not innocent. We are all stained with original sin.

ALANDRA

Then we should destroy the Book. No Book, no rituals. No more broken seals.

WEAVER

Whoa, let's not be hasty. We got a great thing going here. An exclusive product with a high barrier to entry. That's Business 101.

ALANDRA

I'm calling Zeke.

She pulls out her phone. Weak signal.

SANTIAGO

It's the bulkhead. You'll have to go outside.

FORWARD DECK

She's on the phone. It's ringing.

ALANDRA
Answer, goddammit.

SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

Weaver casually mutes the volume on Zeke's phone.

FORWARD DECK

She still can't get through.

Then 'TAKEO' pops up on the Alandra's screen.

ALANDRA
Takeo? I've been --

ZEKE
(phone)
Weaver's betrayed us. You can't --

She's already at the weathertight door.

SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

All eyes on the security monitor, then --

A GUN.

Pointed at Sara's head.

WEAVER
All I want is the Book.

HECTOR
You set us up? You were behind
those tattoos?

WEAVER
Just the middle man. Like always.

SARA
Don't give it to him. If you do,
it's the end of everything.

WEAVER

And if they don't it's the end of you. Nothing personal, Sara. You were convenient.

Santiago hands over the Book.

SANTIAGO

Let her go.

WEAVER

Once I'm on my way. Pinky swear.

Weaver waves the two men away from the console.

WEAVER

No way you'd trap yourself in this can. Where's the back door?

SANTIAGO

The thick black cable. Leads to the genny and waterline.

HECTOR

What were you promised? Wealth? Power?

WEAVER

A chance. Your brother knows better than most what's coming. There's no way to stop it.

HECTOR

Hell has a special place for men like you.

WEAVER

It better. Or all this was for nothing.

THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP

Weaver and Sara wind through the maze of corridors and ladders. The black power cable their bread crumb trail.

Weaver closes a hatch behind. Tucks the Monk's Book under an arm, grabs a nearby chain. Wraps the steel door with it.

Sara spots her chance -- a rusted pipe on the floor.

She Tonya Harding's his knee.

He falls against the door.

She grabs the Book and darts off into the shadowy tunnel.

Weaver straightens. Raises his gun. Fires.

PING! A bullet hits metal above her. PING! Another beside.

Sara spins --

THUNK! The BOOK takes the next one.

Knocks her backward into the shadows.

WEAVER

Kids today!

The Book heals like flesh. Squeezes out the spent round. It clinks off the metal floor.

Whoa!

PING! PING! More bullets hitting all around her.

Sara scrambles to her feet and up a set of metal steps, with Weaver limping after.

SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

The brothers open a secret arsenal of demon fighting weapons, including a big-ass M-60. Rambo time!

Alandra's inside now too.

SANTIAGO

I'll cut him off on deck.

Crackling gunfire draws Alandra and Hector into the darkness.

GENERATOR ROOM

It's like the Middle Ages back here, with a waterwheel churning in this submerged part of the ship. Powering a bank of batteries and generator.

Sara bursts into the compartment. There's another door leading outside. Steps out onto the --

REAR DECK

Closing the door behind, which is painted in Santiago's favorite color -- Ward white.

Sara slip-slides her way up the damp steel.

Stops cold.

THREE PIGS tethered in a pen.

Fucking swine.

She's making her way through when --

The metal door creaks behind. Weaver. He's saying something.

A prayer?

No. A chant.

ANCIENT SUMERIAN.

A summoning.

The pigs quake.

Build with energy.

Those poor little disgusting pink incubators.

BA-BOOM! They explode.

And from the innards of these three little piggies --

Amidst a shower of bacony oblivion --

Comes the Big Bad Wolves.

THREE ABOMINATIONS.

Ten-foot insectoid canines forged of hellish molten ash.
Their piercing claws dagger into the deck as they find their
footing and put a wide-eyed Sara in their sights.

SARA

Good...doggie...thing...

She turns to the bulkhead hatch. Weaver is there, tossing the
parchment he just read, looking more scared than she does. He
slams the heavy door. CLANG!

SARA

Please! Open the door! Open the --

One of the creatures stalks her. She can sense its hot
horrible breath on her neck.

Sara turns.

The monster flinches at the site of the ward on the door behind her. Too bad she's on the wrong side.

It snaps at her with its serrated teeth.

She rolls out of the way and runs.

The thing roars.

She races to the edge of the deck. Running out of room --

And leaaaaaaaps!

Just catches the lip of the neighboring wreck. But as her hands grasp to save her --

She drops the Book in the murky water.

The creature looks at it. Then to her. Unsure what it wants more, the kibbles or the bits.

She shakes her head. Time to be the hero. FML.

She pushes off from the boat. Holds her nose. SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

Sara swims deeper and deeper with the Book under her arm.

SPLOOSH! The thing lands behind her, missiling down in a wake of bubbles.

She tries to give it some distance.

It spots her.

GENERATOR ROOM

Weaver peeks out of the door. Time to clear out of Dodge.

Feet thunder on the metal stairs behind him.

He ducks behind some clutter as Alandra and Hector hurry to the door past him.

REAR DECK

Hector and Alandra charge out. They spot the steaming pig guts. Worry grows on their faces.

As they find the other two beasts, perched on old cargo containers like Gargoyles.

Alandra opens fire. Hector's shotgun jams. He's not exactly a field agent.

Alandra keeps them at bay.

At least long enough to see --

SARA'S BACKPACK!

Floating in the water.

A blazing M-60 announces Santiago's arrival.

SANTIAGO
Go. We'll cover you.

SPLASH! Alandra dives in.

Santiago and Hector take their place side by side. Two old Hell's Angels making a last stand. Unleash a hailstorm of blessed jacketed steel.

UNDERWATER

Satan's pit bull roars behind Sara.

Coming at her like a great white.

Sara swims for her life. Heads for her only chance --

A cannonball sized crater in the hull of a wrecked tugboat.

It's going to be close --

INT. WRECKED TUGBOAT

She swims inside.

RAAAAAAWR! The thing's head bursts through the hole!

She screams, unleashing an eruption of bubbles.

But the monster won't fit.

It tears at the hull. Gnashes away at the wood.

She's trapped. Her only hope is to swim up and pray there's something more than a dead-end.

She shoots up. Coming into focus above the blurred surface.
Behind her the hell beast wedges through the tight space.
Her face frantic, her lungs desperate for air.
And just when she's about to break the surface.
A black spindly coil ensnares her ankle.
The monster's tongue. Wrapped like Indiana Jones' Bullwhip.
She fights. Kicks. Her breath running on empty.
A HAND REACHES IN.
Alandra!! Freeing her.
Sara's shoe plunges to the depths below.
She bursts to the surface gulping down air.
No time for a touchdown dance. The pair crawls into a --

INT. CROOKED TRAWLER - CORRIDOR

-- and its topsy-turvey funhouse world. This wreck is crooked and cockeyed, adding difficulty to their escape.

Sara wails. Glass in her bare foot. She goes to pull it out --

BOOM! Here comes the damn thing.

But she doesn't even have time to remove the shard.

They have to keep moving.

EXT. USS CRAVEN - MIDSHIPS

The brothers retreat toward the bridge. Holding onto each other like bloody conjoined twins.

Hector's taken the brunt of the damage, but there's still fight left in this hard man.

HECTOR
We can't kill them.

SANTIAGO
Got to lure them inside.

HECTOR

We'll last longer out here... Keep them occupied as long as we can.

SANTIAGO

We're dead either way. And Sara won't make it with three of those things after her.

HECTOR

What's the plan?

SANTIAGO

My studio. I've got a surprise.

They will themselves forward.

The two monsters chase after.

INT. CROOKED TRAWLER - CORRIDOR

Alandra and Sara hit a dead end.

Hooves CLANG on the grated floor behind. Nowhere to go.

Alandra puts herself between Sara and the beast. Opens fire. Even sacred ammo is no match for this thing's molten skin.

Sara pulls out her phone.

SARA

Please still work. Please still work.

The light flicks on!

And sees they're standing on a door.

Sara rapidly scrolls through photos. Gets to the wards. The first one from The Archives.

She looks back at the menacing creature.

The thing takes a step forward.

Alandra takes aim.

Accuracy wins.

Blam! Blam! One to each eye.

The thing shrieks!

Then shakes its head like a dog.

Settles.

Then -- damned if it doesn't open five other eyes!!

They're screwed. Royally.

The monster ROARS!!!

Charges.

Hunched so it fits in the tunnel.

Sara looks back to The Archives ward...

SARA
(to herself)
That's not gonna do it. This one!

It's one of Santiago's ship wards!

Sara uses her blood to draw it on the door.

The monster picks up speed.

Sara finishes the drawing.

Mere feet from them --

Sara opens the hatch and both drop inside. CLANG! Just in time...

CROOKED TRAWLER - KITCHEN

Sara's braced against the door. Her heart pounding like a White Stripes drum solo.

It's quiet. Safe.

The ward has worked.

ALANDRA
Good thinking.

SARA
Thanks.

BOOM! The wall beside her shatters. The monster falls inside, tossing Alandra into the corner.

When the smoke clears it's just inches from Sara.

She screams.

It raises a claw. Smashes down.

Sara blocks it with the Book. Which quickly heals. The beast knocks it out her hands.

Sara's out of chances.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO

The monsters Hulk-smash at the cabin.

Moments from imploding.

Santiago finds a radio-controlled detonator.

SANTIAGO

Always thought I'd have to leave in a hurry. Erase my data. Never thought I'd be erasing myself with it.

HECTOR

Explosives?

SANTIAGO

And this place is filled with sage and rosemary. We'll roast the beasts.

HECTOR

You always were the chef in the family.

There goes a wall.

Their hands hover the trigger. *Just a little closer --*

CRASH! The ceiling collapses!

Bringing with it Zeke and Takeo.

Hopping aboard a beast's back like rodeo clowns, wrestling it to the ground.

Plunge their blades into its neck, back flip, scissoring off its head in a crimson geyser.

They turn their attention to the other critter.

INT. CROOKED TRAWLER - KITCHEN

Sara's spent. Resigned to her fate. The razor claw on its way.

At the last second --

Blocked by Alandra's forearm!

She's got both hands on it now.

A talon extends, saw cutting her rib-cage like an autopsy.

She manages to muster all her angelic strength.

U-turns the claw towards the thing's mouth and down its horrible throat.

Chokes on it.

Then falls. Dead.

Alandra puts her arms around Sara.

ALANDRA

It's alright.

Suddenly, Gary and Cyrus burst onto the scene like rescue ninjas.

GARY

Yaaaah!!!

But it's all taken care of.

Gary kicks the carcass. Disappointed.

CYRUS

Where's Weaver?

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BOAT GRAVEYARD - ROTTED PIER - NIGHT

In the wake of the battle, Hector leans against a post. He doesn't look good. Santiago holds his hand.

Zeke rips at clothing, desperate to plug Hector's wounds.

ZEKE

Don't you give up on me Hector. You hear me?!

HECTOR

I never have.

He coughs some blood.

HECTOR

It's your fight now. Time to put on the big-boy Halo and save this shithole. You might just find out it's not a shithole at all.

ZEKE

We'll do it together.

HECTOR

Gotta take this trip on my own.

ZEKE

You're not going back there. You've made your amends.

HECTOR

Tell Sara I'm sorry. The killing, the robbing, her mother... you were right, should have told her the truth long ago...

Hector closes his eyes and goes still.

Dead still.

Santiago says a silent prayer. Then gets up.

SARA (O.S.)

No!!!!

Sara runs over to Hector. It's too late. She can't even say good-bye.

She cries. Turns back to Zeke.

SARA

You can save him. We still have the Book. Bring him back.

ALANDRA

Sara... we can't.

SARA

Can't?! This is my dad!! There is no can't!!

ZEKE

They don't all go there.

SARA

Find out. Make sure.

ZEKE

He didn't want a third chance. He didn't want to cheat his way out. He wanted to earn it. He had faith.

Sara storms away in a fit of tears.

Alandra moves to go after. But Zeke stops her.

ZEKE

We need to destroy the Book. Now.

Zeke and Alandra pull their blades.

No fanfare. No final words. Decided.

DRILL them into the Book.

They go straight through. The handles glow red hot! Then they're spit out. Sending the angels flying with them!

The Book heals.

SANTIAGO

Everything has a home. It must return home.

ALANDRA

Hell.

ZEKE

We'll need a portal.

Cyrus and the two boys show up. Carrying someone.

Weaver.

INT. USS CRAVEN - SANTIAGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The cabin is beat to shit. Santiago starts piecing together his broadcast equipment.

ZEKE

We could use your help. Your knowledge.

SANTIAGO

There's a conflict of interest. You're trying to save the world... and I'm not interested.

ZEKE

We have to try.

He flips a couple of switches. Life.

SANTIAGO
Destroying that Book won't stop
anything.

ZEKE
How do you know?

SANTIAGO
I have faith.

Zeke pulls out his dagger. Twirls it expertly, then holsters
it like an old gunfighter.

ZEKE
So do I.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - MORNING

Weaver is gagged and strapped to a chair with a circle of
salt around him. He works his tongue frantically against the
duct tape covering his mouth.

All attention on the Goddamned Book.

TAKEO
If we destroy it we're closed for
business.

GARY
No book means no money. And I've
got a lifestyle to protect. Girls
don't much like to fuck broke guys.
Yeezus wrote a song about it.

Weaver groans through the tape. He agrees.

ALANDRA
It won't matter much. This is a one
way trip. Once the Book is gone --

TAKEO
So is the portal. We'll be stuck on
the other side.

GARY
This just keeps getting better and
better.

ZEKE
Only one of us needs to go. I'll do it.

A moment of silence.

CYRUS

This is our destiny. We'll do it together. Just like old times.

Alandra snaps together her poleaxe. That's three.

Takeo whips out his katana.

GARY

Fuck it.

Gary pulls his broadsword.

It's their Five Musketeers moment.

SARA

Wait! You can't leave me here. I've got nobody left.

ZEKE

This is for you. For humanity.

SARA

You're doing this for yourself. If you stay, you may actually have to become a real person. Death is easy when you have no soul.

ALANDRA

We caused this. We have to fix it.

Sara's a mixture of rage and tears.

SARA

You didn't cause this. HE DID!

She grabs Alandra's pistol and aims it at Weaver.

ZEKE

You don't want to do that.

SARA

Oh, I want to do this. I really, really do.

Her hands tremble.

ALANDRA

And it might feel good for a few minutes. Then what? Can you live with being a murderer?

SARA
It's not murder, it's justice.

ZEKE
This isn't what Hector wanted for you. He wanted you to see the world as it should be.

SARA
This is how the world is. He is how the world is.

ALANDRA
The world is what we make it. There is always a choice.

Their words sink in. She drops the gun.

Just as Weaver manages to chew through the tape.

WEAVER
Listen. Guys. Sara, sweetheart. I was tricked. I swear I'll make it up to you --

Zeke thumbs the safety. CLICK!

WEAVER
Wait!! Wait!! You're still gonna kill me. After that great speech and all?

ALANDRA
Yes.

WEAVER
What about 'the world is what we make it'?

ZEKE
I'm making it better.

BLAMMO!

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dead eyes reflect the Angels who perform the ritual for the last time. Resigned to their fate.

As the blood drops touch the Book, Alandra holds her palm up.

A last goodbye.

Sara looks away. Can't watch.

Then they're gone. Emptiness behind her.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - MAIN ROOM [HELL]

The gang's all here. Except for Weaver's soul.

Already dragged off, his howls echoing in the distance.

Fuck him. They have a job to do. And do it quickly.

The dinner bell rang. Demons drawn to the presence of the Book.

They form a perimeter. Loaded with weapons.

GARY

Uh, guys... Should we, you know,
say something? I for one would --

ALANDRA

Shut up, Gary.

ZEKE

Let's just do it.

Zeke stabs the Book.

Nothing.

Fuck.

ZEKE

We're gonna need a plan B --

But the Book flies from Zeke's hand.

THWIP! Stuck to the ground like magnetized steel.

Pages flip with inhuman speed.

Bloody words and images flying off into the ether.

Spewing like some arterial wound.

The parchment goes up next.

Blazing with the white-hot intensity of burning magnesium.

The angels shield their eyes, but Zeke watches as images
appear in the flames.

Giving up secrets.

Quick flashes. Past. Present. Future.

- Beneath a monk's hood, black eyes read the Book. Demons whisper in the MONK's ear.

- The monk raises a ritualistic dagger. Slices his throat. Seals the Book with his blood.

- The angels taking charge of the Book.

- Time passes. The Industrial Revolution. World Wars. MTV. You know, the big stuff.

And the biggest secret of all...

- Cyrus meets Dr. Binger.

- Cyrus inks a tattoo on Binger's son.

- Hell. Ungodly screaming. A naked woman in labor. She gives birth. Cyrus takes the afterbirth-covered newborn.

- Sara screams. Cyrus plunging a knife in her. The shadow of Lucifer rises behind him.

Cyrus -- The Book's final betrayal.

But before Zeke can do anything. Say anything --

It explodes with a SONIC BOOM!!!! The shockwave scatters the angels and demonics.

A massive fissure hangs in the air as if reality itself has been torn asunder.

EXT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES /LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - DAY

The explosion rips through the mission and blasts a hole in the strip club too. Both roofs in tatters.

The clouds above part. Ignite, then turn to ash.

Day becomes night as it spreads across the sky like a drought brush fire.

Fiery lightning churns beneath this incendiary storm.

As the dust settles, we see two of our angels in the rubble.

Which can mean only one thing.

GARY
Shit is seriously fucked.

TAKEO
The Book. It must have been the
sixth seal.

GARY
That fucking Book! What happens now?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY-ISH

Literally. ALL. HELL. BREAKS. LOOSE.

The cityscape transforms. Ages. Decays.

Asphalt bubbles and boils. Sidewalk grates become hissing
steam vents.

Earth is getting a Hell makeover.

Souls of the Damned. Abominations. The stuff of nightmares.

Just appear.

And anyone with those tattoos? Immediately possessed as the
infernal cloud passes over.

INT. RISING DRAGON - DAY-ISH

Sindy's got a few clients on slabs.

When shadows darken the streets outside.

Her neck snaps! Eyes roll back in her head. And she gouges
them the fuck out!!

To the horrified shrieks of her customers, whom she quickly
makes a meal out of.

Then busies herself marking the corpses with those tattoos.
Re-animating them.

She leaves the store with three new MEN-PETS.

Chained around their necks. Looking for more victims.

One spots a HIPSTER COUPLE.

The blind SINDY-DEMON turns in their direction. Her pets now
her eyes.

INT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - DAY-ISH

Zeke rushes in the from the street. Alandra on his heels.

ZEKE
Sara?! Where are you?

SARA
I'm okay.

She's standing by some fallen beams. And Cyrus.

ZEKE
Get away from her.

Alandra sees it now. A dagger, Zeke's of all things, at Sara's back.

ALANDRA
What the fuck is going on?

ZEKE
Cyrus is The Messenger. He's the one who betrayed us.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - MAIN STAGE - DAY-ISH

Takeo and Gary push aside some rubble. Find themselves inside Beavers, of course.

Power out. Sky doing its volcano thing. They grope around in the dark.

Screams and unearthly snarling fill the air.

ZEKE
I can't see shit!

TAKEO
Over here --

Takeo is SLAMMED to the ground. He gets off a single gunshot that illuminates a MASSIVE POSSESSED BIKER on top of him.

Gary leaps into action. Kicks off the Biker, gives Takeo time to recover and pursue.

He then finds Dakota - the hot stripper. Still alive but in trouble, grappling with another BIKER.

Maybe Gary can save her and finally get some.

Just as he's about to grab the guy --

She severs the Biker's vertebrae with a slash of her hand!!
Flashes a sexy smile of razor sharp teeth and bare demon
breasts.

ZEKE
My god... you have six titties.

DEMON DAKOTA
(demonic voice)
Want to go to the Champagne Room,
baby?

So much for true love.

Gary takes aim.

GARY
Girl, it's not you.

He let's off a round --

GARY
It's me.

The heavenly projectile bares down on her --
But her face splits in half at the last second --
The bullet passing between the gory goal posts.
Oh shit!!!

She lunges at Gary --

Takeo's katana gets there first.

Her noggin rolls right into Gary's lap. The closest to head
he's gotten from her.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - DAY-ISH

Cyrus holds Sara.

CYRUS
I never betrayed us. Our true
purpose.

ALANDRA
We trusted you.

CYRUS
Ezekiel. You see it, don't you?

ZEKE

I see only madness.

CYRUS

This is all a part of HIS plan. Our fall. The Book. The only human whose blood is unstained by original sin.

Sara looks up at him.

CYRUS

Sweet child. Your mother wasn't killed by a demon. I dragged her to Hell, so you could be born not of this earth.

(Cyrus caresses her face)

You are the blood of the innocent. You are key to unlocking the seventh seal!

Zeke and Alandra can't believe what they're hearing.

Alandra moves towards Cyrus, but he places the dagger right to Sara's throat.

CYRUS

It pained me to keep you in the dark, but now we can finish it. All of us.

ZEKE

This isn't you Cy. This isn't the man I call my friend.

CYRUS

We are not men. But we can be angels once more. Join me brother and sister. Return to our Father's service.

ALANDRA

Lucifer is your master now.

CYRUS

I don't give a shit about him! His reign will be short. When God sees his chosen ones threatened, he'll be forced to act. He will intercede. And we'll be blessed with his presence once more. The pain of silence vanquished.

ALANDRA

This isn't about destiny. This is about you.

ZEKE

We're going to stop you Cyrus. And we're going to kill you.

Cyrus bows his head and realizes his friends are just a hinderance now.

He motions to the fissure and a HORDE emerges from the ether.

Leading the charge, DEMON-HARDY, barely recognizable as human. Part rancor, part xenomorph, he locks eyes on the angels and roars.

Charges.

Zeke hits first, slashing, shooting, slicing.

Alandra makes a move for Cyrus only to be swatted away by Demon-Hardy, before she can get close.

INT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - MAIN STAGE

Gary's got his thumbs buried in the eyes of the last Demon Biker, but the bastard still won't go down.

TAKEO

Get his head up!

Gary pushes. A sliver of neck is all Takeo needs.

SLIIIIICE!

Another human bowling ball rolls around a PILE OF DEAD BIKERS.

Lesson learned kids. Just because your buddies get tattoos, doesn't mean you should too.

They race out the front door --

EXT. LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS - STREET - DAY-ISH

DEMONICS. Every. Fucking. Where.

Running down humans. Tearing shit up!

Zeke and Alandra have their hands full of Demon-Hardy.

Every thrust is parried. Every attempt to bypass, a giant paw or leg thunders down in front to stop them.

Stalemate.

The boys blast their way towards them and run smack into --

Demon-Sindy, who's grown her ARMY OF MAN PETS. One spies the pair, SCREECHES like an unholy car alarm.

Sindy directs her minions to their prey.

GARY

What is she? The pied fucking
piper?

They soon find out as her Pets march on them like ants.

EXT. SAVIOR MINISTRIES - FRONT DOOR - DAY-ISH

The angels fully engaged, Cyrus drags off Sara to an SUV.

The fiery lighting revealing fear on her face.

SARA

Cyrus! Where are you taking me?

CYRUS

Home.

She rips away. Tries to run.

He grabs and throws her with supernatural strength and anger against the SUV. Her head slams it hard.

She's out cold.

He stuffs her inside and climbs in the driver's seat.

ON GARY & TAKEO

Who've made their way to Zeke and Alandra.

The four on a patch of rubble, fighting back to back like Custer's last stand.

Fending off wave after wave of Sindy's Men Pets and other Demonics. Their strength in numbers, not power.

One manages to rip into Gary's arm. His blood acts as a lamp light, the Man Pets converging like moths.

Gary goes down.

Then Takeo goes sailing past, swatted by Demon Hardy. Who then pounces on Alandra.

This is it.

This is how it all ends...

Until Zeke slices open his hand and jumps on top of Demon-Hardy. Lathering his face in the angel's liquid heroin.

The Men-Pets turn. Can't resist.

And swarm Hardy!!

One. Two. Twenty.

Driving him back and away from our angels.

Creating an opening.

ALANDRA

Cyrus got away.

Gary points to a couple of toppled Harleys with the engines still running. Their owners fled or dead.

GARY

Get to the choppers!!!

They haul ass!

TAKEO

Wait! Why are we chasing Cyrus?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY-ISH

Tires eat asphalt.

Twin road-hogs.

On the left -- Alandra drives. Gun in her throttle hand riding the grip. Zeke on the back. Eyes ahead. Calculating.

Strategizing.

On the right Takeo rides, Gary behind, he's holding a sawed-off shotgun.

TAKEO

Cyrus is behind all this?

GARY
That's what the man said.

TAKEO
I knew the guy was a hard-core
believer but --

GARY
Get your head in the game. There he
is!

SUV - MOVING

Cyrus sees them in the rearview mirror.

Almost happy they made it.

Almost.

The gas pedal goes all the way down --

CHOPPER - MOVING

BLAM! Ka-CHUK! BLAM! Ka-CHUK! Gary going to town with the
sawed-off. Shattering the glass of the SUV.

TAKEO
Motherfucker! Those are my ears!

GARY
What? I can't hear you. This gun is
loud as fuck.

Gary aims again. Takeo covers his ears this time. BLAM! He
blasts another hole in the back door of the fleeing SUV.

TAKEO
Shoot for the tires!

GARY
I was shooting for the tires.

Alandra veers close to the guys.

ALANDRA
No guns! Sara's in there.

ZEKE
(looking ahead)
Alandra!

Coming at them fast -- oozing pockets of HELL LAVA!

Embedded inside it -- bodies, souls, popping up and clawing.
Like steaming Hell-made lily pads of suffering.

They zig and zag through them.

Then finally clear it --

Takeo pops a wheelie. Throttles.

The MOTORCYCLES ROAR down the road.

Takeo is closing on the back bumper.

Cyrus fires some shots. Takeo ducks them.

Smiles. He's got this.

THWACK!!

His bike tire STOPS COLD!! Frozen to some Hell Goop!

Its riders catapult over handle-bars --

Fly --

Then belly flop onto the concrete.

Skiiiiid across belly-to-asphalt in Superman style.

Alandra and Zeke rip past them in hot pursuit. No time for sympathy... or first aid.

The SUV slaloms through overturned cars and large pockets of hell fire.

Alandra and Zeke easily keep pace.

BACK ON GARY AND TAKEO

A hurting Gary tries to wrestle the Harley free of the ooze.

HONK! HONK! Takeo's driving a Gremlin. He spits blood from a few broken ribs.

TAKEO

Come on!

GARY

(off the new ride)

This is Hell.

TAKEO

It's gonna be if we don't hustle!

ON ALANDRA AND ZEKE

Satan's obstacle course has gotten even more hairy.

Literally.

Hellspiders. An infestation. Dozens. Hundreds. Lined up like an army.

Cyrus guns the SUV right at them. Not even blinking.

And the spiders part like the Red Sea.

-- letting him pass --

And close like a curtain behind him.

Filling the ranks, rebuilding the God Damn wall.

Alandra skids out.

There's no way their motorcycle is getting through that.

ZEKE

They're working together. They're protecting him.

Beyond the sea of eight-legged freaks, Cyrus drives away unfettered.

Alandra revs the engine. As if revving her mind. Thinking. Problem-solving. It's suicide to go through the spiders. But this isn't over.

ALANDRA

The tunnel.

She guns it. Fish-tails away from the Spiders.

Jumps the curb --

And heads for --

THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE!!!

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

The bike bursts through the turnstiles --

Leaps off the platform --

Crashes onto the tracks.

ROARS down the straight-away.

It sounds like a growling monster in these close confines.

Brrrrrrrrrr! A light. Coming fast.

A train.

Welcome to Mr. Toad's Wild Ride boys and girls. No fast-pass required.

Alandra kicks it into next gear. Pins her ears back.

Zeke holds on tight. Not as confident. Not even close.

They're playing chicken with the train --

And the point-spread isn't in their favor --

But at the last second --

Veers --

Finds a sliver of space between the wall and the train.

And close your eyes if strobes cause seizures. Because all we get is a surreal blur of speed and motion and thunder.

STREET LEVEL

Cyrus smiles at his escape -- this is working. Sara still lies unconscious in the back --

And then --

VROOOOOOOM! Zeke and Alandra leap out off the stairwell of the subway tunnel.

Cyrus can't believe his eyes, as tires crash-land on the street in a compression of shock absorbers.

Back in the game! They've cleared the mote of spiders.

Speaking of which.

WALL OF SPIDERS

The Gremlin idles before the spiders.

Takeo revs the engines.

Pathetic.

OPEN ROAD

They've cleared the hellish obstacle.

Three spiders are still attached to their car.

Gary starts battling one on the hood.

Takeo sticks his head out the side like Ace Ventura to look around it.

Ahead, Alandra and Zeke are about to overtake Cyrus!

Zeke takes a shot at the wheels. Hits. Unraveling tire. Rims hit concrete.

The truck slows a bit.

They inch up by the side of his car.

Cyrus tries to ram them. They veer away.

All around them, flaming overturned cars and trucks. Like a war zone.

But the fire is different. It's hellfire. You can see tortured and charred souls clawing to get out.

And then one does --

Ahead of Cyrus, two staggering FIRE ZOMBIES.

Cyrus grits his teeth and blasts through them. Shattering them into a gazillion pieces of hot hell magma.

A gentle ash floats through the air in his wake.

VROOOOM! Here comes the motorcycle.

Right beside him.

He pulls out his gun.

Turns to shoot --

It's ghost riding!!!

Nobody's on it --

Where are its riders?!!!

BOOM! Zeke is on the SUV's hood.

Then an axe handle stabs down from above, right for Cyrus's head --

Either from instinct or hearing it penetrate, he jerks out of the way --

The car veers with his sudden movement.

Alandra keeps stabbing through the car --

Cyrus fires a few shots through the roof.

Then swerves, a screeching spin --

Zeke and Alandra fall. Hang on for dear life!

The car settles.

Then accelerates.

Up ahead, a burning school bus, complete Car-b-cue.

Festering with Fire Zombies throughout.

Cyrus heads for it --

Ramming speed --

Alandra and Zeke see it --

This is bad --

At the last minute both Zeke and Alandra jump --

BOOM! The car smashes through it.

Clear through the middle and out the other side.

An explosion of flame and Fire Zombies.

The truck clears it!!

But OVERTURNS on its side. On fire and down for the count.

Cyrus looks over at Alandra and Zeke, they're on the ground. They've survived it but hurting.

Sara's been stirred from the crash. She looks over at them --

SARA
Alandra! Zeke!

Cyrus grabs Sara and forcefully covers her mouth. He races away from the scene with her.

ON ALANDRA AND ZEKE

From the smashed to shit bus -- Zombies of ash and fire
stumble into the street.

Like some pyro-heavy Michael Jackson video.

It's Night of the Flaming Dead.

Dozens of them surround Zeke and Alandra. They get ready to
fight. Well, as ready as they can be given they crash-landed
off a speeding truck.

And just when it's about to go down.

The gremlin skids on the scene, pummeling a row of the human
torches.

Takeo and Gary jump out --

Takeo charging, ready to show us exactly how good he is with
that Japanese steel --

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT.

Our heroes duck, as --

Gary lights the fiery foes up.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT.

Bullets decimate chargrilled flesh.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

He's out.

All that remains is a gentle ash floating in the air like the
final strains of confetti falling on New Year's Day.

TAKEO

Idiot! That ammo doesn't grow on
trees.

Gary tosses the machine guns. Doesn't care. He's brought
about a dozen spares.

TAKEO

Where'd they go?

They scan the ash and smoke filled air --

The SUV is empty. The streets seem clear.

Zeke's eyes lock on to the subway entrance.

ZEKE

There.

ALANDRA

We were just in the fucking tunnel!

He steps towards it when --

SPLAT! Rain hits wet streets.

Blood rain.

A film noir awash in crimson.

A Satanic baptism.

Gary catches some on his tongue.

GARY

Bet the weather man got this one wrong.

TAKEO

Cloudy with a chance of Type-O negative.

A chilling scream echoes from the subway tunnel.

ALANDRA

Sara.

They hurry in.

PLATFORM

SKRAAAAAAAAAAK. They push through rusty turnstiles. The place is eerily desolate.

No sign of her. Or anyone.

Zeke hops down on the tracks. Alandra follows.

GARY

We can't just walk down the tunnel. There's a warning sign.

He points to a 'WARNING -- DO NOT STAND ON TRACKS'.

GARY

Reckless fucks.

SUBWAY TUNNEL

Dark. Dank. They fan out like role playing characters on a dungeon crawl.

Eyes search shadows. Fingers on triggers.

Drip. Drip. Drip. That slimy OOZE drips from the ceiling.

Whispers skitter around them. Tortured souls trapped in the ooze talk to each other.

Various voices: "Angels. Blood of the innocent. The Beast returns. Lilith is waiting. Walking right into her trap."

A chilling scream echoes from ahead in the chamber. It's coming from a dormant subway train sitting dead on the tracks. Its bulk fills the entire tunnel.

LEAD SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

Zeke kicks open the back-door and enters.

The rest follow.

Alandra's gasps, falls to her knees.

ALANDRA

Noooooo.

At the center of the subway car --

Sara lies dead.

They're too late. After all that, they're too fucking late.

Zeke's dagger is the sacrificial implement. Sticking out of her heart. And crushing his in the process.

It takes the wind out of all of them.

Alandra holds her. Mercifully takes the knife. Throws it away.

ALANDRA

I'm so sorry, Sara. I'm so sorry.

Gary smashes one of the chairs with his boot. He keeps stomping, ultimately bludgeoning it from the wall.

GARY

Fuck this!

TAKEO

We should never have met her.
Hector. All of it.

ALANDRA

We should never have ignored who we
were. What we are. It blinded us.
While Cyrus manipulated everything!

ZEKE

Maybe he was right. Maybe this is
our destiny.

All eyes on him.

ZEKE

We were better for having her in
our lives. Her laughter. Sarcasm.

Alandra manages a smile. Remembering.

ZEKE

We weren't meant to save her... She
was here to save us. Give us
something we'd long forgotten...

Zeke is looking ahead. His eyes wide despite his tears.

ZEKE

Faith --

He sees it. They all see it...

A string of mystical light emanating from Sara's body and
leading through the subway car.

A tether.

Hope.

ZEKE

We can stop it.

ALANDRA

We can bring her back.

Everyone locks and loads --

BZZZZZT. A urine colored fluorescent light flickers on.

Then the car starts. Lurches forward. They're moving.

ALANDRA

We only have till sunset.

TAKEO
Fifteen minutes. Give or take.

ZEKE
Once her tether breaks --

GARY
Yeah, we know.

ALANDRA
It'll throw everything it can at us.

GARY
Come on. Let's follow the yellow
brick soul...

Takeo shoves Gary forward.

They follow the tether to the door of the NEXT CAR.

GRAFFITIED SUBWAY CAR

Amidst a strobe of moving light, they stalk forward.

Satanic Graffiti mars the metal walls. Pentagrams. Latin phrases. A Baphomet.

The door behind them slams shut like some theme park haunted mansion.

The CLANGING of the train grows, picking up speed.

The scummy cushions of one of the seats moves as if something is inside it.

Others move. Ripple.

Then one bulges. Stretching it to the seams.

Finally tears open.

Unleashes a cloud of --

WASPS.

Riiiiip! Another cushion. Riiiiip! Another.

The flying insects fill the car.

SUPER SLOW MOTION -- This ain't your run-of-the-mill Amityville Horror wasp swarm.

These are made of hell-forged steel.

And their wings are razors.
 But they aren't meant to kill.
 Slow them. Wear them down.
 They slice flesh as they zip by.

GARY
 Oww! Oww! Motherfucker.

TAKEO
 Quit waving your arms. You're
 attracting them!

GARY
 What should I do, wish them off me
 like The Secret?!

Alandra shoots out the windows. The wind blowing some of them
 back. Enough to --

ZEKE
 Keep moving.

They block their faces with their arms and prod ahead.

SLIMY SUBWAY CAR

They fall ahead into the dark but quiet car. Close the door
 and squash the few Hell bugs that made it through.

GARY
 Uhh! I think I swallowed one.

TAKEO
 It's gonna hurt coming out.

The swarm scrapes and beats against the door window behind
 them. They hit against the glass like BBs fired from a
 machine gun.

ALANDRA
 Guys...

Against the far end of the long car --

Four SMALL DEMONS suckle the veiny white breasts of a
 GROTESQUE MULTI-TITTED WOMAN. She licks their disgusting
 faces with a tongue made of serpents.

And that's only the second most disgusting thing about her.

Her horrid womb is pregnant.

Her belly distended like a burlap sack.

Their hideous mouths press against her skin trying to push out through their leathery prison.

This is --

ZEKE

Lilith. The mother of abominations.

GARY

Lucifer... Fucks that?

LILITH

(demonic voice)

The only fucking. Will. Be. You!!!

A couple of nursing monsters get up to defend her.

The other greedy fucks stay right on that nipple. Watching.

Alandra unsheathes her axe and steps forward.

SPLAT!

-- right into a murky puddle of black ooze.

The others move and realize --

The car's coated in the gross sludge.

This is Lilith's birthing chamber. And she's a squirter.

THUNK THUNK.

The train car rocks, knocks them off balance.

A hand on a chair back. STUCK.

A back against the center pole. STUCK.

Grabbing onto each other. STUCK.

And just when it can't get worse --

Lilith goes into labor.

It's a race now.

TICK TOCK.

Angels hacking away at clothing --

Lilith's water breaks.

TICK TOCK.

Alandra tears away first. Starts helping the others.

Lilith bears down.

TICK TOCK.

Zeke is free.

Lilith cheats. With a dark black fingernail, she digs into her baby-bump and cuts the skin. A demonic C-Section.

TICK TOCK.

Takeo and Gary are free from each other. Still stuck to the floor.

Lilith's hideous babies push at the thinning membrane --

Takeo and Gary are clear. Just as --

TIMES UP!

Lilith's babies burst through in a slimy tidal wave.

And rapidly grow to full size!

Six bipedal monsters. Seven feet tall. Ready to fight. They roar. Showing a great-white's maw of fangs.

Ten demons in all, plus their nasty mother.

In these tight confines, it's going to get claustrophobic real fast...

The demons move toward them. Immune to the sticky-stuff.

ALANDRA

Think of a plan. Fast!

TAKEO

Can't go forward. We'll just get stuck again.

GARY

And we can't go back.

Zeke looks --

ZEKE

Up!!

He empties a clip into the roof, opening a hole.

ZEKE

Come on!

TAKEO

Get Sara! We'll hold them off!

Gary and Takeo erect a wall of lead as cover.

Alandra and Zeke make their move. Parkour off a chair, through the newly made sunroof and out onto the --

SLIMY SUBWAY CAR ROOFTOP

The roar of rushing wind, as Alandra and Zeke clamor out.

ZEKE

Alandra!

They both slam down as a concrete support rushes to decapitate them. And just over them.

Alandra's gun CLANGS down to the tracks and under the train.

CRUNCH.

But she still has those axes strapped to her back.

INSIDE THE SLIMY SUBWAY CAR

Takeo and Gary are in it now. Close quarters.

Demons gaining the upper hand.

Takeo looks at the window of the door they came through.

GARY

Shit, not the fucking bugs again.

Takeo blasts the glass.

The SWARM OF WASPS burst inside.

Flood the car.

It's every angel and demon for himself.

SLIMY SUBWAY CAR ROOFTOP

Alandra and Zeke crawl ahead holding tight to the runaway train.

Behind them a slimy hand finds the lip of the makeshift escape roof.

Lilith pulls herself up. Her narrow red eyes glare at them through the darkness as they drop between the next car.

ON TAKEO AND GARY

Amidst the fog of wasps, Gary and Takeo blast holes through the demons. The orange flame of their guns burns through the abyssal black of the swarm.

BLAM. The demon with the horns just got his head blown out.

BLAM. So did the one with the wings...

BLAM. BLAM. The one with the hoofs for hands just got its head caved in.

Some small-ish evil elf one has gotten closer. It tries to jaw its way on to Takeo's thigh.

Takeo WHIP KICKS HIM, decapitates the little one with the heel of his boot.

Blood spurts everywhere.

But they keep coming.

EXT. SUBWAY TRAIN

It's really moving now. Seemingly going deeper.

Platforms zip by. Filled with HELLISH ONLOOKERS.

Waiting for their master to greet them.

EMPTY SUBWAY CAR

They're not the only ones waiting...

Cyrus raises up from a chair as Zeke and Alandra push inside.

CYRUS

You were foolish to come he --

BLAM! Zeke shoots him. He falls back against the glass.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

He's out. Tosses the gun.

Zeke then lashes out with his dagger.

Cyrus defends. But only defends.

Counters every move.

Their blades connect. Face to face.

CYRUS

I'm not here to fight you.

ZEKE

I don't care.

Zeke manages to get a strike through.

CYRUS

I'm not here to die either.

Cyrus returns the favor. Zeke bleeds from his ribs.

Two equally matched gladiators.

CYRUS

Remember what you are. Stop acting
human!

Alandra realizes what he's doing. Stalling for time.

She joins the fray --

Cyrus at the disadvantage. Not just from the numbers. Or that they know each other's moves so well.

Cyrus continually keeps his back to the next car, keeping them from it.

A THUD from behind the duo --

Lilith's dropped in to say hi.

She skitters up the wall.

CYRUS

Like I said. Foolish.

The pair are trapped between the madman and the she-beast.

Until --

Gary and Takeo rush in behind her. Bloody and battle worn.

The hell bitch is surrounded.

A Mexican standoff.

They play it safe.

No doubt she has more tricks up her sleeve.

Lilith's eyes glow.

THWIPT! Dark spikes protrude from her skin. All over. Like a million hairs on her torso, her face, her arms and legs.

But these aren't hairs. They're nails.

Everyone hesitates.

And before they can mentally spell out WTF --

She hisses.

BOOM! The spikes launch out of her like a porcupine grenade.

Black nails flood the air in every direction.

Everyone goes for cover.

Zeke takes a cluster of spikes to the face and neck.

Falls.

Around the nails, Zeke's skin goes rotten. Black veins spiderweb from the embedded nail, spread quickly across his flesh. Like a disease. He convulses. Foams at the mouth.

The pupils of his eyes are swallowed by a murky cataract white.

Alandra leaps on him and rips the spikes out one by one.

Zeke's hands shoot out --

Grab Alandra by the throat.

Death grip.

He's no longer in control.

Possessed.

A cackling Lilith controls him like a mental puppet.

Zeke slams Alandra around. Pins her to the floor.

Never releasing his strangle hold. The wild drool of his mouth dripping on her bloodless face.

She's fading fast. Alandra reaches out to fight him off. Her fingers stretching for the last spike in his neck. Fingertips millimeters from scratching it. But his knees pin her down.

Alandra's eyes drift to Lilith who watches with a Jack-O-Lantern's murderous grin.

Alandra's hands fall. Her fight fading.

Zeke leans in close to finish it.

Alandra bites the nail and rips it out with a spray of blood.

He blinks back. He's shocked at what he's doing. Tears away his choking hands.

She chokes and gasps and sucks in air.

ZEKE

Alandra...

ALANDRA

It's okay... it's okay...

But she stops cold. Looking over Zeke's shoulder --

Gary. Meat puppet..

And Takeo right behind him. Full on Linda Blair.

They attack.

Lilith loving this.

An epic melee ensues.

Martial arts. Blades. Ancient warfare. The oldest.

Angel versus Angel.

Takeo and Gary fight with complete abandon, no pain, no morals, no quarter. This gives them the edge, especially since Alandra and Zeke don't want to kill their friends.

Takeo has Zeke pinned to the wall. His katana on its way --

KA-CHINK!

Steel on steel.

Stopped.

Takeo follows the blade to its owner.

Cyrus.

Who just can't bring himself to see his friend. His brother.
Die.

Cyrus turns the course.

Fighting alongside Zeke, shoulder to shoulder.

Lilith skitters across the ceiling, drops onto the betrayer.

Mauling him. Tossing him into a corner.

She turns --

Gary has his broadsword under a defenseless Alandra's chin.

Just when he's about to finish her --

Zeke throws his dagger right at Gary.

Gary ducks it.

He wasn't the target.

It flies past and right into Lilith's throat.

Killing her.

Shutting off the psychic puppetry.

Gary and Takeo fall to the ground. Exhausted.

GARY
I need a shower.

Takeo looks back at Cyrus who is laying in a wounded heap.

TAKEO
What about him?

ZEKE
Fuck him.

Zeke turns to the next car.

ABANDONED CAR

Sara is tied by human shackles.

A table made of limbs and tormented souls. Dirty, boney hands holding her arms, hair, head. One in her mouth. A tangle of flesh and bone.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! Zeke attacks the limbs, chopping them away.

Sara falls from the table. She's different. Eyes black.

Alandra kneels beside her. Pushes her hair back.

The rest watch solemnly.

Sara means everything to them.

She finally looks up, inky tears return her eyes to baby brown.

Zeke picks her up and on his shoulder she goes.

ZEKE

We've got a schedule to keep --

Skreeeeech! A high-pitched squeal. *What is that?*

All eyes go to the windows.

Spiders.

The train is rolling through a station and...

Spiders pile down the steps.

Hundreds of them. Coming right at the subway.

The cavalry of hell beasts hit the train like a tsunami of gross.

ALANDRA

This is the part they call the trap.

ZEKE

We gotta get Sara back. NOW.

They're off and running.

VARIOUS CARS

Spiders claw at the glass as they run back through the cars.

Some of the spiders burst through only to meet their demise via kick, punch or steel.

And as they do --

It's evident -- ammo is on short supply.

They're down to their last few bullets.

SLAM! SLAM! More fucking Spiders. They cling on the outside windows. Blotting out the exterior.

SMASH! They break through the glass. Bite at our heroes.

Others scamper across the rooftop, headed towards a collision course with our heroes at --

THE DOOR TO THE LAST CAR

The spiders wedge themselves in between.

Metal teeeeeaarrrrring!

Separating the last car!!!

Gary and Takeo battle the spiders as Zeke and Alandra push at the door.

There's too many of the things. Gary and Takeo are taking serious hits --

Zeke breaks through --

Only to see the last car thunder away from them!!!

The detached train with Sara's mortal body fading in the distance. Getting further and further with every second.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SAME

New York is gone. The island caked in Hell makeup.

The sun is Blood Orange, setting instead in the East in this upside down world.

It's only a matter of time before the rest of the earth gets the same spa treatment.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Zeke's not giving up.

He rips the rear door off its hinges --

Uses it as a shield to batter spiders!

Puts Sara on his back.

ZEKE

Hold tight!

The others still fight behind him.

ZEKE

Come on! We're leaving!

Zeke and the angels stage-dive out the back.

Crowd surfing the spiders that spill off the roof.

Sliding down their hides until they hit ground.

Zeke and Sara on the metal door, belly flop onto the tracks, skidding in a sea of sparks until they spin out.

All limbs present and accounted for.

GARY

Where's Takeo?

SUBWAY CAR

He's still at the door. Overtaken by the spiders before he can escape.

Pulled back inside and disappearing into the darkness as the train rockets away.

SUBWAY TRACKS

Gary tries to run after.

GARY

Noooooo!!

Grabbed by Zeke.

ZEKE

We don't have time.

The tunnel walls CRACK. The ground SHAKES. The ceiling starts to cave in!!

More whispers. "He's close. He's coming! Our master is almost here..."

Then another voice. Soft. "Ssssssaaaaaarrrrraaaaaa."

Sara looks behind.

Her MOTHER, young, beautiful, bathed in light.

SARA'S MOTHER

Help. Me.

SARA

Momma?

SARA'S MOTHER

I need you...

SARA

Let me go. LET ME GO!!

Her Mom reaches out.

Sara pounds on Zeke's shoulder. Begs. Pleads.

Zeke ignores her. Presses forward.

ZEKE

It's not real.

Then Sara's Mom changes. Turns dark. Menacing.

SARA'S MOTHER

(demonic)

COME HERE. NOW!!! LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER.

The horde catches up and passes through the apparition.

Sara cries at the illusion.

The group tears off down the tunnel, the broken car nowhere to be seen.

But Sara's soul tether tells them where to go...

THE BROKEN CAR

THERE IT IS!

Just ahead.

So little time left --

But not far behind.

The spider horde closes in--

Every God-damned inch of tunnel crammed with them.

Almost at the door --

CYRUS stumbles out!

He must have used the roof, gotten ahead of them before the car broke off.

But he's in no condition to fight. Still beaten to shit from his mauling by Lilith.

But tries anyway. A true believer until the end.

He can barely hold his scimitar.

CYRUS

I can't let you do this. We are too close. The time is now.

Zeke walks up to his former friend.

CYRUS

Enough trying to stop the inevitable. It's time to do what we're meant to do --

Zeke sticks his dagger straight through Cyrus.

Then picks him up and throws him to the Spiders.

It delays their approach as they munch his bones.

SCREEEECH! Metal grinding.

They turn --

The train car is moving away. Some force pulling it away.

They tear after --

But crashing down in front of them.

DEMON HARDY!!

Still around and even more pissed off.

It's too much for our gang to handle.
He tosses them around like rag dolls.
Then the spiders pour in. On top of them.
All. Fucking. Over. Them.
BEEP-BEEP. BEEP-BEEP. Gary's phone alarm goes off.

Sunset.

Alandra looks over at Zeke

ALANDRA
You still think it was His plan?

ZEKE
Y-y-esssssssss.

Darkness.

Silence.

Is this death?

And then...

An explosion of light!!

Spiders carcasses go flying. Demon Hardy is smashed into the wall, crashing through the next tunnel.

A WING. A pair of wings.

Unfurl around Zeke.

The devil's arachnids hesitate, sensing this newfound power.
Back away.

Revealing the rest of our fallen angels.

Fallen no more.

Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiip.

Tearing out of all their backs --

Strong. Long. Majestic.

Razor sharp.

Angel wings!

Memory sense kicks in. A fifth limb. A weapon.
They become whirling dervishes of heavenly might.
Spiders churned like fruit in a blender. Nothing but mush.
The angels lift off the ground, Sara under Zeke's wing.
They soar.
Angels in flight.
They jet away from the remaining spiders.
Wind in their hair, eyes on the lone dormant subway car.
Dipping and diving like some carnival ride, through, up and
under obstacles of concrete, Hell, and insect.

SUBWAY CAR

They crash into the car.
Zeke flies in with Sara. Followed by the others.
Just as the tether is about to break --
Sara touches her body.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

The blood rain shuts off like someone turning a spigot.
Sunburst pierces through the sky.
Night becomes morning.
But not just morning-ish.
The real-ass morning. The real sun. And it's blaring bright.
DONG-DONG. A church bell. St. Patrick's Cathedral.
Some NATIONAL GUARDSMEN open the huge doors.
It's filled with SURVIVORS. They pour out. Look around. Thank
God. They've been saved! Saved!

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY

A couple of BEAT COPS drive through the ravaged city. Survey the wreckage.

People praying on the streets. People helping each other.

Maybe humanity has a chance after all.

But the radio's still going crazy. A call comes in and they flip on the sirens, off they go, zipping past --

INT. RISING DRAGON - SAME

Sindy's de-possessed and mostly whole again.

Mostly.

She's downing some heavy liquor and bleeding from her thigh. And we see... she's just razored off that damn Tattoo.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

Sara chokes back to life.

Awakens.

Looks at the others.

Their wings.

SARA
(groggy)
...What? No halos?

Laughs. Hugs. Tears.

Monster sounds echo through the alley ways. Some fucking THING flies through the air.

SARA
They're still here?

ZEKE
All we did was shut the door. But the welcome mat was put out for a long time. A lot made it through.

SARA
So what do we do now?

KA-CHUNK. Gary locks and loads.

GARY
God's work.

They all shoot him a look.

GARY
Fucking heathens.

SARA
I want to hear it. I want to hear
the words...

We fade into mist as our angels recite their mantra.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

Low fog skims the sidewalks.

ANGELS (V.O.)
In humble service, we honor thee /A
token of the fallen, our victory...

Minced demon parts litter the road.

ANGELS (V.O.)
With sword and shield, your
instrument of wrath /We light the
way on darkness path...

In the shadows, MONSTERS feasts on carcasses.

ANGELS (V.O.)
Til this our end, on battle's
ground /Eternal your chosen ones...

And right there on Broadway -- angels battle demons.

ANGELS (V.O.)
Our wings wrapped round.

The war of Good vs. Evil starts now.

THE END.