

WHAT THE HELL!?

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAND ROVER - NORTHERN KENYA - DAY

Land Rover hauls a utility trailer down a dusty two-track.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Driving and singing badly with the radio is ALGER "FR. AL" KING (40s) Black, ex-mil. He's with three college kids. MALE STUDENT ONE and MALE STUDENT TWO argue in the backseat. A FEMALE STUDENT rides in the front seat.

MALE STUDENT ONE
This ain't Hetfields and McCoys. You
can like *both Trek and Wars*.

FEMALE STUDENT
"Hatfields." Hetfield is the singer
for Metallica.

MALE STUDENT ONE MALE STUDENT TWO
Butt out! Butt out!

FR. AL
Hey now.

The argument continues ...

MALE STUDENT TWO
Does your ass get sore straddling the
fence that way? Star Wars is vastly
superior and you know it.

MALE STUDENT ONE
This is exactly the kind of narrow
thinking that causes world wars.

FEMALE STUDENT
Looks like a right at the next—road?

FR. AL
Roger that.

Fr. Al pulls onto the new dusty trail and drives on.

EXT. ROADSIDE CARAVAN - DAY

A group of natives parked roadside. Among them a sick boy.

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER - ROADSIDE - DAY

Fr. Al and co. come upon a group of natives parked roadside.
Fr. Al pokes his head out and addresses them in Swahili.

FR. AL
Unahitaji msaada? (Need help?)

NATIVE MAN
Hapana Asante. (No thank-you)

As Fr. Al starts to pull away, he sees several women in brightly colored wraps tending to the sick boy under a tree.
Fr. Al starts out of the truck.

FEMALE STUDENT
What's wrong?

FR. AL
Two minutes, guys.

FEMALE STUDENT
Here to help. So, lemme help.

FR. AL
Stay. Put.

MALE STUDENTS BOTH
(mocking drone)
Better safe than sorry.

Fr. Al ties a handkerchief over his mouth and nose.

EXT. ROADSIDE CARAVAN - DAY

Fr. Al goes to the women with the sick boy under the tree.
The women gibber nervously among themselves. MOMENT LATER,
the Female Student appears at Fr. Al's elbow.

FR. AL
Mimi ni daktari. (I'm a doctor.)
Amekuwa hivi kwa muda gani? (How long
has he been like this?)

NATIVE WOMAN
Siku mbili. (Two days.)

FEMALE STUDENT
What's wrong with him?

FR. AL
Cover your face this instant.

Female Student lifts her t-shirt over her nose and backs up a little. Fr. Al checks the boy's pulse and his forehead. Suddenly, the boy screams and opens his bloody eyes.

FEMALE STUDENT

Oh!

FR. AL

Back to the truck. Now.

Fr. Al backs off, scoops a big handful of dirt and rubs his hands vigorously as he goes to the truck.

SICK BOY

Adiuva! Adiuva! (Help, help.)

FEMALE STUDENT

What is it?

Fr. Al holds his shaking palms out.

FR. AL

Water, please. Quickly.

Female Student brings a bottle of water and pours it as Fr. Al scrubs his hands and dries them on his pant legs. Fr. Al takes a satellite phone from his hips and dials.

FR. AL (cont'd)

(into phone)

Father Alger King with Christian Water Fund. I'm in Turkana County. Yes, thank-you. Child here, seven or eight. Symptoms consistent with. Yes, that is correct.

FEMALE STUDENT

Whatta they say?

Fr. Al holds up a finger to shush her.

FR. AL

(into phone)

That hasn't been confirmed. I don't know. Far, probably. Look, we're out in the middle of. Yes, I understand.

Fr. Al hangs up and puts the phone back in its holster.

FR. AL

Next time I tell you stay—

FEMALE STUDENT

We hafta do something.

FR. AL
It's been reported. We need to go.

FEMALE STUDENT
He's a child for God's sake.

FR. AL
Watch your mouth.

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - DAY

The Land Rover arrives at a small village consisting of a brick building surrounded by shacks and stick huts.

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER - SAME

Fr. Al parks at the brick building. Female Student stares out the window, arms crossed. The others get out. Fr. Al and male students groan and stretch while villagers greet them.

FR. AL
Let's make camp. (*off student groans*)
C'mon. Better now than in the dark.

MOMENTS LATER. While Male Students unload the gear, Fr. Al leans at Female Student's window. She whispers the rosary.

FR. AL (cont'd)
Could use a hand. C'mon, promised I'd get you guys home safe. And we promised to bring these people water.

FEMALE STUDENT
He was so sick.

FR. AL
Gonna see a lot of suffering. I don't expect you not to feel. Trick is not to let it paralyze you. We can't help everyone. Fact. So, all the more we do what we can for who we can.

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - SUNSET

Fr. Al's crew adjusts a pipe running to a rooftop. Female Student on a ladder pours water into the rooftop trough. Water flows to a plastic barrel.

Villagers watch Fr. Al turn a lever. Water splashes from a spigot into a little girl's bucket. Everyone CHEERS.

INT. FR. AL'S TENT - NIGHT

Fr. Al in fitful sleep. Fast STEPS O.S. outside his tent.

MALE STUDENT TWO (O.S.)
Father. Please wake up.

Fr. Al, in the grip of a nightmare, bolts upright.

FR. AL
Sergeant!

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Fr. Al and Student Two hurry down the road from the village. They come upon a pride of lions feeding. Fr. Al maneuvers around the frenzy that takes up the narrow road.

MALE STUDENT TWO
She didn't wanna go alone. I told them not to, but. Then things got. I just wanna go home.

Fr. Al strains to see what the lions are eating. Some large bloody mass. It's just a zebra. They drive on.

FR. AL
Any of you touch the boy?

MALE STUDENT TWO
No. I don't know.

FR. AL
He bleeding or weeping any fluid?
From his mouth, nose, eyes? What exactly were you all doing?

MALE STUDENT TWO
Father? Does Ebola, I mean, can it cause hallucinations?

FR. AL
Rarely. In severe cases. Why?

EXT. ROADSIDE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Fr. Al and Male Student Two rush to a bonfire where Female Student, surrounded by natives, shouts at the sky. A sudden wind whips her hair, fans the fire. Everyone is looking up.

FEMALE STUDENT
Our Father! Who art in heaven!
Hallowed be Thy—AAAH!

FR. AL
Someone better tell me what's—

Sick Boy drops from the sky into the fire pit like a bomb. Villagers are struck with flying embers. Pandemonium ensues. Sick Boy emerges, engulfed in flames, at a dead run.

Fr. Al grabs a blanket on from a native and tackles Sick Boy, smothering the flames. Around him people scream, sob, vomit, Fr. Al lifts the blanket off the child's burnt face.

FR. AL (cont'd)
Dear God.

He struggles to reconcile such horror as Sick Boy's glowing green eyes pop open. Fr. Al fights to keep the creature pinned down. It wheezes in LATIN.

SICK BOY (DEMONIC)
xVI pedicabo mater tua! (Fuck your mother!)

Fr. Al is bewildered.

SICK BOY (DEMONIC) (cont'd)
(in English now)
She will feast on your rotting flesh.

Fr. Al pulls the crucifix necklace from around his neck, shows it to the afflicted child, and frantically prays.

FR. AL
Be our protection against the
wickedness and snares of—

Sick Boy suffers violent seizure and goes limp. Fr. Al covers the boy's face and whispers a prayer. An unnoticed distortion—backlit by bonfire—floats from Sick Boy's body and disappears into the night.

Fr. Al finishes his prayer and makes the sign of the cross just as the terrified Female Student kneels next to him. He pulls out his satellite phone and dials.

FEMALE STUDENT
What was that? Who're you calling?

FR. AL
The Vatican.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 - CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmers on Pacific Ocean surf. Across Highway 1, a typical California Ashram.

INT. ASHRAM - NIGHT

40s Hindu woman ANJALI CHOWDHURY sits lotus in a room of Hindu statues and abstract art. flute MUSIC plays. Attendees consist of ex-military, recovering addicts, folks in real distress. The class concentrates on breathing.

ANJALI

We're just bringing down the volume on those unhelpful thoughts. We spend so much time taking care of others, we often neglect our own care. Permit yourself to breathe.

A female attendee bursts into sobs.

ANJALI (cont'd)

Let yourself feel all that stuff you've been holding inside. It's OK to be stressed, sad ... pissed off.

Some attendees giggle.

ANJALI (cont'd)

It's OK to be happy. Imagine that. Sometimes we must remind ourselves.

Another woman nods and smiles in agreement. A tattooed MEDITATING MAN, obvious ex-army, has a panic attack.

MEDITATING MAN

Can't breathe. I. Can't.

ANJALI

It's OK. Iiit's Ooo-Kaay.

MEDITATING MAN

No I can't. Help!

ANJALI

Let's try and ride it out.

Anjali sits beside him in lotus.

ANJALI (cont'd)

Those old tapes, the ones that keep playing unhelpful thoughts in our heads, they don't want to be erased.

MEDITATING MAN

Oh no. Oh no.

ANJALI

They fight your calm because they like it in your head. Taking control of your peace riles them. And they're throwing one helluva tantrum.

MEDITATING MAN

I (gasps) can't (gasps) breathe.

Anjali puts her hand on the man's leg.

ANJALI

Ever see a child throw themselves on the floor when they don't get their way? Rotten little shits.

The women all chuckle. Even the man laughs a little.

MEDITATING MAN

My niece (gasp) a handful.

ANJALI

That's what those unhelpful thoughts are doing right now. Kicking and screaming and peeing their pants.

MEDITATING MAN

Pretty ... sure ... (gasp) I'm dying.

ANJALI

You're not dying, honey. Just what those brats want you to believe.

MEDITATING MAN

I can't do this.

ANJALI

Focus on your breath. More we show them who's boss, the less power they hold.

MEDITATING MAN

Two, three, four.

The man's breathing begins to normalize.

MEDITATING MAN (cont'd)

Hoo, that was rough.

ANJALI

But you did it.

Anjali looks up at the clock.

ANJALI (cont'd)
 As I mentioned, we have to wrap early tonight. Sadie's taking over for a while. I hope you continue to attend.

INT. ASHRAM GUEST HOUSE - SAME

While Anjali packs one small overnight bag, the TV in the background plays a rundown of top stories. ON SCREEN:

NEWSCASTER 1
 Tensions continue to rise in Jerusalem as citizens protest another week of rationing. Russia says rumors of a second outbreak of a deadly meningitis variant are unfounded. And public health authorities in Cleveland, Ohio, are investigating what one source calls a case of mass hysteria. In sports news ...

INT. ASHRAM - NIGHT

Anjali looks around as if she'll never see it again when there's a KNOCK at the door O.S. She opens it to soldiers: Asian CPL. WAYNE, Kenyan SGT. KIPTOO in U.N. Army garb. With them, Sikh commander LT. KANG, a gray-bearded Brit.

LT. KANG
 Ready mum?

ANJALI
 Is there a choice?

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - DETROIT - NIGHT

The marquis on this rundown inner city comedy club advertises "Featuring Haris Noor."

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME

Handsome, cheery Arab-American HARIS NOOR (30s) in jeans and Fordson Tractors H.S. Football shirt, comfortably meanders. Audience laughs in parentheses as the bit progresses.

HARIS
 When I say my dad was frugal, I mean froo-gull. The man made Scrooge McDuck look generous.
 (MORE)

HARIS (cont'd)
(few laughs) Brothers and I call him
 Scrooge McNoor. *(few more laughs)*
 Would've called him "Ebenezer
 Mohammad" ... but that's my uncle's
 actual name. *(moderate laughs)* This
 is no lie. No lie. He used to
 separate the two-ply toilet paper.
 Three squares. That was your
 allotment. *(laughs)* You know what you
 can accomplish with three squares of
 toilet paper?

OLDER WOMAN IN AUDIENCE (O.S.)
 Shit!

Haris holds the microphone out as if for someone to take it.

HARIS
 You wanna do this, ma'am? Hecklers.
 This is the only job where strangers
 yelling at you has an actual name.
(big laugh) And it's not even really
 three squares. It's, what, one-point-
 five? As close to nothing as you can
 get without involving child
 protective services. *(laughs)* Nights
 mommy made koshari, we had to camp
 out at the gas station up the street.

MAN IN AUDIENCE
(laughing very hard)

HARIS
 Yeeeah. My desert people know.

WOMAN IN AUDIENCE (O.S.)
(mumbling)

Haris puts his hand to his ear to hear better.

HARIS
 No, ma'am. It wasn't my father's gas
 station.

Haris shakes head in mock admonishment.

HARIS (cont'd)
 Always with the stereotypes. Fine!
 Was my uncle's place. Hey. She had no
 way a knowing. *(confidentially)* What's
 the toilet paper situation here?
(audience roars with laughter)
 Thanks, you guys. Really. Thank-you.

EMCEE joins Haris on stage.

EMCEE
Haris Noor, everybody, Haris Noor.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Haris leans at the bar near an old DRUNK. On a TV SCREEN, silent scenes of chaos from around the globe. BARTENDER gives Haris a Faygo Rock-n-Rye soda.

BARTENDER
Goat McNuggets, huh?

HARIS
My hand to Allah.

DRUNK AT BAR
Get this Girl Scout a real drink.

BARTENDER
Easy now.

DRUNK AT BAR
No, but really, yer a funny guy.

Haris lifts his soda in a toast and guzzles.

DRUNK AT BAR (cont'd)
Bet you laughed yer brown ass off
when Twin Towers fell down.

BARTENDER
Alright. You been warned.

HARIS
You all have a good one.

DRUNK AT BAR
(confidentially)
Off to radicalize some more
terrorists, Harry?

Haris starts to go but the drunk grabs his wrist. With incredible power, the drunk pulls struggling Haris close. The drunk's voice turns evil, inhuman, and Arabic.

HARIS
OK, bud. C'mon now. Get. Off.

DRUNK AT BAR
Tozz feek.

Haris is dumbfounded.

HARIS

Allahu—

DRUNK AT BAR

Oh, Harry. That old fool's stone deaf. Feebler even than his children. Troth unto Mother. Spare your suffering. Serve and be saved.

The drunk lets go and Haris stumbles quickly away.

DRUNK AT BAR (cont'd)

Don't make the old girl chase ya!

EXT. DETROIT - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

As Haris pedals through the city, concern on his face fades to disbelief and finally humor. The city is full of weirdos.

EXT. MOSQUE - NIGHT

Haris bikes up to a large mosque.

INT. HARIS' OFFICE - MOSQUE - NIGHT

Dressed in an Imam outfit, Haris does paperwork. KNOCK at the door and HARIS' SECRETARY, an older Arabic man in trad'l thobe, enters. They converse (mostly) in Arabic.

HARIS' SECRETARY

Mullah? (Mullah?)

HARIS

Ma hdha? (What is it?)

HARIS' SECRETARY

Soldiers to see you.

Haris is concerned.

EXT. ENGLAND - OXFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Lt. Kang walks past protesters waving signs: "CURE NOW", "END RATIONING" and "BEWARE THE SICK."

INT. OXFORD AUDITORIUM - SAME

Kang enters a lecture hall. SRO. Poster announces "Recovered Antiquities with Rabbi Regina Hurwitz." At the podium, REGINA HURWITZ (30s). Prim and proper, a quiet genius.

REGINA
...which brings the total number of recovered artifacts to one-hundred-eighty-nine.

On PROJECTOR SCREEN a slide of Gustave Dore's famous woodcutting of Dante Alighieri's Canto XXVIII, where poet Virgil holds his own severed head as a lantern.

REGINA (O.S.)
Here you see the 1855 Gustave Dore woodcutting Canto twenty-eight. Originally, this piece had been donated to the Basilica of Saint-Pierre-aux-Nonnains but was stolen in 1889. Canto twenty-eight was one of the first pieces recovered by our team nearly three years ago.

Audience is very impressed.

REGINA
Among the most significant items we've reclaimed are chalices used in the last supper and my personal fav, a Babylonian Talmud from year 499. Several hundred years older than the oldest previously known Talmud. A mere pittance to what remains lost. And stolen.

Regina notices Lt. Kang and makes to wrap it up.

MOMENTS LATER. Standing ovation. Lt. Kang approaches podium.

INT. PRIVATE HANGAR - NIGHT

Fr. Al enters to find a huge Gulfstream jet. The tail reads "G99." Haris, Anjali, Regina, Kang, Wayne, and Kiptoo load luggage onto the jet.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Two pilots ready for flight.

PILOT 1
 (into coms)
 Svalbard HQ, this's Cold Coast Flight
 G99138. Package is secure. Disembark
 at 0200 hours. Vatican City ETA 0500
 hours. Roger that, Svalbard HQ.

INT. JET PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Fr. Al looks calm as the jet takes off, though Haris and Regina seem nervous. Anjali meditates. Lt. Kang, Sgt. Kiptoo, and Cpl. Wayne are stone-faced.

EXT. JET - NIGHT

G99 jet takes off, revealing the airstrip in a remote area.

INT. JET PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Passengers tilt back in their seats as the jet climbs. Haris claws his armrests comically.

HARIS
 Too late to change my mind?

FR. AL
 Not unless you can fly.

CPL. WAYNE
 Just be sure to cross your legs
 before you hit so they can unscrew
 your ass from the ground.

With her eyes still closed, Anjali speaks aloud.

ANJALI
 Anyone feeling anxious should inhale
 slowly ... 2,3,4. Exhale 2,3,4.

Haris shuts his eyes and breathes as the jet levels off.

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
 (over intercom)
 Evening, folks. We have a good
 tailwind. Forecast is clear. Should
 reach our destination in a little
 under three hours. You are free to
 move about the cabin. For your
 convenience, the galley has been
 stocked with refreshments.

Haris gives silent thanks to Anjali, who nods with a smile.

HARIS
So ... free grub?

Regina applies pink rose-scented lip balm. A nervous habit.
Haris waves at the air.

HARIS (cont'd)
Ack! Smells like my Nana in here.

REGINA
I think it smells nice.

HARIS
On a 70-year-old Lebanese lady maybe.

Regina rolls her eyes. Haris unbuckles and goes to the galley. O.S. in the Galley, cupboards BANG, packages RUSTLE, Haris HUMS. Fr. Al gets up from his seat.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

With an armload of snacks, Haris struggles to take a soda from the fridge and drops some. Fr. Al picks up after him.

FR. AL
Here. Lemme.

HARIS
They got Faygo. What're the chances?
I snack when I'm nervous. I also talk
when I'm nervous. And make bad jokes.

FR. AL
You do you.

HARIS
Haris Noor.

FR. AL
Father Al.

Al tries to shake but, hands full, Haris offers his elbow.

HARIS
Your parents named you "Father"?

Fr. Al offers a sympathetic smile at the bad joke.

FR. AL
See any pork rinds in there?

HARIS
Yeah, I just ate the last bag.

FR. AL
Sorry, brother. Been a long few days.

HARIS
Don't worry. I'm not the angry
grudge-holding type of Muslim.

FR. AL
Good to know.

HARIS
I'm the passive-aggressive-write-
about-you-in-my-diary kind.

Fr. Al snorts a real laugh this time.

HARIS (cont'd)
Any idea where we're headed?

FR. AL
Picking up a few more passengers in
Vatican City. Then on to Svalbard.

HARIS
This's strange, right? Not just me?

FR. AL
I dunno much but it's not a drill.

INT. PASSENGER AREA - DAY

While the security team rides silently in the back of the
passenger area, Anjali and Regina chat. Anjali gazes out the
window.

REGINA
Assumed they'd want me to lecture
occasionally. Or contribute to an
article here or there. But fieldwork?

ANJALI
Most unexpected.

REGINA
Is it?

Anjali looks ominously, then sympathetically, at Regina.
Haris comes down the aisle. Tosses a snack at Cpl. Wayne and
one to Sgt. Kiptoo. Stone-faced Lt. Kang shakes his head.

HARIS
(whispers to Fr. Al)
Doesn't wanna crumb-up his beard.

Haris sits next to Regina and hands her a bag of pretzels.

HARIS (cont'd)
Peace offering? (she accepts) Wise
choice, fellow nervous muncher.

REGINA
What do we have to be nervous about?

HARIS
Shadowy organization, unsolicited
donation to my church, armed escort
on a private jet. What could possibly
go horribly-horribly wrong?

REGINA
Simply getting their money's worth.

HARIS
Better had. I'm not doing this again.
On that happy note, who're we picking
up at the Vatican? Not the Pope.
Wait, are we picking up the Pope?

ANJALI
You are funny.

HARIS
Only when I'm nervous. Which luckily
is most of the time.

REGINA
So this is going to be ongoing.

HARIS
"Vatican City" would make a great
name for a Steely Dan album.

FR. AL
You down with the Dan?

HARIS
They used to call me "Kid
Charlemagne." OK, not really. But
that would be a cool nickname, no?

REGINA
Nice to know what we're walking into.

Fr. Al glances at the soldiers at the far end of the plane and leans confidentially to his fellows.

FR. AL
Best I can figure, we're consulting.
On the recent ... "anomalies."

REGINA
What anomalies!?

FR. AL
Shh!

HARIS
Easy there, super spy.

REGINA
What anomalies?

ANJALI
My Baba said the first afflictions
back home occurred in Bihar.

REGINA
(reapplies lip balm)
Afflictions?

HARIS
(mouthful of chips)
Afflictions?

ANJALI
Six hundred schoolchildren began
behaving erratically. When the staff
could no longer contain their bizarre
behaviors, authorities were notified.
By the time they arrived the children
had gotten into a drum of fuel.

Concern on the faces of her fellow travelers.

ANJALI (cont'd)
They splashed in it as in water.

REGINA
Oy vavoy.

ANJALI
The police who arrived were ill-
equipped to deal with this and the
children would not respond to their
orders. So, several hundred soldiers
were dispatched to the school. And
then a child lit himself on fire.

Haris' eyes shimmer. Puts his hand over his mouth.

ANJALI (cont'd)
The fire quickly spread. They turned
on the soldiers and police, setting
fire to everything. Few escaped.

EXT. JET - NIGHT

The jet encounters turbulence as it nears its destination.

INT. PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Anjali's fellows hold their armrests as the jet jumps and
shimmies. She mediates. The soldiers take it in stride.
Regina talks into an airsick bag.

HARIS
How's she sleeping through this?

REGINA
Will you please ... stop ... talking.

FR. AL
We'll be alright. Just a bit a chop.

HARIS
Your calm is making me nervous,
Father. Why are you so calm?

FR. AL
This ain't even bad yet.

As if to prove him wrong, the turbulence worsens

HARIS
Yet! Yet! Something tells me you
weren't always a Father, Father.

FR. AL
Medic with the 503rd Infantry.

HARIS
I better watch my ass.

FR. AL
Always a good plan, my man.

HARIS
They let a lot of soldiers into the
priesthood?

FR. AL
They let a lot a Imams do stand-up?

HARIS
Hey, man, I'm from Michigan. Lions fans gotta have a sense a humor.

FR. AL
My condolences.

HARIS
This is the year. I can feel it.

FR. AL
Whatever you gotta tell yourself.

HARIS
Alright! Who isn't praying!?

With the turbulence worsening, Regina can't take any more.

REGINA
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

EXT. JET - NIGHT

The lights of Vatican City off in the distance.

INT. PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Just when they can take no more, calm skies.

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
(over intercom)
Sorry about that, folks. We'll be touching down in five minutes.

FR. AL
I need to make a call. Excuse me.

HARIS
I bet he's calling the Pope.

Fr. Al moves for privacy. Dials a number while in b.g. the others make indecipherable SMALL-TALK.

FR. AL
(into phone)
Yes sir. I agree. Could just be a case of isolated instances. But. Yes. Better safe than sorry. Exactly.

EXT. JET - NIGHT

The lights of Vatican City are nearer now.

INT. PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

FR. AL
(into phone)
Yes sir. Should be touching down in-

Out Fr. Al's window, blinding brightness cuts him off mid-sentence. His phone SQUEALS and POPS. The others GASP.

EXT. FAR ABOVE VATICAN CITY - NIGHT

Vatican City disappears in a mushroom cloud.

INT. PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Fr. Al gapes out the window. Lets out a mournful groan. The jet shudders, knocking passengers about. Fr. Al tumbles from his seat. Warning SOUNDS and BLINKING LIGHTS. Engines scream as the jet pitches through worsening turbulence.

PILOT 1 (O.S.)
(over intercom, terse)
Brace yourselves! Brace!

All the passengers are terrified. Even the soldiers worry.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Pilots struggle to get the jet under control.

PILOT 2
(into radio)
Fiumicino Tower, this is Cold Coast
Flight G99138 out of Svalbard.
Requesting permission to land.

No response from the air control tower. Pilot 1 looks grave.

PILOT 2 (cont'd)
I repeat, Fiumicino Tower. Cold Coast
Flight G99138, out of Svalbard,
requests an emergency landing.

Nervously awaiting an answer, the pilots right the plane.

PILOT 1
Need to refuel for the last leg.

PILOT 2
(into radio)
Fiumicino Tower, this is Cold Coast
flight G99138. We're low on fuel and
forced to divert from Ciampino.

The pilot's pleas are met only with STATIC.

PILOT 2 (cont'd)
Hell's going on down there?

PILOT 1
Try Palermo. Better to put some
distance between us and ... that.

EXT. JET - NIGHT

Over now-dark Vatican City looms a moonlit mushroom cloud.

INT. JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT

PILOT 2
Tell me that wasn't a nuke.

PILOT 1
We don't know anything yet.

PILOT 2
My god. (into radio) Palermo Air
Control, this is Cold Coast Flight
G99138. Request permission to land.

Finally, a harried voice with an Italian accent answers.

PALERMO CONTROL TOWER (O.S.)
Flight G99138, please stand by.

PILOT 1
(to Pilot 2)
We're not the only ones diverting.

INT./EXT. JET - NIGHT

Pilot 2 gazes in dazed horror at dozens of other aircraft
which have appeared in the skies nearby.

INT. JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT

<p>PILOT 1 'Bout Barcelona? Got enough fuel to—</p>	<p>PILOT 2 Let's avoid population centers.</p>
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PALERMO CONTROL TOWER (O.S.)
Flight G99138, Please verify.

PILOT 2
(into radio)
We are transporting Svalbard Package
number 138. Confirmation code U-N-
dash-S-V-B-D-dash-1-3-8. Authorizing
agent J.H. Carpenter. I repeat—

PALERMO CONTROL TOWER
Cold Coast Flight G99138, you have
permission to land and refuel. Be
advised ... situation ... hazardous.
(o.s. shouts in b.g. over radio)
Military advises all non-emergency
... to Adolfo Suárez ...

PILOT 2
(into radio)
"Non-emergency"?

PILOT 1
Aircraft NOT about to crash. Madrid's
going to be complete chaos.

PILOT 2
(into radio)
Roger, Palermo tower. In and out.

INT. JET - PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Only dim emergency bulbs light the cabin. Nervous talk stops
when Pilot 2 comes over the intercom.

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
(over intercom)
Folks, we're sorry for the abrupt
change in itinerary. As you might
expect, conditions are rapidly
evolving. We will be making a brief
unscheduled landing. For your safety
and time considerations, we insist
you remain on aboard until we reach
our final destination.

Fr. Al fiddles with a monitor on the wall. Its screen remains black. Frustrated, Regina taps her dead phone.

REGINA
I can't get anything.

Lt. Kang makes his way to the clergy.

LT. KANG
I urge you to remain in your seats
and try stay calm.

REGINA
Calm? No. There is no calm. I just
watched the Vatican vaporize. There's
no such thing as—

LT. KANG
Mum, we don't yet know what occurred.

For once, Haris has nothing to say.

FR. AL
We'll know more when we land.

REGINA
The pilot just said we can't leave
the plane. And why can't we leave the
plane? What's going on down there?

Anjali stares out the window.

ANJALI
Hell on Earth.

The passengers huddle to watch through the windows as tiny orange lights flare far off on the horizon.

EXT. JET WINDOW - NIGHT

Their scared huddled faces. Reflection of nuclear explosion. And another. And another. Anjali's unmoved as if she knew this day would come. Jet turns to reveal lights of Palermo below as a 747 cuts across the nose of Flight G99138.

INT. JET - PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

The passengers scream as G99 banks to avoid a collision.

EXT. PALERMO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Flight G99 lands in a flurry of aircraft of all sizes in holding patterns around the tiny rural airport.

INT. JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilots look on in awe at this flying traffic jam.

EXT. PALERMO AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

Flight G99 taxis the runway to a holding area.

EXT. JET - FUELING AREA - NIGHT

While the jet refuels, Pilot 1 and Pilot 2 regard all the planes that have already landed. Lt. Kang guards them.

PILOT 1
It's like rush hour out here.

PILOT 2
It's like the end of goddamned days.

EXT. PALERMO AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

In the distance, under security lights, pilots from recently landed planes argue speculate. Small jets and prop planes land as the airport becomes dangerously congested.

EXT. JET - FUELING AREA - NIGHT

Pilot 1 oversees fueling. Pilot 2's curious about the crowd.

PILOT 2
Got this? Gonna see what they know.

LT. KANG
Respectfully advise against, sir.

PILOT 2
We need to know what's going on.

PILOT 1
Twenty-five minutes before wheels-up.
Don't make me leave you behind.

LT. KANG
Look snappy. Sir.

INT. JET - PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Sgt. Kiptoo and Cpl. Wayne guard the door. Fr. Al, Anjali, and Regina sit together. Haris is across the aisle, looking through the window at the crowd of pilots.

REGINA
How long will this take?

FR. AL
Depends how low we are.

ANJALI
Not to worry.

REGINA
Wish people would stop saying that.

ANJALI
Well, this time, it's true.

REGINA
Noticed people only ever say "don't worry" when there's reason to worry?

ANJALI
Fine. There is no need to worry—yet.

REGINA
Oh that's much better.

FR. AL
Haris?

Haris stares unblinking out the window.

FR. AL (cont'd)
You alright? Need anything?

HARIS
(barely audible)
How about yesterday?

Sunrise breaks over the horizon. Golden spire of sun lights Anjali's face. Haris gazes at her. She looks like an angel.

FR. AL
We're still here. It could've
happened after we landed. But it
didn't. That means something.

Haris gets up, enthralled by Anjali's magical appearance.

HARIS
Scuse me. I need to pray.

EXT. JET - FUELING AREA - DAY

Fuel chugs into the jet. From under the belly of the plane,
Pilot 1 and Lt. Kang watch Pilot 2 briskly walk back toward
them. The crowd follows the pilot and breaks into a run.

PILOT 1
Oh my god.

LT. KANG
We must disengage, sir. Immediately.

Pilot 1 shouts at the fuel truck operator.

PILOT 1
We're good! Shut it down! Now!

Fuel Truck guy fiddles with controls as Pilot 1 frantically
helps unhook the fuel hose.

LT. KANG
Steady on, sir. He's got the lead.

Pilot 2 waves his arms. He's yelling as he crosses the
runway. A hundred yards from the jet and the mob is closing.

Pilot 1 closes the fuel door and runs in the jet as Lt. Kang
rushes to breathless Pilot 2 on the runway.

PILOT 2
We're only plane allowing refuel.

LT. KANG
Keep going, sir!

Kang kneels to face the oncoming crowd, shoulders his SA80
rifle. When the mob refuses to yield, he fires over their
heads. Some chasers stumble and fall. Some run away.

LT. KANG (cont'd)
Easy does it, ya cheeky buggers.

INT. JET - COCKPIT - DAY

Pilot 1 frantically flips switches preparing for takeoff just as Pilot 2 enters and falls, panting, into his chair. Both pilots flinch as O.S. Lt. Kang FIRES over the crowd.

Suddenly, a small prop plane, seemingly out of fuel, falls out of the sky and WHINES in nosedive.

PILOT 1
Mother of God.

INT./EXT. JET - COCKPIT WINDOW - DAY

The mob scurries away then regroups and continues toward G99. Lt. Kang pops in.

LT. KANG
Sirs, I suggest exiting this location as quickly as is safely possible.

PILOT 2
We dunno where that plane gonna hit.

PILOT 1
Tell 'em strap in and hold on.

As Lt. Kang hurries away, the falling plane crashes and explodes, narrowly missing the runway.

PILOT 2
(into radio)
Palermo tower, this is Flight G99138.
Requesting permission for takeoff.

Static on the radio.

PILOT 2 (cont'd)
I say again: Palermo tower, this is Cold Coast Flight G99138.

PILOT 1
Screw it. We're goin'.

LOUD THUMP as a rock hits the windshield. BANGING O.S. on the jet's underside. Pilot 1 throttles up.

PILOT 2
Go! Go! Go!

EXT. JET - RUNWAY - DAY

The jet goes down the runway backward.

INT. JET - COCKPIT - DAY

The jet shimmies and shakes on the crummy little runway.

PILOT 2
We're bass-ackwards.

PILOT 1
Ask me if I care.

EXT. JET - RUNAWAY - DAY

The jet is chased by the violent mob but it soon outruns them and leaves them cursing and pleading for help.

EXT. OVER NORWAY - DAWN

DAWN 24 HOURS LATER. Flying over majestic Spitsbergen, one of five islands in Norway's SVALBARD archipelago.

EXT. SVALBARD AIRPORT - DAY

Flight G99 lands on the runway in this unforgiving land.

EXT. JET - RUNWAY - DAY

Weary from days of travel and alarming events, passengers of Flight G99138 are whisked away by two black SUVs.

EXT. SUVs - SPITSBERGEN, SVALBARD - DAY

SUVs race through the tiny island, a place of sailboats, wealthy vacationers, and colorful architecture. They've somehow avoided the chaos. SUVs turn down a desolate highway toward majestic Newtontoppen Mountains and HOTEL SVALBARD.

EXT. HOTEL SVALBARD - DAY

MINUTES LATER. The team arrives at Hotel Svalbard, an enormous luxury resort built in the foot of Mt. Newtontoppen. A bevy of hotel staff, led by J.H. "MIZ" CARPENTER, a tough but amiable woman in her 60s.

MIZ

Welcome to Hotel Svalbard. I'm Ms. Carpenter but everyone calls me "Miz." We're busy-busy, as you might expect, but please let us know if you require any special considerations.

INT. HOTEL SVALBARD - LOBBY - DAY

Hotel staff disappear with the team's luggage as they're led through giant glass doors to the front desk, where GUILLERMO (20s) is stationed. People from every country come and go.

MIZ

Guillermo, darling, please see that Team 138 finds their accommodations.

Guillermo looks up from his computer screen and hands them each a security badge.

GUILLERMO

A fresh bundle of happy campers. Be sure to wear these at all times. Wouldn't wanna hafta shoot ya.

Haris laughs.

GUILLERMO (cont'd)

But seriously. ALWAYS wear them.

Haris sobers.

REGINA

Is anyone going to tell us what's happening?

MIZ

I am sorry, Mrs. Hurwitz? Understand: we've processed over two hundred consulting teams, thousand refugees, and hundreds of afflicted in a few days. Everyone has the same exact questions. We're working on it.

HARIS

Afflicted. Afflicted with what?

Miz motions to Guillermo to take over as she leaves.

MIZ

Get settled. Get some rest. We're going to need you fresh.

INT. HOTEL SVALBARD - HALLWAY - DAY

GUILLERMO
Come with me if you want to live. No
movie fans? Well, we're just a big
old pile of fun, aren't we.

Guillermo leads them down a long door-less hallway where
they wait for the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

They all ride in tense silence.

INT. LOWER LEVEL HALL - DAY

Elevator opens on a long narrow passage of cinder block.
Caged lights overhead. The team's footsteps echo as they
exit. Black surveillance camera bubbles dot the ceiling.

Haris peeks into the blackness of one of many waist-high
holes lining both sides of the walls.

FR. AL
(to Haris)
Gun ports.

Haris jerks away from the wall. Fr. Al looks around.

FR. AL (cont'd)
It's a kill zone.

Everyone looks concerned. Haris makes a nervous joke.

GUILLERMO
I like to think of it more as a
safety path. Partly sunny, with a
chance of bullets.

As the group nears the steel doors, a PERKY Asian female
SECURITY VOICE comes over a speaker.

SECURITY VOICE (O.S.)
Ni hao. Hola. Bonjour. 'Ahlan.
Privet. Hello.

HARIS
Is that human?

ANJALI
Hello!?

SECURITY VOICE (O.S.)
Please stand clear. Once the security doors have opened, you MUST enter one at a time. When the red light flashes, a buzzer will sound. One person may enter. The next person MUST NOT enter until the light flashes and buzzer sounds again. Violation will result in termination.

REGINA
Termination?

GUILLERMO
Just a technicality.

Regina turns to leave.

REGINA
Nope.

Fr. Al grabs Regina by the arm.

FR. AL
Not a good idea.

HARIS
This is sooo going in my Yelp review.

The doors open with a pneumatic HISS and SCREECH. Red light FLASHES and BUZZES. Guillermo motions. Fr. Al looks at his new friends and smiles reassuringly before volunteering.

INT. SECURITY ENTRANCE - DAY

His back to his friends, Fr. Al's smile turns to concern.

INT. LOWER LEVEL HALL - DAY

Team members crane to see where Fr. Al went.

INT. SVALBARD BUNKER - DAY

Haris comes next through the double doors into the main bunker complex. Body scanning machines three abreast are guarded by two dozen soldiers.

A group of men in white lab coats encircle a diagnostic machine operated by beloved and world-renowned scientist and former kids TV host DR. JIM JAMESON AKA "DR. PHYSICS."

The SCANNER SECURITY GUARD checks Haris for weapons.

HARIS

Is that?

SCANNER SECURITY GUARD

Yup.

HARIS

Watched him all the time when I was a kid.

SCANNER SECURITY GUARD

Watch out, he's a bit of a jerk.

HARIS

Say it ain't so.

SCANNER SECURITY GUARD

Stand still as you can till the beep.

Haris holds his breath and talks in a weird voice.

HARIS

Like this?

SCANNER SECURITY GUARD

Needn't hold your breath, Mr. Noor.

Haris is concerned that this stranger knows his name. The guard points at Haris' badge and Haris mouths an "oh." The beeper beeps and the guard waves Haris through. Over Haris' shoulder, Regina comes into view.

DR. PHYSICS

Gina!

The guard searches and scans Regina.

REGINA

(to Dr. Physics)

They put you to work, too?

DR. PHYSICS

Actually, I volunteered.

REGINA

Course you did.

Regina goes to Dr. Physics. Haris follows.

HARIS

What is happening here?

DR. PHYSICS
Who's your friend?

REGINA
He's a comedian. Among other things.

DR. PHYSICS
OK, funny boy, make me laugh.

HARIS
I'm a huge fan.

DR. PHYSICS
He's hilarious.

Enter MAJOR FARLEY, brusque career army man in his 60s.

MAJOR FARLEY
How goes the science gun biz, Dr. T?

REGINA
"Science gun?"

DR. PHYSICS
It's actually a modified particle accelerator but, long as the Major here's funding my research and protecting my keister, he can call it anything he likes.

REGINA
Doesn't look like much of a weapon.

DR. PHYSICS
This? This's just a scanner. The particle accelerator—*science gun*, as Major Farley so eloquently put it—is a tad bigger and waaay cooler.

MAJOR FARLEY
Don't let 'em fool ya. It's a three-billion-dollar egg scrambler. As you were.

Major Farley continues on his way into a nearby office.

REGINA
What's wrong with regular bullets?

DR. PHYSICS
Like I used to tell the kiddies—

HARIS
Always use the right tool for the
right job. Right? Right?

DR. PHYSICS
You were paying attention.

Haris lets out a gleeful squeal.

REGINA
What're you planning on shooting?

DR. PHYSICS
Where've you folks been?

REGINA
Until a few days ago I was working on
recovering a 17th Century papal
ferula. Cell service in Eastern
Ukraine is practically non-existent.

DR. PHYSICS
While you were out treasure hunting,
the world's quietly gone to shit.

REGINA
Starting to get that vibe.

DR. PHYSICS
It is just now really starting to
reach American soil.

Fr. Al and Anjali have gathered around.

FR. AL
What is "it?"

Dr. Physics looks around. Speaks a little lower.

DR. PHYSICS
We're discouraged from discussing it
but my particle accelerator doesn't
actually shoot anything. Per se. It's
designed to shake apart Soul Matter.

ANJALI
Why do you need to shake matter?

DR. PHYSICS
Well, it more like dismantles—

REGINA

I'm sorry. Soul Matter? Don't tell me you've gone over to the dark side.

DR. PHYSICS

You've heard of Dark Matter. And Strange Matter. Well, I believe what's causing these afflictions is as-yet-undiscovered "Soul Matter." Least, that's what I'm calling it when I publish my scientific paper.

REGINA

What happens when you shake it apart?

DR. PHYSICS

(devious laugh)

It's messy as shit. But very cool.

Guillermo and a security approach.

DR. PHYSICS (cont'd)

Uh-oh. Nanny's coming. You all better get wherever you're going.

INT. HOTEL SVALBARD - BUNKER HQ - DAY

Lt. Kang, Sgt. Kiptoo, and Cpl. Wayne meet the team in the bunker's hub. They follow Guillermo through a room of techs in U.N. Army camo and blue berets working computers.

Monitors show chaos around the globe. A screen shows a soldier's helmet cam POV at ...

EXT. WAILING WALL - JERUSALEM - DAY

Unseen ISRAELI COMMANDER speaks to his troops.

ISRAELI COMMANDER (O.S.)

... may look like us but those are
not our ...

Soldier HELMET CAM VIEW view as he looks over the wall and sees thousands of crazed people with contorted features and glowing green eyes rushing the wall in a murderous frenzy.

O.S. GUNFIRE, SCREAMS OF DYING SOLDIERS, DEMONIC VOICES.

The screen goes black.

INT. SVALBARD BUNKER - DAY

As Team 138 reacts to the violent scene, it is whisked away.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Guillermo shows the team a room of bunks, toilet, shower.

GUILLERMO

Forgive the spartan accommodations
but the luxury hotel is at capacity.

FR. AL

Fact that I don't have to sleep on a
plane tonight's good enough for me.

REGINA

Speak for yourself.

HARIS

(to Regina)

Dr. Physics? Seriously?

REGINA

Met at a conference a few years back.

HARIS

And?

REGINA

And none of your business.

GUILLERMO

You've five hours until the daily
briefing. Everyone is encouraged to
attend. Rest if you can. From what I
hear, it's going to be a long—

HARIS

Apocalypse?

FR. AL

Haris!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Team members read, shower. Fr. Al does sit-ups. Finally they
sleep—all but Anjali, who sits lotus in meditation.

END MONTAGE.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Team 138 enters a theater filled with people from all over the world. Teleconference already underway, wall monitors bear faces of heads of state, CEOs, religious leaders.

Miz, flanked by Major Farley and clerical big shots at a podium on stage. She listens to a DIGNITARY ON MONITOR.

DIGNITARY ON MONITOR
I can't go on national TV and tell my people it's something new after they been told it's a meningitis variant.

MIZ
We urge you to keep quiet for now.

DIGNITARY ON MONITOR
People are scared. Scared people turn stupid. Or they turn mean.

MIZ
We just need a little more time.

FEMALE OFFICIAL in the audience interrupts.

FEMALE OFFICIAL
Liars!

MIZ
Ma'am, if you'll please.

FEMALE OFFICIAL
I saw this up-close when my husband got sick. Biological? Are you insane?

MIZ
We're doing everything we can to—

HARIS
(quietly to Fr. Al)
I've never been in a stampede before but I bet this's what it feels like just before it happens.

FR. AL
Anything pops off, stick together and make your way to the nearest exit.

Regina nervously applies rose-scented lip balm. Haris reacts to the rosy stink with a gross face. Regina gives Haris a dirty look.

DIGNITARY 2 ON MONITOR
(to Miz)

Do we know where this originated?

MIZ
Our best guess—

MAN IN AUDIENCE 2
Guess?

MIZ
At this time, we have a few theories.

DIGNITARY 2 ON MONITOR
And?

MIZ
Our latest tracking points to several potential first appearances.

DIGNITARY 3 ON MONITOR
Have we at least made headway on efforts to mitigate?

MIZ
Dr. Physics. Sorry. Dr. Jameson's team had some success with his ... therapy. Still requires fine-tuning.

MAN IN AUDIENCE 2
You asked Dr. Physics for penicillin and he delivered a jackhammer. Isn't that right?

Miz attempts to steady the restless audience.

MIZ
As it stands, the efficacy rate is lower than anticipated. Yes.

DIGNITARY ON MONITOR
Plain English, Madam Chairman.

MIZ (O.S.)
Dr. Jameson's "therapy" is merely a prototype and prone to malfunction.

MAN IN AUDIENCE 2
You mean death ray!

MIZ
It's very good at neutralizing the affliction. Which, in some cases, leads to host death.

DIGNITARY 3 ON MONITOR
How high a percentage we talking here? 80/20? 50/50?

Miz fumbles for words.

DIGNITARY 3 ON MONITOR (O.S.)
Well?

MIZ
Ninety-eight percent.

DIGNITARY 3 ON MONITOR
Mortality?

MIZ
Mortality.

Audience gasps. Team 138 looks at each other with concern.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - DAY

ONE HOUR LATER. Team 138 enters a giant, brightly lit room with rows of hospital beds and hundreds of afflicted who snarl, puke, scream, cry, and plead for mercy in many languages. Nearby, SVALBARD DOC 1 confers with a nurse.

MIZ
Doctor? Can you spare a moment?

SVALBARD DOC 1
More newbies?

MIZ
After the Vatican incident, we decided to fast-track orientation.

Miz and the Doctor show the team around.

SVALBARD DOC 1
We postulated at the outset that this was viral. Brain-swelling, indicative of encephalitis and meningitis. But hallucinations, delusions, pointed more to drug abuse. Usually see these sorts of god complexes with heavy methamphetamine and PCP use. Patients also present with profuse sweating, hyper-awareness, aggressivity. We also noted some inexplicable symptoms.

FR. AL
Like levitation?

REGINA
You're not serious.

SVALBARD DOC 1

A skeptical cleric. How refreshing.
Difficult as it was for us to
reconcile, we've observed too many
bizarre occurrences to rule out ...

REGINA

The unnatural?

SVALBARD DOC 1

The supernatural.

ANJALI

Magic is just misunderstood science.

REGINA

How do you know this isn't merely
mass-hysteria-induced.

HARIS

Levitation?

SVALBARD DOC 1

A shared delusion? We considered it.

Team 138 walks the rows of afflicted strapped to beds by
heavy chains bolted to the floor. Restraints mostly obscured
by sheets. Other clergy teams tour the facility as well.

Team 138 stops near a patient struggling to break free. The
man is terribly flushed, his veins black and bulging. Green
slime oozes from his ears and nose. The stench is atrocious.

SVALBARD DOC 1 (cont'd)

Mass hysteria doesn't do that.

Haris dry-heaves. Regina covers her mouth and turns. Anjali
is teary. Even Fr. Al and the security detail grimace. Doc
pulls from his lab coat a stick of citrus balm and mimes
rubbing it on his upper lip before offering it to the team.

SVALBARD DOC 1 (cont'd)

Seen and smelled a lot in my time.
This isn't something you get used to.

Team 138 applies the balm to their upper lips. Better.

Anjali nears the afflicted man. A guard steps into her path,
but she gently takes his wrist and he inexplicably relents.

Haris notices this with some curiosity.

Anjali feels the afflicted man's forehead.

ANJALI

He's roasting.

SVALBARD DOC 1

Inability to regulate heartbeat and temperature. Some of the ailing overheat, others can't stay warm. Doesn't seem to be any logic to it.

FR. AL

Touching him really a good idea?

SVALBARD DOC 1

Doesn't transmit that way. From our observations, the affliction cannot jump host to host unless the host first dies of fairly natural causes.

FR. AL

Fairly natural?

SVALBARD DOC 1

Cancer, heart attack. Hell, even stabbing or gunshot. The affliction floats from the dying to the living. But, hit em' with Dr. P's particle accelerator before it leaves the body, and goodnight scuz.

REGINA

HARIS

Scuz?

Scuz?

SVALBARD DOC 1

What soldiers call the affliction.

ANJALI

How d'you know any of this for sure?

SVALBARD DOC 1

Because we can see the affliction with the naked eye. It's not obvious, unless you know what to look for.

HARIS

What's it look like?

MIZ

Shadowy distortion in the air.

FR. AL

Slight bending of light?

Doc and Miz nod.

SVALBARD DOC 1
Familiar with the crystal jellyfish?
Clear, fairly shapeless. You can see
through it with some distortion.

REGINA
So, this is biological?

SVALBARD DOC 1
Yes and no. It affects the body
similarly to diseases we're familiar
with. But, it also presents with a
number of symptoms consistent with—

FR. AL
Demonic possession.

MIZ
Is she with us today?

SVALBARD DOC 1
Comes and goes.

MIZ
You should see this.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - AFFLICTED WOMAN'S BED - DAY

FEMALE AFFLICTED wrapped in blankets, pekid and shivering.

SVALBARD DOC 1
Most afflicted are uncommunicative.
They tend to wander mindlessly. Those
are the easiest to spot.

MIZ
A few have a degree of awareness.

REGINA
Awareness?

HARIS
Awareness?

REGINA
Will you stop that.

SVALBARD DOC 1
How are we feeling today?

The afflicted woman won't look at the doctor.

SVALBARD DOC 1 (cont'd)
Can I get you another blanket?

FEMALE AFFLICTED
It won't help.

SVALBARD DOC 1
We have visitors. If you're up to it.

FEMALE AFFLICTED
Mother?

SVALBARD DOC 1
I'm sorry. We haven't been able to
locate your mother.

REGINA
What's wrong with her?

MIZ
Watch.

SVALBARD DOC 1
We want to help you find your mother.
What's her name?

The afflicted woman faces the doctor, her eyes glow green.
Shocked, the team all take one step back.

FEMALE AFFLICTED
You know, bastard.

SVALBARD DOC 1
Our guests don't.

FEMALE AFFLICTED
She's nameless. Alpha, Omega. The
everlasting mother.

FR. AL
Don't you mean the Heavenly Father?

FEMALE AFFLICTED
(mocking voice)
Don't you mean Heavenly Father?

FR. AL
May I?

SVALBARD DOC 1
Please.

FR. AL
Are you an agent of the Devil?

The afflicted woman cackles as if genuinely funny.

FEMALE AFFLICTED
Superstitious little cockroach.

FR. AL
Why are you possessing this woman's
body? What is your purpose here?

FEMALE AFFLICTED
All the wrong questions, buddy-boy.

FR. AL
So, educate me, demon. I worship
Jesus Christ, God the Father, and the
Holy Spirit. Who do you worship?

FEMALE AFFLICTED
Mother built the land and sea and
stars above; she rested five million
millennia in darkness. And woke to
find her kingdom overrun by vermin.

REGINA
Why would God create us just to—
The female afflicted sighs with annoyance.

FR. AL
If you're created in God's image,
then man is what?

The afflicted woman laughs into a coughing fit and spits a
great gob of green slime onto the doctor's white coat.

FEMALE AFFLICTED
You are mold, sir. Rot. You are dust
falling silent in the tomb. Mice in
the walls. The mushroom that grew in
the darkness of Her absence.

HARIS
What's she saying?

REGINA
Shh.

FEMALE AFFLICTED
Rejoice. For the first time in your
brief existence, you have purpose.

REGINA
W'what does that mean?

FEMALE AFFLICTED
She's mad with starvation. You'll
serve, every one, in her belly.

People SCREAM as an afflicted man breaks free and rips the head off a nurse trying to restrain him. Staff jumps clear as he runs to an exit where he's shot dead by a soldier.

Distorted light oozes from the corpse and floats into a fallen nurse. People scatter and scream as the nurse seizes and goes limp. Soldiers shackle her to a bed.

LEAD SOLDIER
Clear the room!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Still shaken from their experience in the infirmary, Team 138 shares its observations with Miz and her aides.

REGINA
Largest mass possessions on record consisted of few dozen individuals at most. I can't think of any instance which even comes close to this.

FR. AL
Traditional exorcism has no effect?

SVALBARD DOC 1
It only seems to antagonize them.

REGINA
Vatican might've held some answers.

MIZ
My people have searched every database on the web. No such luck.

ANJALI
You're looking in the wrong place.

FR. AL
What about the Library of Alexander?

REGINA
I was thinking the same thing.

HARIS
Alexandria, y'mean? Even I know that.

REGINA
The *Library of Alexandria* was destroyed in 48 BC. Smart guy.
(MORE)

REGINA (cont'd)
The *Library of Alexander* is a
billionaire's not-so-cleverly named
collection of ancient artifacts.

ANJALI
If any place has answers, it's there.

I agree. FR. AL

MIZ
I'll schedule a flight for ...

Costa Rica. FR. AL

HARIS
Wait. What? No more flying. Please.

MIZ
This's why you're here. Your security
team doesn't know what to look for.

HARIS
I dunno know why I'm even—

REGINA
He can stay. I'll handle—

REGINA
He can stay. I'll handle—

HARIS
Never said I wasn't going.

FR. AL
Alright. Enough.

MIZ

Get a hot meal and some rest. These next days are going to be hectic.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Morale is bad. Anjali, noticing how badly everyone is feeling, pulls Guillermo aside for an unheard conversation. Guillermo nods enthusiastically before leaving.

ANJALI
Everyone? I promised to prepare the
Langar meal for dinner tonight. But
I'm going to need help.

From his bunk, Fr. Al sits up looks around. Regina is in the fetal position with her pillow over her head. Haris is on his back with his arm over his eyes.

FR. AL
C'mon you guys.

HARIS
Langar better mean "French Fries."

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clad in aprons, Team 138 chops vegetables, stirs pots, makes a mess, laughs. With messy hair and stained aprons, the team serves dinner to Hotel Svalbard's staff and soldiers. Spirits lifted, they eat on the floor, communal-style.

ANJALI (V.O.)
For centuries, the Langar meal has brought communities together. No classes, no ranks, no hierarchies of any kind. Rich, poor, great, simple eat as one. Langar is equality, oneness. Sharing makes us happy. Unity makes us strong.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

With Team 138 in bed, some reading, some sleeping, Haris lays staring off in thought.

REGINA
Would you mind facing the other way?

Haris looks a little insulted.

REGINA (cont'd)
Your snoring keeps me up.

Haris turns over.

HARIS
Long as you promise not to bulldoze my bed to make room for a chifforobe.

REGINA
I do not support the practice of punitive home demolitions.

HARIS
Just messing with you. Didn't mean—

Lying there, now facing Anjali on the other side of him, Haris realizes he's overstepped. Again.

ANJALI
Humor is a vital part of life.

HARIS
It's so short and so hard—

REGINA
That's what she said?

Haris laughs appreciatively but gets serious.

HARIS
Even before all Hell literally broke loose, this was a scary place.

ANJALI
It's alright to feel. You needn't always hide your pain behind jokes.

HARIS
OK, Dr. Phil.

ANJALI
Making others feel good is a noble aspiration. But. Even the strongest sometimes need. Don't be afraid to ask for help.

FR. AL (O.S.)
Lights out.

HARIS
Fr. Al gets cranky if he doesn't get his beauty sleep. By the looks of it, he's been missing out.

FR. AL (O.S.)
Goodnight, Haris.

HARIS
See what I mean?

ANJALI
I will pray for your safe journey.

HARIS
You're not coming with?

ANJALI

Miz has asked me to work with the afflicted. We believe deep meditation may ease their suffering.

CPL. WAYNE

Lights out means mouths shut!

HARIS

G'night Fr. Al. G'night Regina.
G'night blue berets. G'night JohnBoy.

REGINA

Shut. Up. Haris.

INT. HELICOPTER - OVER JUNGLE - NIGHT

15 HOURS LATER. Team 138 flies over Dominical, Costa Rica, to a mansion rumored to hold the Library of Alexander.

LT. KANG

(Shouting)

My team will insert and clear the area! No one is to leave the helo until the all-clear has been given! Okie-dokie!?

Team 138 nods.

HARIS

Why have I never heard of this place?

REGINA

Very few have.

FR. AL

Billionaires don't tend to advertise their black market booty collections!

Fr. Al gives Haris a stern look.

HARIS

What? I didn't say nothin' ... about black market booty.

Fr. Al shakes his head at such childishness.

EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER JUNGLE - NIGHT

They come over a moonlit rise to a seaside mansion in a walled compound. The chopper makes several passes overhead.

REGINA
Looks pretty quiet!

LT. KANG
Well, mum, we're about to find out!

EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER COMPOUND - NIGHT

Helicopter lowers above an inner courtyard. The three-man security team hits the ground and the chopper swoops behind them as they find an entrance with a lavish staircase.

EXT. MANSION STEPS - NIGHT

ALEXANDER P. FINK, casually dressed billionaire, emerges from the mansion and waves the helicopter in. Despite the early hour, he doesn't appear to have been sleeping.

INT. HELICOPTER - MANSION COURTYARD - NIGHT

Helicopter lands.

HARIS
Doesn't look like a billionaire.

REGINA
What's a billionaire look like?

HARIS
I don't know. Not a Hootie and the Blowfish groupie.

EXT. MANSION COURTYARD - NIGHT

The team exits the helicopter and follows Alex up the steps. Haris notices an old pickup parked in a garage bay.

HARIS
(to Regina)
Where's the Rolls? The Ferrari? What kind a billionaire is this?

REGINA
Shh. He's going to hear you.

Team 138 reaches the front door and finds a problem.

ALEX P. FINK
You are welcome inside, but the
shoot-em-ups here'll hafta stay put.

LT. KANG
How many are you?

ALEX P. FINK
Four staff plus me.

Lt. Kang takes one last look around. Regina applies lip
balm. Haris gives her the stink-face.

FR. AL
(to Lt. Kang)
Be alright.

LT. KANG
Radio if there's even the slightest.

INT. MANSION - ATRIUM - NIGHT

Team 138 follows Alex into a garden lounge. Alex leans on
the balcony REVEALING the house situated on a high cliff.

ALEX P. FINK
So, what can I do for the 99?

HARIS
(to Regina)
Way too nice to be a billionaire.

REGINA
Would you stop.

FR. AL
We were hoping to see your library.

ALEX P. FINK
Anything in particular?

REGINA
The unexpurgated copy of the
Dictionnaire Infernal.

ALEX P. FINK
Came all this way for a book
available in any public library?

REGINA
Not talking about the 1818 version.

ALEX P. FINK
What other version is there?

REGINA
Cut the shit, Fink.

FR. AL
Regina. Please.

ALEX P. FINK
It's "Mr. Fink," if you're going to
be that way.

REGINA
We really don't have time—

HARIS
There it is. Classic evil rich-guy
name. Alright. Where's the death ray?

FR. AL
Haris.

REGINA
You know which version I mean.

ALEX P. FINK
Not sure what good it'll do.

REGINA
We also need to see the Codex Gigas.
Borrow, actually.

ALEX P. FINK
(to Fr. Al)
Kind a shenanigans you all up to?

FR. AL
I don't know what she's. Regina?

ALEX P. FINK
Why am I not convinced?

REGINA
Let us borrow it and we won't report
you for stolen antiquities.

ALEX P. FINK
Whatta ya want with that old thing?

HARIS
While you're holed up here in La-La
Land, the world's gone to poop.

ALEX P. FINK
And you think you're going to, what,
find some magic bullet? In the
Devil's Bible of all places. Ha!

FR. AL
Devil's Bible?

HARIS
Devil's Bible.

REGINA
It's rumored to contain—

ALEX P. FINK
Ope. Here we go.

REGINA
... the legend of the only mortal to
have ever bested him.

HARIS
Him who?

FR. AL
Him the Devil.

The Fink suddenly FREAKS OUT.

ALEX P. FINK
Stop calling her that!

Haris backs slowly out of the room.

HARIS
(to himself)
Should the security folks be here for
this? I feel like they should.

Just as Haris exits, a server enters with refreshments.

ALEX P. FINK
You're gonna love this. Squeezed from
lemons grown in my own orchard.

Regina and Fr. Al eye Alex P. Fink warily.

EXT. MANSION STEPS - NIGHT

Haris bursts out the door and heads to the helicopter.

INT. MANSION - ATRIUM - NIGHT

FR. AL
If this wasn't an emergency.

ALEX P. FINK
Have you any idea how valuable those
are? My god, the handouts never stop.
It's gimme, gimme, gim—

Alex collapses and Fr. Al rushes to check his vitals. He shakes his head "no" at the worried servant now kneeling at his master's side.

REGINA
Al? Al.

Fr. Al glances up to see Regina pointing at the low green and black storm clouds illuminated by flashes of lightning. He doesn't notice Alex Fink's green glowing eyes pop open.

EXT. MANSION COURTYARD - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Haris, Lt. Kang, Sgt. Kiptoo and Cpl. Wayne bang on the locked mansion door. There's a SCREAM O.S.

SGT. KIPTOO
Stand back!

Sgt. Kiptoo shoots the lock. Cpl. Wayne kicks open the door.

INT. MANSION - ATRIUM - NIGHT

Demonic Alex P. Fink hurls his servant over the balcony where he falls to his death down the steep cliff.

INT. MANSION - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Haris, Kang, Kiptoo, and Wayne rush past scared house staff.

INT. MANSION - ATRIUM - NIGHT

Alex P. Fink has Regina and Fr. Al by their throats, trying to throw them over the balcony. A servant cowers in corner. Haris and company burst into the atrium.

LT. KANG
That's enough!

Sgt. Kiptoo hits Alex with her rifle butt. He drops them.

ALEX P. FINK (POSSESSED)
Ego sum Paimon. (Latin)

REGINA
Says its name is "Paimon."

FR. AL
One of Satan's generals.

LT. KANG
Doesn't appear to be a military man.

ALEX P. FINK (POSSESSED)
Paimon autem rex!

REGINA
Says he's a king.

SGT. KIPTOO
Hell has only one king.

REGINA
Paimon is said to rule 200 legions.

LT. KANG
Krikey. That's 600,000.

HARIS
Demons, right? He means demons?

ALEX P. FINK (POSSESSED)
Mater tenebris et revertetur ad
terram hanc. Cuius regni non erit
10,000 æternum permanet.

CPL. WAYNE
Anybody catch that?

REGINA
When ... mother returns ... reign
will last ... 10,000 eons.

FR. AL
That's a billion years.

Possessed Alex P. Fink grows HUGE, its skin bubbles green.
The team backs away. Sgt. Kiptoo blows the monster's head
off. Green gore rains on the team.

LT. KANG
Which way to the library, Mum?

The female servant shakily points the direction.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The team takes a large spiral staircase up to third floor.

INT. MANSION LIBRARY - NIGHT

From inside a HUGE library, big wooden double doors fly open as Lt. Kang and team storm the room.

FR. AL
know what you're looking for?

REGINA
Kinda sorta.

HARIS
Oh, that's encouraging.

The team scours bookshelves. Haris holds up a volume on lost artifacts for a side-by-side of Regina's face on the back cover and she in person.

HARIS (cont'd)
You like the Jewish Indiana Jones or something?

REGINA
Indian who?

HARIS
Whaaat?

REGINA
He some great Muslim professor or?

HARIS
Indi-ana. Jooones.

REGINA
Sorry.

Haris sings the first few notes of the eponymous theme.

HARIS
Da-da-da-da, da-da-daaa.

When Regina has no idea what he's talking about, Haris LOSES his mind. He storms off, ranting. Fr. Al holds up a copy of the *Dictionnaire Infernal*.

FR. AL
Here's one!

REGINA
Should I tell him those movies are
what inspired me to get into this
line of work?

FR. AL
Fun would that be?

REGINA
Now, if I were the rarest book in the
world—

O.S. BREAKING GLASS and SCREAMS.

LT. KANG
Tick-tock, lords and ladies!

The team redoubles its frantic search when Haris, tripping
over a large glass-topped coffee table.

HARIS
This it!?

Under the glass is an enormous, ancient, leather-bound book.

EXT. JET OVER SVALBARD - NIGHT

INT. JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Team 138 attempts to land at Svalbard Airport.

PILOT 2
I repeat: this is Flight G99138,
requesting permission to land.

Pilot 1&2 are concerned as only static comes over the radio.

PILOT 1
We're putting down regardless.

EXT. SVALBARD LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

Team 138 deplanes to see smoke rising over Hotel Svalbard.
Lt. Kang points to some airport shuttle buses nearby.

LT. KANG
No one's coming. We'll need to take a
lorry.

EXT. HOTEL SVALBARD - NIGHT

Team 138 exits the shuttle bus to see the glass on Hotel Svalbard's entrance all smashed. Smoke rises from an upside-down car burning in the parking lot.

INT. HOTEL SVALBARD - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Team 138 nervously descends. When the elevator stops, the doors won't open.

CPL. WAYNE
Maybe we should take the hint.

FR. AL
He's right. We don't know—

Lt. Kang flips open a panel and taps in a code.

LT. KANG
Sorry to say we've no-else to go.

INT. HOTEL SVALBARD - KILL FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator opens on the kill floor to reveal: piles of bodies, walls riddled with bullet holes, blood everywhere.

INT. HOTEL SVALBARD - BUNKER - NIGHT

Team 138 goes room to room. Nothing but CARNAGE.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE BARRACKS - NIGHT

With Team 138 behind him, Cpl. Wayne pounds on the door.

FR. AL
Anjali? You in there?

MIZ (O.S.)
(from inside)
She's here.

CLUNK AND SCRAPE O.S. and the door opens.

REGINA
What happened here?

Miz is dirty, disheveled, tired.

MIZ
Don't really know. We were
interviewing. Alarm sounded. They
tried evacuating. Barricaded
ourselves in.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

A wounded young soldier rests on a bunk, nervously twisting his blue beret. Anjali sits lotus, deep in meditation. The security team shoves several bunks against the door.

REGINA
(about Anjali)
She OK?

MIZ
Been like this for hours.

Fr. Al checks her vitals.

FR. AL
Tried to wake her?

MIZ
She said it would only be a few
minutes. It's been over ten hours.

HARIS
Whatta we do now?

INT. ANJALI'S MIND - NIGHT

Inside Anjali's mind, synapses zap with electricity. Swirling matter magnifies down to the microscopic level until WOOMP—an altered plane of reality.

EXT. THE SHADOW REALM - NIGHT

There is a vague impression of Anjali. Translucent. She shimmers like polished glass, fluid like a jellyfish.

SHADOW REALM is strange, ancient, dark. Dirty green light oozes from the ground. Even in Hell there is an underworld.

Anjali sees three translucent humans in the distance. She blinks to see them closer, running from tall black blurs. The people frantically jumps in a car.

The black blurs drift through the glass and steel. The family inside screams for help but it's no use. They spill out and writhe in agony, each sprouting a parasitic demon.

The figures sit on the humans' shoulders. They have LONG segmented limbs and no heads, and work the victims like marionettes. Instead of strings, wisps of green smoke.

Nearby, two afflicted humans fight each other with baseball bats. The creatures use them to joust. Just for fun.

Anjali, still in lotus, screams in horror. One of the demonic creatures raises its head. It heard her.

INT. BARRACKS - REAL WORLD - SAME

Anjali, still meditating, surrounded by Team 138, SCREAMS.

HARIS
Whatta we do? Whatta we do?

FR. AL
I don't know.

REGINA
Dammit. Wake her up.

FR. AL
She's not sleeping.

Anjali still screaming in terror.

HARIS
Do something!

FR. AL
Anjali! Can you hear me? Please!

Still in meditation, Anjali squeezes Fr. Al's wrist with both hands, pulling as if holding on for dear life.

EXT. THE SHADOW REALM - NIGHT

Anjali, eyes still closed, mumbles a Hindu prayer.

INT. HINDU TEMPLE - GARDEN - DAWN

When she opens her eyes, Anjali is at her home temple in India. A wise old Hindu priest sits before her in a heavenly garden. Cherry blossoms softly rain in the golden sunshine.

HINDU HIGH PRIEST
(at first in Hindu)
Saaree buraee kee jad shaitaan kee
mittee mein panapatee hai.

ANJALI
But the evil is everywhere.

HINDU HIGH PRIEST
The roots of evil grow in Satan's
soil. Listen to the wind.

ANJALI
I hear nothing.

HINDU HIGH PRIEST
Follow your breath.

Anjali closes her eyes. Breathes deep and counts.

ANJALI
Two, three, four ... (exhales)

INT. ANJALI'S MIND - SAME

BLACK SCREEN. Anjali's breath is the only sound. Louder and louder until ... a mighty wind.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Anjali appears in a thunderous flash of golden sparks in the hellscape of NYC. She floats over a chaotic Wall Street.

Barricades reinforced with buses piled into 30-foot walls.
Hordes of demonic creatures ride their human slaves.
Monsters in military formations.

Anjali continues to the New York Stock Exchange, where a huge DEMON FOREMAN shouts orders in an ancient tongue. Human slaves work to remove the building's four center columns.

Anjali gasps, drawing the attention of the Demon Foreman, which shouts a monstrous gurgling command to the others.

DEMON FOREMAN

Onslaught!

Thousands of creatures pile atop one another. The mound of their bodies quickly reaches where Anjali floats above. She panics and stumbles out of lotus, hits the ground, and runs.

Chased down and surrounded by thousands of demons, terrified Anjali sits lotus, trying to meditate. She peeks through one eye to see the creatures cautiously closing in.

Anjali refocuses, shaking in fear. Just as one bold demon leaps through the air, clawing at Anjali ...

INT. BARRACKS - REAL WORLD - NIGHT

Anjali's consciousness lands in her body with a thunderclap of golden sparks which blows everyone off their feet. The room fills with smoke. Furniture overturns. Moans, coughs.

HIGH-PITCHED RINGING the only sound. Fr. Al holds his head. Regina staggers in shock. Lt. Kang finds his gun. The young soldier violently shakes and collapses.

Fr. Al rushes to help when the suddenly placid young soldier aims his gun at Anjali, who sobs in confusion.

Regina staggers unknowingly between the soldier and Anjali. Just as the soldier fires, Lt. Kang shoves Regina out of the way, taking a bullet to his protective vest.

Fr. Al fights the soldier for his gun but Anjali sees the young soldier is controlled by one of the demonic puppet-masters from her vision.

As the ear-ringing noise subsides, Anjali shouts at Haris.

ANJALI

Shaitaan! N-Y-S-E!

The demon tugs a wisp of green smoke which raises the soldier's gun hand, breaking free of Fr. Al's grip. The demon flails and the soldier smashes Fr. Al on the head.

Fr. Al staggers in blinding pain.

ANJALI (cont'd)

Wait—

The soldier shoots Anjali just before Lt. Kang kills him.

A rescue force led by Major Farley storms the room to find Fr. Al, Haris, and Regina kneeling at Anjali's bloodied corpse. Lt. Kang tends to Sgt. Kiptoo and Cpl. Wayne.

MAJOR FARLEY
Get 'em up, get em moving.

INT. HQ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Those left alive have barricaded themselves into the Control Room where they monitor screens showing chaos around the globe. Team 138 recovers on the floor.

Nearby, Svalbard Doc 1, Major Farley, and TECH 1 brief Miz.

MAJOR FARLEY
Hell's bells. Are we still in contact with our FOBs?

TECH 1
Yes sir. Most of the forward operating bases are still intact.

MIZ
Hold on. What's this?

MAJOR FARLEY
That big mass is Kazakhstan.

MIZ
Something's not right.

SVALBARD DOC 1
Oh my god.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

EXT. DESERT OF BAIKONUIR - KAZAKSTAN - DAY

Tech 1 zooms on a map, changing from animation to satellite imagery. The overhead view shows a mighty battle raging between the afflicted and the Russian Army.

INT. HQ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

MAJOR FARLEY
What's the exact location?

TECH 1
Desert of Baikonur. Fifty miles from
the Cosmodrome.

MIZ
What're they—

MAJOR FARLEY
Where the Ruskies keep Big Ivan.

MIZ
Big *what* now?

MAJOR FARLEY
50 megaton hydrogen bomb.

MIZ
How worried should we be?

MAJOR FARLEY
Uncle Sam's largest nuke is 1.2

Still in shock from Anjali's death, but with no time to
mourn, Regina skims the ancient texts for an answer.

HARIS
What was Anjali saying?

FR. AL
I couldn't hear anything.

REGINA
Something about Satan.

LT. KANG
And, "N-Y-S-E."

FR. AL
That Hindi?

Lt. Kang shakes his head "no."

HARIS
New York Stock Exchange?

REGINA
Will you give it a rest?

FR. AL	MIZ
(to Tech 1)	Bring it up.
Wait, What's going on in New	
York?	

TECH 1
So much happen so fast. Haven't had—

MAJOR FARLEY
When's the last time you checked?

TECH 1
New York?

MAJOR FARLEY
I ain't talkin 'bout OLD York.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Tech 1 brings up satellite image of NYC. Bathed in moonlight, they see what Anjali saw—an utter moonscape.

INT. HQ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

MAJOR FARLEY
(to Tech 1)
Closer.

Tech 1 zooms on satellite imagery.

MIZ (O.S.)
Oh my dear Lord.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

EXT. NYSE - NIGHT

Throngs of afflicted in military formations within and without the makeshift vehicle walls around the NYSE.

INT. HQ CONTROL ROOM - SAME

MAJOR FARLEY
Wall Street the seat of evil. Anyone
not shocked by this?

Stunned silence fills the room.

MAJOR FARLEY (cont'd)
 Change of plan. (into satellite
 phone) I want an armored division
 backed by Air Cav—make that two
 armored divisions—on standby in New
 York City. Post-friggin-haste.

REGINA (O.S.)
 Hang on. I think I—

Regina reads. Putting two and two together, she looks up in
 concentration. Back at book in confusion. Looks up again.
 Her face brightens with understanding.

REGINA
 I've got it. Oh-ho-ho, I've got it.

MAJOR FARLEY
 Got what, exactly?

EXT. HELICOPTER OVER FUZULI - AZERBAIJAN - NIGHT

As Team 138's helicopter flies over the decimated city,
 Regina recounts (V.O.) her findings from the Gigas Codex.
 The team rides in sad and quiet contemplation.

REGINA (V.O.)
 The Zoroastrians spoke of a black
 fire a hundred times hotter than the
 fires of hell. The only thing demonic
 spirits truly fear. An ancient priest
 brought the black fire to Fuzuli,
 Azerbaijan. We need to find a place
 called the "Fire Temple."

EXT. FIRE TEMPLE - AZERBAIJAN - SAME

From out of the darkness, leaping flames from an ancient
 temple. Team 138's helicopter lands outside the Fire Temple.
 Fr. Al knocks. From inside O.S. there comes a SQUABBLING.

FR. AL
 Hello?

More indecipherable ARGUING O.S. from inside the temple.

FR. AL (cont'd)
 This is Fr. Alger King. Of America.
 We desperately need your help.

More ARGUING O.S.

FR. AL (cont'd)
Please. It's very important. (to the
others) Anybody?

Regina shrugs. Haris is still in a daze from Anjali's death.
Regina taps him to get his attention. Heartsick, he nods.

HARIS
Nabhath ean maladh. (in Arabic)

More indecipherable ARGUING O.S. from inside.

HARIS (cont'd)
Told them we seek sanctuary.

Locks UNLOCK O.S.

HARIS (cont'd)
They can't refuse.

Door slowly opens to reveal the TEMPLE LEADER cautiously
peering out. He speaks in Zoroastrian.

TEMPLE LEADER
Ne isteyirsen? [What do you want?]

HARIS
Hal tatahadath Alearabia? [Do you
speak Arabic?]

FR. AL
Well?

HARIS
Hoping someone speaks the mother
tongue.

Through the open door, PRIEST 2 steps from the small crowd
of holy men huddled inside. He glances at the Temple Leader
for permission and is motioned forward.

PRIEST 2
(to Haris, in Arabic)
Hal ymkn 'an tasaeudna?

REGINA
Well?

HARIS
He's asking us for help.

The priest goes on to tell Haris a great many things.

HARIS (cont'd)
 ... last couple weeks. When
 everything cut loose they barricaded
 themselves in. Three days ago some
 folks came looking for help. Let them
 in but when they did they attacked
 and killed one of the priests. So,
 they closed the doors and haven't
 seen anyone since.

REGINA
 Where're the townspeople?

FR. AL
 Ask them have any been afflicted.

REGINA
 Tell them what we're looking for.

FR. AL
 Let's all take a breath.

HARIS
 (to Priest 2)
 Hal marad 'ahad min alkihinata?

Priest 2 goes on talking.

HARIS (cont'd)
 No. No afflictions here.

FR. AL
 Tell 'em.

HARIS
 Nahn bihajat 'iilana alnaar alsawda'.

Priest 2 gasps.

REGINA
 Did you tell him about the black
 fire? We don't have time to—

HARIS
 Nahn bihajat 'iilana alnaar alsawda'.

Priest 2 and the Temple Leader look grimly at each other.

FR. AL
 They obviously know something.

HARIS
 'Akhbarana ean alnaar alsawda'.

LT. KANG
We must move this along.

The Zoroastrian priests argue among themselves.

FR. AL
What's the issue here?

HARIS REGINA

Arguing about something. No shit.

HARIS
(shouts)
Maalkhatib!?

The temple leader obviously tries regaining order.

TEMPLE LEADER
Xahiş edirem. Özünüzü sakitleşdirin!

REGINA
They've no idea what we're talking
about. We've come all this way for
nothing. Think I'm going to vomit.

HARIS
No. It's something else.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

Something comes down the road in a cloud of dust.

SGT. KIPTOO
We've activity, Lieutenant.

LT. KANG
Movement on the hill. Get inside!

INT. FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

Team 138 pushes its way in and locks the doors. It's dark inside but for flickering torches. Lt. Kang peeps out through the door slot.

EXT. ROAD NEAR FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

Twenty children stop on the road a few hundred yards from the temple. They just stand there. Watching.

INT. FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

In the distance, Haris and Priest 2 finish a conversation.

HARIS
(whispers to himself)
Ya Ibn el Sharmouta.

REGINA
Watch your mouth.

FR. AL
Can they help us or not?

HARIS
Don't want us to unseal "it."

FR. AL
Then they have—

HARIS
Hiding it. From "her."

HARIS (cont'd)
They buried the black fire so no one
and no thing would ever find it.

REGINA
How do you bury fire?

FR. AL
Buried where?

HARIS
Won't say.

REGINA
(becoming agitated)
I'm not going to just crawl in a hole
and wait to die. (motions to Lt.
Kang's sidearm) This is the world
we're talking about here. Maybe we
need to motivate them.

FR. AL
Whoa. Easy.

Lt. Kang glances at Fr. Al for confirmation.

HARIS
(disgusted whisper)
Sakhif alMusad.

REGINA
 (to Haris)
 Something to share?.

FR. AL
 Everybody hold up. Else they say?

HARIS
 In 1805—

REGINA
 After Russia annexed Azerbaijan.

HARIS
 Some Russian soldiers discovered the
 black fire. Wanted to take it back to
 the czar. But they mishandled it and
 it made them wrong. Insane. Too
 powerful. The men were executed.
 Their commander was afraid of what
 the Tsar might do with such power.
 So, he rounded up all the Zoroastrian
 priests he could find and entombed
 them with the fire.

REGINA
 (in Hebrew)
 Oy vavoy.

Lt. Kang still watches for activity outside.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

There are many more children and they're much closer now.

INT. FIRE TEMPLE - SAME

Lt. Kang turns from door with concern. Cpl. Wayne looks
 through the slot comes away agitated, fearful.

LT. KANG
 My lords and ladies—

Cpl. Wayne pulls his pistol on one of the temple priests.
 Sgt. Kiptoo backs him up.

CPL. WAYNE
 Just give it and we'll leave.

LT. KANG
 Corporal. Stand down I repeat—

Fr. Al moves between the soldiers and priest.

FR. AL
Easy now.

Lt. Kang sights his rifle on Cpl. Wayne.

LT. KANG
Lower your weapon, soldier.

FR. AL
(to priest)
Tell us where to find the black fire
and we'll leave.

HARIS
Kayf nasil 'iilaa hunak?

Temple Leader motions Priest 2 NOT to tell.

PRIEST 2
(in Arabic)
Atabie 'iilah alharb.

HARIS
He said follow ... the God of War.

Cpl. Wayne sweating, anxious, lowers his weapon.

LT. KANG
Mars?

REGINA
It's a flaming red dot this time of
year. Should be in the ... north?

EXT. FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

The mob of children has doubled.

INT. FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

The team readies to leave.

LT. KANG
Straight to the helo. No dillydally.

Regina peeks outside.

REGINA
They're just children.

Lt. Kang gives her a concerned look. Zoroastrian priests pray over the team as they leave.

EXT. FIRE TEMPLE - NIGHT

Team 138 exits the Fire Temple to a mob of 100. They rush to the waiting helicopter as the demonic children close in.

EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER FUZULI - NIGHT

The helicopter follows Mars, which looms so unnaturally big tonight it looks like a fiery moon.

INT. HELICOPTER - OVER DESERT - NIGHT

REGINA

It's a living nightmare.

Haris looks worried.

FR. AL

Show of force. She's trying to scare us away. That's a good thing. Means we're getting close.

REGINA

She. So you're on board with that sick woman's crazy notions? About God and the Devil. About us.

FR. AL

He, she, it. Don't really matter. Always gonna be someone somewhere trying to hurt somebody else.

HARIS

Then what are we trying to save?

EXT. ABANDONED ZOROASTRIAN TEMPLE - NIGHT

The helicopter drops Team 138 at a ruined temple a few miles out of town. The door is sealed with a huge stone slab.

LT. KANG

We can blast it if we have to but it could draw unwanted attention.

EXT. DESERT - GIANT DUST CLOUD - NIGHT

Sudden rumbling in the distance. On the edge of what can be seen, a giant dust cloud moves from the city toward them.

EXT. - ABANDONED TEMPLE - NIGHT

FR. AL
Too late for that.

LT. KANG
You heard the man.

Sgt. Kiptoo places explosives on the stone door.

LT. KANG (cont'd)
Everybody back!

They duck as a hole is blown in the door.

In the distance, hundreds of children emerge from the dust. Lt. Kang guards as the team enters the temple. The last inside, he sees the mob move with inhuman speed.

LT. KANG (cont'd)
Bollocks.

INT. ABANDONED TEMPLE - NIGHT

The team gazes in wonder at the ancient room somehow lit with torches. The floor is a ramp leading down. SUDDEN RUMBLING O.S. Sgt. Kiptoo peers out the hole in the door.

SGT. KIPTOO
Hostiles approaching, Lieutenant.

LT. KANG
Distance?

SGT. KIPTOO
Thousand yards and closing.

LT. KANG
Righty-ho.

Haris lifts a torch and examines it with disappointment.

HARIS
This it?

CPL. WAYNE
(nervous)
We need to hurry.

REGINA
(to Haris)
Look black to you?

RUMBLING O.S. increases for a moment then stops.

FR. AL
Sit-rep, Lieutenant.

Lt. Kang looks outside.

LT. KANG
Little buggers holding at ten yards.

SGT. KIPTOO
I will not fire upon children.

CPL. WAYNE
How 'bout the Children a the Corn.

INT. LOWER RAMPS - NIGHT

The ramp ends at a riser which begets another downward ramp and so on until the team is several stories BELOW GROUND.

INT. ANTE ROOM - NIGHT

Team 138 enters a small ante room which opens into an enormous hall filled with stone pews and a lectern. Iron thuribles hang, one in each corner, by long chains.

A fountain at center room covered with writing and topped with a gout of blue/black fire burns smokelessly. Around the fount kneel 13 desiccated figures in eternal prayer.

LT. KANG
Mother of god.

SGT. KIPTOO
Statues?

Cpl. Wayne timidly taps a figure with his boot. The figure falls over and crumbles in a puff of dust.

SGT. KIPTOO (cont'd)
Clear. I guess.

CPL. WAYNE

Clear.

FR. AL

Let's watch our step, folks.

LT. KANG

Hell of a way to go.

HARIS

Buried alive.

With his hand outstretched, Haris inches toward the fire.

FR. AL

Watch what you—

Haris trips into the fire, falls screaming and thrashing. Regina, Fr. Al, Lt. Kang rush to his side. Haris stops patting himself wildly when he realizes he's OK. Laughs maniacally in relief but this turns to tears.

CPL. WAYNE

Get a grip, dude.

REGINA

(to Wayne)

Back off!

Haris composes himself as Regina helps him up. Fr. Al inspects Haris for burns.

FR. AL

Not a scratch.

They all near the flames. Cpl. Wayne holds his hand near the fire and recoils in pain.

CPL. WAYNE

Shit!

Haris reaches out tentatively closer and closer until his hand is engulfed. It DOESN'T burn him. Regina touches the fire next with the same effect. Same with Fr. Al.

HARIS

(amazed)

Magic fire.

FR. AL

How we gonna carry it?

Regina kneels at the fire fountain's base to read text which winds around it. She crawls as she reads.

REGINA
Black fire came from far far away.

All eyes on Regina now.

REGINA (cont'd)
Discovered by a priest who found himself lost in a cave while searching for ... came upon underground pool ... flames of midnight.

FR. AL
(in awe)
The lake of fire.

REGINA
Scooped a flame into his thurible.

She points to one of the four thuribles hanging.

REGINA (cont'd)
Used the light it cast to find his way. Walked *something* miles. Hundred? No, a thousand. Before he died. But not before passing the flames on to a stranger. An Imam who promised to bring the fire to the priest's home temple. He died as well. Though not before passing the fire on to another a priest and he to a rabbi.

FR. AL
Let's get those thuribles down.

Lt. Kang boosts Sgt. Kiptoo up to reach where the chain is hooked. Fr. Al does likewise with Cpl. Wayne. Fr. Al takes a thurible, whispers a prayer, slowly nears the fount, and carefully lowers the vessel into the flames.

FR. AL (cont'd)
Mary, Mother of Jesus, throw your mantle of purity over your priests. Protect them, guide them, keep them in your heart.

Once in the black fire FOOM the thurible blazes. Fr. Al holds a ball of black/blue fire by the tail (chain).

REGINA
How exactly are we supposed to
transport these?

LT. KANG
Very carefully, mum.

INT. TEMPLE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Team 138 comes up the final ramp to the temple entrance. Lt. Kang looks out the hole in the door.

EXT. ABANDONED TEMPLE - NIGHT

In the hovering helicopter's spotlight, demonic kids asleep on their feet encircle the temple by the thousand.

INT. ABANDONED TEMPLE - NIGHT

Lt. Kang looks out and is dumbfounded by the child army.

LT. KANG
No getting to the helo now.

The rest of the team looks outside. Regina hefts her thurible of fire.

REGINA
What about this?

SGT. KIPTOO
We do not know they are infected.

CPL. WAYNE
There's a battalion a scuz out there waiting to rip our faces off. What happens your little fire trick don't work, moron? I ain't got enough ammo for ten percent a the little freaks.

HARIS
Take it easy.

CPL. WAYNE
Fuck you.

FR. AL
Lieutenant, please. Control your man.

Cpl. Wayne faces off with Fr. Al.

CPL. WAYNE

Go on then. Stand up 'n' be somebody.

LT. KANG

I'm warning you, Corporal. Steady on.

REGINA

One of us needs to test our hypothesis.

SGT. KIPTOO

Our what?

CPL. WAYNE

Whether this shit works.

FR. AL

The kids haven't actually
done any—

REGINA

(cusses in Hebrew)
Pachdan aluv.

Sick of indecision, Regina storms outside. Lt. Kang follows.

LT. KANG

On your six, mum.

EXT. ABANDONED TEMPLE - NIGHT

Nervous and agitated, Cpl. Wayne is the last to exit.

They stand in the hovering helicopter's spotlight. The downwash blows them about. The black fire is untouched.

The team warily watches the sleeping horde of children.

REGINA

Well?

Regina's words stir the children. They open their green glowing eyes. At this, Cpl. Wayne screams in terror and runs straight into the thick of them, shooting as he goes.

FR. AL

Nooo!

Sgt. Kiptoo runs to help Cpl. Wayne, who is swallowed by a sea of children. Regina runs after Kiptoo. There's nothing Sgt. Kiptoo can do as she, too, is surrounded.

Regina stumbles into a group of children. When her thurible hits them, the demonic kids BURST into golden sparks.

LT. KANG

Krikey.

Dumbstruck by what they've seen, human and demon alike freeze. One of the children gives a battle cry, and the mob charges.

Regina smiles, looks wide-eyed at the team as she swings the thurible by its chain until the single point of flame spins over her head. A FIERY SAWBLADE.

Regina cuts through dozens of demonic children at a time. Fr. Al does likewise while Lt. Kang and Sgt. Kiptoo lay down covering fire. Haris stands dumbfounded by the carnage.

Even when the demon children surround Haris, he won't harm them. With tears in his eyes, he drops his thurible and kneels to pray. As he does so, he is SWARMED.

REGINA

Haris!

Next to his thurible, a mound of demon children.

Regina charges in Haris' direction, blasting great swaths of the demon horde. With a mighty swing of her thurible, she incinerates all the demons on Haris' body.

REGINA (cont'd)

No. No. No.

Lt. Kang checks Haris' pulse, begins chest compressions.

REGINA (cont'd)

Wake up. C'mon, Haris.

LT. KANG

I'm sorry, mum.

Regina prays silently. The demon children suddenly retreat into the night. Lt. Kang is about to give up CPR when Haris' eyes pop open. He bolts upright, gasping.

REGINA

Wanna kill yourself? Fine. Put the rest of us in danger again.

HARIS

I—

As the helicopter lands, Haris sees Anjali sitting lotus and bathed in golden light. And then she's gone.

FR. AL
Can you get up?

REGINA
He's fine.

HARIS
Sorry I ... died?

INT. HELICOPTER - AZERBAIJAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Coming in for a landing, the sky is starless and black.
Green haze glows from below. Just as in Anjali's vision.

REGINA
I know I should be tired but I feel
great. What time's it?

LT. KANG
I'm on Svalbard time, mum but it's
around nine a.m. local.

SGT. KIPTOO
Where is the sun?

FR. AL
The endless night has begun.

HARIS
Why can't it ever be, "The endless
sundae bar has begun"?

Lt. Kang finishes a call on the satellite phone.

LT. KANG
(to team)
Rendezvous with Major Farley's forces
in New York in roughly 12 hours.

REGINA
Never been to New York.

HARIS
Ain't it your lucky day.

INT. JET - NIGHT

The flight from Azerbaijan to NYC is a somber one.

HARIS

What if the creepy lady in the hospital was right?

FR. AL

Satan's oldest tactic is sowing seeds of doubt about God's love. Have faith, brother.

HARIS

I have faith. I also have eyes.

FR. AL

Signs and wonders.

REGINA

I don't mean to exacerbate your spiritual crisis but, God or no, doesn't really matter. Our species is at risk of extinction by a hostile force.

FR. AL

She's right. Like Hunter Thompson said, "Call on God but row away from the rocks."

REGINA

We're simply doing what any organism does when threatened.

HARIS

Flies toward certain doom?

REGINA

Fights to the death.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER NYC - NIGHT

13 HOURS into the Eternal Night. Team 138 surveys the unbelievable damage to the Big Apple.

INT. NYC - MAJ. FARLEY'S TENT - NIGHT

Team 138 has just briefed Major Farley and his advisers on the power of the black fire.

MAJOR FARLEY

My forces'll cut a path through the afflicted to the building formerly known as the NYSE. After that, it's your rodeo.

FR. AL

Understood.

MAJOR FARLEY

My people will hold the NYSE ingress/egress until you've completed your mission or until we're overwhelmed.

HARIS

(sickly)

Of defeating Satan.

MAJOR FARLEY

Say it with gusto, son. You're about to partake in thee most consequential battle since Jesus hisself rassled this land away from the dinosaurs.

REGINA

There's so much wrong with that statement I think I just lost one of my master's degrees.

EXT. U.N. ARMY STAGING AREA - SAME

Outside the major's tent, U.N. soldiers gear up. Team 138 loads onto an armored personnel carrier and the convoy rolls through destroyed NYC, headed for Wall Street.

INT./EXT. APC - NIGHT

Team 138 rides into battle. Soldiers check their weapons. The afflicted army appears, humans backed by demons. The U.N. convoy faces a seemingly endless demonic horde.

EXT. MAJOR FARLEY'S HUMVEE - SAME

Major Farley stands atop the hood of his Humvee and addresses the troops over his radio.

MAJOR FARLEY

Major C.T. Farley of the United Nations Provisional Armed Forces.

(MORE)

MAJOR FARLEY (cont'd)
 We're assembled here to, well, let's
 just say it: save the got-dang world.
 I don't hafta tell you a whole lotta
 tomorrows depends on what we do right
 here, right now. Ain't gon' lie. We
 'bout to face the orneriest
 sumbitches ever slithered out the
 slime. But, tell a secret, no place I
 rather be. Shoulder-shoulder with you
 all. Now let's go kick some demon ass
 up around their earlobes.

CHEERS from the U.N. Army. Vehicles rev, soldiers take aim.
 Just as Maj. Farley is about to order the attack, the demon
 army parts, leaving a clear path to the NYSE.

INT. TEAM 138'S APC - SAME

Corpsman on a satellite phone nods and hands it to Lt. Kang,
 who listens to someone on the other end.

LT. KANG
 (to team)
 The enemy's ... standing down.

Team 138 and soldiers in APC react, some with concerned
 confusion, others with triumph.

LT. KANG (cont'd)
 They've cleared a path to the target.

REGINA
 Meaning what, exactly?

FR. AL
 We're going up alone.

Team 138's APC idles up the street between endless throngs
 of possessed humans and every manner of demon imaginable.

EXT. NYSE - SAME

Team 138 emerges from their APC to see the center columns
 have been removed from NYSE's iconic facade. A 30-foot hole
 has been cut in the building's stone face.

REGINA
 What's gotten in there?

SGT. KIPTOO
 What intends to come out?

With terror in his eyes, Haris silently looks over the hole.

INT. NYSE MAIN ROOM - SAME

The floor is covered in ankle-deep green fog. Dead bodies everywhere in the rubble. Center of the room, a giant hole guarded by demons emanates green light. Team 138 cautiously approaches. FDNY ladders allow the team entry.

EXT. WALL STREET - SAME

With the team inside the NYSE, the demonic army closes ranks and faces off with the U.N. Army.

EXT. MAJOR FARLEY'S HUMVEE - SAME

Maj. Farley watches the demon army retake Wall Street.

MAJOR FARLEY

Stand ready to engage on my mark.
Let's see how long this peace lasts.

INT. NYSE MAIN ROOM - SAME

Demons part to allow the team to descend into the hole.

HARIS

What are we actually doing here?
There's nothing we can do.

FR. AL

God's plan. Just have faith.

REGINA

I'm scared, too. But it'll be OK.

HARIS

Why? Because you say so? This is
insanity. We can't do this.

REGINA

You're already doing it.

HARIS

Even if (gasp) I wanted to—

FR. AL

I'm not forcing anyone but we need to
keep moving.

REGINA

Al, please.

FR. AL

Panic gets people killed. Maybe it's
best he hangs back.

Regina takes Haris by the shoulders for a pep talk.

REGINA

We're doing this.

Haris falls to his knees, hands to his chest.

HARIS

I ... can't ... breathe.

Fr. Al and Lt. Kang go down the ladder. Fr. Al has a
thurible over each shoulder. His and the one intended for
Anjali. Sgt. Kiptoo stands guard as Regina lingers at Haris'
side. Haris hyperventilates.

REGINA

Why are you doing this?

HARIS

I ... just ... can't.

Regina looks around at the room full of demons. Finally, she
takes Haris' thurible.

REGINA

I'm so sorry.

Sgt. Kiptoo follows Regina down the hole. Haris watches them
go, struggling to breathe in his panic.

HARIS

Please don't.

EXT. WALL STREET - SAME

Only the WIND can be heard in this moment of silence. And
then, the Demon Foreman from Anjali's vision appears and
roars an order to attack.

MAJOR FARLEY

Fire! Fire! Fire!

INT. UNDERWORLD - SAME

Regina and Sgt. Kiptoo join Lt. Kang and Fr. Al at the bottom of the ladder in waist-deep green fog which dimly lights the tunnel before them. The stench here is bad.

REGINA
(sniffing)
Oh, god, what is that?

SGT. KIPTOO
(grimly)
Tremendous amount of death.

LT. KANG
Safe to say anything down here should
be treated as hostile.

FR. AL
Regina and I should take point.

Regina and Fr. Al, each with two thuribles, lead the way.

INT. UNDERWORLD - TUNNEL - SAME

The farther the team goes through a massive stone tunnel, the deeper the green fog becomes until it's over their heads. They cough and gag in the noxious gas.

Ghastly visions flit through the haze. For some, it's their worst nightmare; for others, traumatic memories.

Fr. Al and Regina swing their thuribles but the black fire has no effect. Burning children creep toward Fr. Al. Regina's husband dies in a car crash. Lt. Kang's mother is stoned to death. Sgt. Kiptoo drowns.

INT. NYSE MAIN ROOM - SAME

Haris struggles to get up but he's too out of breath. Demons smack their lips and groan with hunger. Haris prays the simple phrase over and over. Demons closing in, Haris shouts for his very life.

HARIS
Allahu Akbar. Allahu Akbar. 'Arju
allah yusaeiduni!!!

FOOM! Anjali appears in an explosion that sends demons flying. She sits lotus in priestly Hindu regalia, bathed in golden light.

ANJALI SPIRIT
My light won't fool them for long.

HARIS
This is madness.

ANJALI SPIRIT
You must trust. And do something.

HARIS
Everything is bad. All the time. I
can't pretend it's not anymore.

ANJALI SPIRIT
Look at me!

Haris snaps out of his panic.

ANJALI SPIRIT (cont'd)
You are my only connection to this
world. That I've been sent means we
both have unfinished business.

HARIS
Why isn't HE here? Why isn't HE
fighting for HIS children?

ANJALI SPIRIT
I'm right in front of you.

HARIS
(confused)
I don't—

ANJALI SPIRIT
The choice is yours, but the window
is closing. Death? Or life?

Anjali sees the demons are blocking access to the hole.

ANJALI SPIRIT (cont'd)
We're too late!

Haris forces himself up and backs up for a running start.

HARIS
Three seasons at fullback. Nice if
coach woulda put me in at least once.

ANJALI SPIRIT
Don't be foolish.

HARIS
 (screams for courage)
 Gooo Tractors!

Haris does a football run into a group of surprised demons on the edge of the hole.

INT. UNDERWORLD - BOTTOM OF LADDER - SAME

Haris and the demons land in a pile in the green fog. Anjali reappears there.

ANJALI SPIRIT
 Run!

INT. UNDERWORLD - TUNNEL - SAME

Farther down the tunnel, the other team members struggle with their miasma-induced inner demons. Fr. Al is buried alive in sand. Sgt. Kiptoo sees a young girl beheaded by a warlord. Lt. Kang endures death by a thousand cuts. When all seems lost, Haris and Anjali arrive.

HARIS
 Whatta we do?

ANJALI SPIRIT
 Take a deep breath. This might feel a bit ... weird.

HARIS
 What might fwееew!!!

Anjali jumps into Haris' body. Her golden essence fuses with his and she disappears, leaving him with the golden aura. Haris, bug-eyed and tensing, screams. *[NOTE: Unless otherwise noted, future Anjali is a disembodied voice.]*

ANJALI SPIRIT (O.S.)
 Deep breaths. Nice and slow.

HARIS
 I can't feel my legs.

ANJALI SPIRIT (O.S.)
 I can.

Haris, bathed in Anjali's golden light, runs awkwardly and dropkicks the creature torturing Sgt. Kiptoo. The monster shakes it off and comes bounding back. Haris screams as the gruesome green creature leaps at him.

ANJALI SPIRIT (O.S.) (cont'd)
Shut your mouth.

HARIS
Well you don't have to be ru—

Anjali interrupts with a powerful groan as she forces Haris' body to do a martial arts blow, exploding the monster in a gusher of green slime and black chunks of exoskeleton. A great gout of which ends up on Haris' face and in his mouth.

ANJALI SPIRIT (O.S.)
I told you.

Haris gags, spits, flicks crud off himself.

HARIS
I know karate?

ANJALI SPIRIT (O.S.)
It's called "Malla-Yuddha." And
you're more like borrowing it.

The remaining demons head for Haris/Anjali, merging into a swirling green tornado of a sinister green and black Djinn.

HARIS
Take back everything I said about
Will Smith.

Djinn backhands Haris, sending him flying. Anjali's golden light causes Haris to float to the ground. Haris recovers and charges the Djinn but the evil genie turns into green smoke and Haris plows into a wall.

The Djinn reappears behind Haris and throws him into another wall. Anjali's light prevents Haris from dying. Barely.

HARIS (cont'd)
Too ... strong.

ANJALI
It's not. Your fear gives it power.

Haris holds his ribs.

HARIS
Oh ... in that case.

Djinn grows as it funnels green fog from the ground. Haris backs away as the Djinn rears up for the final attack.

HARIS (cont'd)
They couldn't get Barbara Eden for
this?

ANJALI
You'd better pray.

HARIS
Y'mean like bend over and kiss my
butt g'bye?

ANJALI
Pray, you interminable smart-ass!

Haris kneels.

HARIS
'Iina allah yastamie liman yamadahun.

Djinn flies at Haris/Anjali. Anjali joins Haris in prayer,
her gold light growing bigger and bigger around Haris' body.

ANJALI
Om Bhur Bhuvah Swah,
Tat-savitur Varenyam.

Djinn brings its massive fists down to smash Haris/Anjali
but its strike is deflected by the golden glow and the
monster explodes in a fury of golden sparks.

EXT. WALL STREET - SAME

The battle between Satan's army and the U.N. Forces rages.

INT. OUTSIDE SATAN'S ANTECHAMBER - SAME

Tired and beat up, Team 138 reunites with hugs and makes its
way to the end of the stone tunnel which opens up to a huge
room with a brighter green glow.

REGINA
How did you do that?

ANJALI SPIRIT (O.S.) HARIS
I don't know. I don't know.

REGINA
Was that?

Haris and Anjali's voice can now be heard simultaneously.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
She's inside me.

REGINA
Anjali? Is that really you?

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
It's really me.

Haris looks confused by his own voice.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT (cont'd)
Do I really sound like that?

Fr. Al cautiously reaches out to touch Haris but stops.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT (cont'd)
Don't overthink it.

Meanwhile, Lt. Kang and Sgt. Kiptoo return from the main chamber at the end of the tunnel with news.

LT. KANG
You all need to see this.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - SAME

Team 138 enters an enormous den containing four twenty-foot-high stone pillars in a square. At the center, emerging from a thirty-foot hole, is a maggot the size of a zeppelin.

The creature leisurely feeds from a ceiling-high pile of putrid corpses. Broken bodies ooze pus and entrails.

Team 138 gag and gasp at the ungodly stench. Their commotion awakens the winged demon sleeping atop each of the stone pillars. The four demons take flight and circle the team.

Still retching, Regina pulls from her pocket rose-scented LIP BALM and smears it under her nose to lessen the stink. The rest of Team 138 do likewise.

HARIS
This one's for you, Nana. (applies balm) Uck. Not sure which's worse.

A demon swoops and barrels into Haris/Anjali, sending them tumbling. In the collision, the demon bumps Regina's thurible and catches fire. Haris is hit so hard, Anjali's spirit is thrown out and he's knocked unconscious.

The flaming Demon flies screaming to its perch and unknowingly sets its pillar afire. The maggot hisses at the black flames and flinches away but continues to feed.

EXT. WALL STREET BATTLE - SAME

The Demon Foreman fights toward where Dr. Physics works to fix his particle accelerator. He's urged on by Major Farley.

MAJOR FARLEY
This ain't one a yer Yale chess
meets, Doc.

From under the machine, Dr. P snaps his fingers.

DR. PHYSICS (O.S.)
It was Harvard. Gimme a 9/16 socket.

The Demon Foreman wades through the carnage, kicking and stomping soldiers as it heads for the particle accelerator.

MAJOR FARLEY
Incoming, Doc. You got about two,
maybe three good minutes—

Dr. P pops his head out to make a joke.

DR. PHYSICS
You must be popular with the ladies.

BIG EXPLOSION O.S. as the Demon Foreman smashes trucks.

MAJOR FARLEY
Now or never, Doc! Shoot or run!

DR. PHYSICS
Juuust about ... got it!

MAJOR FARLEY
Fire! Fire!

DR. PHYSICS
Needs thirty seconds to warm up.
Assuming it fires.

Maj. Farley grabs a rifle and several grenades.

MAJOR FARLEY
Why not thirty minutes? How about
thirty days? One Mississippi, two
Mississippi, three Mississippi ...

Dr. Physics flips a switch and the Particle Accelerator whines to life. Blue lights flicker on its barrel. Major Farley jumps in the Humvee. Sticks his head out the window to shout one last thing at Dr. Physics.

MAJOR FARLEY (cont'd)
Make sure they get Tom Cruise to play
me in the movie!

DR. PHYSICS
How 'bout Tom Arnold?

MAJOR FARLEY
Seven Mississippi! Smart-ass! Eight
Miss—

Demon Foreman is nearly upon them as Major Farley smashes the Humvee into its leg. The creature screams as green blood spurts from its wounded shin.

INT./EXT. MAJOR FARLEY'S HUMVEE - SAME

Major Farley pulls the pins on his grenades, jumps out the Humvee, unloads his gun into the Demon's chest. Major Farley dives as Demon Foreman kicks the Humvee just as it EXPLODES.

EXT. PARTICLE ACCELERATOR - SAME

Demon Foreman staggers into the particle accelerator's sights. Dr. Physics fires an icy blue light into its chest. Explosion of green slime rains over the battlefield.

U.N. Forces cheer. Major Farley limps up and nods at Dr. Physics. Dr. Physics flips the firing switch and, as it warms up to fire again, he lights a cigar.

DR. PHYSICS
Heisenberg can kiss my ass.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - SAME

While the satanic maggot continues to feed, and winged demons circle, Team 138 devises a plan of attack.

FR. AL
(to Kang, Kiptoo)
Draw their attention. We'll light
those pillars.

LT. KANG
Okie-dokie.

Sgt. Kiptoo pulls her cross necklace from her shirt.

SGT. KIPTOO
Father, please?

Regina and Lt. Kang close their eyes and pray silently. Fr. Al makes the sign of the cross and prays over Sgt. Kiptoo.

FR. AL
Oh Lord, give us the courage to face
the forces of evil and the strength
to execute thy will—

Demons swoop, interrupting the prayer.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - PILLAR FIGHT - SAME

While Sgt. Kiptoo and Lt. Kang keep the demons dodging gunfire, Fr. Al and Regina charge either side of the pillar area with a flaming thurible in each hand. They gag as the stench worsens. The corpse pile even more gruesome up close.

Regina touches the flaming thurible to a pillar. NOTHING HAPPENS. Fr. Al does likewise with no success. A hundred yards apart, they look at each other in confusion.

Regina Looks at the top of the pillar, swings her thurible, and lets it go. It hits three-quarters of the way up with a CLANK and sparks which draw the winged demons' attention.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - KANG/KIPTOO - SAME

Two of the demons leave Kiptoo and Kang, who are still trying to keep one of the demons busy with potshots.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - PILLAR FIGHT - SAME

Regina steps back from her pillar, swings the thurible over her head as hard as she can and lets it go. WHOOSH! The pillar bursts into flame as the thurible lands atop it.

Fr. Al Cheers, does likewise, and his pillar also lights.

With one pillar left, Fr. Al and Regina are each tackled by a winged demon. During the fight, Regina ducks and her demon crashes into a flaming pillar and explodes.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - KANG/KIPTOO - SAME

The winged demon fighting Kiptoo and Kang lands on Kiptoo's shoulders and rips her head off. Kang screams in rage and slices the demon's belly. Guts spilling out, the winged demon fights on.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - HARIS' BODY - SAME

During these battles, Anjali's ghostly golden form returns and, shaken and confused, she goes to Haris' side. It's no use. Haris is out cold.

ANJALI SPIRIT
Wake up! Please wake up!

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - PILLAR FIGHT - SAME

Regina races around the flaming pillars to help Fr. Al, who is in a death struggle with the demon.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - KANG/KIPTOO - SAME

Lt. Kang somersaults to avoid a blow by the demon, comes up and slashes the demon's back. The demon jumps into the air and lands behind Lt. Kang, who turns just as the demon slashes his neck. Lt. Kang holds his bleeding throat with one hand while he tosses his knife in the air and catches it blade-down before falling to his knees and swaying.

The winged demon arrogantly rips Lt. Kang's turbine off, spilling Kang's long dark hair over his shoulders. Kang pops his eyes open and drives the knife up under the demon's chin and into its brain, killing it instantly.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - PILLAR FIGHT - SAME

Regina kicks the demon mauling Fr. Al with little effect. The monster punches her, knocking the wind out of her.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - HARIS' BODY - SAME

Anjali gives up trying to wake Haris and reenters his body.

ANJALI SPIRIT
Just going to borrow this for a bit.
No objections? Good.

Under Anjali's power, Haris, with eyes closed and arms flopping at his sides, runs at the demon who's beating Fr. Al. Haris/Anjali's spirit swings the thurible as they run.

The winged demon looks up just in time to get a face full of thurible. CRASH! The demon explodes in golden sparks.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(Anjali only)
Booya!

FR. AL
Light ... the ... pillar.

Haris/Anjali's spirit dashes to the unlit pillar where they encounter the satanic maggot struggling to get free. Haris' unconscious body runs awkwardly, arms flopping. But Haris awakens, eyes bulging, screaming in shock just as he/she hurls the thurible atop the pillar.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(Haris only; confused)
Chimichanga!

Satanic maggot lurches forward, shoving half its body out the fiery enclosure. Haris/Anjali's spirit dives to avoid being bitten in two. The fourth pillar bursts into black and blue fire and monster maggot is engulfed in flames. It yanks itself back inside and disappears, screaming, down its hole.

EXT. WALL STREET - SAME

The battle between the demonic army and the U.N. Forces rages but the humans seem to be turning the tide. Dr. Physics' Particle Accelerator blows up mobs of demons.

INT. SATAN'S CHAMBER - SAME

The enormous area of burning pillars flames up even bigger, drawing so much air that a great wind is created.

FR. AL
Go! Go! Go!

REGINA
What's happening!?

FR. AL
Nothing good!

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(speak simultaneously)
Wait for us!

The team runs away from the fire and meets limping Lt. Kang on the way. Haris/Anjali's spirit easily hoists Lt. Kang onto their shoulders in a fireman's carry and runs ahead.

REGINA
Show off!

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(Haris only)
Look at me—I'm Indian Jones!

As the team makes its way up, a demon flies toward the flaming pillars. The black fire is now a magical vortex pulling demons to hell. More demons fly by. Some scream, claws outstretched, trying to grab the walls, the team.

INT. NYSE MAIN ROOM - SAME

Haris/Anjali's spirit comes up the ladder and onto the floor of the NYSE. Regina comes up next, followed by Fr. Al and Lt. Kang. They have to duck to avoid demons being sucked in.

EXT. WALL STREET - SAME

Team emerges to see black/blue light pulling demons from all directions into the NYSE. Team 138 runs to the particle accelerator. Demons are sucked out of human bodies.

FR. AL
Fall back! Fall back!

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER OVER NYC - SAME

The team watches as the last of the demons are sucked into the NYSE, which implodes. The sky of black and green begins to dissipate. Suddenly, the sun appears. Birds chirp.

EXT. WALL STREET - ON THE GROUND - DAY

SUNRISE. Formerly demonically possessed people awaken. Going through withdrawals, they shake, vomit, cry.

FORMERLY AFFLICTED MAN
Help! Please help me!

FORMERLY AFFLICTED WOMAN
Jimmy? Where are you? Jimmy! Can you
hear me?

INT. HELICOPTER OVER NYC - DAY

Team 138 is relieved but concerned as they survey the
decimated cityscape. Regina goes to apply her lip balm when
Haris grabs it and throws it out of the helicopter.

REGINA
Hey!

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(Haris only)
I'll buy you a hundred tubes of
literally any other scent.

REGINA
I need a bath.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(Anjali's voice)
Haris needs ten baths.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT (cont'd)
(Haris' voice)
Think we stepped in the corpse pile.

FR. AL
That what that is?

REGINA
Now whatta we do?

FR. AL
Rebuild. Prepare.

REGINA
Prepare? For what?

FR. AL
All we bought today was a ceasefire.

Team 138 has a solemn moment of silence.

HARIS/ANJALI'S SPIRIT
(Haris only)
Wait a minute. We just kicked the
Devil's ass. (taps pilot) To the
nearest Dave & Busters, my good man!

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

The pilot glances down at his instruments as he changes course. When he looks up, his eyes glow green. A sinister smile creeps across his face.

FADE OUT