

THE CURSE OF SAM HAIN

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FADE IN:

An ink-dipped quill dances across parchment. The thick Irish brogue of BELENUS O'FLYNN (30s) breaks in.

BELENUS (V.O.)
No one remembers the day he first
came into this world: the monster
that has covered our lands in death
and disease.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A RIDER races through wind and lightening at full gallop -- torch in one hand, reins in the other -- branches whip past -- SCREECHING and SNARLING of God-only-knows-what nip at his heels.

BACK TO QUILL

BELENUS (V.O.)
But for too long we have feared the
dark and been prisoners of his
wrath.

BACK TO RIDER

Boots jab the steed's belly -- speed increases -- HOWLING and MOANING get even closer -- living shadows reach out.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Belenus, handsome, bearded, broad-shouldered, continues scribbling by the light of a fire as his WIFE and THREE SMALL CHILDREN play nearby.

BELENUS (V.O.)
Tonight it all ends though. If we
cannot kill the beast, than we
shall imprison it for all time.

He closes the leather bound notebook and scoops up his youngest daughter tugging at his pant leg.

DAUGHTER
Please don't go, papa. Stay here.

She fiddles with the buttons on his shirt. Never looking up.

BELENUS
I won't be gone long.

DAUGHTER
Promise?

He grips her tightly and kisses the top of her head.
Apprehension straining his face, the full weight of his
uncertain fate reflected in his eyes.

Suddenly --

RIDER (O.S.)
The black sow without a tale comes.

Belenus puts the child down and springs for the door.

INT./EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The rider dismounts still carrying his torch.

RIDER
He comes, tonight.

Belenus grabs his journal and tucks it away in his jacket
pocket.

BELENUS
Get to the church. I will join you
when all this is over.

He takes a step closer and whispers in her ear.

BELENUS
Stay in the light. Never leave the
light.

WIFE
Did you think you married a fool?

Belenus cracks a smirk.

BELENUS
No, you did.

EXT. STABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Belenus wrangles his horse.

BELENUS
I shall gather the Lemuria.

RIDER
Without the sword? What if the
witch's words prove false?

Belenus mounts up.

BELENUS
Then we have nothing more to fear,
for we will all surely be dead.

He grins and then takes off at full gallop.

EXT. HILL

Above the crest, dozens of bonfires dot the dark countryside
as they are ignited one-by-one on this most unholy of nights.

SUPER: "LISMORE, IRELAND"

SUPER: "OCTOBER 31, 1699"

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Dark and eerily calm. Carefully thatched pyres mark out a
large, open circle, with a dozen men laying in wait just out
of sight.

NEAR PYRE

A MAN loads and cocks a musket. His friend looks at him.

MAN #1
What do you think that's going to
do?

MAN #2
Makes me feel better.

The first man takes a sip from his flask, holds it out for
his friend.

MAN #1
As does this.

The musket-wielding man obliges without hesitation.

CENTER OF CIRCLE

Belenus stands inside the trap and opens his journal -- wind
JOSTLES the pages.

BELENUS

We call out the Master of Shadows,
the Lord of the Dead, the King of
All Hallows Eve... Sam Hain.

A heavy RUMBLE ripples slowly for what seems like an eternity.

The BLUSTERY WIND and CREAKING TREES are the only sounds in the darkness.

Each man holds his breath, eyes wide trying to peer out into the black nothingness around them.

Belenus tightens his fists. The wait is unbearable.

Then, MOANING.

A dark fog creeps in -- snaking and winding around Belenus.

SAM HAIN (O.S.)

Who dares call my name?

BELENUS

I am Belenus O'Flynn, bellwether of
the Lemuria, here to send you back
to hell!

His breath draws out in wispy white clouds -- a frost settles all around him.

He lowers his gaze to his feet.

Bugs and worms crawl from the soil to flee the approaching death.

From the darkness SAM HAIN becomes corporeal -- ashen white skin -- black, lidless eyes -- missing nose -- evil incarnate.

SAM HAIN

So... foolish...

A few men stand to run.

CENTER OF CIRCLE

BELENUS

(pointing)

Hold!

Hain moves closer.

SAM HAIN
Come to me and perish.

BELENUS
HOLD!

Hain lifts his hand -- Belenus grips his neck as his feet leave the ground -- the journal slips from his hands -- legs kick.

BELENUS
(choking)
... now ...

NEAR PYRES

Each man strikes a flint stone -- kindling set ablaze -- fires ROAR in mere seconds -- a circle of flame imprisons both the demon and Belenus.

BACK TO BELENUS

falls to the ground as Hain releases him.

SAM HAIN

recoils from the warm orange glow of the fires.

SHADOWS

attempt to protect the demon from the light.

MEN

start CHANTING in unison.

BELENUS

crawls to his journal and finds the correct page.

BELENUS
Your time in this world has come to
end Sam Hain. Evan Avlach! Balor
Sow-In!

The shadows that surrounded him collect and sublimate into a solid structure -- black ice creeps upwards from his feet.

SAM HAIN
No! This is not my time! Curse you
O'Flynn! A curse on you and the
blood of your kin until my return!

Belenus gets to his feet as the last of the black ice forms a perfect block around the demon, imprisoning him.

The STORM DIES and the skies clear. Moonlight reveals the landscape around them as the other men venture out.

BELENUS

Bury it.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) A large pit is dug.
- 2) Ropes strain as men pull.
- 3) The block falls into the pit.
- 4) Something inside squirms and the men jump back.
- 5) The block is slowly covered one shovel full at a time.

BELENUS (V.O.)

On this spot we shall build a stone monument. A warning to anyone that may disturb this tomb. It must lay buried till the end of time.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Soldiers in doughboy helmets fly past in an open top Ford Model T.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Half built sandbag bunkers protect the oldest buildings of downtown as several soldiers hoist a green canopy tent into place.

SUPER: "OXFORD, ENGLAND"

SUPER: "1914"

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A bundle of newspapers SLAM to the ground.

FRONT PAGE -- "EMPIRE AT WAR WITH GERMANY".

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Students in black and white uniforms dash back and forth as colorful autumn leaves clog sidewalks and streets.

A FEW MEN in equestrian gear jog the opposite direction.

MAN #1

The bloody mare has gotten out again!

MAN #2

There she is! Grab her!

The crafty animal slips by. They jog off in hot pursuit.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Students help hang Halloween decorations as several workers in overalls anchor a giant banner over the front entrance: "DANCE OF THE HARVEST FESTIVAL TONIGHT 8 O'CLOCK".

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Old. Stodgy. Absolutely silent.

Then there's IRVING FLYNN (20s), thin, pale, dapper, partially hidden behind a large bookshelf peeking out at --

JUNE BRODY (20s), near-sighted and ginger, atop the highest step of a precarious set of moveable stairs replacing returned books on the top shelf.

BACK TO IRVING

Spins back around out of sight and takes a deep breath. Opens a slip of crumpled paper.

INSERT - NOTE

Scribbled cursive: "Would you accompany me to the Harvest Festival Dance tonight?"

BACK TO SCENE

IRVING

(whispering)

June, would you like -- No, that's not right. June would you do me the honor of possibly -- Why June you're looking especially available today --

Irving racks his head against a bookshelf in frustration.

Someone "SHUSHES" him.

Irving quickly tucks the note back in his breast pocket and straightens his vest and tie.

AISLE

He sets out but instead of making the turn he simply crosses to the next set of book shelves.

Tries again but does the same thing. Back and forth he goes across the narrow book-lined corridor never able to make the turn towards June.

IRVING (O.S.)
C'mon, Irving. Try not to be you so
much all the time.

BACK TO JUNE

She struggles to replace a book at the farthest end of her reach -- fingertips grasping -- feet on their tippy toes -- perched on the very edge of disaster.

Irving watches from below -- clears throat -- June doesn't notice -- a little LOUDER -- still nothing.

IRVING
Miss Brody!

His outburst startles her -- balance lost -- topples over the ladder's edge -- Irving moves to catch her -- falls and lands right on top of the poor skinny Irishman crushing him into the hard marble floor -- CLUNK!

CUT TO BLACK.

Light slowly returns as blurry images come into focus.

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Irving opens his eyes.

JUNE
(muffled)
Are you okay?

Irving squints and tries to gather his bearings.

IRVING
Huh?

JUNE
I said, are you alright?

IRVING
Did I --

June crinkles her nose and nods.

IRVING
Oh... how embarrassing.

She helps him to his feet. She squints and looks around.

JUNE
Have you seen my --

Irving takes a step -- CRACK!

FOOT

Lifts up --

GLASSES

Broken with both lens' cracked.

Irving reaches down and collects the shattered remains.

IRVING
Oh Miss Brody, I'm sorry.

JUNE
Oh dear.

June cradles the tragic remnants of her spectacles.

JUNE
What am I going to do now?

Irving backs away -- cheeks flush -- beads of sweat on his forehead -- world spinning.

IRVING
I -- I have to go. I'm sorry. I --

JUNE
Irving.

But he's gone.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Irving scurries past students when -- COLLISION! -- books and papers fly into the air.

PROFESSOR LIAM BOYLE (50s), stocky, balding with a thick white beard and curled white mustache.

BOYLE
Bloody -- where's the fire?!

Gathers himself.

BOYLE
Mister Flynn, why am I not surprised?

Irving drops to his knees and quickly collects the professor's things.

IRVING
Sorry, I was -- I mean I accidentally -- Good news: nothing broken this time.

BOYLE
This doesn't have anything to do with a certain gingered librarian, does it?

IRVING
No?

Boyle raps him on the head with his umbrella.

IRVING
Ow! What was that for?

BOYLE
Fibbing.

He does it again.

BOYLE
And general mischief.

Irving gets the rest of the papers and books all sorted and hands everything back to the professor in a heap.

IRVING
And your necklace.

BOYLE
Talisman!

Boyle snatches it back.

BOYLE
It's supposed to ward off bad luck.
You are giving that claim a proper
test it seems.

Irving shrinks even further under Boyle's fearsome gaze.

BOYLE
Please tell me you at least managed
to find the books I sent you for.

IRVING
Not entirely. Or at all.

Boyle raises his umbrella but stops.

BOYLE
Why bother? This way. New
coordinates.

IRVING
Now where are we going?

BOYLE
(calling back)
Your favorite spot on the whole
campus: the basement of the
Ashmolean.

Irving's shoulders drop.

IRVING
(dismal)
Fantastic.

EXT. PROMENADE

Irving follows Boyle at a fair distance and slow pace.

Then, the CRACK of GUNFIRE. Irving flinches.

More GUNFIRE. Irving pokes his head through a hedge to see --

EXT. COURTYARD

A line of boys hold their too heavy rifles opposite a row of
scarecrows at the far end.

INSTRUCTOR
Aim! And -- Fire!

Another CRACK -- straw flies from some scarecrows, but not all.

INSTRUCTOR
Fine show lads. Jamison, work on
buffering that recoil. It'll help
with the aim.

A young BOY nods, heaving the heavy gun up higher.

INSTRUCTOR
Time for a gas drill. Get your
masks ready.

BACK TO IRVING

The snout of the horse running loose earlier pokes through the same hole in the hedge Irving stares out from. Irving falls back and lands on his butt.

The horse NAYS.

IRVING
Oh, it's you. They're still looking
for you, you know.

The horse STOMPS its hooves and NAYS. Irving gets up and brushes himself off.

IRVING
Oh you're just having some fun? I
see.

It WHINNIES. Irving smiles and chuckles.

IRVING
Here, I have this.

He reaches into his pocket: an apple.

The horse takes it and CHOMPS it in two bites. Irving strokes her long snout.

IRVING
At least I can talk to you. Eh?

The horse nods and NAYS.

BOYLE (O.S.)
Mister Flynn!

IRVING
Oops, gotta go.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Students and staff pour in and out of the revolving doors. The giant stone plaque reads: "ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM OF ARCHEOLOGY AND ANTIQUITIES."

INT. MUSEUM - BASEMENT - DAY

Boyle plods down the CREAKING wood STAIRCASE.

BOYLE

I'll be in the Mesopotamian section. You take early Egyptian Empire. And try not to get lost. Again.

He disappears into the dark, narrow corridors of priceless artifacts.

TOP OF STAIRS

Irving peers down into the claustrophobic space.

IRVING

Right. Nothing to be scared of down here. Just a creepy old basement. What could possibly happen?

A stone creature with a long tongue stares back at him from a high shelf. Irving flinches.

INT. BASEMENT

Irving paces down the rows -- fingers running over thousand year old texts -- venturing further into the musty labyrinth.

Spots an old text -- peers down at the hastily written list in his hand.

IRVING

Gotcha.

Almost slides it out when something else catches his eye --

ADJACENT STORAGE

Something enormous centered under a large working light and partially covered by a tarpaulin. Its huge size dominates the space. Irving can't resist as his curiosity gets the best of him. He reaches up and pulls the heavy cover away.

The block of black ice. RUMBLE.

Irving's reflection stares back at him from the glossy exterior -- something ominous just beyond the surface moves -- he reaches out to touch it -- so close.

FLASH! THE DEMON HOWLS!

CURATOR (O.S.)
Who's there? I've got a pistol!

Irving quickly steps back.

IRVING
Just me, sir. Irving Flynn.

BLOCK'S SURFACE

Irving's hand print burns before fading away seconds later.

BACK TO SCENE

The CURATOR (80s) bald, hunched over, tough as nails, gives the boy a good look from tip to tail.

CURATOR
Aye. Boyle's boy.

IRVING
Assistant. No blood relation.

CURATOR
Heard he was looking after you for
a bit, seein' as how your
parents...

The Curator pretends to be dead with eyes closed and tongue out.

IRVING
In so many words. Yes.

CURATOR
I see you found our little secret
for tonight's gala.

IRVING
What is it?

The Curator puts his tools away and removes his work gloves.

CURATOR
The best minds in England haven't
got a bloomin' clue.
(MORE)

CURATOR (CONT'D)
But we do know it's ice. And still
cold to the touch.

The curator presses his hand against the surface. Nothing happens.

CURATOR
C'mon, feel.

IRVING
I'd rather not.

The old Curator recovers the block and lashes some rope around it tight.

IRVING
What do you think it is?

CURATOR
I just catalogue and store these
things, don't pretend to understand
'em.

IRVING
Wait, what do you mean tonight's
gala? The professor hasn't --

GRUMMETT (O.S.)
Hasn't finished sticking his nose
into places it doesn't belong?

The gravelly voice of the stern and egocentric PROFESSOR
ARTURO GRUMMETT (50s).

Irving clenches his eyes shut, knowing he's stepped on a land mine.

IRVING
(turns, smiling)
Professor Grummett. I was just --

GRUMMETT
It seems you and Boyle have an
unpleasant affinity for mucking
things up for the rest of us.

His gaze cuts straight through the young boy.

CURATOR
Easy now, Arturo. The lad wasn't
doin' no harm.

GRUMMETT
Isn't there something you should
not be working on around here?

The old curator grumbles as he hobbles away.

GRUMMETT
(looking)
That useless yob can't be too far --

BOYLE (O.S.)
Oh look, they have a horse's arse
stored down here.

Boyle steps into the light.

GRUMMETT
-- away.

BOYLE
Oh, Arturo! I thought you were
something -- I mean, someone else.

He stands between Irving and Grummett.

BOYLE
That'll be all, lad. See you back
at the house.

IRVING
But I still have --

BOYLE
(stern)
Dismissed.

Boyle's eyes twitch with fire. Irving gives a partial salute.

GRUMMETT
Come to talk more about witches and
demons and blah blah blah...

Grummett slips off his black fur lined coat and black gloves
and starts to walk around the covered block, admiring it.

BOYLE
You're still going through with it?
Even after all the warnings.

GRUMMETT
That's your problem, Liam. Still
believing in silly ghost stories.
(MORE)

GRUMMETT (CONT'D)

Unlike you, there are many brilliant minds that have a keen interest in matters of this sort and after tonight I will be the talk of the intellectual community from here to Cambria. Might even earn myself knighthood.

BOYLE

Over my dead body.

Grummett smooths his raven black hair.

GRUMMETT

Well, thankfully that's already been taken care of.

BOYLE

What are you talking about?

GRUMMETT

The board of regents had a very interesting meeting this morning on your performance. I can't believe I get to tell you this, it's like Christmas. You're out, Liam. Your tenure has been terminated.

Boyle slowly seethes.

GRUMMETT

You are a cancer of the worst kind. You infect those around you with wild ideas of curses, hexes, and hocus pocus. Your teachings have no scientific basis and your classes do not serve this academic body.

Boyle balls up his fist. He winds back -- Grummett recoils but Boyle stops.

BOYLE

You're not even worth it.

Grummett stands back up as Boyle marches off. The curator just stares, smirking with his toothless grin.

GRUMMETT

What the hell are you looking at?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

Foggy. Irving stares down.

IRVING
Mum. Dad. How ya been?

OPPOSITE

Two gravestones side-by-side with wilted flowers and untrimmed weeds around them.

IRVING
It's Halloween. Not my favorite time of year. For obvious reasons.

INSERT - GRAVESTONES

Etched into marble: "DIED OCTOBER 31, 1900".

BACK TO SCENE

IRVING
But the professor is keeping me quite busy and I am having a fantastic time assisting him in all sorts of important... Um...

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Boyle gives Irving a long list which unravels to arms length.

BOYLE
Track these texts down now.

B) Boyle gives Irving another long list almost as tall as he is.

BOYLE
I need these books tout suite.

C) And yet another list.

BOYLE
Do these.

D) And another.

BOYLE
I need these yesterday.

BACK TO SCENE

IRVING
... tasks.

He kneels to clean both headstones.

IRVING
Truthfully, I'm having a bit of
rough go. You see, there's this
girl...

Continues cleaning when --

A haunting melody invades his quiet reflection. First soft,
barely AUDIBLE, then a little LOUDER.

Irving stands and follows the singing almost as if he is not
in control of his actions.

ELSEWHERE

BEA NIGHE (30s), haunting, porcelain beauty with long white
hair singing underneath a weeping willow treet.

Irving approaches and she stares at him while continuing to
sing.

Irving is enraptured.

BEA
(singing)
I'll tell my ma when I got home;
the boys won't leave the girls
alone; they pulled my hair, stole
my comb, but that's all right till
I go home.

IRVING
You have a wonderful voice.

BEA
Thank you.

IRVING
You visiting someone?

BEA
In a way. I come to sing for the
dead.

IRVING
Do they enjoy it?

Bea smiles. She holds out her hand.

BEA
I'm Bea. Bea Nighe.

IRVING
Lovely to make your acquaintance.
I'm --

BEA
Irving Flynn. I know. I've been
looking for you for a long time.
Your father --

IRVING
You knew my father?

BEA
Only briefly. He asked me to give
this to you when the time came.

She hands him a familiar leather-bound journal, worn from
centuries of use.

IRVING
What is it?

BEA
It belonged to your great
grandfather. You are going to need
it very soon.

She then violently grabs his hand and Irving struggles to
free himself from the inhuman grip.

BEA
(possessed)
Be warned, Irving Flynn. The master
returns. By the light of the blood
moon, when darkness falls and the
dead walk amongst the living, he
will come for his revenge.

IRVING
Let go!

She does and Irving falls backwards.

Bea takes a few steps back and seems to disappear into the
fog.

BEA (O.S.)
You have been warned.

Irving quickly stands and does what he does best: he runs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

The skinny Irishman darts around a corner when -- BOOM! -- runs straight into a woman on a bicycle -- Papers and books fly up into the air -- Irving and the cyclist hit the pavement.

I'm sor -- IRVING Oh my -- JUNE

Irving realizes.

IRVING
Oh my gosh, I am terribly sorry
Miss Brody I didn't --

June squints without her glasses.

Irving? JUNE

Irving drops to the ground to start picking everything up as quickly as he can as the familiar embarrassment returns to his cheeks.

JUNE
We certainly must stop meeting like
this.

IRVING
I know! I'm sorry! I was just --
there was this woman and she --

JUNE
Ah, so it's not just me. Are you
afraid of girls Mister Flynn?

IRVING
What? No!

June crinkles her nose and giggles.

IRVING
Oh, very funny.

Irving stuffs everything back her basket.

Thank you. JUNE

June squints in his general direction. He stares.

JUNE
Something wrong?

IRVING
I just never noticed your blue eyes
before.

June touches her face. A bit self-conscious.

IRVING
I like them.

June slightly blushes.

IRVING
Maybe it's not such a good idea for
someone in your current condition
to be riding alone.

JUNE
Yeah, probably best if I had an
escort.

Irving fails to pick up on this hint. Awkward pause.

Do you think you could -- I'd love to!

They laugh.

INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING

TWO BURLY MEN pull a thick rope strained with too much weight -- the pulley above CREAKS and GROANS -- up from the basement creeps THE BLOCK.

CURATOR
Easy now. Watch it.

The braided rope STRETCHES -- the block is spun into place when -- the rope frays and SNAPS!

BURLY MAN #1
Outta the way!

Both burly men are knocked back by the recoil -- a wood beam splinters -- the block falls the few inches to the floor -- THUD!

CURATOR
Everyone alright?!

Both men nod and give a thumbs up despite their near death experience.

The curator hobbles over and inspects everything.

CURATOR
No damage lads. That was a close
one. I wonder what happened --

He peers up at the broken beam.

NEARBY --

One of the men inspects the frayed end of the broken rope --
blackened singe marks.

Everyone is puzzled by this evidence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

The Curator finishes cleaning up.

INDISTINCT WHISPER.

The Curator stops and looks around. He's all alone.

CURATOR
Hello?

His voice ECHOES in the empty auditorium. Nothing.

Someone WHISPERS in his ear.

Curator spins around.

CURATOR
Alright, who is that?!

The Curator takes up an old timey boxing stance.

CURATOR
I ain't afraid to bloody me
knuckles!

Something inside the block SQUIRMS -- The Curator approaches
drawn to the dark surface -- his reflection changes to
something grotesque -- falls back terrified.

GRUMMETT (O.S.)
Are we all set?

The Curator gathers his wits and looks up at the balcony
section.

CURATOR

Oh, it's you. I thought...
Nevermind. Yes, sir. Everything's
tip top. Should be a splendid
night, sir.

BALCONY

GRUMMETT

(to himself)
It will be a night no one will ever
forget.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The lumbering silhouette of an airship hidden in the clouds
drifts by silently.

INT. AIRSHIP

Almost complete darkness.

A GERMAN SOLDIER stoops over a map of England. Another makes
some calculations.

INSERT - MAP

A dotted line crosses the channel, moves past London, circles
Oxford on the map.

BACK TO SCENE

An OFFICER nods and speaks INAUDIBLY to the PILOT who adjusts
his course ever so slightly.

COMPASS

Numbers tick by slowly to a new heading.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Irving puts June's bike away near the garden.

JUNE

My family are still in London.
Well, all except my brother Felix.

IRVING

I didn't know you had a brother.

June nods.

JUNE
Last saw him about a month ago;
before he shipped off for France.

IRVING
(realizing)
Oh. I'm sure he's alright.

June fakes a smile.

JUNE
What about you? Any family?

IRVING
I have a second cousin that lives
near Inverness. But we don't talk
about him.

Irving makes a crazy gesture. June giggles.

IRVING
Other than that, just me and
Professor Boyle. He's all the
family I've got now.

JUNE
It's my mother I can't stand.
(impersonation/mocking)
"Proper women don't need
schooling... proper women make
themselves desirable to only the
finest... blah, blah, blah.

Irving laughs at the impersonation.

IRVING
Does she really sound like that?

JUNE
(giggling)
No, not really. Oh god, I'm a
terrible daughter.

IRVING
No, no. I'm sure she's a lovely
woman.

The laughter dies down.

Awkward pause.

JUNE

Well, thank you for seeing me home safely. I'm not sure I would have made it without your help.

She starts up the stairs.

IRVING

(blurts)

I like watching you!

She stops. Irving flinches at the ridiculous set of words vomited from his mouth.

IRVING

I mean, I was wondering if perhaps... that is if you're not too busy, if you would perhaps accompany me to tonight's Harvest Festival Dance. I know it's short notice.

JUNE

Oh Irving, I'd love to. But I promised Rory I'd be his date.

His face drops as if his still beating heart were ripped from his chest, beer battered and deep-fried fright in front of him.

IRVING

Yes, of course. My mistake. Have a nice night Miss Brody.

Runs off. Again.

JUNE

Irving!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Dark and empty except for a single light streaming out from a nearby office.

Stenciled on the glass door: "PROFESSOR LIAM M. BOYLE
MYTHOLOGY & CRYPTOZOOLOGY."

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Desk strewn with papers stacked a mile high -- book shelves stuffed with too many books -- a few boxes with personal items.

Boyle sits back, comfortably, a half full tumbler in hand, bottle of Irish Whiskey sitting on the desk in front of him.

BOYLE

Twenty-six years eight months nine
hours and --

Checks his pocket watch.

BOYLE

Thirty-three minutes wasted in this
horrible school without a bloody
thing to show for it.

He finishes what's left of his drink.

BOYLE

Now, Liam. It wasn't a complete
waste. Their were some bright
spots... Anna.

A rare smile graces his face as warm memories come flooding back. He pours another drink -- accidentally drops the bottle.

BOYLE

Dammit!

Quickly picks it up -- tosses the papers soaked in booze when he uncovers a framed photo long forgotten in the mess.

INSERT - PHOTO

A YOUNGER BOYLE and IRVING as just a boy. Both stoic and not smiling. Irving appears ready to cry.

BACK TO SCENE

BOYLE

I'd forgotten about this. I was a
poor surrogate for a father. But I
made them a promise.

He tosses the photo into a nearby box.

Finishes another drink when --

CHALK SCRATCHING

Boyle leans back in his chair to peer around the piles of
crap stacked on his desk.

ON CHALK BOARD

A phantom piece of chalk scratches out three scribbled words:
"HE IS COMING."

The chalk drops to the floor.

Boyle's eyes stare wide from this supernatural encounter.
Hand loosens -- drink slips -- SHATTER.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Orange street lamps dot the empty road.

Irving sulks to nowhere in particular.

The wind picks up -- a scarecrow suddenly turns around into
Irving's path and he jumps back.

IRVING
(laughing to himself)
Come now, Irving. Nothing to be
afraid of.

WIND.

IRVING
Just the wind.

OWL HOOTS.

IRVING
Just an owl.

DOG BELLOWS.

IRVING
Just a dog.

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)
Irviiiiing.... Flyyyyyyyynnnnn....

Irving stops and backs away -- a hand shaped branch lands on
his shoulder -- Irving screams like a little girl and takes
off running.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

MUSIC and MERRIMENT stream out.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Irving bursts in and quickly slams the door. MUSIC instantly drop off -- deafening silence.

Irving turns and is greeted by several pistols pointed in his direction.

IRVING
(swallows hard)
Evening. A bit nippy out, isn't it?

They slowly lower their guns and the MUSIC and CONVERSATIONS start again.

Irving pushes through the cramped quarters, past gruff drunks and a few soldiers none too keen on him joining their party.

BAR COUNTER

Irving hops on to a stool and the owner slides a pint in front of him.

IRVING
That is some security you have.

OWNER
Can't be too careful. Not in these times, you know.

Irving takes a sip of the dark lager -- starts humming the same hypnotic tune Bea sang in the cemetery earlier.

DRUNK
Where did you hear that?

IRVING
There was this woman in --

DRUNK
-- that is the song of the dead.

The pub gets uncomfortably quiet again.

IRVING
Bea just --

OWNER
Bea? You talkin' about Bea Nighe?

IRVING
Yes! You know her?

OWNER

Irving. Bea Nighe is another name
for the Banshee.

DRUNK

Only the banshee sings the song of
the dead; to help lost souls find
their way into the afterlife.

Irving gulps.

IRVING

She was so nice to me. Well --

DRUNK

Bad luck, she is. A scorned lover,
cursed with eternal life in death.
Cursed you are! CURSED!

The drunk flips his stool over and sloshes his beer.

OWNER

Alright, alright. Settle down. The
boy didn't mean nothing by it,
right?

Irving shakes his head vigorously.

DRUNK

A visit from the Banshee is a sign
the devil is after you.

OWNER

That's enough.

Irving takes one last swig from his glass and tosses a few
coins on the counter.

IRVING

I think I should go.

The drunk climbs back up on his stool.

DRUNK

I hate it when the crazy ones come
in.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

HUSHED CONVERSATIONS -- lights dim -- men in tuxedos and
women in their best dresses find their seats.

ON STAGE

The spotlight finds the ANNOUNCER behind the podium.

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, Professor
Arturo Grummett.

POLITE CLAPPING as Grummett waltzes to the podium -- shakes hands with the Announcer as they pass.

GRUMMETT
Good evening ladies, gentlemen,
honored guests, students, and staff
alike. Welcome.

Fumbles in his pocket -- finds a stack of white note cards -- thumbs through them.

INSERT - NOTE CARDS

Huge letters in messy black ink scribbled hastily: "HE IS COMING."

BACK TO SCENE

Grummett flips through the stack. Each and every card has been graffitied with the same phrase over and over again.

He tucks them away. Clears his throat.

GRUMMETT
Well, thank you all for coming
tonight. I'd -- um -- like to begin
with -- um -- a story --

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door CREAKS open at the far end of a long hallway. Irving hits the light switch, wipes his feet, and hangs his jacket up.

INT. KITCHEN

A match is struck -- stove lit -- kettle placed over the flame.

INT. READING ROOM

Irving slides up next to a lamp and thumbs through the yellowed pages of the journal.

INSERT - JOURNAL PAGE

Copious notes and strange symbols scribbled across the pages in old English handwriting.

BACK TO SCENE

Irving tries to make sense of it -- continues flipping through the journal when he finds --

INSERT - PAGE CORNER

A different color ink and handwriting: "A. Flynn".

BACK TO SCENE

IRVING
(to himself)
A. Flynn... Dad?

Irving scans the page and starts reading.

IRVING
(reading)
The year of our lord 1699. The darkness that has imprisoned us has finally been lifted. The demon has been entombed.

OPPOSITE PAGE

Rough ink sketch of a distinct rectangular block against a rural landscape. Several men standing next to it.

Irving's traces the shape with his finger.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

GRUMMETT
And now, ladies and gentlemen, I present for your wondrous eyes:
"The Monolith of the Empire."

The curtain peels back and the two spotlights illuminate the giant block of black ice centered on stage behind Grummett.

TEPID RUMBLE.

Grummett poses -- a proud father -- hands clenching jacket lapels -- FLASH BULBS BURST -- the crowd revels in the spectacle.

GRUMMETT

It was discovered in a small town
in Ireland and is believed to be
over 10,000 years old. And, ladies
and gentlemen, it is composed
entirely of ice.

Grummett places his hand on the side of the block -- AUDIENCE
GASPS.

EXT. AIRSHIP - AT THE SAME TIME

Bomb bay doors open -- Oxford drifts below.

EXT. HILLTOP - AT THE SAME TIME

Several soldiers monitor a listening post. The OPERATOR cups
his hands to the headset and concentrates.

OPERATOR

I've got one. Call it in!

Another soldier begins to tap out a message on a telegram
machine frantically.

INT. POWER STATION - AT THE SAME TIME

Enormous coal and steam powered generators CLANG and HUM. One
of the dirty and darkened workers runs up to the MANAGER and
screams something inaudible into his ear.

MANAGER

Shut 'em down! Shut 'em all down!
NOW!

Several men heave giant knife switches -- SPARKS ERUPT --
each massive generator GRINDS to a halt.

EXT. OXFORD - AT THE SAME TIME

Empty streets blink to darkness.

INT. READING ROOM - NIGHT

Irving turns another page -- scans.

IRVING

(reading)

His return shall be heralded by war
and darkness. By the light of the
blood moon he will be released and
come for those that imprisoned him.

(thinks)

Eerily familiar that is.

Irving turns the page.

IRVING

(reading)

May our countrymen never forget the
name that brought so much suffering
and death: Sam Hain.

INSERT - OPPOSITE PAGE

Black ink silhouette of a horrific demon face.

BACK TO SCENE

A gust of wind blows through the house. Irving pushes the
book away. His face contorted in terrible fright.

The lights blink off.

IRVING

Oh that can't be good.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

APPLAUSE then the lights click off suddenly -- The audience
starts to panic.

GRUMMETT

Everyone remain calm, just a
temporary inconvenience. Please
remain in your seats.

Grummett grabs the nearest STAGE HAND.

GRUMMETT

Find that bloody technician and get
these lights back --

A BOMBING SIREN BLARES faintly in the distance.

Grummett peers up through the glass skylight dome -- A red
blood moon peeks out from behind the clouds.

The room is tensely silent -- faint CONCUSSIONS RIPPLE far off -- they get closer -- and LOUDER -- closer -- LOUDER.

The room begins to shake -- dust trickles down -- audience flinches with each EXPLOSION -- a WOMAN SCREAMS.

Then, it stops.

GRUMMETT
(to himself)
I think it's over.

BLOCK

The moonlight touches it -- a droplet forms -- DRIP.

Grummett turns and looks -- touches the liquid sliding down the exterior -- smears black oily gunk between his fingers.

STAGE HAND
What is it?

GRUMMETT
I don't know.

DRIP. DRIP.

The melting escalates alarmingly -- ICE KNOCKS and RUMBLES -- something inside STIRS.

The audience turns to look at the block's meltdown under the moonlight.

The monolith FRACTURES. Grummett backs away.

GRUMMETT
Everyone back!

IT EXPLODES!

Chunks of ice and black goo are hurled outwards -- Grummett is catapulted into the front row -- audience members take cover.

TINKLING of LIQUID -- the air clears.

A dark figure lays on the ground in the fetal position -- tattered tunic and surcoat cling to his bony form -- dark, wet hair and black fingernails.

BLACK EYES blink open.

CHAPPED LIPS struggle for breath.

SAM HAIN
I. Am. Free.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

KETTLE WHISTLES. Irving moves it off the flame. Strikes a match and lights a lantern.

Suddenly a CAT jumps up on the table surprising Irving.

IRVING
Not now Keelin.

KEELIN the cat MEOWS and PURRS. Nudges Irving with its head.

IRVING
Off the table. Down you little
furry monster.

Irving scoots the troublemaker off the table and places both the journal and the lantern on it.

TICK TICK TICK

The grandfather clock is the only sound filling the empty house when -- it suddenly stops.

Irving holds the lantern up. The brass swing arm is frozen at the top of its swing, defying gravity.

Keelin GROWLS and HISSES at nothing in particular before running through the open back door.

IRVING
Keelin!

BANG -- something beats on the front door. BOOM -- it shutters again.

Irving stares down the long hallway from the kitchen.

IRVING
(terrified)
Who is it?

BANG -- the blows get more intense -- BOOM -- screws loosen -- CRACK -- wood splinters.

IRVING
I'm fine.
(to himself)
I'm fine.

Finally, the door can take no more and falls inwards with one last blow.

WIND SCREAMS down the hallway and straight into Irving.

DOORWAY

A monstrous, man-shaped silhouette -- mud oozes from under dead and decaying plant matter -- two beady yellow eyes -- partially exposed white skull. This is the gruesome MUCK OLLA.

The monster BELLOWS then charges down the long hallway -- FURNITURE is CRUSHED in its path and tossed away as storms into --

KITCHEN

Irving dives under the kitchen table -- Muck Olla flings it aside -- CABINETS and DISHES SHATTER -- the journal goes flying as does the lantern.

LANTERN

rolls away but continues to flicker.

IRVING

attempts to crawl away.

MUCK OLLA

grabs his leg and pulls him back.

FINGERNAILS

scrape against the wood floor.

The Muck Olla pulls him up -- Irving jabs and punches -- hands and legs sink into the oozing mud and grime of the creature.

Irving continues to scream -- nearly consumed by the Muck Olla when --

Boyle bursts and attempts to pull Irving free.

MUCK OLLA

turns viciously and knocks Boyle back.

BOYLE

Catapults into the far wall near the burning lantern.

Irving continues to struggle against the creature when -- the oil lamp EXPLODES over the back of the monster -- fire and light consume it.

Irving is ejected and tossed away.

The Muck Olla shakes and convulses -- the fire quickly spreads to the house.

FOYER

The monster retreats back down the hallway setting everything he touches on fire as he goes.

KITCHEN

Irving lay unconscious on the floor, Boyle slaps him -- he wakes screaming.

BOYLE

Time to go boy!

Boyle helps Irving up and nearly to the door when --

IRVING

Wait!

Irving doubles back -- searches -- flames intensify and get closer.

BOYLE

We have to go!

Irving's eyes dart around in the dancing light -- spots the journal under the grandfather clock inches from approaching flames.

IRVING

Got it!

Boyle yanks him away as the rest of the house is consumed.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Boyle and Irving barely escape -- coughing and hacking from the thick smoke.

BOYLE
You okay my boy?

IRVING
I'll let you know when my heart
starts beating again.

Stares back at the burning house.

IRVING
My home. My families home. Last
piece of the Flynn legacy up in
smoke.

Boyle puts his arm around Irving.

BOYLE
Not the last piece.

The fire spreads and grows until the whole house is engulfed.

IRVING
What was that?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Boyle keeps a determined pace with Irving right behind him.

BOYLE
I believe it is called a Muck Olla.
Irish bogeyman. Nasty creature.

Irving stops following.

IRVING
Do you know what's happening,
Professor?

Boyle slows his pace, trying to find the right words before
answering.

BOYLE
When they brought you to me your
father had written a note. It was
all a bit vague. He said that
someone, something, might come
after you some day. That's it. I
didn't know what to make of it at
the time.

Boyle walks back to Irving and puts his hand on his shoulder
to comfort the poor young man.

BOYLE

But I made them a promise. That I would look after as if you were my own and I'm not about to break that promise now.

Irving stares down, absorbing this information.

IRVING

What did he say was after me?

Boyle just shakes his head. Irving holds up the journal.

IRVING

Then what do you know about Sam Hain?

EXT. POND - NIGHT

The weakened and wretched Sam Hain crawls towards the water's edge on hands and knees.

His reflection stares back -- gaunt, lidless eyes, scarred weathered skin, long black hair -- a shadow of his former gruesome self.

SAM HAIN

My imprisonment has sucked the marrow from my bones.

POND REFLECTION

The shifty, stitched grin of a nearby scarecrow.

SCARECROW

Hain studies the mask.

SAM HAIN

Do they mock this poor fool by tying him up and putting him on display?

Hain touches the scarecrow and realizes --

SAM HAIN

Tis but filled with straw. Only a shell.

He then sees other Halloween decorations and Jack-o'-Lanterns on display all around.

SAM HAIN

Not mocking. Celebrating. Rejoicing
in the foul creatures of the night.
Perhaps my legacy did not die that
night. Fear not, peasants, for your
king has returned; and I shall take
a face that you will recognize and
come to fear and worship.

Hain rips the head off the scarecrow -- empties it and places
it over his own head -- cinches up the back tightly.

His attention is called back when the smouldering and injured
Muck Olla returns WHIMPERING.

SAM HAIN

Empty handed I see.

The Muck Olla BELLOWS and GROWLS.

SAM HAIN

So, the bloodline to the
bellweather is getting help. And I
know who. All these centuries
later, she still plots against me.

The Muck Olla looks away.

SAM HAIN

No matter. My pets will finish the
job. Go pitiful wretch.

NEAR POND

Hain dips his finger in the water and swirls it around.

SAM HAIN

(whistles)

Here, boys. Your master has a job
for you.

There is a reaction in the water -- from the murky, bubbling
depths, two shaggy, dog-like creatures swim towards shore and
step out. These are the BOG HOUNDS.

One set of red eyes open -- then another -- four beady red
eyes blink separately.

SAM HAIN

Find the great grandson of our
enemy and bring him to me so that I
may have my revenge.

The dogs HOWL into --

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Flashlights dart around in the darkness as a few dozen soldiers assemble for a response.

HOWLING ECHOES nearby -- everyone stops, startled.

SOLDIER #1

Even the dogs are spooked.

The MAJOR (50s), silver hair and a black, pencil-thin mustache, stoops over a TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

MAJOR

How bad is it?

OPERATOR #1

'Fraid we're not really sure, sir.
Reports are scattered.

The major slides to another operator.

MAJOR

Any word on the lights?

OPERATOR keeps tapping out a message -- lowers his headphones.

OPERATOR #2

Sorry sir, I've sent the message
four times with no response.

MAJOR

Lines must have been hit.

(to soldier)

Scrounge up a few men and get over
there. We need these lights back on
now.

SOLDIER #2

Yes, sir!

MAJOR

I don't like it. There is something
rotten in Oxford.

OPERATOR #2

Sir?

MAJOR
Can't you sense it? Spies,
saboteurs, traitors just under our
noses. Something else is going on
here.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Students and staff mill about in candlelight. June hoists her
overly frilly dress up as she marches from group to group.

JUNE
Anyone seen Rory?

Each person she asks just shakes their head.

June spies one of her female classmates holding a flashlight.

JUNE
Can I borrow your torch?

The girl nods and hands it over.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Near absolute darkness. June's light beam dances around as
HEALS CLICK on stone floors.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK -- something scurries past.

June spins in place with the light. Nothing.

CLICK CLICK from behind.

June backs down the hall.

JUNE
Hello?

Then, KIDS LAUGHING and GIGGLING nearby.

June slowly reaches out for the door knob and --

INT. OFFICE

Door opens to several boys laughing together at some unknown
joke.

JUNE
Rory?

Her light dances around the small group -- they quickly hide various flasks and glasses. June gets wise to what is going on.

Rory shields his eyes from the bright light.

RORY
Easy there, June bug.

June switches off the flashlight.

JUNE
Please don't call me that. I've been looking everywhere for you.

RORY
I've been right here.

Speech slurred and eyes half open.

JUNE
You're drunk.

RORY
What? No...

He grabs June's arm and pulls her close.

RORY
There's room for one more.

June pulls her arm back.

JUNE
No, thank you. What kind of girl do you take me for?

RORY
One that just needs to loosen up a bit.

He tries again but June pushes back even harder. A struggle ensues.

RORY
Don't be like that.

June has finally had enough -- stomps on his foot -- kick to the groin -- doubled over in pain -- a quick THUNK with the butt end of her flashlight -- Rory is down for the count.

June blows the hair out of her eyes.

JUNE

You may want to have a strong drink
ready when he wakes up. Something
tells me he's going to need it.

The door slowly shuts as Rory's friends help him up.

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A rock smashes through one of the small window panes. Boyle
reaches in and unlocks the door.

IRVING

We're going to get expelled for
this.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Near perfect darkness with sporadic moonlight.

BOYLE

(whisper)

Hush! Keep an eye out.

IRVING

I would if I could see.

A match is lit. Boyle grabs a lantern hanging on the wall.

BOYLE

Better?

They both venture deep into the library -- through narrow
corridors.

IRVING

Could be worse -- at least it's not
the basement.

Boyle turns a corner and starts down the stairs but stops
halfway and curls his finger at Irving.

BOYLE

This way lad. Give me some light so
I don't break my neck.

IRVING

(to himself)

I really hate it when he does that.

ARCHIVES

Boyle searches a shelf from top to bottom. Then another.

BOYLE
I've come across that name a few
times in my studies.

IRVING
Who is he?

BOYLE
Darkness. Death. Oh, he is the
stuff of nightmares.

Boyle creeps down another aisle with Irving in tow.

BOYLE
Eureka! Hold this.

He gives the lantern to Irving and pulls out a large heavy
book -- blows dust straight into Irving's face -- ACHOO! --
the lantern is extinguished.

Another match is struck and Boyle relights the lamp. He
glares at Irving as he wipes his nose with his sleeve.

IRVING
Sorry.

TABLE

Boyle drops the book -- ECHOING THUD -- starts flipping
through the pages.

BOYLE
I knew it!
(reading)
Here follows the tragic tale of Sam
Hain.

A gust of wind flickers the lantern flame. Both look at each
other.

IRVING
Not the first time that's happened.

BOYLE
(reading)
He was born Stuart Heselrig in
1465...

FLASHBACK - ENGLAND, 15TH CENTURY

BOYLE (V.O.)
Scottish by birth, but raised by
English nobles after his parents
were killed by the barbarian clans
in the north.

EXT. CASTLE - GATE HOUSE - NIGHT

A newborn BABY wrapped tightly in a Scottish tartan cries in the rain inside a thatched bassinet -- a FIELD WORKER discovers the child.

INT. CASTLE - MASTER SUITE

The LADY of the house holds the baby next to a flickering fire. He COOS and GURGLES.

LADY
He shall be named Stuart, after my
father.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

STUART (20s), strong, confident, handsome walks through the market when he spies through the crowd --

A MAIDEN (20s) with long red hair carrying a heavy basket of vegetables.

Their eyes meet. He smiles. She smiles back. It's love at first sight.

BOYLE (V.O.)
But like so many stories of its
kind... tragedy soon befell both
young lovers.

EXT. VILLAGE - EVENING

Panic. Fire. Death. Barbarians storm homes -- swords clash -- blood spills.

Stuart pushes through the melee -- sees his maiden -- they embrace in relief.

But her fingers suddenly stiffen around his shoulders -- her body goes limp in his arms.

Stuart finds an arrow sticking in her back.

EXT. GRAVE - DAY

Stuart stands over the pit as the Maiden's body, wrapped in white linen from head to toe, is lowered into the dark abyss.

BOYLE (V.O.)
And there he made a pledge, a vow
to do anything to bring his one
true love back from the dead.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Stuart storms through the wind and rain like an animal.

BOYLE (V.O.)
He devoted his life to the dark
sorcery of the world and on All
Hallow's Eve, when the fault lines
between the living world and the
dead grows thin, he conjured her
spirit back.

INT. CASTLE - KEEP - NIGHT

Stuart kneels and chants in a circle of black candles -- hot wax dripping and pooling around him.

From behind a hand reaches out and touches his shoulder -- he turns -- his maiden's warm, smiling face -- so happy.

BOYLE (V.O.)
But what he did not know was these
spirits could only remain in this
world for one hour, before the
clock strikes midnight.

STUART

hands the maiden a goblet. Turns away.

GOBLET

shatters on the stone floor.

STUART

turns back. Face drops.

BOYLE (V.O.)

He did not know what was worse:
Losing her the first time, or
losing her again. And in his grief
he committed his most foul sin of
all: promising the devil his soul
in exchange for the power to bring
her back permanently.

Black smoke swirls -- lightening -- fire reaches up and
engulfs the poor man.

BOYLE (V.O.)

Stuart Heselrig was killed and in
his place was born Sam Hain, master
of the dead, king of All Hallow's
Eve, the devil's minion.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Boyle closes the book.

IRVING

Did he bring her back?

But before Boyle can answer --

BEA (O.S.)

He did.

Bea steps out from the darkness.

BEA

Though she was not the same woman
he fell in love with. Nor he the
same man.

Boyle jumps behind Irving.

BOYLE

Witch!

He holds up his talisman as protection.

BEA

Put that away before I set it on
fire; and you with it.

Boyle slowly lowers the charm.

IRVING

It's you.

BOYLE

Lad, do you have any idea what she is?

Irving grins.

IRVING

Bea Nighe. She is the banshee.

BEA

Now that is not such a nice word.

IRVING

I mean no disrespect. But you haven't been completely honest either.

Bea is slightly smitten.

IRVING

Why is Sam --

Bea shushes him with a finger to his lips.

IRVING

Why is he after me?

BEA

Revenge. It was your great grandfather that imprisoned him. And you are the only one that can do it again. You have the journal still?

Irving fumbles for it in his vest pocket.

BEA

In that book are the instructions to imprison my lover once more. Only one of the Lemuria can use it, someone with their blood. It is up to you, Irving Flynn, you are the only one left.

Irving steps back with Boyle.

IRVING

No.

BEA
What?

IRVING
No. A million times no.

BEA
But it has to be you.

INT. LIBRARY - FRONT ENTRANCE - AT THE SAME TIME

A giant paw pushes the door open -- slides closed -- the paw pushes again -- the door slowly shuts -- a Bog Hound nudges the door with its head and walks in -- the other one right behind it -- both stop and SNIFF.

INT. LIBRARY - ARCHIVES

BEA
You are no Flynn!

IRVING
You're right! I'm not. I was right professor, the last piece of the Flynn legacy went up in smoke.

BOYLE
Irving --

BEA
Quiet.

Bea holds up her finger and Boyle is instantly muted even though his mouth is moving as if words are coming out.

BEA
Oh god, they found you.

Bea's silver form fades into the shadows.

IRVING
Wait... who found us?

But she's gone.

BACK TO HOUNDS

They continue stalking towards the light.

BACK TO IRVING AND BOYLE

IRVING
What was that about?

Boyle listens. Starts backing away the opposite direction.

BOYLE
Irving... hide.

Snuffs the lantern and takes off running.

IRVING
Hide?

The Bog Hound HOWLS. Irving's head snaps around -- eyes wide with fright -- quickly darts behind a shelf.

ELSEWHERE

Thick meaty paws plod across marble floors -- two red eyes open -- then a second set of eyes.

Irving spins around a bookshelf and physically covers his mouth with his hands to stifle a scream.

BACK TO BOYLE

Tries one set of doors -- locked -- another -- also locked -- HOUND GROWLS.

BACK TO IRVING

Backs slowly down a corridor and straight into one of the oversized dogs -- GROWLING.

Irving slowly turns.

IRVING
Nice puppy. Good doggy.

Backs up.

IRVING
Stay. Stay!

The hound lowers its head and charges.

IRVING
Not good.

MAIN FLOOR

Irving bounds up the stairs and zigs and zags through book lined corridors.

Bog Hound leaps off a table and onto --

SHELVES

The hound chases Irving from the high vantage point -- each shelf wobbles with the added weight and movement of the hound -- dozens of books fall to the floor.

BACK TO BOYLE

The other hound passes behind him SNIFFING.

Boyle pushes on a shelf with all his strength -- wobbles then tips over -- heavy books fall and crush the hound -- shelf topples on top of him -- WHIMPERING.

BOYLE

HA! Dumb mutt!

Irving screams past.

IRVING

Professor!

ABOVE

The second hound bounces from shelf to shelf and over Boyle.

INT. FOYER

Boyle and Irving find each other -- as does one of the Bog Hounds -- they're cornered.

Irving's eyes dart around: Shelf -- rolling ladder -- track.

IRVING

(corner of mouth)

Get ready to run.

Irving grabs quickly grabs a nearby book -- throwing stance -- hurls the heavy volume -- connects with the ladder -- which rolls along it's predetermined path -- hound watches as it SMASHES straight into its snout.

The murderous devil beast is stunned but pissed -- SNARLING.

IRVING

Uh-oh. I think I made it angry.

BOYLE
(pushes Irving)
RUN!

Both charge for the open door within inches of the hound --

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Irving and Boyle barricade the door with their bodies -- Bog Hound pushes from the other side trying to escape.

BOYLE
Any more bright ideas?

IRVING
Sorry, ran out. Your turn.

Boyle glances around. Eyes narrow.

BOYLE
Wait here.

Dashes off.

IRVING
Wait here?! Professor!

Irving pushes his whole body into the door -- BOOM -- bounces off -- scrambles back.

Hound's jaws erupt from the shattered window and SNAP at Irving -- DROOL and SLIME spray everywhere -- he holds tight when --

GROWLING.

Irving glances just to his left and sees the second Bog Hound approaching from around the library.

IRVING
Just isn't my night.

Irving releases the door and runs -- one Bog Hound collides with the other in their haste -- Irving gains some distance.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

June glances out the window just as --

THROUGH WINDOW

Irving frantically running for his life.

BACK TO JUNE

JUNE

Strange.

Glances back into the ballroom to see if anyone saw the same thing.

THROUGH WINDOW

The Bog Hounds run past in hot pursuit behind June's back as she glances away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Irving stops, out of breath.

CAR HORN HONKS -- a brand new red Grand Touring Sedan with a soft top rumbles up.

BOYLE

Get in!

JUNE (O.S.)

Irving! Mister Flynn!

June rushes down the hill, hoisting her frilly dress up and still gripping the flashlight she now stole.

INT./EXT. SEDAN

JUNE

(out of breath)

Do you know -- Oh hello Professor Boyle. Wait, isn't this --

OVER JUNE'S SHOULDER

The Bog Hounds charge towards the car.

INT. SEDAN

BOYLE

Grab her!

JUNE

Wait. What?

Irving grabs both her arms and pulls her partially into the vehicle.

BOYLE'S FOOT

stomps on the gas pedal.

TAILPIPE

black smoke and fire BELCH out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sedan rockets forward -- June's feet kick and dangle out the side -- Bog Hounds never miss a beat as they run after them.

INT. SEDAN

June screams and yells as Irving maintains his grip on her.

JUNE

What - are - you - doing?!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The heavy sedan bounces and rumbles down dark, empty streets as the hounds SNARL and GROWL in their pursuit just a few yards back.

INT. SEDAN

Boyle shifts into a higher gear, trying to gain some speed and distance over the persistent hell beasts.

BOYLE

Perhaps our guest would like to
come in?

Irving pulls the rest of June and her overstuffed frilly dress into the cab -- she climbs into the back seat.

JUNE

Would someone please tell me what
the bloody hell is going on and why
you are in Professor Grummett's new
auto?!

Irving snaps his head at Boyle who simply shrugs.

BOYLE

It was all I could find.

FLASH CUT - EXT. STREET - MOMENTS EARLIER

Grummett staring at the one empty parking spot on a street filled with plenty of other cars.

BACK TO SCENE

IRVING

Fibber!

June then notices the Bog Hounds chasing them through the little window in the soft top.

JUNE

Oh my god! They're chasing us!
Please go faster!

BOYLE

Aye, what do you think I'm trying
to do?!

He shifts again.

JUNE

What is --

IRVING

Long story.

BOYLE

Hang on!

He jerks the wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The four cylinder sedan skids around a corner -- bounces over a curb -- SPARKS -- Bog Hounds still in pursuit.

INT. SEDAN

IRVING

Please stay on the road.

BOYLE

Aye, tell them that!

JUNE

They're getting closer.

OUTSIDE

One of the hounds pulls up alongside the speeding car running at full gallop -- fur and muscle slam into the side.

INSIDE

All three are jolted. The hound attempts to bite Irving through the open side.

Irving pushes against Boyle, desperate to escape -- Boyle loses grip of the stick shift -- sedan slows.

BOYLE

Bloody move!

Hound's jaws get closer -- June reacts -- flicks the flashlight on -- shines it in the hound's four set of eyes.

HOUND YELPS.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A light pole rushes up -- CLANG! -- the hound is knocked out.

INT. SEDAN

BOYLE

That's using the old noodle!

Irving relaxes -- looks back at June.

She just grins. So proud of herself.

BOYLE

Now, where's the other one?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The other hound leaps and grabs hold of the soft top.

INT. SEDAN

Irving's high-itched scream -- all three duck lower -- Hound thrashes and claws -- soft top is ripped to shreds.

Irving, ducks down in his seat looks up and sees the clasps holding the top on -- reaches up.

IRVING
(to Boyle)
Ready?

Boyle nods -- Irving flips both latches -- Boyle jerks the wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sedan goes one way -- Bog Hound tumbles off the other way still holding the roof --

LAWN

The Bog Hound rolls to a stop -- gets up but immediately falls back down injured.

INT. SEDAN

Wind whips through the open cab as all three passengers sit in silence -- eyes wide.

IRVING
Well...

BOYLE
Aye...

JUNE
Now, mind explaining what you two
have gotten yourselves into!

Irving and Boyle look back at June: hair a mess, dress ruined, arms folded, glasses dangling from her nose, death stare.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Car rumbles off and disappears into the distance.

NEARBY

Black fog swirls and dances. Sam Hain steps back into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A very shaken Grummett returns. Leans against the door and breaths a sigh of relief before quickly fastening every lock and bolt and then wedging a chair under the door knob.

Strikes match -- several candles are lit.

Two shaking hands pour a drink -- lips gulp the amber liquid.

Bow tie loosened -- top button of his shirt undone -- collapses into a big brown leather chair.

QUIET.

Candle flames waft and flicker.

Doorknob jiggles -- Grummett's eyes snap open -- lock turns slowly.

Before he has time to react -- door EXPLODES inwards -- wood splinters -- chair goes flying -- candles snuff out -- Grummett hides.

The silhouette of Sam Hain moves in from the darkness.

Grummett peeks out from behind his leather chair -- Hain sits opposite -- ghoulisn grinning mask staring back.

SAM HAIN

Evening.

GRUMMETT

Y-y-you're not real. You can't be.
It's not possible.

Hain takes an apple from the fruit bowl -- it rots in his hands.

SAM HAIN

Believe in me now?

Grummett can only nod slowly.

GRUMMETT

What do you want?

SAM HAIN

You freed me. Now we are bound.

GRUMMETT

Cursed you mean?

SAM HAIN
Make me a pledge and I shall grant
you the greatest of rewards in the
new world to come.

Grummett's interest is peeked.

GRUMMETT
Reward? What kind of reward?

SAM HAIN
Promise first.

GRUMMETT
I don't like to sign a contract
without first knowing the
conditions.

SAM HAIN
A king is always in need of
knights.

GRUMMETT
Knighthood?

Grummett's eyes smile as his twisted mind swirls with greedy intentions.

GRUMMETT
What would you like me to do?

Hain moves closer to Grummett -- two chapped white lips
whisper into Grummett's ear.

He grabs Grummett's arm and holds it tight.

Grummett gives a pained nod.

SAM HAIN
Now swear.

GRUMMETT
I swear to do all that you ask.

SAM HAIN
Welcome to my fold.

He releases him.

Grummett quickly pulls his sleeve back -- a mark has been
burned into his flesh.

Hain retreats back the way he came in -- the black fog
replaces the door with a THUNDER CRACK.

GRUMMETT
What have I done?

EXT. TRENCHES - NIGHT

Eerily calm. The full moon shines large and bright in the sky.

A too young LOOKOUT scans the battlefield.

THROUGH SPYGLASS: Mud. Barbed wire. A foggy haze hangs low.

LOOKOUT
All clear sir.

COMMANDER
Keep a weather eye on things. Never
know when those bastards are likely
to strike.

LOOKOUT
Yes sir.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Bodies of fallen soldiers lay in the mud, still wearing their grotesque, hollow-faced gas masks.

A fog slinks in -- a living organism -- slithers and surrounds each dead soldier.

Dead fingers and hands twitch -- arms twist and bend -- the dead heave themselves up -- begin to collect and limp through the dark like marionette puppets -- something sinister pulling their strings.

THROUGH SPYGLASS

Distorted images of the carnage of the battlefield drift past until something blocks the view.

EXT. TRENCHES - NIGHT

The Lookout lowers his spyglass and comes face-to-face with a hideous gas mask of a mud covered dead soldier reanimated.

ELSEWHERE

The LOOKOUT'S SCREAM alert the other soldiers who quickly grab their rifles.

SOLDIER #1
What was that?!

SOLDIER #2
(pointing)
Look!

BATTLEFIELD

Through the darkness and haze they appear -- fallen soldiers returned to life -- the blank stare of ghoulish gas masks -- they march first by the dozens then the hundreds.

TRENCHES

Dozens of rounds BLAST and CRACKLE but the undead army continue their relentless march.

A few soldiers panic and flee. Others join in.

COMMANDER
Fall back!

They do and the dead army flood the trenches.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POWER STATION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A half dozen soldiers finally reach the darkened building.

INT. POWER STATION - NIGHT

Flashlight beams dart around the empty complex.

SOLDIER #1
Where are the workers?

SOLDIER #2
Probably run off. Cowards.

SOLDIER #3
It's a bad omen I tell you.

SERGEANT
Quiet!

AROUND CORNER

The massive coal-powered generators have been battered and broken into scrap -- steam and water gush from open wounds -- water and oil mix together on the floor.

SOLDIER #1

Dear Lord.

SOLDIER #2

I told ya!

SOLDIER #3

What happened?

SERGEANT

Sabotage. The Major was right. We have to report. Everyone fall back!

Then, the TINKLING of CHAINS -- HEAVY FOOTSTEPS -- BOOM -- impact tremor -- BOOM -- pure brute force --

SERGEANT

To arms!

They form a circle and raise their weapons.

MONSTROUS FOOTSTEPS ECHO in the huge factory space.

A giant man-shaped shadow rises up in the din behind them -- flashlight beams travel up huge legs -- bare torso -- chains wrapped around a giant brute.

The MONSTER ROARS -- MEN SCREAM.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The red touring Sedan, battle worn and falling apart, rattles to a stop -- steam gushing from the radiator.

BOYLE

That's it. She's done.

Boyle hobbles out and stretches.

Irving leaps over the dented and broken doors then lifts June up by the hips as she tries to exit too.

Both have a brief moment when Irving notices her tattered dress.

Without thinking twice, June rips away the tattered train and filler pieces to give her more freedom of movement.

JUNE
That's better.

She smiles at Irving.

IRVING
That was really clever the thing
you did with torch --

JUNE
Thanks. You weren't so bad with
figuring out the latches for the
roof.

Irving can't stop smiling.

BOYLE
Okay you two, enough of that. Give
me a hand.

All three start pushing the hobbled Sedan down the street.

JUNE
So what's the next step in this
little bodge you two have managed
to land yourselves in?

BOYLE
You, young lady, are going straight
home to start with.

JUNE
(mocking laugh)
Fat chance of that. You two would
have been dog food if it wasn't for
me. No, you need me.

IRVING
WE do need you.

Irving smiles at the reluctant Boyle, attempting to give him
all the hints in the world that he wants to keep her around.

BOYLE
Unbelievable, now there's two of
them I have to baby-sit for.

IRVING
I'm perfectly capable of looking
after myself, thank you very much.

Irving trips and falls flat on his face but quickly jumps back up to help continue pushing the sedan.

BOYLE

Clearly. But we're not out of the woods yet. We still have to shove you-know-who back in his cage before he can do anymore damage.

IRVING

Darn, and I left my magic wand in my other vest.

Boyle slaps Irving on the back of the head.

BOYLE

Be serious!

IRVING

I am!

They continue to grunt and push. They finally get the Sedan out of sight and into a back alley.

BOYLE

Your father --

IRVING

(angry)

My father? My father abandoned me to be raised by a widower with no experience raising a child. Oh, and he forgot to mention that little detail of one day being hunted down by god-only-knows-what and somehow stopping a five hundred year old demon with a stupid book! Is that the father you're talking about?

BOYLE

And?

IRVING

And it's not fair!

Irving throws the journal to the ground.

IRVING

It's not fair.

Irving falls to the ground on his butt.

BOYLE

You're right.

Irving, teary eyed and overwhelmed looks up, surprised by this admission.

BOYLE

I wasn't a very good parent, I know. I was an even lousier husband. But I was all you had. When you were alone and frightened, I was all you had. And right now, I am all you have. I'm sorry it isn't enough.

He's crushed.

IRVING

I'm sorry, Professor, I didn't --

BOYLE

I know.

Boyle cleans his glasses and wipes his eyes.

BOYLE

He's coming, Irving. He's coming for you. We're in this fight together, you and I.

JUNE

And me.

Boyle nods.

BOYLE

And we need you to find your courage.

IRVING

And what if I can't?

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Three MALE STUDENTS loiter outside the main entrance with rifles and lanterns.

STUDENT #1

I don't like it. We should have heard from someone by now.

STUDENT #2

I'm sure it's nothing.

STUDENT #1
When was the last time we saw
somebody? Anybody. I don't like it.

STUDENT #3
We're here to enforce the curfew,
that's all. The fact that nobody's
out means we're doing our job.

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS ECHO from the darkness.

All three boys squint in the darkness, trying to see.

STUDENT #1
Oi, who's there?

FOOTSTEPS get closer.

STUDENT #2
Identify yourself!

Black fog creeps around the boy's feet and ankles.

From the darkness, Sam Hain shuffles out.

The boys, shaking, raise their weapons.

STUDENT #1
Halt!

Hain doesn't.

STUDENT #1
I said stop!

The Bog Hounds plod out from the shadows on either side of
Sam Hain. They GROWL.

SAM HAIN
Be gone with you.

CLANK -- weapons hit the ground as the boys take off into the
night.

Hain makes it to the stone archway but stops when both hounds
GROWL at a nearby intruder.

Hain cocks his head -- corner of his eye.

SAM HAIN
No kiss, my sweetheart?

Bea's silver hair dances in the wind as she partially hides
behind a brick column.

BEA
You're not allowed to call me that
anymore.

SAM HAIN
(points to clock tower)
The time is at hand. My time.

BEA
Your time is running out.

Hain slinks around her.

SAM HAIN
You put a lot of faith in that boy.

BEA
He's done a pretty good job staying
one step ahead of your pets.

SAM HAIN
Thanks to you. But I have something
else in store for him that you'll
never see coming.

BEA
What did you do?

SAM HAIN
You left me with no choice.

Hain's darkness creeps around her but her own magic keeps him
at bay.

BEA
You can still stop this. You can
still be the person I fell in love
with.

SAM HAIN
You -- first.

Bea is pushed back by the black fog and slammed against a
brick wall.

BEA
Almost 500 years and you haven't
changed a bit. Are you truly lost
inside that monster?

The swirling darkness almost blots her out.

SAM HAIN
 Monster? Nothing so monstrous as
 what you did! Imprisoning me inside
 that block!

BEA
 I did that to spare your life. I
 now see my mercy was misplaced.

SAM HAIN
 Well, allow me to return the favor.

Hain pours on his darkness and though she struggles, Bea is
 unable to fight it back. The black fog consumes her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Bea slowly regains consciousness and finds herself laying in
 an inch of water.

She quickly stands up and sashes to the iron bars that
 surround her, beyond that a circular brick wall all around.

She looks up at the circular opening a hundred feet above her
 head and SCREAMS the most blood-curdling, bone-jarring, soul-
 crushing sound ever produced. The terrifying scream of the
 Banshee.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A lone well in the middle of an enormous field in the middle
 of nowhere. Bea's SCREAM dissipates into the night air
 without anyone around to hear it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The steady DRUM BEAT of MARCHING.

People lock their doors and close their window shutters --
 candles are snuffed.

MARCHING grows LOUDER -- out of the darkness they emerge --
 the dead army. Sam Hain's dead army.

Row after row march across the countryside -- eerie black
 goggles stare out unflinchingly.

Their SHADOWS cascade over homes in a steady rhythm.

INT. CHURCH - EAST WING - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK. A DEACON (30s), opens the door. Boyle, Irving, and June stand on the little porch in the back of the old brick building.

BOYLE
The devil is after us. Can we come in?

The Deacon's eyes open wide in shock.

INT. CHURCH - KITCHEN

Irving sits at a table near a lantern. A bowl of soup slides into view.

DEACON
Afraid it's not much.

Boyle and June eat nearby.

BOYLE
Sorry to put you in this position, Joshua.

DEACON
You've helped me out of plenty of jams before, Mister Boyle.

JUNE
Scandalous. Do tell...

DEACON
This one time, I was seeing one of the headmaster's daughters and Liam here let us use his office for --

Boyle LOUDLY CLEARS his THROAT and waves his finger at the Deacon signaling for him to shut his big mouth.

DEACON
But that's nothing you'd want to hear at a time like this.

June glares at Boyle who avoids her gaze.

Irving quietly eats his soup, not giving Boyle much attention. June turns around in her seat to face him.

JUNE

This journal. Do you mind if I take a look. I'm a bit of a nutter when it comes to this stuff. It will make a very interesting study -- that is, if we survive the night.

IRVING

Knock yourself out. Just be careful.

Irving reaches into his vest pocket and digs out the journal. Carefully slides it across the table.

June is almost giddy as she slides her glasses up her nose a little further.

She flips through the pages -- scanning the words and studying the crude hand drawn pictures.

Boyle glances at the clock in the corner.

INSERT -- CLOCK FACE

The hands point to "11:19"

BACK TO SCENE

BOYLE

Joshua, your clock broken?

The Deacon looks.

DEACON

It was working fine earlier.

Boyle checks his own pocket watch.

BOYLE

(to Irving)

What time do you have, lad?

Irving digs out his time piece.

IRVING

Eleven... That can't be right it's been hours since --

BOYLE

Just as I fear, time is slowing.

IRVING

What does that mean?

BOYLE
The night is getting longer...

This whole time June has been engrossed in Belenus' journal when she feels something through the back binding.

JUNE
Irving, there's something underneath here.

Irving and Boyle get closer to look.

Irving's fingers trace a shape through the back board. He grabs a letter opener from the Deacon's desk.

BOYLE
I don't think I'd be doing that, lad.

Irving digs the sharp end of the letter opener into the back board and separates the last page from the leather.

KLINK -- a small iron key falls out.

Irving reaches down and picks it up.

INSERT - KEY

Black, pitted iron, old.

BACK TO SCENE

BOYLE
What do you suppose it opens?

JUNE
The gates of hell?

Boyle and Irving look at her.

JUNE
Sorry.

Then, FRANTIC KNOCKING.

DEACON
Busy night for guests.

INT. CHURCH - FOYER - NIGHT

The Deacon peers through the little slat in the door before unlocking and opening it.

Professor Grummett comes barreling in, pushing the Deacon and the door out of the way.

GRUMMETT

Oh thank God! You have to help me!
He's after me!

Spots Boyle and runs over and drops to his knees.

GRUMMETT

Please forgive me, Liam. I didn't
know -- I didn't know what I was
bringing into this world.

Boyle tries pulling away.

GRUMMETT

He's after me. You have to help.

IRVING

Who's after you?

Grummett practically crawls to Irving.

GRUMMETT

You know who. He is after you too.

BOYLE

Steady!

Boyle slaps Grummett. Grummett slows down and gets to his feet.

GRUMMETT

You don't understand. He came to
me.

BOYLE

What do you mean he came to you?

But Grummett sees the talisman dangling from Boyle's neck.
His eyes are fixed on it.

BOYLE

Arturo?

GRUMMETT

I --

He can't break away his stare. Boyle realizes the effect his
charm is having on Grummett and slowly lifts it up as he
moves closer to the possessed man.

Grummett becomes visually uncomfortable.

IRVING
Professor?

BOYLE
Stay away, lad. This isn't
Grummett.

Grummett backs away near June while --

HAND

digs into jacket pocket.

PISTOL

emerges and cocks.

GRUMMETT

grabs June and holds June hostage.

IRVING
No!

BOYLE
Now we see your true colors, eh
Arturo?

GRUMMETT
This isn't my fault. I -- I had no
choice.

Boyle holds the talisman in front of him and Irving as
protection.

BOYLE
Let her go.

GRUMMETT
I'm sorry, Liam. There is no other
way. I made him a promise.

Grummett rolls up his sleeve -- the mark.

BOYLE
Sold your soul did you?

GRUMMETT
Saved my life!

Irving moves around, looking for a better angle.

JUNE
Irving...

IRVING
Don't hurt her. What do you want?

GRUMMETT
The book, Mister Flynn.

BOYLE
You'll have to do better than that!

Grummett points the gun at June's head.

GRUMMETT
The book or her.

BOYLE
Yeah, go ahead!

JUNE
Professor!

IRVING
No! Wait. Here! I choose her.

Irving holds out Belenus' journal.

IRVING
Please -- just don't.

BOYLE
Don't do it, Lad. Without that,
she's as good as dead anyway.

IRVING
I can't. I love her.

JUNE
You do?

IRVING
Of course.

GRUMMETT
How very touching.

Grummett pushes the gun to her head a little harder.

IRVING
No! Here! Take it! I never wanted
it anyway. I never wanted any of
this.

He holds out the journal.

GRUMMETT
Burn it.

IRVING
What?

GRUMMETT
Throw it in the fire. Or she dies.

BOYLE
You have no idea what you're doing.

GRUMMETT
I'm doing just as my master
commands.

BOYLE
Master?

GRUMMETT
The fire, Mister Flynn. I won't ask
again.

Irving quickly tosses the journal into the roaring fire. It
blackens and then bursts into flames -- pages curl and
vanish.

IRVING
There. Now let her go.

GRUMMETT
One last thing.

Grummett turns the gun on Irving then slides and points it at
Boyle.

IRVING
No!

A single shot -- bullet pierces his breast pocket -- Boyle
falls back -- Irving slows his fall.

IRVING
Professor! Noooo....
(up at Grummett)
Why?!

Grummett doesn't answer. He's too far gone.

Irving cradles his head. Boyle holds his wound -- blood
gushing around his hands.

IRVING
Don't speak. Somebody help. HELP
HIM!

Tears start rolling down his cheeks.

BOYLE
There's nothing you can do. I'm
sorry, Irving.

IRVING
No, don't. Don't leave me!

BOYLE
I never got to tell you...

IRVING
Tell me what?

BOYLE
How much I loved --

He's gone.

IRVING
Professor? Professor! LIAM!

Irving shakes him -- weeps -- nothing more.

GRUMMETT
What a waste.

He turns the gun on Irving.

GRUMMETT
But you'll see him soon enough.

June pushes Grummett's arm away just as he fires.

Bullet misses -- window shatters.

JUNE
Irving, run!

Grummett pushes June away.

JUNE
RUN!

Boyle fires two more times -- misses Irving.

A flustered Grummett pulls June to her feet.

GRUMMETT

Get up!

He pulls her towards the open door past the shocked and frightened Deacon with his hands still up.

GRUMMETT

Out of the way!

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

A storm brews and slowly radiates out from a single point. The clouds ripple and churn for miles and miles in every direction, as far as the eye can see.

SAM HAIN

My brothers and sisters of the
night, arise! Our time has come.
Eternal darkness is at hand. Your
master calls on you to rise!

The wind hurtles down from the heavens -- lightening and
THUNDER CRACKLE.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The thick shell of several stone gargoyles CRACK and CHIP as the creatures inside shed their second skin and come to life. One-by-one they spread their veiny, webbed wings and take to the sky.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Overhead clouds swirl -- lightening -- THUNDER CRACKS -- WIND
HOWLS.

Soldiers emerge from their tents. They can only stare up.

MAJOR

I've never seen anything like this.

A BOY in an oversized doughboy helmet runs up carrying a telegram.

BOY

Message from London! Forces spotted
marching towards Oxford!

MAJOR

Who's forces? How many?

Snatches the telegram.

BOY
Everyone's, sir: French, German,
English. Entire legions approach.

MAJOR
Good God. Sound the alarm! Wake
every man! To arms!

Mass panic erupts. ALARM SIRENS wail.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

One of the gargoyles coasts lower and lands in a tree as --

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Irving stumbles forward -- alone and afraid -- suspicious of
every shadow and gust of wind.

ABOVE

Glowing yellow eyes watch. They follow him into --

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Irving continues to wander aimlessly. Not sure what to do or
where to go.

NEAR WEEPING WILLOW

IRVING
Bea? BEA! Where are you?!

Nothing.

IRVING
Never around when I need you.

NEAR FLYNN GRAVES

IRVING
Well, pop. I've made a real mess of
things.

Kneels down to finish the cleaning he started earlier.

IRVING

Wish I was half the man you were.
Hell, I'd settle for five percent.
I'm no Flynn. Never was.

ANGUS (O.S.)

My boy. My poor, poor little
Irving.

A hand rests on Irving's shoulder and gives a comforting grip. Irving isn't the least bit frightened. He reaches up and touches the hand on his shoulder. He slowly turns and looks.

The sparkling blue eyes and devastating smile of ANGUS FLYNN (40s), as real as real can be.

ANGUS

Surprise.

Irving swallows hard.

IRVING

Pop?

ANGUS

In the flesh. Erm... in a manner of speaking.

IRVING

But you're --

ANGUS

Dead? As a door nail. But that's the nice thing about this night. Makes crossing over so much easier. Besides, death never kept a Flynn down, eh?

Angus takes a seat on another gravestone next to Irving, takes out a pipe from his breast pocket, strikes a match and lights it.

Smoke wafts into Irving's face -- Coughs.

ANGUS

Your mom says "Hi" by the way. She wanted to be here but best thought this be a man-to-man chat. You know?

Angus puffs away.

Irving balls up his fist and swings away but his effort simply passes right through the spirit. Irving knocks himself over and on to the ground.

ANGUS
Careful there!

Irving recovers.

ANGUS
I probably deserve that.

IRVING
Why pop? Why is this happening?

ANGUS
I don't have a good answer for ya lad. I'm sorry.

Angus taps his pipe on the grave stone and returns it to his breast pocket.

ANGUS
You were unprepared for this burden. This curse that got me. And your mum. But that was our fault, not yours. I tried warning all of you, but there's only so much a spirit can do trapped on the other side.

Irving takes a seat next to the spirit of his father.

IRVING
I'm a coward. All I'm good at is running away. Not like you.

ANGUS
Now listen here! No one expects you to face the devil and not bat an eye. Everyone gets scared, Irving. Even me.

IRVING
Then what's your secret? How do you do it?

ANGUS
By always remembering what is worth fighting for. And keeping that thought firmly planted in here.

Angus pokes Irving in the chest.

ANGUS

That's where courage comes from.
You hold on to that. There ain't
nothing in this world or the next
that can stop you. So, the question
you must ask yourself is: what's
worth fighting for in this world?

IRVING

Well, there's this girl...

Angus chuckles.

ANGUS

Ooo... I knew it! You got the old
Flynn charm! No girl can resist.

IRVING

Sort of.

ANGUS

Is she pretty?

Irving closes his eyes.

MEMORY FLASH -- June smiling.

IRVING

You have no idea.

ANGUS

Then go get her, lad.

IRVING

But -- the journal -- Belenus'
journal -- it was destroyed. I have
no way of stopping Hain.

ANGUS

This is war, Irving. You don't need
a book, you need a weapon. Did you
find the key?

Irving searches his pockets -- pulls it out.

ANGUS

Good. We're gonna go visit a very
old friend friend. Might need a
shovel.

Irving is now confused.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - OLD SECTION - NIGHT

Lightening and THUNDER. Storm continues to HOWL.

Irving scrambles up the hill after his father who is rather spry for a ghost.

ANGUS

We finally found him. He was right under our noses this whole time.

IRVING

Found who?

They stop in front of --

INSERT - HEADSTONE

Weathered old-English style script carved into marble: "IOAN FITZGERALD".

BACK TO SCENE

ANGUS

Well, start digging.

TREE

The Gargoyle has seen enough and takes to the sky with purpose.

INT. STAIRWELL

Grummett wrestles with June as he drags her up the rickety staircase.

Her foot slips -- Grummett catches her.

GRUMMETT

Stop! Squirming!

June can't even look at him.

JUNE

You killed him. How could you? That poor man is dead.

GRUMMETT

And I'd do it again! That poor man got what he deserved.

JUNE
What has happened to you?

Grummett's eyes are possessed. He isn't him.

INT. CLOCK TOWER

The DOOR CREAKS open and Grummett pulls her inside.

June gets a lucky kick in to the shin, Grummett lets her go and crumples to the ground.

June dashes for the door -- a mystical force slams it on her face.

Hain moves in from the back corner, black fog and all.

SAM HAIN
Trouble?

Grummett gets to his feet.

GRUMMETT
I did just as you commanded. The book was destroyed.

SAM HAIN
And the one they call Boyle?

GRUMMETT
Dead. Just as you wished.

SAM HAIN
Now Flynn has nowhere else to go. Everything he has ever loved has been taken: parents, guardian, love.

Hain's black fog reaches out and gently caresses June's cheek. She lowers her head and looks away.

SAM HAIN
You have done well Arturo Grummett of Oxford.

GRUMMETT
Now -- my reward?

SAM HAIN
Of course.

Hain WHISTLES. From the darkness at the back of the clock tower stalk the two Bog Hounds GROWLING and SNARLING and drooling.

GRUMMETT
No! Wait! You promised.

SAM HAIN
I promised to make you a knight in the new world to come. First, you must leave this old world.

The hounds charge -- Grummett runs.

INT. STAIRWELL

Grummett stumbles down the rickety wood steps -- CREAKS and GROANS -- looks back in a panic -- misses a step -- ankle rolls -- tumbles down the steps to the platform.

INT. FOYER

Dark and musty -- Grummett emerges, dazed and bleeding.

Hobbles towards the exit -- GROWLING ECHOES -- spins around -- backs against doors -- pulls them open without looking.

OTHER SIDE

Bog Hounds wait.

Grummett slowly turns -- SNARLING beast -- drool dripping from fangs -- four red beady eyes -- Grummett paralyzed with fear -- hounds lunge.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

GRUMMETT'S GARGLED SCREAM -- June winces -- covers her mouth in absolute horror.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

The Gargoyle lands on the stone balcony jutting out over the university campus below.

The terrifying winged creature SQUAWKS and GRUMBLES at Sam Hain.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Hain finally notices the gargoyle.

SAM HAIN
He's doing what?

INT. BOTTOM OF WELL - NIGHT

Bea sits in the puddle of water in the corner of the cell. Her wet dress wrapped around her arms. Her hair is matted and ratty from the dampness. She shivers.

Above her head the WIND HOWLS when --

CRACK -- BOOM!

Part of the exposed well above crumbles from the storm's onslaught.

Bea braces herself as the bricks and mortar crash through the iron bars and shatter part of her cage.

Bea slowly uncovers herself and sees her prison has been broken. She starts to climb out.

EXT. STREET - AT THE SAME TIME

Sandbag bunkers bisect narrow city streets between old brick buildings -- soldiers in dough boy helmets wait with guns drawn.

MARCHING reverberates.

MAJOR
Here they come.

MARCHING gets closer. And closer. Until --

The dead army turns the corner and continues marching lock step towards an unknown destination.

MAJOR
What in God's name...

The soldiers stare wide-eyed.

MAJOR
It can't be.

The dead army crawls over the barricades like ants over a blade of grass, never slowing or tiring.

MAJOR

Fire!

Machine guns BURST with hot lead -- smoke and fire erupt from gun barrels.

Hundreds of rounds pierce the dead and dried bodies of the dead soldiers.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Irving is about four feet down -- tie undone -- sweaty and dirty. THUNDER RUMBLES.

ANGUS

Hurry, boy.

IRVING

You could help, you know.

ANGUS

Sorry, not how it works.

Goes for another shovel full -- CLANG.

ANGUS

That's it!

GRAVE

Irving drops down -- paws at the dirt -- finds the edges -- uncovers an IRON COFFIN with a locking mechanism in the center.

ANGUS

The key, boy! The key! Hurry.

Irving fumbles for the key -- inserts it and twists it a quarter turn with nearly all his strength.

Coffin starts to shake -- Irving jumps out.

The lid snaps open -- inside a perfectly preserved corpse -- its skin pulled tight -- in both hands grip a shiny, dust-covered sword forged centuries ago but some unknown smithy.

ANGUS

The blade of Alabaster. Blimey
O'Reilly it's real.

Irving reaches in -- the corpse's eyes blink open -- Irving jumps back.

CORPSE
Who disturbs mine slumber?

The corpses head jerks towards Angus.

ANGUS
Don't look at me.

Slowly turns towards Irving.

CORPSE
Are thee friend or foe?

IRVING
That would depend on whose side you
are on.

CORPSE
Mine allegiance are to those that
fight the darkness wherever it may
hide.

Irving looks up at his father.

IRVING
I am Irving Flynn. Son of Angus
Flynn.

CORSE
Then the sword is yours. Use it
wisely.

The corpse settles back down -- it's hands release their grip
on the blade.

Irving reaches in and takes it.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - AT THE SAME TIME

Hain stares far off into the distance beyond the town and
even beyond the countryside.

SAM HAIN
Awake my Sluagh horde of Neverwere
and devour the soul of Irving
Flynn!

EXT. CEMETERY - AT THE SAME TIME

Dirt bulges in front of the graves -- boney hands and arms
emerge -- skeletons in tattered clothes slowly climb out.

BACK TO IRVING

He hefts the blade in his hands.

IRVING

Heavy. I haven't used a sword since
boarding school.

Irving holds it up for a better look.

REFLECTION

Skeletons reach out.

Irving quickly backs away.

IRVING

Friends of yours?

ANGUS

'fraid not.

A few more reach out for Irving.

He hacks at the first one, spins around and takes off the
head of the other.

The skull bounces down the hill -- the headless corpse
chasing after it.

ANGUS

Good show boy!

Irving takes off down the hill slicing and dicing the
shuffling and comically inept undead before they can lay a
bone finger on him.

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - NIGHT

Irving crosses the threshold but Angus stops.

ANGUS

This is as far as I go. I'm sorry.
But don't stop. I believe in you my
boy. And I'm proud of you.

IRVING

Dad! Wait! What was your most
precious memory? What gave you
courage?

Angus starts to fade away.

ANGUS

It was you, my boy. It was always
you.

And he's gone.

Irving's brow drops, his eyes focus.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Irving huffing and puffing at a light jog when --

The escaped white mare pulls alongside of him, trotting.

Irving glances and smiles.

Horse NAYS.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Irving rides the horse bare back towards the city full of
piss and vinegar. A man on a mission.

EXT. UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Dozens of boys in their school uniforms prep their weapons --
the sound of MARCHING gets closer.

INSTRUCTOR

Alright, lads. This is it! They
shan't get this school as long as
we're here.

The students take cover behind shrubs, stone pedestals, and
trees.

The Instructor then sees Jamison, the same boy he reprimanded
earlier crouched down with his rifle by his side.

INSTRUCTOR

C'mon, Jamison. We need ya.

JAMISON

I'm frightened, sir.

He sits next to him.

INSTRUCTOR

You want to know a secret, Jamison?

He nods.

INSTRUCTOR

So am I. But courage is not the absence of fear. It is being afraid, and facing what scares you most anyway. So, how about we give 'em hell?

Jamison smiles and gets up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hundreds of bullets riddle the marching dead soldiers -- they pass straight through -- bricks chip and crack behind them -- windows shatter -- not a drop of blood is spilled -- a few go down eventually -- more replace them.

EXT. UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The gas masked soldiers make a sharp left and head straight into the university towards the waiting boys.

INSTRUCTOR

Remember your training lads.

The soldiers get closer. Weapons pop out from hiding places.

INSTRUCTOR

Ready.

GUNS COCK.

INSTRUCTOR

Let 'em have it!

Boys fire -- recycle -- fire again -- recycle -- a chorus of pops and bangs -- flashes of orange -- burning gun powder.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - BALCONY - AT THE SAME TIME

Sam Hain stares down at the melee unfolding below. Flashes of orange and the CRACK of gunfire overpower the HOWLING WINDS of the storm.

SAM HAIN

They resist when they should worship me.

INT. CLOCK TOWER

JUNE

We celebrate and remember the dead
on Halloween but that is only one
day a year. This world is for the
living and always will be.

SAM HAIN

Not anymore.

JUNE

Why are you doing this?

Hain floats back in, the black ethereal fog following him and
protecting him.

SAM HAIN

Punishment.

JUNE

For what? What did we do?

SAM HAIN

Fate was cruel.

JUNE

So we all must suffer?

SAM HAIN

Yes.

RUMBLE.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The soldiers continue fighting a losing battle against the
dead army horde -- slowly being pushed back yard by yard.

Soldiers FIRE -- recycle -- FIRE again when --

SCREECHING.

Every pair of eyes turn towards the sky as --

ABOVE

Gargoyles fly in low over the massacre.

SOLDIERS

are snatched up and thrown back.

WINGS

slice through weapons and men.

CLAWS

rip through flesh and metal.

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Heavy foot steps cut through the STORM and CARNAGE

BOOM BOOM BOOM

The survivors all spot this new horror arrive.

Lightening flashes -- a GIANT is illuminated in the darkness for a few brief milliseconds.

MAJOR

Retreat!

INT. EAST HALL - NIGHT

Students hide behind barricaded doors as dead soldiers pound from the outside.

Every piece of furniture has been shoved in front of the entrance.

A STUDENT tries seeing through the carnage outside.

THROUGH SLIVER

Irving plows through the undead soldiers. They hardly slow him down as he and the horse sprint through.

BACK TO EAST HALL

STUDENT #1

Is that? It can't be...

The INSTRUCTOR pushes through and nudges the student aside to get a look.

EXT. UNION HALL - NIGHT

Irving stops -- dead soldiers closing in.

Eyes trace another route -- adjacent building -- back stair well -- roof -- clock tower.

Irving canters around.

IRVING
What do you think, girl? Can you do
it?

The HORSE NAYS and bucks.

IRVING
(spurs the horse)
Ya!

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

SAM HAIN
I have been alone for a very long
time.

JUNE
I can see why.

SAM HAIN
You now have the great fortune of
being my future bride, and queen,
in the new world to come.

JUNE
Good luck with that.

Hain moves closer.

SAM HAIN
You refuse?

JUNE
I'm not afraid of you.

SAM HAIN
No. Then I have something else to
persuade you...

Hain motions to the door -- it opens.

In walks one of the dead soldiers wearing his gas mask.

SAM HAIN
Recognize him?

June shakes her head.

SAM HAIN
Take a closer look.

She does -- eyes dart around -- focus -- a name tag.

INSERT - NAME TAG

"BRODY, F."

BACK TO SCENE

JUNE
(emotional)
No. It can't be. Please don't.

She runs to him -- hugs him -- unresponsive.

JUNE
Not you! You can't be dead. Felix,
please!

She breaks down at his feet.

JUNE
(to Hain)
You did this.

SAM HAIN
And I can undo it.

JUNE
(shaking her head)
No.

SAM HAIN
Make me a pledge.

JUNE
And you will bring him back? Just
as he was?

SAM HAIN
First, swear to be my bride.

She hesitates.

SAM HAIN
Swear.

JUNE
I...

GALLOPING in the b.g.

They both turn towards the clock face slowly.

Irving BURSTS through -- GLASS SHATTERS and TINKLES-- horse hooves SKID to a stop.

Irving clings to the horse's back and neck, eyes clenched shut.

IRVING
Is it over? Did we make it?

The horse bucks slightly.

JUNE
Irving?

SAM HAIN
Flynn!

Irving jumps down -- puts himself between June and Sam Hain with the sword drawn.

SAM HAIN
It can't be!

IRVING
My father says hello.

JUNE
Father?

IRVING
Not now. Kinda busy.

SAM HAIN
Come to me and perish.

Black fog reaches out for both of them.

IRVING
Torch!

June fumbles for the flashlight tucked in her dress -- Irving flashes it at Hain -- white beam singes his face and body -- he recoils in pain.

Irving bolts for the door -- June is still shell shocked -- Irving runs back and grabs her hand.

IRVING
This way my dear.

She is snapped back to reality with the tug.

INT. STAIRWELL

Irving closes the door and bars it with scrap wood nearby.

BACK TO HAIN

Rips off his smouldering mask.

SAM HAIN

FLYNN!

The black fog around him explodes outwards in rage revealing Hain's hidden form for the first time since emerging from the block.

INT. STAIRWELL

IRVING

I think I made him angry. I do that a lot.

Irving and June run down the winding rickety staircase -- the door above EXPLODES outwards -- wood shrapnel rains down -- black fog pours down the center shaft after both of them.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Irving and June pass the Bog Hounds lounging and nibbling on the bones of what once was Arturo Grummett.

The Hounds perk up but June and Irving pass through into --

INT. GRAND HALL - NIGHT

Irving continues to pull June along, the sword in the opposite hand when a sudden EXPLOSION pulls them apart and rips an enormous hole in the hall.

CRUMBLING STONE and TINKLING GLASS.

Irving pulls himself up when -- A GIANT winds up for another blow -- spiked mace bears down -- Irving jumps free -- BOOM -- several tables and chairs are wiped out -- another stone column obliterated.

No time to catch his breath -- Giant takes another swipe -- Irving runs -- near miss.

Irving is searching -- eyes scan.

IRVING

JUNE!

No answer. Then, the glittering silver of the sword partially buried in debris.

Giant steps closer -- Irving dashes straight for him -- Giant raises his mace -- Irving slides between his open legs -- the Giant can't shift his weight fast enough.

HAND

grips sword.

IRVING

bounces up and tries to run.

GIANT

turns and raises the mace.

IRVING

traps himself in the corner.

GIANT

smiles as his mace starts its downward momentum.

JUNE

Hey ugly face!

June tips a heavy piece of stone from it's precarious position straight on to the giant's exposed foot.

Giant BELLOWS -- mace slips from his hand -- his shifting weight throws him off balance -- BOOM -- crashes to the floor.

Mace falls back down -- THUD -- knocking the giant unconscious.

June offers her hand.

JUNE

Coming?

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Dead soldiers move in from one direction -- Irving and June go another.

The gargoyles fly in and land, their wings beating Irving and June back.

They're trapped -- Irving stands in front of June -- pointy end of the sword facing outwards.

June is suddenly yanked away by the black fog -- Irving tries to turn but -- feet are trapped in black goo -- he begins to choke -- drops the sword as he is hoisted into the air.

Sam Hain emerges from the black ethereal fog -- gruesome face stares back.

SAM HAIN

At last we meet Irving Flynn.

JUNE

Don't touch him!

SAM HAIN

(to June)

Silence!

Her mouth is gagged by one of the dead soldiers.

SAM HAIN

(to Irving)

I have done so much to bring you to me.

IRVING

I'm not afraid of you. Not anymore.

SAM HAIN

No?

Irving's hand reaches back -- finds June's.

IRVING

No.

SAM HAIN

So be it. You will suffer all the same.

WORD

a familiar female hand grips the hilt.

BACK IRVING AND HAIN

Hain moves in closer.

SAM HAIN
 Did you really think you could
 defeat me, blood of the bellwether?

BEA (O.S.)
 No, but I can.

Hain spins -- SLICE.

A white, ashen hand sinks the blade into the space where
 Hain's heart once beat -- Bea releases the sword and steps
 away.

Irving falls to the ground with June.

Hain peers down, stunned.

The sword wobbles slightly.

SAM HAIN
 Why?

BEA
 Because I can't let you drag this
 world down with your pain. I'm
 sorry.

The sword glows white hot -- black sludge pours from the
 wound.

SAM HAIN
 NOOOOOOOOOO...

WINDOWS SHATTER -- WINDS ROAR -- lightening and THUNDER.

ABOVE

Clouds swirl violently -- a hurricane builds.

Irving protects June -- both hold each other trapped in the
 eye of the storm.

The spinning vortex above sucks up the evil on the ground --
 dead soldiers -- Bog Hounds -- Muck Olla -- the skeletal
 Sluagh horde.

BOOM -- the giant explodes from the Grand Hall and into the
 air -- waves goodbye on his way out.

BACK TO HAIN

SCREAMING as he slowly melts into a black pool -- the black
 liquid sucked up into the air and through the vortex.

THUNDER CRACKS -- portal closes -- storm dies.

Silence.

Irving finally raises his head and looks around -- eyes meet June's. Irving pushes her glasses up her nose.

HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE.

JUNE
(pointing)
Incoming!

Both brace as -- CLANG -- the sword pierces the hard ground and wobbles back and forth inches from Irving's head.

IRVING
(exhausted)
Please tell me it's over.

BEA
It's over.

Both get to their feet.

A WHITE LIGHT GROWS -- Bea begins to ascend upwards.

BEA
The curse is lifted. We are free,
Irving Flynn.

She continues floating upwards into the light.

IRVING
See you, Bea. Thank you!

BEA
No, thank you, Irving Flynn.

THE OTHER SIDE

Angus waves at his son with IRVING'S MOTHER. Boyle runs up and joins his parents in waving. Grummett scowls in the background.

Irving waves back, smiling.

JUNE
Are those?

IRVING
Don't worry, I'll introduce you
next Halloween.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - EARLY MORNING

A soldier sits up and slowly lifts the gas mask off. He is completely normal underneath.

FELIX
Blimey. Where... how...

EXT. EAST HALL - EARLY MORNING

The boys heave open the barricaded door as morning light creeps in.

INSTRUCTOR
Right, lads. I think class is cancelled for today.

EXT. SHOP - EARLY MORNING

The Major and few soldiers emerge. They look around as the morning light gets brighter.

MAJOR
Right, good show men. We showed them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PROMENADE

The sun crests the horizon illuminating the gated entrance to the university.

JUNE
(watching sunrise)
Isn't it the most beautiful thing
you've ever seen?

IRVING
(looking at June)
You certainly are.

JUNE
Mister Flynn, have you actually
found the courage to --

Irving pulls her close and immediately kisses her.

The white mare nudges Irving from behind. Irving slowly pulls away from June and cocks his head to the side.

JUNE

I think someone's jealous.

IRVING

Go away.

The horse NAYS and stomps away. Irving returns to kissing June. CHURCH BELLS RING in joyous exuberance in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END