

GOD'S CHILDREN

Written by

Joseph Deegan

Children Don't Just Disappear



FADE IN:

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SOCCER FIELD - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE

SUPER: **MILWAUKEE 2004**

PARENTS, 20s-40s, watch and CHEER for the two mixed teams of GIRLS and BOYS, 6-years-old, in colorful soccer uniforms, competing in a pack on the field just as a boy, CONOR DAIGH, 6, breaks free with the ball, dribbles it swiftly toward the opposing GOALIE who panics, waves her arms excitedly as Conor approaches, kicks the ball over her head into the goal just as the REFEREE WHISTLES the game over. Conor smiles joyously as his parents, ELI DAIGH, 30s, and MEGHAN DAIGH, late-20s run on the field to high-five, hug and congratulate him.

ELI

Great kill-shot, Conor!

MEGHAN

You won again! I'm so proud of you,
Honey!

CONOR

I scored all three goals! I wish
I could play every day!

MEGHAN

Eli, you said you would take us
for ice cream if they won?

ELI

I don't remember saying anything
like that.

Meghan, smiling, playfully punches smiling Eli on the arm.

MEGHAN

You know you did!

CONOR

C'mon Dad!

ELI

Oh, I guess we could have a scoop
or two; that okay with you, Meghan?

CONOR

I'm getting rocky road!

The Daigh family walks happily off the field to their CAR; Eli carries their FOLDING CHAIRS and Conor's WATER BOTTLES. Conor enters rear passenger seat, Meghan closes his door and then enters front passenger seat; Meghan closes her door as Eli opens the trunk, sets the chairs and water bottles inside and closes the trunk lid REVEALING two tall, well-built SWARTHY MEN, 30s, wearing sleek athletic warm-up suits and sneakers, standing close to Eli:

SWARTHY MAN #1

(Eastern European accent)

Conor had great game! Love to watch him; has bright future, maybe pro?

ELI

(suspicious)

Yeah... Your kids play here today?

SWARTHY MAN #1

Nah! don't have any; but, you know, if people need some, we know where to find.

Eli stares at the Men.

SWARTHY MAN #2

(Eastern European accent)

You have beautiful family, Sergeant Daigh, specially your boy... And that thing? you been looking into? that nobody cares about but you? Time you put that into garbage and start work on different case.

SWARTHY MAN #1

People taking notice. Not good for you... Meghan... or Conor.

The Men smile and chuckle at Eli and walk away:

ELI

Go fuck yourself.

Eli watches the Men go; the car horn HONKS!

DISSOLVE TO:

PRESENT DAY

EXT. TROPICAL SEAPORT - DAY

Afternoon sun beams on a frayed flag rippling in the breeze above the docked two hundred foot cargo ship: *WONDERLAND*.

SUPER: **PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI**

Two girls: well-groomed ALICE, Creole, 5-years-old, and unkempt CARISA, Hispanic, 6-years-old, hold hands and skip down the dock in their pillow case dresses -- Carisa's dress is dirty and torn; Alice's is bright colored and clean -- while dramatically singing Fabrice Fombrun's Haitian song: "*Yon Jou Ma Merite'l*." (Alice sings lyrics in English; Carisa sings them in Spanish.)

ALICE/CARISA

Of all the women on this wretched
Earth.

ALICE/CARISA

She's the only one who gives me the
will to live.

ALICE/CARISA

But, oh, please tell me does she
really exist?

ALICE/CARISA

Is she out there somewhere?

ALICE/CARISA

Tell me, where is she hidden?

SUPER: **12 JANUARY 2010**

The girls laugh and hug as they approach HAITIAN MEN offloading bales and boxes of used clothing, shoes and appliances from the ship. The girls wave toward the small crowd of HISPANIC and CREOLE MERCHANTS. A well-dressed, wealthy Creole merchant, Alice's PAPA, late-20s, waves to her:

PAPA

Alice, my love! Kisses and hugs!

Alice runs to him; they hug warmly; he kisses her cheek.

ALICE
 (kisses his cheek)
 Papa!

Carisa, alone, stands awkwardly, sadly nearby.

ALICE
 Come home soon. Mama is making Woma
 Boukannen and the house smells so
 good!

PAPA
 I will come home early, but only if
 Carisa promises to join us?
 (nods to Carisa; smiles
 warmly)

Carisa is embarrassed by his attention and smiles back in restrained joy. Alice smiles and hugs Carisa; they giggle.

The other Merchants argue and joke with each other while bidding and buying the bales and boxes of goods on the dock.

SUPER: 4:53 P.M. EST

A SUDDEN THUNDEROUS ROAR INTERSPERSED WITH LOUD CRACKING, GRINDING, SCRAPING AND SNAPPING SOUNDS BOOM THROUGH THE AIR:

The ship abruptly rocks violently in its berth and CRASHES monstrously against the concrete dock that SHATTERS; the ship rocks away, its mooring lines pull TAUT against the dock's iron capstans, the capstans RIP from the dock, fly through the air and SMASH against the ship's hull; the ship rocks violently back against the dock, SCRAPING and SHATTERING the dock wall.

Alice and Carisa's eyes widen, fear contorts their faces, they hug each other tightly as they try to keep their balance on the shifting QUAKING CRUMBLING dock.

PAPA
 Alice! Carisa! Run! Off the dock!

The dock SCREECHES as it PULLS APART in chunks; the Merchants SCREAM and fall helplessly into the dock's widening crevices. Papa sights Alice, locks eyes with her for a brief moment, just as he drops from sight into a jagged crevice.

A fissure RIPS toward Alice and Carisa; they SCREAM as the widening CRACK tears under their feet, expanding beneath them, they hug and fall downward into the dark hole near the hull of the huge rocking ship SMASHING against the remains of the dock.

DISSOLVE TO:

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

Weary and rough, Eli sits at the table in a daze, smoking a cigarette; he drains his glass of whiskey; a bottle of JAMESON'S IRISH WHISKEY sits on the table; next to the bottle, barely noticeable in the background, is an Irish porcelain VASE with THREE HAND-PAINTED SHAMROCKS on it. Eli snuffs out his cigarette and pours another shot of Jameson's, chugs it, SLAMS the glass down... he grabs the few MAIL ITEMS on the table, sorts and tosses the junk into the trash can, then hesitates while looking at a POSTCARD; he turns the postcard over; no written note on it except his address and one single word: "HERE" and the POSTMARK from WASHINGTON, D.C.; he turns it over and stares at the majestic image of the U.S. CAPITAL; he ponders the postcard and lays it down; Eli sets his PISTOL next to the postcard, pours another drink and chugs it. He spins the pistol...

PRESENT DAY

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE NW - SUNSET

SUPER: **WASHINGTON, D.C.**

The voice of a FEMALE NEWSCASTER over MONTAGE:

- We head north, street level, along Sheridan Circle NW
- Street lights FLASH on along Embassy Row

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Haitian police arrested a group of Americans today on kidnapping charges for trying to take thirty-three children out of the country without legal authorization.

- We pass the Embassy of Haiti
- Pass elegant mansions in this elite neighborhood

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The group's leader claimed to be taking the kids to an orphanage in the Dominican Republic where these kids would live, but DR authorities state that no such orphanage exists. Meanwhile, the Office of Refugee Resettlement reports that of the 7,000 children placed with sponsors, the agency has lost 1,475 of them.

- Left-turn onto Kalorama Circle, pass Rock Creek Park

END MONTAGE

EXT. KALORAMA CIRCLE - OLD WHITE VAN (MOVING) - SUNSET

The van, with "ELI DAIGH PLUMBING" printed on its side, cruises slowly along Kalorama Circle.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Van parks next to white BMW with D.C. license plate: "QANON76".

Formidable, rugged and weary, Eli, now early-30s, exits van, lights a cigarette; looks at his WATCH: 8:00 P.M.

Eli walks to front door, looks at MANSION next door--

EXT. MANSION NEXT DOOR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

--a BLACK SUV with blackout windows drives in, parks near FIVE LUXURY CARS parked on the driveway; the garage door silently slides open.

BLACK SUV

The driver's door opens, Albanian driver, DAJJAL, 30s, with a black patch over his right eye, gets out and opens the rear passenger door. Two CREOLE GIRLS and four HISPANIC BOYS, all 5-years-old, climb out and stand on the driveway; they wear colorful ALICE IN WONDERLAND character costumes: ALICE (this is the same Alice from the previous scene), WHITE RABBIT, CHESHIRE CAT, QUEEN OF HEARTS, CATERPILLAR and KING OF HEARTS; they are dazed; Dajjal leads them into the garage; garage door closes.

EXT./INT. RENTAL HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Eli looks away from the mansion's closing garage door, drags off his cigarette, and rings the doorbell; the door opens, realtor ASHLEY KANE, 30, athletically fit and stylish wears a conservative blouse, skirt and heels, she smiles at Eli:

ASHLEY

Hi, I'm Ashley. Please, come in.

Eli exhales smoke, nods, flicks cigarette; Ashley reaches for his arm to guide him inside, he avoids her contact and enters.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

A light is on, the house is vacant; Ashley walks to a door:

ASHLEY

It's a rental, if you know anyone.
The tenants left, rather abruptly.

Eli glances around as he follows her; his POV: burnt black candles, colorful torn kids' costumes and a black metal cross lie in a heap in the corner of the otherwise empty living room.

BASEMENT DOOR

Ashley opens the door, flips on a light that illuminates the stairway leading down into the basement; they walk down several steps and survey the basement:

ASHLEY

The smell is, horrific; like sulfur.

BASEMENT

It's flooded with sewage water that engulfs the lower stairway steps; globs of paper and flotsam and jetsam float in suspended animation; upper windows array along the far wall.

ELI

I'll get the pump.

EXT./INT. RENTAL HOUSE - VAN - NIGHT

Eli opens the two rear doors; taped to the inside of a van door is: MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SENTINEL NEWSPAPER PHOTO of CONOR above the headline: "DETECTIVE'S CHILD MISSING SIX YEARS"; a PHOTO of MILWAUKEE POLICE, DETECTIVES and ELI at a going-away party hangs on the interior van wall next to a PLEXIGLASS BOX that's bolted to the wall containing the Irish porcelain URN (from previous scene) with the THREE HAND-PAINTED SHAMROCKS painted on it and a NAMEPLATE: "MEGHAN M. DAIGH, 1976--2004"; below the urn an old narrow mattress and pillow sit on the floor of the disheveled quarters amidst plumbing equipment and empty Jameson Irish Whiskey bottles; Eli pulls out a heavy-duty pump, wading boots and a pair of rubber gloves; he pauses and stares down at the BLACK PLASTIC TRASH BAG sitting on the van's floor...

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

Eli enters basement wearing a dark suit & tie and a GOLD DETECTIVE BADGE clipped to his belt; he pulls on latex gloves. Nauseous PATROLMAN, 20s, stands near a filled, large BLACK PLASTIC TRASH BAG sitting on the floor, FLIES BUZZ around it; the bag leaks blood; POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER, 60s, finishes taking photos of the bloody floor and black plastic bag; then, saddened and angry, slowly steps away. Eli walks to the bag, inhales, holds it, crouches next to it, looks inside the bag at what could be a mishmash of children's bloody BODY PARTS; he stares, his expression is blank; numb, Eli closes the bag, exhales while rising, walks to the corner of the basement, and vomits.

PRESENT DAY

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ashley stands on a lower stair step watching Eli (wearing the wading boots and rubber gloves) carry the pump and a coil of hose through the knee-deep muck; he slogs past a floating child's NEMO MASK and approaches a window.

Eli fastens the hose to the pump and drops it into the sewage water near a floating DORY MASK; he opens the window above and tosses the remaining hose outside; he takes the pump's electrical cord and runs it out the window:

ASHLEY

How's it going to work?

Eli wades back to stairs; walks up the stairs past Ashley.

ELI

With a generator.

ASHLEY

Right. Can I get you a drink-

ELI

Not now. Don't you see it, Lady?

ASHLEY

See what?

ELI

(stops)

What's probably happened here?

ASHLEY

I see a tired man pissed off about wading through toilet water.

ELI

It's right under your nose. You can smell it, right? But don't see it. No one does.

(goes up steps)

They mock us, by hiding in plain sight.

(exits)

ASHLEY

(quietly; to herself)

I see it, and smell it.

(beat)

All over me.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE BASEMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

Eli plugs the pump's electrical cord into the generator, presses the START BUTTON, the generator HUMS.

The other end of the pump's hose terminates into the gutter of the street, COUGHS abruptly and COUGHS again; a steady stream of sewage water vomits into the gutter.

Eli wipes his hands on his jeans, takes a couple steps toward the front of the house, stops, pulls his cigarettes out of his jacket, taps one out--SUDDENLY--TUXEDO MAN, 40s, wearing an expensive black tuxedo sprints past Eli without noticing him. Frantic Tuxedo Man carries a DARK BUNDLE in his arms as he trots toward the street (Kalorama Circle).

Eli's POV as Tuxedo Man scurries across Kalorama Circle in his expensive red leather shoes and disappears into the darkness of ROCK CREEK PARK.

Eli lights his cigarette, glances downward and spots a BLACK CLOTH on the lawn; he walks to it, hunches down, looks at it closely REVEALING the black cloth to be an expensive HALF-MASK of a furry BLACK RABBIT; Eli picks it up and looks at it; he rises and looks over at the mansion next door.

NEXT DOOR MANSION WINDOWS

Eli's POV as ANIMAL-MASKED MEN in elegant black tuxedos and Children (from the SUV) dressed in their ALICE IN WONDERLAND COSTUMES are visible through the windows.

RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE

Eli folds the rabbit mask, puts it in his jacket pocket, stares across Kalorama Circle to where Tuxedo Man went into the park.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE

Hot sunny summer afternoon in this mixed-race, working-class neighborhood as CHILDREN and TEENS, 8-15-years-old, hang out talking, kick a ball around, play hopscotch; a GOOD HUMOR ice cream truck is parked nearby JINGLING its bells. YOUNG ELI, 14, tall and muscular, wears a MILWAUKEE BUCKS T-SHIRT as he bounces a basketball while joking around with his best friend, a small Laotian boy, KONERAK, 14. A tall BLONDE MAN, 31, drunk, walks along the sidewalk toward them:

YOUNG ELI

Perv alert.

KONERAK

So hungry, Eli. Can I borrow a buck?

YOUNG ELI
I'm broke, Kon, sorry.

Young Eli and Konerak stare at the Blonde Man as he approaches--SUDDENLY--from his downcast gaze, Blonde Man slows, stops and looks up, directly at them; he stares blankly, then smiles:

BLONDE MAN
(drunk)
Hey guys. How's it going? Yeah, you look kinda bored, huh?
(beat)
Whattya say we take some pictures? I just got a new Polaroid. C'mon, it's too hot out here, right?
(beat)
Hey, okay... how about, I give you both twenty bucks? Yeah?

Young Eli and Konerak stare at him. An air-conditioner HUMS.

PRESENT DAY

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT

The generator HUMS. Eli, smoking, leans against the house, staring intently at the rear of the mansion next door:

MANSION NEXT DOOR - REAR FAMILY ROOM

Eli's POV through glass doors at the rear of the house: the Animal Men in tuxedos and Children in their costumes talk and roam. The owner of the mansion, PETER DEFOLO, early-60s, the only man without a mask on, holds a large knife.

RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE

Eli's CLOSE POV as he focuses on Defolo with the knife...

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

A large bloody knife sits on the bedside table dripping blood. Inside the table's open drawer are piles of Polaroid photographs of dead, mutilated BOYS and MEN.

Tacked to a wall is a POLAROID PHOTO of little Konerak, dazed, with a blood-dripping drill hole in his forehead standing in his underwear. Tacked to the wall near Konerak's photo is a POLAROID PHOTO of a SMALL NAKED, HEADLESS, RIGID BODY that is bent over backward on a bloody mattress, its stiff limbs are extended so that only the feet and headless neck rest on the bloody mattress; the small corpse is posed in the "ARCH OF HYSTERIA." A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL lays on the mattress next to the small body.

PRESENT DAY

INT. NEXT DOOR MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

SUPER: **APRIL 25TH ... ALICE DAY**

Artist Louise Bourgeois' fifteen-hundred-pound shiny bronze sculpture: "ARCH OF HYSTERIA" hangs by a cable from the ceiling and dominates the foyer. On the foyer console table, FIVE IPHONES sit precisely side-by-side on a padded, black velvet tray. Guzzling drinks and eating pizza, two affluent men, 40s, wear black tuxedos and expensive FOX and WOLF half-masks that conceal their noses, eyes and tops of their heads; they admire the haunting hanging bronze sculpture. Fox has a PINK HEART-WITHIN-A-HEART PENDANT around his neck; Wolf, mesmerized, aches to touch the sculpture, fingertips so close to it... in a tizzy, he raises his glass to his lips REVEALING a BLUE TRIANGLE-WITHIN-A-TRIANGLE CUFFLINK.

Girls: Alice and Queen of Hearts; Boys: Cheshire Cat, Caterpillar and King of Hearts, all in distress, enter the foyer; Alice angrily tries to open the locked front door. Alice pulls on the door knob, pleads with Fox and Wolf:

ALICE

Open the door! Open it! I want out!

CESHIRE CAT

Fuera! Quiero salir! Mamá! Mamá!

Wolf and Fox stare at them -- and laugh!

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli looks toward Rock Creek Park as sewage water pukes from the basement hose into the street gutter. Ashley walks to Eli.

ASHLEY

Sorry about the late call. I suppose you'll be late for dinner?

ELI

No.

Irritated, Eli walks away from her toward the front door.

ASHLEY

Nobody at home waiting for you.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two drinking, pizza-eating, mask-wearing male guests in black tuxedos: slightly drunk HYENA, 30s and BADGER, 40s, chat near a provocative PAINTING by Serbian artist Biljana Djurdjevic of:

- LITTLE BOY tied-up in a white-tiled room

HYENA

Art. The window into one's soul.

Cheshire Cat and Alice BANG in anger on the dark tinted front window; Badger turns toward them:

BADGER

Peter cooking tonight?

HYENA

Spirits.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katy Grannan PHOTOS of nearly naked TEENAGERS hang on walls around Fox and Wolf. Roman Polanski's "THE NINTH GATE" plays on the bedroom TV. CHILDREN'S TOYS and small stuffed WHITE RABBIT and BROWN BEAR sit on a chair; Fox touches the toys. Wolf twists the plastic head off a BARBIE DOLL, squeezes her pink plastic head flat, and stares into her BULGING BLUE EYES:

WOLF

Adrenochrome.

FOX

Yeah. Whip it up.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter Defolo, owner of the mansion, is a powerful K-Street lobbyist, radical art collector and party host. He finishes up his work on the dining table: a tray six-feet by three-feet and six-inches high; in the tray is a viscous red liquid that could be blood; lying on her back in the tray is a naked WOMAN, 21. The Woman, with a BLACK DAHLIA covering her genitals, appears to be dead. Wolf, Badger, Hyena and Fox admire Defolo's work; he paints with an ultra-fine brush on the Woman's chest between her breasts.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Eli stands on the lowest stair step surveying the floor; Ashley sits a few steps above him. Very little water remains, the NOISY pump sucks up residue; messy wet debris sits in clumps.

ASHLEY

I wasn't aware of your company.
Have you been in the District
long?

Eli walks onto the floor, disconnects the NOISY pump's power cord and closely examines the wet CLUMPS on the floor:

ELI

Nope.

ASHLEY

You're not from here?

ELI

No. Milwaukee.

ASHLEY

I'm from northern California.
Monte Rio. Ever hear of it?

ELI

You ask a lot of questions.

Eli focuses on a clump, bends down, picks an OBJECT out of the clump with his BANDANNA, wraps it, puts it into his pocket.

ASHLEY
Or, Bohemian Grove?

ELI
No!

Ashley instantly freezes in a glassy-eyed trance.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE

JUDGE, 40s, SLAMS her gavel down; terrified LITTLE ASHLEY, 4-years-old, SCREAMS while tightly holding her MOTHER'S dress. Obese Child Protective Services WOMAN pulls sobbing and struggling Little Ashley away from her Mother by her arm, drags her kicking and screaming out of the courtroom; Little Ashley's Mother, frozen in place, cries as she watches Little Ashley dragged out of the courtroom, the exit door SLAMS shut, and ECHOES... Mother slumps down into her chair and POUNDS her fists over and over on the defendant's table; in absolute misery her head falls forward onto the table; she spasms and sobs uncontrollably.

PRESENT DAY

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley, same places as before. Eli faces Ashley:

ELI
What is it with you!? Can't you-

Eli calms instantly when he sees Ashley's frozen face.

ELI (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey, lady? Hey. Are you okay?

Ashley suddenly wakes; dazed, she touches her forehead.

ASHLEY
My name is Ashley Kane. I'm four.
(beat; fully alert)
Do you have family in Milwaukee?

ELI
Wait, what? No. I did, but not now.
Are you okay? You were kinda out-

ASHLEY

-Yes. I'm fine.

ELI

(wary)

So Cali to D.C. Why?

ASHLEY

It's on my bucket list.

Eli nods slowly, and walks up the stairs:

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Thanks for doing this.

He walks by Ashley, gently touches her shoulder, and exits.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(to herself; rises)

Glad you came.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Defolo and the Animal Men (Fox, Badger, Hyena and Wolf) stare at the white wall now DRIPPING in LARGE RED BLOODY LETTERS:

- WITH A SHARP KNIFE / CUT DEEPLY INTO THE
MIDDLE FINGER OF YOUR LEFT HAND / EAT THE PAIN

Defolo shows the Animal Men a jagged scar on his middle finger. He walks to the table and slowly picks up the large knife.

DEFOLO

It's time.

Defolo SLAMS the knife into the chest of the Woman lying in the tray, right below the SIGIL OF BAPHOMET. The knife stands erect; the Animal Men smile; red liquid oozes at the edge of the sunken blade.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT

The generator is off, the coiled hose lays next to it; Eli stares intently at the rear of the mansion next door.

MANSION

Eli's POV on Defolo stabbing the Woman in the chest. The Animal Men appear to be slowly stalking the anxious Children--SUDDENLY--the mansion goes completely dark...

RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE

Stunned, Eli intensifies his focus on the dark mansion; Ashley joins him; she follows his gaze toward the mansion.

MANSION

It is preternaturally dark and silent... a chilling BASS NOTE ECHOES as hazy BLUE LIGHT now oozes through shaded windows...

RENTAL HOUSE - SIDE

Tiny hairs on Ashley's neck and arms rise; she touches Eli.

ELI

It's on.

ASHLEY

(resolute)

It's always on. These fuckers are everywhere.

Eli looks warily at Ashley; then reverts his gaze to the blue light oozing from the dark mansion's shaded windows.

INT. MANSION - MAGICK ROOM - NIGHT

BLUE HAZE fills the room from nine burning black candles arranged in a circle on the marble altar; Defolo lays the GOAT HORN down upon it. SATANIC ART PAINTINGS featuring Baphomet with Children in suggestive poses hang on the walls amid the flickering shadows. A HORNED GOAT SKULL lays on the altar near a glass bottle containing clear liquid, an eye dropper and SIX small shiny medieval PEWTER CUPS with "MAGICKAL DRINK ME POTION" etched into them. Defolo stands behind the altar:

DEFOLO

Bring to us the pure and innocent!
So we may consume their purity and
virtue! May their sacrificial
sanctity endow us with eternal life!

Dajjal guides the five summoned Children into the Magick Room and positions them around the altar: Alice, Cheshire Cat, Caterpillar, Queen of Hearts and King of Hearts. The four Animal Men enter the room; Dajjal closes the door and stands behind Defolo; the Children's eyes widen in fear; they fidget and glance at the Animal Men. Defolo looks at the Children:

DEFOLO

Dajjal, I summoned six!

DAJJAL

I delivered six.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Dajjal exits mansion, scans property, counts luxury cars on the driveway: five are parked; he walks the driveway, scanning...

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - VAN - NIGHT

Eli finishes loading the generator, pump and hose into the van and quietly closes the rear doors. Ashley exits the front door of the rental house and joins Eli at the van; they look over at the mansion oozing blue light through its shaded windows.

Eli and Ashley's POV on Dajjal on the mansion driveway; he stares across Kalorama Circle at Rock Creek Park; he walks toward the road, jogs across it and enters the dark park.

ASHLEY

Woods. At night.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Defolo and Animal Men exit dark Magick Room into living room, they each carry an unconscious Child in their arms toward the FIERY FIREPLACE; Defolo pulls on a BLACK SATANIC CROSS attached to the mantle; the fireplace slides silently open REVEALING a black door with an INVERTED CROSS on it; Defolo opens CREAKY DOOR REVEALING an ominous ABYSS; he flicks the light switch, BRIGHT RED LIGHT flows down the stairway; they all descend.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - NIGHT

Dajjal stops running, looks down; his POV on SHOE PRINTS in the soft dirt; he follows the shoe prints toward a fallen tree.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - FALLEN TREE - NIGHT

Dajjal looks down at the fallen tree; CLOSE ON a filled-in hole under a branch; he scans the ground and picks up a large stick.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - VAN - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley alternate their looks at the mansion and park.

ELI

Stay here.

Eli jogs down the driveway, crosses Kalorama Circle toward the park; Ashley watches him disappear into the dark park.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - FALLEN TREE - NIGHT

Dajjal, sweating profusely, with a large dirty stick in his hands, stares coldly, down into the dug-out shallow hole.

HOLE

In the shallow grave, wrapped in a black blanket, is 5-year-old WHITE RABBIT BOY with a broken neck; Dajjal crouches down to White Rabbit Boy, grips him by the shoulders and starts to pull him out--SUDDENLY--Dajjal is violently shoved forward, headfirst, into the shallow grave; hands brutally twist his head; he struggles helplessly, his neck twists, his eye-patch slides off revealing his dark empty eye socket; his neck CRACKS.

TRAIL

Eli runs silently along the trail scanning the woods for Dajjal; he stops, hides behind a tree, and stares--

FALLEN TREE

--Eli's POV on bent over Tuxedo Man who puts his hands on his knees, shudders, and PUKES, he PUKES again.

Tuxedo Man stands trembling and sweating; he wipes his mouth; in shock, he stares down at the ground, shakes his head; he turns and jogs past Eli, hiding behind the tree, back toward the trail head.

SHALLOW GRAVE

Eli hesitates, bolts to the grave, pulls out his iPhone, quickly taps pictures of dead Dajjal with his twisted neck, and then, very sadly, of White Rabbit Boy.

[FLASH BACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - REAR - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

SUPER: **MILWAUKEE JULY 22, 1991**

A pure white sheet covers A SMALL CURVED BODY, lying on a white stretcher, carried down a flight of stairs by a TWO-MAN STRETCHER TEAM wearing white biohazard suits; they reach the pavement and roll the stretcher; Young Eli bolts to the stretcher, he reaches for the sheet, STRETCHER MAN grabs his wrist before Young Eli can grab the sheet:

STRETCHER MAN

No!

Young Eli struggles with Stretcher Man's grip on his wrist.

YOUNG ELI

I have to see him! Let me see him!

STRETCHER MAN

No, you can't! No!

(beat)

Not like this.

YOUNG ELI

(stops reaching, cries)

I should've done something. It was all my fault! I was, I was too scared, to go in there.

Stretcher Man rolls stretcher to van:

STRETCHER MAN #1

Kid, you're lucky you didn't.

Young Eli, distraught, walks near the rolling stretcher:

YOUNG ELI

(anger)

*He was my best friend! I knew it
would happen. And I did nothing!*

*Stretcher Man loads Konerak's body into the van and SLAMS
the rear doors closed revealing: MILWAUKEE COUNTY CORONER;
Young Eli stares in anger at the closed doors.*

Young Eli's POV as the Coroner's Van drive away.

PRESENT DAY

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli exits Rock Creek park, spots Tuxedo Man on the driveway, darts to a hedge next to the driveway and hides behind it. Tuxedo Man walks quickly to his parked black Mercedes, takes out his KEY FOB, UNLOCKS the doors, opens driver door, stops, pats his pockets, looks in anguish at the mansion front door.

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONSOLE TABLE - NIGHT

FIVE IPHONES sit side-by-side on the padded black velvet tray.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Hazy red light emanates from the basement windows; Tuxedo Man runs to the front door.

MANSION DRIVEWAY HEDGE

Eli watches Tuxedo Man, he crouches, runs to rear of Mercedes.

MANSION FRONT DOOR

Tuxedo Man tries door knob, it's locked, he looks around in panic, darts his index finger toward DOORBELL but stops; he searches frantically around front door for a spare key.

MERCEDES ON DRIVEWAY

Crouched behind the car, Eli's POV on Tuxedo Man; Eli pushes the exterior trunk release button, quietly raises the trunk lid, slides inside, and pulls the lid closed.

Tuxedo Man squeezes his fists in anger, jogs to the Mercedes, gets in the car, puts it in reverse and backs out of the driveway; he speeds away along Kalorama Circle.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley's POV as she stands in the front room of the house staring out the window at the Mercedes speeding away.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - NIGHT

Angry Tuxedo Man drives with tears in his eyes, repeatedly SLAMS his fist against the steering wheel and dashboard:

TUXEDO MAN
You stupid fucking bitch! Fuck me!
Fucking, fuck! Fuck you! Fuck you!

He speeds recklessly through the Kalorama neighborhood.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Tuxedo Man swerves into the parking lot of a 7-Eleven, SQUEALS to an abrupt stop, turns off car, exits and closes the door. Tuxedo Man runs from his car into the 7-Eleven.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES TRUNK - NIGHT

Eli pulls the interior trunk release handle, the lid opens, he raises the lid and crawls out onto the pavement.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - MERCEDES - NIGHT

Eli pulls trunk lid closed, pulls out his iPhone, takes a picture of the D.C. license plate hanging askew; he looks at it closely, touches it, and pulls it off REVEALING--
--MAGNETS attached to the back of it; under the detached plate is another D.C. license plate REVEALING: "115TH CONGRESS J-07" Eli takes a photo of the congressional plate then reattaches the other plate over it; he rushes from the car to the side of the store.

7-ELEVEN STORE - SIDE

Leaning against the building, Eli's POV on his iPhone: he taps his UBER app, exits Uber, taps phone app CALL LOG--

--call entry for: ASHLEY KANE--REALTOR. He taps it.

ELI

It's Eli. ...Eli Daigh. The
plumber! ...I need you to pick
me up, right now... the 7-Eleven
at-

(looks at street sign)

-19th and Wyoming.

Eli lights a cigarette, leans against the building and watches the store's front door. Eli's POV on his iPhone: he taps camera app and swipes to the PHOTOS of dead Dajjal and White Rabbit Boy; he taps the camera app closed. Eli's POV as he looks slyly into the store through the front window and sees:

7-ELEVEN CHECKOUT COUNTER

Fidgety and anxious, Tuxedo Man is next in line; now his turn, he points to a package on the wall behind the store CLERK; he puts a wad of money on the counter, grabs the package from the Clerk and walks quickly toward the door.

7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT

Tuxedo Man shoves the front door open, exits the store, rips the packaging off the PRODUCT, walks to Mercedes and gets in.

MERCEDES (STOPPED/MOVING)

Eli's POV from side of the store on Tuxedo Man pressing numbers into the purchased PREPAID PHONE; he speaks intensely into the phone M.O.S. and hangs up; he sits for a while breathing deeply to slow his breathing and calm himself; he finally gathers his wits, wipes his face with a handkerchief, starts the Mercedes, checks the rearview mirror and backs out of his parking space.

7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT

Tuxedo Man drives forward toward the exit--SUDDENLY--the white BMW with Ashley at the wheel crosses right in front of him.

Tuxedo Man BRAKES HARD; Ashley calmly passes him and parks; Tuxedo Man glares at Ashley then proceeds to the lot's exit.

EXT. BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Eli opens the front passenger door, slides in, closes door.

INT. BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Eli, in front passenger seat, looks at Ashley behind the wheel.

ELI
You're in this?

ASHLEY
I am.

ELI
Follow him then, the Mercedes.

ASHLEY
Why?

ELI
Just do what I say. Now!

ASHLEY
Don't yell at me! Tell me why.

ELI
Because he-

Eli quickly takes BANDANNA out of his jacket pocket, unfolds it REVEALING a child's severed FINGER; he shoves it at her; Ashley shocked, opens her door and PUKES on the pavement. Eli rewraps the finger in the bandanna and puts in his jacket pocket.

ELI (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's go!

Ashley closes the door; Eli finds a tissue in the glove box and hands it to her; she wipes her mouth and stares, dazed.

ASHLEY
It's like, Bohemian Grove.

EXT. MERCEDES (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Tuxedo Man waits for passing traffic to clear; it does, then he drives out of the parking lot southbound on 19th Street.

INT. BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Ashley's in the driver's seat staring, frozen; Eli's in the front passenger seat; his POV on Mercedes exiting the lot.

ELI
Let's go, please!

Ashley rigid, in a trance, stares out the windshield.

ELI (CONT'D)
Ashley, now please.
(notices her trance)
Ashley!

Ashley's glassy eyes do not blink.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. REDWOOD GROVE - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

SUPER: **SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA - JULY 1991**

The redwood grove is semi-dark as it FLICKERS and GLOWS from a distant BLAZE. YOUNG ASHLEY, 6, wears a TEDDY BEAR costume as she crouches behind a tree in the woods, her face is lit by the glow from the fire, she is terrified and cries softly, she hugs the tree tightly. Young Ashley's POV as she peers around and beyond the tree toward a HUGE BLAZING FIRE. An OLD MAN'S voice is heard BOOMING from loudspeakers through the woods:

OLD MAN (V.O.)
*Year after year within this happy
grove / So shall we burn thee once
again / And, with the flames that
eat thine body / Which hither ye
have brought / From regions where
I reign / Ye fools and priests / I
spit upon your fire! / O Owl!
Prince of all mortal wisdom /
Owl of Bohemia, we beseech thee /
Grant us thy council!*

RUSTLING is heard in nearby brush; Young Ashley darts her eyes at the SOUND of--JOSHUA, 8, wearing a RABBIT costume. Joshua scurries to her at the tree; she's relieved; he's unafraid; he puts his arm around her and comforts her:

JOSHUA

Don't worry Ashley, we'll be okay.

OLD MAN (V.O)

The Owl is in his leafy temple /
All within the grove be reverent
before him / For behold here is
bohemia's shrine / And holy are the
pillars of this house!

Young Ashley and Joshua huddle behind the tree--SUDDENLY--a
CHUNK OF BARK EXPLODES just above Ashley's head, a GUNSHOT
ECHO is heard; they both flinch and duck lower.

YOUNG ASHLEY

What was that?

JOSHUA

The hunt, it's on. C'mon! I won't
let Moloch get us.
(takes her hand)

YOUNG ASHLEY

(cries; holds still)
I can't!

JOSHUA

They know we're here. Run with me!
(pulls her hand)

YOUNG ASHLEY

They're, everywhere!

Joshua, crouching low, begins to move away from the tree.

JOSHUA

I found us a hiding place.

He pulls her with him, they run through brush, sound of a
GUNSHOT CRACKS through trees, BLOOD SPLATTERS on Young
Ashley; surprised, she puts her hand to her forehead.

YOUNG ASHLEY

Joshua? Joshua?! No! Joshua,
c'mon, let's run! C'mon!

Young Ashley pulls on his arm; his arm is limp; she cries.
BRUSH RUSTLING is heard from fast-running BOOTS closing on
her, a BULLET RIPS a branch near her head--

--Young Ashley flinches, looks around, gathers herself, focuses, and resolutely runs off and disappears into the dark woods.

Arriving in a hurry, FACELESS drunken CHILD HUNTERS, with their rifles in their hands, scan the immediate area for Young Ashley, then run off after her.

PRESENT DAY

INT. BMW (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before; Eli's panicked:

ELI
Ashley, wake up!

Ashley SUDDENLY WAKES, reverses quickly, turns and exits the lot fast, tires SQUEALING, without checking for traffic--SUDDENLY--a TRUCK BLARES its HORN as it swerves past them inches from a crash, they head south on 19th St; Eli, stunned, his hands on the dashboard, looks at her.

ASHLEY
Where is that fucker?

ELI
Up ahead!

EXT. 19TH STREET - NIGHT

A glimpse of the black Mercedes up ahead making a right-turn onto Florida Avenue.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before.

ELI
(points)
There!

Ashley FLOORS it, they approach Florida Avenue quickly, slide through the turn hard and fast with tires SQUEALING:

ELI
You drive well!

ASHLEY

I took a class.

ELI

Making a right onto T Street.

ASHLEY

I see him.

The Mercedes turns right onto T Street then takes another right into the Washington Hilton Hotel driveway.

EXT. WASHINGTON HILTON - VALET STAND - NIGHT

The BMW slows, turns into the Hilton's driveway, follows the Mercedes to the VALET STAND. Tuxedo Man parks, gets out and waits anxiously for the MALE VALET, 20s.

INT. BMW (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before. Ashley drives the BMW up behind the Mercedes and parks.

ASHLEY

Let's get the fucker.

Valet walks quickly to Tuxedo Man and hands him a ticket.

ELI

Calmly, okay?

ASHLEY

Of course.

EXT. WASHINGTON HILTON - VALET STAND - NIGHT

They exit the BMW; Eli walks around it to Ashley.

TUXEDO MAN

(to Valet)

Leave it here.

Tuxedo Man walks to hotel front door. Valet walks to Ashley and Eli and gives Ashley a ticket; Eli tips Valet:

ELI

Keep us close.

Valet nods. Ashley and Eli enter the hotel.

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ashley and Eli nonchalantly look around for Tuxedo Man. Their POV as Tuxedo Man exits the lobby's men's restroom wiping his hands; he enters TDL BAR off the lobby. Ashley and Eli follow Tuxedo Man and enter TDL Bar.

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - TDL BAR - NIGHT

Tuxedo Man walks to the end of the bar and sits on a stool; the BARTENDER walks over to him; they exchange words M.O.S. Eli and Ashley take seats at a table near Tuxedo Man.

ASHLEY

He's connected?

Eli glances at Tuxedo Man.

ELI

Maybe. He was in the woods.

Bartender pours scotch on the rocks, sets it in front of Tuxedo Man, he quickly gulps it down and raises his glass for another:

ASHLEY

Doing what?

ELI

He killed a man. The driver of the SUV that brought the children to the mansion.

ASHLEY

That pussy?

Ashley looks at Tuxedo Man. WAITRESS, 20s, appears at table.

WAITRESS

Hi, what'll you have?

ELI

Iced tea, please.

ASHLEY

Water.

Waitress exits.

ELI
He might have killed a boy.

ASHLEY
In the woods?

ELI
I have pictures.

Bartender sets a fresh drink in front of Tuxedo Man just as a well-groomed, stylishly dressed man, LIEBY KINDER, 40s, sits on the stool next to him and smiles; Tuxedo Man nods to him and guzzles his drink. Kinder takes out cash, puts it on the bar.

ELI
Next door, it was a pedo party. Do you know what that is?

ASHLEY
I do.

Waitress sets the iced tea and water down and leaves.

ELI
Do you know who lives there?

Kinder leans to Tuxedo Man and says something to him M.O.S.

ASHLEY
K-Street lobbyist, wealthy. Name is Defolo. I've heard things.

Tuxedo Man and Kinder stand, walk to door, and exit.

Eli rises, takes cash out of his pocket, puts it on the table; he follows them out; Ashley rises and follows Eli.

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Eli stands outside the men's restroom, Ashley walks to him.

ELI
Stay near.

Eli enters restroom.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Eli enters; it's vacant except for Kinder washing his hands.

Kinder looks at Eli's reflection in the mirror above his sink.

Eli glances around for Tuxedo Man, walks to a urinal and pretends to urinate -- no sign of Tuxedo Man.

Kinder dries his hands quickly and exits.

Eli rushes to row of stalls, opens them quickly one-by-one...

LAST STALL - DOOR CLOSED

Eli bends down, his POV on expensive RED SHOES inside.

STALL ADJACENT TO LAST STALL

Eli enters, steps onto the toilet; his POV looking down at Tuxedo Man sitting on the toilet leaning against the wall, unmoving; Eli gets off toilet, slides under the partition into the last stall.

LAST STALL

Tuxedo Man's glassy eyes and mouth are open, vomit all over his jacket; Eli moves his fingers toward Tuxedo Man's neck, spots a RED NEEDLE INJECTION HOLE, pulls fingers away; he rifles Tuxedo Man's pants pockets, jacket pockets and waistband, nothing; he checks Tuxedo Man's ankles, finds a small PISTOL and takes it by its trigger guard from the ANKLE HOLSTER, puts it in his jacket pocket, pulls the pants cuffs down, exits the stall.

RESTROOM

Eli walks quickly through room toward the door--SUDDENLY-- TWO BURLY uniformed MAINTENANCE MEN, 40s, barge in pushing a large trash barrel on wheels; they're wearing LATEX GLOVES and stop abruptly facing Eli:

MAINTENANCE MAN #1

Get out.

Eli nods, opens the door, takes a step out, as the door's closing he holds it open a crack and peers inside--

--Eli's POV of the Maintenance Men moving quickly to the last stall.

LAST STALL

Maintenance Men enter the last stall, pull the barrel to the doorway of the stall; HUFFING is heard, then a fast SLIDING and LOUD ECHOING THUMP SOUND is heard.

RESTROOM DOOR

Eli lets the door close.

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Eli walks through lobby, casually looks around; he spots Ashley by the entrance and walks to her.

ASHLEY

He's over there.

She nods toward Kinder outside on the driveway. Ashley and Eli exit to Valet stand.

EXT. WASHINGTON HILTON - VALET/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley walk to BMW. Tuxedo Man's Mercedes is gone.

ELI

Car's gone.

Ashley glances at the space where the car was parked.

ASHLEY

The Clowns are here.

ELI

(curiously)

Yeah.

Kinder walks the driveway sidewalk toward CONNECTICUT AVE.

ELI (CONT'D)

Get the car.

Eli walks after Kinder.

Ashley hands ticket to FEMALE VALET, 20s, gets in the BMW, starts it and drives toward Eli.

Kinder is at the corner of the driveway and Connecticut Ave.

Ashley, driving the BMW, stops next to Eli; he gets in the car.

A black PORSCHE PANAMERA hurtles up to Kinder and STOPS HARD. The front passenger door swings open and Kinder gets in. The Panamera SQUEALS as it drives away north on Connecticut Ave.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives, Eli in front passenger seat; they exit the driveway and follow the Panamera.

ASHLEY

What happened?

ELI

He's dead; VX or Novichok; the only nerve agents that kill that fast.

ASHLEY

How could you tell?

ELI

I.V. injection in his neck. Vomit. Rapid onset death. Cleaners were taking him out in a trash barrel.

The Panamera drives Connecticut Ave north; Ashley follows.

ASHLEY

You know it was poison?

ELI

Stay close! In Milwaukee, I was PD, in the CID unit. Saw it used a few times on gangsters and politicians.

The Panamera SUDDENLY accelerates rapidly:

ELI

He's running!

Ashley FLOORS it...closes to within feet of the Panamera's rear bumper...Panamera slows for a car in its lane then ACCELERATES into the oncoming lane, BURSTS FORWARD then DARTS BACK into the right lane several cars ahead of the BMW... Ashley HITS the gas, JUMPS INTO oncoming lane, DARTS BACK--CAR HORN BLARES--almost collides with oncoming car-- --she JUMPS BACK OUT into the oncoming lane and FLOORS it...then swerves back into the right lane two cars behind the Panamera...traffic slows as they approach a RED LIGHT at CATHEDRAL AVENUE... Panamera RAPIDLY DARTS into the oncoming lane, FLOORS it, fishtails further left to avoid an oncoming car, slides across the grass PARKWAY onto the SIDEWALK--PEDESTRIANS dive out of its way--it regains control, slides right into the oncoming lane, SPEEDS through the RED LIGHT making a hard left-turn in front of ONCOMING TRAFFIC BLARING HORNS onto Cathedral...and disappears from sight...the BMW is stopped behind cars at the red light.

ASHLEY

God-fucking-dammit!

ELI

Despite the outcome, that was some fancy-ass driving. Must have been a helluva class.

ASHLEY

I passed.

ELI

Let's get back to Kalorama.

The light turns GREEN; they make a left onto Cathedral.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

BMW drives along Kalorama Circle, approaches the rental house, pulls into the driveway near Eli's van.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Ashley drives, Eli in front passenger seat; Ashley parks; Eli looks out passenger window at the mansion.

ELI

Party's over.

Ashley turns off the car and looks at the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The luxury cars and SUV are gone; the rear of a BLACK VAN is parked close to the garage door. The mansion's dark except for WHITE LIGHT seeping through the shade of ONE BASEMENT WINDOW.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley exit the car; they stand next to each other looking at the mansion.

ELI

When the party was going on the light from below was red.

ASHLEY

Can't see blood in red light.
Let's take a look.

They sneak over to the mansion's lit basement window.

EXT. MANSION - LIT BASEMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley peek through the gap in the shade into the basement:

EXT./INT. MANSION BASEMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

A cloud of pink mist hangs above a SMALL STAINLESS STEEL INVERTED-CROSS TABLE. The mist is created from the pressure-washer gun spraying the tiled walls of the room by a rubber-booted CLEANER in a black hooded, full-body raincoat and rubber gloves; his face is obscured by a gray visor. BLOOD SMEARS and bits of BODILY MATERIAL trickle and run down the tiled walls past STEEL CHAINS and SMALL MANACLES bolted into the tile and the inverted cross table.

BASEMENT ROOM - INSIDE

Pink water glides down the tiled walls toward the shiny STAINLESS STEEL FLOOR that slopes toward a DRAIN in the middle of the eight-foot-by-eight-foot kill room. The pink water darins into the grate.

DRAIN GRATE

A small FLESHY LUMP on the grate has what could be BITE MARKS in it.

BASEMENT WINDOW - OUTSIDE

Eli and Ashley exchange looks of revulsion.

KILL ROOM

Cleaner finishes spraying the room, turns off the pressure-washer, racks the spray gun, takes a broom, sweeps the fleshy chunks into a metal dust pan and disposes of the chunks into a waste pail attached to the side of the pressure-washer.

KILL ROOM CORNER

The bloody, ripped ALICE CHARACTER COSTUME lies on the wet floor; Cleaner picks it up, puts it into the pail and pushes the pressure-washer out of the room; the LIGHT goes out.

BASEMENT WINDOW - OUTSIDE

Eli nods to Ashley to leave the window.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley hustle back to Eli's van on the driveway.

ELI
I'm going in.

ASHLEY
Don't want to call D.C.P.D.?

ELI
They'd cover it up.

ASHLEY
Like when they charged that 11-year-old girl with filing a false police report after she was gang-raped?

ELI
They're bought and paid for.
(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)
(walks toward mansion)
Text if you see anything.

Eli stops abruptly; his POV as the mansion's GARAGE DOOR rises. He darts quickly back to Ashley behind the van; their POV as they watch the mansion garage:

EXT. MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Cleaner, now dressed in black clothing, appears after the door rises; he opens the rear doors of the black van, walks back into the garage, grabs FIVE BLACK PLASTIC BAGS with WHITE STICKERS on them, loads them into the van, walks back into the garage, carries out a SMALL COOLER, loads it into the van and closes the doors; he presses a code sequence into the exterior garage KEYPAD and the garage closes; he looks directly at Eli's van, pauses, gets into his van, drives away.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley watch the van drive away slowly.

ASHLEY
Little kids. In black bags.

ELI
Give me your keys.

Ashley jumps into BMW driver's seat, starts car, lowers window, reverses slowly out of driveway:

BMW

ASHLEY
I'll follow him!

Ashley ACCELERATES down Kalorama Circle and disappears.

ELI'S VAN

Eli opens front passenger door, takes a FLASHLIGHT and ROLL OF GRAY DUCT TAPE from the glovebox.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives fast...no sign of the black van.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Eli scans the area to see if anyone is outside, sees a WOMAN walking her DOG along the sidewalk, he crouches behind his van. Eli waits for the Woman to pass; she passes, he walks quickly to the side of the rental house and peers over at the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The main floor interior is dark; a LIGHT is on in an UPSTAIRS ROOM. SECURITY LIGHTS are on around the exterior's perimeter.

Eli crouches and scurries along a dark shadowed path to the side of the mansion; he sticks close to the wall, masked in darkness under the security light, sneaks around the back corner of the mansion and disappears.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - BLACK VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

The black van turns left from Kalorama Road onto CONNECTICUT AVENUE north. The white BMW lags several cars behind it.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives; the black van turns left several cars ahead just as the traffic light at Kalorama and Connecticut TURNS YELLOW, Ashley DARTS INTO the oncoming lane and FLOORS IT toward the intersection--ONCOMING CAR SWERVES to its right to avoid her--LIGHT TURNS RED...BMW turns hard left and SQUEALS through the RED LIGHT onto Connecticut Avenue... Ahead, the black van drives the speed limit, Ashley stealthily motors up behind it and follows.

EXT. MANSION - REAR - NIGHT

Eli stands at the window, takes the duct tape out of his pocket, tears off several strips, tapes them across the window, jabs the window hard with his elbow and quietly CRACKS it; he pulls out taped window shards and crawls through the window frame--

INT. MANSION - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

--Eli rolls quietly headfirst through the window into the room, stands and listens--silence; he turns flashlight on and exits.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eli enters the dark room slowly, flashes light around, and creeps through the room; Eli's POV of the dark, HUGE METAL MONSTROSITY hanging in the foyer.

FOYER - NIGHT

Eli enters the dark foyer staring at the Arch of Hysteria; he takes a TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL out of his wallet and flips it contemptuously at the Arch; the bill flutters to the floor; Eli looks away, his flashlight hits on the single iPHONE on the padded, black velvet tray sitting nearby on the console table; he keeps the light on it, walks to it, picks it up, looks at it, puts it in his pocket and exits foyer into living room.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eli looks at provocative PAINTINGS by Djurdjevic hanging in the dark room as he walks; he shines his light on the cold closed fireplace; he shines his light all over the room, searching... he shines it back on the fireplace, across medieval and satanic STATUES--and the BLACK SATANIC CROSS on the mantle that tilts toward him; he pushes it back to straighten it; then pulls it forward toward him; the fireplace slides silently open revealing the black basement door; he walks to it; he opens the CREAKY door--

INT. MANSION - BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

--Eli's POV: the stairs and space downstairs are dark; he shines his light down the stairs and steps down slowly.

INT./EXT. BMW (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Ashley, driving, follows the black van that makes a right turn off Connecticut Avenue onto NEBRASKA AVENUE, the van's RIGHT TURN SIGNAL blinks on, it drives into an alley and then turns into an adjacent parking lot.

Ashley stops the BMW, parks, quickly exits and jogs through alley toward the parking lot.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The van's rear doors face the RESTAURANT'S rear doors; Cleaner is at the rear of the van, SOUND of its DOORS OPENING is heard.

Ashley trots into the lot, ducks behind a dumpster, watches... Her POV as Cleaner takes out a KEY, unlocks and opens the restaurant's rear door.

Ashley rises and walks casually toward the restaurant, the van's headlights flash across her bare legs and skirt as she walks toward the restaurant's rear door.

CLEANER
(Kosovo accent)
Cannot go this way. Go in front.

Cleaner points toward the alley exit.

ASHLEY
Oh, thank you, but that's my door.

CLEANER
You cannot come in.

As she passes him, Cleaner grabs her arm.

ASHLEY
(stops)
Don't hurt me; I'm just a girl.

CLEANER
I said, bitch-

Ashley KNIFE HAND STRIKES him hard in the throat, instantly CRUSHING his cartilage; he chokes, drops to knees, and dies.

BLACK VAN INSIDE

Ashley looks inside rear of van, sees the FIVE BLACK PLASTIC BAGS with the white stickers on them and the COOLER. Ashley opens a bag, looks in, is hit immediately with revulsion, then anger; she opens the cooler, her eyes narrow in silent rage.

RESTAURANT PARKING LOT

Ashley closes van's doors, grabs Cleaner, drags him behind the dumpster, walks to rear of van--SUDDENLY--a CAR enters the alley, turns into parking lot, its headlights almost catch her as she darts back behind the dumpster; the BLACK PANAMERA passes near her and parks.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eli flashes his light as he slowly walks the long dark narrow hallway; he passes FOUR REINFORCED PADDED DOORS on his left and FOUR on his right, each door has SATANIC SYMBOLS inscribed on the doors at eye level:

- #1-TWO FINGERS UP / TWO FINGERS DOWN
- #2-TWO SERPENTS ENTWINED AROUND A STAFF
- #3-TORCH BETWEEN GOAT HORNS
- #4- EQUAL ARMED IRON CROSS
- #5-ASTAROTH
- #6-SKULL AND BONES
- #7-SERPENT / BOA
- #8-INVERTED PENTACLE

Eli hears FOOTSTEPS TROMPING on the ceiling/floor above him--

NINTH ROOM

Eli ducks into the small ninth room at the end of the hall, quietly shuts the door, leaves a crack to look through, turns around and shines his light quickly throughout the windowless room REVEALING an HDD DVR UNIT on a shelf with EIGHT CAMERA WIRES, one from each kill room, connecting into it; TAGS on each wire indicate the ROOM NUMBERS 1-8; Eli takes a KINGSTON 2TB THUMB DRIVE from his pocket and inserts it into the USB PORT on the front of the DVR UNIT, presses the HOME BUTTON on the unit, scrolls to BACKUP OPTION, presses the BACKUP BUTTON. The USB THUMB DRIVE BLINKS GREEN as it exports the recorded camera data. The HEAVY FOOTSTEPS above him FADE as they move away from overhead toward the top of the stairway.

STAIRWAY

STAIRWAY DOOR CREAKS open; a LIGHT BEAMS down the stairs across the steps and flashes from side-to-side.

NINTH ROOM

Eli's POV through the crack between the door and frame; he sees the light beam flashing down the stairs; descending FOOTSTEPS are heard following the light down the stairs to the hallway.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - PANAMERA - NIGHT

Two men exit the car: Lieby Kinder from the front passenger side and burly driver, TONY, 30s, from the front driver side.

Tony opens rear driver side passenger door and takes sad, 6-year-old Hispanic girl, Carisa, by the wrist (this is Carisa from the opening earthquake scene); Carisa wears a white t-shirt with an image of a SLICE OF PIZZA on it; Tony leads her out and continues to hold her wrist; Kinder and Tony close their doors, look curiously at the black van, walk to the rear of van; Kinder opens its rear doors.

KINDER

Where is that K-L-A butcher?
Take this trash downstairs. Flush
the organs with perfusion solution.
Buy's tomorrow morning at six.

Tony nods, releases Carisa's wrist, pulls out the five black plastic bags with the white stickers on them in one hand and the cooler in the other; he slings the cooler's strap over his shoulder; Kinder closes the doors; Tony, with a PISTOL tucked in his waistband, hands one black bag with the white sticker on it to Carisa; she takes the bag, looks intently at the black text on the sticker: "Alice". Carisa stares at it, she opens the bag...she screams and drops the bag; Tony slaps her hard across the face, she falls; Tony picks up the bag, grabs Carisa's wrist and drags her, sobbing, into the restaurant.

Ashley hesitates, creeps away from the dumpster and follows Kinder, Tony and Carisa into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT DOORWAY - NIGHT

Ashley enters; stairs lead down into the basement that glows reddish-orange; she takes a cautious quiet step down the stairs, the reddish-orange glow lights her face.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A dark HULKING MAN SLIDES HIS FEET as he walks down the hallway with his light beam shining in front of him. Hulking Man stops at the first door on his right: #1-TWO FINGERS UP/TWO FINGERS DOWN, opens it, flashes the light inside, closes it; opens the first door on his left: #2-TWO SERPENTS ENTWINED AROUND A STAFF, shines the light inside.

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Ashley creeps slowly down the stairs, glances around, steps onto the bottom step, it CREAKS loudly, she flinches at the sound, her face aglow in flickering reddish-orange light.

RESTAURANT BASEMENT

Ashley's POV as she peers into the expansive room where refrigerators, freezers, shelves of large cans and jars of non-perishable food items, uniform racks, etc. line the walls. At the far end of the room the COOLER sits on a STAINLESS STEEL TABLE near Tony as he stands flushing and bagging the CHILDREN'S ORGANS; just beyond Tony is the source of the reddish-orange glow--the CREMATION FURNACE. Ashley creeps along the wall toward Tony as he works. Tony finishes, places the ICED ORGAN BAGS into a SMALL MEDICAL REFRIGERATOR sitting at the end of the table; he takes a plastic bottle, sprays the cooler, the table, takes a coiled water hose attached to the table, sprays and rinses the liquid from the cooler and the table into the table's central drain. Ashley's POV as Tony turns off the hose, takes off his latex gloves, tosses them into the pail beneath the table; he picks up the five black plastic bags and faces the BLAZING CREMATION FURNACE; Tony's face glows in reddish-orange light; he smiles.

TONY

Children, our time has come. Rest
in pieces. Good-bye, Queen of
Hearts.

(tosses bag in)

Adios, Caterpillar.

(tosses bag in)

Arrivederci, King of Hearts.

(tosses bag in)

Auf Wiedersehen, Cheshire Kitty.

(tosses bag in)

Au Revoir Alice, my little princess.

(tosses bag in)

Tony smiles as the bags and contents INCINERATE.

TONY
J'aime les enfants!

Tony turns around, faces Ashley a few feet away; surprise momentarily flashes on his face, then a smile.

Ashley, expressionless, stares back at him.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hulking Man closes DOOR #8-INVERTED PENTACLE.

NINTH ROOM

Eli gently closes the door and LOCKS the DOOR KNOB; he looks at the DVR UNIT; thumb drive, still exporting, blinks green.

The DOOR KNOB RATTLES, RATTLES HARD again; Eli steps back; the SOUND of a KEY THRUST into the KNOB LOCK, the knob turns slowly, the door opens slowly, the flashlight BEAM lasers into the room and FLASHES around just missing Eli behind the door; the light beam flashes on the DVR UNIT, flashes away, then immediately flashes back on it and DIRECTLY on the BLINKING GREEN THUMB DRIVE; Eli stares at the beam on the thumb drive. The door opens wider, Hulking Man enters, looks closely at the DVR UNIT, the thumb drive blinks green. Eli BURSTS from behind the door, SLAMS Hulking Man's head into the wall; he stumbles, drops flashlight, regains footing, turns to Eli:

HULKING MAN
You dropped your twenny.

Hulking Man flips the twenty-dollar bill at Eli, it flutters to the floor.

ELI
It was Kon's.

Eli PUNCHES him HARD, TWICE in the face...Hulking Man HITS the wall...Eli roundhouse KICKS him in the head, he SMASHES into the wall, he BOUNCES off the wall and FOREARMS Eli across his jaw...he PUNCHES Eli in the gut, knocks his wind out...he TWICE UPPERCUTS Eli in the jaw...Eli drops to his knees gasping...he PUNCHES down HARD on Eli's head knocking him down flat on his back...Hulking Man drops onto Eli's stomach, draws his fist back to punch--

--Eli shoots his right arm up over Hulking Man's left shoulder, yanks down hard on his head, wraps it tight into his upper chest...Eli raises his knees, pushes his feet down into the floor lifting and twisting Hulking Man to his side...Eli rolls over, now on top of Hulking Man PUMMELING his head with his fists one after the other...Hulking Man's nose CRACKS flat in a splatter of blood...Eli PUNCHES, leans over, spots THUMB DRIVE locked into SOLID GREEN, he extracts the thumb drive from the DVR UNIT and slams it down into Hulking Man's eyes over and over...bloody jelly-like eye goop smears across Hulking Man's face...Eli, huffing and puffing, gets to his feet, hands on his knees, breathes hard for several moments... He SLAMS his boot down into Hulking Man's throat CRACKING his neck, Hulking Man goes limp, dead. Eli, cut and bleeding above his right eye, leans back against the wall breathing hard, he wipes the thumb drive on his jeans and puts it into his pocket.

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ashley stares expressionless at Tony; he smiles at her.

TONY

What're you going to do, hotard?

ASHLEY

Put you out of your misery.

TONY

Misery? No. I love life, especially the little girls.

ASHLEY

I was a little girl once. Imagine me in pigtails, barefoot, and in a short dress? Got the image?

TONY

That's so weird. It turns me on.

ASHLEY

You are one fucked up chomo. I'm turning you off, bitch.

TONY

Bitch? I got the dick, and the gun.

He points to his pistol in his waistband, grabs his crotch.

ASHLEY

You know the twenty-one foot rule?

TONY

No. I still have a gun. What do you have, you ancient cunt?

Ashley slides her skirt up her thigh REVEALING a shiny KARAMBIT KNIFE inside her GARTER HOLSTER; she slides it out, smooths her skirt and smiles; she flashes the knife:

ASHLEY

This. And I'm way closer than twenty-one feet.

TONY

I still have the gun! You stupid fucking crazy-

ASHLEY

Go!

Ashley lunges lightning-fast at Tony, spins with her knife hand extended...then pirouettes back into her starting place; she looks at the clean shiny blade of the knife, then at Tony. His eyes are wide, a perfect thin red bloodline appears across his throat, his hands go to his throat, blood instantaneously pours rapidly from his neck through his fingers, he chokes, drops to his knees, his eyes bug out in fear.

ASHLEY

Fuck you to hell.

Tony falls forward, choking, dying; Ashley pulls her skirt up her thigh, holsters her knife and smooths her skirt. She grabs Tony's feet, drags him to the blazing cremation furnace; she pushes a BUTTON on the furnace-- --the motorized interior steel rack HUMS and extends outward, folds downward and stops; Ashley pulls Tony onto the steel rack with his feet up near the mouth of the furnace and his head near the floor; his clothes sear and smoke on the hot steel rack. Ashley presses the furnace button, the rack HUMS, rises and adjusts parallel to the floor and retracts with Tony's body on it into the flaming furnace; Tony's eyes bulge, he tries to scream, there's too much blood in his throat; his feet and legs enter the furnace and FLASH into flames, his torso BURSTS into flames, Ashley presses the furnace button, the rack stops with Tony's head just outside the furnace--

--his close proximity to the blaze melts the skin and eyes from his skull--SUDDENLY--his face liquefies and streams onto the floor; Ashley steps away from the wet mess; she stares into the furnace, the reddish-orange flames dance within her eyes.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. REDWOOD GROVE - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

BLACK security HELICOPTERS circle over redwood trees near a forty-foot STONE OWL. NINE BOHEMIAN MEN clad in Druidic HOODED RED, BLACK AND GREEN ROBES hold FLAMING TORCHES in one hand and MACHETES in the other, gather around the ALTAR lit with NINE FLAMING PILLAR CANDLES arranged in a CIRCLE. A naked CRYING BABY lies in the center of the flaming candle circle on the altar; in the b.g. drunk BOHEMIANS, some NAKED, dance in a circle; the hooded robed Bohemians raise their machetes in unison, the baby SCREAMS as the machetes SLAM down. Silence.

PRESENT DAY

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT FURNACE - NIGHT

Ashley blinks, awakens, turns from the flames and presses the OFF BUTTON. The furnace shuts down leaving only Tony's blackened BURNT SKULL on the ashy steel rack.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Eli, near the top of the stairs, struggles with Hulking Man across his back; he trudges up to the top step and enters the living room.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ashley exits restaurant, enters the lot, walks toward the alley.

Kinder appears at restaurant rear door; he runs toward her.

KINDER

Hey, Miss! Where're you going?

ASHLEY
(stops; turns to him)
Away.
(turns; walks off)

Kinder jogs to her.

KINDER
Were you just downstairs? Without
anyone's permission?

ASHLEY
(stops)
Permission? Go fuck yourself.

KINDER
That's burglary. Where did you come
from?

ASHLEY
Everywhere.
(walks)

KINDER
Wait!

He reaches for her arm; she pulls it away.

ASHLEY
Don't touch me.

KINDER
I'm calling D.C.P.D.

ASHLEY
That's a faggot move.

Kinder takes out his iPhone, Ashley hand-chops it down to
the pavement, it SHATTERS; Ashley smirks at him.

KINDER
What the fuck?!

Kinder reaches for her, she makes a quick jiu-jitsu armbars
move on him and CRACKS his forearm in half. He screams:

KINDER
Fuck! You fucking cunt!

Ashley releases his arm, BLOODY RADIUS BONE PROTRUDES from the skin, Kinder grabs his dangling forearm with the other hand, cries, runs into the restaurant; Ashley quickly exits the lot.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The house is dark; Eli's van is parked in the same spot on the driveway; Ashley drives the BMW up the driveway, parks next to Eli's van, turns the car off, exits and enters the house.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley enters the dark house; light glows from rear of house.

ASHLEY

Eli? Eli, are you here?

(beat)

Eli?

ELI (O.S.)

Kitchen!

Ashley walks through the house to the kitchen in the rear.

KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ashley enters. Eli sits on the floor, BANDAGE above his RIGHT EYE, a bottle of JAMESON IRISH WHISKEY in his hand.

ASHLEY

Hi. Oh no, what happened?

ELI

Hi. Little tussle next door.

He offers her the bottle.

ASHLEY

No thanks, I don't. You're okay?

ELI

(takes swig)

Not for quite a while.

ASHLEY

Let's get out of here. Follow me
in your van. Can you drive?

She goes to him, helps him to his feet.

ELI

Yeah. But not as good as you.

Ashley looks at him, and smiles. Weary, he smiles at her.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli and Ashley stand by their vehicles.

ELI

Hang on. Follow me.

ASHLEY

Where?

ELI

The woods.

ASHLEY

The woods? Not in these shoes.

Eli's POV on her heels; he smiles and hands her the bottle
of Jameson, jogs across the street into Rock Creek Park.

Ashley gets in BMW, starts it, and waits.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - FALLEN TREE - NIGHT

Eli flashes his LIGHT on the ground area around the fallen
tree; his light beams down on the SHALLOW GRAVE REVEALING
the grave is EMPTY; he looks around, runs back down the
trail.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eli exits the park, runs across Kalorama Circle to the BMW;
out of breath, he makes a downward hand motion to Ashley in
the BMW's driver's seat to roll down the window, she does.

ELI

They're gone.

ASHLEY

Who?

ELI

The dead boy and SUV driver.
Follow me.

Eli gets in van, starts it; they both drive off the driveway and down Kalorama Circle; a SILVER RANGE ROVER and a DC METRO POLICE CAR speed past them in the opposite direction.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Eli looks into rearview mirror.

INSERT -- THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR -- ELI'S POV

The Range Rover and police car pull into the mansion driveway.

EXT. OAK HILL CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eli drives his van to the entrance, Ashley follows in her BMW; he enters, cruises along the road, looks out the windows, spots something, pulls over, stops, turns off headlights, exits, makes a hand sign to Ashley to kill her lights, she does.

VAN

Eli walks to rear of the van, opens doors and pulls Hulking Man's body onto the street; he drags him by the ankles to--

GRAVE

--a freshly dug GRAVE with a MOUND of DIRT and SHOVEL adjacent; Eli pulls Hulking Man beside the hole and rolls him in; he shovels from the mound a flat thin layer of dirt over Hulking Man's body; he smooths dirt mound and walks to the BMW.

BMW

ELI

That usually works.

ASHLEY

You've done this before?

Eli doesn't answer.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I should've brought mine.

Eli stares at her.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
At the Morning Star. Two chomos.

ELI
I thought you were a realtor.

ASHLEY
I thought you were a plumber.

Eli pauses and looks at her curiously; he gets in his van; Ashley makes a U-turn, he does too; they exit the cemetery.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Boney, weasel-faced attorney, JP DEFOLO, 50s (Peter Defolo's brother) sits at his desk talking on the phone:

JP DEFOLO
Yeah. Rape, control, kill; you know,
those MS-13 animals... Chantilly...
twelve boys, fifteen girls... New
Life Children's Refuge... Yes Fos,
I will tell him!
(hangs up)

Hanging on the wall behind JP, a painting shows two men hunched over a dining table bearing knives and forks; on the table lies a man in a suit, who looks vaguely like JP.

EPSTEIN (O.S.)
Love the new painting.

JP DEFOLO
Always be the guy with the fork.

CIA Officer, MARK EPSTEIN, 50s, stands near the door.

EPSTEIN
Heading to Langley, want a lift?

JP DEFOLO

I gotta go see my brother Peter.
Fos wants him to dial back on the
parties, especially after the
accident with the Congressman.

EPSTEIN

Heard he's relaxing, in the park.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley drives the BMW onto driveway, parks, exits; Eli
drives up in his van, parks next to her and exits; she
walks to side door, opens it and enters, Eli follows her
in.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eli, washed clean, SMALL BANDAGE above right eye, sits at
the table eating a sandwich, sips from a glass of water;
sitting on the table is Tuxedo Man's iPHONE and GUN. Ashley
stands near him.

ELI

I heard a rumor, back in Milwaukee,
before I resigned, about a ruthless
vigilante killer, who left a trail
of dead men. Thirty or more judges,
politicians and businessmen from
Northern California to the East
Coast. Coincidentally enough, upon
deeper investigation of their
deviant proclivities, all turned
out to be, pedophiles. This killer
was prolific, yet never left a
single clue. Not one fucking clue.
Nothing. They're all unsolved cold
cases that go back over ten years.
Guess that's why it's just a rumor.

(beat)

No single killer can be that clean.

(beat)

Except, maybe you.

Simultaneously: Ashley pulls a PISTOL from behind her back
as Eli takes the PISTOL off the table--they aim their guns
at each other.

ASHLEY

So what if it's me. You're not a cop anymore, right?

ELI

How did you know I would come?

ASHLEY

What do you mean?

With his free hand, Eli slowly takes the folded and dog-eared POSTCARD of the U.S. CAPITAL out of his pocket; he opens it and slides it toward Ashley, he flips it over; hand-written on it is the single word: "HERE".

ELI

This jog your memory?

ASHLEY

I thought I could use some help. From another pro, for a special job. I read about the arrests you were making. And what they did to you, and your son. And your wife. Her suicide. I thought that you would want to be here. To help me a find a guy. Who might know about your son.

ELI

And who would that be?

ASHLEY

The head of the Mandalay Camp. Inside, Bohemian Grove.

Ashley's eyes instantly glaze over, she's in the trance, she drops her pistol to the floor; Eli picks it up and watches her face as it silently contorts in agony and pain.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

INT. REDWOOD CABIN - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

The cabin walls are papered in festive bubbles and little baby elephants wearing party hats; lighting the room are NINE CANDLES that form a circle around a HUMAN SKULL that sits on the bedside table; a small framed sign on the wall indicates: "MANDALAY CAMP".

A rhythmically *SQUEAKING* bed is heard. Dressed in suit and tie, CIA Officer, Mark Epstein, 30s, (younger, same Epstein from the previous scene) stands near the bed; *GEORGE FOS* (O.S.), 50s, grunts on the *SQUEAKING* bed.

FOS (O.S.)

Goddamn your MK-Ultra mind control
shit! What's the breaker?!

EPSTEIN

You don't like her compliant?

FOS (O.S.)

I'm not necro! What's the word?!

EPSTEIN

(whispers)

Purity.

FOS (O.S.)

Pretty!

EPSTEIN

No. Pur-i-ty.

FOS (O.S.)

Purity!

YOUNG ASHLEY, 8, (O.S.) immediately *CRIES, SCREAMS:*

YOUNG ASHLEY (O.S.)

Stop! Please stop, you're hurting
me bad! Stop now! I'm bleeding!

Fos (O.S.) *GRUNTS.* Epstein smiles.

A *PHOTO* on a table behind Epstein shows wealthy financier, George Fos, shaking hands with CIA Director, George H.W. Bush.

PRESENT DAY

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Concerned and staring at Ashley, Eli sits at the table; both guns sit flat on the table near his hands, as Ashley suddenly snaps out of her trance as if nothing happened. She glances briefly at her empty right hand, then the guns on the table:

ASHLEY

The Mandalay Camp is where the most powerful man, the head of the club, resides during the grove's rituals. I think he might be here. In the District.

ELI

Okay, let's hold on that for a minute. Can I ask you something?

ASHLEY

Sure.

ELI

Are you aware, that you were just in a trance?

ASHLEY

What do you mean? When? I'm talking to you. But somehow you got my gun. I assume you resolved any doubts you had about me?

ELI

I never had any. You were telling me about the Mandalay Camp inside some grove when your eyes glazed; you were frozen in time, and seemed to be having a nightmare.

She walks to the dishwasher and starts unloading it:

ASHLEY

Oh. Fuck. I guess that shit's back. I have severe PTSD and dissociative identity disorder. Multiple personalities. I was deprogrammed years ago, but I probably need an update.

ELI

Deprogrammed?

ASHLEY

When I was a kid, I was kidnapped by Child Protective Services, who actually get paid commissions for stealing kids, and then sold to people in Monte Rio.

ELI
CPS steals children?

ASHLEY
They faked neglect charges against my mom. CPS forced her to court to legally relinquish her parental rights. She had no money to defend herself, and the judge, who was in on it, ruled against her. And so they basically stole me from her... I loved her. But she was helpless.

Ashley closes the empty dishwasher, walks to Eli.

ASHLEY
My gun.

ELI
(hands it to her)
Where is she now, your Mom?

ASHLEY
Gone. Suicide. Like your wife.

ELI
I'm sorry. And, the other stuff?

Ashley sits down at the table.

ASHLEY
Every July from the time I was four the people in Monte Rio who bought me rented me out to the club at the grove. We were used in their satanic rituals, and, hunting parties. They made us wear little animal costumes and turned us loose in the woods, at night. We were killed, or raped.

ELI
How did you survive?

Ashley rises and walks to kitchen window; she looks outside. Her face reflects off the window:

ASHLEY
I was raped for years by rich and powerful men, like Mandalay Man.
(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Later I was taken by government agents and tortured so severely that my personality fractured into multiples, six girls and a boy. It's done deliberately, so when we're questioned under oath or questioned under lie detector, unless the operator knows how to question a multiple-personality, they end up without any usable evidence, and cases get tossed. We were used to sexually entrap and compromise political and business leaders, or anyone else they wanted to blackmail or control.

Ashley turns from the window to face Eli.

ELI

I read confidential grand jury testimony about Little St. James Island being used for those purposes. The pervert's private Lolita Express jet flew world leaders there specifically to capture them on video having sex with children. And worse.

ASHLEY

Now CIA and Mossad own them. CIA, Mossad, and the fucking Banksters; they're the global Deep State that runs the world.

ELI

Your torture, was CIA's MK-Ultra and Monarch mind control program?

She walks to refrigerator, opens it, takes out an orange, digs her thumb into it, and starts peeling it in a perfect spiral:

ASHLEY

They owned me for years. Their pretty puppet in a party dress. Then the dress came off.

ELI

How did you get out?

ASHLEY

I was rescued and deprogrammed by ex-CIA officer, Phillip Marks. He taught me and trained me, very rigorously, in the arts of self-defense. And how to kill, without leaving a trace.

(eats orange)

Eli takes his empty plate to the sink, washes it, dries it, sets it in the dish rack on the counter:

ELI

When I was fourteen, my best friend was slaughtered. By Jeffrey Dahmer.

Facing sink, Eli takes the MESSY THUMB DRIVE from his pocket, wets a paper towel and cleans it off thoroughly:

ELI (CONT'D)

The man I killed tonight was security for the guy, Defolo, who you said owns the mansion next door.

Eli comes back to the table with the clean thumb drive.

ELI (CONT'D)

This is loaded with all the camera video from the eight kill rooms in the basement.

Eli hands it to her.

ELI (CONT'D)

Can you make a thumb drive copy?

ASHLEY

Yes.

ELI

I gotta sleep now.

He walks to the kitchen door, opens it.

ASHLEY

Where are you going?

ELI

The van. There's a mattress.

ASHLEY

No. I have a bedroom.

ELI

I don't want to impose. I sleep in the van; I'm used to it. My wife's ashes are in there and-

ASHLEY

-No. Sleep here.

ELI

Fine.

ASHLEY

I need you fresh.

Weary Eli closes kitchen door, locks it. Ashley puts her hand gently on his back and guides him out of the kitchen.

ELI

My son. I had a son. Conor. He was taken because I wouldn't back down. They're both dead. I killed them.

ASHLEY

No. You didn't, Eli.

LIVING ROOM

Eli and Ashley enter and walk toward the main floor bedrooms.

ELI

And when I find them... Sorry, which room? I'm asleep on my feet.

ASHLEY

That one. We have to be up and out by five A.M. tomorrow.

ELI

Why?

ASHLEY

There's going to be a transaction at the Morning Star at six.

ELI

Okay. Good night, Ashley.

ASHLEY
Goodnight, Eli.

Their eyes lock. They bond for a moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedside table light is on; the clock next to it indicates: 5:00 A.M.

Eli sits calmly on the edge of the perfectly made bed fully washed, dressed, hair brushed. Ready. KNOCK on the door.

ELI
It's open.

Eli rises from the bed; Ashley, wearing sleek yoga pants, sports bra and running shoes opens the door; he smooths the bed comforter; she offers Eli a cup of coffee, he takes it:

ASHLEY
Hi. Did you sleep?

ELI
Thank you. Yeah.

ASHLEY
Good. Here.

She hands him TWO THUMB DRIVES.

ELI
Keep one and secure it.

She nods; Eli takes one, goes to the dresser, takes Tuxedo Man's PISTOL and iPHONE, stuffs them into his jacket pockets. They exit.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ashley drives; Eli in the front passenger seat tunes the CAR RADIO to a local news station:

NEWSCASTER (V.O)
...sixty-six today, low tonight of
fifty.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now an update on our breaking story about the body found in Fort Marcy Park. U.S. Park Police say they have identified the victim as Illinois Congressman, Ronald Cramer. His car, a black Mercedes-Benz with Congressional license plates, was found in the Fort Marcy parking lot near the scene of his suicide. Park Police also indicate that Cramer, whose body was found on a slope beside a Civil War cannon, shot himself, in the neck.

Eli turns off the radio.

ELI

Fucking Clowns; they're following the Foster playbook.

ASHLEY

Another stunt.

ELI

Follow the bread crumbs.

Ashley drives the BMW toward the rear parking lot of the Morning Star Restaurant; the Panamera is parked there.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ashley stops the BMW, reverses into a secluded spot near the restaurant with a view of its parking lot; she puts it in park and turns off the engine. The area under the dumpster is clear.

INT. BMW - DAWN

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before. They look out the windshield toward the restaurant.

ELI

You were here last night?

ASHLEY

Yeah. The guy I dragged behind the dumpster is gone. Probably brought him down to the furnace.

ELI

Furnace?

ASHLEY

Yeah, there's a cremation furnace downstairs. This is a disposal facility. The children's organs are, in a refrigerator.

ELI

(checks watch)

We have some time.

Eli takes his iPhone out of his pocket, taps camera app REVEALING PHOTO of dead Dajjal and White Rabbit Boy in the shallow grave; he shows the phone/camera screen to Ashley.

ELI

SUV driver and the little boy that Cramer killed last night.

Ashley's POV as she looks at the photo of White Rabbit Boy. She freezes, staring at the photo. Eli looks at her.

[FLASHBACK IMAGE]

EXT. REDWOOD GROVE - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

Joshua wears his RABBIT COSTUME; his dead eyes and mouth are open; he lies on his back in the dirt amidst the forest brush. The costume's rabbit ears flop down from his head near a bullet hole in his forehead.

PRESENT DAY

INT. BMW - DAWN

Ashley and Eli, same seats as before. Eli touches Ashley's shoulder and gently shakes her.

ELI

Ashley. Ashley?

Ashley blinks and becomes alert.

ASHLEY

Shit. I felt that.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I was conscious of a vision, of my friend, in the grove. Joshua. His name was Joshua. He was eight. He tried to protect me. He was dead. Shot. In his rabbit costume. He never got out of the woods.

ELI

Sorry, Ash. That must have been-

ASHLEY

(rising anger)

I'm okay. I'll be alright.

ELI

You're sure? We could wait-

ASHLEY

I'm fine, Eli. Just leave it the fuck alone! Fucking dead kids. They're everywhere. Goddammit! Nobody gives a fuck about all the dead kids!

(beat)

Fucking nobody.

ELI

We do. You and me.

They look each other in the eyes, and nod... Eli puts his phone in his jacket and takes Tuxedo Man's iPhone out of the glovebox; his POV as he taps PHOTO GALLERY and scrolls through PHOTOS of grim-faced YOUNG BOYS, 4-12-years-old, in COSTUMES, SWIM SUITS, UNDERWEAR; he stops scrolling on a PHOTO, stares at it: a PHOTO of a BOY about 12-years-old. Ashley watches him:

ASHLEY

What is it?

ELI

This looks like my Conor. My son is on this fucker's phone!

(shows her screen)

ASHLEY

Oh my god; he looks just like you.

ELI

He might be alive.

Ashley puts her hand on his hand; they look at each other, then awkwardly separate their hands.

ELI

Do you have a plan?

ASHLEY

Yeah. I plan on killing every fucker that isn't you.

ELI

Yeah, that's not really a plan. If you kill everyone, how will you find your Mandalay Camp guy?

ASHLEY

I know, it's more of a desired outcome. How many have you killed?

Eli looks out the window, his face reflects off the glass.

ELI

Better get into position.

He opens the car door.

ASHLEY

Eli, wait.

Ashley reaches back behind her between the front seats, grasps and lifts a metal LATCH in the middle of the rear seats near the floor. Ashley lifts the custom modified hydraulic rear seats upward, they hold open in place. Ashley leans back between the front seats and pulls from the rear-seat hidden compartment TWO GLOCK semiautomatic pistols with SILENCERS attached to their muzzles; she leans back into her seat, hands a pistol to Eli.

ASHLEY

Don't want to wake the neighbors.

ELI

You have an arsenal in there?

ASHLEY

Yeah. Everything I need.

ELI

(beat)

How about a flash grenade?

Ashley leans back into the rear seat compartment area, reaches into the box and pulls out an olive green FLASH GRENADE.

ASHLEY

Here you go. Brand new M84.
(hands it to him)

Amazed, he looks in her eyes; she winks at him. Eli smiles, opens his door, exits, runs toward the restaurant's rear door.

EXT. RESTAURANT - REAR - DAY

Eli positions himself behind the dumpster near the door, looks at his WATCH: 5:57 A.M.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley's POV of Eli behind the dumpster. She releases the magazine from the Glock, reloads it, racks the slide, chambers a round; she stares out the windshield, ready.

EXT. RESTAURANT - REAR - DAY

Eli's POV behind the dumpster on a silver RANGE ROVER with black tinted windows that enters the lot and parks near the Panamera near the restaurant's rear door.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley's POV as Range Rover's rear passenger doors open; Kinder, with a CAST on his right arm, and Defolo exit. They walk past the black Panamera to the restaurant's rear door.

EXT. RESTAURANT - REAR - DAY

DEFOLO

Tony's here?

KINDER

JP took the van. The K-L-A butcher never showed.

Eli's POV as Kinder unlocks the rear door; he and Defolo enter.

A black DENALI with tinted windows enters the parking lot, stops to the left of the Range Rover, with a parking space between them, and parks.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley's POV on the Range Rover as large, muscular RR DRIVER, 30s, exits, walks between the Denali and the Range Rover.

EXT. RESTAURANT - REAR - DAY

Denali's rear passenger doors open; ALBANIAN, 30s, exits holding an ATTACHÉ CASE. SERBIAN, 30s, exits holding a COOLER by its shoulder strap; they walk to RR Driver, set the cooler and attaché case down; RR Driver opens the cooler. It's empty.

RR DRIVER

Open the case.

Albanian opens the attaché case; it's filled with stacked and banded one-hundred-dollar bills; RR Driver fans quickly through a few stacks of banded cash.

RR DRIVER

Three-hundred?

Albanian nods, closes attaché; he raises his hands.

ALBANIAN

What's for breakfast? I buy.

RR Driver frisks Albanian:

RR DRIVER

Liver, hearts, kidney. All fresh.
Orphanage to table.

They chuckle. RR Driver completes frisk, Albanian lowers hands, picks up the attaché case.

ALBANIAN

Yummy. I këndshëm.

Serbian raises his hands.

SERBIAN

Is gluten free?

RR Driver frisks Serbian.

RR DRIVER

The least of your problems.

RR Driver completes frisk, Serbian lowers hands, picks up the cooler; Albanian and Serbian walk to restaurant door with RR Driver who opens the door, they enter; RR Driver stands guard outside.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

Ashley, wearing sleek tight yoga pants, sports bra and running shoes exits BMW and walks casually but quickly toward Denali--

--Ashley holds the Glock pistol behind her right thigh as she quickly approaches the Denali's driver side.

EXT. RESTAURANT - REAR - DAY

RR Driver's POV as he watches the lot and the Denali; the Denali driver's side is not visible from his vantage point.

DUMPSTER

Eli's POV as he watches the lot and the Denali; the Denali driver's side is not visible from his vantage point.

DENALI

Ashley's POV as she sees swarthy DENALI DRIVER, 40s, reflected in the driver's sideview mirror; she walks quickly to Denali Driver's window, holds the pistol with attached silencer under the window pointing up, taps the window with her other hand, window lowers all the way down; Denali Driver, surprised, ogles Ashley and smiles; he leans his head out the window toward her.

DENALI DRIVER

Ju doni të dështoj?

(subtitle: You wanna fuck?)

PASSENGER, 40s, in front passenger seat laughs; Ashley smiles, shakes her head NO, FIRES a silent bullet up through Denali Driver's chin into his skull, he slumps out the window dead; she aims and FIRES two silent shots into front Passenger's startled face, blood splatters the side window as he slumps forward dead.

Ashley walks quickly around the rear of Denali, pistol behind her thigh, toward RR Driver at the restaurant door.

DUMPSTER

Eli's POV as Ashley walks from the rear of Denali toward RR Driver at the restaurant door; Eli slowly steps out from behind dumpster.

RESTAURANT DOOR

RR Driver's POV on blood splattered Denali passenger window--and then hot-looking Ashley strutting quickly toward him; RR Driver's confused as Ashley raises her pistol from behind her thigh and FIRES a silenced bullet into his forehead; she keeps walking to the door, he falls against the door, slides to the ground; Eli walks to RR Driver, pulls him behind the dumpster, walks to Ashley at the door, and pulls his pistol from his waistband.

ASHLEY

Ready?

ELI

Yes ma'am. Let me know if you need any help.

Ashley smiles. Eli takes the flash grenade from his jacket pocket; Ashley opens the restaurant door, they enter and stop.

INT. RESTAURANT - STAIRWAY - DAY

Eli and Ashley look down the stairway and listen; MUFFLED MEN'S VOICES are heard from the basement below.

ELI

Time to wake those fuckers up.

ASHLEY

Right. Grip it and rip it, like a Scherzer four-seamer.

Eli looks at Ashley, then at the M84 flash grenade; using his teeth he pulls the triangle pin from the grenade.

ELI

Close your eyes.

Eli hurls the grenade like a sidearm fastball down the stairway into the basement; Eli and Ashley lean away and turn for cover; the METALLIC SOUND of the grenade BOUNCING along the cement floor is heard with MEN'S panicky VOICES:

MEN'S VOICES (O.S.)

- Cfare eshte ajo? Mut!
- Trcati!
- Fucking bomb!

The flash grenade EXPLODES, WHITE LIGHT and DEAFENING 180-DECIBEL BOOM! floods up the stairway; Eli and Ashley pause, then launch themselves down the stairs into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ashley and Eli stop at the bottom of the stairs; the room is filled with smoke; the only SOUND heard is SOFT CRYING; through the smoke, barely visible, vague DARK SHAPES stumble around; one DARK MASS is in a heap on the floor; guns drawn, Ashley and Eli dart through the smoky haze toward the Dark Shapes ahead of them...they get to Albanian, wobbling on his feet frozen in shock, his hands cover his ears, Ashley shoots him through the eye, he drops...they close on another nearby Dark Heap curled and crying in a fetal position on the floor with a cast on his arm, Kinder, who opens his tearing eyes, looks up at them:

KINDER

Who the fuck-

Eli shoots him in the forehead...they take steps, back-to-back, with guns up, stop, nobody else visible in the smoky haze...Ashley points at a Dark Figure hunched over the organ-cleaning table...they move to it, Serbian vomits on the table, Eli shoots him in the head, he falls forward into his puke on the table, slides off to the floor...they look around, nobody is visible in the smoke--SUDDENLY--MACHINEGUN FIRE sprays the room, SHATTERING GLASS jars and EXPLODING cans; Ashley and Eli dive to the floor, crawl behind the table and search for the source of the machine-gun fire--ORANGE BURSTS flash near the furnace, a SPRAY of bullets SHATTERS and CRACKS glass and wood near their heads; Eli and Ashley crouch together behind the table.

DEFOLO (O.S.)

I alone represent Satan, with power and dominion over all creatures on earth. I give, and take away. You fuckers will be taken!

ELI

Smoke's clearing, we gotta move.

DEFOLO (O.S.)

I pull strings, and you dance!

Defolo fires a bullet SPRAY RIPPING up wood and metal.

DEFOLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I cause both happiness and misery.
For you, it will be misery!

ELI

Go to the furnace along this wall
and I'll circle to it from that
side. Take your silencer off.

(they unscrew silencers)

We want him to hear all our shots.
He's the last guy, Ashley. Do not
kill him.

Defolo BULLET-SPRAYS the room; Eli and Ashley duck down.

DEFOLO

I am the Devil of the Book of Thoth.
I rule transmigration of your soul.

ELI

On three.

Ashley nods; Eli signals with his fingers: one- two- three-
they dart on separate paths away from the table FIRING
SHOTS at the furnace as they run toward it; Ashley dives
and rolls close to an obscured door behind a large crate
near the furnace.

Eli slides behind a shelf unit on the other side of
furnace.

DEFOLO

I am Baphomet, the Androgyne who is
the hieroglyph of arcane perfection.
I am now wide awake, bathed, in a
fucking icy sweat!

Ashley FIRES a shot that HITS the wall next to Defolo's
face, he ducks; Eli comes from behind, STRIKES Defolo on
top of his head with his gun butt; Defolo drops to the
floor in a heap; the machinegun HITS the floor; Ashley runs
to them quickly. Defolo lies unconscious on the floor.

Ashley stands, hits the furnace BUTTON, flames FIRE ON; she presses the RACK BUTTON; the rack extends outward, drops down to the floor.

ELI
What? We gotta go!

ASHLEY
Drag 'em over here. They're going in.

The room is hazy, the three dead Men lie on the floor; the cooler and aluminum attaché case sit near them.

Barely audible, continuous SOUND of a YOUNG GIRL WHIMPERING...

Eli and Ashley drag the three Men's bodies to the furnace:

ASHLEY
Do you hear something?

ELI
(listens)
No.

Eli and Ashley stack all three bodies one atop the other on the rack and hold them steady; Ashley presses the RACK BUTTON, the motor GROANS under the weight of the men; the rack rises and retracts into the furnace; the bodies EXPLODE into flames and melt quickly on the steel rack.

At Ashley and Eli's feet, Defolo GROANS, becomes conscious; Eli drops down next to him, HITS him hard on the head with his gun butt, knocking him back into unconsciousness.

SOUND of a Young Girl crying softly...mixed with the MUTED SOUND of approaching SIRENS.

ASHLEY
What is that?

ELI
Police. Gotta get him out of here.

ASHLEY
No, that sound.

ELI
Gotta get him up the stairs.

ASHLEY

I saw a hidden door behind the
crate. Maybe it's something.

Young Girl CRYING gets louder.

ELI

That's a girl crying.

ASHLEY

Where, where is she?

They listen carefully, follow the CRYING to a space behind
a shelf unit; SOUND of SIRENS gets LOUDER; Ashley and Eli
move a box and see teary-eyed Carisa locked in a metal dog
crate; Carisa, with a bruise under her eye, sees them and
reaches out to them.

CARISA

Ayúdame!

Eli SMASHES his gun butt on the small lock on the crate, it
opens; Ashley pulls Carisa out, holds her in her arms.

ELI

The hidden door?

Ashley carries Carisa.

ASHLEY

Here!

Ashley walks quickly behind a crate to a semi-concealed
door, opens it, it's dark, she looks for a light switch,
finds it, turns on the light REVEALING a long narrow
tunnel; SIRENS LOUDER...

ELI

Fuck, there's no time. We'll have
to kill him.

ASHLEY

No! Get him in here!

Eli grabs Defolo by his ankles, drags him to the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Eli drags Defolo in through the doorway; Ashley closes the
door.

ELI

Wait, the cooler, and the case!

MUTED SIRENS CLOSER.

Eli's POV as Ashley sets Carisa down, opens the door, grabs the case and cooler--SOUND of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS heard coming rapidly down the basement stairs, Ashley runs back into the tunnel and closes the door; SOUND of MUFFLED MEN'S VOICES heard from inside the basement.

Eli has unconscious Defolo up across his shoulders.

ELI

Put the guns in the case.

Ashley opens attaché case, puts guns inside, closes it, picks up cooler, slings its strap over her shoulder, picks up case. Ashley holds the attaché case handle in one hand and Carisa's hand in the other; Eli has Defolo across his back; they start walking through the tunnel.

A continuous sequence of SATANIC SPRAY-PAINTED IMAGES on the walls: HORNED GOAT HEADS, OWLS, PENTACLES, SNAKES, SKULLS, 666's, INVERTED CROSSES, etc. LARGE RATS scurry across their path, and then follow them.

ASHLEY

Where do you think it leads?

ELI

Into hell, or out of it. I think we're headed south, along Nebraska, toward Fort Reno. Keep your eyes open for a ladder, a door, hatch-

SUDDENLY--the tunnel is pitch BLACK.

BLACK

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Shit. Eli?

CARISA (O.S.)

Estoy asustado!

ASHLEY (O.S.)

We're safe, niña; estamos bien.

ELI (O.S.)

I'm here. Ashley, come to me, I have
a flashlight in my jacket, inside.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

...Got it.

Ashley clicks on the FLASHLIGHT--a DEAD BLOODY HORNED GOAT
is atop Eli's shoulders in place of Defolo, she SCREAMS and
drops the flashlight, it rolls on the ground, the tunnel is
darkened--the vague dark heap lies across Eli's shoulders.

ELI

What is it?!

ASHLEY

I don't know!

Ashley bends down quickly, picks up flashlight in her shaky
hand, points it at Eli's waist, raises LIGHT up his chest
to his shoulders, his face--Defolo lies across his
shoulders.

ASHLEY

Oh my god. I just saw, it was a,
a dead goat. Shit!

(takes Carisa's hand)

ELI

Are you okay?

ASHLEY

Yes. Jesus.

She picks up the cooler and attaché case, takes Carisa's
hand.

CARISA

(to Ashley)

¿Cabra muerta? Yo lo vi.

(subtitle: Dead goat? I saw it.)

Astonished Ashley looks at Carisa.

ASHLEY

No.

CARISA

Si, yo lo vi.

ELI

Let's keep walking.

They all walk forward, Ashley lights the way ahead. A GANG of RATS follows in the shadows behind them.

Ashley lights the way forward, close behind her and Carisa, Eli walks slowly with Defolo across his shoulders.

ASHLEY

Light ahead, might be an exit.

They walk further, come to a right turn, follow it, the tunnel BRIGHTENS as they--their POV--see a walk-out opening, that's blocked by a closed wrought iron gate; they get to the gate, stop; Eli crouches down and lets Defolo slide off his shoulders to the ground, Eli rises.

The rats crawl toward Defolo on the ground and bite him, he doesn't stir; they swarm his body, biting him all over.

Carisa and Ashley stand next to Eli: their POV on a LOCK on the gate; Eli KICKS the gate lock hard, KICKS it again, the lock stays intact but the side of the gate bolted to the cement wall loosens. Eli walks to the side of the loose gate and RIPS the gate off the tunnel wall.

ASHLEY

Damn. You're the Mountain.

Eli smirks at Ashley; he looks down at Defolo, being bitten by the rats, pauses, then kicks the SQUEALING rats off him.

INT./EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

Eli, with Defolo across his shoulders, followed by Ashley and Carisa, walk toward the BRIGHTENING exit; near the exit, thin dripping blood stains streak the wall of the tunnel three feet above the ground; Eli, Ashley and Carisa stare at the blood streak as they pass... At the end of the long bloody streak, a CHILD'S BLOODY LEFT HAND PRINT stains the wall; Carisa releases Ashley's hand, walks to it, stares at it, puts her right hand on the wall next to it; Carisa's right hand is a perfect opposing match in size and shape to the bloody left hand print on the wall.

CARISA

Alice. Es Alice? Alice!

Carisa cries; Ashley walks to her, puts her hand on her shoulder, and gently guides her away from the wall.

ASHLEY

No, no Alice. No aquí.

Carisa has tears in her eyes. They all walk along further and exit the tunnel; rats do not follow them into the sunlight.

EXT. TUNNEL - PLOT OF GRASS - DAY

Eli drops Defolo on the grass; Defolo THUDS and moans, Eli punches him HARD across the face; he's out cold. Ashley unslings the cooler, sets it and the attaché case down. MUTED SOUND of HELICOPTER ROTORS are heard to the north.

Ashley's POV on a STREET SIGN indicating intersection of NEBRASKA AVE and ALBEMARLE ST; she points to it.

ASHLEY

I think we're near the high school.
About a mile south of Morning Star.

ELI

Can you get the car?

ASHLEY

Sure. I can run in this outfit.

ELI

I'll watch the girl. And the goat.

ASHLEY

Hey, thinking about the trance states I've been falling into.

Eli looks at her, listening.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

When I was deprogrammed by Marks,
he recovered a repressed memory.

ELI

Of what?

ASHLEY

My CIA MK-Ultra trance states; the key suggestive word to break them.

ELI
You remember it?

ASHLEY
Yes. It's, purity.

ELI
Purity. That's what those vampires
were sucking out of you.

CARISA
¿De qué estás hablando?

ASHLEY
Una palabra de ayuda. Que me ayude.

CARISA
¿Cuál es la palabra?

ASHLEY
Purity. Decirlo. Purity.

CARISA
Purty.

ASHLEY
No, pur-i-ty.

CARISA
Pur-i-ty.

ASHLEY
Yes. Si, eso es todo.

CARISA
Para ayudarle.
(smiles)

ASHLEY
Si, mi niña inteligente. To *help* me.
(smiles)

ELI
You two are great together; like
mother and daughter. Where did you
get the español?

Ashley smiles at him, stands, rubs Carisa's back.

ASHLEY

I slaved with migrant workers. In
Sonoma. The vineyards. Back soon.

Ashley jogs north along Nebraska Ave.

EXT. MORNING STAR RESTAURANT - REAR - DAY

THREE NEWS HELICOPTERS with ROTORS THUMPING circle above.
METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT (MPD) POLICE CARS, FIRE
ENGINES, AMBULANCES with LIGHTS FLASHING are parked in the
restaurant's lot and alley. UNIFORMED POLICEMEN stand watch
along the yellow crime scene tape to keep the crowd of
ONLOOKERS at bay.

Onlookers behind the tape POV of the restaurant and murder
scenes in the parking lot. TWO DETECTIVES analyze the
shooting scene in the black Denali. CSI INVESTIGATORS
crouch and collect evidence from Range Rover Driver's BODY
by the dumpster.

NEWS VANS: WRC-NBC4, WTTG-FOX5, WJLA-ABC7, WUSA-CBS and
respective NEWS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN are set up nearby;
the vans' SATELLITE DISHES rise into the sky.

Ashley appears in the b.g., jogs closer, walks toward the
crime scene; her POV on NEWS VANS, NEWS REPORTERS, TV
CAMERAMEN, the black Denali, COVERED BODY hanging out the
driver's side window.

Ashley walks behind CAMERAMAN, 50s, pointing a TV CAMERA at
the blonde FEMALE WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER, 20s, on air:

WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER

(into microphone)

...DCPD will not say whether these
murders are linked to Congressman
Cramer's suspicious death this
morning that Park Police have some-
how already determined was suicide.
Morning Star was linked in the past
to posts on 4chan, 8chan and Reddit
by Anons who connected Wikileaks
dumps to to child sex trafficking
and satanic ritual abuse. Many
Anons, led by their leader, Q,
continue to investigate The Storm
and the coming of The Great
Awakening-

SUDDENLY Cameraman's CAMERA is shoved off his shoulder by FBI SPECIAL AGENT KLINE, 40s, in black suit and tie; it HITS the street and FRAGMENTS; Cameraman turns to Kline in anger:

CAMERAMAN

What the fuck're you doing, man?!

KLINE

Shut up fuckhead. No more fake news satanic, sex trafficking bullshit.

Kline slides his jacket aside flashing his GUN and GOLD FBI BADGE in his waistband.

KLINE (CONT'D)

You're done here. Pack it in.
(walks off)

WTTG-FOX5 REPORTER

I'm billing you, you corrupt FBI motherfucker!

(beat)

What the hell was that about?

CAMERAMAN

Censorship, with extreme prejudice.

Ashley turns away from the News People; her POV on her white BMW parked across the alley; she walks to it, gets in, starts it, drives slowly through the alley past all of the commotion, turns left onto southbound NEBRASKA AVENUE and disappears.

EXT. TUNNEL - PLOT OF GRASS - DAY

Defolo lies face down incapacitated on his stomach with ear and face bleeding from rat bites, Eli sits on his back; Carisa sits nearby staring at Defolo; the case and cooler sit near them.

BMW with Ashley driving pulls up close to them and parks.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley leans back from driver's seat into rear area, lifts rear seats, reaches inside compartment, pulls out PLASTIC ZIP TIE CUFFS and a TASER, lowers the seats, exits the car with them.

EXT. TUNNEL - PLOT OF GRASS - DAY

Ashley walks to Eli, hands him the zip tie cuffs and Taser.

ASHLEY

Here. No more bruised knuckles.

ELI

The girl who has everything.

Eli gets off Defolo's back, yanks his arms behind his back --Defolo groans--places Defolo's rat-bitten hands in the zip tie loops and pulls them tight.

ELI

Hope that doesn't cut off your circulation. Probably have rabies anyway. Help me get him up.

ASHLEY

¿Cómo estás?

CARISA

Tengo hambre.

ASHLEY

We'll eat soon.

Eli and Ashley grab Defolo under his armpits and pull him up, barely conscious, to his unsteady feet.

ELI

Open the trunk.

EXT. BMW - DAY

Ashley opens the BMW trunk, helps Eli guide dazed Defolo to it; Eli shoves him in head first, grabs his legs, shoves them in the tight compartment, SLAMS trunk lid.

ELI

Let's go.

ASHLEY

Where? Cops and news media are all over.

ELI

Any empty houses, in the counties?

ASHLEY
I know a place in Montgomery.

ELI
That could work.

ASHLEY
¿Dónde está tu mamá pequeña?

CARISA
Mamá y Papá están muertos.

ASHLEY
(walks Carisa to car)
Lo siento mucho. ¿Cómo te llamas?

CARISA
Carisa.

Eli gets in the front passenger seat, closes door.

ASHLEY
That's a very pretty name. Es un nombre muy bonito. Me llamo Ashley. Su nombre es Eli.

Carisa gets in the back seat, Ashley buckles her seat belt, closes her door; Ashley gets the case and cooler, opens the other rear passenger door, sets the case and cooler inside, closes door.

INT. BMW - DAY

Ashley gets in driver's seat, closes door, buckles up. Eli and Carisa are buckled in their seats.

CARISA
(smiles, points)
Ashley y Eli.
(giggles)

Eli and Ashley look at each other and smile. Ashley drives toward Nebraska Avenue, turns onto it heading southbound.

EXT. AMERICA'S SQUARE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

America's Square presents stunning views of the U.S. Capitol, Russell Senate Building, Supreme Court, Rayburn House Building -- the heart of the world's power.

INT. FOS GLOBAL INITIATIVE OFFICES - FOS OFFICE - DAY

The office has a stunning view of the Capitol Dome. Financier George Fos, 75 (older than previous scene) sits on his desk talking on his phone. PHOTOS on a shelf behind him of: his WIFE, a BOY, 12, DICK CHENEY, DENNIS HASTERT, GEORGE H.W. BUSH, BILL and HILLARY CLINTON, JOHN KERRY and JOE BIDEN:

FOS

Prime Minister Orbán threatens all of my NGO's! Now I have to move my foundations to Berlin! ...just take care of it!

(hangs up)

CIA Officer Mark Epstein stands near Fos's desk.

FOS

What does the CIA have?

EPSTEIN

Our D.C. operation was hit.

FOS

You have a problem. How serious?

EPSTEIN

Seven dead, six missing. One of the dead men is a U.S. Congressman.

FOS

That is impossible, officer Epstein. We're a totally protected operation; by NSA, CIA, FBI, DCPD, and HSD. I couldn't be more fucking protected. Who is missing?

EPSTEIN

Kinder, Tony, the organ buyers. Peter Defolo, was taken.

FOS

Peter... Who are they?

EPSTEIN

We're working it.

FOS

Peter's our linchpin. Get with JP and Brock, and figure it out!

Epstein hurries out of the office past Fos's TWO armed BODYGUARDS, 30s.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Ashley drives north on I-270; Eli's in front, Carisa's in back; they pass a sign indicating: "BETHESDA COUNTRY CLUB".

ASHLEY

Carisa's hungry. I'm going to exit
and get us some food.

ELI

Okay. I need coffee.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

BMW exits I-270 at DEMOCRACY AVENUE, enters loop for Westfield Montgomery Mall, drives toward an AMBULANCE that's parked by FU SHING CAFÉ with its lights flashing and rear doors open.

INT. BMW (MOVING/STOPPED) - DAY

Ashley drives with Eli in front and Carisa in the back; they slowly approach the rear of the Ambulance.

ELI

Pull over. Here, stop.

Ashley pulls over, stops; Eli gets out.

EXT. BMW (STOPPED) - DAY

Eli opens the rear passenger door, takes cooler from the floor, closes door, walks to unoccupied Ambulance; Eli slides the cooler into the open rear of the vehicle, carefully takes bandanna from his pocket with Congressman Cramer's gun and the severed finger wrapped in it and puts it into the cooler; he hurries back to the BMW, gets in, closes his door.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Ashley drives forward; Eli's in front and Carisa's in back.

ASHLEY

They'll get the organs to the kids who need them. Maybe they'll connect the gun, too; if they need someone to frame.

EXT. METROPOLITAN POLICE (DCPD) HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The monolithic cement HENRY J. DALY BUILDING at 300 Indiana Avenue NW is one of the city's most derelict buildings. A HUGE RAT waddles out of the building toward the sidewalk.

INT. DCPD - HOMELAND SECURITY DIVISION (HSD) OFFICE - DAY

HSD Intelligence Division Chief, JAMES BROCK, 50s, sits behind his desk speaking with weasel-faced, JP Defolo.

JP DEFOLO

Nobody? And you know nothing?

BROCK

Not yet, JP. This was done by pros. Your brother fired hundreds of rounds; he hit everything but them.

JP DEFOLO

They take anything, besides him?

BROCK

Kids' organs, the money. How did they know about the deal?

JP DEFOLO

Who the fuck knows?! The Albanians and Serbs are locked down, wasn't them. You talk to their boss, Baloz?

BROCK

Not yet.

JP DEFOLO

Call him, goddammit!

Brock picks up phone, presses digits...speaks:

BROCK

Baloz, Brock. ...we know. I have JP here in my office. ...No leads.

(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)

Epstein says maybe a white BMW.
...Yeah, send me the passcodes.

Brock hangs up.

JP DEFOLO

What's he got?

BROCK

GPS tracker in the money case. His
guys are on it.

JP DEFOLO

You get on it! I have eighty-six
kids coming in from Haiti tonight,
going to Chantilly, and forty-eight
tomorrow morning from my Guatemalan
orphanage. Find my brother!

BROCK

Sit tight, JP. We'll find them.

JP DEFOLO

I have kid video, of everyone.

Brock, anxious now, raises his fingers to his brow
REVEALING a BLUE TRIANGLE-WITHIN-A-TRIANGLE CUFFLINK at his
wrist. (Brock is Wolf from the earlier pedo party scene).

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Ashley drives along a country road; soda and coffee cups
sit in cup holders; Eli sits in front, Carisa sits in the
rear with a dab of ketchup on her cheek. Eli turns to her,
sees ketchup, gently wipes it off; he notices Carisa has a
COLOBOMA (dark spot) in the iris of her right eye; he turns
back to front seat.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

The BMW passes a sign indicating: TRAVILAH Population
7,442.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Ashley drives, Eli and Carisa in same seats as before;
Ashley turns at a dirt road marked with a FOR SALE sign--

--they drive down a secluded road, approach a ramshackle FARM HOUSE, drive to the back of the house and park near an open BARN.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - REAR - DAY

Ashley and Eli exit the car; Ashley gets Carisa unbuckled and out of the car:

ASHLEY

One of our higher end properties. A big old ornery goat lives back in the brush behind the barn. His name is Bob. Steer clear of him. I'll get Carisa cleaned up.

ELI

Okay. I'll beware of Bob.
(smiles)

Ashley takes Carisa's hand, they walk toward front of the house, and disappear around the corner. Eli takes Taser from the floor of the BMW, closes the door, pops the trunk lid. Defolo groans, the back of his head is rat-bitten; Eli sets Taser down, pulls Defolo out, dumps him to the ground, picks up Taser; Defolo's swollen eyes open slightly--SUDDENLY--Defolo reaches out, grabs Eli's ankle, he pulls it hard, Eli falls near Defolo; Defolo lunges on top of Eli and PUNCHES him HARD in the face with his zip-tied double fists, Eli tries rolling but is trapped under Defolo's weight; exhausted, Defolo double-PUNCHES Eli slowly, again, and again.

DEFOLO

How does it feel, fucker?!

Worn out Defolo punches Eli with draining force, Eli's face is cut; Defolo stops, breathes hard, grabs a nearby rock in his hands, raises his hands with the rock high above Eli's face--SUDDENLY--Defolo's eyes bug out, he goes stiff, drops the rock, trembles, his mouth foams; he falls over on his side; two Taser darts are stuck in his back, the dart wires extend back to the Taser held in Ashley's hand; she drops it, goes quickly to Eli.

ASHLEY

Oh my god, are you okay?

Ashley helps Eli sit up; he wipes his face. Ashley gets a small towel out of the BMW, pours water from a bottle on it, dabs Eli's face; he takes the towel, gently pats his mouth and eyes, winces; he hands the towel to Ashley.

ELI
(stands)
Let's see what's in the barn.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Eli exits rolling a metal WHEEL-CART and ROPE to unconscious Defolo; Eli and Ashley lift him, shove him into it; Eli picks up Taser and rolls Defolo in the cart around behind the barn.

EXT. BARN - REAR - DAY

Eli rolls Defolo in the wheel-cart into the middle of a circular dirt and rock fire pit; Eli pulls a zip tie cuff from his pocket; he secures it tightly around Defolo's ankles. Eli gathers wood from a stack at the back of the barn and lays it out in a close circle around Defolo in the wheel-cart; he ZAPS Defolo with the Taser, sets it down and walks toward the front of the barn.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - REAR - BMW - DAY

Eli walks to the BMW, opens the rear door, takes out the case, sets it on the trunk; Ashley walks to him.

ASHLEY
Carisa's sleeping. I cleaned her
up, but she needs to see a doctor.

Eli nods; he opens the case revealing banded hundred-dollar bills; he takes them out, stacks them on the trunk.

ELI
Thirty; three-hundred-grand.

ASHLEY
For children's organs. Sick.

Eli looks inside the empty case; his POV on a small LUMP under the interior lining; he tears it away REVEALING a RED-BLINKING GPS TRACKING DEVICE; he tears it out.

ASHLEY
Your phone, check your bars.

They each pull out their phones and look at them.

ELI
No bars; no service.

ASHLEY

Same. No tracking?

ELI

It's blinking red.

Eli drops GPS tracking device to the ground and SMASHES it with his boot.

ELI

Let's get to work.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BLACK SUV (STOPPED) - DAY

The SUV is parked along the side of the road.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

FOUR rugged Albanian men, KILLERS, sit two in front and two in back; KILLER #2 in front passenger seat has an open LAPTOP on his lap showing a MAP. Driver, KILLER #1, talks on his phone:

KILLER #1

No, Baloz, no communication. Not working. ...no signal! ...we drive and look then. ...CIA? Maybe white BMW. ...okay, we look.

(taps hang-up)

Fuck!

EXT. BARN - REAR - DAY

Defolo, tied down with rope in the wheel-cart, struggles in vain; flaming ring of wood around him in the wheel-cart grows; flames lick within inches as he thrashes helplessly; Eli holds a PITCHFORK with Ashley standing next to him, like American Gothic, outside the burning ring of fire.

DEFOLO

Fuck you! Free me! Free me now!

ELI

No, fuck you, you fucking Satan wannabe. Free yourself. But you can't; you have no power! You're just an evil rich pedovore, who fucks, kills and eats innocent children. I'm going to feed your satanic ass to the fucking goat!

Using the pitchfork, Eli moves the flaming circle of wood closer to struggling Defolo, the flames melt the fading old paint on the wheel-cart near his body:

ELI

Rare, medium, well-done, blackened, charred? Have it your way, asshole.

DEFOLO

Fuck, stop it! I'm burning god-dammit! My skin, is searing! Stop!

The metal wheel-cart discolors and turns red as it heats up.

ASHLEY

Nothing like a good old-fashioned witch burning. What a painful, horrific way to die.

ELI

C'mon Peter, a cozy jail cell is better than burning to death. When your clothes catch fire, you're pretty much cooked; no water here.

Defolo's clothes closest to edge of the scorching wheel-cart start to smolder; his eyes go wide with fear; Eli pushes the wood closer to and under the wheel-cart. BOB the HORNED GOAT appears and approaches inquisitively; he stops near them:

DEFOLO

Okay! Okay, stop! Stop now, I'll tell you!

Eli, Ashley and Bob stand still, watching him.

ELI

We have time.

DEFOLO

Fos! George Fos! Here, in D.C.!!

ASHLEY

Fos? Who else?

Defolo's clothes SPARK FIRE at the edges.

DEFOLO

Put it out! Get me out! I'm burning!

ELI

Who else?

Defolo's clothes start to flame. He's sobbing...

DEFOLO

My, my brother, JP! and Baloz! And James Brock! Stop it, please! I can't take it! Get me out! Please! You promised! Stop! Stop! Please!

ASHLEY

That's what all the children said to you, right? Burn motherfucker!

Bob stares at Defolo in the cart. Defolo extends his rigid legs, arches his back with his belly upward, his body resting on his feet and head in the cart.

ELI

Fuck you and your arching hysteria.

Eli uses the pitchfork to push the wheel-cart over, Defolo falls directly into the flames, his clothes are consumed with flames, his body burns, turns black, his grotesque face melts.

ASHLEY

Put the fork in him.

Eli thrusts the pitchfork into Defolo's incinerating torso, it EXPLODES with a FLASH of LIGHT--instantly Bob jerks backward, off-balance, starts BLEATING MANIACALLY, stumbles around and then darts BLEATING into the brush.

ASHLEY

What the fuck?

ELI

That was like some exorcist shit.
Let's move!

They jog from the fire pit toward the front of the barn.

ASHLEY

I'll get Carisa.

Ashley stops, anxious; Eli stops, looks into her eyes, puts his arms around her, gives her a firm but gentle hug; Ashley slowly lifts her arms, puts them around him, and hugs him; she calms.

ASHLEY

That name. He said, Fos, right?

Eli nods.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Eli drives, Ashley's in front passenger seat, Carisa sits in back seat behind Eli as they drive south along GLEN ROAD. The Killers' BLACK SUV passes BMW heading the opposite direction.

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Killer #1 drives, Killer #2 is in front passenger seat, Killers #3 & #4 are in the rear seats.

KILLER #2

(turns around)

White BMW!

(points)

Killer #1 turns the steering wheel hard to the left, makes a TIRE SQUEALING U-turn and ACCELERATES after the BMW.

EXT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

The SUV speeds down the road; it closes on the BMW.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Eli drives, Ashley and Carisa, same seats as before. Eli looks into rearview mirror.

INSERT -- THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR -- ELI'S POV

The black SUV closes on them fast from behind.

ELI

They're right behind us.

Ashley turns around to look; Eli FLOORS it; Ashley unbuckles Carisa; points for her to sit on the floor behind Eli.

ASHLEY

Carisa, sientate en el piso.

Carisa sits on floor behind Eli; Ashley lifts the lower latch on the rear seats and lifts them, they stay up; she reaches down into the compartment. Eli looks into rearview mirror.

INSERT -- THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR -- ELI'S POV

The black SUV is close behind and gaining on them.

Ashley lowers the rear seats and leans into front seat with a short black matte M203 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

ELI

Holy shit.

ASHLEY

I know right? Marks gave me everything.

Ashley lowers her window, points the short muzzle of the grenade launcher outward and flicks off the SAFETY.

EXT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

SUV bears down on rear of BMW, pulls into oncoming lane, the tinted front and rear passenger windows slide down; Killers #2 and #3 point their pistols outward and SHOOT at the BMW, Ashley ducks down, Killers #2 & #3 FIRE repeatedly HITTING the hood, roof and trunk of the BMW; SUV pulls next to the BMW.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

Eli drives, Ashley and Carisa same seats as before. Ashley aims the grenade launcher out the window at SUV alongside them:

ASHLEY

Hey, douchebags!

SUV Killers eyes go wide when they see the grenade launcher aimed at them; they duck. Ashley FIRES grenade into driver, Killer #1's window, instantaneously Killer #1 and SUV EXPLODE, it swerves off the road, flips several times, BURSTS into flames, a total wreck.

ELI

Nicely executed.

ASHLEY

This big boy is bad ass.

Ashley looks back at Carisa and smiles at her; Carisa smiles back and climbs back into her seat.

EXT. AMERICA'S SQUARE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The U.S. Capitol is in close proximity to America's Square.

INT. FOS GLOBAL INITIATIVE OFFICE - DAY

George Fos stands at window gazing out at the Capitol Dome; weasel-face JP Defolo stands at the office bar, pours scotch into a glass, takes a quick gulp.

JP DEFOLO

They're all dead? My brother? Tony? Kinder? Nobody can find them.

FOS

CIA Epstein and FBI Kline activated hit-teams to scour the District.

JP DEFOLO

Trucks are waiting now for the ghost ships from Guatemala. The French Embassy's Monte Carlo Gala is Saturday, Embassy Row's Great Race is after that. Our clients all paid hefty fees, in advance! These assholes are fucking with our supply chain!

FOS

Don't be the weak link, JP.

JP's PHONE VIBRATES in his jacket pocket, he takes it out; his POV on the SCREEN--CALLING: CONGRESSMAN CRAMER. JP, confused, taps screen to answer; he talks on the phone:

JP DEFOLO

How did you get his phone? ...Fuck you, you- what? ...you have Peter? ...and the video tapes, of what? ...What do you want? ...Fletcher's Cove, fifteen minutes.

(MORE)

JP DEFOLO (CONT'D)

(taps hang-up)

They have Peter. And the video.

FOS

These disrupters must be put to sleep.

Fos picks up phone, presses numbers, starts talking:

FOS

Epstein, Fos. Pick up JP downstairs and get to Fletcher's Cove. ...now.

...yes. Chalk 'em.

(hangs up)

INT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

Driver's seat is vacant, Ashley's in front passenger seat and Carisa's in rear seat.

EXT. FEDEX OFFICE - DAY

Eli exits, walks to BMW, enters driver's seat, closes door.

INT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

Eli's in driver seat, Ashley's in front passenger seat, Carisa's in rear seat.

ELI

He'll get it tomorrow.

ASHLEY

It's out of our hands, now. In a way, Eli, we're kinda free.

ELI

Almost, Ash.

EXT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

BMW drives on LOUISIANA AVENUE NW and parks.

INT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa same seats as before. Eli and Ashley's POV out BMW windows to their left on JP Defolo standing across the street near the curb; BLACK SUV drives up fast to JP, stops for a few seconds, and darts away from the curb; JP is gone.

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

CIA Epstein drives, JP Defolo sits in front passenger seat, FBI Special Agent Kline sits in rear passenger seat.

EPSTEIN

Fletcher's in five.

JP DEFOLO

Get my brother, then dust those fuckers.

EPSTEIN

That's the plan.

EXT. BMW (PARKED) - DAY

Eli, holds the attaché case, Ashley and Carisa hold hands, cross Louisiana Ave and enter America's Square building.

I

INT. AMERICA'S SQUARE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa enter the lobby, glance around, walk to the TENANT DIRECTORY; their POV on: FOS GLOBAL INITIATIVE; they walk to an elevator, enter, doors close.

INT. AMERICA'S SQUARE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa exit the elevator and walk the hall toward Fos Global Initiative's reception doors, they enter.

INT. AMERICA'S SQUARE BUILDING - FOS OFFICES - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa enter and approach the RECEPTIONIST, 20s, who's on the phone talking M.O.S. Eli sets the case on the chest-high Reception desktop, opens it, subtly takes TWO GLOCK PISTOLS with SILENCERS out of the case, hands one to Ashley. Receptionist hangs up, smiles at Eli, Ashley and Carisa:

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, how may I help you today?

Eli and Ashley hold their pistols flat on the desktop with the muzzles now pointed eye-level at the Receptionist.

ELI

We're giving you personal time.

Scared but calm, Receptionist grabs her bag, rises and hurries out the door; Ashley, Eli and Carisa walk down the hall to Fos's office; they approach the large mahogany office door.

ELI

Take right, I'll take left.

Ashley nods; Eli opens the door, they enter.

INT. FOS'S OFFICE - DAY

Eli, Ashley and Carisa enter; Carisa immediately drops down flat on the carpet and covers her ears with her hands; to the right, suited BODYGUARD #1 stands by the window; to the left, suited BODYGUARD #2 stands near a wall of books-- --Bodyguards #1 & #2 focus on Carisa and are confused by her actions, then focus too late on Eli's and Ashley's guns; simultaneously, both Bodyguards reach into their jackets, Ashley SHOOTS BG#1 in the forehead, his blood splatters on the window behind him; Eli shoots BG#2's cheek and ear off, BG#2 shoots Eli in the CHEST, Eli drops to the floor; BG#2 quick turns, aims at Ashley and fires, his shot grazes Ashley in her left upper arm, blood splatters from it as she aims her pistol, fires and hits BG#2 in the top of his head, his hair and skull fragments splatter the books; Ashley turns and trains her gun on Fos sitting behind his desk talking on his phone; Ashley aims her gun at Fos as she walks to Eli; Ashley crouches next to Eli; he has a bullet hole in his upper chest; his eyes are closed; she gently touches his neck.

FOS

(on phone)

Take him, he's become expendable.

(hangs up)

Wow, that was almost like a ballet.

But you've made quite a mess here!

Ashley rises and approaches Fos with her gun aimed at him; she points to a CHAIR nearby.

ASHLEY

Niña, sentarse allí.

Carisa takes hands from ears, stands, calmly sits in the chair.

FOS

You two, or three, have been very busy disturbing my business.

ASHLEY

The child killing business?

FOS

Is it? It cannot be. Oh, hello! It is you! Ashley, right? It's been so long. You grew up; so very old now.

(frowns)

We had so much fun in the cabin in the woods. Remember the bubbles and baby elephants on the walls? Ah, the best days of my life.

ASHLEY

(anxious)

Shut the fuck up!

FOS

But you loved: Bohemian Grove.

Ashley immediately freezes in a trance. Carisa stares at Ashley, worried.

FOS (CONT'D)

Aim your gun at her little Ashley, for your Daddy, Georgy. She needs your help to get to heaven, or maybe it's hell? Who knows, and who at this point really cares! Help her get there! Help her!

CARISA

Help? ¿Ashley necesita ayuda?

Eyes staring, robotic Ashley turns and aims her gun at Carisa. Carisa stares at Ashley confused and fearful.

FOS

Shoot her, little Ashley!

CARISA

Purty. Purity. Purity!

Ashley breaks out of her trance, stares at Carisa, turns, immediately aims at Fos; Carisa runs to her, hugs her leg.

ASHLEY

Fuck you old man.

Ashley FIRES--Fos suddenly bends--the bullet grazes his temple; he takes a GUN from his desktop, SHOOTS and hits Ashley in the upper leg, blood splatters Carisa's face; Ashley drops her gun, falls to the floor; she moans grasping her upper thigh; Carisa drops down next to her, tries to comfort her; Fos chuckles, temple bleeding.

FOS

Not bad for an old Mandalay Camper.

Fos sets his gun down, turns to the bar and pours himself a Scotch, swigs it down, pours himself another, swigs it down.

FOS (CONT'D)

Once a baller, always a baller.

Fos turns around and faces Ashley's gun barrel and silencer, four feet away, aimed directly at him; Carisa stares at Fos as she holds the gun tightly with both hands.

FOS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this, baby?

Fos sets his drink down on the desk top next to his gun and steps toward Carisa; he unbuckles his belt.

FOS (CONT'D)

Let me show you something, baby.

CARISA

No.

Fos moves closer, unbuttons his pants:

CARISA (CONT'D)

(hands & gun tremble)

No!

FOS

Deep inside, you really want to-

Carisa SHOOTS Fos in his groin, blood splatters, he yelps, drops to his knees in pain; he is eye-level now with Carisa.

FOS

You're a very pretty, little bitch.
Oh, you have a coloboma in your
eye, just like me. Do you see mine?
(points to his left eye)

CARISA

(hands become steady)
Esto es, para Alice.

Carisa FIRES, the bullet enters Fos's left eye, blood and brains splash the pictures on the desk behind him of his Wife, a Boy, Dick Cheney, Dennis Hastert, George H.W. Bush, Bill and Hillary Clinton, Joe Biden and John Kerry.

A tear runs down Carisa's cheek; she sets the smoking gun down on the floor and walks to still Ashley; Carisa kneels down next to her, puts her hand to Ashley's face and gently caresses it.

CARISA

(tears fall)
Ashley... Ashley...
(crying)
Despierta por favor, Ashley.
(beat)
Ashley...

Ashley slowly opens her eyes.

ASHLEY

(in pain)
Carisa, mi cariño. ¿Estás bien?

CARISA

¿Sí, y tú?

Ashley grimaces, slowly sits up, hugs Carisa; Ashley looks at her bleeding leg, she's bleeding but not hemorrhaging.

ASHLEY

I'll be okay, mi hija.

She smiles at Carisa and touches her face. MOANING sound is heard; Carisa helps Ashley to her feet, they walk quickly to Eli, he's sitting up on the floor.

ELI

Cheap piece of shit.

Eli pulls his shirt off revealing an armored vest with a bullet slug embedded in it; Ashley and Carisa crouch down and hug him.

ASHLEY/CARISA

Eli!

ELI

Okay, okay.

Eli looks around and sees Fos lying dead.

ELI (CONT'D)

Ash, you're free. For real.

Ashley smiles, relieved. She and Carisa help Eli to his feet; they stare at Fos, dead on the floor--
--Eli bends down and rifles through Fos's pockets; they're all empty until he finds a hidden pocket inside the trousers REVEALING a SMALL BLACK LEATHER NOTEBOOK with an image of an INVERTED SILVER CROSS on its cover; Eli slides it out, opens it, thumbs through pages filled with line after line of CIPHER CODE; he shows it to Ashley, she flips through it.

ASHLEY

It's encrypted; a cipher.

ELI

Take it. We'll break it later.

Ashley slides the slim small notebook into her pocket as Eli looks at the blood splattered photos behind Fos's desk; MUTED sound of SIRENS are heard.

ASHLEY

We gotta move, Eli.

Eli walks behind the desk gazing at the photos; Eli's POV on the PHOTO of the BOY, 12, the only photo without blood on it; Eli stares at it, picks it up, slides photo out of its frame:

ELI

It's Conor.

Ashley walks to Eli; he shows the photo to her.

ASHLEY

Oh my god.

Ashley hugs Eli; Carisa walks to them, hugs them; the photo accidentally falls to the floor--LOUDER SIRENS are heard.

Eli bends, picks up the photo REVEALING the word "LONDON" written on the back of it; he shows it to Ashley, then folds it and slides it into his pocket; they exit the office quickly.

EXT. FLETCHER'S COVE - DAY

Black SUV parked in a secluded area away from the Boat House.

INT. BLACK SUV (PARKED) - DAY

CIA Epstein in driver's seat, JP Defolo in front passenger seat, FBI Special Agent Kline in rear passenger seat.

EPSTEIN

It's time. Abort.

JP DEFOLO

We have to wait for Peter!

SUDDENLY Kline, wearing latex gloves, leans forward, jabs a liquid-filled HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into JP's neck, plunges all the liquid through the needle, then leans back into rear seat; JP shudders, spasms, vomits on himself, spasms violently, stops suddenly, eyes fixed, dead. Epstein exits SUV, stands nearby.

KLINE

Lefty or righty?

EPSTEIN

Who gives a shit. We own the media, and the narrative.

Kline leans over front seat, puts a pistol into JP's left hand, raises it to needle injection site, presses muzzle against it.

KLINE

Eat this you spirit-cooking fuck.

Kline's INDEX FINGER, over JP's, FIRES--blood splatters the windows.

EXT. BLACK SUV (PARKED) - DAY

Kline exits SUV, walks to Epstein who is on his iPhone talking:

EPSTEIN

Mr. Baloz, you have been promoted.

BLACK SUV skids to a stop near Epstein and Kline, they open rear doors and enter; SUV drives off fast, rear doors close.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

BMW drives in quickly, stops near a parked EMBRAER PHENOM 300 single-pilot JET; Eli, bandaged Ashley and Carisa exit the BMW, walk rapidly to Jet's door; Eli takes a metal SKELETON KEY, inserts into the door lock, opens door, they board and pull the door closed.

INT. EMBRAER JET - NIGHT

Ashley slides into the pilot seat, buckles in, quickly runs through pre-flight check tasks, FIRES the ENGINES, flips switches on, presses buttons; Eli gets Carisa buckled into her seat then slides into the seat next to Ashley and buckles up.

ELI

Really? You're gonna fly this jet?

ASHLEY

Of course.

(beat)

I took a class.

They smile at each other; Carisa smiles and giggles.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Embraer Jet taxis slowly down the runway as speeding BLACK SUV SMASHES through the airport's chain-link fence onto the grass racing toward the plane; the plane pauses and FIRES its ENGINES as the Black SUV tears across the tarmac toward it; the plane rolls forward and then accelerates rapidly down the runway, Black SUV speeds down the runway after it, GUNSHOTS fire at the plane out of SUV's open passenger windows as the plane lifts its nose and glides upward into the night...the black SUV stops at the plane's lift-off point; the plane slowly eclipses the moon.

INT. BLACK SUV (PARKED) - NIGHT

Epstein's in the driver's seat; Kline's in passenger seat.

EPSTEIN
Motherfuckers!
(beat)
Stole our jet.

KLINE
Who the fuck-

CUT TO BLACK:

BLACK

The voice of a television NEWS ANCHORWOMAN, 30s:

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...bombshell breaking news now as
Julian Assange and WikiLeaks have
just released hundreds of links to
new videos showing ritual child sex
crimes committed by members of the
world's so-called Illuminati--

Anchorwoman's VOICE FADES...

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
--including congressmen, judges,
academics, business leaders, law
enforcement; there are connections
to the CIA, FBI and the seventh
floor of the State Department. I'm
told that most of these people on
these videos are easily identified.
Wow. We'll continue to update this
story, of The Great Awakening, as
more facts become available.

FADE OUT.

THE END