

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Caption: Sonoran Desert. 1840.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA, 25, a fallen angel and warrior, strides purposefully through a wonderland of cactus. Perfect Brazilian facial features do little to hide her unrest.

Her feather capped braids, cut by open robes, rest on her chest. An empty jeweled scabbard hangs from a jeweled belt. Her shining sword is a ward against impending darkness.

EXT. DESERT DRY WASH - CONTINUOUS

Sibella enters a dry wash, spies an enormous WILD PIG eating mesquite beans under a mesquite tree.

She sits next to him, pulls a decanter with a porcelain cap, filled with red wine from her robes. She drinks deeply.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA

Your god doesn't keep angels at his
beck and call, does he?

Wild Pig looks at her warily, its blue eyes a clear sign that it is not a normal pig. It is an animal spirit.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA (CONT'D)

I enjoy his penchant for using
animal spirits to guide his
faithful. Of course, I'd be out of
a job, then.

She kisses its head, moves her blade to sit across her legs. The pig's eyes erupt with blue flames, set her cuff on fire!

She beats out the flaming fabric. Laughing, she fishes a stone cross from a deep pocket.

Wild Pig sees it, whines, not liking this as she inserts the stone cross into a slot in her sword's pommel.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA (CONT'D)

No more flames for either of us.

Sibella holds her sword in front of its flaming eyes. It kicks and whines but can't retreat or look away.

Small blue spheres rise up from pig's eyes and draw the shape of a 10' tall NAVAJO WARRIOR, carrying a tomahawk and shield, and a 6' tall NAVAJO SHAMAN holding sage and rattle.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA (CONT'D)
 Christ, as a warrior for you, I
 wish to demolish the strongholds of
 the faithless and earn forgiveness.

Sibella slowly turns the stone cross in its slot.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA (CONT'D)
 But how can I succeed if we do not
 use our strongest weapons? I'm
 tired of not taking up arms more
 consistently and intentionally-

The images transform. Sand flows into the fearsome pair filling them with blood and muscle and skin.

Their faces are identical, caucasian twins - CARTER AND KEANE. Wild Pig jerks from the sword. The images collapse into the sand.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA (CONT'D)
 White twins. How interesting.

Pig's eyes turn black and two blue spheres fall into Sibella's off hand. She gazes at them satisfied.

Pig is terrified. Sibella grins. She gazes at the mountain lion cresting the wash. Pig is helpless as it stalks him.

PRIESTESS SIBELLA (CONT'D)
 It looks like your date is here.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Sibella, dressed in demure black robes, and FATHER JOSEPH 80, a fallen angel and spiritual healer, sit on horseback.

They watch the Navajo brave, ASHKII DIGHIN, 35, emerge atop of a hill, a football field length's away.

He rides on a huge horse spirit. It's eyes shoot sparks from blue flame setting fire to scrub.

Sibella produces two glowing blue spheres from her belt.

SIBELLA
 A pig shared how to find the Twins
 when they're reborn.

FATHER JOSEPH

A pig? Be nice to the cherubs.

He grumbles.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)

They, at least, still use scripture when taking time to proselytize, eschewing tricks.

SIBELLA

Making the world in seven days was a trick.

She smirks.

SIBELLA (CONT'D)

I thought you liked my short cuts.

FATHER JOSEPH

I like new Christians. Something tells me Ashkii isn't joining us for the church social.

Ashkii charges. Behind him, now racing at top speed, previously hidden by a hill, are dozens of NAVAJO WARRIORS!

SIBELLA

Nope.

Sibella draws her sword. She tosses off her robe, revealing gleaming white armor. It is form-fitting and does almost nothing to stop her delectable form from being viewed.

DEZBA, a medium-sized dog spirit with red fur, spots, and glowing blue eyes watches Ashkii charge from a hillock.

Father Joseph unclips his mace.

Ashkii, long wicked tomahawks in both hands, barrels near.

Suddenly a wave of shimmering orange heat engulfs them. Only Ashkii bursts into flames, disintegrating in an instant. His tomahawks continue forward narrowly missing Sibella.

The trailing Navajo reign in hard. They focus their shock on the Sun which rolls past nearby, big and bold, before reattaching itself to the horizon.

Sibella shrugs at Father Joseph, an answer for his searching gaze.

One by one the Navajo register their anger and fear on Sibella.

SIBELLA (CONT'D)
I don't know anything about that.

The spirit horse's eyes turn black and blue spheres tumble out. Unlike Pig's spheres, they disappear in air.

The Navajo warriors cry out in horror to a man. Their skin turns sallow and their eyes bloodshot.

SIBELLA (CONT'D)
Or that.

As Dezba watches, her eyes turn black, and blue spheres fall, disappearing in air. She races away.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - NIGHT

Caption: Upstate New York. 2000.

Father Joseph, wearing a purple smock with a gold cross sown across its front over white robes, stands next to NURSE.

NURSE
There are babies from six non-believers that need your love.

FATHER JOSEPH
First, show me baby Carter.

Father Joseph and Nurse look at BABY CARTER ROOD in his bassinet. He is fast asleep. He has a small mole on the right side of his face.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Can you take his hat off?

Elder Nurse complies then picks up Carter, who sighs, as Father Joseph produces a vial of oil.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)
People of God welcome this child.

Nurse
With the help of God, we will.

Father Joseph applies oil to Carter's forehead, making the sign of the cross. He exchanges the oil vial for holy water.

FATHER JOSEPH
Christ claims you as his own.
Receive the sign of the cross.

He pours the holy water over Carter's head.

FATHER JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 I baptize you in the name of the
 Father, and of the Son, and of the
 Holy Spirit. Amen.

Nurse places Carter back in his bassinet. They move to BABY KEANE ROOD, who has an identical mole, but it is on the left side of his face.

Elder Nurse removes his cap, gingerly picks him up.

NURSE
 This is Carter's twin brother,
 Keane. Aren't they too adorable
 side-by-side?

Father Joseph smiles kindly at Nurse, pours oil onto his finger tips. Suddenly, the oil oddly transforms into corn kernels which spill out across Keane.

Nurse is so shocked she nearly drops Keane!

NURSE (CONT'D)
 What? What just-

FATHER JOSEPH
 There are forces at play here.

She hastily returns Keane to the bassinet. Father Joseph stares down at Keane, ponders. Nurse is fearful, this is her first encounter with something actually supernatural.

NURSE
 Is it the devil? Father?

He says nothing, but shakes his head no.

He draws a vial of holy water, pours it onto Keane. Before the first drop hits him, it transforms into pollen.

Nurse runs from the nursery in fear. Father Joseph stares at Keane covered in corn and pollen.

He grimaces, and clutches at his holy cross. But there is nothing to be done, and he knows it.

INT. GRAND VILLA STUDY - DAY

Father Joseph and Sibella engage earnestly.

SIBELLA
 The baptism leaves us no option. We
 must capture White Shell Woman.

FATHER JOSEPH
How will we hold her.

SIBELLA
In an Idol. With protection from
our faithful Lord's Indians.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Caption: Upstate New York. 2021.

KEANE ROOD, 21, tends a field of marijuana, with thick buds, carved out of a blanketing forest. His dog, NASCHA, a black German Shepherd, lies on the pine needles watching him.

Keane still has a mole on the left side of his face. He's a slacker, and dresses like it.

CARTER ROOD, 21, enters. He's identical to Keane except his mole on the right side of his face, and his clothes. He's dressed in a polo shirt and clean jeans. He is no slacker.

CARTER
You really expect me to help
harvest don't you.

KEANE
Pizza night ain't free.

Keane tosses Carter weed cutters. Carter catches them.

KEANE (CONT'D)
Don't touch the buds. You lose THC.

Carter's eyes narrow. Takes aim at a bud and whacks it deep into the field with the weed cutters.

CARTER
POW. An angel just got their wings.

Keane grabs Carter by the shoulders and they stand up wrestle. Nascha barks and nips at Carter's hems.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You win. You win. I'm sorry.

They separate and huff for air.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Let's get this done. I need to pack
for tomorrow.

KEANE

Right. You're a junior at Trinity College in Ireland. Remind me again how the hell that happened. A full scholarship for a C student.

Carter smiles.

CARTER

Do you know what the first color is in the Irish rainbow?

KEANE

Guinness?

CARTER

Red-head. And they're all mine.

KEANE

You can keep the freckle faced freaks. I'm off to the land of sun kissed honnies. Arrowzoneyuh Bitch.

CARTER

And when you're not wrangling leather face lasses, you get to take care of grandma Rood...I'm kind of envious. She's amazing.

KEANE

Throat cancer.

Tears well up in their eyes. They have a moment.

CARTER

Definitely call me when you get out there. Dad hasn't been too...

KEANE

Forthcoming. Yeah. I'll keep you in the grandma-watch loop.

Keane twists his face into a look of terror.

KEANA

Speaking of which, you still having Navajo Indian-mares?

CARTER

Been scalped and skewered more times than I care to admit.

Carter pretends an arrow hit his chest, pointing at Keane.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Let's just say I'm glad I'm not the
 one heading to Navajo country.

KEANE
 I'm psyched about it.

CARTER
 Maybe because you signed a
 commitment letter to a god already.
 You have psyche protection.

KEANE
 I'm just spiritual.

CARTER
 My house mom is Christian and so is
 my best Irish pal, Alvin.

KEANE
 Wait...Mr. Agnostic is going to
 search for answers in the church
 because of a few dreams?

CARTER
 I'm not going to swap my pillow for
 a stone cross. I just want sleep.

KEANE
 Just remember. God isn't a moving
 target.

Keane cuts down a marijuana plant and lays it carefully on a
 pile of harvested plants, waves his hand.

KEANE (CONT'D)
 Medicine for all.

EXT. GRANDMOTHER ROOD'S PORCH - DAY

Caption: Phoenix.

Keane, unkempt, with Nascha at his side, knocks at the door
 of a Spanish Colonial. No answer.

Father Joseph slowly walks a dog on the other side of the
 street. He's part of the scenery.

But he's there.

EXT. GRANDMOTHER ROOD'S GARDEN - DAY

Keane and Nascha approach to find MEGAN, 18, a cute Navajo in shorts, who sits alone on a bench. Keane is instantly attracted to her.

Nascha barks amiably, which startles her. She freezes, then stands as Keane grins amiably. Nascha wags her tail.

KEANE

Uh, hi. Is my grandmother-

MEGAN

You must be Keane. Shima said you were on your way. I'm Megan.

Nascha trots to her. Megan kneels, rubs the dog's ear. Nascha leans against her leg. Keane smiles.

KEANE

Shima?

MEGAN

Your grandmother. We're...friends. I know that must seem odd, but-

KEANE

Glad to meet you. Sorry, I'm filthy. Long drive from New York.

He tries to fix his hair. She grins, as she finds him cute. She gestures him over to the bench. He sits next to her. Nascha stays at Megan's feet.

MEGAN

Keane, I need to ask you to make a prayer with me.

KEANE

Uhhh...I don't, generally, pray.

He shrugs, uncomfortably. An awkward moment as she isn't sure what to do about this impasse.

KEANE (CONT'D)

I do smoke! If, well, uh-

Megan chuckles, she gets it. She stands, opens a big purse, pulls out sage and a lighter. Keane and Nascha watch.

Keane lifts a brow confused, as Nascha simultaneously turns her head, also confused. Megan lights the sage and it smokes.

MEGAN

Tell me the way you knew her.

KEANE

Knew? What do you mean-

Megan bites her lip, nervously.

MEGAN

What reminds you of Shima.

KEANE

Scotch and Virginia Slims. She sang
and danced on Broadway-

Keane's body stiffens and he enters a strange trance.

MEGAN

Come back! It's just a prayer.

EXT. GRANDMOTHER ROOD'S GARDEN (VISION) - CONTINUOUS

Still in the garden, but everything seems lusher, greener. Keane looks around for Megan and Nascha but they are gone. As he turns, GRANDMOTHER ROOD, 85, stands where Megan was.

GRANDMOTHER ROOD (V.O.)

I'm sorry we didn't have a chance
to hug and say goodbye properly.

KEANE

What do you mean Grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER ROOD

You can trust Doli. She is special.

KEANE

Uh...

GRANDMOTHER ROOD

They are watching you! Always! Your
brother, too. They watch even now.

Keane instinctively swirls around, but nobody is there.

KEANE

Who's watching us?

GRANDMOTHER ROOD

Appreciate the gift.

KEANE

What gift?

GRANDMOTHER ROOD
The Black Man's road will be hard.

She nods her head. NAVAJO BLACK MAN, skin dark as space, sage bound around his neck, stands in the back of the garden.

He nods in acknowledgement of Keane. Keane immediately backpedals, instinctively in fear of him!

EXT. GRANDMOTHER ROOD'S GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Keane emerges from the trance, still backpedaling! He swirls around, but comes face-to-face with Megan.

Nascha gazes at him from where she sits nearby. She barks.

KEANE
Where did...where did she go?

MEGAN
I only meant to purify us, not to communicate with the dead.

Megan falls to her knees. Keane is in shock.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Shima lies inside...

Keane kneels with her, his eyes wide with horror.

KEANE
The dead don't talk...

Keane and Megan crazily laugh and cry. Megan recovers and holds Keane's face in her hands.

MEGAN
You and Shima are connected through the sacred soil and the pollen and corn and you will walk as one.

KEANE
You have a beautiful way, Doli.

Megan is taken aback.

MEGAN
How, do you know that name?

KEANE
Doli? Shima used it.

MEGAN

Take the necklace and brush your
foot prints away from her grave.

Megan turns and flees.

INT. GRANDMOTHER ROOD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Keane finds Shima laid on her bed in her favorite peach
pantsuit. He cries until he can't cry any more.

He kisses her cheek, curls up beside her and falls asleep.
The Black Rock necklace she wears glimmers.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Keane wears a shabby suit and talks to WELL WISHERS gathered
around the grave. He looks for Megan but she isn't there.

He lingers until he is the only one left. Absently he fingers
the black rock now around his neck.

KEANE

Goodbye Shima. Gans. Virginia.
Grandmother. Say hi to Pops. I know
Carter wishes he were here too.

He takes out his phone and calls Carter, gets voicemail.

KEANE (CONT'D)

Hey man. I needed you at the
service. Dad says you're going
through stuff. More reason to talk.
Say the word and I'm in Ireland.

As Keane leaves he brushes his foot prints from the earth.

INT. KEANE'S CAR - DAY

Keane speeds down the highway. Nascha is curled up in the
back seat. He looks at the temperature gauge. Over 100.

KEANE

If I stay here I'll need some fat
friends for shade.

Keane stops at a Navajo road-side jewelry stand, rolls down
his window. WORKER gazes at him expectantly.

KEANE (CONT'D)

Do you know a Navajo named Megan?

He points to the black rock necklace he's wearing.

KEANE (CONT'D)
She made this.

Worker shakes his head no.

MONTAGE:

Keane stops at more jewelry stands inquiring about Megan.

At the last one, NAVAJO WOMAN points to a side road while she nods her head.

NAVAJO WOMAN
Drive to the first trailer park.

MONTAGE END

EXT. DESERT TRAILER PARK - DAY

Keane, with Nascha, walk around nondescript government trailers where even the shimmering sands don't go. Four YOUNG NAVAJO MEN emanating contempt approach, surround him.

YOUNG NAVAJO MAN 1
What are you doing here?

KEANE
I'm looking for my friend Megan.

Nascha growls. WHAM! Young Navajo Man 1 punches Keane in the face. A stick slams into Keane's head. Unconscious, he falls.

INT. LORD'S INDIAN'S COMPOUND GREAT ROOM - DAY (DREAM)

Keane picks himself up on a suspension bridge over red sand at the bottom of an inverted pyramid. Three INDIAN SHAMAN SPIRITS draw their black swords.

INT. DESERT SHED - NIGHT

Keane wakes with a start!

KEANE
AHHHHHH!!!!

Megan withdraws smelling salts from under his nose.

His eyes adjust to porch light coming through large cracks in the planks of a shed. He touches the knot on his head.

MEGAN

The boys here think all white men
are stalking their future wives.

KEANE

I just wanted to see you. I promise
I don't have a ring in my pocket.

MEGAN

Coming to our reservation probably
wasn't your best idea.

Keane grins.

KEANE

You say that, but here we are in
this nice romantic setting.

All she can do is laugh.

Keane tries to drag himself up, but Megan keeps him down.

MEGAN

Relax. That bump doesn't look good.

Keane notices Dezba hanging out in the corner of the shed
with Nascha who is a bit bloody but otherwise okay.

KEANE

Is that dog yours?

She looks over at Dezba.

MEGAN

Funny, I didn't see it come in-

Dezba's eyes light up a bright blue, and suddenly spout jets
of blue flame.

KEANE

Now I know I have a concussion.

Dezba shakes her head and sparks fly.

MEGAN

Our spirit animals were lost to us
generations ago.

KEANE

You see the flames, too. Seriously?

Dezba nuzzles Keane's chest and her eyes extinguish.

MEGAN

You don't understand. A spirit
coming to you means you're holy.

KEANE

Your god has low standards.

Dezba doesn't talk through her mouth. She uses telepathy.

DEZBA (V.O.)

My name is Dezba.

KEANE

He talked to me in my mind. He...

Keane inspects Dezba.

KEANE (CONT'D)

She, says her name is Dezba.

MEGAN

Dezba. That means "Going to war."

KEANE

I seriously need my bong.

INT. MS. KINELLI'S SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carter pops awake in his bed. He is covered in a cold sweat.

He sits on the window frame, looks down at a cone of street
light, and sees a cat size CREATURE with the strangest blue
eyes looking back at him.

The creature saunters down the lane and disappears.

INT. TRINITY COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Sibella, wears tight jeans and a trinity college tee shirt,
watches Carter fussing over a stack of papers.

Carter raises his hand and portly, sweating, PROFESSOR
O'LEARY, fifties, nods in his direction.

PROFESSOR

Carter.

CARTER

Yeats, a writer all of you revere,
was at best agnostic.

Carter holds up a paper with a big red C- on it.

CARTER (CONT'D)

So how can I get a C- when I accurately illustrated the fables and myths that led to Yeats' "contented negation of god."

Professor O'Leary shrugs.

PROFESSOR

All of Ireland's souls are inextricably entwined by faith.

SIBELLA

That's not a fable or a myth.

Carter shoots Sibella an exasperated look.

CARTER

Aren't you Brazilian?

Everyone laughs.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I want to entwine. I just might need an invitation.

A class wide OOOOOH rises pregnantly.

INT. KEANE'S SWEAT LODGE - DAY

Keane smokes pot. He seems agitated, dissatisfied.

Only three of the walls are up. Behind Keane, the desert is present where the fourth wall is missing.

The sweat lodge is near a traditional Navajo dwelling, a hogan, and surrounded by barren desert and a garden of dry, wasted vegetables.

Keane hammers nails into the wood, works on the fourth wall.

TWO NAVAJO men drive up and get out of their truck.

NAVAJO ONE

Why are you trying to live here, White man? You are not one of us.

KEANE

I respect your culture. I feel your vibes, you know?

The two Navajo laugh.

NAVAJO TWO
You'll never be one of us.

KEANE
A spirit animal came to me!

They laugh, not believing him.

NAVAJO ONE
He's learned how to use our peyote.

KEANE
I wasn't high when-

They get in their truck and drive off laughing. Keane sighs.
Later...Keane finishes the last wall.

INT. KEANE'S SWEAT LODGE - NIGHT

Keane is exhausted, sits Indian style. He meditates.

He opens his eyes. Dezba sits in front of him.

KEANE
Dezba! Where have you been?

Keane vigorously scratches Dezba's neck and chin. Nascha runs in, and the dogs bark happily and play.

DEZBA (V.O.)
You've built an interesting lodge.

KEANE
It took forever in this heat, man.

DEZBA (V.O.)
I am not a man. I am a dog.

Keane stands up, paces around.

DEZBA (V.O.)
I think I finally know why I
appeared to you, of all people.

KEANE
Because I talked to Shima?

DEZBA (V.O.)
Let me show you.

Keane shrugs his shoulders.

DEZBA (V.O.)
I'm trusting you not to pass out.

A mystical blue stairway descends from out of nowhere.

KEANE
Gah! That's not real!

Dezba and Nascha trot up it together. Keane reaches out to feel it with his hand. He climbs stairs tentatively.

EXT. WORLD OF MYSTICAL BRIDGES - CONTINUOUS

They are in a strange world that appears like outer space. But there are blue stairways leading to massive bridges of every color and doors made of solid light.

KEANE
Waaaaaooaaahh.

Dezba's head enters from the left.

DEZBA (V.O.)
This is how spirits travel. Each bridge is a short cut.

KEANE
Total insanity.

DEZBA (V.O.)
I brought you here, so you'd understand when I tell you about a Chalice of Life. The one we each keep near our heart.

They walk along a red slippery bridge together. Keane's eyes are wide open as he gazes at the endless bridges twisting around each other, encircling earth and beyond.

KEANE
Like the Holy Grail?

DEZBA (V.O.)
Not exactly. In the shed, I saw your Chalice was twice normal size.

Keane touches his chest.

DEZBA (V.O.)
I've only seen cups that size in twins and shamans. If you are a twin the consequences will be dire.

Keane looks flustered. Dezba transmits a picture of Keane's chalice to him. The large silver cup is inlaid with blue eyed animals and is half full of a honey colored liquid.

KEANE

Seriously? That's inside of me?

DEZBA (V.O.)

Chalices are used by shamans and spirits and gods to give or take power. It is called mixing.

KEANE

Cups. I get it.

DEZBA (V.O.)

Tomorrow I will show you how.

Keane's eyes narrow.

KEANE

Why?

DEZBA (V.O.)

To see if you are a shaman.

INT. KEANE'S SWEAT LODGE - DAY

Keane works a hot stone fire, then meditates. He concentrates fiercely. Dezba watches closely.

Nascha sits nearby. Keane's spirit floats out of his body.

KEANE

It worked! I'm doing it!

DEZBA (V.O.)

As I suspected. Somehow you were born a Navajo shaman.

KEANE

Better than the alternative. Right-

DEZBA (V.O.)

Many centuries ago, twin gods were born to the Navajo.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

NAYAINAZGANA shakes his sage and rattle as TOBADZISCHINI, with a giant shield and massive sword, engages three RIVAL INDIAN TRIBES simultaneously.

DEZBA (V.O.)

The shaman was called Nayainazgana,
or Slayer of Alien Gods.

Tobadzischini lifts his shield and easily blocks 80 arrows that bounce off harmlessly as he strides forward. He slams his sword into the ground and causes an earthquake!

DEZBA (V.O.)

The warrior was Tobadzischini, or Born of Water. While at first he defeated actual monsters, soon, even biting flies seemed worth killing.

Later, there is nothing but desolation where there used to be lush plains.

INT. KEANE'S SWEAT LODGE - DAY

DEZBA (V.O.)

The slaughter was so gross the land was nearly stripped of life. The Navajo starved.

Keane's face is a mask of stone.

DEZBA (V.O.)

The Navajo are ashamed of their legacy and do not wish them back. If twins of power were discovered, they'd be killed by our spirits.

Keane sees a VISION of the three Navajo Shaman Spirits from his dream. As they approach with drawn swords they fade away.

KEANE

Right...killer Spirits...got it.

DEZBA

Legend tells the twins will return when animal spirits are free again, and I am.

Keane becomes lost in thought.

KEANE

You will help me be a shaman?

DEZBA (V.O.)

A spirits life is busy. I'm not sure when I can return.

KEANE

Self study? That should work-

DEZBA (V.O.)

Focus on your garden. Growing a few rows of vegetables would help your heart and win Megan's.

Montage:

Keane plants in the desert.

Keane chants and dances in Navajo style with Megan's help.

Keane meditates.

Keane looks out on his garden. There is some green, but it is barely anything. He is frustrated.

Keane meditates, he ponders. An idea comes to him.

Montage end.

INT. TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

Carter sits at a table reading James Joyce. Keane's spirit enters through the ceiling. Carter doesn't see it.

KEANE (V.O.)

Dude. You look really tired. Why haven't you returned my calls?

Keane retrieves his Chalice from his chest. He reaches into Carter's back, his hand emerges with Carter's Chalice.

It is identical to Keane's, but the animals' eyes are black. Carter's eyes widen, but otherwise he does not react. Keane pours a few drops of Carter's life essence into his own cup.

It mixes inside with a strange fizzle. Keane returns Carter's cup, then floats away.

EXT. KEANE'S GARDEN - DAY

Keane's spirit floats in, still holding his Chalice.

He sprinkles the chalice's contents all over the desert sand around his garden.

INT. KEANE'S SWEAT LODGE - DAY

Keane's eyes pop open.

EXT. KEANE'S GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Keane emerges from his sweat lodge. He sees a strange glimmer. He approaches, finds a wide and deep spring of clear fresh water replacing barren desert. He dives in.

All around him, green shoots begin to sprout from the ground. Vegetation long planted comes to life.

INT. SKINNY CROW PUB - NIGHT

Carter sits at a well worn bar, sips a dark pint. Pictures of Irish bands and bottles of whiskey are the decor. He watches a three piece band that plays "Whiskey in The Jar."

There is a LIVELY CROWD and yet he looks haggard and haunted and can't keep his eyes open.

EXT. DESERT - DAY (DREAM)

Carter walks alone through endless desert scrub, when a single rider on horseback gallops up.

It is FATHER JOSEPH, garbed in flashy blue robes with gold piping, a black enamel mace in his hand.

FATHER JOSEPH
The wasteland is your final choice?

CARTER
I-

Father Joseph gallops off, furious.

INDIAN WARRIORS emerge from the brush around Carter. They advance on his position.

He runs.

INT. SKINNY CROW PUB - NIGHT (END DREAM)

Carter runs a step into ALVIN, 25, a fat, red-haired Irishman, looking every bit as haunted as he does.

Alvin's eyes go wide and he grips Carter's shoulder.

ALVIN
They've come for me, now.

CARTER
Who?

Alvin turns to the BARTENDER and holds up four fat fingers.
The bartender pours four shots and they slam two of them.

ALVIN
The savages as are after you these
months are after me now. I'm
knackered from it.

CARTER
That can't be.

They slam the other two shots.

ALVIN
It's your twin causin' it. He's-

CARTER
My dreams began before he drove to
Indian land. I don't even know if
he's still there. My brother, my
dad, they all ghosted me.

ALVIN
That may be, but my Priest said to
bring you by.

Carter looks surprised.

CARTER
Isn't pint money more important
than paying for an exorcism?

ALVIN
Not to hear him say it. Promise me
you'll come before hell's henchmen
put hooks in our arses.

CARTER
Okay. Okay.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Alvin naps restlessly in his delivery truck. The CHRISTIAN
BLACK MAN, identical to Navajo Black Man, except for the Holy
Cross around his neck, stares up at him.

BLACK MAN (V.O.)
Kill the man that taunts you and
Christ will hear your cry for help.

Alvin jerks awake, his eyes searching. He slams the truck into gear. Accelerating recklessly. CRACK. A truck mirror explodes against a pole. Pedestrians flee.

EXT. STREET IN DUBLIN - CONTINUOUS

A BICYCLIST, in shades and helmet, tears recklessly from Trinity College's entryway, into Alvin's path.

Alvin jacks on the breaks.

The bicyclist gives Alvin the middle finger as he swerves away from the truck, and springs into a sprint.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Alvin's face is crazed by the taunt. Christian Black Man sits in the passenger seat.

BLACK MAN
You know what you have to do.

EXT. STREET IN DUBLIN - CONTINUOUS

The bicyclist, unaware of the encroaching truck, sees Sibella dressed in a sexy white outfit standing on the sidewalk. He pulls off his shades for a closer look, it is Carter.

She gestures for him to pull over. He veers towards her.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Alvin cranks the wheel hard to compensate for Carter's sudden swerve. His over-correction causes the back wheels to catch the curb first, starting an out-of-control skid.

EXT. STREET IN DUBLIN - CONTINUOUS

Carter is startled by the engine roar. The side of the truck strikes him, lifts him, spins him high into the air. He tumbles across the pavement.

The truck careens into a speeding eighteen-wheeler and Alvin shoots through the windshield and bounces onto the cement.

Bad scrapes blossoming, Carter sheds his broken helmet as he crawls past the smashed, smoking trucks to Alvin. He doesn't recognize him.

Blood pumps from a terrible cut on Alvin's neck. Carter, desperate, attempts to stop the bleeding with his hands.

Shock grips them as they recognize each other.

ALVIN

Christ on a bike. It's you, Carter.

He spits a gob of blood out, clears his throat momentarily.

CARTER

We're okay! We're okay! We're okay!

The GROWING CROWD circles them. Despite Carter's best efforts blood flows through his fingers pooling around Alvin's head.

ALVIN

The Devil's henchman is a black fella.

Alvin lifts a broken blood covered finger to Carter's white jersey and draws a faltering cross.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

My Priest at St. Audoen's told me an angel will save us from our dreams. I think I see her.

Alvin dies.

Carter kisses his forehead as he removes his hat and tucks it in a jersey pocket.

He cries as EMT's move him away. They inspect him, bandaging his elbow, shoulder, hip, and knee on his right side.

Carter looks up to find Sibella holding onto his bicycle.

CARTER

Sibella!

Sibella hugs Carter, he can't hide his surprise.

SIBELLA

I'm sorry this happened.

CARTER

He was my best whiskey buddy.

SIBELLA

I'm sorry about class and our prof.

CARTER

I would be dead if we hadn't
connected in that split second.

Sibella nods, tracing the bloody cross on his chest with her
finger, touching her lips, leaving a smear of blood.

SIBELLA

Alvin wasn't wrong about an angel.

CARTER

Wait. You knew him?

SIBELLA

Meet me in Glendalough tomorrow.

Sibella passes him his bicycle, climbs into a red car, drives
off. Carter stares after her, unsure what to feel.