

THE GOD FREQUENCY

by

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An unconventional exorcist is called upon to help when a young girl begins acting strangely.

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Rain sheets a cobblestone courtyard. A young woman, desperate for shelter, runs with a child in her arms.

This is little FRANKIE (3) and her mother, ELEANOR (24). Looking up, she sees an old Victorian style rectory. The dwelling is dark except for a neon cross over the entryway. It glows like a beacon.

Holding her daughter close, she hastens toward it then stops. Turning, she peers into the wind-swept dark only to hear the beat of leathery wings. Shadows, accompanied by clawed feet skitter across the yard.

Terrified, she runs up the steps to the entryway and, grasping a big brass knocker, bangs the door. Rain whips her face and hair as she waits.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness, except for the glow of a wind-up clock.

A man, jolted from sleep, jerks his head up. This is YOUNG FATHER ANTONIO (30). Handsome, he has thick black hair and a barrel chest.

Pushing back the covers, he searches for his slippers.

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Lightning flashes, rain pours along with the sound of yip-growls and the clatter of taloned feet.

Straining to see, Eleanor gasps. A demonic nose is pushing past the halo of light then, as if testing the validity of the cross, begins to burn, crackle and smoke.

Screeching, it recedes back into the shadows as another and another join it. They writhe in the dark waiting to strike.

Mad with fear, Eleanor pushes away from the door and catapults herself down the alley. They skitter after her; their thick, rubbery skin slick with slimy after-birth.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Eleanor spies a dumpster and runs for it. One arm around her daughter, she struggles with the top. She cannot manage it, though, and puts Frankie down to use both hands. Once open, she picks the child up, drops her in then slams the lid.

Two marmalade cats (FRED AND GINGER) watch from the shadows. They hiss and draw back as the creatures pass.

Eleanor, meanwhile, bolts down the alleyway away from her daughter. She only gets ten yards when a demon emerges from the shadows; muscles bunched, talons ready.

Backing away, she screams...

FRANKIE'S MOTHER
I don't owe him anything!

Fred and Ginger leap to the top of the dumpster. More cats join, two-five-fifteen-thirty, protecting what lies within.

INT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Little Frankie struggles to sit upright amidst mounds of garbage. A moment later, she hears her mother scream.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE OVER STARRY SKY:

("CHAR-ISM. An
extraordinary power
given a Christian by
the Holy Spirit.")

EXT. ROOFTOP - QUEENS, NY - NIGHT

Fred and Ginger, sidled close, look up at a star-filled sky.
A satellite passes overhead; its light blinking.

MEANDER OVER
ROOFTOPS TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - RECTORY - NIGHT

A priest, seated on a tall stool, peers through a telescope
then picks up pad and pencil and notes his observations.
This is OLD FATHER ANTONIO (50). His wavy hair is white.
Lines etch a kind face.

A German shepherd, MAXIMILIAN, lies by his feet only to get
up when the old man leans down to pull a tarp over the
telescope.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A laptop sits on a desk littered with various paperwork.

Maximilian enters followed by Father Antonio. Seating
himself, he opens his computer to a Vatican email
address: "Dominic Braun - Astronomy Division" then referring
to his notebook, starts typing.

On the desk next to his computer is a clay pot with a carved
god-like being on top. The lid is bound to the jar with
leather binding.

(SCRATCHING SOUND)

Both Maximilian and the Father look up.

INT. VATICAN ADV. TELESCOPE - DAY

A computer on a table comes awake and announces a new email. Nearby, a Jesuit priest is sitting in front of a backdrop getting ready for an interview.

This is DOMINIC BRAUN (35), Lead Astronomer for the Vatican. Good looking with a mop of curly hair, he checks his glasses then puts them on his head.

Across from him, seated in a chair, is a male INTERVIEWER (40) fixing his tie. Dark hair, dark eyes, his smile is pearly white.

INTERVIEWER

Ready?

Dominic rakes his hair then adjusts his collar.

DOMINIC

I think so, yes.

The interviewer turns to a CAMERA MAN (30), nods and a red light turns on indicating recording has begun.

INTERVIEWER

Okay. Let's do this. Ahem...

(beat)

Okay, so, I have with me Dominic Braun, Jesuit priest and Chief Astronomer for the Vatican. Glad to finally meet you!

DOMINIC

Thank you for having me on.

INTERVIEWER

Okay, first question, Father...how does your work as a scientist affirm your faith?

Dominic smiles.

DOMINIC

Well, when I look at the sky or the beauty that surrounds us, or, rather, the logical order of that beauty, I'm overwhelmed by all that God has made. For me there is no greater affirmation. Not only that he exists, but that he exists in all of us.

INTERVIEWER

Not to sound negative, Father, but how do we know he exists? I mean *really* know? What with all the evil in the world, how does God distinguish himself? Where would we look?

Dominic laughs.

DOMINIC

Well, I don't know about you, but I look for the exception.

INTERVIEWER

Exception?

DOMINIC

Yes. You know, that person that sits in the corner, never speaks, but when they do makes the most profound observation. Or, say, the timid man who, just when you least expect it runs into a burning building, making the ultimate sacrifice.

(beat)

The divine exists in all of us. We have merely to look...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Fred and Ginger run a sidewalk. They follow a pair of feminine black boots as they walk. A large crucifix drapes a black dress and black sweater. The hands have scars (bite marks) that the owner tries to hide by rolling her sleeves down further.

THIS IS FRANKIE - 30. Loner, with flowing red hair that hides blue eyes. Reaching, she adjusts the earphones she has plugged into her phone. The phone, muted, shows violent protesters at the Capitol.

Other shoes side step the cats until a pair of lime green hooker boots next to a newspaper stand appear. Various headlines read: "FAKE NEWS", "MYSTERIOUS VIRUS KILLING THOUSANDS", "NEW GEYSER FORMS IN YELLOWSTONE".

The hooker looks up, sees the cats and smirks.

This is CRYSTAL (28). She wears a dark pink mini-skirt, bare midriff and sleazy top, the color of which, matches her shoes. Her hair, pink as well, is in pigtails. Snapping her gum, she grins.

CRYSTAL
Hey, Frankie.

Frankie yanks at her earphones. Fred and Ginger settle at her feet.

FRANKIE
Hey, Crystal. How's it going?
Everything still good?

Frankie eyes a creature only she can see (think Gremlin) sitting on Crystal's shoulder. Sucking its teeth, it looks Frankie up and down with undisguised loathing.

FAMILIAR
Hello, bitch.

Hiding a grin, Frankie pushes the cross-walk button.

CRYSTAL
Yeah. No more problems. I sent you a referral, by the way. Hope you don't mind.

Crystal snaps her gum.

CRYSTAL (CONTD)
I see you're packing protection today.

Cocking her head, she nods toward Frankie's feet.

Frankie looks down as Fred and Ginger look up. Surprised to see them, she squats to their level.

FRANKIE
And what are you guys doing here? You need to go home, okay? I've got things I need to do today.

Frankie rises.

FRANKIE (CONTD)
Go on, now. I'll see you when I get back.

The cats take off in the direction of home as if they understand.

Crystal harrumphs and shakes her head.

FRANKIE
So, who's the guy?

CRYSTAL
A friend.

Frankie arcs a brow.

FRANKIE
Aren't they all?

Crystal grins.

CRYSTAL
Yeah. Only this guy really is. No,
seriously. He and I grew up
together...went to school together.

She stares in disbelief.

CRYSTAL (CONTD)
What!? I gotta have SOME standards.

Laughing, she holds her hands up in defeat.

FRANKIE
Alright. I give.

The light turns green and Frankie steps off the curb.

Crystal calls out after her.

CRYSTAL
Thanks, Frankie. I appreciate it.
He's a sweet guy...really!

FAMILIAR
Hope you die!

Frankie rolls her eyes.

FRANKIE
Yeah-yeah.

Crystal checks her cleavage then fluffs her hair. Looking up, she sees a man giving her a disapproving look.

CRYSTAL
What!? Judge not lest ye be judged,
yeah?

The man, shaking his head, steps off the curb.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Frankie continues to the next corner and waits for the light only to see an ADDICT (50) lying half in and half out an alleyway. There is a needle hanging from his arm. The man's familiar is equally glassy-eyed. Disgusted, she gives it a disapproving look.

FRANKIE

Took a trip and never left home, I see.

The familiar shoots her the finger.

FAMILIAR

Hey! Screw you!

Narrowing her eyes, she glares at it then turns to a shop window. Just inside is a 32" Vizio displaying a banner: "NEW PANDEMIC - A THIRD OF THE WORLD INFECTED".

Frankie sighs, mumbling under her breath.

FRANKIE (CONTD)

Things just get better and better don't they?

A MAN (30) waiting for the light as well looks her up and down, but doesn't say anything. His familiar, though, is all mouth.

FAMILIAR

Hey baby. Mmm-Mmm! You look fine!

The familiar, leaning precariously atop his shoulder, leers.

FAMILIAR (cont'd)

Say, how's about you and I get together? Yeah? I got a little somethin-somethin in my pocket to get the party started, know what I mean?

Frankie, anxious to get away, steps off in front of them when the light turns green.

FAMILIAR (cont'd)

Hey! Where you going!? Hey!

(beat)

Okay! Alright! I see how it is. I *still* get to watch that fine ass walk all the way up the street, though. Come on, baby! Turn around and talk to me...you know you want to! I can see it in your eyes!

Scarlet, she quickens her pace.

A little further down she sees two men argue -- GAY MAN #1 and GAY MAN #2 while their familiars glare at one another.

A moment later, Gay Man #1 slaps Gay Man #2 then walks away. Gay Man #2 follows knowing he went too far.

GAY MAN #2
Wait. I'm sorry!

Hurrying after his lover, the familiar on his shoulder turns to look at her. Indignant, it strikes a pose.

FAMILIAR
Damn girl! I know you wanna be me,
but you ain't nevah!

It tugs on its owner's ear.

FAMILIAR (cont'd)
See that!? Bitch thinks she's ALL
that! Yes, she does! Mm-hmm!

Gay Man #2 looks over and she arcs a brow. He keeps going, though, but his familiar keeps running its yacker.

FAMILIAR (cont'd)
Oh! Oh! I know you're not eyeballin'
ME, honey! Oh, Helll naw! Not in
those ugly ass boots!

Frankie frowns and looks down.

FRANKIE
What's wrong with my boots?

FAMILIAR
And don't even get me *started* on that
outfit! Hey! 1313 Mockingbird's that
way!

The familiar points and grins before disappearing around the corner.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Frankie approaches only to stop and stare at a dumpster beside the rectory.

FLASHBACK:

Little Frankie (3) is cowering in the courtyard, surrounded by CHILDREN (various ages). Picking up a ball, a BOY (10) hits her in the face with it.

BOY

Freak!

Laughing, the children follow her down the alley to the dumpster.

CHILDREN

Freak! Freak! Freak! Freak!

Slipping to her knees, she covers her face to cry.

END FLASHBACK:

Frankie turns to see a lone child watching her. This is DANIELA (DANNY)(8). Dark hair, blue eyes, MUTE. Skittish, she casts her eyes downward and takes a step back.

Movement makes Frankie look up. Father Antonio is peering down at her from a window. Sighing, she crosses the courtyard toward the steps.

The door is opened by a small, wiry woman. This is MRS. ROSARIO (50). Housekeeper. A creature as dour as she sits on her shoulder. Pulling a pack of cigarettes, she lights one. Exhaling, she looks Frankie up and down as she approaches.

FAMILIAR

Christ! It's *HER* again!

Plastering a smile on her face, she breezes past.

FRANKIE

Good to see you, too!

INT. RECTORY - DAY

Father Antonio descends the stairs.

FATHER ANTONIO

Francesca!

Taking Frankie's hand, he shakes it.

FRANKIE

I got your message...

Lifting his nose, he inhales her scent.

FATHER ANTONIO
Aah! You always smell so wonderful!
Come, let's go into the library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Father Antonio enters followed by Frankie.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONTD)
I see you met our Daniela. She's
quite something. Mute, yet sings in
so many ways.

Mrs. Rosario closes the door and departs, but not before
Maximilian scoots past her and into the room.

FATHER ANTONIO
Sit! Sit!

Turning a television off, he points to a chair.

Smitten, Maximilian approaches wanting to be petted. Frankie
strokes his ears as he stares up adoringly.

FRANKIE
How long has Daniela been here?

FATHER ANTONIO
Let's see now. It's been about...
hmm...ten months. That's right.
Christmas. I'm surprised you don't
see one of your...what do you call
them? Oh, yes, "familiar's" on her.

Father Antonio takes a seat behind his desk. A teddy bear
like creature peaks out from behind his head to stare. Shy,
he waves to her.

FAMILIAR
Hi, Frankie.

Frankie smiles. Her attention, though, is drawn to the clay
pot. Maximilian whimpers as she leans in to loosen the
binding and lift the top.

FATHER ANTONIO
Ahem.

Frankie looks up.

FRANKIE
Oh. Sorry, Father. Children don't
have familiars, remember?

Situating the lid back on the pot, she sits back.

FATHER ANTONIO

Oh, yes. I'd forgotten you told me that. It's just as well. I'd hate to hear what it looked like if she did.

FRANKIE

Why do you say that?

FATHER ANTONIO

Because, she was abused. The extent of which is still unknown.

Frankie studies her hands then pulls her sleeves down further.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry to hear that.

The Father contemplates the courtyard through the window. His fingertips are bandaged, she notices, but doesn't say anything.

FATHER ANTONIO

I hear you've been at it again. I thought perhaps you'd given it up. Don't get me wrong. I'm not here to lecture you, it's just...

FRANKIE

What? I'm supposed to prostitute myself to earn a living? Is that it, Father?

Turning, he looks at her in surprise. The familiar ducks and pokes it's head to peer at her from the other side.

FATHER ANTONIO

Why Francesca! You know very well I don't dislike what you do! You have a gift. It's just that it puts you in dangerous company sometimes. These "sins of the father"...these creatures. I worry for you, that's all!

Shamed by the misunderstanding, she hangs her head.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry, Father.

Staring out the window again, he shakes his head.

FATHER ANTONIO

No. I should be the one to apologize. I know very well what you've been through. How hard it is for you to fit in. It's just...

He looks down at his bandages.

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

...I think we have a possession in our midst.

Maximilian, whimpers. The familiar tugs at its ears.

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

I can't explain it. It's not so much as I know but, rather, I *feel* it.

He turns, a worried expression on his face.

FRANKIE

I don't understand. This is a house of God. How can that be? Wait...hold on...Daniela?

He contemplates the courtyard again.

FATHER ANTONIO

So, you saw nothing on her? No familiar? Nothing to indicate...

FRANKIE

No. Nothing.

Frustrated, he runs a hand through his hair.

FATHER ANTONIO

She says she "see's things".

Frankie sits back.

FRANKIE

Sounds like she needs a psychiatrist, Father. Not me.

FATHER ANTONIO

It's, well, your gift. You see things, too. I thought...

FRANKIE

Okay. Okay. What kind of things? Animal? Mineral? Vegetable?

FATHER ANTONIO
That's just it. She won't say.

FRANKIE
Well, then I can't help her either,
Father!

Father Antonio sits hoping to appeal.

FATHER ANTONIO
Look. All I want is for you to spend
a little time with her.

She fairly jumps out of her chair.

FRANKIE
Oh...no...I don't think so. I have my
clients. What am I going to do with a
kid?

FATHER ANTONIO
Just overnight, that's all. You can
stay here. No one will disturb you, I
promise!

Crossing her arms, she turns to a bookshelf; her back to
him.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONTD)
You were a ward here once, too. You
know what its like. She has no
friends...not anyone she can
communicate with and you can!
(sighs)
As for the other children, you know
better than anyone how cruel they can
be. How many times did I find you
sobbing in the basement?

Frankie looks up to see both the Father and his familiar
carry the same pleading look.

FRANKIE
Okay, Father. When?

Grateful, he reaches to hold her hand.

FATHER ANTONIO
Tonight? The sooner the better.

The door to the library opens and Mrs. Rosario and her
familiar walk in with a tray. Seeing the exchange, they give
a disgusted look.

FRANKIE

Okay. But, not here. Bring her to my place. Six o'clock.

INT. VATICAN ADV. TELESCOPE - DAY

Across from Dominic is the interviewer.

INTERVIEWER

So, okay Father, why science?

DOMINIC

You mean religion and science?

INTERVIEWER

Yes. Hasn't there always been conflict between the two?

Dominic smiles.

DOMINIC

As far as the church is concerned, no. There *is* no conflict.

INTERVIEWER

I don't understand.

Dominic considers.

DOMINIC

I like to think of it as "finding God in all things". Meaning the cosmos has a unique signature, God's signature, so studying it is a way to know and find God.

INTERVIEWER

Oh, I see! So, tell me, these recent solar flares that everyone's interested in...can you offer an opinion?

Dominic hesitates.

DOMINIC

Well, solar flares aren't really my field of study.

INTERVIEWER

But, as an astronomer you find them interesting?

DOMINIC

Well, yes. Fascinating.

INTERVIEWER

So, tell us. What are your thoughts on all the recent hub-bub? This is the most exciting of events according to the scientific community and, I might add, one of the scariest.

DOMINIC

And for good reason. You see, way back in 1859 a man, Richard Carrington, recorded one of the largest solar flares in history. The electromagnetic explosion was so powerful it knocked telegraph operators to the floor...even set paper on fire. Can you imagine what a storm of that kind would do to modern electronics today?

INTERVIEWER

Wow! And, if something like that does occur as people suggest it will?

DOMINIC

Well, let's just say I don't want to be flying mid-air when it does. Cell phones, computers and various other devices would no longer work. Life, as we know it, wouldn't be possible.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The muted interview of Dominic Braun plays on a television.

Spiritual items of all types and sizes crowd table tops and shelves. The furniture appears worn, but comfortable. A table by a window holds a Tarot deck and a bowl with burnt sage. An unlit neon sign advertising TAROT sits in the window.

Frankie, hearing a knock, opens the door to see a sullen Mrs. Rosario with a controlling hand on Daniela's shoulder. Leaning down, she "signs"...

FRANKIE (SUBTITLE)

Welcome, Daniela.

Daniela, agonizingly shy, signs back.

DANIELA (SUBTITLE)

Danny.

Frankie smiles.

FRANKIE

Okay. Danny.

Mrs. Rosario hands Frankie a small overnight case.

MRS. ROSARIO

I'll be back in the morning to
collect her. Eight o'clock sharp.

Frankie nods then closes the door just as the cats rush in. In response, Danny drops to her knees to pet them. Trying to get her attention, Frankie touches her shoulder and the girl cringes in horror only to scramble back.

FRANKIE

It's okay! It's okay! I won't hurt
you! I promise!

Getting on her knees, she strokes Fred and Ginger who in turn rub all over her. Verbalizing, as well as signing, she says...

FRANKIE (cont'd)

This is Fred and Ginger.

Danny stretches a tentative hand out and, accepting the invitation, they run to her. Delighted, she smiles a little.

Frankie wants to cry just watching her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Hungry? Grilled cheese sandwich?

The child nods without looking up and Frankie moves to the kitchen. Danny, meanwhile, gets up to look around. Seeing the Tarot, she moves to it and runs her fingers over the cards.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frankie sits on the edge of the tub while Danny stands to one side. The water filled, she checks the temperature.

Danny's eyes are drawn to the scars on Frankie's hands. As if knowing, she peers sadly at her. Frankie, not realizing, draws her hand out of the water and shakes it.

FRANKIE
You going to be okay?

Danny nods and Frankie hands her a towel. Closing the door, she covers her mouth. Scars run up and down the child's back.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frankie holds the covers up as Danny climbs in bed. Fred and Ginger, jumping up, curl beside her. Delighted, she reaches to pet them.

Frankie verbalizes as she signs.

FRANKIE
Did you know that ancient Egyptians
worshipped cats?

Danny shakes her head no.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
They did. They believed cats could
heal them. Not like a cut, but here
(points to head) and here (points to
heart.) Know what else?

Danny watches closely.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Even today, people believe that
angels watch us through them. They
protect us.

Danny signs...

DANNY (SUBTITLE)
From what?

Frankie cocks her head.

FRANKIE
From those that wish us harm.

Danny contemplates this then...

DANNY (SUBTITLE)
I had a cat once.

FRANKIE
Was it sweet like Fred and Ginger?

She nods, but cannot hide the sadness. Frankie starts to say something else, but Danny rolls over -- conversation over.

Frankie sighs and looks at the cats.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Coming?

Fred and Ginger ignore her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Okay. Suit yourselves.

Turning out the light, she leaves the door open a crack. Before departing, she gives Fred and Ginger a look. The cats stare back, unbothered.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Traitors.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie makes the sofa up then lies down. Adjusting a pillow, she turns off the lamp. Closing her eyes, she falls into fitful sleep.

A clock on the wall shows 3:33 am.

INT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Little Frankie, terrified, stands with her back to the wall. She watches as demonic hands lift the lid and a vile creature stares in. Raking its lips, it grins at her.

INTERCUT: BEDROOM, HALL AND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny is asleep. The cats, too, until a black shimmer rises. Lifting their heads, they track it as it climbs the wall to the ceiling. Ears flat, they hiss at it.

Ginger peels around the door, down the hall and into the living room. Jumping on Frankie, she bats her face.

Fred, still protecting Danny, hisses as it nears.

A moment later he, too, skitters around the door; tail up and down the hall. A second later, the door creaks open and Danny, in a trance, follows. An unseen force holds her up. Head to one side, mouth open, its as if she wants to scream, but can't.

The cats growl and hiss as Danny floats, toes dragging, toward Frankie.

INT./EXT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Little Frankie scrambles away as the demon takes a swipe. It retreats hissing and spitting when cats attack, dragging it back.

Screeching, drawing itself up, it lashes out killing five before rushing the opening to scramble inside.

Little Frankie screams. Lifting her hands, it snaps and bites, bloodying them. Outside, cats claw at the opening, trying to get in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie wakes with a start to see Danny looming over her. A split-second later, she collapses to the floor. Dumbfounded, Frankie gets up to gather her in her arms.

Terrified, the child bursts into tears, afraid to let go.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny asleep in her arms, Frankie snaps the light on to the bedroom.

Nothing.

Crossing the room, she puts Danny to bed; cat's snuggling. Turning the light off, she closes the door.

A second later, the door opens again. Snaking an arm in, she flips the light back on and leaves the door open.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie sits at the Tarot table, staring down the hall. Unnerved, she picks up the sage, lights it and leaves it to burn.

Outside, rain spatters the pane only to trickle down. Just beyond, a street light flickers eerily.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

An attractive woman, (in profile), looks up at the stars. A raindrop then another spatters her upturned face. This is MARISSA (44).

Closing her eyes, she allows recent memories to plague her.

MARCUS (V.O.)

"I fucking hate you, you stupid
bitch! Yeah, I took the money
(twitch)
and yeah, I fucked your sister
(twitch)
cuz fucking your sister is way better
(twitch)
than fucking you!

A tear runs down her upturned face. Sad, she wipes it away with dirt encrusted fingers then throws a shovel onto the ground to climb out of a grave.

Turning, she reveals a black eye, bruises and split lip. Taking her wedding ring off, she throws it in the hole then peers over at a body covered in sheets. Sticking out from under them is a pair of fancy, red leather shoes.

This is MARCUS (45). Wind blows the sheet away to reveal a tuft of black hair and a face, half of which is missing.

FLASH BACK:

INT. MARISSA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus, straddling Marissa, batters her face.

MARCUS

Yeah, I took the money
(punch)
and yeah, I fucked your sister
(punch)
cuz fucking your sister is way better
(punch)
than fucking you!

Marissa, helpless, stares at a shotgun leaning against a nearby chair.

Tired, Marcus rolls up his sleeves to strangle her. She chokes, until a moment later, he changes his mind, gets up and kicks her in the side instead.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Don't you fucking move!

Slicking his hair back, he spies a bottle of whiskey. Crossing the room to a window, he uncorks it and drinks.

Marissa starts to cry. Disgusted, he lowers the bottle.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
And, quit crying! You KNEW I didn't love you. Hell, I wouldn't even fuck you on our wedding night and you were like, "Oh, please Marcus, fuck me, Marcus, what's the matter, Marcus!?"

Marcus laughs.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What? You think I married you for your looks? I married you for your money, you ugly bitch, that's all.

Admiring his reflection, he smirks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You'd think you would have figured that out by now.

Taking another swig, he notices a shadow fall over him and turns. Marissa, her hands wrapped around the shotgun, squeezes the trigger.

END FLASHBACK:

Marissa lifts a foot and pushes Marcus into the grave. A sinister flapping sound makes her look up. Something dark looms overhead.

EXT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mrs. Rosario, under an umbrella, bangs on Frankie's door.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Frankie, jolted awake, bangs her foot on the way to the door.

Flinging it open, she sees Mrs. Rosario looking past her at Danny coming down the hall. She has her overnight bag and is dressed and ready to go. Fred and Ginger trot alongside her.

MRS. ROSARIO
Come, child.

Obedient, Danny exits to stand by Mrs. Rosario.
Yawning, Frankie signs, making a mess of things.

FRANKIE (SUBTITLE)
Good-fry, Manny.

Danny, amused, signs back.

DANNY (SUBTITLE)
Goodbye.

MRS. ROSARIO
The Father is expecting you at eleven
o'clock sharp.

Frankie goes to say something, but her cell phone rings
instead.

Mrs. Rosario rolls her eyes, grabs Danny's hand and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Frankie sits, rubbing a bruised foot.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hello? I'm sorry. Who is this?

INTERCUT: CENTRAL PARK AND FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ducks swim a pond spattered by rain. A weary, red-headed man
sits on a bench watching them. This is MARTIN (30).

A cat, hunkered under a nearby bush, peers out at him.

MARTIN
Ah, hello! I'm looking for someone
named Frankie. Is this the right
number?

FRANKIE
This is Frankie.

Martin sits back.

MARTIN
Good! Good! My name is Martin.

Martin looks around making sure no one can hear only to see the cat staring at him. A little unnerved, he lowers his voice.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I, uh, I hear you specialize in people like me. My friend Crystal gave me your number...said maybe you could help?

FRANKIE

Yeah. Sure. When's a good time for you? Six? Okay. What? It's \$400 a session.

(beat)

You still there? Okay. Sounds good. I'll text you the address.

Pushing buttons, she texts the address then sets her phone on the table.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

Father Antonio and his familiar are at his desk. They look up as Frankie enters. Even though he appears calm, his familiar runs shoulder to shoulder, wringing its hands.

FAMILIAR

This is bad! Bad!

Frankie rolls her eyes.

FRANKIE

(mumbles)

Great.

FATHER ANTONIO

What?

FRANKIE

Nothing.

Throwing herself in a chair, she drops two shopping bags by her feet.

FATHER ANTONIO

You look...tired.

Frankie lifts her head.

FRANKIE

That's an understatement. Your girl...

FATHER ANTONIO

What about her?

FRANKIE

Hello! She walks in her sleep!

FATHER ANTONIO

What!?

FRANKIE

A little something you might have warned me about before giving me a heart attack. Wait. You didn't know!?

FATHER ANTONIO

No. Anything else? Of the supernatural kind, I mean?

Frankie shakes her head.

FRANKIE

Not so far as I could tell. What was it that made you think she might be possessed?

Father Antonio sighs and rubs his temple.

FATHER ANTONIO

I don't know. Perhaps I'm just imagining things.

FRANKIE

Like what?

Getting up, he looks out the window. His familiar turns on his shoulder to stare at her.

FATHER ANTONIO

As you know, I gave up this residence so that Mrs. Rosario and Daniela could stay here. However, I still work and do my observations here. Well, about a week ago I was at my computer and I heard something.

Turning, he faces her.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

It was a scratching noise. Daniela's room is just above the library, so, I tried to ignore it thinking she was just up playing some sort of game.

FRANKIE

And?

He ponders his bandaged fingers.

FATHER ANTONIO

I tell you, Frankie, the closer I got to Daniela's room the more I got lost.

CUT TO:

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Father Antonio and Maximilian search the second floor. Nearing Daniela's room, they hear a noise in another room and head toward it.

FATHER ANTONIO (V.O.)

It was as though whatever it was didn't want me near.

CUT TO:

A door at the kitchen leads to a cellar. Opening it, he stands staring down into a dark basement. Catching his hand on a nail, he commences pulling at it.

Prying the nail loose, fingers bleeding, he goes upstairs to lie just outside Daniela's door. A second later, he uses he nail to scratch on the floor. Maximilian, worried, stands guard.

FATHER ANTONIO (V.O.) (cont'd)

I must have lost track of time, because the next thing I know I'd fallen asleep outside her room. Mrs. Rosario found me the next morning.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frowning, he looks over at her.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

And...that's not all. I scratched something on the floor. It's still there outside her room.

Sensing his worry, she studies him...almost afraid to ask.

FRANKIE

What was it?

He hesitates.

FATHER ANTONIO
It appears to be, well...ancient
Sumerian. Cuneiform.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry...what!?

Reaching into a drawer, he tosses a photograph onto the desk. Picking it up, she looks at it then rocks back in her seat.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)
I know! I sent a copy of it to a
friend of mine. She's in Jerusalem
doing research.

Frankie places the photograph back on the desk only to watch the familiar whisper something in the Father's ear. He goes from agitated to anxious in a split second.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Frankie. You can't tell anyone. They
would take Danny do you understand?
And I can't bear to see her in some
institution!

She casts an irritated look at the familiar and out of shame it covers its eyes. Getting up, she grabs her bags.

FRANKIE
Don't worry, Father. I'm sure its
nothing. And I'm not going to tell
anyone.
(rolls eyes)
Who would believe me, anyway?

FATHER ANTONIO
And Daniela?

Frankie grabs the knob.

FRANKIE
The truth?

FATHER ANTONIO
Of course.

Turning, she looks at him.

FRANKIE

It could be YOU that's possessed,
Father. Even this place. But, it's
not her.

FATHER ANTONIO

How do you know?

Quirking a smile, she opens the door.

FRANKIE

I don't. But, my cats DO.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frankie tidies the living room.

EXT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Light rain. A cab pulls up.

Martin pays a DRIVER then checks the address against his
phone.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hearing a knock, Frankie answers to see Martin and a black-
haired, beady-eyed familiar with claws embedded in his
shoulder staring back at her.

MARTIN

Hi. Frankie?

FRANKIE

Yeah. Come on in.

Martin follows Frankie to the Tarot table. She points to a
seat as he and his familiar look at the crosses and
religious items she has all around.

FAMILIAR

Hmmpf! Tell me this chick ain't got
problems!

Biting her tongue, she pretends not to hear.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Sit. Please.

Martin sits then notices the Tarot. The familiar, agitated, continues to stalk her from one shoulder to the next. It does not take its eyes off her.

MARTIN

You going to tell my fortune?

FAMILIAR

Oh, she's gonna neuter you, mother fucker. Watch and see!

Frankie stifles a laugh.

FRANKIE

Um...something like that. I want you to do me a favor though.

Martin cocks his head.

MARTIN

What?

Sitting, she tries putting him at ease.

FRANKIE

Lets just say it will save a whole lot of time if you aren't shy...you know...about what brings you here.

She glances at the familiar only to see him glaring at her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Um...you like to be punished, is that right?

FAMILIAR

Oh, shit! Cat's outta the bag now! Bet you know when we take a piss in the morning, too!

Martin blushes.

MARTIN

I see Crystal told you everything.

Frankie deals a five card spread.

FRANKIE

No. Not everything.

FAMILIAR

Don't listen to her, man! She is one hoodoo away from ruining a good thing! I'm telling you, get out while you still can!

Frankie can't help but smile this time.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Past, Present, Future, what's above, what's below. Is there anything you'd like to ask the Tarot?

FAMILIAR

Don't do it, man! Don't do it!

Martin stares, now seemingly confused without knowing why.

FRANKIE

Yes? No? Maybe?

Martin blinks unaware the familiar is now gnawing on his ear.

MARTIN

I'm not sure. I mean, I've never done this before.

Without realizing, he drops the affected ear to his shoulder then a few seconds later does it again -- an itch he cannot scratch.

She begins modulating her voice.

FRANKIE

You know...any question you need answered? Clarification of a dream? That sort of thing?

She fingers the spread, not losing eye contact.

MARTIN

I sometimes have bad dreams. I can't remember them, though. Honestly? I don't know why I do it. I've never had this problem before!

FRANKIE

So this is...new?

She gives the familiar a disgusted look.

FAMILIAR

What!?

MARTIN

Yes. I'm a devout Catholic, so this isn't...are you a therapist?

Frankie shakes her head.

FRANKIE

No. I'm not a therapist.

MARTIN

Oh. Crystal says...well, she says you specialize in this sort of thing.

FRANKIE

If you mean helping people, I guess you could say that.

Martin is now caught up in her eyes.

MARTIN

She says its more than that.

FRANKIE

What did she tell you?

MARTIN

She says you're straight up. No bullshit. She used to cut herself something awful. Her father was...he wasn't a nice man. Now she doesn't cut herself anymore...(drifts off)

Frankie's smile fades and she leans in.

FRANKIE

Can you keep a secret, Martin?

Martin stares. A wisp of hair falls over his eyes, but he does not correct it.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I can see things others can't.

Martin slumps, head back, mouth open. Out of which, pops the familiar.

FAMILIAR

(to Martin)

Oh, now you've done it. Happy now jackass!?

It scrambles out to squat on his forehead.

FAMILIAR (cont'd)
 Nothing like good ole Catholic guilt
 to ruin a good thing!

Frankie, amused, sits back.

FRANKIE
 Okay. Let's you and me talk.

FAMILIAR
 Can't we just say we did and then
 not?

She shakes her head.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 That's not how this works and you
 know it! I mean...this poor man!

The familiar shrugs.

FAMILIAR
 I can't help he broke a commandment.
 I mean, *HE* opened the door! I
 just...(shrugs)

FRANKIE
 ...walked right in, is that it? And,
 exactly which commandment did he
 break?

The familiar turns its back although one eye still finds its
 way around to look at her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Well?

FAMILIAR
 He took something that didn't belong
 to him, okay? Not that its any of
 YOUR business!

FRANKIE
 Yeah?

FAMILIAR
 Yeah! I believe the Catholics call it
STEALING.

The one eye is followed by the other as the creature turns
 around.

FAMILIAR (CONT'D)
How about you stick with your Tarot
and quit interfering!

Frankie purses her lips, giving her best stare.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You do know who I am, right?

The familiar paces; its hands behind its back.

FAMILIAR
Yes, I know. We *all* know. You're an
exorcist.

It rolls its eyes.

FAMILIAR (CONT'D)
A minor one at that. Second rate.

FRANKIE
I see. You're just TRYING to piss me
off is that it? Alright. Okay. We'll
see about being second rate, though,
you narcissistic little shit.

The familiar looks up, defiant at first only to then hang
its head.

FAMILIAR
Okay! Okay! If I promise to release
him from the sin...not do it again?

FRANKIE
And why should I believe you? You've
been nothing but nasty since you got
here. Speaking of sin, were you like
this in real life? As his father were
you as cruel to him then as you are
now?

The familiar laughs.

FAMILIAR
No. I was cruel to his mother. I took
pleasure in watching her suffer as at
each turn I denied the boy any
semblance of affection. I inflicted
an excruciating amount of pain yet...
never laid a hand on either of them.

The familiar snickers.

FAMILIAR (CONT'D)

Heartbroken, she eventually rotted away from cancer. She died, alone, with no one. I wouldn't even let the boy in to say goodbye.

The familiar's eyes light up.

FAMILIAR (CONT'D)

As punishment, I indulged in all manner of wickedness...

EXT. DINGY HALLWAY - NIGHT

A black-haired, beady-eyed man resembling the familiar knocks on a door. This is Martin's FATHER (35).

The door opens to reveal a PROSTITUTE (30) in high heels and black leather. Smirking, she lets him in.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The prostitute holds her hand out and Martin's father puts money in it. After counting it, she gestures for him to get down on his knees. He does then takes his shirt off. Pointing, he drops to all fours as she uncoils a whip and lashes his back with it.

The man hisses; a mix of ecstasy and pain.

Inspired, she whips him again and again until, exhausted -- chest heaving, he asks for...

MAN

Mercy! Please!

Smiling, she sits in front of him, coils the whip and slowly spreads her legs.

His back burning, he lifts himself to crawl toward her. She stops him with a spiked heel, though, only to watch him grovel. Lighting a cigarette, she takes a couple drags then curls a finger. He scuffles forward like a dog.

A moment later, head rolled back, she smiles.

SCREECH HALT
TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frankie gives a disgusted look.

FRANKIE

Yes, but you're dead now and he's living and you have a chance to do right by him! You're being...

FAMILIAR

Evil? Oh, I agree! TOTALLY! I should be punished!

Frankie rolls her eyes.

FRANKIE

Just stop! Okay? Gross! Now I'm warning you!

She gives him a decided, I'm NOT kidding look.

FAMILIAR

Oh, alright! It's just...

The familiar shudders then flashes teeth.

Frankie jabs a finger.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

If I even hear of any more weird shit, if it even crosses my radar, this second rate exorcist is gonna send you off to the underworld and I guarantee you won't be back.

(mumbling)

I have heard some sorry ass shit in my life, but *THIS* takes the cake.

FAMILIAR

Okay! Okay!

FRANKIE

Swear to God!

The familiar hesitates and she narrows her eyes.

FAMILIAR

Okay! I swear to God!

It tries smiling; a good faith gesture, but it doesn't work. Drawing back, she sighs and looks at her watch.

FRANKIE

Great. It's been like...five minutes.

FAMILIAR
What does that mean?

FRANKIE
Listen, for \$400 dollars my clients
deserve at least an hour. Bet you
anything the first thing he does when
he wakes is check his watch. How much
you want to bet.

Frankie gathers the cards then spreads them again. As she
does, the familiar ponders them along with her.

FAMILIAR
So...how is it you come to do what
you do? And why is it you have no
familiar of your own?

Frankie shrugs.

FRANKIE
I don't know. I don't consider myself
any different.

The familiar lifts its nose then, drawing downward to
Martin's shoulder, squats, digging its claws in. The man
grimaces slightly, but does not wake.

FAMILIAR
Oh, but you are! You even smell
different...like honeysuckle.

A smile plays at Frankie's lips.

FRANKIE
I've heard that.

FAMILIAR
Your aura is different too. Its
gold...the color of divine protection
and...

Frankie looks up.

FAMILIAR (cont'd)
...your vibration. The frequency is
closer to heaven than human. Not bad
looking either...

It grins lasciviously.

FAMILIAR (CONT'D)
...bet you look great in high heels.

Frankie gives an irritated look then ponders Martin.

FRANKIE

Umm...not that I'm prying or anything, but what did you say he took?

The familiar shrugs.

FAMILIAR

As Curator for the Museum he has access to many things. But this, THIS had divine destiny all over it.

EXT. CAFE - DUSK

Martin sits at an outdoor table. On it, a box tied with string.

A WAITER arrives to take Martin's order only to eyeball the package. Meanwhile, Marcus (wearing red leather shoes) watches from the corner.

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

What Martin doesn't realize is that others are part of that destiny, as well.

A second later the waiter exits the doorway with Martin's drink only to nod to his accomplice. As Marcus approaches, the waiter drops the silverware. As he does, Marcus darts in and sweeps the box off the table.

MARTIN

Hey! Hey, come back!

Rising, Martin tries chasing him, but the waiter "accidentally" blocks his attempts. Grieved, he watches helplessly as his package rounds the corner.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Marcus looks left and right then sees a quaint sign above a shop. It reads, "ALEXANDER'S EMPORIUM".

INT. ALEXANDER'S EMPORIUM - DAY

A bell above the door jingles and a SHOPKEEPER (60) looks up.

Moments later, a marmalade cat follows the shopkeeper to the front where he places the object in the window.

SHOPKEEPER

There, Tango. What do you think?

The cat looks at the pot, hisses then scrambles off to follow his master.

As he does, Father Antonio happens by. Fascinated by the artifact, he enters the shop.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frankie stares.

FRANKIE

But what could have been so important that he would steal, risk everything?

The familiar narrows its eyes.

FAMILIAR

And why should I tell you?

(sigh)

Why we are cursed to be attached to your kind I'll never know.

FRANKIE

Because you sucked wazoo in your previous life and now you must serve penance! Besides, we're not ALL bad.

FAMILIAR

Hmmpf! Maybe not *you*. But the others...they appear human, but inside their wretched souls reek. And, we must tend to them, try to save them, but we all know where most of them are going and where *WE'RE* going if we can't. So what's the point!?

There is a long pause as Frankie and the familiar contemplate each other. The clock ticks a long agonizing second then...

FRANKIE

Oh, well, screw it! We're done here.

FAMILIAR

Awesome! Are you sure I can't
convince you to pleasure me a little?
You know...one last
(grinding gesture)
before hitting the road?

Frankie stares in disbelief.

FRANKIE

Did we or did we not go over this!?
No more using him to satisfy your
sick, sadistic needs, okay? I don't
do refunds. I gotta do a refund and
I'm gonna plant you in Satan's
garden. We clear?

The familiar's ears slump.

FAMILIAR

Yes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Okay then! Let's get this party
started, shall we?

Sighing, the familiar slips into Martin's mouth and
disappears; its voice echoing back from the depths.

FAMILIAR

And to think I was having so much
fun.

Frankie grins.

FRANKIE

Maaartiin.

Snapping two fingers, she poses just as the familiar climbs
out his ear to sit on his shoulder again.

Martin stirs then wakes. Lifting his head, rubbing his neck,
he checks his watch.

Frankie gives the familiar a, See!? I told you so!, look.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. APARTMENT - JERUSALEM - DAY

A living room holds a TV in the corner. It's playing a toothpaste commercial. Atop is a cat in a basket.

Opposite the room is a woman holding a photocopy of Father Antonio's Sumerian text. This is DR. THERESA OLIVER (40). Dark hair, dark eyes, expert at ancient languages.

Diligent, she picks up a magnifying glass, inspects the photo, refers to an old leather bound journal then translates the last of the markings. Finished, she leans back in her chair, concerned, until the interview she had been listening to makes her look up.

CUT TO
TELEVISION:

INTERVIEWER
You're talking about...

The man taps his forehead.

DOMINIC
...a Mass Coronal Ejection.

INTERVIEWER
That's it!

DOMINIC
Well, that energy would cover the whole of the electromagnetic spectrum. From radio waves to ultraviolet to what we call super high-energy gamma rays. It would be millions of times greater than the largest volcanic eruption...

An alarm clock rings, startling her.

THERESA
Shit!

Snatching her phone, she races to the door. Lifting a jacket she puts it on then remembers the text. Grabbing it, she exits the apartment.

EXT. CROWDED SQUARE - DAY

Pulling her jacket closer, she is halted by a group of angry ONLOOKERS outside a grocer's. They are watching a digital banner.

CLOSE UP: U.S. PRESIDENT DECLARES HE IS "THE SECOND COMING OF GOD" AND "KING OF ISRAEL".

Theresa's jaw drops as, all around, onlookers begin to murmur. Someone points up and she looks. A strange circle engulfs the sky as otherworldly trumpets sound.

A GRANDFATHER (60) puts his arm around his GRANDDAUGHTER (5). Others drop to their knees and pray.

Shaking, she reaches into her pocket, pulls out her phone and makes a call.

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

Father Antonio, sick with tension, stares at the Sumerian pot.

A second later, the phone rings and he looks fearfully at it.

EXT. FRESH MARKET - DUSK

Frankie, in raincoat, meanders a fresh market; a basket of apples on her arm. Hearing her phone, she stops. A cat peaking out from beneath a table sees her reach for it.

FRANKIE

Hello? Okay, but...

(beat)

Alright. Alright! I'll be there!

Frankie stares at the phone. A second later, she realizes people have sidled next to her to stare at a television tucked under a canopy. The president is shaking a fist declaring he is the King of Israel and the Second Coming of God.

Frankie's jaw drops only to notice a plump WOMAN (40) next to her. She watching the t.v. and shoving a banana in her mouth. A chubby familiar, the source of her food addiction, turns to look at her. All of a sudden it screeches. Seconds later, another and another do the same.

Frankie whirls. PEOPLE, confused, have stopped to stare at her unable to explain why. All the while, the screeching becomes more and more unbearable.

The president waves and grins; a satisfied look on his face as she drops her basket and runs.

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Frankie sees the lit doorway of the rectory; the glow from the cross a welcome sign.

A second later, the door opens and a silhouette fills the frame. It is Mrs. Rosario; her usual disregard replaced with relief at the sight of her.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Father Antonio looks up. Rising, he grasps Frankie's hands.

FATHER ANTONIO
Thank God! Here, let me take your coat.

FRANKIE
I came as fast as I could, Father.
Are you alright?

Hanging the coat up, he gestures to a chair.

FATHER ANTONIO
Sit. Please.

Unsteady, he reaches for the back of his chair. His familiar, whimpering, jumps from his shoulder to the top of his head then back again.

FRANKIE
What is going on!?

His eyes search her face.

FATHER ANTONIO
"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood..."

Frankie frowns.

FRANKIE
 Revelations? *Really?* *THAT'S* what this
 is about!?

The familiar bobs its head up and down.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
 I don't believe it! Wait! Does this
 have something to do with that
 translation!?

The familiar, hesitating, bobs its head again.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
 What exactly did it say!?

Father Antonio's hand lifts to his cross.

FATHER ANTONIO
 "He that walks backwards walks among
 us."

Frankie stiffens. Getting up, she tries reasoning it out.

FRANKIE
 Look, there's been no earthquakes
 lately. The sun still shined today...

Frustrated, he throws up his hands.

FATHER ANTONIO
 Why is it so hard for people to
 understand!? Besides, there are no
 cataclysmic events at the beginning
 of the sixth seal.

FRANKIE
 So what are you saying? That the
 Sixth Seal is about to unfold?

FATHER ANTONIO
 No! I'm saying it's already here!

Frankie, incredulous, stares.

FRANKIE
 How do you know!?

FATHER ANTONIO
 Well, look around. Is this not a time
 of great deception!? "My people are
 destroyed for the lack of knowledge!"
 (Hosea 4:6)

FLASHBACK: PEOPLE PROTESTING.

FLASHBACK: NEWSPAPER STAND. "FAKE NEWS".

FRANKIE

I suppose so.

FATHER ANTONIO

I believe we are at the midpoint. It's at this moment Christ allows the Antichrist to divide and conquer. This is when you see the seeds of division sown. This is when you see men and women, normally of good conscience, become fooled and in doing so choose which side they're on.

FLASH BACK: RUTHLESS FANS PROTESTING.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

This is the time God chooses the Chosen Ones.

FRANKIE

Chosen Ones?

His shoulders slump.

FATHER ANTONIO

Honestly, Frankie, did you even attend bible study?

FRANKIE

No, Father. As you well know.

Frowning, he shakes his head.

FATHER ANTONIO

They're called the Bond Servants of God. The 144,000. The incorruptible. The ones that see people and things as they truly are.

FRANKIE

Where do they come from?

FATHER ANTONIO

Some say all over. Anyone whose belief is the word of God.

(MORE)

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

(beat)

You see, God holds back the angels of destruction standing at the four corners of the earth until the chosen ones are found and marked so that they won't be harmed. The Antichrist is no longer a spirit, but of real flesh and blood. A man of immense power, he will declare himself God.

Frankie gasps.

FLASH BACK: PRESIDENT DECLARING HE IS THE "KING OF ISRAEL" AND THE "SECOND COMING OF GOD".

Ill, she clutches her stomach.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

This is when prophecy states the Antichrist will persuade his followers to destroy a third of all mankind.

FLASH BACK: "NEW PANDEMIC - A THIRD OF THE WORLD INFECTED".

Frankie sits, hands trembling.

FRANKIE

And...after that?

FATHER ANTONIO

The unleashing. The wrath. God's vengeance upon the world...on Lucifer himself.

Frankie stares, not wanting to believe.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

There's more, but I need you to see something first.

He looks to Frankie, his expression concerned.

FRANKIE

What?

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mrs. Rosario crosses herself as Frankie follows Father Antonio up the stairs. His familiar whimpers only to cover its eyes.

EXT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maximilian is growling and scratching at the door.

FATHER ANTONIO
Go Maxie! Go!

Reluctant, Maxie runs down the stairs.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A lamp reveals a bed, mirror and dresser with dolls on top.
A breeze ruffles curtains.

Danny lies on the bed, eyes open. She does not turn her head
as they enter. Instead, she stares at the ceiling; a
frightened expression on her face.

Frankie palms her forehead then sees the makings of a
purplish bruise.

FATHER ANTONIO
Mrs. Rosario found her like this when
she didn't come down for dinner.

FRANKIE
I don't understand. Her temperature
is normal. What's wrong with her? Did
she fall?

Pushing Danny's hair back, she inspects her neck and scalp.

FATHER ANTONIO
We don't know. If she's not better by
morning we'll call a doctor.

Danny turns her head to look at her. Eyes welling with
tears, she clutches Frankie's shirt.

FRANKIE
Shhh. It'll be alright.

It's then she see Father Antonio's familiar. Eyes wide, he's
petrified with fear.

FRANKIE
I...

The Father cocks his head.

FATHER ANTONIO
What?

The familiar, terrified, points then realizes what it is.

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

What?

Shoulders sagging, she stares in disbelief.

FRANKIE

I don't think a doctor will be necessary, Father.

FATHER ANTONIO

Why?

She turns to look at him.

FRANKIE

Because I think I found the problem.

Her eyes flick to the ceiling. Tucked in a corner, a demon with a flaming red symbol on its forehead swings a leathery tail.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You need to leave this room, Father.

When he doesn't move, she turns to look at him.

FRANKIE

NOW.

(beat)

And, Father?

FATHER ANTONIO

Y...yes?

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Take Danny with you.

The demon snarls only to dig its claws deeper. Cake-like bits of plaster fall to the floor as, lifting Danny into his arms, he rushes from the room.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mrs. Rosario is at the bottom of the stairs. Wringing her hands, she watches Father Antonio maneuver the steps.

FATHER ANTONIO

Here! Take her!

As he turns to go, she grabs his arm.

MRS. ROSARIO

Don't!

He gently pries her fingers loose.

FATHER ANTONIO

I have to.

Stifling a sob, she watches him race back up the stairs. Rounding the banister, he rushes for the door only to have an unseen force slam it in his face. Twisting the knob, he bangs on it.

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

Frankie!

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie eyes the demon.

FATHER ANTONIO (O.S.)

Frankie! Open the door! Frankie!

The demon laughs. When it speaks, it's voice reverberates throughout the rectory.

DEMON

Let's you and me talk...

EXT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shocked, Father Antonio backs away from the door.

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Mrs. Rosario covers her mouth. Pushing Danny into the library, she slams the door and locks it.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie gathers her courage and moves left. The demon, too, scuttles left.

FRANKIE

Okay. What do you want to talk about?

The demon cocks its head.

DEMON

What? No Tarot, exorcist?

Frankie shrugs, trying to stay calm.

FRANKIE

Sorry. Not on me. Was that you in my apartment the other night?

The demon grins.

DEMON

Just having a bit of fun.

FRANKIE

I don't find that particularly funny. My cats don't, either.

At the mention of the cats, the demon twists into a frenzied ball of hate.

DEMON

Cats! Nasty creatures! Always dropping in and out!

She waits, letting it calm itself before continuing.

FRANKIE

Okay. Let me ask a question. You could have possessed the girl at any time. Why didn't you? What is it you *really* want?

The demon winds its tail.

DEMON

Everything. I am hers, and, she mine.

Frankie moves to the right. It shifts as well.

FRANKIE

I don't get it.

DEMON

It's her, or, me! I intend on it being me!

At this, it rotates its head into an impossible position.

DEMON

Don't worry, exorcist. Your turn is coming. The three days of darkness is nearly upon us.

The creature laughs.

FRANKIE
I don't understand.

Scuttling upside down to the window; its places one claw in, one out.

DEMON
You will.

Its soulless eyes study her.

DEMON (cont'd)
Why, YOU think you can protect her, don't you!? The way your mother couldn't you!

FRANKIE
DON'T talk about my mother! You don't know her!

Unnerved, not realizing, she fumbles her sleeves downward to cover her hands. As she does, the demon abandons the window. With each word, it takes a step closer until its just above her head.

DEMON
Your mother was a pathetic excuse for a human! A whore addict that traded her soul for a drug-fueled, one-night stand! And you! You're nothing but her bastard child!

Frankie pales. Gathering courage, she tries standing up to it.

FRANKIE
You don't know a damned thing about her! Just stop or, I'll...

Furious, the demon leans in.

DEMON
You'll what!? I'm not one of your little familiars, bitch! I'll tear you limb from limb!

Frankie pressing her back to the wall as it draws nearer.

DEMON (cont'd)
You ever wonder why you can see us when others can't? Hmm? Its because evil begets evil!

Raising a claw, it pokes her in the chest.

DEMON (cont'd)
*You're evil. That's why your mother
left you in a dumpster to die. She
couldn't stand the sight of you!*

Frankie hangs her head; the thing inches from her face. Reaching, it lifts her chin with its claw, forcing her to look at it.

DEMON (cont'd)
I have news for you, exorcist. By the time my master is through, you'll be filleted and left on a rock for us to pick at. Oh, yes. You WILL be punished!

Cackling, it rotates its body round and round.

DEMON (cont'd)
You will scream and scream and scream!

Frankie covers her ears, just like she did as a child until, grinning, it scrambles back to the window, leaps out and is gone.

Stumbling after it, she slams the window closed and locks it.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Father Antonio sits with his face in his hands. When the door finally opens, he drops them to look up.

FATHER ANTONIO
Oh, thank God! Thank God!

Frankie, shaking, stands at the door. Crossing the threshold she slips down beside him where he takes her in his arms.

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)
Oh, my poor child!

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Father Antonio locks the door.

Danny, curled in a chair, watches Mrs. Rosario crack an old style crank window to smoke a cigarette. Exhaling, she blows smoke through the slender opening only to see Father Antonio give her a look.

MRS. ROSARIO

What!?! You're going to give me a hard time about smoking!?! NOW?

Frankie, a bit shaky in her chair, frowns.

FRANKIE

What did it mean, Father, when it said, "I am hers and, she, mine"?

Turning, he looks at her.

FATHER ANTONIO

I don't know. That they're connected somehow?

FRANKIE

Yeah. But how? And what are the three days of darkness?

Heaving a sigh, he searches for a magnifying glass.

FATHER ANTONIO

That I DID understand. It is a reference to a prophecy.

FRANKIE

Never heard of it.

FATHER ANTONIO

Now, why am I not surprised?

Finding the magnifier, he moves to a shelf to search for a book.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You know, for someone who deals in your line of work you are either deliberately obtuse or incredibly uneducated.

Frankie furrows her brow.

FRANKIE

I prefer not to be tainted by opinions and prejudices, Father. As far as I'm concerned the bible was written by man, therefore, fallible.

She smiles mischievously.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Like the pope.

FATHER ANTONIO

Oh, I see. You're Episcopalian now,
is that it? Although...

FRANKIE

What?

FATHER ANTONIO

Perhaps THAT'S why you have no
familiar. Perhaps God wants you to
hear only Him.

Frankie looks over to see Mrs. Rosario flick what's left of the cigarette out the window and onto the courtyard. Peering out at the blustery dark, she rolls the window inward and locks it.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

The wind picking up, it blows the butt across the courtyard to a pair of feet. It is the reanimated body of the addict in the alley; the needle still in his arm.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Father Antonio finds the book and pulls it from the shelf. Going to the desk, he plants a finger on one of the pages.

FATHER ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Ah-ha! Listen to this. "There shall
come over the whole earth an intense
darkness lasting three days and three
nights."

FRANKIE

I'm sorry, who is this?

FATHER ANTONIO

The Blessed Anna Marie Taigi. A
Catholic prophetess.

(beat)

"Nothing can be seen, and the air
will be laden with pestilence which
will claim mainly, but not only, the
enemies of religion. It will be
impossible to use any man-made
lighting during this darkness except
blessed candles."

He looks to the shelves again. Finding another book, he opens it.

FATHER ANTONIO (cont'd)
 Here's another. This is by Padre Pio.
 "Prepare to live three days in total
 darkness...the earth will tremble and
 the panic will be great...many stones
 will fall. Many men will perish.

FRANKIE
Great.

Danny moans. The bruise more distinct.

FATHER ANTONIO
 Are you sure that's a bruise?

Frankie rises to get a better look. Stunned, she looks up.

FRANKIE
 It's the same symbol as the demon in
 her room!

Groaning, Father Antonio slumps in a chair.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
 What!?

FATHER ANTONIO
 Do you remember me telling you about
 the Chosen Ones?

FRANKIE
 You mean the bond servants of God?

His eyes flit to Danny.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 No! She's just a child! And even if
 she is why would that demon have a
 matching symbol!?

FATHER ANTONIO
 Because what most people don't know
 is that Satan releases his own
 servants -- 144,000 to match God's
 144,000. "I am hers and, she, mine".
 The demon you saw in her room is
 Danny's nemesis. Danny's pair!

EXT. BALCONY - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

A man in a suit, ALEX (30), stands looking out at a well-lit
 city. Off in the distance, a spot appears only to grow
 larger revealing a demonic messenger with wings.

Landing, it scurries forward on hideous, gnarled feet to rest its head on its master.

ALEX

Tell me, beautiful one. What is it?

The creature gurgles something only he can understand. His eyes flash and he smiles. Reaching, he rubs its ears.

ALEX (cont'd)

You did good! Yes, you did precious one! You did good!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

ALEX strides toward the Oval Office. Just outside, two secret service men guard the entrance. Recognizing him, they open the door and usher him in.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The president grins.

PRESIDENT

Alex! Oh, please tell me you found her!? You did, didn't you!

Alex smiles.

MAN

Queens. At an old Catholic rectory. A priest and his sister protect her. There is a chosen one with them, as well.

The president looks out the window.

PRESIDENT

Bring her to me, Alex. But, do NOT harm her. I need her alive. Do what you will with the rest.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Frankie rubs a temple.

FRANKIE

I don't get this, Father!

MRS. ROSARIO
Me, either! Quit quoting scripture
and tell us what it means!

Numb, Father Antonio looks up.

FATHER ANTONIO
It means all hell is about to break
loose. It means God is coming and
there can be only one winner.

EXT. SUN SURFACE - NIGHT

A point on the sun emits a burst of light that shines
brighter than the sun itself. Electromagnetic radiation and
a billion tons of solar particles streak toward Earth.

BANNER: COUNTDOWN - 8 MINUTES, 20 SECONDS...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Red leather shoes shuffle across the courtyard only to stop next to the addict. Marcus, half his face gone, stares up at the cross.

Others appear, just as dead, only to mill about.

BANNER: COUNTDOWN - 6 MINUTES, 37 SECONDS

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A blow dryer rests on a chair by a tub. Gay man #2 sits in the water, fully clothed. He is crying.

Looking past the bathroom door, he sees his partner swinging from a rope.

GAY MAN #2
He didn't mean anything! I loved you!
Only you!

As if in answer, a breeze stirs, rotating his lover around just enough to face him. The eyes bulge and the tongue protrudes from the mouth.

Gay Man #2 sobs then picks up a blow dryer plugged in over the sink. Inconsolable, he looks once more at his lover then, flicking the switch, begins lowering it in the water.

He stops, though, when something outside the window flashes only to light up the sky. Turning the blower off, he climbs out of the tub to stare out the window.

He does not see the foot jerk behind him or the arm reach for the rope.

BANNER: COUNTDOWN - 3 MINUTES, 29 SECONDS

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lights flicker then come back on again.

Frankie, at the window, points.

FRANKIE
Look!

Father Antonio and Mrs. Rosario get up. The sky is aglow; the moon crimson. A buzzing along with the sound of fire trucks fill the air.

INTERCUT: INT. VATICAN ADV. TELESCOPE AND DUMPSTER (PAST)

Dominic leans forward.

INTERVIEWER

So...what inspired you to become a Jesuit priest?

DOMINIC

Well, God is the source. The creator. He is also our companion on this journey. If we are to understand all that He created, we must understand Him.

INTERVIEWER

So, how do you respond when people say you can't prove God exists?

Dominic grins.

DOMINIC

God never hesitates to use the things of this world to make himself known.

CUT TO:

Young Father Antonio opens the door to the rectory only to hear Danny's screams. Skidding to a halt outside the dumpster, he is stunned to see cats of all types and sizes trying to get in.

Inside, little Frankie screams; banging against the lid with bloody fists. Hopeless, she sinks into the garbage, covers her face and cries. She does not realize she has begun to radiate a golden color. She fairly pulsates with it.

The demon, scrambling, tries getting away, but the cats keeps him from escaping.

Shielding his eyes, the Father is suddenly knocked back when the dumpster explodes. Coming to, he stares in amazement at what remains. The lid is shorn off and the metal sides are twisted.

Following a trail of demon parts, trash and lifeless cats, he is amazed to see most of the cats are clumped together, protecting a small figure.

It's little Frankie -- still glowing from within.

CUT TO:

The interviewer scratches his head.

INTERVIEWER

Okay. So by that logic we can assume
the devil let's it be known *he*
exists, too?

Dominic grins.

DOMINIC

Exactly!

CUT TO:

Father Antonio sees Eleanor's body. The demon lying beside
her is dead as well. As he watches, it liquefies, leaving
sticky remains.

Terrified, he draws back only to shoo the cats away and lift
Frankie into his arms.

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

You see, we base our faith on those
who have come before us, of what they
saw and encountered. So we don't need
things proved scientifically in order
to believe.

Scurrying down the alleyway with Frankie, he leaves
everything she ever knew behind.

CUT TO:

The interviewer gestures.

INTERVIEWER

And THIS time period? The now. Will
future generations look back on us
the same way? You know...as apostles?
As disciples?

Dominic smiles then answers.

DOMINIC

I guess that will depend on how we
carry our faith forward.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Father Antonio is at the window. A moment later, Frankie and Mrs. Rosario join him to look out. More and more dead gather outside.

Mrs. Rosario's familiar tugs at her to turn away, but she can't.

FRANKIE

What in God's name do they want!?

Father Antonio turns to look at her.

FATHER ANTONIO

Oh, Francesca. There's so much I haven't told you.

Frankie furrows her brow.

FRANKIE

Like what!?

Outside, the addict lowers his jaw and screams. And, just as if the gates of hell opened, a cacophony of police sirens, screeching tires and gunshots ring out.

Unnerved, Mrs. Rosario seats herself by Danny.

FATHER ANTONIO

Frankie. Turn on the television.

Frankie turns it on and a static-y female newscaster appears.

NEWSCASTER

...massive solar flare. The dead, or what some are referring to as undead, are seemingly everywhere. Still no word from government officials. And then there's this. We want to warn you, this is terrifying. If you have any sense of self-preservation, please, stay at home and lock yourselves in.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The sky is awash with an Aurora Borealis-like sky and PEOPLE are outside looking at it. A MAN (30) exits his building to join them. Awed he, too, looks only to hear people cry out.

Curious, he peers up the street and sees a winged demon with a glowing symbol on its forehead who's sights, he realizes, are set on him.

The terrified scatter as a REPORTER and a CAMERAMAN zoom in on its intended target.

The reporter points.

CAMERAMAN

Look! Look at your forehead!

MAN

What!?

CAMERAMAN

Look at your forehead!

The man turns to see a reflection of himself in a nearby window. He carries the same symbol as the creature only his is blue-green. Touching it, he notices there is energy emanating from his fingertips.

The creature, picking up stride, runs straight for him.

REPORTER

For the love of God! Run!

Both the reporter and the cameraman sprint away just as the demon, leaping onto the side of a building, scrambles alongside to attack.

In his haste, the camera man drops the camera only to pick up the side of a building and then the man's screams.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Frankie pales.

NEWSCASTER

Similar reports are coming in from a round the world. England, India, Pakistan, no one seems to be able to explain it, or, where these creatures come from.

BANNER: COUNTDOWN - 30 SECONDS.

INT. SPACE STATION

An ASTRONAUT turns toward a camera.

ASTRONAUT

God have mercy on us all.

Weightless, spinning, he and a FEMALE CREW MEMBER (enclosed inside a magnetic radiation room), hang their heads and brace for impact. Reaching, he powers down any and all unnecessary functions and the feed goes black.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The president sits back, surrounded by "yes" men. Their steely eyes watch the timer on the monitor as it tracks the coronal mass.

BANNER: 10 SECONDS...9...8...7

A nervous energy fills the air and the president grins.

MONTAGE:

* AN EMP SLAMS INTO THE SPACE STATION, LEAVING IT ADRIFT.

* NEW YORK: STREET LIGHTS ALL GO OUT AT ONCE FOLLOWED BY LIGHTS ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Overhead lights blink then kick back on to reveal the President sitting in his chair.

Intent, he looks at each man in turn.

PRESIDENT

So. It begins.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Darkness engulfs Frankie, Father Antonio and Mrs. Rosario as they sit, listening to the silence.

MRS. ROSARIO

God help us!

A second later, chaos erupts again with shouts, gun shots and sirens.

Mrs. Rosario lights a candle and all three check on Danny. Danny is no longer listless, but alert. Fascinated, she plays with the energy from her fingertips. Her symbol glows blue-green.

FRANKIE
Are you...alright?

Danny nods just as a scream, loud enough to rattle the panes, makes them jump.

Terrified, Mrs. Rosario looks to the window.

MRS. ROSARIO
I don't even want to know what's going on out there!

MONTAGE:

* Shouts echo a hallway as a demonic creature, snuffling like a dog, searches for anyone caught outside their apartment. Gasping, a Hindu FATHER (30) grabs his DAUGHTER (10) and slams the door. Locking it, he turns to see his WIFE (30) lighting a candle with shaky hands.

* A WOMAN (40) hides in a bathroom, praying. Outside the window, demons circle overhead.

* A black man, RUFUS (60), is just trying to get home with his groceries. He does not know there is a symbol on his forehead. Making a run for it, he skids to a halt just outside his building. A demon has dropped down in front of him blocking the way. Backing up, he throws his groceries at it then notices his hands.

Holding them out, they emit a beam of blue-green energy, disintegrating the creature before it can strike.

AERIAL VIEW: RANDOM BATTLES BETWEEN BLUE AND RED LIGHTS OCCUR THROUGHOUT VARIOUS CITIES: NEW YORK, LONDON, MOSCOW, ETC..

INT. VATICAN ADV. TELESCOPE - DAY

INTERVIEWER
How do we know, though? How do we know what to believe anymore? Everything is fake news, the whole world is divided.

Dominic cocks his head.

DOMINIC
Well, that's just it, isn't it? We DO know. Some realize, repent and do better. Others will do ANYTHING to justify their behavior. *Lie...*

The interviewer shifts uncomfortably.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
Cheat...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gay man #2 turns to see gay man#1 staring at him from the end of his rope. Lifting a dead arm, he points at him.

DOMINIC (V.O.)
Kill...

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Marissa, numb, wanders in still covered in dirt.

DOMINIC (V.O.)
Steal...

Marissa's eyes drift to Marcus seated in one of the pews. Eyes red from crying, he turns to look at her.

DOMINIC (V.O.) (cont'd)
 And, its not like they don't know
 what they did was wrong. They do! And
 yet they *still* follow the wrong path.

Marissa slides in next to Marcus. A tear slips down her cheek as he slowly takes her hand.

DOMINIC (V.O.) (cont'd)
 BUT, those who repent, seek
 forgiveness...

A moment later, Gay Man #2 wanders in only to be followed by the black man (Rufus) who killed the demon.

DOMINIC (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Why, **THEY** are the disciples that
 carry our faith forward...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Crystal, hiding just inside an alcove, sees a small **BOY (4)** wandering alone. He's crying, unaware demons circle overhead.

Looking up and around, she leaves safety to grab the boy just as a demon spies them and dives. The boy in her arms, she kicks a door open, slamming it shut behind them just in time.

INT. VATICAN ADV. TELESCOPE - DAY

A huge marmalade cat saunters in to lie at Dominic's feet.

DOMINIC

You see, a cross is just a cross
without someone to give it meaning.
None of them perfect, they each have
one thing in common.

(beat)

Belief.

It's not lost on Dominic that the interviewer, adjusting his tie, now seems impatient to end the interview. Realizing he is being scrutinized by a cat, he looks up to see Dominic staring at him.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I imagine when God really DOES answer
the call...there's going to be a
serious reckoning.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

The addict, his neck snapping and creaking, looks up to see Danny's demon drop from the sky. Hunched, it stares at the rectory; the now unlit cross above it.

A moment later, Alex sidles up to run a hand down its back. Drawing its head downward, he speaks to it.

ALEX

I want the redhead alive.

Turning, he addresses the undead, pointing at each in turn.

ALEX (cont'd)

Do you hear? No one touches her!

Grinning, he looks to the rectory.

ALEX (cont'd)

The rest are fodder. Now, go get her!
And remember, no one touches the
exorcist!

The demon lets loose a scream then it and the undead race for the rectory.

END PILOT

(Based on the real interview of David Brown, S.J. -
Vatican astronomer by Sean Salai, S.J. - December 03, 2018.)