Title
Occult Trucking and Storage

Permalink
https://escholarship.org/uc/item/9f92694k

Author
Eyres, Jeffrey Paul

Publication Date
2011

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation
The Thesis of Jeffrey Paul Eyres is approved:

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

__________________________________________

Committee Chairperson

University of California, Riverside
FADE IN:

EXT. SPLIT ROCK ROAD - NIGHT


So what in the purple fuck is going on at THE GULICK HOUSE?

No crickets. No sound but a foul wind. Lights come on and go off in random rooms throughout the house. A smoke alarm sounds briefly. A girl shrieks.

INT. THE GULICK HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a nice house. At least it used to be. Every glass object is smashed. There are scorch marks on every wall.

MR. and MRS. GULICK (Late 30s) and GREG GULICK (11) cower in the corner, eyes bugging out of their faces. Mrs. Gulick clutches a CRUCIFIX. Lights flicker.

They are pummeled by a sonic onslaught of rumbling booms, inhuman shrieks, metal-on-metal, tearing and hissing. The noise and flashing rises to a terrible crescendo.

SILENCE. DARKNESS.

The Gulick family breathes heavily in the darkness.

CLICK. One light goes on in a bedroom at the end of the hall.

MRS. GULICK
Go check.

Mr. Gulick gives her a look like "what are you fucking kidding me?" He slowly stands.

GREG
Daddy, no!

MR. GULICK
It's ok. I'll be right back.
Mr. Gulick stands up. He stalks towards the end of the hallway. His breath mists in front of him.

The light at the end of the hall goes out. He stands in darkness for a moment. A single tract-lighting bulb goes on creating a pool of light a few steps in front of him.

He looks back at his family, then towards the pool of light. He steps into it. The light goes out. Another bulb goes on creating another island of light. He steps into that.

The light goes out. One more bulb lights up. He steps into the light. It goes out.

Darkness. Then the light in the bedroom at the end of the hallway goes on. He walks in. Silence.

MR. GULICK'S FACE frozen. Is it terror? Is he dead?

MR. GULICK (CONT'D)

No.

BOOM! Mr. Gulick slams up against the wall in the hallway. The house shakes.

EXT. THE GULICK HOUSE - DAY

There's a cop car in the driveway. The door reads "Enfield Sheriff's Department"

WE get out of the car and walk up the driveway, past two other police radio cars, up the steps, past two CRIME TECHS and into the Gulick house.

WE walk past Mr. and Mrs. Gulick on the couch. She sobs. He stares at nothing.

WE walk down the hallway and into the bedroom. On the walls, written in blood are the words "I DIE! YOU DIE! PIGS!"

CINDY GULICK (18) lay dead in a pool of blood, both hands wrapped around a dagger in her guts.

Laying in the pool of blood is a SILVER CRUCIFIX. From our point of view, it is UPSIDE DOWN.
EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - DAY

UP IN THE CLOUDS high above the earth we PLUMMET towards the New England countryside

STATE ROAD 33

comes into view

A WHITE STEP VAN rips along the road at a good pace

We fall faster towards the van. But we even out before hitting the ground and can read the lettering on the van:

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE

Underneath it:

"We don't give a shit what's in the box"

TODD (V.O.)
(reedy, nerdy voice)
We're moving men. We move evil shit.

A HAZMAT DIAMOND on the back of the van. The interior diamonds read "Haunted," "Cursed," "Unholy" and "In Other Ways Problematic."

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If an evil object comes in to your home, we can remove it discreetly and store it safely.

GLOVES pulled on.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You can call us direct, but you should first contact a religious advisor of your choice. If they know what they're doing, they already know us.

DOLLIES strapped into place.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Catholic Church created our company but the modern church distances itself from us though they use our services more than ever.

Tanks marked "HOLY WATER" being filled in an alley.
TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We work for all denominations. At least we used to.
We are Occult Trucking and Storage and we are
about to die.

INT. THE OTS TRUCK - DAY

In the passenger seat sits TODD (20s). He is a little guy. Scrawny but
wiry. He's a nerd. But he's a mover so don't fuck with him.

TODD (V.O.)
That's me. I'm Todd and the guy driving is my
brother Mike.

MIKE (20s) drives. He's a large man with a shaved head covered by a
camouflage bandanna, hoop earring and purple sunglasses.

MIKE (V.O.)
It's easy to remember because I'm Mike and I'm big
and he's Todd and he's little ... ish.

A beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hmm.

TODD
What "Hmm?"

MIKE
Promise you won't get mad?

TODD (V.O.)
I have to tell you something about Mike. Mike is
afraid of nothing.

FLASHBACK - BIKERS BAR - NIGHT

Mike, surrounded by thugs and facing off the MEANEST BIKER IN THE
WORLD. The vibe is heavy. Mike smiles, headbutts the biker. Melee
ensues.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I mean Mike is afraid of NOTHING.
FLASHBACK -- OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT -- NIGHT

BATHROOM - Mike yawning as he finishes up the last drops of a late night squirt. He steps out of the bathroom, down the hall, walks right past a NASTY GODDAMN DEMON. It is foul and wrong on a cosmic scale-- alligator head, cloven hooves and a bull's body standing upright.

Mike walks past it, flips off the light, leaving it in darkness.

A BEAT. Mike returns, switches the light back on, flips the demon the bird, turns off the light and heads back to bed.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Nothing except displeasing people.

FLASHBACK - BIKERS BAR - NIGHT

Parking lot. Meanest Biker in the World is in handcuffs in a police car. Mike gingerly places a POKEMON BAND-AID on the Biker's head. Neither the cop nor the biker know what to make of this.

Mike and Todd walk away from the parking lot. FIVE COPS walk past them, escorting a BIKER IN CUFFS.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But one thing neither of us can stand is bullies ... of any sort.

The BIKER stumbles over something, starts to go down, the cops right him. One of the cops clubs the biker who goes to his knees and to the ground. The other four cops pull their batons and start smacking the biker.

Mike and Todd turn and charge right at the cops. Melee! Cops flying through the air.

IN THE BACK OF A POLICE VAN: The Biker with the Pokemon Band-Aid looks at Mike sitting next to him, does a double take.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

TODD (CONT'D)
I'll make no such promise. Now tell me "Hmm."

MIKE
No. You're already getting mad.
TODD
I am not getting mad.

MIKE
I knew it. Never mind. I'm not telling.

TODD
If I promise to not get mad will you promise to not cry?

MIKE
I can make no such promise.

TODD
You're crying already!

MIKE
And you're mad!

TODD (V.O.)
I'll bet this has something to do with when we were kids.

FLASHBACK - MIKE AND TODD AS KIDS

Victorian era household full of old crap. A giant crucifix on the wall.
LITTLE MIKE sits in the corner, a dunce cap on his head and wearing a rubber piggy nose.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mom died. Never knew dad. We lived with Grandma. Grandma and gin. Fuck gin.

GRANDMA, fat and drunk stumbles in carrying a wooden paddle and a gin bottle. She glares at Mike with a visceral hatred. She turns to look at

LITTLE TODD standing on a stool, dressed like a little girl. His face is flushed red with rage.

GRANDMA
Turn around you little sissy. Don't look at that big dummy. He's a big dummy!

TODD (V.O.)
Poor Mike. I think it messed him up. Not me. I'm a fuckin zen master.
BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

Todd's face clenches into a grotesque mask of tension and anger, veins bulging and pulsing on his forehead. He grinds his teeth so hard that one of them audibly cracks.

TODD (CONT'D)
Mike. I'm sorry. I was a little mad but now I'm not. Will you please tell me what's on your mind?

MIKE
The brakes gave out.

TODD
When?

MIKE
About a half mile ago.

TODD
Why didn't you tell me?

MIKE
I didn't want to wake you.

Todd pulls the on the emergency brake. Nothing.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I tried that already.

TODD
You checked everything this morning right?

MIKE
Yup.

TODD (V.O.)
Of course he did. He always does. I saw him.

FLASHBACK - OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - THIS MORNING


POV - upside down - Mike works on the van.
TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is no mechanical failure. Not if it affected the brake and the emergency brake.

Mike spraying the engine block from a tank marked "Holy Water"

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Only a very powerful demon could cause our truck to malfunction like this despite the holy water.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

The van continues to pick up speed down a grade.

TODD (CONT'D)
So how is this going to happen?

MIKE
I'll probably lose control of the van right before we get to I-95.

They both spit in disgust. Todd's spit flies out the window. Mike's loogie blows right back at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh man. I greenied my face, big time!

ANIMATION: A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, Interstate-95 lights up. A guy in a trash dump shoveling garbage into a truck and speeds off.

TODD (V.O.)
All along the eastern seaboard, people buy crap and drive it to the northeast and sell it for stupid prices.

40s STYLE ANIMATION: I-95 pulses like an artery with thousands of trucks. In New England, the truck dumps the garbage into an ANTIQUE STORE. Customers flock in and throw big money down for it.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A lot of that old stuff has unsavory past: ghosts and curses and stuff.

ANIMATION: A guy takes a ceramic lamp home from the Antique Store, puts it in his house. Devil faces float out of the lamp and pummel him.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It keeps us in business, but you should know that antiquing is the most destructive force on earth.

ANIMATION: MAP - Evil swirly devil faced mists spread out from I-95 and choke all of New England and the Tri-State Area.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

MIKE
Are you mad at me?

TODD
No, Mike. I'm not mad at you.

After a beat, Todd freaks out and pounds and kicks the front panel of the truck. Mike sobs.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I wasn't mad at Mike. But I was mad. Who was trying to kill us? Was it something we did or were about to do? Time means nothing to the demonic realm. This could be revenge for something we hadn't even done yet.

MIKE (V.O.)
Wouldn't that be PRE-venge?

TODD (V.O.)
I guess it would, Mike. It couldn't have been last night's case could it?

INT. LAST NIGHT'S CASE - NIGHT

Late night. A den. Animal head "trophies" hang on the wall. ISAAC SAZERAK writhes on the couch. He is gaunt and skeletal.

TODD (V.O.)
A demonic attack comes in three phases.

MIKE (V.O.)
I thought it was four.

TODD (V.O.)
Three.

MIKE (V.O.)
What am I thinking of?

TODD (V.O.)
Hangovers.

MIKE (V.O.)
Oh yeah. Hangovers.

TODD (V.O.)
Infestation. Oppression. Possession. And Isaac Sazerak was in the late stages of Oppression and verging on Possession.

FATHER MULLIGAN (50's) an impressive looking man with long salt and pepper hair and beard reads the Rituale Romanum over Isaac Sazerak partially in shadow sitting back on his couch.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's Father Mulligan. We were providing muscle and protection for him and waiting to see if we had to haul anything.

Isaac tries to leap from the couch and attack Father Mulligan. Mike puts a knuckle in the crook of Isaac's neck and sits him back down.

The action FREEZES

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Father Mulligan. You know him from the Sutfield Poltergeist case. The one they made the shitty movie about. He's the one that figured out it was a demonic infestation when the famous psychics were still stumbling around with their thumbs up their dicks thinking it was a poltergeist case.

FLASHBACK SUTFIELD POLTERGEIST CASE

1980s basement. A 1980s HOUSEWIFE discovers a ghostly apparition of a LITTLE BOY GHOST. She shrieks and FREEZES. FATHER MULLIGAN walks onto screen with a cup of coffee. He points at the ghost.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Didja catch it? Look at the eyes. Come closer, don't be scared. Look.
Where the little boy's eyes should be there are only dark shadows.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Only the Heavenly Father can create a person, in his own likeness and so on and so forth. When the other fella tries it, there will be a flaw, like so.

(he takes a sip)
Rod Steiger played me in the movie. God rest his soul.

ISAAC SAZERAK (40'S) morphs into ISAAC SAZERAK (18) in a 1980 Chevy Citation next to an identical ISAAC SAZERAK

TODD (V.O.)
Isaac Sazerak had an identical twin brother, Esau Sazerak until Isaac Sazerak got in a drunk driving accident which killed his brother.

Esau Sazerak fades away. Isaac Sazerak has deep purple bruises on his face and lacerations on his forehead.

Isaac Sazerak in his teens morphs into Isaac Sazerak in his 40's. Sitting next to him is Esau Sazerak still in his teens.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Isaac Sazerak kept that shit stuffed away real tight until his son Jacob hit his teens and turned out to be a dead ringer for Isaac and consequently Esau.

Isaac plows his way through a bottle of Evan Williams bourbon.

Isaac, late at night, leans on a table holding a small crystal at the end of a nylon filament over a piece of paper with YES, NO and the alphabet written out. The crystal sways over the letters, which Isaac writes down.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Isaac tried to contact his dead brother's spirit to see if he could ever be forgiven. He reached his brother, or at least he thought he did. The spirit offered the promise of forgiveness but messed with his head and heart and then the shit hit the fan.

Isaac Sazerak with deep scratches on his back.
Isaac watches shadows walk along his walls, then come off the walls and come at him

LITTLE JACOB SAZERAC cries.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The demon broke down Isaac's will and whispered things in his ear. Bad things. Things about his family. The demonic is always trying to pull people apart.

Isaac on the couch, pinned down by Mike

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Once the invitation has been discovered it must be revoked. If it's attached to an object, we will remove it.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then the exorcist must force the demon to disclose its name. It'll get up to all kinds of shenanigans beforehand though.

Mike and Todd hold Isaac down. Isaac stares at Todd.

ISAAC SAZERAK
(otherworldly voice)

Mike and Father Mulligan seem amused.

TODD (V.O.)
I was in kind of a hurry and didn't make it to church. A demon has access to everything in your life, every wicked shitty little thought in your noggin -but for whatever reason, sins that have been confessed are invisible to the demonic. That which is sanctified simply does not appear to them.

ISAAC SAZERAK
And the money shot was blonde granny small tits secretary strapon at two minutes, 13 seconds because
she reminded you of your teacher Mrs. Kelso. You got a boner when she spanked you, you filthy little pervert.

Isaac Sazerak power-barfs all over Mike and Todd.

MIKE
That's corn chowder. Corn chowder causes cancer.

TODD
No it doesn't.

MIKE
What am I thinking of?

TODD
Asbestos.

MIKE
Oh yeah, asbestos.

TODD (V.O.)
He's not possessed. It would be much worse if he was. He was on his way. We've worked a lot of full possession cases but we've never worked what they call a "Perfect Possession" case. That's where someone voluntarily becomes possessed. Then they are impervious to holy water, holy objects, relics, prayers. They are unsavable and unstoppable

Close on FATHER MULLIGAN who looks very sick and very stressed and very tired.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The exorcist commands the demon by the authority of the spiritual tradition he represents to reveal its name. Which it finally did.

FATHER MULLIGAN
(to camera)
I won't say the demon's name though. It's dangerous to give it any recognition. It feeds off that energy ... aw what the heck? It's Tiziel.
A HORRIFIC FANGED ECTOPLASMIC MONSTROSITY materializes out of the wall, roars straight at us, opening its jaws ever wider until it all goes black. The blackness evaporates into wisps. Father Mulligan, Mike and Todd giggle.

TODD (V.O.)
We never talk directly to a demon or a person under its influence. Only the exorcist and the exorcist only speaks under the authority of his or her tradition. After going through the ritual several times the demon departed.

A GIGANTIC SONIC BOOM

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's over. That's how you know. That's the sound of the thing leaving our world. We heard the sound, so the thing from last night is not the thing that's messing with us.

Isaac Sazerak looks much better. He hugs Father Mulligan.

MIKE
So, it's this little bitty crystal we gotta move?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Yes.

ISAAC SAZERAK
Oh and the Pyrubeum that came with it.

MIKE
What's a Pyro Bum?

Mike and Todd wrassle a gigantic oak cabinet down the stairs of the ranch home.

TODD (V.O.)
That sucked balls.

Isaac Sazerak hugs Father Mulligan. Mike stands by with a clipboard.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I tell you what else sucked balls. Isaac Sazerak was sooo appreciative of Father Mulligan's services but
didn't want to pay us. Cheapskate. Probably a bad tipper - also demonic.

Father Mulligan walks away. Isaac scowls at Mike.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And once again, big hero exorcist didn't back us up. Mulligan pulled us out of grandma's house, put us in foster care, then groomed us to be Occult Trucking and Storage men. But he won't back us on getting the very small funds we need? Ugh, don't get me started. It really frosts my cruller.

DARKNESS

A sliding metal grate rattles up, allowing moon and streetlight into the space. The OTS van backs up.

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

Mike slides the giant oak pyrubeum up against the wall.

The dim illumination just makes the inside of the depot look worse. It's packed with evil items - some primitive statues, old books, a suit of armor, swords and lots of fucking clown dolls.

A LARGE, OLD HAND BOUND BOOK - says "OTS LOG" on the cover.

Todd flips it open, flips to the last page and jots notes, checks his watch.

TODD (V.O.)
The OTS Log. Every job the organization has ever worked. Every demon we've ever vanquished and it lists them by name, the invitation and how they were removed.

TODD (CONT'D)
Hey, what was that demon's name again?

Mike thinks.

TODD (CONT'D)
Never mind. I remember.

BACK TO THE PRESENT MOMENT ON STATE ROUTE 33
The truck is picking up speed down a long grade.

A minivan comes the other way.

As the OTS van and the minivan pass each other in opposite directions time slows down and Todd gets a good look at the driver MAUREEN FITZ (18) smoking hot with jet black hair, dark eye makeup and milky white pallor.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The trickiest part of solving the case is figuring out the invitation.

POV of SOMETHING as it rises up out of a swamp and flies low across the swampy woodlands, across a street, up a lawn and straight into a GARDEN GNOME. It stops dead, then gives a wide berth around it.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anything at all can be an invitation.

POV as SOMETHING rises up to the second floor of a suburban home and peers into a bathroom window and watches as MAUREEN FITZ in her undies, puts on black lipstick. Someone pounds on the door. Maureen flips the bird at the door.

BACK IN THE TRUCK

Todd pulls his cell phone, punches in a number. Nothing.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It doesn't get very good reception even when we're not under a demonic attack. Did this thing start this morning?

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

A gray morning Somewhere in Connecticut. One of those depressing towns whose name ends in "-port." Maybe Shitport.

A medium-sized steel and aluminum industrial outbuilding roughly 35'x 25' adjacent to a 20' x 20' wooden shack in dire need of a paint job. In the packed dirt parking lot stands the OTS van.

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY
The living quarters are a little nicer than the storage area. Thank God. But it's pretty rustic. Todd sits at a wooden table with his head in his hands. Mike watches coffee perking.

On the wall behind Todd is a religious icon and a small box on a shelf and lots of empty beer cans.

TODD (V.O.)
We keep a couple of holy objects on the wall between us and the storage area to try to keep the malevolence on the other side. The most potent is a relic of the True Cross

MIKE
What do you want in your coffee?

TODD
I have barf in my hair. Did I barf in my hair?

MIKE
I don't think so.

TODD
Did you barf in my hair?

MIKE
I don't think so.

TODD
Did a demon barf on us yesterday?

MIKE
Yup. What do you want in your coffee?

TODD
Cream and sugar.

MIKE
We don't have cream.

TODD
Sugar.

MIKE
We don't have sugar.
TODD
What are my choices then?

MIKE
You want it in a clean cup or a dirty cup?

TODD
Dirty.

MIKE
Good choice.

Mike sits down. As he does so, the small gray box flies off the wall and crashes open on the floor. Mike and Todd go a little gray.

TODD
So ... um ...

MIKE
That was nothing.

TODD
Of course not.

MIKE
Not even a high ranking demon with lots of power could mess with a relic with that much power.

TODD
No way.

MIKE
No possible way.

TODD
And of all the demons we got trapped in objects over there, none of them have that much juice.

Todd picks up the relic of the True Cross

TODD (CONT'D)
Ow! I got a sliver!

MIKE
Wow. The last guy who got a sliver from that wood was probably, wow, you want a bandaid?
TODD
Naw it's healed up already. Dang. That's a powerful relic. Nobody in storage could mess with that!

MIKE
Nope. And nothing can come at us other than the things already here.

TODD
Nope. That which is sanctified simply does not appear to them.

MIKE
Unless.

TODD
Don't.

MIKE
Unless it's one of the nine devils from the top of the infernal hierarchy.

TODD
Or all those things in the storage area are starting to act in concert for some reason.

MIKE
They're pooling together for some reason.

TODD
No. You bumped that wall when you put the thing against it last night.

MIKE
The porno aboretum thing. Totally!

TODD
You jostled it.

MIKE
I jostled the shit out of it.

BANG BANG BANG! Startles the shit out of them.

TODD (V.O.)
Anything that comes in threes makes us jumpy. The demonic comes in threes as an insult to the holy trinity.

MIKE
I better get that. It might be the door.

Mike opens the door. There's a PISSED OFF DUDE outside.

PISSED OFF DUDE
HEY you guys gonna open or what?

MIKE
HEY what's that sign say?

PISSED OFF GUY
"Receiving Monday through Friday, eight thirty to nine thirty am!"

MIKE
And what time is it?

PISSED OFF DUDE
Ten thirty am!

MIKE
Seriously? Is it like daylight savings time or something?

PISSED OFF DUDE
No.

MIKE
Huh.

INT. OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - MOMENTS LATER

Todd is behind a counter filling out a form. The Pissed Off Dude steps up to the counter. Todd reads off a form and checks boxes as he goes.

TODD
Haunted or cursed?

PISSED OFF DUDE
Cursed.
TODD
By all who gaze upon it or he who possesses it?

PISSED OFF DUDE
He who possesses it.

TODD
Styrofoam peanuts or pop paper?

PISSED OFF DUDE
Pop paper.

TODD
Sign here, here and here and initial here. This is our standard disclaimer and warranty. It states that we decline any negative karma in this lifetime and in all to come in this and any other planes of existence.

The Pissed Off Dude grunts, signs, plunks down twenty dollars.

PISSED OFF DUDE
I supposed you guys just burn all this stuff, right?

MIKE
No sir. In fact, the original Occult Trucking and Storage Depot burned down in in 1973, releasing all the evil spirits back on to the most recent possessors of the cursed objects. They made a TV show about it.

TODD
Loosely.

MIKE
Very loosely. A number of motion pictures have been made about cases we worked.

PISSED OFF DUDE
OH! HEY! Yeah, I don't give a shit.

TODD
Thank you for shopping Occult Trucking and Storage.

PISSED OFF DUDE
Suck fudge.

The Pissed Off Dude walks away. Todd clenches his fist, stands up to follow. Mike puts a meaty paw on Todd's shoulder and presses him back onto his stool.

DELIA (30s) steps up to the counter.

DELIA
I suppose you recognize me.

MIKE
I do! You were at the Antique show yesterday. I handed you a card.

DELIA
Of course you did.

MIKE
We post at Swap Meets and Antique Shows when we can. That's where a lot of people get into trouble.

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOW - DAY

Mike and Todd in the parking lot watching visitors exiting the antique show. The crowd exits in slow motion.

TODD (V.O.)
Here's how to tell if someone is in trouble. Position yourself so that whatever's behind them is a plain, neutral color.

POV moves slightly so that the Delia is in front of a blank wall.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now look at the background so that they go slightly out of focus.

She goes slightly out of focus.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now look at the little mistiness around their head. If there's something that seems out of place, hand them a card.
There is a faint, pixelly mist around her head. There is movement in there. A faint outline of a snaky looking thing.

Mike hands her a card. She is puzzled, then looks at the item in her hand -
A CLOWN DOLL

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's how you see auras.

INT. OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

Back to present. Delia slams the clown doll on the counter along with a twenty dollar bill.

MIKE
Very nice to see you again, Ma'am. Keep our card on hand in case you have more trouble. We live here at the depot so that's my home number as well and we're always available to help.

She glares at him, spins and heads for the door.

INT. DELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A quaint farmhouse. Delia, in her nightie, puts the clown doll on a shelf. Admires it a moment, then slips into bed. She works on a sewing project for a moment, then lays the fabric down and turns off the light.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

There is a rustling sound. She rolls over, flips on the light, looks around. Nothing. She flips the light off.

A FEW MINUTES LATER - more sounds. She flips on the light, looks around, nothing. She leans back on her pillow, perplexed. Right next to her head is the clown doll. She shrieks.

TODD (V.O.)
If an object in your home does something odd and you have a big fear response the spirit in the object can leech off that energy to do more weird stuff. You give power to anything you recognize.

OUTSIDE

Delia stuffs the clown doll in a garbage can.
TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Conversely if someone doesn't get recognition, they start to feel powerless, like us. I'm getting off topic. Urgh.

LATER - Delia, in bed but wide awake, with the lights on, freaked out, cries softly. Her eyes go wide. She sits up.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Point being, when weirdness happens you must remain cool or it will tend to get worse.

At the foot of her bed is the clown doll, holding one of her sewing needles. It plunges it into her bare foot. She howls.

BACK AT THE DEPOT

DELIA
This is a HELL OF A SCAM you've got!

TODD
Say WHAT?!?

Mike presses Todd back onto his seat

DELIA
You sell that haunted crap at flea markets then force people to pay to take it back once the trouble starts!

She limps out. Mike and Todd stare at each other, then at all the evil crap in the storage facility.

MIKE
You're a very bad, bad man for even thinking it.

TODD
I know.

MIKE
She wants it.

TODD
Yeah she does.

Mike pulls the steel gate down.
MIKE
I'll tell ya what though. Anybody buys a clown doll deserves what they get.

TODD
Word.

EXT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

It's a new age spiritualist type book store in a strip mall. Mike backs the OTS van up to the back of the store. He and Todd remove large plastic tanks marked "Holy Water" and begin filling them from large tanks behind the store.

TODD (V.O.)
Everybody comes to the Golden Bough to swap stories and trade tips before heading out to fight their own tradition's spiritual warfare and we work for them all.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

The shop is packed full of books, candles, herbs and odd holy objects from various spiritual traditions -- both new age and very old age. There is a small section where an odd assortment of spiritual warriors sip coffee or tea and read the papers.

TODD (V.O.)
There's Dr. Morris. He's a Parapsychiatrist. He's intense.

DR. MORRIS (40's) sips coffee, wearing a leather duster and highway patrol shades.

DR. MORRIS
(to camera)
I can prescribe meds, which is what most people who have a paranormal experience need.

TODD (V.O.)
That's true. Most of our jobs are pretty easy.

QUICK CUTSÓFLASHBACKS
Father Mulligan, Mike and Todd at the door of a house. A woman in curlers holds three cats.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Stop doing drugs.

Father Mulligan, Mike and Todd at the door of a different house. A dude in a heavy metal t-shirt.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Stop worshipping the devil.

Father Mulligan, Mike and Todd at the door of a different house. A very fat dude in spandex.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Just ō stop.

BACK TO THE GOLDEN BOUGH

TODD (V.O.)
Shoto Manaka is a Shingon Priest.

SHOTO MANAKA (50's) steps into frame and throws an austere bow our way. He puts off total tranquility and utter badassness in about equal measure.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And Madame Purcell runs the place. She's a voodun priestess. She takes our messages and gives us our assignments for the day

MADAME PURCELL (40's) a beautiful Caribbean woman sits behind the counter and in front of a bulletin board. Her blood runs with African royalty and Louisiana Gumbo.

The atmosphere is relaxed but kind of dull too. The spiritual warriors seem off in their own little worlds. But when MIKE AND TODD WALK IN - the energy in the room comes alive.

But here's the strange part - almost none of this new energy seems to be directed at or about Mike and Todd. In fact the spiritual warriors seem to blow off Mike and Todd while at the same time getting a boost from their energy.

MADAME PURCELL
Good morning, boys.

MIKE
Heya, Madame Purcell!

Madame Purcells pulls a couple slips of paper off the bulletin board and hands them to Mike. Todd pours two cups of coffee.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Hey boys, ya get some beauty rest did ya?

TODD
No.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Me neither.

TODD
Hey Dr. Morris

DR. MORRIS
Grunt.

TODD
Did Father Mulligan tell you about the rough one we were on last night?

DR. MORRIS
Oh were you on that?

TODD
(hurt)
Yes.

Todd walks the coffees over to the counter, pausing briefly to bow to Shoto Manaka, who returns the favor. It is a wholly elegant pair of gestures.

TODD (CONT'D)
Good morning, Sensei.

SHOTO MANAKA
Good morning, Todd-San.

Todd hands Mike a coffee. Mike takes a sip and freezes.
OUT IN THE PARKING LOT

A MINIVAN and out steps MAUREEN FITZ - stunning hot in her gothy looks. She slinks across the parking lot in a Catholic school girl skirt with torn fishnets and Doc Martins painted with flames. Behind her sit her almost-equally-gorgeous and troublesome friends WENDY and DYLAN. Wendy's jeans have been torn to shreds and safety pinned back together--barely. Dylan has a pentagram earring.

TODD (V.O.)
OH! That's where I saw that girl before! Oh shit. This is starting to make some kind of sense.

The door ringer thing rings as Maureen enters. The sound shakes Todd out of his reverie. Not Mike. He's bewitched. So are you. Snap out of it.

MAUREEN FITZ
I'm picking up an order. My last name is Fitz. First name is Maureen.

MIKE
(unconsciously)
Maureen.

MAUREEN FITZ
(hospital)
Yeah, hi.

Madame Purcell puts some items on a counter.

MADAME PURCELL
Henbane, Mandrake, Tothwort.

MAUREEN FITZ
Yeah.

MADAME PURCELL
What are you doing with this?

MAUREEN FITZ
Stuff.

MADAME PURCELL
Forget the Tothwort. Use black hellebore. Who taught you this? This ain't on no internet. This ain't even in no book.

MAUREEN FITZ
Dunno.

She takes the Black Hellebore as Madame Purcell rings up the sale. Todd flips through the slips of paper for the day.

TODD
Is this in Enfield?

MADAME PURCELL
Yup.

TODD
Shit.

MAUREEN FITZ
Something wrong with Enfield?

TODD
What? No. It's just a long drive.

MAUREEN FITZ
I'm from Enfield.

MIKE
I LIKE Enfield.

Maureen snaps a look at Mike with an almost audible hiss and disappears out the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I LIKE Enfield!

They watch her go.

TODD
She wants it.

MIKE
Yeah she does.

Bell rings as a spray tanned YOGA ASSHOLE comes up to the counter.
YOGA ASSHOLE
Do you have Wishy Wish?

Madame Purcell points to a giant sign that says "YES, WE HAVE WISHY WISH!"

YOGA ASSHOLE (CONT'D)
Don't just wish for something, WISHY WISH for it!
It'll change your life!

BACK TO THE PRESENT MOMENT


TODD
I HATE Enfield!

MIKE
Me too! Hey if I lose control of the truck at I-95...
(they both spit)
... we'll end up killing other people.

TODD
I know. We can't do that.

MIKE
No. We're going to have to crash the van before then.
I was thinking I'd drive into a tree.

TODD
Yup. How about that one?

MIKE
Not an oak!

TODD
Oh right. Not a birch either.

MIKE
Obviously. Dogwood?

Meh.

TODD
MIKE
Yeah!  Fuck elms!
(points)
Ooh oho!

TODD
No.  That's cherry.  We don't want to hit a hardwood.
If we hit a soft wood we might live through it.

MIKE
If we live through this we're going to wish we didn't.

TODD
Good point.  Fuck cherry.

Mike starts to swerve the truck into the shoulder.

POV - in the truck's rear-view a mirror a A MAN ON A BLACK
MOTORCYCLE appears.  The rider is in all black, including a black
helmet and full-face black visor.

MIKE
Hold up.

The MAN ON THE BLACK MOTORCYCLE guns up hard and pulls
alongside the truck.  The rider reaches inside his leather jacket and pulls
out a WATER BALLOON.  He pulls right up alongside the van, sticks his
hand in the truck door and smashes the balloon over the pedals of the
truck.  He makes the sign of the cross and guns the bike away and ahead
of the van.

Mike hits the brakes and they suddenly bite, throwing the van into a
fishtail.

He gets the van out of the fishtail but is still going too fast. Mike pumps
the brakes, while Todd gently pulls the parking brake. In perfect sync,
they take turns, foot pedal, hand brake, foot pedal, hand brake, all the way
down the hill.  More in control with each yard they cover.

At the bottom of the hill a GROUP OF SCHOOLCHILDREN masses to
cross the street.

Mike jams the horn.
The school children file into the street.

Mike and Todd work the pedal and hand brake in perfect syncopation but sweat pours off both of them.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We gotta go back to picking a tree.

TODD
I know.

MIKE
For a second it looked like we were gonna live through this.

TODD
Right? Just pick a tree, any tree.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL

The motorcyclist in black comes back from the other direction. He jams the brakes, squealing loud and scaring the shit out of the schoolchildren who run away, clearing the road.

Mike pulls the van off the shoulder, back onto the road, which throws another fishtail.

The motorcyclist remains in the road, facing the oncoming van. The van squeals to a stop just in front of the motorcycle. The motorcyclist makes a sign of the cross and takes off.

INSIDE THE VAN

MIKE
Fucking Enfield.

TODD
Word.

MIKE
Psst.

TODD
?

Mike points directly to his left. Todd grunts.
They are stopped right in front of a tourist trap carved into the New England countryside. The sign says:

YE OLDE ENFIELD -- HOME OF THE ENFIELD WITCH TRIALS

The schoolchildren are in line to enter. One of them sticks his tongue out at Mike. Mike returns the favor.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ye Olde Enfield is the San Andreas Fault of the Paranormal. Whenever we get a call in this town, we wonder if it's going to be "The Big One."

MIKE
Please tell me that's not the job.

TODD
That's not the job. Job's further up the road.

MIKE
Whew. I hate that place.

TODD
Me too.

MIKE
That place is evil.

TODD
And creepy.

MIKE
After the job, you wanna go?

TODD
Hells yeah.

HONK HONK! Car stuck behind them. Mike fires up the van and they get moving.

EXT. ROUTE 33 - DAY

THE OTS VAN DRIVES PAST THE GULICK HOUSE, police taped off and a driveway full of cop cars.

The van turns on to a street with a sign calling it
SPLIT ROCK ROAD

TODD (O.S.)
There it is, number 23, Split Rock Road and there HE is - looking mighty proud.

MIKE (O.S.)
After saving our bacon again.

TODD (O.S.)
The man is a true blue hero.

MIKE (O.S.)
Prick.

EXT. THE RIORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY

At the top of the driveway, sits the MAN ON THE BLACK MOTORCYCLE. Sitting astride his Harley softail, he unzips his leather to reveal a priest collar and pulls off his helmet. It's Father Mulligan

The boys pull up and disembark. Father Mulligan reaches in his leather and pulls out a flask.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Would anyone care to join me in a little eye-opener?

MIKE
I would like to join you in a little eye-opener please.

Father Mulligan brings the flask to his lips and upends it. When he pulls the flask away there is a joint in his mouth, which he lights, tokes and hands to Mike.

FATHER MULLIGAN
(blowing out)
What do ya think we got this time, boyo? I'll bet it's one of them hairy fockers with the iron teeth. Whatcha think?

MIKE
I'll bet it's a water elemental out of that swamp across the streets. And that girly bike over there tells me there's poltergeist activity too.

TODD
Mental illness and a pact with the devil.

FATHER MULLIGAN
(tamping out the joint)
Well let's kick it old school shall we, lads?

MIKE
I believe we have the proper footwear. So yes let's do.

They trod up the driveway.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Father Mulligan knocks. The door is answered by CHESTER RIORDAN.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Chester Riordan?

CHESTER
Hold on, you want my wife.

MRS. RIORDAN who has a super thick Long Island accent and a super snazzy pants suit ushers them in.

MRS. RIORDAN
Oh, Father, Thank Goodness you're here! I Wishy-Wished for someone like you!

Mike and Todd wipe their feet.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Yes, hi, hello to your little friends too. Welcome. Watch for flying objects. Can I get you a beverage?

A glass flies through the air and hits the wall.

FATHER MULLIGAN
That would be lovely.

A beer bottle floats in front of his face.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Thank you? I need an -
The top of the bottle breaks off. A straw hovers into the bottle. A cocktail umbrella floats over and drops in. Father Mulligan stares. The bottom of the bottle breaks off, spilling beer on the floor.

MRS. RIORDAN
This will just go on forever. It's sooo stupid!

On Mrs. Riordan's coffee table sits an African fertility statue with a giant phallus.

A broom and dust pan float over and clean up the beer and broken glass.

TWO SMALL CHILDREN enter and stare at Mike. He stares back.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Go watch cartoons, kids.

SMALL CHILD 1
We'll try.

The small child turns on the television set.

Mike spies a bowl of peanuts on the table. He reaches to grab a handful.

The dust pan full of broken glass floats over and dumps its contents into the bowl.

The television set the children are watching switches to porno.

MRS. RIORDAN
This poltergeist really likes porno.

SMALL CHILD 1
This is Anal Munch 4!

SMALL CHILD 2
Nuh huh! This is Anal Munch 5.

SMALL CHILD 1
Mom, tell Taylor this is Anal Munch 4.

MRS. RIORDAN
Go play with your toys.

SMALL CHILD 2
I don't want to play with my toys. All the eyes are bleeding.

MRS. RIORDAN
Amscray, you little such and such.

The kids leave.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)
The cable company must think I'm some sort of *Bukkake* fiend.

Mike looks at Todd.

TODD
I'll tell you later.

MRS. RIORDAN
And fisting? I just don't see the appeal.

She turns off the TV.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Why would a ghost watch porno? Do you think it touches itself inappropriately?

FATHER MULLIGAN
If you would, Mrs. Riordan, start at the beginning.

MRS. RIORDAN
Well what happened was this Ö

**RIORDAN FLASHBACK ALL AS SHE DESCRIBES IT**

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We were watching the TV and there was a knock on the door. But no one was there.

Chester peers into the darkness.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That night we heard scratching. I said we have mice and Chester says "We don't have mice." It turned into a whole thing.

Chester peers into the attic.
MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anyhoo, we could find no mice.

Two eyes shine in the darkness. The eyes come closer, step by step, but when Chester turns the beam on the eyes, there is nothing there.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The scratching turned into pounding. It was awful.

The children jump into bed with the parents.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Taylor and Chester both started waking up with scratches and welts on their bodies.

Three scratch marks on each of their backs.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The cat threw up a furball that was the spitting image of Elton John. I'm not sure if that's related, but we found it odd.

The cat meows.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Shadows chase us. The plumbing is always leaking.

NORMAL TIME IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mike absent-mindedly eats a handful of peanuts. Grimaces. Todd raises his hand. Mike spits it in Todd's palm. Todd dabs the cut on Mike's lip.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Did this activity happen to start soon after you purchased this curious curio right here?

MRS. RIORDAN
Yes, it did. Is this evil? I like him cuz he's a horny black fella. Is that wrong?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Not at all Ma'am. I think that item was used in religious ceremonies that might be a wee bit different than your own.

MRS. RIORDAN
Oh, I hope so.

FATHER MULLIGAN
And the energies attached to it might just be riling up some dormant energies on the premises.

MRS. RIORDAN
Oh, I wish.

FATHER MULLIGAN
We'll remove Jimi Hendrix here. I'll perform a blessing and we'll talk to Chester.

Mike picks up the statue by the phallus.

TODD
(Snickers)
You're holding his thingy!

MIKE
It's not real Ö is it?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Probably not.

They rise from their seats.

THE BASEMENT
Todd and Mike have protective masks on their faces and spray tanks on their backs.

SMALL CHILD
What's in the tanks?

TODD
Holy water.

Squirt. Squirt.

SMALL CHILD
It's water that's been blessed?

MIKE
Pretty much yeah.
Squirt. Squirt.

SMALL CHILD
So it's just water? Like tap water?

TODD
Yeah, look.

Mike pulls his mask down and opens his mouth. Todd squirts, misses and hits him in the eyes.

Squirt. Squirt.

SMALL CHILD
So why are you wearing masks?

MIKE
For safety.

There is a door with a death metal poster. Mike checks the door and finds it locked. He moves on.

HALLWAY

Father Mulligan bumps into Mike and Todd

FATHER MULLIGAN
I don't think there's much going on here. It's pesky. But I don't think it's infernal.

MIKE
I dunno. We missed a room.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Eh, so did I. Give it another once over and I'll meet ya downstairs.

UPSTAIRS

Todd finds a door slightly open. Inside CHESTER sits with his head in his hands.

TODD
Mr. Riordan? You mind if I spray in here.

Mr. Riordan stands to his full height, which is not unimpressive.
CHESTER
My wife believes there's ghosts or something here. I
do not. So I invite you to go piss up a rope.

Chester shuts the door. Todd fumes.

DOWNSTAIRS

Mrs. Riordan shakes Father Mulligan's hand, while Todd digs out some
paperwork.

MRS. RIORDAN
Oh, Father, thank you so much. How much do we
owe you?

FATHER MULLIGAN
No credible demonologist will ever charge you
anything other than travel expenses.

TODD
But moving and storage have overhead like all get
out. Sign here and here please.

She signs his clipboard, looking a little disgusted with them.

MRS. RIORDAN
And what did you do again, exactly?

Todd looks to Father Mulligan for a little support--which he does not get.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Mrs. Riordan, I don't think you've got a demonic
possession here. What I think you've got is what we
call an Elemental. It's a water elemental. They're
forces of nature. The fertility statue you brought in
summoned it. Water elementals are sexual energy
run amok.

MRS. RIORDAN
Sexual energy run amok? Where would this water
thingy draw that energy from?

The front door opens and in walks DYLAN (16) and WENDY (17) both
gothed out in black nail polish and eyeliner.
Dylan wears a pentagram earring and a long black coat. Wendy wears a cheerleader sweater that has been torn to shreds and safety-pinned back together--barely, spiked boots and torn black fishnets and a short, short skirt.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT’D)
Hi kids. This is my daughter Wendy and her boy-pal Dylan. She's going through "a phase." This is Father Mulligan.

She doesn't introduce Todd, though she stares Todd right in the eyes as Wendy sashays all her highly-illegal and immoral hotness right under his nose. Todd, through a Herculean effort keeps his eyes right on Mrs. Riordan's.

Father Mulligan, under no such constraints, has a gander, then bites his palm at Todd, then quickly makes a sign of the cross.

THE BASEMENT

Mike makes a final sweep. Dylan and Wendy open and enter the room with the death metal poster on the door, then lock it behind them. Mike knocks on the door. Dylan opens it.

DYLAN
What do you want?

MIKE
Can I spray the room with holy water?

DYLAN
No.

Dylan slams the door. Mike knocks on the door. Dylan opens it. Mike sprays him with water.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
Not funny, BITCH!

He slams the door.

MIKE
Yes, it was.

SMALL CHILD 1
Yeah it was.
The small child high-fives him.

OUTSIDE

Father Mulligan dons his leather while the boys strap down the fertility statue.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Nice to get an easy one after the last one, eh? I think I've got something for you tomorrow. I'll call The Golden Bough.

Father Mulligan fires up the bike.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
And hey! I was right, it was a water elemental!

Father Mulligan roars off on his bike.

TODD
I LOVE that guy.

MIKE
Me too.

TODD
I fuckin HATE that guy.

MIKE
Me too. He's a genius.

TODD
He's an asshole.

MIKE
He's an idiot.

TODD
He's a superhero.

MIKE
I fuckin HATE that guy.

ON THE ROAD - driving up Route 33

TODD
If you and me had a fraction of that guy's ego between us, we could ...

MIKE
What?

TODD
I dunno. Something other than this.

CUT TO MIKE STANDING IN A CLASSROOM - WEARING TWEED JACKET AND LOOKING SCHOLARLY. Todd steps in front of the screen, sipping coffee.

TODD (CONT'D)
Mike wants to be an MD or a PhD. But as he's looked into what that would actually require, he's continually broken that long-range goal into smaller and smaller baby steps so that his actual goal extends off into an unreachable infinity. So now his focus is he wants to be a Notary Public. He thinks a piece of paper proving he's smart will make it all better. He's nuts. Smart guys can be so dumb

CUT TO TODD HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN GRAVITY BOOTS
Mike steps in front of the screen sipping coffee.

MIKE
Todd wants to be a firefighter. But he's two inches too short. This is his plan to become taller. He's convinced he's already grown a third of an inch - because I told him that. He thinks having a uniform will prove he's tough. Why's he gotta prove anything to anybody? He's nuts. Tough guys can be such pussies.

CUT TO BACK IN THE TRUCK DRIVING UP ROUTE 33

MIKE (CONT'D)
The work is still fun.

TODD
The work IS fun but the bullshit is just such ...

MIKE
Bullshit. We're here. When was the last time you been?

TODD
Field trip as a kid, maybe?

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

The van pulls in to a driveway right off Route 33 and turns left onto a dirt packed parking lot. The boys get out of the van and take in the scene.

TODD (V.O.)
When Jimmy Page outbid him to buy Aleister Crowley's house, rock star Owsley bought this piece of land -- the supposed site of the execution of three witches - known as the Enfield Three - Emily, Hannah and Abigail.

FOOTAGE MID-80S

Owsley - gaunt, pale rock star with a stunningly beautiful woman - ANGELIQUE in a clearing in the woods cross arms and drink from silver chalices.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His girlfriend Angelique got him into some very intense occult stuff and they performed some very potent rituals on this land.

YE OLD ENFIELD GRAND OPENING

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He opened a tacky tourist attraction on the site called Ye Olde Enfield. He's been known to describe it as a Satanic Dollywood or rather a more Satanic Dollywood.

A BUNCH OF UPTIGHT ANGRY FACES

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The uptight conservative religious folks were very upset with him and his seeming mockery of the town's history. There were rumors of devil worshipers in the woods nearby. But the attraction brought income to the town.
A flat field

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The main thoroughfare is the destination for tourists and every school kid in New England has taken a bullshit field trip here but just beyond the attractions is "The Tripping Field" where the bad kids hang out and do bad things.

A tall, quirky, off-kilter Victorian house done up in queer shades of purple.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And Owsley watches it all from up the hill in Owsley Manor.

Mike and Todd walk through the parking lot, slowly, apprehensively approaching the park.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Whether it was the executions or the rituals Owsley and Angequelique performed or some primordial, preternatural evil that lay in the ground, something is foul and wrong in Ye Olde Enfield. Every kid in town works there one summer and one summer only because no one wants to be in that place after dark.

Mike and Todd walk past an Enfield Sheriff's Department car. SHERIFF ROY WATSON (50s) leans on the car, using the roof to jot down some notes.

SHERIFF WATSON
(reading the truck)
Whoa, hey look at that "Occult Trucking and Storage!" What is that?

MIKE
We work with exorcists and we store-

SHERIFF WATSON
Holy shit that's fascinating, walk with me and tell me all about it. You boys here on business or pleasure?

MIKE
Pleasure. You?
SHERIFF WATSON
Business.

They get to the gate. There's a line for tickets. The Sheriff walks them right past.

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)
(to the ticket seller)
They're with me. Official police business.

MIKE
Someone smell pot smoke from Owsley's place?

SHERIFF WATSON
Mr. Owsley is a respected member of this community.

MIKE
Contributed to your election campaign?

SHERIFF WATSON
A buttload. He never made a disco album and never made a rap album and that makes him OK in my book.

Mike, Todd and the Sheriff stroll into the tourist trap carved into the New England countryside.

A sign reads "Site of the Enfield Witch Trials." The sign, like the rest of the place, has an aura of historicity about it but is still tacky as shit.

Puffy adults and bored children stroll past bored, puffy actors in Puritan garb and feign interest. They stroll past

YE OLDE SNACKE SHOPPE

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)
Truth is we've gotten used to having Owsley around here. At least most of us have.

The back of the Snacke Shoppe has been vandalized. There's broken glass and someone has spray painted

DIE WITCHES DIE!!

The Sheriff turns hard on Mike and Todd
SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)
What are you guys doing here?

MIKE
What? We're here for fun.

TODD
We LIVE for this stuff.

SHERIFF WATSON
Not here on business?

MIKE
No sir.

SHERIFF WATSON
We've had some weird shit going on in this town lately and you guys reek of weird shit.

MIKE
That's TOTALLY true! We do!

TODD
But we are off the clock, I promise.

SHERIFF WATSON
Ya know something? When you guys pulled up I was thinking maybe I didn't like you. Maybe it's my finely tuned police intuition or maybe I'm just prejudiced against weirdo scumbags. I can never tell so I try to keep an open mind and now that I've gotten to know you a bit I'm certain that I don't like you.

TODD
Hey!

Mike puts Todd in a choke hold before he can get too into the Sheriff's face.

SHERIFF WATSON
I've got two dead girls in this town and people screaming it's a devil cult and now I got vandalism here and now you monkeys show up. I don't need this. So here's the deal. Enjoy your stay, then get the
fuck out of here and stay out of my town or I will arrest you on sight.

MIKE
For what?

SHERIFF WATSON

Todd goes limp in Mike's arms and starts to slink to the ground.

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)
Your friend alright?

MIKE
He just swooned.

The sheriff walks away. Mike lifts Todd up and holds him upside down. The blood rushes back into his head and he comes to.

TODD
What the ? Did I scare that guy off?

MIKE
Yup. What was the last thing you heard?

TODD
He's got two dead girls.

THE "BURNING" DIORAMA
A full size diorama proclaims:

"THE ENFIELD THREE"
An animatronic Puritan mannequin watches as "flames" (orange streamers blown by a fan) consume a "Witch" tied to a stake.

The "Witch" is a warty old Puritan hag mannequin that raises her arms and shrieks, but the sound effect tape is maddeningly out of sync with her actions.
Mike stares at the "burning" diorama. Near the stake is a plywood lid covering a hole.

The diorama's tape loop ratchets into a nursery rhyme of sorts

_Emily and Hannah were Christians  Hannah's afraid of spiders  Abigail's from the Old Religion  with a little baby inside her_

**MIKE**
Hey Todd?

**TODD**
Yes, Mike?

**MIKE**
How does she have a baby inside her if she's an old hag like that?

**TODD**
I don't know, Mike. I guess witches can do anything.

**MIKE**
I thought they weren't real.

**TODD**
They weren't.

**MIKE**
But we know witches. They're really nice. Some of them are really hot.

**TODD**
What's your point?

**MIKE**
Well they're real.

**TODD**
I say again, what's your point?

**MIKE**
Well my point is ... what the fuck?

**TODD**
Yes! Exactly! What the fuck?
Mike looks pleased, then puzzled again. He stares at the diorama - at the hole.

POV - CLOSER and CLOSER INTO the hole, into the darkness and around and peering back out but now it is

1691 A.D.

And YOU are the witch, staring out of the hole at a group of Puritan villagers staring at you. YOU are pulled from the hole, dragged to a stake and tied to it.

MICHAEL HOLCOMBE - The Witchfinder General of the Connecticut Colony reads from a scroll. All YOU hear is your heartbeat.

A man takes a burning stick from a nearby fire and places it at YOUR feet. The flames rise and rise as you scan the faces of the villagers. They are a sea of emotions: disgust, righteousness, horror and some outright glee.

The flames rise and rise as YOUR heart pounds. Horrible screams can be heard in the distance. It's YOU. Then it all goes dead silent as the onlookers' faces are sprayed with blood and fluid.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

Mike leans in to see what's hidden in the "hole" of the "burning" diorama. BOOM! The lid flies open. Two "witches" scream into his face. Mike lurches back and falls flat on his ass. People laugh. A middle-aged man-

OWSLEY
I'm so sorry. That's not meant to do that. Are you OK?

Owsley wears a Victorian waistcoat, a Magritte bowler and an Elvis scarf. He's got a war-rations physique and the deep crags of a long gone heroin habit.

MIKE
Yeah. I just caught a sudden gust of gravity. HEY, you're the dude and shit!

OWSLEY
I am in fact both the dude and the shit.

MIKE
I'm a huge fan, Mr. Owsley.

OWSLEY
Please call me Keith. Look here's some certificates for Ye oldy snacky shoppy or ye oldy gifty shoppy.

TODD
I didn't know you pronounced the "e" on the end of the words.

OWSLEY
I'm British and I know this shit. You're sure you're alright, then?

MIKE
Yes.

OWSLEY
Please let me know if that turns out to not be the case.

MIKE
Will do. Oh and Mr. Owsley, Keith, we're very sorry for your loss.

OWSLEY
Thank you, you're too kind. Please enjoy yourselves, on me.

Owsley walks away. Mike is still a little star-struck.

TODD
What loss are we sorry for?

MIKE
His girlfriend Angelique passed away two months ago.

TODD
I didn't hear that. Where'd you hear that?

MIKE
I read it in Rolling Stony.

Todd crinkles his nose.

INT. OWSLEY MANOR - DAY
Owsley shuffles along the dark wooden halls of Owsley Manor. He stops, leans against a wall as sobs rack his body. He continues to

THE OWSLEY MANOR CHAPEL

There are black onyx crucifixes on the doors to the chapel. Keith turns to someone unseen.

OWSLEY
So these have to go, eh?

The answer apparently in the affirmative, he removes them and sets them aside. He enters the chapel to where ANGELIQUE lies in state. Her corpse is pristine, elegant and displays no decomposition of any sort.

Keith falls on her, sobbing, moisture streaming from his eyes and nose.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

Mike and Todd stop in front of a diorama titled

THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL

He's an icky white guy pilgrim motherfucker with a hawklike nose, piercing blue eyes and white, shoulder-length pilgrim hair.

TODD
Didn't Vincent Price play that asshole in a movie?

MIKE
No, this is a different asshole. That asshole was in England. This asshole was here and was not played by Vincent Price.

TODD
God rest his soul.

There are two other guys looking at the Witchfinder General. One is a young jock - JOSH (14) and the other is SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
You know that "asshole" as you call him is a great American hero.

JOSH
He wasn't American.

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
Like hell he wasn't!

JOSH
There was no America at that time. This was a
British Colony. He was British. See? It says right
there "Michael Holcombe - Witchfinder General of
the Connecticut Colony".

MIKE
Wouldn't that be pronounced "Michael Holcomby?"

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
Not all Brits are fags, ya know and this here Brit,
which I'm not sure he was, stopped the Witches by
getting rid of the last three witches in New England.

JOSH
Witches aren't real. I'm fourteen and I know that
shit! "Witch hunt" means looking for shit that ain't
real.

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
In Salem they weren't real. In Enfield they were. But
he musta missed some cuz we still got witch
problems. Satanists, devil worshipers.

MIKE
Flappers doing the "dirty bop" down at the Youth
Center - it all leads to shenanigans in the rumble seat.

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
I don't think I like you.

MIKE
I'm getting that a lot today.

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
I'll bet you're on the side of the witches.

TODD
What?
SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS
Dirty little druggy sluts and their faggy little
boyfriends doing drugs and devil worship on the
other side of the park. There's one right now.

MAUREEN FITZ walks by.

MIKE
She may be a druggy Satanist but she is a smoking
hot druggy Satanist.

JOSH
(to the yob)
That's my sister.
(to Mike)
That's my sister.

Nobody really knows what to do with that. Mike follows her.

TODD
Hey where ya going?

MIKE
Wherever she's going.

TODD
She's going to the Tripping Field where the bad kids
hang out. We can't go there.

MIKE
You're a grown man. You're a goddamn Occult
Moving Man. You can do whatever you want. You
are a grownup.

TODD
I keep forgetting.

EXT. THE TRIPPING FIELD - DAY

It's a small field of tended grass flanked by a large boulder. There are
some neo-hippie kids playing hacky sack in the middle of the field but at
the far end, four goth kids sit in a corner. Mike comes up to Maureen's
side as she walks towards them.

MIKE
Hey, remember me? I like Enfield. You like scary stuff, do ya?

She crinkles her nose.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm in the biz.

MAUREEN FITZ
So you're a Ghostbuster.

MIKE
No. For realsies. Here's my card.

MAUREEN FITZ
You're a mover?

MIKE
Yeah. We assist on exorcisms and move the cursed and evil stuff after the exorcism. We move and store scary things. We sleep right next to scary things.

MAUREEN FITZ
So does my mom but she doesn't have a business card. Do you mind?

MIKE
No I don't mind. Wait. What?

They've stopped right at where the four goth kids sit in a circle around a single white candle. One of the kids pulls a dagger and plunges it into the earth and carves a circle and pentagram around the candle.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh I get it. I'm interrupting something. I'm sorry, I'll leave you alone. Hey do you guys know Dylan and Wendy?

BIG reaction from the kids.

GOTH KID
Why do you ask, old man?

MIKE
Oh I was just at, I just know them is all. And I'm 21!
GOTH KID
Take a hike grandpa.

MIKE
Sorry to have bothered you.

Mike walks back across the lawn.

HIPPIE KID
HEY MAN! Be careful!

MIKE
WHAT? What did I mess up now?

HIPPIE KID
Just walk towards me.

Mike does.

HIPPIE KID (CONT'D)
You just walked really close to Bad Trip Rock. It's bad luck.

Mike points at the boulder in the corner.

HIPPIE KID (CONT'D)
Yeah man. If you're tripping and go anywhere near that thing you have a bad trip.

MIKE
I'm not tripping.

HIPPIE KID
Well you should be. This is the Tripping Field. Just don't go near that rock. It's bad luck.

MIKE
Superstition is bad luck.

HIPPIE KID
You're harshing my mellow.

BACK ON THE ROAD ON ROUTE 33

A LARGE black Chevy Suburban with black tinted windows slowly passes by the truck.
MIKE
I can't talk to hot chicks.

TODD
No. You really can't.

MIKE
Why don't you try to stop me?

TODD
Because your discomfort amuses me.

They drive in silence.

Mike steps in front of the screen showing he and Todd driving.

MIKE
You're probably wondering what it is we're NOT saying.

The screen behind Mike fills with cutouts from classical art, woodcuts and illuminated manuscripts in a rotating steroptic collage as Mike describes it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Much as there's a hierarchy in the Celestial Garden, there is a hierarchy in the Dry Place. Demons are the equivalent of angels and Devils are the equivalent of archangels.

The Heavenly Kingdom rotates upside down and turns blood red. Angelic beings turn reptoid and wrong and foul.

MIKE (CONT'D)
According to the OTS log, there have been two fatalities amongst OTS men. One was killed in an exorcism and one was so shattered he took his own life. God rest their souls.

Father Mulligan in his study. Darkness. Evil pointy things swirl around his head in the darkness and he drinks and sobs.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We get attacked unmercifully but what we go through is nothing compared to what the exorcists go
Exorcists are the only profession who commit suicide more than police officers. Demons are the most dangerous when they come disguised as your own thoughts.

The infernal hierarchy.

MIKE (CONT’D)
But as horrible and dangerous as any of these cases have been, they were all demons. Not devils. No human has ever faced one of the nine ruling devils. Perhaps the heavenly father has set up the cosmos so that an arch-devil cannot free himself from the Dry Place and interfere directly in human affairs. But perhaps not. How did the true cross come off the wall? How did our engine get shut down? Will we live through whatever is coming? Will we regret it if we do?

Mike steps away and the screen fills with Mike and Todd driving again. Todd steps in front of the screen.

TODD
You're probably wondering what it is that we're not saying. And I'm sure you're wondering about the strap-on porn. Well, so what? I like what I like and my kink hurts no one. I like two kinds of porn. Asian Milf and Teachers with strapons. Sue me. But Mike has a more dangerous kink. He likes two kinds of chicks. He likes damsels in distress and he likes evil chicks. Don't get me wrong. Evil chicks are hot. But it's gotten us in a shit-boat-load of trouble and I'm not sure what this gothy girl thing is about yet. Mike's boners are a force almost as destructive as antiquing.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

MR. FITZ and MRS. FITZ sit at the dining room table. They seem a little disconnected. Distracted. Mrs. Fitz is hot but even in her day was nowhere near the supernatural hotness of her daughter. JOSH FITZ plays with a gameboy or x-thing or some shit.
The atmosphere is relaxed but kind of dull too. The family seems off in their own little worlds. But when MAUREEN, DYLAN AND WENDY WALK IN - the energy in the room comes alive.

MRS. FITZ
Oh hey kids! How ya doin?

Greetings all around.

MRS. FITZ (CONT'D)
Oh my goodness. Dylan, did you get another piercing?

DYLAN
Yes, Mrs. Fitz.

He lifts his shirt to show a piercing on the belly.

MRS. FITZ
Did it hurt?

WENDY
He cried when he got his but I didn't.

DYLAN
I did not.

Wendy raises her shirt just enough to show her piercing. Josh can't even bear to look at Wendy's taut teenage abdomen and bursts into a blush. Mr. Fitz has no such difficulty or restraint.

MRS. FITZ
Whatcha got there, Maureen?

MAUREEN FITZ
Mr. Owsley gave it to me. It's a game or something he's developing.

MRS. FITZ
Oh for game night!

MAUREEN FITZ
I guess.

Mrs. Fitz takes it and places it on the table.
THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL DOLL

sits on a table. It's a likeness of Michael Holcombe - the Witchfinder General of the Connecticut Colony mounted on a swiveling stick and pointing an accusatory finger.

While Mr. Fitz pours beverages for everyone at the table -- soft drinks for the kids, wine for the Missus and Glenfiddich for himself, the Witchfinder General doll swivels slightly and points at Maureen.

Mr. Fitz cops a squat and reads the instructions.

MR. FITZ
It's a fortune telling game.

JOSH
Just like a squeegee board? That's WEAK, dude!

MAUREEN
That's Ouija board, you troglodyte.

JOSH
Maureen called me a dinosaur.

MRS. FITZ
She didn't. Look it up later.

MAUREEN
The witch hunt is a toy? Putting women to death?

MRS. FITZ
We're not putting anyone to death, are we dear?

Mr. Fitz flips pages.

MR. FITZ
I don't know. I haven't read the instructions.

MAUREEN
I'm leaving.

Maureen stands.

MR. FITZ
Hold your horsefeathers, it'll be fun.
She sits.

MR. FITZ (CONT'D)
First, we find who the witch is.

JOSH
THAT'LL be hard!

MRS. FITZ
Shh, Josh!

MR. FITZ
Everybody put a hand on the planklet.

They swivel the Witchfinder General. He points at Maureen.

MAUREEN
That's YOU doing that!

JOSH
Guilty! Come on, this time for realsies.

They swivel it.

It points at Maureen again.

MRS. FITZ
Josh.

JOSH
That wasn't me. Look I won't even play. Go ahead.

They swivel it again. It comes up Maureen again.

MAUREEN
I'm the "witch." Fine.

MR. FITZ
Now we "dunk" you. We fill this with water and splash you.

MAUREEN
Goodbye!

MR. FITZ
But we're not going to do that.
JOSH
Why not? What a gyp!

MR. FITZ
Now "the witch"- in a good way, asks questions of the oracle.

He sets the Witchfinder General on top of a board marked with the letters of the alphabet, numbers, "Yes" "No" etc.

JOSH
It's a total rip off of the squeegee board!

It really is.

MRS. FITZ
I dunno Ö

JOSH
It's just a squeegee board that comes with a fag on a stick.

MR. FITZ
The Witchfinder General is not a fag.

JOSH
Then why does he have a stick up his ass?

MRS. FITZ
Joshua! Don't say "ass" and don't say "fag!" And until I think about it, don't say "stick."

MR. FITZ
I'll just put the game away. You've ruined another game night.

MAUREEN
Me? What did I do?

JOSH
Let the witch ask her question.

MAUREEN
Fine.

They place their hands on the board and swivel.
MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Is there anyone here who wishes to speak with us?

The WFG points at "NO."

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Is there someone here who does not wish to talk to us?

The WFG points at "YES" The lights flicker.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

POV of SOMETHING moving fast through the woods, down a hill, across a road, past a suburban house, into the woods, across the top of a swampy pond, up onto and across a road, up the lawn of:

THE FITZ HOUSE

It runs into a GARDEN GNOME, stops, moves around it and up the lawn.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Game night is over. Josh plays with an electronic game of some sort. Maureen reads. Mom has the fridge door open.

MRS. FITZ
There's more tiramisu, kids.

THREE SHARP KNOCKS on the front door.

MR. FITZ
I better get that. It might be the door.

Mr. Fitz walks to the front door. Maureen stops reading, looks up. Mr. Fitz opens the door.

MR. FITZ (CONT'D)
Huh. No one there. Must have been the wind. Oh, holy cow!

MRS. FITZ
What?

MR. FITZ
One of my contact lenses fell out again.
MRS. FITZ
OK, don't move. I'll get the flashlight. Josh, get
daddy's rewetting solution.

Mom, Josh and Dad on hands and knees.

JOSH
Why can't you wear soft lenses like normal people,
dad?

MRS. FITZ
Warped corneas. You know that.

JOSH
Here it is.

Josh licks his finger, picks up the tiny blue lens and drops it in dad's palm.
Mom squirts it with some refreshing rewetting solution. Dad moves it
around in his palm to get the shmutz off it, then mom drops another drop
of solution in it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - tiny blue lens on dad's finger comes up to and
goes on to his cornea. He blinks and some solution drips off onto his face.
Dad slams his eye shut.

MIKE'S EYE OPENS WIDE

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING
QUARTERS - NIGHT

Mike sits bolt upright. Todd does too.

TODD
Father Mulligan is wrong!

MIKE
You're fuckin A right, he's wrong!

A BIT LATER

Mike and Todd sip tea sitting cross-legged and looking at the African
fertility statue. Todd flips through a book.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I don't think this guy was the problem.
TODD
He might be spiritually active but he's not the main attraction in that household.

MIKE
Something ELSE is going on.

TODD
Something else IS going on.

MIKE
But what the FUCK do we know?

TODD
What the fuck DO we know?

MIKE
We been at this a long time.

TODD
As assistants. We're no exorcists. We're movers. We have no spiritual authority at ALL.

MIKE
Rod Steiger didn't play one of us in a movie.

TODD
No!

MIKE
God rest his soul.

TODD
Still. We're right.

MIKE
Fuckin A right, we're right.

TODD
We talk to him in the morning.

MIKE
In private.

TODD
In private. He had a long night. He made a mistake.
MIKE
We all had a long night.

TODD
Tomorrow then.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Fitz gets up in the middle of the night. She opens the fridge, pulls a carton of milk. It's empty. She shuts the door and goes downstairs.

DOWNSTAIRS

She walks past some toys stuffed in the corner. Amidst the cluttered pile is a small tea set and tiny chairs. She opens the downstairs fridge door and pulls out a carton of milk and gasps.

The Tea set is all set up on a table with the chairs neatly arranged for a tiny tea party. Something else startles her.

A small girl stands in her way. She is dressed in 1800s clothing and if you were to look carefully you'd see she has no feet.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

Father Mulligan and Dr. Morris sip tea in the back.

MIKE
Father Mulligan, could we have a word with you? In private?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Sure my son, what is it?

They walk to a more remote corner of the store, bowing to Shoto Manaka as they do. Manaka returns the bow.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
What is it, son?

TODD
Well, it's, um. Sir, Father, it's like this. The thing yesterday ... with the African boner guy?

FATHER MULLIGAN
OH! Yes, yes. The Riordans and the water elemental

TODD
I don't think we handled it. Not completely.

FATHER MULLIGAN
What is it you think we missed?

MIKE
I dunno. But we did.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Explain boy, did you see some evidence?

MIKE
Well, no, I, I dunno.

Mike gets flustered.

TODD
Perhaps the elemental was an opportunistic astral infection comorbid with a more serious demonic attack.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Ya may be right lads, but we're done with that case. The client was happy, got some relief and we're done.

TODD
I think we need to go back and see what's in that downstairs room.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Now listen here, ya fuzzy fellas, we're done with the Riordans. End of story.

MIKE
It feels like something big is coming. Something big and bad and it seems like it's already starting.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Lots of people feel lots of stuff, Michael me boy. Being a bit jumpy is natural for anyone in the work.
Isn't that right, Doctor Morris? It's natural to be a bit jumpy in the work.

DOCTOR MORRIS
Yes sir, no shame in that.

FATHER MULLIGAN
We had a bad week, a long week. Why doncha take a day off or something?

INT. OTS TRUCK - DAY

Mike and Todd sit in the truck. Mike's knuckles have turned white from clutching the steering wheel.

MIKE
Did you hear that?

TODD
Did you hear that?

MIKE
Jumpy!?!?

TODD
JUMPY!!!

MIKE
We've been on every hairy assed case every one of those guys did in the past five years!

TODD
We've been on four NASTY Tengu cases with Manaka-San, we've had the shit kicked out of us by poltergeists with Doctor Morris and we're tormented by every demon Father Mulligan fought!

MIKE
But WE'RE JUMPY?!?!

TODD
Oooh, that just burns my Buster Browns! Ya know what? FINE! We'll take a day off! We'll go to Playland and drink malt liquor.

MIKE
Yeah. Joke 'em if they can't take a fuck!

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

Three sharp knocks. Mrs. Fitz opens the door to let SASHA in. She's a new age chick of some sort.

Down in the basement - Sasha feels the vibes or some other shit.

SASHA
There is a little girl spirit in the house. Her name is Tina Putnam. She thinks you're mad at her for playing with the toys.

Mrs. Fitz chokes up.

MRS. FITZ
I'm not mad.

SASHA
So do you give her permission to manifest physically so she can play with the toys?

MRS. FITZ
Yes.

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

Todd sips coffee. Mike pores over a paperback "The Mover's Code of Conduct" by Darby McAudle.

MIKE
HEY! Right here! "The professional mover shall not, through action create or through inaction, permit the continuance of an unsafe condition at a client site."

MIKE (CONT'D)
That's not bad.

TODD
Right? A demonic infestation is an unsafe condition.

MIKE
But.
TODD
But. This is huge. We can't do this. We have no spiritual authority to confront a demon.

MIKE
We're not confronting shit, we're just checking in, see what's going on. If they're in trouble, we call in the cavalry.

TODD
The cavalry is gonna be pissed at us.

MIKE
Yeah but fuck him. Jumpy! Pfft!

TODD
Fuck the cavalry!

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Fitz plunks down a bunch of paper on the kitchen table.

MRS. FITZ
I was at the library. There was a family named Putnam that had a family farm that took up this whole area. There was no Tina Putnam but there was a servant girl named Tina. I wonder if this little girl is lovechild from one of the servants and needs her recognition.

A lamp flies off the table and shatters against the wall.

EXT. ROUTE 33 - DAY

The OTS van is parked near the Riordan's house.

TODD
OK, we're doing this because it's the right thing to do. Because people are in danger.

MIKE
Right.

TODD
Not because we just want to prove we're right and he's wrong. We're not being dicks. We're being proactive and safety minded.

MIKE
Right.

TODD
And because you want to impress Wendy Riordan so Maureen will like you.

MIKE
Maybe.

Mike and Todd walk up the Riordan's driveway. There is an SUV with black tinted windows in the driveway. They knock.

Mrs. Riordan answers the door. She stares at them with a blank face.

TODD
Mike and Todd, Occult Trucking and Storage? We were here with Father Mulligan yesterday?

MIKE
Yeah, we um, sorry to bother you, but I think we left a pair of gloves here.

MRS. RIORDAN
(virtually catatonic)
You left more than that.

She opens the door. There is police tape around the living room and a tape outline of a cadaver and a lot of dried blood in the carpet. A Tech takes pictures while detectives interview Chester and the two small children.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)
It killed my Wendy.

MIKE
Oh my. I'm so sorry. I'll get Father Mulligan here right away.

MRS. RIORDAN
No. That's OK. We have a new spiritual advisor.
FATHER TITUS (50s) steps into the doorway. He is tall, good looking with silver hair and piercing eyes.

FATHER TITUS
Mrs. Riordan cannot be disturbed right now, please, you'll understand.

TODD
Of course, sorry to have bothered you.

Mike and Todd walk away.

FATHER TITUS
Now just wait a minute.

Mike and Todd stop.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Occult Trucking and Storage? Is that your van?

MIKE
Yes sir.

FATHER MULLIGAN
You're Mike and Todd.

MIKE
Yes, sir.

Father Titus steps outside, closes the door behind him and shakes their hands.

FATHER TITUS
What an honor to meet you guys. I'm Father David Titus and you must be Mike.

MIKE
Yeah it's easy to remember because I'm Mike and I'm big and he's Todd and he's little.

TODD
Littleish. You've heard of us?

FATHER TITUS
Of course I have. You guys are legends.
MIKE
We are?

FATHER TITUS
Listen. I'm sure you guys must be really, really busy.

TODD
Of course.

FATHER TITUS
But I may need to call upon your expertise and your courage. Might I do that?

Mike hands him a business card. It says OTS and has a number. That's it. Father Titus reacts.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Frankly I could use a little help right now but I'm sure you have to go.

TODD
Yeah, we gotta.

MIKE
But we finished our morning early. We could work our lunch hour.

TODD
Yeah, we feel like-

FATHER TITUS
I guess the Riordans had somebody in yesterday, but there's still some stuff in here that's bad. Hey I don't mean to badmouth a fellow priest. Missing something? Could happen to anyone.

MIKE
That's right.

FATHER TITUS
But you guys knew something was wrong that's why you came back right?

No reaction.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
I knew it! Come on in.

Mike and Todd tentatively step into the Riordan Household.

INT. THE RIORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Riordan sits on the couch staring into space. Chester looks greenish gray. Mike and Todd swallow hard, feeling the death rays of hatred from the Riordans.

Mike and Todd look over at the crime scene. On the wall, written in blood are the words "Pigs Must Die!"

MRS. RIORDAN
YOU! You did it! It's your fault!

Mrs. Riordan leaps to her feet and charges at Todd. Chester runs straight at Mike. Mike lifts a meaty finger which stops Chester in his tracks. Mrs. Riordan drops Todd to the ground and throttles him.

TODD
Oh NOW you recognize us?

Father Titus pulls Mrs. Riordan off Todd and gently sets her down on the couch.

FATHER TITUS
Now, Mrs. Riordan, these boys are not responsible for the death of your daughter. These boys tried to help but it was Father Mulligan who made the mistake, wasn't it, boys?

MIKE
Maybe.

TODD
Father Mulligan is the most experienced exorcist in the country and one of the foremost demonologists in the world.

Total hatred from the Riordans.

CHESTER
Fat lot of good it did us.

FATHER TITUS
Your daughter just fell in with some bad people is all.

CHESTER
It's those goddamn satanist kids that hang out at Ye Olde Enfield. I'm going to blow that place off the face of the earth.

SHERIFF WATSON (50s) enters in time to hear that.

SHERIFF WATSON
Chester, if I thought you meant that, I'd bring you in. Don't make me do that.

CHESTER
Sorry Sheriff.

SHERIFF WATSON
And what are you two doing here?

FATHER TITUS
They're with me, Sheriff. They're two of my most respected spiritual advisors.

The whole room takes that in for a moment.

MRS. RIORDAN
I'm sorry. I didn't realize. Can I get you some cocoa?

TODD
No thank you, Ma'am. Is there anything we can do for you?

Mrs. Riordan stands, puts her face right up to Todd's.

MRS. RIORDAN
Find out what happened here. Make sure it doesn't happen again. No more little girls dying in this town, you understand?

Todd nods.

SHERIFF WATSON
That's more my bailiwick.

MRS. RIORDAN
It's out of your jurisdiction. We need a spiritual sheriff... and his two deputies.

All eyes on Father Titus and Mike and Todd. A little uncomfortable.

FATHER TITUS
Sheriff, may we go in her room now?

SHERIFF WATSON
Yes, Father.

FATHER TITUS
And we have your permission to remove any objects of a malefic influence?

Chester and Mrs. Riordan nod.

INT. WENDY RIORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

Father Titus pulls the police tape off Wendy Riordan's room and enters. Mike and Todd follow him in. Father Titus looks through Wendy's stuff and points to things which Todd puts in a cardboard box and Mike sprays the area with holy water.

TODD
So how exactly did she die?

FATHER TITUS
Well the Sheriff's investigators were saying that she either killed herself or was killed by a friend she had over last night.

Father Titus points out some golden twine, some white candles, and some jars of herbs, all of which get put in the box.

MIKE
If she killed herself, she managed to write "Pigs Must Die" in her own blood before she collapsed?

FATHER TITUS
I suppose so.

Mike sprays some holy water. Father Titus reaches over and touches the wet spot.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Hmm.

MIKE
What "Hmm?"

FATHER TITUS
Nothing. Just thinking. Get those too would you please?

Small statuettes of animals.

MIKE
Sure. Why did you say "Hmm?"

FATHER TITUS
I was just wondering where you get your holy water is all.

MIKE
We load it up from tanks behind The Golden Bough book and magick shop.

FATHER TITUS
I see. And who fills those tanks up?

MIKE
Father Mulligan. Why do you ask?

FATHER TITUS
No reason. Just wondering. HEY!

TODD
What?

FATHER TITUS
Do you think we got it all?

TODD
No.

FATHER TITUS
Do you think we got it all out of this room?

MIKE
Yes.
FATHER TITUS
Me too.

BACK UPSTAIRS

Mike, Todd and Father Titus look around. Father Titus walks over to a table with the family bible on it. From the side, something looks askew.

Father Titus whips out a Butterfly Knife, flips open the blade, sidles up to the side of Bible, slides his blade between pages and flips the book open.

Father Titus gasps and stumbles backwards, dropping his knife.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
OH!

MRS. RIORDAN
What is it?

FATHER TITUS
Oh my dear Mrs. Riordan, I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry but your family Bible has been desecrated.

In between the bible pages are two Tarot cards "The Devil" and "Death." Each appears to have blood on it.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Sheriff, I think there's some evidence for you here.

The Sheriff motions a tech over to bag it. The Sheriff grabs Father Titus. Father Titus reaches for his dropped Butterfly Knife. The Sheriff steps on the knife. The two men look at each other.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Oh, um. I see. I sometimes minister to inner city kids and they sometimes give me gifts to show their appreciation.

The Sheriff takes his foot off the knife, which Father Titus retrieves. Mrs. Riordan sobs uncontrollably. The Tech bags the cards.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
You're not taking the Bible?

SHERIFF WATSON
Just the cards.
FATHER TITUS
Mrs. Riordan I'm sorry to say that your family bible is now an abomination. Please, I want you to have mine.

MRS. RIORDAN
Oh Father, we couldn't.

FATHER TITUS
Please, I insist. We must remove yours and I won't have you going without the comfort of the good book in your time of need.

She takes the Bible, while Todd places the desecrated bible into his box of evil things.

EXT. ROUTE 33 - DAY

The OTS van drives back home. Mike gets an idea. He pulls into the parking lot of a local church and parks. Todd looks confused but follows Mike into the church. Mike pulls a small bottle and takes a bit of holy water from the aspersory. Todd nods.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

In the parking lot, Mike pours some of the holy water from the other church on his hands and rubs it around then walks inside.

MIKE
Hey Father Mulligan!

Mike puts his hand out. Father Mulligan shakes it. Nothing.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey we just came from the Riordan's house. The girl died. It seems to be an occult thing.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Oh dear lord. Those poor people. I'll go right over.

TODD
Oh um, no they have a new spiritual advisor. Father Titus?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Titus? Never heard of him.
DR. MORRIS
He's a holy roller. In over his head.

FATHER MULLIGAN
What were YOU doing there?

TODD
We left some gloves there.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Boys. Don't. You know you can't. You can't go
engage without an exorcist representing a spiritual
force. It's too dangerous.

TODD
Well what if the exorcist is too drunk or too stoned or
too full of himself to listen to the rest of his team that
there is real danger present?

Father Mulligan's face is blank.

TODD (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go.

BACK ON THE ROAD -- Todd drives.

TODD (CONT'D)
Jeepers, Mike!

MIKE
What?

TODD
You tested Father Mulligan to see if he's infested or
possessed!

MIKE
I did.

TODD
And he's not.

MIKE
Maybe. He might be a perfect possession.

TODD
That's crazy.

MIKE
Where we goin?

TODD
WE WERE RIGHT.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Fitz, Mr. Fitz and Sasha sit around the kitchen table.

SASHA
There is a dark one here. He frightens Tina. Tina wants to know if you'll protect her.

Mr. Fitz stands, makes a "jag off" gesture and walks away.

MR. FITZ
I'll go check on Maureen.

MRS. FITZ
What do you mean protect her? How can we protect her?

SASHA
There's no place for her to hide, except in a living soul. When the dark one appears, may she hide in you?

Maureen storms by.

MAUREEN FITZ
I don't want to talk about it.

The doorbell rings. Mr. Fitz opens it to find Mike and Todd

TODD
Hi we're Occult Trucking and Storage.

MRS. FITZ
Oh, you're the exorcists?

TODD
(thinks a sec)
Yes. We're exorcists.
MIKE
We wanted to stop by, offer our condolences for the loss of your friend and offer any help we can.

Mr. Fitz makes another Yank Me gesture and walks away.

MRS. FITZ
Oh please come in. Do you know Sasha? The spiritual medium?

MIKE
We've not had the pleasure. How do you do?

He offers his hand. She does not take it.

SASHA
I must be going. I see you're in good hands here.

TODD
We'll be happy to remove any haunted, cursed, evil or in other ways problematic objects and store them safely.

MRS. FITZ
Come with me.


MAUREEN FITZ
Mom, what the fuck?

MRS. FITZ
We can't take any chances dear. Something is going on.

MAUREEN FITZ
You cunt!

Mrs. Fitz slaps her, then gasps.

MRS. FITZ
I'm sorry. I'M SORRY!
Maureen runs out of the room. Mrs. Fitz sets the box down and follows her. Chaos.

TODD
Holy shit.

Mr. Fitz comes out.

MR. FITZ
I think you better leave.

TODD
You want us to take the stuff or not?

MR. FITZ
Yes.

Without thinking about it, Mike picks up the Witchfinder General Doll and puts it in the box.

JOSH
Hey! What are you taking that guy for? He's just a game. I like him. Leave him.

MIKE
What? Ok. But he's probably the problem. It's always the doll. And hey, did you want us to take the bible?

MR. FITZ
How did that end up in there? Maureen did you try to get rid of the family bible?

Maureen scowls. Mike hands her a card.

MIKE
That's my cell phone. If you need help, call.

She glares.

Mike and Todd walk towards the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Okie dokie. We'll come back with Father Mulligan to do a full ritual.
SLAP !!! MIKE REELS BACK FROM THE SLAP OF AN INVISIBLE FOE

MIKE (CONT'D)
Father Mulligan.

SLAP!!!

MIKE (CONT'D)
To do a full ritual. Dang! Father Mulligan.

SLAAAAAPPPP!!

MIKE (CONT'D)

TODD
Nope. It only slaps you if you say Father Mulligan.

SLAAPPPP!! It slaps Mike.

MIKE
HEY! No fair! He's the one who said Father Mulligan!

SLAAAPP! It hits Mike again.

A Beat. Mike and Todd look at each other.

SLAAPPPP!! It hits Todd.

MIKE (CONT'D)
May I borrow a pen and a piece of paper?

MRS. FITZ
Why?

MIKE
I want to write down that when I'm here I really shouldn't say Father Mulligan.

SSSLAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!!!!! This one shakes his bones. His eyes cross and water.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We should go.

EXT. AN AIRPORT HOTEL - NIGHT

The OTS van pulls in to the parking lot. There's a sign that reads "Holy Deliverance 8 pm"

Mike and Todd walk in to

EXT. AN AIRPORT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

It's packed. People standing up and singing hymns. Father Titus leads them on.

FATHER TITUS
Brothers and sisters what we do here tonight is carry on a ministry and a tradition created by the son. He came upon a people infected by devils and drove the devils into a herd of pigs and drove them off a cliff. Tonight we kill the pigs and tell the devils to go home. Who here is in need of spiritual deliverance?

Many raise their hands. Father Titus steps into the audience, as he does so, he sees Mike and Todd.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
The father has given us a great blessing tonight. We have with us two of his greatest warriors. Brothers and sisters welcome Todd and Mike.

The audience turns and applauds them adoringly. Mike and Todd do not know how to take this at all. Father Titus waves them over to him. Father Titus approaches a particularly afflicted soul and has Mike and Todd hold him.

PARTIFOTCULARY AFFLICTED SOUL
NO! Nazarene, he is mine!

FATHER TITUS
Out devil, OUT!

Titus presses a bible to the poor souls forehead. He froths and foams and twitches, then seems to be clean and pure and relieved.

LATER
The people file out of the mass deliverance, completely blissed out and laying love on Father Titus as well as Mike and Todd. People buy bibles at the back table. People throw money in a big jar on the table and as they exit, people hand cash to Mike and Todd. They don't know what to make of this.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
It's ok, brothers. You earned it.

A gray haired Irish dude approaches.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Ah, chief someone I'd like you to meet. Todd, this is Eddie Hanrahan, Chief of the Enfield Fire Department. Chief this is Todd, one of the bravest, strongest and smartest men you will ever meet.

CHIEF HANRAHAN
Is that right? You ever take the firefighter test?

TODD
No sir. I'm three quarters of an inch too short.

CHIEF HANRAHAN
Give me a call on Monday. We sometimes issue waivers for special individuals.

TODD
Yes sir.

LATER: the room has cleared out. Father Titus hands Mike and Todd a wad of cash.

TODD (CONT'D)
I'm not sure we can take money for tonight.

FATHER TITUS
But I'll bet you can't think of one good reason why not. It's not bad to be paid for hard work. You're worthy of being paid. You're worthy in general.

TODD
Yes sir, but...

FATHER TITUS
What is it you want to tell me, my son?

TODD
You talked about devils tonight. Devils almost never or never attack humans. It's strictly demons, thank heavens.

FATHER TITUS
Frankly Todd, that's what I need you guys for. I really don't have the experience you guys have but I can help these people and I need you to teach me these things. Right, there were no devils here tonight.

MIKE
And no demons either.

Father Titus laughs.

FATHER TITUS
You're right. There wasn't a trace of evil in here tonight except for what these people imagined. But it still made them feel better. A shaman has got to do some sleight of hand to make the patient think the shaman can do magic. Tonight made these people feel good. That's what we use to fight the devils, sorry, demons. Not every job has to be awful. You don't have to get barfed on every job and you have the right to make some cash for your expertise and experience. This town is in trouble and I think the three of us can help a great deal. Are you with me?

OUT IN THE PARKING LOT

TODD
What do you think?

MIKE
I'm not sure. He's kinda clueless but he seems to have heart and good instincts.

TODD
Hey, gimme the uh...
Todd points to Mike's pocket. Mike pulls out the bottle of holy water. Todd splashes a little on his hands and goes back inside.

TODD (CONT'D)
Father Titus.

FATHER TITUS
Yes boys?

TODD
I just want to say how thankful we are to have run into you and we'd be delighted to help you in any way we can.

Todd proffers his hand which Titus shakes. No reaction.

OUT IN THE PARKING LOT

Todd shrugs to Mike

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Fitz wakes up. The walls are moving slightly. A hideous shadow walks across the wall, then it turns, comes off the wall and climbs into bed with her. She opens her mouth to scream and a blanket crams in her mouth.

Mr. Fitz wakes up to the struggle, flips on the light, pulls the blanket out of her mouth. Mrs. Fitz sobs as Mr. Fitz tries to comfort her.

POOF a small fire ignites on the pillow next to them. They pound it out. The smoke detector goes off. Lights go on. Josh runs in to see what the trouble is.

MR. FITZ
It's ok, Josh. Go back to bed.

Mr. Fitz gets up, goes in to Maureen's room and flips on the light. She is wide awake.

MR. FITZ (CONT'D)
I don't know what kind of bullshit you're into but you're gonna knock it off or I'm gonna bust your fuckin jaw.

He slams the door.
INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

Mike and Todd walk in. The mood in the room is very tense. The whole crew stares at them.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Listen boys. If you're here to apologize.

MIKE
Not exactly. We quit.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Say what?

TODD
We're done. Find some other grunts. You pulled us out of foster care, go get some more damaged kids to buy into your bullshit and haul your evil crap and sleep next to those goddamn clown dolls.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Do you have ANY IDEA what you're doing? Do you know what a storied institution OTS is? The honor of being an OTS man?

TODD
I guess we don't. Here's the keys to the depot.

FATHER MULLIGAN
You know I can't go in the depot.

Mike turns to the camera.

MIKE
He's right. He can't. The concentrated evil in the depot is virtually unbearable to us but it is lethal to a man of the cloth.

TODD
The world is divided up into My Problem and Not My Problem. That depot is not my problem. Good bye.

MIKE
Oh and you need to go see the Fitz family. They need a cleansing.

FATHER MULLIGAN
No. I don't. Apparently someone called them and told them I messed up at the Riordan's house and they've decided to go with that Father Titus.

TODD
I see.

Mike slaps the OTS Log book down on the table in front of Father Mulligan and they split.

EXT. SPLIT ROCK ROAD - DAY

The OTS van pulls up to the Fitz Household. Father Titus' black windowed SUV is already in the driveway. They stand at the base of the driveway and look up at the house.

TODD
Are we ready for this?

MIKE
Fuck no.

Mike and Todd enter to find Father Titus sitting at the kitchen table with the Fitz Family.

FATHER TITUS
Hello boys. I know you were here yesterday but give it another look while I chat with Maureen would you?

Mike and Todd look around the house.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Do holy objects make you uncomfortable?

MAUREEN FITZ
I don't like Christian Rock.

FATHER TITUS
I don't either. I'm a Black Flag man myself.

MAUREEN FITZ
Rollins?
FATHER TITUS
Sure. I think he did better work after he left Black Flag.

MAUREEN FITZ
Everyone does great work coming out of Black Flag.

Mike and Todd walk back in. Mike sets down the Witchfinder General Doll.

JOSH
Hey that guy's ok!

MIKE
I doubt it. It's always the doll.

FATHER TITUS
Who is this ugly little pilgrim guy?

MIKE
It's the Witchfinder General.

FATHER TITUS
The who finder what now?

TODD
It's a fortune telling game.

Father Titus doesn't get it.

TODD (CONT'D)
Fortune telling games turn over the ideomotor control of the human body to outside forces and essentially make the body into an antenna for any forces that may be lurking about, including demonic ones.

FATHER TITUS
I knew that.

MR. FITZ
There really should be a warning label on these things.

FATHER TITUS
How many of these things are there?
MAUREEN FITZ
Just one. Mr. Owsley said it was the prototype.

JOSH
No. Three. Four. There were three in Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe when I stopped by.

MIKE
Five. Chester Riordan had one in his study. That's how the demonic is infesting these homes.

MR. FITZ
Did you have anything to do with this?

MAUREEN FITZ
No!

TODD
Something else.

He plunks down the Fitz family bible. It is also desecrated like the Riordans. The family is horrified. They look at Maureen.

MAUREEN FITZ
What? I didn't do that!

No one believes her.

FATHER TITUS
Mrs. Fitz I'm sorry to say that your family bible is now an abomination. Please, I want you to have mine.

MRS. FITZ
Oh Father, we couldn't.

FATHER TITUS
Please, I insist. We must remove yours and I won't have you going without the comfort of the good book in your time of need.

Father Titus winks at Todd.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Five?
All nod.

TODD
I'll go.

FATHER TITUS
Go! Now Maureen, if it's ok with you, we're going to expel the demon from you.

MAUREEN FITZ
There is no demon inside me.

FATHER TITUS
Is that a yes?

MAUREEN FITZ
I guess.

FATHER TITUS
Then it should be easy.

Father Titus sprinkles holy water on her. She screams in agony.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
I think we've got some work to do here.

EXT. THE RIORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Todd at the door. Mrs. Riordan lets him in.

INSIDE THE RIORDAN HOUSE

Todd goes upstairs to Chester's den. Chester blocks his path. Todd tries to push past. Chester blocks his path. Todd wrist locks him to the ground, grabs the Witchfinder General Doll off his shelf and splits.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

FATHER TITUS
Oh father we ask that you clean this precious child of the spirits that inhabit her, that she may be full of the spirit of the one and true father.

MAUREEN FITZ
Go fuck rocks!
He splashes her with holy water. She screams.

FATHER TITUS
Father, we your humble servants, who labor in um..

Father Titus sweats and shakes. Mike can't take it. He grabs the bible from Father Titus.

MIKE
May I?

Father Titus nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)
In the name of all that is holy I command you demon, tell me your name.

MAUREEN FITZ
Captain Biscuit and a monkey named Chuckles.

MIKE
LIES! I command you! Tell me thy name, foul spirit!

Blood seeps from the wall spelling out the word MAELSTROM

Balls of fat appear in mid air and fall on the ground and sizzle away. A pair of human feet appear briefly then vanish.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - NIGHT

The park is closed. Todd parks the van on Route 33 and jumps the fence into the park. He walks over to Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe. He spies three Witchfinder General Dolls in the window. Owsley steps from around the corner of the shoppe.

OWSLEY
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

TODD
Or what?

OWSLEY
I just ... wouldn't.
Todd smashes the glass with his elbow, knocks away the glass and takes the last three dolls.

TOO D
Oh, wait.

Todd digs in his pocket fishes out the gift certificates Owsley gave them earlier and hands them to Owsley.

TOOD (CONT'D)
That ought to cover it.

OWSLEY
It's not entirely up to me.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Maureen writhes in agony.

MAUREEN FITZ
There's witch blood in the witch mud.

MIKE
What are you saying, demon?

MAUREEN FITZ
Emily and Hannah were Christians  Hannah's afraid of spiders  Abigail's from the Old Religion  with a little baby inside her

FATHER TITUS
What is that?

MIKE
The Enfield Three.  The witches executed in Enfield.

FATHER TITUS
What?

MIKE
This demon is probably behind the whatever happened in this village in 1691.  He was stopped then and wants his revenge.  Demons hold grudges like all get out.

FATHER TITUS
What the old religion?

MIKE
Paganism. Pagans and Christians lived side by side in this colony for years until the trouble started.

Mike grabs the holy water from Father Titus and shakes some on Maureen. She screams.

MIKE (CONT’D)
I command thee in the name of the heavenly father to tell me how you entered this house and this child.

MAUREEN FITZ
I took the Six train and transferred at your mama’s cunt!

Mike presses the bible into her head.

MIKE
Tell me how you entered!

The Witchfinder General doll flies off the ground straight at Mike's head and stops just before it smacks him. The Witchfinder General doll points at Maureen.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Didn't your mama tell you it's not polite to point?

Mike grabs the doll and snaps its arm off. There is dirt inside.

MIKE (CONT’D)
There's witch blood in the witch mud.

FATHER TITUS
What?

MIKE
Take over.

Mike stands up, paces excitedly.

MR. FITZ
What is it?

MIKE
Leave me alone, I'm thinking. Finish it Father Titus!

Father Titus stands to his full height and with a full basso profundo delivery drops the thunder on the beast.

FATHER TITUS
Spirits! I command you to exit this child at once that she may be a servant of the one true Lord. I command you, begone!

Maureen passes out. Everyone looks at each other.

MRS. FITZ
Oh my heavens. Do you smell that? It's like lilacs. It smells sweet in here. I think it worked.

Fuckin BOOOOOOM!!! Scares the crap out of everyone.

MIKE
It's ok. It's ok. That's the spirit leaving our world.

FATHER TITUS
It always does that? I mean yeah it always does that.

LATER

Mr. Fitz shares his good scotch with Mike, Todd and Father Titus.

MIKE
There's witch blood in the witch mud. This is earth from the execution site placed inside the dolls

TODD
To what end?

MIKE
Bad shit. I think we need to return the earth to the execution site.

TODD
We better take your car. OTS is not real welcome at Ye Olde Enfield right now. I'll bet the sheriff is there now.

FATHER TITUS
You let me worry about the sheriff. He's a fan. I'll take care of it. Mike that was brilliant. How did you figure that out?

MIKE
I don't know. It just came to me.

FATHER TITUS
Mike, I'm not the demonologist you guys are. I probably never will be but from where I'm sitting you just performed an exorcism.

MIKE
You did.

FATHER TITUS
But you did the heavy lifting. You did an exorcism so by my lights you're an exorcist.

MIKE
Maybe a little.

FATHER TITUS
My church has a university. We could enroll you, give you a ton of credits for past experience and get you on your way to being a Doctor of Divinity and being my right hand man.

MRS. FITZ
But what about the little fella?

MIKE
Go ahead, say it. We all know about it.

TODD
I'm off to the fire academy.

MRS. FITZ
So no more Occult Trucking and Storage?

FATHER TITUS
They've done their part. My organization can take over. We'll find somebody else to do it and we'll treat them right. It's time for these men to move on.
MIKE
Maureen, how are you feeling?

Maureen is confused and watery eyed.

MAUREEN FITZ
I don't remember anything.

She sobs. She leaps to her feet and runs into Mike's arms.

MRS. FITZ
What do we do now?

FATHER TITUS
Get some sleep and in the morning go to church. Michael, you bring me the OTS log and we'll start wrapping up the depot and getting you situated.

MIKE
Tomorrow.

FATHER TITUS
Of course.

Mike scratches his hand. It is red and irritated.

INT. OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Mike laying back with his eyes closed. Content. Peaceful.

Todd looks sharp in a cadet uniform and carrying a Fire Academy bag.

MIKE
You off to school?

TODD
In-processing but I gotta do something first.

MIKE
Good luck.

TODD
Thanks.

A BEAT
MIKE
You're gonna be great. They're lucky to have you.

TODD
Thanks man.

Mike closes his eyes again. Todd splits.

A BEAT

BANG BANG BANG

Mike doesn't even open his eyes.

BANG BANG BANG

Nothing.

OUTSIDE

Spray painted on the depot "OUT OF BUSINESS! DEAL WITH YOUR OWN EVIL CRAP!!"

There are pissed off people lined up outside.

INSIDE

Mike on the phone.

MIKE
(on phone)
Hey Father Titus. Yeah it's hard to find. Off Main Street, right after town hall, make a right on Bailey Avenue. If you hit Prospect you've gone too far. You're on Bailey? OK, hold on.

OUTSIDE, the metal gate goes up. Mike steps outside, finds a bunch of EVIL SHIT piled by the door - including multiple clown dolls. He kicks it unceremoniously into the depot.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yeah I see you. Turn around.

Father Titus stands in the middle of the street.
MIKE (CONT'D)
Keep turning. Yeah, no. Turn back.

Father Titus spins right past the driveway to the depot.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
OK. Stop turning. Point your finger at eleven fifty three o' clock and then follow your finger.

Father Titus shrugs like "duh, sorry, I'm an idiot."

Mike hangs up and busies himself pulling in the rest of the Evil Crap and putting it away.

Father Titus walks up the driveway, still looking a little disoriented. Just as he gets to the entrance of the depot, Mike flies out of the door tackling Father Titus real fuckin hard.

FATHER TITUS
What? What?

MIKE
What do you mean "What, what?" You can't come in here.

FATHER TITUS
What do you mean? How can I be in charge of this place if I can't go in it?

MIKE
A man of the cloth can't go in there. It's awful for us, it'll kill you. You gotta get some guys to do it for you.

FATHER TITUS
Oh.

MIKE
Are you sure you're up for this?

FATHER TITUS
Yeah. Yeah. Let me try coming in.

MIKE
No. No way. Father Mulligan tried it once and he was sick for a month. No way.

FATHER TITUS
Let me try it.

MIKE
You're the boss. OK go ahead.

FATHER TITUS
Will you help me?

Mike, puzzled as to what that means, takes his arm and leads him slowly in the door.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Oh yes, I can feel that.

MIKE
Wow, we're not even in yet.

FATHER TITUS
I know and I can feel it. Ah yes, now I see. Now each of these items has an entity associated with them?

MIKE
Most. Some were just used in dark rituals and have unnamed bad juju on them.

FATHER TITUS
And you have a book with the names of all of those entities?

MIKE
Yes. Well. We dropped it at the Golden Bough but Todd's going to get it and bring it to you.

FATHER TITUS
Just keeping and poring over a record such as that must be a PhD in Demonology unto itself.

MIKE
I suppose so.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY
Todd carries a pane of glass and some tools. He walks up to the side of Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe. He knocks out the remaining shards of the window he broke and preps it for the new pane of glass.

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Mike with his eyes closed. Blissed. Thinking.

MIKE (V.O.)
I did it. I was smarter than the other exorcists. I'm an exorcist. I did it. I'm smarter than them.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

Todd cauls the edges of the glass but is startled by a voice.

OWSLEY
Hello again.

TODD
Hello Mr. Owsley. I left seventy dollars on the shelf inside before I sealed this up. I wanted to make sure we were square. If you want to call the Sheriff. I'll wait here for him.

OWSLEY
That will not be necessary. I was very upset. But it's all OK now.

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Mike daydreaming.

MIKE (V.O.)
I'm smarter than the exorcists. I outsmarted the demon. I'm smarter than the demon.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

OWSLEY
I've done my part. And you've done yours.

INT. OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY
Mike's eyes open.

MIKE
Nobody is smarter than a demon!

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

Maureen alone in her room at her desk listening to music on headphones. Behind her, MR. FITZ walks past her door in his bathrobe. Her door slowly closes on its own.

IN THE BATHROOM

Mr. Fitz scrubs his contact lenses.

IN MAUREEN'S ROOM

Maureen is lifted off her chair by her neck. She clutches her throat. Cannot scream. She is thrown across the room on to her bed. Her clothes are torn by unseen forces.

IN THE BATHROOM

Mr. Fitz puts his contact lens in his eye. Closer and closer to the lens floating on the cornea. Each blink moves it slightly off center but it rights itself back onto the iris. The edge of the glass slides easily over a thin layer of tears.

POP! CRACK! The glass lens shatters into shards. Viscous fluid seeps from the eye. Mr. Fitz screams. He tries throwing water in his eye to move the shards out but it doesn't help. He bursts out of the bathroom INTO THE HALLWAY


EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

Todd sits in the OTS truck thinking. He gets out and walks towards OWSLEY MANOR

Todd rings the bell. Nothing. He looks around. Checks the door. It's open. He goes in.
INSIDE OWSLEY MANOR

TODD
Hello? Mr. Owsley? Keith? It's Todd ... the window breaking guy. I need to ask you something.

He walks down the hall to the CHAPEL. He opens the door and finds Owsley laying on the slab draped over Angelique's body.

OWSLEY
Tonight's the night.

TODD
Is that Angelique? Why isn't she buried? Why isn't she decomposed, rotten?

OWSLEY
Because of him. She's not dead. She's just trapped on the other side. Look! No rigor mortis! She's still warm. Feel her.

Todd tentatively places a hand on Angelique's forehead.

TODD
She's not. She's room temperature.

OWSLEY
You can't feel it? I can feel it! She's still here! She'll come back to me! He said! I've done all that he asked.

TODD
You said. You also said I did my part. What was that?

OWSLEY
I don't know. It's beyond us. He is a saint or something. A holy man beyond our comprehension, sent to cleanse this whole place of wickedness and bring my Angelique back to me.

FLASHBACK
Keith and Angelique performing a ritual in the field.

OWSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We performed a lot of rituals on the grounds. We were stoned. Maybe be we screwed up. Let the evil flow. We didn't mean to.

The magic circle on the ground is not complete.

OWSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But we felt the power of this place and we met the spirit world. When Angelique died I knew, I just KNEW that it didn't have to be that way and then he came.

INSIDE OWSLEY MANOR - Father Titus at the door.

OWSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He showed me the way to the Lord and I put away all my pagan ways. I removed the crucifixes as they are symbols of the man who died, not the God who lives. Angelique appeared to me in a vision.

Angelique hovers in the air before a sobbing Owsley. Look carefully and you'll see she has no hands.

ANGELIQUE
I'm trapped but I can be free and we will be together as I was. Just do what he says.

OWSLEY (V.O.)
So I did.

BACK TO PRESENT IN OWSLEY MANOR

TODD
So you dug up ground from the execution site?

OWSLEY
Yes.

TODD
And you put it inside these Witchfinder General dolls and gave a couple to local girls?

OWSLEY
Yes.

TODD
But we found them.

OWSLEY
Yes.

TODD
We stopped whatever his plan was.

OWSLEY
Apparently not, my friend. Apparently not.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Fitz has a bandage over his eye. He and Mrs. Fitz sit at the kitchen table looking gray. Every glass object is smashed. There are scorch marks on every wall.

FATHER TITUS
We did clear the place. You heard the sound of it leaving our world.

MRS. FITZ
There were more than one. What about the little girl and the dark one?

FATHER TITUS
There was only one. It was a demon playing on your emotions so that it could siphon off your energy. I got rid of it. But it's back or something else has infested your home.

MR. FITZ
What can I do? I've got to protect my family.

FATHER TITUS
And I will do whatever it takes to help you do that. But I can't do you any good if someone keeps inviting dark forces back in.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitz look towards Maureen's room.

INT. FIRE ACADEMY CLASSROOM - DAY

Todd sits in a classroom with his notebook open.

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR
Today we're going to talk about the principles of combustion. It's going to be real basic, basic stuff but it's stuff we're going to build on so pay attention.

The instructor draws a triangle on the board. Todd shuts his eyes

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Mike has his eyes closed. Thinking. Eyes wide open.

MIKE
Father Titus is wrong!

He leaps to his feet. Paces.

INT. FIRE ACADEMY CLASSROOM - DAY

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR
This is the fire triangle - the three things a fire needs to burn. Heat. Oxygen. Fuel. Pretty simple, right? Anybody not get that?

Todd's face falls.

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Question in the front?

Todd stands up, pulls his cadet badge off his uniform, puts it on the instructor's desk and walks out.

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Wow. Just so you know. The material is going to get a lot more complicated than that.

IN THE PARKING LOT

TODD
Fuckin A right he was wrong.

Todd steps into the parking lot. He pulls his cell phone out. Hits a speed dial. Nothing. Shrugs his shoulder as if to say "WHY did I bother."

He spies a telephone booth across the parking lot, rifles his pockets, nothing. Looks around, a soda machine
THE SODA MACHINE - EVERYTHING costs one dollar.

He reaches in his fire academy gear bag and pulls out an 18 inch Officer's Tool Halligan. He slides the wedge into the side of the coin box and kicks it in. The coin box jumps out of the machine. He fishes out one quarter and dashes across the parking lot.

THE PHONE BOOTH

Like almost every other phone booth on the east coast, the phone itself has been removed from the motherfucking phone booth.

FIRE ENGINE

HONK HONK. Todd waves to the security guard as he drives an engine out the front gate. The gears grind real bad for a second and the truck stalls, Todd digs around and manages to find a suitable, working, forward-moving gear.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mr. and Mrs. Fitz and Josh cower in the corner. Josh screams. He pulls his shirt up and there are deep welts in his flesh. Mr. Fitz howls in rage.

OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT

Mike paces. The phone rings.

FIRE ENGINE

Todd inspects the GPS navigation instrument on the dashboard. He shuts it off. The screen goes black but there is still a red light on in the corner of the instrument. He reaches behind the dash and yanks a cord.

EMERGENCY SERVICES MANAGEMENT HEADQUARTERS

An EMS operator in front of a computer screen. Something catches his attention. He looks closer "ENGINE 53". He puts his finger on the screen where the engine is located, turns to a log book next to him, flips to right page, looks back at the screen and the Engine 53 blip is gone.

FIRE ENGINE

There is chatter on the radio. Todd turns it off.

TODD
Trying to think HERE! We figured out the Witchfinder General thing either because it was a pointless decoy...

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT

Ringing phone stops in mid-ring.

MIKE
... or because the demon was done with that part of the plan. It was a gimme. We were conned. We figured out what we were supposed to figure out. I'm not smarter than a demon. I'm not smarter than anyone. I'm a dummy.

Phone rings. Startles Mike. He picks up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Occult Trucking and Storage.

ON THE PHONE -- MAUREEN FITZ

MAUREEN FITZ
I need help.

She really does. Ghastly pale and not from makeup. Bruised. Greenish shit oozes from her eyes. There are cuts on her face. She cries. The line goes static.

MIKE
Maureen?

MIKE peels out in the OTS TRUCK

FIRE ENGINE screeches to a halt in THE GOLDEN BOUGH PARKING LOT

Todd rushes in the front door. There is a FLAKY DIPSHIT at the counter.

FLAKY DIPSHIT
Do you have Wishy Wish?

TODD
Did somebody come by to pick up the OTS Log?

MADAME PURCELL
No. It's right where Mike left it.

She points to table with nothing on it.

TODD
SHIT!

FLAKY DIPSHIT
If you're looking for something to manifest in your
life, don't just wish for it, WISHY WISH for it!

Todd is SO ready to punch her in the head.

DR. MORRIS
Look who it is, our fucking hero! You left the whole
community high and dry!

FATHER MULLIGAN
Seriously what in the world got in to your minds?
We're falling apart here

TODD
We left the community? Are you fucking kidding
me? You FUCKING PEOPLE...

It is so on. Dr. Morris, Father Mulligan and Todd are all clenching jaws
and fists and bulging forehead veins. The Flaky Dipshit is crapping her
panties.

FATHER MULLIGAN
(poking Todd)
What. About. Us. Fucking. People?

Todd deflates.

TODD
I need help.

Silence.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Tell us what you need.

Todd scrawls on a piece of paper.

TODD
Everybody to this address. Madame Purcell would you meet me at the depot? If you run into a priest you don't know, be careful. I think he's a Perfect Possession.

MADAME PURCELL
How bad is this?

Todd can't even answer her.

Madame Purcell hands the store keys to the Flaky Dipshit

MADAME PURCELL (CONT'D)
Lock up.

They dash out the door.

FIRE ENGINE

Code 3 - lights and sirens down Bailey Avenue to the

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT

The front of the depot is on fire. Todd pulls up, drags hose off the Mattydale lay, hooks up to the pump and "puts the wet stuff on the red stuff." The building is nowhere near fully engaged. He knocks it down for the most part. There's a smolder here and there. He climbs back into the cab of the truck and plugs the GPS device back into the dash and powers on.

EMERGENCY SERVICES MANAGEMENT HEADQUARTERS

An EMS OPERATOR and a SUPERVISOR stare at the screen. Engine 53 pops onto the screen.

EMS OPERATOR
There it is. What the hell?

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE

Madame Purcell pulls up in a yellow Volkswagen. Todd climbs in and they drive off. Sirens can be heard approaching.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT
MR. FITZ, MRS. FITZ and JOSH cower in the corner, eyes bugging out of their faces. Mrs. Fitz clutches a CRUCIFIX. Lights flicker.

They are pummeled by a sonic onslaught of rumbling booms, inhuman shrieks, metal-on-metal, tearing and hissing. The noise and flashing rise to a terrible crescendo.

SILENCE. DARKNESS.

The Fitz family breathes heavily in the darkness.

CLICK. One light goes on in a bedroom at the end of the hall.

MRS. FITZ
Go check.

Mr. Fitz gives her a look like "what are you fucking kidding me?" He slowly stands.

JOSH
No. Don't!

MR. GULICK
It's ok. I'll be right back.

Mr. Fitz stands up. He stalks towards the end of the hallway. His breath mists in front of him.

The light at the end of the hall goes out. He stands in darkness for a moment. A single tract-lighting bulb goes on creating a pool of light a few steps in front of him.

MADAME PURCELL'S CAR

TODD
If the demon just burned the depot down it would release all the entities to their most recent owners or back to the Dry Place. Chaos. But with the OTS log and the names of all the entities he could have commanded them en masse.

MADAME PURCELL
To what end?

TODD
Bad shit. I think this is about unfinished business in Enfield.

MADAME PURCELL
How could he find the place? It's sanctified, invisible to the demonic.

TODD
We led him right to it. It's all on us. We should have seen it. It was right in front of our eyes.

GOTH KIDS IN THE TRIPPING FIELD

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Satanic kids in the Tripping Field were burning a white candle and from where they sat, their pentagram was one point up.

MADAME PURCELL
They were casting a spell of protection. They weren't Satanists. They were of the Old Religion.

TODD
They weren't attacking anyone. Of course. Why would they be killing each other off? They were under attack. It was right in front of our faces. What ELSE am I not seeing?

THE FITZ HOUSE

Mr. Fitz looks back at his family, then towards the pool of light. He steps into it. The light goes out. Another bulb goes on creating another island of light. He steps into that.

The light goes out. One more bulb lights up. He steps into the light. It goes out.

Darkness. Then the light in the bedroom at the end of the hallway goes on. He walks in. Silence.

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We thought we had a witch problem.

MR. GULICK'S FACE frozen. Is it terror? Is he dead?

MR. FITZ
No.

BOOM! Mr. Fitz slams up against the wall in the hallway. The house shakes.

MAUREEN FITZ raises up in the air. An utterly unholy vision, her flesh is every color but human colored and her eyes flash a malefic blue interspersed with crimson. Foul, ghastly shrieks erupt from deep within her. She floats straight at Mr. Fitz.

Mr. Fitz picks up a pair of scissors and puts it between him and IT. He backs up against the wall, howling in fear.

BOOM! Mr. Fitz drops to the floor REAL hard and empty handed. Mike stands behind him. Holding the scissors.

Maureen flies over their heads, crashes into the wall and slumps to the ground sobbing.

TODD (V.O.)
But what we have is a witch hunters problem.

LATER

Maureen wrapped in a blanket, sips cocoa. Dr. Morris takes her pulse.

MADAME PURCELL
There's witch blood in the witch mud.

FATHER MULLIGAN
The earth from the execution sites loaded into the dolls acted as invitations and picked a victim.
Hunting dolls.

MADAME PURCELL
Your people call them Mahoygans.
(to Dr. Morris)
Your people call them Golems.

TODD
(to Mike)
What do your people call them?

MIKE
Time and a half.
TODD
So they picked the victims and the demon wanted their souls?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Perhaps it wanted three more girls like it got in 1691.

MIKE
No. The girls were just gravy. What he was after were the dads. The demon is pulling apart families, getting dads to kill daughters, like it did in 1691.

MRS. FITZ
And you think this Father Titus did this? How did he exorcise Maureen before?

TODD
He didn't. He just paused his own attack on her.

MR. FITZ
And he's just a guy who is possessed?

MIKE
No. He's a Perfect Possession. That's why holy water did nothing on him when we tested him. We tested you too. Sorry.

FATHER MULLIGAN
I know. He pulls people apart. That's what he does.

MR. FITZ
And he's human?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Human but doing the demon's will. And now, my dear little one, I'd like to do the job that he was not able to do. If that's alright with you.

MAUREEN FITZ
You want to exorcise me?

FATHER MULLIGAN
Only if it's ok with you.

MAUREEN FITZ
Sure.

FATHER MULLIGAN
I can do the Catholic Rituale Romanum if you think of yourself as a Christian or Madame Purcell can perform a cleansing in the ways of the Old Religion.

MAUREEN FITZ
I practice the Old Religion.

She looks quickly at her parents.

MRS. FITZ
It's ok.

MIKE
Guys!

Mike reaches in Father Mulligan's pocket and pulls a bottle. He unscrews the lid and a joint falls out.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Other bottle please.

Father Mulligan hands him the holy water. Mike shakes some on Maureen. Nothing.

MRS. FITZ
Why did she react so violently to the holy water before?

MIKE
It wasn't holy water. It was unholy water. I touched some by mistake and it gave me a rash. But behold.

Mike shakes some holy water on Mr. Fitz. He jumps.

MR. FITZ
What the? Why are you throwing acid on me?

Mike takes a swig of the holy water, then sprinkles some on Mr. Fitz. Same reaction.

TODD
We don't have a witch problem. We have a witch hunters problem.
FATHER MULLIGAN
Mr. Fitz.

MR. FITZ
Catholic please.

FATHER MULLIGAN
I think we're going to need as much help as we can get on this.

Dr. Morris puts a BP cuff on Mr. Fitz. Shoto Manaka lights incense, sits in seiza, folds his hands in a Shingon gasho and begins softly chanting sutras. Madame Purcell pulls out a small, hand bound leather parchment book and begins chanting softly.

MRS. FITZ
Come on kids.

Josh and Maureen sit next to Mrs. Fitz as she opens the bible and begins reciting the Lord's Prayer. Josh joins her. Mrs. Fitz stops, looks at Maureen.

MRS. FITZ (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

Maureen gets up and sits next to Madame Purcell who gives her a one-arm hug and lets her read along in her book.

Todd and Mike off to the side speak in low tones.

TODD
So he's got two dead girls and the souls of two fathers who killed their daughters.

MIKE
We gotta talk to the Sheriff about that.

TODD
Yeah. If we're successful here, we'll have stopped him at number two. Demons love threes. What did we miss?

MIKE
We've been playing catch up on this bad boy the whole time. If we figured it out, I don't trust it. And why us? Why so much effort to mess with us?

Dr. Morris overheard this, steps over.

**DR. MORRIS**
You guys still don't get it do you? You guys face the same hazards the exorcists do but you get no glory and you have no protection from the church. It's your humility that makes you guys so powerful.

**TODD**
Us? Powerful?

**DR. MORRIS**
Without you guys around, the egos inflated like crazy and we all started fighting. We fractured into our respective dogmas and stopped working together.

Mike and Todd take this around.

**TODD**
So he needed to blow up our egos too. Take us out of the picture?

**MIKE**
Shit. What else did we miss? Did we make it worse?

**INT. OWSLEY MANOR - NIGHT**

**CHAPEL** - Owsley looks over his dead, beautiful bride, his eyes full of longing and pain and hope. He goes downstairs, down into

**THE BASEMENT** - Owsley speaks to figure hunched in the corner

**OWSLEY**
Tonight's the night. You said. Please. I've done everything you asked of me. Please.

The figure spins around it is FATHER TITUS but he is crimson colored and has hooked horns coming out of his forehead. Owsley gasps.

**FATHER TITUS**
Don't pretend you didn't know!
INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Fitz twitches uncomfortably on the chair.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Something's wrong.

MADAME PURCELL
You're right.

FATHER MULLIGAN
We should have been able to provoke something by now. What is going on here? Everybody just stop for a moment.

MIKE
Holy shit.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Yes, Michael?

Mike walks over to Mrs. Fitz, points to her bible.

MIKE
May I?

She hands him the bible. He flips the pages. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. Hands it to Father Mulligan who examines it too. Nothing. Mike takes it back. Stares at it in frustration. He tears the pages out of the binding. Everyone gasps at this blasphemous act. Is Mike possessed now? He hands pages to Todd who also tries to find something amiss.

DR. MORRIS
Did someone fart?

Puzzled looks.

FATHER MULLIGAN
The demonic often presents with foul smells. Y'all know that.

MIKE
No! Nobody farted. It's these pages!

Shoto Manaka gasps.
SHOTO MANAKA
I once assisted the Christian missionaries back in Japan on an exorcism and they encountered this. The ink in that bible is made of human excrement and blood.

FATHER MULLIGAN
It's a Black Bible. Every prayer uttered from it is an abomination. It's why we can't get any traction here. Your prayers are undoing ours.

TODD
We put one of those in every home we visited with Father Titus.

MIKE
He vandalized the family bibles and replaced them with Black Bibles. We removed anything associated with the Old Religion that could have battled him as well.

TODD
We gave away dozens at the mass deliverance.

MIKE
And I delivered hundreds to the post office. No wonder we figured out all his previous plans. Every prayer uttered from every one of those black bibles will allow the demonic entry to our world.

TODD
We're not heroes. We're didn't save Enfield. We didn't save anyone. We've destroyed everything. We weren't man enough. We're sissies.

MIKE
We're dummies.

Mike and Todd throw down their OTS hats in disgust.

INT. OWSLEY MANOR - NIGHT
BASEMENT
FATHER TITUS
Go to her. You will find her as she was. She is free.

Owsley runs upstairs to

THE CHAPEL

He enters and finds Anqelique bloated and popped. He chokes on the foul ethers emitted from her corpse. Father Titus can be heard laughing.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

An air of shock still hangs in the air.

MIKE
We'll never track those bibles down. Is there anything we can do?

MADAME PURCELL
Maybe. Get to the site of the executions - where the innocent blood was spilled and the earth was taken for the Mahoygans. Nearby there will be a sigil hidden. It's a symbol on a piece of parchment. Don't look at it. Destroy it.

TODD
Will that work?

MADAME PURCELL
I don't know. Go!

FATHER MULLIGAN
Wait.
(to Mr. Fitz)
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit
I command you, unclean spirit to reveal your name.

MR. FITZ
(creaky, metallic voice)
You'd shudder to hear it.

FATHER MULLIGAN
Tell me!

MR. FITZ
Erihon.
FATHER MULLIGAN
Lies! Tell me your name, in the name of the
heavenly father I command you to tell me the truth!

MR. FITZ
IT IS ERIHON!!!!

MRS. FITZ
Is that bad?

TODD
He's one of the nine infernal devils.

FATHER MULLIGAN
We'll keep going here until we finish then we'll join
you there. Good luck.

MRS. FITZ
Is it because this is the town that killed the last three
witches?

DR. MORRIS
No Ma'am. You're forgetting your own history. This
is the town that ended the witch hunts but not by
killing the last witches.

INT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - NIGHT

Father Titus, looking human again, on the phone.

FATHER TITUS
Hello I'd like to report an intruder on the grounds at
Ye Olde Enfield.

ON THE ROAD

The OTS Van approaches and pulls in to

YE OLD ENFIELD

It's so much worse at night. Mike and Todd creep up to the Burning
Diorama. They look around for the sigil. Nothing.

TODD
This isn't right.
MIKE
They weren't killed here. Bad trip rock?

They run into and across the TRIPPING FIELD. As he slows from full run, Todd leans against the large glacial erratic known as BAD TRIP ROCK and he he gasps.

TODD
It was here. Oh, no. Oh no.

1691 FLASHBACK

1691 A.D.

And YOU are the witch, staring out of the hole at a group of Puritan villagers staring at you. YOU are pulled from the hole, dragged to a stake and tied to it.

MICHAEL HOLCOMBE - The Witchfinder General of the Connecticut Colony reads from a scroll. All YOU hear is your heartbeat.

POV FINALLY SPINS AROUND TO REVEAL THE WITCHES

THEY ARE NOT FILTHY OLD HAGS. THEY ARE TEENAGED GIRLS, NOT EVEN THE SAME AGE AS MAUREEN

A man takes a burning stick from a nearby fire and places it at their feet. The flames rise and rise as they scan the faces of the villagers. They are a sea of emotions: disgust, righteousness, horror and some outright glee.

The flames rise. Horrible screams can be heard. Then it all goes dead silent as the onlookers' faces are sprayed with blood and fluid.

DR. MORRIS (V.O.)
It's not in the history books but many historians speculate that the baby that erupted from Hannah's belly when the fire split her open was that of the Witchfinder General's. I believe that is the case.

The villagers are horrified.

DR. MORRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The villagers woke up at that instant and asked "what have we been doing to each other and why?" Could anything that drives us to this possibly be called God's work? Charles Endicott was visiting from
Salem and witnessed the murders and when he
returned to Salem he asked the same questions and
the land returned to sanity.

1691 FADES AWAY to find Todd leaning against Bad Trip Rock
completely devastated.

FATHER TITUS
I'd like to congratulate you on a job well done, men.

TODD
Where is it?

OWSLEY
It's in that tree right there. There's a knothole, it's
tucked in there.

Todd walks over to the tree, fishes out a plastic bag. Inside is a small
piece of parchment.

A searchlight beam lights him up.

SHERIFF WATSON
Freeze or I will blow your fuckin brains out.

FATHER TITUS
Good evening Sheriff. These gentlemen are
trespassing.

SHERIFF WATSON
Drop whatever is in your hand or I'll shoot you.

TODD
It's just a piece of paper.

The hammer pulls back on the "old guy gun." Todd drops it.

SHERIFF WATSON
How ya doin, Mr. Owsley?

OWSLEY
I've been better, Sheriff Watson. That piece of paper
is my property and I'd like it please.

SHERIFF WATSON
Sure.
TODD
Sheriff Watson, I am begging you, please do not look at that piece of paper.

SHERIFF WATSON
What is it, kiddie porn? Acid?

The Sheriff unfolds it and looks at the symbol. He goes a little glassy eyed.

OWSLEY
Please return it to me.

SHERIFF WATSON
Sure thing.

He hands it to Father Titus instead and promptly leaves.

FATHER TITUS
Such a nice try. But it's over, gentlemen. All of it. He's finished.

TODD
He? You mean you? You're a Perfect Possession.

FATHER TITUS
Me? No. And thanks for burning the fuck out of me with that holy water you little asshole. I'm just along for the ride. I was on death row for killing kids. He came to me and made me an offer.

MIKE
You're a Ratavah. You bargained your way out of the dry place.

FATHER TITUS
He came to me on death row and made me an offer. I refused.

AN EXECUTION CHAMBER.

Prisoner Titus is strapped to a table as the Med Techs prepare the IV solution. They prep the spot, deliver the shot.

Prisoner Titus falls into darkness. His eyes open. His face goes tight with horror. His eyes go all red.
FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
I saw the Dry Place for a fraction of a millisecond and I quickly agreed to do anything he told me to.

TODD
But he's in there too? We're talking to him right now?

His eyes go black.

FATHER TITUS
What's on your mind, cupcake?

MIKE
We'd like to make a bargain.

FATHER TITUS
Oh goody. Speak.

TODD
We want to be Ratavahs too.

FATHER TITUS
You think you're going to the Dry Place?

MIKE
We deserve to.

FATHER TITUS
And you'd like to send someone in your place. Who shall it be? Father Mulligan? Maureen? Who?

TODD
We don't want out. We want in.

FATHER TITUS
What?

TODD
We want to go instead of others.

FATHER TITUS
Who?

MIKE
Mr. Gulick, Mr. Kolf, the dead girls, anyone you've taken from this town.

FATHER TITUS
Five people for just you two?

MIKE
We are a juicy prize for the infernal hierarchy. We've done more to harm and thwart the demonic realm than any laypeople in history.

TODD
We are Occult Trucking and Storage and we are about to die.

FATHER TITUS
Well. That's interesting. I think I better show you exactly what you'll be getting for all eternity. Let me show you the Dry Place.

He waves his hand. Todd and Mike fall to their knees as their eyes go black. They are back out of it in a second.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)
Is this still what you want?

MIKE AND TODD
YES IT FUCKING IS!

Father Titus stares a moment. Blank. Then rage. An unfathomable, cosmic, preternatural rage.

FATHER TITUS
YOU BASTARDS!

He falls backwards to the ground. Black mists swirl out of his lifeless body which promptly decomposes and vanishes into the earth.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

There are two ceremonies going on simultaneously.

TODD (V.O.)
The earth from the original execution was moved to consecrated ground. A Christian ceremony was performed for Emily and Hannah and Madame
Purcell spoke for Abigail who practiced the Old Religion.

There are a lot of people there. One little girl is over at the Christian ritual but her attention keeps being drawn to Madame Purcell who smiles at her. The ceremonies closed, people walk away looking happy, content.

Mike and Todd look over into the woods, not sure they're seeing what they see.

EMILY, HANNAH and ABIGAIL looking back at them. And in a blink they are gone.

Walking out of the cemetary, they pass Owsley in a suit standing over a grave marked ANGELIQUE. He is surrounded/supported by an honor guard of other aging rock stars. He catches Mike's eye. Mike touches his heart. Keith nods, wipes a tear.

As they leave, they spot Sheriff Watson sitting on his car.

SHERIFF WATSON
Don't come back to my town.

Sheriff Watson pulls his shades down, revealing eyes that glint with unnatural colors.

TODD
I can make no such promise.

The chords of a classic rock anthem begin to ripple.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

Mike and Todd sit and sip beverages with the other exorcists. The mood is quiet but nice.

The classic rock anthem continues to swell.

OUTSIDE THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The sign is still there. "YES WE HAVE WISHY WISH!" There's a guy on the box and on the poster. Hawklike features. Piercing blue eyes. He looks an awful lot like THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL

The classic rock anthem is in full force as we
FADE THE FUCK OUT