

Rectified: The Recollection | V 7.5

by
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(Based on, Rectified: *The Short Film, Rectified*)

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OPENING CREDITS

Intercut with the credits are various animated paintings depicting the story of SAINT SEBASTIAN and a DEMON (FLAUROS) battling each other. Eventually the DEMON consumes the SAINT. The SAINT morphs into a giant shadow with fiery eyes. The shadow fills the frame.

FADE IN:

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Paul, a greying, middle-aged man of the cloth, is walking in and out of the pews, picking up the odd printed psalm and misplaced Bible and replacing them to their rightful homes. He comes across a pair of glasses and whispers to himself.

FATHER PAUL

Mr. Naughton...

Father Paul grins, puts the glasses into his breast pocket.

He makes his way to the main doors. He checks that they are locked for the night.

Satisfied, he heads toward the altar, down the middle aisle. He looks up and down the pews one last time out of habit.

A faint clunking sound is heard from the direction of the doors he just locked.

Father Paul turns to look...

The doors slowly swing open.

FATHER PAUL

(concerned)

Ah... Hello?

He slowly steps toward the open doors. As he gets closer he notices smoke rising from the doors. He glances around...

FATHER PAUL

We are closed for the night, but if it's shelter you need I may be able to help you find a bed somewhere...

As he gets closer to the doors he sees that the handles are no longer attached. There is a smoldering mess at the threshold of the church and where the handles once were there are only holes and smoke. Father Paul's fear intensifies.

FATHER PAUL

Uh... We don't have anything here
for you... you-you can take what
little money we have...

What sounds like an unnatural sigh is heard somewhere behind him. He turns abruptly.

FATHER PAUL

Please... What do you...

Starting at his feet and trailing up the middle aisle to the altar are what seem to be photographs.

Father Paul picks one up and is shocked by what he sees.

He follows the trail, picking up photos as he goes. He begins to cry.

FATHER PAUL

No, please... You don't understand!

Just as he makes it to the altar there is a loud slamming sound from behind him. He spins around to see --

The front doors have been closed. Standing within the shadows is a large, cloaked, silhouetted FIGURE with glowing eyes.

FATHER PAUL

I... I...

Father Paul backs toward the altar, trembling.

The silhouette makes its way up the center aisle towards the priest. Just as it gets to Father Paul --

All of the candles in the church blow out.

INT. PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

JAMO, a medium build forty year old male sits in a hospital gown on the edge of an exam table. His feet dangle as he nervously awaits the doctor.

The door opens, a PHYSICIAN walks in, placing a chart and his glasses on the counter across from them. Jamo props himself up. There is an odd silence as the doctor looks at the chart and Jamo awaits a response.

PHYSICIAN
Your labs look fine. The only
thing that comes to mind is your
stressful job. What do you do to
unwind?

The physician walks over to Jamo.

JAMO
I really don't have much time to--

The physician grabs underneath his neck, checks his thyroid
glands. Jamo's eyes roll up and he gives an uneasy look.

JAMO
I guess you could say I... picked
up an old habit.

PHYSICIAN
Uh-huh, smoking again?

JAMO
No... painting.

PHYSICIAN
That's interesting.

JAMO
Yeah... Well, I've always been a
good artist, thought the painting
approach would help keep things
fresh. After a while it helped me
see things I never caught before on
the job.

PHYSICIAN
Do you drink heavily?

JAMO
(sigh)
No.

PHYSICIAN
Any pre-existing head injuries?

JAMO
(stern)
No.

PHYSICIAN
How's your diet?

JAMO

Junk.

PHYSICIAN

Use illegal drugs?

Jamo gives him a dumb look. The physician stops, removes his hands from his neck.

PHYSICIAN

How are your energy levels? Do you feel tired all the time?

JAMO

I can't remember the last time I had time to devote to sleep.

PHYSICIAN

I realize that what you do seems important, and it is, but ask yourself, what is more important?

Jamo casts him a nervous smile.

PHYSICIAN

I don't think there is anything wrong with you physically. It could be just the normal aging process, everyone forgets things now and then. By the sound of it, you just need a vacation.

JAMO

Can you write a prescription for that?

Jamo jumps off the table.

PHYSICIAN

Leland, I've seen a lot of you guys go down this road, being burned out at the end of a long career. Start thinking about yourself now. You can't save the world all the time.

Jamo's phone vibrates. He turns, staring at it... The call to save the world has actually come through.

EXT. FATHER PAUL'S CHURCH - DAY

Jamo pulls up to the scene. He exits the vehicle and walks under the police caution tape.

As Jamo approaches, CAPTAIN MICHAELS holds out a hand, looking at his watch.

JAMO
Don't give me that look, I'm here.

Jamo grabs the crime scene briefing and reads over it.

CAPT. MICHAELS
It's pretty sad when the media
beats the lead investigator to his
own crime scene.

Michaels motions to the line of MEDIA HOUNDS waiting behind the tape. Jamo shrugs, turns his focus back to the briefing.

JAMO
What difference does it make? Dead
is dead, he's not going anywhere.

CAPT. MICHAELS
You're going to give me a damn
heart attack!

Jamo and Michaels enter the church.

INT. FATHER PAUL'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Jamo and Michaels walk into the crime scene...

Hanging upside down are the gutted remains of Father Paul. His torso hangs on a cross, his insides strewn about the room.

Michaels analyzes the room with disgust.

CAPT. MICHAELS
What the fuck am I looking at?!

Jamo crouches, pulls out his notebook and traces an outline of the crime scene. He puts on a pair of latex gloves. As he examines the crime scene, he cycles the fingers on each hand simultaneously in some sort of habitual motion.

A flash goes off; a PHOTOGRAPHER moves to see the CORONER bagging what he can.

Jamo sits in a pew toward the front of the church. Michaels approaches and sits next to him.

CAPT. MICHAELS
Twenty-seven years, you think
you've seen it all.

Jamo pulls off the bloody latex gloves.

JAMO
I don't know why you're still here.
I would have retired by now.

Michaels stretches his arms on the pew.

CAPT. MICHAELS
And do what?

JAMO
Probably become an alcoholic.

CAPT. MICHAELS
I figure three more years will get
me up to seventy-five percent of my
retirement, I can cash out now
with sixty-six.

Jamo notices a burn mark on the pew he is in. He rubs it
with his finger.

CAPT. MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Besides, latest statistics on
retired cops say they only have a
few years once they leave the job.

JAMO
Oh yeah. Then what?

CAPT. MICHAELS
Then we see how accurate these
statistics are.

The photographer walks up to Jamo.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Detective, if you don't mind me
asking, what could do that to the
front door?

JAMO
Do what?

They stand up and walk over to the door -- which has metal
globs melted around it.

JAMO
What the...?

Jamo examines the side of the lock, putting three of his
fingers through the hole.

JAMO
Melted all the way through.

CAPT. MICHAELS
That's a new one. What happened to
old-fashioned lock picks?

The camera FLASHES.

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

LIGHTNING. Heavy rain. A well-dressed young woman, CHRISTY HARRIS, runs to her car.

As she fumbles with the keys, the silhouettes of two men, FREDDY and CARLOS JAVIER, lurk in the distance.

She looks over at them, fumbles even more but the keys fall in a puddle. Quickly bending down, she picks up the keys then peers over at the men who --

Are no longer there.

She is violently grabbed from behind, dragged into an alley, past some BUMS.

CARLOS
Fuck off and mind your business.

Freddy reveals a gun and the bums skulk away, scared.

The two thugs tear the woman's clothing and grope her.

FREDDY
Don't fight it! You got it coming
looking the way you do.

9 Seated on a set of metal fire escape stairs in the shadows is a large figure. Rain drips off his hat, steam rises from his whole body, his eyes GLOW as he watches Carlos and Freddy beat the woman. She shrieks and on the final blow -- she stops fighting. The creature's eyes squint with her yelp.

Carlos starts to undo his pants. As he closes in, he looks up and catches a glimpse of the large figure...

THE RECTIFIER wipes his mouth and drops to the ground as the fire escape springs back up.

Rectifier walks toward them. His glowing eyes narrow as he approaches.

Freddy grabs and holds the woman by the mouth, she starts to struggle again.

Carlos walks toward the man.

CARLOS
Don't you pieces of shit listen? I
told you get the fuck out of here!

RECTIFIER

...

CARLOS
Hey, I'm talking to you. What, you
like to watch or something? Get the
fuck out of here...

Carlos pulls a knife, grits his teeth.

CARLOS
Or I'm gonna cut you up, asshole!

The Rectifier does not move.

CARLOS
I'm serious, you fuck...

Carlos lunges the knife into the Rectifier's stomach. The Rectifier stops, looks down, then slowly pulls the knife out. The knife blade is melted and drips.

Carlos backs off.

The Rectifier throws the handle to the side and stands to his full capacity -- he dwarfs Carlos. Freddy's jaw drops.

FREDDY
Holy s-shit...

Carlos tries to run, but the Rectifier grabs the back of his neck, presses him against the wall, feet dangling and kicking. Rectifier's hand burns through Carlos' neck, decapitating him.

Carlos' head falls by their feet.

Freddy runs off screaming as Carlos' headless body flops to the ground, still twitching.

The Rectifier walks to Christy who is struggling to move away. The Rectifier bends down and looks at her. Christy's head is tilted down, shaking as she hides her face.

The Rectifier grabs her arms, picks her up like a rag-doll and stares into her face...

EXT. FIELDS - DAY - 1919 (FLASHBACK)

Christy's face morphs into that of a woman, MARYBETH, laughing in a field, staring back; the facial features remarkably resemble a loved one the Rectifier once knew, sparking a memory of being human at one time...

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The Rectifier comes back to reality and realizes that the sleeves of the woman's leather coat are beginning to smoke.

He lets her go, she flops to the ground. She pulls off the smoking coat and throws it near her shoes in a puddle.

Rectifier looks agitated as she has sparked a lost memory.

HARRIS huddles in a fetal position as Rectifier walks away.

EXT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jamo's car pulls up to the parking garage, stops at the entrance. The door comes to life and shimmies upwards. Jamo doesn't even wait for it to reach the top before he pulls in.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jamo makes his way to his numbered parking space.

INT. JAMO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jamo turns the car off. He grabs for his last Ho-Ho and finds an empty wrapper, grimaces like he lost a friend. He turns to see -- the car in the next space is too close.

EXT. JAMO'S CAR - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jamo presses his face against the door window and looks down at the yellow dividing line of his space. The car next to his is on the line.

Jamo tries opening his door enough to get out, but it is stopped by the opposing car. He tries to squeeze through, but to no avail. He sighs.

INT. JAMO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jamo slams the door shut.

JAMO
Son-of-a... fuckin'... Jesus!

Jamo brushes his collection of wrappers on the passenger seat to the floor, climbing across the console, over the passenger seat, banging a few things along the way.

EXT. JAMO'S CAR - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jamo opens the passenger door and climbs out.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jamo grabs his mail from the box.

He walks to the elevator, pushes the up button.

The elevator creeps down from the fourth floor. The doors open and in the elevator is an elderly woman, MRS. DOWLING, with a cane and a fluffy little dog under her other arm. Jamo holds the doors for her. The dog growls at Jamo.

MRS. DOWLING
Oh! Heavens, thank you, Leland.

JAMO
How are you, Mrs. Dowling?

Mrs. Dowling makes her way out of the elevator.

MRS. DOWLING
You working late tonight, I see?

JAMO
Just coming in off my shift.

The doors of the elevator try to shut, bouncing Jamo forward, but Jamo is still holding them open while he talks to Mrs. Dowling, who is taking her time exiting the elevator.

MRS. DOWLING
Every time I see you, Leland,
you're coming home from work.

JAMO
Seems that way, huh? Guess I work
a lot these days, Mrs. Dowling.

MRS. DOWLING
Doesn't leave much time to spend
with that nice girl I see you
with... Beth, is it?

Jamo smiles. The elevator doors click again.

JAMO
Oh, Mrs. Dowling, I haven't seen...
Beth for almost four months now.

MRS. DOWLING
See? That's because you work too
much. You'll never find yourself
getting married that way, Leland.

She pokes him with her cane. The fluffy dog growls again.

JAMO
Right about that one, Mrs. Dowling.

She turns and makes her way toward the front doors.

MRS. DOWLING
Of course I am. My Frank, god rest
his soul, always said you were his
best officer.

JAMO
He was a good man.

MRS. DOWLING
He also said that you work too
hard.

JAMO
I guess you're both right.

Mrs. Dowling's little dog looks over her shoulder at Jamo. Jamo makes a throat-cutting motion to the dog. The dog growls. Before he can turn back to the elevator, the elevator doors close. Jamo pushes the button and sighs.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness. Sound of jiggling keys and locks. Jamo opens the door, walks in. Flicks the light on, revealing his modest bachelor apartment. Simple furnishings and slightly dusty.

Jamo unravels his nightly routine; first goes to the kitchen.

Along the way he walks past framed newspaper clippings of him receiving commendations for his police work. A young Jamo standing next to a man in uniform, shaking his hand. One headline reads: "Officer burned trying to save girl."

JAMO'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He puts his keys in a bowl on the counter along with a handful of change and receipts. The kitchen is clean aside from a mug that says "#1 Son", in the sink.

He opens the refridgerator, pushes aside fruit and vegetables to grab a beer.

JAMO'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo takes off his jacket, opens a closet, hangs it.

He presses PLAY on his answering machine, sits on the couch.

ANSWERING MACHINE - JAMO (O.S.)

Leland here. I'm never home, so
leave me a message or call my cell
which I probably won't answer
anyway... BEEP!

Jamo flips through mail: Maxim, junk mail, letter from the City of Detroit's Department of Legal Affairs. He opens it.

ANSWERING MACHINE - MOM (O.S.)

Leland, it's your mother. You've
probably already left for work. I
just wanted to say thank you for
lunch yesterday. It was great to
see you. You look so tired all the
time though. What did the doctor
have to say about your memory?

Jamo rolls his eyes as he pulls out the letter.

ANSWERING MACHINE - MOM (O.S.)

Have you been eating the fruit I gave you? Fruit is food for thought. The avocados are delicious, I made guacamole with mine, oh... I should have given you--

BEEP!

Jamo inspects the letter...

A notice of disposition from the deposition on the lawsuit entered for being liable for the child lost in the fire.

ANSWERING MACHINE - JUDITH (O.S.)

This is Judith from the city library, calling Mr. Leland Jamo as a reminder regarding overdue books: *Theoretical Physics and Our Universe, Clinical Depression: A Light in the Dark* and *The World of Pastries*. Please return them as soon as possible. Thank you.

BEEP!

Jamo swigs beer, gives the answering machine the finger. He gets up, takes off his tie and walks to the next room.

JAMO'S APARTMENT SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Furnished with an old desk and what looks like an old wooden office chair from the 1920's. Scattered around are paintings of various sizes, depicting different crime scenes, some are unfinished.

Jamo walks to the far corner of the room where there is an empty easel next a small window.

He takes off his shirt, leaving on his white undershirt -- exposing extensive burn scars around his left side, up to his shoulder and part of his left bicep.

He reaches under the desk, pulls out an empty canvas and puts it on the easel. He takes a well-worn palette and tubes of paint from the desk, puts a series of colors on the palette. He sifts through a pile of brushes to find his favorite. He pushes play on a CD player next to a stack of beat-up CDs.

Jamo takes a sip of beer and begins painting...

He applies a series of strokes, then pauses to stare out the nearby window... It's raining outside.

He paints, pauses to gaze outside, repeats this a few times.

QUICK FLASHES:

Fire raging...

A young girl's voice crying and screaming.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Jamo jolts awake as his cell phone rings.

He's still sitting in the old chair in front of the painting, which is unfinished but is beginning to resemble the church crime scene from the night before. Like the rest of the paintings, it is completely accurate and detailed.

Jamo stands and answers his phone. He grimaces in pain from sleeping in the chair.

JAMO

This is Jamo... Be there in ten.

Jamo hangs up, takes another look at the unfinished painting.

INT. CITY MORGUE - MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamo walks into the autopsy room where the remains of Father Paul rest under medical sheets. Jamo glances around, starts to lift a sheet when the MEDICAL EXAMINER barrels in.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No peeking, Jamo. I don't think you want to compromise *another* case.

JAMO

I wasn't do-

MEDICAL EXAMINER

-Sure you weren't.

Medical Examiner grabs the sheet from Jamo and pulls it off the remains.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I've never seen anything like this
before, maybe you can make
something of it.

He shows him marks burned into the priest's organs.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Anything you come across, gang
symbol, maybe?

Jamo puts his glasses on and takes a long look.

JAMO
No... Nothing I've ever seen.
(sarcastic)
What is that, a piece of fruit?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
That's a kidney.

JAMO
Oh... Got fruit on the mind lately.

On the table are other organs with the same partial symbol
burned into them.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Typically with violent cases we
would find skin tissue or blood
beneath the fingernails.

He lifts up one of the cadaver's hands and examines it.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
But this guy only has his own
tissue under them.

JAMO
No defensive wounds either.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Nothing to indicate. He doesn't
have any superficial lesions,
bruises, signs of blunt trauma...
kinda like he let it happen.

JAMO
Who sits down and takes something
like this without any kind of fight
or struggle?

Jamo gets a text message. Torn between looking at the note and the evidence, he checks his phone: 10-49.

JAMO

Jesus!

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Work never ends in your field.

Jamo turns the phone, showing him the code.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Hmmm... Or mine, I see.

JAMO

So, what about the lack of blood?
How does someone dismember a live
body without getting a single drop
somewhere?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

In my professional opinion?

JAMO

Well, whatever opinion you have
would be good.

The Medical Examiner gestures as he explains his theory...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It seems like someone took a hot
object and used it to sear through
his entire anatomy, piece by piece.

JAMO

You mean cauterized everything as
he sliced him up?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It looks that way.

Jamo is perplexed. He looks at one of the cauterized wounds.

JAMO

So, what kind of instrument can do
that?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I couldn't say offhand... a super-
heated blade? Laser?

JAMO

Should I put out an APB on Flash Gordon?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I could see that he let it happen if he was dead.

JAMO

Huh?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

All the evidence suggests that he was alive.

(points to upper arm)

I can only speculate of course, but I'd say he was being held up with the very object that tore into him.

He points to the thighs on the other table.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

The samples taken under his fingernails match his own DNA, which match the dig marks on his thighs, and are the only wounds that show any sign of bleeding.

He points to the neck region.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

These dig marks here, however, have a larger groove than you see on his thigh, much larger, and have the same distinct cauterizing burn mark. Much more distinct than the others. Almost like...

JAMO

Like what?

The Medical Examiner holds his hands up in place of the marks. The grooves on the body are much larger than his hands.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Almost like the mark of a man's hands. Except hot enough to burn into him.

Jamo gets a second message updating the call.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Detective, this is a premature meeting, go to your call. I'll have a full report for you and hopefully know more.

JAMO

Yeah, OK. You call me as soon as you find *anything*.

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Blue lights flash in the alley, Jamo enters the scene through the light. Several COPS move around the scene, performing various duties. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos. Jamo hands the police photographer his card.

JAMO

Get me copies.

The cameraman looks at the card, recognizes him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sure, Detective.

JAMO

Three-in-ones and close-ups of anything... strange.

Photographer gives him the look, "*Don't tell me how to do my job.*"

Jamo walks over to a group of officers.

JAMO

Someone want to give me the low down?

OFFICER 1

We got dispatched with Rescue to a man-down call. First on scene, I walk in, see a decapitated body.

The Officer points to the nearby dumpster.

JAMO

Where's the head?

OFFICER 1

About three feet from the body, sir.

(MORE)

OFFICER 1(cont'd)

There's also a woman's jacket lying near the body, that's all I saw before I traced my steps back and sealed the area off.

Jamo surveys the intact crime scene, impressed.

JAMO

Good job. Any witnesses?

OFFICER 1

911 call was anonymous, Sarge has a crew canvassing and questioning the neighborhood, but right now we got jack to go on.

JAMO

Okay. Keep me informed.

The OFFICER nods, walks off. Jamo walks to the nearby dumpster as he puts on a pair of latex gloves. He quickly cycles his fingers -- his nervous habit.

Beside the dumpster is a headless body. Jamo kneels down, looking at the neck. It is obviously cauterized. He looks around the surrounding area.

JAMO

No blood.

Jamo steps over the where the head is, crouches down again and examines its base. It too is cauterized. Jamo looks over to where the photographer is.

JAMO

Hey! You got all this?

The photographer looks over his camera at Jamo.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yep.

Jamo rolls the head over to see the face. He looks at it for a second and then looks over to the leather jacket nearby.

He walks over and lifts it up. He notices the sleeves have scorch marks on them. The placement of the marks are similar to those on Father Paul's arms. He looks at one of the sleeves more closely. It has the same symbol burnt in it that he saw on the Priest's body.

He checks the size, rummages through the jacket, finds a bag of white powder in the pocket. He peers at it.

BRECKEN

I hope you're not stealing my evidence.

Jamo turns to BRECKEN, a sturdy man with a goatee and salt-and-pepper hair, in a suit and overcoat, standing over him.

JAMO

Not likely.

Jamo holds the bag up, stands to shake hands. Brecken looks at the latex-gloved hand, raises a brow and leaves it hanging. Jamo turns the shake into a middle finger and smiles smugly.

JAMO

I thought you were on another camping trip or something.

BRECKEN

I do have a life outside police work, Jamo.

Jamo ignores the comment and walks back to the severed head.

JAMO

Look familiar?

BRECKEN

Carlos Javier. Small-time meth pusher.

Brecken sips his steaming coffee.

JAMO

Was a small-time meth pusher. The dumbass that almost blew himself up creating a lab in his basement... And I actually remember that.

Brecken moves forward.

BRECKEN

No big loss. What's this?

Brecken gloves up, kneels to examine what used to be a knife.

JAMO

Looks like a knife handle... look at the blade.

They both look closer. Brecken rotates it.

BRECKEN
It's melted off. What the hell
could do that?

JAMO
Buck Rogers, maybe?

BRECKEN
What?

Jamo shrugs, looks at the neck area and sees the partial
symbol burned on the back.

BRECKEN
This guy looks like he was probed
with a cattle iron. Where's all
the blood?

JAMO
There isn't any.

BRECKEN
All *this* and no blood?

JAMO
Same M.O. of the Father Paul scene.

Brecken gives him a confused look.

JAMO
Oh, right, you weren't there.

Jamo grabs the head of Carlos and places it back on the body.

BRECKEN
Jamo, what are you doing?

The head connected to the neck shows the complete symbol.

JAMO
I've seen that a few times today.

BRECKEN
Seen what?

JAMO
That symbol, it was all over the
priest's body, that jacket... This
guy's neck.

Jamo motions the photographer over and makes a note of the
symbol in his notebook.

The camera flash goes off.

EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN YARD - DAY

A large abandoned train yard filled with rusty relics of trains waiting to turn to dust.

A group of four TEENAGERS dressed in emo/goth garb ride up on bikes, make their way along the fence. The biggest of the four is leading the pack. The one in the back, who is also the smallest, looks concerned.

LITTLE EMO
Jeff... Jeff...

No one answers him.

LITTLE EMO
(shouts)
JEFF!

The big emo in the front stops his bike along the fence.

JEFF
What, Gavin?

GAVIN
I don't know about this.

The goth in the middle, tall and overweight, butts in.

BIG GOTH
Gavin, you haven't stopped whining since we left the house. I thought you were all into this. What're you a wuss?

GAVIN
Fuck you, Dan. How do we even know that Jake was telling the truth about this place anyway?

JEFF
Jake told me his older brother saw the thing walking into this train yard the other night.

The middle and most average of the bunch speaks up.

AVERAGE EMO

Didn't Jake say that his brother saw the thing walk *through* the fence around here somewhere?

DAN

Yeah, he said it was right by the street light.

GAVIN

We could be playing Playstation right now.

JEFF

Shut up, Gavin... Look, there's the street light right over there.

They get to the street light and continue along the fence.

GAVIN

What did he mean walked *through* it?

No one responds. Gavin sighs and looks at the fence.

GAVIN

Guys...

JEFF

Gavin, you're such a pussy, why did you even come?

Jeff is grabbed from behind, spins around.

The four boys stand in front of the train yard fence, staring at a huge hole in it. It looks like it was melted through. The bare ends of the fence are globs of melted aluminum.

DAN

What if Jake's brother wasn't lying?

GAVIN

I'm not going in there.

Hesitation as they stare at the hole a little more.

Jeff snaps out if it.

JEFF

We're going in.

The rest look at each other, unsure of their leader's orders.

JEFF
Or I'm telling your mom's about the
time I found you guys in Gavin's
basement, showing each other your
junk.

The three turn a little pale.

DAN
(defensive)
Tim said his was bigger tha-

TIM
- No I did-

GAVIN
- I wasn't even-

JEFF
- Shut up! We're going in.

Jeff walks his bike through the massive hole in the fence.
The rest follow.

The four boys weave through the old train cars.

TIM
Awgh... what's that smell?

Dan and Jeff make the same face.

DAN
It stinks!

JEFF
Smells like rotten burning.

GAVIN
(jumps)
Holy shit!

The others turn to see --

EXT. RUSTY RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

A big brown rat makes its way along the connecting male and
female ends of two rail cars. He finds a spot that's rusted
through and enters the other car.

JEFF
It's just a rat. C'mon...

GAVIN

What? I've never seen one before.

They all moan in unison, keep moving.

INT. EMPTY RAIL CAR - DAY

The rat scurries across the dusty floor, past a crack in the big metal sliding door where sunlight creeps in. It crosses back into the shadows and bumps into --

A dark mass with glowing cracks all over it. The rat sniffs the mass, gets burnt, screeches and darts into the shadows.

There is a low, guttural sigh. Two yellow glowing eyes open.

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASHES:

Flashback to 1919 -- Marybeth is crying.

There is a mouse passing by her feet...

She reaches out...

Marybeth tied to a chair, writhing and spitting, her eyes glow white and her skin begins to crack...

MATCH CUT:

The eyes open again, now they are white hot.

The Rectifier stands and roars with agony.

EXT. RUSTY RAIL CAR - DAY

The boys freeze in their tracks, scared like never before.

DAN

Wh-what was that?

They all look to their fearless leader.

JEFF

What? I... I don't know.

GAVIN

Jake's brother wasn't lying... I'm outta here.

Gavin turns, gets on his bike, starts pedaling like mad.

The other boys do the same. As they try to catch up with Gavin, the door of the car just ahead blasts off its track with enormous force.

The boys scream, Jeff falls off his bike as its front tire hits a railroad tie with a SNAP! Dan and Tim disappear between two cars. Gavin sees Jeff lying on the ground.

Jeff tries to get up, but his left wrist is broken. He yelps and looks around for help. He sees Gavin two cars away.

JEFF

Gavin... please... my arm...

Gavin motions toward Jeff, but stops in his tracks...

EXT. RUSTY RAIL CAR DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

From within the shadows -- two fiery white eyes peer out. The Rectifier lets out a low grumble.

EXT. GAVIN'S RUSTY RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Over Gavin's shoulder, the Rectifier's immense, cloaked back is seen as he steps out of the rail car. The Rectifier stops in front of Jeff.

Gavin starts to cry and pedals away furiously. Over his shoulder the Rectifier is seen bending down toward Jeff.

EXT. JEFF'S RUSTY RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff looks up at the Rectifier, turns pale and passes out. The Rectifier kneels and picks up the boy.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - JAMO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jamo sits at his desk, clicking away on his computer. Brecken is at his desk, typing the reports again.

Jamo is studying a database of gang symbols, trying to match the symbol from the crime scenes, coming up with nothing.

BRECKEN

Why is it that I always end up
doing all the paperwork?

JAMO
You always get to it first.

BRECKEN
That's not true. You just never
take the initiative.

JAMO
That is true, but...

Jamo pauses to think, seems to forget, goes back to reading.

BRECKEN
But what?

JAMO
But... uhhh... you're the better
writer. I've... uh, always said
you should be a writer.

BRECKEN
You've never said that before.

Jamo stares at the monitor. The stroke flashes inside the
search box for a few seconds.

BRECKEN
Jamo...

Jamo doesn't respond.

BRECKEN
Jamo! You really think I should be
a writer?

Jamo snaps out of it and begins typing.

JAMO
What? Yeah, sure. That symbol...

Jamo points to the screen. Brecken stands and walks over.

Jamo clicks enter and the monitor goes to a Catholicism
database. He starts sifting through the site and eventually
finds a listing of Catholic imagery and symbology.

JAMO
The mark I keep finding at these
crime scenes... I first saw it at
the church where the priest was
found and then it shows up burned
onto his body.

(MORE)

JAMO(cont'd)

Then in that alleyway on Javier and
that woman's jacket...

BRECKEN

The thing that looked like a cross?

Jamo finds the symbol in the Catholicism listing.

JAMO

It's the symbol of a fallen angel.

BRECKEN

A fallen angel?

On the screen is the symbol next to a description and an old sketch of a hulking, shadowy figure with fire coming from its eyes, standing inside some sort of circle surrounded by strange symbols that resemble a type of glyph.

JAMO

Says it's the symbol of Flauros, a fallen angel. According to the Dead Sea Scrolls, it means the "Sons of God" or the "Descendants of Seth." Flauros is one of these "Sons of God" cast out of heaven along with one third of the angels. They fell for nine days, sometime around the 15th century.

BRECKEN

Think these murders are part of some subversive Catholic cult?

JAMO

Not exactly. He's some sort of demon, according to this. Flauros is the sixty-fourth spirit.

Jamo takes his gun off to get more comfortable in the chair.

JAMO

"At the command of thirty legions, he is a Great Duke and appeareth as a mighty, terrible and strong human shape with eyes flaming and fiery with most terrible countenance. He giveth true answers of all things, Present, Past, and to Come. He destroyeth and burneth up those who be the Enemies of the Exorcist, should he so desire it.

(MORE)

JAMO(cont'd)

He is constrained by divine virtue,
to burn and destroy all the
conjurer's adversaries."

BRECKEN

We *needeth* to find out if there are
any cults that worship this guy.

Jamo types again. His phone beeps. Brecken's beeps, too.

BRECKEN

I got it.

Brecken picks up his desk phone and dials the number on his
pager. Jamo keeps typing.

BRECKEN

Detective Brecken... yeah, we're
working that one. Seventh and Main?
What time? Where is she now?

Brecken starts writing on a note pad.

BRECKEN

When did they send her over?
Thanks.

Brecken hangs up.

JAMO

What was that all about?

BRECKEN

The desk Sergeant downstairs, said
a distraught girl came in last
night claiming she was in that
alleyway over on Main when Javier
lost his head.

JAMO

We're just getting this now?!

BRECKEN

He was approving reports and caught
it, spoke to the guys, they thought
she was just a crazy woman.

JAMO

A crazy witness.

BRECKEN

She claims something saved her.

Jamo stands, excited to get moving.

JAMO
Where is she now?

BRECKEN
Henry Ford Hospital.

JAMO
Henry Ford?

BRECKEN
She was sent for psych evaluation.

JAMO
That was fast. We didn't even get
a chance to question her.

Jamo's pager goes off. He looks at the display: Michaels.

JAMO
Shit. It's Michaels.

INT. CAPTAIN MICHAELS' OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jamo and Brecken walk in. Michaels stands, looking out the front window, with his back turned like someone just urinated in his already too bitter seventh cup of coffee.

Jamo and Brecken find their seats.

MICHAELS
I'm guessing you two have already
heard about the crazy girl that
came in last night.

Jamo sits up in his chair and looks at Brecken.

JAMO
Uh... yeah, we just got that call.
We were-

MICHAELS
-No you're not.

JAMO
But we-

Michaels turns.

MICHAELS
She's off limits.

JAMO

We haven't interviewed her yet.
How are we-

MICHAELS

-I'm sorry, my hands are tied,
which means, so are yours. About
twenty minutes ago there were a
bunch of bureaucrats in here giving
me a bunch of (BS) about due
process and unfortunate
circumstantial happenstance. I
don't even know if I understand
everything they said. All I know
is that they want her left alone.

BRECKEN

What about the video or recordings
from her statement?

MICHAELS

Confiscated until further notice.

JAMO

Well, how are we supposed to
investigate a murder and protect
these fair streets if our only
witness is off limits... sir?

MICHAELS

The best way you can under the
circumstances... Look, I'm as
frustrated as you are, Detective,
but this is how things trickle
downhill and now I'm asking you and
Randy to get out there and find me a
perpetrator. The girl mentioned to
the guys downstairs that there were
two assailants in that alley. Go
find out who the other one was...
and don't bother that girl.

Jamo goes to say something but stops himself as Michaels
shuffles the duty report to him.

Jamo stands, Brecken follows, they both walk out of Michaels'
office, careful to not slam the door on the way out.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Jamo and Brecken swiftly walk out of the elevator.

JAMO

So, what makes this girl so important that the police aren't even allowed to talk to her?

BRECKEN

Maybe she's connected to someone politically... endowed?

JAMO

Okay. Good theory. Then why wouldn't this someone want us to talk to her?

BRECKEN

Because of what she knows?

JAMO

And she knows who killed Javier and possibly Father Paul...

They get to the car. Jamo unlocks it and opens his door. Brecken does the same on the passenger side.

BRECKEN

So, what does that mean?

They both get in the car and close their doors.

INT. JAMO'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brecken shuffles his feet in a mound of wrappers and puts his seatbelt on. Jamo refrains.

JAMO

We ask her.

BRECKEN

Just because you don't like your job doesn't mean I don't.

Jamo starts the car.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - EXAM ROOM 7 - NIGHT

Christy is huddled in a corner, trying to block the advances of two ORDERLIES trying to subdue her. DOCTOR HINKLEY and a NURSE wait to give her an injection of some kind.

DR. HINKLEY

Calm down, Christy! We're not trying to hurt you. We just want to give you something to calm you down.

CHRISTY

NO! You just want to put me to sleep so you can lock me up, like you people always do! No, no, no.

She rocks back and forth, gets a glazed look on her face for a moment. The orderlies take their chance -- grab her and pick her up. The nurse steps in immediately and gives her the injection of a heavy sedative.

CHRISTY

NO! Stop it! Stop it! Stop... it.

Christy relaxes. The orderlies sit her on a bed.

DR. HINKLEY

Christy, I'm Dr. Hinkley, remember me? I'll be back in just a few minutes with your records so we take care of you.

Christy smiles at him.

The doctor heads for the door -- bumps into Jamo and Brecken.

DOCTOR

Who are you?

BRECKEN

I'm Detective Brecken and this is my partner Detective Jamo. We need to speak with Ms. Harris, if possible.

Brecken and Jamo show their badges.

DR. HINKLEY

You guys know the deal. She's under psychiatric care, she's not in a state to be interviewed. You know that anything she says would be suppressed by the courts.

JAMO

Yeah, we know the fruit from the poison tree routine, okay. We just need to get a little information out of her about a homicide.

Dr. Hinkley is hesitant.

BRECKEN

If we don't this case may go cold.

Dr. Hinkley looks a little irritated by it all.

DR. HINKLEY

Gentlemen, this is a very sensitive predicament, we could all be fired with one phone call to her people...

BRECKEN

Family?

DR. HINKLEY

You know I can't tell you that.

JAMO

Listen, a priest was murdered. Report it if you have to. We need some leads.

Dr. Hinkley considers, gives in.

DR. HINKLEY

Do what you got to do. She's been mildly sedated. Just don't give her a hard time. She seemed pretty distraught when she was brought in. She has been raving about large shadows with fiery eyes and people being torn apart. Which seems to be a trend tonight. It's my assumption, based on her history, she may be on some type of hallucinogen or methamphetamines.

JAMO

What trend?

DR. HINKLEY

Oh, the figure with fiery eyes thing. It's nothing, a boy in Exam Room Four was making comments about a giant with fire in his eyes. To be honest, I think Ms. Harris heard him talking and has taken the story on as her own.

BRECKEN

Thanks for your help, Doctor.

Brecken looks at the doctor's badge.

BRECKEN

You mind if we talk to her alone?

Dr. Hinkley motions to the other staff to leave the room, and he follows. As he walks away, Dr. Hinkley dials his cell phone. Jamo notices this.

JAMO

We don't have much time. Doc is probably dialing the station now.

BRECKEN

You think she's any relation to Senator Harris?

JAMO

I'm thinking, yeah.

BRECKEN

Explains all the red tape.

JAMO

Listen, you go talk to that kid in Room Four and see what he's got to say. I'll meet you out front.

Brecken heads down the hall. Jamo walks over to Christy.

JAMO

Ms. Harris?

CHRISTY

(sedated)

Who are you? You don't look like a doctor.

Jamo pulls out his badge and shows Christy. She squints, trying to focus, sedated.

CHRISTY

You're not the boss of me.

Christy slumps over into Jamo's arms.

JAMO

Ms. Harris? Ms. Harris? Oh, boy.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM 4

Brecken walks in. Jeff's MOTHER, 40, sits next to Jeff, who is in a hospital bed with a cast on his arm. He looks like he's been crying. A lot.

BRECKEN
(displays badge)
Ma'am, my name is Detective Randall Brecken. Is this your son?

MOTHER
Yes. This is my son Jeff.

BRECKEN
Is your son the boy that claims to have seen a large man with glowing eyes?

JEFF
No, they were on fire.

BRECKEN
You mean they were a bright color? Like yellow contact lenses?

Jeff starts to tear up.

JEFF
No... they had fire coming out of them.

MOTHER
He... he has a big imagination. He doesn't remember how he got here, but he keeps saying the big man in the train yard has his bike.

BRECKEN
You saw this man in a train yard, Jeff?

JEFF
...Yes.

BRECKEN
I believe you, Jeff. I believe you.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM 7

Jamo has Christy sitting up and coherent. She smiles at him.

CHRISTY
You look like my father.

JAMO
That's nice.

CHRISTY
He's dead.

JAMO
Listen, Ms. Harris, I know you've been through a lot, but I really need your help finding the man that you saw in that alleyway.

CHRISTY
No. He saved me. They wanted to hurt me.

JAMO
Why would they want to hurt you?

CHRISTY
Carlos and his friend thought I stole from them.

JAMO
Did you?

CHRISTY
They said they would get paid either way.

JAMO
Paid for what? Meth?

Christy looks embarrassed.

JAMO
Can you describe Carlos' friend?

CHRISTY
I don't know, it was dark, so fast, he ran away. They followed me from Mickey's. I just went there to meet Carlos.

JAMO
Can you tell me what he looked like?

CHRISTY
Fiery eyes... looked into me...

Christy passes out into Jamo's arms.

Stunned, he lowers her onto the bed and leaves the room.

Christy snuggles into her pillow.

Next to her bed is a large window with the curtains partially drawn. Through the gap in the curtains -- looking out into the night and across the street...

The Rectifier crouches on the edge of a rooftop, watching, next to a large billboard campaigning for SENATOR HARRIS; a large photo of a conservative older woman giving the typical politician smile -- "A Power for the People".

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME

The Rectifier is on the edge of the rooftop adjacent to the hospital. He can see Christy clearly from where he is perched. He sees her face. His eyes close.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - 1919

Marybeth sleeps under a willow tree. The sun shines on her face. She opens her eyes and smiles.

The images gradually become corrupted and fragmented...

FLASHES of a Bible opened to the rite of exorcism...

FLASHES of Marybeth writhing in pain, singing in a strange language...

Her face distorts, skin cracks. Her eyes close and when they open again they release a blinding light.

BACK TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Rectifier opens his eyes to see --

Jamo walking out of the ER. He finds Brecken by the entrance of the hospital. The Rectifier watches Jamo and Brecken, hears their conversation.

JAMO
 Shit, she knows more... and
 probably would've told me
 everything if we had the time.
 Damn it!

BRECKEN
 What *did* you get?

Jamo walks, Brecken follows.

JAMO
 She confirmed the second assailant.
 I didn't get a description, but she
 mentioned Mickey's over on Seventh.

BRECKEN
 What about the killer? Did she say
 anything about him?

They get to the car. Jamo unlocks and opens his door.

JAMO
 All she said was his eyes were
 fiery and that he saved her. Then
 she passed out.

The Rectifier leaves his perch, walks past the Senator Harris
 billboard -- only this time the eyes are burned out.

The Rectifier disappears into the shadows.

INT. JAMO'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brecken puts his seat belt on, Jamo doesn't.

BRECKEN
 The kid said almost the same thing.

JAMO
 Sounds like Dr. Hinkley might be
 right.

Jamo starts the car, pulls out of the parking spot and drives
 away from the hospital.

BRECKEN
 He also mentioned that he saw the
 man at an old train yard. His
 mother said that the kids sometimes
 go over to the abandoned train yard
 off of 75, near Memorial Park.

JAMO

Maybe we should check it out.

BRECKEN

We should try to substantiate their story before we go blazing in there based on the story from a drugged up crazy girl and an eleven year old with an overactive imagination.

Jamo continues driving without responding.

EXT. JAMO'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

As Jamo and Brecken drive through the city, high up on the rooftops are glimpses of the Rectifier following and hurtling from roof to roof, leaping great gaps between buildings.

INT. JAMO'S PATROL CAR - SAME

Jamo and Brecken continue their discussion.

JAMO

I'm thinking about going to Mickey's for a drink, you coming?

BRECKEN

No, I gotta get home to my woman. It's our movie night. You should go home and take a load off. Jenny always bugs me about how she thinks you work too hard.

JAMO

Jesus. Her and Dowling's old lady, they never quit.

BRECKEN

Ever think they may be right?

JAMO

Hard to rest when I know there's demons out there carrying laser guns, chopping off heads with their bare hands and playing Scrabble with internal organs.

BRECKEN

This case keeps getting weirder and weirder... Think you can dump me at my car on the way to Mickey's?

JAMO
I didn't think you would be coming.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Jamo pulls in. On the opposite side of the street the silhouette of the Rectifier can be seen on a rooftop, peering over in the shadows...

There is a huge glowing sign displaying the Detroit Police Department shield and lettering clearly seen from THE Rectifier's view. His silhouette pauses, his eyes focus on the shield within the department logo.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BARNYARD - BLACKSMITH AREA - NIGHT - 1897

Displayed on the wall of the barn is a shiny knight's shield.

A YOUNG BOY looks at the shield while a MAN pounds on a hot piece of metal. The man notices the boy looking at the shield and walks over to him, placing an arm around him.

MAN
That is a symbol of good, son. Men of great valor would tote these shields as protectors of the people.

The boy stares at the shield.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S TAVERN - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Jamo walks in. MICKEY, the owner, shakes his head and throws down his towel.

Jamo finds a stool in front of Mickey.

MICKEY
What do you want?

JAMO
I'll take a beer and a little info.

MICKEY
This is bad for business, you can't be hanging around here.

JAMO
Answer 'em quick and I'll be out of
your hair.

Mickey slides him a beer. Jamo takes a drink.

JAMO
You hear about the alleyway?

MICKEY
I'm a bartender, I hear everything.

JAMO
Was Carlos Javier hanging in here
the other night?

Mickey looks uncomfortable. He hesitates.

JAMO
I thought you heard everything.

Jamo takes a sip, Mickey doesn't respond. Jamo slams the mug
down and takes a long look around the room.

JAMO
I see. I'm willing to bet there's
all kinds of possession in a place
like this.

Jamo starts to stand up.

MICKEY
Okay, okay. He was over in the
corner, playing pool with some
other fellow I ain't never seen
before.

Jamo's expression goes blank.

JAMO
Right.

Jamo spins toward other PATRONS in the bar. There is a large
BIKER GUY all in black, looking annoyed even before Jamo
approaches him.

JAMO
How about you? You look the type
to be toting an illegally concealed
weapon, drugs maybe... what else?
Probation, warrants...

The big guy stands up and looms over Jamo. Jamo doesn't back down. He stares into the guy's eyes and smiles.

Jamo sees a group of BIKERS sitting two booths away. He turns towards them and points.

JAMO
What about you fellas?

They all reach under the table. Jamo moves for his left shoulder.

MICKEY
Alright! Alright...

Jamo steps back and away. The big guy sits back down and the bikers return their hands to safer positions.

Jamo returns to his stool. Mickey leans towards Jamo.

MICKEY
Rodriguez. Freddy Rodriguez. He's just some runner. Been hanging with Carlos a lot lately.

JAMO
A delivery boy. What does he look like?

MICKEY
I don't know. About 5'6" maybe, Hispanic, white T-shirt, jeans. He has those corn rows in his hair. He's always hopped up on something when he comes in.

JAMO
What time did they head out of here?

MICKEY
(thinking)
I dunno, nine, nine thirty or so. Some girl came in, slapped Carlos in the face. She didn't stay. Not too long after that Carlos and Freddy left, too. Freddy kept licking his lips at her and grabbing his dick.

Jamo puts an empty beer mug down.

JAMO
So, what time did she leave?

Mickey pauses to think. Jamo swirls his finger for another round. He gets Jamo another beer.

MICKEY
Jeez, about five minutes before.
'Bout nine forty-five maybe.

JAMO
You didn't find that odd, Mick?

Mickey doesn't answer. Jamo shakes his head.

JAMO
Okay, so they follow her out of here and alledgedly drag her into the alley. Anybody else in here that night, shady looking?

Mickey gives him a dumb look.

MICKEY
Nobody with a suit an' tie!

Jamo looks around the bar again -- pretty scary patronage.

JAMO
Anyone else leave after them?

MICKEY
I really wasn't paying attention.

JAMO
(snaps)
No, but you remember the girl, Javier, and some other scumbag quite vividly.

Mickey looks cornered.

MICKEY
She was a pretty hot chick, man.

Jamo looks up, pissed.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Look, once they leave my door, I got nothing to do with it.

JAMO
Out of sight out of mind, huh?

MICKEY

What you do in here is my business, what you do out there is yours. Isn't that when you're supposed to come in, Detective... serve and protect and all that?

JAMO

You must be confused like everyone else. It means serve and protect the Constitution of the United States. Not give rides to drunks and junkies because they can't afford a cab.

MICKEY

Ha!

JAMO

We can't be everywhere all the time, Mickey, that's why we rely on upstanding citizens like yourself and your fine patrons...

Jamo waves in the general direction of the others in the bar.

MICKEY

I forthwithed, Detective, now can I get back to being the upright citizen I was before you came in?

JAMO

Yeah, sure, as long as you provide the great city of Detroit with your full statement.

Jamo pulls out a card and writes on it. He slides it to Mickey. Mickey grumbles.

MICKEY

Yeah... Alright, whatever.

JAMO

Make sure it's accurate and full of detail, Mickey! I'll be back if it isn't.

Jamo gets up and walks to the door. The Biker flips Jamo the finger as Jamo nods goodbye to him.

MICKEY

What about your drinks?

JAMO
What drinks? I'm on duty.

He walks out the door.

MICKEY
Dick.

EXT. MICKEY'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks to the far end of the lot and finds a pathway connecting the tavern lot to the bottom end of the alleyway where Javier was murdered. There is police tape on the ground that had marked the entrance.

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks past police tape flapping in the wind, into the shadows. He notices various drug vials and broken syringes strewn about the corners between these buildings.

He comes to the area where Javier was found. A rustling is heard high above. Jamo looks up...

A pigeon flutters, flaps away and passes by a shadowy figure.

Jamo notices the fire escape overlooking the area where the body was found. He pulls out a small flashlight and turns it on. He shines it up at the fire escape, noticing that there are portions of the railing that seem bent.

He walks closer to see it better and scuffs his foot on something on the ground. He shines the light down at his shoes...

Finds a glob stuck to the ground at the toe of his shoe.

Jamo crouches, looks closer at the glob and finds that it's some sort of metal, as if melted there.

He notices another smaller one not far way. He tries to pick it up, but it's stuck in the asphalt.

Jamo looks up at the fire escape. He stands and shines the flashlight back up at it. The bent bars look like they were melted. The color matches the globs on the ground.

Jamo pulls out his cell phone, switches it to camera mode.

His phone flashes light as it takes the photo. He aims at the globs on the ground, another bright flash illuminates --

The BIKERS from the bar surrounding Jamo.

Jamo is struck from behind with a bat. He falls forward into a knee to the face, gets sucker-punched in the jaw.

Jamo goes down, surrounded by legs stomping and kicking him. He tries to reach for his gun, but it is not in its holster.

He is forced to cover his face from another boot strike. Another kick makes a CRACKING sound. Jamo catches a glimpse of the bat being raised again, then a streak of yellow and white, Jamo is knocked out.

The biker pulls back for one last swing, but --

The bat is stuck, glows hot, melts onto the guy's arm, which bursts into flames. He screams and is yanked into the air...

His flaming body flies up and lands on the rooftop.

Suddenly another biker starts screaming as his stomach opens and flames shoot out of it. With a jolt he is sent flying into the dumpster nearby.

The remaining two bikers look around, panicked. One tries to run, but -- the side of his face bursts into flames. His scream is interrupted when his head slams into a wall and bursts apart. Flaming chunks of his head stick to the wall as his body slumps to the ground.

The last biker darts off down towards the back of the alley.

Two fiery eyes look down at Jamo... He's out cold.

Two glowing hands, with cracks and fissures covering them, radiating white and yellow heat, rise up -- shedding light on the Rectifier, his face covered in splits and cracks, exposing what looks like glowing lava and embers within. His eyes have steady flames burning from within.

The Rectifier leaps high into the air. The light from his hands shine all the way across the length of the alley as he slams down onto the last BIKER with a boom.

The Rectifier walks back toward the lifeless body of Jamo. He sees the shield attached to Jamo's belt...

CUT TO:

FLASHES of fire and smoke...

A girl's voice crying out...

A burst of flame and then darkness.

From within the darkness two fiery eyes open, looking down from above. They erupt into a blinding flash of fire.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Loud BEEP... Jamo jerks awake, bruised and battered, lying fully clothed in bed. He tries to push himself out only to slump back down again, falling to the floor.

He winces. He looks around for his phone as it rings. He finally reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone.

JAMO

Ugh... Jamo... yeah, yeah. Give me twenty.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo steps in front of the mirror as the light flickers on, revealing how badly Jamo was beaten. His nose looks broken, touches it to see... it is.

He unbuttons his shirt, exposing burn scars, major bruising and what looks like a broken rib or two. He pokes it to see.

JAMO

Ah... shit.

Jamo opens the medicine cabinet, pulls out some painkillers and bandages.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT SPARE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jamo walks in, buttoning his shirt over bandages around his torso. He also has a bandage on his nose and eyebrow. He opens the bottle of painkillers, dumps two into his hand, hesitates, adds one more. He pops them in his mouth and chews as he walks over to the easel.

He stops in front of a finished painting on the easel. He stares at it and slumps back into the old office chair. He winces, but keeps staring...

The painting of the church is finished -- and every detail is perfectly matched to Jamo's style. It depicts the church crime scene exactly as it was.

JAMO

Wha...

Jamo cups his head in his hands, yelps after he bumps his nose. He looks back at the painting, realizing someone was in his apartment. He scans the room, jumps to his feet.

Jamo makes him way out into the living room, reaching toward his hip, touching nothing but an empty holster.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo scans the room. Nothing has been disturbed.

He checks the kitchen and the closets... Nothing.

He walks over to the window leading to the fire escape, notices that the window frame and the window sill have light scorch marks in the shape of what looks like a hand.

He looks out the window, sees no one. He tries to open the window, it's locked. He unlocks it and opens the window.

EXT. JAMO'S APARTMENT BUILDING FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Jamo pulls himself out onto the fire escape. He checks up and down...

The railing leading up looks slightly melted in the shape of another large hand.

Jamo sits on the stairs and lets out a wincing sigh.

INT. JAMO'S APARTMENT SPARE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jamo walks in and stares at the painting again, looking at every aspect of it.

He shakes his head as if attempting to recollect painting it.

JAMO

Did I?

He looks over at the desk, revealing that his palette and favorite brush are missing.

Jamo pulls out his phone and snaps a picture of the painting.

JAMO

This is fuckin' nuts.

Jamo rubs his head as he walks out of the room.

INT. RUSTY RAIL CAR - MORNING

Outside light leaks in through a few gaps and rust holes. A different type of light comes from one corner of the car...

Shielded behind the large silhouette of the Rectifier. He is facing the back wall of the car, motioning with an arm...

Lit only by the light of his yellow eyes, the Rectifier is painting on the wall of the rail car. He has Jamo's brush and palette. The brush smokes slightly with each stroke.

The Rectifier stops and closes his eyes as if in pain.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT ROOM - DAY - 1919

A PRIEST, in late 19th century robes, stands in front of an old easel in a modest room with a simple desk against one wall. On the desk is a leather-bound book next to ink and pen. He is painting.

Sunlight coming through a small window shines on the painting... It is a beautiful image of a woman, Marybeth. The priest brushes a few strokes around the face, then adds some detail to an eye.

The painting begins to change...

Black lines snake their way around the face. The eyes burn, the background bleeds to black and in blood-red the symbol for the demon FLAUROS, which is the same as the Rectifier's, forms behind the woman's head. Flames consume the painting.

The Priest backs away and turns. As he does the room changes to a bedroom in a modest farmhouse...

CUT TO:

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

The Priest stops turning and stands in front of --

Marybeth tied to a chair. She is singing in twisted tongues and writhing like a snake. The song gradually translates to English; it sings of hunting SAINT SEBASTIAN through time and consuming his power and his bloodline.

Marybeth's face is different. The skin changes color, cracking and splitting. Her eyes are almost completely glazed over and have turned a dark yellow. She continues to sing in a distorted, demonic voice.

The paintbrush and palette that were once in the Priest's hands have turned into a Bible and a bottle of holy water. He is reciting passages from the rite of exorcism, and crying.

The Priest splashes holy water on Marybeth's face and continues to shout the rite. The holy water boils on contact, steaming away. She turns to the Priest and stops singing. She speaks to him in a sad but beautiful voice.

MARYBETH

I love you, Willem... I'm sorry.

On the last word, her voice changes into an unnatural, guttural bellow.

Her jaw snaps and her mouth stretches wide, tearing at the corners. Her eyes turn to black and from within fire cooks them and bursts out.

Her head flails wildly, shooting fire and white light from her eye sockets, then stops on the Priest.

FATHER WILLEM flies back into the wall and his face cracks open. Boiling blood bleeds out of the crevices.

He grimaces in pain and screams. When he opens his eyes fire shoots out of them. He looks up, screaming as we pull away.

INT. CITY MORGUE - LATE MORNING

Jamo limps into the morgue. The Medical Examiner is at one of the metal tables with his hands in a body.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Morning, Detective... holy shit!
Who ran over you?

JAMO

Let's not go there. Got something?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Take a look at these.

The Medical Examiner walks over to a table with a metal dish on it. Jamo follows him and looks at the contents. There is an opened stomach looking back at him.

JAMO

Uh... sorry, I already ate.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Not the stomach, it's what was in it...

He hands Jamo a collection of plastic bags containing photographs. Jamo examines them...

Images of Father Paul sitting on a bed next to a young girl.

JAMO

These were in his stomach?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

That and a few were still lodged in his throat.

He points to a few crumpled slimy photographs on the table.

JAMO

So, the priest swallowed them?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, by the looks of the abrasions in his mouth and esophagus they were forced down.

Jamo flips one of the photos over -- there's a date on it. Slightly faded, but it clearly reads 2/22/87.

JAMO

No burn marks.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

What?

JAMO

Nothing. These were taken in '87... if this girl is still alive she'd probably be in her twenties.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Possibly. The girl looks to be somewhere around nine or ten.

JAMO

Is it possible that Father Paul forced these down his own throat?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Maybe, as an act of desperation?

JAMO
Desperation?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
What's the easiest way to get rid
of something quickly?

JAMO
He was trying to hide them. But
why?

Jamo limps over to the body cooler doors.

JAMO
Which one of these is him?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Eight.

Jamo opens door number eight, yanks the drawer out. He pulls
back the sheet, revealing a discolored Father Paul.

JAMO
(to himself)
No burn marks.

Jamo covers the body with the sheet, slides the drawer back.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
You say something?

No response.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
You okay, Detec--

The Medical Examiner turns to see nothing but the exit doors
swinging back and forth.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - JAMO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jamo walks in to find Brecken typing away, head down.

BRECKEN
You're late. I figured you were
out at Mickey's till whenever, so I
gave Michaels a bullshit story that
you had a meeting.

JAMO
Ugh. Actually I did, with the
Medical Examiner.

Jamo plops into his chair, winces. Brecken keeps typing, still not looking up.

BRECKEN

He went off on a tirade about you and how lately you're mixing cases up or something. What, did you tie one on last night?

JAMO

(wincing)

Might as well have, I don't remember getting home. Holy fuck, my head.

Jamo grabs his head. Brecken finally looks up.

BRECKEN

Shit! What happened to you?

JAMO

I'm fine.

BRECKEN

What the hell happened?

JAMO

I'm not even sure I know... I went to Mickey's and ended up getting jumped by a bunch of scumbags...

Brecken picks up the phone. Jamo hangs it back up.

JAMO

Look, Randy, I'm fine.

Jamo rubs the back of his head and gets a blank look on his face, like he's seeing it all happen again in his head.

BRECKEN

You sure you're okay, buddy?

JAMO

Yeah, don't worry about me.

Jamo rubs the back of his head again.

BRECKEN

What did Mickey have to say?

This question seems to snap Jamo out of it.

JAMO

That I wasn't serving or protecting enough.

BRECKEN

Seriously, anything?

JAMO

Freddy Rodriguez. Can you look him up? See if we got an address or license plate for this guy... 5'6", average, Hispanic, has cornrows...

Brecken clicks away on his computer.

Jamo pulls out his phone and pulls up the pictures from the night before -- the globs of metal.

He scrolls to the picture of the fire escape. It's not a very good picture.

BRECKEN

125 Holbrook...

Jamo scrolls again to the photo of the finished painting of the church crime scene, studies it. He looks around on his desk, finds the crime scene photos from the church.

Brecken gets excited.

BRECKEN

There's a felony warrant out on this guy.

Jamo grabs the crime scene photo showing the wide view...

He looks back at his phone. It's very close to the finished painting. The screen abruptly changes to incoming call -- CAPTAIN MICHAELS. He answers it.

JAMO

Jamo... OK, we'll be there in a sec.

A man is heard yelling over the phone, Brecken looks over. Jamo closes his phone.

BRECKEN

We'll be where in a sec?

INT. CAPTAIN MICHAELS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Michaels is standing behind his desk. He is yelling at Jamo and Brecken who are seated in front of him.

MICHAELS

I don't know what the fuck happened to your face and I don't know what the fuck you were thinking going to that hospital. I feel like I'm giving a speech to my kids about doing what you're told. I said don't go over there and what happens?

Jamo is about to answer --

MICHAELS

I get a fuckin' phone call saying there were two of my men seen harassing the exact girl I ordered not to bother. Why?

Jamo's lips move and again he is shut down.

MICHAELS

What do you want me to do when I get phone calls threatening my job if I don't deal with you two?

Jamo and Brecken sit and stare at Michaels.

MICHAELS

Well?!

JAMO

Oh, you want us to answer that one?

MICHAELS

Jesus, Jamo. This is some serious shit. These people have all the connections to seriously fuck us over.

JAMO

I didn't realize Senator Harris had such a fondness for the Department.

Michaels finally sits down.

MICHAELS

Don't be a smart ass. You guys obviously know what we're up against. These people don't mess around. Here's something you don't know... as of this morning, if you two are seen anywhere in the proximity of this girl, I've been asked to have you both suspended. Indefinitely.

JAMO

I don't need this.

Jamo winces as he gets up and starts to leave.

MICHAELS

Look, Jamo...

Jamo grabs the handle and turns it.

MICHAELS

Jamo, wait...

Jamo turns and faces Michaels.

MICHAELS

I'm on your side. I don't like this any more than you do. I've never in all my years seen such a blatant abuse of power in person.

JAMO

So where does that leave us?

MICHAELS

They're the ones pulling the strings on this one, legally. I'd hate to see it ruin any careers.

Jamo turns and walks out the door. Brecken gets up and is motioned down by Michaels, he stays seated.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOMICIDE DIVISION OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Jamo closes the door behind him. As he walks away, Michaels can be seen talking to Brecken.

Jamo makes it halfway across the hallway when Brecken bolts out of Michaels' office.

BRECKEN
Jamo, wait up.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - JAMO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks in, followed by Brecken. Jamo sits at his desk. He opens his phone and finds the photo of the church. He studies it more closely. Brecken sits back in his chair.

BRECKEN
Michaels said he was going to handle it. He just wants us to do our job and be more careful. He asked about your face.

JAMO
Yeah?

BRECKEN
He said it was an improvement.

Jamo forces a smile and goes back to looking at the picture.

BRECKEN
So, what's up with you lately, anyway?

JAMO
(frustrating sigh)
What are you talking about?

BRECKEN
You seem preoccupied or something.

Jamo keeps looking at his phone.

BRECKEN
Seriously, man, it's like this job is under your skin. Did you forget something yesterday?

Jamo looks over as Brecken slides him his gun.

JAMO
I'm fine.

Jamo stands up and holsters his gun, squinting while he holds his head like he has a large headache.

JAMO
I hate this place sometimes.

BRECKEN

Don't worry about it, man.

Brecken places a phone call downstairs, Jamo is fixated on the photographs.

BRECKEN

Hey, it's Detective Brecken.
Listen, can you have a black-and-white pick up a Francis J. Rodriguez? 125 Holbrook. Yeah...
What's that?

Jamo notices of something in the photo.

BRECKEN

You have SWAT dispatched to that residence for a situation? What type of situation? Jesus, they don't move until I get there!

Jamo looks over as Brecken hurries, gathering things into his pockets.

BRECKEN

We gotta move. They got a potential hostage situation involving our boy Rodriguez.

Jamo is fixated on the photograph.

JAMO

Actually, can you hit that one on your own?

BRECKEN

You got something?

JAMO

I'm not sure what it is yet, but it's something.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT PARKING STRUCTURE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jamo and Brecken walk out of the elevator, into the garage.

BRECKEN

Be safe, partner.

JAMO

When am I not?

BRECKEN

Have you looked in the mirror
lately?

Jamo rubs his head.

BRECKEN

Seriously, Leland...

Brecken gives Jamo a look. Jamo nods.

JAMO

You got it, partner.

Jamo and Brecken tap fists. Jamo winces, and they go
opposite directions.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

The front doors open and Jamo walks under the police tape.
Afternoon sun shines through stained glass windows, spreading
color across the rows of pews. It is a beautiful old church.

Jamo makes his way up to the altar.

He opens his phone and finds the picture of the painting.

He finds a pew near the front and sits down. He stares at
the photo on the phone for a few seconds.

He looks around for the area that the painting depicts...

He finds it and looks back at the photo. He looks back up
again...

Nothing noticeable.

He takes a deep breath, winces in pain and then breathes out.
He stops mid-breath, reaches into his back pocket and pulls
out the crime scene photo he had grabbed earlier.

He looks at it, then pulls up the photo of the painting on
his phone again.

He compares the two very closely. Growing frustrated.

JAMO

What the fuck...

Jamo gets up and starts pacing.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

POLICE UNITS stand by. Brecken rolls up to the scene and immediately connects with the SWAT COMMANDER.

BRECKEN

Give me the rundown!

SWAT Commander turns to Brecken and looks like he is receiving radio traffic on his earpiece. He motions Brecken behind the UT Van.

SWAT COMMANDER

911 hang-up call... Long story short, crazy guy inside with a gun threatening to kill himself and everyone else inside!

BRECKEN

You've confirmed hostages?

SWAT 1

Yeah. Best our negotiator can do is get him to hang up the phone after he screams that 'It' is after him.

A solo gunshot rings out from the interior of the house, followed by screams.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Still pacing, Jamo looks at the crime scene photo again. He finally gets it. He looks at the phone again...

In the painting is what looks like a door to the right, behind the altar. The door is not in the crime scene photo. Jamo looks up at where the door should be.

He gets up and walks over to it. He surveys the area of the wall, looking for some evidence that there is a door...

While running his hands across the wood paneling, he discovers that a piece of the wood molding is loose. He moves it aside. There is a key hole behind it. It's locked.

He knocks on the wall -- sounds hollow. He tries to push it open, grimaces in pain, it doesn't budge.

He takes a deep breath, winces, backs up as he breathes out.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DUSK

SWAT 1 kicks in the door. SWAT 2 kicks in the back door.
They make their way in, weapons drawn.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PEOPLE scramble when the entry team charges in.

SWAT 1
Everybody down! On the ground now!

A fat man slumps from the couch to the floor, covering his head.

SWAT 2
Hands where I can see 'em!

One of the SWAT puts a knee on the guy, another cuffs him.

The rear team groups to the front with two other people -- an older woman and an older man.

Brecken enters through the damaged door.

SWAT 1
Clear.

Brecken kneels next to the woman.

BRECKEN
Where is Freddy?

Rodriguez Mom looks up to the stairs.

RODRIGUEZ'S MOM
He's gone crazy! He needs help.

-- Screaming from the upstairs bedroom.

Brecken looks up the stairs.

BRECKEN
He needs more than that.

Brecken motions; three SWAT run upstairs. The first takes the side door. The second takes position behind him.

Brecken makes his way upstairs.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - EARLY EVENING

Jamo kicks in the door. He groans in pain.

Behind the hidden door he discovers a large study.

Jamo uses his flashlight to find his way about the large room. He walks over to shelves of books, moves down the row and stops. Jamo picks up a book, opens it --

The pages are blank. He grabs another and it too is blank.

JAMO

What the...?

None of the books are real.

Jamo turns to the desk. On the desk is a Bible, some papers and a half burnt candle.

Jamo riffles through the various papers, then flips through the Bible. It has various pages and passages highlighted and noted, but nothing of significance.

Jamo opens the drawers, looks through them -- office supplies and files. Jamo sifts through them, again finds nothing.

Jamo sits down in the office chair and sighs. He leans back and looks around. He notices writing carved into the wood just inside the desk's well. He points his flashlight at it.

It reads: Selah 32:7.

Excited, he grabs a pen, writes "Selah 32:7" on his hand.

He shuffles papers on the desk, finds Father Paul's King James Bible...

Flips some pages and finds the passage "Selah 32:7". It is highlighted: "Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

JAMO

(chuckles)

Just like in the movies.

Jamo runs a hand along the underside of the desk. He finds what feels like a button, presses it. CLICK!

Jamo looks under the desk, sees a hidden compartment that is now shimmed open.

He opens the cupboard, finding an old folder wrapped in rope, a journal of minutes, and an old VHS tape.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - EVENING

Brecken motions for a team to take up the rear.

BRECKEN
Freddy Rodriguez, Detroit Police!

Nothing but silence.

BRECKEN
Come out of the room with you-

A barrage of GUNSHOTS come through the door, nearly hitting him as he takes cover back down the stairs.

SWAT LEADER commands a CS grenade through the bedroom window.

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
Leave me alone!

A Unit relays that Freddy is at the window.

Brecken runs outside to get a vantage point on the window.

Rodriguez hangs his head out the window, trying to catch his breath. He rants about the incident in Spanish. He takes three pot shots at the police cars.

REAR SWAT take aim.

Brecken holds his arm out behind cover.

BRECKEN
Stand down!

Rodriguez looks about the scene.

BRECKEN
Freddy, come on, man, you don't want this!

Rodriguez reflects, then turns the gun on himself.

Brecken watches in disbelief --

Rodriguez pulls the trigger on an empty gun. He looks back into the room to reload, but cannot get past the CS gas.

He takes a dive head first into the yard.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - EVENING

Jamo walks out to the main area and seats himself on a front pew. He starts to open the ledger, his phone rings.

JAMO

What's up?... What?... I'll meet you there.

Jamo makes his way out the front of the church.

Just as Jamo leaves a cloaked FIGURE emerges from the study doorway, holding an old leather-bound book. The figure follows the same path as Jamo, out the door.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator opens and Jamo steps out, carrying the shoe box.

He makes his way down the hall and sees that one room is guarded by a uniformed OFFICER.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - RODRIGUEZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks in. Brecken is in a chair by a small table. Rodriguez is in a hospital bed, bandaged up and connected to an IV. He doesn't appear to be awake.

Brecken stands and ushers Jamo out of the room.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brecken and Jamo walk into the hallway, away from the officer.

JAMO

What happened to him? You were supposed to question him, not put him in the freakin' hospital!

BRECKEN

He took a nose dive from the second story.

Jamo gives him a look.

BRECKEN

Without my help. Something spooked him, he tried to off himself.

Jamo hands Brecken the envelope as he looks in on Freddy. Brecken opens it and looks inside.

BRECKEN
What's this?

JAMO
There's a tape inside and an old journal.

BRECKEN
Where did you find this stuff?

JAMO
I... doesn't matter now. We need to find out what's on this tape.

Brecken pulls the tape out of the old envelope and looks at the masking tape on the front -- labeled "Christy".

Jamo walks over to the nurse's station where a cute NURSE sits, reading through some sort of checklist.

JAMO
Excuse me.

Jamo looks at her name tag: LISA. She looks up from her paperwork and gives a forced smile.

JAMO
Lisa? Hey, how are you?

LISA
Can I help you with something?

JAMO
You wouldn't happen to have a VCR we could use, would you?

LISA
There's one in the library.

She gets up, Jamo and Brecken follow.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR - STAFF LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lisa pulls a cart with a TV and VCR/DVD player toward a table Jamo and Brecken stand in front of.

LISA
Let me know when you're done.

Lisa looks at Jamo's nose and brow.

LISA
Who dressed your bandages?

Jamo touches his brow.

JAMO
Uh... I did.

LISA
(smiling)
I can tell. If you want I can take
a look at those and put fresh
dressings on those for you.

Jamo looks a little embarrassed.

JAMO
Probably a good idea. Let me just
take a look at this real quick?

Lisa looks at her watch.

LISA
I have to do my rounds now anyway.
Come see me when you're done.

JAMO
Thanks.

LISA
Anything for the good guys.

Lisa smiles. Jamo smiles awkwardly, admiring her figure as she walks out.

Brecken chuckles a little. He puts the VHS tape into the VCR. Jamo turns the TV on. Brecken sits down and Jamo plays with the tracking to get it right.

BRECKEN
She's young enough to be your
daughter.

Jamo is fixated on the knobs.

JAMO
Too bad we don't have time to find
out.

Jamo has the tape rolling and sits back in the chair.

JAMO
Let's see what's on this thing.

ON TV SCREEN

A second of static, then the images appear -- surveillance footage of a bedroom.

A young Father Paul comes into frame, guiding toward the bed the little girl from the photos found in Father Paul's stomach. She looks a scared and possibly drugged.

Father Paul sits her on the bed. He walks out of frame.

FATHER PAUL (O.S.)
Christy, come here, we're going to have another lesson.

BACK TO SCENE

Jamo turns to Brecken.

JAMO
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

BRECKEN
You think it's the Harris girl?

JAMO
It kind of looks like her. It's definitely the same place as the photos the Medical Examiner pulled out of the priest's stomach.

ON TV SCREEN

CHRISTY
It makes me feel bad.

FATHER PAUL (O.S.)
I understand, but this is very important, dear.

CHRISTY
I know, it's our secret, right.

Father Paul walks back into frame and sits on the bed next to Christy. He puts his arm around her.

BACK TO SCENE

Disgusted and angry, Jamo pushes pause.

JAMO
I can't watch this. You think you
can sit through it, be my guest. I
just... I can't.

BRECKEN
He might end up saying something to
shed a little light on this fucked-
up case.

JAMO
(disturbed)
Good, tails you win. I'll meet you
back here in a few.

BRECKEN
What are you going to do?

JAMO
I figure I can use the time to
speak with our victim.

BRECKEN
(sighs)
Great.

Brecken reaches into the envelope, pulls out the journal as
Jamo walks out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL PSYCH FLOOR - PATIENT RECEIVING - NIGHT

Jamo walks to the receiving desk manned by a tall, blond guy,
JAKE.

JAKE
Can I help you?

Jamo puts his badge on the window.

JAKE
Is there a problem, Officer?

JAMO
I'm here to speak with the victim
of a case I am handling, Christy
Harris.

JAKE

You need to sign in.

Jamo looks down at the sign-in sheet...

He notices that a K. HARRIS signed in at 6:47 p.m., visited C. HARRIS in room 523, then signed out at 7:15 p.m.

Jamo looks at his watch, signs, and pushes the clipboard under the window.

JAMO

What are the times for visitation?

JAKE

Ten a.m. to nine p.m.

Jamo nods -- *interesting*.

Jake pushes the door button. The doors click. Jamo enters.

INT. HOSPITAL PSYCH FLOOR - NIGHT

Jamo walks in, scans the numbers on the doors as he passes.

Jake escorts him to room 823.

INT. ROOM 823 - NIGHT

Christy turns as Jamo walks in. Her eyes are black and sunken. She looks surprised and relieved when she sees Jamo.

Jamo closes the door behind him and locks it.

JAMO

Ms. Harris, I need to ask you a few more questions.

Christy takes a seat, staring at the floor.

CHRISTY

He... he's here, isn't he?

Jamo pauses for a moment.

JAMO

It's safe, he's in custody and under a watch.

Christy looks up, confused, focused on Jamo's eyes.

CHRISTY

What?

JAMO

Freddy Rodriguez, one of the
assailants from the alleyway.

Christy gets a distant look her eyes.

JAMO

Do you remember anything about the
other night in the alleyway? Who
did that to Carlos?

Christy grows fearful. She sits on her bed, stares blankly
at the wall.

CHRISTY

I... I... I don't remember.

JAMO

People are getting killed...

Christy shakes her head with an assembly of tears.

Jamo takes a knee and a sympathetic approach.

JAMO

Listen, I know you have problems.
I can promise you that you're not
in any trouble. I just want-

CHRISTY

It's not that... He's like my
guardian angel. Something has
always been out there protecting
me.

JAMO

You mean like your mother's
security people?

CHRISTY

No. It's always been this way.
Always seems like whenever someone
would hurt me they'd get hurt...
sometimes bad, or just disappear.

JAMO

Is that what happened to Father
Paul? Did he hurt you?

Christy's eyes get really wide, she pauses on Jamo's face and tears stream down her face.

CHRISTY
Father Paul... What's wrong with
Father Paul?

Jamo pauses, considering his words.

JAMO
He's dead.

Christy breaks down. She is hit hard, sobbing uncontrollably.

CHRISTY
Why? What happened?!

JAMO
He was murdered. By the same guy
who killed Carlos in that alley.

Christy wipes her eyes. She pauses and looks away from Jamo. She stares at the wall again, shaking.

JAMO
Please... tell me what you know.
Who is killing these people?

Christy pauses, gets her bearings.

CHRISTY
I think I've seen him in my dreams.
The thing I saw in that alleyway...
He's always the same in my dream.
Dark and shadowy. His burning
eyes. My mother used to tell me
bedtime stories about him. That I
shouldn't be afraid of him and he
would never hurt me. She always
said that I had nothing to worry
about because he would always
protect me. My grandmother told my
mother the same stories.

JAMO
Who is he?

CHRISTY
I... don't know.

Christy looks down at the floor, shaking her head.

JAMO

So you believe that this... thing killed these people because he is protecting you?

CHRISTY

I know it sounds crazy, but it's always been that way since I can remember. Except I always thought it was just some spiritual thing. I hadn't ever seen him before. Before the other night in the alley, I never believed he actually existed.

JAMO

You're telling me that this kind of thing has been happening to you your whole life?

CHRISTY

I've never spoken about it before. Not even to my mother. There's been a lot of people in my life that have either been hurt or disappeared after they've done something bad to me. I've always thought it was just karma. I would dream about revenge and then it would happen. I've been seeing him a lot lately, but never in person. In my dreams, I mean. It would usually only happen every so often, but ever since my mother told me about Father Paul...

Christy starts to tear up again.

JAMO

Were you close to him?

Christy exhibits disdain.

CHRISTY

I was... until mother told me about how he... I don't remember it...

Christy gets up, runs to the bathroom and throws up.

She gets up from the floor and sits on the toilet.

Jamo gets her a cup of water. She drinks it, coughs.

JAMO
Did he, Father Paul, ever...

Christy curls up into a ball and begins to sob.

JAMO
(concerned scowl)
I'm sorry.

Christy sobs a few more times, looks up to find Jamo is gone.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Jamo walks into the hallway. He notices the uniformed Officer still by the door. He's found himself a chair.

JAMO
He awake yet?

OFFICER
Not the last time I checked.

Lisa walks out of the room next to Rodriguez's. She smiles as she sees Jamo.

LISA
You want me to look at those cuts
for you?

JAMO
Sure. Just take it easy on me.

Lisa walks over to Jamo and lifts the bandage on his brow. She looks at the cut.

LISA
I can clean this up and put a fresh
bandage on it. It might need a
stitch or two. You'll have to go
downstairs for that.

Lisa walks over the nurse's station, grabs tape and gauze.

OFFICER
You get those on the job?

Jamo looks over to the Officer.

JAMO
Yeah, and what feels like a few
busted ribs, too.

Lisa hears this and walks over to Jamo.

LISA
Broken ribs? Let me see.

Jamo looks like he's not comfortable with that.

JAMO
Uh, it's fine. I'll be fine. I
don't think they're broken.
Bruised maybe.

LISA
Let me take a look just to be sure.

Lisa reaches towards Jamo. Jamo backs away a little.

JAMO
No, that's okay. Really.

She gets the message and backs off.

LISA
Stop being so spleeny.

Lisa stops, makes a sour face.

LISA
What's burning?

Jamo smells it too. He sees over the shoulder of the uniformed officer a yellow flickering from behind Rodriguez's room window.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - RODRIGUEZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo charges into the room, followed by the Officer and Lisa.

Jamo immediately notices wind blowing the curtains by the window. Parts of the edges are on fire. The silhouette of Freddy Rodriguez can be seen flickering and dancing behind the curtain that splits the room in half.

Jamo runs in and pulls back the dividing curtain.

Freddy Rodriguez is on fire. His face has been burned off. The skin, the muscles, eyes, the bone are burned through...

All that is left is a gaping hole from the bottom of his mouth up to his hairline. All the flesh has been cauterized, smoking and sizzling. The only thing recognizable is his hair and the bottom teeth and lip are left untouched.

It's like someone carved out his face with a super-heated ice cream scoop.

His groin is also burned away, still on fire -- just a gaping hole of seared flesh. The sheets and fabric around his crotch are ablaze.

As Jamo gets within a foot of the bed the emergency fire system comes on. Jets in the ceiling blast CO2 gas. The alarm shrieks. Freddy's crotch is extinguished, the curtains over the window go out.

Jamo pushes Lisa toward the Officer, motioning them toward the door.

JAMO

Get her out of here! Seal this place off!

Jamo turns back, now noticing a big hole in the window, like the glass has been melted away.

Jamo takes a step forward and hears a cracking sound. He looks down and sees mounds of clear and black globs on the floor and on the window sill.

Jamo leans out the window and looks up...

Staring back at him are two white, fiery eyes --

The Rectifier grabs Jamo by the shoulder where his burn is -- Jamo's body spasms...

CUT TO:

FLASHES of images race through Jamo's mind, from the Rectifier's point of view --

Watching Christy doing various things: walk to her car -- go to bed...

The Rectifier grows sad as he watches her do drugs and have sex...

He watches her walk into Mickey's tavern -- she walks out, Javier and Rodriguez follow her into the alleyway -- try to rape her -- the Rectifier burns Javier's head off...

The Rectifier watches Jamo talking to Christy the first time in the examining room...

The Rectifier follows Jamo, seeing the police shield at the precinct...

The Rectifier watches Jamo walk out of Mickey's, go into the alleyway -- bikers try to kill Jamo, he passes out -- the Rectifier kills the bikers -- takes Jamo back to his apartment and puts him in bed, then sees the painting... The Rectifier finishes the painting -- then leaves.

FLASHES intensify and become less discernible --

Images of a railroad sign -- Brecken unconscious and bleeding in his arms -- Jamo getting married -- dying of old age...

BACK TO SCENE:

Jamo's body jerks back to reality.

He is pulled in the window by the Officer.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - RODRIGUEZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The extinguishers are still spraying. Jamo and the Officer hit the floor, Jamo gets to his knees at the edge of the window...

Catches a glimpse of the Rectifier jumping over the rooftops, disappearing.

OFFICER
(into radio)
448, send Fire Units to-

Brecken comes running in running into the Officer. He stops when he sees Freddy.

BRECKEN
Jesus!

Jamo slowly turns around, in shock.

The jets stop blasting and the room clears. People fill the hallway, reacting to the alarm.

The Officer gets off the radio. He and Brecken look at Jamo.

BRECKEN
What is this? What happened?!

Jamo kneels and looks at the globs melted glass.

JAMO
I... I don't know.

Jamo looks back out the window.

BRECKEN

Did you see anybody? Who did this?

Jamo stands dazed for a second.

JAMO

We gotta go.

Jamo walks past Brecken stumbles. Brecken grabs him by the arm, helping him toward the stairs.

They wade through all the onlookers around the scene. Brecken keeps fixated looking back at Rodriguez room.

JAMO

They've got it covered. We gotta go, now!

BRECKEN

But... Rodriguez...

JAMO

He's dead, which means he can't talk, c'mon!

They run into the stairwell.

EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jamo and Brecken rush out and head for the car. Brecken is carrying the manila envelope with the tape and ledger. There are fire trucks and police cars parked outside.

Brecken nods to FIREMEN as they pass. Jamo keeps looking up.

BRECKEN

You okay?

JAMO

What? Yeah... So Christy believes she has been followed and protected all her life by our killer and *it* attacks anyone that hurts her. Like that pedophile Father Paul...

BRECKEN

I don't know that he was a pedophile. I watched the tape. He never touched her that way. He only had her reciting Latin phrases until it turned to static.

JAMO

Yeah, but she said that her mother recently told her what he did to her as a child.

They get to Jamo's car, he unlocks it.

BRECKEN

If she was so messed up by this priest when she was a kid, wouldn't our killer have murdered Father Paul then? If her story is true? I mean, if he's 'protecting' her, why wait all these years?

JAMO

I don't know... she mentioned that she didn't remember it happening until her mother told her. Maybe if she doesn't know, then maybe he... *it* doesn't know.

BRECKEN

We're calling him 'it' now?

JAMO

Well, I don't know of any man that could do something like that.

Jamo points at the side of the hospital. Brecken looks up...

Four floors up is the window to Rodriguez's room. On the wall around the outside of the melted hole are two distinct hand marks scorched deep into the concrete.

JAMO

'It' seems the most appropriate at this point.

Jamo and Brecken get into the car and close the doors.

The car rips out of the parking lot.

INT. JAMO'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brecken kicks aside a pile of empty pastry wrappers.

BRECKEN

What are we dealing with here? Are we talking demons and monsters?

(MORE)

BRECKEN(cont'd)

If we are I don't know if I can handle it. What can do what we just saw in there? I just... this is crazy.

Jamo keeps driving and looking up, out the windshield.

BRECKEN

Monsters and demons aren't supposed to exist, Jamo. They're only in movies and books. Not walking around Detroit, cooking people with their bare hands.

Brecken looks at Jamo, who keeps trying to look up at the rooftops.

BRECKEN

This is insane. What are we supposed to do? Read this thing its rights and take him downtown? He'd probably just melt the cuffs with his laser beam eyes, that's if the cuffs even fit around his wrists, if he even has wrists... Jamo...

Brecken looks at Jamo again. He doesn't seem to notice.

BRECKEN

LELAND!

Jamo finally turns to Brecken.

JAMO

I know! I know, Randy... none of this makes any sense to me either. All I know is that I saw that *thing* heading this direction.

BRECKEN

Wait, you saw it? What did it look like?

JAMO

You'll just think I'm crazy and put me in a room next to Christy.

BRECKEN

Try me.

JAMO

A big thing outside Rodriguez's room...

(MORE)

JAMO(cont'd)

he -- its -- eyes were burning...
and I think I saw its memories.

Brecken stares at Jamo for a second.

BRECKEN

What does that mean you 'saw its
memories'?

Jamo stares out the windshield.

JAMO

I mean it showed me what it sees
and I saw it watching Christy and
protecting her from Javier and
Rodriguez in that alley... and...

BRECKEN

And what?

JAMO

I don't know, let's just find this
thing.

BRECKEN

So are we just going to keep
driving in this general direction
until we hit it with the car?

JAMO

No... But this is the same general
direction as that train yard where
that kid said he saw it.

BRECKEN

You think we're going to find this
thing there?

JAMO

Maybe. But after what I just saw
happen to Freddy... I don't know if
we want to find it. What about the
video tape? What were Father Paul
and Christy doing on it?

BRECKEN

It was more like a bible study.
After you left, he laid her on the
bed, made her recite these passages
in Latin over and over again. Then
tucked her in and left. The tape
goes fuzzy from there.

JAMO
Nothing else happened?

BRECKEN
Nope.

JAMO
So what was the passage he was
making her recite?

BRECKEN
My Latin isn't so good.

Brecken looks out the windshield as if to see what's coming. He looks down at the manila envelope. He reaches in and pulls out the ledger...

The cover has a circular symbol stamped on it with the words 'Divinus septem'.

He opens it, leafs through the pages of dated notes.

BRECKEN
Maybe this book will tell us. Full of the minutes taken by Father Paul during meetings with a group called the Viginti Primoris Miles Militis of Flauros Templum, or Miles Militis of Flauros.

JAMO
What does that mean?

Brecken flips a couple pages.

BRECKEN
It's translated into English just below... The Knights of Flauros, the Church of Flauros.

JAMO
The symbol from the crime scenes, the fallen angel?

Brecken looks at the page again.

BRECKEN
Everto Flauros... The demon Flauros.

They fall silent for a moment. Brecken continues reading.

BRECKEN

Seems there was a lot of squabbling going on in these meetings. Father Paul seems to be a moderator of some sort, like policing the group. He makes mention of abuses of power. It also talks about this "Vessel of Saint Sebastian".

The ledger shows images of old paintings and drawings of ST. SEBASTIAN.

JAMO

Demons *and* Saints?

BRECKEN

Says this vessel carries the hundred-year-old heart of Priest Willem, the blood of Saint Sebastian and the dark soul of the demon Flauros. Priest Willem is the son of sons to the father, Saint Sebastian. Saint Sebastian started the thousand-year war with the Knights of Flauros after he exposed their church to Caesar in 15th century Rome, and somehow prevented some sort of ritual. The Knights have been battling his bloodline ever since. Until... 1919.

Brecken turns to a page that has an old photograph of a really tall priest and a group of men and women all standing in front of an old stone church.

JAMO

What happened in 1919?

BRECKEN

They... summoned the demon and lured this Priest Willem into letting the demon possess his body, forging a bond that would bring Flauros into a physical being and finally giving the church control over the Sebastian bloodline... This is fuckin' nuts. Here's that symbol we keep finding.

Brecken shows Jamo a page with images of the symbol they found at the crime scenes and drawings of a shadowy figure with fiery eyes.

JAMO

Jesus... What about the passages
the priest was having Christy
recite?

Brecken flips through some more pages.

BRECKEN

I don't see anything the resembles
what I heard on the tape, but he
does mention Christy in conjunction
with this date over and over again.

JAMO

What date?

BRECKEN

July 15th.

Jamo looks at his watch.

JAMO

You're kidding me... that's today.

BRECKEN

He talks about preparing her for
what's to come on July 15th and she
must bring about The Recollection.

Brecken looks at a drawing of a triangle -- inside it is a
girl standing before the shadowy figure merging with the
image of ST. SEBASTIAN.

BRECKEN

He says over and over that he prays
that he has prepared her enough and
if she fails the bloodline will run
dark for another hundred years.

The car pulls up to a large gate which leads to the train
yard. Jamo puts it in park and turns the car off.

Brecken closes the ledger. Jamo and Brecken pause, staring
out at the gates. They get out.

EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN YARD GATES - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks to the back of the car and opens the trunk. He
pulls out a flashlight and a rifle with a light attached to
the barrel. He tests the flashlight, tosses the rifle to
Brecken. Jamo grabs the shotgun and tests its light.

Jamo slams the trunk.

Brecken leans into the car, picks up the radio.

JAMO
What are you doing?

BRECKEN
Calling in our location.

Jamo walks to the fence while Brecken calls in their location. The gate is locked. They scan the fence line...

Find the giant hole in the fence where the kids and obviously the Rectifier entered the train yard.

Jamo examines the edges of the hole in the fence -- melted through.

JAMO
Looks like the right place.

Jamo and Brecken enter through the hole.

EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jamo and Brecken weave their way through the yard...

Passing car after old rusty car, looking and listening...

They come to a junction between the lines of cars.

BRECKEN
Which way?

Jamo looks both directions, sniffs the air.

JAMO
You smell that?

Brecken covers his mouth.

BRECKEN
I know that smell.

They look at the left path in the junction between the cars.

JAMO
Death. It's coming from somewhere over there...

Jamo keeps sniffing, walks towards a group of rusty rail cars all in a row. Brecken follows.

They get closer. Jamo sniffs around each car. Brecken watches the rear.

Jamo gets close to a car between a few others and takes a whiff, coughs. There's a buzzing of flies from inside.

JAMO

In there.

They walk to the closed sliding metal door. Jamo motions for Brecken to cover him.

Brecken takes a step back, aims at the door. Jamo grabs the handle, Brecken nods and Jamo opens it with force.

The door slides open and flies swarm out. Jamo coughs.

The flies clear and in the dark back corner of the car is a pile of something... It's hard to make out in the dark.

Jamo quickly raises his shotgun and aims its light towards the pile in the corner. Brecken aims at the opposite corner.

In the corner is a pile of discarded animal carcasses, picked clean except for patches of fur and skin. To the side are a few remnants of organs left to rot, covered with maggots.

In the opposite corner are marks on the floor. The adjoining walls have been charred.

Brecken shines his flashlight to the left and right of the car. On a sweep past one of the rusty cars nearby he catches a glint of something shiny underneath, from the other side.

BRECKEN

Jamo...

Jamo turns to Brecken and follows his gaze. Brecken shines his light over the area.

They walk over to the car. Brecken kneels to see --

A kid's bike on the other side.

BRECKEN

I think it's that kid's bike.

Brecken stands up and walks around the car. Jamo follows.

BRECKEN

That kid from the hospital said the thing had his bike.

Brecken and Jamo walk around the other side of the car -- there is Jeff's bike, lying next to the railroad tie. The rim is a little bent.

They look around the area...

The car just ahead of them is open. There is a bent door lying across from it. On the side of the door are burn marks the size of fists. Big fists.

Jamo motions to Brecken. He points to the open car.

Brecken holds his weapon low. Jamo does the same and they move towards the opening.

Jamo hugs the wall of the car and keeps moving cautiously. Brecken does the same, but also watches the back and side.

Jamo gets to the doorway and motions to Brecken to cover him. Jamo peeks around and into the car. It's dark, no movement. He leans more, lifts his shotgun and shines the light into the car, checks the corners on both sides and finds nothing.

Jamo steps away from the wall and gets a full view of inside the car. He shines the light onto the walls.

JAMO

Holy shit.

Brecken walks over, looks into the car...

There are paintings all over the walls, covering the entire interior. Jamo climbs in, Brecken follows.

INT. RUSTY RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

They both get into the car. Jamo shines his light on the walls, moving it across the paintings...

Script Note - Description of Paintings

JAMO

Looks like a collage, a time line of sorts.

Jamo points to small lines under the paintings. Jamo grabs his head, the confrontation with the Rectifier implanted. The walls animate from Jamo's perspective.

Brecken walks over to where Jamo is looking...

An image of the Saint with a glowing halo in battle with a bunch of men in cloaks.

Jamo pans along the next series of images...

As they progress Jamo sees them come to life. The Saint having a son and dying in battle next to his son, then his son having a son, and so on...

Jamo follows the images till he gets to a line melted into the metal. On the other side of it the images become more detailed -- they show the life of Priest Willem and how he met the old woman and Marybeth.

The next images show the Priest performing exorcism on the possessed Marybeth.

Brecken's light pans past the continuing pictographs --

The apparition entering Marybeth, the Priest holding a Bible and bottle, looking over the girl who is once again herself and crying -- but the face of the priest is demented and cracked with fiery eyes. The Priest melts into a shadow with fiery eyes... in the center of the shadow where the heart should be is a small heart, barely noticeable.

Brecken pans his light over the next series of paintings --

The fiery eyed shadow following and protecting the daughter of that woman, and her daughter, and so on for several generations.

Brecken's light pans around the walls and comes to an image of a girl who grows to resemble Senator Harris. This girl gives birth to a daughter who grows up looking like Christy. There is a different Priest standing with Christy's mother depicted in one of the paintings. Then the priest is shown standing next to a young Christy. Then Christy grows up as the mother, growing powerful, the shadowy figure hurting and killing along the way.

The shadowy figure is shown killing a priest.

The shadowy figure is shown killing Javier.

The end of the series of paintings shows a person in a cloak standing behind an altar. On the altar is a girl who looks like Christy, on fire. Jamo is caught in a trance.

BRECKEN

Jamo?

Above the painting of the sacrifice is a symbol in the shape of a T, with the bottom flared out.

BRECKEN

Hey Jamo?

Brecken nervously looks about the room.

Stuck to the wall is a poster of Senator Harris' face, the same image from the billboard across from the hospital. The eyes are burned out just like on the large billboard.

The pictographs continue, depicting things yet to happen.

Brecken grabs Jamo by the shoulder. He snaps to.

BRECKEN

Hey, you alright?

Jamo looks down and sees his paintbrush and palette -- both have a bunch of small burns. He examines them.

JAMO

Yeah..

BRECKEN

You think Christy might know anything about all this?

Jamo drops his paint tools, realizing they can't be salvaged.

JAMO

I don't know. If she knew someone wanted to kill her I doubt she'd keep it from us.

BRECKEN

What about her mother? Maybe she has enemies that would try to kill Christy just to get to her.

JAMO

Maybe.

BRECKEN

You think you want to risk talking to her again?

Jamo jumps down from the rail car.

JAMO

I don't think I have much choice.

INT. JAMO'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Jamo and Brecken get into the car. Brecken puts his seat belt on while Jamo throws the shotgun on to the back seat. Jamo starts the car, opting not to put his seat belt on.

Brecken calls clear on the radio.

They pull away from the train yard.

BRECKEN

Someone is putting together quite a show.

Brecken pulls out the ledger again, leafs through it.

Jamo keeps driving, deep in thought.

They pass a railroad sign and Jamo instantly recognizes it.

JAMO

I think... man, this is hard to put into words...

Brecken takes his head out of the ledger and looks at Jamo.

JAMO

I think... can't believe I'm saying this... I think when I saw the thing's memories, I saw... you.

BRECKEN

Me? What was I doing?

JAMO

I... I think you were hurt. Bleeding.

Jamo turns, but descends into shock...

Over Brecken's shoulder Jamo sees an oncoming BLACK SUV from a side street...

BOOM! It slams into the car.

The car rolls onto its side, throws Jamo into his door, the window shatters. Brecken yells as his seat belt snaps. Jamo gets his head up just enough to see Brecken sucked out.

The car stops rolling, upside down, crushed inward. Jamo is facing the driver's side window.

Jamo struggles to reach for the radio. He finally gets it.

JAMO
216 com... I need immediate
assistance!

Chaos with radio traffic from comm.

Jamo drops the radio, looks out the windshield and sees a large puddle of fuel forming in a crevice in the street... Brecken lying a few feet away, his arms and legs severely broken and contorted.

Jamo loses it.

JAMO
Brecken! RANDY!!!

Brecken is bleeding badly, barely moving.

Jamo looks back at the SUV backed up all the way across the street. It suddenly races forward for a second pass.

Jamo scrambles to the opposite side where he is protected by the steel 'A' frame. It strikes the vehicle, caving in the driver's side, and pushes the car a few more feet.

The SUV reverses again and speeds back for another hit, only this time it's heading for Brecken.

JAMO
NO!

Just as the BLACK SUV bears down on Brecken, it slams to a violent stop -- the Rectifier suddenly appears, ramming the SUV with incredible force, sending it flying.

The SUV rolls, ends up on its roof, slides into a wall across the street.

Jamo sees the feet of the Rectifier walking slowly around the car... his legs bend down, he carefully picks up Brecken, carries him away from the car and puts him down.

The Rectifier turns back and heads towards the car.

The car catches on fire. Jamo panics, fixated on the flames as he writhes. He chokes on the smoke, hyperventilates.

EXT. BURNING BUILDING - DAY - 1988

Jamo pulls up to a structure fire. As he exits his car a WOMAN frantically runs up to him.

WOMAN
PLEASE! My daughter is inside!

She grabs hold of Jamo. He breaks free and runs into the house.

Michaels pulls up as Jamo enters.

SERGEANT MICHAELS
Jamo!

INT. BURNING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS - 1988

Jamo runs upstairs.

He grabs the screaming THREE-YEAR-OLD and runs downstairs...

As he hits the last step the steps collapse.

BACK TO:

EXT. DESOLATE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jamo cannot see as the smoke irritates his eyes. He sees a figure looking at him but cannot make it out...

The Rectifier reaches into the car, bends back the partially collapsed roof, grabs Jamo by the collar, pulling him out.

He picks Jamo up and carries him with ease across the street.

Jamo can see the ledger burning in the car as he is carried off. He looks at the SUV on its side a few feet away...

The driver's side is smashed and on fire. There are two CLOAKED MEN on the ground, on fire, heads burned off.

The Rectifier carries Jamo over to where he put Brecken.

Jamo wipes his eyes and looks up at the Rectifier.

The Rectifier looks at Jamo for a moment. In the distance, sirens approach. The Rectifier turns and walks over to the bodies from the SUV.

JAMO
What the hell are you?!

The Rectifier kneels next to one of the bodies.

JAMO
Why are you doing this?!

The Rectifier reaches down to the body. White-hot heat bellows from his hands, he waves them, turning the body to dust. It blows away into the night.

Jamo can see flashing lights getting closer. He turns to look at the Rectifier.

The Rectifier turns the other body to dust. He stands and turns to Jamo. The sirens get closer... He pays no attention to them, continues to look at Jamo.

Two POLICE CARS screech to a halt and OFFICERS leap out, guns aimed at the Rectifier.

OFFICER
DOWN ON THE GROUND! NOW!

JAMO
No! Don't!

The Rectifier turns and begins walking away.

OFFICER
Stop or we WILL fire!

The Rectifier continues to leave. The OFFICERS fire. Bullets riddle the Rectifier's body, creating what look like small volcanic eruptions turning the bullets to molten metal on impact. Globes of glowing metal fall to the pavement, leaving shiny splatters behind.

Then with one leap, the Rectifier is gone -- a glow that disappears into the night sky and surrounding shadows.

The Officers start to pursue, then give up, realizing it is futile. They stare in disbelief.

Jamo drags himself over to Brecken, who is dying. His face is gashed open on the right side and one arm is twisted in an unnatural angle.

Jamo's face is anguished. Brecken makes shallow gurgling sounds, coughs blood. Jamo pulls him close, squeezing him.

An ambulance finally arrives.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Two EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIANS (EMT) work on Brecken as the ambulance races towards the hospital.

Jamo sits by the back doors and watches.

EMT
Sir, can you hear me?

All sound slips away and time slows down for Jamo as he watches the EMT's try to save Brecken's life.

EMT #1 gives Brecken an injection, checks his vitals while EMT #2 intubate him, pumping air. EMT #1 hooks him up to a heart monitor -- his heart rate is low. EMT #1 gives another injection. His heart rate races, then flat lines. EMT #1 starts CPR.

EMT #2 uses scissors to cut open Brecken's shirt then grabs the automatic defibrillator placing them on Brecken's chest and side. EMT #1 clears the body. His body seizes then releases. Still flat lined. They begin CPR and try to defibrillate him. Their will be no change.

The EMT's look at each other. EMT #2 switches the defibrillator off.

EMT #1 turns to Jamo and speaks. Jamo can't hear, continues to stare at Brecken. EMT #1 touches Jamo on the shoulder. He snaps out of it and grabs the EMT by the wrist.

EMT #1
He's gone. I'm sorry...

He pulls the EMT out of the way, lunges for Brecken and starts CPR... Until EMT #2 puts a hand on Jamo's shoulder.

EMT #2
Detective, he's gone.

Jamo snaps around, slams the EMT against the wall, choking him. EMT #1 tries to pull him off. Jamo elbows EMT #1 in the face and he falls to the side. EMT #2 gasps for air, EMT #1's nose gushes blood. He tries to get back up.

EMT #2
Detective... please... you're,
choking me...

Jamo suddenly realizes what he's doing and lets go. EMT #2 slumps to the floor, coughing.

Jamo turns looking at Brecken's broken body. Jamo slowly backs into the wall sliding down and starts to sob into his hands.

The ambulance driver turns off the lights and siren, there is no need for a Code 3 response. They stop as it pulls up to the hospital sally port.

Jamo gets up off the floor, composes himself. EMT's step out of the ambulance. For a moment Jamo looks blankly at a wall, then over to Brecken.

JAMO

I should have warned you.

He opens the ambulance doors and walks away.

EXT. BENEATH AN IRON BRIDGE - NIGHT

Raining heavily. The bridge spans a large body of water. The Rectifier walks in from the rain and finds a spot to crouch. Water steams from his body.

He looks out at the rain falling onto the pavement.

The Rectifier reaches out into the rain. Drops splash into his cracked palm, the rain water sizzles and washes his bloody hands. Blood and water drip onto the bridge loft.

The Rectifier stares into the steam. In his eyes, the steam turns into smoke, swirling around and transporting the Rectifier to another time...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD CHURCH - DUSK - 1919

Smoke and a violent rainstorm. The old stone church is set a blaze by the townspeople.

Inside Father Willem cloaked in a dripping wet set of farm leathers stands staring at a restrained Mary Beth. He is bleeding badly from his back to She withers like a snake.

Willem is seen nervously chanting a passage, then kissing Mary Beth who bites his tongue off.

Willem is tossed back into the large fountain of holy water.

Submerged the waters begin to boil and turn red with Willem's blood. His clothes are saturated giving them the blood stain to prevent them from burning.

The doors to the church are being hammered shut.

As we close in on the fountain exits the Rectifier, screaming and enraged.

INT. HOSPITAL PSYCH FLOOR - PATIENT RECEIVING - NIGHT

Jamo, bruised, battered and bloodstained, storms up to the receiving station. Jake sits behind the desk, filling out paperwork. He looks up, taken aback by Jamo's appearance.

JAMO

I need to get in and see Christy Harris. Now!

Jake types on his keyboard, looks at the computer monitor.

JAKE

She's been released.

JAMO

What? When?

JAKE

Earlier today.

Jamo looks at the time, its late.

JAMO

Do you have an address?

JAKE

I'm sorry, I can't give out-

JAMO

Well, who took her out of here?

JAKE

I can't tell you that.

JAMO

Then can you tell me why a patient was discharged near midnight? Isn't this the fifth floor? I was under the understanding that you needed a signature from a judge before you could be released and how convenient that its a weekend.

JAKE

I don't know man, look, you asking
the wrong guy.

Jake looks at Jamo and shoves the sign-in board under the glass. He glances down and sees that after him, B. Harris had signed in.

INT. BRECKEN'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Jamo opens the laptop and queries Belinda Harris. There is a face sheet with a photo of her and a bunch of different cautions. He reads the cautions that tell of any contact with her should be dealt with by a supervisor.

Jamo finds the address to her home and looks it up on the GPS map. She lives way up near the upper peninsula...

Jamo drives away.

EXT. SENATOR HARRIS RESIDENCE - DAWN

He drives to the intercom next to the gates, pushes the call button. No response. He tries once more, still nothing.

Jamo backs down the driveway...

His car returns -- ramming through the front gates, taking them off the hinges.

EXT. LARGE ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Jamo flies up the long driveway and pulls up to the house. It's a typical white pillared estate with a three-car attached garage and a perfectly landscaped yard -- large but not quite a mansion.

There are no lights on and no cars in the driveway.

Jamo parks and gets out. He heads for the garage.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The window of the side door breaks. A hand wrapped in a jacket reaches in and unlocks the inside handle of the door.

It opens and Jamo walks into the garage. There are no cars.

Jamo walks to door to the house, tests it. It's open.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jamo creeps into the dark kitchen. He doesn't see anyone or anything. He checks the archway into the next room, nothing.

He cautiously steps into the next room.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo makes his way across the dining room. The walls are covered with religious paintings and objects.

Jamo notices that one painting is of a beautiful woman and it's partially burned -- the same one that FATHER WILLEM was painting of Marybeth. There's a small plaque at the bottom of the frame: MARYBETH HARRIS 1899 - 1919.

Jamo checks the doorway into the next room.

INT. HARRIS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks around the base of the large staircase that leads upstairs. He starts making his way up, then stops.

There are framed photographs lining the wall all the way up the stairs. Jamo focuses on one in particular. He clicks on his small flashlight, shines it on the picture...

It depicts a younger, thirty-something Senator Harris with her arm around a ten-year-old GIRL. The Senator is smiling, the girl is not. The girl looks exactly like the one in the photos found in Father Paul's stomach and on the VHS tape.

Jamo shines his light on a different picture...

Image of a thirty-something Father Paul standing on the steps of a church with his arm around the same young girl. Next to Father Paul and the girl is Senator Harris. Everyone is smiling except the little girl.

A sound comes from upstairs. Jamo quickly clicks his light off and heads up...

INT. HARRIS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamo hears the sound again, coming from the other end of the dark hallway. Jamo notices a light from under the last door on the left. He hears another sound, this time from outside the front door.

Jamo looks over the railing of the landing that overlooks the front foyer. Out the windows Jamo sees three BLACK SUBURBANS coming up the driveway, car doors open and close.

Jamo heads for the first door he sees. He gets halfway when the door at the end of the hall starts to open.

Jamo ducks into the first door. He keeps it cracked, watches the door at the end of the hallway open...

Christy Harris walks out, wearing a T-shirt and underwear. She has earphones on and an MP3 player in hand. She walks to the door across from the one she came out of and opens it.

Christy turns on a light, exposing the bathroom. She shuts the door behind her, locks it.

Jamo waits...

The sound of a shower from behind the door.

Jamo cautiously walks into the hallway again. He hears a sound from downstairs, ducks behind the door and keeps it cracked. He waits and watches.

Jamo hears fast footsteps coming upstairs. Suddenly three MEN in black cloaks rush down the hallway. One has a red sash instead of a black one like the others.

They head straight for the bathroom, force the door in and enter. Christy screams.

Jamo charges out and rushes to the bathroom with gun drawn.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamo storms in. The three men are struggling with Christy. She screams and tries kicking. One man pulls out a syringe full of clear liquid, jabs it into her neck.

Jamo aims at the men.

JAMO
Don't fuckin' move!

The men freeze. Christy looks at Jamo just as she passes out and goes limp.

JAMO
Put her down. Slowly.

They lower her to the bathroom floor.

JAMO
Stand up slowly.

As they slowly stand up, a cloak falls off one man's head... His head is completely shaven and he has straight scars crisscrossing his head and face.

JAMO
Put your hands out where I can see them and fuckin' keep 'em there or I'll add new scars to those heads of yours. Big ones.

All three put their hands out in front of them.

One in the back has a hand behind one of the others. He suddenly throws a knife at Jamo --

Jamo dodges, fires and hits the man -- cloak flies off, blood and brains spatter the bathroom wall, he falls to the ground.

Jamo's right cheek is cut and bleeding from the knife. He aims at the other two men.

JAMO
Okay, now, all of you slow--

Before Jamo can finish the man with the RED SASH is freakishly on top of him and has his gun. The other man is behind him and puts Jamo in an arm lock.

Jamo pushes backwards with everything he has and all three barrel into the hallway.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamo and the two men fly against the wall.

They fight down the hallway, zig-zag from one side to the other.

They make it to the other end of the hall and to the landing overlooking the downstairs foyer.

Jamo pushes one into the railing. He head-butts the Red-Sashed Man, then reels back and busts the other in the mouth.

The man behind him loses balance and starts going over the railing, still holding Jamo.

Jamo goes to counteract the fall, but the Red-Sashed Man motions towards the railing...

Without touching it, the railing snaps, sending Jamo and the other man over.

They fall to the foyer with a loud thud...

All around them, hands clasped, are other CLOAKED MEN, scarred and emotionless.

Jamo has the wind knocked out of him and gasps for air as he goes in and out of consciousness. The man beneath him is motionless, most likely dead.

As he fades in and out, Jamo sees the Red-Sashed Man on the landing, looking down at him. He disappears, then reappears midway down the stairs, calmly moving as if floating.

The Red-Sashed Man gets to the bottom of the stairs and makes his way over to where Jamo and his colleague landed. He leans over Jamo, examining. Jamo struggles to focus on him.

RED-SASHED MAN

(Italian accent)

This does not concern you, police man; nor did it concern your dead colleague.

Jamo smiles because he can see past the Red-Sashed Man, up through a skylight in the ceiling...

EXT. HARRIS ESTATE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The Rectifier barrels down like a burning meteor, smashing through the roof and into the house.

The Red-Sashed Man leaps out of the way with unnatural speed.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The Rectifier crashes down into the foyer, scorching everything on the way.

He dispenses of four cloaked men in two large swipes, turning them to clouds of dust and burning body parts.

He turns to another cloaked man and grabs his shoulders, setting the cloak on fire. The man closes his eyes as if giving in to his fate.

EXT. HARRIS ESTATE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

A human-shaped fireball crashes up through the roof, thuds down on the front lawn like an overcooked chicken. His crispy head lets out a final breath.

INT. HARRIS ESTATE - DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A cloud of ash settles as the Rectifier turns and in one swoop of his blazing hand incinerates a cloaked man's face and burns another in half.

The Rectifier turns to the Red-Sashed Man who has been watching off to the side, in awe of the creature's power.

The Rectifier's eyes burn white with anger as he looks upon the man who tried to harm Christy.

The Red-Sashed Man backs away slowly.

RED-SASHED MAN
Ottenga la ragazza da qui
rapidamente!
(Move the girl, quickly!)

Two men appear at the top of the stairs, carrying Christy.

The Rectifier turns to Christy. He becomes enraged.

The Red-Sashed Man lifts his arms and spouts off a series of words in Latin at the Rectifier.

RED-SASHED MAN
Aestuo vis of purgatio incendia
Succurro mihi huic ritus. Per aer
quod terra, unda quod incendia sic
exsisto vos reus per is ritus.
*(Blazing force of cleansing fire,
help me in this rite. By air and
earth, water and fire, so be you
bound with this rite.)*

The Rectifier's demeanor changes. His fiery eyes become less ablaze and his hands cool, as if he is switched off.

The men carrying Christy continue down the stairs, past the now docile Rectifier, and out the front door. They drive her away in one of the black Suburbans.

The Red-Sashed Man studies the Rectifier for a moment.

RED-SASHED MAN

Siete più magnifico di potrei
 sognarlo mai per essere. Quando la
 sacerdotessa parla di voi le sue
 parole non vengono vicino alla
 vostra bellezza il mio signore.
*(You are more magnificent than I
 could have ever dreamed you to be.
 When the priestess speaks of you
 her words do not come close to your
 beauty, my lord.)*

119 Red-Sashed Man notices that Jamo is gone.

119

INT. BRECKEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamo speeds down the two-lane back road. Ahead in the distance are the taillights of a black Suburban that is also driving extremely fast. Jamo is slowly gaining.

There is no oncoming traffic and he takes the opportunity to pass the Suburban...

As he pulls up alongside, he draws his sidearm and tries to catch a glimpse inside, but the windows are and tinted.

Suddenly the Suburban swerves into Jamo's car. He counters and keeps it on the road.

JAMO

Son of a bitch!

Jamo hammers down on the accelerator to get ahead of them.

The SUV speeds up, striking the patrol car, then again, harder. The Suburban is twice the size of the patrol car and almost pushes Jamo into the ditch.

Jamo barely keeps it on the road...

His car is faster and he gets the lead.

He swerves in front of the Suburban, but it rams him.

JAMO

Fuckers!

Jamo taps the brakes and the Suburban hits the rear of Jamo's car again. Jamo laughs.

Things suddenly get darker. He stops laughing as he sees in the rearview that the headlights of the Suburban are gone.

Jamo taps the brakes again, this time no collision.

He hears an engine blow past him.

Silence...

BOOM! Through the windshield is a pale, scarred face.

FOLLOWER
PER IL MIO SALVATORE!

JAMO
JESUS!

Jamo swerves. The Follower hangs on.

Jamo tries to look past the scarred face for the road...

He gets glimpses of yellow and white lines, just enough to keep the car on the road.

The Follower mumbles inaudibly as he clings to the hood.

Jamo swerves. The Follower still hangs on and continues to mumble. Swerves again and can't shake him. Jamo points his gun at the Follower, right between the eyes.

JAMO
Jump!

Jamo's eyes dart back and forth between what little road he can see and the Follower.

JAMO
I said jump!

The Follower shakes his head, closes his eyes tightly and continues to mumble.

JAMO
What the fuck...

Jamo starts to slowly pull the trigger, but as he does the car hits something hard --

Jamo's gun goes off with a boom! The windshield cracks. Blood splatters.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Follower and what looks like a deer roll up and over the roof of the car and thud to the ground.

The ball of deer and man tumbles off into the shadows.

INT. BRECKEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jamo cruises in silence, looking straight out the windshield, his hand and gun still pointed at the bullet hole. What blood is left on the windshield drifts up and out of view.

Jamo snaps out of it when he sees the taillights of the Suburban not far ahead.

He turns the wipers on, slams on the gas and catches up with them again.

Just as he gets close the Suburban suddenly makes a sharp turn onto a rough dirt road.

Jamo cuts in just behind them.

The road was not built for a patrol car -- it is barely a road at all, more like two ditches side by side.

Jamo's car jumps and jolts with every foot that he drives.

The Suburban starts to pull away at a fast pace.

The car slams into something big --

The passenger-side air bag deploys.

The car stops moving.

Jamo presses the accelerator. The car rocks, doesn't budge.

JAMO

Fuck!

The Suburban's taillights disappear out of Jamo's view.

He pounds on the steering wheel with his palms. The driver's side air bag deploys in Jamo's face.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jamo pushes back the air bag as he gets out of the car. He grumbles under his breath. He carefully shuts his car door.

INT. BRECKEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The air bags are almost deflated. Jamo is seen making his way to the trunk of the car, he opens it. A voice is heard.

ON-STAR ADVISOR
On-Star emergency, this is Kevin?

Jamo slams the trunk shut.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jamo walks up to the passenger side of the car and flicks on a flashlight mounted on the end of a shotgun.

He sees a huge boulder wedged under the front end of the car.

Jamo flicks the light off, ducks into the tree line, begins making his way in the direction the Suburban went.

EXT. STONE CHURCH COMPOUND - NIGHT

At the end of the path, Jamo comes to a fence and sees --

What looks like an old stone church encased by a glass box. Around it is a series of buildings branching off in various stages of construction and surrounding the encapsulated old church. All in the middle of nowhere. It looks as though the glass structure surrounding the church is equipped with extensive electronic equipment and what look like large tanks.

Jamo notices a number of GUARD PATROLS making rounds at different points about the facility.

Jamo notices that the fence has a section that has been melted through. It's still glowing.

Through the hole, Jamo sees the Rectifier walking with the Red-Sashed Man through the entrance of the clear structure.

Jamo climbs through the hole in the fence. Sticking to the shadows, he makes his way to the compound.

INT. STONE CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is the same from the Rectifier's memories, except no longer in ruins as it was after the day the Rectifier was 'born'; it is in partial ruin as it was left decades before.

A procession has begun; a hundred or so cloaked FOLLOWERS, wearing face masks connected to tubes leading into their cloaks, gather before an altar.

The altar is a new addition. It is circular with the symbol of Flauros carved into it. The altar is encased inside another transparent box. On the altar, Christy Harris is tied down and gagged. She squirms and tries to get free.

She looks out at the cloaked figures and sees --

The Rectifier on his knees inside a triangle surrounded by symbols, as if he's asleep.

Christy panics, struggles again. She hears a voice from the other side of the altar.

WOMAN (O.S.)

He would never hurt you.

Christy looks up -- a red-cloaked WOMAN stands behind a podium, wearing a mask with a tube leading to her cloak, her face covered.

WOMAN

He has been your protector as he was once mine... but you took that from me and now on this day we have brought you to this sacred chapel where your protector was born. We've brought him home.

The cloaked Followers begin to chant.

The woman pulls off her mask, revealing herself as Christy's mother, SENATOR HARRIS.

Christy's fear intensifies, fused with confusion.

SENATOR HARRIS

We have been awaiting this day for twenty-two years. With the sacrifice of our youngest daughter, our god will be ours again, bringing about a new dawn. The knights of our god Flauros will be reborn!

The Followers raise their arms with a loud, deep shout.

Christy screams beneath her gag.

Senator Harris, with crazed eyes, looks down at her daughter and chants in Latin.

SENATOR HARRIS

Vos es reus per meus manus manus.
 Meus mos est vestri via. Vos vadum
 pareo meus volo quod meus postulo.
 Per vox of terra, polus quod subter
 supter vos mos pareo.
*(You are bound by my hand. My will
 is your way. You shall obey my
 wants and my needs. With the power
 of earth, heavens and below, you
 will obey.)*

The Rectifier's body jerks to life. He stands and holds his hands out. They start to crack with heat.

He reaches towards Christy as his hands glow white hot...

She pulls away as much as she can, crying.

The Rectifier tries to snap out of it, but Senator Harris speaks the chant again with more ferocity.

SENATOR HARRIS

Vos es reus per meus manus manus.
 Meus mos est vestri via...

The Rectifier is thrown back under the spell, edging closer to Christy as his hands glow hot and sizzle.

Senator Harris smiles as she chants the passage.

Followers take heed and bow their heads, awaiting the final task.

SENATOR HARRIS

Vos vadum pareo meus volo quod meus
 postulo. Per vox of ter--

Suddenly the Senator stops chanting. A moment of silence.

The Rectifier regresses and lowers to his knees within the triangle.

A number of Followers look up to see --

Jamo has Senator Harris by the mouth, his gun to her head. He is acting on impulse, not knowing what to do next.

More Followers pick their heads up and observe Jamo holding the Senator.

Jamo slowly walks back.

Most Followers are disoriented and look about the room, backing up, uncertain of what to do.

A nearby Follower inches towards Jamo and the Senator.

Jamo presses the gun into the Senator's head.

JAMO
Not a good idea...

The Follower stops where he stands.

Jamo looks over at Christy. He points to the Follower.

JAMO
You. Get the girl out of there.

The Follower looks to the Senator.

JAMO
Do it or I open up her head like a
Christmas present...

He presses his gun into the back of the Senator's head. The Senator gives the Follower a nod to do so.

The Follower walks over to the encased altar.

SENATOR HARRIS
This doesn't change anything.
Tribuo mihi vox!
(*Give me power.*)

The Senator suddenly waves her arm and --

Jamo flies off into a corner, knocking him unconscious.

CHRISTY
What is all this?

SENATOR HARRIS
Your feeble mind can't understand
the magnitude of what is happening,
child.

CHRISTY
But I'm your daughter. Why are you
doing this? Please, I love you...

The Senator looks disgusted.

SENATOR HARRIS

And I've hated you the moment I learned I was impregnated with a child that was female. I knew there would be a shift in priority and you would eventually be the next chosen one. I should be on that altar! You robbed me of my legacy that I worked so hard to build!

CHRISTY

(in shock)

Why did you have me then?

SENATOR HARRIS

The moment you were conceived the Demon began protecting you... he wouldn't allow an abortion. So, I used you like a puppet to get him to do my bidding... like silencing your precious Father Paul.

CHRISTY

You lied about Father Paul?

SENATOR HARRIS

He was not what he claimed to be... Now, SILENCE! Vos es reus per meus manus manus. Meus mos est vestri via. Vos vadum pareo meus...

The Rectifier slowly rises again and the fires within him gain strength.

The Followers begin their chanting again.

SENATOR HARRIS

Volo quod meus postulo. Per vox of terra, polus--

A loud bang and a bullet rips through the Senator's shoulder, taking her to her knees.

Jamo sits up in the corner, holding his gun.

The Rectifier stops. The cloaked Followers stop as well.

The Senator collapses to the floor. She continues her chant.

SENATOR HARRIS

P-polus quod subter supter vos mos...

The Rectifier continues towards Christy.

CHRISTY
 (to herself)
 Father Paul...

She realizes what her mother meant, remembers what Father Paul asked her to repeat so many times over the years...

She looks at her wounded mother, then at the looming Rectifier.

CHRISTY
 Polus supremus quod incendia subter
 supter, sino cruor of Sebastian
 mano per is everto pectus pectoris
 quondam iterum...

The Rectifier stops this time, he begins to tremble.

He falls towards the altar, onto his knees.

He grasps the edge of the altar, his hands sear the stone.

The Senator reaches out to Christy.

SENATOR HARRIS
 No! Stop! Stop her!

Two of the Followers head towards Christy.

Jamo fires twice, hits both in the knees, taking them down.

Some of the other followers head for the door, crying. The others stand mesmerized by what is happening.

Christy continues, louder than before.

CHRISTY
 Sino is animus futurus...

The Rectifier looks up at Christy, his eyes full of what looks like fear.

Christy looks at him and continues.

CHRISTY
 Sino is animus futurus universus
 quod haud diutius permissum everto
 imperium animus, tamen animus
 tempero everto! *(Heavens above and
 fires below, allow the blood of
 Sebastian to flow through this
 demon heart once again.*
 (MORE)

CHRISTY(cont'd)

Allow this soul to be whole and no longer let the demon control this soul, but the soul to control the demon.)

The Rectifier falls to the floor. His body jerks.

SENATOR HARRIS

No!

CUT TO:

FLASHES of memory as the Rectifier sees his life as FATHER WILLEM come back to him...

Then FLASHES of memories not of his own but of his ancestors.

He recollects who he once was. Seeing himself in the mirror as the once astute Father Willem.

BACK TO SCENE:

Christy looks at her mother.

SENATOR HARRIS

You stupid child!

The Senator looks at her daughter with contempt. She lifts herself to a sitting position and spits toward Christy.

SENATOR HARRIS

Iuguolo suus!

The remaining Followers rush to Christy.

Some see Jamo in the corner, holding his gun, and head for him.

A low rumbling is heard. The Followers stop. The rumbling intensifies, like a roaring blaze that is getting closer.

Two large hands engulfed in white-hot flames swoop up from behind the altar...

Several Followers scream, burst into flames, then into dust.

The Rectifier emerges, fully enraged. Something is different; the fires that burn inside him shine with a purity, a new ferocity.

He rises, turns and glares at the remaining, eyes burning white with immense rage.

He lunges and grabs two Followers. They catch fire and are thrown backwards into the crowd. Another turns to dust.

The Rectifier growls as he incinerates all who stand in a five-foot radius.

Another jumps onto the Rectifier's back, screaming in tongues. The Rectifier grabs him by the head, catching it on fire, and throws his flaming body up into the rafters.

That flaming body and others begin to catch the pews, rafters and floor on fire.

The Rectifier continues his warpath and disposes of a barrier of Followers with two swipes of his fiery hands --

Exposing the Senator trying to stand. She falls to a sitting position, pushes herself across the floor, bleeding profusely. She looks up at the Rectifier.

SENATOR HARRIS
Seal it! Now!

EXT. ENCASED CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

A cloaked man standing next to a control panel and two large metal tanks presses some buttons.

The apparatus comes to life...

Suddenly the air vents reverb a loud hum sucking the air out of the room. A loud hissing sound is heard throughout the building.

INT. STONE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Senator Harris pulls her mask over her face... Jamo and Christy see this.

The fires around the church get snuffed out.

Jamo starts to choke gagging for his last breath of air.

The Rectifier turns to see Jamo fall to his knees.

The Rectifier's eyes start to dim. He looks down at his hands. They lose their intensity.

Christy pounds on her clear prison.

Senator Harris stares through her mask at the Rectifier...

He continues to fade and lowers to his knees, the fires within him dissipating. He collapses on the ground.

She smiles victoriously.

Several masked Followers converge on the Rectifier. It takes all of them to budge his massive body. They drag him through the thickening smoke, toward the triangle on the floor.

CHRISTY

No!

She pounds on the clear walls.

Jamo lies on the ground, raises a trembling arm... Tries to aim his gun upwards... He fires.

The Senator's head spins around at the sound.

Jamo fires again. He's almost unconscious. He fires one last time --

The bullet goes out the gaping roof of the stone church, shatters one of the clear panels. Air rushes out of the room violently.

He passes out as fragments rain down.

The hands of the Followers carrying the Rectifier begin to burn...

They see glowing eyes shine back at them.

The Followers let go and run.

The Senator tries to get up, fails. She crawls along the wall, feeling her way through the dissipating smoke.

Screaming can be heard somewhere in the smoke. The Senator stops in her tracks and looks toward the sounds...

A flaming shadow flies about, reigniting the cindering old church. A yellow glow emerges from within it, revealing the huge silhouette of the Rectifier walking towards her.

SENATOR HARRIS

(coughs)

Per aer quod terra, unda quod
incendia... Sic exsisto vos reus
Per is ritus...

*(By air and earth, water and fire,
so be you bound with this rite.)*

The spell doesn't phase the Rectifier. She continues to try.

SENATOR HARRIS
Per aer quod terra, unda quod
incendia...

The Rectifier keeps moving toward her. She grows frightened.

Toward the back of the church stands the Red-Sashed Man gesturing toward her.

INT. BACK OF THE OLD STONE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Red-Sashed Man is motioning towards the Senator and the Rectifier. He whispers words in Latin.

RED-SASHED MAN
Sub sacramentum elementum quod
atrum lux lucis lacuna mos afflict
haud animus.
*(Under the oath of the elements and
the dark light your words will
afflict no soul.)*

He smiles as the Rectifier steps up to the injured and now powerless Senator Harris. He continues to whisper his words as he slips out the church doors.

INT. FRONT OF THE OLD STONE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Rectifier stands over the Senator, looks down at her, then back at Christy.

Christy can also see now and she understands, as does the Rectifier.

CHRISTY
You hurt me, mother.

The Rectifier's eyes erupt with white flames as he reaches down toward the Senator. She screams.

He plunges his thumbs into the Senator's eye sockets, searing and cooking everything around them. Her hair burns wildly as her screaming face bubbles and peels apart.

Just as the Rectifier steps away and the Senator's body crumbles to dust, a large fiery beam collapses over him. Part of it lands near Jamo who is now conscious and still in the corner. Jamo panics.

The church is again being consumed by flames.

The Rectifier sees Jamo frozen with fear. He quickly moves the huge burning beam and rushes over to him.

Jamo is paralyzed with fear of the fire.

In one movement the Rectifier blasts a large hole into the stone wall next to Jamo.

Another large, fiery beam collapses behind them, shattering the case around Christy. She screams.

The Rectifier turns and sees Christy trapped under a burning beam on the altar. He picks Jamo up with one hand and tosses him through the hole he just made, sending Jamo to safety.

Jamo lands just short of the wall of windows that surrounds the church. As he tries to get to his feet, he can see --

The Rectifier inside, rushing to Christy. Just as he gets to her he covers her with his body as the entire ceiling and parts of the walls collapse around them.

Jamo looks on, helpless. In a daze, he suddenly feels a hand on his shoulder -- a FIREMEN guiding him out the door of the clear structure and away from the burning church. It all seems like a dream; flashing blue and red lights bouncing off the windows of the giant case.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Flashing lights of the ambulance compete with those of the fire trucks and police cars containing various cloaked Followers.

Jamo sits on the back of the ambulance, staring at the stone church in the distance as firemen hose the flames.

MICHAELS (O.S.)

You okay, son?

Jamo turns to see Michaels next to him. Jamo seems relieved to see a familiar face.

JAMO

What are you doing all the way up here?

MICHAELS

I could ask you the same question.
Brecken's On-Star locator was
tripped..

Michaels finds the words.

MICHAELS

I'm sorry about your partner, Jamo.

Michaels looks out over the smoking compound.

MICHAELS

What're we going to find once that
fire is out?

Jamo looks at the rising smoke.

JAMO

I'm not sure...

We pull back and over the burning compound...

Up a ridge overlooking the area...

JAMO (V.O.)

I have trouble remembering details
lately.

On the edge of the ridge above the burning compound, the
Rectifier holds Christy. He turns and walks out of sight.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - TIME UNSURE

A lone TV screen glows in a corner of a shadowy room filled
with audio and video equipment. Two SILHOUETTED MEN stand
and watch the glowing screen.

On the screen is footage from closed-circuit cameras showing
the events that transpired in the stone church:

Rectifier killing cloaked men, using his immense abilities...

The Rectifier brutally killing Senator Harris, her body
crumbling to ash.

The footage ends on a blue screen.

EXT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Christy and the Rectifier making their way to a large city.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

One man turns to the other.

SILHOUETTED MAN
Find him.

EXT.

The other nods, leaves the room, and walks out into...

A huge, ornate hall filled with religious artifacts.

He continues out of this building, into...

Vatican City, Rome.

FADE OUT.

THE END