

"THE EXORCIST SQUAD"

Written by

Jeffrey Hause & David Hines

Steve White c/o
Warden, White & Associates
8444 Wilshire Blvd. 4th floor
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(323) 852-1028

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"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is Hell,
And where Hell is, there must we ever be."

--Christopher Marlowe; "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus"

"We only come to dream, we only come to sleep;
It is not true, it is not true that we come to live on Earth.
Where are we to go from here?
We came here only to be born, As our home is beyond,
Where the fleshless abide.
Perchance, does anyone really live on Earth?
The Earth is not forever, but just to remain for a short
while."

--Ancient Mexican verse for the dead

"THE EXORCIST SQUAD"

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - OLVERA STREET - NIGHT

We witness Dia De Muertos (Day of the Dead) festivities, when in Mexican folklore the dead return to enjoy their favorite foods and amusements with the living. Skeleton puppets and death's head masks are everywhere. Children race about with sparklers and firecrackers as everyone welcomes the souls of the departed with food, singing and laughter. Candles and lights are strung everywhere, giving the area an unearthly glow, where it seems that anything could happen.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: LOS ANGELES - OCTOBER 31, 1950

We PAN to Union Station - where something unearthly is about to happen...

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

The station is nearly empty, save for a few derelicts and overnight travelers resting on benches. In direct contrast to the outside celebration, it is eerily quiet - each cough or footfall ECHOING off the walls. The CAMERA MOVES down the main hall to the tracks, where the music and happy shouts of the celebration can still be heard outside. A train pulls up to the station, STEAM filling the air.

INT. TRAIN

The last run of the night. The compartment is nearly empty as a CONDUCTOR tiredly walks through the train, rousing the few passengers who are asleep in their seats.

CONDUCTOR

This stop Los Angeles. Union
Station. Come on folks, time to
wake up. Put on your shoes, we're
at grandma's house. Let's go...

The Conductor ushers the last sleepy passenger off the train, pulling a small flask from his pocket and taking a much-needed swig. As he drinks he picks up an abandoned newspaper with the headline: "EARTHQUAKES JOLT LOS ANGELES!"

He doesn't notice as behind him a hellish RED GLOW begins to emanate from outside, illuminating the steam as it rises past the windows.

Putting the flask back into his pocket, the Conductor turns to see ADOLF HITLER step onto the train. Smoke wafting from his hair and clothes, he swats at patches of uniform that seem to be smoldering. He looks around confused, trying to appear inconspicuous as he takes a seat.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

That's the scariest costume I've seen all night, pal, but if I were you I'd stay out of the Fairfax district.

ADOLF HITLER

(doesn't understand -
points to watch)

Warum läuft diese Serie nicht rechtzeitig?

CONDUCTOR

(to himself)

Hollywood - goddamned method actors.

(to Hitler)

Don't give me any guff, or I'll goose-step you right out onto the pavement, pal. Where's your ticket?

ADOLF HITLER

(gesturing angrily about him)

Berlin ist abwärts in meine Abwesenheit gegangen!

CONDUCTOR

That's what I thought. Let's go, buddy - no ticket, no ride, mein deadbeat.

The Conductor grabs Hitler by the collar, leading him toward the exit as JULIUS CAESAR and VLAD THE IMPALER step onto the train. Dressed in native, period dress, they inspect their surroundings curiously - they've obviously never been on a train before. Caesar self-consciously tries to hide the various knives in his back, while Vlad struggles to keep his severed head balanced on his shoulders. Seeing Hitler they wave and smile, the Conductor groaning.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Never fails - last train of the night...

(addressing them all)

(MORE)

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know if this is a fraternity prank or what, but you guys picked the wrong night, the wrong train, and the wrong guy to mess with. Anyone who doesn't have a ticket, doesn't go to Oxnard.

As the Conductor speaks a CLOAKED FIGURE (who we'll come to know as MINOS) RISES slowly behind him. Seeing Hitler, Caesar and Vlad's terrified expressions, the Conductor turns, gasping when he sees Minos towering over him.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Er... Do you have a ticket?

Minos pulls back his hood, revealing a DEATH'S HEAD. The features are neither male nor female, and they RIPPLE and MORPH periodically to resemble the faces of damned souls. Stunned, the Conductor steps back, then lets out a laugh.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Jesus, you scared me.

(to the others)

Now that's a costume. You guys should take notes.

(to Minos)

Nice outfit, but the party's outside, fella.

Minos just stares down at him. Getting irritated, the Conductor notices movement beneath Minos' robes, as though something is hidden underneath.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

All right. Enough with the games. What are you hiding under those robes?

The Conductor starts to reach for the robes, Hitler, Caesar and Vlad all grabbing his arm, shaking their heads violently.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Hey! Hands off! I am a sworn employee of the Union Pacific Railroad. Interfering with my duty is a federal offense... I think. So back off!

The Conductor jerks his arm out of their grasp. He once again reaches for Minos' robes - Hitler, Caesar and Vlad all backing away slowly. Grabbing the robes he throws them open to reveal an emaciated, TRANSPARENT BODY.

Through the loose skin can be seen the HIDEOUS FACES of dozens of lost souls SHRIEKING pitifully from inside like larvae. Minos grins evilly as the Conductor reels.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Holy... do they all have tickets?

With a WET RIPPING sound the spirits BURST FREE, flying around the train car as Minos' robe falls away, huge WINGS sprouting from his back.

The Conductor's eyes bug out of his head - while Hitler, Caesar and Vlad give him 'we tried to warn you' shrugs.

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

The hellish RED GLOW spreads from the track area as the Conductor races through the main concourse toward the exit. He screams in terror as the wailing souls DART about the room - Minos FLYING above them. A DERELICT awakens on one of the benches, glancing up at all the commotion.

DERELICT

This place has really gone to hell...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

Police cars have surrounded and barricaded the station, lights flashing. Dozens of frightened cops take cover behind their vehicles, all keeping a wary eye on the front entrance of the station. A YOUNG COP turns to the OFFICER IN CHARGE, speaking impatiently.

YOUNG COP

Why're we just sitting here, sarge?
We've got half the force out here -
there's enough firepower to...

OFFICER IN CHARGE

Guns won't do any good. This calls
for real firepower.

YOUNG COP

Real firepower? Like what?

Everyone turns as a shiny black 1950 Mercury Coupe pulls up. They watch as three men climb out. If these guys are cops then they're the coolest cops you've ever seen.

Decked out in stylish, broad-shouldered suits, they each wear a fedora tilted back at a casual yet cocky angle. But it's not only the way they dress that makes an impression, it's the way they carry themselves - these guys move with the confidence and authority of genuine, no-nonsense badasses.

OFFICER IN CHARGE
(grins at Young Cop)
Like them.

The men are led by SPENSER COLLINS, a tough Irish detective in his late twenties. He surveys the situation through steely, determined eyes as the Officer In Charge steps up.

OFFICER IN CHARGE (CONT'D)
Sergeant Collins, thanks for coming. It's the worst I've ever seen. Three officers are down. Only one poor bastard managed to get out...

The Officer in Charge nods to the shaken Conductor, who sits in the back of an ambulance, shaking uncontrollably as he speaks to another officer.

CONDUCTOR
It was horrible! Demons... screaming... wings... flying... trying to go to Oxnard... no tickets! No tickets! My God in Heaven they had no tickets!!!

The Conductor breaks down, sobbing uncontrollably. Collins looks to the Officer In Charge, who is obviously shaken.

COLLINS
Don't worry. They're going to an even worse place than Oxnard.

Collins opens the trunk of the car, he and his men arming themselves like a SWAT team with religious paraphernalia: They put on special LAPD BADGES which are an amalgamation of every major religious symbol (crosses, Stars of David, etc.)... they insert VIALS OF HOLY WATER into AMMO BELTS... they impatiently slap LARGE CRUCIFIXES in their hands like nightsticks.

Collins pulls a bottle of whiskey from the trunk and passes it to his men. He looks up to see the Officer In Charge watching them dubiously.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Holy Communion. Before battle.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

We called the local Bishop, but he needs Vatican approval before he can do anything. Plus he has an early golf game.

(earnestly)

I'll pray for you.

The whiskey is passed back to Collins, who takes a healthy swig, emptying the bottle and tossing it into the trunk. He smirks confidently at the Officer in Charge as he and his squad start toward the main entrance of the station.

COLLINS

Pray for the Bishop's golf game - it's terrible.

Collins leads his men through the main entrance into Union Station. The Young Cop steps up to the Officer In Charge in disbelief.

YOUNG COP

Are they nuts? They can't just waltz right in there. They'll be torn to bits!

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

The place is a madhouse. Minos floats in the air, presiding over a true day of the dead. Evil figures from mankind's history are everywhere, looting the newsstand, fighting, laughing - thrilled to be anywhere but where they were. The squad enters, Collins removing the stub of a well-chewed cigar from his pocket and lighting it with a silver Zippo bearing the squad emblem. Taking a deep hit, he holds up a BIBLE in one hand and his SQUAD BADGE in the other, calling out:

COLLINS

All right. What's all this, then?

(reciting unemotionally)

I command you in the name of all that is good, all that is holy, and section 2438 of the California Civil Code to cease and desist.

The spirits all stop and look at him like he's nuts. There is a brief pause... and then Minos SWOOPS down at Collins with a guttural ROAR, signaling the lost souls to attack. The three men hold their ground, a grin spreading across Collins' face.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I love this job.

EXT. UNION STATION

The cops cover their ears as a cacophony of DEAFENING SHRIEKS echo from inside the station. BRILLIANT FLASHES OF LIGHT strobe from the windows, while violent TREMORS shake pieces of plaster from the exterior walls. The Young Cop yells to be heard over the din.

YOUNG COP
We're all gonna die! It's the end
of the world! It's Hell on
Earth...!

As the FLASHING LIGHTS and TERRIBLE SOUNDS from the station reach a crescendo we...

SMASH CUT TO:

A HEATED GUN BATTLE

Two uniformed cops - GORDON CRUMLY and ROGER PUPPING - are in an intense firefight. Guns drawn, they BLAST away, calling to each other over the ROAR of gunfire.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: LOS ANGELES - OCTOBER 31, 1999

GORDON
Look out! Behind the dumpster!
There's two of them!

ROGER
We're outnumbered! We don't have a
chance!

GORDON
Don't fade on me now, Roger!

Roger suddenly recoils, flinching back.

ROGER
Shit! I'm hit! I'm hit... I'm dead.

GORDON
(lowers gun, rolling
eyes)
Again? You die every time!

We PULL BACK to reveal that they are playing a video game in a CONVENIENCE STORE, standing side-by-side as they play a big screen shooting game called 'Cops N' Robbers'. In his late-twenties, Gordon is wiry and energetic, with a certain fearless charisma.

The kind of guy who can talk you into anything, no matter how crazy. He frowns at Roger, a slightly overweight cop in his mid-thirties.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I swear to God, Roger - if we're
ever in a real gunfight, I don't
want you standing too close to me.

Suddenly there is a low rumble and the store begins to SHAKE, bottles RATTLING against one another in the cooler.

ROGER

Another earthquake.

GORDON

I'll never get used to those. Let's
get out of here. I always worry
there's gonna be trouble in this
place.

The tremor stops as Gordon tosses the toy gun onto the video game, grabbing a half-full cup of coffee as he heads for the exit.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The store is located near Union Station. The city has changed drastically. It's become a virtual Hell-on-Earth. The sounds of people shouting, car horns honking, and police and news helicopters fill the smoggy air. The festive Halloween and Day of the Dead decorations we saw in 1950 have been replaced by trash and graffiti.

The earthquake has done some damage. People run for safer ground, car alarms BLARE, store windows have cracked, and a water main has burst. Gordon notices none of this.

Gordon takes a newspaper from a vending machine (headline: "Tremors Make Angelinos Tremble") before climbing into a squad car, which is parked in a handicapped space. He scans the paper when the police radio CRACKLES to life, the DISPATCHER's voice causing Gordon to jump, spilling his coffee.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

All units: We have a robbery in
progress at the corner of Olympic
and Figueroa. All available
officers please respond.

Cursing under his breath, Gordon picks up the radio mike as he wipes the coffee off his lap.

GORDON
Dispatch, this is unit thirteen. My partner is currently in pursuit of a dozen suspects and I can't leave the scene. Over.

Just then Roger climbs in the passenger door. Gordon waves the newspaper disgustedly.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Did you see this garbage? The mayor says LA cops are the most corrupt, lazy police force in the country. I swear, the guy hates cops more than Johnnie Cochran. Did you get 'em?

Roger holds up a twelve pack of beer.

ROGER
You owe me six bucks.

GORDON
What? They actually charged you for it? What's this neighborhood coming to when a cop can't get a little free beer while on duty...?

ROGER
Not for the beer, dumbass. For your lotto tickets.

A HISPANIC BOY in gory Halloween make-up suddenly appears at the driver's window, speaking anxiously. Gordon jumps, spilling his coffee again.

HISPANIC BOY
Hey, police. My mother sent me to ask you to check on our neighbor. We think he's dead.

GORDON
(grumbling - wiping off pants)
Dead, huh? What makes you think that?

HISPANIC BOY
He told us he was.

Gordon and Roger look to each other, confused, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Hispanic Boy leads Gordon and Roger down the hallway. People peer through cracks in their doors as the boy stops before a closed apartment.

HISPANIC BOY
This place here.

Gordon knocks on the door, calling out.

GORDON
Sir? Police officers. Everything
all right in there?

As soon as he knocks on the door, the tenants watching them all close their doors in fright. The BOY'S MOTHER appears in the doorway behind them, motioning to her son.

BOY'S MOTHER
Enrique! Get inside and let the
police officers do their job.

The Hispanic Boy hurries into the apartment. The Boy's Mother looks to Gordon, gesturing to the apartment across the hall.

BOY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Hurry up, before he gets away!

GORDON
Gets away? I thought he was dead.

BOY'S MOTHER
Exactly.

She presses something into Gordon's palm as she hurries back into her apartment. He opens his hand to reveal a small gold cross on a chain.

GORDON
If this is some Halloween prank I
swear to God...

Gordon stoops down, peering through the mail slot in the door. He immediately recoils at the smell - gagging, eyes watering, trying to catch his breath.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Holy...! Jesus, Roger - it smells worse than your place. I'm not going in there. It's your turn.

ROGER
No way! I'm not going - I got the beer.

They stare at each other, at a stand-off.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Police procedure?

GORDON
Police procedure.
(pulls a coin from his pocket)
Call it in the air.

ROGER
(as Gordon flips the coin)
Heads.

Both men watch as the coin hits the floor.

GORDON
Two out of three.

Roger opens his mouth to protest - both men freezing when they hear a strange, unearthly GROAN from inside the apartment.

ROGER
What the hell was that?

Exchanging looks, they draw their guns.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Gordon and Roger BURST through the door, stumbling over a couple day's worth of mail under the mail slot. The only light is the blue glow of the TV, which plays a religious program. The corpse of a dead old man sits on the couch as though watching the show. Both men wince at the stink.

ROGER
Sometimes dead bodies make weird noises when they let out gas.

GORDON

(smirks, waves at air)

Man, Roger - I've heard of blaming it on the dog, but blaming it on a dead guy?

Turning on a lamp, Gordon opens a window, which we see overlooks the entrance to Union Station. He notices a large needlepoint SAMPLER on the wall, which reads:

"The gates of Hell are open night and day; Smooth the descent, and easy is the way: But, to return, and view the cheerful skies; In this, the task and mighty labour lies."

- Virgil.

"THE EARTH MAY TREMBLE, BUT NEVER US!"

GORDON

(snickers)

Nice. Whatever happened to "Bless This Mess"?

Covering his mouth and nose with a handkerchief, Roger inspects the body.

ROGER

Yup. No breath, no pulse, and he's gone rig-mo. Looks like he's been dead a couple days at least.

GORDON

Turn off the TV. I can't stand that hell and damnation shit.

Another small earthquake rolls through, the old building CREAKING and POPPING. Scowling, Roger wrestles the remote from the corpse's stiff hand and switches off the television.

ROGER

Listen, the way I see it, you lost the coin toss, so you should write the report...

Suddenly the dead old man LURCHES to life, grabbing Roger by the wrist. Shocked, Roger calls out for assistance, struggling in vain to break the dead man's grasp.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Gordon! Help me!

But Gordon is frozen, unable to bring himself to help as the dead man stands, lifting Roger into the air.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Where's my back-up? A little help
here, please?

Gordon still can't move, watching in horror as the dead man BACKHANDS Roger viciously, sending him flying across the room where he lands in a heap. When the dead old man speaks it's with a thick Irish brogue - we realize it's Spenser Collins, now fifty years older and, well, dead.

COLLINS

What's all this, then?
(turns TV back on with
remote)
No one touches my goddamn remote.

Gordon draws his gun, shocked.

GORDON

Freeze! Don't move or you're...
dead...

His voice trails off as Collins turns to him, staring with milky, lifeless eyes. Unsure what to do, Gordon digs in his pocket, pulling out the cross the Boy's Mother gave him. Collins stares at it a moment, then begins to chuckle.

COLLINS

You'll need more than that dinky
thing, boy. He's coming. And he's
bringing all of Hell with him.
(sitting - turning back
to the TV)
Ah! Judge Judy!

Collins stares at the TV, engrossed in the show. Gordon holds the cross in front of him, stepping forward cautiously.

GORDON

You're under arrest. You have the
right to remain silent. Anything
you say can and will be used
against you...

But Collins isn't moving. He just gazes at the TV, once again a lifeless corpse. Gordon grabs an umbrella from a stand, poking Collins with it gingerly. No reaction. Gordon lowers his gun, still breathing heavily.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I hate this job.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - UNDERGROUND ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

In the bowels of the station, a series of dank concrete tunnels stretch forever. City workers jackhammer and chisel away at a heavily lit underground area. The barricades in front of them read:

**CAUTION: MTA SUBWAY PROJECT.
UNION STATION
(ENTERING OUR NINTH GREAT YEAR!)**

A tired looking CONSTRUCTION WORKER in an ill-fitting orange vest shuts off his jackhammer, leaning against it tiredly.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
This sucks. Sink holes again? They
act like we like working endless
hours at triple overtime pay.

The workers all laugh as he restarts the jackhammer. Searching for a place to start, he chooses a random area on the walkway, and starts chiseling away at the concrete. Suddenly the floor begins to BLEED. The Construction Worker stops again, puzzled, as a strange GROWLING ECHOES from deep in the tunnel.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (CONT'D)
That sounds like one big gopher...

The GROWLING grows louder, the workers all peering into the darkness as a HELLISH RED GLOW emanates from within. The Construction Worker aims a flashlight down into the tunnel, he and the others all SCREAMING at what they see.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Later. Squad cars are parked in front of the apartment building, lights STROBING red and blue as two coroners' assistants wheel Spenser Collins' body to their waiting van. The COPS in charge of traffic control turn as a beat-up 1950 Mercury approaches, belching exhaust and BACKFIRING loudly. They motion the car to stop, stepping to the drivers side.

COP #1
Whoa there, pal! You can't come
through here. Crime scene.

DYLAN McKEE sticks his head out the window, holding up a badge. A boyishly handsome detective in his late twenties, Dylan's fair hair and open, honest features make him look more like a choirboy than a police officer.

Which is only fitting, because with his stiff, businesslike demeanor he doesn't really fit in with the other cops anyway.

DYLAN

It's okay, I'm a cop.

Surprised, the Cops wave him through. They watch as the car lurches and hiccups past.

COP #2

That guy was a cop? What department?

COP #1

With a car like that? Must be Internal Affairs.

They laugh as Dylan parks the Mercury, which SHAKES and RATTLES as it diesels to a halt. Climbing out of the car, Dylan calls to a nearby Cop.

DYLAN

Gordon Crumly?

The Cop points to an ambulance parked near the building entrance, Dylan starting toward it.

EXT. AMBULANCE

Gordon stands at the rear of the ambulance as paramedics tend to Roger. Head bandaged and arm in a sling, Roger looks like he's just scored a couple months worth of desk duty. Gordon reaches to help his partner into the ambulance.

GORDON

You'll be okay, Rog. Let me give you some help...

ROGER

(shrugs off Gordon's hand)

You're a little late, asshole.

Roger climbs into the ambulance as the paramedics close the doors. Gordon frowns unhappily, even before he turns to find himself face to face with Dylan.

DYLAN

You must be Gordon Crumly.

GORDON

Must I?

DYLAN

Afraid so.

Gordon starts for the apartment building, Dylan following.

GORDON

This night just keeps getting better.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY

Gordon and Dylan enter the lobby, where curious tenants watch as the police finish their work. Pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, Gordon puts one in his mouth.

GORDON

I'm officially off duty as of fifteen minutes ago, so...

(lights up -
sarcastically)

I assume you want to talk to me about the unusual nature of my report.

DYLAN

It's not often we get calls about a dead body coming back to life and attacking one of our officers.

GORDON

If it's any comfort it's definitely a first for me, too.

Dylan pulls a notepad from his pocket, flipping it open.

DYLAN

I read your file before I came down here. Graduated last in your class and that was your shining moment. Your periodic reviews read like a Don Rickles routine - "A room temperature IQ"... "He'll go far - the farther away, the better"... "Has reached rock bottom and started to dig"... "Not so much a has-been, as a won't-be". You're under investigation for accepting graft, dereliction of duty, illegal gambling, and...

(reads)

... "generally being a pain in the ass". That's a new one.

GORDON

What can I say, I'm a trailblazer.

DYLAN

So I read this file and I have to ask myself - do I think he concocted this story to set up some kind of insanity defense to avoid disciplinary actions?

Gordon takes another hit off his cigarette, sizing Dylan up as he blows smoke in his face.

GORDON

Who are you, anyway? Internal Affairs? Because if it's about the beer in the squad car, we confiscated it from a bunch of kids...

Dylan's air of confidence falters, voice wavering slightly.

DYLAN

I'm with Paranormal Ops.

GORDON

Paranormal Ops? What the hell kinda...

(stops, face lighting up)

Wait a second - you mean the Exorcist Squad?

DYLAN

(bristles)

'Paranormal Operations Unit'.
'Exorcist Squad' is a nickname. We don't like to be called that.

Sensing Dylan's unease, Gordon takes another puff, a shit-eating grin on his face.

GORDON

Paranormal Ops? Damn, I always thought you guys were a myth. The old-timers used to tell stories about how when weird shit would go down they'd call in these ultra-cool, kick-ass cops to take care of it.

(looks Dylan over)

What the hell happened?

Frowning, Dylan takes a pen from his pocket, jotting notes in his pad, trying to get the interview back on track.

DYLAN

Did this 'deceased' man say anything?

GORDON

Yeah, he was pretty talkative, for being dead. He said, "He's coming. And he's bringing all of Hell with him." Whatever that means.

(stubs out cigarette in ashtray)

Let's get real, okay? I was a little freaked when I called this in, but obviously the guy wasn't really dead. It's Halloween, I guess I let my imagination get the best of me.

DYLAN

The coroner's initial report is that the man has been dead for two days. At least. Now do you want to tell me what really happened up there?

Dylan stares at Gordon, who glares right back. They turn as an attractive, smartly-dressed woman in her late twenties steps up uncertainly. This is DEBORAH COLLINS.

DEBORAH

Excuse me. I got a call that my grandfather had passed away. Spenser Collins. My name is Deborah Collins.

DYLAN

Yes, I'm afraid so. I'd like some more information on him, if you don't mind...

DEBORAH

I barely saw him in the last ten years. You probably have more information on him than I do, anyway. He used to be a cop, after all.

(pause)

You guys knew that, right?

Dylan and Gordon exchange embarrassed glances.

DYLAN

A cop? Yes. Of course we knew that.

Dylan quickly jots the information down when she's not looking. Gordon steps forward, instantly on the make. He puts on his best sympathetic face.

GORDON

I found your grandfather, ma'am,
and I just want to tell you how
sorry I am for your loss.

(steps closer to her)

I know how tough it can be, losing
someone you love. I didn't know
your grandfather, but I saw the
expression on his face when I found
him, and I don't think he'd want
you to be alone tonight.

Dylan winces in disbelief at the cheesy pick-up line.

DEBORAH

You're kidding, right? I'm here to
claim my grandfather's body, and
you're hitting on me? What, do you
think I'm vulnerable enough that
you can get a sympathy screw out of
me or something?

GORDON

It's what he would have wanted.

Deborah turns to Dylan, trying to maintain her composure. He smiles sympathetically.

DYLAN

(points)

The coroner is right over there, he
can tell you what you need to know.

Deborah leaves, shooting one last disgusted look at Gordon. Dylan shakes his head as he moves to the main staircase.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Nice pick-up line. You might want
to look up the concept of 'timing'.

GORDON

(calls after him)

Hey, it's worked before!

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walking down the hallway of the apartment building, Dylan stops before the door to Spenser Collins' apartment, which now has bright yellow police tape stretched across it. Removing the tape, he pauses a moment before turning the knob. The hallway RUMBLES from another slight tremor. Dylan holds the wall for support. His confident façade has slipped - he seems tentative, unsure about entering.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hi!

Dylan turns toward the voice to see the Hispanic Boy, still in his bloody Halloween make-up, grinning up at him. He jumps, letting out a little YELP.

HISPANIC BOY

Boy, you police sure are jumpy.

Smiling humorlessly, Dylan pats the Hispanic Boy on the head before opening the apartment door and stepping inside.

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Closing the door behind him, Dylan turns on a lamp, surveying the musty little apartment. It looks exactly as we last saw it - without Spenser Collins' body, of course. Even with the light on the apartment seems dim, shadows everywhere. He looks out the window, staring across the street at Union Station a moment before heading into...

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

It's sparsely furnished - just a bed, a dresser, and a small table on which are clustered a couple dozen framed photographs. Memories of a life. Dylan scans them with only a rudimentary interest, until one picture, partially obscured behind the others, catches his eye.

Reaching out, Dylan picks up the photograph, which we see is of three men gathered around the same 1950 Mercury Coupe that Dylan is now driving. Laughing, smoking cigars, their arms around each others' shoulders, we recognize these as the men we saw at Union Station in 1950. In the middle of it all is a young Spenser Collins, a cocky grin on his face. Someone has handwritten the words 'Paranormal Operations Unit - 1950' across the bottom.

Also sitting on the bedside table is a small leatherbound book - very old, pages yellowed and brittle - with the words 'OATHS AND INCANTATIONS' embossed on the cover.

Dylan is thumbing through it when suddenly he hears VOICES coming from the living room. Distracted, he puts the book in his pocket as he heads into...

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Thinking the voices are other cops, Dylan calls out as he steps back into the room.

DYLAN

It's okay, I'm a cop. Just checking
out a few...

But he stops short when he sees no one in the room. What he does see is that the TV is now on. Regis and Kathy Lee are having an animated discussion. Confused, Dylan glances around, calling out.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Is anyone here? Anyone?

There's no answer. Sighing, Dylan picks up the remote control, pointing it at the TV. But before he can hit the 'off' button he is shocked to see Regis and Kathy Lee turn and speak directly to him.

REGIS

He's coming.

KATHIE LEE

And he's bringing all of Hell with
him!

The TV then begins changing channels, flipping from station to station where familiar personalities from famous shows all give Dylan the same message. Larry King...

LARRY KING

He's coming...

CLICK! Oprah Winfrey...

OPRAH WINFREY

... And he's bringing all of Hell
with him.

CLICK! A local NEWSCASTER...

NEWSCASTER

In an Eyewitness News exclusive,
we've just learned that he's
coming, and he's bringing all of
Hell with him.

CLICK! ... 'M*A*S*H'... CLICK!... 'The Jerry Springer Show'... CLICK! ... The Weather Channel... CLICK!... Geraldo Rivera... CLICK!... 'The Untouchables'... CLICK!... Milton Berle in a dress... CLICK!... a PBS pledge drive... CLICK!... 'The Mary Tyler Moore Show'. The shows fly by as the channels continue to change. It's like a twisted history of TV, with stars from familiar shows all delivering the same message - 'He's coming. And he's bringing all of Hell with him'.

Freaked, Dylan frantically pushes the 'off' button on the remote control, to no avail. The channels continue to fly by. Suddenly they stop, and we see Spenser Collins onscreen, staring right at Dylan. Looking very much like a guy who's been dead a couple days, he speaks firmly.

COLLINS

(on TV)

Listen to me boy, and heed what I say. He is coming. And he will bring all of Hell with him. Find the key to the rec room. I can't rest until the evil is defeated.

Summoning all his courage, Dylan stands up straight, jutting out his jaw purposefully.

DYLAN

Screw this shit.

And with that he lunges for the door. Throwing the remote control aside Dylan fumbles with the knob, finally managing to tear the door open - only to reveal a crowd of GHOULS, ZOMBIES, CORPSES and GHOSTS waiting for him, all SHRIEKING wildly. He shoves his way through them, hightailing it down the hallway. The monsters stop screaming, turning to one another. They're the children who live in the building, all wearing their Halloween costumes.

HISPANIC BOY

I told you! Let's go find more cops to scare!

KIDS

Yeah!

They run off happily.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Talking with a couple other cops, Gordon turns to see Dylan run-walk down the stairs, trying to maintain the appearance of control while fighting the urge to bolt.

GORDON
Hey, you okay? What happened?

DYLAN
Nothing! Nothing at all. Thanks for
your cooperation. Goodbye.

And with that he's out of the lobby and gone. Gordon stares after him curiously.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

An ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER drives down the street, frowning when he sees a large dog disappear into an alleyway. Stopping his truck he climbs out, grabbing a long pole with a small noose looped to one end before starting down the cluttered, trash-strewn alley.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER

Where are you, you stupid mutt? We can do this the hard way or the easy way - even though I prefer the hard way...

The officer stops when he sees the dog's head peek out from behind a dumpster. He quickly slides the noose over its head, grinning nastily.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER

Gotcha! You worthless, garbage-eating...

But his grin fades when the first head is joined by another head... then another. His eyes go wide in terror as CERBERUS, the three-headed hound of Hell from Greek folklore, SNARLS and GROWLS, FOAM DRIPPING from it's jaws and eyes BURNING RED. Realizing he's still holding the pole with the noose on the end, the Animal Control Officer drops it and flees in horror, Cerberus snapping at his heels.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN GIRALDI'S OFFICE - DAY

The next afternoon. CAPTAIN GIRALDI, a rugged man in his late fifties who looks like sleep deprivation has become a way of life, sits at his desk as Gordon enters. In his street clothes, Gordon looks to the captain, confused.

GORDON
You wanted to see me, sir?

GIRALDI
Close the door.

Gordon closes the door, muttering unhappily.

GIRALDI (CONT'D)
What was that?

GORDON
Nothing, sir. It's just... I hate
'close-the-door' talks. It's never
good news. Nobody ever says "Close
the door, you just won the
lottery!" It's always "Close the
door - you have ass cancer."

Giraldi stands, moving around to the front of his desk.

GIRALDI
Nice to know I'm keeping the streak
alive. You're being suspended,
effective immediately. I'll need
your badge and firearm.

Sighing, Gordon reaches into his pocket and pulls out his
badge. We get the feeling he knows the routine. But just as
he's about to place the badge in Giraldi's hand he stops.

GORDON
Wait a second - is this because of
the report I filed last night?

GIRALDI
Partly. Let's just say it was the
last straw.

Gordon frowns, shaking his head. He pulls his badge back.

GORDON
Then forget it.

GIRALDI
'Forget it'?

GORDON
Yeah. Maybe I'm not a model cop - I
know I have a few black marks on my
record...

GIRALDI

A few? Your record's worse than most of the criminals in here.

Gordon continues on, ignoring the remark.

GORDON (CONT.)

... but that report I filed last night was legit. Look, I don't think for a second that guy was really dead, but I wrote what I saw. Or what I thought I saw. You can't suspend me for that.

GIRALDI

It's more than just one report. You've been through a dozen partners in the last two years. No one wants to team with you. Word is out that when the shit hits the fan you freeze, you don't watch your partners back. You're only out for yourself.

This is the worst thing a cop can hear. Gordon speaks with sincerity - something we haven't seen from him yet. Something few people have.

GORDON

Listen captain, you suspend me now and I'm finished. And not just as a cop, either. I'm two months behind on my rent and three months behind on everything else. I know I've been a screw up, but I'm honestly trying to get my act together. I admit, I was slow to react last night. And maybe my partner paid the price for it. Believe me, I've been replaying the scene over in my head all night. But you suspend me now and... and I don't know what.

(quietly)

Give me one more chance. I won't screw it up. I can't.

Surprised by Gordon's show of emotion, Giraldi sighs, torn.

GIRALDI

I don't know what else I can do. This order came down from on high. I can't just put you back on the street.

GORDON

Isn't there some weird little job
you could give me? Some corner of
the department no one pays any
attention to?

Giraldi frowns... then gets an idea, a grin spreading across
his face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is a dark, dank area, with exposed overhead
pipes and lit by bare bulbs dangling from the ceiling. It
serves as the office for the Paranormal Operations Unit - in
other words, Dylan has a desk down here. There are very few
signs of the squad's former glory: The IN-box is practically
empty; a "Cop-Of-The-Month" award from 1953 hangs crookedly
on a wall; a large iron cross props up a bookcase.

Dylan stares at a small box sitting on the desk in front of
him. He opens it to reveal a pristine white PRIEST'S COLLAR
and a PHOTO of a fresh-faced, pretty eight year-old girl
inside. Regarding them thoughtfully, Dylan frowns, a look of
uncertainty and confusion on his face. Sighing, he closes the
box, tossing it into his bottom desk drawer.

He steps over to a filing cabinet and opens a drawer labeled
'Paranormal Ops - Personnel Records.' He flips through a
series of files until he comes across a folder labeled
'Spenser Collins'. He opens it, reading.

DYLAN

I'll be damned...

He stares hard at Collins' I.D. photo - it's a younger
version of the man who spoke to him from the TV. Spooked,
Dylan stares at the photo, almost as though he expects it to
come to life and speak to him.

GIRALDI (O.S.)

McKee!

Jumping, Dylan lets out a yelp. The file flies out of his
hands, pages falling around him like leaves. He turns to see
Giraldi and Gordon standing on the steps.

GORDON

Lemme guess - you're demoting me to
the Keystone Cops unit.

GIRALDI
We interrupting anything?

DYLAN
No, just doing a little research,
sir.

GIRALDI
Work? That's good. Usually when I
burst in on people all I interrupt
are their naps.
(cocks thumb at Gordon)
I want you to meet your new
partner.

Both Dylan and Gordon's jaws drop.

DYLAN & GORDON
Him?

GIRALDI
Sure. Crumly here needs a low-
profile assignment, and McKee,
you've been bugging me for years to
get you some help.

GORDON
So where's the rest of the squad?

DYLAN
I am the squad. We've just doubled
our manpower.

GIRALDI
Personally I'd rather have a break
room down here. We've got a pool
table and dart board and a pinball
machine we confiscated from a bar
bust last month...
(sighs, heading back up
the steps)
... Terrible waste of space.

Dylan and Gordon just stare at one another. An awkward
moment.

GORDON
This is where we fight off the
possessed? The place looks like
it's been re-possessed.

His beeper SOUNDING, Dylan checks it before putting on his
coat.

DYLAN
You wanted a low-profile job? Can't
get any lower than this.

Dylan heads up the stairs, Gordon scurrying to catch up.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SPANISH-STYLE CHURCH - DAY

A small yet inviting church in the barrio. Dylan and Gordon watch as a crowd of worshippers gather around the altar, alternately praying and putting money in well-placed collection plates. Dylan looks uncomfortable, glancing around at the religious icons uneasily. Gordon notices.

GORDON
What's wrong?

DYLAN
Nothing. It's just... I have a
problem with churches.

GORDON
I know what you mean. Personally I
have issues with the whole 'Thou
Shalt Not' thing...

DYLAN
It's not like that. I used to be a
priest.

Thinking he's joking, Gordon starts to laugh - until he realizes that Dylan's serious, then he tries to cover by pretending to cough.

GORDON
Really? Priest, huh? You quit or
they fire you?

DYLAN
I quit.

GORDON
Hmm. Must've been the whole
celibacy thing, right? I mean, I've
had some crummy gigs, but not
getting laid was never actually a
job requirement.

Dylan turns and gives Gordon a look as the MINISTER steps up.

MINISTER

Can I help you, officers?

DYLAN

Paranormal Operations Unit. We received a report that you're charging people to witness some kind of 'miracle'?

The Minister motions to the altar, where a large relief of an angel hangs on the wall.

MINISTER

We are not charging anyone, officer. They make donations of their own free will. And it's not 'some kind' of miracle, it is a miracle. Ever since this morning, the angel has wept. I saved a vial of his tears for you.

The Minister hands Dylan a small capped vial. Smiling thinly, Dylan sticks it in his pocket. Wading through the crowd of worshippers, Dylan and Gordon step onto the altar to examine the statue. Sure enough, there appear to be tears flowing from its eyes.

GORDON

No way! I read about something like this in the Weekly World News. Only I think it was the Virgin Mary... and she was sneezing.

DYLAN

There's an explanation. There's always an explanation.

MINISTER

No, officer. It's a sign.

Gordon takes a swipe from a tear with his finger, tasting it.

GORDON

It's salty.

The worshippers mutter excitedly. It must be real!

MINISTER

This means something wondrous is about to happen. But also something horrible. The angel is crying, officers. He is crying for the fate of man...

Everyone freezes, chilled by the thought. Suddenly the JANITOR pokes his head out of a doorway behind the altar, calling to the Minister.

JANITOR

I unclogged the toilet, padre. I
put some of that blue cleaner in,
too. I'll try it again...

He steps back through the doorway and we hear the toilet FLUSH, the tears on the statue SUDDENLY TURNING BLUE. The worshippers stop praying, confused. Dylan tries not to laugh as Gordon starts spitting. His beeper sounding, Dylan turns to the Minister.

DYLAN

Do you have a phone I can use?
(nods to Gordon)
And a bottle of Listerine?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

There's an official ceremony taking place at the station, a large banner reading 'WELCOME MAYOR WILEY!' strung over the entrance. MAYOR WILEY and other dignitaries stand on a riser, speaking to a crowd of reporters.

MAYOR WILEY

... With the completion of this new
subway station, Union Station -
which has played an important part
in Los Angeles' past - will
continue to play an equally
important part in her future...

The Mayor pauses, everyone turning as the black Mercury Coupe pulls into the lot and parks, BACKFIRING and spewing exhaust. Dylan and Gordon climb out, Gordon still spitting.

GORDON

"It's salty."
(shivers)
You said you've been doing this,
what, a couple years? You ever seen
anything really freakish?

Dylan looks at Gordon disapprovingly.

DYLAN

Outside of you, no.

GORDON

Because I don't really believe in any of this stuff, but I like to keep an open mind, y'know? I mean, what if that guy last night really was dead? Would that be cool, or what?

DYLAN

Yeah. Bitchin'.

Both men look up to see the crowd at the front of the station. Recognizing the Mayor, Dylan hurries toward the entrance, while Gordon can't resist.

GORDON

Ohmygod, this place is haunted! A hideous demon is here! Oh wait, it's only the mayor...

The reporters chuckle. An embarrassed Dylan hides his face, Gordon smiling gregariously as they enter the station. The Mayor is obviously annoyed by the interruption - as is Deborah Collins, who stands behind him. She watches after Dylan and Gordon irritably.

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

Dylan and Gordon walk through the main concourse, Dylan trying to distance himself from his new partner. Gordon scurries up behind him.

GORDON

I've been thinking, if we're gonna be called 'The Exorcist Squad' we should have a motto.

DYLAN

We're not called 'The Exorcist Squad'.

GORDON

We should be! I mean, 'Paranormal Operations Unit' doesn't exactly roll off the tongue. But 'Exorcist Squad' - that's catchy!

(Dylan just keeps walking)

Right. Anyway, here's my motto. Ready? Okay - 'We Turn Heads'.

He waits expectantly for Dylan's reaction. There is none.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 'We Turn Heads'. Like in the movie?
 When the little girl had her head
 spin all the way around? The little
 possessed girl? 'The Exorcist'...?

DYLAN
 (snaps)
 I get it! Alright?

GORDON
 I wasn't sure, you didn't
 respond...

DYLAN
 Just because I didn't respond
 doesn't mean I didn't get it. I got
 it. I just didn't like it.

They walk a moment in silence, both men stewing. Finally:

GORDON
 You should really learn the concept
 of polite laughter. Even if you
 don't think it's funny, you still
 give a little laugh - heh heh heh -
 so the other guy doesn't feel like
 a complete schmuck. I do have
 feelings, you know.

DYLAN
 (polite laugh)
 Heh heh heh.

Gordon frowns as he and Dylan step into...

INT. UNION STATION - DONUT SHOP

Dylan and Gordon approach the counter, where the donut shop
 owner (MR. GARFIELD) stands.

DYLAN
 Mr. Garfield?

MR. GARFIELD
 That's me. Are you the cops from
 the... what's it called...?

GORDON
 The Exorcist Squad. We turn heads.
 (Garfield just stares at
 him)
 (MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

Get it? Like the movie? When the little girl...

DYLAN

(cuts in)

You reported an unusual event?

Mr. Garfield excitedly motions them behind the counter.

MR. GARFIELD

I was cooking back here, minding my own business, when I saw it. I've never seen anything like it!

GORDON

(grimacing at dirty kitchen)

A clean spot?

Gordon wanders off as Garfield gives him a look, then continues talking to Dylan.

MR. GARFIELD

No, it was the devil's face! Evil-looking, red, with horns!

DYLAN

That's him alright. Where was he?

MR. GARFIELD

In a cherry danish. Right over...

Mr. Garfield motions to a tray...

... where Gordon stands, with cherry jelly around his mouth and half a danish in his hand. Dylan grimaces as Mr. Garfield lets out a scream, grabbing the danish from Gordon.

MR. GARFIELD (CONT'D)

You... you ate my devil!

GORDON

This was it? It was just sitting there.

(to Dylan)

Trust me, it looked like a danish.

MR. GARFIELD

I was going to make a fortune off that danish! Put it in a glass case like that Mother Teresa bun. Now all that's left is a chin! I can't make any money off the devil's chin!

GORDON
(shrugs)
In that case...

Gordon tries to snatch the danish out of Mr. Garfield's hand. Garfield lets out another scream, clutching the pastry protectively. Dylan grabs Gordon by the arm, quickly ushering him out of the shop.

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

Dylan and Gordon hurry out of the donut shop. Mr. Garfield waves the half-eaten danish at them angrily.

MR. GARFIELD
I'll sue you! I'll sue the whole
police force!

GORDON
Go ahead! The LAPD gets sued every
day! We like it!

They stop when they come face-to-face with Deborah Collins. Overhearing that last exchange, she stares at them irritably.

DEBORAH
I have a question for you guys.
Since when do cops go around
insulting the mayor in front of a
crowd of reporters?

GORDON
(recognizes her - grins
suavely)
Tracked me down, huh? That's my
lone wolf persona, dollface. You
know, like Dirty Harry or Serpico.
One man against the system.

DEBORAH
Great. Then I only have to report
you to the chief of police. I want
your name and badge number.

GORDON
You don't have to play these games
with me, sweetcheeks. I'll throw in
my phone number, address and
pertinent medical information.

Though Deborah looks like she's about to take a swing at Gordon, there's a spark between them, even through the hostility. Dylan steps between them, extending his hand.

DYLAN

We haven't been properly introduced. I'm Dylan McKee, and the lone wolf here is Gordon Crumly. You work for the mayor?

Deborah shakes Dylan's hand grudgingly.

DEBORAH

I'm the mayor's personal assistant.

DYLAN

(frozen smile)

Doesn't that figure?

DEBORAH

What are you two doing here, anyway? If there's a crime in progress we should know about it. If the mayor is in any danger...

GORDON

Don't worry, baby. Daddy's here. You'll be safe.

Deborah and Dylan both look at Gordon a moment, then resume their conversation.

DYLAN

There's no danger. We're with the Paranormal Operations Unit. We were called out to check on an alleged demon sighting.

DEBORAH

Paranormal Operations? You guys?

DYLAN

You've never heard of it? Because I was looking through your grandfather's file this morning and he was a member of this unit. In fact he founded it.

DEBORAH

Yes. And did you know he was discharged for being a kook? I loved the old guy, but he was a little crazy.

(changing the subject)

So if you guys are here to check out a demon sighting, where's the demon?

DYLAN
(cocks thumb at Gordon)
He ate it.

Gordon lets out a little burp, trying to cover by winking at Deborah. She shakes her head, no longer angry.

DEBORAH
Tell you what, let's, uh... let's
just forget this whole
conversation, okay?

DYLAN
It's probably best.

She nods, chuckling to herself as she walks away - glancing back at Gordon with a bemused grin. Both men watch her go, not noticing as a nervous SECURITY GUARD steps up behind them.

GORDON
You see that? She looked back. She
wants me.

DYLAN
She wants you to leave her alone.

GORDON
Come on, you didn't see that? That
was chemistry, man.

SECURITY GUARD
(trying to break in)
Excuse me...

DYLAN
You're delusional. There was no
chemistry there.

GORDON
Hey, that was chemistry, and I know
chemistry.

SECURITY GUARD
(tries again)
Excuse me...

DYLAN
Did you take chemistry in high
school?

GORDON
Yeah.

DYLAN
What'd you get?

GORDON
D +.

DYLAN
I rest my case.

SECURITY GUARD
(unable to take anymore)

EXCUSE ME!!!

Dylan and Gordon turn, the Security Guard regaining his composure.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT.)
Are you the cops who handle the supernatural stuff?

GORDON
That's us! The Exorcist Squad. We turn...

Dylan STOMPS on Gordon's foot before he can finish. Gordon hops up and down in pain as Dylan speaks calmly.

DYLAN
How can we help you?

SECURITY GUARD
(glances around nervously)
I'd rather not discuss it here. Too many people. Follow me.

He moves off, motioning for Dylan and Gordon to follow. Dylan leans to Gordon, whispering sternly.

DYLAN
Whatever he shows us - try not to eat it!

As they walk through the main concourse we notice the faces carved high on the walls seem to follow their every move.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - UNDERGROUND ACCESS TUNNEL - DAY

The Security Guard leads Dylan and Gordon to the barricaded subway construction area, their footsteps and voices echoing back to them.

SECURITY GUARD

I don't like to come down here much. Gives me the willies. A crew was working on the new subway station down here last night, and that's when they saw it...

GORDON

What is it? A demonic mouse? A satanic cockroach?

Reaching the construction area, the Security Guard pulls aside the yellow 'caution' tape to reveal...

INT. UNION STATION - SUBWAY ACCESS AREA

Dylan and Gordon step into the construction area to see that the WALLS ARE BLEEDING. The Blood SEEPS from gory letters, which spell out the message 'HE'S COMING. AND HE'S BRINGING ALL OF HELL WITH HIM'. Dylan and Gordon stare at the phenomena, dumbstruck.

GORDON

I'm not worried. You read about this stuff all the time. Just some kids having a laugh, writing messages... in blood...

Unconvinced, Dylan turns to the Security Guard, who hangs back in the hallway.

DYLAN

Somebody's pulling your leg. At least it's better than the stuff on the walls of the New York subway.

GORDON

... Yeah! It's always fake blood on 'Scooby Doo'. It was always the old museum curator or a wicked landlord. You have any curators or landlords around here...?

SECURITY GUARD

No. Like I said, the construction guys told me about it. Said they saw some kind of animal...

GORDON

... In "Charlotte's Web" it was a spider... and a web. See? Nothing to worry about here. Nothing to...

As they talk the wall begins to MOVE, almost like RIPPLING FLESH. The outlines of FACES emerge, as though pressing against the other side. From their expressions, they seem to be in horrible agony. Dylan and Gordon stare, transfixed.

GORDON (CONT'D)

... That's not Charlotte!

DYLAN

(barely audible)

Not again...

The whole wall begins to MORPH, becoming almost TRANSLUCENT. We can see DISTORTED IMAGES of hideous, mutilated, tormented souls FIGHTING, SCRATCHING and CLAWING to free themselves. The wall BOWS under the pressure of so many lost souls struggling to get out.

Dylan and Gordon back away, but the yellow tape WRAPS AROUND THEIR LEGS, pinning them in place. Horrified, the Security Guard bolts and runs.

GORDON

Remember what you said about everything having a rational explanation?

DYLAN

Yeah...

GORDON

You got one?

They both flinch back as a DEMON'S HEAD TEARS through the wall, spitting and snarling as it cries out triumphantly.

DEMON'S HEAD

He is free! And he has brought all of Hell with him!

Thinking quickly, Gordon reaches out and POKES the Demon in the eyes. The creature HOWLS in pain as it disappears back into the wall.

DYLAN

Riot training?

GORDON

Three Stooges. I hate to spoil your perfect record, but I don't think this is a prank! What are we supposed to do???

Remembering, Dylan pulls the small leatherbound 'Oaths and Incantations' book from his coat pocket.

DYLAN

I found this book in Spenser Collins' apartment last night, but it's all in Latin.

GORDON

You don't know Latin? I thought you were a priest, for chrissake! Isn't that day one, lesson one at priest school?

DYLAN

I just memorized the important phrases. I didn't say I was a good priest!

The wall PRESSES further toward them. The outlines of fanged demons are now INCHES from their faces. Dylan and Gordon's eyes go wide in horror, both barely keeping it together.

GORDON

I know a little Latin. Let me try.

DYLAN

You know Latin?

GORDON

Yeah. Learned it in school.

(composes himself)

Uck-fay off-yay, emons-day! Am-scray!

DYLAN

Not Pig Latin, you idiot!

GORDON

You said Latin, you didn't specify which dialect! Just read something - anything!

They are about to be ENGULFED by the wall. Desperate, Dylan opens the book and reads the first thing he sees, struggling to pronounce the words phonetically.

DYLAN
(in Latin - subtitled)
What once was closed will now be
open.

Darkness rises and swallows the light.

Go now and prepare for your rebirth.

Soon all will be above as it is below.

There is a DEAFENING, INHUMAN SCREAM from behind the wall, which immediately SNAPS back to its normal shape. The yellow tape falls from their legs, dropping limply to the floor. All is silence. Dylan and Gordon wait for something to happen, but nothing does. It's over.

Dylan walks up to the wall, touching it gingerly. It's solid. He turns back to Gordon in disbelief.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
It worked! I did it! It actually
worked!

GORDON
Great! Good news. Now let's get the
hell out of here. You know a store
around here where they sell clean
underwear?

They hurry off, leaving the area in darkness... until a soft GLOW begins to emanate from behind the wall. The GLOW intensifies as BLOOD begins to flow again, STEAMING and BOILING as if the wall were incredibly HOT.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Dylan and Gordon sit in a back booth in a dimly lit bar. Gordon eats a plate of buffalo wings and drinks a mug of beer, while Dylan pushes his mug as far away as possible.

DYLAN
We shouldn't be in here. We're on
duty, remember?

GORDON
Being partners with you is like
being partners with my mother. We
just battled the forces of
darkness! If that doesn't rate a
brew I don't know what does.

DYLAN

(scoffs)

'Forces of darkness'? You read too many Stephen King books.

GORDON

I don't know if it was the forces of darkness, but I'll tell you one thing - it was better than the special effects in any movie. We should call that show 'Cops'! We'd be superstars!

(takes sip of beer)

What do you think it was? A portal to another dimension? A gateway to Hell?

Gordon grabs a Buffalo wing, fingers immediately covered in hot sauce. Dylan shrugs, taking a pretzel stick from a bowl and playing with it nervously. His hands are shaking.

DYLAN

There has to be an explanation. Maybe it was some sort of hallucination.

GORDON

We didn't both have the same hallucination. We don't have anything else in common, why would we start there?

(notices Dylan's hands shaking)

You don't think it was a hallucination, either.

DYLAN

Like I said, I don't know what it was! I do know that it wasn't some portal to another dimension, or a gateway to Hell or any of that nonsense.

Gordon gnaws on the chicken wing, getting the hot sauce around his mouth. Grimacing, Dylan makes a wiping motion on his own face, but Gordon doesn't catch on.

GORDON

If you don't believe in this stuff why'd you join the Exorcist Squad in the first place?

DYLAN

I didn't join. I quit the priesthood and enrolled in the police academy because I wanted to get away from all the heaven and hell and fire and brimstone. Then I graduate, and because of my religious background they assign me here.

GORDON

Did you ever see anything like this as a priest?

Dylan frowns. Reaching across the table he grabs his mug, finally taking a healthy swig of beer.

DYLAN

I don't want to talk about being a priest anymore. I'm not a priest. I'm a cop.

GORDON

I'm a cop, too. And all I know is when I put my ass on the line every day I like to know what exactly it is I'm going up against.

DYLAN

(pointedly)

Do you put your ass on the line every day?

GORDON

What do you mean?

DYLAN

I've read your personnel file. I know your record, seen the reports filed by all your ex-partners.

GORDON

Yeah, yeah - they say I freeze under pressure, right? What about today? I did okay.

DYLAN

You spoke Pig Latin and pooped your pants.

GORDON

I did not poop my pants... things just loosened up a little, that's all.

A tense moment. Gordon wipes his nose, leaving a drop of hot sauce on the tip. Dylan picks up a napkin, wiping his own nose in an effort to make Gordon realize he's got sauce everywhere.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(changing the subject)
Okay, Mr. I'm-a-cop - you want to solve this case the traditional way, what's the evidence?

Dylan shakes his head thoughtfully. Suddenly his eyes light up as he remembers...

DYLAN
"He is coming. And he's bringing all of Hell with him," remember? It was written on the wall today, and you said it's what Spenser Collins told you last night. That means there must be a connection, right?

GORDON
Hang on. The dead guy said 'He is coming'. Didn't the demon at the station say 'He is free'?

DYLAN
(considers)
Yeah... so who do you think 'He' is?

GORDON
And where is 'He' now?

Gordon scratches his ear, leaving a smudge of hot sauce on the lobe.

DYLAN
That's it...!

Unable to take any more, Dylan licks his napkin, reaching across the table to wipe the hot sauce off Gordon's face. Gordon scowls, squirming.

GORDON
Mo-om! Stop it!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA RIVER - NIGHT

Homeless people living along the concrete banks of the LA River watch in amazement as the normally dry riverbed begins to FILL WITH WATER, which rises as though someone were filling a gigantic bathtub. They must flee, screaming, as the waters BOIL and CHURN like the River Styx. In the orange, flickering light of their abandoned campfires we can make out the tall, hooded figure of CHARON on the river, navigating his raft on the wild waters serenely.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan and Gordon walk through the squad room on their way to the basement office.

GORDON

I was thinking, since I bought the beer? I think you should write the report...

They wince as Captain Giralaldi steps out of his office, yelling across the crowded room.

GIRALDI

McKee! Crumly! Get your asses in my office, now!

Giralaldi slams the door, making everyone wince again. Gordon gives Dylan a reassuring wink.

GORDON

He'll cheer up once I tell him how I saved the city.

DYLAN

How you saved the city? Is-kay ay-may ass-may, erk-jay...

(remembering)

Hold it! Beer breath! We've got beer breath! Quick, do you have any gum or breath mints?

Gordon shakes his head 'no'. Looking around in a panic, Dylan grabs a pump bottle of hand lotion off a female officer's desk. Squirting a few dollops of lotion into his mouth he swallows, shivers, and continues on toward Giralaldi's office.

GORDON
(shaking head)
That's a man who should not
drink...

He follows Dylan into...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN GIRALDI'S OFFICE

Dylan and Gordon enter to find Giraldi leaning against his desk, arms folded, not happy.

GORDON
Wait, I've seen this scene - this
is where Dirty Harry is called into
his boss' office so he can get
yelled at for operating outside the
system. Nice. I didn't know you did
impressions, captain.

GIRALDI
(calmly, evenly)
Did either of you do anything today
to, oh I don't know, piss off the
mayor?

Dylan winces, while Gordon smiles angelically.

GORDON
Why do you ask?

A COP sticks his head into the room, speaking to Giraldi.

COP #3
It's on again.

Giraldi nods. Grabbing a remote control from his desk he turns on a small TV. Dylan and Gordon turn to see Mayor Wiley onscreen, standing at a podium.

MAYOR WILEY
(on TV)
... As you all know I've fought a
long battle against the wasteful,
frivolous spending within the Los
Angeles Police Department. I
thought we were making headway,
until I was informed today of a
special unit of the LAPD. It's
called the 'Exorcist Squad'.

Giraldi glares at Dylan and Gordon. Dylan smiles back weakly.

DYLAN

That's just, you know, a
nickname...

MAYOR WILEY

(on TV)

This is a squad which uses taxpayer
dollars to keep Los Angeles safe
from ghosts, demons and evil
spirits. Speaking personally, the
only unnatural phenomenon I ever
saw in LA was when Dennis Rodman
played for the Lakers.

(reporters laugh)

At a time when crime is running
rampant in our streets, why the
LAPD sees fit to waste a group of
officers on such foolishness is
beyond me.

GORDON

(scoffs)

What 'group'? Two.

The image onscreen switches to a NEWS ANCHOR, who speaks into
the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

The mayor went on to call for a
full investigation into the
policies and procedures of the
LAPD, as well as a complete audit
of their financial records.

GIRALDI

I got a call from the chief of
police this afternoon. The unit is
disbanded, effective immediately.
And Internal Affairs is setting up
an investigation of your activities
while with the squad.

GORDON

My activities? I think I should
take this opportunity to point out
that I've only been with this unit
for one day...

GIRALDI

What a coincidence.

DYLAN

But sir, I think you should know -
we encountered something...
unusual... when we were at Union
Station...

GIRALDI

Really? Where's my report?

DYLAN & GORDON

(pointing at each other,
in unison)
He's typing it up...

GIRALDI

Wrong. You're both through in
Paranormal. I'm splitting you up. I
should've known better than to put
you two idiots together in the
first place.

GORDON

What's this 'idiot' crap? We just
risked our asses to fight off the
forces of darkness - I think we
deserve a fitting reward!!!

CUT TO:

INT. TINY MUSEUM - DAY

A small, trendy museum featuring abstract artwork and bizarre artifacts. Dressed in police blues, Gordon sits behind a desk on which sits a small video monitor. The image on the monitor changes every five seconds to a different security camera view of the museum. The place is devoid of visitors, which is probably its normal state.

GORDON

Very fitting.

He stares miserably at a glass case in the center of the room which displays a half-eaten pastry. A plaque reads 'The Devil's Chin Danish - Courtesy of The Donut Den, Union Station'. Slowly, a mischievous grin spreads across Gordon's face as he stands, walks across the room, lifts the glass case and grabs the danish. Taking a big bite of the pastry he grimaces, spitting it onto the floor.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Pleah! Who lacquers pastry?

He steps back to his desk, disgustedly wiping his tongue on his sleeve. Bored, he stares at the video monitor before disappearing beneath the desk. After a moment the image on the monitor switches from a security camera to a local mid-day news show. Gordon reappears, grinning as he turns up the volume, the NEWS ANCHOR speaking seriously.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

... For their part, the LAPD denies the existence of a so-called 'Exorcist Squad', calling the mayor's accusation 'goofy and unfounded'.

GORDON

Give me another week and I'll have every cable channel known to man.

Gordon reaches to change the channel, pausing as the News Anchor speaks urgently, pressing his earpiece into his ear as he is given instructions.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT.)

(on TV)

I'm being told we have a situation brewing downtown. We take you live to Kent Carlyle at Union Station. Kent, what's happening down there?

The scene on TV cuts to a view outside Union Station. We can see the station in the background, with what seems like SMOKE rising from the area of the tracks. Intrepid reporter KENT CARLYLE speaks into the camera.

KENT CARLYLE

(on TV)

We can't see much at this point, Marty. All we know is that a series of earthquakes has jolted this area, and Cal Tech indicates that they have all been centered directly beneath Union Station.

A look of dread crosses Gordon's face as he mutters to himself.

GORDON

No way. This has nothing to do with us.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - SUBWAY ACCESS AREA - DAY

Subway workers flee as blood now runs freely through the corridors. The wall creaks and moans as it STRETCHES like elastic, as though something were trying to push its way through. Suddenly the wall EXPLODES, a torrent of blood FLOODING the corridor as a BLINDING LIGHT sears the paint off the walls.

CUT TO:

INT. TINY MUSEUM - DAY

Gordon continues to watch the TV, which shows people running for their lives around Union Station as the ground rumbles. Manhole covers BLAST into the air, FLAMES licking from manholes and sewer gratings.

GORDON

It can't have anything to do with us.

Gordon JUMPS as suddenly his walkie-talkie bursts to life.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

All units in the vicinity of 6th and Harper, please respond - bank robbery in progress. Suspects armed and dangerous, and... they seem to be dressed in some sort of costumes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DAY

The bank is surrounded by squad cars. Police hunker down behind them as GUNSHOTS ricochet off metal and shatter glass. Gordon duck-runs down the street toward the action, stopping behind a squad car, where two DETECTIVES are crouching.

GORDON

What's up?

DETECTIVE #1

Take a friggin' guess, Sherlock. You must have finished first in your class!

(recognizes Gordon)

Hey, if it isn't Mr. Freeze!

(MORE)

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
Shouldn't you be on a beer run or
something?

Both Detectives snicker, exchanging high-fives. Gordon rolls his eyes.

GORDON
Hello! We're getting shot at! Do
you know how many are in there?

The car window above them is SHOT OUT, shards of glass raining around them. The Detectives get serious again in a hurry.

DETECTIVE #2
At least three, but it seems like
thirty. And they have hostages.

GORDON
Do we know who they are?

DETECTIVE #1
Nobody knows who they really are.
They say they're Jesse James, Billy
the Kid and John Dillinger.

Gordon frowns, confused.

INT. BANK

Decked out in full western gear, the macabre-looking figure of the late JESSE JAMES fires a shotgun through the doorway, then takes cover. The BULLET HOLE that killed him still visible on the back of his head, when he turns we can see the EXIT WOUND in his forehead. Jesse calls to BILLY THE KID, who is struggling to load a modern semi-automatic pistol. Billy also sports a gory exit wound, this one in the chest, from where he was shot by Pat Garrett.

JESSE JAMES
I'm out of bullets. Have you
figured out how to load those
consarn things yet?

BILLY THE KID
(examining gun)
The Mexicaner on the street corner
said it was easy. I can't even tell
where the dang bullets go...

Two SNOOTY WOMEN stand against the far wall, hands up, unimpressed.

SNOOTY WOMAN #1

Imagine dressing up like cowboys to rob a bank.

SNOOTY WOMAN #2

How gauche. It'll never catch on.

JOHN DILLINGER holds a pistol to the womens' heads, effectively silencing them. If you thought Jesse and Billy were a mess, Dillinger's body is riddled with a DOZEN BULLET HOLES from his run-in with the FBI outside the Biograph Theatre in 1934. He calls to Jesse and Billy nervously.

JOHN DILLINGER

I thought you assholes said you knew what you was doing? What I wouldn't give for a tommy gun right about now...

BILLY THE KID

Hold yer gol'darn horses. I'll figure it out...

He continues to struggle with the gun until a LITTLE BOY standing nearby steps up, hand outstretched. Billy looks at him a moment before handing him the gun. The Little Boy expertly loads the clip and slaps it into the pistol before handing it back to Billy, who pats him on the head.

BILLY THE KID (CONT'D)

Good work, pard'.
(calls to Jesse and
Dillinger)
Okay boys, let's ride!

EXT. BANK

Jesse, Billy and Dillinger step out of the bank, armed to the teeth. Detective #1 calls out over a bullhorn.

DETECTIVE #1

Drop your weapons and put your hands over your heads. We've got you surrounded.

JESSE JAMES

Are you the Marshall? I'm calling out the Marshall. Or the Sheriff. Whichever you got in this here town.

The cops all exchange confused looks.

DETECTIVE #1

There's no Marshall here, Jethro,
and the Sheriff's at a celebrity
fundraiser. We're just a few dozen
lowly sharpshooters with rifles
trained on your ass. Now throw down
your weapons.

Dillinger turns to Jesse and Billy.

JOHN DILLINGER

I'll steal us one of them cars. You
take care of the law.

Billy and Jesse nod, stepping into the middle of the street,
ready to duel. Dillinger moves to a nearby Ferrari but can't
figure out how to open the door. He tries a Lamborghini. Same
problem. He finally comes across a vintage 1930's Ford and
sighs, relieved. Jesse calls to the cops, assuming a classic
gunfighter's stance.

JESSE JAMES

I'm countin' to three. When I reach
three, draw...

One by one the cops all stand, unbelieving.

JESSE JAMES (CONT.) (CONT'D)

... One...

EXT. DILLINGER

Opening the vintage Ford's door, Dillinger sets off the car's
alarm. He jumps in surprise, then climbs inside to hot wire
it.

EXT. BANK

SWAT team sharpshooters on a nearby roof open up on the
robbers. The volley of bullets hit the bandits, disappearing
almost as though they were fired into mercury. CONCENTRIC
RINGS spread from where the bullets strike them, RIPPLING
across their bodies as the slugs are ABSORBED harmlessly.
Billy and Jesse exchange surprised looks, huge grins
spreading across their faces. Gordon can't believe his eyes.

JESSE JAMES

(with new confidence)

... Two...

GORDON

Well, this has been fun, but I'd better get back to guarding that danish...

JESSE JAMES

... Three!

Gordon and the cops all dive for cover as Billy and Jesse open fire, the entire area EXPLODING in a hailstorm of bullets.

EXT. DILLINGER

The vintage Ford ROARS to life. Dillinger sits up, ready to make a triumphant getaway - only to find a large orange Club locked onto the steering wheel. He yanks and jerks at it to no avail.

JOHN DILLINGER

Goddamn son-of-a-bitching motherfu...

EXT. BANK

Enjoying their newfound invincibility, Jesse and Billy begin to advance on the line of squad cars, tossing their spent weapons aside and pulling out fresh guns. The return fire from the police doesn't even make them blink, the bullets ABSORBED harmlessly into their bodies.

JESSE JAMES

I wish it'd been like this back in '82 - woulda given that little fucker Bob Ford a big surprise!

EXT. GORDON

Gordon and the two Detectives cringe behind the car while bullets WHIZZ overhead.

DETECTIVE #1

Holy shit! How are they doing that?

DETECTIVE #2

(into police radio)

Officers under fire! We need more help here, and we need it right now!!!

Cowering, Gordon covers his ears, speaking to himself as though reciting a mantra.

GORDON

Nothing to do with us! This has
nothing to do with us. Nothing
nothing nothing nothing nothing...

But the look on his face tells a different story.

EXT. BANK

Jesse and Billy keep firing, Jesse calling impatiently to Dillinger.

JESSE JAMES

What in tarnation's taking so long?

EXT. DILLINGER

Frustrated, Dillinger now HAMMERS on the club with the butt of his pistol, cursing angrily.

JOHN DILLINGER

Goddamn son-of-a-bitching
motherfu...

Suddenly the spring lock RELEASES, the Club SHOOTING off the steering wheel and RICOCHETING around the cab until it finally SMASHES through the windshield. Dillinger is stunned, then turns and calls to Jesse and Billy.

JOHN DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(sing-songy)

Got it!

EXT. BANK

Continuing to fire on the cops, Jesse and Billy move to the car, where Dillinger now provides cover fire. They hop into the car, Jesse letting out a rebel yell.

JESSE JAMES

Yeee-hah! The James Gang rides
again!

Billy gives him a frown.

BILLY THE KID
Whaddaya mean 'The James Gang'? The
Lincoln County Regulators ride
again!

JOHN DILLINGER
Excuse me? The Dillinger Gang rides
again, you goddamn son-of-a-
bitching motherfu...

Dillinger floors the accelerator, the old Ford CRASHING
through the police barricade and careening down the street.

EXT. GORDON

The cops all stand, watching after the car in disbelief. None
of them are sure what to make of what they've just seen.

DETECTIVE #1
What the hell was that?

GORDON
(playing dumb)
I didn't notice anything unusual.
Did you?

There is a low RUMBLE as another earthquake rocks Los
Angeles.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

Spenser Collins lies on the embalming table as a MORTICIAN
prepares to insert a long tube into his chest cavity. The
room begins to tremble from the earthquake. Suddenly Collins'
eyes OPEN, the dead man SITTING UP with a start.

COLLINS
(irritated)
Goddammit!!!

Climbing off the table, Collins grabs a large plastic sack
containing his clothes and storms out of the room. He ignores
the Mortician, who sways a moment before fainting dead away.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor Wiley sits behind his desk while assistants and advisors - including Deborah - have gathered for the last briefing of the day. Deborah reads from a leatherbound notebook.

DEBORAH

... and finally, tomorrow night
you're scheduled to help serve
dinner at the new homeless shelter
downtown. I got you positioned
between Julia Roberts and Catherine
Zeta Jones, so you're guaranteed to
make the morning papers.

MAYOR WILEY

I love LA. Are we done?

Everyone exchanges looks - yep, they're done. They file out of the office, glad to be finished for the day. Deborah lags behind, speaking to the mayor when they're alone.

DEBORAH

Can I talk to you, sir? Yesterday
when I told you about the 'Exorcist
Squad' I just meant it as a funny
anecdote. I didn't mean for you to
make such an issue of it, and I
certainly didn't mean for those men
to be demoted...

Mayor Wiley rises, stepping out from behind his desk.

MAYOR WILEY

But it is the issue, don't you see?
The LAPD has been at the center of
every problem this city has endured
in the past ten years. Beatings,
riots, bloody gloves, and now
they're wasting taxpayer dollars to
chase down spooks and demons? It's
time we put a stop to it.

DEBORAH

I don't know if that's entirely
fair...

The mayor puts a fatherly arm around Deborah's shoulders. From her reaction it's obvious she's not used to such an intimate display from him.

MAYOR WILEY

Listen, I know your grandfather died the other day, and I know he was a cop, so you're probably a little more touchy-feely than usual. But we have a rare opportunity here. I have the chance to make this city over in my image, and I'll be damned if I'm going to miss it.

DEBORAH

I've never heard you talk like this before.

MAYOR WILEY

It's a new world, Deborah.
Everything's about to change.

Deborah frowns uncertainly as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

It's late, and there aren't many vehicles in the garage as Deborah walks to her car. The place is empty and dark, the weak overhead lights casting an eerie glow on the whole scene. She glances around uneasily, quickening her pace as some sixth sense tells her something's wrong here. Her footsteps echo as blind panic overtakes her and she breaks into a run. Finally reaching her car she fumbles with her keys, jamming them into the lock and opening the door as she throws herself into...

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR

Locking the door, she breathes a tentative sigh of relief - JUMPING as a voice speaks softly.

VOICE (O.S.)

You should park closer to a light,
Deborah. Some unsavory character
could sneak into your car.

Deborah looks into the rear view mirror to see a man sitting in her back seat. Screaming, she turns... only to see that the man is Spenser Collins, still looking very dead. She screams again.

COLLINS

(scowling)

All right lass, that's enough screaming. I'm dead, I don't need to be deaf as well. I'm a little ripe, too, so you might want to roll down the window a crack.

Deborah stares at her grandfather with a mixture of terror and love.

DEBORAH

Grandpa! You can't be... you're...

COLLINS

Dead. Yeah, I just said that. I find it best to just state it up front. Avoids confusion and it's a heck of an icebreaker.

DEBORAH

But how are you here...?

COLLINS

The earthquakes. The damn things keep waking me up! Every time the earth moves Hell is trying to break through, and every time you feel a tremble, a little bit of evil escapes.

(urgent)

That's why we've got to hurry. I don't know if you've noticed, but the shit's really hit the fan around here, and it's only gonna get worse unless you do something to stop it.

DEBORAH

What're you talking about? What's happening?

COLLINS

A sub-demon who controls a portal to Hell beneath Union Station is free, and I can't rest in peace until he is stopped.

(she looks at him
dubiously)

You don't believe me? You're holding a conversation with a dead man, but a demon from Hell is out of the question.

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Listen to me, you need to get the Paranormal Operations Unit back up and running. Somebody has to take my place...

DEBORAH

But that unit was disbanded. The mayor...

At the mention of the mayor, Collins wrinkles his nose as if smelling something bad.

COLLINS

I know all about the mayor. And he'd have never known about the unit if you hadn't told him!

Deborah hangs her head contritely.

DEBORAH

I didn't know he'd use it to attack the police.

COLLINS

Of course he'd use it! He's a politician! If he heard cannibals had the vote he'd start biting babies instead of kissing them!

(leans forward)

Listen to me now, this is important - when those lads get back on the job they're going to need a few things. They can find everything they need in the rec room in my apartment, do you hear me? Tell them to look in the rec room.

DEBORAH

In the rec room. Okay.

(a pause)

I'm sorry I didn't come to visit you more, grandpa. Or call. I know I should have...

COLLINS

You don't feel bad about not visiting until I'm dead. Typical.

DEBORAH

What?

COLLINS

You've always been this way, Deborah.

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Always sacrificing personal relationships for your career, or your school, or whatever the hell you're involved in. You never act from your heart, darlin'.

(speaks from the heart)

Career is important, but you still need somebody who can make you laugh when you feel like crying. Now it's time for me to go - I'm right in the middle of my embalming.

Collins begins to climb out of the car, Deborah stopping him.

DEBORAH

Wait...

(removes pine tree air freshener from mirror)

... You might want to take this with you.

COLLINS

(slips it around his neck)

Thanks. Now hurry - every minute we wait, the demon grows stronger.

She watches him go, shaken yet thoughtful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BASEMENT - DAY

Dylan cleans out his desk - which isn't easy considering a couple other COPS have strung a tiny net across the center and are using it as a ping pong table. Wasting no time, the cops have already turned Dylan's basement office into a rec room. Cops play pinball, throw darts, shoot pool, and play foosball. A mirrored ball hangs from the ceiling, throwing beams of light across the newly wood-paneled walls.

Dylan opens the bottom drawer of his desk and removes the small box again. He opens it to reveal the PRIEST'S COLLAR and PHOTO of the young girl once more. Now he places his BADGE in with the collar before snapping it shut and tossing it into a cardboard box containing his other belongings. The two ping-pong players speak to him condescendingly as they bat the ball back and forth.

COP #4

Sorry to hear you're quitting, McKee.

COP #5

Yeah, tough break. We're really gonna miss...

(slams ball)

Oh yeah! Game, set and match, you whore!

COP #4

No way! Net ball, play over, you dick-smoker!

Dylan smiles sarcastically, removing some stray ping pong balls from his box.

DYLAN

Thanks for the sentiment, guys. I know it's from the heart.

Dylan pulls the bottom drawer all the way out of the desk, turning it over to dump its contents into the cardboard box when he notices something taped to the bottom. It's a small yellowed envelope with one word scrawled on the front - 'Collins'. Gently pulling the envelope loose, he opens it, a single key dropping into his palm. He regards it with a frown as a couple cops wrestle an old Wurlitzer jukebox down the stairs. The other cops call out happily.

COPS

Jukebox!

COP #3

Yeah, we just confiscated it from a whorehouse in Chinatown.

They plug it in - a twangy Chinese version of 'Smoke on the Water' blasting from its speakers. The cops cheer as Dylan puts the key back in the envelope, stuffing it in his pocket as he grabs the cardboard box and hurries up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Dylan walks across the squad room, cardboard box under his arm, and passes a BEAUTIFUL FEMALE OFFICER working at a desk.

DYLAN

I enjoyed every minute of the time we shared together here. I guess it's been pretty obvious that I have a serious crush on you.

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'll never forget your smile, your
laugh, the way you always
brightened my day. I hope we can
stay in touch.

The Beautiful Female Officer looks up, not recognizing him at all.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE OFFICER

Huh? I'm sorry. Were you talking to me?

Realizing that she doesn't have a clue who he is, Dylan smiles apologetically and moves on. Gordon rushes up, speaking anxiously.

GORDON

Dylan! Man, I'm glad I finally
found you.

(sees the Beautiful
Female Officer)

Hey Donna!

She flips him off and storms away. There's obviously a history between the two. Gordon turns back to Dylan urgently.

GORDON (CONT'D)

We've got to talk.

DYLAN

Look, no offense Gordon, but we
were partners for one day. We don't
have anything to talk about.

GORDON

Wanna bet?

Gordon grabs Dylan by the arm, leading him to a quiet corner of the room.

GORDON (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Remember that portal to Hell or
whatever it was we saw at Union
Station? I don't think we closed
it.

DYLAN

No? How can you tell?

GORDON

Where have you been, man? Don't you
watch the news?

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

There's been a ton of earthquakes,
all centered right below Union
Station.

DYLAN

This is LA. We get earthquakes all
the time.

GORDON

Okay, but what about fires? Riots?
Looting?

Dylan barely raises an eyebrow. Gordon concedes the point.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Yeah yeah, alright - but do we get
people rising from the dead and
robbing banks?

Now it's Dylan's turn to concede the point.

DYLAN

I'm listening.

GORDON

I was at a bank robbery yesterday.
The perps got away, but not before
they claimed to be Jesse James,
Billy the Kid and John Dillinger.

DYLAN

Okay, so they've got a gimmick.

GORDON

It's a great gimmick. The SWAT guys
must've pumped fifty rounds into
each of them. The bullets just kind
of... it was like... they didn't go
down, okay?

DYLAN

Body armor.

GORDON

No. Forensics dusted the guns they
dropped for prints, then ran them
through the FBI database, right?
The first two guys weren't on
record. But they got a hit on the
third guy.

DYLAN

(growing impatient)

And?

GORDON

And he is John Dillinger.

Dylan stares at him a moment, not sure whether to believe him.

DYLAN

This is a joke, right?

GORDON

No, it's not. I'm beginning to think that Spenser Collins may have known what he was talking about when he said all of Hell was coming.

Torn, Dylan hesitates before reaching into his pocket, removing the yellowed envelope he found taped to the bottom of the desk drawer. He hands it to Gordon.

DYLAN

I found this when I was cleaning out the office. It's got a key inside. The night you found him, Collins told me I needed the key to the 'rec room'.

GORDON

He talked to you, too? You walk around acting like everything's one big hallucination, and all the time you knew? Why didn't you say something?

DYLAN

It's personal. I don't want to talk about it.

GORDON

Well you better start talking about it, because it sure as hell isn't a hallucination! What are we supposed to do?

Dylan finally explodes, shouting at a stunned Gordon.

DYLAN

What am I going to do? Nothing!
We're not on the squad anymore,
remember?

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

No more talking to crazy people who think their parakeets are possessed, no more having all the other cops think I'm some kind of freak, and definitely no more demons from Hell!

Gordon tries to calm Dylan, speaking softly.

GORDON

We're the only ones who know what's going on.

(holds up envelope)

Well, us and him. He wanted us to find this, Dylan. We've got to do something to stop it. Whatever 'it' is. Come on, you were a man of God - you know better than I do what all this means.

DYLAN

Yeah, I do - which is exactly why I don't want any part of it. Look, if we were still in Paranormal Ops it'd be different. There's just nothing we can do. We're not on the case anymore.

Just then Captain Giraldi steps out of his office. Spotting them he calls out, voice booming across the squad room.

GIRALDI

McKee! Crumly! My office!

Exchanging looks of dread, they trudge toward Giraldi's office.

GORDON

Would it kill him to say please?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - GIRALDI'S OFFICE

Dylan and Gordon enter, surprised to see Deborah standing with Giraldi.

GORDON

(winces)

What'd we do now - park in the mayor's favorite handicapped space?

Giraldi holds up a letter bearing the mayor's official letterhead.

GIRALDI

Ms. Collins is here with a letter from the mayor ordering you both to be reassigned to the Paranormal Operations Unit, which in light of current events is to resume activities immediately.

Dylan and Gordon stare blankly. It takes them a moment to comprehend.

DYLAN

Oh no. No no no no no no...

GORDON

I've seen some weird stuff lately, but this is the weirdest. What made him change his tune?

Deborah steps forward, speaking firmly.

DEBORAH

I did.

DYLAN

You? You're the one who told him about the squad in the first place, right? How else would he have found out about it?

DEBORAH

I told him about the squad, but I never expected him to... Look, I got you reinstated, alright? With all the bizarre stuff happening around town I convinced him that we were the ones best qualified to take care of it.

Dylan and Gordon look to one another, then back to Deborah.

DYLAN

'We'?

GORDON

Yeah, what's this 'we' shit, kemosabe?

Giraldi waves the letter again.

GIRALDI

The mayor has ordered that Ms. Collins accompany you.

(MORE)

GIRALDI (CONT'D)

He wants someone from the city to
keep an eye on you two.

GORDON

(smiles at Deborah)

Is this all an elaborate ploy to
get me to go to bed with you?

Deborah frowns at Gordon as he turns to Dylan smugly.

GORDON (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Looks like we're back on the case,
partner.

Dylan grimaces, looking to Giraldi desperately.

DYLAN

What if I don't want to be back on
the squad? These two can handle
it...

Now it's Giraldi's turn to step forward and speak firmly.

GIRALDI

I'm sorry, does this look like a
discussion? I've got direct orders
from the mayor.

Gordon looks to Dylan seriously.

GORDON

I can't do this alone, man.

DEBORAH

And I can't do this alone with him.

Dylan frowns, weighing his options, but we all know he's
going to be accompanying them to...

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back in plainclothes (in Gordon's case, very plain clothes),
Dylan, Gordon and Deborah search Spenser Collins' apartment.
They look around haphazardly, opening cupboards and closets.

GORDON

What exactly are we looking for?

DEBORAH

I'm not sure. He mentioned that everything we'd need was in the rec room in his apartment.

GORDON

What rec room? This place barely has a living room! I know he's dead, but couldn't he be more specific?

Remembering where he last saw Collins, Dylan hesitantly approaches the TV set, turning it on. He jumps in fear as the TV shows...

... Sally Jesse Raphael. Gordon sees Dylan flinch.

GORDON (CONT'D)

She's not that bad - I like the new nose.

DYLAN

Just look for anything that takes a key. A trunk, a desk, a dresser, anything.

DEBORAH

I'll look in the bedroom.

GORDON

Ooh! Bedroom, huh? I'll help!

Dylan rolls his eyes as Gordon scurries into the bedroom after Deborah.

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Deborah hunts through the closet while Gordon glances out the window, which boasts a view of Union Station. The station is surrounded by squad cars and emergency vehicles, their flashers strobing.

GORDON

This is so not good.

(turns to Deborah)

Y'know, I'm glad you're working with us. Nice to have another member on the team.

DEBORAH

You didn't sound too thrilled back at the station.

Gordon scoffs, moving away from the window.

GORDON

Aw, that was just for my partner. He's kind of a tightass when it comes to change, you know how it is. Me? I'm always open to new experiences. Physical, spiritual, sexual - preferably all three at the same time, if you get my drift.

Deborah sticks her head out of the closet, smiling sarcastically at Gordon.

DEBORAH

No, you're being way too subtle. So let me guess - you're not married, right?

GORDON

No. I used to be. But we were young and immature and blah blah blah...

DEBORAH

Why'd she leave you?

GORDON

(offended)

Why'd she leave me? Thanks for the assumption!

DEBORAH

Okay, why'd you leave her?

Gordon grins sheepishly.

GORDON

I didn't say it was the wrong assumption. What about you? Married? Kids?

DEBORAH

Ah, avoiding the question - you could be a politician. I married my career. And as for kids, I have the mayor.

GORDON

No offense, but your kid's a spoiled brat. Y'know, for two people with nothing in common, we've got a lot in common.

DEBORAH
What do you mean?

GORDON
We do everything we can to distance
ourselves from having a real
relationship.

Deborah looks at him, surprised.

DEBORAH
My grandfather told me the same
thing...

Gordon looks at her pointedly.

GORDON
So, would you ever consider un-
distancing yourself from a real
relationship?

DEBORAH
Is that a proposition?

GORDON
If you say yes. If you say no I'll
pretend I was just joking.

DEBORAH
I guess I'd have to find someone I
could believe in first.

They look at one another a moment. A moment that is
surprisingly intense for both of them. They both turn when
Dylan calls from the next room:

DYLAN (O.S.)
Hey you guys! I think I found
something!

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Gordon and Deborah hurry into the kitchen to find Dylan
standing at a pantry door.

DYLAN
Wait'll you see this.

DEBORAH
You open the door and an ironing
board comes out. I remember. It's
an old apartment.

DYLAN
Not that. This...

Opening the pantry door, Dylan removes the ironing board to reveal a keyhole in the wall behind it. A homemade wooden plaque above the keyhole reads 'THE REC ROOM'. Taking the key from the yellowed envelope he places it in the keyhole and turns it. Gordon and Deborah watch in amazement as the back wall of the pantry slides open.

GORDON
No way. It's the Batcave.

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - SECRET ROOM

Dylan enters, finding a light switch. Gordon and Deborah follow him inside, where they find the real Exorcist Squad headquarters. Vintage 1950's suits hang along one wall, while a shelf above is lined with fedoras.

GORDON
I take it back - it's my grandpa's closet.

Deborah looks at framed photographs on the wall. They show Collins meeting with the Pope... at the Brown Derby with Jayne Mansfield... standing with his arm around Anton LaVey... and shaking hands with a large horned demon. Other photos go back much farther, showing similar squads in the 40's... 30's... 20's... even sepia-toned tintypes from the late 1800's of a group of priests, missionaries and native Americans.

DEBORAH
I think we found what we're looking for.

Dylan checks out various religious symbols, necklaces and talismans hanging on the wall - all arrayed as if they were weapons. He notices a dusty file cabinet, opening a drawer.

GORDON
What's in there?

DYLAN
(sifting through)
Looks like a bunch of papers...
some files... a notebook... and
this.

Dylan holds up an old reel of 16mm film. They all stare at it curiously.

GORDON

Great. Home movies. Vacation
footage of naked grandchildren on
the beach...

(glances at Deborah)

... Maybe we should check it out.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - SECRET ROOM - LATER

Dylan threads the brittle old film through an equally old projector as Gordon tacks a white sheet to one wall. Dylan nods, Deborah turning off the lights as he starts up the rickety projector. As the black and white film begins to play, we see it's an old newsreel from the 1950's.

After the 'News of the World' logo flashes, the old LAPD headquarters is shown as a title appears reading 'FLATFOOT FATHERS'.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Today's modern police officer has
many tools at his disposal: a
pistol, a billy-club, a shotgun...
but a Bible?

Gordon turns to Dylan, who is thumbing through an old JOURNAL.

GORDON

A newsreel? I thought these guys
were top secret.

DYLAN

Maybe that's why he had the film.

Dylan points to the screen, where a young Spenser Collins appears in his trademark broad-shouldered suit and fedora. He pulls out a Bible as if drawing a pistol, speaking woodenly.

COLLINS

Freeze, evil-doers!

ANNOUNCER (V.O. - CONT.)

Talk about getting collared! Bible-
thumping preacher policemen are on
the beat, fighting for the good God-
fearing citizens of Los Angeles.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (V.O. - CONT.) (CONT'D)

Trained in the tenants of
Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism,
Buddhism and all the minor
religions, these dogmatic dicks are
fighting crime in the City of
Angels!

The original Paranormal Operations Unit, all looking gritty
and dapper and unbelievably cool, pose cockily for the
CAMERA.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. - CONT.) (CONT'D)

In modern day life the church can't
do everything! Some jobs are too
dangerous for the local Holy Joe.
That's where these fellows come in!

Jerky, hand-held footage of Union Station shows Collins and
the other squad members climbing into the Mercury after the
original showdown at the train depot. They look tired, worn-
out, and haggard.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. - CONT.) (CONT'D)

It was here at Union Station in Los
Angeles that God's coppers had
their most famous battle with the
forces of darkness. On Halloween
night, 1950, flames and fury lit up
the Los Angeles skyline for hours.
A veritable 'Heck on Earth'! What
occurred? We can't be sure...

Collins notices the CAMERA, gruffly knocking it out of the
cameraman's hands and to the ground. Gordon looks to Dylan, a
grim smile on his face.

GORDON

Union Station on Halloween? I think
we might have found something here.
Something like, what do you call
it...?

DEBORAH

A clue?

GORDON

Gesundheit.

Deborah rolls her eyes, turning back to the newsreel.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. - CONT.)
 Details of this special unit's
 activities remain top secret for
 legal and theological reasons, but
 you can feel safe in the knowledge
 that these shaman sheriffs are on
 the job!

We see a series of QUICK CUTS as uncomfortable-looking
 citizens speak into the CAMERA.

OLD MAN
 I love those boys! They are the
 cat's meow!

HOUSEWIFE
 (holding baby)
 They rid my house of evil spirits -
 and they filled in for my sick
 rabbi at my son's bris!

BOBBY SOXER
 I think they're dreamy.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST speaks into the CAMERA as he shakes the
 hand of Spenser Collins.

CATHOLIC PRIEST
 This 'padre posse' has the full
 endorsement of the Catholic Church.
 When we're too busy, you can call
 on these fellows to help. Nice
 work, gents!

COLLINS
 Glad to be of help, you...
 (jump cut)
 ... minister.

A RABBI and a HINDU PRIEST step into frame, patting Collins
 on the back and speaking woodenly into the CAMERA.

RABBI
 I'm all for them!

HINDU PRIEST
 Me, too!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ... And us three! God's speed,
 Father Flatfoot!

The film runs out of the projector, which throws white light on the wall. Deborah stands and flips on the light, while Dylan turns off the projector.

GORDON

While I thought the performances were wooden and the story a little thin, it nevertheless had a charming, nostalgic quality that I enjoyed. I'll have to give it a qualified thumbs up.

DYLAN

Judging by what I'm reading in his journal, I think Collins knew this was coming.

Dylan's serious tone causes Gordon and Deborah to turn to him, concerned. He's got their attention.

DYLAN (CONT.) (CONT'D)

On Halloween night in 1950 a portal to Hell opened up directly below Union Station. Sound familiar?

Dylan stands, looking out the window at Union Station as he continues.

DYLAN (CONT.) (CONT'D)

They managed to send the demon who controlled the portal - 'Minos' - back to Hell. But they were never able to completely close the portal. That's why your grandfather lived here - to stand watch. He was a sentinel.

GORDON

Okay, so the guy knew all about demons and portals to Hell and all that stuff. Does he say anything about - oh I don't know - what we should do about it?

Dylan pulls the 'Oaths and Incantations' book from his pocket.

DYLAN

If Minos gets free he must be returned to the portal before it can be closed, or he will roam the Earth forever. An incantation from this book will close the portal. Of course he doesn't say which one.

DEBORAH

He never was much good with details.

DYLAN

He does say he thinks Minos would want to possess the body of someone in power in order to operate smoothly and without interference.

Deborah's eyes go wide with a sudden realization.

DEBORAH

Mayor Wiley.

DYLAN

What's that?

DEBORAH

It's Mayor Wiley. It has to be. I wondered why he was acting so weird yesterday, talking about making the city over in his image, and how everything was going to change because it was going to be a new world.

GORDON

Never trust a Republican.

Dylan thinks it over carefully. As they speak they don't notice that the walls behind them are beginning to BLEED.

DYLAN

No, it doesn't fly. If he was possessed by Minos, why would he reassign us to Paranormal Ops?

DEBORAH

(sheepishly)

He didn't. I did. I forged the letter.

GORDON

You? I'd have never thought you could do something so underhanded, dishonest, despicable... I'm impressed.

As they talk the wall begins to MORPH, becoming TRANSLUCENT. Just as below Union Station, the outlines of DEMONIC FACES press against the other side, watching with horrible glee. The BLOOD reaches the floor, but instead of pooling it forms into LONG FINGERS. Still, no one notices.

DEBORAH

At least now we're a step ahead of him. Minos doesn't know that we know who he is. We have the element of surprise on our side.

The BLOODY FINGERS CREEP across the floor toward the three as Deborah speaks excitedly.

DEBORAH (CONT.) (CONT'D)

We know what we have to do - we've got to exorcise the demon from inside the mayor. You guys do know how to perform an exorcism, right?

Gordon and Deborah turn to Dylan, who looks like he's about to be sick.

DYLAN

I, uh, I'm not sure an exorcism is such a good idea...

Suddenly the bloody fingers MORPH into CLUTCHING HANDS, grabbing Dylan, Gordon and Deborah and dragging them toward the wall, where the DEMONS wait, grinning maniacally. Pulled into the wall, which begins to ABSORB him, Gordon manages to grab a crucifix from a shelf, holding it against the BLOODY HANDS, which immediately SHRIVEL and release their grip. He crawls away, terrified, as Dylan and Deborah are dragged toward the wall. The weaker of the two, Deborah is drawn into the wall as more streams of blood MORPH INTO FINGERS, pulling her through to the other side.

DEBORAH

Gordon! Help me!!!

But Gordon is unable to move, freezing as he watches the BLOODY HANDS succeed in SUCKING her through the wall, the DEMONS HOWLING in triumph. Dylan grabs the crucifix that Gordon dropped, placing it against the BLOODY HANDS, which release their hold on him. They SHRIVEL back into the wall, which instantly becomes SOLID again. Dylan turns to Gordon, who looks back at him in shame.

GORDON

I don't believe it! I froze again!

DYLAN

It's okay. You couldn't have helped her.

Gordon speaks angrily, eyes flashing.

GORDON

No, it's not okay! We've got to get her back! She said Minos was possessing the mayor, right? Then let's get over to City Hall and kick some demon ass!

DYLAN

(still rattled)

Let's just hope things haven't gotten too out of control.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The entire city is being overrun by escapees from the bowels of Hell as an INNOCENT BYSTANDER takes cover.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

What happened? Was there another Rodney King verdict?

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A band of PIRATES have overtaken a Carnival Cruise ship. BLACKBEARD, holding a sword in one hand and his HEAD in the other, is making passengers walk the plank. A PASSENGER in tank top and Bermuda shorts plummets into the water.

PASSENGER

I'll get you for this, Kathie Lee Gifford!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI-MALL - NIGHT

KING OLAF and a horde of VIKINGS, all with battle axes and broadswords lodged in their backs and skulls, attack a mini-mall, laying waste to a Kinko's, TCBY and Boston Market. An OLD WOMAN steps up to a Viking curiously.

OLD WOMAN

Pardon me - what movie are you making?

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jesse James, Billy the Kid and John Dillinger rush into the convenience store, firing guns into the air and whooping and hollering.

JESSE JAMES

Yee-hah! This here's a robbery! Put
your hands in the...

The gang goes silent when they see the terrified CASHIER already has his hands in the air. The store is in the midst of being robbed by a bullet-riddled BONNIE AND CLYDE and GHENGIS KHAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATTS - NIGHT

A CREVICE opens in the middle of the street, NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST climbing out of the pit in full Ku Klux Klan robes. Happy to be free, he calls out triumphantly.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

The South will rise again!

He looks around to see he's surrounded by African-American men and women, who glare at him in disbelief.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

Oh shit.

Forrest hauls ass running. The crowd of onlookers turn to one another before finally taking off after him.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

The squad room is a madhouse. The place is filled with seedy historical types - it's as if newsreels and historical footage of every ruthless, evil character has come to life. Murderers, tyrants and dictators are sprinkled amongst the crowd. NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV bangs his shoe on the front desk for service while JOE McCARTHY refuses a very purple JIM JONES' offer of a cup of coffee. The DISPATCHER shouts into her headset to be heard over the din.

DISPATCHER

All units please respond! We've got reports of Lee Harvey Oswald and John Wilkes Booth shooting up the county courthouse, Napoleon invading the Beverly Center, and the USC marching band was just attacked by an army of Turks and Normans!

Overwhelmed, the Dispatcher puts her head on her desk as CUSTER runs past, scalped and full of arrows, chased by CRAZY HORSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ORNATE CHURCH - NIGHT

Worshippers crowd the front of the church, praying urgently and lighting candles. Dylan stands uncomfortably in the back, surreptitiously filling a squirt gun with holy water from a small basin. Finishing, he turns to leave - pausing when he sees the confessionals along one wall. He finds himself moving toward them. Cutting through the pews, Dylan bumps into a WINO sleeping on the wooden bench, waking him with a start.

WINO

Any holy wine left, father?

Frowning, Dylan hurries toward a confessional booth and steps inside. As he closes the door the Wino sits up. Looking anxious he stands, stepping into the opposite side of the confessional that Dylan entered.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DYLAN

Through the thick screen separating the two halves of the booth, Dylan sees a figure take a seat in the next stall.

DYLAN

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It's been a few years since my last confession. I haven't been too bad. I've taken the name of the Lord in vain... I've had impure thoughts, especially around Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue time... I opened up a gate to Hell... I took an extra newspaper from a coin-operated machine...

A voice filters through the screen.

WINO (O.S.)

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

DYLAN

(sighs - caught)

Okay, I know - the gate to Hell thing. I can explain. You see, I used to be a priest myself, until a family came to me claiming that their little daughter was possessed. I didn't believe in demons actually taking control of people, but I figured nothing else had helped, maybe this would be like shock treatment, snap her out of it.

WINO (O.S.)

Mmmmmmm-hmmmmmmmm...

Dylan removes the PHOTO of the young girl from his pocket, gazing at it regretfully.

DYLAN

So without telling anyone else, I went to perform an exorcism. Not for a second believing in any of it. Right from the start things went...

(winces - this is painful)

... they went badly. I wasn't prepared for what I saw, or heard, or any of it. And I lost her. I lost the little girl.

Dylan quickly puts the PHOTO away, unable to look at the young girl's smiling face any longer.

DYLAN (CONT.) (CONT'D)

I kept telling myself that she was sick, that it wasn't my fault, that there were no such things as Hell or demons. But the church didn't see it that way, and demanded my resignation. I decided to become a cop - good Irish boy, either be a priest or a cop, right? So what assignment do they give me? Paranormal Operations Unit. Figures, right?

WINO (O.S.)

Oh yeah...

DYLAN

Exactly. I set out to disprove everything. There are no ghosts, no demons, no Heaven, no Hell. Because if I could prove none of it existed, I could prove that what happened to that little girl wasn't my fault. But these last few days I've come face to face with possible proof Hell does exist, and it's up to me to defeat it. And I'm scared I'll screw it up again. I guess what I want to know is - if this is what I think it is, how can I fight it without faith?

The figure in the other side of the booth leans close to the screen, speaking roughly.

WINO (O.S.)

You got any toilet paper on that side? I'm all out over here...

Dylan squints through the screen in disbelief as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The 1950 Mercury pulls into the garage, parking near the elevators. Dylan and Gordon climb out of the car, tension etched on their faces. Dylan carries a large satchel.

DYLAN

Are we ready?

Determined, they step into the elevator.

GORDON

Just for the record, if he starts barfing? I'm outta there.

Dylan gives him a look as the elevator doors close.

INT. CITY HALL - ELEVATOR

They ride in silence a moment, tense and frightened at the prospect of what they're about to face. Heaving a deep sigh, Dylan breaks the silence.

DYLAN

Do we have everything?

Gordon digs a couple sheets of paper out of his pocket, handing them to Dylan.

GORDON

I couldn't find the English translation for the exorcism ritual.

DYLAN

(takes pages)

Then what are these?

GORDON

From the movie 'The Exorcist'. I copied it down.

DYLAN

You mean to tell me we're going to battle evil incarnate with prayers you got from a movie?

GORDON

It's a pretty good movie...

Dylan pulls the PHOTO of the young girl from his pocket, studying it carefully.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Who's that? Your daughter?

Dylan sighs. He looks to Gordon, all defenses down. It's time to come clean.

DYLAN

This is Sophie. She died while I was performing an exorcism back when I was still a priest. That's why I quit the church. That's why I don't want to believe in anything.

There is a moment between them. A moment of closeness shared by two men about to go into battle together.

GORDON

Wow. So it really wasn't the celibacy thing.

DYLAN

(yelling)

No! It wasn't the celibacy thing! Get off the celibacy thing already!

Gordon nods, raising his hands defensively. Dylan calms himself.

GORDON
(thoughtfully)
Well, if it's any comfort, if you
do screw up this time? It's only
the friggin' mayor.

Dylan turns to him... and begins to laugh. Gordon joins him, both men laughing as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The mayor stands at the window, speaking into the phone.

MAYOR WILEY
Hear me out. One of our problems in
recent years is dwindling tourism
dollars. Why? Because Los Angeles
no longer has any legitimate
tourist attractions within it's
borders. Disneyland? Anaheim.
Knott's Berry Farm? Buena Park.
Universal Studios? Burbank. Magic
Mountain? Placentia. I propose we
turn the city into one gigantic
amusement park. We could call it
'Hel-LA'...

He steps to his desk and turns on a FIREPLACE with a remote control, gazing into the flames as Dylan and Gordon step into the room. Gordon closes the door, locking it behind them. The mayor reacts angrily.

MAYOR WILEY (CONT'D)
What are you two doing here? And
why are you locking the door? I
made a mistake demoting you two, I
should have had you fired! That's a
mistake I won't make again.
(into phone)
Richard, call secur--

Moving quickly, Gordon yanks the phone cord out of the wall.

GORDON
We're here for Deborah!

MAYOR WILEY

Deborah? I haven't seen her all day.

GORDON

Maybe you haven't, but your minions have!

MAYOR WILEY

'Minions'? I don't have minions. I have brown-nosers.

Dylan advances on the mayor, crucifix held in front of him.

DYLAN

We know who you are, Spawn of Satan!

MAYOR WILEY

Christ, I've never seen two guys take a pay cut this badly.

GORDON

Pay cut? We got a pay cut?
(grabs the mayor, throws him into chair)
Siddown, Devil Boy! I hope the demon leaves by way of your ass!

DYLAN

Tie him down.
(Gordon doesn't move)
Come on, tie him down, let's go.

GORDON

With what?

DYLAN

You didn't bring any rope?

GORDON

You didn't say anything about any rope.

DYLAN

Well what'd you think, we were gonna let him run all over the place?

Mayor Wiley rolls his eyes in disgust.

MAYOR WILEY

This is like being kidnapped by Laurel and Hardy.

Gordon kneels, rifling through the satchel impatiently.

GORDON

Hang on, there's got to be
something in here we can use...

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - LATER

A little while later. Dylan finishes tying the mayor's arms to his chair with rosaries. He tugs on the bonds to make sure they're tight.

DYLAN

There. I think we're ready to start
the exorcism.

MAYOR WILEY

Exorcism? What the hell are you
talking about?

GORDON

Just what you think we're talking
about, Mayor Wiley - or should I
say 'Minos'.

Mayor Wiley watches in disbelief as Gordon steps forward, removing the squirt gun containing holy water from his pocket. Dylan speaks uneasily - he hasn't recited these words since he quit the priesthood.

DYLAN

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom
come, Thy will be done, on earth as
it is in heaven.

Gordon squeezes the trigger, squirting holy water on Mayor Wiley, who squirms and yells angrily.

MAYOR WILEY

Hey, cut it out, willya!

GORDON

It burns him! The holy water burns
his skin!

MAYOR WILEY

Like hell. This is a \$900 suit you
idiots! The last thing I need is
holy water stains.

Grinning defiantly, Gordon continues to squirt the mayor with holy water. Dylan begins reading from the pages Gordon gave him in the elevator.

DYLAN

Proud men have risen up against me,
men of violence seek my life, but
God is my helper, and the Lord
sustains my life. Save yourself...

Dylan holds the pages up to Gordon, nodding for him to read.

GORDON

(finding his place)

Uh... who places his trust in Thee,
my God.

DYLAN

Be unto him, my Lord, a fortified
tower.

GORDON

In the face of the enemy.

DYLAN

Your mother sucks cocks in Hell.

Brow furrowing, Dylan reads the page more carefully, turning to Gordon, who shrugs.

GORDON

Sorry. I just always thought that
was a funny line...

Mayor Wiley shakes his head in amazement as Dylan returns to the pages.

DYLAN

Save me, oh God, by Thy name, and
by Thy might defend my cause. Grant
me, your unworthy servant, pardon
for all my sins, and the power to
confront this cruel semen.

(pauses)

'Semen'?

He shows the pages to Gordon, who squints at them, reading.

GORDON

'Demon'. It says 'demon'.

DYLAN

You couldn't have taken two minutes
and typed it?

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 (back to Mayor Wiley)
 ... this cruel demon. Oh Lord hear
 my prayer...

Dylan once again holds up the pages for Gordon to read. But Gordon falters, looking a little pale.

GORDON
 Let me see... oh, there it is - Let
 my cry come unto Thee.

DYLAN
 The Lord be with you.

GORDON
 And also with you.

Dylan notices as Gordon grabs the corner of the desk to steady himself.

DYLAN
 Are you okay?

GORDON
 Yeah, I'm fine. Just feeling a
 little shaky. Probably something I
 ate. If I could just sit down...

Gordon moves to a chair in the far corner of the room, plopping down tiredly. Dylan continues.

DYLAN
 I cast you out, unclean spirit! Be
 gone from this creature of God. I
 command you by the Judge of the
 living and the dead.

Dylan begins to chant at the mayor, who stares at him unemotionally, only looking down to glance at his watch.

DYLAN (CONT.) (CONT'D)
 The power of Christ compels you!
 The power of Christ compels you!
 The power of Christ compels you...!

As Dylan chants, Gordon starts to twitch. The twitching quickly becomes the shakes, and even more quickly full-on convulsions. His chest SWELLS, and then his THROAT, and suddenly, with a moist 'BLORRP!' sound, MINOS emerges from Gordon's mouth, thin and wet like an insect larva, GROWING before our eyes.

Dylan and (especially) the mayor SCREAM. Looking just as we saw him in 1950, Minos' voice modulates between male and female as his face continually MORPHS into those of the damned souls trapped inside him.

MINOS

Thank you! I've been trying to get out of there for days!

GORDON

(spitting unhappily)
Bleah! Tastes like I swallowed a lizard!

DYLAN

Holy... All this time Gordon's been possessed?

MAYOR WILEY

That explains a lot...

Minos turns on them, irritated. His eyes flash RED, causing them to flinch back.

MINOS

No he wasn't possessed! The insignificant little twit ate the danish I was hiding in!

DYLAN

The danish? You really were in the danish?

MINOS

I was hiding until it was time to reveal myself and begin my grand work. And then this idiot decides he's hungry! Normally I'm in favor of gluttony...

They watch closely as Minos' face MORPHS into the faces of different famous, deceased people, his voice CHANGING with each new identity.

DYLAN

So you're a demon? No horns? No tail?

MINOS

I assume the form of the damned so that your tiny minds can comprehend me. In reality I dwell on a different plane of existence.

The mayor calls out, not happy to be the only one tied down in a room containing a real live demon from Hell.

MAYOR WILEY

Uh, since now you know I'm not the demon, could somebody untie me?

Dylan stares at Minos, fascinated. This is what he's fought against his entire adult life, in one way or another, made flesh.

DYLAN

Who are you?

MINOS

I am Minos, Judge of the Underworld. My name in Hebrew is Abaddon. In Greek I am called Apollyon.

GORDON

Gordon Crumly. Sagittarius. Moon in Virgo. And by the way, you taste terrible, pal.

(winces)

That's a phrase I never thought I'd say.

DYLAN

What do you want from us? Why have you come?

MINOS

I guard the portal to Hell and sit in judgement of the dead. And I have decided that I want more. I will enslave all of humanity, reigning on the surface as I have in the underworld! And you are the ones who opened the portal!

Minos throws back his head and unleashes a HOWLING, BOOMING, UNEARTHLY LAUGH, which shakes the entire building. Gordon nods, impressed.

GORDON

He's definitely got the evil laugh thing down.

MAYOR WILEY

(terrified)

Guys? Little help here? Seriously.

Dylan and Gordon step back as Minos approaches them menacingly. Gordon attempts to shoot holy water at the advancing demon, but the squirt gun is empty - he's used it all on the mayor.

GORDON

We're out of holy water. Can we use tap water?

DYLAN

Tap water won't do him any harm!

GORDON

LA tap water?

Minos laughs. He knows their resources are spent, and he's got them. Gathering his courage, Dylan steps forward defiantly.

DYLAN

What are you going to do, unleash a series of plagues? Are you going to release locusts? There are no crops to ruin! Are you going to make the ocean run red? It'll be cleaner than it is now!

MINOS

You want plagues? I'll give you plagues. I know precisely how to bring this city to its knees!

(turns to the window,
arms outstretched)

Ribbeticus hoppitorum!

CUT TO:

EXT. AROUND LA - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

People watch in horror as millions of FROGS begin to rain from the sky. They cover the ground like a slimy green snowfall, hopping and croaking. A CRANKY PEDESTRIAN looks up.

CRANKY PEDESTRIAN

And I thought the Medfly problem was bad...

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Everyone stares out the window as frogs fall from the sky.

DYLAN

Frogs?

MINOS

Frogs are classic. I see - you want something a little more LA. Alright then...

(calling out)

Computori technogeekus!

CUT TO:

INT. AROUND LA - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

A series of shots - in offices, financial institutions, emergency dispatch centers - as every computer in the city suddenly blinks off, then begins to play 'Pong'.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dylan and Gordon notice as the computer on the mayor's desk is affected. Minos, arms spread wide, calls out again.

MINOS

Surgicado cosmeticus!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. AROUND LA - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

More shots around the city as all plastic surgery SPONTANEOUSLY REVERSES itself. Boobs shrink, noses grow back, chins disappear, thighs and asses re-inflate, teeth un-cap, hairlines recede.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dylan and Gordon watch in amazement as the mayor undergoes a complete TRANSFORMATION - he goes from looking like a reasonably handsome middle-aged man to Jabba the Hutt as all his cosmetic surgeries REVERSE themselves.

DYLAN

Jeez, I didn't know you had so much work done...

Mayor Wiley catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror hanging on the wall. He cries out in despair.

MAYOR WILEY

Would you vote for someone who
looked like this?

GORDON

He's got a point...

MINOS

Now if you'll excuse me, there's a
new soul in Hell I must attend to.

Suddenly the FACE OF MINOS MORPHS INTO DEBORAH. She calls to Dylan and Gordon desperately.

MINOS/DEBORAH

Gordon! Dylan! Help me!

(turns to Mayor Wiley)

Sir, I hope that when this is all
over it won't affect our working
relationship...

Minos' face REVERTS back into its former shape. Dylan speaks angrily.

DYLAN

Let her go! You can't have her! Not
this one!

MINOS

It's not her I want. Before I rule
the Earth I want revenge on the one
man who denied me. I want Spenser
Collins.

GORDON

Spenser Collins is dead!

MINOS

That hasn't stopped him from
resurrecting long enough to give
you advice, has it? He defeated me
fifty years ago, and I vowed one
day I'd have his soul. That day has
come.

DYLAN

He'll never fall for your tricks.

MINOS

I don't resort to tricks. I find
the direct approach works much
better. If you want to get
someone's attention, you take
something they treasure.

With that Minos opens his robes to reveal the TORMENTED FACES
of the lost souls. We recognize Deborah as one of the
SHRIEKING, AGONIZED FACES.

Dylan steps forward, brandishing a cross and a Bible.

DYLAN

Release her, foul demon!

Minos laughs and waves a finger. The Bible BURSTS INTO
CONFETTI and the cross MELTS, burning Dylan's hand.

MINOS

It takes more than that to stop
Minos. I am the most powerful demon
in Hell. Besides, I'm an atheist.

Minos grabs the FIREPLACE REMOTE off the desk and presses a
button. Suddenly the wire mesh screen covering the fireplace
COMES TO LIFE, grabbing Dylan and Gordon and DRAGGING THEM
TOWARDS THE FLAMES, which GROW INTO A RAGING HELLFIRE.

A huge pair of LEATHERY WINGS SPROUTING from his back, Minos
once again lets out a HIDEOUS, DEAFENING LAUGH as he LEAPS
through the window, FLYING OFF over the LA skyline.

DYLAN

This is bad...

GORDON

Hold on! I think I can hit the fire
alarm and set off the sprinklers.

Gordon pulls out his gun, firing at the fire alarm on the
ceiling as he is dragged across the floor. He misses several
times, causing huge chunks of plaster to fall around them.

DYLAN

Put out the fire, don't cave the
ceiling in on top of us!

GORDON

I'm trying! You shoot while being
strangled by a fireplace.

Dylan and Gordon are pulled closer to the flames as the Mayor
scoots his chair across the floor to the desk.

He hits a button on the remote control with his nose and turns off the fireplace. Dylan and Gordon look at him, stunned.

MAYOR WILEY

Oh yeah, big mistake firing you guys.

Reaching out, Dylan and Gordon grab fireplace pokers, BASHING and POUNDING at the fireplace screen until it releases its grip. They continue to beat on it until it is broken and scattered across the floor. Dylan and Gordon exchange grim looks.

DYLAN

We can't do this alone.

GORDON

Yeah, it's less embarrassing to get our asses kicked in large numbers.

DYLAN

There is one guy who can help us.

Thinking the same thought, they scramble to their feet and race out the door... completely forgetting the mayor, who is still tied to his chair. He calls out after them.

MAYOR WILEY

By the way, if you guys manage to save Deborah from the fires of Hell, you might want to tell her that she's fired!!!

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - FRONT PARLOR - NIGHT

Dylan and Gordon rush into the front parlor of the Eternal Hills chapel. They head for an information board resting on an easel.

GORDON

Let's see... funeral, wedding, wedding... ew, funeral and a wedding, cheap bastards...

(spots Collins' name)

Here he is. Spenser Collins - in the 'He Is Risen' room.

DYLAN

Ah, irony.

They hurry down a long hallway to...

INT. CHAPEL - 'HE IS RISEN' ROOM

The room is full, as Collins' viewing is taking place. The mourners are mostly elderly men and women, come to pay last respects to their old friend. Collins lays in the open casket, wearing one of his familiar broad-shouldered suits from the 50's. He looks as dashing and charismatic as when we first saw him at Union Station - he's even got a fedora tilted back on his head at a cocky angle. Dylan and Gordon step in, both suddenly feeling very uncertain.

GORDON

Okay, there he is. Now what do we do, poke him with a stick and see if he wakes up?

Dylan steps into the viewing line that snakes past the casket, Gordon right behind him. They watch as the mourners say goodbye to Collins, either with a word or a touch. Reaching the casket, Dylan leans close to Collins, whispering.

DYLAN

Sergeant Collins? Can you hear me, sir?

(no response)

I'm Dylan McKee. Sorry to interrupt your funeral, but you spoke to me through the TV the other night, remember?

Sensing there's no time for this, Gordon steps forward, grabbing Collins by the lapels and SCREAMING.

GORDON

Wake up! Snap out of it you old bastard!

The mourners all gasp. Gordon shakes Collins violently, but he doesn't stir.

GORDON (CONT.) (CONT'D)

We need your help, you crotchety son-of-a-bitch!!!

Still no response from Collins. Gordon PULLS Collins from the casket as the crowd SCREAMS. He tries to pry his mouth open.

GORDON (CONT.) (CONT'D)

SPEAK! SPEAK!!!

Gordon POUNDS ON COLLINS' CHEST, trying to resuscitate him, as Dylan turns to the mourners, smiling weakly.

DYLAN
Sometimes it's hard to let go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Several ANGRY MOURNERS toss Dylan and Gordon out of the funeral home. Gordon adjusts his coat indignantly.

DYLAN
I guess we're on our own.

GORDON
I swear, no one has respect for the law these days. So now what do we do?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The 1950 Mercury coughs and sputters down the street.

INT. MERCURY

Dylan drives, while Gordon fidgets impatiently in the passenger seat.

GORDON
So how do we find Minos?

DYLAN
If you wanted to send someone to Hell, wouldn't you go where there's easy access to the netherworld?

GORDON
We were already at City Hall!
(Dylan gives him a look)
Oh! Union Station! Right...

DYLAN
I think we need to break out the heavy artillery.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan and Gordon enter the secret room. Determined looks on their faces, they prepare for battle.

In a series of QUICK CLOSE-UPS we watch as...

... Dylan slips on one of the broad-shouldered suit coats...

... Gordon places a fedora on his head, tilting it back at a cocky angle...

... Crosses are slipped into their belts like billy clubs...

... Dylan puts the 'Oaths and Incantations' book into his pocket...

... Religious necklaces and talismans are slipped around their necks...

... Pistols are loaded with silver bullets...

... Cigars and the silver Zippo lighter bearing the squad emblem are snatched from a shelf...

... A jelly donut is eaten...

... And a final touch - Paranormal Ops badges are pinned to their lapels.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DYLAN

Stepping to an antique armoire, Dylan pulls open the heavy wooden doors. His eyes go wide.

DYLAN

Looks like Collins didn't spend all
his time watching TV.

Gordon steps up, grinning when he looks into the armoire.

GORDON

We have got to have this stuff.

They reach into the cabinet as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dylan and Gordon step out of the apartment building. Wearing their 50's suits, fedoras on their heads, and determined looks on their faces, they move with the confidence and authority of genuine, no-nonsense badasses. It's as if the original squad were reborn, ready to teach some hellspawn a few lessons. Each carrying a large, heavy satchel, they walk through Olvera Street on their way to Union Station, through elaborately costumed Day of the Dead revelers, who dance and sing in celebration of the spirits who walk among us this night.

DYLAN

Whatever happens in there, I just want you to know...

GORDON

(cuts him off softly)

I know, man. I feel the same way.

DYLAN

Really? You think this is all your fault, too?

Gordon gives him a surprised look before breaking into a grin.

GORDON

That was a joke! An actual joke!
You set me up and everything!
You've been hanging around me too long.

DYLAN

That's for damn sure.

Pulling a couple cigars from his breast pocket, Dylan hands one to Gordon, keeping one for himself. He lights them with Collins' silver Zippo, both men puffing away as they stare at Union Station, which now has thick columns of smoke rising from inside. Dylan looks to Gordon apprehensively.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You're not going to freeze up on me, are you?

GORDON

Hey, have a little faith.

DYLAN

That's the trick...

Cigars clenched in their teeth, they walk across the street, heading for Union Station. Preparing to face their own demons as well as Minos.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

The main concourse has been completely transformed. It's literally Hell on earth. The walls are covered by a raw, FLESHY substance which MOVES and PULSATES as though it were a living thing. Smoke and steam rise from a huge PIT which has opened up in the middle of the floor. Minos and a LACKEY DEMON stand near the pit while the ARMS, LEGS and SCREAMING HEADS of the damned struggle in the muck around them. They stare into a CAULDRON of boiling blood, in which we see different parts of the city become visible as they speak.

MINOS

My plan is becoming reality at long last! We'll start by turning Los Angeles into the nine levels of Hell. First there'll be Limbo, which we'll put in the Valley.

LACKEY DEMON

Perfect, master.

MINOS

We'll put the lustful in Hollywood... the gluttonous in Beverly Hills... greed and avarice will be located in Brentwood... the wrathful and sullen in Orange County... the heretics will be sent to Tony Robbins' world headquarters... the violent in Compton... the fraudulent in the legal district... and the treacherous...

LACKEY DEMON

Where will they be sent?

MINOS

In LA? Anywhere. Go work it out with zoning.

The Lackey Demon nods, stepping down into the steaming pit. Dylan and Gordon enter the concourse, amazed by what they see.

GORDON

No matter how they try to fix this
place up, it still looks like a
typical bus station...

Minos calls out, voice THUNDERING triumphantly.

MINOS

Rise, my brethren! Come forth from
the pit to claim your rightful
place as rulers of the Earth!

A HUGE COLUMN OF FLAME ERUPTS from the pit as Minos laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLVERA STREET - NIGHT

Kent Carlyle speaks to a TV camera as people in costumes -
mixed with various escapees from Hell not in costume - mill
about behind him.

KENT CARLYLE

Despite the recent bizarre events
that have taken place around the
city, the resilient residents here
on Olvera Street still prepare for
their yearly Day of the Dead
celebration...

Suddenly the HUGE COLUMN OF FLAME shoots into the sky, rising
up from Union Station behind them. The flames quickly MORPH
into DEMONS with WINGS, SCALES and SCORPION'S TAILS (that's
what little demons are made of). They scatter to all corners
of the city as people watch in shock.

KENT CARLYLE (CONT'D)

What the fuck...
(remembers he's on the
air)
... I mean, what the hey!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

The night sky is lit a FIERY RED as demons continue to emerge
from the COLUMN OF FLAME and the Earth TREMBLES violently.
They drop down onto the city with screams of maniacal
delight.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - 'HE IS RISEN' ROOM - NIGHT

Spenser Collins lies in an open coffin on a riser as the EARTHQUAKE hits. Suddenly Collins' eyes snap OPEN again and he SITS UP. The mourners SCREAM in terror.

COLLINS
(angry)
God DAMN it!!!

The mourners run in fear as Collins climbs out of his coffin. He gruffly passes the Mortician, who stares at him in shock.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Keep my seat warm. I'll be back.

Once again the Mortician sways a moment before falling backwards in a dead faint.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT WESTERN FORUM - NIGHT

A rock concert is in progress, a heavy metal band thrashing away as a huge papier-mâché demon's head with glowing eyes grins at the audience from the stage. The LEAD VOCALIST growls barely decipherable lyrics about death and Satan into the microphone as the crowd goes wild.

Suddenly real DEMONS BURST through the roof, landing onstage where one DEVOURS THE HEAD of the lead vocalist. The rest of the band drop their instruments and flee. Thinking it's part of the show the crowd erupts... until the demons, grinning wickedly, pick up the instruments and begin playing a bouncy version of 'Danke Shoen'. The kids in the crowd go silent in shock, before rushing for the exits in horror.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - NIGHT

A tram on the Universal Studios Tour passes by the 'Jaws' lagoon. A bored TRAM GUIDE delivers his spiel to equally bored tourists.

TRAM GUIDE
And here we have a seemingly
tranquil lagoon. But I must remind
you to keep your hands and arms
inside the tram, because you never
know what...

Suddenly a GIGANTIC DEMON lunges out of the lagoon, YANKS the Guide out of the tram and pulls him beneath the water. The tourists stare blankly for a moment. Then:

TOURIST #1
This is a lot better than last
time...

The tourists applaud as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE THEATRE - NIGHT

The courtyard of the Chinese Theatre. Oblivious to the chaos around them, tourists match their hand and footprints to those of famous stars embedded in concrete. PAN to a demon putting his cloven hooves in Trigger's hoof prints.

CUT TO:

INT. 'BODIES IN MOTION' GYM - NIGHT

People sweat and strain as they use treadmills, Lifecycles, Stairmasters, lift free weights and take aerobics classes - but instead of trainers they are prodded along by demons with whips and pitchforks. It's a level of Hell Dante would have imagined had he lived in LA.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Taking a deep breath, Dylan holds up his badge, calling out to Minos.

DYLAN
I command you in the name of all
that is good, all that is holy, and
section 2438 of the California
Civil Code to cease and desist.

Minos turns to them, laughing.

MINOS
Aw, look who's playing dress up! Do
you really believe you can stop me
with your puny laws? Me?

GORDON
We're here for Deborah.

MINOS

Deborah... Deborah - oh yes, the granddaughter. Unfortunately I'm not quite through with her yet.

They aim CROSSBOWS with SILVER CROSSES loaded like arrows.

DYLAN

You have five seconds to release the girl, or we open fire...

MINOS

(laughs)

Some peace-loving holy men you turned out to be.

DYLAN

Five... four... three... two... one...

Minos opens his mouth, his TONGUE SHOOTING ACROSS the concourse and KNOCKING THEM BACKWARDS, crossbows flying out of their hands.

GORDON

Damn. That was kind of an anti-climax...

MINOS

You are pathetic. Taking your shriveled, tiny souls is hardly a challenge for one as mighty as I.

Minos starts toward them, both men wincing in anticipation when a familiar voice comes out of the shadows.

COLLINS (O.S.)

Then take me instead.

They all turn as Collins steps into the light.

GORDON

Oh sure, now he decides to talk.

Collins moves forward, revealing his cool, broad-shouldered suit is actually a slip-on funeral model. It's fallen open, his back and ass showing through the slit in the back. Dylan whispers to Gordon.

DYLAN

Should we tell him?

GORDON

I don't think it'd help his confidence.

Dylan and Gordon forgotten, Minos smiles savagely at his old nemesis.

MINOS

Your soul is an entirely different matter. I've been waiting for this moment for the past 50 years.

COLLINS

Forty-nine.

MINOS

Whatever. I propose a deal - I'm willing to trade your granddaughter's soul for your own.

Minos opens his cloak to reveal the LOST SOULS inside. We see Deborah's agonized face as she struggles to break free, but can't. Collins visibly weakens at the sight.

COLLINS

I accept your deal. My soul in exchange for hers.

Collins steps toward Minos, who grins expectantly. The demon reaches out, preparing to add Collins to his collection of lost souls when suddenly Deborah CRIES OUT.

DEBORAH

Noooooo!!!!!!

She BURSTS FREE, her head and one arm TEARING through Minos' skin. She looks to her grandfather pleadingly.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Don't do it grandpa! I love you!

At the mention of 'love' Minos reels, letting out an agonized scream. Collins seizes the opportunity and grabs her hand, pulling her clear of Minos with a terrible RIPPING sound. Minos looks down at himself, gingerly touching the hole in his side made by Deborah's rebirth.

MINOS

Damn! That's gonna leave a mark...
(looks up angrily)
Just for that I'm taking all of your souls!

Large, leathery wings SPROUT from Minos' back as the lost souls within him BURST FREE. SHRIEKING madly, they fly around the station, DARTING and GRABBING at Dylan, Gordon, Deborah and Collins, who attempt to fight them off.

GORDON

This is like those monkey guys from 'The Wizard of Oz'! I hate those monkey guys from 'The Wizard of Oz'!

Dylan and Gordon pull out THROWING STARS shaped like the Star of David. They manage to hit a couple of the creatures, but there are too many, and they're too fast.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You didn't tell me you throw like a girl!

DYLAN

I don't throw like a girl! I didn't have any time to loosen up, that's all!

COLLINS

Say a prayer! Quickly! Your faith will protect you!

DYLAN

Our Father, who art in heaven...

DEBORAH

... hallowed be Thy name...

GORDON

Prayer, prayer... uh, God is great, God is good, let us thank Him for our food...

The lost souls continue to attack, Collins yelling to Gordon forcefully.

COLLINS

That's not strong enough! It's all about faith! What do you have faith in?

GORDON

(thinks, then shouts)
... Dionne Warwick and the Psychic Friends Network compels you!!!

SCREAMING, the lost souls suddenly back off, keeping their distance. Catching their breath, Deborah gives Gordon a puzzled look.

DEBORAH
You have faith in the Psychic
Friends Network?

GORDON
(embarrassed)
I called them once or twice. They
were actually pretty accurate...

Collins looks to Dylan hopefully.

COLLINS
We're going to have to move quickly
if we're going to send them back to
Hell. In 1950 I used the Summerian
Zi Dingrer followed by the
traditional llama dance ritual. Did
you guys bring the drum, cymbals,
suona horn, dungchen and conch?

DYLAN
I have no idea what you just said.

Sighing, Collins begins to perform a bizarre ritualistic
dance, twirling and contorting as he chants.

COLLINS
Zi dingir nngi e ne kanpa

Zi dingir ningi e ne kanpa

Zi dingir ennul e ne kanpa

Zi dingir ninnul e ne kanpa!

Gordon looks to Deborah hopefully.

GORDON
Hey, he's not bad. Are you that
limber?

Amazingly, the lost souls WAIL in agony, retreating back to
the safety of Minos' body. Seizing their momentary advantage,
Dylan and Gordon throw Stars of David at Minos. He calmly
raises one clawed hand, the stars MELTING in mid-air before
reaching him.

Eyes closed, Collins doesn't notice, continuing to dance and
chant until Minos steps forward impatiently, grabbing him by
the throat.

MINOS

Alright, that's enough of that. Now
I'm going to have that stupid song
running through my head all night.

(lifts Collins until
they're face-to-face)

Dancing and singing isn't going to
work this time. You can't defeat me
now for the same reason you
couldn't seal the gate 50 years
ago.

COLLINS

(choking)

Forty-nine.

MINOS

Whatever. You have faith in ritual,
faith in tradition, but you don't
have faith in man's inherent
goodness. And without faith that
man can ever completely triumph
over evil, you will never be able
to. And that is why this time I
will win!

Spotting Gordon out of the corner of his eye, Collins calls
out for assistance.

COLLINS

Gordon! Help me!

But Gordon is frozen as Minos lifts Collins into the air.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Where's my back-up? A little help
here, please?

Gordon glances to Deborah, who looks at him pleadingly to
help her grandfather. Gathering every ounce of courage he can
muster, Gordon suddenly rushes forward. He SMASHES Minos in
the face with his fist, the demon reeling in surprise as he
drops Collins to the floor.

GORDON

(flailing away at Minos)

That's it! I'm not freezing
anymore! You can't do anything
worse to me than I do to myself
with all of this fear!!!

MINOS

Actually, I can.

GORDON
(a weaker punch)
Oh...

Minos BACKHANDS Gordon, sending him flying across the station. But Gordon immediately scrambles to his feet, unafraid. There's a look of fire and determination in his eyes we haven't seen before.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Maybe I can't stop you with my
fists, but love can stop you,
right? Who do I love? I love my
mother... I love my father... I
love... I love...
(blurts out)
... I love Deborah!

Deborah looks to Gordon, surprised.

DEBORAH
You do?

GORDON
Jeez, I guess so!

Minos glares at him, unconvinced.

MINOS
But does she love you back?

Everyone turns to Deborah. She is silent, looking around uncomfortably.

DEBORAH
Well, I'd like to date him a few
times and see where it leads...

GORDON
Thanks for backing me up on this.

MINOS
Do you think you can defeat me with
a schoolboy crush?

Minos laughs evilly as huge, SNAKE-LIKE appendages SHOOT OUT of the pit, wrapping themselves around Gordon, Deborah and Collins. Dylan manages to leap to one side, a fourth appendage barely missing him. Struggling as they are dragged toward the edge of the pit, Deborah calls to Dylan urgently.

DEBORAH
Help, Dylan! Please!

Minos' face MORPHS again -- into SOPHIE, the little girl Dylan lost in the exorcism. The little girl in the PHOTO.

MINOS/SOPHIE

No, Dylan! Help me! You put me here!

Dylan STARES AT Sophie's face, horrified. It's his worst fear realized. He is paralyzed with guilt and remorse as Minos MORPHS COMPLETELY into little Sophie. Standing just over three feet tall, she wears a pretty Easter dress and holds a Barney doll.

MINOS/SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Why did you do this to me? I'm so afraid!

DYLAN

Sophie? Is it really you?

MINOS/SOPHIE

I'm scared! I want to go home! Will you take me home?

DYLAN

Of course. Of course I will...

Hands outstretched, Dylan steps toward Sophie, tears streaming down both their cheeks... when suddenly she SLUGS Dylan in the gut.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Oof!!!

As he doubles over she BASHES him in the face...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Ow!!!

...then KICKS HIM in the side of the head.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Son of a...

Dylan winces in pain as Minos/Sophie performs a perfect SPINNING BACK KICK, sending Dylan sprawling backwards. Deborah calls out, she, Gordon and Collins still struggling to free themselves as they are pulled closer to the edge of the pit.

DEBORAH

Fight her, Dylan!

DYLAN

I can't! I've got to help her!

COLLINS

It's not her, you incredible idiot!
It's the demon! He knows your
weaknesses!

GORDON

Beat the shit out of the little
bitch, Dylan!

Minos/Sophie skips playfully toward Dylan, ready to deliver the killing blow. Beaten and battered, he looks up at her pitifully, wracked with guilt - when he suddenly LASHES OUT, slugging her in the mouth. Scrambling to his feet, he PUNCHES her again and again, sending her reeling backward.

DYLAN

You're not Sophie! You're not
Sophie! You're not Sophie...

Dylan gains confidence as he pummels Minos/Sophie, finally delivering a triumphant KICK TO THE CROTCH. Snarling, Minos/Sophie glares up at Dylan hatefully. She brandishes her Barney doll, which GROWS into a HUGE, HULKING MONSTER.

MINOS/SOPHIE

Kill, Barney, kill!!!

Barney grows dripping FANGS and huge RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS, advancing on Dylan menacingly. He backpedals, unable to believe his eyes.

DYLAN

Oh man. What an embarrassing way to
die...

BARNEY MONSTER

(singing)

I hate you! You hate me! You're
damned for eternity...

Diving for his crossbow, Dylan fires the silver cross square into the chest of the Barney monster. But the big purple dinosaur continues onward, unfazed. Cornered, Dylan calls to Gordon.

DYLAN

Gordon! The holy tear gas! Hurry!

GORDON

Yeah, no sweat. Not like I'm busy doing anything else at the moment...

As he is dragged toward the pit, Gordon manages to reach into his satchel, grabbing a tear gas canister marked 'HOLY WATER'. Pulling the ring, he tosses it at Barney, who is almost on top of Dylan. Rolling between his legs, the canister EXPLODES, purple doll stuffing flying everywhere.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Take that, you purple freak! Bring on the Teletubbies while you're at it! We'll kick their asses, too...

Minos/Sophie is really ticked off now. Her little girl voice grows LOW AND MENACING.

MINOS/SOPHIE

Okay. Enough fucking around...

Minos/Sophie's eyes roll back in her head, then begin to BURN RED.

GORDON

Uh-oh. I think Sophie has reached that awkward age...

Minos/Sophie starts to GROW, TRANSFORMING into a demon right out of Revelations. A SCORPION'S TAIL emerges from under her Easter dress... ANIMAL FANGS grow in her mouth... massive HORNS BURST from the side of her head. Everyone watches in terror as Minos reveals his true, awesome form.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You can take this guy, Dylan! Have faith, remember? You were a priest, do something priestly.

DYLAN

Like what? Ask him for a donation? Counsel him about his problems with anger? Sprinkle him with holy wa...

Dylan stops, a strange thought crossing his mind. He reaches into his coat pocket, pulling out the vial of angel tears/toilet water from the barrio church. He then reaches into another pocket, removing the PRIEST'S COLLAR. Staring at it a moment, he finally reaches up and slips it around his neck. Gathering his courage, he steps toward Minos, speaking uncertainly.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You can't win.

MINOS

I already have.

DYLAN

You've already lost.

Uncapping the vial, Dylan flicks the water on Minos. Gordon, Deborah and Collins clutch and claw as they are pulled ever closer to the fiery pit. They watch in shock as Minos' skin begins to SMOKE wherever the water touches him, the demon screaming as he claws at his BURNING FLESH. Dylan keeps advancing on Minos, his voice growing stronger as he speaks.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You've lost because you don't believe in man's inherent goodness. I know, I lost my faith, too. I lost my belief in absolute good and evil, but the last few days have made me realize that if there's absolute evil, then there must be absolute good. And if there's evil in every person, then there's good as well.

Dylan continues to flick water on Minos, who backs away helplessly. He's losing his strength, seeming to shrink under the assault of Dylan's words.

DYLAN (CONT.) (CONT'D)

I have faith that people are good. I have faith that people are strong. I have faith that people will reject evil. We have fought your kind throughout history and won every time. And I have faith we'll win this time, too. I have faith.

Yanked into the pit, Gordon, Deborah and Collins clutch the edge of the precipice desperately, straining to keep from being pulled into the bowels of Hell. They watch in amazement as Dylan continues to advance on Minos, growing in strength and confidence in direct proportion to Minos' increasing weakness. He backs Minos up to the edge of the pit.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

By the power vested in me by the Los Angeles Police Department, consider yourself extradited back to the hellhole you crawled out of!

Dylan splashes the last of the vial on Minos, who TOPPLES off the edge of the pit, his TORTURED CRIES fading away as he plummets back to Hell. The snake-like appendages RELEASE their grip on Gordon, Deborah and Collins, Dylan hurrying forward to help them out of the pit as...

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Jesse James, Billy the Kid and John Dillinger tie up the clerk and customers and empty the cash register. Jesse holds a copy of "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid", speaking angrily to the manager.

JESSE JAMES

They let some actor named Robert Duvall play me wearing a dress? I'll teach you varmints...

DILLINGER

(holding a copy of
"Dillinger and Capone")
Martin Sheen? He doesn't even look like me!

Billy puts a bullet through a copy of "Young Guns" on the wall.

BILLY THE KID

At least you weren't played by some squeaky-voiced midget named Emilio Es-tee-vez! That's plum embarrassing...

Suddenly BUGSY SIEGEL, BENEDICT ARNOLD and MORGAN THE PIRATE burst into the store, guns drawn.

BUGSY SIEGEL

This is a hold-up!

Everyone groans in exasperation when suddenly they are WHISKED away in a trail of SICKLY GREEN LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. AROUND LA - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

All over the city we watch as the damned return to Hell. At the Great Western Forum the band of demons play a slow, nostalgic, teary version of AC/DC's 'Highway to Hell'...

Vikings, Zulus, Nazis, and pirates all wreak havoc around the city... tourists snap photos of themselves posing with demons on Hollywood Boulevard... Bonnie and Clyde and Ghengis Khan argue with Al Capone and several samurai over who gets to rob a gas station... Nathan Bedford Forrest climbs to the top of the Watts Towers as pursuers climb after him... They are all WHISKED away by some unearthly force, leaving trails of SICKLY GREEN LIGHT as they converge on Union Station.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Dylan, Gordon, Deborah and Collins watch as hundreds of demons and damned souls are SUCKED through the station entrance and down into the pit. Gordon looks to Dylan, confused.

GORDON

I don't get it - that water... it was toilet water. From the fake miracle at the church.

DYLAN

Who says it was a fake miracle? Burning bushes, stone tablets, faulty plumbing - miracles are wherever you find them. You've just got to have a little faith, right?

Collins reaches into Dylan's coat pocket, pulling out the copy of 'Oaths and Incantations'.

COLLINS

It's time you finish what I couldn't fifty years ago.

DYLAN

Forty-nine.

COLLINS

Whatever. Close the portal, Dylan.

GORDON

Speaking of that, let me close you up in back...

As Gordon velcros his funeral suit in the back, Collins opens the book to a specific page and hands it to Dylan, who takes a deep breath before reading haltingly.

DYLAN
(in Latin - subtitled)
Close now this unholy passage.

Let light illuminate the darkness.

Shadows vanquished and wickedness exposed.

Let evil be banished from this place.

The building begins to SHAKE as the FLESHY substance slides from the walls and recedes into the pit, which begins to CLOSE, healing itself like a wound.

But before the pit can completely close, a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT suddenly rises up from the depths of Hell. Dylan's jaw drops when he sees Sophie enveloped in the heavenly glow. She smiles at him - a smile so pure it would restore anyone's faith. They all watch as the light ROCKETS SKYWARD, a look of calm and relief crossing Dylan's face.

As the pit finally seals itself a SHOCK WAVE of BLUE ENERGY BLASTS from the gateway, nearly knocking everyone over.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION STATION - DAWN

The sun rises over the city, the shock wave EXPANDING outward from Union Station, which is now spotless, its exterior clean and new again. As the shock wave continues to expand, like a ring caused by a pebble dropped in a pond, we see the SMOG RECEDE, sunlight shining down from a bright blue sky dotted with white puffy clouds.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Commuters honk and yell at each other, making rude hand gestures. As the SHOCK WAVE passes all the billboards by the side of the road are REPLACED by trees and foliage. Drivers' obscene hand gestures are now friendly waves as they call to one another cheerfully.

DRIVER #1
Good day to you, sir! Would you
care to merge?

DRIVER #2
Why yes I would! Thank you so much!

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRIO - DAWN

A bunch of tough-looking gang kids tag a wall with spray cans. When the SHOCK WAVE rolls through their gang slogans TRANSFORM into a mural celebrating rich Hispanic culture, along with the words 'WELCOME TO EAST LA!' They all step back, surprised, nodding at the mural appreciatively.

GANG KID
Hey guys, let's go sing for the
elderly at the old folks home!

They all happily agree, running off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAWN

As the SHOCK WAVE passes the street METAMORPHOSES into a nostalgic vision of what it should be, everything glossy, shiny and glamorous. Scuzzy tourist traps become soda fountains, fast-food joints are now fancy theme restaurants, and t-shirt shops change into elegant clothing stores. Even the homeless people living on the sidewalks are cleaned up, now well-dressed and groomed.

CUT TO:

EXT. GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

The SHOCK WAVE TRANSFORMS old beat-up houses into freshly painted and repaired homes, bars disappearing from their windows as lawns, trees and flowers SPROUT in their yards.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - RODEO DRIVE - DAWN

As the SHOCK WAVE rumbles through signs APPEAR in the windows of the expensive jewelry and clothing stores that line the street, reading 'HUGE SALE!', 'PRICES SLASHED!' and 'EVERYONE WELCOME!'.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE STUDIO - BOARDROOM - DAWN

We see the SHOCK WAVE pass by a window as a group of STUDIO EXECUTIVES sit around a large table.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE #1

Then it's agreed - we sign Hause and Hines to a ten picture deal.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE #2

The future of motion picture entertainment just got brighter!
Everyone stands, happily shaking hands.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION - DAWN

Dylan, Gordon, Deborah and Collins gather themselves, Collins looking at them approvingly.

COLLINS

You've done well, lads. I guess I
can rest knowing the unit's in good
hands...

Dylan and Gordon smile proudly.

DYLAN

Thank you, sir.

GORDON

Thanks, Mr. Collins.

COLLINS

... even though you two are a
couple of complete fuck ups.

Their smiles fade.

DYLAN

Thank you, sir.

GORDON

Thanks, Mr. Collins.

Collins turns to Deborah fondly.

DEBORAH

I'm glad we finally got to spend some time together. Although I'd have preferred you just coming over for dinner on the holidays...

COLLINS

We'll meet again, lass. Any messages you want me to deliver?

DEBORAH

Will you see grandma?

COLLINS

I'm sure she's up there - but fortunately there are nine levels of heaven, too, so I think I can avoid her.

Deborah gives him a scolding grin and a kiss on the cheek.

DEBORAH

(eyes welling with tears)

I love you, grandpa. I'm going to miss you.

COLLINS

As long as you carry that love in your heart I'll always be with you. Do you understand?

Nodding, Deborah dries her eyes with the back of her hand.

GORDON

And I'll always carry a vision of you in a backless suit in my memory.

Deborah laughs despite herself, and Collins gives her a knowing wink.

COLLINS

Remember what I told you about love and family: "Somebody who can make you laugh when you feel like crying."

(nods toward Gordon and grins)

Now it's time for me to go - I'm late for my own funeral.

(thinks, laughs)

Your grandmother was right about that, at least.

GORDON

You need a ride?

COLLINS

Naw, I pinched a hearse from the mortuary. I'll drive myself to the cemetery - maybe I can make that mortician fellow faint one last time.

DYLAN

Sir?

Collins turns to Dylan, who pulls one last cigar from his breast pocket. He hands it to Collins, lighting it with the silver Zippo. Collins takes a deep hit, exhaling a cloud of smoke with a satisfied look on his face. Dylan tries to give him the lighter, but Collins waves it off.

COLLINS

That's yours, lad. You're the head of the squad now. God help you.

Collins moves off, giving Dylan a wink and a grin. Putting their arms around each others' shoulders, Dylan, Gordon and Deborah watch Collins walk toward the station entrance, stepping into the bright white sunlight as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Downtown Los Angeles. The sounds of people shouting and car horns honking has been replaced by the sound of birds singing. The sun shines down from a bright blue sky on City Hall.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: TWO WEEKS LATER

Kent Carlyle stands in front of the building, filing a report.

KENT CARLYLE

Officers Dylan McKee and Gordon Crumly are scheduled to receive the LAPD's highest award for their role in ridding this city of the forces of evil.

(MORE)

KENT CARLYLE (CONT'D)

It is felt that they are responsible for the current outbreak of peace and calm, which frankly has many citizens on edge...

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jammed into the mayor's office, the press snap photos and shoot video as Mayor Wiley stands at a podium, flanked by Dylan and Gordon, who are decked out in their dress blues. The mayor speaks grudgingly - sporting two black eyes and a bandage across his nose from the first in a series of plastic surgeries which will make him look presentable again.

MAYOR WILEY

It is my... honor... to present these two brave officers with the Medal of Valor.

Removing medals from a wooden box, the mayor drapes one first around Dylan's neck...

MAYOR WILEY (CONT'D)

(low)

McKee...

DYLAN

(low)

Mayor...

... and then Gordon's.

MAYOR WILEY

(low)

Asshole.

GORDON

(low)

Blow me.

The three men then put on phony smiles and pose for the cameras. Deborah sidles up beside Gordon, both of them speaking in whispers.

DEBORAH

I love a man in uniform.

GORDON

Anyone I know?

DEBORAH

I love a man out of uniform even better.

GORDON

Your place?

DEBORAH

Tonight. Eight o'clock.
(suggestively)
Bring the medal.

They exchange mischievous grins. Gordon turns back to the press, his smile now genuine and beaming. Kent Carlyle and his cameraman push their way to the front of the group. Microphone in hand, Kent speaks anxiously into the video camera.

KENT CARLYLE

The evil forces that ran wild throughout Los Angeles have been driven back from whence they came, and these brave officers are the ones who stopped them. Tell me, what department are you two from - SWAT, homicide, vice?

Kent Carlyle thrusts his microphone in Dylan's face. Dylan hesitates, glancing at Gordon. They exchange knowing looks, Dylan's voice forceful and unwavering.

DYLAN

We're The Exorcist Squad. We turn heads.

Gordon grins, whispering to Deborah.

GORDON

I knew that'd grow on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

After the ceremony, Dylan and Gordon walk down the steps in front of City Hall.

GORDON

So, you hungry? I know this great Italian restaurant where the owner owes me a favor...

DYLAN

Are you ever not hungry?

GORDON

I have a fast metabolism! What do you care about my dietary habits?

DYLAN

Dietary habits... you ate a demon!

GORDON

Yeah, but I still retained my girlish figure.

They turn at the sound of a sultry voice.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

Oh, Dylan...

The Beautiful Female Officer steps up, somehow making her police uniform look incredibly sexy. She plants a long, sensual kiss on Dylan's lips. Finally she pulls away, smiling seductively.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE OFFICER

See you tonight, sex machine.

She wanders away in a daze as Gordon stares at Dylan in shock. Dylan just shrugs.

DYLAN

What's the big deal? Cops don't take a vow of celibacy.

Gordon laughs as they step to the curb, where the 1950 Mercury is parked. It's been completely repaired and restored, back to the gleaming black beauty we first saw Spenser Collins driving. The police radio suddenly CRACKLES to life, the Dispatcher's voice speaking urgently.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

All units, we have a domestic dispute at 109 North Kling Street, involving a two headed demon and a succubus.

Dylan and Gordon look to one another, sighing, and climb into the car.

DYLAN

Look at the bright side - if there weren't a few left over we'd be out of a job.

The Mercury pulls away from the curb. As they drive off we see a model family stroll past, out walking their dog - the three-headed Cerberus.

GORDON (O.S)

Actually I've been meaning to talk to you - remember that old newsreel? Well I met this TV producer at a bar the other night, and...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - VIDEOTAPE - NIGHT

As the CREDITS ROLL, the reggae song 'Bad Boys' starts to play and the 'COPS' TV show logo appears onscreen. A HAND-HELD CAMERA follows Gordon and Dylan up a walkway, where they fix their hair and clothes, very camera-conscious, and ring the doorbell.

'COPS' ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

COPS - filmed on location with the Paranormal Operations Unit in Los Angeles.

GORDON

(to CAMERA, playfully)

Hey, wanna hear about the time we all framed O.J.?

Dylan smacks him as a SUCCUBUS answers the door. She has SNAKES for hair, but is dressed like a white trash housewife in a bathrobe and fuzzy slippers. The snakes writhe around on her head, a couple of them rolled up in CURLERS. Dylan clears his throat, speaking very properly.

DYLAN

LAPD. We received a call from some neighbors about a domestic disturbance, ma'am.

SUCCUBUS

(BLEEP)! It's my (BLEEP)-damn (BLEEP)ing husband. He's (BLEEP)ing been (BLEEP)ing drinking again. (BLEEP)er-(BLEEP)er...

GORDON

Well, let us talk to your (BLEEP)-
damn (BLEEP)ing husband.

Dylan nods to Gordon, reminding him of the CAMERA.

GORDON (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Oops. You can edit that, right?

A male DEMON steps drunkenly through the doorway, clutching a bottle of Jack Daniels. There are BLACK BARS over the eyes on each of his TWO HEADS to conceal his identity(ies).

DEMON HEAD #1

You (BLEEP)! How could you
(BLEEP)ing rat me out to the
(BLEEP)ing cops?

DEMON HEAD #2

You know I've got a (BLEEP)ing
record!!!

SUCCUBUS

(BLEEP) you, you (BLEEP) (BLEEP)
(BLEEP)ing (BLEEP)!

The Demon LUNGES at her, but Gordon throws him to the ground and pins him. The Succubus sidles up to Dylan seductively, a snake nestling itself on Dylan's neck and licking it. Dylan freezes in disgust as the Demon looks up. He breaks free from Gordon, charging Dylan and the Succubus angrily.

DEMON HEAD #1

You (BLEEP)ing (BLEEP)! We turn our
back for five (BLEEP)ing seconds
and you're coming on to another
(BLEEP)ing (BLEEP)-hole!

Gordon tries to hold the Demon back. The Succubus screams, the snakes on her head rearing back to strike as she starts beating Gordon.

SUCCUBUS

Leave my husband alone, you
(BLEEP)ing (BLEEP)s!!! Can't you
see I (BLEEP)ing love him?
(BLEEP)ing cops!

GORDON

(choking, into CAMERA)
You can edit this, right?

DYLAN

I (BLEEP)ing hate this job...

The fight escalates, 'Bad Boys' resuming on the soundtrack as everyone falls onto the CAMERA, the picture turning to STATIC. The TITLES roll again as we...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END