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Occult Trucking and Storage

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE

Occult Trucking and Storage

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction  
of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

in

Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts

by

Jeffrey Paul Eyres

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Joshua Malkin, Co-Chairperson

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The Thesis of Jeffrey Paul Eyres is approved:

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Committee Chairperson

University of California, Riverside

FADE IN:

EXT. SPLIT ROCK ROAD - NIGHT

A dark night on a dark street in a very small town in Connecticut. Crickets. A dog barks in the distance. House after house is quiet and dark save a security light or two.

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

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

INT. THE GULICK HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

SILENCE. DARKNESS.

The Gulick family breathes heavily in the darkness.

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

MRS. GULICK  
Go check.

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

GREG  
Daddy, no!

MR. GULICK  
It's ok. I'll be right back.

Mr. Gulick stands up. He stalks towards the end of the hallway. His breath mists in front of him.

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

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

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

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

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

MR. GULICK (CONT'D)  
No.

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

EXT. THE GULICK HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

Laying in the pool of blood is a SILVER CRUCIFIX. From our point of view, it is UPSIDE DOWN.

EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - DAY

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

STATE ROAD 33

comes into view

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

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

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE

Underneath it:

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

TODD (V.O.)

(reedy, nerdy voice)

We're moving men. We move evil shit.

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

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

If an evil object comes in to your home, we can remove it discreetly and store it safely.

GLOVES pulled on.

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

You can call us direct, but you should first contact a religious advisor of your choice. If they know what they're doing, they already know us.

DOLLIES strapped into place.

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

The Catholic Church created our company but the modern church distances itself from us though they use our services more than ever.

Tanks marked "HOLY WATER" being filled in an alley.

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

We work for all denominations. At least we used to.  
We are Occult Trucking and Storage and we are  
about to die.

INT. THE OTS TRUCK - DAY

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

TODD (V.O.)

That's me. I'm Todd and the guy driving is my  
brother Mike.

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

MIKE (V.O.)

It's easy to remember because I'm Mike and I'm big  
and he's Todd and he's little ... ish.

A beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hmm.

TODD

What "Hmm?"

MIKE

Promise you won't get mad?

TODD (V.O.)

I have to tell you something about Mike. Mike is  
afraid of nothing.

FLASHBACK - BIKERS BAR - NIGHT

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

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

I mean Mike is afraid of NOTHING.



FLASHBACK -- OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT --  
NIGHT

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

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

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

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

FLASHBACK - BIKERS BAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

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

MIKE  
No. You're already getting mad.

TODD

I am not getting mad.

MIKE

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

TODD

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

MIKE

I can make no such promise.

TODD

You're crying already!

MIKE

And you're mad!

TODD (V.O.)

I'll bet this has something to do with when we were kids.

FLASHBACK - MIKE AND TODD AS KIDS

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

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

Mom died. Never knew dad. We lived with Grandma. Grandma and gin. Fuck gin.

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

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

GRANDMA

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

TODD (V.O.)

Poor Mike. I think it messed him up. Not me. I'm a fuckin zen master.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

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

TODD (CONT'D)

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

MIKE

The brakes gave out.

TODD

When?

MIKE

About a half mile ago.

TODD

Why didn't you tell me?

MIKE

I didn't want to wake you.

Todd pulls the on the emergency brake. Nothing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I tried that already.

TODD

You checked everything this morning right?

MIKE

Yup.

TODD (V.O.)

Of course he did. He always does. I saw him.

FLASHBACK - OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT -  
THIS MORNING

A book. Upside down. "Essentials of Firefighting" Todd is hanging upside down from a pair of gravity boots.

POV - upside down - Mike works on the van.

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

This is no mechanical failure. Not if it affected the brake and the emergency brake.

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

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

Only a very powerful demon could cause our truck to malfunction like this despite the holy water.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

The van continues to pick up speed down a grade.

TODD (CONT'D)

So how is this going to happen?

MIKE

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh man. I greenied my face, big time!

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

TODD (V.O.)

All along the eastern seaboard, people buy crap and drive it to the northeast and sell it for stupid prices.

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

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

A lot of that old stuff has unsavory past: ghosts and curses and stuff.

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

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

It keeps us in business, but you should know that antiquing is the most destructive force on earth.

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

BACK TO PRESENT TIME IN THE VAN

MIKE

Are you mad at me?

TODD

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

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

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

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

MIKE (V.O.)

Wouldn't that be PRE-venge?

TODD (V.O.)

I guess it would, Mike. It couldn't have been last night's case could it?

INT. LAST NIGHT'S CASE - NIGHT

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

TODD (V.O.)

A demonic attack comes in three phases.

MIKE (V.O.)

I thought it was four.

TODD (V.O.)

Three.

MIKE (V.O.)

What am I thinking of?

TODD (V.O.)  
Hangovers.

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

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

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

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

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

The action FREEZES

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

FLASHBACK SUTFIELD POLTERGEIST CASE

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

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Didja catch it? Look at the eyes. Come closer, don't be scared. Look.

Where the little boy's eyes should be there are only dark shadows.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

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

(he takes a sip)

Rod Steiger played me in the movie. God rest his soul.

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

TODD (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

Isaac Sazerak kept that shit stuffed away real tight until his son Jacob hit his teens and turned out to be a dead ringer for Isaac and consequently Esau.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Sazerak with deep scratches on his back.

Isaac watches shadows walk along his walls, then come off the walls and come at him

LITTLE JACOB SAZERAC cries.

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

The demon broke down Isaac's will and whispered things in his ear. Bad things. Things about his family. The demonic is always trying to pull people apart.

Isaac on the couch, pinned down by Mike

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

Once the invitation has been discovered it must be revoked. If it's attached to an object, we will remove it.

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

Then the exorcist must force the demon to disclose its name. It'll get up to all kinds of shenanigans beforehand though.

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

ISAAC SAZERAK

(otherworldly voice)

Persian Kitty dot com. Milf. Milf Asian. Tiny Tits. Milf Strapon.

Mike and Father Mulligan seem amused.

TODD (V.O.)

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

ISAAC SAZERAK

And the money shot was blonde granny small tits secretary strapon at two minutes, 13 seconds because



she reminded you of your teacher Mrs. Kelso. You got a boner when she spanked you, you filthy little pervert.

Isaac Sazerak power-barfs all over Mike and Todd.

MIKE

That's corn chowder. Corn chowder causes cancer.

TODD

No it doesn't.

MIKE

What am I thinking of?

TODD

Asbestos.

MIKE

Oh yeah, asbestos.

TODD (V.O.)

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

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

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

The exorcist commands the demon by the authority of the spiritual tradition he represents to reveal its name. Which it finally did.

FATHER MULLIGAN

(to camera)

I won't say the demon's name though. It's dangerous to give it any recognition. It feeds off that energy ... aw what the heck? It's Tiziel.

A HORRIFIC FANGED ECTOPLASMIC MONSTROSITY materializes out of the wall, roars straight at us, opening its jaws ever wider until it all goes black. The blackness evaporates into wisps. Father Mulligan, Mike and Todd giggle.

TODD (V.O.)

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

A GIGANTIC SONIC BOOM

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

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

Isaac Sazerak looks much better. He hugs Father Mulligan.

MIKE

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

Yes.

ISAAC SAZERAK

Oh and the Pyrobeum that came with it.

MIKE

What's a Pyro Bum?

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

TODD (V.O.)

That sucked balls.

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

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

I tell you what else sucked balls. Isaac Sazerak was sooo appreciative of Father Mulligan's services but

didn't want to pay us. Cheapskate. Probably a bad tipper - also demonic.

Father Mulligan walks away. Isaac scowls at Mike.

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

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

DARKNESS

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

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

Mike slides the giant oak pyrubeum up against the wall.

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

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

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

TODD (V.O.)

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

TODD (CONT'D)

Hey, what was that demon's name again?

Mike thinks.

TODD (CONT'D)

Never mind. I remember.

BACK TO THE PRESENT MOMENT ON STATE ROUTE 33

The truck is picking up speed down a long grade.

A minivan comes the other way.

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

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

The trickiest part of solving the case is figuring out the invitation.

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

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

Anything at all can be an invitation.

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

BACK IN THE TRUCK

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

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

It doesn't get very good reception even when we're not under a demonic attack. Did this thing start this morning?

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

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

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

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

The living quarters are a little nicer than the storage area. Thank God. But it's pretty rustic. Todd sits at a wooden table with his head in his hands. Mike watches coffee perking.

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

TODD (V.O.)

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

MIKE

What do you want in your coffee?

TODD

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

MIKE

I don't think so.

TODD

Did you barf in my hair?

MIKE

I don't think so.

TODD

Did a demon barf on us yesterday?

MIKE

Yup. What do you want in your coffee?

TODD

Cream and sugar.

MIKE

We don't have cream.

TODD

Sugar.

MIKE

We don't have sugar.

TODD

What are my choices then?

MIKE

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

TODD

Dirty.

MIKE

Good choice.

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

TODD

So ... um ...

MIKE

That was nothing.

TODD

Of course not.

MIKE

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

TODD

No way.

MIKE

No possible way.

TODD

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

Todd picks up the relic of the True Cross

TODD (CONT'D)

Ow! I got a sliver!

MIKE

Wow. The last guy who got a sliver from that wood was probably, wow, you want a bandaid?

TODD

Naw it's healed up already. Dang. That's a powerful relic. Nobody in storage could mess with that!

MIKE

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

TODD

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

MIKE

Unless.

TODD

Don't.

MIKE

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

TODD

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

MIKE

They're pooling together for some reason.

TODD

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

MIKE

The porno aboretum thing. Totally!

TODD

You jostled it.

MIKE

I jostled the shit out of it.

BANG BANG BANG! Startles the shit out of them.

TODD (V.O.)

Anything that comes in threes makes us jumpy. The demonic comes in threes as an insult to the holy trinity.

MIKE

I better get that. It might be the door.

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

PISSED OFF DUDE

HEY you guys gonna open or what?

MIKE

HEY what's that sign say?

PISSED OFF GUY

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

MIKE

And what time is it?

PISSED OFF DUDE

Ten thirty am!

MIKE

Seriously? Is it like daylight savings time or something?

PISSED OFF DUDE

No.

MIKE

Huh.

INT. OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - MOMENTS  
LATER

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

TODD

Haunted or cursed?

PISSED OFF DUDE

Cursed.



TODD

By all who gaze upon it or he who possesses it?

PISSED OFF DUDE

He who possesses it.

TODD

Styrofoam peanuts or pop paper?

PISSED OFF DUDE

Pop paper.

TODD

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

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

PISSED OFF DUDE

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

MIKE

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

TODD

Loosely.

MIKE

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

PISSED OFF DUDE

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

TODD

Thank you for shopping Occult Trucking and Storage.

PISSED OFF DUDE

Suck fudge.

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

DELIA (30s) steps up to the counter.

DELIA

I suppose you recognize me.

MIKE

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

DELIA

Of course you did.

MIKE

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

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOW - DAY

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

TODD (V.O.)

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

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

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

Now look at the background so that they go slightly out of focus.

She goes slightly out of focus.

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

Now look at the little mistiness around their head. If there's something that seems out of place, hand them a card.

There is a faint, pixelly mist around her head. There is movement in there. A faint outline of a snaky looking thing.

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

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

INT. OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

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

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

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

INT. DELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

OUTSIDE

Delia stuffs the clown doll in a garbage can.

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

Conversely if someone doesn't get recognition, they start to feel powerless, like us. I'm getting off topic. Urgh.

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

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

Point being, when weirdness happens you must remain cool or it will tend to get worse.

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

BACK AT THE DEPOT

DELIA

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

TODD

Say WHAT?!?

Mike presses Todd back onto his seat

DELIA

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

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

MIKE

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

TODD

I know.

MIKE

She wants it.

TODD

Yeah she does.

Mike pulls the steel gate down.

MIKE

I'll tell ya what though. Anybody buys a clown doll deserves what they get.

TODD

Word.

EXT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

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

TODD (V.O.)

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

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

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

TODD (V.O.)

There's Dr. Morris. He's a Parapsychiatrist. He's intense.

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

DR. MORRIS

(to camera)

I can prescribe meds, which is what most people who have a paranormal experience need.

TODD (V.O.)

That's true. Most of our jobs are pretty easy.

QUICK CUTSÓFLASHBACKS

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

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Stop doing drugs.

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

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

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

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)  
Just Ö stop.

BACK TO THE GOLDEN BOUGH

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

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

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

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

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

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

MADAME PURCELL

Good morning, boys.

MIKE

Heya, Madame Purcell!

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

Hey boys, ya get some beauty rest did ya?

TODD

No.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Me neither.

TODD

Hey Dr. Morris

DR. MORRIS

Grunt.

TODD

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

DR. MORRIS

Oh were you on that?

TODD

(hurt)

Yes.

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

TODD (CONT'D)

Good morning, Sensei.

SHOTO MANAKA

Good morning, Todd-San.

Todd hands Mike a coffee. Mike takes a sip and freezes.

OUT IN THE PARKING LOT

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

TODD (V.O.)

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

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

MAUREEN FITZ

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

MIKE

(unconsciously)  
Maureen.

MAUREEN FITZ

(hostile)  
Yeah, hi.

Madame Purcell puts some items on a counter.

MADAME PURCELL

Henbane, Mandrake, Tothwort.

MAUREEN FITZ

Yeah.

MADAME PURCELL

What are you doing with this?

MAUREEN FITZ

Stuff.

MADAME PURCELL



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

MAUREEN FITZ

Dunno.

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

TODD

Is this in Enfield?

MADAME PURCELL

Yup.

TODD

Shit.

MAUREEN FITZ

Something wrong with Enfield?

TODD

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

MAUREEN FITZ

I'm from Enfield.

MIKE

I LIKE Enfield.

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

I LIKE Enfield!

They watch her go.

TODD

She wants it.

MIKE

Yeah she does.

Bell rings as a spray tanned YOGA ASSHOLE comes up to the counter.

YOGA ASSHOLE

Do you have Wishy Wish?

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

YOGA ASSHOLE (CONT'D)

Don't just wish for something, WISHY WISH for it!

It'll change your life!

BACK TO THE PRESENT MOMENT

The truck continues to pick up speed down a grade. Mike pumps the brakes. Nothing. Todd pulls the hand brake. Nothing. Can't downshift. Nothing. Totally fucked.

TODD

I HATE Enfield!

MIKE

Me too! Hey if I lose control of the truck at I-95...

(they both spit)

... we'll end up killing other people.

TODD

I know. We can't do that.

MIKE

No. We're going to have to crash the van before then.

I was thinking I'd drive into a tree.

TODD

Yup. How about that one?

MIKE

Not an oak!

TODD

Oh right. Not a birch either.

MIKE

Obviously. Dogwood?

Meh.

TODD

Elm!

MIKE

Yeah! Fuck elms!

(points)

Ooh oho!

TODD

No. That's cherry. We don't want to hit a hardwood.

If we hit a soft wood we might live through it.

MIKE

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

TODD

Good point. Fuck cherry.

Mike starts to swerve the truck into the shoulder.

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

MIKE

Hold up.

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

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

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

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

Mike jams the horn.

The school children file into the street.

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

We gotta go back to picking a tree.

TODD

I know.

MIKE

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

TODD

Right? Just pick a tree, any tree.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL

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

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

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

INSIDE THE VAN

MIKE

Fucking Enfield.

TODD

Word.

MIKE

Psst.

TODD

?

Mike points directly to his left. Todd grunts.

They are stopped right in front of a tourist trap carved into the New England countryside. The sign says:

YE OLDE ENFIELD -- HOME OF THE ENFIELD WITCH TRIALS

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

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

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

MIKE

Please tell me that's not the job.

TODD

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

MIKE

Whew. I hate that place.

TODD

Me too.

MIKE

That place is evil.

TODD

And creepy.

MIKE

After the job, you wanna go?

TODD

Hells yeah.

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

EXT. ROUTE 33 - DAY

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

The van turns on to a street with a sign calling it

SPLIT ROCK ROAD

TODD (O.S.)

There it is, number 23, Split Rock Road and there HE  
is - looking mighty proud.

MIKE (O.S.)

After saving our bacon again.

TODD (O.S.)

The man is a true blue hero.

MIKE (O.S.)

Prick.

EXT. THE RIORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MIKE

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

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

(blowing out)

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

MIKE

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

TODD

Mental illness and a pact with the devil.

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

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

They trod up the driveway.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

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

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Chester Riordan?

CHESTER  
Hold on, you want my wife.

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

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

Mike and Todd wipe their feet.

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

A glass flies through the air and hits the wall.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
That would be lovely.

A beer bottle floats in front of his face.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)  
Thank you? I need an -

The top of the bottle breaks off. A straw hovers into the bottle. A cocktail umbrella floats over and drops in. Father Mulligan stares. The bottom of the bottle breaks off, spilling beer on the floor.

MRS. RIORDAN

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

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

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

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

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Go watch cartoons, kids.

SMALL CHILD 1

We'll try.

The small child turns on the television set.

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

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

The television set the children are watching switches to porno.

MRS. RIORDAN

This poltergeist really likes porno.

SMALL CHILD 1

This is Anal Munch 4!

SMALL CHILD 2

Nuh huh! This is Anal Munch 5.

SMALL CHILD 1

Mom, tell Taylor this is Anal Munch 4.

MRS. RIORDAN

Go play with your toys.

SMALL CHILD 2



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

MRS. RIORDAN  
Amscray, you little such and such.

The kids leave.

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

Mike looks at Todd.

TODD  
I'll tell you later.

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

She turns off the TV.

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

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

MRS. RIORDAN  
Well what happened was this Ö

RIORDAN FLASHBACK ALL AS SHE DESCRIBES IT

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

Chester peers into the darkness.

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

Chester peers into the attic.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Anyhoo, we could find no mice.

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

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The scratching turned into pounding. It was awful.

The children jump into bed with the parents.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Taylor and Chester both started waking up with scratches and welts on their bodies.

Three scratch marks on each of their backs.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The cat threw up a furball that was the spitting image of Elton John. I'm not sure if that's related, but we found it odd.

The cat meows.

MRS. RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Shadows chase us. The plumbing is always leaking.

NORMAL TIME IN THE LIVING ROOM

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MRS. RIORDAN

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MRS. RIORDAN

Oh, I hope so.

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MRS. RIORDAN

Oh, I wish.

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

Mike picks up the statue by the phallus.

TODD

(Snickers)

You're holding his thingy!

MIKE

It's not real Ö is it?

FATHER MULLIGAN

Probably not.

They rise from their seats.

THE BASEMENT

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

SMALL CHILD

What's in the tanks?

TODD

Holy water.

Squirt. Squirt.

SMALL CHILD

It's water that's been blessed?

MIKE

Pretty much yeah.

Squirt. Squirt.

SMALL CHILD

So it's just water? Like tap water?

TODD

Yeah, look.

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

Squirt. Squirt.

SMALL CHILD

So why are you wearing masks?

MIKE

For safety.

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

HALLWAY

Father Mulligan bumps into Mike and Todd

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MIKE

I dunno. We missed a room.

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

UPSTAIRS

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

TODD

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

Mr. Riordan stands to his full height, which is not unimpressive.

CHESTER

My wife believes there's ghosts or something here. I do not. So I invite you to go piss up a rope.

Chester shuts the door. Todd fumes.

DOWNSTAIRS

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

MRS. RIORDAN

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

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

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

MRS. RIORDAN

And what did you do again, exactly?

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MRS. RIORDAN

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

The front door opens and in walks DYLAN (16) and WENDY (17) both gothed out in black nail polish and eyeliner.

Dylan wears a pentagram earring and a long black coat. Wendy wears a cheerleader sweater that has been torn to shreds and safety-pinned back together--barely, spiked boots and torn black fishnets and a short, short skirt.

MRS. RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Hi kids. This is my daughter Wendy and her boy-pal Dylan. She's going through "a phase." This is Father Mulligan.

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

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

THE BASEMENT

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

DYLAN

What do you want?

MIKE

Can I spray the room with holy water?

DYLAN

No.

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

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Not funny, BITCH!

He slams the door.

MIKE

Yes, it was.

SMALL CHILD 1

Yeah it was.

The small child high-fives him.

OUTSIDE

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

Father Mulligan fires up the bike.

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

And hey! I was right, it was a water elemental!

Father Mulligan roars off on his bike.

TODD

I LOVE that guy.

MIKE

Me too.

TODD

I fuckin HATE that guy.

MIKE

Me too. He's a genius.

TODD

He's an asshole.

MIKE

He's an idiot.

TODD

He's a superhero.

MIKE

I fuckin HATE that guy.

ON THE ROAD - driving up Route 33

TODD

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

MIKE  
What?

TODD  
I dunno. Something other than this.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO BACK IN THE TRUCK DRIVING UP ROUTE 33

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

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

MIKE



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

TODD  
Field trip as a kid, maybe?

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

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

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

FOOTAGE MID-80S

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

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

YE OLD ENFIELD GRAND OPENING

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

A BUNCH OF UPTIGHT ANGRY FACES

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

A flat field

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

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

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

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

And Owsley watches it all from up the hill in Owsley Manor.

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

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

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

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

SHERIFF WATSON

(reading the truck)

Whoa, hey look at that "Occult Trucking and Storage!" What is that?

MIKE

We work with exorcists and we store-

SHERIFF WATSON

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

MIKE

Pleasure. You?

SHERIFF WATSON

Business.

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

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)

(to the ticket seller)

They're with me. Official police business.

MIKE

Someone smell pot smoke from Owsley's place?

SHERIFF WATSON

Mr. Owsley is a respected member of this community.

MIKE

Contributed to your election campaign?

SHERIFF WATSON

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

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

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

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

YE OLDE SNACKE SHOPPE

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)

Truth is we've gotten used to having Owsley around here. At least most of us have.

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

DIE WITCHES DIE!!

The Sheriff turns hard on Mike and Todd

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)

What are you guys doing here?

MIKE

What? We're here for fun.

TODD

We LIVE for this stuff.

SHERIFF WATSON

Not here on business?

MIKE

No sir.

SHERIFF WATSON

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

MIKE

That's TOTALLY true! We do!

TODD

But we are off the clock, I promise.

SHERIFF WATSON

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

TODD

Hey!

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

SHERIFF WATSON

I've got two dead girls in this town and people screaming it's a devil cult and now I got vandalism here and now you monkeys show up. I don't need this. So here's the deal. Enjoy your stay, then get the

fuck out of here and stay out of my town or I will arrest you on sight.

MIKE  
For what?

SHERIFF WATSON  
For what?? Look at how shiny that badge is. You ever seen a badge that shiny? And look at that gun! Even shinier. Have fun. Enjoy your day. Don't. Come. Back.

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

SHERIFF WATSON (CONT'D)  
Your friend alright?

MIKE  
He just swooned.

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

TODD  
What the ? Did I scare that guy off?

MIKE  
Yup. What was the last thing you heard?

TODD  
He's got two dead girls.

THE "BURNING" DIORAMA

A full size diorama proclaims:

"THE ENFIELD THREE"

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

The "Witch" is a warty old Puritan hag mannequin that raises her arms and shrieks, but the sound effect tape is maddeningly out of sync with her actions.

Mike stares at the "burning" diorama. Near the stake is a plywood lid covering a hole.

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

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

MIKE  
Hey Todd?

TODD  
Yes, Mike?

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

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

MIKE  
I thought they weren't real.

TODD  
They weren't.

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

TODD  
What's your point?

MIKE  
Well they're real.

TODD  
I say again, what's your point?

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

TODD  
Yes! Exactly! What the fuck?

Mike looks pleased, then puzzled again. He stares at the diorama - at the hole.

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

1691 A.D.

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

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

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

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

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

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

OWSLEY

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

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

MIKE

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

OWSLEY

I am in fact both the dude and the shit.

MIKE

I'm a huge fan, Mr. Owsley.

OWSLEY

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

TODD

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

OWSLEY

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

MIKE

Yes.

OWSLEY

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

MIKE

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

OWSLEY

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

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

TODD

What loss are we sorry for?

MIKE

His girlfriend Angelique passed away two months ago.

TODD

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

MIKE

I read it in Rolling Stony.

Todd crinkles his nose.

INT. OWSLEY MANOR - DAY



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

#### THE OWSLEY MANOR CHAPEL

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

OWSLEY

So these have to go, eh?

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

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

#### EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

Mike and Todd stop in front of a diorama titled

#### THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL

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

TODD

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

MIKE

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

TODD

God rest his soul.

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

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS

You know that "asshole" as you call him is a great American hero.

JOSH

He wasn't American.

**SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS**

Like hell he wasn't!

**JOSH**

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

**MIKE**

Wouldn't that be pronounced "Michael Holcomby?"

**SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS**

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

**JOSH**

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

**SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS**

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

**MIKE**

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

**SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS**

I don't think I like you.

**MIKE**

I'm getting that a lot today.

**SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS**

I'll bet you're on the side of the witches.

**TODD**

What?

SOME YOB FLAPPING HIS GUMS

Dirty little druggy sluts and their faggy little  
boyfriends doing drugs and devil worship on the  
other side of the park. There's one right now.

MAUREEN FITZ walks by.

MIKE

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

JOSH

(to the yob)

That's my sister.

(to Mike)

That's my sister.

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

TODD

Hey where ya going?

MIKE

Wherever she's going.

TODD

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

MIKE

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

TODD

I keep forgetting.

EXT. THE TRIPPING FIELD - DAY

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

MIKE

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

She crinkles her nose.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm in the biz.

MAUREEN FITZ

So you're a Ghostbuster.

MIKE

No. For realsies. Here's my card.

MAUREEN FITZ

You're a mover?

MIKE

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

MAUREEN FITZ

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

MIKE

No I don't mind. Wait. What?

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

BIG reaction from the kids.

GOTH KID

Why do you ask, old man?

MIKE

Oh I was just at, I just know them is all. And I'm 21!

GOTH KID

Take a hike grandpa.

MIKE

Sorry to have bothered you.

Mike walks back across the lawn.

HIPPIE KID

HEY MAN! Be careful!

MIKE

WHAT? What did I mess up now?

HIPPIE KID

Just walk towards me.

Mike does.

HIPPIE KID (CONT'D)

You just walked really close to Bad Trip Rock. It's bad luck.

Mike points at the boulder in the corner.

HIPPIE KID (CONT'D)

Yeah man. If you're tripping and go anywhere near that thing you have a bad trip.

MIKE

I'm not tripping.

HIPPIE KID

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

MIKE

Superstition is bad luck.

HIPPIE KID

You're harshing my mellow.

BACK ON THE ROAD ON ROUTE 33

A LARGE black Chevy Suburban with black tinted windows slowly passes by the truck.

MIKE

I can't talk to hot chicks.

TODD

No. You really can't.

MIKE

Why don't you try to stop me?

TODD

Because your discomfort amuses me.

They drive in silence.

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

MIKE

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

We get attacked unmercifully but what we go through is nothing compared to what the exorcists go

through. Exorcists are the only profession who commit suicide more than police officers. Demons are the most dangerous when they come disguised as your own thoughts.

The infernal hierarchy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

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

TODD

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

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

MR. FITZ and MRS. FITZ sit at the dining room table. They seem a little disconnected. Distracted. Mrs. Fitz is hot but even in her day was nowhere near the supernatural hotness of her daughter. JOSH FITZ plays with a gameboy or x-thing or some shit.

The atmosphere is relaxed but kind of dull too. The family seems off in their own little worlds. But when MAUREEN, DYLAN AND WENDY WALK IN - the energy in the room comes alive.

MRS. FITZ

Oh hey kids! How ya doin'?

Greetings all around.

MRS. FITZ (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness. Dylan, did you get another piercing?

DYLAN

Yes, Mrs. Fitz.

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

MRS. FITZ

Did it hurt?

WENDY

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

DYLAN

I did not.

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

MRS. FITZ

Whatcha got there, Maureen?

MAUREEN FITZ

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

MRS. FITZ

Oh for game night!

MAUREEN FITZ

I guess.

Mrs. Fitz takes it and places it on the table.



## THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL DOLL

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

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

Mr. Fitz cops a squat and reads the instructions.

MR. FITZ

It's a fortune telling game.

JOSH

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

MAUREEN

That's Ouija board, you troglodyte.

JOSH

Maureen called me a dinosaur.

MRS. FITZ

She didn't. Look it up later.

MAUREEN

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

MRS. FITZ

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

Mr. Fitz flips pages.

MR. FITZ

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

MAUREEN

I'm leaving.

Maureen stands.

MR. FITZ

Hold your horsefeathers, it'll be fun.

She sits.

MR. FITZ (CONT'D)

First, we find who the witch is.

JOSH

THAT'LL be hard!

MRS. FITZ

Shh, Josh!

MR. FITZ

Everybody put a hand on the planklet.

They swivel the Witchfinder General. He points at Maureen.

MAUREEN

That's YOU doing that!

JOSH

Guilty! Come on, this time for realsies.

They swivel it.

It points at Maureen again.

MRS. FITZ

Josh.

JOSH

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

They swivel it again. It comes up Maureen again.

MAUREEN

I'm the "witch." Fine.

MR. FITZ

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

MAUREEN

Goodbye!

MR. FITZ

But we're not going to do that.

JOSH

Why not? What a gyp!

MR. FITZ

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

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

JOSH

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

It really is.

MRS. FITZ

I dunno Ö

JOSH

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

MR. FITZ

The Witchfinder General is not a fag.

JOSH

Then why does he have a stick up his ass?

MRS. FITZ

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

MR. FITZ

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

MAUREEN

Me? What did I do?

JOSH

Let the witch ask her question.

MAUREEN

Fine.

They place their hands on the board and swivel.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Is there anyone here who wishes to speak with us?

The WFG points at "NO."

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Is there someone here who does not wish to talk to us?

The WFG points at "YES" The lights flicker.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

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

THE FITZ HOUSE

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

INT. THE FITZ HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

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

MRS. FITZ

There's more tiramisu, kids.

THREE SHARP KNOCKS on the front door.

MR. FITZ

I better get that. It might be the door.

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

MR. FITZ (CONT'D)

Huh. No one there. Must have been the wind. Oh, holy cow!

MRS. FITZ

What?

MR. FITZ

One of my contact lenses fell out again.

MRS. FITZ

OK, don't move. I'll get the flashlight. Josh, get daddy's rewetting solution.

Mom, Josh and Dad on hands and knees.

JOSH

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

MRS. FITZ

Warped corneas. You know that.

JOSH

Here it is.

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

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

MIKE'S EYE OPENS WIDE

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

Mike sits bolt upright. Todd does too.

TODD

Father Mulligan is wrong!

MIKE

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

A BIT LATER

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't think this guy was the problem.

TODD

He might be spiritually active but he's not the main attraction in that household.

MIKE

Something ELSE is going on.

TODD

Something else IS going on.

MIKE

But what the FUCK do we know?

TODD

What the fuck DO we know?

MIKE

We been at this a long time.

TODD

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

MIKE

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

TODD

No!

MIKE

God rest his soul.

TODD

Still. We're right.

MIKE

Fuckin A right, we're right.

TODD

We talk to him in the morning.

MIKE

In private.

TODD

In private. He had a long night. He made a mistake.

MIKE

We all had a long night.

TODD

Tomorrow then.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

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

DOWNSTAIRS

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

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

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

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

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

MIKE

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

Sure my son, what is it?

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

FATHER MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

What is it, son?

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

What is it you think we missed?

MIKE

I dunno. But we did.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Explain boy, did you see some evidence?

MIKE

Well, no, I, I dunno.

Mike gets flustered.

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

MIKE

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

Lots of people feel lots of stuff, Michael me boy. Being a bit jumpy is natural for anyone in the work.



Isn't that right, Doctor Morris? It's natural to be a bit jumpy in the work.

DOCTOR MORRIS

Yes sir, no shame in that.

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

INT. OTS TRUCK - DAY

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

MIKE

Did you hear that?

TODD

Did you hear that?

MIKE

Jumpy!?!?

TODD

JUMPY!!!

MIKE

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

TODD

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

MIKE

But WE'RE JUMPY?!?!?

TODD

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

MIKE

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

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

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

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

SASHA

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

Mrs. Fitz chokes up.

MRS. FITZ

I'm not mad.

SASHA

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

MRS. FITZ

Yes.

INT. OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

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

MIKE

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's not bad.

TODD

Right? A demonic infestation is an unsafe condition.

MIKE

But.

TODD

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

MIKE

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

TODD

The cavalry is gonna be pissed at us.

MIKE

Yeah but fuck him. Jumpy! Pfft!

TODD

Fuck the cavalry!

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

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

MRS. FITZ

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

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

EXT. ROUTE 33 - DAY

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

TODD

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

MIKE

Right.

TODD

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

MIKE  
Right.

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

MIKE  
Maybe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. RIORDAN  
No. That's OK. We have a new spiritual advisor.

FATHER TITUS (50s) steps into the doorway. He is tall, good looking with silver hair and piercing eyes.

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

TODD  
Of course, sorry to have bothered you.

Mike and Todd walk away.

FATHER TITUS  
Now just wait a minute.

Mike and Todd stop.

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

MIKE  
Yes sir.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
You're Mike and Todd.

MIKE  
Yes, sir.

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

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

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

TODD  
Littleish. You've heard of us?

FATHER TITUS  
Of course I have. You guys are legends.

MIKE  
We are?

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

TODD  
Of course.

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

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

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

TODD  
Yeah, we gotta.

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

TODD  
Yeah, we feel like-

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

MIKE  
That's right.

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

No reaction.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

I knew it! Come on in.

Mike and Todd tentatively step into the Riordan Household.

INT. THE RIORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

MRS. RIORDAN

YOU! You did it! It's your fault!

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

TODD

Oh NOW you recognize us?

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

Maybe.

TODD

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

Total hatred from the Riordans.

CHESTER

Fat lot of good it did us.

FATHER TITUS

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

CHESTER

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

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

SHERIFF WATSON

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

CHESTER

Sorry Sheriff.

SHERIFF WATSON

And what are you two doing here?

FATHER TITUS

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

The whole room takes that in for a moment.

MRS. RIORDAN

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

TODD

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

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

MRS. RIORDAN

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

Todd nods.

SHERIFF WATSON

That's more my bailiwick.

MRS. RIORDAN



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

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

FATHER TITUS

Sheriff, may we go in her room now?

SHERIFF WATSON

Yes, Father.

FATHER TITUS

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

Chester and Mrs. Riordan nod.

INT. WENDY RIORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

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

TODD

So how exactly did she die?

FATHER TITUS

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

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

MIKE

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

FATHER TITUS

I suppose so.

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

Hmm.

MIKE  
What "Hmm?"

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

Small statuettes of animals.

MIKE  
Sure. Why did you say "Hmm?"

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

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

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

MIKE  
Father Mulligan. Why do you ask?

FATHER TITUS  
No reason. Just wondering. HEY!

TODD  
What?

FATHER TITUS  
Do you think we got it all?

TODD  
No.

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

MIKE  
Yes.

FATHER TITUS

Me too.

BACK UPSTAIRS

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

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

Father Titus gasps and stumbles backwards, dropping his knife.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

OH!

MRS. RIORDAN

What is it?

FATHER TITUS

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

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

Sheriff, I think there's some evidence for you here.

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

Oh, um. I see. I sometimes minister to inner city kids and they sometimes give me gifts to show their appreciation.

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

You're not taking the Bible?

SHERIFF WATSON

Just the cards.

FATHER TITUS

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

MRS. RIORDAN

Oh Father, we couldn't.

FATHER TITUS

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

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

EXT. ROUTE 33 - DAY

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

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

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

MIKE

Hey Father Mulligan!

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

Titus? Never heard of him.

DR. MORRIS

He's a holy roller. In over his head.

FATHER MULLIGAN

What were YOU doing there?

TODD

We left some gloves there.

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

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

Father Mulligan's face is blank.

TODD (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go.

BACK ON THE ROAD -- Todd drives.

TODD (CONT'D)

Jeepers, Mike!

MIKE

What?

TODD

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

MIKE

I did.

TODD

And he's not.

MIKE

Maybe. He might be a perfect possession.

TODD

That's crazy.

MIKE

Where we goin'?

TODD

WE WERE RIGHT.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

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

SASHA

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

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

MR. FITZ

I'll go check on Maureen.

MRS. FITZ

What do you mean protect her? How can we protect her?

SASHA

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

Maureen storms by.

MAUREEN FITZ

I don't want to talk about it.

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

TODD

Hi we're Occult Trucking and Storage.

MRS. FITZ

Oh, you're the exorcists?

TODD

(thinks a sec)

Yes. We're exorcists.

MIKE

We wanted to stop by, offer our condolences for the loss of your friend and offer any help we can.

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

MRS. FITZ

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

MIKE

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

He offers his hand. She does not take it.

SASHA

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

TODD

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

MRS. FITZ

Come with me.

They follow into Maureen's room. Mrs. Fitz grabs a box and starts throwing Maureen's stuff in it. Herbs. Wicca books. Twine. Statues. Crystals. Everything.

MAUREEN FITZ

Mom, what the fuck?

MRS. FITZ

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

MAUREEN FITZ

You cunt!

Mrs. Fitz slaps her, then gasps.

MRS. FITZ

I'm sorry. I'M SORRY!

Maureen runs out of the room. Mrs. Fitz sets the box down and follows her. Chaos.

TODD  
Holy shit.

Mr. Fitz comes out.

MR. FITZ  
I think you better leave.

TODD  
You want us to take the stuff or not?

MR. FITZ  
Yes.

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

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

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

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

Maureen scowls. Mike hands her a card.

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

She glares.

Mike and Todd walk towards the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Okie dokie. We'll come back with Father Mulligan to do a full ritual.



SLAP !!! MIKE REELS BACK FROM THE SLAP OF AN INVISIBLE  
FOE

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Dang. Okie. Dokie. We'll. Come. Back. With.  
Father Mulligan.

SLAP!!!

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

SLAAAAPPPPP!!

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Father Time. Mulligan Stew. Father Sullivan.

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

SLAAPP!!! It slaps Mike.

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

SLAAAPP! It hits Mike again.

A Beat. Mike and Todd look at each other.

SLAAP!!! It hits Todd.

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

MRS. FITZ  
Why?

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

We should go.

EXT. AN AIRPORT HOTEL - NIGHT

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

Mike and Todd walk in to

EXT. AN AIRPORT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

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

FATHER TITUS

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

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

The father has given us a great blessing tonight. We have with us two of his greatest warriors. Brothers and sisters welcome Todd and Mike.

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

PARTICULARLY AFFLICTED SOUL

NO! Nazarene, he is mine!

FATHER TITUS

Out devil, OUT!

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

LATER

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

It's ok, brothers. You earned it.

A gray haired Irish dude approaches.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

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

CHIEF HANRAHAN

Is that right? You ever take the firefighter test?

TODD

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

CHIEF HANRAHAN

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

TODD

Yes sir.

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

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm not sure we can take money for tonight.

FATHER TITUS

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

TODD

Yes sir, but...

FATHER TITUS

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

TODD

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

And no demons either.

Father Titus laughs.

FATHER TITUS

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

OUT IN THE PARKING LOT

TODD

What do you think?

MIKE

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

TODD

Hey, gimme the uh...

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

TODD (CONT'D)

Father Titus.

FATHER TITUS

Yes boys?

TODD

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

Todd proffers his hand which Titus shakes. No reaction.

OUT IN THE PARKING LOT

Todd shrugs to Mike

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

MR. FITZ

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

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

MR. FITZ (CONT'D)

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

He slams the door.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

Listen boys. If you're here to apologize.

MIKE

Not exactly. We quit.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Say what?

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

You know I can't go in the depot.

Mike turns to the camera.

MIKE

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

TODD

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

MIKE

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

FATHER MULLIGAN

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

TODD

I see.

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

EXT. SPLIT ROCK ROAD - DAY

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

TODD

Are we ready for this?

MIKE

Fuck no.

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

FATHER TITUS

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

Mike and Todd look around the house.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

Do holy objects make you uncomfortable?

MAUREEN FITZ

I don't like Christian Rock.

FATHER TITUS

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

MAUREEN FITZ

Rollins?

FATHER TITUS

Sure. I think he did better work after he left Black Flag.

MAUREEN FITZ

Everyone does great work coming out of Black Flag.

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

JOSH

Hey that guy's ok!

MIKE

I doubt it. It's always the doll.

FATHER TITUS

Who is this ugly little pilgrim guy?

MIKE

It's the Witchfinder General.

FATHER TITUS

The who finder what now?

TODD

It's a fortune telling game.

Father Titus doesn't get it.

TODD (CONT'D)

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

FATHER TITUS

I knew that.

MR. FITZ

There really should be a warning label on these things.

FATHER TITUS

How many of these things are there?



MAUREEN FITZ

Just one. Mr. Owsley said it was the prototype.

JOSH

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

MIKE

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

MR. FITZ

Did you have anything to do with this?

MAUREEN FITZ

No!

TODD

Something else.

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

MAUREEN FITZ

What? I didn't do that!

No one believes her.

FATHER TITUS

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

MRS. FITZ

Oh Father, we couldn't.

FATHER TITUS

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

Father Titus winks at Todd.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

Five?

All nod.

TODD

I'll go.

FATHER TITUS

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

MAUREEN FITZ

There is no demon inside me.

FATHER TITUS

Is that a yes?

MAUREEN FITZ

I guess.

FATHER TITUS

Then it should be easy.

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

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

I think we've got some work to do here.

EXT. THE RIORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INSIDE THE RIORDAN HOUSE

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

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

FATHER TITUS

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

MAUREEN FITZ

Go fuck rocks!

He splashes her with holy water. She screams.

FATHER TITUS

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

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

MIKE

May I?

Father Titus nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

In the name of all that is holy I command you demon, tell me your name.

MAUREEN FITZ

Captain Biscuit and a monkey named Chuckles.

MIKE

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

Blood seeps from the wall spelling out the word MAELSTROM

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

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - NIGHT

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

OWSLEY

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

TODD

Or what?

OWSLEY

I just ... wouldn't.

Todd smashes the glass with his elbow, knocks away the glass and takes the last three dolls.

TODD  
Oh, wait.

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

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

OWSLEY  
It's not entirely up to me.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Maureen writhes in agony.

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

MIKE  
What are you saying, demon?

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

FATHER TITUS  
What is that?

MIKE  
The Enfield Three. The witches executed in Enfield.

FATHER TITUS  
What?

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

FATHER TITUS

What the old religion?

MIKE

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

I command thee in the name of the heavenly father to tell me how you entered this house and this child.

MAUREEN FITZ

I took the Six train and transferred at your mama's cunt!

Mike presses the bible into her head.

MIKE

Tell me how you entered!

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

Didn't your mama tell you it's not polite to point?

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

There's witch blood in the witch mud.

FATHER TITUS

What?

MIKE

Take over.

Mike stands up, paces excitedly.

MR. FITZ

What is it?

MIKE

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

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

FATHER TITUS

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

Maureen passes out. Everyone looks at each other.

MRS. FITZ

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

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

MIKE

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

FATHER TITUS

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

LATER

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

MIKE

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

TODD

To what end?

MIKE

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

TODD

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

You did.

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

Maybe a little.

FATHER TITUS

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

MRS. FITZ

But what about the little fella?

MIKE

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

TODD

I'm off to the fire academy.

MRS. FITZ

So no more Occult Trucking and Storage?

FATHER TITUS

They've done their part. My organization can take over. We'll find somebody else to do it and we'll treat them right. It's time for these men to move on.

MIKE

Maureen, how are you feeling?

Maureen is confused and watery eyed.

MAUREEN FITZ

I don't remember anything.

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

MRS. FITZ

What do we do now?

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

Tomorrow.

FATHER TITUS

Of course.

Mike scratches his hand. It is red and irritated.

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

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

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

MIKE

You off to school?

TODD

In-processing but I gotta do something first.

MIKE

Good luck.

TODD

Thanks.

A BEAT



MIKE

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

TODD

Thanks man.

Mike closes his eyes again. Todd splits.

A BEAT

BANG BANG BANG

Mike doesn't even open his eyes.

BANG BANG BANG

Nothing.

OUTSIDE

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

There are pissed off people lined up outside.

INSIDE

Mike on the phone.

MIKE

(on phone)

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yeah I see you. Turn around.

Father Titus stands in the middle of the street.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Keep turning. Yeah, no. Turn back.

Father Titus spins right past the driveway to the depot.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

OK. Stop turning. Point your finger at eleven fifty three o' clock and then follow your finger.

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

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

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

FATHER TITUS

What? What?

MIKE

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MIKE

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

FATHER TITUS

Oh.

MIKE

Are you sure you're up for this?

FATHER TITUS

Yeah. Yeah. Let me try coming in.

MIKE

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

FATHER TITUS  
Let me try it.

MIKE  
You're the boss. OK go ahead.

FATHER TITUS  
Will you help me?

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

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

MIKE  
Wow, we're not even in yet.

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

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

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

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

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

MIKE  
I suppose so.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

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

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

Mike with his eyes closed. Blissed. Thinking.

MIKE (V.O.)

I did it. I was smarter than the other exorcists. I'm an exorcist. I did it. I'm smarter than them.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

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

OWSLEY  
Hello again.

TODD

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

OWSLEY

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

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

Mike daydreaming.

MIKE (V.O.)

I'm smarter than the exorcists. I outsmarted the demon. I'm smarter than the demon.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

OWSLEY

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

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

Mike's eyes open.

MIKE

Nobody is smarter than a demon!

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

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

IN THE BATHROOM

Mr. Fitz scrubs his contact lenses.

IN MAUREEN'S ROOM

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

IN THE BATHROOM

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

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

INTO THE HALLWAY

Small fires erupt in the carpeting on the floor. The house shrieks and wobbles slightly. Maureen screams. Cabinets and doors slam.

EXT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - DAY

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

OWSLEY MANOR

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

INSIDE OWSLEY MANOR

TODD

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

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

OWSLEY

Tonight's the night.

TODD

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

OWSLEY

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

Todd tentatively places a hand on Angelique's forehead.

TODD

She's not. She's room temperature.

OWSLEY

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

TODD

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

OWSLEY

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

FLASHBACK

Keith and Angelique performing a ritual in the field.

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

We performed a lot of rituals on the grounds. We were stoned. Maybe be we screwed up. Let the evil flow. We didn't mean to.

The magic circle on the ground is not complete.

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

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

INSIDE OWSLEY MANOR - Father Titus at the door.

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

He showed me the way to the Lord and I put away all my pagan ways. I removed the crucifixes as they are symbols of the man who died, not the God who lives. Anelique appeared to me in a vision.

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

ANGELIQUE

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

OWSLEY (V.O.)

So I did.

BACK TO PRESENT IN OWSLEY MANOR

TODD

So you dug up ground from the execution site?

OWSLEY

Yes.

TODD

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

OWSLEY

Yes.

TODD

But we found them.

OWSLEY

Yes.

TODD

We stopped whatever his plan was.

OWSLEY

Apparently not, my friend. Apparently not.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - DAY

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MRS. FITZ

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

FATHER TITUS

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

MR. FITZ

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

FATHER TITUS

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

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

INT. FIRE ACADEMY CLASSROOM - DAY

Todd sits in a classroom with his notebook open.

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR



Today we're going to talk about the principles of combustion. It's going to be real basic, basic stuff but it's stuff we're going to build on so pay attention.

The instructor draws a triangle on the board. Todd shuts his eyes

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

Mike has his eyes closed. Thinking. Eyes wide open.

MIKE

Father Titus is wrong!

He leaps to his feet. Paces.

INT. FIRE ACADEMY CLASSROOM - DAY

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR

This is the fire triangle - the three things a fire needs to burn. Heat. Oxygen. Fuel. Pretty simple, right? Anybody not get that?

Todd's face falls.

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Question in the front?

Todd stands up, pulls his cadet badge off his uniform, puts it on the instructor's desk and walks out.

ACADEMY INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Wow. Just so you know. The material is going to get a lot more complicated than that.

IN THE PARKING LOT

TODD

Fuckin A right he was wrong.

Todd steps into the parking lot. He pulls his cell phone out. Hits a speed dial. Nothing. Shrugs his shoulder as if to say "WHY did I bother."

He spies a telephone booth across the parking lot, rifles his pockets, nothing. Looks around, a soda machine

THE SODA MACHINE - EVERYTHING costs one dollar.

He reaches in his fire academy gear bag and pulls out an 18 inch Officer's Tool Halligan. He slides the wedge into the side of the coin box and kicks it in. The coin box jumps out of the machine. He fishes out one quarter and dashes across the parking lot.

THE PHONE BOOTH

Like almost every other phone booth on the east coast, the phone itself has been removed from the motherfucking phone booth.

FIRE ENGINE

HONK HONK. Todd waves to the security guard as he drives an engine out the front gate. The gears grind real bad for a second and the truck stalls, Todd digs around and manages to find a suitable, working, forward-moving gear.

INT. THE FITZ HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mr. and Mrs. Fitz and Josh cower in the corner. Josh screams. He pulls his shirt up and there are deep welts in his flesh. Mr. Fitz howls in rage.

OCCULT TRUCK AND STORAGE DEPOT

Mike paces. The phone rings.

FIRE ENGINE

Todd inspects the GPS navigation instrument on the dashboard. He shuts it off. The screen goes black but there is still a red light on in the corner of the instrument. He reaches behind the dash and yanks a cord.

EMERGENCY SERVICES MANAGEMENT HEADQUARTERS

An EMS operator in front of a computer screen. Something catches his attention. He looks closer "ENGINE 53" He puts his finger on the screen where the engine is located, turns to a log book next to him, flips to right page, looks back at the screen and the Engine 53 blip is gone.

FIRE ENGINE

There is chatter on the radio. Todd turns it off.

TODD

Trying to think HERE! We figured out the Witchfinder General thing either because it was a pointless decoy...

#### OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT

Ringling phone stops in mid-ring.

MIKE

... or because the demon was done with that part of the plan. It was a gimme. We were conned. We figured out what we were supposed to figure out. I'm not smarter than a demon. I'm not smarter than anyone. I'm a dummy.

Phone rings. Startles Mike. He picks up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Occult Trucking and Storage.

ON THE PHONE -- MAUREEN FITZ

MAUREEN FITZ

I need help.

She really does. Ghastly pale and not from makeup. Bruised. Greenish shit oozes from her eyes. There are cuts on her face. She cries. The line goes static.

MIKE

Maureen?

MIKE peels out in the OTS TRUCK

FIRE ENGINE screeches to a halt in THE GOLDEN BOUGH PARKING LOT

Todd rushes in the front door. There is a FLAKY DIPSHIT at the counter.

FLAKY DIPSHIT

Do you have Wishy Wish?

TODD

Did somebody come by to pick up the OTS Log?

MADAME PURCELL

No. It's right where Mike left it.

She points to table with nothing on it.

TODD  
SHIT!

FLAKY DIPSHIT  
If you're looking for something to manifest in your  
life, don't just wish for it, WISHY WISH for it!

Todd is SO ready to punch her in the head.

DR. MORRIS  
Look who it is, our fucking hero! You left the whole  
community high and dry!

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Seriously what in the world got in to your minds?  
We're falling apart here

TODD  
We left the community? Are you fucking kidding  
me? You FUCKING PEOPLE...

It is so on. Dr. Morris, Father Mulligan and Todd are all clenching jaws  
and fists and bulging forehead veins. The Flaky Dipshit is crapping her  
panties.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
(poking Todd)  
What. About. Us. Fucking. People?

Todd deflates.

TODD  
I need help.

Silence.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Tell us what you need.

Todd scrawls on a piece of paper.

TODD

Everybody to this address. Madame Purcell would you meet me at the depot? If you run into a priest you don't know, be careful. I think he's a Perfect Possession.

MADAME PURCELL  
How bad is this?

Todd can't even answer her.

Madame Purcell hands the store keys to the Flaky Dipshit

MADAME PURCELL (CONT'D)  
Lock up.

They dash out the door.

FIRE ENGINE

Code 3 - lights and sirens down Bailey Avenue to the

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE DEPOT

The front of the depot is on fire. Todd pulls up, drags hose off the Mattydale lay, hooks up to the pump and "puts the wet stuff on the red stuff." The building is nowhere near fully engaged. He knocks it down for the most part. There's a smolder here and there. He climbs back into the cab of the truck and plugs the GPS device back into the dash and powers on.

EMERGENCY SERVICES MANAGEMENT HEADQUARTERS

An EMS OPERATOR and a SUPERVISOR stare at the screen. Engine 53 pops onto the screen.

EMS OPERATOR  
There it is. What the hell?

OCCULT TRUCKING AND STORAGE

Madame Purcell pulls up in a yellow Volkswagen. Todd climbs in and they drive off. Sirens can be heard approaching.

INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

MR. FITZ, MRS. FITZ and JOSH cower in the corner, eyes bugging out of their faces. Mrs. Fitz clutches a CRUCIFIX. Lights flicker.

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

SILENCE. DARKNESS.

The Fitz family breathes heavily in the darkness.

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

MRS. FITZ  
Go check.

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

JOSH  
No. Don't!

MR. GULICK  
It's ok. I'll be right back.

Mr. Fitz stands up. He stalks towards the end of the hallway. His breath mists in front of him.

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

MADAME PURCELL'S CAR

TODD  
If the demon just burned the depot down it would release all the entities to their most recent owners or back to the Dry Place. Chaos. But with the OTS log and the names of all the entities he could have commanded them en masse

MADAME PURCELL  
To what end?

TODD

Bad shit. I think this is about unfinished business in Enfield.

MADAME PURCELL

How could he find the place? It's sanctified, invisible to the demonic.

TODD

We led him right to it. It's all on us. We should have seen it. It was right in front of our eyes.

GOTH KIDS IN THE TRIPPING FIELD

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

The Satanic kids in the Tripping Field were burning a white candle and from where they sat, their pentagram was one point up.

MADAME PURCELL

They were casting a spell of protection. They weren't Satanists. They were of the Old Religion.

TODD

They weren't attacking anyone. Of course. Why would they be killing each other off? They were under attack. It was right in front of our faces. What ELSE am I not seeing?

THE FITZ HOUSE

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

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

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

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

We thought we had a witch problem.

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

MR. FITZ

No.

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

MAUREEN FITZ raises up in the air. An utterly unholy vision, her flesh is every color but human colored and her eyes flash a malefic blue interspersed with crimson. Foul, ghastly shrieks erupt from deep within her. She floats straight at Mr. Fitz.

Mr. Fitz picks up a pair of scissors and puts it between him and IT. He backs up against the wall, howling in fear.

BOOM! Mr. Fitz drops to the floor REAL hard and empty handed. Mike stands behind him. Holding the scissors.

Maureen flies over their heads, crashes into the wall and slumps to the ground sobbing.

TODD (V.O.)

But what we have is a witch hunters problem.

LATER

Maureen wrapped in a blanket, sips cocoa. Dr. Morris takes her pulse.

MADAME PURCELL

There's witch blood in the witch mud.

FATHER MULLIGAN

The earth from the execution sites loaded into the dolls acted as invitations and picked a victim.  
Hunting dolls.

MADAME PURCELL

Your people call them Mahoygans.

(to Dr. Morris)

Your people call them Golems.

TODD

(to Mike)

What do your people call them?

MIKE

Time and a half.



TODD

So they picked the victims and the demon wanted their souls?

FATHER MULLIGAN

Perhaps it wanted three more girls like it got in 1691.

MIKE

No. The girls were just gravy. What he was after were the dads. The demon is pulling apart families, getting dads to kill daughters, like it did in 1691.

MRS. FITZ

And you think this Father Titus did this? How did he exorcise Maureen before?

TODD

He didn't. He just paused his own attack on her.

MR. FITZ

And he's just a guy who is possessed?

MIKE

No. He's a Perfect Possession. That's why holy water did nothing on him when we tested him. We tested you too. Sorry.

FATHER MULLIGAN

I know. He pulls people apart. That's what he does.

MR. FITZ

And he's human?

FATHER MULLIGAN

Human but doing the demon's will. And now, my dear little one, I'd like to do the job that he was not able to do. If that's alright with you.

MAUREEN FITZ

You want to exorcise me?

FATHER MULLIGAN

Only if it's ok with you.

MAUREEN FITZ

Sure.

FATHER MULLIGAN

I can do the Catholic Rituale Romanum if you think of yourself as a Christian or Madame Purcell can perform a cleansing in the ways of the Old Religion.

MAUREEN FITZ

I practice the Old Religion.

She looks quickly at her parents.

MRS. FITZ

It's ok.

MIKE

Guys!

Mike reaches in Father Mulligan's pocket and pulls a bottle. He unscrews the lid and a joint falls out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Other bottle please.

Father Mulligan hands him the holy water. Mike shakes some on Maureen. Nothing.

MRS. FITZ

Why did she react so violently to the holy water before?

MIKE

It wasn't holy water. It was unholy water. I touched some by mistake and it gave me a rash. But behold.

Mike shakes some holy water on Mr. Fitz. He jumps.

MR. FITZ

What the? Why are you throwing acid on me?

Mike takes a swig of the holy water, then sprinkles some on Mr. Fitz. Same reaction.

TODD

We don't have a witch problem. We have a witch hunters problem.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Mr. Fitz.

MR. FITZ

Catholic please.

FATHER MULLIGAN

I think we're going to need as much help as we can get on this.

Dr. Morris puts a BP cuff on Mr. Fitz. Shoto Manaka lights incense, sits in seiza, folds his hands in a Shingon gasho and begins softly chanting sutras. Madame Purcell pulls out a small, hand bound leather parchment book and begins chanting softly.

MRS. FITZ

Come on kids.

Josh and Maureen sit next to Mrs. Fitz as she opens the bible and begins reciting the Lord's Prayer. Josh joins her. Mrs. Fitz stops, looks at Maureen.

MRS. FITZ (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

Maureen gets up and sits next to Madame Purcell who gives her a one-arm hug and lets her read along in her book.

Todd and Mike off to the side speak in low tones.

TODD

So he's got two dead girls and the souls of two fathers who killed their daughters.

MIKE

We gotta talk to the Sheriff about that.

TODD

Yeah. If we're successful here, we'll have stopped him at number two. Demons love threes. What did we miss?

MIKE

We've been playing catch up on this bad boy the whole time. If we figured it out, I don't trust it. And why us? Why so much effort to mess with us?

Dr. Morris overheard this, steps over.

DR. MORRIS

You guys still don't get it do you? You guys face the same hazards the exorcists do but you get no glory and you have no protection from the church. It's your humility that makes you guys so powerful.

TODD

Us? Powerful?

DR. MORRIS

Without you guys around, the egos inflated like crazy and we all started fighting. We fractured into our respective dogmas and stopped working together.

Mike and Todd take this around.

TODD

So he needed to blow up our egos too. Take us out of the picture?

MIKE

Shit. What else did we miss? Did we make it worse?

INT. OWSLEY MANOR - NIGHT

CHAPEL - Owsley looks over his dead, beautiful bride, his eyes full of longing and pain and hope. He goes downstairs, down into

THE BASEMENT - Owsley speaks to figure hunched in the corner

OWSLEY

Tonight's the night. You said. Please. I've done everything you asked of me. Please.

The figure spins around it is FATHER TITUS but he is crimson colored and has hooked horns coming out of his forehead. Owsley gasps.

FATHER TITUS

Don't pretend you didn't know!

INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Fitz twitches uncomfortably on the chair.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Something's wrong.

MADAME PURCELL  
You're right.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
We should have been able to provoke something by now. What is going on here? Everybody just stop for a moment.

MIKE  
Holy shit.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
Yes, Michael?

Mike walks over to Mrs. Fitz, points to her bible.

MIKE  
May I?

She hands him the bible. He flips the pages. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. Hands it to Father Mulligan who examines it too. Nothing. Mike takes it back. Stares at it in frustration. He tears the pages out of the binding. Everyone gasps at this blasphemous act. Is Mike possessed now? He hands pages to Todd who also tries to find something amiss.

DR. MORRIS  
Did someone fart?

Puzzled looks.

FATHER MULLIGAN  
The demonic often presents with foul smells. Y'all know that.

MIKE  
No! Nobody farted. It's these pages!

Shoto Manaka gasps.

SHOTO MANAKA

I once assisted the Christian missionaries back in Japan on an exorcism and they encountered this. The ink in that bible is made of human excrement and blood.

FATHER MULLIGAN

It's a Black Bible. Every prayer uttered from it is an abomination. It's why we can't get any traction here. Your prayers are undoing ours.

TODD

We put one of those in every home we visited with Father Titus.

MIKE

He vandalized the family bibles and replaced them with Black Bibles. We removed anything associated with the Old Religion that could have battled him as well.

TODD

We gave away dozens at the mass deliverance.

MIKE

And I delivered hundreds to the post office. No wonder we figured out all his previous plans. Every prayer uttered from every one of those black bibles will allow the demonic entry to our world.

TODD

We're not heroes. We didn't save Enfield. We didn't save anyone. We've destroyed everything. We weren't man enough. We're sissies.

MIKE

We're dummies.

Mike and Todd throw down their OTS hats in disgust.

INT. OWSLEY MANOR - NIGHT

BASEMENT

FATHER TITUS

Go to her. You will find her as she was. She is free.

Owsley runs upstairs to

#### THE CHAPEL

He enters and finds Annelique bloated and popped. He chokes on the foul ethers emitted from her corpse. Father Titus can be heard laughing.

#### INT. FITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

An air of shock still hangs in the air.

MIKE

We'll never track those bibles down. Is there anything we can do?

MADAME PURCELL

Maybe. Get to the site of the executions - where the innocent blood was spilled and the earth was taken for the Mahoygans. Nearby there will be a sigil hidden. It's a symbol on a piece of parchment. Don't look at it. Destroy it.

TODD

Will that work?

MADAME PURCELL

I don't know. Go!

FATHER MULLIGAN

Wait.

(to Mr. Fitz)

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit  
I command you, unclean spirit to reveal your name.

MR. FITZ

(creaky, metallic voice)

You'd shudder to hear it.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Tell me!

MR. FITZ

Erihon.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Lies! Tell me your name, in the name of the heavenly father I command you to tell me the truth!

MR. FITZ

IT IS ERIHON!!!!

MRS. FITZ

Is that bad?

TODD

He's one of the nine infernal devils.

FATHER MULLIGAN

We'll keep going here until we finish then we'll join you there. Good luck.

MRS. FITZ

Is it because this is the town that killed the last three witches?

DR. MORRIS

No Ma'am. You're forgetting your own history. This is the town that ended the witch hunts but not by killing the last witches.

INT. YE OLDE ENFIELD - NIGHT

Father Titus, looking human again, on the phone.

FATHER TITUS

Hello I'd like to report an intruder on the grounds at Ye Olde Enfield.

ON THE ROAD

The OTS Van approaches and pulls in to

YE OLD ENFIELD

It's so much worse at night. Mike and Todd creep up to the Burning Diorama. They look around for the sigil. Nothing.

TODD

This isn't right.



MIKE

They weren't killed here. Bad trip rock?

They run into and across the TRIPPING FIELD. As he slows from full run, Todd leans against the large glacial erratic known as BAD TRIP ROCK and he he gasps.

TODD

It was here. Oh, no. Oh no.

1691 FLASHBACK

1691 A.D.

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

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

POV FINALLY SPINS AROUND TO REVEAL THE WITCHES

THEY ARE NOT FILTHY OLD HAGS. THEY ARE TEENAGED GIRLS, NOT EVEN THE SAME AGE AS MAUREEN

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

The flames rise. Horrible screams can be heard. Then it all goes dead silent as the onlookers' faces are sprayed with blood and fluid.

DR. MORRIS (V.O.)

It's not in the history books but many historians speculate that the baby that erupted from Hannah's belly when the fire split her open was that of the Witchfinder General's. I believe that is the case.

The villagers are horrified.

DR. MORRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The villagers woke up at that instant and asked "what have we been doing to each other and why?" Could anything that drives us to this possibly be called God's work? Charles Endicott was visiting from

Salem and witnessed the murders and when he returned to Salem he asked the same questions and the land returned to sanity.

1691 FADES AWAY to find Todd leaning against Bad Trip Rock completely devastated.

FATHER TITUS

I'd like to congratulate you on a job well done, men.

TODD

Where is it?

OWSLEY

It's in that tree right there. There's a knothole, it's tucked in there.

Todd walks over to the tree, fishes out a plastic bag. Inside is a small piece of parchment.

A searchlight beam lights him up.

SHERIFF WATSON

Freeze or I will blow your fuckin brains out.

FATHER TITUS

Good evening Sheriff. These gentlemen are trespassing.

SHERIFF WATSON

Drop whatever is in your hand or I'll shoot you.

TODD

It's just a piece of paper.

The hammer pulls back on the "old guy gun." Todd drops it.

SHERIFF WATSON

How ya doin, Mr. Owsley?

OWSLEY

I've been better, Sheriff Watson. That piece of paper is my property and I'd like it please.

SHERIFF WATSON

Sure.

TODD

Sheriff Watson, I am begging you, please do not look at that piece of paper.

SHERIFF WATSON

What is it, kiddie porn? Acid?

The Sheriff unfolds it and looks at the symbol. He goes a little glassy eyed.

OWSLEY

Please return it to me.

SHERIFF WATSON

Sure thing.

He hands it to Father Titus instead and promptly leaves.

FATHER TITUS

Such a nice try. But it's over, gentlemen. All of it. He's finished.

TODD

He? You mean you? You're a Perfect Possession.

FATHER TITUS

Me? No. And thanks for burning the fuck out of me with that holy water you little asshole. I'm just along for the ride. I was on death row for killing kids. He came to me and made me an offer.

MIKE

You're a Ratavah. You bargained your way out of the dry place.

FATHER TITUS

He came to me on death row and made me an offer. I refused.

AN EXECUTION CHAMBER.

Prisoner Titus is strapped to a table as the Med Techs prepare the IV solution. They prep the spot, deliver the shot.

Prisoner Titus falls into darkness. His eyes open. His face goes tight with horror. His eyes go all red.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

I saw the Dry Place for a fraction of a millisecond  
and I quickly agreed to do anything he told me to.

TODD

But he's in there too? We're talking to him right  
now?

His eyes go black.

FATHER TITUS

What's on your mind, cupcake?

MIKE

We'd like to make a bargain.

FATHER TITUS

Oh goody. Speak.

TODD

We want to be Ratavahs too.

FATHER TITUS

You think you're going to the Dry Place?

MIKE

We deserve to.

FATHER TITUS

And you'd like to send someone in your place. Who  
shall it be? Father Mulligan? Maureen? Who?

TODD

We don't want out. We want in.

FATHER TITUS

What?

TODD

We want to go instead of others.

FATHER TITUS

Who?

MIKE

Mr. Gulick, Mr. Kolf, the dead girls, anyone you've taken from this town.

FATHER TITUS

Five people for just you two?

MIKE

We are a juicy prize for the infernal hierarchy. We've done more to harm and thwart the demonic realm than any laypeople in history.

TODD

We are Occult Trucking and Storage and we are about to die.

FATHER TITUS

Well. That's interesting. I think I better show you exactly what you'll be getting for all eternity. Let me show you the Dry Place.

He waves his hand. Todd and Mike fall to their knees as their eyes go black. They are back out of it in a second.

FATHER TITUS (CONT'D)

Is this still what you want?

MIKE AND TODD

YES IT FUCKING IS!

Father Titus stares a moment. Blank. Then rage. An unfathomable, cosmic, preternatural rage.

FATHER TITUS

YOU BASTARDS!

He falls backwards to the ground. Black mists swirl out of his lifeless body which promptly decomposes and vanishes into the earth.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

There are two ceremonies going on simultaneously.

TODD (V.O.)

The earth from the original execution was moved to consecrated ground. A Christian ceremony was performed for Emily and Hannah and Madame

Purcell spoke for Abigail who practiced the Old Religion.

There are a lot of people there. One little girl is over at the Christian ritual but her attention keeps being drawn to Madame Purcell who smiles at her. The ceremonies closed, people walk away looking happy, content.

Mike and Todd look over into the woods, not sure they're seeing what they see.

EMILY, HANNAH and ABIGAIL looking back at them. And in a blink they are gone.

Walking out of the cemetery, they pass Owsley in a suit standing over a grave marked ANGELIQUE. He is surrounded/supported by an honor guard of other aging rock stars. He catches Mike's eye. Mike touches his heart. Keith nods, wipes a tear.

As they leave, they spot Sheriff Watson sitting on his car.

SHERIFF WATSON  
Don't come back to my town.

Sheriff Watson pulls his shades down, revealing eyes that glint with unnatural colors.

TODD  
I can make no such promise.

The chords of a classic rock anthem begin to ripple.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOUGH - DAY

Mike and Todd sit and sip beverages with the other exorcists. The mood is quiet but nice.

The classic rock anthem continues to swell.

OUTSIDE THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The sign is still there. "YES WE HAVE WISHY WISH!" There's a guy on the box and on the poster. Hawklike features. Piercing blue eyes. He looks an awful lot like THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL

The classic rock anthem is in full force as we

FADE THE FUCK OUT