

DEMON DAVE

Written by

Bily Rathbone

Bilyrathbone@yahoo.com
139 N MAIN ST
CANTON NC 28716
828-301-6423

INT. CAVE - DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC

An elderly Native American sleeps in front of a large fire. A long wooden staff lays next to the man. The flames soar high, illuminating the area. Three shadows appear against the nearby clay wall. The shadows lurk closer, wings protrude from their backs. A smile creeps across the man's face as his hand squeezes the staff's hilt. The flames slowly descend, decreasing the light inside the cave. The Native American surges to his feet. He fights with a tenacity, driving the three evil creatures against the wall.

The beasts are humanoids. Different sets of horns exit their oversized skulls, declaring rank in their society. The devilish creature's hands house long claws and hairy fingers. A red-tinted set of scales cover their bones and they are covered with sporadic patches of black fur. The creature's muscular bodies are covered with torn jeans and black biker boots. The creatures susurrate, spewing a vile mist through the air.

The Native American continues his onslaught against the demons. Every time his staff connects, the fire rages higher. A large cauldron of steaming water rests above a smaller fire in an adjoining corridor. Two of the demons keep the Indian busy as the third approaches the boiling pot. Shadow creatures slither down the walls, staying away from the light as they investigate the evil doings. The old man sticks the tip of his staff into the neck of the largest demon. He violently forces him to the wall. The Native American pulls a pinch of dust from his side pouch and blows it into the demon's eye. The demon's body fuses into the clay, leaving an outline of his body and wings. The ivory from his horns politely seep through the walls.

The third demon reaches the pot of boiling liquid. He struggles in an attempt to tip the cauldron over, but the iron is too heavy. The second demon charges the Indian man, driving him to the ground. The staff slides across the cavern floor. The demon kicks the old man unmercifully, viciously ripping the old man with his claws. The demon squeals as his claw grabs an Ivory necklace in the shape of a pair of wings that dangles around the old man's neck. The demon pulls his ghastly claw away. Smoke billows from the wound. The demon turns quickly and charges the small corridor. The creature lowers its head and rams the boiling pot. The pot falls from the rod holding it above the small fire. The liquid spills onto the ground. The two demons drop to their hands, sniffing the liquid. The shadow creatures dance along the darkness of the room. The larger fire still keeping them to the edges. An arrow pierces the second demon in the skull, pushing it against the wall. A second arrow drives into the heart of the third demon, spinning it completely around, finally dropping to the moist soil.

The shadow creatures scurry up the walls, disappearing into the darkness of the high stones that cover the earthly ceiling. The Native American reaches in his animal-skin pouch and removes a handful of dust. The old man sprinkles the substance onto the two demons. Their bodies begin to decompose into the wet soil. The CACKLING of the shadow creatures echoes through the cave. The old man retrieves his arrows and places them into his bearskin quiver. He hobbles to the bloodstone across from the large fire. He removes the animal skin covering his shoulders. A deep gash races from his back to his abdomen. He winces in pain as he sits on the rock. The fire CRACKLES fiercely as he tends to his wound. The shadow creatures SHRILL in the distance. The Native American crawls from the rock, lowering his head in prayer. The fire shoots to the ceiling, the shadow creatures race for cover. The Indian begins to CHANT.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - MORNING

The sun fights through the clouds, attempting to break the dreadfulness of the darkening sky. Thousands of winged Demons descend to the ground. The Demons gather in the middle of a valley covered with red clay. Each winged creature carries a demonic weapon of choice and breathes a hideous black ash. They surge forward, surrounding a larger-than-life stone throne. Hundreds of tiny demons scurry around the edges, up and down the arms as they wait for their king to grant them an audience. A bright light races from the dark skies, landing in the middle of the throne. The little demons are cast from the godly chair. The edges of the throne quickly ignite with thousands of gassy flames. The beastly demons swat at the oncoming grunts. A large horned humanoid appears in the midst of the bright light.

INT. KINGDOM HALL - DAY

The tiny worship hall is full. A woman (BECCA) with long brown hair stands in front of an elegant water fountain. She is wearing a beautiful white dress with a moderate amount of cleavage showing for a baptism. Three men, wearing expensive suits, stand around the woman. The man in the middle leans the woman's head back and gently pours water over her forehead. She quickly kneels and bows her head.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A man leans against a gray Toyota Four Runner. He is tall and slender. His hair pokes up like a porcupine.

JON carries a sweet shyness on his back. He's unsure of anything he does, but follows through on everything he starts. His tone is masculine, but quickly changes when he's nervous. Becca slowly approaches with a huge grin on her face. Becca gleams "the girl next door." An overlooked beauty with an extremely sensual demeanor, but lacks the self-confidence to use it for her advantage. Her brown hair dangles past her shoulders and her Rootbeer colored eyes sparkle under the God's bright sun. The innocence and warmth of her smile warns those watching, "approach at your own risk." Her voice is of a Southern-Belle who has indeed been properly educated.

BECCA
I'm so glad you came.

Jon's voice is assertive and masculine.

JON
You said it was a big deal.

Becca delivers a token hug. Jon quickly rummages through his jacket pockets.

JON (CONT'D)
I got you a present.

Jon pulls out a pair of tickets. Becca smiles and slowly reaches for the present.

BECCA
What's this?

Jon smiles ear to ear. Becca turns the tickets sideways and begins to gush.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Oh', wow! Front row seats for the STRYPER reunion tour.

JON
I figured since you're really trying hard to straighten your life up - you should take baby steps. I know you still love Metal.

Becca hugs Jon again and smiles large.

JON (CONT'D)
I know, but I thought it was too soon to ask you to go to a MARILYN MANSON concert.

Becca glances at the tickets. She frowns.

BECCA

This is great.... but - I can't go.

Jon's buzz is quickly deflated.

JON

Why not?

BECCA

Princess Falling Leaf called me last night.

Jon's face draws a blank. Becca CHUCKLES.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Riana.

JON

Oh', yeah.

BECCA

Her grand-mother passed away. I promised I would show up for the funeral. It's the same weekend as these tickets.

Jon frowns and lowers his head.

JON

It's okay.

BECCA

You can go with me if you like? I mean... if you don't mind missing this great show.

Becca waves the tickets. Jon smiles. He grabs the tickets and rips them apart.

JON

I just wanted to spend some time with you. I couldn't even name a STRYPER tune.

Becca giggles.

INT. CASINO - CHEROKEE NC

Thousands of money-hungry gamblers fill the floors of the casino. The gaming area buzzes with activity. Becca, Jon and CRAIG play the slot machines in the back corner of the casino.

Craig's confidence in himself comes across as a cocky bastard to others. He's convinced himself; He's a true ladies man. Craig's athletic appearance catches a woman's eye. His feisty mouth sends them running for the door. He speaks in small spurts. Many accusing him of hijacking Christopher Walken's swagger and John Stamo's hair. Craig holds up a bucket full of coins.

CRAIG

This has been a pretty good trip.
Pulling this arm is like taking
candy from a baby.

Craig pulls the slot's arm. The symbols spin in the windows.

BECCA

Must I keep reminding you, why we
are here?

CRAIG

It's hard to understand why Riana
would drive all the way from New
Mexico, just to go to the funeral
of someone she hasn't seen in
twelve years. It just seems crazy.

BECCA

Family is family - no matter how
far away you must travel.

JON

There's no distance I wouldn't
travel to see a family member for
the last time.

CRAIG

Yeah, but.....?

BECCA

You jackass! That *old woman* was
Riana and D's great-great
grandmother. Show just a little bit
of compassion. She was their only
living relative.

Jon softly brushes Becca away from Craig.

JON

Can you two not get along for more
than a handful of seconds? I don't
want to have to separate you guys
all weekend.

Becca glances at her watch.

Becca
Let's go. We're scheduled to meet
them in less than a hour.

Becca grabs her jacket from the back of the chair.

CRAIG
I am red hot. We can't leave now.
By night fall - I will have six of
these buckets full of coin.

BECCA
We need to meet Lib and Doc at
their hotel at two as well.

Becca taps her watch. She tugs at Craig to stand up. An impatient Becca becomes forceful with Craig. A few coins fall from Craig's bucket onto the ground.

JON
It is disrespectful to keep someone
waiting.

Craig reluctantly gathers the coins off the ground.

CRAIG
It must be awesome being rich and
having the means to sleep in an
Indian Mansion, while we poor folk
have to camp out in the woods.

JON
If you would get a full time job,
you, too, could enjoy the finer
things in life.

Becca stomps her foot.

BECCA
We need to get out of here.

Craig winks at Becca.

CRAIG
In between the time I plan on
spending pleasing you sexually, I
thought I could study for my final
exam. I brought my book of everyday
Hebrew phrases and my enormous
uncircumcised cock.

Craig grabs his crotch.

BECCA

You know, Craig, for someone who is really prejudice, spitefully jealous and absolutely non-caring of other's feelings - you have some very good friends. If you don't learn to shut your fucking mouth, you will die lonely.

CRAIG

I'm sure I'll die with my dick in my hand.

BECCA

With you, or with out - I'm leaving.

Becca knocks the bucket of coins out of his hands. She dangles the keys in front of Craig's face.

JON

Damn girl, get it.

BECCA

Should I say that in Hebrew so you can understand it?

Becca walks away.

CRAIG

You need to keep that bitch on her leash. I'm not going to cater to her every demand this weekend.

Jonathan and Craig bend down. Jon stares up at Craig as they scoop up the coins.

JON

Goddamn it, Craig, for Riana and D, please don't ruin this weekend. It's bad enough to spend your vacation at a funeral. So please, try not to be a complete dick all weekend.

CRAIG

I'm just saying.

JON

I'm just warning you. Don't be a dick. Becca has my keys. I'm gone.

Jon puts the last coin in the bucket. He pats Craig on the back. Jon stands. He walks away.

CRAIG
Me, a dick? Nah.

Craig flips the coin, dropping it into the slot machine. Jonathan grabs Craig by the arm. Jon jerks him away from the machine.

JON
We are already late. Let's go.

CRAIG
Just one more pull.

Craig pulls the handle. The numbers spin. Jon forcefully pushes Craig through the sea of patrons. The numbers stop on "666." Smoke slithers from the top of the machine. Coins spill onto the floor from the mouth of the machine. The gamblers next to the empty machine quickly gather up the coins spitting onto the floor.

EXT. HARRAH'S HOTEL - DAY

Craig, Becca and Jon stand in front of an elegant and extremely tall hotel. Craig looks up in amazement.

CRAIG
They give the Wahoos everything.
All I ever got for free was a
Toyota with a bad alternator.

JON
Oh, no. You're not a racist.

CRAIG
After the Hispanics take over,
maybe Obama will give all us white
folks some land and allow us to
have our own little village in
Montana, or Wyoming.

JON
Not at all bitter.

CRAIG
This country is going to shit, and
we can't even afford to buy toilet
paper to clean our asses.

Jonathan softly taps Craig on the back of the head.

JON
Behave, dude.

BECCA

This place is huge. I know it would take a pretty penny to stay here.

CRAIG

You want to see huge, just unzip my pants.

BECCA

That would be a waste of about ten seconds of my already busy life.

JON

Pretty penny? Shit! If I had the money to say here, it could be the ugliest penny in the world.

They approach the massive revolving doors. Murdock and Liberty exit through the mechanism. DOC is a man's man. Dark curly hair and piercing green eyes. A sense of humor that captivates an audience. Stays strong with his Italian roots, but enjoys his hard earned money. His Boston accent leaves no doubt where his heart lies.

DOC

We were just going to get a bite to eat.

JON

It's good to see you.

LIB is sweet and innocent, but still has a diva quality to her. Her long blonde hair and beach blue eyes could stop traffic. Libby beams with confidence and contradicts her Yankee lover with a crisp country "sweet-tea" twang.

LIB

I wanted to wait a little bit longer, but Doc insisted he could not wait another second to eat.

BECCA

I'm sorry. I tried to hurry everyone up. I really wanted to help with the arrangements.

DOC

It's okay. We made them. My sugar is a little low. I just need some chow.

LIB

Would you guys like to join us for lunch? The more the merrier, even Craig would be welcomed.

BECCA

I am starved to death, but we desperately need to purchase a map or get directions to the parkway. We should set up camp before it gets too dark.

CRAIG

Yea, we poor folk have to sleep on the cold hard ground.

LIB

Actually, We were going to surprise you. We rented the hotel for Riana and D'Angelo. We were going to camp with you guys. If you don't mind?

DOC

We, too, are going to sleep on that cold hard ground with you po-folk.

CRAIG

Great! Now we have to pamper the Romneys.

The group strolls through the parking lot.

JON

He's just kidding. That would be great. We should eat quickly so we can get back on the road?

DOC

I'll pay for dinner if we can catch a ride with you guys to the parkway.

CRAIG

I never turn down a free meal. Let's do this thing, but you guys should know straight out - I don't eat any of that Thai food crap. Cats and dogs stay off my menu.

LIB

We do need to hurry though. We have to find this place and set up camp. I've got to get some sleep. The funeral is early in the evening.

The group stop at black Dodge Durango. Doc runs his hands across the door. Five bullet holes are puttied into the door.

DOC

Nice ride. Where did you get this bad boy? Are those real bullet holes?

JON

Thanks, man. I got it at a police auction. They say it was used in a bank robbery. I just couldn't cover that up with a fresh coat of paint.

LIB

This is bad ass.

The group enter the ride. The Durango pulls off onto the freeway.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The group sits at a table in an old run down cafe. They eat and laugh. Murdock pays for their meal. Craig stands at the grocery counter. The clerk is wearing overhauls and has a tobacco stain in his long gray beard. The ATTENDANT unfolds a map. He points to a spot on the map.

CRAIG

You are sure about this map?

The clerk's dialect is about four letters from being an actual language.

ATTENDANT

Yessur, It will get ya' anywhere ya' need to be. Just make sure where ya' go, is where ya' really need to be.

CRAIG

I hope so, but what do you mean by - where we need to be?

ATTENDANT

Just don't be where ya' don't need to be. Don't go stickin' yo city noses in country folks biz-ness. We do thangs a little different out here. Enjoy the scenery and our fine cui-sine. Then go home. We don't go mowin' the grass in your rock filled cities.

He wipes the snuff from the corner of his mouth with his sleeve.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

So, if ya' don't mind, don't bring that suburban uptown grease to our cookout.

Craig scowls as he rolls up his sleeves, looking over his shoulder to see if anyone else heard that paragraph. The old man closes one eye as he listens.

CRAIG

Is that really a sentence? I am not sure if that is broken English, or do you have shit in your mouth?

Craig CHUCKLES to himself. He pulls a piece of Jerky from a large glass jar.

ATTENDANT

Heed my warnin'. Because if ya' don't, ya' will not get another chance to heed ever again. Ya' city folk all think we are a bunch of country bumpkins, but let me tell ya' - we are street smart and everyday sa'vvy. Don't let my good looks fool ya'. I know what I'm talkin' 'bout.

The attendant spits tobacco into a tiny tin cup.

CRAIG

Okay.

Murdoch taps Craig on the shoulder with another map.

DOC

Let's hit the road. I got us some snack foods and some gear for Smores.

CRAIG

Did you get any Snickers? I love nougat. Don't know what it is, but I love that shit.

Doc exits the store.

ATTENDANT

Remember what I said.

CRAIG
I'm not even sure I understood what
you said.

Craig folds up the map.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
But I appreciate the entertainment
value of this conversation.

The clerk spits in the tin tan. Tobacco rolls down his chin.

ATTENDANT
I reckon ya' did. There's demons in
those mountains. Another is comin'
to let them out.

CRAIG
Demons?

ATTENDANT
That's what I said. Ya' deaf or
jus' plum stupid, boy?

CRAIG
Behave, old timer.

Craig exits.

ATTENDANT
Sure as fire, I'll never see those
smart asses again.

He drinks the spit from the tin cup.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - DUSK

COPPERHEAD ROAD - STEVE EARL

The group lumbers through the forest carrying their camping
gear. They approach a beautiful clearing. A massive fire pit
sits in the middle of the secluded area.

DOC
This is a great spot. Hell, all the
work has already been done. Let's
show these ladies how we men can
build a fire.

Doc drops his gear. He approaches the fire pit. The pit
already has wood and kindling in the center.

LIB
Yea, that's for sure. It's getting
cold. Colder than a witch's nipple.

Doc ignites a fire inside the pit.

DOC
So easy a caveman could do it.

CRAIG
Cavemen didn't have lighters or
lighter fluid.

DOC
I'm one of those uptown cavemen.

JON
How do we know this isn't someone
else's spot?

DOC
We don't.

CRAIG
Fuck that. There is no gear here.
So as far as I am concerned, this
ground is my sacred ground. It's
our camp now, baby. If someone
wanted this spot, they would have
put up a tent or something. All's
fair in love and fire pits.

JON
For once, I agree with Craig.

Jon slides his pack from his shoulders.

CRAIG
I'm setting up my tent.

Craig slings down his gear. He assembles his pup tent.

BECCA
I guess Jon and I will put our tent
over here. That should leave you
plenty of room over there.

Becca points to the left of the fire.

LIB
Suits me fine. Let's get to work.

The fire burns as the group sets up camp.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - SUNSET

A black smoke billows into the air. The elderly Indian man sits in front of a small fire. He captures the smoke into a bearskin and then releases it to the skies. A rusted metal pan sits inside the open fire. A red liquid boils inside the pan. The Indian man smears the hot blood onto his face. A huge rock formation watches the ritual from behind. The rocks are chiseled and the longer you stare at them, the more they look like Angels. An Angelic Script has been carved into the stone. The Indian man CHANTS and dances ritualistically around the fire. The fire rages higher. The Angel's outline of the stone animates. Three warrior angels stalk the fire. The Indian man continues his dance.

EXT. HEAVEN

A beautiful well gardened area burns violently. A thick smoke dances across the flowers and the ponds. Angel warriors battle with the winged demonic creatures. The demons are dastardly. They violently tear the angels apart. An angel with long, blonde flowing hair walks through the battlefield. His complexion is pale. He carries a bow. A dark smoke passes the angel as he approaches a fallen brother. The angel scoops up the wounded warrior and carries him to a fountain containing a golden stream. A horde of demons sleigh the remaining angels in the background. The ANGEL immerses the wounded warrior into the fountain.

ANGEL

It shall come to pass, that all
shall die in your name, not mine.

A sprite of lightning strikes the warrior. A CLAP of THUNDER causes the demonic winged creatures to drop to their knees. The creatures WAIL in agony, covering their ears and fighting within themselves not to bow their heads in obedience.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

The group roasts marshmallows and hotdogs over the fire. Libby and Doc cuddle up together under a blanket. Jon and Becca sit close, but separately on a single log. Craig pokes the fire with a long stick. The flames shoot higher.

LIB

I think I'll go to bed. After all,
we have to get up pretty early in
the morning.

CRAIG

Yeah. That's if we can even get up?

BECCA

What does that statement mean?

LIB

Yeah, Craig. What exactly does that supposed to mean?

CRAIG

It's nothing. Just a tall-tale I heard from one of the yokels this evening when I was buying a map. I think the shit-eater was trying to scare me.

DOC

Tall-tale? What kind of tale? A scary one? I'd like to hear it.

Doc pulls Libby closer.

JON

Yeah, Craig. I heard him mumbling something to you. What exactly did he tell you?

Craig shakes his head. He pokes the fire.

BECCA

What's wrong Craig? Are you too scared to tell a "camp fire tale?"

Craig CHUCKLES at Becca. He opens a smaller cooler sitting next to him and pulls out a beer. He pops the top. He glances around the fire, checking out everyone's mental state. They all stare back at him, waiting for a reply.

CRAIG

Nah. I'd better not. I don't want to be the jerk that scares the ladies before beddie bye. They wouldn't get any sleep, and in the morning when they wake - they would look like shit, and I would never hear the end of it. I'd hate to be the cause of all that.

BECCA

Well, you can't stop from being a jerk, that's natural to you. And as far as you caring about something other than yourself, that in itself is scary. We are grown women and I don't think you could scare us at all. So, spit it out.

LIB

Scared? It takes a lot to scare me, and I'm sure that's more than what you can deliver.

DOC

Yeah, go ahead Craig. We do have to get some sleep soon. So, stop wasting time. Let's hear what you got.

CRAIG

Okay, but if you guys get scared and you can't sleep, I don't want to hear any shit about why you girls look like "death warmed over" in the morning. Don't report me to Michelle Obama's women's society, or something like that.

Craig pokes the fire. The flames shoot to the sky. All the camper's snuggle up. Craig drinks from his beer. Craig gently blows on his fiery marshmallow. The tiny flames ignite.

BECCA

What a ham.

CRAIG

Okay. Here's what the old man told me. It's a tale that derived from the missing chapters of the bible, Revelations 21 to 23.

BECCA

There are no chapters 21 to 23.

CRAIG

That's why I said missing chapters, bible-girl. Anyway, these pages told the story of what happened in the Heavens during the great war of the angels. They were left out of the scriptures because the Catholics thought they showed contentment for Heaven and God's choices.

DOC

Catholics? Contentment? Never!

CRAIG

It's said, that Lucifer during his fall fathered a son from a female of our Earth, but the kicker is - she was a muse that was sent down to inspire the minds of man. Instead, she took a seed of an angel, the first of many evil angels.

BECCA

The Nepheline.

LIB

Wow, Becca. You do know a lot about religion.

BECCA

Yeah, you could say I was a "bible pusher" when I was little.

JON

Girls, the story.

BECCA

So sorry, Craig.

LIB

Please, continue.

CRAIG

Sleepin' with his children enraged God, and that's what made him decide to cast Lucifer and his foes out of paradise. Lucifer revolted and said God had no reason to cast him out.

Becca shakes her head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Lucifer did it out of an act of love, but God's hand was almighty in Heaven, and Lucifer and his brotherhood were cast out. Originally, they were cast to Earth, but God didn't want the evil seed mixing with his people. Again, choosing the humans over his angels. God created a prison for these defilers of his word. We know it as Hell.

Doc pokes the fire. It shoots high.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

God locked them in the burning pit forever, but as the years passed - more angels saw what Lucifer preached and kept the war waging in his honor.

BECCA

The great war of the Heaven's is merely a myth.

CRAIG

Lucifer's son, David, grew into a powerful creature - half Demon, half angel. He learned the way of eternal travel and could trek from heaven and hell. Before, only God and Lucifer possessed that power. David vowed to break his father free from his prison.

Murdock throws a beer can into the fire. The fire sparks up high. The girls are spooked and move back quickly. Jon CHUCKLES. Craig surveys his audience, slowly sticking another marshmallow on his stick. Craig slowly turns the burning cube of sugar.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

It looked like the war was going to be won by the evil angels. When suddenly, God himself came to the battle. He hunt down David, and in a magnificent battle, struck him down using the sword of lightning. He then took the body of Lucifer's son and buried him here - inside The Devil's Stomping ground. Probably fairly close to where we are camping, right now.

A coyote SCREAMS. The girls look at one another.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

He selected a sacred race of humans to watch this burial ground. Their job was to make sure the evil never rises. Lucifer cast a spell on the ground before David was laid to rest. The Demon will rise if the race of protectors die out. He will wake the night of their last breath and kill anything he approaches.

Craig glances up to see how spooked the girls are.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And another way is, if a man of God's cloth reads the final verse in the missing chapters. Which many believe are also buried somewhere in these mountains. Lucifer's son will show no mercy to the pets of God.

Doc begins to COUGH uncontrollably.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I've heard the offsprings of the beast occasionally send their children in futile attempts to free him.

BECCA

Wow. That's interesting. So not true, but a good story. We are off to bed.

Becca pulls Jon up. She leads him to the tent. Craig tosses his stick into the fire. Libby's head is buried into Murdoch's chest.

DOC

I think my Grandpa told me that story when I was a child, but they called him Dave. They said, he's a demon. He's an angel. He's vengeful. He is evil. He told me not only would he rise from his sleep, but David would resurrect all the slain angels that are buried all over these mountains.

LIB

Doc, stop it.

DOC

They would destroy God's people, turn earth into the devil's playground, and then return to heaven and destroy it.

LIB

Okay, that really is enough.

Libby playfully slaps Doc on the arm.

DOC

It's just a story.

LIB
We need sleep.

Lib stands. She walks to the tent. Doc stands and follows her. Craig pops open a beer. He repositions himself against the log. He closes his eyes and sips on his brew.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Libby and Doc snuggle up in a two-man sleeping bag.

LIB
That story was very scary.

DOC
It will be alright. After all, it's just legend lore.

LIB
Yeah, but it still scared me.

DOC
You better get some sleep.

LIB
I can't sleep after that story.

DOC
The other day I went jogging through the park and I came across this old man crying on the bench.

LIB
You don't jog.

Doc throws a sarcastic smile at Libby.

DOC
Like I said, "I was jogging. " Anyway, this ole' man was crying. I stopped at the bench and sat down beside him. I asked the old man why he was crying.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The OLD MAN dries his sobbing eyes.

OLD MAN
It's my wife.

DOC

Women can be trouble. Did she leave you, or make you mad?

OLD MAN

No, nothing like that. I get up every single morning and we make mad passionate love.

DOC

What's wrong with that?

OLD MAN

Nothing, then after making love - she cooks me a big hearty breakfast. I lounge around in my favorite leather chair for a few hours watching THE PRICE IS RIGHT, and then we make mad passionate love again.

DOC

(sarcastically)

You have a rough life.

The old man continues to SOB.

OLD MAN

Then, she cooks me a hearty lunch. After I feel my belly with her wonderful cooking, we make mad passionate love again. I go upstairs and take a long afternoon nap. We get up and play in the garden - watch the "idiot box" for several more hours. She then cooks me a hearty dinner.

DOC

(really sarcastic)

I don't know how you survived this long.

A bewildered and confused Doc smiles at the old man.

OLD MAN

Usually, she cooks a big juicy steak, with a side of baked potato - for desert we have a chilled bowl of banana pudding, or some mouth watering cherry JELLO. Then we turn in for the night.

The old man wipes a few tears from his cheek.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Every single night before we go to sleep, she gently blows in my ear and we make mad passionate love - one more time.

Doc shakes his head as he chuckles under his breath. The old man continues to cry. Doc lays his hand on the man's shoulder.

DOC

Hey? If you don't mind me asking. How old are you, any way?

OLD MAN

I am eighty-one years young.

DOC

How old is your wife?

OLD MAN

She is twenty-six. Yeah, she's flexible too. She owns her own gymnastics studio. She used to teach young talented girls for the Olympics, but she retired when her mother died and left us thirty million dollars and her lingerie empire. I just don't understand life. Why it's so cruel? Why I am being treated like this?

DOC

Exactly, what are you crying for?

OLD MAN

I am over eighty-years old. Everything on my body works perfectly but my mind, sometimes it's a little hazy. I can't remember how to get home.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Libby stares at Doc passionately. Her eyes dance with lust. Doc closes his eyes and smiles. Libby buries her head into his shoulder. Doc softly touches her hair.

DOC

He couldn't remember how to get home.

LIB
That was funny. Thanks. That will
help me sleep.

DOC
You know what else helps?

LIB
What?

Doc blows in her ear.

DOC
I never forget where I live.

Doc kisses Lib. They make love as the moonlight shines on their tent. A figure appears on the outside of the tent. Doc and Libby continue to have sex.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

A snake slithers across the log as Craig sleeps. A shadow lingers over Craig. The fire burns intensely. The snake slithers toward Craig's head. A foot with leather boots stomp the head of the snake.

INT. HOTEL - CHEROKEE - NIGHT

RIANA is a tall slender woman with dark hair. Her skin is dark, centered by a set of dark intriguing eyes. Her lips are full and she has a small beauty mark on her forehead. She speaks with a prominent Native American accent. Shower water runs from another room. Riana unpacks a suitcase. She grabs her dress protected by a slip cover from the bed. She approaches the closet door. Riana pulls a black dress from a slip cover and hangs it on the door. She sadly walks to the bed. Riana continues to unpack. She comes across a beautiful hand sewn handkerchief with an exotic Native American pattern.

RIANA
What the...?

She gently unfolds the handkerchief, revealing an Ivory trinket in the shape of a pair of wings. She smiles as she rubs her fingers across the stone.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - DAY

An eight year old Riana shapes a piece of clay spinning on a pottery wheel.

A much older woman sits on the ground, weaving the handkerchief. The wrinkles run down the woman's face like rivers of tomorrow. Her eyes gleam under the sun. Her knuckles are curved and badly bent, but she easily works the needles forming her masterpiece. The village CHIEF slowly approaches. He bends down and pulls a corn pipe from behind Riana's ear. Riana giggles as she continues to mold her vase. The Chief turns to the older woman and places his hand on her head. She glances up and smiles. The Chief pulls the Ivory wings out of his pouch and hands it to the old lady. She frowns and reluctantly takes the trinket. The Chief turns to Riana.

CHIEF

One day, Princess Falling Leaf - you will be asked to take these wings to the hidden cave and prepare the new guardian. The fires have chosen you. You are special.

PRINCESS FALLING LEAF

How will I know it's time, poppapy.

CHIEF

Our Guardians will call one of us home, sending you to the site. Another of us shall fall soon afterward. It is your duty to carry the wings to the new guardian.

His hands tremble as he runs them through the little girl's hair.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

A restless Craig's eyelids rapidly move. A group of flies linger around his head.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

The old Indian reads from a stained piece of parchment. The Indian sacrifices a lamb over the open fire. The blood drips from the lamb's mouth to the dry soil. The earth's floor trembles. Large cracks form across the ground. The rock formations behind the Indian man shakes. The angels animate from the rock. A large winged creature with enormous spiraling horns approach the angels. The creature ROARS. The wind from the demon's voice force the angles back onto the rock. The winged beast holds the snake in his demonic claws.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

Craig awakens. A spooked Craig wipes the sweat from his forehead. The ambers from the fire spark. The fire is almost gone. Craig grabs his beer. It's empty. He crushes the can and throws it into the fire pit. Craig reignites the fire. A large "claw-like" footprint sits unnoticed in the dirt next to the log. He stretches. He goes back to sleep against the log.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

Every seat in the funeral parlor is taken. Riana and D'angelo greet viewers as they approach the coffin. An attractive blonde with a red bow in her hair sits in the front row, near the wall. Riana and D'angelo now sit in the center of the second row. Riana closes her eyes. A tear rolls down her cheek. She opens her eyes slowly. The LADY in the casket sits up. All the people inside the church are now Native Americans. A yellow mist surrounds the coffin. The velvet red curtains behind the casket catch on fire. The viewers are calm, and peacefully watch. The faces from the viewers switch from Indian to demon.

DEAD WOMAN

Face the evil - for the evil will
follow you forever. Then you, too,
can be dead, dead - dead like me.

The dead woman hideously laughs. Her wrinkled bony finger points at Riana.

DEAD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Dead like you.

Snakes and spiders, slither and crawl from the coffin. Riana closes her eyes. She slowly opens them. The viewers are back to normal. Her Grandmother rests peacefully in her coffin. A small spider scurries across the pew in front of Riana. A few rows back: Murdock, Libby, Craig, Becca and Jon sit.

BECCA

(sotto)

Riana seems a little freaked to me.

JON

(sotto)

You would be too, if someone in
your family just passed away.

Craig shakes his head with new information.

CRAIG

(sotto)

I heard she's not even a real Cherokee Indian.

DOC

(sotto)

Around here no one probably is. Most people say they are Cherokee so they can get a piece of the Indian-American pie. A check every month. You go to school for free. Hell, I think I am part Cherokee.

CRAIG

(sotto)

Yeah, the casino pie. Harrah's home-made money homage.

BECCA

(sotto)

I don't guess it really matters. It's still her family. I would be torn up pretty bad too, I imagine.

LIB

(sotto)

Shush, be quite. We've got all day to talk. Just morn and if you can't - fake it.

CRAIG

(sotto w/chuckle)

It's the girls job to fake it.

Becca rolls her eyes.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LOBBY

The viewers file out of the service. Riana and her brother accept their condolences as they pass. The Ivory wings hang from a black piéce of thread around Riana's neck.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Doc and Jon lean against the bricks as Craig smokes.

CRAIG

Thanks for coming out here with me. Dead people freak me the fuck out.

DOC
I wanted out of there, myself.

Doc straightens his tie.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LOBBY

Becca and Lib stand patiently. D and Riana approach after shaking hands with the last viewer.

BECCA
I am truly sorry about your loss.

Riana's body trembles.

LIBBY
I'm sure she was a magnificent woman.

BECCA
Are you cold?

RIANA
Yes, a little.

Becca takes off her jacket, covering Riana's shoulders with the coat.

BECCA
Here, wear this for awhile.

RIANA
Thank you. It's weird. I don't know whether to cry or ask a hundred questions about who she really was?

LIB
Crying will help. Keeping the tears inside will only flood your heart.

BECCA
That's a beautiful necklace.

RIANA
Yeah, it was my grandmothers. I wanted to honor her by wearing it today, but I didn't have time to properly attach it to a real chain.

BECCA
I actually have a beautiful chain of white gold in my purse. If you like, I could place it on for you.

RIANA
I couldn't take your chain.

BECCA
It's not a problem. I was going to return it, but I'd much rather give it to you.

Riana reaches around her neck and unties the black string. She folds it up and hands it to Becca.

RIANA
Thanks. I would feel safer if it was on a real chain.

Becca carefully places it in her purse.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Craig begins to smile as he squashes his cancer-stick into the bricks of the building.

CRAIG
Did you guys see that blonde with the red bow in her hair? She was in the corner in the front row. She kept checking my shit out.

Both nod their head while taking drags of their cigarettes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Man, a woman like that doesn't come around too often. I should have got my game on.

Doc and Jon laugh.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
What's so fucking funny? I could have gotten with that chick. At least I've got the balls to try.

JON
After the fact, you are money.

DOC
She was your prototype blonde. I think it was very possible that you could have hooked up with her.

JON
What's that supposed to mean?

DOC

Do you remember that blonde? The girl who used to date Hot Rod? The girl at the...

CRAIG

(interrupts)

Barbecue. Yea, yea. I remember the girl. She had huge melons.

DOC

It's amazing how "trying" times like funerals brings back the best of times in your mind.

Doc finally just pulls the tie from his shirt.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LOBBY

D'ANGELO is a tall Native American male. His long black hair rests across his back, tucked neatly in a pony tale. His eyes are large with a deep concern swimming in his pupils. When D'angelo smiles everyone in the room smiles. His voice is rough and demands attention.

D

Are you guys going back to the mountains? Or are you going to try to get a room in town?

BECCA

We're camping. We're broke college students. So, we are going to rough it all weekend. Are you guys coming?

D

Yes, we will. We have to finish some things here, so it won't be until later tonight. But I'm sure we will find you. You don't mind us imposing, do you? I don't want to go somewhere we aren't wanted.

BECCA

No. We can't wait to hang out again. It's pretty simple to find. If Craig can find it, anyone can.

They all LAUGH.

D

Craig has a hard time finding his shadow on a sunny summer afternoon.

LIB

Again, I am so sorry for your loss.

Riana, Libby and Becca hug.

BECCA

If there is anything I can do for you, anything at all. Don't hesitate to ask. You know I'll always be there, even if you just need a ear or a shoulder to cry on.

RIANA

You're so sweet.

BECCA

I'll have the necklace ready for you by the time you get to the campsite.

Riana softly touches Becca on the arme.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Craig and Doc continue to giggle.

JON

What about her? What are you guys talking about?

CRAIG

That's right. Jon you missed the barbecue. I can't believe no one ever told you what happened.

DOC

Rod was the host of a barbecue at his house in Thickety. I know I was there, Rod of course, Craig, and his newly acquired blond girlfriend.

CRAIG

Briana was her name. I think.

DOC

What was Hot Rod's dates name? I can't remember.

CRAIG
Amber? Angel?

DOC
Anna!

CRAIG
Yeah. That's right, Anna the
Banana.

Doc and Craig attempt to hold in their laughter as a few mourners pass.

EXT. ROD'S HOUSE - DAY

Craig, Libby, Doc, Hot Rod, Briana, Becca and Anna party in the backyard.

DOC
Man, these dogs are good, but we need some Texas Pete or something to liven them up. They need to be able to say, "damn, I set your ass on fire."

HOT ROD is a little overweight and very country. He has dark hair and uses his hands ferociously as he speaks.

HOT ROD
I think I have some Famous Jake's in the kitchen. I can go get it.

DOC
Thanks, man. You're the host with the most. Grab some more beer too - if you don't mind? If we are going to fire up the food, we need something to cool down the aftermath.

Hot Rod strolls into the kitchen.

INT. ROD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rob grabs the hot sauce off the table and then secures a case of MICHLOB ULTRA out of the refrigerator. Rod walks to the doorway leading into the den. A bowl of mixed nuts sits on the table next to the doorway. A TV plays from inside the den.

MAN ON TV

On today's show - we talk about sex, violence and drug use on the silver screen. Hollywood or Hollyweird? Today's guest is writer/mogul, Quentin Tarantino.

HOT ROD

Fuck, yeah.

MAN ON TV

So, tell me Quentin, is it true when writers have writer's block they tend to lock themselves in a dark room and watch their favorite movies over and over again, until they come out of their mind-coma and then sometimes, maybe even borrow some of that material for their own?

QUENTIN

When I lock myself in a dark room and watch my favorite film - Usually, now usually, not all the time - there is some sort of lubrication involved. Real men can handle it dry. Me, Myself. I like a little axle grease to get things started.

MAN ON TV

That's what I mean. I ask a simple question and you give me a racy answer. Is there anything normal about Quentin Tarantino?

QUENTIN

What may be simple to you could be a complete mind-rape to others. You asked me a question and I gave you a honest answer. You may not like the answer, but who's to say I liked the question.

Quentin drinks a Yahoo chocolate flavored beverage. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Normal! What the hell is normal? I have an ostrich and a snake named Elvis. A perverted Parrot and friends - who are thieves.

Rod sits the beer on the table.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Is normal going to work six days a week, ten hours a day just so you can barely make ends meet? They eat Hungry Man while drinking cheap beer. Or is it watching some reality show that has no grip on reality what-so-ever?

Rod shovels some of the nuts into his mouth.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Mere morons hoping that today will be the day that your pill-popping wife finally notices that you are alive and everything you do - you do for her. And maybe, just maybe - she will once again let you taste the petals on her rose without begging for it, or even worse - promising her you will buy her a new diamond for her wrinkled ass-smelly finger, or that you will sit through some stupid romantic comedy written by a guy who views romance as a bottle of wine served to him by an underpaid waiter at some out-of-the-way restaurant everyone brags about, but no one enjoys the portion sizes brought to them. If you still crave a juicy DOUBLE DARE from Wonka's after dinner, you fucking failed!

HOT ROD

Hell, yeah.

Hot Rod shovels more nuts into his mouth. Becca enters, carrying a beer.

BECCA

Where's your restroom.

HOT ROD

Down the hall, and to the left.

Becca hurries down the hall.

INT. ROD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Becca stares into the mirror. She straightens up her hair and then takes a sip of her beer.

BECCA

This is my life. I've got to live the way I want to.

She takes another big chug of her beer.

BECCA (CONT'D)

It's not a sin to have a little fun.

She adjusts her cleavage.

KITCHEN:

Rod leans forward as he laughs.

QUENTIN

Or is normal waking up angry at the world, cursing the government for decisions that they make - that severely impact our life on a daily basis in a negative way? Going through the rest of the day just praying someone will say something that will set you into a tyrant and push you over the edge. That person then will cause your brain to swell larger than a watermelon and right before it explodes, you have just enough energy and time to buy a perfectly legal semi-automatic weapon and shoot many innocent people - just were no one in this evil infested world will forget your name. That exact same jack-ass, instead of standing tall and being proud of himself for his actions - he takes said gun, sticks it to the bottom of his mouth and chooses the Catholic way out. Is that your definition of normal? If so, normal is a little fucked up.

HOT ROD

Fucking A. Speak it, Revarund Q.

Hot Rod shovels nuts into his mouth as he LAUGHS. Anna enters. ANNA is a beautiful blonde siren: large breasts with an unforgettable booty. Her eyes are iceberg blue. Jennifer Tilly would most certainly sue for copyright infringement after hearing her seductive and squeaky voice.

ANNA

I thought you got lost. I was really starting to miss you.

Rod SCOFFS. He waves his hand at Anna like "it's no big deal." He continues to shovel nuts into his mouth.

HOT ROD

Nah. I just stopped to catch this interview. Q is the best writer around.

Rod slowly begins to gag, but he keeps shoveling nuts into his mouth.

HOT ROD (CONT'D)

His stuff blows away everyone elses. Shit! His movies speaks volumes above the rest. Q keeps it real.

ANNA

Real crazy.

HOT ROD

Not crazy - edgy.

ANNA

Everyone's waiting on you. You really shouldn't keep your guests waiting. You should hurry back outside before the beer gets too warm and the dogs become cold.

HOT ROD

Everyone's waiting on me. Sure they are waiting on me, alright. Can't have a party without hot Rod. They are waiting for me to bring the goddamn beer and the hot sauce.

Anna shakes her head. Rod shovels more nuts into his mouth. Becca slowly walks down the hall.

ANNA

Play nice, and I'll play nice. Shove your nuts through these.

Anna pulls up her top, exposing her luscious breasts. Hot Rod CHOKES violently on the nuts. Rod drops the hot sauce and pushes the beer onto the floor. Becca stands in awe'. Her mouth gaping open, staring at Anna's breasts. Hot Rod doubles over. His face turns red. Anna panics. She runs out the door SCREAMING and CRYING. Rod stumbles through the sliding glass door, staggering into the side of the door. Becca slowly follows.

EXT. ROD'S HOUSE - DAY

Rod chokes viciously. He bumps into a table and knocks off a few of the items. Everyone stares.

ANNA

Quick. He's choking! Can't someone do something?

Doc, Briana and Craig rush to Rod's aid.

DOC

Rod, are you alright?

ANNA

Does anyone know the HIND-LICK-REMOVER?

Rod LAUGHS as he CHOKES.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Jon has a huge smile on his face.

DOC

Any way, when she said, "HIND-LICK-REMOVER", I busted out laughing. It was so funny even Rod, who was choking to death already, started laughing - it actually made his choking worse.

CRAIG

Fortunately for us, my floozy date did-in-deed know the Hind-lick-remover.

DOC

Seeing Anna's boobs turned Becca into a wild woman.

They LAUGH. Becca and Libby exit the funeral parlor.

BECCA
What's so funny?

JON
Nothing. They were just telling me
a story about a blonde at a
barbecue.

BECCA
The Anna and the choking on the
nuts story. Classic.

LIB
Hind-lick-remover.

BECCA
I am starved to death. Do you think
we can get something to eat before
we go back to the forest?

CRAIG
Damn, Becca. You are always eating.
Are you sure I can't interest you
in something that will fill you up?

Craig grabs his crotch.

BECCA
I don't like finger food, Craig.

Becca slings Craig the finger.

DOC
We really should get back to camp.
I don't know how safe our stuff is?

LIB
I am hungry too. Who's going to do
anything to our stuff? This is the
country. Everyone is nice and
friendly out here.

CRAIG
Wrong Turn, does that open any
one's eyes?

BECCA
Let's just make a quick pit stop
and grab some hotdogs and burgers.
We will have a cook out at the
site. It will be fun.

LIB

Yeah, we can grab some chips and some mixed nuts. We will make it a barbecue.

The boys LAUGH hysterically.

BECCA

That day changed my life. I wasn't even allowed to watch cable growing up. For the first time, I realized there is life outside of the Kingdom Hall.

JON

I like who you've grown into.

BECCA

I'm pretty happy with the outcome as well, but I still got to be strong to my beliefs.

Becca pushes Craig against the wall as she passes. She places her arm around Jon.

INT. CAVE - DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - DAY

The old Indian sits in front of the fire. The shadow creatures linger around the edges of light. The Ivory wings around his neck flutter several times. The Native American quickly stands. He grabs a torch from the wall and ignites it using the flames from the fire. The Indian slowly approaches a large bolder, blocking another entrance. He holds the torch up as he runs his fingers across the carvings. The shadow creatures slowly step forward. The Indian spins around quickly, pushing the torch forward. The shadow creatures dance for shade. The Native American proudly steps to the fire. The old man places the burning torch back on the wall. The Native American sits down.

OLD MAN

My kin have come. My days are no more.

The shadow creatures CACKLE in the background.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

The new guardian will be much stronger than I.

The shadow creatures cautiously step closer. The Native American glances at them as they approach.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I die knowing - you little bastards
did not break me.

A fire-demon surges from the flames. The shadow creatures dance with excitement. The old man clutches his heart. He falls to the ground. The shadow creatures mock him as they circle the fallen Indian.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I will not die, until I have
touched the hand of the carrier.
The wings must be passed.

He clutches the wings in his hand as he covers his heart with both.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - DAY

The boys hang out around the camp fire, drinking beers and tossing twigs into the fire. The girls sit at a table playing UNO.

DOC
Hey, guys. Do you think you can go hiking or something for a few hours before D and Riana get here?

JON
Sure, man. We've all been there. We know what you're thinking.

CRAIG
Why? What's Up?

JON
Well, maybe not all of us. Craig not only went to school on the short bus, he drove it as well.

Doc LAUGHS.

DOC
Libby has been busting my balls for some quality time together out here. She says "it's romantic" and we shouldn't waste it. The cold air and open sky brings out the devil in here. When Riana and D get here; she'll want to hang with them and console them. So, help a horny brother out. Show some compassion.

Doc places his hand on Craig's shoulder.

DOC (CONT'D)

Let me score one more time for the brotherhood.

JON

Sure not a problem. I'll go and get Becca and we will go nature seeing. Check out some waterfalls and maybe a cave or two.

Becca approaches, carrying a backpack. The Ivory wings hang from her neck, on the chain.

CRAIG

Maybe Becca and me can spend some quality time together? How about it? It can be a joint brotherhood.

Becca pushes Craig's face away with her hands. Jon shows a little jealousy through his smile.

BECCA

Yeah, you think so?

CRAIG

I think it would do us both some good. More you - than me, thou.

BECCA

Not in this lifetime.

Becca slams a backpack into Craig's arms.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here. Let's see what this place has to offer. And Craig, make sure you don't wipe your ass with Poison Oak this time.

CRAIG

That happened to me when I was six - six, Becca. It could happen to anyone at that age.

JON

Well Craig, you still have the mind of a six year old.

BECCA

Isn't that the truth?

DOC
Thanks, guys. I will help you out
if you ever need anything. This
will mean the world to Lib.

The three disappear into the forest. Gut-wrenching SCREAM.
Doc and Libby quickly look at one another. A scared Libby
sits on a blanket. Doc rushes to her.

LIB
Hey, baby.

DOC
Now it's just you, I, and the
shadows of love. Who needs the
stars at night with a smile like
that?

Doc massages Lib's shoulders. Her tension is slowly being
rubbed away.

LIB
You didn't tell them what we wanted
to do, did you? It's kind of
embarrassing. Especially with
Craig. He turns everything into
something dirty.

DOC
Did you tell Becca?

LIB
Girls tell girls everything.

DOC
Well, guys don't need to tell each
other. We just know. Your beauty
could make a rose jealous and
mirror blush.

Doc passionately kisses Libby. They have sex on the blanket.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - DAY

Craig, Becca and Jon hike through the forest. They accidentally
encounter a cave. They move a pile of brush, revealing the
mouth of the cave.

CRAIG
Hey, guys. Look what I found.

JON
Now we're talking.

Becca sits to rest. She tightens the laces to her boots.

BECCA

Come on guys, there's nothing in there. Let's just keep hiking. It will be really dark soon and I don't need any "Blair Witch" shit going on.

CRAIG

Scared?

Becca stands.

BECCA

No, just cautious.

CRAIG

Chicken shit!

Becca walks away from the cave. Jon and Craig CLUCK like a chicken. Becca turns around.

BECCA

Really?

Becca walks into the cave.

INT. CAVE

Jon and Craig follow Becca into the cave. They dig in their packs and pull out their flashlights. They walk deeper into the cave. Water DRIPS and a light wind WHISPERS through the air.

BECCA

Hey, Jon?

JON

Yes, Becky.

BECCA

Do you know why Craig crossed the road?

JON

(Already LAUGHING)

No Becca, why?

CRAIG

Yes, Becca. Do tell. Why did that sexy motherfucker cross the road?

BECCA

Because he couldn't get his dick
out of the chicken.

Becca CLUCKS. Jon LAUGHS harder at the joke. An angered Craig
forges ahead. A flickering light appears in the distance.

JON

Look.

CRAIG

It is getting late, maybe we should
turn back.

Becca and Jon CLUCK.

BECCA

Got that dick stuck in the feathery
cock again.

Craig rushes toward the light. They enter a larger cavern.
The clay walls are taller and the ceiling is too tall to see.
CAACKLING from the shadow creatures chirp through the cavern.
A small campfire burns in the center of the cavern. The
cavern walls are covered with angelic writings. A pair of
Ivory horns protrude from the clay, an outline of a demon
lines the walls. The group stumble on another pathway, but it
is blocked by a huge bolder. An angel clutching a book is
carved into the large stone.

CRAIG

What is this place?

BECCA

What do you think it is?

JON

Don't know. But it sure is
fascinating. It's almost like being
in one of those "B" grade horror
movies of the eighties.

BECCA

Or an Indian Jones film.

The old Indian man staggers from behind the fire. He hobbles
from the darkness of the cavern. The cackling of the shadow
creatures come to a complete stop. The old man is weak. He
leans on his staff.

INDIAN MAN

That is the symbol of an angel that
carries knowledge.

The group quickly turn.

INDIAN MAN (CONT'D)

A burden he must possess until his father allows him to release it.

JON

Well, that can't be all bad. My name is Jon. This is Craig, and the lovely lady is Becca.

INDIAN MAN

I am Sea'onse, the guardian of the stone, the keeper of the fire.

CRAIG

The evil? Didn't you say he was an angel?

INDIAN MAN

Not all angels are good, my friend. In fact, some of the most evil creatures alive are angels. They are sent down from heaven to kill those who oppose his will.

BECCA

Who's will?

INDIAN MAN

God's - Jah himself.

CRAIG

And an old man like you is the guardian?

INDIAN MAN

What stands in front of you is the answer to all your questions. If you fear to ask, then you will never understand your path.

CRAIG

For who are you guarding it for?

INDIAN MAN

You my son. For when I die, we all die. Unless?

BECCA

Unless what?

CRAIG

What or who, are you guarding?

The fire rages. The group back away from the old Indian man.

INDIAN MAN

I can pass my knowledge off to another of the same skin, but he or she must be willing to give up their entire life just to protect the gift of living for others. It is his grandson that stands behind that stone. If he escapes, the world will see chaos again. A darkness will loom over our heads. We will never feel the warmth of the sun again.

A monstrous GROWL.

CRAIG

Indian or tribe?

INDIAN MAN

Tribe. Only the chosen people can keep the evil at bay. They must fight off the worldly demons created by the Bastard Child.

JON

Bastard Child? Say old man, what tribe are you?

Becca turns to the stone. The Native American catches a glimpse of the Ivory wings.

INDIAN MAN

Jah promised to send me another so the world can live in peace - just a while longer. I don't think I am physically strong enough to fight off the evil, anymore - I am...

A spine tingling ROAR. The stone shakes. Dirt and rocks fall from the ceiling. The CACKLING from the shadow creatures triple. The fire rages higher. Everyone's attention is on the stone. Haunting SCREAMS behind the blocked passage. They turn back around, the old man clutches his heart as he falls to the ground. Becca rushes to help him.

BECCA

Are you okay? Can we get you anything?

The old man's weathered hand grabs Becca's hand. The Ivory wings on her necklace flutter for a second. The old man's wings slouch.

INDIAN MAN

It's too late. You must leave, for at nightfall - the beast will be unleashed, and if he survives the night and the sun shines on his wings - this world will be ravished by the demons. They will rise and the earth will fall. They will dance on the devil's dirt, they will rejoice a victory over the beloved. Unless you...

The Indian man dies. The cave shakes, small rocks fall and the fire dims. Shadow creatures creep down the wall, they are pulling and tugging on the large stone - attempting to free their Lord. The shadow creatures worriedly watch the hikers from the corner of their eyes. Craig points at the creatures.

BECCA

What the...?

CRAIG

Chicken or not. I think it's time to get the fuck out of here.

JON

No arguments from me.

The three gather their things and quickly scamper out. The shadow creatures are piling up on one another, working together to remove the bolder.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - SUNSET

D and Riana walk into the campsite. Doc and Lib exit the tent, straightening their clothing.

RIANA

I'm sorry, are we interrupting something? Should we take a few laps around the forest?

DOC

Nope, it's good to see you.

Doc sticks out his hand. D shakes his hand.

LIB

Ten minutes earlier and you would have come across something you would have never gotten out of your mind.

DOC
You would have needed to seek
professional help.

D
I'm glad we missed that.

LIB
How are you guys feeling?

D
Better. It had been many years
since we had last seen her. So
sadly, I must confess - my sadness
is minimal.

RIANA
I am saddened, but Like D said, "we
really didn't know her."

DOC
If there is anything we can do to
make this weekend any easier for
you two?

LIB
Just ask.

Toe curling ROAR. Ground trembles.

D
What in the hell is that?

LIB
What was that?

Lib buries her head in between Doc's shoulder and neck. D
sniffs.

DOC
I'm not sure, but it was loud
and...
(beat)
And..
(beat)
...And I just don't know.

LIB
It was scary. Whatever it was, it
sounded like it was really close.

DOC
It's probably just a bear.

LIB
Bear's don't roar, they growl.

RIANA
That sounded like Pumpkinhead.

LIB
What the fuck is a Pumpkinhead?

Doc pulls Libby in closer as he smiles.

RIANA
Where is Becca?

Doc soothes Libby's nerves by stroking her hair. Lib glances around the campsite.

LIB
She's taking a hike with the boys.

Lib pushes deeper into Doc's arms.

INT. CAVE - DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC

The shadow creatures fall from one another. They work hard to remove the bolder. The large rock is thrust from the opening. The bolder crushes many of the shadow creatures, other's are tossed across the cave - several are thrown into the fire pit. The flames shoot high, chirps of agony are released by the burning shadow creatures.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUNDS - NC - SUNSET

Jon, Becca and Craig race through the forest. The tops of the trees rustle sideways, branches and trunks splinter through the air. The wind HOWLS. A mist rises from the ground. Monstrous MOANS. Gargantuan GROANS. They continue to fight through brush and instructed trails. The party sprint for their campsite. The sun lowers behind the mountains. A shadow covers the sky. An amazing winged creature surges from the forest. Doc, Libby, Riana and D stare into the sky. Jon, Becca and Craig run toward the campsite. The chaos behind the trio nears the camp.

LIB
I'm really getting scared here.

DOC
Where are the others?

RIANA

I don't think whatever that is - is friendly.

D

I must agree.

DOC

I think maybe we might need to...

Becca sprints across the camp. Jon and Craig follow. Never stopping and not slowing down, they run completely through the group - making contact and pulling the others as they pass.

BECCA

Run!

CRAIG

That mother is huge.

JON

Oh', fuck!

Riana SCREAMS. Doc, Becca and D dash to the left. Craig, Lib and Jon zing to the right. Riana stands still for a second, but then sprints straight. Riana drops her jacket as she disappears into the forest. The campsite is empty. A thick fog dances across the campsite. The campfire burns wildly. The demon slowly steps through the mist. The demon stands in the middle of the campsite breathing fiercely, flames flutter from his nostrils.

The beast stands over ten-feet tall. He has two large spiraled horns upon his head and his tail has spikes running to its forked tip. His skin is coarse, but humanoid. A red tint with sporadic patches of hair cover his ghoulish body. The demon has large wings with a transparent skin and a red gel swirling inside of them. His teeth are white and sharp like a coyote. His eyes are dark and set deep inside his skull with an orange-yellowish glow swimming inside the pupils. The winged creature's arms are much longer than scale with long wiry fingers hanging from the palm. Its nails are extremely sharp and decayed. His legs are bent as a large bone protrudes from the back of both knees. His feet are hairy and humped - instead of toes, the beast has talons. His torso is muscular and coarse. Large black metal rings hang from his nipples. A fire surges around both rings.

The demon searches the campsite slowly. The beast approaches Riana's jacket. It sniffs. The demon goes down on all fours, sniffing the jacket and then the air. The beast releases an earth trembling ROAR. The demon stands. He lurks forward, clutching the jacket.

Doc, Becca and D hide behind a group of trees, watching the beast. Doc COUGHS. The demon leers in that direction. Doc COUGHS uncontrollably. D covers Doc's mouth. The demon methodically walks in that direction. His tail violently whipping the ground. Doc pushes D to the ground and then races away. Becca ducks behind a large Oak tree.

The demon rips the jacket in half and tosses it to the ground. The beast chases Doc into the forest. Doc fights through heavy brush and shrubs. Doc stops at the edge of a cliff. An exhausted Doc attempts to catch his breath. PANTING heavily. The demon slowly approaches. The beast tilts his head sideways and SNARLS. An acid like slobber rivers down the monster's chin. The demon grabs Doc by the throat and squeezes Doc tightly. Doc's body trembles. His eyes slowly bulge from their sockets. Doc's face turns blue. Blood pours and gushes from places you couldn't even imagine. The demon holds Doc's lifeless body into the air. The monster ROARS. The beast's tail whips around, quickly grabbing Doc's lifeless body. The tail slams Doc's body to the ground. The demon holds Doc's head in his massive claws. Doc's body crashes into two pieces. The demon slings the lower half of the corpse over the cliff. The beast squeezes Doc's head. The skull finally POPS.

INT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

Becca and D rush to the campsite.

D

What are you looking for? I don't think it's safe being back here.

Becca enters her tent.

BECCA

Jon had a handgun somewhere in here. I have to find it.

D

He probably has it with him.

Becca sorts through the gear. Becca opens a small cooler and then his nap sack.

BECCA

No, he didn't take it to the funeral, and we went hiking right after we came back. I am sure he didn't put it in his gear. I know he didn't have it on him.

D continues to hold the flap open.

D

Do you know what that thing was?

Jon, Craig and Libby enter the campsite.

JON

It was a demon.

A startled D'angelo grabs his head. He releases the flap.

D

WHAT?

JON

An old Indian man that we stumbled across in the woods told us about it. Evidently, he wasn't as full of shit as we originally thought.

CRAIG

Yeah, and he said - if someone doesn't stop it by morning, they will be even more of them running around. It won't be good for any of us.

BECCA (O.S.)

Found it. Now we will see how bad that sucker is.

Becca exits the tent holding the gun.

JON

I don't think that will do too much damage. He's bigger than a dump truck, Becca.

D

It would be like shooting Godzilla with a spit ball.

BECCA

Maybe not, but I feel safer just holding this bad-boy.

D

So, how do we kill it? Anyone got any ideas?

BECCA

I'm going to shoot it. And if that don't work. I'm going to shoot it again.

D
I thought Riana was with you guys.
Did you see which way she ran? That
thing didn't get her, did it?

Worry overwhelms Becca's face.

CRAIG
No. I don't think he got her. She
did not go with us. I think she
ran straight. Did you see how that
thing was sniffing her jacket?
That was sick.

A nervous Becca loads the pistol.

D
C'mon, man Keep thoughts like that
in your head and not out in the
open air. We have to think
positive.

LIB
Did Murdoch not go with you guys?

D
Yes, he did, but then he took off
on his own. The demon chased him.
It was him, who drew it away from
us.

LIB
No!

Libby begins to cry.

JON
We don't know what happened after
that.

BECCA
The demon chased him into the
woods.

LIB
He could still be alive.

JON
He could. I am sure he is.

LIB
I know he is.

JON
He did save our lives.

BECCA
Yes, it was really brave.

Lib breaks down. Becca consoles her.

LIB
He's got to be alive.

Becca pulls Libby close.

BECCA
Pull yourself together.

D
We better get back to town.

JON
We don't have time. The Indian told us if it is still alive in the morning, the world is doomed - over with.

D
What do you mean, over with?

Lib shakes her head, fighting back the tears.

LIB
I am not leaving without Doc.

Craig is very animated with his hands.

CRAIG
We are fucked D - fucked. You, me - and every other living soul on this planet, fucked.

BECCA
We have to stop it! We don't have a choice.

D
Did the old man tell you how to stop it?

Craig shakes his head with misunderstanding.

CRAIG
He mumbled some stuff, but I don't think any of us understood him.

Craig nervously runs his hands through his hair.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

We can't stop that creature, only the old Indian could.

D

Let's go find him.

An enthusiastic D grabs Craig by the shoulder. Becca grabs D on the wrist.

BECCA

He's dead! That's why the demon is out. The old man was the guardian. The one who was holding him inside his prison. At the time, that man seemed nuts. Shit. I wish he was nuts.

JON

There where some symbols on the wall in the cave that could possibly help. If we could decipher them, we might stand a chance on stopping it.

D

It might. We should go there, we all should stick together. We should agree on what we do.

Attempting to be brave, Libby wipes the tears from her eyes.

LIB

What about Murdoch? What about Riana? We are not just going to forget about them, are we? They need our help.

Lib pleads with her eyes for anyone to agree with her. D is passionate as he grabs Libby's shoulders.

D

No. I love Riana just as much as you love Doc, but we all are going to be dead if we don't do something. There is safety in numbers.

Becca gently grabs Libby by the side of the head. She softly lays her forehead against Libby's.

BECCA

I don't feel right about leaving them, either.

D

Sometimes we make choices in life that are hard, but they must be made quickly.

Craig shakes his head with concern.

CRAIG

Maybe, but you guys seen how big that monster was. I think Lib is right. We should split up, that way we double our chances for success. One group will look for the lost, and maybe that will keep the demon away from the cave long enough for the second group to find the answer.

D

Good plan, man. Why don't Lib and Jon go and look for Doc and Riana. Me, Becca and Craig will go back to the cave and see what we can figure out. I bet the answer is on that wall. You guys have to be quiet, quick and smart.

Craig with "here's an idea" gesture.

CRAIG

Shouldn't someone go for help?

BECCA

Maybe. But first off, who will believe us and secondly, the old man said we only have until morning.

Becca glances at her watch.

CRAIG

What are you saying?

BECCA

We don't have enough time to get out of the woods and return with help. It was a three hour hike in. That's six hours round trip.

Becca moves her hand, gesturing the group to catch up with her.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Not to mention the amount of time it will take just to get someone to believe you. It's starting to get later already. That would just be a waste of a person. We need everyone.

Craig throws his hands up in the air.

CRAIG

It's up to us, I guess. That's ironic. The world's future is in the hands of a chronic masturbator.

JON

Did any one bring their cell phone?

The entire group are shaking their heads: "no."

LIB

Doc has ours.

BECCA

I left my in my Four Runner.

CRAIG

Dido. What about you, Jon?

JON

It's in the Durango. I wanted no distractions.

Becca sighs, finally raising her voice to be heard.

BECCA

I think maybe we should quit relying on other people and try to fix something on our own. We are young and intelligent. We are just as capable as anyone else to save the world.

Jon sarcastically.

JON

I wish Batman was here.

CRAIG

Okay. Okay, but God created the world, I didn't.

Craig stops and throws his hands down.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Shit, I didn't even ask to be born. This should be his responsibility not ours. It's not right to ask the innocent to rid the world of his enemies. His war. His sword.

BECCA

Here, take this.

Becca hands Jon the gun.

JON

Why? What good will it do?

BECCA

I know, you don't think it will do you any good, but if I was that demon I wouldn't go back to the place that I had been held prisoner for a million years.

Lib grabs the gun.

LIB

Thanks, wow! It does make you feel bigger.

D

Set your watch, Jon. I've got seven-thirty-three. Let's meet back here at midnight. Be careful and Good luck.

The group divide and begin their quest. Jon and Libby go in the direction that Doc ran. A haunting HOWL fills the night.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

Jon and Libby search through the woods. They CALL out Doc's and Riana's name as they walk.

JON

We will find them safe and sound. Just have a little faith.

LIB

I hope so. I don't know what I'd do without Doc in my life. He meant absolutely everything to me.

JON

Faith, girl, faith. It wasn't meant
for them to die here like that.
Just show faith.

RUSTLE in the bushes. They freeze. Jon cautiously approaches the bushes. He clears a pile of brush. Jon jumps back. A brown rabbit scampers from the bushes. Jon attempts to grab the rabbit. The rabbit hops through another shrub of bushes. Jon LAUGHS.

LIB

That's not funny.

Jon stands. BUSHES move again. Jon casually opens the bushes. Libby SCREAMS. An enormous black bear surges from the bushes. The black bear GROWLS. Jon falls to the ground. He crawls backwards, scooting away from the bear. Lib grabs Jon's hands, pulling him away from the bear. The bear stands in attack position. The hungry, drooling bear lunges for Jon. Lib pulls up the pistol and fires. The bear is snatched up in the demon's claws. The demon bites off the bear's head. Jon stands. Lib unloads the chamber into the beast's chest. The demon tosses the bear's corpse to the side like a rag doll. The bear barrels through the air, landing on a sect of trees. The wood splinters and the timbers tear from the trees. The demon grabs a terrified Jon, lifting him above its head. The monster tosses Jon against a large Pine tree. Lib runs away. The demon stalks Jon as he struggles to get to his feet.

JON

Thou shall not kill.

Jon holds up the cross dangling from his necklace. Jon recites the LORD'S PRAYER. Fire rolls inside the demon's eyes. It LAUGHS hideously. The demon grabs Jon's wrist. The beast squeezes it tightly, forcing the veins to pop. Blood shoots from the busted veins. The beast rips Jon's wrist from his arm. The monster crushes the cross as he squeezes the appendage. A small flame flickers from the cross as the demon releases the hand and the cross. They fall harmlessly to the ground. The demon squeezes Jon's voice box. Stones grind against one another as DEMON DAVE speaks.

DEMON DAVE

He will not answer. You are merely
his pets.

Demon Dave pulls the still BEATING heart from Jon's body. The demon sniffs. It then viciously bites into the heart and then tosses the organ to the side. The demon places Jon's lifeless body on a thick tree branch, blood gushes from his body. A thick pool of blood covers the ground. Jon hangs in the same position as Jesus as he was persecuted.

Fire comes from the demon's heels as it gallops across the forest. The beast spreads its enormous wings and the monster takes flight. Libby races through the forest. The demon swoops down, snatching Libby with its freakishly large claws and flies into the night. The beast flies to an overhang, surround by large rocks. Demon Dave gently lays Libby on a small clearing on the peak. There's nowhere for Libby to run. The demon soars in circles, proud of its accomplishment. Demon Dave lands on the peak, inches from a stunned Libby. A defeated Libby simply whimpers as the beast approaches. The demon retracts its claws and softly caresses Libby's face.

LIB

Please, don't hurt me. I am so
sorry. This world can change.

(beat)

Forgive me - forgive us.

The demon sniffs Libby. Demon Dave ROARS, but soothes its anger as it gently touches Libby's stomach. The beast's tail slowly wraps around Libby's neck. Libby begins to CHOKE and smothers. Her face turns red. Small triclads of blood ooze from Libby's mouth and nose. A single tear falls from her eyes. The tear rushes over the cliff. Libby somberly dies. The demon releases her from his entangled tail. Libby's lifeless body slouches and then falls off the rock. Demon Dave takes flight. It circles the rocks. Swooping down, the demon clutches Libby's body as it rushes to the ground. The monster rips her body into two pieces as it glides through the air. The beast tosses both body pieces far into the sky in opposite directions. Libby's tear falls sadly to the ground. The tear smacks a leaf on a smaller tree, landing like a raindrop.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

Riana sits under the tree, gathering herself. The tear falls onto Riana's face. Riana breathes sporadically. She shivers as she pulls herself together. Riana willfully pulls herself up and slowly walks through the forest. THUD. She turns. There is nothing behind her. Libby's torso is stuck in the tree above Riana.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

D, Craig and Becca slowly step through the cave. They enter the huge cavern. The old man has been ripped to shreds. His blood has been used to cover up a few of the symbols on the stone. The fire smolders to its death. Shadow creatures lurk around the cave.

BECCA
Don't worry about them. They can
not touch us, we are not in their
world or dimension.

CRAIG
How do you know that?

BECCA
I listen to Coast to Coast AM.

CRAIG
Man, that thing ripped this old man
apart. The answers are here. It
tried to conceal them with the
Indian's blood.

BECCA
It was trying to hide something.
It's scared. It knows we can stop
it.

D
Yea, I'm afraid it will do the same
to us if it catches us. We better
cut the idle chatter and get to
solving this stone.

BECCA
Craig, what do these symbols mean?
I know you used to dabble in
Angelic symbols, unless you were
full of shit about the ancient
languages degree? You better get to
explaining.

Craig peruses the wall.

CRAIG
I'm not really sure. Like you said,
I use to dabble. I never really
mastered it.

BECCA
I knew it.

CRAIG
There are so many different
versions and dialects. Sometimes,
it's impossible to get the exact
meaning.

The shadow creatures watch curiously.

BECCA

There's got to be something in here
you can understand. Just
concentrate.

D

That's not Angelic. It's Mayan.

D wipes the blood and loose sand from the stone. The shadow
creatures are disappointed.

BECCA

Are you sure?

D

It's old, very old.

CRAIG

How can you tell that? Did you
study that in school?

The shadow creatures creep closer. Craig worriedly watches
them as they approach. Becca stomps, the shadow creatures
scurry for cover. Becca rushes to the torch. She removes it
from the cylinder. The Ivory wings flutter for a couple of
seconds. Becca places her hands on the trinket. She glances
down for a second.

D

I studied it in life. I am not
Cherokee. My grandmother, before
she moved here, taught me the old
language and these very symbols.
She moved here, so she could live
off the casino's money.

CRAIG

See. I told you they do that.

Craig softly slaps Becca on the shoulder.

D

It's pretty simple for a Native
American to prove their Indian, and
no one really questions what tribe.
Amongst ourselves, we feel we all
got fucked. As long as you don't
claim to be Huron, we pretty much
keep our mouths shut.

BECCA

So, what's it say?

D

Let's see. It says there is a demon locked behind the bolder. When the guardian or gatekeeper dies it will be unleashed and release chaos across land and water.

CRAIG

Duh, tell us something that hasn't already happened, Nostra dumb-ass.

D leers back at Craig. The fire smolders. The shadow creatures slowly leave their hiding spots. Craig pulls his flashlight. He turns it on, nothing happens. Craig shakes and beats the canister. A dim light shines, but then the light becomes stronger. The beams hit the shadow creatures, they freak out and run for cover.

D

See these symbols, they say if the sunlight of a new day touches the demon's wings it shall call his slain brothers and together they will walk the earth forever. I am sure with their hatred for the humans, they will not just walk.

Craig keeps his eyes on the shadow creatures.

D (CONT'D)

They will feed. Their only purpose is to kill. To do the work of their father.

CRAIG

God?

BECCA

No. Satan.

D

That's right, Becca, Jah is his grandfather - father of his father. The first fallen angel.

CRAIG

Satan.

BECCA

Does it say how we stop it, if it gets out? There's got to be something.

D
I don't think God, or whoever put
it here - expected it to get out.

D runs his fingers across the stone.

CRAIG
Nothing lasts forever. Even God
should know that.

D
Wait a minute, hold the phone -
Yes, here it is. It says, the only
one who can entrap the demon if it
escapes - is someone who believes
in Jehovah. Someone who believes in
the truth, a witness of God. It
can't be killed, only contained.

CRAIG
Why can't it be killed.

D
God did not believe in killing.
Thou shall not kill, remember.

CRAIG
I am crazy, and I do believe in
God, but I am not a Jesus freak.

Craig stares at Becca a few seconds.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Jehovah's witness' - don't they
just knock on your door, and sell
bibles and stuff. Who really takes
them seriously?

BECCA
That's just how they are portrayed
on TV. They really are not that
crazy.

CRAIG
They do the deed, they can take the
shit handed to them.

BECCA
They are just people who believe in
faith.

CRAIG
Did I strike a nerve?

D

It's just a belief, Craig. Like everything else. Muhammad, Buddha or even your Jesus Christ. If you stop and think about it, they're all one in the same. I personally believe in the Peacemaker. In different cultures they have different names. In the end, it's your faith that will determine your fate, not a God.

BECCA

Can we skip the religious ramblings and keep reading? We must stop this thing.

D

I just hate narrow minded folks.

BECCA

Don't worry, his mind is less than narrow.

The flames on the torch soar higher. Becca stares at the flame a few seconds.

D

Are you okay?

CRAIG

We don't have much time. Maybe after we save the fucking world, you and I can get together and talk philosophy, or religion, or even baseball. Go Diamondbacks. If you like, we will discuss anything your little heart desires, but right now, let's just get to the task at hand.

Craig taps the stone with the end of the flashlight. The wind HOWLS. The shadow creatures chatter amongst themselves.

D

Yeah, sure.

D pauses for a few seconds and then reads again.

BECCA

You are some piece of work.

CRAIG

I am just trying to keep it real.

D

By the truth, it means to believe in God. Who's God it doesn't say, but it does call him Jehovah. That's what this symbol right here means. Basically, someone just has to have faith and they will be stronger than any evil.

CRAIG

That sounds like a load of crap.

D

Someone has to make sure that this fire stays lit. They must watch this fire for a lifetime - then pass it on to someone else. They must give themselves up for the better good of mankind.

CRAIG

The old man said it must be the same tribe. So that must be you, If you can read his shit?

D

Maybe.

CRAIG

Great, D. You light the fucking fire and me and Becca here will go back home. We will send you some cookies and keep in touch.

D

Tribe in my language means faith.

BECCA

So, we do need a witness?

D

Not all bibles refer to God as Jehovah. They all started out that way, but the big money churches and dominations didn't want to put a identity with a deity.

CRAIG

Yea, the Catholic Church are the editors of the good Lord's word.

Becca sighs deeply.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

They say, "thou shall not kill." Loosely translated, "thou shall not kill unless large amounts of money are involved." Don't covet thy neighbor, because I am coveting his eight year old son.

BECCA

You are a little bitter.

CRAIG

I just don't like organized religion. It slightly resembles organized crime. But the Mafia has less blood shed.

Becca shakes her head sarcastically.

BECCA

You need some serious help.

CRAIG

Why? Because I am a free thinker.

D

Guys, we are getting off track again.

BECCA

Sorry, he just makes me so damn mad.

Becca gently places her hand on D's arm.

D

Someone just has to be devoted and spend the rest of his or her life here. They need to come up with a better plan for what they will do before they die. I don't think this old man had a plan. God wanted us to devote our life to him. Anyway, I would be most sure that this is what we have to do. We have to trick the beast back into the pit before the fire is relit. He must come willing. We can't drag him into the tomb

CRAIG

That's good. I've already worked out this morning.

BECCA
That sounds fairly simple.

CRAIG
So, who stays with the fire - who
tries to lure the demon?

BECCA
Why didn't the demon just stomp the
fire out?

Craig shakes his head and holds his hands up. D rolls his
eyes.

D
It's God's fire. It was forbidden
for him to touch it. God wanted
someone to stand up to the demon.
He prays that no one will allow him
to roam freely across his creation.
It's probably just to show him who
really has the might. That's what
the war in heaven was all about;
God's power over the angels.

Craig runs his fingers through his hair and closes his eyes
tightly.

D (CONT'D)
These little creatures are just
images of fear. That's why they
won't hurt us, as long as we don't
subside to the fear.

The shadow creatures listen with much interest.

CRAIG
I believe we all should take a deep
breath and consider what you are
saying. One of us have to give up
our entire reason for living.

BECCA
I thought they fought because of
the jealousy of the angels toward
the humans.

D
People associate fire with the
devil because fire was the tool
used to hold the evil at bay.

The flame on the torch rages even higher.

CRAIG

The ultimate power struggles between good and evil. Okay. I will stay with the fire and you guys search out the beast and bring him back. Once we get that inbred trapped, we'll figure out the smaller details.

D

Why are you staying?

The shadow creatures creep closer.

CRAIG

Because quite honestly, I don't believe in all that righteous shit, but I can keep a fire burning. And I don't fear these little bastards. I might attempt to catch one and have it for breakfast.

Craig pulls out his lighter and flicks it. The flame is enormous. The shadow creatures dart for safety.

D

Keep it smoldering. Crank it when we get the demon into its tomb.

BECCA

The world is depending upon you. Is it not okay to light the fire now?

CRAIG

I don't know, I missed that episode.

D

No, wait until we return. I'm sure it's what is written.

Becca hands Craig the torch. The flames become much weaker. Becca and D exit. Craig places the torch back into its cannister. Craig prepares the fire.

CRAIG

I'm not living the rest of my life like that ugly fucker on Lord of the Rings. No precious for me.

Craig pulls a candy bar from his jacket pocket. The shadow creatures sniff vigorously as Craig rips the wrapper off.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NC - NIGHT

Becca and D walk through the forest. D studies a patch of bushes with blood splatters. They investigate, but don't speak. ROAR and a thunderous BANG. The earth trembles. D grabs Becca by the hand. They race down a trail leading to the campsite. They enter the area.

BECCA
What time is it?

D checks his watch.

D
It's a little past twelve. We don't have much time left. We need to find that demon. We can't stop it if he don't appear, or we keep running.

BECCA
I don't think anyone else is coming, or they've just given up.

D
Be patient and have faith. We just got here ourselves. Besides, it's the demon we need to make contact with. We need him to chase us to save the world.

BECCA
If it just needs to see the daylight, why don't he just hide until morning?

D
He is the son of the fallen angel. He hides from no one. He fears nothing. Cowards hide, Gods stalk.

BECCA
Have faith, huh? This has been one day that faith is a little harder to hold on to.

A desperate Riana approaches. Riana's clothes are torn. Blood stains cover her shirt.

D
Oh, my god.

Becca turns. D and Becca rush to Riana.

BECCA
Are you alright?

D
I can't believe you are still
alive.

Riana remains silent.

BECCA
I know you've been through a lot,
but you've got to pull yourself
together. Where are the others?

Riana babbles uncontrollably. Becca slaps Riana.

RIANA
They are dead. They are all dead.

D
Sis, are you hurt? Is this your
blood? Where is the demon?

RIANA
No. No. It's Jon's. That thing
killed him and it then it killed
Lib. I am sure it got Murdoch too.
Soon it will kill us all.

Becca's eyes swell up.

BECCA
We think we know how to stop it,
but we need your help. Can you tell
us the last place or direction you
saw the demon?

Becca puts her hands on Riana's shoulders,

BECCA (CONT'D)
We don't have much time, so please,
pull yourself together and help us
stop this creature.

Riana attempts to control her breathing.

D
It seems to be attracted and fixed
on you. It smelt the jacket and
started after you, first. We need
you to go to the cave with us. It's
the only chance we have to get out
of this alive.

RIANA

I know. I dreamed of this. The Chief in our village told me as a child, I would bring the wings to capture the devil.

D

What?

RIANA

Grandmother told me. At her funeral, she told me it would hunt me until it has me, and now it is hunting me. It's just a matter of time before it has me.

D

Grandmother spoke to you? Why didn't you tell me?

RIANA

You would have just said I was crazy. Who would have believed me?

D

I would have thought you were crazy, but I would have listened. Dreams, especially those we have when we are awake - always mean something.

Rain begins to fall.

RIANA

That necklace has some significance.

Riana reaches for the necklace. It burns her hand. She pulls back in pain.

D

It looks like it's Becca's now.

They rush inside the tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Becca and Riana gather equipment. D searches for a flashlight. The demon's shadow appears. Demon Dave ROARS. Its massive wings spread open. The shadow spurts upwards and quickly disappears. D begins to exit the tent. Becca grabs D's arm.

BECCA

Wait.

The tent is jerked into the sky. The three are tossed about inside the tent like "shake-n-bake." D zips the front of the tent up, securing the flap.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NIGHT

The demon soars through the air, clutching the tent with its enormous talons. Demon Dave slings the tent into a section of trees and then drags the tent across the tree lines. The monster swoops down to the ground, dragging the tent across a bumpy and rigid trail. D cuts a hole in the bottom of the tent. Becca falls through the hole. She tumbles across the trail. Riana drops from the tent. She rolls down a small hillside. The beast releases its grasp on the vinyl. D and the tent tumbles to a violent stop. The demon circles around, soaring gracefully in the night. It dives for the tent, attacking the lump (D) inside the tent. D blindly fights back. The women SCREAM and CRY. Demon Dave releases the tent. The lump lays close to the ground motionless. Demon Dave stalks the two wounded girls. Becca and Riana slowly back away. The demon raises its claws in front of its face, cracking its knuckles. Fire storms from the demon's nostrils.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Craig explores the cave. He runs his hand down the crack next to the huge stone. He discovers an opening. Craig enters the Demon's prison. Several shadow creatures cautiously follow Craig into the opening. Craig points the flashlight toward the creatures, sending them into a panic. A few of the creatures jump into the cauldron that is tipped over on its side, peering over the rim.

INT. SALT TUNNEL

The walls are made of salt and are covered with blood markings. The tunnel runs thirty yards to a larger cavern.

INT. DAVE'S PRISON

A large body of water sits in the middle of the room. The water is muddy and murky. A large apple tree stands on a small island in the middle of the water. The apples are rotten.

CRAIG

That can't be, no way?

A small wooden chest, trimmed with gold, sits to the left of the tunnel. Craig opens the chest. The murky water turns to an ocean green. Bubbles float to the top of the water. Craig stands and stares with utter amazement toward the water. The shadow creatures peer through the salt tunnel, afraid to enter. Several more hang from the opening.

EXT. DEVIL'S STOMPING GROUND - NIGHT

Demon Dave stalks the women. Riana and Becca stand their ground bravely. D quietly struggles out of the tent. He bleeds fiercely. He is beaten and battered.

D
Hey motherfucker! I wasn't quite done with you.

The demon slowly turns its head toward D. An evil grin spreads across its hellish face. Demon Dave ROARS, spewing fire through the drizzle.

BECCA
(YELLING)
D, no. Just run.

D
I've been running my entire life. It's time to stand. Yea, that's right fuck-face - why don't you come and get you some?

RIANA
D, don't.

D
Nah, man. This guy isn't so tough.

Demon Dave ROARS. Spittle flies through the air.

RIANA
Please, D. Run.

D
FUCK YOU! Dave.

The demon lunges for D, ripping D's leg off with its claws. D falls and SCREAMS in pain.

BECCA
Oh, Jehovah!

The demon turns to Becca, holding D's leg. Demon Dave ROARS. D crawls away from the monster. The beast quickly steps toward Becca.

BECCA (CONT'D)

NO!

D

Is that all you got, or is that all God gave you?

Demon Dave stops. He whirls around, slapping D across his face with his own leg. Riana runs toward D. Becca grabs Riana's arm, pulling her away from the demon.

BECCA

No, Riana.

RIANA

My brother?

BECCA

We must try to stop it, the bigger picture. I know it hurts.

RIANA

Not my brother, I will not leave without my brother.

BECCA

We all have lost someone. If you want to go and get yourself killed, be my guest. But me, I am going to save the world and kill that son-of-a-bitch. Not here, not now - but tonight.

Becca forces Riana to run off with her.

INT. DAVE'S PRISON

A golden crown sits upon Craig's head as he shuffles through the chest. Craig pulls out an old wooden cup with a single red ruby in the middle. The spout is made of the purest gold. Several worn and tattered manuscripts lie in the bottom of the chest. Craig removes a tiny ivory box with angelic carvings and a small wooden hammer with a crack running down the side. Craig places a small white stone with blood stains into his front pocket. He closes the chest and sits on the top. Craig opens one of the scrolls. His eyes scan the scripture.

CRAIG

Hebrew.

(skimming)

Oh, man. They are going about this
all wrong.

The apples on the tree ripen. The leaves quickly spread.
Beautiful white flowers grow underneath the tree. Purple
lilies slowly begin to sprout.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The demon rips D apart like a child pulling the wings off of
a butterfly. The beast demonically toys with a suffering D.
Demon Dave catches a seductive sent. It quickly gallops down
the trail, fire rolls from its hooves. The monster takes
flight. It soars through the air, searching for its next
victim.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Riana and Becca hurry into the cave. They approach the fire
pit. They stop to catch their breath. A glow seeps through
the crack from the devil's prison. Riana quickly grabs the
torch from the wall. They cautiously enter the salt tunnel.
The shadow creatures dance with confusion, scared to enter
Dave's prison, but frightened with the approaching humans.
They scamper up the walls and across the ceiling, rushing to
any dark hole they can find. Becca and Riana both enter,
yelling for Craig. Riana hands Becca the torch as she scans
the wall. The flames increase.

INT. SALT TUNNEL

Faint MOANS. Riana reads the writings on the wall as they
pass through.

BECCA

What do they say? Do you understand
it?

Riana touches the salt markings as they slowly continue down
the hall. Becca watches with a concerning interest.

RIANA

It describes how this passage is
neutral to both heaven and hell.
That no harm can come to anyone
while in this portal, both evil and
righteous must stand down while
between the salt of Jericho.

BECCA

So, we should just stay here and wait for the demon to return.

Riana runs her hands across the salt.

RIANA

Give me a second.

BECCA

Take your time. I've got no plans.

Becca breathes deeply.

RIANA

It says that Jehovah chose this land because no one had discovered it. He anointed the watchers, what we call Native Americans to live here and guard its secret, but the will of the devil made others search for it. They found the land, but not the secret.

BECCA

I thought the Mayans lived further west.

Becca raises her brow.

RIANA

We know very little of the Mayans. If the secret is revealed to all, then four riders shall come from the sky and rid the earth of evil. All evil. Only the pure will survive, but they will endure a stretch of persecution before they will be allowed to live in the world of Utopia - or Paradise. I'm not sure what that symbol means? The demon is Armageddon. Revelations are the scripture's carved into the salt by Jehovah himself. Rapture will follow this night if the sun warms the demon's wings.

Riana points at a symbol of angels floating upwards.

INT. SALT TUNNEL

A figure in a white robe with long blonde hair stands in front of the walls of salt. His hair glows, causing the sands to sparkle. The figure carves the symbols into the stone using blood from his wrists for the ink. He carves a raven, clutching the moon in its talons.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Demons search the slain angels. A black ash covers the hillside overlooking the battleground. An ANGEL walks through the pit of slain angels. The demons clear a path as the angel approaches. A wooden cross is strapped to the angel's back. The angel slams the cross into the ground. A vicious crack races across the soil and up the hillside. A raven swoops down and lands on the tip of the cross. The raven SQUAWKS. The angel drops to his knees. He shamefully looks to the sky. Hundreds of scratches cover his face. Blood trickles from the wounds, tears roll down his cheeks. The raven peacefully and respectfully watches the angel.

ANGEL

Forgive me, Jehovah, for the sins I confess are of greed. I have listened to my father, his voice taunts your every word. You are the creator of life and he is the seed of death, I don't ask for forgiveness - only mercy on the souls of those who followed our will.

The angel holds up his hand in mercy.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

We fight for your love and desire for you to stop the treason upon the creation of man. You loved us first!

The raven dances wildly on the cross. THUNDER. Lightning fills the sky with a vicious intent. The raven calms. It scours down toward the angel. The angel's eyes connect with the raven. The bird swoops downward, ripping the eyes from the angel's head. The ravenous bird is fierce. The angel falls to the ground, blood pours from his eyes. The raven flies back to the top of the cross. It proudly displays the angel's eye in its beak. The angel slowly struggles to his feet, looking upward. He stretches out his hands, reaching for the stars.

GODLY VOICE

You are to live through me. Faith is demanded from my children. Put no other before me, including your father. I am he - I am Jah.

ANGEL

You have forsaken me. You shall feel the wrath of my father. I asked for you to stop. I prayed for you to love those whom you adore and forget those who curse your name. We stood by you while they defile your very name. Jehovah, you turned your back on your own. I have no love for you. They shall whisper my name as fear courses through their blood. I shall rip their souls from their vessels and break their wills. I am... I am the new God.

Thunder and lightning fill the sky. Fire boils around the angel. Snakes slither down the body of the angel and attack the cross. The snakes slither up the wood. The raven tries to defend the cross, but the snakes are too fierce and too many. The angel grabs the cross. The wood ignites around the angel's hand. The angel stands inside Dave's prison in front of the apple tree. The anguished angel transforms into Demon Dave. The massive rock falls to the ground, blocking the exit. The old Indian man carves on the stone.

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

I will have my father's revenge. I will destroy the monkeys and claim their home for my own. I am... I am the new GOD.

The shadow creatures study the large bolder, blocking their Lord's exit.

INT. SALT TUNNEL.

Becca sighs.

BECCA

For now we are safe, right?

RIANA

Not really, it says when the sun shines on the tips of its wings - this entire cavern will be flooded.

BECCA

What about the rainbow and God's promise? He swore he would never destroy the world with water again?

RIANA

Not the entire world, just this area. I can't make this part out. We need to stop it, or all is fucked.

BECCA

How?

RIANA

Let's keep reading, maybe we will find something. I don't think it's coincidence that we are here this weekend. I can read these symbols. Could any other hiker do that? It is my destiny to stop this evil.

They approach the mouth of the passage way.

INT. DAVE'S PRISON

Craig sits against the apple tree, reading the manuscripts. He chews an apple as he turns the pages. The apples change colors. Becca and Riana enter Dave's prison. They look around in wonderment.

BECCA

This isn't nap time. We are being chased by a demon from our God's heaven, and you are reading, eating. Can I get you anything else? A cocktail maybe?

Craig holds up the manuscript.

CRAIG

You know we all are going die. We can't stop this. Realization alert. We don't have what it takes to save this God forgotten world.

RIANA

I have a plan. So listen.

Craig shakes his head emphatically.

CRAIG

Won't work.

RIANA

Why not? You haven't even heard it.
You got to show some faith.

CRAIG

I've been reading, and according to these pages, the people who guard this demon; have to be pure to the soul and strong willed.. Not just anyone can hold the monster at bay and keep the world safe.

Becca covers her mouth.

BECCA

And your point being?

CRAIG

You have to have complete faith in the Lord. You must be saved, and from what I can tell - one of the most important things is, you must be pure of blood, and in todays society of "live first and worry about the consequences later" - that is a rare comity.

RIANA

I am all those things. I am pure of blood. It's not that rare.

Craig shakes his head. Worry consumes Becca's face.

CRAIG

Nope. Remember when you had that car accident a couple of years ago? You took a blood transfusion. You allowed someone else's soul into your body. So, you can't be properly judged.

BECCA

He's right.

CRAIG

Is it your soul that runs your body, or the soul of the one whom you received the blood from? The blood is the key. Your door is locked.

RIANA

Damn you're right. I never really looked at it that way.

Demon Dave stands in the mouth of the salt tunnel. An army of shadow creatures stand behind, proud and full of valor. The demon enters his prison. Fear overwhelms the cavern. The shadow creatures follow with a brimming confidence. Spiders swarm the walls behind the demon. The beast sniffs the air, slowly walks toward the girls. The demon sniffs Riana. It SNARLS and ROARS. Demon Dave sniffs Becca. Craig throws an apple at the demon. The apple strikes the demon. The apple explodes. Hundreds of insects fuse into the demon's body. The demon angrily ROARS. The demon MUMBLES.

DEMON
(Indistinguishable)
Sleep.

The demon's eyes roll with fire as it slams its tail to the ground. The cave shakes, rocks and pebbles fall from the roof of the cave. The shadow creatures dance, but quickly run for cover. Riana and Becca fall to the ground. Both girls are unconscious. The demon raises its claws. The waters part. Demon Dave lumbers down the opened path. Craig stands behind the tree. The demon waves its arms. Three large crocodiles slither from the water, stalking Craig. A frightened Craig maneuvers to the front of the tree. The monster approaches Craig. He has nowhere to run. The Demon slams Craig into the tree. The apples fall, disappearing before they hit the soil. Demon Dave grabs Craig and shakes him viciously. The small box falls from his pocket. The blood stone falls from Craig's hand, blood pours from the small stone. The demon tosses Craig against the cavern wall. Craig lands next to the chest. Demon Dave attempts to pick up the manuscripts. Its hand goes through the pages. Craig struggles to stand. He picks up the wooden hammer. Craig charges the demon through the path of dividing water. The demon slams its tail to the ground. The beast's eyes glow. The water trail violently closes. Craig goes under the water, quickly surging to the top.

DEMON (CONT'D)
(Indistinguishable)
Freeze.

The water turns into ice. Craig is frozen half-in and half-out of the water. Craig holds the hammer into the air. The other arm is frozen inside the water. The beast walks onto the ice, approaching Craig. The ice slowly cracks. Craig's body is pulled under the ice. The demon slams its tail to the ice. The ice bursts and then refreezes. The demon turns to the sleeping girls and slowly steps toward them. Smoke slithers from his nostrils as the rings inside his nipples and through his nose burns vividly.

INT. WATER

Craig swims under the water, attempting to break the ice overhead. Hundreds of ships, airplanes and carcasses lay helpless at the bottom of the water. The water is deep and endless. Craig shoves the hammer into his hiking boot. Craig struggles for air. He swims toward the ships at the bottom of the water. Faint female SCREAMS. Craig quickly changes directions, bursting toward the top of the water. He struggles to break the ice. Craig fights for air. The silhouette of the demon picking Riana up by the neck concerns Craig. He punches the ice. The blood from Craig's knuckles float before his face. Craig searches for the hammer.

INT. DAVE'S PRISON

The demon pulls Riana closer to its face.

RIANA

Don't it piss you off to know God has the entire solar system to run around in - and you only have this tiny ass cave. The devil's playpen!

The Demon's fingers wrap around Riana's voice box.

DEMON

God took what I helped create and gave it to you. So, now I will take what you and God created together.

RIANA

What's that?

DEMON

Your meaningless life.

Demon Dave bites Riana in the face. The beast spits the flesh out.

RIANA

Fuck you!

The demon's tail wraps around Riana's waist. The demon tightens its grip.

DEMON

Plead for your life.

RIANA

I pray for your soul.

The demon lowers his head in shame and grins foolishly. Demon Dave rams its horns into Riana's eyes. Becca stumbles to her feet. She crawls across the ice reaching for the tiny box. Becca grabs the box and frantically searches for a way to open it. Demon Dave approaches Becca. The Ivory wings flutter out-of-control. The demon drags Riana across the ice with its tail, eventually tossing Riana's lifeless body against the cavern wall. Riana's head rolls down the salt tunnel. The brave shadow creatures indulge in a quick game of soccer.

INT. WATER

Craig beats on the ice from underneath. A small hole provides Craig with oxygen. The crocodiles swim toward Craig. He hits the approaching crocodile with the hammer. The crocodile disappears. Craig hits the remaining two crocodiles with the hammer. They disappear. Craig swims to the top. He hits the ice with the hammer. The ice breaks. Craig punches the cracked ice. A hole forms. Craig surges through the hole, gasping for air. He begins to climb out onto the ice. Becca struggles with the box. Demon Dave slowly approaches. It grabs Becca by the leg. The demon drags Becca away from the tree by the foot as Craig crawls across the ice. Becca clinches the tiny box as she begins to pray. Becca grabs the blood stone as she is dragged from the tree. The demon snatches Becca up - wrapping his fingers around her voice box.

DEMON

Pray! Useless one. For he does not listen to your idle chatter. He cares no more for you than he did his own.

The slobber from his mouth burns his skin as it drops from his teeth.

DEMON (CONT'D)

From my breath to yours - to him! You waste it. Be a monkey. You shall live a life of luxury. Do what you want, when you want. No worries on what will happen to your soul when you die - for you will never die.

The demon drops Becca to the ground. Demon Dave ROARS.

BECCA

Jehovah, my father, of all that you have created and who has taught me to be - please, help me and Craig to seal this demon off from the rest of your valued children, and for you to watch over the souls who have died here tonight - trying to serve your greatness. It's your prison. I only pray that you allow us to be the jury who condemns this evil once again. Show us the key.

The demon ROARS.

DEMON

(Indistinguishable)

Fool.

The demon reaches for Becca. Its claws go through her body causing no harm. The Ivory wings flutter so hard they lift the trinket off Becca's chest.

CRAIG

Use the stone.

Becca raises her hand, blood races from her wrist into the stone. Becca throws the stone at the demon's chest. The blood stone pushes through the demon's coarse skin and out the other side. A large hole is left in the stone's absence. Becca stands and rushes to Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Get the cup out of the chest.

BECCA

Where?

Craig points in the direction of the chest. Becca rushes to the chest. She finds the goblet. The beast heals its injury. Craig runs to the salt tunnel. The demon slams its tail. His eyes roll of fire.

DEMON

(Indistinguishable)

Thorns.

Thorns quickly cover the exit. The demon stalks Craig. The shadow creatures struggle with the vines, attempting to view the battle. Craig fights his way through the thorns. Demon Dave attacks Craig. Its claws scratches Craig across the shoulder. A mist rises as Craig's blood hits the ground. The demon stops attacking. Craig crawls away, grabbing the bloodstone and sticking it in his pocket.

CRAIG

Hurry Becca, I don't have the
faith you do.

The demon's tail swipes the thorns and brush from the exit, slinging the shadow creatures across the room. Demon Dave exits through the salt tunnel. Becca darts for the exit. Becca enters the salt tunnel before the demon reaches the mouth. The shadow creatures follow Becca into the tunnel.

INT. SALT TUNNEL

Becca stands strong as she stomps her foot to the soil.

BECCA

Fuck-face!

The shadow creatures look up at Becca with amazement. Demon Dave stops and turns. Fire shoots from his nostrils. The fire around his nipple rings gorge. The shadow creatures cower and slowly back away. Becca runs past the demon. An unseen force prevents the demon from attacking. An enraged beast HOWLS. Craig rushes by the demon. The shadow creatures leap onto Craig's legs, but quickly fall off. Craig stands at the mouth of the cave with Becca. They stand next to the bolder, used for blocking the exit.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I think I have a plan.

CRAIG

You know once we leave this tunnel,
we are dead. I thought the stone
would kill him, after all it worked
for David.

The demon becomes crazed, beating the salt walls viciously, kicking his minion shadow creatures from one end of the tunnel to the next.

BECCA

I thought you didn't read the
bible?

Craig sucks wind badly, panting out of control. Becca pats him on the back.

CRAIG

Everybody knows a little about the
bible. Besides, I saw it on TV or
something.

A shadow creatures flies past them.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Maybe we can just sit here and wait for the Canadian Mounties to rescue us. Once we exit - we are dead.

BECCA

We must stop it to save the world.

CRAIG

True, but if we stay here and don't let it pass. The sun cannot warm its wings. We may buy us some time.

BECCA

I have a plan. I don't know if it will work, but it's getting pretty desperate in here. We have to try something.

Becca clutches the tiny box in one hand and the goblet in the other. Craig holds the hammer. Becca prays to herself. The demon points at Riana's head. A helpful minion kicks it to the beast. Demon Dave catches Riana's head. Demon Dave methodically approach the couple. Becca and Craig slowly back away. The demon uses the head to speak.

DEMON

Always ask for help in the time of death. Humans have no alliance to anything. Faith is just a word that resides in your pages of language. A way to bring hope to a desperate time. Gods need pets. Therefor, humans were created - Monkeys live.

Fire races up the demon's horns. Craig and Becca run for the cave exit. The demon rushes out of the tunnel.

EXT. CAVE - MORNING

The sun slowly rises above the mountains.

BECCA

Please, Jehovah. I know there is something in this box. Please let it open.

Becca pries at the box. The demon exits the cave The beast spreads its wings, allowing the warmth from the sun to anoint its power. Faint images of demons rise from the ground. A tiny fairy springs from the Ivory wings. The little angel opens the box.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Thank you, Jehovah.

Seven transparent angels fiercely exit the box. The angels grab the demon by the arms, and its wings. The demon slams its tail downward. An angel swoops underneath the tail preventing it from touching the soil.

DEMON
(Indistinguishable)
NO!

The demon SCREAMS and ROARS. The angels over power the demon. The angels drag the monster into the cave. Hundreds of angels exit the box, chasing the faint demons back into their graves.

CRAIG
It's working.

BECCA
We have to light the fire.

Becca and Craig rush into the cave. The shadow creatures are running amok, not sure on what to do.

INT. CAVE

Craig hustles to the fire pit. He lights the fire. The shadow creatures anxiously watch. The angels drag Dave through the salt tunnel into his prison.

BECCA
We must seal the cave.

CRAIG
How do we seal it?

They attempt to push the bolder into the opening, but it is too heavy.

BECCA
Do you have the stone?

Craig pulls the bloodstone from his pocket. Becca grabs the stone. She holds it up to the center of the opening.

CRAIG
I believe that stone is a touch too tiny.

BECCA

I believe this is meant to enslave
the beast, not destroy.

Becca releases the stone. It hovers and begins to expand. The bloodstone covers the hole, leaving only a few cracks around the edges. The demon runs through the salt tunnel toward the opening. Shadow creatures squeeze through the cracks. Several brave minions attempt to stop Craig and Becca. Craig strikes the stone with the hammer. The stroke seals the cracks surrounding the stone. Several shadow creatures meet their demise. A thunderous THUD. The demon's shoulder rams the stone. The cave shakes. Dirt and rocks fall from the ceiling. The stone holds. Craig and Becca hug. Disgruntle shadow creatures disappear into the darkness.

CRAIG

See. I told you that you would end
up in my arms before this trip was
over. Let's get out of here.

Craig grabs the goblet from Becca's hand. Craig winces as he
grabs his shoulder.

BECCA

I guess this is my home now.

CRAIG

I was for sure if anyone stopped
this thing it would have been
Riana. After all, she is a Native
American and it liked her scent.

BECCA

We all are God's tribe, that part
was easily to figure out. The
jacket was mine. I let Riana borrow
it at the funeral. I was saved just
last year.

Becca wipes a tear from her eye. She knows her destiny.

BECCA (CONT'D)

This camping trip was the first
chance I had to sin since then, and
I was a little bit too preoccupied
to worry about copulation.

CRAIG

You are way too smart for me.

BECCA

What's the goblet for?

Becca points at the large cup.

CRAIG
This is King Author's quest.

BECCA
The Holy Grail?

Craig hands Becca the Goblet. Becca admires its beauty. Craig grins from ear to ear.

CRAIG
That's how God expects you to keep the monster at bay. As long as you fill the cup up from that spring over there, you will never die. That's God's reward for doing his will. How it got into the cave, I will never know. Part of a test?

BECCA
What about the rest of the world? Wouldn't they benefit from this more than just one person?

CRAIG
No, that's what I was reading about in there. The demon was meant to get out so he could test the will of his people. We passed, so he has uncovered the Holy Grail and allowed Pandora's box to be opened. It's only for your eyes now. There was a concoction that would destroy the thoughts of evil, but I couldn't find it.

BECCA
It seems like a waste.

CRAIG
No one else must ever know what happened here tonight, or it will confirm greed overcomes faith.

BECCA
I won't see anyone to tell.

CRAIG
I won't tell anyone.

BECCA
Why don't you stay here with me?

CRAIG

No. I have to go back home and find my faith, but I will come back from time to time and see how you are doing. I'll bring you supplies.

BECCA

What do I do if someone shows up?

CRAIG

You just handled the son of Satan. I believe you can handle a camper or two.

BECCA

So this is it? I'm now the keeper of the gate.

Craig hugs Becca. He hands her the lighter. Craig exits the cave.

TWISTED SISTER - BURN IN HELL

CREDITS CRAWL:

NATIVE AMERICAN (V.O.)

Millions of moons ago, here on the soil we now call Earth. Thousands of souls were buried in this land for their eternal rest. Here they would lie until their judgment day arrives. God would not allow Lucifer to bury his dead in his Heaven and since there was yet no hell - Satan had only one choice. To bury his followers on the very land he despised.

The mist rises from the mountains.

NATIVE AMERICAN (V.O.)

As the Great War in the Heaven's raged on - Lucifer would travel back and forth from Heaven to Earth. Satan believed that when he over threw God and won the prize of Heaven, his follower's would rise from their graves and join him under his rule in Heaven. Earth would be a wasteland to those who oppose. Satan lost!

HIGHWAY TO HELL - AC/DC

CREDITS as Becca torments the shadow creature. Craig exits the cave never looking back.

NATIVE AMERICAN (V.O.)

Although Lucifer has his own kingdom deep in the hearts and souls of the evil. He still desires Heaven. Lucifer can't stand that he has to look up upon the people that God chose over his own. Satan desires to look down on the people that God created. Those same beings that filled God's heart with greed and hatred, stealing the love of his beloved angels. Satan returns to his stomping grounds to reassure his fallen warriors that the day of darkness will soon come. The worthless humans shall kiss the feet of the wicked. Let sin run over our existence. One member of every race, color, and national origin would take the stand that day. God would judge that human for his race, himself. God searches for the race on Earth that is strong enough to keep the evil at rest and the fire alive. The race chosen would give up their purpose on Earth to do God's will. As long as this race did their job, Satan's only son would stay buried deep inside the Earth's soil. I am the last living protector and I am about to die. I fear what will happen to our Earth with no one to keep these creatures at peace.

Becca stokes the fire inside the cave.

BECCA (V.O.)

I now stand guard. Waiting for the return of the Dark Lord. Laughing at the shadows that lurk under our beds and control our dreams.

The shadow creatures scurry across the cave's ceiling. Becca turns wielding the torch. The shadow creatures quickly disappear.

INT. CHURCH - CALIFORNIA - DAY

6 years, 6 months, 6 days later.

Craig kneels at an alter PRAYING. A long beard hangs from his face. His hair dangles past his waist. Craig is wearing stone washed jeans and a sleeveless T-shirt. Religious tattoo's cover his arms. Angels are carved into the stained glass of the churches windows. The carvings begin to weep. CRACKING. Craig flips his Zippo open and shut as he kneels. An older PRIEST approaches from behind. The Priest carries an old bible made of a tan skin. Craig flips the Zippo closed.

PRIEST

May I help you, my son?

CRAIG

I once, not only witnessed a miracle, I myself became a miracle.

PRIEST

Not many can say that.

The Priest kneels, putting his arm around Craig's neck.

CRAIG

I have searched for my calling, searched all these years. Not once returning as I said I would. After that night in the hills - I sought refuge. I sought knowledge, I found nothing. Even after what I saw, what I was a part of - I feel nothing. I swore I'd return to help her, but not once returning to the place of my spiritual birth.

PRIEST

Where is that, my son?

CRAIG

I sometimes dream that I kill her, and release the beast from within.

The priest is nervous as sweat drips from his brow. Craig turns his head away from the priest.

PRIEST

Do you wish to explain?

CRAIG

Still knowing the truth that God does exist and his word is divine. I find it so hard not to sin.

Craig shakes his head with shame.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I allow myself to give into the pleasures of earth. Why does the father not care for the people he adores?

PRIEST

God see's all, he loves all. He encourages free will.

CRAIG

I would not choose my dog or my cat over my child. My own flesh and bone. Blood is the key. It is universal. Yet, the blood we worship, the blood we protect - it is tainted.

PRIEST

Just keep praying my son. For God will always listen. For he knows you are only human. God sees all, but waits.

CRAIG

It seems that God only listens. He does not react. He did not raise a finger in the mountains to save his world. He admires himself to a point that endangers all his children. No heaven to gain, only hell to lose.

PRIEST

God is the word on our tongue.

CRAIG

He is just a word. Our tongue, we use it to lie.

PRIEST

Only those who can't believe, use it to lie.

CRAIG

Every word he speaks - rings of ignorance.

PRIEST

Your ears are deafened to the truth. Your eyes blinded by the passion of sin.

CRAIG

Do you not read the news? Do you not see it on the television? Your church lies and condones it upon his name. Children die. Cities are destroyed. Yet, he has a plan. Mother's kill their own and they are set free. Sandy Hook is not of free will but evil allowance. Do you call this world just?

PRIEST

People lie. God does not.

CRAIG

God does not speak anymore.

PRIEST

We silence his word with laws.

CRAIG

We silence his word because we have revealed his word is useless.

PRIEST

You have many wars raging inside you.

CRAIG

God is the cause of Hitler and Stalin. God is the song that Manson sung as his children did their God's work. God is the music that Dalmher danced to as he sexually abused his victims before he ate them. God is the soil that Saddam drilled upon to pay for his penance. God is a death that we can't avoid. God is the force that pulled the finger, killing the kid.

Craig clinches his fist. His long fingernails eat into the skin.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

The strength inside the arms that sparked "I can't breath."

PRIEST

Your look upon God is not grand. God is the universal call for help. The bible is there for all sinners who scream for absolution.

CRAIG
Bastard Child has offered me a
chance at happiness.

PRIEST
Bastard Child?

CRAIG
God dialed up the world trade
center and helped no one. God turns
his back on missing children and
advertises his greatness upon a
carton of milk. Why? Who are we to
call upon someone who listens upon
deafened ears? God fears knowledge.
God fears his own truths.

PRIEST
God only wants man to worship him.
We are only here to do that.

CRAIG
That's the tricky part, Reverend.

Craig finally raises his head. His pupil's roll with fire.
The Priest quickly stands.

PRIEST
God help us all.

CRAIG
I am no longer in conflict with who
I am. I am. I am. I am.

Craig opens his mouth, dropping his fangs. His teeth are
sharp, bugs crawl from the opening.

PRIEST
My son, you can be saved.

CRAIG
I am not your son. And God is not
here to help you.

PRIEST
God is all around us.

Craig CHUCKLES. He slowly glances around the room.

CRAIG
His voice in sheep's clothing. To
be saved, you must be in trouble.
Not troubled. Call for your Lord
for I am here to prove you wrong.

Craig raises his arms and looks to the sky.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Today you shall die for your
 beliefs.

Craig bites the Priest. Blood splatters across the pews. He stands. He pries the bible from the Priest's clutches. Craig opens the book to REVELATIONS. He flips to the end of the chapter. He closes his eyes. Craig slams the book down on the pedestal. A light shoots into the cross above the alter. He jerks the book up. Craig walks down the aisle.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 I will find the book. I will place
 the Bekahn Stone.

He holds up his hand. The bible shoots from the pedestal and into his hand. The pews catch on fire as Craig passes. Craig exits.

INT. DESERT - DAY

Craig walks across the sands of the desert. Tumble weeds scurry across the area. He throws down the book. The church explodes and burns wildly. Fire footprints are left in the sand. Craig continues to walk down the desert trail. Diamondback rattlesnakes and Sidewinder rattlesnakes slither across the sands. Scorpions rush from Craig's boots. He rips off his shirt. An image of the demon is tattooed across Craig's back.

CRAIG
 I let one slip through my fingers
 in California. I will complete my
 task in North Carolina. I swear to
 you.

A horned tipped tail lingers from the cuff of Craig's jeans. The tail rips Craig's jeans apart. Craig slams the tail on the desert sands. The earth shakes. A sand storm consumes the SHOT.

BASTARD CHILD (V.O.)
 Come to the sound of my voice. Open
 my prison. Let me show you how to
 live. His bastard child walks the
 streets. He requests your guidance.
 Bastard Child lives! You must
 hurry.

THE END: