

T H E D E V I L H E R S E L F

by

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EXT. THE ADIRONDACKS - DAY

Jagged mountains impale gunmetal clouds. A storm is brewing. Lightning pulses, but the rain refuses to fall.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

THE BARREL OF A LONG RANGE SNIPER RIFLE AIMED AT --

A dark river valley below, slithering across the land.

A WOMAN lies prone on the mountain top -- her BLEARY EYE magnified by the glass of a high powered scope. She's in full control of her breath.

This is SIX (30s). Her rifle is an extension of her body. She's dressed in tattered camouflage. Face smeared with sweat and wood ash. Hair matted and gnarled from years in the woods, pulled tight in a braid that snakes down her back.

The wind shifts. She adjusts her sight to compensate. Flexes her finger around the trigger. Breathes in.

RIFLE SCOPE POV: Scanning THE DEEP, DARK WOODS. A mile below. Crosshairs land on A DOE drinking from a stream.

It picks up its head and -- *BAM!* In the 1.3 seconds it takes for the bullet to travel the mile --

A FAWN darts out of the brush, into the crosshairs, blocking its mother. Hot metal pierces the baby's heart.

It staggers to its knees, and plops dead in the dirt. The doe starts BLATTING, a loud guttural cry. Sniffing its baby, licking its hide.

SIX

Rips herself away from the scope. Her broken blue eyes scream. A rumble of thunder gives her pain a voice.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Six hovers over the baby fawn. Staring at it, expressionless. She sees her reflection in the deer's glassy eye.

Her hand starts shaking. A tremor. She tries to quell it.

As if in a trance, Six disappears into the woods, leaving the animal for scavengers.

EXT. SIX'S CAMP - TWILIGHT

Rifle slung over her shoulder, Six cuts through a tunnel-like opening that leads to a camp.

Clandestine structures hand-built from raw materials found in the woods. A shelter of logs, camouflaged by moss decorated with handmade traps and tools, a fire pit, smokehouse, a vegetable garden, and a sitting area with a hammock.

INT. SIX'S SHELTER - EVENING

Neat and tidy. Just enough room for a cot and a table. A deer hide blanket. Antlers line the rafters.

THWACK!!! Six stabs her knife in the wall, leaving her mark. A TALLIED DAY-COUNT. Like a crude calendar. Three years covering the wall.

She stands before her time served. It looks like a piece of modern art.

LATER

Six cranks out a set of pushups. Taking her frustrations out on her body. Fifty. Sixty. Harder. Faster. Sweat falling down her face and dangling off her nose. Or maybe those are tears.

She's doing sit-ups now. There's only one decoration pinned to the wall -- A lone photograph of a TROPICAL ISLAND. With every rep, she glances at the photo.

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EXT. SIX'S CAMP - LATER

A raging fire plays on Six's face. She's sits at the pit, cooking dinner.

The wind changes. Her ears perk. A *CHILDLIKE WAIL* echoing from the black forest. Eerie... surreal... consuming. *Is she losing her mind?*

The tremor in her hand is getting worse. Six kneels down and feels the earth, grounding herself, the grass is wet and cold in her hand.

Something is brewing inside of her. Something dark, and long buried. Another blustery moan.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Six *BLASTS* through the woods -- as fast as she can, trees blurring by. Huffing and puffing. The moon lights her way.

EXT. CLEARING - EVENING

Three ravens peck at the baby deer's carcass. *BLAM!* One explodes. Feathers fly. The other two take off --

Six aims her Sig-Sauer pistol and -- *BLAM! BLAM!* The gunfire lights up the night, exposing the madness in her eyes.

Plop. The dead birds land at her feet. And then something breaks inside of Six. She falls to her knees before the fawn. Touches its blood-stained hide.

Trembling, she lies down beside the baby deer. Takes it in her arms. Holding it close on the forest floor.

LATER

Six buries the baby deer in the SMALL HOLE she's dug. She wipes her tears, smearing dirt across her face.

She says a silent prayer.

INT. SIX'S SHELTER - EVENING

Six lies on her cot. Staring at a spider crawling across the ceiling. Lost in the hell that is her mind.

A CRACK of a branch. She bolts up. Glances out the window.

TALL DARK SHADOWS emerge from the woods. EIGHT ASSASSINS in tactical gear, gripping weapons as they move deliberately towards the shelter.

Six rises slowly and goes to the doorway. Just stands there backlit by lanterns. Her face is lost in the shadows.

The LEADER throws up a fist when he sees her, halting his men. Silence. Just the night song. And then --

LEADER
The devil herself.

The men ready their weapons. WIDEN TO REVEAL -- A M4 Carbine assault rifle mounted by the door. *A lot of gun.*

Suddenly -- the tremor in her hand stops. She cracks her neck. The monster awakens.

Her eyes are the gates of hell.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The doe wanders the woods. All alone now. A *pop-pop-pop* in the distance. The chatter of gunfire. The doe's ears perk. *Pop. Pop. Pop.* The deer darts away.

EXT. SIX'S CAMP - NIGHT

Three bullet-ridden bodies strewn around the camp. Five left.

BLAM BLAM!! We're mid-melee, and if you blink you'll miss it.

Six shoots A SHOTGUN WEILDING ASSASSIN'S face off his head, pulls his bulky, oozing corpse into a cold embrace and pirouettes, using him as a human shield for --

A SCARFACED ASSASSIN'S spray and pray -- *RATATATATATAT!!!*

As Scarface bears down -- Six PUNCHES the back of Shotgun's pulverized, brain-flecked skull, the force of which -- *CRACK!* Head butts Scarface -- EXPLODING his nose!

Scarface drops his gun, stumbling back in agony. *She knows her way around a dead body.*

Just then -- A LANKY ASSASSIN dashes out from behind a wood pile, MACHINE GUN BLASTING --

Six hugs Shotgun's corpse tight as -- *RATATATATATATAT!* He has a LEAD SEIZURE in her arms, shrouding her in a pink mist.

She STABS her gun through his armpit, but before she can pull off a shot --

Lanky trips a WIRE that triggers a BOOBY TRAP -- *WOOOSHH!!* A massive OAK TREE falling behind him -- *CRACK!!* It pancakes him into the ground, sending his fire wild.

Six spins on her heels, wearing the dead man like an apron to find -- A bloody Scarface flanking with A BUCK KNIFE --

Six BODYSLAMS what's left of Shotgun's corpse, summersaulting over him in order to -- calmly execute Scarface with a double tap -- *BLAM!* Heart. *BLAM!* Lungs.

He falls like a snipped marionette.

One man left -- MANBUN. He's petrified. Struggling to reload with trembling fingers.

Six raises her M14 and -- *CLICK.* She's spent, too. She drops the weapon. Eying a BEAR TRAP on the ground behind Manbun.

SIX
Did One send you?

MANBUN
(nervous)
She never stopped looking.

Manbun fumbles, and drops a bullet.

SIX

Run.

He looks at her, trembling. *She's giving him an out.*

SIX (CONT'D)

Run away.

He glances back at the trail.

He wants to run. But he's not going to.

As he lifts his reloaded weapon to finish her off, Six charges and -- *WHAMMM!!!* Devastates Manbun with a mid-air kick. He eats shit. She falls on top of him.

As he tries to crawl away, she grabs him savagely by the bun itself, dragging him towards the BEAR TRAP.

He's screaming in fear and she's screaming with determination, a horrible harmony as SIX BURIES A KNEE INTO MANBUN'S BACK. Pushes his fat head towards the HUNGRY TRAP --

He fights like hell, but it's no use -- closer to the rusty razor teeth -- Six grabs a large rock with both hands and -- *WHAM!!!* Bashes his skull --

THWACK! THE TRAP TRIGGERS AND EATS HIM ALIVE -- HIS GORE FLECKS HER EYES --

Six falls off of Manbun, catching her breath. Drenched in blood. Like Carrie on prom night. Eight men out.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

THE DEAD BODIES are piled like a pyre before the wall of time. Wet with lighter fluid. Six throws a gas lamp. It breaks -- *WOOSH!* They bonfire.

EXT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Six is digging into the earth with a trowel. Behind her, the shelter is devoured by leaping tongues. Hellfire plays on her possessed face as she digs.

She falls to her knees, digging with her hands now. She pulls a WOODEN BOX out of the earth. Wipes off the grime.

She pulls A SECURITY BLANKET out of the box. Dried blood stains on the fabric. She rubs the blanket on her cheek, breathes-in, and her eyes well with tears because after all these years, *she can still smell her on it* --

She packs it in her rucksack.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Six runs through the woods. Navigating severe wilderness. Everything she has in the world in the rucksack. Faster. Like she's running for her life.

EXT. ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS - FROM ABOVE

A sea of trees. The needle cuts through the haystack.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

TWO (60s) bolts awake from a nightmare. He has a well-groomed beard, avuncular eyes, and a long flannel nightshirt.

He glances out the window at the secluded, moon speckled lake and breathes.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two shuffles down the hallway, scratching his ass.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights are off. Two yawns, feeds his cat. *Kiss-kiss-kiss*. He pulls a bowl out of the fridge and removes the tinfoil. His eyes narrows -- only a sliver of lasagna left.

SIX (O.S.)
When did you learn to cook?

He screams and drops the plate. It shatters. He turns to find Six -- a ghost -- sitting at the dining room table, devouring his cheesy lasagna.

TWO
Six...

She smiles. But her smile never reaches her eyes.

SIX
I left you a bite. Sorry, I haven't had a carb in three years.

TWO
(sits)
I used to dream about you knocking on my door.

SIX
Nightmares?

TWO
I knew you couldn't hide in the woods forever.

SIX
She sent eight men.

TWO
And yet here you are. Always said you were the best.

SIX
...I want to go to the island.

The cat jumps on to the table. Two strokes him.

TWO
You know that's not possible.

SIX
I can't do this anymore. I'm living in purgatory.

TWO
There are only two ways to the island.

SIX
(rote)
"Buy in or age out."

TWO
You're young and broke.

SIX
I need a favor. A job... Big enough so I can buy in...

TWO
You shouldn't be here. If she knew we were talking, she'd--

SIX
--I'll take care of One.

TWO
Killing One will only make it worse. There's an open contract on you, Six. She'll never stop, not after what you did--

SIX
What I did?!

WHAMM!!! Six slams her fist on the table so hard it rattles the silverware --

SIX (CONT'D)
I didn't start this war!

TWO
You went too far.

SIX
(jumps to her feet)
--It was a child for a child!

He stares up at her, hovering over him gripping her butter knife instinctively. Murder dancing in her eyes.

TWO
I'm sorry. Hey, sit. Come on. It's me. I shouldn't have said that, I'm not even going to *try* and understand what you went through...

The rage slowly falls off Six's face. She sits back down. The knife clatters on the table.

SIX
(breaking)
Just get me to the island. She has no authority there. She can't touch me. Those are the rules. It's a clean slate. I'd never have to look over my shoulder again.

Two goes to the window.

TWO
Well... There is one thing... But we'll have to be careful--

SIX
Of course.

TWO
(shutting the blinds)
Big payday. And you'd be getting me out of a bind.

SIX
Just tell me who to kill.

TWO
Not a hit, an exfil.

SIX
Hostile?

TWO
Friendly. An abduction.

SIX
Military?

TWO
A seven-year-old girl.

Six hesitates. Off her look --

INT. TWO'S STUDY - NIGHT

An entire wall of books. A globe. A record player. Two leads her over to his mahogany desk.

TWO
(sniffs)
When's the last time you took a shower?

SIX
I ran out of soap last January.

Two messes up his face, and then presses a button. *GZT!* The bookshelf behind them starts to PART LIKE A CURTAIN. But it stops abruptly, suddenly STUCK.

TWO
Goddamnit.

He hits the button again. The bookshelf doesn't budge. He slams the button with his fist.

TWO (CONT'D)
I hate this high tech horseshit.
They made us all upgrade--

He tries to pry it open.

SIX
Easy, easy--

Six reaches through the bookshelf, and flips a switch above. *GZTT!!!* It continues to open, revealing --

THE SLEEK SECRET ROOM BEHIND THE SHELF.

TWO
I told them, just give me a fucking deadbolt.

They move through the bookshelf.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

An arsenal of guns. High tech computer systems. Intel. Maps. Data on screens. Satellite images.

"THE NUMBERS" SYMBOL hangs over a bank of monitors:



A live-streaming database of employee profiles covering a wall. Elite Assassins numbered ONE to ONE HUNDRED -- spread across the world. Photo, rank, status and current location.

We recognize the profiles of Six's would-be Assassins from the woods. Their Numbers have been marked "NEGATIVE."

Six's own profile is marked: "OPEN." She shakes her head at this, annoyed.

Two leads her across the room to Intel on a screen. Photos of a SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL smiling down from the wall.

SIX

Is this the asset?

TWO

Petra Fuchs. Her mother comes from old money. One of the richest families in Germany. Naturally, we were expecting a ransom, but it never came. She was taken from her chauffeur's car as he dropped her off at school. They mutilated him.

She studies the brutal crime scene photos as they flash by.

SIX

Traffickers?

TWO

Maybe. Whoever they are, they're sitting on a gold mine, and they don't even seem to know it.

SIX

Or don't care.

TWO

I had Nine on it. He did the dirty work, all I need now is a closer. He located her here-- in the Harz Mountains, the highest peak in Northern Germany. They're squatting in an old church up there. We got them on satellite.

He points to the live satellite images of a CHURCH on a steep cliff, overlooking the mountains.

SIX

What happened to Nine?

TWO

He disappeared, been radio silent for three days.

SIX

We were close. He was always around when I was a kid.

TWO

One doesn't know he's missing yet. I've been searching for a sub. You'll slip in and close. I'll say it was reassigned to Twenty.

SIX

We can trust Twenty?

TWO

He owes me. But you'll have to stay under the radar. If she finds out, she'll--

SIX

--She's not gonna find out.

TWO

(nods)

You'll take the north trail up, eight miles to the Devil's Wall. It's a 100-foot climb from there.

She looks at the photos of an ancient sandstone wall of jagged rocks, snaking fence-like across the land. An expressionistic Stonehenge.

SIX

The Devil's Wall?

TWO

Lots of superstition up there. Legend goes, when God and the Devil were fighting for dominion over the world, the Devil built a fence dividing the Earth in two. Everything behind that wall belongs to him.

SIX

(unimpressed)

Spooky.

TWO

(nods)

Extract the girl, deliver her to her mother in Hanover. Once the money is transferred, I'll divert one of our ships to the Port of Hamburg. Twenty will take you to the island from there.

Six stares up at a LIVE STATIETE IMAGE OF THE ISLAND.
Tropical heaven, even from a God's eye view.

SIX

(wistfully)

They say you don't need weapons there...

TWO

It's all true. Everything you've heard. A protected paradise for retired Numbers. Heaven on earth.

She can almost hear the crashing waves.

TWO (CONT'D)

But... once you go, you can never come back. And that can be hell for some...

SIX

I know what I'm doing. I know what I want.

They lock eyes.

TWO

Clock's ticking. If we don't deliver by tomorrow night, we lose the contact.

SIX

Where's our German Silo?

TWO

Veckenstedt. A couple hours north of the drop point. You're off the grid, so I'll give you my access.

SIX

Two. I... I can't thank you enough for this...

TWO

(smiles)

I know you can't.

Six laughs. And then she looks past the intel and sees A PHOTO on a shelf. Six picks it up, studies it.

A picture of Six, her beautiful wife, JENNY (30s), red-hair and freckles, and their three-year-old daughter, KATE -- the cutest little girl who ever lived. It's a big family hug.

TWO (CONT'D)

I took that one. Her thirtieth.

Six is smiling ear-to-ear in this picture. It's shocking to see her with her hair done, in a summer dress. A different person. Radiating love.

TWO (CONT'D)

Corrèze is an hour flight from Germany. I could give you the address of the safe house. You can arrange a plane at the Silo.

SIX

She wants nothing to do with me.

Six puts the photograph back on the shelf, facing away.

TWO

When's the last time you spoke?

SIX

There's zero chance I'm going to France.

TWO

I know you don't want to hear this. But your mother made me promise to look out for you... So here's me looking out for you --
(off her look)
The island isn't going to fix you. *Wherever you go, there you are.* You want to get out of purgatory? Forgive yourself.

The words make her shudder. The tremor returns to her hand. She glances at Two's shelf. More photos --

YOUNG SIX (12) and her MOTHER. They look like twins wearing matching tactical gear and severe expressions, posing at a SHOOTING RANGE in the desert.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Six takes her hair out of its braid. It explodes. Wild, and dead. Too far gone. She looks insane. She picks up Two's beard trimmer and gets to work.

Staring at herself in the mirror. The dull abyss of her eyes. She tries like hell to fight off a memory, and fails.
CHILDREN'S MUSIC. An upbeat RAFFI RECORD --

RAFFI'S VOICE
I'VE GOTTA SHAKE, SHAKE MY SILLIES
OUT! WIGGLE MY WAGGLES AWAY!

INT. BABY KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The room of a pink princess in training. Six sits on the bed, watching BABY KATE and JENNY, her wife, in the middle of a dance contest, shaking and wiggling and wagging to the Raffi.

Six is flushed and happy. Radiant eyes. Dressed in bright colors, clapping along. The song ends and Baby Kate and Jenny bow. Six applauds the show.

With a running start, Kate jumps on Six and attacks her with love and kisses. Six grabs her, and tickles her to death. Shrill screaming laughter.

Jenny joins in and it's an all out love war. Six and Jenny kiss as --

A SHADOW CREEPS PAST THE WINDOW. They're too in love to notice. But Baby Kate does --

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT - PRESENT

Six showers with a fresh buzz cut. She really rocks it. Moans under the water, it's been so long.

Her back is a canvas of angry purple scars. Memories from a life of death. Another scar slits her belly. This is different.

It's from a C-section.

And we barely hear it over the SPRAY OF WATER --

CHILD'S VOICE
Mommy?

Six stops the shower. Ears perk.

A SHADOW darkens the curtain. She throws it open. Nothing.

A WHIMPERING in the darkened hall. The PATTERN of little feet.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Six emerges from the bathroom, wrapped in the towel. She hears RAFFI trickling down the dark hallway.

RAFFI'S VOICE
I'VE GOTTA SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE MY
SILLIES OUT! WIGGLE MY WAGGLES AWAY!

The SHADOW darts around the corner. Six runs after it, turns the corner and stops --

It's her daughter, BABY KATE. In her pajamas. Snuggling the security blanket-- and sucking her thumb. She is terrified. Her face hidden behind the blanket.

Six's jaw drops as -- Baby Kate takes her thumb out of her mouth. It's covered in blood.

BABY KATE
 I saw a lady in the window.

She drops her blanket and -- Half her face is missing.

A gaping hole where her left eye and nose should be.

SIX SNAPS AWAKE SCREAMING!

She's on an AIRPLANE, trapped in a nightmare. Dressed in jeans and a black hoodie that covers her shaved head. Her screams make the BUSINESS MAN beside her spill his drink.

She slowly returns to planet earth. The cabin whispers nervously. The Business Man tries to calm her down.

BUSINESS MAN
 Are you okay? You're dreaming--

He's holding her arm. She rips away, disgusted.

SIX
 I'm fine.

She looks down at the file folder on her lap. Opens it. Pictures of Petra on horseback. Doing ballet. Playing with friends. Her whole life ahead of her...

And then another photo. The family photo from the frame -- Six, Jenny, and Kate. Two snuck it in with all the rest.

Six picks it up, hand trembling. Turns it over. There's an ADDRESS scrawled on the back:

7 - Route de Bailly, 78210 Saint-Cyr-1'École

She slaps the file shut. TURBULENCE RATTLES THE PLANE.

EXT. HANNOVER AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

Shrieking planes above. Six cuts through endless cars with her rucksack. She clicks her key fob.

A BLACK MUSTANG lights up. She looks around. All alone. So she opens the trunk.

A dissembled Heckler & Koch assault rifle, a high-precision sniper rifle, a SIG Sauer M11, night vision goggles, and tactical gear. She smiles. Old friends.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Speeding through busy streets. Leaving the city behind. A winding country road. It's been so long since she's been behind the wheel. Stunning views. Pedal to the metal, putting the engine to the test. Faster. Faster. FAS--

CUT TO:

Six has been pulled over. AN OFFICER rips a ticket from his book, and hands it to her. She accepts it graciously.

CUT TO:

WOOOOSH!!!! 100-mph around a a dead man's curve.

EXT. FARMER'S FEILD - DAY

Six drives through a vast field. The snow capped Harz Mountain range beyond. She drives towards a TUNNELED BRIDGE.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Six enters the dark tunnel on foot, rucksack slung. Shines her light.

The outline of CAR hidden beneath a camouflage cover. Six rips it off. A sexy AUDI R8 beneath. She reaches under the chassis and pulls out a high-tech LOCK BOX. Enters the code. It opens, revealing a fob inside.

She opens the back, and stuffs her rucksack inside. Locks it, and covers the Audi back up.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Six drives the Mustang up a narrow mountain road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Six stops at a crossroads. A LITTLE GIRL and her MOTHER pass before her car. They both wear green face-paint and pointy hats, and carry broomsticks. The little witch smiles at Six.

A chill shoots down her spine. And then her eyes widen as --

A parade of KINDERGARTENERS dressed as witches and pitchfork-wielding devils pass before her. Some wave, some scream and cackle -- trying like hell to scare her.

It's unsettling, and she has to look away.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! She jumps. A BOY standing at her window, dressed as the devil, rapping his plastic pitchfork. He speaks in GERMAN, subtitled.

BOY

Give me your soul!

It's so much worse in German.

A TEACHER grabs the boy and ushers him along. Waving apologetically to Six. She gulps, and drives on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF THANE - DAY

Six drives through the ancient mountain village. An architectural feast of Rapunzel-style turrets, secret courtyards, and half-timbered houses leaning at crazy angles.

In the distance, THE THRUM OF MUSIC. She rounds a bend.

INT. SIX'S MUSTANG - THANE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Six stops. The road is closed. Music BOOMING. The infectious BUZZ of a festival in full swing. She drives under a banner:

FESTIVAL DER WALPURGISTNACHT

A bronze statue of a wicked witch on a broomstick.

Stages are set up for jugglers, magicians, and music. TOURISTS, some dressed like witches and wizards. Rows of stalls, selling arts, crafts, and beer.

A DEVIL ON STILTS waves to a boy dressed as a wizard.

Six climbs out of her car before a centuries old building. A dangling sign reads: "HAXAN OCCULT MUSUEM."

INGRID (20s) is handing out fliers. All in black, lipstick included. Sleeves of tattoos, pentagram necklace.

SIX
 (calls to her)
 Hey! Speak English?

GRETA
 (approaching)
 I went to university in America.

SIX
 Is there another ro--

INGRID
 --You look like you could use an
 energy cleanse. Come in. I'll read
 your taro. Half off Walpurgisnacht
 special.

SIX
 Is there another road to "der
 harzweg eingang?"

INGRID
 Where are you trying to go?

SIX
 The Devil's Wall.

INGRID
 (shudders)
 No. You don't want to go there. If
 you're looking for a hike you
 should try the Harzer Wandernadel,
 there's a cool nature walk and--

Six's stare stops Ingrid mid-sentence. Sniper scope eyes.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 It's a kilometer behind you off of
 Henez Stieg. But, I told you I'd--

SIX
 --What's all this?

INGRID
 What do you mean? It's
 Walpurgisnacht.

SIX
 Is that like Halloween?

INGRID
 May Eve. The Witches Sabbath. When
 the Haxan hold their revels with
 the devil. And the veil between
 life and death is at its thinnest.

SIX
(unimpressed)
Copy that.

INGRID
You shouldn't be up in those
mountains. Not tonight.

Six ignores her, climbs back in her Mustang.

INGRID (CONT'D)
You sure you don't want to come in?
I could give you a spell to ward
off evil spirits.

SIX
I'm good.

INGRID
Well... Here's a brochure--

Ingrid leans in the window. Hands a GREEN BROCHURE to Six.

HAXAN MUSEUM
Walpurgisnacht Special
Half-Off Energy Cleanse!

And an ancient drawing of a DEMON from a medieval grimoire.
It gives her the chills.

SIX
Thanks.

And then the smile falls off Ingrid's face.

INGRID
Your aura is black. There's so much
death around you--

They lock eyes. And then Six throws it in reverse and PEELS
AWAY. Ingrid watches her go.

EXT. TRAIL HEAD - DAY

The trunk of the Mustang is slammed shut to REVEAL --

SIX -- looking badass in her tactical gear. Dark glasses.
Rifle slung over her shoulder. She wears a black backpack.

She locks the car, wipes her prints off the handle, winds up,
and hurls her keys away. She doesn't need them anymore.

Approaches the trailhead that leads to the deep, dark woods.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

The wind MOANS through branches, wiggling like gnarled fingers. The woods are alive and breathing.

Six trudges on, listening to the eerie music of the woods. She follows the military grade GPS strapped to her wrist.

EXT. THE HARZ MOUNTAIN RANGE - FROM ABOVE - DAY

Soaring over a terrain of craggy peaks, gloomy forests, and river valleys banked by towering cliffs.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

Six scales a steep slope. Reaches the top. Just beyond --

THE DEVIL'S WALL. Towering and ominous. Haunted. Like a row of broken fangs.

Six stands in awe of it. A blast of wind. She hikes up her jacket, shooting looks around the place.

EXT. ROCK WALL - SUNSET

A blood red sunset explodes across the mountains.

Six is climbing the 100-foot rock without protection. Her rifle dangling. She doesn't break a sweat. She calmly checks the time. **6:31 PM.**

BOOM UP THE WALL TO REVEAL -- A 16th-century stone church perched on a rocky cliff.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CHURCH - TWILIGHT

Six is positioned behind a blind of brush. She peers through the scope. Both eyes open. Always.

SCOPE POV: SCANNING the church as the sun dies. Trying to peek in the windows.

Gaslight flickers behind stained glass. Grotesque gargoyles stand sentry. She PANS to the ornate red door. Boarded up. *Keeping something out. Or keeping something in.*

A MOUNTAIN GOAT with long curved horns cuts through the crosshairs. Six follows the goat until her view is obstructed by trees.

She PANS back to the church. MUFFLED COMMOTION within. It almost sounds like a CHOIR. Not singing... MOANING.

EXT. BEHIND THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Bats circle. No moon. Six straps on NIGHT VISION GOGGLES as she moves towards the back door of the church. ALSO BOARDED UP.

NIGHT VISION POV

Bathed in FUZZY GREEN, a neon shadow skitters past. *Was that the goat?* She scans the world. Nothing. She prepares a CHARGE, places it on the boarded door.

PWIP! The silent charge breaks the lock. The door opens and --

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - (INTERCUTTING WITH NIGHT VISION)

Six enters, advancing slowly. She scans the room with her gun. A table and chairs. An empty shelf. Junk piled high in the corner. Ancient dust swirls.

A MUFFLED DRUMBEAT down the hall. Six sees something, and whips around --

A MAN standing in the dark, arms outstretched to heaven.

She lowers her gun. It's not a man, it's a statue of Jesus.

As she moves towards the door -- she notices that most of Jesus' face has broken off. Just a gaping hole.

A SPIDER POPS OUT OF JESUS' FACE and climbs down his body.

INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Six follows the DRUMMING, her rifle leads the way.

The CRUCIFIX on the wall is upside down. She fails to notice, heading for the door at the end of the hallway.

She opens it just a crack. Peeks through.

A FOYER. Dark and empty. She opens the door a little more and A BELL chimes softly as she walks through. That's when she sees it AND SWALLOWS HER SCREAM --

A MAN IN TACTICAL GEAR nailed to the back of the door, cruciform. Iron stakes in his hands. His mouth stuffed with flowers. So many they stretch his cheeks. His eyes pop out of his skull, like the last thing he saw was unspeakable.

He wears a grapevine wreath around his neck adorned with beads, gemstones, feathers and a small dangling bell.

SIX

...Nine.

Six pulls it together, no time to process this. She rips his dog tags from his neck and keeps moving.

INT. CHURCH FOYER - NIGHT

High alert. Six holds her gear from rattling as she moves towards massive cathedral arched doors that lead to the nave.

Electricity coursing. The GREEN WORLD thrumming. She hears the CHAOS behind these doors, shadows spinning under the jamb, firelight flickering.

She puts her ear to the door. A CHORUS OF WAILS. Painful, yet somehow musical. She tries to peek through the crack. *What the fuck is going on in there?*

Behind Six, we see a DARK FIGURE at the top of the stairs. Six senses something, whips around.

The figure darts away. Six pulls out a Maxim 9, silencer integrated into the gun, and gives chase.

INT. CHURCH - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Six creeps up the gothic stairs, gun trained. Scans the hall.

The shadow retreats. *THWIP!* Six fires the silenced round.

The shadow clears the corner. She hits the door jam in a storm of splinters --

Advances. Rounds the corner -- AN EMPTY HALLWAY.

Six lowers her gun, confused. A SNORT. She looks closer --

A GREEN NIGHT-VISION BLOB SCRUNCHED AT THE END OF THE HALL EXPLODES TO LIFE --

THE MOUNTAIN GOAT lunges at Six and -- RAMS HER WITH ITS HORNS, KNOCKING HER DOWN! A MEWLING blob, eyes glowing white as it rears up and --

Cracks her in the face, bouncing her head off the floor --

THWIP! Six lobs off a shot. The goat collapses dead on top of her. She pushes the animal aside. Catches her breath.

The DRUMMING gets louder. Like an elevating HEARTBEAT. She climbs over the beast, moves towards the balcony. Towards the music. Towards the laughing and shrieking and moaning.

The balcony opens into THE NAVE. She peers into the madness below. Removes her goggles. She has to see it with her own eyes. And they widen in horror.

It's dark down there. Lit only by ceremonial candles.

TWENTY CLOAKED WOMEN of varying ages gyrating by candlelight. Convulsing with dance, moaning and pummeling their chests. Primal. Bestial. Insane.

Six's jaw drops. She looks through the scope --

SCOPE POV: As their wails bounce off the walls, Six PANS UP to young PETRA FUCHS tied to a massive ornate THRONE.

SIX (O.S.)
(mutters)
...the fuck.

Petra wears an ill-fitting black dress, and a tear-stained BLINDFOLD. Trying helplessly to break from her restraints, screaming in horror.

SIX

Lowers the scope. Rage and fear waltzing on her face.

She's sweating, fogging her scope. She wipes it clean. Her hand trembling again. She stamps it down, balls it into a fist, and takes control of her breath.

She chokes up on her gun, and peers back through the scope.

SCOPE POV: She PANS DOWN to a NAKED WOMAN lying in a salt circle on a high altar, surrounded by candles. She wears her long blonde hair like a garment, covering her breasts. She has a severe face, with high cheekbones. Her eyes are dripping with *want*.

This is THE HIGH PRIESTESS. A few years north of forty.

She grips a ceremonial knife with an antler for a handle.

She bolts up-right and raises it in triumph to Petra. Kisses the ornate blade.

The High Priestess throws back her head and starts SPEAKING IN TONGUES -- twenty dead languages crashing together --

Six PANS to the women, naked beneath their flapping cloaks, flashing her as they dance around the High Priestess' salt circle -- trance-like, screaming INCANTATIONS as --

Spewing tongues, The High Priestess carves a PENTAGRAM in her own belly. Blood spills, and she revels in the beautiful pain, rubbing the blood across her stomach...

One-by-one, the women kiss The High Priestess' blood soaked stomach. Lips smear crimson.

TWO CLOAKED WOMEN emerge from the darkness, faces deformed by brilliant smiles as they carry a GOLD CROWN on a silk pillow to Petra on her throne.

They ceremoniously place the crown on her head. She flinches in fear as they kiss her tear-wet cheeks.

HIGH PRIESTESS
HEIL MOLOCH!

And all at once -- the women, faces smeared with The High Priestess' blood, fall on their knees before Petra. She wails in horror as they bow, foreheads touching the altar.

As the prostrate women howl incantations, Petra starts writhing in pain, like a spell is falling over her.

And now Petra's convulsing on her throne. Somehow moving in perfect synch with her gyrating worshipers, even though she can't see them.

Petra's head falls back and she starts SPEAKING IN TONGUES -- her eyes pinning behind their lids as she vomits out the tangle of throaty words --

The High Priestess turns and LOOKS DEAD INTO SIX'S SCOPE.

SIX

GASPS, and lowers her GUN. Back against the wall. Scrambles into the shadows. Compromised.

She hears the women YELLING IN GERMAN below. Thinks fast.

Leaps to her feet and -- *BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!* Shoots-out the stained glass windows and --

WOOSH! A HARD GUST OF WIND blows out the candles and plunges the room into total darkness. Pandemonium erupts.

INT. CHURCH NAVE - CONTINUOUS

Petra falls out of her trance, and the convulsing stops. Just a scared kid again.

As the cloaked women storm up to the balcony, HOWLING. *WHAMM!!* Six kicks open the doors and blasts into THE NAVE.

NIGHT VISION POV: Six spies a CLOAKED WOMAN, bathed in green, scrambling to untie Petra in the dark.

BLAM! BLAM! She double taps her -- *head, heart* -- and she slides down the altar.

Six spies the High Priestess being ushered out a side door by her followers. Before she can lob off a shot --

VOICE
AHHHH!!!

She spins to see --

A INFRARED BLOB RUNNING AT HER WITH THE CEREMONIAL KNIFE --

BLAM! Six tags the Woman and she lands slumped at her feet, knife skating across the floor.

Six stares down at her. Beautiful, even with half of her face missing, glowing like a green fairy. Eyes unafraid.

And with the last morsels of life, she chooses to LAUGH at Six before choking to death on her own blood.

WOMAN
(broken English)
HELL, MOLOCH! KING OF MISCHIEF!

Six raises her gun and --

WOMAN (CONT'D)
JA! JA! SEND ME HOME TO HELL!!

BLAM! The laughter stops.

Six runs over to Petra on the throne, and unties her as she cries, screaming at Six's touch.

SIX
It's okay. You're safe. I'm a good guy. I'm a good guy. *"Ich bin ein guter Mensch."* I'm taking you home.

Six starts to untie Petra's blindfold. Stops. Eyes the carnage. Choses to leave it on.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Six carries Petra down the dark hall. They pass Nine's mutilated body, hanging like a Christmas wreath in hell.

Something dashes past in the dark. They keep moving.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Six and Petra barrel out of the church, heading for the bushes. Petra trips, and Six helps her up. She grabs a pack she's stowed in the brush. Rips out a harness.

SIX

Do you like roller coasters, Petra?

Six sets into the harness, ties herself in, and then clips Petra in, securely.

PETRA

(scared)

Y-yes.

SIX

Good. We're going on a really fun one. I'm putting this radio in your ear so you'll be able to hear me okay, it might get a little loud.

Six places an EARWIG in Petra's ear. Another one in her own. Tiny two way radios. Barely visible.

SIX (CONT'D)

Hang on tight.

Six leads Petra towards the edge of the cliff, wraps her in her arms. Secures her blindfold.

Six looks down the sheer cliff. A two thousand foot drop.

The river below falls across the valley like a dead black vein on a junkie's arm.

Six balks. A little higher than she pictured. She shakes away the vertigo. She secures Petra's blindfold.

PETRA (ON EARWIG)

Can I look?!

SIX (ON EARWIG)

Not yet. You just have to trust me, it's going to--

--**AHHHHHH!!!!** A SCREAMING OLD HAG IN A BLACK CLOAK JUMPS OUT OF THE DARK, 90-years-old if she's a day, and yet somehow spry. She latches on to Petra -- wailing as she tries to rip her from the harness, long scraggily hair flapping.

Petra screams as the Hag clings to her like a leach. Six tries to fight her off, loses her footing and --

THE THREE WOMEN FALL OFF THE CLIFF TOGETHER --
WOOOOOOOSHSHHHHH!!!! A free-fall through the dreadful night!

A Petra sandwich, rocketing through the pitch black clouds --

PETRA SCREAMING! THE HAG LAUGHING! SIX CRACKING HER IN THE HEAD WITH HER FIST!

But the Hag just squeezes tighter -- unafraid, hugging them like a tree trunk. Her whipping white hair blinding Six --

Six elbows her in the skull, and she starts to slide down their bodies. Petra crying as she clings, sliding... further... slipping... and now --

The Hag latches on to Six's ankle! HOWLING as they fly!

Terminal velocity. Cheeks flapping, faces distorted by gale force winds. The Hag nuzzling Petra's back --

800-feet! Close enough to see the ground --

Finally, Six pulls the RIPCORDER and -- WOOOOSH!!! They are jerked violently upward by the blast of the PARACHUTE.

The Hag loses her grip and somersaults through the sky --

HAG

HEIL MOLOCH! HEIL MOLOCH!

-- Plunges down to the valley in A LAUGHING FREE FALL until she vanishes into the night.

SIX (ON EARWIG)

She's gone. It's almost over. Hang on.

Six and Petra level out. A red canopy dots the charcoal sky. IT'S LOUD, but they communicate through the earpieces.

SIX (CONT'D)

You can take your blindfold off...

Petra does. And her jaw drops -- because it's so beautiful. Soaring gracefully over the trees.

PETRA (ON EARWIG)

Wow...

Pinprick headlights on a winding mountain road below. A herd of deer race across a field.

Six is in full control, and Petra is in awe.

Gliding towards THE FARMER'S FIELD. Coming in for a landing.

SIX (ON EARWIG)

Can you hear me? We're landing. Get ready, lift your legs. NOW!

As the ground rushes up at them, Six pulls the toggles, and they level out. They hit the ground perfectly, Petra lifts her legs as Six's feet touch down, and runs across the field.

Petra squeals with laughter, momentarily forgetting what's come before. Six cracks a smile. Quickly stamps it down.

Six takes Petra's hand and leads her towards THE BRIDGE. Sees something up ahead... They pass the BODY OF THE HAG -- exploded into the earth.

SIX (CONT'D)
Don't look.

Petra looks.

INT. BRIDGE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Six rips the canvas off the Audi. Unlocks it. Petra is drunk on a well-shaken cocktail of excitement and fear.

SIX
...Who were those women, Petra?

PETRA
I... I don't know. Hans dropped me at school and-- and when I woke up, I was in the dark, and I couldn't see... and they were yelling and... I felt something moving in my tummy...

She holds her stomach. Six shudders at this.

PETRA (CONT'D)
I'm scared.

SIX
You're safe now. I'm taking you home to your mother. You don't have to worry about them anymore.

Suddenly overwhelmed with gratitude, Petra wraps Six up in a great big hug. Love radiating off her.

Six raises her hands in reflexive repulsion, unable to hug her back. And for the first time --

We see fear break across Six's face.

SIX (CONT'D)
That's-- that's enough--

But Petra won't let go. Just hugs her tighter.

And her eyes are big, and beautiful. Like the eyes of a fawn.

Trembling, Six reaches into her pocket and produces a TRANQ PEN. As Petra loves hard on Six, she presses it against Petra's shoulder and --

CHTTTT!! Shuts off the love.

Petra collapses like a rag doll in Six's arms. She opens the car, and lies her down gently in the passenger seat. Lowers it for her. Buckles her in. Swipes the hair out of Petra's eyes and --

A CHILDLIKE MOAN explodes through the dark tunnel like wind.

She looks around, confused.

SIX (CONT'D)
...Hello?

THE WIND CHANGES and blasts through hair -- tangling in her face. The blustery moan growing in intensity --

Suddenly, Six's breath is ripped away. She leans against the car. Trying to quell the tremor in her hand.

It's happening again... the throes of panic... Six kneels down and feels the stones, grounding herself.

Her pupils swell. The hair on her neck stands at attention. The tunnel walls are closing in. Suddenly --

WHAMMMMM!!! She punches the back window so hard it cracks and spiderwebs. Sees her fractured reflection staring back.

The wind stops.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

WOOOOOSHHH!!!! They race through the night at impossible speeds, the mountain road unspooling before them as their headlights cut through the dark.

Petra is shivering, whimpering in her sleep. Six ignores it. Eyes on the road. Her phone on the dash is ringing, pumping through the sound system.

TWO'S VOICE
Your message is secure.

BEEP.

SIX
--It was some kind of pagan ritual up there. Jesus, it was -- devil worshippers or... I don't know, this is one for the history books. I'll fill you in when I get to the ship. I'm delivering the asset, and heading to the port from there. Thanks for this.

(hits her)

Also... Nine's in the Negative.

(MORE)

SIX (CONT'D)
 (a tinge of sadness)
 Call out.

EXT. PORT OF HAMBURG - NIGHT

Massive cranes loading shipping containers onto a giant ship.

TWENTY, a handsome man in a trench coat and wool cap, sucks down a cigarette. His cell rings. He answers.

TWENTY
 This is Twenty.

INTERCUT WITH SIX -- SPEEDING DOWN THE ROAD.

SIX
 The asset has been secured.
 Proceeding to delivery.

TWENTY
 You're running late. We sail at
 1900 hours. That gives you two and
 a half hours to get here.

Six sets her watch. **Two and a half hours.** A *Countdown.*

SIX
 I'm thirty minutes from delivery.

TWENTY
 Be early. Two pulled a lot of
 strings to make this happen. There's
 not another ship for a year.

SIX
 (flinches)
 Call out.

Six hangs up, SPEEDS UP and -- GASPS -- SLAMS ON THE BRAKES,
 jerking forward -- instinctively stopping Petra with her arm.

There's a MOUNTAIN GOAT in the middle of the dark road.

Headlights enlighten its dead black eyes. *It almost looks
 like the same goat. But how could it be?*

Six WAILS on the horn. Petra stirs, groans in her sleep.
 Tossing. Kicking.

The goat doesn't move. Just stares. A hot snort of breath.

WAAAAAAAAA!! She leans on the horn. The goat SCREAMS in
 response -- BAHHHHHH!!!! She leans on the horn -- a mad
 chorus of wailing and bleating and --

Petra starts to SCREAM IN HER SLEEP! The *BAAAAHHHS* and *AHHHHHS* in perfect synch -- one and the same --

Suddenly, the goat charges and -- RAMS the fender, *WHAM!* Harder -- rocking the Audi -- *WHAM! WHAM!*

BAHHHHHHHH!!!!!! Six snatches her gun and lets it rip out the window -- *BLAM !!*

The goat dashes into the woods.

Petra stops screaming instantly -- out like a light. Six breathes relieved. And then she floors it. Headlights slice the night.

And Petra stirs... babbling... Something familiar... we can barely make it out. *Is she speaking in tongues?*

EXT. ROAD TO HANOVER - NIGHT

The Audi flies through the night as country turns to city. They pass A *ROADSIDE MEMORIAL* beside a ravine. And then in the distance -- the sprawling Fuchs estate.

EXT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

Six pulls up to the formidable gates. Enters the key code, and they open for her. Six checks the timer. *1:58:20*. And time is melting away.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Driving up the long twisty driveway, walled in by woods, that leads to a *MANSION* in the middle of nowhere. Petra stirs.

SIX
Wake up, Petra. You're home.

Petra's eyes flutter open. She looks at Six, and smiles.

EXT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

Six leads Petra toward the ornate front door. *ARMED GUARDS* stand sentry. Nervous, Petra grabs Six's hand. She shudders at the touch, but lets it happen.

INT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

A glorious foyer. A crystal chandelier. Uniformed *SERVANTS* serving tea to armed *GUARDS* stationed throughout.

EVA (30s) lies Petra down on the couch and covers her with a blanket. She has tears in her eyes, stroking her sleeping daughter's hair, and kissing her forehead.

This makes Six uncomfortable. She checks the time.

SIX
I'm on a schedule.

EVA
Of course. I'm sorry. Come with me.

Eva leads Six towards the study. Petra's eyes flutter.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Six pulls an iPad out of her rucksack.

SIX
I need you to authenticate the transfer.

Eva is so overwhelmed with gratitude, she takes Six's hand.

EVA
You're our guardian angel.

SIX
Just your thumbprint please.

EVA
Can I offer you something to drink?
Some tea?

SIX
Just your thumbprint.

Eva nods in reverence, presses her thumb against the screen. It authenticates. The progress bar flashes to 100%. *Ding!* The money has been transferred.

EVA
I don't know how I can thank you.

Six pulls the file folder out her rucksack, hands it over.

SIX
Here's our intel. Turn it over to the authorities, and they'll take it from here.

EVA
But-- Who were they?

SIX

A group of women in the Harz Mountains.
We located her in an old church.

EVA

Women?

SIX

It was a cult of some kind. Their
coordinates are in the file.

EVA

My God. What kind of cult? What did
they want with her?

SIX

I was hired to do a job, and the job
is done. I suggest you two go on
little vacation and let the police
sort this out.

EVA

Are you familiar with "Faust?"

SIX

...Sold his soul to the devil.

EVA

(looking at the folder)
It's where Goethe set the play.
They call it the Devil's Dance
Floor. People are drawn there.
Those mountains are evil.

SIX

Like I said, I'm on a deadline.

EVA

Oh, I think this got in there by
accident--

Eva produces the photo of SIX, JENNY, AND BABY KATE. Six
gasps, snatches it, and stuffs it in her pocket. *Stabbed in
the heart by an ugly memory.*

EXT. FOYER - NIGHT

Wind **BLASTS** the window open. A **GUARD** struggles to close it.

Suddenly, Petra's face slackens. Staring into space, jaw agape.
A **MAID** approaches her. They speak in German, **SUBTITLED**.

MAID

Are you alright, dear?

A strange, nearly inaudible MOAN gets wedged in the back of Petra's throat as she stares vacantly at the maid--

MAID (CONT'D)

Petra?

A string of drool falls from her lips. The Maid's touch makes Petra SNAP out of it. SCREAMING.

EVA (GERMAN)

(running out)

Petra?! Are you okay?! Honey, what's wrong?!

PETRA

Mommy!

Petra attacks her mother with love, hugging each other tight. The lovefest makes Six flinch.

EVA

You are safe now, darling. And everything is okay. Thanks to this lady here--

PETRA

Thank you, lady. I love you very, very much.

She's so cute. Six swallows the emotion that is crawling up her throat.

SIX

Take care.

As she turns towards the door, SHE JUMPS OUT OF HER SKIN --

A WOMAN standing there. Hair done, made-up, and wearing a beautiful summer dress.

She looks a little like The High Priestess. Six levels her gun, eyes popping--

SIX (CONT'D)

DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

The Woman SCREAMS, throws up her hands in horror. Everyone GASPS, high alert. Guards raise guns. Yelling in GERMAN.

EVA

No, no! Put down your guns!

PETRA

(scared)

AUNT ALICE!

Petra runs to ALICE and wraps her up in a great big hug.

PETRA (CONT'D)
Please don't hurt Aunt Alice!

Now the guards are aiming at Six. She's reeling, a Mexican standoff in the living room.

EVA
Please! This is my sister!

SIX
...Sister?

ALICE
It's okay, Petra. It's okay. It's just a mistake.

Petra and Alice hug and kiss.

Six lowers her gun. Confused. She looks at the woman again. The make-up. The hair. The kind blue eyes. Aunt Alice. *It's not her. It can't be her.*

The guards stand down, too.

SIX
I'm sorry, I thought you were--
someone else...
(eying her)
I'm still a little on edge. It's
been a long day.

She holsters her gun. Looks at her watch. **1:38:11**. Tick tock.

EVA
Alice, this is the woman who found
her. She's American.

ALICE
I can't thank you enough for
bringing our Petra home. You don't
know what you've done--

Dripping with gratitude, Alice tries to hug Six, but she pivots away. Takes one last look at her. *It's not her, but she hates her anyway.*

SIX
Don't mention it.

She leaves.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

WOOOSH!! Six speeds down the road, past the roadside memorial. She can see the house in the rear view.

Petal to metal. On edge. Muttering to herself. She checks the time. And then she speeds up.

SIX
 ...plus, it was dark in there...
 (fidgeting in her seat)
 And your job is done. You did your
 job. Not your problem.
 (faster)
Don't get involved.

She smiles. Satisfied. Faster. And then --

SIX (CONT'D)
 FUCK!

SHE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. *SQEEEEEECHHH!!!!* An explosion of blue rubber smoke. She throws it in reverse.

SQUEALS BACK FROM WHERE SHE CAME!

EXT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

Six pulls up the long, twisty driveway. Eyes peeled, she pulls up to the house.

Two guards dead on the ground. Mutilated. Exactly like the photo of the chauffeur. Annoyed, she pulls out her 9mm. Climbs out of the car. Scanning the perimeter.

INT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

Six blasts through, gun trained.

It's a bloodbath. Servants and guards dead. Eva slumped in a chair, bleeding out. Six goes to her.

Eva gasps when she sees Six, grabs her arm. She's struggling to speak, fighting.

EVA
 I should have... known... she's
 always been so jealous of me...
 It's gotten worse... ever since I
 was pregnant with Petra...

SIX
 Don't move.

Six goes to the curtains, tears them into strips with her knife. Uses the cloth to pack Eva's wound. Pressing hard. She rips off her belt and uses it as a tourniquet.

Eva snatches her hand, scared. Six is on the phone --

SIX (CONT'D)

Yes, listen -- I need an ambulance--
uh, *brauche einen ambulance*. The
address is Karmarchstrasse 42,
Hanover. Please hurry, I got a
woman with a gunshot wound here.
Beeile dich.

Six hangs up. PUNCHES the floor in anger.

EVA

Please-- My Petra-- my baby...

SIX

Just hang on... I'll get her back.

But Eva passes out cold. Six applies pressure again.

She glances up and sees a gallery of regal family portraits --
An OIL PAINTING of ALICE AND EVA as children. Eva smiles, and
Alice looks stern.

PETRA (O.S.)

Hello?!

SIX

(jumps)
Huh?!

She looks around, confused. Gun trained --

PETRA (O.S.)

(whispers)
Help me--

And then Six realizes -- the voice is coming from her ear.
It's the earwig!

SIX

Petra!

Six gasps as HEADLIGHTS play on the wall behind her.

AN OLD VOLKSWAGEN BUS speeding past the house. As they pass
the window, Six catches a glimpse of PETRA, pounding on the
bus window, screaming.

EXT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

Six moves to her Audi. Watches the bus speed down the driveway
towards the stretch of country road. She's in no hurry.

SIX

(finger to her ear)
Petra. Listen to me very carefully.
Be quiet.

(MORE)

SIX (CONT'D)

Don't say anything, you can't let them know we're talking. If you can hear me, cough.

Petra COUGHS.

SIX (CONT'D)

You were very clever to think of the earwig. Good girl.

Six pulls the sniper rifle out of her trunk. Calmly assembles it on the hood of the car. She could do it with a blindfold on. She attaches the optical, and loads it.

SIX (CONT'D)

Now listen to me, this is very important. I need you to buckle your seatbelt...

INT. VW BUS - NIGHT

Crooked trees fly by. The moon is so full it could burst.

Petra sits in the back of the dark bus. Listening intently to the voice in her ear. Staring at the dark outlines of FIVE WOMEN sitting silently in front.

Aunt Alice riding shotgun. Stone faced.

PETRA

Aunt Alice? Where are we going?

Aunt Alice says nothing. Just stares dead ahead. They all stare dead ahead.

SIX (ON EARWIG)

Buckle it slowly, so no one notices. Everything's going to be okay, I promise.

Terrified, Petra reaches for her seatbelt and, hand trembling, slowly buckles it. *CLICK!*

SIX (CONT'D)

If you're buckled up, cough.

Petra COUGHS. The woman beside her turns and stares. Her eyes are dead and buried. Petra swallows her fear.

EXT. FUCHS ESTATE - NIGHT

The rifle is laid across the hood of the Audi. The bus has turned off the driveway, on to the country road.

Cool as a cucumber, Six lines up her shot. Adjusts the dials. Looks through the scope.

SCOPE POV: It's a short stretch until they're out of the kill zone. Six PANS over to the DRIVER. She doesn't have a clear shot yet.

SIX (O.S.)

Shit.

She PANS back to the outline of Petra's head in the back of the bus. Breathes.

SIX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Here's what happens now. You're going to go on another roller coaster. Or, uh, bumper cars. This one might hurt a little, but I promise-- I promise you'll be okay. You have to be brave, cough if you can be brave.

Petra coughs. Six FOLLOWS the bus in the crosshairs. PANS over to the ravine coming up. The roadside memorial.

SIX (CONT'D)

When I say "now," I want you to cross your arms against your chest and press your body deep into the seat. Feet flat on the floor. Get ready to brace.

INT. VW BUS - NIGHT

Everyone is eerily silent. The DRIVER keeps her eyes on the road, wearing a shitty smile. Petra is whimpering. The bus is about to pass the roadside memorial --

SIX (ON EARWIG)

NOW!

Petra braces for impact as -- *POP!* A bullet EXPLODES through the window and the headrest -- taking out the Driver. Her face slams into the wheel.

THE BUS CAREENS OUT OF CONTROL -- SLIDING ACROSS THE ROAD LIKE IT'S SLICK WITH ICE -- WOMEN SCREAMING AS --

POP! THE FRONT TIRE ERUPTS AND SPARKS FLY --

GLASS EXPLODES AS THEY TORPEDO DOWN THE RAVINE -- *WHUMP!* THE VW BUS FLIPS -- YANKED OUT OF THEIR SEATS -- *UP IS DOWN AND DOWN IS UP AS* -- THE WOMEN ARE TOSSED LIKE DRYER SOCKS -- ONLY PETRA WEARING A SEATBELT!

PETRA
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

SIX (CONT'D)
 SQUEEZE ALL YOUR MUSCLES
 TIGHT AS YOU CAN! BRACE! IT'S
 ALMOST OVER!!!

SLIDING SIDEWAYS DOWN THE EMBANKMENT IN AN ERUPTION OF
 GRADING METAL -- CRASHHHHHH!!! THE BUS SLAMS INTO A TREE AND
THE DRIVER IS LAUNCHED THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD LIKE A MISSILE!

SIX (CONT'D)
 Petra are you okay, speak to me.

Dust settles and Petra moans. She's hanging upside down,
 still strapped in, her hair brushing the roof where the women
 lie dead in a pool of glass and twisted, smoking metal.

Petra sees a HEADLESS WOMAN, decapitated by the caved-in
 roof, and SCREAMS. Broken taillights ignite the forest. The
 blinker plays on the trees.

She turns see BOOTS running towards her in the dark. And then
 Six, kneeling before her. Her face bathed red by the lights.
 Petra is weeping.

SIX (CONT'D)
 I'm coming.

Six climbs into the car. Over dead bodies. Sliding to Petra.
 She unbuckles her seatbelt, and Petra lands in her arms.

SIX (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

Petra is too shocked to speak. She just nods.

SIX (CONT'D)
 You did real good.

Six pulls Petra out of the car.

SIX (CONT'D)
 Can you walk?

She nods. They start towards the embankment, and Petra stops.

A SHADOW DARTS PAST -- It's Aunt Alice, bloody, and limping
 into the woods as fast as she can.

SIX (CONT'D)
 Shit.

Six raises her gun, but she's gone.

PETRA
 (trembling)
 Aunt Alice is a bad guy...

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Petra is bawling as they speed through the night. Huddled in her seat. Her cries shellacking Six's skull. She checks the timer. **00:56:47.**

Petra cries out, and grabs her stomach. Moaning--

PETRA
...Something's wrong with me.

SIX
You're in shock. You need to rest.

PETRA
(doubles over)
My tummy, my tummy hurts so bad!
Something's wrong!

SIX
You're gonna be okay, we're going
to the police and they'll--

PETRA
--No! I want to go home!

SIX
You can't go home.

PETRA	SIX (CONT'D)
I want to go home! I want my	Petra, please--
mama! <i>Uggggggghhhh</i> -- HELP!	
HELP! I WANT MY MAMA! I WANT	
MY MAMA! MAMA! TAKE ME HOME!	

Petra starts pounding on the window, slapping the dash.

PETRA (CONT'D)
*ICH WILL MEINE MUTTER! ICH WILL
MEINE MUTTER!*

SIX
STOP IT!

Screaming so loud -- TOO LOUD -- HER VOICE FRYING.

PETRA
BRING MICH ZU MEINEM HAUS!

Out of her mind, Petra lashes out, grabs at the steering wheel -- they SWERVE. *REEEEEECHHHH* -- into incoming traffic. HORNS BLAST. *Something's really wrong with her --*

SIX	PETRA (CONT'D)
Petra, stop! Petra--	AHHHHHHH!!!!

SIX (CONT'D)
 --Your mother's been hurt! She's on
 her way to the hospital--

Petra lets go. The words hit her like a stun gun.

PETRA
Nein.

SIX
 I have to take you to the police so
 they can sort this out-- Petra?

Petra's mouth drops open. Eyes pinging like hot marbles. A guttural croak escapes her lips.

A MOAN is building, rattling in her guts, like someone is pulling the chain of a sputtery lawnmower, until finally --

PETRA UNLEASHES A BLOOD CURDLING HOWL -- SLAMMING HER HEAD AGAINST THE WINDOW --

SIX (CONT'D)
 STOP! WHAT ARE YOU D--

Six tries to grab her, but she won't stop screaming and slamming -- *WHAM! WHAM!* Blood from her head splatters. HOWLS from her depths, transforming into a grief monster, writhing seizure-like and screaming until her voice is a wet husk.

She rips away from Six's grasp, and her head SNAPS BACK as she CRIES A THROATY, EVIL CRY --

Six pulls out the Tranq pen. *THWPPP!!!* Stabs Petra in the arm and lets it rip.

Petra slumps forward in the seat. Out like a light. Six looks at her. Horrified. She hits a button on the GPS.

SIX (CONT'D)
 Take me to the nearest hospital.

The GPS dings, and calculates. Frantic, Six fiddles with her cell phone. It rings through the sound system. And then --

TWO'S VOICE
Your message is secure.

BEEP.

SIX
 Two. Answer your fucking phone.
 It's a clusterfuck. I'm with the
 asset, her mother's been shot,
 she's having a fit.
 (MORE)

SIX (CONT'D)

I need you to call Twenty and tell him I may be a few minutes late, ten minutes, a half hour, just tell him to hold the fuck on, I'll be there, he'll listen to you--

CLICK. Someone picks up. HEAVY BREATHING.

SIX (CONT'D)

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

...The Devil Herself.

Six freezes. She knows this voice too well.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Did you think I wouldn't find out?

SIX

What have you done with him?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Would you like to say hello?

INT. TWO'S STUDY - NIGHT

A PHONE is placed up to Two's mouth. He's handcuffed on the floor. A gag muffles his pleading moans. Blood pools from his nose and soaks the carpet. The cat jumps on his back.

The study is a mess. Screens broken. Furniture flipped. Bullet holes in the wall.

REVEAL -- ONE (60s), the loneliest Number, holding the phone. She's beautiful. Long white hair, permanently arched brow. Dressed in a tailored Givenchy pant suit.

Her left ear is half-missing, but she still wears rose gold earrings.

HENCHMAN study the Fuchs intel on the wall.

ONE

This kills me... He was my first recruit. Straight out of the army. My number Two.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Six is strangling the wheel so tight her knuckles whiten. They enter the city of HANOVER. Narrow streets.

SIX

This has nothing to do with him.

ONE'S VOICE

Your mentor? You love him, don't you?

BLAMM!! BLAMM!! Six flinches at the SHOTS. Two's moans cease.

The red veil of hate falls. Tunnel vision. Trying like hell to breathe. Six is struggling to keep her eyes on the road.

ONE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm going to kill you, Six. I will
kill the world to find you.

Six's rage morphs into grief. She's choking back tears. And then the sadness retreats, and her eyes dull as a numbness washes over her. All this happens in three seconds.

SIX

You already killed me. Three years ago.

ONE'S VOICE

I'll kill you again.

SIX

You'll never find me.

ONE'S VOICE

I already have.

WHAMMMM!!! A BMW RAMS SIX FROM BEHIND -- Jerking Petra awake, and she picks up where she left off, like she's been switched back on, in the throes of a screaming seizure --

PETRA

MOMMMMMMMYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!

Six bangs the gear shift and they ROCKET FORWARD, devouring asphalt. The BMW gives chase.

Petra starts to HYPERVENTILATE, in an out of lucidity, ripping spastically at her seatbelt, like it's on fire.

SIX

Petra, stop!

Petra snarls and spits -- at war with herself -- grabbing her throat -- tearing at her neck until it bleeds --

PETRA

Leave me alone! *GUUUUUUUGHHHH!*
Leave me alone! STAY AWAY FROM ME--
EhhhhhhhhhhhhHEHHHHhhheeeeeehhheee!
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME!

SIX

Hang on--

Six pins the gas, taking her rage out of the road. The BMW struggling to keep up. Her speedometer rising -- 70, 80, 90 MPH -- through the narrow cobblestone streets.

Six is shivering. *Is the AC on?* She BLASTS the horn as she runs a skidding red light. PEDESTRIANS scatter.

VROOOOOOOOM!!!! A SOUPED-UP CROTCH ROCKET blasts out of the dark -- speeds past the BMW -- hauling ass. The RIDER, in tactical gear, aims an AK47 --

Six speeds up and weaves through traffic -- RATATATATT! Her back window EXPLODES! Glass rains, bullets PING the doors.

SIX (CONT'D)
HEAD DOWN!!!

Six double takes when she sees Petra staring back at her. Wind tangling in her hair, cold plumes of breath visible through her ghastly, ear punching grin.

There's something really wrong with her now.

SIX (CONT'D)
(shivering)
P-Petra?

PETRA
GuuuuurrrrHHHHGhhhHHUUUuuhnnnnnn--

WHAMM!!!! The BMW rams them again, Six jerks forward, but Petra remains statue-still somehow --

RATTATATAT!!!! Gunfire bites the pavement. Fireworks.

Six BANGS the gearshift and YANKS the parking brake. The Audi skids 180 degrees, vanishing in a cloud of burnt rubber.

And as they spin, PETRA LAUGHS HEYENA-LIKE, madness humming in her eyes.

Six FLOORS IT -- the Audi cuts through the smoke, and flies down a side street at 90 MPH --

The motorcycle follows. The BMW misses the turn.

Six jerks the wheel and -- WHAMMM!!!! Crashes into the motorcycle. The Rider hits the curb -- FLIPS through the air and lands HARD on a parked car, breaking his neck.

Petra swells -- as if the chaos is making her stronger. She SCREAMS, AND WHIPS HER HEAD SHARPLY TO THE RIGHT --

THE WHEEL JERKS HARD TO THE RIGHT BY ITSELF -- THE AUDI SWERVES! Side-swiping several parked cars -- sparks fly.

Six tries like hell to wrangle control of the wheel.

SIX
What the fuck--

Petra devours Six's tasty fear with a hard suck of her nostrils -- breathing it in --

VROOOMM!!! The car careens on to the sidewalk -- *like Petra's screams are in the driver's seat* -- barreling at a PEDESTRIAN. Six is desperate to turn the wheel as --

WHAMM!! THE PEDESTRIAN cracks the windshield and flips over the car and lands in a broken mess.

Petra's SCREAMS make the car windows EXPLODE all at once!

Faster. And Six is in shock, covered in glass. Petra laughing. Growing stronger still. She pops out the window like a giddy puppy, loving the wind.

90 MPH. As Six reaches to pull her back in, her seatbelt starts slithering towards her neck --

SIX (CONT'D)
Get back in the car!

Petra grins and -- Six's seatbelt wraps around her neck, and yanks her back into the seat -- CHOKING HER OUT.

Petra is howling with LAUGHTER as Six tries to tear off the strangling belt -- She's turning blue.

VROOOOMMM!! ANOTHER MOTORCYCLE rounds the corner. RIDER 2 opens fire -- *BLAM! BLAM!*

PETRA'S BANSHEE SCREAMS LIFT THE WHEELS OF AUDI OFF THE GROUND!

AND THE LOUDER SHE SCREAMS THE HIGHER THEY GET UNTIL THEY FLOAT OVER THE STREET -- FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND --

Six is looking out the window in abject horror --

SLOW MOTION AS -- THEY FLOAT HIGHER -- OVER THE RIDER'S HEAD as he cranes in awe of their undercarriage --

END SLO MO -- *WHAMM!!* The distracted Rider SLAMS into a parked car and flies across the road.

Six's eyes fluttering as the seatbelt chokes her to death.

People gasping from the sidewalks as the car floats HIGHER.

Suddenly -- Petra's EVIL SCREAMS morph into SCREAMS OF FEAR as she pulls at her own hair -- writhing in her seat -- slapping at her face -- FIGHTING HER WAY BACK --

PETRA
GET AWAYYYYYY! GET AWAYYYYYY!!!

The evil melts out of her eyes -- she's Petra again, looking around in abject horror, SCREAMING as they fly --

And then her eyes rolls back in her head and she faints --

And just like that THE CAR DROPS --

WHAMMMMM!!! CRASHES DOWN HARD on the pavement, shocks bounce, and THE KILLER SEAT BELT GOES LIMP --

Six rips it off and sucks in a gasping breath. She looks at Petra -- passed out. She manages to open the door -- falls on to the pavement, and vomits --

She just kneels there. Trying to catch her breath. Trying to make sense of what THE FUCK just happened. Finally --

Six picks herself up and limps over to the car. Sees Petra huddled up, starting to return to consciousness.

SIX

Petra?

Just a scared, shivering little girl again.

PETRA

Get him out! Get him out of me!

Six kneels before Petra. And Petra moans -- her eyes rolling back in her head. She's fighting, and holding her stomach --

PETRA (CONT'D)

HELP ME! HELP ME! I DON'T WANT TO
 BE THE KING!

Petra tries to hug Six tightly, but she deflects the hug and takes her hands instead.

SIX

It's going to be okay...

Petra doubles over in pain.

PETRA

My tummy...

Trembling, Petra lifts her shirt a little and something skitters under her flesh!

Petra yanks down her shirt, and bursts into tears. Six is frozen in slack-jawed horror.

BRRRRRINGGGG!! Six's phone scares the SHIT out of her. It's Twenty. Cringes. And then answers the phone --

TWENTY (PHONE)
Where the hell are you?

She checks the time. **00:35:12.**

TWENTY (CONT'D)
 Are you close?

SIX
 I-- I--

Six glances across the street. A CATHOLIC CHURCH. Parked in the driveway -- AN OLD CHURCH VAN.

TWENTY
SIX?! ARE YOU COMING OR NOT?!

She looks at Petra. It pains her. But she says it anyway --

SIX
Go without me.

Six hangs up the phone. Sits in silence. Trying to think.

And then she remembers something. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the green brochure --

HAXAN MUSEUM
Walpurgisnacht Special
Half-Off Energy Cleanse!

And the ancient drawing of the DEMON staring back at her.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance. Six looks at Petra, trembling.

A MEMORY wells up in Six's eyes. Try as she may, she can't stave it off --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jenny is undressing in the bedroom. Six gets on her knees before Baby Kate, who is snuggling her blanket.

SIX
Give mama a hug.

BABY KATE
I don't wanna.

SIX
Come on, mama loves hugs. Give me a hug and we can listen to Baby Beluga before bed.

Baby Kate lights up. They hug as Six lifts her up.

FOOTFALLS creak on the moonlit stairs. A SHADOW. Six freezes. She's unarmed. She turns around. Too late --

One moves up the stairs, all in black. She levels her silencer at Six.

ONE

No one quits the Numbers.

Strokes her trigger --

THWP! THE BULLET explodes out of her barrel.

GOES THROUGH SIX'S SHOULDER -- AND OUT THE BACK OF BABY KATE'S HEAD --

JENNY EMREGES FROM THE BEDROOM AND SEES HER WOUNDED WIFE CRADLING HER DEAD DAUGHTER -- HER WORLD ENDS --

ONE IS FROZEN IN THE HALLWAY, HER FACE IS A TWISTED MASK OF GUILT AND HORROR.

INT. ONE'S PRIVATE JET - NIGHT - PRESENT

ONE SNAPS AWAKE FROM A NIGHTMARE!

She shoots petrified looks around her mostly empty G5. She's trembling, the residue of her nightmare lingering...

A few of her armed GOONS up front give her a look. Shaken, One grabs her cell phone. Opens her photos.

Flipping through photographs of herself and her own daughter, TESSY (30s). At a gala event wearing stunning gowns. She flips through more pictures. Happier times.

The pictures seems to calm her down.

Purrrrrrrr. One turns to the seat beside her where Two's cat is perched. She stole it from his house. She picks up the orphaned cat and cuddles it. Loves on it. The fur muffles her cries as TURBULENCE RATTLES THE PLANE.

OUT THE WINDOW, lightning pulses in the swollen clouds.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

THE HOT-WIRED CHURCH VAN speeding down the road. A massive cross emblazoned on the side.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Six splits her attention between Petra and the road. She's on the phone with the hospital.

SIX

What's her condition? I am family, I'm with her daughter, you have to tell me what's-- But-- okay, but when is she going into surgery?

(listens)

How long will that be?

She listens to the answer. And then she hangs up.

PETRA

Is she... okay?

SIX

(unsure)

She's fine. And you'll be there when she wakes up.

PETRA

(teeth clacking)

I'm so... cold...

Petra sees Baby Kate's blankie sticking out of Six's rucksack. She grabs it, but Six quickly SNATCHES IT OUT OF HER HANDS. Petra looks at Six, spooked.

SIX

That's not for you.

Six stuffs the blanket back into the rucksack, and turns up the heat. Petra doubles over and screams, grabbing her stomach.

PETRA

I can feel him in my tummy... I can feel him climbing up my throat...

SIX

Petra.

PETRA

He's looking out of my eyes!

SIX

Fight, you have to fight. You did it before! Whatever it is, you have to fight it down, don't let it out - - push it back down to your tummy and yell -- STAY AWAY!!!! YOU CAN'T HAVE ME!!!!

PETRA

STAY AWAY!!! YOU CAN'T HAVE ME!!!

Petra balls her hands into fists, and screams--

PETRA (CONT'D)
I HATE YOU!! I DON'T WANT TO BE
KING!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!

Suddenly -- a calm washes over her. She sinks into her seat.

PETRA (CONT'D)
It worked.

SIX
(snarls)
You're not a king. You're a little
princess.

Petra even manages a smile. Six spies HEADLIGHTS in the rearview. Narrows a look.

VROOOOOOOM!!!! The headlights bear down. Six reaches for her gun-- But the BLACK SEDAN screams past, and pulls ahead. Disappearing around the bend. False alarm. Six breathes relieved. They drive in silence. And then --

PETRA
Promise you're a good guy?

SIX
...I promise.

But Six is not so sure.

EXT. THE HARZ MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The moon hangs over the haunted mountains.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN CHURCH - NIGHT

The old church, high in the mountains. Candlelight flickers inside. Alice staggers towards the door. Clothes ripped, face cut-up from the crash. Her legs buckle, and she collapses.

The door flies open and a WOMAN dashes out. Alice faints into her arms. She yells towards the temple.

WOMAN
HELP! HELP US!

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF THANE - NIGHT

It's late and the festival is in full swing. But we've reached the drunken portion of the evening. Smashed Teens laughing and stumbling, pissing in raging bonfires.

DRUNKS screaming at the van, squeeze their junk in blasphemy.
A beer bounces off the windshield.

INT. VAN - SAME

Six inches through a throng of people gathered around TEN WOMEN dressed as witches. Pointy hats, and long false noses. They do an elaborate choreographed dance with broomsticks to German Hip Hop. It's cheesy, but good.

Petra sees them gasps in horror.

SIX
It's not real...

INT. VAN - HAXAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Six is parked outside. She sees Ingrid in the window, standing at the cash register, on her cell phone.

EXT. HAXAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Six and Petra move towards the Museum.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Hast du ein Licht?

Petra SCREAMS -- A WITCH! Six spins around and aims her pistol at The DRUNKEN TEEN in a costume, looking for a light. Petra is bawling tears.

SIX
(lowers the gun)
Keep moving --

The horrified Teen runs. Petra falls on her butt, crying.

SIX (CONT'D)
It's just a kid, it's nothing, you got a little fright, that's all--

Petra is losing control, fear takes the reins.

SIX (CONT'D)
Petra-- are you--

She's hyperventilating -- eyeballs pin-balling -- A spell falling over her. She sucks in a horrible, wheezy breath. Six gets on her knee, takes her hands.

SIX (CONT'D)
Remember. Fight. Fight.

Petra is at war with herself, and she's losing --

INT. HAXAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Six and Petra enter. The bell dings. Petra is in a trance.

Massive framed paintings cover entire walls depicting scenes from Faust: *Witches Sabbath, Faust and Mephistopheles in the Harz Mountains.*

INGRID
 Oh, hey. Change your mind about the
 cleanse?
 (flinches)
 Your aura is even blacker now.

THE PETRA-DEMON'S NECK SNAPS SIDEWAYS AT AN IMPOSSIBLE ANGLE!
 SHE SHRIEKS AND --

WHAMM!!! All at once, the paintings fall off the walls!

DEMON PETRA TURNS SAVAGE -- snatches a crystal ball off the counter, jumps on top of Ingrid. She lifts the ball over her head, and just as she's about to SMASH IT DOWN --

THWAP! Six jabs the Tranq pen into Demon Petra's arm. She lands on top of Ingrid, out. The ball rolls across the floor.

SIX
 I need your help.

Ingrid's jaw hits the floor.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

Occult artifacts fill glass cases. Candles are lit. Petra is sound asleep on a chaise lounge. She looks peaceful. For now.

Ingrid is dumping ceremonial black salt, closing the circle of protection that surrounds her and Six.

Ingrid flips through A DUSTY BOOK.

INGRID
 This is amazing, I knew there were
 covens up there, I fucking knew it--

SIX
 Covens?

Ingrid turns the book around -- An ancient woodcut of MOLOCH. A ghastly statue of a horned demon sitting on a throne. The throne is an oven. A Robed Pagan offers a baby to its fire.

INGRID
 Witches.
 (off her look)
 (MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

Her Aunt must be the high priestess, the leader. She was summoning Moloch, King of Mischief. A pagan God associated with child sacrifice. Petra was a vessel. They were providing Moloch with an earthy body in exchange for a baby.

SIX

A baby? You mean a pregnancy?

INGRID

"Creation requires sacrifice." A child for a child.

Six is spooked by this. *A little too familiar.*

INGRID (CONT'D)

You interrupted a fertility rite. Petra's aunt must be infertile.

(off her look)

She wants to be a mother.

SIX

This is insane.

INGRID

I know it sounds crazy... but these kind of rites have been happening in those mountains for centuries. High magic.

Ingrid flips through the pages -- shows Six a woodcut of a fertility rite, exactly as we saw in church. A WOMAN carving her stomach, ROBED WOMEN kissing it.

INGRID (CONT'D)

These women.... They signed their names in the devil's book...

SIX

What does that mean?

Ingrid shows Six an ancient drawing of a GRINNING DEMON holding a large leather bound book before a ROBED WOMAN who is signing her name with a quill pen.

INGRID

They sold their souls. These are the kind of women who give us witches a bad name.

Us witches? Six shoots Ingrid a look. Climbs to her feet--

SIX

Alright--

INGRID

--Sit! Don't break the circle of protection, it's fragile.

Six stops. Sits back down, reluctantly. She looks at Petra. Still asleep.

SIX

Just tell me how to save her.

INGRID

Well... You interrupted the summoning. They weren't finished. That's why she's going in and out of possession at random. The demon's still gestating, it hasn't fully taken hold. So it can still be expelled, as long as the cleansing is done by dawn.

SIX

What's at dawn?

INGRID

The end of Walpurgisnacht, the end of the Witches Sabbath.

SIX

You have to do it.

INGRID

What?

SIX

You have to do the cleansing.

INGRID

Me? I can't--

SIX

You just said you were a witch.

INGRID

I'm an Instagram Witch. I do Taro, self-love bath rituals. This is extremely evil black arts shit we're dealing with.

SIX

You have to try.

INGRID

I'm telling you I'm not even close to good enough, I could hurt her. Her wires could get crossed, the demon could transfer. Or she could die.

Six looks over at Petra... stirring in her sleep.

SIX
I have to help her... I have to get
her home to her mother.

INGRID
What you need is an ordained elder
high priestess. Someone who
practices white magic...

SIX
Where can I find one?

Ingrid grabs the dusty book. We finally see the cover.

H A X A N
A Practical Guide to Paganism & Witchcraft.

She flips to the AUTHOR PHOTO. A smiling OLD WOMAN in a tunic with Farah Fawcett hair.

INGRID
Sybil Ozanne. She's a legend in the
community. I have her address
somewhere, I've been trying to get
her on my podcast forever. She
lives in Montparnasse-

SIX
(cringes)
...France?

INGRID
It's only an hour flight...

SIX
I know...
(beat)
Set it up. Whatever it takes.

Suddenly -- DEMON PETRA'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

MATCH CUT TO:

AUNT ALICE'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

Alice is convulsing with anguished tears. We're in **A NURSERY** in the Temple. The walls are papered with pink clouds.

AN EMPTY CRIB, a dangling mobile. A hoard of diapers, baby clothes, a stroller. Alice is on her knees, wailing. Inconsolable. Holding her tummy.

ALICE (GERMAN)
*A child... I want a child... a
little baby...*

What's left of THE COVEN surrounds her. Five women. Dressed in similar cult-like homemade clothing. They hug her tight, trying to calm her. Showering her with love, pleading with her in GERMAN.

And they talk amongst themselves -- trying desperately to come up with a plan. But Alice can't stop crying.

The worried Witches form a circle around Alice as she writhes around the floor. She's SPEAKING IN TONGUES again -- bursting at the seams with a slur of janky words --

INTERCUT: Demon Petra's eyes crash back in her head. So do Alice's. She's moaning, falling into a trance.

Alice and Demon Petra's heads roll around their necks in complete synch as if they're tethered by an invisible link.

The Witches holding hands, rocking in unison as --

Suddenly -- Alice lifts off the ground!

The Witches are in awe as she levitates towards the ceiling --

INTERCUT: Alice and Demon Petra's eyes are pinning behind their lids, exactly in synch. A harmony of chants --

Alice is rising... higher... higher...

And the Coven start speaking in TONGUES, too -- crying for their leader in ecstatic gibberish as they thrash and moan. Spit flying. Lungs searing. Eyes dancing with ecstasy --

Suddenly -- THE COVEN lift off the ground at once.

Their sacred circle floating towards the ceiling as they howl incantations, in total awe -- and the louder they get the higher they go.

A GREEN-EYED WITCH convulses with pleasure as she rises.

A TALL WITCH, rail thin, with a ruddy face, is so overwhelmed with joy that she tears at her flesh until it bleeds --

Alice's head falls back. Her eyes BLAST OPEN --

ALICE (GERMAN) (CONT'D)
*I SEE THEM! HE HAS SHOWN ME! I KNOW
 WHERE THEY'RE GOING! I WILL BE WITH
 CHILD AT DAWN!*

TALL WITCH
HEIL MOLOCH!

The MOBILE SPINNING WILDLY.

INERCUTTING: Demon's Petra's eyes falls back in her head and she passes out cold again.

EXT. HAXAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Six is at the van, strapping a sleeping Petra in the back seat with ropes and cuffs. It kills her to do this.

SIX
(almost to herself)
Sorry.

Ingrid emerges from the Museum with a shoulder bag. She notices the cross on the church van and lifts a brow.

INGRID
Sybil is all set. I told her everything, and she'll be ready. She hasn't done a cleanse in years and she's actually excited--
(hands her a note)
Here is her address and here are some charms for you to hang when you're on--

SIX
--How far are we from Veckenstedt?

INGRID
Twenty minutes.

SIX
Get in.

INGRID
What?

SIX
You're coming with me.

INGRID
No-- what? I can't.

SIX
I need your help.

INGRID
I'll be in the way, I--

SIX
--Get in the car.

Six grabs Ingrid, but she PULLS AWAY --

SIX (CONT'D)

HEY!

SIX SLAMS the van hood in anger, Ingrid jumps.

SIX (CONT'D)

Look. I'm in over my head. And you seem to be some kind of an expert. I need you with me so you can tell me what the fuck it is I'm dealing with here...

INGRID

I'm not an expert, I mean-- I host a podcast, I--

CLICK. Six has her gun aimed at Ingrid.

SIX

(dark)

Get in the fucking van.

Ingrid turns white. Frozen. And then --

Six sees a SHADOW dart down the dark, cobblestone alley.

She snaps out of it. Ingrid sees it too. High alert. Six lowers the gun, and hands Ingrid the keys.

SIX (CONT'D)

Now. Lock the door.

Six grabs Ingrid and pushes her into the passenger seat.

She takes out her gun, starts towards the alley when --

THREE ASSASSINS ATTACK HER FROM BEHIND --

BLAM! BLAM! Six tags MUSCLES' head and heart -- *CLICK* -- out of ammo -- so she punches GOATEE in eye with the barrel -- slaps in a clip and -- *BLAM!!* Shoots out his other eye -- flips STRETCH over her shoulder, and -- *BLAM!!* Shoots him in the face on his way to the ground.

Without missing a beat, Six does an about-face and moves briskly back to the van.

INT. VAN - SAME

Ingrid just witnessed all this in slack-jawed awe.

Six hops in, SLAMS the door behind her. Wipes the blood off her face. Catching her breath.

INGRID

Was that... them?!

SIX
No.

INGRID
Well, who were they?!

SIX
That's something else. Don't worry
about them.

INGRID
What?! You just killed three
people!

SIX
I will keep you safe.
(dead in the eyes)
I need you to do this for Petra.

Ingrid looks back at Petra -- The poor sleeping thing. And then she buckles her seatbelt.

INGRID
Fuck.

Six nods in agreement. She starts to van. They peel away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The van speeds through the night.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Ingrid is twisting in her seat, nervously dabbing Petra's forehead with oils.

INGRID
*Earth and water by casting thee, no
spell or unknown hindrance be --
accept and true, cord with me. And
as my will so mote it be.*

Petra stirs. Sleep-talking in tongues. Biting her lip until it bleeds.

SIX
What are you doing?

INGRID
A spell of protection.

Ingrid digs into her shoulder bag and pulls out a few Wiccan charm bags. She fastens them around the car. Lights some sage and lets it burn. Blue smoke filling the van.

Six lowers her window, plucks the sage out of Ingrid's hand and chucks it.

SIX

Relax.

INGRID

Will you put these crystals in your pocket? Please? They're like a seat belt. Just a precaution.

Six takes the crystals, reluctantly.

SIX

Here-- "Just a precaution."

Six whips out her SIG Sauer, demonstrates it for her --

SIX (CONT'D)

Safety off. Aim. Breathe. Keep your eyes open. Pull the trigger, and follow through. Never point it at anything you don't intend to kill-- Careful it's loaded.

Six hands it over. Ingrid gets a feel for the gun. She doesn't like it.

INGRID

You have blood on your chin.

Six looks in the mirror. Wipes it off.

INGRID (CONT'D)

My name is Ingrid, by the way.

Six says nothing. As they drive, A SICKLY MIST trickles in, gathering over the road.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What are you... a spy or something?
(nothing)
Can you tell me your name at least?

SIX

Call me Six.

INGRID

Is that like a code name? It makes sense actually.
(off Six's look)
In the Bible, number six is considered a symbol of human sin. It is also the number of the devil.

SIX

That's a coincidence.

INGRID

I'm a Wiccan. We don't even technically believe in the devil. It's a Judeo-Christian concept.

SIX

Yeah, well. The concept's in the back seat...

They drive in silence. And then Ingrid laughs nervously to herself. Six looks at her like -- *is something funny?*

INGRID

It's just... I've been studying this stuff for years, and... deep down, I don't know if I actually ever believed a word of it until now... Fucking incredible.

The road starts to narrow, the woods squeezing them like a vice... Asphalt gives way to dirt... rattling the car. Six looks at the GPS. Taps it.

SIX

Is this right?

Ingrid looks around. The trees shifting... trickling the window... something's happening. Wispy fingers of mist tickling their tires as Six slows. Mist thickens to fog.

SIX (CONT'D)

Look at that mist...

INGRID

Something's happening.

Six stops the car. Looking around.

SIX

...What is that? Up there, do you see that--

A DARK FIGURE standing in the road. Shrouded by the pall.

INGRID

(craning)

I don't... see anything...

Suddenly -- the RADIO turns on by itself. RAFFI'S WARM CROON EXPLODING FROM THE SPEAKERS --

RAFFI'S VOICE

--SHAKE MY SILLIES OUT!

Six jumps, tries to turn off the radio. It just gets LOUDER--

SIX
It won't turn off--

RAFFI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
WIGGLE MY WAGGLES AWAY!

Ingrid plugs her ears -- they both fumble with the controls.

In the back seat, Petra's eyeballs are undulating behind their lids.

RAFFI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I'VE GOTTA CLAP, CLAP, CLAP MY
CRAZIES OUT! WIGGLE MY WAGGLES--

BLAMMM!!! Six shoots the radio, silencing Raffi with a slug. Ingrid jumps out of her skin. Six flicks off her high beams.

SIX
There's someone there.

Petra's eyes snap open -- blackening as she sways in her seat. The GPS fritzes and dies. Six grips her pistol as --

THE FIGURE cuts through the fog. Six's stomach crawls into her throat, curls up and dies.

IT'S BABY KATE! Emerging into the dim glow of the headlights. The cutest little girl who ever lived.

BABY KATE
Mommy?

Baby Kate raises her hand to shield her eyes from the beams. Fog wraps her up like a security blanket. RAFFI PLAYS THROUGH THE BROKEN RADIO --

SIX
No, no, no--

INGRID
There's nobody--

BABY KATE
Mommy? I can't see. Are you there?

SIX
Oh, GOD--

In the back, Petra's eyes darting wildly in her skull. THE RAFFI SONG SLOWING DOWN AND SPEEDING UP, MAKING THE HAPPY CHILDRENS' CROONER SOUND DEMONIC --

INGRID
Drive, go. There's nothing there!
It's Moloch. I know what he's
doing. He's a liar, he's messing
with your head!

But Six is frozen. Gripping the wheel. Plumes of breath blasting bull-like as she hyperventilates, in the throes of a panic attack.

And Baby Kate moves around the car. TO HER WINDOW. Six stares dead ahead. Trembling with fear. Trying like hell to get her breathing under control.

BABY KATE
I missed you so, so much...

Baby Kate presses her little hand on the window. *Pat. Pat.* We can only see the top of her head now.

BABY KATE (CONT'D)
We can all be a family again. You and me and Mama Jen. Let me come home. All you have to do is ask.

Six -- wrecked -- presses her own hand against the glass, on top of her daughter's.

SIX INGRID
Katie. Oh, God. My baby-- Keep driving. Please. Please.

Baby Kate stands on her tippy toes. And we see her little fawn eyes in the window.

SIX (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I'm sorry--

BABY KATE
There's a book you can sign.

Six stops. Rips her hand away from the window.

BABY KATE (CONT'D)
Mommy?

Six looks in the mirror and sees -- Demon Petra grin through her gag -- her throat is pulsing, like something vile is pushing at it from within. Trying to escape.

Six has tears in her eyes. She knocks them out of her eyes before Ingrid can see.

INGRID
(touches her shoulder)
It's not real.

Six pulls away. Trying like hell not to look out that window. Her face flushed, the veins in her forehead pulsing.

SIX
I'm sorry.

INGRID
Drive.

It takes all the strength she has... to step on the gas... And they drive on, leaving Baby Kate behind --

BABY KATE
Mooooooooooooommyyyyyy!!

SIX
(softly)
...You're not my daughter.

The fog devours Kate and she's gone.

VROOOOOOMM!!!! Six speeds up, cutting through the curtain. Swallowing her fear. And just as she's about to breathe a sign of relief, she looks in the mirror and --

BABY KATE IS SITTING IN BACK -- HER FACE IS NOW BLOWN OFF!

Kate and Petra SHRIEK in a horrible harmony, as if they're tethered --

BABY KATE	DEMON PETRA
<u>AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!</u> !!!!!!!!!!	AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! !!!!!!!!!!

Squealing across the road, they almost hit a tree before she gets control --

INGRID
THERE'S NOTHING THERE!

The GPS flickers on, the dirt returns to asphalt --

Baby Kate is gone again. Demon Petra's eyes roll back in her head and she rears forward, moaning.

The road widens as they drive out of hell. The fog lifts. Six is mid-panic attack, trembling. Ingrid looks at Six. Her heart breaking for her.

She tries to take Six's hand, but she rips it away. Six is struggling. Doing her breathing techniques.

INGRID (CONT'D)
He doesn't want us to get to France. The longer he stays in Petra, the stronger he gets, the more he'll be capable of.
(off her look)
The Lore says... that he'll show you things. Try and tempt you.
Whatever it takes to get you to sign your name--

SIX
Yeah, well... It's not gonna work, I sold my soul years ago.

INGRID
Who's Kate?

SIX
 (breaking)
 I tried to keep her safe, I tried--

INGRID
 --You're feeding him. They say he feeds on fear. Pain, grief. It all just makes him stronger.

Six snaps out of it.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Whatever happened in the past. You have to let it go. Or he'll use it to destroy you.

PETRA (O.S.)
 FIIIIIIIGHHHHTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!

Petra CRIES OUT. They turn to find her, horrified in her bounds -- she's come out of her spell. The Demon has fallen out of her eyes. She's herself again, and she starts crying.

EXT. VECKENSTEDT - NIGHT

Six drives into Veckenstedt. A rural village.

PETRA
I'm scared.

INGRID
Don't be scared, Petra.

Ingrid is sitting in backseat with Petra now, hugging her close as she whimpers in her arms.

Six is watching uncomfortably from the mirror. They speak in German, SUBTITLED. But she understands enough to get it.

INGRID (CONT'D)
We're here to protect you. You're safe. Everything will be okay.

PETRA
...Where are we going?

INGRID
To France. There's a woman who will help you.

PETRA (ENGLISH)
 (touches her stomach)
 He's sleeping now... I hear him breathing...

INGRID
(spooked)
You'll be better soon.

PETRA
And then I can go home to my mom?

Ingrid smiles and nods. Petra hugs her even tighter, if that's possible. Six watches Ingrid run her fingers through Petra's hair. Six shudders, and looks back to the road.

EXT. "DIE ZAHLEN" SILO - NIGHT

An abandoned hangar, beside a decommissioned airport, surround by a cracked sea of parking lot. A familiar symbol etched on a decrepit sign:



Six approaches a side door -- boarded up with moldy wood. Ingrid and Petra bring up the rear, holding hands.

Six reaches into her bag, and pulls out a WHITE CARD. She slaps it against a red brick. It lights up. GLITCHES. It's not a brick. It's A SCREEN.

INGRID
What the hell is this?

Six types in an elaborate code. *Gzt*. A PICTURE OF TWO appears on the screen: "WELCOME TWO." A sadness falls over Six when she sees her mentor's smiling face. The door opens like a vault, and they enter.

INT. "DIE ZAHLEN" SILO - NIGHT

The lights EXPLODE ON to reveal -- Dank and drippy warehouse. Cavernous, and totally empty.

Six ushers Ingrid and Petra along. A RAT skitters past, making Ingrid SHRIEK. Six leads them to a brick wall. She slaps her card against a discolored brick and --

GZZZZZZ! The bricks LIGHT UP and *whirr* to life! Reorganizing themselves like Tetris blocks in order to create a PASSAGE.

PETRA
Whoa!

Ingrid's jaw drops.

SIX
 (to herself)
 This is new.

Suddenly -- *GZZZZ!* The bricks start glitching. They get stuck. The lights in the warehouse SURGE.

Suddenly -- Six GUFFAWS. *A memory of Two*.

SIX (CONT'D)
 (wistful)
 Horseshit.

Ingrid shoots Six a look as she searches for the override switch, but can't find it.

So she helps them squeeze through the half-passage.

INT. "DIE ZAHLEN" - SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

They enter a small weapons cache. Everything in a 500 square-foot space. Shelves lined with ASSAULT RIFLES, AMMO, BOMBS, TACTICAL GEAR.

INGRID
 ...What is all of this?!

Six finds what she's looking for: An M16A1 ASSAULT RIFLE. It feels good in her hands. Six grabs tactical gear, and hands it to Petra and Ingrid.

SIX
 Put this on.

Ingrid is worried. And baffled. Petra grabs her bullet proof vest.

PETRA
 Cool.

Six grabs a cache of ammo, throws it over her shoulder. She goes to a small cabinet marked "*TRANQ PEN REFILS.*" Unlocks it. But -- It's empty.

SIX
 (off Ingrid's look)
 I have three doses left. We'll make do. In case she has a... spell.

Six crosses to A LARGE SAFE. Unlocks with Two's card. Stacked bricks of money. Every currency on the planet.

She snatches a thick wad of Euros.

SIX (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Thanks, Two.

EXT. "DIE ZAHLEN" SILO - RUNWAY - NIGHT

They walk across the tarmac towards a massive hangar. Ingrid is holding Petra's hand.

INGRID
 Tell me what this is. I need to know what I'm dealing with.

They reach the hangar. Six uses Two's card to open the doors, revealing a cavernous space with THREE PRIVATE JETS INSIDE.

Ingrid stops. Scoops Petra up into her arms, and backs away.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 No. We're not going any further until you tell me who you are.

SIX
 We don't have time for this.

Six is seething. Petra looks scared. Ingrid won't budge.

SIX (CONT'D)
 (finally)
 We're the Numbers. A shadow organization. One hundred of the world's most elite assassins, mercenaries, and security. We're clandestine, but we're everywhere.

INGRID
 ...You're an assassin?

SIX
Walk.

INGRID
 And this place?

SIX
 The Silo, our emergency hub. We have them all over the world.

INGRID
 Who pays for all this?

SIX
 It's in your best interest not to know, trust me.

They start moving towards the plane.

INGRID
Where's the pilot?

SIX
You're looking at her.

Ingrid hesitates.

SIX (CONT'D)
I was a fighter pilot in the Air Force, I did three tours of Afghanistan, flew twenty combat missions.

INGRID
One last question.

Six huffs.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Who's after you?

SIX
Everybody. Apparently.

INGRID
I hate flying, just FYI.

EXT. "DIE ZAHLEN" SILO - HANGAR - NIGHT

The hangar doors open. Six steers a GULFSTREAM 6450 out of the warehouse. Gliding towards the runway of the decommissioned airport.

INT. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT

Large oval windows. Petra and Ingrid sit in puffy leather seats in the executive suite. She is feeling awkward in her tactical gear.

SIX (O.S.)
Ingrid.

Ingrid approaches the COCKPIT. Six, at the helm, pulls out her handcuffs and the Tranq.

SIX (CONT'D)
We can't afford a mistake, not up here. It's totally safe, just a sedative. Hit her in the arm.

Ingrid nods, reluctantly. Takes the cuffs and then pen and returns to Petra.

INGRID
 Sorry, Petra. This is just in case.
 There's nothing to be afraid of.

Petra nods, bravely.

PETRA
 I'm not afraid. If he comes, I will
 fight...

INGRID
 Good girl.

Petra holds out her hands. Ingrid cuffs her to the seat. The engine SCREAMS and the wheels leave the ground.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 I'm going to give you some medicine
 now, and when you wake up you'll be
 in France.

Petra smiles. Ingrid readies the Tranq pen.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The plane cuts through the night sky. Climbing. Higher. Full thrust. Gliding smoothly.

INT. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT

Six's knuckles whiten around the throttle as they reach cruising altitude. She studies her skymap. Ingrid enters.

INGRID
 Petra's asleep. I'm texting with
 Sybil. She's preparing for the
 ceremony.

SIX
 Tell me how it goes down.

Ingrid takes Sybil's book out of the tote, rubs her hand across the cover.

INGRID
 "Herbs and verbs." She'll be using
 the cleansing incantations from her
 grimoire. They have to be spoken
 the exact right way by a high
 priestess--

SIX

What are you saying? You mean like
magic words?

INGRID

It's not what you think. It's like
a formula, a recipe. Spells are
like a highly advanced technology.
Extremely dangerous, and not to be
fucked with. That's why we need
Sybil, and she's going to be
expensive by the way--

SIX

Money's not an issue.

INGRID

It's the time I'm worried about.
Dawn. Five hours 'till sun-up.

A RATTLE of turbulence. Ingrid snatches the seat.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What was that? Was that normal?

SIX

It's okay--

INGRID

I fucking hate flying. Fuck.

SIX

Not even on broomsticks?

Ingrid shoots her a look like -- *funny*. Lighting pulses in
gathering STORM CLOUDS. The cabin RATTLES.

INGRID

(increasing anxiety)
You know where that comes from?
Broomsticks? The inquisition. *Fuck*.
The broom is a symbol of female
domesticity--
(grips chair)
Shit-- Mm.
(breathes)
It's also a phallus, a symbol of
femininity and domesticity gone
insane. The broom is basically a
penis...

Six just looks at her. Before she can respond -- The cabin
BUFFETS, harder this time. Ingrid SCREAMS!

INGRID (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Oh God!

SIX

Nothing to be afraid of!

CABIN

Petra's eyes start DANCING behind their lids. Charm bags hang above her. Crystals around her PULSING NECK...

PETRA
(sleeptalk)
...fight...

Another jolt of TURBULENCE and DEMON PETRA'S EYES SNAP OPEN. Her cold plumes of breath are once again visible. THUNDER.

COCKPIT

WHUMP!! A SEVERE BUMP slams Six's head against the overhead panels. Ingrid cries out.

SIX
Just some shitty air. Relax, I'm climbing.

A flash of fear betrays Six's face, and Ingrid catches it.

Six pulls the throttle full tilt. They climb. The plane SCREAMS as it banks. Ingrid groans, stomach in her eyes.

SIX (CONT'D)
Deep breath in, hold for five seconds. Exhale. We're okay.

Ingrid grabs Six's hand. She hesitates, but lets her. And they breathe together.

SIX (CONT'D)
Rough winds are just like bumps in the road, totally safe.

INGRID
(deep breath)
...Bumps in the road.

SIX
You have to relax. You said that fear will wake the demon.

INGRID
I'm fine, I'm fine.

WHUMPPPP! They look up. It sounded like something... *landed on the roof of the plane.*

INGRID (CONT'D)
What was that...?

And then Six sees -- Ingrid's cold breath. Visible. Glances back in the cabin --

SIX
It's happening.

Ingrid notices, too. She produces the Tranq pen. Trembling.

SIX (CONT'D)
Careful, only two doses left.

Nervous, Ingrid unbuckles, and moves back towards the cabin as Six wrestles with the controls.

Rain pecks the windshield.

CABIN

Ingrid approaches Demon Petra, who snorts. Ingrid freezes.

And then she sees something OUT THE WINDOW. Something horrible in the clouds.

Illuminated by a PULSE OF LIGHTNING -- What looks to be a FLAPPING COAT. There and then gone.

INGRID
There's something out there!

SIX (O.S.)
What?!

The PLANE ROCKS, sending Ingrid to the floor. The Tranq pen bounces down the aisle.

COCKPIT

Rain is falling harder now. Six looks out the window -- peels her eyes. Nothing but the wrathful storm. Lightning x-rays the night, REVEALING STRANGE SHADOWS in the hematoma clouds.

SIX (CONT'D)
What the fu--

ALICE'S SNARLING FACE POPS UP INTO SIX'S WINDOW --

Six screams, falling back. Alice glows in a red bath of navigation lights --

WHAMMM!!!! She pounds the window with her fist, eyes bugging, 500 MPH winds stretching her SCREAMING cheeks -- *WHAM! WHAM!* And then VANISHES below the plane.

SIX (CONT'D)
Ingrid! He's showing me things again! I'm seeing things! *It's not fucking real--*

Six is shooting terrified looks out the window. *CRACK!!!!*
Lightning REVEALS --

THE COVEN standing in the clouds. Riding the wind like waves.

SIX (CONT'D)
Tell me this isn't happening, tell
me he's fucking with my head--

INGRID (O.S.)
I SEE THEM! IT'S REAL! HE GAVE THEM
POWER!

SIX
(realizing)
They're getting stronger, too...

Six wrangles control. Grunts in horror when she sees --

Alice climbing up the nose of the airplane. The wind is
nothing. A fuck you to the laws of nature --

WHAM!!! Alice headbutts the plane, then continues skittering
up it, spiderlike, heading for the windshield.

The plane JOSTLES, Alice holds steady. Glaring at Six.

CABIN

Ingrid grabs after the Tranq pen she sees under a seat.

GZZT! The lights die. Darkness in the cabin. Demon Petra
throws her head thrown back in a guttural moan.

The exit row lights come on. Fritzing. Strobing.

Ingrid slowly turns and sees -- THE FIVE WITCHES' SHADOWY
FACES framed in the Gulfstream windows. Hair blowing. A FLASH
OF LIGHTNING REVEALS THEIR HATEFUL EYES.

INGRID
Oh my G--

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The Witches start POUNDING THEIR FISTS AND
ELBOWS against the plexiglass. Trying to break in. Gravity
means nothing to them. Not anymore.

Ingrid whips around and sees THE TALL WITCH. Sliding past the
windows, moving down the fuselage towards the airplane door.

Demon Petra sucks in Ingrid's fear with a snort as the
Witches glare soullessly at Ingrid from their windows, like a
gallery of hanging portraits.

Ingrid finds the pen. She scoops it up and charges Demon
Petra, about to stab her when --

TURBULENCE smacks her head against the window -- Demon Petra KICKS the pen out of her hand and SHRIEKS!

COCKPIT

WHAM! WHAM! Alice is SLAMMING her head against the windshield of the plane. IMPOSSIBLY HARD -- Blood smearing.

SIX
INGRID!!! GIVE HER THE DOSE!!!

INGRID (O.S.)
I can't find the pen!

Alice skitters up the windshield, barefoot, and vanishes on to the roof. Six cranes up. Switches into autopilot.

CABIN

Six pops in --

SIX
Show me your gun.

Shaking, Ingrid pulls out the Sig from earlier.

SIX (CONT'D)
Check the safety. If they get in--

INGRID
GET IN?!

SIX (CONT'D)
If they get in somehow, you take 'em out. Double tap, two shots. Head. Heart. Don't fucking miss.

Ingrid is terrified. Six returns to the cockpit.

Ingrid hears something, turns and sees -- the door handle -- TURN FROM THE OUTSIDE. Jostling, harder and harder.

INGRID (CONT'D)
God. Oh, God.

Demon Petra laughs at the word. And then she SCREAMS so loud the OVAL WINDOW BEHIND INGRID EXPLODES!

PANDEMONIUM -- SCREECHING WIND, HORIZONTAL RAIN FLOODING IN -- The plane ROCKS -- catastrophic decompression -- everything that's not tied down is blowing around the cabin --

The wind lifting Ingrid up in her seat -- the belt holding her down -- masks drop and dangle.

The plane PLUNGES three hundred feet in three seconds. Ingrid grips the seat in horror. The plane momentarily levels out and Ingrid sees --

A WITCH squeezing herself through the Gulfstream window as lightning POPS outside.

Ingrid is fumbling with the gun and -- *BLAM!* Shoots her in the face. *WOOOSH!* The Witch is SUCKED out of the plane --

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Six throws the fuel dump switch. The plane PITCHES! ALARMS HOWL! Six pushes the yoke, the plane starts to level off, falling to ten thousand feet. *Calming.* And then --

THE AVIONICS BAY EXPLODES -- DEBRIS CUTS HER FACE AND NECK -- A gaping hole. Everything blowing around the cockpit.

WOOOSH!!! BABY KATE'S SECURITY BLANKET FLIES OUT OF THE RUCKSACK and is sucked into the hole --

Bleeding everywhere, Six grabs after the blanket!

The pilotless plane PLUNGING again -- Her hand is deep in the bay, face smudged against the metal as she grips the blanket, a tug-o-war with the greedy wind -- and with all the strength she has left --

She pulls the blanket back inside!

CABIN

DEMON PETRA SCREAMING IN TONGUES -- AWFUL CLICKS AND GRUNTS.

CRASH!!! Two more windows EXPLODE -- *WOOOOOOOSH!!!* AN INDOOR CAT-4 HURRICANE -- Rain spewing inside --

AND SO ARE THE WITCHES! They tame impossible winds -- Coats flap bat-like as they SQUEEZE THROUGH, cabin lights strobing.

Ingrid aims at GREEN EYES, half-inside -- *BLAM!!!* Misses.

Green Eyes falls into the cabin, picks herself up. Shit blows everywhere as she runs Ingrid down, SHRIEKING MAD and -- *BLAM!!!* INGRID SHOOTS HER IN THE NECK!

The laws of nature kick-in and Green Eyes is RIPPED down the aisle by the harrowing wind and SUCKED out the window --

Alice tries to catch her but she SLIPS THROUGH HER HANDS--

Three left.

THE TALL WITCH THROWS HERSELF ON TOP OF INGRID -- and starts wringing her neck, SCREAMING WITH HATE --

Alice, in the window, watches Ingrid die so painfully --

Suddenly -- A BUCK KNIFE appears out of nowhere and --
SLISHHHH!! Gives the Tall Witch a second smile. She crumbles
 to her knees REVEALING --

SIX -- blood falling down her neck, and steadying herself.
Kate's blanket is tied around Six's waist for safe keeping.

Ingrid sucks in a massive breath.

THWACKK!!! Six stabs Demon Petra in the arm with the Tranq
 pen she recovered.

Six whips around and -- *BLAM! BLAM!* Executes the Last Two
 Witches as they squeeze through the windows and -- *WOOSH!!*
 They are sucked into the sky -- Gone.

The medicine takes hold, and Petra is out like a light.

Only Alice remains. Hovering there -- seething like the storm
 around her. She locks eyes with Six.

LIGHTNING CRACKS! EXPOSING ALICE'S RAGE.

BLAM! Six fires at her -- *BLAM! BLAM!* Sparks fly as ALICE
 TAKES OFF -- VASNISHING THROUGH THE MALEVOLENT CLOUDS --

SIX
 WE'RE LANDING -- BRACE! BRACE!

Bleeding, Six works her way back into the cockpit.

INT. HIGHWAY IN FRANCE - NIGHT

REEEEEEEEEEEEECHHHHHH!!!! The Gulfstream EXPLODES out of
 thin air -- Wheels grazing the roof of a speeding Peugeot as
 it -- *WHAMMM!!* Lands hard on the highway!

The car slams on the brakes, and -- *WHAMMM!!!!* Is rear ended
 by the car behind them.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Alice -- soaring through the tempest -- coat flapping --
 lightning CRASHING around her as she wrestles the wind --
 rain lashing her face as she CRIES AND CRIES --

EXT. GULFSTEAM - NIGHT

Cars piling up behind the plane as Six throws open the
 emergency exit and climbs onto the wing. A few NIGHT OWLS
 snapping photos, and taking videos.

Six jumps onto the highway, lands wrong, and cringes in pain. She's dizzy, and losing blood. Ingrid passes down an unconscious Petra to Six, and then jumps down herself. Six returns the child to Ingrid, guilty.

And then she limps to a slick Mercedes, throws open the door. AN AGHAST FRENCHMAN barks in his native tongue.

SIX
Out of the car. S'il te plaît, uh--

Six flashes her gun. But the man doesn't budge, huffs petulantly, flighting to close the door. Ingrid comes up out of nowhere and VOLCANOES --

INGRID (IN FRENCH)
GET OUT OF THE FUCKING CAR!!!!!!!

The man gasps, leaps out of the car. Six is impressed. They climb in. PETRA SNAPS AWAKE. Looks around, confused. She sees the downed plane. And gasps.

PETRA
(bursts into tears)
I tried to fight. I tried.

SIX
It's not your fault.

They PEEL AWAY in a cloud of smoke.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

- Green Eyes' dead body tangled in a barbwire fence.
- Two Witches EXPLODED on the corner of a CITY STREET.
- The Fourth Witch floating facedown in a RIVER.

-- Tears streaming down her cheeks, Alice sits on the side A HIGHWAY, cradling the mangled body of the Tall Witch. Her legs are bent in impossible directions.

Alice's head falls back and she starts speaking in TONGUES -- Gibbering rage and sorrow -- CARS SPEEDING BY. HORNS WAILING.

INT. MERCEDES - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Six cruises down the highway. Her eyes are fluttering. Blood spilling down her neck.

INGRID
2:28. Sunrise at Six.

SIX
 (struggling)
 We're running out of time...

Six sets a timer. Shakes the *faint* out of her eyes.

PETRA (GERMAN)
The lady is bleeding very bad...

Ingrid, in the back, is now seeing how bad Six really is.

INGRID
 You're white as a sheet...

SIX
 I'm fine.

Her left eye is bleeding tears. She grips the wheel, willing herself forward.

PETRA (GERMAN)
Is she going to be okay? Please don't let her get hurt.

INGRID
 Look at your neck, you need stitches.

SIX
 I SAID I'M FINE!

But her eyes are fluttering, and she's trying like hell to watch the road.

INGRID
 You better let me drive.

Six's eyes roll back in her head and she passes out cold --

The car SWERVES wildly, nearly crashes into oncoming traffic. Ingrid grabs the wheel and leaps over to SLAM on the brakes --

SCREEEEECHHH!!!! They come to a stop on to the shoulder. The dust settles. Cars SCREAMING BY.

PETRA
Oh no, oh no, oh no--

Petra falls on Six, bursts into tears.

PETRA (CONT'D)
*Please don't die, please don't die!
 I'll never get home!*

Six's eyes snap open, she sees the little creature nuzzling her, blood and all--

SIX
I'm not going to die.

Petra is snuggled up to her. Six stays rigid.

PETRA
Thank you for looking after me, and bringing me home to my mother and-- Please don't let bad guys get me.

And with all the strength she has left --

SIX
I'm not going... to let anything happen to you... I promise.

PETRA
I love you very much.

Six coos. She's too weak to fight off the love this time.

INGRID
We have to get you to a hospital.

SIX
No-- no... hospital. Jenny... she--

It takes all the strength she has, but she reaches into her pocket, and pulls out -- THE PHOTOGRAPH. Manages to hand it over to Ingrid, before passing out. Ingrid looks at the photo. Six, Jenny, and Kate. A perfect family.

PETRA (GERMAN)
Look, the lady is smiling.

Six's bloody thumbprint smudged Baby Kate's face.

PETRA (CONT'D)
Is that her daughter?

INGRID
That must be Kate.

Ingrid turns the photo over and -- finds the address.

7 - Route de Bailly, 78210 Saint-Cyr-1'École.

PETRA
Lady? May I please meet Kate some day? And be her best friend?

Ingrid shoots Six a look in the mirror. And Six can't fight it anymore. Her eyes roll back in her head and she passes out.

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

A THUNDERSTORM. Six, soaked in blood and rain, marches down the street in broad daylight. The storm washing away the gore. She feels nothing. Madness screaming in her blood hungry eyes. She takes out her phone and calls One.

ONE'S VOICE
Your message is secure.

BEEP.

SIX
A child for a child.

She hangs up. THUNDER.

INT. TESSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

One enters the sleek, shadowy house. Draws her gun, on edge.

ONE
Tessy? Hon?

She turns on the lights, and gasps when she sees --

TESSY, ONE'S DAUGHTER, TIED TO A CHAIR WITH A BULLET HOLE IN HER FOREHEAD.

One's knees buckle, and she nearly faints.

EXT. ONE'S SUV - HIGHWAY - NIGHT - PRESENT

One stares out the window of her SUV, lost in the horrible memory. She cradles Two's purring cat. Reds and blues of EMERGENCY VEHICLES light up her face.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

TREIZE, a comely French commander, leads One towards the abandoned plane, keeping their distance from the police line. He shows her a compilation of various CELL PHONE VIDEOS: Six, Petra, and Ingrid climbing down the wing.

TREIZE
That's the Fuchs girl there, we're still trying to ID the third.

ONE
Who took them down? Our Fractions?

TREIZE

It wasn't one of ours. The
Fractions are in the negative. She
killed them in Germany.

ONE

It's strength in Numbers. Call the
Lyon Silo. Send for reinforcements
from London. She's pissed a lot of
people off over the years, I don't
want someone beating us to the punch.

Treize hurries off. One opens the SUV door, and jumps in --

INT. SUV - SAME

One slams the door. THE DRIVER slumps forward. Mutilated like
Petra's chauffeur. One gasps, grabs for the door -- *POP!* The
lock slaps shut. Two's cat HISSES. Sensing something horrible.

ALICE (O.S.)

Hello, Maggie.

One jumps. Whips around to find Alice sitting in the front
seat. She's alone now.

ONE

Who are you?

ALICE

Alice. I'm the leader of the Harz
Coven. Guardians of the Watchtowers
of the West.

ONE

...What camp is that? Rubicon? I've
never heard of you--

ALICE

I felt your love, Maggie.

ONE

(teeth gritting)
Don't call me that.

ALICE

He showed it to me. King Moloch. It's
how I found you. I followed your love
like a map... It's the most powerful
force on earth, a mother's love.

ONE

(shudders)
What do you want?

ALICE

The same thing you want. What that woman took from me.

ONE

You're the Fuchs Job...

ALICE

We can help each other. I know where she's heading. He showed me that too.

ONE

You took down the plane.

ALICE

She's strong. She's going to destroy everything I've built. We need your army to defeat her.

ONE

Tell me where she is.

ALICE

You don't have to feel this way anymore. I know what she did to your daughter. Unspeakable things. You can have your Tessy back...

ONE

...what?

ALICE

Let me tell you what I know.

Off One's face --

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

A large fortified farmhouse, hugged by ivy, almost as old as the rolling hills that surround it. Lights glow inside.

The Mercedes pulls up, swirling dust devils. Ingrid jumps out, goes to the passenger's side to fetch Six --

KABLLAMMM!!!! Ingrid jumps, whips around to find --

JENNY standing in the doorway, wearing a bathrobe, gripping a SHOTGUN she just fired into the air. A far cry from the woman in the picture, graying streaks in her red hair, cheeks weathered from years of tears.

JENNY

PRIVATE PROPERTY!

INGRID
Please! Don't shoot!

Jenny pumps the gun. *BLAM!* Lights up the night.

INGRID (CONT'D)
PLEASE--

Ingrid moves aside to reveal SIX, passed out in the car.
Jenny lowers her gun, dumfounded. Like she's seen a ghost.

JENNY
...Vivian.

Jenny runs a gauntlet of emotions in 1.2 seconds, before settling on MURDER -- taking it out on the car -- *BLAM!!* Kills the headlights. Ingrid dives in the dirt. Petra jumps out of the car, waving.

PETRA
STOP! PLEASE!

Jenny lowers the gun when she sees her.

PETRA (CONT'D)
Please! The lady's hurt very bad!

Petra walks to Jenny, who is trying to make sense of her.

Ingrid pokes out from behind the hood as Petra hands Jenny THE PHOTO. Jenny, Six, and Kate. It trembles in her hands.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

ONE'S SUV pulls over to the shoulder. The door opens, and One drops Two's cat off on the side of the road. The door SLAMS shut. The SUV SPEEDS AWAY, deserting the poor animal.

She doesn't need it anymore.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Cozy is the word for it. Petra is sitting by a raging hearth. Staring out the window -- keeping lookout.

Six is splayed out on the massive oak table in THE DINING ROOM. Bloody tactical gear in a pile. Jenny is cleaning the gaping wound on her neck.

JENNY
How did this happen?

INGRID
Well, we were in an airplane,
and it was going down and--

JENNY (CONT'D)
--Never mind. I don't want to
know.

INGRID (CONT'D)
She was hired to rescue Petra, but
her mother was hurt and--

JENNY
--Stop. I said I don't want to
know. Anything.

Ingrid nods as Jenny starts cutting Six's blood-soaked shirt off, exposing her sports bra, and scars on her chest.

JENNY (CONT'D)
...Those are new.

Jenny unties the SECURITY BLANKET from around Six's waist, uncovering her C-section scar. *Not new*. Ingrid notices.

Jenny stares at the BLOOD-SOAKED BLANKET, suddenly dumbstruck when she realizes what it is.

Tears welling in her eyes, vibrating with anger, she --

Chucks it in the trash. Ingrid minds her own business as Jenny gets to work cleaning Six's wounds.

PETRA
Is the lady gonna be okay?

JENNY
She'll be fine.

INGRID
Do you need any help?

JENNY
I've got it down to a science.

Jenny picks up a BIG STAPLE GUN. Ingrid shudders. Jenny pinches the wound closed, her ex's blood spilling down her hand, lays the gun across and--

KATCHHHH!!!! Fires a staple into her flesh. The PAIN snaps Six's eyes open, she bolts upright with a wicked gasp. Jenny pushes her back down.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Don't move.

SIX
Jenny...

JENNY
 (ice cold)
 Nice of you to stop by.

KATCHHHH!!!! Jenny fires another staple. Six YELPS.

SIX
 ...don't you have any Novocain?

JENNY
 All out.

Six winces.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 I thought you were dead. Not a
 fucking word for three years--

KATCHHHH!!!! She groans.

SIX JENNY (CONT'D)
 I was in the woods, I was-- I don't care.

SIX (CONT'D)
 I had to go into hiding, I had no
 choice--

JENNY
 Hiding from them? Or hiding from me?

SIX
 As long as you were with me, you were
 in danger. I was protecting you.

JENNY
 You were protecting yourself.

KATCHHHH!!!!

SIX JENNY (CONT'D)
 AHHHH! Breathe, we're almost done.

PETRA
 Don't hurt her! She's taking me
 home to my mother!

JENNY
 Can you give us a minute?

INGRID
 Of course--

Ingrid takes a confused Petra's hand and leads her into the
 ground floor bedroom, shuts the door.

SIX

You told me you never wanted to see me again...

JENNY

I DIDN'T FUCKING MEAN IT, VIVIAN!!

KATCHHHH!!!! KATCHHHH!!!! Two hard staples to the neck. Blood oozes. Six cries in pain --

JENNY (CONT'D)

We could have run away, but you chose revenge over me.

SIX

I couldn't let her get away with what she did. It had to be. It--

JENNY

--It didn't have to be, Vivian! She would have called it all off after what happened to Katie--

SIX (CONT'D)

Will you please stop calling me that in front of them--

JENNY (CONT'D)

What should I call you? "The Devil Herself." I know what they call you now, they told me what you did to Tessy. She was innocent!

SIX

SO WAS KATIE!!!!

Six's hand start shaking, and she tries like hell to hide it from Jenny. Her eyes fluttering. Getting dizzy.

JENNY

You knew there'd be consequences and when the shit hit the fan, you left. When I needed you most...

Six turns and sees Ingrid peeking out of the door. She heard everything. Their eyes meet. Ingrid quickly shuts the door.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I lost Katie, and then I lost you.

Six is searching for the right words. But there aren't any. Jenny notices Six's trembling hand.

JENNY (CONT'D)

That's new, too. Your conscience finally catching up with you?

Six instinctively hides her hand behind her back.

Jenny drops the staple gun, goes to the window, holding back tears. She looks out and sees A SICKLY MIST gathering around the house. Growing stronger, like an infestation.

Six pulls it together. Goes to Jenny. Touches her.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(pulls away)

You told me when we had Katie that it would finally be over. You told me they would let you leave the life, that it would be safe.

SIX

I tried to leave the Numbers. So many times... I wanted to be a mother. That's all. Since I was a little girl and my mom was making me do target practice before dinner. Maneuver warfare before I could watch TV. When everyone else was reading *Little House on the Prairie*, I was learning morse code. She taught me how to kill. And I promised myself when I grew up. I'd be a good mom. I'd be everything she wasn't.

JENNY

You broke your promise. You're not a mother. You don't bring people into this world, you take them out of it. You're a fucking serial killer, Vivian. That's all. And this is your fault.

This knocks the wind out of Six.

INSIDE THE BEDROOM: Ingrid is trying to cover Petra's ears from the muddled fighting, but she's hearing everything.

Suddenly -- something is pushing at her neck again, slithering over to her throat.

INGRID

Fight.

Petra fights it down, squeezes her eyes, and balls her fists. It quickly falls away.

BACK TO:

SIX

Please-- please-- I'm sorry--

Six goes to her, takes her hands, pleading.

JENNY
 (rips away)
 Don't touch me! LET ME GO!

SIX (CONT'D)
 Jenny, I'm sorry! I love you!

INGRID
 (running in)
 You're waking him up! You have to stop this! It's two hours until sun up! We have to go, we're running out of time...

SIX
 (to Jenny)
 I'm sorry, we have to go--

JENNY
 Don't you dare. We're not done--

SIX
 It's the girl. Petra. She's in bad trouble...

Six picks up the gun, and gives herself the last staple in her wound, closing it up. She puts on her tactical gear.

JENNY
 If you leave now, I never want to see you again. I mean it this time.

SIX
 You don't understand--

PETRA (O.S.)
 You're a bad guy.

Six turns to see Petra standing by the bedroom door, disappointed in her. Tears swelling in her eyes.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 I heard what she said! You lied to me, she's dead! You killed Kate!

SIX
 No, honey, it's not like that, I--

The Demon is pushing at Petra's throat, crawling into her cheek, pressing against it like a tongue -- climbing --

INGRID
 NO, FIGHT! FIGHT, PETRA!

PETRA
 You're not a good guy, you're bad!

SIX
 No, Petra, I'm--

PETRA (CONT'D)
 BAD! YOU'RE SO BAD!!!! DU
 BIST SO SCHLECHT!

INGRID
YOU'RE WAKING HIM UP!

THE DEMON CONQUERS HER EYES AND SHE HOWLS! *WHAMMM!!!* The bedroom door is SLAMMED in her face, shutting Six out.

Six tries jostles the handle, but it's locked. She hears Demon Petra SCREAMING inside.

INGRID (CONT'D)
We have to give her the Tranq.

Six looks out the window. And shudders as --

SIX
The mist... it's back--

JENNY
(looking out the window)
Someone's out there...

Six reaches for her gun as A FIGURE walks through the mist. And Jenny's breath is ripped away as --

BABY KATE approaches the window.

BABY KATE
Mama Jen?

SIX
No.

Baby Kate stands on her tippies, peeking over the sill. Jenny's knees smash against the floor, her jaw close behind.

BABY KATE
Mama Jen? Where are you?

SIX
No, no, wait-- Jenny, it's not real. Come here--

BABY KATE
I'm cold, may I come inside please?

And Jenny can't speak, falling under a spell of insanity. Staring at her dead child.

SIX
Give her the Tranq!

INGRID
I can't get in!

WHAM! WHAM! Ingrid is ramming the bedroom door with her shoulder, another TREMOR rocks the house on its foundation --

BABY KATE
*We can be a family again. All you
 have to do is ask...*

JENNY
 MY BABY!

SIX
 It's not real. It's not real.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 NO! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

THEY FALL ON THE FLOOR TOGETHER, JENNY BUCKING AND KICKING --

BABY KATE
*I want to come home. I don't want
 to be with them anymore. I don't
 want to be with the bad guys.*

Six stops, confused. And then she sees them -- surrounding on
 all sides --

DARK FIGURES limping through the mist. Jenny almost breaks
 free, but Six clamps down, rolling around the floor with her,
 locking her down with her legs --

JENNY
 KATIE!!!

BABY KATE
I'm scared of themmmmm!

Jenny is howling. Six pins her down.

INGRID
 Jenny, it's a hallucination!

Ingrid kicks the bedroom door. It doesn't budge.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 PETRA! OPEN THE DOOR!

Six turns towards the window and GASPS when she sees --

All the people she's killed. We recognize them --

MANBUN, with a bear trap clinging to his skull. SCARFACE,
 with his face shot off. SHOTGUN, the pulverized human shield.
 The LEADER, burnt to a crisp. The RIDER, covered in road
 rash, head caved-in. THE ASSASSINS from outside the Museum,
 shot to bits.

BABY KATE
*I live with all the men that mommy
 sent to hell.*

There are so many more out there in the mist. DARK OUTLINES.
 LIKE AN ARMY OF SHADOWS. A lifetime of death.

Six's jaw drops -- reeling as Baby Kate POUNDS ON THE DOOR --

BABY KATE (CONT'D)
I'M SCARED, I WANT MY BLANKIE!

SIX
....No. It's... it's not real...

And then she sees A DARK FIGURE limp through the mist, and step out of the shadows. Framed by the window.

It's TESSY. A bullet hole in her head.

SHE TAKES BABY KATE'S HAND!

Six gasps in horror -- thrown off balance by the gruesome vision -- AND JENNY BREAKS FREE!

JENNY
I'M COMING, KATIE--

SIX (CONT'D)
NOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Jenny rips the bloody blanket out of the trash, THROWS OPEN THE DOOR AND RUNS TO SAVE BABY KATE --

Six gives chase but -- WHAMMM!!! The front door is SLAMMED in her face -- She tries to break it down -- RAMMING IT.

Simultaneously -- Ingrid is RAMMING ON the bedroom door with her shoulder. It's bending. Splinters fly.

INGRID
OPEN THE DOOR! PETRA!
(to Six)
We're running out of time!

Six can hear Jenny screaming Kate's name outside. Six rams the front door again. Harder.

And then at the exact same moment -- The front door and the bedroom door open on their own.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - SAME

Six barrels out of the house, assault rifle trained.

SIX
Jenny --

Six looks around. But the grounds are empty. Her ghosts are gone. So are Jenny and Kate. Nothing but the mist remains.

SIX (CONT'D)
ENOUGH WITH YOUR FUCKING TRICKS!

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Demon Petra SKITTERS up the wall, crablike. Ingrid runs at her with the Tranq pen as she perches herself in the corner of the ceiling and her SCREAMS shake the house!

Ingrid jumps on the bed and leaps into the air -- snatching her leg. Demon Petra crabs across the ceiling, taking Ingrid for a ride. Ingrid takes a swing with the Tranq pen, but Demon Petra snatches it, and they fall to the floor together.

Demon Petra jumps on top of Ingrid and -- *THWACK! THWACK!* STABS HER in the arms and neck and face -- before finally letting the medicine rip. Ingrid passes out cold.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - SAME

The mist is growing thicker. Pea-soup. Impossible to see.

Six wanders through the dead gray nothing, searching. The farm house has been swallowed up.

SIX

Jenny?! Where are you--

The whole world is gone now. Just a void.

EXT. THE MIST - SAME

Jenny trudges through the mist, blanketed in dead white, throwing terrified looks around.

JENNY

KATE?! KATIE?!

Something is moving towards her. She stops, slinking back --

Baby Kate emerges from the pall. Her perfect smiling child. Sickly gray wisps envelope her. Jenny falls before her --

JENNY (CONT'D)

Baby... My baby... Here's your blankie, sweet.

Jenny wraps her daughter in the blood stained blanket. And hugs her tight, kisses her, tears falling down her face.

Suddenly, Baby Kate stops the hug --

BABY KATE

It can be like it was, Mama Jen. We can be together.

JENNY
 (trying to cradle her)
 Yes.

BABY KATE
 (pushing away)
 There's a book you can sign.

Baby Kate SMILES. But her eyes are long dead.

JENNY
 Show me.

And suddenly -- Kate is cradling an LARGE LEATHER BOUND BOOK. Plain. Dusty. Nothing special. Just a book.

Kate opens the book. Jenny stares down and sees that it's full of names. Thousands of signatures.

Kate plucks the pen from the pages and hands it to Jenny.

BABY KATE
 Go on, mommy.

Jenny doesn't hesitate, she starts to sign and --

SIX (O.S.)
 NO!!!!!!

They turn to find Six cutting through the mist.

SIX (CONT'D)
 IT'S A TRICK!!!

Six RIPS Jenny away from Kate.

JENNY
 GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM--

--BABY KATE SLAPS THE BOOK SHUT AND SHRIEKS AT SIX --

The book FALLS to the ground and disintegrates before their eyes -- turning to wormy dirt.

Jenny stumbles back, and they cry in horror when they see --

BABY KATE AGING RAPIDLY --

Growing up before her eyes! Baby teeth falling out, puberty hits, the awkward phase, breasts, taller, a stunning beauty, twenty years old, forty, turning grey, crows feet. Their daughter turning into a sad and bent old woman, shrunken with brittle bones, wizened and gnarled, dying and dead -- DECOMPOSING, TURNING TO DUST.

Gone. A lifetime in 5 seconds.

Jenny collapses in stunned agony -- A PHANTOM GUST steals her daughter's ashes away -- floating into the swirling mist like the death of snow --

JENNY (CONT'D)

KATIE!!!

Jenny grabs the bloody blanket -- all that's left of her.

WOOSH!!! The blanket is SUCKED out of her hand by an invisible force -- vanishing into the night.

Jenny explodes into tears. Six reaches for her.

SIX

She's gone, Jenny. And she's not coming back. It's my fault--

JENNY

I can't-- I can't-- I-- OH GOD--

Jenny pushes Six away, and blasts off towards the house. ROARING THUNDER in the distance.

SIX

Please, Jenny, I--
(choking)

I'm sorry... I'm sorry, I'm--

Jenny SLAMS the door behind her.

Devastated, Six grabs at the grass, like she's afraid of falling off the face of the earth.

WOOOOOOSH! The air is churned above Six's head. MORE THUNDER -- AND A HEAVENLY SPOTLIGHT EXPLODES FROM ABOVE!

She props herself up to stare into the searing light -- It's not God, it's a CHOPPER touching down, MOVING THE NIGHT.

RATATATATATAT!!! Bullets nip the ground before her. Six picks herself up and sprints back through the mist -- the flickering lights of the farm house coming into view as --

SUBURBANS cut through the curtain like an army of black coffins -- OPENING FIRE!!!

Six dives into the house as bullets bite the door.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Six falls to her knees. Broken. Trying to catch her breath. Jenny is at the window, terrified. Six looks out and sees --

HEAVILY-ARMED NUMBERS -- TEN MEN in tactical gear dropping from the chopper. Mercenaries moving towards the house.

We see MORE NUMBERS jumping out of the Suburbans. Treize is leading them.

Thirty men in all. Elite Killing Machines.

JENNY
(horrificed)
It's the Numbers... They followed
you here. There's too many...

Six and Jenny lock eyes. *Six is no match for this army.*

They stop when they hear a GRUNT behind them. Turn to see --

Demon Petra hovering inches off the ground, wearing her worst smile yet. She's in love with their pain.

Jenny screams, and backs against the wall in shock.

And then it dawns on Six. She knows what she has to do...

SIX
(to Demon Petra)
I promised I wouldn't let anything
happen to you.

Demon Petra scoffs at this. Six opens her arms to Petra, and Petra's possessor.

JENNY
Vivian?!

SIX
(to Demon Petra)
I'm strong. I'm a stone fucking
killer. I'm yours. Let me be your
vessel, you can do so much with me.
My body, my soul. Take me.

Demon Petra smiles at notion. And starts speaking in TONGUES. Curt and eerie garbles, growing in intensity.

JENNY
WHAT IS THIS?! IS SHE--? SHE'S--

SIX
(pointedly to Jenny)
--When I'm done... Take Petra into
the bedroom. And lock the door.
Whatever you hear... don't come out.

JENNY

What?! What are you--

--Six pulls Demon Petra into a warm embrace. The hug she's been suppressing all along --

SIX

JENNY (CONT'D)

Take me!

VIVAIN!

Six hugs Petra tight, nuzzling her, she won't let go, loving her to death as their heads fall back at the same time.

The hug is broken apart by an INVISIBLE FORCE that throws them on to their backs -- and now they're writhing on the floor in synch -- the same moans, the same herks and jerks --

Chanting together now, exactly the same way. Six's flesh undulating, something pushing against her throat from within.

Petra scrambles back as the Demon falls out her eyes and the little girl returns --

Jenny cowering in horror as -- Six retreats further with every blink -- the Demon revealing itself. And now SIX IS SLAMMING HER HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, at war with herself! --

SIX / DEMON SIX

Guuuuuuhhhhhnnnnnhhhhh... TAKE ME!

Petra gasps, and backs away in horror as Demon Six starts to levitate... Sliding up the wall as she screams in ecstasy and horror, and everything in between --

SIX / DEMON SIX (CONT'D)

YES! *Guuuuuuhhhhhhh!* Take me! Take me!

JENNNNNNNNYYYYYY!!! GOOOOO!!!

HIGHER AND HIGHER UP THE WALL, TOWARDS THE CEILING -- THE LIGHTS SURGING IN THE HOUSE --

Jenny grabs Petra's hand and dashes into the bedroom as --

WHAM!! THE FIRST WAVE OF TEN NUMBERS BLAST THROUGH THE DOOR -- AND THE DEVIL BURNS IN SIX'S EYES.

BEDROOM

Petra finds Greta passed out on the floor. Jenny starts pushing furniture against the door.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Treize leads the SECOND WAVE OF NUMBERS to the house. He throws up a fist. The TWENTY MEN halt.

Through the windows -- SCREAMS AND GUNFIRE LIGHT UP THE HOUSE. The lights SURGE AND DIE. Dead quiet. The men share anxious looks. FIFTY turns to FORTY-TWO.

FIFTY

They say she's psychotic, that she lost her mind when her kid died.

FORTY-TWO

You hear what she did to One's daughter?

FIFTY

"The Devil Herself."

FORTY-TWO

They say she killed twenty men in the Adirondacks.

TREIZE

Enough. They're just stories...

He waves them forward.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The Numbers enter. Creeping into the dark, signaling each other, guns trained. They scan the house with mounted lights REVEALING --

TEN DEAD MEN -- the first wave -- strewn about. Shot-up. Mutilated. Decapitated. Blood stained, bullet ridden walls.

FORTY-TWO

What the fuck, what the fuck...

Forty-Two hovers over a fallen comrade -- his face is missing. He shudders. Thinks he sees A SHADOW slice through the room behind him, and whips around -- Nothing there.

Treize sees the trail of blood leading to THE KITCHEN. He waves the Numbers on. They move cautiously.

Fifty creeps past a shadowy doorway when he's suddenly RIPPED INTO THE VOID. SEVENTY-NINE turns back -- his friend is gone.

KITCHEN

Following blood like bread crumbs, they move slowly. Their lights pierce the dark. Single file into the --

DINING ROOM

The trail of blood stops. Treize scans the room. Totally empty. Tense. Dancing moonlight. A CREAKING SOUND.

Treize cranes to see -- Cold breath PLUMING in the crook of the ceiling.

The outline of A WOMAN crouched up there. The glint of her gun.

TREIZE
...*mon Dieu*...

DEMON SIX kicks off the wall -- running straight down at us through thin air -- moonlight exposing a ghastly grin --

Before a stunned Treize can pull of a shot --

DEMON SIX STABS THE BARREL OF HER RIFLE DOWN HIS THROAT AND -- *RATTATATATAATAT!!* Blows his esophagus out of his ass --

The bewildered Numbers OPEN FIRE -- but their bullets are meaningless as --

Demon Six pinballs off the walls -- flying through the dark -- dozens of rounds splintering door frames, biting walls.

Swimming over the Numbers' heads, kicking her feet with glee as she sprays them with fire from above-- *RATATATATAATATAT!!!* Skulls explode like ripe watermelons.

SEVENTY-NINE
It's true! God help us it's true!

Demon Six CRASHES into the ceiling fan, dodging fire. Blistering evil revealed by EXPLODING GUNFIRE that lights up her MISCHIEVOUS EYES in a burnt red strobe --

Demon Six drops before A SCREAMING FIFTY-SIX and pins him against the wall -- *BLATTTTTT!!* Makes his tonsils wallpaper.

More Numbers enter the dining room mid-melee --

And she doesn't have to look, her gun has an eye of its own -- *BLAT!!* Heart. *BLAT!!* Skull. *BLAT!!* Lungs. Mowing them down in a bloody ballet, like Peckinpah in Hell.

A FURIOUS NUMBER tries to flank. Demon Six rips his buck knife from its holster in a lightning quick motion and --

THWACK! Stabs his throat, rips his flappy tongue through his neck, wraps it around her hand, and YANKS HIM TO THE GROUND --

And she's gone just as fast -- swimming through thin air -- out of the dining room, into the shadowy LIVING ROOM, dodging fire -- sliding sideways up the wall -- running across the ceiling and down the other side -- *RATATATATATATATAT!!!*

BEDROOM

Jenny is piling more furniture against the door, listening to the GRIZZLY HORROR that is happening behind it.

Petra hovers over Ingrid who is passed out on the floor.

PETRA
Wake up! WAKE UP!!

MORE GUNFIRE in the living room. Ingrid stirs.

PETRA (CONT'D)
(to Jenny)
Please, miss! You have to help! We
have to fix Ingrid, she has to do
the ceremony before the sun rises
or the Lady will be the devil
forever! WE HAVE TO FIGHT!

Off Jenny's worried look --

LIVING ROOM

The Numbers are down. Gored, and littering the floor.

ONLY ONE LEFT -- EIGHTY, glasses fogging up, in total shock,
swinging his gun around the room, whimpering -- Demon Six has
vanished. Only her shadow remains.

EIGHTY
Stay the fuck away from me, you
Satanic bitch!

WHUMP!!! She drops on to Eighty's back, grapples his neck
with her legs, squeezing him with her crotch -- TIGHTER --
like her thighs are a vice -- LAUGHING as she lifts him off
the ground -- blood vessels exploding -- his glasses SNAP --
squeezing tighter and tighter and tighter until --

HIS HEAD EXPLODES! Drenching her with gore. She unclenches
her legs and he SLAMS into the floor.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - PREDAWN

Morning birds are getting a head start. Dawn is coming. The
mist lifts, slinking away... rolling out... revealing the
empty farm land... endless pastures... and --

One and Alice walking towards the house.

ALICE
We must find the vessel. I've given
Him a home in Petra. You see? At
dawn, she'll be His.

ONE
I want my daughter back.

ALICE

Yes, Maggie. All you have to do...
is give him something of yours...

Petra peeks from behind the house, spying. Whispers to Jenny.

PETRA

*That's my Auntie Alice. She's a
wicked witch.*

Jenny shoots Petra a worried look. They duck away.

INT. FARM HOUSE - PREDAWN

The Women enter the house to find THIRTY MEN in a perfect pile in the living room.

Demon Six is perched like a gargoyle on top of her tower of death, facing away. A graveyard of guns littered the floor around her. The walls are Swiss cheese and raspberry jam.

ONE

(revolted)

...You've lived up to your mother's number. The original Six. She was a stone psychopath. Her Number wasn't the only thing you inherited.

Disgusted, One lifts her gun to put her out of her misery --

ALICE

No.

Alice cuffs her wrist.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's not her...

ONE

...What?

ALICE

(realizing)

This is Moloch. Our King.

ONE

But you said it was the--

ALICE

--No. He has found a new home.

She throws herself to the floor in reverence before Demon Six and her death pile.

ALICE (CONT'D)
HEIL, MOLOCH!

One furrows her brow in anger.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 Please, Lord Moloch. A child. I am ready to be a good mother. I have done all you've asked. My soul is yours. I am ready. Give me a child. A daughter. A healthy baby girl.

One is starting to get angry. Alice touches her tummy, wistfully. Tears well in her eyes.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 (to One)
 He will give you what you want. He will make you a mother again. It's a child for a child.

The familiar words make One stop in her tracks.

ONE
 ...What did you say?

ALICE
 It's okay, Maggie. There's a book you can si--

BLAM! Alice's HEAD ERUPTS. She bellyflops, dead. Sweetening the count to thirty one.

ONE
 (lowers the gun)
 I told you not to call me that.

Demon Six rises. Staring down at her. One looks in her eyes. *Maybe Alice was telling the truth after all.* One's face swells with possibility.

She aims her gun at Demon Six.

ONE (CONT'D)
Prove it!

Demon Six walks gracefully down her death pile. Moves across the room until she's face to face with One. They stare each other down. One sees the evil twinkle in her eyes. Something slithers behind Six's forehead, pressing against her skin. Like a PULSE trying to break free.

ONE (CONT'D)
 (wrathful fear)
 Tell me what to do!

DEMON SIX'S HEAD SNAPS BACK AND SHE SNARLS. She breathes in One's pain. Her grief and anger. Her sweet fear. Deep breaths. The emotions make her peacock.

Demon Six feels the warm light on her face. The first rays of morning climbing up the curtains, she's almost home free.

And then Demon Six smiles at One. Points towards the stairs --

TESSY (O.S.)

Mom?

One turns to find her daughter, TESSY. A perfect vision. In her dress from the photograph. At the top of the stairs.

ONE

...God.

One breaks. Buckles. Trying not to faint.

ONE (CONT'D)

Tessy!

One staggers to her feet and starts towards the stairs.

ONE (CONT'D)

I tried so hard to keep you safe...
I kept you as far away from the
Numbers as I could... I didn't want
this for you-- It was my fault...

TESSY

Shhh. Mom. It's okay. You can make
it right.

ONE

I've missed you so much --

One runs to her, arms outstretched, crying --

TESSY

Wait. Wait, mom... First... You
must sign the book.

ONE

What?

Tessy points to the kitchen table where Demon Six stands. The LEATHER BOUND BOOK lays before her.

Demon Six plucks the pen from the pages and hands it to One. She looks back at Tessy.

TESSY

Everything will be like it was. I
miss you so much. Let me come home.

She starts down the stairs. One. Step. At. A. Time.

TESSY (CONT'D)
I'm coming home.

One doesn't think twice. She leans over the book and starts to sign her name.

ONE
Anything--

Dust mites swirl in the dawn light. Tessy is getting closer. A smile curls Demon Six's lips. And then --

INGRID (O.S.)
*HAIL TO THE GUARDIANS OF AIR AND
INVENTION!*

The words make the Demon flinch in pain. One looks up from the book to see --

Ingrid emerge from the BEDROOM with a book of her own -- Sybil's book. Reading the incantation with strength, her tote bag around her arm like a weapon, flicking sacred salt for protection.

INGRID (CONT'D)
*HAIL TO THE GUARDIANS OF FIRE AND
FEELING! WATER AND INTUITION!
MOTHER AND EARTH!*

A mortified Jenny is gripping flickering banishing candles. Petra huddled behind her with sage. They have been schooled:

JENNY
HEAR OUR PRAYER!

PETRA
HEAR OUR PRAYER!

Demon Six BLATTS in anger.

She GRABS One's hand, pressing it, and the pen firmly against the page, but the book disintegrates.

The pen melts in her fingers. Demon Six HOWLS!

ONE
No--

Ingrid throws Sybil's book aside, she doesn't need it. Brimming with determination, she whips out a Selenite crystal tied to a small wood bundle -- her version of a cross -- and wields it at Demon Six.

INGRID
TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC MARTELON!

One looks up at Tessy, retreating up the stairs.

ONE

TESSY!

One runs up the stairs after her, as she disappears around the corner --

INGRID

TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC MARTELON!

PETRA

TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC
MARTELON!

JENNY

TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC
MARTELON!

Demon Six falls to her knees, feels every words stabbing her like an ice pick. Writhing around.

As their CHANTING grows more and more intense, Demon Six covers her ears and --

DEMON SIX

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Her screams SHATTER the windows, shutters banging, the doors crashing open and closed, the fire exploding in the hearth.

Ingrid is suddenly hesitant, unsure --

JENNY

Is it working?!

INGRID

I-- I don't know, I--

Demon Six's throaty howls lift her off the floor --

PETRA

FIGHT, LADY! DON'T LET HIM OUT!
FIGHT HIM DOWN, REMEMBER?! FIGHT!
YOU HAVE TO YELL -- STAY AWAY!!!!
YOU CAN'T HAVE ME!!!!

Six's eyes roll back in her head as she becomes herself again for an instant:

SIX

STAY AWAY!!!! YOU CAN'T HAVE ME!!!!

JENNY

VIVIAN!!!!!!

And then Six doubles over in pain. Her stomach screaming. She starts to gag. And then --

VOMITS OUT HUNDREDS OF SPENT BULLETS ONTO THE FLOOR.

Jenny screams, trying like hell to keep it together --

INGRID
TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC MARTELON!

PETRA
TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC
MARTELON!

JENNY
TOOTON EDULTO TOBRASC
MARTELON!

But the DEMON takes the reins -- Shrieking, Demon Six SLAMS herself against the wall like a missile, cracks spiderweb -- WHAM! Harder. Sheetrock rains.

INGRID
WATER IN THE WEST, AWAKEN! BY THE
LIFE IN THE BLOOD THAT LIVETH!
CLEANSE THY BROKEN HEART!

A war between Six and her inner demon. DEMON SIX HOWLS IN ANGER -- PUNCHING herself in the face -- tearing at her flesh. Six represses the Demon with a SCREAM --

SIX
STAY AWAY FROM ME YOU FUCK!!!!

But she can't hold on. Demon Six rips the staples out of her neck, blood spilling -- in and out of possession, like someone flicking a light switch --

JENNY
HELP HER!!!!!!

INGRID
I'm trying! I'm--

SIX
AH GOD HELP ME --

WOOSH!!! A horrified Six is lifted off the ground by a violent force --

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

One moves down the empty hallway, checking in rooms --

ONE
Tessy?! Where are you?!

But she's gone.

ONE (CONT'D)
TESSY!!!!!! COME BACK!!!!

CRASH!!! SIX EXPLODES THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS AND LANDS BEFORE ONE. The humanity falls out of Six's eyes.

Demon Six starts SLAMMING her head against the floor, smearing blood. Clamps her hands around her own throat and squeezes. Trying to kill Six's body, and take up residence.

One's jaw drops as she stumbles back.

ONE (CONT'D)
 WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?! WHAT HAVE YOU
 DONE WITH HER!!! GIVE HER TO ME!!

The Demon conquers Six again and HISSES at One --

TESSY (O.S.)
 Mom?!

One turns to find --

Tessy, in her gown. Standing at the end of the hallway.

ONE
 Tessy?!

One runs to her, and wraps her up in a bear hug.

ONE (CONT'D)
 Oh, God, Oh Tessy... it's not fair,
 you were so young, you were so--

TESSY
 --Mom, it's okay. Shhhhhh---

INGRID (O.S.)
 RETURN THY EVIL TO WHENCE IT
 COMETH!

Ingrid and Jenny run up the stairs. Petra follows.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 HAVE THY WORDS AND DEEDS RETURNED
 TO THEE!

JENNY
 Mote it be!

PETRA
 Mote it be!

TEARS, the last morsels of humanity, falling down Six's grinning cheeks as she chokes herself out -- turning red, then purple, veins throbbing, loving every second of her own painful death.

TESSY
 (confused)
 Mom?

One looks down and sees the blood on her hands.

INGRID
 FIRE IN THE EAST, AWAKEN! BRING
 FORTH THY SPARK TO CUT THE CORD OF
 THE PAST!

TESSY (O.S.)
 Guuuuuuuughhhhhh--

One breaks away from the hug to see --

TESSY IS A ROTTING, BLOATED CORPSE -- Her mouth gapes open as a wet wheeze escapes.

One SCREAMS -- falls to her knees and -- Tessy is gone.

JENNY
Mote it be!

PETRA
Mote it be!

The Demon falls out of Six's eyes. She's fighting the pull of hell. The tremor in her hand shaking so hard it's almost waving goodbye.

ONE
NO, NO, NO-- BRING HER BACK!!!

One raises her gun and levels it at Ingrid. But before she can pull of a shot -- SIX BLASTS UP AND WRAPS HER IN A HUG!

One's eyes fall back in her head as THE DEMON TRANSFERS --

ONE / DEMON ONE
LET GO OF ME! **UuuuUUUghhHHGNnnnn** --

Fighting off the hug... King Moloch bouncing back and forth between the women as they slide up the wall, on to the ceiling -- wrapped in the devil's sick embrace --

JENNY
FIGHT, VIVIAN!!

One tries to wriggle free from Demon Six's hell hug, but Six just pulls her closer.

The Demon transfers again, and now the women are beating the shit out of each other up there on the ceiling as Moloch pinballs between them --

Punching and kicking and biting and screaming and the ceiling is cracking and raining dusty splinters --

HORRIBLE MEMORY FLASHES -- DANCING IN THE WOMENS' POPPED-OUT EYES -- MEMORIES TRANSFERING WITH THE DEMON --

EXPERIENCING EACH OTHERS PERSONAL HELLS --

BABY KATE BLEEDING OUT IN SIX'S ARMS. WRAPPING HER IN THE SECURITY BLANKET. JENNY LOSING HER MIND.

ONE HUGGING TESSY'S DEAD BODY ON THE FLOOR -- HER SCREAMS OF SORROW BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS --

JUST TWO GREIVING MOTHERS --

INGRID DELIVERS THE FINAL INCANTATION WITH ALL HER STRENGTH:

INGRID
 AS THOU WOULD HAVE THEM BE TO ME!
 BE THOU **GRIEVING** STOPPED! I BANISH
 YOU, MOLOCH! I BANISH YOU NOW! SO
MOTE IT BE!

DEMON ONE
AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

DEMON SIX
AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

IT'S THE DEVIL'S HARMONY AS THEIR CATEGORY FIVE SCREAMS BLOW INGRID AND JENNY ACROSS THE ROOM -- AND THEY CRASH THROUGH THE WINDOW --

OUTSIDE

JENNY LANDS IN THE GARDEN, BUSHES BREAKING HER FALL. INGRID SKIP ACROSS THE GRASS --

BLACK

PETRA (O.S.)
 Ingrid... Ingrid... wake up..

Ingrid's eyes flutter open. The sun is rising in the sky. It stings her eyes.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 Something is happening!

Ingrid bolts up. Petra helps her to her feet. Jenny is still out cold in the grass. Ingrid runs to her.

INGRID
 Jenny, are you okay?

Jenny stirs. SCREAMS coming from the house.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid dashes into the house. Snatches a stray gun. Follows the AGONIZED SCREAMS. They are coming from upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALWAY - DAY

Ingrid slowly turns the corner, gun trained like a Merc. And her jaw drops when she sees --

One and Six kneeling before the window, still in an embrace. But this one is different. The screams belong to One, crying on Six's shoulder as Six hushes her, trying to calm her down.

Six's gun is discarded on the ground behind her.

ONE

Vivian... I'm so sorry...

SIX

I wanted to take away what you took from me. I was in so much pain...

ONE

I felt it...

SIX

I felt yours like it was mine. I'm sorry, Maggie.

ONE

God, this has to stop.

Six touches One's cheek, wipes her tears. And then she looks up and sees Ingrid standing by the stairs, nervous.

SIX

(smiles)

You're the high priestess.

Ingrid swells with pride. Petra bounds upstairs. She sees the love. Hope breaks across her face. She sprints down the hall, arms outstretched.

Six sees it coming, and lets it happen -- Petra wraps the women up, joining the hug. One's cries peter out as she looks at Petra. The beautiful child.

PETRA

...Good guys.

Calm falls over them. The tremor in Six's hand stops. And then Six glances out the window and sees --

JENNY. Standing in the yard... staring up at Six and One in the window. Their hug is framed perfectly.

And Jenny beams because the war is over. A HARD GUST OF WIND. Jenny looks up and sees -- something falling out of the sky. It rides the wind like a parachute, floating towards her.

Kate's security blanket lands at her feet. She picks it up. Somehow, it's clean. The blood stains have been washed away.

The sun rises. It's a new day. Jenny looks back in the window and locks eyes with Six. Jenny smiles. Six smiles back.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eva lies unconscious in a hospital bed. Hooked up to machines. She slowly opens her eyes to see --

PETRA -- her perfect little girl. Petra wraps her up. Eva winces, and bursts into tears.

EVA
Baby. Oh, my baby--

Kisses her all over, and the hug will never end.

PETRA
Vivian saved me.

Eva looks past Petra to see SIX. Standing in the corner. She looks like she's been to hell and back. Because she has.

EVA
I don't know how to thank you.

SIX
You've thanked me enough. Just rest now, okay?

She nods. Six turns and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Six walks down the hallway, towards the doors.

PETRA (O.S.)
Vivian?

Six turns around --

SIX
Yes, sweetie?

PETRA
I'm sorry... about Kate. I'm sorry for what happened to her...

SIX
Thank you.
(breaks)
Thanks, Petra. Now, you go back in there and give your mommy a big kiss for me.

PETRA
But... will you be okay?

SIX
I'll be okay.

And it's true.