

SECOND SON

by
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really rough first draft.

"SECOND SON"

EXT. JORDAN - NEAR THE DEAD SEA - DAWN

The blazing hot desert sun rises.
Miles and miles of nothing, then...

Three galloping camels are silhouetted in the rising sun.
Two with mounted riders, one carries packs of supplies.

SUPERED: DEAD SEA, JORDAN

As they get closer to the edge of the Dead Sea, they slow.

On the middle horse is Arab guide EDH-DHIB, who knows every inch of this deserted terrain... and every way to screw and over-charge his clients. Dressed in traditional robes and headdress, it's all he can do to keep up with the American.

MICHAEL SPENTA is only a silhouette - cowboy hat, duster jacket, shotgun, some sort of high tech goggles dangling from his neck as well as a sparkling gold crucifix. After looking at his GPS, he raises a hand to stop.

SPENTA

This is it.

Both dismount their camels. Edh-Dhib straightens his camel's blanket, secretly hiding a dagger up the sleeve of his robe.

EDH-DHIB

Yes, Sahibi.

Spenta, rimmed by the sun, studies the GPS as he finds the exact spot he is looking for... close to the cliff at the edge of the Dead Sea. The rocks here are bright white.

SPENTA

Based on constellation maps for that year, this should be the starting point.

Edh-Dhib joins him as Spenta pulls out a tattered piece of papyrus in a plastic envelope. Looks at the markings. Egyptian Hieroglyphics. Uses a mirror to read them backwards.

SPENTA

Now, 26 cubits toward the rising sun.

Spenta extends his arm - elbow to longest finger. He's a tall man, and his arm is much longer than Edh-Dhib's.

SPENTA

Edh-Dhib?

Spenta grabs Edh-Dhib's arm... where the dagger is hidden!
He compares arms - Edh-Dhib's finger at Spenta's elbow.

SPENTA

There we go.

Spenta places Edh-Dhib in position, then measures elbow to fingers, stepping back to mark the new position.

SPENTA

One.

The silhouette motions Edh-Dhib forward, to measure off another arm-length. Each time, Edh-Dhib is afraid Spenta will find the dagger hidden in his sleeve.

SPENTA

Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.
Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven.
Twelve. Thirteen...

Spenta's silhouette takes a step backwards, marking the new point. But every step takes him closer to the edge of the white cliff overlooking the Dead Sea. A long and jagged drop to the water below. Spenta pulls Edh-Dhib's arm closer...

EDH-DHIB

Sahibi.

SPENTA

Fourteen.

EDH-DHIB

Sahibi!

SPENTA

Fifteen. You worried about the curse?
That's only a legend.

Spenta's silhouette takes another step back - to the very edge of the cliff. Then grabs Edh-Dhib's hand and pulls...

EDH-DHIB

Sahibi! Not another step. I beg of you.

SPENTA

What's the problem?

EDH-DHIB

Turn around. Carefully.

Spenta turns toward the rising sun, looks down... all the way down the jagged cliff to the sea below. His feet are about a quarter over the edge. Spenta grabs his crucifix, steps back.

Without the blinding sun, he's a good looking guy. Rugged, unshaved, but with a confident half-smile and sparkling eyes.

SPENTA

Erosion.

Spenta bends down, looks at water below.

EDH-DHIB

I am sorry, Sahibi. Where are we to go from here?

SPENTA

Nine cubits that way.

Spenta tosses a stone at the spot... it splashes strangely. He moves back to the pack camel, Edh-Dhib scurrying after him.

EDH-DHIB

This is madness. Madness.

Spenta grabs ropes and climbing equipment, pulls out two dive masks and snorkels, flashlights, and a backpack of archeology equipment. He jogs back to the edge of the cliff.

EDH-DHIB

You will die, it is certain.

EXT. DEAD SEA CLIFF -- DAY

At the edge, Spenta hands him the rope.

SPENTA

Hold this.

Edh-Dhib reluctantly holds the rope, trying not to look down. Spenta hammers in a piton, checks it, grabs the rope and attaches it to the piton. Checks it, smiles at Edh-Dhib.

SPENTA

Come on.

Spenta jumps off the cliff!

Edh-Dhib creeps to the edge, looks down...

Spenta is hanging from the rope, climbing down.

SPENTA

You coming?

EDH-DHIB

Yes, Sahibi.

Edh-Dhib reluctantly grabs the rope and follows Spenta down. Feet carefully finding purchase. Trying not to look down.

Hanging on to the rope tightly.

Spenta climbs down the white cliff - careful of possible booby traps. The white stone is slippery... the sea far below.

Edh-Dhib's foot misses the stone, he slips, shooting down the rope until his foot finds purchase - and his hands get a grip.

EDH-DHIB

Praise be to --

SPENTA

Edh-Dhib?

EDH-DHIB

Yes, Sahibi?

Edh-Dhib digs his foot in so that he can look down... He is standing on Spenta's cowboy hat - it is crushed.

EDH-DHIB

Many apologies, Sahibi.

Edh-Dhib finds another rock to stand on.

Spenta continues climbing down, cowboy hat destroyed. His foot dangles for a moment - nothing there - then finds a lip. As he lowers himself...

WOOOOSH! A flock of bats blasts out of a small cave in front of Spenta, threatening to knock him off his rope. Hundreds of them. Spenta grips the rope tightly...

As Edh-Dhib loosens his grip to brush the bats away from him... And slides down the rope again...

Landing on Spenta's shoulder's this time.

The flood of bats is over - a cloud skimming over the sea. Spenta is basically holding up himself and Edh-Dhib.

SPENTA

Edh-Dhib?

EDH-DHIB

Many more apologies.

Edh-Dhib pulls himself up. Spenta continues climbing past the cave, to the narrow ledge at the edge of the Dead Sea.

Edh-Dhib climbs down past the cave, looking inside...

A half dozen human skeletons look back at him.

Edh-Dhib tries not to scream. But he loses his left hand grip, grabs at the rope, ends up getting a skeleton. He pulls the skeleton out of the cave on top of him.

EDH-DHIB
Sahibi! Sahibi!

SPENTA
He's long dead.

EDH-DHIB
This I know, but he has a grip on me.

Spenta reaches up, grabs the skeleton and pulls it off. Edh-Dhib carefully climbs down to the narrow ledge.

EXT. DEAD SEA LEDGE -- DAY

Edh-Dhib and Spenta grip the cliff as they stand on the ledge. Spenta bends his cowboy hat back into shape. Edh-Dhib looks at the Dead Sea - 10.5 miles wide. Can't see the other side.

EDH-DHIB
Very good. Where do we go from here?

Spenta puts on his cowboy hat and smiles.

SPENTA
Are you a Christian, Edh-Dhib?

EDH-DHIB
Muslim, Sahibi.

SPENTA
We share the same God.

Edh-Dhib nods.

EDH-DHIB
Should we pray together... For a boat?

SPENTA
Save your prayers, we may need them later. Follow me.

Spenta steps off the ledge into the water... But instead of sinking up to his neck... He walks on the surface of the water.

EDH-DHIB
It is a miracle!

Spenta walks on the water 9 cubits... finds the stone he threw. He bends down to look into the water. Can't see anything.

SPENTA

Edh-Dhib, I need the face mask.

Edh-Dhib holds his breath, carefully steps onto the water.

Doesn't sink. A narrow strip of stone under the water.

EDH-DHIB

Yes, Sahibi...

When he reaches Spenta, he hands him one of the face masks, puts on the other. Spenta doesn't put the face mask on, he holds it on top of the water so that he can see beneath.

THE MASK

Shows a large triangular stone with hieroglyphics beneath the surface. A tunnel door.

SPENTA uses the mirror to read the legend backwards, turns to Edh-Dhib.

SPENTA

I need stones. Several dozen.

Edh-Dhib nods, carefully walks back to the shore to grab stones.

When Edh-Dhib hands Spenta a stone, he places it around the the triangular door. Soon he has surrounded the door with stones - creating a little wall.

EDH-DHIB

Where do we go from here?

SPENTA

Down.

Spenta uses the face mask to press three of the hieroglyphics. They pop up - little handles - Spenta turns them one way, then another, and then pulls open the triangular hatch. The stone wall keep the sea from entering and flooding the cave.

SPENTA

Follow me.

Spenta carefully drops into the hole in the sea... disappears.

INT. MAZE OF CAVES -- DAY

A little water trickles into the dark cave. Spenta clicks on his flashlight - can't see the tunnel's end. He puts on his strange goggles.

Edh-Dhib doesn't land well on the tunnel floor. Staggered to his feet, clicks on his flash, as Spenta removes the goggles.

SPENTA

Clear.

EDH-DHIB

You believe that someone is living
down here?

SPENTA

Something. Not necessarily living.

Before Edh-Dhib can ask, Spenta moves forward.
No choice but to follow.

Spenta creeps through the cave.
Spooky.
Shadowed.
Around a corner.
Something crunches under foot.

Spenta shines his flashlight over the floor.

Human bones litter the floor... many sliced cleanly in half.

SPENTA

Stop! Not another step.

Spenta holds out his arm to stop Edh-Dhib.

A skull is sliced in half - looking up at them.

SPENTA

Pressure triggers on the floor.
Scimitars in the walls.

Spenta shines his flashlight at the walls - razor sharp blades
sparking in recesses on either side.

Edh-Dhib looks down at his feet - the floor seems to be made
of stone tiles - each with a hieroglyphic marking.

EDH-DHIB

We go back?

SPENTA

Only step on the vipers.

They carefully step from viper tile to viper tile - often
having to jump from one to the next. Edh-Dhib almost loses
balance several times - foot close to stepping on a trigger
tile.

Edh-Dhib looks at the directions of the sliced skeletons.

EDH-DHIB

What were they running away from?

SPENTA

We will soon find out.

EDH-DHIB

I do not need to know, Sahibi. I should return to the camels.

Spenta comes to a spot where you'd have to be in the Olympics to jump to the next tile. He studies the ceiling - sees an obvious loop of vine.

EDH-DHIB

That vine, Sahibi. You can hook --

SPENTA

There's a reason they built this under the Sea. Pull that vine, the roof probably caves in - flooding this place with water. We jump.

Spenta barely makes it onto the tile, almost falling. Takes a moment to regain balance. After that, he breathes.

SPENTA

Come on.

Spenta turns the corner into another section of cave. A dead end. He shines the flash around, looking for a hidden passageway. Nothing.

Someone grabs him from behind!

Spenta spins... flashlight exposing... A hideous face!

EDH-DHIB

I beg of you, Sahibi, I can not see!

Spenta lowers the flash from Edh-Dhib's face. Goes back to searching for a hidden passage. Nothing. Tentatively presses on sections of the walls until one section clicks.

A round stone rolls away, exposing...

INT. TREASURE CAVE -- DAY

They step through the entrance, over a pair of trip wires, and enter the cave. A dais in the center of the cave has a pottery jug on top of it. Dirty, faded, covered in hieroglyphics. A dozen holes in the side of the dais.

EDH-DHIB

That's it?

SPENTA

The missing Dead Sea scroll.

Spenta studies the cave walls. Minute holes at eye level.

SPENTA

Careful - poisoned darts.

Edh-Dhib ducks below dart level.

Spenta studies the jug.

SPENTA

The word of God. Our God. Eleven caves, all on the northwest shore. They found the first scrolls in 1947. Preserved in pottery, like this. The others in 1955. Always rumors of a twelfth cave, with a scroll more valuable than the Copper Scroll in Cave Three.

EDH-DHIB

Where the Jews buried their gold?

SPENTA

Sixty-seven locations. Gold ingots, silver, aromatics, other treasures.

Edh-Dhib reaches for the dagger in his sleeve.

EDH-DHIB

This is a treasure scroll, Sahibi?

SPENTA

It is said, the greatest treasure.

EDH-DHIB

The gold of the Jews?

SPENTA

Greater.

EDH-DHIB

What could be greater than gold?

SPENTA

Shall we find out?

Edh-Dhib nods, keeping his hand on the hidden dagger.

Spenta notices that each of the dozen holes has a hieroglyphic above it. They seem to correspond with the writing on the jug.

SPENTA

I'll need your hands.

Edh-Dhib lets go of the dagger and smiles.

EDH-DHIB
Of course, Sahibi.

SPENTA
Within these holes there are buttons or levers. When I say "right", put your right hand in this hole and pull the lever or push the button. When I say "left", reach into this hole and do the same. I will do the same on this side.

EDH-DHIB
This will free the treasure?

SPENTA
Don't jump the gun... you may lose your hands.

Edh-Dhib becomes less interested in the treasure.

EDH-DHIB
What of the other holes?

SPENTA
Traps. You lose your hands.

EDH-DHIB
But these holes are not traps?

SPENTA
Let's find out.

Spenta takes a deep breath...

SPENTA
Right!

Spenta and Edh-Dhib both reach into a hole, and pull levers. No hands are removed. Right hands still in the holes...

SPENTA
Left!

Both reach in with their left hands and pull the levers. For a moment, nothing. No hands removed, no jug movement. Then the jug turns and raises an inch.

They pull out their hands and Spenta grabs the jug from the dais.

SPENTA
Are you alright?

EDH-DHIB
Yes, Sahibi.

Edh-Dhib grabs the hidden dagger again, waiting for his moment. Their flashlights flicker... a woosh of breeze in the cave.

SPENTA

He's coming.

EDH-DHIB

Who?

Spenta smashes open the jug on the floor.
An ancient scroll coils out.
Begins disintegrating as the air touches it.
Both flashlights go dark.

Spenta pulls out his mobile phone, flips it open, clicks to camera mode and takes flash photos of the scroll.

Darkness - FLASH! - a section of the scroll.
Darkness - FLASH! - Edh-Dhib pulls out his dagger.
Darkness - FLASH! - another section of the scroll.
Darkness - FLASH! - Edh-Dhib moves closer to Spenta.
Darkness - FLASH! - another section of the scroll.
Darkness - FLASH! - Edh-Dhib raises his dagger overhead.
Darkness - FLASH! - the last section of the scroll.
WOOOSH - light flares into the cave - Edh-Dhib stops cold.

LORD SETH ANGRA, conjurer and controller of Demons appears in the chamber. An evil rock star in black leather, glowing red irises, and cloven feet. Not Black Ops, Black Arts.

LORD ANGRA

I see you've found my scroll.

Lord Angra scatters magic powder on the scroll. It stops disintegrating. Most of it still intact.

Lord Angra is flanked by two men carrying torches, BARRY and BRAD... though "men" is no longer the word - neither is alive. Flesh rotting on their skeletons.

Spenta pockets his mobile phone.
Edh-Dhib sees Angra's hooves, screams, runs out of the chamber.

Barry and Brad start after him, but Lord Angra stops them.

Sounds.
Slice! Slice! Scream! Slice! Scream! Slice! Slice!
Silence.

Lord Angra laughs - it echoes through the caves.
The floor begins filling with water.

LORD ANGRA

My scroll.

Barry and Brad scoop the scroll from the floor.

SPENTA
My scroll, Angra.

LORD ANGRA
Lord Angra.

SPENTA
Whatever. I found it. Without me,
you'd have nothing.

LORD ANGRA
Without darkness, there is no light.
You give me power. How can you be
sure you didn't find this scroll for
me?

The water is ankle deep.

SPENTA
I know which side I'm on.

LORD ANGRA
Do you, now? You have you no doubts?

Water is calf deep. How can Spenta get out of this?

LORD ANGRA
My faith is stronger than yours.

SPENTA
My Lord is more powerful than yours.

Spenta can't let him leave with the scroll.
Looks from the scroll to Barry's torch.

LORD ANGRA
Is he? Then he does work in
mysterious ways. How many people
are killed in the name of your God?
How much hatred among the true
believers? How often --

Spenta dives, knocks Barry's torch against the scroll.
Flames roar... then smother under Lord Angra's hand.
A quarter of the scroll is gone... the rest remains.

LORD ANGRA
If your Lord is almighty, would he
allow me to leave?

Spenta tries to charge - but Lord Angra lifts a hand.
Freezing him in place.

Lord Angra laughs as he and his minions disappear through
the passage, leaving Spenta knee deep in rising water.

The round stone begins to roll back into place... trapping him.

SPENTA

Would he allow me to drown?

Spenta swings the shotgun off his back, uses it to wedge the round stone in place. It still takes muscle to push it out of the way and climb out of the treasure chamber.

INT. CAVE -- DAY

Waist deep in water, Spenta slogs around the corner...

To where scimitars slash back and forth - an obstacle course. Edh-Dhib's head floats by... well, most of it.

SPENTA

Go in peace, Edh-Dhib.

Spenta studies the swinging blades - memorizing their rhythm. The water is rising in the cave. The place where the vine once was is now a torrent.

SPENTA

I can do this.

Spenta jumps, ducks, bobs, spins, twists, hops... Between the swinging blades. Twice he is nicked by slashing steel. But he makes it to the other end of the cave in one piece.

SPENTA

That was easy.

Not.

And the water is now chest level... and filling fast. Soon Spenta will drown.

He slogs around the corner to the entrance hatch... Which is closed. The ceiling all looks the same - where is that hatch? The water continues to rise - neck level.

SPENTA

Here. It was right here.

Spenta tries to find the hatch... not there. Searches frantically for the hatch. The water covers his face - no air left in the cave.

EXT. DEAD SEA LEDGE -- DAY

Woosh!

Spenta breaks the surface, gasps, swims to the ledge. Rests for a moment. Pulls out his cell phone and checks it.

It works - a sigh of relief.

EXT. ROME, ITALY -- DAY

Endless car horns, crowded streets. But one part of town is more serene...

SUPERED: VATICAN CITY, ITALY.

The Vatican. Headquarters for the Catholic Church.

INT. THE VATICAN - HALLWAY -- DAY

Spenta sits on a sofa outside an office, looks at the time on his cell phone. A bulging manila folder next to him.

The hallway is ornate, expensive, beautiful. Next to the office door - two lights: one red, one green. The red light is on.

A buzz - the green light replaces the red.

SPENTA

Finally.

He scoops up the manila folder, enters the office.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The Pope's Secretary, FATHER FRIEBERG, gestures for Spenta to sit without looking up. Spenta looks at the ornate chair - the office looks like a King's private chamber. Frieberg is the second most important person in the world - and acts it.

When he doesn't sit, Frieberg looks up at him.

FIEBERG

I'm sorry. His Holy Father is quite busy and will be unable to see you.

SPENTA

This is an urgent matter.

FIEBERG

Of course it is. But what is urgent to you may not be urgent to --

SPENTA

I'm not some Cardinal with a personal problem, I'm Section Three. You know, the people who found the Chalice, the True Shroud, the Sefer Ha-Zohar, the Third Tablet, the Mortal Shell and the --

Fieberg decides to nip this in the bud.

FIEBERG

Yes, over the years your division has brought us many treasures from the past, but His Holy Father's concerns are the present and the future.

SPENTA

This is the future.

Spenta slaps photos of the scroll down on the desk. A dozen pictures, about half of his manila folder. Covering Fieberg's work and the appointment calendar.

FIEBERG

What is this nonsense?

SPENTA

The missing Dead Sea Scroll.

Spenta expects this to win over Fieberg. But he just moves a couple of photos to uncover his work.

FIEBERG

Greek to me.

SPENTA

Egyptian.

Spenta replaces the two photos, covering the work again. Pointing to the hieroglyphics as he translates.

SPENTA

When read traditionally, top to bottom, it says: "A cursed treasure will destroy man, to prevent this, man must go to these celestial coordinates on this date and sacrifice two virgin sons."

FIEBERG

More Jewish treasure.

Fieberg starts to remove a photo, Spenta slaps his hand away - shocking the Secretary. This is ultimate disrespect.

SPENTA

Hieroglyphics can be read in either direction. When we read it bottom to top it says: "The Second Son will be born to a virgin on September 29th --

Fieberg becomes interested.

FIEBERG

The Feast of Tabernacles.

SPENTA
 First day. The true date of Our
 Savior's birth.

Now he has Fieberg's attention. He returns to translation.

SPENTA
 Eleven days from now. " -- in the
 year 5769 at these celestial
 coordinates and will unite mankind
 in the war between Heaven and Hell."

FIEBERG
 The Second Son.

SPENTA
 Luke 17:30 - "The day of the Son of
 Man", Corinthians 15:23 - "the Second
 Advent." Matthew 24:27 - "--

FIEBERG
 The day of Judgment. Second Parousia.

SPENTA
 You understand why this is important?

FIEBERG
 The other photos in your folder?
 More of this scroll?

Spenta would rather not talk about them.

SPENTA
 I haven't translated them, yet.

FIEBERG
 It is imperative that I have all of
 the information for His Holy Father.

SPENTA
 It's just nonsense. Maybe a riddle.

FIEBERG
 Perhaps I can solve it.

Spenta places the photos of the scroll on the desk.

SPENTA
 The virgin mother. A daughter's
 charity. Curing lepers... or maybe
 it's just the sick. Sailors and --

FIEBERG
 Whose daughter? Mary's? That doesn't
 make any sense.

Spenta doesn't know, moves on to the next set of symbols.

SPENTA
Thunder's son.

FIEBERG
Is that Thor? Why would a Norse God
be part of the Second Coming?

The more Spenta translates, the more he loses Fieberg.

SPENTA
Filthy robes are dangerous. A cave,
maybe a tunnel, is in the sky.

FIEBERG
What does that mean?

Spenta continues translation, doesn't admit he doesn't know.

SPENTA
Safety in the mother's mother's house.
Green mantles, red robes.

FIEBERG
Are these red robes filthy and
dangerous? Or clean and safe?

SPENTA
One day. Danger - serpents - betrayal
maybe. Hell comes and walks amongst
man, or maybe enters the mother's
house.

FIEBERG
Or maybe.

SPENTA
Beneath the Earth. Caverns. Ancient
caverns. Three dogs. Safe cat's
prey --

FIEBERG
We can only hope these praying cats
are Catholic, Mr. Spenta. Where is
the original? The actual scroll?

SPENTA
Lost.

FIEBERG
That is either negligent or
convenient.

SPENTA
It was stolen by the Demon Lord Seth
Angra who --

Fieberg scoots some of the photos off the desk into the waste basket. Spenta grabs the rest of the photos from the desk. Anger building.

FIEBERG

His Holy Father has decided to tolerate exorcism and some of the more unusual aspects of our faith... but the superstitions of Division Three are --

SPENTA

We must stop him before --

FIEBERG

I'm sorry, His Holy Father is quite busy and will be unable to --

SPENTA

Is this the Vatican or the Vatican't?

FIEBERG

We are no longer interested in any wild theories from Division 3.

Spenta grabs the photos from the trash, puts them in his folder.

SPENTA

The constellations given as coordinates puts this virgin birth in the United States, which didn't exist when the scroll was written --

FIEBERG

Should I call security?

SPENTA

In the great state of Michigan, the city of Detroit.

Spenta walks out.

EXT. DETROIT -- DAY

Mo-Town. The Ren-Cen, Comerica Tower, Guardian Building and Penobscot Building and Detroit Opera House. Airport.

SUPERED: DETROIT, MICHIGAN - September 19th.

Spenta walks out of the airport with his luggage. Several Rental Car Shuttles zoom past, but he waits for: "Mo-Town Muscle Car Rentals" - hops onboard.

EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL, DETROIT -- DAY

A tricked out vintage bright red Mustang roars down the street to the hospital, finds a parking space. Spenta rolls out, new cowboy hat, duster jacket, goggles and crucifix.

INT. HENRY FORD - ADMITTING -- DAY

Where paperwork comes to die. Stacks of files and forms litter the counter. A harried PAPERWORK QUEEN looks from the fake FBI credentials on the crowded counter up to Spenta - who looks nothing like an FBI Agent.

PAPERWORK QUEEN

You want the "abstinence crowd" - they keep getting knocked up, but all of them claim they never had sex.

SPENTA

I'm not interested in claims.

PAPERWORK QUEEN

They spend all this money teaching these kids to Just Say No, but their hormones are just saying yes. Figure they'll fool around a little, nothing's gonna happen. Nine months later they're changing diapers between classes.

SPENTA

I'm looking for a pregnant woman with an intact hymen.

PAPERWORK QUEEN

Only know one of those.

(studies his
credentials)

Doesn't seem like the kind of thing the FBI would be interested in.

Spenta pulls the fake FBI credentials from her, pockets them.

SPENTA

Who runs your Maternity Ward?

PAPERWORK QUEEN

If a woman like that was here, word would get around. I'd know. Everybody wants to know the dirt, the rumors.

SPENTA

Nothing?

PAPERWORK QUEEN

If this miracle woman exists, she's probably in one of the other 34 hospitals in greater Detroit.

She puts a brochure for Detroit area hospitals on the counter. Spenta begins flipping through it.

PAPERWORK QUEEN

Or in one of the hundred or so clinics, or maybe under the care of a midwife. If she's poor, she may not be able to afford hospitals.

SPENTA

Thanks.

He takes the brochure to a waiting area chair and looks at it. 34 hospitals - each with a photo and information.

SPENTA

Running out of time...

He pulls out the manila folder of photos and looks at the nonsense hieroglyphics again.

SPENTA

Curing lepers - a hospital? Maybe a doctor? Virgin mother? Thunder's son? Sailors and brickmakers?

He moves the pictures around - changes the order of the symbols.

SPENTA

This virgin mother or St. Mary? St. John was the Son Of Thunder. St. Vincent the patron of sailors and brick makers...

Spenta flips through the brochure, finds St. Mary's Mercy Hospital, St. John's Healthcare System, no St. Vincent. Puts away the photos and takes the brochure back to the counter.

SPENTA

Excuse me.

PAPERWORK QUEEN

No pregnant virgins have been admitted in the last five minutes, sorry.

SPENTA

I'm looking for St. Vincent's Hospital.

PAPERWORK QUEEN
 Detroit Memorial on 9 mile.

SPENTA
 No, St. Vincent's --

PAPERWORK QUEEN
 It used to be St. Vincent's. First
 hospital in Michigan. A landmark.
 Built in 1845 by the Daughters Of
 Charity, went through some name
 changes - was St. Mary's for a while.
 Now it's Providence. It's part of
 St. John's.

Bingo - all of the puzzle pieces come together.

SPENTA
 A daughter's charity. Thanks.

PAPERWORK QUEEN
 You know, that place used to be a
 looney bin. Did all kinds of weird
 things there - electroshock, water,
 lobotomy. Had to close it down in
 1949.

Spenta flips through the brochure to the page showing the
 hospital - a strange Gothic building. Spooky.

SPENTA
 What happened?

PAPERWORK QUEEN
 Something weird. Nobody knows.
 Place is haunted. I wouldn't be
 caught dead --

Spenta grabs the brochure and leaves.

EXT. DETROIT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL -- DAY

The picture doesn't do it justice - this place is scary.
 A sprawling, twisted complex made of red brick.

INT. MATERNITY, DETROIT MEMORIAL -- DAY

The motherlode - dozens of pregnant women waddle down the
 halls - all races, sizes, shapes... are those pregnant
 conjoined twins? Any of them could be The One.

At the Nurse's Desk in the Maternity Ward, a motherly HEAD
 NURSE looks at Spenta's fake FBI credentials.

HEAD NURSE
 That's gonna hurt.
 (MORE)

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)

I thought my second one would be easier. Still stretched out of shape from the first little monster, but --

A NOSEY NURSE hovers around behind the desk, trying to steal a glance at Spenta's fake ID.

SPENTA

But you don't have a patient?

HEAD NURSE

That kind of thing usually isn't in the records. No box to check, if you'll pardon the pun.

SPENTA

Not looking for anything official --

NOSEY NURSE

How about Mary Nestor?

The power of gossip turns Head Nurse and Nosey Nurse away from Spenta, as if he doesn't exist.

HEAD NURSE

She never claimed to be a virgin.

NOSEY NURSE

Doctor Baltazar said she going to be a problem, she was so tight.

HEAD NURSE

Doesn't make her a virgin. Lots of women tighten up if it's been a while.

NOSEY NURSE

You saying you've revirginated?

HEAD NURSE

Not after that second little monster. And Myron does his husbandly duty.

NOSEY NURSE

Baltazar said he was gonna have to cut--

SPENTA

Is this Maria Nestor married?

HEAD NURSE

That's private information --

NOSEY NURSE

Got knocked up by some stray guy. I'm sure there's no shortage of takers. She's a pretty woman --

SPENTA

I just want to talk to her. Can you give me her address?

HEAD NURSE

That's against hospital rules --

NOSEY NURSE

Hang around for a couple of hours, I think she has an appointment this afternoon with Dr. Baltazar.

SPENTA

How will I know her?

NOSEY NURSE

She glows.

SPENTA

Is she radioactive or something? They say that about every pregnant woman.

NOSEY NURSE

You'll know her.

Spenta doesn't believe it, but nods, takes a seat in the hall.

PREGNANT WOMEN of all sorts pass by him. DOCTORS and NURSES rush by, ducking into rooms. A janitor mops up blood. Spenta keeps an eye out for Maria Nestor - the possibly pregnant virgin who glows. Vending machine coffee cups stack up...

Light seems to flicker off Spenta's coffee cup as he places it with the others. He looks up to see...

An ornate bracelet catches the sun - MARIA NESTOR is the most beautiful and confident pregnant woman in the ward. No crucifix or religious paraphernalia to give her away. No wedding band, either - soon to be a single mother.

Spenta moves to his feet, follows her.

SPENTA

Maria Nestor?

MARIA

Do I know you?

SPENTA

Michael Spenta. Can I ask you a couple of questions?

MARIA

About what?

Before he can answer, the JANITOR stops mopping and begins projectile vomiting snakes at them... rattlers!

Spenta carefully sweeps Maria back as the snakes hit the floor, slither toward them and strike. From under the duster comes his shotgun. A snake strikes at him, he blasts it. A strange projectile - hollow glass filled with red liquid.

Hits the rattler mid-strike - the red liquid dissolves it! The snake sizzles and liquefies. Spenta blasts two more snakes seconds before they strike... Then fires at the Janitor before he can spit any more serpents.

Male Nurse DARIUS THRACE drops a bedpan when he sees the Janitor sizzle, scream, and dissolve into liquid.

DARIUS
What the hell?

Darius is a big guy, grew up on the streets of Detroit, thought he'd seen it all... but this is freaky! Most of the people in the Maternity Ward scream and run... a few charge and start spitting snakes at Spenta and Maria.

A SMILING NURSE, glasses and hair in a bun, somebody's favorite grandmother, moves in to protect Maria.

SMILING NURSE
Are you alright, honey?

Spenta blasts a snake spitting ORDERLY, pulls out his goggles while the guy sizzles and screams. Looks at the Smiling Nurse as he slides on the goggles...

GOGGLE VISION

Someone's favorite grandmother is a DEMON from Hell. As you may remember from Sunday School, the Serpent Spitter demons are reptilian, so basically what we have here is a Komodo Dragon in a nurse's uniform... wearing bifocals.

SMILING NURSE
Here, dear, let me --

Spenta blasts her... turning her into screaming liquid.

Darius watches as Spenta pumps the shotgun, spins, fires at some harmless looking PATIENT or NURSE or DOCTOR - and they turn into a sizzling puddle of screaming liquid. As Spenta pulls Maria down the hallway behind him.

When Spenta gets to Darius, he aims the shotgun right at his face, then lowers it.

SPENTA
You're okay.

DARIUS

What you mean I'm okay?

Spenta points at the goggles.

SPENTA

Glasses tell who's naughty or nice.

DARIUS

What about her?

Spenta swings the shotgun at the NOSEY NURSE hiding behind the counter.

SPENTA

She's okay... she's not! Die demon!

Spenta sees a PREGNANT WOMAN waddling towards them, spins, aims the shotgun at her, fires just as she spits snakes.

DARIUS

They look just like us.

SPENTA

Used to be us, before they fell.

Nobody else seems to be spitting snakes.

MARIA

What were those --?

A breeze in the hallway.

The lights flicker, then go out - plunging them into darkness.

SPENTA

Hell...

The emergency lights strobe red...

A glow from the end of the hallway...

Lord Angra leads a SMALL ARMY of SNAKE SPITTERS into the hallway, a couple holding torches that flicker in the dark.

SPENTA

Keep away, she's mine.

LORD ANGRA

Thank you, Spenta... You lead me right to her. If you had only been a good dog and obeyed your master, I would never have found her... and the boy would have had a chance to live.

Spenta raises his shotgun.

SPENTA

Keep back.