UNTITLED OCCULT PILOT

Written by

James Wong

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INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The THUMPING BEAT of HOUSE MUSIC reverberates through the cavernous warehouse packed with young Spring Break REVELERS. Powerful strobes and synchronized spotlights slash through the crowd, creating a vibrant and electric atmosphere. People amass near makeshift bars, while the BEAT moves dancers, pulsing with a hypnotic rhythm. In all of New Orleans, if you're young and beautiful, this is the place to be.

CAMERA LEADS two such young ladies through the crowd, ALANA HUTCHINS, 19 and her best friend, TAYLOR LUI. Taylor takes in the scene with wide eyes.

TAYLOR
Oh my God, look at this place.

ALANA
I know. Isn't it great? They move the location every week so the cops can't bust it.

TAYLOR
How'd *you* find out about it?

Alana gives her a look...

ALANA
Uh, hot parties, that's my major, bitch.

Taylor laughs. Alana looks across the way, spots two guys through the crowd at the bar.

ALANA (CONT'D)
Okay. Don't spaz, but there they are. Josh and Matt. You pick.

ALANA AND TAYLOR'S POV

Two GUYS, JOSH and MATT, college age, good looking. They see the girls and move toward them with drinks in their hands.

RESUME

Taylor is a little panicked. She turns to Alana, away from the guys.

TAYLOR
Oh, shit, Alana... I can't. I need a drink first... multiple drinks.

ALANA
Taylor, calm down. They're just boys. They're stupid.

Taylor takes a deep breath, smiles, adjusts her dress. They turn, moving through the crowd to meet up...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - COUCHES - LATER

Taylor and Matt are making out on the couch. CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Alana, discreetly watching over her friend. She impishly takes her cell phone and snaps a picture. The cell phone cover is a unique bejeweled skull. Josh comes up behind her with another drink.

JOSH
Looks like Taylor and Matt hit it off.

ALANA
Yeah, and you're stuck with me. I don't do anything on the first date, you know.

JOSH
I like a girl who's more of a challenge.

Alana looks at him, a small smile plays on her face. She takes a drink, then snuggles closer. He puts his arm around her. Alana turns, her hot breath now at his neck. She turns her face up to him, her lips moving within kissing range. Josh smiles, but doesn't budge an inch, not taking the bait. Beat.

ALANA
You're good.

She grabs his hand, pulling him OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Alana and Josh head away from the warehouse, hand in hand. The SOUND of the secret club a dull THUMP in the b.g. She stops suddenly, turns, kisses him full on the lips. And just as quickly, she breaks it off, pulling him into the darkness toward a makeshift parking area.

JOSH
Alana, where are we going?

ALANA
My car.

JOSH
I thought you didn't do anything on the first date?

Alana turns, giggles.

ALANA
I lied.

Suddenly, headlights from a van turn on directly in their path. The couple stop. Alana and Josh shield their eyes, momentarily blinded.

JOSH
Dude, turn off your brights!

The headlights distract them long enough to allow two figures, one smaller, DARLY and the other enormous, ENOK to approach from behind. Darly grabs Alana, covering her mouth with his hand. With a powerful swipe, Enok SLAMS Josh to the ground. Headlights immediately turn off, throwing the scene into darkness.

CLOSE - ALANA

Frightened, struggles desperately. She tries to bite the hand that holds her across the mouth.

ON THE GROUND

Josh turns, disoriented. He sees a massive man in silhouette approaching. Josh scoots away, tossing his keys, watch and wallet to the ground in front of him.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Just take it. Take everything. Leave us alone.

Josh looks toward Alana and her attacker.

CLOSE - FROM THE ATTACKER'S POCKET

A syringe filled with liquid is lifted toward Alana's neck.

JOSH

Freaked out but protective, he charges toward Alana's assailant. Enok moves to intercept. Josh SMASHES into the man, hard. With a hammer-like fist, Enok pummels Josh.

CLOSE - ALANA

The syringe plunges into her neck. The girl stiffens, reacting to the paralytic drug. Her struggle ceases as she tries to fight off the effects of the powerful toxin.

Alana's limbs straighten, muscles contracting painfully as she is dropped to the ground. She is powerless to move, but Alana remains conscious, her eyes wide open.

JOSH

Lies crumpled on his stomach, beaten down. He surreptitiously reaches into his pocket, his fingers finding his phone. He dials...

As a hand grabs him roughly by the shirt, picking him up. Enok sadistically delivers more punishment. A final punch to the gut leaves him sprawling to the ground, barely conscious. CAMERA PUSHES INTO his body, toward his pocket, where muffled by his clothes, WE HEAR...

OPERATOR (O.S.)
911 operator, what is your emergency?

Enok turns to Darly.

ENOK
What about him?

DARLY
Namn achter vle selman ti fi a.

With that, Enok straddles Josh, his massive weight immobilizing the boy. Darly roughly grabs his head, holding him still.

DARLY (CONT'D)
Pran je l'.

Josh SCREAMS, as Enok digs his thumb into Josh's eye socket...

ALANA

Remains frozen, paralyzed by the drug. In her condition, the only possible reaction to the horror before her are tears that well, before sliding down her cheek and dropping to the ground.

TITLE SEQUENCE:

ACT ONE

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS a figure moving purposefully through the hallway of the FBI field office. Broad shoulders, crisp tailored suit, the man exudes power and authority. This is ASSISTANT DIRECTOR MONROE. He pushes through double doors to REVEAL a conference room, transformed into an investigative bullpen. Surrounded by pictures of the crime scene, witness statements, maps and anything that might be useful, five AGENTS work feverishly to construct a narrative.

MONROE
It's been ten hours, twenty minutes. I need answers. This is the Governor's daughter on Spring Break in New Orleans. We've been asked by Louisiana State Police for assistance. Alana Hutchins is not going to disappear.

Special Agent in Charge THOMPSON, moves to Monroe with a hastily compiled stack of papers.

THOMPSON
I have every available agent on the case. So far, there's been no trace of her.

Thompson hands Monroe a list.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
These are the latest on the vehicle she was abducted in based on tread patterns at the scene...

MONROE
You telling me our best lead is a list with over two hundred vehicles on it?

THOMPSON
We have confirmed a 911 recording made by the murder victim fifteen minutes before the discovery of his body. Two voices were heard on the recording, one was speaking a foreign language. Dolan, anything yet?

Agent DOLAN steps up to Monroe. His demeanor is quiet, but intense.

DOLAN
It’s a language no one has ever heard before. We sent it over to Linguistics. They have access to well over a thousand languages, but nothing yet.

Monroe takes a beat, appraising the Agent before him.

MONROE
Agent Dolan... I thought you were on Administrative leave.

DOLAN
Special Agent Thompson reinstated me, sir.

THOMPSON
Probationary period. We’re short handed, we could really use his help, sir.

Monroe nods, then turns his attention back to Thompson.

MONROE
What else?

Thompson looks through his stack of notes, grasping at straws...

THOMPSON
Alana was reported missing twice during high school. Both times she was sleeping off a bender at a friend’s house...

MONROE
This time there’s a murder. I doubt we can count on finding her with a hangover.

Beat.

DOLAN
Orleans P.D. found a body dumped in the bayou two weeks ago. The victim was female, she was missing a heart. In this case, the boy’s eyes were gouged from his head. Maybe there’s a link here...

THOMPSON
That body belonged to a thirty-seven year old African American prostitute, Deshauna Grant. Victim profiles are totally different. This is more likely a kidnapping. We'll know more when we hear the ransom demands.

BLAIR (O.S.)
There won't be any demands.

All eyes turn to see Special Agent NOA BLAIR enter the room. In her thirties, Blair moves with a directness that can be startling. She is intuitive, stubborn and smart as a whip. She slips a USB drive into a computer and turns to Monroe.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I would have been here earlier, sir, but I was only made aware of the case an hour ago.

She shoots a glare at Thompson who is not so happy to see her.

THOMPSON
I didn't think you were available, Agent Blair. I was afraid your talents were going to be wasted.

BLAIR
I cracked the language spoken on the 911 recording. It's Demotic, it's a form of ancient Egyptian.

She hits play on the computer.

ENOK (V.O.)
What about him?

DARLY
Nanm achter vle selman ti fi a.
(sounds of struggle)
Pran je l'.

BLAIR
"Nanm achter" means soul taker. The full translation reads, "The soul taker only wants the girl." Then he tells his accomplice to take the eyes. This has all the signs of an occult crime.

THOMPSON
Blair, don't try to make this into something it's not.

BLAIR
Demotic is a language used in rituals to raise demons from the nether worlds.

Blair glares at Thompson. There's no love lost between them.

MONROE
What would they want her for?

BLAIR
Black mass. Human sacrifice. They might be using her soul to divine the future, or to release a demon. To the practitioners of the Black Arts, the soul is the key ingredient to transformative energy.

THOMPSON
So they randomly pick a victim, who happens to be the daughter of the Governor of Louisiana? If I was looking for someone to sacrifice, I would pick a runaway. A homeless teenager. Someone nobody is going to look for. Sir, no disrespect, Blair may be a true believer in the occult, but this is a simple kidnapping. We don't have time for the supernatural bullshit.

DOLAN
I don't think we can afford to overlook anything. Cult members could very well believe a human sacrifice will make them invisible. Just because it won't doesn't mean Alana is any less dead.

Blair looks at Dolan, unaccustomed to anyone coming to her defense. Thompson looks at Dolan, his support of Blair is tantamount to betrayal.

THOMPSON
Alright, Dolan, you go down to Orleans Parrish with Blair. I want you two to check out the occult angle... exhaustively. Get back to me when you have something.

Monroe turns to the Agents in the room.

MONROE
After forty eight hours, the chances of finding Alana Hutchins is cut in half. The clock is ticking.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Almost completely black. CAMERA looks up at Alana, as her eyes flicker open, a moment of confusion, before the dread of realization. Alana tries to move her head, but finds it impossible, her head appears to be strapped into a cradle. Her limbs are immobilized, the only thing she can move are her eyes. Suddenly, a light turns on above her. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

ALANA'S POV - FLOOR

A pair of gnarled feet in flip flops step INTO FRAME. Blackened nails, callous, dirty digits. Even more disturbing are red splotches, large and small drops of red marking the floor - blood?

ALANA

Her trepidation amplified as the feet stop next to her.

ALANA
Who are you? Where am I? Please, I just want to go home...

The only answer is a CLICK, then a LOUD BUZZING. As Alana begins to hyperventilate...

OVERHEAD ANGLE

Alana is naked, strapped face down onto a gurney. Her pristine back unmarked as the dark figure leans in, obscuring what he is about to do. The BUZZING changes in pitch and intensity as it digs into tender flesh, on Alana's CRY...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

A late model sedan cruises through a lonely stretch of black ribbon cutting across the Louisiana bayou. The dense foliage imbues the journey with a sense of dark mystery.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Blair drives. Dolan stares out the passenger window, lost in his own thoughts. Blair looks over to him.

BLAIR
You should have kept your mouth shut.

Dolan turns.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
You embarrassed him, that's why Thompson stuck you with me. You're a baby sitter, Dolan. Your job is to keep me away from this investigation.

DOLAN
My only job is to find Alana Hutchins.

Beat. Blair studies him.

BLAIR
I've checked up on you. You cracked the Yemeni Brotherhood bombing. Then you went on administrative leave for six months. That's a long time, considering you were on your way up.

DOLAN
You're mistaken, Blair. I'm a government employee, there is no way up.

BLAIR
I'm guessing it was a personal issue. You don't look like a drunk, or an addict.
(beat)
Nobody will say anything on the record, but I heard rumors about a family problem. Something to do with your wife?

Dolan shakes his head.

DOLAN
I don't talk about my private life.

BLAIR
I like to know who I'm dealing with. It's not like I'm asking you to play doctor, Dolan.

DOLAN
Now *that* I have no problem showing you.

BLAIR
Okay, I'll shut up.

Dolan considers Blair.

DOLAN
I checked on you, too. You were something of a prodigy, right? Graduated Brown at seventeen. Master and Doctorate at Princeton by twenty-one. With that type of resume, you should be on a fast track to Assistant Director.

BLAIR
Yeah, but I've got a reputation.

DOLAN
There might have been some comments about you being "intense."

BLAIR
No, I'm sure they said I was "crazy." But let me ask you this. Out of the thousands of reported cases involving supernatural occurrences each year, is it possible that not a single one is true? Or is it more likely that we're not considering the obvious? There are extraordinary things that cannot be explained by science alone.

DOLAN
Yes, and the Kings won the Stanley Cup, just because the near impossible happened doesn't mean there are demons in the world.

Blair pauses, looks at him, considering...

BLAIR
When I was a little girl, my mother was put into a mental hospital because she saw ghosts and demons. My father told me she was crazy, and there's no way I wanted to end up in that scary place. They tried all kinds of therapies to help her, but nothing worked. Before I started high school, my mother died there, I think because of a broken heart. And I kept quiet the entire time, but the thing is, I saw them too.

Dolan looks at her, feels her pain.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I'm not going to disavow my experiences because they can't be recreated in a lab. The supernatural is real. I'm going to prove it.

INT. DESERTED FACTORY - NIGHT

A rat scurries away as footsteps APPROACH. CAMERA PANS to find FIGURES entering the darkened factory, moving past rusted machines which stand like skeletal sentries.

Enok and Darly carry a ceremonial altar into the factory floor. As they put the altar in place, CAMERA ADJUSTS to find a jewel encrusted cell phone (recognizable as Alana's) sticking out of Darly's back pocket.

CAMERA MOVES to the opened back of a van. A bound body remains inside. From this angle, only the feet can be seen clearly. The victim is clearly female, the toe nails are painted a blood red. The body stirs, struggles against ropes binding her. Her sense of fear palpable.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dolan and Blair sit in a cramped room surrounded by boxes full of collected evidence from the investigation. A young, attractive but no nonsense female police officer, LIN, carries another box into the room.

LIN
Here are some more of the files you wanted.
(MORE)

LIN (CONT'D)
I’m pulling everything from Marie Laveau fan clubs to cases on some really fringe groups like the Necro-romancers.

DOLAN
Romancer? So this is not just sex with corpses. We’re talking about sweet, sweet lovin’?

LIN
Hey, you’re in New Orleans, home to every kind of voodoo, Santeria freak.

BLAIR
There are over two hundred cases classified as occult activity this year alone. And none of this has been entered into a data base?

LIN
(flat)
Did I mention this is New Orleans?

Lin exits as Dolan and Blair divide the files in half, undeterred by the enormity of their task.

DOLAN
You’re the expert here, what am I looking for?

BLAIR
Details that resemble our kidnapping. Random abductions. Animal sacrifices. Desecrated bodies. Anything that smells like a ritual killing.

They begin flipping through the files...

DOLAN
I’m assuming you were never much of a rainbows and butterflies type. When did this fascination with the macabre begin?

BLAIR
After my first period, when I realized the purging of blood was an integral part of procreation.

Dolan stops.

DOLAN
Whoa, TMI.

BLAIR
I'm kidding. I found my Dad's collection of Edgar Allan Poe when I was seven. I was hooked after the Tell Tale Heart.

Before they can investigate any further, Officer Lin rushes back into the room, excited, out of breath.

LIN
We found her. We found Alana Hutchins.

EXT. DESERTED FACTORY COMPLEX - NIGHT

A large contingent of police patrol cars, SWAT vans, and support vehicles are gathered at base camp. OFFICERS are being dispatched to the perimeter of the factory complex, cutting off escape.

Dolan and Blair arrive, their FBI badges clipped to jacket pockets. They head for the SWAT COMMANDER.

DOLAN
I'm Agent Dolan, this is Agent Blair, FBI. Report is you got a ping from Alana Hutchins' cell phone.

COMMANDER
We triangulated the signal to the complex here. Agent Thompson asked us to secure the perimeter then wait until he could get here to assess the situation. Should be no more than ten minutes.

BLAIR
If this is a Black Mass, we can't afford to wait.

Dolan considers, makes a quick decision.

DOLAN
No, we've assessed the situation. We go in now.

The Commander hesitates.

COMMANDER
He was pretty clear...

BLAIR
Don’t worry. We’ll take the heat.

COMMANDER
Your funeral.
(turns to SWAT team)
Gear up. We’re moving in.

Dolan and Blair quickly ready their weapons and communications. Blair looks around at the huge complex.

BLAIR
It’s going to be tricky to find her in there.

DOLAN
We’ll separate, cover as much ground as we can. Talk to me on channel three.

Dolan attaches his earpiece. Blair sets the channel on the wireless, before clipping it to her waist. Dolan heads inside toward the factory, Blair moves to the communications van. She approaches a GEAR HEAD working inside the van.

BLAIR
You got a fiber optics camera in there?

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Dolan, along with ten other SWAT OFFICERS, begin moving into the factory. They spread out quickly through the rat’s maze of rooms and corridors. Everyone is tense, trying to be quick but silent as they search for Alana.

In the huge factory complex, Dolan quickly finds himself alone. He goes through a set of doors, down a hallway, and into a floor of giant machines.

EXT. VENTILATION DUCTS - FACTORY - NIGHT

Blair and the Gear Head set up the fiber optics camera near the main ventilation ducts. As Blair spools out the long cable, the tech unbolts a panel in the duct works. Turning on the optics system, Blair sends the camera into the factory.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Candles are lit as robed figures move into a circle surrounding a bound subject - the girl. The HIGH PRIEST moves to an altar, pours a chalice of red liquid, makes a blessing before taking a drink from it. He passes the chalice to an acolyte, LUCY, an attractive but edgy young soul caught up in the life, who also takes a sip.

As the chalice makes it way around the circle, the High Priest opens an ancient wooden box.

CLOSE - WOODEN BOX

A gleaming dagger, inscribed with elaborate patterns and runes.

INT. FACTORY CEILING - NIGHT

A fiber optic camera pokes through a duct, the head of the camera swiveling 360 degrees as it surveys the area.

EXT. VENTILATION DUCTS - FACTORY - NIGHT

Blair and the Gear Head adjust the image for brightness and resolution.

INSERT - MONITOR

A wide, overhead angle of the factory. Abandoned machines loom over the factory floor, creating a metal graveyard. The image spins as the camera is panned. On the night vision green screen, a glow in the east corner.

BLAIR
There. Bring me closer to that.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Dolan moves carefully through the maze of machinery. Over his earpiece...

BLAIR (V.O.)
Dolan. I’m seeing signs of activity in the northeast corner of the factory floor.

Dolan quickly changes his heading, moving quickly now...

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

The High Priest appears to be in a trance. His mouth moving wordlessly, reciting an ominous incantation. Lucy kneels, presents a stained porcelain bowl.

INSERT - BOWL

Two eyeballs, with grotesquely severed optic nerves sit inside the bowl. The High Priest mutters an incantation, sets the offering on fire with a match.

FACTORY CEILING

The fiber optic camera slides into view from an opening in the duct work.

EXT. VENTILATION DUCTS - FACTORY - NIGHT

The Gear Head manipulates the controls for the camera carefully. Blair concentrates on the monitor screen.

BLAIR
Turn it forty-five degrees south. There!

MONITOR SCREEN

A night vision grainy, overhead image of the ceremony. On the screen, tiny robed figures stand at points of a pentagram, scratched out on the factory floor. A woman lies in the middle of the symbol, hooded and bound. The High Priest stands at the altar, lost in prayer over the burning bowl.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Dolan. Where are you?

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dolan moves over the ritual area, trying to see below through the sky lights. In the factory below him, Police Officers are moving into position. He takes cover behind some machinery to communicate with Blair.

DOLAN
I'm overtop of the floor. Getting people into position now.

BLAIR (V.O.)
You don't have the time.

EXT. VENTILATION DUCTS - FACTORY - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

BLAIR
It's a sacrificial ritual. And from what I can see, they're moments away from the end.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

SWAT Officers are methodically moving past machinery, taking position to surround the ritual, which is still hidden in a partitioned part of the factory.

INT. RITUAL AREA - NIGHT

The High Priest turns from the altar. He moves to the hooded girl on the floor. He drinks from a chalice, before pouring some of the liquid over the body, purifying the sacrifice.

The High Priest kneels. Lucy approaches, presents the wooden box with the dagger.

EXT. ROOFTOP - FACTORY - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Dolan switches his walkie to another channel.

DOLAN
(into mic)
We have a go! Go now!

SWAT Officers below are caught by surprise, still in the process of moving through the factory...

SWAT OFFICER
(into mic)
Negative. We're not in position.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The bound body of the hooded girl twitches in fear. CAMERA TILTS UP to find the High Priest kneeling over her. He reaches for the dagger, his mouth moving quickly, the prayer nearing the end. The High Priest takes hold of the knife.

EXT. VENTILATION DUCTS - CONTINUOUS

On the monitor screen, Blair can see the ritual reaching its climax.

BLAIR
Dolan, it’s happening. It’s going down right now!

EXT. ROOFTOP - FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

On the rooftop, Dolan makes a quick decision. He pulls his weapon, takes a running start and FIRES at the skylight.

The sky light explodes into shards of glass a moment before Dolan CRASHES through it. He grabs hold of some hanging fluorescent lamps, breaking his fall on the way down to the factory floor.

Lucy looks up, shocked. Some dive away from the falling glass, while others move for weapons.

The High Priest is in a world of his own, oblivious to the external commotion. He raises the ornate dagger, reciting a final prayer.

Dolan, face bleeding from the glass, tumbles to the ground, rolling, coming up with his weapon readied.

The following happens SIMULTANEOUSLY, in EXTREME SLOW MOTION. The High Priest drives the dagger down into the chest of the woman. The hooded victim reacts, her head snapping back.

Dolan FIRES in succession. Shells ejecting from his gun.

The High Priest’s forehead explodes in red from Dolan’s FIRE. The High Priest is blown back away from the girl, his hand slipping from the dagger.

Darly swings his weapon toward Dolan, unleashing a torrent of bullets as FLASH GRENADES explode. Dolan is knocked down by the impact from the Acolyte’s FIRE, his head SLAMS against the ground.

Inside the factory floor, all hell is breaking loose as SWAT Officers arrive, weapons BLAZING while Acolytes return FIRE!

CAMERA PUSHES INTO Dolan, dazed and bleeding on the ground, rushing into his eye.

SERIES OF QUICK SURREAL SHOTS

-- ALLI, Dolan’s beautiful wife lays down onto the dark soil in the garden, rain plastering her dress to her skin...

-- Frantic MOVING POV inside a home...

-- Dolan chasing *something* through hallways, just missing the moving shadow in front of him...

-- It's raining hard. Alli's body on dark soil, suddenly the ground caving in on her, sucking her body beneath...

-- Dolan comes into the kitchen, the door to the outside swinging shut...

-- Alli SCREAMS, the rich soil folding in on her...

-- Dolan bursts outside, drops to his knees in the rain, digging frantically in the soil for Alli...

-- Alli's hand suddenly bursting through black soil grabs Dolan, yanking him down into the grave...

BLAIR (O.S.)
Dolan...

Dolan jolts awake. His eyes dilated, disoriented. Blair hovers over him...

BLAIR (CONT'D)
You're bleeding. You okay?

Freaked out, Dolan tries to sit up. Blair puts a restraining hand on his shoulder. Dolan pushes her hand away, adrenaline pumping, his body still in fight mode...

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Take it easy. It's over.

Dolan looks around. SWAT Officers are securing the immediate area. Signs of a fire fight. Dead bodies of Acolytes lay twisted on the factory floor, including Darly, but Enok and Lucy are nowhere to be found. PARAMEDICS are treating wounded OFFICERS.

Dolan takes a beat to register before slowly sitting up. He looks over to the altar, where the High Priest is splayed over the pentagram. Before him, the hooded victim, dead still. The ceremonial dagger stuck in her chest.

DOLAN
Alana. I was too late.

Dolan staggers to his feet. He and Blair move to the hooded girl. Blair carefully slides the hood off her head, REVEALING... Another GIRL.

BLAIR
It's not her.

Blair checks the area of the body around the dagger. She is decorated with a tattoo of a demon's face. A few Demotic symbols ring the tattoo. Blair studies the illustration...

BLAIR (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Soul Taker...

Dolan turns, sees what has Blair's rapt attention. On the tattoo image of a demon...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dolan moves through the station slowly, his face cleaned up but marked with cuts. Every joint in his body is stiff, his muscles are sore. Physically he's been through the wringer and it shows. Police officers nod their acknowledgement on a job well done, a couple of FBI agents slap him on the back, which causes Dolan to grimace in pain.

Dolan walks through the bullpen, looks up, catches Officer Lin watching him with some interest - odd. He looks away from her to find another FEMALE OFFICER checking him out. He looks down at his shirt - no blood. Dolan turns again, is a little disturbed to find a third FEMALE eyeing him. Dolan shakes his head, keeps his eyes forward and moves off.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT - CLOSE - HIGH PRIEST

The head of the deceased criminal, with three perfectly grouped bullet wounds in his forehead. A measuring tape is brought INTO FRAME and placed between the holes.

TEMO (O.S.)
Inch apart. That's a wicked tight grouping.

WIDER

TEMO, a young twenty something morgue technician, marks the information on his report. Blair stands with her back to him, looking at the body of the female victim on an adjacent table.

TEMO (CONT'D)
Judging from the size of the holes, probably nailed him from twenty, twenty-five yards. On the run. Your partner is one crack shot. Wouldn't tick him off if I were you.

Temo laughs. Blair doesn't react. She is engrossed in the tattooed body of the female victim. She appears to be copying select symbols from the girl's body.

BLAIR
Can you help me turn her over?

TEMO
Sure. She ain't gonna mind. I heard of techs posing dead bodies in weird positions and taking pictures of them...

Blair looks up with daggers for eyes...

TEMO (CONT'D)
Not me. That's totally disrespectful.

Temo takes one end and Blair takes the other. They manage to turn the victim over. Blair takes a pair of surgical scissors and cuts the back of the blouse, REVEALING her entire back covered with symbols.

TEMO (CONT'D)
Check it out. Somebody wrote a book on her back.

Blair is immediately intrigued. She opens her laptop, quickly referencing some academic material. Temo looks over her shoulder.

TEMO (CONT'D)
What kind of language is that?

BLAIR
Demotic. It's an ancient form of Egyptian.

TEMO
You study that in college?

BLAIR
Yes.

TEMO
Bet you never thought it would come in handy.
(beat)
I myself have never used algebra.

Blair is busy working the translation. Temo looks over to the body, checking out the tattoos. He is a little weirded out by them.

TEMO (CONT'D)
That is some creepy shit.

Blair double checks her references, looking over the symbols. She suddenly stops, aghast. Concerned, Temo turns to her.

TEMO (CONT'D)
You okay?

She touches a line of tattooed symbols on the victim's skin.

BLAIR
We have two days before the next sacrifice.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The locker room is empty. Dolan sits on a bench. He lifts his head and moves it side to side, CRACKING his neck - involuntary GROANS escaping from him.

Dolan begins to gingerly take off his jacket, as he moves to set it aside, he notices two holes - one through the chest and one through the back.

Beat. He considers, then looks down at his body armor. Dolan runs his fingers over the bullet proof vest.

CLOSE - VEST

Dolan's finger finds an entry hole in the vest. He sticks his finger through the hole, then pulls it out.

DOLAN

Brings the finger up to eye level. It's tinged with red, from what looks to be drying blood.

Moving quicker now, Dolan takes off the body armor, sees his shirt - a blotch of red surrounds another hole. Ripping his shirt open to find his undershirt. A bigger circle of red with a hole in the middle.

Dolan moves to the mirror on the wall. He lifts his shirt to see a perfectly whole chest - no sign of any injury. He feels the area where the bullet hole would line up with his shirts. Nothing. No hole.

His mind is reeling. Dolan turns on the faucet, bends down to wash his face. As he lifts his head up, through wet hands...

DOLAN'S POV - MIRROR

The image of a demon stares back at him.

DOLAN

Recoils. He staggers back from the mirror, freaked. He blinks the water out of his eyes, and sees himself reflected.

Some minor cuts on his face. No sign of the demon. Dolan sighs, he rubs his hand over the spot on his chest, the spot where there should be a hole.

Agent Thompson steps into the locker room. He sees Dolan at the mirror with a hand on his chest.

THOMPSON
Stop playing with yourself. Monroe just got here. Meeting in five.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Monroe moves to the front of the gathered agents and OFFICERS. An Orleans P.D. CAPTAIN COOPER stand near. Everyone is tense and on edge, fully aware of the gravity of the situation.

MONROE
Okay, what do we know?

THOMPSON
Five cult members dead at the scene, including the High Priest. At least three escaped. No descriptions. They were wearing hoods that covered their features. Only thing we know is that one was big as a house. One female victim, Lisa Knowles, killed with a dagger through the heart.

COLQUITT
Lisa Knowles was reported missing this past Monday by coworkers. No family in the area. We're running deep background and acquaintances now.

BLAIR
I've been working with the Coroner on her body, which was heavily tattooed. From the appearance of the cicatrix and the edema at the site of the tattoos, they were recent additions. Her hair was also dyed, and her nails painted.

THOMPSON
She got a makeover before she got murdered?

BLAIR
I think her appearance was specifically altered for the ceremony - to fit an image for the sacrifice.

MONROE
Agent Blair, you translated some of the tattoos on her back?

BLAIR
Yes, sir. I'm still working on the bulk of the language, but one segment is clear. She's not the first, nor will she be the last. We can expect another sacrifice the next blood moon. Which starts in two days.

THOMPSON
In my experience, when you chop off the head, the body falls. Dolan killed their leader. The cult members are panicking right now. I say we connect with them through the media. Maybe with a television appeal from the Governor. Make contact, negotiate a release. It's our best chance to keep Alana alive.

BLAIR
No, she'll be sacrificed unless we can stop it. The man we killed was just a tool, an implement. "Nanm Achter," the soul taker is an evil force, a Spirit. And this Spirit will use the people it controls for its own end.

Beat. Everyone looks around uncomfortably. Dolan is the only one who takes her words seriously.

THOMPSON
Okay. No offense, but you're frickin' crazy.

DOLAN
Shut up, Thompson.

THOMPSON
I'm your supervisor, shit head, you can't talk to me...

Before it gets any more heated, Monroe step in.

MONROE
Put a lid on it, both of you! We now know the people who abducted Alana will not hesitate to end her life. They proved that by killing their last victim. I will ask the Governor to broadcast an appeal tonight. *And* you will continue to pour every ounce of your energy into finding his daughter. Captain Cooper.

The Police Captain hands out a stack of pages to the Agents and Officers in the room. As they begin passing it around...

CAPTAIN COOPER
We have identified each and every one of the cult members who were killed during the raid. All of them had a criminal history. These are the names and addresses of their family, friends and known associates.

MONROE
I want somebody here to make contact and talk to every individual on that list.

As the group disperses, Thompson approaches Blair and Dolan with the list.

DOLAN
Sorry for my... outburst. It was unprofessional.

THOMPSON
You jumped through a skylight to try and save someone. I could use more unprofessional behavior like that.

He pauses, studies Dolan for a beat.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
And you're lucky. Fall through all that glass and not get a single mark.

Dolan feels his face, surprised to find his cuts are gone.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Why don't you try your luck with Colquitt and check a couple leads while Blair here uses her Ouija board to make contact with the "soul taker."

Beat. Dolan shakes his head.

DOLAN
Takes two people to work a Ouija board.

THOMPSON
Okay. Good luck with that. Dolan, you're betting the race on a dead horse.

Thompson gives him a pointed look before moving off. Blair turns to her partner.

BLAIR
I don't need you to defend me... but thanks.

Dolan rises, he catches a glimpse of Officer Lin, who looks away quickly, as if she was caught crushing on him. He turns to Blair who is oblivious to the interplay.

DOLAN
Do I look different to you?

She looks at him.

DOLAN (CONT'D)
I've noticed some... unusual attention.

Blair looks around, sees Lin and another female Officer glancing his way.

BLAIR
Dolan, are you trying to flirt with me?

DOLAN
What?

BLAIR
You're letting me know that other females find you attractive. So maybe I should pay some attention.

DOLAN
No, forget it. Forget I asked.

He's already on the move. Blair at his side.

BLAIR
(teasing now)
'Cause I'm flattered, but... we should concentrate on the case, run down some of the names.

DOLAN
No. I have another idea.

EXT. BYWATER - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Blair's car drives through a decrepit neighborhood. Foreclosed homes dot the deteriorating streets. Trash and debris clog the sidewalks.

DOLAN (V.O.)
It dawned on me when you said Lisa Knowles wasn't the first victim. Orleans P.D. found the body of a prostitute two weeks ago, missing a heart.

The car pulls up to one of a few ramshackle houses that have lights on. Dolan and Blair exit the car.

DOLAN
Deshauna Grant. I have a feeling she was involved. I had the bank scrub through her account. Somebody made a couple of purchases after the date she went missing. This is the address where they sent the stuff.

INT./EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens to REVEAL Lucy, in a state of undress. She stands, leaning against the door frame, her eyes look glazed. In a word, she's fried.

LUCY
Yeah...?

DOLAN
I'm Agent Dolan, this is Agent Blair. We're from the FBI. We like to ask you a couple questions.

LUCY
I’m busy right now.

She starts to close the door, but is stopped by Dolan.

DOLAN
This won’t take any time at all.

BLAIR
Do you know a woman named Deshauna Grant?

Lucy shakes her head. Blair peeks inside the house. The TV is on in the background...

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...and later in the program, Governor Hutchins is asking the public for help in finding his missing daughter Alana...

BLAIR
You sure? There’s been some fraudulent use of her account. A bunch of purchases. That’s a nice new TV you have there.

LUCY
I’m clean, honey. I make my own money.

BLAIR
What about Alana Hutchins? Blonde hair, green eyes. She’s gone missing almost two days ago.

Dolan watches Lucy, his focus intense. Lucy pauses, feels his scrutiny, almost trembles under the weight of it...

EXTREMELY CLOSE

Lucy’s eyes flick toward the bedroom. The pulse at her neck throbs faster, the heartbeat almost audible. Dolan registers the physical signs.

Lucy’s hand tightens against the door frame. Dried blood beneath her nail. Dolan’s eyes clock it. It’s as if his senses are honed in to a microscopic degree.

Lucy’s mouth opens slightly, her breath catches from fear. WE can hear a hint of Alana’s SCREAM the night she was abducted.

DOLAN
You were there.

Dolan suddenly pushes through the door, making a beeline to a back bedroom.

LUCY
Hey, you can't barge in here.

Confused, Blair follows him inside. Lucy trails them, angry.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Where's the warrant? I wanna see a warrant.

Blair follows Dolan to the bedroom. Lucy tries to push her way past to confront Dolan. Blair holds her off...

DOLAN
It's here, Blair. She kept something from Alana.

INT. BEDROOM - RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dolan moves into a small bedroom. He yanks opens some drawers. Looks at Lucy, whose eyes subconsciously flickers down to a strap protruding from under the bed. Dolan drops to the floor, reaches under and pulls out a duffel bag.

Lucy finally manages to shove her way into the bedroom, she stands over Dolan.

LUCY
This is my house! You can't just go looking for shit.

He opens the duffel bag, pulls out some bloodied clothing. WE recognize them as the clothes Alana wore at the club.

DOLAN
These are her clothes. Alana's clothes.

Blair looks at him, confused. Suddenly, Dolan pushes his partner back, just as the SOUND of a GUNSHOT rips through the air. She tumbles out of the path of the bullet which misses the agent and BLASTS Lucy who was standing in line behind Blair. Lucy falls to the ground. Crimson blooms on her chest.

Dolan looks up to find Enok in the hallway. The large man squeezes another SHOT at Dolan, who dives back against the bed. Enok upends a cabinet to block the doorway, before quickly making his escape. Dolan climbs over the cabinet, immediately gives chase. Blair checks on Lucy. She's dead. Blair takes a disoriented beat to recover, before following.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEYS - BYWATER - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Enok runs INTO FRAME, sprinting through the back yard into the alley way that separates the houses. CAMERA PANS back to find Dolan following. The agent is fast, but Enok knows where he's going.

-- CAMERA TRACKS with Dolan. He is running at full speed, trying to catch up to the large man. Dolan turns a corner, finds an empty alley ahead of him. As he starts to back track, from out of nowhere, Enok blind sides Dolan, SLAMMING him into an aluminum shed. The side of the storage shed dents from the impact.

-- A brutal, realistic fight ensues. The large man landing punches and knees, like a MMA fighter. Dolan, trained in special forces techniques, holds his own, delivering punishing blows and kicks to the large man. Dolan appears to have the upper hand when Enok reaches down, grabbing a handful of gravel, which he whips into the agent's eyes, temporarily blinding him.

-- Enok grabs a nearby steel pipe. He swings, Dolan ducks. The pipe barely missing, CRUSHING an air conditioning unit. Using the pipe like a Bo staff, the man attacks. The steel rod whistling through the air. Dolan weaves his body, but Enok finally connects, dropping Dolan to his knees. Enok rears back, SMASHES the pipe against the agent's ribs. Dolan crumples to the ground. As Enok rears back for a killing blow, Dolan summons all his reserves, rolls and delivers a CRUSHING kick to Enok's jaw.

-- Enok's head is jarred backwards. His knee buckles. In a flash, Dolan is on him. One hand gripping Enok's throat.

DOLAN
Tell me. Where is she?

Dolan's form is silhouetted against the street lamp. The darkness a visual metaphor for his inner rage. Dolan's anger appears to have as tight a grip on him as he does on Enok.

Enok is scared, hyperventilating, all the fight has gone out of him. He struggles, trying to get away, but Dolan increases the pressure. A puddle of urine appears beneath his body.

ENOK
Nanm Achter... no...

Dolan leans in closer. The Agent squeezes - hard. Enok's throat is closing down.

DOLAN
Where is Alana Hutchins?

Behind Dolan, headlights from a car. The vehicle ROARS to a stop. Blair exits the automobile, her weapon readied. She sees Dolan has control of the fugitive.

BLAIR
I got you covered. Cuff him, we'll bring him in.

Dolan doesn't relax his grip on Enok's neck. In fact, he digs in. Enok SCREAMS from the pain.

DOLAN
Where is she? Tell me!

BLAIR
Dolan, stop! You're killing him.

Dolan doesn't acknowledge Blair.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Let him go! You kill him we'll never find her.

Still ignoring her, Dolan squeezes Enok tighter. The large man's eyes bulge out, he begins to convulse. Blair swings her weapon onto Dolan, chambers a bullet.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Take your hands off him now!

Dolan turns to her, sees the gun trained on him. On the tableau - Agent versus Agent...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Red and blue lights strobe as police and FBI agents surround the scene. A body bag is loaded into a coroner's van.

Dolan stands off by himself, considering his recent actions. He looks toward the phalanx of official vehicles...

DOLAN'S POV

Blair and Monroe are deep in conversation. Monroe looks up to Dolan. He and Blair make their way to him.

DOLAN

Prepares for the worst as the two approach.

MONROE
Blair told me what happened... you saved her life in that house.

Dolan looks to Blair, surprised.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Good work. I'd say your probationary period is over.

DOLAN
Thank you, sir.
(re: Enok)
What are you going to do with him?

MONROE
Enok? We're going to give him an opportunity to answer some hard questions. Good job, both of you.

Monroe gets into his car as Enok is put into a police vehicle. Under heavy police escort, they immediately pull out, leaving Blair alone with Dolan. He finally turns to her, apologetic.

DOLAN
Thanks for not throwing me under the bus. It's not going to happen again.

Dolan starts to move for the car.

BLAIR
That’s it? That’s all I get after having to pull a gun on you?

DOLAN
Well, my apology also comes with a set of steak knives. What more do you want?

BLAIR
Answers. You’re going to tell me everything.

Beat. Dolan nods.

BLAIR (CONT’D)
Start from the beginning. How did you know Alana’s clothes were in a duffel bag under the bed?

DOLAN
She told me.

BLAIR
That girl? She didn’t say a thing.

Dolan hesitates... he wants to come clean, but is still confused about what’s happening to him.

DOLAN
I saw it. Tiny movements. Her eyes, the pulse in her neck. Her fingernails. Things I might never have noticed were screaming out at me.

BLAIR
And the shot?

DOLAN
I sensed something. I was lucky. So were you.

Blair looks at him.

BLAIR
Sensed? How?

DOLAN
I don’t know. Things were kind of a blur.

BLAIR
Not good enough, Dolan. Your answers sound right, but they don't mean anything.

DOLAN
(frustrated)
Hey, give me a break. Did you see the size of that guy? I'm lucky to be standing here. Listen, I was scared, and I was pissed. And things -- got mixed up. By the time I snapped out of it, you were there with a gun to my head.

BLAIR
Are you telling me you lost your shit so bad you aren't fully aware of your actions?

DOLAN
You're twisting my words. I'm good to go.

BLAIR
No, Dolan, you're hiding something. You need to tell me now.

Dolan considers, it's painful for him...

DOLAN
Six months ago, I came home from an assignment to an empty house. My wife Alli was gone. No sign of foul play. But every scrap of evidence that she existed left with her. Credit cards, I.D.'s, even pictures. It's like she never existed. I checked every inch of that house, devoted every waking moment to finding her. Was she taken? Drugged? Held against her will? You know what I found? Nothing. She vanished into thin air. I started to question everything. Especially myself. I was losing it. To keep my sanity, I finally had to accept that she's lost to me. Because I'd be lost too if I didn't stop. That's when Thompson called and offered to reinstate me.

BLAIR
I'm sorry...

DOLAN
I'm going to do whatever it takes to find Alana.

The words hang in the air. Dolan heads for the car. After a beat, Blair follows.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A sudden METALLIC CREAK sends a shock of light into a sparsely furnished room. Alana turns. Her face is drawn, exhaustion suffuses every molecule of her being. She blinks, her eyes trying to adjust to the illumination. With the exception of this sliver of light on her face, the rest of Alana remains in darkness.

A silhouetted FIGURE ENTERS FRAME. Alana tries to push herself up from a dirty mattress.

ALANA
Why are you doing this? Please, I won't tell anyone, just let me go...

The Figure doesn't answer. He kneels down, opens a tool box...

ALANA (CONT'D)
Do you want money? My family has lots of money. They'll give you whatever you want, I promise...

From the box, the Figure produces a tattoo needle. He turns to Alana, REVEALING huge magnifying lenses over his eyes. He switches on the instrument. BUZZZZZ...

The sound immediately terrifies the girl.

ALANA (CONT'D)
No. No more...

She scrambles off the bed, trying desperately to escape from the incessant BUZZING... only to find herself at the end of a tether. Her ankle is attached to a chain anchored by the heavy bed frame.

A lamp is switched on... Alana shies away from it, turning her back to REVEAL her topless body, with almost every inch of it covered in tattoos - much like the last victim, Lisa Knowles.

Her hair is now jet black, having been recently dyed. Her nails are a blood red. As the dark Figure looms over her, about to complete his work...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Enok stares sullenly across from his interrogators, Monroe and Thompson.

ENOK
I talk. I die.

MONROE
No. It's the other way around. We can only protect you if you cooperate with us. Tell us where Alana Hutchins is being kept.

THOMPSON
Besides kidnapping, we have you for attempted murder of a federal agent. Accessory to the murder of Lisa Knowles. The murder of Lucy Chase.

Enok shakes his head, emotional.

ENOK
No, Lucy's not dead. She can't be...

THOMPSON
She's in the morgue right now, going through an autopsy.

Enok stays silent.

MONROE
I'm not going to insult your intelligence. You are going to spend time in prison. There's no doubt about that. Question is, will you receive the death penalty, and die there. You help us now, tell us where Alana is, we help you before sentencing.

As Enok considers...

INT. POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT

A black body bag is unzipped, REVEALING the face of Lucy. In death, her face has gained an almost angelic quality. As the zipper travels down her torso, a crimson stain mars her chest. Traveling further down exposes shoes caked in a red mud.

Temo takes an admiring look at her entrancing visage. Then lifts her shirt to check out the blood caked bullet wound.

TEMO
Man, what a prodigious waste of talent.

He snaps a picture with his cell phone.

TEMO (CONT'D)
You are definitely going on the wall of fame.

Temo moves away from the body, and returns to his desk where he is confronted with a mound of paperwork. As he pours himself a cup of coffee and digs into the waiting report...

CAMERA PUSHES into Lucy. Inexplicably, pieces of her hair start to rise off her head, as if static electricity is affecting her body.

Temo finishes up with his paperwork. He gets up from his desk, moves to the counter to set out the instruments for an autopsy. He looks around, shivers with cold, before checking the thermostat.

TEMO (CONT'D)
Damn, it's cold.

He adjusts the thermostat, turning up the heat. The temperature has dropped so much, his breath can now be seen.

He huffs, a cloud of exhale hangs in the frigid air. He picks up his coffee mug, stops in disbelief...

CLOSE - COFFEE MUG

A thin layer of ice has formed on top of the coffee.

TEMO

TEMO (CONT'D)
This is messed up.

Behind him, movement...

LUCY

Sits up from the body bag, she shivers, disoriented. Unsteady, she swings her legs out of the bag to climb off the table. She reaches out to a nearby tray to help stabilize herself...

WIDER

The SOUND of the tray with autopsy tools CRASHING to the floor turns Temo, who is shocked to see Lucy on the floor. He quickly moves to help her.

TEMO (CONT'D)
Jesus... you were dead. You got shot, you have a hole in your chest...

He kneels to help her.

TEMO (CONT'D)
We need to get you to a hospital.

Suddenly, he jerks, freezing in mid motion, a horrified look of surprise on his face before he crumples to the floor, REVEALING a sharp instrument buried in his chest - Lucy still holding the handle. Lucy pulls out the sharp chisel. Blood blossoms on Temo's shirt.

LUCY
I'm fine. You're the one with a hole in your chest.

She raises the sharp chisel and viciously brings it down onto Temo...

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Blair and Dolan approach the entrance to the morgue. She pushes the intercom button.

BLAIR
Temo, it's Agent Blair. I want to check something on the body of Lisa Knowles.

No response. She BUZZES again. Nothing. She turns to an OFFICER passing through the hall.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Can you open this door? I have to access one of the bodies for the Hutchins investigation.

The Officer looks at their FBI badge and takes out his electronic swipe card. He swipes the card to let them in.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Blair and Dolan enter to find a horrifying scene. Temo is dead. His corpse rests over a pool of blood. Blair sees the empty body bag, no body in sight.

BLAIR
Where's the body?

Dolan thinks, then turns to the shocked Officer.

DOLAN
Evidence Lockup. Where is it?

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA LEADS Dolan and the Officer into the Evidence Room. They stop at the sight before them. The Evidence Room is in complete disarray. Shelves appeared to have been emptied by someone looking for something specific.

OFFICER
(alarmed)
Jackie?

The Officer receives no answer. Dolan vaults the counter to the back...

DOLAN'S POV

A trail of blood leads to a woman's body, stripped of clothing except for her underwear. She lies in a heap on the floor of the Evidence Room.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus, she has a two year old at home...

DOLAN
Seal the building.

As the Officer moves, Dolan is already searching the lockup, looking for something.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Amidst the chaos of the police station beginning a lock down, Lucy, dressed in Jackie's police uniform, calmly walks out the door. In her hand, an evidence bag from lockup.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

A forensic TEAM gather evidence from the crime scene in the b.g., while Blair works a computer on Temo's desk. She is looking at the monitor with unease. Blair turns as Dolan approaches...

BLAIR
Dolan, take a look at this.

She adjusts the monitor so Dolan can see. On screen, the footage from the surveillance camera. Lucy can be seen attacking Temo.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
The corpse from the house in Bywater. Lucy Chase. That's her.

DOLAN
I'm not a doctor, but that doesn't look like rigor mortis to me.

BLAIR
I've been going over the scripture tattooed on our victim's back. The words describe a spell to raise a demon. You interrupted that ceremony. But what if that wasn't the first attempt? What if you're right about Deshauna Grant?
(MORE)

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Maybe she was the first sacrifice. Only there was no interruption.

DOLAN
You’re saying Lucy is possessed?

BLAIR
That would explain how she could be shot in the heart and still be alive.

A chill runs down Dolan’s back.

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES

-- Dolan falls in the factory, shot.

-- His finger pokes through a hole in the body armor, tinged with red.

-- Dolan’s glimpse of the face of the demon in the mirror, before seeing his own face in the reflection.

RETURN

Dolan shakes it off, rejecting the flash memories.

DOLAN
There’s no proof she was ever dead, much less possessed by a demon.

BLAIR
When I checked her, she had no pulse.

DOLAN
You obviously made a mistake.

Blair is frustrated by his resistance.

BLAIR
Okay, what happened upstairs?

DOLAN
Somebody killed the Evidence Clerk and took the dagger from the crime scene.

Blair turns to Dolan...

BLAIR
She’s preparing for the next sacrifice.

Blair CLICKS on multiple screens on the computer. Bringing up maps, tattoo designs. A list of addresses...

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Lucy left us one clue. In her body bag, there were traces of brackish mud and oyster grass from her shoes. That combination can only come from the Bayou.

DOLAN
Blair, there's ten thousand square miles of Bayou in Louisiana.

BLAIR
Right. But I've also been looking at the tattoos on our victim's body. Good artists have their own style. In this case, all the tattoos on Lisa's body are originals. I've run those designs through a data bank on body art. Narrowed it down to artists in the State of Louisiana. Image recognition gave me five possible matches. Only one of them with an address on the Bayou. 55 Legendre Drive.

Blair enlarges the map on the screen. She zooms in to a street view. An isolated building set among the swamps.

DOLAN
A little mud and some tattoos. That's not much to go on.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
Dolan!

Blair and Dolan turn to find Thompson at the entrance to the morgue.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
We caught a break, Enok gave us an address for Alana Hutchins. It checks out. Big house in the middle of nowhere. Belonged to Richard Granger, aka the High Priest. I'm leading a team out there now. I could use another sharp shooter.

Beat.

BLAIR
Go ahead. Mine was just a hunch.

Dolan nods. Grabs his jacket. They take off, leaving Blair slightly disappointed at her computer.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE - TATTOO

Blood is wiped away from the final creation. Alana is restrained to a cot, face down, her cheeks wet with tears. Lucy stands over her, admiring the scripture on Alana's back.

LUCY
It's beautiful.

She kneels down to Alana's head.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You're the perfect offering. You should be proud.

At the point of having lost all hope, Alana lashes out.

ALANA
Somebody's going to stop you, you crazy bitch.

Alana turns her head to find a group of ACOLYTES behind Lucy. They're dressed in street clothes but several are carrying the robes and candles needed for the ceremony.

LUCY
Get her ready.

Before Alana can react, a syringe is jabbed into her neck. She passes out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dolan is gearing up with a massive force of POLICE and FBI AGENTS. Weapons are being distributed as Thompson and Colquitt manage the small army. Dolan checks his rifle, looks through the scope to adjust the sight.

DOLAN'S POV - PARKING LOT

Through the scope, Blair gets into her car, alone. She checks an address, punches it into her GPS before driving off.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
Alright, let's move out.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The draped body of Alana Hutchins is laid across the pentagram. Her hands and feet are being restrained when she comes to. Her eyes blink, trying to sweep the cobwebs out of her head.

Alana looks around her, scared, emotional, but trying to connect in any way. Acolytes in robes are preparing for the ritual.

ALANA
Please, before you do anything, I want you to know who I am. My name is Alana Hutchins, I'm a freshmen at LSU. I have a brother, a mom and dad who are going to be wrecked. Maybe you have kids, someone you love. Think about how you'd feel if something happened to them...
(frantic now)
Don't kill me. You have to stop. Somebody please help.

LUCY
Put a hood on it. I can't stand to watch the offering beg.

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

The moon is almost at its fullest. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find Blair stepping out of her car. She looks around. No sign of anyone.

BLAIR'S POV - HOUSE

55 Legendre. No lights inside. No cars outside. It looks deserted.

BLAIR

Takes a deep breath. She made the drive, might as well check it out. Blair walks toward the house.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Holly Grove. A big, rambling, gothic monster of a house. Overgrown vegetation gives it an added eerie feel.

CAMERA DROPS behind a grove of trees to find a tactical force moving to surround the house.

Thompson is dressed in a UPS type jumpsuit. He adjusts his earpiece, nods to Colquitt and walks through the gate with some boxes on a hand dolly.

FRONT PORCH

Thompson drags his boxes up the porch. RINGS the door bell.

EXT. BAYOU HOUSE - NIGHT

Blair looks through the window, trying to see any sign of life. She checks another, pushing on the bottom pane. With a CREAK, the window shudders open.

INT. BAYOU HOUSE - NIGHT

Blair climbs into what would be a living room. But the entire house is sparsely furnished, as if no one is living there. Blair walks through the other rooms of the house - she's wrong, there is no one here.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

SNIPER

Scans the windows through the scope, finger next to the trigger...

FRONT PORCH

Thompson BANGS hard on the door.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy looks up, alerted by a SOUND. She looks to an Acolyte.

LUCY
Check it out.

The Acolyte steps away from the circle. Takes off his robe...

FRONT PORCH

Thompson can see movement inside the house, coming to the door. He surreptitiously signals his team.

THOMPSON'S POV

Through the frost glass panel in the door, a figure approaches. As the door opens...

WIDER

Thompson bursts in, putting the man down. As Thompson secures him on the floor, WE can see it's not the Acolyte. All around the house, SWAT OFFICERS and AGENTS descend.

INT. BAYOU HOUSE - NIGHT

Blair moves like a ghost through the mostly empty kitchen. She opens the pantry. Nothing.

As she passes CAMERA to check the dining area, a panel of the pantry shelves swing open, REVEALING basement stairs. The Acolyte moves silently toward Blair...

From behind Blair, the man attacks, swinging a wooden truncheon. Blair senses something just in time to raise a forearm, but the impact CRACKS against her skull. She goes down.

Blair rolls away from a kick, receiving only a glancing blow. She reaches for a gun from her holster, manages to FIRE a wild SHOT before the gun is knocked skidding across the floor.

Battered, Blair scrambles up, trying desperately to escape. She manages a couple of frantic steps before she is tackled to the ground. A fist SLAMS against her head as the heavy man pins her down, straddling her against the floor.

Bloodied and dazed, Blair looks up to see Lucy and other Acolytes gathering behind the man.

LUCY
Make her useful. Take her eyes.

Blair SCREAMS as the man viciously holds her head steady with one hand while preparing to push his thumb into her eye socket. Lucy suddenly looks up as if sensing something. She moves as...

BOOM! A shotgun is DISCHARGED. The man is BLASTED off Blair. Dolan CRASHES through the window, following his shot inside. He rolls, coming up to FIRE - BLAM! Another Acolyte falls.

Several Acolytes swarm Dolan, slicing and slashing with knifes. In close quarters, Dolan uses the shotgun as a club, jabbing, swinging and SMASHING. (Note: This sequence should feel like an M rated video game.)

Bloodied and broken, Acolytes flee the scene. Dolan SLAMS the last man against the wall. He throws him viciously to the ground, his foot stomps on his neck.

Dolan chambers a shell in the shotgun, levels it at the man's head, about to shoot him like an animal.

BLAIR
Dolan!

Dolan turns. Blair tosses him a pair of handcuffs. The cuffs slide on the floor and rests against Dolan's shoe. Dolan lowers the gun, roughly turns the man over to be cuffed. Blair looks around at the carnage.

BLAIR'S POV

Twisted bodies and broken men are strewn on the floor of the house. But one person is definitely missing...

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Lucy...

Blair takes off. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Blair races for the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blair charges down the basement stairs, gun drawn.

BLAIR'S POV

A hooded figure is splayed over a pentagram. Wax drips from red candles which continue burning. No one else appears to be in the darkened room.

BLAIR

Moves down to the hooded tattooed girl, her weapon covering the dark crevices of the basement. Footsteps spin her toward the stairs - it's Dolan. With Dolan as backup, Blair moves immediately for the hooded girl.

She kneels down, gently pulls the hood off the prone figure. It's Alana. Alive. The girl reacts, afraid.

BLAIR
Alana, you're safe. It's okay.
We're with the FBI. Nobody is going
to hurt you anymore.

Alana breaks down in relief. Her body wracked with SOBS as Blair unties her restraints. Dolan has cleared the room, making sure no one is hiding in the shadows. His foot accidentally kicks something on the ground.

CLOSE - DAGGER

The ceremonial dagger spins to a rest. The etched blade is wet with blood.

DOLAN

Troubled. Looks around, as if sensing something.

CAMERA PUSHES toward the small window near the ceiling of the basement which opens to the ground level of the backyard outside. In the darkness, a pair of eyes watch as Blair comforts Alana, wrapping a blanket around her. The eyes pull away.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lucy gets up off the ground from the small window to the basement. She walks languidly away. In no particular hurry. The dark forest quickly swallowing her form as she disappears into the Bayou.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Blair helps a blanket wrapped Alana up from the ground. She looks up the stairs then eyes Dolan, who moves ahead of them. As Alana is helped up from the floor, Dolan, weapon drawn, begins to climb the steps...

BLAIR
Hey, how did you know I'd come here?

DOLAN
I've learned something about you, Blair. You always play your hunches.

Beat.

BLAIR
They're usually right.

EXT. BAYOU HOUSE - NIGHT

Police vehicles, lights swirling, begin arriving at the scene. CAMERA CRANES UP as Dolan, Blair and Alana come out onto the porch - safe at last.

MONROE (V.O.)
Congratulations, Agent Blair.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MONROE'S OFFICE - DAY

Noa Blair sits before Assistant Director Monroe.

MONROE
Returning Alana safe to her family was the best outcome anyone can hope for. Governor Hutchins was grateful. The Director is happy which makes me ecstatic. There's just one thing I'm trying to understand.

He tosses an old file on the desk.

MONROE (CONT'D)
How did the Governor of Louisiana learn about the needs of the FBI? Specifically about a proposal for an occult crime task force? You have anything to say about that?

Blair is busted. She decides to come clean.

BLAIR
I may have mentioned it when I met with him, sir. I also found out the Governor and the Director happen to be long time fraternity buddies.

Monroe gives her a tight smile.

MONROE
Which may explain why the Director has signed off on creating such a program. Looks like you're in business.

Monroe stands to conclude the meeting. Blair remains seated.

BLAIR
A occult crime task *force* implies more than one agent, sir.

Monroe sighs...

MONROE
Submit a list of candidates...

BLAIR
Dolan, sir. He's the only one.

INT. DOLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Dolan, sleeping in bed. The sheets are twisted around his body, his sleep is not a restful one. A female FIGURE ENTERS FRAME. She sits on the bed, next to him, her hand caresses his face. Dolan wakes up.

DOLAN'S POV

His wife, Alli, smiles at him, her face filled with wistful sadness.

DOLAN
Alli, you came back...

ALLI
Did you miss me...?

DOLAN
Like I would miss oxygen...

Dolan envelopes her in his arms...

DOLAN (CONT'D)
Oh God, I just want to hold you, baby, let me hold you...

Dolan kisses her, gently, lovingly. The kiss grows more passionate, their desire for one another fueled by her absence. He pulls away from her to catch his breath... To find Lucy has somehow taken her place in his arms.

LUCY
I'll never leave you.

The ceremonial dagger SLAMS into his gut. She pulls the blade up, disemboweling him...

CLOSE - DOLAN

Wakes up. His body bathed in a cold sweat. Recovering from the nightmare. He rolls to his side, reaching to open a drawer on his night stand.

CLOSE - DRAWER

Inside the drawer - the ceremonial dagger from the sacrifice. Blood still stains the blade. Dolan took it from the crime scene. He holds it in his hand, considering. On Dolan. His story is just beginning.

END OF PILOT