

Executive Producer: Glen Mazzara
Executive Producer: Ross Fineman

DAMIEN

Written by
Glen Mazzara

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Anyone clever may interpret the number of the Beast: it is the number of a human being, and the number is 666.

-- Revelation 13:18

DAMIEN

FADE IN:

EXT. ISRAEL - DESERT - DAY

The Promised Land. Milk and Honey. The fulfillment of God's Covenant with his chosen people. Not only a crucible of civilization, but a crossroads for warring tribes. Many say peace here is impossible. We're about to see for ourselves.

A CITY -- Beit Hanoun -- rises from the desert.

PRE-LAP: The sound of a CAMERA SHUTTER.

EXT. BEIT HANOUN - DAY

PHOTO -- A PALESTINIAN WOMAN, 40s, her face already heavy with lines, watches sadly as -- the shutter CLICKS again -- PHOTO -- Her FAMILY packs their belongings.

CLICK. PHOTO -- As his SISTERS wrap things in sheets, a YOUNG BOY closes a box and carries it out of their small one-room house.

CLICK. The boy hands the box to his FATHER who puts it on a cart piled with other boxes and suitcases.

A PHOTOGRAPHER leans in and snaps a PHOTO of the anguished father. The father turns and looks directly at the camera. CLICK.

We now see the photographer clearly for the first time: DAMIEN THORN, 30, rugged, unshaven. He's only 30 but a very old soul. He's already seen more of this world than most people will in a lifetime. That's not necessarily a good thing. Damien Thorn is a war photographer. He sees the worst in us then holds a mirror up to it. He doesn't realize the mirror's about to be turned around on himself.

Damien raises the camera and snaps photos of the family's belongings. He looks around.

The street is filled with other Palestinian FAMILIES evacuating their homes. Damien mixes among them, snapping away. No one seems to notice him. It's as if he's invisible, even when he gets close to his subjects.

A ROAR of machines cuts through the din. Everyone falls silent as MILITARY TRUCKS pull into view and block the far end of the street. SOLDIERS dismount.

They wear riot gear and carry automatic weapons. The Palestinians are immediately on edge.

A 24 year-old CAPTAIN speaks into a handheld mic. His words ring out through loudspeakers --

CAPTAIN

Everyone must leave immediately.
Arrangements have been made for you
in Beit Lahiya. This is by the
order of the Israeli government.

Palestinians YELL BACK hatefully.

Damien, snapping photos, heads right for the soldiers.

CLICK. Two soldiers -- one male, one female -- stand next to a Palestinian GIRL, who sits outside her house clutching a doll. Two very different worlds.

Damien reaches the soldiers. The Captain notices. Damien snaps his photo.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

No press. It's for your own
safety.

Damien cuts him a look -- yeah, bullshit.

The SOLDIER steps forward to escort Damien away. Damien recognizes another soldier in the bunch.

DAMIEN

You know who I am.

DAVID recognizes Damien and signals for the first soldier to wait.

DAVID

Damien Thorn, surprise, surprise.

DAMIEN

You guys are coming in pretty
heavy.

DAVID

After Al Burayj, we can't take any
chances.

He nods to the soldier to lead Damien away. Damien snaps photos as he goes.

CLICK. The Palestinian father, surrounded by his family, gives one last heartbroken look.

EXT. BEIT HANOUN - SIDE STREET - DAY

The soldier leads Damien over to a cadre of REPORTERS behind a barricade.

DAMIEN
You gotta be kidding. The action's
two blocks away.

AMANI GOLKAR, 30s, usually good-natured, shoves his badge in the soldier's face.

AMANI
See that? Full access. Means we
can crawl up any cavity we want.

SOLDIER
We'll take you through once the
relocation is completed.

AMANI
You mean after everyone's all cozy
in an internment camp?

The soldier steps to Amani. Damien cuts in.

DAMIEN
No one wants any trouble. Just
doing our job.

SOLDIER
And I'm doing mine.

He cuts him a fuck-you look then exits.

Damien hands his camera to Amani, his wingman/assistant/Man Friday/who knows/who cares? These two have been through the shit together. Brothers-in-arms.

Amani hits playback on the camera and scrolls through the photos.

AMANI
Powerful shit, man.

DAMIEN
Giving up their homes puts people
on edge. They won't go peacefully.

One reporter, NADER, 45, big, heavy, steps forward.

NADER
If Israelis move a snake, they cut
its head off first.

Amani removes the flash card from the camera, puts it in a box, and labels it with a black sharpie.

AMANI

(explains)

IDF cracked down on Hamas last night. Al-Fazir, Marrouk, Haniyeh. Two A.M. round-up.

DAMIEN

Those people don't need Hamas to tell them to throw rocks. We gotta ditch these babysitters or we won't get a single shot worth a dime.

He looks around. Several SOLDIERS stand watch.

WOMAN

If there's anyone good at giving people the slip, it's Damien Thorn.

Damien and Amani notice a woman who's moved so close, she's almost on top of them. Damien is shocked to see her.

KELLY BAPTISTE, early-30s, African-American, sharp, brilliant, gutsy. If anyone can hold her own with Damien, she can.

KELLY

I'm surprised to see you, too. Always figured we'd meet up again at some earthquake or tsunami.

DAMIEN

We were a natural disaster, weren't we?

KELLY

You certainly left your fair share of wreckage.

DAMIEN

And you seem to have bounced back just fine.

He leans forward and awkwardly kisses her on the cheek. She holds her ground, making him come to her.

They stare at each other, a lot being said in that one look. Amani clues in -- skeletons in the closet. Kelly turns to him and holds out her hand.

KELLY

Kelly Baptiste.

AMANI

Amani Golkar. You're the Kelly?

She's surprised Damien has mentioned her. Looking to change the subject, she goes back to business.

KELLY

We can catch up later over drinks.

DAMIEN

You always were all about the work.

KELLY

I was always about the truth.

(beat)

So how do we break out of this pen to cover the real story?

DAMIEN/AMANI

We?

KELLY

Running out on me already?

Damien looks around.

DOWN A STREET --

Military vehicles roll out toward the marchers.

Damien takes in the soldiers standing guard. A few leave their posts to help out elsewhere, leaving only one young soldier on watch.

DAMIEN

Remember that time in Milan?

KELLY

You mean the guy --

DAMIEN

-- with the thing.

He turns to Amani.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Did that sonofabitch Nader pay you your money?

AMANI

What are you talking about?

DAMIEN

That cocksucker owes you like \$500,
right?

KELLY

Stop being a pussy. Go over there
and get it.

AMANI

Pussy? We just met.

KELLY

Women's intuition.

She winks. Amani looks at her, surprised, then sees it's him
against her and Damien. He has no choice. He turns and
walks up to Nader as Damien and Kelly watch, amused. When
Amani reaches him, he shoves Nader hard in the chest.

NADER

Whatthafuckman?

AMANI

Give me my money, bitch.

Nader pushes him off and Amani goes after him like he's going
to beat his ass. The young soldier rushes forward.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Stop!

Damien smoothly slips under the barricade and cuts around the
corner. Kelly follows.

EXT. BEIT HANOUN STREETS - DAY

A great EXODUS. Palestinian families, their belongings tied
to the hood of their cars, stream through the streets. The
world's newest refugees.

Damien makes his way through the throng, snapping pictures as
he goes.

PHOTOS:

-- IDF SOLDIERS wave people along.

-- C.U. Of SOLDIERS' FACES. They're just kids. Scared pawns
in the game.

-- An old Palestinian WOMAN holds onto her door frame. She
doesn't want to leave her home.

-- A weary Palestinian MAN, his arms loaded with bags. A young GIRL sits on his shoulders.

-- Young Palestinian MEN face off against soldiers.

Damien clicks away. He clocks Kelly, who's talking into a cell phone. He snaps her PICTURE.

KELLY

The scene here is absolute pandemonium. A powder keg. Hundreds, if not thousands, of Palestinians are being forced to vacate their homes. Many clearly have no intention of going peacefully.

The loudspeaker BLARES again. A young OFFICER barks orders at his troops.

OFFICER

(in Hebrew)

Clear these streets now. Start at the end of the block and push forward.

People push past Damien and Kelly, all of them carry their belongings. Many of them help each other -- assisting the elderly, carrying children.

A military vehicle barrels through the street, right toward a young FAMILY. The young MOTHER carries a BABY and holds onto another CHILD. She doesn't notice that her YOUNG SON has fallen behind. The vehicle bears down on him.

Damien runs into the street and snatches the boy to safety just as the vehicle roars past. People pelt it with stones.

The boy's mother realizes how close she came to losing her son. As Damien hands him to her, she looks at Damien, her eyes wet with tears. An awkward moment between them. Damien doesn't like to get too close to his subjects.

Kelly films the streaming evacuees with a small DV camera.

POV KELLY'S DV CAMERA

The anguish on people's faces is palpable. Families clutch each other as they are guided along by IDF soldiers.

A bulldozer and other demolition equipment appears at the far end of the street.

People hurl rocks at it from all directions -- the street, windows, doorways, rooftops.

RESUME KELLY

She notices the OLD WOMAN (the same one Damien photographed moments before) standing in her doorway and turns her camera on her.

POV KELLY'S DV CAMERA

The Old Woman's face is heavily wrinkled -- an ancient look. A passing soldier SHOUTS. She exits her house and shuffles along unsteadily.

KELLY

This is an old tale often told.
It's been the state of affairs in
the Middle East for thousands of
years. You can see it in this
woman's face.

TIGHT ON OLD WOMAN

She trips and FALLS. No one notices. People TRAMPLE her.

Before Kelly can react, Damien dives into the crowd.

DAMIEN

(in Arabic)
Are you hurt?

He lifts her to her feet and steadies her. She straightens out, faces him, then --

Her hands shoot up quickly and grab his face. He tries to pull them off but her grip is so strong, he can't break it.

Her eyes roll back so they're WHITE.

OLD WOMAN

(American accent)
Damien, I love you.

Damien struggles to break her grip. He's freaked out -- frightened, angry, confused.

Kelly looks on in astonishment.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's all for you.

Damien stares at her in horror. He's stunned by how strong she is. He can't overpower her.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (in Latin, deep/guttural
 voice)
 HIC EST FILIUS MEUS DILECTUS IN QUO
 MIHI CONPLACUI.

BAM! A ROCK hits the woman's head and BLOOD SPLATTERS on Damien's face. She crumples to the ground, releasing him.

DAMIEN SEES --

The Palestinians throwing rocks and bottles at the soldiers, who are desperately trying to seek cover.

In a flash, the street has exploded into a RIOT.

People stampede toward Damien and Kelly, crashing into them.

Damien pulls her out of the way.

KELLY
 The woman!

Damien looks at the spot they were just standing but the crowd is so thick, he can't see the Old Woman on the ground.

Kelly is pushed aside by people running from soldiers trying to clear the street. She pulls one LITTLE GIRL to safety.

Damien pushes through the crowd toward the Old Woman, shoving people out of his way. When he finally reaches the spot, he looks around.

SHE'S GONE.

He scans the crowd but she's nowhere to be found.

THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! CRASH!

He looks up the street where --

BOYS drop bricks from the roof, pelting the soldiers below. One CRUMPLES. A few drop to the ground and cover their heads. Others have raised their shields together, forming a protective barrier, like a Roman militia. As the rocks bounce off, it sounds like heavy rain.

Kelly looks at Damien -- holy shit.

Damien instinctively raises his camera and steps toward the scene. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

THROUGH THE CAMERA

The soldiers are barraged by the children above.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Damien! Get out of there.

Ignoring her, he runs toward the melee. He reaches the soldiers and, crouching, crawls into their midst, underneath their shields. He pushes toward the middle of the pack, lies on his back under the shields, and shoots up at the boys.

THROUGH THE SHIELDS

Rocks rain down toward CAMERA like a meteor shower. THUD!
THUD! THUD! THUD!

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

CRASH! A rock smashes into the shield right above his lens.

SOLDIER

(to Damien)

Get out of here!

Damien points his camera everywhere and shoots furiously. He then gets to his feet and, still crouching under the shields, makes his way back to Kelly, who has taken cover by a car. She films the scene.

POV DV CAMERA

Damien stands at the end of the street, photographing the scene in front of him -- the soldiers being stoned from above.

BOY (O.S.)

AAAHHH!

RESUME NORMAL

Damien swings his camera and shoots as --

A young boy, 6, runs toward the troops. His face is full of pure hatred.

He reaches the edge of the troops and pulls his arm back like a baseball pitcher, ready to hurl a rock.

JUST AS --

An Israeli soldier in riot gear, his face hidden by the Plexiglas face mask, steps forward, his rifle outstretched as he leans into the boy's face.

They make a sick yin and yang: the boy leaning back, the soldier leaning in.

Behind the soldier is a PHALANX of soldiers.

It's David vs. Goliath.

CLICK.

FREEZE ON the IMAGE -- DAMIEN'S PHOTO.

CRAIG STRATER (O.S.)
 What the hell is Israel doing?
 This picture tells the whole story.
 It's clearly an occupation.

INT. CABLE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Two pundits, CRAIG STRATER and DAVE BARTH, sit at a curved news desk. They're both white, 50s, sanctimonious.

Across from them sits the show's host, CAROL VAN BUREN.

Damien's photo is frozen on a monitor in between the men and Van Buren.

The conversation is rapid-fire and overlapping.

BARTH
 Israel has a right to defend
 itself.

VAN BUREN
 My question is where's the
 Administration? Don't we need a
 new policy? The Middle East --

INT. ANOTHER STUDIO - INTERCUT

Damien sits uncomfortably in front of a TV camera. He wears an earpiece and listens to the pundits.

A PRODUCER stands behind the camera. She smiles reassuringly at Damien. He smiles back at her awkwardly. He's not used to being in front of a camera.

Behind the Producer, a monitor shows Damien's photo. As he focuses on it, PUSH IN ON Damien as he remembers --

The Old Woman grabbing his face.

OLD WOMAN
Damien, I love you.

BACK TO DAMIEN TODAY AS --

A MEMORY comes rushing back to him.

FLASHBACK -- THE OMEN (1976)

Damien's fifth birthday. OVER scenes of carousels and cotton candy --

NANNY (O.S.)
Damien, I love you.

Damien's NANNY, a noose around her neck, stands on a ledge on the second-story of the house.

NANNY (CONT'D)
It's all for you.

She jumps to her death and crashes through the window below.

BACK TO DAMIEN TODAY

VAN BUREN (O.S.)
... war journalist, Damien Thorn.
(beat)
Damien, can you hear me?

Damien comes back to the present. The camera's RED LIGHT is on. The producer stands behind it waving to him.

Damien composes himself.

DAMIEN
Thanks for having me, Carol.

BACK TO THE CABLE NEWS STUDIO

Where Damien has popped up on the screen surrounded by Van Buren and her guests.

VAN BUREN
Our pleasure. You really seemed to capture the moment in a single image. Describe the scene.

DAMIEN
It was a clusterfuck.

The other pundits REACT.

VAN BUREN

We can't use that sort of language.
Can you describe the scene in
more... civil terms?

DAMIEN

Both sides of this conflict are
good people -- civilians -- just
trying to live their lives. But
they're governed by deceitful
ideologues who have no serious
interest in peace.

VAN BUREN

What makes you say that?

DAMIEN

Each side claims a God-given right
to that land. Doesn't leave a lot
of room for negotiation.

BARTH

Of course Israel can make that
claim. The Bible --

DAMIEN

The Bible's a fairy tale for
terrified, childish people. You
really think the antics of a
vengeful super-Daddy should be the
basis for political policy? Come
on... even if he did exist, the
Jewish God broke the covenant with
his chosen people when he turned
his back on six million of them.
Can you pull up my other photos?

A PHOTO appears inside the screen -- A MOB chases a terrified
MAN through the streets.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

This is a Palestinian mob chasing
an Israeli man.

ANOTHER PHOTO appears -- The mob has the man pinned to the
ground. One MAN holds a knife to the victim's throat.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

They killed him in broad daylight.
No one tried to stop them.

ANOTHER PHOTO -- A throng of Palestinians carry a DEAD BOY
through the streets while his FATHER wails.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

The Israelis retaliated with an air strike. Where does it all end?

The pundits nod solemnly.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Both sides need to say enough is enough. Their leaders are full of shit. So is our administration. And most of all, so is their God. The people are on their own. They need to take matters into their own hands.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. TEL AVIV - BEACHFRONT HOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing. A luxury hotel sitting right on the beach.

EXT. TEL AVIV HOTEL - POOL - NIGHT

Beautiful GIRLS cross from the pool to the BAR, where a BARTENDER waits on a crowd three deep.

MUSIC BLARES. European TECHNO.

Amani has his arm around one of the girls. They stand near a cabana, where Damien sits with Nader and several other JOURNALISTS. Drinks are flowing. The conversation is rowdy and opinionated but Damien's silent -- distracted.

NADER

All the Palestinians were relocated to Beit Lahiya. My buddy has a place right in the middle of town. Rooftop has clean sight lines.

FEMALE JOURNALIST

There'll be protests all week. We want to be street level.

NADER

And risk getting stuck in a press area again?

(looks at Amani)

Not with those assholes.

AMANI

Gimme my money, bitch.

Everyone laughs and clinks glasses. Amani clocks Damien, who doesn't register the journalists' conversation or a young WOMAN checking him out. He's a million miles away. Amani raises his glass.

AMANI (CONT'D)
 Everyone, a toast. To my man,
 Damien. My OLD man... on his
 thirtieth birthday.

Damien looks at him in shock. He completely forgot his own birthday.

AMANI (CONT'D)
 Holy shit, you forgot.

He bursts out LAUGHING. Everyone else joins in.

AMANI (CONT'D)
 They say memory's the first to go.

NADER
 Who says that?

AMANI
 I can't remember.

They laugh. As they toast Damien, in the b.g., a GLASS falls to the ground and SHATTERS.

Damien reacts. PUSH IN as another MEMORY comes rushing back to him --

FLASHBACK -- THE OMEN (1976)

Damien rides his tricycle toward his mother, who stands on a chair near the railing. He crashes into her and she goes over the side. A fishbowl FALLS to the floor below and SHATTERS.

BACK TO DAMIEN TODAY, panicked.

He tries to shake it off then stands.

AMANI (CONT'D)
 You okay, boss?

Damien cuts through the dense crowd. As he presses through --

A PARTYGOER knocks him into the deep end of the pool.

BELOW WATER

Damien sinks to the bottom. Not swimming to the surface. Not fighting for air. It's QUIET here. Still. The peace of death.

Beat.

A topless GIRL jumps into the pool. Then a GUY. Then others. The fucks. They ruined his one moment of solitude. Damien swims to the surface and other partygoers dive in.

ANGLE FROM BELOW as Damien swims upward --

INT. KELLY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly feverishly types up her dispatch for the Times. She stops, flips through a reporter's pad and then -- double-checking the spelling of a name -- resumes typing.

She stops again, picks up her DV camera, connects it to her laptop, and downloads the file. A window pops up. She hits play on her keyboard.

INSERT SCREEN

The footage of the riot plays back.

Kelly rewinds it until --

She finds the Old Palestinian Woman who grabbed Damien.

She watches the footage. (It's a different, handheld angle than what WE SAW earlier.)

OLD WOMAN

I love you, Damien.

Kelly watches, fascinated.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's all for you.

She leans in to listen closely as the Old Woman speaks in Latin. She rewinds it and listens again.

INT. DAMIEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Camera moves through a messy hotel room. Clothes on the floor. Camera equipment everywhere. Find a worn, open copy of Dostoevsky's DEMONS.

A shirtless Damien slips out of his wet pants. He towels off then pulls on another pair of pants.

He crosses to a table and reaches into a bag, removing a leather folder on the table. (He carries his past with him.) He opens the folder, picks up a photo, and examines it.

PHOTO -- Young Damien with his parents, ROBERT and KATHERINE THORN.

Damien smiles to himself then picks up another photo.

PHOTO -- His father, confident, strong, a player on the world stage.

Damien lays that photo down then picks up a third.

PHOTO -- His mother, stunningly beautiful and glamorous, intelligent, full of love.

Damien brushes his mother's face with his finger.

He tosses the photo onto the table then sits there staring at the only two people who ever loved him. Stolen from him at the age of five.

BAM! The door busts in and five SPECIAL FORCES rush into the room. The lead soldier throws Damien to the ground and shoves a machine gun against his head.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL - NIGHT

Damien, in cuffs, is led toward an IDF convoy. Amani, also cuffed, stands beside a car. He's surrounded by SOLDIERS. Hotel GUESTS look on, including Kelly, Nader, and the other journalists.

AMANI

What the hell is this?

DAMIEN

(to soldiers)

Want to tell us what's going on?

SOLDIER

You'll find out when you get there.

Damien trades looks with Amani. They've been through shit before but this feels bad.

The soldier shoves Amani into a SUV. As another pushes Damien in, he catches Kelly's eye.

The soldier slams the door and the convoy takes off.

OFF Kelly, watching them go --

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

The convoy pulls alongside a C-130J SAMSON military transport plane and stops. Car doors open and soldiers step out. A MAJOR approaches, flanked by two soldiers.

Damien and Amani step out of the SUV.

MAJOR

Damien Thorn, Amani Golkar, by the order of the Israeli government, you are being deported.

DAMIEN

Why?

MAJOR

Your statements on the international news show threatened the safety of the Israeli people.

DAMIEN

What?

MAJOR

You called for an infitada.

AMANI

That's a lie --

DAMIEN

I said both sides have to stop waiting for their leaders to broker peace. They need to take matters into their own hands.

MAJOR

That's a call for an armed uprising. You're an enemy of the state.

DAMIEN

Bullshit.

He takes a step. Several soldiers draw their guns and train them on him and Amani. Damien freezes.

The Major glares at Damien then signals for the soldiers to put him and Amani on the plane.

AS they head toward the plane --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KELLY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly types on her keyboard and isolates the audio file. She hits play.

INSERT SCREEN

An audio file PLAYS. As the woman speaks Latin, we see a red line moving along a graph. It ends and Kelly plays it again, then listens to the woman speaking English. Clearly, two different VOICES.

She thinks a beat then checks her phone. Does some simple math in her head then dials.

KELLY

Alex, Kelly... Yeah, I think so.
You'll have it in a few hours...
I've got an audio file I need
translated. Something I heard on
the street. It's definitely not
Hebrew or Arabic... I'll send it
now. Thanks.

She sends the file then sits back and stares at the computer.

EXT. BEIT LAHIYA - DAY

PALESTINIAN PROTESTERS march down the street chanting anti-Israel slogans.

Kelly follows along. She approaches a group of WOMEN.

KELLY

(in Arabic)
Hello.

She pulls a photo from her pocket and shows it to them.

PHOTO -- The Old Woman who grabbed Damien's face.

They shake their heads. She smiles politely then continues on to another group of people. As she holds out the photo, her cell phone RINGS. She answers.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - INTERCUT

Damien walks down the street.

DAMIEN
Kelly, it's Damien.

KELLY
Are you all right? Where the hell
are you? I heard --

DAMIEN
New York. Listen, can you get to
Beit Lahiya? I have to find that
old woman, the one who grabbed me.

Kelly considers telling him she's way ahead of him. Instead,
she decides to make him work for it.

KELLY
Who was she?

DAMIEN
I don't know. Some crazy, stressed-
out woman losing her home saw my
press tag and got confused.

KELLY
(doesn't buy it)
She grabbed your face and said,
"Damien, I love you." What the
hell was that?

DAMIEN
I wish I knew.
(beat)
Can you find her?

Kelly looks at the crowded streets -- the proverbial
haystack.

KELLY
I don't know... why should I help
you?

DAMIEN
I can't do it myself.

She doesn't respond. Damien stops walking.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
What do you want me to say?

No answer.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
(tough for him)
Look, we had something. We did.
But I warned you. It wasn't going
to be easy. You knew that going
in.

KELLY
I was willing to make it work.

Beat.

DAMIEN
I had to leave, to --

KELLY
Just disappear? No explanation?

He knows how much he hurt her.

DAMIEN
It was the only way. You have to
trust me.

KELLY
I did trust you.

There's so much more they both want to say. Damien considers
it but --

DAMIEN
Can you find that woman?

KELLY
(disappointed)
I'll try.

DAMIEN
Thank you.

Beat. She wants him to say more. When he doesn't --

KELLY
Yeah.

She hangs up then looks around the street. AS she heads into
the crowd --

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON DAMIEN'S PHOTOGRAPHS from Israel.

A hand flips through the stack of photos.

CECI (O.S.)
I'll take the rest.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

CECI ORAN, 50s, sharp, a veteran editor who's been in the game so long nothing surprises her. She's meeting with Damien and Amani.

CECI (CONT'D)
I'm sure it'll get picked up by Time, HuffPo, maybe the New Yorker. Too bad you shot your mouth off. You might have been looking at a Pulitzer.

DAMIEN
Did you see the piece?

She nods.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Then you know I didn't call for an intifada.

CECI
The only call I care about was my boss asking why I'm still doing business with you.

Amani taps the photos.

AMANI
Because he's the only one who gets close enough. Admit it, Ceci, you still hire us because you love his big, hairy balls.

CECI
You know I'm gay, right?

She studies the photos.

CECI (CONT'D)
But he's right. You do get right in there.

Amani smiles.

CECI (CONT'D)
Shut up.

DAMIEN
You gotta get us back over there.

CECI
 Honey, that is just not going to happen. You're banned from entering Israel. Give it a few months. It'll blow over.

DAMIEN
 This can't wait.

CECI
 I'll give you another assignment. You can take your pick.

AMANI
 Anything with swimsuit models in St. Tropez?

CECI
 I don't do Spring Break.

AMANI
 I certainly hope not.

Frustrated, Damien stands and blows out of the room. Ceci and Amani trade surprised looks.

She takes a beat, then --

CECI
 He may be a great shooter but he'll drag you down. Let me give you an assignment of your own.

Amani realizes she's got his best interests at heart.

AMANI
 (shakes his head)
 I can't. Not after what we've been through. I'd be dead if it wasn't for him, remember?

She does.

AMANI (CONT'D)
 Thanks, anyway.

He exits. OFF Ceci --

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Damien waits in the reception area of a law firm that represents only the highest power brokers.

A MAN, Damien's age, sharp, approaches. This is CRAY MARQUAND. He has a silver spoon up his ass.

MARQUAND

Damien, long time.

Damien rises. They shake hands.

DAMIEN

Good to see you, Cray.

INT. LAW FIRM - MARQUAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Damien and Marquand are in a seating area within a spacious office.

DAMIEN

Many of your clients are in the political arena. I'm hoping you could make a few calls for ol' times sake, clear up this whole misunderstanding.

MARQUAND

I haven't seen you since you left Andover.

DAMIEN

Staying in touch is not one of my strong suits.

MARQUAND

You don't have other connections? I mean, you sat at the knee of a President.

DAMIEN

That was a long time ago.

(lies)

I could call Dean Behringer but he's got his hands full. I didn't want to call in a favor for something this small.

MARQUAND

The head of the IMF owes you a favor?

DAMIEN

Aren't favors what make our world
go 'round?

MARQUAND

Let me talk to some of my
colleagues, see if we can put our
heads together and figure something
out. I'm sure there's a solution.

DAMIEN

I appreciate that. I always said
you were one of the good ones.

INT. LAW FIRM - MOMENTS LATER

The door to Marquand's office opens. Damien and Marquand
step out and shake hands. Damien doesn't notice he was being
watched by --

JIM RUTLEDGE, 70s, well-dressed oligarch.

RUTLEDGE

Damien Thorn?

DAMIEN

Yes?

Rutledge extends his hand. They shake.

RUTLEDGE

Jim Rutledge. Last time I saw you
was at your father's funeral.

DAMIEN

You knew my father?

RUTLEDGE

Good man. Impeccable character.
Such a tragedy the way he went.

DAMIEN

I thought he fell ill.

Rutledge is surprised to hear Damien thinks that.

RUTLEDGE

Actually... it was a bit more
complicated than that.

DAMIEN

How so?

Beat. Rutledge decides to skirt the question.

RUTLEDGE

I see you were with Cray Marquand.
You went to Andover together.

DAMIEN

That's right.

RUTLEDGE

Such a shame that didn't fare so
well for you. Same at Exeter,
Loomis Chaffe, Yale, Oxford,
Cambridge. You'd think those
places would be more forgiving to a
boy so grievously orphaned.

(beat)

I hope Cray's smoothing things out
for you with the Israelis.

That surprises Damien. How would he know that?

DAMIEN

He said he'll do what he can.

Rutledge catches Damien's guardedness.

RUTLEDGE

I assume you sought his help. I
imagine it must be very important
to you to return to your work.

Damien eyes him suspiciously.

DAMIEN

You seem to know a lot about me.

RUTLEDGE

I wouldn't be doing my job if I
didn't keep my eyes and ears open
about Damien Thorn.

Damien's not sure what to make of that but one thing is clear
-- he does not like Rutledge.

DAMIEN

And what exactly is your job, Mr...

RUTLEDGE

Rutledge. I suppose where you're
concerned, it would be best to
describe it as the protection
business. I look out for special
interests.

DAMIEN

Whose?

RUTLEDGE

In my line of work, discretion is paramount. The key is to always maintain a presence without letting people know you've been there all along. Right over their shoulder. Every step of the way.

(smiles)

I just wanted to introduce myself. I look forward to seeing you again soon.

Damien looks at him.

RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)

Our paths will cross before you know it. I'm sure of it. Good to see you again, Damien.

He exits. OFF Damien, what the fuck was that?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - SUNRISE

The sun rises over the vast park, still deserted at this early hour.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - NETHERMEAD - DAY

A single RUNNER jogs alongside the great lawn.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON RUNNER

This time from within the woods. Watching from a distance. This is our STALKER POV.

TIGHT ON RUNNER

Damien pushes himself hard.

STALKER POV

As Damien races by, WE HEAR panting, as if our POV is that of a large animal.

STALKER POV starts to move, diving into the bush.

DAMIEN

-- now races through the thick woods. He's soaked with sweat and moving at a fast clip.

STALKER POV

-- crashes through the brush, barreling down on --

DAMIEN'S BACK

Damien's cell RINGS. He stops running.

STALKER POV slams to a stop as well.

Damien tries to catch his breath, checks his phone. It's KELLY. He answers.

DAMIEN

Yeah.

INT. SIMONE'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

KELLY
You all right?

He leans over on his knees, breathing heavily.

DAMIEN
Running.

STALKER POV watches.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Did you find her?

KELLY
I asked everyone who lived on that street. No one had ever seen her.

DAMIEN
That's impossible.

He SEES a figure in the bushes.

A ROTTWEILER. It sits, staring straight at him, panting hard. This is his stalker.

Damien watches it.

KELLY
I'm back in New York.

Not taking his eyes off the dog --

DAMIEN
What?

KELLY
I didn't find her but I found something else that you'll find interesting.

The rottweiler turns and disappears into the bushes. Damien stares in disbelief. Was the dog watching him?

KELLY (CONT'D)
You there?

DAMIEN
Yeah.

KELLY
I'll text you my address.

DAMIEN

Okay.

He hangs up. Peers into the woods then looks around suspiciously. AS he runs off --

INT. SIMONE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Damien (showered and changed) and Kelly sit on a couch in a small, stylishly decorated apartment. They watch Kelly's laptop.

ON LAPTOP

The Old Woman grabs Damien and speaks Latin.

KELLY

I had it translated. It's Latin. She's saying, "Here is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

That doesn't mean anything to him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

According to the Gospel of Matthew, when John the Baptist baptized Christ, the sky opened and a voice called out -- those exact words.

(off his look)

Christ was supposedly baptized when he turned 30. Isn't your birthday right around now?

DAMIEN

(nods)

It was. The day she grabbed me.

She takes that in. He drifts off, thinking about that -- his birthday --

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

There was a party. I was five. My parents were still alive. Ponies, carousels.

He remembers it fondly. She listens sadly.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Someone shouted out my name, that they loved me. My governess was standing on the roof in front of everyone, a rope around her neck.

(MORE)

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 She looked straight at me and said,
 "It's all for you." And then she
 jumped to her death.

KELLY
 I'm so sorry.

DAMIEN
 How could the Palestinian woman
 know those exact words?

She has no answer.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 This is why I left, Kelly. I
 couldn't drag you into this.

KELLY
 Into what?

DAMIEN
This... shit. My whole life. I
 told you. It doesn't make any
 sense.

KELLY
 (trying to understand)
 You're not making --

DAMIEN
 Deaths. My parents. This
 governess. Others. I don't
 remember them -- they're like parts
 of dreams. When I try to look at
 them, they disappear.

KELLY
 What do you remember?

DAMIEN
 Always feeling like there was
 someone else -- some thing -- like
 a dark cloud hanging over me.

The door opens. SIMONE BAPTISTE, 24, energetic, sharp,
 street chic, enters.

KELLY
 This is my sister, Simone.

Damien stands and shakes her hand.

DAMIEN
 Damien Thorn.

SIMONE

Oh, I know who you are. Nice to meet you. Don't let me interrupt. You guys need anything?

KELLY

We're good.

Simone can tell that's not true.

SIMONE

I'm gonna take a shower and get out of here.

(to Damien)

Make yourself comfortable.

She exits, trading looks with Kelly as she goes.

KELLY

I crash here when I'm in New York.

DAMIEN

This isn't your home?

She shakes her head.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

So what are you doing here?

Kelly's caught but doesn't miss a beat.

KELLY

I've got a few days of interviews with American Jewish leaders.

Damien doesn't believe her but doesn't push.

DAMIEN

I'll let you get back to it.

(re: laptop)

Thanks for all this.

He stands to exit.

KELLY

This woman could be tied to all those deaths in some way. To you. How are you going to find her?

DAMIEN

I have no idea.

He kisses her cheek then exits. Kelly watches the door then sits. Simone enters wearing the same clothes. She's been listening.

SIMONE

What are you doing? After the way
he took off... You do remember what
he put you through.

OFF Kelly, remembering all too well --

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Damien stands on a crowded train. He watches --

An OLD WOMAN, seated, clutching several shopping bags. Her head is covered, her face weathered. She looks back at Damien, fully aware he's watching her.

OFF Damien, thinking about someone else --

EXT. BROOKLYN - STREET - DAY

Damien walks up the block, head down. As he passes a VACANT LOT, a PEDESTRIAN moving in the opposite direction BUMPS shoulders with him. Damien is caught off guard and stops.

The Pedestrian keeps walking, seemingly oblivious to having just crashed into Damien.

Damien watches him, confused. He then notices --

ACROSS THE STREET

A YOUNG MAN watching him. The young man doesn't react. He just continues to stare at Damien.

Unsure of what to make of it all, Damien continues on his way.

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

A large format printer slowly spits out a photograph -- it's a murky blow-up of the Palestinian Woman.

Amani's hands pull it from the printer. Damien takes it and crosses to a wall where a wide metal strip runs the length of the room. He holds the photo up to it then places magnets on its corners so the photo is held onto the strip.

DAMIEN
That's her but there are others
much clearer.

AMANI
That's the only shot.

DAMIEN
I took at least three, four
singles.

AMANI
I've been through everything. I'm
telling you, this is the only
image.

Damien doesn't want to hear it.

DAMIEN
(circles woman)
Clean it up some more. Then we'll
go through everything again, even
if it takes all night.

AMANI
What's the big --

The doorbell RINGS. Damien looks at Amani, surprised, then --

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Damien opens the front door, revealing Kelly.

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Damien leads Kelly in. She enters and looks around.

The apartment is spacious and filled with natural light and not much else. A worn couch. A table covered with photographs. Some bookshelves packed with tattered books.

Lots of framed photos mounted on a wall. Feels more like a gallery space than someone's home.

She finds Amani, going over photo images on a laptop.

KELLY
I hope I'm not disturbing anything.

AMANI
Actually --

DAMIEN
We just finished up.

Amani holds his tongue.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
(to Amani)
See if you can find that. Call me
later.

AMANI
Sure thing.
(to Kelly)
I'd love to hang but you see how
the bossman is. Wants what he
wants.

KELLY
I know.

AMANI
(smiles)
Good seeing you.

KELLY
You too.

As he exits behind her, Amani cuts Damien a knowing look. Damien ignores him then watches Kelly saunter into the room. He waits for her to explain what she's doing here.

She doesn't. Instead, she approaches and examines a --

PHOTO -- Exterior of a bus in India. Inside, a WOMAN is trying to crawl out of a window while three MEN pull her back into the bus.

She studies it then the one next to it.

PHOTO -- A Mexican wedding, the scene of a bloody massacre. The BRIDE'S white dress is splattered with blood. She stands in the midst of a slaughter, SCREAMING in terror.

She drifts to the next --

PHOTO -- A SUDANESE MAN holds his head in his hands. Pure anguish.

KELLY (CONT'D)
What happened?

DAMIEN

His wife was beheaded by extremists who kidnapped his five children. If any survived, they're being raised as soldiers or slaves.

KELLY

Why do you have these hanging in your home?

Beat.

DAMIEN

The pain.

She doesn't understand if he means the pain of the people in the photographs or his own. She decides not to press.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

She crosses to the table and sorts through other photos. She then picks up the folder that holds the photos of Damien's family.

He watches her as she opens it and pulls out the photo of Robert Thorn then one of Katherine.

KELLY

She was beautiful. How did she die?

DAMIEN

Some sort of accident. I never got more than that.

She examines the photo of young Damien and his parents at his birthday party.

KELLY

Is this the party, when the girl hung herself?

He nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Not a lot of ink has made it online so I pulled from archives. No one reported what she said. Our woman must have heard about it firsthand.

DAMIEN

Some personal connection? That doesn't make any sense.

KELLY
How else do you explain it?

He can't.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I also found this.

She hands him a scanned clipping of a news article. The headline reads:

"FREAK ACCIDENT LEADS TO DECAPITATION"

There's a photo of KEITH JENNINGS.

She hands him another article, this one about his father. Her finger points to the photo's byline: PHOTO BY KEITH JENNINGS.

KELLY (CONT'D)
He knew your father.

DAMIEN
My father was a public figure.

KELLY
Another death. All within the same few weeks.

DAMIEN
Still doesn't explain anything about the old woman.

KELLY
This article says Jennings died near Megiddo, the archaeological site in Israel. That's not far from where she attacked you. I was able to access your father's travel log. It said he was in that exact region the very same day. That's too many coincidences for one area.

Damien studies Jennings's photo. PUSH IN on the PHOTO then --

FLASHBACK -- THE OMEN (1976)

ROBERT and KATHERINE THORN hold little Damien while

-- KEITH JENNINGS snaps a picture.

BACK TO DAMIEN TODAY

DAMIEN

He was the photographer at my party
when the nanny jumped to her death.

KELLY

You sure?

DAMIEN

Yes. He was there.

They trade looks. This is getting fucking weird.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

What would he want at Megiddo?

KELLY

He could have been with your
father. Or after him.

DAMIEN

Maybe there's someone there who
remembers if they were together.

KELLY

The excavation was run by Carl
Bugenhagen. He was also a renowned
biblical scholar. Died later that
same year. I located a doctoral
student who was working with him at
the time. He might be able to
connect this old woman to Jennings
and your father.

DAMIEN

To prove what? It's ancient
history.

She walks over to the magnetic strip and examines the photo
with the Old Woman. She then attaches the photos of
Katherine, Robert, Damien in their arms, and Jennings.

Beat. She and Damien take in the line of images.

KELLY

Look at this. You really want to
tell me it's not all connected?

OFF Damien, knowing it is --

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

Establishing.

A car enters frame and makes its way along a country road. The autumn trees blaze their array of colors.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DUSK

Establish the ivy-covered brick buildings of a quaint college.

In the b.g., the car winds its way toward CAMERA.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - BUILDING - DUSK

The car pulls to a stop. Damien and Kelly step out. They look around. Kelly crosses to the entrance and knocks. The door opens to REVEAL --

IGOR RENEUS. Late-60s, erudite but gruff.

KELLY

Professor Reneus, I'm Kelly
Baptiste. We spoke on the phone.

She hands him her business card. He squints at it.

RENEUS

(remembers)

Yes, yes, the woman from the
newspaper. You wanted to know
about my old teacher, Bugenhagen.

Damien extends his hand.

DAMIEN

Damien Thorn.

Reneus hesitates, does not accept Damien's hand. A beat as the two men size each other up.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

May I?

He pushes past Reneus into --

INT. RENEUS'S OFFICE - DUSK

Dark. Stale. The place is filled with manuscripts, maps, and artifacts. More of a museum warehouse than an office.

Damien enters and looks around.

He spies ancient religious artifacts -- Jewish, early Christian. On the wall --

A 1st century CRUCIFIX.

RENEUS

I'm afraid I don't have a lot of time.

Damien looks up at the crucifix. He shifts uncomfortably.

FLASHBACK -- THE OMEN (1976)

Little Damien sits in a car with his parents as they approach a church.

KATHERINE

Oh, it's just a church, that's all.

She takes Damien into her lap.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Robert...

ROBERT

Something wrong?

KATHERINE

He seems... I don't know, he seems scared to death.

ROBERT

Is he ill?

KATHERINE

No, he's just... he's just trembling all over...

The car pulls to a stop in front of the church. Damien stares at the steeple.

A PORTER opens the door for the family.

PORTER

Mr. Ambassador. Welcome, Sir.

ROBERT

Good morning.

As Robert exits the car, Damien FREAKS OUT, screaming, crying, and clawing at Katherine. Robert jumps back in the car to subdue Damien.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 (to Chauffeur)
 Drive on.

The car speeds off, away from the church.

OFF a young Damien, terrified --

BACK TO DAMIEN TODAY

He's shaken but pulls it together so Kelly doesn't notice.

KELLY
 Thank you for seeing us. Damien's
 father --

RENEUS
 I know exactly who you are, Mr.
 Thorn. You were a bit of an
 obsession for Dr. Bugenhagen.

DAMIEN
 Why is that?

Reneus looks at him suspiciously.

RENEUS
 Do you know who he was?

DAMIEN
 A biblical scholar.

RENEUS
 He was one of the world's leading
 experts on the Book of Revelation.
 I'm sorry, I forgot, I really have
 to --

DAMIEN
 My father sought him out. Why?

Reneus stares at him, hesitant to say more.

RENEUS
 It was a long time ago.

DAMIEN
 We've come a long way hoping to
 learn why my father -- a politician
 -- would seek out a biblical
 scholar. From what I've learned
 about him, he was not a God-fearing
 man.

Beat.

RENEUS

Your father wanted answers. About the Beast. The False Messiah described in the Book Of Revelation.

He pulls out a book and opens it for Damien and Kelly.

RENEUS (CONT'D)

A servant of Satan.

They look at him, puzzled.

RENEUS (CONT'D)

He's to be worshipped as a king. And then his true nature will be revealed. He'll become a tyrant like the world has never seen, plunging the world into darkness, plague, famine. The End of Days.

As he talks, they flip through the book, examining a series of medieval PAINTINGS depicting dragons, demons, hellish battle scenes, and finally, a triumphant Jesus.

RENEUS (CONT'D)

This dictator will wage war across the entire world until he is defeated by the returned Christ during the Final Judgment.

DAMIEN

The Antichrist.

RENEUS

That word is never actually used in Revelation but early church fathers said the Beast and the Antichrist are the same. Thessalonians calls him the Man of Lawlessness. The Devil has many names.

DAMIEN

What does this have to do with my father?

RENEUS

He was a diplomat, wasn't he?

Damien nods.

RENEUS (CONT'D)

Many people expect the Beast will
come from the world of politics.
When Revelation was written, it was
the Emperor Nero. He was
identified by his number. 666.

(to Damien)

Does that mean anything to you?

Damien thinks.

DAMIEN

No.

He wants to get the hell out of there. Kelly pulls out two
photos and shows them to Reneus.

KELLY

Do these people look familiar?

Reneus looks at the photo of Jennings then the Old Woman.

RENEUS

I don't believe so.

KELLY

The man was a photographer --

DAMIEN

(cutting her off)

Thank you for your time.

He exits. Kelly turns and follows. Relieved, Reneus looks
at the Crucifix, considers something, then goes after Damien.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Damien steps out of the building, followed by a surprised
Kelly and Reneus. When he reaches the car --

RENEUS

Mr. Thorn?

He descends the steps, takes Damien's hand, and puts
something in it. Damien opens his hand. A ROSARY. His hand
flinches in pain.

RENEUS (CONT'D)

He may not be fire and brimstone
but the Devil does exist. He lurks
in the dark corners of the heart.

Damien examines the rosary then tries to hand it back to him.
Reneus refuses.

RENEUS (CONT'D)
Accept Jesus Christ as your savior.

DAMIEN
Why are you giving me this?

Reneus presses.

RENEUS
Accept Christ.

DAMIEN
Like my father did? Look where it
got him.

Realizing Reneus won't take the rosary back, he puts it in
his pocket then turns and heads to his car.

Kelly smiles politely then follows Damien.

Reneus watches then reenters the building. The door behind
them slowly swings shut but doesn't close all the way. It's
left ajar.

Damien and Kelly stand by their car.

KELLY
Why'd you run out?

Damien looks back at the building then --

DAMIEN
This was a waste of time.

They get into the car and drive off.

INT. RENEUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON CRUCIFIX

TIGHT ON MEDIEVAL PAINTING OF THE DEVIL

EXT. COLLEGE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of Reneus's building and the surrounding campus.
Out of the darkness, cresting a hill, a SHAPE appears. An
animal.

The creature lopes toward us. ANOTHER ONE appears behind it, to one side. As they approach, a THIRD appears behind the other two.

WE CAN now make them out --

ROTTWEILERS.

Vicious-looking. Terrifying.

They head toward Reneus's office.

INT. RENEUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Reneus heads to the kitchen at the far end of the room. He steps into a small nook, turning his back to the rest of his office.

A couch blocks our view of the bottom of the door.

The door opens slowly but we don't see the rottweilers enter. We only HEAR them. Panting, snarling. Their feet padding on the wooden floor.

The room sits empty like a trap.

Reneus pulls a bottle of vodka from his freezer and fills a glass. He sips it then adds more vodka. He returns the bottle to the freezer then takes his drink and heads back into the other room.

He puts the glass down on a table, his back to us.

A rottweiler crosses behind him, between us and Reneus.

He picks up the book that Damien was looking at and flips through it. He lands on the picture of the Devil that Damien examined.

INSERT MEDIEVAL PAINTING OF THE DEVIL

Reneus studies it.

BUMP.

He startles and turns around to face --

THE EMPTY ROOM.

He looks about fearfully. Nothing. No one's there.

Without looking, he reaches for his glass but knocks it over.

SLO MO -- It falls to the floor and SHATTERS.

Reneus looks at the mess disappointedly. He bends down to pick up a jagged piece of glass and comes face to face with --

A ROTTWEILER.

It stares at him cruelly.

Reneus jumps back. His feet shoot out from under him and he falls on his ass. He pushes back away from the dog but --

A SECOND ROTTWEILER springs out of the darkness and clamps down on his jugular.

BLOOD SPRAYS everywhere.

Reneus SCREAMS and flails at the rottweiler, stabbing at it with the shard of glass. The glass rips into the animal but it only clamps down harder.

The first rottweiler attacks, ripping into Reneus's leg. He SCREAMS in pain.

The third dog lunges out of the darkness, its fangs bared.

The dog at his neck twists its head back and forth, splattering blood. It BREAKS his neck.

Reneus stops flailing.

TIGHT ON his eyes as they go wide with terror. He's still ALIVE.

The first rottweiler starts licking the blood from his severed carotid. The other two tear at his body, ripping pieces of flesh free and gulping them down.

RENEUS
(mumbles deliriously)
Our Father... who are in heaven...

His eyes drift upward.

THE CRUCIFIX

-- looks down on him coldly.

Reneus realizes Jesus will not save him.

AS the rottweilers rip him apart --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN - STREET - NIGHT

A rent-a-car cruises down the narrow street. It's RAINING HARD.

INT. CAR - INTERCUT

Kelly looks around for a parking spot but there are none. Damien points to --

A VACANT LOT

-- and Kelly guides the car into it.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

She kills the engine. They step out of the car.

The lot is more of a construction site than a parking lot. It's unpaved and is now a muddy field. Flimsy fences line the perimeter. There are pallets of building materials to one side.

They pick their way carefully through the mud then hurry out of frame.

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Damien and Kelly burst through the door. They are soaking wet. AS they pull off their coats --

INT. DAMIEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Damien, now wearing dry clothes, hangs up a wet towel.

Kelly enters behind him, wearing one of his T-shirts. She carries her drenched clothes and starts laying them over the shower curtain. Even though she has plenty of room, she's crowding him.

She turns. They both know the real reason she came in here.

They look at each other, both thinking this didn't work last time. Can it work now?

Embarrassed, she looks down and notices the hair in the sink. He registers that and puts his arms around her. Pulls her close.

They kiss. Deeply. Passionately. Completely giving themselves to each other.

He stops and looks into her eyes. They both feel they should be together. As they lean in to kiss again, her cell RINGS in the other room.

DAMIEN

Don't.

She kisses him quickly.

KELLY

You're not going anywhere.

She runs into --

INT. THE OTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She looks around for her cell -- still RINGING -- picks it up and answers.

KELLY

Hello?

(beat)

Yes, this is she... Who?... Yes, I was there today. How did you get --

(beat)

Oh my God!

INT. DAMIEN'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT

Damien knows the shit has hit the fan. Another death. Unexplained. Because of him somehow. He exits the bathroom and watches her.

KELLY

No... no. I don't have my notes with me. I'll have to call you back. Of course. Thank you.

She hangs up.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Reneus was killed. They think he was mauled by a pack of dogs.

He takes that in.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Where are my notes?
 (looks around)
 Shit, they're in the car.

She pulls on some sweat pants then grabs her coat. She rifles through the pockets frustratedly, looking for her keys. She's rattled.

Damien studies her.

TIGHT ON DAMIEN

He knows Reneus's death was one more in a long line somehow leading back to him.

DAMIEN
 Kelly --

KELLY
 Where are my keys?

DAMIEN
 You have to go.

KELLY
 What?

DAMIEN
 This is no accident. It has to do with me.

KELLY
 It's a coincidence. Don't see something that isn't there.

DAMIEN
 You're not safe.

KELLY
 What are you talking about?

DAMIEN
 I told you. You have to go.

KELLY
 I've been in war zones. I can handle whatever this is.

She pulls her keys out of a pocket.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Here --

DAMIEN
We're done.

KELLY
Stop.

He steps toward her.

DAMIEN
I never want to see you again.

KELLY
Stop --

DAMIEN
(angry)
You shouldn't have come here. I
shouldn't have called you. It was
a mistake.

KELLY
Don't say that.

DAMIEN
Leave me ALONE.

He is scaring the fuck out of her. Tears well up in her eyes. That breaks his heart. He sees how scared she is. He hates doing this to her but it's the only way to save her.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Get out.

She sees she was completely wrong. He's not the man she thought he was.

He glares back, hiding how much he cares for her.

Her heart broken, she grabs her things then opens the door and runs out into the rain.

OFF Damien --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kelly quickly makes her way toward the car. She's crying but the downpour washes away her tears. She enters the --

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

-- and gets in the car.

INT. CAR - INTERCUT

She breaks down. All of the anger, fear, humiliation, confusion -- it all comes pouring out. She sits there sobbing as the rain beats down on the car.

She takes a deep breath to pull her shit together. She puts the key in the ignition and starts the car. She puts it in reverse and hits the gas.

The car doesn't move. The rear wheel SPINS in the mud. It can't get any traction.

KELLY

Damnit.

She hits the gas harder but it's no use. She can hear the wheel spinning.

She puts the car in drive and tries to inch forward but the car doesn't move. She puts it back in reverse but it's stuck.

Kelly exits and examines the --

BACK WHEEL. It's sunk in the mud a few inches.

The rain continues to pour down -- a full torrent.

She looks back in Damien's direction and considers going back but she knows that's not an option. She looks around, frustrated, then SEES --

The pallets of construction material.

She heads toward them.

ANGLE ON A PIPE

-- in another part of the lot, near the car. It's backlogged with water because its mouth is blocked with debris. Water splashes over the debris.

BACK TO KELLY

She starts to rummage through the construction material until she finds a wooden board. She picks it up then crosses back to her car.

ON THE PIPE

The pipe continues to leak water over the debris.

BACK TO KELLY

She wedges the board under the wheel. She bends down to get it as far under as possible.

ON THE PIPE

The debris gives way and hundreds of gallons of water come spilling out. A river cuts through the mud, heading right toward the car.

BACK TO KELLY

Kelly, trying to avoid the mud as much as possible, is finally satisfied with the board's placement. She turns but slips and falls just as --

The river from the pipe reaches her. It floods the area under the car so she's now in a puddle.

She tries to push herself up but the ground below her gives way so she sinks down a bit, just below her knees. She grabs the car and tries to pull herself up but sinks to her waist. She looks over --

ON THE PIPE

Hundreds of gallons of water continue to spew forth.

BACK TO KELLY

She's terrified --

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Damien paces worriedly. He made the right decision. No, he fucked up. He knows it. He fucked up by driving her away. He makes a choice. Grabs his jacket, opens the door, and rushes out. He's going after her.

EXT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Damien runs down the steps.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

The pipe continues to spew forth more and more water.

ON KELLY

She struggles but only slips down further.

The car lurches and SINKS up to the middle of the window.
Kelly looks on in horror.

A SINKHOLE is opening up under her.

She SCREAMS.

EXT. BROOKLYN - STREET - NIGHT

Damien runs through the rain. Kelly's scream stops him cold.
He hears another then races down the block toward the vacant
lot, splashing through the torrential rain.

He reaches the lot and races in to find --

Kelly, now sunken up to her chest. She reaches out for him.
Desperate.

KELLY

Please!

He splashes into the mud and reaches for her.

TIGHT ON their hands as they clasp.

He grabs her tightly.

DAMIEN

Hold on! I've got you.

He starts to pull her out of the mud but it's sucking her
down. Only her upper body is free. She looks at him
pleadingly.

He pulls with all his strength. Her body slowly starts to
emerge from the mud.

The car falls down deeper, up to the middle of the windows.

Damien strains. It's as if the earth itself is fighting him.

Kelly tries to pull herself free. Her hand slips but he
catches her. She clutches on to him.

His legs thrash in the mud as he tries to get some footing.
He pulls her toward him.

She starts to come free. Her body slowly emerges when -- her
eyes go white.

KELLY

Something grabbed me!

He looks at her in horror and then --

She's WHISKED out of his hands and SUCKED UNDER THE MUD,
completely out of sight.

GONE!

FROM BELOW:

Damien lunges after her, toward CAMERA.

DAMIEN
Kelly! Kelly!

RESUME DAMIEN

He frantically digs in the mud --

CRANE SHOT:

AS the rain pours down, he digs for her with his bare hands --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. VACANT LOT - THE NEXT DAY

The sun SHINES brightly high in the sky. It's already afternoon.

The lot is filled with emergency WORKERS -- FDNY, NYPD, CONSTRUCTION, ETC.

The street is blocked off, lined with emergency vehicles.

BULLDOZERS push away the mud toward the far end of the lot where a backhoe lifts it out of the way.

Dozens of WORKERS dig in the spot where Kelly disappeared.

Damien stands to the side, still wet and muddy, staring into what is now a huge hole.

Amani stands beside him. He looks at his friend compassionately. Damien doesn't acknowledge him. He's in shock.

A cell phone RINGS. Amani looks around then SEES --

INT. CAR - INTERCUT

Kelly's phone RINGING. It says SIMONE.

Amani nods to Damien, who then notices the phone.

Beat.

Damien opens the car door and answers the phone.

EXT. VACANT LOT - LATER

Damien and Amani continue to watch the excavation. A crowd has gathered around them.

Simone pushes her way through.

SIMONE

Let me through. I'm her sister.

Damien meets her.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Did they find her?

DAMIEN
Not yet.

SIMONE
How? How did this --

WORKER (O.S.)
Here!

There's a commotion in the pit as other workers rush forth.

Damien watches sadly. He knows what's coming. He puts his arm around Simone.

KELLY'S BODY is pulled from the mud. The workers lift her onto a wooden bench board and pull her out of the pit.

Damien, Simone, and Amani watch as a DOCTOR leans in and examines her. She's DEAD.

SIMONE
No.

Damien takes a small step toward Kelly. Simone goes with him.

As the workers tend to her body, Damien and Simone cut through the crowd.

Kelly's body is dripping with mud.

Damien's heart breaks. Amani looks away. Simone breaks down.

A POLICEWOMAN gently puts up her hand to signal they should step back. She gestures to other emergency workers who lean in and remove the body toward a Medical Examiner's van.

Damien, Simone, and Amani look on, crushed, as they take Kelly away. Damien puts his hand in his pocket but flinches -- something burned him. He pulls out --

THE ROSARY.

He stares at it, the CROSS at the end dangling free. The sunlight glints off it. He examines it as if looking for an answer. He then clutches it in his fist and shoves it back in his pocket.

He puts his arm around Simone.

DAMIEN
I'll take you home.

He leads her out of the lot. Amani looks back at the pit and shakes his head sorrowfully.

OFF Damien and Simone, leaving the wreckage behind --

INT. SIMONE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Damien opens the door for Simone. She enters. He closes the door, then follows her into the living room. She sits.

DAMIEN
Can I get you anything? Some tea?

She doesn't answer.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Is there anyone I should call?

Beat. She wells up.

SIMONE
This will kill my parents.

DAMIEN
Should I...

Beat.

SIMONE
My mother always teases that my
father wanted sons but...
(fondly)
His girls.

Damien has no answer.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Will you stay a minute, until...

DAMIEN
Of course.

He sits then looks around uncomfortably. They sit in silence.

SIMONE
She's really...

He nods.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

How?

He has no answer.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Do you think she suffered? Was she scared?

Damien knows she was.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

You did everything you could.

He shifts in his seat.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

We were always afraid her plane would go down or she'd be hurt in the field. She was fearless. I told her once I wanted to be like her but she said it was too dangerous. I do fashion shoots instead.

She realizes how pointless that is.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

She's in a better place.

Damien doesn't respond.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

You don't believe that.

DAMIEN

I didn't say.

SIMONE

Then you do believe she's in Heaven?

DAMIEN

I don't know what to believe.

SIMONE

This can't be all we have. She can't be gone.

He doesn't answer. What would be the point?

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I believe Christ suffered, died, and was buried.

(MORE)

SIMONE (CONT'D)
He rose on the third day. For us.
I believe that.

Damien doesn't argue.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
(thoughtful)
He rose again.

Beat. She picks up the phone and dials.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Dad?

OFF Damien, knowing what comes next --

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Establish. A stone cathedral. Monolithic. Imposing.

Damien approaches. He looks up at the --

STEEPLE.

He takes a step toward the steps but suddenly stops. He's sweating, having trouble breathing -- SICK.

He looks up at the church, a look of terror on his face. He steels himself then forces himself up the steps.

INT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Damien stumbles into the empty church and walks toward the altar. His footsteps echo throughout as he makes his way up the long, dark nave.

DAMIEN'S POV

A large, marble CRUCIFIX hangs behind the altar.

TIGHT ON DAMIEN

He's sweating profusely and is white as a ghost as he inches closer to the crucifix.

He reaches the altar and takes it all in. He starts to pace like a caged animal. He looks up at the crucifix.

DAMIEN

What do you want from me?

The crucifix looks down on him.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Tell me, what did I ever do to you?

TIGHT ON THE CRUCIFIX

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

My mother. My father.

BACK TO DAMIEN

He pulls the rosary from his pocket and studies it.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
How many more?

He throws it. It hits the crucifix.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU! You didn't have to kill
her...

No answer.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Why? Why her?

The crucifix stares at him.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
ANSWER ME!

He charges the crucifix and grabs Christ's face with both hands.

They BURN.

He pulls them away then stares at the statue murderously.

He EXPLODES. He grabs Christ's face roughly then starts to pull with all his might. All of his anger, grief, disappointment, RAGE, comes spilling out in this one act. He must kill the Christ.

He RIPS the crucifix from the wall. It tears off, the wall crumbling behind it. He throws it to the ground.

WIDE SHOT

The crucifix falls to the floor and SHATTERS.

TIGHTER, DIFFERENT ANGLE

The crucifix falls to the floor and SHATTERS.

TIGHTER -- SLO-MO

The crucifix falls to the floor and SHATTERS. A CLOUD of dust rises toward the camera.

CLOSE-UP

The marble head of Christ rolls to the side and comes to a rest, looking up at us.

Damien looks up at the crucifix in horror and then --

his darkest, deepest MEMORY comes rushing up at him.

FLASHBACK -- THE OMEN (1976)

Richard Thorn drags a screaming 5 year-old Damien through a church to the altar. He throws him down and unwraps a set of ancient knives. He raises one and lifts it, ready to plunge it into his son's neck.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Please, Daddy, no. No, Daddy, no.

ROBERT THORN

God help me.

POLICE enter, guns raised.

POLICE

Police! Stop or I'll fire.

Richard hesitates then drives the knife down.

The cop SHOOTS.

BACK TO DAMIEN TODAY

He's reeling, almost doubled-over in pain. His father tried to kill him.

He forces himself to exit, leaving the altar in ruins.

EXT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Damien flees the church. As he hurries down the steps he SEES --

The OLD PALESTINIAN WOMAN from Israel, the one who grabbed his face and spoke to him.

He's shocked. How can it be her?

DAMIEN

It's you.

She looks straight at him, disinterestedly. He charges her.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

It is you. How did you get here?

She doesn't answer.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Why did you say those things?

She looks at him confused then moves away fearfully. He grabs her by the arm.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Tell me. Who are you?

He takes her by both arms and shakes her. The Old Woman SCREAMS.

MAN #1
Leave her alone.

Two MEN approach.

MAN #2
Get away from her.

The Old Woman GRABS DAMIEN'S HAIR. He tries to pull free but she holds on with almost inhuman strength. He writhes in pain but can't break her hold.

As the men reach Damien, the Old Woman YANKS hard and with a sickening tearing SOUND, rips out a clump of hair. The men push him away.

Damien clutches his scalp then examines his hand. BLOOD.

The men stand protectively between Damien and the Old Woman.

MAN #1
Are you all right?

The woman drops the clump of hair at Damien's feet. Damien takes it all in then heads off, leaving the Old Woman behind.

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Damien stands at the mirror applying a washcloth to the back of his head. He removes the cloth. It's pink with blood.

He leans into the mirror and examines the wound. There's a patch of hair missing. Damien studies it then notices something. He twists his head, trying to get a better angle, but can't quite make it out.

He opens the door on the adjacent medicine cabinet. He angles the two mirrors, adjusts his head, then SEES IT --

666

The birthmark he never knew he had. OFF Damien, what the fuck is going on? --

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Damien picks up a full bottle of whiskey and pours a stiff one.

INT. DAMIEN'S BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Damien carries his drink and the bottle, now two-thirds empty, over to a desk, lit by a single light. The room is otherwise dark.

He sits down at the desk and opens his laptop. He then picks up his camera and removes the memory card. He inserts it into the side of the laptop.

A file of photos pops up. He starts clicking through it.

SERIES OF PHOTOS:

-- Israeli soldiers and Palestinians from Beit Hanoun.

-- The photos taken through the riot shields.

-- The now-famous photo of the boy vs. the soldiers.

-- The photo he took of Kelly.

Damien studies the last one carefully. Heartbroken.

BACK TO SCREEN

He closes that photo then clicks on some others taken later that same day. As he clicks through them, WE SEE different familiar images of the clearing of the Palestinian town.
UNTIL --

BACK TO DAMIEN

He stops and stares at the screen disbelievingly.

PHOTO ON SCREEN

WE SEE Damien's back to us as he tries to save Kelly in the vacant lot. She's stuck in the mud, reaching out to him, toward CAMERA.

(POV is just over Damien's shoulder, NOT an angle we saw before.)

BACK TO DAMIEN

Damien looks on in horror. There's no way that photo can exist.

BACK TO PHOTO

Kelly's face. Pure terror.

He shakes his head sadly. Then he SEES --

A FACE in the partially submerged car, right next to Kelly.

He enlarges it.

It's the OLD PALESTINIAN WOMAN staring directly at the camera.

RESUME DAMIEN

He takes a beat then looks at the screen again.

The face is there, staring back at him coldly.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He then looks at the photos on his wall. He stares at them fearfully then crosses to them.

PHOTO -- The wedding massacre. He examines it until he finally SEES --

The Old Woman's face in the b.g., one of the wedding guests.

He moves to the next one.

PHOTO -- The Sudanese man whose family was abducted. The Old Woman's just over his shoulder but clearly in plain sight.

He goes to the next one.

PHOTO -- The bus in India. There, to the side -- the Old Woman's face.

Damien is stunned.

He looks around nervously, then moves to the photos Kelly hung on the magnetic strip.

PHOTO -- The one Jennings took at his 5th birthday party. Young Damien with his parents. The happy family.

He examines it closely.

TIGHT ON PHOTO -- She's THERE. The Old Woman, standing directly behind them, looking straight at the camera. She looks exactly the same -- not a day younger even though this photo is 25 years old.

Damien looks at the photo and realizes she -- IT -- has been there his whole life. Following him. Protecting him?

What does it want? Why him?

HIGH SHOT

Damien, alone in the spotlight -- a single shaft of light -- the pictures before him, enveloped by darkness --

CAMERA PULLS BACK --

PASSING THROUGH THE WINDOW --

DRIFTING ACROSS THE STREET --

AND THEN LOWERING DOWN TO FIND --

EXT. STREET - ACROSS FROM DAMIEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A ROTTWEILER looking up at Damien's window.

CAMERA REVEALS --

Two other rottweilers beside him. All sitting obediently.

Then, CAMERA FINDS --

Nine more, a dozen in total -- twelve DISCIPLES -- the beginnings of an army -- waiting patiently for their master.

THE END