

ABADDON

Written by

Out on a Limb

ABADDON

"PILOT: AWKWARD FAMILY AFFAIR"

TEASER

FADE IN

EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE- EVENING.

Small. Far from anything special. The front yard occupied by tall, long uncut grass.

The curtains are closed at the windows to the property, but we see the light coming from inside absorbing them.

Someone's home surely.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Officials have warned the general public to take extra precautions when locking their properties at night, ensuring to have all possible entryways into their homes secured, most notably their doors and windows--

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM- CAPE COD HOUSE- EVENING.

CLOSE UP ON TV NEWS CHANNEL.

An ANCHORMAN continuing the report:

ANCHORMAN

Such precautions have arisen after a woman named Samantha Field was found two weeks ago at her home, stabbed to death, the perpetrator having got in through an open window it seems. Police believe this to be linked to the other two murder victims also found dead in their homes under similar circumstances within the last two months--

CUT TO MAN (50's) lying supine on the ground. Head cocked to the side. Eyes wide open. Painted in blood. Dead.

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF BLACK LEATHER GLOVED HANDS OF ANONYMOUS FIGURE. They wipe a kitchen knife clean of blood.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

As of right now, there have been no prime suspects for any of these cases--

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE puts the knife in a black bag they are carrying over their shoulder. They then cross over to towards the body, standing over it. Casting a shadow.

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

Police encourage anyone who might have any useful information regarding these homicide cases to contact them immediately. And if you have any concerns having listened to this report then do not hesitate to contact us on our usual line--

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE walks away from the body, crossing over to a desk. Looking in the drawers.

They find a PICTURE. One of the DEAD MAN, MUCH YOUNGER, maybe thirty, sitting, laughing, his arm around a blonde woman of similar age (her looking almost a little uncomfortable). It looks like they are sitting in a bar. Another man of similar age sits with him, also looking like he's having a good time. On the bicep of the dead man visible in the photo we see what looks like a red tattoo of an insect... a grasshopper perhaps?

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE stares at the photo a little longer, then returns it to the drawer.

They walk away.

INT. BEDROOM- EVENING.

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE explores the bedroom. Looking in drawers, under the bed etc. Leaving a mess.

They approach the closet, ripping back the clothes. Nothing behind. They look underneath the rack. Nothing.

They then look up, seeing storage boxes. They lift them down. Placing them on the ground. Opening them up, searching through them.

More photos, random documents... A cassette tape. 07/23/2006 is written on it.

Then a black leather book. The *grasshopper* we saw in the photo printed in red on the cover.

They lift the book out. Opening to the first page. Handwritten note reading: *Property of Jaden Brown.*

They turn over the page.

A medieval style etching of a demonic being with snarling teeth, rams horns and monstrous wings.

Abaddon: *Angel of the Abyss, God of Destruction.*

They close the book, getting up, taking their found artifact with them.

They walk out the room.

INT. HALLWAY- LEADING TO LIVING ROOM- EVENING.

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE, book in hand, walks down the hall. Towards--

INT. LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS.

Where the TV still plays. Where the dead body still lies.

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE stands by the open entryway into the living room. They take one last look at the body.

Then they're gone. Heading towards the front door. Walking out, leaving the door open--

CUT TO-- CLOSE UP OF DEAD MAN'S FACE. The eyes still wide open. The sound of the TV playing in b.g.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDIT SEQUENCE

ABADDON

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BEDROOM- HOUSE- MORNING.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF MAN (mid 20's) lying prone, splayed out across his bed. Exhausted even in his sleep.

This is GREG RILES. Formerly GREG BROWN. A tortured soul who's lived a strange life, one he is not proud of, one he is embarrassed by, and one he feels he's being punished for.

The house phone on his desk by his bed rings, waking him.

He answers.

GREG

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Hello, is that Mr. Riles?

GREG

(coming to)

Uh, yes, this is Mr. Riles.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Mr. Riles, this is Detective Wilson. I regret to inform you that your uncle, Mr. Jaden Brown, was found dead last night in his home.

GREG

What?

DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

He'd been stabbed multiple times. The death has been ruled a homicide.

GREG

Oh my God.

DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

You were his next of kin, so you've been the first to know. In the meantime--

`GREG
 Wait. I'm sorry, did you say I was
 his next of kin?

 DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Yes.

 `GREG
 (confused but)
 Right. Ok.

 DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 We would like to ask if you could
 pay a visit to Peteboro station at
 some point within the next few
 days, just to discuss some things.
 Would that be ok?

Greg glances over to a photo frame on his desk by the phone
 cradle station. A photo lives inside the frame: one of a
 TEENAGED GREG and a RED-HAIRED WOMAN, the latter holding a
 newly-born infant in her arms.

 DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (over phone)
 Mr. Riles, are you there?

A split second then:

 `GREG
 Uh, yeah. Yeah, I'm there--here.

 DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Will you be able to come down to
 the station within the next few
 days? To talk?

 `GREG
 (beat)
 Yes, that's fine.

 DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Much appreciated, Mr. Riles.
 Apologies for not saying so
 earlier, but we are hugely sorry
 for your loss.

 `GREG
 Thank you.

He hangs up the phone. Keeping hold of it in his hand.

GREG

Shit.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dad?

Greg looks over to the bedroom door, to where his SON CALLUM (9) stands in his PJs within the door frame.

GREG

Sorry Callum, did the phone wake you?

CALLUM

Was it mom?

GREG

(reluctant to disappoint; sad about it himself)

No. Maybe next time.

CALLUM

(disappointed)

Ok.

Greg holds his arms out to his son.

GREG

Come here.

Callum crosses over to him, joining his father in bed, accepting his embrace.

GREG (CONT'D)

We can still do fun things together, right?

CALLUM

Like go to *Chuck E. Cheese* every day?

GREG

Wouldn't you get bored of that after a while?

CALLUM

Nope. I love pizza. And I could never get bored of winning prizes.

GREG

(chuckles)

Can't imagine *anyone* would.

Long beat.

CALLUM

Dad?

GREG

Yeah?

CALLUM

When do you think she'll come back?

Greg sits with his son in silence, having no idea what to say to that.

INT. GREG'S CAR (MOVING)- DAY TIME.

Greg drives through the centre of town.

A song plays on the radio as he drives-- he switches stations. Songs, commercials etc. Eventually he lands on a station where the presenters are discussing a topic very close to home:

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

(over radio)

Police have ruled it as a homicide, and are currently looking into whether or not this has any link to the other murder cases that have happened recently. Of course, there's already been speculation about whether or not this is some Abaddon community doing. I mean I'm not too sure about it given that the group has not been active for quite some time now.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

(over radio)

Could've been something preplanned back when it was still active. One of them just finally chose to do it... or maybe one of them finally became crazy enough to go *completely* off the rails.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

(over radio)

Man I remember the kids standing on the street corners, preaching about their demonic lord, handing out flyers trying to get others to join their *cause*.

(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They could be very young. I can never remember how many there were exactly.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
(over radio)
 Wasn't one kicked out?

Greg reacts to this... are they referring to *him*?

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
(over radio)
 Think so. Man, what would it be like being them? Can't imagine it'd be easy to explain to people how their past life was spent believing that a demon was their Lord and Savior, and that once upon a time, they were encouraged to burn down churches and--

Greg turns off the radio abruptly. Continuing to drive.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- POLICE STATION- DAY TIME.

Greg sits by himself at a large table in the centre of the room.

DETECTIVE MELANIE WILSON (20's), black, attractive, talented but a rookie at present, walks in. She holds a file in her hand.

WILSON
 Mr. Riles?

GREG
 Yeah?

She nods, closes the door behind her. Crosses over to the desk.

WILSON
(sitting down)
 Detective Wilson, we spoke on the phone earlier.

GREG
 Yes of course.

WILSON
 Thank you for coming in today, and once again we are really sorry for your loss.

GREG

Thank you.

WILSON

How are you feeling about it all?

GREG

Um, well it's... well I don't really know.

WILSON

You don't really know how to feel about it?

GREG

I haven't spoken to my uncle in quite a long time.

WILSON

How long?

Greg thinks.

GREG

Seven years.

WILSON

Might that explain your confused reaction when hearing you were his next of kin?

GREG

Yeah. I think it might.

WILSON

(beat)
I'm sorry Mr. Riles, I don't mean to make you uncomfortable. I understand that such family history like yours might difficult to talk about.

GREG

No it's fine, it's fine.

(beat)
Can I ask you a question? Do you think what happened to my uncle has anything to do with these other murders?

WILSON

It's a possibility. All other victims were found under similar circumstances.

GREG

And do you think it might have something to do with... with my family's previous beliefs in... in you know...?

WILSON

I'm not sure. Do you?

Beat.

GREG

I don't know. I mean I know that certain communities can end up doing pretty... horrific things, but we-- it-- wasn't like that. The cause wasn't about killing people.

WILSON

What was it about?

Long beat.

How to answer.

GREG

It's a good question.

Silence.

INT. GREG'S CAR (MOVING)- DAY TIME.

Greg drives through town. He remains stoic in expression, but a lot rides on his mind.

He comes to a traffic light. We see him narrow his eyes on something.

CUT TO CLOSEUP ON RIGHT HAND TRAFFIC LIGHT. A sign attached to it. It reads: KUNKLETOWN COUNTY.

He stares at it. Almost as if intimidated by it.

He then glances over to something sitting on the hood of his car. An insect. Similar to the grasshopper-looking creature on Jaden's stolen book.

The way Greg stares at it, it's like he knows it well. Not that he's happy that he does.

He looks back up towards the sign.

The light turns GREEN. But Greg remains, staring.

The car behind him horns aggressively. Greg snaps back into it, and instead of going straight as he had planned, he puts his blinker on, turning right.

INT. CAR (MOVING)- OPEN ROAD- DAY TIME.

Greg, nervous, drives down the road, forest either side of him.

He makes a right, heading up into a more secluded forestry area, the trees casting shadows over him as he drives.

INT. CAR (MOVING)- FOREST- DAY TIME.

Greg drives and parks up in the open forest.

He switches the engine off, sitting back, thinking.

Should I really do this?

He sits there for a few more beats.

He then gets out the car.

EXT. FOREST- DAY TIME.

Greg walks through the forest, his pathway snowed with leaves, twigs, etc. The sunlight cracks through the open tree gaps. We hear the ambient muffled sounds of birds, the wind, animals etc.

He keeps walking. Eventually the trees start to thin. He enters an open space. Sunlight no longer suppressed here.

He looks out to something.

CUT TO WIDE SHOT OF OPEN HAYFIELD. The grass left uncut for quite some time. The sun beaming down on it, giving it a nice glow.

It's rather a nice view... until you see the old, dilapidated wooden property poking up through the grass, looking very much out of place in the otherwise perfect image of tranquility.

We then CUT BACK TO GREG. Made uncomfortable by the sight of this house.

He takes a deep breath. Then moving out towards the property.

EXT. DILAPIDATED PROPERTY- DAY TIME.

Greg slowly approaches the property where the grass surrounding it is flat.

He walks up to the property, taking it in:

It is much worse closer up. The exterior consists of old chunks of mismatched wood that have been hammered together, resulting in the joint looking pretty lopsided. It's like a cross between a poorly built barn and an abandoned treehouse project, deserted years and years ago.

Greg takes a moment before walking in.

INT. VESTIBULE- DILAPIDATED PROPERTY- DAY TIME.

Greg is greeted by a door to the right of him.

He peers through the open door. Into a kitchen space. Two of the four walls (where old rose wallpaper peels off) are taken up by wooden counters, an old fashioned stove, sink, with old dishes etc. (some notably still marked with old rotting food which vermin help themselves to) covering the surface of the counter tops.

In the centre is a rusting iron basin you might expect a puritan in the 1700s to use. Old, dirty water still sits in it.

Greg moves away, walking further up the hall. Up ahead is a staircase leading up to presumably an attic space. He climbs it.

INT. ATTIC SPACE- DILAPIDATED PROPERTY- DAY TIME.

Greg walks into the room consisting of TWO ROWS OF WOODEN BUNK BEDS, the bed frames splintered, rotten, the mattresses filthy. A large window occupies the back wall.

He walks down the middle, darting his eyes about the beds. Stopping at one lower bunk in particular. One empty, devoid of a mattress.

He looks with a sullen expression. The life, identity of who might've occupied it is gone.

INT. HALLWAY- DILAPIDATED PROPERTY- DAY TIME.

Greg walks down the stairs, moving further down the hall.

At the end of the hall are TWO DOORS. One is wide open. Greg peers in, seeing a back bedroom with a king sized bed in the middle (the frame a little worn out, the sheets unkempt as if someone had rushed out of the bed *that morning*) a dresser to the side, some books on the ground, and some old clothes.

Greg moves to the CLOSED DOOR. He turns the knob, entering into--

INT. BEDROOM- DILAPIDATED PROPERTY- DAY TIME.

Another king sized bed in the centre, in overall better condition than the rest of the beds we've seen, but with the sheets also unkempt. A red crucifix hangs upside down above the bed on the curtain railing behind it. A dresser sits adjacent to the bed. The floor is littered with old leaflets, brochures promoting the ABADDON COMMUNITY- the same insect image as seen on Jaden's stolen book visibly printed on the front of the literature.

Greg takes it in, remembering it. He walks further in, towards the back. He stops at the dresser, there are a few photo frames sitting on the top: the first is another copy of the SAME PHOTO we saw at Jaden's property in the teaser, where he is at the bar with a woman and another man. The next one is of the SAME MAN from that other photo standing next to the SAME WOMAN in what looks like BLACK wedding attire, outside a church maybe? The last photo is of that same couple, Jaden, and a group of four boys and three girls, different ages, dressed in black baggy clothing, wearing no shoes, standing outside a small shed-size building in a forestry area. They look at us with almost demonic expressions, their arms folded in front of them.

Greg FOCUSES on ONE BOY (16) in particular, standing in the middle row, looking no different in expression or stance than the others.

It is Greg in a former life. *How times have changed.*

Greg then looks to the building in the background of the photo. Knowing exactly what it is. Knowing exactly where to find it.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL- DAY TIME.

Greg makes his way through the forest, crossing over a small stream.

EXT. FOREST- LATER.

Greg walks TOWARDS FRAME where we see him entering another area where the trees start to thin, him entering into another more open space of the forest.

He looks ahead to something off-screen.

CUT TO-- ESTABLISHING SHOT OF BUILDING FROM THE LAST PHOTO. Less of an architectural disaster than the house, but still very shabby-looking.

We HOLD ON THIS SHOT, seeing Greg enter frame, approaching the building.

INT. SMALL PROPERTY- DAY TIME.

Greg walks into the property. A chapel of some sort. But definitely not one you'd expect. Black pews full with some type of religious text, more upside down red crosses hanging on red painted walls, old chandelier candle holders up above.

Greg makes his way down to the altar, stopping at one pew in particular. He moves along it, picking up one of the texts.

Another design of the same insect etched on the front of the black book. He opens the book up. At the first page it initially reads as "*This book belongs to Gregory Brown*", but lines have been crossed through the name and now it reads as *VOLUPTOUS SCUM*.

Greg, having never known it was there after not seeing the text for so long, is hurt by the vandalism. He turns to a MARKED page--

CLOSE UP ON similar-looking sketch of Abaddon found in Jaden's stolen book. A passage underneath it. Greg reads:

GREG

*"The star opened the pit of the
Abyss, and smoke rose out of it
like the smoke of a great furnace,
and the sun and the air were
darkened by the smoke from the
pit".*

BOY VOICE (O.S. PRE-LAP)

*(reciting)
"They were ruled by a king, the
angel of the Abyss--"*

INT. SAME CHAPEL- FLASHBACK- SOME TIME.

Greg, around eight-years-old, sits in the same pew with JADEN. He recites the rest of the passage to his uncle, from the same book.

GREG

*"His name in Hebrew is Abaddon,
and in Greek it is (mispronounces
it) Apollyon".*

JADEN

A-Po-lly-on.

GREG

Apollyon.
(repeats)
*"His name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and
in Greek it is Apollyon".*

JADEN

(genuine)
Well done. You think you can read
it just like that later?

Greg nods.

JADEN (CONT'D)

Me too.

Beat.

GREG

Uncle Jaden?

JADEN

Yeah?

GREG

Aren't we supposed to all be the
same?

JADEN

What?

GREG

I thought we were all supposed to
be the same. But everyone treats me
different... like I'm *not* the same.

JADEN

You are.

GREG

Then why do they all call me the
runt of the litter?

JADEN

(kind of seems like he knows why)
I don't know. But Abaddon sees you
all the same. *I see you all the*
same.

GREG

Really?

JADEN

Yes.
(beat)
He has plans for all of us. And I
know his plan for you is something
exceptional.

Greg smiles. Reassured.

Jaden smiles back. Glad to have helped.

INT. SAME CHAPEL- PRESENT- DAY TIME.

Greg sitting in the pew.

He closes the book. Slumps back into the seat. Takes a deep
breath.

Beat.

GREG

So his plan for you was death, huh
Jaden?

INT. BEDROOM- HOUSE- EVENING.

A WOMAN (50's) sits up in her bed, watching TV. She blows on
her finger nails just newly painted with a navy blue color
polish.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

(on TV)
Police believe Jaden Brown to be
the *fourth* victim of Peteboro's
unknown killer, after being found
two days in his living room also
stabbed to death. Jaden Brown was a
former co-founder of the Abaddon
community, a satanic cul--

The woman grabs the remote on the night stand next to her bed, switches channels: TV programs, commercials etc.

Soon she gets bored, switching off the TV, getting up. Crossing the room over to her window--

SHARP CUT TO:

ANONYMOUS POV: THROUGH BINOCULARS. Looking at the woman's property from the outside, specifically FOCUSING ON HER BEDROOM WINDOW, the only room with the light on. It goes out, the house is completely dark now. The anonymous figure shifts their eye to the DOWNSTAIRS KITCHEN WINDOW LEFT OPEN BY A COUPLE INCHES.

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEONE'S CAR (STATIONARY)- STREET- EVENING.

The ANONYMOUS FIGURE is watching the house from the driver's seat of their car. A little further down the road.

A couple beats then-- they place the binoculars onto the passenger seat next to them-- put on the BLACK LEATHER GLOVES (similar to the ones we saw in the TEASER) at the steering wheel.

They open the door to the glove compartment-- they remove a BUTCHER'S KNIFE. They shut the compartment door.

They open the car door. Stepping out of the car.

They make their way up towards the house, the knife grasped tightly in their hand.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE- DAY TIME.

LAWYER TIM WALTER (50's) sits at his desk, his eye on some paper work he is filling out. The man's not an asshole, but the intimidating demeanour shown on the exterior surface might make you think otherwise.

The room he sits in is small, indulging heavily in books, files, all sorts of crap scattered all over the place.

A knock comes at the door.

WALTER

Yes?

The door opens REVEALING GREG.

GREG

Um, hi... Mr. Walter?

WALTER

You must be Mr. Riles.
(*gestures to the empty chair
opposite him*)
Take a seat.

Greg crosses over to the chair.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(*retrieving paperwork from desk
drawer*)
I won't be taking up too much of
your time.

Greg assesses the scene... is no one else coming?

GREG

(*absent*)
Oh no that's... that's fine.

WALTER

(*off confused look*)
There a problem Mr. Riles?

GREG

Huh? Oh no, no there's no problem.
(*beat*)
I just thought there'd be more
people here.

WALTER

I don't think I mentioned anyone else attending when I spoke to you on the phone prior to this meeting.

GREG

(that's true)
You didn't, no.

WALTER

(moving on)
Your uncle Mr. Jaden Brown, in the event that he passes, asked you Mr. Greg Riles, to arrange for his funeral to take place in Serkis cemetery. Certain arrangements, such as coffin, priest delivering the service etc. have already been made by Mr. Brown, you need only to speak with Mrs. Julie Burden of Burden Funeral Directors to finalise a couple details. Unfortunately I'm unable to make contact with any of your other siblings, father, but I do have an address for your mother Anne Brown--

GREG

(tiny bit confused)
My mother?

WALTER

(doesn't see the issue)
Yes.

GREG

Not my father?

WALTER

No.

Beat.

Greg thinks on this.

GREG

Was there a falling out or something? Between my father and Jaden? It's just they were always close and--

WALTER

I'm just the messenger.

GREG
(*that's true again*)
Right.
(*beat*)
What about property and all?
Where's that going?

WALTER
I cannot disclose that with you,
sorry.

Beat.

A little awkward.

GREG
Ok.

The lawyer retrieves a small piece of paper on his desk,
passes it over to Greg.

Greg opens it:

22 WENDIGO DRIVE. SAYLORS COUNTY.

WALTER
To find your mother.

Greg looks to the lawyer. Nervous.

He hasn't seen his mother in a long time.

INT. GREG'S CAR (MOVING)- AFTERNOON.

Greg, apprehensive, drives down Wendigo Drive, a seemingly
dead-looking suburban street.

He slows a little to check for house numbers.

22.

Agita rises in his throat.

EXT. 22 WENDIGO DRIVE- AFTERNOON.

Greg pulls into the drive of his estranged mother's house.

A small bungalow... harmless enough on the outside.

CUT QUICK TO:

INT. GREG'S CAR (STATIONARY)- AFTERNOON.

Greg turns the engine off. Stays seated.

His mother might be more approachable than other estranged family members, but after not seeing her for so long, and with things ending badly between him and his family, he is still left feeling very nervous about the situation.

He takes a deep breath. Really this is something he has to do.

He gets out the car.

EXT. FRONT DOOR- 22 WENDIGO DRIVE- AFTERNOON.

Greg comes to the door. *This is it.*

He knocks.

A WOMAN (mid 40's) answers the door:

ANNE BROWN. A small, fragile-looking woman with a dainty aura about her. Those who've just met her might perceive her to be a character of great viridity.

She looks shocked, but greets to her son with a soft smile. Happy to see him?

ANNE

Gregory.

GREG

(*awkward smile*)
So you remember me.

ANNE

(*why wouldn't I?*)
Of course I do.
(*beat*)
My, you're not a boy anymore.

They stand there in awkward silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM- 22 WENDIGO DRIVE- AFTERNOON.

Greg sits on the couch adjacent to the coffee table in front.

Anne stands at the entryway:

ANNE

Would you like some tea? Coffee?

GREG
Water's fine.

She nods, heading into the kitchen.

Greg checks out his mother's strange digs: for a woman in her forties, she lives like she's in her nineties, the room is furnished in decor and wallpaper you might find in a retirement home (a perfect cover up for someone who used to worship a demon). But even still, you'd expect *some* ounce of modern technology in here (like a TV maybe), but no, nothing.

Anne returns carrying a tray with a mug of tea and a glass of water. She places it on the coffee table. Taking a seat in a single armchair opposite Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)
(*taking his glass*)
Thank you.

They sit there in more awkward silence for a few beats.

Someone has to say *something* eventually.

And it's going to be Greg:

GREG (CONT'D)
How have you um... how have you been? Are you... keeping well?

ANNE
Yes, I'm keeping well. What about you?

GREG
Good.

ANNE
And... the child? They must be old now.

GREG
(*surprised she mentioned him*)
Yeah, he's... nine now.

ANNE
He?

GREG
Yeah. *He.*
(*beat*)
His name's Callum.

ANNE
Did you name him?

GREG
No. His mother did.

ANNE
Oh.
(*reluctant almost*)
And how is *she*?

Awkward subject.

GREG
She's fine.
(*diverting the subject*)
Anyway, the reason I came here is
that I saw Jaden's lawyer...
(*wait... does she know?*)
Do you know about what's happened?

ANNE
Yes. The police told me.

GREG
They did?

ANNE
Yes.

GREG
Oh.
(*beat*)
Have you spoken to the others?

ANNE
No. I haven't for a long time.

GREG
What about Jaden? Seems he had your
address.

ANNE
We spoke occasionally. Him and your
father fell out a little while ago.
Jaden got a little lonely.

GREG
He fell out with my father?

ANNE
Yes.

GREG
Over what?

ANNE
I'm not sure.

Long beat.

This is hell.

GREG
I've been put in charge of
organising the funeral date for
Jaden. It's this Friday.
(beat)
Did you want to come? I mean it'll
be a small crowd, but... might be
nice if you were there.

ANNE
Sure. I'll come.

GREG
Ok.
(gets up)
It's in Serkis cemetery,
Weddingbro county, two o'clock.

He crosses over to the hallway, turning back round to face her.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'll see you Friday.

ANNE
Ok.

Greg nods, walks out the door, Anne watching him as he does.

INT. POLICE BULLPEN- PRECINT- EVENING.

Detective Wilson, tired, sits at her desk in an empty, dark bullpen.

Her COLLEAGUE DETECTIVE NOAH WILD (late 20's) walks in, slams down an autopsy report on her desk. JADEN BROWN'S.

WILSON
You got the reader's digest
version?

WILD
An abridgment even shorter.

WILSON
The obvious stuff?

Randy nods. Wilson sighs.

WILSON (CONT'D)
What do you think Wild?

WILD
About what?

WILSON
This whole Abaddon theory... I mean do you think it's just coincidence that it was Jaden Brown killed, not someone else that night?

WILD
Brown's front door was unlocked, he was slain like the others with a butcher knife, and he was killed within a five mile radius of the other victims. The Abaddon community's fanbase was pretty limited, hardly any kind of following outside of the family that ran it. Not a lot bought into this demon bullshit so... I'm not sure I'm of the opinion that this killing is an unfinished sacrifice, or something committed by any external party.

WILSON
What about internal parties? We sure it can't be one of *them*?

WILD
Maybe, but it seems most of them have credible alibis, including Mr. Riles, so...

WILSON
"Most"?

WILD
Some of them we can't trace.

WILSON
And that's not something flag up at all?

WILD

Sometimes people just really want out of those sorts of things. Getting far away is one method of doing it.

Long beat.

WILD (CONT'D)

Wilson, if you can prove there's something still lurking in that dark corner of Kunktletown county then fine. But at present there is nothing. At least nothing obvious. It seems right now that our killer just happened to murder during their killing spree a very awful, deluded man, with some previous unorthodox views on the world.

WILSON

(still a little unconvinced)
Mmm.

WILD

But again, you're welcome to prove that theory wrong. We won't rule out any Manson shit just yet.

Beat.

WILD (CONT'D)

(gets up)
Anyway, maybe take a raincheck on any wild raves you might have had planned tonight, you're looking a bit too tired right now.

He walks away leaving Wilson at her desk.

INT. LIVING ROOM- GREG'S HOUSE- EVENING.

Callum sleeps on the couch, basked in the glow of the TV still playing off-screen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- GREG'S HOUSE- EVENING.

Greg, standing at the kitchen island, rings a number.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over voicemail)
Hi, this is Clara--
(Greg sighs)
--leave a message.

BEEP! Greg proceeds.

GREG

Hi. It's me. Again. Just saw my mother for the first time in nine years. She's tagging along with me to Jaden's funeral this Friday. Pretty exciting obviously.
(beat)
Still hoping you'll call me back. Callum misses you... I miss you. Would be really great to talk with you, over the phone or... whatever.
(beat)
Well goodbye for now.

He hangs up the phone. Places it on the counter.

He crosses through the open entryway into--

INT. LIVING ROOM- GREG'S HOUSE- EVENING.

Greg stops at the couch, observes his sleeping son.

He looks to him with a little pity.

He lifts him up, putting him over his shoulder.

But as he's walking away, Greg glances at the TV.

The Prince of Egypt plays. Right at the point where the LOCUSTS invade the land. Swallowing everything up.

Greg stares for a few beats, not comfortable by the images. He then walks away, proceeds with taking Callum to bed.

INT. SOMEPLACE- SOMEWHERE- EVENING.

CLOSE ON Jaden's stolen book. The GRASSHOPPER, probably now we gather is actually a LOCUST. Sliding up and down a seat of the truck. ARTICLE OVERLAPPING IT. PICTURES OF HOMICIDE VICTIMS, including JADEN. HEADLINE: PUBLIC PANIC BUILDS MORE AS EX CULT MEMBER JADEN ABADDON IS FOURTH CONFIRMED DEAD BY HOMICIDE. The open cassette holder we saw in the teaser:

JADEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over tape)

'It was frightening, he was as scary in appearance as what the written word had us believe--

CUT TO-- CLOSEUP OF HANDS, tightening the lid to... a test tube? Containing a red liquid. Are we right to think it's blood?

JADEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over tape)

'There he was, with the plague of locusts... the horses with crowned human faces. He pointed to me... "You," he said. "It is you who will be the keeper--"

They place it into a rack, full of three other test tubes... all with the same red liquid in.

JADEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over tape)

'I was then struck by it, it proceeding to invade me like a burning sensation, the intention seeming to be that it wanted to destroy me. But when it passed, it was something glorious, something I had never felt before--

They turn to Jaden's book. Flipping through. Landing on a page where there is a picture of an OLD DECREPIT CHURCH, similar size to the chapel.

JADEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over tape)

'But it really didn't feel all too good after... I regret it, and a part of me knows that I might or probably have screwed you who might also regret things further down the line, and for that... I am so sorry. I am sorry you came to be the way you were because of what I have done in this life.'

The figure shuts the tape off. Turns their attention back to the book.

Underneath the church picture is a written statement: *It must be dead blood.*

They eye up the TUBES sitting on the desk. Standing up, reaching over to pick them up.

They rip the page with the church picture out of the book.

They walk away, towards a door that slams-- bringing us to--

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM- GREG'S HOUSE- MORNING.

Day of the funeral.

Greg, dressed in a black suit, adjusts his tie in the mirror.

Once done, he stares at himself in the mirror. Thinking.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S. PRE-LAP)

You pig!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- DILAPIDATED PROPERTY- FLASHBACK- SOME TIME.

Greg, sixteen, is slapped across the face.

MICHAEL BROWN (40's), the other man in the photo of Jaden, the groom next to the bride in the other, Greg's father, stands before his son, fuming.

MICHAEL

You truly are a pathetic creature!
After all we've done, after what
you promised to us, to Abaddon!

GREG

Father I'm sorry.

REVEAL Jaden and Anne in b.g. Doing nothing but listening.

MICHAEL

You call yourself a man when you
get corrupted by a God damn whore
like her!

GREG

Father please.

MICHAEL

And now you're going to bring even
more scum into the world. But you
won't be doing it here. You'll be
going somewhere else.

GREG

What?

Anne and Jaden look to Michael as if to ask this also.

MICHAEL

I don't want you here. Not anymore.

GREG

(tears welling up)

It doesn't have to be like this.

MICHAEL

I never wanted you anyway. So don't worry about me, us missing you.

The pain strikes Greg hard. He already knew of some resentment somewhere in his father he couldn't quite figure out... but to hear *this*?

Greg looks to Jaden and Anne. They look away, purposefully avoiding eye contact.

Greg continues to look in their direction, disappointed, sad.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM- GREG'S HOUSE- PRESENT- MORNING.

Greg looks into the mirror. Dejected.

INT. KITCHEN- GREG'S HOUSE- MORNING.

Callum, dressed for school, sits at the kitchen island counter, waiting for his cereal.

Greg retrieves a box of fruit loops from the cupboard, popping it on the island for Callum.

CALLUM

Who's going to your funeral today?

GREG

(going into fridge)

Well there's me and... your grandmother.

He grabs the milk, places it on the counter.

CALLUM

My grandmother?

GREG

Yes.

CALLUM

Your mom?

GREG
Yes... *my* mom.

CALLUM
(*pouring cereal*)
Oh. Anyone else?

GREG
(*very unlikely*)
Maybe.
(*beat*)
Listen Callum, I'd take you today,
but... I'm just not sure it's a
good idea right now. I don't know
my mom *today* well enough to make
the right decision at this
moment... things were a little
strange back then when I did know
her, and it was the same with Jaden
so...

CALLUM
Do you miss him? Uncle Jaden?

Beat.

Greg registers the question, but doesn't answer. The look on his face is a bit too ambiguous for us to know the truth.

GREG
Come on, eat up. Gotta get you to
school.

EXT. SERKIS CEMETERY- PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON.

The parking lot is empty excluding Greg's car.

He sits on the hood. Waiting. Nervous.

Another car pulls up. A MALE PRIEST (30's) steps out.

He greets Greg with a wave. Greg reciprocates with a small smile.

The priest approaches him.

PRIEST
Mr. Riles?

Greg puts his hand out. The priest accepts.

GREG
 Good afternoon Father. Thank you
 for doing this.

PRIEST
 My pleasure.

They finish shaking hands.

Beat.

GREG
 Is this weird for you? Doing this
 service?

PRIEST
 Your uncle was baptised catholic.
 He actually attended a few services
 at my church before he died.

GREG
(weird)
 He did?

PRIEST
 Yes.

GREG
(confused)
 Right.
(beat)
 Well thank you anyway Father.

Another call pulls up. Anne steps out, dressed in black.

She crosses over to them, Greg getting nervous.

ANNE
 Hello.
(to Father)
 Father.

GREG
(to priest; feels weird to say)
 Uh, Father this is my mother. Anne.

PRIEST
 Nice to meet you.

But as Anne and the priest lock eye contact, they share a subtle look that indicates how they might know each other, that they might have met before.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Well I think we should head up.

He begins making his way to the iron gate enabling access into the cemetery.

Greg and Anne follow, Greg walking a little ahead of Anne.

EXT. SERKIS CEMETERY- AFTERNOON.

Greg and Anne stand opposite the priest who delivers a sermon standing in front of Jaden's closed casket:

PRIEST

Jaden Brown was a man who lived a very interesting life, perhaps not one considered to be quite as conventional as others, but one still the same. In the time that I got to know him, Jaden showed himself to be a very troubled individual, but one who showed a great courage, a courage that could help him through when trying to change certain wrongs he had committed in his life. Indeed, I felt like Jaden was someone looking to find another path, one that could help him reform, and rectify past mistakes. Romans 3:23-24: "for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God, and are justified freely by his grace through the redemption that came by Christ Jesus". We all have a chance to be different, to not stay as a version of ourselves we are not proud of, to be given a chance by God and Jesus Christ, the latter of whom sacrificed himself for sinners who could have another chance at doing right--

Throughout the speech Greg remains somewhere between confused and shocked... had his uncle turned his back on Abaddon, that life?

He looks to his mother who stares at the casket, devoid of expression. Did she know anything about this revelation?

He turns back to the priest who concludes the service:

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And now it is time to lower the casket. To bid farewell to our dear friend Jaden, and return him to God's earth.

Greg and Anne watch as the casket is lowered into the earth. What they feel exactly, we don't know.

EXT. SERKIS CEMETERY- PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON.

Greg and Anne walk in silence as they enter the parking lot.

They stop, knowing the end is in sight, turning to face each other.

More awkwardness.

GREG

That was a nice service.

ANNE

Yes. It was.

Beat.

What to say.

GREG

It was nice that you came. I'm sure Jaden would've been really happy about that.

Anne says nothing.

Beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

Ok well... safe journey.

He begins to move off--

ANNE

Why didn't you bring your boy?

Greg turns round to face his mother.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It would've been nice to meet him.

She serious?

ANNE (CONT'D)

I mean I know it's been a really long time but... well it would've been nice to see what he looks like.

Long beat.

GREG

It's just not a good time at the moment.

ANNE

What do you mean?

GREG

What do I mean? Well for one thing I haven't seen you in nine years--

ANNE

It's not my fault Gregory.

He can't be dealing with this right now.

GREG

I have to go.

As he's walking away--

ANNE

I wanted to love you.

Greg turns round.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Like the others. But I couldn't.

GREG

What, because my father told you you couldn't?

Anne says nothing but the face says it all: yes, because he told her she couldn't.

GREG (CONT'D)

You had a choice.

ANNE

I didn't.

GREG

Yes you did mother. *I* was your son too.

ANNE
There are just things you can't
understand.

GREG
Let me try to then. Please.

But she won't.

Long beat.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm guessing what happened between
Jaden and my father is something I
can't understand either.

Again nothing.

Greg sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)
I really have to go now.

He walks in a hurry to his car. Getting in. Starting the car.

INT. CAR (STATIONARY)- SERKIS CEMETERY- PARKING LOT-
CONTINUOUS.

Greg looks into the rearview mirror... his mother standing
smack ban in the centre of it.

He begins to drive off, looking at the image of his mother
growing smaller and smaller, receding into the distance the
further he gets away. Until she's out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERKIS CEMETERY- PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON.

Anne, dejected, stands alone, watching her son drive away.

INT. GREG'S CAR (MOVING)- AFTERNOON.

Greg drives through town. Deep concentration marked across
his face.

He comes into some traffic. *Great.*

He waits for a couple beats. No movement.

He casts his eye to the glove compartment. Reaching over, opening it.

He pulls out his PEW BOOK. Opens it up. *"This book belongs to VOLUPTOUS SCUM"*.

He throws the book against the dashboard. A couple beats--

He breaks down, unable to hold himself back. Slamming his hand against the steering wheel. *FUCK!*

He has his head bowed, slowly bringing it back up.

The traffic begins to move. He wipes his tears with the heel of his hand, puts the car back into drive, beginning to move forward.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD- AFTERNOON.

BACK OF RED PICK UP TRUCK as it drives down country road.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PICK UP TRUCK (MOVING)- SAME TIME.

CLOSEUP ON BLACK GLOVED HANDS gripping the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD- SAME TIME.

The driver makes a right hand turn, heading down--

EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD- CONTINUOUS.

The road is met by forest either side.

The truck drives down the heavily graveled road. Coming to a stop when they reach the bottom. Turning the engine off.

They exit the car. Turning their attention to the field to the right of them where the OLD CHURCH FROM THE PICTURE stands alone in the empty field.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- PARKING LOT- AFTERNOON.

Greg stands at the door to the driver's seat, waiting for his son to come out.

Callum soon approaches. Greg smiles, able to put aside his previous desolated feelings.

Greg checks for cars, then crossing over to Greg.

GREG
Hey! Well done for looking for cars!

CALLUM
Your eyes are red. Were you crying?

GREG
No, no it's... it's fine. Just allergies.

CALLUM
I thought you said lying was bad.

GREG
(beat)
Yeah, that's right. I'm sorry. It's just been a very weird day for me. And I'm just a little tired now.

CALLUM
Me too. We did math today.

Greg chuckles.

GREG
Early night for you then.

CALLUM
No way!

EXT. OLD CHURCH- EMPTY FIELD- AFTERNOON.

ESTABLISH SHOT OF OLD CHURCH as figure walks towards it. Pushing open the door.

INT. OLD CHURCH- AFTERNOON.

The figure walks in. The interior is derelict, with rotting pews, smashed windows, red tattered carpet down the middle, curtains of cobwebs up above.

The figure makes their way along the aisle towards the front.

Once there they stand in front of a tall ceramic font.

They remove something from their pocket. One of the test tubes... full of the red liquid.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING)- SAME TIME.

Greg drives with Callum through the town.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OLD CHURCH- SAME TIME.

The figure removes the rubber stopper from the tube. Pours the blood into the font.

We see the blood rise inside the font of its own accord, beginning to boil.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING)- SAME TIME.

Greg continues driving, now on a country road.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OLD CHURCH- SAME TIME.

The figure removes their gloves, cupping their now bare hands, going to place them into the full font. When--

The font explodes, sending the figure flying back, crashing into the pews.

FOCUS ON BLOOD as it pours off the chunks of broken font onto the ground.

A red scaled foot with sharp claws enters frame. We then see a red scaled hand, also dressed with sharp claws, dip a finger into the blood. The painted finger is brought up to--

The face of a RED DEMONIC BEING. One similar to the one we found in Jaden's book. With yellow acidic eyes, shark sharp teeth, and rams horns.

They stare at their bloody finger. They appear to be almost smirking. Looking over towards the figure o.s.

DEMONIC BEING
(craggy; low)
It is not dead blood.

And with that, the demon lets the blood drop from their finger, back onto the ground.

They then click their fingers, and--

WE QUICKLY CUT
TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING)- SAME TIME.

Greg feels a slight discomfort in his body.

It gets worse.

His body writhes. Filling with unexplainable pain. He screams.

He loses control of the wheel, sending the car off the road.

He CRASHES INTO A TREE. Callum WHACKS his head on the dashboard as they hit it. He passes out.

Greg's body continues to writhe even after hitting the tree. The action intensifies as the pain continues to grow. He groans aggressively, his face tightening. He continues to try and fight the pain.

It stops.

Greg passes out.

The two of them sit there unconscious, Callum bleeding from the head.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD- AFTERNOON.

WIDE SHOT OF CAR with its SMASHED HOOD against the tree. Smoke rising from the hood.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PATIENT ROOM- HOSPITAL- AFTERNOON.

Greg sits up in a hospital bed. Apprehensive.

A DOCTOR (40's) walks in with a clipboard.

DOCTOR

Good news Mr. Riles.

(standing at Greg's bed)

Your son was just examined. A very mild concussion. He's gonna be ok.

Greg takes a sigh of relief.

GREG

That's great. Thank you Doctor.

DOCTOR

You're gonna be fine also. Some little bruising across the upper torso, arms... but that's it.

(beat)

I did have some other tests done as well. Alcohol, drugs... any substance in the blood stream that might've rendered cause for the crash... but you're clean. And you have no history of epilepsy or anything so...

Beat.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Do you not have the faintest idea about what might've made you crash?

GREG

No.

DOCTOR

You talked of a pain though. You able to describe it?

GREG

Paralyzing.

DOCTOR

Where?

GREG
Everywhere.

DOCTOR
Ok.

Long beat.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
We're gonna keep you guys in just a
little longer. Let you rest up a
little.

Greg nods: *ok*.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE- AFTERNOON.

Greg and Callum, the latter with his head bandaged, walk out of the hospital into the parking lot.

They make their way through it.

EXT. BUS SHELTER- AFTERNOON.

A COUPLE PEOPLE stand at the bus shelter. They take in the bandaged child.

Greg and Callum wait for the bus.

CALLUM
Do we *have* to take the bus?

GREG
Right now, *yes*.

CALLUM
But I'm tired. And it takes ages.

GREG
I don't have a car Callum--

CALLUM
What about a taxi?

GREG
I don't have the money for that
right now--

CALLUM
Why?

GREG
I just don't.

CALLUM
I don't wanna go on the bus. It
takes ages!

GREG
I know but--

CALLUM
Why do *I* have to take it though?
You're the one who crashed.

Greg says nothing.

The bus pulls up after a couple beats. They get on.

INT. BUS (MOVING)- LATER.

Greg, tired, sits slumped up against the seat. Callum sleeps
beside him.

Greg stares aimlessly ahead of him for a couple beats--then--

His phone rings. He answers.

GREG
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE
(over phone)
Greg?

Greg suddenly shoots up. Knows immediately who it is.

GREG
Clara? Wow, it's, it's so good to
hear your voice. I--

CLARA
(over phone; firm)
Greg.
(slight beat)
I need you to stop calling.

Beat.

GREG
What?

CLARA
(over phone)
 Stop calling me. Let it be easier
 on us both.

Beat.

GREG
(little broken by this)
 Clara--

CLARA
(over phone)
 I don't want you calling me. Ok?

GREG
*(looking to Callum still
 sleeping)*
 What about Callum?

CLARA
(over phone)
 I have to go. Bye.
(beat)
 Sorry about your uncle.

She hangs up.

Greg, defeated, listens to the droning sound of the hung up phone.

Eventually he hangs up himself. Slumps back into his seat.

After a beat he looks over to Callum. Still asleep.

The two of them are now truly alone.

INT. BEDROOM- HOUSE- AFTERNOON.

LOW ANGLE SHOT OF DETECTIVE WILSON, stoic expression, looking down towards something off-screen.

CUT TO-- HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF WOMAN from the END OF ACT ONE, lying mutilated on the white carpet floor of her bedroom. Her blue nail polish chipped a little.

Wilson keeps her eyes on the body as her COLLEAGUE (mid 20's) comes to stand beside her.

COLLEAGUE
 She goes every Friday morning to church. Very religiously, if you pardon the pun.
 (MORE)

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

But she didn't show this morning.
They called her phone, no answer.
Called her son, he went round,
found her like this.

Wilson says nothing. Just thinks.

Beat.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

No one saw anything. This scum is
as elusive as god damn Jack the
ripper.

Wilson says nothing. Keeps her eyes still on the body.

A couple beats then--

Her phone rings. She answers.

WILSON

Hello?

WILD (O.S.)

(over phone; serious)
Wilson.

WILSON

Everything ok?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE BULLPEN- PRECINT- SAME TIME.

Wild sits at his desk, the joint more packed now.

He holds a report in his hand. Concern written across his
face.

WILD

I was just informed that Jones was
not in the day of Jaden's autopsy.
He was sick.

WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)
Ok.

WILD

(beat)
He had Bateman do it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM- HOUSE- SAME TIME.

Wilson sighs. *Shit.*

WILSON
What does this mean?

WILD (O.S.)
(*over phone*)
You should probably come and take a
look.

EXT. STREET- OPPOSITE CONVENIENCE STORE- AFTERNOON.

Greg and Callum get off the bus. They cross over the street
to the convenience store on the other side.

CALLUM
(*pointing back towards bus
shelter*)
The bus stop's over there.

GREG
I know, I just gotta go in the
store a second.

CALLUM
Do we have to?

GREG
It'll be quick.

CALLUM
(*petulant*)
But why?

GREG
Because Callum--

CALLUM
I just wanna go home!

Greg turns to his son.

GREG
Callum please! Can we just go
inside? I just need some water, ok?
Please can I just do that?

Long beat.

Callum thinks about it.

CALLUM

Fine.
(walking towards store)
 But I'm getting a soda.

GREG

Fine.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- AFTERNOON.

Greg walks into the store. Callum is already by the fridge grabbing a soda.

Greg looks to the MALE STORE CLERK (30's) behind the check out counter. Pudgy, disheveled. The clerk meets eyes with Greg, frowning at him like an unfriendly bartender might. Greg smiles awkwardly *hi* at him. He then crosses to Callum by the fridge.

Callum leaves the fridge, a soda in his hand. He walks along one of the aisles, picks up a bag of chips.

Greg takes a water from the fridge.

He then walks up to the counter where Callum stands with his back to him.

The clerk rings the items through.

As he's doing this, Callum shifts his eyes about. Notices something particular about the clerk.

CLERK

(blunt)
 Five fifty.

Greg retrieves money from his wallet.

As he's doing this--

CALLUM

(re: clerk)
 What are the scratches on your neck?

GREG

What?

CALLUM

Did a cat attack you or something?

GREG

Wha--

Greg looks to the clerk's neck.

Recent scratches. Very violent.

Something sits in between one of the lines. A blue fleck of some sort.

Greg stares. *What is that?*

He realizes after a couple beats that the clerk is staring at him, seeming a little uneasy. Almost like he's a little afraid.

GREG (CONT'D)

(to clerk)

Uh, sorry... my son he...

(looking at Callum)

He knows better not to shout out stuff like that.

(to clerk)

I'm sorry.

The clerk says nothing. Just continues to stare.

GREG (CONT'D)

(cue to leave)

Right well, we better go.

*(placing money on the counter;
turning to Callum)*

Grab your stuff and come on. Bus'll be coming soon.

Greg and Callum proceed to walk out the store. The clerk watches them closely as they exit.

INT. STAFF ROOM- PRECINT- AFTERNOON.

Wilson and Wild sit at a table. They examine some files on the table in front.

WILD

Incompetence has really reached a new level.

WILSON

Is it really that hard to miss something like that?

WILD

Very unlikely for *Jones* to make that mistake, is all I'm saying.

Beat.

WILD (CONT'D)

You're aware about what this means,
right?

Wilson nods her head.

WILSON

Yep.

WILD

Guess their covering the tracks
didn't really work.

WILSON

No it didn't.

WILD

There's more.

WILSON

What?

Wild produces more papers.

WILD

Abaddon community's been shut down
for a while but...
(Wilson analyses documents)
Seems like Mr. Brown still had some
fans.

INT. KITCHEN- GREG'S HOUSE- EVENING.

Greg, tired, talking on the phone, paces about the room.

GREG

Yeah, that's fine. I'll pick it up
Monday.

(phone recipient speaks)

Yeah, I've spoken to the police,
and the doctor, so...

(...)

No I think it's just me now.

(dismay spreads over his face)

Yeah, yeah that's... that's right.

(...)

Yeah, you can take her off.

(...)

Ok we'll talk about it more on
Monday. Thank you.

He hangs up the phone.

He leans over the kitchen island. Places his elbows on the surface, puts his head in his hands. He sighs.

Couple beats then--

The phone rings.

He stands up. Answers.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hello?

WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

Good evening Mr. Riles. It's detective Wilson. I'm calling in regards to your uncle's homicide investigation.

GREG

(not really too bothered)
Oh right. Hi.

WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

We were looking over post mortem results, and... well one of the pathologist team made a big error on the final autopsy report for your uncle.

GREG (CONT'D)

What kind of error?

WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

The chain of murders we've been having have revealed that the victims were all *stabbed* to death... but your uncle was already dead when he was inflicted with similar wounds.

Greg moves towards the hallway, his back to the main kitchen now.

GREG

(getting at what she means)
Right.

WILSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

We're having the body reexamined to determine the exact cause of death.

(MORE)

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

At the moment we're not sure what happened.

GREG

Right.

(*long beat*)

So someone else killed my uncle.

WILSON (O.S.)

(*over phone*)

We believe so.

GREG

(*beat*)

Well that's great.

WILSON (O.S.)

(*over phone*)

I understand that it's getting late, but I--we would like to talk to you about some other things, so could we talk further at a later time?

GREG

Sure.

WILSON (O.S.)

(*over phone*)

Great. Thank you. Good night Mr. Riles.

GREG

Good night.

He hangs up. Takes a moment. Returns the phone to its cradle on the table next to him.

He turns back to face the kitchen--

His jaw drops.

His eyes widen, the pupils augmenting.

The CLERK FROM THE CONVENIENCE STORE stands in the kitchen by the back door. Dressed in black. With black gloves.

Holding a knife.

Greg stands there frozen.

Not sure what to do.

Beat.

GREG (CONT'D)
(trying to remain calm)
Whatever you want... you can have
it. Just please... my boy is
upstairs...

CLERK
Well thank you. Now I know where to
find him.

GREG
What?

CLERK
Should've taught your boy to keep
his mouth shut. Could've saved us
all some trouble.

GREG
Please--

CLERK
The woman fought for her life.
(points to scratches on neck)
Assaulted me in the process.
But I got her anyway.

Long beat.

Nothing is said.

Greg needs to bargain somehow.

GREG
My son is a heavy sleeper. Nothing
wakes him. If you would please--

CLERK
This was never on my list of things
to do. But here I am. Plans change,
don't they?

Long beat.

The clerk and Greg lock eyes with each other.

What exactly is going to happen?

A few more beats then--

Greg makes a run for it.

The killer immediately pursues him.

INT. HALLWAY- GREG'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS.

Greg bolts down the hall.

The killer lunges for him. Just misses. Knocking a table over.

Greg runs up the stairs.

The killer follows behind.

INT. UPPER LANDING- GREG'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS.

Greg runs towards his son's room. Runs in.

INT. CALLUM'S ROOM- GREG'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS.

Greg slams the door shut, narrowly avoiding contact with the killer.

Callum wakes up.

CALLUM
(*half asleep*)
Dad?

Greg keeps his back up against the door as the killer proceeds with trying to kick it open from the other side.

GREG
CALLUM! OPEN THE WINDOW! NOW!

Callum, scared, obeys. Runs to the window.

He struggles to lift the window up.

CALLUM
(*nearly crying*)
It won't open!

GREG
YOU HAVE TO OPEN IT CALLUM! USE ALL
YOUR STRENGTH! YOU HAVE TO DO IT!

Callum struggles a little more. He manages to lift it.

CALLUM
What now?!

GREG
WALK DOWN THE ROOF, JUMP OFF THE
LEDGE, AND RUN TO THE NEIGHBOR!

CALLUM
(crying)
 But dad--

GREG
DO IT CALLUM! DO IT NOW!

Callum goes to move out as--

Greg falls forward, the force from the other side being too much.

The killer is in.

He wraps his arm around Greg's neck. Jerking his head up.

GREG (CONT'D)
CALLUM GO!!!

CALLUM
 DAD!

GREG
GO!!!

The killer keeps Greg in a headlock.

But Greg manages to elbow him in the chest. Then the face.

He tries to crawl away. But the killer grabs him.

Soon the two are rolling around on the floor. Greg struggling to keep the knife at bay.

CALLUM
(crying hard)
 DAD!

The struggling continues as Callum keeps crying. The killer on top of Greg.

CALLUM (CONT'D)
 STOP! PLEASE! PLEASE STOP!

Greg begins to struggle more, the killer at vantage point.

CALLUM (CONT'D)
(aggressive)
 STOP!!!

The killer's body is engulfed in flames.

He screams, rolling off Greg. Rolling around in order to try to extinguish the flames.

But nothing's working. He keeps burning.

Greg watches in horror.

The killer continues to be swallowed by the flames.

Soon he's on his back.

Where he stays. Succumbing to the flames.

Dead. The flames subside.

Greg stares at the body in bewilderment.

What the fuck just happened?

CALLUM (CONT'D)

(meek)
Dad?

Greg moves to his son. Embraces him.

Callum cries into his father's chest.

GREG

(reassuring)
It's ok. It's ok.

He holds his son tight. Making sure to keep him away from the sight of the bizarre incident that has just happened.

He shifts his eyes onto the now black corpse. Then to his son. Then back again to the corpse.

The sound of sirens is heard in b.g.

Greg continues to hold his son, looking both scared and confused. His eyes still on the corpse as we--

FADE TO BLACK

REACHING--

END OF EPISODE