

Robbing Hell

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *New York City, Manhattan, Nov. 1972*

A black Cadillac sits with the engine idling.

INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT

Four HARD-LOOKING MEN sit in the Cadillac watching a black armored truck as it passes.

BECK (30's) flicks the safety off his .45.

BECK  
Gametime.

All four men put on gas masks as the caddy follows the armored truck.

BIGGIN (30's, black) is carrying a heavy BAR, a machine-gun with high velocity rounds.

Next to him is HARPER (20's) who loads an M-79 grenade launcher.

The driver is CHEVY (20's) briefly steering with his knees as he slaps a magazine into an AK-47.

The armored truck is stopping for a red light.

BECK (CONT'D)  
We good? Biggin?

BIGGIN  
Yeah, Sarge.

BECK  
Harper?

HARPER  
Yo.

BECK  
Chevy?

CHEVY  
Surfs up, Beck.

Chevy screeches to a halt just behind the armored truck. He pulls a lever and a low, wheeled platform slides out from under the front of the caddy.

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EXT. REAR OF ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

Harper jams the platform under the rear axle of the armoured truck and yanks a cord. With a muffled explosion, the platform slams up. The truck's rear tires are now spinning uselessly in the air.

Chevy whips the caddy around to the front of the armoured truck.

EXT. DRIVER'S SIDE OF ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

Beck taps the driver's window lightly with a pick-axe.

BECK  
Little pigs, little pigs! Let me  
in.

The two GUARDS ignore him.

EXT. REAR OF ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

Harper sees the THIRD GUARD has his white, expressionless face jammed up against the glass.

HARPER  
What the hell?

EXT. DRIVER'S SIDE - NIGHT

Beck hits the driver's side window with the pick-axe.

EXT. REAR OF ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

The guard at the rear door now opens his mouth revealing rows of sharpened teeth.

HARPER  
Damn, what's your problem, man? You  
better open the door asshole!

Harper glances at the stopwatch hanging around his neck.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Two minutes!

EXT. DRIVER'S SIDE - NIGHT

Beck nods and goes back to work with the pick-axe.

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After a couple more smacks, a small hole has been made in the glass. Chevy runs up with a hose connected to a small shoebox sized box.

Beck pushes the hose into the hole and kicks the button on the side of the box.

The truck quickly fills with smoke, obscuring everything and everyone inside. Harper can't see the guard anymore.

All three doors burst open and the guards leap out screaming unearthly howls of anger trailing clouds of tear gas.

EXT. REAR OF ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

Harper brings his weapon up in time catching his assailant in the throat but is knocked off his feet by the attack.

EXT. DRIVER'S SIDE - NIGHT

Beck buries the point of the pick-ax into the chest of his attacker. Unaffected, the guard grabs the handle and yanks it bloodlessly from his chest. Beck doesn't let go.

The third guard races wildly at Chevy who stands frozen in shock.

Biggin fires the BAR, hitting the running guard in the chest. The guard looks at the holes for a beat, snarls and sinks to his knees before falling on his face, twitching wildly.

Beck is slammed hard against the side of the armored car. He's stunned, but reaching for his pistol when Biggin fires again.

The impact knocks the driver out of his shoes and he slides across the street, also twitching wildly before going deathly still.

EXT. REAR OF ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

HARPER

Get this asshole off me, man!

Beck runs to the struggling pair.

BECK

Enough of this shit!

He puts the gun to the ear of the guard and pulls the trigger. The guard is knocked sideways off Harper.

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The guard, blood pouring from a large hole in his head, struggles to his feet and lurches forward.

Harper fires his M-79. Tiny razor-like bits of metal explode from his weapon and cuts the guard in half.

HARPER

Thanks, Sarge. What the fuck is going on here?

BECK

Shut up, Private. Load the bodies in the caddy.

HARPER

Alright, take it easy. If you don't know, you don't know.

The men remove their jackets, revealing uniform shirts identical to the ones the guards wore.

INT. THE CADDY - NIGHT

Chevy hears a choked moaning from the backseat as he parks the caddy.

CHEVY

Are you shitting me?

He slaps a red button on the dash and quickly exits the caddy.

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

Chevy jumps behind the wheel, the armored truck's tires smoke as it rips down the street.

Behind them, the caddy explodes in a ball of flame.

INT. THE ARMOURED TRUCK - NIGHT

BIGGIN

Goddamn, Sarge! Am I trippin'?

HARPER

I seen gooks hopped up on shit go off like that, but did you see those teeth?

CHEVY

I'm not shitting you, some of those assholes were still kicking.

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BIGGIN

You bugging, man.

BECK

Knock it off! We've all seen weirder shit than that in 'Nam. Worry about those freaks later. Keep your minds in the game.

Several police cars fly by them.

CHEVY

Damn, I'm going to miss that caddy.

BIGGIN

I don't know about you assholes, but I ain't ever seen shit weirder than that.

There's a few quiet chuckles which fade quickly as they approach a large brick wall surrounding a windowless, dark building. There is a guard tower overseeing a large metal gate.

BECK

We're coming up on the gate. Get down.

The gates open with a loud creaking.

CHEVY

This place doesn't look like a bank, it looks like a church.

BIGGIN

What kind of church you been going to?

HARPER

If Shorty has pointed teeth, I'm going to knock a few loose for him.

BECK

I don't care if he drops his pants and proposes marriage. We collar Shorty, he walks us to the vault, we load up, we drive out. Right?

Everyone nods.

As the truck rounds the building's corner, they see HIBBONS (50's, short and fat) wearing a gray business suit and smoking a cigar.

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Chevy backs the armored truck toward the loading dock.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Harper and Biggin kick the rear doors open and menace Hibbons with their weapons.

BIGGIN  
Be like ice, little man.

HARPER  
Yeah, Shorty, we got you a present.

Harper clamps a dog collar around his neck. It has a grenade fused to the back of the ring, with an antenna sticking up.

Harper is holding a small remote control device.

HIBBONS  
(calmly)  
That explains for the 42 second delay.

Beck puts his .45 to his forehead.

BECK  
Shut-up, Shorty. Here's the deal...

HIBBONS  
Hibbons.

BECK  
What?

HIBBONS  
My name is "Hibbons". Not "Shorty".

HARPER  
Let me see your teeth!

BECK  
Show him.

Hibbons smiles widely as cigar smoke hisses through his perfectly normal teeth.

BECK (CONT'D)  
(to Harper)  
Happy?

HARPER  
Delirious.

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HIBBONS

(to Beck)

Sir, you appear to be in charge. So please believe me when I say that you and your men should leave at once. I assure you. You will not find what you expect inside.

BECK

(indicates Harper)

He sees something he doesn't like, and you'll be smoking that stogie from a hole at the top of your neck.

HIBBONS

I see.

BECK

How many guards inside?

HIBBONS

That's a difficult question. I suppose it would depend on your definition of "guard", wouldn't it?

Biggin slams him in the kidney with his rifle butt. Hibbons soundlessly falls to his knees.

BECK

You're making my men nervous, Shorty.

HIBBONS

The rest is out of my hands now. I am very sorry.

BECK

Up.

Hibbons stands.

BECK (CONT'D)

Inside. You walk us to the vault. You open it. We grab the loot and we scoot. We'll be gone before you know it.

HIBBONS

Of course. Yes. An excellent plan.

Hibbons unlocks the door to the building and after a series of loud clicks and bangs, it creaks open.

INT. BANK OFFICES - NIGHT

They are looking down a large, dark room with a very high ceiling.

Either side is flanked by several rows of desks with old fashioned typewriters. Each desk is lit by a small lamp and manned by OFFICE WORKERS in the same dark gray business attire worn by Hibbons and puffing madly on cigars, ignoring everything but their work.

HIBBONS

This way gentlemen, this way.

Harper lags behind to look at a WORKER (40's, woman). The woman snarls at him, her cigar clenched firmly in her pointed teeth, her eyes as black as coal.

HARPER

Shit!

Harper runs to catch up with the others.

INT. VAULT GATE - NIGHT

Beyond the gate they can now see in the dim light, is a huge round vault door with a combination lock.

BECK

Open it.

HIBBONS

Might I ask, sir, how you knew there would be a vault here?

BECK

You don't need a truck like that unless you have one big-assed vault.

HIBBONS

Quite reasonable, of course. And what is it you expect to find in our "big-assed vault"?

BECK

Cash. Jewels. There's got to be something valuable in there.

HIBBONS

Yes. There is. You have no idea how valuable.

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Hibbons unlocks the gate. Beck shoves him against the vault.

INT. VAULT DOOR

HIBBONS

I shouldn't do this, but might I trouble you to turn on the light switch?

BECK

Do it.

Chevy turns on the light.

An arch across the top of the vault door reads "Vault of the Damned".

Suddenly all the typing stops. The office workers are now staring at the four men.

HARPER

Sarge, let's boogie. This is dinky dau, real #1000 shit storm.

BECK

No more bullshit, Hibbons! Open the vault. Open it now or you're dead.

HIBBONS

Hardly a threat, but I did give you all a choice, didn't I? Now, this is going to be fun!

Harper fingers the remote detonator nervously.

Hibbons spins the combination dial rapidly and opens the vault door.

From floor to ceiling, there are rows of small glass vials. Thousands of them. Each has a number on it. Each vial appears to contain some kind of golden glowing liquid which churns and swirls.

The wind grows, almost like thousands of people quietly, peacefully singing to themselves.

CHEVY

Sarge! What the hell is this place?

Hibbons laughs uproariously.

(CONTINUED)

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BECK  
(mesmerized)  
I don't know. I've never seen  
anything like it.

Hibbons takes a step backward.

HARPER  
Where you going asshole? What's  
going on here?

His shaking hands accidentally hit the detonation button and  
the grenade pin pops.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Oops. Oh shit!

BIGGIN  
NO!

BECK  
Hit the deck!

The men dive for cover. Hibbons remains standing.

HIBBONS  
(in mock horror)  
Oh my goodness. What ever shall I  
do?

The grenade explodes!

As the smoke clears, an undamaged Hibbons is looking at his  
ruined cigar with disgust.

HIBBONS (CONT'D)  
Now seriously, was that necessary?

HARPER  
Sorry. My hand slipped.

HIBBONS  
I think this has gone on long  
enough. This has all been very  
exciting, but be so good as to put  
your weapons down and follow me.

BECK  
Screw you, man. We're leaving. Move  
out!

The men move quickly out of the vault area.

INT. BANK OFFICES

HIBBONS

I'm not the one you need to  
convince, "man".

(thunderously loud)

TAKE THEM!

Suddenly black flying shapes circle them in the darkness of the high ceiling.

BECK

Incoming! Open fire!

They all begin firing.

Hibbons smiles as the darkness descends, engulfing the four men. He pulls out a fresh cigar and slowly unwraps it.

The sound of gunfire stops.

The typewriters begin clanking out their rhythm again, drowning out the muffled screams.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

*SUPERIMPOSE: FBI Headquarters, Quantico, VA. Morning Briefing. Feb. 11th, 1975.*

SUPERVISORY SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS (mid-40's) is lecturing a room of FBI Special Agents.

Roberts has a slide projector set up which is showing a picture of the interior of a bank from a security camera. Four men are seen entering the bank wearing dark jackets and all carrying weapons.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

The perpetrators we're calling The Lucifer Crew entered the 1st Federal Bank of Chicago yesterday afternoon at approximately 4:55 PM, just before closing time.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF BANK - DAY

A sedan screeches to a halt in front of the bank.

Beck, Harper, Chevy and Biggin pile out of the car. They are all wearing long leather overcoats which hide the automatic weapons they carry as they cross the sidewalk.

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SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS (V.O.)  
You can't see it in the picture,  
but all four were wearing their  
signature demon masks. Reports say  
the masks were extremely lifelike  
and very unnerving.

INTERCUT: FBI BRIEFING ROOM/BANK ROBBERY

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

FBI AGENT DANIEL O'BRIEN (late 20's, bookish) is staring at an  
artists rendering of the masks. It's a half-human, half-goat  
with curved horns flat against the head and menacing eyes.

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE BANK - DAY

However, The Lucifer Crew aren't wearing masks, the demonic  
goat-heads are real.

The BANK GUARD (30's, fat) tries pull his pistol.

BANK GUARD  
Stop! Stop right there!

BECK  
Good night, pig!

Beck cracks the bank guard in the face with the butt of his  
heavy rifle.

The rest of The Lucifer Crew rush to their assigned tasks as  
the guard crumples to the floor whimpering.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The next slide shows the lobby from another angle. Chevy is  
stationed by the door, the bleeding guard sitting at his feet  
with his hands behind his head.

Harper is stationed where he can see the ASSORTED BANK  
CUSTOMERS, while Biggin is herding the BANK EMPLOYEES to one  
side. Beck is approaching the BANK MANAGER (50's).

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE BANK - DAY

Beck runs across the lobby, menacing everyone with his  
weapon.

BECK  
(telepathically)  
Move! Move your asses! Get out of  
my way!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGGIN  
(telepathically)  
Get out of there, assholes! Hands  
on your heads! Get over there! On  
your faces! Now!

Biggin gives a FAT WOMAN (50's) a motivating kick in the  
butt.

BIGGIN (CONT'D)  
Move it, fat ass!

HARPER  
(telepathically)  
Down! On your damn faces! Get down  
NOW!

One MALE CUSTOMER (40'), too terrified to move, gets in  
Harper's way.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
What's your hang-up, bunkie? Want  
to be a tough guy?

He kicks the man in the stomach and shoves him to the floor.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Roberts has another slide up showing the positions of the  
crew just seen in the previous scene.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
Here you can see the usual military  
precision which typifies The  
Lucifer Crew's robberies. One man  
covers the escape door, another the  
customers, the third the employees  
while the fourth goes immediately  
to the manager. None of them say a  
word, at least none of the  
witnesses could remember anybody  
saying anything.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Sir?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
O'Bannon, is it? Yes?

AGENT O'BRIEN  
It's O'Brien, sir.

TWO AGENTS sitting behind O'Brien exchange smirks.

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SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
Ask your question, O'Brien.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
What do you mean, none of the witnesses could remember anyone saying anything? I see the customers putting their hands behind their heads, the employees being moved from behind the counters. This all seems to be due to specific directions being given by the robbers.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
In a situation like this, O'Brien, it's not hard for someone to figure out what's expected of them.

Some chuckles from the other agents.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Yes sir. Even the manager?

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE BANK - DAY

Beck slaps the terrified BANK MANAGER hard across the face, drawing blood.

BANK MANAGER  
Please don't hurt me!

BECK  
(telepathically)  
Nothing else matters but my voice, dog-nut.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
If you'll all consult the briefing notes, you'll see the manager's statement. He says he doesn't clearly remember anything the robber said to him. He was under an extreme level of stress.

O'Brien raises his hand.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
We're moving on. Next slide.

The agents behind O'Brien exchange more smirks.

INT. THE VAULT OF THE BANK - DAY

The manager stands with a vacant look. The Lucifer Crew runs out of the vault with large canvas bags full of money.

BECK  
(telepathically)  
Piss your pants and pass out.

A large stain appears on the front of the manager's pants and he falls to the floor.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF BANK - DAY

As they exit the bank, all four have their human faces again.

With Chevy at the wheel, the tires of the souped up sedan burn white smoke as the car rockets out into the street.

The bank alarm bell begins ringing loudly.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The agents are collecting their things and leaving the room.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
Agent O'Brien? I want to talk to  
you.

The two smirking agents exchange another look.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
Halloway? Jenson? I assume you're  
both in a rush to get to the pistol  
range to improve your scores. Don't  
let me keep you.

They both reply "Yes sir" and leave quickly.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
This place gets more and more like  
a high school every day.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Sir?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
You seem to have a special interest  
in The Lucifer Crew.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Yes sir, I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

Don't.

AGENT O'BRIEN

I'm sorry, sir?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

Do not get involved in this case.

AGENT O'BRIEN

I don't understand, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

You graduated at the top of your class. You have a bright future in the Bureau, but it's these first few months when the top brass will form their opinion about you. Once that opinion has been set, it's damn near impossible to change.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Why would my interest in The Lucifer Crew jeopardize my career?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

When you collect evidence, it's black or it's white, it's either relevant to the case or it's not but it always means something. It's math. One and one ALWAYS equals two. There is no deviation from that.

(whispering)

Except in the case of The Lucifer Crew. One plus one doesn't equal two.

He finishes packing and walks quickly to the door, looking both ways up and down the hallway before exiting.

O'Brien looks at the sketch of the goat face and crosses himself.

INT. A SMALL STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *Dallas, Texas. 1984*

The CUSTOMERS are a mix of cowboys and guys wearing the 80's Don Johnson "Miami Vice" look.

Beck is sitting at the bar with Chevy.

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Biggin is standing by one of the small stages, encouraging a POLE DANCER with a constant toss of bills.

Harper has a STRIPPER on his lap while reading a magazine with the cover proudly announcing "The Macintosh is coming in '84!"

The Lucifer Crew appears younger, slimmer, harder; like wolves eyeing a herd of prey.

HONEY (20's, a "working girl") gyrates up to Chevy.

HONEY  
(slightly drunk)  
Hi, baby. I'm Honey. What's your name?

CHEVY  
(laughing)  
You guessed it, that's amazing. My name is "Baby".

HONEY  
Wow! That's radical! So, what do you do, Baby?

CHEVY  
Me and my buddies rob banks for Satan.

HONEY  
The guy that runs this place is an asshole too.

Beck and Chevy laugh.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
And speaking of my boss, Baby, time is money, you know?

CHEVY  
That's an excellent point. Money and time are very much alike. Neither of them mean a damn thing. Get it?

HONEY  
(nodding vigorously)  
Huh?

CHEVY  
(to Beck)  
Too metaphysical?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECK

I think she's more the nuts and bolts type.

CHEVY

Gotcha.

(to Honey)

Okay, how about this: Honey, I hope you have the time, because I definitely have the money.

HONEY

Radical! Come on, cowboy. I'm going to take you to Heaven.

Beck chokes on his drink.

CHEVY

I kind of doubt that's ever going to happen, but you're sweet to offer.

The girl takes Chevy's arm and leads him to a door in the back.

Biggin sees the pair moving off together.

BIGGIN

Yeah Marine, get some!

CHEVY

Don't wait up, Mom!

Most of the club laughs.

The WOMAN BARTENDER (30's) approaches Beck.

BARTENDER

Same again?

Beck pushes the shot glass forward.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You guys all in the Army or something?

BECK

Leave the bottle.

She puts the bottle down a little harder than needed.

Beck looks up at his reflection in the mirror behind the bar, then back down at his glass.

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He looks at the bartender as she leans over the bar talking to one of the dancers.

Beck smiles.

His eyes get dark. Cold.

The bartender stops talking to the dancer in mid-sentence and looks over at Beck as if she's been called.

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Beck is behind the bartender, his pants open, thrusting into her as she's bent over a garbage can.

His head is now changed, in silhouette it's the demonic goatman head. His breath steams out in a snort in the cold night air as he howls in orgasm.

EXT. A COMMUTER TRAIN PASSENGER LOADING PLATFORM - DAY

A logo shows "Dallas Area Rapid Transit" on the side of a white monorail train as it pulls into the station.

The car slows as it enters the station and ASSORTED COMMUTERS push their way into the already crowded car.

Beck, Biggin, Harper and Chevy, wearing black leather overcoats, walk briskly into the train car.

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN CAR - DAY

Chevy puts his hand on the train operators booth door and closes his eyes.

The train leaves the station as the crew waits.

Chevy tries again, putting his forehead against the door, his eyes closed tightly.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH

The driver on the other side is seen wearing headphones and listening to music on a Walkman cassette player.

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

All the commuters are busy reading newspapers, listening to Walkmans; oblivious to everything but themselves.

Chevy twists the door handle and pushes. The creaking metal of the door mixes with the train wheels.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH

Chevy silences the driver with a quick punch to the jaw. His headphones come off when he falls.

Chevy hears Cindi Lauper singing "Girls Just Want to Have Fun".

CHEVY

Man, that's just wrong.

Chevy sits at the controls.

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

The train is approaching another station.

The message screens being flashing "Not in Service".

The commuters rush out bitching about having to change trains.

As the empty train leaves the station, Chevy opens the door and the unconscious driver slides out onto the floor.

Harper grabs him by the collar and begins pulling him up the aisle.

TRAIN DRIVER

Huh? Who?

The driver sees Harper upside down as he's being dragged, but Harpers face is now halfman, halfgoat.

HARPER

(bleating)

Baaaaaah!

The driver goes white, stammering with fear.

He looks back and sees Beck, also a goatman, smiling.

Harper drags him passed a goat-headed Biggin, now holding a sawed off shotgun.

BIGGIN

BOO!

The men laugh as the driver passes out.

Harper drags him to the next car.

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Beck is looking out the large front window into the darkness of the tunnel.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH

Chevy activates a small device.

CHEVY  
Knock. Knock.

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

Beck sees a section of track off in the distance slide open and the lights go from red to green.

BECK  
Kick it in the ass, Chevy. We don't  
want to miss our ride.

CHEVY  
I only know one speed, Sarge: too  
fast.

The train rumbles down the newly opened section. Chevy presses the button again and the track switches back behind them, the lights returning to red.

INT. NEXT SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

Harper leaves the unconscious guard on the floor. He and Biggin detach the lead car. The trailing cars slip away as the lead car bucks forward.

BIGGIN  
Let's go, whiteboy! Time to get  
paid!

HARPER  
Speaking of getting paid, you own  
me \$100.

BIGGIN  
What? No bet. You cheated.

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

They join Beck at the front window.

BECK  
His toy worked, the tracks  
switched. Pay the man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Biggin hands Harper a crumpled bill who kisses it like a cherished memento.

HARPER  
I love science!

BIGGIN  
Shut up, nerd. We got work to do.

The three goat-headed men pull out their assault rifles and stand side-by-side watching the rear lights of another train ahead of them.

INT. THE TREASURY TRAIN

The other train is identical to the one the Lucifer Crew is on but it's logo reads, "State of Texas Treasury Department" and contains POLICE OFFICERS in full SWAT gear with helmets, flak vests and all carry M-16s.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY TRAIN

The GUARDS in the last car spot headlights behind them.

POLICE GUARD #1  
What the hell? Give me a break.  
There's a damn train behind us.  
(into his shoulder  
microphone)  
Car Three to Pilot. Car Three to  
Pilot. Murph? You're not going to  
believe this.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH IN THE TREASURY TRAIN CAR

OFFICER MURPHY (30's) is driving the treasury train.

OFFICER MURPHY  
You've got to be shitting me.

Murphy pulls the emergency horn.

A SERGEANT (40's, tough) approaches.

SERGEANT  
What is it?

OFFICER MURPHY  
There's a train behind us. I'm  
calling it in.

INT. TREASURY TRAIN SUBWAY CAR

A large safe is bolted to the floor surrounded by three officers in full SWAT gear.

SERGEANT

You two with me. Rookie, stand by the package.

He and the other two officers run to the rear of the train. The third officer glances at the driver nervously gripping his M-16.

OFFICER MURPHY

Take it easy, rookie. It's just a switching error. Just be thankful it's not coming at us head on.

ROOKIE OFFICER

(nervously)  
Yeah, okay.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH OF THE FOLLOWING SUBWAY TRAIN

The sound of the treasury train's horn echoes again down the tunnel.

CHEVY

(mocking)  
Mamma, help me. Some bad men are chasing me!

Chevy lets out a loud howl and punches the accelerator again.

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

Beck, Biggin and Harper simultaneously kick the front window out.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN

The Sergeant and the other police officers are staring out the back window at the armed men.

SERGEANT

Fuck me sideways! Lock and load, men!  
(into his shoulder microphone)  
It's a hit! Put the spurs to this filly!

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH IN THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

GUARD MURPHY  
 Station One, Station One! This is  
 Boxcar Bertha, come in. We have a  
 situation. SHIT!

EXT. THE TRAIN TUNNEL

Sparks flash from the wheels as both trains fight to stay  
 connected to the rails.

Chevy is closing the distance, but the other train is moving  
 quicker now and gaining speed.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN

The officers can now see the grim smiles on their demonic  
 goat heads.

OFFICER #1  
 (whispers)  
 Holy Hell.

SERGEANT  
 Shit! It's The Lucifer Crew.

INT. THE LEAD CAR OF THE PURSUING SUBWAY TRAIN

Biggin fires his shotgun.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN

The officers duck as their rear window explodes inward.  
 Chunks of glass cover them and the car is filled with the  
 loud howling of wind, screeching metal and racing train  
 engine noise.

INT. THE LEAD CAR OF THE PURSUING SUBWAY TRAIN

The Lucifer Crew jumps.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN

The officers see three demonic figures flying through the air  
 at them.

SERGEANT  
 Fire! Fire goddamn it!

All the officers are too freaked. Bullets spark and ricochet  
 all around the crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One bullet hits Biggin in the upper arm, but they all land on their feet inside the train.

Biggin backfists Officer #1 hard across the face, knocking him against the hard plastic seats like a ragdoll.

BIGGIN  
You don't EVER mess with a man's  
leather!

Harper headbutts another officer.

Beck and the Sergeant face off.

The Sergeant's finger tightens on the trigger.

P.O.V: FROM THE SERGEANT'S VIEW

Beck's eyes fill the Sergeant's vision, blocking everything else out.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN - SECONDS LATER

The Sergeant realizes he's sitting on the floor with the three goatheaded robbers standing over him laughing.

BECK (V.O.)  
Lights out, pig.

The Sergeant blacks out.

INT. THE LEAD CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN

The nervous rookie officer covers the rear door.

The sound of smashing glass and the lights in the next car go out.

The connecting door opens slightly.

ROOKIE OFFICER  
(voice cracking)  
Halt! Police Officer! I am armed  
and authorized to used deadly...

A baseball hits him in the chin. He falls next to the open door of the drivers booth.

Officer Murphy sees the rookie on the floor, his jaw jammed sideways.

Beck pulls Officer Murphy out of the booth, slamming him into the opposite wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beck tosses the baseball to Harper.

BECK

Not a bad arm. For a nerd.

Harper catches it grinning.

INT. THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN DRIVER'S BOOTH

Beck slows the treasury subway car slightly.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH OF THE PURSUING SUBWAY TRAIN

Chevy matches Beck's speed.

INT. THE LEAD CAR OF THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN

Harper and Biggin are crouched behind the seats. Harper is holding a detonator.

HARPER

Detonation in five...four...

BIGGIN

Just hit it, dumbass!

Harper twists a detonator crank and with a loud explosion, the door to the safe is blown off.

Harper and Biggin begin shovelling cash into large canvas bags.

INT. THE DRIVER'S BOOTH OF THE PURSUING SUBWAY TRAIN

As soon as Chevy takes his hand off the accelerator handle his train begins to slow down.

Chevy dashes from the driver's booth toward the open front window.

INT. THE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT IN THE TREASURY TRAIN CAR

Beck grins and nudges his accelerator handle a little. The Treasury train speeds up slightly, increasing the distance from the train Chevy is attempting to jump from.

BIGGIN

(laughing)

You ain't right, Sarge!

INT. THE TRAIN TUNNEL

Chevy jumps!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEVY  
Shiiiiiiit!

Chevy manages to grab the rear window ledge of the speeding Treasury train and hauls himself in.

INT. THE LAST CAR OF THE TREASURY TRAIN

CHEVY  
(muttering)  
Man, that's just wrong.

INT. THE LEAD CAR OF THE TREASURY TRAIN

Biggin, Harper and Beck are laughing as Chevy passes them.

CHEVY  
Hey, Sarge. Not cool, man. Really.  
(laughing)  
I'll get you for that one, man.

The lights of the tunnel speed by in a blur.

INT. THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN DRIVER'S BOOTH

Chevy replaces Beck at the controls.

BECK  
Just keeping you on your toes,  
Corporal.

CHEVY  
(laughing)  
Whatever you say.  
(shouting)  
Last stop! Everybody out!

INT. THE TREASURY SUBWAY TRAIN CAR

Biggin pries the side door open as the train shudders to a halt next an abandoned station.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION

The Lucifer Crew jumps from the car and run up the tunnel, their laughter echoing in the darkness.

INT. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: *FBI Headquarters, Washington DC, Fall 1986*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Agent O'Brien is giving a presentation to SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS (60's) and several other OLDER FBI AGENTS, including Special Agent Roberts.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
Agent O'Brien, you're trying to tell us that these four men have been successfully committing armed robberies all over the country for nearly 15 years? The same four men?

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Considering the lack of resources the bureau has dedicated to capturing these men, is that so hard to believe?

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
You have distinguished yourself in several key investigations, but don't think for one minute that allows you any special consideration here today.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
I don't mean any disrespect, sir. I'm only asking that a task force be budgeted to investigate The Lucifer Crew. It's standard operating procedure for any criminals of this caliber and history.

One of the Special Agents (50's) clears his throat dramatically.

SPECIAL AGENT  
The bureau has investigated these robberies thoroughly as have several state law enforcement agencies. The unanimous conclusion is that this is not the work of the same men, but of disassociated perpetrators all copying the same style and tactics in an attempt to confuse investigators. This ploy has not worked among "experienced" investigators.

(to Harris)

This "Lucifer Crew" is nothing more than the boogie man. They are an urban myth spread by career criminals and frightened children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Special Agent in Charge Harris closes his folder and several other members of the meeting also close their folders.

AGENT O'BRIEN

This is not an urban myth, but that's the kind of excuse that's often used by incompetent investigators to explain away shoddy and incomplete work.

O'Brien begins tossing reports down the center of the table.

AGENT O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Forensic reports detailing hair from the same goats used to make their masks. Video evidence shows men of the same height, weight and builds. Tactical data showing the same MO for each robbery. Report after report all showing clearly these are the same 4 men committing these crimes.

O'Brien points to a large photo of J Edgar Hoover.

AGENT O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Director Hoover once said "Justice is incidental to law and order." All I want, sir, all any of us wants is justice. As long as these men continue to operate we have no justice.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS

You joined the Bureau not long after Mr. Hoover died. Shame really. I think you two would've worked well together. What do you want, Special Agent O'Brien?

O'Brien grabs his presentation folder and flips to a specific page near the back.

AGENT O'BRIEN

As you can see on page 187 where I outline the task force requirements. A minimum of a 12 man team and a mobile field office. It's all in my report, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS

No. What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AGENT O'BRIEN

To stop them sir. To shut them down, once and for all. It's important. We need to send a message. What these men are doing makes us all vulnerable in many, many ways.

O'Brien glances at Special Agent Roberts.

AGENT O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

And this needs to be said: There's something very, very wrong with these men. Something beyond the evidence.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS

Very well. We'll inform you once we've made our decision. Clear up all this paper before you leave.

He and the rest of the Agents leave.

O'Brien begins clearing up the paperwork. Special Agent Roberts starts helping him.

AGENT O'BRIEN

I've got it.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

I can help you with this.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Now you want to help?

Special Agent Roberts lingers for a beat, then leaves quietly.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Harris is waiting for Roberts.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS

Give him what he needs for 36 months. When he fails to turn up any credible leads, charge him with misappropriation of funds. Suspend him during the investigation. The investigation will absolve him of any wrongdoing after 90 days. I'll show him who's "vulnerable".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
But what if he does find some  
credible leads? What if he's right?

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
Roberts, we've always depended on  
you to see the big picture.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
(nervously)  
I'm sorry, sir, but if I'm going to  
do this, I need to understand why.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
"If"? You suddenly grow a pair,  
Roberts? Alright then. When you  
were a child, were you afraid there  
was a monster in the closet or  
maybe under the bed?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
It was a tree outside my window. I  
thought it was alive and trying to  
get in and kill me.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
Your father showed you it was just  
a tree, right?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
Yes.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
What if your father came into your  
room one night and said, "I'm  
sorry, son. That tree is alive, it  
wants to kill you and there's  
nothing anyone can do to stop it."?

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS  
I understand, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE HARRIS  
It's the big picture, Roberts. Some  
monsters are real.

Harris leaves Roberts alone in the hallway.

Roberts sees O'Brien coming out of the conference room.

O'Brien glances at Roberts and keeps walking in the other  
direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

O'Brien!

Roberts catches up giving O'Brien a congratulatory pat on the back.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS (CONT'D)

I shouldn't be telling you this,  
but I have great news!

AGENT O'BRIEN

Really? He authorized my task  
force? Thank you so much, sir. I'm  
sorry I was rude before. I owe you  
for this. I promise not to  
disappoint you.

SPECIAL AGENT ROBERTS

I know you won't. Now, take the  
rest of the day off and go take  
that pretty wife of yours out to  
celebrate. You're going to be very  
busy until you catch those  
bastards. Come by my office first  
thing in the morning and we'll  
start the paperwork.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Yes sir! I've got to call, Maggie.  
She's going to be so excited! Thank  
you again, sir!

O'Brien rushes away, struggling not to drop any of his  
presentation materials. As Roberts watches him, his smile  
fades.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *Happy Hour Motel. Richmond, VA. July, 1998*

Beck is sitting on the edge of the bed.

A large flock of birds flies in front of the moon.

Beck sips his beer and turns to look at the door.

The door swings open slowly.

DARK ANGEL MALPHAS stands in the doorway. He is very tall  
with dark eyes and pale skin. His jet black hair matches the  
long dark leather coat he wears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK

What do you want, Malphas?

MALPHAS

You are summoned.

Beck sips his beer and watches television.

MALPHAS (CONT'D)

All of you. You are summoned.

BECK

Fly away now, little messenger boy.

MALPHAS

One day you will learn your place,  
monkey. I will teach you.

Beck stands, Malphas tenses bracing for a fight.

BECK

You want to dance, chicken-shit? Do  
you? Let's do it. Come on. Right  
now.

MALPHAS

I can wait. Eternal life teaches  
patience, monkey. I watched your  
furry ancestors fight over the  
bones of their children. I have  
killed more of you monkeys than you  
have had hot meals.

BECK

Next time bring pizza.

Beck winks and slams the door in his face.

Winged shadows passes quickly in front of the moon again.

CHEVY

(telepathically)

Beck! Sarge? It's Biggin. Shit.  
You've got to see this, man!

Beck runs out of the room.

INT. SAME MOTEL - ANOTHER ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Beck is standing with Harper and Chevy as they look down at  
Biggin sprawled on the bed, a hotel ice bucket in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Biggin is very, very drunk. He's singing a Baptist hymn quietly.

BIGGIN

(singing)

*Holy, holy, holy! Tho' the eye of  
sinful man Thy glory may not see;*

*Only Thou art holy' there is none  
beside Thee,*

*Perfect in pow'r, in love, and  
purity.*

BECK

Holy shit, what the hell is wrong  
with him? We can't get drunk.

CHEVY

It looks like he found a way.

Biggin stops singing long enough to take a swig from the ice bucket.

Beck snatches it away from him.

BECK

Biggin, what is this?

Biggin burps loudly and tries to focus his eyes on Beck.

BIGGIN

Mostly gasoline, some rat poison, a  
dash of ammonia for flavor and what  
else? Oh yeah, my "special  
ingredient"! Drain cleaner! Yeah,  
that's what gives it that special  
kick in the jimmy, bitches!

BECK

Biggin, why'd you do this to  
yourself? We got a meeting with  
Hibbons.

BIGGIN

I don't give a shit! I had to read  
in the newspaper my baby brother  
died. Couldn't hear about it from  
nobody, because I'm on the run. My  
baby brother is dead from a heart  
attack. He was 59 years old! My  
BABY brother. And I can't even get  
drunk like a real man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIGGIN (CONT'D)

I don't get old. I get shot, it hurts like a bitch, but it don't kill me. So, if I want to get drunk, I got to poison myself like, I don't know what I am, Beck. What are we? Harper, you smart. You know shit. What the hell are we, brother?

HARPER

I'm sorry, brother, I don't know. We're just doing a job.

BIGGIN

Shit, this ain't a job. You can quit a job.

He goes back to singing quietly to himself.

BECK

He'll be alright in a few hours. What was your little brother's name?

BIGGIN

Joshua. My baby brother's name was Joshua.

Beck raises the ice bucket in salute.

BECK

To Joshua.

He takes a swig, it doesn't go down easy.

Chevy takes the bucket.

CHEVY

To Joshua. Oh man, this smells so rank.

He gulps down a mouthful and hands it to Harper.

HARPER

No way.

BIGGIN

Harper? Come on, man.

BECK

It won't kill you. You'll just wish you were dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARPER

Wouldn't be the first time. To  
Joshua and family.

He drinks the biggest gulp of them all, coughing hard.

CHEVY

Anybody got a dead horse's ass to  
take the taste out of my mouth?

BECK

(speech slurring)

We'll sit with you, Biggin, until  
you're ready to go see Hibbons.

Harper wobbles over to turn on the television, Biggin goes  
back to singing.

INT. A SMALL CUBICLE IN A LARGE OFFICE - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: *Washington, DC - FBI File Services Division*

O'Brien sits alone in his small cubicle within a huge cubicle  
farm. He's in his 50's now, thinner on top and thicker in the  
middle.

He sits in front of a computer with the "Windows 98" logo on  
the screen. He's recording notes with a small tape recorder  
as he watches a security cam video.

The notation on the video shows "Oct. 28, 1998 04:00 Sand  
Dunes Casino, Las Vegas, NV."

The interior door of a money counting room explodes open and  
The Lucifer Crew quickly and violently take down the security  
guards.

O'Brien stops the tape at a point which shows Beck's demonic  
face twisting into a snarl as he shoots the camera.

AGENT O'BRIEN

(to recorder)

The Sand Dunes robbery was a hit on  
a mob drop. If The Lucifer Crew  
isn't afraid of the mob, who do  
they work for?

O'Brien switches off the TV quickly when he hears footsteps.

AGENT HACKLEY (late 30's, plump), greets him too loudly and  
too cheerily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT HACKLEY

Good morning! Were you talking to me?

AGENT O'BRIEN

No, Agent Hackley, sir. I didn't hear you come in. Talking to myself. I was just getting the quarterly report finished up.

AGENT HACKLEY

That's really great. I appreciate your dedication. You know, you've done really great work here in File Services. Your review is coming up and I don't mind telling you, I'm very, very happy with your work.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

AGENT HACKLEY

You know, O'Brien, a lot of people told me you were trouble, but I don't see it. You don't act like you miss field work at all.

AGENT O'BRIEN

No sir, I'm happy to serve wherever the Bureau thinks I can do the best work.

AGENT HACKLEY

Outstanding! I'm going to head down to the cafeteria. Want a doughnut or something?

AGENT O'BRIEN

No, thank you, sir.

AGENT HACKLEY

Carry on, soldier!

O'Brien waits until he hears Hackley leave through the door at the end of the row and starts up the VCR again while rubbing a rosary in one hand.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Who do they work for?

The only sound coming from the large collection of dark cubicles is the whirring and clicking of the VCR.

INT. LARGE LOBBY - LATER SAME DAY

The Lucifer Crew enters the lobby of a large business building in downtown Richmond, VA.

A SECURITY GUARD (60's) stands from behind his desk.

SECURITY GUARD  
Good morning, gentlemen. Can I help you?

BECK  
Sit your big ass down.

SECURITY GUARD  
Yes sir. Sorry, sir. You're expected.

They continue through the lobby toward the elevators where the DARK ANGEL BILETH is waiting for them.

INT. ELEVATORS

BIGGIN  
Either lay an egg, bird boy, or press the button.

Bileth slowly presses his thumb into a red button and the black doors of the elevator open. The men step inside, Bileth remains outside the elevator.

CHEVY  
(mimicking Biggin's voice)  
"lay an egg, bird boy!" Shit, Biggin.

The crew laughs at the scowling Bileth.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR

As the doors close, AC/DC's "Highway to Hell" plays from hidden speakers in the elevator.

Biggin shakes his head morosely while Chevy smiles nodding his head along with Harper.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

The crew step off the elevator into a lobby overlooking a large office.

Hibbons is waiting for them looking exactly the same, right down to the cigar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIBBONS

Gentlemen, good day! So good of you to come.

BIGGIN

AC/DC? Isn't that just a little obvious, Shorty?

HIBBONS

Decisions of that nature are made by another department. If you would like to fill out a complaint form, I'd be happy to forward it to the appropriate channels.

BECK

Next time don't send your carrier pigeons.

Harper waves a cell phone.

HARPER

Yeah man, how about joining the rest of us in the 90's?

CHEVY

Those things. The Dark Angels. We don't like them.

HIBBONS

I assure you, the feeling is mutual. You men have been afforded a unique position in our little community. You are neither Dark Angel nor are you demon. Yet you have advantages of both. Our master has allowed you much more freedom than granted to any other of his employees because that freedom has allowed you all to provide a very healthy income to our organization. However, do not overestimate your importance. What has been given can be taken away and I assure you all, the consequences would be most unpleasant.

(big smile)

But let's not dwell on the negatives! The Master is very pleased and loves you all dearly! Rejoice!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECK  
Hear that guys? Satan loves us.

BIGGIN, HARPER AND CHEVY  
(no enthusiasm)  
Yaaaay.

BECK  
What do you want, Shorty?

HIBBONS  
Walk with me.

Hibbons walks quickly through two large glass doors.

INT. LARGE OFFICE AREA - DAY

They pass cubes filled with the same demonic workers from the Vault of the Damned, now hunched over computer consoles, still puffing away and typing madly.

BIGGIN  
Hibbons, just how old are you anyway?

HIBBONS  
Are you familiar with the phrase "Nero fiddled while Rome burned"?

BIGGIN  
I guess so. Why?

HIBBONS  
I pissed on the fire.

BIGGIN  
Alright, never mind, just asking.

INT. LARGE MEETING ROOM - DAY

Hibbons leads the men to a meeting room, there is a projector connected to a computer displaying a Windows 98 logo on a large white screen attached to the wall.

The men stand around the screen while Hibbons starts up a Powerpoint presentation on the computer.

They wait for the application to start.

And wait.

BECK  
Sometime today, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIBBONS  
Sorry, it's kind of slow.

The first screen is an overly busy graphic displaying in fiery letters, "Welcome Lucifer Crew!"

HARPER  
That is so cool. How much RAM does that PC have?

HIBBONS  
(proudly)  
A whopping 24 megabytes! Can you believe it?

HARPER  
No shit? Really?

Biggin gives Harper a slap in the back of the head.

BIGGIN  
Would you shut your nerd ass up?

BECK  
Get on with it Hibbons.

HIBBONS  
Gentlemen, the conversion of our paper records to digital is complete. We now have all of our soul records maintained in digital form. We can tell in an instant where we can find the soul of any of our customers.

Hibbons types the name "Donald Trump".

HIBBONS (CONT'D)  
When Mr. Trump dies, we can tell within seconds...

He presses the Enter key on the computer keyboard with a dramatic flair. The mouse cursor changes to an hourglass and spins slowly.

Still spinning.

HIBBONS (CONT'D)  
...within seconds. Come on already! Damn you to Heaven!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finally, the screen displays a page with a picture of Donald Trump with a several fields of information under it, including a long string of numbers.

HIBBONS (CONT'D)

Here we go. As of close of business yesterday, Mr. Trump has received funding from The Master which totals 1.6 Billion dollars. We see his soul is contained in vial #149899, row #647377, in section G66954.

CHEVY

So?

HIBBONS

We need to upgrade.

The Crew groans with disapproval.

BECK

We just came off a big job, Hibbons. We get 2 months off, that's the rule.

HIBBONS

I know the rules, Beck. I am the one who explained them to you! The master is asking you to make an exception. He will never break an agreement, but we have a window of opportunity. If exploited, this will fund our much needed upgrade entirely with a tidy surplus. Do this job and you can easily take the rest of the year off. Maybe even someplace warm and tropical?

BECK

Out of the country?

BIGGIN

Like maybe Puerto Rico?

HIBBONS

That could be arranged.

BECK

I've got to know something. Why is it the Great Lord of Darkness needs so much cash all the time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIGGIN

Yeah and why doesn't he just use his evil magic mojo to get what he needs?

HIBBONS

I would never presume to question The Master's motives.

(whispering)

However if I had to guess, I'd say he just likes the way you men scare the shit out of everyone.

BECK

I didn't think you knew. What's the job?

HIBBONS

The Federal Reserve Bank here in Richmond.

CHEVY

What!?! Why don't we just hit Fort Knox while we're at it?

HIBBONS

Don't be absurd, there's nothing of value in Fort Knox. Your target is The Federal Reserve.

HARPER

That's nuts, Shorty, no freaking way.

BIGGIN

What you smoking, Shorty? Save it for the weekend if you ain't sharing.

HIBBONS

(to Beck)

Well?

BECK

I'm just waiting for the punchline.

HIBBONS

This is no joke, gentlemen. This is not only possible, it's amazingly simple for a crew of your unique talents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BECK

Run it down for us.

Hibbons uses the computer to display an 8 story building's schematics with 6 sub floors extending beneath the ground.

HIBBONS

This is the Federal Reserve building in downtown Richmond. Well guarded by well-trained and well-armed State Police Officers.

The display zooms in on the 5th sub floor.

HIBBONS (CONT'D)

There are two vaults, located on the 5th and 6th sub-floors. Each can only be opened by a small group of individuals. One must use a key and combination at the vault door, while at the same time a senior supervisor must approve the opening from the 8th floor.

(to Beck)

And now for the "punchline".

BECK

There's a reason I look bored, Shorty.

HIBBONS

Day after tomorrow, at 2:45 AM, there will be a transfer of funds from two other Federal Reserves. Those reserves are undergoing a massive security overhaul and it was decided to move the money to Richmond during the short time the upgrades will require. For approximately 48 hours, these vaults will hold over 5 Billion dollars.

(to Beck)

Still bored?

BECK

Not so much.

BIGGIN

If the vaults are so tight, how do we get at the loot?

Beck is scanning the diagrams intensely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HIBBONS

Beck? Care to guess?

BECK

We hit them before the cash is in the vault.

HIBBONS

Precisely! The convoy delivering the cash is too well-guarded by both State police and National Guard troops under the guise of it being a military exercise. The money will be transferred in a large armored personal carrier and covered by both land and air. It should be quite an impressive parade!

BECK

So we hit them when they're unloading, before they get it in the vaults.

HIBBONS

Go on.

Beck studies schematic.

HARPER

I always enjoy watching a professional go to work!

BECK

These elevators come directly down from this interior loading area. But those elevators won't be large enough to hold the whole load. They won't want to keep the vault door open any longer than necessary, so that means, they'll make 2 maybe 3 runs from the loading dock before the entire load is staged here, at the vault level.

HIBBONS

Yes, but which vault?

BECK

It would have to be the 5th subfloor vault, it's got the most room in the staging area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HIBBONS

That was our conclusion as well.

HARPER

"Our" conclusion?

HIBBONS

You're still missing a key element, Beck.

BECK

Is that an access tunnel?

Hibbons applauds.

HIBBONS

Excellent!

The rest of the crew join in, hooting and whistling.

P.O.V. of the areas Hibbons is talking about as he speaks.

HIBBONS (V.O.)

The Federal Reserve is only a few blocks away from the state capital. The state senate, the capital and all the state agency offices are spread out over a 10 block radius in downtown Richmond. While these state buildings were under construction, it was decided that for ease of access during extreme weather and in case of some kind of civil emergency, the state buildings should all be connected via underground walkways. Many of the walkways are locked, but quite a few are used regularly by state employees to get from one building to another. One of those unused underground walkways leads directly to the former State Air Pollution control board building, now the site of the current Federal Reserve building. This tunnel has two entrances, one from the Dept. of Transportation's parking deck. The other from the State Senate offices lobby. Neither is guarded and the door is a simple padlock.

The P.O.V. zooms down the dark tunnel and stops suddenly at a cement wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

HIBBONS (V.O.)

However, the tunnel was blocked off with three feet of concrete and rebar over 10 years ago here approximately 1200 yards from the 5th subfloor access point. This portion of the tunnel and the opposite side of the obstruction are wired with motion detection alarms.

BECK

Harper?

HARPER

One shape charge and we're in.

BECK

We'll still be a good distance from the loot when those alarms start screaming. I don't see a way to disarm or avoid them either.

(to Chevy)

If you can't stop the rain, the next best thing is to outrun it, right?

CHEVY

Yeah, man, yeah. I'm with you. One speed: too fast.

BIGGIN

Aw, no! No! NO! I know what ya'll are thinking and I hate those damn things. And in a tunnel? Ya'll are just crazy.

CHEVY

Hell yeah, man! It'll be perfect.

BECK

(To Biggin)

You just worry about the door at the far end.

BIGGIN

Ain't gonna be no door by the time you get there, Sarge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BECK

Good. We're going to have to move fast if we're going to be set for tomorrow. Shit, Hibbons, that's not much time.

HIBBONS

Gentlemen, all the data is on that computer. I will leave you to work out the details. Make a list of all the equipment you'll need and I'll see you get it. Again, I'd like to convey both the Master's and my sincerest thanks and best wishes for a successful venture.

The crew goes to work.

Harper is accessing the computer bringing up additional details regarding the tunnel maps.

Beck is sketching out distances on a whiteboard as Harper calls them out.

Biggin and Chevy are arguing over some minor point.

Hibbons closes the door on the way out smiling broadly.

EXT. A DOWNTOWN PARK - SAME DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: *Washington, DC*

O'Brien is sitting on a park bench eating his lunch while using a bulky laptop. A small beep from the laptop causes him to frown.

AGENT O'BRIEN

(mutters to himself)

Damn it. One day they're going to make these things with batteries that last more than an hour.

He crosses himself and says a quiet prayer while looking at a photo of Beck's goatface.

Something in another file gets his attention and he consults his notes and several other pages from various other reports.

O'BRIEN

No. They wouldn't dare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He frantically scoops his notes into his obviously overstuffed brief case rushes away.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE - CORNER OFFICE - DAY

O'Brien is standing in front of DIVISION CHIEF WILLIS (40's).

Willis is scowling at the files O'Brien has dumped on his desk.

DIVISION CHIEF WILLIS

Are you trying for another demotion, Agent O'Brien? Because File Services is usually about as low as most people are willing to go.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Chief Willis, I have reason to believe the Lucifer Crew is going to rob the Federal Reserve Bank in Richmond VA during the cash transfer early tomorrow morning. It's exactly...

DIVISION CHIEF WILLIS

(interrupting)

I don't like you O'Brien. This is the new Federal Bureau of Investigation. Old dinosaurs like you have no place here. Not in the field, not even in File Services and certainly not in my office!

AGENT O'BRIEN

Sir, we know the cash is going to be moved, we just need to figure out how they plan to take it. I would say the transfer will be most vulnerable when the convoy moves the money from the cars to the elevators.

DIVISION CHIEF WILLIS

Agent O'Brien, out of respect for your once promising career in law enforcement, I'm going to pretend this whole conversation never happened. You have 2 minutes left on your lunch hour. I suggest you use them to clean this useless crap off my desk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT O'BRIEN

If you could just get your head out  
of your ass for ONE MINUTE and  
listen to me!

DIVISION CHIEF WILLIS

Consider yourself on suspension.  
Again. Turn in your badge and  
firearm to my assistant.

Willis begins typing on his keyboard.

INT. THE OUTER OFFICE - DAY

O'Brien closes Willis's door.

WILLIS' ASSISTANT (20's) comes in, arms full of files.

ASSISTANT

What are you doing here? You'd  
better not have been bothering  
Chief Willis.

O'Brien is looking at the file cabinets, all with a red tag  
reading "LOCKED" on them.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Of course!  
(to assistant)  
No, he wasn't bothered by me at  
all.

O'Brien rushes out of the office.

INT. LEATHER GOODS CLOTHING STORE IN A LARGE MALL - DAY

Harper and Chevy are sorting through racks of black leather  
coats.

HARPER

Want to get some lunch after we get  
the jackets?

CHEVY

We got some time. What are you  
hungry for?

HARPER

(laughing)  
I'm not.

CHEVY

Yeah, me either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER

Does it bother you?

CHEVY

What? Not getting hungry? Not really.

HARPER

No, I mean, not caring about food. I used to really look forward to eating. Especially dessert. You remember those little doughnuts we used to get? Doughnut holes they called them I think.

CHEVY

I really miss coffee. I mean, I still drink it, but it's just hot. It's like the taste doesn't mean anything any more. I can tell it's coffee, but it's just not what I remember. I don't know how to say it.

HARPER

I know what you mean. Still, it's a good job, right?

CHEVY

(laughing)

I've had worse. No, wait, no I haven't.

Harper holds up a black leather overcoat. Chevy shrugs indifferently.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

Works for me. They got one in Biggin's size?

HARPER

I don't know. Maybe we could just sew two of them together.

They continue to sort through the racks.

CHEVY

(quietly)

I used to love driving, too.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF SAME MALL - DAY

Beck is smoking a cigar as BUSY SHOPPERS pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE (O.S.)

Mom?

Beck sees ALLIE (8) wandering alone through the crowd.

Allie tries to speak to a BUSINESSMAN (30's) who's talking on a cellphone.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Mister? Excuse me?

The man brushes by her, almost knocking her down.

As the man passes, Beck blows a big cloud of cigar smoke in his face.

BUINESSMAN

(coughing)

Hey, asshole. What's your problem?

BECK

Too many bullets and poor impulse control.

(telepathically)

That's a spider.

The businessman drops his phone in disgust and stamps on it.

BUINESSMAN

Shit! Did you see the size of that damn thing? Jesus, I hate spiders.

The businessman shudders and walks away.

Beck sees Allie watching him.

ALLIE

That was cool.

BECK

I don't know what you're talking about.

ALLIE

Don't worry about me, mister. I'm no rat.

BECK

(laughing)

Not a rat, huh? Thanks. Now, where's your mom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLIE

I don't know. What's your name?

BECK

Beck. What's yours?

ALLIE

Allie. Nice to meet you.

She holds out her hand, Beck takes it and she shakes it firmly.

TERESA (30's and very attractive) calls out as she makes her way through the crowd.

TERESA

Hey! What are you doing? Get away from her! Allie!

Teresa snatches Allie up.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I'm going to call a cop!

ALLIE

No, Mom, it's okay.

BECK

(telepathically)  
Yeah, Mom, it's okay.

Teresa's relaxes immediately.

TERESA

Well, that's good.  
(to Allie)  
You shouldn't wander off like that, hon.

Allie is staring at Beck.

ALLIE

You did it again! Wow!

TERESA

Did what? I'm sorry, I'm Teresa, this is Allie. Thanks for your help, Mr.?

ALLIE

His name is Beck and he's awesome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BECK

Yeah, Beck. Nice to meet you. Your daughter is really something.

ALLIE

Come get some ice cream with us, Beck!

TERESA

Honey, that's nice of you, but I'm sure Mr. Beck has important things to do. Unless you have a minute? Allie is a really good judge of character.

BECK

I've got to meet some friends.

TERESA

Sure, of course, thanks again.

ALLIE

You should really get some ice cream with us. I promise there's no rats there.

TERESA

(laughing)

What? Of course there's no rats. Why would you say that?

(to Beck)

I don't know why she said that. I'm sorry.

Allie is smiling innocently.

BECK

I get it, it's okay. Sure, let's get some ice cream. I've got a few minutes.

INT. CAPTAIN MCFOOLIE'S ICE CREAM EMPORIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The ice cream shop is decorated like a cross between a circus and a playground. A band of animatronic monkeys play a bluegrass tune. The place is filled with ASSORTED CUSTOMERS; kids, parents and grandparents.

Beck, Teresa and Allie are sitting in a booth, a WAITRESS (19) is impatiently trying to get their order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE  
The McFoolie Belly Buster Sundae!

TERESA  
Allie, you'll never eat all of  
that.

ALLIE  
Belly Buster!

TERESA  
Okay, fine.  
(to Beck)  
She had a really good report card,  
so we're celebrating.

BECK  
That's great. Good work.

Allie grins back.

WAITRESS  
One Belly Buster for the little  
genius and for you, ma'am?

TERESA  
I'll have the strawberry yogurt  
cup.

ALLIE  
(to Beck)  
She's showing off for you because  
she usually gets the Double-Fudge  
Banana Explosion with extra  
sprinkles.

TERESA  
Allie!  
(to Beck)  
I'm sorry. I really don't know  
where she gets these ideas.

WAITRESS  
And for you, sir?

BECK  
Coffee.

WAITRESS  
Coffee ice cream. Cone or bowl?

BECK  
Coffee. Black. Hot. In a cup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAITRESS

Right. In a cup. Gotcha.

ALLIE

No! You're supposed to get ice cream! You said!

TERESA

Allie, he wants coffee.

Allie imitates a rat.

ALLIE

Squeak. Squeak.

TERESA

Allie! What is it with you today?

BECK

(to waitress)

I'll have the Double-Fudge Banana Explosion. Sprinkles.

(to Teresa)

I had a big lunch, so you might have to help me finish it.

TERESA

(blushing)

You're very sweet.

Allie smiles as Teresa and Beck smile at each other.

INT. A MODEST SUBURBAN HOME - SAME TIME

O'Brien bursts through the front door, not noticing two large suitcases by the door.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Maggie? You home?

MAGGIE O'BRIEN (50's) walks down the stairs with another suitcase. She looks tired, her eyes swollen like she's been crying.

O'BRIEN

Maggie! I've got to go to Richmond tonight. I know where the Lucifer Crew is going to be!

Maggie puts the suitcase down next to the others.

AGENT O'BRIEN

What's that for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Sometimes you can be such a fool.  
I'm leaving you. I can't do this  
anymore.

AGENT O'BRIEN

What? No! You can't! I'm sorry, I  
know things have been bad lately,  
but...

MAGGIE

(interrupting)

But what? You'll catch the bad  
guys, get promoted and the heavens  
will rejoice? You're obsessed. You  
need help. You're right on the edge  
of being fired. Can't you imagine  
my shame? Don't you care?

O'BRIEN

Yes, of course, but it's all going  
to be okay again. In Richmond...

MAGGIE

(interrupting)

Daniel, please stop. For your own  
sake, please get help.

AGENT O'BRIEN

Will you just listen to me!?! Why  
won't anyone listen to me!?!

Maggie waves at the small crucifix hanging on the wall.

MAGGIE

Don't tell me. Tell him.

She picks up her suitcase and brushes by O'Brien.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Carry those other two to my car,  
would you? You can do that much at  
least.

She walks out the front door. O'Brien slowly picks up the two  
remaining suitcase. He stops, staring at the crucifix for a  
beat, then follows his soon-to-be-ex-wife.

INT. CAPTAIN MCFOOLIE'S ICE CREAM EMPORIOUM - LATER

The bowls sit empty on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A group of kids are dancing and singing in front of the bandstand.

ALLIE  
Mom! I want to sing with the  
Hillbilly Monkeys!

TERESA  
Stay where I can see you.

Allie gives Beck an exaggerated wink before she runs off.

BECK  
She's used to getting her way.

TERESA  
I suppose I spoil her. It's hard  
not to, you know?

BECK  
Not really. I don't have any kids.

TERESA  
Did you like your ice cream?

BECK  
Not especially.

TERESA  
I'm sorry. Allie shouldn't have  
pushed you to get that.

BECK  
It's not that. How do I say it? I  
don't enjoy things like I did  
before.

TERESA  
Before? Were you in combat?

BECK  
Is it that obvious?

TERESA  
My ex, Allie's dad, was a Marine.  
In Afghanistan. When he came back,  
he wasn't the same. Were you in  
Afghanistan?

BECK  
No, it was a bit before that. It's  
complicated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECK (CONT'D)

I want to want things again, but I just feel empty inside all the time.

TERESA

I get it. I do.

She takes his hand.

Beck pulls away.

BECK

You don't and I hope you never do. You and Allie are both too nice to ever know what I know.

Teresa looks hurt. She grabs a napkin and scribbles on it.

TERESA

I don't do this, okay? But if you ever want to talk, maybe get some more ice cream with us, call me.

Beck takes the napkin. The waitress puts the check on the table, Beck pulls out his wallet.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I've got this.

BECK

No, let me.

TERESA

Not a chance, soldier. This way, you owe us.

She winks.

Beck smiles, folds the napkin and stuffs it in his wallet.

BECK

I've got to go. Thanks for the ice cream. Say goodbye to Allie for me.

TERESA

It was nice meeting you, Beck.

BECK

Yeah. See you.

Beck heads to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TERESA  
(whispering)  
I hope so.

INT. ENTRANCE OF RESTAURANT - DAY

Beck pauses at the door watching Allie and the other kids dancing and singing. The room is filled with beaming parents and grandparents. The HOSTESS (20's) smiles at Beck.

HOSTESS  
They're so cute. Don't you just love that?

Beck stares at her for a beat.

BECK  
No, not at all.

The hostess gives him a confused look as he leaves.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

O'Brien is driving too fast, swerving around other vehicles. A highway sign says, "Richmond 12 miles" He looks at his watch and speeds up.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO FEDERAL RESERVE BANK - NIGHT

A STATE POLICE GUARD is looking at O'Brien's FBI credentials.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
I need to speak to your watch commander immediately.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A large military convoy is rumbling down the highway with a military helicopter following it.

CONVOY LEADER (V.O.)  
Red One to all vehicles, we've just received a dispatch from goalpost. The FBI has an agent on site who says he has credible intell that we're going to be hit. I'm upping our threat level to two, I say again, we are now at Threat Level Two.

MONTAGE: All the guards chambering rounds into their automatic weapons.

EXT. VIEW ABOVE THE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter switches on its bright search light and keeps the APC lit.

The convoy accelerates.

INT. THE ARMoured PERSONNEL CARRIER - NIGHT

There are FOUR GUARDS in SWAT gear riding in the APC. They sit on either side of several large silver lock boxes.

As they chamber their rounds, one YOUNGER GUARD (20's) looks at a more SENIOR GUARD (40's) across from him.

YOUNGER GUARD

You think anyone would be crazy enough to hit us?

OLDER GUARD

I can think of one crew.

The THIRD GUARD (30's) smirks.

THIRD GUARD

You're full of shit. There's no such thing as The Lucifer Crew.

OLDER GUARD

Whatever you say, kid.

YOUNGER GUARD

I heard they were all cops, but they beat a drug dealer to death one night.

THIRD GUARD

Give it a rest already.

YOUNGER GUARD

No, really, and the drug dealer had this brother, who was some kind of Jamaican witch doctor. So, the witch doctor put a curse on the four cops and damned them to be crooks forever.

The FOURTH GUARD (20's, rookie) speaks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOURTH GUARD

I heard they were the four Roman soldiers who crucified Jesus and God damned them to be outlaws for all eternity.

THIRD GUARD

Are you fucking kidding me? You two really believe that shit?

YOUNGER GUARD

I'm just saying what I heard.

FOURTH GUARD

No need to get all pissed about it.

OLDER GUARD

Buddy of mine, his dad was a Marine MP down at LeJeune. Retired about 10 years ago. One night, he comes home stinking drunk. Tells my buddy this wild-ass story about The Lucifer Crew hitting the camp payroll office while he was on guard.

YOUNGER GUARD

No shit?

FOURTH GUARD

What happened?

THIRD GUARD

Nothing happened. It's bull-shit.

OLDER GUARD

Could be. I wasn't there. Then again, neither were you, asshole.

The Third Guard snorts while returning the Older Guards cold stare.

YOUNGER GUARD

What happened?

OLDER GUARD

The next day was payday, so the paymaster's office had over 3 million in cash. There were plenty of guards, but who'd be crazy enough to hit a bank in the middle of a Marine Corps base?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YOUNGER GUARD  
The Lucifer Crew, right?

OLDER GUARD  
(nodding)  
He said they had heads like goats,  
strapped with heavy weapons and  
howling like banshees riding fire.

FOURTH GUARD  
Damn. Then what?

OLDER GUARD  
My buddy said his dad couldn't  
finish the story. It was the only  
time he ever saw his old man cry.

The older guard tightens up his chin strap and checks the magazine on his pistol. The rest of the guards nervously do the same.

EXT. STREET ENTRANCE TO FEDERAL RESERVE - NIGHT

The convoy turns into the parking garage as the helicopter continues covering it with it's search light.

The convoy rumbles through the heavy doors leading to an underground loading dock.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

O'Brien is with MAJOR TOM BEEMS (50's, a tough cop).

MAJOR BEEMS  
It's not protocol for the Bureau to  
be involved here, Agent. This  
should be a Treasury Dept matter.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Protocol is decided at much higher  
levels than yours, Major or even  
mine. Those gates need to be closed  
immediately.

Major Beems stares at O'Brien for a beat before pressing a button on the wall.

The huge iron gate drops slowly over the entrance to the loading dock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR BEEMS  
(into walkie-talkie)  
You are go for unload. Stack'em up  
fast.

INT. THE GUARDS SURROUNDING THE APC

CONVOY LEADER  
(into microphone)  
Roger that.  
(to waiting guards)  
Get the first two boxes down the  
hole, let's go! Move it!

The first two silver lockboxes are now loaded on a large cart and moved toward the waiting elevator on the loading dock.

The cart is pushed into the elevator. FOUR GUARDS squeeze in on the sides, pressed tight against the walls by the large cart.

The doors close.

The next two boxes are in the APC waiting for the elevator to come back. The lights showing the elevator's position clicks slowly downward.

O'BRIEN  
I'm going down with the last two.

The commander nods, still eyeing O'Brien suspiciously.

INT. A DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

The low growl of powerful engines echoes in the tunnel as Harper, lit by bright headlights, assembles the shape charge at the concrete wall.

INT. THE VAULT ROOM

The elevator stops at the vault room subfloor and the guards push the first cart toward the closed vault door.

INT. A DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Harper sets the charge, attaches a remote detonator and runs back up the hallway.

INT. THE ELEVATOR AT THE LOADING DOCK

O'Brien is about to squeeze in with the guards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR BEEMS

Agent O'Brien. I don't like this.  
We should be following the  
established protocol. Something  
about all of this just isn't right.

O'Brien leads the commander off to the side, out of earshot  
of the others.

The guards wait nervously around the elevator.

AGENT O'BRIEN

You don't need to prove you're an  
idiot to me, Beems, I'll take your  
word for it. I'll relieve you of  
command right here and right now if  
I have to. I'm taking full  
responsibility if anything goes  
south. Do you understand? Now,  
let's just get the pies in the  
fridge.

Beems nods woodenly.

INT. THE CRAMPED ELEVATOR

O'Brien, Beems, two guards and the last two boxes are crammed  
into the elevator as the doors close.

The floor lights on the elevator count down as they approach  
the vault room.

Sub Floor One..

Sub Floor Two..

Sub Floor Three..

INT. A DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Harper is looking at the timer on his watch, the seconds tick  
down.

INT. THE VAULT ROOM

As the doors open on the elevator at the vault level...

INT. A DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Harper presses the button and the concrete obstruction  
explodes with shrapnel, smoke, fire and screeching alarms.

The rumbling is heard at the vault. The alarms blare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT O'BRIEN

We have a breach! Open the vault  
now!

The guard at the vault is frantically working the combination.

INT. DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

The Lucifer Crew riding four high-powered motorcycles roar through the debris of the concrete wall.

INT. THE VAULT ROOM

The guard's hands shake as he puts a key in the slot and turns it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM IN UPPER SECTION OF BUILDING - NIGHT

In the control room in the upper floors of the building, a SENIOR OFFICIAL (60's), surrounded by guards, sees the light on his control board go from red to yellow. Hands shaking, he puts his key in the vault and turns it. The light on the control panel goes from yellow to green.

The official sits down heavily, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief as they watch the huge vault door slowly swing open on the monitor.

SENIOR OFFICIAL

Come on. Move it. Faster.

INT. DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Beck's goathead face set with fierce determination as he leans low over the handlebars of the racing motorcycle. The others are howling and yelling as they race wildly behind him.

Up ahead, Beck's headlights illuminate the door leading to the vault. It's red with "No Access" written on it and a large padlock bolting it closed.

INT. DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Biggin has a small shoulder-mounted rocket launcher propped up on his shoulder as he struggles to maintain control of the flying motorcycle.

They continue to race toward the door.

INT. THE VAULT ROOM

The guards can hear the motorcycles roar and the strange howling laughter from the crew getting louder.

The Third Guard from the APC glances at the Older Guard.

THIRD GUARD  
No way. It's bullshit.

OLDER GUARD  
Safety off.

The Third Guard's hand shakes as he flips his safety off.

THIRD GUARD  
It's bullshit.

INT. THE VAULT ROOM

At the vault, O'Brien is helping push the last wagon into the vault.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Shut it! Shut it now!

O'Brien trying to get the door to close faster by pushing on it desperately, but it's mechanism can't be rushed. It slowly begins to close, but there's no way it'll be closed by the time the crew gets to the access door.

INT. DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Biggin whistles loudly.

The three ahead of him hug their handlebars.

The rocket races over their heads toward the red door at the end of the hallway.

The rocket hits the door full on, bursting it off it's hinges. The heavy door flies inward, slamming into the far wall making the guards duck for cover.

Beck flies in right behind it.

Most of the guards are already in covered positions behind barricades and begin firing.

Beck slides his motorcycle to a stop and he dives off firing a small automatic machine gun. The impact of the guards firing explodes all around him. The elevator behind him takes most of the damage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK

Incoming!

The rest of the crew slide into the room, their motorcycles screeching to a halt next to Beck's firing as they come, all yelling and howling.

THIRD GUARD

Shit! It's the Lucifer Crew!

It's then the crew sees what Beck was the first to see. The vault door is completely shut!

INT. THE OTHER VAULT ROOM

O'Brien is still frantically trying to shut the vault door.

As the vault door continues it's slow, mechanized swing, a sign is revealed on the wall which reads "Sub-Floor Six Vault".

They can hear the sounds of the firefight above them. The major pulls his sidearm and starts to round up his men to join the fight.

MAJOR BEEMS

All units with me!

AGENT O'BRIEN

NO! Not until the package is secure!

MAJOR BEEMS

Units 1 and 2 with me! The rest of you remain on station! Move!

At the last second, O'Brien jumps in with them.

The elevator doors slide closed.

INT. THE 5TH SUB-FLOOR VAULT ROOM

Beck and the others are completely exposed, taking round after round. The effect is painful, but not damaging.

Beck grabs the large door and sweeps the guards out from behind the nearest barricade with it. The crew uses it as cover.

BECK

Bastards! They went with the other vault!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGGIN  
How did they know?

CHEVY  
Who gives a damn? Let's boogie,  
Sarge!

A guard tosses a flashbang grenade. It arcs high overhead until it drops into the barricaded section the crew are crouched in, right in front of Harper.

Chevy smothers it as it explodes. His new jacket is the only casualty.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
Hey assholes! We're talking here!

The elevator doors open behind them and Major Beems leads the guards out firing at the crew. O'Brien ducks out with his sidearm in front of him, but not firing yet.

AGENT O'BRIEN  
Cease fire! Major, take cover!

The guards are stunned at the sight of 4 goatheaded demons firing machine guns at them.

Bullets are flying everywhere. The crew is now caught in a cross-fire with the vault guards on one side and Beems and his guards on the other.

Beems is one of the first hit. His chest and head explode in a spray of blood which covers the interior of the elevator and O'Brien.

Beck snarls and levels his weapon at O'Brien. O'Brien has his pistol in one hand and his rosary in the other. O'Brien aims his weapon at Beck ready to fire.

The sight of the rosary makes Beck pause.

He and O'Brien lock eyes.

O'Brien snaps out of it and fires twice. His rounds hit Beck twice in the chest.

BECK  
This is FUBAR! Saddle up!

The crew dives for their rides, each spraying bullets with one hand as they mount up and roar out of the room the way they came in, back down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIGGIN  
 (laughing at guards)  
 Ya'll assholes can't shoot for  
 shit!

Biggin is the last to go, giving the peeking guards the finger as he flies out into the dark hallway.

O'Brien stares at the carnage, the smoke, the blood, the dead and the wounded. He drops his pistol, but not his rosary which he now holds in both shaking, blood-covered hands.

INT. DARK UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

As the Lucifer Crew roar back up the hallway, they see flashlights ahead as guards rush down the hallway in front of them. The guards begin firing. Behind them, guards from the vault are starting to run entering the tunnel through the access door.

Beck leads the group down another hallway to the right.

The two groups of guards begin firing at each other.

The headlights and laughter disappear down the darkened hallway away from the firing.

INT. THE SCREEN OF A TELEVISION - DAY

A female host on a local morning news program is droning in a much too chipper voice.

TV HOSTESS  
 And on the lighter side, a late night filibuster by Virginia Democratic State Senator Mark Blerner was interrupted by four motorcycle riders with Halloween masks. They were apparently protesting Senator Blerner's efforts to block the passage of a bill which would decrease taxes on the water consumption of small farms. Pretty crazy, huh, Chet? You ride a motorcycle don't you?

CO-HOST CHET  
 (fake chuckle)  
 That's right, Karen, but hardly ever indoors.

The two hosts chuckle inanely as the sound of the television drops to the background.

INT. O'BRIEN'S CUBICLE - DAY

O'Brien sits alone in his cubicle. His badge and his gun on the desk in front of the television.

Hackley approaches with two FBI AGENTS.

AGENT HACKLEY

O'Brien? I guess you know what this is, right? You're in a lot of trouble. These two agents will escort you through processing.

Agent #1 produces a pair of handcuffs.

AGENT HACKLEY (CONT'D)

You don't need to do that. Right, O'Brien? He doesn't need to do that.

AGENT #1

Sorry. We normally wouldn't, but Chief Willis was very clear.

AGENT O'BRIEN

I understand.

O'Brien stands and is cuffed.

The two agents lead him away.

EXT. A SUNNY TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

The Lucifer Crew is relaxing on a tropical beach in beach chairs facing the ocean.

The gentle ocean sounds are interrupted by the sound of a cellphone. After 5 rings, Beck pulls it from his pocket and puts it on speakerphone.

BECK

Yeah, Hibbons?

HIBBONS

(From cellphone)

I have excellent news. Even though extenuating circumstances prevented your crew from acquiring the funds, our agreement was that you'd get the time off for the attempt. As we say, rules are rules. So, you are authorized to take your crew to Puerto Rico. Hello? Are you there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beck drops the phone in front of his chair and covers it with sand using his foot until Hibbons voice can no longer be heard.

They all sip their drinks from umbrella covered mugs and look out over the ocean.

INT. A LARGE UPSCALE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *New York City. October, 2010*

A large banner has Halloween graphics on it with the words "Welcome to Zipper's Halloween '08 Angels and Devils Night!" All the strippers are either dressed in white angel or red devil stripper outfits.

The Lucifer Crew is sitting at a table in the back, laughing and drinking.

None of them appear to have aged a day.

Beck hears someone call his name.

Through the crowd he sees a STRIPPER (20's) in an angel costume who immediately gets his full attention. She'd get the full attention of a blind man.

A small strip of sheer white material flows around her as if carried by the wind, yet somehow manages to stay attached to her body. Her "angel" wings even flex and move.

She seems to glow as if the spotlight is always on her.

She glides over to Beck.

MICHELLE

Hi Beck, I'm Michelle. May I dance for you?

BIGGIN

Girl, you gonna dance. You damn sure gonna dance!

MICHELLE

Come with me, Beck.

Beck follows her to a couch off in a darkened corner.

BIGGIN

Is he really going to get a lapdance? Damn, when did Beck get interested in foreplay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The comment breaks the crew up again.

HARPER  
How did she know his name anyway?

INT. A DARK CORNER OF THE CLUB

Michelle begins a grind on Beck's lap as she stares deeply into his eyes. Her eyes are amazingly light blue.

BECK  
(telepathically)  
You're wearing too much. Strip.  
Now.

MICHELLE  
(laughing)  
Your Jedi mind tricks won't work on me, my sweet boy. I have a "confession".  
(laughs again)  
My real name is Saint Michelle, the Archangel.

BECK  
I always heard that was Saint Michael.

MICHELLE  
Are we really going to get caught up in gender issues? I'm an angel. Michael, Michelle. Man, woman, whatever. If we were at a dog show, you'd be talking to a Blue Merle Collie named Hector right now. I'm here because we need to talk.

BECK  
Why here?

MICHELLE  
Why not? Besides, I'm not likely to find you bad boys in the library now am I?

She stands spreading her wings for a second before closing them tight against her back again.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I can't think of a better way to get your undivided attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sinks back into his arms, stoking his cheeks and nuzzling his neck while she talks.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You and your crew are messing up the order of the universe.

BECK

Just following orders, ma'am.

She giggles.

BECK (CONT'D)

Besides, it's not like we have a choice.

MICHELLE

Silly bear, that's the whole point. It's always about choices.

She slowly gyrates like a snake while explaining the mysteries of creation to Beck.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

When God created Man, you weren't given any choices. You were to spend your whole lives in paradise. Loved, cared for and protected. Then, when you died, your life force, your soul, would join God's in Heaven. Lucifer, God's favorite, argued with God. He said Man must be given a choice. Man must make mistakes, learn from them and each find their own path.

BECK

So?

She kisses him affectionately on the nose.

MICHELLE

Please hold all questions until the end of the lecture. The debate has been going on ever since. God offers a loving paradise in Heaven and Lucifer offers Hell. But Hell isn't what you might have heard, it's more like Earth is now: competitive, materialistic, decadent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECK

Been there. Kind of reminds me of Vegas.

MICHELLE

I know, right?

She continues to dance.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Ever since the debate started, when you die you're given a choice: Spend eternity sipping wine by a babbling brook or eating nachos while watching gladiatorial games on HDTV.

BECK

How big is the screen? We talking plasma or LCD?

She flicks his ear with a long fingernail.

MICHELLE

Don't be rude. Lucifer has been stacking the debate in his favor. He's been making Earth more and more like Hell all the time so that when people die, they naturally want to spend time someplace that's more familiar to them. Hell has been getting a lot of new residents in the last hundred years or so. He's getting much more powerful on Earth and in Hell thanks to your crew's efforts. The cash you're providing gives him the ability to tempt people into giving up their souls, giving up eternity in order to get everything they want in this life. Sounds like a pretty good deal, I guess. Spend a few decades as the king of your castle, you cease to exist when you die and Lucifer gets your soul.

BECK

Can I ask a question?

MICHELLE

You may.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BECK

What does Lucifer do with the souls? Why are they important to him?

MICHELLE

Now you're getting it. The soul, when taken while the host is still alive, is just energy. When the host dies, they just ceases to exist and the soul can now be possessed by Lucifer and shaped into anything he wants.

BECK

His Dark Angels.

She looks very serious, almost afraid.

MICHELLE

Yes, my love. He's building an army and he has only one enemy.

BECK

What does your boss want us to do?

She leans down as if to kiss him on the lips, but her face glides by to his ear and she whispers in a seductive way which has made men follow her commands for thousands of years.

MICHELLE

We want you to do what you do best, but it's your choice.

One of the bouncers whistles at her.

BOUNCER (O.S.)

Yo! Michelle! Time!

MICHELLE

I really enjoyed that, sir. That'll be \$200.

Beck fumbles out a wad of bills.

BECK

Huh? Oh yeah, sure.

He hands her the money. Then adds a hefty tip.

St. Michelle, the Archangel, winks and dances away, disappearing into the crowd.

INT. THE TABLE WHERE THE CREW IS SITTING

Beck wanders back over to the table and downs his beer quickly.

BIGGIN  
What the hell was that all about?

BECK  
Exactly.

CHEVY  
(bad Ricky Ricardo)  
Luuuucy, you got some 'splaining to do!

BECK  
We've been given a choice.

CHEVY  
Been awhile since we've had one of those.

HARPER  
We're going to hit the Vault of the Damned again. Get our souls back, right Sarge?

BECK  
We can, if that's what we choose.

CHEVY  
I'm in. This shit is getting boring.

HARPER  
Yeah, me too.

BIGGIN  
Alright, either way it can't be worse than living like this forever.

(to Harper)  
You gonna get the sweet filling back in your Twinkie, boy!

The rest of the crew laughs.

CHEVY  
Oh man, that's just wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK

I've been thinking about this for awhile. I'm guessing we all have. We can do this but the prep work is going to take time. Also, we're going to have to learn new ways and new weapons.

HARPER

What new weapons? What other kinds of weapons are there?

BECK

Library cards.

HARPER

Huh? Why?

BECK

Just an idea somebody suggested. We need to find out as much as we can about Angels.

He smiles at the confused faces of the crew.

BECK (CONT'D)

We're going old school, brothers.

INT. THE CATHEDRAL OF A LARGE CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *Washington DC. November, 2015*

A PRIEST is kneeling in one of the pews, his head at his clasped hands, bowed in prayer.

The priest is O'Brien. Now in his 60's.

A YOUNGER PRIEST (40's) enters from the back and makes his way down the side aisle to the confessional booth. Father O'Brien crosses himself and enters the opposite booth.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH WITH FATHER O'BRIEN

FATHER O'BRIEN

Bless me, Father for I have sinned. It's been 3 days since my last confession.

Through the screen, the younger priest's head is bowed.

YOUNGER PRIEST

Hello, Daniel. How have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER O'BRIEN

I'm still wrestling with demons, my friend.

YOUNGER PRIEST

Aren't we all?

FATHER O'BRIEN

I wonder if I made the right decision to join the priesthood. Lately, my reasons have seemed selfish.

YOUNGER PRIEST

God wants us to love him, as well as ourselves. Father O'Brien, you've been a gifted teacher in our school and a wonderful mentor to our parishioners. And to me.

FATHER O'BRIEN

Thank you, Father, but when I left the FBI to become a priest, I've never told anyone this. In fact, I've lied on several occasions when asked for my reasons. I still find it hard to talk about.

YOUNGER PRIEST

Take your time, Father.

O'Brien takes a deep breath, it comes out with a shaky, shuddering rattle.

FATHER O'BRIEN

Years ago, I began investigating a group of criminals known as the Lucifer Crew.

YOUNGER PRIEST

A bit theatrical.

FATHER O'BRIEN

At first, I thought so too. Then, I began to realize they are Lucifer's Crew.

YOUNGER PRIEST

Demons? Go on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER O'BRIEN

I can't explain it fully, but I was there during one of their robberies. I stopped it from happening, but many men died in the process. One of the demons, the leader, looked at me and I heard a voice. Not really a voice, but I heard him speaking.

O'Brien chokes up and has trouble speaking.

YOUNGER PRIEST

Go on. What did you hear?

FATHER O'BRIEN

The voice said, "Never give up your soul, it's our most precious gift."

YOUNGER PRIEST

Seems an odd thing for a demon to say. Why do you think he said it to you?

FATHER O'BRIEN

I think he somehow knew I might be tempted to make a bad choice.

YOUNGER PRIEST

I see. And were you? Tempted?

FATHER O'BRIEN

Yes. I'd have done anything, given anything to prove I was right about them.

YOUNGER PRIEST

But you joined the priesthood instead. So, you don't feel you were called by God so much as you were pushed by Satan?

FATHER O'BRIEN

Yes.

YOUNGER PRIEST

Whatever your reasons, you made the right choice.

He looks directly at O'Brien through the screen and his amazingly light blue eyes are now visible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YOUNGER PRIEST (CONT'D)  
It's all about choices.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
Thank you, Michael.

FATHER MICHAEL smiles warmly.

FATHER MICHAEL/YOUNGER PRIEST  
No need to thank me, Daniel. I'm  
glad you felt like you could talk  
to me.

EXT. OUTSIDE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL - SAME NIGHT

Father O'Brien is leaving the church through the big front  
doors. He locks them behind him as he leaves.

The wind is blowing, he pulls up his collar and begins  
walking quickly down the steps.

BECK (O.S.)  
So is it Father Agent O'Brien or  
Agent Father O'Brien?

O'Brien whirls around and sees the Lucifer Crew standing at  
the top of the stairs. Even with their human faces, he knows  
immediately who they are.

The crew laughs.

O'Brien's hand automatically reaches for his belt, but his  
FBI-issued revolver is long gone.

The crew react with mock terror.

BECK (CONT'D)  
Whoa, Tex. No shooting, okay?  
Besides, you don't want to put  
holes in that nice new door you  
guys just had installed.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
I will fear no evil.

The crew applauds.

BIGGIN  
Right on, little man!

CHEVY  
Yeah, amen, motherfucker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK  
Shut up, you assholes! Sorry,  
Father. Look, we need your help.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
My help? With what?

Beck reaches into his long overcoat and pulls out a Celtic sword.

The rest of the crew pull out similar weapons.

Harper also pulls out a small shield.

BIGGIN  
(to Harper)  
Man, put that baby shit away.

HARPER  
You're gonna wish you had one of  
these.

BIGGIN  
Want to bet?

BECK  
We need these to be blessed.

INT. INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL - THE SAME NIGHT

The crew are kneeling side-by-side in front of the alter,  
under a large crucifix their heads bowed in reverence

Each is holding his weapon across their upturned palms.

O'Brien is now wearing his Mass vestment. He crosses himself  
before the crucifix and bows. He turns to the kneeling crew.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
You must not come before God with a  
false face.

Beck raises his goat demon face.

The others are also in goathead mode.

O'BRIEN  
Lord God, Father, please guide  
these men in their righteous cause  
to win their souls back from Satan.  
They were tempted, they succumbed  
to baser instincts but now seek a  
higher path.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

They ask only for a chance to prove themselves. Bless not their being, bless not their actions but bless the tools they have chosen for this fight. What they have told me is beyond my capacity to understand, but not beyond my faith to accept. Guide them, empower them and give their weapons your holy light. Amen.

As he speaks, he dabs each sword with a few drops of holy water.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

(To Beck)

Amen.

BECK

Amen.

As soon as he says it, his sword flickers with a blue flame. He grabs it by the handle and looks at the others.

They all shout "Amen!", Biggin giving out a loud "AAAAMEN!" and their swords also burst into a blue flame.

They all stand and hold their swords up to the crucifix shouting triumphantly as the face of Christ, now lit by flickering blue flames, seems to be looking down on them from the cross.

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *New York City, Tonight*

The crew are sitting in a black Humvee, in the same positions they were in the night they first hit the Vault of the Damned.

INT. INSIDE THE HUMVEE - NIGHT

A pair of headlights turns a corner behind them. A large, black armored truck rumbles up the street behind them. As it slides by they notice some differences. A grate running along the rear and front bumper which is low to the ground.

The men chuckle to each other at the sight.

CHEVY

I bet it's all-wheel drive too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER  
No more "shatterproof" glass  
either.

BECK  
I'm guessing there's at least 3  
more inside too.

Biggin raises a large high-caliber machine-gun.

BIGGIN  
Good thing I got plenty to go around then.

BECK  
Gametime.

No need for masks this time, each member of the crew is now  
in their goathead form. The sound of the bolts of heavy  
weapons slamming home fills the Humvee.

BECK (CONT'D)  
We good? Biggin?

BIGGIN  
Let's do this, Sarge.

BECK  
Harper?

HARPER  
Good to go, Beck.

BECK  
Chevy?

Chevy puts the big car in gear, racing the powerful engine.

CHEVY  
Surfs up, man.

Beck hefts up a double-barreled machine-gun with dual ammo  
drums.

BECK  
No matter how this night ends,  
brothers, it's been an honor to  
fight by your side.

EXT. THE DARK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The armored truck approaches the heavy gates and the search  
light from the guard tower illuminates the truck.

INT. THE CAB OF THE ARMORED TRUCK

The two demon guards, wearing heavy flak vests and helmets, hold up ID cards.

A red laser light reader scans the ID cards held up to the windshield. The driver punches in a series of numbers on a keyboard attached to the dashboard and speaks a password into a microphone in a hallow, guttural voice in an unknown language.

After a pause, the heavy gates in front of the armored truck begin to swing open.

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Chevy takes the far corner on screeching, smoking tires and guns the engine.

The gates are beginning to close behind the armored truck.

INT. INSIDE THE HUMVEE - NIGHT

Chevy hits the nitro and the extra boost shoots the already rocketing vehicle into a blur of speed.

The crew braces for impact as the gates continue to close.

INT. THE CAB OF THE ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

The demon guard driver sees the Humvee coming at them from behind and croaks in a demonic language.

DEMON GUARD  
(subtitle)  
Shit! It's the Lucifer Crew!

EXT. COURTYARD INSIDE GATE - NIGHT

The Humvee tears through the iron gates in a shower of sparks and screaming metal, slamming into the rear of the armored truck.

The Lucifer Crew jump out of the Humvee.

BECK  
Biggin! Harper! The truck!

They attack the demons coming out of the armoured truck.

CHEVY  
Beck! Tower!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two heavy machine guns begin throwing lead all around them from the tower. Beck and Chevy return fire.

The driver of the armoured truck is blown apart by Biggin's machine gun. Two more pile out and another is seen scrambling over the seats.

Harper pulls the pin on a grenade, tosses it inside, bracing his shoulder against the door stopping the demons trying to escape.

HARPER

Please keep your hands inside the vehicle at all times!

Biggin braces against the other side door as the grenade goes off, wiping out the demons inside.

Beck fires a small rocket launcher and the tower explodes in flames and crumbles.

More demon guards in SWAT gear come pouring out of the bank.

BIGGIN

Yo! Party time!

BECK

Show'em Hell!

The crew begins firing at the new attackers.

INT. THE VAULT OF THE DAMNED

The large vault room is filled with echoing, shrieking alarms.

Hibbons drops his cigar when he looks up at the security monitor and sees the Lucifer Crew engaged in a firefight in the courtyard outside.

Hibbons slams the huge metal vault door behind him.

HIBBONS

Malphas!

(muttering to himself)

Those fools! Those complete fools!

How dare they!

Malphas, Bileth and several OTHER DARK ANGELS join him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALPHAS

I told you this day would come. It was a mistake to give them the power.

HIBBONS

Silence! You and the others are to guard the vault. Under no circumstances will you allow The Lucifer Crew to gain entry. They're here to steal back their souls. Their contracts have been nullified.

MALPHAS

I will leave a contingency at the vault, but my generals and I claim the right of combat.

HIBBONS

Granted! Just go!

More Dark Angels are now surrounding the vault.

Hibbons grabs Malphas' arm.

HIBBONS (CONT'D)

Malphas. Do not underestimate the Lucifer Crew. They are very good.

Malphas throws off his hand and laughs.

MALPHAS

You monkeys. The best of you was never more than an annoyance.  
(to his generals)  
Now we end them!

EXT. THE COURTYARD OUTSIDE

The Lucifer Crew advance shoulder to shoulder, firing and shouting taunts at their attackers.

The demon guards begin to move back. Their leader shouts orders in an unknown language, pushing his troops forward, until Beck blows his head off.

BECK

Run! Run you pigs! Run back to Hell!

The demons begin to scatter in different directions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECK (CONT'D)

Reload.

They all slap fresh ammo magazines in their weapons.

BECK (CONT'D)

Inside.

They run to the open doors, take covering positions as they move in.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

The inside is now much different than before. It looks like any other contemporary corporate workplace. Cubicles, motivational posters, a breakroom.

The cubes are still manned by worker demons, who despite all the commotion, continue to enter data into their computers.

HARPER

Clear!

CHEVY

All clear!

BIGGIN

Clear, Sarge!

BECK

We're good. Harper, you're up.

Harper cautiously approaches a FEMALE WORKER DEMON.

HARPER

Excuse me. Hi, miss?

She smiles at him with her pointed teeth and her dark eyes.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Okay, not creepy, not creepy at all. I'm just going to plug this in here, right? We're all friends now, so everything's fine, okay?

Harper pulls out a small datastick and reaches for the dataport on her computer.

Suddenly, he's grabbed from behind by the back of the neck and tossed over several cubes.

Malphas and his Dark Angel generals have arrived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of them stands at the end of each of the four rows, each facing a member of the crew.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You sucker punching pigeon, want to try that to my face?

In response, the four Dark Angels pull long two-handed swords from their coats.

The swords burst into red hot flames.

All four of the crew drop their guns and pull out their swords, burning brightly with ice blue fire.

Beck grins at Malphas.

BECK

Happy Thanksgiving, brothers! Time to carve some turkey!

With a howl he and the crew charge at the Dark Angels facing them. The Dark Angels respond with enraged roars of their own and rush forward to meet them.

The Dark Angels attack with furious two-handed hacks designed to kill with one blow. The Lucifer Crew move quickly, using speed to cut and parry.

Each time their blades meet, there's an explosion of sparks and fire.

Harper jams the datastick into the dataport as the Dark Angel brings his sword down toward his head. At the last second, Harper uses his shield to block the blow. As the Angel raises back for another strike, he kicks back catching him in the groin.

The Dark Angel doubles over and stumbles back.

HARPER

(to Biggin)

Hey, did you see that? You owe me a hundred!

He waggles the shield at Biggin.

BIGGIN

Whatever. Get your sword back, nerd!

Harper slams the Dark Angel in the face with the shield and jumps up, snatching his sword back from the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Harper brings it down across the back of the Dark Angel's neck. With a shower of black blood and fire, the head separates and the body falls to the floor.

Harper glances at the worker who is still typing and dodges down another row away from two more menacing dark angels.

The two dark angels run after him.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE OFFICE

Beck is fighting Malphas.

Their fighting goes back and forth, each of them giving and getting damage from the flaming swords. Their clothes smoking where the cuts were made.

Beck stumbles back against a table full of printers and stacks of paper.

MALPHAS

Ashes to ashes, monkey!

Malphas raises the sword over his head, ready to make the final blow when Beck sweeps an armload of paper into the air between them.

The shower of floating paper distracts the Malphas long enough for Beck to jump aside, dodging the downward swing of his two-handed flaming blade.

Beck jabs his sword Malphas' neck. Malphas' head bursts into flames and the rest of him sinks to his knees before pitching forward surrounded by floating, burning sheets of paper.

BECK

It's the paperwork that'll kill you every time.

He runs down a row to help Harper who is fighting two Dark Angels.

INT. ANOTHER ROW OF CUBICLES

Chevy sweeps in low and cuts off the leg of his Dark Angel. The Angel falls screeching a bird-like shriek of pain. Chevy plunges his sword in the Angel's chest and the Angel bursts into flames.

The computer screens are starting to blink. The workers continue typing but are confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEVY

Harper! It's working! Check it out!

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE OFFICE

Harper and Beck are still fighting off their two Angels.

A flaming head flies by and Biggin joins them by slamming into the Angel Beck was fighting. He skewers the Angel with his sword pinning it to the wall.

Beck turns and cuts off one of the arms of the one fighting Harper and Harper finishes it off with by burying his sword in it's forehead.

The doors at the end of the room burst open and Hibbons storms in, cigar firmly in place, puffing madly. He is backed by a dozen enraged Dark Angels, blazing swords at the ready.

HIBBONS

What have you done?!

The words "GAME OVER" are visible on every computer screen.

The exhausted, bleeding Lucifer Crew assembles in front of Hibbons and the other Dark Angels.

BECK

Game over, Hibbons. We've erased your entire database. Now you have no way of knowing what soul belongs to what host. When a host dies, you won't know which soul to take possession of. You can't take them until the host dies and you can't take the wrong ones.

HIBBONS

But you can't! It's NOT FAIR!!

HARPER

Rules are rules, Shorty.

BECK

Hibbons, there's only one thing you and your boss can do: release all the souls. All of them. Including ours.

Hibbons throws his cigar on the floor.

HIBBONS

No! He won't! NO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crew is laughing at him now.

BECK  
No hard feelings, Hibbons, but we  
just had to make a choice.

The Lucifer Crew walks away.

Hibbons cellphone starts to ring. He looks terrified.

The Dark Angels back away from him, slowly retreating back through the door into the darkness of the vault room.

Hibbons pulls his cellphone from the holster on his belt.

HIBBONS  
Yes, Master?

EXT. FRONT OF BUILDING - DAWN

The sun is beginning to rise.

Firetrucks are pouring water on the wreckage of the armored car and Humvee, police have cordoned off the area and keeping the traffic and crowds away.

As the crew exit the gate, a policeman runs up to them.

POLICE OFFICER  
Hold it! Hold it right there!

Harper raises his hand.

HARPER  
(Obi-wan voice)  
These aren't the droids you're  
looking for.

The officer's face goes blank for a beat.

POLICE OFFICER  
Sorry. Let's keep this area clear,  
okay gentlemen? Thanks a lot.

He moves off to yell at some kids who starting to slip under the yellow tape.

EXT. BUSY CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The Crew laugh as they walk up the street until a long black limo pulls up next to them, screeching to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MAN (50's, casual clothes, very tan) on a cellphone jumps out and smiles a dazzling smile at the crew while holding up the "give me one minute" finger to them as he finishes his conversation.

LIMO MAN  
 (to cellphone)  
 Right Hibbons, okay, sure. No, really, it's okay. I understand.. No. Yes, go ahead. Yes, absolutely. All of them. Right now. Right, rules are rules. Thanks. Okay...Okay...

He rolls his eyes and makes the "blah, blah" gesture with his hand.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)  
 Okay, Hibbons, I've got to go. Listen, I'm very proud of the work you're doing. We'll talk again soon. Okay, bye. Thanks again. Bye!

He hangs up with a sigh.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)  
 Wow, that guy is a motormouth. How are you guys doing? Looks like my guys got a few cuts in, but you doing alright? Hi, you must be Biggin. Wow, you really are a big one! Give me a pound!

He holds his fist out and Biggin tentatively returns it.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)  
 Come on! Did you see that? He thought his hand was going to burst into flames or something! You must be Chevy, the driver, right? Man that's awesome. I've been meaning to learn to drive, but I just never got around to it. Maybe you could give me some lessons?

He grabs Chevy's hand shaking it vigorously.

CHEVY  
 Sure, I guess.

The Limo Man moves on to Harper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIMO MAN

Sorry Chevy, but I've got to shake this man's hand. Harper, you are an artist. Really. That virus was a symphony. I can't believe the hands that can create such devastating explosives can create computer code of such subtle, elegant power. Sir, it's an honor.

He gently shakes Harper's hand.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)

And Beck. The Robin Hood of this merry band. I owe you an apology. I make it a habit to meet with all my managers, but I've neglected you. I'm truly sorry.

He shakes Beck's hand firmly.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)

I heard you met Michelle. She's really something, isn't she? We had a thing way back. Seems like a million years ago now. I don't suppose she mentioned me, did she?

BECK

I don't know. Who are you?

The Limo Man looks at his gold wristwatch.

LIMO MAN

Wait for it.

There is a small rush of air around the crew. The air seems to glow for a second around each of them individually. They each react as if jolted by a small electric shock.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)

It's wild, isn't it? I hear it's a real rush. I won't keep you, I know you've got a lot of catching up to do. I just want you to know that the door is always open, okay? Sure, we've had a rough patch here, but we can always come to some kind of agreement. I won't lie to you. This is a setback for me but not a deal breaker. The game goes on and I'd really love to have you guys onboard again. Right? Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He looks at his watch again and winces.

LIMO MAN (CONT'D)

I've got to run. It's been a real honor to meet you guys! Think about it. I can always use good talent and you guys are the best! Really! The BEST!

He waves as the limo peels out into traffic.

Harper has his hand up returning the wave until Biggin smacks it down.

CHEVY

Was that him? That was him, right?

BECK

Yep, that was him.

BIGGIN

I thought he'd be taller and have a tail.

HARPER

Or at least be meaner. He seemed pretty cool.

A beat while they watch the limo run a red light, cutting off a school bus.

BIGGIN

Now what, Sarge?

CHEVY

Yeah Sarge, what do we do now?

Beck looks at the napkin with Teresa's number on it.

BECK

(big smile)

How about some ice cream?

BIGGIN

As long as it's got a rum chaser.

CHEVY

Maybe some pie. You know apple pie with ice cream is fantastic. And coffee. Definitely need some coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARPER

Suddenly I'm starving for a  
doughnut.

BECK

Okay, there's got to be a place  
around here. Come on. Then I've got  
a call to make.

The crew moves up the street laughing, not sure of their  
futures beyond satisfying a fresh craving for desert.

FADE TO BLACK.