

# NEKROMANCER

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**Necromancy** (nek-ruh-man-see)

1. A method of summoning spirits
2. Magic, witchcraft; conjuration
3. To use the dead as a weapon

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INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- NIGHT

A man wakes up tied to a high-tech chair in a room decked out like Frankenstein's Lab crossed with Satan's clubhouse.

We see: weird beeping machines, cables EVERYWHERE, candles, chicken feathers, blood on the walls, animal bones ...

A goat is tethered in front of him.

Dynamite is strapped to it. To his left: more tethered goats. To his right: more terrified men and women tied to chairs.

A door hisses open and a woman enters whistling melodiously.

FINNEGAN: thin, sadistic, elegant as a vampire, Armani dress-suit, round tinted glasses -- sporting a billion-dollar grin.

An intricate scar runs down the left side of her face.

The man tries to scream through the tape on his mouth, Finnegan puts a finger to her lips: "Shhhhh."

She pulls on a raincoat, pushes buttons: A GIANT PENTAGRAM LIGHTS UP UNDER THE MAN.

She pushes a button on a hand controller and: the goat EXPLODES in a hail of blood and gore ...

The man spasms as a DEMON enters his body, his eyes turn WHITE. He roars like a Tyrannosaurus. Finnegan grins.

FINNEGAN:

Hello you sexy thing ... welcome to Earth. And how are we feeling? Snug as a bug in our new body are we?

The demon stares at her ...

FINNEGAN:

Skip the small talk, huh? Fair enough. Let's get started ...

Finnegan flips switches, machines power up. We hear: the sound of an old internet dial-up connection.

Finnegan plugs a cable from the demon's head into a MODEM.

She powers up a pair of defibrillator pads and places them against the demon's head -

FINNEGAN:

It's called the internet. It's fun in there. Like an all you-can-eat buffet. I'm going to put you inside and you're going to raise Hell. Find a host. Rip, tear, kill, eat. Flush out those sons-of-bitches...

Finnegan places the pads against the demon's temples ...

FINNEGAN:

It's a pity to use an exquisitely designed creature such as yourself as mere fishing bait, but hey ... better you than me, huh?

She kisses him on the cheek ...

FINNEGAN:

Brace yourself.

She triggers the pads: ELECTRICITY EXPLODES forcing the DEMON'S SPIRIT INTO THE INTERNET -

INT. INSIDE THE WEB -- CONTINUOUS

WE PUSH THROUGH DARK, DIGITAL PHOSPHORESCENCE, PAST SEAS OF COILED NEON PATTERNS THAT FORM INTO ...

INT. CITY CARPARK, UPPER LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

We DOLLY back out of a phone being held by a bored looking girl leaning against a pillar scrolling through INSTAGRAM.

Her frustrated boyfriend nearby, can't find his car. He clicks his car keys all around to no avail ...

BOYFRIEND:

Where in the name of FUCK did I park my car? Every SINGLE time! I *knew* I should've taken a photo. I usually take a photo! Why didn't I take a photo? Are you going to help me look or are you just going to stand around looking at your phone?

She looks up from her screen -

GIRL:

Huh ... ?

BOYFRIEND:

Don't just DO something, stand there!

GIRL:

Okay.

She goes back to staring at her phone. He looks at her, disgusted, then goes back to searching for his car -

Suddenly ELECTRICITY shoots out of her phone into her eyes and the DEMON leaps from the phone INTO HER BRAIN -

Her boyfriend, oblivious, hunts for his car as behind him, she rises into the air, writhing and snarling.

He turns, sees her hanging above him with glowing eyes, he drops his keys, she drops to the ground in a heap.

Dead?

Everything goes deathly quiet, he slowly approaches her body

BOYFRIEND:  
... um, babe? You okay?

He bends down to touch her & she SPRINGS UP like a jack-in-the-box looking like the girl from the Exorcist on STEROIDS.

He screams, she grabs him, hurls him through the air, he bounces off a bonnet and lands between cars.

He groans, looks up, sees her CRAB-WALKING UPSIDE DOWN into view, she snarls & slides towards him.

He screams again, jumps up as she LAUNCHES herself through air and lands on his back and HAMMERS him to the ground

She twists his head around 180 degrees with a SNAP! Leans down and: SUCKS HIS SOUL OUT OF HIS MOUTH!

She swallows it and burps.

We hear screaming tyres and the demon-girl looks around to see a YELLOW VAN screech to a halt nearby -

She GROWLS, silhouetted against the blazing headlights as the side door wrenches open and a young woman holding a BADASS looking PLASMA RIFLE steps out -

This is MOLLY. She aims at the snarling demon-girl.

MOLLY:  
Hey! Suck on this!

The demon-girl charges, leaps, Molly fires; LIGHTNING PLASMA SMASHES the girl out of the air.

Molly raises the smoking barrel to her lips and blows -

TITLE CARD: **NEKROMANCER**

EXT. RURAL COAL MINE -- DAY

2 sweaty men work to plug a sewage hose - attached to a nearby tanker truck - into a porta-loo.

The logo on the truck reads: "1800 WASTE: WE TAKE YOUR CRAP!"

The men are both in their 20's. HOWARD: thin, tan, darkly handsome, scruffy. RANGI: well-built, cheerful Maori dude.

Suddenly, a seal bursts on the hose and Howard is sprayed with gloopy, liquid crap -

HOWARD:  
Turn it off! Turn it OFF!!

Rangi shuts off the pump, Howard stares down at his waste-smearred body in disgust -

HOWARD:  
*Shit!!*

RANGI:  
You said it, bro ...

JUMP-CUT: Howard stands in his undies, hosing himself down. Rangi leans against the truck watching a video on his phone.

Howard shuts the hose off, starts toweling himself down, looks at Rangi.

Rangi is engrossed in his device, we hear: loud *donkey-braying*.

HOWARD:  
What the HELL are you watching?

RANGI:  
I got this new App that sends me Apps .. it's like an 'App-App', sends me new stuff everyday. This one gives me videos to watch based on my personality profile...

HOWARD:  
Yeah, but what's the video?

RANGI:  
It's a donkey trying to have sex with a Bulgarian farmer. It's pretty funny.

HOWARD:  
Based on your personality profile it sent you a video of a donkey trying to have sex with a farmer?

RANGI:  
Yep.

HOWARD:  
Why would you *watch* that?

RANGI:  
Why *wouldn't* you watch that?

A car skids to a stop nearby, a woman in her late 50's with a face like a puckered asshole sticks her head out:

MRS NORTH:

Howard! What are you doin' standin' around in your undies for?! This is supposed to be a professional business, for Chrissake!

HOWARD:

I'm workin' on my tan.

MRS NORTH:

Just put some damn pants on, for crying out loud! Listen, you boys are gonna' have to take Bobby's shift, he just broke his coccyx and he can't sit down without screamin' ...

HOWARD:

We just came off a goddamn SEVENTEEN HOUR SHIFT! We haven't even slept yet!

MRS NORTH:

And? So?

RANGI:

What's a coccyx?

MRS NORTH:

Piece of bone jutting out just above the anus. It's where our tails used to be ...

HOWARD:

This is *bullshit!*

MRS NORTH:

No. This is *human shit, Howard!* And it's how we pay the rent! So, I suggest you boys get yourselves a big pot of coffee and get drivin'! I gotta' go!

She tears off in a cloud of dust - the words: "WE TAKE YOUR CRAP" behind Howard's seething head.

He turns, PUNCHES the side of the truck, grabs some pills from his pocket, hands shaking.

RANGI:

Your mum's kind of a stroppey cow, hey ...

Howard shoves the pills in his mouth and dry-swallows.

HOWARD:  
She's not my mum.

RANGI:  
We used to have tails ... ?

JUMP-CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD'S WASTE TRUCK, FRONT CAB, STATIC -- DAY

They leap into the cab and slam the truck's doors closed.

RANGI:  
Wanna' see a video of a hippo  
eating a midget?

Howard starts the engine, angrily puts the truck in gear -

JUMP-CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY -- DAY

The waste truck tears down the highway.

INT. WASTE TRUCK, FRONT CAB -- DAY

Howard drives while Rangi sits with his feet up - loud hip-hop blares in the cab as the 2 guys share a joint.

Rangi's phone chimes and he picks it up, there's a message on screen: YOU HAVE 1 NEW APP. REVIEW? He taps the screen:

The word 'NEKROMANCER' appears on it - with text underneath:

RANGI:  
(READING ALOUD) "Nekromancer: Do  
you want to play a game that will  
change your world forever?"

Rangi considers this. Looks at Howard who tokes on the joint.  
Rangi looks back at the screen ...

RANGI:  
Hell yeah!

He taps the device --

INT. INSIDE THE WEB -- CONTINUOUS

WE SEE CORRIDORS OF TWISTING NEON CURRENTS -

INT. CITY CARPARK, UPPER LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Molly picks up the girl's phone, swipes through it, holds it up -

MOLLY:

Yep, she's got the Nekromancer game  
in it ...

We see an older woman dragging the smoking, spitting,  
growling and VERY tied up demon-girl toward the yellow van.

This is Molly's mother; JENNIFER.

She throws the struggling captive into the back, turns -

JENNIFER:

Smash it.

Molly drops it, pulls a PLASMA PISTOL, blasts it to pieces.

JUMP-CUT TO:

INT. CITY CARPARK, NEKROMANCER VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Molly slams the side door shut as Jennifer checks the demon-  
girl's eyes -

JENNIFER:

She's still inside! We've got time -

She attaches a thick cable into a contraption strapped to the  
demon-girl's chest.

Then attaches the other end of the cable into a stereo-sized  
machine on the wall; it powers up, she looks at Molly.

JENNIFER:

Spot me.

MOLLY:

Let me do this one.

Jennifer looks at the snarling demon-girl, back at Molly.

JENNIFER:

Don't mess it up ...

Molly gives her a look, like: "As IF!", then pulls on a large  
POWERGLOVE and roughly grabs the demon-girl by the head.

MOLLY:

Good to go!

JENNIFER:

Don't push too hard or you'll pop  
the girl's brains like a piñata!



MOLLY:

I HAVE done this before, you know.

JENNIFER:

I know you have, I'm just saying,  
slow and steady wins the-

MOLLY:

Can you get off my back, already?  
Jesus!

JENNIFER:

Okay, I'm sorry, whenever you're  
ready ...

MOLLY:

Just relax. Let me do my thing.

JENNIFER:

I'm relaxed. Go ahead.

Power surges from Molly as she closes her eyes and PUSHES the demon OUT of the girl and INTO the machine.

Sparks fly and a green button on the machine lights up with a 'DING!' - a smoking cube pops out the side.

The demon is now trapped INSIDE the cube.

Jennifer grabs it with tongs, looks at it: a red light flashes on its side; faint growling from within.

JENNIFER:

Nice work ...

The girl opens her eyes, looks around, screams, Jennifer moves over to her, bends down, touches her head.

The girl goes silent, hypnotised by her eyes -

JENNIFER:

Shhh, sleep now. Forget all this.

She raises her hand and a gentle pulse of power blows over the girl; she drifts into sleep, Jennifer looks at Molly ...

JENNIFER:

Let's take this shit-stack back to  
the Kill-station.

Suddenly there is an EXPLOSION of power and the windows blow in and the side door rips open to reveal:

Finnegan, flanked by men in suits wearing sunglasses. The men have pale, veiny skin - they are DEMON POSSESSED GOONS.

Power surges across Finnegan's hands as she raises them and begins to clap ...

FINNEGAN:

Very impressive. Very, very, VERY impressive! It truly brings a tear to my eye to see a mother and daughter working so *well* together in the family business. What a beautiful fucking thing.

Jennifer and Molly STARE out at her ...

FINNEGAN:

Come on, Jen. No hug for an old friend?

JENNIFER:

Finnegan ...

FINNEGAN:

Bingo.

Jennifer & Molly reach for their weapons and POWER surges from Finnegan's hands HAMMERING them into the wall of the van.

GOONS reach in and rip them from the vehicle, POWER rockets out of Jennifer, BLOWS the goon away from her.

She spins to attack but a POWER-STRIKE thunders from Finnegan, SLAMMING Jennifer up against the van, pinning her.

FINNEGAN:

You think you can still take me Hunny-bun?

She PUSHES: Jennifer slams back, coughs blood.

FINNEGAN:

Those days are OVER, little lady. I guess right about now you might have noticed a bit of a SHIFT -

She emphasizes the word with a PUSH, blood seeps from Jennifer's eyes and nose - she holds back a scream.

FINNEGAN:

- in our power dynamic.

Finnegan moves slowly toward Jennifer, POWER seething off her

FINNEGAN:

That's what twenty years and about ten thousand souls will do to a girl. You should try it sometime. It's very invigorating. Better than pilates!

She moves in close, their faces nearly touching.

FINNEGAN:

I just have one little question for you, Jenny-baby. This head of yours

She slams a palm to Jennifer's forehead, unsheathes a MACHETE.

FINNEGAN:

You're not *using* it are you?

Jennifer looks over at Molly.

JENNIFER:

Land on top of him ...

Molly looks at her, like: "Huh?"

Jennifer's hand whips out, power EXPLODES from it: Molly and the Goon holding her are BLOWN across the carpark.

INT. CITY CARPARK, GROUND LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

They topple over a stairwell and fall 5 flights to SMASH into the ground.

Molly lands on top of him - she rolls away, gasping for breath.

INT. CITY CARPARK, UPPER LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Finnegan snarls, takes Jennifer's head off with the machete, it rolls to the floor, still *live*, mouth gasping like a fish.

The crumpled, bloody, broken goon tries to sit up. Molly pulls a gun, shoots him in the head - staggers away.

Finnegan glances over the stairwell at the dead goon below.

FINNEGAN:

Huh. Very impressive.

The girl wakes up out of her hypnotised reverie, sees a severed head on the ground next to her and starts to scream.

FINNEGAN:

Oh, for fuck's sake ... shut up, will you?!

Finnegan moves toward the van, WRENCHES the girl out with a surge of power & into her waiting hands, grabs her head and:

SUCKS HER SOUL OUT. Tendrils of power arc across her body as she sighs in ecstasy, drops the dead girl, grins -

FINNEGAN:

It's going to be a *beeeeautiful*  
day!

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

LUTHER & TORQUEL burst through a door into the pouring rain, bleeding, bruised, reeking of gun smoke -

They've just been in the biggest fire-fight of their lives.

HE'S in his early 50's, grizzled, hard body, grey-flecked beard, WOUNDED.

SHE'S young, pale, wiry, crazy eyes, propping her father up as they quickly head for the street ...

A goon with white eyes kicks open the door, shoots, Torquel spins with a shotgun - blows him off his feet.

She pops her bubblegum. Luther steps forward.

LUTHER:

Go get the car. I'll hold 'em off.

TorqueL sprints from the alley, Luther pulls out the BIGGEST FUCKING HANDGUN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

3 demon-goons burst out of the door and are eviscerated in a storm of gunfire like seagulls caught in a propeller blade.

Luther lowers his smoking hand cannon as a NEKROMANCER VAN screeches to a halt behind him and Torquel leans out the window and whistles. \*

Luther gets in, the van peels off down the road at speed - \*

INT. CITY CARPARK, UPPER LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Jennifer's severed head is twitching on the ground like a bloody beached fish ...

Finnegan bends down & picks it up, a goon holds up a sealed metal box with glowing ORANGE panels on the side.

He taps a button; a panel slides open to reveal a nest of wires & circuitry, Finnegan pushes the head inside.

FINNEGAN:

Turn her on.

The goon pushes a button and the box lights up with a hum, wires attach to the head and Jennifer's eyes open ...

She tries to speak - can't. Finnegan leans close ...

FINNEGAN:

Know this ... all the others are  
being rounded up and harvested just  
like you.

INT. CITY APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Two male Nekromancers (one older, one younger) are about to  
suck a demon out of a POSSESSED MAN into a BOX when:

The door bursts open, 2 Goons pounce in and blast them ...

JUMP-CUT: Their heads are placed in BOXES ...

INT. CITY CARPARK, UPPER LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

FINNEGAN:

... and that includes that *gorilla* of  
a husband of yours and the other  
little brat with the gun fetish ...

EXT. CITY STREET, TORQUEL'S CAR, MOVING -- DAY

Torquel drives like a bat out of hell while Luther stares at  
the road sweating bullets - he closes his eyes in prayer.

EXT. CITY ALLEY, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Molly, bleeding from the head, pale, panting, scared,  
dripping sweat, hides in a shadow, catching her breath ...

FINNEGAN(VO):

And your pretty little dark-eyed  
daughter? The one you THINK just  
escaped? We'll find her. And I'll  
take her head off ...

INT. CITY CARPARK, UPPER LEVEL, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Finnegan leans closer to Jennifer's tormented severed head ...

FINNEGAN:

I would like nothing more than to  
suck your cherry-sweet soul through  
that self-righteous face of  
yours...

(gently slaps Jennifer's  
face)

... but I need you right where you  
are, honey-bun.

See, I'm going to USE this head of yours to help me suck a billion souls *right up out of the world* and I'm going to eat every. Single. One of them. And there's not a thing that you ...

(pokes Jennifer's nose)  
... or anybody else can do about it.

\*

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY -- DAY

Howard's waste truck THUNDERS down the road at speed ...

EXT. HOWARD'S WASTE TRUCK, HIGHWAY, MOVING -- DAY

Rangi is leaning out the window waving his phone around.

INT. HOWARD'S WASTE TRUCK, HIGHWAY, MOVING -- DAY

Howard glances at Rangi as he squeezes back into the cab, still staring at his phone.

HOWARD:  
The *heck*'re you doin'?

Rangi taps his phone-screen - confused.

HOWARD:  
Rangi ... *Hey!*

RANGI:  
What?

HOWARD:  
What're you doing?

RANGI:  
Lookin' for ghosts ... you're s'posed to be able to see ghosts on this thing, but I can't see shit!

HOWARD:  
Ghosts. Like, 'dead people' ...

Howard rubs his neck - he looks pained.

RANGI:  
Yeah, it's like Pokemon, but with dead people. You're supposed to find 'em and catch 'em with your phone.

HOWARD:  
Sounds lame. What are you always playin' on that thing for?

RANGI:  
Beats talkin' to you.

HOWARD:  
I'm serious, man - you've always  
got your face stuck in that thing.  
It's really irritating.

RANGI:  
Yeah?

HOWARD:  
Yeah. Talking to you's like talking  
to Forrest Gump.

RANGI:  
Yeah? That's cool.

HOWARD:  
Every time I ask a question it  
takes you ten seconds to work out  
that I just asked a question and  
then your answer is always: "huh  
... wha?"

Rangi stares at his phone for a few beats - looks up.

RANGI:  
Huh ... wha?

Howard shakes his head, disgusted.

RANGI:  
Ah, come on, bro - what else am I  
'sposed to do on a three hour road  
trip?

HOWARD:  
What about conversation? Remember  
that? *Verbal* communication? You  
know, the *sharing* of information  
via the mouth?

RANGI:  
Oh, so you want to have a  
conversation, do you?

HOWARD:  
Yeah, sure.

RANGI:  
You want to share something with me  
via your mouth?

HOWARD:  
Why not?

Rangi puts his phone away - stares at Howard.

RANGI:  
Okay, fine. Let's have a  
conversation. Go ahead.

HOWARD:  
Okay, um ...

Howard thinks for a second. Rangi pulls his phone out again.

RANGI:  
Wanna see a video of a monkey  
puttin' a frog up his ass?

Howard sighs, defeated. Rangi holds his phone up to the  
window and YELLS:

RANGI:  
STOP THE TRUCK!!

Howard slams on the breaks ...

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY, STATIC -- DAY

The giant truck screams to a halt, Rangi leaps out, runs back  
down the road, Howard follows.

Rangi holds up his phone and laughs:

RANGI:  
Oh, yeah, baby! Will you look at  
this thing! It's a *ghost*, Howie!  
Fricken' FINALLY! *Look!* Oh, man!  
The graphics on this thing are  
SIIIIICK!

On the screen of Rangi's phone we see: a hideous corpse-like  
man with glowing eyes floats in the middle of the highway.

Howard sees: an empty highway.

RANGI:  
Come check this out, bro!

HOWARD:  
You have GOT to be kidding me! I  
thought we hit a goddamn *dog* or  
something! You yell at me to stop  
the truck so you can play on your  
phone? What are you, an idiot?!

RANGI:  
Okay, so how do I catch this thing?

He hesitates then double-taps the screen and the ghost  
EXPLODES as its energy is sucked into Rangi's device.



A flash of light from the phone-screen and Howard screams; grabs his neck, drops to his knees. Rangi laughs with glee.

RANGI:

Oh, man! Did you see th- Oh, *shit, dude!* You okay? What happened?

HOWARD:

I dunno ... just got this *stabbing* pain in my neck ...

RANGI:

It could be a brain tumour ...

HOWARD:

It's not a *brain tumour!*

Howard stands, shakily, grabs his pills, dry-swallows a mouthful, makes a face then breathes a sigh of relief.

RANGI:

Hey, you better go easy on them pills, man, remember that time you got drunk and took too many? You started yellin' about 'space aliens' and punched my cousin ...

HOWARD:

That was ONE time!

There's a sudden electrical SPARK from a nearby electrical pole, they both look over:

There's a fuse box attached to the pole, like a rounded glowing microwave, the word 'NEKROPOD' printed across its front, it hums and clicks with power.

HOWARD:

What the shit is that?

RANGI:

'Nek-Ro-Pod' ... Oh, hey, yeah! I read about these! They got them things all over the place now, they're like super-duper transmitter-thingies, or something - that's why the graphics are so sweet-as!

HOWARD:

That thing up there's part of your dumb-ass game?

RANGI:

Yeah, hey, wait-a-minute! There should be a 'Wraith' up there, somewhere ...

Rangi grabs his phone, holds it up to the Nekropod.

RANGI: (CONT'D)  
Oooh, yeah - there she is! Check  
THIS shit out!

Howard looks at the phone, sees on-screen:

A HIDEOUS creature crouched on top of the Nekropod: like a man-shaped spider with TEETH, it SNARLS down at him.

HOWARD:  
That thing's creepin' me out ...

RANGI:  
Yeah. Crazy, huh?

Howard glances back up at the Pod: there is nothing up there. He rubs at his neck as uneasiness settles over him.

HOWARD:  
Let's get outta' here...

They jump back into the truck and the giant vehicle pulls away. We MOVE toward the Nekropod and slide DEEP into its circuitry -

INT. INSIDE THE WEB -- CONTINUOUS

WE SEE CORRIDORS OF COILING FLASHING DATA AND --

INT. GAIAKOM CORPORATE HQ, BOARDROOM, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

We pull back from a laptop screen sitting on an EXPENSIVE boardroom table ...

We reveal: A group of executives sitting at the table all wearing Santa hats staring at the laptop.

The only man NOT wearing his Santa hat is GINSBERG.

Ginsberg glances at his watch. The laptop chimes: FINNEGAN's face appears on it.

GINSBERG:  
Ah! ... good afternoon, maam! How are you?

FINNEGAN:  
Ginsberg? ... You are NOT wearing your santa hat.

He slowly grabs his hat and puts it on, she grins.

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)  
 Much better! Now, Nekromancer!  
 (snaps her fingers at him)  
 Update!

GINSBERG:  
 Yes, well ...

As Ginsberg babbles we track across the table and INTO the laptop screen, into:

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Finnegan seated on her high-tech throne like a magisterial corporate cyber-queen.

On the wall behind her is a gruesome centre-piece: Jennifer's severed, *living* head inside a customised NEKROPOD.

GINSBERG (V.O.)  
 ... after our launch last week we  
 have approximately 21 million  
 active users registered for the  
 game and we estimate the amount of  
 devices to have uploaded the  
 application without their users'  
 knowledge to be around ...  
 (clears his throat)  
 ... one point three billion.

Finnegan puckers her lips in glee as a door HISSES open, she turns, sees: a Goon pushing a bound, gagged captive into the room in a wheelchair ...

FINNEGAN:  
 How many users did you say,  
 Ginsberg?

GINSBERG:  
 Er, that's one point three BILLION  
 users, maam.

Finnegan licks her lips, stares at the captive.

FINNEGAN:  
 Excuse me for a second ...

Finnegan jumps up, strides over and SUCKS out the man's soul.

She drops the corpse, sighs in sexual ecstasy as RAW SPIRIT POWER courses through her system like electrified heroin ...

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)  
 Nekropods! *Hit me!*

GINSBERG:

The Nekropods, yes, so, the new  
'battery units' you've supplied are  
all being installed as of today ...

EXT. CITY STREETS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- DAY

QUICK MONTAGE: goons open Nekropods all over the city and  
take out batteries ...

They replace them with GLOWING BOXES (with the severed LIVING  
heads of Nekromancers inside them!)

INT. GAIAKOM CORPORATE HQ, BOARDROOM, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

GINSBERG:

... and once the Network has reached  
its full power capacity we will  
implement our ... 'automatic update'

Finnegan's head whips back into frame, the executives all  
jump a little.

FINNEGAN:

Excellent! Fantastic! Brilliant!  
Keep up the good work Ginsberg!

Finnegan goes to move away but swings back to the screen.

FINNEGAN(CONT'D):

If anything goes wrong I'll kill  
every single person in that room!

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Finnegan slaps her laptop shut and turns to Jennifer's boxed  
head, smirks - saunters over.

FINNEGAN:

Did you hear that Jenny-baby?  
'Automatic update'! Do you know  
what that means? It means we suck  
their souls! Me and you. The old  
team back together again after all  
these years, huh? Doesn't it just  
make you smile?

Finnegan grins at Jennifer who is doing the opposite of  
smiling.

\*

EXT. CITY STREET, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Molly, face-pale, grim, holding her bruised ribs, walks in the light rain. The Nekromancer Van screeches to a halt in front of her - she gets in the back.

INT. NEKROMANCER VAN, MOVING, CITY, CONTINUOUS -- DAY

Torquel is driving, Luther sits in the back tapping furiously at a keyboard, Molly slumps into a seat in the rear section

TORQUEL:

We got jacked by a bunch a' demon-fuckers on a fucken' job! Somebody fucked us! *Bigtime!*

LUTHER:

It's a demon blitzkrieg. I can't find a single active signal out there from anybody. They're either blocked somehow ... or they're dead.

TORQUEL:

It's that bitch-ass iPhone game again! *That's* how they're trackin' us! *I fucken' know it!*

MOLLY:

It's Finnegan.

Luther looks over at her - his face suddenly bone-pale.

LUTHER:

How do you know?

MOLLY:

She was there ... she jumped us ...

LUTHER:

You actually SAW Finnegan? In the flesh?

MOLLY:

Yes.

LUTHER:

Where's your mother?

Molly is silent. Torquel suddenly stomps on the breaks, the van slides to a halt. They are all silent for a second.

Torquel smashes her elbow against the window; it splinters.

LUTHER:

So. She finally made her move.  
Finnegan. That crazy bitch. She and  
Jenny went toe to toe?

\*  
\*  
\*

MOLLY:

Yeah.

\*  
\*

LUTHER:

And?

\*  
\*

MOLLY:

She never stood a chance.

\*  
\*

Luther hangs his head and registers the loss of his wife.

\*

LUTHER:

... without the others she's going  
to be hard to kill.

\*  
\*  
\*

TORQUEL:

So what do we do - Sit here and  
piss in our Goddamn pants?

\*

LUTHER:

Fuck that. Get the guns out.

\*

TORQUEL:

Hell *yeah!*

EXT. INNER CITY MAIN STREET -- AFTERNOON

Howard's waste truck rumbles past.

INT. HOWARD'S TRUCK, INNER CITY, MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi watches the city street scroll past on his phone-screen  
with mounting excitement ...

RANGI:

Oh, man! there's fricken' ghosts  
*everywhere!* Come, on, pull over  
just for a second! I wanna' get my  
score up, bro!

HOWARD:

I'm not stoppin' this freakin'  
truck again so you can play video-  
games, man! Get your head outta'  
your ass!

Rangi points his phone at Howard; onscreen Howard appears to  
be MADE of glowing energy - Rangi screams LOUDLY:

RANGI:

*Whoah! SHIT!*

Howard screams, SLAMS the breaks; they screech to a halt.

HOWARD:

Dude! What the FUCK! What is WRONG with you!

RANGI:

What's wrong with ME? What's wrong with YOU?! You got all weird, freaky shit goin' on, man!

Rangi nervously pokes at Howard who slaps his hand away.

RANGI: (CONT'D)

You ain't a ghost are ya', bro? You'd tell me if you was a ghost wouldn't ya'?

HOWARD:

I'm about to make YOU a freakin' ghost, you cock-knocker! I just crashed the damn truck! My mum's gonna' fucken' KILL me!!

\*  
\*  
\*

Rangi raises his finger towards the phone, a car behind them beeps, Howard glances in the rearview, then back at Rangi.

HOWARD: (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RANGI:

I'm just gonna' try something ...

HOWARD:

Rangi? You gotta' stop this, okay?! Listen-

Rangi double-taps the screen; light shoots out and Howard spasms as electricity engulfs the cabin.

The windows blow out and the driver's door bursts off its hinges as Howard is BLOWN out of the truck ...

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, STATIC -- CONTINUOUS

Howard crashes to the ground, gasping in pain, smoking as energy crackles across his body ...

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

An alarm goes off and Finnegan spins to look at a screen going nuts with flashing digital data -

FINNEGAN:

What the hell? Did we miss one?  
Looks like another little  
Nekropansy wants to give us his  
head!

She turns to a goon near the door -

FINNEGAN:

Get a crew ready. I'll send a demon  
out to collect the head from here ...

INT. NEKROMANCER VAN, STATIC, CITY CONTINUOUS -- DAY

\*

Torquel powers up Plasma Rifles, loads guns, preps battle  
armour, Molly is sewing up Luther's bullet wound.

We hear an alarm - Luther glances up, points at the screen.

LUTHER:

What. Is. THAT?

They crowd around the screen to watch the scrolling data.

MOLLY:

It's a Nekromancer.

She taps the keyboard -

MOLLY: (CONT'D)

It's nobody we know. This signal's  
off the charts, who the hell IS  
that?

A crazy idea forms in Luther's head - he frowns.

LUTHER:

It *can't* be ...

Molly turns to Luther ...

MOLLY:

Luther. Who is that?

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, STATIC -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi runs up to Howard, kneels down next to him as he  
groans, holds his hand to his smoking neck.

RANGI:

Oh, shit, bro! You alright?! What  
the FUCK just happened there?

HOWARD:

What did you do to me ...



RANGI:

Me?! I didn't do *nuthin'*! I was just messin' with me phone, and ... man? That was fucking MENTAL! ... Bro? you got *blood* comin' out your EARS. That shit *can't* be good!

Howard sits up, groggy, vision blurred, bloody nose, he looks around, sees: people staring, filming him on their phones . .

... and GHOSTS.

*Ghosts on the pavement, ghosts in the air, a ghost floating right behind Rangi staring down at him ...*

He sees: a Nekropod on a wall - a WRAITH crouches on top of it. It SHRIEKS at him like a giant crow ...

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan places defibrillators against the head of a demon-possessed captive who snarls in anticipation.

FINNEGAN:

Go take his head off.

She blasts the demon into the internet -

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, STATIC -- CONTINUOUS

The demon shoots out of a phone to possesses a young hipster dude who screams like a banshee and runs at Howard.

BARRELS into him, knocks him through a window ...

INT. GROUND FLOOR, CONSTRUCTION SITE, CITY -- CONTINUOUS

They CRASH through the window and land in the sawdust, the hipster-demon HAMMERS Howard's head into the ground.

Grabs him by the leg and drags him into the room. Grabs an axe off a workbench, a startled builder nearby:

BUILDER:

Hey, you can't do th-

The hipster-demon buries the axe in the builder's head.

HOWARD:

*Oh! Jesus fucking christ!*

Rangi pops his head up to look through the window.

RANGI:  
Howard, are you o- ... *whoah!* That  
just happened!

The hipster-demon rips the axe from the builder's head, blood splashes everywhere. The hipster demon looks down at Howard.

HOWARD:  
Ohhhh, shit.

The hipster-demon goes after Howard like a Shining-era Jack Nicholson on meth. Smashing everything in sight.

Swinging at Howard's neck like a demented Babe Ruth while Howard ducks and weaves and screams and throws things.

Rangi leaps through the window -

Rangi grabs a pipe and POUNDS the axe out of the hipster-demon's hands then goes to town on his skull.

He stops swinging and the hipster demon turns to stare at him with glowing white eyes as blood pours down his face.

RANGI:  
Shit ... Sorry.

The hipster-demon punches him across the room, grabs a circular saw, charges after him as Rangi screams.

Howard crash-tackles the hipster-demon, slamming it against the wall, it drops the saw, grabs at Howard and:

Starts to SUCK his soul through his face -

Howard scrabbles against the wall, his hand grabs at a wall-mounted land-line phone and:

Lightning explodes ALL OVER THE ROOM -

Molly kicks the door open to watch as: Howard PUSHES the demon back into the internet.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan watches in amazement as the demon spirit is FORCED back into the captive's body -

FINNEGAN:  
What the ... how did he ... ?

Slow realisation dawns on her -

FINNEGAN:  
It's 'him'.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, CONSTRUCTION SITE, CITY -- CONTINUOUS

The bleeding hipster slumps to the floor unconscious as Howard stumbles back, woozy, he falls into Rangì's arms.

He looks up to see Molly walk slowly toward him to stand over him, gun in hand, staring, as he - BLACKS OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Howard wakes up lying on an old bench, as Luther removes something from the back of his head with tweezers.

MOLLY:

Wow, that's old tech, huh?

LUTHER:

Sure is. This thing's been inside him longer than you've been alive.

He drops a smoking, bloody piece of circuitry into a glass, Torquel powers up an EVIL looking needle-gun.

LUTHER: (CONT'D)

Put the new one in ...

Torquel pulls the trigger, the thing kicks like a mule as it fires a tiny new SCRAMBLER into Howard's head.

Howard screams, leaps off the bench holding his neck ...

He looks around: Molly & Torquel stand nearby, Rangì shirtless, bandaged, on another bench. Howard looks at the glass.

HOWARD:

What the FUCK did you just put into me?! What the hell's goin' on here?! Who are you people?!

LUTHER:

It's a scrambler. New tech. Better than that old junk you had in there. This way they can't find you ...

HOWARD:

*What?!*

RANGÌ:

You got some pretty weird friends, bro ...

Torquel fires a SCRAMBLER into the back of Rangì's neck and he screams in pain -

RANGI:  
What you do that for?!

TORQUEL:  
Just in case.

LUTHER:  
Take a seat.

HOWARD:  
No! I don't want to take a seat!

A SURGE of power and a metal chair scrapes towards Howard.

LUTHER:  
*Sit down.*

HOWARD:  
Okay.

Howard sits, Luther drags a chair over, sits in front of him, opens a bottle of Jack Daniels, hands it to him.

LUTHER: (CONT'D)  
Take a drink.

HOWARD:  
I'm good thanks.

LUTHER:  
Trust me, after this heavy shit I'm about to lay on you, you're gonna' want a drink ... now, *drink it.*

Howard sips, Luther sips BIG, chucks it to Torquel who sips, Molly declines, hands it to Rangi who greedily gulps it down.

LUTHER: (CONT'D)  
Listen kid, there's not really any easy way for me to say this, so I'm just going to come out and say it because we don't have much time here ...

He leans forward, looking at Howard intensely

LUTHER: (CONT'D)  
You're a Nekromancer. You can summon demons, manipulate spirits and use the souls of the dead as a weapon.

RANGI:  
Fuck, yeah!

HOWARD:  
I'm sorry ... come again?

LUTHER:

You're a *demon hunter*. Like *us*.  
You're one of the last surviving  
members of the most powerful  
bloodline our clan has ever known.  
Back in the day your mother and  
father were living legends-

HOWARD:

Wait-a-minute! You KNOW my parents?  
My actual parents?

LUTHER:

I knew your parents.

Howard takes this in -

HOWARD:

You're using the past tense there ...

Luther nods, pulls an old photo from his pocket, hands it to  
Howard: a man and a woman hold a baby, they both look tired.

He is handsome, square-jawed, strong-looking, she looks pale,  
hunted, long dark hair, black eyes - very beautiful.

LUTHER:

That's them: Henry and Finn ... in  
better times. That was taken just  
after you were born. Six months  
later your father was dead.

HOWARD:

And my mother ... ?

MOLLY:

She's still around.

LUTHER:

Do you remember anything about  
them?

HOWARD:

No.

LUTHER:

Huh. Guess that's why you don't put  
a scrambler in a baby. Son ... you  
may want to take another drink.

HOWARD:

Just TELL ME what you're gonna'  
tell me ...

MOLLY:

Your mother was the one that sent that axe-maniac out to chop your head off and given the chance she'll do the same Goddamn thing to every single one of us here. She's a killer.

TORQUEL:

And crazy as a shit-house rat.

LUTHER:

Guys ...

Howard takes this in - Rangi hops off the bench, hands him the bottle. \*

Howard drains it - looks over at Luther.

HOWARD:

Okay ... you have my attention.

LUTHER:

Your parents were the best of us. A great team. Finn could track a demon fifty miles away and perform exorcisms with her bare hands ... it was beautiful to watch.

FLASHBACK - *Young Finnegan holding a demon possessed boy.*

*She pushes the Demon out of his body, through a series of cables and into a bubbling NEON CAULDRON nearby.*

*A DEMON rises out of it, thrashing and snarling.*

LUTHER:

Your father was a genius on the tools. Give the man a socket wrench and twenty-four hours and he could build *anything*. He built most of the weapons we still use today and personally took out more demons than anyone I know.

FLASHBACK - *we see: Henry BLASTS a demon with an early model Plasma Rifle ...*

LUTHER:

He was a GREAT Nekromancer. And a damn good man. And a friend. He was the first one to find demons online, INSIDE the phone-lines. He and Finn worked out a way to jump their souls inside the network and take the fight into the machines ...

FLASHBACK - *Young Finnegan lying on a bench, wires attached to her head coiling into a giant bank of computers.*

*Henry places defibrillators onto her chest, they lock eyes, he triggers the pads and SHOCKS her soul into the web:*

YOUNG FINNEGAN'S POV: A TWISTING STORM OF SPIDERY DATA!

LUTHER: (CONT'D)

After that we could track and exterminate the bastards faster than ever. We were winning the war. But your mother ... she spent too much time inside. Her wiring got fried. Something got to her ...

FLASHBACK - *Young Finnegan sits by herself in the dark next to flickering computer terminals ...*

*A cord runs from her head into a machine - we hear DEMONIC whispering inside her head - SHE GRINS.*

LUTHER:

She went loco ...

FLASHBACK - *Young Finnegan grabs a machine gun, points it at a group of Nekromancers - and opens fire.*

*Bullets rip them to pieces, the smoke clears and she approaches a half-dead young man ...*

LUTHER: (V.O.)

She became a soul-eater.

*She grabs him and sucks his soul out of his mouth.*

*Drops him and lifts her arms up as the exquisite soul-power washes across her whole body.*

LUTHER:

Like a crack-addict from hell - feeding on her own people like a vampire ... she even went after you.

IN HOWARD'S MIND'S EYE: *baby Howard is in a dark room in his cot when the door bursts open and Finnegan creeps in.*

*She moves up to the baby and reaches down for him -*

LUTHER: (V.O.)

You either got very lucky or we got there just in time ...

*The door bursts open, Henry and Luther leap in, guns up, screaming.*

*Finnegan spins, power bursts from her hands.*

LUTHER:

She was juiced up on soul-power. She tore the place apart. By the time all the smoke cleared? She was gone. But she left you right were she found you ... standin' up in your little cot. Bold as brass.

*FLASHBACK - Henry searches through the smoky room, sees an open window and Howard still in his cot - he grabs his son.*

LUTHER:

Henry fled the city. We tried to talk him out of it but he had some crazy plan about 'hiding you where she couldn't get you'. By the time we caught up with him he was dead. Murdered by Wraiths. Looked like he'd put up one HELL of a fight though ...

*FLASHBACK - Henry, dead. A smoking hot gun in each hand.*

LUTHER:

We assumed you were dead.

HOWARD:

What happened to my mother?

LUTHER:

She went into hiding. Built an army of demons and taught them all our tricks. Taught them how to attack us through the phone-lines - how to hunt US like we hunted them. She's more demon than human now. All she wants is souls and plenty of 'em. I reckon she'd eat the whole damn world if she could.

RANGI:

Wow ... so your ACTUAL mum *is* still a stroppy cow though, hey. That's bad luck, bro.

Howard takes another slug of whiskey.

HOWARD:

This is really good whiskey.

LUTHER:

You're damn right it is. Glenfiddich, single malt. Your dad gave me that bottle 23 years ago ...

Luther grabs the bloody Scrambler up out of the glass.



LUTHER: (CONT'D)  
Your father made this - I'd  
recognise his handy-work anywhere.

He flicks it to Howard who catches it, stares down at it.

LUTHER: (CONT'D)  
I think Hank put that Scrambler in  
you and sent you far away. To keep  
you safe. From HER. But you came  
HOME today, Howard. You came home  
the day SHE comes out of hiding and  
kills every Nekromancer in the city  
... except us. And YOU.

He leans down close to Howard who stares up at him.

LUTHER: (CONT'D)  
You. The only Nekromancer on the  
planet who might maybe have the  
juice to take her out. Coincidence?  
I think not. You're here for a  
REASON, Howard.

They all stare at Howard, except for Rangì who is checking  
his phone - Torquel notices this, she SNATCHES it from him.

TORQUEL:  
What the HELL are you doing??!!

RANGÌ:  
Just lookin' at Facebook!

TORQUEL:  
TELL ME you don't have the  
Nekromancer game on this!

RANGÌ:  
I don't! ... well, I do, but-

Torquel swears, drops the phone, pulls a Plasma Pistol and  
blasts it to pieces.

RANGÌ: (CONT'D)  
Hey! That's my fricken' *phone*, man!

TORQUEL:  
Shut the FUCK up!

An alarm sounds on a tracking device on Molly's belt, she  
grabs it, looks at it:

MOLLY:  
They're in the building! We've got  
to get out of here, NOW!

JUMP-CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. CORRIDOR, ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, CONTINUOUS -- \*

Molly & Torquel burst through the door, guns up - they check both ends of the corridor, signal for the others to follow: \*

They all move quickly down the corridor, Howard and Rangi bringing up the rear, Rangi hears a sound, stops, turns. \*

A Demon goon pops around the corner and shoots Rangi in the head, blood spatters Howard's face as his friend falls. \*

The others open fire, blow the goon away as Howard clutches at his friends body, screaming: \*

HOWARD: \*

Rangi! \*

Goons open fire from the OTHER end of the corridor, the team return fire. They are trapped! Howard shakes Rangi's body - \*

Suddenly power EXPLODES from Howard into Rangi, Howard STARES at his hands as they crackle with electricity. \*

TORQUEL: \*

What the FUCK was that?? \*

More gunfire from goons on both sides - the hallway explodes with fire and thunder as bullets & powder-smoke fill the air. \*

Luther locks eyes with Molly, points at a LARGE GARBAGE SHUTE in the wall nearby ... \*

LUTHER: \*

Get him outta' here! I'll hold 'em off! \*

MOLLY: \*

Not a chance. \*

LUTHER: \*

If he dies we've got NOTHING! \*

Another goon opens fire, they blow him away \*

LUTHER: \*

Go! NOW!! \*

Molly grabs at Howard, twists her arm around him in a judo move, lifts him off the ground and HAMMERS him into the garbage chute. \*

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, GARBAGE CHUTE -- CONTINUOUS \*

Molly and Howard tumble down the chute ...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, GARBAGE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*  
 They roll out of the garbage chute onto a pile of FILTH, \*  
 Molly on top - Howard groans. \*

HOWARD:  
 Why ... did you DO that?!

MOLLY:  
 Sorry. We had to move fast ...

They hear something TUMBLING down after them and leap up,  
 Molly aims at the compactor:

Torquel flies out, SLAMS into the slime-puddle, gets up  
 looking grim.

TORQUEL:  
 He's not coming ...

INT. CORRIDOR, ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, CONTINUOUS -- \*  
 Luther fires 2 guns at once aimed at 2 different ends of the \*  
 corridors, goons drop, the smoke clears ... silence. \*

We hear a voice echo down the corridor - \*

FINNEGAN: \*  
 Luther ... \*

Finnegan slides around the corner, stares at Luther, grins. \*

FINNEGAN: \*  
 Long time no see ... \*

Luther opens fire, Finnegan's eyes crackle with power as he \*  
 empties the clips at her, the bullets hitting the wall around \*  
 her but not ONE finding a home in her flesh ... \*

FINNEGAN: \*  
 My turn. \*

She BLASTS him with a surge of electricity and he flies the \*  
 length of the corridor to slam up against the far wall. \*

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY, BASEMENT CORRIDOR, CONTINUOUS -- \*  
 Molly, Howard & Torquel walk, FAST, we hear Luther's far off \*  
 scream, Torquel stops, looks back ... \*

MOLLY: \*  
 Tor! There's nothing we can do! We \*  
 have to move! \*

Torquel grits her teeth, moves - \*

INT. CORRIDOR, ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, CONTINUOUS --

\*

Finnegan POWER-SLAMs Luther up against a wall, he holds back screams as electricity snakes over him -

She grins like a coyote as Luther crumples in on himself, blood pours from his eyes & nose.

She leans in close -

FINNEGAN:

Where is he?

LUTHER:

Gone ... don't worry ... he'll find YOU.

FINNEGAN:

Good. Hey, Luther ... Merry Christmas.

She unsheathes a machete and SWINGS at his neck ...

EXT. ALLEYWAY, INNER CITY, FACTORY SECTOR -- CONTINUOUS

Torquel kicks out of a door, gun-up, sees two suited goons trying to pry open the NEKROMANCER VAN side door.

\*

She shoots them both in the head as Howard looks on in horror.

Torquel jumps into the van as Molly opens the side door, leaps in, Howard stares down at the dead bodies.

HOWARD:

You killed them ...

TORQUEL:

Them? Nah, they're just Finnegan's meat-puppets, you can't kill a thing that hasn't got a soul.

\*

\*

MOLLY:

They were dead already Howard, now get in the van!

Howard glances over at the end of the alleyway, he sees: a woman walking a dog, cars, sunlight - NORMAL LIFE.

MOLLY:

Howard! Get in here! Now!

He moves toward her, SLAMS the side door closed and SPRINTS down the alley toward the street.

Molly RIPS open the door, SPRINTS after him.

Howard runs into the street: a car hits him, he bounces off, he ... BLACKS OUT ...

INT. HOSPITAL, SINGLE BEDROOM -- EARLY EVENING

Howard wakes up, groggy, dark room, he's on a drip, heart-rate machine beeping, he looks up - crouched on the ceiling:

A pale, Wraithlike figure: GHOST RANGI, staring down at him.

RANGI:

Hey bro.

Howard screams, falls off the bed, his drip smashes, Rangi bursts from a shadow, moves in close, Howard scrabbles away.

RANGI: (CONT'D)

So, I think I'm a ghost, hey.

Howard stares at him with bulging freaked out eyes.

RANGI: (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's actually not too bad. I can't really work out how to fly yet but I can teleport into shadows and stuff and I can stretch me skin out like a mofo, check this out!

Rangi pulls his face off: a black gory grinning skull with white eyes, Howard screams, Rangi puts his face back on.

RANGI: (CONT'D)

That's disgusting, huh?

Howard looks disgusted. And terrified.

RANGI: (CONT'D)

Yeah, so I went for a bit of a cruise-around before and there's ghosts *everywhere*, man! But they're all kind of, like, retarded, or something? But I'm different. And I think that's 'cause YOU did something to me! See, wherever I go - I keep gettin' pulled back here, to YOU! Why is that?

HOWARD:

I dunno, man. Just don't do that thing with your face again, huh?

The door opens, a NURSE switches a light on; Rangi disappears, the Nurse enters, kneels in front of Howard.

NURSE:  
Are you okay, Mr North?

HOWARD:  
My dead friend just flew down off  
the ceiling and ripped his face  
off. No. I am not okay.

Howard yells as Rangi leans out of another shadow -

HOWARD:  
Are you seeing this?

NURSE:  
Seeing what?

RANGI:  
Dude, he can't see *shit*, I'm a  
frickin' GHOST!

Howard makes a strangled noise in his throat -

RANGI:(CONT'D)  
And what the hell happened to all  
the hot nurses? This guy looks like  
someone slapped some hair on a  
penis!

HOWARD:  
You can't hear that?

NURSE:  
Hear what?

HOWARD:  
The thing about the penis ...

The nurse stares at him.

NURSE:  
I'll get the doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL, SINGLE BEDROOM -- EARLY EVENING

\*

Howard, sits up on his bed, wearing hospital pyjamas, new  
drip attached, pale, shaking, trying to ignore Rangi.

\*

RANGI:  
And another thing ... what is this?

Rangi slaps his hand through a table; it leaves a huge  
splatter of black liquid on its surface, he points at it.

\*

RANGI:  
What the frick IS that?

Howard wipes black spatter off his face, ignoring Rangi.

HOWARD:  
This is not real. This is a  
hallucination brought on by stress.

RANGI:  
Oh, yeah? I'm a *hallucination*, am  
I?

HOWARD:  
Yes. Yes, you are.

RANGI:  
Well, can a hallucination do this?

He sweeps a bunch of stuff off the table onto the floor.

HOWARD:  
Oh, man, now they're gonna think I  
did that! Can't you go haunt  
someone else for a bit? I'm not  
feelin' too good ...

RANGI:  
I already told you dumbass, I keep  
getting pulled back here! I'm *stuck*  
here! You think I wanna' be hangin'  
around with YOUR boring ass? I  
don't even have my phone on me!

HOWARD:  
It's your goddamn *phone* that got us  
into this mess in the first place!  
What the HELL am I *doing*? I'm  
arguing with a figment of my  
imagination!

RANGI:  
Who you callin' a 'figment'?

Suddenly there's a sound like distant gunshots in the  
corridors outside - they turn, listen:

We hear footsteps outside getting closer - Rangi looks  
terrified.

RANGI:  
Oh, man ... I got a feeling. Like  
something's comin' ... something  
bad. I gotta go!

Rangi sucks back into a shadow under a bench, disappears.

The door opens. A GOON enters in a full surgeon's outfit,  
wearing dark operating glasses and carrying a medical kit.

And Finnegan enters.

The door closes behind her, she stares at Howard, sniffs the air. Smiles. Moves a chair over. Sits down in front of him. \*

HOWARD:

Are you the ... doctor?

Finnegan grabs his chart - reads from it.

FINNEGAN:

Howard North. Twenty-five years old. Drivers license registered to ... Plumpton? That place is a *dump!*

HOWARD:

You're tellin' me. You sure you're a doctor?

FINNEGAN:

Says here you're on anti-psychotics. Crazy pills. How long have you been on those for?

HOWARD:

Since I was a kid.

FINNEGAN:

Why?

HOWARD:

I have a tendency to put people in hospitals. And ... sometimes I see shit that isn't there.

FINNEGAN:

Who says it isn't there?

Howard stares at her - wtf?

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)

You look like your father except for the chin. He had a *weak* chin. Sounds like you got my temperament. That's interesting.

HOWARD:

You're my ...

FINNEGAN:

You've gone white as a ghost, Howard. How's your temperature ... ?

She reaches towards him and something flashes in his brain:

*FLASHBACK - Young Finnegan moving toward baby Howard in his cot, she is snarling like an animal -*

Howard jerks back from her touch. She registers this. Smiles. Leans back in her chair - they eyeball each other.



HOWARD:  
You're my mother.

FINNEGAN:  
Nice to meet you.

HOWARD:  
The same one who killed all those people and sucked out their souls then abandoned me as a child and killed my father? *That* mother?

FINNEGAN:  
Well, I mean, sure I did *some* of that shit but that was a dark time for me, and I'll be honest, I do have a lot of regrets. But I'll tell you one thing; I never, and I mean NEVER, abandoned you. I wanted to take you with me but your dad ruined that and then stashed you in the trailer-park capital of the country! What kind of father does that to his son?

HOWARD:  
Did you send somebody out to chop my head off with an axe?

She stares at him - busted.

FINNEGAN:  
Okay, I'll cop to that but I had no idea that was you at the time! I would *never* have done that if I'd known it was my own son! What kind of a monster do you think I am?!

He stares at her. Grabs his pills - munches a bunch.

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)  
Those aren't going to help you.

HOWARD:  
How the fuck do you know?

He hops off the bed and points a shaking finger at her. \*

HOWARD: (CONT'D)  
You're a goddamn murdering psychopath!

FINNEGAN:  
You've been talking to the wrong people. Those Nekromancers are full of shit.

HOWARD:

I think you're full of shit!

FINNEGAN:

Sit down.

HOWARD:

No! I'm not going to sit down! Why the FUCK do people keep telling me to sit down?! How is '*sitting down*' going to help?! If I'm going to go NUTS I'm going to do it standing up! I'll do it dancing a fricken' jig if I like! There's nothing you can do about it!

There's a BLAST of power from Finnegan that PUSHES Howard back onto the bed -

\*  
\*

HOWARD: (CONT'D)

... Except that.

She stands up, moves forward to stand in front of him, puts her hand out -

\*  
\*

FINNEGAN:

Take my hand.

He stares at the hand - uncertain.

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)

Do it.

He takes her hand and POWER EXPLODES around the room, Howard FEELS the power of 10,000 souls wash across him ...

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)

Do you FEEL that? That's more power than you've ever conceived in your small lifetime and it's not even the tip of the ice-berg. I know that you have fear in your heart, and *doubt*, and *misery*, and *pain*, and sometimes you feel so alone that you can barely breath! All of that can be washed away in a heartbeat, forever, and ever and EVER ...

She drops his hand and the room returns to normal, Howard stares at her, shivering with shock -

\*

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D)

To be a Nekromancer is to live in service. As a *slave*. For life. And there *is* no reward. Just spirit-crushing, backbreaking, mind-numbing labour.

You can make whatever moral judgement on me you like. I'm living my life exactly the way I want. On my terms. But the fact is; I am your mother. And I love you very much.

She leans in - eyes flashing. \*

FINNEGAN:  
And what I'm offering?

A half-smile plays on her ruby-red lips -

FINNEGAN:  
Is a LOT more fun.

She clicks her fingers, the Goon in the surgeon's outfit takes a GLOWING BOX out of his medical kit - \*

The goon moves over to stand next to him, holds up the box, removes a cable from its side panel, hands it to Howard. \*

Howard notices the eyes behind his dark glasses are WHITE.

Howard stares at the Cable. He stares at the BOX ... \*

FINNEGAN:  
There's a Scrambler unit in the back of your head. Inside the unit there's a socket. I want you to take that cable, and plug it into the socket. \*

HOWARD:  
Huh. What happens then? \*

FINNEGAN:  
Then the pain goes away. And everything is peaches and cream ... and fun, fun, fun. Forever. \*

Howard stares at the cable, stares at the box, swallows -

HOWARD:  
Sorry, just so there's absolutely no confusion about what exactly you're proposing here ... Is there a soul inside this box?

Howard's heart starts to race, sweat prickles his forehead.

FINNEGAN:  
This is going to happen. Trust me. In about 10 seconds you are not going to BELIEVE how truly lucky you are ...

Suddenly she stops, sniffs the air - we hear a pump action shotgun load up outside the door.

The door kicks open, Finnegan whips the metal chair up like a shield as Molly bursts in and BLASTS her across the room and: \*

THROUGH THE WINDOW

EXT. HOSPITAL ALLEYWAY, CONTINUOUS -- CONTINUOUS \*

Finnegan smashes through the window, drops 5 floors, lands in a HUGE garbage bin -

INT. HOSPITAL, SINGLE BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Molly BLASTS the Surgeon-goon and Torquel shoots him in the head twice as Molly looks over at Howard -

MOLLY:

Okay, so you're either coming with us, or you're going with her. Which is it?

HOWARD:

I'm coming with YOU.

MOLLY:

Good.

EXT. CITY HOSPITAL, REAR EXIT, CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Molly pushes Howard in a wheelchair - out the emergency doors, Torquel follows.

They all leap into the parked VAN & tear off down the street.

EXT. CITY HOSPITAL, ALLEYWAY, CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

We see: Finnegan's splayed body in the huge hospital bin, unconscious? She opens her eyes and SCREAMS in rage -

INT. NEKROMANCER VAN, MOVING, CITY -- NIGHT

Molly drives, Howard stares straight ahead ...

HOWARD:

This is all actually happening, isn't it ...

MOLLY:

Yeah, this is actually happening.

HOWARD:

My actual mother just tried to force-feed me a soul through a hole in the back of my head ...

MOLLY:

Really? Well, I'm glad she didn't.

TORQUEL:

If she did, we'd have to force-feed a *BULLET* through a hole in the back of your head ...

MOLLY:

Sounds like we got there right in the nick of time. You're a lucky guy ...

HOWARD:

So people keep tellin' me ...

Howard looks out the window, sees: ghosts in the streets - a ghost with glowing white eyes stares at him as they pass.

HOWARD:

Um ... I'm seeing a lot of dead people right now ...

MOLLY:

Don't worry ... you get used to the freaky shit.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The van zooms past as we push into the luminescent face of a floating ghost-girl.

EXT. ABANDONED ROOF-LEVEL CARPARK, CITY -- NIGHT

The van skids to a halt, Torquel slides open the door, jumps out with a HUGE briefcase, lays it down, pops it open.

Molly gets out, followed by Howard; he looks around nervously.

HOWARD:

Are we safe up here ...

MOLLY:

Don't worry, this whole area's a Safe-Zone, it's a black spot - we got Scramblers all over the place. Come here, I want to show you something ...

She heads off but an alarm sounds on a TRACKER device on her belt, she grabs at it -

TORQUEL:  
It can't be!

MOLLY:  
*Wraith!*

Molly and Torquel whip out weapons and aim at the surrounding shadows:

TORQUEL:  
Where is it?!

Molly moves the tracker to a nearby shadow.

MOLLY:  
In there! Blast it!

Torquel powers up the Rifle as Rangi BURSTS out of the dark.

RANGI:  
*No, no, no! Wait! Wait!*

Howard leaps forward, grabs the Rifle, SHOVES as a pulse of energy STRAFES the wall, Torquel pushes him away.

TORQUEL:  
What the HELL are you *doin'*?

HOWARD:  
That's my friend! He's my FRIEND!

RANGI:  
I come in peace! Don't blast me! I already got shot in the face *once* today, sister!

TORQUEL:  
Oh, great, it's Mr Wonderful - you bring your phone this time, dickhead?

RANGI:  
No ...

MOLLY:  
Well, well, well, looks like Howard here's made himself a Wraith!

RANGI:  
Wait - *what* am I?

HOWARD:  
I made him? How did I *make* him?

MOLLY:

No idea - your family were the Wraith-makers, neither of us can do that.

RANGI:

I'm a 'Wraith'? I thought I was a 'ghost'?! What's the difference?

MOLLY:

You're like a ghost on steroids. But it means you're stuck with each other now. You're bound to him until he dies.

RANGI:

Oh, man, I fricken' knew it was some shit like that! So, now I gotta hang out with you for the rest of the ... shit. Man ... *shit!*

Molly turns, heads off towards the edge of the carpark.

MOLLY:

Come with me, Howard - there's something you really need to see.

Howard turns, follows - Molly jumps up onto the side of the roof, Howard with her, Torquel and Rangi after -

MOLLY:

Look ...

She points out to the city horizon where glowing blue balls of energy shoot from the sky into dozens of Nekropods.

HOWARD:

Whoah ... what the hell are they?

MOLLY:

They're ghosts being sucked into Nekropods. All that energy's pouring into the network ...

RANGI:

Nekropods ... You mean from that game I was playin'? You're tellin' me that thing's actually *real!*"

TORQUEL:

That's right brainiac.

MOLLY: (CONT'D)

All that power being sucked directly into the hands of you know who ...

HOWARD:

... who?

MOLLY:

Who? Your mother! Finnegan! Who do you think?

HOWARD:

How am I 'sposed to know?!

Molly sighs, grabs a bit of paper from a pocket, smooths it out on the ledge: it's a map ...

MOLLY:

Okay, take a look at this - it's a map of the city. The black dots represent Nekropods. Do you see the pattern?

HOWARD:

It's a Pentagram ...

Molly looks at him - impressed.

MOLLY:

Yeah, that's right, a pentagram - a very BIG pentagram.

Molly produces a red magic marker and links all the black dots - forming the PENTAGRAM.

MOLLY:

A pentagram is a summoning symbol.

HOWARD:

Summoning ... to summon *what*?

MOLLY:

We don't know, yet. But whatever it is it can't be good, right?

Rangi SLAPS his hand through the roof's edge leaving a big gooey splat-stain - they all jump & look over at him:

RANGI:

Sorry ... it's kind of addictive.

Molly takes out a small pair of neon-lit binoculars, finds a mark on a building below, hands them to Howard, points to the mark:

MOLLY:

Okay, check this out, right THERE, at the foot of that building, halfway up the wall, do you see it?

Howard looks, sees a Nekropod with ghost-energy pouring into it - a Wraith crouched on top like a gargoyle.



HOWARD:

A Nekropod.

MOLLY:

We're going to get it, pop the hood, find out what's inside. Wanna come with?

Howard stares at her -

MOLLY:

Look, running's not an option. Not for any of us. She's going to FIND us ... and she's going to KILL us. Unless we get in there first. Are you with us?

HOWARD:

Um ...

MOLLY:

'Um' is not an answer.

HOWARD:

Just gimme' a minute ...

TORQUEL:

We don't HAVE a minute, hotshot! Listen-

HOWARD:

No, YOU listen: I just found out that I'm part of some weird anti-satanic Justice League cult and that my mother killed my father and a WHOLE lot of other people and ATE their fucken' souls! And because of that I had to spend my life growing up in shitty foster homes thinking I was Orphan Annie but really? I'm Harry fucking Potter! DEMONS are trying to kill me through PHONES! With AXES! Somebody tried to suck my SOUL directly through my FACE today! Then you people ripped a metal object out of my head and you POUNDED another one back in there, which I can feel VIBRATING inside my skull! And now you want me to help you steal a 'thing' off a wall that's being guarded by something that looks like THE SCARIEST FUCKING THING I HAVE EVER SEEN IN MY ENTIRE LIFE! Excuse me if I need a little TIME to acclimatize to the information my brain is receiving right now! Gimme' a fucken' MINUTE!

Molly stands with her mouth open, Torquel pops her gum.

RANGI:

You should give him a minute ...

TORQUEL:

Sure, why not, give him a minute.  
How about we give this guy the same  
minute it took for our father to  
die for his ass?

MOLLY:

Hey, be cool.

Torquel spits her gum, Molly steps closer to Howard -

MOLLY:

Hey, I know you're having a pretty  
shitty day, and I'm sorry about  
that. I really am. And I understand  
that all this is very stressful,  
and I get that. But what if I made  
you a promise *right now* that we  
won't make a single move or do a  
single thing, not ONE, until I  
teach you how to blow that wraith  
apart with the power of your mind.

HOWARD:

Huh?

MOLLY:

I'm deadly serious. If you have  
even a fraction of the power my  
father said you have you should be  
able to kick Harry Potter's little  
*bitch ass*. Let me train you. See  
what you got. And after that if you  
still want to cut yourself loose  
from this whole deal? Cool. What do  
you say?

Howard looks over at the wall, thinks for a second.

HOWARD:

Then I say cool. Let's do it.

INT. 2ND NEKROMANCER'S HQ, KILLSTATION -- NIGHT

A huge industrial door slides open, the van drives inside,  
they all exit.

Rangi steps from a shadow and as the lights flicker on, he  
and Howard look around; awestruck:

Walls of tech, blinking screens, battle-armour, strange guns,  
tanks of glowing water, a GIANT PENTAGRAM on the floor.

RANGI:  
Whoah! They got their own *Batcave!*

MOLLY:  
This's a Killstation. It's like a  
slaughterhouse for demons ...

Torquel slides the door shut, locks it, Molly flicks a switch; a BIG RED BOXING BAG falls from the ceiling.

To hang, dangling on its chain, near Howard. It has a grinning devil's head painted on the side.

Howard jumps back, startled - Molly grins, walks over.

MOLLY:  
Meet your new sparring partner. I saw you push a demon through a land-line cable with your bare hands today so I bet you pack a HELL of a punch!

She SPIN-KICKS the boxing bag. HARD. Grins at Howard -

MOLLY:  
YOU try. Hit the bag.

HOWARD:  
*Hit it ...*

She nods, he moves into position, pulls his fist back.

MOLLY:  
Not with your hand, Howard.

He looks over at her, a SURGE of power explodes out of her and SMASHES into the boxing bag -

MOLLY:  
Like that.

Howard stares at her, hesitates, turns to the bag; TRIES to PUSH ... nothing happens.

MOLLY:  
No, no, no - you're trying to use THIS.

Points at his head. She touches his heart.

MOLLY:  
Use *this*.

Howard tries, veins pop on his forehead, Torquel pops her gum. He swears, frustrated -

HOWARD:  
I can't. Nothing's happening. I'm  
just going to give myself an  
aneurism.

MOLLY:  
Let's try something smaller.

She grabs a coin, flicks it to the floor.

MOLLY:  
Look at the coin. Now, close your  
eyes ...

She moves near to him, places one hand on his heart and the  
other on his hand. Startled, he opens his eyes.

MOLLY:  
Close your eyes! I'm not going to  
bite. Relax ...

There's a gentle surge of power; the coin rises into the air.

MOLLY:  
Do you feel that?

HOWARD:  
Yeah ... wow, yeah, I do!

She releases her hold slowly, moves away; the coin hovering.

MOLLY:  
Lift your hand up ...

As his hand lifts the coin moves with it into the air.

MOLLY:  
Open your eyes ...

He opens his eyes, stares at the coin; gasps - the coin  
drops, Molly catches it. She points at the boxing bag ...

MOLLY:  
Hit the bag ...

Howard stares at the bag - he closes his eyes:

FLASHBACK - Baby Howard's POV as a younger Finnegan lunges  
toward him with glowing demonic eyes!

Howard's eyes flash open and power SURGES out of him to SMASH  
into the bag -

The boxing bag HAMMERS back to SMASH into the ceiling, they  
both have to leap out of the way as it swings back down.

Torquel stares in amazement, Rangi laughs and whoops -

TORQUEL:  
Wow. Kid's a natural.

MOLLY:  
You're ready.

JUMP-CUT TO:

QUICK MONTAGE: machines switched on, screens light up, tech-engines hum to life, the GIANT *floor pentagram* lights up.

A circular metal seal in the floor slides back to reveal a glowing pool of syrupy liquid in the centre of the pentagram.

MOLLY:  
This is a Nekroportal - you push a demon-spirit into this thing then summon it up as a real life demon through that goopy liquid stuff ...

HOWARD:  
Like a 3D printer for demons ...

MOLLY:  
Something like that ...

RANGI:  
Can you 3d print Wraiths?

TORQUEL:  
You don't wanna' go there ...

JUMP-CUT TO:

Molly slaps a button and huge wall-panels slide apart to reveal: 2 SUITS OF SCI-FI BATTLE ARMOUR.

RANGI:  
Oohh, yeah baby! Super-hero battle-  
armour! Frickin' SIIIIICK!

MOLLY:  
These are Anti-possession suits.  
Anytime you're inside a pentagram  
with an active demon you ...

She notices something ...

MOLLY:  
You have to ...

She stares at the suits, there are LABELS on the chestplates of each; one says 'LUTHER' the other says 'JENNIFER'.

MOLLY:  
Excuse me-

She slaps the button, the wall-panel slides shut, she quickly exits the room, Torquel follows -

TORQUEL:  
Don't touch anything.

The boys are left standing awkwardly in the big empty room. Rangi casually SLAPS his hand through a workbench -

INT. 2ND NEKROMANCER'S HQ, KILLSTATION, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Molly rushes to the bathroom stall, vomits into the toilet. Torquel follows, leans against the wall.

Molly comes out, splashes water on her face at the sink. Torquel places a hand on Molly's shoulder.

MOLLY:  
I'm fine.

Molly pushes through the door - JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 2ND NEKROMANCER'S HQ, KILLSTATION -- NIGHT

Molly points at the two ANTI-POSSESSION SUITS.

MOLLY:  
Ok. Anti-possession suits. Anytime you're inside a pentagram with an active demon you MUST be wearing one or that thing's going to try and jump straight inside your head. And if it gets in too deep? Then, we have to, you know ...

TORQUEL:  
Killya'.

HOWARD:  
Great.

JUMP-CUT: They pull on their AP suits, armour, boots, gloves, battery packs, helmets - the suits power up.

Molly fits a MASSIVE POWERGLOVE to Howard's right fist.

MOLLY:  
This is your power-glove.

HOWARD:  
What does it do?

MOLLY:  
It does power.

JUMP-CUT: Howard watches as Molly spins the lock on a GIANT wall-safe, it clicks open with a CLANG.

She opens the door; steam spews out, we see rows of GLOWING, GROWLING, FLICKERING boxes.

MOLLY:  
There's a Demon inside every one of these things. We call 'em TRAP BOXES ...

Molly pulls one out - shows it to Howard.

MOLLY:  
This one here's a NASTY little fucker ...

JUMP-CUT: Torquel pulls a GIANT LEVER and the floor pentagram PULSES WITH POWER -

Molly and Howard approach a device near the Nekroportal that looks like a car engine attached to a tripod -

This is a RESONATOR..

A MASSIVE cable connects the Resonator to the Nekroportal.

Molly inserts the TRAP BOX into the top of the Resonator and twists it into place - she steps back, points.

MOLLY:  
Okay, so what you've got to do is push the demon out through those cables and down into the portal. Then when you see that thing light up like a Christmas tree? You summon it up.

HOWARD:  
Just '*summon it up*'? Just like that?

MOLLY:  
Yeah, you'll know what to do. Trust me.

HOWARD:  
Right. So ... then what?

MOLLY:  
Then Old Betsy takes care of the rest.

RANGI:  
Who's 'Old Betsy'?

Torquel pulls the cover off a MASSIVE Plasma Canon, pats it lovingly.

TORQUEL:  
*This* is Old Betsy.

RANGI:  
 Yeah, boi!!

Torquel loads a large glowing SHELL into its breach, locks and loads it with a CLANG!

Molly grabs a Plasma Rifle, aims it at the portal.

MOLLY:  
 Whenever you're ready ...

HOWARD:  
 So I just push the thing into the portal and then 'christmas tree' then 'summon', right?

TORQUEL:  
 That's right, stud. We'll take it from there ...

RANGI:  
 This is exciting ...

Howard concentrates, places the glove on the Box, sets his jaw, PUSHES: electricity arcs out, he screams and lets go -

HOWARD:  
 Aaah, *shit!* That hurts like a son-of-a-bitch!

TORQUEL:  
 I find a warm glass of milk and an aspirin helps sometimes.

Molly approaches, puts a hand on his heart again.

MOLLY:  
 Hey, just relax, breathe, let it happen, okay? Just like before.

HOWARD:  
 Yeah, I'm good. It's all good, I got this ... I got this ...

He breathes deeply, flexes his gloved hand a few times and grabs the Box again - lightning THRASHES OUT.

He's blasted off his feet, lands, smoking and twitching on the ground, his AP suit blackened - Rangi winces.

TORQUEL:  
 Maybe we should stick to coins for a bit ...



Howard starts to hyperventilate, he rips his glove off and grabs his pills from a hidden pocket -

Molly takes her glove off, kneels down next to him.

She gently puts her hand on his hand -

He stares at her, breathing hard, eyes crazy with panic ...

HOWARD:

There's a sickness inside me.

They both close their eyes and Torquel and Rangi look on in amazement as power swirls between them -

The pills all drop to the ground - Molly whispers:

MOLLY:

What are you afraid of?

HOWARD:

She's coming ... she's coming to get me.

*FLASHBACK: A young Finnegan opens the door to Baby Howard's nursery and drifts towards his cot like a vampire.*

*She reaches in to grab him, eyes glowing, mouth twisted.*

*Baby Howard reaches up and POWER erupts from his hand striking Finnegan in the face, SHE SCREAMS in pain!*

Molly gasps, jerks back -

MOLLY:

She tried to kill you ...

*FLASHBACK: We see Finnegan outside the nursery window looking in, she turns and flees into the dark -*

MOLLY: (CONT'D)

She's afraid of you ...

Howard looks over at the GLOWING PENTAGRAM, sets his jaw, stands up and walks over toward it.

Howard stands in front of the RESONATOR, Molly joins him.

Howard GRABS the Box, PUSHES the demon into the portal.

The Pentagon lights up like a Christmas tree -

Howard holds his hands up and SUMMONS the demon out of the portal - it EXPLODES up out of the nekroplasma and:

Torquel and Molly both fire at once, the creature is EVISCERATED - black liquid gore washes across them all.

RANGI:

Now, THAT ... was some crazy shit!

Molly looks at Howard with plain awe on her face.

HOWARD:

I'm going to go get me a Nekropod.  
Wanna come with?

JUMP CUT TO:

Molly unrolls a service tunnel map on a workbench, they all crowd around to look - she points at an area:

MOLLY:

Okay, here's the plan: there's an electrical tunnel system right under us that leads directly to an isolated pod. We're gonna' load up the Plasma Guns.

*FLASH - HOWARD IMAGINES: We see a quick montage of Molly and Torquel loading and powering up their Plasma Guns -*

RANGI:

Do I get a Plasma Gun?

TORQUEL:

You're a wraith, douchebag! How are you going to hold one?

RANGI:

I dunno, I thought maybe you guys'd have, like a 'ghost gun' or something for me, you know?

MOLLY:

(sighs)  
... Where was I?

HOWARD:

Plasma Guns.

MOLLY:

Right, we're gonna' load 'em up ...

*FLASH: We see a quick montage of Molly and Torquel loading and powering up their Plasma Guns -*

MOLLY:

We're gonna' make our way through the tunnels quick-smart ...

*FLASH: The team crouch-run through ELECTRICAL TUNNELS.*

MOLLY: (CONT'D)  
 There's a manhole about fifteen metres from the Nekropod right here. Torquel goes through first ...

*FLASH: Torquel punches through A MANHOLE.*

MOLLY:  
 She takes out the Wraith.

*FLASH: Torquel leaps from the manhole, hits the ground, rolls, blasts the shrieking Wraith with her Rifle.*

Howard frowns - gets assertive:

HOWARD:  
 Hey wait-a-minute! Why can't I take out the wraith!?

MOLLY:  
 You're not ready for that yet -

RANGI:  
 I could *distract* it, like, lead it off on a goose chase while you guys do your thing ...

TORQUEL:  
 A 'goose chase'??

MOLLY:  
 Hey! No one's doing any *goose-chasing*! Torquel's gonna' blast the wraith and right after she does I need you-

Points at Howard.

MOLLY:  
 ... To detonate the Thumper.

*FLASH: Howard is standing in the tunnels ready for action, suddenly he looks confused and awkward ...*

HOWARD:  
 What's a thumper ...

MOLLY:  
 An EMP bomb. It sends out a massive electromagnetic pulse that shuts down every electronic device within a hundred metre radius ...

TORQUEL:  
 It means your mum can't send any demons into the area. It'll buy us some time ...

HOWARD:

... Oh. Cool.

*FLASH: Howard triggers a device, the EMP bomb EXPLODES with energy, the Nekropod flickers, dies.*

MOLLY:

Then I go and get the pod ...

*FLASH: Molly sprints at the Pod, kicks off the wall, lands on a ledge next to it, whips out an electrical saw.*

*She sees the rear attachment cables off, sparks fly EVERYWHERE, the Pod drops off the wall - Torquel catches it.*

MOLLY:

We both jump back in the tunnels ...

*FLASH: Molly drops back into the tunnels, Torquel drops the Pod down, Molly catches it, Torquel closes the manhole.*

MOLLY:

And we run like hell. Any questions?

RANGI:

Yeah, what do I do?

MOLLY:

You do fuck all. Try and stay outta' the way.

TORQUEL:

But, if you see any geese? ... Chase 'em.

Rangi flips her the bird - QUICK MONTAGE: Molly and Torquel load and power-up their Plasma Guns ...

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE CITY -- NIGHT

The team make their way quickly down a series of tunnels.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE, CITY -- NIGHT

Molly shines a light up to reveal the bottom of the manhole.

MOLLY:

Okay, there it is ...

She turns to Howard who has the thumper strapped to his back.

MOLLY: (CONT'D)

Gimme' the thumper.

She grabs it off him, pulls out a JOYSTICK, gives it to him.

MOLLY:

Hold this. I'm gonna' put this WAY over there and turn it on - when this thing kicks it frickin' KICKS, so make sure you stay HERE when you detonate. DON'T push that button!

Howard nods, nervous, she heads off while Torquel shimmy up the ladder, waits under the manhole.

Molly places the thumper, powers it up, Howard is SUPER ANXIOUS, she heads back, whistles up at Torquel who:

Gives her the thumbs up, Molly turns to Howard.

MOLLY:

Do not, and I cannot stress this enough, do NOT push that button until I signal you from up there, okay?

HOWARD:

Okay. What's the signal ...

She holds her hand up, waves it aggressively back and forth, he nods, she goes to move off, hesitates ...

MOLLY:

You okay?

HOWARD:

I'm holding an electro-magnetic pulse bomb detonator. What do you think?

MOLLY:

What do you want, some reassurance?

HOWARD:

I want you to look me square in the face and tell me everything's going to be super-sweet. That's what I want.

Molly moves in close, so their faces are almost touching -

MOLLY:

Everything's going to be sweet.

HOWARD:

'Super' sweet?

MOLLY:

Super sweet.

HOWARD:

I believe you.

She grins, slaps him on the arm, steps back onto the ladder -

MOLLY:  
Seeya' on the flip-side!

She shoots up the rungs like a ninja, the sisters lock eyes.

MOLLY:  
Don't miss, bitch.

Torquel laughs in her face, pushes up through the manhole.

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

The manhole pops open, Torquel springs out, aims at the Wraith, it looks over and SHRIEKS.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi slaps his hand through a wall, Howard jumps, triggers the Thumper: it EXPLODES.

A wave of energy punches into Howard, he reels back, Molly is blown out of the manhole -

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

The pulse-blast HAMMERS Torquel, she misses her shot.

The Wraith hisses, disappears back into a shadow.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE -- CONTINUOUS

A wave of energy punches into Howard, he reels back, looks at Rangi in horror, Rangi looks back at him ...

RANGI:  
Oh, shit ... Sorry!

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Molly scrambles to her feet, frantic, looks at Torquel.

TORQUEL:  
Go! Now!

Molly sprints at the Nekropod, Torquel hunts for the Wraith.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE -- CONTINUOUS

A Wraith punches out of an alcove at Howard; he spins, shoots a bolt of energy at it - it sucks back into a shadow.

HOWARD:  
... did I get it?

RANGI:  
I don't think you did, br-

The Wraith bursts out, SLAMS up against Howard - shrieking, biting, scratching!

Rangi rips the Wraith off Howard and HAMMERS it into a shadow - they both disappear.

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Molly runs, kicks off the wall, lands on a ledge near the Nekropod, whips out a power-saw; saws at the cables.

Sparks fly EVERYWHERE, Torquel aims the Rifle at shadows, searching for the Wraith.

The camera whips away from her, spins, RACES a block away, settles on a man with a ringing phone, he answers it:

MAN:  
Yeeeeello?

He SPASMS, his eyes go WHITE, (he has been possessed by Finnegan) - he snarls, turns, sprints toward the team.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi is flung from a shadow, SLAMS into a wall, ghost blood explodes out of him, he crumples, groaning.

A Wraith floats out of an alcove, grabs Howard, DRAGS him into the shadows - he screams as the creature tears at him.

Torquel leaps into the tunnel, whips out a PLASMA GRENADE, activates it, bounces it into the alcove.

It EXPLODES in a crash of light, Howard is blown out, he lands, dazed, sees: The Wraith in a vortex of lightning.

Torquel aims & BLASTS it into oblivion - looks down at Howard.

TORQUEL:  
You had ONE job!

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

The Nekropod drops from the wall, Molly tries to catch it, fails, they tumble to the ground -

She jumps up, grabs it, lugs it to the manhole, turns, sees: the possessed Finnegan/Man sprints at her.

Another POSSESSED bursts from a street, and another - Molly drops the Pod, whips out a PLASMA PISTOL, fires and:

The Finnegan/Man falls, she spins, shoots another, kick-slides the Pod down the manhole, shoots another.

Other possessed men and women bound toward her, she leaps down into the tunnels.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE -- CONTINUOUS

She lands, looks up at the others ...

MOLLY:

RUN!!

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Possessed men and women sprint towards the manhole.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE MANHOLE -- CONTINUOUS

A POSSESSED MAN drops into the tunnel, others follow, he growls, sniffs, runs after them ...

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

The team run through the tunnels, Howard with the pod strapped to his back, they hear snarling, turn and:

Two POSSESSED CRAZIES scamper out of the dark, crawling across the ceiling like spiders, Molly and Torquel aim:

Plasma BLASTS tear them off the roof to splash, smoking onto the wet ground, a manhole above them RIPS open.

A 'new' possessed Finnegan/Woman drops down, grabs Torquel, LAUNCHES her away, HEAD-BUTTS Molly who crumples ...

She looks over at Howard, who freezes, stares at her as she moves slowly toward him -

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan sits in her THRONE, cables flowing out of her head and into the network, she whispers:

FINNEGAN:

Howard ...



INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

FINNEGAN/WOMAN:

HOWARD ...

She is hypnotising him like a snake -

FINNEGAN/WOMAN:

I REEEALLY DON'T LIKE YOU HANGING  
AROUND WITH THESE TYPES OF GIRLS,  
HOWARD - THEY'RE INAPPROPRIATE ...

Rangi bursts from the shadows and charges at her screaming like a warrior, she BLASTS him in the face -

He stumbles back into the shadow - disappears.

FINNEGAN/WOMAN:

I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN PET  
WRAITH NOW. CUTE. NOW, I'M GOING TO  
GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE, AND THEN  
IT'S NO MORE MRS. NICE GUY ... COME  
ON, HOWARD ...

She raises her hand up for him to take it -

FINNEGAN/WOMAN:

... COME HOME.

He slowly raises his hand toward hers, Torquel and Molly both look up, dazed - '*is he REALLY going to take it??*'

HOWARD:

Fuck you, mum.

Power EXPLODES from Howard and electricity arcs EVERYWHERE.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan screams in pain, falls off the chair, hits the ground clutching her head -

FINNEGAN:

Okay, Howie-baby ... Now Mummy's  
very, very, **VERY** ANGRY.

INT. ELECTRICAL TUNNELS, UNDER THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Howard drops to his knees, pale and shaken, as the exorcised woman crawls away from him, terrified. Molly grins -

MOLLY:

'Fuck you, mum?'

HOWARD:

It's the best I could do ...

Rangi bursts out, points at his face: it looks like haggis ...

RANGI:  
'Ook what she 'id to my vace!!

EXT. ABANDONED CARPARK, CITY -- NIGHT

A manhole flips open, Torquel shimmies out, followed by the others, she slams the cover closed.

She locks it, jumps back as something begins pounding violently against it from underneath -

They pile into the van and tear off.

The manhole bursts open and a possessed MAN leaps out.

He stares after the distant vehicle, growls.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan notices LUTHER and JENNIFER'S severed heads smiling smugly at her.

FINNEGAN:  
What are you two head-jobs smilin'  
at?

She pushes a button and the front panel of the Nekropods slam shut hiding both of their grinning faces -

Finnegan takes a tiny photo, it is the same photo Luther showed Howard: A young Finnegan holding a baby Howard.

Howard's father is ripped out of the image.

There is a surge of power and the photo burns into dust.

She pushes a button and a giant screen lights up in front of her with HUGE RED WORDS AND NUMBERS:

Onscreen:

**NETWORK POWER CAPACITY 93%**

Finnegan grins as the numbers tick over to 94%

FINNEGAN:  
Tick ... tick ... tick ...

INT. 2ND NEKROMANCER'S HQ, KILLSTATION -- NIGHT

The door slides open, the van drives in, they all pile out.

Howard puts the pod on a workbench while Molly and Torquel grab tools, Rangi fixes his mutilated face ...

Now he looks like a *more burnt* Freddy Kruger.

RANGI:  
How do I look?

HOWARD:  
... good.

MOLLY:  
Chuck us a Scrambler!

Torquel throws a device at her and she slaps it onto the side of the Pod - it powers up with a HUM.

RANGI:  
So, what do we do with it?

Torquel lights a blowtorch with a fiery POP!

TORQUEL:  
We crack the bitch open and take a look inside!

They work at the Nekropod with the blowtorch and an angle-grinder - the whole front section falls off to reveal:

A large sealed metal box inside - Molly stares down at it.

TORQUEL:  
That's a Trap Box!

MOLLY:  
It sure is. Gimme' the crowbar ...

She YANKS the front face off the Box: it SPARKS and smokes.

Then clears to reveal: the decomposed severed head of a man, eyes closed.

Circuitry spills out of its flesh connecting to the Nekropod.

MOLLY:  
Oh, God no ...

RANGI:  
It's a ... it's a HEAD! Who the hell IS that?

MOLLY:  
That's Uncle Dave.

RANGI:  
You *know* this guy?

TORQUEL:  
Yeah ... it's Uncle Dave.

HOWARD:  
Why's his head in there?

MOLLY:  
Turn it on!

HOWARD:  
You sure that's a good idea?

MOLLY:  
Turn it on.

Howard flicks a switch at the back of the pod, it powers up.

Uncle Dave's eyes flutter open -

He gasps, black blood seeps from his mouth and gas erupts from his lips.

MOLLY:  
Uncle Dave? David. Can you hear me?

His voice is tinny, scratchy, like an old radio signal.

UNCLE DAVE:  
... Molly ... ? Is that you ... ?

MOLLY:  
Yes. Yes, it's me ...

Suddenly Uncle Dave's face twists and he SCREAMS in an unholy demon-voice:

UNCLE DAVE:  
YOU FUCKING WHORE! SLUT! FOUL  
WITCH! Oh, God! I'm so sorry,  
Molly! They make me say these  
things! *Think* these things! FUCK  
YOU! SUCK MY DICK! EAT MY SHIT!  
*Goddammit! I can't control myself!*  
COCKSUCKER! *They've filled me with  
so much evil ... so much hate,*  
MUTHAFUCKAAAAHHH!

RANGI:  
He kind of reminds me of MY Uncle.

MOLLY:  
David ... do you know why Finnegan  
has done this to you?

UNCLE DAVE:  
She's ... feeding us, Oh, God!  
NECROMANCER WHOOOORE!!

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, she's feeding us dead souls - making us ... she's MAKING us eat them! Filling us with power! UNCLEAN POWER!

MOLLY:

Us? What do you mean 'us'? There's *more* of you?

UNCLE DAVE:

All of us, SHUT THE FUCK UP, BITCH!  
... all of us ...

TORQUEL:

You sayin' our Mum and Dad are in one of these things, Dave?

UNCLE DAVE:

Yesssss ...

The two sisters register this - HORRIFIED.

MOLLY:

Why is she doing this?

UNCLE DAVE:

I'LL RIP YOU OPEN AND FUCK YOUR SOUL WITH YOUR FATHER'S COCK!

TORQUEL:

*Jesus!* Steady on, Dave!

UNCLE DAVE:

So that she can *use* us, ARSE! FUCK! CAMEL-TIT! SHITFUCKER! ... use our combined power ...

He struggles, stuttering and spitting -

UNCLE DAVE:

*... to summon a billion human souls into the network!*

HOWARD:

Whoah ...

They all stare for a beat - taking this number in.

MOLLY:

A BILLION human souls? *How??*

UNCLE DAVE:

LICK MY FESTERING ANUS!

TORQUEL:

Ew!

MOLLY:

How?

UNCLE DAVE:

Through ... *the Game*.

Realization dawns on Molly's face -

MOLLY:

Oh, that fucking game!

TORQUEL:

What's he mean?

MOLLY:

The Nekromancer game. She's going to use it to suck people's souls through their own phones into the Network.

RANGI:

*Siiick!*

MOLLY:

What's she going to do with a billion souls, Dave?

Uncle Dave grimaces, spits black blood -

UNCLE DAVE:

Feed on them ...

MOLLY:

*What?! ALL of them?*

UNCLE DAVE:

Yes ...

Torquel whistles -

TORQUEL:

That's a lotta' souls for one old girl ...

MOLLY:

How long have we got?

UNCLE DAVE:

Not long! Have to hurry! We can't .. *hold out .. much longer!*

He lets out a demonic HOWL - he looks at Molly imploringly.

UNCLE DAVE:

Set me free ... Molly ... *set me free!*

Molly stares at him, he growls and whines like an animal.

UNCLE DAVE:

PLEASE!

She shoots him in the head - Uncle David's soul leaves his flesh, drifts up into the ether ...

Molly stares at her Uncle's blood-soaked head.

MOLLY:

We have to get Finnegan into a Trap-Box - Print her up. Blast her out of existence ...

TORQUEL:

Great. How. Gettin' to her's like gettin' to a gold bar in Fort Knox.

MOLLY:

Every enemy has a weak point - we just need to find it.

She steps forward, slides a 'PIN-JACK' out of Dave's temple - peers at it, follows the pin's cable back into the Nekropod -

TORQUEL:

Yeah? How we gonna' do that?

MOLLY:

I'm going to jump myself in ...

She turns, holds up the pin-jack, looking *intense*.

MOLLY:

I'm going to jump *inside* the Network ...

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jennifer's head stares at the giant ticking wall-screen as '**94%**' clicks over into '**95%**' ...

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- NIGHT

The Nekromancer Van SPEEDS down the street.

INT. NEKROMANCER VAN, MOVING, CITY -- NIGHT

The team are all wearing electrician's overalls.

Rangi sits upside down on the roof (his face normal); sticks his finger in Howard's ear, Howard slaps it away, irritated.

TORQUEL:

This is a bad idea.

MOLLY:  
You got a better one?

MOLLY:  
I know what I'm doing.

TORQUEL:  
Fine, but if you don't pull this  
off you die or come back possessed  
then I have to kill you. Where's  
that leave us?

Molly stares at the road, grips the wheel with white  
knuckles.

MOLLY:  
Don't worry about it. I'll be fine.

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- NIGHT

The van stops, Molly & Howard jump out wearing hard hats;  
Molly feeds a cable out the window.

Howard, holding a toolbox, walks over to a 'MAINS BOX',  
crowbars it open.

Molly drags the cable over, Rangi steps from the shadows,  
waves cheerfully at a ghost across the street.

Howard plugs the cable into the MAINS and starts to solder.

INT. NEKROMANCER'S VAN, REAR COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

We see that the cable connects into the stolen Nekropod (but  
Uncle Dave's head has been removed).

TorqueL turns machines on, plugs more cables into the pod,  
grabs a pair of defibrillators, rips her jacket off.

She grabs the PIN-JACK from the Box, PLUGS it into her head.

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi watches a boy with a phone across the street.

He holds it up to a ghost, taps the screen and the ghost  
explodes as it's SUCKED into the device.

Rangi looks horrified. Howard finishes soldering - he and  
Molly head back to the van -

A man approaches Rangi with a phone, taps the screen:

Light shoots out, Rangi ducks out of the way, slaps the phone  
from the man's hands ...



RANGI:  
*You cheeky bastard!*

Rangi punches the guy, HARD -

Howard and Molly look over, Rangi shrugs apologetically -

INT. NEKROMANCER'S VAN, REAR COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

As they enter the van Molly gapes at Torquel who is rubbing the defibrillator pads together -

MOLLY:  
*Hey! What are you doing?!*

TORQUEL:  
Don't forget to bring me back.

Molly screams and lunges forward as Torquel ZAPS her own soul into the Network -

She spasms, the pod SPARKS as she flops back.

MOLLY:  
No!

Molly grabs at Torquel's body, blood drips from her nose, her dead pupils flickering NEON.

Molly looks up at a wall-screen as patterns and data shift on its surface: it shows a giant wire-frame PENTAGRAM:

Torquel's glowing digital avatar swims through it ...

MOLLY: (CONT'D)  
She's inside ...

She points desperately at the defibrillators -

MOLLY:  
Gimme' the jumpers ...

HOWARD:  
If she's already inside maybe we should give her a chance ...

Molly looks at Torquel, looks up at the screen as Torquel's AVATAR moves across the Pentagram.

The camera ZOOMS into the screen, into:

Torquel's POV: BLAZING CIRCUITRY, TUNNELS OF ELECTRICITY!

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jennifer looks up, her white eyes staring, she whispers ...

JENNIFER:

Torquel ...

Finnegan is typing INHUMANLY quick in front of a bank of screens, stops, stands up, her chair slides across the floor -

She sniffs the air, turns, stares at a screen nearby as a complex DATA STORM flashes on its surface.

INT. NEKROMANCER'S VAN, REAR COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

We see the DATA STORM reflected in Torquel's eyes as Molly gives a yell:

MOLLY:

*She's doing it! I don't believe it!  
She made it in!*

She grabs the jumper leads and powers them up then watches the screen as an UPLOAD BAR moves toward 100%

MOLLY:

*(whispering)  
Come on, nearly there ...*

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan LEAPS into the Jump-Chair, SHOVES the cables in, JERKS the pad to her chest, JUMPS IN ...

INT. NEKROMANCER'S VAN, REAR COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

An alarm sounds, red lights flash, Molly jumps -

MOLLY:

*Shit! They're onto her! Finnegan's  
in the system! We gotta' get her  
OUT of there!!*

She places the jumper pads against Torquel's chest -

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan growls as, inside the network, she grabs at Torquel.

INT. NEKROMANCER'S VAN, REAR COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Molly triggers the pads but the jumper battery EXPLODES and the pads catch fire, Molly drops them -

Torquel spasms, the Nekropod SPARKS, veins pop on her forehead, blood seeps from her eyes, ears, mouth and nose ...

MOLLY:  
*She's got her!*

Torquel coughs blood onto the roof, Molly places her hands onto Torquel and ELECTRICITY SHOOTS EVERYWHERE!

(We see Finnegan growl and PUSH back against Molly's attack)

Molly is BLASTED back - slams against the wall of the van. She looks desperately at Howard, face white with panic ...

MOLLY:  
 She's too strong! YOU pull her back in!

HOWARD:  
*What?! How?*

She grabs at him

MOLLY:  
 I know you can do it! I KNOW!

Shoves him over toward Torquel -

MOLLY:  
 Just try! Please! Do it! NOW!

He puts his hands on Torquel's body and there is an EXPLOSION of energy - The Nekropod SPARKS & belches fire.

Howard and Finnegan are FIGHTING over the possession of Torquel's soul!

THEY BOTH SCREAM IN RAGE AND POWER **DETONATES** INSIDE THE VAN

Torquel's head EXPLODES - blood sprays everywhere, Molly screams ... then grabs at her sister's body.

MOLLY:  
*What did you DO?!*

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan jumps back into her body, breathing ragged, heart pumping like an Olympic sprinter -

Jennifer SCREAMS in anguish -

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi senses something, he hears Wraiths screeching in the far distance - He teleports:

INT. NEKROMANCER'S VAN, REAR COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi punches out of a shadow, gapes at the bloody mess.

RANGI:

Whoah, *shit!* What happened to her  
HEAD, man?!

Howard says nothing, stares at Molly cradling Torquel.

RANGI:

Look, uh ... Howie? We better get  
outta' here, bro - there's some  
*scary-ass shit* comin' STRAIGHT for  
us ...

EXT. CITY STREET, INNER CITY -- NIGHT

The van tears away, we dolly up to reveal:

The twinkling vista of the night city sky as glowing blue  
balls of spirit energy fall like meteors.

INT. 2ND NEKROMANCER'S HQ, KILLSTATION -- NIGHT

Torquel's headless body lies on a bench, wrapped in plastic,  
a single bloody hand hangs out the side.

Molly & Howard stand next to it, covered in blood - they both  
stare at the corpse.

Rangi: crouched on the ceiling, watches them.

MOLLY:

It should be me lying there.

HOWARD:

That wouldn't do anybody any good.

MOLLY:

I could have stopped her. Jumped  
her out ...

HOWARD:

I pushed too hard. I fucked up -

MOLLY:

No. That's not fair, I practically  
forced you into it and you weren't  
ready. This is on me. And now she's  
dead. They're all fucking dead.

Tears role down Molly's cheeks - Howard looks shell-shocked.

HOWARD:

I had her. I was so close. But I panicked, pushed her away as hard as I could ... for a second there, I could *taste* her ... taste her soul.

Molly looks over at Howard - he turns to her:

HOWARD:

It tasted good.

MOLLY:

My sister's soul tasted good to you? ...

HOWARD:

No, I-

MOLLY:

And then her fucking head explodes?

She whips her gun out, points it at his head -

MOLLY:

I just realised I don't know who the hell you are Howard North. You turn up out of the blue and suddenly everybody's dead. The only thing I know is that you're related to a crazy, twisted, psychotic FREAK. I don't know where you've been for the last twenty years, how do I know you're not working for her? Like *mother* like *son*. A filthy fucking soul-eater! Maybe I should just shoot you in the head right fucking now.

HOWARD:

Maybe you should.

She cocks the pistol - Howard stares at her, unblinking.

HOWARD:

Go ahead. Do it. You either trust me or you don't.

She glares at him for a few more beats then lowers the gun.

HOWARD:

I'm not like her. What she is? That's NOT me.

Molly nods - drained and weary.

Rangi watches from above, notices the Nekropod in the Van is sparking and flashing -

He teleports down to investigate - leans in close, hears faint whispering, he laughs loudly.

Molly & Howard turn to look at him, surprised -

RANGI:

Your sister just wanted me to tell you: "stop whining like a couple of bitches and get me the hell out of this box!"

They stare at him. Dumbstruck.

JUMP-CUT: Howard places the Nekropod on a bench, Molly points a TRACKING DEVICE at it: It beeps loudly.

MOLLY:

He's right - she's in there ...

RANGI:

And she's *pissed*.

They all look down at the sparking Trap-Box.

HOWARD:

We have to get her outta' there.

MOLLY:

How? I've never seen this shit before ...

RANGI:

Why don't you guys just use the 3D printer?

They all look over at the giant NEKROPORAL.

JUMP-CUT: They slide the portal cover open and stare down into the steaming, glowing liquid.

HOWARD:

Anybody ever tried this before?

MOLLY:

No way. Printing non-demon souls is totally against the law.

HOWARD:

Anybody around who's going to stop us?

MOLLY:

Nope.

RANGI:

Let's do it!

QUICK MONTAGE: machines switched on, screens light up, tech-engines hum to life, the pentagram lights up.

Howard connects the Nekropod TRAP-BOX to the Resonator and switches it on. The device ROARS into life like a jet engine.

Howard deep-breathes, stares at the portal, PUSHES: Torquel's soul is blasted through the cables INTO the Nekroplasma.

She rises out of the pool, skin pale blue, slick with plasma, purple circuitry-veins crisscross her face and body.

She steps out of the portal, eyes glowing WHITE -

Molly moves toward her, staring, barely breathing.

Torquel smiles at her.

The sisters embrace.

TIME-JUMP: Torquel sits at a workbench, STARING at her new hands, marvelling at the glistening blue-marble skin.

MOLLY: (CONT'D)  
What's it feel like?

TORQUEL:  
Kinda funky ...

Torquel looks over at her plastic wrapped, headless body.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)  
Is that what I think it is?

Molly nods.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)  
Did the upload complete?

MOLLY:  
No. All the data was corrupted.

TORQUEL:  
Don't sweat it - it's all still here.

She points at her head and smiles -

Torquel opens a drawer, gets out a box-cutter, cuts a tiny slice off the end of her pinkie-finger.

She cuts the slice in half again and puts it on the bench.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)  
You guys want the good news or the bad news?

MOLLY:

Bad.

TORQUEL:

The bad news is we've got about one hour and forty-seven minutes to take out the whole system or 1.3 billion people are gonna' die.

HOWARD:

Fuck. ... what's the *good* news.

Torquel grabs a LONG welding torch from another drawer, flicks it on, she begins to heat the tiny slice:

TORQUEL:

The good news is ...

The bit crackles, pops, bubbles, then EXPLODES with a BANG! Everybody JUMPS!

Torquel looks up at them with a shit-eating grin.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

I have a plan.

JUMP-CUT: Torquel draws a rough shape of a building on a wall while Molly, Howard and Rangi watch:

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

This is the Gaiakom HQ. Finnegan's Summoning Chamber's at the top ...

She draws an 'X' at the top of the building.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

There's a mainframe block down in the basement, here ...

She draws an 'X' at the base of the building.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

That's where YOU go. Finnegan's powers are gonna' be OFF THE FUCKING CHARTS in this room so you guys had better suit up.

She draws a line from the building's base back up to the top -

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

I'll start here at ground level and then make my way up to the chamber and blow the whole place to kingdom come.

HOWARD:

How?



TORQUEL:

I'm a goddamn walking atom bomb.  
How do you think?

RANGI:

Fuck yeah!

TORQUEL:

I'll hide inside the Network until  
you guys come get me ...

HOWARD:

So, that's it. All we have to do is  
just ... blow her up.

MOLLY:

No way. It's not that easy. She's  
too powerful to kill with fire. We  
have to get her soul back here to  
the portal - take her out properly.

TORQUEL:

Right. With her body destroyed her  
soul's going to try to escape back  
into the Network - which means she  
has to come AAAAAAALLLLL the way  
down and out through the primary  
data cables ... HERE.

She draws a pair of rough cables then points at Howard.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

Which YOU will have cut. I figure  
you'll have about a minute before  
she finds another way out so you  
better get her into a box FAST.  
Then you bring her back here. Then  
you blow her out of existence. Then  
we can all have cake.

RANGI:

Will there be 'ghost cake'?

HOWARD:

Let's do it.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

\*

The Nekromancer Van ZOOMS past -

\*

INT. NEKROMANCER TRUCK CAB, MOVING -- NIGHT

Molly & Howard are in the rear section while Torquel drives.  
He stares out the window - every passerby on the street seems  
to be staring at their phone.

\*

\*

Everybody else seems to be a GHOST -

MOLLY:  
You nervous?

HOWARD:  
You kidding, I think I'm about to  
have a goddamn heart attack.

MOLLY:  
Yeah, me too.

She looks over at him -

MOLLY:  
I'm sorry about what I said before.

HOWARD:  
About me being a crazy, psychotic  
FREAK?

MOLLY:  
I never said that. I said you were  
RELATED to a crazy psychotic freak,  
that's not the same thing.

HOWARD:  
Right. So, about threatening to  
shoot me in the head, then?

MOLLY:  
Well, I guess, that too, yeah, but  
I meant the thing-

HOWARD:  
Oh, you mean the thing about me  
being a filthy soul-eater?

MOLLY:  
Yeah, that. I know that's not true.  
You're a good guy, Howard. You're a  
nice guy.

HOWARD:  
You think under different  
circumstances we could have ...

MOLLY:  
Could have 'what'?

HOWARD:  
Been friends?

MOLLY:  
Friends. Sure, why not?

\*  
\*

HOWARD:

Like friends that go out for a coffee? Maybe go see a movie, maybe go for a walk in the park?

She looks at him - not sure about that one.

HOWARD:

Oh, come on! Who doesn't like a walk in the park! There's nothing wrong with that!

MOLLY:

I guess that's vaguely within the realms of possibility, yes.

HOWARD:

You don't have to be embarrassed or anything, I just figured 'cause you said you liked me and stuff.

MOLLY:

I'm not *embarrassed*. And I didn't say I **LIKED** you, okay?. What I said was ...

He looks at her and grins -

MOLLY:

You're messin' with me. Very funny.

Torquel shakes her head -

TORQUEL:

Jesus, you two, get a room!

Rangi leans out of a shadow & sings in nursery rhyme rhythm:

RANGI:

Molly and Howard sitting in a tree,  
F.U.C.K-

Howard throws a hard hat through Rangi's head. He and Molly look awkwardly out the window -

Howard watches a Santa ringing a bell in the street.

HOWARD:

Hey, Molly ...

He looks over at her, she turns back to him:

HOWARD:

Merry Christmas.

\*

\*

\*

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\*

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We hear LOUD Christmas music as Finnegan pours a glass of scotch, lights a cigar.

She's wearing a Christmas hat. 3 goons nearby are also wearing Christmas hats - so are Jennifer and Luther ...

Finnegan blows smoke into Jennifer's face and watches the numbers on the wall-screen tick from '**98%**' to '**99%**' ...

FINNEGAN:

You smell that sweet stench, Jenny baby? That, my dear, is the sweet, sweet smell of victory ...

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING SUB-LEVEL ENTRY GATE -- CONTINUOUS

Torquel pulls the van up next to the guard's box at the entry gate - he steps up to the window as it slides down to reveal: \*

GUARD:

Hey! What do you- \*

The guard STARES at a freaky grinning plasmic vampire woman - \*

Torquel reaches out and SLAMS his head against the side of the van, knocking him unconscious - \*

JUMP-CUT TO: \*

We see: the guard, gagged and hog-tied as the van drives down the ramp and turns the corner into the ... \*

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING LOADING DOCK -- CONTINUOUS \*

Torquel stops the van, leaps out, walks into the middle of the dock, sees: a door with: MAINFRAME UNIT CONTROL BLOCK stenciled on it \*

Looks up. Clocks 3 CCTV cameras aimed down at her. \*

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Finnegan stares at the multiple images of Torquel standing in the loading dock on her CCTV screen ... \*

FINNEGAN:

Hello, hello, hello ... what have we here? \*

Onscreen: Torquel lifts up a silenced handgun and takes out the three cameras - the screens all go BLANK with static. \*

FINNEGAN: \*  
Hey, Lurch - deal with it. \*

The Lurch Goon turns, goes to leave, Finnegan whistles at him. \*

FINNEGAN: (CONT'D) \*  
Bring her here. Soul intact. I want \*  
me a snack before the show. \*

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING LOADING DOCK -- CONTINUOUS \*

A guard sits next to the loading dock elevator reading a girly magazine, looks up, sees: \*

Torquel walking towards him, smiling; armed to the TEETH. \*

SECURITY GUARD: \*  
Whoah! What the fuck is this? \*

He grabs for his gun and Rangì punches him unconscious. \*

Molly's voice echoes in an EARPIECE Torquel is wearing: \*

MOLLY: (V.O.) \*  
Is the coast clear? \*

TORQUEL: \*  
Sure is. \*

MOLLY: \*  
Are we good to go? \*

TORQUEL: \*  
You sure can. \*

Torquel taps the code into the elevators security pad \*

MOLLY: \*  
We have seven minutes to pull this \*  
off. \*

TORQUEL: \*  
Well, then let's not fuck around. \*

She whips out a MASSIVE 'Desert Eagle', locks and loads it. \*  
The elevator 'DINGS' and the doors open. She turns to Rangì. \*

TORQUEL: (CONT'D) \*  
Let's go kill some people. \*

She steps into the elevator and as the doors close - Torquel grins like a shark. \*

INT. GAIAKOM LOADING DOCK, MAINFRAME BLOCK -- CONTINUOUS \*

Molly slides the van door open, leaps out with a Plasma Rifle. Howard follows holding a duffel-bag of tools and a large AXE - \*

Howard spots the door with: MAINFRAME UNIT CONTROL BLOCK stenciled on it - he moves toward it. \*

HOWARD:  
There it is ...

MOLLY:  
Wait! Stand very still ...

She grabs a TRACKER from her belt and powers it up.

Suddenly a WRAITH explodes from the shadows and HAMMERS into Molly, knocking her off her feet.

Howard whips a hand up: power FLARES up, the Wraith teleports with an ear-grinding THWAK! Molly stands, shaky ...

HOWARD:  
Shit ...

INT. GAIAKOM LOADING DOCK ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS \*

On a CCTV screen we see: Torquel stands in the elevator as cheesy Christmas music plays through tinny speakers \*

She looks up, shoots the camera: the screen goes BLANK. \*

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Howard and Molly are stalked by 2 Wraiths in the shadows. \*

HOWARD:  
Okay ... how 'bout I start hookin' us up to that mainframe and you keep those angry fuckers off my back?

Molly nods, Howard moves over to the door, looks at some numbers on his hand then punches in the code.

The door clicks opens - he steps inside:

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The lights flicker on revealing a room with walls JAMMED with cables and blinking circuitry - it THROBS with power.

A SHRIEKING Wraith bursts out & slams him off his feet, lands on top of him, biting and howling.

Molly BLASTS it to pieces - ghost blood splatters EVERYWHERE.  
He stands up - looks over at Molly. Drenched in gore.

MOLLY:  
Well ... that's ONE down.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS \*

A crowd of goons pointing guns watch as: Elevator doors hiss open revealing an EMPTY elevator ...

A tiny item is thrown out of the elevator to land at their feet, they look down: a severed plasmic finger.

One of them picks it up, turns it around, sees: A tiny beeping detonator ...

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Torquel is hidden in the roof of the elevator. She grins as the EXPLOSION outside rocks the building. \*

The doors hiss open onto a smoking nightmare of twisted metal, severed limbs and bloody entrails.

She walks through the mess to a set of stairs at the other side of the corridor - she walks up the stairs ... \*

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Molly is hunting the Wraith in the shadows with her TRACKER.

MOLLY:  
Heeeere, kitty, kitty, kitty ...

The device BEEPS at a nearby shadow and she raises the gun, moves towards it ...

MOLLY: (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
*There you are ...*

The Wraith teleports to a shadow above her head.

It grabs her off her feet, her gun clatters to the ground. She reaches for her Plasma Pistol as the Wraith EXPLODES.

She drops to the cement, in a heap, as Wraith-blood showers down onto her, she looks around, sees: Howard, smiling.

Tendrils of power coiling off his raised hand - he winks

HOWARD:  
TWO down ...

INT. GAIAKOM TOP FLOOR, STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS \*

Torquel mounts the stairs and walks into - \*

INT. SUMMONING ROOM COOLING CORRIDORS -- CONTINUOUS \*

Torquel moves quickly down the long, steam-filled catwalk \*

MOLLY: (V.O.)

Okay, we're in position. How close  
are you?

TORQUEL:

Pretty close.

she makes a turn into an intensely ORANGE-LIT anti-chamber  
that leads into the SUMMONING ROOM CORRIDOR. \*

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)

I'm right outside the party room.  
Listen out for the big boom. \*

She moves into the: \*

INT. SUMMONING ROOM CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS \*

A LONG nightmare room FILLED with cables and circuitry. Dark  
pillars on either side - at the end: a BIG RED DOOR. \*

On the door is painted: A PENTAGRAM \*

She starts forward. Suddenly goons leap out on either side  
with BIG FUCKING GUNS, 'Lurch-goon' in front.

Lurch-Goon is wearing a Christmas hat.

She spits her gum out - it sticks to the wall. They stare at  
each other: Mexican stand-off ... she smiles. \*

Her guns whip up and they all start firing, bullets rip into  
her plasmic body as she hammers 5 head-shots in a row.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Molly and Howard put their AP Suit helmets on - the suits  
power up

She guards the door, he stands in front of a TRAP-BOX on a  
bench, a cable leading from the BOX into the MAINFRAME.

On a laptop next to the BOX we see: an animated wireframe  
image of the Gaiakom building and a countdown TIMER -

It reads: 00:02:10 ...



Sweat trickles down Howard's face.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, TOP FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Rangi swings at goons, ghost blood explodes *everywhere!*  
Torquel whips out knives, slices heads off, stabs at throats -

Rangi and Torquel cut through the small army of goons like a lawnmower driving over a family of hamsters -

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Molly listens to the carnage through her ear-piece, Howard can hear it too -

HOWARD:  
Think she'll make it?

MOLLY:  
She *has* to.

She glances at the wrist timer, it reads: 00:01:32.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, TOP FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Torquel walks toward the last goon, firing 2 handguns while he riddles her with bullets.

She takes his *head* off then collapses to her knees ...

Black blood spews from a hundred bullet wounds, she vomits dark bile, shivering with body-trauma -

TORQUEL:  
Nice work, Tinkerbelle ...

She seems to levitate up as Rangi helps her to her feet.

TORQUEL: (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

RANGI:  
Don't mention it. And don't call me Tinkerbelle.

She marches toward the BIG RED DOOR.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The wall-screen ticks from **99** to **100%**: Jennifer and Luther's eyes glow WHITE ...

EXT. INNER CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

A MONTAGE of Nekropods in the city; the front sections EXPLODE off revealing Nekromancer heads inside.

Crowds GAPE as the lantern-eyed heads begin to SHRIEK.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan grins, the room lights up with neon RED.

She stabs cables into the side of her head and then her hand hovers over a HUGE RED button ...

FINNEGAN:

Okay ... three, two, one, DISCO!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

We see the city from far up in the sky as a pentagram of bright lights form in the streets below.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, TOP FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Torquel, venting blood, and breathing like a steam-train, staggers to the RED DOOR.

She punches in the security code, the door hisses open, a goon stands there - he is wearing a Christmas hat.

And he is holding a Plasma Rifle.

He blows her off her feet - she flies back and smashes to the floor, a plasmic MESS.

There is a MASSIVE gaping hole in her chest - black liquid spews out everywhere. Rangi fades into a shadow.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jennifer, Luther and Finnegan scream in exultation as power billows around the room ...

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, BUS SHELTER -- CONTINUOUS

A crowd of people all looking at their phones - suddenly the screens EXPLODE with light, they all look up.

Their eyes are WHITE!

INT. INSIDE THE WEB -- CONTINUOUS

\*

WE PUSH PAST SEAS OF COILED NEON PATTERNS THAT FORM INTO ...

\*

EXT. CITY STREET, HONG KONG, CHINA -- CONTINUOUS \*  
We push back out of a phone in the hands of Chinese business \*  
man, his eyes turn WHITE, we push back into the phone - \*

INT. INSIDE THE WEB -- CONTINUOUS \*  
WE CRASH THROUGH THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY, FAST AS \*  
LIGHTNING, CROSSING CONTINENTS IN 3 BLINKS OF AN EYE - \*

INT. AFGHANISTAN, KABUL, COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS \*  
We pull back from a phone being held by a woman in a hijab \*  
speaking quickly in Arabic, she stops, looks up - \*  
Her eyes go WHITE. \*

We LEAP back into her phone, CRASH through the internet at \*  
light-speed and pull back out of a Nekropod to see: \*

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- CONTINUOUS  
MONTAGE: men, women, children, old, young, on the street, in  
cars, all look up from their phones: eyes WHITE!

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, OUTSIDE A NIGHT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS  
A gaggle of TWEEN girls are taking selfies, giggling and  
posing like bite-sized Kardashians.  
Their phones illuminate with power - their eyes go WHITE!

INT. GAIKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS  
Molly and Howard both look up, sensing the dark power that's  
brewing above them - the countdown timer reads: 00:00:00.  
  
                HOWARD:  
                It's happening! I can *feel* it!  
                She's killing them ...

INT. SUMMONING ROOM, OUTER CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS  
Torquel gasps, coughs black blood, she grabs at her gun as  
one of the goons kicks it away.  
He powers up his rifle, another goon stops him.  
He indicates that they should take her back to Finnegan.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

HOWARD:  
I have to stop this!

He raises his arms, electricity shoots out into the MAINFRAME.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET, VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE: men, women, children; their eyes all flicker as Howard attempts to wrest power from Finnegan.

INT. THE SUMMONING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Finnegan, power slithering all around her, spasms violently.

FINNEGAN:  
No! That little *shit!* He's trying  
to block me!

She screams at a nearby goon -

FINNEGAN:  
He's in the building! Find him!  
KILL HIM!

The door hisses open and the goons drag Torquel inside.

Through a wall of electrical insanity Luther notices his daughter, whispers:

LUTHER:  
Torquel ...

Torquel glances at him, throws him a wink - Jennifer notices, she grins a mile wide.

Finnegan stops shrieking, sniffs the air -

FINNEGAN:  
Wait! What's that *smell* ... ?

Finnegan's attention snaps back into the reality of the Summoning Room, looks at the captive girl in front of her.

Torquel looks at her, metallic white/blue skin slick with plasma & black blood, she grins with a LOT of teeth.

Finnegan snarls in recognition -

FINNEGAN/JENNIFER:  
She's *Portal-Born!* Get her out!

Rangi PUNCHES from a shadow and SMASHES into a goon.

Torquel whips out a knife, stabs it into the other's throat, rips a welding torch from her belt, flips it on.

She places the flame against her neck and laughs and sparks and bubbles froth at her throat.

Finnegan LUNGES forward to grab at Torquel as:

Torquel EXPLODES in a raging fireball of energy ...

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE GAIAKOM BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

We see: a HUGE EXPLOSION rock the top floor of the building.

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Howard is nearly blown off his feet as Molly and he stare up at the shuddering roof in shock -

EXT. BUSY INNER CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

A Nekropod SPARKS as people scream and leap out of the way - the Wraith perched atop it shrieks and BLOWS apart.

EXT. SUPER HIGH AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

We see all the glowing lights from the Nekropods wink out.

MONTAGE: All the possessed people all over the world blink a few times, shrug, then look back at their phones ...

INT. GAIAKOM BUILDING, MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The lights and wall-screens all flicker crazily as Molly stares at the roof, suddenly the lights all DIM -

MOLLY:

She did it.

An alarm sounds and we see on the laptop screen: FINNEGAN'S AVATAR moves down the building toward the MAINFRAME ROOM.

MOLLY:

Get ready!

Howard places his hands on the TRAP BOX, Molly grabs an axe and SLICES through the PRIMARY DATA CABLES -

Finnegan's spirit SLAMS into the severed cables and:

GAS and SPARKS shoot out everywhere!

MOLLY:  
Now! Do it! NOW!!

Howard SCREAMS with exertion: power THRASHES the room as Finnegan's cable SPITS from the wall spewing fire and gas -

Howard is BLOWN off his feet, his hands burnt, smoking.

The TRAP-BOX is charred and steaming, but EMPTY ...

MOLLY: (CONT'D)  
It didn't work ...

Howard leaps up, they can HEAR Finnegan moving around in the mainframe.

MOLLY: (CONT'D)  
She's still inside the mainframe!

Molly grabs the smoking cable and tracks FINNEGAN'S movement.

HOWARD:  
She's looking for a way out!

On a wall screen: A TWISTING DEMON FACE appears on it - Molly darts forward, JAMS the cable into the wall.

MOLLY:  
Try now! *Quick!*

Howard grabs the TRAP-BOX - the DEMON FACE ROARS - an explosion of power knocks the pair to the ground again.

HOWARD:  
It's not happening! She's pushing back too hard!

We hear BOOMING from deep in the mainframe.

MOLLY:  
She's trying to force her way out ... if she gets into the phone-lines we're screwed.

Molly turns her AP Suit off, removes her helmet, grabs a cable, plugs it into her head.

HOWARD:  
What are you doing?!

MOLLY:  
Okay, if this works all you have to do is push her out just like you did with the practice demon -

HOWARD:  
Wait-a-minute! Push her out of WHAT??

MOLLY:

Me.

She plugs the cable into the MAINFRAME, turns to look at him.

MOLLY: (CONT'D)

I trust you ...

She turns, places her hand on the wall-screen; it flickers, the DEMON FACE flashes across it.

There's an explosion of sparks, Molly is blown across the room; lands in a heap - the lights dim.

HOWARD:

Molly! No!

He rushes forward, kneels next to her, suddenly she grabs him by the throat, lifts him off the ground. Her eyes are WHITE.

FINNEGAN has possessed her - she snarls in a DEMON VOICE:

FINNEGAN/MOLLY:

WHO'S BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY, THEN?

She HEAVES him through the air: he smashes into a wall -

FINNEGAN/MOLLY:

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD I  
WORKED TO MAKE ALL THIS HAPPEN? AND  
YOU AND THIS LITTLE BITCH-WHORE  
JUST FUCKED IT ALL UP FOR ME!

Howard stumbles up, raises his hand up toward her.

FINNEGAN/MOLLY:

GO AHEAD ... PUNCH A HOLE IN YOUR  
GIRLFRIEND. SEE IF I CARE.

He lowers his hand and she laughs -

FINNEGAN/MOLLY: (CONT'D)

WEAK. JUST LIKE DADDY, HUH? YOU  
DON'T DESERVE MY BLOOD IN YOUR  
VEINS!

A SURGE of power from her SMASHES him back against the mainframe circuitry, he groans in pain -

Finnegan/Molly moves in, grabs him, rips his helmet off:

FINNEGAN/MOLLY:

WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST STAYED  
UNDER WHATEVER ROCK YOUR FATHER  
BURIED YOU UNDER??! IT'S GOING TO  
TAKE ME YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS  
TO CLEAN UP ALL THIS SHIT!

HOWARD:  
I know ... how that feels.

FINNEGAN/MOLLY:  
COME GIVE MOMMY A KISS!

She starts to suck out his soul -

Rangi BURSTS from a shadow and SLAPS Finnegan/Molly in the face, she REELS, stumbles back.

Howard leaps forward, turns her AP Suit back on -

Electricity thrashes at her body, she stiffens, falls to the ground, spasming like a stroke victim -

Rangi and Howard stand, staring down at her -

HOWARD:  
You know, after this, I'm going to need many, MANY years of therapy.

CUT TO:

Howard drags the spasming Finnegan/Molly over to the TRAP BOX, plugs the cable into the Box ...

Finnegan snarls at him like rabid animal -

He goes to lay hands on her, hesitates. Closes his eyes:

HOWARD:  
Okay ... don't push too hard.

He GRABS at her and POWER WHIPS AROUND THE ROOM!

Howard starts to scream in rage but stops himself, closes his eyes, everything slows down ... he remembers:

*FLASHBACK: Molly's hand on his heart, they both close their eyes -*

He pushes Finnegan OUT of Molly and into the TRAP BOX: it smokes and rattles and growls.

Molly spasms, slowly opens her eyes - looks at Howard.

HOWARD: (CONT'D)  
You okay ... ?

MOLLY:  
(slurring)  
... did it work?

HOWARD:  
Yeah. We got her ...



A fresh round of growls, snarls, and roars emanates from the TRAP-BOX, they all look over at it.

MOLLY:  
Let's take that bitch out.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The Nekromancer van TEARS past, we see: a Nekropod, ghost spirits launching out of it like fireworks.

We pan up ...

EXT. HIGH ANGLE VIEW OF THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

We see coils of soul-energy drift up from all the Nekropods to disappear into the darkness of the city-lit night sky.

INT. NEKROMANCER TRUCK CAB, MOVING -- NIGHT

Molly, pale, weary, stares up at the sky while Howard drives and Rangì hovers in a shadow -

MOLLY:  
There they all go ... free as birds.  
Everybody I know in the world's up  
there right now ...

Howard pulls a small hip-flask of whiskey from his pocket, pops the top, hands it to her.

MOLLY:  
Where'd you get this?

HOWARD:  
Found it. In your dad's A.P. Suit.

She laughs, grabs it, swigs it, hands it back - he drinks.

HOWARD:  
Hell of a day, huh ...

MOLLY:  
Yeah ... Hell of a day.  
You did real good back there,  
Howard. Real good ...

HOWARD:  
You're a *loose unit*, you know that?  
I nearly shat a BRICK when you  
plugged yourself into the mainframe  
back there ...

MOLLY:  
I knew you'd bring me back ...

They stare at each other for a few beats.

RANGI:  
You guys should totally kiss right now.

HOWARD:  
*Fuck off, Rang!*

MOLLY:  
You okay with what we're about to do?

HOWARD:  
Oh, you mean the whole '3D printing my mother and shooting her with a plasma-powered bazooka, thing'? Sure.

MOLLY:  
I mean when we bring her up out of there she ain't gonna' look like your mother - her soul's about as corrupted as you can get ... it's gonna be ugly.

Howard thinks about this as the TRAP BOX in the back smokes, rattles, growls and snarls violently.

INT. 2ND NEKROMANCER'S HQ, KILLSTATION -- NIGHT

The van drives in, they all leap out. Molly starts up the machines while he grabs the red hot TRAP BOX with tongs.

The pentagram lights up as Howard shoves the BOX into the Resonator - FIRE belches out of the BOX.

The Nekroportal slides open - Finnegan's roars become ear-splitting ...

They both pull on their AP HELMETS - Howard stands in front of the Resonator, Molly aims OLD BETSY at the portal.

MOLLY:  
Locked and loaded! Whenever you're ready, Capn' ...

Howard moves to grab the TRAP BOX, Rang! cocks his head.

He listens as: over FINNEGAN'S roars he hears ... Torquel screaming from INSIDE THE BOX!

RANGI:  
Howard! *Wait!* WAIT!

Howard pushes Finnegan's spirit into the Nekroportal; it begins to bubble and steam violently.

Finnegan's TRUE FORM rises out of the steaming Nekroplasma.

A GREAT DEMON with huge glistening black horns, dragon-like skin and glowing red eyes -

It holds TORQUEL in a vice-like grip.

Molly stares up at the creature holding her sister in its monstrous arms - DEMON/FINNEGAN grins down at her.

TORQUEL:

Molly! Do it! *Shoot her!* SHOOT HER!

\*

Molly can't pull the trigger - Demon/Finnegan raises its clawed hand and power BURSTS OUT and:

SMASHES Molly into a far wall, Howard whips his hands up -

Power BUILDS on his fingers but Demon/Finnegan spins and POWER-PUNCHES him across the room.

He SLAMS into a wall, Molly watches as:

Demon/Finnegan rips Torquel's head off, flings it away, Molly screams in rage.

Rangi bursts from a shadow, SMASHES Demon/Finnegan in the face, she recoils then glares at him - he gulps.

Demon/Finnegan HAMMERS Rangi across the room into a shadow.

Molly whips out a Plasma Pistol, fires: the blast strafes Demon/Finnegan's face -

She POWER-DRAGS Molly into her clutches.

Molly unsheathes a long knife and STABS it into the demon's eye-socket, Demon/Finnegan shrieks in agony, then:

RIPS Molly's forearm off completely, blood sprays EVERYWHERE.

Howard sees this: YELLS in anguish -

The Demon THROWS Molly across the room -

She falls to the floor - her eyes blank, blood-flecked. Dead?

Demon/Finnegan pulls the blade from her eye, Howard POWER-SLAMMS her through a wall.

Smoke clears to show the gaping hole in the bricks ...

Howard stares at it, his breathing quick and ragged. He takes a few desperate steps towards Molly's prone body, then STOPS

\*

\*

He hears giant clawed feet stomping into concrete and Demon/Finnegan BURSTS from the hole and:

Charges forward, Howard counter-attacks but TOO LATE.

She SLAMS into him, SMASHES him into the wall as pulsing power thrashes around them, she rips his helmet off -

The Demon starts to suck his soul out.

He tears himself away, falls, coughing blood, gasping for breath, Demon/Finnegan grabs him by the ankle.

SWINGS him to SMASH into a wall, he crumples again, covered in concrete clouds and blood.

Demon/Finnegan grabs him by the neck, lifts him up, leans in as power WHIPS around them, opens her mouth WIDE.

HOWARD:

A little to the left!

The demon hesitates, stares at him, confused.

HOWARD: (CONT'D)

A little to the LEFT! Up a bit! ...  
*Bingo!*

The demon turns, sees: Torquel's headless plasmic body aiming a Plasma Rifle, Torquel's severed head on the floor GRINS.

She BLASTS the demon back across the wall, Howard drops to the floor, looks up and yells:

HOWARD: (CONT'D)

Molly! Now! Shoot her, NOW!!

We see: Molly, bone-pale, blood pouring from her severed arm, aiming OLD BETSY at the Demon with one hand -

Molly smiles.

The Demon turns and ROARS as the Nekromancer eviscerates her in an EXPLOSION of plasmic gore -

CUT TO BLACK -- FADE UP:

Howard wakes up covered in black sludge, looks over at Molly's broken, bloody body nearby.

Torquel holds a nailgun to her neck shooting nails into her neck to keep her head on her shoulders.

Rangi, twisted, broken, covered in black goop, floats in the dark. Howard struggles up, races over to Molly, grabs at her -

Rips her helmet off -

HOWARD: (CONT'D)

Molly! Molly, *hey!* Wake up! *Molly!*

TORQUEL:

Her body's dead ... she's gone ...

Howard looks at Torquel, fire in his eyes ...

HOWARD:

No.

He walks into the portal with Molly in his arms, lowers himself into the glowing liquid so they float at its centre.

He closes his eyes in silent prayer.

Then his eyes open; GLOWING as electrical energy tornadoes in the air, the portal begins to bubble and glimmer.

A giant surge of brilliant power explodes from the Nekroportal and the lights all flicker and die.

The room goes dark, lit only by a pulsing gleam from inside the portal, Howard stares down at Molly's blue-lit face.

Torquel's eyes widen in wonder and she gasps ...

A plasmic hand rises slowly out of the Nekroplasma, it is Molly's hand - on a new arm forged by Howard in the portal.

The hand moves up to gently grip the back of his head, pulling him down into a kiss as Molly rises up ...

As their mouths meet, a tiny arc of electricity dances between their lips ...

Rangi grins and gives Howard the thumbs up - the two Nekromancers slowly pull apart, Molly opens her eyes.

MOLLY:

You brought me back ...

HOWARD:

Course I did ...

MOLLY:

Thanks ...

HOWARD:

Don't mention it ...

MOLLY:

Hey, Howard ...

HOWARD:

Yeah ... ?

MOLLY:

Merry Christmas.

EXT. INNER CITY, MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

The camera pulls back from a smoking Nekropod, its surface blast-blackened and sparks shooting out in burning spits.

We tilt and track away, following a cable out the side of the unit, down a wall, as electricity flickers across it.

We crash-pan away, *shoot* over to where the group of TWEEN girls still pose for selfies like their life depends on it.

One of their phones lights up with a flicker of power and the girl holding it stiffens, her eyes go WHITE!

The Demon/Girl lets out a mighty demonic roar -

CRASH-CUT TO CREDITS

THE END.