

"DAMIEN - OMEN II"

Screenplay by

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Story by

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SHOOTING FINAL
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A HARVEY BERNHARD PRODUCTION

"DAMIEN - OMEN II"

FADE IN.

EXT. ACRE HARBOR - DUSK

1

Skyline of mosques and ancient towers is a vicious red, lit by weakened rays of the setting sun. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the walls of the old Crusader city and DOWN to the harbor. A jeep comes to a halt at the far end.

BUGENHAGEN, a once powerful man in his late fifties, with heavy shoulders and bull neck, climbs painfully out. His hair and beard are now white. His face is drawn and anxious. He picks up a small, dusty leather box and some newspapers and limps towards one of the harbor cafes.

EXT. CAFE - DUSK

2

The sea smacks against the rocks below the cafe terrace. Beyond, small boys dive from the ruined walls once defended by the Crusaders.

Inside, sitting alone, is MICHAEL MORGAN. He sips his Turkish coffee and brandy and turns the page of his book. A precise man, Morgan, English, in his fifties, a respected archaeologist.

Bugenhagen hobbles through the doors and approaches his friend. Morgan looks up over his half-glasses and sees Bugenhagen. He stands, obviously surprised to see him. CAMERA REMAINS OUTSIDE to WATCH them exchange greetings. They sit.

INT. CAFE - DUSK

3

Bugenhagen thrusts newspaper in front of Morgan. His finger strikes headline: "U.S. AMBASSADOR AND WIFE BURIED TOGETHER IN LONDON."

BUGENHAGEN

Have you seen this?

MORGAN

(takes a cursory look
and nods)

Yes. Very curious.

Bugenhagen places another newspaper in front of him. The headline is: "PRESIDENT AND WIFE COMFORT BEREAVED AMBASSADOR'S SON." He stabs at the photograph of a young boy.

Cont.

BUGENHAGEN
Do you recognize him?

MORGAN
(studies it closely and
shakes his head)
No.

BUGENHAGEN
Haven't you seen YIGAEEL'S WALL
yet?

MORGAN
They only uncovered it last week, I --

BUGENHAGEN
(points at photograph)
The face of Yigael's Satan as a
child is the same! There's no
doubt. Damien Thorn is the
Anti-Christ!

Morgan stares at his old friend, worried for him --

MORGAN
Carl --

BUGENHAGEN
You must believe me!

MORGAN
(calmly)
Carl, I'm an archaeologist, not a
religious fanatic...

BUGENHAGEN
'Whereof ye have heard that he should
come, even now already is he in the
world. And his power shall be mighty;
and he shall destroy wonderfully, and
shall prosper, and practice, and shall
destroy the mighty and the holy.'

MORGAN
I appreciate the sermon, Carl, but
what possible facts could there --

BUGENHAGEN
A week ago -- his father tried to
stab him.

Cont.

MORGAN
(pretends to scan the
newspapers)
A minor detail these newspapers
seem to have omitted.

BUGENHAGEN
I gave him the daggers myself!

Morgan is suddenly attentive. He sips his brandy and
studies Bugenhagen.

BUGENHAGEN
The boy is in America now, living
with his father's brother.
(indicating leather
box)
You must take this to his new
parents. There's a letter inside
explaining everything.

MORGAN
(shaking his head)
I'm sorry, Carl, you can't expect
me --

BUGENHAGEN
They have to be warned! I'm too
old, too ill, I can't go myself.
And I'm the only person who knows
the truth, so I must --

He hesitates. Morgan adopts the over-gentle manner of one
speaking to an old friend who is balanced on the edge of a
breakdown.

MORGAN
Must what?

BUGENHAGEN
Stay where I'll be safe.

MORGAN
(shakes his head)
My dear friend --
(sinks his drink
and signals to
waiter)
-- I have a reputation to --

BUGENHAGEN
(interrupting again)
That's why it HAS to be you. They'll
listen to you.

MORGAN
 (becoming irritated)
 And then have me committed! No.
 I like you, I respect your work, but
 in no way can I believe --

BUGENHAGEN
 Then come to Yigael's Wall!

Bugenhagen stands.

MORGAN
 (mixed anger and
 amusement)
 Now?

BUGENHAGEN
 (determined)
 NOW.

Waiter comes to table. Morgan taps his glass with a
 dig-hardened finger.

MORGAN
 Same again.
 (smiles)
 And a double one for my old
 friend, I think he could use
 it.

EXT. BELVOIR CASTLE MOAT - DAWN

4

The rising sun gives the same livid red coloring to the ruins
 and the vast Jordan Valley below them. Belvoir, the great
 Crusader's castle, is situated at the top of a steep hill.
 The dig is immense and complex and deserted. A distant buzz
 prompts the CAMERA TO PAN SLOWLY AROUND and FIND a jeep
 climbing up to the wide moat.

Bugenhagen, looking even more ashen, switches off the engine.
 Morgan, wrapped in a warm blanket, is asleep in the back.

BUGENHAGEN
 (shaking him)
 Michael!

Morgan groans and opens one red eye.

MORGAN
 I trust all this will guarantee me
 a place in the Kingdom of Heaven?

Bugenhagen grunts and hands him a miner's helmet and flash-
 light. He then picks up the leather box and they move off.

EXT. BELVOIR CASTLE - DAWN

Long-haired sheep nervously graze among the decaying walls and arches. Their blank, colorless eyes start as the two archaeologists appear. Their bells clang discordantly as they run off in panic, stopping to stare as Bugenhagen and Morgan approach the long dark staircase encased in the castle's outer wall. They switch on their miner's lamps and begin to descend the worn steps.

ANGLE IN THE DAWN SKY

5-A

Above the dig, a large crow slowly circles!

ANGLE ON THE TWO MEN AGAIN

5-B

as they continue to descend the steps.

MUSIC BEGINS AS DOES THE FEELING OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA. THEY ARE INDEED WALKING INTO THEIR OWN TOMB.

INT. BELVOIR CASTLE (ACRE) - BANQUET HALL

6

vast, dark. A line of six fifty-foot high pillars runs the length of the chamber. Bugenhagen enters, followed closely by Morgan. They switch on their flashlights and cross to a further excavation at the base of one pillar. Bugenhagen moves painfully onto the ladder.

MUSIC GROWS. THE FEELING OF DOOM IS OVERWHELMING.

Morgan has lagged behind. Bugenhagen turns to see where he is. His miner's lamp finds a face that's uneasy in this eerie place. Morgan follows reluctantly. Blackness closes in as they descend and enter the tunnel below.

INT. BELVOIR CASTLE (ACRE) - TUNNEL

7

Lamps flash along the tunnel. On the floor, duckboards have been laid. Obviously, this is where the most recent excavations are being carried out. Equipment and discoveries, all covered in plastic, line one side of the tunnel. Morgan's lamp scans the objects as he moves along behind Bugenhagen. He stops beside one particular piece and bends down to examine it. It's a huge stone carving: A WOMAN SITTING UPON A SCARLET-COVERED BEAST. THE BEAST IS COVERED WITH CARVED NAMES AND HAS SEVEN HEADS AND TEN HORNS. He gently lifts the plastic to get a better view of the unpleasant sculpture.

MORGAN

(touches the piece)

The Whore of Babylon...

(calling)

Carl, have you --

Cont.

He looks up to see Bugenhagen disappearing through an exit in the tunnel's side. The old man doesn't hear him. Morgan carefully replaces the plastic.

BUGENHAGEN

(o.s.)

Come and see, Michael.

Morgan moves to the exit. He pauses there, watching Bugenhagen in the low cavern beyond. The old man's flashlight is moving over a wall painting partly hidden by the base of a huge pillar.

BUGENHAGEN

This will convince you!

MUSIC SWELLS. THE TOMB IS ABOUT TO BE CLOSED.

As Morgan moves in the direction of the wall, there's the SOUND of a crack like a bullwhip, followed by a deep and frightening rumble. He stops in his tracks. At that moment, the tunnel roof gives way and crashes in an avalanche of stone and dirt. Morgan looks back into the tunnel.

MORGAN

Is there another way out?

BUGENHAGEN

No.

They both reenter the tunnel and begin pulling away the rubble.

Suddenly, there's another ear-splitting crack and rumble. The roof behind them now caves in. Their tomb is no more than five feet wide. The crash is followed by a deathly silence. Morgan looks at Bugenhagen in horror. The old man's eyes are closed, resigned, preparing for death. Then the silence is broken by the quietest but most sinister sound -- running sand! A steady stream of it falls before Morgan's face. He looks up. Holes appear in the roof. Through each of them, sand begins to rapidly pour into the cavity. They are trapped in an hourglass that's worth all of five minutes!

MORGAN

Carl -- !

He looks down. There, at his feet, is the WHORE OF BABYLON. The sand is already covering it and the sculptured faces mock him through the plastic. He begins to panic, claws again at the rubble.

BUGENHAGEN

The Anti-Christ is with us! Give yourself to God!

BIG CLOSEUP - SHEEP'S FACE

7

8

as it turns in panic, then disappears in a cloud of dust.

INT. BELVOIR CASTLE - BANQUET HALL

9

"Model." The ceiling and pillars lurch. Part of it crumbles with a loud crack.

INT. BELVOIR CASTLE - TUNNEL

10

The sand is already at waist height. Morgan moans and continues to claw at the debris. His efforts are futile. Bugenhagen's eyes are closed.

BUGENHAGEN

(quietly)

'...and he had power to give life unto the image of the BEAST; that the image of the Beast should both speak and cause that as many would NOT worship the image of the Beast should be killed.'

INT. BELVOIR CASTLE - BANQUET HALL

11

"Model." The noise is terrifying as a final lurch brings everything toppling down in a cascade of flying rubble.

ANGLE ON CROW HIGH ABOVE THE DIG

11-A

It circles, as the sun begins to pour great heat down on the land.

INT. BELVOIR CASTLE - TUNNEL

12

Sand is at chin-level and rising. Bugenhagen continues to pray.

BUGENHAGEN

'...the forces of evil may seem to overwhelm us and be triumphant, but goodness will prevail. For it is written in the Book of Revelation: "...and then shall that WICKED be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."'

The sand reaches their eyes. Morgan's muffled screams are horrible. His eyes roll in their sockets. Bugenhagen remains calm to the end. The sands of time run in, until even the lamps of their miner's helmets are extinguished. BLACKNESS. TOTAL AND ABSOLUTE BLACKNESS.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
SEVEN YEARS LATER

EXT. THORN COUNTRY HOUSE - DUSK

13

Autumn. Vast bonfire of dead leaves is being tended by several GARDENERS. A young boy, DAMIEN THORN, stands with his back to us, contemplating the flames. Beyond him, way in the distance, we see a palatial house. Many rooms are already lit against the impending darkness. A small figure, MARK THORN, appears on a balcony with a bugle, and plays a solitary note.

MARK
(calling out)
Damien! Time to go!

DAMIEN
(calling back)
Coming!

He turns to OLDER GARDENER. We see Damien is dressed in the uniform of a military academy.

DAMIEN
See you next weekend.

JIM
Have a good time, Damien.

Damien is already running. CAMERA TRACKS WITH him, behind the trees, towards the house.

INT. THORN COUNTRY HOUSE - DUSK

13-A

Through the window of the conservatory, we see Damien approaching the house. He slows down as he enters and begins to creep on tiptoe. He moves quietly behind the numerous indoor plants and an Old Lady studying one of the rarer species.

As he moves past her, Damien calls out loudly:

DAMIEN
Good-bye, Aunt Marion.

The Old Lady nearly jumps out of her elegant dress. CAMERA TRAVELS ON WITH Damien into the huge hallway as Aunt Marion calls after him:

AUNT MARION
(o.s.)
Good-bye, Damien. Perhaps your manners will have improved by the time we meet again.

INT. THE HALLWAY

13-B

We see the distant figure of MURRAY, the chauffeur, carrying suitcases towards the front door. Mark, also in a uniform, carrying his bugle, runs down the marble staircase behind. CAMERA MOVES WITH them all across the hallway to the front door where RICHARD THORN and his wife ANN are waiting. They all exit and CAMERA WATCHES them through the window.

EXT. THORN COUNTRY HOUSE - DUSK

13-C

Trunk of car is already open. Plastic suit carrier is laid on top of valise. Murray's hands carefully flatten the other military academy uniforms inside. During this, we hear Richard, Ann, Damien, and Mark making their farewells.

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE - HOUSE

13-D

as limousine speeds away through the grounds.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DUSK

13-E

The boys sink down in the backseat so that their heads are below the bottom of the window.

DAMIEN

Oh, boy!

MARK

Wow! What a day! I was going to SCREAM!

DAMIEN

Do it now!

And both boys let out yells in unison. The driver, Murray, puts one hand over an ear.

DAMIEN

Murray, give us a cigarette!

MURRAY

You know the answer to that one, Damien.

MARK

If you don't ask, you never know!

Damien turns in the seat, lifts up his head, and thumbs his nose back at the house --

DAMIEN

Aunt Marion! For you.

Cont.

Mark turns and blows a discordant note on his bugle.

MARK

God, she's awful! Why did they INVITE her?

DAMIEN

So she could wag her finger and criticize us and ruin our weekend!

MARK

At least we don't have to have DINNER with her! She's got to be a hundred years old, and what's that SMELL?

DAMIEN

Lavender, you fool, all old ladies douse themselves in it.

Car glides along silently. Mark fools with his bugle.

MURRAY

Have you boys met your new platoon leader yet?

MARK

Neff?

DAMIEN

Neff for Neffer mind, they're all the same. When you've met one platoon leader, YOU'VE MET THEM ALL! Attention, eyes front, ears back, bum in!

MARK

You're crazy, you know that?

DAMIEN

Because I practice! One more for AUNT MARION!

Mark blows a loud raspberry on his bugle.

EXT. GATEHOUSES - THORN ESTATE - DUSK

13-F

Limousine moves swiftly between them onto the main road. Its headlights are suddenly switched on, glaring INTO CAMERA.

INT. THORN COUNTRY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Four people are at the long, beautifully-set table: Richard and Ann, the formidable AUNT MARION, Richard's aunt, and CHARLES WARREN, Curator of the Thorn Museum. A Servant is just leaving the room, having set down dessert, and as they all bend to it:

AUNT MARION

Surely I'm entitled to an answer to my question, Richard, even if it's only out of deference to my age...!

RICHARD

(with a look
at Warren)

I don't think we should bore Charles with a personal --

AUNT MARION

There's nothing personal about it. What do you say, Mr. Warren? In a world filled with hate and war, why send two young men to a military academy, where they learn nothing but marching and battle maneuvers, and how to use deadly weapons?

WARREN

(not eager to be
included)

I'm sure they're taught other things...

AUNT MARION

Oh, yes, gymnastics and parading. How many boys in uniform do you see coming into your museum? Not many, I think --

ANN

(firmly)

Why don't you let Charles answer, we know what you --

WARREN

Not many, it's true...

AUNT MARION

No, not many. And they don't fill the churches, either, or the theatres.

Cont.

RICHARD
(putting down spoon,
sighing, sitting back)
Get to the point, Aunt Marion, what --

AUNT MARION
Take them out of the Academy...

ANN
They're very happy there.

AUNT MARION
(riding right over)
-- give them a sound religious
training, there still is a God,
you know. Why do they have to
become ruffians?

RICHARD
Robert and I went to Military School,
I don't think you can call us --

AUNT MARION
I'm not saying you're a ruffian,
or that poor Robert was...but there
are other effects that kind of
training --

ANN
(warningly)
Aunt Marion --

RICHARD
I suggest we table this discussion,
and have some coffee.

AUNT MARION
You're putting it politely, but
you're still telling me to shut
up, and I won't be shut up! Look
what happened to your brother!
It all came out in the end, didn't
it? Madness and violence --

Ann throws down her napkin --

ANN
Stop it!

But the old woman cannot:

AUNT MARION
You can see the beginnings in Damien.

Cont.

And Richard jumps to his feet.

RICHARD
That's enough! You're tired,
you're going to bed now --

AUNT MARION
Not until I've made myself perfectly
clear --

Richard takes her by the arm, and begins gently but firmly
pulling her to her feet.

RICHARD
I'll take you to your room.
(to Warren)
Excuse me.

Warren rises, flustered, but ever polite:

WARREN
Good night --

At the door, Aunt Marion turns in Richard's grasp and faces
Ann:

AUNT MARION
You should take my side, you should
want to help your children, instead
of --

ANN
My children are my --

RICHARD
Enough, I said!

And he leads Aunt Marion out of the room. Ann, trembling,
sits. Warren taps nervous fingers on his coffee cup. When
she has pulled herself together somewhat:

ANN
I apologize. She's -- she's old,
she doesn't know what she's saying
anymore...I'm sorry.

INT. HALLWAY/LANDING - NIGHT

15

CAMERA MOVES WITH Richard and Aunt Marion as he leads her up
to the second floor, and urges her along towards her bedroom.

AUNT MARION
I can walk by myself -- !
She breaks loose from his grip.

AUNT MARION
Your brother tried to kill Damien!

RICHARD
I want your word that you'll never
behave this way again, or you are not
welcome in my house --

AUNT MARION
Why did he want to kill him?

RICHARD
He was ill, emotionally and mentally --

AUNT MARION
What about Damien?

RICHARD
There's nothing wrong with Damien!
You've built up this hatred for him
based on absolutely nothing!

AUNT MARION
Look carefully!

RICHARD
(tense, quiet)
Go to bed, please. You're not in
control of yourself now.

AUNT MARION
Damien will inherit nothing from me!

RICHARD
Do what you want, the shares in the company
are yours! But when you're in my house --

Aunt Marion draws herself up. She opens the door of her bedroom.

AUNT MARION
I'm your guest, but this is my room,
for the time being, and I want you
to leave it.

RICHARD
I'll have Murray take you to the
airport in the morning.

She shuts the door with a slam.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

15-A

Aunt Marion takes several deep breaths, crosses to the window, throws the curtains aside, and opens the window. She inhales fresh air, then turns to the bed, starts to undress as she goes to it.

INT. THE DEN - THORN COUNTRY HOUSE -
NIGHT

A SLIDE is shimmering on a SCREEN standing to one side of the room. On it we see VARIOUS ARTIFACTS, VASES, STATUETTES, SMALL WALL CARVINGS --

WARREN

(voice over)

...a good many of these things have already been packed and sent. We should have the first shipment in about three weeks.

THREE SHOT - RICHARD, ANN AND WARREN

16-A

with Warren pressing control button. Ann and Richard sit in leather chairs, watching the screen.

WARREN

Here's something that'll interest you.

The NEW SLIDE comes up on the SCREEN. THE GIANT WALL CARVING of the WHORE OF BABYLON.

ANN

(reacting with
some fear)

Oh, dear...

WARREN

Yes, she is a bit frightening...

RICHARD

The Whore of Babylon?

WARREN

Right.

ANN

Tell me about her...

WARREN

She represents Rome. The ten horns of the beast are ten kings who have no kingdoms yet, but who are going to have temporary power granted by the devil. His names are carved there, the Spoiler, the Little Horn, the Desolate One...

ANN

Why is she riding the beast?

Cont.

WARREN

I don't know. But it wasn't for long. According to the Book of Revelation, the ten kings 'shall hate the whore and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.'

ANN

(shudders)

Not nice...

Slide changes. Another SHOT of the whore but with A YOUNG WOMAN standing to one side of the CARVING.

RICHARD

Who's the girl...?

WARREN

A journalist. She's doing a biography of Bugenhagen, the archaeologist who worked in the area years ago.

RICHARD

I've heard of him...

WARREN

As a matter of fact, she's coming to Chicago, she wants to interview you, Richard.

RICHARD

What for?

WARREN

Background on the Exhibition, patrons of archaeological digs...

RICHARD

(uncomfortable)

I'm not happy giving interviews, Charles --

WARREN

Yes, I know --

RICHARD

-- of any kind. Tell her.

WARREN

I will.

INT. AUNT MARION'S ROOM - THORN COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT 17

She is sitting up in the four-poster bed, reading THE BIBLE, beginning to nod off. She catches herself, shakes herself awake, sits more upright to read again, but her eyes slowly close...

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT 18

Richard is leaning in to Warren who has got behind the wheel of his car.

RICHARD

I'll be in tomorrow, but Ann's staying on to close the house down.

WARREN

It's been a good summer.

RICHARD

About Aunt Marion...

WARREN

Already forgotten.

Richard smiles, slaps the car door -- "good night," and Warren drives away. Richard takes a whiff of the cold night air, turns, and goes into the house. Door closes.

OUT 19

INT. THORN BEDROOM - COUNTRY HOUSE - CLOSE ON ANN - NIGHT 20

standing at the dressing table, angrily brushing her hair.

ANN

Promise me!

She turns, looks o.s.

ANN

Richard --

RICHARD

(o.s.)

The woman's eighty-four years old --

CAMERA MOVES WITH Ann to the bed where Richard, in pajamas, lies under the covers. His glasses are on his forehead, there is a Company Report open and turned down on his chest.

Cont.

ANN

I don't want her here -- ever again! She's evil, and she's dangerous!

RICHARD

(trying to calm her)

She's senile, yes, but dangerous --

ANN

She pollutes the air with her -- her craziness. She upsets me, and she frightens the boys --

RICHARD

Nonsense, they think she's funny.

ANN

No. They make fun of her, but they can't stand to be in the same room with her. Especially Damien...

RICHARD

(puts glasses and
Report on bedside table)

Just thank God she comes but once a year...like Lent.

ANN

It's not funny.

(gets into bed)

What did you say to her?

Richard turns off the bedside lamp. They lie in darkness.

RICHARD

I told her to behave herself.

ANN

That's all?

RICHARD

Well, I was a little firmer than that.

ANN

(a pause)

Why does she hate Damien so much?

RICHARD

Don't know...

Cont.

ANN
She upset you, too...didn't she?

RICHARD
(a pause)
...She didn't exactly make the evening a social triumph.

ANN
(relaxing somewhat)
Maybe if she'd got married, she wouldn't be such an old witch.

RICHARD
(smiles)
Amazing what a good man can do...

She snuggles into his arms.

ANN
But promise.

RICHARD
I promise. No more Aunt Marion.

ANGLE OUTSIDE AUNT MARION'S ROOM - NIGHT

21

CAMERA HOLDS A SHORT MOMENT then PULLS BACK on the faint spill of light from the window -- then the light is suddenly snapped off. Blackness.

EXT. DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - MORNING

22

Military Band bursts upon the SCREEN. Sticks bounce from skins of the big bass drum and crack the sides of the tenors. Horns rasp in the early morning air. The full Academy is assembled on parade. Colonel and Staff face the MASSES CADETS. Band stops abruptly. The last notes echo around the buildings, followed by an uncanny silence.

MARK
(sotto voce)
That must be him.

The object of Mark and Damien's curiosity is a SERGEANT standing close to the Colonel.

DAMIEN
(from side of mouth)
He looks okay.

MARK
If you like gorillas.

OTHER MEMBERS OF STAFF begin to shout orders at each other until they finally end up with one of the SERGEANTS, who faces the cadets.

SERGEANT

(shouting)

Bradley Platoon hold fast. Other platoons to the canteen. By the right flank...March.

Band recommences playing and cadets march off the parade ground.

Colonel and NEFF step towards Bradley Platoon with Mark and Damien at attention in the front row. As Colonel and Neff reach the Platoon --

COLONEL

At ease, boys. This is Sergeant Daniel Neff. He's taking over as Platoon Officer from Sergeant Goodrich. Sergeant Neff is a very experienced soldier and I'm sure before many weeks you'll be the smartest platoon in the Academy.

(smiles)

I'll leave any further introductions to you, Sergeant.

Neff salutes and watches the Colonel waddle off. In the back row of the platoon stands a hulk of a boy -- TEDDY. He has his eyes on Neff's medals.

TEDDY

Sergeant, what are your medals...?

Neff barks at him.

NEFF

You'll speak to me only when you're spoken to and you'll listen to every word I say because I intend to shine in my new job, and the only way I can shine is by making YOU shine. You're the little unit I have to polish until the glare of your achievements blinds everybody on this parade ground.
UNDERSTOOD?

All the boys have paled. Some swallow hard and nod their heads in fearful comprehension.

Cont.

NEFF

I'll meet each of you personally
in my office after breakfast.
For now, let's have your names.

He moves in front of Mark.

MARK

Mark Thorn.

NEFF

Sergeant!

MARK

Mark Thorn, Sergeant!

NEFF

(smiles)

Thorn...yes. Your family's got
strong connections with this place,
hasn't it?

Mark doesn't answer, more out of apprehension than rudeness.

NEFF

Well, hasn't it?

MARK

My father and grandfather were
cadets here.

NEFF

Good. But understand that doesn't
entitle you to privileges. We're
all the same here!

MARK

Yes, Sergeant!

TEDDY

(sotto voce)

I've heard that before.

Neff rounds on Teddy, pointing an angry finger.

NEFF

But not from me!

Neff moves to Damien.

NEFF

Yours?

Cont.

DAMIEN
Damien Thorn...Sergeant.

NEFF
(quick look at
Mark)
You don't look alike?

DAMIEN
Cousins, Sergeant.

NEFF
All right. But the same goes for
you, NO PRIVILEGES!

And he steps to the next boy.

NEFF
Yours!

INT. THORN INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

22-A

Richard and BILL ATHERTON, the sixty-four-year-old President of Thorn Industries, walk across the highly ornate lobby towards the swing doors.

RICHARD
I'm the first to admit Paul's
difficult to get along with, but
it took us three years to find a
man with his qualifications...

ATHERTON
I'm not questioning qualifications,
it's --

RICHARD
-- his manner.

ATHERTON
(shakes his head)
I can even cope with his manner,
I've met and dealt with every kind.
No. I don't like what he's proposing.
It sticks in my craw, and I don't
intend to hide my feelings.

RICHARD
You're worried that it could make
trouble for us with Congress and
the Justice Department?

Cont.

ATHERTON
He's dealing with highly emotive
stuff...

EXT. THORN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

22-B

Richard and Atherton cross the sidewalk to the waiting car.
Murray opens the door.

RICHARD
Let's hear him out. All I'm asking
is for you to couch your objections
with a little more -- delicacy --
than usual.

They climb into the car. Murray closes door.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

22-C

ATHERTON
I hope you don't see him as a
possible successor when I retire.

RICHARD
(looking away)
He's the front runner, Bill.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY -
CLOSEUP - AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF ACADEMY
FOOTBALL TEAM - DAY

23

Finger points at a cadet standing in front, holding up a
trophy.

TEDDY
(o.s.)
That's Damien's father, holding
the cup...

CAMERA PULLS BACK. CADETS are waiting outside Neff's
office. The corridor is lined with photographs of
PAST CADETS. Teddy has a group around him. Damien stands
apart.

TEDDY
My old man played on that team,
too.
(points again)
That's him.
(turning to look
at Damien)
He was on the line, but Robert Thorn
was quarterback. I guess you can
buy anything.

DAMIEN
 (suddenly angry)
 Teddy --

TEDDY
 (afraid, but goes on)
 Did he ever get his 'quarter'
 back -- ?

Damien is about to rush at him, when door opens and Mark steps out. He sees Damien, white-faced with rage, taking a first step towards the bully --

MARK
 Damien -- you're next.

DAMIEN
 (ignoring him,
 to Teddy, savagely)
 Never talk about my father again!

TEDDY
 (backing off)
 Can't you take a joke?!

Damien turns smartly and disappears inside the office. The door closes and Teddy swaggers over to Mark, looming over him.

TEDDY
 Your cousin really thinks he's
 somebody, doesn't he?
 (to other Cadets)
 My father says the Thorns make
 their own hats because stores
 don't sell them large enough for
 their big heads!

He guffaws and the Cadets laugh, afraid of him. Mark steps right up to him --

MARK
 Do you collect stamps, Teddy?

TEDDY
 No.

MARK
 You're going to start...Now!

With that, he stamps heavily on Teddy's foot. The bigger boy stifles a yell and hops about on one leg. Mark shakes his head sadly, then stamps on the other foot. Now Teddy doesn't know which leg to hop on.

INT. NEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Damien stands in front of the small desk behind which Neff sits looking at a FILE. He runs his finger down it --

NEFF

Mathematics...good. Science...
very good. Military history...
fair.

(looks up at
Damien)

Fair. Room for improvement.

DAMIEN

Yes, Sergeant.

NEFF

(pushes away
file)

Physical training -- excellent.
I hear you're quite a football
player.

Damien shrugs, not knowing what to say.

NEFF

Be proud of your accomplishments!
Pride's all right, when there's
reason to be proud!

DAMIEN

Yes, Sergeant.

NEFF

I'll be watching the game this
afternoon.

(sits back, stares
at Damien)

I'm here to teach you. But I'm
also here to help you. Any problems,
come to me. Don't be afraid. Day
or night, any advice -- you
understand me?

DAMIEN

Yes, Sergeant.

NEFF

We're going to get to know each
other.

(taps file)

I see you're an orphan?

Cont.

Damien nods.

NEFF

Well, that's something we have
in common.

He rises, seemingly overcome with some deep emotion, turns to the window, wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead --

NEFF

Send Foster in.

Damien stares at Neff's BACK a moment. He feels strange, a little light-headed. He doesn't know why. He turns, goes out. When Neff hears the door close, still with his back to CAMERA, he lets out a deep breath, as though some giant hurdle has been overcome.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

25

as Damien emerges to see Mark and Teddy swapping blows! Mark, the smaller of the two, is game but badly marked on his face.

DAMIEN

Teddy!

His voice comes out hard and cold and commanding, a tone we haven't heard from him before. He stands erect, and strangely strong. Teddy turns a grinning face to him. Damien catches those momentarily triumphant eyes with his own. The other Cadets fall silent. Teddy's smile is fading fast. He is caught in some frightening grip. He begins whimpering, unable to tear his eyes from Damien's.

TEDDY

(voice slurred)

No, Damien...

But Damien keeps on looking at him, his eyes blazing, and soon there is a trickle of blood coming from Teddy's nose, and his eyes are closing, as though he has been bludgeoned, and he half-slumps against a wall, barely held on his feet.

MARK

Damien...?

Damien wrenches his head to one side, pulling his gaze from Teddy, who begins weeping, running away. All are staring.

Cont.

DAMIEN
 (voice hollow)
 Foster next...

He starts walking, afraid of himself, not knowing what has happened.

EXT. DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY 25-A

Damien and Mark come out onto the playing fields.

MARK
 What did you do to him...?

DAMIEN
 I don't know...

He shakes his head in confusion, then grins and starts running. Mark follows.

MARK
 They've asked me to join the band.

DAMIEN
 That's great. Once around the field -- give you a head start!

They run off into the distance.

INT. THORNS' COUNTRY HOUSE - HALLWAY/FAMILY ROOM - DAY 26

MAIDS and other domestics are shaking out voluminous white dust-covers and placing them over furniture. It's a sad, almost macabre sight -- a mixture of museum and mortuary! Ann climbs the marble stairs.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY 27

MAIDS are collecting dirty bed linen from bedrooms. Ann rounds corner.

ANN
 (to Maid)
 Is Miss Marion dressed yet, Jennie?

MAID
 I don't think she's awake yet, Mrs. Thorn. I knocked earlier, but she didn't answer.

ANN
 Thank you.

She knocks on door. No answer. Ann enters quietly.

28

INT. AUNT MARION'S ROOM - DAY

28

CAMERA MOVES WITH Ann as she crosses to the bed --

ANN
(trying for
friendliness)
Aunt Marion --?

SLOWLY Ann and CAMERA APPROACH the bed --

ANN
You don't want to miss your flight --

And she stops, looking down.

CAMERA ZOOMS FROM ANN TO AUNT MARION

28-A

who lies under the sheets, eyes open and staring, mouth agape, the BIBLE open on her chest.

TWO SHOT - ANN AND AUNT MARION

28-B

as Ann stands over the old woman, realizing she is dead. But she must make sure...she touches the old lady's shoulder. Shakes her slightly...no movement. Gingerly, she reaches up and closes the staring eyes. She shudders in slight revulsion, then picks up the Bible and places it face down on the bedside table -- and WHEELS AROUND!

ANN'S P.O.V. - THE CROW

28-C

on the windowsill! It flutters its black strong wings again, and flies off.

BACK TO ANN

29

She stands in momentary shock, then hurries over to the window and closes it.

INT. THORN INDUSTRIES - AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH
BUILDING - DAY

30

Long glass-sided corridor runs into infinity. On either side, vast open vats filled with liquid are visible. An ELECTRIC BUGGY hums TOWARDS CAMERA. PANCHALI, the chief of agricultural research, is at the wheel. Beside him sits Richard and behind are PAUL BUHER and Bill Atherton. Buher is just forty, good-looking, intelligent, with the controlled passion of a zealot who knows he must control his fire to make his point.

Cont.

BUHER

(passionately)

Bill, you're wrong. My report points to the indisputable fact that Thorn Industries' main interest is in energy and electronics. What I'm maintaining is that because of this bias we tend to ignore what's going on here in this plant. And we ignore it at our own risk. Our profitable future, aside from energy, lies also in famine!

ATHERTON

(containing anger)

That statement is typical of you, Paul. It's heartless and...

BUHER

True! Not heartless, realistic.

They continue in silence, humming past the massive control console. Operating TECHNICIAN swivels in his chair to watch them pass. Richard points at the vats.

RICHARD

(to Panchali)

What are in those?

PANCHALI

Water treated with different fertilizers and pesticides. We pump it into the experimental crop beds.

They continue in silence. Buher never gives up.

BUHER

(to Atherton)

One person dies of starvation every 8.6 seconds. 7 every minute. 420 every hour. 10,000 every day.

His voice recedes as the buggy moves further away. Telephone on console rings.

TECHNICIAN

(into receiver)

Dryhurst.

(pause)

Mr. Thorn?

Cont.

TECHNICIAN (Cont.)

(looks at the receding
buggy -- now a speck
in the distance)

He just went by.

(pause)

Ten seconds ago.

(pause)

How would I know?

He hangs up and returns to his book.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

31

Boxes of green shoots as far as the eye can see. Above them we see Buher, Panchali, Atherton and Richard walking and talking:

BUHER

...the oil countries didn't
hesitate to put their fingers on
our jugular vein. So, what's so
different about food?

(smiles)

If there's a knife at your belly,
you'll keep your hands at your side.
Why then call my policy unethical?

TECHNICIAN'S white coat has approached.

SECOND TECHNICIAN

You're wanted on the telephone,
Mr. Thorn. It's urgent.

Richard quickly follows him.

RICHARD

(into receiver)

Yes.

(listens)

Oh, no!

(pause)

Jim's looked at her?

(pause)

I'll be right back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

32

Buher and Atherton are still locked in battle. Panchali intervenes.

Cont.

PANCHALI

Bill's point is that if we control the food people eat, it's tantamount to making slaves of them.

BUHER

(quietly)

Customers.

ATHERTON

But you want us to buy up their land.

BUHER

That's right. Thorns already have the hardware and knowledge that's easily adaptable to the purpose of highly sophisticated farming. This, together with the pesticides and fertilizers we're producing...

ATHERTON

(interrupting)

If we control their land, we make them tenants!

BUHER

We make their bellies FULL.

PANCHALI

I have to agree with Paul.

Richard joins them.

RICHARD

Marion died in her sleep last night. A coronary.

ATHERTON

I am sorry!

RICHARD

I must go.

(to Buher)

Can we have breakfast tomorrow? At the office.

BUHER

Certainly.

RICHARD

(to Atherton)

I'll speak to you later, Bill.

Cont.

He heads off at a fast pace.

BUHER

Have they moved into the apartment yet?

ATHERTON

Today.

BUHER

(sadly)

Winter's here again.

EXT. THORNS' COUNTRY MANSION - DUSK

33

Staff are loading suitcases into station wagons. Hearse waits in the driveway.

INT. MANSION - DUSK

34

Every piece of furniture is now shrouded in white dust sheets. Shafts of winter sun cut across the spacious entrance hall and reception rooms. Funeral directors move slowly down the staircase carrying Marion's stretcher. Murray puts down the remaining suitcases as they pass out the door. Richard and Ann follow the coffin out. Ann takes his arm, whispering in his ear:

ANN

I love you. I hope we go together.

Murray picks up the suitcases and leaves, closing the door. The house is silent, empty.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

35

CAMERA is ABOVE the low clouds clamped over the city. Only the tops of the skyscrapers are visible, giving the place an unearthly quality. CAMERA ZOOMS ACROSS the dark rolling vapors to Thorn Industries Headquarters.

INT. DIRECTORS' DINING ROOM - DAY

36

Richard and Buher are having breakfast. Both are spooning up grapefruit, and a Butler is bringing in soft-boiled eggs. Conversation is casual for a moment --

BUHER

When will you open the exhibit?

RICHARD

It has a lot to do with when the last of the crates arrive from abroad... but plans are for Easter.

The Butler removes grapefruit, exits. Richard and Buher crack open the eggs in silence. Then, quietly, but business-like --

RICHARD

I've made a decision concerning your report --

BUHER

(sensing rejection,
quickly)

Let me ease your mind about that --

RICHARD

I've come down on Bill Atherton's side.

Richard looks at him, and Buher bends to his egg, talking calmly, as though it's no pain to him to have been turned down.

BUHER

Yes, it might be premature for the company to embark on such a radical program; I wouldn't want to risk defusing it before its time. All right...let's keep it on ice.

RICHARD

Good.

BUHER

(quietly)

Richard, if you think I went too far... if Bill's antagonism towards me is going to continue -- maybe I should step down. Leave the company...

RICHARD

Forget it.

(friendly smile)

Your time'll come.

EXT. THORN INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

37

Richard and Buher come out of the building, pull up their coat collars against the blustery day. They shake hands --

RICHARD

You'll be coming to Mark's birthday party?

BUHER

Of course. Lake be frozen yet?

RICHARD
 (smiles, claps
 Buher's arm)
 Bring your skates.

He starts away towards his car. Murray opens door. Buher waves, and heads for his own car parked nearby.

ANGLE ON RICHARD AND MURRAY

38

as Richard starts to duck into his car --

RICHARD
 Morning, Murray, that's a cold wind.

MURRAY
 Yes, sir!

WOMAN'S VOICE
 (o.s.)
 Mr. Thorn!

Thorn stops, looks back. Murray looks, too. CAMERA PANS AND ZOOMS to JOAN HART, in her thirties, bundled up against the cold, wearing boots and gloves, and carrying a big leather bag over one shoulder. We have seen her briefly before -- in Warren's slide, standing near the wall-carving of the Whore of Babylon. She starts forward to Richard's car.

NEW ANGLE AS JOAN HART REACHES RICHARD AT THE CAR 38-A

JOAN
 Sorry to shout at you like that,
 I didn't want to miss you...

RICHARD
 (politely)
 That's all right, what --

JOAN
 My name's Joan Hart. I think
 Charles Warren told you about me.

RICHARD
 Yes, he did. I asked him to --

JOAN
 It's absolutely freezing, couldn't
 we possibly sit in your car while
 you tell me why you won't let me
 interview you?

Cont.

RICHARD
 (has to smile)
 Get in.

Joan ducks into the car, Richard gets in after her, and Murray closes the door, then gets into the front --

INT. BACK OF LIMOUSINE - DAY 39

Joan dives into her bag, brings out a handkerchief, gives her nose a good blow --

JOAN
 I'm a wreck on a cold day...

RICHARD
 Miss Hart --

JOAN
 I know. You hardly ever talk to reporters and...

RICHARD
 I'm on my way to the airport --

JOAN
 -- two minutes. That's all.

RICHARD
 I can't miss my plane, if you want to see me another time --

JOAN
 I'll come to the airport with you. Where are you going?

Richard leans forward, opens the window between himself and Murray --

RICHARD
 Let's go --

Then he closes the window, and sits back --

RICHARD
 -- Washington.

JOAN
 (smiling)
 Advising the President on how to run the country?

Cont.

RICHARD
 (smiling back)
 No. Just the Secretary of State.
 Now, what can I possibly tell you?

JOAN
 Well --
 (pulls out pad
 and pencil from
 bag)
 -- how much money has the dig cost
 you so far...?

EXT. HIGHWAY LEADING TO O'HARE - DAY

39-A

The limousine speeds along.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DAY

40

JOAN
 (scribbling in
 her pad)
 ...what did it cost your father to
 build your museum in --
 (consults a note)
 -- 1904, wasn't it?

RICHARD
 Miss Hart, you've asked me seven
 questions so far, and every one of
 them has had to do with money --

JOAN
 (big smile)
 Makes the world go around, doesn't
 it?

RICHARD
 That, and a few other things.
 (sighs)
 I think it cost him around ten
 million.

JOAN
 When he came to Chicago, didn't he
 start work in the stockyards -- ?

RICHARD
 Right...

JOAN
 And didn't he make you and your brother
 Robert take cold baths and sleep rough,
 so you'd know what it was like to be
 poor?

Richard looks at her and laughs --

RICHARD

Never.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

41

Car approaching bridge over the Illinois River as red lights begin to flash and strident bells warn the traffic to halt. A barricade is lowered and the massive bridge begins to rise.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DAY

42

JOAN

(finishes writing
something in pad)

Did you ever meet the archaeologist
Carl Bugenhagen?

RICHARD

No.

JOAN

Did you know he was also an exorcist?

RICHARD

(turns to look
at her)

I'd heard...

JOAN

His skeleton was found last week on
your dig -- seven years after his
disappearance.

RICHARD

(becoming cold)

Another journalistic assumption.
The skeleton hasn't yet been verified
as Bugenhagen.

Warning bells stop. Bridge drops. Barricade rises and car moves off.

JOAN

Your brother met him, did you know
that?

RICHARD

...how do you know?

JOAN

A photographer I used to work with
went with him. He died there.

As Richard looks at her:

JOAN
He was decapitated.

RICHARD
(leans forward,
anger rising)
Murray, stop the car --

JOAN
(hurriedly,
intense)
Your brother went to see
Bugenhagen the week before
he died. A few days later
Bugenhagen vanished himself --

The car has stopped, Richard leans across Joan and opens her
door --

RICHARD
Get out --

JOAN
Do you know why your brother
went to see him --

RICHARD
Don't make me throw you out,
Miss Hart --

JOAN
Please, listen to me. I've
been working on the story for
years! I think I've pieced
it together --

Murray has got out of the car, and is coming around to Joan's
open door --

JOAN
I didn't believe before, I
was never religious -- but
now --

Cont.

Murray reaches in and takes her arm. As he firmly pulls her out of the car.

JOAN
You're in grave danger!

RICHARD
Don't ever come near me again!
Do you understand?

JOAN
Turn to Christ!

RICHARD
Murray!

Murray slams the door shut, and prods Joan away. She shouts --

JOAN
Only He can protect you!

Murray runs around to the driver's seat, jumps in. Joan rushes up to the car, bangs on the back window --

JOAN
You've got to listen to me!

The car moves rapidly away, leaving her in the road, the fierce wind whipping at her.

ANGLE ON JOAN - STANDING IN THE ROAD 43

looking after the fast disappearing car. She SEES a Taxi -- starts running towards it and shouting.

EXT. THORN MUSEUM - DAY 44

This elegant neo-classical building sits close to the lake shore. Shallow steps run up to the line of tall columns. Notice Boards headed "THORN MUSEUM OF ART" carry posters for an exhibition of Edward Munch Paintings. Each carries his most famous and frightening work -- "The Scream." Joan Hart pauses to look at it, then hurries into the museum.

INT. MAIN GALLERY - DAY

45

Joan enters and looks up at the high ceiling. From above, even this tough lady suddenly seems small and vulnerable. She approaches an ATTENDANT who points to a side staircase.

INT. EXHIBITION GALLERY - DAY

46

One of a series of rooms overlooking the main gallery from the second floor. Warren and Ann are leaning against the stone balustrade. Floor plan and photographs are laid out before them.

WARREN

They're getting very near to uncovering Yigael's wall so I'm keeping the far gallery in reserve just in case.

ANN

Who was Yigael exactly?

WARREN

A somewhat mysterious character -- a Monk, an exorcist, reputed to have lived in the 13th Century. The story goes that Satan appeared to him and, not unexpectedly, he went out of his mind. He also went into hiding, obsessed with painting what he'd seen -- the anti-Christ from birth to downfall. He was never seen again...only his wall.

(looks back at the plan)

And now, for your favorite piece -- the Whore of Babylon! So that nobody can miss it, we're putting it right here in the middle of Room Four.

ANN

(laughing)

I think you should lean her against one of the back doors!

Joan approaches them. Warren sees her.

WARREN

(surprised)

Joan! When did you get in?

JOAN

Last night.

Cont.

Warren turns to Ann.

WARREN
Ann, this is Joan Hart.

ANN
Yes...I saw her in the photograph
...beside the Whore of Babylon!

They shake hands.

ANN
Ann Thorn.

JOAN
I gather your husband hasn't a
very high opinion of journalists?

ANN
He has this thing about them
living off others' misfortunes.

JOAN
(smiling)
Like Jackals?

ANN
What a good comparison?

Warren is distinctly unsettled by this clash.

WARREN
Joan writes mainly about
archaeology.

ANN
(still suspicious)
Does she?

Warren's pocket bleeper calls him. Relieved -- he switches
it off and nervously moves away.

WARREN
Back in a moment.

He goes to an internal telephone. Ann and Joan face each
other.

JOAN
Your husband is a little unfair
on the Press. They were very
kind to his brother.

Cont.

ANN
(sharply)
What do you mean?

JOAN
Their reporting of his death
was most circumspect. After
all, the circumstances were a
little unusual.

ANN
(calm under pressure)
Were they? I never knew his
brother.

JOAN
I'm forgetting, you're Richard's
second wife. Now let me get it
straight, Damien is his brother's
son. And Mark is his son by his
first wife?

ANN
You should be writing for the
Woman's Page.

JOAN
(smiling)
How perceptive of you. Tell me
about Damien. What sort of boy
is he? Is he enjoying the
Military Academy?

Warren arrives with the subtlety of a thunderclap.

WARREN
Ann, don't say another word --

Warren leads Joan roughly away.

WARREN
You've made a fool of me.
Richard's furious.

JOAN
You're in danger -- all of
you -- !

WARREN
What's got into you?

Cont.

JOAN
I've seen the Yigael's wall.

WARREN
I don't care what you've seen!

JOAN
(persistent)
You must care. Damien --

WARREN
What about him?

Long pause. Joan is deeply disturbed.

JOAN
I'm not sure yet.

She breaks away and runs off. Warren watches her, then turns back to Ann.

ANN
What was all that about?

WARREN
No idea...

EXT. DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

47

A hard football scrimmage is in progress. It's a practice game. Mark and Damien are on opposing sides. A few spectators occupy the stands and most of them are clapping arms about their winter coats and stamping their feet in the cold. Joan Hart joins them.

The game continues. Joan studies the players closely but it's difficult to tell them apart. The Coach, Neff, calls for a break in play. Joan turns to a CADET next to her.

JOAN
Is Damien Thorn playing?

Before he even has time to reply, a player turns to look at her. His eyes bore into hers as he removes his helmet. It's Damien.

CADET
(pointing)
That's Damien Thorn!

Cont.

Joan starts in horror. She mumbles and stumbles from the stand. Damien's eyes follow her. She begins to run towards her car.

NEFF

Thorn!

Damien's eyes never leave her until she reaches the car.

NEFF

(voice over; sharply)
Get your arse over here Thorn.

Damien starts and runs to join the other players. Joan drives off.

EXT. ILLINOIS - LATE AFTERNOON

48

Crop country, flat as far as the eye can see. A road straight as a knife cuts it in two. Small speck in the distance buzzes TOWARDS THE CAMERA -- Joan's car. Sudden wintry wind moans and whips the few trees into movement. The confident sound of the car's engine continues, then suddenly falters. The vehicle slows to a halt as the engine cuts out altogether. Wind drops as suddenly as it blew up, leaving an eerie silence. Car's ignition is turned but fails to bring any life to the engine. Again and again the key is turned in frustration.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

49

Joan stops trying to start the car. She's very agitated. The fuel gauge shows the tank to be half-full. She looks up the road -- not a sign of life. She looks through the rear window. It's equally bleak. Near the car, however, she sees a billboard advertising a restaurant "3 miles" along the road. Nervous, she switches on the car radio, punching up the different stations in frustration. One catches her ear. A rabid preacher frightening the life out of his listeners:

PREACHER

(voice over)

...for He was oppressed and he was
afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth;
He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter...

She SWITCHES IT OFF and sits, anxiously drumming her fingers on the steering wheel and murmuring to herself:

JOAN

...Who art in heaven. Hallowed
be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done...

Further glances up and down the road. No cars in sight. The billboard opposite again takes her attention. She gets out of the car and leans across to the backseat for her coat. There's an abrupt fluttering sound followed by strange scratching on metal. She jumps back. There, by her face, a crow settles its enormous wings and eyes her from the car roof. Joan gasps and moves instinctively away. The crow's nasty little eyes never leave her. She waves her coat ineffectually to frighten it away but the bird doesn't move. Joan kicks the car door shut and moves off, watching the crow as she pulls on her coat. Even with the gap widening between her and the car, she looks nervously back. The crow just sits there. Twenty yards. Thirty. Forty. She takes a final look -- the crow has gone. Disquieted, she looks all around. The bird has disappeared, and with it go her anxieties. She settles down to cover the three miles without again looking back. CAMERA FOLLOWS her. There's an awful screech and the crow descends from behind. It crash-lands on her head and WE SEE it lean forward, yellow beak open. Joan lets out a piercing scream and flails at the bird with her arms. But the claws embedded in her hair won't be dislodged and the crow continues to pivot and peck at her face. Its beak is now saturated in blood. When the poor, demented woman finally turns, WE SEE her eyes are gone from the bloody sockets. The crow's wings open wide and, like an avenged angel, it lifts off into the sky. CAMERA RISES ABOVE the blinded woman reeling about the tarmac and finally slipping down the shoulder into a field. Her screams and sobs float up unheeded. A new and distant sound begins to intrude. The high-floating CAMERA SWINGS TO INCLUDE more of the highway. WE SEE a massive articulated lorry speeding along, too fast.

NEW ANGLE ON JOAN

50

Her blood-spattered hands claw at her face as if trying to replace her eyes. Suddenly, she stops sobbing and hears the approaching lorry. She gets to her feet and tries vainly to find the highway, holding out her arms as if playing "Blindman's Buff." CAMERA ABOVE COLDLY WATCHES as she bumps into a tree beside the highway. She struggles up the embankment, clawing and calling out. She rushes out from behind the tree as the lorry bears down. There is nothing the Driver can do. He tries to brake. Screaming tires and a sickening thud heralds the demise of Joan Hart. Her body bounds into the air and lies still when it lands on the roof of the slithering truck. The silence would be absolute but for the idling of the lorry's engines and the caw of the crow. The big bird circles, then flies casually away.

EXT. THORNS' WINTER HOME - BIG CLOSEUP - MARK
- DUSK

His hands cover his face.

MARK
Can I look now?

ANN
(voice over)
Not yet.

In the distance, we hear the time-honored song commence.

GROUP
(voice over)
Happy Birthday to you, Happy
Birthday to you...

DAMIEN
Now?

GROUP
(voice over)
Happy Birthday, dear Mark...

ANN
(voice over)
Now.

Mark drops his hands. There, out on the frozen lake before them is a toboggan laden with a large candle-lit birthday cake. It's being pulled by Richard, Atherton, Warren and Panchali. OTHERS skate beside them carrying kerosene torches. The flickering lights and tinkling bells give this SCENE an almost fairy tale quality, as the happy party skims across the ice towards the lakeside house. Mark, Damien and Ann are standing on the boathouse balcony. Mark turns to Ann, filled with emotion, and embraces her.

MARK
(whispered)
It's fantastic. Thanks!

ANN
Happy birthday, darling...

She kisses him. Buher comes up the outside staircase to join them on the balcony. Ann turns to him --

ANN
Feeling better, Paul?

BUHER
Much, thank you.

Cont.

ANN
Migraines can be hell. My
sister suffered with them.

BUHER
(slight smile)
The last few days have been
something of a strain...

He leans against the rail, looks down at the people below,
finding Atherton amongst them. Ann puts her arm around
Mark as they move below, leaving Buher and Damien alone.

BUHER
How are they treating you at
the Academy, Damien?

DAMIEN
Okay, Mr. Buher.

BUHER
And Sergeant Neff?

DAMIEN
(surprised)
Do you know him?

BUHER
I asked about him.

He sees Damien's puzzled look, puts a hand on his shoulder.

BUHER
Just watching over you, Damien...

Damien turns back to the SCENE on the lake. After a short
moment:

BUHER
Tell me, Damien, do you know
what I do for Thorn Industries?

DAMIEN
Not really, sir.

BUHER
You should. You should know
all about the Thorn business.
After all, it'll be yours one
day.

Cont.

DAMIEN

And Mark's!

BUHER

And Mark's, of course.

(pause)

Why don't you come to the plant
sometime soon...

DAMIEN

Could I bring some friends -- ?

BUHER

By all means.

Toboggan, birthday cake and party of revellers slither to a halt beneath the balcony. Champagne is ready and served as Richard looks up at Damien and Mark. He calls for silence.

RICHARD

You'll be glad to hear I'm not
going to make a speech, Mark.

Loud cheers and laughter.

RICHARD

But I just want to say one
thing...

Loud groans, followed by more laughter.

RICHARD

(smiling)

Just kill the lights please.

Fairy lights around the house and boathouse are switched off. Torches, too. Mark and Ann have joined Richard, leaving Buher and Damien on the balcony. A rocket shoots into the air from somewhere on the lake. It explodes into a myriad of burning, colored stars and heralds an exotic fireworks display. Approving sounds escape from the crowd as it proceeds. This SCENE is an almost magical montage of fire and explosion and Damien's radiant face and Buher's hypnotic voice as he talks to the boy.

BUHER

A boy's thirteenth birthday is considered by many as the start of puberty...of manhood. In many cultures, there are initiation rites. The Jews, for example, have their Bar Mitzvah. In Hebrew that means 'Son of the Commandment' or 'Man of Duty.'

DAMIEN

Does it?

Damien is more interested in the display than Buher.

BUHER

You, too, will be initiated,
Damien.

Damien glances at him. Their eyes meet and are locked.

Buher speaks softly to him:

BUHER

The time is coming when you'll
put away 'childish things'...face
up to who you are. A great moment,
Damien. You must be feeling it...

DAMIEN

(disturbed, but
fascinated)

I think so. I feel...I'm not sure,
but I feel something's happening
to me, going to happen.

BUHER

Suspensions of destiny, eh? We
all have them. I'm sure your
father has, and Bill Atherton...
and myself. A deep, wordless
knowledge that our time has come --
or is past.

At that moment, Atherton calls up, breaking the spell.

ATHERTON

(friendly)

Why don't you come and join us,
Paul?

The pyrotechnic display fizzles away as fast as it arrived...
and blackness returns to the lake.

BIG CLOSEUP - BIRTHDAY CAKE

51-A

accompanied by party sounds. Top of cake is a delightful
representation of winter scene -- frozen lake with colorful
selection of VICTORIAN SKATERS, ladies in long skirts and
muffs, etc. The THIRTEEN CANDLES are still burning. Mark
bends INTO SHOT to blow them out in one breath. Cheers.

ANN

(voice over)

Cut the cake, Mark.

MARK

Come on, Damien.

Damien bends INTO SHOT, he and Mark grasp the knife, Damien removes a MALE SKATER and the boys place the edge of the knife on the icing.

DAMIEN

Don't forget to make a wish.

The knife rests on the icing momentarily, and then is plunged into the body of the cake.

ACTUAL SOUNDS OF AN ICE HOCKEY MATCH INTRUDE AND SLOWLY TAKE OVER THOSE OF THE PARTY.

OUT 52

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINTER TREES, LAKE AND RIVER - DAY 53

A cold but bright sun invests the SCENE with silver glory. The river running into the lake is also frozen and snakes glittering between the trees, crisp and hard under the blades of the skaters. They are all bundled up in scarves, sweaters, warm clothing of every description.

NEW ANGLE - THE RIVER AND THE PEOPLE 54

On the banks of the frozen river are a couple of dozen WOMEN, all pretty in snow clothes, and several MEN too old to play, or not inclined to play. There is a large, portable GRILL there, and Ann is preparing hot dogs and steaks and hamburgers. There are no servants here, it's relaxed and informal. Warren, on skates, but not playing, happily bumbles along the river's edge, tumbling more than skating.

ANGLE ON SHADOW OF CROW 55

circling over the ice. CAMERA PANS UP as the large bird settles on a tree.

ANGLE ON THE GAME - TO INCLUDE THE PLAYERS 56

The two teams are comprised of Richard Thorn's Executives, including Richard himself. Atherton, perhaps a little old, but tough and good, and happy; Panchali, quite incapable, but game; Buher, looking expert and assured. Atherton is on Mark's side; Richard on Damien's, doing his best, but mainly following his son's lead, and delighting in Damien's power and style. Buher is on Damien's side as well. Damien is the bright star of this game, flashing here and there, whooping and challenging, wielding his stick with style and power, and he is magnificent to watch. CAMERA WATCHES as Damien SCORES A GOAL! Applause and shouts from Spectators.

ANGLE ON WARREN AND ANN

as Warren skates clumsily over, stumbles up onto the snow, approaches Ann.

ANN

Dog, burger, or steak -- ?

WARREN

Hot dog to start, I'm famished.

Ann pops a hot dog into a bun, hands it to Warren who takes a bite immediately, then starts splashing on ketchup and mustard. He looks over at the match.

ANN

I'm sorry about your reporter friend. I saw the story in the papers.

WARREN

Yes, it was very sad...

She turns away, looks out at the game.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The puck goes from Richard to Damien, who speeds away with it. CAMERA MOVES WITH Damien at full speed. Atherton is charging forward to intercept him.

CLOSE ON DAMIEN'S FLASHING SKATES

his stick maneuvering the puck confidently, flashily. There is a slight GIVING OF THE ICE under the skater's weight!

ANGLE ON BUHER

looking ahead, eyes going wide, seeing the fault in the ice!

ANGLE ON ATHERTON

charging for Damien, skating with heavy strides.

ANGLE ON CROW

silently watching.

ANGLE WITH DAMIEN

The ice starts to break under him!

ANOTHER ANGLE

64

as Buher races up beside him, grabbing Damien and holding him back! Atherton, unable to stop his charge, rushes onto the THIN ICE! THE ICE BREAKS! Atherton stands on it, realizing, eyes going full open in fear. He can't move off fast enough.

FULL SHOT - SKATERS AND SPECTATORS

65

all freezing in their movements, beginning to cry out.

ANGLE ON THE ICE - FEATURING RICHARD

66

who is racing forward as Atherton starts to sink.

RICHARD

Bill!

A series of loud, angry cracks, and the ice breaks up, isolating Atherton on a tiny island. Other skaters are circling desperately around the periphery of the cracked ice, yelling and holding out hands and hockey sticks uselessly.

PANCHALI

(screaming)

JUMP! JUMP!

CLOSE ON ANN

67

A hand over her mouth, staring o.s. at the terrible sight.

ANGLE ON ATHERTON

68

sinking, then being pitched into the freezing, rapidly flowing water.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN AND BUHER

69

Damien struggling to charge forward, do something! Buher forcefully holds him back.

CLOSE ON ATHERTON

70

going under. One of his hands comes up, grasps for the ragged edge of the hole.

GROUP SHOT

71

Men, including Richard, are on their bellies, getting as close as possible, holding out hands, shouting.

ANGLE ON ATHERTON

72

his head just above the water, his hands being cut by the ice, his wrists being sliced, blood flowing out along the shimmering icy surface as his hands slip away, and the current pulls him off downstream -- UNDER THE ICE!

CAMERA FOLLOWS, LOOKING DOWN.

Grotesquely, Atherton's dark form is still visible as he whips along, clawing and beating at the unyielding sheet of ice; faint pink stains mark his passage.

ANGLE ON THE OTHERS

73

galvanized into desperate, futile action, racing after the freezing, drowning man, battering the frozen surface with rocks, hockey sticks, even with fists, raw and numb.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DAMIEN AND BUHER

74

who have now joined the would-be rescuers. Damien is wild, beating at the ice. Mark rushes up to join him. Buher is now trying to help, too. Richard is desperately kicking at the ice, trying to kick through.

ATHERTON'S P.O.V. - UNDER THE ICE IN THE WATER

75

looking up, being dragged along. Forms can be made out above, scrabbling, clawing forms; and cries, muted cries can be heard.

ANGLE ON ATHERTON

76

struggling, suffocating, bloody fingers hopelessly trying for a grip on the ice passing over him. His lungs are bursting, filling with icy water.

ANGLE LOOKING DOWN ON ATHERTON

77

as suddenly, the dark, bare trunk of a small tree looms up out of the ice near the riverbank up ahead, and miraculously, there is a small but definite opening around it!

ANGLE BELOW THE ICE WITH ATHERTON

78

coming up into the opening.

GROUP SHOT - THE OTHER SKATERS

79

rushing in a pack toward the tree and the opening, Damien in the lead. They skid to a halt, watch as Atherton's body comes to rest against the submerged portion of the tree, his hideously distorted face pushing up through the ice, mouth open and violently gasping for air.

Cont.

RICHARD

We're coming!

He joins Damien and they reach forward and grab for the dying man. But Atherton's face flashes in the opening only for an instant, and as Damien and Richard lunge forward to grab him -- the suffocating man is swept down and away again, down-river. Abruptly his dark form is sucked toward the river bottom, and is gone.

RICHARD

Spread out, everybody! We've lost him.

The skaters form a long line and begin sweeping across the lake.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

80

A speedboat rests on a hoist above the ice. Parked next to it is a snowmobile. Bright sunlight pours through the open doors that face the frozen lake. Beyond we can see the search party moving away. Buher comes skating INTO SHOT, stops at the doors of the boathouse and looks in. He reacts -- begins shouting:

BUHER

Over here!

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON Buher as he waits while behind him, the members of the search party come skating over as fast as they can. When they have reached him, CAMERA MOVES BACK SLOWLY and during this --

BUHER

He's here...

Richard comes up beside him, others just behind. CAMERA PANS DOWN -- Atherton's dead body trapped between two wooden supports.

Mark and Damien skid to a halt as Richard closes boathouse door.

RICHARD

No, boys.

Buher looks quickly at Damien. Their eyes are engaged momentarily -- until the door bangs shut between them.

OUT 81-
100

EXT. THORN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

100-A

Limousine pulls up in front of entrance. DOORMAN opens door and salutes Buher as he enters.

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. THORN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

100-3

Anxious YOUNG EXECUTIVE waits just inside swing doors. He sees Buher approaching and gives them a push. They spin and Buher is inside.

BUHER

Morning, Byron.

His assistant falls in beside him, holding out a copy of Fortune magazine.

BYRON

On the newsstands this morning.

Buher takes a cursory look. He's featured on the cover: "Paul Buher, New President of Thorn Industries."

BYRON

(disappointed at his
reaction)

Oh, you've seen it already...

BUHER

Yes.

BYRON

I think it's neat.

They wait for the elevator.

BUHER

Any news from Panchali?

BYRON

No, seems to have completely
disappeared!

Elevator doors open and they enter.

BYRON

Richard wants to see you right away.

BUHER

Oh, is he in already?

BYRON

Great suntan, too.

Doors close.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

100-C

Elevator doors open onto paneled hallway and corridor. Buher and BYRON come out and move silently along the line of offices.

BUHER

Find Panchali. I want to talk to him.

He turns off into office. Byron continues walking.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - RICHARD - DAY

101

RICHARD

(angry)

And what the hell is Panchali doing in India?

ANOTHER ANGLE

102

Buher is sitting in front of Richard's aircraft carrier of a desk.

BUHER

I needed a second opinion on some of our proposed land purchases there. Who better -- ?

RICHARD

(startled)

Are we buying already?

BUHER

You agreed I could activate the conclusions of my report in full. That was a condition of my acceptance.

RICHARD

That doesn't mean you can exclude me from the running of my own company.

BUHER

You were on holiday.

RICHARD

I was always at the end of a phone. Bill would never have made those decisions without informing me.

Cont.

BUHER

I'm not Bill.

RICHARD

I don't expect you to be. But
I do expect you to observe the
rules of company conduct!

Long silence.

BUHER

I'll remember. Why did you want
Panchali?

RICHARD

(holding up report)
Something's wrong with his design
of the p.84 Unit. Walker's getting
very agitated about it. I know he's
always doom and disaster but this
time he's got me going.

BUHER

Leave it with me, Richard.

EXT. DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

103

Some Cadets are performing arms drill to the barked orders
of various Sergeants. CAMERA MOVES TOWARDS a classroom
window.

TEACHER

(o.s.)
...the poor man was, of course,
being deluded. You have to understand
that by now Napoleon thought he was
invincible.

INT. DAMIEN'S AND MARK'S MILITARY HISTORY CLASS - DAY 104

The TEACHER is working with chalk at the blackboard. The
blackboard is already half-filled with Napoleon's Russian
campaign.

TEACHER

And this is where he made his big
mistake. For when he attacked, the
Russians skillfully retreated into
their own country. They lured him
on and he reached Moscow to find it
in ruins.

Cont.

During the above, CAMERA HAS TRAVELLED ALONG the faces of the Cadets; some keenly interested, some bored. Teddy, the class bully, sits in a row with Damien and Mark. Mark is busily drawing something on a piece of paper, and Damien sits staring out the window at the clean, inviting day outside. Mark leans over, hands Damien the paper. Damien looks down at it, can't control a laugh. Then he bites his lip. The Teacher is turning around, looking over the class.

TEACHER

Who laughed?

DAMIEN

(rises)
I did, sir.

TEACHER

Come here...with that piece of paper.

Damien moves up to the Teacher; he holds out the paper. Mark is uneasy, feels guilty. Teddy kicks Mark under the desk and whispers:

TEDDY

Chicken.

The others watch with that vague pleasure and fear that arises when any teacher and student come into conflict. The Teacher takes the paper, looks at it, then crumples it up and tosses it into the wastepaper bin.

TEACHER

So we have an artist in the class.
What's wrong, Thorn, am I boring you? You, of course, know all about Napoleon's campaigns?

DAMIEN

(takes a breath)
Something about them, sir.

The class tenses; what is he letting himself in for?

TEACHER

Do you now? How many men did he lose on the march to Moscow?

Cont.

DAMIEN
450,000 sir. The Russians played at surrender until the winter set in and then his disastrous retreat began. Despite Marshal Ney's heroic rearguard action, the Grand Army was cut down from 600,000 to less than 50,000.

He finishes his speech and there's a long silence. The class stares. Now the Teacher is interested.

TEACHER
Date?

DAMIEN
1812. He was deposed as Emperor in 1814.

TEACHER
And then?

DAMIEN
After a brief exile in Elba, he returned to France and began the so-called 'Hundred' Days War until he was defeated at Waterloo.

TEACHER
Date?

DAMIEN
1815.

TEACHER
Let's stick with dates, Thorn.
The Emperor's death?

DAMIEN
1821.

TEACHER
Battle of the Nile?

DAMIEN
1789.

TEACHER
Trafalgar?

Cont.

1805. DAMIEN

TEACHER
Thirty Years War?

DAMIEN
Start or finish?

TEACHER
Start.

1618. DAMIEN

TEACHER
The Black Death?

CAMERA IS MOVING AROUND the faces of the class and INTERCUTTING with those of the Teacher and Damien as the battle continues, with the Teacher rapidly questioning Damien. The questions and answers are rattled off at tremendous speed, and the Teacher sweating now, and astounded, is in a way fighting for his life! And Damien, caught up in some whirlwind of knowledge he didn't even know he possessed, is burning bright and fierce, and his eyes are aglow; he is like one possessed! Mark is astonished, but frightened, as his brother goes on and on, answering like a machine. It's unlikely that the Teacher, himself, could remember the answers. Finally, even he is reaching into territory where he is going to break down -- when suddenly Damien falters, feeling a strange, overwhelming compulsion to turn and look at the door of the classroom. It is closed. As he stares, the Teacher's questions slow, and Damien stops answering -- then the classroom door opens -- and Neff steps in!

ANGLE ON DAMIEN, NEFF IN THE DOORWAY AND THE TEACHER 105

Neff steps over to the perspiring, disintegrating Teacher, speaks a few private words. The Teacher nods.

NEFF
Come with me, Thorn.

Damien follows Neff out.

TEACHER
(to surprised class)
Copy the blackboard!

And he, too, strides out of the room. Door closes. Silence reigns for a moment. Then the class bursts into chatter.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY

106

Neff stands with Damien as the teacher, drenched and thirsty, heads into the Men's Room. When the door has shut --

NEFF

What were you trying to do, Damien?

Damien stares at him, bewildered by what happened in the classroom.

DAMIEN

I was just answering questions, Sergeant!

NEFF

You were showing off!

DAMIEN

But I knew all the answers!
Somehow -- I just knew them all!

NEFF

You mustn't attract attention.

DAMIEN

I wasn't trying to, I just felt this --

NEFF

The day will come when everyone will know who you are, but that day is not yet!

DAMIEN

(bewildered)

Who I am -- ?

NEFF

Read your Bible. In the New Testament, there is the Book of Revelation. For you, it is just that...a Book of Revelation... for YOU...about YOU.

DAMIEN

But --

NEFF

Read it. Read, learn, understand.

DAMIEN

What am I supposed to understand?!!

Cont.

NEFF

(a pause, then
quietly)

Who you are.

CLOSE ON A DRUM WITH STICKS RATTLING . 106-A

on its tight skin. O.s. accompanying military music.

THE SMARTLY-STEPPING FEET OF CADETS 106-B

smacking down on the cement of the parade ground.

FULL SHOT - MARCHING SENIOR CADETS AND BAND 106-C

as they move across the quadrangle. The sound of the marching and the music stirs the blood! Mark is among the buglers, enjoying it all. CAMERA SWINGS UP AND AWAY, AND PANS TO FIND Damien on a hill distant, where he sits reading. CAMERA ZOOMS TO him and we see that his face is ablaze. The martial music continues o.s. Damien is frightened, excited, as he absorbs the powerful words --

DAMIEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'And all the world wondered after the beast. And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast. And they worshipped the beast, saying, who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?'

He looks up, eyes flaming; he swallows hard. Then he reads again and we:

CUT TO:

ANGLES ON THE PARADE GROUND 106-D

The cadets marching faster, the drum beating, the music shrill but stirring!

DAMIEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army...'

ANGLE ON DAMIEN ON THE HILL

106-E

as he gets to his feet, standing tall, almost exploding inside as --

DAMIEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'And through his policy also shall he cause craft to prosper in his hand, and he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many, he shall also stand up against the Prince of Princes.'

INTERCUT:

DAMIEN AND THE PARADE GROUND

106-F

His voice continuing as the legs go out in unison and the music pounds out --

DAMIEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads; And that no man might buy or sell, save that he had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.'

CLOSE ON DAMIEN

106-G

reading on, now with fear, as the terrible significance of what he is coming to understand floods through him --

DAMIEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, AND TO OVERCOME THEM: and power was given him over all kindreds and tongues, and nations!'

Damien slaps the book shut, it's like flame in his hands. He would like to throw it away, but instead he clutches it to his chest, and hurries away down the hill.

INT. BATHROOM OFF DAMIEN AND MARK'S ROOM -
DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

106-H

His hands trembling, Damien stands in front of the mirror above the sink, trying to position a magnifying mirror attachment on expandable base, so that he can look into the mirror in front of him and see the reflection of the top of his head in the magnifying one. Finally, his shaking fingers get his hair apart and he sees, barely visible in his skull -- 666! He lets out a gasp.

He looks again. He is horrified, it's all true. He doesn't want to believe it, he is after all, only a young boy, and the shock of the revelation is so great that his raw terror brings tears to his eyes. He wants to flee himself, flee the world!

EXT. DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

106-I

CAMERA SPEEDING WITH Damien running across the Academy grounds. Mark sees him, calls out --

MARK

Damien!

But Damien rushes on --

MARK

Where are you going?

EXT. ROAD SOME DISTANCE FROM ACADEMY - DAY

106-J

Damien running for all he's worth, as though he could outrace himself, his knowledge of what he is. There are tears in his eyes, his heart beats as though it will burst his breast. We watch until he has exhausted himself, and sinks down beside a tree. He heaves with tiredness and interior exhaustion. CAMERA MOVES DISCREETLY AWAY, leaving him alone with his moment of awful realization.

LONG SHOT - THE ACADEMY - NIGHT

106-K

Taps sounds.

INT. MARK AND DAMIEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

106-L

Mark lies with a small lamp on, anxiously waiting for Damien -- who enters quickly, closes the door, stands and looks at his brother.

MARK

Where've you been? Everybody's been looking for you --

Damien says nothing, crosses, lies down on his bed, stares at the ceiling.

MARK

Damien, are you all right?

DAMIEN

(slowly)
I'm okay now. Go to sleep.

Mark turns out the light -- complete darkness and silence.

EXT. MEIGS AIRPORT - NIGHT 107

Thorn Industries' jet is parked on the tarmac. Panchali, carrying briefcase, hurries across to the terminal.

INT. MEIGS TERMINAL - NIGHT 108

Panchali goes to a public phone and picks up the receiver.

INT. THORN PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 109

Telephone is ringing. Butler, jacket off, picks it up.

BUTLER

The Thorn residence.

(listening)

No, Mr. Panchali. They're at the Charity Ball.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 110

Richard and Ann circle to a waltz. A brief romantic interlude. Music cuts in and out sharply.

INT. MEIGS TERMINAL - NIGHT 111

Panchali is still in telephone booth. His fingers nervously rap the plastic shield, then pick up the receiver again.

INT. BUHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 112

High above Chicago, Buher sits alone, reading. The precise music of J.S. Bach is interrupted by the telephone.

BUHER

(picking up receiver)

Yes.

(listening)

Patner, where the hell are you?

(listening)

You'd better come right over.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 113

Richard and Ann continue to circle -- eyes locked.

RICHARD

(whispering into her ear)

Charity begins at home!

ANN

(smiles)

What a good idea.

Cont.

They file off the floor arm-in-arm and leave the room as the waltz ends. Band begins to play "Auld Lang Syne."

INT. BUHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

114

The sitting room. Buher and Panchali have drinks in hand; Panchali is in the middle of a speech, excited and worried.

PANCHALI

...and when I telephoned him the next day -- they told me he was dead. Murdered.

BUHER

What?

PANCHALI

Strangled.

BUHER

Now wait a minute. You're trying to tell me that because he wouldn't sell to us -- he was killed? And that he was killed by one of our people?

PANCHALI

I'm almost sure of it.

BUHER

Impossible.

PANCHALI

I've been in eight provinces checking out land and in three of them --

BUHER

Three?

PANCHALI

Three killings.

He drinks heavily from his glass. Buher rises, walks about a bit, seemingly deeply concerned. He stops, looks at Panchali.

BUHER

Who?

PANCHALI

No idea.

Cont.

Silence.

BUHER
I'll look into it.

PANCHALI
Shall we tell Richard?

BUHER
We have to; I'll call him first
thing tomorrow. Incidentally, he
wants to see you.

PANCHALI
What for?

BUHER
The P.84 is playing up. There's
a report on your desk. It's urgent
you check it out in the morning.
I don't want to shut it down.

PANCHALI
I'll attend to it.

Silence.

BUHER
(thoughtful)
I hope we haven't got some over-
enthusiastic men in the field.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 115

NIGHT WATCHMAN looks around the deserted room. Streamers
crisscross the floor and stage. "Save the Children Fund"
banners hang at both ends. Lights go out. Watchman
closes door. Blackness.

EXT. THORN INDUSTRIES - MORNING 116

Enormous complex of industrial buildings. Bus from
Davidson's Military Academy pulls away from the gates and
picks its way through the plant.

INT. BUS - MORNING 117

Mark, Damien, Teddy and other CADETS stare in wonderment
out of the windows.

TEDDY
Does this tour include lunch in
the Directors' Dining Room?

Cont.

DAMIEN

Of course!

MARK

We're going to try a new pesticide
on you!

INT. PESTICIDE ROOM - DAY

118

Vast, awesome -- an acre of many vividly colored pipes,
and valves. Panchali stands by a large console, watching
the dials and punching numbers on the telephone.
Panchali has to shout against the noise of the plant.

PANCHALI

(to his assistant
on a gantry above)

Give it another hundred pounds,
Jim.

Telephone is answered.

PANCHALI

Is Mr. Thorn in yet? It's Panchali.
(listening)

He still hasn't called?
(listening)

I know. I know. It's 'Save the
Children' week. I've got to talk
to him!

(hangs up and
shouts again to
his assistant)

Another fifty, Jim.

INT. CHARITY BAZAAR - DAY

118-A

"Save the Children Fund" banner hangs across the room.
Numerous stalls have been set up. We see Ann and Richard
moving happily among the crowds. They stop at one stall
where Warren is busy autographing his new work on
archaeology: "Gods and Graves."

ANN

You must have writers' cramp by
now?

WARREN

This is harder than doing the
thing in the first place.

Cont.

RICHARD
How long have you been at it?

WARREN
Four hours!

RICHARD
My God...!

WARREN
(muttering)
You know what's driving me
mad?

RICHARD
What?

WARREN
The first crates have come in
from Israel...I'm dying to get at
them.

ANN
It's all for a good cause.

INT. RESEARCH LABORATORY - CLOSE ON A TANK - DAY 119
filled with fish in which a strange machine is working.

GUIDE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
It's a sad fact that in a world
which needs food so badly, there
are 30,000 species of fish in
the oceans, and only a few
hundred are used for food.

ANOTHER ANGLE 120
Cadets and GUIDE are standing above the tank.

GUIDE
People simply won't eat most
of them...

CADET (FIRST)
Teddy would!

Cont.

Sniggers all round.

GUIDE

(smiling)

...and for a number of ridiculous reasons.

CADET (SECOND)

Maybe they don't taste too good.

GUIDE

(smiles wearily)

...that's what they think but they could get used to them. Right now we're working on an electronic raking device which lets larvae, young fish and unwanted return to the sea. The signal from the machine attracts only the fish required. So we'd no longer be 'hunting,' we'd be making our food come to us.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

121

Buher is addressing a group of young executives.

BUHER

...we have to guard against the indigenous population ever thinking we are in the business of exploitation. We are not! Emphasize that. We are there to HELP!

He sees his Secretary enter at the far end of the room. She moves to him and speaks quietly.

JANE

Mr. Panchali is working on the P.84. You asked me to let you know when he got there.

BUHER

Thank you.

He follows her out of the room.

BUHER

Gentlemen, take a half-hour break.

The door closes.

INT. PESTICIDE PLANT - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY 122

Cadets and Guide crowd into lift.

GUIDE

To make crops grow faster and fatter, you need more powerful improved fertilizers. Pesticides as well.

LIFT DOORS CLOSE.

INT. PESTICIDE ROOM - DAY 123

Lift doors open. Cadets and Guide file out.

GUIDE

(shouting)

This complex operation is run entirely by three men at the controls of a computer. That's why you see no one here.

TEDDY

Isn't there a pesticide that works on sex?

GUIDE

That's right. Sex attractants -- pheromones -- are extracted from one sex, put in a trap to lure insects of the opposite sex and kill them.

Cadets and Guide move onto gantry high above the maze of pipes seen earlier. The noise is deafening.

GUIDE

(shouting)

This is a shunting device, computerized. Programmed to deliver precise mixes of gasses and solutions from storage vats into the main plant.

ANOTHER ANGLE 124

Panchali and ASSISTANT working with a complicated pressure gauge on a pipe connection. Panchali looks up and sees the Cadets above him.

PANCHALI

(shouting)

Damien! Mark!

Cont.

They look and see him, smiling twenty feet below.

PANCHALI

(shouting)

What are you doing here?

The boys shout back but their voices are lost in the dir. At that moment, the pipe connection blows and noxious gas comes spewing out under enormous pressure. Panchali's Assistant is knocked sideways and slips, blooded and unconscious to the floor. Purple blisters rapidly form on his face. Cadets begin to scream and panic as another connection blows. Panchali rushes to the console. He bangs the button which should set huge extractor machines into operation. He looks up at the grills set into the ceiling. No gas is being drawn to them! He moves to another panel covered with buttons, switches -- pushes and pulls, shouts into a microphone:

PANCHALI

Emergency! Emergency!

He rapidly taps out the series of numbers on his black box to open the massive metal door.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

125

remaining shut!

ANGLE ON THE BOYS INCLUDING DAMIEN, MARK, TEDDY
AND OTHERS

126

rushing here and there, frantic, already gasping; eyes streaming, some with minor blisters on face and hands. Guide leaves them. He slides down ladder to join Panchali, now struggling vainly to rejoin the pipe.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

127

climbing ladder to a roof hatch. Gas swirls about him but he seems remarkably unaffected. He pushes it open then screams to the other Cadets.

DAMIEN

Mark! Everybody...here.

Choking Cadets clamber along the gantry, up the ladder and out.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

128

Cadets pour out onto the roof and collapse gasping. Damien waits for the last one, then takes several deep breaths and returns inside.

INT. PESTICIDE ROOM - DAY

129

Damien, hand over mouth, makes his way through the gas and slides down the ladder towards the burst connections. Guide and Panchali lie at the bottom. He turns Panchali over. The researcher's face is one purple blister and no way could he mist up a mirror. Damien looks up at the large fans in the roof. Slowly, they begin to revolve. They go faster, faster, faster...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - ANGLE ON ROOFTOP HELIPAD - DAY

130

High above Chicago, a Thorn helicopter circles and lands on top of the hospital. Door flies open, Richard and Ann run out to the waiting party of doctors.

INT. WARD - DAY

131

A small, four-bed room. Mark, pale and quite ill, is in one bed; Damien in another. Ann sits between them.

MARK

Damien was great -- absolutely great.

ANN

Sometimes Mothers prefer their sons not to be heroes. Why did you go back in, for God's sake?

DAMIEN

Mr. Panchali needed help.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

132

Richard is on the telephone. He's pale and angry.

RICHARD

(into receiver)

I didn't even know Panchali was back. He wasn't due for another two weeks.

INTERCUT:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

132-A

Warren is on the telephone. We hear SOUNDS of Charity Auction in progress.

WARREN

...thank God the boys are all right.

Cont.

WARREN (Cont.)

(listening)

No. No. I won't say anything here. I'm going over to the museum as soon as it's over.

Richard hangs up and moves past the OTHER ROOMS occupied by Cadets, stopping to have a word with parents.

INT. WARD - DAY

133

Ann is still talking to the boys.

ANN

...Who'd ever believe we were at a 'Save the Children' Charity auction!

MARK

That's what our English teacher would call -- 'Irony.'

ANN

(smiles)

Quite right. The worst part was coming here, thinking --

DAMIEN

And all the time we were okay!

Richard hurries across the room, his anger still riding him -

RICHARD

I'm sorry, I've just been talking to Charles.

Richard steps up to him, puts a hand on Damien's face.

RICHARD

You all right?

DAMIEN

I think so...

Richard turns to Mark. He strokes the boy's hair.

RICHARD

(to Ann)

Have you spoken to the Doctors?

ANN

(wearily)

You know how hard it is to get anything out of a doctor!

A DOCTOR enters seemingly calm in the midst of it all.

DR. KANE

They're going to be all right.
We've tested every boy for lung
damage; not a sign of it. They'll
be nauseous for a while but there's
no permanent --

RICHARD

I want them to have the best
care possible.

DR. KANE

They will have. May I see you
in private for a moment?

He moves away. Richard goes after him, out of the ward.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE WARD - DAY 134

Dr. Kane faces Richard.

DR. KANE

We've made every possible test
for tissue damage, blood damage;
every boy was affected to some
degree, but as I said, not
seriously. That is, every boy
but your son, Damien.

RICHARD

(very worried)
You mean he --

DR. KANE

No, no.
(slightest pause)
He wasn't affected at all.

At Richard's surprised look:

INT. THE WARD - THREE SHOT - ANN, MARK AND DAMIEN 135

Ann is looking through the glass partition behind which we
can see Richard and the Doctor in intense conversation.

DAMIEN

What do you think's going on?

ANN

Nothing. Doctors love secrets.

Cont.

Buher comes in from another door, hurriedly crosses to Ann and her sons.

ANN
(with a little
asperity)
Glad you could make it, Paul.

BUHER
I am sorry! I can't tell you
what's been going on at the
plant.
(turns to the boys)
How are you?

ANGLE ON GLASS PARTITION

136

as Richard steps away from the Doctor, comes into the ward. He looks concerned. CAMERA MOVES WITH him to Ann and others. He sees Buher.

RICHARD
That plant should have been
closed down.

BUHER
Richard, I knew nothing about
a defective --

Richard turns away.

RICHARD
(to Ann)
The Doctor wants Damien to stay
here a couple of days. He'd like
to do some more tests.

Buher looks quickly at Damien. Damien catches his look --

DAMIEN
I'm okay! Why do I have to
stay if --

ANN
Why does he want to do more
tests?

DAMIEN
I don't want to stay here.

MARK
Me neither!

ANN
We'll bring him back next week.

RICHARD
(to Doctor)
Is that all right?

DOCTOR
(shrugs)
Fine.

ANN
(to boys)
You rest. We'll collect you
later and go up to 'Lakeside.'
The air will do you good.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - DAY 137

Helicopter lifts off.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 138

Ann and Richard sit silently behind the pilots until they
are safely in the air, swirling around Chicago.

ANN
I still don't understand. What
kind of test does he want to do?
Damien wasn't even affected by...

RICHARD
That's the point. He wasn't
affected -- at all.

ANN
We should be glad!

RICHARD
Why all the other boys, and not
Damien?

ANN
Well, why? What did the Doctor
say?

RICHARD
The tissue test he made shows
that Damien has a different
chromosome structure --

ANN
Different? How? What does it
mean?

RICHARD
I don't know! Nor does the Doctor!
Yet.

ANN
 Nobody's doing tests until we
 know what they are.

She turns away and looks down at the steel works below.

ANN
 (angrily)
 Damien's the same as any other
 boy!

A high stack belching thick, rolling smoke passes immediately
 beneath them.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK 139

Damien and Mark come through the swing doors. Murray and
 the car wait for them.

INT. CADILLAC - DUSK 140

Car moves off into Chicago. It's early evening -- wet
 and cold. Everybody is rushing to get home.

MARK
 Am I glad to get out of there.

DAMIEN
 Me, too. Now I know what it
 feels like to be a frog.

BIG CLOSEUP - SLIDE OF BLOOD SAMPLE SEEN THROUGH 141
 MICROSCOPE

INT. HOSPITAL LABORATORY - DUSK 142

Dr. Kane is looking into a MICROSCOPE. He has a book open
 beside him with PHOTOGRAPHS OF OTHER CELL TISSUES. Dr. Kane
 is shaken as he finds a similar specimen. He reaches for
 a PHONE, dials two digits. We hear a filtered voice.

DR. KANE
 Ben, I need to see you, urgently.
 Can I come down?

He hangs up, takes the slide and the book of chromosome
 comparisons, and starts out.

INT. HALLWAY WITH ELEVATORS - DUSK 143

Dr. Kane steps up to an elevator, presses a button. He is
 excited, but also very disturbed, shaking his head with
 disbelief. Elevator comes into view.

INT. ELEVATOR - DUSK

144

It's very modern, chrome and glass on four sides. Dr. Kane steps inside. The INDICATOR shows that we are on the twenty-fourth floor. He pushes button for floor 16. The door shuts but the elevator doesn't move. Dr. Kane presses 16 again. Door opens. Then closes. It seems to have a mind of its own! Elevator goes UP, then stops and begins to descend.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF DR. KANE AND FLASHING INDICATOR 145

as the elevator begins to descend. 23 -- 22 -- 21 and then the numbers start gathering momentum, and while he watches, suddenly amazed -- The elevator is now beginning to shake violently and through the glass WE SEE floors flashing by and the occasional night Nurse's horrified face.

DR. KANE

My God...

He starts thumbing the emergency button. Nothing happens.

ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN FROM TOP OF SHAFT 146

watching the roof of the elevator speeding down along the steel cable, swinging wildly from side to side.

BACK TO DR. KANE IN ELEVATOR 147

as he braces himself in the corner. Floors and numbers continue to flash by -- 10 -- 9 -- 8 -- 7. He keeps frantically pressing the emergency button. The vehicle comes to a sudden halt. Dr. Kane is thrown to the floor.

ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN SHAFT 148

as the jerk of the elevator halting snaps a thick cable which begins to lash like a giant, lethal whip down the shaft.

BACK TO DR. KANE IN ELEVATOR 149

as he rolls over and groans with relief. Everything is silent after the violent buffeting, almost peaceful. Then a new terrifying noise grows louder and louder. It's the cable screaming down the shaft. The roof of the elevator is suddenly rent in half with the precision of a surgeon's knife. The cable lashes through everything -- including the late Dr. Kane.

OUT 150-
152

EXT. THORN MUSEUM - DUSK

153

It's closing for the day. CAMERA TRAVELS WITH Warren THROUGH THE MASSIVE DOORS AND PAST THE FEW REMAINING VISITORS. He greets some of the attendants he knows. Inside, electric bells are warning people that the place is about to be shut. Warren enters door marked "PRIVATE" and closes it.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DUSK

154

The room is filled with crates, large and small, opened and closed. There also are special AIR CONDITIONERS in strategic spots, and SPECIAL LIGHTS, and CHEMICALS IN BOTTLES, and brushes and palette knives, etc. Warren takes out Bugenhagen's LEATHER WORKBOX and carefully places it on worktable. He begins to undo the LEATHER STRAPS. He works carefully, pulling free one strap after another; finally taking the top off the BOX, carefully setting it down on the table. He looks into the BOX, sniffs. Gingerly reaches in. He first pulls out some TIGHTLY-WRAPPED PARCHMENT SCROLLS. He reaches in again. Out comes a CRUCIFIX with a little figure of the agonized Christ. Warren lays it on the table. He reaches in once more, and pulls out a MODERN MANILA FOLDER! He is curious! He puts it down, not yet ready to read its contents. His hand goes into the BOX yet another time, and he brings out something heavy, wrapped in cloth, something which chinks! He begins unwrapping this. Revealed: SEVEN IRON DAGGERS. Warren examines them, his puzzlement growing. He puts them down. Picking up the envelope, he strips it open, takes out a fairly thick wad of writing paper. He looks at the top sheet.

INT. MUSEUM - DUSK

155

The main GALLERY is almost deserted. Bells stop abruptly. The heavy doors are closed with a bang and the echo of the last attendant's footsteps die away. Absolute silence.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DUSK

156

Warren feels a chill enter him. He swallows, puts down the papers for a moment, and knowing that the contents of the box will not be harmed by warmer air in the room, turns UP THE TEMPERATURE.

INT. BASEMENT - DUSK

157

The huge old oil heater bumps with an awful noise as it adjusts the heat.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DUSK

158

Warren finishes Bugenhagen's letter and replaces it in the envelope. His eyes widen and true fear has entered his soul. Hurriedly, he grabs the daggers, puts them in a desk drawer and locks it. He switches out the light and leaves. His footsteps echo loudly as he runs across the main gallery to a side door. Then silence, as in a tomb.

EXT. THORNS' WINTER HOME - NIGHT

159

Several rooms are lit. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD ONE, eventually peering into the family room.

At one end, a cowboy movie is being projected onto a large screen.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

160

Ann has her arm around Damien as they watch from a comfortable sofa. Richard sits in an armchair. The picture on the screen suddenly goes out of rack.

DAMIEN
(delightedly)
Projection!

He looks up at the small aperture high in the wall behind them.

MARK
(voice over)
Drop dead!

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

161

The film rattles through the projector, making an awful din. Mark watches the screen as he adjusts the rack.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

162

Snow is piled high at the sides. The trees lining the highway tremble in the cold wind. At high speed, hunched over the wheel of the Volkswagen, Warren is driving toward the Thorn house. The expression on his face mirrors the fright in his heart.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

163

On the screen we see the hero ride off into the sunset. Ann, Damien and Richard continue to watch until "The End" comes zooming out. Damien switches on the lights.

ANN
My God! A happy ending for
a change.

DAMIEN
Boring!

ANN
You're too young to be so cynical.
(getting up)
Who wants a corned beef sandwich?

RICHARD
(raising hand)
One.

DAMIEN
Two.

ANN
(leaving room)
I know Mark will.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT 164

Mark is unlacing the film and putting it on the rewind bench.

EXT. THORNS' WINTER HOUSE - NIGHT 165

Warren brakes his car, jumps out, and hurries up to the front door. Now he checks himself in his rush. He looks around at the trees stirring in the wind. He turns again to the door, takes a deep breath.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT 166

Damien is winding up the screen and Richard relaxes by the fire with a book. The doorbell sounds.

DAMIEN

I'll go.

He crosses to the front door and opens it. Warren is there.

DAMIEN'S P.O.V. - WARREN 167

reacting to the sight of Damien o.s., shocked, trying to smile.

WARREN

Hello, Damien.

WARREN'S P.O.V. - DAMIEN 168

looking up at Warren o.s., sensing something, tensing.

DAMIEN

Hello, Dr. Warren.

TWO SHOT - DAMIEN AND WARREN 169

standing stock still, regarding each other. Warren's voice is a little low, but controlled.

WARREN

Would you tell your father I'd like to see him, please.

DAMIEN

(reluctantly)
He's in the den.

WARREN

Tell him I'm here, please.

DAMIEN

(hesitates, then)
Come in.

Cont.

Warren steps into the hallway. Damien shuts the door, then moves ahead of Warren, heading for the family room.

DAMIEN
Does he know you're --

WARREN
He's not expecting me.

DAMIEN
Is it about the exhibit?

WARREN
Yes.

Damien walks into the family room.

DAMIEN
It's Dr. Warren.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

170

Richard rises, pleased.

RICHARD
Charles!

Warren appears behind Damien, who reluctantly steps aside.

RICHARD
Tell your mother to make another sandwich for Dr. Warren.

Damien looks at Warren once more, then leaves, shutting the door.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

171

Damien stands outside the den door. His face is cold, furious. He waits a moment, then turns, hurries away to the kitchen.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

172

Mark is busy rewinding the last reel. He slows the whirling spool to a standstill. Silence.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

173

Warren is sitting, watching Richard with some apprehension. Richard is pouring two brandies.

WARREN
(finds his voice)
Richard, I have to ask you something very personal.

Richard is mildly puzzled, steps over to Warren with a brandy held out. Warren reaches for it.

RICHARD

We're friends...

WARREN

(this is not easy)

Can you tell me what actually happened to your brother in London?

RICHARD

(becomes cold)

Why do you ask?

WARREN

I've just opened a leather box sent over from Israel. It belonged to Bugenhagen. They found it near his body.

RICHARD

So?

Warren takes a deep breath, then plunges on.

WARREN

Did you know it was Bugenhagen who gave your brother the daggers to kill Damien?

RICHARD

What the hell are you talking about?

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

174

Mark moves to the projection aperture, listening, horrified, to the conversation below.

WARREN

(voice over)

Seven years ago he wrote you a letter.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

175

Richard is standing over Warren who bravely looks up at him.

RICHARD

Me? What letter?

Cont.

WARREN
He never sent it. It was still
in the box --

RICHARD
You've read it?

WARREN
(rises)
Richard, you know me as a
rational man. But what I'm
going to tell you won't sound
rational --

RICHARD
Just tell me!

WARREN
Bugenhagen claims that Damien --
is the Devil's son. The Beast.

Richard stares at him, incredulous.

ANGLE WITH MARK IN THE PROJECTION BOOTH

176

listening, eyes wide.

WARREN
(voice over)
He isn't human. He was born
of a jackal. I know it sounds
nonsense!

Mark is astonished and frightened!

BACK TO RICHARD AND WARREN

177

Richard doesn't know whether to laugh or strike the man.

RICHARD
And you're bothering to tell
me this?

Warren puts down his drink, faces Richard directly.

WARREN
Your brother found out. He went
to Bugenhagen, who told him how
to kill the boy.

Richard bangs his own drink down on a table. Turns an
icy face to Warren.

Cont.

RICHARD
My brother was ill. Mentally
ill. His wife's death --

WARREN
Was caused by Damien! And all
the other deaths. Five inexplicable
deaths.
(hastily)
According to Bugenhagen --

RICHARD
Who was obviously insane!

WARREN
I know it all sounds mad...

RICHARD
But you believe it!

He pulls the letter out of his jacket and tosses it onto
the table.

WARREN
Read it yourself.

RICHARD
No.

WARREN
*If Bugenhagen is right, you're
all in danger. Mark, you, Ann --
all of us. Remember what happened
to Joan Hart -- she knew --*

RICHARD
(stubbornly)
I've no intention of reading the
ravings of a senile old man.

WARREN
Richard, I knew Bugenhagen. He
was not a senile, raving fool.
Haven't you had any suspicions?
Hash't anything strange --

RICHARD
No!

WARREN
Nothing the boy has done or said?
Nothing that's happened -- ?

Cont.

RICHARD
I want you to go, Charles --

WARREN
There've been deaths amongst us,
too --

RICHARD
Go!

WARREN
The signs are too clear! The
coincidences too strong to be
ignored. We have to follow it
to the end.

RICHARD
What end?

Long pause.

WARREN
Yigael's Wall. Bugenhagen says
in his letter that this was the
final thing that convinced him.
It arrives in New York any day now.

RICHARD
You've been grubbing in the past
too long! I'm having no part of
your religious insanity! You go
look at it!

WARREN
I will!

He stalks out of the room, slamming the door. Richard sits
down stunned. Above him, Mark's hand appears and quietly
closes the door of projection aperture.

EXT. THORNS' WINTER HOME - DAWN 178

A brilliant morning. Everything looks crisp and clear.
Wild ducks fly low over the lake.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN 179

Ann lies asleep, but alone in the double bed.

INT. DAMIEN'S ROOM - DAWN 180

Damien, too, sleeps peacefully.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - DAWN

181

Mark, looking tired and frightened, is dressing. Beside his bed, opened at the Book of Revelation, lies a New Testament.

INT. RICHARD'S DEN - DAWN

182

Richard sits at his desk. He, too, looks tired and drawn. Thoughtfully, he folds Bugenhagen's letter and puts it in a drawer, locking it. He slowly rises and leaves.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

183

Richard enters, discards his dressing gown and slips into bed. Ann groans and turns. He takes her in his arms, burying his face in her hair, and trying to bury the thoughts in his heart.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

184

Mark, now dressed in winter coat and scarf, comes out and wanders thoughtfully off into the woods.

INT. DEN - CLOSE SHOT - ANN - DAY

185

eyes wide, expression a mixture of horror, disbelief, anger...

ANN

You can't believe it! Damien?

ANOTHER ANGLE

186

Ann throws Bugenhagen's letter down on the desk and stands.

RICHARD

I didn't say I believe it!
I'm telling you what he said
to me!

ANN

But you're thinking of going
to New York! Doesn't that mean --

RICHARD

No! It's disgusting nonsense,
and of course I don't believe
it! But Robert was shot in a
church trying to stab Damien,
and...

She grabs Richard's hands, forces him to look up at her.

ANN

He's got to you, hasn't he? He's
planted his craziness in you!
Well, I'm not going to let you be
poisoned by it. You're not going
anywhere. You're going to forget
you ever spoke to...

RICHARD

Ann --

ANN

No. It's over. You heard a stupid, filthy story, it's ended!

(suddenly in tears)

Stop it, Richard. Stop it!

She weeps into her hands, her shoulders heaving. Richard gets up and embraces her.

RICHARD

Don't. Of course you're right. Ann, Ann, Ann...

ANN

God, please...

RICHARD

All right! I won't go.

ANN

(struggling to control her tears)

And you're not to -- to treat Damien any differently. You're not to look at him, or talk to him, in any way diff --

RICHARD

I won't --

ANN

Give me your word!

RICHARD

You've got it!

Outside, he sees Damien pass the window, walking in the direction of the woods.

She relaxes against him, her face shiny with tears, her eyes closed. A moment, then a tiny sense of alarm -- Richard releases her. Quietly --

RICHARD

Come on. We could use some air.

He starts out of the room. Ann follows, blowing her nose noisily. Richard looks back, smiles. She takes his arm, snuggles against it as they walk out, seemingly as serene as they always have been together.

EXT. THE WOODS DISTANT FROM THE THORN HOUSE - DAY 187

Mark sits at the foot of a tree. His knees are up, his arms around them. He looks pale, worried. He is deeply frightened, and this fear is in his eyes like a living thing.

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE WOODS - DAY 188

Damien is hurrying along, his feet cracking the hard snow apart.

DAMIEN
(calling)
Mark!

ANGLE ON MARK 189

hearing the distant shout.

DAMIEN
(voice over)
Mark!

Mark gets quickly to his feet, moves deeper into the woods.

INTERCUT:

DAMIEN AND MARK 190

As Mark flees, Damien pursues, following his footsteps in the snow.

EXT. A THIRD SECTION OF THE FOREST - DAY 191

Ann and Richard, walking. But Richard is walking with purpose, and Ann keeps up just behind him.

INTERCUT:

DAMIEN AND MARK 192

Mark panting as he runs, Damien catching up. Mark stands behind a tree.

ANGLE ON MARK BEHIND THE TREE 193

with Damien COMING INTO SHOT. Damien walks a few paces, then stops.

DAMIEN
(very quietly)
I know you're there.

MARK
Leave me alone.

Cont.

Damien does a wide circle around the tree, coming to stand about six feet in front of his brother.

DAMIEN

Why are you running away from me?

A long pause, Mark plucks up courage, looks directly at Damien.

MARK

(hushed)

I know who you are.

DAMIEN

(smiles)

You do?

MARK

Dr. Warren knows. I heard him talking to Dad.

DAMIEN

What did he say?

MARK

He said...the Devil could create his image on earth.

DAMIEN

The Devil? What else did he say?

Mark looks away.

DAMIEN

(very quietly)

Say it, Mark.

MARK

(swallows hard)

He said you're the beast.

DAMIEN

Come on! What are you talking about?

MARK

(shivering, but game)

I saw what you did to Teddy. I saw what happened to Atherton and Panchali. Your father tried to kill you. They say he was crazy, but it was because he knew!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

194

Ann and Richard walking.

BACK TO DAMIEN AND MARK

195

Damien is upset now; worried and upset, feeling mixed emotions of love for his brother, fear of the discovery.

DAMIEN

I love you, Mark. You're my brother --

MARK

No --

DAMIEN

You're my brother and you mean more to me than --

MARK

(shouting)

The beast has no brother. Don't call me your --

Damien runs forward, grabs Mark by the shoulders!

DAMIEN

(high, hard)

Listen to me!

MARK

Admit it! You killed your mother!

DAMIEN

She wasn't my mother! I was adopted! I never had a --

MARK

A jackal...you were born of a jackal!

DAMIEN

(in his full power)

Yes! Born in the image of the greatest power in the world! The Nail! The Desolate one! Desolate because his greatness was taken from him and he was cast down! But he has risen in me! He is looking through my eyes and wearing my body!

Mark starts looking desperately around. He is beyond fear, listless, like someone bludgeoned, incapable of movement, jellied.

Cont.

DAMIEN
Come with me. I can take you with
me.

MARK
(shaking his head
slowly)
No.

DAMIEN
Don't make me beg you!

MARK
No.

Suddenly Mark snaps out of his deathlike lethargy, pushes
away and runs off.

DAMIEN
Mark --

MARK
Get away from me!

DAMIEN
Mark -- look at me.

Mark stops in his tracks.

MARK
(turns his head,
denying)
Get away.

DAMIEN
I'll ask you once more. Please!
Come with me. Be mine!

MARK
No. You can't escape your destiny,
Damien. It's prophesied in
The Book of Revelation. That you
will be 'cast into the lake of fire
and brimstone and shall be tormented
forever and ever.'

Rage enters Damien, he cannot be denied. His eyes blaze,
his look seems to reach out and clutch Mark, who can no
longer avert his eyes. He begins responding to Damien's
gaze, his face going deathly white. His mouth grows slack.
Blood begins to dribble from the corners of his mouth, and
drips onto the snow.

ANGLE ON RICHARD AND ANN

196

still walking.

ANGLE ON MARK AND DAMIEN

197

Mark is dying - blood oozes from his ears, from his eyes. And Damien stares relentlessly, his eyes like torches. At last -- Mark slumps to his knees. A moment. He falls forward. Damien suddenly lets out a yell! A yell of pain, of grief.

ANGLE ON RICHARD AND ANN

198

startled by yell and beginning to run in panic.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

199

running to Mark. He puts his arms around his brother, trying to lift him up, restore him.

DAMIEN

(moaning)

Mark, Mark. Oh, Mark...

Richard and Ann run INTO SHOT. Ann sees Mark, his blood. She lets out a scream. Damien jumps up.

DAMIEN

I don't know what happened!

Ann falls to her knees beside Mark.

ANN

Mark. Mark!

Richard faces Damien.

RICHARD

Get back to the house!

DAMIEN

We were walking -- and he fell!
He just --

RICHARD

God damn you, go back to the house!

DAMIEN

I didn't do anything!

He turns and runs, yelling as he runs:

DAMIEN

He fell! I didn't do anything!

Richard bends, pulls Ann back from the dead boy. Picks up his son. He turns, faces Ann. She is barely able to speak.

Cont.

ANN

It wasn't Damien. He didn't --

Richard turns again, walks away, pressing his face against the white and bloody face of his natural son.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

200

A dismal day, as befits the sombre scene. Richard Thorn and Ann are burying Mark. Between them stands Damien. Around the grave into which the coffin is being lowered, stand SEVERAL MOURNERS, including Buher and Neff. Beside Richard is a tall, gray-haired man, FIEDLER, a doctor.

All are in dark clothing, and the monotonous intoning of the PRIEST does nothing to alleviate the sense of total misery. CAMERA MOVES IN on Richard and we hear his voice:

RICHARD

(voice over)

But how could it be, Doctor? There would have been some sign. You've examined him a dozen times yourself.

CLOSE ON THE GRAY-HAIRED DOCTOR

201

motionless, staring down into the grave.

DOCTOR

(voice over; a deep sigh)

I've seen it happen before, I'm afraid. A perfectly normal boy, or man, seemingly healthy in all respects; but waiting in his brain for some undue strain -- a thin artery wall. The wall goes...

THREE SHOT - RICHARD, ANN AND THE DOCTOR

202

ANN

(voice over; tragic)

Then...it was there from the time he was born.

DOCTOR

(voice over)

More than likely. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES - DAY

203

Slight rain falling delicately. More a mist than rain. The Funeral Party moves to separate cars. Buher to his, Neff into his own. Damien gets in beside Murray; Ann and Richard climb into the back of the limousine. The cars move away.

EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE - CHICAGO - DAY

204

Richard's limousine hisses away over the wet road.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DAY

205

The wipers whisper over the windshield. Murray in his dark glasses, looks expressionlessly ahead.

ANGLE ON RICHARD AND ANN - IN THE BACK OF THE LIMOUSINE

206

They sit in silence. Ann is pressed away against her side of the car. Richard sits erect and still. The silent scene HOLDS A LONG MOMENT. Finally:

ANN

Despite what the doctor said --

RICHARD

Warren called from New York. I have to go.

He touches a button beside him, and the smoked glass window goes up between him and Ann, Damien and the Chauffeur.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN'S PROFILE

207

as he looks back through the smoked glass, watching Ann continue to remonstrate with Richard. He can hear nothing.

EXT. MEIGS AIRPORT - DAY

208

The limousine picks its way through the numerous PRIVATE PLANES, arriving beside a LEAR JET with the name THORN painted on the side. The LIMOUSINE stops. Murray gets out, opens the door for Richard who steps out, then leans back in to Ann.

RICHARD

There won't be anything. I'll come back.

He looks at Damien, forces himself --

RICHARD

Good-bye, Damien.

He moves away towards the plane.

ANN
(calls after him)
Richard.

She jumps out of the car, runs to him, and they embrace.
He goes into the plane.

CLOSE ON DAMIEN 209

watching Richard board the plane.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SLEAZY NEW YORK STREET - DAY 210

TAXI pulls up outside a run-down rooming house near the
RAILWAY marshalling yards. Richard dismounts and pays
cabby. He looks at the seedy entrance, surprised and
uncertain.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - DAY 211

Obese MAN sits behind the counter reading a comic. Richard
bangs the bell to attract his attention.

RICHARD
Warren. Mr. Warren.

MAN
Room eight.

Richard moves to the stairs.

MAN
You a relative?

RICHARD
No.

MAN
That man needs a relative.
(shaking head)
Does he need a relative.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE, CORRIDOR - DAY 212

Richard stops outside of room eight and knocks.

WARREN
(voice over)
Who is it?

RICHARD

Richard.

Long silence. The door creaks open to reveal Warren. He has aged as though struck by some terrible, rapid illness. He's gone almost gray, he is red-eyed, unshaven, and in terror. He holds a crucifix in his trembling hands.

RICHARD

My God, Charles, what's happened?

He steps into the room, Warren shuts and locks the door.

WARREN

The Beast is with us, it's true,
all true...

RICHARD

Don't start that again, just --

WARREN

I saw it myself...yesterday. It's
horrible...!

(shivers, closes
his eyes)

It drove Joan Hart mad...and
Eugenhagen --

RICHARD

Where is it?!

WARREN

They'd already loaded it...Damien's
face...his dreadful face...

RICHARD

WHERE?!

EXT. RAILWAY YARDS - DAY

213

Warren and Richard walk along the track, past Thorn Industries boxcars. Warren is even more agitated. He keeps close to the stationary cars and constantly looks up at the sky. Richard stares up but sees nothing.

RICHARD

What is it...?

WARREN

(mumbles, half
demented)

...not there yet...nothing...
not yet...soon.

They arrive at a siding where a lone Thorn CONTAINER CAR parked, near the buffers at the end of the track, FURTHER ALONG THE TRACK a train and long line of heavy cars begin shunting backwards. The massive links of each wagon crash and smash into each other as they take the strain. Richard and Warren are beside the Thorn car. Warren freezes, terrified by what he sees above.

Richard looks up -- the CROW circles slowly above. CAMERA ABOVE floats lethargically around them -- waiting. Richard stays where he is, but Warren runs behind the CONTAINER CAR. CAMERA PANS OFF to TAKE IN line of wagons shunting toward them, but on a different track.

ANGLE ON RICHARD AND WARREN

214

RICHARD

(turning to the
cowering Warren)

It's only a crow...pull yourself
together!

WARREN

It was here yesterday...the whole
time...you must be quick...

Richard jumps into the CONTAINER CAR.

CAMERA LOW ON TRACK

215

and a rust-covered set of points f.g. Beyond WE SEE the cars moving towards us. Suddenly the points move and click over to another track. The cars change direction.

ANGLE ON WARREN

216

cowering against the hitch at the back of the Thorn car. He clutches his crucifix but his prayers are lost in the noise of the railway yards. A train and cars shunt by and disappear.

ANGLE ON RICHARD

217

inside Thorn car. He moves among the crates looking for the opened one.

ANGLE ON WHEELS MOVING

218

ANGLE ON WARREN

219

He looks nervously up.

100

ANGLE ON CROW 220
as it circles lower.

ANGLE ON BOXCAR HITTING ROD 221
moving forward like a battering ram.

ANGLE ON RICHARD 222
as he reaches the opened crate on the other side by the closed door. He bends down and stares at the section of YIGAEEL'S WALL inside -- the color drains from his face. Horror fills his eyes.

RICHARD
Oh, my God...

ANGLE ON MOVING BOXCARS 223
as they crash into the Thorn car.

ANGLE ON HITCH 224
as it impales Warren and sweeps him towards the buffers.

ANGLE ON RICHARD 225
as he is thrown to the floor by the jolt.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN'S IMAGE ON THE WALL 226
animated by the vibrations of the moving boxcar.

ANGLE UNDER BOXCAR 227
and Warren's dangling legs as it hits the buffers. The CRASH of heavy metal and Warren's screams mingle into one awful sound.

ANGLE ON RICHARD 228
inside CONTAINER CAR as the section of heavy wall slides away crashing through the container's side, toppling onto the track and smashing into a thousand pieces.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE 229
as Richard jumps from the CONTAINER CAR. He looks up momentarily, then begins to run. CAMERA WATCHES him as he stumbles away, then slowly moves in the opposite direction and gradually picks up speed following the tracks out of town.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVIDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

230

The winter sun casts a cold light on the ASSEMBLED CADETS and the SPECTATORS in the stands. It is the SWORD-GIVING CEREMONY, and the PROUD YOUNG MEN stand waiting as one by one they are presented with the sharp and glittering symbols of their achievements. The BAND is there, and A BUGLER underlines the impressive moment when each cadet receives his sword.

GROUP SHOT OF CADETS - FEATURING DAMIEN

231

standing stiff and glowing and ready. A black band cuts across his right arm. There are only a few more SWORDS to be given. The CADET two away from him is called forward and marches rapidly forward.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS - INCLUDING ANN AND BUHER

232

with some of Buher's ASSOCIATES behind and beside them.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS - FEATURING YOUNG GIRL

233

of twelve. Very pretty, in a prominent position, standing between TWO TALL LARGE MEN in plainclothes. SHE is applauding, too, but her eyes are fixed on Damien down below. There are OTHER GIRLS around her, all in the formal dress of some private school.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

234

as his name is called, and he marches forward. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK to INCLUDE Ann and Buher watching, tensing. Damien RECEIVES HIS ACCOLADE, and then THE PRESENTER reaches for ANOTHER SWORD --

PRESENTER

Receive this for your brother,
Mark, absent now...but still
deserving of his reward.

Ann quickly wipes at her eyes as Buher and Associates APPLAUD, and the Young Girl applauds -- and Murray arrives beside Ann. He speaks to her. Damien is now marching back into line.

ANGLE ON ANN AND BUHER

235

ANN

I must go, Paul. Richard will
be at the airport in half an
hour. I have to be there.

Cont.

BUHER

Yes, of course.

ANN

Give Damien my love. Tell him to have a good time at the Cotillion.

BUHER

I will.

Ann leaves with Murray.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

236

holding the TWO SWORDS. He looks up at the stands and sees Ann leaving. His excitement turns to concern. Beside him, Neff catches Buher's eyes.

EXT. MEIG'S AIRPORT - DUSK

237

Ann watches Richard's plane taxi in. She sees him come off. He has a haunted look.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

238

heading along a highway towards the museum. Ann is white-faced, looking at Richard in fright.

ANN

How can he be? There's no such thing!

RICHARD

He killed Mark. He killed Atherton, and Panchali.

ANN

Stop it!

RICHARD

He'll go on killing. He'll kill anyone he thinks is endangering him.

ANN

(furious)
How? How did he kill them? Did he make the ice crack?

RICHARD

Not himself --

Cont.

ANN

Or tear the gas pipe apart?
I won't listen!

RICHARD

There are others. Surrounding
him, helping him. Keeping him
safe!

ANN

(swallowing hard,
trying to reason)

Richard, listen to yourself. Listen
to how CRAZY you sound! Others!
More Devils. A conspiracy of
Devils! Oh, God, Richard, please!

RICHARD

(grabbing her hands)

Ann, I saw Charles killed. I saw
Damien's face on the WALL.

She turns a horrified face to him.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

239

The COTILLION is in progress. A hundred boys and girls are
dancing; the boys are all in MILITARY UNIFORMS, the girls
in white evening gowns; all the gowns are alike. Gathered
in bunches at the sides of the huge room are those who are
not yet dancing. Girls on one side, boys on the other.

CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH THE DANCERS ARRIVING AT NEFF AND
DAMIEN.

They stand watching the dancers, looking over at the girls
without partners.

ANGLE ON THE YOUNG GIRL

240

seen with her two bodyguards at the meet. She looks even
prettier in her evening dress. Her guards keep a very low
profile in the b.g.

BACK TO DAMIEN AND NEFF

241

Neff turns to Damien with a smile.

NEFF

You'll need courage to dance with
her, Damien.

Cont.

DAMIEN
The President's daughter?

Neff nods.

DAMIEN
You forget I know the family.

He walks over to the Girl.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 242

It comes to a halt outside the museum. Richard pushes a button and the window slithers down.

RICHARD
Murray, I want you to collect
Damien from the Cotillion.
Immediately.

He gets out of the car, closely followed by Ann.

ANN
What are you going to do?

She watches, helpless, then runs after Richard. Murray watches them both in the rearview mirror as he drives off.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 243

The Cotillion going on. CAMERA SWINGS IN, FINDS Damien dancing with the twelve-year old Girl. Damien sees Neff and Murray over the girl's shoulder. They're in deep conversation. Murray catches Damien's eye.

DAMIEN
You'll have to excuse me, I'll
be back.

He leads her from the floor and is about to follow Murray out of the ballroom, when Neff steps up to him --

ANGLE ON NEFF AND DAMIEN 243-A

NEFF
Be careful.

DAMIEN
You forget who I am.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

244

The side door opens. Richard steps in, key in hand, and starts across the main gallery. Ann comes in after him, wild, in tears.

ANN

Richard --

ANGLE ON THE MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

245

with Richard rushing towards Warren's private room, Ann behind him.

INT. WARREN'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

246

Richard bursts in, switching on the light. Ann follows.

ANN

What are you doing?

RICHARD

The daggers are here.

EXT. DORMER HOTEL - NIGHT

247

Damien and Murray come out. Somebody opens the car's rear door from inside. Damien gets in. Door closes. Car moves off.

INT. WARREN'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

248

Richard is looking wildly around. He goes to the desk and begins pulling open the drawers.

ANN

I won't let you --

RICHARD

Get away. They're here somewhere.

ANN

(wild)

You're going to kill him!

RICHARD

He's got to be --

ANN

No --

RICHARD

Ann, the boy isn't human!

Cont.

He comes upon the locked drawer, tugs at it.

ANN

Your brother's son! The boy
you've loved for seven years!

Richard cannot pull the drawer open. He looks around --
sees an array of ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIGGING TOOLS -- HE GRABS
A CHISEL. He rams it into the tiny gap above the drawer.

ANN

For me, Richard! Wait!

RICHARD

He's got to die!

The drawer is wrenched open -- and there are the daggers,
gleaming in the light. Ann thrusts the drawer shut, and
jams herself between Richard and the drawer.

ANN

I won't let you.

RICHARD

Open the drawer. Give me the
daggers.

They look at each other for a long moment. Tears course
down Ann's cheeks. Ann gives way, turns, opens the drawer.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

249

Car slows to a halt outside the Museum. Damien looks
through the rear window at the massive portals.

INT. WARREN'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

250

RICHARD

Give them to me.

Ann reaches for the drawer.

CLOSE SHOT - RICHARD

251

waiting.

CLOSE SHOT - ANN

252

pulling the daggers out.

TWO SHOT - ANN AND RICHARD

253

She faces him. She holds the cluster of daggers in her
two hands. He holds his hands out for them.

ANGLE OVER RICHARD'S SHOULDER 254

as Ann SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD! Driving all seven daggers into Richard's stomach. Her face goes over Richard's shoulder, evil, changed, horrible.

ANN
(whispering in his ear)
Here are your daggers.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - RICHARD 255

staring o.s., eyes wide --

RICHARD
Ann --

TWO SHOT - RICHARD AND ANN 256

She moves away. Richard plunges forward to the floor, and the seven blades come through his back.

ANN
(a scream of joy)
Damien!

CLOSE SHOT - THE OIL FURNACE 257

in the basement of the museum, which we have seen earlier. It explodes.

OUT 258

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 259

Jolted by the explosion o.s. A jet of burning oil sprays in through the room's vents, covering Ann who catches fire like a human torch. At the same time, the water pipes in the walls burst, and clouds of steam envelop her! In her mad ecstasy she screams out --

ANN
Damien, Damien, Damien!

-- like a demonic Joan of Arc, joyous in her burning death!

OUT 260

EXT. THE MUSEUM - ANGLE ON THE LIMOUSINE 261

with Damien's FACE staring out through a back window, as he watches smoke billowing from underground pipes telling of the holocaust below. CAMERA HOLDS A BRIEF MOMENT on his expressionless face.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

262

Murray is driving. We can NOW SEE Buher is sitting with Damien in the back seat. Damien turns to look back at the MUSEUM, and we FOCUS ON HIM as he stares -- INTO THE CAMERA.

DAMIEN

Paul? Who's going to look after me now?

FREEZE FRAME on Damien's innocent smile.

FADE OUT

ROLLER OVER BLACK:

'for such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of Light.'

(11 Cor 11:13)

THE END