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ECUMENICAL AFFAIRS

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"Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts of the City College of the City University of New York."

FADE IN ON:

INT. GNOSTIC MONASTERY - EGYPT - NIGHT

The scene DESCENDS upon the stony face of an ancient monastery, only it's not ancient at the moment. It stands as an imposing, solitary structure in the midst of a sandstorm.

A moat surrounds the complex, although pointlessly so. Most of the drawbridge is overflowing with sand.

SUPER:

"GNOSTIC MONASTERY - A.D. 392"

A caravan of soldiers on horseback barrel straight down the drawbridge.

At the entrance of the drawbridge stands a Mute Monk, worn and with a permanently grim expression. He holds a torch out in front of him as the soldiers approach.

INT. GNOSTIC MONASTERY/ABBOT'S CHAMBERS - LATER

The ABBOT of the monastery, a shrewd-looking old man, stands at the center of this drab room. Moonlight streams in through an open window, casting murky shadows on the walls.

The soldiers from the caravan stand before the Abbot, armed to the tooth.

A much younger novice monk, ERASTOS stands at the entrance of the Abbot's chambers alongside the Mute Monk.

ABBOT

No.

The soldier at the forefront, STILICHO, pulls off his helmet. As captain of the soldiers he is a virile man, but there's something cruel in his gaze.

STILICHO

No?

ABBOT

No.

STILICHO

(To himself) No.

ABBOT

I am not a heretic Stilicho. You know this. If you're here to negotiate--

STILICHO

Who spoke of negotiation? Choice predates negotiation. And, there's certainly no choice in this matter old man.

ABBOT

There is always a choice. I'd hope at least *that* much has been clear to you.

The novice monk, Erastos, WHIMPERS. Stilicho faces the young monk. He smiles, noticing Erastos' quivering frame.

STILICHO

Did you want to say something?

Erastos opens his mouth to speak. The Abbot gives him a look, and the young monk immediately shuts his mouth.

STILICHO (CONT'D)

Too bad. You seemed like the type who valued his life.

ABBOT

Leave him alone.

STILICHO

I just might - if you cooperate.

ABBOT

I'm curious. How much blood money is Theodosius paying you to sin?

STILICHO

Enough to repaint the walls of this monastery in your blood!

Stilicho's words weaken Erastos' resolve...

ERASTOS

Oh God! Oh God!

Erastos breaks through the ranks of Stilicho's men and flings himself out of the open window.

SILENCE. A feeling of general disbelief sweeps through the room. Stilicho and his men rush to the window.

It's a very long way down. But somehow, Erastos is already past the drawbridge and running into the open desert.

STILICHO

Good God! The boy's sold his soul
to the devil Hermes!

SOLDIER #1

We must be at least twenty yards
up.

SOLDIER #2

More like thirty.

SOLDIER #1

And he's already run at least
another forty.

STILICHO

Fifty.

SOLDIER #3

I think my brother could take him.
He's quite the practiced runner,
you know.

The Abbot and the Mute Monk recognize the fortune in this distraction. They cast furtive glances at each other. The Abbot pulls out a HALBERD from underneath his robes; the Mute Monk, a glistening RING SWORD.

SOLDIER #2

The duke? Isn't he missing both
arms?

STILICHO

Well he doesn't run on his arms you
dimwit.

The Abbot lifts his Halberd and strikes the first of the soldiers. Blood splatters against the walls as he drops dead. Stilicho spins around. He sees what has happened.

STILICHO (CONT'D)

You'll regret that!

The remaining men in the room rouse to action. Weapons are drawn - all hell breaks loose.

The Abbot and the Mute Monk dispatch at least half of the men in the room with deadly accuracy. They spare little effort to minimize the bloodshed. In a matter of seconds, only Stilicho and one of his soldiers are left.

STILICHO (CONT'D)
 Monk or butcher...you'd call
 yourself a holy man all the same.

ABBOT
 I've no reason to spare you.

Just when it looks like it's over for Stilicho...

STILICHO
 Nor I, you.

At least twenty more of Stilicho's men rush into the room,
 effectively overpowering the Abbot and the Mute Monk. The
 monks drop their weapons.

STILICHO (CONT'D)
 Look at this way old man, you'll
 finally be free of this tragic
 prison you call a home.

ABBOT
 You have lowered yourself to the
 baseness of sacrilege and
 immorality.

STILICHO
 Sacrilege is relative to the
 interests of men. Morality hardly
 fits in the equation...
 (Stilicho is practically
 nose-to-nose with the
 Abbot)
 ...but I'll ask you one last time,
 where - are - the scriptures?

ABBOT
 Only God can tell you now.

STILICHO
 Fair enough.

In a single lash, Stilicho mercilessly slashes the Abbot's
 throat. The Abbot falls back, dying...slowly.

The Mute Monk is luckier, he is impaled by several of the
 soldiers' swords and dies almost immediately.

Stilicho stands over the gravely weak Abbot. He grins down at
 his victim.

STILICHO (CONT'D)
 Send my regards to Lucifer.

Stilicho breaks off a pendant from around his neck, tossing the pendant on top of the Abbot as he walks away.

INSERT - THE PENDANT

It's design is a TRIQUETRA with a CROSS embedded at the center of the three rings.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - MORNING

Erastos trots sullenly through the shifting sands. Miles of barren desert surround him, and judging from the dehydrated look on his face - things are looking pretty bad.

There is a tightly bound STACK OF PARCHMENT, tucked into the woolen belt of his habit.

Erastos PANTS. A couple of more steps and he drops. He's not moving. Even as the sand begins to engulf him, he doesn't move. It's nature's grave - covering him, covering him, until the last sliver of light disappears. DARKNESS.

EXT. Gnostic MONASTERY - OPEN DESERT - MORNING

SUPER:

"GNOSTIC MONASTERY RUINS - 1991"

Suddenly, a shaft of light. The sound of sand being SHOVELED off. Sunlight floods through, revealing two faces. They carefully peer down into the newly opened grave.

One of the men is a modern-day Roman Catholic priest, FATHER DE LUCA.

FATHER DE LUCA

Now that shit looks old.

The other man, an EGYPTIAN ARCHAEOLOGIST wipes the sweat off his brow. He speaks in his native accent.

EGYPTIAN ARCHAEOLOGIST

Another year wasted.

FATHER DE LUCA

Oh come on! Look at the habit - it's intact. The museum's going to love that.

EGYPTIAN ARCHAEOLOGIST

If I wanted observe the remains of
a decaying priest, I would've
stayed in Cairo and watched you
give mass all day.

The Egyptian Archaeologist walks away in a huff. He SHOUTS
out unintelligible orders at his digging crew.

Father De Luca is too entranced in his examination of the
shallow grave to respond. Something catches his eye.

FATHER DE LUCA

(To himself)
What is *that*?

FADE TO:

EXT. U.S. MILITARY BASE - REMOTE ISLAND - MORNING

SUPER:

"TOP SECRET U.S. MILITARY BASE:

OPERATION JANINE

YEAR: 1993"

Right off the bat, you can tell this isn't your typical
military base. It's scope and size is almost too much to take
in at once. There's an enormous observation satellite
scanning the skies at the center of the compound.

A humvee pulls up to the high-security entrance. A typical no-
nonsense American GENERAL sits in the passenger side. He
scoots up for a retinal scan. His driver, a LIEUTENANT
watches as the scanner sweeps a beam across the General's
face.

The General flinches.

GENERAL

Goddammit! That laser beam just
burned my eye!

LIEUTENANT

That's not possible sir. It's
infrared--

GENERAL

I know what it is Lieutenant! Thank
you very much!

The entrance HISSES open, allowing passage for the humvee.

A young woman, JANINE TAKAHASHI, narrates.

JANINE (V.O.)

My story, like most things in a
girl's life, begins with my mother.

INT. U.S. MILITARY BASE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The General and his Lieutenant walk down a twisting passageway, squeaky clean and lit with fluorescent lights. It looks like a hospital. The two men are escorted by a MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST.

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST

The first generation Janines were a great success, but *this* generation - well they're works of art.

GENERAL

Fifteen billion goddamned dollars. They had better be a masterpiece.

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST

Just watch the video General.

INT. U.S MILITARY BASE/VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The men step into a darkened viewing room. There are several other high-profile military commanders already sitting inside, representing every branch of the U.S. Armed forces.

The General and his Lieutenant take a seat next to a stone-faced Navy Commander. The screen at the forefront of the room BLIPS to life.

ON SCREEN:

A catchy electro-pop beat PLAYS. The VIDEO NARRATOR speaks in a synthetic voice.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

Welcome to the New Janine Project.

--Ten beautiful girls stand in a row - Rockette style. They're beaming at the camera. If it weren't for their modified, pin-up military uniforms, they'd pass as beauty queens.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

Versatility.

--The girls stomp to the beat, crossing each other as though on a coordinated catwalk.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)
Total warfare expertise.

--In camouflage print high heels, several of the girls demonstrate their skill with a melange of weaponry: assault rifles, handguns, rocket launchers... They never stop smiling, and the result is always the same. Total target annihilation.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)
Enhanced physical capabilities.

--Two of the girls are deep underwater in matching swimsuits, but no underwater gear. They swim elegantly toward an approaching military submarine. One of the girls motions to her partner with a smile.

--Together the two girls strain with a top hatch of the submarine. In seconds it gives way. Inside the submarine a group of soldiers seem dumbstruck by the sudden onslaught of water. They SHOUT in a foreign language. The girls give the audience a friendly wave.

--SUPERn:

"SPECIAL OPS
BIOLOGICAL TEMPERATURE REGULATION
CUSTOMIZED ACCESSORIES!!"

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)
Representing every military branch.

--The same ten girls rotate as if on an invisible carousel. Each one wearing a uniform for different ranks and branches of the military.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)
(echo to fade) Janine, Janine,
Janine...

--The girls salute their audience.

BACK TO:

INT. U.S MILITARY BASE/VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights flicker back on. There's a pensive SILENCE in the room. The Military Psychologist steps to the forefront of the room.

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST
Umm, questions?

An AIR FORCE CAPTAIN raises his hand.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
How is this...*version* better than
the original Janine?

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST
These women opted for genetic
alteration. So...fewer drugs.

MURMURS amongst the officers in the room. An ARMY COLONEL
raises his hand.

ARMY COLONEL
How legal is this?

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST
Define legal?

ARMY COLONEL
Nevermind. Question answered.

A MARINE MAJOR raises his hand.

MARINE MAJOR
Who made this video?

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST
Actually we had an producer from
one of those music videos kid love
put it together. Not bad right?

MARINE MAJOR
It's pretty shitty.

MILITARY PSYCHOLOGIST
Defense budget doesn't exactly
cover Superbowl quality ads *Major*.
Sells the product though.

The General finally raises his hand.

GENERAL
How soon can they be ready?

EXT. MANSION - TOULOUSE, FRANCE - MORNING

A cherry red Sedan pulls up the bucolic driveway of this
enormous mansion. A butler greets its passengers at the head
of the driveway.

Two women step out of the car. Both of them are dressed to the nines, matching pill box hats and all. One of the women is JANINE NOBLES. She's a brunette vixen.

JANINE (V.O.)
That's my mother, JANINE NOBLES,
the eighteenth mod-soldier of the
Janine project.

She smiles warmly at her traveling companion, JANINE LAWRENCE. This one's a blonde bombshell.

JANINE (V.O.)
And that's my honorary aunt, JANINE
LAWRENCE, number nineteen.

The two women stride up to the entrance of mansion and calmly whip out military-grade sidearms from their purses. The butler is absolutely horror-struck. He runs off in the opposite direction.

JANINE (V.O.)
And if you have no idea how much
damage a genetically modified
soldier can inflict on enemy
hostiles...

Janine N. kicks in the door as Janine L. affixes a silencer to her weapon.

INT. MANSION/DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Several men stand or sit around a table working on I.U.Ds. They are absolutely startled by the Janines' abrupt entrance into their workspace.

JANINE (V.O.)
Then you're probably one of the
lucky ones.

Neither woman hesitates. They fire indiscriminately into the room, and they don't miss their mark.

Some of the men try to physically disarm Janine N. She dispassionately defeats them in hand-to-hand combat - breaking limbs in sickening and awkward directions. They never had a chance.

One man is left. He tries to set off one of the bombs atop the table. Janine L. shoots him in the hand. He SCREAMS and drops to the floor.

Janine N. quickly sifts through some of the contents of a drawer. She pulls out an unmarked CD-rom and shows it to Janine L. Both women nod, rearrange their pillbox hats, and calmly exit the mansion.

EXT. MANSION/DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The cherry red Sedan pulls away from the gated entrance. Just out of sight as several police squads SCREECH into view.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - TOKYO, JAPAN - DAY

An attractive poker-faced CEO, the type of guy that melts the hearts of women, sits at the head of a corporate roundtable. This is YUU TAKAHASHI.

JANINE (V.O.)

My father on the other hand - he was a real hotshot. Japanese magnate, CEO of an art preservation society, immutable playboy...

An attractive secretary rubs her leg against Yuu's.

INT. YUU'S BEDROOM - TOKYO, JAPAN - MORNING

The attractive secretary lies in bed next to Yuu, post-coitus. She strokes Yuu's chest with her hand. He GLARES over at her.

YUU

Is there a reason you're still here?

JANINE (V.O.)

And an asshole too. Actually, probably more of an asshole than anything else.

INT. U.S. MILITARY BASE - TOKYO, JAPAN - MORNING

Yuu tours the military base alongside other Japanese CEOs. A Commander leads them down a long corridor.

JANINE (V.O.)

Mom and Dad met on a U.S. Military base in Japan.

Janine N. walks down an intersecting hallway alongside an Air Force Colonel. She crosses paths with Yuu. They stare at each other as they walk past each other.

INT. YUU'S BEDROOM - TOKYO, JAPAN - EVENING

The double doors to Yuu's bedroom BURST open. Yuu is shoved into the room...by Janine N. Janine N. rips open his shirt and tosses Yuu onto his bed like a ragdoll.

JANINE (V.O.)

There are conflicting reports as to how this relationship actually worked...

Yuu seems slightly frazzled. He reaches towards a small tray of condoms atop a nightstand.

YUU

We should--

Janine N. smacks the tray out of his reach. It hits the wall with enough force to leave a dent.

YUU (CONT'D)

Or not.

Janine N. GROWLS seductively and dives on top of Yuu before he has a chance to protest.

INT. LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE/HOSPITAL - TEXAS - MORNING

Janine N. sits in a hospital bed happily cradling a baby girl, our narrator, JANINE TAKAHASHI. Janine L. is her only visitor.

JANINE (V.O.)

But on January 1, 1996, I, Janine Takahashi was born on the Lackland Air Force Base.

Janine L. holds out perfectly wrapped gift box.

JANINE L.

He had the decency of sending this via International Express Mail.

JANINE N.

You know he's not obligated to me.

JANINE L.
Of course not. He's just your
baby's father after all...who
happens to be filthy rich.

JANINE N.
I don't need his money.

Janine L. SIGHS. Too tired to argue.

JANINE L.
Well, lets open it and see what
wonderful gifts your inseminator
hath bestowed upon you.

Janine L. unwraps the packaging on the box. She lifts open
the cover and peers inside. After a moment, she pulls out a
book, the kind of leather bound tome you'd find at a big
library.

Janine L. holds up the book. The book's title, GOSPEL OF
JESUS, shines across the front cover.

JANINE L. (CONT'D)
A book. An old book. About
religion.

JANINE N.
He's really into antiques--

JANINE L.
Of course he is. And I'm sure this
very practical gift will be of
great help in raising a newborn.

JANINE N.
Janine...

Something inside the box catches Janine L.'s attention. She
pulls out a jewelry case. Inside it--a show-stopping diamond
encrusted bracelet, earring, necklace combo.

Janine L. grins at Janine N, holding up the case.

JANINE L.
Well that's more like it.

INT. LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE/CAMPING GROUNDS - EVENING

Several Air Force Instructors, including several MEDICS,
SERGEANTS, LIEUTENANTS, creep toward a row of tents on the
open training grounds.

JANINE (V.O.)
Overall, I'd say my childhood was
pretty normal...

The MASTER SERGEANT abruptly BELLOWS into a megaphone.

MASTER SERGEANT
Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Moooove
your asses!

Several tiny heads peek out of the tents. They're all groggy six-year old girls. Almost reflexively, the girls begin to pull on their combat gear.

JANINE (V.O.)
You know, for someone training to
be a genetically enhanced mod-
soldier.

LIEUTENANT INSTRUCTOR
Perez! This isn't the Girl Scouts!
Get dressed and get the hell out of
the tent!

The girls stumble out of the tent grabbing their rucksacks, all of them labeled with the initial "J" alongside their last names.

--The girls crawl face-first in the mud towards the top of a steep hill. A raven-haired girl crawls ahead of the rest - our narrator, Janine Takahashi.

JANINE (V.O.)
Awww...that's little me.

--Janine T. reaches the top of the hill first.

MASTER SERGEANT
Takahashi! Flutter kicks until the
rest of your team gets here!

--The girls stand at the edge of a pool, shivering in full gear. An instructor WHISTLES. The girls jump into the pool. They swim without breaking the surface.

One girl tries to come up.

SWIM INSTRUCTOR
I know you're not coming up for air
Carter! I know you're not coming up
for air!

JANINE (V.O.)
It wasn't always easy...

Several instructors thrash at the water around her until the girl goes back under.

LIEUTENANT INSTRUCTOR
Get back under the water or you're
starting over!

--The girls creep through a jungle-like training ground. Janine T. motions to the girl closest to her. Suddenly, shots RING out in every direction.

A moving target slides in front of Janine T. She doesn't hesitate to fire. Every shot makes it into the target's head.

JANINE (V.O.)
But it sure felt worth it.

--The little girls sit in a classroom. A STAFF SERGEANT points at the words "CHEMICAL WARFARE" on the projector screen.

STAFF SERGEANT
Can anyone tell me what this
entails?

All hands in the classroom go up.

--Janine stands at attention alongside her teammates. It's a promotion ceremony. Janine N. walks along the row, pinning the insignia on each girl.

JANINE (V.O.)
I fit in. I had a purpose in life.

Janine N. stops when she comes to her daughter. As she places the pin on her blazer she winks. Janine T. can't suppress a smile.

JANINE (V.O.)
Until it all came to a bitter end.

EXT. LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE/JANINE I.'S HOUSING UNIT - DAY

An ten-year-old Janine T. rushes to the door of her mother's quarters. There is a flurry of activity at the door. Mostly medics and military officials.

JANINE (V.O.)
My mother had done the unthinkable.
The one thing no Janine could ever
do.

The General sees Janine T. He tries to stand in the doorway to block her view. Janine N. lies face down on the ground in a pool of her own blood. There's a gun in her hand.

INT. U.S. DEFENSE DEPARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

A military official sits at his desk examining a file. Two other officers stand in front of him. They look extremely grim.

JANINE (V.O.)
 You see, the Janine Project relied
 on the mental stability of its
 participants. Not one had ever
 killed herself...

INSERT - A DOCUMENT WITH THE HEADING:

"JANINE GENESIS PROJECT"

After a moment, the general presses a TERMINATED stamp onto the file.

JANINE (V.O.)
 ...Not one would ever do it again.

EXT. YUU'S PENTHOUSE, UPPER WEST SIDE, NYC - MORNING

The door to Yuu's penthouse swings open. Yuu seems slightly startled. A nervous looking Janine T. stands next to an Air Force Master Sergeant...and she's carrying luggage.

A well-dressed blonde, LINDA MONTGOMERY-TAKAHASHI walks up behind Yuu.

LINDA
 Darling, the butler called to say--

A bright-eyed little girl, AMANDA TAKAHASHI, runs up behind Yuu. She stares at Janine T.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Amanda, run along sweetheart.

AMANDA
 Who's that daddy?

YUU
 Your sister.

Janine T. glances at the floor awkwardly. Linda faints.

INT. ART GALA - UPPER WEST SIDE, NYC - DAY

In this extravagant gallery, a twelve-year-old Janine hangs awkwardly near a window. The children of the other guests have already formed cliques, directly excluding her.

JANINE (V.O.)

I tried to integrate into my dad's lifestyle, but I underestimated the standards by which he expected me to live by...

Janine watches a SUSPICIOUS GUEST stick his hand into his pocket. He pulls out a small, gleaming gun.

Janine doesn't hesitate. She lunges herself at the man, slamming both of them across the floor. She holds a swiss army knife to his throat. Several guest SCREAM.

JANINE

Put the gun down! Put the goddamned gun down!

The Suspicious Guest SOBS hysterically.

SUSPICIOUS GUEST

Please, please, oh God! Please don't kill me! It's only a lighter! I swear.

Janine yanks the "gun" from his hand. She pulls the trigger. The only thing it shoots out is a tiny flame.

Janine is slightly taken aback. MURMURS. And a single look of unequivocal disappointment from Yuu.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY - UPSTATE NEW YORK - MORNING

Janine glares at the SCHOOL MANSION looming over her, luggage in tow. She wears the uniform of this exclusive coed Catholic boarding school.

The words "ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY" have been molded into the metal school gate, an air of GLOOM hanging over them.

JANINE (V.O.)

St. Edmund Rich Academy - a desolate all-girls' boarding school in the bowels of New York. The perfect setting for a horror story, and my new home for many years to come.

Janine walks towards the school begrudgingly, along with Amanda and a horde of newcomers.

Within Janine's luggage, we see her mother's "Gospel of Jesus" tome peeking out.

JANINE (V.O.)

All I can say is...

As Janine enters the school, the gates SLAM shut behind her.

JANINE (V.O.)

It was easier in the military.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY - NEW YORK - PRESENT DAY

SUPER:

"ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY - 5 YEARS LATER"

A solemn-faced, seventeen-year old Janine sits alone in an empty classroom, reading a gaudy 'TEEN GRR' magazine.

She's as pretty as her mother, but seems to have lost the spark she exhibited as a child. In that sense, she's more like Yuu.

The door to the classroom swing open. It's the four members of the ALPHA CLIQUE. They walk to their own beat.

Their leader? EMILY JEFFERSON, a cute girl and an absolute bitch all rolled into one. She has bully written all over her face. Her cronies SARAH, FAE, and LULU follow close by.

Behind them - an older Amanda. She seems highly irritated.

EMILY

Well, well, well, if it isn't G.I.
can't get a boyfriend to save my
life.

AMANDA

They tricked me.

Janine doesn't bother to look up.

JANINE

I'm busy Emily. Make it quick.

EMILY

To be busy, you'd need an actual
social life. And *that* Teen Grr is
at least two months old.

Janine shuts the magazine abruptly.

JANINE

What do you want?

SARA

You should be thrilled. We're addressing a cause close to your heart.

FAE

A PTSD fund for veterans returning from the active-duty.

LULU

And we want you as our poster child.

EMILY

Sad little girl loses her mommy to the trauma of war.

Janine SCOFFS.

JANINE

Fuck off.

EMILY

Ooh naughty, naughty. But I wouldn't be so hasty. I'd hate to see those photos fall in the wrong hands...

Janine face hardens. She clenches and unclenches her fists. Amanda seems slightly panic-stricken.

AMANDA

It's--

EMILY

What do you say Janine?

JANINE

I'll...do your stupid Veteran's drive.

The girl's exchange triumphant smiles.

EMILY

Good answer. We'll talk.

All four members of the Alpha Clique wave condescendingly as they slink out of the classroom.

Janine SLAMS her palms down on her desk.

JANINE
What the hell Amanda?

AMANDA
They threatened me with the same thing.

JANINE
So you told them where I was?

AMANDA
They were going to find you anyway.

JANINE
What's with this "PTSD Drive" shit anyway? What do they want?

AMANDA
It's--they're trying to impress these new priests.

JANINE
Priests? Are you serious?

AMANDA
Well, they're supposed to be you know--not old priests.

JANINE
And just when I thought sexual desperation couldn't get *any* lower.

AMANDA
I'm really sorry about this.

Janine SIGHS.

JANINE
Look, it's not your fault.
Just...forget it.

Janine reopens the Teen Grr magazine, still fuming. SILENCE.

AMANDA
So you're reading Teen Grr?

JANINE
Yep.

Amanda quickly snatches away the magazine from Janine's hand revealing an entirely different booklet underneath.

AMANDA
U.S. Defense Report - September
2012. Wow. Is that part of Teen
Grr's special edition?

Janine SIGHS and dumps the Defense Report into her bookbag.

JANINE
Excuse me if I take an active
interest in the country we live in.

AMANDA
Maybe you should try dating
instead.

Janine stands up abruptly and grabs her bookbag, making it a
point to avoid the topic.

JANINE
I'm hungry. Let's go eat.

AMANDA
Ten points for topic avoidance.

JANINE
Minus ten for bringing up a topic I
don't want to discuss.

Amanda follows Janine out of the classroom. They make their
way down a long hallway.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Imposing portraits of Saints line the walls, glaring down at
every passerby.

AMANDA
By the way...

JANINE
Forget it.

AMANDA
You don't even know what I'm going
to say.

JANINE
Trust me, I do.

AMANDA

The All Saint's Dance is a rite of passage for even the most cynical of individuals. That means you by the way.

JANINE

Sounds serious.

AMANDA

It is!

JANINE

Unless I joined a convent.

AMANDA

You're not religious.

JANINE

Is that still a requirement?

AMANDA

Janine.

JANINE

It's September Amanda. My mind doesn't process events taking place two days from now, let alone two months.

AMANDA

Well I have a date already.

JANINE

Good for you.

AMANDA

Do you want to know who he is?

JANINE

Something tells me you're going to share no matter what I say.

AMANDA

You know that week I left to California with mom?

JANINE

In August. Yeah.

AMANDA

I met him over there. His father's the CEO of a bank. But he's so edgy.

JANINE

Does loverboy have a name?

AMANDA

Chuck Harris. And he's coming to New York in October. Just in time for the dance.

JANINE

Convenient *and* romantic.

AMANDA

I know right?

Amanda sashays away, lost in her own little world.

Two custodians stand on ladders, aligning some of the portraits. One of the two, a striking man with a DANGLING CRUCIFIX EARRING, smiles at Janine as she passes by.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY - PROVOST BUILDING - DAY

Warm lighting casts a moody glow on the excessively grandiose waiting area outside of the OFFICE OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

Two young priests sit on throne-like chairs set up for visitors. The men, twenty-year-old identical twins, are quintessential heartthrobs.

The more bedraggled of the two brothers, JACK O'BRIAN, shifts around, fidgeting in his seat. His designer shoes and modern haircut give him a European playboy edge, highly uncharacteristic for a priest.

Jack's brother, JAMES O'BRIAN, frowns into a book he reads, attempting to ignore his brother's antics. Although identical to Jack in appearance, he has a more classical priestly appearance.

Jack continues to move around, causing the chair's material to SQUEAK. James finally looks up, unable to control his annoyance.

JAMES

Could you possibly sit still for more than ten seconds?

JACK

This chair is highly uncomfortable.

JAMES

I don't care. You're being annoying. Stop it.

Jack slumps down in his chair, spreading his legs out comfortably. James goes back to reading his book. SILENCE.

Jack stares at his brother, hoping to get his attention. Finally, James looks up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What?

JACK

I have a new theory.

JAMES

I'm not interested in any of your theories, new or otherwise.

JACK

What happened between me and those Italian flight stewardesses - that's not a violation of church law.

JAMES

I see the concept of celibacy has gone completely over your head, as per usual.

JACK

Celibacy is abstaining from marriage, chastity is abstaining from sex. I took a vow of celibacy, not chastity. All I have to do is have sex outside of marriage, and I'm virtually sinless.

JAMES

It's still a sin to have sex outside of marriage, dipshit.

JACK

Huh. Didn't think of that.

Jack slumps back in his chair, defeated.

JAMES

And since when do you care enough to rationalize your nymphomaniacal behavior?

JACK

I wasn't thinking about me. I'm more concerned with you. You've taken this whole priest thing to heart.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

It's admirable and all, but when was the last time you enjoyed the company of a beautiful woman?

JAMES

Like those flight stewardesses?

JACK

You can't possibly hold that against me for--

JAMES

ANYWAY, your concern is misplaced. I suggest focusing your energies on the task at hand.

JACK

What's there to focus on? It's not that difficult.

JAMES

It will *become* difficult if you draw attention to yourself.

JACK

That's why I have you to look out for me. You're the cunning one.

A door at the end of the hallway CREAKS open followed by the approaching CLICK of a woman's heels.

Finally...SISTER MARIE CLAIRE appears. She is a bombshell of a woman, from her form-fitting dress-suit to the sway of her hips.

Jack leans back, a playboy predatory gaze firmly set on the sway of Marie Claire's hips as she walks towards the Archbishop's Office, only to be met with...the disapproving GLARE of James.

Sister Marie Claire stops at the door and turns to the priests.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

Do you intend come in, or would you rather stare at my ass all day?

JACK

I can multi-task.

THWACK! James smacks Jack across the face with the bible he had been carrying. Jack GROANS.

JAMES

Do ignore him. Idiocy is a powerful demon that he has yet to conquer.

Sister Marie Claire opens the oaken double doors leading into the Archbishop's office. James and Jack follow her inside.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/OFFICE OF THE ARCHBISHOP - DAY

The Archbishop's office is palatial and forbidding. A giant portrait of St. Edmund Rich hangs on the wall behind a wide desk.

ARCHBISHOP Kaiser, middle-aged and attractive, sits behind his desk, a shotgun aimed directly at his unexpected visitors.

Jack and James raise their arms up defensively.

ARCHBISHOP

The Lord gave us hands to knock with, Marie!

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

I'm aware. But these are the new young clerics you were so eager to meet.

The Archbishop finally lowers his weapon underneath his desk.

ARCHBISHOP

Ah, yes, yes, of course. Sorry about that.

(Nervous CHUCKLE)

Gave me a bit of a start.

The Archbishop stands up and reaches out to shake the twins' hands.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

The twins.

JAMES

It's good to finally meet you Archbishop Kaiser. I'm James O'Brian, and this is my brother Jack O'Brian.

ARCHBISHOP

Yes, yes. I've heard all about you from Archbishop Worthington. Twin priests. Very unusual. You know, I always wanted a twin.

JACK
That a fact?

ARCHBISHOP
Well, if anyone ever wanted to kill
me, I'd use my twin as decoy.

James and Jack stare uncertainly at the Archbishop. The
Archbishop bursts out in cacophonous LAUGHTER.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)
I'm only kidding of course.

James and Jack force unenthusiastic LAUGHS.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
I'm leaving now. The afternoon
announcements are overdue.

ARCHBISHOP
You have introduced yourself to the
boys, haven't you Marie?

Sister Marie Claire frowns.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)
Sister Marie Claire is the Mother
Superior of the St. Edmund Rich
Convent.

Jack arches an eyebrow.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)
Other than myself, she's the go-to
person on this campus. She'll make
sure all of your needs are met.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
Not *all* your needs.

JACK
Duly noted.

Sister Marie Claire scowls. She strides out of the office,
SLAMMING the doors shut behind her.

ARCHBISHOP
Excuse her. She's always had a
somewhat nasty disposition. Comes
with the whole 'nun' territory.

The Archbishop grabs a bottle behind his desk and pours
himself a glass of whiskey. He holds out the bottle to the
twins.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

Whiskey?

JACK

Please.

James shrugs in agreement. The Archbishop carefully pours whiskey into two additional glasses, contemplatively.

ARCHBISHOP

It's a good thing you're here though. I presume you've been briefed on my little *problem*.

JAMES

Sixteen assassination attempts in the last month. Quite a number.

ARCHBISHOP

Precisely. You see how that can be slightly unnerving?

JACK

It's excessive. But we've had firsthand experience dealing with this type of situation before.

ARCHBISHOP

I was pleased when I heard you volunteered for this assignment, though I'm confused as to why.

JAMES

The Vatican intercepted several letters last month in which your name, as well as the name of this school figured prominently.

ARCHBISHOP

And?

Jack drops a small pin atop the Archbishop's desk. It's immediately recognizable as the same symbol Stilicho dropped atop the Abbot's corpse. It's a Triquetra with a crucifix driven through the center.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

You're fucking kidding me.

JAMES

As you well know, Jack and I have experience dealing with this particular group.

ARCHBISHOP

What could they possibly want from me? I should just move back to Rome! I don't want to deal with this shit!

JACK

Unfortunately, you can't do that just yet. Vatican wants you here, until we've evaluated the situation.

ARCHBISHOP

Oh? Evaluated? And in the meantime, I'll just sit on my ass and act as living bait. How reassuring.

JAMES

We will take precautionary measures. I wouldn't be too concerned if I were you.

ARCHBISHOP

Oh you wouldn't, would you?

JAMES

When did these attacks start exactly?

ARCHBISHOP

Over the summer. In August. They took out the brakes on my car.

JACK

How did you?...

ARCHBISHOP

I jumped out of the car. Obviously.

JAMES

And what can you tell us about the most recent attempt?

The Archbishop is still upset as he motions towards a brown package atop his desk.

ARCHBISHOP

Came in this morning. No return sender. I'm certainly not opening it.

James and Jack take turns examining the package. They give each other a look.

JAMES

Sixteen assassination attempts,
huh?

Jack walks over to the nearest window and pushes it open. James grabs the package and heaves it out, skyward. BOOM! The package explodes mid-flight.

The three men lean out the window, watching the small mushroom cloud wind down.

JACK

Make that seventeen.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/JANINE & AMANDA'S DORM - MORNING

Janine's and Amanda's dorm is pretty standard for teenage girls. Posters, a vanity loaded with makeup, pretty looking trinkets here and there, all alongside two twin beds.

Janine walks into the room and locks the door behind her. She glances left-to-right before crawling under her bed. There's a barely visible curl on the carpeting underneath.

Janine pulls back the carpeting to reveal a floor panel with a small handle. She yanks open the handle, and pulls out a chest from inside.

There's a brief twinkle in her eye as she examines the chest's contents: her mother's Gospel of Jesus, syringes containing unmarked liquids, several sidearms, a heavily decorated Air Force blazer.

Janine glances at the name emblazoned on the blazer. JANINE NOBLES. After a second, she shakes off her nostalgic daze and checks the safety on one of her sidearms. LOUD KNOCKING.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Janine. Are you in there? It's me.
I can't open the door. I lost my
key.

Janine abruptly affixes the gun into a thigh holster concealed underneath her skirt, and shoves the chest back into its hidden slot.

She stands up and opens the door. Amanda trudges in tiredly and tosses herself onto her bed.

JANINE

Lost your key again, huh?

AMANDA

Yeah. Weird thing is, I swore I had it with me this morning.

Janine discreetly slides a key onto Amanda's night stand.

JANINE

That is weird.

Janine pretends to notice the key for the first time.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Hey! Look - it's right here.

Amanda frowns.

AMANDA

What the hell?

JANINE

You should put it on a key ring.

Janine jingles her own key ring at Amanda. A small iridescent BLUE VIAL hangs from the chain. Janine slings her bookbag over her shoulder and heads to the door.

AMANDA

Leaving already?

JANINE

Yeah, I'm going to the computer lab.

AMANDA

Can't you use the laptop?

Janine's cellphone RINGS. She glances down at the Caller ID. It reads "LACKLAND, AIR BASE". Janine hangs up the call.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Who was it?

JANINE

No one.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/COMPUTER LAB - AFTERNOON

Janine sits alone in the darkened computer lab. She types at a brisk pace.

ON SCREEN - The U.S. Department of Defense's webpage comes up. Janine clicks through a few more screens before arriving at a login page.

She types in her password and username. The new webpage seems extremely official. Janine peers closely at the screen.

JACK (O.S.)

What is *that*?

Janine practically falls off her chair. She spins around - coming face-to-face with Jack, who struggles to see the screen she so desperately hides.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's not suspicious at all.

JANINE

What do you want?

JACK

Ouch.

JANINE

Sorry. I didn't mean to be rude.
It's just...I have a problem with
people sneaking up on me.

JACK

That a fact?

Janine stares at Jack's clerical collar with apprehension. Jack pulls off the collar insert and dangles it in front of Janine's face.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's off then - see? Friends now?

JANINE

I didn't mean to stare--

JACK

Don't worry about it. The collar
makes a lot of people
uncomfortable...What's your name?

JANINE

Janine. Takahashi.

Janine shuts down the computer behind her.

JACK

Any relation to Yuu Takahashi?

JANINE

He's my father.

JACK
Impressive. I guess everyone here
is loaded after all.

Janine shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)
He's sold quite a few antiques to
the Vatican.

JANINE
I wouldn't know.

JACK
So what's with the whole U.S.
Department of Defense thing?

JANINE
I'm working on a project.

JACK
How ambitious.

Janine nods and starts packing her things.

JACK (CONT'D)
I haven't even told you my name.
I'm Jack. Father Jack O'Brian. I'm
new here.

JANINE
Pleased to meet you father.

Janine bows her head slightly and moves to leave. Jack abruptly grabs her by the skirt and yanks her to his lap, one arm wrapped around her rib cage.

He brings his lips to her ear.

JACK
Aren't you going to show me around?

Janine grabs Jack's wrist and twists it into a supinating wristlock. She throws him over her shoulder onto the ground.

JANINE
What the hell do you think you're
doing?

Jack LAUGHS from the floor. He fakes a pout.

JACK
I thought we were friends.

Janine gives him a look of disgust before running out of the classroom.

Jack sits up rubbing his wrist. A SMIRK. He holds Janine's keys in his hand, it's small BLUE VIAL dangling from the chain.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/SCIENCE BUILDING - MORNING

Several fifth graders stand in a long line outside of the science building. At the entrance - security officers and bomb-sniffing dogs.

Each of the fifth grade girls are scanned entirely before being allowed to enter the building. An OFFICER stops a LITTLE GIRL. He's holding her teddy bear hostage.

OFFICER

What's inside of this?!

LITTLE GIRL

They're beads! I swear!

OFFICER

I don't believe you.

The officer carves open the teddy bear. Beads spill out of its stomach. The officer examines them for a moment, before handing back the destroyed bear to the Little Girl.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Okay. You're clear.

The Little Girl runs SOBBING into the building.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY, SCIENCE BUILDING/MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The Archbishop peers down at the spectacle taking place at the foot of the building.

Sister Marie Claire stands behind him, shaking her head in disgust.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

This is highly unnecessary.

ARCHBISHOP

It's not your life that's at stake.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

They're fifth graders!

ARCHBISHOP

They leave stickers on the ceilings
Marie! How do they leave stickers
on the ceilings? There aren't any
ladders! What else are they capable
of?

Sister Marie Claire rolls her eyes.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY, SCIENCE BUILDING/CLASSROOM -
SAME TIME

James stands at the head of the classroom, lecturing on
Biology. He moves around the classroom as he speaks.

Every girl in the room stares at him with lovestruck eyes--
oohing and ahing at his every move. Emily, sitting in the
front row with the rest of the Alpha Clique, casts him every
seductive look in the book.

Only Janine glares at him.

JAMES

So, can anyone tell me how
cytolysis works?

Hands go up. James picks on Emily.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Yes? Emily, right? Can you tell me?

EMILY

You remembered my name.

James smiles warmly at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(orgasmically) Cytolysis happens
when water moves into a cell and it
gets so full...so
uncontrollable...that it can't take
it anymore and...it...just... it
just...bursts!

Janine looks absolutely repulsed.

JAMES

Okay...Thank you Emily. What type
of cell cannot undergo this
process? And why? Uh...

(James scans the room)

...Janine?

JANINE

Me?

JAMES

You are Janine, yes?

Janine SCOFFS. James stares at Janine quizzically.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Is there a problem with the question?

All eyes turn to Janine.

JANINE

Plants. Because they have a cell wall.

JAMES

Correct.

James turns back to the board.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Can anyone tell me--

James is interrupted as a classroom window bursts open. A Molotov cocktail SMASHES into a student's desk. The fire spreads immediately.

Students SHRIEK and run out of the classroom. Janine is the only one to jump to action, batting at the flames with her blazer.

James grabs her and shoves her away from the desk.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are you an idiot? Get out! I'll handle this!

Janine doesn't take too kindly to the insult. She grabs hold of James's shoulders, knees him full force in the groin, and clocks him straight across the jaw.

James falls to the floor, absolutely stunned. Janine stands over James, a dangerous look in her eye.

JANINE

Go ahead. Handle it.

Janine walks over James and casually exits the smoke-filled room.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/ARCHBISHOP'S OFFICE - LATER

Janine sits on the floor outside the Archbishop's office. Amanda sits next to Janine, her face buried in her hands. After a while, Amanda finally looks up.

AMANDA

You'll be lucky if they don't expel you.

JANINE

Sorry.

AMANDA

Sorry? That's all you have to say?

JANINE

He shouldn't have called me an idiot.

AMANDA

You left him unconscious in a burning room!

JANINE

That's not true. I came back to put out the fire.

AMANDA

Do you realize how much Emily likes this guy?

JANINE

Do you realize I don't care?

AMANDA

You should! She still has those pictures!

JANINE

How is that my problem?

AMANDA

You're my sister! I don't have anyone else I can depend on!

JANINE

Well maybe if you hadn't been such an idiot in the first place, we wouldn't be in this situation, now would we?

Amanda gapes at Janine. Regret immediately registers across Janine's face.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Amanda, I--I didn't mean it like that--

AMANDA

Yes-you-did.

Amanda stand up and walks away, leaving Janine alone in her silence.

Janine SIGHS. The door to the Archbishop's Office swings open. Sister Marie Claire steps out.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

It looks like you've been given a final lifeline, Takahashi. You're on probation. Father O'Brian asked for you to be allowed to stay.

JANINE

He did?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

My guess? Since his balls are still functional, he's not holding any grudges.

JANINE

So, I can go?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

Yeah, you wish. Besides permanent detention, you've been banned from all social functions, and you'll be doing community service around the school for the rest of the year.

Janine grimaces.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't complain too much. Just stay away from James O'Brian. He doesn't like you.

JANINE

Maybe we have something in common after all.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/ SCHOOL RECTORY - DAY

This is Jack's and James' living space - It's split into two dissimilar halves. One side of the rectory is ascetic and priest-like.

The other half of the room looks largely like a frat house with posters of scantily-clad women plastered on the walls.

James stomps into the Rectory, his face visibly bruised. He slams the door behind him and angrily rips down one of the many posters of topless women.

JAMES

Jack! Jack! Are you in here?

James looks around the Rectory.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Jack!

James opens the door to the study. Jack sits on a chair with a SEXY FEMALE STUDENT, straddling him. SHOUTING. James shuts the door immediately.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Shit!

A few seconds later Jack steps out adjusting his pants. The sexy female student scampers past James.

SEXY FEMALE STUDENT

See you around father.

Jack winks at the girl. She exits the room. Jack turns his attention back to his brother.

JACK

Don't you know how to knock?

JAMES

You're a real prick you know that?

JACK

But you won't deny she's hot.

JAMES

Your "necessities" threaten to hinder our progress.

JACK

Dude, what the hell happened to your face?

JAMES

I fixed it so that I'd look less like you!

James searches through his drawers. Jack holds up Janine's keys, JINGLING them to grab James' attention.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What the hell are those for?

JACK
It seems we have a pretty little infiltrator in our midst. You want progress? I suggest start with her room.

Jack tosses the keys at James.

JAMES
Who?

JACK
Janine Takahashi.

James's face falls.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know her? Caught her going into a military site. Password encrypted. Now where does a seventeen-year-old girl get that type of access?

JAMES
I should have guessed.

JACK
You think she's our perp?

JAMES
I *know* she is.

JACK
So you admit it? I did a good job.

James ignores his brother. He opens another drawer, this one full of clothes, and rummages through it angrily...searching.

JACK (CONT'D)
Why are you even here? Aren't you supposed to be at mass right now?

JAMES
Because this is my fucking room too!...

(James angrily tosses over the contents of the drawer onto the floor)
...Did you take my stole?!

JACK

Uhh...oh shit. I did. I think I left it in the girls' dorms though.

JAMES

Mass is in ten minutes asshole! I put my shit in one place, and you either steal it, break it, or lose it!

JACK

And your point is?

James sees red. He lunges himself at his brother full force. The two crash onto the floor in a violent brawl.

They smash the furniture around them in an incredible wrestling display. After a few seconds Jack gains the upper hand.

A MUG rests on the floor, close to James. Using his last bit of momentum, James grabs the mug and swings it directly at Jack's crotch. It breaks on impact. Jack YELLS and drops to his knees.

JACK (CONT'D)

You broke the cup on my dick!

JAMES

(hoarsely) I hope it never works again! Maybe then you'll remember not to put your fucking hands in my things!

Jack opens his mouth to say something.

A SHARP RAP on the door disrupts the altercation. James pulls himself together enough to hobble over and open the door. It's Sister Marie Claire.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Sister.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

Jesus, I heard she kicked you in the balls. I didn't know she beat the shit out of you.

JACK

Someone kicked James in the balls? Give that person a trophy!

JAMES

Is there something you need Sister?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
 Archbishop Kaiser asked me to give
 this to you.

Sister Marie Claire hands James a small sealed envelope.

JAMES
 What's this about?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
 Am I psychic? It's sealed.

Sister Marie Claire leaves wordlessly. Jack walks up next to James. Both brothers take turns examining the contents of the envelope.

JACK
 What do you think?

JAMES
 I think someone's making the first
 move.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/JANINE & AMANDA'S DORM - EVENING

Janine stares at the astonishing mess that has become of her and Amanda's room. There isn't a single drawer that hasn't been overturned. Even the vanity's been knocked over. It's mirror lays in shards.

Janine scrambles over crushed cosmetics and torn books to reach her bed. She crawls underneath. It's her worst nightmare. The hidden panel on the floor is wide open, and the chest inside it...is gone.

Janine grabs her cellphone and dials a number. After a few RINGS, it goes to AMANDA'S VOICEMAIL.

AMANDA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
 You've reached Amanda, please leave
 a message after the beep.

JANINE
 Amanda, where are you? I'm sorry
 about what I said today...I need
 you to call me when you get this
 message. Someone's broken into our
 room. I going to Sister Marie.

Janine hangs up. She slumps onto her bed, distraught. After a while, her gaze settles on the school's vaulted, brick undercroft, through her dorm room window.

She leans in close trying to focus. For a moment, the glow of candlelight can be seen in between the undercroft's openings.

Janine rubs her eyes. She looks again. The light is gone.

Janine walks out of her dorm room. The corridors seem ominous and empty at night. She passes by a quiet hall, and a MOUSY STUDENT studies, hunched over a desk.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Hey, have you seen Amanda?

MOUSY STUDENT

Amanda? I thought she said she was going back to her room.

JANINE

Yeah, she's not there.

MOUSY STUDENT

No clue.

Janine continues her trek down the hallway, passing room after room. She passes by a window - turns. The glow of candlelight again.

Janine peers closely - A young MONSIGNOR, stands inside the undercroft - he's looking down at...Amanda, who lies on the floor unconscious.

Janine reacts immediately - running out of the dormitory until she's right outside the undercroft.

EXT. UNDERCROFT - CONTINUOUS

Janine presses her back against exterior of the undercroft. She carefully peers into entryway.

A candle flickers on the floor. The Monsignor hovers above Amanda. A steel letter opener in his hand GLINTS in the moonlight.

Janine picks up a rock. BEAT. She tosses the rock into the entryway. It ECHOES as it bounces off the walls.

The Monsignor rushes out of the undercroft to investigate. Janine grabs the Monsignor by his head and slams it into the brick wall. The Monsignor stumbles, regaining enough footing to lunge at Janine.

In a extraordinary display of fighting prowess, Janine and the Monsignor battle it out, blow after blow.

A few seconds in, Janine gains the upper hand. She knees the outside of the Monsignor's elbow. The joint breaks sickeningly.

The Monsignor stumbles. CRACK. His head hits a sharp edge. If he isn't dead, he's going to be soon. A pool of blood quickly forms around his body.

JANINE
(to herself)
Dammit!

Janine SIGHS deeply. She steps over the Monsignor and reaches down to check Amanda's pulse.

JACK (O.S.)
Harsh!

Janine spins around. Jack and James stand close by, unperturbed. Janine glances from James to Jack in confusion.

JANINE
Two of you.

JACK
As if there could only be one.

JANINE
What the hell are you doing here?
Are you in on this too?

JACK
We were baited here - for this girl.

JANINE
Amanda? Is she in some sort of trouble?

JAMES
Bait doesn't need to be in trouble.
It just needs to be bait.

James tosses a folded slip of paper at Janine. Janine unfolds the slip of paper, and leans in towards the candle.

JANINE
(Reading from the paper)
Meet me in the undercroft,
midnight, if you want the girl to live.

Janine looks up at James and Jack.

JANINE (CONT'D)
You're kidding me. This is like *the*
vaguest ransom note ever.

JAMES
Tell me, how much are the Knights
of Stilicho paying you to betray
your country...lieutenant?

Janine's eye widen.

JANINE
You were the ones who broke into my
room!

James tosses Janine's keys back to her. She catches them.

JAMES
And we found enough incriminating
evidence to have you locked up in
the Vatican's catacombs for the
rest of your miserable existence.

The Monsignor GASPS. Jack leans over and checks on him.

JACK
Uh...guys. Not to interrupt or
anything, but this guy isn't
looking so good.

JANINE
I hope you realize you're a phone
call away from a one-way trip to
Guantanamo Bay.

JACK
Guys?

JAMES
Nervous because we found your
little book? Straight off the black
market. Where were you taking it
next, to your chapter leader?

JACK
Guys?

JANINE
What the fuck are you talking
about? Those were classified
documents! I demand you return them
to me!

JACK
Well, he's dead now.

Jack finally grabs Janine and James' attention.

JAMES
Dead?

JACK
As a doornail.

JANINE
Dammit!

JAMES
What? Your own handiwork disturbs
you?

Janine glares at James.

JACK
Can we at least get this guy out of
the open?

The three of them reach down and carry the Monsignor into the undercroft. They set him down a few feet away from Amanda.

JAMES
You're coming back with us to Rome.

JANINE
Why? Food great there this time of
the year?

JACK
Actually it's pretty--

JAMES
Shut up Jack.

Janine and James continue to argue in the background. Jack SIGHS, having been left out. His gaze wanders.

The GLINT of an object from under the dead Monsignor's collar catches his eye. Jack pulls off the object. It is a PIN - a triquetra with a cross at the center. Jack holds out the pin to Janine.

JACK
Buddy of yours?

JANINE
What the hell is that?

JAMES
Stop pretending you don't recognize
your own symbol.

Jack examines the inner flap of the Monsignor's blazer. There's an embroidered patch of an insignia on the lining. It is the crest of ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY FOR BOYS.

JACK
James, check this out.

James crouches down and examines the patch. Janine SIGHS in exasperation.

JACK (CONT'D)
What do you say to that?

Janine takes the distraction as an opportunity to hoist Amanda into a fireman's carry and quietly walk away.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's McMahon's school, St.
George's for Boys.

JAMES
At this point, nothing surprises
me.

James finally turns around. By now Janine and Amanda are completely out of sight.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Where the hell did she go?

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/JANINE & AMANDA'S DORM - MORNING

Sunlight streams into the room. Amanda, still in her school uniform, sits up in bed. She clutches her head in pain.

AMANDA
Shit...

After a moment, Amanda looks to the side. Janine stands by her laptop, primed in her school uniform. She loads books into her bookbag as she watches a REPORTER give a weekly news recap. The room is no longer a mess.

INSERT - JANINE'S LAPTOP

A well-dressed reporter speaks emphatically into the screen.

REPORTER

Officials say that this major heist was carried out right under the noses of Manhattan art gallery owners. Two stolen paintings worth more than five million dollars apiece...

An image of the stolen artwork flashes onto the screen. It is a watercolor of a an angel with oddly luminescent wings.

BACK TO SCENE

Janine shuts her laptop.

JANINE

Craziness. Dad would go into a nerdrage if they ever stole any of his stuff.

AMANDA

Janine? What happened?

JANINE

What do you mean?

Amanda looks down at her own disheveled appearance.

AMANDA

Oh my God, how did I get here? I was heading out from the library...

JANINE

Maybe you got tired. You were pretty knocked out by the time I woke up.

Janine grins.

AMANDA

You suck at lying!

JANINE

I'm not lying.

AMANDA

You have a stupid grin on your face. It's obvious.

JANINE

Oh come on! I'm just happy. It's a beautiful day, the sun is shining...

(MORE)

JANINE (CONT'D)
 (Janine pulls open the
 curtains of a nearby
 window. Nothing but rain
 and bleak skies.)
 ...later, probably.

AMANDA
 That's your story then?

Janine nods and smiles.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Go to hell.

Janine opens her mouth to protest. Amanda cuts her off and abruptly walks into the bathroom, SLAMMING the door shut behind her.

Janine angrily tosses her bookbag onto the floor.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CLASSROOM - DAY

The class works silently on individual work. Janine writes quietly.

Sister Marie Claire walks into the room. She approaches the TEACHER's desk and WHISPERS something into her ear. The teacher nods.

TEACHER
 Janine Takahashi.

Janine stands up abruptly.

JANINE
 Yes?

TEACHER
 You're needed at the rectory.

CURIOUS MURMURS. Emily casts Janine a suspicious glance. Janine follows Sister Marie Claire out of the classroom.

JANINE
 What's this about?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
 I honestly wish that I knew. But
 as always, our dear Fathers can do
 as they please. And everything...

Sister Marie Claire stops at the entrance of the school, its double doors wide open, and turns to face Janine.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE (CONT'D)
...is a goddamned secret.

Sister Marie Claire motions towards the front gates of the school. A black limousine waits out front.

JANINE
Am I meant to get into that?

The back door of the limo swings open.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
What do you think?

Sister Marie Claire leaves as Janine walks across the school's expansive lawns. She ducks into the car door.

Jack and James sit inside. James seems unpleasantly surprised.

JAMES
What the hell is this?

JACK
Our new best friend.

JANINE
What's going on?

JAMES
That's what I'd like to know.

JACK
Don't make a scene James. Father Lombardi ordered this.

JAMES
What do you mean Lombardi ordered it? He didn't say anything to me!

JACK
That's because you're an asshole and nobody wants to talk to you. Janine, get in the car.

JAMES
She's a criminal--

JACK
James! Just shut the hell up for ten seconds! Goddamn!

James looks away, clearly upset. Janine hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

Get in the car. I promise I'll explain everything. What? Are you just going to walk away?

JANINE

I want my stuff back.

JACK

And we will give it back--

JAMES

No we won't.

JACK

Ignore him. Please, get in the car.

After a moment, Janine climbs into the car. Jack shuts the door behind her, and the car starts to move.

JANINE

Wait--why are we moving?

Jack places a hand on Janine's leg. Janine slaps his hand away.

JACK

Too forward?

JANINE

Listen shithheads, I am *this* close to having your asses hauled off by a spec ops unit. *This* close. I demand to know what this is about.

JAMES

Yeah Jack, tell her what this is about.

Jack gives James a dirty look.

JACK

Janine - such a unique name.

JANINE

What do you want?

JAMES

How did you come into association with the Knights of Stilicho?

JANINE

Ask me a question that makes sense.

James SCOFFS. He reaches into a satchel hanging from his shoulder and produces Janine's "Gospel of Jesus". Janine reaches out to grab it. James pulls it out of reach.

JAMES

How did you get this?

JANINE

That's was my mother's.

JAMES

So she was a terrorist too?

JANINE

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

JACK

That's not just *any* book Janine.

JAMES

She knows that. She's fibbing.

JANINE

It's an antique.

JACK

James, I really don't think she knows.

JAMES

That's not possible. How else do you explain all that weird military shit she hauls around?

Janine looks equally annoyed and confused.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You were hired by the Knights of Stilicho to bring them this book. But why kill Kaiser?

JANINE

Someone wants to kill the Archbishop?

JAMES

Irrelevant.

JACK

And you being in the undercroft last night - pure coincidence?

JANINE
Pretty much.

JAMES
And the military stuff?

JANINE
That's classified.

JAMES
I don't believe you.

JANINE
Can't help you with that. Now -
some of my questions. Who are you?

JACK
We're with the Secret Vatican
Police.

JANINE
I didn't know there was a Secret
Vatican Police.

James glares at Jack.

JAMES
That was supposed to be the idea.

JANINE
What do the Secret Vatican Police
do?

JAMES
Secret things.

JANINE
Where are we going?

JACK
To St. George's.

JANINE
St. George Prep? Our brother
school?

JACK
That's the one.

JANINE
Why?

JACK
They have some information on the
Monsignor you killed last night.

JANINE
Is that what he was?

JAMES
I wouldn't take the matter so
lightly. If your story doesn't
stick, you could end up locked away
for a very long time.

JANINE
I could say the same about you.

The group falls into an awkward SILENCE. After a moment...

JACK
You know, I sense a lot of sexual
tension between the two of you.

James wraps his hands around Jack's neck and tries to strangle him. Jack struggles to pry his brother off of him.

Janine jumps into action - wrapping her arms around James and pulling him away from his brother.

JANINE
You're going to kill him!

JAMES
That's the point!

Jack guards his neck defensively.

JACK
Fucking psychopath!

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY - SCHOOL CHAPEL - DAY

The limousine pulls up to the front of the chapel of this all boys' school. A creepy-looking monk, GASPAR, stands on the steps of the school chapel as he watches the car come to a stop.

James, Jack, and Janine step out of the car. The unseen chauffeur hands Jack a BLACK SATCHEL through the driver's window.

Jack walks up to Gaspar and extends his arm out in a handshake. Gaspar gives him a cynical look, ignoring his friendly gesture.

GASPAR

I presume you are the Fathers
O'Brian.

JACK

That we are.

GASPAR

Mass is underway. If you need to
speak with--

JAMES

I'm afraid the matter is urgent. We
can't wait until after mass.

Gaspar seems to contemplate this for a moment, before finally nodding. Jack motions for Janine to follow. Gaspar stands directly in front of Janine, blocking her.

GASPAR

I needn't remind you this is an all-
male establishment. She cannot
enter.

JAMES

Then she'll wait out here.

Jack gives Janine a reassuring look and follows Gaspar and his brother into the chapel. Janine slumps down onto the steps of the chapel, by herself.

INT. ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY/SCHOOL CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

A mass is taking place. Jack, James, and Gaspar take a seat in the back pews.

A young priest, FATHER MCMAHON, performs communion. An expressionless ALTAR BOY assists him. The congregation of students line up towards the front, awaiting to be handed the Eucharistic bread.

A few seconds into the procession, Father McMahon looks up. He catches sight of James and Jack. It's clearly an unpleasant surprise. James and Jack wave at him.

Father McMahon grabs all the Eucharistic wafers inside the CHALICE and holds them out to the students.

FATHER MCMAHON

Okay, just take one and go. Let's go! Let's go! Everyone take one and leave!

The students stare in befuddlement.

FATHER MCMAHON (CONT'D)

What? Am I talking to myself? Take one and go! Body of Christ! Get the hell out!

The students shuffle around to finish communion. Gaspar ushers the boys out the door. Before he exits, Gaspar gives Father McMahan a LOOK.

The chapel is empty a few seconds later, with the exception of Father McMahan, the Altar Boy, Jack, and James. The twins walk towards the front.

Father McMahan turns around, his back to Jack and James. He appears to be wiping the altar Chalice. The altar boy stands guard behind him.

FATHER MCMAHON (CONT'D)

I thought I told you two to stay the hell away from me.

JACK

What? No warm welcome? Come on, we've known each other for years.

JAMES

Long before you became *Father* McMahan.

FATHER MCMAHON

If this is about De Luca, then I'm afraid you've knocked on the wrong door. I can't help you.

JAMES

DON'T...say his name.

FATHER MCMAHON

Excuse me. I wasn't aware the heretic's name was sacrosanct now.

JACK

We aren't here to discuss De Luca. We're here because of this.

Jack tosses the infamous TRIQUETRA PIN at Father McMahan. Father McMahan catches the pin and examines it in his palm.

FATHER MCMAHON
Knights of Stilicho? Don't tell me
you're recruiting.

JACK
Don't be an idiot. You know where
it's from.

Father McMahon SNORTS and tosses the pin back at James.

FATHER MCMAHON
Not likely. I don't associate with
terrorists.

JAMES
Got it off one of your Monsignors.
It's all that's left.

Father McMahon freezes up for a moment. The expressionless
Altar Boy finally blinks, intrigued.

JACK
Aha! You do know something.

FATHER MCMAHON
One of our monsignors, Monsignor
Stewart, has been missing for the
past two weeks. Although why he
would choose to run off to Edmund
Rich...well...that I would prefer
for him to explain.

JAMES
You misunderstand the situation...
(James holds up the pin)
...*this* is all that's left of the
Monsignor.

Father McMahon stares at Jack wide-eyed. BEAT.

Fr. McMahon reaches into the Eucharistic Chalice. In one beat
he pulls out a HAND GRENADE, pulls the cap off the grenade,
and lunges it at Jack and James.

The two of them hurl themselves underneath the pews. The
explosion goes off, rocking the foundation of the chapel, and
sending down a rain of broken wood and plaster.

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY/SCHOOL CHAPEL - SAME TIME

BOOM! Janine jumps up shaken by the explosion. She ducks for
cover behind the cracked steps of the chapel.

INT. ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY/SCHOOL CHAPEL - SAME TIME

The Altar Boy opens the Mass Book. There are handguns inside.

Father McMahon yanks the scepter off a marble angel. He smashes the scepter on the floor, revealing an M16 within.

Still under the pews - Jack opens the satchel he had been handed by the chauffeur. He pulls out an UZI. James COCKS a handgun.

The Altar Boy and Father McMahon start firing at the pews. Bullet shells rain down on the twins. Jack and James furiously return fire.

An all out gunfight ensues. Broken stained-glass rain down in shards, as the four men engage in a dodge and shoot pattern.

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY/ SCHOOL CHAPEL - SAME TIME

The sound of GUNFIRE cuts through the stillness of the morning.

Janine presses herself down on the ground. She crawls underneath one of the stained glass windows, out of sight.

Several ST. GEORGE STUDENTS crowd around the steps of the chapel, some on their cell phones. Gaspar ushers them away from the chapel.

GASPAR

Nothing to see here boys! Get back to your dorms!

ST. GEORGE STUDENT #1

But Father--

GASPAR

It's just an exorcism.

A stray bullet from within the church hits a statue of St. George and smashes it to pieces.

ST. GEORGE STUDENT #2

Do they usually use guns during exorcisms?

GASPAR

Well how do you think they kill the demon?

Janine carefully peers in through one of the chapel's shattered windowpanes.

JANINE'S PERSPECTIVE - James crouches under a church pew. A bullet has grazed him in the shoulder. His gun lies at the center of the aisle, too far for him to reach safely.

JANINE

Idiot!

Janine lifts her skirt. A sidearm and its cartridges are strapped into the gun holster around her thigh.

INT. ST. GEORGE'S ACADEMY/ SCHOOL CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack fires off another few rounds at McMahon.

McMahon shoots at a chandelier hanging above Jack. It breaks off. Jack lunges himself into another row of pews to avoid being crushed.

The Altar Boy walks past every row, firing into each one. He's only one row away from the one that James hides under.

BANG! The altar boy looks up just in time to see Janine from across the row, gun aimed straight at him. The Altar Boy ducks, moving away from James.

James stares at Janine in disbelief. She moves around the row and kicks his gun toward him.

JANINE

Well don't just sit there asshole!

James reloads and keeps firing without a moment's hesitation.

The Church crumbles slowly as bullets continue to fly out in every direction.

The Altar Boy grabs an altar candelabra, and pulls out a smoke canister from within one of the candlestick holders. He tosses it into the aisle.

The gunfight comes to a standstill as smoke fills the church.

Four guns COCK within the midst of the smoke. As soon as the smoke clears - it all becomes clear.

Each of the four men have a gun pointed at an opponent's head - Jack at Father McMahon, James at the Altar Boy, and vice-versa.

FATHER MCMAHON

Looks like a tie.

A shot is fired and the Altar Boy falls to the floor, clutching his shoulder. A gun COCKS again.

We pull back and see Janine standing, smoking gun pointed at Father McMahon's head.

JANINE

Looks like I win.

Jack and James smile coyly. Father McMahon drops his weapon and raises his arms.

FATHER MCMAHON

What do you want?

JAMES

Why'd you send the Monsignor? Is there another hit on Kaiser?

FATHER MCMAHON

Someone wants to kill the Archbishop?

JAMES

Irrelevant.

FATHER MCMAHON

Well I didn't send anyone, and I wasn't lying when I said that Stewart's been missing for two weeks. Why'd you kill him?

JAMES

He made the first move. A student was held hostage.

FATHER MCMAHON

Stewart is ninety years old. The only thing that moved nowadays was his bowels.

Jack and James seems perturbed. Janine lowers her gun carefully.

JANINE

That guy wasn't old.

Father McMahon gives Janine the one-over.

FATHER MCMAHON

I can tell you that unless he looked a year short of mummification, then it wasn't Stewart.

JACK

Did anything indicate that Father Stewart sympathized with the Knights of Stilicho?

FATHER MCMAHON

Are you insane? Stewart oversaw Vatican activity *against* the Knights of Stilicho in the region.

Jack and James exchange grim looks.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY - MAIN BUILDING - LATER

Janine STOMPS in angrily with James and Jack hot on her heels. She turns around.

JANINE

Maybe you haven't realized it, but every time I'm around *either* of you, I'm forced to commit some sort of horrible crime!

JACK

I absolve you of all your sins.

Jack raises his hand to bless Janine with the sign of the cross. Janine slaps his hand away.

JANINE

You had guns before we even stepped into that church! You knew something was going to happen!

JAMES

Says the girl with the sidearm.

JANINE

I'm licensed to carry!

JAMES

And you think I'm not?

Janine glares at James.

JANINE

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

Janine rushes up the stairs, away from the brothers. James glares at Jack.

JAMES
Are you happy now?

JACK
What? I told you already - Lombardi
ordered it...
(James walks away)
...James! James! Wait up man!

Hiding behind the staircase banister, Emily watches as Jack runs out of the room after James.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/PASTORAL OFFICE - EVENING

Jack sits at his desk sifting through piles of paperwork. The door to his office swings open.

Sister Marie Claire walks in with a surly-looking Janine in tow. She wears an apron over her school uniform.

James gives Sister Marie Claire a questioning look.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
She's assigned to your office
today.

JAMES
My office?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
As per the disciplinary action
committee's ruling.

JAMES
I had one of the custodians in here
already. Can't she be disciplined
elsewhere?

Janine rolls her eyes.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
Afraid not. This is today's
assignment.

Sister Marie Claire exits the room, leaving James and Janine by themselves.

JANINE
So, what do you need me to do?

James glances at a bookshelf in front of him.

JAMES

I suppose that bookshelf could use some arranging.

Janine gets right to work. James watches her move around as he pours himself a cup of coffee.

After a while, he pulls out Janine's Gospel of Jesus book from inside a satchel, and drops it atop his desk. The sudden THUNK grabs Janine's attention.

It takes her a second to recognize the source of the noise, and less than second to get rightfully pissed.

JANINE

If you're trying to provoke me--

JAMES

(Reading aloud - from the cover)

Edition translated by Karim Hassan and Father Giovanni De Luca.

Janine gives James a blank stare.

JAMES (CONT'D)

He was a good man, De Luca. An honest-to-God priest if ever one existed. And he was my mentor.

JANINE

You don't need a mentor. You need a shrink.

JAMES

He was killed a few years back.

JANINE

Too bad.

James places the Gospel of Jesus back into the satchel hanging from his shoulder.

JAMES

Your people killed him for trying to...what was it they accused him of again? Oh yes. Trying to alter church doctrine.

JANINE

Father, if *my people* had killed this De Luca guy, they wouldn't have done such a sloppy job.

JAMES

How so?

JANINE

You'd have been dead too...
(Janine turns around and
continues rearranging the
bookshelf)
...vengeance is bad for business.

JAMES

This isn't part of some vendetta.

JANINE

The massive chip on your shoulder
begs to differ.

James SCOFFS. He SNAPS open the lid of the creamer atop his desk.

Janine's nostrils flare. She INHALES deeply.

JAMES

You have a way with words Janine.
I'll give you that. But if you
think--

JANINE

Do you smell that?

JAMES

Smell what?

James pours the creamer into his cup of coffee.

JANINE

(to herself)
Sulfuric Acid.

JAMES

What the hell are you talking
about?

Janine glances at the creamer in James' hand - putting two and two together. Without warning, she smacks the mug out his grasp.

The mug SHATTERS against the wall. The spilled coffee spreads out on the floor, only...it doesn't act like coffee. It leaves a hissing acid trail in its wake.

The remains of the mug dissolve into liquid.

JAMES (CONT'D)

How?

Janine holds up a hand to silence James. She tenses up - listening carefully.

Janine cocks her head to the side. A sharp approaching WHISTLE.

JANINE

Get down!

Janine body slams James to the floor - just as the entire pastoral office is bombarded by mortar fire.

James GROANS in pain as the walls of the surrounding office begin to crumble. Janine quickly hoists James onto her back into a fireman's carry and rushes out of the office just as the floor collapses behind them.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/INFIRMARY - LATER

Sister Marie Claire, Archbishop Kaiser, Jack, Janine, and the SCHOOL NURSE crowd around a gurney-bound James.

The School Nurse removes small fragments from James' arm. He GROANS in pain with each extraction.

SCHOOL NURSE

I need space please!

JAMES

Jack, my bag...

Jack lifts James' satchel for him to see. It's relatively unscathed.

JACK

It's right here bro. It's safe.

ARCHBISHOP

Three floors below, and I would've been dead Marie! Dead!

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

There's nothing shameful in martyrdom. They might have even canonized you.

ARCHBISHOP

You think this is funny? You think our students' parents would find this amusing? Mortar fire? At a school building?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

You're the one who hasn't called the police.

JAMES

No. No police. This is an--

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

Internal matter? Father, I've been with the church for ten years. I'd like to know what *isn't* considered an internal matter.

ARCHBISHOP

We can't afford to lose students Marie! The Archdiocese is broke as it is! All those goddamned pedophiles!

JACK

Those court fees were necessary.

ARCHBISHOP

(Ranting)

We should've hung them out to dry! Put their desiccated remains on display! Quelled the public's thirst for blood! Just like it was during the Golden Age of the Church!

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

You mean the Dark Ages?

ARCHBISHOP

Like I said - The *Golden Age* of the Church.

SCHOOL NURSE

Okay - everybody out! Father O'Brian needs to rest.

James grabs Janine by the wrist just as she moves to go.

JAMES

Wait. Stay a minute.

Jack stops.

JACK
Do I stay too?

JAMES
No. You can leave.

Jack raises his hands defensively and leaves the room behind Sister Marie Claire and the Archbishop.

SCHOOL NURSE
Just a few minutes Miss Takahashi.

The School Nurse exits the room. James and Janine are alone once again.

JAMES
You smelled the stuff in the
creamer.

JANINE
My olfactory system has been
enhanced to identify certain
chemical compounds.

JAMES
You didn't get hit by fragments
either.

JANINE
My skin is resistant...to a certain
degree.

JAMES
And the mortar fire?

JANINE
Enhanced audio-visual. I assumed
you read these things in the files
you stole from me.

JAMES
It's a hard pill to swallow Janine.
A genetically enhanced super-
soldier sounds a little science-
fictioney.

JANINE
Not what you expected?

JAMES
A tough-as-nails guy? Maybe. A cute
schoolgirl? No.

JANINE
You think I'm cute?

James STAMMERS.

JANINE (CONT'D)
They tried it on males first.

INSERT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

--A huge ARMY RANGER sobs hysterically.

--A Navy Seal jumps up and down on a chair, SHRIEKING.

--A MARINE SNIPER gapes at his hands, his eyes widening.

--The huge Army Ranger is still inconsolable as he sobs into a corner of the room. A LAB TECHNICIAN tries to comfort him.

ARMY RANGER
No! You don't understand my pain!

--The Marine Sniper wiggles his fingers in absolute terror. He holds them out in front of him.

LAB TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Is everything alright?

MARINE SNIPER
(Whispering)
These aren't my hands.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/INFIRMARY - EVENING

JAMES
And what happened?

JANINE
The drugs didn't exactly mix well
with testosterone...at all.

Janine pulls out her keys from inside her pocket. She holds up the iridescent BLUE VIAL.

JANINE (CONT'D)
This is a relic of those times.
It's the first drug you get when
they start the engineering project.

JAMES

Say I believed your stupid story,
why are you here?

JANINE

It's the perfect place to banish
someone you'd rather not deal with.
Wouldn't you say?

JAMES

And the government let you go? Just
like that. Their top-secret, human
killing machine?

JANINE

Funny thing about machines Father -
they have an 'OFF' switch. Janines
DO NOT compromise national
security. It is genetically
impossible. But if one did...it
wouldn't end well for her.

James gives Janine a long, hard look. After a moment, James
SIGHS.

JAMES

I'm not sure the Archbishop is the
intended target here.

JANINE

Oh?

JAMES

I think it's you.

JANINE

Me? Why?

JAMES

If you're not with the Knights of
Stilicho, but you have that book,
then it's you they're after.

JANINE

Seriously, what's with the book?

James sits up.

JAMES

You ever read it?

JANINE

Not particularly.

JAMES

Back in the early days, before the Bible, there was a lot of Christian scripture going around. Some agreeable to the Church's cause, some--

JANINE

Not so agreeable.

JAMES

Precisely. Knights of Stilicho made sure that the not agreeable ones were destroyed...and so too the people who endorsed them.

JANINE

Convenient.

JAMES

Leaders thought so. Easier to control people if they read politically motivating material. Lots of people died.

JANINE

I take it the Knights didn't wither away?

JAMES

No. They didn't. Even when the Church didn't want them around anymore. And when Vatican stopped supporting them a few centuries back - they went rogue.

JANINE

Motivation?

JAMES

Money, power, the works.

JANINE

You're about to tell me about my book.

JAMES

Well, they were sloppy.

Janine smirks.

JAMES (CONT'D)

De Luca was the chaplain on an excavation in Egypt when four papyrus scrolls were found - all hand-written, carbon-dated to 17 A.D. He translated it. Turned it into a book.

JANINE

The Gospel of Jesus.

JAMES

Only one copy of that book, in existence. Never published.

JANINE

My father gave that book to my mother when I was born.

JAMES

It coincides. Seventeen years ago, the book's publishing company was looted. It's been missing since then.

JANINE

My father stole it?

JAMES

Don't jump to conclusions. It was always assumed that it had been sold on the black market.

JANINE

Doesn't make it any better.

JAMES

You saved my life. Twice. By risking your own. Why?

JANINE

So that others may live.

JAMES

What?

JANINE

Nothing. It's something from the Parajumper's Creed.

JAMES

You know, the Knights of Stilicho aren't going to stop until they've gotten what they want.

JANINE
I'm not afraid.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/SCHOOL LAWN - MORNING

It's St. Edmund Rich's School Festival Day. There are giant banners everywhere.

It seems as though the entire student body has poured out onto the school lawns. Girls stand behind every booth and food stand imaginable, some more elaborate than others.

For the first time, we see schoolboys on campus, as well as school sponsors. They mingle with the girls, moving in between booths.

Janine stands behind a particularly gaudy booth. Its decorations scream 'Military'...and not in a good way.

Emily and the rest of the Alpha Clique make their dramatic public appeals for donations in front of the booth. A crowd has gathered around Emily.

EMILY
The point is - we have to support our Veterans. They sacrifice everything for us, and it's our turn to sacrifice for them.

The crowd CLAPS at the end of Emily's speech. James joins the growing crowd.

EMILY (CONT'D)
We have a guest speaker with us today: Janine Takahashi, one of St. Edmund Rich's very own. Please Janine, if it's not too difficult...

Janine SIGHS. She leans forward on the booth.

JANINE
My mother was a US Air Force officer. She died.

The crowd waits expectantly.

JANINE (CONT'D)
That's pretty much the whole story.

James stifles a LAUGH.

EMILY

And how did your mother die,
Janine?

JANINE

She killed herself.

EMILY

Any details?...

JANINE

She blew her brains out. With a
Glock. Straight to the temple.

GASPS and MURMURS amongst the crowd.

EMILY

Okay. Not exactly the details we
expected but--

JANINE

She didn't die immediately of
course. Bullet rattled around in
her brain a bit. Might have taken
her an hour to die - as she watched
pieces of her head--

EMILY

And that brings an end to the
speech! Thank you, Janine!

UNCERTAIN APPLAUSE. Emily casts Janine a threatening glare.
Janine exits the booth and walks over to a food stand. James
joins her.

JANINE

Do you want a falafel?

JAMES

Never tried one.

JANINE

How uncultured are you?...
(Janine turns to the
vendor)
...two falafels please.

JAMES

What level of blackmail could have
possibly convinced you to join that
train wreck?

Janine hands a falafel to James and takes a bite of her own.
They walk leisurely.

JANINE
Blackmail indeed.

JAMES
Really?

JANINE
You know my sister Amanda?

James nods.

JANINE (CONT'D)
Two years back, she had this *prize*
of a boyfriend who convinced her to
send him naked pictures of herself.
And I'm talking porn magazine
spread-type.

JAMES
Yeesh.

JANINE
Relationship ends. Boyfriend goes
out with Emily. Guess who gets her
grubby little hands on the
pictures?

JAMES
That sounds really illegal.

JANINE
Well it's *really* illegal for a
minor to send naked pictures to
another minor. One wrong move and--

JAMES
Emily spreads those pictures all
over the place. No pun intended. So
how come you don't use those
incredible military contacts of
yours?

Janine seems slightly perturbed.

JANINE
I can't.

JAMES
You're not allowed in the military
anymore?

JANINE

No. It--I've always been welcome.
The General calls me every
month...I just don't pick up.

JAMES

What's the problem?

JANINE

The problem is that the "Janine
Project" was an abject failure.
It's embarrassing. And I don't need
their pity.

JAMES

I don't know about that. You don't
seem like much of a failure to me.

JANINE

My mother killed herself. There
were like a hundred fail-safe
methods to prevent that from
happening. What does that say about
the rest of us?

JAMES

Nothing really. Except that you
don't belong here. Someone like you
should be crawling through jungles,
rescuing people under hostile fire,
anything except this schoolgirl
act.

Janine smirks.

JANINE

Thanks.

JAMES

Why'd she do it? Your mom.

JANINE

I don't know. They said PTSD. Which
in itself doesn't make any sense.

Janine walks past Amanda. She smiles and waves at her. Amanda
ignores her and walks away.

JAMES

The whole Emily thing still seems
like your sister's problem.

JANINE

It's not...entirely. I pissed off Emily a few times. Enough times to get her to steal Amanda's boyfriend, and blackmail her so...

JAMES

Guilt by association.

Janine shrugs.

ACROSS THE LAWN - SAME TIME

Jack chats it up with a BUSTY REDHEAD. He's on the prowl.

Jack gently twirls a strand of the girl's hair in between his fingers.

JACK

That amazing hair of yours coordinates perfectly with my pillow...

The Busty Redhead GIGGLES.

BUSTY REDHEAD

Can I see you tomorrow?

JACK

I'll certainly pray to that.

The Busty Redhead grabs Jack's hand and scrawls her dorm room number on his palm.

JACK (CONT'D)

Your dorm room?

The Busty Redhead winks at Jack and saunters away. Jack watches her until she's out of sight.

Jack flips open his cellphone and puts it to his ear. After a moment...

JACK (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Jessica - hey - it's me Jack.
Yeah...guess where I'm going to be tonight?...The city. Yeah....So what are you doing tonight?
Besides me of course.

A pair of stunning nuns in knee-length skirts walk past Jack.

JACK (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
Talk to you later babe.

Jack hangs up the phone and follows the nuns.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey sisters - wait up!

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/MAIN BUILDING - LATER

Janine and James stroll into the lobby of the Main Building. Sister Marie Claire catches sight of James and rushes over.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
Father - just the person I was
looking for.

JAMES
What's wrong?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
It's Kaiser. He's refusing to leave
the rectory. He's convinced that
someone's going to kill him while
he's presenting.

James SIGHS.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He's literally locked himself in
the closet.

JAMES
I'll go talk to him. See you later
Janine.

Janine nods. A HEAVY THUD from behind grabs her attention. A custodian struggles to drag in a large wine cabinet. Janine walks over.

JANINE
Need some help?

The young man, CLARK, smiles radiantly at the sight of Janine. A CRUCIFIX EARRING, dangling from one of his many piercings, identifies him as the same custodian who had smiled at Janine early on.

He speaks in a British accent.

CLARK
You think you can handle it?

Janine easily lifts up the opposite end of the cabinet. In fact, Clark's side seems to slack a bit.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Well alright then.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Janine stands behind the school's gated entrance as she watches Clark shut the door of a white van.

Clark walks back up to the gate, grinning.

CLARK
That about finishes it up. Thanks.

JANINE
Glad to help.

CLARK
You want some coffee. My flat's in the van.

JANINE
Uhhh...

CLARK
God that sounded creepy. "Get into my van".

Janine CHUCKLES.

JANINE
Little bit.

CLARK
Well if it makes you feel any better, I'll leave the door open.

Janine considers Clark for a moment, before nodding. The two walk towards his van.

INT. CLARK'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is incredibly sanitized and austere. There are two small adjoining sofas, a small table with books, a sink full of water, and a personal prayer shrine at the far end.

Janine takes a seat on one of the sofas.

JANINE

I've seen you around the school,
but I didn't know you lived nearby.

CLARK

Wherever work takes me really.

JANINE

It's nice. Really cozy.

CLARK

Hah! How kind of you. But it's not
much. Just enough for a priest.

Clark pours her a cup of coffee and slides it in her
direction. Janine sniffs the substance. She takes a deep swig
from the cup before setting it down in front of her.

JANINE

You're a priest? I thought you just
worked as a custodian.

CLARK

Surprised?

JANINE

Actually, I think my "priest"
stereotype has been slowly
deteriorating all on its own.

CLARK

It doesn't bother you?

JANINE

Not unless you're about to tell me
you're corrupt.

Clark CHUCKLES.

CLARK

I'm Father Clark by the way.

JANINE

Janine Takahashi.

CLARK

Any relation to Yuu Takahashi?

JANINE

He's my dad.

CLARK

I hear he's doing a fantastic job
as curator.

JANINE

Is that what he's doing nowadays?

CLARK

You didn't know?

JANINE

We don't really keep in touch.

CLARK

I heard he secured the purchase of a particular fresco right off the walls of St. Dymphna.

JANINE

He's pretty persuasive.

CLARK

A centuries old church - dismantled, so that its fresco can sit in a museum. I'd say that's a little more than persuasive.

Janine blinks a few times and wipes sweat off her brow.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I heard what you said about your mother earlier. About the suicide.

JANINE

Yeah.

CLARK

It's pretty sad...though a bit strange.

Janine is looking a little cockeyed.

CLARK (CONT'D)

She was in the military. And any good soldier would know that shooting herself in the temple isn't a sure-fire kill.

JANINE

(drowsily)

Yeah. Everyone thought so too...

CLARK

Why not the T-area? Once you hit the medulla oblongata, you're toast.

JANINE

What?

CLARK

Just an observation.

Janine eyes a necklace Clark wears. Its tucked into his shirt.

JANINE

God it's hot in here.

CLARK

Do you want me to turn on the fan?

JANINE

No it's fine. I should probably get going. Thanks for the coffee by the way.

Janine moves to stand up. THUMP! She falls right back down onto the floor. Her legs aren't working properly.

Clark passively watches Janine futilely attempt to lift herself off the floor. He steps over her and slides the van door shut.

CLARK

You're going to hurt yourself if you keep struggling.

Janine casts Clark a vicious look.

JANINE

What did you put in...

CLARK

A new roofies cocktail. This one works pretty fast. Though I wouldn't worry about it too much if I were you.

Clark drags a folded-up a gurney from behind one of the sofas. He opens it in the center of the room, and lays Janine down across the gurney.

Clark unfolds a rolled up pack to reveal an array of torture instruments. Janine GROANS, barely able to stay awake.

CLARK (CONT'D)

It's not an easy thing to convince someone who physically *can't* commit suicide, to commit suicide.

JANINE

What?...

CLARK

I heard it took about thirty of our best men - just to force the gun to her head. And even then, they couldn't find the damn book!

JANINE

You--

CLARK

I would have loved to have been there. They say she was lovely. Like you.

Clark runs the smooth end of a scalpel along Janine's cheekbone.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Where's the book?

JANINE

If it's a book you want Father. You're going to have to go to the library--

Clark punches Janine straight across the jaw.

CLARK

Let's try this again. Where's the book?

JANINE

Ask God. Doesn't he answer all your prayers?

Another punch - this time to the gut.

CLARK

You have a wonderful sense of humor. Let's see how that holds up when I'm through with you.

Clark snaps on a pair of latex gloves.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Frankly, someone like you should understand what might happen if the mindless droves knew of that book's existence. It would rile them up. Religion is order - not anarchy.

JANINE

I thought religion was about morality.

CLARK

Morality hardly fits in the equation.

Clark grabs a surgical saw. It HUMS to life. He hovers inches above the seemingly drugged out Janine.

JANINE

Please wait...

CLARK

I'll pray for your suffering.

WHAM! In the blink of an eye, Janine punches Clark square in the face. He staggers back, stunned.

JANINE

Really Father, I smelled your stupid drugs from a mile away.

CLARK

But you drank it...

JANINE

I'm immune to those kinds of things. Sorry.

CLARK

You are an aberration - against God, against nature!

JANINE

That's *your* opinion.

Janine stands up just as Clark regains his footing. The two engage in a skillful fight.

For a moment, Janine is caught off guard. Clark dunks her head into the nearby sink. Janine struggles to lift her head above the water. After a while, she stops struggling.

Clark releases his hold. Big mistake. Janine pulls herself upright and elbows him square in the neck. He attempts to regroup by attacking Janine with the surgical drill.

Janine grabs hold of Clark by his necklace, twisting it until it BREAKS off, and dislocates the arm gripping the surgical drill. There's no going back now.

CLARK

No - wait!

JANINE

I'll pray for your suffering.

Janine kicks Clark in the chest. He crashes straight into his prayer shrine. Knocked out cold.

EXT. UNNAMED LAKE, UPSTATE NEW YORK - LATER

Janine stands lakeside, staring into the murky waters of this remote area. Clark's white van is adjacent to her, its engines still running.

After a moment, Janine places a heavy rock on the van's acceleration pedal. She watches as it moves forward and slips into the lake. A few bubbles rise up as it disappears out of sight.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CONFESSIONAL - DAY

James sits deep in thought within the priest's confessional compartment. An ADORABLE BRUNETTE sits in the opposite confessor's compartment, her face veiled from James by the sliding screen.

ADORABLE BRUNETTE

And of course, I know I should've been more responsible. But if my father knew that I got pregnant twice, he would literally disown me. Is there forgiveness for that sort of stuff?

No response.

ADORABLE BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Father, did you hear what I just said?

JAMES

Yeah, yes, I heard.

ADORABLE BRUNETTE

So what should I do?

JAMES

Say ten Hail Mary's, one Lord's Prayer, and don't do it again.

ADORABLE BRUNETTE
That absolves me of the poisoning
and the armed robbery thing too?

JAMES
Uh huh.

ADORABLE BRUNETTE
Sweet! Thanks Father!

The Adorable Brunette exits the confessional in high spirits. James goes back to brooding in silence. Another student moves into the confessor's compartment.

JANINE (O.S.)
Forgive me Father for I have
sinned. It's been an eternity since
my last confession, and to be
honest, I'm not that sorry.

JAMES
Janine!

James slides open the dividing grille. Janine sits in the opposite compartment.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Where the hell have you been all
week? I heard about what happened.

JANINE
Sister Marie Claire had me stay at
the convent for awhile. Got this
little gem off my would-be
murderer.

Janine tosses James the necklace she had twisted off of Clark. James examines the pendant. It's clearly a Knights of Stilicho pendant.

JAMES
Shit.

JANINE
I'd like to finish off the school
year without having been killed or
having killed someone else.

JAMES
Are you okay?

JANINE

He insinuated that the Knights of Stilicho were responsible for my mother's death.

JAMES

It's not impossible Janine.

JANINE

I know it isn't. And the more I consider it, the more I realize just how possible it is.

JAMES

What's the protocol for that? Are you contacting *your people*?

JANINE

I might. I can't yet. Not until I'm absolutely certain.

JAMES

I'm sorry about this. I thought we'd have this straightened out by now.

JANINE

Generous, concerned, and caring? That's not like you at all? What's going on?

JAMES

I appreciate the vote of confidence.

James is visibly on edge.

JANINE

You're going to give me bad news, aren't you?

JAMES

No. Actually, I wanted to talk to you about the All Saints' Dance.

JANINE

What about it?

JAMES

Would you like to go with me? *If* you wanted to go that is. I could be your chaperone--

Janine lets out a SIGH of relief.

JANINE

Oh God. I thought you were going to tell me that the Knights of Stilicho were going to be at the dance. That would've been like...ugh.

JAMES

No, no. Nothing like that.

JANINE

That's a relief.

JAMES

So do you want to go with me?

JANINE

Not on your life...Jack.

Janine slides the grille shut, leaving *Jack*, acting as James, in a pensive silence. Jack messes his hair back up.

After a while, the grille on the opposite compartment opens. The *real* James glares at his brother.

JAMES

Jack. What are you doing here?
Aren't you supposed to be feeding orphans?

Jack places a consolatory hand on James' shoulder.

JACK

I tried to help bro. But the woman is ice.

Jack exits the confessional, leaving behind a very confused James.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CAFETERIA - DAY

Janine sits alone eating a sandwich. She glances at the entrance of the cafeteria. Jack walks past, waving at her and teasingly blowing a kiss.

DEATH GLARES from many of the surrounding students.

A PORTLY BLONDE suddenly rushes in. She's out of breath.

PORTLY BLONDE

There's a fight near the locker room

The STUDENTS clamor with excitement.

STUDENT #1

Who is it?

PORTLY BLONDE

It's Emily and one of the Takahashi girls, Amanda!

Several of the students look over at Janine, attempting to gauge her reaction. Janine stands up forcefully. Her chair CLATTERS to the floor.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A mob has formed around Amanda who lies on the floor. She pushes herself up to a seated position.

The mob parts to make way for the Alpha Clique.

EMILY

I think you know why you're down there Takahashi.

AMANDA

Emily, please--

Emily stomps on Amanda's hand. Amanda SCREAMS.

EMILY

I didn't say you could talk.

AMANDA

What have I ever done to you?

EMILY

Exist!

Emily crouches down and yanks at Amanda's hair. Amanda SHRIEKS.

Another student, ISABELLE, stands within the ring of students. She glances nervously from Emily to Amanda. Emily catches sight of her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What is it queer? Do you want me?

Isabelle backs away slowly. Several of Emily's cronies pin Amanda to the ground.

AMANDA

Let go of me!

Emily pulls out Amanda's cellphone from her pocket, while Emily's cronies begin to undress Amanda. She struggles vehemently against them.

EMILY

Now, now Amanda. What a naughty girl you are - sexting more photos of yourself. Tsk. Tsk. Something like that could have lifelong repercussions.

AMANDA

Emily please! Stop it!

EMILY

Why don't we let the University Admissions offices get a closer look at their future candidate?

The surrounding mob of students start getting more and more riled up, mocking Amanda. Isabelle looks on helplessly.

Just as Emily raises the phone to photograph the scene...SLAP. The phone CLATTERS to floor. Emily looks over in shock. Janine stands with one hand still outstretched.

A tense silence. The crowd of students carefully back away.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh Janine. Please don't tell me you're *that* stupid.

JANINE

You're damn right about that. No one's as stupid as you.

The surrounding crowd of students MURMUR nervously.

EMILY

You're living proof that God has a sense of humor.

JANINE

And you're living proof that God makes mistakes.

EMILY

Does it bother you that much, seeing your stupid sister down there?

JANINE

Let her go.

EMILY
Or you'll do what tramp?

Janine clenches her fists.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh I'm sorry. Did you think that
humble little schoolgirl act would
help you fit in? That everyone
would love and accept you?
Please...everyone knows your father
ruined the Takahashi lineage the
day your worthless mother spawned
you. Though come to think of it,
maybe that's why she killed herself
in the first place--

CRACK! Janine punches Emily in the face. Emily is knocked to
the floor. She lies on her side, stunned.

EMILY (CONT'D)
My face!

JANINE
Looks so much better now. Glad to
be of service.

EMILY
And I'm glad your mom is dead!

Janine loses it. She jumps on top of Emily, punching her
repeatedly. Emily SHRIEKS, trying to cover her face with her
arms.

SHOUTING - panic - as Emily's cronies and other students
struggle in vain to pull Janine off Emily, but they're no
match for her. Even Amanda is released in the scuffle.

After a few seconds, Amanda stares in horror as Janine
unrelentingly beats up Emily. Emily is no longer putting up a
fight.

AMANDA
Janine! You're going to kill her!

Two strong arms wrap themselves around Janine's waist and pry
her off of Emily, flailing. It's James. Janine rips off a
tuft of Emily's hair as James drags her away.

JAMES
What the hell is wrong with you?
Calm down!

Janine wrings free of James's grip and shoves him off.

JANINE
Don't get involved!

JAMES
She's nowhere near as strong as
you! You could have killed her!

JANINE
That was the intention!

JAMES
I'm not going to let you hurt her!

JANINE
Try and stop me!

JAMES
Then consider yourself expelled!

SMACK! Janine lands a vicious slap across James' face. A trickle of blood runs down his lip. Regret immediately registers on Janine's face.

JANINE
James, I didn't mean to--

JAMES
Didn't you? All that training, all
that confidence, but you carry on
like any bratty schoolgirl!

JANINE
It's not like that.

JAMES
I'll never know why I expected more
from you.

James turns around and strides off down the hallway.

Janine follows for a few steps, but stops dead in her tracks. James crouches down and cradles the severely injured Emily in his lap. All eyes turn to Janine - all with accusing stares, even Amanda.

INT. YUU'S PENTHOUSE/STUDY - DAY

Yuu TAPS away at his laptop, sitting behind a large oaken desk strewn with paperwork. Stacks of packed bookshelves line the walls of the room, all leading into one enormous window with a panoramic view.

New York City's skyline is visible through the window. Janine sits across from Yuu, no longer in uniform. She examines her fingernails, uncomfortable with the growing silence. Finally...

YUU

I assume you're pleased with yourself.

Yuu continues typing, not bothering to look up.

JANINE

I'm not.

YUU

It can't be helped though, can it? You are your mother's daughter after all.

JANINE

What's that supposed to mean?

YUU

You assaulted school personnel and beat a classmate half-to-death. Your mother would've been proud.

JANINE

You don't know anything about mom. You dumped us, remember?

YUU

I think coughing over several grand a year for private school hardly qualifies as dumping you.

JANINE

Oh please. Spare me the self-righteousness. You never would've even given me a second thought if mom hadn't died.

YUU

You're right. I wouldn't have. But I'm a man of responsibility Janine, not feelings. I do what is expected of me, which is more than I can say about you.

Janine looks back down at her fingernails.

JANINE

So what happens now?

YUU

Now you get home schooled.

JANINE

And then?

YUU

And then you get out of my office.
I'm busy.

After a few seconds of silence, Janine finally stands up and walks out of the study. Yuu looks up from his laptop, craftily.

INT. YUU'S PENTHOUSE/JANINE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Janine looks around her bedroom. In all it's grandeur, it's as empty and lonely as ever. She plops down on her bed, staring up at the ceiling.

Janine's cellphone RINGS.

JANINE

Hello...
(SILENCE)
...hello?

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/EMILY'S DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

Amanda GIGGLES alongside a somewhat bruised Emily, and a few other girls, as they try on different party gowns. Emily tries on a pale pink gown. She looks stunning.

EMILY

What do you think of this one?

The girls OOH and AHH over the new look.

At the doorway of Emily's dorm, stands Isabelle. She peeks in nervously before running to the end of the hall, her cellphone in hand. When she's at a safe distance Isabelle raises the phone to her ear.

ISABELLE

Sorry Janine, I just had to make
sure no one was around to hear me.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JANINE

Who is this?

ISABELLE

You probably don't remember me.
Isabelle. I was a classmate of
yours at Edmund Rich.

JANINE

Isabelle Luzhkov? Of course I
remember you. You were in my Chem
class.

ISABELLE

Well, at least *someone* recognizes
me outside of being Emily's
punching bag.

JANINE

No offense, but why are you calling
me?

ISABELLE

I know this is a little weird, but
I wanted to thank you.

JANINE

For what?

ISABELLE

For kicking the crap out of Emily.

JANINE

I don't know if you've noticed, but
it wasn't exactly a lauded
incident.

ISABELLE

Who cares about what they think?
They're a bunch of hypocrites. You
don't need someone's approval to
stand up for yourself.

JANINE

Wow. Um...thanks...

(Janine searches for
something to say)

...well how's everything over
there? It must be crazy since the
dance is tomorrow night.

ISABELLE

You have no idea. Everyone, and I
mean *everyone* is best friends with
Emily. Ever since you kicked her
ass, she's had a 24-7 pity party
going on, your sister included.

JANINE

Which explains why she won't return
any of my phone calls.

ISABELLE

I guess...

JANINE

And Father James O'Brian? How's he
doing?

ISABELLE

He spends a crazy amount of time
with Emily nowadays, doting over
her. It's sick. Last I heard, he's
taking her to the dance. I didn't
even know a priest could do that.

Someone walks out of Emily's dorm room.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Sorry Janine - I gotta go.

The line on Isabelle's end goes dead.

BACK TO:

INT. JANINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janine tosses herself back onto her bed. She stares at the
ceiling for awhile.

A loud THUMP outside her bedroom grabs her attention. She
walks to the door and peers outside.

EXT. JANINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two butlers move a covered painting into an adjacent room.
They set the painting down and go back downstairs.

Janine waits until they're out of sight before she slips into
the adjacent room.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are numerous covered art pieces lying around the room.

Janine glances over her shoulder a few times before she lifts
the cover off of one of the paintings. It looks like a mess
of squiggles. Janine grimaces and moves on to the next one.

The next painting is an impressive oil painting of a nude figure. Janine moves on. She lifts the cover of the next one.

This painting is watercolor of an angel with oddly luminescent wings. Janine stares at it for awhile.

FLASHBACK:

INSERT - JANINE'S LAPTOP

REPORTER

...Two stolen paintings worth more than five million dollars apiece.

An image of the stolen artwork flashes onto the screen. It is a watercolor of a an angel with oddly luminescent wings.

BACK TO:

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janine's eyes widen in realization.

INT. YUU'S PENTHOUSE/STUDY - LATER

Yuu is still tapping away at his laptop when Janine strides in angrily carrying the stolen artwork.

He watches impassively as Janine BREAKS the painting on her leg and tosses the broken canvas onto his desk.

JANINE

That was stolen!

YUU

Which is apparently so much worse than being destroyed...

Janine leans menacingly on Yuu's desk.

JANINE

You know something dad - I've really been thinking. You're a really smart guy when it comes to antiques and all this art shit.

YUU

Why thank you.

JANINE

You remember that book you gave mom when I was born, The Gospel of Jesus?

YUU

It rings a bell.

JANINE

Why'd you give it to her? Mom specifically.

YUU

It was a priceless artifact, just like your mother. Two halves of a whole.

JANINE

Oh it's more than priceless. It's dangerous. I hear there are even some people willing to kill in order get their hands on it.

YUU

You don't say.

JANINE

It'd be awfully hard to keep something like that around. So why not give it to someone you could trust? Someone who didn't know its real value. Bonus points if that someone weren't easy to kill.

YUU

Devious and logical. But I'm not sure what you're implying.

Janine SLAMS her hands down on Yuu's desk.

JANINE

You knew that the Knights of Stilicho were after that book! You used mom as a scapegoat - the same way you've been using me!

YUU

The *organization* you speak of was willing to pay a hefty price for that book, and so I acquired it.

JANINE

You stole it!

YUU

I don't question my clients needs. I provide. When the dealings broke down, I gave it to your mother. I assumed she wouldn't be killed. I miscalculated.

JANINE

You let mom die for a book! Do you have any idea what you've put me through?

YUU

They were never supposed to find out who the original dealer was. Our family name was left anonymous. But they're resourceful. They figured it out. Again, a miscalculation.

JANINE

Great story. But you're forgetting one little detail...you're the art dealer here. How ever did they come to the conclusion that *I* had the book?

Yuu struggles to contain a smirk. He moves his hand under his desk. Janine GLOWERS at Yuu.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Wipe that smirk off your face. I know you were the one who fed them information. You're the only one who could! All I want to know is...why?

YUU

You're the super-soldier. Use your enhanced brain to figure it out.

JANINE

I hate you.

YUU

And I detest your very existence. Your mother was a mistake, and you - you're just the unintended consequence. But at least she made herself useful in the end. What have you done recently?

Janine SCOFFS. She kicks Yuu's laptop straight into his chest. Yuu falls off his chair, doubled over.

Janine towers over him. She grabs a pair of keys off his desk and pulls open one of the drawers on his desk. A solid gold handgun slides out.

Janine aims the gun directly at Yuu. She's ready to fire but...

YUU (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Make me proud. Kill me.

...she just can't do it. Janine lowers her aim. Instead, she flips the gun around in her hand, admiring it.

JANINE

Very nice. Glock, custom gold. Extravagant...I'm taking your car by the way, and the money from the safe downstairs. Don't have me followed. It's not in your best interest.

Janine steps over Yuu. Five huge bodyguards RUSH in, guns drawn. Janine flips her father's gun, firing unhesitatingly - perfect shots through each of the bodyguards' hands.

The bodyguards drop to the floor, clutching their hands in agony.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Oh and uh--I'll be out past curfew.

Janine strides out of Yuu's study. Yuu LAUGHS hysterically, still clutching his stomach.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/BALLROOM - EVENING

Crystal lights drape from the ceiling, illuminating roses of every variety. The ballroom looks like an enchanted forest, the best enchanted forest money can buy.

The ballroom is packed, girls and their dates, most of them on the LED dance floor.

Emily sits at one of the larger tables, looking cute despite the appearance of faint bruises.

James sits next to her, handsome and dapper in his cassock, unbuttoned from the waist down.

In another part of the ballroom, Jack is hitting the dance floor. Several girls encircle him, grinding to the beat of the music, and he's loving every second of it.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/MAIN ENTRANCE- SAME TIME

Valets and security guards stand outside the school, tending to luxury cars and limousines that continue to pull up.

Suddenly, the deep and discernible RUMBLE of an approaching car engine. A gleaming, luxury sports car roars into view, parking itself to a screeching halt.

The car's butterfly doors swing open. An under-dressed Janine steps out in the evening air. She sticks out like a sore thumb in the midst of all the high glitz party gowns.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches Janine.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me ma'am, this is a private affair. I'm going to have to ask you to leave--

Janine flashes the guard her school badge.

JANINE

I know what it is. I'm a student here. I'm late and I have to get dressed. Do you think it's a good idea to stand between a girl and her dress?

The Security Guard steps to the side, allowing Janine to pass. She glances over her shoulder for a moment.

No one is focusing on her. Janine makes a stealthy turn, and runs towards the rectory building.

VOICES approaching. Janine jumps behind a mausoleum for fear of being caught. One of the voices is recognizably Amanda's. Her DATE's voice is also somewhat recognizable.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Is that true? Oh my God, that's amazing.

DATE (O.S.)

Yes it is. You should see those kids' faces when they get a toy for the first time in their lives. It's magical.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Now I want to do missionary work too.

DATE (O.S.)
 Yeah? Well I want to do another
 type of *missionary*.

Amanda GIGGLES. The two share a lingering, audible KISS.
 Janine grimaces in disgust. She starts to creep away slowly.

AMANDA (O.S.)
 What does that symbol mean anyway?

DATE (O.S.)
 Well...the cross is self-
 explanatory. The triquetra - those
 three rings behind it - represent
 the holy spirit.

Janine freezes in place. Very slowly she peeks over the
 mausoleum to get a glimpse of Amanda's date...

It's Clark! One of his hands is wrapped in bandages, but
 otherwise, he looks pretty good. Clark is noticeably hiding
 his British accent. Janine GASPS and moves back behind the
 mausoleum.

JANINE
 (to herself)
 No fucking way.

Past the mausoleum, we see Amanda gently run her fingers over
 the infamous triquetra/cross pendant, before planting another
 kiss on the Clark's lips.

AMANDA
 Let's go dance.

Clark grabs Amanda by the hand and the two rush off towards
 the Ballroom building. Janine stays frozen behind the
 mausoleum for awhile, distraught.

JANINE
 (quietly, to herself)
 Not your problem. Not your problem.
 Not your problem.

Having half-convinced herself, Janine runs into the rectory.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Archbishop strides into the ballroom, an annoyed Sister
 Marie Claire at his side. He wears a sophisticated bullet-
 proof vest over his cassock. Several of the party-goers stare
 at him.

ARCHBISHOP
It's lovely, wouldn't you say?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
Can I sit down now?

ARCHBISHOP
A grand entrance makes the party,
Marie.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
You look ridiculous. It's
embarrassing.

ARCHBISHOP
You see embarrassment. I see
admiration.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
More like morbid fascination.

ARCHBISHOP
Must you argue with me about
everything?

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE
Only about the stupid things you
say. So...everything. Yes.

Several of the St. George's student body and staff are also
in attendance.

Father McMahon leans against a wall. James glares at him.
Father McMahon responds by lifting his glass up in a toast.
After a moment, James does the same.

At James shoulder - Jack leans in.

JACK
St. George's has certainly made
their showing.

JAMES
McMahon's got a lot of guts showing
his face around here.

JACK
Now, now. Play nice. This is a
formal occasion.

James takes a deep swig of his drink. Jack sits down in the
chair next to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're not still agonizing over
Janine, are you?

James glares Jack into silence.

Amanda and Clark arrive at Emily and James's table. Clark holds a tray of drinks in his hand.

EMILY
Amanda! You look beautiful!

AMANDA
Thanks! So do you!

EMILY
Can I presume this fine-looking
specimen is your date?

Clark flashes a charming smile.

AMANDA
Yes! This is my boyfriend Chuck
Harris.

Several of the people at the table chime in to greet Clark. Clark sets the tray of drinks at the center of the table.

CLARK
Brought everyone some drinks from
the juice bar over there. It looks
pretty popular.

James glances around the room. Everyone seems to be holding the same drink. Jack grabs one off the tray.

JACK
Bonus points if it's spiked.

Clark smirks. One by one, everyone at the table grabs a drink, including Clark.

CLARK
Shall we toast then?

EMILY
To what?

CLARK
To a party no one will ever forget.

AMANDA
Ooh I like that.

They lift their glasses, and chug down the drinks. James hesitates for a moment before drinking his as well.

At the edge of the ballroom, SISTER MAY, walks on to a constructed stage to make an announcement. She looks a bit woozy as she teeters toward the microphone. The music stops.

SISTER MAY

I hope you've all enjoyed the evening thus far. You ladies...and gentlemen look wonderful tonight. First off, we'd like to thank Archbishop Kaiser and the Committee of Student Affairs for organizing yet another successful All Saints' Dance.

A ROARING APPLAUSE. The Archbishop feigns modesty.

SISTER MAY (CONT'D)

And of course Sister Marie Claire for all these beautiful decorations. It truly is an enchanted forest.

More APPLAUSE. Sister Marie Claire nods curtly.

SISTER MAY (CONT'D)

We'd also like to thank all the boys from our brother schools who showed up tonight.

The boys around the room WHOOP and HOLLER.

SISTER MAY (CONT'D)

You'll be making a lot of girls happy tonight!

There's an uncertain MURMUR throughout the ballroom.

SISTER MAY (CONT'D)

Uh-not, not like that! I meant, happy because of the dance...

(Sister May STUTTERS,
switching gears)

...Anyway, the moment you've all been waiting for! Our annual crowning of the St. Edmund Rich's All Saints Dance court.

The room breaks out in CHEERS. excited CHATTER. Jack pulls at his clerical collar, fanning himself with a napkin.

JACK

It's a little hot in here, isn't it?

James nods. He looks around the room. Everyone's sweating. Some people look like their about to collapse. Even the Archbishop struggles to maintain his composure.

CLARK

Probably bad air conditioning.

SISTER MAY

The results are in from the votes taken earlier this week and...

The suspense builds as Sister May opens the decision envelope.

SISTER MAY (CONT'D)

The first prince and princess of the annual All Saints Dance is--

DRUMROLL. THUMP! Sister May passes out, landing face first on the edge of the stage.

Groups of students collapse, one after the other. SHRIEKS, as Some unsuccessfully attempt to stagger out of the ballroom.

James turns to Jack who can barely keep his eyes open.

JAMES

(rasping)
The drinks - I think they were spiked.

CLARK (O.S.)

Obviously.

James catches only a glimpse of Clark holding a champagne flute. Clark breaks the glass right across James's face, knocking him out cold.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/RECTORY - SAME TIME

Dim Lighting. There's no one in sight. Janine ransacks every drawer, searching each one.

Finally, she finds James' satchel. She reaches in and pulls out the Gospel of Jesus.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sound of distant shots fired. Janine jumps up. She grabs the book and rushes out of the rectory.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/BALLROOM - LATER

Jack GROANS awake. Blurriness. Finally, everything becomes clear. He, Father McMahon, and the Archbishop are tied together, back-to-back.

JACK
The fuck?...

All around the ballroom, scores of students huddle in WHIMPERING piles. Emily and Amanda are tied and gagged atop one of the dinner tables. They struggle against their bindings.

ARCHBISHOP
Glad to see you're still alive.

FATHER MCMAHON
I knew I shouldn't have trusted any of you shitheads! Brother Gaspar won't let you get away with this!

ARCHBISHOP
Hey asshole, in case you haven't noticed, we're all pretty much in the same boat.

JACK
Where the hell is James?

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

All eyes turn to see...Clark CLAPPING. In a chair next to him sits James, looking worse for wear, and strapped down by painful looking restraints. James dips his head slightly, drooling blood.

A wall of armed goons stand at every doorway and entrance of the ballroom. Some are in clerical attire, while others are still disguised as waiters and security guards.

Clark's natural British accent returns as he speaks.

CLARK
Congratulations on making it thus far.

ARCHBISHOP

This is a little excessive for an assassination, don't you think? Most people just try shooting me.

CLARK

Don't give yourself that much credit. I'm here to kill everyone.

FATHER MCMAHON

Why not just him? He's the Archbishop here! The rest of us barely run a parish!

ARCHBISHOP

Thanks McMahon. Your loyalty is greatly appreciated.

JACK

Don't bother reasoning with him. He's a Knight of Stilicho.

The Archbishop and Father McMahon GROAN in exasperation.

FATHER MCMAHON

Not these assholes again.

ARCHBISHOP

What are you? A chapter leader or something? Do you get a new badge if you complete this mission?

CLARK

Keep joking. You can die with a smile on your face.

A soft GROAN. All eyes turn to a badly beaten James.

JAMES

No one has the book. If that's what your looking for. It's gone.

CLARK

So I've been told. But I'm not here for the book. I'm here for revenge.

JACK

James, buddy! You still breathing over there?

James lets out a soft CHORTLE.

ARCHBISHOP

Book?...

(Realization dawns upon
the Archbishop)

...I should've known this shit was
about DeLuca! You two just couldn't
let it go, could you?

JACK

It's not *just* about DeLuca and you
know it!

Clark rubs his bandaged hand gingerly. James smirks.

JAMES

I take it you've met Janine.

BAM! Another blow right across James's face. Clark leans in
close to James's face, nose-to-nose.

CLARK

I did. And we had a *damn good* time
together. She's very...supple.

James slams his forehead full force into Clark's, temporarily
stunning him. A trickle of blood runs down Clark's forehead.
Clark CHUCKLES.

Clark tightens the restraints against James's chair, pushing
them further into his limbs.

James spits in Clark's face. Clark wipes his face and walks
over to the table where Emily and Amanda lay on. He brings
Emily to her knees directly in front of James, holding her by
the hair.

Clark holds a switchblade to Emily's throat.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Pop quiz. How much blood is inside
the average human body. Three
liters?...

(Clark runs the flat end
of the switchblade across
Emily's throat)

...or six?

Emily lets out a CHOKED SOB.

JAMES

Your fight is with me you limey
sonofa--

RAPID GUNFIRE. Clark drops Emily and ducks. After a few seconds, the gunfire stops.

The smoke clears. At least ten of Clark's goons have been taken out. The rest have taken cover around the ballroom, weapons in hand.

The restraints binding Jack, Archbishop Kaiser, and Father McMahon drop to the floor, broken apart by gunfire. The three men immediately take cover.

Clark's goons aimlessly fire in the shooter's direction - towards the second floor landing.

SCREAMS. Panic and hysteria ensues. The students struggle to wriggle their way out of the ballroom, some climbing over each other.

CLARK

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

One by one, the firing stops.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Do any of you idiots know where your firing at?! Hold your damn fire!...

(BEAT)

...you've got a lot nerve whoever you are! Do yourself a favor and surrender! We might be able to work something out!

Janine boldly steps out onto the second floor landing, an M249 light machine gun in hand. The horror is apparent on Clark's face.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You!

JANINE

Me.

A grenade lands right at Clark's feet. Janine points at the device matter-of-factly. Clark and some of his goons leap out of the way just as the grenade detonates.

Many of the students, now freed by the explosion, stumble out of the ballroom. The building is slowly falling apart. Clark and his goons also retreat, but not before carrying off Emily and Amanda.

Jack rushes over to James and struggles to free him from the chains. A single GUNSHOT breaks open the primary padlock.

Jack and James look up. Janine stands a few feet away, gun in hand.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Idiots.

James' eyes immediately search the floor.

JANINE (CONT'D)

He took Emily with him. Amanda too.
We have to go now.

The Archbishop and Father McMahon join the rest of the group.

ARCHBISHOP

My office! Now!

The five of them rush out of the building just as more of the structure collapses.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/ARCHBISHOP OFFICE - MOMENTS
LATER

The double doors to the Archbishop's office swing open. James hobbles in on the shoulders of Jack and Father McMahon.

The Archbishop punches a few buttons into a keypad next to the saint's portrait behind his desk. A HISS. The portrait mechanically slides over to reveal an open vault...or rather a military arsenal of weapons.

Janine GAPES.

ARCHBISHOP

What? Not your style?

The Archbishop leans over his office window and peers out at the school church.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

Dammit! They're in the church now!
Do you know how much money I spent
on renovations?

FATHER MCMAHON

I know how that feels.

Father McMahon glares accusingly at Jack and James. James stares at Janine.

JAMES

You saved me. Why?

JANINE

It's in my best interest. If I don't get rid of this "Clark" guy now, I figure I'm next. So you're going to help me.

JACK

You're so hot right now.

JAMES

They've got Amanda and Emily.

FATHER MCMAHON

And all the entrances blocked. Actually, that's the one I'm most worried about.

ARCHBISHOP

Has anyone seen Sister Marie?

James shakes his head.

JACK

So what's the plan?

JANINE

I think it's pretty simple.

All eyes turn to Janine.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY - SCHOOL CHAPEL - LATER

Several of Clark's goons stand guard outside the chapel.

Janine, Father McMahon, and the Archbishop stride purposely towards the church, armed in military grade weapons.

FATHER MCMAHON

You know how they say don't put all your eggs in one basket, tread with caution, look before you leap? How come we're not doing that?

JANINE

We'll be fine.

ARCHBISHOP

I can't believe I'm taking the advice of a schoolgirl.

JANINE

We'll be fine!

FATHER MCMAHON

How do you figure?

JANINE

Because if it works, we'll live.
And if it doesn't, we'll die, in
which case, it won't matter if it
didn't work, will it?

FATHER MCMAHON

I should've stuck with accounting.
This priest thing is not working
out for me.

The goons finally notice them.

JANINE

Heads up.

Janine, Father McMahon, and the Archbishop raise handguns simultaneously, firing indiscriminately. They lay waste to the goons almost immediately.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/SCHOOL CHAPEL - SAME TIME

The sound of gunfire rouses Clark to action. He stands on the altar next to a bound and gagged Amanda, and Emily.

The church, is jam-packed with goons and hostages. Some more of the goons rush out. More GUNFIRE and then...silence.

A growing suspense...

CRASH! The nuns of the St. Edmund Rich Convent dramatically crash in through every single stained glass window, guns at the ready - Sister Marie at the forefront.

A violent skirmish breaks out as every single priest and nun in the chapel engage in either deadly gunfight or hand-to-hand combat.

Clark abandons his post, and runs off deeper into the chapel taking Emily with him.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/INTERSECTING HALLWAY -
CONTINUOUS

Clark hightails it through the hallway, hordes of his stronger goons flanking him.

Jack and James stand directly in his path, holding STEEL SHEPHERD'S STAFFS. Clark doesn't hesitate. He motions towards a pair of bandana-masked twin priests.

The bandana-masked priests jump to action, blocking James and Jack's path, each one drawing CROSS SWORDS. BEAT.

The two sets of twins clash against each other in a dazzling display of weaponry. They're more than equal matches.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/SCHOOL CHAPEL - SAME TIME

The mayhem is nonstop inside of the chapel.

Janine and Father McMahon, largely unnoticed in all the chaos, untie Amanda. Sister Marie Claire joins them.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

He took off toward the back!

AMANDA

(In a daze)

Janine. I don't think Chuck's a banker's son.

JANINE

Take care of yourself Amanda.

Sister Marie Claire, Janine, and Father McMahon take off down the same hallway Clark retreated into, leaving Amanda behind.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/ CHAPEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

An oversized, THUG PRIEST blocks Janine, Sister Marie Claire's, and Father McMahon's path almost immediately. He flaunts his muscles threateningly.

THUG PRIEST

You're going down!

A BATTLE CRY. All eyes turn to the Archbishop as he bursts through the hallway and takes down the Thug Priest in a flying wrestling dive.

Janine and Father McMahon freeze in place.

JANINE

Was that?

FATHER MCMAHON

I think so.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

Don't worry about him! Keep going!

The Archbishop restrains the THUG PRIEST in an agonizing figure four leg lock, as Janine, Father McMahon, and Sister Marie Claire resume running down the hallway.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/ CHAPEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Clark tosses Emily into the elevator. She SOBS inconsolably as he steps in behind her. He punches the only button available on the elevator - to the basement sacristy.

CLARK

Shut up.

His priest goons stay outside to stand guard at the elevator.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CHAPEL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Janine, Sister Marie Claire, and Father McMahon approach the intersecting hallway leading to the elevator.

A priest goon knocks Janine to the side and grabs hold of Father McMahon by the throat. The goon raises start to choke Father McMahon and suddenly...drops to his knees, dead by virtue of a spear sticking through his chest.

When the spear is pulled back out, Father McMahon's Altar Boy, still in his server alb, holds the double-ended spear/candle-holder.

FATHER MCMAHON

Took you long enough.

ALTAR BOY

Sorry father. I was serving at mass. I came as soon as I heard.

Several other priest goons GASP as they are mysteriously choked by woolen ropes that lift them off the ground.

A grim collection of at least ten goons hang from the ceiling before Gaspar steps out into the hallway, interweaving his monk's belt like a dangerous weapon.

FATHER MCMAHON

Go! We got these guys!

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CHAPEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Janine and Sister Marie Claire reach the elevator. Priest goons aim guns directly in their faces. They are outnumbered.

Janine smirks. Much in the same way, Janine N. had done before her, Janine lays waste to more than half the goons. Sister Marie Claire gets rid of a few more.

It's looking good for Janine until fifteen more rush in to take the place of their fallen comrades.

JANINE

We'll never get to him like this!

A low RUMBLE...then BAM! The Archbishop literally breaks through the wall of the hallway, taking down at least five of the goons in a berserker rampage. He performs a piledriver on another.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Sister Marie Claire joins the Archbishop. Both of them break out what seems to be every single sickening wrestling move in existence.

SISTER MARIE CLAIRE

We can't hold them forever!

Janine maneuvers through the goons with precision, shooting some and kicking others out of the way. She dives into the elevator just as it closes behind her.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CHAPEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors slide open. Janine steps out, her gun at the ready.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/BASEMENT SACRISTY - CONTINUOUS

Clark holds Emily out in front of him as a human shield. He holds a gun to her temple.

CLARK

I have a hostage.

Janine tosses the Book of Jesus at Clark's feet.

JANINE

Let her go.

Clark kicks the book into the blazing furnace behind him.

JANINE (CONT'D)

You got what you wanted. Let her go.

Clark shoots Emily in the shoulder and tosses her to the floor in front of Janine.

CLARK

There. I let her go.

Clark and Janine fire at each other. The bullets collide, canceling each other out.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You're out of bullets.

JANINE

So are you.

Clark and Janine toss aside their guns and lunge at each other.

The two engage each other in a spectacular display of fighting prowess. They hit each other with every church relic in the room.

Janine drags Clark's face across a table, sweeping off all the items atop it.

Clark manages to knock Janine against a vestment drawer, her head hitting the edge of the furniture. He hooks her in by the throat.

CLARK

Send my regards to Lucifer.

Clark places a bomb right next to Janine's face. The timer on the bomb begins to wind down.

Just as it looks as though Janine's a goner, she grabs Clark's arm and jams a syringe into it.

The substance inside the syringe is clearly the same as the one IRIDESCENT BLUE VIAL from Janine's keyholder. The liquid disappears into his arm.

Clark's veins bulge slightly. He staggers.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What...

JANINE

It never did work on men.

Clark drops to the floor. He crawls to corner. Janine grabs hold of Emily and races into the elevator.

Clark holds out his hands in front of him, terrified.

CLARK

(to himself)

These aren't my hands!

The bomb goes off just as the elevator starts to climb.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CHAPEL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The Archbishop shields Sister Marie Claire as the bomb reaches ground level.

INT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/INTERSECTING CHAPEL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

James finishes off one of the twin goons. He's stops as he hears the approaching RUMBLE of the explosion.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Scores of nuns and priests pour out of the church just as the bomb completely detonates.

Bodies fly out in every direction as the fire cloud mushrooms. DARKNESS.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/SCHOOL LAWN - MORNING

It's the opening ceremony for the new school chapel, and the last day of school before summer break. The students take photographs with their family members and classmates.

Sister Marie Claire and the Archbishop pose for every photo opportunity in front of the newly opened school chapel.

EXT. ST. EDMUND RICH ACADEMY/ MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Janine is dressed in the standard Janine U.S. Military fatigues, customized and all. She cheerfully loads her bags into the back of a humvee.

The General and his Lieutenant CHAT quietly amongst each other as they wait for Janine to finish.

JAMES (O.S.)

Why didn't you come to the opening ceremony?

Janine turns around. James leans against the back of the humvee. He has a faint scar that crosses his face.

JANINE

I had to pack.

JAMES

Back in the military. Sounds like a scary prospect.

JANINE

I think this school has more than prepared me for the scary stuff.

JAMES

I meant it's scary for the rest of the world. Janine running rampant. I mean...Janines, plural.

JANINE

It's crazy how quickly they rebuilt that church.

JAMES

What's crazy is Emily bouncing back so quickly.

James and Janine glance at Emily. Emily glares at Janine. Janine waves sarcastically.

JANINE

As bitchy as ever.

JAMES

I do regret not taking you to the dance though.

JANINE

You took Emily.

JAMES

I had my reasons.

Janine casts James an inquisitive glance. James responds by tossing her a USB. Janine looks at the tiny device in the palm of her hands.

JANINE

Is this?

JAMES

Your sister's pictures - yeah. Made sure all the other files were wiped out of the memory.

Janine CHUCKLES. The General and his Lieutenant jump back into the humvee.

GENERAL

Let's go Takahashi.

JAMES

Am I going to see you around?

JANINE

Why?

JAMES

I'll miss you if I don't.

Janine holds out a fist to James. He smiles. They give each other a friendly pound...finally true comrades.

JANINE

You're alright padre. Don't get into any more trouble though.

JAMES

No deal.

Janine LAUGHS and jumps into the humvee just as it begins to pull away. James watches her until she's out of sight. Jack joins him after awhile.

JACK

You just let her go man.

JAMES

As if I could actually hold her back.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Janine leans forward, her hair whipping in the wind as she stands in the backseat of the humvee. The General SHOUTS over the rushing wind.

GENERAL

...78% increase in efficiency! You have to see these girls Lieutenant!
(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Mission ready Janines! Matter of fact we're thinking about sending you girls out in a week! We have a situation out in Baghdad. Five of our guys went missing...

JANINE (V.O.)

My story, like most things in a girl's life, begins with my mother...

Janine grins gleefully. She's finally back where she belongs.

FADE OUT.