



Scripts.com

Scourge

By Jonas Quastel

Feel like the sky
is falling
But maybe it ought to
Maybe that's what it takes
To make a change
And if that's
what it takes
To make me believe
The closer I get,
the less it matters #
and then some kid
comes along
with a bottle rocket.
What are you
going to do?
And if you surrender
Maybe you'll get it back
And if you surrender
Maybe
Well, I'm not sure
what it's for
But it's tattooed,
tattooed on my life
Oh, yeah
And I'm not sure
what it's for
But it's
tattooed on my life
Well, maybe I've been
waiting for something
Waiting on the corner
With a copy
of the Enquirer
Oh, boy, I read
the news today
Same news as yesterday
And if you surrender
Maybe you'll get it back
And if you surrender
Maybe
Well, I'm not sure
what it's for
But it's tattooed,
tattooed on my life

And I'm not sure
what it's for
But it's
tattooed on my life
Scotty Miller.
Sheriff.
I haven't seen you
on this side
of Harborford
for quite a while.
I kind of preferred
it that way.
I was just visiting.
Uh-huh.
Haven't you
disappointed her
enough for
one lifetime?
You know, Scotty,
I take a personal interest
in my niece's well-being,
and you of all
people should know
how important family is.
Is there something
I can do for you?
Go home, son.
Scott.
Jess.
Two years. Wow.
Yeah, I heard
you were in town.
My parents bought a
new boat in California,
sailing it back for
their 25th anniversary,
and I'm
the house-sitter.
School's good?
Yeah.
I was sorry to hear
about your dad passing.
Did you get my, uh-
Letter. Yeah.

How's your mom?
California.
New husband.
What is that now,
the third?
Well...
Yeah...
Bye.
Bye.
Scott-
Yeah?
Look, it's freezing out.
Do you want something
hot before you go?
You sure?
Yes, I'm sure.
Deja vu.
My mom keeps
it untouched.
It's weird.
I can't believe you're
still in Harborford.
You always wanted
to leave so bad.
Rub it in.
I was all set
to do the big move,
and then my dad got sick-
No way!
Didn't I make you
that bracelet?
- Of course.
- It's so bad.
It's cute.
What the hell?
How many summer days
did we totally waste up here?
We were awful.
I was a bad influence.
Scott,
I'm sorry I
stopped calling,
- My parents, and then school.
- It's all right.

Don't worry about it.
I understand.
I do, and your
parents were right.
How was it for you?
Not that bad.
Eight months,
three squares a day.
More than I
could count on
at home most
of the time, right?
Yeah.
Anyway, it's
ancient history now.
Really cleaned up.
Honest, you'd hardly
recognize me.
Yeah, right.
I'm in college,
here at Sherwood,
on the hockey team,
until the end of
the semester at least.
Then I'm out of here.
What do you mean?
I'm leaving this place.
- For good.
- Where are you going?
I don't know.
California, maybe.
Just gotta go.
Are you seeing anybody?
No.
Wow, what's her name?
Lydia.
It's nothing serious.
Why not?
Half the time,
I'm crazy about her.
Half the time,
I just want to kill her.
- How about you?
- Well, no one in particular.

I'd better get going.
Yeah, we hit the ice
in an hour.
You should come by, though.
We'll grab a coffee and a
claw over at Fred's later.
Well, won't you be
seeing Lydia tonight?
It's girls' night,
and she's going out.
Okay.
If you just joined us,
it's top of the ninth,
two outs with nobody on,
and one out away-
Hey, Josh,
you want a beer?
This will
fix his stomach.
Josh?
What the-
What the fuck!
At the blue line!
Whoa!
This way! This way!
What the hell?
C'mon! Let's do
something about this!
Come on!
Hey, come on!
Oh, my God.
What are you doing here?
You are so bad.
Come on, let's go!
Do it!
Oh! Take it easy!
What is this thing
you're wearing?
Hey!
Aah!
Psycho!
Don't ever call me!
Aah!
Hey.

What are you
doing back here?
Um, I had to
use the restroom.
It's back there.
So you guys lost.
Huh. I'm surprised
you noticed.
Hey. Who's this?
Lydia, this is Jesse,
an old friend.
Oh, you mean
old buddy, don't you?
Hey.
Scott, you didn't
have to lie to me.
I wouldn't have
been threatened
by an old girlfriend.
Oh, no.
Jesse and I were never-
I just want
there to only be
truth between us.
I'd better get going, so-
No, please, don't.
Will you excuse us
for a moment? Lydia...
Truth, huh?
Tell me who this
belongs to.
Okay.
I didn't want
to tell you about him.
He's been obsessed
with me since last year.
I mean,
he showed up tonight,
and I tried
to talk to him,
but he got weird,
so I left.
That's all.
Come on. I'm sorry.

Will you ever
forgive me, kind sir?
Lydia, come on.
You're going to
make me pay for this,
aren't you?
Remember, we're
going out tonight.
- What?
- I'll be ready by 8.
I guess I must have-
Forgotten, yeah.
You still want
to grab that coffee?
I should get going.
Fun game, though.
Old friend?
We'll see
about that.
Hi, leave a message
and I'll call
you back... maybe.
I'm at your window.
I can see you're home.
You up there
with your fire chief?
I'm not doing this anymore.
We're done. I'm out.
Oh!
Ah!
Get lost,
crazy broad!
Idiot.
Aah!
It's funny. I thought
I'd be more pissed.
But it's like you
let me off the hook.
I'm talking to you, Lydia!
Lydia?
Oh shit!
What happened?
Did you get him back
for last time?

Huh?

Ah, don't worry
about it.

Hey, Ty.

- Go ahead.

- We've got a serious
problem down at
Star Club on second.

We need you to
get down there quick.

I'm on my way.

Where are you going?

I don't know.

Just gotta go.

Uh.

What happened?

Were you in a fight?

Jesse.

I thought maybe you
were done with all that.

Look, I am.

This isn't
what you think.

Then what is it?

You should go home.

Your uncle,
he's going to be
looking for me.

I'll get you some of my
dad's things to wear.

Thanks.

In the morning-
you need to go.

She was one of my best friends.

I'm very sorry.

Thank you.

Sam.

You're sure
it was Scott Miller
they saw running
out of here?

Hello?

Jess?

Uncle Ty.

Is everything okay?

I'm fine.

Have you seen

Scotty Miller tonight?

No, I haven't seen him
since this afternoon.

Why, what happened?

Nothing, sweetheart.

You just go back to sleep.

- Scott.

- Oh, thank God.

What's the matter
with you?

It's a nightmare.

Look, Jesse.

Jesse.

Look, all that matters
is you're okay.

I mean, if anything
happened to you, I-

And another puzzling
death in Harborford.

The victim has
been identified

as Lydia Mason,
a student at Sherwood
College in Harborford.

Mason's attacker is
as of yet unidentified.

Local sheriff Ty Durst
was tight-lipped

at the scene
this morning.

The investigation
is underway.

We have a few
eyewitnesses
and a suspect.

And that's all I've got
to say. That's all I've-

Anything else?

No, I can't.

Yeah, I'll hold.

Come on. Step aside.

Come on.
Jess, I know
how this looks.
- Were you there?
- I was.
You've got to let me
explain, though.
I saw him,
the fireman
at the arena.
Hi, this is
Jesse Jarrett.
I'd like to talk
to Sheriff Durst
right away, please.
I didn't hurt her.
She just disintegrated
in front of me.
Her eyes
were almost black,
full of blood.
You need help.
She must have
caught it from him.
It could be some
kind of disease
or a poison.
Look, I'm going to
figure this out.
- I just need some time.
- Please hurry.
Okay, Jesse,
you know me
better than anyone.
If I had done this thing,
would I still be here?
Hello?
Ty?
Jesse? I'm at
your front door.
Jesse, you all right?
I'm fine.
Good, good.
You see the news?

Scotty Miller's in serious
trouble, sweetheart.

Do you know where he is?

Jess?

You feeling okay?

- Scott-

- I know, I know.

I know, sweetheart.

Just...

relax, okay?

Just hold on.

Let's go sit down,
sweetheart.

Okay?

Sweetheart, I don't
think you understand
the level of depravity
in the Miller family.

Now, your great-uncle Cyrus,
he busted the first Miller
bootlegging operation
right off of this coast.

Scott's old man Lucky?

Well,

he's just as bad.

And now...

looks like Scott's
the worst of the bunch.

I can't believe you
lied to me, Jesse.

You're wrong about him.

I know Scott.

Wrong?

That kid's taken this
whole town for a ride,
made a damn mockery
out of me!

Jesse.

Scott's conviction
two years ago,
it was his old man
moving the hot car parts
we found on the property.
It was going to be

his third count,
and he was looking at
But presto. Scott confesses,
takes the fall
for his old man.
Scott went to prison
in his dad's place?
You see what I'm
saying, sweetheart?
They're all
the same trash.
Yeah?
Well, what kind
of situation?
Just slow down.
What?
Yeah, okay.
I'll be right there.
We're not done.
Where'd he go?
What the...
Hey!
Okay.
Hold it right there!
I said stop!
Stay back!
I'm warning you!
Sam, go get an ambulance.
What the hell's
happening in this town?
The church fire was the last
mission he was on.
Yo.
No shit.
What channel?
This adds to the bizarre
occurrences taking place
this week
in Harborford.
That must be the psycho
that killed Josh.
...that is attacking
the people
of Harborford.

Sheriff Durst has given us
very little information
to go on.
He has told us that
he has a suspect in mind.
He has not, as of yet,
given us a name
nor description
of the suspect,
which only adds
to the feeling
of fear in
the community.
That's it, dude.
I am done for the day.
Mom, he shouldn't
have called you.
No, Scott's
not here right now.
He was.
Look-
You don't know that.
No, stay there.
Okay.
I'll call you later.
You climbed inside
a big balloon
And I watched you
wave goodbye
You said
it'd only be awhile
- Half the time, I just want to kill her.
- It seemed
- like such a lie
- Your uncle,
he's going to be
looking for me.
- I believe
- I mean, if anything
- It now
- happened to you, I'd-
I believe it now
Hey, yay, yay, yeah
Late developments

regarding the shooting
today at Sherwood Mall
in Harborford.

The dead man
has been identified
as Mr. Darrell Johanson,
a Harborford roofer.

Mr. Johanson
went on a rampage
earlier today,
attacking shoppers
in the mall before being
gunned down by police.

It was horrible.
His face was falling off,
and his eyes, it was as if
they were
full of blood.

Reporting to you
live from Harborford-
Full of blood?

... this is Susan Fox.
Jesse?

You didn't run.

- What?

- You didn't run.

It's what you'd always
do when we were kids
and you got in trouble.

You'd run away,
be gone for days.

I got pretty close,
believe me.

I don't know you got
yourself into this,
but you're going
to need my help
to get out of it.

Where are you?

Scott?

You need my help.

How do you plan on
helping me, Jesse?

- You'd better keep your distance.

- No.
It's not a virus.
- How do you know?
- It would have spread...
through town by now. Go.
Lydia's fireman
was on a call here.
The fireman got it first.
He gave it to Lydia,
she gave it to
the guy at the mall.
If the game
was at three, and
Lydia died at nine,
that's six hours.
What's that?
Oh!
Don't get too close.
Smells like vinegar.
We have to get
down there.
Over there. That's
where the axe was.
Here.
I see something.
Careful.
Okay, here goes.
"This vessel
bears a corrigia
"born of hellfire.
Preserve this vessel,
sealed from the world-"
I can't read the rest.
It's dated the 4th
of May, 1871.
We've got a date
and a name.
I can look through
the town's archives.
Maybe there's
something there.
We need to find that guy
your uncle dusted at the mall.
If this "corgeria" thing

has moved on,
we need to find out who.
Come on, huh? One shot.
Clear the frame.
Huh? Come on.
I'm begging you.
I'll give you 20 bucks.
Flatfoot!
Yeah. You have a nice day, too, sir.
Okay.

The last person with
the guy from the mall
was his ambulance
technician Eddie Pastor.
He left his shift early.
He's a boarder,
and they say
that we can find him
at one of the skate parks.
Can I have the chips?
Whoa!

You want these chips?
Not so fast.
You're the guy that can do
the backside air, right?
I can't right now.
Hungry.
The backside air first.
Okay, we're back
at the church.
I'll meet you here after.

- Jesse.

- Yeah?

Thanks.

For what?

Believing me.

No psychotic killer
could make
anything this goofy.

"Edward Norberg,
a Harborford native
"and a respected
silversmith,
"was struck down

by a bolt of lightning
"Tuesday night in what
many consider to be
"an act of divine
intervention.

The madman was survived
by a wife and son. "
Hey.

Is that... Is that Eddie?

Yo, we didn't do this.

I didn't say you did.

Is that him?

This jack attacked me, and dropped dead.

How?

How'd he attack you?

Listen, you should
come with me.

I think you might be
sick or cursed, maybe.

I just told you,
we didn't do this.

It's called the corrigia.

Are you deaf, fuck head?

'Cause I just told you-
You don't understand.

If you don't get
to a doctor now,
you might not make it through the night.

Come on.

Come on, Scott.

Who is it?

Miss Norberg?

My name is Jesse Jarret.

I'm looking for information
on Edward Norberg.

I tried calling
the listed number.

- They said it was out of service.

- Stay right there.

...but that's not to say
that people haven't put
their own quarantine
in effect.

People are staying

in their houses.
People aren't
going to work.
Children
aren't going to school.
They have really
isolated themselves
in hopes of-
Took you long enough.
Just the man I've
been looking for.
Ty,
same as the others.
I've been warning them
for years.
Who are you with?
FBI?
- CIA?
- Uh... Mrs. Norberg...
Show me your
identification.
Oh.
- Miss Norberg...
- No one ever listened,
but now they will.
Now they will.
Could you tell me anything
about what happened in 1871?
The scourge, dear.
La corrigia.
My great-grandfather,
Edward,
was falsely blamed for
the deaths in 1871.
He devoted his whole life
to clearing his name.
His search took him
around the world.
But Edward died,
hit by lightning.
No one got it out
of them in time.
But they had to explain
the murders away,

so he was reported dead,
whisked out of the country,
and warned never to return.

Who is they?

They.

When he died,
all his possessions
were sent here
from the Far East.

Everything is in
the coach house.

It's all there.

Go ahead.

I'm telling you,
you gotta find the skater girl.

She's next.

How does she tie in
with Lydia, Dennis, and the fireman?

I never met her before tonight.

I already told you.

What about the freak
at the mall?

What's he got to
do with this?

- You're on the wrong track.

- How are you killing these people, boy?

I'm not!

What is it?

Some kind of freaking
chemical agent or whatnot?

Who'd you buy it from?

- Just listen.

- You were placed at both murder sites.

The fireman and your girl
had been getting it on for months,
so you had plenty
of motive.

And last but not least,
right there.

So how 'bout a confession
so you have something,
however futile,
going for your sorry ass?

Find the girl.

Okay.
All right, smart ass,
we're gonna do it your way.
Sam, take him down
to the station.
I'm gonna give the news
to the press.
Hey, Chris.
Let's go.
Hands off, Porky.
What the hell
are you looking at?
Get used to it, Miller.
That goddamned sheriff
arrested some boy for the murders.
You've got to get down
there and straighten it out.
You're Lucky Miller's kid.
Yeah.
I know your old man.
Where is that
fother mucker?
Dead, six months.
- Cancer.
- Old Lucky.
Dumb shit.
Always was a loser.
No offense.
None taken.
Tries to go straight,
then croaks.
- Sorry ass.
- What?
He should of known Ty'd never let him
just stop the monthly.
Monthly?
Durst?
Everyone in town's gotta
pay the kindly sheriff.
Try saying no, and he'll set you up on
some trumped-up charge.
That's what he did
to your old man.
Are you saying the car parts he

found on my dad's property were-
Planted. You bet.
Fortune never smiled
on your old man.
That's why they
called him Lucky.
So listen to this.
I'm minding my own
business, grabbing a taco on First,
down by the Foundry,
and this skinny chick
comes up to me.
She's wearing
those hip-hop pants.
I hate the look.
But I see she's got
this slamming rack,
so I'm friendly.
I take her for
a spin on my bike.
She's got her hands
all over me.
So I pull over on the
We're gonna do it
there, on the bridge.
She gets to her knees,
pulls up my shirt.
Next thing I know,
this bitch is puking her guts out.
I mean her guts.
Blood, stomach shit,
all over the sidewalk.
It was fucked up.
When was this?
No, wait, you gotta
hear the rest of this.
She's grabbing at me
like she's gonna freaking die,
right there.
I'm like, whoa, bitch.
But she keeps coming.
So I push her ass
away from me,
and she goes right

over the edge, splat.
She's on the highway and these semis
are making mincemeat of this chick.
It was fucked up.
Shit, you got something
to eat, kid?
- Sheriff!
- What's your problem?
Sheriff Durst!
Hey.
Shut the hell up.
Stay back-
Sheriff!
What the hell is
your problem, Miller?
This guy's infected.
- Everybody knows that.
- Funny.
He's got it. You gotta
let me out of here.
Get your hands off
me, Miller.
- Stay away from me.
- What the...
Oh, Jesus.
Let me out.
Shit. Now look what
you've gone and done.
Come on, put your hands
through the bars.
Holy shit.
Miller,
get this guy off me.
Come on, don't
just stand there.
What the hell
happened here, Miller?
I think I need to
kill you, Sheriff.
Just calm down, son.
Hey, whoa.
The hell's
gotten into you?
It's in you.

There's nothing wrong
with me, boy.
- Put that gun down.
- I'm sorry.
You're no killer, Scotty.
You said so yourself.
You don't understand.
You're not gonna
shoot anybody.
Like father, like son.
You pussy.
Help me.
Miller!
Come on, come on, go.
Get the son of a bitch.
Got the keys?
Yeah, I'll drive.
I'll drive.
Get in the damn car.
I want to know the point as soon as
you get there, fellas.
- What?
- This is yours.
Well, that's nice, Sam.
Now go get the damn car!
I want the south end
and the north end blocked off.
I repeat, the north
and south end blocked off.
Sam, come on!
Go, go. Christ.
What happened back there?
Just drive.
All right, we've barred
him in the alley between Bell and Third.
I'll be right there.
Take no chances, boys.
You see him, shoot to kill.
I repeat, take no
chances with this guy.
Turn this heap around, Sam.
Where are those
doughnuts?
Ah, yeah.

I want the south end
blocked off, Sam.
Right here.
Go, go, go, go, go!
On the ground, Miller.
- You don't have time, Sheriff.
- He said on the ground.
It's inside him.
Can't you see? He needs help.
Now!
Don't give me any more reason
than I already have, son.
How could you?
How could you do it?
Do what?
He was sick,
and you knew it.
You still blackmailed him.
You had to see him
suffer, didn't you?
What's he talking
about, Ty?
You and your daddy thought
you could make a fool
out of me, didn't ya?
Ty, what the hell?
Shut up, Sam!
Well, now, it looks like
we have a real unpleasant situation here.
Fortunately,
no one's gonna miss
a murdering delinquent
from Harborford.
Don't bet on it, Sheriff.
Jesse?
I can't believe you,
Uncle Ty.
How could you?
You are a disgrace.
Jesse, you put
that Taser down.
I'm not playing
with you, girl.
I'm warning you.

Sam.
You have no idea the shit storm
you are now in, young lady.
- Stop!
- Jesse, relax.
Sam, now!
She has nothing to
do with it.
I'm the one you're after.
Shut up!
Oh, my God.
Jesus, Mary-
Sheriff?
- Stay away from him.
- Down on the ground! Now!
It's gonna want to move.
Ty?
Buddy?
Shoot it. Shoot it.
Stop, Ty, stop!
He's gone!
Okay, let's j-jus-just-
just calm down.
Holy Jehosaphat.
I have never,
in my entire life,
seen anything that comes close-
Is he-
Is the sheriff dead?
Where'd it come from?
Nobody knows.
Well,
how do you kill it?
I don't know.
Great.
Wait.
Do it!
Punch it.
Oh, no.
Aah!
Fire. We need fire.
Glove box.
Flares.
Come here, you.

We gotta get you
out of here.
The doctors that
I've spoken to
have confirmed that
this is possible.
It could be a virus,
that a virus could
do that to these bodies,
mutilate them
in a way that is
But that's not to say that
that's what's for sure this is.
This is a grimoire,
from 1766.
A what?
It's a demonologist
handbook.
The Church spent
centuries collecting information
from what they thought
was demonic activity.
These books
have everything,
from weather portents
to demonic possessions and exorcisms.
Who would use them?
The practitioners
of goetic magic.
They were sort of
demonic exterminators
that the Church
kept on staff.
This is what Edward
Norberg was convinced attacked him.
"Corrigia.
"Latin origin
of the word 'scourge. '
"The creature's quest
to procreate is without equal.
"It will consume the innards
"of as many as 6 to 9 human,
before reaching a size,
allowing it to self-propagate. "

I'll be back to
take your order.
Wow.
I'm sorry. She just
might have recognized you.
That's better.
Coming through! Press!
Make way, boys.
Oh, what have
we got here?
Oh, nice.
I'm making a
living, bub.
Those are the remains
of a friend of mine.
Oh. Oh.
Who was it?
That was
Sheriff Ty Durst,
a legend in this town.
He was killed while
in pursuit of a murder suspect.
That is a terrible shame.
I appreciate
your cooperation.
Oh, hey,
you got it, Officer.
Well, keep it together.
- Is this for real?
- These things
infested parts
of the Old World.
They used electricity
to get it out of people.
The Taser gun.
You're genius.
Well, it took you long
enough to notice.
This shows how
to capture it.
"The scourge
has few weaknesses
such as deathly aversion
to alcohol. "

The wine at the church.
What?
"In all my research
"I have found
no documented method
"of killing the creature.
"The death of
the possessed body
"means nothing,
as it will retreat inside,
using it as a shield. "
This rules out drowning,
even fire.
Even fire?
Oh, my God.
Ladies.
Oh!
Oh, yeah.
Smile for me, baby.
Smile.
Oh, man.
Oh, you are so pretty.
What the hell?
Oh, my God!
Did you see that?
Hey!
- Hey!
- Hey!
Come, on guys,
I got rights now.
I'm an American.
No, no, no!
This guy
was here before!
Get off, off, off!
I want your badge numbers!
- I will sue you all!
- Calm down!
Is this the guy
from Interpol?
Show me the body.
Taxi!
Come on.
Should we call somebody?

Who do you think
is gonna believe our story?
I hardly believe
our story.
It's been seven bodies
now, Jess.
We give up now,
that thing,
it's gonna be free
to multiply.
So what, then?
We have to get it
out of him ourselves.
The way to do it...
is all right here.
You still have the key
to the old lady's coach house?
Okay.
We're in business.
Hmm.
- Jess?
- He's still in the bar.
I've been keeping watch.
You sure this is how
you want to do this?
You have any better ideas,
please let me know.
So, what do you think?
Wow.
Let's do this.
This guy doesn't
have much time.
Give me more nuts!
Hey. A beer, please.
And a bourbon straight.
Thank you.
It's taken care of.
It's not gonna happen.
Again, the same.
Hi.
How are you doing tonight?
A whole lot better.
How about you?
Not too good, fat man.

Heh.
What could possibly
be wrong in your world?
See him?
That's my boyfriend.
He's been cheating on me
with that wench for weeks.
Treated me like dirt
for years.
Tonight it ends.
Really?
Tonight...
I'm gonna teach him
a lesson.
I'm going to sleep with
the fattest, ugliest man
in this bar.
Namely you.
How about it?
Always happy to help
a damsel in distress.
Okay, let's go then.
What, now?
It's now or never,
big boy.
Oh, now, now.
Uh-
Just one thing.
Can I...
...take pictures?
Even better.
Wait, wait, wait.
You already have
a hotel room?
You really are something.
You have no idea.
Oh, man.
Damn. Low light in here.
Hang on just a second,
sweetheart.
Nice.
What's with the chair?
Sit down. Find out.
All right.

Hang on a second.
I'll be right back.
Oh, okay.
God, he stinks.
Are you ready?
Just about.
What?
You're hammered.
Pretty much.
I need his
undivided attention.
Ah.
Whoa, what's with
the rope?
I don't do rope.
We either do it my way,
or I go out there
and I find someone else.
Rope is good.
I do rope.
Good.
You know,
it's just that I've-
It's never been done
to me before.
- There's something inside you,
- Uh-huh.
and it needs to come out.
Oh, yeah.
I so need a shower.
What?
Hey.
Lady, hey! Hello.
Aww, no, no.
Come on! No!
I'm getting rolled here!
Help! Help! Hel-!
All right, I'll be brief.
You have an infectious
parasite inside of you.
Fortunately, it's only been
an hour since it infected you,
so you might survive.
Okay, what we're gonna do is,

we're gonna run an electrical current
through your body.
That should bring it
to the surface.
Then I'm gonna grab it
with these tongs,
gonna pull it out of you, and put
it into that vessel filled with wine,
where it should fall
into suspended state.
All right, Jesse.
Hit it!
Okay, okay!
I'm sorry.
I don't know
how much he can take.
Hit it again!
We must of blown a fuse.
Fuse box!
I got it!
Is he alive?
I... I don't know.
- Jess.
- I can't tell if he's dead!
- Jesse!
- What?
I'm about to smash
your skull in with this lamp.
Excuse me?
What?
Oh, no!
It's inside me.
Get down!
Aah! Run!
Get out of here!
I can't leave you
like this!
I'm gonna kill you!
The alcohol.
You were drinking.
No.
No, Jesse.
I can't stop!
What?

Don't let this happen.
If I leave, they'll spread.
That's all they live for.
You can do it.
I love you.
Do it.
You ugly mother!
- What the hell is going on?
- What are you doing?
What do you want me to do?
Go get help!
Good night.
Help!
Help!
You. Who are you?
Where is it?
It takes 1500 degrees
to kill.
Where did that thing
come from?
I know I may have
to kill them.
You're a goetic practitioner,
aren't you?
You've learned much
in such a short time.
My admiration is yours.
Are there any more
of them out there?
Most were killed
many years ago.
It's been 30 years
since my last.
My work is done here.
So California, huh?
Do you got room enough
for two on that bike?