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Warlock

By David Twohy

Sadie, come on.
Being this day, year
of our Lord 1691,
Colony of Massachusetts,
Township of Boston,
and such like, and such like.
There is a minister,
one who will come.
Confession may better your
chances in the hereafter.
It is doubtful,
but it may, by some
twist of fate.
A wealth of evidence
has convicted thee
of trafficking with the devil.
Thou art to be hanged...
And then burned over a
basket of living cats.
There is no question
left but one.
Do you choose to
admit your crimes
before man and God?
You'll get nothing from him.
'Tis as I said.
That's the whole of it, then.
Let the record show that
this obscene wretch,
though afforded opportunity,
did fail to confess his crimes.
Sentence shall be carried
out in timely fashion.
We stand adjourned.
Terrified, were they not?
Bold words for a man
but hours from death.
Much can happen in a day.
Yet here have you hung for 3.
Would not Satan have saved
you were he thus inclined?
Perhaps he'll save
us both, Redferne.
I've tracked you my last.

Tomorrow shall you die.
Never was there a
brute more deserving.
Believe it upon seeing it.
Tomorrow.
Tomorrow.
The thumb locks, they
shall be kept in place
even after he is hanged,
even while he burns.
When there is naught but ash,
only then should they be...
Only then can they be dug free
and returned to me.
My dear God!
...downed power lines
and blown-out windows.
Another report claims a tornado
touched down in the Malibu area,
but that's, as yet, unconfirmed.
What is certain is that
this Santa Ana condition,
unpredicted by forecasters,
is quickly living
up to its namesake
of the Devil's Wind.
Now back...
Was that you?
He's breathing.
Watch out for the glass.
It's a wonder he didn't
cut himself worse.
Canyon Country.
Gets 'em all.
Think he's just drunk?
Hate to think he does
this kind of thing sober.
So what the heck are these?
Hey, don't touch him.
Let the cops do that stuff.
Yeah.
Right.
Oh, the winds.
Well, come on.

Let's get him up.
Yeah, let's stick
him on the porch.
A little compassion
wouldn't hurt, Cassandra.
Or some smarts, Chas.
You just can't take in
every stray that you meet.
I took you in, didn't I?
No, no, no. Not the sofa.
It's over a hundred years old.
Where?
Your room.
Mine?
Everything's plastic.
Miraculous recovery you made.
Let me make a suggestion...
lose the booze, huh?
Phones are workin'.
Got someone you can call?
Could this somehow be the year?
Hey, Chas, he talks english.
English english.
3 centuries.
Oh, brother.
Look, just lie down here.
Let your big, gray
Delco recharge.
Jeez!
Oof.
Don't ever let me get old.
Jeez Louise, you scared me.
I'm headin' out in
a little while.
I'll give you a lift downtown.
What are you looking at?
Oh, my ring.
I'm a Scorpio.
Or I was.
I don't believe in
astrology much anymore.
Truly?
I don't think anyone does.
I mean, it's just so Sixties.

You hungry?
I got plenty of extras.
Look... I'd let you try it on,
but, see, I broke
this little finger,
and now it's pretty much...
stuck.
Did I hear Cassandra say
something about England?
I was over there in '86.
I did this package thing
with, like, some friends.
We included England, Scotland...
Help!
Help!
Help!
Somebody!
Please!
Help!
Help!
No.
Please.
No!
Private clubs, ads.
Really, he's just a guy
I rented a room from.
If he was coming, I
was always going.
Did he frequent public parks?
He didn't dick little boys
through bathroom walls.
You said your roommate was gay.
Not queer. Big difference.
Can you give me the
names of his lovers?
Coroner's notes...
"Victim was found with
tongue severed from mouth
"in such a manner as to
suggest it was bitten out.
Bite marks on the back of the neck.
Evidence of... "
you about done?
I forgot my insulin.

We'd like to find this guy
before he makes an omelet out
of somebody else's tongue.
I'll see you!
Thank you.
Don't thank me, thank Treshar.
Bye-bye.
Bye-bye.
Bye, Fern.
You are a spiritualist?
I'm sorry.
I thought everybody left.
You hail spirits, do you not?
I channel them.
Were you at the session?
Then channel me a spirit.
Well, I really only do
gropes... group sessions.
Group sessions.
Channel me a spirit.
Who did you have in mind?
Like a relative?
Like a father.
What's his name?
He has many.
I'll need one.
Zamiel.
Zamiel.
I have come...
Zamiel.
Ask me what you will.
I would ask that we wait.
For what do we wait?
For the true Zamiel to appear.
I am Zamiel...
And only when you
have cast aside
all doubts will you be able
to ask... me...
Able to... to...
To... ask...
ask me...
ask...
Ask me what thou will.

How comes it that you
have brought me here?
Bring together that
which has been thirderd.
Bring together my bible.
The Grand Grimoire? Here? Now?
By a resourceful witch,
it could be retaken.
My efforts...
How might they be rewarded?
Service to Satan is reward!
For others surely,
but for that most cunning witch
who steals back your bible,
the book that can
thwart creation itself,
what for him?
Do what I demand.
Bring together all 3 parts,
and you shall be him.
Him?
The one begotten son.
It shall be me.
Let mine eyes guide thee.
Did he bleed?
The one who wore these,
did he bleed whatsoe'er.
No. No.
Stop.
Get off.
He was here.
His signature I know.
But I can find the beast
only if his blood was spilt.
He came through this
window, did he not?
Landing here.
The blond-haired guy?
Him?
Was he cut?
Show me where.
This may do.
Police emergency.
Yeah. Some guy's in

the house with me.
I don't know how
dangerous he is,
but he's got a thing for blood.
You know.
Draw your own conclusions.
I've got your address
on the screen.
3237 Woodburn.
Can I have your name?
Kassandra with a "K."
We'll have a car there
in a few minutes.
Don't expect me to be
waiting around for you
'cause I'm skating right now.
Your well, where would it be?
My whale?
Your well... the place
you draw water.
Oh, sure.
My well.
Now, brute, one last time
will we play the game out.
What is it?
Please, do not even
breathe on it.
Some kind of compass?
Witch compass.
This one here?
What of it?
What is it?
As I say, 'tis a witch compass.
Ohh.
You mean witch...
Not which.
Like Samantha, Tabitha witch.
Like the warlock.
Th-that guy was a warlock?
The rudest that ever
troubled daylight.
And this little jobber's
going to find him, right?
The needle shall point

up his direction.
The quicker it swings,
the closer is he.
The slower, the more distant.
Way cool.
What a cup of shit.
This isn't gonna work.
Give it time.
The blood was thin.
Time's something you
ain't got, Buddy.
Though first I did think
this was Newcastle
or a township of the Carolinas,
I think I'm farther removed.
Much farther.
Hey, somebody's coming out.
Freeze, police!
Watch his hands.
Watch it!
He lays waste to
all in his path.
The place matters not.
Hear me when I say he's evil.
Evil absolute.
We'll run him down
to the station,
but in the meantime,
here's some advice.
Get away from this house.
You got a watch?
Yeah.
Time me.
You've reached 911
police emergency.
Please stand by.
Your call will be handled
as soon as an operator
becomes available.
Ohh!
Tout, tout, through and about,
your callow life in dismay.
Rentum oscillum tormentum.
A decade twice over a day.

This guy put some kind of
hoodoo hex spell on me.
He made me 40 instead of 20.
Is that what this guy did?
There's no crime of
which he's incapable.
Hey, hey, uh... ahem.
Other door, ok?
Other door.
Not a local product, are you?
Too late!
The evil one is back!
It's too late!
16 hundred and 91?
Aye.
Like almost 300 years ago?
As queer it seems to you,
'tis even more so to me.
He did this?
20 fuckin' years,
and not one party.
What a total ass-burn.
The altar table, he broked it?
Yeah, he broked it.
Hey, look, I didn't spring you
so you could come fix furniture.
What about me?
How do we fix my face?
What was it he took from you?
20 years.
An object.
What kind of object?
Something small.
Something personal to you.
My bracelet.
Like that?
He took my charm bracelet.
Then you must reclaim it.
Only then can the
spell be countered.
Reclaim it?
This I spied earlier.
'Tis yours? The whole of it?
Just salt.

We'll take your coach.
We'll take a minute here.
Do you mean I gotta
get my bracelet back
to break the spell?
Back from that warlock...
the guy who finger-paints
with body fluids?
'Tis the one way.
This you must do.
There is no question of it.
You see this? Insulin.
It's the one thing I must do.
I hate it 'cause
I have to do it!
I'll just cut and
dye my hair again.
Hey, 40 ain't so bad.
I'll buy a little tennis skirt
and prance around town
like those bitches
in their BMWs.
Sorry, Redferne,
but if you're nuts enough
to wanna find this guy,
you're on your own.
You realize not.
Realize?
What?
What the spell has done.
It's aged me 20 years.
Not aged.
Aging.
Are you saying that tomorrow
I'm gonna wake up... 60?
I say this.
Unless you find the warlock
and thereby your bracelet,
you shall die in
but half a week.
Die?
Of old age.
That didn't help.
Let's tarry not.

Hey, let's get things straight.
All I want is the bracelet.
I don't give a sailing
shit what he did to you.
Look...
Soon as I'm 20 again,
you are on your own,
got that, Bud?
Look, if you're hungry,
we'll just stop.
Ok, what are you doing?
Salting the leather.
No kidding.
How come?
Witches loathe salt.
Don't blame 'em.
Salt, sugar, sulfites.
All that shit will kill you.
Tell me...
Must we travel on just
one side of the roadway,
or is it whichever we choose?
Yeah. It's just one side.
Which side might that be?
The right side.
Let your attention
lie before you,
not beside you.
Check this.
Some guy from the 17th century
teaching me how to drive.
How quick they learn.
He's gotta go deep.
He's gotta go deep.
He needs 10 yards. It's fourth.
It's fourth and 10.
He's going!
He hikes the ball,
throws it.
Good!
Gets it again.
Gets it again. Makes a pass!
Throws it up.
When you pass,

you can't let those
little stick guys
get between you
and the receiver,
or else they'll keep
intercepting, ok?
Yeah! 6 points!
Now I kick off to you.
You can't punt on first down.
Nobody does that,
not even Tampa Bay.
Don't you watch football?
Whence comes it?
Huh?
The music.
Oh, there's a church over there.
And how is it you're not there?
Oh, I never go.
My dad hates all that stuff
about Jesus and the
12 apostrophes.
Aw! Intercepted.
Your turn.
How come you're not there?
Church?
Yeah. It's Sunday.
No witch can set foot
on church ground.
Ha. You're telling
me you're a witch?
You ain't no witch.
Witches are girls.
Some are men.
Yeah?
So where's your broomstick?
Witches fly on broomsticks.
Didn't you never see
the Wizard of Oz?
I need no broomstick to fly.
Yeah?
What do you need?
You take Mastercard?
With plenty of I.D. We do.
20th century money. Great shit.

Spend as much as you want
till you hit your limit.
Then you've got
50 bucks a whack.
What was that?
Fellas up in the hills
hunting coyote.
You eat coyote around here, huh?
Well, a boy over at
the trailer park
was killed by one.
They do that sometimes.
A coyote will come down,
drag off a small child.
Boy was fairly well
chewed up, so I hear.
Skin taken clean off.
Pray, wait.
It was your son...
the boy killed?
For your loss I grieve...
But I have need
to ask one thing.
Had he been baptized?
Who are you?
Why are you asking me this?
Was the boy baptized?
No.
His father wouldn't allow it.
So...
Clue me.
The warlock will
travel swifter now.
I'm not tracking here.
You think he killed the kid?
Of all ingredients
used by a witch,
the most coveted is human fat.
If that fat is cut from
an unbaptized male child,
there is but one purpose,
one thing it will beget.
I'm listening.
Flying potion.

You got KKTY, Tucson,
ridin' shotgun and
keepin' you company...
No little people inside.
Oh, I gathered.
Wanna know how it works?
If 'twill help find the warlock.
Highly doubtful.
Hey, you know the
earth is round?
For some years now.
Ask me anything.
I took 2 years of high school.
Come on. Ask me something.
Why is it you paint your face?
Nothing wrong with
a little makeup.
Especially now.
Satanists paint their
faces, not goodly women.
Are you saying in 1691
gals didn't wear any makeup?
If my Marion had but...
nay, goodly women do
not paint themselves.
You married way back there?
Well, you just said "my Marion. "
Who's she?
We need new bearing.
Your sister?
Pray, stop the coach.
Some squeeze? Stop here.
Who the shit's Marion?
Stop!
Ohh, think then
talk, banana brain.
God.
Oh, God.
Ohh...
God.
Ohh.
Go on. Go without me.
I don't wanna know
how bad it is.

Please.
Please, don't look.
Please. No.
Oh, my...
Why couldn't he just kill me?
Nothing could be
worse than this.
His very thought.
The cream's gone bad.
Couldn't be.
I brought it in just yesterday.
Want to taste it?
Nah, I got a lot of
work to do, dad.
If you're done helping Elsie,
maybe you can turn out
the horse for me.
Hey.
Hey.
Come on, hurry up!
I'm gonna beat you!
Can I ask you a question?
Will you please not have
a meltdown this time?
Ask.
Who's Marion?
That's why you're after
the warlock, isn't it?
Yesterday, you cared not
to know such things.
Yesterday was 20 years ago.
She...
She was...
Your age...
your true age.
What a blessed vision.
A soul as pure as God's own,
my Marion.
She was my good wife.
I thought you said
you weren't married.
'Twas long ago,
even before here I came.
What happened to her?

The warlock happened.
Pray, stop the car.
What's the matter?
Pray, I bid you,
stop the car, girl!
Redferne. The compass.
Leave it!
If God stands with us,
we'll need it no more!
We didn't find him yet, did we?
Well, would you look at this?
Hmm?
The bread. Didn't rise.
Browned, but it didn't rise.
Must've forgotten to...
tell me your woes.
You are bewitched.
Who are you?
The hex mark, is it
yours, or is it not?
Hex mark? What?
I haven't seen a hex
mark in 30 years.
The mark is mine.
Amish?
Mennonite.
And we are bewitched.
From there.
Hither has he come.
Hammer, nails.
Dad, what the devil do
you think you're doing?
Who are these people?
If there are children
present, make them absent.
Take them and leave.
Leave? Wait a minute.
I got a schedule to keep.
I can't just traipse off
and turn this place over...
listen to me.
The horse that sweats
in the morning,
cream that sours overnight.

You know the signs.
We both know.
Fix these pennies here.
'Twill ward off
any errant magic.
On my word,
close and brace the stairs.
You must open them
only when I say.
And should ever
your eyes meet his,
never show him no fear.
'Tis the air he breathes.
Hey.
Careful.
He was here.
"Mortes datoris antipueris. "
He's come for it.
Blessings of heaven,
'tis the Grand
Grimoire he's after!
The spell book.
All witches keep grimoires,
yet one is indestructible.
One is the bible of black magic.
The Grand Grimoire.
Always witches have
lusted for it.
And now here I find a page.
One lone page.
'Twas last held by
a Boston church.
The West End Church.
I had urged them
to third the book,
thus thirthing the chance
of a witch thieving it.
But the pages were to be
kept on hallowed ground,
not scattered about
the landside like...
where's the warlock?
He's fled.
I don't get it.

If thing is so
bitchin' to witches,
why would he leave a page?
Even just a page.
He would not.
The steps!
Of all the curiosities
here I've seen,
none have surprised
me more than this.
The brace!
Forgotten witches fly?
I forget nothing.
Who appointed you
executioner, Redferne?
'Twas you yourself...
When one life too many
you did steal.
It seems even 2 thirds
can work marvels.
Why'd you let him go?
Yes!
Remove his boots! His boots!
Where's my goddamn bracelet?
Ew!
Hold his toe.
Where's my goddamn bracelet?
Nay. Look not in his eyes!
Nay!
Oh.
He's getting away!
Keys. Find me brass keys.
With them I can remove this hex.
The warlock. You can't just
let him blow out of here.
He'll die should I leave!
The hammer!
Take it.
Where you find his tracks,
nail the earth deeply.
A nail. Shitty little nail!
Give me a shotgun, then I'll...
take the blessed hammer!
He can be crippled!

Nails.

Help you?

No, no.

Feel.

Mmm.

The keys should be spun
once each hour, clockwise.

Meddle not with the dressing.

By morn' the blood shall stop.

How's he doing?

I have no excuse.

Safe to say that having
seen so many die
by the warlock's hand,
the chance to spare just
one life with mine own...
forget it.

I understand.

Besides...

I got it back.

Then let's tarry not.

We'll rebuild the compass.

Brass, copper, glass.

'Tis this, his blood,
that matters most.

Here.

And here.

You've watched me long enough.

The gas is on the right,
the brake's on the left.

It's more than I knew
when I started to drive.

Drive, me?

And take this. It's for gas.

When they give you
the slip of paper,
just scribble a name.

Any name. They never check.

You're not coming?

Look, you got my car, my money...

My best wishes.

Later days, Redferne.

We had a deal, remember?

Just till I got

my bracelet back.
That was it, man.
That was it.
You know what he's capable of.
You've seen.
Why do you think I'm not going?
What are you called?
It's a little late for
introductions, ain't it?
Your name.
Kassandra with a "K."
Then hear me well,
Kassandra with a "K."
The warlock holds 2
parts of the book.
This much he confessed.
Know you what happens
should he gain all 3?
I don't want to know.
I don't.
Hidden within that book
is the name of God.
The lost name of God.
The lost name of...
Uh-uh.
I don't want to hear this.
'Tis the name invoked
during creation.
Witches charge that
should this name,
this true name of God, be
uttered back to front...
I'm not listening.
LA LA LA LA LA...
Should this name be
uttered in reverse,
all creation will undo.
'Twill reverse.
We'll uncreate?
That what you're telling me?
The whole world just...
all worlds, Kassandra. All.
Ohh.
He scares the crap out of me,

and he knows it.
I'll not let him harm you.
Next time there won't
be any spells.
No hexes, no potions.
Next time he's gonna kill me.
I'll not let him harm you.
We travel north?
Trust me on this, ok?
But if all along the
warlock has borne east...
we're not going to play tag
with this guy anymore.
What would you have us do?
Did kids in 1691
ever play a game
where they jump over
someone else's back?
Leaping frog?
There you go.
Instead of tag, we play leapfrog.
When we get to that
church in Boston
they got to have records, right?
Forget the warlock.
We'll find the last part
of the book instead.
But what happens if the
church is no longer standing?
I didn't shoot your
plan full of holes.
Is that, like, the
old West End Church,
or is that the new
West End Church?
The one on Somerset Avenue?
Nay. 'Twould be Somerset Road.
Oh! Close enough.
Thanks, operator.
Still got that knife?
Give me it.
My bodkin?
No, your knife.
Come on. We'll check it with my bag.

It's ok.

Ok.

Um...

Ok, how about that whip?

What of it?

They're not going to let you on board with that.

On board what?

Just give me the whip, ok?

That comes to \$596.36.

Cash, check, or charge?

Charge...

I think.

Excuse me. Gate 40?

Sure. Just go down the hall, turn right, then through the double doors on your left.

Thanks.

Oh, no.

The computer must be down.

Timing, huh?

You know, we better hurry, or we're going to miss this plane.

Redferne?

Come on, let's tarry not.

What...

these winged machines...

the ones that thunder...

Planes.

But men travel inside them...

Through the air?

Men like us. Come on.

Oh, no, no.

Look, you...

In my day, those even endeavoring to fly are accused of witchery.

No, no, look yourself, ok?

The book is in Boston.

That means we got to beam out there and find someone who knows.

My boots work best with
ground beneath them.
Directly beneath.
What am I going to
have to do here?
Hold your...
oh, shit.
Where did you get this?
The farmhouse.
I know, but you're going
to have to leave it here.
I'll not abandon
my every weapon.
Look...
We're going to miss our plane.
Give it to me.
I'll not.
Look, Buster,
I'm in charge of
this safari now,
and if I say you're going to...
keep it. Keep it?
Quit arguing with me
and just keep it!
Boston.
Looks like you just made it.
You're telling me.
Can I take that for you?
Over my rotting corpse.
Family heirloom.
Ah.
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Hey.
Like this.
Get passive, huh?
You can actually get
some sleep here.
What now?
There's a witch among us.
Set me free.
The vane.
Where did that wench
put the vane?
Wait. Take a minute here, huh?

We're, like, 39 million
feet in the air.
There's no way he
could be on board.
Cream that spoils,
a flame that burns pure blue...
there's no way, Redferne.
I know all the signs!
Look, I know he's not here.
How?
How is it you're so sure?
You saw him.
We're after the book now.
Remember?
You saw him, and
you told me not!
We left him behind, Redferne.
Look, we're halfway to Boston.
He's back there beeping
the X-ray machines.
Forget him, ok?
He's with us still.
Now I'll search thither.
You, thither.
Keep your wits about you...
Such as they are.
Excuse me.
Well?
I cannot reason this.
There is witchery afoot.
I draw breath and taste it.
Maybe there's another
witch afoot.
Could be, like, Glenda,
Good Witch of the West.
A good witch?
Sweet dreams, Redferne.
Good witch.
Let me guess...
California, right?
How'd you know?
Bear to your left.
What?
'Twas Boston common

we just now passed?
Yeah.
And we travel north
on Tremont Road?
Yeah, we're on Tremont.
Then bear west.
The church lies not far off.
Think I'll keep going this way,
loop around onto Cambridge.
Nay, turn here. Here!
Hey, look, pal,
I know this town pretty good.
I've lived here since 1958.
How about you?
Don't answer that.
Lest you favor throttlings
to the ears and face,
bear west here.
They wonder why we
hate the Lakers.
Pray, might we speak inside?
Speak?
It's important.
It really is.
Maybe you could come back
tomorrow in the morning.
Any time after 8:30 or
call the church office.
Regarding the Grand Grimoire.
Some of the other clergy
know about it, too.
I'm not the only one
who's seen the records,
but nobody seems to
recall how or why
it came into church hands.
Some sort of witches'
book, isn't it?
Can we see those records...
Tonight?
Church papers wouldn't
be for sale...
At any price.
You are document collectors,

isn't that it?
We aren't here to buy anything.
We just have to find that book.
It's not here, if that's
what you're hoping.
It was broken up long ago
and divided into...
he's here.
The wretch is on us
like a tail on a hound.
No, he's not here.
He is. He's not.
Can I ask what your interest is
in finding such a book?
Our interest lies
in stopping those who would
see all good falter.
It lies in stopping
the powers of misrule
from coming of age.
It lies in finding
that damned book
and thwarting a
vile beast of a man
who shall not rest until
God himself is thrown down
and all of creation becomes
Satan's black-hell-besmeared
farting hole.
You asked.
Here.
"Chronicled in the
year of the Lord
"sixteen hundred ninety and two,
"Township of Boston,
"some few remarks upon
a book most dire...
"called by some the
book of shadows,
"by others, the Key of Solomon,
"and named by others still
the Grand Grimoire. "
Aye, that's the one.
"... the need for exquisite caution.

Many-faced lieutenants
of Lucifer. "

Well, the language
gets pretty thick,
but I remember something about
how the book was distributed.
Like, where?
Let's see, uh...
"One part was placed
"within the slender
hollow of a table
used in the taking
of communion. "
Chas' table.
"Another part was
given to a vicar
"who had recently
founded a ministry
west of the Carolinas. "
The farmhouse.
"And the third part... "
Yeah? Yeah?
Well, if I'm reading
this correctly,
the third part might
still be here in Boston.
Oh, was this a plan or what?
Ok, where?
A graveyard?
A burial ground... one I know.
Now we're going to
go dig up graves?
Is that what you're
trying to tell me?
If luck looks upon us,
there'll be no digging.
For should the earth
there be hallowed,
then the pages lie safe.
Never can no witch set foot
on consecrated ground.
Whose idea was this?
So much has changed,
yet at times, I spy a

familiar stretch of park
or turn of the road.
Over there.
Did you hear that?
Hear what?
I don't know. It was a soft...
Sort of like...
A soft...
I'll say good evening...
Even though it does
seem unwarranted.
The two who were here
earlier this night...
what was told them?
The man Redferne.
Well, we...
Talked about many things.
Then talk to me of pages...
of pages and places most secret.
Pages?
I'm afraid I don't know
what you're referring to.
Sit you down!
And let you sit, too.
I feel them.
Them?
How could you know that?
A boy child...
And a girl.
Both shall be born well-favored,
providing he tells
me what I need know.
Please tell him, Stewart.
Tell me, Stewart,
lest your children be born
slugs of cold flesh.
Tell me now.
How do we know if
it's holy ground?
We'll know.
Is that good?
The ground has been consecrated.
Well, that's it, right?
The pages are safe.

Should they still be here.
The pastor, he spoke of a tomb
carved with a hex mark.
I'll search thither,
you thither.
A hex mark?
Aye.
A hex mark.
Redferne.
Like this?
Like this.
The bolts are sound.
There has been no meddling
in all this while.
You mean we're not
going to open it?
Nay.
We'll leave it as we found it.
Good call. Trust me.
We don't want to open this
unless we really... really gotta.
Come on, Redferne.
I think Giles is a nice name.
What, you expected
to live forever?
Well, at least we
didn't have to open it.
I mean, we didn't have to stare
at your putrefied
corpse or anything.
Uh-oh.
What's the deal here?
Redferne!
Get back here! Redferne!
They're moving graves!
That sign says something
about a landfill,
about condos!
They're moving people
from this side
of the graveyard to that side.
And so?
I had this awful thought.
What if that side of the wall...

Wasn't part of the
real graveyard?
You know, I bet you're
aren't even in here.
The pages maybe, but not you.
Are you daft?
'Tis mine own casket.
Yeah, but you're not dead.
You're right here.
Look, before you died, you
came to the 20th century.
Think of it that way.
How could there be tomb
and casket but I died?
Guess we find out the hard way.
Hey. I'll do it.
Now, don't look till I
say it's ok to look, ok?
Just be quick about it.
Well?
Better not look.
Is there a body inside mine own?
Better not look.
Can I look now?
No. Better not.
Oh, blessings of heaven.
What'd you expect?
I said better not
look, and you looked.
How dumb can you be?
The pages... take them and hurry.
Hurry!
Oh, yuck.
I said hurry, did I not?
Doesn't hurt a bit.
Just a couple more.
All that remains is to
see the pages back to...
Hallowed ground.
Redferne?
Aye.
I think he's here.
The pages.
Take off.

Take off!
Go!
No!
Come out, Redferne.
Show yourself!
God!
Virtuous idea.
Stop!
What you hold for what I hold.
A straight swap of goods.
Your offer seems light.
All will die should
I give these up.
The uncreation?
Only the daft believe
such a thing.
The pages, Redferne.
Give them up.
No! Don't you dare!
Believe it, Redferne.
Her death will make all others
seem like a pet tea party.
And you, you who
stand there cow-like
on hallowed earth,
shall hear every whimper,
every cry,
every gasping gush I can bring
from her slow-dying body.
See her...
the mouth, the
legs, the breasts.
So much like those of
someone once you knew,
of someone both we knew.
Well, Redferne, shall she live,
or shall she join sweet
Marion in the hereafter?
Take the pages.
But take them by hand.
How's this?
No spells, no flying, no magic.
Take them, if you're able.
Now who makes the hollow offer?

You give up nothing.
Take the pages, if you're able.
So, you fear me.
'Tis I who others fear.
Not you. The magic.
Having waited so long,
it could prove wonderfully
good to linger on it.
Fear... tell me how it feels.
Feels as if the
rules have changed.
I am he of empty crib
and stillborn foal.
I am he whose coming the
stars hath foretold.
I am he with heart
forged by blackest coal.
I am he who makest whole
the glorious goal
of Satan's unborn soul!
Now reveal unto me
the name of God.
Oh, no. No.
I know thee!
I know your name!
I know the word that can
undo all you have wrought!
Yea, I know thee!
Nay, nay, say it not!
Try saltwater, fuckbrain.
You are owed a debt greater
than any we'll know,
save one.
From me, then, a world
of thanks, Cassandra.
Cassandra with a "K."
Had our 2 lives
been not so out of joint...
Had we...
What I mean to say is...
Redferne.
Oh.
Oh.
Shoot.

Whoo ho!

Yeow!