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Damien: Omen II

By Stanley Mann

- Michael.

- Carl.

Michael, have you seen this?

- Do you recognize him?

- No.

- Haven't you seen Yigael's Wall yet?

- it was only opened up last week.

There are four faces of the Antichrist
on his rise to power.

The face of Yigael's Satan as a child
is the same.

- What are you talking about?

- There is no doubt.

Damien Thorn is the Antichrist.

- Ah, Carl...

- Michael, you must believe me!

I'm an archaeologist, not a religious fanatic.

"Even now, already is he in the world...

and his power shall be mighty,

and he shall prosper, and practice,

and shall destroy the mighty and the holy."

I appreciate this sermon,

but what possible facts...

His own father knew.

A week ago, he tried to destroy him.

That's a minor detail

these newspapers seem to have omitted.

I gave him the daggers myself.

He is in Chicago,

living with his father's brother.

Now, you... must take this

and give it to his new parents.

- Well, what is it?

- A letter inside explains everything.

- Carl, you can hardly expect...

- They have to be warned.

I'm too old. I'm too ill. I can't go myself.

And I am the only living person

who knows the truth.

I've got a reputation to maintain.

That is why it has to be you.

They will listen to you.

And then have me committed. No.

Look, Carl, we're old friends.

I think we understand one another.

- You can't expect me to believe that...

- Then come to Yigael's Wall.

- What, now?

- Now.

Here, Michael.

Carl Bugenhagen,

I hope this guarantees me a place
in the kingdom of heaven.

Michael, you'll be needing your torch now.

it's the Whore of Babylon.

This is priceless.

Michael.

Michael. Come here.

Look.

it is him.

- Is there another way out?

- No.

Carl...

The Antichrist is with us.

Carl! We've got to get out. Carl!

Come on, help me. Carl, help me, will you?

Carl!

- Help!

- Michael!

Michael!

Forces of evil may seem to overwhelm us
and be triumphant,
but goodness will prevail,
for it is written in the Book of Revelation.

"Then shall that wicked be revealed,
whom the Lord shall consume
with the spirit of his mouth,
and destroy
with the brightness of his coming."

- Damien.

- I'm coming.

- See you next summer, Jim.

- Say bye to your cousin.

- I will. Bye-bye.

- Bye-bye.

- Come on.

- Coming.

- Did you find him yet?

- Yeah, he's comin'.

- Bye, Aunt Marion. Nice seeing you again.

- Who told you?

Told me what?

Politeness isn't
one of your strong points, Damien.

I'm sure you didn't come to say goodbye
on your own initiative.

I didn't know you were here.

But I was going to.

Were you really?

Goodbye, Aunt Marion.

- All set?

- We think so.

- I'll be right back.

- Let's go.

Now, you boys have your allowance,
so this is just a little something extra -
in case of emergency.

Hold it!

Did you say goodbye to Aunt Marion?

I did.

Aunt Marion?

Oh, Mark. I haven't seen enough of you.

- You should have come to my room to talk.

- I'm sorry, Aunt Marion.

I know, you've been so busy,
running after that cousin of yours.

You mustn't let him
drag you around the way he does.

He doesn't drag me around. I like him.

Give me a hug.

You be careful.

Yes, Aunt Marion. Goodbye.

Just a second.

Goodbye, Dad.

Did you forget me? Are you sure?

Here, sweetheart, take some biscuits.

Have a good week.

Bye.

- She's too much, Aunt Marion.

- She's awful! Why did they invite her?

So she could wag her finger,
generally ruin our weekend.

At least we don't have to have dinner
with her. God! And what's that smell?
Lavender, you fool! All old ladies
douse themselves in it. I don't know why.
- Now, boys. Just because she's getting on...

- On our nerves.

Now, come on. Murray's right.

Let's hear it for Aunt Marion.

Hooray.

Murray, give us a cigarette.

- You know the answer to that one.

- You don't ask, you never know.

- Have you met your new platoon leader?

- Neff?

Neff for "neffer mind".

They're all the same. When you've met
one platoon leader, you've met them all.

Attention! Eyes front. Chest out. Stomach in.

You know something? You're crazy.

- Yeah, cos I've practiced.

- God.

- Would you like some cream, Aunt Marion?

- You've asked me that six times.

I'm sorry, I forgot.

You haven't forgotten. You just don't care.

Marion, let's don't get into
that argument again.

- No cream.

- No cream.

Charles is going to

show us some slides after dinner,

so why don't you tell us

why you've come, Marion?

I own 27 per cent of Thorn industries,

left to me by your father.

And I have every right to dispose of my share
in any way that I see fit.

- We know that.

- You also know that,

at the moment,

I've left everything to you, Richard.

But unless you do what I ask...

Marion, don't threaten me.

Because, as far as I'm concerned...

You can't be unconcerned
about a sum that is close to \$100 million.
I shouldn't be here...
You're here, Dr Warren,
because you're curator of the Thorn Museum.
And I also own 27 per cent of that.
Marion, say what you've got to say.
If it's unpleasant, let's get it over with.
I want you
to take the boys out of the academy.
I want you
to send them to separate schools.
I don't care what you want,
where the boys are concerned.
- They're not your sons, they're ours.
- Neither boy is yours.
May I remind you that
Mark is Richard's son by his first wife.
- And Damien is his brother's son.
- Thank you.
- Thank you very much.
- Ann. Ann, please.
Marion, just what the hell is this about?
Get Mark away from Damien.
They don't belong together.
- Damien's a terrible influence, can't you see?
- What?
That's it. As far as I'm concerned,
our conversation is over.
- And I suggest that...
- Richard, you're blind. Purposely blind.
- You know your brother tried to kill Damien.
- Get out.
- Richard, make her get out.
- Why did he try to kill him? Tell the truth.
- Marion, he was ill.
- You don't have to explain anything to her.
If you don't separate them,
I'll leave everything I own to charity.
I don't care what you do with the money.
Richard, please. Listen to me.
You know what I'm saying is true.
I may be old, but I'm not insane.
Your brother tried to kill Damien.

- Get out! Will you tell her to go?

- I'm going.

I'm sorry, Charles. I apologize for her.

She's old and she's not well.

No, that's... that's all right. I understand.

- I should have noticed before dinner that...

- Richard, I assure you, think nothing of it.

I'll go set up the slides.

I want her out in the morning.

I don't want her in this house.

- The poor woman is senile.

- That "poor woman" is dangerous.

She pollutes the air with her craziness.

The boys can't stand to be

in a room with her.

All right, she goes first thing in the morning.

- Why does she hate Damien?

- I don't know.

She hates him so much! And it's not just me and the boys she has to leave for.

She starts something in you.

All right, it's over. it's done.

Come on. Let's join Charles.

Many of these things have already been sent.

We should be getting the first shipment in about three weeks.

Ah. I thought that would interest you.

- Oh, dear.

- Yes, she is a bit frightening, isn't she?

The Whore of Babylon?

You're incredible.

Yep, the Whore of Babylon.

She represents Rome.

"The ten horns of the beast are ten kings, who have no kingdoms yet; but will be granted temporary power by the devil."

His names are carved there.

The Spoiler.

The Little Horn. The Desolate One.

- Why is she riding him?

- I don't know. But it wasn't to be for long.

The Book of Revelation says the ten kings

"shall hate the whore,

and make her desolate and naked,

shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire."

That's not very nice.

Who's the young lady?

Her name is Joan Hart.

She's a friend of mine - a journalist.

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

- I've heard of him.

- She's coming to Chicago, Richard.

- She wants to interview you.

- What for?

Background of the exhibit,
patrons of archaeological digs.

- I'm not very happy about giving interviews.

- I know.

- Of any kind.

- I know.

Ready! Halt!

Present... arms!

- That must be him.

- He looks OK.

They're all the same.

Order... arms!

Bradley platoon, stand fast.

The other platoons, to the mess hall.

By the right flank, march.

At ease, boys.

This is Sergeant Daniel Neff.

He'll be taking over as platoon officer
from Sergeant Goodrich.

Sergeant Neff is a very experienced soldier,
and I am sure that within a few weeks
you will be the snappiest platoon
in the entire academy.

I'll leave any further introductions
to the sergeant.

You'll speak to me only when you're spoken
to. And you'll listen to every word I say.
Because I intend to shine in my new job.

And the only way that I can shine...
is by making you shine.

You're the little unit that I have to polish
until the glare of your achievements
blinds everybody on this parade ground.

- Am I understood?

- Yes, sir.

I'll meet each of you personally
in my office after breakfast.

For now... your names?

- Mark Thorn, Sergeant.

- Thorn?

Your family has strong connections
with this place, hasn't it?

- Well? Hasn't it?

- My father and grandfather were cadets, sir.

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

Yours?

Damien Thorn, Sergeant.

- You don't look alike.

- Cousins, Sergeant.

All right. But understand,
the same thing goes for you.

Your name?

- Morning, Bill.

- Well. Richard.

By the way, there's something

I want to talk over with you.

I'm the first to admit

that Paul's difficult to get on with,

but it took us years

to find a man with his qualifications.

I'm not questioning his qualifications. it's...

His manner.

I can even cope with his manner.

I've met and dealt with every kind.

No. I don't like what he's proposing.

it sticks in my craw.

And I don't intend to hide my feelings.

Are you worried it could get us

in trouble with the Justice Department?

Well, he's dealing with highly emotive stuff.

Bill... let's hear him out.

The only thing I ask is

that you couch your objections

with a little more delicacy than usual.

Jennie. Is Miss Marion dressed yet?

I don't think she's awake, Mrs. Thorn.

I knocked, but she didn't answer.

Thank you.

Aunt Marion?

You'll miss your plane.

Paul, what you're saying is that we should give up our leadership in electronics.

You're wrong. My report says

Thorn industries' main interest is in energy and electronics.

Because of this bias, we ignore what's going on here at this plant.

We ignore it at our own risk. Our profitable future, aside from energy, lies also in famine.

What? That statement is typical of you, Paul. it's heartless and...

And true. Not heartless, realistic.

Pasarian, hold it here.

Are these solutions designated?

No, not yet. Each tank

has a different fertilizer and pesticide.

They won't be designated until

we pump it into the experimental crop beds.

All right, let's go on.

One person dies of starvation every 8.6 seconds.

Seven every minute.

To feed these people,

we have to farm the ocean.

We have to develop new strains

of high-yield, disease-resistant grain crops.

The oil countries didn't hesitate to squeeze our jugular vein.

So, what's so different about food?

If you've got a knife at your belly, you'll keep still.

Why, then, call my policy unethical?

it's callous and inhuman...

and in my opinion, illegal.

What is inhuman about feeding people?

- Telephone, Mr. Thorn.

- I'm busy.

it's an emergency, sir.

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

- Ah, customers.
- But you want us to buy up their land.
Thorn's have the hardware and knowledge
that's easily adaptable
to the purpose of large-scale farming.
This, with the pesticides
and fertilizers we produce,
gives us the jump
on any corporate entity in the world.
If we control their land,
we make them tenants.
- Bill... we make their bellies full.
- I have to agree with Paul.
I'll be right back.
Marion died in her sleep last night -
a coronary.
- I'm sorry.
- I've got to go. I'll talk to you later, Bill.
- Paul, how about breakfast in the morning?
- Certainly.
- Have they moved in to the apartment yet?
- Today.
Winter is here again.
That's Damien's father right there in the back.
My old man played on that team, too.
That's him.
He was on the line,
but Robert Thorn was quarterback.
Even back then he was calling all the plays.
- You're next, Damien.
- Hey, Teddy.
Don't ever talk about my father again.
Do you understand?
Can't you take a joke?
Yeah.
- What was that all about?
- Your cousin really thinks he's somebody.
My old man tells me
the Thorns make their own hats
because they don't sell 'em
large enough for their big heads.
You're gonna regret that, Thorn.
"Mathematics, good.
Science, very good. Military history, fair."

- "Room for improvement."
- Yes, Sergeant.
Physical training is excellent.
I hear you're quite a football player.
Be proud of your accomplishments.
Pride's OK when there's a reason to be proud.
Yes, Sergeant.
I'm here to teach you,
but also I'm here to help you.
Any problems, you come to me.
Don't be afraid. Day or night.
Any advice. You understand?
- Whatever you say, Sergeant.
- We're gonna get to know each other.
I see you're an orphan.
That's something we have in common.
Send Foster in.
What's the matter?
Don't you like it on your back?
Teddy.
Another Thorn.
- What the hell are we waiting for? Foster.
- Yes, sir?
You two, you finished? Out.
What are you doing? Polishing the floor?
What did you do to him?
I don't know.
Come on. Once around the field.
I'll give you a head start.
Come on.
When do you plan to open the exhibit?
A lot depends on when
we get the last of the crates from abroad.
- I'd say around Easter.
- Good.
Are you going to make Mark's birthday party?
- You know I will. Will the lake be frozen?
- Bring your skates.
- I've made a decision about your report.
- Let me...
I've come down on Bill Atherton's side.
Yes...
it might be premature
to embark on such a radical program.

I wouldn't wanna risk diffusing it before it's time.

- We'll keep it on ice?

- Good.

Richard... if you think I've gone too far, if Bill's antagonism towards me is going to continue, maybe I should step down.

Forget it. Your time will come.

- Looks like it might rain, Murray.

- Could be, sir.

- Let's go.

- Mr. Thorn!

I'm sorry to shout -

I didn't want to miss you.

My name is Joan Hart.

I believe Charles Warren told you about me.

- He did.

- I must talk to you.

- Well, I asked him to...

- it's freezing. Couldn't we sit in your car?

- Well...

- I know you don't talk to reporters...

- I'm going to the airport.

- Two minutes.

- Well...

- Please?

- I can't miss my plane. Now, if...

- I'll come to the airport with you.

All right, get in.

All right, Miss Hart. Our time is short, so what would you like to know?

Did you ever meet

the archaeologist Carl Bugenhagen?

- No. I heard of him.

- He was also an exorcist. Did you know that?

No.

His skeleton was found last week

on your dig at Hazor, close to Yigael's Wall.

Seven years after his disappearance.

Ajournalistic assumption. The skeleton

has not been verified as that of Bugenhagen.

Oh, but it has! I've just come from there.

Your brother met him. Did you know that?

Where did you get that information?

A photographer that I used to work with
went with your brother. He died there.

- He was decapitated.

- Murray, stop the car.

Your brother went to see Bugenhagen.

A few days later, Bugenhagen disappeared.

- Get out.

- Do you know why he went to see him?

Don't make me throw you out, Miss Hart.

You must listen to me.

I've been working on the story for years now.

I think I've pieced it together.

I never believed in

the prophecies of the Bible before.

But now... you are in grave danger.

- Don't try to contact me again.

- Put your strength in Christ.

Only he can protect you.

Please. You must listen to me.

Bugenhagen warned your brother.

Oh, God...

And just last week

we finally uncovered Yigael's Wall.

- Who is Yigael?

- incredible person. Very mysterious.

We're not really sure. He was a monk, he was
an exorcist. He lived about the 13th century.

The story goes that

Satan appeared in person to Yigael,
who, not unexpectedly,
went out of his mind.

He also went into hiding,
obsessed with painting what he had seen:
incredible visions of the Antichrist,
from birth to downfall.

But the reason I don't want you
to say anything to Richard is,

- I want it to be a present.

- Good.

I've got a surprise for you, too.

Your favorite piece. We're gonna put it
right in the middle of Gallery Four.

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

- Charles.
- Joan. When did you get in?
- Last night.
- Excuse me, Ann. This is Joan Hart, who...
- Who wanted to interview Richard.
- I did interview him.
- You did what?
- I couldn't take no for an answer.
- it was too important.
- You must be very persuasive.

He doesn't have

a very high opinion of reporters.

Excuse me, I have a call.

Your husband is a little unfair on the press.

They were very kind to his brother.

Were they? I never knew his brother.

That's right.

You're Richard Thorn's second wife.

Tell me about Damien.

What sort of a boy is he?

- Is he enjoying life at the military academy?

- Ann.

- Don't say a word. Richard is furious.

- Charles, you are in danger. All of you.

- What's got into you?

- I've seen Yigael's Wall.

- I don't care what you've seen.

- You must. Damien...

What about Damien?

I'm not sure yet.

What was that all about?

- Which one is Damien Thorn?

- He's the wide receiver right over there.

Now take a break.

..which art in heaven.

Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done, on earth...

No. No. What...?

Come on. Please... What is this?

Please.

Oh, God.

Help me!

Hey, Dad.

That's not fair. Now you're gonna get it.

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Mark

Happy birthday to you

- Make a wish and blow out the candles.

- Go ahead, Mark. Blow them out.

All of them, Mark.

Hold it, Mark.

Cut the cake.

- Make a wish.

- He's made one.

There goes the lake.

Oh, Paul. I'm really gratified to learn that you decided to shelve your land acquisition project.

Well... it may be in the best interests of the company, Bill.

But I still don't understand your opposition.

Just because it's never been done doesn't make it illegal.

No.

But is it ethical?

- There we are.

- Thank you.

- Take a fork, darling.

- All right.

Thanks.

- How are things at the academy, Damien?

- OK, Mr. Buher.

And Sergeant Neff?

- Do you know him?

- I've asked about him.

Just keeping an eye on you, Damien.

Do you know exactly what I do for Thorn industries?

- Not really, sir.

- Well, you should.

You should know everything about the Thorn business - it'll be yours one day.

And Mark's.

And Mark's. Of course.

Say, why don't you,

pay a visit to the plant soon?

- Could I bring some friends?

- Of course.

May I have your attention?

Listen, everyone.

Before Mark opens his presents,

I have a surprise for you,

so I want you to all follow me.

A boy's 13th birthday is considered by many
as the beginning of puberty, of manhood.

Many cultures have... initiation rites.

You'll be initiated too, Damien.

Yes... The time is coming for you to put aside
childish things and face up to who you are.

A great moment, Damien.

Surely you must be feeling it?

I think so.

I'm not sure.

But I feel that something's happening to me.

Is going to happen.

Suspensions of destiny. We all have them.

Your uncle has, I'm sure.

And Bill Atherton. And myself.

A deep, wordless knowledge

that our time has come.

Hey, Damien, come on. We got fireworks.

Happy birthday to you

- Happy birthday to you

- Oh, look at that.

Happy birthday, dear Mark

Happy birthday to you

Shoot!

- Charles.

- I still can't stop.

A little girl was giving me lessons,
but she got disgusted.

What'll you have?

- Hot dogs, hamburgers, ribs?

- Everything. I'm famished.

- Why don't you go to a warming tent?

- I will.

Charles... I heard about your reporter friend.

What's her name?

- Joan Hart.

- I'm so sorry.

Yes... it was so strange,

to get hit by a truck on a deserted highway.

I know.

- Here.

- Thank you.

Shoot!

No.

- Bill!

- Dad!

- Bill!

- Stay off the ice!

Hold on!

- Who is that?

- Mr. Atherton.

Hold on, Bill! Somebody get a pole.

Oh, God! He's gone.

- He's here.

- The current's got him.

- We've lost him.

- Spread out, everybody.

- Can anybody see him?

- Here he is!

Come on! Come on! He's gone.

- Dad, what do we do?

- Here he is!

- Somebody get an axe!

- God.

He's caught in the current.

- Dad.

- How long can he stay under?

He's moving.

Stand back, everybody.

Mr. Thorn.

Hurry.

Hold on. We'll get you.

Spread out! Everybody spread out!

Richard... I'm leaving soon.

Well, Paul, your time came

sooner than we expected.

You're going to be alone

as the new president for a while,

because Ann and I

are going to take a vacation.

Don't worry, Richard.

I think we've covered everything.

Thanks for staying around
the last few days.

I appreciate it.

- Morning, Byron.

- You're on the newsstands this morning!

You must've seen it already. I think it's neat.

- Have you heard from Pasarian?

- No. He seems to have disappeared.

- Richard wants to see you.

- He's back from his vacation?

- Yeah, he looks great, too.

- He needed it.

What the hell is Pasarian doing in India?

I needed a second opinion

on our proposed land purchases there.

We're not buying already?

You agreed I could activate

the conclusions in my report in full.

That doesn't exclude me from making policy
decisions as far as the company's concerned.

- You were on holiday.

- You could have reached me by phone.

Bill Atherton wouldn't have
made those decisions.

- I'm not Bill Atherton.

- I don't expect you to be.

But I do expect you

to observe the rules of company conduct.

I'll remember.

What did you want with Pasarian?

There's something wrong with the design
of his P-84 unit. Walker's agitated.

I know he's the voice of doom and disaster,
but this time he has a point.

Leave it to me, Richard.

By this time, Napoleon thought
he was invincible,

and this is where he made his big mistake.

When he attacked, the Russians
skillfully retreated into their own country.

They lured him on,

and he reached Moscow to find it in ruins.

Who laughed?

I did, sir.

You?

Come here.

With that piece of paper.

So we have an artist in the class.

What's wrong, Thorn? Am I boring you?

You, of course,

know all about Napoleon's campaigns?

- Something about them, sir.

- Do you now?

- How many men did he lose in Russia?

- 450,000, sir.

The Russians played at surrender

until winter,

and then he began his disastrous retreat.

Despite Marshal Ney's

heroic rearguard action,

the Grand Army was cut down

from 600,000 to less than 50,000.

- Date?

- 1 812. He was deposed as emperor in 1 814.

- And then?

- After a brief exile in Elba,

he went to France and began the Hundred

Days' War, until he was defeated at Waterloo.

- A date?

- 1 81 5.

- Let's stick with dates. The emperor's death?

- 1 821 .

- Battle of the Nile?

- 1789.

- Trafalgar?

- 1 805.

- Thirty Years' War?

- Start or finish?

- Start.

- 161 8.

- The Black... Death?

- 1 334.

- Abraham Lincoln's death?

- 1 865.

- Charles I?

- 1649.

- Oliver Cromwell?

- 1658.

- Thomas More?
- 1 535.
- Thomas a Becket?
- 1170.
- The Black Prince?
- 1 376.
- Jean Paul Marat?
- 1793.
- Danton's death?
- 1794.
- William McKinley?
- 1 901 .
- The death of Socrates?
- 399 BC.
- Aristotle?
- 322 BC.
- Alexander the Great?
- 323 BC.
- Sir Francis Drake?
- 1 596.
- Julius Caesar?
- 44 BC.
- Roosevelt?
- 1 945.
- Richard ill?
- Thorn!

Come here.

Outside.

Copy the blackboard.

What were you trying to do, Damien?

- What were you trying to do?
- I was just answering questions, Sergeant.
- You were showing off.
- No, I just knew all the answers.

Somehow, I just knew them all.

- You mustn't attract attention.
- I wasn't trying to. I just felt...

The day will come when everyone will know who you are. But that day is not yet.

- What do you mean?
- There are things you don't understand.

Read your Bible. In the New Testament, there is a Book of Revelation.

For you, it is just that -

a book of revelation.

For you. About you.

Read it. 13th chapter.

Read. Learn. Understand.

What am I supposed to understand?

Who you are.

"And all the world wondered after the beast."

"And they worshipped the dragon
which gave power unto the beast:

..and they worshipped the beast,
saying 'Who is like unto the beast?'"

"'Who is able to make war with him?'"

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

"And through his policy also shall he
cause craft to prosper in his hand;
and he shall magnify himself in his heart,
and by peace shall destroy many."

"He shall also stand up
against the Prince of princes."

"And he causeth all, both small and great,
rich and poor, free and bond,
to receive a mark in their right hand,
or in their foreheads:

And that no man might buy or sell, save that
he had the mark, or the name of the beast,
or the number of his name."

"Here is wisdom."

"Let him that hath understanding
count the number of the beast:
for it is the number of a man;
and his number
is six hundred and sixty-six."

Right...

face!

What's wrong?

Why?

Why me?

Where did you go to?

Why aren't you speaking to me?

Damien? Are you all right?

I'm OK now.

Go to sleep.

Flight 63 to New York's John F Kennedy airport - now loading at gate 37.

All passengers scheduled on flight59 to Houston, Fort Worth, please check with your airlines agent. There will be an approximate delay of one to two hours.

This is the Thorn residence.

No, Mr. Pasarian. He's out.

Yes?

Pasarian! Where the hell are you?

Listen...

Listen. I think you'd better get over here right away.

All right.

Not in.

Why would Pasarian call me here?

Oh, well. I'll call him tomorrow.

Hello.

And when I telephoned him the next day, they told me he was dead. Murdered.

- What?

- Strangled.

Are you telling me that because he refused to sell to us, he was killed by one of our people?

- I'm almost sure of it.

- Impossible.

Look, I was in eight provinces evaluating land you want to buy, and in three of them, three killings.

- Who's responsible?

- I've no idea.

- I'll look into it.

- Shouldn't we tell Mr. Thorn?

I'll talk to him.

By the way, he wants to see you.

- What for?

- The P-84's been acting up.

There's a report on your desk. Take care of it tomorrow. I don't want to shut it down.

Yeah, I'll take care of it.

I hope we don't have some overenthusiastic men in the field.

Come on, everybody. Let's go.
All right, you guys, how do you like it so far?
This huge complex I'm about to show you is
run entirely by three men and this computer.
Mr. Thorn's office, please.
Hello, is Mr. Thorn in yet? it's Pasarian.
He still hasn't called?
I know. I know.
Please, keep trying. Thank you.
Have you got the P-84 check list?
Put your hats on, please, gentlemen.
Keep your glasses on at all times, please.
Put your hats on and your glasses.
Now, as you know,
to make crops grow faster and fatter,
you need more improved and powerful
fertilizers - pesticides as well.
Isn't there a pesticide that works on sex?
That's right. Sex attractants - pheromones -
are extracted from one sex, put into traps,
to attract other insects
of the opposite sex and kill them.
Past policy has made a forceful case
for Thorn's continued adherence
to electronics, to energy.
But the future of Thorn industries
lies not only in solar energy,
in shale oil, and the force of gravity.
Our profitable future, gentlemen,
is also... in famine.
We now possess... potentially...
the most formidable force in the world
for large-scale agricultural endeavors.
However... we have to guard against
the indigenous populations
ever thinking we are in the business of
exploitation. We are not! I emphasize that.
We are there to help.
- Yes, Jane?
- Mr. Pasarian's working on the P-84.
- You wanted to know when he got there.
- Thank you.
Gentlemen, take a half-hour break.
We are now about to enter

a highly complex experimental area,
where the use of toxic chemicals, we hope,
will one day feed the world's hungry.
This is P-84. Proceed with check on vat 29.
Start with 22-L.

Check.

Check.

Now this is a ten-inch valve - computerized.
Programmed to deliver
precise mixes of gases and solutions
from storage vats into the main plant.
However, at this time,
this is closed for repairs.

Check.

- Uh-oh!

- What's wrong?

Shut down P-84!

All right, everybody, back the way we came.

- Shut down P-84!

- it won't shut off.

it has to.

Oh, my God.

I want a complete report of what happened
first thing in the morning. Understand?

Mr. Thorn. They're going to be all right.

We checked every boy for lung damage.

There's none.

They're nauseous,

but there's no permanent damage.

- Doctor, I don't care what it costs...

- I assure you, they'll receive the best care.

Now, there is one thing, though.

We've made every possible test
of blood damage, tissue damage,
and every boy was affected
to some degree - though not seriously.

That is, every boy
except your nephew Damien.

- Do you mean that...

- No, no, no, Mr. Thorn.

He wasn't affected at all.

I'd like to keep Damien here
for a couple of days, to run some tests.
You're gonna be all right.

There's just one thing.

The doctor would like to have Damien stay for a few days to run some tests.

I'm OK.

Why do I have to stay here if I'm OK?

- Why do more tests?

- I don't wanna stay here.

Couldn't I bring him back next week?

Your permission, Doctor?

- That's fine.

- Good.

You rest. We'll collect you later.

Maybe go up to Lakeside.

Think the air would do you good?

Be good, now.

Jackal?

Hello, Ben?

I need to see you urgently. Can I come down?

No, no. There's something here that I just don't understand.

Oh, my God. it's horrible.

We were just talking to him yesterday, when he wanted to do those tests on Damien.

What kind of tests were they?

I'm not sure. I don't think he knew.

- Where are the boys?

- Still sleeping.

Damien was not affected by the gas.

- We can be thankful for that.

- Why all the other boys and not Damien?

I don't understand.

What did the doctor say?

The tissue tests he made... indicate that Damien has a different cell structure.

Different? That's absurd.

Not to Dr Kane.

- He was quite concerned about it.

- Well, what does it mean?

I don't know.

Nicky, what you done for yourself is good enough, but...

what you done for Jerry is a miracle.

- Projectionist.

- Drop dead.

At last, a happy ending for a change.

- it was boring.
- You're too young to be so cynical.
- Who wants a corned beef sandwich?
- One.
- Two.
- All right.

I'll go.

- Hello, Damien.
- Dr Warren.

Is Richard home?

Yes. He's in the family room.

Charles. What a nice surprise.

Let me fix you a drink.

- Brandy?
- No.

Richard, I have to ask you something very personal.

- We're friends.
- What happened to your brother in London?
- Why do you ask that?
- I opened a box that was sent from Israel. it belonged to Bugenhagen.

So?

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

- What the hell are you talking about?
- Years ago, Bugenhagen wrote you a letter.
- I never got a letter.
- it was never sent. it was still in the box.

Richard... you know that I'm a rational man, but what I have to say to you isn't rational. Bugenhagen claims that Damien...

is the devil's son:

the beast foretold in the Book of Revelation.

He isn't human. He was born of a jackal.

- I know it sounds incredible.
- Why do you tell me this?

Your brother was convinced.

He went to Bugenhagen for help.

- Bugenhagen told him how to kill the boy.
- My brother was mentally ill. His wife was...

Was killed by Damien. Five deaths, Richard - five unexplained, horrible accidents.

- According to Bugenhagen...
- Who was insane. And you believe it.
- Read his letter yourself.
- I won't read the ravings of a senile old man.
I knew Bugenhagen. He wasn't senile. If what
he says is true, we are all in great danger.
You, Ann, Mark - all of us.

Have you noticed anything suspicious?

- No.
- Something he's said?
- Nothing.
- There've been deaths among us.

Joan, Bill, Pasarian...

- Coincidental.
- What about Aunt Marion? There's proof.
- What proof?
- Yigael's Wall. Bugenhagen saw it.
- it's the thing that convinced him.
- Enough! I don't wanna hear any more.
- The wall arrives in New York tomorrow.
- Then you go and look at it.

I will.

You can't believe this? Damien?

I didn't say I believe it.

I just told you what he said.

- Well, you're thinking of going to New York...
- it's... it's damn nonsense.

The only thing is that Robert was shot in the
church while he was trying to stab Damien.

He's gotten to you, hasn't he?

He's gotten his craziness into you.

I am not gonna let him poison you.

You're not going away.

- Ann...
- Forget you ever spoke to him.

it's over. it's over.

it is a filthy, stupid story, and it's over.

- Richard, stop it. Stop it. Please, God.

- All right, all right. I won't go.

You're not gonna treat Damien
any differently?

- I won't, I promise.

- Give me your word.

I promise.

Look, we could both use some air,
so why don't you get into some clothes
and we'll go out and hunt up the kids?
Mark?

I know you're there.

Why are you running away from me, Mark?

I know who you are.

- You do?

- Dr Warren knows.

- I overheard him talking to Dad.

- Well, what did he say?

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

The devil?

What else did he say?

Say it, Mark.

- He said you're the beast.

- Come on. What are you talking about?

Your father tried to kill you.

They say he was crazy,
but it was because he knew.

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

- No! No!

- You are my brother.

- You mean more to me...

- The beast has no brother! Don't call me that!

- Listen to me, Mark...

- Admit it. You killed your mother.

No. She wasn't my mother. I was adopted.

A jackal. You were born of a jackal.

Yes.

Born in the image
of the greatest power in the world.

The Desolate One.

Desolate because his greatness
was taken from him and he was cast down.

But he has risen, Mark. In me.

Come with me, Mark.

I can take you with me.

No.

Don't make me beg you, Mark.

No, Damien.

Mark?

Look at me, Mark.

I'll ask you once more.

Please come with me.

Mark...

Oh, Mark...

- What happened?

- I don't know.

We were walking... a-and he fell.

- He fell.

- Get back to the house.

I didn't do anything.

He just fell. I didn't do anything.

All that the Father given to me
shall come to me.

And him that cometh to me,
I will in no wise cast out.

He that raised up Jesus from the dead
will also give life to our mortal bodies
by his spirit that dwellen in us.

In sure and certain hope
of the Resurrection to eternal life
through our Lord, Jesus Christ,
we commend to Almighty God
our brother Mark.

And we commit him to the ground.

Earth to earth,
ashes to ashes,
dust to dust.

Let us pray.

Merciful God, Father of Our Lord, Jesus
Christ, who is the Resurrection and the life...

How could it be, Doctor?

There would have been some sign.

You've examined him a dozen times yourself.

I've seen it happen before, I'm afraid.

A perfectly normal boy, or man,
seemingly healthy in all respects.

But waiting in his brain,
a thin artery wall. The wall collapses...

And... and it was there
from the time he was born?

More than likely.

I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

I don't want to go, Ann. I have to.

Why can't you phone him? Why do you

have to go all the way to New York?
Because I've heard that he's in trouble.

- Look, he needs me.

- I need you.

I'll be back as soon as possible.

- Reverend Weston?

- Yes. May I help you?

- I'm Richard Thorn.

- Mr. Thorn, I'm so glad you could come.

- Come this way, please.

- I wanna thank you for calling me.

Can you tell me what's wrong with him?

He refuses to speak to me.

All I can tell you

is that he's absolutely terrified.

- Who is it?

- Mr. Thorn is here.

- Richard?

- It's me, Charles.

I came as quickly as I...

- I saw the wall. it's all true.

- Now listen...

The beast is with us. I saw the wall.

it drove Joan Hart mad, Bugenhagen...

- Where is it?

- I saw Damien's face.

Where is it?

Come on.

I can't go back in there.

I'm so frightened. Please hurry.

Please hurry.

Please...

No!

And now, on this graduation day,
it gives me great pleasure
to honor those cadets who have excelled
in individual achievement.

The highest honor, the Officer's Saber,
is awarded each year
to that cadet who best exemplifies
the character and spirit of the academy.

This year's recipient
is Cadet Sergeant Damien Thorn.

Congratulations, Damien.

Davidson Military Academy is now proud
to promote the following cadets
to the grades as indicated.

I have to go.

Richard will be at the airport soon.

Will you be coming back for the cotillion?

We'll try.

Michael Fennig...

promoted to second lieutenant.

John Hickox...

promoted to second lieutenant.

- Where's Damien?

- At the cotillion, sir.

- Get him and bring him to the museum.

- What about you, sir?

- We'll take a cab.

- Why? Why do you want Damien?

You can't... you can't make me believe it.

- You can't make me believe it.

- You've got to.

- He killed Mark, Atherton and Pasarian.

- What?

He'll kill anyone he thinks is threatening him.

- How? Did he make the ice crack?

- Not himself.

Did he... Did he pull the gas pipe apart?

Did he?

Excuse me. I have to go.

There are others. Surrounding him,
helping him, keeping him safe.

Richard, listen to yourself.

Listen. Listen to how crazy you sound.

Others. Devils? A conspiracy of devils?

Richard, please.

Ann, I saw Charles killed.

I saw Damien's face on the wall.

What are you going to do? Richard.

What are you doing?

The daggers have to be here somewhere.

What do you want them for?

No. No.

- He's not human.

- He's a boy you've loved for seven years.

The boy has got to die.

Richard... For me, Richard, don't.

Ann, what are you doing?

Get away from that drawer.

What you want to do is crazy.

I can't let you, Richard.

Ann!

You're obsessed with Damien.

it's making you sick.

Give me the daggers.

- There are your daggers.

- Ann...

I've always belonged to him.

Damien!