

# THE FALLEN

1.01 "IN THE BEGINNING"

**WRITTEN BY**  
MATTHEW JAMES

**CREATED BY**  
MATTHEW JAMES AND ALEX MATTHEWS

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS**  
KARL HURD  
&  
ALEX MATTHEWS

STARRING

MATT MCALLISTER .....	STEVEN.R MCQUEEN
SHANNON MCALLISTER .....	LUCY HALE
JUSTIN REID .....	DANIEL SHARMAN
EMILY ASHFORD .....	WILLA HOLLAND
GEORGE MCALLISTER .....	COLIN FERGUSON

GUEST CAST

JACK POWELL .....	ROBBIE AMELL
MOIRA SHAY .....	PATRICIA BELCHER
CASSANDRA REID .....	EMMA CAULFIELD
JANET MCALLISTER .....	ELIZABETH MITCHELL
DAVID CASSIDY .....	SHEMAR MOORE
AMARA .....	EMILY VAN CAMP

TEASER**FADE IN.****EXT. KANSAS, STREET - NIGHT**

OPEN on a country road, we PUSH down a normal dark street, until we come to a Farm house, it's three story, white, well lit, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

DROP down from the ceiling as we find a woman, mid forties, tall, attractive, blond, warm. This is JANET MCALLISTER, She holds a phone between her shoulder and ear as she prepares dinner, chicken, with her free hand she passes a brush over it, marinading the chicken.

JANET

... So you'll be home a in a few minutes?

(pause, listens)

Okay, good. I'll see you soon, I'm putting the chicken in now.

(pause)

Love you too.

She removes the phone from her shoulder and presses a button ending the call. She grabs the pan containing a small chicken and slides it into an open oven behind her.

She RISES up, satisfied, she let's out a sigh.

JANET (CONT'D)

There, perfect..

CRASH! A THUD echoes through the house, as Janet looks up, as something from above falls to the ground, she narrows her eyes and EXITS the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR HALWAY - NIGHT**

Janet makes her way down the hall. The old floor boards beneath her feet creek with every step.

She reaches up, flicking on a light switch. YANK around, at the end of the hallway we find an open window, a breeze gently pushing a curtain, an end table, and as we DROP down we see a broken lamp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON SHATTERED Lamp. A beat, before a small tabby ginger cat, SIMBA strolls by, he begins to lick at the broken glass.

ON JANET. She let's out a relieved sigh, as she bends down, and she shoves the cat away.

JANET  
(calmly)  
Simba, what are we going to do with  
you?

We FOLLOW the cat as it rounds around Janet, and glances up, it bears it's teeth and let's out a HISS.

ON JANET. She frowns. Glancing at the cat.

JANET (CONT'D)  
What are you --?

CREEK... A footstep comes from the other end of the hallway. Janet SNAPS up. Turning around and to face --

A Tall blond woman, young, mid 20's, she wears a long red cloak which sways behind her,. She holds a long silver blade. Her name is Amara.

AMARA  
Janet McAllister. The time has come  
to turn over the Fallen...

Janet takes a deep breath. Shakes her head.

JANET  
(defiant)  
..Go to hell..

A grin forms on Amara's face. Before Janet lunges towards the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

JANET dives into the bathroom, kicking the door shut before Amara can reach the door. She holds out a hand towards the door.

JANET  
Barrier.

A flash and a solid transparent barrier, covers the door, as it is kicked open, the frame ripping off the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a grin, Amara approaches the door, but stops. Unable to pass through the barrier.

JANET (CONT'D)

You will not harm my kids.

AMARA

(chuckles)

You think they are you're children?

(beat)

They are an abomination. To powerful to be allowed to exist. To dangerous..

White tiles cover the walls and floor, as Janet scrambles to her feet. She heads over to the back wall. She slams her palm into one of the tiles, as --

ANGLE ON: WALL. Several tiles cave inwards, revealing a hidden door. Janet vanishes inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE, HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT**

A wooden room, it's small, with just enough room to move around in, dust and spider webs cover most of the surfaces.

Janet enters, making her way over to a small wooden chest. With a wave of her hand, we hear a CLICK! And the chest pops open. Dust escapes the chest. Janet bends down, leans in and rummages through it.

Amara appears in the doorway, but again comes to a stop.

AMARA

Your abilities are rusty, witch. You won't be able to hold me here long.

Janet pulls out a silver knife, turns to Amara. Lifts up a hand, slices the palm of her hand. It begins to bleed.

ANGLE: Ground. A few ingredients have been shoved into a small bowl, Janet falls onto her knees, Letting the blood pour into the bowl.

JANET

My children, must be protected from the likes of you..

Amara stumbles forwards able to enter the room now. Amara rushes forwards slamming the knife into Janet's gut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janet let's out a whimper, as her face tighten.

DRIFT UP as we find Janet's bloody palm, placed on Amara's hand.

JANET (CONT'D)  
... You. It's to late..

BANG! A white transparent shimmer ripples from Janet, it passes through the whole room.

AMARA  
Let me go, witch!?

BOY (O.S.)  
Mom!?

Amara glances behind her, as Janet's grip tightens on her arm.

JANET  
Be gone!!

A white light fills Amara's eyes, Janet has to close her own and look away.

ANGLE DOOR: A boy, sixteen, long shaggy hair that covers his eyes flies into the room, this is MATT MCALLISTER. His eye's scan the room as if he's never been inside it, his gaze falls to the floor.

MATT  
Mom!?

DRIFT DOWN: JANET. She lays on the ground, her back on the ground, as Matt dives to her side. Notices the blade still inside her chest.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Oh my --

Matt takes his mother's hand, he notices her slashed palm, he frowns as he looks into his mother's eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)  
-- What happened?

JANET  
I don't have much... time.. I need  
you to listen to me... You aren't  
like everyone else.. You're..  
Special. You and your sister..  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANET (CONT'D)

Your going to need each other if  
you want to survive what's going to  
come your --  
(pause)  
...Your way...

Her eye's begin to flicker closed, Matt leans in.

MATT

No, mom!?

ON JANET: Her eye's open once more. She smiles up at her son.

JANET

... Believe in yourself... in each  
other... Know, that I. Love. You...

Her eye's close once more, her head rolls to it's side, she's gone. Dead.

PUSH IN. On Matt, tears begin to fill his eyes, as we --

MATT

No.. No mom please, don't go. Come  
back...

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, SHANNON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON. CLOSED eyes, suddenly they SNAP open and violent breath escapes a young female, sixteen. Long dark hair.

We PULL back wider. We find SHANNON MCALLISTER, she lunges forward in her bed, taking in deep breaths trying to steady herself, and we --

BLACK OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

8.

# THE FALLEN

ACT ONE**FADE IN.****EXT. ROAD - DAY**

OVER TITLE -

**ONE WEEK LATER.**

DROP down on a long stretch of road. Fields of corn, can be seen for miles down the road. A white Chevy CHYSTLER ZOOMS down the road.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Off dashboard. Two passengers. At the drivers seat we find a Man. Mid 40's, short brown hair, he's eye's focused on the road. His expression is wrecked with guilt, and he looks nervous as hell. This is GEORGE MCALLISTER.

Riding shotgun, MATT MCALLISTER. A coldness to his expression, after what he's seen, he has earbuds in his ears. He glances out the window. Lost in thought.

In the back seat in a cage we see the curled up ginger ball that is SIMBA -- He sleeps peacefully. Purring away.

GEORGE

Boy. Am I going to love getting out of Kansas... so much... corn..

Nothing. Matt remains silent. With a sigh, George reaches over pulling the earbud from his ear. The boy jumps.

MATT

(startled)  
Hey!?

GEORGE

Oh I'm sorry. Was that uncomfortable. That's funny, so has the last hour.

Matt rolls his eyes. Throws his father a glare.

MATT

(direct)  
Dad, why can't I go stay with Aunt Haley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Geez... cut right to the punch why don't you?

(beat, off look)

Look, not only was it in your mother's will but... your my son.

MATT

Really. So where have you been for the past five years?

GEORGE

That's -- That's not fair. I didn't want any of this. Her leaving. Taking you... I fought.. I did.

MATT

Well it's a good think you're a doctor and not a lawyer..

GEORGE

Look, I know this all sucks, but we can work this out..

MATT

... You assume I want to.

(beat)

I want to go stay with Aunt Haley.

GEORGE

That isn't happening. Haley is even more irresponsible than you. You want a stable home -- That won't happen with her.

MATT

At least she was there..

George grows silent. Let's out a defeated sigh, as Matt puts the ear bud in his ear once more, turns to face the window again.

George bows his head slightly, disappointed. He wanted this all to go much better.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MCALLISTER RES, DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

TITLE OVER:

**"NORTHWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA"**

CUE MUSIC: "TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW" SELENA GOMEZ

DROP down onto a white medium two story house, complete with matching picket fence, a single light comes from the upstairs bedroom, where music is blasting from.

HEADLIGHTS appear in the driveway, and the white CRYSLER roars into the driveway.

The engine cuts. The Lights shut off, and the door opens, Matt exit's the car, as the trunk pops open. George climbs out next.

Both men turn to the house listening to the music, George turns to his son.

GEORGE

Grab your bag's, I'll take care of Simba.

Matt reaches into the back of the car, grabbing the cage from the back seat, he starts down the driveway. Leaving a surprised George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... Or just do the opposite of what I say... That was my plan the whole time...

(beat, realizes)

He Isn't listening..

He let's out a hefty sigh, glancing behind him and across the street, and old elderly woman, late 70's. She shakes her head in disapproval.

ON GEORGE. He notices and smiles back at her, raising a hand up to wave.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Sorry, Helen. I'll take care of it.

He turns. Heading down the steps towards the porch.

CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The MUSIC blasts even louder in here. The walls are covered in blue wallpaper. A Few end tables with lamps on each light the hallway.

Matt makes his way down the hallway, vanishing into a room, before --

George reaches the top step and looks down the hall, through the BLARING music, laughter is heard coming from the room at the end of the hall.

George makes his way down the hallway, he reaches the door. Curls his hand into a fist. He knocks. Nothing. The music is too loud to hear the knock. With a sigh, George reaches for the handle. Turns it and swings the door open --

To see inside the room, a young girl, short curly brown hair, in blue jeans, and red bra, she spots George and snaps up a shirt covering her breasts.

SHANNON (O.S.)

Dad?!

And from the corner of the room steps, SHANNON MCALLISTER, she has long black hair that shines under the bedroom light. A frantic look on her face as she stares down her father.

GEORGE

Sorry, Em -- uh..

(to Shannon)

Think you might want to turn it down that.. noise??

Shannon reaches for the IPOD turning down the music.

SHANNON

-- I think you mean music?

GEORGE

Trust me, Kid. That ain't music.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Hey, you were right. He did have some --

George looks down the hall, and at the end we find another teenager, short curly brown hair, he has a sweet kind smile, he looks up spotting George, he comes to a halt, a six pack of molsen dry in his hand.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Oh.. Uh.. Mister M.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Great. You're here too..

George throws Shannon a glance. Who smiles innocently at her father.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Didn't we have a talk about boys in your bedroom?

Shannon manages a smirk.

SHANNON

Yup... But this is Justin, not the same thing.

George frowns.

GEORGE

Umm.. Actually I mostly meant him when I said it.

Justin slowly makes his way past George.

JUSTIN

You... know. I'm just gonna --

Justin tries to sneak into the bedroom, but George grabs the back of his collar. Pulling Justin to a stop, and yanks him back out into the hallway.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

-- Waa -- wait in the living room?

GEORGE

(grins)

That's a great idea.

George's eye's fall to the six pack in Justin's hand. Justin's eyes follow and he pulls one of the cans off and hands George one.

George's gaze remains fixated on the cans, and Justin hands him the whole pack.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

'Atta boy..

Justin runs his hand over the back of his head and strolls down the hall, a look of confusion and defeat in his eyes.

George returns his attention to his daughter. A smile now on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON

I hope you're happy with yourself.

GEORGE

Over the moon.

(beat)

Your brother is here. I was hoping you would try to be the bigger person right now, break the ice...

SHANNON

(fake smiles)

... Why not... I'm all ready living in hell anyway.

Shannon steps back into the room, slamming the door in George's face.

FZZT. George opens the can of beer, takes a sip. Sighs.

GEORGE

Best job in the world they said.

(long beat)

Ah, What do they know..

George steps away from the door, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, SHANNON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PINK paint covers the walls, the lowered music continues, as EMILY let's out a sigh, dropping the shirt onto the bed.

EMILY

Seriously.. Your dad though. I would eat him up.

SHANNON

You are really messed up.

A grin slides onto Emily's face, as Shannon continues to rummage through the closet.

EMILY

Please, messed up is the new normal.

ON SHANNON. She goes through her shirts, trying to find the right one.

SHANNON

Thanks -- but I like normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

You would.

Emily turns around grabbing a photo from Shannon's dresser.

ANGLE: PHOTO. It's the same photo from before, the two siblings smiling in the corn field.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're brother. He as cute as your dad?

SHANNON

Eww.. And I -- uh.. Wouldn't know. Haven't seen him since I was eleven.

Shannon pulls a light blue top from her closet, turns, notices Emily gazing at the photo.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Here, try this on.

Emily takes the top. Places down the photo. Throws on the top.

EMILY

It must suck, being taken away from someone... Not having a choice.

SHANNON

Yeah. I guess.

Emily examines the top in the tall mirror. Smirks.

EMILY

Man. I think this looks hotter on me than it ever did on you..

Shannon manages a smirk.

SHANNON

You are unbelievable.

Emily manages a wink, and a grin.

EMILY

Don't you forget it.

Shannon takes a beat, let's out sigh, than --

SHANNON

(sighs)  
I'll be back in a minute..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily looks herself over in the mirror.

EMILY

Okay..

Shannon EXITS. Leaving Emily to look herself over, smiling.

CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, MATT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A blood red painted bedroom. With a bed. Two night stands, and a long dresser. The surfaces are all barren. Untouched for a long time. Dust covers much of the space, as Matt runs his index finger over it. A beat, he let's out a chuckle.

MATT

Great.. Just great...

A KNOCK comes to the door, Matt sighs, but doesn't answer, however the door opens anyway.

SHANNON

Figured you wouldn't answer.. Your whole I hate this family thing..

MATT

It's good to see you too, sis.

Matt moves to the cage which sit on the bed, opens it letting the small ginger cat out.

Shannon bends down petting it.

SHANNON

Hello to you, Simba..

MATT

(sighs, frustrated)  
... Is there something you wanted?

Shannon looks up at Matt. Stops petting the cat. RISES to her feet.

SHANNON

No.. Forget it. Sorry I bothered you.

She turns and EXITS the room, leaving Matt alone once more, he let's out a sad sigh, as Simba hops back onto the bed. Watching Matt. Purrs gently.

MATT

You'll never leave me, right Simba?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cat hops off the bed, and exit's the bedroom, Matt rolls his eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

Fine.. Who needs you anyway..

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHANDLER'S CREEK - NIGHT**

A small clearing has been turned into a small parking lot, several cars have all ready gathered, as a pink convertible pulls into an empty spot. A beat and out step, Shannon, Emily and Justin from the back.

JUSTIN

I didn't even know your mother had died.

SHANNON

Yeah.. Well, it isn't something you bring up in a conversation.

JUSTIN

You, ah.. Wanna talk about it?

Emily throws Justin as sharp glare, he notices and but returns his attention to Shannon, who comes to a halt turning to face her friends.

SHANNON

What's there to talk about. She abandoned me five years ago, left my father an emotional wreck and now she's... gone.

Justin and Emily throw each other a look, before --

JUSTIN

But still. She's your mom.

SHANNON

She never cared about me. Never called. Checked in on me. Just left. Didn't even come around for holidays..

A beat. Emily looks up at Shannon. Her familiar smile plastered once more on her face.

EMILY

I say we get drunk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUSTIN  
I second that.

Shannon smiles as the three head off through the tree line, and into --

CUT TO:

**INT. CHANDLER'S CREEK, WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

We FOLLOW our three teens through an ocean of teens, hundreds of teenagers are gathered, alcohol of all sorts are seen.

We PUSH through the crowds of people and at the center we find a long table, where we meet JACK POWELL, sixteen, short dark hair, a big cheery smile on his face, he stands by a KEG handing out beers to his fellow students, he looks up and smiles warmly as Shannon approaches.

SHANNON  
Hey handsome.

JACK  
Hey beautiful.

She smiles as she approaches him, wrapping her arms around his, and the two share a deep, passionate, kiss.

ON JUSTIN. He lowers his gaze, trying to look anywhere but at the two, Emily notices, but says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)  
That was some kiss. What did I do to deserve it?

SHANNON  
I've had a bad night so far. Was hoping for a pick me up.

She beams up at him and he let's out a chuckle, the two continue to kiss, as Justin turns and walks off, a beat before Emily notices, feeling uncomfortable she follows after him .

We DRIFT through the crowd of teenagers, until we find Justin pushing through them.

EMILY  
Hey! Wait up!

Justin comes to a stop, he turns to face Emily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Come on, you aren't still carrying  
a torch for her are you?

Silence. No answer. But it's all the answer Emily needs.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Hell has a better chance of  
freezing over than you do getting  
her.  
(pause)  
Did you hear her early, she doesn't  
even consider you an option.  
(beat)  
You've been perma friendzoned..

Justin rolls his eye's.

JUSTIN  
She just said that to make her dad  
feel better --

EMILY  
-- No, she didn't. You need to  
accept she's with Jack, and move  
on.

Emily walks off, leaving a shocked and somewhat hurt Justin  
alone, he considers her words, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Matt stands in the room, a few items are now placed on the  
dresser, a laptop, cellphone and a few photos.

He falls back onto the bed, taking a deep breath. He glances  
over at one of the photos on his Dresser.

A KNOCK comes from the door, he looks up to find George  
standing in the doorway.

MATT  
(cold)  
What do you want?

GEORGE  
To talk to my son, maybe?

Matt shakes his head. Looks back at the photo. George  
notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT  
 (lies, coldly)  
 -- She didn't want this.. Me to be  
 here, with you.

George's eye's open wide with surprise at his sons words. He takes a seat on the bed next to him.

GEORGE  
 Did She say that?

A beat. Matt thinks over his words.

MATT  
 (nods)  
 Yeah.

George remains silent for a moment as Matt rises to his feet, letting out a deep sigh, he runs his hands through his hair.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 You can't make me stay here --  
 with.. With you..

GEORGE  
 The hell I can, you're my son..

MATT  
 No.. I can't --

In a moment of anger, Matt slams his hands on the dresser, when suddenly --

BANG -- The light from above blows out -- glass shards drop over the two men, both duck to cover there faces.

ANGLE ON: GEORGE. He looks up, as few pieces of glass fall from his hair, he looks on at his son, a look of confusion and fear.

ANGLE ON: MATT. His breathing begins to slow down as he looks over at his father, the same look of fear washing over him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHANDLER'S CREEK, WOODS - NIGHT**

Sitting on a log in front of the roaring fire, alone. We find Shannon. She looks into the flames, as JACK approaches taking a seat next to her wrapping her in a warm blue blanket. She thanks him with a warm smile.

SHANNON  
 Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Anytime. Don't want those sexy lips  
turning blue.

Shannon smiles wider for a beat, but then her smile falls and she turns her attention back into a frown, Jack frowns.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

SHANNON

I can't stop thinking about --

JACK

-- your mother?

SHANNON

(low)

Yeah...

(beat)

She didn't want me. Didn't care --  
but.. I still feel so...

JACK

Lost? Empty with out her?

Shannon blinks, glances over at Jack who flashes her a kind smile.

JACK (CONT'D)

She was still your mother. I'm sure  
she did care. I'm pretty sure she  
must of had her reasons for what  
she had done.

ANGLE: Jack's hand. It slowly reaches into his jacket pocket and he pulls out a small jewelry container. Shannon notices it.

JACK (CONT'D)

I've been holding onto this for  
awhile. Thinking when was the right  
time to give it to you... here.

He lifts it up, and Shannon reaches for it. She pops the lid open and we see --

ANGLE ON: ANGEL medallion. A small golden Angel dangles in front of us as Shannon lifts it up. Taking it in. She beams.

SHANNON

It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jack manages a smile of his own, his eye's never leaving Shannon.

JACK  
Yes. You are.

Shannon looks up and kisses Jack, the two look into each other's eyes, until --

A Boy around sixteen approaches, he stumbles over a little drunk, this is AARON.

AARON  
Hey, Powell. We are running low on the good stuff, wanna head into town and pick some up?

Jack looks towards Shannon, and smiles with a nod.

SHANNON  
Go.

Jack RISES to his feet, and walks off. Aaron flashes Shannon a grin, and walks away, leaving Shannon, alone, her smile once again falls into a frown, as she looks on at the medallion now in her possession.

We DRIFT away as we find Jack walking through the trees, once he's far away enough from the party. We DROP down as a hand, a long silver sword appear in frame.

YANK around upwards as we see AMARA, a grin plastered on her face.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHANDLER'S CREEK, PARTY - CONTINUOUS**

We TRAIL Shannon, making her way towards the center table, where Justin sits by a log, a red solo cup in her hand.

Shannon blinks, confused.

SHANNON  
Hey, I thought we were out of booze?

Justin manages a chuckle.

JUSTIN  
Uhh... please, there is tons left. Enough for to feet a small town in India..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. Shannon eye's him oddly.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 (off look)  
 You know if Indian children  
 consumed alcohol instead of food.

Shannon manages a chuckle, before --

SHANNON  
 Why would Aaron Jeffers ask Jack to  
 go pick some up?

Justin's smirk fades as he attempts to answer her question,  
 before --

A SHARP male scream comes from deep within the woods, so loud  
 it cuts through the music.

Shannon and Justin throw each other a look before darting  
 towards the sound, most of the other students sit around in  
 confusion.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHANDLER'S CREEK, WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

SHANNON and JUSTIN. The two fly through the forest, a  
 concerned look forms on Shannon's face.

SHANNON  
 (yelling)  
 Jack!?

JACK (O.S.)  
 (weak)  
 Shan --

Shannon. Glances around wildly, in terrified, confusion.  
 Justin reaches over tapping on her shoulder.

JUSTIN  
 It came from over there.

A little bit away. Laying on the ground, we find JACK, he  
 holds a hand over his chest, he coughs and blood escapes his  
 lips.

SHANNON. She dives next to him, Justin approaches from the  
 other side.

SHANNON  
 Hey. What -- what happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack. He coughs once more.

JACK

Blond woman. She wore red... she  
came out of nowhere.. She said -  
She needed... Something called the  
Fallen. Said I was her best chance  
at getting it..

ON SHANNON. Shee blinks in confusion.

BACK ON JACK. His eye's close. Shannon's eye's flood with  
tears and terror. This can't be happening.

SHANNON

Hey. No -- Stay with me. Please.  
(beat, no answer)  
Jack!?

ON JUSTIN. He digs his hand into his pocket pulling out his  
phone putting it to his ear. He stops. Frowns, Rises to his  
feet. He realizes, who ever did this could still be out here.  
He begins to look around.

ANGLE: WIDE. We PULL back to find Shannon on ground next to  
Jack, and Justin standing above the couple, as we --

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**FADE IN.**

**INT. NORTHWOOD MEMORIAL, WAITING ROOM - LATER**

The waiting room is nearly empty, considering the late hour, as we DRIFT along to find standing near the middle of the room --

SHANNON. Her arms folded across her chest, her eye's red, puffy, she's been crying.

A man stands in front of her, DAVID CASSIDY, he's in his mid 40's, African American, bald, kind, trusting eyes, he scans Shannon, looking for a break.

DAVID

... You didn't see anyone in the woods, besides Jack.

Without a word, Shannon shakes her head. David keeps his gaze with hers, nods.

SHANNON

No. I -- I have to see if he's okay?

DAVID

Okay. Just one more question, would that be okay?

Shannon nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You mentioned Aaron Jeffers asked Jack to go get some... drinks, when the attacked happened, did you see where Aaron was?

Shannon's eye's stiffen, trying to recall the events.

SHANNON

He was beside the sounds system.. I think.

David nods.

DAVID

Okay, you can go. Thanks for your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shannon walks off heading down a hall, a blond woman, around David's age enters the room, flashing Shannon a kind smile, this is David's partner Cassandra. She approaches David, shaking her head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't know, Cass. I don't think these kids saw much.

CASSANDRA

The only person who will be able to tell us what happened, is Jack Powell.

(beat)

If he survives.

DAVID

That's a big if, this kid suffered massive internal injuries, he lost a lot of blood.

(pause)

He's in a coma..

David let's out a sigh. Cassandra glances away, lost in thought. David looks back up at her - notices.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

CASSANDRA

A friend of mine, moved to Kansas and was killed about a week ago, the victim was Shannon's mother.. My kid's best friend..

A beat, David eye's Cassandra.

DAVID

Jesus, you think the two cases could be related?

Cassandra nods. Looks down the hall.

CASSANDRA

Come on, girls mother dies, than her boyfriend is attacked in the woods?

DAVID

You don't think she had something to do with both attacks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSANDRA

(shakes head)

No.. She was in class all week, up until the death.. She would of needed to miss a few days of school in order to go to Kansas and back to Northwood.

DAVID

Okay.. What about the boy, murders his mother and than..

CASSANDRA

No -- God -- I.. I've known these kids since they were babies. I don't think either is capable of doing something like this.

(pause)

No. I think someone else killed Janet McAllister and followed Matt here..

Off Cassandra as she collects her thoughts.

CUT TO:

**INT. NORTHWOOD MEMORIAL, JACK'S ROOM - LATER**

Steady slow beeps are all that can be heard, as we DRIFT upwards to see --

JACK. His eye's closed. Dressed now in a hospital gown, he breaths calmly as we --

RISE UP, with a chart in his hand, we see GEORGE MCALLISTER, now dressed in scrubs, and lab coat.

Every few seconds he looks up from the chart, glances at Jack, and back to his chart.

A beat of silence, and the door is thrown open. George Whirls around to see a stunned Shannon, she look from Jack and up to her father.

SHANNON

Dad.. I was so scared.

George places a hand on the back of Shannon's head, and gently pats her head, trying to calm her.

GEORGE

It's okay, baby. It' okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shannon let's go of her father, pulls away, George places the chart down on the small pushable table. Examines his daughter.

SHANNON

Is he... Is he going to be okay?

George takes a breath, turns to look at Jack, and returns his gaze to his daughter.

GEORGE

Jack's in a coma... It isn't to severe... with time he -- should wake up.

Shannon eye's begin to water as she begins to cry, George grabs his daughter in a tight hug..

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

(genuine)

I hope so...

Shannon pulls away, George turns around. Both look on at Cassandra and Justin, who now stand in the doorway.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I'm here to take Justin home, it's late.

(pause)

Actually, can I talk with you in private George.

George nods, follows Cassandra out of the room, we hold on Justin as he and Shannon share a confused look.

CUT TO:

**INT. NORTHWOOD MEMORIAL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

George comes to a stop in the middle of the empty hallway, Cassandra exits the room, making sure to close the door behind her.

CASSANDRA

George, as a friend I want to know. Do you think there is anyone who could want to harm your family?

George blinks, taken back from her question.

GEORGE

No -- why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA

The injuries inflicted on your ex-wife, were an exact match to the ones done to Jack Powell.

(beat)

The common denominator --

GEORGE

Matt and Shannon?

George takes a deep, deep breath.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You think someone is trying to come after my family?

Cassandra nods.

CASSANDRA

Think hard George, because what hurts your family. It could have been Justin lying in that hospital bed, instead of Jack.

Cassandra takes a violent step towards George, who back' up surprised.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(firm)

I won't lose my son.

Cassandra and George share a look, as George nods.

GEORGE

I'll let you know if I come up with something.

CASSANDRA

You do that.

She walks into the room, as we hold on George. Who swallows a lump in his throat and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. MCALLISTER RES - THE NEXT MORNING**

ESTABLISHING SHOT. We few birds fly past a nearby tree.

CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, KITCHEN - MORNING**

PICK up off the island, which sits in the center of the room, three chairs sit around the island, where we find Matt, dressed in pyjama bottoms and a white T-Shirt, he digs his spoon into a bowl of cereal. In silence until --

SHANNON enters the room, the two make eye contact. After a beat, Shannon moves further in the room towards the fridge.

Matt stands to his feet. Ready to make a break for the door, before he can though --

SHANNON

That's right -- Just. Leave. It's what you do best, Right?

Matt shakes his head. He continues towards the door.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

You didn't even ask me about, Jack.

Matt stops. Sighs. Turns towards his sister.

MATT

I don't know him. Why would I care, right?

Shannon let's out a chuckle. Shakes her head in disgust.

SHANNON

You're a jack ass, you know that?

Matt nods. His face grows into a sad realization.

MATT

I -- I know.

He EXITS, as Shannon runs her hands through her hair. Upset. We HOLD until --

VZZT. VZZT.

A buzzing can be heard as Shannon reaches into her pocket pulling out her phone. She places it to her ear.

SHANNON

(into mobile)

Hello?

CUT TO:

**EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY**

A high rise apartment complex, several cars fly down the busy street.

CUT TO:

**INT. REID APARTMENT, JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

We PAN along the bedroom, giving a full scope of the blood red painted bedroom. On the bed, we find Emily, she flips through a magazine.

Sitting at a desk we have Justin, typing away, his eyes racing across the screen. A beat of silence, before --

EMILY

God. This is so boring.

Justin stops, turning to face Emily. Frowns.

JUSTIN

I -- I didn't even invite you.

A CLICK and the door handle turns, before Shannon enters into the room. Her eye's find Emily, than turn to Justin.

EMILY

(smiles)

She did.

SHANNON

What's going on Just, I should be getting to the hospital. Jack --

JUSTIN

(abrupt)

-- Isn't going anywhere...

Emily shoots him a look so cold, he manages a small nervous whimper.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(To Shannon)

Look, I'm sorry.

(pause)

-- This is important. Promise.

Okay, so I over heard my mom talking to her partner about Jack's attack and they think that, what happened to Jack and..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Justin takes a beat. Not sure if he should continue, Shannon's eye's tighten. She folds her arms across her chest. Waiting.

SHANNON

And what?

JUSTIN

.. Your mom's attack could be related.

Shannon takes a step away. Looks away. Justin clears his throat, feeling guilty.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Jack. He told us that whoever attacked him wanted something called the Fallen..

Shannon blinks, turns her attention back onto Justin.

SHANNON

Okay, so what the hell is that?

JUSTIN

Not a what, Shan. A Fallen.. Or Nephilim.. is a half Angel half human hybrid. A mystical anomaly..

SHANNON

Okay... So... This Fallen. It's a person, who?

Justin turns his chair, locking his gaze onto Shannon. She notices, waves her hands back in forth in front of her.

Emily turns her attention onto Shannon as well.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

What? No. This it's crazy.

Justin spins his chair away once more, reaching for a brown folder on the end of desk. Pulls them over.

Emily snatches them from Justin's hand.

JUSTIN

Your brother. He told Kansas PD that when he arrived at the house, he said he heard multiple voices, than he saw a bright flash of light from a hidden room he said, even he didn't even know was there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON

Where did you get those?

JUSTIN

I might of... borrowed them from my  
moms slightly ajar desk drawer.

SHANNON

So.. Stole from her locked desk  
drawer.

Justin throws his hands up in defence.

JUSTIN

... Maybe..

Emily looks over a few of the photos. Her face tightening as  
she scans each one.

EMILY

Wow. These are really..

Emily glances up, looking at Shannon before --

EMILY (CONT'D)

... Dark?

Justin rolls his eyes.

JUSTIN

The forensic team pulled multiple  
hairs from the room, matching back  
to a --

Shannon's eyes widen.

SHANNON

-- Another Blond woman?

Justin freezes. Looks up.

JUSTIN

Yeah. How did you know that?

Shannon slowly backs towards the door. Looking rather  
alarmed.

SHANNON

I need to get to the hospital,  
Jack. He needs me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She bolts out of the room, leaving both Justin and Emily confused as they throw each other a glance. Off there confused expression, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. NORTHWOOD, STREETS - DAY**

Shannon. She marches down the street digging her hands through her purse. She pulls out her cellphone, putting it to her ear.

SHANNON  
(into phone)  
Hey. It's me -- I think we need to talk.

From behind her, Emily runs out onto the street.

EMILY  
Shannon, wait!?

Shannon stops. A Beat. She turns to face Emily, who watches her carefully.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What was that all about?

Emily slows down to a stop, a few feet in front of her best friend.

SHANNON  
I -- The photo's I saw them before.. But it wasn't in a photo, I dreamt it.

Emily looks away. Thinking this over.

EMILY  
.. A dream?

Shannon nods.

SHANNON  
The same night it happened, I had a dream.. Or at least that's what I thought it was, and when I woke up my dad told me what happened to my mother.. That he had to go get my brother.  
(beat)  
I never asked what happened, maybe I was to afraid to find out the truth or maybe. I all ready knew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily remains silent. A long beat. Shannon's eye's begin to gloss over with tears.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
I'm some sort of -- freak.

Emily's eye's tighten, but before she can respond. Shannon DARTS across the street.

ANGLE: DOWN THE STREET. A car approaches, from the wind shield, we see a Male driver, he holds his cell phone in front of him. He's not looking where he he's going.

ANGLE: EMILY. Finally she snaps out of her daze.

EMILY  
Shan, wait!?

She turns stepping off the curb onto the street. She doesn't notice the danger heading towards her.

ANGLE: CAR. OFF Windshield. The driver puts down his phone, just in time to see Emily but it's too late -- He slams his foot on the break. BLARES his horn.

Emily throws her hands in the in front of her.

Shannon SNAPS around and LIFTS her hands in front of her, in terror, or instinct? a blast of white light erupts from her hand. The blast hits Emily FLINGING her backwards -- Out of harms way, she hits the safety of the pavement with a THUD!

With a deafening SKID the car comes to a grinding halt.

Emily lifts herself up with her elbows, she looks on at Shannon.

With her arms still raised in front of her Shannon -- breathing heavily slowly lowers them. Looking on ahead. Shocked. And off it, we --

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**FADE IN.**

**INT. REID RES, JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Back with Justin, he lays vertically across his bed, his eye's fixated on a few of his "borrowed" crime scene photos.

The bedroom door SWINGS opens, Emily enters, her face pale, as she moves slowly, still in a daze. She's in shock.

Justin glances up, frowns at her odd state.

JUSTIN  
(concerned)  
You okay?

Emily collapses into the computer desk chair. Silent. Her eye's slowly find Justin.

Becoming more concerned Justin sits up, looking on at Emily. With one hand. He reaches out for her hand, taking her hand in his, she looks at him, as he smiles warmly towards her.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Em, what the hell is going on? Talk to me? Insult me? Say something -- anything?

A long beat, Emily continues to look on at Justin, considering before --

EMILY  
What -- what are you looking at?

Justin blinks, what? And than notices the photo still in his other hand. He let's go of Emily's hand, grabs the photo with both hands.

JUSTIN  
Oh. The bowl in this photo -- It sounds weird but I've seen it before.  
(firm)  
I know it.

Emily clears a lump in her throat, snapping the photo from his hand, examines it. Her eye's grow wide -- realizing.

EMILY  
Do you remember Miss Shay?

Justin frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUSTIN

Our baby-sitter when we were kids?

Emily nods.

EMILY

She had the same bowl, it used to sit in the center of the dining room table, why?

JUSTIN

How do you even remember that?

EMILY

(changes subject)  
Why is it important?

Justin pulls out several other photos. Handing them to Emily, who looks through them, wearing a grim expression.

JUSTIN

The things in this bowl -- goat tusk, eye of newt, rabbit's foot. There was also blood in the bowl that was apparently a match to Janet McAllister. The cut on her hand was caused by a different blade --

EMILY

-- What are you getting at?

JUSTIN

This is going to sound super crazy, but I think Janet was a --

EMILY

(cuts him off)  
-- Witch?

Justin freezes, nods.

JUSTIN

Yeah but. How would you know?

EMILY

Trust me --  
(long beat)  
-- not so crazy anymore.

We hold on her for a beat longer, her eye's still trying to grasp what is happening, before --

CUT TO:

**INT. MCALLISTER RES, MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Matt sits on the edge of one of the beds, he folds a few clothes and he shoves them into a suit case next to him.

A door is heard opening from below, and violently it slams shut, causing Matt to jump.

SHANNON

Matt!?

Matt sighs, before he can answer, Shannon bursts into the bedroom.

MATT

(mocking)

Come on in..

SHANNON

We need to talk.

Shannon looks down. Notices the suitcase, her eye's narrow in anger as she looks up at Matt.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Umm.. What do you think your doing?

Matt looks down at the suitcase, than looks back to his sister.

MATT

I.. I can't stay here. This isn't my home. My town. Not anymore.

SHANNON

So your just going to leave -- again?

MATT

Isn't that what you want?

SHANNON

No. What I want -- what I need, is my brother.

A long beat, Matt doesn't know how to respond to that. Shannon takes a few steps towards him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I saw it.

MATT

Saw.? Saw what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON

What happened to mom, I dreamt it.  
The blond woman, mom in that room --  
You. So scared. Holding her,  
begging her to come back, not to  
leave you.

Matt looks away, he knows she's telling the truth, but he can't bring himself to look at her and admit it. A beat. Shannon let's out a SIGH.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Anything --  
(beat)  
Weird happen to you today?

Matt looks up at her finally, before his eye's drift upwards towards the new light bulb. Replacing the old blown out one.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Yeah. Me too.

MATT

So what do we do now?  
(beat)  
This the part where you tell me I'm  
not crazy, and we hug it out, like  
a happy little -- What family?

A long beat. Shannon opens her mouth to say something, when --  
VZZT! VZZT!

Shannon digs her hand through her pocket pulling her phone out. She examines a message. It reads -- MEET AT MISS SHAY'S HOUSE. SHE MAY HAVE ANSWERS -- SENT FROM JUSTIN.

SHANNON

How bout we get some answers, or  
you still wanna ditch me?

Matt looks down at the suit case once more. He thinks, and he looks up, as he takes a breath to say something --

He realizes Shannon's gone. Matt is alone in the room, Matt let's out a sigh, and scrambles after his sister.

CUT TO:

**EXT. NORTHWOOD, STREETS - DAY**

Walking along the streets now, side by side, we follow Shannon and Matt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

So, this -- Justin. He thinks that we are these Fallen.. things?

SHANNON

Well when you say it like that?

MATT

Nephilims. Fine. We are what half Angel, half human -- Hybrid.

SHANNON

Basically.

MATT

This isn't freaking you out, because I'm losing it here.

SHANNON

Oh it is. Don't get me wrong. I just... after awhile you learn to function while freaked.

MATT

Okay.. Shay, why is she important again?

Shannon opens her mouth to respond, but closes before shrugging.

SHANNON

I didn't get that part.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Because we think she's a witch.

Matt and Shannon come to stop, turning around to find Justin and Emily approaching them. The two also come a stop.

ON MATT. His eye's widen with surprise.

MATT

A -- Witch? Like magical.. Witch?

Justin nods.

JUSTIN

There's also another theory I'm working. Hi I'm Justin -- Justin Reid.

Justin extends a hand, Matt looks down and reluctantly he extends his own, the two boys shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

I -- I remember you. I'm --

EMILY

-- Matt McAllister.

(to Shannon)

He is yummy.

The two boy's let there hands down.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(to Matt)

I'm Emily Ashford, but you probably remember me. And yes -- I've always been this hot.

Shannon rolls her eye's as Matt scoffs, amused. Emily flashes him a wink.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Now that we've all caught up. How bout we get going.

Matt nods starts into one of the closest year, as Justin follows, the two girls hang back.

SHANNON

Hey -- About before. I'm sorry I toke off. It was just --

EMILY

-- Weird. You tossed me to the ground with... what...?

SHANNON

I -- I don't even know.. Magic, maybe?

(beat)

Look I know I'm a freak now, if you want out of this friendship I would understand.

Shannon looks away, afraid, as Emily manages a smile. Shannon glances up and notices. The fear in her eye's dim.

EMILY

Your forgetting one thing.

SHANNON

I know - your my best friend, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

(frowns)

Yeah sure? But I was going to say you've always been a freak. Now your just a freak with super powers.

Emily's grin grow wider, holds up a fist, as Shannon manages a chuckle, who raises her own, and the two girls fist bump.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Now. Shall we?

Shannon nods and the two girls head into the yard.

SHANNON

Oh, did your really just hit on my brother right in front of me. Do you have any shame.

EMILY

Umm.. No.. None.

The two march up the steps to meet the boys who are all ready on the small porch.

MOIRA (PRELAP)

I was wondering when you four would be coming by.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHAY RES, BACKYARD - DAY**

A large suburban back yard, in the corner next to the white house, we find out foursome, with a much older late, African American. mid 60's. MOIRA SHAY. She kneels in front of some plants doing her daily gardening.

MOIRA

When you kids were younger you were inseparable. One day one of you toke some cookies from a fresh tray, which I told you to wait until snack time.

(beat)

Only one cookie had gone missing, and you were all adamant that you had done it. If one of you was going down, you were all willing to go down together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A silent beat, Moira glances up at the four standing together, smiles.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
It's good to see some things don't  
change.

Matt shifts uncomfortable, which Moira notices, RISES to her feet and takes off her yellow gardening gloves, tosses them to the ground.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
(to Matt)  
Baby, I am so sorry to hear about  
your mother's.. Passing..

Matt takes a beat before flashing a sad smile.

MATT  
Thanks..

Justin clears her throat, takes a step forward.

JUSTIN  
Miss Shay --

MOIRA  
-- Please. Call me, Moira.

JUSTIN  
Okay.  
(pause)  
Moira. I have a few questions about  
what happened to her.

Moira smiles. Nods.

MOIRA  
I think I'm going to need a drink  
for this.

Moira moves towards the back steps, climbs them. Stops and turns to the kids.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Well what are you kids waiting for?

She waves them towards her. They follow her up the steps, she approaches the door opens it and vanishes inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The four kids now sit around a large brown dining room table, in the center of it we see a small wooden bowl, with some plastic fruit inside. Justin notices this, taps Emily's shoulder, nods to the bowl, she nods back.

Moira enters the room, a tray in her hand. She places for cups of tea in front of each of the kids, after takes a glass with a dark liquid in her glass, moves to the head of the table, taking a seat. Takes a sip, sighs with relief.

MOIRA

Okay. You wanted to ask some questions?

Justin takes a beat, not sure how to ask his question. Emily rolls her eye's and turns to Moira.

EMILY

(blunt)

Are you a witch?

Moira flashes Emily a smile. Takes another sip of her drink.

MOIRA

You always did lack subtlety.

(pause)

Yes.. I am.

Shannon leans in closer now.

SHANNON

Was our mother?

MOIRA

Not exactly, she wasn't born with the... gift. She gained it.

JUSTIN

Born with it?

MOIRA

Most witches are born into it, there families having a certain magical essence for centuries... some time... in rare cases it's given...

MATT

Like in supernatural pregnancies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA

(smiles)

Bingo, kid. She was given a few abilities to defend herself while she was pregnant, afterwards the abilities went with you, but they left a mark -- a magical one. Something she can harness from, when she needed to. I taught her a few things, she.. Was.. A fast learner.

JUSTIN

Eye of newt. Goat tusk. Rabbit's foot? Her own blood.

(pause)

What would she have done with that?

MOIRA

That was my fault I think --

(pause)

The Fallen, the higher rank of Angel's consider Nephilim's an abomination, they would of killed you two had they found you -- nearly did. We tried to keep you two hidden, but..

(pause)

.. When you two are together your own magical essence is ten fold. Two halves of a coin brought together. We did a spell shortly after you were born to strip you of your powers in the hopes that it would repress the magical essence, which it had, but not enough, for years it kept you safe, but one day.. Matt, you started to move things with your mind, luckily no one but me saw, you were getting older and powers were trying to burst out. The only way to protect you, to truly really repress your power's --

SHANNON

(realizes, low)

-- Was to split us up?

Moira turns to Shannon, manages a weak smile, nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOIRA

Yes. She didn't want to -- She hated herself, hated me.

(pause, thinks)

Matt's abilities were becoming much more active than your's so she choose to take him, keep an eye on him.

MATT

So why undo the spell now?

MOIRA

To give the two of you a fighting chance. They had found you -- hiding wasn't an option anymore.

A long silent beat, everyone allows this to sink in. Matt leans forward.

MATT

If I leave town --

MOIRA

-- It won't matter. They'll find you, your strongest chance. Is to stand together.

A beat before -- BANG -- The glass window shatters behind the group, forcing everyone out of their chairs and onto the ground.

Matt sits up first. Looking towards the window, as Amara steps through the opening - a malevolent smile on her face. She scans the floor.

AMARA

Well. Isn't this a happy surprise.

Her chilling smile, widens, and from it we --

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**FADE IN.****INT. SHAY RES, DINING ROOM - DAY**

The room is empty. Glass covers the floor. The sun has begun to set, darkness creeps into the room, as we --

AMARA (O.S.)

You can't hide for long, I can feel you, the stink.. It's overwhelming.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We find our four teens, and Moira in the upstairs bathroom. All panicked. Trying to remain calm.

EMILY

What are we going to do?

Moira moves to the counter pulling open the top drawer pulling out a long silver meat cleaver. Everyone frowns.

JUSTIN

You keep a meat cleaver in the bathroom?

MOIRA

(shrugs)

.. You'll learn to prepare yourself..

(turns to the McAllister's)

We can stall her but it's going to have to be the two of you who stop her.

The two siblings share a look, before Emily manages a concerned look. Realizes.

EMILY

Wait - What do you mean by we?

Justin turns to Moira. Concerned.

JUSTIN

There's no way we can get the drop on this chick.

Moira smiles turns to the wall. Raises a hand. A beat. Several of the tiles part revealing a small entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA

Like I said -- Always be prepared.

Justin walks up to it peers inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, INSIDE WALLS - CONTINUOUS**

We three drops. Each enough to jump down without injury. They lead to a door at the bottom.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Justin returns inside the room.

JUSTIN

Where is this going to come out?

MOIRA

Guest bathroom.

She approaches him handing him the meat cleaver.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Now go.. Stall her.

JUSTIN

(to Emily)

Ladies first.

Emily whimpers before vanishing inside the entrance, Justin gives Shannon a nod, who returns it and follows after her.

A beat. Moira moves towards the bathroom door -- Shannon steps in front of her.

SHANNON

Wait -- What are you going to do?

MOIRA

By us more time, I have to get a few ingredients.

MATT

How are we supposed to stop her.

MOIRA

Your abilities. Use them.

MATT

I -- I don't know how.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA

You've all ready used them right,  
when?

MATT

It -- It was a fight with my dad.

MOIRA

Anger. That's your trigger. Use it.  
Remember the feeling.. Anger should  
be easy. You got a lot to be pissed  
about right now.

Matt nods as Moira slowly opens the door. Exits. We stay with  
our siblings for a beat longer, before --

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, GUEST BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The wall pushes forward, just enough for Emily and Justin to  
exit. Once they are inside the much smaller bathroom, the  
opening closes, the lines vanishing.

Justin grips the meat cleaver tight. Moves to the bathroom  
door. Opens it just a crack -- Looking out into the hall. He  
closes the door. Turns to see Emily. Pale. Still. She's  
terrified.

Justin approaches placing a hand on Emily's shoulder. Takes a  
breath.

JUSTIN

We can do this -- okay?

Emily nods. Manages a weak smile. She's doesn't believe it.

EMILY

Sure we can.

Justin smiles back.

JUSTIN

Okay, just get her attention. I'll  
come up behind her..  
(raises cleaver)  
Slam this right in her back.  
(beat)  
Sound good.

Emily nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Kay.. Here we go.

She takes a deep breath, and off it, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Amara, walks down the hallway, the only sound we hear are her footsteps creaking against the floorboards.

When EMILY darts from out of the bathroom, Amara raises a hand and a white hot blast, SHOOTs out of hand, as Emily dives into the adjacent doorway, the blast hits a flower pot which EXPLODES.

AMARA

Stop hiding!?

WHAM! Amara face tightens. She's grow's stiff. Rolls her eye's turns as Justin appears behind her, Amara turns to face him, the meat cleaver stuck in her back -- Justin looks on in shock.

JUSTIN

What the --

Before he can finish his sentence, Amara raises a hand smacking Justin in the face -- The force knocks him off his feet into the living room --

AMARA

(calling)

How many more people will you let die for you?

CUT TO:

**INT. SHAY RES, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Justin hit's the floor with a mighty THUD! As Emily rushes to his side.

EMILY

Just!?

(pause)

Are you okay?

Justin manages a GROAN as he sits up, Emily smiles relieved.

JUSTIN

Careful, I'm going to start thinking you actually care.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily scoffs as she punches him gently.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ouchy..

AMARA

What a tender moment, and final one.

Amara approaches the doorway, but cant' enter -- She scans the room, when --

Moira enters into the room, from another entrance, she extends her hand. Throwing a cloud of dust -- It's salt. It extends to the entrance, as Amara moves to enter the room, but can't -- Amara sighs.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Blessed salt?

MOIRA

(shrugs)

Sort of like blessed wine, but you know doesn't work to get you drunk, just keeps Angel's away.

AMARA

Witch. You think you can stop me?

Using the moment, Emily helps Justin to his feet, he whimpers, clutching the arm he landed on tightly.

SHANNON

(calling)

Justin!?

Shannon descends the last of the steps, Amara turns to Shannon who is flung backwards hitting her back against the wall with a mighty -- THUD!

She gasps. Having hit the wall hard enough to be winded.

Amara curls her fist, and Shannon let's out a shriek of pain, Amara chuckles.

AMARA

Don't you see -- You care, more than you should. It's going to be the end of you.

And Suddenly, BOOM Amara is BLASTED off her feet, by an invisible force and she sails through glass door, the glass door shatters, and she hits the porch, with a mighty THUD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

From the bathroom door, Matt steps out, Fire burning in his eye's. His hand towards Amara, and Shannon slides down the wall, hitting the ground, she stumbles.

MATT

(firm)

Don't ever touch my sister again.

Laying on the wooden porch, Amara uses her elbows to lift herself up.

AMARA

Isn't this sweet..

Shannon turns to Amara, as Matt approaches her the two standing side by side.

Moira steps from the living room, behind the two.

MOIRA

You aren't just an angel are you.

AMARA

Not exactly -- What I have planned.  
You won't live to see it --

Amara reaches behind her pulling out the meat cleaver, whips it forward.

BAM. The meat cleaver hit's Moira's chest. She tenses up, and stumbles backwards. Than collapses onto her back. The moment is enough to break Matt's concentration.

MATT

Moira!?

In a puff of smoke. Amara's gone. Shannon whirls around, diving beside Moira.

SHANNON

Moira?

Emily helps the injured Justin out into the hallway. All looking down at Moira.

MOIRA

(weak, groans)

You kids -- Together from the beginning to the end.

(beat)

She has a plan. It's dark and could mean the end.. For everyone..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHANNON  
 (teary eyed)  
 What is it?

But Moira's eye's go still. Life leaving them. She's gone.  
 Dead.

Emily collapses to the ground. Justin kneels down now  
 clutching her tightly.

ON the whole hallway now. Silent. Still. We Hold on the four  
 teens, mourning their loss, as we --

FADE TO:

**EXT. SHAY RES, STREET - NIGHT**

A few squad cars cover the scene, An Ambulance. In the back  
 of the rig we see Justin, his arm in a sling, as he lays  
 across a stretcher.

PULL AWAY -- Talking with a police officer, we find EMILY,  
 her arms folded across her chest. Her face still red. Teary  
 eyed, her eye's stay with the black body bag, as it's carried  
 out by a coroner.

A WHITE CHEVY CRYSTLER, pulls up alongside the street, from  
 out of it steps GEORGE MCALLISTER. He looks on in confusion,  
 fear, a patrolman approaches him.

PATROLMAN  
 Sir, you're going to have to move  
 your vehicle. This is a crime  
 scene.

GEORGE  
 My kids -- They were here during  
 the -- the murder.

The patrolman nods, points over and standing beside a squad  
 car watching we see SHANNON and MATT.

He moves to the help, wrapping his arms around them. They  
 shift uncomfortably.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 (concerned)  
 Are you two okay? What happened??

MATT  
 We decided to visit Miss Shay --  
 When this blond woman attacked us.  
 She wanted to kill us. Came in  
 through a window.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (CONT'D)

We were able to get the meat cleaver, which we used on the blond, but I guess we didn't hit her hard enough -- Or something -- cause she pulled it out, stabbed Miss Shay, and toke off..

George looks on at his son, eye's widen, trying to believe his son. Turns to Shannon.

GEORGE

Are you guys okay?

SHANNON

Yeah. We got -- Lucky. Justin fell down the stairs, landed on his arms during the panic. But he should be just fine.

George turns to the ambulance nods.

GEORGE

Who is the lead detective?

SHANNON

Justin called his mother. She's inside.

GEORGE

Okay. I'm going to find her, see if I can get you guys home.

George starts off but turns back to the kids.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Just stay here.

Once he's out of ear shot, Shannon turns to Matt.

SHANNON

You still set on leaving town?

A silent beat, as Matt thinks, turns to Shannon.

MATT

This -- bitch -- she killed mom, Miss Shay, it's our fault both are gone.

(beat)

And if she's got a plan as bad as Miss Shay thought it was.. Well than no. I'm not going anywhere.

Shannon smiles. Nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON  
So -- It's settled than..

MATT  
Yeah. I guess.

A beat, as the siblings turn back to the crime scene. Matt takes a deep breath, before --

MATT (CONT'D)  
.. And oh for the record.. I am you know.. Sorry. About Jack.

Shannon's eye's widen as if she had forgotten.

SHANNON  
Jack..

CUT TO:

**INT. NORTHWOOD MEMORIAL, HALLWAY - LATER**

With great haste Shannon moves down the hall quickly. Matt and her father only a few feet behind her.

Shannon stops in front of a room, her face tightens as she looks inside in horror.

CUT TO:

**INT. NORTHWOOD MEMORIAL, JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We find blanket's on the hospital bed. Ruffled. Empty.

Shannon sheepishly enters. Shocked at what she's seeing. And off her grim expression, we can only --

BLACK OUT:

TO BE CONTINUED..