

HAMMER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

In the middle of a carefully manicured landscape, a man stands before a diseased rose bush.

BENJAMIN BOAZ (34) holds up a fragile, wrinkled petal.

He rubs it between his fingers, disintegrating it into powder.

EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

A tiny light at the top of a shed casts Ben's face in shadow.

With shovel in hands, Ben systematically begins to dig up the red flowers.

EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The dug-up rose bush, roots and all, sits on top of a slightly, worn-out tarp. Ben, in the hole up to his knees, digs deeper.

A small pile of soil builds next to him, as sweat begins to pile on his brow.

Ben doesn't stop. He moves like a machine, never slowing down, never speeding up -- always constant and consistent.

CLUNK

Ben taps the same spot again.

CLUNK-CLUNK

He wipes his sweaty brow with the sleeve of his flannel.

The young-looking man stabs the dirt one last time and pries up a black, metallic box.

Mr. Boaz picks it up, shakes away the dirt, and tosses it into the lawn next to the roses.

EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The rose bush sits neatly in the dug-up hole. Ben begins placing the small mound of soil back into its rightful place.

The hard, metallic box lies untouched and unmoved.

EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The rose bush sits replanted with a newly-watered layer of soil on top.

Ben stands at the shed, coiling up the hose with the same efficiency as he did with the digging.

The door of the shed stands open, showing darkness within.

EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ben takes out a pouch of tobacco and papers, and quickly rolls a pristine-looking cigarette. A pair of leather gloves and some pruners lodge under his arm, as he lights up.

He smokes and trims.

He smokes and trims.

He smokes and trims.

His hand switches between the cigarette and the pruners, removing the dead and diseased leads, all the while removing the dead and diseased leads within him.

A small pile of the dead bush build beside him.

Using a rake, Ben manipulates the ground like a piece of clay, making sure every little lump of dirt is smashed down like the rest.

Mr. Boaz shakes the rake to free it from the small tidbits of dirt and picks up the shovel. He walks both into

THE SHED

Ben flips on the light.

Sitting on top of the work bench is a demon.

Gangly and gaunt, skin as pale as the moon, DANIEL REDIMIR chatters his long, pointed teeth together.

DANIEL

Sub Rosa.

Ben flips off the light and comes striding back, placing every step as if he owned the ground beneath him. He is a man of gravitas.

AT THE BOX

Ben squats down, hesitates, and then picks it up.

His hand slowly runs over the engravings.

Ben walks back into the shed, box in hand. He flips on the light once more.

Daniel, his skin tight to his skeletal frame, stands in the middle of the shed.

Ben sits at the one stool by the workbench. He puts on his reading glasses and engages himself into the lock of the box.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Benjamin.

Ben glances at the door of the shed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

They are coming.

Ben closes the door.

INT. BEN'S SHED - NIGHT

Hammers -- ball pein, claw, single jack, mallet -- hang neatly on the wall before him.

An assortment of other tools fill around them.

Benjamin turns on the radio. A sermon from the Book of Revelation plays loudly.

MAN ON RADIO

--your affliction and your poverty--
though you are rich! And I am aware
of the slander--

Ben turns it down and pulls out papers, tobacco, and matches.

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)

--of those who falsely claim to be
Jews, but are in fact a synagogue
of Satan.

Ben rolls a tight cigarette and lights it with a match. The black box sits locked on the workbench.

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)
Do not fear what you are about to
suffer.

He takes a drag and carefully places the cigarette on the
bench.

"3:36" is displayed on his watch.

Using brake cleaner, he sprays the entirety of the box, and
then the lock.

Engraved on top: "Attend to The Inane"

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)
Look, the devil is about to throw
some of you into prison to test
you, and you will suffer
tribulation for ten days.

DANIEL
Attend to The Inane.

Ben turns the radio up just one notch and spins the combo on
the lock to "07770".

MAN ON RADIO
Be faithful even unto death, and I
will give you the crown of life.

Ben opens the box, grabs the cigarette, and takes a drag.

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)
He who has an ear, let him hear
what the Spirit says to the
churches.

A Sig P322 .22 with a Rugged Oculus Suppressor lies in pieces
on a red cloth.

Ben looks at it, taking a long drag from the cigarette.
Daniel peeks behind his shoulder.

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)
The one who overcomes will not be
harmd by the second death.

Ben begins cleaning each piece one by one, taking deliberate
and efficient care.

Daniel hangs off the bench, his arms cradling his head. He
stares like a child in wonder at every part Ben picks up.

Daniel chatters his sharp teeth, like he's eager to take a bite.

Ben sprays the cleaner through the weapon.

MAN ON RADIO (CONT'D)
To the one who overcomes, I will
give the hidden manna.

DANIEL
This is a good look for you. I like
this new you--

MAN ON RADIO
I will also give him a white stone
inscribed with a new name, known
only to the one who receives it.

Mr. Boaz ignores Daniel and pushes a bore brush through the barrel.

Daniel looks to Ben.

DANIEL
It suits you.

With his reading glasses hanging off his nose, cigarette dangling from his lips, he looks over the engraving on the handle of the pistol.

"BBII"

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Benjamin Boaz the Second. Son of
Man.

Ben glances over his shoulder.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The metallic box sits on top of the counter, a gaggle of dish rags thrown around it.

The news from the TV plays from the living room.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.C.)
--total number of deaths has
reached 66 in one night in Cave
Creek. The largest number of
recorded deaths since the Marburg
outbreak.

Daniel stands behind a squatted Ben, whose arm appears stuck in the middle drawer of a cabinet.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
The good news is that new vaccine trials are underway--

Ben pulls out his arm. He grabs the box and places it into the drawer.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
--with a potential cure to be available to the public by this fall. Stay-in-place orders are in effect starting Sunday.

He then folds each clean rag neatly back into the drawer and shuts it. Ben grabs the remote on the kitchen counter.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
In other news, the Desert Cult Killers, as so dubbed by the social media sphere, are still at large after an upstanding Citizen and state supreme court justice and his family were viciously murdered last Thursd-

Ben pauses the tv as he walks into the living room. He lights up a cigarette and tosses the remote on the couch.

INSERT - THE PAUSED TV

A picture of Judge Albert Eindruck sits on the screen with the headline "The Desert Cult Killers"

BACK TO SCENE

Ben sits in the loveseat, adjacent to the TV, looking out the living room window.

The sound of crickets slowly encompasses the young man, who sits in peace in front of the emerging sunrise.

INT. NATALIA'S VAN - DAY

Ben sits squashed in the back middle seat of the van, with headphones in his ears and an apple in his hand.

His two male coworkers, BRIAN (40) and BRUCE (63), converse to each other around him.

BRIAN

--they picked a tackle who had fallen out of a fourth-story window.

BRUCE

If that isn't the definition of insane, I don't know what is.

BRIAN

I mean, what if--

IN BEN'S EARS

Ben hears the mangled words strung together, with laughter every so often thrown in between. No music plays, just the sound of the apple crunching between his teeth.

Daniel sits on top of the middle console in between the two seats in front and stares at the three men in the back with anger in his eyes.

Ben catches eyes through the rearview mirror with his neighbor -- the blonde driver, NATALIA (35).

She smiles. Ben returns a half-smile back.

Daniel mouths words endlessly to Ben, who pays no attention.

INT. NATIONAL LIBERTY'S ACCOUNTING SERVICES - DAY

Phones constantly RING, as male and female workers go about their business.

Daniel sits leaning against Bruce's cubicle, which just so happens to sit right next to Ben's.

Bruce and Ben work simultaneously on their respective reports. Ben casually typing quickly and efficiently. Bruce frantically moving with his normal, slow pace.

Brian walks up.

BRIAN

Why do you do that every single day?

Daniel hits his head against the partition.

THUMP.

BRUCE

You talkin' to me?

BRIAN
Both of you.

Ben pays no attention with his earbuds in. Bruce waves him off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
When I'm working I work but when I'm not working? Pff, my e-mail goes unscathed.

BRUCE
We weren't all given such apathy.

THUMP.

BRIAN
It gets tiresome looking at you two on your break.
(to Bruce)
Why do you sweat so much?

BRUCE
I was blessed with big pores.

THUMP.

BRIAN
That's not a thing.

BRUCE
My doctor prescribed me a facial cream to help close them up.

Bruce swivels his chair to look over at Brian.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Well, and he also prescribed me blood pressure medication.

Brian stares at him and gives a good hearty chuckle.

BRIAN
That's what I'm getting at though, you guys look miserable. You obviously need a break and Ben, well, Ben's a--

INSERT - BEN'S SCREEN

BEN closes his spreadsheet and goes back to a news article.

"Russia, Syria, Turkey Mounting Massive Front Near the Polish Border"

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 --machine, but still, he--

Brian notices a plump lady, with thick, black-rimmed glasses walking down the aisle.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Screamer. Inbound.

Brian scurries back to where he came from.

BRUCE
 Ben, she's coming.

IN BEN'S EARS

Ben concentrates on the article, vaguely aware of the conversation taking place.

Bruce pokes his head over, trying to grab Ben's attention.

Bruce tosses an eraser at him, then quickly sits back down to work.

Ben turns to look, only to find MELANIE KAMPENERY (45) yanking out his ear bud.

She snaps at him.

MELANIE
 Break time is over!

Ben turns back to his computer and switches back to his spreadsheet.

BRUCE
 Ms. Kampenry, we, we had just gotten on our break--

MELANIE
 Did I ask when you started your break? Get back to work, Mr. Humphries. Your utilization numbers have dipped three weeks in a row.

Ben looks down at a stapler and places his hand over it.

Daniel pokes his head over the wall of the cubicle.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 Neither of you have time to waste!
 Get back to work!

DANIEL
Yes, Benjamin. Use it, my friend.

Bruce leans back into his work.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Send her into the dark abyss.

Melanie squints at Ben's screen.

MELANIE
Serial Killers aren't of
importance, either, Mr. Boaz.

Ben takes his hand away from the stapler.

Daniel rolls his eyes.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
You can look up your gang-related
kinks on your time. Not on the
company's time.

Melanie storms out.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Not on my time!

Ben gives Brian a quick little smirk and pulls the article
back up.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

Ben, biting his fingernails, vaguely reads the newspaper. He
sits in a window seat. Daniel stands in the aisle holding
onto a hand post.

An empty seat sits between them.

Daniel watches as a young woman with a beanie gets on the
bus. His eyes fixate on her as she contemplates every empty
seat before them.

DANIEL
Fall fast, tiny rat.

Daniel regurgitates a growl out the back of his throat as she
passes.

A small smile forms on his lips, celebrating his small
victory.

The smallest of eye twitches flashes on Ben's face, as he places a cigarette in his mouth and begins walking away.

Ben continues walking until he reaches the house at the end of the street -- his small two bedroom -- and heads up the driveway.

INT. CBT SCOTTSDALE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ben sits on a suede couch. A round glass coffee table is littered with magazines before him.

Daniel stares intently at a tiny beetle making its way across a READER'S DIGEST.

The demon places his pointer finger in its path and watches it stop and change direction.

Daniel does this several more times.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Boaz, Dr. Brown will see you now.

Ben stands and walks toward the office as Daniel hops up off the ground and follows.

INT. DR. JANICE BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits on the three-seat sofa. Daniel stands on the other side of the couch like a protective butler.

Dr. Brown sits behind her notepad, looking at Ben under her spectacles.

DR. BROWN

Do you know why you are here, Ben?

Ben shakes his head.

DR. BROWN (CONT'D)

You recently had taken a randomized drug test from your employer.

Ben nods his head.

BEN

Yes, ma'am.

DR. BROWN

And that's the first one you've ever had to take in all of the years of working there?

Ben nods his head.

BEN

Yes, ma'am.

DR. BROWN

Is there anything you wish to tell me?

Ben shakes his head.

BEN

No, ma'am.

DR. BROWN

Ben, this is a safe space. Remember? I only want the best for you. You can choose to not be completely honest with me and I will respect your decision or you can talk freely with me. Let's not forget why you started visiting with me in the first place.

BEN

I haven't forgotten.

A long pause.

DR. BROWN

The randomized drug test should have been flagged with Thiothixene. Which in turn, should have been reported to us to make sure you are still on your medication.

BEN

Yes, ma'am.

DR. BROWN

Ben, schizophrenia can be a debilitating disease, but it can be treated. As you know, myself and your superiors agreed to keep each other in the know.

BEN

Yes, ma'am.

DR. BROWN
Are you still taking your
medication as prescribed?

Ben sits thinking. His breathing becomes labored.

BEN
No, ma'am. I lose function when I
take it.

DR. BROWN
I understand, Ben. Thank you for
telling me. I really do appreciate
it. But with schizophrenia, we have
to have an almost constant
vigilance. Any deviation could be
detrimental to your long term
health.

BEN
Yes, ma'am.

DR. BROWN
I'm going to prescribe you
something a little milder, but I
really want you to keep on it. Yes?

BEN
Yes, ma'am.

DR. BROWN
Do you still see Daniel?

BEN
No, ma'am.

DR. BROWN
Have you seen Daniel within the
past year?

Hesitation. Quick glance up.

BEN
No, ma'am.

DR. BROWN
So, Daniel isn't here today? In
this room?

BEN
No, ma'am.
(beat)
Daniel's gone.

Daniel stands back and smiles.

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Infomercials play on the muted TV. Daniel stands next to it. He watches Ben curled up on the couch, still in his suit.

DANIEL
(whispers)
Benjamin.

Brakes SQUEAL outside along the street.

Ben wakes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
They are coming.

Ben gets up and walks to the curtains.

Ben peers out and sees a parked black sedan.

It drives off. Ben closes the curtains back up.

Daniel now stands behind him.

Ben quickly opens the curtains again and peers out. He walks to the counter and pours the new medication down the garbage disposal and flips it on.

He walks out onto the porch after lighting up a cigarette.

INT. NATALIA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Ben, Natalia, Bruce, Brian, and another man and woman sit around a large dining room table. They laugh, drink, and play two different games of rummy at the same time.

Dirty dishes litter the counter behind them.

Daniel stands next to Ben, frantically yelling into oblivion.

DANIEL
You have to stop fucking ignoring
me. They are coming, Benjamin.

Ben plays a seven of diamonds.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'm going to do it! I'm going to
break your fucking glass!
(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You can't ignore me forever!
Fucking move it or I will fucking
move it!

LAUGHTER from the group.

Daniel looks violently angry as he struggles to move the wine glass. He spits and pushes and yells with all of his might.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Your pistol can't save you! Only I
can save you! Please, Ben!

The table of people around him play on unnoticed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Ahhh! I'm going to fucking do it!
I'm going to fucking do it!

Daniel is on the verge of tears.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I swear to God, don't ignore me!
I'm going to do it. I'm going to--

The wine glass begins to tip over.

Ben snatches it before it spills.

Ben picks his teeth with his tongue and cocks his head directly at Daniel, like a father witnessing his son do something incredibly stupid.

Daniel stands with his arms raised as high as possible above his head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(in disbelief)
I did it.

BRUCE
Earthquake?

BRIAN
Someone's had a little too much.
(laughs)
Man, you are cut off!

Ben looks away from Daniel and returns a laugh to Brian.

INT. NATALIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Only the kitchen light is on. All of the previous guests have left.

Next to the sink, Ben dries the last of the wine glasses. Natalia leans up against the counter.

BEN

Thank you for dinner.

She briefly places her hand on his arm.

NATALIA

No, please, thank you for coming.
And for helping with the dishes.

Daniel stands beside the two.

DANIEL

I am Daniel Redimir. When they
come, they will pull--

Natalia finally gets Ben to commit to a full smile using one of her own.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

--your skin from your flesh and
burn your remains.

NATALIA

This doesn't excuse you from next
week's dinner. One every couple of
months does not count. No matter
how charming you may appear.

Ben raises an eyebrow mockingly as he places the final glass in the cupboard.

BEN

Charming? Me?

The two look like they might embrace, as Natalia gathers close.

BEN (CONT'D)

I should get going.

DANIEL

If you are lucky, it will be just
your eyes.

Natalia gives a slightly sad smile.

NATALIA
I'll walk you out.

The two stand at the doorway -- Ben outside, Natalia inside.

BEN
Once again, your cooking amazes me.
Thank you for hosting.

NATALIA
I was happy to.
(beat)
Tomorrow. 7:30. If you're late you
get left--

BEN
--behind.
(smiles)
I'll be there.

Natalia shuts the door.

ON THE STOOP

Ben moves with a little kick to his step and begins
whistling.

It's a slow tune, but it's whistling nonetheless.

He opens Natalia's small, wooden gate and enters his own
small, wooden gate.

Daniel, right behind him, stops and looks to the street.

DANIEL
They are coming.

He cocks his head to the side, with his fog-covered eyes
staring in one direction.

EXT. BEN'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Ben and Daniel sit across from one another, a small table
sits between them. Daniel stares at a focused Ben, who is
rolling near-perfect cigarettes.

DANIEL
So, are we going to sit here in our
own individual monologues for all
eternity, or are you going to
acknowledge the fact that I may
exist?

Ben glances in Daniel's direction.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You can muster with all your might
in the entire world, you can put in
your headphones with no music in
the hopes of tuning me out, but
there is no denying the fact that
you can see me and that you can
hear me, while nobody else can hear
and see me.

Ben spits some excess tobacco out of his mouth.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Benjamin, why are we playing such
childish games?

BEN

Why would I listen to you, demon?

DANIEL

Ah, there he is. It's been ages
since you have acknowledged me.

Daniel breathes in a mocking sigh of relief.

Ben focuses on his tobacco.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Demon is just a word.

BEN

Ye cannot drink the cup of the
Lord, and the cup of devils: ye
cannot be partakers of the Lord's
table, and of the table of devils.
First Epistle to the Corinthians
Chapter 10, Verse 21.

DANIEL

For by him were all things created,
that are in heaven, and that are in
earth, visible and invisible,
whether they be thrones, or
dominions, or principalities, or
powers: all things were created by
him, and for him. Colossians 1:16.

Ben stares down the demon.

BEN

Now the Spirit speaketh expressly,
that in the latter times some shall
depart from the faith, giving heed
to seducing spirits, and doctrines
of devils. First Epistle to Timothy
Chapter 4, Verse 1.

Ben spits out a little tobacco.

DANIEL

All words, my friend. Technically
speaking, everything you think of
as real and external is all
occurring within your very own
head.

BEN

You are not real. You are not an
actual being. You are just a
figment of my imagination. My
imaginary nuisance God put upon me
for my past sins.

DANIEL

For all have sinned, and come short
of the glory of God. Romans 3:23.

BEN

You are not real, demon. Don't
speak your blasphemy anymore.

DANIEL

How do you know that I am not real?
Stop trying to hurt my feelings and
acknowledge our reality.

Ben ignores him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

One must acknowledge the fact that
you do, in fact, witness what God
has put forth before you because
whether you like it or not, I am of
God's creation.

Ben intently rolls the cigarette.

BEN

You were not created by God. You
are a creation of Satan, sent here
to twist my mind to do for him his
evil bidding.

DANIEL

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Psalms 30:3.

Ben lights the cigarette.

BEN

I will still hold anger for you in the morning.

The two look out to the setting sun.

DANIEL

Aye, that may be, but you can see the beauty of His powers all around us.

BEN

He must have had an off day when He got to you.

DANIEL

You are still thinking surface level, my friend. You must zoom out to see the bigger picture of not only external forces, but of internal ones.

BEN

Do not call me friend. I am no friend of the devil or his minions.

Ben ashes his cigarette.

DANIEL

Minion is a strong word. What's that verse about the enemy and weapons? Ah yes, "No weapon forged against me"--

BEN

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it. Gospel of John Chapter 8, Verse 44.

DANIEL

And because I tell you the truth,
ye believe me not. Gospel of John
Chapter 8, Verse 45.

Ben looks over at the demon.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Why do you speak the book titles
like that?

Ben takes a drag.

BEN

That's their name.

DANIEL

That's fair. You will never out
Holy Bible me, my friend.

BEN

Out Holy Bible you?

DANIEL

Yes, you will never beat me down
with scripture. I know it better
than you.

BEN

I know what you meant. Just an odd
way of saying it.

DANIEL

The jester is the only one that can
speak truth to the king.

BEN

Is that what you're trying? To
humor me?

DANIEL

The tension tends to subside from
the hierarchy once the king's very
own shortcomings are displayed
before his feet.

BEN

So I am the king in this charade.

DANIEL

And I am the jester.

BEN

And what you are doing is
displaying my shortcomings before
me?

Daniel smiles his gnarly-toothy grin at Ben.

DANIEL

(Nods)

Yes.

Ben thinks on the metaphor.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

If you take a step back and look at
this current conversation, you'll
notice that all of your anger,
aggression, frustration that you
have been applying to this world
and to yourself has subsided, and
we have only been talking for
approximately

(looks to the clock)

two minutes, and fifty seconds. And
I have called you friend twice.
Once was struck down. The second
wasn't acknowledged.

The demon and the man stare at one another.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The truth is more easily ingestible
through humor. The jester must live
eternally, or hell will encompass
the king's reality. Suffocation is
a hard and lonely death. You must
come to terms with this.

BEN

So why are you here tormenting me
and me alone?

DANIEL

I am here to guide you to become
who you must.

BEN

And you have this guidance?

DANIEL

I do.

BEN

What about free will?

DANIEL

Free will is real. You can choose to ignore your destiny. My advice. But I wouldn't advise it. For the lesson will just be postponed to a later date.

BEN

So what's the truth?

DANIEL

The truth is you, Benjamin, son of Benjamin of the Boaz Family, chose this life of hardship. As did I.

Daniel chatters his teeth.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We are God's chosen ones. You don't see it yet, but you will.

BEN

I don't remember this choosing.

DANIEL

That's the deal with this realm. You don't get to bring your remembrance. But scattered throughout your life will be bread crumbs to guide you to who you are supposed to become.

BEN

Bread crumbs, huh?

DANIEL

Each of the one True Lord God's most loyal chose this realm of hardship. Each with our own different individual sins agreed upon before entering, to lead those of us with similar sins to salvation. God asked who can I send? He asked of it many times. And every time, we all stepped up. Send me. Send me. And not in just a nonchalant manner. We agreed to enter this realm to experience the sins that we detested wholeheartedly. The sins that we spat with disgust, ensnared with a certain, almost questioning manner of our Creator.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Of course, we would try to hide this distaste, but one can never hide their true intentions from the Most High.

BEN

So I am a chosen one of the Most High?

DANIEL

You are.

BEN

And what did I detest?

DANIEL

You were unique. You didn't detest per se. You wanted to guide others to salvation for you feared others would get lost on their missions.

Ben looks over at Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So, I guess you're detestation was that of fear. You feared that the plan of the One True Lord God was inadequate. When in fact, He presented me with the information of what you must become before I ever was created. Long before you ever had your very own discussions with the Lord.

BEN

It all sounds so tiresome.

DANIEL

God is a jealous God. And He is a merciful God. He does not wish for any to go to the lake of fire. He wishes all of us to come back Home. So, us, as his most loyal, would say to him to leave these certain sinners in their filth and send them to the fire. That they are unworthy of the light of Heaven. Instead He sent those most loyal to experience these sins, to wake up, and then to save those also drenched in same said sins. It is a masterful plan. For He does not judge. The judgement comes from us. We end up judging ourselves.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So you, who despises the powers that be that are controlling this world, experience the very sin that they commit, to bring those lost sheep out of that filth and into salvation.

BEN

So you were one of his most loyal.

DANIEL

I was thought of by our True Lord God before Lucifer ever had the thought of creating this realm. Our True Lord God has the patience of a highly trained puppy eager for his bowl of kibble from his owner. Salivating, but extreme patience.

BEN

So you and I knew each other before this realm?

DANIEL

No, I was a creation of Lucifer, who was a creation of the one true Lord God and his son Jesus Christ.

BEN

What of the non-chosen ones. What is their purpose?

DANIEL

The ones asleep are the ones that followed Lucifer into this realm. They openly ignored the One True Lord God. That is man's original sin. Turning their back on their father to enter into a physical dimension. The non-chosen ones are the ones this battle is over. To exit this realm and return to the One True Lord God, one must live a sin-free life, which is most improbable. Accomplished by only one, Jesus Christ. All fall short.

BEN

And since all fall short, their belief in Jesus is their salvation.

DANIEL

Correct. Like I said it is a perfect plan.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The non-chosen ones must turn away from their sin, and find their salvation through Jesus the Son of the One True Lord God.

BEN

And my destiny is to guide others to that salvation.

DANIEL

Technically speaking, yes.

Ben ashes his cigarette.

BEN

What about non-technically speaking?

DANIEL

You are the Hammer. Designed by the One True Lord God and his son Jesus Christ to crush the cabal. And from their destruction, emerges Truth. And the Truth shall set many of those still sleeping free. There are many chosen ones set upon this path of destruction, whose sole purpose was to enter this realm and destroy the powers that be. Most are unaware, but are unable to ignore the sin set before them in their own respective realities. Some have the sole purpose of spreading the information for they don't have the same fear of sharing it. For others, they must act on the information. Few are like you. You may be the only one. I am not sure. I do know that the powers that be have been searching for you for a very long time. They knew one would be born in your birth year and that this one would carry the power of destruction.

(beat for Ben to catch up)

Most of the chosen ones will end in martyrdom, for the extreme is what will wake up the lost sheep.

A stillness encompasses Ben at the sound of martyrdom.

BEN

And what of the Book of Revelation?

DANIEL

The cabal of this world is already starting to crumble. The entrenchment runs deep. It must crumble and weaken. And out of their destruction, Satan will take the stage. The snake *must* be weakened before the war of all wars.

Ben puts his cigarette out.

BEN

So if I'm the hammer, what are you?

Daniel gives his first genuine smile, like a father would give his son after learning something new.

DANIEL

I am the wedge that helps you split it all apart.

Daniel lifts up his forearm to show him a perfect equilateral triangle.

Ben lifts his arm up to see the same triangle on his.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC BATHROOM - SUNSET

Daniel sits on a sink with his legs crossed, whistling the same slow tune Ben whistled the other night.

The sound of urine mixes between hitting a cup and hitting the water in the toilet.

It is a long drawn out pee.

Daniel glances at Ben waiting for him to be done.

DANIEL

What are you going to tell them when they find out you haven't been taking your new meds?

Ben flushes and gathers his things together.

BEN

I'll handle it when it comes to that. Do you mind?

Daniel jumps off the sink and allows Ben to wash his hands.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A nurse waits beside the door. She listens in on Ben talking to himself.

She looks down at his file.

"Suffers from schizophrenia. Hallucinations."

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Ben readjusts his tie.

DANIEL

Why did you decide to flag yourself
in the system?

BEN

What do you mean?

DANIEL

You flagged yourself in the system.
And then you stopped taking your
medications.

Ben ignores his question.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You knew they would come.

BEN

I thought you knew everything
already.

DANIEL

I know what I need to know. I do
not know the full plan. No one, but
the One True...

BEN

Lord God. Yeah, I got that.

DANIEL

So quick to anger with you.

BEN

Anger can be righteous.

Ben grabs the cup and walks out right into the nurse. Ben awkwardly hands it to her.

NURSE

Thank you, Mr. Boaz.

Ben nods and walks past.

BEN
(to Daniel)
Come on.

Daniel gives his death stare at the young lady.

EXT. BURGLIN STREET - NIGHT

Ben walks ahead of Daniel.

DANIEL
Are we going to talk about your
plan?

BEN
No plan.

DANIEL
Do you think that is wise?

Ben begins whistling.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Benjamin.

BEN
I thought you were here to guide
me.

DANIEL
I am. To a plan of action.

Ben ignores him and continues walking.

INT. BEN'S PLACE - NIGHT

Ben enters whistling, with Daniel casually walking through the door behind him.

Ben sets his keys on the counter and heads around to the knife set, next to the cutting board

IN THE KITCHEN

A slight pause between whistling before the tune slows.

The middle drawer sits slightly ajar.

Ben places the serrated knife back in its place. He pulls out the three-inch pairing knife and conceals it in his hand, holding it steady behind his back.

Daniel, standing in the living room, looks around curiously.

DANIEL
That's different.

Ben heads toward the love seat, making the smallest of glances back behind him toward the kitchen door.

WHISTLING

Ben sits.

WHISTLING dies down.

A man, dressed in black with dark brown cowboy boots, leans against the kitchen doorway.

WHITE IRISH (30s) rubs his thin, nicely-trimmed mustache. He stares at Ben casually. A shotgun hangs to his side. Ben's GUN BOX is held in his hand.

Ben glances at him, but then turns his attention to his right and looks at another man coming from

THE SMALL BATHROOM

BLACK IRISH (30s, black) dries his hands with a small hand towel. Staring at Ben, he sucks in the two corners of his bottom lip. Also dressed in black with cowboy boots on.

Two holstered FN Five-Sevens make their appearance underneath Black Irish's arms.

Black Irish gives Ben a firm pat on his shoulder and walks toward the kitchen-counter stools. His twin crosses towards the couch next to the front door.

Daniel heads toward the vacant seat next to Ben on the love seat.

The mustached man sits, places the gun box on the living room table, and grabs an apple from the fruit bowl in front of him.

White Irish chomps down on the Golden Crisp, the shotgun on the armrest. His seriousness doesn't change.

Ben places the pairing knife next to him on his own armrest in a very peculiar manner, and a cigarette next to it.

CHOMP.

BLACK IRISH
(Slight Irish accent)
So... Here we are.

Ben breaks his contact from White Irish for a split second to look at the twin on the stool.

BLACK IRISH (CONT'D)
I said, here we are, Hammer.

Ben's eyes flash white, then back to brown as quick as lightning.

Daniel's eyes do the same.

A small pulse vibrates unnoticeably through the room.

The frail demon's body relaxes. His eyes show excitement.

Ben rubs his face, the lightheadedness getting to him.

DANIEL	BEN
Yes.	Was that a question?

Ben glances at Daniel, then back at White Irish.

BLACK IRISH
There it is, you crazy fuckin' man.

CHOMP.

BEN
A lot of fire power in this room.

Ben focuses his attention on White Irish's shotgun.

BEN (CONT'D)
An AA12 Atchisson. Advanced primer ignition? Yes, of course.

CHOMP.

BEN (CONT'D)
(points to Black Irish)
And you have not one, but two FN Five-Sevens.

Black Irish pulls his guns a little tighter and mocks a pouty face towards Ben.

Ben bellows out a hefty laugh.

BEN (CONT'D)
So, what brings one fully-automatic
shotgun, and two cop-killers to my
place of property?

BLACK IRISH
We've heard tall tales, Hammer.

PULSE.

Daniel lets out a small laugh, as his body relaxes again. A small twitch causes Ben to bite his lip.

BEN
Tall tales, you say?

BLACK IRISH
Look at you. Tryin' so hard to be
something bigger.

BEN
(under his breath)
You don't know what you're talking
about.

BLACK IRISH
What's that?

BEN
I said you don't know what you're
talking about. Not even a little.
(beat)
She might though.

The smile washes off of Black Irish's face. He slides out a cigarette.

BLACK IRISH
She?

BEN
She.

BLACK IRISH
Do you presume to know who we are,
Hammer?

PULSE.

A hard laugh comes out of DANIEL.

BEN
Yes.

DANIEL

Yes--

CHOMP.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Look at him with that smug face.

BLACK IRISH

Please, enlighten us.

BEN

You're a dog. Him. Dog. Chained at the neck. So, cut the bullshit and bring the bitch out.

White Irish places his half-eaten apple onto the coffee table.

Black Irish chuckles to himself and lights the cigarette.

BLACK IRISH

Dog. That's good.

The black man hands the cig to White Irish and then opens the front door, speaking German.

Ben tilts his head to the side to glance out the front door, noticing a gentleman with a gun holstered dressed in street clothes.

BEN

Pinal County Sheriff? Undersheriff too?

White Irish just stares at him.

BEN (CONT'D)

How many in the fraternity?

In walks an older woman of slightly-below average height, wearing a dark suit and sunglasses that appear way too big.

MAMA (60s) hands her handbag to Black Irish as she walks to the middle seat and sits beside her son White Irish.

A large purple scar is etched across her face from eyebrow to jaw.

White Irish takes a drag and passes it to the woman.

WHITE IRISH

Here, mama.

MAMA

(German accent)

Well, lookie here. Twenty years later and still looking the exact same. I wish I could say the same.

Mama takes a drag.

MAMA (CONT'D)

We were never formally introduced back in the day, although it appears you know who I am.

BEN

I know who you are now. You're name never came up back then. If it had, we wouldn't be sitting here today. Funny how that works out sometimes.

MAMA

But you do remember me?

DANIEL

Kill them, Benjamin. Kill them all.

Ben winces as he tries to ignore Daniel.

BEN

Bits and pieces. You were just the Order's lowly accountant back then I think.

DANIEL

Don't let this play out too long, Benjamin.

Mama purses her lips. Ben charms her with a smile.

BEN

The money guy always comes out on top.

MAMA

Do you know the gentlemen with me?

Ben glances between the two brothers.

BEN

(mocking accent)

White Irish. Black Irish. The Superfecundation Twins. Like the very first set. Cain and Abel. And most likely a handful of off-duty law enforcement officers.

Mama manages a smile.

MAMA

I always hated those names. Nothing compares to Hammer though.

PULSE.

Ben closes his eyes and cracks his neck.

DANIEL

Kill them, Benjamin.

Ben looks to Daniel.

BEN

Hush.

Black Irish snorts.

WHITE IRISH

Fuckin' crazy man.

White Irish asks for the cig back.

BEN

Why are you here? In my home?

Mama snaps her fingers. White Irish hands Mama Ben's gun box.

MAMA

You know why we're here, Benjamin. You don't get to take out half the West Coast operation and come away scot-free.

BEN

Long ago.

MAMA

The top doesn't forget.

Mama runs her hand against the engravings.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Attend to the Inane.

She opens the box and casually pulls apart the Sig and places the pieces on the coffee table before her.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Twenty-two caliber always seemed like an odd fit for someone such as yourself.

BEN

The same caliber as James Bond. I don't see an issue. If I poke 33 tiny holes in you, you will most likely die the same as if I poked 17 slightly larger holes in you.

MAMA

Hmm.

White Irish hands the cig to Mama.

MAMA (CONT'D)

The Inane. Such an odd name for a gun.

BLACK IRISH

Nobody names a gun, mama.

She closes the box and hands it to Black Irish.

DANIEL

All sound and vibration, my friend. It's all sound and vibration.

Ben gives Daniel a quick glance.

BEN

I am nobody.

Ben's leg starts to shake.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm curious, why didn't you come in with your sons?

MAMA

Partly because we've all heard about your tics and mannerisms and partly because I had certain business next door.

Ben pulls out his matchbox and grabs the cig next to the pairing knife.

BEN

May I?

Black Irish gives him a nod.

BLACK IRISH

It is your home.

Ben messes with his tie and lights the cigarette.

MAMA

I honestly thought we might get a bigger reaction from you.

DANIEL

A buncha vermin. Goat lovers.

BEN

I try not to let my emotions-- Dogs. Pigs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

BEN (CONT'D)

--get the better of me--

Daniel starts snorting like a pig.

DANIEL

Pigs. Pigs. Pi--

BEN

Shut up.

Mama bursts out laughing.

MAMA

God, you really are crazy.

Ben stares at the woman.

BEN

Everyone is crazy, mama.

WHITE IRISH

You don't get to call her that.

BEN

How do you know she didn't have me as well? Two sons, two different fathers. Wouldn't be difficult to get another to squeak right in there...

The three intruders tense up.

Daniel bursts out laughing and begins to get excited.

BEN (CONT'D)

My apologies.

Mama puts her hand on her youngest son.

MAMA

No, no. I apologize. My youngest hasn't quite grasped the concept of civility.

White Irish gives Ben a death glare as he takes a drag.

MAMA (CONT'D)

So, an accountant yourself? It just doesn't seem to fit your... personality.

BEN

I can give you a whole office full of people who would say that it fits my personality to a tee.

MAMA

Killing was your strong suit, Hammer.

No pulse. Deep breath.

BEN

Killing isn't free.

DANIEL

Ben, this is only the beginning.

MAMA

That's what this is about. Money?

Mama scoffs at the notion.

BEN

I never said anything about money.

MAMA

The amount of time and resources we spent on tracking you down. Always a little snake hiding in the bush--

DANIEL

Don't wait, Benjamin. Kill he--

BEN

Shut! Up!

Mama laughs to herself.

MAMA

The rumors really do have some truth to them it appears. I mean there were so many outlandish things people told about you. You never knew what to believe.

BEN

Oh, yeah?

Ben glances around the room again. Black Irish signals for the cigarette. His usual joyous demeanor now serious.

MAMA

Just the usual nonsense. You yell at yourself. You move at impossible speeds. You have incredible strength. A devil inside you. But, I know the real truth, Hammer.

A small pulse comes back from Ben, followed by a deep sigh.

Ben's attention flounders around the room.

BEN

What's that?

Ben takes a drag as he removes his suit jacket.

MAMA

That you're just an efficient killer. Always have been, always will be.

WHITE IRISH

And now look at him. The infamous Hammer. Just another broken-down accountant.

White Irish breaks his seriousness and sends a dangerous smiles Ben's way.

BEN

The money guy always comes out on top.

DANIEL

We have no time for these imbeciles, Benjamin. The trumpe--

Daniel's back goes rigid. He stares off towards his left.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Almost time, my friend.

Ben raises an eyebrow at his demon friend. He draws his attention back to the people in the room.

SIRENS play off in the distance.

MAMA

Look at you, fighting it. Why are you so scared of becoming what you are?

BEN
I am nobody.

MAMA
You're a killer, and it's your
addiction. And you are afraid.

Black Irish finishes the cigarette and dunks it in the glass
of water before him.

MAMA (CONT'D)
You're afraid of falling off the
wagon. You're afraid of killing for
some odd reason or another.

Mama flips her hair back nonchalantly.

BEN
Well, that's where you're wrong, I
suppose.

MAMA DEUTSCHE
Where?

BEN
That I'm afraid of killing.

An uncomfortable silence.

BEN (CONT'D)
Shall we get on with it?

WHITE IRISH
(In German, Subtitled)
The *broken* Hammer. Giving up.

Daniel turns serious.

DANIEL
(In German, Subtitled)
I can feel it, Ben. The anger.
These *kids* no nothing.

The demon holds in his breath.

BEN
(In German, Subtitled)
Nobody knows anything, my friend.

Mama and her sons glance at one another.

SIRENS grow louder and then stop.

Mama gestures to Black Irish. He pokes his head out gives a nod.

Ben lights up his cigarette.

BEN (CONT'D)
Do you know what a spirit guide is?
Guardian angel maybe?

Ben takes a drag.

The sheriff and undersheriff walk in the front, followed by two more deputies.

Mama shakes her head ever so slightly. The tide of power slowly shifting in the room.

BEN (CONT'D)
I remember the first time I asked
for my spirit guide's name. I was
ten, alone, sitting on my couch,
and I asked him what he wished to
be called.

White Irish slowly grabs the handle of the shotgun.

BEN (CONT'D)
You don't know fear until you've
hit that moment. It changes
drastically when you're alone.

MAMA
It?

Two more deputies enter from the kitchen.

BEN
Fear. And that was my biggest
mistake.

Ben laughs to himself and places the cigarette on the armrest next to the pairing knife.

BEN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
You are supposed to call their
names fearlessly. Control. Yeah?

Ben shakes his head and gives a small chuckle -- emotion seeping into his eyes.

He regains his composure.

BEN (CONT'D)
 But, you walking in here thinking
 you can just control the situation?

Ben's eyes turn white as a cloud, DANIEL rigid as a board
 beside him.

MAMA
 (noticing the eyes)
 Interesting.

BEN
 I can't even control the situation.
 (to Daniel)
 Daniel.

DANIEL
 I am here, Benjamin son of Benjamin
 of the Boaz Family.

BLACK IRISH
 Mama?

MAMA
 Hammer?

A LARGE PULSE vibrates through BEN out into the room.

The nine intruders all react and look to one another.

White Irish doesn't take his eyes off of Ben, slowly pointing
 the shotgun up and at the young looking man on the love seat.

BEN
 When you hear rumors of the
 insane...

PULSE. Ben getting more tense, anger seeping from his
 inflection.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Of the Hammer...

PULSE. Ben intensely moves his body as if he's about to
 implode.

Mama tries to scamper towards the door, but gets entangled
 within the web of bodies in front of her.

Black Irish tries to usher her out.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Of the dead...

Black Irish pulls out one of his Five-Sevens and grabs hold of Mama's arm.

The rest of the intruders take a step towards Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)

You run.

A large PULSE knocks everyone back.

Ben forces the pairing knife from the armrest into Black Irish's throat.

Ben lunges toward the black man, summoning the knife back out of the throat.

He takes the knife and stabs three deputies before impaling the sheriff in the throat. He grabs a flash-bang from his waistband, as White Irish swings the fully-automatic around and fires.

Ben ducks and uses Daniel's force to push the gun left.

Multiple rounds land in the hallway, as a small force field entrenches the Hammer.

The remaining deputies fire upon Hammer.

Ben forces the Inane to manifest back together in his hand.

White Irish regains his footing and starts walking toward Hammer on the ground.

Ben absorbs shotgun shell after shotgun shell from the remaining twin.

PULSE.

White Irish falls to his knees. Ben shoots the three remaining deputies. And then shoots White Irish once.

Ben reloads and jumps on top of the white twin.

Mama scrambles around on all fours.

Ben sitting squarely on top of the mustached man, takes White Irish by the jaw, his arm outstretched, and shoots him in the cheek twice.

The undersheriff shoots ben twice in the back.

The force field comes back and stops the rest of the rounds.

SIRENS grow once more in the distance.

Mama grabs one of Black Irish's FN Five-Sevens and fires it aimlessly.

The small force field entrenches the Hammer again.

Ben walks through the debris, as the undersheriff struggles to reload.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look at you. You're heart seems
about to explode.

Ben summons the pairing knife once more into his hand.

BEN (CONT'D)

Ask Jesus one last time for
forgiveness and mercy.

Mama struggles to head towards the kitchen to escape.

UNDERSHERIFF

Oh, lord. Please, forgive me.

Ben stabs.

BEN

Jesus Christ, my lord and savior.
Please, have mercy on this man's
soul.

The body drops. Ben walks over towards the struggling and sobbing Mama. The empty Five-Seven still in her hand, clacking on the kitchen tile.

She lets out a terrified scream as Ben grabs her by the hair and drags her to the front. He stands her up.

He sees the life slowly drain from her pale face. He sees her fear.

SIRENS.

Ben, with the flash-bang still in his left hand, pulls the pin, stuffs it into her mouth, pushes her out the front, and shuts the door.

EXT. BEN'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Mama stumbles out sobbing, make-up smeared, flash-bang in her mouth, as more deputies look on in horror, guns drawn.

INT. BEN'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Ben pulls down with all his might, as if the grenade was attached to some invisible wire.

EXT. BEN'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Mama's entire body explodes. The windows shatter. The door decimates and then slowly falls off the hinges.

INT. BEN'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Ben, blood dripping from his hand, grabs the cigarette.

The demon relaxes.

Ben winces in pain as he stands and takes a drag.

BEN

The Gospel According to Mark,
Chapter 16, Verse 15.

DANIEL

And he said unto them, Go ye into
all the world, and preach the
gospel to every creature.

SIRENS.

The Hammer and the Wedge look out toward the deputies.

CUT TO BLACK: