

Rabisu

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

The full moon shines on a neighborhood where two-story houses are few and far between. WIND sweeps through ancient oaks and pushes the CLANKING WIND CHIMES on the wraparound porch.

INT. BRITTANY'S ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

A clock light reveals BRITTANY, 17, peaceful in bed. A CRACK at the window, like rocks being thrown. Her eyes open.

BRITTANY
God damn it, Jimmy. Not again.

FLOORBOARDS CREAK as she walks to and fights with the drapes. She gets through, lifts up the old window and looks out. Moonlight, BRANCHES AND CHIMES, but no Jimmy. She closes the window and hugs her shoulders before climbing back into bed. Another CRACK, this time louder. She hits her pillow in anger and snatches her cell phone from the night stand.

She clicks through her contacts to "Jimmy". She types quickly: "Go away! She snaps the phone closed, slams it down, then burrows into the pillows. Deathly silence until FLOORBOARDS CREAK. A MUFFLED SNICKER.

Her eyes snap open. She trembles, looking into the void, beyond where the clock light reaches. She extends a shaky hand and switches a lamp on. Dim light reveals pink everywhere and a few pop star posters, but nothing scary.

BRITTANY
Asshole...

Lights off and covers on again. A few moments go by until the MUFFLED SNICKER erupts...from within the room. She can't take it anymore. She bounds to the door, flicks on the overhead light, and turns to the dark slits in the closed closet doors. She works up the courage and tears them open. Jeans, dresses, purses...nothing scary. She sighs in relief.

Another CRACK at the window and another and another. Pissed off, she glides over and looks outside. Nothing. Still, the CRACKS continue. Then THUDS like something is slamming against it. The light overhead flickers. It fades in and out as she backs up. We see two inhuman WHITE HANDS with long nails emerge from and slowly part a section of long dresses. The lights go out when the FOOTSTEPS start.

INT. PARENTS' ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

A blood-curdling SCREAM. ELTON WILLIAMS, 40s, looks over at his wife JILL. She's sitting up, terrified. He gets his bearings, then reaches in the drawer and grabs a revolver.

ELTON
If I don't yell, dial the police.

She nods and takes the phone from its cradle on her night stand. He checks the gun and SNAPS the cylinder closed.

INT. HALLWAY - WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

Elton walks slowly and turns a corner, creeping until he arrives at the door to Brittany's unlit room. He KNOCKS. There's no response. He puts his ear to the door to listen.

ELTON
Brit?

VOICE (O.S.)
(raspy, whispered)
Go away...

He steps back, stands tall and straight. MOVEMENT within.

ELTON
Brittany, I'm coming in.

He slowly turns the knob and walks into...

INT. BRITTANY'S ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

The clock is dead. He reaches out for the light switch, finds it's up, and then peers back into the blackness.

ELTON
Brittany, baby, you alright?

He takes a few steps and hears the throaty GROWL from near the bed. He edges forward to one side of it. Empty. Another CREAK to his right and he snaps the gun up with both hands, inching closer. He stops when he feels something, hears the GROWL again, and then cocks the hammer.

ELTON (CONT'D)
Freeze, motherfucker.

The light comes on and he recovers from shielding his eyes, finding his barrel aimed at Brittany's head. We see only the back of her. She stands in an empty corner, motionless and silent. He lowers the gun, his body heaving in a great sigh.

ELTON (CONT'D)
Jesus save me, Brittany. What's
this all about?

She's still silent, still motionless. He steps forward and puts a hand on her shoulder to turn her.

ELTON (CONT'D)
God damn it, Brit-

He steps back, shocked by something we don't see. The light fades again and in the background we see the door begin to slowly shut. As the last bit of light leaves us, the door is closed enough that we see the DARK FIGURE emerge slowly from behind it. The lights cut off. The GROWL again.

EXT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

FLOORBOARDS CREAK WILDLY. Elton SCREAMS.

INT. PARENTS' ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jill stands near the bed, sobbing, the phone in hand.

OPERATOR (V.O. PHONE)
...sorry. All circuits are busy.

BUSY SIGNAL. FOOTSTEPS in the hallway and her door swings open. She freezes. In her lens, the DARK FIGURE approaches.

INT. EDWARD'S CUBICLE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An open FBI email account on the computer screen. There's one unread message in bold. "TO: Agent Edward Frost From: Special Agent Nguyen SUBJ: FWD: Double homicide, possible abduction - possible occult/serial murder profile."

We see EDWARD FROST sitting in his swivel chair and staring, hesitant to click. He's in his 30s, attractive but weatherworn, groomed well and in a leather jacket. The desk is perfectly organized and has on it only the essentials, no evidence of a life outside the office. He picks up a styrofoam cup and sips from it, grimacing in disgust. He puts it down and takes deep, calming breath. With a click, he sends the mail to the trash bin without reading it.

EDWARD
Thanks, but no thanks.

He picks up the phone, dials an extension, and waits.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Jeannie, it's Edward. Is he in?
(smiles)
Alright, thanks.

He hangs up and takes off his coat, then picks up the cup of coffee. He frowns at it, tosses it in the trash can, and walks off whistling with a bounce in his step to...

INT. BREAK ROOM - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Alone amongst the vending machines, he whistles as he makes a cup of coffee. Walking out, he snatches a donut from a box.

EDWARD
My lucky day.

INT. ANOTHER FLOOR - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

JEANNIE, 50s, a heavy woman wearing coke-bottle lenses, smiles when she sees him. She eyes the donut as he takes a bite. Behind her is a hallway leading to glass-walled offices, the farthest door reads SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN.

JEANNIE
Did you bring one for me?

EDWARD
(mouth full)
Aren't you still on your diet?

He peers over the desk. She's huge but he's pleasant.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
A week and I'm taking you to Maui.

JEANNIE
Aw, Edward. If only I'd have met you twenty years ago, I never would have married Roger.

EDWARD
Well, you both missed the boat. Instead you ended up with a beautiful family and a pension.

JEANNIE
Oh, you'll find someone.

He starts walking down the hallway.

EDWARD
No time soon.

She picks up the phone and he turns back to...

INT. NGUYEN'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Where SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN, 40s, a very fit Asian man sits at his desk, readers on, checking his email. Donut in mouth, Edward opens the door, careful not to spill his coffee. Nguyen pays him no attention as he takes a seat and looks around at pictures of office sports teams, vacation adventures, and a family. Nguyen still doesn't look at him.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Have a seat, Agent Frost.

Edward takes a big bite and a gulp of coffee.

EDWARD
I will. Thank you, sir.

Nguyen makes a disgusted face.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Isn't it cops who do the whole
coffee/donut thing?

EDWARD
For every health nut like you
there's a pot a day, pack a day guy
like me that listens to his id.

Nguyen continues to click and read, still not looking at him.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
I had mine removed surgically.
It's called marriage.

Edward wolfs the last bite, sips the coffee, and licks his fingers. He pulls a pill container from his pocket and empties four different ones onto the table.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Anything good in there?

As Edward points to them, he picks them up and downs them.

EDWARD
Panic disorder, anxiety, mood swings, and I forget this one.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Sounds like a winning combo. To what do I owe the pleasure?

EDWARD
Buzz phrase of the day.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Regale me.

EDWARD
Possible occult profile.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Ohhh, shit.

Nguyen rolls his eyes, sighs, and finally looks at Edward.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Collins sent it to me this morning. The field director in Jacksonville is an academy buddy or something.

EDWARD
Florida?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Didn't you read it?

EDWARD
Nope.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Why not?

EDWARD
I think you know why.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
I knew the day was going too good.

EDWARD
It's not my field. I'm the Prison Transfer Coordinator. Says so on my card. Why did you even send it?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Because my boss told me to handle
it, you're the authority, you work
for me and shit rolls downhill.

EDWARD
Authority?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Yeah. There are only three active
agents in the whole FBI qualified
to handle this kind of thing.

EDWARD
Murder? Every office has at least
three that deal with that all day.
There's one in Miami I hear's good.
There's that guy in Tampa that
caught the serial killer bitch.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
You have experience.
(rolling his hand)
You know...insight.

EDWARD
You think I have psychic vision?

Nguyen goes to speak but Edward spasms in his chair.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Wait! I'll channel it for you...

Nguyen sits back and folds his arms across his chest as
Edward pushes his sleeves up, whistles the Twilight Zone
theme, and presses his fingers to his temples.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I see...a crime scene...oh, it's
clearer now! Blood spattered on
the walls...and pentagrams. But,
not the little ones...big fucking
pentagrams everywhere! I mean the
ceiling, the floor, carved into the
body...I see...
(hums)
Upside down crosses!

Nguyen grows red-faced and impatient.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
No? Slaughtered animals?

Edward's struggle reaches a new height and his eyes close.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I see the killer! He's tall and
pale with dyed-black hair.

Edward drops his hands and takes a sip of coffee.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
So call Hicksville and tell them to
stake out the nearest death metal
concert, look for a tall, pale
asshole wearing a shit load of
black makeup, a What Would Satan
Do? T-shirt and leather pants and
then bust him. Case closed.

Nguyen rips open his desk and grabs a stress ball, gripping
it with white knuckles. He and Edward stare one another down
until he takes a deep breath and then puts the ball away.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Edward, I like you. And if your
cynicism helps you plod through
that drug-addled nightmare you call
a life, then have at it.
(points a finger)
But, there are two bodies and a
missing child down there and you
will respect that.
(leans back)
And, when you want to come in here
and bitch about an assignment, you
will damn well show some respect
when you do it. Clear?

Edward's stares into the murky coffee as he nods.

EDWARD
Clear.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
I know this might dredge up some
things in your past but I've got to
do the best with what I've got and,
in this situation, you're it.

EDWARD
I understand.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Now, I'm slammed all day. Look at
that file and I want an opinion on
what they have down there.
Afterward if you want to talk-

EDWARD
I'll be fine, sir. They're just
pictures, right?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Exactly. See you later.

INT. EDWARD'S CUBICLE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Edward, a fresh cup of coffee in his hand, rolls up to the
computer. He finds the file and stares at it.

EDWARD
I choose to be calm.

He clicks, studying the file intently. As he cycles through
the PHOTOS, we see but flashes of them, not so different than
he predicted. Strange symbols streaked on walls in blood,
mutilated flesh, burnt candles. He's so engaged that he
leans forward and a flash of THE DEMON MOUTH smiling, razor
teeth and black gums and lips, hits him and jolts his whole
body, making him knock over his cup of coffee.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Shit!

He rolls back and stares at the liquid as it spreads.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - YEARS BEFORE

A youthful Edward wears a suit and sits at an oval table,
sipping coffee. SPECIAL AGENT MORRIS and ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
CARPENTER, middle-aged men carrying file folders, walk in.

MORRIS
Edward, I'd like you to meet
Assistant Director Carpenter.

Startled, Edward shoots up, knocking over the cup of coffee.

EDWARD
Shit!

He runs back to a snack cart, grabs some napkins, and starts wiping down the table. He finishes, nervously wipes his hand on his suit and then extends it to Carpenter.

EDWARD

Edward...Agent Edward Frost, sir.

CARPENTER

Pleasure's mine. Please sit.

They take seats across from him and then Carpenter opens up one of his manila folders and looks at a sheet of paper to which a head shot of Edward is paper clipped.

CARPENTER (CONT'D)

You graduated...two weeks ago?

He looks up, smiling.

CARPENTER (CONT'D)

Been getting a lot of lunches and making a few too many copies, eh?

They all chuckle as Edward bows his bashfully.

EDWARD

It's part of being new, I guess.

CARPENTER

Fair enough. But, I can see from your instructor reports that you're a hands-on type. Do you think you'll ever be happy behind a desk?

EDWARD

No, sir.

Carpenter scans through the folder and then closes it.

CARPENTER

Well, neither does Special Agent Morris, which is why I'm transferring you into another section altogether.

Edward perks up.

EDWARD

Counter-terrorism?

CARPENTER

Not exactly. Show him, Bob.

Morris slides his folder to Edward, who starts flipping through the thick stack of photographs. Pentagrams, slaughtered animals, blood everywhere.

MORRIS

What do you know about the occult?

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. NGUYEN'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

On the phone, he waves Edward in.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

Uh huh...absolutely, sir. He just stepped in. I'll call you back.

Edward sits and tosses a folder in between them.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN (CONT'D)

Well?

EDWARD

It's...interesting.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

But, what are they dealing with?

EDWARD

Focus on the walls.

Nguyen starts looking through the large photos that Edward has printed for him, circled, and made notes on.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

The writing. Jacksonville's still trying to decipher what it is.

EDWARD

Tell them it's cuneiform, early Sumerian, and not to waste time translating it. It's a summoning.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

Summon? Like a demon or something?

EDWARD

Like a demon or something.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

Weird. What about the method?

EDWARD

Never seen it before. That doesn't mean much, through. It could be any derivative invocation.

Nguyen sits back and gestures with his hands as he squints.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

Try pretending that I don't know much about this kind of thing.

Frost smirks and then wipes his hand across his face.

EDWARD

In the Beginning, God created-

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

Didn't I mention your wit earlier?

Edward holds his hand and up and catches himself.

EDWARD

Fine. You have to know the different kinds of worshippers.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Edward stands next to a projected photo of ANTON LA VEY. He's giving a presentation to Nguyen and an older man, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR COLLINS, continuing the same speech.

EDWARD

We trace modern Satanism to the 1960's and a man named Anton LaVey. Basically, this guy took all of the writings that had been circulating underground for hundreds of years and created the Church of Satan.

Another slide CLICKS and there's a collection of newspaper and tabloid headlines concerning Satan or the occult.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This is the McDonalds of Satan worship. If this breed ever committed a crime of this magnitude, local police would have rounded them up in ten minutes. They're too visible.

Another slide, a medieval tapestry with THE DEVIL on it.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Of course, pre-dating these nutjobs is about two thousand years' of cloak and dagger devil worship. When this brand of believer commits a crime, they go for the gold.

More CLICKS. It starts with a photo of ALISTAIR CROWLEY and goes to many different symbols and gruesome murder scenes that feature satanic rituals. His listeners are confused.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Alright, don't get caught up in the specifics. It's called the left-hand path and it's been around since the days of Christ. It's safe to say that as long as there's been any church worshipping a one, true God, there's been a group of people that choose to rebel and go the other way. That's why most occult killings share the same profile. Black Masses, sacrifices, they all run pretty standard.

He focuses on Nguyen and frowns.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

So it's difficult to explain to you the finer points. I hope it suffices to say that based on what I've seen, I can emphatically point you away from any of these groups.

Another CLICK and we get more of the Williams home, focused on the bloody writing on the walls.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This writing pre-dates Christianity by at least three thousand years and you can't just Google what's on these walls. Basically, what they've got down there is the most serious breed of occult worship. It's not even the Devil, it's something else. It's a call for...

He points to some of the letters, studying them in confusion.

DIRECTOR COLLINS

We're looking for a profile here, Agent Frost. Who does this?

EDWARD

From what I know about these people, they could be your neighbor and you'd never know it.

DIRECTOR COLLINS

So where do they start looking?

EDWARD

I'll be honest with you, Director. I don't know. Everything I can glean from these photos is in the report you're holding.

Collins looks at his watch and then stands.

DIRECTOR COLLINS

Alright, I guess you can figure it out when you get down there.

EDWARD

Get down there, sir?

DIRECTOR COLLINS

Yes. I want you down there.

Collins goes to leave, his hand on the door.

EDWARD

I understand that, but-

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

But, the girl who does travel is gone for the day, sir. He'll be on the first flight tomorrow.

DIRECTOR COLLINS

Thought so.

He eyes Edward once more, then steps out, closing the door.

EDWARD

What was that?!

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

What? That? Oh, I stopped you from looking like an asshole and making me look incompetent.

EDWARD

But-

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
No buts. You're the prison
transfer coordinator, Frost. How
many did we do last month?

EDWARD
Seventeen.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Which was a record. And all you
had to do was make a few phone
calls and fill out some paperwork.
You're going down there, Agent.

EDWARD
What if I say no?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Don't test me.

EDWARD
What if I won't go?

Nguyen stands and walks slowly toward the door.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Then find a job where you can do
what you want when you want. Good
luck. I hear the market sucks.

Nguyen steps out. Edward sighs in frustration, then pulls
out his pills and downs a few. Nguyen pops back in.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN (CONT'D)
Your ass better be on that plane
tomorrow, Edward. I'm serious.

INT. EDWARD'S MUSTANG - DUSK

He's got the top down, smoking a cigarette as he travels down
a D.C. block. He's out of it but sees a STRANGE HOMELESS MAN
crossing the street and jams on the brakes. The vagrant
gives him a creepy stare as Edward wipes the ashes off and
then looks down at the floor where pictures of the crime
scene have fallen out. He focuses on one symbol.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DOCTOR FORRESTER'S OFFICE - DAY - YEARS BEFORE

Edward sits across from DOCTOR FORRESTER, an older man with a warm smile, the desk between them cluttered with ancient religious texts and photographs. Out of the window, we see the campus buildings of Georgetown. Edward's studying a picture closely as Forrester looks on, then a light bulb comes on, and he tosses the photo into a pile.

EDWARD

Early Yezidi Melek Taus. Used to
invoke a demon's strength.

Forrester smiles.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

I'm impressed. Just like a sponge.

EDWARD

What's more impressive is how much
there is. Months of sitting around
with you and I feel like this is
only the tip of the iceberg.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

The Devil goes by many names. But
we've covered most of the major
sects. You get the languages down
and you're good to go.

He fishes through a different stack and slides it over to Edward, who studies it. After a while, he lets it fall.

EDWARD

You don't really believe that all
this stuff exists do you?

DOCTOR FORRESTER

Those letters? I know they do.

Edward sighs and then stands and paces around slowly.

EDWARD

Come on, Doc. In all your time as
a priest, did you ever see signs
that there's a God?

Forrester thinks for a while.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

No. But, of course, I was always
looking for them.

EDWARD

Is that why you left the
priesthood? You lost your faith?

DOCTOR FORRESTER

No. I left because I wanted a
family. And, finally, when my
daughter was born and I looked into
her eyes for the first time, I knew
that there was a power greater than
me and that it was good.

EDWARD

Aw, but that's just-

DOCTOR FORRESTER

In your twenty some-odd years, you
never saw a sign that he exists?

Edward takes a seat on the open window ledge.

EDWARD

No. But I've seen many that he
doesn't.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

Like?

EDWARD

The way I grew up, for starters.
Who knows where my father was? And
my mother, she was out of bed by
ten and stone drunk by noon.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

So growing up sucked. What else?

Edward thinks as he stares at the CROWDS OF STUDENTS below.

EDWARD

The things people do. The way they
treat one another. The shit I've
seen in this job. The complete
horror that man is capable of. If
there is a God, what in the fuck is
he thinking?

DOCTOR FORRESTER

I don't know. A lot of what you're talking about is choice, the free will that he gave to men, the thing that separates us from all the other creatures. It's just choice, Edward. It defines us all.

Edward pulls out a cigarette and lights up, careful to blow the smoke out of the window.

EDWARD

Too bad.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

You should separate discussions of faith from all this, though.

EDWARD

Why's that?

DOCTOR FORRESTER

Because, for you, it doesn't matter whether or not God cast Satan and his minions out of heaven and now their power belongs to anyone who calls on it.

He picks up a big folder of their work.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)

The people you'll be after believe it and that's all that counts. Once you know them better than they know themselves, you can bring them down with ease. God or no, these believers are out there doing some very nasty things.

EDWARD

Some of those reports...they haunt my dreams.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

There you have it. So forget about what's fact or fiction in your eyes and take them down. Maybe doing good will get you closer to seeing a sign that he's up there watching?

The Doctor who shrugs as if to say "you never know."

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Here, tell me what you see here.

Edward leaves the cigarette on the ledge and walks over to take a photo from Forrester, then returns to the window.

EDWARD
What is it?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Ritual murder in Montana. A whole family sliced and diced.

Edward studies it in disbelief.

EDWARD
Montana...? Really?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Don't fool yourself, kid. There are true believers everywhere.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

It's a dingy place, empty except for FARHA, a Middle-Easterner who sits behind the counter watching FINAL JEOPARDY on an unseen TV. The door CHIMES when Edward walks in.

FARHA
Who is Nikola Tesla?

He notices Edward approaching and smiles.

FARHA (CONT'D)
Cuz, cuz. Wuz happening?

EDWARD
Just another day, my friend.

Farha instinctively brings down a pack of Marlboro Lights and Edward throws down six bucks. As Farha rings him:

FARHA
I can't figure you out. You come in here every day and buy one pack of smokes. You're not trying to quit. Why don't you save yourself some money and buy a carton? That way you have pack for today, pack for tomorrow, and so on...

EDWARD

What if there is no tomorrow?

FARHA

I couldn't be so lucky. They say
come to America, own your own
business, have the American Dream.
Now get married, have kids. Kids
need insurance. So does business.
And now you pay taxes on all of it.
Edward, I tell you it's big racket.
Uncle Sam always gets his cut.

He hands the change to Edward.

FARHA (CONT'D)

You work for the government. You
should talk to them about this.

EDWARD

I'll consider it.

FARHA

Ma'a salama, Cuzzie.

EDWARD

Aiwa, aiwa.

He walks away, the CHIME again as he opens the door.

FARHA (O.S.)

You idiot! Tesla! Who is Tesla!

INT. LIVING ROOM - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spacious and very clean, with nice furniture. There's a
sterile quality to it, no pictures on the walls or evidence
of his history. He drops his keys and mail.

INT. KITCHEN - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He looks into the fridge, which is full of fresh stuff and
fishes a beer from the back. He uncaps it, sips, and starts
tearing into a piece of mail.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

One message on the machine and he mashes the button.

DONNIE (V.O. MACHINE)
Hey, Edward, it's Donnie down here
at Koons Ford! Just noticing that
your lease was coming to an end and
wondering if you've thought about-

Edward frowns and deletes the message.

EDWARD
Should've thrown in the floor mats,
Asshole.

He keeps reading through the mail as he goes into...

INT. BEDROOM - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Once again, everything is immaculate. He goes into the perfectly arranged closet and starts stripping. Through a mirror we see long, thick scars that run the length of his torso. It hurts just to look at them.

INT. KITCHEN - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His fresh ingredients on the island counter, he puts on an apron and turns the TiVO on to a pre-recorded cooking show.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He sits down on the couch with a gourmet meal and another beer and turns on the Discovery Channel.

EDWARD
Oooo...Whale week.

He digs into the food, moaning in satisfaction. He looks over and we see the only two pictures in the whole place. One is of a beautiful, young AMY. The other is EDWARD'S MOTHER standing next to him at his graduation.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DOCTOR FORRESTER'S OFFICE - DAY - YEARS BEFORE

Edward knocks on the door frame. The Doctor looks up.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Hey! Come in!

Edward enters nervously, something weighing heavily.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
What's going on in your world?

EDWARD
I'm not sure I should be tell you
this but I need someone to talk to.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
You need a priest or a doctor?

EDWARD
I need a friend.

Forrester gets up and closes the door, then sits down.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
You've got one.

EDWARD
Small town in Texas. They found a
few bodies out there in the desert.
Cut marks suggest a ritual of some
kind. Victims were buried alive.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
That's terrible. Sounds just like
what you've been trained to handle.

EDWARD
Yeah, but they don't just want an
analysis. They want me undercover.
They think there's a group there
that might be connected to all
kinds of crimes. I don't know if-
(he sighs)
I'm having doubts.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
You know almost everything about
the occult that there is to know,
probably even more than me by now.
And you're smart and good with
people. I'm sure alot of agents
get nervous-

EDWARD
It's not that, Doc. It's just my
mom's liver isn't doing so good.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
I'm sorry to hear that.

EDWARD

Yeah, and I've gotten pretty serious with Amy.

(pause to think)

I guess I just don't know if I can leave my life right now.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

How long would you be there?

EDWARD

As long as it takes to get some names that the San Antonio field office can work with.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

Do you have a choice?

EDWARD

I could turn it down, but that wouldn't be great for my future.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

Ah, but it's still a matter of choice. You chose to be in the FBI and you chose to stick with this position. Now, you're needed.

EDWARD

So I should go?

DOCTOR FORRESTER

I can't answer that for you. All I can say is that it would be a waste to not use your knowledge when it counts. Ideally, you'll be in and out. Hopefully, you're mother will be okay. And the girl-

(shrugs and smiles)

If she's really the one, a few months shouldn't break the deal.

EDWARD

Guess that's one way to look at it.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

It's the only way, kid.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edward switches from the whales to the news. Restlessly, he switches to another channel, then another. He turns it off and sighs. FLASH of the DEMON MOUTH again. WHITEE HANDS SLICING. SCREAMS OF PAIN. He shakes it off and heads for...

INT. KITCHEN - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He raids the cabinet of prescription bottles until he gets what he wants and downs two, turning on the sink and sucking the water from it. Heaving, he takes a few calming breaths.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dressed, Edward grabs his keys and rushes out of the door.

EXT. DOCTOR FORRESTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Big and brick, surrounded by many other houses. Folder in hand, Edward KNOCKS and then looks around in the darkness. Forrester answers in his robe, older and heavier now.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
I swear, Officer, she told me she
was eighteen. What was I supposed
to do, card her? That's awkward.

He laughs until he notices Edward doesn't.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
You look like shit, kid. Come in.

EDWARD
Thanks.

INT. STUDY - DOCTOR FORRESTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Surrounded by books, paintings, and various religious iconography, they sit next to one another in high-backed leather chairs. A DOOR OPENS and the doctor's younger wife, ALICE FORRESTER, comes in with a tray and two scotches.

ALICE FORRESTER
Just like you like it, Edward.

Edward takes a big sip immediately, refreshed.

EDWARD
Thanks, Mrs. Forrester.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Alice, where's Katie?

ALICE FORRESTER
Upstairs doing her homework. Why?

He looks down at pictures of the bloody ritual in his hand.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Keep it that way.

He puts the photo down, careful not to let her see it. She leaves and Forrester leans back and takes a huge gulp.

EDWARD
Well?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
It's the real deal.

He turns a photo over, staring in amazement.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
I mean how many people in the world
can manipulate that language? Look-

He digs until he finds one of a wall and points to two groups of symbols, bordered by a series of squiggly lines.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
These are-

EDWARD
The victims' names.

The Doctor smiles, surprised.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Glad you were paying attention.
You haven't run across this dialect
before, have you...in real life?

EDWARD
Just the once.

Something passes between them. Uneasiness clouds the room. Edward gets up and paces slowly as he drinks and fondles the old books on the shelves. Forrester picks up another photo.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
I'll bet there's something you're
missing. An expert should be at
the scene in person.

Edward sits back down and finishes his drink.

EDWARD
Funny you should mention that.
That's exactly what they want.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
And now the reason you're so
nervous is revealed.

EDWARD
They think whoever did this also
took the daughter. I gave them a
partial profile to start with but-

DOCTOR FORRESTER
But, they want you to go down to
Florida and you're afraid.

EDWARD
How can I not be?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Should I remind you that you don't
believe in this stuff?

EDWARD
That doesn't make it better.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
This isn't the Dead Zone, Edward.
You're not cursed. You just know
things that other people don't.

EDWARD
Second time I heard that today.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
It's the truth. I mean the FBI
hasn't even sent me a new guy
since...well, since you.

EDWARD
Think there's a reason for that?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Look. A girl is missing. If she's
alive, I don't even want to think
about what someone who can do this-
(holds up the picture)
You're her best chance right now.
It's that simple.

EDWARD
Is it? I wish it was.

Forrester leans forward and puts a hand on Edward's knee.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Time moves forward, kid. Don't
live in the past forever.

EXT. DOCTOR FORRESTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

EDWARD
Thanks again, Doc.

The door shuts behind him and he lights up a cigarette and
looks up at the moon, shivering in a sudden gust of wind.

FOCUS ON THAT SAME MOON AND THE WHISPER OF TREES TO...

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

With many lights on, it sits in the middle of a picture-
perfect American neighborhood.

INT. A DARK HALLWAY - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

We move toward a cracked-open door that sprays light onto the
wood floor. A SHOWER RUNS within.

INT. BATHROOM - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Where LISA PETERSON, 18, is just lathering the shampoo into
long, brown hair without a care in the world.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(whisper)
Lisa...

She looks out into the foggy bathroom. Nothing. She frowns.

INT. A DARK HALLWAY - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The door CLICKS shut. A shadow underneath, footsteps that block the light for just a moment.

INT. BATHROOM - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa shuts the water off and reaches out to the rack for a towel. A set of nails just barely grazes her hand, FLASH of a SET OF BLACK EYES, and she pulls back quickly and looks at the hand. She wraps the towel around her body shakily.

LISA

Mom?

INT. A DARK HALLWAY - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The bathroom light flickers, fades in and out.

INT. BATHROOM - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The dark silhouette of a person appears against the shower curtain and slowly reaches a hand toward the trembling girl.

INT. A DARK HALLWAY - PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The light gets really bright, flickers and shuts off.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Bags in hand, Edward looks around the barren airport. AGENT RUTLEDGE, a hulking man wearing a suit and cowboy boots, sits and reads a newspaper, "CULT KILLING" on the front page. Edward approaches and the agent eyes his all black attire.

AGENT RUTLEDGE

Yep. You're Frost, alright.
Name's Rutledge...Vernon J. But
everybody call's me Rut.

They shake hands.

EDWARD

Edward Frost. Edward'll do.

AGENT RUTLEDGE

Well, come on. Director Hullworth wanted me to run you on out to the scene first thing. Sherriff'll be waitin' to get you all set up.

INT. UNMARKED FBI CAR - DAY

They drive along a narrow forest road, the sounds of Skynyrd blaring in the background, Edward digging into his suitcase. He finds his Glock and turns back, putting it in his holster and then staring out at the thick oaks.

AGENT RUTLEDGE

So you're an expert on the Devil?

EDWARD

Satanic, Occult, and Ritualistic Crimes division of the Behavioral Sciences Unit.

AGENT RUTLEDGE

Man, we don't have one o' them. Sounds like somethin' right outta The X-files.

EDWARD

More or less.
(turns and winks)
Just no little green men.

AGENT RUTLEDGE

Yeah, well, I'm sure folks around here'll be glad to see ya. I heard the crime scene is a nightmare.

EDWARD

You know much about it?

AGENT RUTLEDGE

Oh no. I do check fraud. I stay away from blood if I can help it.

EDWARD

Yeah, me too.

EXT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Edward surveys the dark house, closed off by Police tape and boarded up, as he walks onto the porch. Rutledge puts his bags on the top step, breaking Edward's focus.

EDWARD
Not coming in?

AGENT RUTLEDGE
No, sir. Like I said, no blood for me. But, it's not like the Sherriff to be late for anything. I'm sure he'll be along real soon.

EDWARD
Thanks for the ride.

AGENT RUTLEDGE
Good luck, Agent Frost.

Rutledge starts the car and pulls out of the driveway. After surveying the layout of the neighborhood and watching the CHIMES shift in a slight breeze, Edward steps into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Shadows from swaying trees outside dance around and rays of sunlight reveal the swirling dust. He runs his hands along things, studying hanging family photos before turning into...

INT. KITCHEN - WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

The murder scene and all its gore. Bits of flesh covered by BUZZING flies. The table as been pushed against a wall and in the center of the room is a giant circle painted in blood, surrounded by all sorts of symbols and designs. He pulls out a camera and starts taking pictures. He finally spots a particular set of symbols and drops the camera.

FLASH of THE ROOM, dark and candle-lit, blurred for some reason. A similar set of symbols is apparent. FLASH of THE DEMON SMILE, WHITE HANDS SLASHING, BLOOD SPILLING!

SHERRIFF YOST (O.S.)
Agent Frost, I take it.

Startled, Edward turns around to SHERRIFF YOST, 50s, the portly country cop, leaning on the door frame. He picks up the camera and walks over, avoiding half-burned candles dripping with blood, and they shake hands.

EDWARD
Edward.

SHERRIFF YOST
Sure appreciate you comin' down.

EDWARD
Wish I could say it was a choice.

SHERRIFF YOST
All the same.
(looking around)
Where's Rut?

EDWARD
He doesn't do blood.

SHERRIFF YOST
I tell you that boy is as useless a one-legged man in an ass kickin' contest. Hell, only reason they let him in the FBI is 'cause he's some kin to the governor's wife.

EDWARD
Thought I left politics in D.C.

SHERRIFF YOST
Course, I'm not one to throw stones. My daddy was sherriff o' Bradford County and his daddy before him.

He takes a long, hard look at the scene.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
They never saw nothin' like this.
(looks to Edward)
You know as much about this sorta thing as they let on?

EDWARD
I wish I didn't.

SHERRIFF YOST
Got that right. You mind explainin' it to me? I been scratchin' my head tryin' to figure out who could this and why.

EDWARD
Well...

They slowly advance side by side into the room.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
These symbols are-

SHERRIFF YOST
Sumerian. I read your report.

EDWARD
Right. They make the room a
dominion of evil. That's why they
cover everything, even the windows.

SHERRIFF YOST
That's how the lawn boy found 'em.
Looked through the window.

EDWARD
Body parts are offered as tribute.

SHERRIFF YOST
I wanna know what that thing is.

He points to the large, complicated circle on the floor.

EDWARD
It's a sigil, like an altar.

SHERRIFF YOST
Like at church?

EDWARD
Same idea.
(points)
Those four larger symbols are
cardinal directions. You
know....north, south, east, west.
I didn't realize they were off
center like that.

SHERRIFF YOST
What's the difference?

EDWARD
Someone used a compass to figure
out exactly which way they were
drawing this thing, like the ritual
wouldn't work if they didn't.

SHERRIFF YOST
And...?

Edward turns to him.

EDWARD
True believers.

He walks over and stands on a triangle filled with symbols that stands separate from the circle.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Someone stands here and the power-

SHERRIFF YOST
The power?

EDWARD
The spirit. The demon. It's
supposed to rise from the circle.

Edward sees two kitchen bowls covered with dried blood lining the wall, the area bloodier than anywhere else.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
What are those?

SHERRIFF YOST
That's where we found the bodies.
They were nailed to the wall like
Jesus, only upside down, bled out
like pigs in a butcher shop.

FLASH of the bodies as they were found.

EDWARD
I asked you not to touch anything.

SHERRIFF YOST
And I gladly complied, Agent Frost.
But I knew Elton Williams since I
was six years old. Excuse my tone,
but if you think I was just gonna
let him hang up there waitin' on
you, you got another thing comin'.

Edward nods. He gets it.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
Bodies are down at the morgue if
you wanna see 'em.
(looks once more)
Boy, I sure hope she didn't have to
watch all this.

INT. STAIRWELL - WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

They CLUNK up the stairs together.

SHERRIFF YOST
FBI checked out language experts at
all the universities within three
hundred miles, but no leads.

EDWARD
Anything else?

SHERRIFF YOST
Absolutely zero.

INT. BRITTANY'S ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

SHERRIFF YOST
This is Brittany's room.

The bloody .357 lies on the floor but everything else is
normal. As they enter, FLASH of the DEMON FACE. Edward
shakes it off. He pokes around and comes back to the gun.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
The hammer was found cocked back.

Edward squats, studies it, then stands.

EDWARD
You knew the father well?

SHERRIFF YOST
Goin' on forty-five years.

EDWARD
Was he a good shot?

SHERRIFF YOST
He knew what he was doin'. Why?

EDWARD
Just trying to figure out why he
didn't get the shot off. Seems to
me if there was a struggle, we'd
see a stray bullet somewhere.

SHERRIFF YOST
Couldn't say.

Looking around, he spots Brittany's phone on the night stand.

INT. PARENTS' ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Normal as well, save for the bloody cordless phone on the floor. Edward squats down and presses the power button.

EDWARD
Battery's dead.

SHERRIFF YOST
Say again?

He picks it up, puts it on the charger. The light comes on.

EDWARD
Charger works. This phone was left
on for a long time. No 9-1-1 call?

SHERRIFF YOST
No, sir.

EDWARD
Problems with the lines that night?

SHERRIFF YOST
Not that I know of, but that is a
problem around here. Lines run
right through the woods so any time
a tree falls in the wrong spot, we
lose service for hours, even days.

Edward puts his hands on his hips and thinks for while.

EDWARD
Is that it?

SHERRIFF YOST
That's all I saw.

INT. BRITTANY'S ROOM - WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Edward snatches the phone from the dresser.

INT. SHERRIFF'S CAR - DAY

Cruising on the same highway through more wilderness.

SHERRIFF YOST
I wanna warn you that people might
not be very welcoming at first.

EDWARD

Why's that?

SHERRIFF YOST

Don't get me wrong. We're not some closed off, back woods town. We got almost six thousand in the county and we're even distance between Gainesville and Jacksonville. But, folks who live here have been here for a while-

EDWARD

I'll tread lightly, Sherriff. I'm sure people are shaken up.

SHERRIFF YOST

I knew you'd understand.

At a dead end and the Sherriff turns onto another road.

SHERRIFF YOST

That road we just came off runs straight to the Army Base. This here's 301, take you straight into Jacksonville. Did you know that's the biggest city in the USA?

EDWARD

Sure didn't.

SHERRIFF YOST

Yup. All of Duval County is technically the city. Ain't that that somethin'?

EDWARD

It's a claim to fame.

SHERRIFF YOST

And, if you shoot through town, this same road splits off to Gainesville.

EDWARD

University of Florida, right?

SHERRIFF YOST

Go Gators.

Yost's cell phone RINGS.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)

Yes, dear.

(pause)

Uh huh. Real close.

(pause)

Alright, now.

He puts down the phone.

SHERRIFF YOST

Gonna make a quick stop if you
don't mind. It's right on the way.

EXT. YOST HOUSE - DAY

It's on a big patch of land surrounded by trees, a tire swing
in the front, a dirt drive leading to a big garage. Edward
and the Sherriff get out and walk up the porch steps.

SHERRIFF YOST

I won't be a minute.

Edward pulls out a cigarette.

EDWARD

Take your time.

He lights up and looks out on the quiet. A RAPPING and
FOOTSTEPS. FLOORBOARD CREAK. From around the side of the
wraparound porch, a cane appears. Holding it is JUNEBUG,
90s, a Ray Charles look-alike, barefoot and in overalls.
Edward watches as he slowly feels his way to an old rocking
chair and settles into it, smiling and relaxed.

JUNEBUG

Ain't smelled you before, stranger.

EDWARD

Just visiting.

JUNEBUG

Dat's nice. Where from?

EDWARD

Washington.

JUNEBUG

Oo, wit da white house and all.
You like it down dis way?

EDWARD

It's been...nice so far.

JUNEBUG
Oh, yeah. Very nice. Very nice.

He reaches in his pocket and takes out a plug tobacco, chews it, and then spits off the edge of the porch.

JUNEBUG (CONT'D)
Was startin' out pretty. Too bad.

EDWARD
What's too bad?

JUNEBUG
Gon' rain. Hard too.

Edward looks up at the sunny, cloudless sky and frowns. The SCREEN DOOR opens, followed by FOOTSTEPS.

JUNEBUG (CONT'D)
Monin', Sherriff.

Edward turns to where Yost holds a dry cleaning bag.

SHERRIFF YOST
Junebug, now what did the doctor tell you 'bout that? Your teeth are gonna fall outta your mouth.

JUNEBUG
Don't nobody know my body better than I do.

SHERRIFF YOST
Don't say you weren't warned.
(turns to Edward)
Come on, Frost.

INT. SHERRIFF'S CAR - DAY

They pull back onto the highway.

SHERRIFF YOST
My great granddaddy built that house.

EDWARD
Did that black guy help him?

SHERRIFF YOST
Who? Junebug?
(chuckles)
He ain't quite that old.

EDWARD
If you don't mind me asking...

SHERRIFF YOST
Asking what?

EDWARD
Well, who is he?

SHERRIFF YOST
Oh, everybody knows Junebug. His parents were freed after the Civil War. But, they had nowhere to go so my great granddaddy let 'em stay on for pay, built 'em a shack in the back and everything. They had nine children, Junebug bein' the last one. He was always sick so he never went anywhere. He's just kinda been here ever since.

EDWARD
Damn, how old is he?

SHERRIFF YOST
Not sure. I remember him holdin' me as a baby, though. I guess he's creepin' up on a hundred. Blind as a bat, too. And he won't stay off that damn chaw.

EDWARD
Pretty interesting guy.

SHERRIFF YOST
Practically family by now.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - DAY

Right out of the Fifties with relics of decades past interspersed. The sidewalks are full, the traffic plentiful. The Sherriff misses the light and stops. As Edward recovers, he locks eyes with a LITTLE GIRL holding hands with HER MOTHER on the sidewalk. She doesn't stop looking at him.

FLASHBACK:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - YEARS BEFORE

Edward wears tattered work clothes and steel-toed boots, now with earrings and a tattoo on his forearm.

EDWARD

Yeah, that's right. The guy I work with. He's taking me out to the house right now on a drug buy.

(pause to listen)

Yes, sir. I understand. Did you get that message to-

But the phone is dead and he frowns at it before hanging up.

EXT. A TEXAS TOWN - DAY

The sun beats down and there's little traffic as Edward crosses the street and pulls open the door to...

INT. A SMALL DINER - DAY

Empty save for RONNIE, 40s, and TAYLOR, 30s, two Texas hicks sitting in a booth at the back and a WAITRESS watching TV behind the counter. Edward walks up and sits next to Taylor.

TAYLOR

Ronnie, I want you to meet Ken.

Edward shakes hands with Ronnie, who eyes him suspiciously.

RONNIE

Nice to know you, Ken. Taylor tells me you work down at the body shop with 'em. Says you can fix almost anything.

EDWARD

(fake country accent)

Only thing my daddy ever taught me.

RONNIE

I see. Where you from?

EDWARD

Birmingham. But, we moved out to Billings, Montana when I was young.

RONNIE

Can't say I ever been there.

EDWARD

Ain't nothin' there but open space.

RONNIE

Uh huh.

(he sips his coffee)

He also says you been beggin' him
to meet me. Now why is that,
stranger?

EDWARD

No beggin'. Just lookin' for
somethin' that's hard to get and he
told me you got it.

Ronnie studies him, then nods. He leans back, looking out to
where FAMILIES are exiting a church, smiling and laughing.

RONNIE

Sunday already? Skip church just
to meet me, Ken?

EDWARD

Don't really go.

RONNIE

You don't really or you don't? Man
oughta have somthin' to believe in.

Edward shifts nervously as he thinks.

EDWARD

I've been a few times. No offense,
but I never really agreed with what
they said at church. Seems like
it's all just one big scam to take
your money and make you miserable.
Don't do this, don't do that. They
want you to worship weakness. I
can't live like that.

Taylor's getting excited and he and Ronnie look at one
another, a knowing glance passing between them.

RONNIE

I might know just how you feel.

EXT. THE TEXAS DESERT - DAY

A beat up Ford flatbed speeds down a dusty highway, then
slows to make a sharp turn onto a gravel path.

INT. RONNIE'S TRUCK - DAY

Edward rides in the center seat as they approach the compound. A CREEPY GUARD with a machine gun opens the gate and they follow the drive around back.

EDWARD
This is your house?

RONNIE
This is our house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE COMPOUND - DAY

Taylor is talking to someone elsewhere, while Edward sits on a couch, looking around at the crazy artwork, the collection of books, and the pictures of people on the walls.

EDWARD
Can I smoke in here?!

RONNIE (O.S.)
Go ahead!

Edward pulls out his lighter and aims at different parts of the room, a CLICKING sound and when he presses the gas. It's a camera. Ronnie approaches with something and Edward lights up his cigarette normally. Ronnie sits down on the opposite couch and tosses a big bag of white powder on the table. Edward picks it up, studies it, and tastes it.

EDWARD
Strong.

RONNIE
Watch out. Might be a little
better quality than you're used to.

Edward pulls some money from his jeans and hands it over.

EDWARD
I think I'll manage.

RONNIE
Now, that's a lot. You're not
plannin' on sellin' this are you?

EDWARD
Taylor told me the rules. Don't
worry. It's all for me.

Ronnie studies him yet again and then smiles. He gets up and approaches one of the book cases, sifting through them as Taylor comes in from the next room.

TAYLOR
Done in here?

RONNIE
Almost.

As he shuffles the books, Edward sees MAE, 8, in pigtails staring at him bashfully. He smiles. Ronnie turns.

TAYLOR
Go on, girl. Get outta here.

She giggles and runs off and Ronnie makes it to Edward holding out a book. He takes it. On it is picture of the BAPHOMET TAROT CARD. Underneath: THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

EDWARD
What's this?

RONNIE
Like I said. A man oughta have somethin' to believe in. Check it out. Maybe we can talk about it when you need to re-up.

Edward squints at the book, happy now. They want to bring him in. He's hit the jackpot.

RETURN TO SCENE:

EXT. STARKE INN - DAY

The Sherriff car rolls into a gravel lot. The Inn is a series of connected rooms that forms a big L.

INT. EDWARD'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The INN OWNER, 60s, opens the door to reveal a queen bed, table and chairs and a TV that saw Armstrong land. Yost and Edward follow him in and Edward tosses his bags on the bed.

INN OWNER
Had to drop HBO but we got all the cable stations and the Gainesville local. How long you stayin'?

EDWARD
As short a time as possible.

INN OWNER
And who's payin' for this?

Sherriff Yost hands him a business card.

SHERRIFF YOST
Bill it to the county office.

INN OWNER
Will do.

He hands Edward a metal key.

INN OWNER (CONT'D)
Enjoy your stay.

EDWARD
Thank you.

He frowns at the room.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
The Bureau pays expenses, you know?

SHERRIFF YOST
The mayor insisted. Will it do?

EDWARD
Looks like it'll have to.
(turns to Yost)
I think it's time I saw them.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Edward watches as an OLD CORONER unzips body bags side by side on a table. Edward doesn't flinch when he sees the partially uncovered bodies. He pulls out his digital camera and starts taking pictures. The bodies are pale, drained of all their blood, no eyes or ears.

CORONER
I listed the cause of death as failures due to loss of blood. Could have been anything, though.

EDWARD
Could you pull back the bag?

Disgusted, the coroner reveals the entirety of both corpses. Edward lowers the camera. Carved into each of them is a series of cuneiform symbols. He takes a rubber glove from a box, slips it on, and runs his finger along the lines.

CORONER

Best I can tell, whatever made those was not the same object that did all the cutting. Looks like-

EDWARD

Finger nails.

A FLASH of the WHITE HAND, slashing and bloody. He snaps a picture of and nods to the coroner, who closes the bags.

INT. SHERRIFF YOST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sherriff and Edward are seated in the simple office with glass walls, Edward cycling through the pictures on his camera as Yost goes through stacks of folders.

EDWARD

What did Elton Williams do?

SHERRIFF YOST

Old money. He had a stake in a few businesses around here.

EDWARD

Have you compiled a list of business partners, anyone who might have gained from his death?

SHERRIFF YOST

You think this was about money?

Edward stops on a horrific picture of the bodies, then frowns and shuts the camera off, setting it on the desk.

EDWARD

We have to run through all the steps. Treat this like a homicide.

SHERRIFF YOST

I'll have someone get on it. But, I'm tellin' you now, you're barkin' up the wrong tree.

The Sherriff pushes the folders forward.

SHERRIFF YOST

Interviews with the people that
knew them, family's phone records
for the last three months, logs of
anyone we can say for certain was
in the house recently, a list of
anyone in the county with priors...

He lifts up a much thicker folder and plops it down.

SHERRIFF YOST

Everyone registered as living
within the county limits.

Edward nods, flipping through the files.

EDWARD

I'm impressed.

SHERRIFF YOST

Believe it or not, we did solve
crimes before you got here.

He flips through more pictures and finds one of Brittany.

EDWARD

Tell me more about the girl.

SHERRIFF YOST

Brittany? Cheerleader out at
Bradford High, plenty of friends,
never misses church on Sundays.
Just your average teenage girl.

Edward thinks for a while, then reaches into his coat pocket
for Brittany's phone. He discovers the texts to Jimmy.

EDWARD

Who's Jimmy? To her, I mean.

The Sherriff's thinking, looking all around.

SHERRIFF YOST

Couldn't tell you off hand.
Where'd you come up with that?

He hands the phone to Yost, whose eyes get wide.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)

How in the hell did we miss that?
That's gotta be some time right
before it happened.

EDWARD
Pretty solid clue.

SHERRIFF YOST
Damn right it is. I got a daughter
almost her age. I'm gonna call her
up right now. She might know.

A KNOCK on the door.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
Come in!

SAMANTHA BARNES, 30s, enters. She's beautiful, but hides it
behind the pony tail, glasses, and pant suit she wears.

SAMANTHA
Good afternoon, Sherriff.

SHERRIFF YOST
Agent Edward Frost, meet Samantha
Barnes. She's Mayor Towson's right
hand around here.

Edward stands and extends a hand.

EDWARD
Edward. Being a man's right hand
sounds like a strenuous job.

She laughs as they shake hands.

SAMANTHA
It's a pleasure to meet you Agent
Frost. Anything you need, just let
me know.

SHERRIFF YOST
Samantha here has been designated
your liaison.
(scoffs)
Just a fancy way of sayin' he's
afraid of losin' votes if we don't
get some answers fast.

She gets a phone call.

SAMANTHA
If you'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Once she's left, Edward turns in confusion.

SHERRIFF YOST
That's all I need is that sucker
breathing down my neck.

EDWARD
She didn't seem so bad.

SHERRIFF YOST
Samantha? No, she's good people.
It's the man she works for.

He smiles as Yost grumbles to himself, then gets an idea.
The Sherriff picks up his phone and dials.

SHERRIFF YOST
Yeah, Becky, it's Daddy. Do you
know a boy named Jimmy out-
(surprised)
Oh. Well I didn't realize-
(rolls his eyes)
Thank you, baby. See ya at dinner.

He hangs up the phone.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
I must be losin' my mind.

EDWARD
What?

SHERRIFF YOST
Jimmy is James Winthrop the Third.
I known his daddy long as I know
Elton. He's Brittany's boyfriend.

EDWARD
I want to meet him.

The PHONE RINGS. Yost picks it up.

SHERRIFF YOST
Aw, shit. Alright, I'm on the way.

He hangs up.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
I gotta tend to a few things. Can
you hang loose for a while?

EDWARD
Don't let me get in your way.

SHERRIFF YOST
Better yet. I have an idea.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SHERRIFF'S STATION - DAY

Samantha waits patiently outside, typing on a Blackberry.

SHERRIFF YOST
Sam, I'm gonna have you show Edward
around. Ol' Randall's drunk at
Chuck's again havin' war flashbacks
and tearin' the place up.

SAMANTHA
That's what I'm here for.

SHERRIFF YOST
We'll all get together later.

Edward nods and the Sherriff leaves them.

SAMANTHA
So where are you staying?

EDWARD
Starke Inn. Presidential Suite.

She giggles and they share "a moment".

INT. SAMANTHA'S SUV - DAY

Travelling on yet another woodland highway, she drives as he
taps his fingers to COUNTRY MUSIC that plays softly.

EDWARD
So what special training does it
take to be a Mayor's right hand?

SAMANTHA
It was funny once, Agent Frost.

EDWARD
Just curious since we'll be
spending time together.

She says nothing, her eyes fixed on the road as he stares.

EDWARD
(singing)
Just a small town girl....
Livin' in a lonely world...

SAMANTHA

Let me guess. FBI Agent, plagued by lack of better things to do, tries for his first taste of country pussy?

He chokes, laughs a bit, and then smiles.

EDWARD

Try guy who doesn't like silence making small talk. Come on. I'm with the Government. You can tell me anything.

She looks over to him, then finally caves in and sighs.

SAMANTHA

I was born and raised here. Then I majored in public relations at UF.

EDWARD

Go Gators.

SAMANTHA

You're catching on. I worked for a firm in Atlanta and my mother died and my dad got sick so I came back to take care of him.

EDWARD

No big city for the country girl?

SAMANTHA

Take away the night life and the money and it's just a pile of concrete. Coming back wasn't hard.

EDWARD

That's it? No juicy skeletons in the closet? No baby's daddy?

She looks at him, playful and relaxed.

SAMANTHA

Sorry to disappoint.

Edward sees a road cut into the forest, marked by danger and hazard signs and overgrown with tall grass.

EDWARD

What's so dangerous back there?

SAMANTHA
Sawgrass Plantation. Used to be
the crown jewel of this area until
it was damaged by a sinkhole.

EDWARD
Sinkhole? Never heard of it.

SAMANTHA
The limestone underneath crumbles
and forms a crater. They're
everywhere in Florida. About fifty
years ago one took half of the
house and it was condemned. Now
it's mostly a place where teens go
to drink beer and make out.

EDWARD
Sounds romantic.

She pulls into a modern gas station and shuts the car off.

SAMANTHA
We're here.

EDWARD
Let me do the talking.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

JIMMY, 18, is stocking things behind the counter. Edward and
Samantha enter and he turns to her.

EDWARD
Jimmy? James Winthrop the Third?
I knew I recognized you!

The teen looks confusedly from Samantha to Edward and they
all converge on the counter. Edward pulls Brittany's phone
out and starts touching buttons.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
3:07 A.M...To Jimmy...Go away!

He slams the phone on the counter. Jimmy's frozen in fear.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Now, what were you doing to
Brittany Williams before you killed
her parents and kidnapped her?!

JIMMY
I wasn't. I-

Edward pulls out his pistol, careful to keep it pointed at the ground, then grabs Jimmy by the shirt and pulls him near.

EDWARD
Where is she, you sick fuck?!

JIMMY
I don't-

EDWARD
Don't lie to me!

Jimmy's about to piss himself, almost in tears.

JIMMY
I swear I don't know! I got that message in the morning and I had no idea! That's the truth!

He's jittery and tearing up and Edward calms down and looks him over, staring in his eyes for several moments. He lets him go and holsters his gun. He turns to Samantha.

EDWARD
He's telling the truth.

He reaches into the drink cooler for a bottle of water and then pulls his wallet out, sticking a bill on the counter.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You smoke, kid?

Jimmy looks at them both nervously, then settles on Samantha.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Don't mind her. She's not gonna tell anyone. Do you smoke?

Jimmy nods, still shaking.

EDWARD
Come on.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Edward pulls out two cigarettes, lighting both and then giving one to Jimmy, who's still shaky. He reaches in his pocket and the gets some pills from his small case.

EDWARD

Tell me about the message.

JIMMY

About a week ago, she found out I kissed another girl at a bonfire party. But, it was a mistake and I told her that! A bunch of us were-

EDWARD

Let me guess.

He swallows the pills and chugs some water.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

The Sawgrass Place?

Jimmy looks at him like he's crazy.

JIMMY

Yeah. So she wouldn't answer my calls. Then one night after work I went over to talk to her.

EDWARD

You'd been drinking, of course.

Jimmy looks at him in surprise.

JIMMY

You psychic or something?

EDWARD

You're not the first nor will you be the last to try and fix a relationship while half-tanked.

JIMMY

But, yeah, I tossed a few rocks at her window, and she opened it, cussed me out, and then I left.

EDWARD

And that was it?

JIMMY

That was it.

Edward takes a drag and looks out into the forest.

EDWARD

Anyone that would want to hurt her?

JIMMY

Not at all. She's smart and pretty and nice. Almost everyone she meets just loves her...loved her.

EDWARD

What about her parents? Anyone you know that didn't like them?

JIMMY

Shit! Me! Them and their stupid rules. She had to be home by midnight and they had to know where she was at all times. Her daddy even threatened me with a shotgun one night when he caught her sneakin' out to meet me.

Edward turns to Jimmy with a subtle.

EDWARD

That's because he knew you were about to fuck his daughter. Get serious, Jimmy. I'm talking about people with a real reason.

JIMMY

No, sir. Can't think of anyone.

They stand in silence. Edward's lost in thought.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What does the message mean?

EDWARD

It means she heard something and thought it was you. But, don't worry. Nothing you did has anything to do with this.

Jimmy smiles, a painful one. Edward stomps his cigarette out and pulls a card from his pocket. He hands it to Jimmy.

EDWARD

My cell number's on there. Or, I'll be at the Sherriff's station alot. If you can think of anything that will help, let me know.

JIMMY

You think she's still alive?

EDWARD
I hope so. But I don't know yet.

JIMMY
But you'll find her if she is?

EDWARD
I'm gonna try my hardest.

INT. SAMANTHA'S SUV - DAY

Edward gets in and she cranks it up, pulling out and heading back toward town.

SAMANTHA
Back to the station?

EDWARD
Might as well.

SAMANTHA
Did he know anything?

EDWARD
Not really.

SAMANTHA
Don't you feel bad about roughing him up, then?

EDWARD
You want to know the trick to telling if someone's lying or not when you don't apply any pressure?

SAMANTHA
Sure.

EDWARD
So do I.

He turns to her as he puts his seatbelt.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
But most people can't tell you the truth fast enough when they think their life's in danger.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

They get out in the parking lot and walk toward the street where the entrance to the station is. Samantha's phone CHIMES. She digs in her purse for it.

SAMANTHA

Edward, I need to check on my dad.

EDWARD

Sounds good to me. I'm starving.

SAMANTHA

There's a diner just down the street. Meet you inside the station in an hour?

EDWARD

It's a plan.

He pulls out a cigarette. She HONKS as she passes and he waves and looks up. The sun's blocked by gray clouds. A step onto the sidewalk and he sees black ones rolling in.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Guess the old guy was right.

He turns and walks, deep in thought. The street is quiet, but cars travel by, PASSENGERS smiling at him uneasily. As he's walking, something catches his eye.

A DEATH METAL ROCKER, 20s, pale and with piercings, is in the alley between two buildings, sitting in the back of a black cargo van, eyeing Edward with malice. Edward crosses the street and walks into the alley.

EDWARD

What's your name?

DEATH METAL ROCKER

What's yours, asshole?

Edward studies him. Definitely a strange one. He squints.

EDWARD

Where is she?

DEATH METAL ROCKER

Where's who?

Edward puts his hands on his hips. When he shifts, the man sees the gun on his hip and gets nervous.

EDWARD
If I have to-

The rocker springs up and takes off into the alley.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

He chases and they turn into another alley. The rocker trips over an empty crate and falls face first. Edward arrives, draws his gun, and steps on his neck.

DEATH METAL ROCKER
Chill out, man!

EDWARD
How many are in your coven?!

DEATH METAL ROCKER
I don't know-

He starts choking when Edward steps harder.

EDWARD
Then why are you running?!

DEPUTY DAVE (O.S.)
Drop the gun!

Edward looks up and sees DEPUTY DAVE, well-built and in his 30s, pointing a big revolver. Edward reaches for his badge.

EDWARD
It's alright, Deputy. I'm with-

DEPUTY DAVE
One more move and I'll blow you
away, asshole! Drop the gun!

Edward ejects the clip, racks the slide, and catches the bullet. He lays it all at his feet and the rocker gets up.

DEATH METAL ROCKER
Thank God! This guy's crazy!

DEPUTY DAVE
What happened?

DEATH METAL ROCKER
I don't know. I saw he had a gun
and I took off and he chased me.

Edward rolls his eyes and Dave approaches.

EDWARD
If you check my pocket-

Dave stings him with the butt of his gun.

DEPUTY DAVE
You shut up!

He cuffs him and starts walking him out into the street.

INT. SHERRIFF'S STATION - DAY

Edward sits with his feet up on a desk, a satisfied smile on his face. We hear Sherriff Yost YELLING. Samantha approaches and sits on the opposite side of the desk.

SAMANTHA
How was lunch?

EDWARD
Didn't make it.

He turns to where the Sherriff is reaming Dave in his office.

DEPUTY DAVE
But, he had his gun drawn!

SHERRIFF YOST
I don't care if he had a missile launcher pointed at Town Hall!

SAMANTHA
What's this about?

Edward brings his finger to his lips and winks.

SHERRIFF YOST
...veteran FBI agent...the only one who knows a damn thing about....is that clear?!

Dave nods and then leave the room in a hurry, mad as hell. He approaches Edward and leans down so they're face to face.

DEPUTY DAVE
You just watch your distance.

EDWARD
Whatever you say, Barney Fife.

Dave turns to Samantha.

DEPUTY DAVE
You should watch who you hang
around, Sam.

He storms off, SLAMMING through another door.

SAMANTHA
What was that about?

EDWARD
Just making friends.

SHERRIFF YOST (O.S.)
Frost!!

Edward rolls his eyes and both he and Samantha walk into...

INT. SHERRIFF YOST'S OFFICE - DAY

SHERRIFF YOST
Edward, do you have an ID Badge?

EDWARD
Yes, I do.

SHERRIFF YOST
Then why don't you wear it when
you're waving a gun around in my
town? That was delivery guy!

Edward nods and then the Sherriff gets calm. A CLAP OF
THUNDER and the lights flicker.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
I got a call.

He turns to Edward. The RAIN is apparent now.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
You might wanna come with me.

INT. ENTRY WAY - PETERSON HOUSE - DAY

Shaking off their umbrellas, the Sherriff, Edward, and
Samantha step in as a worried MRS. PETERSON closes the door.

MRS. PETERSON
Thanks for coming, Ted.
(to Samantha)
Sam...

She turns to Edward.

EDWARD
Agent Frost.

He pulls forward the breast of his jacket where his badge hangs out of the pocket. She smiles uneasily.

MRS. PETERSON
I left her in bed this morning
because she felt hot. She didn't
say anything. And now...

She looks up the stairs.

MRS. PETERSON (CONT'D)
You better see for yourself.

INT. OUTSIDE LISA'S ROOM - PETERSON HOUSE - DAY

They stand outside of the closed door. The mother knocks.

MRS. PETERSON
Lisa?

She opens the door and they all step in. She's turned away from them, staring out of the window, silent and motionless.

MRS. PETERSON (CONT'D)
Lisa?

Lisa turns back to them slowly, inhumanly. Her eyes completely black, her face pale, and she looks SCARY. Samantha gasps, the Sherriff is rustled and the mother starts to tear. Edward just stares as she slowly turns back to the rainy window. The girl speaks in a deep, throaty whisper.

EDWARD
Hi. I'm Edward.

LISA
Who is Edward?

EDWARD
Lisa, I-

LISA
Who is Lisa?

Edward's freaked out.

EDWARD
We should take her for observation.

The Sherriff nods and touches his radio, escorting Mrs. Peterson out of the room.

LISA
Go home, Edward. You can't stop
it. No one can.

Edward looks at Samantha, both of them alarmed.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

THUNDER as Edward sips coffee and stares through the long two-way mirror at Lisa. She stands alone in the corner.

SHERRIFF YOST
Any idea?

EDWARD
You say your calls have increased
all day, right?

SHERRIFF YOST
People are gettin' looney. I got a
few deputies out at the McCollum
place now. A woman shot at the
mailman thinkin' he was comin' to
get her.

EDWARD
It's mass hysteria. Small town,
heinous crime. People get on edge.

Yost points to the girl.

SHERRIFF YOST
That ain't on edge. Those eyes...
You ever heard of this sorta thing?

EDWARD
People acting out their fear in
bizarre ways...sure.

SHERRIFF YOST
What should we do?

EDWARD
Is there a hospital you can keep
her at?

SHERRIFF YOST
Clinic just down the road.

EDWARD
Do that. And if you have someone
with psychiatric experience around
here, have them talk to her.

SHERRIFF YOST
Don't you have that?

He turns to the Sherriff, then starts pacing.

EDWARD
I do but...
(gestures)
I need to get away and look at all
the evidence for a while. There's
something I'm missing and if I
don't figure it out, then my being
here is useless.

EXT. STARKE INN - DAY

Edward jumps out of the Sherriff's car and underneath the
overhang, waving as the car pulls off.

INT. EDWARD'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Edward pops some of his pills, knee deep in folders, papers,
and photos. On his laptop are screen shots of ancient texts.
He pulls out his camera and cycles to the pictures of the
bodies, the cuneiform scratched into the chests.

He types on his computer for a while, then uses a special
program to input the characters in. The identity comes up.
"Lamashtu." He clicks a few more times and gets several
pictures of Mesopotamian artifacts and scrolls. He lights up
a cigarette as he backs up and stares at everything.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The RAIN heavy, Jimmy heaves the garbage into a dumpster in
the back. Peering at him from within the woods in the back,
we see a pale, white face with black eyes. As he hurries
back inside, SOMETHING emerges from the woods slowly.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jimmy's watching TV again and now we see her through the window headed right for him in the pouring rain. It's Brittany. Her walk is inhuman and so is she. WHISPERS. Jimmy looks out and sees her standing still, staring at him. A CAR turns in, headlights covering everything. When Jimmy turns to it and then back to her, she's gone.

FLASHBACK:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY - YEARS BEFORE

SEVERAL AGENTS, including Special Agent Morris wait around. A beat up truck finally pulls in and stops. Edward, thin and ragged, gets out and walks into the office. He's jittery.

EDWARD

You wanted a meeting. Well?

Morris turns back to the agents.

MORRIS

Boys?

They nod politely as they pass Edward and leave the office.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Why don't you sit down, Edward?

EDWARD

I sat on my ass for three hours driving here. What do you want?

Morris sighs, something weighing heavy on his chest.

MORRIS

Your mother passed last night.

Edward looks like he was hit by a train and he buries his face in his hands, shaking his head.

EDWARD

How?

MORRIS

At night. Nurse came in and she just...didn't wake up. I'm sure she didn't feel any pain.

Edward snaps up, furious.

EDWARD

Oh, you're sure, are you?! You
were there holding her hand?!

He kicks out and breaks a plastic trash can.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I should have been there but
instead, here I am, in the middle
of fucking nowhere living with a
bunch of people whose idea of a
good time is getting stoned,
butchering livestock, and then
fucking each other while they bathe
in the blood! Now, when am I
getting out of here?!

MORRIS

I don't think I like your tone.

EDWARD

Fuck what you like! I've been here
a year! I never agreed to that!

He spasms in frustration and starts breaking everything he
sees. The agents rush in and restrain him, forcing him into
the seat across from Morris and holding him there until he
gets calm. Morris gets up and looks in his eyes.

MORRIS

You're using that stuff aren't you?

EDWARD

You started me out convincing them
that I used three grams a day.
Now, I'm with them all day. What
the fuck did you expect?!

He glares at Morris, who takes a seat.

MORRIS

I understand you're upset about
your mother and about your
situation. But, we've got
clearance. We're pulling you out.

EDWARD

It's about fucking time!

MORRIS

We've got Ronnie Talbot on drug and weapons trafficking, the rest of them as accessories, and your lists of all his customers. But, we need you to do one more thing.

EDWARD

Are you fucking serious?! What more could you possibly need?!

Morris gestures to one of the Agents, who takes a paper from a pile and unfolds it on the table. It's a hand drawn map, floor by floor of the desert compound. The different colors suggest it was pieced together over time.

MORRIS

We've spoken with Doctor Forrester. He tells us that these people are as serious a cult as there is.

EDWARD

They're hicks but they know their stuff. I told you that. So?

Morris points to a room, labeled BASEMENT, and adjacent to it is a point marked "THE DOOR" that isn't drawn in.

MORRIS

This is the room where you gather for your ceremonies, correct?

EDWARD

It's all in my report.

MORRIS

Forrester says that you've everything so there's no reason for them to hide anything from you. You're a member now, right?

EDWARD

Right.

MORRIS

So then what's behind this door?

EDWARD

No one knows except Ronnie.

MORRIS

That's what we need from you. That room could contain enough evidence to use the RICO act, which will shut them down for good.

EDWARD

Check it when you raid the place.

MORRIS

You know as well as I do that alot can happen between the start of an incursion and when we call clear. We don't want him going down there and destroying all the evidence before we get our hands on it.

He gestures to the agents again and one gives him a small radio device and what looks like a swiss army knife.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

All you do is break in, confirm what's in the room, and make the call. We'll have a full team in there within five minutes.

EDWARD

And then?

MORRIS

And then it's done, over, finished. You'll be on the first plane back.

Edward sighs and thinks for a while.

EDWARD

Did you give Amy my letter?

MORRIS

She wouldn't take it.

EDWARD

What do you mean wouldn't take it?

Morris leans forward and puts his hand over Edward's.

MORRIS

Son, sometimes you just have to let things go. Relationships end. Just do this one last thing and then we'll get you home.

Edward looks down at the markings, at "THE DOOR".

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. EDWARD'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

THUNDER. Edward has fallen asleep in his chair. WHISPERS. We focus on the window at the front of his room, the light from outside pouring in through the blinds. FOOTSTEPS. A feminine shadow moves slowly, inhumanly, across it. The lights outside go crazy, flicker and then go out. When they return, the silhouette turns toward the room, looking in.

The DEMON FACE jars him awake and he looks around. MORE WHISPERS just as he misses the form turn and keep walking. He lights a cigarette and the PHONE RINGS.

He rises and picks it up. WHISPERS, GROWLING, STATIC. He slams it down and digs through his things, finding a bottle of pills. The PHONE RINGS again and he picks it up.

EDWARD

What?!

MORE STATIC AND WHISPERING. We see Brittany out of the back window staring in at him.

SHERRIFF YOST (V.O. PHONE)

..ward, is that you?

EDWARD

Yost?

SHERRIFF YOST (V.O. PHONE)

Need...help...pick you up....twenty minutes...

The phone clicks dead and he puts it down. Brittany slowly backs into the darkness.

INT. SHERRIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward quickly opens the door and gets in, shoving his bag between his feet and wiping the rain off of his face.

EDWARD

Some night, huh?

SHERRIFF YOST

You can say that again.

He takes a look at Edward, who's jittery.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
Say, you don't look so good.

EDWARD
Just tired. What's the emergency?

SHERRIFF YOST
You'll see.

EXT. CALLOWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

They park on a block full of dark houses and then Edward and Yost rush to where a front door is open, ARTHUR CALLOWAY, 50s and in his pajamas, waiting for them.

INT. ENTRY - CALLOWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

They shake the water off on the floor mat. Arthur stands in the hallway, looking worried.

ARTHUR CALLOWAY
Good evening, Sherriff. Or
morning, I guess.

SHERRIFF YOST
You want to tell me about it?

ARTHUR CALLOWAY
I heard some rattling around down
in the basement and I went to check
it out...anyways I heard about the
Peterson girl so I called you.

SHERRIFF YOST
Where is she?

ARTHUR CALLOWAY
Still down there...

He turns to a door in the hallway, and then back to them.
Yost puts a hand on the man's shoulder.

SHERRIFF YOST
Don't worry. We're here to help.

INT. BASEMENT - CALLOWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Yost then Edward get to the bottom of the stairs, peering around boxes and shelves in the glow of the Sherriff's flashlight. THUNDER RUMBLES. The Sherriff tries the light switch but it won't work. He turns to Edward, suspicious.

SHERRIFF YOST
Susan, it's Sherriff Yost.

There's no response, then BARE FEET ON CONCRETE and a METALLIC CLANK. The Sherriff moves the flashlight in that direction, but sees nothing. ANOTHER CLANK in a different place and he shines the light the other way. For a moment, a girl in a night dress is in their view, then disappears into the darkness. They head her way cautiously. WHISPERS. More STEPS. They hear GROWLING behind them and turn to where SUSAN CALLOWAY, 17 and looking just like Brittany and Lisa, stands right next to them!

She jumps at the Sherriff and knocks his light away, then disappears into the darkness. Edward helps him up, picks up the flashlight, and follows more SHIFTING SOUNDS until he sees her again, eyeing them, as creepy as it gets. She lurches toward them again, slowly, her arms outstretched. The Sherriff pulls back in horror right until Edward pulls his gun and belts her in the back of the head with it.

ARTHUR CALLOWAY (O.S.)
Do you see her?!

They look down at the knocked out girl.

SHERRIFF YOST
Yeah, Arthur! We got her!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - STARKE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Edward sits alone, sipping coffee, watching a closed-circuit TV. We see SIX GIRLS locked in another room, some still, some milling around. Yost approaches him from behind.

SHERRIFF YOST
Six in there, two on the way, and four more calls. I just don't understand.

EDWARD
(whispers)
Twelve.

SHERRIFF YOST
And that's just the ones we know
about so far. There could more.

THUNDER CLAPS and a flash of lightning engulfs everything.
It doesn't affect the girls on the screen.

EDWARD
Could this be a prank?

Yost frowns. HEAVY THUNDER AND CRACKS OF LIGHTNING.

SHERRIFF YOST
Can I ask you a question, Frost?

EDWARD
Why not?

SHERRIFF YOST
Have you ever seen proof that the
Devil exists?

EDWARD
I...

Edward turns to the screen and watches the girls creep
around. He slips into a trance. THUNDER. The lights go out.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - STARKE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SUCCESSIVE CLAPS OF THUNDER. The noise has finally gotten
their attention. Every time the lighting flashes, they're
somewhere else, looking up at the sky.

A VIEW OF THE STORM OVER THE TOWN AND FOREST. LIGHTNING AND
THUNDER GO CRAZY, STRIKING EVERYWHERE. THE DEMON FACE!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A lightning bolt hits a tree and sends it crashing into the
power and telephone wires, completely disabling them.

A VIEW OF THE TOWN AND EVERY SINGLE LIGHT GOES OUT.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Many lightning bolts strike and as they do we see clusters of
trees falling everywhere, blocking the roads completely.

EXT. A DIFFERENT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Lightning hits a bridge and it crumples into the creek below.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - STARKE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Floodlights come on and Yost and Edward look at one another.

SHERRIFF YOST
That's all we need right now.

EDWARD
What was it?

SHERRIFF YOST
Power lines are out. That means
everyone's on generator.

EDWARD
What if people don't have one?

SHERRIFF YOST
They're in the dark. Come on,
let's get down to the station.

He looks at the camera and girls going nuts.

EDWARD
What about them?

SHERRIFF YOST
They're locked up. Nothin' we can
do for 'em right now.

FLASHBACK:

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT - YEARS BEFORE

A simple room and he sits on the bed, looking out at the open desert. A signal light flashes in the distance. He stands, retrieves the radio and lock pick from under his mattress. He does a few lines of blow off a dresser and then walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Slipping quietly through, he sees Mae, a little older, watching TV. She smiles when she sees him.

EDWARD
Come here, Mae.

She bounds over. He's dropped his accent.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You wanna play a game?

MAE
How come you talk different, Kenny?

EDWARD
It's all part of the game. It's
like hide and seek. I want you to
go hide under your bed, okay?

MAE
But, you'll know where I am.

He looks around impatiently.

EDWARD
That's the point. You'll see.
Just go on.

She obeys and heads up the stairs. He looks around the dark, quiet house and then presses on. In the background, we see Ronnie's face emerge from the shadows, eyeing him angrily.

INT. BASEMENT - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Blood, candles, and animal bones everywhere. Edward walks to THE DOOR, metal with an eye slat like one used for solitary confinement. He starts working the lock pick. His POV and we see the drugs make things blurry. He gets it open.

INT. THE ROOM - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

We've seen this before. Candles, bloody cuneiform on the walls, skulls everywhere. There's a simple bed, a huge wooden chest, and not much else. In the corner is a sigil painted in blood, in the center of that a purple silk garment. Edward starts working on the chest. He picks it open but there's only a few human heads. He backs away from them. THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMMING. He turns to THE DOOR and sees it's shut. He fights with it, but it's no use. The slat opens and Edward and Ronnie gaze at one another.

RONNIE
See you in hell, Agent Frost.

He closes the slat and we're looking from the door into the rest of the room, Edward in the foreground as he works the radio. STATIC. BEEPING.

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

A caravan of FBI and Police vehicles are lined up in the middle of the desert. Morris stands with the SWAT LEADER by the hood of his car. His radio CRACKLES.

EDWARD (V.O. RADIO)
...cover's blown...in here!

MORRIS
Say again, Frost?

The line's dead, though. He turns to the leader.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
Get in there now.

INT. THE ROOM - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Edward bangs on the radio but it's dead. His POV and we see that the drugs have really got him strung out. He leans against the door frame, trying to get control. In the background, the purple garment rises up to reveal a hooded cloak, something invisible filling it up to man size. WHISPERS. The candles flicker. Tight on Edward's face. He spins around. This is the moment we've been seeing all along. The DEMON'S MOUTH SMILES. THE DEMON FACE RAGES. SLASHING OF CLAWS all over Edward. Blood everywhere. GROWLING. ROARING. Darkness...

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Morris waits by front door and the SWAT leader comes out.

SWAT LEADER
It's bad.

INT. BASEMENT - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

The lights are on and POLICE scramble around everywhere. The SWAT guy leads him to a corner where a dozen or so BODIES lay next to one another, covered by shrouds. The SWAT leader picks up a canteen and holds it in front of Morris.

SWAT LEADER
Looks like they drank this. Killed
them almost instantly.

Morris looks at the small shroud and Mae's kid sneakers
poking out from underneath it.

MORRIS
Jesus Christ. Where is he?

INT. THE ROOM - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS lift bloody, almost lifeless Edward onto a gurney,
tubes stuck everywhere. Morris and the leader look on.

MORRIS
Is he going to make it?

SWAT LEADER
I doubt it. He's hurt pretty bad.

Morris looks at the writing on the wall, the candles.

MORRIS
He was locked in from the outside?

SWAT LEADER
Yeah. They must have attacked him,
and then locked him in.

MORRIS
Find the weapon?

SWAT LEADER
We're still looking, sir.

Morris frowns and looks down at his feet, where he stands
next to the blood-stained purple mass of silk.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

The emergency lights are dim and the RAIN goes on. Edward
pops a few pills and goes back to his laptop, more cuneiform,
more pictures of LAMASHTU. Samantha approaches, looking
ridden hard and put away wet. DEPUTIES are either just
arriving or just leaving with a purpose.

SAMANTHA
How many now?

EDWARD
Twenty last I heard.

SAMANTHA
All of them in the hospital?

EDWARD
They'll run out of room eventually.

SAMANTHA
Are you okay?

He looks up at her like she's crazy.

EDWARD
No. Of course not. There's no
phone lines, no internet, no cell
service and therefore no way of
contacting Washington.

SAMANTHA
No CB radio?

EDWARD
Fried. They're working on it.

SAMANTHA
Why do you need to call? I thought
you were the expert?

She sits down in front of him as he stares at the desk.

EDWARD
I guess not because whatever's
going on here is way beyond me. I
mean have you seen those girls?

SAMANTHA
Just Lisa.

EDWARD
Well, good. Let that be it.

He starts rubbing his hands together nervously.

SAMANTHA
You seem shaken up.

EDWARD
Oh yeah.

SAMANTHA

Don't worry. It'll be daylight soon.

THUNDER. The DEMON FACE. Edward writhes in pain and starts breathing in and out deeply.

EDWARD

Can't wait.

INT. SHERRIFF'S CAR - DAY

The sky is overcast, the rain light. Sherriff Yost and Edward coast through a neighborhood. Most of houses are boarded up or the RESIDENTS are outside with hammers and drills working on it. Painted on the wood: "Keep Away, Keep Out, Trespassers Will Be Shot" and other such warnings. Others are loading their cars up with suitcases.

EDWARD

This is getting bad.

SHERRIFF YOST

What did you expect?

EDWARD

There's got to be an explanation.

SHERRIFF YOST

As soon as you figure it out, I'm all ears. Meanwhile, it's only gonna get worse when people realize they can't leave.

EDWARD

What do you mean?

The Sherriff makes a turn, driving through a street flooded by a foot of water, covered with debris.

SHERRIFF YOST

State Roads 301 and 100 are blocked by trees that fell in the storm last night, the Otter Creek bridge gave in, and almost every patch of land or road in a ten mile radius is completely flooded. So unless they've got an airboat or they plan on swimmin' with the gators, they're in this for the long haul.

EDWARD

When do you expect power back?

SHERRIFF YOST

The power and phone lines'll be
down until the weather gets better.
Who knows how long that'll take.

Edward looks at a FAMILY loading up their minivan. Edward
focuses on a pistol worn on THE FATHER's hip.

EDWARD

This could be dangerous.

SHERRIFF YOST

You're tellin' me?

The car RADIO crackles and Yost picks up the mouthpiece.

DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Dispatch to Sherriff Yost.

SHERRIFF YOST

Yost here. Go ahead.

DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Mayor's holding a meeting at the
Bradford Gym. He wants you there.

SHERRIFF YOST

Thank You. Yost out.

He puts back the mouthpiece.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)

'Bout time he got off his ass.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's so full that TOWNSPEOPLE stand on the outside under
umbrellas, listening to the mayor on a SPEAKER SYSTEM through
the open doors. Edward follows Yost as he stops short in
front of some MEN CARRYING RIFLES.

SHERRIFF YOST

I know things are tough, boys, but
the law hasn't changed. You got
'til I come outta here to stow
those rifles and if you're carryin'
concealed, you better have your
permits on you or I'm taken you in.

The look at him, wanting to protest at first, then nodding. Yost turns to Edward with a knowing glance as they enter...

INT. AUDITORIUM - BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

THOUSANDS have appeared to hear MAYOR TOWSON, 50s and balding with a suit on, who's standing on the stage with a microphone and answering questions shouted out at random. Samantha and a few other OFFICIALS are seated behind him. Edward and Yost start cutting through to the stage, and people make way.

ARTHUR CALLOWAY (O.S.)
What about our daughters?!

MAYOR TOWSON
As I understand it, all the affected girls are being kept under close watch down at the clinic under Sherriff Yost's orders.

SCREAMING OBJECTIONS.

MAYOR TOWSON (CONT'D)
And let me remind you that it's for their own safety and we're doing everything we can for them.

DISAGREEING YELLS again. The Mayor gets flustered, shifting around nervously and looking for an answer. He finds it when he sees Edward and Yost nearing the stage.

MAYOR TOWSON (CONT'D)
Ah. Folks, this is Agent Edward Frost from the FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C. and he's in expert in this sorta thing.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Well, what's he got to say?!

Edward and Yost turn to one another in confusion. Everyone's staring at Edward in earnest. The Sherriff leans in.

SHERRIFF YOST
I think you better go up there.

MAYOR TOWSON
That's right. Come on up.

Edward frowns and all eyes are on him as he rounds the stage to the steps and then walks over to the mayor, who extends a hand with a big smile and they shake.

MAYOR TOWSON (CONT'D)
Agent Frost, John Towson. Glad to finally meet you.

EDWARD
What in the hell do you expect me to say to these people?

The mayor covers the microphone and leans close.

MAYOR TOWSON
I don't know but you better think fast or they're liable to tear this place apart.

He hands him the microphone, smiles big for the crowd, and then steps away and retreats to a seat next to Samantha. Edward turns to the huge, silent crowd.

EDWARD
I know alot of you have been on edge since news of the Williams incident starting spreading. I don't know what you've heard, but I was sent here to investigate and I can tell you that this is not a serial killer that we're dealing with here, that we have several leads, and that we're confident that no one else is in danger.

FATHER IN CROWD
What about the girls?!

Edward looks down until he thinks of something.

EDWARD
I want you all to look around. Go on, do it.

The crowd obeys and then turns back to him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Alot of you are afraid. I want you know that it's a completely natural reaction to the situation. When people are psychologically affected by something, it shows in their actions. The worse they're affected, the worse it is.
(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Now as I understand it, all of the girls who are at the hospital were close friends with Brittany Williams and they were all raised together in the same community. Based on what I know, it doesn't surprise me at all that they're acting very similarly and that they're suffering from a breakdown in the wake of this tragedy.

ANGRY GRUMBLES. Mrs. Peterson steps forward, quite upset.

MRS. PETERSON

My daughter's eyes were like lumps of coal! Explain that, Mr. Expert!

FROM THE CROWD

Yeah! Yeah! Mine too!

Edward hides his indecisiveness as he thinks.

EDWARD

Like I said. They're all similar in age, build, and I'm sure all you people have similar genetics.

Edward looks at Yost, who grimaces. ANGRY MUMBLES.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is that if they're experiencing the same sort of breakdown then it could certainly cause a similar biological reaction in all of them. Hormones released in the brain-

ARTHUR CALLOWAY

That's bullshit and you know it! Something's evil's got 'em!

The crowd starts jostling one another in frustration. The restlessness becomes an UPROAR as one man is pushed hard. Edward starts to get red and then sneers.

EDWARD

Will you rednecks shut the fuck up and listen to me?!

That got their attention, and they turn to him in shock.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

If you think that you're the first small group to experience something like this, you're dead wrong. I'm going to lay it all out for you. You're stuck here. All of us are. And you have two choices. You can listen to me, wait for things to settle down and then go on living your lives.

He pauses and calms down, looking many of them in the eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Or, you can let your imagination run wild. You can start talking about evil and the devil and anything else you want to. You'll carry around rifles like you are right now. You'll be on edge and suspicious of everything. Then every shadow you see will be a ghost. Maybe one of you will take a shot at someone and just maybe that person will be your neighbor, or better yet, your neighbor's kid. Then you'll really start panicking. You'll turn on one another.

(pause for effect)

And you'll tear yourself to pieces. You think I'm lying? Then don't listen to me.

The room is silent, nodding and agreeing with him. Towson approaches from behind and takes the microphone.

MAYOR TOWSON

Thank you, Agent Frost, for telling it like it is. Let's give Agent Frost a big thank you for comin' down here.

They APPLAUD, but hesitantly. Edward glares at Towson, then walks off stage, and storms through the crowd.

MAYOR TOWSON (O.S.)

Now, I've spoken to the Battalion Chief at Camp Blanding and the people at FEMA and they have assured me that as soon as the rain cools down, they're gonna send a helicopter-

EXT. AUDITORIUM - BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Edward explodes out of a side door and trudges through the mud and onto a covered walkway.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Agent Frost!

Edward spins around as Jimmy jogs up to him. He's rattled with dark circles under his eyes like he hasn't slept.

EXT. BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sitting on a bench that looks out on a courtyard and both smoking, Edward studies the trembling teen.

EDWARD
And then she was just...gone?

JIMMY
Just like that.

EDWARD
Did you tell anyone else?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY
Then I'd be locked in the hospital
with people callin' me crazy.

He takes a long drag.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
But, you believe me, don't you?

EDWARD
I wish I didn't. I wish I could
say you were crazy.

He flicks his cigarette out into the rain.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
But I don't think you are.

JIMMY
I better get back to my parents
before they start to get worried.

EDWARD

Good idea. And things might get rough around here. Try your hardest to keep away from anyone who seems like they're losing it.

JIMMY

I will.

He bows and walks off and Edward starts thinking, concentrating on the rain.

EXT. WALKWAY - BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Edward walks alone and passes a set of bathrooms. He whips around and tries to go in the boys, finds its locked then discovers the girls is open.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's dark, the scant light from outside drifting through a small window. Edward finishes pissing, taps the handle with his foot, then goes to the sink. We see many open stalls behind him in the mirror. After he finishes washing his hands, he starts splashing his face. THUNDER and lighting. We see Brittany standing in one of the stalls behind him, just staring. He opens his eyes, sees her too, and whips around with his pistol in hand, terrified. She's gone.

EXT. BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

The meeting is over and the citizens are filing out. Samantha approaches Edward.

SAMANTHA

You don't look too good.

He turns back to the empty hallway.

EDWARD

Didn't sleep much.

SAMANTHA

Hungry?

EDWARD

Starving.

INT. SAMANTHA'S SUV - DAY

The rain has picked up a little, many cars on the road.

SAMANTHA
So what do you think is really
happening to those girls?

EDWARD
I wish I knew.

SAMANTHA
Is there some medical explanation
for the eyes.

He turns to her and frowns. She bites her lip.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - DAY

The SUV rounds a corner and the street is filled with people.

INT. SAMANTHA'S SUV - DAY

Edward takes a look at the crowds on the sidewalk.

EDWARD
What's all this?

SAMANTHA
The mayor told everyone to come
here. Downtown's all on one
generator and it's got sewers to
push off the flood.

Edward frowns, staring at the worried look on the people's
faces. THUNDER and lightning strike.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - DAY

Getting to near where the Sherriff's station and the hospital
are, there are big tents everywhere and sandbags, the people
standing in or around the boarded up store fronts.

INT. STARKE DINER - DAY

Edward sifts through photographs, studying them, as Samantha
continues eating. He puts them down in frustration.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong?

EDWARD

There's something wrong with this.

She picks up one of the photos and then puts it down, disgusted.

SAMANTHA

There's alot wrong with it.

Edward smirks, then drops the stack of them on the table. He's wrestling with something, then finally lets it out.

EDWARD

There's a series of symbols on the bodies, something I've never seen. See, the summoning is for a being named Lamashtu. The Sumerians believed her to be the most evil of all the demons. She would attack and eat the flesh from men's bones, kill newborns, all kinds of stuff. She was so evil that they called on the help of other demons just to ward her off.

SAMANTHA

How does that work?

EDWARD

See, you have to forgot what you've seen on TV. Angels vs. Demons, God vs. The Devil. It wasn't like that for the Sumerians. Each demon was viewed as a being that did what it wanted to. Some, by nature, protected men and so they called on them. Lamashtu was so nasty that they actually believed they had to call on an even nastier demon named Pazuzu to drive her away.

SAMANTHA

Sounds complicated.

EDWARD

It is. So everything makes sense. Except for what's on the bodies. It's throwing me off.

The waitress drops off their check and he picks it up.

SAMANTHA

Don't worry, the county will-

EDWARD

I've had just about all the favors
I want from Mayor Towson.

He gets up and walks over to the register. He looks over and Deputy Dave has appeared and is arguing with Samantha, looking from her and then to Edward angrily. Edward takes his change and as he arrives, Samantha cuts off the conversation and Dave stands, sneers and then walks off.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Anything I should be aware of?

SAMANTHA

Deputies found a few more girls
walking the streets, half naked in
the middle of the rain.

Edward starts rubbing his face nervously.

EDWARD

Let me guess. Black eyes?

SAMANTHA

The mayor wants anybody with
medical experience over at the
hospital so they can run tests on
them and figure out what's wrong.

EDWARD

Where's Yost?

SAMANTHA

Dave just told me he's not around.

EDWARD

Where did he go?

SAMANTHA

Back home, I think. Said he got an
emergency radio call from his wife.

Edward turns pale.

EDWARD

Yost has a teenage daughter, right?

SAMANTHA

Yeah, why?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

In the heavy rain, Samantha's SUV speeds along.

INT. SAMANTHA'S SUV - DAY

Edward is busy on his laptop, writing cuneiform onto a piece of legal paper very quickly.

SAMANTHA

Why are we rushing to get out here?

EDWARD

Yost's daughter...I'll bet she's acting strange too, hence the emergency call.

SAMANTHA

So?

EDWARD

I want to see her before they put her with the rest of the girls.

SAMANTHA

Why?

EDWARD

What if these girls have fallen into a kind of mass hypnosis and they believe they're possessed?

SAMANTHA

Hypnotized by what?

EDWARD

The circumstances themselves. It doesn't matter. If they think they're possessed then maybe they can be unpossessed.

SAMANTHA

Like an exorcism? I thought you didn't believe in that.

EDWARD

It's all power of suggestion. I don't have to believe it.

She looks away from the road and down to his papers.

SAMANTHA
So you want to try it on her. What
if it doesn't work?

He looks up to her.

EDWARD
Then what have we lost?

He turns to the road and Brittany's standing in their path.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

Samantha slams on the brakes as Edward yanks the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The SUV hops a big branch, leaves the road and then settles
in a ditch, it's tires still spinning.

INT. SAMANTHA'S SUV - DAY

Edward looks around the outside for Brittany.

SAMANTHA
What the fuck was that?

EDWARD
You didn't see that?

SAMANTHA
See what?

He studies her and realizes that it was all in his mind.

EDWARD
That deer?

SAMANTHA
Deer?! What deer?

She looks around outside.

EDWARD
Must've ran off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Edward unfurls his umbrella, walking around to survey the damage. They're beyond stuck in a big patch of mud. She gets out with her own umbrella.

EDWARD

How far?

SAMANTHA

Maybe five miles back to town, two
up to the Sherriff's.

Edward reaches in and grabs his bag. Samantha quickly slips into a pair of tennis shoes she gets from the back. They walk for a few moments and she turns back to her car.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

God damn deer.

Edward squints, but says nothing and then and keeps on.

EXT. SHERRIFF YOST'S HOUSE - DAY

Edward and Samantha climb up the stairs. On the porch, Edward sees blood, and follows the trail around the house to a dog that has its throat ripped out. He returns and Samantha knocks. MRS. YOST, 50s and heavyset, answers.

SAMANTHA

Hi, Mrs. Yost. Is the Sherriff
here?

MRS. YOST

Didn't they tell you he's busy?

She swings the door closed. Edward blocks it with his foot.

EDWARD

It's your daughter, isn't it?

Mrs. Yost looks angry, then trembles, and bows her head yes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm here to help.

INT. STAIRWELL - SHERRIFF YOST'S HOUSE - DAY

Edward in the lead, the three of them climb up. When they get to the top, Yost appears from nowhere, grabs Edward and slams him against the wall.

SHERRIFF YOST
What're you doin' here?

EDWARD
I think I can help her.

Yost slams him again, wild-eyed, off his rocker.

SHERRIFF YOST
Help what? There's nothin' wrong
here. Get back to town!

THUNDER and lightning. From down the dark hall, there's a SCREAM. It burns Yost and he breaks down and turns to Edward with tears in his eyes. He starts shaking.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
She killed the dog, Frost. Bit
it's neck right out. And her
eyes...Her eyes are-

He stiffens up and stands straight.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
Damn you and your explanations!
Somethin' evil's got my daughter!

More BANGING and SCREAMS with the THUNDER.

EDWARD
Let me help her.

Yost thinks and lets him go.

SHERRIFF YOST
What do you need?

INT. HALLWAY - YOST HOUSE - DAY

The Sherriff and Edward come upstairs with bloody hands and a bowl full blood. Samantha waits, holding some candles.

EDWARD
Does everyone know what to do?

They nod. THE DEMON FACE again. Edward shakes it off. He starts breathing faster, gathering strength. He walks up the door and kicks it off its hinges, walking into...

INT. BECKY YOST'S ROOM - YOST HOUSE - DAY

Where BECKY YOST, 16 with black eyes and pale skin, is waiting for them with an evil sneer on her face. She GROWLS and SCREAMS and lunges again, but Yost enters and cuffs her quickly. Samantha enters, starts lighting candles and placing them everywhere. Edward sets his paper down on the floor and uses it to write bloody cuneiform symbols all over the walls. The girl almost escapes the crying Sherriff.

EDWARD

Hold her tight, Yost! Close your eyes if you have to!

SAMANTHA

Candles!

EDWARD

Alright, get out!

He puts all kinds of symbols on the walls. THE DEMON FACE again but he angrily shrugs it off and turns to the girl.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Alright! Go!

The Sherriff rolls away and then closes the door, with a final terrified glance, leaving only the two of them. The girl rises slowly and looks at him.

BECKY YOST

You don't know what you're doing.

EDWARD

Tell me about it.

She lunges toward him but he pulls back and clocks her in the face, sending her to the floor with a THUD. He writes a symbol on her head as she stirs, then pours some blood on himself, grabs the paper and takes a deep breath. She glares at him but he throws the rest of the blood in her face as if he's lost his mind and then tosses the bowl.

EDWARD

Edin Na Zu! Al kash, Al zul barra!

He points at Becky as she recovers and turns the page over.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 Asarludu, wielder of the flaming
 sword, protector of men from all
 evils. Edin aum akash! Protect
 this child! All zul barra! Barra!
 Barra!

EXT. HALLWAY - YOST HOUSE - DAY

THUNDER and lighting strike as Yost and Samantha listen in at EDWARD BARKING SUMERIAN and BECKY SCREAMING IN PAIN. Yost puts his hand on the door, but Samantha restrains him. The DEMON FACE FLASHES with the lighting and Yost can't restrain himself any longer. He bursts through and sees Brittany writhing around. Edward collapses to his knees and the candles go out. Yost lifts his daughter onto the bed. The three of them standing over her, he lifts her eyelids. Normal eyes! He looks up at Edward, who rushes out to...

INT. BATHROOM - YOST HOUSE - DAY

He washes the blood off of himself in a panic, then takes out some pills and downs them.

EXT. YOST HOUSE - DAY

Edward sits on the porch in a swing chair, smoking a cigarette and looking very upset. Samantha comes outside and slowly sits down next to him.

SAMANTHA
 Was that what I think it was?

EDWARD
 Couldn't have been.

SAMANTHA
 Why not?

EDWARD
 It wasn't authentic. You have to
 offer something as tribute.

SAMANTHA
 What about her eyes?

EDWARD
 I just...don't know.

He flicks the cigarette away and stands around, pacing.

SAMANTHA

Sherriff's gonna stay here with his family. He thinks we should try the other girls. He's got a truck we can borrow.

Edward says nothing, only nodding his agreement.

EXT. JUNEBUG'S SHACK - DAY

Edward's deep in thought as he walks toward a big barn near the dilapidated wood shack. The old man, sunglasses still on, rocks in a chair on the simple porch, smiling into the rain. We see his neck snap suddenly in Edward's direction, then focus on Edward walking.

JUNEBUG (O.S.)

Go home, Edward. Just go on home.
You can't stop it. Nobody can now.

Edward freezes and turns, backing up so he faces Junebug, just a few feet from the edge of the porch.

EDWARD

What'd you say?

Junebug cocks his head and smiles, taking off his sunglasses to reveal all black eyes.

JUNEBUG

They're all mine. Every last one.

EDWARD

Who are you? Are you Lamashtu?

JUNEBUG

Oh, you gon' find out real soon.

EDWARD

Where is the girl? What do you want with her?

JUNEBUG

You already know. I even spelled it out for you. You just ain't put it together yet.

Edward pull his pistol, his breaths shortening, but the possessed Junebug just laughs hard.

JUNEBUG (CONT'D)
Now what you gon' do with that? Go
ahead. Spill this old man's blood.

Edward racks the slide and walks toward Junebug.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Edward, no!

She rushes in and grabs his arm.

JUNEBUG
Hey, what's all this?! What you
doin' on me?!

Edward looks down at Junebug's normal, listless eyes as the old man puts on his sunglasses and Samantha rips him away to the old F150. They get in and Edward drives them out, staring at the old man in his rocking chair.

INT. OLD TRUCK - DAY

The rain's coming down hard and they ride in silence, Edward nervous and shaking, Samantha eyeing him.

SAMANTHA
You want to explain that?

EDWARD
He said something...and his eyes...

SAMANTHA
I saw his eyes. There was nothing
wrong with them.

EDWARD
I know! That's the point. I can't
explain it. I can't explain why
Yost's daughter got better, I can't
explain why I keep seeing these
things, and I can't explain what's
going on in this town!

She looks at him like she's scared. He's lost it.

SAMANTHA
What are you saying?

Edward looks out and sees Brittany standing by the side of the road and he presses on the gas and bites his lip. He looks in the review and she's gone.

He looks out to the road and there she is again, watching them. He YELLS and slams on the BRAKES.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Truck skids to a stop and Edward jumps out, in the middle of a panic attack, screaming at the top of his lungs.

EDWARD
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!?!

He starts fumbling with his pills, but spills them on the flooded road, and he drops to his knees to find them. Samantha hops out and rounds the truck.

SAMANTHA
What is it, Edward?! What's wrong?

EDWARD
Don't you get it?

He stands and leans against the truck, looks her in the eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
It's real. All of it is real.

She looks at him like he's utterly insane. She's cautious.

SAMANTHA
Come on. I'll drive.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - NIGHT

The CITIZENS mill around on the sidewalks. BUZZING. Now ROTORS TURNING. They see a military helicopter, smiling as they point up to it. It lands in the center of the street and the ARMY CAPTAIN, real hardass in a poncho, hops out. Other SOLDIERS follow him. Mayor Towson approaches with his entourage, Samantha among them.

MAYOR TOWSON
Thought you boys'd never come.

ARMY CAPTAIN
Is there anyone stranded?

MAYOR TOWSON
Not that we know of. We've collected most of the county in these few blocks.

He looks up at the sky.

MAYOR TOWSON (CONT'D)
But, there ain't no sign that this
is gonna let up and I don't know
how much longer until our sewer
system fills up.

ARMY CAPTAIN
We'll need a place to set up. Then
we'll evaluate the situation and
make plans for the evacuation.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The soldiers and Towson walk in and shake off the rain.

MAYOR TOWSON
There's a big conference room in
the back you can have.

ARMY CAPTAIN
Good. Where's Sherriff Yost?

MAYOR TOWSON
Family emergency. Don't know if I
expect him back with the roads like
they are.

He turns back to Samantha, eyeing her to remain quiet.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

The group enters and walks along the edge of the completely
empty, dimly lit space. The captain stops, we he spots
Edward, sitting at a far desk and staring into space.

ARMY CAPTAIN
Who's that?

MAYOR TOWSON
You heard about the murders we had
over here?

ARMY CAPTAIN
A damn shame.

MAYOR TOWSON
Well, that's who the FBI sent us to
solve 'em. Supposed to be some
kind of expert on the occult.

He leans in, whispering.

MAYOR TOWSON (CONT'D)
If you ask me, though, he's a
little bit nutty if you know what I
mean. Just been sittin' there for
hours like that. Can't wait to
phone D.C. and tell 'em how useless
he's been.

The Army Captain smirks and they continue on. Only Samantha
lingers, long enough to look at Edward as if he were the most
pitiful thing in the world, and then she walks out too.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Edward sits at the desk, staring blankly at his notebooks,
the photos, and his laptop, the entire station empty. The
THUNDER SHAKES the whole building. He looks up and around,
almost playfully. We can see that he's lost it.

JUNEBUG (V.O.)
They're all mine. Every last one.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Who are you? Are you Lamashtu?

JUNEBUG (V.O.)
Oh, you gon' find out real soon.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Where is the girl? What do you
want with her?

JUNEBUG (V.O.)
You already know. I even spelled
it out for you. You just ain't put
it together yet.

He starts digging through his things until he finds a picture
of the bodies and the unknown symbols carved on them.

JUNEBUG (V.O.)
You already know. I even spelled
it out for you.

He picks up a pen and a legal pad and starts writing the
symbols down, looking from them to his laptop, typing and
writing like he's really onto something. Finally, he writes
down one last thing that we don't see and then drops the pen,
his jaw gaping.

EDWARD
(whispered)
No.

He starts to freak out, still we don't know why. SLASHING and SLICING. THUNDER and lighting make him cringe.

FLASHBACK:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PSYCH WARD - DAY - YEARS BEFORE

Edward, emaciated and pale in a hospital gown, lies strapped to a bed. His hair is unkempt, he has the beginnings of a beard, and his wrists are bandaged with gauze. A CLANK and the heavy door opens. In walks Doctor Forrester, who surveys the room. On the walls are sketches of THE DEMON from floor to ceiling. He sits on the edge of the bed and Edward turns away. He sighs when he sees the bandaged wrists.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Did you mean it or was this a cry
for help?

EDWARD
You show up after all this time and
that's the first thing you say?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Sorry. I wanted to see what the
investigators said first.

Edward only GRUNTS and shifts. Doctor Forrester pulls out a fresh pack of cigarettes, taps them on the bed, and then removes the wrapper.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Got something you might want.

He takes one out, lights it with a match, and Edward looks from his face to the cigarette. He can't resist. Forrester has to hold it for him as he puffs away.

EDWARD
So?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
What?

EDWARD
What did the investigators say?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
That you were attacked by one of
the members, locked in, and then
they committed suicide.

EDWARD
What about the weapon? Were they
able to explain why it looks like I
was gutted by a bear.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Inconclusive.

Edward takes another drag.

EDWARD
Well what do you think?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
The cocaine level in your blood was
around 9 grams per liter, kid.
That's enough to kill an elephant.
It definitely would have caused
hallucinations.

Edward turns away and looks at the drawings in despair.

EDWARD
I know what I saw. It was real.

Forrester tosses the cigarette in an empty cup and stands.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Alright, then let's get you set up.
Your marked.

He pulls a dry erase marker from his pocket and a piece of
paper, walking to the wall as he unfolds it. He starts
copying cuneiform symbols onto the wall.

EDWARD
What do you mean marked?

The Doctor keeps writing, lines upon lines.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
You're in here unprotected, Edward.
When the Sumerians thought someone
was possessed, the first thing they
tried to do was find out what its
name was.

(MORE)

DOCTOR FORRESTER (cont'd)
They believed that you could send
it back to where it came from
because once you know a demon's
name, you have power over it.
That's why it'll never stop coming
after you, never. Not until it
kills you.

He finishes and turns. Edward scoffs.

EDWARD
Come on, Doc. You're just
patronizing me. You don't believe
in this stuff.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Neither did you. But now that
you've chosen to, you have to
believe he'll come for you. Don't
you want to be protected?

Edward tears against his restraints.

EDWARD
Chosen? Does it look to you like
I'm choosing this?! What happened
happened!

DOCTOR FORRESTER
So you've told me. Now you're
safe.

He smiles.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
And it is a choice. Do you believe
that the Earth is round?

EDWARD
Of course.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
But, you have no proof of this.
You've just been told enough times
and it sounds good, so you choose
to believe it. This is no
different. You could choose to
accept that you were out of
control, that you saw something but
your mind wasn't right and so it
filled in the gaps in all the worst
ways and left you adamant that you
were attacked by something not of
this world.

(MORE)

DOCTOR FORRESTER (cont'd)
You could choose to accept that
that's not how it went and slowly
get back to your life.

He puts down the pack of cigarettes and the matches and then
undoes Edward's restraints slowly and then walks to the door.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Or you can choose to go on
believing that you saw what you
did. You can try and kill yourself
again. Or you can stay in a room
like this one.

He looks around at the pictures, at the cuneiform.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
You can spend your time wondering
all the while if maybe, just maybe,
you were wrong. But, you'll be too
afraid to find out. And you'll
spend the rest of your years
rotting from the inside out slowly.
Choice, Edward. It is choice that
defines us.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Is it true...what you said about
the demon's name?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Every word.

He goes to leave.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
But, that only matters if you
believe.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Edward, still alone, is calm now and writing furiously. He
takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and then opens them. A
look of the utmost determination settles on his face.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The soldiers and officials are crowded around the table,
looking at a big map and planning the evacuation. Edward
sneaks in and pulls Samantha aside.

EDWARD

Do you have the keys to the truck?

She pulls them out of her pocket and hands them over.

SAMANTHA

Where are you going?

EDWARD

Where I have to.

She looks at him like he's nuts again as he walks out.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - STARKE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's empty and a LONE DEPUTY watches the screen. The girls are huddled together in the center of the room. He gets up and walks off into a nearby bathroom. We focus on the screen. THUNDER and lightning. The door leading into the girls' room is unlocked and opened by something unseen. A few moments later the deputy returns to his seat, settles in, and looks at the screen, panicking when he sees they're gone. A lighting flash and we see them standing behind him. He feels them now, too, and swallows hard.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck ROARS along then slows down and turns off.

INT. OLD TRUCK - NIGHT

Edward pulls up to the Sawgrass Plantation gate. He takes a deep breath and then SMASHES the truck through the gate.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

The grounds are thick and overgrown and the truck pulls up in front of the huge house. It's dark and forbidding, and it's fallen to pieces over the years. We see the sinkhole, too, filled halfway like a lake in this rain, bordering where it once swallowed up a third of the house.

INT. HALLWAY - PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Edward walks confidently but slowly through absolute darkness, his way lit only by lighting's glow. In a flash, we see Brittany standing behind him. As he makes a turn, she follows him. We see that he notices.

INT. DINING ROOM - PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

It's empty, dusty, and littered with beer cans. Some old furniture is still there. He stands, looking out on the sinkhole. We see Brittany lingering in the doorway.

EDWARD

Why here?

BRITTANY

(scratchy, deep)

Why not?

EDWARD

Which one are you?

BRITTANY

You know.

EDWARD

Lamashtu?

The very utterance of the word makes Brittany angry.

BRITTANY

What difference is it to you?

EDWARD

Changes how I get rid of you.

Brittany laughs. Edward is still turned away from her.

BRITTANY

You are like so many others,
Edward. Will you pray? All your
time spent lying to yourself,
telling yourself that we do not
exist...Do you not know by now that
there is no God listening to you,
that you are alone?

EDWARD

Not totally alone.

He pulls out a sheet of paper and holds it up so she can see, the symbol of Pazuzu. It pains the demon just to look on it.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Don't like that, do you? Leave the
girl now, Lamashtu. Go back to
where you came from.

Growling and crouching.

BRITTANY

She's mine. They're all mine.

She leaves her feet, flying forward toward him. At the last moment he turns and swings a chair leg he's been concealing, knocking her to the floor. He produces two sets of handcuffs and binds both her ankles and wrists. He walks over to an old cabinet and breaks the glass. He picks a big shard off the ground, looks at Brittany, who doesn't appear so evil with her eyes closed, and slices his hand deep.

EDWARD

We'll see about that.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - NIGHT

TWO MEN are smoking on the sidewalk. One looks and sees movement in the middle of the street. More people start to pick up on, too. We finally see ALL OF THE POSSESSED GIRLS walking like a mob in the rain. People start getting their rifles out, but others push them away. They stare in shock as the girl's approach a main area where hordes of people are now surrounding them, keeping their distance. They stop. One turns her head to a TALL MAN, who is so scared of her eyes he backs into a wall and slumps down in fear.

Mrs. Peterson, seeing her daughter in the front, approaches after a while. She cautiously steps forward, finally getting within arm's length. She reaches out...she's almost there...Lisa finally grabs her arm and sneers at her. She pulls her into the center of the group where they rip her apart as the crowd GASPS. METALLIC CLICKING. SHUFFLING. The girls, all bloodied up, turn back to the fearful citizens and dozens of rifles pointed at them.

INT. DINING ROOM - PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Candles set in the corners flicker. Each flash of lightning reveals Edward writing symbols on the walls, ceiling, and floor with his own blood. GROWLING. He turns back to where Brittany has awakened. He finishes and shuffles through the sheets of paper, finding the one he wants.

BRITTANY

What are you doing, Frost? You have no power over me!

EDWARD

But, I know who does.

He winks at the demon that's now fighting and struggling to no avail. He starts READING MORE SUMERIAN, a very long verse. As he does, the room starts to fill up with a hazy mist that comes from nowhere and gets thicker by the moment.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Aluk Ash, Barra! Pazuzu, Demon of
the Winds, come drive away this
wretch, your most hated enemy,
Lamasthu!

As he SPEAKS MORE SUMERIAN, A FIGURE in the choking mist starts to move around. We see only it's outline. It takes form, the mist so blinding that Edward can no longer see Brittany on the other side of the room, who is WHISPERING SUMERIAN CHANTS like she was speaking in tongues. The entire house RUMBLES, the lightning goes nuts, and the figure in the mist takes more of a demonic form as it finally appears.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Pazuzu, I beg you, come forward and
crush your enemy!

It materializes next to Edward and he shakes in fear, careful not to look at it.

PAZUZU (O.S.)
(whispered)
What do you offer?

Edward folds the paper, stands up straight, and takes a deep breath, nodding to himself reassuringly. Pazuzu LAUGHS.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - NIGHT

The LIGHTING goes crazy and starts striking all over the street, blowing out all the lights and dispersing the crowds, just as they were closing in on the girls. One bolt drives straight into the girls in a massive EXPLOSION.

INT. DINING ROOM - PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

In the flashes of lighting we alternate between views of Brittany and Edward. She's SCREAMING and YELLING IN SUMERIAN, as the demons fight inside her, LAMASHTU'S HORRIFIC FACE flashing next to hers as the demon is literally ripped out. Edward watches with wide eyes until something hits him, too, and sends him crumbling to the floor and writhing.

EXT. MAIN STREET - STARKE - NIGHT

Smoke everywhere, the townsfolk recover and slowly head to where the girls are collapsed in a pile. Arthur Calloway sees his daughter. She stirs, then opens her NORMAL EYES and looks around, no idea where she is or how she got there.

SUSAN CALLOWAY

Daddy?

INT. DINING ROOM - PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

The mist slowly dissipates and Brittany, with normal eyes, also looks around with no clue what's going on. She finally sees Edward, sitting at the wall across from her, smoking a cigarette. He's turned so we only see the side of his face.

BRITTANY

H-h-hello?

He turns to her slowly and now, in the lighting, we see he's got the all black eyes. She starts fighting again, terrified. WHISPERS. HE GROWLS. SHE SCREAMS. He starts to crawl toward her like he'll kill her. He spasms and writhes on the ground in pain and she tries to inch back. He reaches out for her, just brushing her ankles.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

HELP ME!!!! SOMEONE HELP!!!

He's rocked back by an invisible force, then knocked to the ground, facing away. He turns back to her.

EDWARD

(deep and demonic)

I already did.

He pulls out his Glock, puts it to his head. BANG!

LATER ON....

DAYTIME AND IT'S SUNNY AND BEAUTIFUL. NO EVIDENCE OF A FLOOD. MULTIPLE SHOTS OF STARKE. PEOPLE ARE OUT AND ABOUT. THE SOUNDS OF CONSTRUCTION. THE TOWN IS RECOVERING, REBUILDING, AND THEY'RE HAPPY.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Forrester and Special Agent Nguyen sit on one side, Deputy Dave on the other, a pile of Edward's things on the table between them.

DEPUTY DAVE

...it was just a complete disregard for public safety. He pulled his weapon without cause what...three times? He was complete whacko.

Nguyen and Forrester look to one another and frown.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

They're now interviewing Samantha, who looks sad.

SAMANTHA

I mean...he seemed normal when he got here. But, then every time I looked around, he was taking those pills. When the weather started to get bad, he completely lost it. He even pulled his gun on Junebug, who's just the sweetest old man there is. He was seeing things too. Like supernatural things.

She sighs and looks down before returning their stares.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I think this occult stuff really got to him. He just...went crazy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Yost is now on the hot seat. Unlike the other's he struggles to talk to these men, disgruntled and sour.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

But when he came to your house he seemed fine?

SHERIFF YOST

Yes, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

Why was he out there?

SHERRIFF YOST
Just bein' friendly. My daughter
was sick and I ran out to see if
she was okay and he came by after
to see if there was anything else
he could do.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
So he wasn't acting strange the
entire time he was here?

SHERRIFF YOST
Just the rest of it.

The Sherriff almost can't bear to look them in the eyes.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
Look, I appreciate you boys needin'
to get the facts right, but we've
been through alot around here and,
if you don't mind, I'd like to get
back to my duties.

Nguyen eyes him. He can tell something's up.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Alright, Sherriff. Is there
anything else you can think of?
Anything else you would want in a
report on Agent Frost's time here?

The Sherriff thinks, then looks off in the distance.

SHERRIFF YOST
We had alot of strange things
happen around here. But, we made
it. Agent Frost helped us.

He turns to them, looking them in the eyes emotionally.

SHERRIFF YOST (CONT'D)
He was a good man. You can put
that in your report.
(pause)
That's about all I got to say.

Forrester and Nguyen rise as he simply walks out.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Thanks for your time!

He turns to Forrester, who frowns.

INT. HALLWAY - SHERRIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor Towson, a big envelope in hand, approaches the unhappy Yost in the middle of the hallway and stops in front of him.

MAYOR TOWSON
Did you play ball or do I need to
find a new Sherriff?

SHERRIFF YOST
Yeah, I said what you wanted me to.

MAYOR TOWSON
Now, remember-

Yost grabs him and slams Towson against the wall, glaring.

SHERRIFF YOST
I lied for you but you don't own
me, you son of a bitch!

Face to face, they stare into one another's eyes then Yost shakes his head and walks off. The Mayor straightens his suit and regains his happy stride, walking into...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHERRIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

He hands the big envelope to Nguyen, who looks it over and sees bloody pieces of paper inside.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Thank you, Mayor Towson.

MAYOR TOWSON
So I guess that's it for you boys?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Looks that way. That was the last
name on our list.

MAYOR TOWSON
You just let me know if there's
anything else I can do for you.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
There is one thing. In viewing
Edward's body, I noticed there was
teenage girl in the morgue with a
gunshot wound. What happened?

The Mayor twitches.

MAYOR TOWSON
She was best friend's with the
Williams girl. We figure she shot
herself outta grief.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
In the chest?

The Mayor shrugs.

MAYOR TOWSON
Kids these days. What can I tell
ya?

He smiles and nods and we see the most devilish grin on his
face as he walks out. When he's gone, Nguyen gets up and
shuts the door. He starts pacing around.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Did they seem right to you?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
No.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
So the weather gets bad and we've
got Edward down here making a scene
everywhere he goes, losing control
bit by bit.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
And then he miraculously figures
out where the kidnapper stashed the
girl.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
And she doesn't remember anything
but they concluded that the
kidnapper was long gone when he got
there.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
That's what we keep hearing.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
But, why does he suddenly go nuts,
perform this ancient ritual, and
then off himself afterward?

He turns to Forrester and folds his arms, thinking.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN (CONT'D)
You knew him best. What do you think?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Edward was a troubled young man but he'd been doing so well since...the incident. Until he was told he had to come down here, of course.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
If only I would have known...

Forrester looks at the big envelope the Mayor brought in.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
What's in there?

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
His personals from the morgue.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
May I?

Nguyen gestures go ahead and the Doctor opens it, pulling the items out one by one. The pistol. A watch. A wallet. He gets to the bloody, folded pieces of paper and opens them up.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Hmmm....

Nguyen walks back around him and looks.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
More of that cuneiform. Mean anything to you?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Yes it does.

He starts sifting through all the photos that Edward had been using and gets to the one's of the body and the Williams house walls. He points to the first paper.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
This accompanies the text he wrote on the walls at the plantation. It would have been used to invoke the demon Pazuzu against Lamashtu.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
One demon against the other? It works like that?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
If you believe in that sort of
thing? Yeah. You can see on the
murder scene photos that whoever
killed the Williams couple also
invoked Lamashtu.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Is it possible that he really
believed Brittany Williams was
possessed by this Lamashtu?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
If he had a complete breakdown?
Yes. He was capable of that.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN
Is that what happened in Texas?

Forrester nods and they look at one another gravely.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN (CONT'D)
What about the second paper?

DOCTOR FORRESTER
It's similar. Another invocation.
This time of Alarsudu. But I can't
tell what he was trying to ward
off.

Forrester studies it, then looks at another picture.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Ah, see. These same markings are
scratched into the bodies. But...

He shakes his head.

JUNEBUG (V.O.)
I even spelled it out for you.

The Doctor gets an idea.

DOCTOR FORRESTER
Ah, I get it.

He's writing now, translating the symbols. We see R. Then
A. He keeps writing then stops and drops the pencil. He
looks sad as he stares down at the word.

DOCTOR FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Don't tell me...aw, kid.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN

What?

Forrester turns the paper to him but we still don't see it.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

The word in the bodies must have
been what set him off.

SPECIAL AGENT NGUYEN (CONT'D)

What is it?

We still have no clue.

DOCTOR FORRESTER

You don't want to know.

A FLASHBACK MONTAGE. FIRST, ALL OF THE GORE WE'VE SEEN COMES QUICKLY. THE WHITE HANDS PARTING BRITTANY'S DRESSES...THE DARK FIGURE IN BRITTANY'S ROOM CLOSING THE DOOR...THE DARK FIGURE IN JILL WILLIAM'S EYE...THE PURPLE SHROUD RISING IN THE BASEMENT ROOM...A WHITE HAND RESTING ON A TREE IN THE DARKNESS, LOOKING AT THE SAWGRASS PLANTATION WINDOW AND A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS EDWARD STARING OUT OF IT. IT IS CLEAR THAT THE DEMON FROM EDWARD'S PAST WAS PULLING ALL THE STRINGS THIS TIME AROUND.

EDWARD (V.O.)

What do you mean marked?

DOCTOR FORRESTER (V.O.)

Once you know a demon's name, you
have power over it. That's why
it'll never stop coming after you,
never. Not until it kills you..

DARKNESS...

RABISU'S FACE EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS AND NOW HE'S GLARING AT US. HE SLOWLY BACKS AWAY.

WRITTEN ON THE SCREEN IN BLOOD ARE THE CUNEIFORM SYMBOLS. THEY SLOWLY TRANSITION TO: RABISU.

FADE OUT.

