

BLACK AGGIE

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ST. CLAUDIUS CHURCH - NIGHT

An abandoned rural church stands in ruins. Shards of stained glass still hang from the windows. Vegetation thrives on the old stone walls.

Rusted metal letters near the front door identify this place as "St. Claudius."

A car slowly rolls by.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

CARL DOLINSKI, 67, sits in the backseat, gazes at the decayed building.

CARL
My God, look at it.

BEN POLK, 26, casts his inquisitive brown eyes to the rear view mirror as he drives.

BEN
When was the last time you were here, Carl?

CARL
1951. The year...it all happened.

PAULA ROSE, 45, sweeps the long bangs from her eyes as she spots a one story brick building.

PAULA
That must be the school.

CARL
That's right. That was my second grade classroom there.

He points to a shattered window on the near wall.

CARL
Everything looks so much smaller.

EXT. CONVENT - NIGHT

The car parks in front of a two-story stone house. Overgrown ivy covers the walls, but it appears structurally sound.

Ben steps out of the car, stares at the house.

BEN
This is it. The convent.

Paula gets out, surveys the convent. She walks to the front door, gently touches her fingertips to the faded oak.

Ben walks back to the trunk, pops it open, pulls out a folded wheelchair, then a large duffel bag.

Carl opens his door as Ben rolls the wheelchair up to him. He groans as he swings himself into the seat.

CARL
Ugh. Never get old, kid.

Ben smiles, pushes Carl to the front door. They see Paula slowly sliding her fingers across the door.

BEN
Anything?

PAULA
Yes. Energy. Fierce energy.

Ben looks to the broken lock on the door, grasps the iron handle, pushes it open. He looks to Paula, then Carl.

BEN
Here we go.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Ben pushes Carl in, then reaches into his duffel bag and pulls out three aluminum mag lights. He turns his on, then hands the other ones to Carl and Paula.

The three halogen beams cut through the darkness.

Decades of grime, dust and cobwebs cover everything. Ben passes his light over an old coat rack.

Paula bends down, picks a yellowed piece of newspaper off the floor. The date reads "September 24, 1951." She tosses it to the floor.

PAULA
Frozen in time.

Carl rolls himself to a wall near the staircase. A large framed placard hangs there. He wipes the thick layer of dust with his hand and gasps when he sees the face looking back.

CARL
It's her.

Ben walks over, sees a black and white photo of a middle aged nun in a habit. The name beneath her photo reads: "Sister Agnes Mezerhane."

BEN
Black Aggie.

Ben wipes the rest of the dust off. The heading of the placard reads: "The Sisters of St. Claudius Convent welcome you." Beneath the countenance of Sister Agnes are smaller photos of eight other nuns.

Carl stares at the photo of Sister Agnes. His jaw twitches.

FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

An eight year old Carl sits at his desk. He and the other children sit in petrified silence as Sister Agnes walks up and down the rows.

Too scared to look up, he glances at the black onyx rosary wrapped around her knuckles. His eyes wander to the window.

SISTER AGNES
Carl! Eyes ahead!

She punches the side of his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Carl rubs the side of his head.

BEN
Carl? You alright?

CARL
Yeah.

BEN
You sure you wanna be here?

CARL
I'm sure. Been too long since I faced this.

Paula looks around, aims her flashlight to the second floor.

PAULA
Whatever's here...it's aware of us.
It's watching.

Thunder rolls in the distance.

BEN
Let's get started.

LATER

Rain pours outside. Ben holds a video camera in one hand, an EM sensor in the other. He turns the camera to himself.

BEN
Okay, this is Ben Polk with Ghost Trackers, along with psychic Paula Rose. It's October 31st, right around eleven fifteen. We're here at St. Claudius convent, site of the ritual suicide of nine nuns back in 1951. The nuns were led by Sister Agnes Mezerhane, whose ghost supposedly haunts this place. For years, witnesses claimed to have seen a black figure passing by windows and walking the grounds of the church and school. Hence her famous nickname, Black Aggie.

Ben turns the camera to Carl, who nervously smiles.

BEN
We're also lucky enough to have Carl Dolinski with us. Carl was a student at the time of the suicides and this is his first time back. Carl, what can you tell us about Sister Agnes?

CARL
She was...horrible. All of the nuns were sadistic, but Agnes was just wretched. She would slap us, beat us, torment us.

BEN
And this abuse is what originally opened up the investigation.

CARL
That's right. Parents complained about bruises. The cops began to question the nuns. That's when we all found out just how...depraved things really were here.

BEN
Let's take a look around.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

They walk into the kitchen. Ben shines his light around the empty cupboards.

BEN

So, Carl, I know you were young at the time, but can you describe your reaction when you first learned of the allegations of Satanism here in the convent?

CARL

I didn't really understand it. I do remember my parents whispering about it. The whole town was like that. Like it was something that couldn't even be brought up in conversation.

Paula rubs her arms with her hands, gazes at the ceiling.

CARL

And then, next thing you know the diocese shuts the school and church down. They just abandoned it. Let it rot away, like a bad memory you want to forget.

A loud crash from the foyer. Ben runs toward the noise. Paula and Carl follow.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Ben sees the coat rack lying on the floor. He looks around the room, bends down to inspect the rack. He sees one of the three legs has broken off.

Paula and Carl arrive and watch Ben take a reading with his EM sensor.

BEN

Nothing. No electromagnetic disturbance at all. One of the legs on this rack was loose, it might have just--

PAULA

No. It's here. It's with us.

Ben looks up, sees the concern in her eyes.

BEN

Alright. Let's uh, let's head to the basement.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ben stands at the basement door, turns the camera to Carl.

BEN

Carl can't make it down these stairs, so we're just going to have him stay here and watch for anything. That's okay, Carl?

Carl nods, but his anxiety shows. Ben and Paula walk down to the basement. Carl shines his light around the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Paula enter the basement. Black paint peels from the walls and ceiling. Ben rubs his shoe on the dirty floor, sees cracked and faded red paint.

Paula clenches her eyes shut, bends over, breathes heavily.

FLASHBACK

Within the basement, EIGHT NUNS stand in a large circle with Sister Agnes in the middle. Each of them holds a butcher knife. A black pentagram adorns the bright red floor.

SISTER AGNES

For his glory!

With that, Sister Agnes and the nuns plunge the knives into their own throats.

BACK TO SCENE

Paula opens her eyes, staggers back to the wall, tries to catch her breath.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carl waits near the door. He hears what sounds like a long exhale. Then, softer than a whisper...

FEMALE VOICE

Carl.

Carl whips his head toward the foyer.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ben rubs Paula on the shoulder.

BEN

Paula, what was--

PAULA
I saw it. I saw them all.

She drops to her knees, frantically pushes dirt away. The faded black lines of the pentagram begin to appear. Paula looks up to Ben with feverish eyes.

PAULA
Help me!

Ben hesitates, then sticks his EM sensor in his front pocket, drops to his knees and brushes away dirt.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Carl rolls himself into the foyer. No more noises. He stares at the photo of Sister Agnes.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Paula uncover most of the pentagram, including the goat's head in the middle. Paula's breathing becomes ragged. She steadies herself against a wall, clenches her eyes shut.

FLASHBACK

Sister Agnes watches as FATHER MICHAEL, a young priest, descends the basement staircase. The eight nuns stand around the pentagram.

One of the younger nuns steps forward, disrobes.

Father Michael takes his clothes off, advances into the circle. A twisted grin forms on Sister Agnes' face as she watches the priest and nun copulate on the pentagram.

BACK TO SCENE

Paula groans, gasps as she breaks from the vision.

PAULA
The priest.

BEN
The priest? Father Michael? He was the one who began the satanic--

PAULA
No. It was all Sister Agnes. She was the corruptor. She was the true evil. She wanted nothing more than to...defile God.

Paula catches her breath, looks to a heavy wooden table that stands against the far wall. She approaches, runs her hands over it. A look of confusion spreads across her face.

PAULA
Something more. Something...

Paula recoils in pain, brings her hands to her eyes.

FLASHBACK

Sister Agnes, Father Michael and seven nuns watch as the young, pregnant nun screams on the floor. The baby arrives.

Sister Agnes quickly snatches it up, slices the umbilical cord, carries the baby to the wooden table at the far wall. A black cloth covers the table.

She sets the baby down upon the black altar, grabs a ceremonial dagger, grins fiendishly, raises the dagger.

BACK TO SCENE

Paula lets out a lung-shredding scream.

PAULA
She killed them all! She killed
them all!!

Paula runs to a part of the wall patched with a wooden board. She begins to kick the board in as she screams wildly. The rotten board gives way. Paula looks inside, runs screaming up the stairs.

A terrified Ben watches Paula, then runs to the hole in the wall. He peers in, sees at least a dozen tiny grave sites.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Paula runs past Carl. The front door slams shut. She tries to open it. No chance. In desperation, she runs upstairs.

CARL
What happened?! What happened?!

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paula runs screaming down the hallway, then freezes. Her entire body shakes as she gazes ahead.

At the other end of the hallway stands a black figure. Her silhouette suggests a nun's habit. Paula falls backward, reaches for the nearest door. She opens it, crawls inside.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Ben runs into the foyer, nearly falls over Carl.

CARL
We have to get out now!

Ben tries the door. It won't budge.

BEN
Where's Paula?

CARL
She ran upstairs!

Ben drops his camera to the floor, runs upstairs.

CARL
Ben! We have to get out!

Carl rolls to the door, yanks on the knob.

INT. SISTER AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paula crawls away from the door, gets to her feet. She tries to open a window, but it's solidly boarded up. She looks to another door, slowly opens it.

Paula sees a collection of nun's habits hanging on the closet rod. On the floor, several pairs of black shoes. On the top shelf, she spots the handle of a large knife.

A darkness enters the room, envelops the walls as it moves toward Paula. She grabs the knife, scurries to a corner.

The hovering figure of Black Aggie appears before her. Paula's mouth drops, eyes widen in abject horror.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ben throws open every door he runs across.

BEN
Paula!

He makes it to the door leading to Sister Agnes' bedroom. He tries the knob but it won't open.

BEN
Paula! Are you there?!

He presses his ear to the door, hears a shuffling noise. He steps back, kicks open the door.

Ben stares ahead, frozen in fear at what he beholds. The EM sensor in his front pocket emits a screeching whine.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

As Carl struggles with the front door, he hears the sounds of a struggle upstairs, then a body thumping to the floor.

CARL

Ben! Paula! Where are you?!

Silence. Then slow, deliberate footsteps from the second floor. The footsteps reach the stairway, begin to descend.

Carl watches as a woman in a blood-splattered nun habit walks down the stairs. The knife she holds glistens with crimson, her knuckles wrapped with black onyx rosary beads.

Carl rolls backward into a wall, shakes his head.

The nun turns her head to Carl. It's Paula. She grins at him. Her wide, black eyes glimmer with evil.

PAULA

Carl. Hello Carl.

Paula advances. Carl raises his trembling arms.

PAULA

Eyes ahead, Carl.

She plunges the blade into his chest over and over. Carl screams, flails, grows silent and still.

Paula steps away, lifts the blade to her own throat.

PAULA

For his glory.

She plunges the blade in. The arterial spray coats the walls. A moment later, she drops to the floor.

Drops of blood create trails as they run alongside the black and white photograph of Sister Agnes Mezerhane.

FADE OUT.

THE END