FADE IN:

INT. CANDLE LIT ROOM -- DAY

A HEAVILY TATTOOED, MUSCULAR BACK RHYTHMICALLY sways back and forth. TELESCOPE OUT slowly, revealing the tattoo to be that of a PAIR OF DEMONIC WINGS.

The COUPLE is having sex over a large PENTAGRAM carved on the wooden floor.

On the walls are SATANIC SYMBOLS and PAINTINGS of FALLEN ANGELS. This is not a family room. This is the WORSHIP ROOM.

On both sides of the couple are hundreds of small candles neatly positioned throughout the floor.

The woman's legs are wrapped around his waist as he thrusts his muscular body forward into her. He arcs his back. CLIMAXING.

The TATTOOED WINGS on his back come to life. SPREADING LIKE REAL WINGS. A WIND BLOWS through an open window. The CANDLES are SNUFFED OUT.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

SUPER: November, 1983

The two story, wooden house sits on top of a small hill overlooking a peaceful lake.

In the DENSELY WOODED AREA surrounding the house, UNSEEN INDIVIDUALS WHISPER to one another.

What they say is incomprehensible. Their VOICES are EERIE. DEMONIC. BARELY AUDIBLE.

EXT. HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

A BREEZE BLOWS, bringing the metal WIND CHIMES to life. MORE DEMONIC WHISPERS. A dog wakes from his sleep and begins to BARK.

Standing in the shadows is a MAN whose face is not clearly visible. He stands there, unmoving, watching the house. The dog is BARKING LOUDLY.

INT. HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

E.C.U. of SUSAN RUNDLE, early 30s, sleeping. O.S., the dog's BARK is becoming more and more desperate. Then silence.

Susan wakes. Her back is to the door. The man is standing there, watching her. His face still in the shadows.

MAN IN SHADOWS

(whisper)

Susan.

She jumps out of bed and turns her lamp on. She's 9 months pregnant. She's alone in her room.

SUSAN RUNDLE

(frightened)

Who's there?

No answer. Moments later, BARELY AUDIBLE, DEMONIC LAUGHING just outside her room. Susan hurries into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

WRITTEN IN FRESH BLOOD across the wall is the phrase "REMEMBER OUR PACT?"

Susan REACTS. SOMEONE WHISPERS into her ear. She FREAKS.

SUSAN RUNDLE

(frightened)

Stay away from me! You hear?! Stay away from me!

She places both hands over her stomach.

SUSAN RUNDLE (CONT'D)

You can't have her! I take it back! I take it back!

MORE WHISPERING. MORE LAUGHING. UNSEEN BEINGS are moving around her. Faster and faster taunting her, confusing her, frightening her to the point of mental instability.

She runs back into her room. Shuts the door. Locks it. For a brief moment there is no more WHISPERING or LAUGHING. Just Silence.

Eyes closed, she turns around and rests her back against the door.

She opens her eyes. A SHEET is thrown over her head. She pulls the sheet off and finds she's

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

In her bedroom, laying in bed. The lamp is off.

She sits up, bathed in sweat, and turns the lamp on. Something doesn't feel right.

She completely removes the sheet from her body and discovers a HEALED SCAR running from just under her navel to just under her sternum! Her BABY HAS BEEN TAKEN from her.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

A FRANTIC SUSAN runs out of the house, across the porch and down the hill to the wooded area where, O.S., A BABY IS CRYING. Susan is SCREAMING as she runs into the DENSE BRUSH.

INT. WOODED AREA -- NIGHT

Susan hurries through the MOONLIT WOODS, forcing her way deeper and deeper in the direction of the BABY'S CRYING.

SUSAN RUNDLE

(pleading)

No! Please! Please don't harm her! I don't want to do this! Please! Stay away from my baby!

She finally reaches the BABY, laying uninjured in a patch of grass. The baby girl, her umbilical cord still attached, is CRYING at the top of her lungs.

Susan rushes to her, taking her child in her arms and embracing her tightly.

SUSAN

Mommy's here. Shhh. It's okay. It's okay, baby.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)

She belongs to me, Megan.

Susan spins around. Emerging from the brush is the man who's been watching her. This is not a man. His stoic face is pale and lifeless. His eyes. Black. Sunken. This is a DEMON.

Susan backs away from him.

SUSAN

You're not taking my baby!

PALE FACED DEMON

She belongs with us, now, Susan. She is no longer yours.

SUSAN

No! I won't let you take her!

The pale faced demon moves toward Susan. In the blink of an eye, he's standing inches from her face.

PALE FACED DEMON

You will honor our pact.

The demon becomes a GREY HAZE and drifts into the woods. Susan falls to her knees with her baby and begins to CRY uncontrollably.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE -- WORSHIP ROOM -- DAY

A LARGE AREA RUG is unrolled over the wooden floor, covering the carved pentagram. All the candles are gone.

The altar is gone. All signs of Satan worship have been removed. The satanic symbols, emblems, paintings, statues. All gone.

Susan walks to the door and turns back to face the room before leaving. She sighs and exits the room.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

of AREA RUG as the pentagram underneath burns through.

EXT. HOUSE -- MORNING

Establishing shot.

SUPER: Five years later, 1988

INT. HOUSE -- SUSAN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

A soft curtain sways as a gentle breeze blows through the open window. TRACK across the room to a much thinner, undernourished Susan. Sleeping.

There are dark areas under her eyes. A ray of sunlight strikes her face, waking her. She turns over in bed and, realizing she's alone, she sits up.

SUSAN RUNDLE

(concerned)

Megan!

EXT. WOODED AREA -- MORNING

MEGAN, now five, also undernourished, approaches the perimeter of the lawn near the dense woods. She has several flowers in her hand and is SINGING a tune.

In the thick brush she can HEAR PEOPLE WHISPERING. She stops SINGING. She leans closer to the brush. Barely audible, these unseen individuals in the brush are GIGGLING.

ON MEGAN, confused, as she moves some brush aside with her hand.

SOMEBODY grabs her. Lifts her into the air. Megan SCREAMS.

SUSAN RUNDLE

(holding Megan)

I told you never to come here, Megan! Never, ever, come here! You understand?!

INT. WOODED AREA -- MORNING

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL'S POV

Susan carries Megan away to the house. Megan is staring back into the woods. O.S., more WHISPERS, LAUGHTER.

INT. MEGAN'S ROOM -- MORNING

Susan enters the room with Megan under her arms. Sets her down near the closet and opens the door.

MEGAN

(crying)

No, mommy! Please, I'm sorry! I won't do it again!

Susan, in tears, gently pushes Megan into the closet.

SUSAN

You're safe in here, you hear me? Mommy has to do this. You understand, right? They can't hurt you in here.

Megan nods. Susan closes the closet door. Locks it.

INT. DARK CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

For a brief second, it is pitch black in here. CLICK! Megan pulls the light cord.

A bright light comes on, brightly illuminating Megan's worried face.

A FACELESS CHILD IS SITTING with his back against the wall. Megan SHRIEKS. She tries to open the door.

FACELESS CHILD

The gate, Megan. Close the gate.

In an instant, the faceless child is gone. Megan is alone in the closet. She kneels. Prays.

EXT. MEGAN'S ROOM -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Susan is walking down the hallway from Megan's room when, O.S., a THUMP is HEARD. She stops. Turns to face the door to the room that used to be the worship room.

She walks over to the door. Turns the door knob. Locked. THUMP! It's coming from inside the room.

Susan presses her ear against the door and listens. THUMP! Something hits the door hard from inside. Susan is nearly knocked to the floor.

SUSAN

Who's in there?!

No answer. She starts to walk away. The door CREAKS open slightly. Susan stops. She walks toward the door and opens it.

INT. ROOM -- DAY

There is no one in the room other than Susan. She looks around. Nothing out of the ordinary. The area rug is back to normal. No burn marks from the pentagram underneath.

She exits the room.

ON AREA RUG, as the pentagram underneath burns through, once again.

INT. HOUSE -- GUEST BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ON OIL PAINTING of a woman embracing a small child in a dark room as dark shadows loom overhead.

Quick brush strokes lay down the finishing touches on the painting.

WIDE ANGLE

Susan lays the brush down and stares at her masterpiece for a moment. She's been crying. The room is filled with paintings she's done over the years.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)

You can stop this, Susan.

Susan spins around, nearly knocking the easel over. Standing at the entrance is the pale faced demon.

PALE FACED DEMON

How long, Susan? Huh? Give us what's rightfully ours and I'll give you what was promised.

SUSAN

No. Stay away from Megan, you hear? I take it back! I take everything back!

The dark clothed man approaches Susan's newly finished oil painting and runs his finger down its length, smearing the

image of the woman and child. He sucks the painting from his finger.

PALE FACED DEMON

(nearing Susan)

You cannot take back anything. We have all eternity, Susan. How about you?

He stops just inches from Susan.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

How much time do you have?

She's backed up against the wall. She closes her eyes and turns her head as he moves in to kiss her.

ON SUSAN, opening her eyes. The pale faced demon is no longer in the room.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON RUNNING WATER.

ON SUSAN, teary-eyed, kneeling by the tub with the water running. She appears to have aged considerably from the last time we saw.

Her wrinkled face is pale and unhealthy. She feels the water, making sure that it's not too cold. Adjusts the knob a bit. Feels again. Nice and warm.

SUSAN

(shaky voice)

Megan! Water's ready!

She wipes the tears from her eyes. This is not the look of a loving mother about to bathe her five year old daughter.

MOMENTS LATER

Susan is pouring shampoo into the palm of her hand. She gently applies the shampoo on Megan's wet hair, massaging it in. Megan is HUMMING a child's song.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(irritated)

Stop it.

MEGAN

Why?

SUSAN

Because I said so. Good enough for you?

Susan stands. Hurries to the sink and THROWS UP.

MEGAN

What's wrong, mommy?

SUSAN

Nothing. Rinse.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror. Her skin is FLAKING off. Strands of hair are continually falling.

The sink is covered in it. She turns to face her daughter, who's pouring water over her head.

Susan approaches her slowly, kneels beside the tub and reaches out to grab her.

MEGAN

(eyes closed)

Mommy?

Susan stops.

SUSAN

What, baby?

MEGAN

Is it gonna hurt?

Susan can hardly contain her emotion.

SUSAN

No, baby. This isn't going to hurt.

She then grabs Megan and forces her down into the water.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, baby!

(sob)

I'm so sorry!

Susan can't stand to watch. She looks away while holding young Megan down with both hands.

ON MEGAN, kicking, grabbing, fighting to lift her head up for air. Her movement slows.

With each passing second there is less and less kicking, less and less resistance.

ON SUSAN, sensing her daughter's struggle for life come to an end, lets out an even LOUDER CRY. She's done it.

It's all over now. She slowly turns to watch her daughter's lifeless body in the tub.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(looks up)

Oh, God, forgive me!

The bathroom door is VIOLENTLY KICKED in. She spins around and is immediately ATTACKED by POLICE OFFICERS.

A PARAMEDIC lifts Megan's limp body up out of the water and lays her down on the floor where he begins to pump her stomach.

Susan SCREAMS at the PARAMEDIC as she's being escorted in cuffs out of the bathroom.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Don't revive her! Don't bring her back! You don't know what you're doing!

ON PARAMEDIC, as he continues to press on Megan's stomach. Water is gushing out of her mouth.

He stops. Checks for a pulse. Nothing. He holds her mouth open and breathes air into her lungs.

She COUGHS. It's all right. She's going to be okay. Megan sits up. Wraps her arms around the paramedic.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. ORPHANAGE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

E.C.U. of a CHILD'S hand SCRIBBLING on a sheet of paper with a RED CRAYON.

SUPER: Two years later, 1990

WIDE ANGLE of the PLAYROOM STYLE office. The walls are decorated with brightly colored paintings. Shelves full of children's books line the walls.

DR. WARNER, 50s, CHILD PSYCHIATRIST, glances up at the WALL MOUNTED CLOCK and then looks at Megan. He adjusts his glasses.

DR. WARNER

Time is nearly up, Megan, and you haven't spoken a word.

TIGHT ON MEGAN, concentrated, pressing down hard on the red crayon as she colors.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM -- DAY

A WOMAN, 40s, is watching Megan on a black and white 19" monitor. She's the ORPHANAGE DIRECTOR.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

DR. WARNER opens a folder.

INSERT NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

Susan Rundle, Megan's biological mother, is shown being escorted out of her house in cuffs by officers.

The caption below the photograph reads: Susan Rundle tells police demons forced her into trying to kill her daughter.

DR. WARNER (O.S.)

What did you dream about last night, Megan?

BACK TO SCENE

Megan SHRUGS.

DR. WARNER (CONT'D)

Did you dream of people dying again?

No response from Megan. Dr. Warner pulls out TWO DRAWINGS from his folder, sliding one of them over to Megan.

DR. WARNER (CONT'D) Can you tell me why you drew this

little boy like this, Megan?

E.C.U. of Megan's hand as the red crayon SNAPS in two. She stops. Megan stares at the drawing of a boy's body floating in a pool.

Megan throws the broken crayon into the color box and is searching for another. Dr. Warner slides the second drawing to Megan.

DR. WARNER (CONT'D)

What about this one? Did you see this in a dream, too?

INSERT 2ND DRAWING

A car has struck a young child. There is blood everywhere. The child is underneath the car, screaming.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan glances at the drawing and stops searching for the crayon. She sits down, both hands on her lap.

DR. WARNER (CONT'D)

You have to talk to me, Megan. If you want us to help you then you have to tell us what's happening to you, okay?

Megan glances up at Dr. Warner and leans forward. Dr. Warner also leans forward.

MEGAN

(whisper)

They want to take me.

DR. WARNER

Who, Megan? Who wants to take you?

MEGAN'S EXPRESSION changes to one of horror. Her mouth drops, her eyes water. She's TREMBLING.

DR. WARNER (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Megan?

Megan isn't talking. She's staring not at Dr. Warner but at something in the corner of the room.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM -- DAY

ON 19" MONITOR, as Megan, paralyzed with fear, stares at the empty corner of the room.

DIRECTOR

(softly)

What do you see, Megan?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

A DARK-CLOTHED, FACELESS MAN is standing in the corner of the room.

Dr. Warner turns to look behind him but sees no one. He turns back around to face Megan and finds her staring at the wall mounted clock above the video camera.

E.C.U. of the CLOCK. The TICKTOCK is LOUD, like a HAMMER SLAMMING down on wood. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Megan covers her ears with both hands. The HAMMERING is almost unbearable. Dr. Warner doesn't hear it.

DR. WARNER

Megan? You okay?

MEGAN

(shaking head)

Make it stop! Make it stop!

The Doctor stands, walks around the table to her and kneels down beside her.

DR. WARNER

Megan? What's happening? What do you hear?

He places his hand on her shoulder. As he does, FRIGHTENING IMAGES enter Megan's mind.

IMAGES

Dr. Warner, laying on the ground, BLEEDING, barely breathing, DYING. His broken glasses lay in pieces in the pool of blood.

REALITY

Megan SHRIEKS! She jumps off her chair, nearly falling over. She cowards in a corner of the office with both hands over her head.

MEGAN

(screaming)

Stay away from me! Don't touch me!

The door opens and in rushes the Director.

DIRECTOR

It's okay. It's okay. No one's going to hurt you, okay?

The Director turns to face Dr. Warner.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You touched her again, Doctor. I specifically said not to...

DR. WARNER

I know. I'm sorry. Jesus, I...I just thought...

DIRECTOR

It's been a month, Doctor, she's getting worse.

DR. WARNER

(removes his glasses)

I told you this wasn't going to be easy. Until I can get her to talk to me I'm afraid there's not much we can do.

DIRECTOR

Not much we can do? How can you say that after all that's been happening around here?

DR. WARNER

All I'm saying is we have to be patient. We need to give her time.

DIRECTOR

In the meantime, Dr. Warner, our children are dying.

(faces Megan)

And she has something to do with it. I know it.

The Director pulls a pair of gloves from her pocket and slips them on.

DR. WARNER

I'll have better success tomorrow, Miss. Shoemaker.

DIRECTOR

Her aunt and uncle are driving down here from Baltimore. They'll be here tomorrow to meet her.

DR. WARNER

Are they thinking about adopting Megan?

DIRECTOR

They just found out about her. They want to see her.

Dr. Warner looks down at Megan's drawing on the table. He picks it up and studies it. The Director glances at the drawing and REACTS.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Oh my God!

DR. WARNER

What?

The Director grabs Megan by the hand and exits the office.

DR. WARNER (CONT'D)

Miss. Shoemaker? What is it?

The Director and Megan are gone. Dr. Warner glances down at the drawing in his hand.

INSERT DRAWING

A MAN is laying in a pool of blood near his car. He has a knife in his chest. His glasses are in pieces by his side.

A BLACK, FACELESS FIGURE stands in the background.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Warner REACTS to the drawing.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Dr. Warner is walking to his car. He pulls out his keys and hits the remote to de-activate the alarm.

It doesn't work. He presses the remote a few more times and, still, nothing is heard from his car.

DR. WARNER'S POV

SOMEONE is inside his car.

DR. WARNER

Hey! Hey, that's my car!

The THIEF JUMPS out with the CAR RADIO in hand. Dr. Warner manages to grab the thief by the arm.

A STRUGGLE ensues. The radio falls to the asphalt ground as both men WRESTLE against Dr. Warner's car.

The thief, unable to free himself from the Doctor's hold, pulls out a KNIFE.

Dr. Warner immediately releases him and holds both hands in the air.

титкк

You stupid ass!

DR. WARNER

Hey, man. Put that away.

The thief glances down at the broken radio then back to the Doctor.

THIEF

Damn radio ain't no good to me now. Give me your wallet! Come on! Give it to me!

Dr. Warner reaches behind him and pulls out his wallet. He hands it over to the thief who then pockets it. Looks around to see if anyone is watching then,

LUNGES forward and DRIVES HIS KNIFE into Dr. Warner's chest. The FRIGHTENED Doctor collapses as the thief disappears from view.

WIDE ANGLE

of Dr. Warner laying in a pool of blood. Eerily, it is precisely as Megan had seen and drawn him.

EXT. ORPHANAGE -- FRONT GATES -- DAY

A LATE MODEL TRUCK moves through the entrance gates of the orphanage. The AD on the truck's door reads: RICK'S LAWN AND SPRINKLER SERVICE.

EXT. ORPHANAGE PARKING LOT -- DAY

A COUPLE, UNCLE RICK AND AUNT EMMA, early 30s, steps out of the truck. Uncle Rick is thin, well built. He wears jeans and a muscle shirt. Aunt Emma, slender and beautiful, wears a simple flowered dress. They both stare at the large building before them and take in a deep breath.

UNCLE RICK

Nervous?

AUNT EMMA

A little.

He puts his hand around her waist as they make their way toward the building.

INT. ORPHANAGE -- DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Aunt Emma forces open the blinds with her fingers to take a peek outside.

Through the opening we see Megan, wearing gloves, sitting on a bench while kids play around her. She's feeding some pigeons that have gathered around her.

AUNT EMMA

She's all alone. Why don't the other kids invite her to play with them?

She turns to face the Director, who's sitting at her desk.

DIRECTOR

She's not allowed to physically interact with the children, Mrs. Rundle. They're afraid of her.

AUNT EMMA

(shocked)

Afraid of her?

She glances out the window once again.

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D)

Look at her. Who would be afraid of a little girl?

The Director opens a desk drawer, pulls out a notebook and slides it across her desk for the couple to see. Uncle Rick takes it and examines the drawings inside.

DIRECTOR

It's very disturbing what she's drawn in those pages.

Aunt Emma glances at the drawings over Rick's shoulders. She REACTS to what she sees.

AUNT EMMA

Oh my God!

INSERT NOTEBOOK

On one page there is a drawing of a small child falling from a tree house. Beneath the tree are two dogs waiting for the child to land.

On the opposite page is a drawing of another child, laying on the floor as other children crowd around him. Blood squirts from the boy's mouth like a small geyser.

BACK TO SCENE

Aunt Emma is in tears.

UNCLE RICK

What does this mean?

DIRECTOR

We're at a loss to explain what she has done. Three different outside psychiatrists have failed to evaluate her successfully.

AUNT EMMA

What do you mean 'What she has done'?

The Director stands. She's unsure of how to explain.

DIRECTOR

Those drawings are of actual children of this orphanage.

(beat)

Those drawings were made days before they died.

Emma and Rick are stunned. Shocked.

UNCLE RICK

Jesus.

AUNT EMMA

What are you saying? She killed them?

DIRECTOR

We're not sure of anything right now. Two days ago, Megan's last psychiatrist, our own Dr. Warner, was stabbed in the parking lot of his office.

The Director slides another drawing to Aunt Emma. The couple glance down at the drawing.

INSERT DRAWING

The drawing is that of Dr. Warner in a pool of blood with a knife in his chest.

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We know she didn't kill him. Megan drew that picture of Dr. Warner no more than two hours before he was killed.

BACK TO SCENE

UNCLE RICK

Let me see if I get this. Megan can see when and how people will die?

Aunt Emma looks through the blinds and sees Megan crouched near the pigeons, feeding them from her hand.

COUNSELOR (O.S.)

No, Mr. Rundle. I'm saying Megan is somehow responsible for their deaths. Whether directly or indirectly, we simply don't know.

Aunt Emma turns to face the counselor.

AUNT EMMA

Can I talk to her?

EXT. ORPHANAGE -- PLAYGROUND -- DAY

Megan and Aunt Emma are sitting at opposite ends of the bench. Both are staring at the pigeons feeding before them.

Uncle Rick is standing nearby, watching them from a short distance.

AUNT EMMA

You scared?

MEGAN

All the time.

AUNT EMMA

What are you scared of?

MEGAN

The people with no faces.

Megan's aunt scans the playground.

AUNT EMMA

Are they here?

MEGAN

They never leave.

AUNT EMMA

Have you told anybody?

MEGAN

Nobody cares. Nobody sees them but me.

Both are quiet for a long time.

AUNT EMMA

Do you know what they want?

MEGAN

Me.

AUNT EMMA

You? Why do they want you?

Megan shrugs.

MEGAN

Mommy was a bad lady. They think I'm bad too. That's why they want to take me away.

AUNT EMMA

You're not a bad person, Megan. Don't you ever believe anyone who tells you something like that. Okay?

Megan nods.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- DAY

SUPER: 5 years later, 1995

PVC pipes are laying throughout the manicured front lawn as a tractor, using a rear mounted trencher, cuts a trench.

The tractor driver is Uncle Rick. His shirt is soaking wet from perspiration.

In the driveway, an ASSISTANT unloads more pipes and tools from the rear of Rick's truck.

ON RICK, working the controls of the trencher when AN IMAGE OF SUSAN RUNDLE'S TWO STORY HOUSE FLASHES BEFORE HIS EYES.

He stops the trencher. Shakes his head. He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

ASSISTANT

What's wrong?

ON RICK, as another IMAGE OF THE HOUSE FLASHES BEFORE HIS EYES.

Rick steps off the tractor. Dazed.

RICK

Jesus. What's happening?

ASSISTANT

You okay, man?

RICK

I don't know. I'm seeing things, I guess.

ANOTHER IMAGE FLASHES LIKE LIGHTNING BEFORE HIS EYES. This time the image is not of Susan Rundle's house.

The image is of DARK CLOTHED, FACELESS MEN standing like statues on the front lawn, watching him.

These men are the same as the one Megan saw in the psychiatrist's office a few years ago.

Rick becomes frightened. Staggers back, losing his balance. The assistant grabs hold of his arm.

ASSISTANT

You need a doctor, man.

One of the dark clothed, faceless men approaches Rick. He walks right up and "enters" him, like a ghost. Rick straightens. Glances down at his hands.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

You feelin' okay?

RICK

There's something I need to do.

With that, he starts walking toward the street. The assistant watches as he walks passed the truck and continues down onto the street.

ASSISTANT

Where are you going?

Rick doesn't answer. Just keeps walking.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Establishing shot of the old, should-be-abandoned building. A DRUNK has fallen asleep on the concrete steps.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- ROOM 21A -- EVENING

Megan, now 12, is setting up the pieces on a chess board. Her aunt is on the phone in the kitchen.

AUNT EMMA

(into phone, worried)

He didn't say where he was going?

(beat)

That's not like him at all. He just doesn't do stuff like that.

The door opens. Rick walks in. Emma is relieved to see him.

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Never mind. He just walked in. Thanks.

Megan glances up but instead of seeing Rick standing there, she sees a dark clothed, faceless man. Megan slowly stands.

She hangs up the phone and walks over to Rick. He has both hands behind his back, hiding something.

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D)

I called half the town looking for you, Mister. Explain.

RICK

I have something I think both of you will enjoy.

Megan takes a few steps back. The faceless man is just watching her.

MEGAN

Who are you? What do you want from me?

Emma and Rick turn to face Megan.

EMMA

What's wrong, honey?

The faceless man approaches Megan. When he SPEAKS, it's as if dozens of them speak.

FACELESS MAN

(multiple voices)

When you get there, Megan. You must close the gate. It cannot remain open. Close it and banish them all to hell.

MEGAN

(crying)

Stay away from me!

She storms to her room. SLAMS her door shut.

AUNT EMMA

I'm worried for her, Rick.

RICK

Your sister did quite a number on her, Emma. I hope that bitch burns in hell. I really do.

AUNT EMMA

No matter what we do or say, Megan's never going to be a normal child is she? She's always going to see them and there isn't a doctor in this goddamn world that can help her.

RICK

Maybe things will get better after tomorrow.

AUNT EMMA

What's tomorrow?

Rick shows her what he's been hiding behind his back. Documents. Photos. Emma takes them and looks them over.

INSERT PHOTOS

The photos are black and white images of Susan Rundle's two story house.

BACK TO SCENE

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D)

This is my sister's house.

RICK

Was your sister's house. Ours now.

AUNT EMMA

No.

RICK

What do you mean, no? We've always wanted to get out of this hell hole.

AUNT EMMA

But not into that house, Rick. That house is dirty. People died there! Megan lost her sanity there!

RICK

It's been completely renovated. It's all new inside. It's like a new house. Nobody wants to buy it. It's been on the market since your sister was taken away. We can't afford not to take it.

AUNT EMMA

I don't know. Megan will never go there.

RICK

Megan needs to get away from here as much as we do. Besides, there's a lake, a dock. It's on a hill. Real peaceful.

(beat)

We need this, Emma.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

MOVERS are loading up a MOVING VAN parked outside. Megan and her uncle are standing nearby, watching.

MEGAN

You can't make me live there.

UNCLE RICK

It's different now, honey. All the bad stuff that was in that house has been taken away. The builders completely redid the inside. It's not how your mom used to have it.

MEGAN

(angry)

Don't you get it? We're moving in with them! That's what they want us to do!

RICK

Who's they? The ghosts in your head, Megan?

MEGAN

They're not ghosts and they're not in my head! They're real.

RICK

I just want us to be happy. We can be happy there, Megan.

MEGAN

I'm happy here.

RICK

I'm sorry. We can't afford to stay here anymore.

Megan storms up the stairs into the building, nearly running into her aunt who's walking out.

AUNT EMMA

(to uncle Rick)

We'll give her a month to adjust. If she's not happy after that, we're moving back.

UNCLE RICK

She'll like it. She'll see there's nothing to fear anymore.

The movers are done loading up the moving van. The rear door is slid shut.

INT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- DAY

IN POV, looking out the window at the moving van as it pulls away. Rick and Emma are locked in an embrace near their car as they stare at their new home.

Megan glances up and looks directly at the upstairs window, as if sensing someone's looking at her.

Rick and Emma enter the house. Megan remains outside, staring up at the window.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

MEGAN'S POV

The curtains in the upstairs bedroom close.

INT. HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Emma pulls open the curtains and an inrush of sunlight fills the room. There are unpacked boxes everywhere.

MEGAN cautiously makes her way through the living room toward the area in front of the fireplace.

FLASHBACK

Fire logs are burning in the fireplace. Megan, 5, is playing on the floor with a doll.

She turns around to face the kitchen, where her mother and several STRANGE-LOOKING PEOPLE are seated around the kitchen table, holding hands, eyes closed, CHANTING.

Megan turns back around and realizes the doll is no longer in her hands. She looks up at the fireplace and there, burning among the logs, is her doll.

PRESENT

ON MEGAN, lost in thought, as her uncle calls her name.

RICK (O.S.)

Megan.

Megan jumps.

RICK (CONT'D)

What do you think?

TIGHT ON MEGAN, turning to face her uncle.

MEGAN

I think we're all gonna die in this house.

EMMA

(approaches Megan)

What did you say?

Megan turns around and faces the fireplace again.

MEGAN

(watery eyes)

What did you do with uncle Rick?

Emma turns to face Rick.

RICK

What do you mean? I'm right here.

Megan, still facing the fireplace, shakes her head.

MEGAN

Why did you bring us here? You're one of them, aren't you?

Rick and Emma stare at one another in confusion.

ON MEGAN, glancing down at the CROSS-SHAPED PENDANT on her necklace. She pulls her necklace off and turns to face Rick.

EMMA

Honey? You okay?

Megan throws Rick the necklace. Rick catches it and stares at it.

MEGAN

Kiss it.

RICK

What?

MEGAN

Go on, kiss it. What's the matter, afraid of Jesus?

PALE FACED DEMON (O.S.)

I'm not afraid of Jesus, Megan.

Megan turns around and sees the pale faced demon as he emerges from the dark hallway. She is the only one who sees him.

MEGAN

(praying)

O God, you are my God, earnestly I seek you...

AUNT EMMA

Megan? What's happening?

The pale faced demon approaches Megan.

PALE FACED DEMON

Shut up!

MEGAN

(praying)

My soul thirsts for you, O Lord, my body longs for you...

RICK

Megan?

PALE FACED DEMON

Stop it! Shut up!

MEGAN

(praying)

In a dry and weary land where there is no water...

The pale faced demon extends a hand at her. Megan begins to GASP for air. She can't talk. Can't breathe.

PALE FACED DEMON

Welcome home, Megan!

Megan collapses. Rick rushes to her, taking her in his arms.

RICK

What happened, Megan? Are you okay?

Megan looks up at him and, instead of Rick, she sees it is the faceless man that has crouched beside her.

FACELESS MAN

(multiple voices)

You are stronger than he is. You can beat this. The gate is here, Megan. Close it!

The faceless man stands, exiting Rick's body. He approaches the other faceless men in the room and, together they all vanish.

Rick helps Megan to her feet. Emma walks over to Megan and hugs her.

AUNT EMMA

You okay, baby?

O.S., the entrance door SLAMS shut. Emma, Rick and Megan are startled.

PALE FACED DEMON (O.S.)

Are you really stronger than me, Megan?

Megan turns and sees the demon at the top of the staircase. Emma hurries to the door. It's locked.

AUNT EMMA

(frantic)

It won't open!

Rick hurries to her to help.

MEGAN

(to demon)

Don't hurt them, please!

Rick tries to open the door but can't.

PALE FACED DEMON

See if you can stop them from dying.

ON RICK AND EMMA, as their bodies BURST INTO FLAMES.

Megan SCREAMS. Rick and Emma are SCREAMING, trying to put themselves out. The FIRE only grows STRONGER. MORE INTENSE.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

Where is Jesus, now, Megan?

Rick and Emma have stopped moving. The FIRE slowly diminishes, revealing a couple of charred bodies.

MEGAN

(crying)

What do you want from me?!

In an instant, the demon is standing inches from Megan's face.

PALE FACED DEMON

If I tell you, will you do it?

MEGAN

(re: Rick and Emma)
Can you bring them back?

The pale faced demon glances at the charred remains.

PALE FACED DEMON

Yes.

MEGAN

What do I have to do?

PALE FACED DEMON

Die.

MEGAN

What?

PALE FACED DEMON

Kill yourself. Take your own life so you can join me. If you die, they live. Simple.

MEGAN

No! I'm not going to kill myself!

PALE FACED DEMON

Then your precious aunt and uncle remain dead.

(beat)

And you remain mine. One day you will do as I say, Megan.

The demon vanishes.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM -- DAY

Megan now finds herself in this room. It used to be the one her mother used to paint in. It is now empty.

Megan hurries to the door but the door SLAMS in her face. She's locked in.

Megan sits on the floor with both hands wrapped around her knees and begins to CRY.

EXT. ROOM -- HALLWAY -- DAY

MOVING away from the room down the hallway as, O.S., Megan's CRY is HEARD.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

OVERHEAD ANGLE

A SPORTS CAR races down the winding highway as ROCK MUSIC PLAYS LOUDLY in B.G. (ONE by METALLICA).

SUPER: 10 years later, 2005

INT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

The DRIVER, CHRIS, early 20s, is bobbing his head to the BEAT from the radio. His dirty blonde hair is spiked in all directions and he wears an earring on each ear.

He's drumming his fingers on the steering wheel as he plays along with the MUSIC.

EXT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

LOW ANGLE

ON PASSENGER SIDE FRONT TIRE, as it EXPLODES.

INT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

Chris grabs the steering wheel firmly as he struggles to maintain control.

CHRIS

Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The sports car veers off the highway, traveling several yards into the dense woods before striking a tree.

INT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

Chris's forehead is bruised. He shuts the radio off and unbuckles his safety belt.

EXT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

Chris, dazed and confused, gets out of the car and stares at it for a moment.

STEAM is BILLOWING out from underneath the CRUMBLED hood. The car's totaled.

CHRIS

I don't fucking believe this!

He reaches into the car and pulls out his CELL PHONE. Sitting with his back against the car he dials his GIRLFRIEND.

EXT. TENNIS COURT -- DAY

A FAST ACTION, HIGH ENERGY game of tennis is underway between TWO YOUNG WOMEN, CLARICE and AMANDA, both in their early 20s.

ON COURT SIDE BENCH, as a CELL PHONE RINGS.

EXT. DENSE WOODS -- DAY

Chris wipes blood from his nose as he continues to wait for his girlfriend to answer the phone. No answer.

CHRIS

Come on, Clarice. Pick up.

EXT. TENNIS COURT -- DAY

CLARICE, with the short, blonde hair, SLAMS the ball down hard near AMANDA'S feet. Amanda jumps out of the way.

AMANDA

Damn, girl! You used to suck.

CLARICE

Then I met Chris and my game improved.

AMANDA

You just needed a little love, that's all girl.

Both girls walk off the court and approach the bench.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(wiping face with

towel)

You're gonna whip their butts in the state finals. You're ready.

CLARICE

I couldn't have done it without you.

They both sit down and drink their water and dry their sweat-covered faces.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Chris is walking by the side of the highway. He's dialing Clarice's number again.

INT. DENSE WOODS -- DAY

Chris is being watched by SOMEONE in the woods.

EXT. TENNIS COURT -- DAY

Clarice's cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

CLARICE

Hello?

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The VOICE from Chris's phone is not Clarice's.

AUTOMATED OPERATOR

I'm sorry, the call cannot be completed as dialed...

CHRIS

What?!

EXT. TENNIS COURT -- DAY

Clarice doesn't hear anything from her phone.

CLARICE

Hello? Chris? Hello?

Clarice presses the END button and stares at the phone's display.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

It's Chris's number.

AMANDA

Bad connection. I get that all the time when I'm driving down that highway through those creepy woods.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Chris hangs up the phone and, sensing someone's presence in the woods, stops. He stares into the trees.

INT. WOODED AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Through the eyes of an UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL, as Chris stares from the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Chris continues to walk. O.S., from the woods, a CHILD CRIES FOR HELP.

CHILD (O.S.)

(faintly)

Someone help me, please! Help! Hurry!

Chris cautiously makes his way into the woods.

CHRIS

Hello? Who's there? Are you okay?

CHILD (O.S.)

(barely audible)

Come quick! Let me out! Let me out!

Chris is now running through the woods, brushing aside branches and leaping over felled trees.

EXT. TENNIS COURT PARKING LOT -- DAY

Amanda gets into the passenger seat of her BOYFRIEND'S CONVERTIBLE.

JASON is a mild mannered young man in his early 20s. He has dark, black hair combed slick to the back and wears denim jeans and a denim jacket.

JASON

Need a lift?

CLARICE

Chris's on his way.

AMANDA

Maybe he's got car trouble. That's why he tried to call.

JASON

Call him back.

CLARICE

I tried but I keep getting an operator.

JASON

Come on, hop in. We'll go look for him.

CLARICE

Are you sure? I'm sure he's okay.

AMANDA

He may have a flat tire or something. Trust me, you don't want to be stranded out there when the sun goes down.

CLARICE

What's so scary about that place?

AMANDA

You haven't heard about the Rundle house demons?

CLARICE

No.

AMANDA

A woman tried to drown her five year old daughter one night because, get this, demons told her to do it.

CLARICE

Oh my God!

JASON

Her name was Susan Rundle. She was a real nut case.

CLARICE

She's dead?

AMANDA

She was locked up in some mental institute in town. Last week an orderly found her in bed, mummified!

CLARICE

You think demons really told her to do that? Drown her kid?

JASON

Something's in that house. First, like ten people were found burned alive in some room. Only the people were burned. Nothing else was burned. Not even the floor. Satanic worshipers or something like that. Then, ten years ago, two people were found murdered there by two cops who later quit.

CLARICE

Quit? Why?

JASON

Something scared the shit out of them. I heard one of them tried to kill himself. They're both seeing some shrink in town.

CLARICE

What about the little girl? Where is she now?

JASON

No one's seen her since she disappeared 10 years ago.

Clarice throws her duffel bag in the car.

CLARICE

Let's go get Chris.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAY

ON CHRIS, as he exits the woods onto an overgrown lawn. His jaw drops as he sees something out of frame.

CHRIS'S POV

Green moss and vines have taken over most of the house's exterior. The screen door at the front entrance hangs loosely on its one hinge.

REVERSE ANGLE

Chris approaches the house. He moves through the waist-high grass and climbs up the rotting wooden steps to the front porch.

A RUSTED, METAL WIND CHIME sways in the breeze.

CHRIS

(looking through window)

Hello?

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from beneath the

porch)

Please, don't leave me here.

Chris freaks. He drops to his knees and presses his ear against the porch floor.

TIGHT ON CHRIS, as he listens for the child's voice again. His CELL PHONE RINGS.

This STARTLES him, causing him to jump to his feet, answering the phone immediately.

CHRIS

(frightened)

Shit, you scared me.

INT. JASON'S CAR -- DAY

Clarice is on her cell phone.

CLARICE

Finally I get through. Where are you?

EXT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- DAY

CHRIS

My car had a blow out. I just found something really creepy.

INT. JASON'S CAR -- DAY

CLARICE

Just stay by the side of the road, okay? We're headed your way. Whatever you do don't go up to that house on the hill.

EXT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- DAY

CHRIS

Clarice, I'm standing on the front porch.

O.S., BARELY AUDIBLE, DEMONIC LAUGHTER. Chris spins around to face the front door.

INT. JASON'S CAR -- DAY

CLARICE

Chris, get away from there. It's not safe...

The phone goes dead.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Chris? Chris, you there? Shit!

EXT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- DAY

CHRIS

(into phone)

Clarice?

Chris hurries down the rotting porch steps. They CRUMBLE beneath him.

He falls into the tall grass but quickly STAGGERS to his feet and keeps running.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(faintly)

Don't go! Please, get me out! Get me out!

Chris isn't looking back. He's running as fast as he can trying to put as much distance between himself and the house as he can.

INT. JASON'S CAR -- DAY

ON CLARICE, as something on the road catches her attention.

HER POV

There are tire marks on the road that lead into the wooded area.

CLARICE

Stop. Stop here!

In that instant, Chris comes running out of the woods and onto the road. Jason SLAMS his foot down on the brake pedal.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The car stops within inches of hitting Chris. Chris collapses.

Everyone gets out of the car and rushes to him. Clarice leans down and lifts his head.

CLARICE

Chris! Chris, what happened? Are you hurt?

CHRIS

(out of breath)

Someone's in there. Someone's trapped in that house, Clarice.

AMANDA

There's no one in there, Chris. That house is haunted.

CHRIS

(shaking head)

No, no, no. I heard it. It's a small kid. He's...he's crying for help. We have to go back.

JASON

Chris, two people died in that house years ago. Then cops went crazy after they discovered the bodies. No way in hell I'm going up there, man.

Clarice helps Chris to his feet. He sits on the hood of the car.

CHRIS

I'm telling you, this was no ghost. He's real, I know it.

AMANDA

I want to get out of here, Jason. This place gives me the creeps.

Jason and Amanda get into the car.

JASON

Come on. We're getting out of here.

CLARICE

Let's go home, Chris.

CHRIS

We can't just let him die up there.

CLARICE

There's no one there, Chris! Jesus!

JASON

Come on, Chris. Get in.

CHRIS

What if a kid went up to play up there? What if he fell in a hole? What if he's stuck somewhere? Christ, Clarice, we can't just leave someone to die.

Clarice looks at Amanda and Jason.

AMANDA

You're not thinking about going up there, are you, Clarice?

CLARICE

We'll just check it out and get out of there.

CHRIS

We don't even have to go inside. I think he's somewhere outside.

JASON

Oh, hell no! No way. You guys are crazy!

O.S., the CHILD'S VOICE is FAINTLY HEARD. Everyone turns to face the woods.

CHRIS

I'm telling you, someone's up there and he needs help.

He and Clarice move out of the middle of the road and prepare to enter the woods.

JASON

How are you guys gonna get home?

AMANDA

We can't leave them stranded out here.

JASON

It's their choice. I'm offering them a ride.

CLARICE

It's okay, Amanda. You guys go on. We'll get home somehow.

Amanda gets out of the car and joins Chris and Clarice by the side of the road.

JASON

Amanda! Not you, too?

AMANDA

They're our friends, Jason. We can't leave them here.

INT. JASON'S CAR -- DAY

Jason opens the glove compartment and pulls out a handgun.

EXT. JASON'S CAR -- DAY

He gets out of the car and joins the rest of the gang.

JASON

(slipping gun into

pants)

Just for the record, I think this is a bad idea.

AMANDA

(re: handgun)

Where'd you get that?

JASON

For protection. I've had it for awhile.

AMANDA

Why didn't you tell me about it? You had a fucking gun in the car all this time and you didn't tell me?

CHRIS

Guys, this isn't the time. Let's go find that kid.

JASON

Let's just hope it's a damn kid stuck somewhere and not something else if you know what I mean.

They all enter the wooded area.

INT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

AS CAMERA MOVES through the living room a MULTITUDE OF DEMONIC WHISPERS can be HEARD as if a surprise party is being organized for our unsuspecting guests.

We move down the dark hallway until we reach a closed door. This is the worship room.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

LOW ANGLE

E.C.U. of Megan's NEAR-SKELETAL FACE as she lays unmoving, like a corpse, on the floor.

Her eyes are closed. Is she dead?

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)

(softly singing)

Wake up, Megan.

Megan's eyes open quickly and suddenly. TELESCOPE OUT as Megan SPASMS to life, SCREAMING.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They're coming for you, Megan.

Megan forces herself up from the chair and weakly STAGGERS to a nearby window.

She BANGS her fist on the window but is too weak to break it.

MEGAN

(hoarsely)

Don't come!

(crying)

Don't come! Please, stay away!

Megan turns around and, standing inches from her face, is the pale faced demon staring into her eyes. Megan SHRIEKS.

PALE FACED DEMON

The time has come, Megan, for you to decide. Either join me and be free of this prison or disappoint, once again, and remain here, forever.

The demon smiles just before becoming a GREY HAZE and disappearing.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EARLY EVENING

Chris, Clarice, Amanda and Jason exit the woods and are standing in the overgrown front lawn of the wooden house.

AMANDA

This place gives me the creeps during the day when I look at it from a distance. Now, here it is getting dark and I'm right smack on the property.

Let's just hurry up and look for that kid, alright?

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from inside the house,

faintly)

In here! Quick, I can't breathe!

JASON

No fucking way.

CHRIS

Shit, he was outside earlier.

AMANDA

Let's get out of here, guys.

CLARICE

Wait, maybe you just thought you heard him outside.

Jason pulls out his gun.

AMANDA

What are you doing?

JASON

Someone's playing with us. I say we get out and we get out fast.

A light turns on inside the house.

CHRIS

Someone's inside.

CLARICE

Whoever has that kid in there has him against his will. We have to call the cops.

As she dials 911 on her cell phone, Jason glances at the nearby UTILITY POLE.

He nudges Chris, pointing at the CUT ELECTRICAL WIRES.

CHRIS

No electricity.

JASON

Yet the lights are on.

CHRIS

Generator?

Maybe. If this guy's on the lamb he doesn't want anyone to know he's up here.

CHRIS

Any luck getting through, Clarice?

CLARICE

Phone's dead.

Chris looks at his phone.

CHRIS

Shit, so's mine.

AMANDA

I don't like this.

Chris walks toward the house. Everyone else follows.

CHRIS

Hello? We're here to help you! Where are you?

From inside the house the child's CRY for help is HEARD.

CHILD (O.S.)

(faintly)

In here. I'm inside.

Chris opens the front door and cautiously makes his way inside.

INT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING

Once everyone is inside, the door SLAMS SHUT. Amanda rushes to the door and tries to open it but it's locked.

AMANDA

(paranoid)

We're locked in! We can't get out!

CHRIS

Quiet. There she is.

ON LITTLE GIRL, standing in the hallway with her back to everyone. She has long, straight, black hair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You okay, little girl?

No answer.

ON AMANDA, as she turns to look at the staircase leading up to the second floor.

HER POV

Another LITTLE GIRL, identical to the first, is standing on the stairs with her back to the group.

Amanda FREAKS.

AMANDA

Guys! There's another one.

JASON

This isn't right, Chris. This definitely feels wrong, man.

CLARICE (O.S.)

Guys?

Chris turns to face Clarice, who's staring at the kitchen.

CHRIS

What is it?

Clarice points to the kitchen. CAMERA PANS to kitchen where there is another LITTLE GIRL with long, black hair, standing with her back to everyone.

Chris hurries to the door but there's a problem. The door is no longer there. In its place is a wall.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No fucking way!

AMANDA

Where's the door?

JASON

This is it, man! We're not getting out of here. Shit, this is freaking me out.

CLARICE

You and everyone else.

(turns to girls)

What do you want with us?!

No answer. The little girl in the hallway walks into the hallway and disappears from view.

ON LITTLE GIRL ON STAIRCASE, walking up the stairs, entering one of the upstairs bedrooms.

ON LITTLE GIRL IN THE KITCHEN, as she exits the kitchen and walks into the living room where everyone is standing.

Her long black hair covers her face. It's as if we're looking at the back of her head.

She nears the frightened group, turns, and heads up the staircase where she also enters the same bedroom as the little girl before her.

ON CHRIS AND CLARICE, as they embrace.

JASON

We're not getting out of here alive, aren't we?

AMANDA

I don't want to die!

CHRIS

(to Jason)

Shut up, man. There has to be a way out.

JASON

Chris, your father's a priest, right?

CHRIS

Yeah, so?

JASON

Then you should know all about casting out demons and stuff like that, right?

CHRIS

Your dad's a computer program developer, right?

JASON

What's that got to do with anything?

CHRIS

Do you know anything about computers?

JASON

No.

CHRIS

I know about as much about exorcisms as you do about computers.

CLARICE

I thought priests couldn't marry.

CHRIS

My dad was a Protestant Minister before becoming a priest. He was already married. Mom was pregnant with me.

Jason aims his gun at a window.

Watch your eyes, everyone. I'm getting us the fuck out of this place.

He pulls the trigger. CLICK!

JASON (CONT'D)

(checking gun)

What the hell?

He runs to the window and starts BANGING on it with the butt of his gun. It won't break.

JASON (CONT'D)

(yelling)

What the fuck, man! What the hell do you want with us?!

MEGAN (O.S.)

(weakly)

It's me they want.

PAN around to the hallway where a BONY Megan is standing.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And they're using you to get me.

CHRIS

Who are you? What's happening?

Megan walks to the living room. Her body is just skin over bone.

MEGAN

Megan Rundle.

She sits down on the love seat.

AMANDA

Jesus. You're that little girl whose mother tried to drown.

JASON

How do we get out of here?

MEGAN

You don't.

CHRIS

What?

JASON

She's lying. There has to be a way out. I know there is.

MEGAN

You should have never come here.

Well, it's a little too late for the warning, isn't it!

CHRIS

Jason, relax, man.

(turns to Megan)

We heard someone crying for help.

JASON

(irritated)

Fuck! I knew this was a bad idea! I fucking knew it! But did anybody listen? Nooo!

AMANDA

How long have you been in here?

MEGAN

I don't know. A long time.

CHRIS

Who else is in the house?

MEGAN

No one.

CHRIS

But we just saw...

MEGAN

Demons. They're all around us. They're keeping me alive until I give myself up to them. I haven't eaten or drank anything in years.

AMANDA

Oh my God!

CLARICE

When you say, give yourself up to them, what are you saying?

MEGAN

I have to take my own life.

CHRIS

Shit.

JASON

What does all this have to do with us?

MEGAN

Everything. Either I kill myself or watch you all die.

What are you waiting for?

Amanda elbows him.

JASON (CONT'D)

What? I mean, look at her, she's practically dead already!

CHRIS

Shut up, Jason. We have to get out of here. Nobody's dying.

(turns to Megan)

Please. There has to be a way out.

MEGAN

You're not ready.

JASON

Just tell us, already! Jesus Christ!

CHRIS

What do you mean we're not ready?

LOUD THUMPING NOISES can be HEARD, O.S., coming from the ceiling. Everyone looks up. Amanda embraces Jason.

MEGAN

(looking up)

Confess with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord,"

(more loud CRASHING

SOUNDS)

And believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.

(another LOUD THUMP)

Only then will you be ready.

JASON

This is bullshit.

CHRIS

Ready for what?

A VERY LOUD THUMP nearly splits the ceiling in half. Megan is unable to speak. She arcs her back as if in pain but isn't screaming.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What's happening?

AMANDA

Do something. She's freaking me out!

I have a feeling things are about to get a lot worse around here.

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

ON DRAWER, as it opens all the way out and lands on the floor. At least FIVE KNIVES spill out along with spoons and forks.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Everyone HEARS the CRASHING SOUND.

JASON

What the hell was that?

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

ON KNIVES, BOUNCING up and down as if the floor was SHAKING. One by one they lift up into the air.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

ON KNIVES, as they GLIDE across the living room toward the group.

The knives stop a few feet away, hovering before them, taunting them.

JASON

Shit!

CHRIS

No one move!

AMANDA

(crying)

Jason? I don't want to die!

JASON

It's alright.

(turns to Megan)

Make it stop! If either one of us gets hurt, I swear I'll kill you myself!

One of the knives shoots forward, LODGING itself in Jason's chest. Amanda SCREAMS as Jason GASPS for air and COLLAPSES.

Amanda runs to him, kneeling down beside him and holding his head up in her arms.

AMANDA

(crying, screaming)

Jason!

He's dead.

ON KNIVES, as they all fall to the floor.

Amanda quickly grabs one and rushes to Megan.

CLARICE

Amanda, no!

Amanda grabs Megan by the neck and threatens her with the knife.

AMANDA

You killed him! You killed him, bitch! Why?

Megan can't speak. She's shaking her head, CRYING, as BRIEF IMAGES of AMANDA'S DEATH FLASH before her eyes.

MEGAN'S VISION

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

Amanda leans close to a window to look out. The window EXPLODES, fragments of glass embed themselves in her face and body.

She's FLUNG backwards with the force of the explosion, landing on the bed.

REALITY

Chris grabs Amanda and forces her off Megan.

CHRIS

Stop it! Listen to me!

He spins her around so they're facing each other.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You think they're going to let you kill her? Trust me, you'll die first before you can take her life.

Amanda drops the knife and embraces Chris. Clarice approaches Megan.

CLARICE

How do we get out of here?! Please, just tell us.

Megan tries to speak but can't open her mouth. Her eyes roll back in their sockets. She becomes very, very still.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

(crying)

Talk, damn it! Why can't you talk?

PALE FACED DEMON (O.S.)

Who is next, Megan?

Megan opens her eyes. Turns to face the staircase.

ON DARK CLOTHED, PALE FACED DEMON, at the foot of the stairs.

Chris turns to face the staircase but sees no one there.

CHRIS

Clarice, get away from her.

Clarice joins Chris and Amanda.

CLARICE

What's happening to her?

CHRIS

I don't know.

The pale faced demon walks toward Megan, standing behind her, leaning in close to her.

PALE FACED DEMON

Amanda? Is she next, Megan. You saw how she dies didn't you?

Megan, teary-eyed, shakes her head.

CLARICE

They're talking to her, aren't they?

Amanda, unable to hold back her emotions, falls to her knees and WEEPS uncontrollably. Clarice wraps her arms around her.

PALE FACED DEMON

Awful, isn't it? The way all that glass just penetrates her soft skin. You and only you have the power to stop this.

The demon fades away into a grey haze and vanishes. Megan begins to COUGH up blood.

ON AMANDA, covering her face and turning away. The COUGHING stops.

Amanda removes her hands from her face and realizes she's the only one in the room.

Chris, Clarice and Megan are gone.

AMANDA

Guys? Where are you?

In fact, everyone is still in the living room. It is only Amanda who can't see them.

Clarice reaches over and touches her.

As far as Amanda is concerned, a "GHOST" has just touched her. She jumps back, frightened.

CLARICE

Amanda, what's happening? It's me.

Amanda can't HEAR them, either.

ON CHRIS, grabbing Amanda by the shoulders with both his hands.

CHRIS

Amanda, you're scaring us. What's going on?

ON AMANDA, jumping back, forcing herself away from the GHOSTS.

AMANDA

Where is everybody!?

CHRIS

She can't see us.

CLARICE

Amanda, we're right here. Can you hear me?

JASON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Amanda.

Chris and Clarice glance up to the top of the stairs and see one of the little girls facing them with her hair over her face.

ON AMANDA, smiling.

HER POV

She sees Jason standing there.

AMANDA

Jason?

ON CHRIS AND CLARICE, confused.

CLARICE

(concerned)

Amanda, that's not Jason.

ON LITTLE GIRL, as she walks into one of the upstairs bedrooms.

AMANDA'S POV

She sees "JASON" instead of the little girl entering the upstairs bedroom.

Amanda approaches the staircase. Megan is trying to warn her.

She's struggling to talk, struggling against unseen forces that are holding her down on the love seat.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Do something!

Chris grabs Amanda as she prepares to ascend the stairs.

ON AMANDA, fighting off the "ghost" that has grabbed her. She's SCREAMING, KICKING, CLAWING.

ON CHRIS, as he releases her. He glances down at his bleeding arms.

Amanda runs up the stairs and enters the bedroom she saw "Jason" enter.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Amanda, no! Don't go in there!

She runs up the stairs after her but several knives jump off the floor and HOVER in front of her face, blocking the way up.

CHRIS

There's nothing we can do, Clarice.

CLARICE

(crying)

She's going to die up there!

CHRIS

And so will you if you try and stop it.

Clarice collapses on the stairs and CRIES.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- EVENING

Amanda enters the room. No one is there.

AMANDA

Jason? Come on, stop fooling around. Where are you?

O.S., Amanda HEARS the SOUND of a SMALL PEBBLE being thrown against the window.

She slowly approaches the bedroom window as MORE PEBBLES are being thrown at it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Jason?

She tries to open the window but it won't open. A LARGE ROCK is thrown at the window but it's not fast enough to go through.

It merely STARTLES Amanda, causing her to jump back a bit. She leans in again, pressing her face against the window.

The WINDOW EXPLODES in her face, sending her flying backwards onto the bed with pieces of glass in her face and upper body.

She's too consumed with shock and fear to scream. She's just laying there, breathing hard, panicking.

ON WINDOW, as a LARGE FRAGMENT OF GLASS WIGGLES free from the wooden frame and flies across the room, hovering over Amanda's neck like a GUILLOTINE. The GLASS FRAGMENT falls. Amanda SCREAMS.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

ON CLARICE, burying her face in Chris's shoulder as Amanda SCREAMS, O.S.

ON CHRIS, staring into Megan's blood shot eyes.

CHRIS

What happens when you die?

MEGAN

I become like them.

CHRIS

A demon?

MEGAN

Yes.

CLARICE

How can God allow this?

MEGAN

A gate has been opened. It connects their world with ours. You have to close it.

CHRIS

What gate? Where? I don't understand?

MEGAN

In the worship room.

O.S., the door to the worship room in the hallway SLAMS SHUT.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You have to get in. You have to be ready. Down the hall, second door to the right. But you can't go in unless you're ready.

The lights turn off. The living room is dimly lit by the moonlight coming through the windows. Clarice nears Chris.

CLARICE

What's happening?

MEGAN

You've been searching for him all your life, Chris.

CHRIS

Searching for who?

MEGAN

Christ. Tonight, you will find him.

Instantly, her mouth catches on FIRE. Megan SCREAMS but the fire quickly extinguishes itself.

Megan staggers to her feet and hurries across the living room to the hallway.

CHRIS

Where are you going?

Megan disappears into the dark hallway. A door SLAMS shut, O.S. Chris tries to follow but Clarice grabs his arm.

CLARICE

Don't go.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

DARKNESS

O.S., the pull string on the light bulb is HEARD being pulled and the light comes on.

Megan is still at the top of the stairs with her back to the basement door.

ON PULL STRING, swaying back and forth from the light bulb.

A SHADOW emerges from a corner. It's the pale faced demon.

PALE FACED DEMON

Nice try, Megan. (yelling)

Jesus is not here!

ON MEGAN, bathed in sweat, her whole body trembling with fear.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

Death is staring at them as we speak. One of them has already begun to die.

MEGAN

I'll do what you say. But first you have to let them go.

The demon smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

The lights come back on. Clarice glances over to the front entrance and sees the door.

CLARICE

Chris? Look.

Chris turns and sees the door is back where it should be.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

We can leave, right?

CHRIS

She couldn't have killed herself. No way.

CLARICE

Who cares? Let's get out of here.

But Chris isn't going anywhere. He walks to Jason's body and searches its pant pockets.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Let's go!

Chris pulls out Jason's car keys.

CHRIS

She mentioned a Bible.

(turns to Clarice)

I think she wants me to do an exorcism.

CLARICE

Are you fucking insane?! We've been given the opportunity to leave and you want to stay behind so you can save some demon-possessed, anorectic girl?

Chris approaches Clarice. Hands her the car keys.

CHRIS

Listen carefully, Clarice. You have to go to Jason's car.

Clarice refuses to take the keys.

CLARICE

What!? No.

CHRIS

Listen! Go to his car. Get help.

CLARICE

I'm not leaving you behind!

CHRIS

You have to do this, Clarice. Take the keys!

CLARICE

You're serious?

CHRIS

I've never been more serious about anything in my life.

Clarice takes the keys and storms out of the house.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

The demon is standing at the foot of the stairs. Megan is still at the top.

PALE FACED DEMON

Seems like you have an admirer.

MEGAN

(to Chris, yelling)

Get out of here! If you leave he can't hurt me! Forget about what I've told you!

INT. HALLWAY - BASEMENT DOOR -- EVENING

Chris touches the door with his hand.

CHRIS

No one deserves to be a prisoner, Megan. I'm here to set you free!

MEGAN (O.S.)

(from behind door)

You're free! That's all that matters! Please, leave!

INT. HALLWAY - BASEMENT -- EVENING

Chris hurries further down the hallway, stopping in front of a room with its door shut.

He tries to open it but it's locked. He begins to kick it.

EXT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- WOODED AREA -- EVENING

Clarice is running through the woods toward the highway as, O.S., DEMONS LAUGH AND CONVERSE AMONG THEMSELVES.

INT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT -- EVENING

Megan descends the stairs to several dozen oil paintings stacked against one another against a wall.

INT. HALLWAY -- EVENING

Chris continues to kick the door. Finally, he kicks it open and enters.

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

Chris is walking toward the open Bible on the wooden altar. There are BEINGS in the room that are unseen but can definitely be HEARD.

There are hundreds of unlit candles scattered throughout the floor.

In the center of the room, over the carved pentagram on the floor, the three little girls whose faces are hidden behind their long black hair, appear out of nowhere. They get down on all fours and become THREE WILD DOGS.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

Megan lifts one of the oil paintings to look at it more closely. She REACTS to something in the painting.

MEGAN

Oh my God.

INSERT PAINTING

The painting is that of a couple having sex in the worship room. The woman is her mother.

The man with the tattooed wings is the dark clothed, pale faced demon.

BACK TO SCENE

PALE FACED DEMON (O.S.) She was to get eternal life in exchange for her first born.

Megan drops the painting. She turns around to look at the pale faced demon.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

As you can see things haven't exactly turned out the way I would have liked.

MEGAN

(shaking head, crying)
I am not your daughter!

PALE FACED DEMON

I've never been much of a father have I?

MEGAN

What will happen to me if I do as you say?

PALE FACED DEMON

You will have powers and abilities beyond your imagination. You will be queen of queens! God of gods!

MEGAN

I will be like you, a demon?

PALE FACED DEMON

You'll like it, I promise you that. Once you're with us you'll wonder why you didn't off yourself sooner. Trust me.

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

The door SLAMS shut behind Chris.

WIDE ANGLE

Every candle in the room becomes LIT.

CHRIS

(frightened)

Megan!

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

As if HEARING Chris' CRY for help, Megan calls out to him.

MEGAN

You must believe in him, Chris! Without him you will die!

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

Chris is up against the door. The dogs are nearly at his feet. He falls to his knees.

CHRIS

(praying)

Forgive me, Father! Please, come into my heart! Your son died for me! I believe! I believe!

ON BIBLE, as blood spills out from the point where the knife is driven through the pages.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EVENING

Clarice trips over a log and falls. As she stands she REACTS to something up ahead.

HER POV

There is just barely enough MOONLIGHT to illuminate SOMEONE that looks like Chris kneeling several yards away with his back to Clarice.

ON CLARICE, as she approaches this person.

CLARICE

Chris?

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

The pale faced demon continues to pressure Megan.

PALE FACED DEMON

People are dying! What's it gonna be, Megan? You or them?

MEGAN

(crying)

I don't want to die! I don't want anyone to die!

PALE FACED DEMON

Too late.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EVENING

Clarice reaches out and touches "Chris" on the shoulder. As her hand makes contact with him he EXPLODES into a MILLION BLACK INSECTS that SWARM around CLARICE, engulfing her completely. She SCREAMS.

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

ON KNIFE STUCK IN BIBLE, as it wiggles free, lifts into the air and FLIES TOWARD Chris, STABBING him in the shoulders, legs and arms.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

Megan throws her arms out toward the pale faced demon.

MEGAN

No!

ON Pale Faced Demon, as a powerful force sends him flying backwards against the wall. He quickly jumps to his feet.

PALE FACED DEMON

Like father, like daughter. It's starting, Megan. The transformation has begun.

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

The knife flies across the room, goes for Chris' head but he dodges it as it passes within inches from his neck. The knife embeds itself in the door behind him.

Meanwhile, the dogs are biting into his legs. He grabs the knife and pulls it free, using it to fend off the dogs, stabbing at them mercilessly.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EVENING

Clarice, still engulfed by the swarm of insects, collapses. Her movements begin to slow until she's no longer moving at all. The SWARM OF INSECTS are all over her, consuming her.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

Megan closes her eyes.

MEGAN

The gate, Chris! You have to get it closed!

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

Chris, as if HEARING every word Megan has spoken, drags himself across the floor. The dogs are BARKING at him constantly, trying to bite him.

CHRIS

In Jesus I believe. Be with me during these times of tribulation, Lord.

The dogs morph back into the three faceless girls. They vanish instantly.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

MEGAN

The gate is on the floor! Move over it and cast them back to hell!

The pale faced demon extends a hand and an unseen force grabs hold of Megan, SLAMMING her against the wall.

PALE FACED DEMON

Your friend cannot succeed! You cannot deny your destiny, Megan!

A DAGGER materializes a few inches from her face.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

Take it!

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

Chris has dragged himself over the pentagram and is stabbing it with his knife.

CHRIS

I command you to leave! In Jesus' name, I command you to leave!

A STRONG BREEZE BLOWS, every candle in the room is snuffed out.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

The DAGGER that hovered inches from Megan's face falls to the ground. She's CRYING. The pale faced demon nears her.

PALE FACED DEMON

See you in hell.

With those words, he becomes a grey haze and vanishes.

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

ON CHRIS, laying on the floor with the knife stuck in the pentagram. He glances up and sees a single candle that is still lit.

He drags himself over to it, picks it up, and launches it at one of the windows. The curtains catch on fire.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EVENING

THE SWARM OF CARNIVOROUS INSECTS SCATTER into the surrounding woods, leaving behind only Clarice's SKELETAL REMAINS.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

All is quiet. The demons are gone. Megan, no longer bound by the invisible force, approaches the oil paintings leaning against the wall.

With each step she takes, her body undergoes a transformation. Her bony body becomes more fleshed out and healthy-looking.

INT. WORSHIP ROOM -- EVENING

Chris removes his shirt, tears it in two and ties them around each bleeding leg to stop the bleeding.

As the fire begins to spread rapidly through the room, Chris manages to get the door open and drag himself out to the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

Megan lifts a particular painting from the stack.

INSERT PAINTING

The painting is that of a MUMMIFIED WOMAN. It's her mother, Susan Rundle. SCRIBBLED in red paint across the top of the painting is the phrase: I AM THE GATE.

In the background is an endless wall of BODY VAULTS. She's in the morgue. The MUMMIFIED WOMAN in the painting opens her eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan drops the painting and leaps back.

INT. MORGUE -- EVENING

ON MORTICIAN, wearing latex gloves and a mask, leaning over a BODY laying on the metal examining table. The corpse's chest is riddled with bullet holes.

O.S., FAINT KNOCKING NOISES can be HEARD coming from the VAULT ROOM.

The mortician glances over at the body vaults. The KNOCKING stops.

He turns back to face his work, reaching into the dead body's chest with a pair of tweezers and nudging at one of many embedded bullets.

Again, the KNOCKING NOISES are HEARD, O.S. The mortician lays the tweezers down and removes his mask.

MORTICIAN

Who's there?

He slowly walks into the vault room, following the KNOCKING NOISE.

INT. VAULT ROOM -- EVENING

The NOISE, still quite faint, seems to be coming from inside one of the body vaults!

It's so faint, though. Can hardly tell. The mortician gets closer.

He's zeroed in on one particular vault.

INSERT VAULT LABEL

The label reads: SUSAN RUNDLE

BACK TO SCENE

The mortician presses his ear against the vault door and listens. Nothing. Then,

KNOCK!

The mortician nearly falls backwards. The NOISE is coming from inside the vault. Can't be.

The mortician stands, straightens, adjusts his glasses.

MORTICIAN

Shit. Damn it, Larry, ha, ha, very funny. I know you're in there.

All is quiet once again.

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

Larry?

He grabs his keys and inserts the one for that particular vault.

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

(opening vault)

Alright, get out of...

ON OPEN VAULT, Susan Rundle's body isn't in there.

ON MORTICIAN, as he REACTS.

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

(confused)

What the hell?

He senses a PRESENCE behind him. He turns. Standing inches from his face is the MUMMIFIED BODY OF SUSAN RUNDLE.

The mortician YELLS. Susan ATTACKS him.

INT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- EVENING

Megan finds Chris in the hallway trying to make a phone call from his cell phone.

MEGAN

We have to get out of here!

Megan helps him up. Together they stagger down the hallway and through the living room as the fire spreads quickly into the hallway.

EXT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Megan lays Chris down a safe distance from the burning house. Half the house has already gone up in flames. Chris dials a number on his cell phone.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EVENING

ON CLARICE'S PHONE, laying next to Clarice's remains, as it RINGS.

EXT. SUSAN RUNDLE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Chris, realizing his girlfriend's dead, releases the phone and begins to CRY.

CHRIS

She's dead isn't she.

MEGAN

You're hurt pretty bad.

Megan kneels down by his side.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Stay still. This is going to burn.

CHRIS

What? What are you doing?

MEGAN

Shut up.

She shuts her eyes. Begins rocking back and forth. A drop of blood oozes out of her nose.

CHRIS

Megan?

She COUGHS once. When she does she leans over Chris's legs and VOMITS all over them. It's really disgusting.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit!

Megan opens her eyes. For a split second THE COLOR OF HER EYES ARE RED AND DEMON-LIKE.

She wipes her mouth and stands. Chris is in shock over what just happened. He, too, stands.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus!

He walks around as if his legs were never stabbed. He can't believe it. Megan is reserved, silent, almost ashamed of what she's done.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How did you do that?

MEGAN

We have to get out of here.

CHRIS

We have to find Clarice.

MEGAN

Clarice is dead.

CHRIS

How do you know that? I shouldn't have sent her out alone. She's probably lost.

MEGAN

No, Chris. She's dead.

CHRIS

How the fuck do you know?! You don't know that!

He starts walking toward the woods.

MEGAN

(out loud)

There's another gate!

Chris stops. Turns to face Megan.

CHRIS

What did you say?

MEGAN

(teary-eyed)

There were two gates. A backup in case one was closed.

CHRIS

This can't be happening. Where?

MEGAN

My mother. She's the second gate.

CHRIS

Back there, when you threw up all over me. How did you do that?

MEGAN

We have to keep moving.

CHRIS

There's something you're not telling me.

MEGAN

(hesitant)

I'm becoming one of them.

CHRIS

You said you had to die first.

MEGAN

If I kill myself, I live for all eternity as one of them. If I don't, the transformation will kill me and I go neither to heaven or hell.

Chris stares at the burning house.

CHRIS

Is there any way of stopping the transformation?

MEGAN

I'm sort of looking forward to it.

CHRIS

Why?

MEGAN

I'll be dead. I'm no good to them dead.

INT. MORGUE -- VAULT ROOM -- EVENING

ON THE MORTICIAN, sitting on the floor with his back against the body vaults as he applies pressure to his bleeding neck.

He's VERY FRIGHTENED, PARALYZED WITH FEAR, staring at something in the room.

PAN TO the mummified Susan Rundle, standing in the center of this room, CHANTING AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE PHRASE over and over again.

Moments later she opens her mouth and a THICK, GREY HAZE is released into the air around her.

O.S., DEMONS ARE LAUGHING. Some of them are WHISPERING TO THEMSELVES.

After the haze has completed exited Susan's body, Susan drops on her hands and knees, fatigued.

She turns abruptly to face the frightened mortician and YELLS at the top of her lungs before COLLAPSING.

ON GREY HAZE, coming together, forming a HUMAN FIGURE, the dark clothed, pale faced demon.

In the blink of an eye, the demon moves from where he stands in one end of the vault room to where the frightened mortician is sitting. The demon crouches down in front of him.

The demon grabs the mortician's hand and forces it away from the wound in his neck.

The mortician is too frightened to fight, too frightened to do anything but bleed to death as a steady, thick flow of blood oozes from his neck.

PALE FACED DEMON

Shhh.

Once the mortician is dead, the demon stands and approaches Susan Rundle's mummified body.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

(standing over Susan)

Enjoying your immortality, Susan?
 (beat)

Our daughter is so fucking stubborn, you know that? Her transformation has begun.

He leans in close to her.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

(whispering)

And you know what? I think she likes it.

With those words the demon becomes a grey haze and vanishes.

HOLD ON Susan's mummified body. Her mouth and eyes are WIDE OPEN, as if SCREAMING but not a sound is heard.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- EVENING

Megan and Chris make their way through the woods to the highway. Chris spots Clarice's remains laying on the trail before them.

MEGAN

Let's keep walking. Come on. There's nothing we can do for her.

CHRIS

(crying)

I'm sorry, Clarice! I'm so sorry!

Unwilling to continue, Chris collapses.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This is your fight, not mine. Three people died because I got involved. Leave me here.

MEGAN

You'll die out here. You need me as much as I need you. We have to finish this.

CHRIS

I don't need you! Why would I need you, huh?

MEGAN

Death is coming and it's coming fast, Chris. And when it gets here. When they have you surrounded, taunting you, tearing at your body with their claws, you will wish I was near you.

She starts to walk away.

CHRIS

(thinks for a moment)

Why?

Megan stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're saying I'm dead without you?

MEGAN

(her back to Chris)

You sent them back to hell. Now they're back and they're mad as hell, so this isn't just about me anymore.

(faces Chris)

You ever seen a pissed off Demon?

Chris reaches into the skeletal hands of Clarice's remains and grabs the keys to Jason's convertible by the highway.

CHRIS

I'm doing this for her, not you.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS, SOMETHING is HEADED right for Chris and Megan. GROWLING. It's moving fast like a WILD ANIMAL.

BACK TO CHRIS AND MEGAN, RUNNING toward the highway. It suddenly gets very, very dark.

They both stop. Megan looks up at the moon and sees a SWIRL OF DARK CLOUDS move in front of it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This doesn't look good.

MEGAN

(hears something)

Shhh.

CHRIS

What is it?

O.S., BARELY AUDIBLE DEMONIC LAUGHTER coming from somewhere inside the woods around them.

MEGAN

Run.

CHRIS

What?

MEGAN

RUN!

They start running for their lives. O.S., the WILD ANIMAL is nearly upon them.

CHRIS

What is it?!

MEGAN

Just keep running!

WILD ANIMAL'S POV -- HEAT VISION

Chris' and Megan's HEAT SIGNATURES are clearly visible. They are only a few yards ahead. He's gaining on them fast.

Chris exits the woods first followed by Megan. They find themselves in a large clearing.

Both are staring at something out of frame. PAN around to what they're seeing.

It's the old, two story, wooden house they thought they left behind. It's in tact!

CHRIS

No way.

MEGAN

It's not real. They're playing with us.

O.S., the wild animal GROWLS. Chris and Megan turn and see a BLACK DOG FOAMING AT THE MOUTH. It approaches them as a predator approaches its prey.

CHRIS

Is he real?

The dog leaps at Chris, CLAMPING its jaws on his neck. They both fall to the ground. Chris is SCREAMING. BLEEDING. DYING.

ON MEGAN, as her face becomes MUMMIFIED. Then her entire body MUMMIFIES. She collapses.

INT. JASON'S CONVERTIBLE -- HIGHWAY -- MORNING

MOVING

Megan wakes from her nightmare. She's bathed in sweat. Chris is driving.

CHRIS

You okay?

Megan stares at the passing landscape without saying a word. She turns and stares at a SMALL CRUCIFIX dangling from the rear view mirror.

INT. MORGUE -- MORNING

The DAY SHIFT MORTICIAN slides his lunch bag into the refrigerator and shuts the door.

DAY SHIFT MORTICIAN

Honey, I'm home!

(beat)

Don? Where are you, man?

He steps in something liquid. He looks down and finds himself standing in a pool of blood.

DAY SHIFT MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

What the?

He follows the blood to the vault room and makes the gruesome discovery.

The night shift mortician is face down in his own blood. Bled to death. The day shift mortician FREAKS.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH -- MORNING

Chris pulls up in front of the church.

MEGAN

What are we doing here?

Chris shuts the car off.

CHRIS

We can't do this alone. (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We need someone who knows about this sort of stuff.

MEGAN

If others get involved they, too, will die. Is that what you want?

CHRIS

I just think this job's for someone with experience and knowledge about these things. I am not facing those damn demons again. No way.

MEGAN

You have the power, Chris. We don't need anyone else.

Chris exits the car. Megan stays inside, glancing briefly at the keys in the ignition.

CHRIS

You're not coming?

MEGAN

(glancing at church)

I'll stay here.

CHRIS

I really need you to come and talk with my dad.

MEGAN

Your dad's a priest?

CHRIS

Yes.

MEGAN

And you're willing to put him in harms way?

CHRIS

This is what he does for a living. He knows what to do.

He opens the passenger door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come on.

Megan reluctantly exits the car and follows Chris up the stone steps to the entrance.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH -- MORNING

Megan's discomfort is clearly evident as she walks with Chris down the long aisle.

Every statue or painting of a saint seems to be staring at her. Asking her about her business there.

An ELDERLY WOMAN in the seats is also staring at Megan as she walks by.

MEGAN

I don't like it in here.

CHRIS

It's a church. We're safe in here.

MEGAN

It's not my safety I'm worried about.

Both are now standing before a GIANT STATUE OF JESUS ON A CROSS.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Chris?

Chris turns and sees his DAD, FATHER LEVY, as he exits a confession box. His expression is one of utter joy.

FATHER LEVY

(approaching them)

Christopher Levy? Is that you?

CHRIS

In the flesh.

Father and son stand face to face but the meeting is uncomfortable.

Father Levy wants to embrace his son but Chris puts his hand out instead for a shake.

FATHER LEVY

(shaking his hand)

How have you been, son?

CHRIS

Fine.

(turns to Megan)

This is a friend of mine. Megan.

Father Levy takes Megan's hand and SENSES something VERY WRONG.

He lets go of her hand almost immediately. He seems very disturbed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You okay, dad?

FATHER LEVY

(composing himself)

I'm fine. Good. Why are you here? I haven't seen you in almost 10 years and then you just all of a sudden show up in church? You in trouble, son?

CHRIS

We need your help, dad. This is big. Bigger than anything you've probably ever come across.

Father Levy glances at Megan.

FATHER LEVY

We can talk in my office. This way. (faces Megan)

Alone.

MEGAN

We don't have time for this.

CHRIS

It's okay. Wait here. I'll be back.

Megan watches Chris and his father disappear into a back room.

She turns to face those who have come to pray and notices they have all gone.

INT. CHURCH -- FATHER LEVY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Chris takes a seat in a chair across his father's desk. Father Levy shuts the door. Locks it.

FATHER LEVY

(sitting down)

What kind of trouble you in?

Chris doesn't know where or how to begin.

CHRIS

Demons.

FATHER LEVY

Demons? How do you mean?

CHRIS

The girl I'm with, demons had her locked up in some house in the hills. We need to go to the morgue and find her mother.

FATHER LEVY

She told you this?

CHRIS

I was there. I helped get her out.

FATHER LEVY

(standing)

You really disappoint me, Chris. You never stop do you?

CHRIS

What? I'm serious. You think I'm making this up?

FATHER LEVY

I don't know. Are you? Because it sounds a lot like when used to smoke that shit!

CHRIS

(standing)

I stopped doing drugs along time ago, dad. What I saw was real. What Megan went through was real. She can tell you.

Father Levy approaches an open window and soaks up the morning sun.

FATHER LEVY

(looking out window)

I performed an exorcism a few years ago with the help of Father Anderson and others. The demons in 18 year old Alice McGuire refused to leave without a fight.

Chris listens attentively.

FATHER LEVY (CONT'D)

When they finally did leave, they rushed passed me, some of them through me. The hairs in the back of my neck stood. For that brief moment I couldn't move a muscle.

CHRIS

Why are you telling me this?

FATHER LEVY

(turns to Chris)

Because that's exactly the feeling I got when I shook that girl's hand.

INT. CHURCH -- SITTING AREA -- MORNING

Megan is sitting in one of the benches with her head down when, O.S., PEOPLE START WHISPERING.

She looks up. No one's there. The WHISPERING seems to be coming from the confession box.

No, wait. The statue of Saint Martin. No. It keeps changing. Moving. It's never in one place for more than a few seconds.

Megan stands. Something odd about the statue of Jesus on the cross. She approaches.

But before she can get close enough, a SHARP PAIN STABS HER IN THE BACK. She SCREAMS. FALLS.

Her SHOULDER BLADES EXTEND, FORMING TWO ODDLY SHAPED STUBS.

She glances up at Jesus' statue and sees that TEARS ARE FLOWING from his eyes.

MEGAN

(shouting)

Why won't you help me?!

Her shoulder blades EXTEND FURTHER. TWO LARGE WINGS are formed. They begin to FLAP VIOLENTLY.

The POWERFUL WIND begins to knock statues down. Paintings on the walls also fall. Megan is SCREAMING, SHOUTING.

Jesus' statue TREMBLES and FALLS toward Megan. She covers her head with both hands.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Megan!

Megan wakes from her nightmare. She's laying on one of the benches. She's bathed in sweat.

Visibly shaken. Chris and his father are standing in the aisle.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Let's go. Looks like we're on our own.

Megan joins Chris in the aisle and both begin to walk toward the exit.

FATHER LEVY

What you need is Jesus, son. I can help you find him if you'd just give me the chance.

Chris turns to his father.

CHRIS

I have found him. He told me to come get you.

With those words, Chris and Megan exit the church. It's RAINING outside.

Father Levy watches as they descend the stone steps and enter the convertible.

INT. CONVERTIBLE -- MORNING

Chris fumbles with the switches, finally locating the one that activates the convertible's top.

CHRIS

So what now?

MEGAN

We find my mother.

O.S., LOUD THUNDER RUMBLES overhead.

CHRIS

Is it really necessary? I mean, I haven't seen or heard any demons since we left the house. Maybe they're gone.

MEGAN

They're not gone.

MEGAN'S POV

Standing in the pouring rain several yards ahead of them is the pale faced demon.

Although it is raining heavily, not a drop of water is landing on him.

MEGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They're waiting. Plotting.

CHRIS

Plotting what?

MEGAN

Plotting their next move.

CHRIS

So what do we do?

THE DOOR'S LOCK.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(trying to open door)

What's happening?

THE CAR TURNS ON.

MEGAN

I think they've just decided for us.

THE SHIFT STICK MOVES DOWN TO THE 'DRIVE' POSITION AND THE CAR SHOOTS FORWARD ONTO THE STREET.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Other cars on the street SLIDE across the wet street while others SWERVE to avoid a collision. The RAIN is really starting to come down hard.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

Chris has his foot JAMMED DOWN ON THE BRAKE PEDAL but it's having no effect.

CHRIS

(putting his safety
belt on)

Put your seat belt on!

Megan quickly straps herself in as Chris tries to avoid hitting other cars on the street.

He makes a hard right into an alley to avoid slamming into stopped traffic up ahead.

EXT. CAR -- ALLEY -- MORNING

WHAM! WHAM! TRASH CANS are flying all over the place. FRIGHTENED, HOMELESS WINOS jump out of the way as Chris tries to maneuver the car on this very narrow alley.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

MEGAN

Turn the car off!

Chris already has his hand on the ignition.

CHRIS

I'm trying! It's stuck!

SNAP! The key breaks off.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit!

He grabs the shift stick and tries to force it up to 'PARK' but it's no use. It, too, is stuck.

ON SPEEDOMETER

The needle is holding steady at 80 miles per hour.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE

Chris's eyes widen at something up ahead.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Megan follows his stare. Up ahead is a parked GARBAGE TRUCK!

PALE FACED DEMON

(in back seat)

Your friend's seat belt is going to fail, Megan. Do you know what happens to a body when it is ejected through a windshield at the speed we're going?

Megan crosses her arms and lowers her head. She shuts her eyes tightly, ROCKING back and forth.

O.S., CHRIS IS SCREAMING. He no longer has his hands on the steering wheel. A collision is eminent. The car is TWO SECONDS from impact.

THE WINDSHIELD SUDDENLY SHATTERS moments before the impact.

EXT. ALLEY -- MORNING

The car PLOWS into the rear of the dump truck. Broken glass and metal fly all over the place.

The SOUND IS DEAFENING. When the smoke clears, only a TWISTED METAL FRAME that once was a car is all that remains.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

COMPLETE AND UTTER SILENCE. AS IF IN A DREAM. Only the POURING RAIN can be HEARD.

ON MEGAN, as she sits there in a deformed cage of steel, slowly MOVING, AWAKENING.

Her face is covered in blood. She looks for Chris but there aren't even any signs of a driver's seat much less a driver.

She grabs hold of her metal cage, weakly attempting to pull herself out but it's useless.

There's no way out. Her legs are pinned, most likely broken.

O.S., from outside the car the demon's VOICE calls out to Megan.

PALE FACED DEMON (O.S.)

Looking for this?!

(CONTINUED)

Megan turns, catching a glimpse of the demon as he drags Chris' broken body from the garbage truck onto the wet asphalt.

She reaches out to him, CRYING, BEGGING.

EXT. ALLEY -- MORNING

ON CHRIS, as his body SPASMS uncontrollably. Blood is oozing out from his ears, mouth, nose, eyes.

He's only a couple breaths away from death. A mixture of rain water and blood flows from Chris' body to the street drain.

ON DEMON, as he approaches Megan trapped in the mangled heap of metal.

PALE FACED DEMON

We have to stop meeting like this.
 (frustrated, angry)
You cannot change your destiny, Megan!
Your transformation is nearly
complete. Accept what you are!

Megan turns sharply at the demon.

MEGAN

(out loud)

No!

An unseen ENERGY BLAST exits Megan's body and SLAMS into the unsuspecting demon, knocking him off his feet. The demon is quick to get up.

DEMON'S POV

Megan forces her way out of the mangled car with little effort.

She stands there, staring at the demon, then a SHARP PAIN in her back forces her down on her knees.

TIGHT ON MEGAN'S BACK

Her shoulder blades are shifting in place, growing, protruding from her back like two short stubs.

PALE FACED DEMON

Your body will not survive the transformation! You will be destroyed forever. Give us what we want, Megan!

MEGAN

(standing)

Never.

She closes her eyes, spreading her hands outward, forming a cross.

The mangled car behind her begins to TREMBLE. Then an EERIE STILLNESS fills the air.

A TRANQUILITY that lasts for only a split second. Shortly afterwards, PIECES OF TWISTED METAL AND FRAGMENTS OF GLASS fly out from the car, moving around Megan and STRIKING THE DEMON in the chest, face and legs.

When it's all over, Megan lowers her hands and opens her eyes.

The demon, briefly shocked by what's just happened, smiles as he looks at his stabbed body.

PALE FACED DEMON

Is this any way to treat your father, Megan?

MEGAN

You are not my father.

With those words, the metal and glass in the demon's body dig themselves deeper. The demon, feeling no pain whatsoever, smiles.

PALE FACED DEMON

This isn't over. We have much work to do, you and I. Great things are in store for you, Megan.

The demon's body becomes a grey haze and vanishes. The metal and glass that was embedded in him fall to the ground. Megan hurries to Chris and kneels down beside him.

ON CHRIS

Unmoving. Pale. Dead. Megan kisses him on the forehead and stands.

MEGAN

(crying)

You're not dead, you hear me!? You're not dead! I will be back for you. I promise!

O.S., POLICE SIRENS are HEARD. Megan turns and sees a POLICE CAR SKIDDING to a halt a few dozen yards away from where she's standing.

TWO HEAVY-SET OFFICERS leap out of the car with their guns drawn.

OFFICER #1
Get down on the ground! Get down,
now!

Megan lifts her hands in the air.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

A POLICE CAR appears out of the alley like a bat out of hell, making a sharp right at the intersection, causing several cars to collide with each other.

INT. POLICE CAR -- MORNING

A determined Megan is behind the wheel, SWERVING all over the street, hitting every trash can and newsstand on the sidewalk.

She glances at the rear view mirror and sees a colorful display of red and blue lights behind her.

INT. MORGUE -- VAULT ROOM -- MORNING

A BLINDING LIGHT from the CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER'S camera FLASHES.

Dead mortician's face is staring at CAMERA. A LATEX-GLOVED HAND enters frame and ZIPS UP THE BODY BAG.

WIDE ANGLE

FORENSICS TECHNICIANS are everywhere, scouring the place for clues. A DETECTIVE is questioning the FIRST OFFICER ON THE SCENE.

The day shift mortician who discovered the body is sitting on a chair with a blanket over his shoulder. He's visibly shaken and, obviously, in shock.

LOW ANGLE

TRACKING ACROSS THE FLOOR, over the mortician's bloody footprints, over the large amounts of spilled blood, stopping just underneath one of the body vaults.

A SMALL POOL of the dead mortician's blood has gathered itself by the array of vaults. LIKE GRAPE VINES, THIN TRAILS of blood are TRAVELING UPWARDS.

PANNING UPWARDS, following the blood trails, we see the blood is entering Susan Rundle's vault.

From inside, BARELY AUDIBLE, Susan can be HEARD SCREAMING.

EXT./INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Megan makes a hard left into another alley, avoiding a traffic jam up ahead.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

DOZENS OF POLICE CARS spill into the alley after Megan.

INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Megan REACTS to something up ahead. From her POV we see a lone police car has entered the alley ahead and is stopped, sealing off the area.

Megan glances at the rear view mirror and sees she's boxed in.

But she isn't stopping.

INT. LONE POLICE CAR UP AHEAD -- MORNING

The OFFICER realizes the car headed right for him is not slowing down.

OFFICER

Son of a bitch.

INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Megan's eyes narrow.

MEGAN

(stern, commanding)

Move!

INT. LONE POLICE CAR UP AHEAD -- MORNING

ON SHIFT STICK, shifting into reverse on its own.

ON OFFICER, as he REACTS to this supernatural occurrence.

EXT. LONE POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Without him stepping on the gas pedal, the car MOVES BACK at a high rate of speed, moving into the busy intersection, causing all sorts of near collisions.

INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Megan has just enough room to exit the alley safely, make a sharp right onto the chaotic street, and continue her journey toward the morgue.

INT. MORGUE -- VAULT ROOM -- MORNING

WIDE ANGLE

The pale faced demon is standing with both hands behind his back near Susan's body vault. The vault is slowly opening.

ON DAY SHIFT MORTICIAN, as something catches his eye. He glances in the direction of the body vaults.

HIS POV

NOTHING. Susan's vault is closed. No one is there.

WHAT NO ONE SEES

is that Susan Rundle's body vault is indeed opening and the pale faced demon is anxiously waiting nearby.

ON SUSAN RUNDLE, laying in the open vault. She is no longer a mummified corpse, but a healthy, living, breathing human being. She opens her eyes.

ON DEMON, smiling.

PALE FACED DEMON
Megan will not survive the
transformation unless she takes her
life or you finish what you should
have done years ago.

SUSAN RUNDLE

Take me to her.

PALE FACED DEMON

She's already here.

ON DAY SHIFT MORTICIAN, standing, still he sees something there.

Something not right. Something unnatural. He slowly makes his way to the vaults.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Megan makes a sharp turn into the mortuary's parking area, CRASHING right through the temporary road blocks set up to seal off the crime scene.

Half a dozen police cars spill into the parking lot behind Megan. Megan SKIDS to a halt.

The police surround her car and exit their vehicles, guns drawn, and maintain their positions behind their open doors. One of the OFFICERS YELLS into the bullhorn.

OFFICER ON BULLHORN Driver, turn the car off and take the keys out of the ignition!

INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Megan is just sitting there, bathed in sweat, staring at the building in front of her.

OFFICER ON BULLHORN (O.S.) Turn the car off and take the keys out of the ignition! Rides over, young lady!

She closes her eyes, opens them, then turns to face the officers.

Her FACE UNDERGOES A SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION. Her face becomes elongated, her teeth become sharp as ice picks and her eyes widen and darken.

EXT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

The officers stagger backwards at the sight of this demon staring at them.

INT. MORGUE -- VAULT ROOM -- MORNING

ON DETECTIVE AND FIRST OFFICER ON SCENE, glancing at the day shift mortician as he stands like a statue staring at the body vaults.

DETECTIVE

What is it? See something?

The mortician turns to look at the detective.

DAY SHIFT MORTICIAN Something doesn't feel right. I don't know how to explain it.

The mortician turns back to face the vaults.

SHOCK IMAGE

of the pale faced demon standing FACE TO FACE inches from the mortician.

The mortician SHRIEKS, falls backwards. The detective and first officer rush to him and help him up.

DETECTIVE

You okay? What happened?

The mortician is too frightened to say anything. Too frightened to move.

Too frightened to breathe. PAN DOWN to his pants as he wets himself.

INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

Megan, still in her demon-like appearance, shifts the car into drive and SLAMS her foot down onto the gas pedal. The car shoots forward toward the building.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- MORNING

The officers open fire.

INT. MEGAN'S POLICE CAR -- MORNING

The rear glass SHATTERS as bullets WHIZ through the interior of the car.

EXT. BUILDING -- MORNING

CRASH! Megan SLAMS into the large glass window in front of the building. Her car disappears into the morgue's interior.

INT. MORGUE -- VAULT ROOM -- MORNING

ABSOLUTE CHAOS. GLASS AND DEBRIS EVERYWHERE as Megan CRASHES into the body vaults.

A THICK CLOUD OF CONCRETE DUST hangs like fog throughout the vault room.

The detective, who had jumped out of the way, stands and brushes his dusty self off. He scans the area for anyone hurt in the incident.

DETECTIVE

Everyone okay? (cough)
Anyone hurt?

Everyone seems to be okay, a little shaken up, but okay nonetheless.

The detective HEARS a body vault open, O.S. He turns and, through the choking dust cloud, sees Megan opening her mother's vault.

ON MEGAN, staring into the empty vault. The detective approaches her with his gun drawn.

Dozens of police officers join him. Everyone has their gun drawn on Megan.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You mind telling us what the hell is going on, Miss? You could have killed someone.

Megan slowly turns to face the dust covered officers.

MEGAN

You have to get out of here.

DETECTIVE

Put your hands in the air. Officers, take her in.

TWO OFFICERS approach Megan with handcuffs.

MEGAN

You're all gonna die here. Please, go.

The officers stop. They turn to face the detective.

DETECTIVE

What do you mean by that?

THE LIGHTS ARE SWITCHED OFF. There is barely enough light filtering in from the outside to illuminate anything.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I want everyone out.

Everyone exits the morgue, police officers, forensics technicians, crime scene photographer, everyone except the detective.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Does any of this have anything to do with Mr. Larson's death.

MEGAN

Mr. Larson?

DETECTIVE

The night shift mortician. He was found in a pool of his own blood this morning by the day shift mortician.

O.S., DEMONIC WHISPERS fill the room. A SHARP PAIN STABS Megan in the stomach. She can barely stand. She drops to her knees.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You okay? What is it?

E.C.U. of Megan as she warns the detective.

MEGAN

(barely able to speak)

Please...you have to...

(cough)

You can't be here.

O.S., the detective SCREAMS. Megan looks up and sees the detective PINNED TO THE WALL TWENTY FEET OFF THE FLOOR.

Megan tries to stand but the pain in her stomach is too much to bare.

ON MEGAN'S BACK, as her shoulder blades EVOLVE INTO A PAIR OF SHORT, BLACK WINGS within seconds.

ON DETECTIVE, at a loss for words as he witnesses Megan's transformation.

ON MEGAN, looking at her constantly changing hands. Her fingers are like claws, her skin like leather.

O.S., AN ELECTRIC CUTTING TOOL WHIRS into action. Megan turns just as her mother attacks her with the cutting tool.

They drop to the floor. Her mother is on top, trying to force the cutting tool down into Megan's neck.

SUSAN RUNDLE

You have to understand, Megan. You will be lost forever if I don't do this!

MEGAN

I'd rather be lost than one of them!

Megan SPITS into her face, burning her. Susan tries to wipe the acid-like spit from her face with one hand while still holding on to the cutting tool with the other.

SUSAN RUNDLE

It's your destiny, Megan! Why don't you understand? It'll be over soon!

Megan manages to divert the cutting tool away from her neck and into Susan's hand, severing it off at the wrist.

Susan SCREAMS, drops the cutting tool. Megan jumps to her feet, turns to face the detective.

ON DETECTIVE, a lifeless, mummified corpse hanging on the wall.

Megan turns to face her mother, who comes at her with a VERY LARGE KNIFE. Megan raises her hand.

The knife wiggles itself free of Susan's grasp. Turns in midair. Stabs Susan in the face between the eyes.

Susan stands there for a brief second before falling backwards onto the floor.

A GREY HAZE materializes near Megan. It comes together, forming the pale faced demon.

PALE FACED DEMON

Why won't you just die!

The demon turns to Susan's body and, moving his hand over her like a magic wand, causes the knife in her head to exit. The demon catches the knife in his hand.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

(facing Megan)

You and I are rulers, Megan. This is not your world. You were born into it but your home is where I come from.

MEGAN

Hell is not my home. Tell Satan to look for someone else.

PALE FACED DEMON

(laughing)

Satan? You think Satan has something to do with this? Satan, or Lucifer, as he prefers to be called, doesn't even know what's about to hit him.

MEGAN

I don't understand.

PALE FACED DEMON

Lucifer cannot and will not win the battle of Armageddon. He knows this. After all, it's prophecy.

The demon nears Megan with the knife, pressing the knife's tip against Megan's neck.

PALE FACED DEMON (CONT'D)

But you and I, Megan. You and I together are much more powerful than Lucifer will ever be.

(beat)

More powerful than prophecy. There is nothing in the Bible about you and I. No prophetic event telling of our existence. You know why? No one saw us coming, Megan.

MEGAN

No.

The demon closes his eyes in disappointment.

PALE FACED DEMON

(commanding)

Susan, rise!

ON SUSAN, opening her eyes, standing. The wound in her head fades into nothing.

She takes the knife from the demon and approaches Megan.

ON MEGAN, as another pain in her stomach forces her to her knees. This time she COUGHS up blood.

The demon grabs her, lifts her up into the air, and SLAMS her against the wall, pinning her there.

He becomes a GREY HAZE and vanishes, but Megan remains held against the wall, unable to move.

SUSAN RUNDLE

I promise you I'll make it quick. You won't feel a thing.

Susan brings the knife up to Megan's neck and is about to cut her when, O.S., a VOICE calls out.

FATHER LEVY (O.S.)

(praying)

We drive you from us, whoever you may be, unclean spirits, all satanic powers!

Susan turns to face Father Levy, standing there in the gaping hole made by Megan when she crashed into the building. He's holding a Bible in his hands.

As Father Levy makes his way over the rubble, GHOSTLY IMAGES OF VARIOUS TYPES OF DEMONS emerge from the walls and floor. Father Levy continues to perform the exorcism.

FATHER LEVY (CONT'D)

(praying)

...all infernal invaders! All wicked legions! Assemblies and sects!

Demons encircle Father Levy, LAUGHING, GROWLING, POINTING, TAUNTING.

Father Levy tries his best to ignore them but it is almost impossible to do so.

While Susan is temporarily distracted, Megan HEAD BUTTS her, knocking her to the floor. The knife slides underneath the police car.

FATHER LEVY (CONT'D)

God the Father commands you! God the son commands you! God the holy Ghost commands you! Leave!

A GREY HAZE SWIRLS around Father Levy like a forming tornado. A POWERFUL WIND begins to blow.

(CONTINUED)

He struggles to keep the pages open in his Bible.

FATHER LEVY (CONT'D)

I do not fear you! It is you who should fear me for I have the power of God within me!

The WIND is so powerful now, large fragments of rock and debris are swirling around him.

ON MEGAN, still pinned against the wall, as she continues to mutate into the demon she's meant to be.

The GREY HAZE around Father Levy thickens. CHOKING HIM. SQUEEZING HIM.

He drops to his knees, losing his Bible. The pale faced demon appears before the Father.

PALE FACED DEMON

That's right, Father Levy, kneel before me. Soon, all of man will kneel before me!

(turns to Susan)
Finish her!

Susan staggers to her feet. Grabs the electric cutting tool and approaches Megan.

Megan, her demonic mutation nearly complete, HISSES and GROWLS at Susan.

Father Levy raises both hands over his head.

FATHER LEVY

Give me the strength, O Lord!

He struggles at first, but slowly he manages to stand. The demon rushes toward him, brushing up close against his body. His face pressing tight against Father Levy's.

PALE FACED DEMON

I say kneel!

Susan SWINGS the cutting tool at Megan just as she breaks free of the force that held her against the wall.

Megan extends both hands outward, forcing the cutting tool in Susan's hand to turn against her.

BLOOD SPLATTERS on Megan's face as the cutting tool BEHEADS Susan.

The pale faced demon, realizing Susan has been killed, let's out and EERIE CRY.

Megan extends a hand toward him and, instantly, the demon BURSTS into FLAMES.

FATHER LEVY

In God's name I command you to leave! God commands you to leave!

The demon becomes a SWIRLING CLOUD OF FIRE and vanishes. Megan collapses. Fatigued.

Gradually, her demonic appearance begins to fade. She's human once again.

The winds have subsided. The dust has settled. Father Levy staggers over to Megan and wraps his arms around her.

Megan opens her eyes and catches a glimpse of half a dozen dark clothed, faceless men standing around her just before they vanish.

MEGAN

I was never alone.

FATHER LEVY

What?

MEGAN

Nothing. I'm glad you came.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE -- MORNING

Chris sticks the oar into the water and pushes the small boat along.

Megan is laying on the front end. She stretches. Wakes. A big smile comes across her face.

CHRIS

Morning, sunshine.

MEGAN

This is all so surreal. Like I'm dreaming.

CHRIS

I don't know what I would've done If I'd lost you. God works in mysterious ways.

The boat bumps up against something. Megan turns and sees they've bumped up against a wooden dock.

She glances up toward the hill and sees the old, wooden house she and her mother lived in.

MEGAN

(shocked)

Chris, what are we doing here!?

She turns to face Chris but he's not there. She's alone in the boat. She looks everywhere for him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Chris! This isn't funny. How can you do this?! Chris!

A MUMMIFIED HAND REACHES UP FROM THE WATER, grabs hold of the edge of the boat and overturns it. Megan SCREAMS as she falls in.

INT. UNDERWATER -- MORNING

Megan tries to swim upwards but her mummified mother is pulling her down into the murky depths.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA -- EVENING

Megan wakes from her nightmare. Father Levy is sitting by her side.

FATHER LEVY

You okay, Megan?

Megan nods. Looks up and sees CHRIS' DOCTOR approaching. She and Father Levy stand.

DOCTOR

He has no recollection of the events leading up the accident. God was with him, Father Levy. I've never heard of anyone hitting another vehicle at over 80 miles per hour without a seat belt and living to tell about it.

MEGAN

Can we see him, now?

INT. HOSPITAL -- RECOVERY ROOM -- EVENING

Chris smiles when he sees his father and Megan enter. His arm is in a sling and there are a few scratches on his forehead. He and Megan embrace.

CHRIS

Is it over?

MEGAN

It's over. How are you feeling? Any pain?

CHRIS

Nothing serious. They say I have a mild concussion.

FATHER LEVY

I'm glad you're okay, son.

CHRIS

Is it over, Megan? Are you free?

Megan glances at Father Levy, smiles, then turns to face Chris.

MEGAN

You can thank your father for that. If he hadn't shown up that day, I wouldn't have been here right now.

She leans over and kisses Chris on the forehead.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

If you hadn't rescued me from that house, I would've still been in there. I owe the two of you so much.

Father Levy, teary-eyed and emotional, puts his arm around Megan as a father embraces his daughter.

FADE OUT.

THE END