

"Evil Angel"

an Original Screenplay by

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INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Beginning title sequence: the CAMERA TRAVELS gracefully over a woman's body. The BLACK AND WHITE images are smooth, classy, beautiful. This sequence continues until we've seen every part of a woman's body that we can see in a PG-13 movie. Finally, the woman's hair fills the screen. It is long, flowing, thick black hair. The final title fades in:

**EVIL ANGEL**

And then, in SLOW MOTION, the woman's hair parts. The CAMERA SPEED rapidly increases as color fills the screen, and a terrifying, ghostly white face thrusts itself toward us. The eyes are red in black sockets. The demon's teeth are razor sharp, and there is blood in her mouth. She screams.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

GEOFF MORGAN screams, too. He staggers back on a busy street and bumps into a YOUNG COUPLE on a date. Geoff, 34, is dressed in a long, black coat. Beneath the coat he wears a nice shirt and a loose necktie.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, watch it, man.

But Geoff keeps staring ahead, at two HOOKERS who stand against a brick building. They look back at him, startled. One of them has long black hair, but her face is quite human.

Terrified, Geoff turns and runs. He pushes his way through the crowd.

He sees the marquee of a movie theater: CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S CITY LIGHTS with LIVE ORCHESTRA. TONIGHT ONLY.

Geoff runs to the ticket booth of the theater. The girl at the ticket booth is looking down at her cash drawer. She hears Geoff and she looks up, but she's not the pimply-faced teenager we expect. She's the demon. She screams through a blood-filled mouth.

Geoff shouts and staggers backward into the street. A taxi swerves to miss him. Geoff looks back at the ticket booth, but the demon is gone. A sweet-looking, and very confused, TEENAGED GIRL watches from behind the glass.

Geoff spins around. He sees a huge, blue neon cross attached to the top of the building across the street. He lurches toward the building and steps directly into the path of an oncoming ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

The ambulance driver, JENNY, swerves.

JENNY

Whoa! Shit!

Jenny, 26, is a street-hardened beauty. Riding shotgun is MARCUS GALAN, 27. He's not tall, but he's dark and handsome. He has the radio mike in his hand.

MARCUS

Whoa!

JENNY

I almost killed that crazy bastard!  
You see that?

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Geoff staggers across the street.

INT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

Marcus is on the radio.

MARCUS

Unit 5 in transit. We're two minutes  
away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHURCH -- NIGHT

Geoff pounds on the doors of the church building. The doors are locked. Two YOUNG WOMEN approach on the sidewalk. Frightened, Geoff runs to the adjoining building, a hotel.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Geoff stumbles into the hotel. The small lobby leads into a classy restaurant. A sexy HOSTESS waits at the podium, her back to Geoff. She is speaking with CAMILLE JENSEN, 30, a nicely-dressed hotel manager. As Geoff approaches, the hostess turns to him.

HOSTESS

May I help you, sir?

As she speaks, her voice and her face turn demonic.

Geoff shouts. He runs to the elevator. A WELL-DRESSED COUPLE is inside. The door is closing. The woman sees Geoff approaching. She reaches out to stop the doors.

Geoff sees the woman's hand. It has turned into a claw. He shouts. He goes for the stairs.

INT. SLUM APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jenny burst into the lobby of a low-rent downtown apartment building. There is no elevator. They go directly to the stairs and start up.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Geoff runs up the stairs. We see deep down into the stairwell. He is several flights up.

INT. SLUM APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jenny get to the door.

MARCUS

413. This is it.

JENNY

Where's the welcome party?

MARCUS

(bangs on the door)

Hello!

A woman shouts from the other side of the door.

KARINA (V.O.)

Ayudame!

Marcus tries the door. It is locked.

MARCUS

(to the woman inside)

The door is locked! Can you open the door?

KARINA (V.O.)

No! Por Favor! Ayudame!

JENNY

Knock it down, man. Get macho.

Marcus steps back. He kicks the door hard, near the handle. The door bursts open, splintering the frame.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Geoff bursts out onto the roof. He is exhausted.

He sees the top of the huge neon cross. He closes the door behind him. He runs to the cross. He embraces it. He looks around, insane with fear. The door to the roof blows open.

GEOFF

No!

But there is no one there. He puts a leg over the short wall. He climbs out onto the ledge, and he holds to the cross.

## INT. KARINA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jenny drop to the floor where a young latina, KARINA, 15, lies on some pillows and sofa cushions. She is very pregnant and is in labor. The telephone is on the floor next to her. She wears a gold crucifix around her neck.

MARCUS

It's alright. We're here. We're here.

KARINA

Me estoy muriendo! Mi hijo, esta muriendo!

MARCUS

No, no. Esta bien. Ya estamos aqui. Vas a estar bien.

Marcus quickly pulls on his plastic gloves and reaches under the girl's skirt.

JENNY

Where is she?

MARCUS

She's at ten. Looks like we're having a baby.

(to Karina)

No te empujes. Esta bien. Tu bebe estara bien.

## EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

A crowd exits the movie theater. They are dressed in suits and evening gowns.

A 5-year-old BOY holds his parents hands as they start across the street. He looks up. And stops.

BOY

Batman.

MOM

What did you say, honey?

BOY

(points up)

Batman.

The parents look up. They see Geoff on the ledge.

MOM

No, honey. That's not Batman.

(to her husband)

David.

DAD

I'll get somebody.

Dad runs back toward the building. Others see the Mom and little boy looking up. They also look up. Word begins to spread.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Geoff clings to the cross. His shoe slips on the ledge. He holds tighter.

The metal brace on the sign creaks. A bolt dislodges from the brick. This sign is not going to hold.

INT. KARINA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

MARCUS

Here he comes.

The girl groans. Shawn kneels beside her head. He brushes the hair from her face.

JENNY

You're almost done, girl.

Karina looks down and watches the baby crown.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Geoff looks down. Quite a crowd has gathered.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Some SECURITY GUARDS try to move the people back away from the building. The Mom, Dad, and boy move back. A squad car arrives and two COPS jump out.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

The bolt pulls out farther. Geoff gasps. He reaches out and grabs the ledge.

Camille, the hotel manager, steps out through the open doorway onto the roof. She's wearing a dress, but no coat. She holds her arms close to her body as she approaches.

Geoff sees her. He steps back onto the cross. The metal braces groan. He looks down and then back at her. She stops several feet away.

CAMILLE

Sir?

He looks at her.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
 I--I work for the hotel. I don't  
 know what...I'm supposed to do.

Another bolt dislodges. Camille gasps.

INT. KARINA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Karina shouts again.

MARCUS  
 He's got the cord around his neck.

JENNY  
 (to Karina)  
 You're gonna be alright.

MARCUS  
 Twice. Dammit.

Jenny looks at Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 It's alright. I got it.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Geoff looks down at the circus below. Then back at Camille.  
 She looks toward the open door, as if expecting help. She  
 holds out her hand

CAMILLE  
 You've got to give me your hand.

GEOFF  
 I--I can't.

CAMILLE  
 The sign's going to fall. You've  
 got to give me your hand.

GEOFF  
 I'm scared.

The bolt pulls free.

CAMILLE  
 Give me your hand!

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

MARCUS  
 Got it!  
 (to Karina)  
 Empuje!

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

The sign begins to slide.

CAMILLE

Now!

Two policemen arrive at the door. Geoff puts out his hand. As his hand touches Camille's fingers, he sees that her hand has become a claw. He looks up into her demonic face. Her mouth and eyes open wide.

GEOFF

NOOOOO!!!!

He yanks his hand back. His feet slip. He loses his balance. He spins around. Camille gasps. For a brief moment, Geoff hangs in the air, his arms stretched out at his sides.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The boy looks up at Geoff.

BOY

Batman.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

And then Geoff falls, fast.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The crowd pulls back.

COP

Oh shit.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Camille stares at the empty space that Geoff had just occupied.

Geoff falls, at first slowly, gracefully. He picks up speed.

INT. KARINA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

MARCUS

He's coming. He's almost here.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

We see the concrete sidewalk coming up fast.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Camille watches Geoff fall.



EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The Boy watches, in horror.

Geoff's body lands face-up on the roof of a car. The car's windows explode. The crowd recoils.

THE CAMERA RACES at lightning speed from the hit, through the crowd, to a CLOSE-UP on the Boy's wide-eyed face. A speck of blood hits his cheek.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Camille turns away.

INT. KARINA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

MARCUS

Got him!

Marcus lifts the baby. The child is male. He's covered in blood, but isn't crying. Jenny has a suction bulb ready.

JENNY

(into her radio)

We got an APGAR of...two.

Marcus sucks the mucous from the baby's nose and mouth.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The crowd freaks out. Mom kneels at the Boy's level.

MOM

Charlie, honey? Are you okay?

He turns to her. She sees the blood on his cheek. She gasps.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Camille swoons. The policemen arrive. They hold her up. One of the cops looks down at Geoff's body.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Geoff isn't quite dead. He looks up at the neon cross, which still clings to the rooftop above. His eyes glaze over.

We see Geoff's fading point of view of the cross. The image DISSOLVES TO...

INT. KARINA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

...The silver crucifix around Karina's neck. Her breathing is labored. She looks at the baby.

Marcus turns the baby over in his arms.

MARCUS  
Come on, little man!

The baby shivers, and then breathes, then cries.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
There we go!

JENNY  
(into the radio)  
We got him. He's breathing.

MARCUS  
(cradles the baby)  
He's gonna be just fine.  
(to Karina)  
Bien bonito. Mira. Esta bien.

Karina smiles, still breathing heavily. She sinks back.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jenny push a gurney through the main doors of the emergency room. Karina and her baby are on the gurney. A DOCTOR meets them.

DOCTOR  
How's the little guy?

MARCUS  
He's 100 percent. Already nursing.

DOCTOR  
How long was he without oxygen?

MARCUS  
I don't know. Maybe a minute or so.

Another EMT approaches. This is SHAWN, 28, a black man who expresses as much reggae as his uniform allows.

DOCTOR  
Okay. Good job. We'll check him out.

SHAWN  
Marcus, you on the clock?

MARCUS  
I just brought this girl in--

SHAWN  
We got a stabbing on Fifth South.  
Jen can handle the paperwork.

MARCUS  
I gotta--

SHAWN  
Come on! We got blood!

MARCUS  
Right.  
(to Jenny)  
Busy night.

JENNY  
(shrugs)  
I got it.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

The ambulance races through the city.

INT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

Shawn drives. Marcus is riding shotgun.

SHAWN  
So you're a daddy again. How many  
does that make?

MARCUS  
Five, counting this one.

SHAWN  
You think she's gonna name it after  
you?

Shawn laughs. Marcus smiles and shakes his head.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER -- NIGHT

The ambulance stops at a homeless shelter. Three police cars have already arrived. A crowd of HOMELESS MEN AND WOMEN has gathered. Two COPS stand at the door to the shelter.

Marcus and Shawn grab their kits and enter the building. One of the policemen leads them in.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER -- NIGHT

The policeman leads Marcus and Shawn into a huge room lined with tables. There are plates of uneaten food on the tables. Two POLICEMEN stand near a HOMELESS MAN who kneels near one of the benches. His hands are cuffed behind his back.

POLICEMAN  
She's over here.

The policeman leads Marcus and Shawn into the kitchen area. A small crowd has gathered around a young woman who is lying on the floor in a pool of blood. FATHER CARLISLE, 58, an Episcopal priest, is holding the woman's hand. He rises as Marcus drops to one knee at the woman's side.

He has blood on his hands.

She is young, in her early 20's, and innocently pretty. This is EMMA. A long, bloody kitchen knife lies on the floor only a few feet away.

CARLISLE

She was stabbed, I don't know...four or five times. I tried to stop the bleeding.

Shawn is immediately on his radio. Marcus sees the girl's face. He is instantly confused.

MARCUS

(unsure)  
I know this girl.

SHAWN

We've got a female, early 20's, multiple stab wounds to the abdomen. We need 0 negative standing by.

MARCUS

What's her name?

CARLISLE

Emma. Carillo.

MARCUS

Emma, can you hear me?

She nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We're going to help you through this, alright? But you're gonna have to help us, too, okay?

She nods. Her eyes close. Marcus touches her face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I know it hurts, but you're gonna have to stay awake for me. Can you do that?

She nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We gotta move her. Now!

INT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

Shawn drives. They are racing through the city with a police escort. Marcus is in the back with Emma.

MARCUS  
We're almost there, Emma. You stay  
with me, you hear?

Emma touches his hand. She says something.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
What? What was that?

EMMA  
...Name.

MARCUS  
You want to know my name?

She nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
It's Marcus.

She manages a smile.

EMMA  
Marcus...

MARCUS  
That's right.

EMMA  
I...

MARCUS  
What is it? What are you trying to  
say?

EMMA  
...love...you...

Marcus is speechless. He looks down at her. She lightly  
squeezes his hand. There is something so beautifully peaceful  
in her expression, in her eyes.

Then her grip loosens. Her eyelids close. She's losing  
consciousness.

MARCUS  
Emma, stay with me! Emma!

She loses consciousness.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Shawn! I'm losing her!

SHAWN  
We're almost there!

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY BAY -- NIGHT

The ambulance pulls in. Marcus kicks the doors open as two ER NURSES and a doctor, ROLLINS, meet the ambulance. They all pull the gurney out.

MARCUS

She lost consciousness three minutes ago.

ROLLINS

We've got her.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Rollins and the nurses push the gurney through the hallway. Marcus walks with it.

MARCUS

Her name is Emma Carillo. She was talking just three minutes ago.

ROLLINS

We've got her!

Marcus stops outside the trauma room door. He watches through the window as the medical team attempts to resuscitate her.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Shawn fills out paperwork at the reception desk. Jenny approaches.

JENNY

Where's Marcus?

SHAWN

Trauma 4.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus watches through the window. Emma has been hooked up to a monitor. She has flat-lined. Rollins uses the defibrillator. No response.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

JENNY

What you got?

SHAWN

Female. 23 years old. Some sick bastard turned into Jack the Ripper.

JENNY

Nice.

SHAWN

I think Marcus might've known her.

Jenny exits.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus watches. The Doc gives it another try. Nothing.  
Jenny joins Marcus at the window.

JENNY

How's she doing?

MARCUS

She's coming back.

The doc tries one last time.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Come on.

Nothing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

...Emma.

The Doctor calls it.

JENNY

God. I'm sorry.

MARCUS

No.

Marcus throws the door open and enters.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

She's not dead yet.

ROLLINS

What the hell is going on?

Marcus approaches the defibrillator.

MARCUS

Get back.

ROLLINS

Get away from that body!

MARCUS

I said get back!

He shocks her. Nothing.

JENNY

Marcus! Stop it!

ROLLINS  
She's dead!

MARCUS  
Back off!

ROLLINS  
You crazy son of a bitch!

MARCUS  
Clear!

He shocks her again. Nothing.

JENNY  
Marcus, leave her alone. She's dead,  
man.

ROLLINS  
(to a nurse)  
Get security.

The nurse hurries out.

MARCUS  
(to Emma)  
Come on...CLEAR!

He shocks her again. Nothing. He takes her face. He  
breathes into her mouth.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Come on, Emma. Come on!

He presses on her chest. He breathes into her mouth.

INT. CAROLINE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

A woman, CAROLINE, 26, awakens suddenly in a hospital bed.  
She is alone in her room. She is hooked up to tubes and  
wires. She looks around, disoriented, but without anxiety.

She sits up. She starts to free herself from the wires.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION -- NIGHT

The alarms begin to beep and blink on the nurses' console.  
No one is at the station. They are all attending to the  
situation with Marcus.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

JENNY  
This is crazy. You're gonna get  
arrested!

Marcus presses on Emma's chest. He breathes into her mouth.



JENNY (CONT'D)

Marcus!

MARCUS

She's coming back!

Two SECURITY GUARDS rush in. Marcus presses on her chest again. The guards and the doctor grab Marcus. He fights.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Emma! Emma! Goddammit!

As they pull him away, the nurses move toward the body.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

No!

They turn off the monitors.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

No!!

Rollins covers her with the sheet.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

NO!!!

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Caroline walks into the hallway. She sees the commotion. She watches for a moment, gently bites her lower lip, then walks in the opposite direction. No one notices her.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus is seated in a plastic chair in the hallway. He is cuffed. Three security guards stand nearby. Shawn and Jenny stand several feet away with Rollins and LATHROP, 48, a hospital administrator.

LATHROP

I ought to have him arrested.

JENNY

He's a good medic.

LATHROP

He's already in hot water over that hooker he killed last week.

SHAWN

Come on, man.

JENNY

That wasn't his fault and you know it!

SHAWN

Look, man. He knew this girl.

JENNY

What harm did he do? She was already dead.

SHAWN

C'mon. We'll owe you one.

Lathrop shakes his head and sighs.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE CUFFS being unlocked.

Lathrop stands next to Marcus. Jenny and Shawn hang back.

LATHROP

You had damn well better behave when you're in my hospital. Do you understand?

Marcus nods.

LATHROP (CONT'D)

Do you understand me?

MARCUS

Yeah.

Dr. Rollins gives a disgusted sigh and starts off.

ROLLINS

I'm putting in a call to Jack Henderson. This isn't over.

Rollins collides with a MALE NURSE. The nurse recovers and turns to Lathrop. Marcus stares into the O.R. at Emma's lifeless body.

MALE NURSE

Mr. Lathrop, we're missing a patient.

LATHROP

Excuse me?

MALE NURSE

She was unconscious five minutes ago. Now she's gone.

LATHROP

(back to Marcus)

Your behavior here was unacceptable. Absolutely unacceptable.

Marcus isn't even looking at Lathrop. He's still looking at Emma's body.

LATHROP (CONT'D)

(to Shawn and Jenny)

You keep him under control. Whatever he does, I'm holding both of you responsible.

Shawn nods. Lathrop turns and follows the male nurse.

JENNY

(to Marcus)

You did know her, right?

INT. HOSPITAL SUPPLY CLOSET -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON FIRE EXTINGUISHER. A woman's hands remove it from its hook on the wall.

A young nurse, JO, 22, is kissing DANNY, 27, a maintenance man. Danny gives her a small box tied with a ribbon.

DANNY

I got you something.

JO

What is it?

DANNY

Open it.

She opens it. It is a necklace with a gold heart.

JO

Oh my god.

She looks at him, adoringly. Caroline rises up behind Danny and smashes the back of his head with the fire extinguisher. The force of the blow throws his head into Jo's face, breaking her nose and bouncing her head against the brick wall.

Danny falls. Blood pours from Jo's nose. She's too dazed to scream. Her vision blurs, doubles. Caroline waits until Jo's vision clears, then slams the extinguisher into the girl's face.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Caroline exits the hospital. She wears the nurse's uniform, and she wears it well. Damn, she's hot.

EXT. AMBULANCE STATION -- NIGHT

Shawn drives the ambulance into the station driveway. Marcus is in the passenger seat. They stop and wait as the bay door opens.

SHAWN

Maybe you just saw her at the grocery store or something.

MARCUS

No, it's like, I don't know...it's like I really knew her. Like she was close to me.

SHAWN

Reincarnation. You knew her in a previous life.

MARCUS

Total bullshit.

SHAWN

You never know, man. The universe, it's one crazy place, you know?

MARCUS

I just...I knew her.

SHAWN

Well, it's a mystery.

Marcus moves to get out.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Where are you going? It's thursday. We're gonna get some beers.

MARCUS

I'm goin' home. Gotta clear my head.

SHAWN

Jen's coming.

MARCUS

I'm going home to my wife.

SHAWN

Alright, man. Just don't go back to the hospital. Lathrop will have your balls in a jar.

MARCUS

He'd probably sell 'em on the black market.

SHAWN

Man, the black market don't have no interest in your teeny little Mexican balls.

MARCUS

Go to hell.

Marcus closes the ambulance door. Shawn drives the ambulance into the open bay.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus pulls his green Mustang into the driveway of an aging rambler. He turns off the lights. Other cars are parked on the street.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus enters. The lights are off. He doesn't turn them on. He starts down the hallway. On the walls are family photos, several of Marcus and Carla, his wife.

As he approaches the door, he hears muffled sounds. He stops, listens. He silently turns the doorknob. He pushes the door open a few inches.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus's wife, CARLA, 25, has a nice body, which is being enjoyed at the moment by ED, 31. Marcus stands in the doorway and watches.

After a moment, he quietly turns to go.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus starts down the hall. He stops. He looks at a photograph on the wall. It is his wedding photo. He smashes the photo with his fist.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ed and Carla jump out of bed.

CARLA

Oh! Marcus!

ED

Shit!

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus punches the other photos on the wall.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ed grabs his pants and climbs out the window.

CARLA

Oh! Shit! Go, go!

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Ed falls from the window onto the garbage cans. He scrambles to his feet, gathers his clothes, and runs.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus attacks the wall until all of the photos are down. He looks at his bleeding knuckles.

At the other end of the hall, Carla steps into the doorway. She holds a sheet against her chest. Marcus looks at her. She starts to cry.

CARLA

I'm sorry.

EXT. FLEABAG MOTEL -- NIGHT

We see the malfunctioning neon sign of a fleabag motel, and Marcus's Mustang in the parking lot.

INT. FLEABAG MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus sits at a tiny table near the window. He pours some Wild Turkey into a cheap plastic hotel cup.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla stands at the sink. She looks at herself in the mirror. She looks down at her arm. We see that her forearm is scarred, the remains of old cuts.

She takes a razor blade and makes a tiny slice in the skin of her forearm. It hurts, and bleeds. She does it again.

INT. FLEABAG MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus holds up the cup of whiskey. He looks at it. He makes a decision. He pours the whiskey back into the bottle.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE -- NIGHT

KENNEDY, 38, a morgue worker, pulls back the sheet on Emma. Marcus looks down on her.

KENNEDY

They're gonna take her over to County.

Marcus nods.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What's the deal?

MARCUS

I should've saved her.

KENNEDY

Paramedic guilt, huh? Dude, she was stabbed six times. In the gut. Even if you'd saved her, she would've been a mess for the rest of her life.

MARCUS

You mind if I sit here a while?

KENNEDY

Hell, I don't care. I'll be across the hall.

MARCUS

Thanks.

KENNEDY

(turns back)

Hey, you're not turning into your old partner, are you?

MARCUS

What?

KENNEDY

Martineau. He used to come down here, sit with the bodies. Stare into their eyes. Talk to 'em sometimes.

MARCUS

I'm not turning into Martineau.

KENNEDY

That's good. 'Cause he's crazier than a shit-house rat.

Marcus looks down at Emma's face.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

There wasn't anything you could do, man. She was dead before you even showed up.

Kennedy goes. Marcus touches Emma's hand.

INT. BOARD ROOM -- MORNING

Marcus sits at a wooden table. An ATTORNEY sits beside him. Shawn, Jenny, and other off-duty EMTs are seated behind him. Two of the medics are uniformed. One of them is JACKSON, 30, a muscular and bald-by-choice white guy.

Several gruesome photographs of a dead young woman are pinned to a bulletin board nearby. There is also a magnified driver's license photo of the woman, LIZZIE MARKHAM, 20.

Seated apart from the medics is a large man in a rumpled suit. This is JOHN CARRUTHERS, 54.

JACK HENDERSON, 48, a heavy-set man who appears to be in charge, is seated behind a large desk, which is on an elevated platform. Four other EXECUTIVES are also seated on the platform.

HENDERSON

It is noted that Ms. Markham was wearing the medical identification tag, which identified her as a diabetic, around her ankle instead of around her neck or wrist as advised.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF WOMAN'S WRIST, NECK, and ANKLE. Then TRACK MARKS ON HER ARM, and, finally, A FULL BODY SHOT.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

It was clearly difficult for Mr. Galan to locate the tag, which although on her person, was effectively hidden.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

FLASHBACK to the night of Lizzie's death. We see Marcus and Jenny enter a crackhouse apartment. Lizzie is unconscious on the floor near an unmade fold-out sofa bed.

From her wardrobe, she is clearly a hooker. And not an expensive one. From the junkie paraphernalia on the floor nearby, it's clear that Lizzie has recently shot up. Marcus kneels at her side. He checks her jugular vein for a pulse.

HENDERSON (V.O.)

Due to the presence of heroin at the scene, Mr. Galan's decision to administer Narcan was appropriate.

INT. BOARD ROOM -- MORNING

HENDERSON

However, the presence of several empty liquor bottles clearly led Mr. Galan to presume that Ms. Markham's subsequent lethargy was due to intoxication rather than diabetic shock.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Marcus prepares the syringe. Jen, in the background, talks on her radio. We see others in the room. We will later come to know them as RAY, PETRA, and JOSIE.



Marcus injects Lizzie with the drug. Lizzie moans and rolls her head. A moment later, she is racked with a seizure.

INT. BOARD ROOM -- MORNING

HENDERSON

It is noted that once the patient seized, Mr. Galan correctly identified her condition, but his efforts to resuscitate her were unsuccessful.

Marcus looks down at the floor.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

There are still too many uncertainties in this case. Although we believe that Mr. Galan will ultimately be found faultless in this incident, we feel that it is in his best interest, and in the best interests of this company, to delay our decision until a full investigation can be made.

Henderson looks to Carruthers. Carruthers nods.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

In the meantime, we find it prudent to place Mr. Galan on suspension without pay.

Jenny reacts with disgust.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Should the investigation clear Mr. Galan of any wrong-doing, he will be compensated for lost wages during this period of suspension. Mr. Galan, do you understand the action that is being taken?

MARCUS

Yes.

HENDERSON

Do you have any questions?

MARCUS

No.

HENDERSON

These proceedings are adjourned until the 14th of October.

Everyone rises and begins to disperse.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF LIZZIE'S DEAD FACE.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Shawn and Jenny walk Marcus to his car.

SHAWN

That's bullshit, man. It's in their best interest to find you guilty. Then they don't have to pay you.

JENNY

Don't be an idiot. If they find him guilty, then they've got a lawsuit. This is all just to show that they're taking some kind of action.

SHAWN

That's bullshit. You gotta fight the man.

JENNY

Fight the man? What is this, 1969? Fuck the man. That's what I say.

SHAWN

That's right.

They laugh, tap fists. Marcus looks toward a small park. He sees Carla waiting for him. Shawn and Jenny also see her.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Hey. Give me a call. We'll catch a flick tomorrow.

JENNY

I'll make you dinner.

MARCUS

Alright. Thanks. I'll see you guys.

They go. Marcus walks toward Carla.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK -- DAY

Marcus is seated with Carla on a park bench. It has been a difficult conversation.

MARCUS

I don't even want to know. It wasn't me. That's all that matters.

CARLA

It's over. I swear. He's...he's a real jerk. I just--Marcus. I'm such an idiot.

MARCUS

(rising)

I've heard all this before.

CARLA

I...I still love you.

MARCUS

We don't have kids. We don't really have much stuff. It shouldn't turn into a big deal.

CARLA

I don't want a divorce.

MARCUS

And I don't want a wife who has sex with other men.

She turns away. He notices the fresh cuts on her forearm. She doesn't hide them.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I gotta go. I'll get an attorney, I guess. I've never done this before.

CARLA

Me neither.

He turns and goes. She tries not to cry.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER article on last night's jumper. VICTOR CARRUTHERS, 34, is reading at his desk. He sets the newspaper down. He appears anxious, afraid.

There is a knock on the door. Vic's father, the detective we met earlier at Marcus's tribunal, sticks his head in. There's a strong family resemblance.

VICTOR

Hey, Pop.

CARRUTHERS

I gotta take off. You want me to lock up?

VICTOR

Yeah. Thanks.

CARRUTHERS

(concerned)

You alright?

VICTOR

Yeah...yeah. Have a good weekend.

CARRUTHERS

You, too.

Carruthers goes. Victor looks back at the newspaper.

INT. CARRUTHERS RECEPTION ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Carruthers walks through the empty reception area. He exits. We watch through the pebbled glass as he locks the dead bolt from the outside. Stenciled on the pebbled glass:

CARRUTHERS AND CARRUTHERS - PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER -- AFTERNOON

Father Carlisle helps unload boxes of canned food from a small delivery truck. Marcus approaches.

MARCUS

Father?

Carlisle looks up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I was hoping I could talk to you for a few minutes.

CARLISLE

You're one of the paramedics.

Marcus nods. Carlisle steps away from his work.

INT. CARLISLE'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Carlisle's office is stacked with books, files, mounds of fundraising fliers, stacks of donated clothing.

CARLISLE

She just came in here one day and picked up a broom. She was seventeen then. I told her she was too young. But she just kept sweeping. She said she was tired of playing silly games with the girls at church. She wanted to be a real Christian. Make a real difference. And then she just kept showing up. The Little Flower.

MARCUS

Excuse me?

CARLISLE

That's what I called her. 'Cause she reminded me of Saint Terese.

MARCUS

I haven't been to mass in years.

CARLISLE

Terese died young, too. Emma, she was as good and pure as any saint that ever lived. She truly was... Our God is a cruel God, I think. To allow such violence.

INT. CARRUTHER'S RECEPTION ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Victor closes his door and locks it. He turns and is startled by a young woman who is sitting in the waiting room. It is Caroline. She wears a sexy black dress.

VICTOR

Oh.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry. Did I startle you?

VICTOR

Yeah. I didn't--

CAROLINE

Do you have a few minutes? My business won't take long.

He looks her over. She's hot, as we've mentioned before, and she's showing a lot of thigh. She gently bites her lower lip.

VICTOR

Sure. Come on in.

CAROLINE

Thank you.

He unlocks his door. She rises.

EXT. CRACKHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Carruthers gets out of his car. He has parked in front of an old brick apartment building. He starts up the steps. A black hooker, JOSIE, 19, sits on the steps.

JOSIE

Hey, papa. You a cop?

CARRUTHERS

Nope.

JOSIE

You lookin' for skull? It's fifty dollars.

CARRUTHERS

Sorry, little sister. Not today.

JOSIE  
 You better get it 'fore it's gone,  
 baby.

Carruthers enters the building. The hooker turns her attention back to the street.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
 (talking to herself)  
 I'm the best there is, old man.  
 Worth more'n fifty dollars.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Caroline, seated, crosses her legs. Victor leans against the edge of his desk.

VICTOR  
 What can I help you with, Ms.--

CAROLINE  
 Lilith...will be fine.

VICTOR  
 Lilith. What can I do for you?

Caroline takes a cigarette case from her purse. She opens it. She starts to take what looks like a cigarette.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 I don't allow smoking in my office.

She raises the cigarette a few inches from her chin.

CAROLINE  
 Who's smoking?

She puts the object in her mouth and we see that it isn't a cigarette. It is a small tube. She blows.

A tiny dart sticks in Victor's neck, near the jugular. He grabs his neck. He chokes. He slowly sinks to the floor.

He looks up at Caroline. She puts the tube back into its case, and she removes a real cigarette. She lights it. From Victor's point of view, we watch as she uncrosses her legs and inhales a lung full of smoke.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

We hear the sound of a dead bolt, unlocking. Then the door opens. RAY, 48, a slumlord who moonlights as a pimp, leads Carruthers into the apartment.

RAY  
 This is it. Not much to look at.

CARRUTHERS

Thanks.

The place is as depressing as any apartment on earth. Dingy, dirty, smelly. Peeling wallpaper and cheap furniture.

RAY

The cops already combed over everything.

But Carruthers looks anyway.

RAY (CONT'D)

If somebody don't come claim it this week, I'll just throw all this shit out.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Marcus opens the door to his house.

MARCUS

Carla?...You here?

He stands, alone, in the center of the living room.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus packs his things into boxes. He packs his cd collection, his DVDs, his books. He looks up at two World War I swords that are crossed and mounted over the mantle. Beneath the swords is a framed photograph of a WW I soldier. Marcus sighs, then goes back to his task.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carruthers opens a chest of drawers.

RAY

I don't know where she came from.  
Just wandered in one day like a stray dog. Acted like she owned the place.

Carruthers closes the drawer.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Caroline opens a file cabinet. She's looking for something. No luck. She opens another.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus packs his clothes into a suitcase.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carruthers opens the drawers in the kitchen area.

RAY

You sure you're not a cop?

CARRUTHERS

I'm not a cop.

RAY

You used to be, though. Didn't you?

Carruthers looks at him, but doesn't answer. He continues searching the place.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Victor begins to regain consciousness. He finds himself flat on his back, spread-eagle on his desk, his wrists and ankles tied securely to the legs of the desk.

Caroline is crouched near the file cabinet. She reads a file. She notices him. She takes the file and puts it in her purse.

VICTOR

What is that? What do you have?

CAROLINE

You don't believe in the supernatural, do you, Mr. Carruthers? I tried to communicate with you, but you just wouldn't see me. You've put me through a lot of work.

VICTOR

What do you want with me?

CAROLINE

It's easy to slip into an occupied body for a few seconds. Just to make a point. But it's a lot harder to find a vacancy. It's a very competitive marketplace out there.

Caroline sees a family photograph on the bookshelf. Victor has a wife and two kids.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Oh, look. Are those babies proud of you? I bet they are. Of course, they don't know what Daddy's been up to, do they?

Victor tries to free himself. It's pointless.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I bet you make a lot of sacrifices for your family, don't you?



INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carruthers looks on the bookshelves. There are no books. Just trinkets, stones, chrystals. And a diverse collection of knives: daggers, antique shivs, ceremonial blades.

RAY

She was into all kinds of shit.  
Supernatural stuff, you know.  
Witchcraft. Devil worship.

Carruthers picks up the most interesting knife. It has a silver handle and a black, curved, snake-like blade.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

CAROLINE

There's one more sacrifice you need  
to make.

VICTOR

What are you doing? What do you want?

Caroline opens the drawer. She finds a long, sharp gold letter opener. She puts the letter opener between her teeth and she crawls up on top of him. She tears his shirt open.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus opens the closet. He pulls out his shirts. He finds a suitcoat. A black suitcoat, and pants. He holds them up to his body and looks in the mirror.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

RAY

You know "the hooker with a heart of  
gold" thing? Well, that wasn't this  
one. She was one cold, dirty bitch.

Carruthers finds a row of half-used candles, and a pendant.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Caroline opens her dark, almost black, lipstick. She begins to draw something on his chest with the lipstick.

CAROLINE

It's a dangerous game you're playing,  
Vic. There's something you need to  
know...I always win.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carruthers holds up the pendant. It's a pentagram.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Caroline finishes her lipstick drawing. She has made a red pentagram on Vic's chest.

VICTOR

What do you want? You want money?  
I'll give you whatever you want.

Caroline tears a piece of duct tape. She rubs her ass on his mid-section, as if trying to arouse him.

CAROLINE

I just want one tiny little  
insignificant thing.

VICTOR

What?

She puts the tape over his mouth. He fights for breath.

CAROLINE

Your life.

Caroline raises the letter opener over her head. Victor's eyes go wide. She plunges the blade into his chest.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carruthers shows Ray the pendant.

CARRUTHERS

You mind if I take this?

RAY

She don't need it anymore. You done?  
I got things.

CARRUTHERS

Sure.

Carruthers steps out. Ray closes the door.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Caroline looks into Victor's eyes.

CAROLINE

You're a believer now, aren't you,  
Mr. Carruthers?

He nods violently, in agony. Caroline laughs. Her face changes. She becomes the demon.

EXT. CEMETERY -- MORNING

CLOSE ON CASKET.

Marcus attends the graveside service. He is dressed in his dark suit. There is a crowd of 50 in attendance. Several HOMELESS PEOPLE linger at the outer edges.

CARLISLE

It's not hard to believe in the devil.  
Just open your eyes. You see hell  
all around us. What happened to  
Emma makes it easy to believe in the  
devil. But it makes it hard to keep  
believing in God...Emma's goodness.  
That's what I keep thinking about.  
There's a reason to believe in God.

Marcus looks at Emma's mother, CHARLOTTE, a beautiful woman in her mid 50's.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

I'm tortured to think that if I were  
stronger, if I were smarter, I could  
have protected her...Evil exists,  
brothers and sisters. And God's not  
always going to protect us. He didn't  
protect Emma. That was our job.  
We've got to get smarter. We've got  
to get stronger. We've got to protect  
the goodness that's still with us.

Marcus glances to a woman who walks on the outskirts of the crowd. It is Emma. She passes behind one of the mourners, and is gone. Confused, Marcus looks for her. But she doesn't reappear.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

Maybe we should pray a little less,  
and work a little more. Fight a  
little more, to make this world the  
kind of place where our Emmas are  
safe...the kind of place, I think,  
that it has never been.

EXT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carruthers knocks on the door of a small, run-down house in a shitty part of town. A woman, LINDSAY, 57, answers. Her manner is not rude, but certainly not welcoming.

LINDSAY

Yes?

CARRUTHERS

Ma'am. My name is John Carruthers.  
I'm investigating the death of your  
daughter, Elizabeth...May I speak  
with you for a moment?

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carruthers, a file open on his knees, sits in the small, dark house. Lindsay brings him a glass of water. The water has a brown tint to it. He notices, and doesn't drink.

CARRUTHERS

Thank you, ma'am.

LINDSAY

Most people would have called first.

CARRUTHERS

I'm sorry. I didn't have your number.

LINDSAY

It's in the book. I work nights. I sleep during the day.

CARRUTHERS

I'm sorry.

She sits.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

And I'm very sorry about what happened to Elizabeth.

Lindsay shrugs.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

The police have told me that you refused to identify her body.

LINDSAY

I didn't want to see my daughter when she was alive. Why would I want to see her dead?

CARRUTHERS

When was the last time you spoke with your daughter?

LINDSAY

Four years ago.

Carruthers is suprised. Lindsay unbuttons the top button of her blouse. She pulls it aside a few inches, revealing a thick, jagged scar over her left breast.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

She did it, in my sleep. We argued over something. Don't remember what. She said she was going to kill me...I didn't--I couldn't believe that she meant it.

CARRUTHERS

I'm sorry. I don't have any record of this.

LINDSAY

She didn't do jail time. She was sixteen years old. She went to the state hospital. They let her out after a year. She took off two days later. She said that if I ever gave her a reason, she would come back and finish the job. I believed her that time.

Lindsay takes a cigarette from its pack. She offers one to Carruthers. He takes it. She lights her cigarette, then hands him the lighter.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

At the hospital, they called her a, um, a sociopath. Somebody who doesn't see other people as...people, you know. They're like things to her. Playthings. Inconveniences.

Carruthers lights the cigarette.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

It's good she's dead. That paramedic they're trying to blame. They ought to give him a medal as far as I'm concerned. They're afraid I'm going to sue. I'm not going to sue anybody. The night after she died...I haven't slept that well in years.

EXT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Lindsay walks Carruthers to his car. He opens the door.

LINDSAY

You know, she wasn't always that way. As a little girl, she was real sweet. Then she got bad sick when she was 14. Fevers...she even died for a few minutes. Her heart failed. They brought her back, but she was never the same. She was mean. Dark, you know. It's like the fever did something to her brain. My little girl died when she was 14. This whore you're talking to me about...she was nothing to me.

A woman watches from the opposite side of the street. She is partly obscured by one of the large trees that line the road, but we see a part of her face. It is Caroline.

Carruthers starts his car. He drives away. Lindsay watches him go. She sees Caroline across the street, but she does not know her. Lindsay walks back toward her house. Caroline doesn't move. A man approaches, walking two Rottweiler dogs. The man is bearded and wears wire rimmed glasses with small circular lenses. His hair and clothing are wild and rumped. This is MARTINEAU, 42.

The dogs begin to growl and bark at Caroline. Martineau does his best to hold them back.

MARTINEAU

I'm sorry. They're usually not--

The dogs look like they want to tear her apart. Caroline gives the man and his dogs a cold look. She starts away. The dogs settle. Martineau watches Caroline go.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Several people from the funeral linger in and around Emma's house. It is an old brick home, built in the 1920's. Marcus climbs the front steps, and enters.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marcus pours himself a cup of red punch. Carlisle stands in the kitchen doorway with Charlotte. He sees Marcus and gives him a welcoming smile. Marcus nods to him and puts a couple of cookies on his plate.

INT. CARRUTHER'S OFFICE BLDG. HALLWAY -- DAY

Carruthers approaches the door to his office. He's surprised that it's locked. He unlocks it.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marcus tries the door to the bathroom. It's locked.

INT. EMMA'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY

Marcus climbs the stairs. He sees a bathroom at the end of the hall. He starts toward it. As he passes, he looks into one of the bedrooms. It is clearly Emma's. The bed is made, the curtains are open.

He stops in the doorway. He sees a small writing desk near the window. Several volumes of a diary are neatly stacked on the desk.

INT. CARRUTHER'S RECEPTION ROOM -- DAY

Carruthers enters. He starts toward his office. He looks at Victor's door. It is crawling with flies.

CARRUTHERS

What the hell?

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Carruthers pushes the door open and scatters a cloud of flies. He enters, then stops dead in his tracks.

Victor lies disemboweled on the desk. Caroline has painted the walls with his innards. Written in blood across the wall are the words:

VENGEANCE IS MINE!

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcus stands at Emma's desk. He opens one of her diaries. On the first page is Emma's photo.

There is a soft knock on the door. He looks up. Emma's mother, Charlotte, stands in the doorway.

MARCUS

Oh. Excuse me. I'm so sorry.

CHARLOTTE

It's alright. I know we all...want to be close to her again. Somehow.

He stands there awkwardly. He doesn't know what to say.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Did you go to school with her?

MARCUS

No, ma'am...I--I met her at the shelter.

CHARLOTTE

Do you read Spanish?

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcus and Charlotte sit in the window seat. Emma's diaries are between them.

CHARLOTTE

She kept a diary. Every day...I--I've been trying to read it, trying to find some reason for what happened.

Marcus turns a page. The writing is in Spanish.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Her father was from Argentina. He taught her, before he died.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Every entry...is a letter to him. I--  
I can't read Spanish.

MARCUS

Where do you want me to start?

Charlotte nods to the book in his hand. He looks down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Dear Papa, today there was an  
earthquake in Peru. I saw pictures  
of a man holding his little boy who  
had died. The little boy's legs  
were covered with blood."

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Carruthers sits outside Vic's door as POLICE OFFICERS swarm  
the office. A PHOTOGRAPHER photographs Vic's body.

MARCUS (V.O.)

"You could see the pain in the  
father's face. Pain so deep it will  
never go away."

A DETECTIVE transcribes the writing on the wall. He sees  
Vic's discarded innards, his heart, on the floor. A POLICEMAN  
dusts the open file cabinet for fingerprints.

MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"I know the boy is in a better place.  
I won't pray for him tonight."

A woman approaches. We recognize her from the family photo.  
It is Vic's wife, ROSIE. She sees the police and starts to  
lose it. Carruthers immediately rises and grabs her. She  
screams. He pulls her close. She sobs into his chest.

MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"I'll pray for his father. And his  
mother, wherever she is."

Vic's children, MICAH, 7, and CHANDRA, 5, walk toward them  
in the hallway. Carruthers leads Rosie toward them.

MICAH

Grandpa.

CARRUTHERS

C'mon, babies. We got to go.

CHANDRA

I want to go to Daddy's office.



CARRUTHERS

Not today, honey. C'mon now. We got to go.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Camille wipes a tear from her face.

MARCUS (V.O.)

(reading)

"And his brothers and sisters.  
All of those who loved him and who  
are hurting so bad tonight."

INT. CARRUTHER'S OFFICE BLDG. HALLWAY -- DAY

Carruthers leads Rosie and the children back to the stairs. He passes a cop, FRANK, 47, at the top of the stairs.

CARRUTHERS

Frank, I can't stay. Will you...?

FRANK

I'll take care of everything. I'll let you know what we find. John, God. I'm sorry. Vic was a good man.

CARRUTHERS

Thank you.

Carruthers starts down the stairs with Rosie and the kids.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

(to Rosie)

Vic backs up his laptop at the house, right?

She nods, fighting emotion.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

I've got to get into those files.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Ed exits Marcus's house. He slams the door behind him. Carla immediately follows. She is hysterical.

CARLA

No! Come back here!

ED

You're out of your goddamn mind!

He goes to his car. She grabs him.

CARLA

Please! Don't leave me!

ED

Get your hands off me! Are you crazy?

He pushes her back. She falls on the front lawn, and sobs.

ED (CONT'D)

Cutting yourself. What the hell is wrong with you?

CARLA

Don't leave me...

ED

You're out of your goddamn mind.

He starts the car. He drives away. Carla sobs on the front lawn. A NEIGHBOR woman has stopped on the sidewalk. She watches.

CARLA

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!

The neighbor turns away, and goes.

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING

Marcus approaches Emma's grave. He puts a flower at the base of the mound of dirt.

MARCUS

I only knew you for twenty minutes...  
And you were the best person I've  
ever known.

Marcus's cell phone rings. He looks at the phone. Carla is calling. He decides to take the call.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Hello.

CARLA (V.O.)

Marcus?

MARCUS

Yeah.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- EVENING

Carla is at the bathroom mirror, with the telephone.

CARLA

Goodbye.

She hangs up.

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING

MARCUS

Carla?

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- EVENING

Carla, weeping, raises a handful of pills to her mouth. She washes them down with a glass of water. The phone begins to ring.

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING

Marcus, the phone to his ear, walks quickly toward his car. The phone is ringing, but there's no answer.

MARCUS

Dammit.

He gets into his car.

INT. MARCUS'S CAR -- EVENING

Marcus speeds down the road. He's on the phone.

MARCUS

Jen, it's me. Get over to the house.  
It's Carla.

INT. AMBULANCE -- EVENING

Jenny is on the phone. Shawn is driving.

JENNY

(into phone)  
What? Are you sure?

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING

MARCUS

I'M SURE. GO! NOW!

INT. AMBULANCE -- EVENING

JENNY

Okay. We're on it.

Shawn turns the ambulance around.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Marcus bursts into the house.

MARCUS

Carla!

He goes immediately toward the bathroom. He finds Carla. She has collapsed on the hallway floor.

He rolls her over. She's unconscious. He slaps her face. She mumbles, but doesn't open her eyes. He drags her to the bathroom.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- EVENING

Marcus drags Carla to the toilet. He grabs the empty bottle of pills on the counter and reads the label. He angrily throws the bottle.

MARCUS

Come on, Carla. Wake up for me.

He bends her over the toilet and he forces two fingers down her throat. She chokes, gags, then vomits into the toilet.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

There you go. That's a good girl.

He gags her again. She vomits again. Shawn and Jenny appear in the doorway.

SHAWN

What did she do?

MARCUS

It's alright. I got her in time.

JENNY

(sees the pill bottle)  
We taking her in?

MARCUS

Give me the kit. Hold her up.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla lies in the bed. She is lethargic, but conscious. Marcus sits at her side. Jenny's in the doorway.

JENNY

I think we ought to take her in.

CARLA

(softly, to Marcus)  
If you let them put me in the psych unit, I'll finish it. I swear to God I will.

Jen leaves the room.

MARCUS

It's alright. It's gonna be alright.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jen stops in the hallway, at the bathroom door. Shawn sits on the edge of the tub. He has cleaned up the mess. He looks up at her.

JENNY

He deserves a lot better.

Shawn silently, reluctantly, agrees. Jenny walks away.

INT. GRANDKIDS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carruthers tucks his grandkids into bed.

CHANDRA

Grandpa, can you sleep over tonight?

CARRUTHERS

I'm not going anywhere. I promise.

INT. VIC'S DEN -- AFTERNOON

Carruthers scans files in Vic's home office. He looks at Vic's calendar, his schedule of meetings.

He stops momentarily to look at his son's photograph on the desk. We see another photograph, Vic on a bowling team with Geoff, the man who jumped to his death.

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Lindsay, the dead hooker's mother, is dressed in her nightgown. She pours herself a cup of hot water. We see her through the kitchen doorway, as if we are spying on her. She puts a tea bag into the water, then some sugar.

INT. LINDSAY'S BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Lindsay washes her face at the bathroom sink. The mirror on the medicine cabinet is open a few inches.

She lifts her head and dries her face on a towel. She looks at herself in the mirror. She notices that the mirror is a little askew. She reaches to correct it.

She closes the cabinet door. And we see...that there was nothing waiting behind her.

INT. LINDAY'S BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Lindsay sits on the edge of her bed and finishes her tea. She lies down. She takes a black cloth eye mask from the night stand and puts it on. As the black cloth covers her eyes, we are left in total darkness.

In the darkness, we hear only Lindsay's tired breathing and the slight rustle of the sheets as she moves. We hear the creak of a floorboard. Lindsay's calm breathing continues. She does not seem alarmed.

Then we hear the creak of the springs on the bed. Lindsay's breathing stops. She utters a small, odd questioning sound. As she takes off the eye mask, we see what she sees:

Caroline is kneeling over her. She holds a large kitchen knife over her head in both hands.

CAROLINE

Hi, mom.

And she brings the knife down.

INT. VIC'S DEN -- NIGHT

Carruthers continues to work at Vic's computer. He's now looking at case files. His cell phone rings.

CARRUTHERS

Carruthers.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Frank, the cop, walks down the hall and talks into his cell phone.

INTERCUT WITH INT. VIC'S DEN.

FRANK

The prints match a lady named Caroline Kuntz. You know her?

CARRUTHERS

No.

Rosie steps into the doorway and looks at Carruthers. Her face is puffy from crying. She wears a robe, and she's holding a glass of water.

FRANK

Nothing in the criminal database. But we found her in the state employee file. She's single. Elementary school teacher. Lives in Midvale.

CARRUTHERS

(to Rosie, covering  
the phone)

You know a Caroline Kuntz?

She shakes her head.

FRANK

Here's where it really gets weird. This Kuntz lady is at a PTA meeting two nights ago. She has some kind of seizure.

Rosie puts a pill in her mouth. She washes it down.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Freaks everybody out. Ambulance comes, they take her away, she flat-lines. She's dead for, like, four minutes. They bring her back. They take her to the hospital, put her in a bed, and she disappears.

CARRUTHERS

Disappears?

FRANK

She takes down a nurse and a janitor and then just walks out of the hospital. They got it on surveillance. Nobody's seen her since.

CARRUTHERS

Why would a schoolteacher want to kill Vic?

FRANK

We're talking to her friends, family. The really weird thing is, before two nights ago, this woman was Mother Teresa.

Carruthers watches Rosie take another pill. At the precinct, an OFFICE COP hands Frank a file.

FRANK (CONT'D)

John, I gotta go.

CARRUTHERS

Thanks.

(hangs up. To Rosie...)

On Vic's calendar, he had appointments with a Father Vernon. Every other day for the past two weeks. You know what that's about?

ROSIE

I don't.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Marcus lies in bed with Carla. They are both awake. She lies with her back to him. He rises.

INT. MARCUS'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

Marcus, at the kitchen counter, pours himself a glass of whiskey. This time he drinks it. And he pours himself another.

INT. VIC'S DEN -- NIGHT

Carruthers has the newspaper article about Geoff's death open on the computer. He compares the photo to the bowling photo on Vic's desk. He sighs. He opens a case file named, simply, "Geoff."

Rosie is asleep on the office couch. She stirs, but doesn't wake. Carruthers reads the file.

CARRUTHERS

Vic...what the hell were you playing with?

INT. CATHEDRAL -- DAY

Carruthers walks down the center aisle of a beautiful Catholic cathedral. He doesn't stop to genuflect.

There are a half dozen WOMEN scattered in the aisles, praying. A priest, FATHER VERNON, 52, is lighting candles. Carruthers approaches.

CARRUTHERS

Father Vernon.

FATHER VERNON

Yes?

CARRUTHERS

(extends his hand)

John Carruthers. Victor was my son.

Vernon's expression immediately softens with compassion.

INT. CATHEDRAL HALL -- DAY

Carruthers and Father Vernon sit on a pew in a long administrative hallway of the cathedral.

CARRUTHERS

I have a pretty good idea what happened. I just need you to fill in the blanks.

FATHER VERNON

What is said in my confessional will remain in the confessional, even in death.

(MORE)



FATHER VERNON (CONT'D)  
 (he hands Carruthers  
 a letter)

Your son asked me to give this to  
 you, in the event of his passing. I  
 expect it will answer many of your  
 questions.

Carruthers looks at the letter.

FATHER VERNON (CONT'D)  
 You were hired to investigate the  
 death of the prostitute.

CARRUTHERS  
 Elizabeth Markham. Yes.

FATHER VERNON  
 Victor felt it wasn't a coincidence.  
 It was God's justice. Finding him.  
 (A moment, then...)  
 Victor's sins were very great. He  
 was afraid...he was *convinced*...that  
 he had lost his soul.

INT. CATHEDRAL -- DAY

Carruthers sits in a pew near the back of the cathedral. He  
 reads Vic's letter. He wipes tears from his face. Father  
 Vernon watches from a doorway near the front. He turns away,  
 and exits, leaving Carruthers alone in the cathedral.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jenny and Shawn pound on Marcus's front door.

SHAWN  
 C'mon. Open the door.

Marcus opens. Some time has passed since we last saw him.  
 He's a mess. He hasn't shaved in days. His white t-shirt  
 is no longer white.

MARCUS  
 Hey.

JENNY  
 Hey, yourself.

SHAWN  
 We're here to congratulate you.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Shawn and Jenny enter the house. Marcus closes the door  
 behind them.

JENNY

In case you haven't heard...you're off suspension.

MARCUS

Suspension.

SHAWN

Yeah. Remember? The dead hooker. Ring any bells?

JENNY

It stinks in here. Somebody turn on the lights.

SHAWN

As soon as Henderson got word that the family wasn't gonna sue, he decided not to continue the investigation. Imagine that.

Marcus turns on the light. The place is a goddamn mess. There are beer and whiskey bottles everywhere.

JENNY

Just what the hell have you been doing in here?

MARCUS

Translating. I got a translating job.

He motions to the table. Emma's journals are open, next to a half-empty whiskey bottle.

JENNY

So do you eat anything anymore or just...?

Shawn steps into the doorway to the bedroom. Carla is in bed, her back to us.

SHAWN

Hey, Carla. How you feeling?

She's awake, but she doesn't answer. Shawn turns away.

MARCUS

I know what it looks like. We're just...going through some stuff.

JENNY

Going through some brain cells, that's for sure.

MARCUS

Look, it's really none of anybody's  
goddamn business.

JENNY

Ookay.

SHAWN

Leave him alone, girl. A man's gotta  
do what a man's gotta do.

JENNY

Well, a man's gotta take a shower  
eventually.

SHAWN

Yeah, we gotta get your ass cleaned  
up, man. Parker quit yesterday  
so...you can take his shift if you  
want. Starts at three.

MARCUS

Three?

JENNY

If you want it.

MARCUS

Yeah. I want it.

SHAWN

Alright! The man is back on the  
job!

JENNY

(to Shawn)

You throw him in the shower.  
I'll...turn the hose on this place.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcus, cleaned up and back in uniform, sits on the edge of  
the bed.

MARCUS

If you need me, just call.

Carla doesn't respond.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

He starts to rise. She quickly turns and grabs his arm.  
Her eyes are full of fear, despair.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's just one shift. I'll take my cell...I gotta go.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marcus gets in Jenny's car. Shawn is in the back seat.

JENNY

It's the house of the dead in there.  
You realize that.

Marcus looks at the house. He sighs. Jenny starts the engine.

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- EVENING

Carruthers knocks, then waits at a door. He's dressed in a dark suit. Ray opens.

CARRUTHERS

You and I need to talk.

RAY

We already talked.

He starts to close the door. Carruthers puts up a hand and stops the door.

CARRUTHERS

I buried my boy this morning. I'm  
in no mood to play games.

INT. RAY'S APT. -- NIGHT

Carruthers sits at Ray's dining table. This place is a dump.

CARRUTHERS

Eight days ago, a man named Geoff Morgan took a dive off a building downtown. Family man, good job. No reason to kill himself.

Carruthers puts a photo on the table. It is the photo of Vic and Geoff on the bowling team.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

You know this man?

Ray shakes his head.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

You're a liar. This man was a friend of my son's, and he was one of your customers. Lizzie Markham, your hooker, was blackmailing him. He borrowed \$25,000 from my son, and he paid her.

RAY

I didn't blackmail anybody.

CARRUTHERS

She asked for more. He wouldn't pay it. My son looked into things. Then he made another withdrawal from his bank account. \$20,000. He didn't give that to his friend. He didn't give that to Lizzie Markham. He paid that to you.

RAY

I said, I didn't blackmail--.

CARRUTHERS

My son paid you twenty thousand dollars to make this problem go away.

Ray looks at him in disbelief.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

My son hired you to kill Lizzie Markham. You shot her full of bad drugs.

RAY

You're out of your fucking mind.

Ray moves to get up. Carruthers rises, fast, and slams him against the wall. He presses his forearm against Ray's throat.

CARRUTHERS

Who killed my son?

We hear the sliding pump of a shotgun as someone loads a shell into the chamber. Carruthers turns his head. A young hooker, PETRA, 15, stands in the doorway, the shotgun ready.

RAY

Get out of my house.

EXT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Carruthers gets into his car outside the crackhouse. He looks up at the second floor window. Ray, shotgun in hand, looks down at him.

CARRUTHERS

You're going down, asshole.

He starts the car, and pulls away.

EXT. STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT

The ambulance waits, lights blazing, near the front door of a strip club.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jenny attend to a heavy-set 55 year-old man, THOMAS. Thomas lies on the floor, on his back. A few club patrons remain. Four STRIPPERS watch. They wear flimsy robes. The D.J. checks his watch.

JENNY

Pulse is 150.

STRIPPER

I was just giving him a dance. Next thing I know, he falls on the floor.

Jenny reads his blood pressure.

JENNY

Sixty over forty.

MARCUS

Alright, Thomas. We've got to get you to a hospital. I think you're having a little heart attack.

STRIPPER

I knew it.

THOMAS

Don't...tell my wife.

MARCUS

My job's just to keep that heart working. If you can help me do that, you can tell your wife whatever you want. Is that a deal?

THOMAS

Deal.

JENNY

Thomas, I think this hobby's getting a little dangerous for you. Maybe you ought to take up golf.

Thomas gives her a confused look.

MARCUS

(to Jenny)

I've played golf. Doesn't quite compare.

EXT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

The car passes Josie, the hooker, who is standing at the curb. A woman approaches slowly. Josie sees her. It is Caroline.

CAROLINE  
Hi.

JOSIE  
Yeah?

Caroline looks at her, but doesn't speak.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
What're you looking at? You  
somebody's wife?

CAROLINE  
Oh no.

Josie turns her attention back to the street.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Josie.

JOSIE  
How do you know my name?

CAROLINE  
I'm looking for a date.

JOSIE  
I don't do women.

Caroline produces a thick wad of cash. Josie decides that maybe she does do women after all.

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Josie leads Caroline up the stairs of the crackhouse. Ray takes his place at the top of the stairs. He sits in a chair next to Josie's door. Petra sits on his lap.

Josie gives Ray a few bills as she passes. Ray looks at Caroline. Josie unlocks her door.

RAY  
(to Josie)  
How long?

CAROLINE  
As long as it takes, Ray.

They enter, and close the door. Petra playfully tries to grab the money.

RAY  
Greedy little bitch.

INT. JOSIE'S APT. -- NIGHT

Josie leads Caroline down a short hallway, past a small bathroom, and into a bedroom. The apartment is pretty much what you'd expect: orderly but with an air of decay. It is furnished and decorated with a low-rent attempt at sensuality.

Caroline stops in the doorway. She takes off her coat. Josie, at the bed, starts to unbutton her blouse.

CAROLINE  
No. Let me do that.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla sits up in bed. She looks around. She looks at the clock: 11:24. She rises.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carla opens the drapes at the front window and looks out. All is dark and quiet.

INT. BAR AND GRILL -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jenny are seated in a booth. They are drinking soft drinks. A waitress approaches and delivers their food: salads and ten-dollar hamburgers.

JENNY  
Thanks.

Marcus pulls a folded up piece of paper from his pocket.

MARCUS  
Just listen to this...  
(reading)  
"September 13...I don't know anybody else my age who hasn't slept with someone. Not anybody. Sometimes I think there might be something wrong with me. But I know that's the devil, tempting me."

JENNY  
Oh. Religious girl.

MARCUS  
"I want to. Sometimes I want to so bad I can hardly stand it. I want to make love with Daniel--" That's a guy she went out with a couple of times. "But I know it isn't right."  
(MORE)



MARCUS (CONT'D)

I know he's not the right one. I don't want to be a nun, but I won't make love with any man who I wouldn't want to be the father of my children."

JENNY

Good luck with that.

MARCUS

"I know I'll find him. I know I will."

JENNY

Wow.

MARCUS

Amazing.

JENNY

She's dead.

MARCUS

Jen--

JENNY

No, listen to me. Alright, she was an amazing woman. But she's dead. She's cold and she's in the ground and she's never coming back. Have you ever known anybody who's come back from the dead? Because, you know, I haven't.

MARCUS

(a moment, then...)  
I must be losing my mind.

JENNY

Well, you are starting to remind me of Martineau.

MARCUS

Martineau's completely insane. I am not completely insane. It's just-- I finally fall in love, I mean *really* fall in love...and it's with a dead girl.

JENNY

A crazy wife and a dead girlfriend. This is just me talking, but...I think maybe you should raise your standards a little.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla wears a white robe. She sits on the edge of the tub and turns on the faucet.

She looks out, through the doorway, into the kitchen. A small television on the counter plays DRACULA: PRINCE OF DARKNESS starring Christopher Lee.

INT. JOSIE'S APT. -- NIGHT

Josie sits on the edge of the bed. Caroline kneels in front of her. Josie slides off her shoes. Caroline reaches between Josie's thighs, and unsnaps her stockings.

Caroline peels off Josie's stocking.

JOSIE

That's it, baby. Show me. You show me how it's done.

CAROLINE

Don't talk.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla slides into the tub. She has moved the television to the tiled ledge near the faucet. DRACULA still plays.

INT. JOSIE'S APT. -- NIGHT

Caroline kneels behind Josie on the bed. They are facing a dressing table with a large round mirror.

Caroline unties Josie's blouse and pulls it over her head. Josie closes her eyes, and tilts her head, exposing her neck.

Caroline picks up one of the discarded stockings. She wraps each end around her fists. She gently lowers the stocking over Josie's head.

Josie feels the stocking on her neck. She smiles. She opens her eyes. Caroline smiles at her in the mirror. Josie sees that she has wrapped each end of the stocking tightly around her fists.

JOSIE

What--?

Caroline tightens. Josie reacts quickly. She gets three fingers between the stocking and her neck as Caroline tightens.

CAROLINE

I've come back for you, Josie.

Josie fights. She thrashes, but can't get loose. She rises. Caroline wraps her legs around Josie, and holds on for the ride.

Josie spins and throws herself back, against the mirror. It smashes. Caroline lets go, and falls. Josie staggers toward the door as she pulls the stocking from her neck and gasps for breath.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You trying to kill me again?

Josie turns for the door.

JOSIE

(her voice is hoarse)

Ray!

She starts down the hallway. Caroline rises.

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Ray plays with the buttons on Petra's blouse. He hears Josie scream. He jumps up. Petra falls onto the floor.

INT. JOSIE'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Josie rushes for the door.

JOSIE

Ray!

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Ray gets to the apartment door. He tries the knob. The door is locked.

RAY

Josie?

INT. JOSIE'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Josie runs for the door. Caroline enters the hallway, from the bedroom. She pursues, but she doesn't follow the natural rules of the universe as we know them.

She runs up the side of the wall. She scurries along the ceiling, and then hangs upside down, her face between Josie and the door.

Her face turns into the demon. Josie screams.

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Ray steps back and kicks the door open. Caroline drops from the ceiling and spins. Crouching, she hisses.

CAROLINE  
Did you miss me, Ray?

Ray staggers back, terrified. Caroline charges.

She pushes him back, over the railing. He falls three floors, through the empty space between the stairs. He lands with a sickening crack and a thud. Blood immediately pools around his head.

Caroline turns to Petra. Josie runs deeper into her apartment. She locks herself in the bathroom.

Caroline grabs Petra by the throat and slams her against the wall. She seems undecided on whether to kill the girl. She notices an emergency fire hose attached to the wall.

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Caroline has tied the fire hose around Petra's neck. She forces the girl toward the stair rail. Petra struggles. Caroline throws her over the rail.

Below, an OLD WOMAN opens her apartment door and steps out as the hose reaches it's maximum length. Petra's neck snaps. Her body swings and her face spins toward the old woman. The old woman screams.

Caroline goes back into Josie's apartment.

INT. JOSIE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Josie freaks out in the bathroom. The only lock is a tiny, old-fashioned slide lock under the knob.

She pushes back the sliding glass door on the shower, but the shower window is way too small. She would never get through it. She's trapped.

INT. JOSIE'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Caroline tries the knob on the bathroom door. She jiggles it. She pushes on the door.

CAROLINE  
I thought we were friends, Josie.  
But then you killed me. It's not  
nice...to kill your friends.

Caroline looks through the keyhole.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Josie, sweetie. Now you're just  
being rude. Don't you like me?

INT. JOSIE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Josie searches the medicine cabinet for something, anything. She finds a metal nail file. Too flimsy, too small. She finds a can of hair spray.

She looks down at an unused candle near the sink, and a cheap cigarette lighter next to it.

She tears the top off the hair spray. She grabs the lighter. She flicks it. It doesn't light.

INT. JOSIE'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Caroline pulls on the door, hard.

CAROLINE  
I want you to apologize.

She kicks at the door. It almost opens, but doesn't.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
You're going to apologize. If it's  
the last thing you do.

She kicks it hard. The door flies open. Caroline puts on her demon face as Josie sprays the hair spray and flicks the lighter. This time...it works.

The lighter ignites the hair spray. A blast of fire engulfs Caroline's face. She screams. Her face burns, but she doesn't back away. She hangs her head, her hands on her face. Her screams become moans, her moans become...laughter.

She looks up at Josie. One of her eyelids has burned away. Her face has already begun to blister. She laughs.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Stupid bitch! You can't KILL ME!

She reaches out for Josie. Josie fights. She isn't ready to give up. She scratches at Caroline's face. Caroline howls and throws her against the sink and medicine cabinet. The glass breaks, cutting Josie's back.

In excruciating pain, Josie lifts her legs. She gets her feet on Caroline's chest. She kicks, hard, with her legs.

Caroline flies back and crashes through the glass shower door. She falls into the tub. She doesn't get up. Her legs hang over the edge. They jerk once, then again.

Josie approaches. She looks into the tub.

Caroline lies on her back. A huge shard of glass has sliced into her neck. Blood pours, pulsates, from her neck. Her eyes are blank. Her body, dying, quivers.

Josie backs away from the tub. Behind her, in the medicine cabinet, most of the broken mirror is still intact. She turns toward the cabinet, and sees the demon face in the shattered mirror. She screams and spins around. There is no one there.

She backs into the hallway, slides down into a sitting position against the wall, and sobs.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla soaks in a tub full of bubbles. She watches the small television.

She hears a car. She reaches for her robe.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jenny stops the car in Marcus's driveway. They both look at the house. He doesn't get out.

JENNY

You sure you want to go in there?  
We could go back to my place for a while.

MARCUS

And then what?

Jenny gives a small shrug. He knows what she's suggesting.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Jen...you're my best friend...

JENNY

Sometimes that works out.

She puts a hand on his thigh. He doesn't move away.

MARCUS

I think the odds would be against us.

She moves toward him.

JENNY

The odds are always against us. We always beat the odds.

MARCUS

Always?

JENNY

Almost always.

She kisses him. He kisses her back.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carla is at the window, in her robe. She sees Marcus kissing Jenny. She turns away.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus pulls away, slowly. Jenny opens her eyes.

MARCUS

I gotta go.

He gets out of the car.

JENNY

Marcus...

MARCUS

What?

JENNY

That was a good kiss.

MARCUS

World class.

He closes the door. He starts toward the house. Jenny watches him go, then pulls out of the driveway.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus enters the house. It is dark, except for the lights in the bathroom and bedroom. He goes toward the bathroom.

MARCUS

Carla.

She doesn't answer. He looks into the bathroom. She's back in the tub.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Hey. You're out of bed. That's good.

She looks at him, but doesn't speak.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get out of my uniform.

She doesn't respond. He goes.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus takes off his shirt. He puts on an undershirt.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla watches the television. She picks up the belt from her robe. She flicks it at the television. The belt falls into the water.

She tries it again. This time, filled with water, it slaps the television. She leans forward. She wraps the belt around the television.

She leans back. She holds one end of the belt in each hand. It is wrapped around the back of the television. She pulls on it. The television inches forward, toward the edge.

She watches, her face emotionless. She pulls on it again. The edge of the television slides to the edge of the bathtub. She stares at the television.

Marcus enters. He sees the television, the belt, Carla.

MARCUS

Carla?

She turns to him, without expression.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Babe?

She pulls on the belt with both hands. The television tips, then falls into the water.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

NO!

The television explodes on impact. Carla jerks and shivers and thrashes in the water. The lights in the house flicker and then fail.

Marcus yanks the cord out of the wall. He pulls Carla from the tub and lays her on the floor. She is unconscious.

He checks her pulse. Nothing. He tilts her head back and breathes into her mouth. He pushes on her chest.

He grabs his cell phone.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Shawn, she's done it! Carla's done it. I need you at the house. Now!

INT. AMBULANCE STATION -- NIGHT

Shawn walks briskly toward the ambulance. Jackson, the bald EMT, is already in the driver's seat.



SHAWN  
 (into cell phone)  
 Hold on, man! We're on our way!

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Shawn and Jackson arrive with a kit and a portable defibrillator.

MARCUS  
 Give me the bag!

Jackson hands it over.

SHAWN  
 She breathing?

MARCUS  
 No.

SHAWN  
 Any pulse?

MARCUS  
 No.

Shawn turns on the defibrillator.

SHAWN  
 How long?

MARCUS  
 Four minutes. A little more.  
 (positions the patches)  
 Clear.

Shawn hits her with the electricity. She settles. Shawn checks the monitor.

SHAWN  
 Nothing.

Marcus takes the defibrillator.

MARCUS  
 Clear!

He hits her again. She settles. He checks her pulse.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Nothing. Damn it!

SHAWN  
 One more time.

MARCUS  
 C'mon, Carla. Get back here.

He hits her. He checks her pulse. He breathes into her mouth. He pushes on her chest. This woman is not coming back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

COME ON!

Marcus takes the defibrillator.

SHAWN

It's done, man. She's gone.

Marcus hits her again. Her body arches, settles, then moves. She coughs.

MARCUS

Get her in the ambulance. Now!

JACKSON

Holy shit.

Dazed, Carla looks at Marcus.

MARCUS

We've got you. You're gonna be alright.

Carla looks at Marcus.

CARLA

Marcus...

INT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

The ambulance races toward the hospital. Jackson drives like a bat out of hell. Shawn is in the back with Marcus and Carla.

Carla has an oxygen mask on. Marcus finishes putting in an I.V. She tries to take off her mask.

MARCUS

No, baby. You need to keep that on.

She tries anyway. He helps her take it off.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What is it? You want to say something.

CARLA

Marcus...

MARCUS

Yeah. What is it, babe?

She lightly squeezes his hand.

CARLA

I...love you.

She is looking at him with an expression we've never seen on her face. There is something so beautifully peaceful in her expression.

Shawn looks away. Marcus, confused, stares at Carla.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus and Shawn lead Carla's gurney toward the O.R. They are met by the E.R. CREW, Dr. Rollins included.

Marcus holds Carla's hand.

ROLLINS

This the suicide?

SHAWN

T.V. in the bathtub.

MARCUS

She was gone. We brought her back.

ROLLINS

You are one lucky lady.

(to Marcus)

We got her.

MARCUS

I'm going with her.

ROLLINS

Not after last time.

Shawn takes his arm.

SHAWN

Don't...It's his wife.

INT. E.R. EXAMINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Rollins and a nurse work on Carla. They check her blood pressure. They examine the burns on her chest.

Marcus sits in a chair nearby. He stares at the floor in disbelief. He looks up at Carla. She looks at him, with calm affection.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Carruthers is at the bar, drinking a Guinness, when his cell phone rings. He answers.

CARRUTHERS

Yeah.

INT. JOSIE'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Frank, the cop, paces in Josie's hallway.

INTERCUT WITH INT. BAR.

FRANK

It's Frank. We found the school teacher. What's left of her.

CARRUTHERS

Where are you?

FRANK

A crackhouse on Second South.

CARRUTHERS

700 block.

FRANK

Yeah. How'd you know?

CARRUTHERS

I'll be right over.

Carruthers slaps some money on the bar, and exits.

INT. CARLA'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus sits on the edge of Carla's bed. He holds her hand. She looks at him lovingly.

MARCUS

I don't understand.

CARLA

Your wife...she's dead. You understand that, don't you?

He nods. She pulls him into an embrace.

CARLA (CONT'D)

It's alright.

MARCUS

Emma...

CARLA

It's alright. We're together now. Everything will be alright.

INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT

Carruthers enters. Frank is waiting to meet him. They pass Ray's uncovered body on their way up the stairs. A CORONER pokes at the body.

FRANK

Let him through. He's with me.  
 (to Carruthers)  
 There's the first one.

Carruthers looks down at Ray's broken head as he climbs the stairs. They pass Petra's hanging body. A police PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos of the corpse.

INT. CRACKHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Carruthers looks through the bathroom doorway. He sees Caroline's corpse in the tub. He turns back to Frank in the hallway.

FRANK

And that right there is the end of the story. We don't know why she went on the rampage, but...she ain't walking out the door this time.

Carruthers hears Josie's voice. He looks into her room. She's on the bed, talking to a COP. A PARAMEDIC is trying to sedate her.

JOSIE

That wasn't no schoolteacher! It was her! It was Lizzie! I could see it in her eyes. In her...voice. The things she said. It was her. I know it was her!

FRANK

(to Carruthers)  
 She claims the woman climbed on the walls, like a spider. Freaky stuff. We're gonna get her to take a blood test. Gotta see what's floating around in there.

Carruthers looks back to Caroline's body.

INT. CARLA'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- MORNING

Marcus sits on Carla's bed. They are sharing Carla's hospital breakfast.

CARLA

It was so strange. It was like I fell asleep, in the ambulance, looking at you. I didn't want to go, but I was so tired...and then when I woke up, there you were again. You were the first thing I saw.

MARCUS

Do you remember anything in between?

CARLA

You mean like a tunnel or heaven or anything? No. It's like I was dreaming. I just remember this feeling, wanting to come back.

Lathrop, the administrator, knocks on the door.

LATHROP

Excuse me. Mr. Galan. There are some papers for you to sign at the nurse's station.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION -- MORNING

Marcus is at the nurse's station with Lathrop and Rollins.

ROLLINS

We've got to institutionalize her. There's no other option.

MARCUS

Look, I've told you. She wasn't trying to kill herself. It was an accident. I was there. I saw what happened...It was an accident.

LATHROP

You're taking an awful chance with her life. Do you realize that?

MARCUS

I know that...You've talked to her. Does she seem suicidal to you?... It was a freak accident. That's all it was.

INT. CARLA'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- MORNING

Marcus enters Carla's room. He stands at the door and looks at her. She is watching a cartoon on television. She smiles and laughs with childlike delight. She gently bites her lower lip. She looks at Marcus. He smiles at her.

CARLA

Is everything alright?

MARCUS

Everything's good.

He goes to the bed.

CARLA

Are they going to let me go home?

MARCUS

In just a few days. They want you to rest and heal a little bit.

CARLA

I'm going home with you. I'm your wife. That's so strange.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Marcus walks Carla down the hall. She wears her gown, and slippers. She rests her head against his shoulder.

They pass the chapel.

CARLA

Oh! Marcus.

MARCUS

What?

CARLA

It's a little chapel.

He stops and looks at her.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I want you to do something for me.

INT. HOSPITAL GIFT SHOP -- DAY

Marcus looks at a display of children's rings.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL -- DAY

Marcus and Carla are kneeling at the little altar at the front of the chapel. He slips a ring onto her finger. It is a three-dollar plastic ring.

MARCUS

With this ring I thee wed.

Carla is delighted. She takes another other ring, which is slightly less feminine, and puts it on his finger.

CARLA

And I promise to love you, cherish you...what else?

MARCUS

In sickness and in health.

CARLA

Right. As long as we both shall live.

MARCUS

I now pronounce us man and wife.

CARLA

You may kiss the bride.

He leans forward. They kiss.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Carruthers searches for a book. From the titles on the spines it clear that he is in the "Occult" section.

Later, he is at a long table with several books spread out and opened. He turns a page and studies a medieval drawing of an evil female winged demon as she attacks an infant in its mother's arms.

One of the other books is open to an illustration of a pentagram. Carruthers leans back, sighs, rubs his face.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marcus opens the car door. He leads Carla to the house. She carries some flowers and a balloon from the hospital.

CARLA

This is our house?

MARCUS

I know. It's not much.

CARLA

No. It's nice.

He unlocks the front door. She starts to go in.

MARCUS

Wait.

He picks her up, and carries her across the threshold. She is delighted.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcus lays Carla down on the bed. He kisses her. They start to make love.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Carruthers looks up from his books. He notices a man at the far end of the table. The man is bearded, with small round eye glasses and rumpled clothes. It is the man we saw earlier walking his dogs in Lindsay's neighborhood. It is Martineau.

Martineau works with stacks of books open around him. He looks over at Carruthers. Carruthers gives him a small smile.



Martineau, expressionless, goes back to his books.

Carruthers turns the page in his book. He sees another drawing, similar to the first. This time, the demon is eating a man's intestines. The man is still alive and screaming.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcus is very gently, very slowly, almost making love to Carla. She touches his face.

CARLA

Marcus...

He looks at her.

CARLA (CONT'D)

It's my soul that's a virgin. Not my body. You don't have to be so gentle.

He resumes his task, less cautiously.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla stands at the mirror, in her robe. She looks at her face in the mirror. She studies it. She looks at her teeth, she touches a small scar on her chin.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus lies on the bed, asleep.

INT. MARCUS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla steps back from the mirror. She removes the robe. She looks at her naked body in the mirror. Her expression says: "Not bad at all."

INT. POLICE OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Carruthers enters a police observation room. Frank, cup of coffee in hand, stands near the window. Josie is on the other side of the glass.

CARRUTHERS

Thanks for letting me in.

FRANK

Toxicology came back. She must be the only hooker in the city who isn't on something.

CARRUTHERS

You mind if I talk to her?

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Carruthers sits across the table from Josie.

JOSIE

I thought you said you wasn't a cop.

CARRUTHERS

I'm not. Used to be.

JOSIE

They don't believe me. They think I'm crazy.

CARRUTHERS

I believe every word you said.

JOSIE

You do?

INT. MARCUS'S CAR -- DAY

Marcus drives through a residential neighborhood. Carla is in the passenger seat. She is wearing a colorful scarf as a blindfold.

CARLA

Where are you taking me?

MARCUS

You'll see.

CARLA

So mysterious...

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

JOSIE

She was sick, you know. She got the H.I.V.

Carruthers nods.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Me and the other girls, we always make the men wear condoms. Always. Not Lizzie. And if her men tried to put one on, she'd get 'em excited, then she'd take it off. She wanted to make 'em sick. She didn't just want their money...She wanted to destroy them.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marcus stops the car outside Emma's house. Emma's mother, Charlotte, is weeding the flower garden at the front steps.

CARLA

Are we here?

MARCUS

We're here.

He reaches over and helps her take off the blindfold. She looks around. Her smile slowly fades.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Your mom's working on the flowers.

Carla looks at the woman. Her expression is not soft. Marcus opens his door.

CARLA

Marcus--

MARCUS

Come on. Let's go see her.

She grabs his arm.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's alright. I can introduce you as my wife. We can be friends with her. You can still know her.

CARLA

This is so sweet. I know what you're trying to do. But...this is my old life. I have to be somebody else now. I don't want to think about the past. I want everything to be new for us. I want to celebrate. Our future.

Marcus looks out at Camille. He thinks it over.

MARCUS

You want to celebrate?

INT. FOUR STAR RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Marcus and Carla eat at a very fancy restaurant. They're eating steaks and drinking red wine. Marcus hands her a nicely wrapped gift.

CARLA

What's this?

MARCUS

Open it.

She does. It is a leather-bound blank diary.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 A new book for a new start. I know  
 how much you like to write.

She closes it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Do you like it?

CARLA  
 I'm not going to tell you.

MARCUS  
 You're not.

CARLA  
 I'm going to show you.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla throws Marcus down on the bed. She climbs on top of him. He rolls her over and kisses her. She rolls him onto his back.

CARLA  
 I like it better this way.

She rips his shirt open. He likes it. She kisses his chest. She licks his nipple, then playfully bites it.

MARCUS  
 Ow.

She laughs. She kisses his belly and unbuckles his pants. She gently bites her lower lip. She takes the skin above his belly button into her mouth. He's in heaven. Then she bites him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Ouch. That hurt.

CARLA  
 Sorry.

She pulls his pants down. He's a little worried now, but he lets her do her thing. And then she bites him again.

MARCUS  
 Ow! Dammit! That hurts.

He pulls back to the head of the bed. She stays where she is, on all fours. He looks down at his stomach. She's drawn blood. She looks up at him, a wicked smile on her face, an animal look in her eyes.

CARLA  
 (in a deep, guttural,  
 dual voice)  
 Sucram em cuph.

It's as if she slapped him in the face. She crawls to him, kisses him. He doesn't kiss back. She looks down at his lap.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 What happened? You don't like me?

She starts to go down again. He slides out of the bed. He buckles his pants.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 You gonna make me finish on my own?

He looks at her, takes his shirt, leaves the room.

INT. MARCUS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcus sits at the kitchen table. He drinks a cup of coffee. Carla enters. She stands in the doorway. She leans against the wall and watches him.

CARLA  
 I'm sorry.

He doesn't answer.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 I just...I thought...that's what  
 you'd want me to do.

MARCUS  
 What was that? What you said.

CARLA  
 I don't know.

She goes to him, puts her arms around him. He tenses.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 Let's start over. I'll be me this  
 time.

She kisses him. Slowly, reluctantly, he starts to respond.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Carruthers and Frank sit at the bar, both nursing a Guinness.

FRANK  
 I'm not gonna investigate this, you  
 know that. As far as the department  
 is concerned, this case is closed.

CARRUTHERS

I know.

FRANK

You're gonna keep going, aren't you?

CARRUTHERS

Yep.

FRANK

(sighs, puts his money  
on the counter)

Just...I don't know. Be careful.

CARRUTHERS

Yes, dear.

Frank goes. Carruthers takes another drink.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Marcus is asleep. Carla brings him breakfast in bed. She wakes him.

CARLA

Wake up, sleepy head. I didn't wear  
you out last night, did I?

MARCUS

What time is it?

CARLA

You have to be to work in 45 minutes.  
So eat your eggs and toast.

MARCUS

What are you going to do today?

CARLA

Don't know. Shopping, probably.

As she leaves the room, she flips up the back of her robe and flashes her ass at him. He smiles.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'll start the shower.  
(stops in doorway)  
I'll be waiting for you.

She goes. He looks down at the food, but doesn't eat.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carla exits the house. She locks the front door. She walks to her car, gets in, starts the car, and drives away.

Marcus watches her from his car, which he has parked on the side of the street a half a block away. He follows her.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER -- DAY

Carla's car passes the homeless shelter without even slowing down. Marcus follows, several cars behind her.

EXT. CRACKHOUSE -- DAY

Marcus pulls his car to the curb near the crackhouse. He watches as Carla walks up the front steps and enters. He's very confused.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carruthers knocks on Marcus's door. There is no answer. He peeks in the window. No one's home.

EXT. CRACKHOUSE -- DAY

Marcus watches from his car as Carla exits the crackhouse. At the sidewalk she stops to talk to a TATTOOED MAN.

The man clearly doesn't know her. He is reluctant at first, but she shows him some money, and he instantly warms to her. He looks around, as if expecting to see someone watching him, then leads Carla into the building. Marcus watches.

INT. AMBULANCE STATION RECEPTION DESK -- DAY

Carruthers goes to the front desk of the ambulance station. A RECEPTIONIST hangs up the telephone and looks up at him.

CARRUTHERS

I'm looking for Marcus Galan.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. He's not in today.

CARRUTHERS

Do you have his cell phone number?

RECEPTIONIST

I can't give that out. I'm sorry.

CARRUTHERS

Let me give you my card. Have him call me the minute he gets in.

EXT. CRACKHOUSE -- DAY

Marcus is still waiting outside the crackhouse. Finally, Carla emerges from the building. She carries an envelope, which she folds and puts into her bag.

She goes to her car, and starts away. Marcus pulls out to follow and collides into a passing car.

MARCUS

Dammit!

His fender is smashed. The other DRIVER gets out. Marcus watches Carla's car disappear around the corner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS -- EVENING

Carruthers cruises the downtown streets, looking for Josie. He sees her. She walks the street, cautiously looking for business. Carruthers pulls his car to the curb.

CARRUTHERS

Hey, sister.

JOSIE

I don't want to talk about that anymore.

CARRUTHERS

This isn't about that.

JOSIE

What's it about?

CARRUTHERS

How much do I get for fifty dollars?

JOSIE

Everybody gets relief, baby.

CARRUTHERS

How much do I get for five hundred?

JOSIE

Five hundred...

He nods. He shows her the cash. She moves to the car.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Alright, old man. For five hundred dollars I'm gonna give you the party mix, baby.

We watch, from someone's p.o.v., as Josie gets in the car. Carruthers drives away.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Marcus enters.

MARCUS

Emma?



She's not there.

INT. MARCUS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcus eats dinner alone at the table.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Carla approaches the DOORMAN at a busy night club. She gives him the envelope. He opens it, gives it back, and lets her in. The others, who are still waiting in line, watch her enviously as she enters.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Carla enters the night club. A goth band is screaming and rocking on the stage. Hundreds of PARTIERS are banging their heads and bodies to the music.

A young ROCKER, beer in hand, pushes his GIRLFRIEND against the wall.

ROCKER

You spilled my fucking beer!

GIRLFRIEND

You were falling down. I was just--

He slaps her. Carla passes by. She doesn't give the Rocker and the girl a second glance. After she passes, the Rocker once again pushes the girl against the wall.

Carla approaches a table where a MAN WITH A GOATEE entertains his friends. She gives the Goatee the letter. He reads it. He stands and leads Carla into a corridor.

The goth band continues to play. The Goatee emerges from an office. Carla gives him a wad of money. The Goatee gives her a small paper bag. She smiles and starts away.

On her way to the door, Carla sees the Rocker sitting at a table, surrounded by FRIENDS. His beer is full again, and he looks like he's had one too many.

Carla stops at his table. The Rocker looks at her. So do his friends. She unbuttons the top button of her blouse and playfully bites her lower lip.

INT. NIGHT CLUB BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carla enters the men's bathroom with the Rocker and three of his friends. A MAN leaves as they enter. One of the Rocker's friends, we'll just call him #2, puts his back against the door. #3 has a video camera to record the beautiful moment.

ROCKER

Alright. Let's see what you're advertising.

He pushes Carla against the sink, bends her over, lifts her skirt.

CARLA

You like that?

ROCKER

That's...that's alright.

The Rocker laughs. He and his friends look like kids in a candy store. The Rocker starts to unbuckle his belt. #3 lifts the video camera and starts to record. He starts at Carla's waist and then moves to her face. She turns to him and looks into the camera. Her smile becomes a snarl. She turns into the demon.

#3 drops the camera. Carla pulls a knife from her belt. We recognize it as the silver-handled ceremonial knife with the serpentine blade. She puts the knife to use.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

A YOUNG CLUBBER approaches the men's room. When he gets to the door, Carla exits. She smiles at him as she walks past. Confused, he double-checks the sign on the door, then enters.

INT. NIGHT CLUB BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The Young Clubber stops, shocked, when he sees the carnage. She's killed all four of them. Blood is everywhere.

Behind the Clubber is a sign: "If This Restroom Needs Attention, Please Contact a Club Employee."

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Carla walks through the crowd, and out the front door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Carruthers locks the motel room door and closes the drapes. Josie sits on the bed. She starts to take off her blouse.

CARRUTHERS

That's all right, honey. Not tonight.

JOSIE

What are you talkin' about?

CARRUTHERS

I want you to curl up in that bed. Watch t.v. Go to sleep.

JOSIE

And what are you gonna do?

CARRUTHERS

I'm gonna sit in this chair. And  
I'm gonna watch over you.

He pulls out his gun, a .357 magnum, and sets it on the table.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

And if anybody comes after you, if  
anybody tries to hurt you, I'm gonna  
kill 'em.

JOSIE

What about the money?

CARRUTHERS

I'll give you the money. When it's  
all over. We'll get you out of this  
town.

Josie's emotions almost break free. She curls up under the covers, she puts her head on the pillow. She looks at him.

JOSIE

You anybody's daddy?

CARRUTHERS

I was once.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carla enters. Marcus is sitting in a chair, under a lamp.

MARCUS

Where the hell have you been?

CARLA

Excuse me?

MARCUS

What do you have in your bag?

CARLA

It's a present. For you.

Marcus rises, quickly. He grabs her purse and finds the small paper bag.

CARLA (CONT'D)

It's none of your business!

He snatches it away from her. She lets him open it: inside is a small silver case with a syringe, several needles, two small glass bottles.

MARCUS  
You go from feeding the homeless to  
shooting heroin?

CARLA  
It's not heroin.

MARCUS  
Let me see your arms.

CARLA  
Don't touch me.

MARCUS  
Let me see your arms!

He wrestles her. She fights. He pulls her to the ground.  
He pulls up her sleeves. She doesn't have track marks.

CARLA  
Satisfied?

MARCUS  
I want Emma back.

CARLA  
I'm not going to live my life as a  
saint. Not again. I tried that.  
It wasn't a happy ending.

Marcus rises.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Whatever's out there, I'm gonna try  
it. Everything. I'm gonna do it.

MARCUS  
(goes to the door)  
This is not what I wanted.

CARLA  
Leave it.

He looks down at the silver case. He thinks it over, then  
tosses it to her. She catches it. He goes.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla sits on the edge of the bed. She holds the silver  
case, but doesn't open it.

She sits, and thinks. She takes off her toy wedding ring,  
and holds it in the palm of her hand.

EXT. BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Marcus walks along a city bridge. He takes his ring off. He throws it into the river. He stands, looking down at the water. He sees someone on the banks, watching him. It looks like Emma. It is Emma. He's certain of it.

He starts toward her.

MARCUS

Emma.

He gets to the bank, but she's gone. He looks around. She has vanished.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carla drops the toy ring into the trash. She rises and gets her coat.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BLDG. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus waits at an apartment doorway.

JENNY (V.O.)

Who is it?

MARCUS

Open up.

The door opens. Jenny, in her robe, looks out at him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You want to hear a crazy story?

JENNY

At two in the morning? You bet.

INT. JENNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcus sit at the dinner table. Jenny gets two beers from the fridge.

MARCUS

You didn't see her, Jen. The look in her eyes. It's not Carla in there.

JENNY

You think it's this dead girl. Emma. That she's in Carla's body.

MARCUS

No. I mean, I did. But...it's not Emma. I don't know who it is.

JENNY

I think you should get some help.

MARCUS

Why did she go to that building? Of all the crackhouses in this city, why did she go to that one? And the way she...It's like she knew the place.

JENNY

Okay, this is getting too freaky.

MARCUS

I'm not crazy.

JENNY

I know you're not.

MARCUS

God, Jen. I don't know what to do.

JENNY

I think we should go see Martineau.

Marcus sighs.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Maybe he can help.

MARCUS

I'm not gonna see Martineau. Not tonight.

She looks at him. There's something very maternal, very tender in her expression.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(he's so tired)

I don't want to go home, Jen.

JENNY

I don't want you to go home.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jenny lies in bed. She looks through the doorway, into the bathroom. Marcus washes his face. She watches him.

He finishes. He stops in her doorway.

MARCUS

Goodnight.

JENNY

G'night.

He smiles, and goes. She stares at the empty doorframe. She sighs, softly. Then turns out the light.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jenny wakes. Marcus, of course, isn't in bed with her. She gets up.

EXT. MARTINEAU'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Marcus knocks on the door of a small craftsman style home. A dog starts to bark. Martineau, the bearded eccentric we last saw in the library, opens the door cautiously. He wears an unbuttoned sweater over a t-shirt.

The dog, a Rottweiler, tries to get out.

MARTINEAU

Get back! Klaus! Back! Sit!

The dog obeys. Martineau turns his attention back to Marcus.

MARCUS

Martineau. Hey.

MARTINEAU

Haven't seen you in a while.

MARCUS

This is going to sound kind of weird, but...I'm having what I think is a supernatural experience.

MARTINEAU

Go talk to your priest.

MARCUS

I don't have a priest. Look, I could really use your help.

MARTINEAU

Are you wired?

MARCUS

What? No.

MARTINEAU

(opens door)

Alright. Come in.

INT. MARTINEAU'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Martineau closes the door after Marcus enters. The house is a warm cave full of books and newspapers.

MARTINEAU

Turn around. Hands on the wall.

MARCUS

Give me a break.

MARTINEAU

Do it, goddammit.

Marcus complies. Martineau frisks him. The Rottweiler growls. Two more dogs, equally unfriendly, enter.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)

Is this some joke? Some prank? You looking for a good laugh at my expense?

MARCUS

No. I promise

MARTINEAU

You're clean.

MARCUS

You've got lots of dogs.

MARTINEAU

Seven of 'em. An important number, metaphysically speaking. The Egyptians believed that dogs have an instinctive god-like goodness.

The doberman sniffs Marcus's balls.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)

In fact, of all creatures, they're the most immune to any sort of domination or possession by demonic spirits.

MARCUS

No shit?

MARTINEAU

Not one speck of it. So...at the station. They all still think I'm nuts?

MARCUS

Yeah.

MARTINEAU

Wonder why.

Martineau laughs. Marcus nods and smiles.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jenny is dressed in her uniform. She takes a last swig of coffee, grabs her keys from a hook on the wall and starts for the door.



When she opens the door, Carla is standing in the hall, staring straight at her. Jenny gasps and steps back.

CARLA  
You spent the night with my husband.

JENNY  
Carla, listen--

CARLA  
You slept with my husband. I think  
I at least deserve a cup of coffee.

INT. JENNY'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Carla waits at the kitchen table. Jenny puts a cup of coffee in front of Carla, then sits at the table. The telephone is attached to the wall behind her. Carla tries the coffee.

CARLA  
If you fuck as bad as you make coffee,  
I don't have anything to worry about.

JENNY  
I didn't have sex with your husband.  
Nothing happened. He wanted to talk.

Carla is unconvinced.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
You want to come to the bedroom and  
smell the sheets?

CARLA  
(a moment, then...)  
Do you mind if I use your telephone?

JENNY  
Go for it.

Carla gets up and takes the phone from the hook. She gives Jenny a "give me some privacy" look.

Jen looks down at her coffee and is lifting the cup when Carla wraps the phone's cord around Jenny's neck. She pulls it tight. Jenny drops the coffee cup. It smashes.

Jenny struggles to get free. Carla pulls the cord tighter. Jenny's face begins to turn blue.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Carruthers awakes in the chair. He immediately looks at the bed. Josie isn't in it. He stands.

CARRUTHERS  
Josie?

He looks in the bathroom. She isn't there. He checks his wallet. The money is gone.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

No.

And he's out the door.

INT. MARTINEAU'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Marcus is seated at a small kitchen table. There are books and dirty dishes everywhere. Martineau drops a manuscript on the table in front of Marcus.

MARTINEAU

You should take this manuscript. It's twenty-five bucks, but that just covers the cost of the photo copies. I want to get it published, but the only outfit that'll take it only publishes stuff about UFOs and Bigfoot and crazy shit like that.

Marcus looks down at the coffee-stained manuscript: "Secrets of the Afterlife" by Jacob Martineau.

MARCUS

So, the um...the afterlife--

MARTINEAU

Uh huh.

MARCUS

Is it, you know, scary?

MARTINEAU

Well, that depends. Generally speaking, if you're not a bad person then your afterlife will probably be like a really nice weekend in Santa Barbara.

MARCUS

Okay.

MARTINEAU

But if you're an asshole, well, it'll probably be like your average Thursday in New Jersey.

MARCUS

And do you have to go? I mean, let's say you were a bad person, a really bad person, and you knew what was waiting. Could you, I don't know--

MARTINEAU

Stay here? Sure. Some do. Like poltergeists. Spend the rest of eternity moving furniture around, shit like that.

MARCUS

What about coming back, but...in another person's body?

MARTINEAU

Permanent possession.

MARCUS

Right.

MARTINEAU

(rising)  
Let's go talk someplace else.

MARCUS

Why?

MARTINEAU

Because this place is BUGGED!

Martineau slaps the table and laughs. He starts out. Marcus follows, with the manuscript.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- MORNING

Josie walks along the early morning street. There is very little traffic, very few pedestrians.

She sees the Greyhound Bus station across the street, at the next corner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- MORNING

Carruthers drives. He's looking for Josie. He doesn't see her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- MORNING

Josie starts across the street, toward the bus station. We watch her from inside a parked car. The car starts to move forward.

She walks. The car approaches and picks up speed. It is Carla's car. Carruthers sees Josie.

The approaching car immediately picks up speed. Carruthers sees the car. Josie doesn't.

CARRUTHERS

Josie! No!

Josie sees the car, but it is too late. She freezes in the center of the road and stares at the demonic face of the driver. The car slams into her.

Josie's body smashes into the car's windshield. The force of the hit sends her up and over the car, spinning through the air, directly at an oncoming van.

Josie's body crashes through the van's windshield. The PASSENGERS recoil, in horror. The driver slams on the brakes. A sign on the side of the van reads: MT. OLIVE BAPTIST YOUTH CAMP.

The car speeds past Carruthers. He looks at the driver, but sees only the demon. As she passes, the demon locks eyes with him.

Inside the van, a YOUNG WOMAN looks down. A hand is on her breast. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that it is Josie's severed arm. A YOUNG MAN looks down at his lap. Josie's severed head is face-down in his lap. He turns it over and looks into her bloody face. Everyone in the van screams.

Carruthers watches as the killer's car turns the corner and races away.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Marcus and Martineau walk in a beautiful park. 100 year old oak trees line the path on both sides.

MARTINEAU

Possession is most often accomplished by very ancient spirits, spirits who have never been worthy of receiving a human birth of their own.

MARCUS

Could someone who isn't one of these ancient spirits, someone who was alive, recently, return in someone else's body?

MARTINEAU

Not likely. The possessing spirit wouldn't have the skill or the strength to overcome the host. Not for more than a few seconds.

MARCUS

But what if the host dies, then the host spirit leaves the body.

MARTINEAU

Right.

MARCUS

And then somebody, like an EMT, brings  
the body back...

MARTINEAU

Okay.

MARCUS

...But then another spirit, a  
different spirit--

MARTINEAU

--Enters the vacated body.

Martineau stops walking. Marcus stops, also.

MARCUS

Right. Could that happen?

MARTINEAU

It's possible, but...to have that  
kind of skill, we're talkin'...this  
would have to be one extremely  
talented and very ancient spirit.

MARCUS

But if it did happen, a good spirit  
wouldn't do this. She'd just...stay  
in Santa Barbara.

MARTINEAU

Right.

MARCUS

So if it did happen, and this other  
spirit did come back...

MARTINEAU

Then you've probably got one very  
strong, very evil bitch on your hands.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Carla gets out of her car. The front grill is broken, and  
the windshield is smashed. She opens the trunk.

Jenny, bound and gagged, looks up at her. Jen is terrified.  
Carla smiles.

INT. AMBULANCE STATION RECEPTION DESK -- DAY

Carruthers enters the ambulance station. He goes immediately  
to the front desk.

CARRUTHERS

I need to speak with Marcus Galan.  
Right now.

RECEPTIONIST

I told you, sir--

Carruthers reaches across the desk and picks up her phone. He pushes it into her face.

CARRUTHERS

Call him. Now.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Marcus and Martineau sit near the front window of a coffee shop. They both have coffee.

MARCUS

So how do I get rid of her?

MARTINEAU

Figure out why she's here. Maybe if you help her do whatever it is she came back to do, she'll move on.

Marcus's cell phone rings. He turns it off.

MARCUS

What if she didn't come back to do something? What if she just doesn't want to move on?

MARTINEAU

She's stronger than you. You're gonna have to make her want to leave.

MARCUS

How?

MARTINEAU

She's evil. So be really really good.

MARCUS

What, should I start going to Sunday School or something?

MARTINEAU

Wouldn't hurt.

MARCUS

Should I wear a crucifix?

MARTINEAU

She's not a vampire, man.

MARCUS

Well, I don't know this stuff.

INT. AMBULANCE STATION -- DAY

There is no answer on the telephone.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry, Mr. Carruthers.

He slams the phone down, and starts out.

CARRUTHERS  
(shouting back at her)  
Keep trying him!

INT. MARTINEAU'S WORKSHOP -- EVENING

Marcus sits at a tall table in Martineau's basement workshop. The place is an eclectic mix of religious iconography. We see books, diagrams, and paraphernalia from Kabbala, early Cristianity, etc.

Martineau approaches. He holds a nickel-plated .38 revolver. He is loading it with bullets.

MARTINEAU  
Alright. We've got silver bullets. I soaked them, for 30 seconds, in holy water. Try one bullet to the heart. Another to the brain.

He gives the gun to Marcus.

MARCUS  
You're out of your mind.

MARTINEAU  
We're not talking about murder here. The girl whose body it is--

MARCUS  
My wife.

MARTINEAU  
She's long gone. I'm sorry.

MARCUS  
You think this will...finish it?

MARTINEAU  
I have absolutely no idea. We're venturing into new territory here. But, if I were you, I'd shoot her, put a stake through her heart, cut her head off, stuff her mouth with garlic and bury her a hundred feet deep. Might as well cover all the bases.

Marcus looks at the gun.

MARTINEAU (CONT'D)

In the probable words of George  
Armstrong Custer: "If you're gonna  
go down, go down fighting."

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Carruthers knocks on Marcus's door. He waits. Carla opens.  
She is wearing simple clothes and an apron.

CARLA

Yes?

CARRUTHERS

I'm John Carruthers. Is Marcus in?

CARLA

I'm afraid not. I'm his wife.

CARRUTHERS

Good to meet you, ma'am.

CARLA

He should be home anytime. You're  
welcome to wait inside, if you'd  
like.

CARRUTHERS

Thank you.

INT. MARCUS'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

Carla tends to a large pot of soup on the stove. Carruthers  
sits at the table.

A nice dinner is in the works. Wine, candles, flowers, you  
name it. Two places have been set. A salad has been placed  
at each setting.

CARLA

So you think this woman, this  
prostitute, came back. Possessed  
the other woman's body.

CARRUTHERS

It's more like she stole it. Like  
the owner stepped away, but left the  
keys in the car. She hopped in and  
went on a little joyride.

CARLA

(tests the stew)  
I'm trying something new. I can't  
quite seem to get it right.

(MORE)



CARLA (CONT'D)

(back to Carruthers)

And now the second woman's dead. So she's in somebody else's body.

CARRUTHERS

I know it sounds insane. But, you see...my grandparents. They practiced the Old Time Religion, if you know what I'm saying. I was around it a lot as a kid. Scared the hell out of me...But I remember my grandma used to talk about these "hoppers." That's what she called them. Spirits that don't move on. As soon as one body's used up, they jump into another.

CARLA

So you think this prostitute was a...a hopper?

CARRUTHERS

But it didn't start there. She and this school teacher were just the latest in what could be a thousand different lives.

Carruthers pulls a photocopy of the medieval drawing from his pocket. He unfolds it.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of Lilith?

CARLA

Lilith who?

CARRUTHERS

It's an old legend. Adam's first wife, before Eve. Things didn't work out. Adam rejected her. So then God made Eve, and Eve became the mother of all living. But Lilith was angry.

CARLA

Well, that's understandable.

CARRUTHERS

And at death she refused to leave. She swore she'd get revenge on Adam and Eve and all their children. They say she's responsible for stillborn births, and the death of infants. And that she's the queen of these...

CARLA

Hoppers.

CARRUTHERS

Right. Here's a picture.

Carla looks over his shoulder at the winged female demon attacking the mother and baby.

CARLA

It's not a very flattering picture.

CARRUTHERS

No.

She holds the spoon out to him.

CARLA

Here. You taste it.

He tries it.

CARRUTHERS

It's...it's good.

CARLA

There's something missing.

She looks at his face, as if the answer is somewhere in his expression. She gently bites her lower lip.

CARRUTHERS

I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't have much of a head for cooking.

CARLA

Hmmmm.

She looks down at the picture of Lilith again.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh. I must look a mess.

CARRUTHERS

Not at all.

CARLA

You're just being sweet. I'm going to go freshen up a bit. I want to talk to you more about this theory of yours. Don't go anywhere.

She goes. Carruthers looks at the picture, then folds it and puts it back in his pocket.

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING

Marcus walks through the cemetery. A truck stops near him.

CARETAKER

We lock the gate at dark.

MARCUS

Thanks.

Marcus approaches Emma's grave. As he gets closer he sees someone at the grave. It is a woman. She wears a white coat. As Marcus gets closer, she turns. It is Emma.

She smiles at him. He stops, several feet away.

EMMA

Thank you, for being kind to my mother.

He doesn't know what to say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I can't stay long. I was sent to tell you one thing. One thing only.

MARCUS

You didn't come back to me.

She smiles sadly, tenderly. She shakes her head.

EMMA

The good souls, Marcus...they don't come back. Where I am now, it's so beautiful.

Marcus steps toward her.

MARCUS

Please...What do I...How--?

EMMA

You're a savior, Marcus. A healer. We're alike in that way. We recognize that in one another.

He takes another step toward her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You can't beat her. You can't hide from her. She's too powerful...Show her the strength of your goodness. The only thing she respects is strength. You must gain her respect.

Marcus takes another step.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Be true to yourself, Marcus, and death will be your victory. If you come where I am...she can't follow you there.

He is almost close enough to touch her. She turns to go.

MARCUS

Emma. No, don't.

She looks back. There is an odd expression on her face, as if someone is telling her something. Something alarming.

EMMA

You have to go home. Now. Go!

INT. MARCUS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Carruthers stands. He looks up at the kitchen clock. He sighs. He peeks out into the living room. He exits.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carruthers stands at the picture window. He looks at the sky.

CARRUTHERS

No moon.

He goes to the hallway.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

Carla? Ma'am?

He starts down the hall. He looks in the hallway bathroom. She's not there.

He looks into a small storage room. She's not there. He gets to the bedroom door. It is open a few inches.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

Ma'am? Excuse me. The things I said...You must think I'm absolutely insane.

There is no answer. He pushes the door open. She isn't there. The bathroom door is open. A light is on in the bathroom. He goes to the bathroom door. He looks in.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

Ma'am, I'm sorry. I really need to speak with your--

She isn't there. He stands in the doorway, confused. He turns to go. She is not lurking behind him, as we expect.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carruthers enters the living room. He stands near the kitchen door. He hears a car approach outside. He crosses to the window. As he moves we see, in the background and slightly out of focus, that one of the World War I swords is missing. He looks out the window. Marcus's car pulls into the driveway.

CARRUTHERS

Thank God.

As he turns, we see Carla behind him. She screams and runs at him. Startled, he freezes for a split second, just long enough for Carla to bury the sword, to the hilt, in his belly. She steps back, leaving the sword in his body.

He falls to his knees. She goes to the wall and removes the other sword. He slowly, painfully, pulls out his gun. Carla stops in front of him. As he raises his gun, she swings the second sword. In one smooth motion, she removes his head.

His gun drops to the floor.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus sits in his car. He looks down at Martineau's gun. He looks at the house. He sighs, gets out of the car, and tucks the gun into the back of his pants. He walks, slowly, to the front door and turns the knob. It's locked.

He takes out his keys and unlocks the door. When he finally gets the door open, Carla is standing right there. Her expression turns immediately friendly.

CARLA

You're home.

MARCUS

Why was the door locked?

CARLA

Just...feeling a little vulnerable,  
I guess.

Marcus doesn't enter.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I have a surprise for you.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marcus follows Carla into the house. Carruthers' body is gone. The swords are back on the wall. Carla closes and locks the front door.

MARCUS

Whose car is out there?

She shrugs. He doesn't believe her.

CARLA

You look at me and you still see  
Carla. Baby, you don't have to worry  
about that stuff with me...I've made  
you dinner. Come on.

She goes into the kitchen. He follows. As he exits we linger  
on the swords. Blood drips from the blade.

INT. MARCUS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcus enters the kitchen and sees the spread on the table.  
The main course is still cooking in a big pot on the stove.

CARLA

What do you think?

Marcus doesn't answer.

CARLA (CONT'D)

It's my way of saying "I'm sorry."  
I've been acting kinda strange, I  
know. But some pretty weird things  
have happened to me. Everything's  
going to be alright. Sit down. I've  
got something for you.

And she exits. But he doesn't sit. He wanders to the stove.  
Some of the cooking dishes are half-covered with water in  
the sink. Some knives are on the counter. The big pot is  
covered, and still cooking. Some of the broth has boiled  
over the side of the pot.

Marcus opens his cell phone and hits a speed dial. A recorded  
message immediately answers:

SHAWN (V.O.)

This is Shawn. I'm ignoring you.  
Leave a message.

Marcus lifts the lid on the soup. The big pot is almost  
full. It looks like stew. He sniffs it. Something's a little  
off.

MARCUS

(into phone)

Hey, it's Marcus. Where are you?

He grabs the ladle and sticks it into the soup. It hits  
something. He pushes the ladle down deep and then pulls it  
up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I could use you here at the house,  
man. I need somebody to talk to. I  
think I'm losing my--

Carruther's head emerges from the soup.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

SHIT! FUCK!

Marcus drops the ladle and the phone. He staggers back. Something catches his eye in the kitchen window: outside, Jenny is gagged and tied to a chair beside the pool.

Marcus hears something behind him. WE RACK FOCUS from Jenny to the reflection in the window: Carla is running toward him, the syringe held over her head. She brings it down.

He spins. He grabs her arm, but the force of her swing almost puts the needle into his chest. He twists her wrist. She drops the syringe, then immediately smashes her forehead into his face.

He staggers back toward the sink. She grabs him by the throat.

CARLA

You can't beat me. Don't even try.

He goes for the gun in his belt. As he's raising it, she knocks it from his hand. It flies across the room, over the dinner table.

She goes for her knife. He knocks it to the other side of the room. He then knees her, hard, in the gut. She weakens, but she doesn't let go. He spins her around and pins her against the sink.

He forces her face into the dishwater. He holds her head under water. She fights. Her arms search for some weapon. She almost gets a knife. Her right arm knocks the pot from the stove. The stew spills on the floor and Carruthers' head rolls to the corner of the room.

She slams her heel into Marcus's groin. He weakens for a moment. She gets her face out of the water. She gasps. He squeezes her throat as hard as he can. He lifts her feet from the floor.

She snarls at him, but he doesn't let go. Instead he smashes the back of her head into the kitchen window. The glass shatters.

At the pool, Jenny struggles. She tries to scream, but she has been very thoroughly gagged and tied.

Marcus tries to push Carla's neck into the jagged glass. She pushes him away. He slips on the floor and falls against the wall.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I already had my throat cut once this week. Let's not do that again.

She picks up a chopping knife from the counter.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Your turn.

She jumps on him. He manages to grasp her forearm, but she thrashes wildly. It's like fighting a wild animal.

He finally gets her turned over. He puts his knees on her arms. She struggles, but can't get free. She goes still for a moment. He looks at her face.

MARCUS

What are you?

CARLA

Do you really want to know what I am?

She reveals the face of the demon. Marcus jumps back. He slips on the floor and tries to put as much distance between him and her as he can.

She crouches, then rises, and slowly reveals herself. She's 100% demon. Her hands are claws. Her body has the color and texture of someone who has been dead for several days.

Marcus looks for anything to fight with. He starts opening drawers. He finds towels, spoons, measuring cups, nothing that's going to help him.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I've lived more lives than you could ever imagine. I've been everywhere on this earth. I've done everything there is to do. I've been men, women, and children in every place and in every time.

He sees the syringe. He grabs it.

CARLA (CONT'D)

There's nothing you can tell me.  
There's nothing you can teach me.  
There's nothing you can *think* that would surprise me.

She lifts the knife and goes for him. He thrusts the syringe. She shifts and misses the thrust. She laughs.



She lifts his arm and, very smoothly, slices his pectoral muscle at the armpit.

He screams. He drops the syringe. She straddles him. She picks up the syringe.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You're no more than a bug to me.  
You're a plaything. A toy.

She sinks the syringe into his side. He shouts. She injects the fluid into him.

He struggles. She lets him wriggle away. He rises and backs away. He stumbles into the dinner table. It all crashes to the floor. Carla advances.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You can't run away from me. You  
could die, and I'd follow you into  
hell.

She kneels beside him. We see from his point of view. His vision is beginning to blur. She straddles him again.

CARLA (CONT'D)

The human family. What a pathetic failure. Billions and billions of you, crawling across the planet, consuming your Mother Earth. And there's not one of you that wouldn't sacrifice a brother or a sister to save your own skin. Not even you, Marcus. You've saved a lot of people. But would you willingly give your life to save another? I don't think so.

Marcus gets his legs under her and he thrusts. She flies back into the sliding plate-glass door. Her body crashes through and falls in a heap on the patio.

Marcus rises on his elbows. She laughs. She stands and brushes glass from her clothes.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You like to play games, don't you, Marcus? Let's play...Justice. We can both win. I get what I want. And you get what you deserve.

She picks up a shard of glass. It has been broken into the shape of a jagged edged knife. She starts toward Jenny.

Marcus tries to stand, but he loses his balance and he falls. He looks around for something that can help him.

He sees, in the corner, his nickel-plated gun. He crawls for it. Carla approaches Jenny. Jenny is freaking out.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to give both of you exactly what you've earned...Death. You never deserved life in the first place.

Marcus grabs the gun. He crawls back toward the sliding glass door.

EXT. MARCUS'S BACK YARD -- NIGHT

Carla stands behind Jenny. She puts the jagged edge of the glass to Jenny's throat. She looks back at the house. Marcus is gone.

CARLA

Get back here and watch this, you coward!

Marcus staggers into the doorway. He falls. He leans against the jagged glass. He raises the gun. We see from his point of view. Everything is so blurry. He tries to focus. He tries to aim, but can't. Carla puts her head near Jenny's.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Be careful where you point that thing.

Marcus can't focus worth a damn.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'll make it easy for you.

Carla puts a hand on Jenny's chest and pushes her, chair and all, into the pool. Jenny immediately sinks.

MARCUS

No!

CARLA

There. Now it's just me.

Marcus pulls the trigger. He misses.

CARLA (CONT'D)

One down. Five to go.

Jenny struggles. She and the chair settle at the bottom of the pool. Carla starts walking toward Marcus. He, too, takes a step forward. He shoots.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Not even close.

She keeps walking. He fires again.

CARLA (CONT'D)

God damn. You ever shot a gun before?

He walks toward her. He pulls the trigger.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Mis-fire. That sucks.

He shoots. The bullet tears a piece out of her shoulder. Now she's pissed, and she's only a few yards away.

CARLA (CONT'D)

One. Last. Chance.

He fires. She stops. So does he. Did he get her?

Jenny thrashes at the bottom of the pool.

Carla stands her ground. Dizzy, Marcus drops to his knees in the grass.

Carla unexpectedly drops to her knees, too. Marcus pops open the cylinder of the gun. He empties the expended cartridges onto the grass.

Carla tries to summon the demon, but she doesn't have the energy. Her face almost gets there, then returns to normal.

Marcus picks up the mis-fired bullet from the grass. He puts it back in the cylinder and clicks the cylinder back into place. Carla looks down at her chest. She touches a hole over her left breast.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Right...in the heart.

She's fading fast. Marcus raises the gun and levels it three inches from her forehead.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Good...game.

And he pulls the trigger. This time the gun fires, and blows Carla's brains out the back of her head. She drops.

Marcus immediately discards the gun and crawls to the pool. We see from his point of view. Everything is blurred and dizzy.

Underwater, Jenny weakens. Her body convulses. She is breathing water now. Marcus crawls to the edge of the pool.

MARCUS

Jenny...

He half falls, half throws himself into the water. He sees her at the bottom. He uses all his strength to swim to her.

She is conscious, but her lungs are filling with water.

He tries to untie her. There's no way. He tries to lift her. He can't. He struggles. He fights. He watches as her eyes roll back.

He screams in the water. He refuses to give up. He gets one of her arms free, then the other. He takes in water. He continues to untie her. He's fading fast. He gets one of her legs almost free when he loses consciousness. His hands slowly float away from the knot. His body drifts up toward the surface, his arms floating straight out at his sides.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Shawn kicks in the front door. Jackson is with him. Jackson sees Carruthers' body and goes to it. Shawn runs to the kitchen. Jackson sees that Carruthers' head is gone.

EXT. MARCUS'S BACK YARD -- NIGHT

Shawn steps into the back yard. He sees Carla's body, then Marcus floating, face-down, in the pool, his arms straight out at his sides. He drops his kit and runs. He dives into the water. He pulls Marcus to the edge. Jackson is there.

SHAWN

Take him.

Jackson pulls Marcus to the concrete as Shawn goes back underwater. Jackson rolls Marcus onto his back. He pulls his arms over his head. Marcus immediately convulses and begins to vomit water.

Shawn unties Jenny's leg. He takes her to the surface. Jackson is waiting at the edge of the pool. They pull her to the side and start working on her.

Marcus slowly regains consciousness. He coughs. He vomits. He breathes. He rolls onto his side and watches as Shawn and Jackson work on Jenny. Shawn is doing CPR. Jenny is unresponsive.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(to Jenny)

C'mon, girl. I'm not giving up.  
You hear me. We'll be here all night.  
I'm not giving up on you.

He pumps her chest. Jackson breathes.

JACKSON

There's nothing, man.

SHAWN

Come on.

Marcus watches. His vision focuses enough to see what they're doing. His hope turns to horror.

MARCUS

No...

Shawn and Jackson work.

JACKSON

She's gone, man.

SHAWN

Jenny, come on...come on, baby...

He pushes on her chest. Her body unexpectedly convulses. She vomits water and coughs.

Marcus's vision blurs and fades. As Marcus loses consciousness we..... FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MARCUS'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Marcus awakes in a hospital bed. He is alone. He looks around. He sees some flowers and a couple of "Get Well" cards on the window sill.

He looks out the door. Across the hall, in the opposite room, he sees another patient. She's sitting up in bed, eating a meal. It is Jenny.

She sees him. She smiles gently. A NURSE enters his room.

NURSE

Oh, look who's awake. You've got some color back in your face.

The nurse pulls the curtain beside the bed, blocking Marcus's view of Jenny.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Let's check your blood pressure.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Frank, the police detective, gets out of his car. He approaches the hospital.

INT. MARCUS'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Frank stands at Marcus's bedside.

FRANK

Nothing more to tell?

MARCUS

It's just like you said. We were having an affair. She found out. She tried to kill us both.

FRANK

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

MARCUS

I guess that's true.

Frank puts a business card on the table.

FRANK

John was a good friend of mine. It's hard to believe a hundred pound woman could take him down.

MARCUS

She was no ordinary woman.

FRANK

You and I both know that a lot more went down than what they're writing in the case file...Once you're healed up, you and I are going to have a sit down. I'll buy you a beer, and you're gonna elaborate on that story.

Frank starts out.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You want the door closed?

MARCUS

No. Leave it open.

Frank goes. Marcus looks into the room across the hall. Jenny is gone. An ORDERLY is making the bed.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- MORNING

A nurse pushes Marcus's wheelchair beyond the front doors of the hospital. He holds a plastic bag with his cards and toiletries. He's dressed in his street clothes.

NURSE

There you go. You sure you don't want me to call a taxi or somebody?

MARCUS

I'll be fine. Thanks.

She turns and goes. Marcus takes a deep breath. He puts the plastic bag in a trash can. He looks around. A woman waits for him.

She stands several yards away and leans against a pillar. It is Jenny. She wears a long dark coat and looks absolutely ravishing. She approaches.

JENNY  
You pulled through.

She smiles at him. He doesn't return the smile.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Shall we walk?

EXT. CITY CENTER -- MORNING

Marcus and Jenny walk down a busy street. They are surrounded by people, cars, noise, confusion, organized chaos. They don't talk. They stop at a busy corner. She turns to him. She gently bites her lower lip.

JENNY  
I guess this is where we say goodbye.  
Thanks. It was fun.

Marcus looks at her. He doesn't speak.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
You know, you can never kill me.  
Not really.

MARCUS  
You...took everything from me.

JENNY  
Not everything.

She gets closer. She gives the lapel of his jacket a small, affectionate tug.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Maybe we'll play again some time.

And then she turns to go. She is several steps away when Marcus speaks.

MARCUS  
Hey...

She stops and turns to him. He has a hard time finding the words.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Why do you keep coming back? Why do  
you...like it here so much?

She smiles. She looks around at the people, the buildings, the traffic, the life.

JENNY  
What's not to like?

And then she turns and walks away. Marcus watches her go, until she is lost in the crowd.

Jenny walks through the crowd, smiling. A small dog growls at her, then barks. The dog's owner, an OLDER WOMAN, tries to calm the dog. Jenny walks toward us. When she's so close that her face almost fills the screen, her face reveals the demon. She looks directly at us, and screams.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END