

Possessions

FADE IN:

INT. - EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Late morning's sunlight streaks through the windows, illuminating a young woman's bedroom.

The bed is not only unmade, but still occupied by EMILY, 28, fast asleep.

She tosses, turns and then awakens as if from a nightmare, sweating.

Confusion floods her expression; she is uncertain of her location.

She runs her hands over her body, her face, the blankets of her bed, ensuring that all is intact.

She crosses the room to sit in a chair, more unsettled with each passing moment.

Her reflection brings her surprise, then anguish.

Tears drip from her eyes as she roams her face with her fingertips.

EMILY

Oh my god. What did I do?

BLACKOUT:

INT. - MARBLE HALLWAY - DAY

It is now October, 1976.

DYLAN and TRAVIS walk together down the long ornate marbled hallway of a major university.

STUDENTS pass by.

Though Travis, dressed in a stuffy suit that looks far too old for his young blonde self, is loaded down with many thick books that appear old, the older, darker Dylan carries one book that he flips through as they walk.

They attempt to appear casual, but upon close inspection, we see that their expressions are serious.

Their voices are lowered to ensure that their conversation only reaches each other.

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DYLAN

Are you certain everything ready?

TRAVIS

Yes. Positive. But I'm not sure if we are.

DYLAN

Nonsense. Of course we are. We've been preparing for years, and before that they've been preparing for centuries.

Travis has become nervous by the talk, tilting his head in closer to Dylan.

Dylan is nonplussed.

TRAVIS

I don't mean the preparations. I mean the participants. I know that we're ready to perform the ceremony, but I'm not sure that we're prepared for the results.

DYLAN

Perhaps you're not, Travis, but *I* am. Because there are those who are not ready is why we chose to do it this way. If you are not willing to follow through with this, then you aren't being forced to be a part of it. We have six. We only need five.

Travis pauses, causing Dylan to stop as well.

A look passes between them to remind Travis that Dylan is more powerful than he is, giving meaning to the thinly veiled threat.

Travis breaks the eye contact quickly.

TRAVIS

Very well, but do keep in mind that I gave you fair warning about this. I'm serious Dylan, if anything were to go wrong—

STUDENT

(Interrupting)

Professor Jacobs! I heard it's a girl. Rock on. Congratulations!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dylan looks over his shoulder toward the student who yells from across the hallway.

Dylan musters a smile and waves.

DYLAN
Thank you. I'll be sure to pass
that along to my wife.

Dylan herds Travis along the hallway, voice dropping even lower.

His eyes have taken on a slightly fanatical glaze.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Nothing will go wrong. Nothing.
We're prepared. We're ready.
Tonight we'll do what our
predecessors have been working
toward for two and a half thousand
years. With this power we can free
the world.

TRAVIS
(quietly)
Or ruin it.

CUT TO:

INT. - TRAVIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to Travis' darkened office opens.

Travis enters, seen in silhouette against the light of the hallway.

Travis fumbles, moving some books in his arms before setting them down on a desk under the light switch.

Travis reaches for the light switch-

ALEX (O.S.)
Don't. You know the light hurts my
eyes.

TRAVIS
Alex? I didn't expect you here.

ALEX (O.S.)
Obviously; you're out of brandy.

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CONTINUED:

Travis crosses over toward a small lamp and turns it on, giving the room enough light to see by, but not the same glaring brightness of the overhead ceiling lights.

ALEX, an older man wearing a plain dark suit, can be clearly seen.

Travis smiles faintly and moves toward a cabinet behind Alex, taking out a full bottle of scotch and two tumblers.

Travis pours drinks as they talk.

TRAVIS

As always, it's a pleasure to see you, but I'm afraid that tonight isn't really a good night for me. I wish you'd called ahead.

ALEX

Oh really? See, I was under the impression that you were going to be working on some translations all night. Boring work indeed.

TRAVIS

Well, yes I suppose it is, but I'm actually rather busy this evening.

ALEX

Travis, don't play games. Not with me. I know all about your plans.

Travis' expression tightens in surprise.

He is glad his face is hidden from Alex, allowing him to school his expression.

Travis looks at Alex a moment before moving toward him to hand him the glass of scotch.

Travis attempts to hide a sudden bout of nervousness.

TRAVIS

You do?

ALEX

I do.

TRAVIS

Well, what exactly do you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

(sipping his drink)

Good drink.

(beat)

I know everything.

TRAVIS

Everything?

Travis' hand starts to slowly move toward a drawer in the cabinet. He tries to keep Alex from seeing the movement.

ALEX

Travis, I'm going to be frank with you - Dylan Jacobs is a fanatic. He's drunk with his own sense of power. He doesn't see the potential devastation he's capable of causing if he summons Armaros. He can't control him.

TRAVIS

Look Alex, I don't know what you think you know--

Using his fingertips, Travis starts to slowly pull the drawer open.

ALEX

He's using you.

TRAVIS

What? Using me?

ALEX

You're his puppet and you don't even realize it. He used you to finish the translations and now he's trying to take all the glory. But you don't have to allow him to do that.

TRAVIS

I don't?

The drawer is now open just enough to see that it contains a gun, but Travis pulls his hand away from it. He's having second thoughts about hurting his mentor. As he moves away from the cabinet, Alex turns in his seat to face him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX

No. Just tell me everything he's planning.

TRAVIS

I can't. I mean, there's nothing to tell.

ALEX

Really, Travis, you shouldn't be keeping things from me. I was your mentor, the one who brought you into the order. You should never keep things from me.

As Alex speaks, Travis has moved toward his desk, leaning his backside against it for support, halfway sitting on it as he faces Alex.

TRAVIS

(stammering)

I wasn't—I'm not—

ALEX

Travis. If you allow him to go through with this ceremony tonight, you may bring about the end of mankind as we know it. This is not a small animal that you are dealing with. This is a beast.

TRAVIS

I know.

ALEX

Then why are you helping him?

TRAVIS

Alex, you don't understand. They're winning. Haven't you looked outside lately? Taken a good hard look at it? If we don't take drastic measures, we're going to end up extinct. Aren't you the one who said that it's our moral responsibility to protect them?

ALEX

That was different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVIS

Why? Because it suited you at the time? You can't just decide to turn your back on everything we've worked for just because it doesn't suit you.

ALEX

You're right. But it's not my decision. Travis if you go through with this tonight, and you survive, you'll be removed from The Society. Permanently.

TRAVIS

What?

ALEX

You heard me, Travis.

TRAVIS

How did you even find out about the ceremony? Nobody outside the circle of six knows.

ALEX

I have my ways.

As he speaks, Alex happens to briefly glance toward the desk that Travis is leaning against.

Though very brief, Travis catches the glance and turns around, his eyes drawn toward the desk.

Travis looks back at Alex, his frown deepening, and starts toward the other side of the desk.

TRAVIS

Oh no. No. You didn't.

Throwing open a drawer, he begins to rummage through it.

His motions are jerky, his nervousness turned to anger.

ALEX

Travis, you're acting mad. Stop this at once.

TRAVIS

Where is it? Where is it, Alex?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ALEX

Where is what? What are you doing?
Stop that!

TRAVIS

I know it's here somewhere. There's
no other way you could know.

Travis continues to rummage through the desk drawers.

Finally, Travis violently rips the chair away from the desk and crawls under it, finding a small box attached to a wire taped to the bottom of the desk.

He tears it off and throws it onto the top of the now-messy desk.

His hair is mussed, his eyes burning.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What do you call this?

ALEX

(indignantly)

I have no idea what you are getting
at. How should I know? This is your
office, not mine.

TRAVIS

Dammit, Alex! You've been spying on
me? What happened to all your talk
of trust?

ALEX

I don't know what you're talking
about—

Travis leans over the desk, grabbing Alex.

Alex is larger, but older and slower.

Alex struggles, but Travis holds his grip tightly and walks around the desk to pull Alex up toward him.

TRAVIS

What else have you done? Spied on
me at home? Taped my phone
conversations?

ALEX

(choking, unable to speak)
No. We just thought—you—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TRAVIS

That what? That I was going to
betray you?

Travis tightens his grip around Alex's neck. Alex is barely able to breathe let alone speak.

ALEX

You did. You betrayed us all.

Infuriated by Alex's choked out accusation, Travis throws him against the desk and grabs onto Alex's hair.

The words have touched a raw nerve, causing Travis to lose what little control he had managed previously. Closing in on Travis' face, we see his emotions change from pain to anger and then to hatred. His eyes glow with fury. He begins to bang Alex's head into the corner of the desk with each word as if to accent his point. It's like he's someone else entirely.

TRAVIS

(sobbing)

I did not betray you!

Travis continues to bang Alex against the desk again and again, alternately sobbing and muttering angrily.

One of the early blows knocks Alex unconscious, leaving him limp in Travis' grasp.

After a few more blows, Travis stops and drops the limp Alex to the ground.

Blood leaks from Alex's forehead and mouth and his facial expression shows that he is obviously dead and likely has been for the past few blows to the head.

Travis sinks into the chair that Alex occupied, his head in his hands as he sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. - DYLAN'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dylan sits at a desk in an office that is larger, plusher than the one Travis has.

He reads from a book, his expression anxious but controlled as he tries to hide his anxiety even from himself.

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Near him is a small picture frame with a photograph of himself and his wife AMELIA who is holding a newborn child.

The door opens.

Dylan's eyes rake upward, torn from the page he was reading, focusing on Travis. Once he realizes Travis' condition, frantic and bloodied, he stands.

DYLAN
What happened?

TRAVIS
I-- I killed him.

DYLAN
Killed who?

TRAVIS
Alex.

Travis sinks into a chair, his expression grim and his eyes haunted as he gazes up at Dylan across the desk.

Dylan moves to the door, shuts it and locks it.

DYLAN
Oh god. Tell me you didn't.

TRAVIS
(with difficulty)
I don't know what happened. He knows, Dylan. They all know.

DYLAN
They know?

TRAVIS
About the ritual. About what we plan to do. And they want to stop it.

DYLAN
No! No. We can't allow that to happen. It's too important.

TRAVIS
Are you listening to me? They'll kill us.

DYLAN
Do they know that Alex is--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVIS

Dead? No. Not yet, but it's just a matter of time. Dylan, we are in way over our heads.

Dylan sits down and rakes a hand through his hair before leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees and his head hanging down. For a moment, he is ready to admit defeat. The stakes may be getting too high. But then he looks up through his eyelashes at his desk.

DYLAN'S P.O.V.: We see his desk. The picture. Amelia and the baby.

He sits up straighter, his chin lifting with a renewed sense of purpose. He realizes that Travis is still droning on.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

...even if we get rid of the body, they're going to find out. They're gonna know. They might already -- Dylan? Are you listening to me?

DYLAN

Yeah. We'll-- we'll get his body out of there before anyone stumbles onto it. We can even use his blood for the ritual, it'll be fresh enough and it's safer than using our own. Then when everyone else arrives, we'll do everything just like we planned.

TRAVIS

But they know.

Dylan shakes his head, realizing something.

DYLAN

(Considering)

No, I don't think they do. I think he figured it out on his own and they didn't believe him. Otherwise they would have done more than just send a bumbling old man to convince us to stop. No, they don't know. Yet.

Travis is still freaked out and babbling. He's a pansy and it shows in stark relief against Dylan's calm demeanor.

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CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVIS

Are you sure? God, Dylan. I killed Alex. I killed him. He's dead.

DYLAN

We'll take care of it Travis. I need you to keep it together. If we're going to do this, we need to do it tonight just like we planned. It's going to be the only chance we get. Once they find out that Alex is dead, they'll know he was right and they'll come after us. They'll come after everything and everyone we care about to get their hands on Armaros. We can't give them that chance. Once he's summoned, he'll be bound to us and there's nothing they can do about it. They won't be able to take him away.

TRAVIS

It wasn't supposed to go like this.

DYLAN

I know, but do you really want them to get their hands on him? You know as well as I do how corrupt they all are now. Remember when we found the texts? All any of them cared about was glory and money. Everyone but the six of us. It's us against them now, Travis.

TRAVIS

I'm scared, Dylan.

DYLAN

The knowledge that we can get from Armaros would be lost on them. You do want to save the world from itself, don't you? You want him to teach us how to counteract the evil that influences us, to become stronger than it so we can fight it, right?

TRAVIS

But what if we're wrong? What if Alex was right? He said we can't do it. We won't be able to hold him, control him.

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CONTINUED: (4)

DYLAN

Alex was a coward. Besides, they've been begging me to do this damn ritual for years now. So I am. I'm just doing it on my terms, not theirs.

Travis nods, still in sort of a daze.

TRAVIS

You're right. We have to do it. I just hope it's worth it.

DYLAN

It will be. Just think, we'll hold in our hands the future of mankind. The key to saving ourselves from all this destruction, all the war, all the hatred... Of course it's worth it. What's one man's death when weighed against the future of the human race?

CUT TO:

INT. - CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The stone walls and floor are old, polished by years of use. The single thick door leading into it opens without a sound, proving that it has been used often as of late.

As the door opens and six robe-clad MEN filter in, the candles surrounding the pentagram on the floor flicker.

The lacing of red that marbles the floor where the pentagram sits adds an ominous overtone.

The men lift the hoods from their faces, showing Dylan and Travis to be among those present. Dylan carries a book where he has written the translation of the spell.

Dylan takes the lead of the ceremony, stepping forward toward the pentagram once they are all in place. He reads from the book.

DYLAN

Armaros, angel of God, father of the Nephilim, keeper of enchantments - hear us! We call to you to come forth, to return to this world from the third gate of Heaven.

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CONTINUED:

Dylan continues to speak the words of the spell.

The candles flicker slightly, making the red marble veins on the stone floor seem to shift faintly in their glow.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
You, who have been cast aside for
imparting knowledge unto us, we
call you to join us now!

Dylan tosses a handful of glassy rune-stones onto the floor.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
The stones have been laid-

The candles flicker and the flames rise higher for a moment.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
The fires have been stoked-

Travis hands Dylan a small vial of a thick red substance that he pours onto the floor.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
The blood, spilled.

The blood that is poured onto the floor scatters, moving into the red marbling veins that are unquestionably moving.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Your children call forth to you!
From your line we have been
spawned, from your side shall we
learn. Father, Armaros, angelic
creature of God, we call to you.
Come forth!

As Dylan speaks the last of the enchantment, the red veins pool thicker, forming a red blob-like marking on the floor in the center.

The stones of the floor under the men's feet shift, causing some to look frightened.

The rune-stones sink into the red as it envelops them. The men who weren't frightened a moment ago certainly are now. They are all shifting nervously.

The light of the candles reflects in the red mass, illuminating faint pictures of death, destruction and angels.

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CONTINUED: (2)

As Travis and Dylan glance at each other silently, the floor shifts even more violently and an inhuman SCREECHING sound fills the chamber.

The men begin to fearfully race toward the door, but find themselves suddenly in the presence of ARMAROS, a shifting form of smoke and flesh that appears to be a cross between a human and a towering demonic figure.

The men cower against the wall, their SCREAMS filling the air.

Armaros' form is neither solid nor smoke, but a combination of both.

At times Armaros appears to be solid, though he fades in and out, adding to his ominous appearance.

TRAVIS
(to himself)
What have we done?

DYLAN
ARMAROS! Heed our call! We have
summoned thee forth-

Dylan's words are cut off by Armaros swiping a nearly solid arm at him, knocking him against the wall near the door.

Dylan scrambles to his feet, moving between Armaros and a man who is his next intended victim.

Armaros fades to smoke as he passes directly through Dylan's body, leaving Dylan standing with an expression of shock and horror.

Armaros proceeds to become solid, tearing through the frightened men one by one.

Dylan opens the door of the chamber and looks back to catch Travis' eye.

Dylan and Travis realize that they are the only two left alive.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
TRAVIS! Behind you! HURRY!

Angle on Travis. He realizes he'll die if he doesn't move.

Travis begins to sprint across the room toward the door, only to be tackled by Armaros.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Travis' SCREAMS fill the air, nearly as inhuman as those made by Armaros.

All that can be seen is Armaros' solidified back as Dylan pulls the door closed and leans against it, his expression one of utter terror.

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

When I went back, they were gone.
The demon, the bodies, the blood -
it was all gone. As if it never
happened.

CUT TO:

INT. - CAMERON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dylan, still frightened and disheveled but no longer clad in the robe, sits in an office that drips with knowledge.

CAMERON, an older man with the demeanor of a mentor, and the temperamental BARRINGTON listen to Dylan's story.

DYLAN

They're... all just gone.
(beat)
I thought that chamber was
constructed to hold the fallen ones
- to use to call them into our
world.

CAMERON

Dylan, that chamber was first built
over six hundred years ago. There
is no way to tell how strong they
have become since then. There was
no guarantee that it could hold
them, which is why we decided five
years ago not to do the ceremony,
or have you forgotten? You were the
biggest supporter of waiting.

DYLAN

I did wait. Five years ago, I
wasn't ready. We weren't ready.
With Travis' help, I was able to
finish the rest of the translations
six months ago.

BARRINGTON

And you kept this from us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN

I had no choice.

BARRINGTON

Of course you did! And you chose to keep it to yourself. Did you hope for absolute power?

DYLAN

I knew that The Society was not, as a collective, prepared for this. All we've ever done is sit around and talk about saving ourselves, saving the world, saving all that remains good in people. But when it came down to it, I didn't think that we were all working toward the same goal anymore. It's easier to enjoy being called a potential savior than it is to be one.

BARRINGTON

So you unleashed a fallen angel, a demon, onto the world? Damning us all-

CAMERON

(calmly)

That is enough.

(beat)

Lord Barrington does have a valid point I'm afraid, Dylan. You have unleashed a very powerful, very primal force into the world. I'm afraid we may not be able to fix this before innocent people die.

DYLAN

Can we assemble the rest of The Society? We have to do something.

Cameron shakes his head. Dylan's growing desperate and afraid. He saw what this thing is capable of and his eyes show that he will be haunted by it for the rest of his life.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

All these years of research... Someone has to know something. A way to stop him.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON

It's already started to spread its taint on the world. Every day it will grow stronger. Every day the world will become more violent because of it. It'll start small, but with every soul it can feed from, Armaros will grow stronger. He has powers we can't fight. He'll warp our minds, our hearts, and we won't even realize he's doing it. He'll cause us to lie, sin, murder and no one will realize that they're just his puppets.

DYLAN

Then I'll just have to make them realize.

CAMERON

It will not be easy. Even if you had The Society's help...

DYLAN

I don't need it. I will find him and I will stop him. I brought him here to save the world, not to end it. He must be controlled, or he must be disposed of. Returned. Killed. Whatever.

CAMERON

There are many dangers involved. Innocent lives will be lost. It will enter the mind of those who allow it, feed off their strengths, warp their insecurities into something it can control.

DYLAN

How do I kill it?

CAMERON

You can't. It's not alive. Not like we are.

DYLAN

Then how do I send it back?

Cameron crosses to a desk and opens it, taking out an ornate box.

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CONTINUED: (3)

He unlocks the box carefully, opens the top and takes out a bundle of silk.

Holding it in one hand, he reverently unwraps the silk from the item, showing it to be an ornate, and obviously old, knife.

His eyes lift to meet Dylan's.

CAMERON

This dagger was crafted solely for this sort of event. It has been blessed. It is said that it can harm the form of an angelic being while it is in this world.

Cameron holds the dagger toward Dylan.

There is a sharp intake of breath as Dylan sees it.

Dylan's fingers play along the blade and hilt before he takes the dagger firmly in hand.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

They do not start off powerful. They are rather weak. He will need to seek shelter, build up his strength and wait.

The dagger reflects in Dylan's eyes.

It is beautiful.

He is entranced.

DYLAN

Wait until what?

CAMERON

Wait until he has garnered enough strength to gain a more solid form on his own.

Dylan is finally able to tear his eyes away from the dagger.

DYLAN

What do you mean - solid form?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CAMERON

When angelic beings enter our world, they are mere shadows of themselves. They have little form, limited abilities-

DYLAN

-it sure didn't seem limited to me. Or to the five men it killed.

CAMERON

You told me that at one point, it went right through you.

DYLAN

Yes. Like walking through smoke or fog. A heavy mist. I could feel it, but it wasn't really there.

CAMERON

Each time it became more solid, it sapped at its strength. Each time became harder and harder. It fled because it had to, to find shelter in order to build its strength again.

DYLAN

Shelter where? A church? A sanctuary? Cameron, I have to find him. Tell me, where did he go?

CAMERON

Patience, Dylan. Not that kind of shelter. Not a place, a being. He has likely entered the mind of someone weak, someone easily turned and influenced by subconscious dreams of power.

DYLAN

Like a possession?

CAMERON

Exactly like a possession.

DYLAN

Oh god. How am I going to find this thing? It could be anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BARRINGTON

Perhaps you should have thought of
that a little sooner.

Dylan glares over at Barrington, but knows that he is right.

Barrington shrugs and raises his glass of scotch that he has
been nursing.

DYLAN

(to Cameron)

I can't do this alone. Come with
me. Help me.

CAMERON

I can't. I'm too old. Besides, this
is your battle. The Society cannot
help you.

(beat)

Won't help you.

DYLAN

What about Amelia? Emily? I can't
just leave them.

CAMERON

Don't worry. We'll watch over them.
Your wife and daughter will be
protected and cared for while you
locate Armaros and take care of it.

DYLAN

Emily's just two weeks old-

CAMERON

The longer you take, the more you
will miss them.

DYLAN

Fine. When do I start?

CAMERON

Immediately, of course.

DYLAN

Where do I start? How do I find
this thing?

CAMERON

Wherever it goes, it will bring
forth primal emotions in mankind.
That is it's nature.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CAMERON(CONT'D)

You simply find it and kill the form that it is in.

DYLAN

Murder? An innocent person?

CAMERON

Unless it gains enough strength to take on a form of it's own, it will take shelter in a person's body. It will feed off their mind, control their body. Death comes as a blessing to them at that point.

DYLAN

I don't know if I can murder someone.

CAMERON

If you don't kill it, it will eventually cause us to kill each other. Pray it doesn't come to that.

CUT TO:

INT. - CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Dylan kneels at a pew, his shoulders slumped, his face tense and gaunt.

Even closed, his eyes show the deep rings underneath that display his lack of sleep.

He wears the same clothing he did in Cameron's office, but his mussed hair, bloodshot eyes and faint shadow of a beard show the lapse of time.

Against the backdrop of white marble and stained glass, he looks almost impure and unwelcome in the setting.

His head still lowered in prayer, Dylan doesn't notice the PRIEST approaching.

The priest stops, looming over Dylan.

PRIEST

Prayer does not make up for lack of action, my son.

Dylan opens his eyes, showing how bloodshot they have become.

Dylan looks straight ahead, not even glancing at the priest.

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The priest's presence doesn't seem to surprise him.

DYLAN

What action do you suggest I take?

PRIEST

The action you haven't yet taken.

With a sigh and a shake of his head, Dylan leans back to sit on his feet as he remains kneeling.

DYLAN

If I knew what to do, I wouldn't be here.

PRIEST

I know.

(beat)

Nobody would. But you can't spend your life waiting for a sign from Him.

DYLAN

I'm not.

PRIEST

Then what are you waiting for?

DYLAN

To figure out where I went wrong. What I should have done differently. Why things went so wrong. I only meant to do something to help...

PRIEST

The road to Hell is paved with the best of intentions.

Dylan pauses, stiffening slightly at the cryptic message.

It hits a note with him.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

It's true. There are countless stories of those who turn against God, not realizing that they do so. A man steals a loaf of bread and gives it to a starving child. Unlawful? Without question. Immoral?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIEST(CONT'D)

Well, he meant well, but he still took what did not belong to him. Thou shalt not steal. It is still a sin.

DYLAN

And that God left the boy to starve?

PRIEST

That, my son, is life. God did not condemn the child to starve - his fellow man did. Someone chose to put profit ahead of a child's life.

Unseen by Dylan, the priest's eyes have a strange cast to them, reminiscent of the deep red of floor of the ceremonial chamber.

DYLAN

And God would not intervene on the boy's behalf?

PRIEST

No, but Satan would. And did, in tempting the man to steal.

DYLAN

This whole good versus evil thing is too confusing. I didn't come here for cryptic lectures on right and wrong.

PRIEST

Indeed. You should go home and rest. Be with your wife and daughter.

This unsettles Dylan even more. He continues to look straight ahead, though all senses are suddenly on alert.

DYLAN

How did you know I have a wife and daughter?

When the priest does not answer, Dylan turns slowly toward him.

The priest has turned away, his back to Dylan.

Dylan stands and reaches a slightly shaking hand up to place it on the priest's shoulder, but the priest whirls around toward him, knocking the hand away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

Dylan is thrown back against the pew.

The priest's eyes glow deeply and there is an inhuman cast to his features.

When he speaks again, the voice is deeper and forced.

PRIEST

He is hardest on those He loves. He
cares not about petty mortals.

Realizing that it is Armaros that controls the priest, Dylan pulls back, crawling backward across the pew.

Dylan's hand fumbles for the dagger tucked into his jacket, but he must move in order to avoid the approaching priest.

Armaros plays the priest's body like a puppet, making it move in ways a human body was not meant to move, but his angelic form would.

Though awkward and disjointed, there is something greater than human and intimidating about the demon-controlled priest.

Dylan tries to move, but ends up falling off the pew and onto the foldout kneeling cushion that he had been kneeling on.

It causes pain and difficulty for him, but Dylan is able to scramble out of the way of the possessed priest's grasp.

If Armaros was not awkward and unused to the body, Dylan would obviously have no chance against him, but Dylan is able to use it to his advantage.

As the priest stands with one foot on the pew seat and one on the fold-out kneeling cushion, grabbing for Dylan's neck to choke him, Dylan grabs a Bible from the back of the pew in front of him.

He hits the priest with it, knocking him over the pew and into the one behind him.

The priest falls onto the seat and partially lands on the floor.

Most men would not be able to move after such a strike, but Armaros gathers the priest's body up, forcing it to stand...

And Dylan is standing over him, the dagger wielded and ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The priest's body lunges at Dylan just as he brings the dagger down quickly, aiming for the priest's neck.

As it bears down, the priest's face changes.

The glow behind his eyes fades and the priest comes to, realizing the pain he is in and the dagger coming toward him.

He cries out in an all too human whimper, but it's too late for Dylan to stop.

The dagger sinks deeply into the priest's throat, accompanied by a soft gurgled gasp from the priest.

The priest falls against the side of the pew, one hand used for support as the other hand clutches feebly at the dagger.

Dylan remains looming over the priest, watching in shock.

The priest slumps down over the edge of the pew.

Realizing that he killed the priest rather than the demon, his eyes grow wide with fear.

DYLAN

Oh god. No! NO! NO!!!

He falls to his knees, his hands still on the dagger's hilt and the dagger's blade still in the priest's neck.

A shadow passes over him.

He kneels, surrounded by a growing puddle of blood.

DYLAN'S P.O.V.: His hands are coated with blood.

Sunlight begins to stream through the stained glass overhead, illuminating the entire area in red.

CUT TO:

INT. - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Present day.

A HOMELESS MAN digs through a garbage can in the corner.

His digging stops a moment and he looks up from the garbage can.

HOMELESS MAN

Hullo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He doesn't see anything as he looks around so he goes back to digging.

Suddenly, his body stiffens.

He shallowly gasps for some breath.

His eyes fly open and begin to redden and glow dully.

A car alarm nearby BEEPS.

BUSINESS MAN (O.S)
HEY! Get the hell away from my car.

The BUSINESS MAN begins to approach the homeless man from behind.

The homeless man smiles wickedly to himself.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)
I said to get the fuck away from my car.

The homeless man still does not move.

The business man moves toward him to put a hand on his shoulder.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)
Are you deaf or just plain stupid?

The homeless man reacts the moment the business man touches him.

He grabs the business man's wrist and spins around.

The business man is shocked and tries to pull away as he raises the briefcase in his other hand to hit the homeless man.

The homeless man makes a sound that is a cross between a GROWL and a LAUGH. His eyes continue to glow red.

The business man becomes afraid.

He drops the briefcase.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)
What the hell are you?

The homeless man doesn't respond or move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The business man begins to struggle, but finds that the homeless man is too strong.

The homeless man starts to walk, moving so the business man is pressed against the wall.

He turns him to face the wall and shoves him against it.

The business man turns his face, cheek pressed against the gritty wall.

The homeless man reaches up to his throat, grabbing tight.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

Please, don't hurt me. I have money. Do you want money? The car?

The homeless man simply smiles.

HOMELESS MAN

No, I just want your soul.

A SCREAM echoes through the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. - SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan's face is haggard and worn.

The years of tracking Armaros have been hard on him and he has aged quite a bit.

His eyes are now lined with dark circles underneath and his dark curly hair has streaks of silver laced through it.

He sits at the edge of a bed, his eyes trained on a television set as he sharpens his dagger without looking at it.

The television is tuned in to the news.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

This is the third grisly murder to take place this week. Police are not commenting as to the nature of the murder, but there is wild speculation that it is some sort of serial killer or perhaps a satanic cult.

Dylan's eyes narrow slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We now go live to the scene.

The television set reveals a NEWSCASTER, late 20s, standing at a crime scene.

Flashing lights cut through the darkness of night and the newscaster must frequently shift out of the way of police and gawkers that push their way through during the report.

NEWSCASTER

The description of the victim is currently unavailable as the police attempt to identify the body and notify the family. It is known, however, that the body was found and reported to authorities by a homeless man.

The newscaster moves over toward the homeless man, bringing him into the shot.

Dylan watches from his bed.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Sir, you found the body and reported it to the police, correct?

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah. I did. I was hoping there'd be some reward money. So far they asked me a bunch of questions. Got a cup of coffee, too. But that's it.

NEWSCASTER

Can you tell us about the body?

HOMELESS MAN

Well, I ain't supposed to talk about it. They said not to.

NEWSCASTER

Is there anything you can tell us?

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah. It's ugly. Dunno what they did to 'im but they sure weren't too happy with him, whatever he did. Be glad they ain't showin' it on television.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWSCASTER

Uh huh. Well, thank you.
(to camera)
We'll keep you posted. This is
Terry Brandt with Live Action News.
Back to you in the studio.

The television now shows the news studio where two people sit, 1,000-watt smiles plastered on their lips.

NEWS ANCHOR

Thank you for that report, Terry.
The police are asking for any
information anyone may have about
these murders. If you know
anything, please call the LAPD's
confidential tip hotline or go to
your local police department. We'll
be right back with sports and the
weather forecast.

Dylan stands and turns the television off.

He sets the dagger down on the bed, next to a notebook with many scribbled notes on it.

Taking a pen, he writes 'Third Murder - parking garage, downtown?' and makes a quick sketch of what could be seen of the crime scene.

He finishes, then starts to put items into a bag before pausing to wearily rub his hands over his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. - DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Dylan walks along, his bag slung over his shoulder.

He has made another sketch of the scene and torn the sketch out of the notebook. He looks at the paper while he walks along, examining it before refolding it and putting it back into his pocket.

He turns a corner and sees police lights, deciding to continue on the path he's already on, passing up the roped-off police crime scene. He continues to walk, finally stopping at the entrance to a parking garage.

Being late night, the garage is halfway empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dylan's expression is one of great concentration.

CUT TO:

INT. - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

DYLAN

Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

(beat)

You know I'm here.

The garage is dimly lit, all grime and dirty under the faint luminescence of the lighting. One empty parking spot almost glows with the darkness that emanates from it.

Dylan pauses before this parking spot, his back to it as if sensing that it is there but not turning to look at it.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I've gotten as good at this game as you have, don't forget that. We've been doing it two and a half decades now. Of course, for you that isn't long at all, is it? Don't worry though, this time you won't get away. Not like last year. I know you're here, Armaros.

The darkness churns faintly, almost as if in response to Dylan's taunts.

Dylan's hand twitches at his side.

The hilt of his dagger, now old and well used, can be seen just under the edge of his jacket.

His eyes are focused, unblinking.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm ready to end this. Right here. Right now.

The light of the garage is sucked into the darkness. Within the depths of the lack of light, a shadowy figure moves.

Not quite solid, not quite smoke, the form of Armaros pulls itself free of the dark, leaving the thick shadow to dissipate behind him.

Dylan senses this and turns, not afraid or surprised to see Armaros standing there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Ready to go back to Heaven, you
murdering bastard?

Dylan pulls the dagger from where it is tucked into the waistline of his jeans. He holds it gingerly, standing ready for Armaros.

Armaros moves toward him, almost a floating motion since he is not yet fully solidified. He has obviously mastered control of using the strength he has available to his advantage.

He moves toward Dylan, becoming more solid. Though Dylan jabs at him with the dagger, Armaros is able to knock him backward, leaving deep scratches to well across his cheek and neck.

Dylan feigns to the left and hits Armaros from the right, but the dagger and hand holding it slip right through Armaros' shadowy form.

Armaros flickers into solidity when attacking, fading again when he defends. Each time he becomes solid, it is obvious that he fades more afterward.

Trying to time his attacks on this, Dylan lunges at Armaros with the dagger. Armaros fades quickly, allowing Dylan to pass through the thick arm that he had been attacking.

Armaros suddenly solidifies.

Dylan, unable to stop himself, ends up lunging into Armaros' outstretched claws and they enter his midriff. Pain erupts through Dylan's body and his hand loses the grip on the dagger. Blood fills his mouth.

The dagger falls, landing in a small pool of blood that has already trickled from Dylan's stiffening body.

Armaros pulls his claws out of Dylan's body as he fades into near nothingness. A soft chuckle recedes with Armaros' fading.

Dylan slides to the ground, a pool of blood reminiscent of the one surrounding the priest forms around his body as blood trickles from his lips.

Overhead is a bare light that reflects into his eyes as they fade into death.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LIMBO - LATER

White stretches as far as the eye can see, extending endlessly in every direction to fill the void with brilliant emptiness.

Dylan is there - clean, shaven and far less haggard in appearance. He's even wearing clean clothes. White, of course.

Dylan's eyes, once again bright and alert, glow with the white being reflected from every possible direction.

Only one thing, PETER, interrupts the flow of pure white.

PETER

Yes.

DYLAN

Yes?

PETER

Well, that's usually the first thing they ask. Am I dead? Yes, you are.

DYLAN

I had a feeling you'd say that.

PETER

Dylan Jacobs, correct?

DYLAN

I thought you had all the answers.

PETER

I do. It just helps some people feel more at home to ask. I'm Peter.

Peter offers his hand. Dylan ignores it.

DYLAN

Peter? So this is Heaven?

PETER

No, not that Peter. It's a pretty common name around these parts. And no, it's not. This is limbo.

DYLAN

Limbo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Mmm hmm. It's sort of like a holding area for new arrivals who are waiting for judgment.

DYLAN

Is it always this... empty?

PETER

Well, we don't get a lot of people usually. Most get judged right away, they don't need to wait around. If you don't like this setting, I can change it.

He snaps his fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. - BAR - SAME TIME

The scene abruptly changes to a bar scene.

The bar is filled with people who go about their business without as much as a glance at Peter and Dylan. It's almost as if they aren't even really there.

They're now sitting at a booth, drinks in front of them. The bar is strangely quiet, despite people's mouths moving as if they are speaking and some people dancing to unheard music.

It's as if they are in a bubble of muted silence.

DYLAN

Can we just get back to all this dead business?

PETER

Sure. What do you want to know?

DYLAN

Armaros...?

PETER

Killed you, left your body in a parking garage and is now traveling east, or last we saw of him he was.

DYLAN

Great.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Wait, what do you mean last you saw of him? You don't know where he is?

PETER

No, I'm afraid not.

DYLAN

But I thought—

PETER

Armaros is a creature of pure spirit. He doesn't have a physical form of his own yet. Which means we have a hard time keeping track of him.

DYLAN

You mean to tell me that you can't find him?

PETER

I mean to tell you that locating him requires a certain level of skill that you possess. A skill you've honed. Not to mention that only a full-blooded descendent of his can actually see him. Anyway, I don't need to remind you that time is of the essence when dealing with him so it is in our best interest to find him as soon as possible. It's why we need you.

DYLAN

But I'm dead.

PETER

Right. And right now, the LAPD's finest men in blue are trying to figure out what sort of wild animal tore your body to shreds. Then they're going to find your notes and sketches and wonder just what the hell you've been taking.

DYLAN

Apparently, that isn't my problem anymore. My problem is that I'm stuck here. Wherever the hell here is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER

Well, stuck isn't exactly the term
I'd use for your presence here.

DYLAN

Well what am I doing here?

PETER

Waiting.

DYLAN

I got that part. Why do I have to
wait?

PETER

That's the clincher. See, sometimes
a soul is balanced so closely, we
can't accurately weigh it. In order
to get a more accurate weighing, we
have to wait until an action or
actions made during your life
throws the balance highly in favor
of one or the other.

DYLAN

Throws the balance of what?

PETER

(patiently)

Your soul. It's balanced so evenly
that we can't weigh it. So usually,
you'd sit here and wait.

DYLAN

Usually?

PETER

Usually. You, however, are a
special case. You'd agree, wouldn't
you?

DYLAN

I suppose everyone thinks that
their case is special.

PETER

(counting off on his
fingers)

You've lied, you've cheated, you've
stolen, you've murdered... you have
the blood of many men on your
hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DYLAN

I know.

PETER

You're from a tainted bloodline to start with, so God's not too happy with you just for having been born.

DYLAN

It's not my fault his angels screwed up.

PETER

Oh, so it's his fault then?

DYLAN

I didn't say that. I just mean that -- that just because I happen to have been born isn't my fault.

PETER

True. But you unleashed a fallen angel, set it free upon the world of your own free will... Last time I checked that *is* your fault.

DYLAN

I was trying to save us all. Give us a chance—

PETER

The road to hell is paved with the best of intentions, Dylan.

Dylan winces, memories of the priest coming back to him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah. The priest. Yes, that's another thing. You killed a man of God. A priest. A sin worse than mere murder.

DYLAN

I didn't know. I thought it was... I thought it was Armaros.

PETER

I know. He knows. But you've committed sins that are unforgivable, no matter how you slice it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DYLAN

I was just trying to summon Armaros to learn from him. We thought we could do it. *I* thought we could do it.

PETER

We?

DYLAN

The Society.

There's a pregnant pause.

PETER

So you gonna tell me about this society or just sit there being all mister doom and gloom?

DYLAN

I can't. I took an oath.

PRIEST

An oath? Dylan, you are aware you're dead, right? You unleashed a being of pure evil onto the world and that evil is slowly gaining power. Pretty soon it's going to start a war or something and they'll all end up dead, if he doesn't gain corporeal form first and just start going on a rampage. Did I mention how much HE HATES MANKIND? And you're worried about some oath you took back when you were alive and stupid? The weight of the world rests on you right now, my man. So start spilling.

DYLAN

The-- it's... It's a secret society, composed of full-blooded descendants of Armaros.

PETER

That much we know.

DYLAN

(He feels kind of stupid saying it out loud)
Our goal is to keep the bloodline pure and strong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

That way we can use our latent angelic abilities to-- to fight evil. It's hard to explain.

PETER

So, you all see yourselves as some sort of group of superheroes?

DYLAN

No. For one thing, we can't use what abilities we're supposed to have. We lost the knowledge over the years. About seventy years ago, one of our men located what was at first believed to be just another recounting of the time when angels roamed the earth freely. It's not the first text we'd found that told us what happened. Women fell in love with the angels, started having their children, God got angry that his angels were tainting the pure innocent bloodlines of the humans. Creating the Nephilim. Endowed with the powers of the angels but cursed with mortality.

PETER

But you'd heard these stories before. What's so special about this one?

DYLAN

Because it not only told us that the angels were banished, but how. And where they were banished to. When I started working on the last section, I realized it also told us how to call them back.

PETER

Oh.

DYLAN

I worked on the translations for years. At first I thought I had to have been wrong, but slowly it all came together. So I showed it to the Society. They wanted to summon him immediately, to make him teach us how to use these powers we're supposed to have. I said no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

PETER

You what?

DYLAN

I said no. I thought it was a bad idea.

PETER

So why did you do it? You must have changed your mind, otherwise you wouldn't be here.

DYLAN

I put them off for a couple of years, made it seem as if it was harder to translate than it was. It's not that I didn't want to summon him all along. It's that I thought they wanted to do it for the wrong reasons. They wanted power, not responsibility. So five of my closest colleagues and I worked in secret. We were going to bring him back long enough to teach us, then we were going to send him back. But he got loose.

PETER

Wait, back up. You thought you could control him? A fallen angel? You thought you'd break him outta prison, where he's been locked for thousands and thousands of years just building up hatred of humans and he'd just tell you what you want to know and let you send him back?

DYLAN

Kind of. I mean, when you put it that way... We were foolish. We thought that by being the ones to summon him, we'd be the ones to control him.

PETER

So you feel justified that it was your great grandfather that you were letting out of his prison in Heaven so it'd be alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DYLAN

No, that isn't it at all.

PETER

Then why'd you do it?

DYLAN

Knowledge.

There is another pause as Dylan plays with his drink, as if trying to find the words. He doesn't notice Peter's 'get on with it' expression.

PETER

So you summoned Armaros, pulled him out of his prison in Heaven, hoping he'd teach the members of his bloodline to use their powers?

DYLAN

Yes. Exactly.

PETER

And it didn't work out like you planned, huh?

DYLAN

No, it didn't work at all. Well, the summoning did. But... I got it, alright? How long am I supposed to spend sitting here rehashing it with you?

Peter doesn't answer, he just looks across at Dylan as if expecting him to answer his own question.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Look, if I could take it back, I would. I've spent my entire life since then trying to undo that one night. I lost everything. I left it all behind without warning. My home, my wife, my daughter - I haven't seen her in person since she was born. I don't even know my own child. I've dedicated my life to destroying what life I had.

PETER

That you've dedicated yourself to finding and destroying Armaros is why you are balanced.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

PETER (CONT'D)

It killed you and yet you think not of revenge but of undoing the damage you've done to the world. The guilt and remorse in your heart are enough to even out your sins.

DYLAN

So what's going to happen to me? We wait for Armaros to kill again and that sends my soul spiraling toward hell?

PETER

I have a better idea. A proposition.

DYLAN

Proposition?

PETER

Yes. See, there isn't anyone else alive right now who could stop Armaros. Hardly anyone else in the world even knows about his existence and even if they do, they aren't mentally capable of figuring out where it's going to be next.

DYLAN

So the world is doomed. Great.

PETER

No, there is one hope left. But it requires a great deal of hardship on your behalf.

DYLAN

What is it?

PETER

We can provide you with a body. Send you back. Track it, find it, kill it - then you can go to Heaven. We both win.

DYLAN

What's the catch?

PETER

The body.

DYLAN

I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

PETER

In order to find and destroy Armaros, you have to be a full-blooded descendant. While not overly rare nowadays, it limits the pool of people available for this task. You need someone who is physically capable of it. Someone young, strong.

DYLAN

Does anyone match this description?

PETER

Yes. One person, who also happens to be right in what we predict its path to be.

DYLAN

Who is he?

PETER

Patience now. There's the catch.

DYLAN

Which is...?

PETER

See, the body isn't dead yet. Usually that's a requirement, but we don't have time to wait. This person isn't technically due to die for another
(he glances at his watch)
forty-six years.

DYLAN

Oh. Then how--?

PETER

When we take this soul, it will be condemned to spend those forty-six years in torment, walking the earth. Until the date it's due, we can't let it into Heaven or send it to Hell. It can't even stay in Limbo. It'll be stuck in between.

DYLAN

And if I don't do this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

PETER

Life as usual, for this person and everyone else. Including Armaros. But this person would die eventually and you'd end up in hell for eternity.

DYLAN

So I condemn someone's soul to torture, or the world ends and I end up in hell?

PETER

You've got the idea.

DYLAN

There's no other way?

PETER

I'm afraid not.

DYLAN

When do I have to decide?

PETER

Well, right now would be good. Or I can give you five, ten seconds.

DYLAN

The world would end?

PETER

Well that might a bit melodramatic. What we sort of predict actually taking place is more like Armaros getting strong enough to keep a solid form and taking out every single person one by one. Nobody would be safe.

DYLAN

And this person whose body I'd be taking?

PETER

Well you'll find out soon enough. Now I'm afraid I'll need an answer now.

DYLAN

Now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

PETER

Yes, now.

Peter smiles menacingly.

DYLAN

Well this is a big thing to consider-

PETER

I'll be blunt, Dylan. We're offering you a second chance. A chance for redemption.

DYLAN

There's something I don't understand. If Armaros is such a threat, why not take care of him yourself?

PETER

Armaros is, for all intents and purposes, still an angel. God can't command things of him, he can only request. We aren't slaves. We serve out of a desire to. Once that desire is broken, so is any power he has over us.

DYLAN

(realizing)

So you can't do it yourself.

PETER

I need an answer.

Dylan rakes a hand through his hair, thinking it through.

DYLAN

You don't leave me much of a choice now do you?

PETER

Take the body?

DYLAN

Yes, I'll take the body.

PETER

Very well. Now, there are a few things you should know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

PETER(CONT'D)

First of all, if the body does, you die. And then there are the visions...

DYLAN

Visions?

PETER

Yes, visions. You may be prone to visions or flashes of seeing things that may or may not be there. Could be seeing the spiritual world as your soul tries to pull away from the body, could be entirely in your head. We haven't figured out why it works that way or what causes it exactly. Of course, being that this is a different sort of case, what with the body not being dead yet, who knows what'll happen.

DYLAN

Wonderful. I'm loving it already.

PETER

I'll go get your new body ready. Wait here. Have a drink or something.

Peter stands up and leaves.

Dylan realizes that there's a drink in front of him so he picks it up and raises it to his lips.

He shakes his head.

DYLAN

I have a feeling I'm going to regret this.

He drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. - EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Late morning's sunlight streaks through the windows, illuminating a woman's bedroom.

The bed is not only unmade, but still occupied by EMILY, 28, fast asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tosses, turns and then awakens from a nightmare, sweating.

Confusion floods her expression; she is uncertain of her location.

Hands run over her body, her face, the blankets of her bed, ensuring that all is intact.

She crosses the room to sit in a chair, more unsettled with each passing moment.

Her reflection brings her surprise, then anguish.

Tears drip from her eyes as she roams her face with her fingertips.

EMILY

Oh my god. What did I do?

Her fingers run over her inner arm, lightly passing over dark marks in her flesh, evidence of drug use. She looks confused.

She continues to roam her fingers over her face, a few tears leaking out.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Emily? Oh god, no. They put me in
Emily?

There is a photograph of Emily and an older version of Amelia attached to the mirror.

Emily reaches over and picks it up, running a finger over Amelia's face.

She flips it over.

It reads APRIL, 2002 written in thick black pen on the back.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(whispering)
Amelia. This must have been just
before you died.

She looks at the photograph for a long moment, grief shadowing in her eyes before she clutches the picture to her chest.

Unseen, MICHELLE, 20s, enters behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily doesn't notice Michelle until she moves closer and can see her reflection in the mirror. Upon noticing her, Emily jumps. The photograph falls to the floor and Michelle reaches down and picks it up.

MICHELLE

Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.
Didn't expect you up yet. How you
feelin'?

Michelle hands the photograph to Emily, who takes it hesitantly, not sure of what to do.

EMILY

Feeling? Uh, fine?

MICHELLE

You sure?

Emily doesn't answer right away.

Michelle moves to lean her backside up against the vanity. She looks into Emily's eyes, not quite convinced.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You look tired. You should get some
rest, we have to work tonight.

EMILY

Work tonight? I can't—I'm... busy.

MICHELLE

Oh yeah, sure. Roxy'd love that.
First you pull that stunt last
night, then you don't show up
tonight. She'll love it. Especially
since we have two bachelor parties
coming in.

EMILY

Really, I—

MICHELLE

(not paying any attention)
Of course, you could always find a
new job. I mean, we can afford this
place if we flipped burgers at the
Taco Hut. Em, get real. Now, go
take a nice long hot bath and I'll
go make us some breakfast. Besides,
Joshua is downstairs and he's
hungry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

Joshua?

MICHELLE

Yeah. I know, I should still be
pissed at him, but he really does
feel bad for what he did. He didn't
mean for you to O.D.

Emily starts to stand up, but wavers dizzily and grabs onto
the edge of the table. Michelle doesn't notice, she's opening
the blinds and squinting out at the sunlight.

EMILY

(weakly)

I think I need to lay down for a
minute.

MICHELLE

What?

EMILY

Go. Just go. Please.

MICHELLE

Are you sure you're okay? Em,
you're really pale.

EMILY

Yeah. Just go.

MICHELLE

You sure you're alright?

EMILY

Just a bit tired. And I have a
headache, but it's nothing some
rest and quiet won't fix.

MICHELLE

You're acting really strange.

EMILY

Sorry. I'm not really feeling
myself today.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Hey, Michelle!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHELLE

Hang on, be right down! Now Em, if
you need me... I'll just be
downstairs.

Once she gets Michelle out of the bedroom, she shuts the door
and leans up against it with a heavy sigh that shudders
through her entire body.

EMILY

What'm I gonna do?

CUT TO:

INT. - BATHROOM - DAY

Steam from a sink full of hot water snakes upward into the
air, settling on a bathroom mirror.

Emily leans against the counter, head hanging down, damp
strands of hair catching in the water and clinging to the
sides of her face.

She looks confused, eyes unfocussed.

DREAM MONTAGE:

Everything is disjointed and dark. Dylan's mind switches
between seeing himself with his body and Emily's.

He chases something unknown, on the tail of the darkness that
threatens to envelope the city.

As he races toward it, it stops and engulfs him against his
will.

He struggles against the thick black air, only to find
himself in Emily's body.

He can't move! He is weighed down by a thick ceremonial robe,
waterlogged, too heavy to lift.

Travis looms over Emily, carrying a staff with the mark of
The Society upon it.

Though he does not speak, his body language is quite
threatening.

Emily struggles to lift her limbs free from where she is
trapped, kneeling on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Travis raises the staff to strike Emily, she is able to roll out of the way.

She pulls the robe off, seeing that Travis' eyes glow red.

Silently, she mouths the name 'Armaros' as she drops the robe and moves into a defensive stance.

A ghostly version of Emily circles around, fading in and out of view in an unnerving manner.

Slipping between Emily's body and his, Dylan struggles with Travis and eventually tears the staff free.

It changes to a dagger and Dylan brings it down toward Travis, just as he did with the priest.

At the last moment, Travis changes to Emily and Dylan is able to stop the dagger's descent toward Emily's neck.

Emily looks up at him, watching him fade between her body and his own, and smiles.

She mouths the word 'daddy' before taking the dagger and plunging it into her stomach.

As she falls backward, the Emily in the bathroom jolts fully awake, gasping for breath.

CUT TO:

INT. - HALLWAY - DAY

Emily, now dressed in a pair of jeans, plain T-shirt and boots, walks down a hallway and approaches a

STAIRWAY

She descends the staircase, taking note of everything that she passes as if attempting to pick up on clues and also commit everything to memory. After the stairs, she enters another

HALLWAY

The hallway at the bottom of the stairs opens to the LIVING ROOM on the left. Emily glances into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSHUA, 28, is laying sprawled across the couch, his head in Michelle's lap. Michelle strokes his hair. They both appear to be high.

Emily watches this a moment before moving toward the

KITCHEN

Most of the appliances in the kitchen are either a silver chrome or a black glassy surface and Emily's face reflects back to her from nearly every surface.

She looks around the kitchen with a slight frown.

One hand absently rubs her stomach - she's hungry.

She opens cupboards until she finds a glass.

Taking the glass down with a satisfied smile, she turns toward the refrigerator.

Instead of Emily's body being reflected back in the glassy surface, she sees Dylan's body.

Emily's spirit stands just behind Dylan in the reflection, her eyes glowing red and her face twisted in an evil manner.

Stifling a scream, Emily drops the glass and it shatters to the floor at her feet. When she blinks the reflection turns to normal, but she is already extremely unsettled.

Frantically, she looks around as if flustered and not sure of what to do.

Spying a glass doorway leading to the patio outside, she races through it.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK YARD PATIO - DAY

The September chill rips through Emily's body as she moves outside. She stands still, arms wrapped around herself, hands rubbing up and down her arms as she adjusts to the colder temperature outside.

After a moment, Michelle runs out after her.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Em?

She gets closer to Emily and stops looking as frantic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Em? You alright? I heard something...

EMILY

It was just a glass. Sorry, I dropped it. I'll clean it up.

MICHELLE

Maybe you should go lay down or something. I'll get it.

EMILY

No! I mean, I'm not tired or anything, just clumsy.

MICHELLE

You're really starting to worry me. You didn't have one of those near-death things that changes you forever did you? I mean, it's alright if you did, but you should tell me. I'm your best friend. You can tell me anything.

EMILY

Thanks. I think that right now I just need some time alone though.

MICHELLE

Alright. I'll go make you something to eat.

EMILY

Really, I'm not hungry.

MICHELLE

Sure. I know you are. It'll just take me a few minutes.

EMILY

Actually, I'll eat later. I need to do something first.

MICHELLE

What?

EMILY

I need to find a church.

Michelle stares at Emily for a second, then laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

You're kidding, right? You? In a church? Look, we have a couple of hours before we have to leave for work. You go rest or something.

Emily forces a smile and nods, watching Michelle go back inside.

Once she is alone again, her forced smile drops from her lips and she sighs again.

EMILY

(to herself)

How am I supposed to do this? I can't even keep my mind on reality.

PETER (O.S.)

Don't say I didn't warn you. You thought it'd be easy?

Emily jerks her head up, alert as she whirls around to see Peter standing nearby.

EMILY

When the hell did you show up?

PETER

Just now. I just wanted to check that the transition went alright, that you're in the right body and all that.

EMILY

You should have done that an hour ago. No, I'm not in the right body.

PETER

Actually, it appears that you are.

EMILY

Why didn't you tell me?

PETER

I did tell you! I said that it'd be an innocent person with the same bloodline as you.

(picking up Emily's arm to get a better view at the marks there)

Well, not totally innocent I guess, but you know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Emily jerks her arm back out of Peter's grip.

EMILY

You put me into Emily. My daughter.
How could you do that?

PETER

I didn't. You did. You made the
choice. If it wasn't your daughter,
it would have been someone else's
daughter or son. Would that have
made any difference?

EMILY

To me it would have. I take it
back. Send me back. Put her back
here.

PETER

I'm afraid that's not possible.
It's already done. I've watched her
transformation into spirit, now
I've seen that your transformation
has gone off without a hitch - it's
done. I'm done. Now all I have to
do is wait for you to kill Armaros
and take you back for judgment.

EMILY

No. I'm done.

PETER

Dylan, you don't understand. You
can't go back. It can't be undone
just because you decided you don't
like it after all.

EMILY

I changed my mind.

PETER

That's not possible.

EMILY

So I'm stuck in this body? Is that
it?

PETER

Well, once we manually remove a
spirit from the body, we are unable
to put it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EMILY

So you're saying that even if I die, she can't come back?

PETER

What I'm saying, Dylan, is that we can't put her back in this body.

(beat)

I'm afraid you have no choice now. You've made your decision, like it or not.

Emily sighs and takes a few steps, her forehead scrunched in deep thought.

PETER (CONT'D)

No, there isn't any loophole or way to trick me into undoing it.

EMILY

How--? Never mind. Look, I don't know if I can do this. This thing killed me once. I don't even have any weapons. I lost my dagger with my body.

PETER

You don't need it.

EMILY

I do need it. How am I supposed to kill Armaros without it?

PETER

There was nothing special about the dagger.

EMILY

But it was blessed—

PETER

Which does nothing against an angelic creature. You'll just have to do it without it.

EMILY

How do I kill this thing?

PETER

You know how. You just have to realize it. The clues are in your daughter. Study her. Become her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

EMILY
(sarcastically)
Be a little more cryptic.

PETER
Time's running out. Armaros is almost strong enough to retain his own corporeal form indefinitely. He already managed to kill you while in his own form - he didn't require possessing a body to do it for him.

EMILY
I don't even know where to start looking.

PETER
Just do what you've done before. Watch for the signs and figure it out. He's closer than you think. He's drawn to his own kind without even realizing it. And right now you and Emily are glaring like a beacon.

EMILY
So what, I'm supposed to just sit around and wait for him to show up?

PETER
No. Stick to her routine. Her path will cross his somehow, that much we know. And the fewer waves you make while pretending to be her, the better. So keep doing what she does, go where she goes. He'll show up. Just be ready.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
EM?

Emily glances back toward the kitchen where Michelle shouts to her. When she glances back, Peter is gone.

EMILY
Great. Just great.

CUT TO:

INT. - KITTY KAT LOUNGE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

It is later that night and the neon of the club sign illuminates people as they walk in the door.

Michelle enters from outside, Emily just behind her.

Emily tends to glance around, hiding her uncertainty about the location. She's also quite jittery and her perception is distorted.

They approach GUIDO, a bouncer. He seems pleased to see them as they approach.

MICHELLE

Hey Guido, where's Roxy?

GUIDO

Ah, hey Michelle. Back bathroom I'd imagine. Hey Em, lookin' good. Heard you had a rough day yesterday.

Emily looks confused, but nobody pays her any attention.

Michelle glares at Guido for bringing it up.

MICHELLE

She's fine.

EMILY

Uh, I'm fine. Fine.

Emily shoots him a bright, perky smile before following Michelle.

As Michelle opens the inner door to the club, throbbing music pours out.

It's obvious by Emily's wince upon entering that she isn't fond of the song.

EMILY'S P.O.V.: They make their way through the club, passing clusters of rowdy young men, a few solitary men, some couples and many scantily dressed waitresses.

Emily pauses a second to look at two girls on stage, still confused by her murky perception.

CUT TO:

INT. - BACK BATHROOM - SAME TIME

There are several GIRLS clustered around the bathroom, pouring out of an open stall that is occupied by two people, one of them a drag queen named ROXY who looks surprisingly like a real female.

The girls listen to Roxy speak, passing a pipe around and taking hits from it while they listen.

ROXY

So he tells me that because it's his bachelor party, he should get one for free. Of course, I laughed and told him that he'll be getting it at home for free for the rest of his life, here he's gotta pay for a pretty half-dressed girl to bounce around on his lap. He whined about what a frigid bitch his fiancé is and how she'd never do that, so I told him to send her to me for a few weeks, she'd be doing more than just that when I got done with her.

As everyone laughs, Michelle and Emily enter.

Emily waves the smoke of the room away from her face.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Well! If it isn't the dynamic duo themselves! Look girls, they've decided to join us tonight.

MICHELLE

Lay off, Roxy. We weren't on the schedule last night and you know it.

One of the girls hands Michelle the pipe and a lighter.

She takes both items.

Emily watches her take a hit from the pipe, her forehead crinkled slightly as if she doesn't fully understand what's going on.

ROXY

Next time you girls decide to have a party, I think I'll need to come chaperone.

(brushing past Michelle)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROXY (CONT'D)

Emily, Sugarplum, you look exhausted. How are you feeling?

EMILY

I'm fine.

As Roxy talks to Emily, she puts an arm around her shoulders and plays with her hair affectionately.

It's obvious that she is very maternal to her girls, especially Emily.

ROXY

Just so you know, I've told Guido that if Joshua ever tries to pump one of my girls full of one of his concoctions again, he has full reign to dispose of him.

EMILY

Is that really necessary?

ROXY

Of course it is. You don't nearly kill one of my girls and get away with it.

(ruffling Emily's hair as she speaks in a playfully gentle tone)

Even if she is a suicidal junkie that I should send to rehab or a psych ward. I told you months ago, I'm your mother now. It's up to me to watch out for you.

EMILY

Uh, thanks. Really though, I'm fine.

ROXY

Honey, you can tell me. Did you do it on purpose?

EMILY

On purpose? Uh, no—

ROXY

Because you can tell me.

EMILY

I'm sure I can. But there isn't anything to tell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROXY

You haven't been the same since your mother died. I just don't want you thinking you have to race to join her.

EMILY

No! I mean, I'm not— Really. I'm fine.

ROXY

Good. Now get your ass in a thong and get it on stage.

(to Michelle)

That means both of you.

(to the rest of the girls)

Come on, we have some mingling to do. Ashley, Raneisha, you two go sweet talk that bachelor party.

Kiki, you go get Manuel and tell him he's doing some overtime in the back room with me. Roxy's feelin' frisky tonight!

The rest of Roxy's conversation is drowned out by the music pumping through the door when it opens.

The gaggle of girls all disappear, leaving Michelle and Emily in the bathroom alone.

Michelle holds the pipe out to Emily. Emily's started to go pale, shivering.

MICHELLE

Here. Some left.

EMILY

No thanks.

MICHELLE

Yeah, sure. Come on, it's good shit.

EMILY

I really don't want to.

MICHELLE

Are you okay? You're kinda pale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

It's just a little chilly in here is all. Now what did she mean, get my ass in a thong?

MICHELLE

Well, we only got like fifteen minutes before we go on.

EMILY

On?

MICHELLE

Shit Em, you're acting like you hit your head or something.

EMILY

I just don't feel very well is all.

MICHELLE

Are you sure you're alright? It's just that you're acting—

EMILY

I'm fine.

Emily starts to put a hand up to quiet Michelle, but instead wavers, almost falling over. Michelle grabs her.

MICHELLE

(realizing something)

Oh fuck. When was your last hit? You're fucking shaking!

EMILY

(quietly, weakly)

I'm fine!

MICHELLE

No you're not. Dammit, you're gonna start freaking out soon.

Michelle tries to hold the pipe to Emily's lips. Emily limply tries to fight her off.

EMILY

No I'm not. Don't even think about putting any of that shit in my system.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHELLE

I can totally understand if you're gonna quit, but here and now is so not the time to do it. Just get through tonight, we can talk about it later.

Emily starts to back away from Michelle as Roxy enters again.

ROXY

I forgot my pi--- pe. What the hell's going on in here?

MICHELLE

Em's dropping. She hasn't had a hit since last night after they pumped her stomach.

EMILY

Pumped my stomach?

ROXY

(out the door)

ASHLEY!

MICHELLE

Yes, pumped your stomach. Were you so out of it that you forgot that part?

ASHLEY scurries in.

ASHLEY

What?

ROXY

Get Guido and Marco. Tell'm to bring something for Emily. She's crashing. And hurry up!

Ashley nods and runs out.

Emily starts to take another step backward but is hit by a wave of dizziness that causes her to nearly fall over.

Michelle reaches forward, dropping the pipe and lighter.

She grabs Emily and holds her up, dragging her toward a beat up chair that she drops her into.

EMILY

I'm fine, just dizzy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MICHELLE

You're gonna be a lot more than
just dizzy if you don't get
something into your system soon.

ROXY

Get her some water. Where are those
two? I told Ashley to hurry.

MICHELLE

How the fuck am I supposed to get
her some water? There aren't any
cups in here.

ROXY

Then go out and get it from the
bar. And get me a drink while
you're at it.

Roxy gets the lighter and pipe from the floor.

Michelle sighs and stomps out, nearly running into Guido and
MARCO as they hurry in.

Michelle glances back as she passes through the door, her
expression filled with concern and a hint of fear. She
hurries out.

As the door closes, the throbbing music fades to a lower
thudding that begins mix with the echo of Emily's heartbeat.

EMILY'S P.O.V.: Through her disjointed and murky perception,
she realizes that Roxy is speaking.

The voice sounds far away, the chair she sits in seems to
suck her body into it, making her feel as if she's far away
from those standing over her.

Guido holds her by the shoulders, causing her to squirm
against the binding of his hands holding her down.

Roxy has taken the items Marco has brought in, leaving Marco
to also help hold her down.

He takes one of Emily's arms and ties a thin strip of rubber
around it as she halfheartedly protests, not having the
strength to fend them off anymore.

The sound of her heartbeat pounds harder, still in time to
the music. Harder. Louder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

An image of Roxy's face fills Emily's eyes, the vision wavering and surreal. The light overhead illuminates Roxy's hair, giving her nearly a halo effect.

Her features blur, causing her to look like Amelia.

The tip of a needle breaks through Emily's skin.

Emily's back arches from the pain and her head is thrown back in a silent scream. The liquid in the needle is gently pushed into her veins. The blood pumps through her veins, carrying the drug with it.

Emily's eyes are blank, tearful and focused on the brilliant light overhead.

The light engulfs her vision and when she focuses on it, it becomes a light on the

FADE TO:

KITTY CAT LOUNGE STAGE

Emily has been dressed, her make-up done, her hair styled. She remembers nothing of this.

She hardly realizes that she is on a stage, wearing next to nothing and steadying herself by holding onto a pole that extends from floor to ceiling.

Michelle is also on stage, gyrating to the music.

She's already begun to remove articles of clothing. Emily stands there, entranced as she watches Michelle move.

A shout from a PATRON, distant and warped, causes Michelle to glance at Emily.

Seeing that she hasn't moved or began to dance, she approaches Emily.

A hand reaches out, takes one of Emily's. She is gently led away from the pole. Michelle murmurs against Emily's ear.

MICHELLE

Come on. You can do this.

Emily doesn't reply, she just slowly raises her eyes to catch Michelle's, confused and lost.

Michelle incorporates this into the performance, moving behind Emily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She places her hands on Emily's hips, moving them. Her lips remain near Emily's ear. The patrons are quite enthusiastic about the display.

EMILY'S P.O.V.: The audience hardly exists, more like just a blur of colors.

Emily allows Michelle to begin undressing her, reaching from behind to untie the transparent shirt she wears that is tied closed in front.

Michelle moves around to the front of Emily as she pulls the shirt from her, dropping it aside.

Her lips move from near Emily's ear to near the side of her mouth and close in.

She leaves a gentle lingering kiss on Emily's lips.

Behind them, a table of men begins to cheer and scream in delight.

As Michelle pulls away, Emily sees her as Amelia.

Emily's lips part, about to whisper the name, her eyes pleading silently for her not to go, but no words come forth.

Michelle turns away, her hair blocking the view of what Emily had seen as Amelia's face.

We follow as Emily's eyes are pulled to a point past Michelle, to a girl walking through the club, movement stiff and disjointed, almost like bad stop-motion animation.

Dark hair hides her features, but she is familiar.

Emily's eyes are drawn to her, unable to tear her gaze away. The girl pauses. People passing in front of her don't cause the hold she has on Emily to waver.

When she looks up and her hair no longer hides her face, the girl is identical to Emily.

The girl is EMILY'S SPIRIT.

Michelle, sensing that Emily is distracted and distant, turns back toward her to assist her with getting through the set.

Assuming she is simply too drugged up to manage on her own, she resumes using Emily's body more of a prop than a fellow performer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily continues to stare at Emily's Spirit. The Spirit resumes her walk through the club, though it is as if she is not real.

Instead of people brushing past her, they seem to walk right through her.

Her eyes burn a deep red color in the depths, adding to her already haunting image. Her lips move, following those of the song that seems to drown out everything else.

The lyrics speak of pain, separation and the need for safety.

It unnerves Emily to the point of clutching onto Michelle.

She whispers a pleading hissed plead for assistance into Michelle's ear.

EMILY

Help me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - EMILY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Emily is again lying curled up in her bed. She appears to be asleep.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Michelle is on the phone, talking into it as she cooks.

MICHELLE

(into phone)

Yeah, I know. I didn't know what to do. She was just standing there, like she didn't know where she was.

(beat)

Of course not. You think Roxy'd just let her walk off stage in the middle of a set? Get real.

(beat)

Well, yeah, I guess... No! She just kinda stood there. Like she was in a daze. So I just acted like that was part of the act or something. Undressed her, pretended to make out a while and then went off the stage.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Heh. Yeah, well, I've made better tips.

As she listens to the person on the other end of the phone speak, Michelle laughs softly.

Walking to the refrigerator, she opens the door. The reflection of the door catches a flash of Emily's Spirit, standing behind her.

Michelle doesn't notice this as she takes out a jug of milk and kicks the door closed.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mmm, I think she's gonna stay home for a couple of days. She's just acting really strange.

She pours a glass of milk and holds it one hand, cradling the phone to her ear with her shoulder so she can stir what she cooks on the stove.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I know I shouldn't think it, because she already said it wasn't like that, but I sorta wonder if maybe she wasn't really trying to overdose on purpose. I mean, not so that they'd pump her stomach, I think she was trying to kill herself. She's just been really strange since her mom died. Not this strange, but pretty strange.

She pauses and glances around.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Em?

(into phone)

No, I just thought I heard something. I think Emily's up. I'll call you back in a few.

She sets down the spoon she was using to stir with and then sets the phone down.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Em? I was just making you something to eat. You want some milk?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(beat)
Em?

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Emily remains asleep on the bed.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

The glass of milk falls to the floor and shatters. There is a loud SCREAM.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Emily jolts awake.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY

Emily lightly steps through the hallway, almost as if she's not sure of what she is looking for.

EMILY
Uh, Michelle?
(beat - quieter)
Michelle?

KITCHEN
Emily enters the kitchen where
Michelle stands stirring the pot on
the stove.

Emily's eyes glance downward, seeing the shattered glass of milk on the floor.

She seems to relax just a touch as she realizes that nothing else seems to be wrong.

Until Michelle turns around.

Her eyes are glowing a deep red color and she has the disjointed movements reminiscent of the priest while possessed.

EMILY
Armaros.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She grabs the nearest object, which happens to be a mop from the corner.

Wielding it as a weapon, she circles Michelle.

The spirit has not quite mastered the use of the body yet and the voice is distant and warped.

MICHELLE

No.

EMILY

No?

MICHELLE

I'm not Armaros.

This causes Emily to pause for a moment, but she remains in her defensive position.

Her eyes narrow with disbelief.

EMILY

Bullshit.

MICHELLE

I'm Emily.

Emily is now fully taken by surprise.

A glance toward the refrigerator's reflection shows Dylan and Emily's Spirit instead of Emily and Michelle.

Emily's attention snaps back to Michelle's body.

EMILY

Emily. Oh god, Emily?

MICHELLE

Who are you? Why did you do this to me?

EMILY

Oh Emily, I can explain it all.

MICHELLE

Do you realize what you've done?

EMILY

I know. I'm sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I had no choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHELLE

You did. You had a choice when you set this thing free.

EMILY

You know?

MICHELLE

He told me you did it. That you set a demon loose and are using my body to find it.

EMILY

Who told you? Peter?

MICHELLE

It haunts me. Everywhere I turn, everything reeks of it. It's a like a sickness that spreads into everything. It's getting darker. Everything's getting darker.

EMILY

I know. I'm trying to stop it.

MICHELLE

Who are you?

EMILY

Emily, sweetheart, I'm your father.

MICHELLE

My father? He's dead.

EMILY

I know. It killed me. But they brought me back. They gave me a body so I could kill it. So I could keep it from destroying us all.

MICHELLE

They gave you my body?

EMILY

Yes, they did. So I could come back. So I could destroy it before it destroyed us.

MICHELLE

So you killed me? You did this to me on purpose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

EMILY

Emily, I didn't mean for this to happen. I love you—

MICHELLE

You don't even know me.

EMILY

I do!

MICHELLE

Then how could you do this to me?

Before Emily can respond, Emily's Spirit emerges from Michelle's body.

Darker and angry, slightly more opaque than she had been earlier, Emily's Spirit allows Michelle's body to drop to the floor like a thick coat she's shed.

Emily's Spirit, eyes narrowed and glaring so she hardly resembles the girl she had been, races forward, cutting right through Emily's body, leaving Emily stiff and gasping for air afterward.

When she turns again, the spirit is gone and Michelle is groaning on the floor.

She moves over and helps Michelle up from the floor.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(moaning)

Auuugh.

EMILY

Michelle! Michelle, are you alright?

MICHELLE

Yeah. I just don't feel so good.

EMILY

You fainted. I heard and came running down. You alright?

MICHELLE

(as she sniffs the air)

I think so. Dammit, I was making you something to eat. I managed to burn it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Emily holds Michelle's arm to keep her steady and leads her into the

LIVING ROOM

EMILY

It's alright. I'll take care of it.
You go lay down. Tell me if you
need anything or feel anything.

MICHELLE

It was strange. Like I was dreaming
almost. I've never fainted before.
I felt... trapped. Wait, I'm
supposed to be taking care of you.

EMILY

Just trust me.

She tucks Michelle onto the couch and makes sure she looks coherent.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's alright. Everything will be
fine.

CUT TO:

INT. - KITCHEN (SPIRIT WORLD VERSION) - SAME TIME

The kitchen in the spirit world looks much like the kitchen in the mortal world but is brighter and has less color.

Emily's spirit and Armaros face off, each staring the other down.

ARMAROS

You reek of mortality.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Yeah? Well you just plain reek.

ARMAROS

You are not one of us, yet you are?

EMILY'S SPIRIT

One of what?

ARMAROS

A fallen one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY'S SPIRIT

I dunno what that is, but I'm not it.

ARMAROS

You are. I can sense it.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Look, I dunno who you are or what you want, but I'm not like you.

Armaros LAUGHS. The sound has a growling quality to it.

Emily's spirit lifts her chin slightly.

EMILY'S SPIRIT (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid of you.

ARMAROS

You should be.

Armaros lunges toward Emily's spirit.

She steps back, shying away.

He passes by her, almost touching her.

He disappears.

INT. - EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily enters the bedroom, flipping on the light.

She holds a bundle of newspapers and a folded map of the city. She drops the bundle onto the bed and digs through drawers until she finds a pen and some paper.

There is a lapse of time as Emily works.

The newspapers are opened and browsed, then either thrown onto the floor or kept on the bed if there is anything circled on them.

The map is marked up with the pen, notes scribbled into the margins as if she's calculating patterns on the map.

EMILY

DAMMIT!

She throws the pen down onto the pile of papers on the bed and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wades through the papers on the floor and moves toward the closet. Opening it, she looks into the mirror on the door.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Dammit. What am I doing? I lost him. It's gonna take me years to find him again at this rate and I'm running out of time.

She continues to look in the mirror, lightly touching her face with her fingertips as if trying to memorize each part of her features.

EMILY (CONT'D)

God, Emily. I'm sorry. I really didn't mean for this all to happen. I didn't mean to leave you and Amelia, I didn't.

Emily lays her hand flat against the glass of the mirror as if having a hard time finding the words.

She leans back against the door, sliding down it to sit on the floor. From this angle, she still has a view of the mirror and stares at her reflection blankly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't even know if you can hear me, if you're here, but if you are...

Suddenly she is unable to keep looking at her reflection - it's too hard for Dylan to admit these things to Emily.

Her eyes are glassed with tears that she wipes at violently with the back of her wrist.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I wish you could forgive me. I wish I could. I don't expect you to understand what's been going on. If I wasn't a part of it, I wouldn't understand it either. Just know that I did it for Amelia and for you. So you would have a safer world to live in. I don't expect you to understand, but please Emily, please - if you can hear me, just know that this is not what I wanted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She is crying, shoulders shaking with sobs. Her hands ball into fists. She glances down at the floor and leans in, touching her forehead to the glass of the mirror.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(whispered, voice
cracking)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

A faint wisp of smoke curls into view in the mirror's reflection, just over her shoulder.

The smoke churns into the image of Emily's Spirit, but Emily doesn't see it.

Emily's Spirit reaches out a smoky hand in the reflection, as if comforting Emily.

Defeated and weary, she moves toward the bed and falls onto it.

Her eyes close.

BLACKOUT:

MONTAGE - THROUGH DISTORTED PERCEPTION

Darkness.

Light gleaming from overhead - red light broken as if shining through a stained glass window.

Red light falling on Emily's dead face.

Close-up of an eye opening.

Reflection of a strobe light within the open eye.

People walking, laughing, dancing.

A trail of flowers and petals, all white roses.

EMILY (V.O.)
Mommy, I miss you.
(beat)
Please don't leave me.

Someone sings a gentle lullaby.

The people turn, their faces replaced with grotesque masks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the end of the trail of roses, a smiling Amelia turns, smiling and mouthing "I do".

A single white rose falls from her bouquet, falling and landing on a coffin that is lowered into the ground.

A woman at the coffin uncovers her face that had been hidden by a black veil. It is Amelia. She smiles devilishly and her eyes glow red as Armaros erupts from within her.

A SCREAM.

A flash of light from the floor, pure energy streaming upward.

Darkness.

Blood pumping through a vein.

Soft SOBBING.

Michelle, smiling from above.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Once it's in your system, you never
feel the same.

(beat)

I love you.

AMELIA (V.O.)

(overlapping Michelle)

I love you.

Emily's head thrown back in pain.

Heavy BREATHING.

Bright flashes of red.

The red flashes like a strobe light reflecting in an eye.

Pulling back, we see that it is an eye and it belongs to a LITTLE GIRL who is standing in the middle of a playground full of children, grinning wickedly.

CUT TO:

INT. - EMILY'S ROOM - MORNING

Emily jolts awake, pouring sweat from every pore of her body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits up and looks around, adjusting to the absence of the nightmare that had held her in its grasp for the entire night.

The papers and maps that had littered the bed are now kicked to the floor, the blankets are a tangled mess and everything is in disarray.

Realizing that she had fallen asleep, she runs a hand through her hair to push it from her face. She frowns, then leans forward and grabs the map next to the bed.

FADE TO:

INT. - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Daylight streams through the windows, illuminating the dust that floats through the air. The sunlight pools on the back of a man's head, lighting his hair into a shiny golden blonde. Though we never see his face, this is Travis.

ARMAROS' P.O.V.: We approach Travis, who keeps his head down. There is a DEEP CHUCKLE - the sort of sound a giant might make before swallowing an enemy whole.

ARMAROS

Praying hasn't helped you yet. What makes you think now is any different?

Travis doesn't look up.

TRAVIS

Please - I can't do it again, not this soon.

Armaros reaches out a smoky hand toward his shoulder, but when he tries to rest it there, it goes right through.

ARMAROS

Soon I won't need you anymore. I'll send you to the hell where you belong. But not yet.

TRAVIS

You said that was the last one. That you'd let me go.

Now we notice the dead body on the floor in front of where Travis is kneeling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARMAROS

I lied.

The sounds of the city seem louder all of a sudden. There is a playground nearby and the LAUGHTER of children. When Travis realizes this, he looks up, but it shows his eyes and nothing more of his face.

TRAVIS

No.

ARMAROS

Take me to them. Children are easier to control and I'm still weak from the last one.

TRAVIS

Then you'll allow me to die? You'll release my soul from this body?

ARMAROS

Once I have my own body, I won't need yours anymore. Until then, you will do as I say.

Travis closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - DAY

The bustle of the city street threatens to swallow up Emily's slight form as she pushes through a sea of people moving in the opposite direction.

She pauses and looks at the map in her hand, checking it against a street sign as if getting her bearings. With a heavy sigh, she turns to look up and down the street again before she continues walking along.

Suddenly there is the distant wail of SIRENS.

Without a second thought, she starts to run in that direction, pushing her way through people.

CUT TO:

EXT. - PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The sirens are from an ambulance that sits just outside a park. A small crowd of people has formed a circle around the area, seeing what is going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily pushes her way to the front of the crowd.

A small BOY is being loaded into the ambulance on a stretcher. His hysterical MOTHER is also being put into the ambulance.

Emily turns to the WOMAN next to her.

EMILY

What happened?

WOMAN

He fell. Some of the children said that they saw that little girl over there push him, but she swears she didn't. She seems very upset. I think it was an accident. The poor thing, she looks so innocent.

Emily looks over toward the LITTLE GIRL who looks up and over at Emily with a smile as if having expected her. Her eyes glow red for just a moment. Only Emily can see the slight flash of color within their depths.

Deja vu from the dream.

The girl's smile suddenly fades and her expression changes to one of surprise and displeasure. Her body shivers as if cold, getting her mother's attention.

LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER

Honey, are you alright?

LITTLE GIRL

Yes, mommy. Just a chill.

The girl looks around as if suddenly realizing where she is.

Emily watches this a moment before realizing that Armaros must have left the girl's body. Knowing that he must be nearby still, she starts to move through the crowd, looking intently at the people's faces.

Movement outside the park gets her attention and she sees the back of a blonde man's head as he leaves the park and heads toward a building across the street.

She quickly moves after him.

CUT TO:

INT. - ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Emily pauses just inside the doorway of the building, giving eyes a moment to adjust.

The building has been gutted and is littered with broken furniture and remains from the passage of homeless people. The man she followed in is nowhere to be seen or heard.

EMILY

Armaros?

(beat)

Come out, come out wherever you are.

She walks through the building, searching for the man.

Through several rooms, he is nowhere to be found.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I wasn't expecting you yet, you know. My calculations had you further west still.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

You never were good at math.

Emily turns and looks up at the staircase where Travis stands. He descends, closer inspection showing that he's far worse for wear than the last time Dylan saw him. The past 28 years hang heavily on him. He looks like hell. His blonde hair is streaked with silver around the temples.

EMILY

Travis?

TRAVIS

Yes, Dylan, it's me.

EMILY

I thought you we... I mean, the ceremony. He killed you.

TRAVIS

No, I wasn't quite as lucky as the others.

EMILY

Lucky? You're alive!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS

Yes, in a roundabout fashion. Same as you. I must admit, this look is far more fetching than your old one.

EMILY

How did you know it was me?

TRAVIS

Spirit forms can usually tell each other apart. I can see you, not just the shell you wear.

EMILY

But how did you--?

TRAVIS

You mean what am I doing here? See Dylan, I warned you about this. I told you. We weren't ready. You didn't listen to me.

EMILY

Almost thirty years later and you're still hung up on that? Isn't it a little late for all this?

TRAVIS

I suppose it is. But that doesn't change the fact that this is all your fault.

EMILY

My fault?

TRAVIS

Yes. Your fault. You were the one who had to make sure you won. Had to play savior.

EMILY

Travis, we were trying to do what was right. I'm sorry it didn't go according to plan. If I could take it back, believe me, I would. Unleashing Armaros was a mistake.

TRAVIS

(beat)

Do you know what it's like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

What what is like?

TRAVIS

To know ahead of time what's going to happen, but be powerless to stop it!

EMILY

So you were right. Fine. I admit it: you knew what would happen.

TRAVIS

I knew a lot of things. I didn't know I would give in, though.

EMILY

Give in to what?

TRAVIS

Him. What he offered. At the time it was an easy choice - give in or die and I didn't want to die.

EMILY

You can't blame that on me.

TRAVIS

But that's just it. I *can* blame my existence on you. The endless anguish of just being here, not dead, not alive.

EMILY

If you're not alive, then what are you?

TRAVIS

Trapped.

Travis pauses, glancing over his shoulder toward the wall. His expression is distant as if he is listening.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

He's done. He's coming back.

EMILY

Armaros?

TRAVIS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

You can sense him?

TRAVIS

Yes. He... after you left the ceremonial chamber, I was still there. He tried to figure out where he was, tried to open the portal back, but it didn't work. He was able to get the portal open, but it took everything but us. He took my body. All I could remember is awakening a few hours later in a church. I didn't remember anything for a while. It happened for months before I understood what was going on. I'd just wake up and hours, days, sometimes weeks would have gone by. I didn't remember anything.

EMILY

He was possessing you. Using you.

TRAVIS

Eventually I caught on. I learned to stay just awake enough while he was in me to listen, watch, learn. So I did. And it scared me. I had these thoughts, these images and memories that weren't mine. If I didn't know what was going on, I'd have thought that I went insane.

EMILY

So he kept you alive so he'd have a shelter?

TRAVIS

Not really. I died that night, but my soul has been tied to my body ever since. It makes it easier for him to garner strength this way. While he keeps my soul in this body, I have no choice but to do his bidding.

EMILY

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRAVIS

It's a little late for that, Dylan. Why are you here? Not to save the world. It was never about that, not really. You're too selfish. You're here to try and redeem yourself and you'll take out anyone or anything in your way. Just like you killed your own daughter.

Emily doesn't want to listen to this.

EMILY

Travis--

TRAVIS

It's true. You killed her without a second thought when you accepted that body they dangled out for you.

EMILY

That's not true and you know it.

TRAVIS

Go on, Dylan. You killed her, why not kill me too? Go on. DO IT.

EMILY

You said he's coming. How soon? How do we defeat him?

TRAVIS

We don't have much time.

EMILY

(frantic)

Travis, how do we kill him?

TRAVIS

We don't.

EMILY

Send him back? How? How do we send him back?

TRAVIS

It's too late.

It's obvious that Emily does not clearly understand.

Travis' body stiffens slightly as she steps away, walking backward a few steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Travis eventually looks up to the ceiling, his eyes glowing red but his expression one of sorrow as if he does not want to do what he is about to do.

He clenches his eyes shut.

EMILY

Travis?

TRAVIS

(with difficulty)

Run.

Travis' eyes open, showing that they are red. His face twists into a distorted smile. Emily steps back a few steps, looking around for something to use against him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You should have listened to your friend and ran.

EMILY

I'm done running from you, you bastard.

TRAVIS

All this time you thought you were hunting me, I've just been toying with you. Do you know how old and boring the whole eternity thing gets after a while? You've been fun.

EMILY

This is fun to you? Killing innocent people? Making me kill them?

TRAVIS

I've killed you once. I will do it again.

EMILY

I won't let you this time.

TRAVIS

And who told you that you have a choice?

Travis lunges at Emily.

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

The fight shifts between the mortal world version between Travis and Emily and the spirit world version between Armaros and Dylan.

In the mortal version, Emily quickly moves backward to get away from Travis, but trips over the earlier discarded dead body and falls.

Travis stands over her, reaching down to pull her up. Though she fights and struggles, Travis is stronger than Emily's body is.

He drags her upward and holds her to him, one of his hands clutching her wrists together to keep her from hitting or scratching him. She kicks, but the position she is in leaves her with little leverage and little strength.

Travis leans his face in close to her face, breathing in deeply through his nose.

One of her hands wiggles free, but she is still limited in her movement. Travis backs her up against the wall, using his hip to pin her there as he holds her.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I can smell it. Taste it. The fear.

EMILY

I'm not afraid of you.

TRAVIS

No, you're afraid for me. For your friend. How pitiful.

EMILY

I can destroy you.

As she struggles, she reaches behind her to take out a small knife that she had tucked into the back of the waistline of her jeans.

Her hands scrape against the wall and she arches her back slightly to allow more room for her hand.

The motion pushes her up harder against Travis.

TRAVIS

Not alone you can't.

EMILY

I'm not alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

She works the knife free and brings it to her side, cutting Travis' arm with it.

He doesn't let go, but his grip on her trembles.

The fight in her is renewed but Travis recovers easily and quickly and holds her arms against the wall with his hands, his hip and pelvis pinning her torso against the wall.

TRAVIS

You've always been alone. You left your family, your child, your wife, your friends... all for what? To die by my hand, not once but twice.

EMILY

Travis! Travis, you can hear me. I know you can. You can do it. Fight him.

TRAVIS

(laughing)

Really, you think that works? I've had him under my thumb for many years now. He knows better than to try and disobey his master.

EMILY

You aren't anyone's master.

TRAVIS

Oh, I beg to differ.

He pushes himself against her harder, bringing forth a faint cry of pain that Emily tries to hold back.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Go on, scream. I like to hear it when they do.

Emily continues to fight against Travis, trying to break free. She is losing, until Travis' body goes stiff and the grip on her arms breaks enough for her to get free.

She shoves Travis away from her and slides down the wall to sit on the floor catching her breath.

Travis crumples and lays perfectly still on the floor.

EMILY

Travis?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

She crawls across the floor, having to pass Travis' body that had her trapped against the wall.

Her eyes glance over toward him, seeing his eyes stare blankly ahead. They are no longer red. She lingers a moment.

Her hand grabs the small knife nearby and holds it tightly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Travis?

Travis suddenly sits up, stiffly.

Emily scurries away, but Travis is able to grab her ankle.

She kicks her leg, trying to dislodge the grip. She moves to stab the arm with the knife.

TRAVIS

Dad-dad, it's me.

Emily's struggling stops and she turns.

Travis releases the grip on her ankle.

His eyes glow red, but his expression is not threatening.

EMILY

Emily?

TRAVIS

You have to hurry. Your friend and I are only able to hold him for so long.

EMILY

Emily, you have to get out of here. He's strong, he'll-

TRAVIS

Kill me? He can't.

EMILY

Emily, please listen to me.

TRAVIS

Dad, trust me. You have to kill Travis while it's in his body. He's the key. He did some sort of ritual on Travis' body to allow him to feed off his energy when he's weak.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

TRAVIS(CONT'D)

If Travis dies before he gets his strength back, Armaros dies too.

EMILY

Kill Travis? I-- I can't.

TRAVIS

You have to. If you won't, I will.

Travis reaches for the knife that Emily holds in her hand, almost grabbing onto it.

Travis' body shakes for a moment, the eyes glowing even more red. Suddenly Emily is slid back across the floor, back against the wall, knife still in her hand.

Her eyes open and they glow red.

Travis moves over to Emily as she stands up.

EMILY

You killed my father once. I won't let you do it again.

TRAVIS

You have no choice. I should have cut out your throat while I had the chance.

Emily wields the knife and lunges at Travis.

Now when the fighting is seen through the spirit world, everything is gray and dusty and the fight is between Emily and the form that Armaros was in during the ceremony.

Both are strong, but Armaros has better control of the body he resides in. Emily is not yet used to possessing a body, even her own. They strike out at each other, each making little progress and having to fall back.

Finally, Emily is able to drive the knife deep into Travis' heart. An inhuman SCREAM erupts from Armaros as he begins to collect himself in the spirit world, drawing away from the body.

Emily's Spirit and Travis' spirit leap at the spirit of Armaros and they fight.

In the mortal world, Travis' body shakes as Emily is half slumped onto him, her hand still clutching the knife now sunk into his heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

As the body of Travis finally begins to die, a light shines on Armaros and Travis in the spirit world.

Emily remains out of the light and Dylan remains at the edge of the light as Travis is pulled gently upward, seeming to almost float overhead for a moment. Dylan raises a hand toward him.

DYLAN

Goodbye, Travis. Rest in peace.

Meanwhile, Armaros still clings to Travis' body as best he can. The light pulls at him, drawing him away from the body despite his best attempt to defy it. Unlike Travis' spirit, Armaros' is dark and thick, nearly solid.

Dylan's eyes shine with the reflection of the light.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Dad, you should go. Look, Travis knew. He knew that Armaros was going to use him to kill you. That's why he acted how he did. He's free now. Now go.

He fights to remain out of the light.

DYLAN

I can't leave you. Not now.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Mom's waiting for you. I'm going to stay. It's alright. I understand it all now.

DYLAN

Emily--

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Dad, go. I know your secrets and I don't care. I love you. I'll always love you.

DYLAN

Emily, I'm sorry.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

For what? You saved us. All of us. It would only be a matter of days before he was able to remain in a solid form.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

EMILY'S SPIRIT(CONT'D)

Then he would be able to move as he wished. It's better you did this.

DYLAN

I love you. I always have. I didn't mean to not be there.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Dad, listen to me. I understand it all now.

DYLAN

You do?

EMILY'S SPIRIT

I do.

She reaches out a hand, lightly touches his face.

EMILY'S SPIRIT (CONT'D)

I read your memories. It's how I was able to figure it out. You and Travis both knew the two halves of the puzzle. I just had to put it together. Once the body was dead, he had nowhere to draw strength from. He was a parasite - he needed our strength to survive.

She glances up at the light.

EMILY

Go on, dad. I'll see you before you know it. And I love you.

DYLAN

I wish you could come with me.

EMILY'S SPIRIT

I'll be there myself before you know it. I'm not done with this world yet.

DYLAN

But your body-

EMILY'S SPIRIT

I know. They can't put me back into it. They don't have the power. But I do.

DYLAN

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

EMILY'S SPIRIT

Just trust me. Go. Be with mom. She misses you. She always did.

DYLAN

I love you.

He embraces her fiercely.

The light begins to illuminate him, making him glittery and transparent all at once. The light brightens, causing his form to blend with it.

The light fades, Emily is alone. She looks down, seeing her body below her. She pauses and then lays down over the body, sinking into it.

Her body and spirit merge.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Emily, still bloodied and battered, emerges from the building.

She glances across the street at the park where the ambulance had been. There are children playing as if nothing had been wrong.

She reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out a pair of sunglasses, checking to make sure that they aren't broken. With a smile, she slips them on and looks upward at the bright sunlight.

As she starts to walk away, she pulls out a pack of cigarettes from another pocket and looks at them, then LAUGHS and throws them into a garbage can that she passes.

FADE OUT.