

DEMONICAL (THE WATCHERS)

(PODCAST/TELEVISION SERIES)

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"Evil is not merely an absence of something but an active force, a living, spiritual being that is perverted and that perverts others. It is a terrible reality, mysterious and frightening."

- Pope Paul VI

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

And we're in a large room. Flickering flames shadow dance across floral wallpaper. Everywhere there are candles, and antique furniture. We HEAR MUSIC softly playing.

A huge fourposter bed is what we are looking at.

A gorgeous MAN (20) is lying on his back, atop him is a GIRL, (18), if that. Her face is covered in shadow. They are making love. Our VIEW, as well as the man's, is slightly blurry and dimly lit.

As she leans close over his face, she slips her tongue into his mouth... kisses him. We see her now, this magnificent creature with eyes glittering. Her effect is subtle, beautiful and yet, eerie.

And he is now deep inside her... She arches her back... grinding her hips against his. She appears angelic in her radiance... her breasts are high.

Suddenly, the man's hand grabs her throat, and he rises to kiss it. She embraces him. He kisses her firmly.

TIGHT ON the woman's eyes -- they no longer glitter but appear inhuman or not alive.

From the woman's vision: Everything is clearer, brighter, with more facets of color.

Back to our viewpoint -- like an octopus, the woman enfolds the man into her arms. He is uneasy, fascinated but afraid. He screams out in a spasm of pleasure -- now struggling to breathe -- fighting to free himself from the monster's grasp.

The music rises and becomes faster. We watch hypnotized as the girl transfigures from goddess to DEMONIC CREATURE. The man bucks and convulses... because his energy, his life essence, is being drained from his body--

CUT TO:

INT. NEWPORT, RI - MUSEUM/ART GALLERY - EVENING

We TRAVEL with loafers padding across a marble floor of a vast room with works of ART. On that wall is a Picasso over there a Velázquez, a Goya, and so on.

We VIEW a woman. Her hair is pulled back and looks resplendent in a blue/white checkered dress. She is using an infrared SCOPE to study a small painting, inputting information into a computer.

Now let's meet REBECCA GOLDWATER, thirty, simple and refined. Albeit exhausted, she looks stunning. Suddenly, from behind, two hands grab Rebecca's arms. She shrieks! Someone laughs.

JAMES

I got you!

And that someone is JAMES GOLDWATER, thirty-five, professorial, with a full head of dark hair and perfectly tailored suit draped over his lanky frame.

REBECCA

You are so stupid! You know I hate that.

James looks at her. She takes his breath away. They kiss.

REBECCA

What do you think?

She motions to a small Juan Gris PAINTING.

REBECCA

That's the *Guitar on the Table*. Previously it was dated 1915, but after close analysis of the lead paint and vinegar he used we know for certain it was 1912.

JAMES

(sarcastically)
That's unbelievably incredible.

REBECCA

Tsk. Why are you here, anyway?

JAMES

I'm taking you to dinner. And wanted to give you this.

James withdraws from his jacket pocket a small jewelry BOX, which he proffers to Rebecca.

REBECCA

What's this?

And Rebecca opens the box, revealing a NECKLACE with two interconnected gold hearts.

JAMES

It's our tenth anniversary of the date we met... in this very room.

REBECCA

I remember you called that Paul Cézanne a Monet.

He laughs good-naturedly.

REBECCA

How did you know I have been looking at this? Thank you.

She enfolds James into her arms.

JAMES

Shall I help you put it on?

REBECCA

Oh, please.

Rebecca turns allowing James to fasten the necklace around her neck. They are happy. In love.

JAMES

Looks marvelous. So. Can you blow this joint?

REBECCA

Let me turn off the lights and grab my coat.

She breezes from sight.

REBECCA (O/S)

I love my necklace.

JAMES

We have reservations at Sal's. Oh, a, Sandra called...

REBECCA (O/S)

Who?

JAMES

Sandra Rockland from Sunset travel.

When Rebecca returns to FRAME, James helps her into her coat.

JAMES

She came with the South African itinerary--

REBECCA

(winces)

--Oh. Gosh. I forgot about that.

James scoffs. The couple pad across the darkened room dotted with faint spotlight beams.

REBECCA

Well. We must reschedule.

And James stops. He studies her, curious yet patient. Rebecca smiling sadly at James.

REBECCA

Stop looking at me that way.

JAMES

It sounds like you're breaking our agreement. We discussed it... they are coming into our lives, not the other way around.

REBECCA

You are correct, but I don't believe it's wise to leave them with someone a few months after we get them. I'd feel more comfortable having her reschedule to next year. Can we do that?

Off James's hardened face --

EXT. WENTWORTH ORPHANAGE - PLAYGROUND - DAY

We HEAR the lovely sound of children playing and SEE leaves fluttering to the ground. We're looking at a well-manicured park on a gorgeous autumnal day.

There is a massive old oak tree with a hollowed trunk surrounded by swings and slides. Ten CHILDREN are playing "Please, Mr Crocodile, May We Cross the River?"

Now our focus turns to a giggling girl and boy sprinting across the lawn toward the tree. LACY WAARDENBURG is nine with lustrous blonde hair and emerald eyes; a demure creature with tawny skin. She wears a vibrant orange dress.

The rambunctious boy is COLIN, eight, Valkyrie-blond hair and deep blue eyes. Pinwheeling his arms, he pursues Lacy. They arrive at the tree and stand INSIDE...

THE TREE HOLLOW. Lacy's voice is animated, crisp.

LACY

Here.

Lacy pours M&Ms into Colin's hand.

COLIN

Where did you get these?

LACY

I helped Mr. Holbrook organize chairs.

COLIN

I want all the blue ones.

LACY

Hurry. Eat 'em before Ms. Underwood catches us. Look, what I can do.

Lacy tosses an M&M into the air and catches it in her mouth.

COLIN

Now watch me do it.

But Colin's candy pings his nose and bounces to the ground.

LACY

Now tomorrow's a special day.

COLIN

Found it! Why?

LACY

Because you pesky child, Azza has a new couple for us. She said they're exceptionally nice.

COLIN

Eh. I like that not.
(shrugs)
Makes it harder.

And Lacy cups Colin's chin in her palm.

LACY

Look at me. Stop. I've told you before...

MS. UNDERWOOD (O/S)

Kids!

Lacy peeks from the hollow. We see MS. UNDERWOOD, a stocky, jovial woman calling:

MS. UNDERWOOD
Come now. Lunch is ready!

LACY
We'll talk about this later.
Look! Isn't it beautiful?

Lacy points to a magnificent, yet ominous black BUTTERFLY.

LACY
Race you back.

On that, Lacy bolts from the hollow in pursuit of the butterfly. Colin follows in her wake. They accelerate past children like gazelles on speed--

EXT. WENTWORTH ORPHANGE - WEST WING ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Gothic styled building. Ms. Underwood is standing between two huge mahogany doors with lion head handles. There's a great buzzing queue of CHILDREN and TEENAGERS going in one door.

However, Ms. Underwood ushers Lacy and Colin along with a teen GIRL into the other entrance. At the doorway, Lacy exchanges a private look with Ms. Underwood before entering...

INT. WENTWORTH ORPHANGE - PRIVATE DINNING ROOM - DAY

There should be a sense of awe and mystery about the ornate room. It holds a mahogany dining table and velvet armchairs and sofas. Lacy and Colin take their places at the table where three silver-domed plate covers await.

LACY
You must be Luna.

LUNA, seventeen, anorexic, tattooed, brushes her hair raven from her eyes, and forces a smile.

LUNA
Yup.

LACY
Hiya. I'm Lacy and this is Colin.
Please. Take a seat.

Luna parks herself in a chair across from Lacy and Colin.

LACY
Bon appétit.

The covers are removed revealing a gourmet meal. Colin savagely tucks in. Luna shifts her peas around, actually spells 'Vera.' She glances through a window into another room. Her brow furrows.

LACY

Don't worry, it's a two-way mirror.

WHAT SHE SEES is a cafeteria teeming with children carrying trays of slop, some wedged together at tables like sardines.

LACY

Those are the *others*. You're with us.

Lacy nods and grins like the Joker. She raises her water goblet. Colin motions to Luna, who also raises her goblet.

LACY

Here's to new friends.

Off them toasting--

EXT. THE GOLDWATER'S HOUSE - NEWPORT - MORNING

The house is a pleasant two-story New England dwelling with attached garage and manicured lawn.

INT. THE GOLDWATER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We HEAR someone walking, creaking wood underfoot. We find ourselves in your an upper middle class bedroom. Rebecca pads to the bed wearing a brown/white polka-dotted dress. She silences the beeping ALARM on the night-table and turns on the radio.

RADIO

"... The Newport city council responded by saying pet owners without a plastic bag will be fined. In other news, one of four known original Bibles was stolen from a London library..."

REBECCA

Hey. Let's go, sleepyhead. I don't want to be late!

Rebecca nudges James awake. He sits up, rubs his eyes.

JAMES
 (contorted face)
 Morning.

REBECCA
 What's with the face?

JAMES
 Ah. Had a really strange dream.

REBECCA
 Breakfast is ready. I already ate.

JAMES
 (a beat)
 Becca. About today.

REBECCA
 Yeah. What about it?

JAMES
 We're all good, set about this?

There's an awkward pause. A familiar tension. Then Rebecca wags her finger and grins...

REBECCA
 (playfully)
 You. You almost had me.
 (a pause; then)
 Are you being serious?

JAMES
 I, ah, just want us to be certain.

REBECCA
 Certain? We've spent the last year discussing and now we're--

JAMES
 --You're right. Sorry.

James rises and steps from bed. Rebecca's expression changes from bliss to angry frustration.

JAMES
 I'm up. Getting ready.

Her eyes full of hope; his empty.

REBECCA
 Speed it up. I've been ready since four.

James shuffles from FRAME as Rebecca rolls her eyes then YELPS. She has sliced her finger on notebook. A trickle of BLOOD drops on a leather-bound 4th Century Bible. Rebecca inserts her finger into her mouth and sucks the blood. With a tissue she removes the spot off the Bible, smacks her lips with a curious look, then blinks, taking us to a FLASHBACK:

INT. TUNNEL/SANCTUARY - PAST - NIGHT

All we hear is breathing. It is midnight dark. Now a flashlight beam casts an ugly glow into a black abyss that begs to be left alone. Behind the beam is IRWIN TAYLOR, 40, gangly, wearing a tattered safari jacket. He's sweating profusely, glancing back from where he came, yet continuing to inch forward...

INTO a wide room. Speckles of dust dance about in the beam of his light. His heart is beating out of his chest. We follow Irwin's gaze across the sanctuary to an altar. There, in the supreme hallowed spot is a CHEST, Irwin's real objective. This is what he was meant to find.

The sound of his quicken breathes echo in the room lined with large gold CROSSES atop mahogany poles, an altar, and dead OWL in the corner.

He steps forward after a contemplative beat, noting remnants of purple and red carpet -- this sanctuary is a significant locale in the series.

Now he looms over the dust covered chest. Kneeling, Irwin grimaces, wiping sweat from his brow. He places the flashlight on the floor and then removes a HAMMER from his belt. He begins chipping away at the LOCK. It doesn't open. Irwin strikes the lock with a powerful blow.

This time, wouldn't you know it, it opens--

Irwin pushes with all his strength the heavy lid... CREEEEKKK goes the lid. The air seems to almost vibrate as Irwin opens the top. He points his flashlight into the chest, mesmerized by the sight he had hoped to discover. He reaches inside the chest and withdraws a purple silk cloth to reveal Rebecca's Bible.

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

Rebecca opens the Bible to a passage about Eve. It is highlighted but we are unable to discern what it says. As Rebecca exhales, we get the idea she's perpetually haunted by something slumbering within.

CUT TO:

EXT. WENTWORTH ORPHANGE - PRESENT - DAY

Erected in the 1850s, the building is vast and grand with spires and ivy coated walls. We HEAR distant children's LAUGHTER and see autumnal trees.

INT. WENTWORTH ORPHANGE - SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

Sunlight streams through a picture-framed window drenching the wood paneled room. There are rows of BOOKS in which we spot *Paradise Lost* and *Morning Star: Fallen Rebel Angel*.

AZZA, sixty, somber and rail-thin is parked behind an antique desk. Seated across from her are two club chairs holding Rebecca and James, sporting kakis trousers and blue shirt.

They are gazing proudly out the window. The playground is alive with CHILDREN. Our attention is drawn to Lacy in a vibrant yellow dress, and Colin, looking like a miniature James.

Our eye catches a stuffed OWL in the corner, like the one we saw in the sanctuary.

AZZA

Mr. Goldwater, as I have previously mentioned during our last three visits, both were left on the steps of a Boston church. That is all the history we still have.

James regards her with a mixture of concern and wariness.

JAMES

I know, but--

AZZA

--Sir. For children who are not siblings, they have developed an extraordinary bond to the likes I have never before witnessed.

JAMES

That's what intrigues me...

REBECCA

James, dear.

As Rebecca glances at rows of BOOKS...

REBECCA

I must have missed these last time. You have some interesting titles.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(a pause)

My. This is extraordinary.

AZZA

Which one?

She motions to the BIBLE. Azza nods sagely.

REBECCA

Oddly, I have the same.

AZZA

Do you now? A most cherished, if not priceless, manuscript, indeed.

JAMES

What is it?

REBECCA

The Bible I have.

JAMES

Which one?

AZZA

(gazing out the window)

As you can see cheerful and healthy as last week. They are not only special, but extremely handsome children.

(stares at the couple)

I must confess: they are my absolute favorites.

And Rebecca beams, watching Lacy scamper up the monkey bars.

REBECCA

I enjoy seeing them so active. Look at Colin go.

JAMES

Almost as if he belonged in a zoo.

AZZA

It is certainly an admirable undertaking. Most couples are not open to adopting older children. Thankfully, by the grace of God, they now have a warm and loving home. Truly missed they will be.

Rebecca takes James's hand into hers.

REBECCA

We are the blessed one with such a marvelous opportunity. Aren't we?

JAMES

(slightly sarcastic)

Yes. It means a great deal to us.

And Rebecca rolls her eyes. Azza rises and straightens herself.

AZZA

It appears all is in order. Shall we collect the children? I imagine you are ready to be on your way.

Tapping the window, she gestures to Ms. Underwood.

AZZA

Ms. Underwood will bring the children and their belongings to the garden of statues.

JAMES

I've been meaning to ask, what does that sign mean?

AZZA

Nimic fără Dumnezeu. It's Romanian for 'Nothing without God.'

Her face grows cold, her eyes steeled and locked on James's. Then with a grin, she gestures toward the door...

AZZA

Now. Shall we?

EXT. BARINGTON, RI - WENTWORTH ORPHANGE - LAWN - DAY

Gorgeous. Red and gold leaves litter the sweeping estate dotted with STATUES. We note one; it is archangel Michael with sword and expanded wings.

AZZA

This particularly is my favorite.

JAMES

Who is it?

REBECCA

Tsk. Saint Michael, silly.

And Lacy and Colin barrel around the corner. Smiling faces fill the screen. They run faster, and into Rebecca's arms. Rebecca kisses Colin's cheek. Her eyes bright and hopeful. He sharing her delight.

Note Rebecca highlighted by a virtuous stream of SUNLIGHT that neglects Colin and Lacy. Ms. Underwood looms.

AZZA

Thank you, Ms. Underwood. That will be all.

ON Ms. Underwood looking skeptically at Rebecca and James.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Good-bye, children.

And on that, Ms. Underwood strides off through the sea of statues revealing Luna looming eerily in the distance. James leans toward Lacy.

JAMES

Do you have a hug for me?

LACY

Sorry Charlie, no dice.

This rejection stings James, spying Rebecca smiling at Colin, holding his hand.

REBECCA

Are you excited?

COLIN

I guess I'm supposed to be.

Rebecca catches Lacy's eerie stare. Her delight morphs into curiosity, as James follows Colin's frosty gaze fixed on Micheal's statue.

JAMES

What is it?

COLIN

I hate that with all my heart.

JAMES

(ruffles Colin's hair)
We shouldn't use the word 'hate.'

Azza's voice is clinical now, monotone.

AZZA

As St. John the Evangelist wrote,
"We are of God, and the whole world
is in the power of the evil one."

James drops his arm over Colin's shoulder.

COLIN

Let me go! Stop pulling at me!

LACY

(snaps in Romanian)

Nu te mai comporta asa si fii
dulce. (Stop acting like that and
be nice.)

(to James)

The little fella is shy around new
people.

JAMES

Maybe we should get going.

James catches Rebecca's troubled gaze: Azza kneeling between
Lacy and Colin, holding them close, whispering.

JAMES

What is it?

REBECCA

(whispers)

See how she is holding them? What
is she saying?

JAMES

Hon, it must be an emotional day
for her as well.

REBECCA

I don't know. They seem different.

JAMES

They have so many emotions running
through 'em. This is a
significant, exciting, a life-
altering moment.

Lacy embraces Azza. Colin proffers her cheek a kiss.
Suddenly, Lacy pivots and catches Rebecca's stare. She
smirks, very calculating, and very luscious. Azza stands
straight and looks down at Colin.

AZZA

Look after Lacy now.

At this Colin nods with big, obedient eyes.

LACY

We will watch after each other.

Lacy looking with fresh eyes at her new freedom, takes Colin's hand. They skip to Rebecca as James places two SUITCASES into the BMW's trunk.

LACY

Here are your new kids. Can we go?

REBECCA

Sure. Let me help you inside.

LACY

(snaps)

I'm a big girl.

Lacy's eyes have a fierce and lustful shine.

AZZA

She is fiercely independent.

JAMES

Hop in and buckle up.

James leans on the door looking into the backseat at Colin and Lacy.

REBECCA

Well. Thank you.

AZZA

It is been my pleasure. Enjoy your new life. Bye, children. Safe travels now.

Everyone is in the BMW. The car rolls down a long driveway lined with trees. ON Azza's smile, watching them go. After a moment, she turns, her body stiffening, as though she is pleased with herself.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

James is behind the wheel. Rebecca is making herself comfortable in the passenger seat. Radio plays.

REBECCA

(whispers)

Did you see her look? It was so peculiarly sinister.

JAMES
Hey, kids, all dandy back there?

And we HEAR Wagner.

LACY
Listen. Wagner.

JAMES
Oh, um, not really sure.

LACY
No. It is. I love his melodic
process and operatic structure.

Rebecca is excitedly speaking to the children, whose solemn
demeanor is apparent and alarming.

REBECCA
Are you looking forward to your new
home? We're having a little
welcoming party tomorrow.

JAMES
Rebecca, has turned two storage
rooms into really cool bedrooms.

LACY
So we will have separate rooms?

REBECCA
Yes, absolutely!

And Lacy regards Rebecca with an aloof stare. Colin is
curled against the door PINCHING his thigh through his
trousers, staring trance-like out the window.

ON Rebecca. She can't seem to shake her uneasiness.

REBECCA
Colin, sweetie. Please don't do
that.

JAMES
It's only a two hour drive.

REBECCA
Hey. We can stop for lunch.
Anything particular you like?

Lacy simply stares at the grey-turning sky.

REBECCA

We have ice cream and cake at the house.

LACY

We refuse to fuel our precious vessels with poison.

This hits Rebecca where she lives. The drive becomes silent, tense. ON Rebecca's look of worry; appearances not matching reality. James pats her leg.

JAMES

(hushed tones)
Relax, babe. Everything is fine.

THEN -- SUDDENLY -- LACY SCREAMS!

This startles James. Scares us! James overcorrects the steering wheel. The car SWERVES.

REBECCA

James! (a beat) Lacy. What is it?
What's the matter?

LACY

(dead pan)
My stomach. It really hurts.

JAMES

My God! Listen. Ya, you can't just scream like that! You scared the daylights out of me.

At that moment, Colin starts wickedly LAUGHING wildly.

REBECCA

Colin. Why are you laughing?

LACY

(moaning)
My stom...ach.

As Lacy MOANS and clutches her stomach, Colin's laughs grows louder. James struggles to collect himself.

JAMES

That's enough, Colin.

THUNDER CRACKS and BOOMS. A torrential RAIN storm hits the car. James can't see a damn thing. He sits bolt upright behind the wheel.

JAMES

What the...? Where did this come from? Jesus.

(glances at Rebecca)

Becca, careful turned around.

Rebecca unfastens her SEATBELT. Now on her knees, she is turned around helping Lacy.

REBECCA

Lacy, are you okay? James, maybe we pull over. Oh, Colin! Stop laughing!

JAMES

I can't see a damn thing.

COLIN

(laughing)

You shouldn't say 'DAMN.'

REBECCA

Colin. Stop.

Colin's eyes roll back into his head yet is staring at Rebecca, pinching his trousers. Harder, he squeezes until suddenly a web of BLOOD snakes under the fabric.

REBECCA

Oh, my ... Stop!

Colin's expression nor actions change. Rebecca utters:

REBECCA

You're hurting yourself!

JAMES

What's he doing?

REBECCA

Making his leg bleed!

Deafening rain pounds the roof. The wipers slapping full throttle ratchets the tension.

JAMES

WHAT?!

Rebecca can't unfix her eyes from Colin's bloodied trousers.

When abruptly -- like that--

JAMES JAMS THE BREAKS! Car LURCHES, the nose DROPS, jolts to a sudden stop.

This reaction catapults Rebecca backwards, SLAMMING her into the dash.

And everything is pin-drop silent.

James white-knuckles the wheel breathing fast and hard. He leans forward and squints through the relentless rain, focused on something. We witness the object of his stare -- a thin Asian GIRL with black cat-eyed glasses looms at the hood. She nods coolly to James, and then, like that, vanishes.

ON Rebecca a little hurt and a lot surprised. Her mouth is stretched open in a cry of pain. Lacy giggles. Passing car HORN SCREAMS.

JAMES

Becca. Are you okay?

REBECCA

(painfully)

My, my, back.

Brushing hair from her face she spots BLOOD oozing from her forehead.

REBECCA

My head is bleeding.

JAMES

Yeah, a little right there. It's not bad. Here, here's a tissue.

Kids. What about you? All okay?

James turns around and sees Colin, unmoved. He purses his lips staring at Colin like he is the devil personified, which wouldn't surprise us if he is.

JAMES

Colin. Stop staring at me. What did you do to your leg?

(scoffs; then to Lacy)

How are you?

LACY

Fine and dandy and tummy too!

Rebecca is staring at Lacy mischievous, but impossible, asking herself is she an angel or a monster?

Car horn sounds.... BEEEEEP! James is now driving.

JAMES

Did you see that? There was a, a,
lady in front of the... That's why--

REBECCA

(applying bandage to cut)
--You look peaked. Are you sure
you are able to drive?

LACY

Y'know what sounds yummy!

LACY/COLIN

(loudly)
--ICE CREAM!!!!

REBECCA

Ah. Kids. Please.
(to James)
Maybe we, ah, should find a place
to, ah, pull over.

COLIN

I know what! Let's stay in a
hotel!

LACY

OH, YES! That is a most splendid
suggestion!

JAMES

(waves off the idea)
Honey, how's your head?

REBECCA

It's stopped bleeding...

JAMES

Do you hear that screeching? We
may have hit a pothole. Hope the
rim isn't bent.

LACY

Can we? Since the car is broken.

JAMES

Can you what?

LACY

Stay at a hotel. Tell us we can,
tell us, pleeezzzzeeeee!

JAMES

We are not staying in a hotel.

COLIN

But we've never stayed in a hotel.
We'll be good, good as gold.

LACY

Golden. Like angels with glowing
hallows. Pinky swear, Jamesy.

JAMES

Sounds like the front tire.

REBECCA

Maybe it's not a bad idea. There's
no way you can drive in this rain.

The car eases to a stop at a traffic signal.

JAMES

Can you tell if the light's green?

And Colin pops over the seat, points his finger in James's
face...

COLIN

Look! Over there. It's a hotel!

JAMES

Please, Colin. Sit back.

COLIN

The big red sign on top of that
building. It says HOTEL!

Sure enough, directly ahead is a hotel.

REBECCA

Ah, let's just stop.

Rebecca is rubbing her head, dumbfounded by the children's
behavior. James exhales, navigating the car into...

LACY

(proper British accent)
Jamesy, turn here. Turn.

EXT. WATERFORD HOTEL - DUSK

We follow the car to an 11-story contemporary brick and glass
building. The car eases to a stop under the portico.

REBECCA

Seems deserted. Sure it's open?

LACY
Oh, it's open alright.

JAMES
Is your head better?

REBECCA
It's now my back that's killing me.
I'll buy some aspirin in the gift
shop.

JAMES
Colin, wait for us. I'll get their
suitcases.

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - LOBBY - DUSK

The two-story atrium lobby is done in blue and grey with an eclectic seating choices blending Art Deco with contemporary. There is a staircase leading to the mezzanine.

The place is silent as a mortuary. We get a sense ... mysterious ... awesome ... scary. Colin skips into FRAME and across the room--

JAMES
Colin. Stop jumping around.

REBECCA
It's awfully quiet.

Colin SHOUTS. Starts banging the ivories of the grand PIANO. James and Rebecca shuffle toward the front desk.

REBECCA
Colin! Stop playing that piano!

JAMES
I'll check us in.

Suddenly, Rebecca glimpses a flash of RED. A ghost girl, MILLICENT, passes in front of FRAME, practically a blur.

REBECCA
Did you see that?

LACY
Yeah. That's Millicent.

Rebecca wrinkles her forehead, believing she's bonkers.

LACY

She's always around. She and her mom died here three years ago.

Lacy nods. She smiles, too, but underneath the smile we sense that she is serious. Hold ON Rebecca's tormented expression -- then to

Lacy breezing to James at the front desk. Various sized asymmetric suspension lamps hang above. James is speaking with the clerk, WALTER, fifty, swarthy with a bulbous nose.

As Rebecca approaches, Walter proffers a Cheshire grin.

Behind the desk is an disturbing monolithic gold-framed Caravaggio PAINTING depicting Judith beheading Holofernes; the knife in one hand, while her other pulls back his head. A plaque below reads: "Spirits Damn'd"

Beneath the painting, a small shelf holds one BOOK: *Morning Star: Fallen Rebel Angel*, like the one in Azza's office.

JAMES

Hello. We need one standard room for the night.

WALTER

I suppose you have no reservation.

JAMES

Ah. No. Our car--

WALTER

--Hello there, miss. Dear. How is it a lushes creature like you is banged up?

REBECCA

(re: cut)
Oh, that--

WALTER

--Perhaps you need a new husband.

Walter snickers. James cuts the coldest damn look.

WALTER

Let me check for the room.

REBECCA

(whispers to James)
That painting seems out-of-place.

WALTER
That my dear is a Caravaggio
depicting Judith beheading
Holofernes.

REBECCA
Yes, I am--

JAMES
--She's an art expert.

LACY
I rather like it. It speaks to me.

WALTER
Does it now? What remarkable taste
you possess for an adolescent.

LACY
People tell me I'm precocious.

WALTER
Here's your key. Room 1104.

Says Walter to Rebecca with a lecherous grin.

JAMES
(snatches the key; snaps)
Thank you!

WALTER
Care for a newspaper?

Colin snatches the NEWSPAPER.

COLIN
Cool! Look at this church burning!

REBECCA
There are the elevators.

The family pads across the lobby.

REBECCA
Did you see how he stared at me?

LACY
Well, you are very pretty.

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Our foursome cram inside. Colin is about to light up the
buttons when Rebecca GRABS his hand.

He turns aggressively and locks on Rebecca with a venomous stare that he doesn't unlock until the doors ding open.

REBECCA
Don't push all the buttons.

COLIN
Don't grab me.

He looks crazed, threatening; it spooks Rebecca -- scares us.

REBECCA
Don't look at me like that.

JAMES
He said 1104.

REBECCA
There is no eleven button.

LACY
(pushing the button)
Let's go to twelve then!

JAMES
Lacy!

REBECCA
Honey. The key says 1204. See?
Colin. Stop it.

James wrinkles his forehead, studying the key as if he were mad. DING. The doors slide open.

LACY
The twelfth floor awaits us.

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - HALLWAY

And the hall is sleek, clean, and stylishly done in subtle tones. Colin snatches the key from James and bounds down the hall. Rebecca is on her last nerve, eying Lacy CARTWHEELING.

REBECCA
This is working splendidly. We
would have almost been home by now.

JAMES
They certainly are a rambunctious
duo.

REBECCA

They are more than that. What was Lacy's remark about ice cream?

JAMES

Yeah, weird, right?

We're starting to feel Rebecca is troubled.

REBECCA

Do you, ah, believe they are, a fine? What? I'm overwhelmed with this peculiar feeling, as if, we made the wrong decision, or selected the wrong children. I realize that's a terrible thought.

JAMES

(covers)

Look. It's the first time away from the orphanage. I am certain they will calm down and adjust.

(sotto voce)

Least, I hope.

REBECCA

Some of the things Lacy says -- the creepy way Colin stares at me...

JAMES

He does have unusual expressions. All the reports and tests were exemplary. Let's chalk it up to first time hotel excitement.

REBECCA

Speaking of, this place reminds of the motel we stayed at in Calcutta.

JAMES

Least there are no rats. Anyway, we're here only a few hours.

(to Colin)

Colin. Stop.

(to Rebecca)

What I find odd is how they knew about this place.

Right then, we HEAR a girl's GIGGLE followed by a SLAMMING door. Rebecca shrieks. Meanwhile, Colin looms at the door.

COLIN

Here it is! 1204!

JAMES

I will--

COLIN

--I CAN DO IT ALONE.

JAMES

Give me the key.

Colin grins and slips the key into the lock.

JAMES

You have to start listening to me.

COLIN

I like that idea not.

On that, Colin throws open the door. The handle THUDS against the wall bouncing back the door almost hitting James.

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - SUITE - DUSK

The room is sweeping; soothing pastel tones, modern furniture and state-of-the-art amenities. Exposed steel beams line the fifteen-foot ceiling. There are two bedrooms, sitting room, bath.

And James looms in the doorway, dismayed. Footsteps fall across the creaky, wooden floor as Rebecca enters.

REBECCA

Why did you get a suite?

JAMES

Are you being serious?

A wall-of-windows showcases the city's skyline. What catches our eye is how the sun caresses a golden-domed church, its mammoth CROSS spearing the clouds. Rebecca stares out.

REBECCA

Look at this...

JAMES

I told him a double.

REBECCA

The rain has stopped, streets are dry, almost as if...

LACY

I like the church with the enormous cross on top.

(MORE)

LACY (CONT'D)

Like it's reaching into the sky
saying, "Buna dimineata ole Jesus."

REBECCA

Is that Romanian?

LACY

Someone eared an "A" in language
class.

Rebecca smiles when she sees the bed with a huge ornately
carved head and footboard. Lacy and Colin are JUMPING atop.

REBECCA

Isn't the bed fabulous?

JAMES

I told the guy...
(to the kids)
No. Get off!

REBECCA

Oh, let them have fun. Maybe
they'll burn off some energy.

JAMES

I'm calling down.

We watch Colin leap from the bed to a dresser to the floor
with an animal's grace. He is now beside James, who has the
PHONE receiver pressed to his ear. The moment Walter
answers, the phone goes dead. James is stunned -- and we see
why -- Colin has yanked the damn cord from the socket.

Quick as a switchblade, James GRABS Colin's arm.

JAMES

What are you doing?

COLIN

Please.
(cowering)
Please. Don't hit me!

REBECCA

James!

JAMES

(releasing his grasp)
I'm not hitting him! He broke the
phone cord, for Christ-sakes!

Lacy wedges herself between Colin and James. She nudges
James back, BARKING with a voice capable of physical harm.

LACY
Don't shout at him!

JAMES
You stay out of it.

LACY
Why don't you?

REBECCA
James. Please.

LACY
(innocently)
He frightens so easily.

JAMES
Now we have to pay for this.

LACY
(quiet, intense)
Sorry if we are overly excited. We
are just thrilled to be out of that
terrible old asylum -- that's all.
You can't be cross at us for being
kids. We will try harder. Swear.

REBECCA
Come here.

Lacy snuffles. Rebecca folds Lacy into her arms and she hugs
her tightly. Lacy wanting her comfort is receptive.

LACY
A hug is what I need.
(mock crying)
You, you can't imagine how awful it
was in there. It was dreaded.
Much like that time, that time...

REBECCA
I'm listening.

LACY
I had this dog. A big old yellow
dog that I loved so much. We would
run around in the fields, chase
raccoons, spend every moment of the
day together. He was my only
friend. Then one day this big wild
boar tried to attack me.

With James drawn into the tale, Colin toys with James's
SHOELACES.

LACY

It was horrifying. He saved me, luckily, but he was cut and bleeding and my Pa said he was too badly injured and there was nothing to do but shoot him. Pa gave me the gun. I remember tears streaming down my face as I pulled the trigger and shot *Old Yeller*.

Then, like that -- Lacy jerks away.

LACY

Let me go you're smothering me.

Off Rebecca's tormented and hurt expression.

REBECCA

Why would you tell me a movie?

LACY

For entertainment purposes only.

JAMES

(disgusted)

I'll go down--

Right then, James TRIPS and almost hits his head on the coffee table. Colin LAUGHS uncontrollably, pointing at James's TIED together shoelaces.

LACY

(laughing)

You certainly will go down.

James unties the laces and gets back to his feet, wobbling, eyes spinning dizzily. He can barely disguise his distaste for Lacy and Colin.

JAMES

I'm going downstairs.

REBECCA

The room is fine.

JAMES

(clears throat)

I need some air.

REBECCA

Bring back something to eat.

LACY

Yes, Jamesy, be a good boy and
bring back a smorgasbord of
delectable morsels.

COLIN

Like kidney's with caramel sauce.

LACY

(clapping)
Chop, chop now.

James exits. Lacy is giggling. But Rebecca is not amused.
She doesn't like any of this.

REBECCA

Kids. Come here. Let's unpack...

And Rebecca turns to find Colin and Lacy at her heels.

REBECCA

OH! I almost tripped. Scoot back
some.

Rebecca, Lacy and Colin sit around the suitcases.

REBECCA

Let's unpack your stuff and get
into our pjs.

She gently takes Lacy's hands into hers.

REBECCA

Your hands. They are like ice.

At that moment, Lacy leans menacingly toward Rebecca and
GRABS her hands, squeezing them, hard.

Rebecca's surprised eyes lock on Lacy's that appear inhuman,
similar to those of the girl at the top of the story.

REBECCA

(in pain)
LACY. Please.
(trying to free herself)
Let - go - of my hands. NOW!

LACY

(demonic voice)
For thee, there is no more hope of
salvation. Thou are in my hands.

ON Rebecca's pained face. A beat. Then, smiling in a
friendly way, Lacy releases Rebecca's hands.

REBECCA
I didn't like that.

Rebecca drills Lacy the hardest damn look.

LACY
Que sera, sera.

Awkward beat. Now Rebecca's focus is Lacy's open suitcase.

REBECCA
That's all you brought?

LACY
Isn't it simply divine.

She snatches a gorgeous Christening GOWN.

LACY
Wait to you see how beautiful I
look. I'll put it on!

Quickly, Lacy snatches the gown and races to the bathroom.
The door SLAMS behind her. And Rebecca looks at Colin.

REBECCA
So this must be yours.

Colin nudges Rebecca's hand aside.

COLIN
I can open it. Let me do it!

The suitcase lid pops open.

TIGHT ON Rebecca, recoiling, mouth agape. Now we see the
contents: thick coiled ROPE, Zippo LIGHTER, and a MASK, which
Colin seizes.

Rebecca is struggling to concentrate and keep her composure.

Suddenly, Lacy explodes from the bathroom. She is marching
and singing, twirling in her dress like a demented Rockette.

LACY
Here I am! How do I look?

COLIN
Very pretty!

LACY
 (singing)
 "THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE REBECCA
 AWAY, HA, HA, HE, HE, TO THE FUNNY
 FARM.."

Rebecca gasps at Colin wearing a hellishly freaky realistic
 PALE HORSE MASK with blood-red eyes.

LACY
 Oh, excellent. You brought *that*
 one.
 (to Rebecca)
 He has a black one with white eyes
 but I like this one best. The
 white leather really makes the eyes
 pop red.
 (to Colin)
 Giddy up, my little horsey.

Colin WHINNIES.

REBECCA
 What is it?

LACY
 It's his netherworld cover.

Then without warning, Colin rabbit PUNCHES Rebecca in the arm
 with the force of a sledgehammer.

REBECCA
 OUCH! Colin. Why did you hit me?

COLIN
 I'm a horse, dummy. I can't talk.

Lacy bounds atop the bed.

REBECCA
 Lacy. Get down.

LACY
 Not on your life. I like twirling
 and spinning up here. "THE HILLS
 ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC."

Colin SNORTS and stomps around Rebecca.

LACY
 (singing)
 "THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE YOU AWAY,
 HA, HA, HE, HE, TO THE FUNNY FARM.."

REBECCA
Stop! This isn't funny.

Two things happen: Rebecca GRABS Colin's arm and Lacy SEIZES Rebecca's hair.

LACY
(in a demonic voice)
Don't grab him, lady!

REBECCA
Get down from the bed and stop
singing that song!

Lacy kneels down from the bed, pushing her melancholy face close to Rebecca's.

LACY
Ah, what, you don't like my song?

Rebecca growing more fearful with each passing second.

REBECCA
Not particularly. No.

LACY
Then how do you like this?

Abruptly Lacy growls and SCRATCHES down Rebecca's cheek, gouging a deep groove in her flesh.

Now Colin takes hold of her hair and JERKS her to the floor!

Lacy POUNCES atop Rebecca like a savaged beast.

Rebecca is hysterical and SCREAMING. In self defense, Rebecca HITS Lacy. Wide-eyed, she tries to fight Colin off, but he forces her down with astounding brute strength. Rebecca struggles to break free... she can't.

This type of power is not normal for a boy.

Rebecca tries to crawl away, but Colin snatches her.

From Colin's viewpoint: staring through the horse mask at Rebecca like a subject to be studied.

REBECCA
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

Lacy startles Rebecca's chest, pushing her face really close to Rebecca's and smiling this manic expression.

LACY
Because I want your soul.

JAM TO:

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Perturbed, James is leaning over the front desk, staring at Walter. There's an uneasy silence.

WALTER
(impatient)
Mr. Goldwater. I have only charged you for a double occupancy.

JAMES
That still doesn't answer the fact about the room.

WALTER
Sir, again. We have no 12th floor. May I see your key? It's clearly marked 1104. Any average mortal with a mid-grade IQ could see that.

James sighs, knowing this doesn't jive with what he's seeing.

WALTER
Will there be anything else?

JAMES
Yeah. I want to know where everyone is. This place seems weirdly quiet for such a big hotel.

WALTER
I am not at liberty to disclose our guests' whereabouts.

JAMES
(scoffs)
Where's the restaurant?

WALTER
Down the hall to the left. Unfortunately, though it is closed. Here. Take these.

Walter slides five SANDWICHES across the counter. James simply stares at the sandwiches, mouth twisted.

WALTER
Better than a kick in the head.

JAMES

I've had about enough from you. I
want to speak to the manager.

At this Walter removes his 'desk clerk' name badge and pins
one reading 'hotel manager.' A mad gleam dances in his eyes.

WALTER

(different voice)
How may I be of service?

Resigned, James snatches four sandwiches and stalks away.
Meanwhile, Walter tosses the other sandwich over his shoulder
and directly into the waste bin!

WALTER

(sports announcer)
And he scores!

James drifts along the lobby. On a table beside he glimpses
a NEWSPAPER. The headline: 'Two Boston churches burn after
babies found.'

At that moment, James's eyebrows go skyward hearing TINKLE,
TINKLE of PIANO keys without a player.

But the insanity doesn't end there. Coming into FRAME is
MILLICENT, nine wearing a red velvet dress, stalking zombie-
like -- the ghost girl from earlier.

James pivots when hears something behind him. Shrieks. It
startles us, too. Because looming is the girl with cat-eyed
glasses from earlier, NAAMA, twenties.

James is overwhelmed with many emotions, fear topping the
list. Millicent takes a funeral WREATH from Naama's hand and
proffers it to James.

MILLICENT

This is for you.

James takes the wreath, reading in gold lettering on black
ribbon: "RIP JAMES GOLDWATER."

James lurches back, dumbfounded, slack-mouthed with terror.
He stumbles, actually trips over a chair, scrambling like
hell for the elevator...

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

James exits the elevator panting and out of breath. He's
getting over his fright but we can see he's totally freaked
out. He sags against the wall, struggling to sane.

JAMES

Get ahold of yourself now,
Goldwater. Room 1104 on the
twelfth floor. What kind of
screwed up place is this? Calm
down. Breathe. You're not crazy.
(a beat)
You're a father now. Act like one.

James stiffens himself. Eerie music builds as he opens the door to find...

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Lacy in her gown, and Colin sans mask. The darlings are in bed, watching television.

TELEVISION

"For practical as well as
theological reasons, a well-
preserved body has long been a
chief mortuary concern..."

JAMES

I'm back.

LACY

(affectionately)
James is here! My Jamesy-boy!

Like a shot, Lacy bounds from the bed, crossing the room.

LACY

Catch me!

Shouts Lacy, vaulting into James's arms.

JAMES

Oh. Be careful. Whoa. What's all
this?

LACY

(dreamy whisper)
It's my special gown. Do you like
it? Oh, tell me you do, daddy.

TELEVISION

"The ancient Greeks, who demanded
endurance of their heroes in death
as in life, expected the bodies of
their dead..."

James carries Lacy to the bed where Colin is TV-transfixed.

JAMES
 Hey. Colin. Colin. What are ya
 watching?

COLIN
 How to embalm a body.

JAMES
 You shouldn't be watching that!

And James steals the REMOTE from Colin's hand and off goes
 the TV. Colin whips his head around and bores his eyes into
 James's like hot daggers.

COLIN
 (growls)
 DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH MY REMOTE!

This sucks James's confidence away like a vacuum.

JAMES
 Listen to me. You will not speak
 to me in that tone. Is that
 understood?

COLIN
 (mimics)
 Is that understood?

JAMES
 Where's Rebecca?

LACY
 Who?

JAMES
 Becca. Rebecca.

James pads to the bathroom door. Knocks. He attempts to
 open the door. It is locked. He jiggles the door handle.
 Knocks harder.

JAMES
 Rebecca! It's me. Open the door.
 (to Lacy)
 What's going on?

LACY
 She's been acting peculiarly since
 you left. Where's our food?

JAMES
 On the table.

LACY
All you brought us are measly
sandwiches?

COLIN
That really sucks.

The LOCK unfastens. James pushes open the door...

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - BATHROOM

... and like us, he is shocked at what he sees: Rebecca cowering in the corner with soaked and bloodshot eyes. Her face is raked with BLOODY fingernail MARKS, hair disheveled, shirt ripped.

James's face goes British pale and he recoils.

JAMES
My God! What the hell happened?

On the other side of the door we HEAR Lacy and Colin.

LACY (O/S)
Jamesy-boy. Te văd prin gaura
cheii. (I see you through the
keyhole.)

REBECCA
Lock the door. LOCK IT!

JAMES
Your face. Your, ah, shirt... What
happened?

REBECCA
I'm so glad you're back. They did
this. They're monsters. Oh, God.
James. I have never seen anything
like them.
(intensely)
They are unholy.

JAMES
Calm down. It's okay.

REBECCA
No, it's not! They are demented!
They are damned!

JAMES
Hon, listen to what you are saying.

REBECCA

YOU LISTEN!

(a pause)

Even angels have trouble recognizing evil when it hides, but these children... I felt it the moment they rounded the corner at the orphanage. Then I knew for certain when I touched Lacy's hand.

(with conviction)

I have seen him without any form, in which no form is seen but he is known to be there.

JAMES

Whatta you driven' at?

REBECCA

Lacy.

JAMES

What about her?

REBECCA

She is Satan.

Horrible understanding dawns on his face. Rebecca breaks down completely, sobbing.

REBECCA

You were right. About everything. We shouldn't have adopted. Those miscarriages, everything, they were God telling me I wasn't supposed to have children.

JAMES

Look, look, hon, hon, slow down -- stop with the religious stuff.

REBECCA

(a pause, then; sadly)

I remember after my sister died mother telling me she had me so she would have someone call her 'mom' that that word was the most loveliest in the entire dictionary.

(a beat)

I wanted to be loved. To have someone call me 'mommy.'

He tries to put an arm around her. She rejects it -- but gently.

REBECCA
I realize I pushed--

JAMES
--You didn't.

REBECCA
I did. I ignored the signs. I
allowed my desires--
(pulls away)
Signs. Oh, my God. Don't you see?

JAMES
See what?

In her eyes we suddenly see that she is beginning to understand things...

REBECCA
The signs. They are all over. In
Azza's office, the books -- the
Bible. Lacy! She orchestrated
this. Look, the rain, the car --
getting us into this hotel...

JAMES
I think we're getting ahead of
ourselves.

REBECCA
Open your eyes. We're not talking
spilt milk. Look at me! We have
to get out of here.

JAMES
I'm with you on that. And the
sooner the better. If we start
driving now we're home--

REBECCA
--No!
(with conviction)
Absolutely not! You can't invite a
demonic spirit into your home. No.
We are taking them back!

JAMES
(scoffs)
Becca, they're not a pair
Timberlands.

REBECCA
For fuck's sakes James they tried
to kill me!

James swallows hard and blinks.

REBECCA
Now are you with me?

LACY (O/S)
These sandwiches are really
pleasant-tasting.

We HEAR faint SCRATCHING on the door and SEE a little FINGER
appear underneath, beckoning.

JAMES
I'm getting to the bottom of this!

James grabs the door handle. The door SQUEAKS opens a few
inches, then SLAMS shut. James grunts and tugs harder.

JAMES
Open this door! COLIN!

Colin whinnies. Lacy giggles. Rebecca is panic stricken.

LACY (O/S)
Colin. Here. Light these
newspapers.

REBECCA
Don't go, James! Don't leave me.

JAMES
Open this damn door. NOW!

REBECCA
There's smoke under the door!

Straining every muscle, James tugs on the door handle. SMOKE
pours under the door. While;

ON THE OTHER SIDE IN THE SUITE --

Colin, wearing his horse mask, is lighting NEWSPAPERS. He
tucks them under the door. Notice the ROPE is tied to the
door handle, tossed over a beam, secured to a table leg.

Lacy dances, throwing sandwiches, smearing them on walls.

COLIN/LACY
"They're coming to take Jamesy-boy
away, ha, ha, he, he, to the funny
farm.."

BACK ON James in the BATHROOM

Smoke is filling the room. His pounding on the door accelerates into a frenzy.

REBECCA
(coughing)
Here. Put these towels under.

James jamming wet TOWELS under the door.

LACY (O/S)
Come out, come out wherever you
are!

James wraps his fingers around the door handle -- looks at Rebecca and pauses -- his adrenaline drives him forward -- grabbing the door handle--

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

--James RIPS OPEN THE DOOR.

Miserably scared, pouring sweat, James confronts Colin.

But the table reverses to an ambush with James the prey--

COLIN
NOW! JUMP ON HIS BACK!

Now things really come unhinged. Like a puma, Lacy POUNCES onto James's back. His body lurches forward off balance.

JAMES
GET OFF ME! GET--

COLIN
Here's the rope! Get it around his
neck, his neck!

And she manages to slip the NOOSE around James's neck.

LACY
(out-of-breath)
Pull it! Tighten the rope!

With the rope in hand, Colin LEAPS off the bed--

LACY
Tie it to that dresser. HURRY
before he escapes!!!!

--Tightening the rope, cinching the noose firmly around James's NECK.

James with a twisted face and bulging eyes finds himself being lift off his feet, suspended two-feet, swaying, gurgling, kicking.

After securing the rope around a table leg, Colin and Lacy park their hands on their hips and beam. Mission success.

LACY

Perfect team work. Look at him flopping about like a fish on a sidewalk.

(baby voice)

Awe, Jamesy-boy is having trouble breaving.

REBECCA (O/S)

JAMES!

Rebecca comes into FRAME. A scream starts to build inside. Her face contorts as Lacy advances. Rebecca scrambles backwards, releasing a full-throat SCREAM.

LACY

(baby voice)

Let's not leave MOMMY out of the fun.

REBECCA

Who are you?

LACY

Who am I? (giggles) I would have suspected a woman of your intellectual prowess, scientific knowledge and Yale education would know. Occasionally, I am wrong.

COLIN

But not too much.

LACY

(tousles Colin's hair;
then to Rebecca)

We are the Reapers of Hell.

REBECCA

Whatta you want?

LACY

You.

Rebecca in fear ... but also a state of near-trance.

LACY

We are descendants from an
extraordinary bloodline fighting
against dreadful spiritual forces
in the heavenly and human realms.
A lineage similar to yours only
much more powerful.

Something about these words uncoils panic and self-loathing
inside Rebecca. Her mind races across memories long
forgotten until now when they are suddenly awakened.

REBECCA

(whispers)

Lilith.

LACY

And we are here to kill you. To
terminate your 'golden' bloodline
forever.

Rebecca's refuge is shattered. She backtracks. Lacy's eyes
turn inhuman, calmly stalking toward Rebecca fondling a red
VELVET CURTAIN ROPE, CHANTING choir-like...

LACY

Souls will burn. Souls will burn.
The children of the dammed.

And Rebecca RACES toward the door, abject terror on her face.
However, staunchly positioned in her path, atop a massive
dresser, is Colin with a REMOTE. He is flipping the LIGHTS
on/off, on/off.

REBECCA

HELP ME!

She BOLTS for the window. Struggles to open it. She can't.

COLIN

I'll light the curtains!

Colin and his Zippo set the curtains AFLAME.

LACY

(singing)

Souls will burn. Souls will burn.

Rebecca snatches a LAMP. HURLS it at the window. Glass
scatters!

In the bg we see James flail with everything he's got. He is
pulling at the rope, trying to loosen the knot or to break
the table leg.

LACY
 (singing)
 The children of the dammed.

FLAMING curtains dance in the wind. Rebecca attempts to climb out the window but Lacy GRABS her hair. JERKS her inside. FLINGS Rebecca against the wall. WHAM!

As Rebecca struggles to her feet, she sees James. Suddenly, the tension in the rope loosens and he drops to the floor with a hard THUD. He lies motionless with BLOOD oozing from a nasty head wound. Now--

Everything is silent a beat until--

Colin YELLS and head-butts Rebecca's from behind. She SCREAMS and topples against the dresser.

Amid the chaos, Rebecca grabs a VASE. She acts fast, slamming it against Colin's head! He yells murder and BLOOD streaks across his mask.

ON Rebecca, hysterical, witnessing Lacy centered on the window, curtains flaming on each side, the enormous cross atop the church burning white in the bg.

Tears stream from Rebecca's eyes. Lacy's voice is operatic, haunting, rising with intensity...

LACY
 (singing)
 SOULS WILL BURN. SOULS WILL BURN.
 THE CHILDREN OF THE DAMMEDDDDDDD.

Then silence for a long beat. Colin is on his knees at Lacy's feet; the red demonic horse's eyes streaked with blood locked on Rebecca's. Clutching the velvet rope, Lacy raises her hands above her head. This shot resembles the *Book of Revelations*: 'Behold a pale horse: and Death sat on him.'

LACY
 "Me miserable! Which way shall I fly? Infinite wrath and infinite despair? Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell; And in the lowest deep a lower deep, still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide to which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

At that moment, Colin raises a lamp high above Rebecca's head. Hold on Rebecca raising her arms to protect her face.

REBECCA

Our Father deliver us from evil!

Colin delivers a crushing blow with Rebecca's skull. There's a THUD as she releases a bloodcurdling CRY. Blood flows from her hairline and begins to pool on the floor. And then, pin-dropping silence for a long pause.

E/I WATERFORD HOTEL - SUITE - MORNING

It is difficult at first to discern what we are seeing. We are outside the suite looking through the broken window. However, something obscures our view.

WALTER

Hello.

As Walter opens the door, the dresser scrapes across the floor. He chuckles at what he discovers.

MUSIC builds.

We follow a black BUTERFLY inside the suite. The room is a complete disaster.

From Walter's viewpoint: we gasp at what we are seeing --

Rebecca is CRUCIFIED against the window; her arms stretched, feet bounded by the velvet rope positioned so perfectly with the church cross out the window. It is a poignant image.

And we HEAR the patter of tiny footsteps thundering across the floor. Lacy and Colin race into Walter's arms. They are freshly bathed and dressed. One would never believe the horror they caused.

WALTER

There you rascals are!

The butterfly lands on Lacy's finger.

LACY

We did just as you said.

COLIN

We bathed, dressed and waited under the bed.

WALTER

Here, let me take those suitcases. We best be getting you back. Azza has a new couple.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
 (looking at Rebecca)
 I'll clean this mess up later.

ON Rebecca. Motionless. There's no way she can be alive. But as the MUSIC builds to a crescendo, and the door closes behind Walter, we faintly HEAR...

REBECCA
 Eternal Father, through the most
 precious blood of Jesus, help me.
 Help me.

TIME DRIPS

Sunlight cascades the room. There is a buzz of activity. PEOPLE in white bio suits search for clues. There's a POLICEMAN at the door and three suited DETECTIVES rove about.

Our attention goes directly to Rebecca seated in a chair, wrapped in a blanket. She is recovering from the initial shock of his resurrection. With brown circles under her eyes and dried blood on her cheek, Rebecca's eyes blink open to...

DETECTIVE SHAWN SILVA, thirties, chiseled and tone. His rep as Rhode Island's State Police's youngest detective is well earned. He proffers Rebecca a WASHCLOTH. She cleans her face.

SILVA
 (softly)
 Mrs. Goldwater. I will ask you
 again. What did you do with your
 husband?

Rebecca is weak. She has difficulty speaking. She is studying the window where earlier she hung.

REBECCA
 Where is James?

SILVA
 That's what I am trying to find
 out.

Rebecca scans the orderly room, sees where James fell.

REBECCA
 Last time I saw him he was right
 there.

SILVA
 Forensics discovered a blood trace.

REBECCA

What's going on? Where are the kids?

SILVA

Children?

REBECCA

Yeah! Lacy and Colin. Where are they?

SILVA

Ma'am, we haven't located any children, nor do we have witnesses stating children occupied this room.

Hearing this, Rebecca frowns. Tossing the blanket, she glares darkly at Silva.

REBECCA

"Occupied?" THEY DID THIS TO ME!

SILVA

There's no need to raise your voice.

REBECCA

They tried to kill me! I think that constitutes my shouting!

(a beat)

They left me for dead.

(pauses, perplexed)

I thought I was dead. I, I should have been dead.

Rebecca lost in a moment.

REBECCA

(to herself)

Lilith.

SILVA

What's that? (Rebecca shakes her head) We will investigate. The local police received a call of a commotion in this room. When we arrived we found traces of blood in the bathroom...

Rebecca doesn't like where this line of questioning is headed.

SILVA

The shower curtain had been ripped down and taken, your husband is missing, under your fingernails is blood and skin. But children, there's no evidence.

Rebecca feels how much she is the outsider, feels vulnerable. Panic is brewing. Silva drums his pen on a notepad.

SILVA

When was the last time you saw your husband?

REBECCA

I, I, don't know. Maybe six. He returned -- the desk clerk! He went down to speak with the desk clerk. He can tell you! We checked in with kids.

With that, Rebecca leaps from her chair, sprints across the room and into the--

HALL - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca studies the suite's room number: 1104. Full panic now. She runs hysterically toward the elevator with Silva trailing...

SILVA

Mrs. Goldwater.

Rebecca shoves an elderly COUPLE aside and is now inside the elevator. The doors are closing. Quickly, Silva manages to wedge his hand between the closing doors.

ELEVATOR

Silva sidles next to Rebecca, shifting uncomfortably.

SILVA

You are being questioned, Mrs. Goldwater. You can't run off.

And there's awkward silence as the car painstakingly makes its descent.

SILVA

Where are you going?

REBECCA

To speak with the desk clerk.

SILVA

According to our records there have been two shift changes.

REBECCA

Then we will call him at home, or check the room occupancy records. I don't know what's going on but what I do know is my loving husband and I checked into this hotel with two adopted demonic children who tried to kill us.

SILVA

Lacy and Colin? What are their ages?

REBECCA

(stutters)

Ah, nine and, a, eight, I think.

(off Silva's look)

We just picked them up. We collected them from the orphanage yesterday morning. We stopped here.

SILVA

What orphanage is that?

REBECCA

Wentworth.

Silva nods and jots the name into his notebook.

REBECCA

Call 'em. In fact, yes, do call them!

SILVA

We will certainly follow up. Why did you stop over here instead returning to Newport?

Right then, the elevator DINGS open.

INT. WATERFORD HOTEL - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - MORNING

Silva steps out and motions Rebecca from the elevator. Rebecca swallows nervously and composes herself. She exits, then stops dead. She has this real bewildered look.

Now we REVERSE to glorious sunlight filling the two-story atrium lobby. Funky music plays for happy PEOPLE buzzing about; stark comparison from hours earlier.

SILVA
Mrs. Goldwater.

Rebecca turns to Silva and smiles feebly. She feels herself losing it. Silva smiles.

SILVA
You mentioned Lilith earlier.
That's a name you don't hear much.
I caught a rerun of *Frasier*...

REBECCA
That was Adam's first wife.

A COUPLE squeezes past and into the elevator. Silva wears a perplexed look as he follows Rebecca across the lobby to the front desk...

Where awaits a striking Asian WOMAN, twenty-five. She looks up from her computer, covering her shock at Rebecca's face.

YOUNG CLERK
Oh. Good morning, Mrs. Goldwater.
Are you okay? Shall I call a
doctor?

REBECCA
Do you know me?

YOUNG CLERK
Of course.

Rebecca sees the Caravaggio has been replaced by a vibrant colored PAINTING of children frolicking in a wheat field.

YOUNG CLERK
You and your husband checked in
yesterday afternoon.

REBECCA
What about the children?

YOUNG CLERK
Sorry.

Rebecca looks at Silva, he returns her look, smiles at Young Clerk.

REBECCA

My husband and I, we had two children with us. Where's the clerk who checked us in? He'll know.

YOUNG CLERK

I, um, I checked you in yesterday.

Rebecca's face drains.

REBECCA

No. There was a man. He had a big nose. And that -- the painting -- it was a Caravaggio.

Young Clerk laughs good-naturadly at Rebecca's 'joke.'

YOUNG CLERK

That painting was commissioned by a local artist. It has hung in that exact location since the hotel opened fifteen years ago.

Rebecca's face misshapes thinking she is going bonkers. The Young Clerk gives Rebecca a look of deep sympathy.

SILVA

Hello. I'm detective Silva with the state police. Could we see Mrs. Goldwater's registration?

YOUNG CLERK

Of course.

Young Clerk turns the COMPUTER toward Silva.

YOUNG CLERK

See. Right here. They checked in a 4:48. Room 1104. 2 adults. No children. No pets. No luggage.

SILVA

Any phone calls or room service?

YOUNG CLERK

No.

Rebecca listens in strained silence.

SILVA

Was there anything particular you noticed about the couple when they checked in?

YOUNG CLERK

Nothing out of the ordinary,
except...

SILVA

Go ahead.

YOUNG CLERK

Well. Mrs. Goldwater had a cut on
her forehead and looked, ah, out-of-
sorts.

SILVA

Tell me about Mr. Goldwater.

YOUNG CLERK

He was nice. But he seemed
preoccupied or agitated.

SILVA

In what way?

YOUNG CLERK

It's hard to say. Again, he was
nice, but his expressions and
tone...

SILVA

Like he was angry. Perhaps had
been in an argument.

REBECCA

You're putting words into her
mouth. James and I did not argue.
There was nothing wrong!
(to Young Clerk)
And you weren't even here!

YOUNG CLERK

(hesitantly)

I did hear Mrs. Goldwater raise her
voice in the elevator.

Rebecca throws up her arms. Sighs.

SILVA

Do you know why?

YOUNG CLERK

All I could make out was something
about the room and not to push all
the elevator buttons.

SILVA
 (to Rebecca)
 Did Mr. Goldwater push all the
 elevator buttons?

REBECCA
 You are incorrigible. No, he did
 not. Colin tried and I told him
 sternly but calmly to stop.
 (a beat)
 She's lying! Don't you believe me?

SILVA
 Of course, I do.

REBECCA
 Don't be condescending. I am
 married to James Goldwater.
 Yesterday we adopted two children,
 Lacy and Colin. There was a rain
 storm which caused us to check into
 this hotel. I'm telling you the
 truth. How could I have done this
 to myself?

SILVA
 I am not insinuating you did.

REBECCA
 James would never touch me.

SILVA
 Ma'am, there are a lot of
 unanswered questions and
 circumstances that, truthfully,
 well, that don't add up.

YOUNG CLERK
 Excuse me. I checked yesterday's
 weather. There were no rain storms
 within two hundred miles.

Rebecca is on her last nerve, hit with a sinking feeling.

And now for the sucker punch--

MOTHER (O/S)
 Come, Millicent.

Rebecca pivots and looks with anxiety in her eyes. She is
 looking at Millicent in her red dress accompanied by her
 MOTHER (30). They are not apparitions.

REBECCA

That girl.

And Rebecca GRABS Millicent's arm and spins her around. Her Mother shrieks. Millicent recoils and cries out:

MILLICENT

Ouch. Mommy!

MOTHER

What on earth are you doing?

SILVA

Mrs. Goldwater...

MOTHER

Let go of my daughter.

Rebecca releases the girl's arm. Mother and Millicent stride across the lobby.

SILVA

Mrs. Goldwater. We should go.

REBECCA

That girl. She was... Go where?

SILVA

I believe it's best if we continue our questioning at the station.

REBECCA

Are you mad? Are you arresting me?

SILVA

At this time, no, just routine investigation on what, hopefully, is only a missing persons case.

REBECCA

What's that supposed to mean?

His face says this is very serious.

SILVA

There appears to be elements of potential foul play...

REBECCA

(hit with a thought)

Hey! When your officers came into the room how did they find me? Where was I? What was I doing?

SILVA

Officer Johns reported you were seated in a chair by the window calmly looking out.

REBECCA

And that's it?

(Silva nods)

And the room looked just like it does now?

(Silva nods)

Then why are you here? Why would a detective from the state police be called? You had to search for the bloodstain ... a ripped curtain, really?

Silva stands looking at her, thinking about this quite deeply, wondering if perhaps he had been set up.

REBECCA

Who reported James missing? I didn't!

(points to Young Clerk)

Did she? Then who?

(eyes locked on Silva)

Think about it down the line. Doesn't it seem rather stage, DECTECTIVE? For all we know my husband could be in the car, the store -- he left me. Yet you are told he's missing.

SILVA

Someone from the P.D. phoned my office...

REBECCA

Who? I want to know the name of the person.

Right then a police OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

Is this yours, ma'am? We found it on the floor.

Rebecca takes the necklace in her hand and sinks. She is staring at the separated hearts of her necklace, confused and grief-stricken.

SILVA

I, I can find out. In the meantime, I'd like to continue our discussion at the station.

Rebecca is lost in reverie.

SILVA

Mrs. Goldwater.

REBECCA

Rebecca.

SILVA

You can shower and we'll find you some fresh clothes. Please, Rebecca.

Hold ON their involved eyes... a faint trace of trust established.

SILVA

When I mentioned Lilith, you didn't mean Adam from the...?

REBECCA

I did.

Now we TRACK with Rebecca and Silva across the lobby, glimpsing a FIGURE in the corner. His face is hidden behind a newspaper. We SEE only his RING, an amethyst stone inlaid in gold worn only by a bishop ... before fading to...

INT. WENTWORTH ORPHANGE - PRIVATE DINNING ROOM - DUSK

There is an enormous fireplace with roaring fire. Two silhouettes are parked at a small table across from each other. One is Lacy, the other is Luna. They are playing chess.

LACY

Check mate.

We SEE only a few pieces have been removed from the board. Pulling back, light flickers across the girl's faces.

LUNA

No one has ever beaten me in five moves.

LACY

I am the best.

LUNA

Funny, that's what they say about me.

Lacy throws a challenging stare to Luna then rises. She giggles at Colin tearing ravenously into a MARSHMALLOW bag.

COLIN

Want some?

Lacy, Luna and Colin begin roasting marshmallows, when a faintly glowing, ethereal shape enters. This is SOMEONE, the bearer of devastating news.

Instantly Lacy leaps to her feet. She bows. Someone whispers in her ear. Lacy recoils, crestfallen. Someone exits.

COLIN

(to Lacy)

Your marshmallow is ready.

At that moment, with a simple wave of her hand, Lacy sends the marbled chess pieces ZINGING across the room. One-by-one they ping into the wall. With another wave, the sofa FLIES into the fire -- immense flames illuminate the room.

Luna stands motionless with admiring eyes, while Colin seeks shelter under the table.

The MUSIC rises as we stay ON Lacy stroking her blonde hair, transfixed on the flames, her mind working -- something about her is mesmerizing, something about her makes us wonder if perhaps she was the girl at the top of the story.

And then she breaks the fourth wall -- looks directly at us with a smile that makes us really like her, as we...

FADE OUT:

TO BE CONTINUED