

THE ORACLE READER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL OF DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - SUNSET

Overcast skies, the Space Needle, Puget Sound, Pike Place Market, all the touristy spots.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - SUNSET

Rows and rows of grave markers; it's a popular place.

Near a small clump of trees, CAM HARTLEY (60s), podcaster extraordinaire, his twisty moustache in contrast to the patterned scarf around his neck, kneels beside a faded tombstone.

He reaches out, his fingers trace across the stone-hewn words, "LEOTA NELL HARTLEY, Dec. 28th, 1899 ~ August 23rd, 1972".

Under this, "Death is but the next Great Adventure".

CAM

Always the believer.

PORTLAND RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Don't dead people scare you?

INT. PORTLAND RADIO STATION - DAY

Two glass enclosed booths with sound equipment, desks, and swing-boom microphones. A PORTLAND RADIO HOST (50's), Jabba the Hut in leaner times, his lips on the mic.

PORTLAND RADIO HOST

I mean, c'mon... your hometown of Seattle even has a graveyard beneath the city streets. Generates over a mil a year. Us lowlifes down here in Portland can't compete with that. That's not scary?

In another booth, a lip-glossed, botoxed, ready-to-take-the-stage woman smirks.

RACHEL

Seattle is unique and my home, but Portland loves me, Ronnie... they need me here.

This is RACHEL MENENDEZ (50's), aka MYSTERIA, one of South America's best exports. Her every gesture, her every look, is calculated, rehearsed, all for grand effect.

The Radio Host smiles back.

PORTLAND RADIO HOST

There's no love lost with you and Cam Hartley. But I'd agree he needs you as much as you need him. I understand he even travels across the country and doesn't miss one of your gigs.

Rachel's toothy veneer cracks just a bit.

RACHEL

Let's not rummage in the trash bin, sweetie. He means nothing... he's dead to me.

PORTLAND RADIO HOST

But the dead are what makes you millions at every performance --

RACHEL

Telekinetic channeling, my dear. I don't perform, I am the organic bridge between life and death.

INT. PORTLAND - PROVIDENCE PARK - CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Three walls of Star Trekian displays, lights and mechanical SOUNDS, the fourth glass wall overlooks the stage below.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

And this bridge, it never breaks?  
A soul never oozes off the edge?

TECHIES work various tech stations, headsets on, at one console, the seated MAIN TECH stares at a playback monitor.

OFF SCREEN

YOUNG BOY (O.S)

Mommy... why did you leave me?

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh, honey... mommy's right here. I never left you... I'll always be with you.

The Main Tech raises his hand.

MAIN TECH

That was perfect, Bonnie. Just make sure you wait for him to ask the question.

Behind the Main Tech, a demure YOUNG WOMAN in a robe, two sheets of white makeup protector paper draped around her robe collar, nods back.

YOUNG WOMAN

And I get paid at the end of the show?

MAIN TECH

Yep... just do your part.

INT. PORTLAND RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rachel leans into the mic, her best Oscar stealing smile.

RACHEL

Honey, it only breaks when you fail to believe.

EXT. PROVIDENCE PARK - EVENING

Thousands of cars surround the oval Coliseum, people scurry and rush toward the main entrance, the digital Marquee display reads, "MYSTERIA: TWO NIGHTS ONLY", the words, "DO YOU BELIEVE?" below it.

The Marquee includes a PHOTO of Rachel, a sliver sequined Mysteria outfit, an expensive smile, her arms upraised.

INT. PROVIDENCE PARK - FLOOR SEATS - EVENING

Thirty thousand seats, thirty-thousand BELIEVERS, young, old, professional, mundane, their hopeful eyes and brain-washed grins focused on that same silver-sequined Rachel down on the center rotunda.

INSIDE THE CONTROL BOOTH

A Techie blender of activity, the Main Tech raises a finger...

MAIN TECH

Cue lights... prep the kid holo.

## ON THE ROTUNDA

Spotlight beams intersect Rachel, her outfit bedazzles a thousand points of light... a sparkle matched only by the one in her eyes.

MYSTERIA  
Do. You. Believe?

THE CROWD  
Yes!

MYSTERIA  
And what do we believe in?

THE CROWD  
The power of love!

MYSTERIA  
And what does our love of power  
bring us?

THE CROWD  
The ones we lost!

Mysteria fast walks the perimeter of the round stage, her gaze searches for her next believer. She stops, raises a hand, palm up, turns her head, a

## TINY EARPIECE

Barely visible inside one ear, she closes her eyes...

MAIN TECH (V.O.)  
(in her ear)  
Row ten, left middle seats.

Mysteria's palm sweeps left...

MYSTERIA  
Here... I sense there is great  
suffering... a tragedy... a boy...  
he --

Ten rows back, a YOUNG WOMAN jumps to her feet, her eyes wide, tears stream.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yes! Yes! My Benny, he was only  
eleven.

The Crowd GASPS. Mysteria never breaks pose, eyes closed.

MYSTERIA

So, so young... to be taken so soon... but not forgotten.

YOUNG WOMAN

No, never.

THE CROWD

(whispers)

Never forgotten.

Mysteria flicks her fingers.

MYSTERIA

Come to me.

The Young Woman makes her way to the rotunda, the Crowd urges her on, chants.

THE CROWD

Believe. Believe. Believe.

IN THE CROWD

Chantless, Cam's unbelieving eyes track Mysteria down

ON THE ROTUNDA

The Young Woman steps up, Mysteria raises her arms to the Crowd, their chant grows LOUDER.

Mysteria turns, hands on the Young Woman's shoulders, her eyes locked on the hopeful face.

MYSTERIA

Do you want to see him again?

A vigorous nod from her, Mysteria sweeps her arms outward.

MYSTERIA

Do we all want to see Benny again?

Half the Crowd cheers, the rest continue the chant; it crescendos. Mysteria turns back to the Young Woman.

MYSTERIA

Shall we call him home?

YOUNG WOMAN

Please... I'll do anything.

Mysteria joins hands with her, arches back, her face skyward, eyes closed.

MAIN TECH (V.O.)  
Go to spirit light blue... kid holo  
in five, four... cue Evan...  
three...

The spotlights soften to blue, the Crowd goes silent.

The Young Woman's hands in hers, Mysteria lolls her head side-to-side, her arms push outward, their joined hands create a circle between them.

Her words soft, commanding, intoxicating.

MYSTERIA  
We are here, Benjamin. Our love  
calls to you from beyond... calls  
to you from your mother's heart.  
Come to us, Benjamin... come to us!

Within their circled arms, the air SHIMMERS, swirls. At first, a dusty shadow, it slowly coalesces into the

BLURRED SHAPE OF A YOUNG BOY

The Crowd is transfixed, silence but the WHOOSH of air from the forming shape.

YOUNG BOY  
(his voice tinny, far  
away)  
Mommy... where are you? I... I  
can't see you.

The Young Woman weeps, stares at the apparition, the Crowd murmurs their amazement.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Ben... Benny... I'm right here,  
pumpkin. It's been so long... are  
you okay?

The Shape continues to swirl, the small head centers on the Young Woman.

YOUNG BOY  
Mommy... I wanna come home... I  
miss you.

From within the Swirl, a low, LOOMING HOWL bleeds out.

Suddenly, the Boy's Shape shifts, loses definition, short little arms reach outward.

YOUNG WOMAN

Benny, honey... we can bring you home.

YOUNG BOY

Mommy!

The Young Woman lunges toward the wavering boy's image.

YOUNG WOMAN

Run, honey! Run to Mommy!

A FLASH of BLUE LIGHT, the Boy disintegrates and vanishes, the Young Woman falls to her knees, one hand still held by the triumphant Mysteria.

Mysteria faces the Crowd, raises her other hand.

MYSTERIA

Do. You. Believe?

MUSIC THUNDERS, laser lights slice through the air, the Crowd erupts, a few faces not so convinced.

INT. PROVIDENCE PARK - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Rachel fast walks down a hallway, an ENTOURAGE OF ASSISTANTS trail behind, barely keep up.

She rips off her sequined earrings, tosses them backward, a Female Assistant scrambles to catch them mid air.

RACHEL

What the fuck was that, Turk?

Walking beside her, TURK BINGHAM (31), slick hair, slick suit, slick personality, he shrugs.

TURK

Hell if I know. Evan knew the routine... Jesus, we rehearsed it enough times.

Mysteria halts, turns on Turk, finger-jabs his chest.

RACHEL

We had another eight minutes of material... you tell Evan if he starts fucking with my routine and so help me, I'll --

CAM (O.S.)  
 Material? And here I thought we  
 were all communicating with the  
 dearly departed.

Rachel and the entourage all spin to face Cam.

Leaned against a wall, Cam's smug, mustached face grins back.  
 Rachel's eyes never waver, her displeasure steams, she juts  
 nose-to-nose with Cam.

RACHEL  
 Care to join 'em, asshole?

CAM  
 Yes, let's not forget how good you  
 are at turning the living into the  
 dead.

RACHEL  
 She was a suicide and you know it.

Cam bristles.

CAM  
 She believed in you... to much...  
 then realized it was all a ruse.  
 Seems to me you've got all the made  
 up dead people you need without  
 killing the ones we love.

Turk moves between them, hands raised toward Cam.

TURK  
 Hold on everyone. Mister Hartley,  
 you'd best leave... however you got  
 back here.

RACHEL  
 You fucking bastard, I'm gonna --

Turk spins.

TURK  
 Rachel, not now... not here.

She simmers, glances around, recovers then nods.

TURK  
 C'mon, the jet's waiting.

Cam watches Turk guide/shove Rachel down the hall.

CAM  
 Clock's ticking, Rachel, and the  
 show's about to end.

The Entourage files past Cam whose eyes lock with one particular, Goth-decked TEEN in the group, a brief recognition.

The Teen tips his head ever so slightly. Cam reaches up, flicks the curls of his moustache, grins.

EXT. PROVIDENCE PARK - PARKING LOT - LATER

Backpack on his shoulder, Cam walks toward some parked cars.

BEHIND HIM

Three LIMOS ROAR past, SCREAMING FANS to either side, cellphones in hand, PHOTO FLASHES illuminate the back seat occupants

INSIDE THE LIMO

The scarf-wrapped head and dark sunglasses face of Rachel glares back.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)  
 (whispers)  
 Over here.

CAM

Turns, searches between a row of cars.

CAM  
 The boogie woman's gone kid.

Two cars over, the Goth boy's head rises from behind a car trunk. This is EVAN WILLOWS (20s), black eyeliner, piercings galore, a wardrobe that resembles a good-will clothing blender that exploded.

Cam motions him over.

EVAN  
 Man... she scares the crap outta me.

CAM  
 All right, Evan... whaddya got?

Evan holds up a small THUMB DRIVE, grips it tightly.

EVAN

You said three thousand.

CAM

I said... up to three. Depends what's on the drive. Now, hand it over and we'll talk.

Evan hesitates, glances at the drive.

EVAN

I want ten.

Cam lunges for the drive, Evan jumps back behind the car.

CAM

God damnit, son... what I saw tonight isn't worth ten grand, maybe not even one.

Evan brandishes the thumb drive.

EVAN

Not tonight. This... is what happened in rehearsal three nights ago.

Cam shakes his head.

CAM

Look... unless you've got real spooks on that thing... the deal's off.

Evan puffs.

EVAN

Better. It's the whole act, all the players... plus the dead kid's mom talking with Rachel and Turk before tonight's show.

CAM

No shit. You can see her face?

Evan nods.

EVAN

And something else. What you saw tonight... at the end... wasn't part of the act.

CAM  
Yeah, it seemed off.

EVAN  
The dead kid... it wasn't fake.

Cam snickers.

CAM  
Kiddo, the psychic lemonade stand  
has finally sugared your brain.  
What I saw was a well-played hoax.

Evan shakes his head.

EVAN  
That's me, remember, that's the  
part... my voice, my movements, my  
programming.

CAM  
What, you want a nomination for  
special effects?

EVAN  
That last part where he screamed  
for his mommy... that shit was  
real.

INT. RACHEL'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Turk stares at a laptop screen.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN

A VIDEO plays of Rachel on stage with the Young Woman moments  
before the swirling apparition vanishes.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)  
Mommy... I wanna come home... I  
miss you.

Rachel THWACKS the screen.

RACHEL  
See, right there. That miss you  
crap. I want him fired.

Turk peers closely at the Video, tilts his head. The same  
looming HOWL barely audible.

TURK  
Do you hear that?

RACHEL  
I hear a fucked up show going down  
the toilet.

Turk taps a key, the VIDEO VOLUME rises. He listens.

TURK  
There! Right at the end... when he  
looks behind.

FROM THE VIDEO

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)  
Mommy! I wanna come home --

In the background, MULTIPLE OTHER VOICES WHISPER.

MULTIPLE VOICES (V.O.)  
We are here... command us back...  
we are ready...

Startled, Rachel leans back.

RACHEL  
Holy crap.

INT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE HI-RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spartan, no photos, no TV, almost museum like. A large DINING TABLE with 8 chairs, the top a cluttered mess; never used.

Panoramic windows overlook Puget Sound, speckled with moving ferry boat lights; pricey real estate.

AT THE OPEN WINDOW

A comfy chair enwraps a blanketed Cam, a large cat curled at his feet. On a table beside him, a half-eaten frozen dinner next to an over-flowing cigar ashtray.

In his lap, a MEMORY BOOK lies open, a collage of news clippings and faded photos.

IN ONE PHOTO

An ELDERLY BLACK LADY, (70s), in a paisley dress accented by a colorful hat and dainty white gloves stands beside a younger Mysteria.

The caption reads: "LEOTA HARTLEY, MOTHER OF FAMED SPIRIT DEBUNKER, CAM HARTLEY, FOUND DEAD THREE HOURS AFTER ATTENDING A MYSTERIA SHOW."

Cam PUFFS, pets the cat, the cat PURRS.

OFF SCREEN: a ferry horn BELLOWS. Cam pets the cat.

CAM

Well, Gabriel... the horn has finally blown.

Another PUFF, another PURR. Contentment.

CAM

Soon, she won't have anyone... or anything... as it should be.

INT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - DAY

In one booth, Cam, headphones on, leans into the mic, his voice silky smooth.

CAM

What we all witnessed last night was simply a well rehearsed, state-of-the-art, digital con. The video we obtained from an anonymous source clearly shows a specific intent to falsely claim that Ms. Menendez can contact and summon your dead loved ones.

In the other Booth, the RADIO HOST waves at Cam.

RADIO HOST

Wow, Cam... that's a serious accusation. Are you ready to back that up?

CAM

We already have. Just go to our website at cam-4-justice dot com, and you can watch the video. Join in on what two million others have already discovered...

Rachel Menendez, a la Mysteria,  
isn't so mysterious after all.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
You fucking bastard!

INT. LUXURY PRIVATE JET - 30000 FEET - DAY

Turk and a few of the Entourage, some asleep, including Evan in the back, fill the leather seats. Seated beside Turk, Rachel stares at

A LAPTOP SCREEN

In her lap, a video of Cam talking to the Radio Host is paused.

RACHEL  
I'm gonna cut his nuts off!

The Entourage jolts awake. Rachel glares at Turk.

RACHEL  
Who's responsible for this... this, betrayal? You have to stop this and stop it now! Do you understand me?

TURK  
Rachel, I think we should all relax and --

Rachel jumps up, the laptop CLUNKS to the floor, she towers over Turk, her hand squeezes the top of his seat, she leans in.

RACHEL  
You find the little shit...  
(glances back at the  
Entourage)  
...whichever one did this and --

TURK  
You're over-reacting.

Rachel SLAPS Turk.

RACHEL  
Fucking bring the bastard to me.

Rachel glances back at the Entourage, scans each face for a tell. They all look away, mortified.

RACHEL  
 Whichever one of you did this,  
 you're gonna wish you were as dead  
 as Benny.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA (SEATTLE)- SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A flurry of uniformed staff, security, and stage hands roll black equipment cases. Evan, cellphone to his ear, slides along one wall, his eyes dart, check the area.

From the ceiling speakers...

MAIN TECH (O.S.)  
 Curtain in thirty, folks.

EVAN  
 (to phone)  
 Hold on...

Evan opens a door marked, "UTILITY", and slips

INSIDE THE ROOM

Locks the door, removes a hidden paper bag from behind a cabinet, he peers inside the bag.

EVAN  
 I can't do this. She's gone all  
 psycho-rama. Even Turk can't crawl  
 outta her ass fast enough. It's  
 too dangerous.

CAM  
 (on phone)  
 We need to drive the stake deeper,  
 go for the kill. This'll stop her  
 once and for all.

Evan leans back, bangs his head against the door.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

CAM  
 (on phone)  
 Shit, is someone else there?

EVAN  
 What? No... look, I'll do what I  
 can. Ten thousand, right?

CAM  
 (on phone)  
 If it's as good as the first, then  
 yes. Follow the plan.

MAIN TECH (O.S.)  
 Twenty-five minutes to curtain.

EVAN  
 I gotta go.

CAM  
 (on phone)  
 Evan, wait. Remember to wait until  
 the crowd has --

Evan ends the call, peers into the paper bag.

EVAN  
 Never should've left Julliard. I'm  
 so fucked.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - FLOOR SEATS - SAME TIME

Cam looks at his cellphone.

CAM  
 Shit.

He stuffs it into his pocket and looks out

ACROSS THE ARENA

Seventeen thousand packed seats. MUSIC JAMS, laser lights  
 cut the air, the intensity and anticipation palpable.

Cam moves along the side wall, one hand slides along the  
 walkway railing, he barely notices a Cardigan-wearing ELDERLY  
 MAN, who leans against the wall.

ELDERLY MAN  
 Let them come to me and do not  
 hinder them, for to such belongs  
 the kingdom of heaven.

Cam stops, locks on the Elderly Man.

CAM  
 Beg your pardon?

The Elderly Man raises his hand, in it

A RED APPLE

He takes a CHOMP, nods at the stage below.

ELDERLY MAN

Even Satan disguises himself as an  
angel of light.

CAM

Excuse me.

Cam brushes him off, moves forward a few steps.

CAM

Whole friggin' place if full of  
kooks.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

And his servants disguise  
themselves as messengers of  
righteousness.

Cam looks back at the Elderly Man who squints, his

PUPILS

A faint sparkle of RED glow through horn-rimmed glasses.

ELDERLY MAN

Their end will correspond to their  
deeds.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Believers, please take your seats.

A momentary glance down at the stage, Cam turns back to the  
Elderly Man.

He's vanished.

Only the RED APPLE, a bite missing, sits propped on the  
walkway railing.

CAM

What the hell?

The Music fades, the lights dim, the CROWD SHUSHES one  
another, then silence.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, believers of  
all ages... I give you... Mysteria!

A single bright beam of BLUE LIGHT shoots straight down on

THE CENTER OF THE EMPTY STAGE

MYSTERIA (O.S.)  
Do. You. Believe?

THE CROWD  
Yes!

MYSTERIA (O.S.)  
And what do you believe in?

THE CROWD  
Mysteria!

The Beam of Blue Light rotates into a tornado cloud, GREEN and BLUE PARTICLES appear, obscure the contents of the Beam.

THE CROWD  
Believe. Believe. Believe.

INSIDE THE BEAM OF BLUE LIGHT

The Particles take shape, a SULTRY FORM comes into focus. The Form raises its arms skyward and...

SNAP.

Mysteria materializes inside the Beam.

MYSTERIA  
Hello, Believers! It's good to be  
back in the promised land.

MUSIC THUNDERS, LASER LIGHTS pepper the Crowd who go WILD.

TWENTY FEET AWAY

Cam shakes his head.

CAM  
Unbelievable.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - CONTROL BOOTH - LATER

Techies hard at work, calm, focused. The Main Tech waves a hand...

MAIN TECH  
Three minutes to the old man holo.  
Lights to spirit blue in three,  
two...

## DOWN ON THE STAGE

Mysteria guides an ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN (80s) across the stage, her CANE TAP, TAP, TAPS as she walks, her blue polka-dot blouse hugs her voluptuousness.

Mysteria offers her a seat on a stool. One hand on the Woman's shoulder, Mysteria gives a warm smile.

MYSTERIA

Now Mabel, how long has Grady been passed?

MABEL

Oh, 'bout twelve years now... ever since the happ'nin.

MYSTERIA

Yes... something about a train?

MABEL

Fifty years a railman with northern pacific, and never... never nothing like this. Awful... just awful.

Mysteria takes a few steps, turns, scans the Crowd. Her eyes lock on Cam, she doesn't move.

MYSTERIA

But you believe?

MABEL (O.S)

Course I do... that's why I'm here.

THE CROWD

(whispers)

Believe. Believe. Believe.

MYSTERIA

No matter what others may say?

MABEL (O.S)

Non-believers... they don't got what you got.

MYSTERIA

Exactly.

Mysteria grins, spins around, her arms sweep the Crowd.

MYSTERIA

And what do we have?

THE CROWD

The power of love!

MYSTERIA

And love gives us the power to  
bring them back! Do you want to  
bring back Grady?

THE CROWD

Bring him back, bring him back.

Mysteria returns to the seated Mabel, grasps her hands, extends her arms to create the circle, lifts Mabel to her feet.

They slow-walk to the center of the stage. Mysteria arches back, her eyes close...

MAIN TECH (V.O.)

Go to spirit light blue... Grady  
holo in three, two...

The spotlights soften to blue, the Crowd goes silent.

Mysteria lolls her head side-to-side.

MYSTERIA

We are here, Grady. Our love calls  
to you from beyond... calls to you  
from Mabel's broken heart. Come to  
us, Grady... come to us!

Within their circled arms, the blue air shimmers, swirls. It slowly coalesces into the blurred shape of GRADY, slightly hunched, a CONDUCTOR'S CAP on his head.

GRADY

(his voice tired, muffled)  
Who's there? You got a ticket?  
Can't ride without no ticket.

Mabel gasps, her eyes wide, locked on the Grady.

MABEL

Grady, that you? You on da train?

GRADY

Mabel? I hear you, but my eyes  
don't see you. Where you at?

MABEL

Here... right c'here, fool. You're  
safe... not a'hurt'in?

From within the swirling blue cloud, a distant TRAIN HORN BLOWS.

GRADY

Course I'm safe old woman. Ain't  
nothing gonna happen to me.

The Train Horn BLOWS again, much louder, closer. Grady looks back, holds his hand above his eyes.

UP IN THE CONTROL BOOTH

MAIN TECH

What the hell?

He flips a switch, pulls his mic close.

MAIN TECH

Rachel, that's not us. End it now.

ON THE STAGE

Mysteria's eyes fly open, she stares at Grady.

GRADY

Somethin's coming, Mabel. Not  
right... ain't no other trains  
s'posed to be on this track.

Between the two Women, a large, SHADOWY SHAPE passes across Grady, a MUFFLED MOAN fades in and out with the Shadowy Shape's movement.

MABEL

Grady! Get off da' train, right  
now. Jump if you have too!

The Train Horn BLASTS, the SOUND WAVES cause Grady's Shape to waiver.

Mysteria pulls on Mabel's hand to release her, but Mabel holds tight, a frantic look.

MABEL

(to Mysteria)  
No, don't you let go o 'him.  
(to Grady)  
Run, Grady! 'fore it's --

The Train Horn BLARES, a blinding RED light fills the air around Grady, his arms raised in fear.

GRADY

Oh, my Lord! It can't be, it can't  
be! You ain't s'posed to be here!

MABEL

Grady! No!

Grady's Shape screams in terror.

A GIGANTIC TRAIN SLAMS into Grady, obliterates him into a  
million PARTICLES OF LIGHT that SPRAY outward into the Crowd.

In mid air

THE PARTICLES

Tumble and MORPH into

BLOODY GRADY BRAIN BITS

That SPLATTER the nearby Crowd.

Mabel releases Mysteria, crumples to the ground.

Mysteria stumbles backward, horrified.

Silence.

Three, two, one...

BEDLAM ERUPTS. Bloodied people scream, scramble and knock  
one another over to flee.

UP IN THE CONTROL BOOTH

MAIN TECH

Shit! Somebody get her outta  
there!

DOWN IN THE AUDIENCE

Cam rushes and leaps up on stage, grabs the frozen-in-place  
Mysteria, glances out into the audience.

Along one wall, standing stone still, eyes on Cam

THE CARDIGAN CLAD OLD MAN

Grins, his pupils flash a RED GLOW, he takes a large bite from the red apple, grins.

TURK (O.S.)  
For God's sake, get her ass back here.

Cam glances toward a curtained entry

TURK

Motions at Cam to move toward him.

Cam stands with Mysteria in his arms, looks back where the Old Man was standing.

He's gone.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Turk cradles Rachel, her face a distant stare. Frenzied Workers of all types dash around.

Cam peeks out from behind the main curtain and

INTO THE ARENA

Almost empty, a few SECURITY PERSONNEL assist trampled people, help them to their feet.

OVER CAM'S SHOULDER

Fifty yards away in one of the main exits, Mabel stares back, waves her cane.

Cam nods, TAPS his watch. Mabel exits. Cam turns back to Turk and a shocked Rachel.

RACHEL  
What was that? It... it seemed so real.

TURK  
Probably just one of the Techs going too far with the programming.

CAM

I'd say we're well beyond computer glitches. What you did out there, people are hurt... maybe worse.

A defeated Rachel raises her head, her sequined outfit ripped, her hair a mess, one earring missing.

RACHEL

I... I felt it... the power, the heat from the train... it was real.

CAM

Nonsense. That was all the lies and deceit finally catching up to you. The charade's over, Rachel.

Rachel lunges, grips Cam's shoulders.

RACHEL

I'm telling you, it was real! I crossed over... over to, to... to the spirit world, all of it... it's not fake... not anymore.

TURK

Rachel, we shouldn't --

Rachel spins on Turk.

RACHEL

Proof! We have proof! She was right there, ask her... I could see it in her eyes. Find her! Find Mabel! We've got to, to... hold a press conference, tell them how powerful I really am.

Cam glances at his watch.

CAM

I think it's too late for that.

EXT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - MAIN ENTRY - NIGHT

EMERGENCY VEHICLES, PRESS VANS, REPORTERS, POLICE. Hundreds of people from inside mill about, some sit on the ground attended by PARAMEDICS, GRADY BITS still evident, others stagger in a mumbled daze.

A REPORTER points at the Main Entry Doors.

REPORTER #1  
There! There she is!

The Crowd swarms toward the entry where

MABEL

Stands, cane by her side. The Reporters envelope her, pepper her with questions. Police manage to put some space between her and the hounds.

Video Cameras up, cameras FLASH, Mabel holds up one hand to shield the POPPING STROBES.

MABEL  
Hold on, now... gimme some room.

REPORTER #1  
Mabel... what happened in there?  
We have eye-witness reports that  
someone was killed on stage. Is  
that true, did Mysteria kill  
someone?

REPORTER #2  
Was it Grady? Your dead husband?

Mabel raises her hand again.

MABEL  
No, that weren't my Grady. The Lord  
ain't made no man good enough to  
die twice... that was --

REPORTER #1  
What? If it wasn't Grady, then  
what was it?

MABEL  
A fake.

Stunned silence.

Mabel reaches up, removes a set of dentures from her mouth, holds them out.

MABEL  
Ain't none of us a huner'ed percent  
what you think. You see what she  
wants you to believe.

REPORTER #1  
But we saw it happen.

Mabel grins, real shiny teeth show through, she unfurls from her old lady hunchback, stands erect, lets the cane drop to her side.

MABEL

Cuz, ain't none of it real...

Mabel reaches up, shoves her fingers below the neckline of her polka-dot blouse, grips something and pulls.

In slow-motion, Mabel pulls back her skin, peels it up across her face, wig and all to reveal...

The man behind the mask: Evan.

Cameras FLASH, Reporters shout, the Police push back.

INT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - MORNING

Cam sits in one of the glass booths, headphones in place. The Radio Host occupies the other booth.

RADIO HOST

So, let me get this straight.  
Someone convinced this kid --

CAM

Evan Willows.

RADIO HOST

Right, Evan... not only did he pull it off, but he was one of the programmers who designed these... these --

CAM

Fake entities, false spirits.

RADIO HOST

Uh huh, right. It's all part of this deep fake technology that we're hearing so much about.

CAM

Yes, exactly. They were able to digitally copy someone's face, say a young boy, and then encode it onto another actor's face. So all the movements, the nuances of the actor's face appear to be those of the young boy.

RADIO HOST

A dead young boy.

CAM

In this instance, yes. Ms. Menendez and her team would gain access to photos of the deceased via social media then, using the deep fake encoding process, bring them back to life... making millions off vulnerable people.

RADIO HOST

My guess is that you're not very welcome in the Mysteria camp right now.

Cam chuckles, leans in.

CAM

Oh, I believe there are people far more important than me who feel the cash cow mat has been jerked out from under them.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - BOAT DOCK DECK - DAY

Contemporary, glass walls, metal rails, and a view of Lake Washington to die for. A CIGARETTE SPEEDBOAT, the name "Mysteria II" across the stern, and two other watercraft stand ready to rumble.

On the expansive deck around the boat house, Rachel, in sunglasses, Turk, and a grey-haired man in a cashmere jacket, BURL DEVLIN (70s), drinks in hand, their chairs surround a blazing firepit.

BURL

They're dropping like flies.

TURK

Even Bezos? Christ, him of all people. His beliefs make scientology seem like the girl scouts.

Rachel drunk waves her drink.

RACHEL

Bobo, bozo... who cares. With what I can do now, we'll find true believers.

Turk and Burl exchange a look. Rachel catches it, stands, walks to a service cart, pours another, her back to them.

RACHEL  
You're both pussys, you know that?

BURL  
I think it's time you face reality,  
Rachel.

RACHEL  
Hah!

She turns.

RACHEL  
Don't you get it? Reality is what  
I make it. You just wait until  
Salt Lake.

She plops down in her chair, takes a gulp.

RACHEL  
I'll give those homophobic, racist,  
two wives are better than one  
bastards a dose of latter day life.

TURK  
Salt Lake cancelled this morning.

A moment.

RACHEL  
Fuck 'em. We'll double the ticket  
prices on the rest of the tour.

BURL  
All major sponsors have pulled out.  
It's over, Rachel.

Rachel flings her glass across the deck, it SMASHES against a rock wall.

RACHEL  
Then I'll fund it myself. For  
god's sake Burl, I can talk to the  
dead. Don't they see that now?

Burl stands, his face flush.

BURL  
Would you listen to what you're  
saying?

Why do you think they all left?  
 You need to get a grip on reality,  
 and not one you make up.

RACHEL

Fuck you, Burl. Consider your  
 dickless law firm fired.

TURK

Hold on... let's not get hasty.

Burl reaches into his coat pocket, removes an envelope, flips  
 it into her lap.

BURL

No need. We drew up the  
 disengagement letter last night.  
 Your agreement expires with us at  
 noon today.

Burl downs his drink.

BURL

No one'll rep you now. I'll see  
 myself out.

(to Turk)

Good luck raising the dead.

Burl walks away.

INT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Cam and Evan in one booth, the Radio Host in the other.

RADIO HOST

Aren't you taking a chance being  
 here, Evan?

Evan leans up to the mic, Cam grips his arm, stops him.

CAM

Why would he be? He was hired as  
 an undercover investigative  
 journalist by my company over two  
 years ago.

RADIO HOST

Wow... I knew you were a serious  
 guy, Cam... but you've been after  
 Mysteria that long?

CAM

Not as long as she's been scamming people.

RADIO HOST

Evan, if you can, tell us how you feel about all this? You've turned out to be quite the social media star with your mission impossible Mabel act.

EVAN

Just doing my job.

A moment.

RADIO HOST

All right... Cam, back to you. What about Mysteria? Will she survive this... turn it around?

CAM

I don't see how. She chose this course and it can only lead to one thing.

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON - SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

The Mysteria II speedboat slices across the lake, at the wheel, bottle of bourbon in hand, Rachel THROTTLES the boat into high.

CAM (V.O.)

She'll crash and burn.

Rachel chugs the bottle empty, tosses it overboard.

RACHEL

Reality my ass.

The boat shoots forward into the darkness.

AERIAL OF THE LAKE

The speedboat cuts the water, one hundred yards ahead, a FLOATING BRIDGE grows closer.

The boat angles toward the left side of the bridge, nearest the bank, a collision course.

ON THE BOAT

Rachel focuses on the approaching embankment.

Twenty yards out, she raises her arms skyward...

RACHEL

Who do you fuckin' believe in?

The boat hurtles forward...

BLACK SCREEN

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I believe, Rachel... we all  
believe.EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON -

EMBANKMENT - MORNING

Rachel lies on the embankment, face up, her clothes drenched, her hair drips water. Her eyes open to slits, a hand to her head.

OFF SCREEN: the muffled sound of CAR TIRES THUMP-THUMPING across pavement cracks.

She opens her mouth, but the words are garbled, unintelligible.

RACHEL'S POV

The FACE of a bespectacled MIDDLE-AGED MAN stares back down at her.

SILAS

You might want to give it a  
minute... takes time.

Startled, Rachel sits up, her eyes adjust, open wide.

RACHEL

What the fuck...  
(to Silas)  
Who the hell are you?

Beside her is SILAS (50s), starched white shirt, cardigan, tweed trousers and brown lace-ups, his horn-rimmed glasses smile back.

He offers his hand.

SILAS

Silas... Silas Wheaton. Call me  
Si.

Rachel eyes him up and down.

RACHEL  
Uh, huh. Seems a little early for  
Halloween.

SILAS  
You could use a change of clothes  
yourself.

Rachel recognizes her wet clothes, glances down toward

#### THE WATERLINE

The Mysteria speedboat floats in the water, in perfect shape,  
a bow rope tied to a nearby tree.

Twenty feet further down the embankment to her right, metal  
trusses rise up to support the floating bridge, the  
occasional car THUMP-THUMPS across the elevated roadway.

Rachel frowns.

RACHEL  
How'd I get on this side of the  
bridge?

Her perplexed gaze returns to Silas who stares back, deadpan.

RACHEL  
Okay, Jimmy Stewart... or whatever  
your name is... what's the scam?

SILAS  
What do you remember?

RACHEL  
Drunk, bat outta hell speed,  
goodbye all you assholes....  
then... you.

Silas stands, again extends his hand.

SILAS  
That was yesterday... this is  
today. Come, we have much to do.

Rachel peers up at him, makes a decision, takes his hand and  
stands.

RACHEL  
You're right. Where's the nearest  
liquor store?

Silas walks down toward the speedboat, his back to her.

RACHEL  
 Hey! Hold on! I was just kidding.  
 Where in the hell're you going?

Silas glances back, his pupils FLASH RED.

SILAS  
 Home. Where else?

He jumps up into the speedboat. Rachel calls out.

RACHEL  
 If you think there's some sort of  
 big reward, forget it.  
 (to herself)  
 Fucking Turk's probably changed my  
 house code anyway.

EXT. LAKE WASHINGTON - SPEEDBOAT - DAY

Silas at the wheel, the speedboat thrusts out into the Lake, makes an arcing right toward the floating bridge. Rachel leans forward and peers

UP AHEAD

Just on the other side of the bridge, a dense curtain of fog hugs the lake water.

RACHEL  
 We're sure as hell not going into  
 that.

Silas smiles, increases the boat's speed, they hurtle forward and vanish into the misty cloud.

EXT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - MAIN ENTRY - MORNING

A gaggle of REPORTERS crowd a podium manned by Burl, a sweaty Turk and the SPD POLICE CHIEF beside him.

REPORTER #1  
 Vanished?

BURL  
 Sometime late last night on Lake  
 Washington.

REPORTER #1

Did the timing have anything to do  
with Cam Hartley's broadcast  
revealing her as a fake?

At the back of the Reporter group, Evan, in a hoodie and  
sunglasses, loiters, as yet undetected.

BURL

I'd strongly advise against making  
such slanderous statements. Like  
any showperson, Ms. Menendez is an  
entertainer, nothing more. Surely  
you're intelligent enough to  
understand that.

Turk scans the crowd, his gaze locks on

THE HOODED EVAN

Who smirks, gives a little wave back.

Turk's eyes widen, dart to Burl, he taps Burl's shoulder.

TURK

(whispers)

We should wrap this up... now.

Burl ignores him.

REPORTER #2

So, now Evan Willows is the fake?  
C'mon... the man is --

BURL

Deluded, disgruntled and depressed.  
Attributes of a naïve young man  
that Mister Hartley has, in his  
normal fashion, exploited for  
journalistic gain.

EVAN (O.S)

Then why haven't they found the  
boat or any wreckage?

Every head swivels back to Evan.

EVAN

And where's the body?

He pushes through the crowd, pulls back his hoodie, locks on  
Burl.

Reporter CAMERAS FLASH, they close in around him.

At the podium, Burl raises his hands for quiet.

BURL

I'm surprised your master let you off the leash Mister Willows. I'd advise you to --

EVAN

To what? Tell the truth? The truth is... none of you know where she is.

The Reporters murmur, turn back to the podium.

REPORTER #2

Is that true, Chief?

SPD POLICE CHIEF

Now, just a moment. S-P-D and the F-B-I are working together to determine what, if anything, occurred. I can assure you that --

EVAN

This is just another deep fake to make her triumphant return nothing short of a true miracle.

REPORTER #1

(to Evan)

And what evidence do you have to support that?

Evan pauses, his eyes point to the nervous Turk, he nods at him.

EVAN

Because... Turk Bingham planned it.

PANDEMONIUM.

EXT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - BACK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan slips out the stage exit door and

INSIDE A WAITING CAR

In the driver's seat, Cam gives him a look.

EVAN  
Every word.

Cam laughs. Evan looks out the windshield.

EVAN  
What about... the... thing we heard  
on the recording? That wasn't part  
of my programming.

CAM  
Evan, you said yourself the  
technology is incredibly complex,  
even for a geek like you. I mean,  
c'mon man... what you pulled off  
was unreal.

EVAN  
Still... none of us can explain  
what it was. It shouldn't have  
been there.

CAM  
Don't tell me you're starting to  
believe in all that mumbo-jumbo  
bullshit? Stay focused, son...  
we've got a lot more to do.

Cam puts the car in drive.

CAM  
Let's go see if we can spook her  
out of hiding.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - BOAT DOCK - MORNING

From the middle of the Lake, the speedboat ROARS out of the  
mist and up to the dock.

ON THE DOCK

A physically fit, shirtless young man, BRINTLEY (20s),  
assists and secures the boat.

Brintley waves, a pearly grin.

BRINTLEY  
Welcome back, Ms. Menendez.

He extends his hand to Rachel, she accepts, steps off the  
boat, her eyes lock on his handsome face, draw down his  
torso.

RACHEL  
Who the hell are you?

He chuckles, a flirty look.

BRINTLEY  
You're always joking around, Ma'am.

Rachel squints at him.

RACHEL  
Do I look amused?

BRINTLEY  
Uh, Looks like you did some lake swimming. I think we'd better get you up to the house so you can uh... dry off.

Silas jumps down onto the dock.

SILAS  
Brintley, can you check the boat? We may have clipped a floating log on the way back in.

BRINTLEY  
Sure, Mister Wheaton, right away.

Brintley flashes a smile at Rachel, winks. Silas guides Rachel toward the steps that lead up to the house.

RACHEL  
Am I supposed to know that boy?

SILAS  
Every freckle, and then some.

They move up the steps.

INT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE APARTMENT - DAY

Cam stands at the window, iPad in hand, scans an article

ON THE IPAD

Cam's finger swipes across captioned PHOTOS.

Photo #1 shows a disheveled Mysteria being rushed out of the arena back door by Turk, her shocked faced shielded by one hand. The caption reads, "THE MYSTERY REVEALED. Mysteria flees arena after devastating incident."

Photo #2 a wide shot of Lake Washington covered in a dense fog, the caption reads, "SPEEDBOAT VANISHES IN MYSTERIOUS FOG - SPD fears the worst for Rachel Menendez, aka Mysteria."

Photo #3 shows Turk facing a gaggle of reporters at the Arena entrance, the caption reads, "THE SHOW MUST GO ON. Turk Bingham assures Believers that he will carry on Mysteria's lifelong work should she not return."

Cam looks out the window.

CAM  
Not if I can help it.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

A refreshed, robe-clad Rachel stands in front of a mirror, adjusts her hair.

OFF SCREEN: a KNOCK on the door

Rachel frowns.

RACHEL  
What?

THE BEDROOM DOOR

Opens, in steps an attractive girl, sharply dressed in a two-piece outfit, tablet in hand. This is REENA (30), Rachel's personal assistant.

Rachel watches her in the mirror, scowls, adjusts more hair.

RACHEL  
You're not Turk.

IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION

Reena glances down at her tablet, her finger swipes away.

REENA  
Good morning, and welcome back. I wanted to review your schedule for the day if that's all right.

Rachel turns, confused.

RACHEL  
Who the hell are you? What schedule?

Unphased, Reena remains focused on the tablet.

REENA

Perhaps I should ask the chef to send up your usual concoction? Brintley mentioned you might need some --

RACHEL

I couldn't give a fuck what... what Brintley thinks. I don't know what's going on, but you can get out. And tell Turk I want to see him... now!

Reena looks up, her brow furrows.

REENA

Should I call doctor Whitcomb? Did something happen on the boat?

IN THE MIRROR

Rachel's reflection shimmers, blurs, a large, dark SHAPE WHOOSHES across the glass, a flash of BLUE LIGHT, she wobbles, grips the chair beside her.

Reena rushes over, her arms support Rachel, ease her into the chair.

REENA

You need to sit. It'll wear off in a few minutes. This always happens the first time.

Rachel's eyes close, she goes limp.

SILAS (O.S)

Everything all right?

Reena glances over her shoulder, Silas stands in the doorway. She turns back to Rachel, her body shielding Silas's view.

REENA

We're fine... just reviewing the schedule. Be down in a minute.

SILAS

Great. I'll be in the garden.

Silas leaves, closes the bedroom door. Reena hard pats Rachel's cheek.

REENA  
C'mon... snap out of it. We don't  
have a lot of time.

Rachel regains her senses, a confused look.

RACHEL  
What's going on?

Reena helps her stand.

REENA  
Ah, there you are. I'm here to  
help you, remember?

RACHEL  
I'm... I'm fucking fine... just  
need to get my bearings.

Rachel recovers, Reena glances back at the door then moves  
across the bedroom to an open closet door, goes inside.

REENA (O.S)  
Let me get you something familiar.

Rachel looks at

HER MIRRORED REFLECTION

Studies it, her hands search her body to ensure it's all  
real, then reach out, touch the mirror's surface.

Her eyes dart back and forth, they betray her anxiety, her  
uncertainty.

REENA (O.S)  
How's this?

Rachel snaps toward Reena, her face pale. Reena holds up an  
attractive outfit, a concerned look.

Rachel recovers, tromps over, takes hold of the clothing,  
feels the fabric.

RACHEL  
Honey, I don't do Rayon.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - GARDEN PATIO - DAY

On the backside of the home, a basketball court sized patio,  
lush greenery, flowering plants. Rachel and Silas nosh on  
breakfast items at a glass table.

Silas sips coffee, studies Rachel.

SILAS

It's good to have you with us.

Rachel glances out at

THE LAKE

Where the heavy mist lingers, almost unchanged, it seems to reach in all directions, nothing visible beyond nor above it.

RACHEL

Cut the shit, Si... exactly what is all this? I mean, it looks the same, but it's damn sure not.

SILAS

We'd hoped this setting would make it easier for you to adjust.

RACHEL

Cam put you up to this, didn't he? Don't worry, I've got room for your balls as well on my awards shelf.

SILAS

He certainly played his part.

Rachel jerks up, throws her chair back.

RACHEL

Tell Cam to kiss my ass. What I experienced is real... I made it to... the other side. Do you know what I can do with that kind of power?

SILAS

I'm counting on it. In fact, it's why I chose to help you.

Rachel snorts, a bemused chuckle.

RACHEL

I don't need you or anyone else to help me contact the dead, Silas. I figured that shit out on my own.

Silas leans back.

SILAS

Better than you realize. In fact,  
that's not your problem anymore.

Rachel waves a hand, spins and moves away.

RACHEL

You're wasting my time. I don't  
need you or any of these... other  
people.

SILAS' POV

Rachel strides across the patio and into the house.

SILAS

I'll still be here when you get  
back.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Reena, tablet in hand, drinks coffee. Rachel barges in.

REENA

Oh... done already? I'd like to go  
over your --

RACHEL

Keys.

REENA

I'm sorry, I don't --

RACHEL

Give me the damn car keys.

Reena removes keys from a nearby drawer, Rachel SNAPS them  
from her hand, storms out.

INT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - DAY

The Radio Host smiles into his mic.

RADIO HOST

Welcome back to our podcast, out in  
the cold, with our resident de-  
spooker, Cam Hartley.

In the other Booth, Cam nods back.

CAM

It's been a busy week.

RADIO HOST

So... it goes without saying that you're not a believer... you don't think ghosts, or spirits, are real?

CAM

Well, no that's not true.

RADIO HOST

Wait! Hold on! Is the mighty spirit slayer finally coming over to the other side?

CAM

I didn't say that either. Let's just say that I believe in the idea of ghosts, but I also believe we create them.

RADIO HOST

To do what?

CAM

In essence, to haunt ourselves. You see, when someone you love dearly passes away, many people can't cope with the overwhelming loss. So... in our heads we turn that loss into this ghost, or the belief of such, thus we keep that person alive in our mind.

RADIO HOST

So, how do you explain those people who swear they've actually seen, or better yet, felt a ghost?

Cam holds up three fingers.

CAM

Three reasons. Patternicity, pareidolia, and evolutionary bias.

RADIO HOST

Uh... can you give us the Wikipedia version?

CAM

Seeing false connections in unrelated or otherwise meaningless events.

That's why so many conspiracy theories appear so factual, or why prolific gamblers claim they see patterns in numbers. It's also a symptom of the first stages of schizophrenia.

RADIO HOST

Whoa, hold on. So, Mysteria is going nuts? I mean, you heard her, she believes she can really contact the dead.

Cam smiles, nods.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - FRONT DRIVE - DAY

An SUV with Rachel at the wheel SHOOTs out of the garage bay and SQUEALS down the cobblestone front drive.

CAM (V.O.)

If that were true... and she's not hidden away, but lying at the bottom of the lake, then her supposed powers should allow her to let us know where she is. After all, she believes it's a two-way street.

Reena rushes out of the open bay door, watches the SUV CAREEN

DOWN THE FRONT DRIVE

REENA

Shit.

Silas slides up beside her.

SILAS

She's not going anywhere. DOWN THE DRIVE

The SUV ZIPS down the long, wooded drive, clips a tree branch or two along the way.

INSIDE THE SUV

A focused Rachel peers ahead, a white-knuckle wheel grip.

RACHEL'S POV

Twenty-five yards ahead, the same FOGGY MIST envelopes the road and surrounding trees.

Rachel PUNCHES it, the SUV ZOOMS into the Fog.

INT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

RADIO HOST

Don't you think people would see through that? Pretending to talk to the dead, then being dead, then coming back as the very thing you accuse her of faking?

CAM

Yes, wouldn't that be quite the P-R stunt?

RADIO HOST

She'd make millions.

Cam grins.

CAM

Someone certainly will.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - FRONT DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Not even a bird chirp. Like a tongue, the cobblestone drive protrudes from mouth of the Fog.

Off screen: a CAR ENGINE ROARS.

From within the wall of Fog, the SUV spits out down the drive.

INSIDE THE SUV

Rachel stares out

THE FRONT WINDSHIELD

Suddenly, the Fog gives way to clear day. Rachel sneers.

RACHEL

I knew it!

## ON THE DRIVE

The SUV SPEEDS forward, a sharp turn, then comes to a BREAKING HALT.

## INSIDE THE SUV

Rachel, her mouth open, peers out

## THE WINDSHIELD

Where Silas and Reena stand in front of the Garage Bay. Reena gives a timid wave.

RACHEL

What the fuck?

Rachel CLAMORS out of the vehicle, glares at the pair.

RACHEL

This shit's over. Who in the hell are you people, where am I and what in the hell do you want from me?

Silas takes a few steps forward, holds out both hands. Between them, a GLOWING BLUE ORB of LIGHT appears.

## WITHIN THE ORB

FACES of all the LIVING PEOPLE Rachel knows and worked with roll past in blurred motion - Cam, Evan, Burl, Turk, etc...

SILAS

What you've been looking for all this time. Your love of power.

Rachel's face melts into shock, she glances back at the wall of fog then rivets on Silas.

RACHEL

Son. Of. A. Bitch. I'm really here.

EXT./INT. DOWNTOWN STREET/PARKED LIMO - DAY

Evan scurries down the sidewalk, his eyes dart all around. He slows near a parked limo, the back door opens and he steps

INSIDE THE LIMO

SLAMS the door closed, turns to a seated Turk who stares ahead, ignores him.

TURK  
You said Hartley would listen.

EVAN  
It's his podcast. I can't be there every moment.

Turk turns to Evan, no longer the soft politician, his words forceful, consequential.

TURK  
If he continues with this babble about spirits being in our heads, imagined... we'll lose momentum and the believers we still control.

Turk turns back to face the front.

TURK  
I won't allow that.

EVAN  
That's gonna change. We have our first private audience tomorrow night. Some uppity elite out on Mercer Island.

TURK  
It had better be someone important.

EVAN  
They are, but it gets better.

Turk looks back at Evan. Evan grins.

EVAN  
Eugenia Hartley.

TURK  
Cam's sister?

Evan nods.

EVAN  
Seems big brother doesn't agree with her much, and she believes she can talk mommie dearest into coming back home.

Turk turns to the car window,

IN THE REFLECTION

His pupils glow RED.

TURK

Then we'll do all we can to make  
sure that she does.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - GARDEN PATIO - DAY

Silas stands near the rock wall, his gaze toward the Lake,  
his pupils glow RED.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

Reena sits at the patio table, her gaze on Rachel who downs a  
glass of bourbon, refills it from the service cart.

SILAS

(to himself)  
Yes, we will.

RACHEL

Horseshit! Whatever it is you're  
playing at... money, fame, a piece  
of my success, you're too late.  
Pretty sure Mysteria isn't gonna  
make a startling comeback.

Silas blinks, his eyes now normal, he turns to Rachel.

SILAS

Not exactly.

Rachel spins, sloshes her drink.

RACHEL

Dead is dead. And you're beginning  
to creep me out.

SILAS

I'm surprised you don't recognize  
where you landed.

Rachel gestures at the Lake.

RACHEL

Eighty miles an hour into a soggy,  
dirt wall... pretty sure I made a  
splat.

Reena clears her throat.

REENA

If I could... it's technically  
correct that you're physically  
dead, but you're not dead, dead.

SILAS

Not yet.

RACHEL

Jesus fucking, Christ people.  
Could I get a straight answer?

SILAS

Purgatorium. It's the after-death  
purification point... a rest stop.

Rachel studies Silas, glances up at the ever-present fog on  
the Lake.

RACHEL

Home to the undead.

REENA

We call it the penitent gateway.  
Here, we all await our final fate.

RACHEL

Lovely. And who gets to decide  
that? The Holy Spirit?

SILAS

No, that decision is up to your  
followers... the true believers.

Rachel's gaze returns to Silas.

RACHEL

I doubt there're many of those  
left. And if all this bullshit's  
true, my guess is cellphones don't  
work around here.

Rachel mimics a phone call with her hand.

RACHEL

Hello? Redemption hotline? Yeah,  
could I get a hallelujah, amen?

Oh, and could you call all my fans  
and have them vote yes?

Rachel "air hangs up" the phone, smirks. Silas and Reena  
exchange a look and grin.

SILAS

Not all of Mysteria's believers are  
so lively.

Silas waves his hand toward the house.

Rachel and drink turn and look up at

THE HOUSE

Brintley smiles back, nods, opens a door.

A dozen ADULTS, young and old, file out, their hopeful gazes  
rivet on Rachel, they stream toward her down the stone steps.

Among the group, Leota Hartley in her paisley dress, colorful  
hat and dainty white gloves.

ON THE PATIO BELOW

Rachel sets down her drink, stands to face them.

RACHEL

What in the hell --

The Adults envelope her, their hands reach out to touch her,  
some weep, others in sheer delight. Rachel sees Leota near  
the back, who smiles back, nods.

Rachel steps toward her, the crowd part to make a path.  
Leota grasps both of Rachel's hands, her upturned face  
searches.

LEOTA

She told me you'd come. I've...  
we've all been waitin'.

Eager nods from the other Adults. Rachel glances over at  
Silas, then back to Leota.

RACHEL

I don't understand. Who told you?

LEOTA

Eugenia said she knew you were a  
good woman... inside...

the sort that just need some  
coax'in to make it shine through.  
I'm Leota Hartley, honey... been  
tryin' to talk to my little girl  
since seventy-two. But now that  
you're with us, well... our  
prayers've been answered.

RACHEL

Hartley? You're that bastards  
mother.

Leota takes Rachel's hand, PATS it.

LEOTA

He means well, honey. You just  
gotta see past all that pain. He's  
got good insid'a him too.

EXT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - ENTRY - DAY

Cam steps out of the Radio Station entry, a group of FANS  
close in, notepads and pens in hand, all clamor for his  
autograph.

Cam accepts the pad/pen from an enthusiastic FEMALE FAN.

She gushes.

FEMALE FAN

I love you! You can haunt me  
anytime you want, Cammie.

Cam chuckles, signs a few more, the Fans thin out until only  
two are left.

JENNY (O.S)

Never took you for a fame whore.

The two Fans turn, Cam looks up. A few feet away, JENNY  
(Eugenia) HARTLEY (46), arms crossed, her outfit plucked  
right off a 1970's album cover, platform shoes, all topped by  
a stellar afro.

Cam ignores her, goes back to signing.

CAM

What? You waiting for Shaggy and  
Scoob to show up so you can go  
solve another mystery for that  
pathetic blog post of yours...  
what's it called? Conspiracy's are  
us?

JENNY

The truth shall set you free.

CAM

Nothing to do with you is ever free.

Cam thanks the final Fans who depart, then turns and moves down the sidewalk. Jenny catches up, they walk side-by-side, Cam keeps up the pace.

JENNY

Been hearing a lot about you lately... seems like you finally got your girl. Quite the splash.

CAM

What do you want, Eugenia? The A-T-M's not open... outta cash.

JENNY

Dude, can't I just stop by to see my big brother... at least while he's still among us mere mortals.

CAM

Whatever it is, I don't have it, and if I did, I wouldn't give it to you.

JENNY

You're not the only one whose cool, ya know. I've got fans too.

CAM

I'm sure you do... just not the kind you can meet in public.

They go a few more feet, she grabs his arm, jerks him to a halt.

JENNY

Look man, I only came to let you know... so, so you wouldn't be surprised.

Cam shakes his head, walks off, waves a hand.

CAM

Your surprises always piss me off. I don't wanna know.

Cam crosses into an intersection with the crowd.

JENNY

(calls out)

You're gonna be sorry, dude... just  
you wait.

(to herself)

You'll be a believer then. They  
all will.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leota and Reena stand under an oversized portrait of Rachel  
in her full Mysteria outfit, her image towers over them.

Their eyes focus on something across the massive room.

LEOTA

We never agreed to that... you  
promised we'd be reunited with  
those on the other side. Ain't  
nothing was said about takin' over  
no living soul. That ain't  
Christian.... no, sir.

Near a ROARING FIREPLACE tall enough to walk inside, Silas,  
hand on the hearth, stares into the flames.

SILAS

You forget your place, my dear.  
We're not standing at the pearly  
gates kissing Saint Peter's feet...  
you're in my house, my rules, and  
you'll do what you're told.

Leota grumps.

LEOTA

Not me. I'd sooner be damned  
forever for' I'd jump in bed with  
the devil.

Silas spins,

HIS PUPILS

Filled with the crackling flames, his gaze bores into Leota.

Leota gasps, her knees buckle, she cries out, her skin begins  
to smoke.

Reena grabs her to stop the fall, but screams in her own  
pain, releases Leota who falls to the ground.

LEOTA

Writhes in pain, her flesh begins to flake, blister, turn black. Tarry patches detach like dirty snowflakes.

Silas steps forward, his burning eyes locked on her.

SILAS

What's wrong, old lady? Bedcovers  
too warm?

REENA

Stop it! She didn't mean it...  
we'll do whatever you want. Just  
stop!

A moment.

Silas closes his eyes, turns, moves back to the fireplace.

ON THE FLOOR

The burning stops, Leota's skin begins to heal.

Reena drops to her side, helps her sit up, wispy smoke continues to waft from Leota's body.

SILAS

We begin tonight. Make sure she's  
ready.

Reena helps Leota to her feet, they turn, walk to the door.

LEOTA

(whispers)

Lord a'mercy... forgive us for what  
we're about to do... we're gonna  
need your help to stay pure.

REENA

I think divine intervention is  
taking a pass on this one.

LEOTA

Ain't no one else living who can  
save us now.

REENA

I'm counting on it.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Leota lies on the bed, Rachel seated beside her, her fingers trace around the RED MARKS where the skin burned.

RACHEL  
Why would he do this? She's not a threat to anyone.

Reena steps up to the bed, a wet cloth in her hand, she dips it into a bowl of water on the nightstand, then dabs Leota's forehead.

REENA  
We have to stop him.

RACHEL  
How? If he can do this by just looking at you... it's not possible. I mean, being able to cross over is one thing, but this kind of power is unbelievable.

REENA  
He has to have someone on the other side to move into... someone who wants power themselves, someone he can manipulate.

Rachel takes the wet cloth from Reena, dabs Leota's forehead.

RACHEL  
That bastard, Turk. He's always wanted it all.

REENA  
Then we need our own bastard to make sure that doesn't happen.

Leota stirs, still delirious, eyes closed, she raises a hand.

LEOTA  
Camron? That you? Momma needs our help... we... we --

Leota's hand drops, she's back asleep.

Rachel and Reena lock eyes, Reena smiles.

REENA  
One good bastard deserves another.

EXT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Jenny steps out of a limo, cellphone to her ear.

JENNY

Could you, for once, have a little faith in me? I'm telling you, the shit's real, man.

INT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cam, cellphone in hand, paces near the window.

CAM

Turk and Evan are no better than she was, Jenny. They're con artists and you're a fool to get involved any further.

## INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Jenny moves up the stone steps, stops.

JENNY

Frank and Eleanor would disagree.

CAM

Good, God, woman... please don't tell me Frank Gavin fell for this charade? If he prints any of this silliness, his paper will become the Seattle Enquirer.

JENNY

They believe, Cam... in what we can do... what I can do.

CAM

Walk away... right now. Don't you dare try and --

Jenny hangs up the phone, turns, admires the

## STATELY MERCER ISLAND MANSION

JENNY

The truth will set us all free.

She walks up the stone steps.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Straight out of a movie set, purple velvet curtains with gold tassels, plush red carpet, thirteen heavy, ornate chairs encircle an equally impressive round table, the surface a checker-board patterned wagon wheel design.

Silas steps into the room then Rachel, she jerks to a halt.

RACHEL

You've got to be fucking kidding.

SILAS

As an entertainer, you should appreciate this. It's what they expect.

RACHEL

I can do it without all the theatrics. Those days are gone.

SILAS

All the same, let's try some dry runs.

Silas motions at the one chair with a deep blue fabric. Rachel takes a seat.

In an instant, the lights dim to a soft bluish-pink, assorted candles in the center of the table IGNITE on their own, the domed ceiling once black, is now filled with twinkling stars.

RACHEL

Cheesy, but not bad.

Rachel looks to the corner for Silas, but he's no longer visible.

SILAS (O.S)

You need to focus... reach out.  
Someone close to you.

Rachel settles, closes her eyes. A moment.

Her brow furrows, she tilts her head.

RACHEL

C'mon, you little shit... I know you're in there somewhere.

She leans forward, her hands move out onto the table, palms down.

From the center of the table, a RAINBOW OF PARTICLES SWIRL into existence, they dance to an silent song, take on a blurry shape.

THE RAINBOW SWIRL

Forms into a MAN'S FIGURE, slick hair, slick suit... it's Turk, in the Limo talking to...

SILAS (O.S)  
Keep pushing... further.

Rachel flips her hands palm up, raises them off the table.

The Rainbow Swirl becomes another MALE FIGURE, it's Evan.

EVAN (V.O.)  
...talk to mommie dearest and big brother can't stop her.

Evan's Figure contorts into Turk's.

TURK (V.O.)  
His sister?

Rachel GASPS, falls back into the chair.

RACHEL  
Eugenia!

The lights return to normal, the candles go dark, the ceiling stars wink out.

Silas steps out from the corner darkness.

SILAS  
You're quite good.

RACHEL  
Good? That little geek creep double-crossed me! And with Turk! I swear, I'm gonna find a way to screw them so bad --

Silas smiles, pleased with what he sees.

SILAS  
One thing at a time, my dear. We will all get what we seek.

REENA (O.S)  
Excuse me, Silas?

At the open door, Reena takes a step into the room.

REENA

Uh... Brintley asked if Rachel might need to, uh... talk about anything.

Rachel looks from Reena to Silas and back, then smirks.

RACHEL

I'm sure there is.

Rachel stands, adjusts her clothes, a short glance at Silas then walks toward Reena and the door.

A look passes between the two women.

REENA

Out by the pool.

Rachel glides past her.

RACHEL

Perfect. I could use a dip.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - THE POOL - NIGHT

A naked Brintley lies on a chaise lounge beside an impressive pool, Rachel sits atop his waist, equally naked. Both are breathless, a sweaty moonlit sheen covers their skin.

Rachel grabs a pool towel, stands, wraps it around her. Brintley smiles up at her, his physique speaks to his youth and dedication.

RACHEL

Well, for a dead boy you sure know how to make a girl feel alive again.

BRINTLEY

And you put the Latin in lover. Just think, it'll always be like this... for us.

Rachel frowns.

BRINTLEY

Didn't Silas tell you? We don't ever change, we stay like we are when we cross over.

This surprises Rachel, she sits beside him.

A moment. She looks down at

THE POOL SURFACE

The reflection of her face frowns back, ripples with the water.

RACHEL  
That sucks.

IN THE WATER'S REFLECTION

Brintley puts an arm around her, his smiling face joins hers.

BRINTLEY  
I wouldn't change a thing.

Brintley hesitates.

BRINTLEY  
You have to stop him. Once he crosses over into Turk, he'll be able to open the portal at will.

RACHEL  
And do what?

BRINTLEY  
The worst will have access to the living... life as they know it will end. You can do it.

Rachel furrows her brow.

RACHEL  
I know what I'm meant to do... just not fucking how.

BRINTLEY  
There's only one way. Make them believe in you again.

EXT./INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE ISLAND HOME - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Floor to ceiling bookcases, plush leather sofas, a ROARING FIREPLACE tall enough to walk into.

Drinks in hand, a business-suited FRANK GAVIN (60s), his wife ELEANOR in a billowy gown, complete the group of Turk, Evan and Jenny Hartley, in her 70's inspired dress.

Eleanor holds court, each move a theatrical flourish, her gaze upon Turk.

ELEANOR

Don't worry, my dear. I can already see that you have the gift. You are a true artist, and tonight, we will show the world that she is not the only one.

FRANK

That remains to be seen.

Eleanor ignores the comment, moves to Turk, her hands against his chest, a reverent, almost sexual gesture.

ELEANOR

My husband is a skeptic, but most newspaper men are. People like us must show them there is more to life than black and white.

TURK

Your faith in me --

FRANK

And my money.

Turk's eyes never leave his target, Eleanor. He grips her hands, holds them tight.

TURK

Are both something I will use to achieve our dream.

FRANK

Can we get on with it?

TURK

(to Jenny)  
If you're ready?

JENNY

Groove on.

Turk glances over at Evan, nods.

TURK

If we could all take our seats.

The group all take a seat at an ornate table. Evan holds out Jenny's chair for her. He leans down, his hands on her shoulders, his lips inches from her ear.

EVAN  
 You'll be great. Just relax, let  
 it happen... it's perfectly  
 natural.

Evan lingers a moment, moves back, one hand remains on her  
 shoulder as he takes the seat beside her.

A bashful smile, Jenny faces the seated group. Turk raises  
 his hands, palms up.

TURK  
 Let us begin.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - SAME TIME

Rachel, Reena, Leota and Brintley are seated at the round,  
 checkerboard-patterned table. Silas moves to the dark  
 corner.

Leota is visibly excited.

LEOTA  
 Will she hear us? Can she talk  
 back?

RACHEL  
 If you believe, yes. But you must  
 focus on her, remember her face,  
 all that you can of her.

LEOTA  
 I do, I do... with all my heart.

Rachel nods, a glance at Silas, his PUPILS a SIMMERING RED  
 GLOW in the corner darkness, they signal to begin.

The lights dim, table candles IGNITE, the domed ceiling fills  
 with twinkling stars.

RACHEL  
 Do. You. Believe?

From the center of the table, a RAINBOW OF BLUE PARTICLES  
 SWIRL into existence and dance.

RACHEL  
 Eugenia... we seek you from the  
 other side. Come to us, come to  
 us, Eugenia.

Rachel nods at Leota whose gaze is transfixed on the swirling  
 mass, she leans in, hopeful.

LEOTA  
Eugenia? You there?

INTERCUT - ISLAND HOME LIBRARY/RACHEL'S PARLOR ROOM

Jenny stares at the center of the table, a SWIRL OF RED PARTICLES form into the fuzzy shape of Leota Hartley.

LEOTA  
It's your momma, Leota... don't be  
'fraid, honey... ain't no one gonna  
harm ya.

Jenny gasps, eyes wide, mouth open.

ELEANOR  
I knew it!

Frank frowns, glances around the room, even under the table. His eyes settle on Turk who appears as surprised as Jenny, but regains his control.

TURK  
Minnie Leota Hartley... we are  
here. Jen -- Eugenia is here with  
us.

Evan touches Jenny's shoulder, she jumps, her eyes never leave the apparition before her.

EVAN  
It's all right... just talk.

JENNY  
Momma? I'm here.

Leota's murky image locks on Jenny, smiles then glances around the room, frowns.

LEOTA  
I... I don't know these people.  
They your friends?

IN THE PARLOR

Rachel concentrates, Jenny's swirling face fills the air above the table, her gaze on Leota.

JENNY  
Yes... they're helping. Oh, momma,  
it's so good to see you. Where are  
you? Are you safe?

LEOTA  
 'Course. We're all waiting our  
 turn, honey.

Silas moves out of the shadows, his pupils now blazing red,  
 they lock on Jenny.

BACK IN THE LIBRARY

Turk gasps, jerks back in his seat.

Jenny sees this, turns back to Leota.

JENNY  
 Momma... are there others with you?

IN THE PARLOR

Rachel raises a hand toward Leota, but she ignores her and  
 focuses on Jenny's floating face.

LEOTA  
 Sure are. We got mister Silas and  
 Ms. Rachel herself here with us.  
 She's been such a help.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - LIBRARY - SAME MOMENT

A startled Evan rises up from his seat, Eleanor CLAPS her  
 hands, Frank shakes his head.

No one notices the now silent Turk.

ELEANOR  
 Oh, I knew it... I just knew we'd  
 find her.

Jenny remains locked on Leota's contorting face.

JENNY  
 You mean Mysteria? She's with you?

LEOTA'S IMAGE  
 Sure enough. You know her? Want to  
 say hello?

Jenny nods at Leota who looks to her side.

LEOTA  
 Ms. Rachel? You want to meet my  
 sweet daughter?

A moment, then a new face MELTS into the SWIRL OF PARTICLES and morphs into RACHEL'S FACE.

EVAN

Good, God. It can't be.

TURK

Yes!

Rachel's eyes scan the room, she locks on Turk who's pupils now give a faint RED GLOW.

RACHEL'S IMAGE

You fucking bastard. You did this!  
I'll find you... both of you and  
tear your hearts out!

IN THE SWIRL

Above the table, an OMINOUS DARK SHAPE flashes across the image, a SCREECHING HOWL fills the room.

The Shape CONTORTS outward from the Swirl of particles, it's darkness swipes across Turk's upper body, then retreats back.

Turk drops to the floor.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - SAME MOMENT

A furious Rachel stands beside Leota, both women stare at

TURK'S IMAGE

Floating above the table.

It flickers then EXPLODES in a BRILLIANT RED FLASH to reveal Silas, barely visible in the dark corner of the room, his teeth bared, his hands curled up near his chest like talons sunk into prey, his pupils a faint RED GLOW.

He sways, his head tilts back, his body dissolves to a mist and he's gone.

LEOTA

Lord, have mercy!

Leota faints, drops back into her chair.

Rachel stares at the dark corner where Silas was moments ago, now vacant.

RACHEL  
What the hell was that?

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - LIBRARY - SAME MOMENT

Turk lies unconscious on the floor, Jenny kneels beside him, Evan stands near Jenny.

Eleanor remains seated, a satisfied grin.

ELEANOR  
Now, we're in business!

She turns to Jenny.

ELEANOR  
Eugenia... I'm going to introduce you and Turk to all my friends, my dear. We'll be the talk of the town. Now, you must all stay with us tonight so we can celebrate properly!

A shocked Jenny manages a nod, her eyes locked on

THE PRONE TURK

His eyes crack open, a momentary red glow, then normal. He grins.

TURK  
We've got to do that again.

EVAN  
That's a stupid idea!

Jenny looks up to Evan, his face calm.

EVAN  
Who knows what else could happen?

TURK  
I think I have an idea.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - GUEST ROOM - LATER

Turk's hands grip Evan's shirt, they struggle across the room, Turk SLAMS him against the wall, holds him in place.

TURK

What the fuck do you mean you don't know? It's the same thing we saw before. I... I felt it pass --

Evan SHOVES Turk away, both men strain to breathe.

EVAN

Wait... you felt it? That... that means... oh, my God.

The two men share a look.

TURK

It's here? With us?

Evan nods. Turk drops into a nervous pace.

TURK

But how? It must've been trying all those times... something changed that... allowed it to break away.

EVAN

Rachel. She was there with it.

TURK

We have to find it. Do you realize what we can do with that kind of power? People will pay whatever we want... they'll worship me.

EVAN

I don't think so.

Turk turns back to Evan.

EVAN

Before you go all Elmer Gantry on me, we've got one slight problem. How do we put it back in the bottle.

Turk turns away, looks into a wall mirror.

IN THE MIRROR

Turk's eyes flash red, he grins.

TURK

Easy. Go ask your new girlfriend  
to get her famous brother to help  
us.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - GUEST ROOM #2 - MOMENTS LATER

Eleanor pulls the floor-to-ceiling window drapes shut, fusses about the room. Jenny steps out of the bathroom, follows Eleanor around the room.

JENNY

Uh, I think I'll be okay now.

Eleanor steps into a closet, the sound of clothes hangers SCRATCHING across the rack.

ELEANOR (O.S)

I want it to be just right. After  
all...

Eleanor parades out of the closet, a gorgeous nightgown held high.

ELEANOR

(admires Jenny)

...tomorrow's a big day. I can't  
let people think I didn't take good  
care of you!

Eleanor glides over to Jenny, holds the nightgown up.

ELEANOR

Stunning, simply stunning.

Satisfied, she lays it out on the bed and moves to the bedroom door, turns back, a mischievous grin.

ELEANOR

That Evan boy is just down the  
hall... second door on the right.  
Night-night.

Eleanor winks, spins and she's out the door.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - GARDEN PATIO - NIGHT

Drink in hand, Rachel paces past Brintley, seated at the glass table. The house back door opens, Reena joins them.

Rachel throws a questioning look at her. Reena shakes her head.

REENA  
She's still unconscious.

RACHEL  
Whatever it... he was, it's gone.

BRINTLEY  
For now.

Rachel stops, eyeballs both of them.

RACHEL  
You know what this is?

A furtive look between Reena and Brintley.

RACHEL  
Christ, people... we just unleashed  
God knows what to the other side.  
How bad is this?

Reena turns away, peers out toward the lake,

HER EYES

GLOW a FAINT PALE BLUE.

REENA  
Well... not bad, not yet. It's not  
a demon... more of a neutral  
entity.

Rachel scoffs, paces toward the liquor cart, pours a refill.

RACHEL  
Neutral? I'd hate to see what a  
demon could do.

Reena's blue glowing eyes remain fixed on the lake.

REENA  
They're not all bad...

Rachel takes a sip, adds another slosh of bourbon.

RACHEL  
We'll have to get it back. We  
could... use Leota to make contact  
again with Jenny, maybe get that  
bastard Cam to the table.

BRINTLEY

Uh, that's going to be difficult, even for you. He's technically a neutral, but he's still nasty and isn't going to want to come back.

Reena spins back to face Rachel, the glow gone.

REENA

He's been planning this long before you --

Rachel turns back, drink and bottle in hand.

RACHEL

Killed myself?

REENA

Oh, that wasn't your fault. Silas led you into that.

Rachel freezes, her eyes hold on Reena.

RACHEL

Bullshit. Until I face-planted on the lake shore, we'd never met. No one makes me do anything... living or dead.

BRINTLEY

You keep forgetting... we're not totally dead. And the rules are even more... more grey when it comes to entities.

RACHEL

Entities? That's what Silas... what he is?

Reena and Brintley nod in unison. Rachel breaks into laughter.

RACHEL

Wait... wait...  
 (she holds up the liquor bottle)  
 Someone get a cork and help me put all this bullshit back in the bottle.

She downs her drink, pours another, her laughter so hard she spills most of the booze.

BRINTLEY

Funny you should mention that.

Rachel's eyes focus, her laughter dies down to a chuckle, she peers at the two of them, their faces dead serious.

BRINTLEY

We don't know where the bottle is.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - GUEST ROOM #2 - LATER

A KNOCK on the bedroom door.

JENNY (O.S)

Just a moment, Eleanor...

Jenny appears from the closet, now clad in the flowing nightgown, she moves toward the bedroom door.

JENNY

Eleanor, you were right. The gown's a perfect fit...

(opens the door)

...I've never had anything like this --

OUT IN THE HALLWAY

Evan ogles her, an ear-to-ear grin.

EVAN

Neither have I.

A moment.

Jenny steps out into the hallway, reaches out with both hands, grips Evan and pulls him into a passionate kiss.

Startled but not surprised, Evan comes up for air.

EVAN

Wow... you're really good at this!

JENNY

You ain't seen nothing yet.

Jenny jerks Evan into the bedroom and SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - MORNING

Cam stands outside the Radio Station entry, cellphone to his ear, local newspaper in hand, he stares at the front page.

CAM

What the hell were you thinking,  
Eugenia? I told you to walk away.

EXT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - FRONT DRIVE - SAME TIME

On the front porch, the main entry door behind her wide open, Jenny gestures to someone inside the darkened doorway, goes back to her cellphone.

JENNY

You said you didn't wanna know.

INTERCUT phone conversation.

CAM

Well, everyone knows now. Every  
paper, all over social media...  
Christ, Jenny, you actually believe  
these kooks?

JENNY

Eleanor Gavin's not a kook. Her  
husband's the owner of the Seattle  
Times, Cameron.

CAM

Not if he keeps writing this crap.  
You need to stop this right now.

JENNY

You're just jealous I beat you to  
it. We're only doing what Mysteria  
started.

CAM

Who is we? Don't tell me you've  
fallen for that idiot. He's got no  
idea of the harm he can do to  
people.

JENNY

You should've seen it... mom was  
right there, talking with us. Turk  
has the gift and he intends to use  
it to it's full purpose.

CAM

Mom's never coming back and you know it. Forget Turk... he's a hack. It's Evan. He's... he's not right... dangerous even. Please promise me you'll stay away from him.

ON THE FRONT DRIVE

Jenny walks down the porch steps to a waiting limo, turns back to the

OPEN FRONT DOOR

Where Evan steps out, smiles, waves at her. She smiles back, motions him to come down.

JENNY

(to phone)

I hardly know him. If you decide you want to talk with mom in person, let me know. I have to go.

CAM

(on phone)

Jenny, wait! You have to listen --

Jenny hangs up, Evan moves up to her, they embrace.

EVAN

You ready for another adventure?

JENNY

After last night, I'm ready for whatever you want.

EVAN

I promise you... you won't forget it.

She smiles, gives him a passionate kiss, climbs into the Limo, waves out the back window.

Evan watches the Limo accelerate down the drive.

EVAN

Confusion hath now made his masterpiece.

TURK (O.S)

If you're done playing house...

Evan remains focused on the limo, his expression hardens, a slow exhale. Behind him, up the steps in the

OPEN FRONT DOOR

Turk leers down at him, his RED PUPILS burn.

TURK  
We have work to do.

Turk spins, goes inside the house.

EVAN'S EYES

Flash a pale BLUE GLOW

EVAN  
(to himself)  
More than you know.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Both seated at the kitchen island, Reena scrutinizes Rachel who pours a bourbon shot into her steaming coffee cup.

REENA  
I know it's overwhelming, but we need to think clearly.

RACHEL  
Clearly, you haven't figured me out.

Rachel takes a big swig of the cup.

RACHEL  
Silas... Turk... whatever... did it... used me to get there... here... fuck.

Rachel takes another swig. Reena moves to the coffee pot, refills Rachel's cup who stops her, pulls back the cup.

RACHEL  
Easy there... halfway is fine. Don't wanna overdo it.

Reena returns the coffee pot, turns back to Rachel.

REENA

Maybe that's exactly what you need to do. Is there someone else on the other side... someone you can trust to do the right thing?

Rachel grumps.

RACHEL

Sorry, I don't know any Boy Scouts like that. Any believers we had were all scared off by...

Rachel takes a sip from the cup, jumps up.

RACHEL

Holy shit!

REENA

Sorry, too hot?

RACHEL

What? No... I know who our bastard is!

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, Reena and Leota are seated at the table.

RACHEL

Remember, if anything happens, I can pull you back. You ready?

Leota nods. All three join hands, concentrate. A BLUE VORTEX begins to appear over the table...

INT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE APARTMENT - DAY

Cam in his comfy chair, Gabriel purrs in his lap, cellphone in one hand, he stares out the tall window at the waterfront.

FROM THE CELLPHONE

Video Audio plays.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

And this all happened at Frank Gavin's home? The Frank Gavin of the newspaper?

JENNY (O.S.)

She appeared right there, in mid-air.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

Alive? She spoke back?

JENNY (O.S.)

She did what Rachel... what Mysteria told her.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

Well, folks, it seems our little super sleuth, Jenny Hartley, has learned a few things from her older brother. Mysteria is NOT dead, but alive and well... spiritually speaking that is.

Cam jumps up, throws the phone across the room, it bounces off the cluttered Dining Table, knocks some things off with a CRASH.

CAM

This has to stop.

Gabriel HISSES, jumps down and scampers away. Cam looks over his shoulder.

CAM

What the hell's wrong with you?

Cam turns back to face the window, puffs.

IN THE WINDOW'S REFLECTION

A shimmering blue shape takes form, comes into focus: it's Leota's face.

CAM

Jesus!

Cam jumps up, stumbles back a bit, eyes locked on the apparition.

LEOTA

You still got that damn cat?  
Thought he'd be dead and gone by  
now.

Cam glances around the apartment, searches for anything or anyone else.

LEOTA

Son, we ain't got much time, so you gotta listen to your momma. That clear?

Cam nods.

Rachel's face appears next to Leota's.

CAM

Rachel?

RACHEL

Surprise! Not dead... well, not yet.

Cam reaches for his chair, pulls it under him, drops.

RACHEL

We know how to stop Silas, but we need your help.

CAM

Silas... my help? I don't --

LEOTA

Silas' spirit is now in Turk, we think it's gonna use him to open a portal and let some bad shit out.

CAM

What kinda bad shit?

LEOTA

Cameron, you remember old mister Nix that lived down the street, all the things he did to those innocent little girls?

Cam nods, still unsure.

LEOTA

It'll be worse than that. Imagine a hun'ered of those mister Nixs running around.

CAM

Holy, shit.

RACHEL

You've got to get close to him on the next crossing, then keep the portal open long enough for us to get through. We'll do the rest.

CAM

But... I don't know how to do that.

Leota smiles.

LEOTA

You've always known, son. We don't all have to believe in the same things, or the same way... just be true to yourself. Can you do that, son?

CAM

Alright, mom... I'll try.

RACHEL

And Cameron? Make sure Jenny is there with you.

CAM

It's too dangerous. Why does she need to be there?

RACHEL

So Evan does his part.

INT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER OFFICE - DAY

Corner office, wall to wall windows, stunning view of Puget Sound. A 90" monitor on one wall displays a slideshow of Mysteria's performances, then pixelates into a caption that reads, "Coming SOON, Witness the Return of a True Believer"

Below the monitor, Turk sits at a desk, laptop open, a defiant Evan in the other chair.

TURK

You said you could control this.

EVAN

You need to control yourself.

TURK

Careful, son... this isn't your show any more. You don't want to fuck with me.

Evan leans in, unafraid.

EVAN

I got you here --

TURK  
Is that a threat?  
(chuckles)  
I've lived thousands of years and  
many better than you have tried.  
I'm happy to introduce you to  
them... hottest ticket in town.

Evan sits back, rebuked.

TURK  
I'll arrange for another  
demonstration tonight, but we need  
to keep her engaged longer. I need  
the portal open long enough.

EVAN  
I'll do what I can.

Evan stands.

TURK  
I've asked your pod-mouth buddy to  
join us.

EVAN  
Cam? Why in the hell would you  
want him there?

TURK  
One, to prove him wrong, of course.  
And two, show him first hand what  
it's like in my world.

EVAN  
Jesus, you're going to let him  
cross over?

Turk licks his lips, grins.

TURK  
Right after you kill him.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - GARDEN PATIO - EVENING

Rachel and Reena huddle together.

REENA  
It's too risky. He'll do anything  
to stop us.

RACHEL

We've gone over this... it's the only way to show them all the truth. For Christ's sake, if we fuck it up, we're already dead.

Reena considers.

REENA

There're things worse than death, Rachel... much worse.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jenny, Evan, Turk, & Eleanor - all seated around the table, two chairs remain empty. Frank paces the room, glances at his watch.

FRANK

I knew this was a mistake.

Turk locks on Evan.

TURK

You said he'd show. Without him, we're --

CAM (O.S.)

Dead in the water?

All eyes pivot to the open slider doors. Cam stares back, closes the doors.

CAM

We wouldn't want any uninvited guests sneaking up on us, now, would we?

Eleanor jumps up, rushes over to Cam.

ELEANOR

Oh, mister Hartley, Frank and I are so honored you came...  
(to Frank)  
Franklin?

FRANK

Thrilled to death.

Eleanor flashes a look at Frank, who grumbles and sits. She then dims the lights, takes her seat, Cam sits beside Jenny, who leans over...

JENNY  
 (whispers)  
 Thank you for this.

CAM  
 Let's hope the lesser to two evils  
 can prevail.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, Silas, Leota, Reena and Brintley all seated at the ornate table, hands all clasped together.

A SWIRLING BLUE VORTEX in the center of the table, invisible wind BUFFETS the group, a LOW PITCHED HUM fills the room.

LEOTA  
 Lord, have mercy!

RACHEL  
 Call out to him!

INTERCUT LIBRARY AND PARLOR

A similar BLUE VORTEX swirls in front of Cameron, Jenny, Turk and the Library group.

LEOTA (V.O.)  
 Camron? Camron Hartley... you  
 there?

The Blue Vortex coalesces into Leota's face.

Turk lowers his head, concentrates.

Jenny rises up.

JENNY  
 Momma? Oh, God, Momma. We can see  
 you. Can you see us?

CAM  
 It's not possible...

LEOTA'S FACE above the Parlor table intensifies, begins to shift in color...

IN THE LIBRARY

RACHEL  
Something's wrong... I feel  
something else... powerful.

She turns to Reena.

RACHEL  
Do it now!

The VORTEX PULSES

A BLAST of WIND shakes the room,

Silas rises up, his eyes a blazing RED GLOW, he lifts his  
arms...

The VORTEX MORPHS, a FLASH, it now burns DEEP RED, it expands  
outward, a TENDRIL OOZES out, SNAKES around Silas, envelopes  
him from head to toe.

Reena lunges out, her hand grips Silas' arm.

The TENDRIL SUCKS Silas into the main Vortex.

Reena screams, drops to the floor, unconscious.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The now RED VORTEX SHATTERS.

STRINGY RED THREADS shoot out.

Eleanor screams.

Cam jumps up, grabs Jenny, shields her.

Turk and chair fly backwards, then SLAM into the floor, he's  
lifeless.

Evan's head SNAPS backward, then collapses on the table.

The VORTEX dissolves.

Silence...

CAM  
(to Jenny)  
You okay?

A frightened nod back. Cam rushes over to the prone Turk,  
checks for a pulse.

JENNY

Is he --

CAM

I don't think so.

Evan moans, slowly lifts his head, his eyelids flicker, reveal a faint BLUE GLOW, then normal.

EVAN

I don't feel so good.

He turns his head, heaves, VOMITS on the floor. He sits back up in the chair, wipes his mouth.

EVAN

That's better.

He glances around at the group, see Turk on the ground, looks to Cam.

EVAN

Please tell me he's dead.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel and Brintley kneel beside an unconscious Reena.

BRINTLEY

I told her it wouldn't work. The bastards too powerful.

Rachel looks across the room at Leota, who seems confused, dazed, her eyes dart around the room.

No Silas to be seen.

Leota drops into a chair, a look of fear, her eyes lock with Rachels, she shakes her head.

Rachel turns back to the prone Reena.

RACHEL

(to Brintley)

We don't have much time.

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Rachel tucks a bed cover over Reena, she turns to Brintley.

RACHEL  
Search everywhere... find him. We  
need to be sure.

Brintley nods, dashes out of the room. Rachel sits on the  
bed beside Reena.

RACHEL  
I never should've --

LEOTA (O.C.)  
Do you know why?

Rachel remains focused on Reena, shakes her head. Leota  
steps up, places a hand on her shoulder.

LEOTA  
Because, child... she believes in  
you... what you're doing.

RACHEL  
I don't think I know what that is  
anymore.

LEOTA  
What you've always wanted... what  
brought you over to us.

Leota grips her shoulders, turns Rachel to face her.

LEOTA  
Not the power of love... the power  
to love. She knows that, we all  
feel it. Don't you see? You have  
what Silas can never possess, what  
he fears most.

RACHEL  
But how can I --

LEOTA  
Believe. Mysteria may be dead, but  
that little girl from with all the  
dreams in the world, she still  
believes in what can be, what  
should be. And nothing on this  
Earth, or in this Hell, can stop  
you.

REENA (O.S.)  
She's right.

Rachel and Leota spin back to a conscious Reena. Rachel hugs  
her.

RACHEL  
Thank God. Are you alright? Did  
he hurt you?

Reena shakes her head.

RACHEL  
Brintley is looking for him...  
we'll find him then we can --

REENA  
He's not here.

Rachel and Leota exchange a glance.

REENA  
But I know where to look.

Reena grins

HER EYES

Crinkle, then FLASH BLUE.

REENA  
He's not the only one who knows how  
to keep a secret.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

An unconscious Turk lies on the bed. Evan and Jenny stand to  
either side, neither is happy.

Evan turns away from her.

JENNY  
So you lied.

EVAN'S EYES

Glow BLUE, then normal, he spins back to her.

EVAN  
No... well, I didn't not tell you  
the truth. He didn't leave me much  
choice.

JENNY  
Cam warned me to stay away from  
you. Now I know why.

Jenny moves to the door, Evan intercepts her, hands on her shoulders.

EVAN

Jen, please... I'm trying to protect you... this whole scheme has gotten out of hand... Turk, he's not who you think he is.

JENNY

Then who is he, Evan?

Evan hesitates.

JENNY

How'd I ever believe in you?

Jenny spins, moves to the door.

EVAN

I'm sorry! Wait! We need your help to --

Jenny storms out, the door SLAMS. Evan deflates.

EVAN

...to stop him.

OVER EVAN'S SHOULDER

Turk sits up in bed.

TURK

Two hundred years and you still can't get a woman to do what you want.

Evan freezes, his EYES a fierce BLUE GLOW. Turk laughs.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - GUEST HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cam steps into the hallway.

OFF SCREEN: heavy footsteps.

He looks

DOWN THE HALLWAY

A furious Jenny stomps away, her back to him.

OFF SCREEN: Turk's laughter filters into the hallway.

INT. LUXURIOUS PRIVATE HOME - FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Cam and Frank in conversation on the front steps.

FRANK

Damned peculiar if you ask me. I asked him if he was okay to travel, and he just laughed.

CAM

Evan was with him?

FRANK

Yeah, but he didn't look happy. I've been a newspaper man most of my life, and I can smell the bad on people. That Turk fellow was rank. You best keep an eye on him.

Cam glances back at the waiting car, Jenny in the passenger seat.

CAM

I plan to.

EXT./INT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Cam at the wheel, Jenny stares out the passenger window.

CAM

He didn't hurt you, did he? If he did, I'll --

JENNY

I'm fine.

CAM

Just the same, you'd better stay with me for now... until we figure out what's going on.

JENNY

Sure you have room?

A moment. Jenny turns to Cam.

JENNY

Mom was right there... in the room with us... you saw her!

CAM

I'm not entirely sure what I saw.  
 So much of this has been a gigantic  
 con, a fabrication. You don't know  
 the kinds of people I do... they're  
 capable of deceit far beyond most.  
 People are like social media  
 sheep... put a bell on one, ring it  
 three times and they all follow.

Jenny turns back to stare out the passenger window.

JENNY

Like Mabel? That ring true to you?

Cam considers.

CAM

I'm not proud of that, but if it  
 exposes inherent evil, then yes.

JENNY

Then you'd better point these sheep  
 toward a cliff, cuz I'm scared of  
 what may be coming. I won't let  
 mom be taken from us again... no  
 matter what.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Turk, Evan and the Main Tech review a large monitor.

ON THE MONITOR

A replay of an earlier rehearsal with Turk now centerstage as  
 the new Mysteria. Turk stands, arms spread wide, a gigantic  
 RED VORTEX of light SWIRLS around him.

TURK

Then I'll take it from there.

MAIN TECH

But how do we know what to prep  
 next if we don't do a run through  
 and --

Turk locks eyes with the Main Tech, his pupils a RED GLOW.  
 The Main Tech pulls back, a cringe of fear. Even Evan  
 appears unsure.

MAIN TECH

Sure, no problem... you're in control.

TURK

I will be soon.

Evan watches Turk exit, his own eyes glow BLUE.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Reena sits at the counter, lowers her coffee cup, her eyes burn BLUE.

REENA

Shit!

RACHEL (O.S.)

Are we too late?

Reena turns to Rachel, her BLUE glow fades.

REENA

We need to hurry. He's coming tonight.

INT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE APARTMENT - MORNING

Jenny makes a coffee in the kitchen area, pulls off a

STICKY NOTE

From the frig that reads, "Feed Gabriel. Don't let anyone in. Back later, Cam."

She crumples the note, tosses it on the cluttered Dining Table as she walks past, plops into the comfy chair and stares out the window.

JENNY

No wonder he doesn't have any friends.

OFF SCREEN: a THUMP.

JENNY

Gabriel? You'd better not be in that trash can again... I'll feed you in --

EVAN (O.S.)  
He's not hungry anymore.

Jenny jumps up, dumps her coffee.

JENNY  
Jesus! Where... what are you --

Evan's eyes glow BLUE, he smiles.

EVAN  
We have something to show you.  
Something wonderful.

Jenny staggers back, about to scream. Evan raises his hands, FIERY BLUE TENDRILS shoot outward, encircle Jenny. She's a paralyzed cocoon.

Evan draws close to her, his face inches away, he whispers...

EVAN  
We can finally be together...  
forever.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR - DAY

Rachel, Leota and Reena at the table. Reena's eyes shine BLUE, then snap back to normal.

REENA  
He's taken her.

RACHEL  
We have to warn Cam.

REENA  
Of what? They're too powerful...  
he won't know how to --

LEOTA  
Honey... what my son may lack in  
some social graces and likeability,  
he more than makes up for in sheer  
determination. He'll come through  
for us.

All three look to one another; decision made. Rachel holds out her hands, palms up, Leota and Reena do the same.

They close their eyes and concentrate.

INT. SEATTLE RADIO STATION - DAY

The Radio Host looks across at Cam, doubt on his face.

RADIO HOST

Now you're saying all this is real?  
Pardon me, but how do you expect  
all these listener's to believe  
you? First you go after every  
psychic wanna-be, Vitamix their  
reputations, claim the moral  
victory... and now we're supposed  
to believe it was all crap?

CAM

Not exactly. It wasn't real then,  
but it is now... well, the part I'm  
talking about is.

The Radio Host laughs.

RADIO HOST

Now who sounds like the faker?  
You're always touting the truth...  
so where's your proof?

Behind Cam, a BLUE VORTEX appears, grows in size,

INSIDE IT

The FACES of Rachel, Reena and Leota appear.

RADIO HOST

Holy shit!

Cam only smiles.

CAM

Still think I'm a fake?

Rachel zeroes in on the Radio Host.

RACHEL

You must warn everyone, stop them  
from going to see Turk perform.  
He's not who you think... people  
are already in danger.

Cam turns back to Rachel, a look.

RACHEL

Jenny... he's got her.

CAM  
I'll kill him.

Cam rips off his headset, races out of the studio. The BLUE VORTEX of faces dissipates.

The Radio Host leans into his mic.

RADIO HOST  
Wow! Folks, not sure you heard all that, but if you're planning on going to the Arena tonight, I'd get there early as it's gonna be a hell of a show!

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - BACK ENTRANCE ALLEY - NIGHT

Cam stands beside a door marked, "Stage Entry ONLY".

From inside, BOOMING MUSIC vibrates the walls. He glances at his watch.

CAM  
Now would be a good time.

A few feet from him, the air SHIMMERS, the familiar Blue Vortex materializes. Within in, the full bodies of Reena and Leota step forward.

Cam is surprised, Reena smiles.

REENA  
We're getting better at this dead to living thing.

LEOTA  
Hi, son.

Cam is overwhelmed. He takes a few steps toward Leota, reaches out. Leota raises her hand, their fingers appear to connect.

CAM  
It... it tingles.

He looks at Leota.

CAM  
It really is you... I never thought I'd see you again.

LEOTA

Never left, son. I'm always here  
for you... no matter what.

Cam recovers.

CAM

All right. What do we do next?  
And where's Rachel?

REENA

She'll be here soon. She needed to  
make sure Jenny was safe.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - BACKSTAGE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

Jenny sits duct taped to a metal chair, her mouth sealed as well. She struggles against the bonds.

The Utility door opens, Evan slides in, his eyes RED. Jenny struggles even more.

EVAN

You'll be free soon, I promise.

He steps forward, pulls back the tape from her mouth, she opens her mouth to scream, but Evan dives in with a hard kiss.

She recoils, he pulls back, SLAPS the tape back over her mouth.

EVAN

Show's about to start... I'll be  
back to finish that off.

Evan exits the room.

As the door closes, the BLUE BODY of Rachel appears and steps toward Jenny, her hand to her lips for quiet.

Jenny panics.

RACHEL

Don't be scared... it's okay.  
Cam's with us now, we're gonna stop  
that son-of-a-bitch.

Behind Rachel, the BLUE BODY of Leota appears, she smiles at Jenny.

LEOTA

Don't you worry none, sweetheart.  
Momma's gonna whip is ass.

OFF SCREEN: the MUSIC BOOMS, then lowers slightly.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, please take  
your seats and welcome the only  
mortal who can join the dead with  
the living... Mysteri-O!

Rachel rolls her eyes.

RACHEL

How original.

LEOTA

(to Jenny)

Stay put honey, we'll be back.

Both Rachel and Leota's Blue Bodies vanish.

JENNY

(muffled)

Stay put? You've got to be  
kidding.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

The CROWD is mesmerized, eyes locked.

Turk stand centerstage, his arms outstretched, palms up, a  
colossal RED VORTEX undulates around him. The force of it  
flutters the hair and clothing of those in the first few  
rows.

ALONG THE BACK WALL

Cam steps into the aisleway, takes it all in.

CAM

Good, God.

CAM'S POV

Down on the stage, Turk slowly rotates his view until his  
gaze finds Cam and stops. He grins, his head dips...

THE UNDULATING RED VORTEX

EXPANDS outward, engulfs those in the first five rows.  
Instantly, their eyes GLOW RED, their faces grow slack.

The conversion has begun.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The Main Tech and another Tech stare down at the scene below.

MAIN TECH

Bobby, tell me you're doing this?

The Tech next to him, shakes his head. The Main Tech issues a command.

MAIN TECH

Everyone, shut it all down... now!

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Red Vortex is now up to row 10 and not slowing.

RED FLASHES and BOLTS shoot outward and IGNITE nearby spotlights and oversized speakers.

SPARKS. SMOKE. SIZZLING

The Crowd is transfixed.

TURK

Bring forth the dragon!

WITHIN THE RED VORTEX

BLUE LIGHT appears, expands, pushes back the surrounding RED.  
The Blue Light becomes

RACHEL'S UPPER BODY

Her face fierce, determined, she raises her palms toward Turk.

RACHEL

You. Will. Not. Overcome.

BLUE BOLTS of light spring from her palms and STRIKE Turk on the stage.

He staggers, the Red Vortex, stops it's expanse, but holds.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Now alone in the booth, the Main Tech stares out the window to the chaos below.

MAIN TECH  
Rachel? It can't be...

He flips some control switches, a desperate attempt to stop the scene below.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

All the arena lights go dark, the only light comes from the Swirling Vortex.

The Crowd outside the Vortex wall, snaps to, many begin to flee.

TURK

Regains his stance, his gaze locked on Rachel's Blue Body that floats above...

His eyes BURST RED BEAMS into Rachel.

HER IMAGE

Flickers, she cries out, slumps.

TURK  
And behold, he heralds the return!

WITHIN THE RED VORTEX

Another BLUE IMAGE appears: Leota joins forces with Rachel.

Both Women concentrate their power on Turk, a WHITE ORB of energy grows between their outstretched hands, then shoots downward and EXPLODES against Turk.

Turk collapses, the RED VORTEX crumbles and dissolves.

The Blue Bodies of Rachel and Leota float downward, their feet touch the stage floor, Turk crabs away to one side.

IN THE FLOOR SEATS

Eyes of the affected Crowd return to normal, looks of confusion...

Pandemonium.

The Crowd flees to every exit.

ALONG THE BACK WALL

Cam fights against the surge of people, moves toward the main stage.

CAM  
Jenny! Where are you? Jenny!

CAM'S POV

Turk rises up, locks on Cam, looks behind him and nods, then back to Cam.

TURK  
Now the whole family's here.

From behind the back curtain

EVAN

Steps out, his whole body a RED AURA, his arms enwrap Jenny, one hand moves to her throat, his RED HAND intensifies in brightness.

Jenny screams in pain.

Everything and everyone stop.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The Main Tech, his gaze remains fixed on the stage below, a CELLPHONE to his ear.

9-1-1 OPERATOR  
(on phone)  
You said he's glowing?

MAIN TECH  
They all are.

9-1-1 OPERATOR  
 (on phone)  
 The police are on the way.

MAIN TECH  
 I think we're gonna need more than  
 that... you guys may want to call a  
 priest.

INT. CLIMATE PLEDGE ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Most of the Crowd gone, Cam takes a few steps closer to the stage. Turk's gaze follow him.

CAM  
 Let her go, Evan. You don't know  
 what you're doing. It's him, he's  
 making you do this.

Cam moves left toward a set of stage steps, moves up two.

CAM  
 Remember our deal, kid... you'll be  
 rich and famous. It's everything  
 you want.

Turk stands, his focus on Cam. Rachel and Leota take a few steps.

TURK  
 Everyone stay where they are.  
 Evan?

Behind Turk, Evan falters, his grip loosens.

EVAN  
 I... I'm not sure this is --

TURK  
 Do it... or suffer forever. Your  
 choice.

Evan retightens his grip on Jenny, his hand squeezes. Jenny struggles, gasps.

LEOTA  
 No!

RACHEL  
 Evan, don't do this!

Behind Evan

A WHITE SHAPE MATERIALIZES

Into Reena.

Her eyes BRILLIANT WHITE, she rushes forward and wraps her glowing hands over Evan's eyes, extinguishes the RED GLOW.

He screams, releases Jenny.

Jenny rushes forward toward Cam. Cam grabs her, Rachel and Leota move between Cam and Turk.

Turk spins.

TURK'S POV

Reena's WHITE AURA melds into Evan, takes control.

Evan locks his gaze on Turk.

EVAN

Here's my choice, asshole.

WHITE HOT BOLTS of ENERGY PULSE from his eyes and BURN into Turk.

Turk is engulfed, paralyzed, he screams in agony.

His body sinks, GLOBS of his body drop like molten lava, pool on the stage, then, in

A BRILLIANT FLASH

Every part of Turk vanishes.

Reena moves out from Evan, the WHITE LIGHT subsides, Evan drops to the stage.

Silence.

LEOTA

Is he really gone?

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL

You'd better believe it.

INT. ENTRANCE TO HELL - SAME TIME

Pitch black darkness. No sound. Turk's face floats into view, his eyes frantic, darting.

TURK

Do you know who I am? You can't  
touch me --

OFF SCREEN: a piercing SCREECH, then a METALLIC SCRAPING.

Turk panics, his eyes lock on some unseen thing.

TURK

Get away! Get away from me.

GRADY (O.S.)

No sir, ain't no one s'posed to be  
on this track. But I sees you got  
a one way ticket. All aboard.

A DARK SHADOW

Falls across Turk's face, a train horn BLOWS, a sudden WHOOSH  
of air...

Turk screams.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - THE POOL - DAY

Sunlight sparkles on the clear water. Reena and Leota lounge  
poolside in deck chairs.

UP ON A TALL DIVING BOARD

Wearing swim trunks, Brintley walks out to the edge, forms  
up, executes a perfect dive with minimal SPLASH.

He breaks the surface.

BRINTLEY

Better?

Nearby, Rachel reclines in a floating pool chair, claps her  
hands.

RACHEL

Flawless. Olympic, even.

Brintley grins, swims over, they kiss.

BRINTLEY

I can do better... just need more practice.

RACHEL

Couldn't agree more.

Rachel leans in, a passionate kiss.

REENA (O.S.)

All right, you two... we've got work to do.

Rachel grins at Brintley. He smiles back, then pulls her into the water.

INT. RACHEL'S LAKE FRONT HOME - PARLOR ROOM - EVENING

Rachel and Leota are seated at the table. Reena walks in, a file folder in her hands, she flips it open.

RACHEL

How many tonight?

REENA

Four, but there's six more outside that just showed up.

RACHEL

Standing room only, then.

Reena opens a door, calls out.

REENA

Okay, everyone inside... yes, all of you... come on!

Ten SPIRITS walk into the room, short, tall, male, female, young and old; a ghouls gallery. One female Spirit wears a pillbox hat, white gloves and cat-eye glasses.

LEOTA

Minnie Highnote! You still trying to get 'hold of that rascal Ralph? You know he done run off with that no good Pearl?

FEMALE SPIRIT

Mind your own, Leota. I'm not here to listen to you chatter.

The Female Spirit beams at Rachel.

FEMALE SPIRIT

Ms. Rachel here knows what I need.  
We had a long talk last week and I  
got a secret weapon this time.

(to Rachel)

Ain't that right, Ms. Rachel?

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL

Pearl hasn't got a chance.

She looks at the group, raises her hands.

RACHEL

Let's begin.

INT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Cam's apartment is clean and tidy. Several

NEW PHOTOS

Adorn the walls. In one, Cam poses with the current President, in another, a famous celebrity, and the third, a wedding photograph of him with the bride and groom: Jenny and Evan.

Seated at the dining table, Cam, Evan, Jenny, and an older gentleman with horn-rimmed glasses, a tie, and a balding hairline. This is RALPH.

Across from Ralph, Frank and Eleanor Gavin smile back.

RALPH

Waste of time, if you ask me.  
Silliness.

FRANK

Ralph, I've known you for forty-eight years, and worked with you at the paper for most of those. Do me a favor and for once, shut up and try to follow directions.

ELEANOR

Franklin!

Evan laughs, holds out his hands.

EVAN

Shall we?

They all join hands, concentrate.

A moment.

In the center of the table, the air SHIMMERS, a GREEN SWIRL appears.

LEOTA'S FACE

Comes into focus.

LEOTA

Camron? You'all ready?

His eyes closed, Cam grins.

CAM

Yes, mamma... I believe I am.

THE END